

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



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THREE PART HARMONY

Tielle St. Clare

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

THREE PART HARMONY

By Tielle St. Clare

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

On the left, an upright piano stands against the wall of a brightly lit room with large windows. A well-built naked man sprawls on the piano bench, facing away from the instrument, his arms spread out along the keyboard. Another naked young man stands over him, one hand braced on the top of the piano, the other behind his back. On the floor, a third naked man sits watching them, sheet music open on his lap.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

The band has been together for a few years, but even their unique sound hasn't launched their career as fast as they'd hoped. So they rented a big house to live together for a summer and write their epic, star-vehicle album (author's choice of rock/blues/folk/jazz/classical or any combination). The weather has been unseasonably warm, and working in close quarters in relative isolation has pushed their friendship in new directions.

From here on out, it's author's choice within these parameters: no BDSM, D/s or hipsters; no HEA required, but an HFN would be nice—it can be for only two or all three (surprise me!) but if it's only for two, they're all still friends and band mates at the end; an unexpected time period or setting would make me very happy!

I'm also a fan of angst, highly emotional and/or offbeat stories/characters, and intimacy, but the inclusion/intensity of these are completely author's choice. Would rather no GFY, but bi would be cool.

Sincerely,

Charley

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: musicians/rock stars, friends to lovers, M/M/M, three-way

Word count: 9,297

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By Tielle St. Clare

Mick stood in the open doorway, watching Crimson skim his fingers across the yellowing piano keys. The kid wasn't playing anything in particular, but the sounds somehow blended into a haunting melody that tugged on Mick's heart.

"You okay?" Mick asked. Crimson nodded, but didn't stop playing. Poor kid. Music was his only outlet. He was young, barely in his twenties, stuttered when he got nervous, and blushed when anyone looked at him too closely. How the hell he'd ended up in a rock band baffled Mick.

Except he knew.

Devon.

Crimson would have followed Devon across burning coals covered in cockroaches.

And Devon was either oblivious or just a bastard, and it really depended on the day which option Mick chose. When they were on tour or in the studio, it was easier. Devon might go out, catting around, acting like the slut he was, but Crimson had other things to do. He could avoid watching.

Here—there was no escaping it.

Not that Devon had been acting like a slut here. There wasn't an opportunity. It was just the three of them in the middle of butt-fuck nowhere. With massive, fire-breathing mosquitoes to keep them company. Technically it was interior Alaska, about a three-hour drive north of Fairbanks, except there weren't any roads. They'd had to catch a small plane, then ride ATVs for an hour to get here.

With just the three of them, it didn't give Devon a chance to fuck anything that moved. But he wasn't fucking Crimson, either.

And that left Mick—hell, he didn't know where it left him. He knew where he wasn't—fucking Crimson.

The three of them made a miserable triangle. Mick wanted Crimson. Crimson wanted Devon. And Devon just wanted to be a star.

“Where's D?” Mick asked.

“He's taking a shower.”

Mick nodded. They'd both needed a chance to cool off. Mick had opted for going outside but the mosquitoes had chased him back in after a few minutes.

Crimson sighed and his hands dropped away from the keyboard. “I hate it when you two fight. It's like listening to my parents.”

Mick peeled his arm off the doorframe and strolled into the room. Even knowing it wouldn't help his mental state, Mick couldn't resist placing his hands on Crimson's shoulders, bending down and kissing the top of his head. Thankfully, he found the strength not to lean a little farther over and place a kiss on Crimson's neck, his jawline, his—fuck. This was a bad idea, but he couldn't quite make his fingers let go. The cotton T-shirt was all that separated Mick from Crimson's bare skin.

Mick wasn't sure when this obsession with their keyboardist had started—sometime during the last tour, probably when he'd seen Crimson's heart break every time Devon disappeared with another groupie. Male, female. It didn't matter. Devon would fuck them all.

Somehow it fell to Mick to cheer up Crimson. That sense of obligation had turned to lust and then into something more.

Damn, he'd be willing to let Devon have Crimson if it would keep the sad look out of the younger man's eyes.

“That's a good way of looking at it.” He rubbed his palms against the tight muscles beneath his hands, imagining what it would be like to touch bare skin—a little slick from the sweat, rubbing his palms across that sleek, hot flesh. “D and I are like an old married couple. Stuck with each other and determined to fight it out to the end.”

“And there’s no sex.”

The new voice entered the room like a shot. Mick jumped back as if he’d been doing something wrong by touching Crimson. He mentally slapped himself. Devon clearly didn’t want Crimson. Mick did. Too bad the kid’s eyes were always on the band’s front man.

Devon walked to the edge of the piano and grimaced at Mick. It was a familiar version of his I’m-still-pissed-but-we-need-to-let-it-go smile. He’d put on the same pair of shorts he’d been wearing earlier and a dark T-shirt. They weren’t dressing to impress anyone out here.

“Damn, we *are* like an old married couple.”

Mick chuckled, more because he wanted to accept Devon’s olive branch than he thought it was that funny.

Crimson’s head came up. “Then you g-guys, n-never...?”

Devon reared back. His lips crinkled in disgust as if the idea appalled him. Crimson’s cheeks turned the color that gave him his name. His real name was Arthur, and while he looked like an Arthur or even an Artie, Devon didn’t think anyone in a rock band should have such a stuffy name. He’d nicknamed him Crimson because he blushed so easily. After a few token protests, Crimson accepted it.

Mick reached out and smacked Devon on the arm. “We tried once.”

“T-tried?” Crimson’s eyes got wide and he spun halfway around on the piano bench to look at both men at once.

