

Feeling with your skin

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Summary

Gerard considers getting to know Mikey's friends one of the highlights of moving back to New York. Frank Iero stands out...in every way.

Notes

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Gerard is really fucking nervous, and it's stupid. Frank and Grant are great; even if they say no, it won't be some terrible thing - it's not a reflection on him personally. It'll just be a "sorry, not interested" and that will be that. Gerard can let it be that. But the thing is, he really wants them to say yes.

When he walks into the shop, Frank is busy with another customer, but he waves and smiles at Gerard, which only makes Gerard more nervous. He's only here for one reason, so he wanders around the floor aimlessly, looking at everything – all the rope and plugs and floggers and the fucking *jackets*. Not buying every single jacket they sell is an act of will every time he's in here.

He runs his fingertips down a buttery leather sleeve, then along a line of stitching. Once or twice. A few times. When he looks up, he realizes Grant and Frank are leaning close to each other and whispering, smirking at him. He runs a hand through his hair and Frank pushes out from behind the counter.

"So," Frank says, grinning as he walks toward Gerard. "Can I help you with something, or are you just here to fondle the merchandise?"

"Um. I -" Gerard looks automatically back at the jacket. Fuck, he wants it. Maybe next time. "I actually just have a question... more like a request. For you and Grant," he says. Wow, eloquent. Frank immediately looks over his shoulder at Grant, who walks toward them.

"Go ahead," he says, with a gesture toward Gerard.

"I'd like to do a magazine shoot with you both. You're... a very visually striking couple and the way you feel about each other... I think it'd be really beautiful to capture that on film," he explains. Frank looks at him a bit blankly and Grant consideringly.

"I can pay you the regular model fees," Gerard rushes to add. "I'm not sure if either of you have ever done any modeling, outside of the Strange Artefacts catalog I mean, and I feel weird about asking, but my models bowed out and I can't quite get the image out of my head... I really prefer not to work with strangers for an assignment this size."

Frank looks at Grant again, but Grant hasn't taken his eyes off Gerard. "Frank and I will need to speak about this, but I'm sure we won't require payment in the event that we say yes. A few prints would be more than sufficient compensation."

Gerard smiles, breathes out, and looks from Grant to Frank. Frank is staring at Grant like he's the only person in the room. Grant murmurs, "Come here," and Frank moves into the circle of Grant's arms.

"I... That's all. Just let me know within the next few days," Gerard says brightly. Frank blinks and smiles and waves at Gerard, and Grant gives him a nod over Frank's shoulder.

"What do you think, darling?" Gerard hears Grant ask Frank as he walks toward the door. Gerard doesn't hear Frank's answer before he gets out the door, and he refuses to let himself

slow down. He takes a deep breath when he gets on the street, nervousness mostly faded now that he's asked. He's relatively sure they'll say yes. There was just something about their reactions that makes Gerard think they'll be into it. But even if they say no, it'll be okay. He's glad he asked, anyway.

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"I thought you'd been eaten by wolves," Alicia says when she opens the apartment door.

Gerard makes a face. "I know I just moved back here, but I don't think I would have missed news of a wolf infestation in Central Park."

"Rats, then. Mutant turtles. Mikey's been calling you for like, three hours to see if you were still coming to game night tonight."

"Oh!" Gerard digs his phone out of his pocket and pokes at the button a few times. "Shit, I let the battery die again. Can I borrow a cord and charge it before we go?"

"Sure!" Alicia calls over her shoulder as she walks into the kitchen. "We don't have to leave for a while. Want a Coke?"

"Yeah, thanks," Gerard says. She tosses him a tangle of white cord and he keeps going into the living room, where Mikey looks up from a copy of *Wired*. "Hey, sorry, phone died."

"Alicia was the one who suggested wolves," Mikey says. "She's been reading *Game of Thrones*. I emailed you too, but I guess you weren't at home?"

"No, I had a meeting," Gerard tells him. He finds a wall outlet and plugs the charger in. Once his phone gets enough juice back to boot up, the Apple symbol is quickly followed by the message notification tone. Gerard taps the phone icon and sees Mikey's three missed calls, along with one from a number he doesn't recognize - and one from Grant. "Shit," he mutters.

"You miss a meeting or something?" Mikey asks.

"No, I - it's Grant calling. Probably about the shoot."

Mikey tilts his head slightly to the side. "You should listen to it, then."

Gerard taps the voicemail and selects Grant's name from the list, and the first few words that he hears are, "Gerard, Grant. We'd be glad to -" His hand shakes a bit and he clicks away from the voicemail by accident. He carefully clicks out of the phone app; he'll have to go back and relisten later. By himself.

"He said yes," Gerard tells a curious-looking Mikey.

"Course he did," Mikey answers. "You nervous, Gee? You sound nervous. Are you sure this is your real job?"

"You caught me," Gerard jokes unsteadily. "I'm really an accountant."

Mikey snorts.

Alicia comes and sits down next to Mikey, handing a can of Coke over to Gerard. She looks a little less amused. "What's the problem, Gerard? They're total pros, even if they're not pro models."

"I was really hoping this shoot would work out, but it's -" He stops himself. "I'm a pro too. I'm just... I have a crush, I guess."

Alicia frowns outright this time, but she looks more concerned than upset. "On who?" she asks, then shakes her head. "Never mind, don't even answer that. Honey, they are so in love it kind of hurts to watch," she says.

"I know!" Gerard tugs at his hair, then sticks both hands under his thighs to keep them still.

"So why are you doing this? I'm sure you have people falling over themselves to model for you. In fact, I know you do."

"*Because* they are so in love," he says. "They look interesting together. It's... photoshoots where I have to direct every fucking action and every look get boring."

"That's not all you're getting, though."

Gerard wrinkles his nose. "Is that really all that different from when they go out and play in public? I'm not going to ask for anything more than photos."

"It's not like he's hiding anything, Alicia. He's been flirting with Frank from day one, and they still said yes," Mikey points out.

She shoots him a look. "I know."

"Then why-" Gerard starts.

"Because they're my family here and I love you, Gee, but I'm not gonna stop worrying about them just because it's you."

"That's not fair, Alicia. I'm the one who looks like an idiot here, and they don't even know. You should be happy I'm even telling you about this."

