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Bullriders

SCREWDRIVER

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Bull Riders

By Lorne Rodman

Farley Robertson was sitting down near the bullring, just absorbing it all. He couldn't get seats this good -- not when he was sort of following the bull riding circuit and going to all the events, but they hadn't booted him out yet so he'd climbed down, just to be near the arena for a bit as he updated his book.

He carefully checked the board to make sure he had Chris and Cody Morrell's numbers right. It was easy enough to mix them up, being brothers and all and damned near as good as each other. He spent a moment remembering those two beautiful bubble butts. They were like two peas in a pod and studly peas at that.

Almost as hot as Patch Williams who was currently winning everything in sight. Farley kind of had a thing for cowboys. Well, bull riders in particular, with their hard bodies. God, they were just studs, no question about it.

He put his stats book away and pushed his hat up out of his eyes and promptly fell over his feet against the fence. He'd had them long enough, he should know where they were now and not trip over them at the most inopportune times. Like when the bull riders were coming out of back. God, he was a dork.

He didn't bother pushing his hat back, kind of glad now it covered his red face and headed for the exit.

"Hey, buddy. You okay?" Oh. Oh, it was one of the Morrell brothers, though he couldn't tell which one. They'd all come out to sign autographs for the kids along the rail, and oh... There was a warm, hard hand under his elbow as he stumbled again.

God, could he be any more of a dork?

"Yeah." Oh yeah, he could, there went his voice, all squeaky. He cleared his throat.

"Yeah. Just got up too fast. Thanks."

"No problem." He got a grin, and he could tell now that was Cody, because he had a gap between his two front teeth and Chris didn't. Cody had also ridden his bull tonight, while Chris had made it all of two and a half of the eight required seconds.

"Great ride, man. I mean, really. That was cool. I thought you were a goner there at four seconds when Big Horn bucked to the right like that? But you just went with him -- thing of beauty." He shut his mouth and pushed his hat back up and hoped Cody Morrell didn't think he was a total idiot.

"Yeah, he almost had me down in the well, but he turned back on my free hand and I was able to get right. Unlike doofus over here." Cody reached out and poked his brother

Chris, who was just as cute, and maybe a half inch taller and whose eyes were just as green. Chris frowned instead of smiling, though, mainly at his brother.

"Asshole."

"You just caught an unlucky break is all," Farley told Chris. "You'll get it next time." And he was staring, from one to the other and he should probably just go so they didn't think he was a stalker, but damn. They were even hotter up close and personal like this.

"Luck, hell." Cody's grin widened. "He got up on his rope hand and let his legs come up the back."

Maybe they wouldn't even notice him staring, because Chris whapped Cody hard on the arm. "I know what I did wrong, shithead."

"Chris! There's kids around."

He was going to protest that he wasn't a kid when he realized Cody probably meant the actual kids that were getting autographs from the other bull riders and he realized maybe he should let them get to it instead of standing and drooling over them. Oh God, he wasn't actually drooling, was he?

His hand was halfway to his mouth before he realized that was gonna make him seem like an even bigger dork and so he just stood there like a deer caught in the headlights, only in his case it was dork caught in the stud lights.

Now it was Chris who looked at him with concern. "You okay, man? You need to get away from the arena? The dust can get bad if you've got asthma or allergies."

And bless the man for giving him an out, but Farley knew the lie wouldn't go past his lips and sure enough, there he was, shaking his head. "No, I just tripped. Comes from having two left feet and one of them usually in my mouth at that."

Both brothers laughed, their eyes crinkling up at the corners, and wow, that was just lethal. Cody turned away as some kid tugged on his arm, but Chris stayed focused on him. "So do you come to a lot of the events?"

He nodded and without thinking, pulled his stats book out of his bag. Okay, just because he was a superdork? Didn't mean he had to advertise. He was not going to mention what the book was for. He wasn't. "I do. I just love it."

"Cool. It's neat to see a fan who's older than twelve. Not that I don't like the kids, but it's good to know you like what we do."

Farley nodded eagerly. "I do. I keep stats and everything." He ducked his head, hat falling into his eyes again. Way to go, Farley, way to not be twelve.

"Oh, Lord. Then you know how many times I've landed on my ass." Chris didn't sound like he thought Farley was a dork at all.

He nodded and pushed his hat back up out of his face. "A few more than last year. I thought maybe you hurt something -- it looks like you've been favoring your right shoulder a bit."

"I did. Rotator cuff. You're pretty observant." Moving closer, Chris sorta crowded his brother out of the way as Cody signed photographs. "So who do you like for top scoring rider this year? Patch?"

Farley swallowed. Wow. Close up like this he could smell Chris. Sweat and soap and horses and bulls and wow that was nice.

"If he keeps going the way he has been, yeah, he's going to be unbeatable."

"Yeah. Thing is? His little woman is due to pop out a baby in two months. That's not even halfway through the season. He'll be hard pressed to do long nights with her and ride well." There was no smug satisfaction there. In fact, Chris seemed sorry to say it. He'd heard a lot about how the guys on the circuit got to be like family. "So what are you doing for supper?"

He blinked at the change of subject and blurted out the truth. "Peanut butter and jam sandwiches. Unless I'm out of jam."

"Oh, you can do better than that. How about coming out with me to Eddie's Barbeque? They have good beef sandwiches, or even brisket."

Oh, God. Close your mouth, Farley, just shut it right now. He did. And he nodded. "That'd be awesome," his mouth said before his brain could stop it. He did a little quick calculation in his head. He could manage a basket of fries and a coke at least or maybe a beef sandwich if he drank water. It wasn't like he was going to be able to eat anyway with Chris across the table from him.

"Cool."

"What's cool?" Cody turned back just in time, staring back and forth between them. Chris just nodded toward him.

"Uh. Oh, man. What's your name?"

"Oh! Farley, Farley Robertson." He held out his free hand, managing to resist the urge to wipe it on his pants to make sure he wasn't too sweaty.

Shaking firmly, Chris continued. "Farley and I are gonna head off to supper. See you back at the motel?"

The weirdest look crossed Cody's face, but he nodded. "Sure, man. It was nice to meet you, Farley."

He held his hand out to Cody, got a shake from him, too and Farley was just about over the moon. He wasn't going to say he'd never wash his hand again, because that was just plain dumb. It was tempting though. Really, really tempting. "The pleasure was all mine. Really."

"Maybe we'll see you around."

A long look passed between the brothers, and then Cody moved on, trotting to catch up with some other rider. Oh, he hoped he hadn't taken Cody's ride. He didn't have time to worry on it, though, because Chris was climbing over the rail between them, hopping down to clap him on the back. "Come on, man."

Good thing he didn't subscribe to that no washing thing, because his shirt would have been right next to his hand in the reeking category. He nodded and grinned and prayed he didn't trip over his feet again as he hurried to keep up with Chris.

He did manage to put away his book of stats and shoulder his backpack without making the man think he was a total goof.

"So what do you like best about bull riding?" He wasn't going to have to think of some way to start the conversation. Yay.

"The bull riders." Of course he was going to have to do something about the lack of ability to keep certain details to himself. At least he'd said bull riders and not studs. "I mean you guys are just amazing and there's all that man versus animal stuff."

"Yeah. Well, a lot of folks think we're right stupid." Slanting him a sideways grin, Chris stopped at a shiny Dodge pick-up, and he realized they were in the parking lot already. Wow. And even more wow, he could remember when Chris Morrell won that truck on the circuit, two years before.

"Oh, they don't understand the sport." He rubbed his hand along the leather interior as he climbed up into the passenger side and gave Chris a grin. "This doesn't look stupid at all."

"It has its moments." They backed out smoothly, Chris' arm muscles standing out as he shifted gears and worked the wheel. "But for me it's not the money. It's the most extreme sport on earth, period, and it's a rush."

He got a long look as they hit the red light at the entrance to the parking lot. "And I get to meet cute guys."

His mouth dropped open at that because Chris was looking right at him when he said it, so he had to mean. Him. Farley.

He felt his cheeks go bright red and he hid under his too big cowboy hat. "I've got nothing on you studs who ride those bulls."

"Well, I'm surrounded by those guys day and night eight months of the year. I like a little something new." Oh. Oh, wow. That look was kinda... hot. Okay, seriously hot.

And it was only his embarrassment and awkwardness that had kept his cock down earlier and now nothing was stopping it, not with Chris Morrell looking at him like that and saying he was cute and making him think just maybe they had a little something in common.

He didn't have a clue what to say to that so he just pushed his hat back up out of his eyes and gave Chris a smile.

Chris chuckled, turning right at a light and heading out on the two lane highway of... wherever they were. Colorado? Kansas? They rode in silence for a bit, and he was happy, because he could think of all sorts of stuff to put his prick down, and finally they pulled into a seedy looking little barbeque place that smelled heavenly.

"Hope you're hungry. They sell by the pound here, and I'm just gonna buy a bunch so I can take some back to Cody, so you'll have to help me eat some up."

"Oh. Okay, cool, thanks." Wow, someone up high was smiling down on him. The meeting Chris and Cody to start with, the invite, the... flirting, and now he was going to get fed, too. He said a little prayer to whoever it was who took care of gay bull riding fans and practically skipped along beside Chris.

The barbeque smelled amazing, and Chris got brisket, turkey, beans, cole slaw and huge pickles. "You want a beer or a Coke?"

"Better be a Coke, I'm a few months shy of twenty one." Last thing he wanted to do was get Chris in trouble for buying beer for someone under-aged.

"Okay. S'why I asked. You looked young and tender." He was just gonna explode if Chris winked at him like that again.

"I'm not *that* young," he pointed out. Not too young.

"No. I know. I wouldn't have asked if I thought that. For you to come with me I mean. Shit. That sounds bad. I like the look of you, okay?" Now it was Chris' turn to blush, and the red cheeks were oddly endearing. Not to mention it put him a little at ease, that a sexy stud like Chris could feel kind of maybe a little like he did.

"Yeah, that's okay. Really okay."

"Good. Let's go get a bench before this place fills up, because it will." They went and sat down across from each other at the redwood picnic tables, Chris' boots dangerously close to his ankles. Not that he was afraid of getting stepped on. It was more the whole playing footsie thing. Which he'd probably wind up doing by accident. Not that that would be a terrible thing, but it probably wasn't a great idea here in public like this.

He filled a plate with a little bit of everything and tried not to eat like this was his best meal in weeks. He got to eat his fill because Chris kept forking things over, and he got to see some of his favorite riders as they came in. Chris was right, the place filled up fast, and that was Patch Williams. Coming in with Cody Morrell. Wow. Cody came right over, dragging Patch with him.

"Hey, I was wondering if we'd see you two here. Patch, meet Farley. Farley, Patch. You almost got enough, Chris, but I want more brisket. Be right back."

And then the top ranked, highest earning bull rider of the year sat right beside Farley as Cody walked off. Farley gave Patch a weak smile, just about hyperventilating. Patch wasn't as good-looking as Chris and Cody, but the man was top ranked and that kind of put a shine all of its own on him.

Patch smiled right back, holding out a rough hand. "Nice to meet you, Farley." The accent was pure Texas, slow and low.

He did rub his hand on his jeans this time, 'cause it was a little sticky with barbeque, and then he put it in Patch's, the big guy's hand just swallowing his whole.

"You," he squeaked and cleared his throat. "You, too."

"Farley is a big fan." Chris' boot nudged his leg, sliding up and down a little as he grinned over the table. "He keeps stats and all. Says you're gonna take it this year."

Patch grinned wide, and it made him way better looking. "Thanks, buddy. That's right nice to hear."

Farley blushed hard, not sure if it was Patch or Chris that was doing it. Maybe some of both. That warm pit in his belly though? That had very little to do with food or bull riders and a whole lot to do with another slide of Chris' boot along his leg.

Cody came back with even more food, including some kind of dessert, and sat next to Chris, pushing food at him. "So you like the brisket, Farley?"

He nodded. "I sure do." He liked the company even better and he was glad he'd done a whole bunch of eating already because it had been hard enough with just Chris, but with

Cody and Patch, too? No way could he eat anymore. He sat and watched them eat and listened to them talk, just feeling privileged as all get out.

The remains of the meal were long cold, and dessert had been pressed on him, when Patch stood up, clapping his shoulder in a friendly way. "Well, I gotta get on. Cody, you okay riding with Chris now?"

Cody wouldn't meet his eyes, or Chris', just nodded at Patch. "You bet. Thanks, Buddy."

He didn't understand the by-play, but he held out his hand and watched it get swallowed by Patch's again. "It was really nice meeting you," he told the man.

Then it was just the three of them.

"I'm gonna go get a smaller container for that turkey. Cody? Come with me, if you don't mind?" Chris gave his leg one last stroke with one foot and then got up, waiting for Cody, half scowling.

Cody got up and followed, and he could see them talking as they headed back up to the counter, Cody shaking his head and Chris getting red in the face.

Oh man. He kept watching them from under his hat, trying not to sink under the table. He didn't want to cause trouble and it looked like he was. He bit his lip, wondering what he should do. Figured. He hadn't a clue what he'd done, but he'd stepped in it somehow.

They came back. Neither of them smiled, but they didn't argue anymore either. "So, Farley," Chris said, "are you ready to go?"

"Yeah. I am." He stood up and nearly killed himself when he tried to get out of the bench, kind of getting one foot caught. "Sorry. Sorry."

"Oh, hey." They both came around opposite ends of the table, sort of grabbing him and holding him up. "Nobody's upset or nothin', okay?" Cody brushed him off a bit as he steadied, hands firm and warm. "Chris is gonna drop me off at the motel, and then you two are on your own."

His eyes bugged out, the touches getting him all worked up, by the wrong brother no less, the words just flooring him. He hadn't been imagining it.

"Everything's okay? You sure? You two seemed... a little worked up." And damn his mouth anyway.

"Yeah." Chris kept one hand on him, fingers moving gently on his back. "No problem. Really."

Oh, that touch was sweet and nice and he smiled, pretty sure he knew where this was going with Chris and hoping like hell he was right. "Okay. Good." He smiled at both of them, finding himself just all shivery and eager.

They put him in the middle in the truck, squashed between the two of them, their broad shoulders brushing his. It was warm with all three of them in the truck, and it smelled like dust and men. He was hard and no amount of thinking about penguins and polar bears and ice water would make his cock go down and who could blame him, squished between two of the hottest studs ever?

He wanted to reach out with his hands and see if those two thighs were as rock hard as they looked, if they felt different from each other. He twisted his fingers up together to keep his hands behaving, wracking his brain for something to say.

Chris' hand grazed his leg as the man shifted gears. Cody's thigh rubbed along his as Cody turned a little. The radio clacked and buzzed. He was going to go crazy. He was going to jump them both any second and he bit his lip, looking straight out, praying it wasn't too far to the brothers' motel.

It wasn't. They got there just about the time he was ready to crawl out of his skin, and Cody hopped out, leaning back in to look at Chris. "Sure you don't want to just come in?"

Chris shook his head firmly. "No. I'll be back later."

He slid over to where Cody'd been sitting, the seat still warm from the other man. "He doesn't want you to come with me. I don't want to cause any trouble between you." He didn't know if Cody didn't approve of Chris being gay, or maybe he just didn't like Chris getting some on the road, either way it was pretty clear the man was unhappy with the situation.

"It's okay, Farley. He's just mad because he says he saw you first."

His jaw dropped and he squeaked out a "what?" They weren't fighting because of him, but *over* him?

"Yeah. And I just had to tell him that he may have seen you first, but I got to you first. So he has to deal. So, do you have a place, or do we need to go parking?" Chris patted his leg, that touch lingering just like it had at the restaurant.

"Um..." He blinked at Chris, trying to find his voice, his mind, anything. "Motel Six down the road." Yeah. He had a room there.

"Oh, excellent." They made good time to the motel, and Chris hopped out when they got there, coming around to open the door for him. Chris steadied him as he slid out, holding his shoulders and looking him in the eye. "You don't have to, Farley. I'm wanting, but if you're freaked out, I can just turn around and go."

"No! No, I'm not freaked out! I mean. I am. But it's a *good* freaked out, I promise." He dug into his pocket and pulled out a key. "One-seventeen."

"Cool." Staying close, Chris brushed against him all the way, jeans sliding against his.

He could barely walk he was so hard and by the time he was opening the door, it was a good trick on his part just being able to get the key into the lock. But he did, and he opened the door and invited Chris Morrell into his hotel room. Chris Morrell. His hotel room. Occupying the same space.

Chris Morrell who waited until he turned on the light before plucking off his too big hat and setting it on the little table, Chris' hat landing there too as Chris turned and cupped his face between hard-skinned palms. "I'm gonna kiss you now, okay?"

"Please, yes." He reached out, hands landing on hard pecs. Oh. Oh, this was unbelievable.

Those muscles shifted and twitched under his fingers as Chris bent, mouth coming down over his slow and easy, lips settling, Chris' tongue pushing out to touch. He'd thought it would be awkward, but Chris was too good a kisser for him to mess it up.

His mouth opened up automatically, inviting Chris' tongue inside and oh, wow that zinged right to his cock, hot and wet and good.

Chris tasted him thoroughly, tongue sliding in and touching his own, his teeth, the inside of his lips. Hands hot and firm, Chris touched him, all the way down his back, cupping his ass and squeezing. His eyes dropped closed, sparks going off behind them. His hands curled around Chris' pecs and God, he was just gonna blow embarrassingly if this got any better.

"Mmmm. Oh, you taste good, Farley." Rough and deep, Chris' voice was another type of touch, breath hot on his chin.

"You, too." God, so good and that taste was lingering in his mouth where Chris' tongue had been, which was pretty amazing.

"Good." They kissed again, tasting smoky from the barbeque, sharp underneath, like iced tea and mint chocolate. Chris was hot, even through their clothes, and his whole body was hard with muscle.

Whimpering, Farley slid his hands around to feel Chris' back. God, hard there, too. Wow. So sexy. And with *him*.

They broke apart to breathe and Chris moved them deeper into the room, towing him to the bed and sitting down next to him. "There. Now we don't have to worry about falling over."

He grinned, blushing. "I have a feeling I was more in danger there than you were."

"Don't be too sure." He got a grin right back and Christ started on his shirt buttons. "Is this okay?"

Oh boy, Chris was about to find out he was a skinny runt, but he nodded because those hands felt amazing through his clothes, they were going to be something else against his skin. "I should do you, too."

"You can in a minute." The shirt slid off his shoulders, and Chris looked at him, those green eyes just bright as anything. "Pretty."

"Skinny," he pointed out, cursing that stupid open mouth and say exactly what he was thinking thing, because if Chris Morrell wanted to call him pretty? Who was he to argue the point?

"You've still got some filling out to do. Hell, so do me and Cody." Chris kissed him again, work-tough fingertips rubbing over his nipples.

He gasped, entire body bucking toward Chris, hands reaching to just hold on. A soft noise came from Chris, and the touch repeated, a little more firmly, Chris watching him carefully. He just gazed up into those green eyes, shuddering and pushing closer. Who knew those were so damned sensitive? Obviously none of the boys he'd tugged off with in the past.

"Oh, damn, Farley. Not everyone likes that, you know? Yours are way sensitive." It was like Chris was reading his mind or something, tugging again, just looking at him like he was better than the supper they'd just had.

"Nobody's ever. God." He'd bet his eyes were big as a calf's, shivers just going through him at the touches. He pushed toward Chris, toward that touch.

"Not ever? Oh, honey. You have no idea, then." Bending, Chris put his mouth on Farley's chest, lips moving down to wrap around one of the swollen bits of flesh.

"Chris!" He cried out, hands grabbing at Chris' back, his eyes rolling at the pleasure that shot through him, going straight to his cock. Sucking harder, Chris pressed him back, one hand sliding down to cup him through his jeans.

"Oh, God." His head rolled back and forth on the bed, his hips pushing up into Chris' hand. He was going to go off like a rocket on the fourth of July and really, really soon, too.

Chris was just relentless, sucking, licking his way over to suck the other nipple. That hand worked him through the denim, the zipper pressing down on him.

"Gonna. Oh. Damn." He bucked hard, seeing stars as he came, filling his jeans with heat.

"Oh, Hell. That was hot, Farley." Chris sat up over him, smiling down at him, and he couldn't believe it took him almost a full minute to realize Chris was stroking himself through his jeans, Chris' breath coming in pants.

"Oh! I can..." he reached over and tugged at the button on Chris' jeans. "I want to help."

"You can. I just figured I'd get a... oh. A good start." Chris just wiggled, trying to help him, but making it harder to get into those tight Wranglers.

He didn't want to get Chris caught in the zipper, but man, he wanted a chance to touch that cock that was straining at the denim. He finally got it down and pushed aside Chris' shorts, that hot prick just leaping out at his hand. Moaning, he wrapped his fingers around it, tugging eagerly.

Chris moaned right back, that cock so hot in his fist, long and just wide enough, the curls crowning it a few shades darker than the ones on Chris' head. Chris touched him, too, fingers sliding up his arm, over his chest. He moaned, pushing into each touch, body just twisting and writhing. He kept his eyes on his hand, watching, still kind of awed that he was jacking Chris off.

"Mmmnh. Farley. Gettin' me so hot." Yeah, yeah, he could feel it. He could feel it in the way Chris shook for him, in the way the big vein in Chris' cock throbbed with his pulse.

Him. He was doing that.

He grinned up at Chris and pushed their lips together, moaning at the taste. Groaning into his mouth, Chris jerked and shook, wet heat spilling over his hand.

Oh. Oh, he'd made Chris Morrell, just about the hottest guy he'd ever seen, come. He whimpered, looking up into Chris' so green eyes.

"Damn, Farley. You're something else." Chris grinned at him, kissed his cheek. "Hope you don't mind if I stay a bit, try a few other things?"

He beamed up at Chris, not sure what he'd done to get this lucky, but not about to question it either. "I'd sure like that."

"Good. So would I." He got a chuckle. "We should clean up some, though."

He made a face as Chris' words reminded him of the mess in his jeans. "Yeah. I've got Kleenex in my bag."

"We have a shower in the bathroom."

"Oh! Yeah." He grinned, and ducked his head. "Yeah, we do."

"Much better than the front seat of a truck." Holding out a hand as he rose, Chris hauled him to his feet. "Let's get clean and then we can decide what else we want to try."

His knees were none too steady, but he figured if he was going to fall, he had a whole bunch of wonderful muscles to lean against. He kept hold of Chris' hand, thinking he wanted to try just about anything Chris could come up with.

He got to see every muscle when Chris stripped off, bending over to get out of his boots. Oh, that ass was amazing without the cloth covering it, flexing muscles and deep dimples just making him drool again. He made a kind of whimpery noise and reached out without even thinking, fingers running over the hard muscles. Oh, God.

Chris jumped a little, then chuckled, arching into the touch a little. "Feels good."

"So hot. And hard. God, Chris, am I dreaming?"

"Nope." Standing, turning, Chris grabbed him, bringing his hands around to press them against that fine butt, give him a good feel. "Not one bit."

"Oh, God, you're hard." He didn't even mind that what he was thinking just came on out, because Chris didn't seem to mind. Didn't seem to mind at all.

His cock started to fill in his jeans and he licked his lips, gazing up into those green eyes.

"Front and back. Let's get these off." His jeans loosened and dropped under Chris' hands, exposing his wet cock to the air.

He gasped at the sensation, feeling shy again, he knew he was all limbs, like a big-old, barely-upright colt.

"So pretty." There it was again, Chris calling him pretty. But it looked like Chris meant it, the look in his eyes and the gentleness of those hands as they touched him proving it. His cock jerked and he pushed close, mouth upturned for another kiss. God, Chris just made him want to whimper like a baby. He maybe even was.

Chris hauled him into the tub, hot water streaming around him as Chris turned the taps on. Soon they were wet, slick, and oh, Chris looked good with his hair all plastered down and water running down his body. Without even thinking about it, he leaned forward to lick the water from Chris' collarbone.

"Mmm. Yeah, that's it." Chris' words slid along him like a caress, made him feel sexy and bold. He pushed up against Chris, moaning at the feeling off all that hot, wet skin against his own.

He got an approving sound and Chris grabbed at him, pushing against him, that cock rising again already. Chris had a ridged six-pack of a belly, and a cut chest with hard, dark nipples. His fingers explored, stopping to touch Chris' nipples like his had been touched. There were butterflies in his stomach that felt so good as he touched Chris. If anything those tiny buds got tighter, Chris shivering under his touch. Looked like Chris liked that too.

It was so huge, the sensations between them, and he reached up for a kiss, needing that connection. The kiss came back from Chris just as eager, just as needy. Chris tasted, explored, tongue pushing into his mouth, then retreating as Chris sucked Farley's tongue in.

A shudder rocked him as he pushed his tongue into Chris' mouth and Chris sucked on it. Oh, God. Oh, God, this was the best he'd ever had, ever. He rubbed, hands wandering, feeling Chris up as thoroughly as he could.

The water began to run cold long before they were done exploring, and the shock of it made Chris yelp and reach for the taps. "Damn. That was fucking cold."

He giggled, he'd been mostly shielded by Chris' body and had barely been sprayed by the cold.

Chris slapped his ass. "Oh, you can laugh. I'm the one with the frozen ass." The towel Chris pushed at him was warm and dry, though, so it was all good.

He reached around shyly, squeezing Chris' ass. "Still feels fine."

"Yeah?" Chris turned, toweling off and *wiggling* that ass at him. "You like it?"

He nodded, mesmerized. "Looks amazing in chaps and Wranglers. Looks even better naked."

"You should see..." Chris trailed off, cheeks red. "Well, you should see it after I ride. Come on, honey. Let's go to bed."

He was derailed from the red cheeks by that sweetly drawled 'honey'. "Okay."

Hand in hand they walked to the bed, sinking down on it again, naked this time. The coverlet scratched his thighs, and Chris grimaced at it, too. "Let's get this off. Sheets are better."

He nodded and popped up again, tugging the bedspread off and pulling down the sheets. "I've got, you know, stuff." An unopened package of condoms and a well-loved tube of lube. The bull riding circuit? Very inspiring fantasy material.

"Yeah? Cool. You take home strange cowboys a lot?" Those eyes twinkled, but the laughter wasn't mean spirited.

He blushed hard though, shaking his head. "Only in my dreams. And today."

"You know it. I couldn't resist you, honey." As soon as he got the bed fixed up right, Chris was on him, pulling him down for a fiery kiss.

He lay on all those muscles, wriggling and rocking instinctively.

"God, you're a hot one. Where's the slick stuff, Farley?"

"Under the pillow," he murmured, blushing as he remembered just who he was fantasizing about this morning when he last used it. "The condoms are in my bag though."

"Can you get them? I'll find the lube." For that look he could probably go eight seconds on a bull himself.

He scampered up and went over to his bag, bending over it and searching through it for the box of rubbers. It was down near the bottom and he had to feel around for it, finally pulling it out and praying they weren't expired or anything. He'd had them since he was eighteen.

Oh, they were still good. Thank god.

"Got it. C'mere, honey. Want to." Chris lay on his back, cock standing straight and hard over that ridged belly, skin flushed dark.

He went slowly, eyes riveted, licking his lips. "Oh. Chris. Oh."

Smiling, Chris rubbed one hand over his own belly and chest, giving Farley a show. Such a show.

He reached out, fingertips sliding on that hot, silky cock. "Are you going to fuck me?" he asked, amazed his voice didn't squeak.

"I am. If you'll let me, Farley. I'll make it good." Long fingers closed over his, pressing his hand harder around Chris' cock.

He swallowed and nodded. "I never have, but I want you to." He squeezed Chris' cock hard. "Oh yeah. I want you to."

"Good. C'mere, then." Chris gently removed his hand, using it to tug him down. "We'll do it the easy way. You're gonna have a riding lesson, honey."

"Last time I was on a horse, I fell off," he admitted, gasping a little as his skin came in contact with Chris'. Damn, the man was hot all over.

"Well, this time you'll have a little something extra to help you stay on." Oh. Oh, that was naughty. So was Chris' grin and so were Chris' hands as they slid all over him from his chest to his thighs. He was half laughing, half moaning and he pushed close, pressing his lips on Chris' again as he settled next to the man. His cock was already hard again and he couldn't quite believe he was going to get to do this. With Chris Morrell, one of the two hottest guys on the bull riding circuit.

"Now, crawl up here, honey." Chris patted his belly, drawing attention to that amazing six-pack.

"Straddle you, like?" He managed to get himself straddling the top of Chris' hips, making a little noise and jerking as that snugged Chris' cock up against his ass.

"See how good that is?" Good? With the damp head of Chris' prick sliding against his crease and Chris' fingers pulling and pinching at his nipples, that was Heaven.

He nodded, a moan coming out of him. God, he sounded needy. Which he was. His hands landed on Chris' chest, fingers curling as the pleasure kept moving through him. Then Chris touched his cock, and he thought he might just short out, his brain going all fuzzy.

"You think you're ready for me to prepare you, Farley?"

"Prepare me?" His eyes went wide as he finally realized what Chris meant. He might have squeaked. A gentleman would have said he moaned again. "Yes, please. Thank you, Chris."

Those amazing eyes crinkled up at the corners, Chris smiling up at him. "You are damned cute, honey."

The lid on the tube of lube popped open, and he watched as Chris got his fingers all wet with it, warming the stuff up by rubbing it between his fingers. "This might feel a little weird to begin with, honey. But you'll like it."

"Okay," he murmured a little breathlessly. God, Chris had to think he was some kind of greenhorn. Of course he was...

One of those slick fingers slid along his crease, Chris' cock twitching against him, and he realized Chris could feel it, too, must be touching himself as well. Oh, man. He licked his lips and leaned sort of forward and up a little, knowing instinctively what he needed, what he wanted.

"Yeah. Oh, yeah, Farley." Chris pressed against his hole, circling the sensitive flesh before pressing gently, and before he could catch his breath Chris' finger was in him.

He made another noise, mouth and eyes going wide. "Oh! Chris. Damn."

"See? Now breathe, honey. Take a nice deep breath and let it go."

As he did what Chris told him he opened up even more and Chris' finger slid right in, all the way. God, he couldn't believe it. He wanted to move, so he did, moving up and then pushing back onto Chris' fingers and he cried out at the sensation.

"Hot. So fucking hot for me, Farley." Chris watched him, eyes so amazingly green, face set in hard lines. As he moved up and down, he felt another finger probing, pushing, and there were two in him, Chris stretching him gently, curling those fingers around to find a spot inside him that made him see stars.

Everything else flew from his mind and he almost screamed. He did shift and ride those fingers, looking for a repeat of the sensation.

"That's it. Like that." Oh, oh goodness. Chris hit it again, making his muscles jump and twitch, making his ass clamp down on Chris' fingers like crazy.

He was likely leaving bruises on Chris' skin, his fingers were digging into the man's chest so hard, but couldn't help it, couldn't do anything but hold on so hard because God. It was just pure sensation.

"Okay honey, I'm gonna go for one more, all right? If it gets intense, just remember to stop and breathe, okay?"

"B-breathe? Yeah, okay?"

He could do that.

Maybe.

Chris petted his belly, his thighs, fingers gentle and easy. "Yeah, breathe. It helps loosen you up. I want in, but no way am I gonna hurt you."

That made his eyes go even wider, he was sure. He swallowed and took a breath and nodded. "Okay. I'm ready." Like he was going to say anything that was going to make Chris stop.

"Good job, hon." God, three fingers felt like he was going to split right in two. But Chris made it good, talking him right through it, voice low and rough.

Soon he was riding those three fingers like he'd ridden two and he was crying out, starting to just fly.

Chris panted, jerking under him, rubbing against him. And just like that he was empty, Chris pulling his fingers right out. "Condom, honey. Now."

"Oh. Oh, yeah." He fumbled for the box which had fallen onto the bed next to them. His fingers were trembling as he pried open the box.

Taking pity on him, Chris grabbed the little packet and got it open. "Lean up, honey, so I can put it on."

"Sorry. Sorry." He felt like an idiot.

"Hey, it's okay. Hush." Chris smiled, the look as sweet as could be, and reached around him. He could feel Chris move, could hear the condom go on, and then Chris was guiding him back down and he could feel... oh, damn.

God, Chris was *huge*.

He didn't think he was going to be able to get the man in, but he sure as hell was going to try. He slowly pushed down, gasping at the burn as he stretched.

"Breathe, Farley. Bear down." Holding his hip with one hand, Chris stroked his flagging cock with the other, urging him on.

He held Chris' eyes, chest heaving as he breathed in and out. That hand on his cock was distracting, helping him get past the pressure, the... pain. He kept taking Chris in, not letting it stop him.

"So fucking pretty. Oh, God, Farley, you're tight. So good." Every muscle in Chris' body strained, that thick cock just pushing and pushing into him.

"You're big." Chris' cock suddenly nudged against that spot inside him and sparks flew again. "Oh!"

"Good?" Holding him right there, Chris nudged up again, bang, and it was good all of a sudden, like he was flying.

"God!" He nodded. Yeah, yeah, it was good. With a whimper he moved a bit, and yeah. There it was again. "More," he whispered.

He got what he asked for, Chris moving inside him, giving him heat and friction and amazing shocks of pleasure. That hand closed around his cock again, stroking roughly this time, pulling in time with Chris' thrusts. He was crying out every time Chris pushed into him, the sensations, the pleasure overwhelming.

"Come on, honey. Come on. I need to. Please." A deep flush rose under Chris' skin, in his chest and neck and face, and the hand on his hip tightened so that it almost hurt.

Chris squeezed his dick a little tighter, too, just as the cock inside him hit that spot again and he cried out, whole body going tight. His ass squeezed hard around Chris' cock as he shot, the whole world going bright.

"Oh fuck!" Chris bucked under him, hips pumping up as Chris shot into the condom inside him, just panting and moaning.

He collapsed down onto the hard body, moaning softly as that shifted Chris' cock inside him.

Chris stroked his back, little happy noises coming to him. "Oh, damn. That was nice."

"Nice? That was like... like... man, I don't even have the words."

God, he was a dork. But a well fucked and by the cutest fucking bull rider on the circuit at that dork.

"Yeah. You're a hot one, honey." Well, at least Chris was smiling, not looking at him like he was an idiot.

He grinned back and pushed up into another kiss. God, he felt amazing. Chris kissed him nice and deep, their hearts slowing down as Chris slipped out and pulled the condom off, tossing it. He shifted, stretching his legs out, groaning a little as everything kind of twinged. He curled into Chris, cuddling up against all those muscles.

"You okay, Farley?"

He nodded. "Sleepy."

"Yeah. I hear you. I gotta be up early though." Chris sighed. "Moving on to Kansas City tomorrow."

He nodded. Yeah, he knew that, even though he'd forgotten. "Can you stay?"

"If I set the alarm? Yeah. Cody will want me to do breakfast. It's kinda a good luck thing." Chris kissed his cheek, lips curving in a smile.

"Oh. Cool." He beamed at Chris. He'd been expecting a no. This was better.

He snuggled right in.

Chris snagged the little alarm clock and set it for way early am before snuggling in, too, holding him tight.

Farley went to sleep with a big old smile on his face.

"Well, you'd best have enjoyed yourself," Cody said the next morning as Chris came in, reeking of sex. "Since I saw him first."

Chris gave him a look, reaching into the bag he had sitting on the table and coming out with a sausage biscuit. "It was my turn to play," Chris replied. "And he wasn't your type."

"Yeah?" Cody got up and paced a little, watching Chris eat. "How do you know?"

"Because he was my type. And we don't do the same guys."

So fucking smug. His fists clenched. "Yeah, well I liked him. Liked the look of him, too. Young, but not stupid. Sweet."

Chris gave him this beatific grin. "Hell yeah, he was sweet."

Cody launched himself at Chris and they went ass over teakettle, Chris grunting, the biscuit flying in a wild arc to slap against the wall. His fist hit Chris' jaw with a satisfying smack, hard enough to sting his knuckles.

Grunting, Chris turned the tables, whacking him a good one on the back of the head, and the fight was on. They didn't stop until they were aching, panting, and bleeding from several tiny cuts. Cody backed off only when Chris did, both of them shaking their heads like dogs just out of the rain.

"You done now?" Chris asked.

"As long as you're done with the kid."

"No way. I want to see him again."

Cody sighed. "So do I. I mean I want to see him, period. Come on, Bub, let's not fight about this."

"So what do we do if not fight?" Chris asked, very seriously.

"We share."

He got a look, not disbelieving, more...well, like a goat looking at a new fence. "Is that wise, baby?"

Cody grinned, shaking his head and helping Chris up. "Hell no. But since when have we ever done the smart thing? Lord, look what we do for a living."

Chris moved close, clapping him on the back before hugging him tight, face against his neck. "Okay, baby. We share."

"Fair enough. I get him next ride."

"And then we go from there?"

Cody nodded, hugging a little tighter. "And then we go from there."

Chapter Two

Farley floated through the following week, grinning the first couple of days every time his ass twinged. Which it did. Chris had a nice sized cock and that had been his first time.

He was still pretty much grinning a week later after the bull riding competition and yeah, he was hanging around with the kids waiting for autographs hoping for another meeting with Chris Morrell. Okay, so he wasn't *with* the kids waiting on autographs, because that would be even more pathetic than he was.

He was sitting nearby in the stands, filling out his stats book, grinning as he thought about some very particular stats for one Chris Morrell.

"Hey."

