



"Dave tells me that the renovations are going well." Desmond Chase leaned back in his chair and looked at his lunch companion. He and Archer McBain were sitting in the sunshine outside of a

small cafe. It wasn't a typical luncheon place for either of them, but it was a Sunday afternoon and both Wyatt and Dave were at Des' home watching a football game together. Des had thought that it would be a good time for him and Archer to touch base about their respective relationships and the comfortable tangle they had made them into. It had been several months since they had started playing with each other's partners, and since communication was key to keeping things on an even keel, it was probably time that there was a meeting of the minds.

Sometimes the meeting of the minds was a group event, all four of them bringing up points for discussion and sometimes the gathering happened in pairs instead of as a foursome. That was perfectly all right with Desmond, who liked a certain level of intimacy in all of his relationships. What he had with Archer could most accurately be described as a close friendship, which was not precisely the same as what he had with the other two men. Wyatt was his lover, his partner, and his submissive. Dave was a pleasurable romantic entanglement with rapidly deepening feelings. Archer was a peer and an understanding friend. All were valued and respected.

In response to the question about the renovations, Archer nodded. "Yep," he said happily. "Finally. It's taken us a long time to get the fire station to this point."

Des nodded and reached for his glass of wine, his sandwich already half gone. "Does that mean that you're moving out of your condo and into the fire station soon?"

"Very soon." Archer sounded relieved as well as pleased. "A matter of a week or so, really. It's gotten to the point where I can't afford to run both places." He took a bite out of his sandwich and chewed, then offered Des an apologetic look. "I'm sorry I kept Dave from you so much the last few weeks."

"It was only to be expected. I didn't really think that you would be able to renovate the inn for your work, renovate your own home, and still have time to date on the weekends." Des gave him a smile. "Wyatt has missed you rather a lot."

Archer blushed ever so slightly. "I've missed him, too," he admitted. "It's not that Dave and I haven't enjoyed our time together, but I've grown pretty fond of Wyatt. I trust he's been well?"

"He's been very well." It was, more or less, Desmond's job to make sure that Wyatt was well, so he was sure about the fact. "It's not as if you haven't spoken with him, though."

"No, I know." Archer nodded and picked up his own glass, taking a sip before continuing. "We've spoken frequently. It's just not the same as seeing him, you know?"

"I know," Des agreed with a knowing nod. "I've spoken with Dave regularly. I still miss him." He laughed softly and shook his head. "Listen to us. Talking as if we haven't seen them in weeks when it's only been a matter of days."

"Sure, but you have to admit that the time we've spent together has hardly been full of fun and laughter." Archer leaned close, his arms folded on the table. "Not that things have been horrible,

don't get me wrong. But quick conversations, stolen kisses, and the occasional football game on the TV isn't exactly what the four of us had intended for each other, is it?"

"No, it isn't." Des nodded and leaned forward as well. "That's one of the things I wanted to talk to you about."

"Just one of the things?"

Again Desmond nodded. "Time, and quality of it. One of the reasons why I wanted to meet with you, and not with all four of us, is that I thought perhaps you and I could reach some sort of agreement for the next while and how we're going to manage things like time, sharing, and what we're doing."

Archer looked both intrigued and a little wary. "That sounds rather secretive," he said cautiously.

"I don't mean it to," Des told him. "Perhaps it's my dominant sensibilities coming into play. Wyatt will do pretty much whatever I tell him to do, and Dave is so laid back and easy going and I'm never quite sure if he's doing what he wants to do, or if he is just making everybody happy. Perhaps those two things are the same, for him."

Archer nodded ruefully, his blond curls moving slightly in the breeze. Sunlight was glinting off them, making his hair shine even more than normal. Of the four of them, Archer was the one who looked most like the poster boy for all-American charm. There was a devil hiding in his angelic looks, however, which was one of the things that Des liked most about him. He was a rogue wolf who looked like a lamb.

Picking up his sandwich again, Archer said, "Dave is his happiest if everyone around him is happy," he agreed. "But he's no pushover, thank God. Okay, how about this. You just tell me what's on your mind, and we'll see how things go."

"Okay. We have a few hours at least, don't we?" There wasn't really that much to discuss, but Des had found that once he started talking about Wyatt, Dave, their complex relationships, and how he envisioned things going, he could talk for a long, long time. Thankfully, Wyatt was a good boy and never seemed to mind listening from his position on his knees next to the couch.

"Are we going to need hours and hours?" Archer gave him a long look, and then a broad grin. "You really don't watch a lot of football do you? The games aren't *that* long. Three hours, maybe."

"I seem to be watching more and more of it as my sex life becomes more and more complicated."

Archer laughed at him, and the man at the next table turned to stare. "That's what you get for sleeping with football players," Archer informed him wisely. "Take it from me, give in and learn all you can so you can follow along. Or you could just find a comfortable chair and a good book -- they won't mind, either way."

"I suppose," Desmond agreed with a sigh. "The payoff is lovely, however, so I can deal with the football games."

Archer leered. "You're telling me."

"At least you understand them *and* the game."

"That's what I'm saying -- and I'm sure that someone would be happy to teach you."

"We are really getting off topic," Desmond said with a roll of his eyes. "Can we please just talk about our men?"

"I'm always happy to do that." Archer winked at him and gestured for Des to continue. "You have things on your mind."

Desmond sat back in his chair, and made himself comfortable, ignoring the man at the next table who was spooning his soup a lot more slowly. "Just a couple of small items. One of the things that has been unavoidable lately is the lack of time together. This isn't a concern, not really, but I do want you to be aware that Wyatt has been pining."

"Pining?" Archer looked both faintly pleased and vaguely embarrassed. "That's really kind of sweet."

"Sweet, yes. But also not something that I want to encourage. Quite simply, he misses you, and I would really like it if we could make some time in the next week or so to make him happy."

Archer was already nodding. "I will always make time for Wyatt. It's not exactly a hardship to spend time with him. And I know that Dave would really enjoy spending some time with you. By the way, he's still talking about that photography show that you took him to."

Pleased, Desmond finished his sandwich and enjoyed the knowledge that he'd really given Dave a special night. "That's good," he said. "It was a very good evening for both of us."

"Yes, I heard all about it." Archer wiggled his eyebrows at Des and grinned broadly.

"Repeatedly."

It was very rare thing that could make Desmond blush. "Wyatt was rather intrigued as well. He made me tell him all of the details, over and over." The conversation had once more drifted from where Desmond had intended it to go. He rolled his eyes and leaned forward. "Archer. In a nutshell, I wish for you to spend some time with Wyatt, very soon. I miss Dave. We need to pick a time, and we need to stick to it. Also, Wyatt and I would very much like to see how far you've gotten on the fire station remodel. And finally, do you require any help moving?"

Once more, Archer was grinning at him. It was all well and good that Des had made Archer happy, but he wasn't sure if all this amusement was really called for.