"I already knew you were an idiot, Gee," she teases. "And I'm worried about you too, you know. Because you're you and you can get really single-minded about things. I don't want any of you to be hurt."

"Sometimes Gerard screws up," Mikey tells her. "He always fixes it. I'm not worried."

She curls a hand around Mikey's neck and nods at him, then turns back to Gerard, "It's not that I don't trust you. I just... worry."

"You think I don't know what I'm doing? I wasn't lying about the professional thing."

"Gerard. I'm not saying anything. You're good at what you do. I care about you and I care about them and I don't want you to fall for them and have it be something they can't return. And they're still pretty new, all told, and it took them a lot to get there."

"I know," he assures her. "Really, I do." Mikey shoots him a quick look and changes the subject, which Gerard appreciates. He takes a sip of Coke and listens to Alicia tell them about her group project for Anthro.

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Ales answers the door with a big grin and a happy greeting and gestures Gerard, Mikey and Alicia inside.

"Glad you guys could make it," he says. "It's going to be a fun fucking night."

Everyone else is already there, chatting and sipping their drinks. Zoe comes over to greet them, stretching up to kiss Gerard's cheek. "You could have brought someone, you know," she tells him. It's then that Gerard glances around and realizes it's all couples apart from him.

He just shrugs. "I don't mind much. Besides," he shoots an admiring look around the room, "I can't really think of anyone not in this room that I'd want to invite." Everyone laughs.

"Smoooooth," Dallon says from his spot under Tyler on the sofa.

Ales hands him a glass of Coke. He chats with Dallon for a few minutes about movie remakes, then Zoe shoos them all into the dining room and they settle down for the meal. Gerard sits between Ales and Mikey and though the table talk is wide and varied, they squeeze in a fucking interesting conversation over dinner about politics and comics and the ways they intersect.

After dinner, he ends up talking to Zoe and Grant about the work they do and Zoe leads them back to the little studio she has set up for herself, letting him play with the camera equipment and showing him her shooting notes from some of her recent projects. Gerard is amazed at what she's done with such a small room and limited lighting and he tells her so.

"That's one thing that's been strange to readjust to. I got used to having more freedom of movement in LA," Gerard explains. "I'm having to change my style a little bit, change how I set up shoots. It's weird, but I think it's a good challenge."

"I'm sure you do a lot of shoots on location, though?" she asks.

"Not as many as you'd think. I like being in my studio. I'm the boss there," he winks. Grant chuckles too. "It also means I have all my equipment with me, so I don't have to scramble if something comes up." He shrugs. "So do you do *all* the photography for the catalogue?"

"Pretty much," she says. "We have a graphic designer for the layouts but we save a lot of money supplying all the proofs ourselves."

Grant chimes in, "And I like to have plenty of input." He looks mischievous as he says it.

"I'm stunned," Gerard says dryly.

"Zoe is being too modest, though," Grant says seriously. "She does much of the design work as well."

"I enjoyed the latest catalogue," Gerard says carefully. It had a picture of Frank on the cover; he doesn't want to seem creepy. "But you brought us back here to show us paintings, and I've hijacked things," Gerard says.

She smiles broadly. "I don't mind. That catalogue is my baby. I was especially proud of the latest one."

"I am especially fond of the latest as well," Grant says, his expression somewhere between fond and smug.

"You would be," Zoe says with a smirk.

Grant smirks back. "It was a key step in my relationship with Frank. I am allowed."

Zoe smiles softly at him. "You are. Anyway, paintings."

Zoe pulls several paintings from a stack leaning against the wall. She's *really* good and she's doing interesting things with oil on wood, which is insanely difficult to make work. They're beautiful. But Gerard can't stop looking at Grant and wondering what the whole story of Frank and Grant getting together is. Then Zoe brings out her sketch book and Gerard gets distracted by how fucking cool it is. Her paintings have a theme, but her sketchbook is full of everything you could imagine.

When they return to the group and Grant leans to kiss Frank where he's sitting on the couch, Gerard can't help staring. They're gorgeous together – Gerard wasn't lying when he said part of the reason he wanted to photograph them was aesthetic – but they're so much *more*. Every time they interact, Gerard can see all of their feelings written all over them. Maybe it's partly that they're still pretty new, but he thinks maybe they're just kind of perfect for each other.

He can't really help but feel a little jealous of what they have.

"Refills," Ales announces when everyone gathers in the living room again, collecting glasses and disappearing into the kitchen with Tyler and Frank trailing along behind him to help. Zoe pulls a whiteboard and a tupperware container full of markers out of a cabinet.

"Not Pictionary night again," Alicia groans. "The rest of you are all too good." She turns to Dallan, who's sitting next to her. "Tell me you can't draw?"

He laughs. "Sorry, I actually can. I think that's maybe the first time I've apologized for that!"

"Pictionary?" Gerard asks.

"The one, the only. House rules," Zoe says. "We draw names for teams. No one can be on a team with their significant other. We've got an odd number tonight so someone's got to

volunteer to be the scorekeeper.” Alicia’s hand shoots up. “Not after the way you just complained,” Zoe teases, and Alicia sticks out her tongue.

They draw names. Tyler ends up drawing the short straw, and Frank and Gerard end up on the same team. There’s a moment of confusion as the players rearrange themselves around the room and then the games begin. Frank is a great Pictionary partner; he’s unexpectedly good at drawing, and ridiculously good at reading Gerard and figuring things out. After their third turn, Ales is threatening to ban them from future alliances. Frank just giggles - he has the most ridiculous, infectious creaky giggle Gerard has ever heard - and gives Gerard a high five.

Gerard and Frank win, though Zoe and Dallan give them a run for their money. Alicia and Ales gave up and started heckling around the fourth rotation.

As everyone is milling around and gathering their things, Tyler announces, "Dallon and I are going to go hang at Starbucks for a while if anyone wants to come."

Gerard thinks about it for a second and says, "Sure."

Frank beams. “You guys! I wish I could come.”

Tyler hooks an arm around his neck and says in a mock-offended tone, "One of these days you'll stop dissing me and hang out again."

Frank makes a face at him. "I guess. When I stop getting epically laid," he says, smug.

Gerard laughs along with everyone and very carefully does not think too closely about that. Especially not when Grant comes up behind Frank and says, "As that is unlikely to happen, perhaps you should go out with them."