Devon sighed and rolled his eyes. Mick fought the urge to do the same thing. The memory clearly affected them both the same way—embarrassing and a little bit of frustration.

“What happened?” Crimson asked.

“It was an epic battle to see who got to be on top.” Mick shook his head. “When it went from sexy to us actually trying to kill each other, we decided to get drunk instead.”

“And I found a beautiful little twink who bent over for me so nicely,” Devon drawled. “I pounded his ass for two solid days before I decided I’d had enough.”

Crimson’s shoulders drooped and he spun back around, facing the keys.

Mick pressed his lips together and glared at Devon. The guy had no idea how he was crushing Crimson. Or if he did, he was just being an asshole. Despite the fact that Mick had known Devon since high school, sometimes he didn’t understand his friend. Usually he explained it away with Devon being drunk or high.

Mick peered at his friend. They’d agreed when they came out here that there would be no booze, no drugs. Mick had said it was because they needed to be clearheaded to write this next album. The secondary motive was to see if Devon could handle it. He’d been drinking a lot during the last tour, partying with the drummer from the headlining band.

Devon sighed and sank down onto one hip, his head tipping to the side. “I’m not high. Hell, if I was, I’d be in a better mood.”

“That’s true,” Crimson muttered. Devon laughed and cuffed him on the shoulder before grabbing the sheet of music off the piano.

Mick hesitated for a moment before agreeing—Devon was fun when he was high, but it was a false personality. And the drugs tended to remove the filter and let the asshole come out.

Not that Devon hadn’t been a bit of an asshole on this trip, though Mick attributed that to the heat. Seriously—they were in fucking Alaska. It was supposed to be cold—polar bears, igloos. But no, they’d arrived during one of the hottest summers ever. Ninety degrees in the shade and no fucking air conditioning. They could only open one window because the rest didn’t have screens, and the man-eating mosquitoes were always looking for an opening.

They’d each only brought one pair of shorts. Mick had sacrificed his sweats on day two, cutting them off at mid-thigh. They clung to his ass and made him look like an overeager rent boy but Mick didn’t care. Bare skin was their only relief.

“Okay, let’s get back to it.” Devon dropped down beside the piano, resting his back against the piano leg. His hair was still wet from his shower and his T-shirt clung to his chest. The light-brown shorts he wore stopped just above his knees. “Crimson, man, play us what we’ve got.”

Crimson paused for a moment before placing his hands on the old piano keys. Damn, the piano had been a lucky break. When Mick’s uncle had offered the remote cabin for their retreat, he’d said it was primitive. He hadn’t specified there was only enough electricity to run the refrigerator and the stove. They’d brought their equipment but had no way to run it. Thank God for the piano. Mick had his acoustic guitar, so they had the basics. They just had to imagine how it would sound amplified and electrified.

Crimson dutifully played the melody, the sounds moving through Mick’s head. He could hear his bass line pulsing beneath it. Devon started to hum a line above the music. It was good. Just on the verge of a new sound but something wasn’t right.

Crimson’s fingers stumbled. “Sorry.”

“No.” Devon patted Crimson’s leg. “It wasn’t you. There’s something not right.”

Sweat dripped down Mick’s nose and dropped to the ground.

“Fuck, it’s hot,” he muttered, pulling his T-shirt away from his skin. The tiny breeze created by the movement sent a brief rush of air and he sighed.

“Yeah, we know.” Devon grabbed a pencil and started scribbling notes on the lined paper. “What if you tried this?”

He handed the page to Crimson. Crimson peered at the new notes then he shook his head. “No. That’s going to bring the whole thing down. See?” He played what Devon had written, and the energy went flat. Crimson was by far the best musician in their little group. He could practically see the notes in his head.

Crimson started playing, his fingers tripping across the keys. He played the first section, the part they all agreed was good. When it was done, he started

again. The sound swirled through the room as Mick dropped down on the couch. The rough material rubbed against his legs, like a wool blanket being wrapped around him. Heat drained his energy and he couldn't make himself get up.

The music filled the room and oozed into Mick's skin. This was it. This was the song that was going to take them to the top. He could feel it. They'd been moderately successful in the past ten years but they'd all agreed this was it. Either they made it, or they called it quits. Mick's father was holding a job for him at the used car sales lot he owned. The thought made his stomach burn, but damn, he was coming up on thirty. So was Devon. If they didn't have a sound the world wanted, maybe they needed to throw in the towel.

Mick hated the idea of giving up but damn it, he wanted enough money to pay his own rent, not have a roommate who took care of the bills when the band didn't get paid. They'd been on tour for the past eight months, the opening act for a big-name band. It hadn't paid much, but had gotten them some exposure. That's why they all agreed... now was the time.

They'd dumped their drummer and lead guitarist and decided the three of them would put together their new sound. The enforced solitude of Mick's uncle's place in the middle of Alaska had given them the time and space. Now they just needed—

Mick sighed. He couldn't think any more. The heat had melted his brain cells. He picked up a music sheet and began to fan himself.

Devon chuckled. "You look like one of those ladies at the Gospel Mission Church."

Crimson smiled and switched gears, taking up the pounding dramatic tones of a gospel song.

"Play it, brother!" Devon shouted, clapping along.

The sound was too much for Mick. It had too much intensity for his hot body.

“I can’t take it anymore.” He threw himself off the couch and stood up. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and dragged it up over his head. Crimson’s fingers slowed as he looked over his shoulder at Mick’s bare chest.

The weak breeze teased Mick’s nipples making them hard. A delicious shiver raced across his skin and he wanted more. He undid the button of his shorts and dragged the zipper down.

“What the fuck?” Devon sat up, his lips tight in the corners. “Are you just going to sit around bare-ass naked?”