"No, thank you," Archer said. "We don't need any help moving. I have my own crew, and they're always eager for a little bit of overtime. I think you'll be impressed with the place when you get to see it. It took five of us two weekends to do the framing, but it all came together pretty quickly after that. I know it's been a pain in the butt, not being able to see Dave for the last little while, but once we're moved in, all of our time is going to free up. The renovations at the inn -- well, that's just work. The drywall is up at the station, and now we're just down to painting and finishing." His look grew faintly speculative. "I wonder..." he said slowly.

Intrigued, Des raised an eyebrow. "What do you wonder?"

"Do you remember the day that I measured Wyatt for the chains and stuff?"

Desmond would hardly have forgotten. It wasn't so much the watching Archer measure Wyatt to find out where to place the metal rings as it was the way that Dave had taken him to bed and tested the acoustics. It really had been a long time since they'd seen the station, having only been back there perhaps twice since then. That had to have been a couple of months previously, too. Looking at Archer's serious face, Desmond nodded. "Of course, I remember. Yes."

"Well, a lot of that stuff has been installed." The tip of Archer's tongue darted out and licked at his lower lip. "The rings are up, and the chains are cut to length. But I haven't had a chance to test anything or get the leather cuffs fitted to Wyatt's wrists. Nothing. I mean, Dave was kind enough to stand in place so I could cut the chains, but I didn't even try to test them on him. They're for Wyatt."

Des nodded. Chains were for Wyatt, not for Dave. He understood that, they all did. "And I assume that you're eager to try a few things out?"

"Yes, I am," Archer said. "But at the same time, I'm faintly reluctant to play in our place without Dave having a good grasp of what exactly is going on, especially if he might be home sometime." He shrugged one shoulder. "Dave knows, but I don't think he really *knows*, if you get what I mean."

Desmond nodded, and sighed. "We can talk about it all we want, and we will, but I don't think that Dave is really going to understand if he doesn't see. But on the other hand, is it necessary for him to understand to that level? He has never once offered any kind of objection; in fact he's been nothing but encouraging. I'm not sure if having him watch would do any good. It doesn't seem particularly necessary."

"I agree, in theory. But at the same time, I think it would be beneficial if he had a working knowledge of what it is that I'm doing to Wyatt, if only from a safety perspective. God forbid if anything ever went wrong -- I'd need him to react calmly and with confidence. I would hate for him to be thinking one thing when something else was going on."

Desmond thought carefully. "Please don't be offended," he said slowly. "I am, after all, in the same position as you. Wyatt is my submissive. He has already asked me to be more dominant with him around Dave. So please don't think that I am dismissing your concerns. I am, however,

wondering if perhaps this isn't so much about Dave as it is about you, and maybe even about me."

"Well, I would be lying if I said that I didn't want you to see what I'm doing with your lover." Archer leaned close, perhaps so the man at the next table wouldn't hear him quite so clearly. "It's very important to me that you know in your heart and soul how safe I am being with Wyatt."

"I know that you would never intentionally hurt him. I know that he gets off really hard on what you do to him. In fact, that's an understatement." Desmond smiled broadly. "He floats for days after he comes home from a session with you."

"He wants you to watch." Archer blurted. He went red in the face, clearly embarrassed.

Desmond laughed, delighted. "I know."

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"Hell, no. When the time is right, I am sure that I would very much enjoy watching."

Archer's color reseeded slowly, and he made a show of finishing his lunch. "Well, maybe," he said slowly, "we can combine the two. You can watch, and Dave can learn. Assuming, of course, they're both willing."

"If they're willing," Desmond agreed. "It would be an interesting date."

"That's for sure. We can do it at the fire station, test the new rigging."

"I could see the renovations." Like he needed an excuse.

"True." Archer leaned forward again. "We're on the same page, right?" he asked softly.

Desmond leaned forward as well and took one of Archer's hands. "I promise not to get mad at you for fucking my lover."

Archer tangled their fingers together. "Good. Because I kind of want to hear the sounds that Dave makes for you, too."

Desmond gave his hand a squeeze and smiled. The conversation had been nothing like he'd intended it to be, but then again, the entire relationship was drifting slightly into more serious territory than he had at first intended. "It's always a pleasure to talk to you, Archer."

Archer laughed at him again, no doubt knowing exactly what it was that Des was thinking about. They really were very much alike.

"Are you sure you're up for this?"

Dave glanced at Des and grinned. "I was thinking I should probably ask you that."

Dave was sprawled on a battered couch that was set against one long wall in the garage, his legs splayed out in front of him as he lay back. Dave and Archer had decided to make the garage of the decommissioned fire station part of their living space, but were still trying to figure out where to put everything; furniture, books, crates and even tools were lying about. Of course, the fact that they were still finishing up the actual structural components accounted for the tools. Des was pleased to see so many built in bookcases, too.

The couch Dave occupied was actually on the list of items to be trashed, according to Archer, so it was by the backdoor, as close to outside as it could get while remaining inside. Des stood by, not quite trusting the thing not to break under their combined weight. He wasn't sure that he wanted to sit on the ancient plaid fabric in any case.

Dave's grin grew and his gaze ranged over Desmond's body. "You might want to relax a little."

Des looked down at himself and shrugged. Dave was wearing what he always wore -- jeans and a T-shirt -- and Des was wearing a suit. Actually, Dave sometimes dressed up for him, that was true. Maybe Des could perhaps try a new style, sort of dress down for Dave. The one time he'd shown up without the tie and with his sleeves rolled up had gone exceptionally well. "It's what I always wear," he said while he thought about that.

"That's what I mean." Dave reached over and put one heavy, warm hand on Desmond's leg, then tugged him a bit closer. "Don't get me wrong, I like the look. And the neck tie might even come in handy this time."

"It's come in handy before." Desmond put his hand on top of Dave's, not exactly resisting the pull. "Don't tell me you've forgotten grabbing hold of it and kissing me senseless?" That had been surprisingly hot.

"Hell, no," Dave said with a laugh. "No way would I forget that. I just thought that maybe you would want to be slightly more casual tonight."

Des looked around the station's garage and took in his immediate surroundings. The floor had been re-poured to get rid of grease and oil damage, and Archer and Dave had taken the opportunity to have a loft space added over two thirds of the available area. There was a stack of tiles by the pellet burning stove, signs that the hearth had been newly laid, and a few planks of wood were stacked against one wall. Given the general air of construction and the very fine layer of dust on a few things, he could see Dave's point. "I dress carefully. Shirt, tie, wallet, condom in my pocket. I didn't think about getting dirty," he admitted.

Dave blinked at him for a moment and started to laugh. "I didn't mean about the dirt," he said as he lifted himself off the couch. He took Des by the hand and drew him close, forcing Des to look

way up in order to maintain eye contact. "Maybe it's me who should be pointing stuff out to you?" His tone was teasing and the kiss he followed up with was sweet.

"If you wish." Des raised an eyebrow and held onto Dave's biceps. "Although I'm perfectly aware of what's going on here."