Frank shakes his head. "No, for real, I can't. I have the early shift in the morning. Next time, okay?" he tells Tyler.

"Promise. I hate it when my friends hook up and drop of the face of the earth."

"Not me," Frank says. "You'd all pine."

"Ugh, get out," Alicia says, coming up behind Gerard with Mikey.

Frank sticks out his tongue at her. "This isn't your house."

"Zoe totally agrees with me," Alicia retorts.

Frank looks expectantly at Zoe and she nods seriously. There's a twinkle in her eyes, but Frank sputters anyway. "Fine, fine. We're leaving. You're all terrible friends. I don't know why I put up with you." He’s still beaming underneath the whining, though.

After that, everyone says their goodbyes. "They're probably never going to let us be partners for game night again," Frank says, "But it sure was fun while it lasted." He leans in and gives Gerard a hug.

Gerard hugs back. He forces himself to pull back and is greeted with Grant's hand to shake. "It was good to see you, Gerard," he says with a smile.

Gerard grins back. "Definitely," he replies and then they're out the door. Gerard turns to Zoe and Ales. "Thanks so much for inviting me, you guys."

Ales grins at him. "Consider this a standing invite to game night."

Zoe leans in and kisses his cheek. "Yes. See you soon, Gerard."

Gerard says goodbye to Mikey and Alicia last. Tyler and Dallan are waiting when he gets outside. "C'mon," Tyler says. "There is a skinny caramel macchiato that doesn't yet have my name on it." Gerard grins and follows him down to the street and over two blocks to the nearest Starbucks. They put in their orders and after their cups are handed over Tyler curls into Dallan on one of the overstuffed sofas and studies Gerard. Gerard sips his latte and raises an eyebrow at Tyler. "I can't figure you out," Tyler says after a minute.

"Nobody's ever thought I was mysterious before," Gerard says with a grin. "Just go ahead and ask whatever's on your mind. First one's free."

"Do you have a crush on Frank?" Tyler asks. Gerard's a little taken aback. He expected a personal question, but not *that* one. He takes another sip of his coffee. Apparently that pause is enough to answer the question. "Dude," Tyler says, face serious.

"I know," Gerard says. "Believe me, I fucking know."

"Now you made him nervous," Dallan says. Gerard is nervous, despite what he said earlier to Mikey and Alicia. If Tyler can tell, can Frank? Can Grant?

Tyler tilts his head. "Nervous is good. Means he knows where he stands."

"Which is nowhere," Gerard says. "I definitely know that." Doesn't mean he has to feel good about it, though.

"Didn't mean to lead with the hard one," Tyler replies.

Gerard shrugs. "I had the same conversation with Mikey and Alicia this afternoon. I've never been... subtle... but I was kind of hoping I could manage to keep that one to myself."

"I still like you," Tyler says with a smile.

"Yeah, so do I," Dallan says.

Gerard laughs and runs a hand over his face. "Well, that's a comfort, I guess. It could be worse, right? I could... I dunno... have a crush on Alicia."

"Yeah, that would be worse," Tyler laughs. "But I really can't see that."

Gerard wrinkles his nose and shakes his head. "Alicia is great. For Mikey."

"If it makes you feel better, I had a bit of a thing for Frank too," Tyler offers. "But he was hung up on Grant and we wouldn't... it wouldn't really work anyway." He shrugs and leans over to kiss Dallan on the cheek.

"How'd you two meet?" Gerard asks. He can do questions, too.

"I met him a couple of times in Provo and then my band opened for his a few months ago," Dallan says.

"Utah...that's a long way to go to reconnect," Gerard says.

Tyler shrugs. "It kind of had to be that way. Growing up Mormon kind of... it's not even that our parents are judgmental or awful about it. Being queer just... isn't something that gets talked about."

"Neither is the stuff Tyler's into," Dallan adds.

"Yeah, I can see how that would be a problem," Gerard says. "Hell, kink is sometimes weird to talk about even in queer circles. I'm not sure how much I'd be into it right now if I hadn't been a photographer in the right place at the right time." Tyler studies him curiously but doesn't say anything right away, and Gerard looks back at Dallan. "You said, the things Tyler's into? You're not..."

"I... I'm trying things out," Dallan says. "It's out of my comfort zone, but I want to try. For Tyler. I've enjoyed myself, but I know he's starting out slow." The two of them look at each other with small smiles. It makes Gerard smile a bit just to watch.

"That's good," Gerard says sincerely.

"And I'm working on understanding that even if there's something I can't give him, he can get it from someone else and it's not like, a thing I need to worry about."

"That's something I don't think a lot of people are willing to understand, so...yeah," Gerard trails off. Dallan is looking a bit squirmy, so Gerard changes the subject back to their bands for a while. "Hey... thanks for letting me come with you guys," he says when he notices the baristas starting to clean up around them.

They both smile. "Anytime, dude," Tyler says.

"I'm just glad Mikey doesn't mind me tagging along all the time. I work too hard to...you know...get out much," Gerard admits.

"It's not tagging along anymore when you get along with everyone so well," Tyler says with a grin. "Speaking of work, you have anything awesome coming up? Well, more awesome than usual."

The shoot with Grant and Frank is more awesome than usual, but Gerard doesn't really want to bring it up, so he just talks about some mainstream magazine spread he's got in a few weeks and then Dallan brings up the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle movie because of some dude who walks in for coffee. Gerard has opinions; Dallan, it seems, has even more than him.

Tyler laughs his ass off at both of them, but judges the dude's shoes. It's late, and the baristas are giving them dirty looks, so they throw their cups away and vacate the premises. Gerard gets through the goodbyes and onto the subway home before he realizes, shit. He didn't tell Tyler about the shoot for a reason. The happy mood crumples into thought. How can he go through with this?

Gerard wakes up the next day feeling nervous, unsettled and still thinking about his revelation of last night. He remembers Frank said he was opening, so he calls before the coffee can work him up into considering it a bad plan.

Frank answers the phone sleepily and says, "Hey! It's early, what's up? Everything okay?"

"Uh, yeah. Just. I wanted to talk to you about the photo shoot," Gerard says.

"Oh! Grant came in with me, let me put you on speaker," Frank says and Gerard can tell the button has been pushed before he has a chance to say anything else.