“No, I—” As Mick yanked open his fly, he remembered he’d been hot while getting dressed, and underwear had been one too many layers. He’d gone commando. He briefly considered dragging his shorts back up but pride wouldn’t let him. That, and the heat. “Guess I am.” He shoved the baggy shorts down. They fell to the floor and Mick kicked them away.

“Fuck, that’s better.” He tipped his head back and spread his arms wide. A little air moved through the one open window and Mick took advantage.

Crimson looked at Mick, then snapped his eyes away as if he wasn’t supposed to see. Seconds later, he once again glanced over his shoulder, this time, his gaze lingering. Mick’s cock started to swell beneath the other man’s perusal. Crimson’s cheeks turned bright red, but he continued to stare.

“You don’t know what you’re missing,” Mick teased.

Crimson’s lips pulled up in a slight smile. “You do look cool.”

Devon plopped the sheet music on his lap. “You’re wasting time.” The words came out grouchy and irritable but Mick knew Devon, and he was pretty damn sure those pages of music hid a growing hard-on. The spark in his friend’s eye showed an interest. The concept stopped Mick’s heart for one moment.

He and Devon were friends, and with the exception of that one ill-fated attempt at fucking, they’d never been anything more. It worked well that way. Crimson suited Devon much better. He’d be the sweet little bottom to Devon’s big, bad top. Mick just had to get the two of them together.

The idea slammed into his brain and he instantly knew what to do.

“Come on.” He held out his hand to Crimson. The younger man shook his head, but Mick could see the hunger, the desire to be brave, behind those pretty blue eyes. He stepped forward and grabbed the bottom of Crimson’s shirt. In one quick motion, he dragged it up and off. Then he pulled Crimson off the piano bench to stand in the middle of the room.

Crimson squealed and covered his nipples with his hands, laughter in his gaze.

“Nice.” Not that Mick hadn’t seen Crimson at least mostly naked when they were changing in the one tiny dressing room they were usually given for their whole band.

“Check him out, D. Crimson’s been putting on some muscle.” It was true. There was definition in his chest and abs Mick hadn’t seen before. Devon continued to stare at the music sheet in front of him, then slowly dragged his gaze upward. The slight widening of his eyes made Mick smile.

“Been working out?”

Crimson shrugged. “Not much else to do here.”

That was true. They could fish and Mick’s uncle said they could hunt ptarmigan, but none of them were inclined to kill anything.

“Come on.” Mick lifted his chin toward Crimson’s groin. “Let’s have the rest of it.”

Crimson shook his head and sort of backed away. “Oh, I don’t know.”

Mick grabbed him by the hand and yanked him up hard against his body—and his growing erection.

“Come on, baby,” he whispered in Crimson’s ear. “Let’s show D what he’s been missing.”

Crimson gulped but he didn’t move, not even when Mick reached between their bodies and undid the top button of Crimson’s denim shorts. They fell easily to the ground, leaving a pair of black boxer briefs that clung like a

second skin. It was impossible not to notice Crimson's dick was hard as well. Mick stepped back. He wasn't going to force Crimson to get naked.

"The rest of it." The soft command came from Devon. Crimson hesitated for a heartbeat, then hooked his fingers into the top of his underwear and pushed them down. When he straightened up, his fingers twitched at his sides as if he wanted to shield his cock.

"Day-um." Mick crossed his arms and stared at Crimson's prick. The blatant observation seemed to make him harder, his cock swelling. The kid's shaft wasn't above average in thickness but he had to be eight, maybe nine inches long. Mick licked his lips, imagining Crimson's moans as Mick deep throated him. "You need to walk around naked more often."

Crimson blushed and a soft smile curved his lips. "What a-about..." Crimson's question trailed away as his eyes moved to Devon.

Mick spun around, putting his shoulder next to Crimson's. "Yeah D, what about you? You tell Crimson to bare it all but you're not willing to get nekkid? That's not very fair."

"If you two want to expose yourselves, go for it. I'm fine." He shifted the music on his lap but there was no disguising his hard-on. Another nudge and Mick was pretty sure he'd have him.

"I'm guessing it's because he has a really little dick," Mick whispered loudly to Crimson.

Crimson bumped Mick's shoulder with his own. "That's not nice." He paused and looked at Devon. "That's not it, is it?"

"What? No. I just—" He stood up, still holding the sheet music in front of his groin. "I'll just let you two play." He turned and started toward the door.

"You d-don't have to leave." The soft call from Crimson stopped Devon in his tracks.

Devon sighed and shook his head. "I think Mick wants you to himself." He didn't turn around. He didn't keep walking, either.

Crimson blinked and looked up at Mick, his eyes wide as if he'd never seen him before. "R-really? You want me?"

"No."

Crimson crumpled just a little.

"I mean, yes, I do." He took a deep breath and told himself he was doing the right thing. It had to be the right thing because it hurt like a son of a bitch. "But I know how much you love D, so I'll step out and you and D can, well, you know."

Devon whipped around. "Wait. You think Crimson's in love with me?"

"He is."

"No. Crimson's in love with *you*."

"Uh, no."

"Uh, yes. I've seen the way he looks at you," Devon snapped.

"I've seen the way he looks at you. There is no mistaking that kind of look."

"Exactly—but that's how he looks at you."

"No—" Mick stopped and took a step away, turning to face Crimson. Devon returned to the center of the room. "Crimson, what's going on? Do you want one of us?"

"Or do you look at any man longingly when you know he's not looking?"

Crimson shook his head. "N-not any man. J-just you t-two." His cheeks flared so red Mick thought he might just burst into flame. "But I f-figured you two were t-together or would, you know, get t-together and I didn't want to interfere."

