

Slumber Party

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Slumber Party

by [Acrobatdancesaplayfultune](#)

Summary

When Fabian suggests a slumber party during summer hockey camp, everyone agrees it sounds like a great idea.

A wholesome night in for Fabian, Harris, Shane, Kip and Kyle. A night out on the town for Ilya, Troy, Ryan, Scott and Eric.

But things aren't as wholesome as they appear and Fabian has a wicked surprise up his sleeve for everyone...

Notes

This idea came to me and I couldn't resist. But please be gentle I haven't written a fic in a loooong time!

Chapter 1: Does the car go any faster?

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to." Ilya looked at his husband.

Shane's head was down and he was quiet. Ilya waited the silence out.

Shane turned and looked at Ilya. His face, still for a moment, cracked into the shy grin that had lit Ilya's heart for so long.

"I want to. And I know you want to enjoy guys' night."

It was Ilya's turn to grin now, "I will get Hunter very drunk." He leaned over and kissed his husband, lingering a moment, enjoying the soft wetness of Shane's lips. "But I am also very jealous of slumber party fun!"

Shane laughed as he opened his door and stepped out of the car. Ilya ran round to the trunk and picked up their bags. They crunched across the gravel to the door to Ryan and Fabian's rental.

"Technically we'll all get slumber party fun," Shane reminded him, "you just get to go out with the guys first."

"Mmm yes hundred year old Benny and Scott, but at least with Price and Troy I can have some fun."

A 200 year old farm wasn't exactly what Shane would've pictured for Ryan and Fabian's summer rental, but the antique exterior gave way to a thoroughly modern interior design.

Fabian appeared at the glass front door, tied up in a silk kimono and toned legs further defined by the heeled mules he'd slipped into.

"You're the last ones!" he cooed, planting a kiss on each of Ilya and Shane's cheeks and ushering them into the house.

"Good things come to those who wait," Ilya smirked, wrapping Fabian in a short hug, "I hope Price, Benny and Hunter got their beauty sleep last night!"

Fabian wiggled his eyebrows, "I let Ryan sleep *eventually*, I can't speak for Kyle and Kip's behaviour. You can leave your bags in the hall, I'll take them to your bedroom later." Given there was plenty of room at the farm it had been decided they'd all stay the night.

He led them into the living room and gestured to a tray of mocha-coloured martinis, "Kyle made killer espresso martinis, help yourselves."

Kyle and Kip were deep in conversation on a couch by the farthest window overlooking the garden. Kip threw his head back in laughter and Shane could guess from Kip's silly grin that

expert bartender though Kyle was, he hadn't been above greasing the gears a touch with a more generous vodka pour than strictly necessary.

Ilya's attention was turned to Eric, Scott and Ryan chatting by the fireplace. Benny was the exception, holding a non-alcoholic beer bottle, but Scott and Ryan's near empty martini glasses told him he might be in for a more fun night than he thought after all. Scott was the right amount of glowy to suggest he'd had more than one cocktail and Ryan's grin, normally reserved for Fabian doing something dazzling, held the promise he too might be in the mood to let his expertly coiffed red hair down.

But they were both brought back to earth, as Harris and Troy sprang up from the nearest couch and wrapped them each in bear hugs.

Troy leaned into Ilya's ear conspiratorially, "The grandpas are already three martinis down, fifty bucks says one of us ends up holding Hunter's hair back in the bathroom later!"

Ilya chuckled, "A hundred and another fifty on top if Hunter is the first one to tell us how much he loves his Kip."

"Are you excited?" Harris asked Shane.

Ilya clocked the shy smile from the car warm across his husband's face.

"He is excited and honoured to be invited for girls' night," Ilya answered for him, "although I think we will have more fun at the bar than you five will braiding each other's hair."

Fabian tutted, "Ottawa Centaurs star Ilya Rozanov jealous as he misses out on the best gossip and pampering in Eastern Canada."

Ilya stuck his tongue out playfully.

Fabian caught Ryan's eye, their prearranged signal and Ryan cleared his throat. "I, uhm, think we should maybe hit the road?"

Scott tapped on his phone a few times, "Uber is...two minutes away let's go."

In a flurry of kisses and throwing on jackets Troy, Ilya, Scott, Eric and Ryan said their goodbyes and headed out for the night.

Fabian waved them off from the doorway, slammed the door and then marched back into the living room.

Kyle cocked an eyebrow, "I can't believe they bought it," he turned to Shane, "Ilya has no idea?"

Shane smirked, "I think he's so jealous he isn't here with you all he hasn't thought too much about what we have planned at all. Thanks for the invite by the way."

"Baby you're welcome," Fabian waved away the gratitude, "I'm super excited you're here." He touched Shane's arm briefly and gave a squeeze.

He then slugged back the last mouthful of his current espresso martini, placed the glass down and clapped his hands together.

"Alright first order of business, Kyle and Kip make us a delicious round of cocktails, I'm thinking maybe a real martini this time? Shane and Harris you can come help me bring my goodies down."

Kyle was enjoying the two cocktail buzz. He was with his friends, had mixed himself a fantastic filthy vodka martini and giggled to himself thinking about the wicked night they had planned ahead.

When Fabian had texted him about a girls night during the hockey camp, Kyle had been delighted enough with the idea of face masks, a bad movie and a few drinks.

Things had gone up another level when Fabian mentioned a lingerie brand had approached him for a collaboration and offered to send him pieces from their new sample collection.

And, being the deviant he was, Kyle had talked Fabian into getting outfits in a range of sizes and planning quite the surprise for the husbands and boyfriends when they got back from guys' night. Although if he was honest with himself, Fabian hadn't taken a lot of convincing.

Kyle took another delicious icy gulp of cocktail and then realised Kip Grady had gone unusually quiet. He was staring at his own martini and then in a flash reached out and drank it down in three gulps. His reaction was an immediate yelp as the vodka ripped through him.

"Kip?" Kyle walked round the kitchen island to close the distance with him. "Are you...nervous?"

Kip turned to him, shyly, "Maybe a little."

Kyle folded his arms, "Kip Grady! Nervous of looking drop dead gorgeous for his devastatingly handsome husband."

Kip threw his hands up, "I know! I love looking good for Scott obviously, and when you mentioned this I thought it sounded like fun, but I guess now I am a bit nervous. I've never worn lingerie before, have you?"

"Actually no," Kyle admitted, "jocks, leather, harnesses, but this is also unexplored territory for me too. I think for all of us apart from Fabian actually. Have you and Scott done much roleplay?"

Kip shook his head, "My husband is not one of life's actors. I think it's just last minute nerves."

Kyle pulled Kip into a hug, cuddling him reassuringly. "Firstly nobody has to do anything they don't want to tonight, this is meant to be fun for us all, although I will be disappointed if I don't get to see your incredible ass in a sexy lacy little number." Kip let out a laugh at that.

"Second, however nervous you are, I can guarantee Shane is the most nervous of us all. Ilya may pretend he's jealous, but you can tell he's excited for Shane to spend time with more gay people. Third, this is a safe space, if you can't throw on a suspender and negligee here, where can you?"

Kip laughed again, more heartily now and visibly relaxed. They were interrupted by the tell-tale thump of Shane, Harris and Fabian coming back downstairs.

"Fourth, they're all coming, you drank your martini way too quickly so you have to make theirs and have a water before you have something else," Kip went to say something and Kyle placed a finger on his lips silencing him playfully, "I don't want you getting too messy." Which wasn't strictly true, because drunk Kip was one of Kyle's favourite Kips.

Fabian was enjoying himself.

Harris and Shane had carried everything down for him. The living room now looked like the set for a reality TV makeover. Makeup was strewn across the table and a pile of beautifully wrapped boxed lingerie waited for his friends turned models.

Fully leaning into fairy godmother - and in this gang he was truly the femme fatale to rule them all - Fabian had also picked out pieces he knew would make the other four all feel incredible. With some gentle encouragement.

Kip and Kyle arrived with two trays of drinks. Fabian wiggled his eyebrows mischievously, "I'd have thought your math as bartenders would be better than that. There's only five of us, there are at least ten drinks there!"

They placed the trays down and Kyle threw his hands up, "I didn't know how people took their martinis so we made dirty," he looked at Kip, "extra-dry," he grinned at Shane, "and lemon drop sweet as sugar cane for my favourite farm boy." Kyle locked eyes with Harris and handed over a tall martini glass of pale yellow perfection.

Harris sipped it and squealed with delight, "That is delicious!"

Kyle dropped into a low curtsy, then looked around the room, "So how are we getting this show on the road?"

Shane cleared his throat, "I...might need some help."

Fabian crossed the room and crouched in front of him, putting a hand on his knee, "You can have all the help you want handsome. I figured as our resident expert I could help you all slip into your looks." The room breathed a collective sigh of relief. Fabian stood back up, "I took the liberty of picking us each a different look, and colour, that I thought spoke to each of our personalities." In turn he handed boxes out one after another to Kip, Kyle, Shane and Harris.

Gingerly they slipped the bow tied lids off the boxes. Fabian looked hopefully at them.

"Hot pink," Kyle said admiring his set, "hot Kyle."

Harris looked delighted at his red set, while Kip was admiring a lacy pale blue thong, running it over his hands. Shane looked quietly at his electric blue set.

"Do you like it?" Fabian asked, searching Shane's face for an indication. The panties were lace, but Fabian had paired them with a long sleeved cropped transparent mesh shirt, "I thought it would look incredible with your skin."

Harris turned his head, reading the reaction, "I don't think he likes it," Shane turned to look at him, "I think he LOVES it!"

Shane blushed as the others cracked up.

"I think...it's really hot." He confessed to a whoop from the other boys.

Fabian continued, "For those who like it I also have all my makeup supplies to make you into gorgeous glittery gods. And I figure since I'm sensing a few nerves in the room, I can slip into my outfit first, unless there's any objections?"

"Should we all get dressed?" Kip asked uncertainly.

Fabian paused, then smiled like a devil, "I don't think the boys should be the only ones who get a surprise tonight. More fun to go one by one I think."

Harris roared with delight, "This is going to be so fun!"

"Let's go!" Shane agreed, raising his glass in toast to the others and they all clinked their various martinis together.

Fabian grabbed his box, "Well I guess I'll go throw something fucking sexy on then."

There was a wolf whistle behind him as he clacked up the stairs.

Even by his own standards, Fabian had picked out something downright dangerous. Ryan loved him in lace but this was another level.

He admired the outfit laid out on the bed.

The panties were icy white, lace of course, but with floral detailing and slits on either hip, delicately held together by slender straps of material. The brief would hug Fabian's cock nicely and the tight fit ensured his ass looked more exceptional than ever.

The accompanying bra was sheer - to show off his nipple ring - with a lace band hung underneath, which wrapped around and connected the four strings that would cinch the top together. It was also studded with pearls, which he'd deliberately picked out as Ryan loved them.

He fixed a diamanté choker gifted him by Ryan round his neck and slipped a pair of lace cat ears onto his head. They had been a late addition to the look, but in Fabian's mind they added a fun minxy energy to the look.