He looked up, and well, it was a hot cowboy with sandy hair and green eyes and fantastic smile. But it wasn't Chris. It was Cody Morrell.

"Oh. Hey." He stood up, dropped his book, bent and picked it up, feeling sheepish.

"So, how did you like the riding tonight?" Cody rocked on his boot heels a little, thumbs hooked in his belt loops. The man had a right to look cocky, he'd taken first place in the event, his brother right behind him in second.

"You were something else, Cody. Best riding I've see you do all year. Maybe *ever*."

Cody just beamed, bouncing a little. "Thanks, man! I really stuck my butt in the middle today."

"Lucky bull." He clapped his hand over his mouth. Goddamn, he had to learn to keep it *shut*.

Cody's eyebrows rose, but he didn't stop grinning one bit. If anything, Cody grinned wider. "Thanks. Anyhoo, Chris is off with the sports medicine folks, looking at his ankle. And boy is he cussing. So I was wondering if maybe you wanted to do something. Supper, maybe. There's this place that does real good ribs and sauce, and they have banana cream pie."

Oh, man. Last week Chris and this week Cody? He must have like died and nobody told him Heaven was just like earth only you actually got to meet the cool people.

"Okay." It was only after he'd agreed that he thought maybe Chris would get pissed off about it. But then... well it wasn't like he was dating Chris or anything. Chris had said "see you around" when he'd left that morning and that had been that.

"Right on." Cody climbed the fence, giving him major deja vu from the week before when Chris had done the same thing. Cody nudged him with one elbow. "I figure this time I won't have Chris horning in while I'm trying to be nice to the kids."

Farley chuckled. "Is he gonna be mad at us?" Oh, that almost sounded casual. Go him.

"Nah. Well, maybe at me. You he likes." Cody didn't sound worried.

"Okay, long as neither of you aren't going to go all mad bull on me." Randy bull on the other hand...

"Nah. We might beat the snot out of each other, but we never let it spill over on someone else." He got a wink and a grin, Cody leading him to the same truck he'd ridden in before.

"Nice truck," he said, grinning.

"Gee, thanks." Opening the door for him, Cody popped his ass. "We only have one, if you can't tell. And Chris has a ride, so no guilt."

"I'm not feeling guilty about the truck." And it wasn't really guilt. Not really. He'd not really been anything but a one-night stand, he'd figured.

"Good." They got in and got settled, and Cody turned, putting a hand on his thigh. "I don't want you to think this is some weird sibling rivalry, either. It's so not."

He swallowed, looking down at that hand. "Chris said last week that you two fought over me."

"Yeah. Well." Cody looked down and fidgeted a little. "Usually we don't like the same kind of guys. So it's no big."

He felt his cheeks go hot. "I still can't quite believe it."

"Believe it." Cody leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Now how about supper?"

His skin tingled where Cody'd kissed him and he looked over at Cody, grinning. "Yeah, that sounds great." He even had a bit of cash today.

The ribs place wasn't that different from the barbeque place however many times ago, only instead of buying by the pound, you sat at long trestle tables with everyone else in the place, and ordered from a newsprint menu.

He sat next to Cody instead of across from and it wasn't long before their fingers were coated in rib sauce. Farley was pretty sure he had a bunch all over his face as well, but he was having such a good time he didn't even care.

They used up a whole thing of paper napkins, grinning and talking and...oh. Cody was licking his fingers, sucking each one clean, giving Farley a heck of a show. His cock started going hard and he was glad he was sitting and they still hadn't had dessert because... damn.

He got a sideways look. "The sauce is the best part man. Don't waste it."

He looked at his hands. "I've cleaned them already."

"Damn. I was looking forward to you licking." Grinning, Cody nudged him.

He blushed hard. "Well maybe I missed a spot."

He put a finger in his mouth and sucked, feeling a little silly until he looked up and caught Cody staring. That stare was laser hot, just making him feel like Cody was touching him. He froze, staring back at Cody. Oh, that wasn't helping his cock go down at *all*.

Cody cleared his throat. "See? Best part."

He nodded. Yeah, yeah, he could see that.

The banana cream pie was even better, because Cody practically deep-throated the spoon, and he moaned just like Chris had when they'd had sex.

"Oh, God." Farley wasn't even really aware of saying it out loud.

"Hmmm?" Oh, that look was wicked. Just too hot.

"That's... you're... Oh, God." He just stared, totally enthralled.

"What? It's good pie, yeah?" Cody scooped up a bite and held it to Farley's lips.

He leaned in a bit, taking the pie from Cody's spoon. Oh! It was good. Not as good as watching Cody eat it, but good.

"See? Told you." There was a tiny bit of cream left on the spoon, and Cody licked it off, tongue right where his own lips had just been.

"Are we going back to my hotel?" he asked, unable to take his eyes off Cody's mouth.

"We are. I figure you don't mind, right?"

He shook his head. "No. Not at all. I mean yeah. Please." He nodded. God. Dork. Well at least he was consistent.

"Cool. I'm stuffed. You get enough to eat?" Cody was way more straightforward than Chris, more open right up front.

He nodded. "Yeah. Thanks." Cody'd paid, hadn't let him throw on his share.

"Well, I'm for getting outta here, then." Yeah, it was kinda crowded, and kinda... close quarters. They couldn't really play any at all.

He nodded again, quickly standing, hand dropping down over to hide his erection. Cody followed, leaving a few bucks on the table and moving along close behind him. When he glanced back he was relieved to see Cody as... obvious as he was.

The walk to the truck was interminable, but finally they were there and he climbed up into the passenger side, eager to get his x-rated bulge out of public. The door clicked shut on the other side, and Cody started up the truck, pulling it around behind the restaurant. Then Cody parked and turned to him.

"C'mere a minute."

His eyes widened, but he scooted over. Cody slid one hand behind his head and brought him close for a kiss, lips sliding against his, just like that. His own mouth opened on a gasp and oh!

He moaned, pushing close.

"Mm." Cody hummed, tongue pushing into his mouth, Cody's hands on his hips.

Cody was more aggressive than Chris had been, and he tasted sharper, stronger, but just as good and Farley was pretty sure he was going to fill his jeans with this Morrell brother, just like he had the first. The idea was reinforced pretty much right away as Cody reached down between them and started pushing against his jeans with the heel of one palm, making him arch and gasp. God, the sensations just flew up his spine and made his balls ache. He whimpered into Cody's mouth, searching for more, wanting.

"Man, you're sweeter than pie." Cody nibbled his neck, licked along his throat. "I love it."

His head fell back with another gasp, hips pushing. Sharp teeth nipped at his Adam's apple, Cody's hand pressing and pressing. His zipper went down, and the sound was loud and shocking even as Cody reached into his jeans and cupped his naked cock.

It set him off, skin on skin on his cock, in public like this and he cried out, bucking as he came, getting spunk all over Cody's hand.

"Oh. Yeah, Farley. That's... oh." Cody shifted, moving as close as he could with the gearshift and all, and Farley tried to focus his eyes as Cody's zipper came down, too. Cody jerked off, right there, using his spunk as lube.

His eyes widened and he fumbled, pushing his hand down to help -- it was only fair.

"Uh. Yeah. That's it." Cody grabbed his hand and closed it around that hot cock, a little thinner and longer than Chris', showing him the rhythm Cody liked.

Fast, hard, he split his attention between watching their hands work Cody's cock and looking into those green, green eyes. It didn't take long. Those eyes widened, warning him, and he looked down just in time to see and feel Cody's cock jerk as Cody shot into his hand.

"Oh. Oh, wow." He grinned, cheeks red, not quite believing they'd done that here, behind the restaurant.

"Shit, Farley. Got me too hot to even go anywhere. Thank God there weren't any cops." Kissing his cheek again, Cody grinned and sat up straight. "If you get in the glove compartment there's some wet wipes."

He giggled. "This happen a lot?"

Now it was Cody's turn to blush. "Well, it ain't like Chris or I get a lot of chances to pick up guys... but we are on the road a lot, you know? A man's gotta have something in case he needs to go off behind the bleachers and have a hand party."

Oh, he'd been just teasing and he'd made Cody blush. Now how about that? Wow. Made him feel a little better about his own dorkitude.

They got cleaned up, and Cody winked over at him as he started the truck. "So where to?"

"Oh, my hotel, I guess? I mean, if you'd like to. I don't want to presume or anything." He was hoping pretty hard though.

"Yeah. Were we on the way there before?" Laughing, Cody threw the truck in gear and got them going again, headed down the highway.

He nodded and directed Cody to the motel at the edge of town. It was clean and cheap, like usual. Every town had one like it. And he was starting to grow really fond of them, what with all the memories the Morrell brothers were providing.

They got there and got in the room without a word and Cody was on him just like that, pushing him into the wall beside the door, kissing him hard. His mouth opened with a gasp, letting Cody's tongue in, his hands going up to hold on. It felt hot and urgent, good.

They rocked together, Cody pressing against him, one hand sliding between him and the door to press against the small of his back. Cody's other hand moved up his side under his arm, thumb and fingers riding up his ribs to his chest.

It was amazing how different Cody and Chris were in the way they made love and Farley, he liked this as much as he'd liked it with Chris. He moaned, opening wider, spreading his legs a little, wanting to give Cody everything.

"Want you." Cody made no bones about it, just kissing and licking on his mouth, hands working him, the one sliding to cup his ass. "Want you soon, man."

He nodded. "I've got stuff. In my bag." New stuff. Just in case he got lucky.

"Good. Come on." His ass just got hauled to the bed, Cody's hands almost hard enough to bruise, but not quite. It excited him, the way Cody wanted him so bad.

He'd even taken the new stuff out, left it on the little bedside table, not confident so much as... wishful. It meant no stops now though and his fingers fumbled, but still managed to start getting Cody's shirt off. He could do eager, too.

"That's it, Farley." That jolted him a little, because Cody said his name exactly the same way Chris did, with the same accent and emphasis.

He looked up into those green eyes, the sense of déjà vu kind of passing. He managed a grin and then went back to undoing buttons, revealing that great chest. Cody was just as hard muscled as Chris, maybe not as heavy through the chest, belly not quite as ridged with muscle, but oh, he was hot. Cody worked on his clothes, too, stripping off his shirt and working his belt open in no time.

Moaning, he pushed into Cody's hands, greedy and eager. His own fingers started moving over Cody's chest.

"Mmm. Yeah. Here." Cody moved his hands, pushing them so they were right over the center of each pec, Cody's hard nipples pressing into his palms.

He laughed, sound breathless. "You know what you want." His hands curled, fingers sliding over those little nipples.

"Uh huh." Cody grinned, getting his belt open. "I like that a lot. Do you?"

He nodded. He did. Even if he'd only just discovered it. He kept rubbing the hard bits of flesh, eyes back in Cody's lap. He licked his lips as that thick cock poked out of the top of Cody's jeans.

"Cool." His own nipples got the same treatment once his shirt hit the floor, Cody touching and squeezing.

"Oh." He moaned and pressed close, prick just pushing at his jeans.

"Yeah, yeah, man." Cody got Farley's jeans open, too, got them down around his hips. "Oh, pretty."

He blushed hard, but pushed closer, too. "You gonna fuck me?" he asked.

"If you want. Or you can do me. I like both." That grin just made him want to blush to his toes. It was right down evil.

"Oh. I. I never. Oh."

"Well, then. You gotta." Cody pushed and rolled them down on the bed and they wrestled with clothes until both of them were completely nude. Looked like Cody liked the way he was made pretty well.

God, he couldn't believe he was going to... He pushed against Cody, bringing their lips together because he thought he just might burst and that seemed like the best way not to. They kissed long and hard. Every inch of Cody's skin rubbed against him, from the long feet to the hairy legs to the thick cock, all the way up. Anticipation made him clumsy, but his fingers slid and touched, his breath panting from him.

"I don't think I can wait, Farley. You got lube?"

He nodded, reaching over to the side table, passing it over. "You going to ride me?" he asked, lying on his back, his cock standing up straight, eager. He could just imagine Cody over him like he'd been over Chris.

"You bet." Grinning, Cody straddled his thighs, cock just bobbing. Cody popped the lube right open and squirted some out, getting two fingers wet. Then Cody reached behind himself and oh, man, Cody's wet fingers brushed him as Cody moved to prepare himself.

His mouth dropped open and he knew his eyes were wide like crazy, but damn. "Oh, that's hot."

Back bowed, cock leaking all over Farley's belly, Cody grinned down at him, arm muscles flexing like mad. "Feels good. Wanna feel?" Cody dropped the lube on his chest.

He nodded, grabbing the tube and squirting some on his fingers, kind of getting it all over the place. Oh man. Suave.

"S'okay, man. Now, put your hand behind me and slide one finger in along mine." Cody just patted Farley's chest with his free hand.

He did as Cody directed, gasping as his finger slid into unbelievable tight heat. "Oh. Oh, God."

"Fuck, man. That's good." Cody was panting, chest heaving, muscles jumping under his skin. The tight grip of Cody's body amazed him. So did the feel of Cody's fingers moving alongside his.

The thought of his cock inside Cody, inside this heat... His hips jerked, back arching.

"Ready." Those fingers slipped out, leaving just his, and Cody didn't need as much time as he did, for sure. "Condoms over there, too?" He nodded, finger slipping away.

He took a deep breath. Oh, god, this was really happening. He'd thought nothing could top his night with Chris, but this was gonna be right up there, too.

"Cool." Leaning, Cody got a condom, opening it and smoothing it down on Farley's cock in one expert motion as he rose up on his knees. "You ready, babe?"

He nodded, swallowing. "I think so. Yeah." He grinned. "Yeah."

"Good." Oh, definitely more assertive than his brother. Cody steadied his cock and pushed back against it, his body opening right up for Farley, sucking him in.

"Oh God!" He bucked, he couldn't help it, the motion driving his cock deeper into that unbelievable heat, tightness. Oh. Just. Oh.

"Fuck, yeah, Farley. That feels so good. Stretching me so nice." Cody rose up and sank back down, moving on him eagerly.

He just whimpered, hands sliding on those amazing thick thighs, holding on as Cody rode him. He'd never felt anything like it.

God, those bull rider legs were something, roped with muscle, squeezing down on him as Cody's ass squeezed him, too. Cody panted, sweat dripping down his skin as he rose and fell, hot words coming out of his mouth. It was funny, 'cause he and Chris had that in common.

Farley just went with what felt right, hips pushing up, bucking beneath Cody's weight, pushing himself into that tight heat again and again. And lord, but he was glad Cody went more than eight seconds on him.

"Mnn. Come on, Farley. Come on. Touch me, babe. I need... uhn." Eyes rolling, Cody moved faster and faster, cock bobbing as he moved.

Farley nodded jerkily, hand moving to wrap around Cody's cock. God, it was so hot against his palm.

"Fuck. Fuck, yeah." That long cock jerked in his hand and Cody tightened down impossibly around him, squeezing him, so good.

"I'm gonna blow -- real soon," he warned, cock sinking up into Cody's body over and over again.

"S'okay. I can't. Farley!" Cody's head fell back, his throat and chest tightening, and then Cody's cock throbbed in his palm, wet heat spreading over his fingers.

The man's ass clamped down hard around his cock and Farley screamed, filling the condom in long pulses. He collapsed against the mattress with a moan. "Oh, God. Just... God."

"Mm yeah." Bracing both hands on his chest, Cody leaned, smiling down at him, hair flopping in his eyes. "You did good, Farley."

He grinned up at Cody. "All I did was enjoy myself." And damn, did he feel good now. Like melted and just... wow.

"Yeah, well, that's the idea." Easing off his cock, Cody sorta toppled, nuzzling into his neck.

He got the condom off -- ew -- and into the garbage, he hoped, and then kind of turned into Cody, wanting to stay close to the warm body.

Cody just glomped onto him, curling around him and snuggling like crazy. "We're not moving on until day after tomorrow 'cause of Chris getting hurt. Mind if I hang out?"

"Oh, no, that would be fine." Great in fact. Because if Cody stayed the night, maybe they'd do more stuff together before Cody had to go. "Just fine."

"Cool. M'sleepy." He grinned, because Cody made no bones about anything, pushing right down against him, eyelashes fluttering against his skin as Cody blinked a few times before... kinda starting to snore.

Wow. First Chris and now Cody. He was going to have jack-off material for the rest of his life.

Farley knew he was a lucky, lucky man.

"Thanks, Carlos. I can take it from here." Chris hopped out of Carlos Verida's pick-up and headed for room one-oh-nine. Thing about small towns and girls who worked hotel desks who liked rodeo cowboys -- there was no such thing as a privacy policy.

Either he and Cody were gonna have to get another truck, or they were gonna have to learn to share, because his ankle was hurtin' and he was limping up a storm. Still, he'd

thought he'd make nice with breakfast burritos from Whataburger, and he had his bag of that and coffee and sausage biscuits in hand when he knocked on Farley's hotel room door.

He had to knock a second time, harder this time and it still took a couple minutes before Farley answered the door. Shit, the kid was cute, hair all mussed, jeans on, top button still undone.

"Oh! Chris." The kid blushed up real hard, looking back toward the bed. "I. Uh. Come in?"

"Hey, Farley." He grinned wide. The place smelled like sex, Cody's scent distinct as hell. "I brought breakfast."

"Cool. Um. Cody's here," Farley said quietly, looking uncomfortable.

Chris gave him a duh look as he limped into the room. "I brought him some coffee, too. I didn't know if you liked cream or sugar, so I got both." He held up the bag and raised his voice. "Cody! Get your ass up and have some breakfast."

"Oh. Cody said you wouldn't mind. I guess. He was right." He got a shy smile.

"Well, it's not like I'm thrilled, but I'll live." Poor Farley. He just had no idea. Chris moved close, putting the bags down on the little table. Every hotel room had one. "Gimme a kiss? That'll make it much better."

Farley's eyes went wide, but he stepped forward, head tilting for him before his eyes cut away to Cody. His hand found Farley's stubbly cheek, turning him away. Cody was ass up and head down and still snorting himself awake. Chris bent, putting his lips over Farley's swollen ones, kissing slow and easy. Fuck, the kid had an addictive mouth. Farley made a soft sound and melted into him, mouth opening wide for him.

So eager. There was nothing like a guy all warm and just out of bed, skin still creased from the sheets. They kissed themselves breathless, and when they broke apart to breathe, Cody had got himself up and was headed to the bathroom.

"Stop that or we won't have breakfast," Cody said as he closed the door behind him.

Farley didn't seem inclined to stop, hands sliding around his middle and holding on, sweet moans filling his mouth. Chuckling, Chris kissed Farley back, tongue pushing into that sweet mouth over and over, fucking it. The hands at his back clutched, Farley rubbing against him, eager and sweet.

The bathroom door opened and Cody came right up to them, grabbing him by the waist and pulling him away from Farley. Dickhead.

"I happen to be hungry, you two."

"I'm sorry," Farley said softly, hands going into his jeans pockets. Poor kid looked confused as fuck, and uncertain to boot.

"What for?" Naked as a jaybird, Cody wandered over to the table and peered in the bag, hooting at the coffee and the bacon, egg and cheese burrito. Predictable bastard. Chris just patted Farley on the shoulder and smiled, trying to ease him.

"Come on," Chris said, "let's get his belly full."

"You guys really *don't* mind." Farley blinked and shook his head.

"You okay with that, honey?" Hell, he guessed it would be hard to take if it was him on the outside looking in. Cody looked at Farley as intently as he did, waiting to see what he'd say.

"Well I like you both and if I don't have to choose..." The kid gave them a sweet, hot look. "Is this it or am I gonna get to see you guys again. I mean... you know, naked."

"Cody's naked now." Chris guided Farley to the table and sat him down. "Why don't we eat and then talk about this, okay?"

"Sure."

Farley sat down and took a drink of his coffee and then kind of nibbled at his burrito, watching him, watching Cody, those big eyes just pretty as anything. So, so blue. That was the first thing he'd noticed about Farley. The blue eyes. And the hot, hot look in them. Chris patted his knee and tucked into his food, nudging Cody's leg with his. Farley drank more coffee than he ate food, licking his fingers between bites.

When they'd chowed down all the food, Chris sat back and patted his belly. "Okay, if we're gonna talk, I need to get my ankle up." Hell, he couldn't even get his fucking boot on.

Farley popped up right away, pushing his chair closer. "Is it real bad? Are you going to be able to ride next week?"

"Not next week, no. Be about four weeks 'til I can ride. I tore a tendon."

"Shit, Chris. You did it up right." Cody looked at him, concern in his eyes. "Not gonna keep you out of the quarterfinals is it?"

"Nah." He shrugged. "Not that I was doing well enough to make them anyway."

"Oh, man, that sucks, because yes you were. If you rode like you did yesterday a couple more times? Because that was incredible." Farley was cute, all bouncy and enthusiastic, his earlier unease seeming forgotten as they talked shop. "Well until you hurt yourself, but the way you walked off, nobody watching even realized."

"I was hyped on the adrenaline." They all did that. Got up and walked off and then discovered they were hurt. Hell, Tuff Hedaman had walked out with his face completely smashed years back and then collapsed. Chris figured he was lucky.

"You need anything?" Farley asked, pulling out the fourth chair to sit on.

Chris eased his leg up on the empty chair, giving Farley a grateful look. "Nah. I'm good. They gave me this air cast thing so I didn't have to be on crutches."

Cody snorted. "They gave it to you to keep you from bitching."

"Well it's a real shame," said Farley, kid biting his lower lip.

"Hey, it's cool. Cody is doing good enough for us to live on."

Cody nodded and continued. "And if Chris has to sit in the stands a bit he can critique my form."

Farley nodded, back to looking from him to Cody and back again with the big blue eyes.

Sighing, Chris looked him right in the eye. "Are we freaking you out? I can take the truck and go."

"No, you don't have to do that. I. Well, I don't usually and then you and the next week Cody and. I guess I'm pretty green and not used to having breakfast with two different guys I'm seeing. In the naked way." Farley blushed up real pretty. "Not that there's ever been two different guys at the same time before."

Oh. He looked at Cody, who nodded and winked. Yeah. Cutest thing ever. "Well, if it makes you feel better, Cody and I ain't never liked the same guy before, so were a little stumped, too."

"Was this like... a one night stand thing? Or two night stand? Oh, you know what I mean."

He looked at Cody again. His brother was much better at the straightforward talking than he was. Cody whapped his arm, but started talking. "Well, we talked about it, and we're willing to trade off."

"Like take turns?" Farley looked a little shocked. A little turned on. Kid bit his lip again. "Well. As long as I wasn't causing trouble between you, that... that would be okay."

"Yeah." Chris took over. "Thing is, we're close, you know? And if you date... us. Well, you'd have to get used to things like this morning, where we show up for breakfast or whatever."

"Well I guess if I knew it was okay with you both, it wouldn't seem so awkward." Farley was relaxing, looking more at ease already.

Cody bounced next to him, making things just flop about in the best ways. Chris tried hard not to stare. Kid was already freaked out. "Cool," Cody said, grinning to beat the band. "I'm good with it."

"So...is it going to be like a once a week after the competition thing?" You could tell Farley was trying to act oh, so casual.

"I figure we shouldn't plan the hell out of it." Poor kid. Chris figured it would make it easier if they just went with it. "As long as you're following the circuit, it will be easy enough to hook up, yeah?"

Farley nodded, eyes looking away. "Cool. Cool. I'm... well I'm around, yeah?"

Cody prodded his calf with bare toes before nodding. "And we'll be looking for you, for sure."

"And I'll look right back," Farley said shyly, giving them each a soft smile. "You're both good company, that's for sure."

"Yeah?" Wow. That made Chris flush a little with pleasure. "We sure do like you, honey."

Farley blushed, too, smile growing. "Yeah, I'm kind of figuring that out."

"Cool." He was a little distracted by Cody's foot sliding up and down his good leg, damn it, but he was still focused on Farley.

"I don't suppose..." Farley's color got even darker, ears as red as anything. "One of you wants to stay?"

"Oh." Well, Hell. Both of them wanted to. Chris looked over at Cody, who shrugged. No help there.

Farley cleared his throat and got up, started gathering his stuff. "Sorry. Didn't mean to push. I should move on anyway. See if I can pick up a day or two of work in St. Louis."

"No! I just mean... well. I can't drive the truck by myself, no matter what I offered before. It's a stick and I need both feet. And I don't want to run Cody out. How would you feel

about maybe just spending the day with us?" They could just hang out. Get to know each other.

From the sudden beaming on Farley's face, the kid thought that was a grand idea. "Yeah? That would be great."

Cody bounced again. Flop, flop. "Yeah, I like it. We could catch a movie or something. Do some shopping?"

Chris nodded. "You need to put clothes on, though, baby."

Farley nodded. "Yeah, I'll get dressed properly. You need to get dressed, too, Cody. Even more than me."

"Oh, right." Cody pinched his leg with those damned strong toes and gave him a look before hopping up and kissing Farley soundly, going to get his clothes after.

Farley looked a little breathless, a little stunned from the kiss and then he sort of smiled shyly again. "I should get a shower. I'll be real quick."

"Okay, honey."

He waited until Farley got his stuff and disappeared into the bathroom before hauling his ass up and limping over to pop Cody's butt. Cody turned and grabbed him, kissing him soundly. Chris just grunted and kissed right back, tasting Farley on his brother's mouth.

Cody broke the kiss after a bit, hands on his ass. "You gotta watch the baby stuff, bro."

"Yeah." He sighed, nuzzling Cody's throat. "I'll be good. You get dressed."

"And you sit down."

He sat on the bed, propping his foot up, and Cody got dressed, and that was how Farley found them ten minutes later.

Farley looked edible, hair still wet, wearing a simple t-shirt and jeans. That sweet ass went in the air as Farley bent to put stuff away in his bag. Damn. Between naked Cody and hot Farley, he maybe needed to use the bathroom himself. For something besides a shower or a piss.

Farley came and sat next to him, thigh warm along his. "So what kind of movies do you guys like?"

"I like blow 'em up stuff. And Cody likes thrillers." He leaned a little as Cody came to sit on Farley's other side, sandwiching the kid between them.

"Well those both sound good, though westerns are my favorites." Farley grinned and chuckled, the sound almost a giggle. "You two argue about what movie to see, or do you take turns with them, too?"

"Hell, honey, we fight about everything, don't we, Cody?"

He could hear the low chuckle, feel Cody moving on the other side of Farley. "Yeah. All the time."

Farley chuckled. "I don't have any brothers or sisters. Only child." One of Farley's hands landed on his thigh, just resting there, the other on Cody's thigh.

That was a wet dream come true. Chris' cock twitched. "You're lucky then."

"Yeah? You'd rather be an only kid?" Farley looked surprised.

Cody reached around and whapped him. "No he wouldn't. We just have enough siblings for us and for you, too."

Farley giggled, hand sliding on his thigh. "I know there's the two of you, and two more besides who are fixing to join the circuit soon. Is there more than that?"

"There's two girls, too." Lord, it had been a zoo growing up.

Farley's eyes got big. "Really? *Six* of you? Well now, maybe I can see wishing to be an only child now and then. That's a lot of people around the dinner table every night."

Cody snorted. "Hell, yeah. And there's seven. We have an older brother, Craig."

Farley's eyes got even wider. Damn, the kid was as cute as all get out. "Seven? I just can't imagine."

Those sweet hands were rubbing again, just sliding along his thigh and Cody's. He wasn't even sure Farley knew he was doing it.

"Neither could dad." He grinned around at Cody. "Seven of us and all C names." He was gonna jump the kid any minute. He really was.

"Oh, now you're teasing me." Those bright blue eyes laughed up at him.

"Nope." Laughing, Chris started reciting. "Craig, Chris, Cody..."

And Cody took over. "Callum, Cade, Chrissy and Carla."

"Oh man, that's... cruel." Farley laughed, fingers curling on his thigh.

Reaching down, he grabbed Farley's hand, linking their fingers. "Yeah, Dad got really good at 'Hey, you'. Didn't he, Cody?"

Cody nodded, and he could see Cody's legs shifting restlessly. "Yeah. Poor Dad."

Farley's laughter was sweet, fingers squeezing his, the kid relaxed and happy between them. "My folks are both professors. They're a little appalled that I'm following the bull riders, but they said as long as I pay my own way, it's my life." Farley shrugged. "I just wanted to follow my dream before I settled at something that was going to be all my life, you know? I knew I'd never actually *be* a bull rider. I mean. Well, look at me -- skinny and all legs and arms, not studly like you guys. But I can still watch and follow y'all."

"Oh. That's cool, man. Gotta love a man who has the guts to do what he wants." That deserved a kiss, and Chris leaned down and took one.

Farley made a soft sound, mouth just opening up for him, soft and warm and easy as butter. Oh, fuck, he loved that. He and Cody had played a lot, not together or anything, but Chris had been with a good many guys, and none of them had ever been as eager for him as Farley. None but Cody. Shit. Cody. Chris broke the kiss, staring over Farley at his brother.

Farley was gasping and breathless, head buried in his neck, lips soft where they rested against his skin. Cody's eyes were hot, dark. Chris knew that look; he saw it in bed practically every night. Lord. They were really gonna freak the kid out if they kept this up.

Farley sat back, giving Cody an apologetic look, cheeks rosy. "I'm sorry. But you guys are awful sexy and it's going to be real hard keeping my hands to myself when we're altogether."

"That's okay, babe." Cody smiled. "It's hard for us, too, I can tell you."

Chris nodded. Oh, hell yeah.

"Oh, good, I'd rather not be the only horny guy in the room."

"Nope. Not even close." Cody's voice had gone all rough and needy, and if Chris wasn't already mostly hard, he would have gotten that way in a hurry hearing it. Chris shifted, adjusting a little just in time to see Cody grab Farley and turn him around to give him the hottest kiss Chris had ever seen from the outside.

A shudder went through Farley, mouth opening wide beneath Cody's onslaught, back just arching, rubbing the skinny body against Cody's muscles. Oh, goddamn, he could live on that moment for a good long while. He watched, seeing the pink of Cody's tongue as it slid between Farley's lips, feeling his cock jump at the sight.

Farley was just lost in it, just like the kid had been when he'd kissed him earlier, fingers clutching at Cody's shirt, eyes rolling behind closed lids. He stroked Farley's back, just watching, enjoying, and Cody's hand found his, fingers locking with his, just like that.

Farley moaned, back rippling beneath his touch. He wasn't even sure Farley didn't realize it wasn't Cody's hand on him. Maybe that was a good thing. Chris leaned in, kissing the back of Farley's neck, his and Cody's joined hands stroking the small of Farley's back. Farley's hands reached up and tangled in Cody's hair, his moans and rubbing more desperate, eager. Such a hot one.

"Mm, damn." Yeah, oh yeah, Cody was starting to get loud, those hot noises Chris knew so well starting up. He squeezed Cody's hand, nibbled his way to Farley's ear.

"Oh. We shouldn't..." but despite his words, Farley pushed his body into Cody, hips moving rhythmically.

"Shouldn't what?" He knew exactly what the kid was talking about, but he wanted to defuse that thought right there. It was getting too good to stop.

"I don't know whose turn it is," Farley said plaintively, obviously not wanting to stop.

Cody laughed. "It's Chris' turn. But I don't think he minds."

Those blue eyes flashed back to him, Farley seeming surprised to find him so close.

"Hey." He grinned, kissing Farley's mouth gently. "You okay?"

"Okay? Are you? Are we?" Farley made a motion with his hand indicating all three of them, looking confused and turned on, body still moving against Cody as his brother's mouth worked up a mark on Farley's neck.

"Yeah. S'okay. Promise." Poor Farley. He had no idea how okay it was. Fuck, he'd be naked right now and working on Cody's clothes if he thought it wouldn't scare Farley off.

Farley blinked at him. "Okay." Then that sweet mouth was pressed up against his, lips opening, inviting him in.

Oh, yeah. Hell yeah. Chris kissed right back, tasting, touching, tilting his head to get a better taste. Soft whimpers and moans filled his mouth, one of Farley's hands sliding around his neck, the other one still buried in Cody's hair. The kid's eyes were rolling back into his head again, body jerking.

Chris reached around, sliding one hand down Farley's body, rubbing the kid through his jeans. Cody's hands were on him, sliding down his back.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna shoot," Farley warned, body shaking, pushing into his hand, rubbing against Cody.

"Come on, honey. Come on." He pressed harder, pushing against the bulge in Farley's jeans, just loving it. Cody made an encouraging noise, too, teeth closing on Farley's skin.

Farley bucked, crying out as he came, sweet body shaking with pleasure.

"Oh, damn, honey. So hot." Farley was so hot. Cody met his eyes, nodded. Yeah. Cody thought so too.

"God, I think I'm dreaming," murmured Farley, melted between them.

"Nah. You're wide awake, babe." Cody sounded so cheerful that Chris had to smile.

"You sure? I seem to remember a fantasy or two like this..." The kid blushed hard. "God, you must think I'm perverted, wanting you both at the same time."

Oh, Lord. Poor kid, if he thought that was perverted. "Nah. We've been told that a few times."

Cody grinned at him over Farley's shoulder. "Yeah. Never done it before though."

"Oh. So it's okay if I want to do it again. But more naked?"

"Uh huh." Naked was good. Naked was their friend.

Farley was still blushing, but he was grinning, too, eyes bright. "Would now be okay?"

"Now would be fan-fucking-tastic, honey." As hard as he was, now was the only option.

Farley looked like a kid in the candy store. And like he didn't know who to undress first. Cody made the decision for him by stripping off his shirt, chest flushed deep and nipples standing out hard. Fucking edible.

"Oh." Farley gasped and leaned in, fingers sliding on Cody's skin, playing with those little nipples and pushing close.

Cody moaned. Yeah, Chris knew how much his brother loved that, craved it. Those nipples were sensitive as anything. Chris started on his own clothes, knowing it would take a bit to get his jeans off.

"Can I taste?" Farley asked, mouth near Cody's nipples, looking up into Cody's face.

"Hell, yes."

He just grinned. Like Cody was gonna turn that down. Chris bit his lip on the advice he was about to give and concentrated on his belt buckle. Farley's tongue came out, pink and sweet, licking at Cody's nipple before the kid's lips wrapped around it and started tugging. Cody moaned, low and deep, a sound that went right to Chris' balls. He got his jeans down and off carefully, got his one boot off, then slid back up on the bed to tug at Farley's clothes.

Farley seemed content to let Chris undress him, but the kid didn't give up his prize. And who could blame him, Cody's little nipples and his reaction to them being played was a great thing. His fingers twitched, and Chris shook his head at himself. Touch Farley, not Cody. He got Farley's shirt open, got the damp jeans open and pushed down, but was frustrated by Farley's hands being on Cody's skin as far as getting them all the way off.

It seemed to be enough for Farley, the thin body rubbing eagerly against Cody again, and then pushing back into him, muffled moans sounding.

"Mmm." Cody struggled to get his own jeans open, and Chris would have laughed at his expression if he'd had the breath. Instead he rubbed his cock against Farley's ass, gasping at the heat.

"Oh, God." Farley shuddered and his hands trembled as he tried to help Cody with his buttons.

Cody arched, sucking in his belly, and Chris moaned at the sight. God, that was hot. He bit down on Farley's shoulder, stifling his noises. Farley was making plenty for both of them, moaning and whimpering, starting to writhe between them as soon as Cody's jeans were undone and pushed down far enough to release his cock.

"Yeah. Yeah, Farley." Cody pulled at both of them, trying to get them closer, and Chris was happy to push in, give him the friction with Farley.

Farley moved like a wild thing, hips sawing back and forth, pushing first against Cody and then back against him. Chris pushed and pushed, his cock sliding against Farley, hot and needy. God, the kid was something. He was gonna come soon, just from the sight and smell and feel of them all together.

"God. Amazing. Oh. I can't believe..." Farley gasped, body moving frantically. Then Farley cried out, jerking as the scent of spunk filled the air.

"Oh, fuck!" Cody cursed long and low, and then Cody shot, too, and Chris just couldn't stand it. He let out a shout, his cock jerking as he came all up against Farley's back.

Farley stilled, gasping and panting, hand patting Cody's chest. "God. That was. Wow times two."

"Yeah. Damn, honey." Chris' heart was just racing.

Farley cuddled in between them, looking as happy as a pig in shit. "Thank you," he murmured quietly. "Thank you."

"Mm. No problem, babe." Petting Farley's hair, Cody looked at him, winking. Chris winked back, snuggling up to Farley's back.

He couldn't think of a better way to spend the day together.

Farley dozed for awhile and when he woke up he was warm and still horny, snuggled between Chris and Cody. They'd gotten properly naked after they'd made out and slept together, cozy and warm beneath the blankets.

God.

He was in the middle of an orgy with two brothers.

He knew he oughta be horrified, but he had to admit, he'd had a little fantasy or three about just this after that first night with Chris.

He still couldn't quite believe they were both okay with it, but he wasn't going to question it. He was starting to fall for them, both of them, and he figured he was going to just ride it for as long as he could before they decided it was too weird or they wanted to move on to someone else.

He didn't want to think about that though, not when he was lying in bed between the two hottest bull riders *ever*.

Reaching out, he stroked two bellies. God. Twice the muscles. Twice the sexy.

"Mm." Cody turned right into him, arms sliding around him. "Hey."

He smiled, nuzzling their cheeks together. "Hey."

Now this was the wake up he'd been expecting this morning nice and slow and lazy instead of the banging on the door.