Mick looked at Devon. Devon met his open stare. They both shrugged. How were they supposed to figure this out?

Devon shrugged. "I'll bow out. You two are already naked."

“That’s a stupid reason. It would take you five seconds to get naked as well.”

“Well, what do you suggest? A game of rock-paper-scissors-lizard-Spock? The winner gets to fuck Crimson.”

“Don’t be stupid. He’s not the last piece of pizza in the box.”

“You could share me.”

The words came out strong, with no sign of a stutter or hint of hesitation. For one long second, they all froze. When time started up again and Mick reanimated, he blinked—and noticed that Crimson’s dick had gone from half-hard to a full-blown, curving-up-to-the-sky erection with a drop of pre-come decorating the tip.

“You mean one of us fucks you now and the other gets you later?” Devon asked, his question laced with pure challenge.

Crimson practically flinched under the weight of Devon’s stare. Finally he nodded. “Sure. That would work.” Except Crimson didn’t seem happy about the solution.

“No, D, I think he wants us to *share* him.” Mick’s own cock perked up at the idea. “One of us fucking his ass, the other in his mouth.” A whimper escaped Crimson’s throat. “Oh yeah. That’s what he wants.” Mick never claimed to be the brightest bulb on the porch, but once he caught on to an idea, he ran with it. “Damn, you’re a kinky little devil, aren’t you?”

Devon’s lips curled up into the wicked half smile that drew men and women, girls and boys, to Devon’s side.

“Anyone have condoms and lube?”

“I do!” Crimson practically bounced when he said it.

“You *are* a little slut.” Mick kept his words light so Crimson would know he didn’t mean it in a bad way. “I like it.”

“Where?” Devon demanded.

“Uh, my b-bedside drawer. I c-could—”

“I’ll get them.” Devon once again turned toward the door, and this time, he didn’t stop. In fact, he moved so quickly, Mick wasn’t sure he would be coming back.

“Is he coming back?” Crimson asked, voicing Mick’s concern.

“I don’t know. Hopefully.” With Devon’s feet pounding up the stairs, Mick grabbed Crimson’s arm and pulled him around to face him. “Are you sure this is what you want?” Crimson nodded, those bright blue eyes wide and almost innocent—except for the shot of pure lust that blazed inside. “I could slip out. You could be with D,” Mick offered for what he was pretty sure was the final time—because if Crimson didn’t kick him out now, he wasn’t leaving.

Crimson shook his head and dropped to his knees.

“Holy fuck.” Mick barely got the curse out before Crimson had wrapped his lips around the head of Mick’s cock and started to suck. The almost delicate suction quickly took him to full hardness. Crimson moaned and curled his hand around the base of Mick’s shaft, stroking slowly up to meet his lips.

“Holy fuck.”

Mick raised his head and stared at a shocked Devon, standing in the doorway.

“I know.” Mick couldn’t stop a shallow thrust, nudging his cock to the back of Crimson’s throat. Instead of flinching, Crimson moaned again, and the suction grew stronger. “Damn, D, if you’re going to get in on this, you’d better hurry. I’m not going to last long.”

“Don’t you dare come until I get in his ass,” Devon commanded. Mick rolled his eyes. Devon thought that as the lead singer, he was in charge of the band. Seemed he thought he’d be in charge of this as well.

“Then you better hurry because damn, this is one sweet mouth.” He scraped his hand through Crimson’s hair, tugging a little, holding the other man in place as he slowly rocked his hips forward, fucking those sexy lips. Crimson closed his eyes and took it, sucking every time Mick retreated, seemingly lost in the sensation of having a prick in his mouth. Mick hoped

Devon was watching and getting just a bit jealous. It was a pretty sight to see. Nothing was going to make Mick look away.

Except maybe...

The soft sound of material sliding against skin grabbed the corner of Mick's attention. He looked up from the intense vision of his cock sliding in and out of Crimson's mouth and saw Devon dragging his shirt up and over his chest.

Mick tapped Crimson's shoulder and eased back, easing his cock out of Crimson's mouth. Crimson's eyes blinked open and he stared up. The shocked, almost offended look on his face made Mick laugh.

"Don't worry, baby. I'm not done with that mouth yet, but I didn't want you to miss the show."

Crimson spun around on his knees and watched. Devon must have been delaying until he had both men's attention. As Crimson stilled, Devon undid the fly of his shorts and shoved them down. Mick knew, vaguely remembered, what Devon looked like when he was hard, but damn...

"Wow." The soft sigh of admiration from Crimson was followed by him sinking down and resting against Mick's legs. "His dick isn't tiny."

Mick couldn't stop his laughter. Devon grimaced. "I told you it wasn't."

"But guys always say that," Mick said when he caught his breath. "You can't ever believe them."

"Bite me."

Mick felt a little bad. Devon didn't like to be teased. He liked to be in charge, be the one the world admired. Still, he needed to lighten up a little. This was supposed to be fun.

Devon strolled forward and Crimson went back onto his knees, his eager eyes locked on Devon's prick. The thick shaft continued to fill under his steady gaze. Devon wasn't overly long but his shaft was thick, and Crimson was going to feel every inch of that in his ass.

From the eager look on Crimson's face, he wasn't worried. He reminded Mick of a puppy, eager for his master's hand to pet him, rub his belly. Crimson's butt even twitched as if he were wagging his tail.

Part of Mick felt left out, and then Crimson tipped his head back, then leaning forward, he lapped a drop of pre-come off the tip of Mick's cock.