He took a last look in the mirror, slapped his perky ass and left to get the show on the road.

Shane couldn't help staring when Fabian came back. He was a vision.

"You look," he blurted out and then lost his train of thought.

Fabian winked at him, "You like what you see Shane? It's okay I aim to leave men speechless with my looks."

Shane blushed and took a sip of his martini. Although he drank rarely, living with a husband who exclusively drank premium grade vodka, he'd come to appreciate the smooth flavour of a bone dry martini. Normally he would stop at one martini and this was possibly his third, but unusually for him he was happy for it as the alcohol was helping calm him down. "You look really beautiful, Fabian."

Fabian bowed with a flourish, "So who wants to suit up next?"

Harris sprang to his feet, "I'm so ready! I was also wondering, could you help do a smokey eye for me? Troy is going to lose his mind!"

Fabian nodded enthusiastically, snatched up a few palettes and eyeliners from the coffee table and led Harris away upstairs.

Kyle and Kip took the opportunity to sandwich Shane in the middle on the sofa.

"I had to control the urge to lick my lips when I saw Fabian," Kip confessed and took a sip of his martini, "have you ever done anything like this with Ilya, Shane?"

Shane shook his head fractionally too quickly, "No, no dress up isn't our style."

Kyle's eyes sparkled, "You fucking liar Shane Hollander, I know for a fact your husband is the biggest Halloween fan. Spill."

Shane paused, he was feeling a little loosened up from the vodka, so maybe a little story would be fine, "He...he fucked me dressed as a gladiator one time. That was pretty hot."

Kip whistled, "That is a great mental image."

Shane laughed, "And we have tried role play, but we both get *impatient*." He let the emphasis hang there and Kyle punched him playfully on the arm.

"It's a great colour for you, Fabian picked well," Kyle complimented, "I am excited about mine but it looks," he crossed the room to his box and pulled out his bodysuit which looked like it was made out of mostly hot pink spaghetti, "complicated to get into. Maybe I should've just asked for a thong like you Kip."

Kip laughed, "You are going to look incredibly sexy and Eric will go even gooier than normal when he sees you. I propose a toast," Kyle and Shane picked up their glasses from the

table, “to looking fucking fantastic for our men and an evening of debauched fun.” They clinked and drained their glasses.

“Harris Drover what a peachy ass you have,” Fabian cooed, “I’m getting an excellent view down here.” He was attaching the suspenders to the outfit. The lower half of said peachy ass now poked out of a lace garter jockstrap, with the top half covered by a slim piece of tulle fabric that hooked into the waistband of the jock.

Harris shook his ass and Fabian spanked it playfully. “It looks good from the front too.” The red lace left Harris some modesty, but enough of a reveal Fabian could admire what he was packing. “Wanna try on the bra?”

“Hell yeah!” Harris roared and Fabian crossed the room to fish it out of the box. He fastened it gently round Harris, who exhaled slowly as the material hugged his chest. Harris caught himself in the mirror and paused, “Oh damn. Troy really is going to lose his mind.” He smirked and spun back round to face Fabian, “Thank you so much for this.” He pulled him into a tight hug.

“Of course honey! And I love that your nips are out,” Fabian tapped them both, the bra had cutouts exposing Harris’ perky hard nipples, “now I can finish up your eyes!”

In a wave of a brush, and a twirl of eyeliner, Harris was transformed. His green eyes shone out from the dark smoky vision Fabian had worked across his eyelids. He took a look in the mirror and let out a gasp, “Wow.”

“Never looked better honey! Now let’s go save Shane from being tormented by our New York sisters.”

“Fuck Harris,” Kyle was the first one to spot them returning from upstairs, “you look insane!” He sprang up from his chair, crossed the room and wrapped him in a fierce hug. Kyle stepped back again, “Give us a twirl.” He whooped when he clocked Harris’s ass cheeks poking out of the jock.

“You boys are in for a treat, I feel incredible, Fabian this was an excellent idea!” Harris cheered.

Kip and Shane remained on the sofa. Shane had only just gotten over Fabian’s look, but adding Harris to the mix had added another level of anticipation. He felt warm inside, here with his gay friends, having a fantastic evening.

Kip was also enjoying the view. He rose to his feet and reached out to feel the material of Harris’s intricately laced jock. “It even feels sexy.” he murmured to himself, forgetting he was within earshot of the other four.

“Down boy,” Harris joked, “don’t want to get too excited too early, Kip.”

Kip couldn't help himself taking in Fabian and Harris as an ensemble, "The two of you look so fucking beautiful." The martinis were definitely having an impact if he was going mushy this early in the evening.

Kyle clapped, "I think it's time we put phase two of the plan into action and mess with the boys a little. Who wants to message their man?" He threw a devilish look at Fabian and Harris.

"I say we message both of them and see who responds first." Fabian decided.

Harris nodded, "Your husband probably also needs a break from Troy and Ilya trying to get him wasted, Kip. What do we say in the message?"

"No context, just teasing," Fabian suggested, "Ryan won't be able to keep his cool, you think Troy will let on?"

"Oh I think I'll turn his head with what I have planned."

Shane, who had been quiet for a while admiring the scene piped up, "I want to get dressed now."

"Run up to the master on the top floor baby and I'll be up as soon as I've taken a killer mirror selfie to drive Ryan crazy." Fabian smiled at him warmly and waved him off up the stairs.

It was not often that Shane Hollander thought about how handsome he was.

But in the electric blue briefs and mesh top, even he could admit to himself he looked good. A small voice of disquiet somewhere asked whether his husband would love the look, but he swept it aside. He looked hot, Ilya loved surprises and he was about to get a hell of a one.

In fact, he was enjoying himself so much, his cock had stirred fractionally. The perfect amount to frame his bulge for a picture to send to Ilya. He snapped the picture and sent it without a caption. He tossed his phone on the bed and crossed to the dressing table where Fabian had been prepping some makeup options, in case Shane was interested.

"Did you think about what you might like Shane?" Fabian asked sweetly.

Shane paused, "What...what would you recommend?" He'd worn makeup for shoots before, but never to tap into his femme side before.

Fabian put a hand either side of his face, to frame it and scrutinised him closely. "Do you trust me?"

Shane formed a small smile, "Sure let's fucking do it."

Fabian grinned, "Close your eyes." Shane did as he was told and felt the gentle flick of Fabian applying eyeshadow. He worked gently but firmly across one of Shane's eyes, then the other, then said "Open up." He was poised with an eyeliner which he gradually worked

in. Every so often Fabian would give a direction to Shane, but very soon he was finished. "Take a look beautiful."

Shane turned to the mirror and pulled his hand up to cover his mouth. Fabian had painted Shane's eyelids with a turquoise shadow and lined his eyes with a dark blue liner. His eyes didn't so much pop as jump out of his face. "I love it." He said in a quiet voice.

"That makes me very happy, Shane Hollander." Fabian offered his hand and led him out of the room.

Downstairs things had escalated.

Kyle had slipped into his hot pink fishnet bodysuit. It hugged his chest and shoulders, while garter strips hooked down from his hips to fishnet bands that tightly wrapped his thighs. The look was completed with a Dangerous Woman PVC bunny mask. Kyle felt hot, kinky and entirely predictably given the atmosphere a little turned on.

When Fabian and Shane came downstairs, Harris and Kyle were busy snapping selfies together. They both turned and cheered at Shane, who was allowing his confidence to show through in a broad grin.

Fabian pouted, "You didn't wait for me to help you get into it!"

"Sorry fairy godmother," Kyle said, flashing a disarming smile at him, "but I couldn't wait any longer and I feel fantastic. Looking hot Hollander." Kyle reached out and stroked the mesh top over Shane's chest. "Really hot."

Harris nodded vigorously in agreement "Hubba hubba."

"Does Kip need help?" Fabian asked, as the new and improved Kip Grady rejoined them in the room.

Harris gasped, taking in the beautiful sight.

Kip's pecks were barely held in by his pale blue lacy bra. Suspenders hooked onto a garter cinching his waist. Appreciating the attention Kip spun round to show off his ass and the barely there thong, which sat beautifully on his defined hips. Turning back around Shane clocked Kip's bulge and was pleased he wasn't the only one feeling a little hot in the room. Completing the look Kip wore matching mesh gloves that rose almost to his shoulders.

"I messaged Ilya," Shane updated as they took back to their seats, glasses refreshed.

"What'd you say?" Kyle asked, he's next to Shane and curled his legs up underneath him.

"I didn't say anything, but I did send him...a picture."

He passed the phone over to Kyle to read through the messages.

Shane: Photo Sent

Ilya: !!!!!

Ilya: My lyubov. Explain yourself! This is not plaiting each other's hair.

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: SHANE

Ilya: SHANE!!!

Ilya: You are so prettttty what are you up to husband?

Ilya: Barrett has been staring at his phone for five minutes.

Ilya: What is going on at girls' night!!!!

Kyle giggled, "We had the same idea Shane."

"Kyle you're such a whore." Kip ribbed.

"As the text from Ilya confirms, Troy is horny, drunk and we have piqued his interest." Harris took a sip of his lemon drop and then proceeded to read out his texts with Troy.

Harris: Trying a new look with Fabian, thoughts?

Photo Sent

Troy: What the fuck

Troy: You look so fucking hot baby

Troy: Fuck your ass looks unreal

Troy: Fucking fuck I want get my face right in there Harris

Troy: Wow wow wow

"Ryan too," Fabian concurred from beside Shane, "and judging by the way you're looking at your phone Kip, our Scott liked whatever you sent him."

Kip scratched the back of his head with his gloved hand, "I may have sent him a video. Playing with myself. A little." The martini haze was mixing intoxicatingly with having gotten himself amped up taking the video for Scott. Kip was starting to feel *dangerous*. Judging by Kyle's blazing eyes and Fabian's twinkle he wasn't the only one.

"Kip Grady you big whore." Kyle shot back playfully, "Who wants another cocktail?"

"Me," Shane called, and they all turned to look at him, "What Kyle makes really good drinks and I'm...fucking enjoying myself."

Fabian laughed, "You look too good to not be having a good time Shane. While we're waiting for our confused boys to get back here, I think we should *all* have another exceptional cocktail and then play a game?"

Harris sat forward beaming, "Drinking game?"

Fabian frowned in thought, "I think we can do better than that."

A look crossed Kip's face. "I have it!" He stood up and walked around to address them all. "We're all dressed up and all looking hot," he said, taking a beat to make eye contact with Shane, Harris, Fabian and Kyle individually, "I think we should play spin the bottle," Fabian, Harris and Kyle whooped at once, "Just some harmless friendly fun and an excuse to scratch the itch while we wait for the HABs to get back...assuming we're all comfortable?" He looked at Shane hard.

Shane was in his head. He and Ilya had never had a threesome even. Equally he was feeling pleasantly tipsy and pleasantly turned on. And the way Kip was looking at him, gave Shane the curious feeling he'd quite like to know how it felt to make out with Scott Hunter's husband.

"I'm in," he said quietly, "but maybe I can have that cocktail first?"