"Mm?" Chris moved behind him, hand sliding across his ribs to rest on Cody's hip. "Smell good."

He nodded. They did. All male and sex and God, he didn't ever want to get out of bed.

"What time is it? Is it lunch time?" Cody's stomach rumbled.

Farley giggled and rubbed Cody's belly. "You can go eat if you want," he whispered, thinking there were a lot of pluses to having two lovers at the same time.

"Oh, so you can do Chris? I don't think so." Cody laughed, kissing him soundly.

His giggles were lost to a moan, Cody's mouth making him just melt. He opened wide, letting Cody in.

God. He could feel Chris crowding him, mouth moving on him. "Taste good, too."

"Chris is hungry, too," he told Cody, going red at his own boldness. He didn't know what had gotten into him.

Yes actually, he did. Chris and Cody. Even if technically only Chris had been in him while he'd been in Cody.

"Chris is always hungry, babe. Trust me."

He turned his head, searching for Chris' mouth. Chris kissed him just as hard, just as sweet, mouth opening on his. Good. So good. He moaned as the kiss ended and then turned back to Cody, getting a kiss from him. God. It was like magic, one and then the other, the flavors similar but distinct, the way they kissed hard and sure but different, too.

Cody was greedy, bruising him a little, while Chris was all alpha male, slow and sure and making his head spin. He was soon undulating between them, head spinning as he took a kiss from one and then the other and then the other. They took and gave, passing him back and forth seamlessly. It was the hottest thing ever.

He didn't worry about it, didn't think about it, just accepted that it was happening, just lost himself in the way they were driving him to the sky.

"Mmm. Damn, Farley." Chris' voice was all deep and harsh, hot against his skin. Chris' hands were just as hot, sliding on him.

He moaned and pushed into Chris' touch. God, he was going to just go off again.

"Pretty. So pretty." It was Cody this time, calling him pretty, pinching and pulling at his skin.

God, they were something else each on their own. Together they were deadly. He was gonna blow, so fast, just like the last time. They sounded pretty close behind him, though, so maybe it was okay. Chris was moaning and Cody was cussing, and they all moved faster and faster.

"Oh, God!" His body started to shake and he didn't know which way to push.

"Yeah, Farley. Yeah." Chris just rocked against him, hard as anything against his ass, and Cody was just as hot against his front, poking and prodding. He cried out, shuddering as heat poured from him.

Chris grunted, cock jerking against his ass, wetness covering him. In front of him, Cody's eyes widened, impossibly green, and Cody was coming, too, rubbing and rubbing as he shot.

"Oh, God. I'm never getting out of this bed."

He wasn't either. Not if he could figure out how to keep them in it with him.

"Mmm." Cody's belly rumbled again. "Then we'd best order pizza."

He giggled and pushed up for a kiss. Cody gave it right back, kissing him nice and hard.

Oh yeah, definitely never getting out of bed. He reached back, hand finding Chris' hip, holding on.

Never.

Cody stretched happily. Pizza. Sleeping. Nakedness. Damn, life was good. Farley was sleeping the sleep of the 'came too many times', and damned if he could blame the kid. He was a little sore himself. Sounded like Chris was too, if that groan was any indication. And not in the good way. Crap.

Cody rolled gently away from Farley and went around to the other side of the bed. "You need the aircast on, Bub?"

Chris blinked at him, those long lashes so darned dark against tanned cheeks. "Yeah, baby, I'd better. I'm hurtin' up a storm."

"Come on, Bub. Put it up here and I'll put pillows around and get some ice out of the beer cooler." Shit. They didn't have the beer cooler. "Well, I can go get some from the ice machine."

Chris let him settle that poor ankle, but grabbed him before he could go get dressed and pulled him down for a kiss. "Thanks, baby."

Farley moaned and rolled over, arm going around Chris' waist, hand petting his belly.

Chris chuckled. "Kid loves it."

He just nodded. "So do I."

Farley nuzzled against Chris and made another happy noise, eyes blinking slowly open.

"Hey, Farley. Don't jar Chris too much. We've got him hurtin'."

Farley backed off immediately. "You okay, Chris?"

"Oh, I'm good." Chris always made it seem better'n it was. Cody could see the lines around Chris' mouth.

"Why don't you help me get the pillows around his foot, babe, and I'll go get some ice." He reached for his jeans, searching for his underwear. Had he worn underwear?

Farley fussed over Chris, getting the pillows piled where they were needed then petted and stroked. "You need anything?"

"A kiss?" Chris winked at him over Farley's shoulder and he left them to it, going to get ice. He knew Chris would get his kiss and then some. Cody stretched some more. They were gonna have to talk about it, him and Chris.

When it was just them trading off it was easy to not be what they really were. But if all three of them were in the bed together, well, he wasn't gonna be able to not touch.

He came back in with ice, making sure Chris wasn't straining anything. "Got your ice, Bub."

Farley and Chris broke apart, Farley's eyes glazed, his lips swollen. Oh. A blow job wouldn't strain much.

Now how to suggest it. Cody wandered over, tying up the bag of ice and putting it against Chris' ankle. "Better?"

Farley reached and adjusted the bag, just a bit.

Chris grinned at both of them. "Yeah. It's good. Thanks."

"Cool." Farley grinned and curled carefully into Chris, fingers moving on the muscles in Chris' chest, belly.

Cody just decided brass balls were called for, and he went on over and sat on the bed on the other side of Chris. "You know, I'd bet he can't do too much energetic, but he'd let you do for him."

Farley looked up at him and grinned. "I could give him a hand job." Oh, that blush was sweet. He bet it was going to get darker.

"Babe, I was thinking something else." Cody reached over and traced Farley's mouth. Chris caught on first and moaned, body moving restlessly.

So sensuous, Farley's eyes went half closed, nuzzling into the touch of his fingers. "What?"

"Your mouth, babe. Give him your pretty mouth." He wanted to see that. Damned bad.

Farley's eyes went wide as it dawned on him. "Oh!" And yeah, sweet boy's cheeks went dark. "What do I do?"

"Well, you'll need a condom. I can get that. But you could work on him a bit first. Anywhere you would put your hand? Put your mouth." That was good advice, right?

Farley nodded. "Okay. Okay, I can do that." He grinned and gave Chris a quick kiss and then went right for the gusto. Farley started out with soft kisses placed all over Chris's cock.

"Oh, fuck!" Chris just arched and spread, and it was the prettiest thing in the world, that soft mouth on that hardening cock. Goddamn he wanted a piece of that, too, but he figured Farley might just keel over with shock if he started sucking.

Farley glanced up at him and smiled and then turned back to Chris' cock, licking and kissing, really starting to get into it. Cody figured he ought to help. He got the condom, his own cock aching as he moved, and sat next to Chris' hip. He reached out, stroked Farley's neck.

"Just like that, babe."

Farley nuzzled into the touch a minute, offered him another bright smile and then went back to it, seeming to take to it like a fish to water.

He waited until Farley got the hang of it, got to wanting it, before he lifted the kid up by the chin. "Time to wrap him up, babe."

He opened the condom up and put it on Chris, giving Chris a look and getting a laser hot look back.

"Oh, I wish we didn't have to," murmured Farley, but he went back down on Chris, mouth wide as he took the head in. Oh yeah, the kid was wanting it.

He knew how the latex tasted, hated it, too, but he and Chris had always been careful, and as much as they liked Farley, when the kid was gone it would be just them again. He petted Farley's back, the thought making him a little sad.

"If you lick his balls a little it'll help the taste go away."

Farley gave it a try, making Chris moan with his gentle, careful touches. Yeah. That was something else. God. Cody popped the button on his jeans, trying to get some more room, just watching them making him so hot.

Farley moved between Chris' cock and his balls, slowly taking more of Chris' cock in every time he went back to it. The kid was humming, head bobbing, obviously just loving it.

His zipper gave way under his fingers, and Cody pulled out his cock, stroking it roughly, Chris moaned, and since his brother was looking at him he couldn't tell if it was him Chris moaned over or if it was Farley.

Farley noticed him tugging away and pulled off, blushing hard. "Can I do you after?"

"Fuck, yes." God, could Farley do him. Like he was gonna say no.

He got another happy grin from Farley and then the kid was sucking Chris again.

"Gonna go soon," Chris said. Chris was, too, Cody could see it in the flushed cheeks, in the way his Chris' balls drew up.

Farley got the message, moving faster, just bobbing up and down. Chris groaned, and Cody knew it the minute he came, could smell it. Poor Farley, not getting to taste. Farley kept pulling, kept sucking, hands sliding on Chris' thighs.

"Hey. I thought you said you were gonna do me." He had to squeeze the base of his cock to keep from following Chris.

Farley came off, nodding. "Are you all done, Chris?"

"Yeah..." Chris blinked, eyes dazed, breathing slowing down. "Yeah."

Farley grinned. "Cool." He kissed Chris' belly and then climbed carefully over him to where Cody sat.

Cody grinned at him. "You sure you're ready to go again, babe?"

Farley nodded, blushing hard. "I like that I was making those noises happen, making him feel like that. Wanna do it for you, too."

"You will, babe. I promise." Cody jumped at the feel of Chris' hand on his leg, but he didn't let on, just leaned for another condom. "Show me what you got."

Farley settled between his legs and started kissing his cock. "Just want a little taste before you put on the rubber."

"Uhn." His brain just shorted right out. That mouth, fuck it was soft, swollen, and so damned hot.

Farley tasted the head of his cock, the shaft, and then sucked in one of his balls, moaning around it, eyes shut tight.

"Oh, fuck, babe. Better hurry and put that condom on."

He was gonna blow. Between Chris petting him when Farley was busy with that sweet mouth? Fuck a duck.

Farley's hands shook as they got the rubber on him and then the kid's mouth dropped over him, untutored and sweet and just as hot as it had looked when Farley was doing Chris. He groaned, his back just arching. His stomach pulled in, and his hips rolled up, and he panted, trying to control himself.

Farley moved quickly on him, head just bobbing, fingers rubbing along his thighs.

"Yeah. Yeah, Farley. He likes that." It was Chris' voice, but Cody would bet Farley didn't know it.

Farley moved faster, moaning around him, lips pulling, suction increasing. He was gonna lose it, he knew it, and Cody just let it go, coming like a ton of bricks right there. Farley kept sucking, softer now, head still, just holding him in that hot mouth.

"Mm." he stroked Farley's hair. "That was surely a good idea."

Farley came off him, head resting on his thigh. Those big blue eyes looked up at him, Farley smiling, looking pleased with himself. Cody couldn't blame the kid. Damn. That was no expert blow job, but it had really been something. Chris watching had made it so fucking hot.

"So I did okay?"

"You did fantastic, babe." He grinned down at Farley, petting some more.

Farley beamed up at him, hips rubbing against the bed.

"Come here, babe." Yeah. He could help the kid out. Chris sat up, too, not moving his ankle, but giving Farley a place to lean.

Farley settled against Chris, leaning up and back, hand going around Chris' neck as they kissed. It stretched the kid out for him, long and lean.

Cody started at the top and worked down, fingers sliding between Farley's lips and Chris', getting the tips of his fingers wet so he could slide them down. Farley's nipples just needed touching, and Cody pinched at them, getting them wet before letting the air dry them, bring them to hard peaks.

Chris' lips swallowed Farley's moans, the kid pushing up into his touches. He wanted in on that kiss, but he stayed back, stroking Farley's belly, tracing the little trail of hair there. Farley's free hand reached out, petting him.

"Mm. Yeah." He caught Farley's hand, took it down with his as he touched Farley's cock, wrapping both of their hands around it.

Farley's hips bucked, that long, hot cock sliding through their fingers. That was just too fucking hot. Cody stroked, squeezed, loved all over the kid. Farley's moans got louder and he looked up to find Chris and Farley both looking down, watching.

"So hot." He knew he could get away with that, that both Farley and Chris would know he was talking about them.

Farley beamed, Chris' eyes went even hotter. The kid's hips pushed harder, a low moan pulling from his throat.

"Come on, Farley. You're the only one who hasn't. Come for us, babe." He stroked all the way down, then up, popping his thumb over the tip.

Those sweet eyes went wide, hips bucking as Farley cried out and spilled all over his hand.

"Oh, yeah." That was Chris, deep, dark approval in that voice. Cody shared a smile with him. The kid was amazing.

Farley just kind of settled where he was, sprawled on them both. "You guys... are something else, you know?"

"Mm. So are you, babe. Right Chris?" He patted and Chris petted.

"Yeah. Something else."

Farley beamed and wriggled, skin warm as it slid on him, on Chris.

His stomach rumbled. Damn. Maybe there was a pizza crust he could eat. They really needed to move to their hotel room. He and Chris had pork rinds and peanuts.

Add that to Farley and they'd be set for at least a week.

They napped again and then they called for barbeque delivery, eating on the bed so Chris could keep his foot up.

Farley sighed as he finished licking his fingers clean. "I suppose you guys have to move on soon."

He tried to put on a brave face, but he didn't want them to go, didn't want to wait until next week to see them again. And what if they decided they preferred to go back to one or the other, taking turns with him instead of... all together. He liked the all together.

"Yeah. Chris will need to be catching up with the circuit for therapy and I need the money." Cody grinned at him, stroking his belly lazily, leaving sticky sauce trails.

He grinned back. "You're getting me sticky." Maybe he could convince them to go another round before they left.

"Sorry."

Cody didn't look sorry one bit, but Chris kinda did. In fact, Chris looked sore. "Cody, we need to get back to our place. I need those pills the doc gave me."

"Oh, Chris, I'm sorry." Oh man, now he felt like a heel, trying to make them stay longer.

"No worries, honey." Chris smiled at him, fingers tracing his belly before Chris licked those fingers clean. "Hey, you ought to come with us. Save some money."

His cock leapt at Chris' touch and the way he was licking those fingers, his spirits lifted at the words. "Really?"

"Yeah. Ain't no reason we can't all room, right?"

Cody nodded at his brother and patted Farley intimately.

"No reason at all."

"Oh, that would be great. Really, really great."

And the money? Didn't even come into it for a second. He was there for the guys. Both of them.

"Cool. We can check you out and go on back to our hotel and head out in the morning."

He nodded and bounced up. "Cool." He leaned over and gave Chris and then Cody each a kiss before calling the desk to tell them he was checking out.

They just grinned at him, and Cody got up to get their clothes. Poor Chris was moving slow, and Cody had to help him get dressed. Wow. They really had kinda worn him out.

He got dressed and put his stuff together while Cody and Chris got ready to go and before long he was sandwiched between the two of them in the truck again. Cody sang along with the radio in a terrible tenor, and Chris just leaned on him, looking sleepy and tired, dark circles shading his eyes.

He petted Chris' thigh. "You okay, Chris?"

"Yeah, honey." He got a smile, just a little one. "I just overdid. Couldn't resist."

He blushed a little, pleasure going through him. "You make me feel so good."

"Well you feel good too, honey."

Cody laughed. "That's an understatement."

His blush got hotter and his grin got wider. "Better not be getting me too riled up in the truck."

"True." Chris leaned a little harder, nuzzling in.

"Chris! You've already overdone it." Still, he leaned back and tilted his head now, didn't he?

"I know. And I bet I won't be doing much more, but snuggling is okay." Chris chuckled, lips soft on his cheek.

"Oh. Yeah, it is." He nodded, blushing even harder. Of course Chris just wanted to snuggle, it wasn't Chris' fault every touch from him or Cody made Farley horny as an old goat.

"Cool." Chris' arm slipped around him, Chris' lips found his. Oh, that was like snuggling with benefits.

"Maybe we can give Chris a show later." Cody grinned at him, too, briefly, before looking at the road again.

His own arms slid around Chris' waist and he held on. He moaned. Oh. Yeah. The only thing better would have been another two on one. God, he was loving these guys. He petted Chris' belly, hand sliding on the sexy muscles.

"Mmm." The sound was low, happy. Chris moved against him a little. "I'd like a show. 'Course, I'd like a shower, too."

"Maybe a sponge bath," he suggested. That sounded more practical. And pretty sexy fun.

"Oh, yeah. That would be fun to see." Cody was laughing, eyes just twinkling at them. Chris though, he wasn't laughing, just nodding slowly.

"You like that idea?" he asked, smiling. "I'd like to do it. Wash you. Touch you. Without making your ankle worse."

"That'd be good, honey."

They pulled up at the hotel, Cody throwing the truck into park. "Come on, you two, we gotta get inside first."

He gave Chris one more quick kiss. "Careful on that foot getting down," he warned.

"Yeah."

Cody came around to help, and together they got Chris back to the room, got him stripped down, and got him in bed. His poor ankle was purple and black, and huge.

"Wow. I'm thinking maybe not even that sponge bath, Chris. They give you some good drugs?" The guy had to be in major pain, but Farley guessed that was what par for the course for hard-core bull riding studs like Chris.

"They did. In the thing." The thing was probably the nightstand, as Chris waved vaguely at it while Cody propped that poor leg up, stuffing pillows under it.

Farley went over to it and started poking around, finding plenty of lube and tissues as well as the bottle of painkillers. Good thing he'd brought condoms, because Cody and Chris didn't have any.

Chris took his meds without complaint, and judging from the way Cody looked at Chris, that was quite unusual. Man. Poor Chris.

He sat on the edge of the bed, petting Chris' belly some more. "You want anything?"

"No. M'good." Chris just blinked at him, the meds starting to work, those eyes going unfocused. Cody sat next to him, one arm going around him.

"You should say something next time," he told Chris, leaning against Cody.

"Wanted..." Oh, man, even the words were coming slurred now, and Chris held out a hand, groping, but it wasn't long before Chris was snoring, sleeping away.

"He always this stubborn?" Farley asked and then chuckled at the look on Cody's face. "Don't tell me. You both are."

"Of course we are, babe." Cody got up, pecking a kiss on top of his head. "Shower?"

Farley grinned and nodded. "Yeah, okay. Please."

Cody all naked and wet? Oh, yeah.

"Mm. Come on, babe." Cody wandered off, that tight cowboy ass just beckoning him to follow.

He didn't need to be asked twice, though he did stop to pet Chris' belly one more time, but the man was dead asleep and wouldn't even know he'd been abandoned. Not at all. He took his boots and socks off, leaving them by the bed and followed after Cody.

Cody was already half naked when he got there, and working on his jeans. "Hey, babe."

Oh, that was something to see. "Hey." He leaned against the doorway, watching.

"So, are you all right with all of this?" Those green eyes studied him closely as Cody peeled off the Wranglers.

"Huh?" He watched, licking his lips at all that great skin, and then blinked as Cody's question sunk in. "Oh. You mean you two and taking turns and stuff." He bit his lip, considering. Yeah, he wanted them both, didn't want to have to choose. "Long as you both are."

"We are. We fight over a lot of things, but we talked about you, babe." Cody bit his lip, looking like he wanted to go on, but held out a hand instead. "Come on, let's get you naked and get some hot water."

He took Cody's hand, held it for a few moments before letting go to get undressed.

Cody got the water going, steam starting to come out right away. They stepped in together, and Cody kissed him gently, hands sliding on his wet skin. Cody's gentleness was slightly unexpected and he moaned, touching back, hands just skimming Cody's muscles, the water making them all slick.

It was almost like Cody was afraid of scaring him off, because the eagerness he'd had before was held in check. Cody touched him easily, sweetly. It felt good, nice and he pushed into the touches, mouth opening wide to Cody. Cody tasted him, tongue sliding in over and over again, just like fucking. It made him weak in the knees and he leaned against Cody, let all those muscles support him.

"You're so hot, Farley." Cody got more confident, those touches getting harder, firmer, more wild with every breath. More like he remembered.

He snorted. "You're the hot one. You and Chris."

"Oh, Chris can be hot, for sure. He's deep." Cody reached down between them and grasped his cock, stroking it. "I'm pretty damned goofy."

Farley gasped, legs spreading a bit, trying to find his balance and push into Cody's touch at the same time. "Don't seem goofy to me."

"Yeah? Cool." They rocked, Cody's hand moving fast on him, Cody's lips on his throat.

He wrapped his arms around Cody's shoulders, head back, loving it. The touch started to feel more like Cody, the hand rougher, the teeth threatening, more confident now. Cody nipped at him, easing the sting with his tongue, just pulling at him, urging him on. It made him shudder, made him press up close and cry out and Farley just flew with it, let Cody make him soar.

"Yeah, come on. So pretty." Cody smiled at him, bent to kiss him so hard. God, that man had a mouth.

It was wild and hot, like watching bull riding only like from the vantage of being on the bull.

Cody just talked, hot words pouring down on him like the hot water. "Farley. Babe. Come on. Just gotta see."

He whimpered, eyes just rolling in his head as his orgasm build from his toes and rolled up through him. He shot with a cry.

"Oh, good, babe. Good." Cody pressed him back against the shower wall and kissed him, just eating up his cry, cock pressing against him over and over until Cody grunted, coming hard against his hip.

He wrapped his arms around Cody's neck, holding on as their mouths kept moving together.

"Mmm." The kiss finally broke up just about the time he ran out of breath.

He gasped, grinning up at Cody. "Wow."

"Yeah. That worked out the kinks." Cody patted his ass with a wet hand, making a nice smacking noise. "Now I could use some rest."

"Yeah. You think we should take the second bed? So we don't knock Chris' foot?"

"No. He'll be grumpy as hell, he wakes up and we're not there." Cody shut the water off and dripped all over getting them some towels.

Farley frowned. "Well, it's not like we'd be in a different room..." It wasn't like Cody'd be sleeping with Chris if it was just the two of them.

Cody gave him an odd look but nodded. "Well, whatever. If you're afraid you'll bother him..."

Farley found himself blushing. "Well, I don't mind being a Morrell brother sandwich again."

"Oh, good. I just like snuggling, but I'd hate for Chris to miss out on you."

Farley made a soft sound. "Oh, that's sweet. You're really nice."

"I try. Come on, babe. Let's get snuggling. It's rare to have a day off to do it." Cody put an arm around him, pulling him close.

He grinned and nodded. He could really get used to this skin rubbing thing. And the sleeping between two studs thing.

Maybe it wouldn't end just about the time he really got to liking it.

Chris woke up groggy as hell, and warm as anything. Sweaty, even.

Man, he was thirsty. Fuck, he hated drugs. He pushed against the nearest body. "Cody, baby. Get me a glass of water."

Farley mumbled something and cuddled closer, head on his shoulder, arm sliding across his belly.

Shit. Farley. Chris looked, blinking blearily. Didn't look like he'd woken Farley up. Thank goodness. Cody though, rolled out of bed on the other side of Farley and padded off to get him a glass of water, coming back and peering down at him as Cody held it to his lips.

"You feeling better, Chris?"

He nodded. His ankle had stopped throbbing. "Yeah." Oh, frog voice.

Farley mumbled again and his head came up, big blue eyes blinking. "Chris? You okay?"

"Yeah. Jus'... need to move." He was all cramped up, and damn, he wanted a massage.

"Can I help?" Farley asked, one hand rubbing his eyes as he struggled to sit.

"Mm. You help just by being here." He patted Farley clumsily.

"God, you're just so nice; even hurt you're being sweet. You both are just... " Farley giggled. "I won't tell anyone the two big tough bull riders are so sweet, I promise."

"Might ruin our reputation." Chris winked, feeling more human by the minute. Cody nudged him, and he drank more water, wetting his whistle but good. "So when do you want your first bull riding lesson, honey?"

Farley's eyes got wide. "What? Me? On a bull?"

"Well, you'd have to practice lots. Riding." He winked, waiting for it to sink in.

"I don't know, Chris, that would... oh. Oh!" Farley went red and ducked his head. "Already got to ride you. It was good."

"Of course it was. We're good together." It wasn't easy, but he ignored Cody's pinch. "But Cody's here, he can give you a little instruction on form."

"You aren't gonna feel weird? Watching us fuck?" Farley asked Cody. Poor kid's cheeks couldn't get any redder.

"If you need me to go, I can." Damn. Cody wouldn't look at either of them, and sooner or later they'd have to tell Farley, even if he left. Chris couldn't stand that stiff-shouldered, hurt thing.

Looked like Farley wasn't too fond of it either, the kid jumping up and going around to give Cody a hug. "Not because of me. I just don't want. I." Farley shrugged. "I really like you both and I know it's probably pretty sick, but I think it's hot. Being with both of you."

"No. Not sick." The last was mumbled into Farley's neck as Cody hugged him, and Chris hid a smile. Poor Farley.

"No? Not even if I... if I want you to touch me while me and Chris... ride?"

"Not even." He and Cody said it at the same time, just laughing at each other after.

"Yeah? Cool." Those blue eyes looked from him to Cody and back again, hot, horny, a touch confused.

Chris let his sigh die in his chest, patting the bed next to him. "Sit down, both of you. We need to talk about this."

"Talk?" Farley sat and grabbed his hand, looking worried. "Is this where you tell me it's been fun, but?"

"No." Cody just nodded over Farley's head, sitting on his other side. They wouldn't spill it all, but they'd make sure Farley understood it was okay. "It just... Cody and I are close, Farley. And though we've never done this before, we share everything else. So it doesn't seem weird, or sick."

"Oh. That's good." Farley grinned. "I thought you guys were going to change your minds and kick me to the curb."

"No."

"No," Cody agreed. "We're good. But if you're freaked out, we can trade off instead of both staying."

Farley shook his head. "No. I wasn't making it up when I said I thought it was hot with both of you. I'm just glad you don't want me to go and you don't think I'm a sick puppy." Farley peeked up at him. "So we're all on the same page now, can we... get back to it?"

"Yeah." He grinned wide, pulling Farley close. "Yeah, we can."

"Cool." Farley's lips covered his, the kiss sloppy and sweet.

He took the kiss and gave it right back, hand reaching behind Farley for Cody's. Cody took his hand, thumb brushing his skin, and he gasped, opening right up to Farley. Farley's tongue slipped right in, the kid moaning and pressing close.

"Mmm. You two look good." Cody moved, pressing up against Farley, and Chris drew back to smile at him over Farley's shoulder.

Farley moaned again and kind of pressed back to rub against Cody and then forward again. "And you two feel good, too."

"Yeah?" Hot damn, but Farley's skin felt good under his fingers. He stroked down with his free hand, covering ribs and chest and belly.

Farley gasped, pushing into his touches. "Uh-huh." The sweet, needy kisses started again, Farley's eagerness hot.

He didn't rush it, though, knew too much energetic gymnastics would have him right back with the pain pills. He kissed, licked and teased, watching as Cody bent to Farley's neck.

Farley cried out as Cody's lips wrapped around Farley's skin. "Oh, God."

"Good?"

Oh, man. He knew that growly Cody voice, knew how turned on Cody was right now. His heat meter went out the roof.

"Yes." It was more whimper than word, Farley's eyes closed, face just pure bliss.

Chris propped up more so he could get to more skin, touching Farley's hip, feeling the curve of bone and muscle. He snuck a feel of Cody's thigh, making them both moan and shake, and they covered it by squashing Farley between them and rubbing hard.

Farley moaned and gave him a sloppy kiss. "I want to feel you inside me again."

"Oh, yeah. Want that, too. Want to give you a good riding lesson." Chris stretched out, hands behind his head. "Want you."

Farley's hands slid along his chest, fingers brushing over his nipples. "Me, too."

"Mm." Chris arched, stretched. The drugs had almost completely worn off, and his skin was getting sensitized, flushing dark. He could hear Cody rummaging, finding a condom, lube.

"Okay," Cody said. "Come on Farley. Lesson one is just to get on the bull. Bend your knees and slide on down."

"Just like that?" Farley asked. "I thought there was... lube and stretching and stuff?"

"Babe, you'll get that, don't worry. Just get up on Chris."

Mouthy bastard, his Cody. Chris held out a hand and grinned. "Come on, honey."

Farley grinned at him and straddled him, gasping a little as his cock rubbed up along Farley's ass.

"See?" Hell, Chris didn't have to talk. Cody would do it for him. "You always get the feel before you plant your butt."

"That go for bull riding, too or just for riding bull riders?" Farley was blushing hard, but also grinning, looking back at Cody.

"Oh, definitely." Cody leaned down and kissed Farley, and Chris moaned. Fuck that was pretty.

Farley's tongue slid out of Cody's mouth and licked his own lips, the kid's blue eyes starting to get pretty glazed.

"Cody, baby. Get the damn lube and get him ready." No way was he gonna let Farley come before he got inside.

Farley smiled at him and started kissing him, sloppy and hot and full of wanting. The sudden gasp that filled his mouth told him Cody was opening Farley up. Hell, yeah. That was what he needed. Get Farley good and open. He reached back, feeling where Cody's fingers were disappearing into Farley's body, feeling it.

"Oh, God." Farley's voice was rough and he started moving, riding Cody's fingers, eyes shutting.

He petted Farley's belly with his other hand. So responsive. So good. He was gonna have to talk Cody into fucking the kid, even if his brother would rather catch than pitch.

"Oh, God. I'm gonna... soon."

"No you aren't." He reached down, pressed at the base of Farley's cock. "Not until I get inside."

Farley nodded jerkily. "Oh yeah. Okay." The kid whimpered.

"You can do it, honey."

"Yeah," Cody agreed. "You're all ready, Farley. The second lesson about bull riding? Keep your mind and your butt in the middle while he bucks." With that Cody was guiding Farley up, slipping the condom on him with a little extra care.

Farley moaned, eyelashes fluttering as he sank down onto Chris. "Oh, God."

Chris moaned, too, and Cody started babbling like he did, telling them how pretty they were together, hands just greedy on both of them, but Farley was probably too far gone to notice. And when Cody's hand wrapped around Farley's cock, the kid bounced on him like crazy and came all over his chest.

Between the way Farley squeezed him and the way Cody touched the place where he slid in and out of the kid's body, it took no time at all for him to shoot hard, bucking like the bull he was imitating. He felt Cody sliding along his thigh, hot and wet as he humped the kid's hip, and then Cody's come was all over him too, all three of them panting.

Farley collapsed down onto him with a moan. "Oh man. I think I'm going to need *lots* of practice."

"I think so, too. What about you, Cody?"

"Mnn."

Yeah. Cody liked that as much as he did.

Riding lessons rocked.

Chapter Three

Farley was sandwiched in the truck between Cody and Chris, heading for the next venue in style.

And he was happier than a pig in shit.

Two studs.

Two sexy, gorgeous, hot studs.

And they were *both* his. Well... both into him. He giggled. Into him. Well... Cody had never technically fucked him, just Chris so far. But as an expression it worked. He giggled again and stroked the two thick, muscled thighs beneath his hands. Damn, he was lucky.

"How's your foot?" he asked Chris.

"S'okay. Damn it, it should be better than this by now though. I want to ride next week."

"You think we've been... doing too many lessons?" Farley worried about Chris getting overtired, about pushing him too hard.

"No. I think he's been trying to walk too much, doing too much physio." Cody looked around him, giving Chris a hard look. "He needs to rest the fucking thing."

He squeezed both their thighs. "I think Cody's right, Chris. You push too hard. You can sit with me in the stands and we'll cheer Cody on, k?"

Chris sighed. "Not that I mind sitting with you, honey. I like that part. I'm just meant to ride, you know?"

"I know, but if you don't take care of your foot, you could be out more than just a few events." And he bet that would just kill Chris. He had a hunch it would affect Cody pretty hard as well. They seemed really, really close.

"He's right. Just sit this one and the next one out. We'll see the doc in Abilene. Okay?" Oh, who wouldn't give in to the pleading in Cody's voice?

He squeezed Chris' leg and let his hand drift. "I'll make it worth your while." Oh, that was cheeky of him. Like he'd be a good consolation prize for not being able to ride.

"Mm. Yeah? I like that idea." Chris grabbed his hand and dragged it up, pressing it against the zipper of those tight Wranglers.

He grinned and squeezed. "What's this?"

"Honey, if you don't know that by now... "

He giggled and nudged Chris' shoulder, squeezed it again. "I know..."

"Had me worried, Farley." He got a sideways kind of look, the twinkle in Chris' eyes wicked.

He kept massaging. "Worried I wouldn't know what to do with it?"

Spreading, Chris nodded. "Thought maybe you'd bumped your head doing Cody in the shower when you thought I wasn't looking."

Cody snorted. "While you were sleeping you mean."

"There's enough of me to go around." Having both of them was so exciting he was horny *all* the time.

"There is. We like that." Cody grinned at him briefly before turning in at a burger place.

He reached over and put a kiss on Cody's cheek before giving Chris a more involved kiss on the lips. Chris kissed back, making happy noises. It was funny how Cody babbled, but you had to really listen to Chris. He moaned, leaning in hard, tongue pushing into Chris' mouth. God, the hunger was always right there, ready to explode out.

The truck coasted to a stop, and he felt Cody's hand on his back. "Hey, babe, if you don't want to put on a show, you need to stop."

He drew back reluctantly, gasping for each breath. "God. You guys just make me so hot."

Chris blinked at him, eyes just cloudy as anything, and Cody laughed, breath hot against his neck. "We hear you, babe. We so do."

Grinning, he let his free hand slide to Cody's cock, pressing against a bulge that was very much like the one against his other hand.

"Yeah..."

"Uhn. Behave you. We can't fuck at a Whataburger."

He swallowed and nodded. "How long 'til we get to Abilene?"

"Should be another hour or two." Cody tickled him, right in the ribs. "I need to pee. And have food."

"Yeah, those both sound good. And if we eat now we can get right to other stuff when we find a hotel."

"Exactly. You're starting to get us, honey. Get what makes us tick." Chris grinned, getting on out of the truck, grabbing the crutches he'd ended up needing out of the back.

Farley giggled. "Bulls, sex and food. Not necessarily in that order."

"Something like that, yeah. Jalapeno burger, Chris?" Cody grinned, too, holding the door for them. "I'll get the food so you can take a load off."

"Thanks. I'll have two double cheeseburgers and extra large fries. And two of those apple pie things. And a big Coke." It was hungry work, loving Chris and Cody.

The glinting look Cody gave him told him he understood, and off Cody went to get them a pile of food, leaving him and Chris to find a place to sit.

"You okay?" He asked Chris as he found them a table with an extra chair for Chris to put his foot on.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm good. S'good to be out of the truck though. I needed to get it up." Chris paused. "My foot."

Farley giggled. "Yeah, the other one was already up."

"And then some."

"Yeah." He grinned and fiddled with the little plastic salt shaker.

"So are you okay? Good?" Chris seemed... twitchy.

"Yeah, I'm good. Great." He found himself blushing and grinning and he was just happy he managed not to giggle like an idiot.

"Oh, good." That made Chris relax a little, smile a lot. "I'm all paranoid, you know? That you're gonna get sick of us. We're no bargain, even at two for the price of one."

Farley's mouth dropped open. "Are you kidding me?" He leaned in. "You're going to kick me to the curb long before I'm ready to go."

One hand stroked his thigh, Chris' fingers lingering. "You haven't seen me and Cody really fight yet. We've been on our best behavior."

He nodded, blushing hard at the touch. "You guys fight a lot usually?"

"We're brothers." Fingers tiptoeing up his leg, Chris laughed, warm and low. "We tie it up. But we always make up, too."

"My mom always said making up was the best part of fighting." And between the images that brought up, Chris and Cody making up in a way that was probably nine kinds of wrong and those fingers on his legs, well, Farley was blushing like a fire engine.

Something flashed in Chris' eyes, too quick to identify it, but darned if Chris wasn't blushing, too. "Yeah. Something like that."

He licked his lips, eyes caught in Chris' and damn he wanted to be somewhere more private. A lot more private. Because he wanted to do things that weren't helping his blush at all.

Cody thunked their tray down on the table, making them both jump. "You two look as guilty as can be."

Farley giggled and grabbed for the food to distract himself. "We're just sitting here. Talking. About stuff."

"Uh huh. Less talk, more eat."

"Yes, Boss."

Grinning, he dug into his first burger. He wanted to get to where they were going so they could do more things to make him blush.

It took him a while to realize that a whole conversation was going on between Chris and Cody without them ever saying anything, but when he finally looked up he could see it. Between Cody's lowered eyebrows and Chris' lower lip sticking out, it didn't look happy.

He looked from one to the other, eyes going wide. "What's the matter?"

"Huh?" Cody looked over, smile breaking out right away. "Nothing. Chris is just pissy, is all."

"I am not. I just think you're being a shit."

"Well, suck it up."

They glared at each other, really making Farley wonder what he'd missed.

He ate the rest of his food. Chris had a point -- he'd never really seen them argue and he had a sudden hunch it could get ugly. Of course that didn't mean he suddenly wanted out, but he didn't want to get caught in the middle either, have to choose one over the other or anything.

They shut up and shut down, both of them talking to him but not to each other. If he hadn't been there, he'd bet they'd be duking it out. Things didn't get any better after they'd finished and got up into the truck. Farley couldn't help feeling he was in the way, that whatever had them pissed off at each other they weren't dealing with because of him.

As they pulled into the hotel parking lot, Farley cleared his throat. "If you um, wanted I could just get my own room. So things aren't so crowded, you know?" There, he'd managed to sound pretty normal. Maybe.

The silence stretched for a long while, the brothers not looking at each other, and finally Cody turned and put a hand on the back of his neck, massaging the muscles there. "That might be good, babe. Just for tonight. Let me and Chris hash this out. We'll pay, since you haven't been working 'cause of us."

"You don't have to do that, I got enough."