"Oh, yeah?" Dave grinned at him, his eyes twinkling. "Like what?"

"You're distracting me and trying to seduce me."

"Damn." Dave laughed, the sound delighted. "Caught. Is it working?"

"Not yet," Des lied. "I think it's going to take a lot more kisses before I'm actually seduced, and we don't really have time to go and enjoy ourselves before Archer and Wyatt are ready to play."

"We have ages of time." Dave's hands drifted down to Des' ass and started *touching*. "There's food and talking and setting up and maybe even some drilling before they start getting kinky."

Des didn't like to think he giggled, but the only other word that described the sound he made was 'titter' and that was worse. "They're already kinky, dear," he pointed out. "And Wyatt's been wound up all day, waiting for this."

As if his name had called him forth -- which was not unusual, given it was his role to appear when Des needed him -- there was movement from the other end of the garage and Wyatt called for them to come and see what he and Archer had accomplished.

"Well, I suppose we'd best get down there." Dave grabbed Des' hand and gave his fingers a squeeze. "Archie will get cranky if we don't go ooh and ahh over what he's done."

"It's not that we don't want to see it, either." Des didn't exactly trail after Dave; he liked to think that they were walking together, despite how he had to hurry to keep up. Occasionally it was hard to tell if there was a leader or not, given the length of Dave's legs.

Sometimes it was a bit confusing, trying to sort out exactly what his role was with Dave, the entire concept of "role" being tangled up with his clearly defined place in his relationship with Wyatt. Maybe he didn't have a set role at all with Dave, aside from "friend and lover". Perhaps it was the lack of structure that had him even pondering, no matter how incidentally, the very idea of roles and if there was a leader or not.

Desmond suspected that he thought too much sometimes.

Des was working on it, though, both the thinking too much and his tendency to rely on roles, and he'd already concluded that maybe it would be a work in progress for a long, long time.

He was all right with that. He hoped that everyone would be patient with him, though.

At the other end of the garage Wyatt and Archer were standing proudly, looking at the far wall. It was an exposed length of brick left from the original construction, and well away from the loft that they were using as a TV watching and reading area. Under the loft was a tape marked area for a pool table, and Archer hadn't wanted the chains and bondage equipment too close to the expensive pool table. Apparently when one was planning to buy something that was worth a couple thousand dollars one didn't see it as a possible sex toy. Dave and Archer were both worried about crushing the pads.

Wyatt had laughed, though, and said they'd feel differently after a few years. Des was just happy to see all the bookcases being slowly filled as boxes were unpacked. A home wasn't a home until the reading material was within easy reach.

"C'mon," Archer was saying, his arms folded over his chest and his hips thrust forward. He looked very pleased with himself, and more than a little attractive. Construction had given him strong arms and his black T-shirt was showing them off to full effect. Not that Archer was really Des' type. Still, he was hardly blind, was he?

"Okay," Dave said cheerfully. "Show us what you've got."

Wyatt was almost wiggling, his whole body seeming to vibrate, and Des gave Archer a glance to see how much of that he was going to allow, only to find Archer looking back at him, a line furrowing his brow.

One of Des' eyebrows went up. "Would you like me to..." Des let his voice trail off, and gestured with one hand toward Wyatt.

"He's still your boy," Archer said with a flash of a smile and a shrug of one shoulder. "Unless and until you say different."

Desmond nodded, pleased. He did like that Archer appreciated structure and rules. "Very good," he said, nodding in agreement. He turned to Wyatt, pivoting his entire body on his heel, his back straight and his shoulders squaring.

Wyatt, naturally enough, gave him a contrite look before Des could even say anything and took a deep breath; he even closed his eyes for a moment as he worked to calm down.

Dave merely looked curious and mildly confused. He didn't ask for clarification and Des wondered if perhaps one day he'd sit down with Dave and be barraged with everything Dave had saved up until he deemed it an appropriate time to ask. Maybe he never would -- Dave seemed to have very firm boundaries about what involved him and what didn't. Desmond couldn't quite decide if that was good or bad.

"You know," Des said aloud, watching Wyatt bring himself down to earth, "I sometimes wonder what it is we're getting ourselves into. I keep waiting for problems to crop up and they're not."

"Don't knock it," Archer said, and Dave grinned over at his primary partner and nodded.

"What Arch said. At least, not now. Not tonight." Dave tilted his head and gave Des a long, even look. "*Are* you going to be able to handle this?" he asked, his voice heavy with concern.

Desmond felt his eyebrow go up yet again and made himself stop it. "Yes, Dave. I am. I actually know what's going to happen."

"Me, too." Dave grinned and waved his hand at the wall where heavy chains were secured to embedded O rings. "Archie's gonna tie up your boy and have sex with him, after making him yell a lot." There was more than a hint of challenge in his voice. "You need to really unwind a bit, maybe even lose the tie."

"I'll lose the tie." Des tried hard not to roll his eyes and then failed to come up with a single reason why he shouldn't do it. "Just to make you happy. I'm actually very comfortable with it on."

"I'm not going to want to fuss with it after the show." Dave winked at him and moved a bit closer.

Des shook his head and loosened his tie, keeping one eye on Wyatt, who was still trying to get himself under control. "All right, Dave. Here you go." He slid the tie out of its knot and then from around his neck, the silk making a slithering hiss. He felt oddly like he was giving up a bit of himself, no matter how willingly.

"Thanks." Dave took the tie and draped it around his own neck, then kissed Des soundly, not without a little bit of tongue. "So. Guys. What did you want to show us?"

Des decided not to worry too much about how Dave was handling things. It appeared to be a waste of energy. With a small effort he turned away from Dave and his kisses to face Wyatt and Archer once again. "Yes, show us. I'm particularly interested in how you attach the chains to those rings. I know that you said you wanted them to be able to come off."

"Discretion is the better part of valor, and all that," Archer said with a nod. He moved toward the wall and looked back as if expecting Desmond to follow him, then actually gestured for him.

Alongside the blacked out glass of the former garage door, the corner was like a little cave, all darkness and polished brick. It was almost medieval, which was Archer's intent, most likely. Des couldn't blame him; if a dungeon could be achieved, why not do it?

"I built these trunks to keep the gear in." Archer pointed toward the floor, where raised boxes were mounted, looking like they could have been old style storage for the fire department. "For keeping things close, but out of the way when people drop in, you know?" He then lifted one hand and moved a thick chain away from the wall. "Four chains, cut to length and capped with leather cuffs at the ends. They attach to the iron O rings by professional grade rock climbing carabiners."

Curious, and knowing that it was welcome, Desmond moved toward the wall to examine the chains and cuffs. "Very clever. Easy to take down, easy to clean. Are you sure they're strong enough?"

"Of course. I wouldn't take a risk, not with this kind of stuff." The incongruity of Archer's boyish looks and the seriousness in his eyes strengthened the instinctive trust that Desmond had in him. It was an odd thing, but it was comfortable. They'd known each other for years, and Desmond had seen him play before, so he knew what Archer was capable of.