Kyle nodded affirmatively and set off to the kitchen, the slight sway in his walk the only tell that his generous measures were starting to catch up with him.

Harris mused mischievously to himself, "I think we can tease the boys a little more."

"Phones on the table!" Ilya demanded. Ryan, Eric and Troy all obliged. Scott took longer, given how drunk he was. Ilya studied the messages they'd received, "We all have very sexy pictures of our men in lingerie. What is going on?"

Ryan smiled, "I think Fabian has been a very bad influence on your four."

"Did you know Price?" Ilya asked.

"Not exactly," Ryan admitted, "but I did see a big delivery from a lingerie brand I've bought sets from for Fabian before...so maybe had a suspicion. That and Fabian wanted me to get you all out of the house for a few hours."

"Kyle is definitely involved in this," Eric said, "it has his fingerprints written all over it and I'd bet good money the free-flowing martinis are helping grease the gears."

Scott was quiet, "Kip looks so beautiful. I love him so much."

Troy and Ilya traded knowing looks, "Harris looks fucking hot. Do you think...they have a show planned for when we get home?"

Ilya nodded, "Da, this is it, liars lie to us about quiet girls night in, in fact wear very sexy, very hot underwear and make themselves very pretty for us."

Scott groaned, “Wanna kiss Kip soooo bad.” It would be fair to say Ilya and Troy had succeeded in drinking Scott under the table.

“You’re gonna want some water before we hit the road Scottie,” Eric pushed a glass of water towards his friend, then looked back at the picture Kyle had sent, “Fuck Kyle looks good in the mask.”

“Very sexy toyboy.” Ilya smirked. He stood up, “I say we have a final round of vodka, a water for old man Hunter and hit the road. I want to see my husband in his blue panties in person and all of your very sexy men too.”

Troy’s phone pinged and he gasped, “Oh fuck.”

Harris: We’re very bad boys and playing a very naughty game.

Attached were photos of Kyle, Kip, Shane, Fabian and Harris making out with each other. Ilya snatched the phone and felt shock flip to excitement in a heartbeat.

“Fuck the vodka, call a cab.”

Fabian was so used to the delicious bristle of Ryan’s beard kissing him, that he almost missed it, locking lips with clean cut Shane Hollander.

Except of course Shane was a babe, looked beautiful in the blue look Fabian had picked out for him, and was also an excellent kisser. After a reasonable exploration Fabian broke apart from Shane, and saw Shane’s smile dim a fraction, “Want a little more sugar?” Fabian asked.

Shane nodded almost imperceptibly, “Yes please.”

“So polite.” Fabian grabbed the back of Shane’s head and crashed their lips back together, to a wolf whistle from Kip. Shane opened his mouth wider and their tongues danced together. Fabian reached out his other arm, gave Shane’s left nipple a squeeze and was rewarded with a moan of pleasure. Satisfied with his 10/10 makeout, Fabian broke the kiss again and leaned back on his elbows.

“That was hot,” Harris squeaked, “very hot.”

“Price is a lucky man.” Shane agreed, reaching out for his drink and taking a big sip, the vodka cooling the heat that had risen during the makeout.

Kyle passed Harris the bottle, “Your turn.”

The five of them were stretched out on the floor, having moved the coffee table out of the way to have more room to play with each other. Kip was cross legged enjoying the show, Kyle kneeling up and Harris had been laid down propped up on a cushion. He put the bottle down in front of him, moved the cushion behind him and spun it. Hypnotised by the motion, the others watched as the bottle gradually slowed and came to rest on Kip.

“How do you want it sweetheart?” Kip asked, locking eyes with Harris.

“I want you to ravage me, Kip Grady.” He said matter of factly.

Kip said quietly, “One condition then social media star. I want a piece of that exceptional ass.”

“I think that’s allowed,” Harris said as he sprang across the room, and knocked Kip flat onto his back, straddling his waist with his hips. Kip controlled the descent and pushed their lips together fiercely. Harris had one hand on the side of Kip’s face, playing gently with his hair and with his other pulled Kip’s hand down to his left ass cheek. Kip pinched it, then spanked it and Harris moaned filthily into his mouth.

Fabian caught Kyle’s eye, “Things are...escalating aren’t they?”

Kyle looked faux lost, “I don’t know what you mean. Just a harmless game of spin the bottle, with five horny gays, after anywhere between five and five hundred martinis.”

Shane laughed, “What exactly do you two have planned for when the boys get back here?”

Kyle and Fabian shared a look.

“To be honest I hadn’t got that far,” Fabian fluttered his eyelashes, crossed over to Shane and planted a leg either side of him, “But speaking for myself, I’m thinking I’m going to run over to Ryan, wrap my legs round his waist and have him pin me against a wall and kiss me. Then I’ll come up for air and see what the rest of you fuckers are up to.”

Shane’s cheeks ran red under his freckles. He could feel their erections rubbing together through the wafer thin material.

Kyle leaned over conspiratorially, “Sounds like a plan.”

Fabian clenched his legs either side of Shane’s hips, ground their crotches together and then swayed his own hips rhythmically as a demonstration of intent.

Kip and Harris had come up for air, distracted from each other by Fabian astride Shane.

“Do we all get the Fabian Salah fantasy experience or is that a Shane Hollander exclusive?” Harris teased.

Fabian swung round grinning, “Normally it’s a Ryan Price exclusive, but I guess for one night only I might be offering free rides.”

“I think the night is about to go up a gear,” Kyle called out, checking his phone, “their Uber is about fifteen minutes away.”

Shane’s head was suddenly spinning. He’d made out with Fabian, was wearing a very revealing outfit and was about to be in front of all of his friends' partners, leaving almost everything out there on display. And Ilya had liked his picture, loved it even, but would he be mad about the game? And the kiss with Fabian? He hadn’t realised he’d closed his eyes until he felt someone’s hand on his, rubbing comforting fingers over his knuckles and opened them to reveal Kip right in front of him.

“Shane?”

“Sorry...it’s just a lot...I am enjoying myself, just processing...can we maybe be together when they get here and then do *the other stuff*.”

Fabian made an uh-huh sound and looked down at Shane, “Sure we’ll be together as a very sexy, horny welcome party.”

“Oh my god does the car go any faster?” Ilya fumed.

“Not everybody has as relaxed a relationship with the speed limit as you do Roz.” Scott chirped. The time the road trip had taken and a constant drip of water from Eric had done wonders to bring Scott around from his messy state at the bar.

Ilya groaned and sank back in his seat. Troy slipped an arm round his shoulder and squeezed affectionately, “We will be back with your very sexy husband and my incredibly hot boyfriend very shortly.”

“Has Harris sent any more pictures Troy?” Ryan asked from the seat in front. Although the five of them had settled in the back two sets of seats, the SUV was spacious enough that nobody felt cramped.

Troy grunted to himself, in mock annoyance, “Not since the one of Hunter’s husband sticking his tongue down his throat.”

“A little jealous Barrett?” Scott really was back with them.

“Or annoyed with yourself at how turned on you are,” Eric teased, “I for one found Kyle making out with Kip and Harris absolutely delicious. And your husband looked pretty good making out with Fabian too Rozanov.”

“He did not look pretty good, he looked fucking pretty,” Ilya snapped back, “and I agree Barrett is very jealous. And very turned on. Dangerous combination.”

Troy groaned, which turned into a cheer as he realised they were turning into the farm driveway, “Finally!” He also confessed to himself that although it was none of their business, he was both a smidge jealous and wildly turned on by the pictures. A kinky madness had evidently come down on the farm and Troy Barrett wanted a piece of it.

It was indecent how quickly the five men ran to the front door of the farm.

“Price hurry up!” Ilya demanded, exasperated, and banged on the door vigorously.

Flustered, Ryan eventually produced a key from somewhere in his pockets and slipped it into the lock. “We’re here!” He called out.

Music had started playing somewhere, which Troy identified shortly as the opening bars of “Love Me Harder” by Ariana Grande.

Ryan led the way round to the living room and then stopped, stunned in the doorway, at the gorgeous sight in front of them, “Jesus Fabian.”

Fabian was centre of the main couch, his choker sparkling in the low light cast by candles lit across the room and a wickedly flirtatious look painted across his face.

He was flanked by Shane and Kyle. Shane sat back, one leg stretched out and one knee pulled in front of him, with his powerful arms up and linked behind his head by his interlaced hands. Kyle sat cross legged, one arm draped along the arm of the couch, the other one along the back of the sofa, where his fingers were playing lightly with the nape of Fabian’s neck.

Kip sat legs spread wide on another couch, putting his impressive bulge front and centre, and Harris lay down, his head resting delicately on Kip’s thigh, green eyes playful and alert.

Fabian was first to his feet.

“Welcome to the show.”

He crossed the room at speed and threw himself at Ryan, who immediately spun him against the wall and began kissing Fabian's neck hungrily.

Ilya was next on the move, hurling himself across the room and landing in Shane’s lap with a flourish. He took his husband’s perfect mouth in his hand and stared deep into his eyes, “You have been very naughty tonight my lyubov.”

Shane gazed up lustily, “Who said I was done being bad?”

Meantime Scott, Eric and Troy had all reached their partners. Troy playfully barged Scott out of the way, lifted Harris out of Kip’s lap and mounted him, pinning his beautiful boyfriend in place. He reached out to feel the soft sensual material of Harris’s bra, pinched his right nipple hard, then sucked and kissed it, before coming up to Harris’s ear to whisper, “I’m so fucking hot for you Harris.”

Scott had gotten to his knees, tenderly kissing up in the inside of Kip’s thighs and then up the length of his stomach. He planted kisses along Kip’s jaw, as Kip moaned and then silenced the moans by pulling his husband into a kiss. Gently Kip pulled Scott up on the sofa and looked up at him innocently through his long dark lashes, “Wanted to look really cute for you Scott.”

Scott smiled tipsily, “You’ve never looked more fucking beautiful Kip.”

Eric and Kyle hadn’t bothered with talking and were instead furiously making out on the coach. Kyle had spun Eric round so he could dry hump him properly, grinding them together and was delighted to feel Eric growing hard underneath him. One of Eric’s big hands was playing expertly with Kyle’s nipples through the mesh bodysuit, while the other one gripped his neck and held him in their passionate kiss.

“Well if you still want to be bad tonight, you know that bad boys have to be punished.” Ilya smirked at Shane.

“Maybe I fucking like the sound of that.” Shane whispered in his husband’s ear and then pulled him into another kiss.

Chapter 2: The edge of glory

Chapter Summary

The slumber party turns into something else entirely.

Chapter Notes

He pushed Shane off him gently, and when his husband tried to redirect his attention from his lips to his neck Ilya pushed him off more firmly. He took Shane's sharp, chiselled chin in his hand and pinched it gently, "I have an idea. Wanna hear?"

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It had been a while since Ilya found himself in this particular kind of trouble. Ten handsome, drunk, horny men, in the same place and critically in the same mood.

He cracked open an eye briefly.

Kyle had taken Eric's shirt off and was gyrating more forcefully into Eric's crotch. In the heat of their passion, his bunny mask had been discarded and Eric was taking full advantage, gripping his hair tightly. Kyle braced on the back of the couch for balance with one arm, using his free hand to play with one of Eric's very hard nipples.