"No. We want to, honey." That was Chris, turning to kiss his cheek. "We just need to fight this out."

And he was in the way. He nodded, trying really hard not to take it personally. "Okay."

"You sure, honey?" Chris looked so serious, so focused on him. "It's not you. We're just still... well, we're used to. And we don't want to scare you off fighting, but it's the way we are."

"I get it, okay? It's fine." And he needed for them to get out of the truck and go their own ways now because he wasn't going to cry in front of them, he *wasn't*.

"Okay. Let's go get some rooms and then we can go from there." Cody just sounded kinda sad.

He nodded. "Yeah. okay."

He followed them out and grabbed his gear, heading for the office.

He'd sort of always known this wasn't going to last, it was too good to be true, but he'd been kind of hoping it would go longer than it had.

"Okay, what the **fuck** is wrong with you?" Cody asked him as soon as the door closed behind them. "Can't you see you hurt his feelings?"

Chris hobbled until he could turn around and brace himself, hands on his hips. "What do you care about feelings? Sure don't care if you hurt mine, do you?"

"What? Have you lost it, Bub? He adores you. So tell me what's got your panties in a twist."

His hands clenched into fists, and Chris growled at Cody, his teeth just grinding. "I miss you! Okay? I'm sick of pretending I don't touch you."

"Well, I can't help that. We talked about that, remember? We don't want to freak Farley out."

"Fuck that." He was still growling and he knew it, but goddamn it, he couldn't ride, he couldn't touch Cody like he wanted to. He couldn't get over the feeling that even though he'd had Farley first, Cody was better at this relationship thing than he was.

"No, fuck you. He's sitting over there all lonely..."

Chris took one unsteady step forward and put his face right up in Cody's. "I don't care! I want to know what you're gonna do about me, not him. I don't want..."

"Don't want what?" Cody asked, staring right into his eyes.

"I don't want to lose you," Chris said, low and deep, barely a whisper.

He didn't even see it coming until the punch hit him on the chin, Cody's fist connecting with his flesh so hard that he bit his tongue. Roaring, he lunged, taking two more punches to the shoulder and ribs before taking Cody down, their bodies shaking the floor as they hit. His ankle exploded with pain, but Chris ignored it, pummeling Cody for all he was worth.

Usually Chris won. He blamed his bad ankle for the fact that he ended up on the bottom, Cody clutching his wrists above his head, straddling him to keep him down.

"If you think that of me," Cody said, "then we got a problem."

"Baby, I don't know what to think," Chris replied, staring up into those green eyes, so like the ones he saw in the mirror every day when he shaved. "I'm hurtin'. And fucking confused."

Cody tilted his head, grinning a little. "And I know just what to do to clear it up for you."

With that, Cody bent and kissed him, and Chris' body responded like he'd touched a live wire, everything in him zinging. God, yeah, that was what he needed. Fucking A. He put his hands behind Cody's head and held him close, kissing like there was no tomorrow.

When they pulled away to breathe Cody started working at their clothes, flinging off shirts and Wranglers until they were both naked, bodies rubbing, cocks pressing together.

"I know just what you need," Cody said, holding two fingers up to Chris' mouth. "I know what will make you feel right as rain."

Fuck. Chris sucked Cody's fingers in, getting them sloppy wet, licking them, letting Cody fuck his mouth with them. Then he got to watch Cody reach back and stick those fingers right where Chris wanted to be.

Cody moaned, arching over him, riding his own fingers, and Chris figured a man could die happy seeing that. He got even happier though, when Cody stopped fingering himself and grabbed Chris' cock, rising up above him and lowering down right on top of it. They both groaned then, Cody letting gravity pull him down, Chris arching up and taking that sweet ass like it belonged to him.

Which it did.

They rocked, his cock pushing in and out, Cody riding him up and down. Chris reached up and pinched those sweet nipples, knowing it would make Cody crazy, knowing that as much as Farley had been playing them, they had to be so sensitive they'd hurt.

Cody cried out, ass clenching around him, and he could see the bruises their fight had left on Cody's chest, on his arms. Yeah, fuck yeah.

Finally, he just reached for Cody's cock, stroking hard, knowing they were both real close. He was right. Cody shot hot come all over his fist and arm, all up on his belly. Chris hollered, hoping their neighbors weren't settled in yet, because that would wake them up if they had.

They collapsed together, panting, Cody sucking idly at his throat.

"Know you're not going to lose me, dork," Cody said, loving on him a little.

"I know." He did. He just got mad sometimes. Crazy like. "Can we snuggle a bit before you go get Farley?"

"If you let me put your ankle up, yeah. I bet it hurts like the dickens."

"Yeah." Actually now that he thought about it, it did. Damn. They'd get to bed, he'd get his snuggles and then, well. He'd get his snuggles again. Farley was good at that. "Love you, baby."

"You too," Cody said. "Count on it."

Damned if he wouldn't do his best to, for sure.

It was about two in the morning, and it was dark, and frankly chilly to be out in bare feet, but he didn't want to bother with his boots. He and Chris had done their thing, and damned if they both weren't missing Farley. He just hoped Farley was missing them and not pissed.

He knocked on the door, trying to be loud enough to wake Farley up, but not enough to wake the neighbors.

"Who's there?" asked Farley from behind the door.

"S'me, babe. Are you decent?" He was gonna drag Farley to their room, so he hoped so.

"Cody?" Farley opened the door, wearing nothing but his jeans, looking sad. "I didn't think..."

"Didn't think what?" Man, now he really felt bad. Looked like poor Farley had thought the worst. "Get your shoes, babe. It's kinda cold."

"We're going somewhere?" Farley bit his lip, those big blue eyes hopeful.

"Yeah. Back to our room. Bed's too big." He wasn't gonna say it was well tried out, but there it was. He and Chris had both had a shower. "Come on, babe." He held out his hand, doing a little hopeful of his own.

Farley grinned suddenly and said "Just a sec."

Farley disappeared a minute and came back wearing a t-shirt and a pair of sneakers, shoving his wallet into the back of his jeans. The kid stopped suddenly. "You sure?"

"Hell, yes. Now come on, my balls are trying to crawl up into my ass." His nipples were gonna jump off his chest, too.

Farley giggled and locked the door behind him. "You and Chris beat each other to a pulp?"

"We had it out for sure." In fact, if Farley got a good look, he had a bruised cheek, and Chris a split lip. Lord. He hoped they hadn't given each other hickeys.

"Am I... is it making it harder to have me around? I don't want to do that." Poor Farley looked so earnest.

"Nope. well, not the way you mean. It's just... well, it's all kinda new, and we're not used to even our parents seeing us argue about things sometimes." Among other things.

"Really? You're not just saying that?"

"Really. Chris is waiting for us, babe." He grinned, seeing light at the end of the tunnel.

"Yeah? You think he's horny?"

Lord. Chris was probably asleep. But he wanted Farley to be happy. "Maybe. If he didn't take a pain pill."

Farley blushed and bit his lip. "Oh. Yeah. God, I'm sorry. I sound like a jerk. Maybe I should just go back to my room."

"No!" He caught Farley by the arm and dragged him the last few feet. "Trust me, he's in a snuggly mood if nothing else. We missed you, babe."

"Me, too," murmured Farley. "Thought that was it."

Oh. Damn. "No, babe. We just... well, we've been just us a long while. Sad to say sometimes we're gonna need to sit and talk alone, or fight, or whatever." The keycard took three tries, but he finally got them in, and there was Chris, naked as a jay-bird, stretched out and snoring, bad ankle propped on a pillow.

Farley giggled at the sight, the sound a touch nervous.

"I guess he was waiting for you, babe." Cody grinned. Dork. His dork, but Lord, Lord.

"Those snores just for me, huh?" Farley bumped their hips together, looking up at him.

Laughing, he put an arm around Farley, getting all close and warm. "Yeah. Well, he had kind of a hard night."

Yeah. Chris' bruises showed way more than his did.

Farley nodded, suddenly serious again. "Yeah, maybe we all did. It's looking up though."

Cody led Farley to the bed. "Count on it."

Farley turned in his arms as they got to the bed, pressing a hard, almost desperate kiss on him.

"Mmmfh." He let Farley lead for once, let Farley take what he needed. Man, he'd never even thought Farley would really think they were letting him loose.

Kid was kissing him though like he'd been pretty sure he wasn't going to get another chance and now that he had it he wasn't going to waste it. Farley's hands slid on him, pushed into his waistband to grab at his ass.

He arched, sucking in to give Farley more room. "We need more of the naked, babe."

"Yeah." Farley agreed with him, but wasn't making any attempt to follow through, just squeezing and rubbing against him furiously.

Well, damn. Hot as all hell. Cody went with it, struggling to get Farley's shirt up, get where he could touch some skin. Farley let go of his ass long enough to let him get that t-shirt off and then his mouth was attacked again, those hands finding his ass, tugging him close. Farley whimpered, hips rubbing hard enough to start a fire.

"Yeah, babe. Like that. S'okay." He just let Farley go, just held on for the ride. Felt so damned good.

"Oh, God. Cody. Gonna." Farley whimpered, whole body shaking as he came in his jeans.

"Oh. Oh, wow." He grinned at Farley, just happy as fuck. "Fucking hot."

Farley blushed and pushed into another kiss, lips clinging to his. Then he pulled back and made a face down at himself. "I need to get naked."

"You do. Race you." Cody started stripping down, shucking his jeans, cock hard and needing.

Farley giggled, all thumbs and Cody beat him easily, but then Farley was reaching out for his cock, fingers sliding on the heat. Fuck, that felt good. Cody moaned, pushing against Farley's hand, and that was when Chris snorted and sat up.

"Oh, hey. You brought him."

Farley looked over and grinned, hand still moving on him. "Hey, Chris."

"Hey. That's a fine sight." Chris was all sleep rough and hot sounding, and his cock throbbed at the look in those eyes. Damn. You'd think they hadn't worn each other out just a few hours back.

"Hey." He smiled at Chris, then at Farley, afraid to say anything else that might give them away.

Farley grinned and sat, still holding onto his cock. "Is it okay if I..." Farley reached out and grabbed Chris' cock, stroking them in tandem. "You guys don't mind?"

"Uhn." He arched, his belly tight, thighs straining. "Fuck, yeah."

"Cool." Farley was blushing hard, but he looked happy, too, eyes going from his cock to his face and then over to Chris' cock and face. "God, you both feel so good."

Chris kinda squeaked, bracing back on locked arms, and looked at him, eyes huge. Yeah, he knew exactly what Chris meant.

"You're. Damn. You're doing great, Farley."

Farley moaned, hips humping the air, cock pushing hard at his jeans.

"Sweet." Poor Chris wasn't even awake, he could tell from the blinking and the panting. God, Farley's hands looked so hot on both of them and he moved closer, crowding the bed. Well Farley must have taken that as some sort of signal because he leaned right in, licking at his prick.

"Oh. Oh, fuck." His whole body shook, shudders just going all the way to his toes. He held out a hand to Chris without even thinking, needing something solid.

Farley's mouth opened and took him in, going slowly down on him.

Grabbing his hand, Chris moved close, mouth moving on Farley's skin. Cody just watched, hips moving, pushing his cock in and out of that hot mouth. He was making these noises, and so was Chris, and damned if it didn't sound like they were having sex with each other.

Farley whimpered around his prick, arm wrapping around his legs. The kid's other hand was working Chris' cock but good.

"Yeah. Oh, honey." Chris squeezed his hand, and Cody leaned in, stroking Farley's cheek, Chris' hair. He was gonna come soon, just explode.

Farley nuzzled against his hand, tongue swirling around his cock. The kid looked happy as a clam. The vibrations as Farley moaned around him made him grunt, and out of the corner of his eye he saw Chris rubbing Farley's cock through his jeans. Farley's hand slid up to squeeze his ass, Farley's hips just humping up madly into Chris' hand.

His brain shorted right out, and Cody came so hard he bit the hell out of his lip, heart just pounding. God, he was gonna fall right over if his knees didn't lock soon. Farley swallowed him all down and oh, Christ, they hadn't used a condom. Not that Farley was thinking about that, the kid still humping air, still tugging Chris off.

He knew he was clean. But man. Chris moaned, cock jerking in Farley's hand, and Cody looked just in time to see Chris shoot, panting and grunting. Farley was right behind, crying out, eyes going wide.

"Wow." That was Chris, just staring, chest heaving. Cody's legs went out from under him, and he pushed Farley away gently, sinking to the floor.

Farley's hands slid over him, one smelling like Chris' come. "You okay?"

"Uh huh. Yeah." He was good. Really good. A little worried about how reckless they'd been. But good. "You?"

Farley grinned, looking a little stoned, a lot sweet. "I came in my jeans again. You guys are hell on my laundry bill." Farley's face fell suddenly. "Oh, shit. I didn't use a condom."

"He's clean." The all looked at each other, sorta quiet after Chris' pronouncement, until Cody nodded.

"I am, but we need to be more careful, yeah?"

"We could get tested," Farley suggested, serious and still.

"You want to?" He wasn't sure if he was asking Chris or Farley, but he was willing. It would be good for them anyway.

"I do." Farley gave them each a look. "If it's gonna be just the three of us. You know?"

"It is."

Yeah. He nodded at Chris, who sounded just plain definite. "Works for me."

Farley beamed at them. "Oh. Cool. Cool."

"Then we get tested. Maybe we can set it up when Chris gets his ankle checked."

"I'd like that." Farley made a face. "I'd like a shower, too. I'm a mess."

"Well, come on then." He grinned and hoisted himself up. Even Chris can come." He winked at Chris. "If you put your baggie on."

Farley giggled and nodded. "Yeah, come on. Let's see if three's a crowd in the showers."

Chris quickly waterproofed his cast and they went to the bathroom, Chris leaning on his arm and yawning. Cody copped a feel while Farley turned on the water.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. But we should talk with him."

"I know."

Farley turned from the shower, water running and starting to steam up the room. "Sorry, couldn't hear. What?"

"Chris was saying we ought to talk about tonight. But it can wait until after." Water, soap, skin... all of that would make it easier.

Farley nodded and Cody could see the kid make a conscious effort not to leap to conclusions. "We're good, right?"

"We are." That came from Chris. "We just want to explain."

Farley gave Chris a smile and stepped into the shower, holding out his hands for Chris. "Cody already did."

"Oh?" He got a look, Chris' eyebrows going up. Cody just shrugged. He had kinda explained, but he thought Chris was right. They needed to maybe explain a bit more. Not all, mind, but maybe explain that them snuggling wasn't unusual... or whatever.

Farley nodded, helping Chris over the lip of the tub and into the spray. "Yeah, he explained about how you two don't like an audience when you're arguing. Not even your folks."

"Oh."

Yeah, oh. He just grinned and stepped in behind Chris, grabbing the scrubby. He wanted to get clean. Farley had the soap and he lathered up his hands before passing it over to Cody. Then Farley started washing Chris, hands moving over his brother's body.

"Mm." He couldn't help but moan at that, lathering up and starting on his own belly. He just watched, seeing those hands move over Chris' familiar muscles, happy as a pig in shit.

Farley went to his knees, soaping up Chris' legs and then looking up, cheek rubbing along Chris' cock. "Can I suck you, too? I mean without..." Farley went red. "Want to see if you taste different."

"Don't see why not." Chris looked over at him and he nodded.

"Go ahead, Farley. Want to see."

Farley beamed and ran a soapy hand along Chris' cock a few times before letting the water sluice it off and then the kid just went to town. Farley closed his eyes and licked at the tip of Chris' cock and then took just the head in, sucking away.

"Mm." Chris arched, cock growing as Farley sucked it, one hand stroking Farley's hair. It was fucking hot, and his poor, sore cock twitched.

Farley wasn't an expert, well hell, they'd taught him how to do this just the other day, but what the kid lacked for in technique he made up for with sheer enthusiasm. And damn if he wasn't a fast learner, more than half of Chris' cock disappearing into Farley's mouth again and again.

"Oh. Oh, yeah, Farley. Like that." Loved that growly Chris voice. He really did. He didn't think Farley would notice if he moved a little closer, if he rubbed against Chris a little.

The way Farley's eyes were still closed and his head was bobbing, it was a pretty sure bet he was on the money with that. Then Farley reached back, fingers sliding on his hip and moving in to find his cock.

A groan left his throat, deep and harsh, and his cock did more than twitch, lengthening and growing. "Damn."

Then Farley's hand circled him, tugging as Farley sucked on Chris. And was that moaning muffled by Chris' prick? God, yeah. They sounded hungry, needy. He moved again, arms sliding around Chris' waist so they could hold each other up.

Farley looked like he was in heaven and that was maybe sexiest of all, how much the kid was obviously getting off on getting them off. The water slicked Farley's hair back, making his face really show, every line set in pleasure. Jesus. Cody started babbling, words just coming out of him, begging, praising.

That made Farley move faster, taking Chris in deeper. God, it was something else to watch, especially with Farley's hand still wrapped tight and pulling around his prick. He couldn't believe he was gonna come again. The kid just made them all rise to higher heights.

Farley's hand squeezed him tight, like the kid was demanding his orgasm. Judging by Chris' cry, Farley wanted Chris', too. He could feel Chris shaking, feel the tremors where they touched, and damned if that didn't make him shoot, his cock so sensitive it almost hurt. Farley was moaning, cleaning Chris' cock with an eager tongue.

Chris pulled at Farley's shoulders, not being able to kneel down, and Cody helped him, grabbing slick skin and muscle. "Come on Farley. Let us make you feel good too."

Farley moaned and nodded and stood, cock hard as nails, pushing against Chris' belly.

Chris grabbed at it, meeting his fingers as they both reached, and they were good at working together so it was easy to really get going on Farley's cock. Farley made a gurgling, strangled noise at the back of his throat, pretty blue eyes just rolling in his head.

"Come on, Farley. Come for us, babe. We want. Come on."

Chris just grunted, nodded, pulled harder.

Moaning, Farley leaned against Chris who leaned against him, kid's hips moving with their hands and then Farley's mouth dropped open, his eyes closed and he came with a cry. The heat just rushed over his and Chris' hands and then washed away in the shower.

"Oh. Good."

Fuck, he was gonna hit the floor again, if they weren't careful. Chris sagged a little too, and he turned off the water. "Bed."

Farley nodded and stumbled out of the shower, grabbing a couple towels and kind of patting them all down.

They all made it to the bed, tumbling down, and Cody just remembered to clean up Chris' cast and prop that foot up before he crawled in and snuggled up. On kinda the wrong side of Chris. Farley was half asleep already, head on Chris' shoulder and he didn't comment aside from a soft snuffling noise.

Fuck it.

They'd come enough for, well, for three men.

They could talk about it tomorrow.

If they had to.

What woke Farley up the next morning was the cold breeze on his back. He was already used to waking up sandwiched between them and it felt odd, being curled up against Chris without Cody around.

He wondered where Cody'd gotten off to, and he blinked open his eyes, muttering Cody's name.

"Mph." Well that was Cody's voice, but it was coming from the other side of Chris.

Raising his head, he blinked some more and discovered that yeah, Cody was asleep on the other side of Chris instead of the other side of *him*.

Well.

It looked like they were more okay with doing him at the same time than he'd guessed.

And that thought started a little fantasy where he woke up with them not just lying together, but moving together, bodies pressed close together, mouths fighting each other

for dominance. God, those two pricks sliding together, fingers on nipples. The pair of them like a man and a mirror image making love and God, he was hard and rubbing against Chris thinking about it.

And maybe it was wrong to imagine them like that in his head, but he just couldn't help it, and Cody's hand on Chris' hip like it belonged there just fueled his fantasy even more and he moaned hard, the little film playing in his head wrong and dirty and so sexy his cock and balls just ached.

"Mm." Chris moaned between them, his hand coming up to stroke Farley's back.
"Morning, baby."

With a whimper he buried his face in Chris' chest. God, they'd just toss him out of the bed and tell him to get lost if they knew what he was thinking.

He tried to focus on Chris in front of him, to imagine both sets of hands just on him, but the images in his head insisted on touching each other, too, and he wasn't really interested in making them stop.

He could hear Cody snuffle and shift. "Morning."

Another whimper and he was humping harder against Chris' leg, giving up on trying to stop his mind from imagining Chris and Cody together. God, they were just so sexy, firm hands on strong muscles and... oh!

He cried out, heat splashing along Chris' leg.

"Mm." Chris blinked, eyes opening up to smile at him. "Oh, hey, honey."

"Hey," he answered quietly, unable to keep from blushing hard.

"You start without us?"

"Kind of finished without you, too," he muttered, managing to keep the suggestion they go ahead on each other to himself.

"Oh, I'm sure you can go again." Chris grinned and struggled up, wincing. "Man, I gotta pee. Be back in a minute."

Well there was no question he could, given the direction of his unspoken thoughts had him staying hard instead of fading back down.

Cody moved right into Chris' vacated spot, reaching for him. "Mm. Hey, love."

"Hey," he murmured back, going into Cody's arms as his whole body lit up. Cody had called him love. Wow. Oh, wow.

Cody nuzzled him, breathing deep, then pulled back to smile at him. "Farley. You bad boy, you started without me."

That made him blush for entirely different reasons and it was easier not to think about Chris and Cody touching each other when one of them wasn't in bed with him and Cody had called him love and he just nodded and pushed close, beaming to beat the band.

Cody's morning wood poked him, right in his lower belly, hot and hard and rubbing. "Well, it looks like you've still got plenty in you."

He nodded and dropped his hand between them, bringing their cocks together because -- oh god, yes -- that felt good.

"Uhn. Yeah, Farley. Feels just right." Cody was talking, sounding happy and horny.

"It does," he agreed, gasping as they slid together just right. He wrapped one hand around Cody's lovely muscled arm and just moved, rubbing.

"I swear, you two just always go without me." Chris came limping back in, crawling into bed behind Cody. Oh. Oh, man.

His eyes went wide and his mind just went back *there* again and he was blushing again, hips moving furiously.

Reaching over Cody, Chris touched his hip, his ribs, just leaning on Cody's shoulder and smiling at him. He whimpered, his own hand sliding to touch Chris. God. Seeing them like that, faces close, two pairs of eyes looking at him...

"So pretty." Looked like Chris liked it, too. He just got petted and praised all around, Cody arching against him, Chris urging him on.

God, they were gonna think he was a sex fiend, because he was almost ready to pop again. Of course it was their fault he was a sex fiend -- they were just so hot and so giving and made him feel like a million dollars. A really sexy million dollars.

Cody grunted, hand clamping down over his to pull them both really hard, and those pretty eyes just went wide, Cody shooting hard against his belly.

"Oh!" Oh yeah, it was better not going off alone, better having that smell to trigger his own splash, his body bucking against Cody.

"Oh, fuck, you two. Hot." Poor Chris. He was sorta... humping Cody and staring down at his and Cody's hands.

Farley licked his lips, torn between helping Chris out and wanting to watch him doing what he was doing with his brother and oh, that was selfish of him, making Chris do that just because it got him hot.

He reached past Cody and grabbed hold of Chris' cock, moaning and pushing up close against Cody so he could more easily stroke along the flesh he held. Cody just glomped right on to him and let him have easy access to that heated skin. Every time Chris pressed forward his hand got caught between Chris' cock and Cody's ass, and yeah, that was really gonna make the pervy thoughts go away.

He decided not to worry about it though, at least until Chris had his chance to get off, too, 'cause that was only fair. He squeezed a little tighter and tugged a little harder and if he was thinking about Chris fucking Cody, well he wasn't going to come again for awhile anyway, so he was probably safe.

"Oh. Fuck yeah." That was it. That was all it took and Chris was coming right in his hand. All over his brother's back and ass.

Farley bit his lip, hand still moving on Chris' cock, kind of rubbing the come into Cody's skin and fuck, he was going to get hard again, he *was*. He moaned softly, and buried his face in Cody's neck.

"Oh, that was a fine good morning." Cody stroked his back, just purring.

"Yeah," he murmured into Cody's neck. He wasn't coming out until he could look at them without picturing them fucking each other.

"Mmhmm." Chris rumbled, squashing them all together.

He just held onto them both, face buried in Cody's neck. God. He was so going to hell. And man was he enjoying the ride.

Chapter Four

Chris had just about had it with being hurt.

He wanted to get the Hell out of that cast and ride. It had been fucking weeks. He should be getting the damned thing off though, today.

And they should be getting their tests back. Damn. That was. Well, it was kinda scary that he and Cody were that into a guy, together, that they would bother.

"You guys ready to go?"

Farley broke away from Cody, looking kiss-mussed and sheepish. "Yeah. Sorry, yeah."

"Sheesh. You two." He grinned, no real heat in it. Hell, if he didn't want his foot back, he would have been in the clinch.

"I can't help myself," murmured Farley, coming up to give him a soft kiss of his own.

"Uh huh." Oh. Damn that was nice. He took the kiss deeper, happily.

Farley made a little noise that had become familiar, one that said 'Oh, God, more please,' and melted against him.

"Mmnh. Doctor." He hated to pull away, but man, think what they could do if they all got clean results.

"I'm not a doctor," Farley teased, smiling at him, fingers moving over his belly.

"We could play doctor. Turn your head and cough."

He cupped Farley's private parts, and Cody hooted. "Y'all are sick."

Farley might have coughed, except he was too busy giggling.

"Yeah, yeah." He squeezed lightly and let the kid go, just laughing his ass off. "Come on. We need to get this fucking cast off."

"Eager?" Farley asked, bumping his hip.

"Yeah." Oh, hell yeah. All over it eager. He grinned at Cody, who gave him a dirty grin and a wink. So damned eager he hurt.

Farley went out ahead of them, that sweet ass leading the way to the truck. Uhn. Nice. Cody pinched his ass as he passed and Chris jumped.

"Come on, love. Let's go. We'll get rid of the cast and get the tests and some barbeque and have us some fun."

"Oh, yeah. You know it."

They crawled into the truck, and damn he would be glad when he got to drive again. Cody drove like an idiot. Farley sat between them, hands on their thighs like usual. It was amazing how quickly something like that became the norm. He put a hand over Farley's, squeezing. It felt good, even if he did have to hold on for dear life. Farley's head rested on his shoulder, hand turning to hold his. God, the kid was a lover.

"Mm. You know, Cody, you're gonna be glad when I can drive again, too, so you can get you some of this."

He got a sideways kind of look. "I know. Even if you do drive like a grandma."

"Asshole."

"Butthead."

Farley giggled. "Don't think I haven't noticed that no one's offered to let me drive."

Good Lord. He must have looked horrified, because Cody just hooted like an owl on speed. "It's Chris' baby, man. He only lets me drive because he has to."

Farley laughed, hand wandering. "You mean you'll let me fuck your brother while you watch but won't let me take your truck out for a spin?"

Grunting, he shifted so Farley's hand hit just where he wanted. "Yeah, well. Cody's less expensive if he gets wrecked."

Farley's mouth dropped open and then he started giggling again, hand kneading Chris' cock. "God, what is it about the two of you? You make me want to be bold. I mean... well I could suck you off real quick before we get there."

His cock went from half-mast to full flying in no time. "You could. That would sure relax me."

Farley gave Cody's cheek a kiss. "Drive slow, k?"

Then, face red, but eager, Farley put his head in Chris' lap, mouthing his cock while fingers fought with button and zipper.

"Oh. Oh, fuck." That was from Cody, saying what he couldn't say because he was totally out of breath, just moaning as Farley got his cock out, the air cool on it a minute before Farley's mouth closed on him.

They said practice made perfect and Farley was proof of that, tongue swirling around his prick. He just stroked Farley's hair and neck, mumbling something he thought was nice and romantic but probably sounded like a bull in rut. Farley sucked him hard, head starting to bob on his cock, making it really good, really fast.

God. He was gonna come so hard. Chris rocked his hips up, just begging for it. One of Farley's hands slid up under his t-shirt, finding his nipple and pinching.

"Shit!" Man, he just lost it, just like that, shooting into that eager mouth. Cody moaned, probably able to fucking smell him. Farley drank him down, mouth working him, pulling out every single drop from his cock.

"We're almost there." Cody just sounded like a frog, all croak and groan.

Farley finally pulled off him and tucked him back into his jeans, licking those swollen lips. That just demanded a kiss. Farley tasted like him, hot and bittersalty. Farley pulled away from the kiss as the truck stopped and damn, if the kid didn't look freshly fucked.

Yeah. That was not being obvious. "You need some time? I can go on in and y'all can come on after." Of course, he probably looked about as sated.

Farley's eyes widened. "We can't. Not while we're parked in the open like this." Kid had sex on the brain. Always.

"He means to get cleaned up, dork." Cody elbowed Farley in the ribs. "Yeah, you go ahead, we'll be in for the test results."

He nodded, sliding out of the truck and making sure he was good and clean before heading in. He'd be less impatient with the doc if they weren't in there anyway. By the time he got a relatively clean bill of health and a simple ankle wrap, Cody and Farley were waiting for him out in the lobby.

Farley was looking up at Cody with that adoring look of his, talking about something or other, hands working the air.

"Did y'all get the results?"

Farley nodded. "We did."

"And?" He could pretty well tell the way Farley lit up like Christmas, but he wanted to hear it.

"We need to go to the drugstore, but we only need to buy lube."

"Hoo yeah." He grinned, bouncing on his newly freed toes. "Let's do it."

Farley giggled again and got up and grabbed Cody's hand, tugging him along. Subtle, Farley wasn't. He could do unsubtle. Chris chuckled. Hell, he was about to when they got back to the motel. They'd get lube and munchies, maybe stop by a Sonic and get burgers to go, and he'd even leave off the jalapenos, because well, of he got to sucking, it might hurt a man.

They still hadn't told Farley about them, there just hadn't been any real good opportunity. They always seemed to wind up caught up in each other. Maybe. Well. Maybe tonight. Because if they were gonna get serious about the playing, Farley needed to know.

For now though Farley was chattering about how great it was going to be to see him back up on the bull. Kid didn't even seem to realize how suggestive he was being.

Grinning over, he patted Farley's leg. "You think it's gonna be good to see me ride, huh?"

Farley nodded happily. "I sure do. It's just not the same without it being both of you. You guys are tops."

Lord. Cody just laughed and laughed, and Chris couldn't help but snort. "And you're the happiest bottom I ever did see, Farley."

"I what? Oh." Farley went red and he buried his face in Chris' shoulder. "Oh, God, that's not what I mean."

"I know, honey." He put an arm around Farley as he leaned, stroking along Farley's ribs, tickling a little. "You're so damned cute."

Farley was giggling away, squirming and he knew it wouldn't take much to turn the giggles into moans.

They stopped again not long after at the super Wal-Mart, Cody poking them both. "Come on. Cheetos. Lube."

"As long as we aren't using them together." Farley's eyes were just dancing.

"Nope."

Cody led the way, jeans just hugging that ass, and Chris just followed along, almost reaching to hold Farley's hand before he thought better of it. Farley caught the movement though and gave him a happy smile, just beaming at him.

"Oh, look, they've got those new Butterfinger wafer bar thingies." Farley grabbed three of them.

"You're gonna be hyped." Cody got them some Milky Ways and a bunch of M&Ms.

"Oh, man, I'm already pretty hyped." As if to prove it, Farley bounced along. "Oh, we need soap and shampoo. I don't like the stuff the motels provide and I'm almost out."

"Yeah. And we need deodorant." Not that they were skanky, but he liked to have more than they had on hand if he was going to be riding again.

"Are you saying I stink?" Farley asked, grinning.

"I am not. I'm just thinking about your poor nose on Saturday."

"Oh yeah. He stinks when he rides." Cody winked, grinned.

Farley tilted his head at that. "I don't remember you stinking. I do remember you tasted like barbeque."

"And pickles." That had been a good night. A really good night. He kinda looked around to make sure no one could see how good it was to remember it.

Well, no one except Farley, the kid was looking more than little happy to be thinking about it himself. "Oh man, are we almost done here?"

"Lube. And uh. Some other stuff." He was sure there was other stuff.

Farley nodded. "Yeah. Stuff. I think Cody wanted to fuck me with Cheetos or something."

"I did not! I just want Cheetos for later. The orange residue makes them not good for fucking."

They heard a gasp behind them, and a little old lady in a baggy dress squeaked her cart away in a huff.

Farley went about forty shades of red, but he was trying not to giggle, too. "Oh, my God."

"Hey, the nice thing about being on the road? We never see these people again." Much better than trying to hide in the closet in your own hometown.

Farley nodded, definitely giggling now. "Thank God. 'Cause I so could not face them again."

"Yeah, well." He grinned. They wouldn't want to either, even as brazen as he and Cody were. They got Cheetos and went to stand in line, just laughing and chatting and getting evil looks.

They finally found themselves back in the truck and went through the drive through at Whataburger, eating in the truck as they drove back to their motel. Damn, that was a good burger. Fries. Shake. No onions. They all sang along with the Eagles, bumping shoulders as he drove. Ah. Driving.

Of course that meant that it was Cody who got Farley's attentions, that hot hand sliding along Cody's thigh toward Cody's cock instead of his own. Kinda disappointing, but at the same time, it was hard enough to eat and drive, if Farley had been all over him he probably would have wrecked them. Besides, he could see it all out of the corner of his eye.

Farley was whispering in Cody's ear and then Chris was treated to watching what he got to participate in earlier, Farley's face planting in Cody's lap.

Oh, fuck. That was so pretty. God, the kid was eager to suck, and he'd bet anything the kid had a double-jointed jaw, because it never seemed to get sore. He tried to drive, but he was fucking glad that by the time Cody started moaning just the way Chris knew meant, yeah, fuck, more, he was pulling into the motel lot.

With the motor no longer running he could hear the noises Farley was making, sweet little hums and moans around Cody's fat cock.

Shifting into park, he reached for them, hands on Farley's back, Cody's chest. "So hot."

Farley's back arched up into his touch, head moving faster, just bobbing away in Cody's lap.

"Yeah. Yeah, damn." Cody just sounded blissed out, happy and good. And Farley just kept going. He popped the button on his jeans, needing more space, the truck cab smelling like sex. Like them.

One of Farley's hands wormed its way up under Cody's shirt, headed for his nipples.

He moved his hand to Cody's shoulder, wanting to kiss him, but knowing that might be a bit much. Hell, he didn't even want to encounter Farley's hand on Cody's chest. Of course Farley looked so damned focused on what he was doing, mouth swollen and red around Cody's cock.

The kid was just a natural. Chris stroked down Farley's back, slipping beneath the waistband of his jeans. Hot skin, hard muscle. Pretty. Cody reached up, took his other hand, just holding it. He could hear the noises Farley was making, knew what he was doing was making the kid happy. He bet those noises felt good around Cody's cock.

Too bad he didn't have a hand free for his own cock, sticking up out of his jeans, all needy and hard. Jesus, they could get arrested. He worked his hand deeper under the denim, touching the top of Farley's crease.

"Oh, fuck," murmured Farley. "Guys..." Farley whimpered and started sucking Cody again, head bobbing like crazy.

Cody moaned, hand tightening on his as Cody rolled his hips up. Cody was babbling again, just talking. "So hot, Farley. So good, babe. Yeah. Oh, fuck yeah. Good."

Farley's fingers slid beneath Cody's shirt, moving over his nipples again and again. That was it. Cody just groaned and let go, gasping as he came into Farley's mouth. Chris moaned too, hips jerking. God that was hot.

Farley was slow to pull off, cleaning Cody up as he did.

"Mmm. Damn." Cody kissed Farley as he sat up, grinning over at him when they were done. "We ought to go in."

Farley nodded and blushed. "Yeah, we might never see these people again, but I don't want to give that kind of show."

"Well, and there's that whole public obscenity thing." Chris pulled his shirt out of his pants to hide his cock. No way was he getting it back in his jeans. He slid out of the truck, grabbing bags and shit.

Farley and Cody got out the passenger side, Farley rubbing up against Cody. Cody laughed, patting Farley's hip. "Soon, babe."

Hell, yes, soon. Chris could be on top, and he damned well intended to be. Farley seemed to read his mind, the kid turning and giving him just the hottest look. "I can't wait to see what it feels like without the condom."

"You and me both." His own voice came out rough and deep. "Inside. Now."

Farley hightailed it, giving him a mighty fine view of that cute little ass.

Cody gave him a little show, too, and he didn't know which ass he wanted to jump more. Jesus. He wanted them both, and he was really gonna have to watch it so he didn't do something to blow it before they talked. His boots rang on the concrete. Yeah. Boots. Damn it was nice to have both on again and those damned crutches gone.

They barely has the door shut when Farley was on him, mouth attaching to his, hot body rubbing.

"Mmph." Clutching Farley's ass, Chris kissed right back, rubbing right back, his cock pressing up against the thin fabric of his shirt.

Farley's hand reached for his cock, the kid gasping. "You drove like this?"

"Mostly after we stopped." He grinned. Kid hadn't been paying attention at all. Hell, who would with Cody's cock in his mouth?

"Mostly..." Farley giggled and attacked his mouth again, hand wrapping around his cock and tugging.

Yeah. He licked at Farley's lips, bit at them, fingers digging into the muscles of that little butt. They rocked together, him pushing into Farley's hand in a hard rhythm.

"Will you get it up again?" Farley asked him suddenly, hand slowing.

"No." No, he probably wouldn't. Not after the pre-doctor sucking. Taking a deep breath he pushed Farley away. "We need to slow down."

Farley blinked, but then nodded, hand going to the front of his own pants and rubbing the bulge there. "Or speed up to the naked and lubed up part."