And what he wasn't.

Trusting this man with his lover and partner was a huge undertaking, and he valued that Archer understood that. "No, no, I believe you. I have to ask, though, don't you think?" He smiled slightly and shrugged his shoulders. "It's who I am."

"I wouldn't expect anything else." And there it was again, that innate understanding two alphas had of one another. It was a rare thing in Des' life, but Desmond was glad they shared it. Respect was all well and good, but trust was better.

"Have you done this before?" Desmond asked in a low voice. "I mean, in front of Dave? Any of it?"

Archer shook his head. "No," he whispered, also looking toward Dave. "He seems to be doing okay with the idea."

Desmond could only nod. "I was just thinking that."

Archer held up one of the leather cuffs at the end of the chain and studied it closely. "Have you watched before?"

As much as he would've liked to have been able to say no, made the event perhaps a little more special for the four of them, Desmond couldn't lie. It was far too late for that. "Yes, but only once. It was a special circumstance. I'm sure that if you ask Wyatt about it, he'll tell you."

Archer looked up quickly. "Was it a good experience?"

Desmond considered his answer carefully. "It wasn't a bad experience. I doubt very much if it will be as good as this one." He glanced back at where Wyatt and Dave were talking animatedly, Wyatt gesturing and Dave laughing at something Wyatt had said. "This is, I think, a very different evening than the last one. My concern is for Dave, not me; at least I have a full understanding of what you're going to do, and why. Also, I've seen Wyatt have sex with someone before. That's actually the part that's worrying me about Dave. Knowing, even talking about it and getting off on the idea isn't the same as actually seeing it. I don't know if he's really--"

"Hello." Dave and Wyatt were standing side-by-side both of them with their arms folded over their chests, their conversation clearly finished. "There are chains on the wall," Dave said. "And

there's leather at the end of them. I think I get what happens after that. But before the fun starts," he said dramatically, "there's a lovely supper to be had."

Wyatt nodded. "Dave's hungry," he announced, as if they couldn't have concluded that. "And I think maybe the lasagna might be done in two minutes." That was probably what had prompted the interruption -- Wyatt was very particular with his timing, especially when it came to food.

"God." Archer rolled his eyes and then laughed. "All right, let's go eat." He looked back at Desmond and shrugged. "I think it's time to just get on with it."

He supposed it was. There came a time when all there was left to do was move forward.

Desmond wished, however, that the uncomfortable feeling of irreversible change wasn't hanging over him.

The four of them were standing, the dinner table cleared off and wiped down after their meal. They were still in the kitchen, but as a group they were drifting toward the door and hallway that led back to the garage.

Wyatt hadn't eaten very much at dinner, but that was to be expected, really. Dave said that there was food already prepared for later in the evening, ready to be heated up when people wanted snacks, and Des gave him an appreciative kiss.

"I just thought that if I was going to get tied up and be on display I'd be too nervous to eat beforehand," Dave said, blushing a little. It was very endearing.

"You did good, babe," Archer said, kissing him, too. "Shall we?" He looked around at Des and then at Wyatt. "Ready?"

Wyatt nodded jerkily and looked at Des, his eyes already dilated. "Sir?"

Pausing and then making every move deliberate, Desmond stepped to Wyatt and put his hand along Wyatt's jaw. He examined Wyatt's face closely; clean shaven, clear complexion, neatly combed hair and perfect form, Wyatt was the very picture of health and stability. "I'm ready, love. I expect you to do your best and to do what Archer tells you. Is that clear?"

Immediately, Wyatt's eyes dropped and he nodded, nuzzling into Des' hand. "Yes, sir. Of course."

"You're going to be his for as long as the scene lasts, and until you're both cleaned up and back to calm. He'll take care of you, and he'll make sure you're safe. I'll be there, but you're to follow his words, and his wishes."

It was, of course, understood that if there were any issues Desmond would step in. He and Archer had explicitly discussed it when they had made their plans for the evening. Wyatt and Desmond had been together long enough that Wyatt knew that. It did occur to Desmond, however, that Dave might not. He quickly glanced over in Dave's direction, only to see Archer whispering into Dave's ear. Assuming that Archer was explaining the rules, Desmond went on. "Dave and I are going to go out to the other room and rearrange the furniture. You are now going to go with Archer. Okay?"

"Yes, sir." Wyatt nodded again, his voice barely above a whisper.

Gently, Desmond kissed him. "Okay, off you go, sweetheart. We'll see you shortly."

Without a word Archer came forward and took Wyatt's hand, very gently tugging him away. He nodded to Desmond, his face grave, accepting the charge of Desmond's submissive.

As Archer led him away, Wyatt glanced back, smiling a little bit at Dave. Wyatt appeared almost shy as he looked up through his eyelashes. Since they both stood three inches over six feet tall, that was rather adorable. Dave, just as adorably, gave him an encouraging grin and a little wave.

"So," Des said as the two men left the kitchen. "Shall we go and make our part of the room suitably comfortable?"

"What have they gone to do?" Dave asked curiously, not moving from where he leaned on the counter.

"Change clothing, I expect. There's a lot of drama in Archer's style of bondage. I know that he asked Wyatt to bring a few items of clothing for later -- soft sweat pants, a long sleeved T-shirt. But for during their scene, I expect Archer has things prepared."

Dave quirked a grin. "That's probably why I wasn't allowed in the guest room today."

"Probably." Desmond smiled, then asked, "You have a guest room now? Functioning?"

"Yep." Dave looked pleased and proud, his already impressive chest puffing out. "When Archie managed to give up the condo and we moved the rest of our things in, we set up the other room. One queen size bed in there, one in our room, and that was that. It'll take a big break somewhere before we can afford the king sized bed for our room, but it's a start." His smile grew soft and he looked around the kitchen with something like wonder on his face. "Everything has really been coming along since we both moved in here. Getting rid of the condo seemed to move everything forward quickly, and we were so busy we couldn't really enjoy it. But now that most of the construction is out of the way and the dry-walling is done, we're really starting to enjoy the house."

"I like that you're calling it a house," Des told him. "I mean, it's a station, and it will always be a station, but it's your home. The word house just seems to fit it better."

"I think that Archie is having a good time making it into a home," Dave said with a nod. "He's having a lot of fun designing the interior, taking advantage of the fire station features but working out all of the institutional feel. Do you remember that wall that I was talking about, the one that was just blank and we were going to put a bench along it? Just by the stairs."

With a nod Des said, "You had planned to put in a lot of art, hadn't you? Mementos and things, photographs?"

"Yeah, that one. It was going to be a kind of gallery." Dave shrugged one shoulder. "It still might be, or we might move the gallery, because Archie has decided that we need more light in there, and that would help reduce the institutional feel. He's going to open the whole thing up, make the stairway open to both floors, put in a skylight. It's going to be pretty awesome."