Scott's face was buried in Kip's crotch, mouthing him through the thin lace of his powder blue thong and judging by the expression on Kip's face, he was already oozing precum. Scott broke contact for a moment to look at his husband, before Kip's hand clamped his head back down to action.

Fabian had also taken the liberty of undressing Ryan. They were locked together on the rug, Fabian's slender feline form pinned to the ground by Ryan's magnificent size. Fabian was wrapped around Ryan's hips and the two were writhing together. The kind of friction that could be dangerous if they were together too long.

Troy murmured filthy little nothings into Harris's ear, taking advantage of the wonderful ass in his hands with a teasing spank every few seconds. Harris purred, except that was too quiet a description for the loud hungry groans, audible even though he was focused on marking a thick line of hickies along Troy's shoulder.

Yes, this Ilya realised had all the ingredients of a sex party. Memories from late white night summer parties in Moscow flashed back through his mind. Hedy. A rush he hadn't wanted

for some time.

All this particular fire needed was a match. The fuel was all there. Excellent Russian vodka, mischievous energy sparked by getting NHL dinosaur Scott Hunter (briefly) wasted, and his throbbing erection, courtesy his beautiful blue draped husband sat in his lap. Ilya felt it only right that he became the firestarter.

He pushed Shane off him gently, and when his husband tried to redirect his attention from his lips to his neck Ilya pushed him off more firmly. He took Shane's sharp, chiselled chin in his hand and pinched it gently, "I have an idea. Wanna hear?"

Shane shook his head sullenly and reached out to pin Ilya back to the couch by his biceps. Ilya broke apart again.

"You are so sure you do not want to hear sexy, wicked idea most attractive husband in Canada has come up with?"

Shane sat back, stuck his lip out with a big pout and gestured to his cock, threatening to rip through the light mesh blue underwear at any moment.

"It will get some attention. But you have been a bad boy, yes?" Shane perked up now, "And bad boys need their punishments."

Ilya pecked Shane, more tenderly than the passionate kisses that had crackled between them since the boys got back from the bar, and got to his feet.

He yelled in his best locker room captain voice, "Listen up assholes."

It was enough tone to dislodge everyone, but Eric and Kyle.

Kip reached across and smacked Kyle a little too firmly on the ass. Kyle groaned into Eric's mouth and pulled back. He looked ready to tell Ilya to fuck off, but the retort died on his lips when he saw Ilya looking at him *like that*. The tall blonde Russian was ablaze.

"Dear boyfriends and husbands," Ilya continued in a drawl that was part lust and part vodka consumption, "I think something very unfair has happened tonight. You have had fun slumber party, dressed in gorgeous sexy outfits, teased your poor defenceless partners and then enjoyed being ravaged by us on our return."

"I was just getting started." Kyle muttered to himself.

Ilya turned back to Shane, "You have been very naughty. And mischievous boys need punishment or how else will they learn?"

"You gonna make us behave *daddy*?" Fabian had spoken. He'd pulled himself out from under Ryan and they'd rearranged themselves against one of the plush loveseats. Fabian cut a lithe figure, sandwiched between Ryan's bulky legs, a long arm stretched up and around the back of Ryan's head so he could play with his hair.

“I sense a special *energy* in the air,” he caught Kip’s eye, “I will punish you all, but I will have help, from my friends.” He made eye contact with each of Scott, Ryan, Eric and Troy. It communicated much: Sense checked whether they were with him, read for their moods (all horny, all ranging drunk to tipsy except Eric, although he seemed drunk enough on the mood in the room, all in short right where he wanted them) and whether they would follow him on the next part. “But I am not a monster, I think is a punishment you horny boys will all enjoy.”

Ilya chuckled, “You will become good through service. Prove you can be good boys, get rewarded.” Shane looked up into the face of his devil and suppressed a smirk.

“What are you suggesting, Roz?” Scott asked. He sat on the floor, in between Kip’s legs. There was no New York admirals captain in that tone though. Scott Hunter was *intrigued*.

Kyle, Harris and Fabian were sitting up now, paying attention to every word as Ilya commanded the room. Shane knew his husband well enough to know they had arrived at the moment of reveal.

“A little competition Hunter, if it is not past your bedtime,” Ilya teased, “except competition is actually for our boys.” He broke flow to kiss Shane again, hungry, “We see who can edge their man the longest.”

“Let’s fucking go!” Kyle had spoken, smirking at Eric.

Fabian swapped knowing looks with Ryan, “You’re going down Ilya.”

“You got this sweetheart.” Kip said, his lover boy voice coming through thicker now courtesy the martinis. He patted Scott’s shoulders.

“*Ahem.*” Shane cleared his throat and threw his best puppy eyes up at Ilya.

Dark eyes met Hazel.

“Moya Lyubov?” Ilya’s tone was playful.

“I’m not sure that’s very fair Ilya,” Shane said, “and also where’s the *challenge*.”

“Oh ho, you have an idea?”

Shane joined Ilya, and threw his hands round his husband’s shoulders. The room shrank to the two of them, one energy, even as Shane’s voice carried to the others.

“It doesn’t seem fair for us bad little sluts to edge our own man. We know the rhythm you like, we know the tells when you’re about to cum down our hungry throats and,” he reached down and gave Ilya’s cock a hard tug through his briefs, “we know what you like. There’s no excitement there for us. I think we swap partners for the game and your bad little boys already have the perfect way to organise that.”

They sat on the floor in a circle. Everyone was stripped down to their underwear. A fresh bottle of icy vodka, pulled from the freezer, waited in the centre. Anticipation crackled between the men.

“Let’s get this show on the road,” Ilya challenged, “who first?”

Fabian moved toward the bottle, “I will.” He popped the cap and took a big gulp of vodka.

He gripped the bottle loosely and spun it hard. All eyes watched as it spun round, revolving fast at first and then slower, until it came to rest pointing across the circle. At Scott.

“Come here kitty.” Scott intoned. Fabian crawled across on all fours and handed Scott the bottle, bumping his leg against Scott’s softly. Scott also took a pull, grimaced at the taste and replaced the bottle in the centre of the room.

Shane spun next. The alcohol burned on his throat as he took his drink. He was the definition of intoxicated, swinging between nervousness and excitement, the alcohol buzzing around his system. He’d also gotten a kick out of turning the tables on Ilya.

Shane’s turn landed on Troy. He mimicked Fabian and moved to sit with his mark.

“Babe.” Troy greeted and opened his arms wide.

Harris went next. He took the biggest drink so far to appreciative hollering from the circle. The bottle chose Eric.

His green eyes bubbled at Eric, “I’m about to rock your world Benny.” Eric cocked his head in a way that read *bring it on*.

“Two to go,” Ilya declared, delighting in the naughtiness ricocheting around the circle, “sexy bunny looks hungry for *big* carrot.”

Shane rolled his eyes, “Neither sexy nor funny Ilya.”

Kyle matched Harris’s slug of vodka and spun the bottle the most violently so far. His eyes bulged with possibilities as it landed on Ryan. *Delicious* Kyle thought to himself and then realised he’d vocalised the sentiment out loud. Ryan flashed a shy smile and opened his legs for Kyle to crawl into, taking up the space Fabian had vacated earlier. Ryan dropped an arm lazily around Kyle’s chest pulling him close.

“Lucky you Grady!” Ilya addressed, staring across at Kip.

Kip bit his lip hungrily, “Ride of your life incoming Rozanov.” Kip grabbed the bottle, drank down two big gulps and handed the rest, slightly under a third of the bottle to Ilya. Ilya admired Kip’s dark eyes and drained the rest of the bottle.

Fabian darted away from Scott, dimmed the lights to a sultry low setting and fired up a playlist. “Fetish” by Selena Gomez played first, as Ilya yelled out, “Last one to cum wins!”

Kyle looked up into Ryan's big radiant eyes. They sat in one of the armchairs, Kyle kneeling over, rather than sitting in Ryan's lap.

He could tell from a simple glance there were a lot of emotions going on there. And even with all the vodka in his system and how hard his dick was, Kyle's biggest desire was to make sure all was well.

He studied Ryan for a moment, "How are we doing Ryan?"

"Good." Ryan said, full of confidence. To prove the point he reached his hands out to cup Kyle's ass. The size of them sent fire through Kyle and he jockeyed back slightly to give Ryan more to hold onto.

Ryan looked up shyly, "Actually, I'm finding this all very hot," Kyle's expression shifted to excitement, "and I have a question for you. I'm into the edging of it all, and the competition, but I also wanted to know if it would be alright...if I kissed you first?" He bit his lip and Kyle was damned if it wasn't fucking adorable.

"I think I'd like you to kiss me very much Ryan Price. And then I'm going to take you and the massive cock I know you're packing apart, if you'll let me." Kyle pushed their lips together. Ryan's tongue broke through Kyle's lips almost immediately, reaching out to explore him and his fingers dug into his ass.

Kyle kissed back and then leaned their foreheads together. Between kisses, he asked "That good?"

Ryan didn't say anything, but took one hand off his ass and used it to bring Kyle's hand down to feel his hardening shaft through his boxers.

Kyle didn't need anymore telling and backed off Ryan's lap, kissing down his neck, then his chest, pausing to bite hard on his nipples and then soothe them with kisses, planting a trail of pecks all the way down to Ryan's boxers. He looked up briefly, checking Ryan was into it, and then pulled Ryan's boxers away.

Ryan's rosy red dick bounced out of the waistband and whacked Kyle clean in the face. Kyle guffawed excitedly at the prospect and instinctively reached out his tongue, licking the delightfully angry looking head of his penis. He trailed his tongue down the length of the shaft to Ryan's impressive balls.

He cupped them with his hand and looked up to Ryan, "These look like fun." Ryan only had time to groan briefly before Kyle opened his mouth and sucked both of his balls in in one go. Kyle's hand pumped his cock hard and Ryan groaned out again. Kyle took the balls out of his mouth and fixed Ryan with one of his dirtiest looks, "Tell me how you like it?"

Harris held Eric's gaze.

He was crouched between tall, dark, salt and pepper's legs, a hand resting lightly on his broad right thigh, the other running fingers across his hard pecs.

“I want to run an idea past you,” Harris suggested, “I want to eat you out.” He added quickly, “If you’ll let me.” Fluttering his eyelashes.

Eric rolled further onto his back in answer. He hauled his big thighs up to reveal his hole and placed his hands behind his head. He cranked his neck and winked.

That went through Harris like a bullet.

He ran a finger round Eric’s hole, then sucked his finger and slipped the fingertip inside. Eric moaned quietly, eyes watching Harris work. He twirled his fingertip inside Eric once, then sank deeper, pushing on. Eric offered little resistance. He moaned lower as Harris pressed on. A hard gasp from Eric told him he’d found his prostate.

“Right there huh? Good to know,” Harris drew his finger most of the way out and then plunged it back in, causing Eric to writhe up in pleasure, “I’ll get you good and worked up.”

Fabian’s playlist continued in the background, Rihanna’s “Skin” oozing across the room.