Mick watched in amazement as Crimson smiled as if quietly pleased with himself, then turned to Devon. He slid his hand across Devon's thigh. Devon stopped and let the other man caress him, spreading his legs a little to give him access. The shy smile once again formed on Crimson's lips, but Mick didn't believe the innocence in those eyes any longer. The damn kid was seducing both of them.

Crimson wrapped his fingers around Devon's cock, sliding his hand up and down in smooth strokes.

Fuck, they were hot. Crimson's pale-blond hair against Devon's tan skin. That nagging part of Mick's mind told him to bow out. This time it was Devon who drew him back. He dragged his gaze away from Crimson and met Mick's stare. A spark he hadn't seen in Devon's eyes since the two of them had tried to fuck flared.

Crimson leaned in closer and buried his nose at the base of Devon's cock, drawing in a deep breath.

Mick swallowed the lump in his throat and couldn't resist another meeting with Devon's stare. His wide eyes mirrored Mick's shock. Where the hell had their mild-mannered keyboardist gone? Instead, this sexy, confident creature seemed to be seducing them both. He must have licked or kissed Devon's cock because Devon grunted. He slapped his hand on Mick's shoulder as if his knees were wobbling and he needed the extra support.

Crimson drew back, sitting once again on his heels. The pose should have been submissive, but the wicked smile curving those soft lips made it clear who was in charge of this little scenario.

"What's next, baby?" Mick asked.

The smile on Crimson's face got wider, and a hint of wickedness appeared in that eager grin.

"In my dream, you're in my mouth and Devon's fucking me."

"You've been dreaming about this?"

Crimson's cheeks turned red but he didn't look away from Mick's stare.

"Well, we shouldn't disappoint the kid," Devon drawled. He raised his chin, directing Mick to the piano bench. "Get comfortable."

Used to Devon being in charge, Mick shrugged and followed the command, draping himself casually across the piano bench and spreading his legs wide. Crimson crawled across the small space, hips swaying, drawing Mick's attention to Crimson's ass. When Mick glanced up, he noticed Devon staring at the exact same place.

The distraction of Crimson's butt didn't last long for Mick. The smaller man eased his way between Mick's thighs. In one smooth, practiced move, he kissed the head of Mick's cock, slurping just the tip into his mouth before he drew back. As if he knew Mick watched, Crimson ran his tongue along his lips as if wanting to capture the taste of pre-come.

"Yum."

Breath caught in Mick's throat as Crimson opened his mouth and gulped the first few inches of Mick's cock into his mouth. Mick tipped his head back even as he curled his fingers around the edge of the piano bench, holding himself in place as Crimson pushed a little deeper, until the head of Mick's cock tapped the back of his throat.

Crimson drew back, sucking as he retreated. Fuck, it was too soon to come but it had been a long time since anyone had given his dick this much attention. Holding himself still so he didn't startle his lover, Mick forced his lungs to expand in slow, rhythmic breaths.

Lost in his own sensations, he almost missed when Devon moved close to the piano. Devon tipped his head to the left as he watched, his gaze locked on Crimson's mouth sliding up and down Mick's prick.

Mick dug his fingernails into the soft wood and held on, fighting the urge to thrust his dick deeper into Crimson's mouth. The kid definitely wasn't a virgin, even so, Mick didn't know how much experience he had and didn't want to break the mood by choking his brand-new lover.

A low moan rumbled from the side. Mick's head dropped to the right and he stared at Devon... staring at them, hand wrapped around his cock, eyes locked on Crimson's mouth and Mick's prick.

Slowly, Devon jacked his shaft up and down.

"Stop." Mick couldn't believe the word had shot from his mouth, not when it might pull Crimson off his cock. Crimson lifted his head, his lips red and glistening with saliva. He met Mick's stare with a look that screamed if Mick said one wrong word, the kid would retreat forever. "Not you, baby," Mick reassured him. He stroked his hand across Crimson's short blond hair. "I just didn't want D to come before he'd had a chance to fuck your sweet ass."

Crimson blinked and looked over at Devon, his stare almost accusing. "You weren't going to do that, were you?"

Mick squished his lips together to stop from laughing. Damn, somehow shy little Crimson had taken control. Devon shook his head and took the three steps he needed to get back to Crimson's ass.

The *snick* of the lube bottle opening seemed to echo around the room and Mick waited.

Surely Crimson would start sucking again now that Devon was clearly getting him ready. But no...

Devon reached behind Crimson, just out of Mick's sight line, although he could imagine what was happening by the way Crimson arched his body, and the bliss on his face.

The unseen action tempted him—Devon's hand pumping in and out of Crimson. Devon paused, and Mick knew he was adding another finger. Tension zipped through Crimson's body and he closed his eyes.

"Too much, baby?" Mick tightened his grip on Crimson's hair.

Crimson shook his head within the constraints of Mick's hold.

"I like the burn." He turned and kissed the inside of Mick's wrist. That sexy little ass rocked back and Mick groaned, imagining how that hole would feel wrapped around his cock.

"Damn it, D, finish him up already," Mick grouched. "I'm going to come just watching you two."

Crimson's head snapped up and a pout curled his lower lip, making Mick ache to be sliding back into this mouth. "Don't you dare," Crimson commanded.

Devon looked up and he stared at Mick. The words were silent, but Mick understood each one. Somehow, they'd become Crimson's bitches.

Mick shrugged. What the hell. At least he was going to get to come in the mouth he'd been fantasizing about for months—and get to watch Devon fuck Crimson's ass. All in all, it was going to be one hell of an afternoon... if Devon would just get a move on.

"Come on, man." Mick reached over, grabbed one of the condoms and tossed it at Devon. "Fuck him so we can all get off." Because he was pretty damn sure he wasn't going any farther until Crimson got his ass fucked.