"Bed." No way was he going to do the first bareback ride standing up. "Cody, you got the lube?"

Cody nodded, already naked and waiting over there. "You know it."

Farley bounced and started stripping, almost tripping over his own feet in his eagerness. Chris went just as fast, needing to just be on that bed and touching, and damn, he wanted Cody, too. He was a greedy, greedy man.

Farley was naked almost before he was at the bed and then the kid was pulling at his clothes, not quite tearing them off, but certainly coming close. They sprawled together, Cody joining them, and it was hard to tell where one ended and the other began as they kissed and touched. God, it was too fucking good.

At one point it was just him and Cody kissing and Farley whimpered, staring at them with wide eyes.

Oh. Oops. He pulled away slowly from Cody, licking at Cody's lips. "Is this okay, Farley? Are you okay?"

"So sexy," whispered Farley, face going hot. "I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't, but I want to watch you and Cody together. And I know it's wrong and I'm sorry. Please, I'm sorry."

Damn. That was gonna kill the mood. But maybe they needed it to. Maybe they needed to talk before they did it without condoms.

Cody read his mind, moving close to Farley. "Babe, why are you apologizing? Did you see us freaking out about it?"

"Because it's wrong of me to want you to make love to each other! You've already given me so much -- all three of us together and naked in bed and both of you touching me and I just keep wanting more."

Chris sighed, shifting to sit up and pull the covers up around them. "We really ought to talk about this then, honey."

Farley looked down and nodded. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "'I've tried so hard not to want it. I'll go."

"No!" Cody just grabbed Farley around the waist. "No. We're. Damn it, Chris. Tell him." Cody was the talky one, not him, but he'd always depended on Chris for the serious stuff.

"Cody and I have been messing around for years, honey. We've been hiding it because we were afraid you'd think it was bad."

Farley sniffed and blinked at them. "What? You what?"

"We've been... we're very close, Farley. *Very* close." He reached for Cody's hand, needing the support. It was one thing to fantasize about it. The reality might not be so cool.

He could see Farley thinking about what he'd said and the kid kept blinking, eyes huge. "You mean. You and Cody. Together. With each other. Without me. And. I'm what? Just a diversion? Something to make it new?"

Jesus. He'd known this was gonna be hard. He looked at Cody, who took a deep breath and started to explain. "No, babe. We've always... well, we've always let each other play on the side. But we've never brought someone home with us, and never together."

Farley bit his lip. "So I'm...special? I mean..." Those big blue eyes looked up at him, at Cody, so sweet and earnest. "I'm falling for you guys. This is... you're. Really special."

"You're special." There was never any doubt. He stroked Farley's leg. "Really special."

Farley gave him a tentative smile and turned to look at Cody, obviously needing to hear it from both of them.

"Yeah, babe. Yeah." Cody just patted Farley's hip, acting like the dork he was. Chris tried not to roll his eyes.

Farley was still a moment and then he threw his arms around both of them, burying his head in Chris' neck.

"Are you alright, honey?" He assumed, maybe, but he just wasn't sure.

Farley nodded, arms going tighter, holding them both tight.

"So you're cool with it?" Cody stroked Farley's back, his arm, trying to soothe them all, he'd bet.

Farley nodded. "I just can't believe it."

"I know. It's... well, we don't advertise it." That would be purely stupid, and he and Cody may be hayseeds, but they weren't dummies.

Farley nodded and pulled back, looking like he was trying hard *not* to look reproachful, but failing miserably. "I've been sitting here for weeks thinking I was sick for wanting to see you together, for wanting you to fuck each other while you fucked me."

"No, honey. Not sick at all. Well, it wouldn't be sick anyway, but with us it's kinda right on the money."

"God, so I can watch?" Farley moaned a little. "I can actually watch. I can't believe it." Farley laughed a little. "Oh, God, just the thought is so hot. I can't believe a minute ago I thought you were gonna make me leave for being a sick bastard and now... you're gonna, and I can watch."

"You can." Cody grinned, bouncing the bed a little. "I can't say we haven't both dreamed of it a little, babe."

Hell, yes, they had. It made him hot right now, just thinking about it.

"Really? Oh." Farley moaned again. "Oh, yes. Can we um..." Those blue eyes were big and wide and full of just plain wanting. "Wanna get fucked first," Farley said quietly.

"Anything you want, babe."

"Yeah. Whatever you want, honey." Hell, he was just relieved as fuck that Farley didn't get up and get dressed and leave.

"Cool." Farley blushed again and wiped at his eyes again. "God, you must think I'm a dork."

"No. Well, maybe, but not for that."

Well, that was one way to lighten the mood. Cody always had a knack for it. Chris hooted and leaned to kiss Cody on the mouth. "Good one."

"Oh, God, that's sexy." They both turned to look at Farley, both leaned forward to give him a kiss, and it became something right out of a porno. A three-way kiss.

And just like that they had the mood back again and Farley was moaning into the kiss, gasping and whimpering and trying to rub up against both of them at the same time. Hot. So fucking hot now that he didn't have to worry about going wrong, worry about touching Cody.

Farley didn't seem to know which of them to touch first, hands just randomly moving on him and Cody, sliding and stopping to stroke and pinch and just moving.

"Feels good, honey." Chris wanted to encourage that, wanted Farley to feel good touching them. Wanted it to be okay.

Farley moaned, fingers searching for one of his nipples and one of Cody's, pinching them together. He moaned back, and Cody arched, and all three of them shifted, cocks rubbing thighs and lips moving on skin. God, it was something. Farley got a little wilder, just writhing against them, gasping and saying their names over and over.

"You still want me to fuck you, honey? You want me?"

"Oh, God, yes, please." Farley nodded, bucking up against him. "Please."

"C'mon, Cody. I think hands and knees is easiest. Why don't you give him something to look at?"

Cody nodded, stretching out on his back so he could arrange Farley on top of him, straddling Cody.

Farley gasped and wiggled. "Oh. Oh, this is going to be fun." Then Farley was kissing Cody, really going at it, ass up in the air.

"Yeah. Hell, yeah." Cody was just grinning and wiggling, looking up at him. "I can watch from here."

"I'll have to remember that for when it's your turn," Farley told Cody, ass wriggling again.

"He's a slut." Sure, Cody was. So was he. Wasn't he the one with the lube and his fingers wet and reaching for Farley's ass? So hot and tight, and he couldn't wait to get in there.

"Just like it," muttered Farley, as his fingers pushed in, the kid making no bones about how much he wanted it.

"S'okay to like it." Oh, fuck, he was gonna blow before he ever got in if he didn't watch it. Cody and Farley were so hot. He finally got Farley good and stretched.

Farley was begging softly, pushing back against his fingers, ready. Hell yeah, Farley was ready.

Then Cody reached around and opened Farley for him, spreading those tight little ass cheeks wide, and Chris couldn't wait any more. He got himself extra wet, wanting the slide to be good, wanting it to be easy. And it was. He just slid right in, pushing into Farley so good, his hips against Farley's muscular butt.

"Oh, God! Oh!" Farley just moaned, ass squeezing tight around him in pulses.

"God, so hot."

"Oh, honey." He had to move. Just had to, and he started going at it, hips rolling, his hands covering Cody's.

Farley moaned and whimpered, started moving with him, just taking it, wanting it. Cody was whimpering too, hands sliding from him to Farley and back. His skin just wanted to burst, and his cock went from overheated to red hot.

Farley was making the greatest noises and rippling around his cock. Then Farley started kissing Cody, just wild. Fuck. He reached beneath Farley, groped for someone's cock, anyone's, just needing to feel. He bit into Farley's shoulder, really pushing home.

Farley cried out as his hand circled that hard cock and the ass around his own cock went fucking tight. That was it. Chris saw stars, just hollering his head off as he shot, right into Farley. Just like that.

Farley collapsed down onto Cody and brought him down, too, the three of them making a sweaty, gasping pile.

"Can't breathe."

Chris rolled his eyes but rolled him and Farley a little off Cody, too, letting him have some air. "Better?"

He wasn't sure if he meant Cody or Farley.

Farley made a happy little noise, wiggling and then settling between them. "Wow."

"Yeah." He grinned, relaxing so profoundly he almost dozed. "Cool."

Farley's hands slid on him and then away again, making Cody moan and suddenly he could hear the sound of flesh on flesh slapping.

"Oh." Well, duh. Cody hadn't... well. Chris grinned, moved around where he could see.

Farley was looking down at where he was jerking Cody off, and then he bent and started licking, too.

Now that looked like a fine idea. Gently moving Farley to one side, Chris took the other, bending to lick at Cody's cock.

"Oh, God," Farley's voice cracked, his hand moving.

Cody arched up against him, just like always, just like magic, and Chris closed his eyes, sealing his mouth over the tip and sucking hard. He hoped to God Farley meant what he said. Farley's hand disappeared from around Cody's cock, but then it was there in his hair, against his cheek. One finger traced his lips as they stretched around Cody's cock. That just added to the sensation, made him moan around Cody's cock, which made Cody go crazy. Those hips snapped, pushing Cody's cock into his mouth.

"Oh fuck. This is something else." Farley started moving against Cody's side.

God, the kid was gonna die of a heart attack before he was thirty. Chris sucked, and Cody groaned, and he reached up to finger Cody's hole, pushing until Cody just hollered, shooting hard into his throat.

Farley whimpered, moved faster, harder against Cody's side. "God, you're beautiful together. Beautiful."

Cody just blinked at him, smiling, dazed, and Chris leaned against Cody's belly, petting Farley's hip. "Yeah?"

"Uh-huh." Farley shivered and his eyes rolled in his head as he jerked, coming against Cody's side.

"I can't believe you still had that in you." He just laughed, pulling them all together as Farley flopped, arms and legs tangling.

"You guys are an inspiration." Farley giggled, patting at them softly.

"Thanks, honey." He took a kiss, knowing they had more to talk about, but just too damned tired to care at the moment. Hell, Cody was already snoring.

Farley gave him a lazy grin and his eyes blinked slowly.

"Sleep now, honey. We'll do everything you want sooner or later." He grinned, rolling closer.

Oh, Farley just beamed at that. "We're gonna be busy."

"You know it, honey. You know it." He had a feeling they'd go a long while before they exhausted Farley's imagination.

It was gonna be a helluva ride.

Farley didn't want to wake up. He was having the best dream. Chris and Cody were fucking, moving together almost like mirror images and they were letting him watch and it just felt so good because he got to touch, too.

Moaning, he pushed harder against the warm body he was curled against.

"Mnh?" That body moved, warm and firm, skin sliding against his.

Oh, that sounded like Cody, all muscled and sexy and hot and Farley started rubbing.

"Hey." Yep. Sleep rough and lazy, Cody turned and patted his ass. "Morning."

He smiled as he remembered what had gone on yesterday. It wasn't a dream. It so wasn't. "Morning."

"How you feeling?" Stretching and yawning wide, Cody groped to one side and Chris' head popped up not much later, hair everywhere.

He grinned at both of them. Wow. They really were together, and now that he knew, he didn't know how he'd missed the little cues. "Horny."

A soft chuckle came from Chris. "Always, honey. But man. My balls hurt."

Cody laughed right out loud. "Wimp."

Farley giggled. "Do they really? I always thought that was an urban myth."

"They do. Sorry, honey, it's the truth." Chris' cheeks were red as could be, and he rolled out of bed, heading for the bathroom. "Sorry."

"Oh. I upset him. I didn't mean to do that." He gave Cody a worried look. "Is he okay with this? With me and you guys and knowing and everything?"

Cody rolled right on top of him, rubbing, looking happy as fuck. "Yeah, he's just embarrassed. He's always been more sensitive. Down there I mean."

"Really?" he asked, though honestly he was more interested in the way Cody's down there area was sliding against his own.

"Uh huh. Gets sore." Didn't seem like Cody was sore at all. Of course, Cody hadn't been fucking him.

He groaned at the thought. "Will you fuck me?"

"Yeah. If you want." Cody grinned, leaning down to bite at his lips. "Wanna?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I do. You haven't yet and we can do it without a condom now and yeah." He nodded and spread his legs.

"Sure you don't want to do me? I could ride you." Yeah, Cody liked catching. A lot. He had to grin. And Chris liked the pitching. He was looking forward to watching that. A lot.

"You could. Or just this once you could fuck me." That would be something, too, watching Cody's face while Cody was doing that to him.

"I could." Just laughing, Cody rolled away a minute, coming back with lube, cock just bouncing in front of him. "On your back?"

He nodded, smiled up at Cody. "Yeah."

"Pretty, pretty." Cody popped the top on the lube, settling between his legs. Those slick, callused fingers pushed at his hole, opening him up.

Farley moaned, body squeezing down on those fingers before relaxing. He wanted this badly.

"Hot, babe. Really hot. Gonna just burn me up." Oh, Cody looked like he wanted to eat Farley, all hungry and needy. Got even hotter when two strong arms wrapped around Cody from behind, Chris joining them again.

He whimpered and licked his lips. God, they were hot. On fire hot. He spread his legs wider.

Chris reached down along Cody's arm, fingers sliding against Cody's, picking up the slickness, one finger sliding into him along with Cody's.

Oh, God. He kind of had a bit of a brain melt-down at that, his body bucking, his cock just spraying as he came.

"Oh, yeah." Cody and Chris both slipped their fingers out and Cody's cock pushed in just as he relaxed from his orgasm, hot as a brand. His eyes rolled, his body just vibrating.

"Damn. Farley." Rocking, hips rolling just like he was riding a bull, Cody fucked him. In and out, nice and hard, just really going to town.

Farley's cock didn't even go down, not with Cody fucking him like that and Chris behind Cody, snugged up against him the way he was.

Chris reached around for it, using his own wetness to slick his cock, making Chris' hand run up and down it easily. It made him buck and God, they were just going to melt him into the mattress.

"So pretty." Face drawn into stark lines, Cody pushed into him, over and over. Chris stroked him, and all of them worked together toward a common end. Cody finally just lost it, head falling back, hips pumping as he came.

Farley could feel it inside him and it was the most amazing thing, the heat and the way it pushed up inside him and he cried out, coming again and collapsing against the bed in a heap.

"Mm." Cody plopped right down on top of him, grinning and breathing hard. "Woo."

He laughed, just happy down to his bones. "Ride 'em, Cowboys."

"Mm. Hell, yeah. Good practice, babe." Cody kissed his neck, and Chris snorted, kissing Cody.

It made him giggle and God, Farley figured he was about the luckiest guy ever. He certainly had to be the happiest. He reached and touched them both, just sort of patting them with his hand.

"Mm. Nice, honey." Chris snuggled up on his other side, licking sweat off his skin. "You okay?"

"Oh yeah." He giggled. "Yeah. Really yeah."

"Cool." A loud stomach rumble announced that one of the brothers was ready to eat. Again.

He giggled some more. "Can we do room service? I don't think I can move."

"Do they have room service at the Super 8?" Chuckling, Cody rolled out of bed, sauntering over to yank on his jeans, giving him and Chris a show. "There's a Waffle House right next door. What do you guys want?"

"Ooo." Chris bounced. "Waffles and sausage and eggs and hash browns." Must have been Chris' belly rumbling.

"Me, too, only I'll have pancakes instead of waffles. And some bacon." Maybe his tummy was rumbling, too.

"I don't think they do pancakes, babe. But I'll sweet talk the cook." Winking, Cody yanked on shirt and boots and headed out, just whistling.

Farley watched until the door closed and broke the view of that sweet ass and then he turned and curled into Chris. "Hey."

"Hey." Nuzzling, Chris hummed. "Sorry I bailed. I get, uh. Well. My balls kinda hurt."

"They still hurt?" Farley asked, hand sliding down to cup and stroke them gently. They sure felt good from this side.

"Mnh. A little sensitive but not painful." Laughing, Chris shifted away slightly. "We'll just not go there right now."

"Wow, that sucks."

"Hey, all guys are different, yeah?" Chris nibbled his collarbone. "You? Are a machine."

Farley blushed hard. "No. You guys just make me really horny."

"That's good, honey. Trust me. I just don't want you to think that's all we want. We'd like to hang out, too, you know? See what kind of movies you like. What kind of video games you like to play at the arcade."

It suddenly occurred to him maybe Chris thought that's all he wanted, seeing as he was the one who was horny and wanting all the time. "You don't think that's all I want, do you? That I'm just using you guys 'cause you turn me on?"

"No." Those eyes just twinkled at him. "We're just in the honeymoon thing right now."

Farley liked that word, liked what it implied, because he was maybe falling for these guys harder than hard and thinking long-term felt kind of good. "Sides," he said, daring to tease a little. "I'm younger'n you."

"Oh, you're as much of a brat as Cody is, kiddo." Strong fingers dug into his ribs, tickling him madly.

He shrieked and wriggled, not really trying to get away all that hard from Chris' hands. "Well you are the old man."

"You're gonna pay for that." They just chortled together, Chris rolling on top of him, making him laugh so hard he snorted.

It felt good, just horsing around, not caring if things got serious or not because he was starting to feel more comfortable, more confident he'd still be around for more of this tomorrow and the next day.

"You two ready to eat, or gonna just play?"

Oh, food.

"I vote eat and then play." Because even he needed to eat. Especially if he wanted to keep playing.

"Sounds like a plan."

They spread the feast out on the bed, little Styrofoam containers of eggs and waffles, and even a couple of oddly shaped, grill flavored pancakes.

"She made them special for you."

Farley giggled. "Oh, I think she made them special for *you*. You flashed those green eyes and she just fell."

"You think?" Cody goosed him, then handed over single packs of syrup. "I told her it was for my poor sick friend. All he wanted in the world was pancakes and she might save his life."

Farley felt his mouth drop open. "You told her I was sick?"

"Sure I did. She wasn't falling for me. I think she was a dyke." Grabbing a piece of bacon, Cody munched happily, fighting over a pack of butter with Chris.

Farley giggled. He liked that cocky confidence of Cody's. He'd never have assumed someone was a dyke just because they didn't like him. He'd have assumed, well that he was a dork she wasn't interested in. Pretty much the truth. He buttered up his pancakes and made a sandwich out of them and his bacon.

"So what are we gonna do today?"

Cody said it around a mouthful of food, and Chris hit him. "No talking with your mouth full. I need a new pair of Wranglers."

Farley dutifully swallowed his own mouthful before commenting. "I don't know, you fit the ones you have pretty good."

"Thanks, honey." Leaning down, Chris licked the corner of his mouth. "Mm. Bacon. But my one pair got tore up good when they cut them off my leg. I need new."

"Shopping's boring," he noted.

"Well, yeah, okay. But we can go to the arcade and play shoot 'em up."

"And get donuts," he suggested before popping in another mouthful.

"Oooh." Cody bounced this time, and Cody caught the coffee before it flew off on the floor.

"Maybe we could find us a Krispy Kreme."

"Or those little donut hole thingies," suggested Farley. Call him weird, but he just didn't like hot donuts.

Chris just looked at him. "You don't like Krispy Kremes? Farley! I don't know if they'll let you back into the arena now."

He shrugged. "They're *hot*."

"But..." Chris looked at Cody, eyes wide. Cody hooted.

"Chris thinks they're the second coming."

He giggled. "You're weird, Chris. Old and weird."

"I am not old, you pup." Popping the top of his butt where it rose above the bed, Chris grabbed the last bit of bacon. "I'm just mature enough to appreciate the good things in life."

Farley grinned and wriggled his ass back. "That include me?"

"Yeah." Leaning over, Chris gave him a sticky-sweet kiss. "Definitely."

"You guys like backgammon?" Farley asked as they settled down sort of like a pile of puppies, arms and legs all tangled together.

"It's okay. Chris likes Monopoly." Oh, Cody was picking, too. He wasn't sure how he knew besides that twinkle in Cody's eye, and the look in Chris'.

"What do you like?" he asked Cody, tracing a small scar on Chris' abs.

"Hmm. I like Whack a Mole."

Chris' abs shook under his hand as Chris snorted. "Don't let him fool you. He's a brain. He likes Scrabble."

"Isn't that a sissy game?" he asked, seeing if Cody could take it as well as Chris did.

"Hell, yeah, babe. But cute gay guys usually dig it. So do their mommas. Makes me popular." Cody just winked, laughing easily.

He laughed, too and nodded. "My mom's going to love you. She's going to think Chris is a Neanderthal though."

He sobered at that. His parents had been really good about making him feel okay after he'd told them he liked guys. They weren't exactly going to be quite as accepting about the whole brothers-menage-a-trois thing though, he'd bet.

"You want your folks to meet us?" Cody looked... awed.

He blushed hard, realizing he'd given away how much he liked them. "Kinda." He admitted.

"Well, that rocks, honey." Chris looked blown away, too. "I think our folks would love you. The brothers would give you hell. The sisters would fawn on you."

"What would you tell them?" he asked. Maybe if he used whatever Chris and Cody's technique was things would go smooth with his own folks.

"That you're Cody's boyfriend." Okay, Chris had taken on a dull flush, muscles tight under his hand.

"What about you?" he asked softly, petting Chris' belly.

"I haven't. Well. My folks don't know." Chris wouldn't look at him, or at Cody.

"Oh." He kept petting. "Isn't that hard?"

"It's delicate." Cody took over. "It was hard enough for them when I came out. Chris is. Well, he's their responsible one. You know? And they might get a clue if we both came out."

Farley nodded. "I guess I can understand that." He bit his bottom lip. "I'm not sure I could do that -- pretend I'm just with Cody. I mean I could try, but I'd probably kiss Chris or something and ruin it all."

"Oh." Chris picked at the ugly hotel bedspread. "Well, maybe you could just go with Cody."

Farley frowned. "You'd be okay with that?"

"Maybe?" He didn't look sure, and neither did Cody.

Farley shook his head. "Then I don't want to meet anyone's parents. It doesn't feel right. It feels like lying." Farley untangled himself and got up, just kind of walking aimlessly around the room, restless at the tension.

"Okay. Then we won't. Now. Until we figure all this out." Cody just nodded like that was that.

Farley nodded, still walking, letting out the nervous energy. "I want to meet your families, God, I really want to, but I don't want to meet them lying about which of their sons I love." He stopped, color leaving his face. Oh, God, he hadn't said that out loud, had he?

"Oh." Chris and Cody just looked at him, both wide eyed, and then Cody smiled, holding out a hand. "C'mere, babe."

"I'm sorry," he said softly, feet dragging as he went. "I never meant to blurt that out. I..."

"Stop it." Chris grabbed him and pulled him down once he got there, and they just kinda... enfolded him. "It's okay."

He sort of buried his face in Chris' shoulder and just breathed them in. God, they smelled good and he was so far gone over them. Two sets of hands stroked his skin, both of them petting and soothing.

"I'm *such* a dork," he murmured, snuggling in closer.

Someone chuckled, he thought it was Cody. "Sure, but so are we."

He giggled. They never let him feel bad for very long. They made him hot and horny and fulfilled his fantasies. Was it any surprise he loved them? He rubbed his cheeks against their shoulders.

"That's better. No feeling bad. Let's clear off the detritus from breakfast, yeah?" Practical Chris.

He nodded and they all sort of untangled and if he couldn't quite meet their eyes yet, well he was pretty sure he would be able to by the time the kissing started again.

Chapter Five

Chris landed on his feet, hard, and whooped when his ankle held. Grabbing his hat, he flung it off toward the stands before scrambling to grab some fence as the bull came back his way. God, trust him to do better as they got closer to home. There was just something about the air up there that made it easier for him to keep his mind in the middle and stay out of the well.

He looked at the big scoreboard. Woo! Eighty-four points. Not up there with the big leaders, but good enough to get him back into the standings, and that was what he had to do for the next few events.

He limped a little as he headed back on behind the bucking chutes, scanning the milling bunch of cowboys for Cody. When he didn't see his brother he headed on out to the stands, looking for Farley. That was probably where Cody was.

He caught sight of Farley soon enough, the too-big cowboy hat sitting low on his head. Kid was filling in his stats book, writing studiously.

"Hey, honey. Where's Cody?"

Farley looked up, pushing the hat up and giving him an amazing grin. "Haven't seen him since he rode."

"Oh." Well, damn. Where did the little rat bastard go?

He hopped the fence and sat close to Farley, just grinning. "So did you see?"

Farley giggled and rubbed their elbows together. "I did. I want to congratulate you properly."

"Don't worry, honey. You will. Just not here, yeah?" That way was dangerous.

"I know." Farley toned down his smile and looked down at his book. "I know."

"Sorry, honey. I didn't mean to upset you." Chris sighed. He just shouldn't talk. He should let Cody do that. And where the fuck was Cody?

"No, no, it's okay. I just hate that you have to hide, you know?"

"I know. Boy, do I." Surreptitious as could be, he patted Farley's thigh. "I hate it, too, honey."

Farley gave him a sideways glance. "You got anywhere you need to be? Because the motel's not that far..."

"Well. No. I just. Well, hell. Cody can get a ride later. Come on." Fuck it. He'd stop at the announcer's booth on the way out and let old Lee know where he was off to.

Farley's eyes lit right up and there was that bounce. "Yeah, okay, cool. I'll meet you at the truck."

"Kay, honey."

He went on, never finding Cody, leaving messages for him all over. He met Farley at the truck, grinning wide. "You ready?"

Farley gave a little bounce. "Yep." Those eyes were just twinkling and happy, horny.

"Cool. Let's hit it." He grinned and hopped into the truck. Woo. They'd send Cody out for food later, since he was being a butt and disappearing.

Farley climbed up and settled close, hand on his thigh, but not wandering. Farley was always good about not being too grabby with the driver.

"So I didn't get to see Cody ride, honey. How did he do?" They had a good ten-minute ride. Might as well distract them from what they couldn't do.

"Oh man, he rocked! He's got a real chance, Chris. Damn." Farley's eyes just shone.

"Cool." He couldn't lie to himself. That made him a little growly, because he should be up there too, but that's how it went. The other half of him was fucking thrilled for Cody. "Yeah? Excellent."

Farley patted his thigh. "If you hadn't gotten hurt you'd be up there, too. This was your year," Farley finished softly. The kid knew his stuff and knew how much it hurt.

"Yeah, well. If not one Morrell it's another, right?" He'd come back. Hell, you never knew what would happen from one week to the next with the bulls. They finally pulled up outside the hotel, and he threw the truck into park, wanting a little of Farley's tlc.

Farley gave him a real quick kiss. "Come on, Cowboy. Let's not start anything in the truck we can't finish here."

Kid bounced right out of the truck, key at the ready. He crowded Farley right in, just pushing him inside the hotel room and pushing him up against the wall to take a kiss. Farley's mouth opened right up, arms wrapped around his shoulders, Farley just as eager as anything.

A loud throat clearing had them springing apart, and Chris looked over at the little club chairs next to the second bed in the room, his eyes bugging out as he took in Cody, his

mom and his dad. Cody's cheeks were on fire, and his mom and dad looked like they were gonna fall over. Cody gave him the most apologetic look in the history of their life.

"Hey, Chris. Look who came to visit."

Farley made a little noise, face going just about as red as he'd ever seen it. "Oh. Oh, God."

Chris just sighed, giving in to the inevitable. "Hey, mom. Hey, dad. This is Farley Robertson."

Farley wiped his hands on his jeans and held his hand out to them. "Hello, Sir, Ma'am. It's really nice to meet you."

To their credit, both of them rose, his dad shaking Farley's hand. "Nice to meet you, too, Farley."

His dad looked like the rancher he was, wiry and lean, brown-skinned and wrinkled. His mom just looked like a lady, her dress neatly pressed, her hair just so. His mom greeted Farley, too, and then smiled gently.

"Do you think we might steal Chris and Cody away for supper, Farley?"

"Of course. We were just... um. God. Yeah." Farley nodded. "You must be eager to catch up."

"Yeah, son. We sure are. There's lots we didn't know, apparently."

Oh, God. Chris just wanted to melt into the floor. He just gave Farley the same look, probably, that Cody had. "We'll see you later, Farley. 'Kay?"

Farley just nodded. "I'll be here for you."

He would count on it. He'd bet Cody would too. Now he just had to come clean to his folks.

Maybe lightning would strike him or something first. There was always a little ray of hope.

Silence reigned until they got to the restaurant. Their dad got them a table in the back, where the smoking section used to be, this little vinyl accordion door separating them from the rest of the cowboys and old folks in the Furr's Cafeteria.

Then dad broke the silence, not shattering it, just sort of slicing it like butter. Gentle. "You got something you want to tell me, son?" he asked Chris, just staring.

Chris swallowed hard, even as Cody pressed his hand under the table. "I think you can guess, dad."

"I want to hear it from you, son."

Oh God. Oh God, oh God. Chris nodded. "Well, Dad, I'm gay."

His mom made a little noise, quiet and not quite shocked, and both Chris and his dad flinched. Cody just got up and went and hugged their mom, making little murmurs.

"I would have told you, but with Cody coming out, I didn't want to hurt you. I...I'm sorry."

"Me too, Chris. Sorry you didn't trust us." Oh, his dad did disappointed so well. So quiet and hurt, and Chris wanted to scream.

"You don't approve of Cody and I know it. I didn't want you to look at me like that."

"Thanks," Cody murmured, giving him an evil look, but he couldn't help it. It was true.

"I don't *understand*, I admit. I may not always approve, that's true. But I always love you. No matter what."

He nodded, his throat tight. Best get the rest out. "Then you'd best know, Cody and I are both dating Farley."

"Christopher Carrick Morrell!" his mom said, sharp and snappy. "If you two are stringing that poor boy along..."

"No ma'am," Cody came back quick. "We just both...like him."

Their dad looked back and forth from one to the other, frowning mightily. "I just don't get it, boys. I just don't. But I'm here to see you, not fight."

They nodded like a pair of parrots. "Okay," Cody said.

"Yessir," Chris said right behind.

"Let's eat, then, boys. And you can tell me how you're doing in the standings."

Lord love him, that was that. Chris was damned glad.

Maybe it would be all right. Maybe, just maybe, they could work this all out after all.

Farley watched the door close behind Chris and Cody and their folks and he sat down hard on the bed. "Oh, God."

What a way to come out. And God, what if Cody had already told them that he and Cody were the ones dating and then there he was all over Chris...

He would have hated being out to dinner with them, going through the grilling he was sure Chris and Cody were getting, but he hated being left here even more. He was their lover; he cared for them. He didn't like getting shut out like this.

He distracted himself with dinner down at the little diner a block from the motel and brought back a whole pecan pie for them to share later.

The motel room seemed really quiet and empty without Chris and Cody, and Farley settled and worked on his stats book. Then he went over what he'd already done. Then he turned on the TV, foot bouncing on the ground.

Damn, it seemed like they'd been gone forever.

The door finally clicked open just as he was about to drop off with the remote in his hand, his foot dangling and asleep.

"Hey, babe." Cody came right to him, bending to kiss him. "Did you eat?"

He moaned softly at the sensation of Cody's lips on his. Oh, man, they hadn't had an evening apart in... well since they'd told him they were together. "Yeah. Burger over at the diner. You guys okay? Where's Chris?"

"I'm right here, honey." Chris looked a little puffy around the eyes, and a lot tired, but he was there.

Farley reached out for Chris. "Oh God, I missed you guys. I wanted to be there with you." He looked at them both, they looked tired, worn down. "You okay?"

"Yeah. Just those family talks? Hard on a man." Grinning for him, Chris sat next to him, hand on his leg. "You?"

"Been worried." They didn't need to know he was pretty pathetically lonely without them. "I know it wasn't how you planned to come out. Did they... do they know about you and Cody, too?"

"No." Cody sounded... sad. "No, we just couldn't tell them that. They tried so hard to take it well that Chris and I are both... well. Gay. And that we admitted we were both seeing you."

God, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell must have thought he was some sort of slut, sleeping with both their sons. He bit his lip. "I'm sorry."

"No. Don't be sorry, babe." Moving in closer, both brothers put an arm around him. "We just explained. We can't help what they think. And we shouldn't have to."

He nodded. "I know. But it's your folks, and I've made it harder on you. Forced Chris to come out... I wanted to meet them, you know? But not like this."

"Yeah." He could hear the wry note in Chris' voice, but Chris' lips were soft on the side of his neck, sweet.

A shudder went through him and he threw his arms around Chris' shoulders, holding on. God, he'd worried. Wondered. Well, if they'd back off, if their folks were going to convince them that it was wrong.

"Love you both," he whispered, not caring how dorky it was.

"Oh, honey. You, too." He got a kiss, Chris and Cody both drawing him in, sharing him with each other.

Whimpering, he lay back down on the bed, *his* brothers coming down with him, the kiss going on and on. They both touched him, both kissed him and loved on him. They were both kinda desperate.

He rubbed up against whatever he could, about as desperate as they were. His fingers were trembling as he went for three zippers, hoping to get all three cocks out before they all blew. Cody helped. Chris wasn't much good, just moaning and rubbing. But Cody helped, fingers working against his to help get him and Chris out.

They managed to get all three of them out, jeans pushed down a little and then it was every man for himself, rubbing and humping against each other.

"Oh. Babe. Yeah." There went Cody, talking up a storm. Chris just grunted, finally got a hand with his and Cody's, rubbing them all together.

He found a nipple with each hand and let his fingers pinch lightly. God, it felt good, just heaven on earth.

It didn't last long, though, Couldn't, as hot as they burned, and Chris came first, eyes wide, watching his face. He cried out, bucking against them and coming hard. Cody followed, just like that. His hips rolled, and Farley felt the wet of Cody's come on him.

He lay back against the bed, panting, hands petting whatever skin he could find. God, he'd been worried this would be snatched away from him.

"Better. Much, much better." Chris grinned at him, leaning up to take a kiss.

He grinned back, licking at Chris' lips. "Me, too."

"Good. Sorry about all that, honey."

"So is it okay? Are they really upset? You guys look pretty wiped."

"It was a long evening," Cody said. "But they are ready to let it go, if not understand."

"Does this mean I'll be able to go home with you guys and meet them after the season? And that you guys can come meet my folks?" He'd been hating the thought of having to dance around the truth with his folks.

"Maybe? I'm not sure, babe. But they're staying for the next two days of competition." Most rodeos went all weekend, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. "So they want to do supper tomorrow."

"With me?" His stomach started fluttering.

"Yeah. Mom convinced Dad they ought to at least get to talk to you a bit."

"You mean grill me?" He knew moms. He had one of his own.

"Maybe." Both brothers laughed, snuggling up. "But Mom's a good gal," Chris went on. "She'll be nothing but sweet, honey."

"Yeah? You sure she's not gonna want my balls for playing her boys off each other?" Moms weren't just good at grilling; they did a mean bear imitation, too.

"Most likely not. We've a lot of siblings. She's used to us doing things she can't explain." Cody nibbled his neck.

"Okay. I'll try not to freak out. And I'll try to remember you guys aren't sleeping together." He would try really hard not to screw up.

"That they might have more trouble with. Hell, I can't blame them. Cody and I think it's normal, but parents?" Chris petted his belly. "We'll muddle through."

"You could love me into a melted puddle. Then I'll just smile and nod at them. I won't be able to blow anything. With your parents I mean." He started giggling at himself.

"There you go. Love it when you're like that."

"Like what?"

"Well-fucked." Cody just snorted, Chris whapping him and adding, "Well-loved."

"Oh." He beamed and stroked Chris' cheek. "I like being well-fucked, too. Wanna?"

"You bet, honey." Oh, yeah. Chris had that look.

He wrapped his arms around Chris' neck and brought their mouths together.

"Mm. Oh, you two are pretty." Moving close, Cody stroked his side, Chris' belly, just adding to the sensation.

He pushed into the touches and rubbed up against Chris and just let everything else go, just drowned in it, in them. They seemed just as determined to let him take away the stress of the day, both of them moaning, rubbing, and just downright loving all over him. Cody's hands teased here, Chris' mouth drove him crazy there.

He touched and licked whatever was closest, there was always some bit of flesh to touch, to kiss and God, he was just the luckiest guy on earth and he didn't care what anyone thought, he was holding onto this with both hands.

"Want you both inside me," he whispered, legs spreading restlessly.

Chris went still under him, and Cody chuckled. "I'm not sure we can do that, babe."

"I know. Just don't want to have to choose." He giggled. Two of them at once. That was just impossible.

"Oh. Well, you don't have to." Still chuckling, Cody sat up and moved him down on his back, pulling a grumbling Chris up on his knees. "Chris can do you, and you can suck me."

"Oh. Oh, okay." He nodded eagerly, cock just throbbing at the thought. Cody had some wonderful, wicked ideas.

"You like that idea, honey?" Moving back and pushing Cody forward, Chris reached for the lube, and he could tell pretty well how Chris liked it from the bobbing cock.

He nodded, watching for a minute before he lay back, letting Chris spread his legs and start to get him ready. Oh, God, it already felt so good. He moaned, hands reaching for Cody's thighs as he licked his lips.

"Yeah. You got it, babe. You got everything you want." Hot and red, Cody's cock brushed his lips, the wet tip pushing between.

He licked at it, pulling the taste of Cody into his mouth before opening wide and wrapping his lips right around Cody's cock and sucking.

"Oh! Fuck, babe."

"Jesus that's hot." He could feel Chris pushing between his legs, fingers wet and strong, opening him up. They rode into him, just pushing him wide, getting him ready.