"How do you feel about that?" Des had thought Dave seemed really keen to have the hallway as a sort of museum honoring the firefighters who'd worked there.

"I think that if it makes Archie happy, it's cool. Seriously, he was so delighted with his plans that I didn't have the heart to say anything other than 'cool'. Not that I really objected. We're still going to have the mementoes and things -- maybe in the front hall, now, where the public used to come in, or in that room off the garage, the green one with the big window that will look at our pool table."

Desmond had to suppress the urge to approve, both of the still-planned gallery, its placement or the fact that Dave's reasoning was sound. The situation didn't require anything at all from Des; it was peculiar, though, not offering a partner his support. It wasn't comfortable. After a moment's thought, he said, "I really am looking forward to the display, regardless of where you put it."

"You know what?" Dave gave him one of those rare, shy looks he had, when his eyes dropped low and he almost looked like he was going to dig at the floor with his toe. It made Des hard, and he had to work to let *that* go, too. "The plans you and I came up with for your collection, the case with the glass top and the inlays? I want to ask Archie if I can make a couple for the firehouse stuff. We got a helmet." His face shone at that, the wonder of someone giving them an actual, real, old fire helmet. "And a couple of the books are old enough that I think we should put 'em under glass. What do you think?" His eyes went wide, suddenly. "I'll totally build yours first, though. Promise."

Laughing, Des reached for him. "I think it's a great idea." He kissed Dave's mouth and pressed close. "I think it's a really great idea. He'll agree to that, I'm sure."

"It'll take a while to collect the wood, or save up for it, but it'll be nice, I think. Sort of my own little side project in addition to the place." Dave's arms looped around Des and Dave smiled down at him. "Hi."

"Hi." Des kissed him again, falling into the sensations of warm body and hard muscle. It didn't take more than a moment or two for the kisses to deepen and for Dave's hands to drop low to Des' ass, pulling him up tight.

"Nice," Dave murmured, rubbing on him a little. Dave's erection was a hard rod against Des' hip. "You taste good."

"You feel good." Des licked his way to Dave's ear and bit at his ear lobe. "Hard for me, or hard for all of it? The show?"

"At the moment, just you."

It was a good answer. Des would stop short of calling it the correct answer, because either one would have been fine, but it added a bit of a lift to his own ego and cock to be the cause of Dave's ardor. He slipped a hand between them and massaged Dave's hard on over his jeans. "How far are you willing to go in front of them?"

Dave grinned and then plunged his tongue into Des' mouth, kissing him hard. His hips pushed, too, into Des' hand, dragging his erection along Des' palm. "You want to play while we watch?" he asked when he came up for air.

"I'm sure I could avoid it, but it won't be easy." Des palmed Dave again and squeezed. "I know what my limits are. I know theirs. But I don't know yours, dear one. What do you want?"

Dave licked his own lower lip and then licked Des', too. "I think," he said slowly, "that I'm going to watch Archie and Wyatt and get really turned on. Not because of what they do, but because of who they are, what you are. Two guys going at it in front of me, a beautiful man next to me, wanting? Damn right I'm going to get horny. Hornier. But if I find that the restraint thing is actually a turn off instead of a neutral, I'll just... quietly excuse myself, okay? You can watch and get off or whatever you want to do. Please don't leave them if I do; I'd feel horrible. I wouldn't want to ruin anything for anyone."

Des nodded, trying very hard to listen to both the words and the feeling behind them. "Do you think that's very likely? That it'll be a turn off?"

Dave shook his head. "Nah, not really. I mean, I've used the internet, I've seen stuff and watched stuff and even gotten hard over some of it. But Arch... it'll be a new side for me to see, and that's what's giving me that slight doubt about whether it'll make me beg for sex or make me giggle."

"I'm not sure how I feel about you going off on your own." Des frowned slightly, thinking about it.

"Oh. Well, maybe I could just kinda get between your knees and suck you off while you watch, then."

Des blinked, and then blinked again. "David. Do not make me turn you around and fuck you right here in the kitchen."

Dave laughed and rubbed against him again like a huge cat. "Uh-huh. Come on, let's go and move the couch -- the nice one -- and get comfortable. I promised Archie I would make sure there were water bottles and towels out there. He said he'd take care of the rest."

"All right." Des sighed and stepped back, adjusting his own erection as he did so. "Very good. So, if you leave I'm not to follow. But where will you go?"

"To the bedroom to masturbate until you find me." Dave grinned wickedly and winked, then walked toward the fridge. "Okay?"

"Don't come." Des bit his tongue at the order and winced in apology. "Please."

"Heh." Dave got a six pack of water bottles out of the fridge and came back to take Des' hand. "Thanks for that. And, okay. I won't come. Not until you're there to make me do it."

Relieved and a little embarrassed, Des went with Dave down the short hall to the garage. There was still no sign of Archer or Wyatt, but he hadn't heard Archer yelling at them to hurry up, so he wasn't surprised. In a matter of minutes he and Dave had pushed a long couch out from under the loft, through the taped off pool table space, and down to where they'd have a good view and yet be out of the line of action.

"Okay, water." Dave tore the six pack apart and put four bottles near the wall for Archer and took two for himself and Des, putting them by the couch. He paused for another long kiss and a grope, then moved away. "I'm going to lock up and dim the lights. Be right back."

Des nodded and paced off the area Archer would be working in, then edged the couch a little bit farther out of the way. He wondered idly if Archer was going to use music, then decided it didn't matter. Given the acoustics in the garage, all he'd be hearing anyway was Wyatt's pants and Archer's words.

God, he was hard.

While he waited for the others to come back Desmond unbuttoned his shirt sleeves and rolled them up, then undid the top two buttons of his shirt. That was the very epitome of relaxed -- hell, it was almost pajamas. Dave could hardly find fault with that.

"This, too." Dave's voice came from right behind him, low and rumbling. A hand slipped around Des' waist and undid his belt. "No belt, no tie... If you're going to play with me, I want access to you." Des stood still while Dave used one hand to tug the belt off, the friction pulling and dragging at Des' waist. Dave's other hand traced over Des' cock, fingers splayed on either side. "Don't come without me," Dave whispered.

Des shuddered and nodded. "I won't."

Dave turned him so fast that Desmond didn't even hear his moan until it was being swallowed in a hard kiss, both of them clutching at each other and moving back toward the couch. Maybe

there was time to rub off really fast before Archer and Wyatt came to take over. Dave pulled him down and Des went, one leg sliding up to ride against Dave's hip, the other braced on the floor as he straddled Dave's body.

"Yeah," Dave groaned. "Come on. Show me."

Des bit at Dave's jaw and humped him wildly, thrusting hard and fast. They were both moving, gasping into each other's mouths as they went for it. Large hands settled on Des' ass and Dave ground up against him, growling deep in his chest, loud enough that Desmond could feel it against his own.

"Oh, hell, no." Archer sounded distinctly unimpressed. "You make a mess in those pants, Desmond Chase, and you're gonna be sitting there sticky until I'm done what I intend to be doing, you hear me?"