Harris wrapped his other hand around Eric’s thick dick and pumped hard on it, “Ready for two?”

Eric grunted affirmatively and Harris slipped a second finger in, faster than the first and hit his prostate again. Eric tensed gorgeously, his hockey hard body rippling with pleasure. Harris scissored him, gently at first and then teased his fingers in a wider arc, opening Eric up.

He took hold of Eric’s cock lightly and began stroking him. He bent his head, took one of Eric’s balls in his mouth and gave a hard suck, before lowering his mouth to Eric’s hole.

Eric tensed briefly, feeling Harris’ warm breath against his entrance and then the tickle of his beard. He was used to Kyle’s soft lips there and the tongue that poked in was wider too. He liked it. Where Harris’ fingers had been curious, the tongue was direct, pleasure oscillating through Eric’s body. It was warm and it knew what it wanted. Harris had found a great beat milking Eric too. He used quick, soft strokes, just enough to tease and tantalise, but at a rhythm from practice being edged by Kyle, Eric knew he could keep going for some time.

“Fuck you’re good at that,” Eric praised, “just like that Harris. Good boy.” He reached down a hand to push Harris’ head further against his hole.

In response Harris picked up his pace and used the hand that wasn’t clamped around Eric’s dick to tease his balls. Pulling one after the other, gently, then more firmly, running them through his hands. Each touch felt sublime and calculated.

“Best fucking apple farmer I ever had,” Eric murmured, writhing more as Harris’ tongue worked through his ass. Harris took his tongue away and plunged three fingers in this time, slamming up against Eric’s prostate. Eric would be embarrassed about the scream of ecstasy he let out, but there was enough chaos unfolding in the room for it to blend into the background.

He pulled Harris up and kissed him, soft and then harder, biting his top lip between his teeth, "Suck me. Now."

It took Troy back to a night in New York years ago with Ilya.

Back when he'd hated himself. Back before he knew he deserved love and had love to give too.

Now, with Shane Hollander's dazzled eyes staring up at him, Troy Barrett didn't bother with words, tossed his briefs aside and grabbed a clump of Shane's hair to push him roughly down to his crotch. Hollander was happy to oblige, opening his mouth and taking Troy in, about half way down his shaft.

The practiced movement suggested not that Shane wouldn't deepthroat him, but that Shane wanted to enjoy working Troy. The thought made Troy's rod throb.

As Shane descended a second time, Troy bucked up into his mouth, winning a moan of pleasure from Shane's very full mouth. Taking the hint Shane sank down low, taking Troy all the way to the base of his shaft.

He then set off at a blistering pace. His head bobbed up and down furiously, Troy enjoying the warm wet throat almost too much. His climax loomed on the horizon, crackling in the base of his balls as Shane worked him like a filthy little slut. Troy savoured hockey's golden boy giving him A+ head. Troy bucked into Shane again, causing him to gag and when Shane pulled back, Troy did it again. This was all running way too hot way too fast if Troy was at all interested in outlasting the others.

"Up here, Hollander." Troy ordered, needing a way to distract Shane from his rock hard prick for a minute. Shane blinked a few times before Troy had grabbed the back of his neck and smashed their mouths together. He pushed his tongue straight into Shane's mouth, tying them together and pulled Shane's hand to his prick, as encouragement.

Shane didn't need much, wrapping Troy tightly, and pumping him at a lazy rhythm. The long strokes were perfect to prolong things, teasing enough for Troy, without the danger of being first to cum.

Shane pulled back, eyes glimmering now, "Worth the wait for your babe?"

"Totally." Troy enthused, spanking Shane on the ass hard before kissing him again.

"The first gay of hockey." Fabian cooed, patting Scott's enviable pecks with his hands.

Scott was fascinated by the still in place cat ears and reached out to stroke them, "You look... gorgeous."

"Not so bad yourself stud," Fabian moved his hand up to Scott's neck, teasing the back of his neck, "first time with a femme girlie?" His tone was inquisitive.

Scott flushed, part vodka, part embarrassment, “Actually...no...but it’s been a while.”

Fabian straddled Scott’s lap, pressing his crotch up into Scott’s chest, so his ass cheeks rested on Scott’s lap. Fabian was delighted to find Scott hard, pressed up against him.

“Mmm...tell me about it.”

Scott moaned, remembering it.

“I was in Europe, an island somewhere,” Scott recalled, “he had eyes the colour of the ocean, a gorgeous ass and he gave me the second best head of my life.” He stole a glance at Kip with Ilya.

Fabian’s eyes twinkled, “Second best hey? What made it so good?” He ground his ass against Scott’s erection again, which brought Scott’s eyes firmly back to him, “Sloppy and long?” He danced the fingers of his other hand across Scott’s chest, “Or he worshipped your head? Or he gave you his throat and said fucking use me Scott Hunter?”

Scott grunted, “Last one. Close to.”

“I’ll make you a promise then Scott Hunter. I’m going straight in at number two on the list of best head you’ve had in your stunning, muscular life,” he squeezed Scott’s bicep, “and you promise to show me what a good little whore I can be for you. Deal?”

“Deal.” Scott said. In a fluid move Fabian pulled Scott’s boxers off, released his dick and took Scott entirely in his throat. Fabian sank down three times in quick succession, then pulled back and spat a thick wad of spit onto the shaft. He dove down again and pulled Scott’s hand onto his head, squeezing to indicate he wanted guidance.

Scott dialled the pace down from Fabian’s early all out attack. If Fabian kept that up with his starry eyes and perfect throat Scott would be shooting his load down it in no time. Fabian took advantage of the slower speed, swirled the cock in his mouth, and worked up a big mouthful of saliva to add to the sensations.

Something hit Scott in the head and everything went dark. Briefly. He pulled a pair of Calvin Klein’s off and looked around the room. Rozanov was laughing at him and Scott deduced he had him to thank for the boxers that had hit him round the face.

“Fuck off!” He yelled, but was cut off by the need to let out a scream, as Fabian redoubled his pressure on Scott’s shaft.

Fabian drew off deepthroating to focus on Scott’s head, licked the sensitive underside and then rolled round the top of the head before taking it in his mouth, circling his tongue around it. He changed rhythm, pumping the head faster and then slowed as Scott clenched his hand in his hair, and moved back up to swallowing Scott’s monster whole.

Fabian was enjoying the full sensation in his throat. Scott wasn’t as thick as Ryan, or he thought quite as long, but the man had a divine dick. Fabian could feel himself starting to drip through his panties in excitement.

He pulled off briefly and looked at Scott, who had clocked the wet mark forming in the panties, “I cum quick and I love your dick so much, I might not last longer. But don’t worry I can cum again quickly.”

Scott nodded and reached down into Fabian’s pants. He pulled his finger out, shiny with precum and sucked it clean, “I wanna see that.”

“Difficult at this angle,” Fabian pumped Scott’s full cock hard, “but I have an idea for how you can get a better view.”

Kip had always thought Disney Princes were more his type.

But the way Ilya was looking at him, he thought tonight he might wanna get fucked by a Disney villain.

Ilya’s stare was intense. Blazing. But Kip couldn’t look away from those hazel eyes. If he looked away, the snake would strike.

Kip kept his face steely, “How do you want me then?”

Ilya considered him, and then curled his index finger and gestured for Kip to come closer. For ease Kip kneeled over him on the couch and Ilya pulled him in, wrapping a hand in his bra string. He pulled harder still, so Kip’s head drew level with him and he could whisper in his ear.

“Kip Grady,” his accent set Kip’s straining dick on edge, “I want you in so many ways.” He reached out and pinched Kip’s left nipple hard. Kip cried out heavily. “I want you calling out my name. I want you begging for my thick cock in your tight little pussy. I want you in complete ecstasy, spilling your load over your pretty chest and screaming my name as I cum deep, *deep* inside you.” With practised precision Ilya untied the bra and discarded it.

Kip sat back, rock hard in his panties, and kissed Ilya.

Ilya pushed him back with two firm palms on his chest, “But first,” he cupped Kip’s cheek, “I want to fuck your pretty little mouth and make your eyes water. Legs up and lay down.”

Ilya pushed Kip up and then spun him round. Kip lay down, legs in the air over the back of the couch and stretched his toned torso down it, so his mouth was at a perfect height for Ilya. Ilya pulled his briefs off and threw them with expert aim at Scott. Scott screamed something, but Kip lost it in the background, distracted by the dizzying view above him.

Ilya’s cock looked juicy and full. Ilya shook his hips, making his penis sway side-to-side and then moved the head so it rested on Kip’s lively lips.

“Open up.” Ilya ordered and Kip obliged.

From the smut talk, Kip had assumed Ilya would slam in right away, but instead Ilya was gentle. He pushed his length a few inches in, allowing Kip a taste and to get used to it. Kip looked up and saw Ilya staring down, checking on him.

He pulled out, resting the head of his penis at the edges of Kip's lips, "Is okay?" He brushed Kip's jaw with his thumb.

Kip reached his arms round and grabbed the back of Ilya's thighs, "Fuck. My. Throat."

Ilya snarled delightedly and obliged, pushing longer this time into Kip's throat and held himself in Kip's throat, his balls draped over Kip's nose. Ilya savoured Kip's gags. Kip squeezed his thighs softly, then more urgently and Ilya relented, pulling out. He let his full length rest on Kip's pretty face, dripping already.

"Good?" Ilya asked and Kip winked up at him, taking a big gasp of air. "That was just for starters. Now we go for real." Kip clapped Ilya's ass encouragingly.

Ilya teased Kip's lips with his head and took hold of Kip's shins, bracing himself. Then he pressed his prick in fast and began pistoning. Kip took him like a champ this time. Ilya kept most of his dick inside Kip's throat, moving in and out only very slightly, savouring the expert mouth of Scott Hunter's husband. The two men melted into one another. Ilya plunging his prick in and out of Kip's throat, Kip servicing him like a very good boy.

Kip was gagging and spluttering hard, but he was so greedy he didn't care. He'd built up a mouthful of spittle around Ilya, the great Russian bear taking no mercy, slamming again and again into him. Ilya's heavy balls resting on his face were making it hard to breathe and Kip was going wild for the loss of control. Ilya shifted his hands down from the shins to hold Kip's neck, pumping harder into him. The desperate noises coming from Kip were doing wild things to Ilya.

Kip's face was so sinfully wet, drool mixed with precum gushing from his mouth, as Ilya kept up his relentless assault. The taste of salty precum in Kip's mouth spurred him on. He knew he was leaving scratches on Ilya's thighs, urging him on, his own shaft swelling at the fire as Ilya's head thrust again and again far down inside his throat.

Kip felt a touch at his cock as Ilya eased Kip's desperate dick out of his panties and ran his fingers along it, exploring it. Kip's head oozed precum at the attention, screaming out for more, but it was not forthcoming from Ilya. Kip ached. He needed Ilya inside of him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and all the comments! You're all very kind. They were great and inspiring. I'm already working on Chapter 3 and think there may be an epilogue to come too.

Chapter 3: Give 'em a show

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ryan knew exactly what he wanted.