Gerard freezes, like that will help. "Frank," he blurts.

"Yeah?" Frank answers.

"I think maybe we should cancel," Gerard blurts before he can psych himself out of it.

"You mean reschedule? Sure, no big deal, Grant and I are flexible," Frank giggles at himself.

"Frank," Gerard hears Grant say. "He means cancel. Gerard?"

It gets very quiet. "Gerard?" Frank repeats.

He can picture them, maybe crowded around the counter, maybe in Grant's office, maybe - shit. "I can't do it," he says. "I realized last night...I am supposed to be a professional. You deserve a professional. And I just can't guarantee that to you, Frankie, I -" He cuts himself off, and hopes he doesn't have to explain further.

"Oh," Frank says after half a beat and then there's silence on the other end for what feels like an eternity. "So you..."

"Have a crush on you. It... I sort of can't ignore it anymore, not after last night. Basically," Gerard says and bites his lip.

"What are you gonna do, Gee? Make a pass at me while you're shooting?" Frank sounds skeptical.

"No! I'd never. I just... the more I thought about it, the more it felt like I was being fucking creepy," Gerard explains. "I still... I want to do it still because as a professional, I think you guys would take amazing photographs. You're like, a photographer's dream."

"Unless you're gonna act unprofessional, I don't think... what do you think, Grant?" Gerard holds his breath.

"I think this is entirely your decision," Grant replies. "And I think Gerard has some brass fucking balls to admit it to both of us. So he's got that going for him," Grant continues.

"Not going against me?" Gerard questions.

"Not as far as I'm concerned, but I'm not the one making the call," Grant says. Gerard feels a little bit better. He chews on his thumbnail and waits for Frank to speak again.

"It's okay, Gerard," Frank says after a moment. "Things happen."

Gerard breathes out, relieved. "I just... I respect you, both of you, so much. I couldn't have lived with myself if I felt like I was taking advantage like that."

"This is why you're the best at what you do, Gerard," Grant says. Gerard can't tell if his tone is meant to be admiring or reassuring.

"So," Gerard says, switching out of confessional mode. "We said the seventeenth. Does that still work for you both?"

"Yes," Grant answers.

"And you have the address of my studio?" Gerard asks.

"Saved in the email you sent, Gee," Frank says.

"Good," Gerard says. He almost says "I'm looking forward to it," but stops himself. "It'll be a good shoot. Like I said, you guys can do whatever you want, whatever you feel comfortable with."

"We're looking forward to it, Gerard," Grant says.

"I...good."

"See you soon," Frank says. "Oh hey, Mikey told you about Ales' birthday party, right? Because you're totally invited to that."

"He didn't. But you know Mikey. It's cool, I'll ask him about it. See you later, guys." They hang up and Gerard feels - well, okay, embarrassed, but also so much better than he did ten minutes ago. He kind of can't wait for Thursday.

Frank disconnects the call, sits back and just sort of stares at the phone. "That was not what I was expecting," he says.

Grant smiles and pushes Frank's hair behind his ear. "I can't say I'm surprised. You are extraordinarily appealing."

"You're not jealous?"

"I find myself quite secure in your regard for me," Grant says.

"Well, you should be. But you really don't mind..."

"Frank," Grant laughs. "I want the world to see you, if that's what you want."

"I want to see us for myself," Frank replies. "I don't really care about the world."

"But, Frank - there is a person behind the lens. Do you want Gerard to see you? To see us?"

"I said I didn't mind! I mean. It's... a little weird, maybe, but he was open about it and I don't want anything to get weird with all of us and... it's Gerard," Frank says.

"Do you like him, Frank?" Grant's tone is completely even. Frank envies him his poise and admires it, as always.

"I... if I weren't with you, I would probably be really, really interested in him. But I am with you and I don't want that to change. At all. Ever." Frank shrugs.

"Of course, Frank." Grant offers him a gentle smile, situation normal. Frank breathes out and refocuses on work.

"You gonna help me restock these shelves, or are you gonna go up to your office?" Frank asks.

"I think I'll go up and finish some of the paperwork Zoe has been nagging me about. Come up for lunch," Grant says. It sounds like he has more than food in mind.

"Yes, all right," Frank says softly. Whatever Grant wants - even if it's just to order takeout, but he hopes it's not - he needs it. He keeps busy the rest of the morning, but he's pretty happy when Alicia walks in. "I'm taking lunch now," he says. She just makes a shooing motion at him and he takes the stairs up to the office two at a time. "Grant," he says happily. The huge smile he gets in return is exhilarating as always. He wouldn't trade this for anything. He couldn't.

"Shut and lock the door," Grant orders. He locks the door and goes back to Grant, clasping his hands behind his back and resisting the urge to just kneel immediately. Frank is impatient, but he doesn't want to push.

Grant's smile softens and he studies Frank for a few moments. Frank tries not to fidget. "What would you like from me, sir?" he asks.

"Perhaps I just wanted company," Grant says, and Frank can tell he's teasing.

"If that's what you want, I'll stay here the entire time," Frank says demurely.

Grant's mouth twitches. "I want to hear you tell me what you want, darling."

"I want to suck you," Frank says immediately. "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Grant makes a pleased noise. "Perfect, because I always want your mouth on me."

Frank takes a step forward and stops. "May I?" Grant pushes his chair back from his desk, then flicks his gaze over to the couch. After a moment he moves, then holds out a hand for Frank. Frank takes his hand and lets Grant pull him forward.

Grant sits on the couch and says, "On your knees." Frank kneels and slides his hands up Grant's thighs and Grant makes that pleased noise again. "I shall put myself in your hands," Grant says, twisting a strand of hair gently around his fingers. Frank rubs his cheek against the soft fabric of Grant's slacks and reaches out to unbutton and unzip his pants. He reaches in and rubs Grant through his briefs until he's nearly hard before tugging the waistband down.

"My mouth is watering," he says, closing a hand gently around Grant's shaft to give it a few strokes. "S'what you do to me." Frank's often too far under to talk, but he knows it turns Grant on when he does.

"I crave you too," Grant murmurs in reply. Frank teases his thumb around the head and over the slit. Grant's hand tightens in Frank's hair. "Frank." It's a quiet order, one Frank has no problem obeying. No more teasing. He leans in to swirl his tongue, then take the head fully in his mouth. He loves the taste, loves how Grant's cock feels in his mouth. He moans, since he can't exactly tell Grant that with words. He takes Grant further into his mouth, presses his tongue against the underside of Grant's cock, and starts sucking.