Devon tore open the condom and rolled it down his shaft.

Mick couldn't look away. He'd always kind of dreamed of Devon's cock, and seeing it, hard and slicked up, ready to fuck—damn. Still, this was for Crimson.

A laugh tickled the back of Mick's throat. Right. He might explain it away later by saying they were doing it for Crimson but Mick knew—he wanted this.

So did Devon by the hungry look in his eyes, as he lined up his dick with Crimson's hole. Crimson swung around, his lips an inch from Mick's cock while Devon pushed in.

Crimson's eyes fluttered in fast little blinks, and his grip on Mick's thighs tightened almost to the point of pain. A heartbeat later, the tiny pinpricks from his nails eased. And Crimson took a breath.

"You okay?" Mick asked. Damn, he felt like all he was doing was watching out for Crimson, who clearly didn't need to be protected. Except... he did. The soft light in his eyes reached into Mick's chest and squeezed his heart.

The right side of Crimson's mouth pulled up into a smile. He leaned forward, taking Mick's cock deep, almost to the back of his throat before he retreated, pulling completely off Mick's shaft. The loss of the sexy suction made Mick's head spin, but within seconds it was back—slow, steady sucks, teasing and tempting—just not enough to make him come.

He relaxed and told himself to enjoy it. He had a feast of sexy male flesh before him. Mick couldn't decide which he wanted to watch more—Crimson's mouth on his cock, or Devon pounding into Crimson's ass. In the end, he had the best of both. Devon pumped his hips forward, driving Crimson onto Mick's cock. The deep penetration was perfect.

Devon thrust again—and clearly hit Crimson's sweet spot because the man groaned. The sound sent wicked vibrations through Mick's cock. Unable to remain passive any longer, he gripped Crimson's hair and rocked his dick in and out of that sweet mouth. And Crimson took him.

He glanced up and noticed Devon wasn't moving. He was watching. And touching, his hands sliding down Crimson's slim back. "That's it, pretty boy. Suck that cock. Show us how much you can take."

The sexual commands seemed to be just what Crimson wanted—or needed. He sucked harder, trying to please them both.

Mick pulsed up, the sweet suction on his cock taking him to the edge quickly. Part of him wanted this to last but then he remembered they had two weeks before the plane came to pick them up. If he had anything to say about it, this wouldn't be the last time Crimson sucked him off.

Mick concentrated on the sight of that mouth stretched around his dick. His balls drew up.

“Harder, Crimson. He’s almost there.” Devon nudged his hips forward. The movement sent the tip of Mick’s cock into Crimson’s throat, and damn... the kid swallowed, taking him even deeper.

Mick couldn’t contain his shout. “Once more like that.”

Devon did his part, fucking Crimson’s ass with enough force to urge Mick’s cock into another deep thrust. The subtle pressure on the head of his shaft was too much for Mick. He cried out and came, pouring his come down Crimson’s throat. The kid took it all, sucking as he eased back, as if he wanted to drain Mick of all his come.

Devon moaned. Mick didn’t know if it was the sight of him coming or if Crimson’s ass had clenched when he’d filled the younger man’s mouth. Didn’t matter. Devon was clearly done waiting. He drew back and started to fuck Crimson in earnest.

Mick eased the younger man away, letting his cock slip from Crimson’s mouth. Not that he didn’t love the attention—even after coming, when his cock was a bit too sensitive—but he was a little worried about Crimson’s teeth as Devon got going.

Devon gripped Crimson’s hips, holding him in place as he fucked him, hard. Mick’s own ass ached in sympathy. Crimson seemed to love it. The strokes were long and deep, and every time Devon hit Crimson’s gland, the younger man would moan and shiver.

He might have felt left out if it hadn’t been for the way Crimson clung to him, fingers digging into Mick’s thighs, hot breath panting against his skin. Mick did everything he could to support the young man, touching him, telling him how sexy he looked with Devon’s dick in his ass.

“Fuck!” Devon slammed into Crimson with enough force to make Mick wince. The other man didn’t even flinch, just moaned and opened his mouth to gasp in a harsh breath.

“Can you come like this?” Mick asked, rubbing Crimson on his shoulder. Crimson shook his head but he didn’t stop moving his hips.

“Close but—” The breathless words fell across Mick’s thighs. “I need—”

“D, give him a hand,” Mick commanded. True, he could have released Crimson and knelt beside him to wrap his hand around the man’s cock, but he decided he didn’t want to let go of the sweet body leaning heavily on his.

Devon looked up and glared at Mick as if pissed off by the interruption. Or maybe it was because Mick had given him an order and he hated to take orders from anyone, especially Mick.

But Devon released his hand on Crimson’s hip and reached around. Almost immediately, he lost the rhythm, twisting to the side and almost tipping over. “Fuck!”

Mick bit his lips to stop from laughing. “Sorry. You keep doing what you’re doing.” He tapped Devon’s arm. “I got it.” He bent over, draping his torso over Crimson’s back and reaching beneath his body. He wrapped his fingers around Crimson’s shaft, squeezing just enough that he heard the change in Crimson’s breath. “Fuck him,” Mick commanded and this time, Devon obeyed. He thrust forward, sending Crimson’s dick through Mick’s fist. Oh yeah. That was perfect. Devon might be fucking him—Mick would make him come.

It didn’t take much. A few strokes and Crimson cried out, his nails digging into Mick’s flesh as he spilled across the old carpet. Seconds later, Devon moaned and drove into Crimson’s ass one final time, holding himself deep as he rode out his orgasm.