Kyle had turned his head down, expectantly and taken the broad head of Ryan's length into his mouth. The messy blonde head of hair inched lower and it felt awesome. Ryan had adored Kyle taking both of his balls in one go and the image of naughty Kyle working him was warming Ryan up excellently. Still, it wasn't what he wanted though.

Ryan gripped Kyle's head and pulled him off. He sat back and looped his own thumb and finger around the base of his cock. He used it to point across the room, "Put the mask back on. I want you to ride me." The authority in his voice made Kyle's penis buzz.

Kyle ran to the mask and fixed it back on his face. He'd been lost in pleasuring Ryan. Previously adorable gentle giant, now holding Kyle entirely in his power. "Wanna ride you so good Ryan," Kyle returned, "Give the others a show. Show 'em what a fucking good boy I am."

Ryan's eyes were across the room for a moment and Kyle followed them. Fabian was talking to Scott, gently massaging his cock in his hands. His lace fringed ass was up in the air. Shane and Troy were making out, Shane's hand pumping Troy's cock slowly, while Troy gripped his ass tightly. Ilya was facefucking Kip. *Hard*. Kyle watched Ilya's ass flexing as he pumped his cock deep into Kip's mouth for a beat or two.

And then he found Eric. So stunning. Harris was sucking him, slow and tender as anything and Kyle realised, watching another moment, Harris was also fingerblasting Eric hard. His King's gorgeous body twisted in waves of pleasure around Harris' probing fingers and warm loving mouth.

Kyle snapped back to the job, taking Ryan's cock in hand. He scooted forward and brought Ryan's hand round to his back, letting his big hard fingers find the plug he'd put in earlier. Ryan grinned delightedly and tapped it. "Already opened yourself up for me? So fucking good to me. Kiss me." Kyle leaned down, sticking his tongue out hungrily into Ryan's mouth and pushing his ass back into the gorgeous big hands.

"Mmm, we all put a little surprise in before you got here," Kyle latched onto Ryan's nipples with his hands, "take that fucking plug out and put a real dick inside of me. I've been very bad Ryan and I want so badly for you to make me good."

Ryan audibly growled, "Got lube?"

Kyle produced a bottle, leant back and drizzled a heavy pour on Ryan's cock.

"Fuck me." Kyle whimpered, quieter now, just for the two of them.

Ryan lifted Kyle up with his hands and ripped at the bodysuit material, making an opening around his ass. In another motion, he lowered Kyle's ass to the point of his cock and pushed his hips up, grazing Kyle's hole. "Fuck yourself, on me." Ryan ordered, an affirmative edge drifting into his voice.

It sent a shiver through Kyle. The quiet ones, he reflected thinking of Eric, were often the best fucks. He rose up into a squat and lowered himself onto Ryan's cock. It had been a big plug, but nowhere near the size of Ryan. Kyle felt himself stretch as he went lower, a tingle pulsing through his hole as he wrapped himself around Ryan's member.

"So big. So hard. Fuck." He bit his lip and shot fire eyes at Ryan.

"I...want you...to fucking ride me." Ryan said, his demand growing throughout the sentence.

Kyle took a few breaths, acclimatising as he took Ryan balls deep, and rested his cheeks against Ryan's well trimmed crotch. He took another breath and then began pumping Ryan's cock. He found an easy pattern, but could really lean into it when Ryan clenched his hands on his ass. They weren't only there for support though, Ryan pulled at the material again, unravelling the bodysuit around Kyle and then pulling with his hands, ripped the whole thing off his body. Kyle's dick bounced free appreciatively. He watched the bodysuit sail away as Ryan tossed it with a hand and felt his desire soar.

Kyle stepped up his motion. He pinned himself, with his hands on Ryan's shoulders and began rocking at speed now, ramming his ass hard into Ryan's crotch. The stretch in his ass burned and Kyle leant into the inferno, accelerating as he worked Ryan and he could tell from the intoxicating glaze growing in Ryan's green eyes that it was working for him.

Kyle leaned down and bit Ryan's bottom lip, then pushed his tongue into his mouth again, drawing them together in a wet, messy kiss. Ryan moved his lips away, leaned into Kyle's neck, and nipped at him hungrily.

"You're being such a good boy," Ryan whispered into his ear, "wanna show you off."

Kyle groaned into him, fucking himself hard, "Wanna spin me round? You can take control."

Ryan placed a hand on Kyle's hips and spun him round without taking his dick out of Kyle's hole. Kyle planted his legs and arched so his head was resting on Ryan's shoulder. Ryan brought one hand to Kyle's hip and another to his throat. They took in the room lustily.

"Gonna fuck you so hard, till you cum all over yourself Kyle." Ryan promised and began hammering his cock up into Kyle.

Scott had a much better view now.

He could appreciate the full beauty of Fabian's cock, curved hard and slapping against his chest, as Fabian rode Scott slowly, eking each moment of tantric energy out of the ride, as he slid up and down on Scott.

Their lips were locked together as Fabian varied the tempo, faster, then slower, working hard to please Scott. It was paying off.

Scott fingered Fabian's nipple ring, causing him to whimper in pleasure and flash his eyes open.

"They had the same idea as us." Scott gestured his head across the room to Kyle and Ryan.

They were a mirror image of each other. Scott, cock buried deep inside of Fabian and Ryan splitting Kyle's hole apart. Both riding facing one another. The difference was the sensuality. Fabian was deliberately keeping things slow, a low flame burning in the dim room, circling his ass to keep Scott on edge.

Ryan was driving on the other side, Kyle held above him, banging him hard and balls deep. Kyle's eyes were closed, deep in ecstasy, his cock happily standing upright, marking out how much he was enjoying taking Ryan all the way in. Kyle's eyes winked open and he found Fabian, mid-roll back down onto Scott's cock.

Fabian turned to Scott, "Not exactly the same I don't think. But maybe we should get in on that? Give 'em a little competition?"

Scott's face darkened sexily, "Mmm hmm."

Scott shifted, hands on Fabian's hips and raising his smaller body up, began to thrust up into his ass.

"Fuck yeah," Fabian hissed, "you can go as hard as Ryan, remember he's the one normally down there."

Scott took the hint and boosted the intensity. His balls thudded loudly against Fabian's hole and blended with the loud moans now roaring out of Fabian. Scott realised Ryan was looking at him, entranced in the show. Scott's cock pulsed delightedly, aroused further by Ryan's interest, and the delights of Fabian's ass. "Top 2 head, Top 2 ass." He praised, landing kisses on Fabian's shoulders as his balls kept slapping against Fabian's ass.

"Show's about to start baby." Fabian promised and Scott looked down just in time for cum to start spilling out of the tip of Fabian's dick. One stream hit his nipple ring straight on and Scott immediately reached out to tease it. Fabian yelled out at the touch, as his load dwindled to perfect little dribbles coating his chest.

Scott slowed the movement of his hips slightly and Fabian shook his head, "Keep going, that's it, *right there* Scottie."

Kyle hated it, but he was getting close.

The sensation of that cock and Ryan's arms holding him in place was already driving him wild. Scott and Fabian matching their rhythm had pushed him totally to the edge.

“Not gonna last much longer Ryan,” Kyle grunted, “so fucking deep in me, fucking me so good.”

Ryan purred below him, “You’ve been a good boy baby, you can cum if you want, but I want it all over your chest. Gotta mess up that perfect body of yours a little.” He began stroking Kyle firmly. If Kyle had been hard before, he now hardened even more at Ryan’s touch, whimpering as Ryan’s coarse hands clamped onto him.

Kyle heard Fabian cum across the room with a strangled yell and watched cum paint his lean body. He then watched Scott take cum off Fabian’s nipple ring and taste it, fixing eyes on him. Kyle could almost smell the mood in the room and it made his cock throb painfully.

Switching it up, Kyle pushed down as Ryan rocked into him, causing the bigger man to growl and respond, hastening his rolls up into Kyle. “Think we can cum together?” Kyle asked, grinning hungrily as he bucked on Ryan.

“Mmm I’m getting there,” Ryan murmured, “tell me...what a good job I’m doing.”

“You’re so massive Ryan,” Kyle flirted, “taking me apart down there.” He matched his rhythm to Ryan, slamming down in time with each thrust into him and felt Ryan tensing up below him. “Want your load in my hole so bad Ryan, fill me up like you filled me up with your monster cock.”

Ryan growled again and bit at Kyle’s neck. Kyle had been as good as his promise of taking Ryan apart and now Ryan could feel the climax coming. He gripped Kyle tighter to him, planting himself as deep as he could inside his tight embrace.

Fabian’s load had been a spark.

Scott was pounding towards climax within Fabian’s wicked hole. He held him, powerful arms keeping his feline form in place, as he slid his cock in and out frantically, edging all the time closer.

The competition had gone out the window. All he cared about was the gorgeous man in his arms, the wonderful feeling he’d given him and giving Fabian whatever he wanted.

“Got me hard again Hunter,” Fabian murmured, eyes flitting down to his hardening cock, “together this time?”

A devious thought crossed Scott’s mind, “Fuck it out of me.”

Fabian’s eyes twinkled as he melted into Scott again, gliding up and down on him. He felt Scott shiver a few times as he threw extra gusto into the ride, mashing his ass into Scott’s crotch hard, milking his beautiful long dick for all it was worth. The movement was at once graceful and visceral. Fabian’s smooth body sliding up and down Scott’s hardened hockey body, the larger man taut between him to a point of fine tension.

At the point Fabian felt his orgasm building again, he heard Ryan roar louder than before and spun round in time to see cum spraying violently out of Kyle's cock, and see his boyfriend's body spasming with intensity he knew meant Ryan had just fired his load deep in Kyle's ass. The rush of emotion ripped away what little barriers Fabian had and he had time to tell Scott, "I'm cumming again," before his second load burst forth.

"Me...t-too." Scott managed to stammer out as Fabian felt Scott climax beneath him. Scott's body shook with pleasure, twitching and bucking beneath him, and he gasped a few deep breaths exhaling slowly as he sailed to the highest heights and then gently began coming back down to rest. "That was *ridiculous*." He whispered to Fabian, kissing his neck softly.

Ilya pressed his apex against Kip's entrance.

Kip was squatting over him, facing Ilya on the couch, hands on his shoulders and arms locked either side of him.

"You will leave me a happy customer, Kip Grady da?" Ilya smirked up at him.

Kip sank down low, "Five star rating and a tip. Promise."

He sprang up once, then back down, and then tightened himself around Ilya. He struck off swift and determined. Ilya's dick was big, and Kip would be lying if he said it didn't hurt a little, but the plug had prepped him well enough. Ilya's eyes rolled back in his head and he relaxed into the moment, enjoying the speed and intensity of Kip's clenched ass on his cock.

Which was exactly how Kip wanted him.

Because Kip was just the right amount of messy right now to have a little fun with Ilya. And rather than helping Ilya to last the longest and be the winner, he was now determined to make him lose the competition. Exercising all his learned skills, Kip rode him vigorously, hitting his crotch with his ass.