Grant has no problem talking, and he does. As Frank moves his head, letting Grant's cock slide in and out of his mouth, he tells Frank all the other places he's wanted to do this lately. All the other things he's been thinking about. He's been working on an article, so there are a lot. Frank takes him down as far as he can, swallows around the head of Grant's cock. "Frankie. Fuck, your mouth is fucking incredible."

Frank hums and swallows again, then starts bobbing his head. He wants Grant to let go. He gets his hands around Grant's hips, slipping between his ass and the couch and urging him with gentle tugs to move. "You always want to be used, don't you, Frank?" Grant murmurs and starts thrusting his hips. "You want me to take whatever I want from you."

Frank moans a little, hoping Grant knows it means yes. It's more than taking. It's giving Grant everything he possibly can. Grant cups his cheek gently, tender, in contrast to what he's doing with his hips and cock. Yes, he understands.

"So beautiful like this, giving yourself to me," Grant says. Frank has always loved blowjobs; receiving, yeah, but especially giving. It's taking control by giving it away - and vice versa - and with Grant, especially, it's a special exchange. Different than bondage or impact play. He opens his eyes and looks up. Frank watches Grant's face as Grant fucks up into his mouth, watches Grant's own eyes close when Frank swallows around him again.

Grant moans and his hips stutter. Frank tightens his fingers on Grant's hips and keeps sucking. He can taste, can feel that Grant's about to come, so he pulls back so just the head is in his mouth and works Grant's slit with his tongue. Grant murmurs his name, again and again, fingers kneading through Frank's hair. Frank wishes he could kiss Grant, swallow all his moans. Instead, he keeps moving his tongue around the head of Grant's cock, then sucks

hard. He hums and encourages Grant's thrusts with his hands again. And then Grant lets go completely, fucking Frank's mouth, hands clenching hard in his hair and finally coming.

Frank swallows, licking Grant clean and leaning his head against Grant's stomach, panting. "Grant," he whispers.

Grant's fingers loosen in Frank's hair and he smooths it back, gently tucking it behind his ears. "So good," he praises. "So very good. Tell me what you'd like now, love."

Frank thinks about it. "Your hand. Your fingers."

Grant tugs up on Frank's arm. "Stand. Jeans and underwear off. And get me the lube." Frank does as he's asked. He doesn't notice until he pushes down his pants how hard, how fucking ready he is. "Lean on the arm of the couch, love. I know just what to do. Need I tell you not to come until I say?" Frank shakes his head.

Grant pulls him down with a hand on his chin and kisses him, lingeringly. Frank kisses back, sinks into it for as long as Grant will let him. He loves Grant's mouth. Grant pushes him back, trailing his fingers lightly down the shaft of Frank's cock and points to the arm. Frank goes dutifully, leans over and takes a deep breath. Grant kneels behind him on the cushions and gives him a single lubed finger right away, pushing in without pausing. He doesn't touch Frank's cock yet. He won't, Frank knows. Frank just breathes. Concentrates on how good Grant's finger feels as he thrusts it slowly in and out.

Grant curls his finger and rubs over Frank's prostate just the slightest bit before going back to the maddeningly slow thrusts. "Gorgeous," he says against the skin of Frank's lower back.

Frank breathes in through his nose. "Please," he whispers.

"You want more? Are you feeling desperate and impatient, my darling?" Grant's voice is lazy, amused.

"Always," Frank says. "I am always desperate for you." Grant chuckles against his skin and keeps the same slow and steady pace for a few more thrusts before adding a second finger. Frank moans and fights to keep from moving his hips or clenching around Grant's fingers. That would only prolong it. But Grant doesn't change his pace at all, though Frank's behaving, and Frank knows he has to beg.

"Grant, please. Need more. So much more. Please."

Grant uses his other hand to trace the lines of Frank's tattoos, sliding down the backs of his thighs, and up his spine. "How's that for more?"

"Grant," he whimpers. Grant grips Frank's hip, sliding his thumb back and forth, then adds a third finger with his other hand. He speeds up his thrusts just enough to drive Frank completely out of his head. "Want you inside me," he whispers.

Grant chuckles, breath puffing against Frank's skin. "Perhaps you should have thought of that earlier. I'm afraid my fingers will have to do. Or perhaps I can get your favorite dildo. Or the

plug. What if I made you wear it the rest of the day?" Frank whimpers. It sounds impossible. But he'll take whatever Grant decides to give him.

Grant withdraws his fingers and all Frank's breath leaves him in a whoosh. He doesn't say anything, just waits. He hears a drawer open, listens to the sound of Grant's hand slicking whatever he chose with lube. When the head of the dildo Frank loves press against his hole, Frank almost cries with relief. Grant presses it in slowly, twisting it as he goes. Frank clutches at the fabric of the couch arm and moans. When it's all the way in, Grant leans over Frank's back, his body pressed against the dildo, and kisses Frank's neck softly. He murmurs, "Do you feel full now, Frankie? You want me to fuck you with it? Will I turn the switch? When? Are you thinking about it?"

"Fuck. Yes," Frank gasps. "Please. Anything."

"Yes to what?" Grant asks.

"All of it. Want everything."

"Everything is what you will have." Grant starts moving the toy again, deep twisting thrusts.

"Please," Frank pants.

"Please what?" Grant says as he twists. The veins and bumps in the silicone make Frank gasp at each one.

"May I move?"

"What's the answer to that question, love?"

"No," Frank moans.

"You'll wait until I decide you may," Grant replies and then the dildo starts vibrating. Frank gasps, fingers digging into the upholstery to hold himself still. "You're doing so well," Grant tells him. "I see your shoulders shaking, your thighs tense. Doing your very best to be good for me."

"Always wanna be good for you," Frank says. Grant changes the angle and presses the head of the vibrator against his prostate. A ragged noise rips out of Frank's mouth. "Grant, fuck, Grant."