Mick dropped his head down, his cheek against the base of Crimson’s spine, exhaustion overwhelming him. A soft kiss brushed his shoulder and Devon skimmed his hands along Mick’s sides, as if he just needed to touch.

He didn’t know how long they rested there, a strange pillar of bodies supporting one another, until the heat—of the room, of their skin pressed against each other—became too much and Mick had to straighten up.

Devon eased his hips back, slipping his cock from Crimson's hole. They both groaned and sagged to the side as if the connection between them had been the only thing keeping them upright. Crimson leaned his head against Mick's thigh and closed his eyes, his lips open and chest billowing in short, fast breaths. Devon leaned in and pressed a kiss on Crimson's shoulder.

The younger man smiled. He looked practically angelic—except for the red, slightly puffy lips and the scent of sex in the air. He opened his eyes and slipped his hand behind Devon's neck, drawing him forward. Mick watched from his perch on the piano bench. Devon seemed to hesitate for just a moment, then leaned in, meeting Crimson's waiting mouth.

Mick couldn't look away. The sexual sight before him made his prick struggle to get hard again. It wouldn't take much.

Devon eased back and ran his tongue along the inside of his lips.

"He tastes good, doesn't he?" Crimson asked and Mick realized they were talking about him—the taste of Mick's come lingering in Crimson's mouth. Devon nodded and placed another quick kiss on Crimson's lips before pushing himself up to stand and walked out of the room. "Did I say something wrong?" Crimson asked.

"No." Mick slid his fingers through Crimson's blond hair. "He's fine." At least Mick hoped so. Crimson would be crushed if Devon rejected him now. And Mick realized he didn't want to go back to the way things were. No, he and Devon hadn't—technically—fucked, but they'd gotten closer than they had in years. Who knows? Mick thought. *Maybe I'm mature enough now to let D top me.* The idea didn't seem as frightening as it had almost a decade ago, when they'd both been trying to prove who was more manly.

Devon strolled back into the living room, still naked, condom gone, a damp washcloth in his hand. He crouched down and ran the cloth between Crimson's ass cheeks, wiping away the traces of their fucking. Crimson blushed and pressed his cheek against Mick's thigh. Devon tossed the rag toward the doorway and dropped to the floor. He picked up the music and draped it across his lap.

Mick dragged his head up. “You seriously expect to work? Now?” He couldn’t keep the laughter out of his voice.

The edge of Devon’s mouth kicked up. “What can I say? I’m feeling inspired.”

Crimson pushed his body upright as if energy suddenly shot through him. “You know, so am I.” He stood up, his sculpted chest right in front of Mick’s face. Crimson bent down and covered Mick’s mouth in a kiss. Startled, it took him a moment to respond. Then Mick wrapped his hand around Crimson’s neck, holding him in place as he drove his tongue into the other man’s mouth. He could still taste the faintest hint of his own come combined with the unique flavor of Crimson.

Crimson jerked back, his breath coming fast and hard once again. “Don’t forget where we left off,” he whispered. Then he straightened up and fluttered his hands toward Mick. “Get out of my spot,” he said when Mick didn’t move fast enough.

Chuckling, Mick pushed himself off the piano bench and let Crimson sit down. The guy’s hands immediately hit the keys and ran through the melody they’d been working on, this time with a new tone beneath it. Mick was a self-taught musician, so he couldn’t tell if it was a minor or major tone change, but it added ominous power to the notes.

“Fuck, that’s it.” Mick grabbed his guitar and sat down on the couch, trying to match the sounds. Devon hummed and sung along. It didn’t quite blend even if the base was there.

After about twenty minutes, Crimson hit a final note and they let silence settle for a moment.

Slowly he spun in his seat and draped his arms backward across the keyboard. Mick leaned over him, palm against the piano, peering at the music as if it would reveal the mystery. They were so close. Mick could almost taste it. Something, some little fucking thing was still missing.

“Maybe getting fucked unblocked you, babe,” Devon said.

Crimson's lips curled into a smile and he looked down at Devon, still sitting on the floor. "It's almost there. Maybe I need to be fucked again and again until we get it right."

Mick's cock twitched. It had been enough time and he hadn't had a chance at Crimson's ass.

"Maybe we should work naked from now on," Devon said.

"We'd never get anything done." Crimson stroked the back of his fingers across Mick's cut abs. "Too distracting." His voice sounded sleepy and sexual—and no stuttering.

Mick kept that observation to himself. No need to make the kid self-conscious.

"I definitely feel cooler, though." Mick straightened up, and damn if he didn't feel a bit of a breeze. He looked out the window. It had been bright sunshine when they'd started. Now, it looked like the sun was setting. They hadn't worked that long.

He walked to the couch and put his knee on it, leaning over and peeking out the window. The long shadows he was expecting were gone. Before he could call the other two over so they'd have some warning that the world appeared to be ending, the skies opened up.

It came on quick. A few drops then a downpour. Water pooled on the dry ground but didn't sit for long before it sank into the soil. Raindrops pounded the metal roof, sounding like the entire cast from *Stomp!* doing a routine.

"What the hell?" Devon pushed up from the ground.

Crimson jumped out of his seat and ran to the window. "Wow, look at that."

The three of them stood there, watching.

"I bet that would feel so good," Crimson murmured.

"Let's go." Mick grabbed his hand and started toward the door. Crimson held back. "No one's going to see us. We're in the middle of nowhere."

As if he didn't want to leave anyone behind, Crimson took Devon's hand and pulled him along too. They stepped onto the porch. Mick hesitated for one heartbeat and then ran into the yard. The cold rain fell in sheets, so good against his hot skin.