Des groaned and immediately started trying to disentangle himself from Dave. It seemed Dave had grown an extra limb or three, though, and he didn't seem to understand either the etiquette of the situation or just how badly they were breaching it. "Uh." It was the best Des could manage, in between trying to make an apology and trying not to moan as Dave held him in place.

Archer's voice got louder. "David Allen! You let him go right now and be the honorable and respectful man you promised me you were!" He looked taller than he really was, and rather imposing in black jeans and long sleeved black T-shirt.

Dave's hands fell away and he looked up at Des, his eyes wide. He appeared honestly stunned, and a little hurt.

"It's really not polite to steal the show," Des explained, rolling off him and trying to catch his breath. "Sorry, I shouldn't have let it get so... intense."

Dave blinked a couple of times and then turned his head to find Archer. "Didn't hear you come in, is all, sunshine," he said reproachfully. "You two were taking your time."

Archer merely glared at the two of them until they were both standing and fixing their clothes. Not until Dave had his T-shirt tucked in again did Archer's features soften and he moved close enough to give Dave's swollen mouth a kiss. "I knew you'd hear me if I roared. Now, you just settle yourself, okay? And trust me -- one of these days I'm going to let you and Des just keep on going. Maybe even while I film it. That was some smokin' action you had going there."

To Des' mild amusement, Dave flushed red. "Stop that."

"No, for real. That was hot, babe." Archer laughed and kissed Dave again. "Sit, both of you. Lay off the making out, though. Wyatt's going to come out in just a moment." He crossed to one of the chests he'd built and started taking out some things, humming to himself.

Des sat, tugging Dave down with him. "Do you want us to do anything in particular?" he asked, watching Archer lay out a first aid kit by the water and a variety of other objects nearby. A short whip was a shock, but the lube, condoms, dildo and blindfold were not and neither was the length of rope.

Archer shook his head and went to the light switch by the door, dimming the lights a little more and turning off the ones in the loft entirely. Their little corner of the garage was glowing softly, giving the spot a feeling of isolation. "No," he said as he came back. "Just watch. I'd appreciate if you don't really talk to him, though you can whisper to each other. He might even like that. I just don't want him really engaged with anyone other than me."

Des and Dave both nodded. That was exactly what Desmond would have requested, as well. "Is he prepped?" Des asked.

"As prepped as I can make him. I don't really do the heavy dominance." Archer seemed a little apologetic about it, giving Des a small shrug of the shoulders. "I've told him what I'll be doing, in general terms, and he knows that he'll be safe. We've got signal words and all that, but he's not really in sub-space. He'll get more mellow after I start."

Next to him, Dave stirred, but didn't ask questions, and then there wasn't time for questions, anyway. Wyatt could be heard walking toward them, his foot falls light and even, though clearly he had shoes of some kind on and wasn't barefooted.

For some reason Desmond had expected him to be naked. Wyatt was far from naked. He had on boots with heavy rubber soles, a chest harness that Desmond would never have thought would look so good on the wide build, and he was wearing black chaps made of thick leather, clearly designed to fit him and oiled to make them soft enough for comfort. That was all, however, and his ass looked smooth and white like a beacon as he stood facing Archer.

"Oh, my." Des breathed the words, mesmerized. He'd dressed Wyatt up once or twice, but never like this. Leather wasn't his kink, nor was bondage, but he was becoming glad that Archer was bent that way -- it allowed him to see Wyatt like this: hard, tall and strong, other worldly.

Dave gave a low whistle between his teeth. "He looks way better in 'em than I did."

Des whipped his head around and Wyatt laughed softly. Archer snickered.

Dave shrugged. "I tried them on when Arch ordered them. I'm the same size, and they were a gift. I was the fitting model. Watch, now."

Still considering Dave in the chaps, Des slowly turned his head back and was immediately smitten with the site of Wyatt's ass again.

"Wyatt. To me, please." Archer's voice was low and calm.

Beside Des, Dave relaxed into the couch, leaning close to Des and reaching for his hand. Absently, Des took it. He was impressed with how Archer simply fell into his role and didn't seem to have any concerns at all about doing his scene with an audience, and particularly one as invested as Desmond and Dave were.

Wyatt had taken the few steps he needed in order to reach Archer, and he stood with his head bowed, his legs spread a little wider than hip-width. Des wished Archer would turn Wyatt around so he could see the front, but he said nothing. It wasn't his show.

"You're ready?" Archer asked, still in that low, almost soothing tone.

"Yes, sir." Wyatt nodded once. "Ready."

"Are you warm and comfortable? Now is the time to tell me."

Again, Wyatt nodded. "Fine, thank you."

Des's fingers tangled with Dave's. The room was huge, but it was warm enough; he was certainly warm, and Dave was like a furnace. It was almost too warm, actually; the pellet stove had been running since before they'd had supper, working to heat the garage.

"Okay, here we go." Archer stepped back and pointed to the wall and the chains. "Approach and kneel."

Desmond noticed almost immediately that there was nothing to kneel on by the cement floor. The hardwood and tile wasn't installed yet, and he very nearly cleared his throat, but Dave's fingers rubbing on his wrist pulled him back. He looked at Dave, quickly, but the man was watching Wyatt with interest and apparently hadn't meant the gesture to be anything other than what it was.

Wyatt walked to the wall, the leather of the chaps shining as if it had been polished. The harness buckles clearly *had* been polished, and they shone brightly, catching the light. At the wall, he knelt, going to both knees at once, sinking down with practiced ease. His knees splayed out and Des was suddenly aware that Wyatt had to be impressively erect, as even his balls were merely a hint of shape between his legs.

Then Des noticed that at some point between lunch and right then, Wyatt had been either shaved or waxed. "Oh," Des whispered, before he could stop himself.

Archer may have heard, or he may not have. He walked forward and took one of the upper chains, then held the leather cuff for Wyatt to put his wrist into. The hand was secured and then the other, the link of the chains clinking as they shifted. The chains were secured to the wall at the very ends; Wyatt had a lot of play, a great deal of slack. He was even able to move a couple feet away from the wall, if he tried.

"Up." Archer waited until Wyatt stood and then had him turn, arms up over his head so that when he was facing Dave and Desmond, the chains were crossed behind Wyatt's back. It was noisier that way, and some of the slack was taken up.

Wyatt had been waxed bare. Or shaven -- Des didn't care which, it was the effect that mattered. Smooth and hairless, Wyatt's chest gleamed and his cock rose from smooth skin, looking even larger than normal.

"Hot damn." Dave was impressed, too.

Archer gave them a quick grin and a wink. "Say it now, we're set to get to business. Kneel, please, Wyatt. Once more."

"Yes, sir." Wyatt, his cheeks slightly pink, sank down again, his cock bobbing.

"Be still unless I tell you that you can move. Your word is 'plastic'. If you want something to drink, tell me now."