Ilya unfolded below him like a Greek God. Kip took it all in. Mountains pecs, a dusting of light golden hair trailing down from his chest to his crotch, and chunky biceps which Ilya had raised behind his head. Kip leaned down and licked Ilya's pit, then moved across to kiss him.

If Ilya sensed the danger he didn't let on, easing out "You're ass is to tight Grady, fuck." He spanked Kip's ass in encouragement, which only drove Kip on.

Ilya's breathing had changed though. Short and sharp breaths now. Kip narrowed his eyes studying Ilya, his chest musky with sweat, and determined he was successfully moving him towards the edge.

Ilya let out a little laugh, "Mmm, I think you are playing your own game Grady."

Kip screwed up his face as he drove up and down on Ilya's long dick, "Don't know what you mean," Kip grunted out, fighting for breaths, "Surely a sex fiend like you can handle a light ride from a cute piece of ass."

“Da, but this is not a light ride, I think you want my cum out of me before anyone else.”

Busted.

Kip cursed as a light flush crept across his cheeks. He leant back and rolled his hole around on Ilya's, feeling him vibrate beneath him.

“Alright, you got me, I wanted to have a little fun with you.” They were interrupted by cries on either side of the room, “But I guess I just wasn't quite enough to tame the Russian bear.”

Ilya leant forward excitedly, bringing their heads together. He gasped a breath, “Very close *milyy*. You want my load Grady, fucking take it.”

Kip liked the challenge, gyrating his hips, which sent Ilya back into the couch, mouth wide open in ecstasy. He pinched Ilya's nipples hard and then lent down, biting him hard on his neck and shoulders.

“Hungry little slut,” Ilya murmured, “if you want my load, I will give you full experience, yes?”

He studied Kip's big horny eyes, pinched his hands on either side of his pelvis and stopped Kip riding, switching to punching into him. Kip yelled out in delight as Ilya opened him up anew, his balls slapping loudly against his cheeks. Amid the ripples of joy, he managed to reach down to pinch at Ilya's nipples hard again, pulling on them one after another.

Ilya grunted, “Need to cum on. All over that pretty face Grady.”

Kip was off him like lightning, crouched between his legs as Ilya stood up, screamed and painted his face with cum. Ropes of hot thick cum, coated Kip's face and he stuck his tongue out, tasting Ilya. He sucked down on Ilya's point, swallowing the last few spasms, and then felt Ilya pull out. He replaced his shaft with his tongue, kissing Kip passionately, and tasting himself.

Shane was showing off.

He was playing Troy like an instrument, alternating taking both of their cocks in hand, and taking Troy obediently into his throat. Shane had seen Troy's body of course, but it was different to have him at his mercy, spread out beneath his hands and needy mouth. His head spun, weaving between the two motions, the rise and fall of being up with Troy, kissing him and down tending to his sturdy unit.

Troy had absolutely whacked off to Shane Hollander before. The beautiful freckled face swam between Troy's lips and his dick elegantly. It was so rehearsed and put together, in sex as in hockey Hollander had a game plan. One moment taking Troy all the way to his base, the next rubbing their fat dicks together, the friction causing Troy to shift uneasily with glee beneath his touch.

Troy's breath hitched in his throat as Shane enveloped him again, descending Troy clear through to the back of his throat.

"Pretty damn good at that Hollander," Troy praised, "wanna fuck you so bad."

Shane took Troy's dick out, but held it in his palm, "I want you inside too," he leaned in further, conspiratorially, "but I think we should watch the show while we're doing it."

Troy hauled Shane up, strong hands squeezing Shane's biceps and moved him round to the back of the couch, so he could fuck him and have a view of the party too. He reached down for Shane's ass, found the plug and pulled it out halfway, before shoving it back in. Shane made a sharp intake of breath, "Want your fucking dick Barret. *Now.*"

Troy pulled the plug out of Shane's ass and added lube to his already wet dick. He pulled Shane's briefs down and slid his cock inside in one go. Shane's hole parted around him and hugged his dick inside tight. "You feel amazing." Troy whispered into Shane's ear, now all the way inside him. "They all look like a dream."

The room really did.

Kyle looked kinky as all hell, in Ryan's hard arms, bunny mask on being fucked within an inch of his life. There was a sensual fog almost visible over Scott and Fabian, the smaller man's toned cheeks wrapped around Scott's cock.

Shane could tell, with glee, Ilya was in trouble with Kip. He loved it when Shane rode him that hard, but it was normally a fast train to cum town. No way he'd keep that up for very long. He was yanked out of the thought, by Troy pulling out and then thrusting back in him.

"Still with me, Hollander?" Shane panted appreciatively and Troy went in and out once more to make sure, before setting off for real.

Troy lowered himself onto Shane's back, wrapping his broad forearms round Shane's chest, so Shane's chin rest lightly on his arms as he fucked into him slow and sensually.

Troy's attention was taken by Harris and Eric. Harris was putting his beautiful mouth to dreamy use, sucking Eric deep and hard, while Troy could see he was also three fingers deep in Eric's ass. Harris' ass meanwhile, peeked out of his red jock strap, tantalisingly close but just out of reach. Troy moved into Shane to the hilt and raised the tempo of their flow, Shane crying and seizing short breaths contentedly beneath him, as he worked his cock in and out of Hollander's tight buns.

Troy lost himself in the task at hand, salivating at Hollander's ass, weaving his hips in a rhythm that was doing great things for both of them. He'd suspended the madness of being in this room, with these gorgeous men all fucking, and grabbed the pleasure with both his hands, his cock beating happily inside of Shane.

Lost in it, Troy's head rolled back. Shane was almost perfect. His hard cheeks were pushing back now to meet Troy's thrusts, his hole pulsing around Troy's cock, holding him inside.

Bent low Troy could see Shane's back glistening, his hair wet with sweat, his whole body burning with the intensity of the moment.

All at once the room was moaning and yelling.

Fabian went first, his pleasure cutting across the room and then was followed by Kyle, who sprayed like a cum fountain. Then it was Ryan, yelling out as he nut inside of Kyle, and Scott screaming as he burst inside of Fabian. But most surprising, Troy clocked, Ilya was on his feet, spraying his load all over Kip's face.

Troy actually laughed at that, pausing his motion as Shane too clocked his husband, finishing far earlier than anyone had expected when he suggested his twisted game. Ilya was kissing Kip all of a sudden, tasting himself on Grady's lips, and then their heads snapped toward Troy and Shane.

Shane met their gaze. Troy couldn't. Because he'd found Harris again.

His Harris.

He was close to wrecked and looked so beautiful. His body hummed from working Eric, glossy in the low candle light, his handsome generous lover. He needed him. Ached for him.

Troy tapped Shane's hip gently and Shane spun his head round.

"What? Troy you're close I can feel it?" Shane spluttered.

Troy shook his head and nodded across the room, "I think Kip wants a piece of you."

He pulled out of Shane and raised him up into a soft kiss, "You've been incredible, and I was close, but...I can't with you," he pointed towards Harris, still attending to Eric, "I need *him*."

Shane followed Troy's moody eyes and his face split into a smirk.

"Go fucking get him." Shane growled, low.

Kip joined them then, a hand on Shane's shoulder and shy, drunken grin on his face, "Mind if I cut in?"

Eric was losing it.

He'd wanted to do well for Kyle, because they had the kinkiest reputation in the group, but now all resistance was failing. All those times Kyle had taken him to the precipice and then walked it back had been for nothing. Because Harris had him turning to pudding.

He was hunched over Eric hard at work, with a single minded focus to deliver pleasure. Eric's eyes fluttered open and closed in ecstasy, as Harris' head bobbed up and down relentlessly, swallowing Eric whole, with probing fingers constantly teasing in and out of his insides, playing him masterfully.

Troy Barret, Eric reflected, was a lucky man.

Eric spotted Troy moving towards them, his face predatory and body language urgent. He bent down, kissed Harris' neck, then in a frenzy worked all the way down his back, and without a word, lubed up and slipped inside of his ass.

For the first time that night Harris didn't need to ask who was peppering him with kisses. He'd know those lightly chapped lips anywhere and he knew exactly who was poking at his hole with the head of their penis. He moaned pleasurably into Eric's crotch and felt Eric twitch as he tapped up against his prostate again.

Troy pushed balls deep and Harris felt so fantastically full. Troy breathed hot into his ear, "You look phenomenal, doing so good baby, I had to be with you." Harris bucked back into Troy with encouragement, "You want it good and hard baby?" He reached down to fondle Harris through his panties and Harris thrust into the hand lightly, further encouragement.

As Troy rose up and jerked forward into Harris, he realised they had an audience. Eric was lazily admiring the scene and licked his lips. Harris' groans had gone up a scale, enjoying the hockey sandwich.

Harris took his mouth off Eric, but kept milking him, long enough to mutter, "So fucking full. So hot."

Eric stroked the side of his face, "Where do you want my load Harris?"

"I'm a simple farm boy," he wiggled his eyebrows, "I wanna swallow you." Harris did want all of Eric. He wanted satisfaction and the knowledge he'd given Eric his all. He wanted to be fuller still, with a warm and generous seed in his mouth. He needed to gulp it all down. And then he wanted all of Troy too, pouring into him, using him.

"*Back to work,*" Troy ordered, placing a hand on Harris' back and delivering a hard thrust, "gonna have my load in your hole too before too long."

Harris set off on a final sprint on Eric's dick. He'd clocked by now that Eric liked rotation. In turn he brought his mouth to Eric's head, swirling his tongue as he went down and then gave him two pumps with a firm hand, twisting again as he worked Eric's now throbbing shaft. The cycle had Eric shuddering beneath him. Eric's hand came down again, but this time clamped to the back of Harris' head, holding him down on his cock as he jerked his hips up, pushing his prick into Harris' throat. Eric added his other hand, and then cried out as he began releasing into Harris' mouth. As Harris had wanted it was a big, heavy release, the hot salty fluid filling his whole mouth.

It set off an explosion of emotions in Troy's head. His Harris with somebody else's cum in his mouth. His beautiful boy, doing the best job, at the height of pleasure. Except Troy thought, he could go one step further.

"Look at me?" Troy asked, gentler than moments earlier.

Harris turned toward Troy. Eric's spent heat was visible pooled at the edges of his swollen, red lips. His boyfriend looked destroyed in the best way. Troy yearned for more. Harris' face was all he needed. He cupped Harris again through the jock, and teased his cock out, jerking him hard and fast now. Troy matched the beat to how he was fucking Harris, sliding in and out of his ass in the same motion he worked Harris' cock, which was oozing with precum.

Harris hadn't taken his eyes off Troy, and Eric, now spent on the couch, was gently playing at Harris' hair, watching Troy buck backwards and forwards inside of his boyfriend.

Troy held Harris in his eyeline and felt a tingle as Harris winked at him, "I'm ready to go baby."

Troy threw his hips forward, rotating and raising his speed, giving Harris the hard fucking he loved. Harris screamed first, and Troy felt his cock pulse in his hand below, his warm load coating Troy's hand. Troy reached forward, increasing pressure of his thrusts and fed a fingerful of cum to Harris, who sucked it clean off and then held Troy's finger in his mouth. The climax came fast, an ember that tore into a firework display, as Troy buried himself in Harris, collapsing forwards on top of him.