"Beautiful," Grant whispers. He doesn't move the vibrator, just lets it rest there for several moments, then reaches around Frank's hip to take his cock in hand. He starts gentle, but Frank can barely hold it together. It's too much sensation, Grant's calluses and the warmth of him against Frank's hip, the stretch and vibration of the toy. "You can move now, Frankie," Grant whispers in his ear and Frank's hips snap forward, driving his cock through Grant's loose fist and then his ass back onto the dildo.

"Grant," he moans. "Oh god, Grant."

He's so close, so very close to coming, but he doesn't want it to end, either. And Grant hasn't given him permission to come yet. Grant feels so solid wrapped around him, and it holds him together.

Grant murmurs praise against his neck, pulls Frank's head back by his hair and trails his tongue down the shell of Frank's ear. Frank draws in a sharp breath. "Some other time," Grant whispers. "It'll be the plug, and a long day at work. Perhaps game night." Frank shudders. It's an oblique reference, but Frank isn't dumb. "We've run out of time today, though. Come, Frank."

Frank thrusts back against the dildo and Grant gives his cock one more stroke and Frank does, all over Grant's hand and the arm of the couch, moaning Grant's name.

Grant kisses his neck, pulls the dildo out, and pulls Frank back into his lap. Frank leans his head against Grant's shoulder. "I love you," Frank says. "I...can we go out tonight?"

"We can do whatever you like, my love. Do you want to go to Kristan's or elsewhere?" Grant rubs a hand across Frank's chest and nuzzles his temple. "Or is that not the kind of out you were thinking?"

Frank sighs. He feels so fucking good right now, but he wants more. He wants Grant to get what he wants, too. "Kristan's would be fine," he says. "Just want to go do something with you. Anything."

"All right. You know, I want -" Grant stops himself.

"Tell me," Frank whispers and twists around to cup Grant's cheek, to look him in the eye. "What do you want? I'll do anything you want."

"Would you let me choose something new?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

Grant smiles. "I suppose you did."

"I want to be good for you," Frank says quietly. "You've been giving me all these things you know I like. You can take things too."

"It's not about taking," Grant says. "Not for me."

"It can be. If that's what I - we - want. I trust you," Frank says. He means it. More than he thinks he ever has before. "Give me what you want."

Grant tightens his arms around Frank. "You are..." he whispers and trails off. Frank leans up and kisses him, strokes his hand delicately over Grant's head.

"Yours," Frank whispers. Grant tips his forehead against Frank's temple and they sit quietly for a few minutes.

"Your lunch is nearly over," Grant says.

Frank nods. "I don't want to leave you," he says reluctantly.

"We could spend our entire lives in bed, doing beautifully depraved things with one another," Grant says, "But that doesn't pay the bills."

"It sort of does," Frank muses.

Grant laughs. He sounds like himself again. "More pressingly, Alicia is downstairs and the longer we leave her down there by herself, the more likely we are to face retaliation in some form or another," Grant says wryly.

"Oh god, anything but that," Frank says in a mock-horrified tone. He stands, but turns back to kiss Grant. "I love you," he repeats against Grant's lips.

"And I you," Grant answers. Frank dresses carefully and helps Grant straighten his clothing. "I'll likely lose track of time and you'll have to come get me when it's time to go home," Grant tells him with a smile.

Frank laughs. "I know." He grabs an apple and a granola bar from the basket on top of the mini-fridge and ducks out the door.

Grant does actually remember to come downstairs at the end of Frank's shift. Alicia teases him about his selective memory, and he raises a suggestive eyebrow and watches Frank try not to turn bright red. Frank doesn't embarrass easily, but Alicia seems to be able to get him blushing every time. They walk home since it's a nice evening, and once they get inside and kick off their shoes, Grant sits at the breakfast bar and watches Frank cook dinner. They chat a little bit but mostly Grant just enjoys watching his movements. He doesn't use a cookbook, just throws things together, eyeballs most of the measurements. Grant loves how competent Frank is and how right he looks in Grant's kitchen, like it's always been theirs.

Frank is almost completely unselfconscious and doesn't seem to mind Grant's staring. He just gives Grant a small smile whenever he catches Grant at it and plates up the food. He sets a plate in front of Grant and hops up on the barstool next to him. "Thank you, Frank," Grant murmurs.

"Welcome. Eat up," Frank says. He picks up his fork, then sets it down, hops back down and retrieves a couple of beers from the refrigerator before sitting back on his stool. Grant takes a bite.

"Delicious," he tells Frank. Frank beams. The conversation picks up a bit more as they drink their beers. Grant feels looser and more relaxed and it's a little surprising. He didn't quite how tense he'd been.

"You all right, Grant?" Frank says as he passes his empty plate to Grant. His tone is mild, and Grant waits until he's stacked the plates in the sink to answer.

"Fine. Perhaps more needless worrying than usual this week."

"You wanna tell me about it?" Frank asks. "If it's needless, I maybe can't actually help, but I'm pretty good at listening."

"I do occasionally worry about pleasing you, you know," Grant tells him. Frank's mouth falls open a little bit in surprise.

"You shouldn't," he says fervently and steps into Grant's space. "I can't even tell you how much you please me. Every single day. Just sitting here eating with me. Never mind anything else." Grant quirks an eyebrow. "Well, not never mind," Frank amends. "I'm pretty fond of the everything else. I'm really happy, Grant. Really fucking happy. You can... I worry too. That I'm still so new at this and I'm not giving you what you need," Frank confesses quietly.

Grant smiles ruefully and draws him close. "We're quite the pair, aren't we? I was lonely before, in ways I didn't admit or realize. Now I have you."

"And you're giving me things I never knew I wanted until I figured out I really fucking did," Frank says. "We make a pretty damn good pair, I think."

"I know we do," Grant says. Frank's looking at him thoughtfully. "What?"

"Let's go to our room so I can get you ready to go out," Frank says. Grant can't stop the pleased smile that crosses his face. That sounds... really quite lovely.

"Yes, alright," Grant says, and allows Frank to tug him down the hall to the bedroom.

"Tell me what you want to wear," Frank says. "Tell me what you want me to wear, too." He waits, hands clasped in front of him, like a very hot punk butler.

"What if I want you to pick?" Grant asks.

"I will, but I feel I should remind you that I have the fashion sense of a stray dog," Frank says with a smile.

Grant laughs. "I think I want to wear the black pinstripes tonight."

"With what?"