Wyatt shook his head and Des found himself holding his own breath. They hadn't done anything yet, and Des was caught up in the play.

Archer chained Wyatt's ankles, checked the binding on Wyatt's wrists and picked up the blindfold. "Eyes, boy. Then cock."

The cock in question lifted even higher, and Des' throbbed a bit, too.

It only took a moment for Archer to blindfold Wyatt and then there he was. Bound in chains, dressed in leather, a black slash across his eyes and he was transformed. Gone was the Doctor of Philosophy. There was no former football star, no six foot three imposing build looming over them.

There was a submissive on his knees, shaking ever so slightly, making the chains rattle.

Wyatt was insanely attractive that way, Desmond thought.

Dave leaned in another inch or two and squeezed Des' fingers. "Wow," he murmured. "That's pretty."

Des nodded and squeezed back, not taking his gaze off his partner.

"Up." Archer held more leather in his hand, a thick black cock ring that he snapped around Wyatt's prick as soon as Wyatt was on his feet. "You don't come until that comes off. You don't have to wait for my word this time; if I take that off you, you can shoot when you want."

Wyatt nodded once, his standard agreement. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Archer put a steadying hand at the small of Wyatt's back and looked at Des and Dave. "I'm not really into hitting or marking, but Wyatt likes a bit of feeling sometimes. That's why I got him the chaps. We can do what we both like, and I won't be marking or damaging him." He grinned suddenly. "I can return him good as new."

Des smiled back. "My thanks."

Archer grinned again, and inclined his head. "Okay, pretty. Time to get to work. Are you feeling okay with your eyes blocked?"

"Better with the eyes than I am with my cock, sir," Wyatt said impishly.

Immediately, Archer slapped Wyatt's ass. Hard. The smack rang through the huge space, the chains clattered, and Dave jumped.

Des, Archer and Wyatt all moaned.

Archer did it again, three more times, hard slaps that Wyatt took with something approaching grace.

"Face the wall again," Archer said, helping Wyatt to turn and untangling the chains. "Step forward."

Wyatt did as instructed and stood still while Archer shorted up the chains, raising his arms higher and forcing him to be close to the wall. Wyatt's hands ended up at the same height as his shoulders, about three feet apart.

Dave let go of Desmond's hand and instead put his hand on Des' thigh. High up, and close to the inside of his thigh. Des was glad he'd lost his belt.

"Apart," Archer barked suddenly, kicking Wyatt's feet wider.

"Yes, sir!" Wyatt's legs spread and his ass lifted, his head tipped forward.

"Very nice." Archer didn't slap Wyatt's ass again, though he looked tempted. Instead, he ran his hand over one cheek very softly, then the other. "Very, very nice."

Wyatt whimpered a bit and rocked back. "Thank you, sir," he said again.

Dave's hand drifted and Des made himself push it away. He didn't want to get distracted, not yet.

"You're eager," Archer whispered, his fingers delving between Wyatt's cheeks.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not ready, yet."

"No, sir. Of course not, sir."

Des found himself sliding lower on the couch, the catch in Wyatt's voice going right to his balls. He adored making Wyatt sound like that, and Archer hadn't even done anything to him yet, really. It was very powerful, the way Archer played. It made Des both keenly aware of the needs he could not fulfill in Wyatt and profoundly grateful that they'd found Archer and Dave.

Dave's hand didn't slide when Des did; Des left it alone this time, right over his cock. Dave didn't move at all, merely let the warm weight of his hand thrill Des to his core.

From somewhere, likely hidden by the other items, Archer produced another chain. This one was much finer than the ones on the wall, and he attached it to the D-rings on the front of Wyatt's harness, and then to the primary bondage chains. As near as Des could tell, they weren't actually effective and it took Des a moment to work out that they were merely for the aesthetic. Archer's kink, after all.

As each chain was clipped, Wyatt moved slightly, swaying or shifting his hands. The chains were almost musical with their new additions.

When he was done, Archer stepped back and rubbed his own erection over his jeans. He didn't even glance at Dave and Des, apparently entirely engaged with Wyatt. "You're pretty for me. Smooth and soft, hard and captive."

Wyatt nodded, and both of his wrists turned. He grabbed the chains with his hands and tugged, making his arms and shoulders strain.

Archer hissed and Dave swallowed hard.

Des lifted his own hips, involuntarily, and Dave gave him a single rub. It wasn't enough.

With a muttered word that Des couldn't hear, Archer picked up the length of rope. Des had assumed there would be more tying, more bondage, but instead Archer whipped it at Wyatt's legs.

"Yes!" Wyatt went stiff, his back arching as his thigh took the snap of the rope. "Thank you."

Archer merely shook his head and dropped the rope, apparently finding the frayed end unsatisfactory. He picked up the short whip instead and used that on the chaps, with even strokes that didn't seem to be very hard. There were many of them, though, slap and smack and thud, over and over.

Each time, Wyatt twisted in his chains, alternately trying to get closer and trying to move away. He was shining with sweat, his arms becoming corded, and his legs getting tighter and tighter as he took the hits.

"Oh, man," Dave whispered. "That's... holy crap."

"It's not enough to actually hurt him," Des whispered back, his voice strained. He put his hand over Dave's and worked his cock against Dave's palm. "He might possibly get a bruise or two, but he'll be sore from muscle tension, not the whipping."

Dave nodded, the motion almost lost in Des' peripheral vision. "Uh-huh, okay. God." He shifted beside Des again and moaned softly. "Wow."

Archer dropped the whip and paused for a moment, apparently ignoring Wyatt's whimpers and begging as he took a long drink of water. "Just getting warmed up, precious," he said, and Wyatt groaned.

Archer picked up the lube, though, and in a moment was slicking his fingers. "Intermission." With a gentleness that contradicted the whipping, he fingered Wyatt's hole, his other hand holding Wyatt's hips steady. "You're so gorgeous," he told Wyatt. "Such a good boy. You're being so good for me. You're going to make me proud."

Wyatt thrust back at his words, moaning again. "Thank you, sir," he said, his voice rasping. "I want to please."

"You please." Archer fucked Wyatt with two fingers for a few more strokes, then inserted a plug. "This'll hold you for me."

Dave's moan was louder than Wyatt's that time, and Dave' fingers made a concerted effort to get Des' zipper down.

Archer picked the whip back up and started slapping Wyatt's thighs again. Wyatt's moans became yells and shouts almost immediately, then begging words. He was begging Archer to hit him harder, to stop hitting and fuck him. "Please, sir," he said yet again. "Please. Let me down, let me suck you, let me show you how much I want. Please!"

"Jesus." Des grabbed at Dave's wrist, suddenly tight and wired and ready to go. "Wait."

"But--"

"Wait!"

Dave subsided, but he was rubbing at his own erection through his jeans. So be it. Desmond would still get what he needed, what he wanted.

"Please," Wyatt begged. "Sir. Fuck me, I'm ready."