Moments later his friends were with him. The dirt yard immediately turned to mud and they danced around. It wasn't graceful or rhythmic, they just leapt about, savoring the sensation of movement without sweating. The rain seemed to have scared the mosquitoes away for a brief period. He didn't know how long it would last, and he wanted to enjoy every moment of it.

Mick spun around, his foot getting caught on his other heel and he fell. Instinct took over and he grabbed whatever happened to be near to stop his earthly plummet. His hands latched onto Devon's shoulders and they both hit the ground. Mud splattered around their backs.

"What the—" Devon's shout was drowned out by Crimson's laughter.

"Woohoo! Naked mud wrestling! I love it!"

Mick raised his head and met Devon's eyes. The laughter pouring through that sexy green stare reminded him of when they first started—the energy, the electricity in Devon.

A dangerous glint filled those green eyes and he grabbed Mick by the shoulders, pulling him close. Every dominant thought that Mick possessed told him to resist, but instincts he hadn't expected—ones that might have developed as he'd gotten just a little bit older—wouldn't let him move away.

"Let the kid have what he wants," Devon whispered, though Mick knew from the look in his friend's eyes that it was so much more than that. Mick nodded. That seemed to be enough. Devon wrapped his leg around Mick's hip, pulling them close, their groins rubbing hard against each other. Every pulse was like a new jolt to Mick's cock.

The world shifted and Mick found himself on his back, Devon above him. In their late teens/early twenties they'd tried this and almost killed each other.

Mick didn't know if it was maturity or love or just the desire to give his best friend what he wanted... but Mick had no fight left in him. He took a breath and let his muscles relax. The mud squished around his bare skin. He didn't care.

Devon pushed up, sliding his cock between Mick's legs. They were both hard again. Mick licked his lips and swallowed, bracing himself, knowing he would take whatever Devon wanted to give.

Bright green eyes stared down at him as Devon's body covered his. The rain was relentless, pounding down, creating a protective bubble around their break from reality.

For one brief moment, the world seemed to stand still.

Devon hesitated... then he moved, diving down, his lips meeting Mick's in a hot, opened-mouthed kiss.

They still struggled for dominance. It wasn't in Mick's nature to completely give up control, but damn...

Devon slipped his knees between Mick's and pushed up, spreading him wide. The hard thick cock that had so recently fucked Crimson's ass slid cross Mick's groin.

"Damn, you're amazing," Devon whispered against Mick's lips.

Mick drew back. "What about Crimson?"

"He's amazing too." Devon kissed him, hard cock sliding against hard cock. "I just..." The words trailed off but the steady pulse of Devon's cock didn't stop.

Mick couldn't resist sliding his hands down Devon's ass, cupping those firm hard mounds, pulling him tight against him. They moved in unison, Devon's hand curling around their cocks, providing enough pressure as they rocked against each other. Every stroke sent a new delicious jolt through Mick's cock—the rain and Devon's hot kisses blending in as background noise—until he cried out, spilling his come across Devon's stomach. The burst

of seed seemed to trigger Devon's orgasm and he groaned, the sound making Mick smile.

For a moment, they hung there—semen coating their skin, rain pelting down on them, breath pumping violently between them.

Mick looked down. His cock was getting soft, but so was Devon's.

“You okay?” Devon asked.

“Yeah but what about...” He nudged Devon aside and looked to where Crimson had been standing. “Where'd he go?”

“I'm sure he's fine,” Devon said as rolled off Mick.

“You don't think seeing us together freaked him out?”

Devon looked down at Mick. “The kid just seduced the both of us. I seriously doubt a kiss and some rub and tug is going to freak him out.”

“Yeah but—” Mick worried about Crimson and...

Music floated out the open window. Devon froze for one single heartbeat.

“That's it.” He pushed himself up, grabbing Mick's hand as he moved, pulling him along as they stumbled back into the house. They stood in the doorway and listened until Crimson finally stopped playing.

He turned and looked at them, his smile lighting up the room. “I fixed it,” he declared.

“How—?”

The sweet blond shook his head. “I don't know. I saw the two of you kiss and you looked so pretty, fucking and covered in mud. It—” He shrugged. “It was just there.” His hands hit the keyboard again, in a curious mix of rock and... damn, countrified soul. Powerful but sexy, making Mick think of tight asses in blue jeans. The pulse made Mick ache for his bass. He grabbed his T-shirt and wiped the come and some of the mud off his stomach before picking up his guitar and joining Crimson's sound.

As if the rain had washed away the strain, Devon tipped his head back and started to hum, then sing—a strange mixture of words that somehow fit together, strong and clear, weaving between the notes Crimson played.

The bass line floated through Mick's head and he started to tap out a beat. Beneath it all was a sensual throb that hadn't been there before... as if fucking had truly unblocked them all. When it finally blended, when it melded into a sound they couldn't forget, they ended it.

Silence swirled through the room but it wasn't uncomfortable or eerie. More like a breath—drawing in fresh air, pushing out the bad.

Mick looked at Devon then down to Crimson. The kid's cheeks were once again pink turning to red. It wasn't embarrassment that caused the brightening—it was pleasure and sheer joy.

Mick tipped his head back and laughed. All they'd needed was a little sex and a little rain to create the perfect sound.

THE END

Author Bio

Tielle St. Clare is the author of some 35+ erotic romances, ranging from sexy fairy tales to dragons and werewolves to a cursed wedding dress. Her books cross the spectrum but recent works focus on m/m/f and m/m love stories (with a lot of sex thrown in!). In her most recent story Fire Engine, a game of Truth or Dare puts Linc in a cursed wedding gown that might just lead him to the men of his dreams.

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