He loved getting fucked and he loved sucking them and to be able to do both at the same time was just blowing his mind. His ass squeezed around Chris' fingers and he sucked harder around Cody's cock, his hands finding Cody's ass and holding on.

"Mm." He wasn't sure if that was Chris or Cody, but he'd bet on Chris since the fingers slid out of him and Chris' thick cock slid right in.

He moaned around Cody's cock, body just full of them. God. Just... he whimpered this time and sucked harder, hands encouraging Cody to move. Hips rolling, Cody started pushing into his mouth, echoing Chris' thrusts. He could hear Cody's harsh moans, and when he looked up, he could see Chris' fingers on Cody's chest, pinching, pulling.

It made him buck, his whole body just singing. His hips rolled, working with Chris and he gazed up at Cody, hands tight on the man's ass. Smiling down at him, Cody stroked his cheek, fingers sliding along where mouth met that sweet cock, just encouraging him. Chris moved faster, then Cody, in and out.

He moved with them, body rippling, throat swallowing, hands squeezing. They were sending him higher and higher, his cock slapping against his belly every time Chris pushed into him. Then he was in heaven because Chris grabbed his cock, stroking and pulling, and Cody leaned on his chest, palms over his nipples.

His eyes rolled back in his head and everything else disappeared and it was just cocks and skin and the three of them all moving together. So hot, so good, the noises from Chris and the words from Cody and the feel of Chris' thick cock in his ass and Cody's saltybitter taste in his mouth... God. Cody cried out, cock jerking, panting as he shot hard, filling Farley's mouth.

Farley swallowed it down, still turned on like crazy about being able to do all this without a condom and that was enough for him to be coming, too. His ass clamped down hard on Chris' cock as his own shot, hitting his hands and Cody's ass.

"Shit!" Chris jerked, hands going to his thighs to just hold on, and Chris filled him deep, shooting hard.

He pulled off of Cody's cock and just panted, feeling all melted all the way down to his bones.

His eyes were closed and he knew he had a big goofy grin on his face and he turned his head, mouthing "I love you" against Cody's thigh.

The brothers fell on either side of him, slipping away then back, warm and sweaty. "Not giving you up, babe."

"Mm. Nope."

"Oh, good. That's kind of my stance on you guys. You have no idea how glad I am I don't have to choose." More glad than he could ever have imagined that he could lie cuddled between the two of them and not only was it okay with them, they wanted it, too.

"So you'll go to dinner tomorrow?" Cody sounded sleepy as anything.

"Yeah, I'll go. I'm not letting anyone chase me off my fellas."

"Oh, good." Okay, Chris sounded just as beat. It had been a long night for them.

He patted one and then the other. "Who's got the light?" he asked, knowing he was never going to get to sleep if they just left it on.

"Mmmgn." Cody got up and staggered over, turning it off and coming back to snuggle.

Oh, that was just perfect.

He closed his eyes and found a bit of both of them to touch, drifting off to sleep, just happy as a bug in a rug with where he was.

Contrary to what they'd told Farley, Mom and Dad hadn't taken the whole Chris is gay and he and I are sorts sharing Farley thing too well. Who could blame them? Just because he and Chris were... morally flexible didn't mean everyone else in the family was. Not that he thought what he and Chris were doing was wrong. He really didn't. Cody just knew that most folks felt it was a little odd at best and downright illegal and immoral at worst.

He checked his look. Good jeans, starched shirt, string tie, good hat. Yeah, he looked good enough to go to Cattle Baron's, which was kind of a nice place.

"Y'all about ready?"

Farley'd been bouncing and distracted all day. He'd not even really been paying attention at the arena and they'd finally taken him home and fucked him into a stupor.

Now the kid was trying to get his curls to behave and really, the only thing that was going to make a difference was a trim, because no matter how much Farley tried to tame them, those curls just framed his face and curled around his neck in the sexiest way possible.

Mom and Dad were sure to just see it as messy.

But Farley looked nice in a pair of black cords he hadn't even known the kid had and a light blue shirt with a black sweater over top of it.

"Should I wear my hat?" Farley asked, holding the overlarge white cowboy hat in his hands.

"Sure." Chris grinned. "Maybe it will give you hat head and tame that hair some."

"Oh, cool." Farley put it on, letting it fall over into his eyes and damned if he didn't look even younger, like some kid trying to play grown-up. "Okay, I'm ready."

Lord, lord. "Well, come on then. We don't want to be late." Nervous? Him? Nah.

Farley nodded and pushed his hat back, eyes wide, like a deer caught in the headlights. "It'll be good, right?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it will." Mom and Dad would be polite. They were good folks. Chris squeezed his hand as he passed, going on out to get the truck open, and Cody stopped to kiss Farley lightly. "It'll be fine."

Farley gave him an honest to goodness smile and nodded. "I love you and I love Chris and I'm not going to be ashamed of that."

"No. But we do have to expect some folks to find it odd, babe." Chris honked, and Cody grabbed Farley's hand, pulling him along.

Farley nodded. "I know. I'm just saying. If your folks are gonna hate me for it, then they can hate me for it, I'm not stopping." Farley climbed up and settled between them in the truck, hands on their thighs, fingers drumming lightly.

"They won't hate you, honey. They might disown us..." Grinning over, Chris teased. "But we'll just come live with you in the off-season."

"So I'll be looking for a bigger than usual place this year." Farley seemed a little more relaxed at the joke though, fingers settling from drumming into a gentle stroking. "You know what though? I haven't had a nice steak in about a million years."

"What do you do in the off-season?" He'd never asked. Cody knew Farley worked odd jobs on the road, but had no idea what he was good at.

"Well, I was doing school because my folks insisted -- they're both professors. But it's just a liberal arts degree, doesn't really qualify me for anything, you know?"

"Yeah. I hear that. Dad is trying to talk Chris into animal husbandry."

Chris snorted. "And Cody into soils."

"Soils?" Farley sounded faintly horrified.

"Yeah." Laughing at Farley's expression, Cody patted his leg. "You have to know how to have good soil to grow feed and stop erosion."

"It sounds kind of dull, though." Farley gave him a grin. "Is that what you guys want to do though when you're done riding the bulls? Ranch work?"

"I want to raise riding bulls." That took a lot of work, and a good bit of start up cash, but it was something Cody really wanted to do.

"Wow, that would be cool. You'd need a marketing department. And someone to keep the books and stuff."

"Yeah." Chris picked up. "I figure we'd do okay on the marketing, but accounting? Ew."

"It's fiddly, but I don't do too badly at it. Oh, here we are." Farley swallowed and took a breath. "I'm looking forward to meeting your parents properly," Farley said firmly.

"Good." Yeah. It would be easier across the table. "And like you said. Steak."

Farley nodded and climbed out after him. Kid put his hands in his pockets and Cody had to imagine that was to keep Farley from touching him or Chris. He hid a sigh, and Chris patted him again, offering quiet comfort. Yeah. He'd be doing the talking. He usually did when they saw Mom and Dad.

There they were, dad looking starched and clean, mom neat as a pin, both of them trying to smile. Cody went to hug them.

He had to give Farley credit; the kid didn't hang back, just followed him and held out his hand, shaking with both mom and dad. "Hello Mr. Morrell, Mrs. Morrell. It's a pleasure to see you both again."

Dad shook hands while Chris kissed Mom, then Mom held out her hand. "Hello, Farley. Glad you could come. Why don't you come on and sit down?"

Farley nodded and hovered near the table, no doubt hoping to sit between him and Chris.

They all sat down, Farley right between them, and it felt both good and weird. He and Chris had always been a united front. Their dad just looked from him to Chris, his confusion plain, but Mom made nice.

"So where are you from, Farley?"

"Atlanta, ma'am." Farley had taken off his hat and was trying to figure out what to do with it.

"Here, let me put that up here on the hat rack." The steakhouse provided little hooks at the posts behind each booth. Certainly no question what kind of folks usually ate there. Farley handed the hat over to dad, and then they all sorta... sat.

Finally, Cody cleared his throat. "So, Farley is a big fan of the rodeo. He keeps stats and everything."

"Yeah? You know the standings then?" That warmed Dad right up, just like he knew it would.

"Yes, Sir, I do." Farley nodded enthusiastically, shooting him a grateful look. Of course just as Farley was about to launch into it, the waitress came by to get their order.

They got steaks all around, even if Mom got the chopped sirloin with gravy. Dad got the chicken fried and he and Chris got the big sirloin cuts. He noticed Farley got the mid-size sirloin, about as inexpensive as he could. Cody and Chris would just have to share with him.

"So, where do my boys stand?"

"Well, Sir, it was fixing to be Chris' year before he hurt his ankle, but if he has a couple more goes like yesterday? He's going to get himself back into the top five. Especially if Parker continues to fade out like he's been doing. It's a real shame, too, well for Parker I mean, because he started so strong and I kinda would have liked to have seen him keep that streak going. It would have been a beautiful thing." Nothing lit Farley up like talking about bull riding. Well. Almost nothing and the other thing was not for company.

"Now Cody, he's solidly in fourth and all he needs to do is ride as consistently as he has been and he's guaranteed third, because Matty Alindo has been so inconsistent, there's no way he's finishing up in first. If Cody wants first, he's sure in a position to take it, but he's going to have to really stick it and do it beautifully from here on in. Of course he can -- he and Waters have been steadily climbing up in the rankings, getting better and better bit-by-bit. That's the real way to do it."

"Yessir. They work hard, my boys."

Cody grinned over at Chris. No doubt Dad was proud of them, even if he didn't get them.

Farley nodded. "They do. And they're really good at it. The best. If Chris hadn't gotten hurt they could be fighting for first place this year."

"Do you ride at all, Farley?" His mom was just. Staring. Not in a mean way, but it had to be unnerving.

"I've been on a horse once or twice, but I've never ridden bulls. I don't have any skills in that direction."

Their drinks were brought to the table, along with their salads and Cody didn't think he'd ever seen Farley look so relieved to see greens. Hell, he and Chris usually weren't so big in the veggies either, but they all ate hearty, conversation stilling for a bit.

Farley's foot nudged his a time or two, just little touches that told him Farley was there for him. He imagined Chris was getting them, too -- Farley was like that.

It was sweet, and he patted Farley's thigh under the table, smiling. "So, how's the sibs?"

Mom launched into a tirade about the brothers and sisters, and it was cute, the way she lit up.

Farley picked that up, too and when she paused for air, he primed the pump to keep her going. "Cody is the oldest, right? Do they all look as alike as Chris and Cody?"

"They all look like their daddy, for sure. And Craig is the oldest." Her eyes twinkled, and Cody just had to grin.

"Oh, I bet the girls are pretty like you, Mrs. Morrell."

She blushed so pretty, and Chris just hooted. "Oh, he's good."

Farley was blushing himself. "Now, I just call them like I see them."

"Well, thank you, hon." Looked like Mom was loosening up if she was going with pet names. Thank God. The steaks finally arrived, and they all dug in happily.

Farley ate carefully, cutting his steak into small pieces. Their boy was making no mistakes tonight, not giving himself a chance to be klutzy.

Chris looked just as careful. Cody just tried to be normal, chowing down and talking with his mouth full. Poor Farley was finished first, his little steak disappearing quickly. Kid shouldn't have tried to impress his dad by going cheap.

Or, hell, maybe Farley thought he'd have to pay for his own. Surreptitiously, Cody snuck another hunk of steak over on Farley's plate. No reason for the kid to starve. Mom still held forth, chattering about Aunt Ida.

The look Farley gave him was all thanks and heat and promised a proper thank you later. And if they hadn't been with Mom and Dad he might have forgotten they were in public.

"So." Cody jumped when Dad started again. "You said you've only ridden a few times. Maybe you ought to come up to the ranch with the boys sometime."

"I'd like that, Sir. I'd love to meet the rest of your family."

"Well, then you're invited." Wow. His dad was being really big about this. Cody was impressed.

"Really? I mean thank you. I'll take you up on that, Mr. Morell." Farley looked like Dad had made his day.

Hell, he'd made Cody's and Chris', too. Cody grinned. "So can we get dessert?"

Mom laughed right out loud, looking much easier now that dad had given Farley his tentative approval. "Why don't we all go to Dairy Queen?"

Farley's eyes lit right up. "Oh, wow, that would be great."

Cody guessed Farley wasn't remembering the last time the three of them had shared a peanut buster parfait, or the kid would have been blushing.

Lord, he was gonna blush in a minute. "That sounds good, mom. Why don't we?"

Chris nodded, too. He was so quiet that Cody was starting to worry about him.

"Supper was really good, thank you." Farley was relaxing a little, obviously feeling more at ease unlike Chris.

"You're welcome, Farley." His dad nodded. "We know how it is on the circuit. After a while you would sell your left arm for a steak."

"Yes, sir, that's for sure. Though Chris always seems to know where the best barbeque is and that makes up a lot for no steak."

Both of his folks laughed, his mom answering. "Chris is a barbeque hound, for sure."

"You must make a really good barbeque for him to be so fond, Mrs. Morrell." It should have sounded like sucking up, but Farley has such a sweet and sincere way about him.

"Oh, Mom can't make it." That was Chris finally, smiling faintly. "Dad does it in the smoker."

"Cool. What's your specialty, ma'am?"

"Oh, I make roast beef, and I do a good ham, and I can make lovely steaks." Mom did love someone who appreciated good food.

"That all sounds wonderful." Farley chuckled. "You must think I'm a bottomless pit, talking about food after we've just eaten."

"All boys are."

Snorting, Cody looked over and caught Chris' eye. Chris just winked at him. Finally the bill came and Dad paid up and they all bundled out to go to Dairy Queen. Farley was a lot looser than he'd been going to the restaurant and he sat between him and Chris, hands sliding in that familiar way along their thighs.

"It's going pretty good, isn't it?"

"It's going better than I thought it would." Chris' words came quiet, but satisfied.

"Yeah. Really, you got Dad to invite you home."

Farley nodded and laughed. "Either he's being nice or he's waiting until I'm a captive audience to pounce."

"Something like that." Cody laughed, too, patting Farley's hand. "But we get ice cream."

"Ice cream now, captive grilling later, I guess I can live with that."

Too soon they were at the Dairy Queen and they hadn't even had a chance for a quick peck. But that was okay. They got their sweets. Chocolate dipped cones and sundaes and smiles from Mom and Dad. They may have been a little strained, but they were smiling.

Soon as Farley had his sugar dump, he started bouncing though, eyes lit up, though Cody could see the kid was trying to rein it in. Dessert usually meant time for making out though and obviously Farley's body was expecting the usual payoff.

Oh, Lord. He hoped they could all manage to keep their hands off each other until Mom and Dad headed off.

"So when are you going back?"

Dad looked at him, weighing the question. Really looking. "Tomorrow."

"You sticking around for the rides?" Farley asked. "You could sit with me. I'll show you my book."

"I'd like that, Farley." Their dad was just being accommodating as hell. "I thought we would stay."

"Cool." Farley looked mostly pleased at that. Only a little scared.

"Well, we ought to be getting on. Letting you boys get back to. Uh." Mom trailed off, just blushing to beat the band, and Cody choked on his last bite of cone.

"Working out and tracking stats," Farley suggested, just as red as she was.

"Right. There you go."

Time to intervene.

"Well, thanks, mom. Thanks, dad. Love you." Cody kissed Mom's cheek, and Chris followed suit.

And he be damned if Farley didn't lean right in and kiss his mom's cheek, too. "It was really nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Morell."

"You too, honey."

They left. Thank God. Mom with her purse over her arm and Dad in his hat, with his arm around Mom's waist. Cody breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh, my God, I thought it was blown at the end there," said Farley, sagging against him.

"Nah. You did good, honey." With that Chris got up and threw the trash away. "Let's go."

Farley nodded and climbed into the truck, sighing as they headed off. "I can't believe I managed to keep my hands off you."

"Well, now you don't have to." Woo hoo. Thank goodness.

"Oh, that's right." Farley's hands started wandering, the one on his thigh sliding right on over to his cock and rubbing.

"Uhn." Oh, fuck that was good. Hell, they'd had at Farley good that afternoon, but it felt like it had been days.

Farley turned to him, hat hitting the top of his head and falling off as Farley kissed him.

"Mmmm."

"Hey, no fair." Chris sounded peeved as hell.

"You're driving," muttered Farley before diving back into Cody's mouth.

The truck skidded to a stop on the side of the road, Chris slamming it into park and hopping out. "Not anymore," he hollered, and started walking.

Jesus H.

Farley pulled back and looked at Chris and then him. "What the hell?"

Farley crawled out the driver's side door. "Chris? Chris!"

Shit. Cody scrambled out, too, grabbing the keys out of the ignition just in case. He ran after Chris, knowing he should probably get there before Farley. Chris was in one of his moods.

He didn't make it before Farley, who had his hand on Chris' shoulder. "Hey, what's wrong?"

Chris whirled, and for a minute Cody was scared to death he would do something dumb ass, but he didn't. Chris just sighed. "I'm tense. I'm... I don't know. I just want to. Growl."

"How come?" Farley asked, reaching out to stroke Chris' belly once before pulling his hand back and putting his hands in his pockets. "I thought it went really well; did I miss something?"

"That's how Chris deals with shit." Cody got between them, right up in Chris' face. "You want a piece of me, lover? Come on."

Farley gasped and grabbed his arm, tugging. "Cody! What are you doing?"

"We fight, Farley. I told you, remember?" Chris was vibrating, needing to explode. He knew it. And they were too damned far from the hotel. "Come on."

That was it. Chris snapped, tackling him right down on the gravel shoulder, pummeling the hell out of him. Farley tried to separate them, wound up taking one to the shoulder and another to the eye.

By the time the dust settled, Farley was sitting off to one side, holding his eye, and Chris was bloody at the nose, and his own chin was split right open. Thank God no one had driven by.

Farley gave them a glare. "You two are nuts."

"Well, honey," Chris said. "We never claimed not to be."

Farley blinked at him and then giggled softly. "When you said you guys fight I didn't realize you meant... well fist fights."

"You okay, babe?" Cody sure hoped they hadn't hurt anything important.

"I'm gonna have a black eye. I'm supposed to sit with your folks tomorrow..."

"Oh, yeah." Now Chris sounded downright chagrined. "Sorry, honey."

"I suppose I can tell them I tripped and hit my face on the bed." Farley gave them a wry grin. "It's not like I'm real graceful."

"Nah. They'll see us..." Cody considered that. "We'll just tell 'em the truth. You got between us at the wrong time. They know us too well."

"You sure?" Farley looked around with his good eye. "Hey. We're sitting out on the highway here. We really ought to get back to the motel."

"We should." Just like that, Chris got up and dusted off, heading back to the truck, obviously much better.

Farley *looked* at Cody again. "Does this mean we can go back to the motel and have sex now?"

"You bet." Cody rose, too, holding down a hand. "Come on, babe. He's a fucking machine after we fight."

Farley took his hand and let himself be hauled up, pressed hard up against him and gave him a kiss.

Damned good thing there was no one driving by. Cody broke the kiss. "Come on, babe. Come on, let's get back."

Farley nodded and hightailed it back to the truck, bouncing a little. Chris got to Farley before he got to the truck, pulling the kid in for a kiss that made even Cody groan. It looked so hot. Farley just melted against Chris, holding on and opening up.

Cody cleared his throat. "Come on, folks. 'Fore we get arrested."

Chris chuckled, breaking off the kiss and pushing Farley in and back to where the seatbelt would fit around him. "Okay, okay."

"Drive fast," Farley suggested, grinning wide, looking a little wild with that shiner starting to color up nice.

Chris drove fast. Not fast enough to get them a ticket or anything, but fast enough that they got there before Cody attacked Farley again, no matter how that hand wandered. And wander it did, poor Farley just rubbing and then snatching his hand away and giving him looks that were part apologetic, part horny as hell.

They were finally there though and he didn't think the three of them had ever made it inside so fast, and they'd made it pretty quick a time or two in the past. Chris grabbed him, kissing him hard before snagging Farley and pulling him in, too. Farley wrapped an arm around each of them, tongue pushing into their kiss.

Oh. Yeah. That was good. Real good. Chris was still in a mood, though, because he pulled back, growling. "Clothes off."

Farley giggled. Like were going to say no.

"Now."

Cody just started stripping, knowing what Chris needed. Farley, well, he'd learn. As soon as they were both naked, him and Chris, Chris grabbed him, pushing him right at the bed. Cody stumbled, but managed to land on the bed, stretching out on his back and spreading wide.

Farley was wide-eyed, but not far behind them, soon naked and stroking his cock as he watched.

"Come on, honey. Get over here where you can touch him, too."

God, growly, gonna fuck you hard Chris was one of his favorite things, and Cody thought he might just die happy when Chris lifted his hips and started licking at his hole, getting him ready.

Farley made a whimpering noise and came close, fingers warm on him, sliding on his skin, wrapping around his cock.

"Oh. Oh, oh, oh." He couldn't help it. Cody just thrashed, his legs curling over Chris' shoulders as his brother fucked him with that hot, hot tongue, his hand coming up to rest on Farley's shoulder. "Good."

"God, you're so sexy together." Farley kissed him, licking into his mouth.

Yeah. That gave him something to cling to when his world started spinning. Chris' fingers slid right into him, replacing Chris' tongue, and he could feel the slick, heated lube. Clever Chris. Farley's cock rubbed against his arm, the kid humping against him, moaning into his mouth. He groped, but Cody just couldn't quite get a grip on Farley's cock, not the way Chris pushed into him just then. God almighty.

Farley moaned, hand moving on his cock, the kid watching Chris fuck him.

"I. Oh. Chris. Love." Felt so good, Chris inside him. And Chris was really giving it to him, focusing on him. There was nothing like Chris on a mission. Having Farley there just made it hotter.

Farley shifted suddenly, taking his cock into that hot mouth, sucking him and letting Chris' thrusts send his cock deep.

That was just gonna make the top of his head pop off. Among other things. "Yeah. Oh, yeah. Please. Good."

Farley sucked and sucked, just letting him fuck that sweet mouth as Chris fucked him. And then the kid reached up and tweaked one of his nipples.

"Shit!" That was it. Cody just lost it, coming like a freight train. Chris moaned as his body clamped down, the prettiest sound he ever did hear.

Farley pulled off his cock, grinning up at him, licking his lips with a cat that got the cream expression.

"Damn, Cody. Farley..." Chris just sounded blown... happy as a pig in shit.

"Yeah." Farley turned those big baby blues up to Chris. "You got anything left for me?"

"Yeah. C'mere."

Hoo yeah, Chris always had more in him. Cody just flopped, watching.

Farley was up on his knees, kissing Chris, hands sliding on Chris' chest. "How do you want me?"

"Ride me, honey." Turning them, Chris laid back, Farley on top.

"Gonna get me ready?" Farley asked, hand reaching for the lube over on the sidetable.

"No. You are." Bossy, bossy Chris. There was no reasoning with him like this. Cody just reached over, grabbed Chris' hand. Anchoring him.

"Me?" Farley's eyes went wide. "Okay."

"Yeah. You. Here." Chris scrabbled, coming up with the lube and handing it to Farley.

Farley's fingers fumbled the tube from Chris' hand and squirted the stuff all over his hand, Chris' chest and belly.

Chris jumped, laughed. "Calm down, honey. I'll wait for you."

Cody grinned, too, reaching out with his free hand and stroking Farley's hip.

"Are you both going to watch?" Farley blushed, the one eye swollen half-shut.

"Hell yes." He wanted to see. He knew Chris did. Farley was just too damned hot when he was wanting. "Come on, babe."

"k." Farley gave them both a shy smile and then reached back, teeth biting at his lower lip.

They both watched, their breathing settling into a pattern like it always seemed to, Cody's chest rising and falling with Chris'. Farley's eyes dropped closed, his cock jerking as a low moan came from the kid. They couldn't see his ass the way he was straddling Chris' thighs, but his hips were moving, cock hard, leaking and just bobbing.

"So pretty, honey." Chris reached out, tracing Farley's cock, and they all three of them moaned.

Farley kind of jerked and then he pulled his fingers away. "Okay, I'm ready. I'm ready." He nodded and rose up a little.

"Come on then. Come on, honey." Chris grabbed Farley's hips and pulled him up, letting gravity bring him back down right on Chris' hard cock.

Farley's eyes rolled, a soft cry sounding as the kid came down hard.

"Yeah." Cody sat up, just pleased as anything by the sight. "Yeah, that's it, Farley. Now ride him."

"Uh-huh." Farley moaned and started moving, leg muscles working as he raised himself up and then fell down again, riding like a pro.

Petting Farley's belly, Cody watched, looking back and forth from Chris to Farley. It was so hot, so good, and he could tell Chris was into it, needed it. He could tell from the way Chris' skin flushed dark, from the little noises that were coming from Chris' chest.

He'd never seen it from the outside.

Farley's hands moved onto Chris' chest, palms flat over Chris' nipples as he moved. "Oh, God. It's good."

"So deep."

God, they were all talking, even Chris, and their words just fell together like crazy rain. Like the sweat that fell off Farley onto him and Chris.

Faster and faster, Farley rode, breath coming in these sweet little pants. "Soon. Oh."

"Yes, yes please." That was Chris, and Cody decided to help as much as he could, grabbing Farley's cock and stroking roughly, listening to the sounds Chris made just before he came.

Farley cried out, bucking into his hand, heat spraying over it and Chris' chest.

"Fuck!" That was it, that was Chris, and his own cock jerked weakly as he watched them both come. Smelled them. Yeah.

Farley collapsed down onto Chris, moaning softly, panting. "Oh, feels good."

"Yeah. Sorry I clocked you one, honey." Oh. Poor Chris always felt so rotten after a fight. Always made up. Cody never apologized for shit.

"S'okay. I probably should have just let you two go at it and not tried to stop you." Farley looked up at them, face sweet concerned. "You guys were *really* fighting though."

"We do, honey."

"Yeah." That was true enough. "But we never mean it. We just grew up rough. It's the way we deal."

"I'll try and stay out of the way better next time," murmured Farley. "But I'm not going to like it."

"Well, that's a sorry thing, because sure as the sun rises we'll do it again."

Chris snorted at him. "And again."

"Well I'm sorry, I can't just happily sit by and watch you pummel each other and pretend I don't care."

Oh, Lord. Chris went all stiff, face set. "I don't want you to pretend," Chris said. "But you'd best know we will, and we won't always be able to run off and do it so you don't see."

Farley pulled away, frowning. "I didn't say I was gonna pretend, I said I wasn't going to. And I don't expect you to run off and do it where I can't see. But you can't expect it not to affect me."

"I'm sure he didn't mean that." Cody was the one getting between this time. "Chris, you need to chill." He knew Chris was just wound up from Mom and Dad, just tied in knots.

"Sorry," Farley murmured, sitting on the edge of the bed, hands twisting together in his lap.

"Oh, for Christ's sake. I ain't gonna eat you." Chris rolled off the bed, grabbing up clothes and putting them on, heading for the door. "Gonna go buy smokes."

Farley gave Cody a devastated look. "I keep feeling like I've done something wrong."

"Babe, he's just het up. He doesn't deal well with disappointing Dad. You know?" Cody had a lot less to worry about. He'd been out before. "And Dad took it well, but he was disappointed, you know? It's not your fault."

Farley nodded and curled up with him. "He's coming back though, right?"

"Yeah. He'll go smoke some. Pace a lot. He'll be back."

He hoped.

Farley woke up with his eye throbbing and he moaned softly, shifting so he wasn't lying on it.

Oh. He wasn't sandwiched between Chris and Cody either. Had Chris even come back last night? Blinking, he raised his head, searching the bed first.

Chris was asleep in the little club chair, looking scrunched up as all get out. His head titled to one side, and he was kinda drooling.

Farley got up and went to piss first and splash some cold water on his face. Then he went back in and knelt in front of Chris, fingers stroking one solid thigh.

"Mmmnh. Cody?" Chris blinked, those pretty eyes opening right up, bloodshot as heck. Chris smiled wide at him, though, fingers tracing his cheek just under his eye. "Oh, hey, honey. Man, that's a heck of a shiner."

"Hey." He smiled lopsidedly up at Chris. "You're looking rough."

"Yeah. I didn't want to come to bed and wake you, too. I was kinda drunk." Those cheeks went red, Chris looking shame-faced.

"It would have been okay." He reached up and returned Chris' caress. "Wanna go get a shower? Maybe a couple of aspirin first?"

"Yeah. We need to get me sobered up good. Gotta ride today." He'd said exactly the right thing. He could tell from that genuine grin.

He nodded, smiling, getting up and holding out a hand. "I hear the water here is nice and hot."

"Yeah? That sounds like something this old body could use." They locked hands and Chris got up, holding on all the way to the bathroom, Cody snoring away behind them.

He bent and turned on the water, making it good and hot and then turned to help Chris get naked. "It couldn't have been comfortable sleeping in these."

"Hell, I didn't notice until now, honey." Sniffing, Chris wrinkled his nose. "Man, I'm ripe."

Farley giggled. "We can fix that." He tugged Chris into the shower.

"Can we? Cool. Man, Mom and Dad are just gonna snort when they see you." Chris kissed his cheek, just below the bruise, eyelashes brushing his nose. "I'm sorry, honey."

"It's okay, I know you didn't mean to." He wrapped his arms around Chris' neck, pressing close as the water came down on them. "You're not still mad, are you?"

"No. I just get wound up." Those strong arms went right around him, too, holding on. "Cody's the talker."

"While you're the fighter. Does that make me the lover?" he teased.

"It does." He got a wink, then Chris was soaping up, getting all clean for him. "What do you want, honey?"

He answered the first thing that came into his head. "For you to be happy."

The smile he got was just blinding, Chris bending to kiss him hard enough to bruise his lips up, too. He moaned, opening right up, the taste of blood in his mouth from his split lip sharp.

"Mm." Crowding him right back up against the wall of the shower, Chris rubbed against him, tasting like beer and cigarettes. "Want you, honey."

"Yes, please." He nodded, eager to feel Chris inside him.

"Where in the Hell is that soap stuff?" Groping, Chris looked all around them, finally crowing. They'd taken to buying unscented bath gel stuff, just because it did double duty as lube. "Turn around, honey."

He turned, hands on the tile, ass pushing backward.

Hot and wet, Chris's hands settled on his ass, pulling his cheeks wide. A moan sounded, Chris just sounding like a starving man. "So pretty."

Farley whimpered, pushing back. "Chris... God, I want you."

"Yes. Now." One, then two fingers pushed into him, Chris stretching him. "Want inside."

He rocked back onto Chris' fingers, moaning, eyes closing as he focused on it.

It didn't take long for Chris to get him ready, never took long, and soon Chris was poking at him, sliding inside him. That thick cock... oh, God, it just opened him so good. He put his head on his hands against the tiles and pushed back with his ass, encouraging Chris as best he could.

"So good, honey. You're always so good inside." Chris really gave it to him, hips slapping his ass, just shoving right in. One of Chris' hands came up to brace on the tile next to his, the other settled on his hip, pulling.

He whimpered and gasped. "Love you."

God, it was good. Always so damned good.

"Uh huh." He felt Chris' breath on his shoulder, then Chris' teeth, the bite sinking deep enough to bruise. Marking him.

Oh, God, that was... sexy. He cried out, pushing back hard, wanting Chris deeper, harder, *more*.

He got it. Chris just went crazy, fucking him like there was no tomorrow, little noises coming out. Those sounds told him more than Cody's babbling ever did, because Chris just wasn't a talker. He got one of his own hands down around his cock as he got close, tugged himself in time with Chris' thrusts into him.

"Soon," he moaned, letting Chris know, his ass clamping down tight on Chris' cock.

"Uh huh. Now, honey. Now." The hand on his hip slid down to cup his balls, and Chris moaned against his skin, hips pumping as he shot.

Farley came hard like a bull, spunk just spraying onto the tiles as he cried out, noisy in his pleasure.

"Mm. Oh, honey. Good." They rested, Chris whooping for breath against his back, hands petting him clumsily.

Until the water went fucking cold as the toilet flushed. Farley shrieked and he nearly had something inside him tear the way Chris came out of him, the two of them hightailing it to the far end of the tub.

"Goddamnit, Cody! What the fuck?" Chris managed to get the water turned off and the shower curtain open, and there was Cody, scratching his balls and blinking at them innocently.

"Y'all about ready to go? We got to ride today."

Farley just shook his head and grabbed a towel. Never having had any siblings of his own, he never quite understood the dynamics that went on between them.

"Asshole." Chris grabbed a towel, too, and as soon as it was wet from his skin, he popped Cody with it. Before he could blink the two were wrestling all over, pummeling.

He stepped back carefully. He didn't want to get between them again, get a matching set of black eyes to show up to their folks.

"Hey," he called from the safety of the door. "You guys *do* have to ride today. Save some of it for the bulls."

"Huh? Oh, right."

As quick as it had started it was over, Chris and Cody kissing and making up, literally.

Now that he could watch all day and he leaned against the doorjamb, towel still in one hand as they put on a very sexy show right in front of him.

"Mm. Better. Morning." Cody patted Chris' ass and winked at him before going to get dressed. Jeans, shirt, boots.

Farley followed him, stopping Cody a minute for a kiss. "Haven't had my good-morning yet."

"Hey." Kissing him back nice and hard, Cody squeezed him for a minute before heading into the bathroom again, whistling.

Farley was grinning, cock already making a good effort at perking back up. God, these two made him horny.

He got dressed quickly enough and elbowed his way to the sink so he could brush his teeth.

A sharp pinch to his ass almost made him swallow his toothbrush, Chris wading in too, grabbing the toothpaste. "Don't hog."

"Nod carebul I'll pid on you," he warned, still doing his teeth.

Chuckling, the brothers ganged up on him, squashing him between them, wiry muscles and soft skin surrounding him. He spat and rinsed his toothbrush and just kind of stood between them, enjoying being the squishy filling in a Morrell brother sandwich. There was no losing here.

Finally though, they were ready to go, ready to meet up with the boys' parents and head to the arena. And get food. Lord knew Chris and Cody were always hungry.

They climbed into the truck and he held onto their thighs, rubbing softly. Just like usual. "Is the shiner very obvious?"

"Nah." Immediately, Cody reassured him, patting his hand. "It's fine."

He noticed that Chris didn't say a word. He squeezed Chris' thigh and hoped Chris wouldn't stay angry long.

Chris grinned over at him, not looking mad at all. "I just figured I shouldn't lie, honey."

Cody made a rude noise. "It's not lying, it's reassurance."

Farley sighed. "So it looks pretty bad? You think they'll ask about it?"

"No more than wanting to know if you got between us."

Farley nodded. "Which I did."

"Right." They grinned at him, looking so much alike that it hurt. Chris was the one who went on. "But they know us well, so it won't upset them or anything."

"Yeah? They won't ask what you were arguing about or anything will they? Because honestly, I'm not sure I know myself."

This time it was Cody who answered. "Nope. They never get it either."

"Oh, cool." He felt a little better, knowing that the people who knew them the best didn't understand. And then he had to wonder about that thought because Farley knew stuff about them their parents didn't, like that they were together and had been for... well that he didn't know.

"So when did you guys start... you know."

"Oh. When we were what, Chris? Young, I know that."

"Something like that, yeah. But it didn't really become, you know, a regular thing until we were on the road."

"Wow." That meant they'd been together for like ten years. "How did it happen?" he asked, starting to squirm.

Cody looked around him at Chris. "We were fighting, yeah?"

"Yeah. And you got a stiffie."

Farley started to giggle.

"What?" Popping him, Cody looked askance at Chris. "He was rubbing all over me. What was I supposed to do but spring wood?"

"I should have known you two would have gotten together over a *fight*."

"Well, yeah."

They pulled up at the arena, skipping the public parking and heading back to get a spot with the rest of the riders. It was always kind of cool, because he got to see and meet some of the best riders in the business. He'd even met Justin McBride once, and he was in the big leagues, way out of Chris and Cody's circuit.

For now.

He gave their thighs a squeeze for good luck and then headed to the stands, looking for Mr. and Mrs. Morrell and trying not to be too nervous.

Mrs. Morrell stood up and waved to him. They had little box seats. Wow.

He made his way over, pushing his hat on low and hoping they'd miss the eye. "Good morning, Sir, Ma'am."

"Hey, Farley." Mrs. Morrell looked at him closely. "They didn't tear up the hotel room did they?"

Blushing, he shook his head. "No, ma'am."

"Well, good. Nothin' busted, son?" Wow. Their dad just called him son.

"Just a few bruises." He sat next to Mrs. Morrell. "I guess you're used to them fighting, huh?"

"Oh yes. They're contentious boys." She smiled at him, patting his hand. "But they're good boys."

He nodded. Oh yeah. They were good all right. Of course he didn't think he should say it like he was thinking it.

"Well, it will be a bit before they're up. Who else do you like, honey?" Well, now he could see where Chris got the "honey". He said it just like his mom did.

"There's Dillon Wells -- new to the circuit, working slow and steady up the standings. He's only nineteen, but he's got a style all his own and he's real pretty to watch."

God bless, Mrs. Morrell for knowing this was one subject that was likely to put him at ease.

"Oh, his daddy was a good rider." Mr. Morrell shifted, boots creaking. "Son, you've got to get you a hat that fits."

"Yes, sir. But until I can, I'll wear this one." He knew it didn't fit right, but three days after buying it, he'd met Chris and Cody.

"We got a nice little shop in town. You come up to visit, we'll get you one."