Grant thinks for a moment about the contents of his closet. "The striped turquoise tie and black shirt, I think," Grant says. "And for you... hmm. I suppose that depends on what you have here. Black jeans and that white long sleeved shirt, maybe."

Frank nods and opens the closet. He pulls Grant's suit, shirt, and tie out and lays them out, then gets his clothes from their drawers. Grant thinks idly that he'll need to sort through the closet and put some things in the storage locker in the basement when Frank brings over more of his things. He doesn't mind. "You first," Grant tells him, adding with a chuckle, "No underwear."

Frank undresses. Grant's almost tempted to go to him now, to touch him. Instead, he watches. Lets his eyes trace Frank's body, his ink, his face. Frank's getting a little bit turned on doing this, Grant can tell. But he dutifully pulls the tight jeans up his thighs, tucks himself in, and

zips and buttons. The shirt is next, and it really is a shame. Grant will just have to take it off at Kristan's. Perhaps he'll use the rings on the ceiling to tie Frank's wrists, the better to show off all that ink.

When Frank is dressed, he comes to stand in front of Grant. Grant moves helpfully as Frank undresses him, but makes no effort to hide his own arousal. Frank is good, stays to the task at hand, but his eyes keep finding Grant's cock and he keeps licking his lips and swallowing. Frank zipping and belting Grant's trousers is an exercise in restraint for them both. They take deep breaths and Frank reaches for the last piece of Grant's ensemble, the tie.

"Sit on the bed?" he asks. "I can't tie a tie backwards." Grant sits and Frank gets up on the mattress behind him, draping the tie around his neck. No, Grant was wrong; this is the exercise in restraint, Frank plastered up against his back and panting a little in his ear as his clever hands work the knot. Grant decides then and there that he's using this tie as a blindfold tonight. Frank finishes the knot and tugs it up tight against Grant's throat. "There. All ready to go," Frank murmurs into Grant's ear. He lingers for just a moment, then draws back and stands in front of Grant again. Grant looks him up and down.

"Perfect," he says.

"I wish we had time for me to shave you," Frank murmurs, running his fingers down Grant's cheek.

"I will make you appreciate the stubble," Grant purrs and watches as Frank swallows hard. "We'd best leave now or we'll never make it to Kristan's," Grant says, and takes Frank's hand.

The taxi ride to Kristan's is blessedly short and when they walk in hand-in-hand, there's a bit of a stir as there always is. Grant won't deny he finds that gratifying. They make the rounds, chatting with people they know and getting bottles of water. Grant enjoys the way Frank stays by his side, his hand in Grant's. Frank's left his cuffs on as he usually does, and Grant can feel the metal of one of the D-rings pressing against his wrist. They finally make their way down to the play areas. Kristan is standing near the bottom of the stairs, surveying her kingdom. "Hello, loves," she greets with a wide smile.

"Kristan," Grant answers, and leans in to kiss her cheek. "Good to see you."

"And the two of you," she replies.

Frank stretches to kiss her other cheek. "Hello, Kristan."

"Anything interesting happening tonight?" Grant asks.

"You," she says with a smirk.

"Oh yes, it's such a drag to be so interesting," Frank jokes, scanning the busy room imperturbably. Grant squeezes Frank's hand. Sometimes he forgets that Frank is a born performer, has been getting up in front of people and playing music since he was a child.

"We'll be sure to put on a good show, then," Grant says.

"It's been a little while," she comments. "Though something tells me you've been doing some...private practice."

"Quite a lot of private practice, in fact," Grant replies and turns to kiss Frank's temple. They talk for a few more minutes and Kristan tells them a funny story about a friend of hers doing karaoke. Somehow this ends in Frank inviting her over to play guitar for her; Grant shoots her an amused look which she returns. He's pleased, though, that they get along, that Frank fits so well into his life.

When Kristan moves on, Grant casts another look around the room. A few more people he'd like to speak to, an interesting suspension in the corner...well, it won't hurt Frank to wait a little while longer. He hasn't complained, of course. Not once since he'd brought this idea up at lunch. It strikes Grant that this is a gift to him. That, of course, makes him less willing to wait. They do go speak to one person they both recognize as a regular customer and then Grant leads Frank to the nearest empty station.

"Shirt off," he orders. Frank complies and Grant reaches out and hooks a finger in his belt, tugs him close enough to kiss. He doesn't, though, just looks him over. "Stay here while I get what I need," Grant says. Frank nods and stays still, hands clasped behind his back. Grant gives him a long look, then goes to choose his implements carefully and goes back to Frank. He's using ceiling straps tonight for full access to all sides of Frank.

"Left arm up, Frank," he murmurs, connects a strap to Frank's wrist cuff and then repeats the process with the right wrist. There's a limit to how long he can leave Frank like that, so he doesn't waste time. Frank eyes him speculatively when he brings over the gag, but lets him put it on. Grant hands him his keys next. "You know what to do, darling," he whispers. Not that he's planning to work Frank hard - not after earlier today - but rules are rules, and you never know.

Lastly, he loosens the tie around his neck and slips it off, cinching it in place over Frank's eyes. As blindfolds go, it's not best for effectiveness, but Grant knows it smells like his cologne, and from the tiny moan Frank lets out when it slips into place, it's doing its job. Grant trails his fingers lightly up Frank's stomach and up one arm, back down, and up the other. Frank breathes in hard through his nose and Grant keeps touching him, moving around to his back. He taps Frank lightly on the shoulder with the riding crop he selected, just hard enough to sting a bit.

At arm's length, he can't hear any tiny noises Frank might be making over the music, so he watches the muscles flex under his skin and the flush of red to gauge the force of his strokes. He gave Frank just enough slack that he isn't on his toes, and Frank stands stock still, head tipped forward to bare the tempting skin at his nape. Grant gives into the temptation and steps close, lets his lips brush Frank's neck, then reaches around Frank's waist, unbuttons his pants and pulls them down to his knees. Frank moans low in his throat and Grant steps back again and brings the crop down on his thigh.

He's been keeping the blows erratic until now, just warming Frank up. Now he shifts on his feet and starts a steady rhythm. He varies the location, avoiding soft spots and concentrating on Frank's shoulders, ass and thighs. The part of his mind that isn't controlling his arm has meandered to thoughts of his lips - and his stubble - on the welted skin.