Troy rolled Harris over beneath him, keeping himself inside as he emptied and kissed him desperately, "I love you." He rasped against Harris' neck.

It was all catching up to Kip.

The drinks, how late it was, power-bottoming the hell out of Ilya Rozanov and yet he wanted one more thing. Scott had tracked him from across the room, already exhausted beneath Fabian, and part of Kip hummed under his dark, moody looks. Because his husband was getting as big a kick out of this as he was. To have already taken Ilya and now want Shane. No, to *need* Shane, Kip corrected in his head.

Shane's eyes were shadowy and hopeful pools. They flitted between Kip's face and his triumphant dick, still locked and loaded. He trailed down from Kip's broad chest, to his tight hips and reached out a hand, tracing the angular lines, before wrapping a hand around Kip's member and pulling him toward him, "Need you to fuck me Kip. Make me cum."

Troy had teased Shane to the brink and then left him pathetic, whimpering and needy.

Kip played with Shane's hair, "Really desperate huh?"

"Mmm hmm." Shane said, studying the marks Ilya had left on Kip, the marks that might bruise come morning.

Kip chuckled throatily, "First man to have both halves of Hollanov I think."

A dirty look crossed Shane's face, "Pervert," he wrapped his hands around Kip's neck and kissed him, "and yes you are Game Changer."

Kip's heavy lidded eyes roamed the room and found the new space he was looking for: the dining table. A place for the two of them, beyond the melee in the wider room. He pulled Shane by the hand over to the table and hitched Shane up by the hips. As a built hockey player he was heavy, but Kip lifted him like nothing, planted him on the table and stuck another kiss on him.

"Think fast Grady!" Kyle yelled from the other side of the room and Kip turned in time to see a bottle of lube sailing through the air. The room was moody, and spent, besides Eric, Harris and Troy in the corner. But it didn't mean the others weren't watching on. Kyle lazily playing with himself, back inside Ryan's legs and Fabian entwined with Scott, tracing Kip and Shane's movements closely. Ilya had moved to the other side of the room, amusement on his face.

Kip wanted this one final act, with cover boy handsome Hollander in his hands.

"Wanna look at you while I fuck you Shane." Kip promised, lubing himself up. He was careful, his whole dick so sensitive from riding Ilya and all the hormones ranging around the room.

Shane threw his head back, "Gonna cum hands free for you Kip. I'm gonna be that hot for you." Shane lay back on the table, the wood cold against his back, and savoured the contrast from his hot, sticky skin. Kip angled himself downwards and pinned Shane's arms above his head in an A. He held them there, laying his own well defined arms on top and pressed his tip against Shane's hole. He teased Shane's nipples with his mouth, pulling them between his teeth and then planting wet kisses to soothe, as he pressed himself further inside Shane.

Kip took his time, enjoying Shane enfolding on him, as he eased up to his balls. Shane flexed his legs up, pulling Kip in tighter to him, and held him inside for a moment.

"Like how I feel sweetheart?" Kip looked longingly at Shane.

Shane exhaled a contented breath, "So much. Just like this. Ground me, pin me here, *have me*"

They hushed then, folding their bodies into one another, Kip using Shane's hole deliberately and attentively. Kip's strong arms held Shane down, impaled, as Kip ground their hips together, sliding fluidly through his hole. Kip circled Shane's hole with his head and then plunged all the way balls deep again, pushing Shane from moans to wet whimpers.

Shane was coming undone around Kip. His body glistened with sweat, and his eyes were wet, the waves of pleasure from Kip's tip banging against his prostate almost too much. He was splintering, each press from Kip untying him further, and he could feel pressure building at his base, inching closer with each attentive jab from Kip inside of him.

He wanted so badly to touch himself, but Kip held his arms in place, raining pecks which twisted to bites across his neck and shoulders. Shane thrummed now like a taut string, he stared at Kip through teary eyes, "I'm gonna go soon."

Kip grinned and pushed his shaft forward with more pressure now, “Gonna show me your gorgeous load Hollander?” The use of the surname fired Shane up further. “Show me it baby. Show me how handsome you can be.” Kip took his arms back and rose up, gripping Shane’s thighs for a better hold.

Shane clawed at Kip’s back, urging him on deeper into him and felt the beginning of release as his cock twitched. He was momentarily distracted by a string of noise from the other side of the room, but a firm hand – Kip’s hand – on his chin brought him back to the moment as he felt his climax surge forth from his body. Kip watched Shane empty himself, thick streams dancing across his chest and felt something unhinge inside of himself too. There were more yells on the other side of the room but he didn’t care. He growled and pressed his weight back down onto Shane, burying the last ounce of energy as he exploded in Shane’s welcome hole.

Kip held them in place together, salivating in the moment and placed their heads together. Shane ticked his head up and pulled Kip into a kiss, biting on his bottom lip. “That was great.”

“Fucking great.” Kip wheezed.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading. The comments and cudos have been more amazing, so if you enjoyed do leave some 🥺

I loved mixing up the pairings, but I had to give Troy and Harris a moment as they are my faves, and I think so cute!

There will be a little epilogue to round things off...

Chapter 4: Get your own hangover support apple farmer

Chapter Summary

Morning after wild debauchery fluff! Or Bargain Brunch gets elevated to see off a hangover the size of Canada.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Shane woke, bright light flooding their room.

They'd neglected to close the blinds last night and morning was already streaming in. It was the rudest of awakenings.

His mouth felt like sawdust, his head throbbed angrily and his mind was mangled. Kissing Fabian? Troy fucking him? Kip taking him apart?

He sat up in bed and pulled his knees into him, all the wrong kinds of nerves and anxieties exploding across his mind.

"You are spiralling about sex party with our good friends, yes?" Ilya murmured huskily from beside him.

His husband had been turned away, but rolled over, woken by Shane stirring beside him. Ilya offered a hand and Shane took it, pulled down so they were face-to-face, close enough to feel the warmth of each other's breath on their faces. The world fell away from Shane and it was just the two of them.

Ilya kissed Shane on the tip of his nose. "Can you give me some words or feelings Shane?"

Silence.

“Do you regret it?”

Then he teased, “It was *your* idea.”

Ilya scrutinised him. Shane’s dark eyes were dancing, despite the hangover. Shane’s silence, Ilya discerned, wasn’t out of regret or concern. His husband was quiet because he was embarrassed...about how much he’d enjoyed himself.

“Is okay if you had a good time at big gay sex party Shane,” Ilya reached out a finger and prodded him, “you are big gay. Makes sense.”

Shane chuckled, then blushed. Ilya cracked up , “You *did* enjoy yourself.”

Thoughts flashed through Shane’s head. Troy’s biceps in his hands. Handsome, tender Kip. And Ilya at the height of his powers. Wicked, seductive and weaving magic across a whole room.

He stood and crossed the room to the bathroom, poured himself a glass of water and gulped it down. Then he poured a second and gulped that down.

He returned to bed and Ilya. He scooted back against Ilya, sinking into his husband’s warm embrace. Ilya kissed and nipped at Shane's shoulders.

“I loved it,” Shane admitted, “it was fucking *hot*.”

Then Shane mumbled something under his breath.

Ilya squeezed him playfully, “What did you say?”

“You...lost your own competition.” Shane muttered a little louder.

Ilya mock shoved him away.

“I couldn’t upset Kip’s cute little face, okay!”

They brought their bodies back together and luxuriated in one another a while longer.

“You really enjoyed it?” Ilya pressed after a while.

This was why Shane loved him. It would always be this way, Ilya wanting to be sure and certain.

“I enjoyed it very much. The hangover on the other hand, fucking sucks.”

There were signs of life when Shane and Ilya made it downstairs.

Any trace of the prior evening’s debauchery had been wiped from the lounge. Scott and Eric sat contentedly together, sipping coffee, amidst the plumped and replaced cushions. Eric’s vest and leggings showed he’d managed his morning yoga flow. Scott’s cooling under eye patches suggested he was managing less well. They nodded a quiet greeting as Shane and Ilya went by to the kitchen.

Sat at the island, Kip’s dark curly haired head and Kyle’s sunny blonde head were plunged in bowls of ice water.

Ilya made a beeline for them, bent down and shouted at the top of his voice, “Sore heads party boys?”

Kip pulled his head up first and yelled “Fuck off Ilya.” Kip Grady and hangovers were not good friends.

Kyle rose slower and smirked, “I feel fan-fucking-tastic thanks very much. I’m not as delicate a flower as Christopher.” Kyle patted Kip on the shoulder. Kip could only groan and put his face back in the ice. “In fact I could probably do a mimosa.”

“*Absolutely not.*” Troy ruled out, moving round the island with Harris to join them. Troy’s bed hair and stubble were clear signs he was struggling. Harris on the other hand looked perky. They were also, Shane clocked, dressed adorably, in matching Centaur sweats.

Harris hugged Shane tightly, “How are we this morning handsome?”

The touch and Harris’s warmth soothed Shane’s hangover, “I feel like you ran me over with your truck.”

Harris laughed, hugged him more tightly and whispered in his ear, “I had the *wildest* dream last night.” Shane chortled.

Troy wrapped an arm around Harris’ waist, pulling him away from Shane and peppered his cheek with kisses, “Get your own hangover support apple farmer Hollander.”

A thick muscular arm reached out around Shane now.

“Mmm no apple farmer, will hot as fuck Russian hockey star do?”

“I guess I can live with it,” Shane wiggled an eyebrow, “I had a strange dream last night too Harris.”

“Collective psychosis I think,” Fabian called from the stove, where he and Ryan were working across a spread of sizzling saucepans, “take your seats for breakfast, we’re ready to serve.”

This, Fabian complimented himself, was a real step up from Bargain Brunch.

The table teemed with a mighty spread of start of day delights. They passed around sunny scrambled eggs and crispy bacon, shared out bright berries and poured their way through three cafetieres of steaming coffee. Kip had recovered enough from his hangover to make a batch of blueberry smoothies too.

Fabian drank his mimosa and settled down next to Ilya.

Ilya swirled his bloody mary with the celery stick. Even by his own legendary stamina, he wasn’t sure the hair of the dog was actually a great idea. But Fabian and Kyle were having mimosas and he wasn’t about to let them have all the bragging rights at the breakfast table. He nudged Fabian’s leg under the table and the smaller man’s brown eyes swung round to meet him.

“Thank you for making breakfast.” Ilya said and took a sip of his drink. “Last night was fun.”

Fabian’s lips twitched into a smile, “It was. So good to be altogether for once. Imagine the kind of trouble we could get into if we were together more often.”

Ilya spoke so low only Fabian could hear him, “I hope you have more good ideas this summer.”

Fabian sipped his mimosa, “I’ll let you know.”

They continued eating for a while and then Ilya nudged Fabian’s leg again.

“Can you send me link...for lingerie site?”

Ilya Rozanov looked *shy*. Fabian was delighted.

“I want to get some things for Shane.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for the cudos and comments it means the world and I've had such fun writing this one!

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