"Yes, sir." Wow. Calling him son, reissuing the invitation to visit. Chris and Cody's folks were bending over backwards. "I know Chris was real nervous about telling you guys. I don't think he wanted to disappoint you, you know?"

"Well. I can't say as I'm not, son. But I'm trying." The old man was honest; he'd give him that.

"It's... I know it's not my place, Sir, but I think Chris needs to hear that from you." Farley bit his lip, worried he'd said too much, that either Mr. Morrell or Chris were going to knock him on his ass for it.

"We'll talk on it before I leave." That was that, no more was said on the subject as the riding started.

Farley didn't have to worry about making conversation while the riding was going on, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell were as enthusiastic as he was and he and Mr. Morrell discussed each ride while they waited for the next one.

Before he knew it, the top seeded riders were up and they were cheering their hearts out for Chris and then several riders later, Cody.

Chris scored about eighty points, which was not bad. But Cody? Oh, man, Cody got a ninety-two.

Damn.

Damned if he didn't have a shot at the championship this year.

Farley just about screamed himself hoarse and every time he thought he was done and sat down, he'd just have to bounce up again and scream some more. The Morrells didn't seem to mind. In fact, Mr. Morrell very nearly threw his hat into the arena he was so excited. Mrs. Morrell stopped him just in time.

"Oh, man, we need to celebrate tonight!" Maybe they could find some champagne or something and get naked and... he blushed suddenly, at thinking like that while sitting right next to Chris and Cody's folks.

"We do. We should all go out to supper. Y'all can have your fun later." Oh, Mrs. Morrell was just blushing too, but that was right nice of her.

His own blushing got harder, but he nodded. "That would be really nice. I know the boys would appreciate it."

"I like how you think about them as well as yourself, Farley. It says a lot about you." Mrs. Morrell smiled, and he was smiling back when Chris popped up in front of them.

"Hey, folks. Cody really had his mind in the middle, huh?"

"He sure did! You were looking pretty good, too. Were you favoring your ankle at all? You looked like maybe it was holding you back some." God, he wanted to just throw his arms around Chris and kiss him silly.

Chris looked at him like he *knew*. "He brushed my leg against the gate on the way out. I coulda had a re-ride, but I got more'n seventy some and I'm hurting."

"You want me to drive you back to the hotel to get iced up? Cody can go with your folks and we'll meet up at a restaurant in a couple hours?"

"Oh. Good idea." Chris winked, and Chris' daddy snorted.

"Go on. We'll meet you at the Land and Cattle."

"Oh, I didn't mean..." He let the words trail off. He hadn't, honestly, but he had to admit if he and Chris were alone in the hotel that was likely to happen and so he just closed his mouth. "See you later," he murmured, making a quick getaway.

Catching up with him at the truck, Chris goosed him good. "That was funny as Hell, honey. Poor Mom looked like she was gonna explode."

He was just mortified. "I swear to God, Chris, I honestly meant I wanted to ice up your ankle."

"I know, honey. Dad just has a dirty mind. So do I. I rode good. Pumped, you know? Wanna do you." Uh. He could see how hot Chris was, right there in his jeans.

"Oh yeah. I wanna be done." Farley nodded eagerly. "By you," he added. As if Chris didn't know that just from the way he was staring and drooling.

"Woo. We'd best get moving then." They hopped in and headed back to the hotel, Chris not quite speeding.

He sat in the middle even though Cody wasn't there, hand just wandering all over Chris' thigh. Once or twice, he wandered right on over to the hot bulge, but he yanked it back again each time. He really didn't want to have an accident.

"Watch that," Chris said, chuckling. "We don't want to get arrested when I pull over..."

"We'll just tell the cop you needed your.... swelling iced." He started to giggle, the heat banking a little, just enough to let him breathe and keep his hands to himself.

"Oh sure. Well, officer, I sorta took a beating right there today..."

He just kept giggling and that carried them until they pulled up into the parking lot of their motel.

"Race you!" And it was probably tacky, racing a man with a bad ankle, but really, he just wanted to get in and get busy and not be the only one running to do it.

He won, of course, but Chris wasn't far behind, hands greedy and grabbing. They got in and got the door shut and he was already pulling off his clothes as he dove for the bed.

Chris laughed out loud as he followed. "Man, you're just greedy, honey."

He nodded, tugging his jeans down and kicking them off along with his boots.

"You and Cody, you make me so hot. *All* the time."

"I might have noticed that, honey." The boots and jeans Chris shed went flying, and he could see Chris was pretty darned hot, too, his cock bobbing.

"You don't seem to mind." He pulled off his t-shirt and sent it after Chris' clothes, before leaning over and grabbing the lube.

"Hell, no. Though I admit, I feel old some days." He got a wry look as Chris half hobbled to the bed. "Specially these days."

Farley leaned up on his elbows, feeling like a shit for all the teasing he'd been doing. "You're not old, Chris. You're just injured. There's a difference."

"Yeah. I keep telling myself that, honey." The bed bounced as Chris joined him. "C'mere and kiss me better."

"Anything you want."

He pushed up against Chris, rubbing against that lovely skin and kissing Chris for all he was worth.

"Mm. Nice, honey. Real nice." Chris cupped his ass, squeezing.

"Uh-huh." He nodded. "Feels good." He pushed back against Chris' hand and then forward against the solid body.

"Always." That was about the end of Chris' talking. From then on he used his mouth for other things, like biting and licking.

Farley moaned and arched, pushing into licks, gasping at the bites. His legs spread, one wrapping around the back of Chris' legs. Pushing against him, Chris rubbed, gasped, loving all over him. That sweet cock pushed against him, the damp tip leaving a trail on his thigh.

Farley felt around for the lube, finding it near his left hand, and popped it open. He got it all over his hands, just like usual, but then he was wrapping both around Chris' cock, making it good and slick. "Want you."

"Uhn. Yeah. Need." Watching him, eyes so hot, Chris pushed into his hands, cock just throbbing. "Come on, honey. Come on."

Farley reached down between his own legs with one hand, pushing his fingers in. He was still pretty stretched from this morning. A little sore, too, he was going to really feel Chris. His whole body throbbed at the thought and he lay back, spreading his legs. "Do me."

"You got it." No argument there. Just Chris pressing between his legs, hips spreading him even wider as Chris' cock nudged his hole.

He moaned, hips pushing, begging for it. That was all the invitation Chris needed. He slipped right in, and the burn was about all Farley could stand, just sending lightning up his spine. Gasping, Farley spread his leg further apart, hands going up to Chris' shoulders, holding on.

"Hot." Thrusting right in and out, Chris started a rhythm that was just undeniable. Oh, man.

"Uh-huh." He nodded, moaned, meeting those thrusts, watching Chris' eyes.

Those eyes were cloudy, glazing over with each movement of their bodies. Chris grunted, his breath hot on Farley's cheek, his cock like fire inside.

"Love this," he said, hands wandering, just feeling Chris up.

"Good. Love..." Chris closed his eyes, straining, and Farley would swear he could feel Chris' orgasm rising up in his muscles.

He reached down and started tugging on his own prick, wanting to go over with Chris.

"Mmm." Chris' eye popped open, and he looked down. "Oh. I can smell you, Farley. Oh, God."

He wrapped his other hand around the back of Chris' neck and tugged him down for a kiss. "Good," he whispered.

They kissed hard and Chris shot inside him with it, groaning hard into his mouth, whole body bucking like one of the bulls he rode so well. That just sent Farley flying and he squeezed tight around Chris' cock as he shot up between them.

"Oh, oh fuck." Chris plopped right down on him, pushing in hard right at the end. "You rock, honey."

"Not as much as you," he told Chris. He could feel the goofy grin on his own face.

"Heh. Mutual admiration. We need to bathe."

He nodded and giggled. "Yeah, 'cause you stink. And I don't want your folks *knowing* we had sex."

"Well, yeah. We want them thinking of us as fresh little daisies. And it will piss Cody off." Chris looked happy as fuck at that idea.

"That we had sex or that we had time to shower after?"

"Both, honey." Patting his butt, Chris headed for the shower. "Both."

Laughing, he followed, watching Chris' ass.

He wondered if they had time for another go round...

Chapter Six

Well, damn it was good to be back on the road again.

Back on the road for real, not hobbling along like a gimp. Chris hummed along with the Eagles, but not too loud, because Cody and Farley were wrapped up together like a pair of puppies over in the passenger seat.

It had been a long haul. They were headed up to Colorado and Wyoming for the second part of the season, and they were almost to Idaho Springs, where they'd stop for the night. His stomach growled, making him smile.

After his and Cody's folks had left, they'd settled back into their pattern, and it was working. Ride. Eat. Fuck. Travel, eat, ride, eat, fuck.

Life was good.

Until about ten miles out of the Springs when the check engine light came on.

"Fuck!"

Farley jerked and sat up straight. "Huh? What?"

"We've got some sort of problem. We'll need to get to the garage tomorrow."

"Are we gonna make it to the hotel?" Farley's hand slid onto his thigh, patting gently.

"Should oughta. Haven't seen any smoke. But that Check Engine thing? Never good."

"Mhmnn? The who?" Cody sat up too, looking around.

Farley giggled. "The Check Engine thingie. Chris has a thing about the thing."

"Oh, fuck. Not that again. Last time our radiator had a crack. I thought you said you'd checked all that, Chris?"

Goddamn it.

"I did. Fuck you, Cody. I checked the oil and the coolant and all of that shit in Socorro."

Farley jumped in. "Whoa. Okay, okay. We'll get it checked. It's no one's fault, okay?"

"What's the matter, babe?" Cody grinned over, nudging Farley's ribs. "Don't want us to fight?"

"With me captive right between you? Hell, no." Farley shook his head. "And if you wait until we get to the motel, well maybe we can fuck instead of fight."

"We do that a good bit." Chris grinned, too. "Some days you want to fight."

Farley looked at him like he was crazy. "You'd rather fight than rub up against that body? Than fuck?"

"Sometimes." Okay, Chris, don't get defensive, he thought. The kid just didn't get it, and he knew it. "Sometimes I need the rush. The release."

"But..." Farley's voice trailed off and he shook his head.

"What?" Cody patted Farley's thigh. "I know it's probably hard for you to figure, babe. But to us it's like breathing."

Farley nodded. "I keep trying to understand, honest I do. But I don't."

Chris stifled a sigh. The temperature gauge was climbing, and he was just... so much for being happy to be on the road. He was very afraid Farley wouldn't ever get him. Cody, yeah. Cody was an open book but Chris wasn't wired that way.

There was the motel. Thank God.

Chris pulled in, parking and turning the truck off. "We made it."

"We did." Farley squeezed his leg. "Tell you what. I'm going to go in there and order pizza and have a shower and maybe when I come out you guys'll be done."

He turned and gave Farley a quick peck. "Thanks, honey."

Farley leaned in and gave him more than a quick peck. "I love you." Then the kid turned to Cody and had a kiss for him, too. "Now let me out of here."

Cody slid out and let Farley go, then got back in the truck, watching Farley head in to get their room keys.

"Okay, lover. What's the matter?"

Chris sighed, leaning into Cody, letting Cody just hold on. "The truck is going, baby. And we can't afford to get it fixed. Not with both of us doing entry fees."

Cody just nodded, chin brushing his cheek. "We could start staying at the KOA. Be cheaper than hotels."

"We could. But it's still gonna take us a week or more to get the truck fixed and you can't afford to miss an event."

They were gonna have to put Cody on a bus, send him off. "Farley should go with you."

Cody drew back to look at him. "Well, aren't you a Christian martyr? What the Hell?"

Now that he could he didn't want to fight. "It. He just. You understand him better, baby. He's not ever gonna get me."

Whapping him, Cody growled. "Don't do that."

"What?" He pulled away, got out of the truck. "I need a shower."

He joined Farley at the door to their room. "Hey. See? No bruises."

Farley gave him a grin. "I don't know, I haven't ordered the pizza yet -- you still have a few minutes."

Farley was tugging him into the room though, as soon as he had it open, going for a kiss once they were inside. He kissed right back, Cody coming in behind them and shutting the door. Then Cody's hands were on him and he moaned happily, determinedly forgetting the truck for a bit.

Farley rubbed happily against him, one hand sliding into his hair, the other reaching past him. Yeah. That was when it was all right, when it was good. When they were all right there and loving, touching and kissing.

This language they all spoke.

Farley's fingers found his shirt buttons, popping them open and pushing aside the cotton so those warm fingers could explore his chest.

"Mm. Babe. Yeah." Cody echoed his words, crowding in, getting as close as he could.

"So sexy," Farley said softly, eyes bright and shining. Then the kid was pressing up for another kiss, pushing the shirt right off his shoulders, fingers diving for his belt.

He let them undress him, because it was a joint effort, Cody sliding his jeans down from behind and grabbing his ass. Yeah. Uhn.

"Oh God, you're *so* sexy, Chris. Just so sexy." Farley attached their mouths together again, tongue pushing in eagerly.

Chris just kissed Farley downright silly, lost in how they made him feel. Someone got a hold of his cock, and Chris moaned, hips starting to rock back and forth. Cody's fingers slid down his crease, playing at his hole, and Lord, he thought he'd explode.

Farley got them over to the bed, kind of crab walking them sidewise without letting go of his mouth or his cock.

Those big blue eyes looked up at him and then over to Cody. "Do you think... Chris, you could do me and Cody, you could do Chris?"

"Could I?" Cody laughed. "You bet. Come on, you lot. The bed."

"Cool!" Farley bounced and stripped himself down quicker than Chris himself had been stripped, the kid climbing onto the bed, eyes just shining.

That boy was gonna be the death of him. Always so eager. It was as endearing as it was exhausting. He kissed Cody hard, and Cody just laughed at him, dragging him to the bed.

Farley gave him another kiss and handed him the lube, rolling onto his stomach, ass in the air. Sweet little ass. Chris got a goodly bit of lube before handing it back to Cody, who had stripped down so fast he might have hurt something.

Cody took it, and they all got in place, him behind Farley, Cody behind him, which was just weird as anything.

Farley looked back, mouth dropping open. "Oh, wait, wait." The kid shifted and wriggled, lying down on his back. "I can watch this way, too." There was that sweet blush, Farley's eyes bright.

"Yeah." He bent and kissed Farley. He could touch more this way, too. He got his lubed up fingers centered at Farley's hole, and Cody got going on lubing him up and it was like a damned fine chain.

Farley pushed up onto his fingers, hands reaching to touch his nipples, sliding over them. Panting, he worked his fingers in and worked his ass back. So impossibly wide, Cody's fingers. They did this so rarely.

"God, you two..." Farley smiled up at him, back arching as his fingers slid across the kid's gland.

"Mm. Yeah. You two look good, too." Cody's breath fanned his ear, and damned if Cody didn't peg his own sweet spot, making him grunt.

Farley grinned right up at him. "Oh, I know what that feels like." Farley's hands went behind his knees and he spread himself wider for Chris.

"Mm." A few more quick pushes got Farley ready for him and he looked back over his shoulder. "Ready, baby?"

Cody nodded, eyes so hot. "Yeah, love. Yeah."

"Me, too," Farley told him, hand grabbing his and getting slick before wrapping around his cock and tugging on him a few times.

Hoo yeah. Chris didn't wait anymore, just started to push right in, needing to feel that tight heat around him. Farley moaned, body just stretching for him, letting him in and closing tight around him.

Cody pushed inside him right at the same time, and Chris moaned, humping back, then forward. "Fuck."

"Oh! Oh, God!" Farley whimpered, one hand around his arm, the other reaching past him.

They all rocked together, and it was good and hot and weird and Chris just went with it. "Love... oh, love you both."

Farley cried out, bucking up into his next thrust. "Yes. Oh, Chris."

Warm fingers slid across his cheek and then Farley tugged him down for a kiss. Lips smashing against Farley's, Chris rode it, letting Cody move him into Farley, letting Farley buck him back into Cody. Felt almost helpless, but surprisingly, he didn't panic.

It was like riding and being ridden by the bull all at the same time, only no bull had ever kissed him like Farley did or sucked up a mark on his shoulder like Cody was.

"Gonna. Oh, damn." He was trying to get to Farley's cock, but he couldn't get his balance. Cody was just babbling, talking them both up, and his brain was just shorting out.

It was okay though, because Farley went nuts beneath him, bucking hard, body squeezing tight around his cock as heat spread between their bellies. That was it. Chris lost it, coming like a ton of bricks, listening to Cody moan and groan behind him as Cody shot right into him, too.

Farley panted, hands sliding on his skin, petting and touching. They lowered down, him and Cody, and got all curled up, kissing and stroking all around.

"Love you guys," murmured Farley, sounding about as happy as a man could sound.

"Mmhm. Love you, honey." He did. Even if he didn't really get Farley at all. Chris grinned as Cody nuzzled him and they all sorta started...oozing into a nap. He'd let Cody understand people.

Chris would settle for a good fight and a good fuck.

And a truck that ran.

Cody had his little bag all packed, his rigging hanging off, his hat on, and his boots in his hand. He'd called the Greyhound station after Farley and Chris had dropped off to sleep, and the damned bus to the next ride left at the crack of fucking dawn.

Chris was right. He was the one making the wins in the go 'rounds. He was the one moving right up on Patch's ass on the leader board every week. He needed to go on so he could wire money back down to Chris and get the truck fixed so they could make the finals.

Wasn't no use in fighting on it. And if he woke Chris up to say goodbye, they would, sure as God made little green apples.

He'd left a note, and he was leaving Farley behind. Chris would need him more, and besides, that way the two of them could bond. Cody didn't have no trouble bonding; people took to him instantly. Chris just needed more time to see that Farley was his as much as he was Cody's.

A soft groan came from the bed and Farley's head popped up, eyes blinking beneath the mop of dark hair. "Cody?" whispered Farley. "What's the matter?"

"Shh. Hush, babe." Cody motioned to Chris, who sprawled flat on his back, one hand where Cody had been. "I don't wanna fight."

Farley crawled out of bed and came over to him, arms wrapping around his middle. "You're going, aren't you?"

"I am, yeah. I gotta. Chris is right. I've got the best shot at winning us money. Real money, not just the weekly go 'round. And he ain't gonna ask Dad for any help, you know?" Cody sighed, hugging Farley tight. "He'll need you. If he gets stubborn, you have to out-stubborn him."

Farley frowned. "I don't know if I'm good at stubborn, but I love him and won't stop no matter what. I promise."

"That's all you need to do, babe." He gave Farley a kiss, slow and sweet. "He's not as good at the talking shit as I am."

"He's good at the rest though," Farley told him, a sweet blush staining Farley's cheeks. Farley ducked his head and then turned back up for another kiss, pressing closer. "Gonna miss you, Cody."

"Mmmhmm." Oh, Farley felt good. Cody was so damned tempted to get back in bed, but he knew he had to go. Had to. "I'm gonna miss you too, babe. You'll catch up soon, though. I intend to win this next weekend," he finished with a cocky grin.

"I bet you do, Cody. Wish I could be there to see it in person, but we'll watch on the tv and think of you while we're celebrating." Farley rubbed against him, humping his thigh. "If you know what I mean."

"I bet I do," he said, reaching down between them to feel Farley's cock, hard against his Wranglers.

Whimpering, Farley jerked against him, pushing into his hand. "Oh, gonna miss you, Cody."

"Uh huh." Talking was overrated sometimes. Cody just took Farley's mouth. fucking it with his tongue, hand pulling that sweet, long cock.

Hips sawing, Farley opened wide to him, just letting him have that sweet mouth. Cody took and took, saving up enough to last a few weeks, wishing Chris could be in on this, too. One of Farley's hands suddenly pushed against the front of his jeans, palm working him through the denim.

"Uhn." The grunt came out a lot louder than he'd meant it to, and he looked at the bed even as he arched his hips. Whoo. Chris was still sleeping sound.

Farley moaned into his mouth, hand squeezing around him and then working to fish him out of his Wranglers. Good. Real good. They humped each others' fists, Cody feeling it so hard that his eyes rolled back in his head and he sagged against the door. God, he loved this.

Farley leaned into him, let him hold them both up as the kiss deepened, their hands moving faster.

God. He was just gonna...Cody moaned, trying to stifle the sound, his hips pumping as he came right into Farley's tight grip. Farley whimpered, going stiff and jerking against him. Heat spread up over his hand and Farley collapsed heavily against him, panting hard.

"Mmmm. That was a fine good morning, babe." He kissed Farley's temple, licking a little at the sweat there.

"You think it'll hold you until you get another one?" Farley asked, putting him back into his jeans, wiping that wet hand on Farley's own bare skin.

"I think so, babe. I really do." Like he was gonna go looking. His own hand might get some use..."If not, I'll call."

"Phone sex!" Farley giggled and he could feel that blush through his shirt.

"Yeah, yeah. We do that sometimes, you know. And this time I get to listen to what Chris does to you."

Farley gasped softly, body jerking against him. "Oh. Yeah, give us a call, Cody." Farley leaned up and kissed him, quick and hard. "Give us a call."

Nodding, Cody kissed right back before setting Farley away and zipping up his jeans, picking up his boots where he'd dropped them.

"I promise, babe. Gotta go," he said, kissing Farley one last time and taking one last, long look at Chris' sleeping form.

Farley bit his lip and nodded, arms wrapping around himself. "Love you, Cody," whispered Farley.

"You too, babe." He slipped right out the door before he could stop himself, winking as he took one more glance inside. "You take care of him, you hear?"

"I will." Farley's words were soft, sad. Kind of like the click of the door as it shut behind him.

Straightening his shoulders, Cody slung his bag on his back and started beating feet to the bus station. He was sad, too, and Chris would be furious. But he had to do it, for all of them.

The rest they would just have to fight out later.

Farley went back to bed after Cody left, but he didn't really get back to sleep. Instead he watched the sun come up, slowly brightening the room through the spot where the curtains didn't quite close together all the way.

Watched and waited.

He bet Chris was going to be pretty pissed off that Cody had gone without saying good-bye. Chris might even be pissed off Cody'd gone alone and left Farley behind. He sure hoped not, but it was a distinct possibility, given Chris had suggested they both go when it was clear the truck wasn't going to get them anywhere without some money poured into it.

He cuddled against Chris' side, stealing body heat. Chris turned toward him, one arm

going around him, face against his neck. Farley grinned and shifted so he was even closer, fingers stroking Chris' side.

"MMm. Hey, honey." Chris blinked at him, drawing back so he could see sleep cloudy green eyes. "Cody in the john?"

Farley shook his head. Damn, he'd been hoping a little morning orgasm might mellow Chris out before Farley had to tell him about Cody. "He left a note."

"Damn." Chris rolled away and sat up, scrubbing his hands over his face. "Damn it."

Farley rubbed Chris' shoulders. "Hey, come on. This is what you said should happen, isn't it? That Cody should go on and we'd follow when the truck was fixed."

Those muscles were like rock. "Yeah. Yeah. He shoulda taken you, honey."

"No, he's gonna be busy and you're going to be here all by yourself. It makes more sense for me to stay with you." Farley leaned forward to kiss Chris' shoulder. "Besides. I wanted to stay."

"Oh, honey. It's not. I just." Chris blew out a breath. "When did he leave?"

Farley rested his cheek against Chris' back and snuck his arms around so he could stroke that lovely belly. "It was still dark."

Chris' hands closed over his, petting. "He knows I sleep hardest right before dawn. Dickhead."

"I kinda think it had something to do with when the busses left, too."

"I bet." Leaning, Chris sighed. "He's just the one you oughta be with."

"Why?" Farley asked softly, trying not to hold his breath for the answer. Chris just seemed in an awful hurry to get rid of him. Maybe the shine was off and Chris was wishing for some time to pursue someone else...

"He's better at. I'm. Farley, honey, I'm a bear to live with." Shoulders rolling, Chris shrugged him off and turned to cup his cheek. "He's the nice one. Won't scare you off."

"Hey, you punched me in the face and I'm still here, aren't I?" He leaned into the touch, met Chris' eyes. "Only thing that's gonna make me leave is if you tell me you don't want me anymore."

"Not gonna happen. I didn't mean to hit you."

"I know you didn't." He turned and kissed Chris' palm. "And hey, maybe I like bears."

That got him an almost chuckle, Chris giving him a soft kiss. "I hope so. Because without Cody to beat it out of me I get testy."

"Well maybe I need to know how to beat it out of you in my own way." He didn't understand Chris all the time, but he did love him. A whole lot. Besides, he'd fallen for Chris first.

"Could be, honey. Could be."

He got another kiss, this one deeper, firmer. He slid his fingers through the hair at the back of Cody's neck, stroking as he opened his mouth wider, inviting Chris in.

The invitation didn't go unanswered. Chris kissed him, slow and good, tongue pushing in and out, just like that first night. He pushed their bodies together, rubbing his prick against Chris' awesome belly. God, nothing felt like those muscles.

"Mmm. Feels good, honey." Chris cupped his butt, lifting him, pulling him closer.

"Feels great." He rubbed enthusiastically.

Encouraging him, Chris pulled his legs apart, helping him get up and straddle those hard thighs. He wrapped his legs around Chris' waist, moaning as Chris' thick heat bumped against his ass.

"Yeah. Yeah, honey. Just like that." They rocked, Chris' hands hard on his skin, needy.

Whimpering, he held on tight, met each of Chris' movements head on.

"Want in you, honey. Have we got...where's the damned lube?"

"The table. I think I can..." He reached over, arching his back and stretching up, fingers grasping for the tube.

"Oh, good. Damn. Yeah." The motion pushed Chris' cock against his crease, and no way was he ready but he wanted it so bad he almost pushed back.

His fingers were trembling as he passed the lube over. "I want you so bad, Chris."

"Soon, honey." They both had to help to get the lube open, but it finally popped, and Chris' fingers were at his hole in no time, wet and firm, pushing in.

He cried out as they pushed in, and then started moving, fucking himself enthusiastically. Chris pushed and pushed, loving on him, mouth hot on his neck. Chris' cock prodded him, rubbed.

"Please. Your cock now. Please, Chris." Who'd have thought a few months ago that he'd be in bed, begging to be fucked? "Please."

"Okay, honey. I. Yeah." Those fingers slipped out and Chris' cock started to slide in, just like that, Chris' fingers bruising his hips.

He whimpered, concentrating on opening up, on taking Chris all the way in. It felt so good as Chris filled him up. That thick cock stretched him, Chris groaning against his throat as Chris' hips started to move. He held on tight, thighs tensing as he moved with Chris, going slowly up and down.

"Farley. Oh, honey." When Chris' voice got like that, all deep and scratchy, it meant he was close. Farley had learned that pretty quick.

He moved faster and grabbed at his prick, tugging it, not wanting to be left behind.

"Pretty. Oh, so pretty, honey." Chris grunted, panted, just yanking his hips up and down now, prick swelling inside him.

"Chris!" He cried out, his whole body convulsing as he came, shooting out over his hand.

"Oh, God, yeah," Chris moaned, humping up inside him, filling him with wet heat.

Farley clung to Chris, just holding on.

"Honey, that was. Needed that. Morning," Chris said, nuzzling his throat. "Want waffles for breakfast?"

Farley giggled and nodded. "I do."

"Cool. Let's bathe then, and we can go eat. Then I'll start looking at the truck." Chris patted his ass before lifting him. At least Chris looked more cheerful.

He gave a little sigh as he came off, but nodded. "Okay. Maybe I can find some work so we can take it into a garage, buy parts."

"Cody will wire us some cash, too," Chris said, nodding. "But I bet we can find some odd jobs."

"Long as they're not *too* odd." Farley grinned. He wasn't picky really, and he'd managed pretty odd a time or two.

"Nothing illegal or whatever." Grinning, Chris got up and padded toward the bathroom. "Come on, honey. Daylight's wasting."

Laughing, he trailed Chris happily to the shower, watching that ass all the way.

Chapter Seven

They were still in Idaho Springs. Cody was in, well, Cody. Up in Wyoming. He'd called from Cheyenne and from Casper, whooping it up about how he'd won second in the event in Cheyenne, and won one night's go 'round in Casper.

Chris wasn't jealous.

Really.

He was just...tired and frustrated and pissed off.

Cody had sent some money Western Union, and they'd taken the truck to a garage over in Georgetown, but they'd said it would take three weeks to get the part in. Three fucking weeks. Three weeks out of the circuit. Three weeks without Cody. It hurt like a bad jalapeno popper bellyache.

Wiping sweat off his forehead, Chris re-settled his hat and his gloves before pulling at the fucking barbed wire that had become his and Farley's part time job. Re-stringing fence and digging new post holes was a bitch, but it took no skill on Farley's part, and they could work together.

"Honey, hold that with the pliers, right down there. It slips out now it will take my head right off."

"Which one?" Farley asked, voice teasing.

"Ha ha." Chris grunted, pulling his ass off, wishing he had something better than a crowbar, but when he'd asked about a one-man wire stretcher, the old cowboy who'd hired him had just spat in the dust and said, "You got two men."

"Okay. Hold on, now," Chris said, stapling the last wire in at an up angle, making sure he didn't grab the same grain with both ends of the staple. "Okay, honey, let go and get ready to run if the tension is too damned high."

"Okay, letting go now." Farley did and damned if the fence didn't hold. "Hey, cool! You did it."

"Yeah. And no one died. That's enough for today, Farley. We get to the cattle guard tomorrow we can get paid."

Goddamn, it was hot. Chris checked Farley out, just to see how he was dealing with the altitude. They were at well over six thousand feet, and he wanted to make sure the poor guy wasn't sweating and fixing to pass out.

Farley was definitely sweating, his t-shirt was just soaked, jeans damp. He got a brilliant

smile though, Farley bouncing. "Cool. Lets go somewhere for supper with air conditioning."

"You know it, honey. I was thinking that Buffalo Bar place." They'd been by it, smelled the steaks cooking. He'd been doling out their money, and thought they had enough.

"Oh, yeah! I'd love to know what I'm drooling over every time we go by it." Farley bounced again, that little one that brought Farley a little bit closer to him and then backed Farley up again. The one that said 'if we weren't in public I'd be all over you'.

He handed Farley the water bottle. "Drink up. We'll go shower and then eat, 'kay?"

"Works for me." Farley upended the bottle, Adam's apple working as he drank nearly the whole thing.

They had more in the borrowed ranch truck they were driving, so Chris let it go. That was the best thing Farley could do. The altitude would plumb dry a man out.

"Come on, honey. Let's go." He loaded the tools into the truck and opened the door for Farley, grinning a little. He wondered sometimes if Farley got lonely for Cody, all that chatter, but he seemed to be just fine. Farley climbed into the truck, coping a feel as he passed close to Chris, giving him a little grin and blushing.

Farley started talking once he got the truck started. "Man, I can't believe how hot it is. I always thought the mountains would be cooler, but it's really hot."

"In the summer? Yeah. Everything has to grow frantically." Chris laughed, the old truck bumping across the dirt track. "Get that window down and get that two by thirty air conditioning going?"

"Two by thirty air conditioning?" Farley giggled at him, opening the window. That warm hand landed on his thigh, warm and familiar.

"Yup. Two windows, thirty miles an hour." He'd gotten to liking that, to counting on it. That touch.

Farley laughed, hand squeezing. "Oh, that's good."

"Yeah? We never had real air conditioning growing up. Never needed it but like, one month a year." He guessed in the south a man would need it.

"That's about how long we ever needed the heat on." Farley waved his hat in front of his face. "It's just been a long week out in it."

"It has. You did real well, though, honey. One more day and maybe we can move on.

Cheyenne at least. It's only about four hours from here." The truck should be fixed, damn it.

"You miss him, don't you?" murmured Farley, fingers stroking now, soft and comforting.

"Sure. Sure I do. I ain't been without him this long since he got his tonsils out when I was seven." It just itched.

"Wow, really?" Farley squeezed his leg again. "That's a really long time to be together." The kid giggled a bit. "No wonder you guys fight all the time."

"You're just full of smart-ass today." Hell, it was true, but that didn't mean nothin'.

"Hey, someone has to fill in for Cody."

"Yeah, yeah." He grinned, pinched Farley's leg before shifting up once they got out on the highway. Farley yelped, but he could tell it was just a tease and Farley sighed as the wind really started blowing through the windows.

They rode the rest of the way to the hotel just humming along to the radio, quiet as could be. They'd take a nice lukewarm shower, get all spiffed up.

The air in the motel was working about as well as you'd expect cheap assed motel room air conditioning to work and Farley pulled off his clothes the second the door was closed. "Man, I can't believe I'm more interested in cold water than sex right now."

"I can't either," Chris said, winking. But he could totally understand it, especially with the line of grit that traced under all his clothes. He stripped off, too, heading for the bathroom.

"Of course that was before I saw your ass." Farley laughed, crowding up against him when he stepped into the shower. "And hey, if I can have both..." Farley gave him a quick hug. "Water first though, man."

"Yeah." The water was cool at first, then just barely warm, which was perfect. It was enough to make his nipples harden.

Farley groaned, just like he was having great sex. "Oh, that feels so good."

"Uh huh. Damned good." Soap, shampoo, yeah. Fuck. Clean.

Once they'd been in a bit, and had soaped up and rinsed, Farley's hands started to wander, feeling up his muscles, finding his nipples.

"Mmm. You're the horniest kid I know." He laughed. Not like it was a bad thing.

"Don't you wanna?" Farley asked, hands slowly heading south.

"Sure I do, honey." His rising cock ought to be proof of that. He didn't give it up as much as Cody, couldn't, but he sure did like the feel of Farley.

"You just turn me on. Lots. But we don't have to." Farley's fingers slid on his cock, but the kid's hand didn't wrap around it.

"Oh, I want to, honey. But then you have to feed me." Chris turned a little, grabbed Farley up for a kiss.

Farley's giggles filled his mouth, Farley taking their cocks together in one hand and stroking.

"Mmm. That feels good, honey." He felt the sensation rise along his spine, felt Farley stroke and pet him, and rose up on his tiptoes.

"Want me to suck you?" Farley asked, smiling up at him.

"Hell, yes." Like he'd ever say no to that. God.

Farley just beamed up at him and then dropped onto his knees, mouth sliding against his belly. Chris fought it as his eyes tried to close, wanting to watch. There was nothing sexier than Farley sucking him. Unless it was fucking Cody.

Farley had learned to take his time, to make it stretch out, and he started by swirling his tongue in Chris' navel and then sucking the water from first one hip, then the other. It wasn't just the way it felt that made it good either, it was that look of bliss on Farley's face. He'd never seen anyone take to it like Farley had.

Chris let his hips start to roll, let his hands push into that wet, too-long hair, all the tension from the day was just washing right away.

Farley gave his balls a quick tongue-bath as well and then finally licked a path up his cock, tongue sliding across the tip.

"Uhn. Yeah. Farley. Honey. I..." He lost his train of thought completely, the feel of that rough tongue too good.

Farley's hands slid up to hold onto his hips as that mouth took just the head of his prick in, Farley sucking strongly. He moaned, moved, the tile slick at his back, the water almost too cool now. But it felt good. Farley's tongue slid across his slit and then Farley was going down on him, head bobbing.

Chris stood it for maybe three minutes. Maybe. Then he arched up, his head falling back,

and came like there was no tomorrow. Farley swallowed him down eagerly and spent some time cleaning his cock, looking happy as a clam.

"You're good to me, honey. Come here and let me help you out." Chris pulled Farley to his feet, kissing him, tasting himself.

Farley rubbed eagerly against him, cock hot against his thigh. Farley's fingers slid over his belly, spread wide to touch as much of him as possible. Chris curled his hand around Farley's cock, stroking, setting up a nice rhythm. He wanted to watch Farley's face as he came.

An earnest moan filled his mouth, Farley's hips moving with his hand, pushing that sweet cock along his palm.

"Mmmm. Like that, honey. Just like that." Hot, good, wet at the tip, Farley felt amazing in his fingers.

"Oh... Chris." Farley's eyes went wide, his mouth falling open as his hips jerked, heat spilling over Chris' hand.

"Pretty, honey. So pretty." He grinned, licking his hand clean. "Better."

Farley leaned heavily against him, grinning shyly back. "Much better. Really good in fact."

"Yeah. Thanks, honey." He grabbed some towels. "Now we get steak."

"Oh, more meat, cool!" Farley blushed hard as he said it, but his eyes were just twinkling.

Chris just hooted, smacking Farley's ass. "Hell yes. After the fence we put up? We need to keep our strength up."

Farley nodded. "All in all, I think I prefer watching you guys ride bulls to fencing."

"Yeah. I think I prefer riding to stringing fence, too, honey." They got dressed and Chris took a kiss before they headed out. "Let's get some meat and forget about it for a bit."

"Okay, Chris." Farley smiled at him, eyes just shinning for him, making him feel like the most important thing in Farley's world.

Which was a nice thing for a man who felt purely down on his luck.

Hell, who knew. Maybe his luck was about to change.

Farley grinned as he climbed up into Chris' truck. It was done. Finally. They were on their way to meet Cody.

Finally.

They'd mended fences and helped build some houses. Farley had a farmer's tan, his arms, hands and face as dark as a nut. And he'd lost a bunch of weight, just from all the sweating he'd done.

Frankly, he was glad to be done. Not that he wanted to live off Chris and Cody, but traveling with *both* of them and following the bull riding circuit sure beat this working themselves into a puddle he and Chris had been doing.

"Man, it's good to be back in your truck, isn't it? Feels like home."