"It's not up to you," Archer said, his voice deep. "It's when I'm ready that matters."

Wyatt nodded frantically, his chains rattling. "Yes, sir. When you want me." He arched his back and swayed, his hips moving as he sought the feel of Archer's whip.

Dave's breath was a loud rasp. Des' cock throbbed and ached, and his eyes grew dry from staring.

Archer could apparently only take so much of Wyatt's pretty begging, even if it was slightly more than Desmond could take. In very short order the whip hit the floor again and Archer was lunging for the lube and rubbers.

"Des," Dave hissed.

"Go if you have to," Des said, not bothering to lower his voice. He was mesmerized, watching Archer's jeans part with a yank, his wide cock shoving out only to be covered in latex with a quick swipe of Archer's hand. Wyatt's voice was a song of submission, beautiful and desperate.

Des was going to come in his pants.

Archer put a hand on the small of Wyatt's back and tugged the plug free. "Lower," he snarled, and Wyatt bent his knees, his arms clinging to the chains, a plumb line running from Wyatt's shoulder to the O-rings in the wall.

Dave was holding Des's hand, urging him to his feet, but not out of the room. A step closer, then another, and then Archer was plunging his cock into Wyatt's ass and both Wyatt and Archer were crying out, the sound filling the large space and echoing.

Desmond almost fell, his knees went weak so suddenly. Dave held him up, held him close, almost picking him up right off the floor.

"Yes," Des whispered, mostly to himself as he watched Archer and Wyatt reaching nearer to their conclusion.

Dave's mouth moved next to Desmond's ear. "I want you to fuck me. Now. Hard."

Des nodded, watching Archer reach around to tug at Wyatt's cock ring. "Yes."

And then they were moving, across the dark garage and through a door, down a short hall to the very hall they'd been discussing before. They turned and headed to the stairs. Dave pulled him along, past the long, blank gallery wall, the only light coming from one that had been left on upstairs.

"Dave." Des tried to make him stop, but Dave was a lot bigger than he was and it took a fair amount of pulling to get Dave to stop walking. "Where--"

"Bedroom. Lube and rubbers." Dave's chest was heaving and he pulled Des to him, kissing him hungrily and yanking him close by the hips. It was like the couch all over again, but standing up.

They weren't going to make it there. They just weren't. God, why the hell didn't Archer and Dave keep their supplies all over the huge fire station? The bedroom was just too far away. All Des had was a rubber in his pocket -- he hoped. He remembered taking one from home, but his brain was addled and he couldn't be certain he was remembering correctly. He shoved Dave away and checked.

"How much can you take?" he asked, unsure of limits.

Dave yanked his jeans open and shoved them down his hips, turning to kneel on the stairs. "Fuck me."

Des had to close his eyes and will himself to maintain some thread of control. Stairs and floors were hard, far harder than he liked, but sometime you had to work with what you had, and faced with Dave willing to bend and spread on a staircase and take it rough, Des was right there with him.

His cock was so stiff he wasn't sure he was going to get more than a stroke or two, if he even got it in. Dave was already fisting his own prick, his upper body held up with one arm, when Des licked two fingers and tried to open him with spit.

"Des," Dave ground out. "Get your fucking cock in my ass before I come."

Come.

"Shoot first," Des ordered, suddenly reaching around to help. "It's lube. I'll fuck you with your own come." Dave's cock was already leaking a steady stream, slick and hot.

Dave yelled. "Oh, *fuck!*" His body drew up tight like a bow and he grunted as he thrust into their hands, his prick hot and wet. It only took a couple of strokes before he shot, hot spunk coating both of their hands and landing with a splash on the steps.

Des was almost dizzy with lust as he swiped at his cock and thrust in, deep and hard. He could feel Dave still coming, the muscles tight and fluttering around him. He was right. He only got to thrust a handful of times before his head tipped back and he yelled Dave's name as he came.

"Yes!" Dave ground back onto him while Des climaxed, as if getting closer, getting Des in deeper would make it last.

When Des came back to himself his ears were ringing, his heart was pounding and his knees were screaming at him. His slacks were hanging off his thighs, Dave's jeans were bunched up and in the way, and they were both sticky and messy.

On the stairs.

"You know," Des said with a groan as he pulled away, "there was lube and rubbers right there. We didn't have to leave."

Dave groaned, too, and rolled to the side. "Wasn't thinking. Just needed. God, that was scary hot. I'm still horny. Still hard."

Des laughed weakly and tried to at least get his pants back up, fighting with the used condom and his handkerchief. "It was rather a success, yes."

Dave kissed him and then pulled back, grinning. "You got all Master and Commander back there."

"Did I?" Des grimaced. "I'm sorry, it just... It's who I am. And Wyatt is my submissive. He was..." Des didn't really have the words. "Well. There are many reasons why I just fucked you on a staircase and while three quarters of them are all about you, there's also the part that's back there in that room." He sighed and looked Dave in the eye. "I try so hard not to be alpha with you. I really do. But I don't think I'm going to be able to bottle it up and never let it out. It shames me to admit, but I think that trying so hard to keep separate from a portion of me is causing me to hold back."

Slowly, Dave moved forward and kissed him again, this time softly and sweetly. "I'm willing to forgive your mistakes, times when you give orders without thinking, acting on instinct," Dave said quietly, no hint of a smile on his face. "But you need to be willing to make them. You need to show me who you are, all of you."

A knot slowly untangled in his stomach as Desmond Chase learned something new about himself. It was all well and good to expect nothing but candor from Dave and even from Archer, but apparently he had to open himself as well, to the deepest recesses. He nodded once, looking at Dave's face, taking in every shadow and plane and faint laugh line. This man fascinated him; Dave was funny and smart, exceedingly attractive, they could talk about a million things for hours on end. He was sexy and vibrant, he was endlessly creative with his hands and his lovemaking. He was flexible regarding Des' lifestyle, and respectful of it as well. "I love you," Des finally said.

A sunny grin shone on Dave's face. "Awesome. That wasn't a mistake, just to clarify." He kissed Des soundly and then again. "I love you, too."

From the garage, Archer called them to come back, to tell Wyatt how well he'd done.

"Wonderful," Des said sincerely. "Come on, dear. Let's put ourselves back to rights and go tell them of their stunning success. The four of us are taking strides."

"You're very fancy with words," Dave teased. "Let's just tell them they're really hot and we're in love."

Des shrugged and stood up, hoping someone had a change of clothes for him, somewhere. "If you think they'll understand that better." He wouldn't at all be surprised if he and Dave had missed a similar declaration by mere moments. "Wyatt will be hungry."

"I have food." Dave did his pants back up and made a face. "I'm going to shower before we eat again, though. God."

Des could only smirk. It was the only appropriate expression, given the success of the evening. "I'll join you," he promised as he took Dave's hand. The fire station had huge showers. Big enough for two or three or even four.

Content to his bones, Des led Dave back to the garage, ready to take on the world with what was quickly becoming his family.

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