"Yeah." The sharp word was bitten off hard, Chris tearing out of the parking lot and hitting the road pretty fast.

"You okay?" Farley asked, hand sliding over to find its customary spot on Chris' thigh.

"I'm ready to get out of this fucking hick town and catch up with Cody." Man, Chris' mood had gotten worse, not better.

He squeezed Chris' thigh, nodding. "Yeah, it's been too long. Tomorrow though, if we drive hard. Maybe the day after." So far he'd just kind of ignored Chris' moods, making love seeming to push Chris past the growls.

"Tomorrow. It'll be tomorrow, or I'll go nuts."

"You gonna let me share the driving?" he asked. It was really the only way he could see them making it tomorrow, if they spelled each other off.

"Maybe." Oh, the words were getting shorter, the tone seriously growly.

"Gee thanks." Maybe he was poking the bear, but really, he was tired of working hard and being without Cody, too. He'd been working right alongside Chris the last three weeks.

"Oh, fuck you. I'm tired, okay?" Chris gave him a black look, face set in hard lines.

"Well fuck you, too!" Farley snatched his hand back and crossed his arms over his chest. "You're not the only one who's tired."

"I never said I was! I'm just not always in a chatty, happy mood, okay? That's Cody's job."

Farley shook his head. "When did I ever say I expected you to be chatty *or* happy all the time? I *know* you're not Cody. I *know* you're not just like him. You think I only love you because you look like he does? You think I'll only love you if you act just like him?" Damn it, he wasn't shallow like that. Sure he thought they were hot, thought the fact they looked so alike was even hotter, but it was more than that.

"I don't know! I've never loved anyone but Cody before." Chris stared straight out the windshield, hands clenched tight on the steering wheel.

"Well I know you're a hardheaded, growly bear who sometimes needs to just hit something, usually Cody, but I love you anyway, okay?" Farley realized he was nearly shouting and snapped his mouth shut and made himself take a couple of deep breaths. "I loved you first," he added almost under his breath.

He got a look, green eyes flashing. "Yeah?"

He met Chris' eyes, knowing he was blushing but holding his head up high. "Yeah. You made me feel special right from the start. Not that Cody doesn't, but he *is* more easygoing, gets along with everyone." Farley shrugged, feeling kind of silly trying to put it into words.

"Thanks, honey," Chris said, slowing a little to merge onto the interstate. "I. Sorry. Okay? I just. Man, I'm scattered."

"It's been a long three weeks," he noted, sliding his hand back over to rest on Chris' thigh. "We should stop in a few hours. Grab a bite and a hotel room."

"We need to push kinda hard, but we can stop around supper time. I won't drive all night." Chris sounded better, the muscles under his hand relaxing.

"Hey at least we've had each other," Farley pointed out. "Cody's been out there all on his own. Of course he *has* been winning..."

"Yeah, I bet he and his hand have had fun." They shared a grin on that one. He'd bet Chris was picturing that, too. They might have to ask Cody to demonstrate.

Farley shifted in his seat. "You're going to make me want to stop sooner than later you keep that kind of talk up."

He squeezed Chris' thigh, let his hand slip a little, fingers brushing the mighty fine package in Chris' jeans.

Chris jumped, cheeks going dark. "Sorry, honey. I didn't mean. Well, I did, but we've got miles to go."

Farley pulled his hand back into his own lap, adjusting himself. "I know. I'll be good. I'll try to be, anyway. But it's hard -- with you sitting right there."

"I know." Those eyes glinted over at him as Chris put the pedal to the metal. "Maybe we can have a little dessert with supper, we find us a quiet place to park."

Farley wriggled in his seat, hand pushing against his cock as it surged in his jeans. "I'd be willing to forgo supper for dessert."

"You're such a hot one, honey," Chris said, grinning a little. "That's another thing you and Cody have in common, you know?"

"So is the fact that you make us hot." He kept rubbing himself, turning a little so he could watch Chris instead of the road, looking at all those muscles, the handsome profile.

"I try, Farley. I surely do. Come on, no one's out here on the road with us but the truckers. You can jack off if you want." Oh, that look was really, really hot.

He laughed and opened his jeans. "Well if you insist..."

"Just don't make me run off the road." Chris was always the softer touch, always the one more able to hold off. It would be really sexy to do this for him. He could take his time, really do it right.

He ignored his cock, which wasn't easy to do, 'cause it really wanted him to touch it. Instead he slid his hand over his belly and slowly up toward his nipples, tugging the shirt up. He licked his lips, watching Chris' reaction.

Chris' eyes kept flicking from the road to him, hot as a brand. The truck never wavered; Chris would never put him in danger, he knew that. It made it okay, knowing Christ thought this was hot, made it less... weird.

He pinched one of his nipples, gasping. Oh, he hadn't meant to pinch that hard. But it had felt good so he did it again.

"Mmm. Pretty, honey. So pretty." Rough and deep. That was just how he liked Chris' voice.

"Jacking off's never felt like this," he told Chris, finally letting his hand push down into his underwear.

"Well, you needed an audience. I sure do like it." Yeah. He could see the flush in Chris' cheeks, on his throat.

"It's kind of naughty," Farley admitted, tugging his cock out and starting to stroke himself.

"Kinda? Lord, honey. It's pretty naughty where I come from." He got a wink, Chris changing lanes to go around a truck.

He giggled, sort of covering himself until they were back in their lane again. Then he started up again. "Yeah, pretty naughty." He giggled.

"You know it. Harder, honey."

"Chris! Are you backseat jacking?" He giggled harder.

"Now, Farley, I'm in front." They both laughed about that one, but Chris reached over and got his hand going again.

He moaned, laughter fading as Chris' fingers brushed his cockhead. "Oh. You're doing a good job up there," he whispered, hand moving a little faster, touching himself just the way he liked.

"I can't. Not and drive." Pulling away, Chris made a rough noise. "Oh, a rest stop. Hot damn. Just hold on."

"I'm holding," he murmured, the joke helping ease the tension a touch. God, how did it get so hot so fast?

They got off the highway and coasted into the deserted end of the parking lot, Chris immediately throwing the truck into park and reaching for him. He tried to push into Chris' arms, the seatbelt holding him back.

"No. Just let me. Wanna see." That hand, so rough, closed around him, stroking up and down, thumb teasing his tip.

Groaning, he leaned back against the seat and let his legs spread wide. This felt naughty, too, Chris jacking him while he was still strapped in, naughty in the best way.

He watched Chris' face. Hard and set, Chris's face had the look of a man seriously intent on his work. The muscles in Chris' arm and neck jumped as he pulled, pushed, moaned for Farley.

Farley couldn't not touch and he reached out, hand sliding along Chris' chest as his hips pushed up into Chris' hand. "You're good at that. Really good."

"I've had lots of practice." Chris panted, pulled harder. He could see the swelling under Chris' fly.

"Gonna let me do you after?" he asked, breathless, panting.

"Not if you don't hurry. I'll come in my jeans." He believed it. Chris was panting, groaning.

He'd help out if he could with that, but he was damned close and didn't think his fingers were going to work. "Chris... Oh."

"Come *on*, honey." He got one last good yank, Chris demanding he come.

He cried out, spunk pouring out of him.

"That's it. That's it." His seatbelt gave way as Chris undid it, then the sound of Chris' zipper coming down echoed loud.

Farley tried to catch his breath, fingers digging into Chris' jeans, searching for the hot prick. He wanted a taste of that. Chris arched, moaned, the heat of his skin just searing. Of course, the sun beating down on the cab of the truck made it hot, too, both of them sweating.

He stroked Chris' cock, looking at it sliding through his hand. "God, you're gorgeous." He pushed their lips together, hand squeezing.

"Uhn." Moaning into the kiss, Chris humped his hand, hips punching hard. Pre-come was leaking from the tip, spreading out over Chris' cock and making it slide easily through his hand.

Farley moaned, torn between sucking on Chris' cock and doing what they were doing.

"Honey. Come on. I need to...uhn." Chris' head fell back against the seat, his hips rolling.

That kind of decided him -- he bent his head and swallowed Chris right down, taking the big cock deep in his throat.

"Oh...oh, fuck, Farley." Babbling, Chris put one hand between his head and the steering wheel, protecting him, but there was no protection from Chris's cock as it slid in and out of his mouth.

He just opened his throat wide, like he'd learned worked best, swallowing around the tip of Chris' thick cock every time it hit the back of his throat. God, he loved doing this, loved tasting Chris in his mouth, loved knowing he was driving Chris wild.

It didn't take long. The cab of the truck was almost steaming hot, and he could feel every shudder of Chris' body. Then Chris was shooting for him, a long moan falling around him as Chris came and came.

He swallowed down as much as he could, loving the taste, and then he reluctantly pulled off, wiping the excess from the sides of his mouth. He gave Chris a smile, knowing he looked goofy and not really caring. Not caring at all.

"Mmmm. Damn, that was fun, honey." Chris grinned, head lolling a little.

Farley nodded, sitting close despite the heat of the cab. "It was." He leaned up real quick to give Chris a kiss. "Love you."

"Yeah. Back atcha, honey. Really. We should go, huh?" Chris looked more inclined to take a nap.

"I could drive if you wanted. You look beat."

"Yeah. Yeah, okay. Take care of her, though." Wow. Oh, wow.

He thought his eyes might just bug right out of his face, but he didn't say anything, just clambered over Chris, the two of them rubbing up against each other as they switched places. "Don't worry, I'll treat her better than I do you and Cody." He gave Chris a wink and put on his seatbelt. He sure as hell hoped this was like riding a bike, because it had been awhile.

"Oh, cool." Chris tucked his cock away, buckling up. "Just drive an hour or so. I jus' need a li'l nap."

"Okay." He nodded, figuring he'd go until Chris woke up and if it was more than an hour, then it was more than an hour. He turned to give Chris a grin. "Thanks."

"Mmhmm. Drive like it's your momma's, Farley." He got a sleepy grin, Chris already dropping like a ton of bricks.

"I'll drive it better than that even." He waited another moment and then took a breath, grinning as he started her up without a problem.

Turning the radio back on low, he headed back out onto the road, grinning like a fool.

Chapter Eight

Cody was damned lonely.

His ear had calluses from where Chris and Farley called him nearly every night. Hell, his palm had calluses from how much he'd been jacking off.

There had been a pretty, pretty boy in Cheyenne, one who wanted Cody so bad you could see it under his jeans every time he'd gotten close. Had it just been him and Chris still, Cody would have jumped that kid's bones. Damn, it was hell getting old and settled.

Sighing, Cody grabbed his duffel and said thanks to Patch for the ride, hoofing it to the hotel. Billings was pretty this time of year, or at least he thought so, but Cody was too damned tired to enjoy it. That bull had turned him every which way but loose.

His heart kicked up a little when he saw a pick-up that looked just like Chris' in the parking lot.

It couldn't be. Could it?

And then two figures pulled away from the front of the truck, Farley damned near flying over to him, smile about as big as a North Carolina sky.

Kid stopped just before reaching him, bouncing in place, hands coming out and pulling back again once or twice. "Hey! Which one's yours? Wanna hug you hello. Wanna do other stuff hello to you, too."

"Hey, babe." He grinned at Farley, looked at Chris, noting the deep lines around his mouth and eyes. "Hey, bub. Come on, I'm in two-twelve."

Farley just bounced back over to the truck and grabbed his and Chris' gear out of the back before following them to Cody's door. "Missed you. Didn't we, Chris? Missed you lots."

"We did. A lot." Oh, growly. Cody grinned and followed along, getting out the keycard to let them in.

The door was barely shut when Farley was on him, arms going around him, mouth closing in on his, all eager and sloppy and totally Farley. Grinning into the kiss, Cody held out a hand for Chris, needing him close, too. Chris joined them, holding his hand tight, the kiss going three-way.

Farley moaned and rubbed and then kind of pulled back a little, panting heavily. "You guys wanna use the bed? I can watch." Farley's hands slid on him, on Chris, just touching.

"We can all go." He knew Farley might end up on the short end this first time, but there was no sense leaving him out. "Come on you two. Naked."

"Yeah? Cool!" Lord, he wouldn't have thought Farley's face *could* light up anymore than it already had. Kid shimmied out of his clothes quick as anything and then started helping him and Chris out.

Chris just didn't seem able to do much but stare at him, touch him. God. Cody had missed him, both of them, but Chris always had it tougher. Once they got naked, Chris pounced him, bearing him down on the bed.

"You gonna fuck Cody?" Farley asked Chris, the kid going back to their bags for a minute, fumbling around with them.

"Mmhhh," Chris murmured, kissing him, hands sliding over his skin. Yeah. He hoped to God Chris was gonna fuck him.

Farley came back with lube. "Can I get you guys ready?"

"Uh huh. Come on, babe. Come on." He grinned wildly at Farley before going back to Chris, sucking up a mark on one wide shoulder.

Farley moaned just like he was marking the kid and then the long, thin fingers were on him, moving slowly up the inside of his thigh. "God, the two of you are *so* sexy together."

"You think?" He loved to hear that, loved to show off a little. Cody wiggled his ass. "Come on, Farley."

"What? You guys gonna dispense with foreplay altogether?" Farley was laughing though, the sound husky and sweet. One slick finger slid along his crack, Farley getting the outside of his hole plenty slick.

"Come on, honey," Chris said, involving Farley, too. "Need. Get him wet inside."

Farley nodded. "Sorry, didn't mean to tease. It's just so nice having you both together again." On the last word, two of Farley's fingers slid into him, opening him up and getting him slippery.

"Uhn." Cody's back arched, his head falling back, his moan ringing out. God, that felt good, Chris's cock on his belly, Farley's fingers in his ass.

Two fingers became three and Farley moaned, whispered something about tight and hot and just kept working his ass.

His hips started to roll, rocking side to side and up and down, getting more. "Missed this. Missed you. God, yeah. Good."

Farley nodded, mouth finding one of his nipples and licking, nuzzling as those fingers brushed across his gland, making sensation zing up through him.

"Oh. Fuck. Fuck. Ready." He had to have it now or he'd go off and it would be too late.

Farley's fingers slid away and Chris made a noise that told him it was Chris turn to get slicked up and then Farley grinned. "There. I can't decide whether to watch or suck you off while Chris does you."

"I.. uh. Mmmnuh." He tried to talk, but those noises as Chris slid inside him just didn't make any sense at all.

Farley groaned, cock hot as it rubbed against his hip. "Oh, God. You two." Farley's rubbing got harder, more enthusiastic and the kid started licking and tugging at his nipple again.

"Fuck, baby," Chris moaned in his ear. "Missed you."

"Yeah, yeah. Come on. More." Damn. Just, damn.

Farley's hand reached for his cock, started tugging on it. "Oh. Oh, I'd forgotten you felt different from Chris!"

"Mmm. Feels...good." Still with the incoherent for him.

Chris chuckled against his neck, hands moving on him, too, one skating over to Farley's skin, rubbing his arm.

"Uh-huh. Oh, god, yeah." Farley nodded and humped against him like he was the second coming.

"Soon. Oh, man, I'm gonna blow."

"Uh huh. Yeah. I need. Damn." It was running up and down his spine, but Cody was waiting for Chris.

Farley's teeth suddenly sank into the skin around his nipple, heat splashing over his hip as Farley jerked against him. Chris hollered, making his ears ring, filling his ass, and that was all Cody could take. He came like a ton of bricks, his body rolling, muscles bunching and pulling.

Farley's sweet moans were there through it all and when he was done and lay there panting, Farley's weight was against him, hands sliding on him, on Chris, petting.

"Mmm. Man, am I glad to see you," Cody said, rolling a little to get Chris and Farley settled so he could love on them.

"Feeling's entirely mutual." Farley lay against his chest, cheek nuzzling against him. "Hey according to the radio you nailed your ride today!"

"I did. Landed hard when I bailed, but I did." His ass probably had bruises. Of course, if he hadn't before he did now, after the way Chris nailed him. Poor Chris. He was still just petting and touching, not talking a bit.

"Man, you keep this up you're going to win the whole thing!" Farley's eyes just shone. Then the kid turned and gave Chris a kiss. "You can take the title next year."

"Shyeah," Chris said with a snort, but Cody noticed it made Chris blush. Fuck, that was cute.

"Patch is going to take, I bet," Cody agreed. "But I'll take second, if I can."

"That depends on whether or not he gets to finish the whole season," Farley pointed out. "Of course that would be a lousy way to win it, with him missing rides because of a new baby and all." Farley sighed suddenly, all melted against him. "I'm glad we're all together again."

"Yeah." He stroked Farley's back, holding Chris' hand tight with his other hand. "So am I."

Farley's stomach growled loudly and he giggled, burying his face against Cody. "I might be a bit hungry. We kind of hurried to get here."

"Oh, we should get food. Definitely." He chuckled as Chris just grunted, holding on. Someone wanted a nap more than food. But he'd bet Chris would say yes to... "Maybe a patty melt?"

Chris perked right up. "Mmm."

Farley giggled and gave him a grin, blue eyes dancing. "I could go out and find a drive through." Farley leaned in, whispered, "he let me drive."

"No shit? Cool." Wow. Chris must have been beat. "Let's see."

Untangling, Cody got the phone book, flipping to the restaurant section. "There's a Sonic not too far from here. Would you, babe?"

Farley grinned and bounced up, heading for Chris' pants and the keys in the pocket of them. "I promise not to wreck it," he teased.

"Better not," Chris said, but he didn't sound terribly grumpy. Didn't look it either, sort of grinning at Cody wryly.

Farley shimmied into his clothes and came back to kiss them both. "No major injuries while I'm gone, 'k?"

"Nope. Promise." He grinned, his hand sliding over Farley's ass. "We'll be waiting."

"Yeah, and get extra tots," Chris added.

"Patty melts all around and enough tater tots to sink a battleship, got it."

Bless Farley's heart. He knew they'd need maybe twenty minutes alone. As the door clicked shut behind Farley, Cody turned to Chris.

"You all right?"

Chris just rolled right to him, hands sliding on him. "I missed you, baby."

"I missed you, too." He had, but he'd kept himself busy, hanging out with the guys, having a beer to take him right to bed. Chris always did worse when they were apart. "But you had Farley."

"Yeah. Yeah, he's a great kid. I adore him. But I missed you."

Cody gave Chris the reward of a hard, deep kiss, letting the man know how much he'd missed Chris in return, letting Chris know how much those words meant to him.

"So did you two work hard?"

"Yeah," Chris replied, grinning a little. "Strung fence. Kid held his own."

"Yeah? We taking him home for the off season?"

Chris nodded. "I think we should. He's getting better at giving us time alone, too, huh? We'll do."

Hands moving on each other, he and Chris settled in to use their time together wisely, both of them mumbling and chuckling, love words flying everywhere.

Yeah, they'd finish out the season and go home, take Farley with them. They'd do just fine. They surely would.

Oh, better. Damn. Chris stretched, wincing a little as his bruises pulled. Cody was flat on his back on one side of him, mouth open, breathing deep. Farley lay on his other side, curled up, hand under his cheek. Yeah. Better.

Chris crawled out of the bed through the gap in the middle, wincing again as his balls sort of...protested.

Damn. He scratched a little, moaning as his body started waking up in places that were all stiff and sore. Shower. He definitely needed a shower.

Farley joined him about five minutes in, yawning. "Oh, hey. Those bruises look sore."

"Oh, I'm good." They were Cody bruises. He could handle that. "Did you bring shampoo?"

"Was I supposed to?" Farley leaned against him, face turning up to the water.

"Uh huh. Cody didn't bring anything in, I guess. Is there a little bottle out on the sink?" He grinned. Man, Farley was a water baby.

"I could check. But that would mean moving. And you're pretty comfy to lean on."

"Mmmhmmm. But we need soap."

"I got soap. Move over," Cody said, opening the shower curtain and stepping in.

Farley shifted, pushing in closer against him so Cody could come close, too. "Oh, yeah, this is the stuff. I missed this."

"Mmm." Chris just touched them both, happy as a pig in shit. And when Cody started scrubbing his hair, hoo yeah, he thought he might die happy.

Farley used the shampoo falling from his head to slick up the rest of him, washing him down, humming happily. So good to him. He kinda felt guilty for how snarly he'd been without Cody. Only kinda because he made no excuses for his need. Chris kissed Farley's cheek, his hand sliding on Cody's hip.

Farley certainly didn't look like he was holding any grudges; in fact he looked as happy as a pig in shit, too. It was a good look for him, Chris rubbed, his cock trying to rise, but damned if he was sure if it would. Didn't matter. He liked getting Cody and Farley off.

Farley moaned, as eager as always, rubbing back and lifting his face for a kiss. Yeah. His hand curled around the back of Farley's neck, his other still on Cody's skin. He took the

kiss, and Cody pushed into it, making them all moan. He couldn't tell where Farley's tongue began and Cody's ended, and wasn't that just something. Just yum. Chris backed them toward the back of the tub, away from the cooling water.

Farley whimpered. "Want Cody to fuck me. Been so long."

"Rather have you fuck me, babe," Cody said, grinning like a fool. Yeah, some things never changed.

Farley turned those eyes up at Chris. "Will you do me while I do Cody?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I can do that. But I want bed." No standing up dripping sex. Nope. They had a bed. He was still sore... Chris laughed, reaching out to turn off the water. "Come on."

Farley was the first one out, grabbing towels and drying everyone off, making it sexy. Cody was the one to pull their happy asses into the room again, though, pushing and poking until they all sprawled on the bed together. Cody the impatient one. Little fuck.

Farley just laughed happily, grabbing for the lube and slicking his fingers up before passing the tube back to him.

"I'll start slow," Farley told Cody, the laughter still in his voice.

"Mmmm. Okay. I like it all, you know that." Damned if Cody didn't just go up on his hands and knees, wiggling that tight ass.

Farley climbed up onto his knees behind Cody and kissed that fine ass, one kiss for each cheek. "I know." Kid was grinning wide as he pushed a finger into Cody.

Chris sat back and watched for a few minutes, just jonesing on their vibe, letting his cock come up slow and natural as Cody moaned and shivered and went on like the slut he was.

Farley was moving fairly quickly, no doubt encouraged by the way Cody's ass squeezed around his fingers. One finger became two became three with very little fanfare, Farley moaning just as hard as Cody was.

Finally Chris got up on his own knees, pushing in behind Farley, bending to push his tongue against Farley's hole. It hadn't been long for the kid at all, so that ought to do it.

Farley shouted and jerked. "Oh, Chris! Oh, damn. Do it again."

"Mmmhmm. Whatever you did, bro, do it again."

Chris chuckled, really started going to it, rimming Farley for all he was worth.

Farley whimpered and shivered, pushing back onto his tongue. That little hole just opened and contracted for him, Farley's sounds going from sweet and wanton to desperate.

"You ready, Farley?" he asked, pulling back, cuddling right up, hips flush against Farley's ass. "Cody, baby? You ready?"

"Hell, yes. Now." Cody's voice had gone all rough, a sure sign.

"Gimme a minute to get in him." Farley's voice was pretty husky, too and he pushed forward, groaning as he sank into Cody.

"That's it. That's it." Chris pushed right in, his cock squeezing into Farley, the heat of it enough to kill a man.

Farley's ass rippled around him as Farley panted. "Oh, yes, that's really it. Oh. It's like heaven being between you."

"Good, honey. It's good." He couldn't be much more coherent. Cody was starting to babble, cuss words and love words as the three of them rocked and rocked.

It was a hell of a ride, him driving into Farley who was driving into Cody, all of them connected together by the pleasure, the love.

Finally Chris just couldn't take the friction, the heat anymore. He leaned hard against Farley's back, groaning as he shot, his hips moving in sharp jabs.

"Oh! Oh, Chris!" Farley whimpered, sawing back and forth into Cody. "Come on, Cody, gotta be soon."

"Uh huh," Cody said, panting out each word. "Now, babe. Now." He could smell it when Cody came, could hear it in the wail.

"Yes. Oh." Farley more whimpered than shouted and the kid's ass squeezed his cock damn near off before Farley collapsed down across Cody's back.

"Hoo yeah. Better." That was so much better. All together like. Chris slid out of Farley, slid down on the bed, avoiding Cody's mess.

Farley stayed where he was, using Cody as a mattress as Cody collapsed down, both of them breathing like steam engines.

Cody reached out, fingers sliding down his arm to twine with his, and Chris curled up to their sides, eyes heavy as anything as sleep threatened again.

"This is how it should be," murmured Farley, eyes closed, looking for all the world like he was settled in for the duration.

Cody squeezed his hand, and Chris nodded, a huge yawn taking him over. Yeah. That was how it was supposed to be.

Together.

Farley had shouted himself hoarse.

Patch came in first, but right behind him was Cody, with the ride of his life to take second overall. Both rides had been a thing of beauty and Farley nearly busted a blood vessel cheering and screaming and jumping and clapping.

Damn. Just. Damn.

He wasn't going to go down and wait for Chris and Cody by the door, figuring Cody had celebrating to do, congratulations to pick up. But then he thought maybe Chris could use a friendly face that wasn't making a bee-line for his brother. So down he went, bouncing away, too pumped to even fill out his book while he waited.

Sure enough, Chris made his way over soon enough, his rigging slung over his shoulder. Chris had gotten enough points over the season to ride in the finals. He'd ridden three out of six, and come in eighth on the season.

"Hey, honey," Chris said, face wreathed in smiles. "That was a hell of a ride, huh? Cody said as soon as everyone wanders off he'll come on."

"Cool! You rode awesome, Chris! Too bad you weren't better positioned going in. Man, next year, one, two, you and Cody."

"Yeah. I felt good today. Real good. I can stay healthy, I could be good." Chris bounced a little, too, but the pleasure in Cody's achievement was right there.

Farley laughed and butted their hips together, grinning up at Chris. He figured his heart was on his sleeve, but anyone looking would probably assume it was just hero worship. He was just one of those lucky people who got to be with his hero.

With both of them.

"I figure we need to eat big tonight. On Cody. You know how much he won tonight?" Chris asked, chuckling, eyes just shining.

"Lots! And I bet I could put away a twenty ounce steak without even stopping to take a breath."

"I could, too. With those mushrooms and onions." He got an even wider grin, Chris clapping him hard on the shoulder. "He did good!"

"Yeah. You both did. Just amazing. Man, it doesn't get much better than this." Well, being able to congratulate Chris properly and celebrate with Cody the way he really wanted to? That would have been better.

Several cowboys came by to shake Chris' hand, too, telling him 'good ride, buddy' and 'better luck next year'. And then darned if Patch wasn't there, grinning like mad and clapping Chris on the shoulder.

"Lookit that buckle, Chris! I swear, next year it'll go to one of y'all. Hey, Farley." Oh. Oh, wow. The regional champion bullrider remembered his name.

"Hey, Patch. Awesome ride, man. Just awesome." He put out his hand and Patch shook it and Farley was thinking he just might pass out.

"Thanks! I figured it's as good a present I can give my wife as anything. I just got the call. Next year I'm in the PBR."

Chris whooped, grabbing Patch and whirling him around. "Way to go, buddy! Rank bulls and everything. You make sure you don't forget us, yeah?"

"Promise. Well, I gotta go. See y'all later."

As soon as Patch walked off, Cody walked up, punching them both on the arms. "Hey. What'd you think?"

He laughed and gave Cody a great big hug. "I think I just hugged the number two man on the circuit!"

"You know it." Cody gave Chris a bone creaking hug, too, the two of them just pounding on each other and hollering. It was just a great moment.

Farley just soaked it all up, the happiness thick in the air. They were gorgeous together, especially happy like this.

"Come on, you two," Cody said, hoisting his bag and grinning. "Steaks on me."

Farley laughed. "We've already planned out what we're having." He bounced along beside them, headed for Chris' truck.

"Yeah? You gonna get that forty-eight ounce one where they give it to you free if you eat it all?" Cody asked. They were in Helena, and Chris had already told him about the steakhouse that did that.

"I don't know, I haven't eaten since breakfast and that was just a donut. You think I could do it?"

"It might kill you, but I bet you could." That was from Chris, who led the way out of the arena into parking lot.

Farley giggled. "What if I don't finish it and you have to pay for it, Cody? Gonna take it out of my hide?"

"You know it. I'll take it out on you but good." He got this sideways grin, just hot as anything, but there were too many people around to do something.

"Gonna make me not finish it on purpose," he told Cody, blushing hard.

"Oh, honey, we'll all eat like kings." Chris smacked his shoulder. "Then we'll nap. Then we'll celebrate."

"Sounds like a plan." To be honest, he would have been happy with hot dogs from the Dairy Queen, long as it was with these two. Steak was just window dressing.

"It does, huh?" There. Finally. The truck. Chris opened her up and they all hopped in. Soon as they were on the road, Farley had his hands on twin pairs of thighs, squeezing.

They chattered, Chris and Cody, reliving the rides, just cute as they could be. Every so often one of them would touch him, hands sliding on him. By the time they got to the restaurant, Farley was hungry and horny and wriggling like crazy.

"Okay, you two," Chris said, "we gotta behave in here."

"Spoilsport," giggled Farley, leaning up to give Chris a quick kiss.

"Uh huh. You know me, the big wet blanket." He got a wink and a grin, that ass swinging as Chris headed in.

Farley swallowed and licked his lips. "Damn."

"Uh huh." Cody was staring as hard as he was, then groping him. "Come on, babe. Before he eats all the rolls."

He pushed into Cody's hands and took a hot, hard kiss before climbing on out and following after that fine, fine ass.

Cody went with him and they had a fine supper, steak and potatoes and laughter and a few beers. It was like the brothers could relax more now that the season was over, and Farley hadn't even seen the tension until now. They got desserts to go and the last few ounces of his steak wrapped up -- he'd made a damned good effort, but hadn't been able to finish it.

"Oh, man," Farley laughed as he climbed into his place between them in the truck. "I think I'm gonna burst."

"No kidding." Cody poked his belly, then leaned to get Chris'. "We look like pythons."

He returned the favor, poking Cody back. "Yeah. Thanks for dinner, Cody."

"Hey, watch it, you might get yeast rolls by the dozen." Cody laughed hard, sitting back and moaning. "God, it's been a good day."

Farley nodded as Chris started up the car. He leaned against Cody, cheek on one strong shoulder. "Yeah. It has been." A really good day in what had been a season of really good days.

Finally, finally they got to the hotel, all of them piling out of the truck, Chris and Cody jostling each other, teasing and poking. It felt so good to get in and get the door closed behind them so they could all touch and kiss and hold each other like they really wanted to.

They sort of piled on each other, kissing and hugging, the urgency dulled by good food and beer. Cody was just bubbly, happy and octopus-like with his hands. Farley concentrated on buttons and zippers, tugging shirts out of jeans and more or less making them naked, 'cause it was always better when they were all naked, even if it never got past the kissing and hugging stage.

Chris laughed as his fingers dragged over ribs, muscles jumping a little under his hand. Loving that, Farley slid his hand along Chris' ribs again, leaning in to wrap his mouth around one little nipple.

"Uhn." Chris arched, going serious in about a second flat.

"Oh, yeah, he likes that," Cody said, squeezing Farley's ass. "Do it again."

Farley didn't need to be asked twice. He wriggled his ass back into Cody's hands and nibbled on the hard little bit of flesh that seemed to just call to his tongue.

"Yeah." There, Chris was holding him close, hips pushing, hands in his hair. That was all Chris said, the body said the rest, hard muscle and hot skin all around him.

Whimpering a little, he moved over to Chris' other nipple, hands sliding along Chris' side to the wide, muscled back.

"Mmmhmm. Good, honey. Good." Chris punctuated the words with a stinging little bite, making him tingle.

Farley turned his face up, bringing their lips together, moaning into Chris' mouth as Cody's hands made it impossible for him to think. Cody's mouth joined in, sliding down his spine, reaching the top of his ass and stopping so Cody could lick. Chris kissed him hard, hands pushing into his hair.

His moans turned into whimpers, body just thrumming, the two of them playing him like pros. Those big, solid hands and hot mouths had him hard and needy, writhing between them. He figured Cody was going to go for a ride that rivaled the one he'd made in the arena, the way he started licking and nipping, Cody's tongue pushing at Farley's hole.

He broke away from Chris' mouth with a gasp. "Wanna suck you, Chris. Wanna come with the taste of you in my mouth."

"Okay, honey. Yeah. But you. I. We were supposed to..." Chris blinked slow, hands petting him, kinda clumsy.

Cody laughed. "You're supposed to do him, Chris."

"But you can get it up again, right?" Farley blushed, head ducking. "I want both."

"I can." Chris laughed, too, sharing a look with him. Cody always wanted to bottom, and he'd always turn it around like Chris had agreed to do all the fucking. It was cute.

Farley leaned up and kissed Chris again. "Cool!" Then he wriggled down, happily wrapping his mouth around Chris' nice, fat cock.

"Oh, fuck, honey!" Chris grunted, hips rolling up.

Cody gave him something to moan about, too, pressing against his hole, licking like crazy.

He shuddered and closed his eyes, concentrating on the feel of Chris' heat in his mouth and Cody's tongue at his ass. It was like there was a wire between them, going through his body, spreading the pleasure all through him.

They just rocked and hummed and touched and licked and yeah... man, they were good to him, Chris touching his mouth where it wrapped around his cock, Cody licking and licking. Moaning around Chris' flesh, he slid his fingers down to play with the heavy balls, to tease back beyond them, finding Chris' hot little hole.

"Oh! Shit. Farley." Chris opened for him, his legs falling to spread wide, thigh muscles tense as anything.

Chris didn't get fucked as often as Cody did, but he loved it just as much and Farley loved being able to give it to Chris. He loved getting from Chris, too. And from Cody. And he loved sucking them. Almost giggling at himself, he pushed a finger into Chris, sucking as hard as he could.

"Ugn." Chris gave him a strangled shout, gave him a load of spunk, hot and thick as Chris came. Cody knew it, too, moaned against him.

Farley swallowed it all down, loving the taste, loving that *he'd* made Chris come. He kept pushing his finger in and out of Chris' ass as he slowly pulled off, smacking his lips.

"Damn. Damn, Farley." Chris kept thrashing, moving, his cock still bobbing.

Farley moaned and took another lick and then climbed up Chris' body, eager, Cody's tongue just not enough anymore.

"That's it, babe," Cody said, slipping up behind him to help him position over Chris' still-hard cock. "Come on."

Farley moaned and pushed down, taking Chris in with a soft catch of his breath. "Oh. Oh, God. Yes."

Chris arched up, panting, chest just heaving. Cody's hands landed on his hips, moving him up and down, and soon the brothers were working at driving him nuts. He leaned back against Cody's chest, letting that strength support him as Chris' heat filled him deep.

They rocked, Cody pushing against his lower back, Chris inside him, thick and hard and good. He was just where he wanted to be. His hands curled on Chris' chest, opening and closing. He never wanted this to end. Not ever.

"Yeah. Farley." Chris always lasted longer the second time, the grimace on his face the set of his muscles telling Farley he was getting sensitive, getting ready.

He nodded, looking into Chris' eyes, riding for all he was worth.

"Oh. Damn. Damn." Chris just lost it, the rhythm, the grip on his skin, and the orgasm, shooting hard into him.

Farley whimpered, still bouncing, so damned close.

Cody reached around, grabbing his cock and pulling, urging him on, just babbling in his ear. "Come on, babe. Wanna see him wearing you. Come on."

That was all he needed, and Farley clamped down hard on Chris' cock, shooting up over Cody's hand and all over Chris.

His whole body shivered and shuddered and he finally stopped moving, just sort of collapsing back against Cody.

Cody hummed, kissing his neck, his shoulders. "Pretty. You two are so pretty. Who's going to make me come?"

Farley reached back and wrapped an arm around Cody's neck, turning his face for a kiss. "Want me to suck you?"

"Mmmhmm. Or you both could. That would so rock." Cody laughed, the sound half a moan.

Farley grinned down at Chris. "You think we can manage that? For our champion?"

"I think we can," Chris answered, nodding. They all shifted, him and Chris pushing Cody down, starting at opposite ends.

Farley made his way up the strong, hairy legs, nibbling and teasing, heading right for the heavy balls. He hummed as he got there, grinning at Chris and taking a quick kiss. Chris had worked down Cody's chest, and they met right there at Cody's cock, both of them working from either side. Good. Their lips and tongues met over Cody's skin.

Lips and cock, both tasted so good, and Farley dug in, giving Cody the best co-blowjob he knew how. Chris was a good example. A really good one. He licked and sucked and shared and showed Farley all sorts of good stuff.

It was sloppy and wet and so good. They took turns swallowing Cody down, making the most amazing noises come from him. Cody jerked and writhed and kinda begged them, hands slipping on both of them. All of those pretty muscles rippled, showing off for them.

"Come on, Cody. We wanna taste you. Wanna know we made you feel so good you came."

"Uh huh. Fuck." Chris went down as Farley talked, then came back up, and just as Chris let go Cody came, shooting hard, getting Chris right in the chin.

"MMm. Yummy." Farley licked at the tip of Cody's cock, at Chris' chin, slurping up the taste.

"You bet," Chris agreed, kissing him hard before moving up to kiss Cody, too.

He shimmied up Cody's body and joined in, loving the feeling of all those muscles

beneath and beside him. Loved being a part of them. They curled against him, both of them heavy and hot, arms holding him. They kissed and loved on him, proving he belonged there.

Cody might have been a winner in the ring, but Farley knew all three of them were winners right here.

end