Later. Frank is breathing hard through his nose. Grant can see him swallowing, mouth clearly watering around the gag.

Grant circles around Frank and brings the crop down on his chest an inch above his nipple. He jerks against the cuffs, and Grant steps back, studies how the tendons in Frank's arms stand out as he holds himself in place. The sheen of sweat that covers his skin. His cock, flushed red and curved up against his belly. "You're beautiful, Frank," he praises. "So good for me." He brings the crop down on Frank's shoulder and then again just under his clavicle.

They have an audience. Grant's never been entirely unaware of it, but now he steps close again, whispers in Frank's ear. "So many eyes on you." Frank moans again, then swallows hard. His lips are shiny with saliva. Grant reaches out, twists his nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "They think you're amazing. But you're mine." He steps back a few inches, trails the handle of the crop up the length of Frank's cock. "I need to uncuff you now, and then I will dress you."

Frank nods and Grant runs his hand up Frank's arm and unclips his cuff. He kisses his way down from Frank's wrist to his shoulder. He repeats the process with the other arm, then traces a few of the red marks as he circles around Frank, pulling his jeans back up, helping him into his shirt, removing the gag. He leaves the blindfold until last.

He slides his hands through Frank's hair and wraps them around the back of Frank's neck. "The things you do to me," he murmurs against the blindfold. "I want to leave this on," Grant tells him. "I can't, I know, but I want to."

"Are we going home now?" Frank asks, voice husky.

"Home, so I can keep my promise. Make you appreciate the stubble," Grant replies.

"You can put it back on then," Frank says. Grant nods and lifts the tie off of Frank's head. He blinks at Grant and smiles a little bit.

Grant presses the fabric into his hands. "Put it back on me." The knot's still tied, just loosened, so Frank can slip it over Grant's head, around his neck and gently cinch it in place. He takes his time smoothing Grant's collar, then his eyes lift to Grant's. He doesn't say it out loud, but Grant can see the love there, knows what Frank is telling him. Grant runs his hand down Frank's arm and grips his hand. He watches Frank notice for the first time the people standing nearby - their audience. He doesn't even blink. In fact, he looks pretty self-satisfied. It's a good fucking look on him, but it's a bit of a surprise. It's an extremely pleasant surprise, though. Grant wouldn't object to seeing that look on Frank's face more often.

He helps Frank off the platform and up the stairs. Kristan catches his eye and smirks at him. He doesn't want to let go of Frank. Frank didn't really drop the whole way in there, Grant knows, but he's still riding a high, and Grant wants him to stay there, so whatever quips Kristan has for him about exhibitionism or whatever else can wait.

They reach the curb outside and Grant is able to hail a taxi within moments. He keeps Frank up against him the entire ride home, hands never leaving his body. "You liked that," Grant says as soon as the front door locks behind them.

Frank nods. "So much. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I knew I could trust you, that you'd make it good. *You* liked that," Frank adds after a moment.

"I like it every time we play, at Kristan's or at home," Grant replies.

"Yes, but this in particular. What was it that made it different? So I can do it again," Frank says.

Grant thinks about it. "I felt like you wanted to show me off, this time."

"I've been doing it wrong if I haven't been making you feel like that every time," Frank murmurs, stepping closer and leaning against him.

"I didn't mean... I just never noticed you paying that much attention to the rest of the room before."

"I think maybe I'm just... used to playing in public now in ways I wasn't before. It's like... I was never looking for casual, but that was the only way to explore the scene. And then you happened and you were... we fit, but we were new and now..."

"Now we're permanent," Grant finishes.

Frank smiles bashfully. "And I'm not trying to prove myself to anyone." Grant leans down to kiss him.

"You never needed to," he whispers when he pulls back. "Come. Let's see if we can manage to move beyond the entryway and find the bedroom."

Grant is methodical about undressing. He leaves his shirt and tie for last and watches Frank's face as he loosens the knot. "Haven't I ever blindfolded you before?" he asks.

"No," Frank replies.

"I suppose that's not a surprise. I do love being able to see your eyes," Grant says quietly and lifts the tie over his head. Grant kisses him this time as he settles the silk over Frank's eyes, licks into his mouth and sinks his hands into Frank's hair. "You like the mystery, don't you? You like not knowing what will come next." Grant takes half a step back and lets his hands drop, waits a beat and reaches out. His fingers brush over Frank's nipples.

"Anticipation," Frank corrects. "Grant, you promised -"

"Stubble," Grant replies, rubbing their cheeks together. "Oh, but I have something special in mind for that." He sets about removing Frank's clothing. The process is fast. Frank's only wearing two items, really. He grins and wraps a hand around Frank's cock. "I forgot for a moment."

"Forgot? I'm offended," Frank replies. Grant can't see his eyes, but he can see his wicked grin. He rubs his thumb over the head of Frank's cock.

"It was self-preservation. Otherwise we may have given our cabbie quite the eyeful."

"He's probably seen worse." Frank makes a little noise in the back of his throat as Grant twists his hand.

"Lie down," Grant tells him. "Bed's just a step behind you." Frank steps back and sits when his knees hit the bed. He pulls himself up and moves back until he reaches the pillows settles back. "Good," Grant breathes, trailing his fingers up Frank's shin. He leans down and kisses Frank's other shin up to his knee, then kisses the top of the other knee. "Look at you, spread out and wanting me."

"Can't look. Blindfold," Frank sasses. Grant bites his thigh and Frank moans. Grant pulls Frank's knee up and rubs his cheek down Frank's inner thigh. He does the same with the other. He keeps the pressure light, just enough to give Frank a taste.

Frank writhes against the sheets. Grant smacks his ass, then rubs his face against that too. He lets his breath feather over Frank's skin for a moment, lets him wonder where Grant's mouth might be headed. He lets his fingers wander, sliding them between Frank's cheeks and up over his balls. Grant slides his cheek back up Frank's thigh and over his hip. He kisses Frank's birds and rubs Frank's belly with his chin. Frank gasps and squirms.

Grant spans his thigh, lightly, and bites his hipbone. "Stop squirming, I am nowhere near finished." Frank takes a deep breath and stills. "Good," Grant praises.

Grant gives the other hip the same treatment and then goes back to Frank's inner thighs. He slides his tongue down the crease of Frank's thigh and enjoys the quiet rasp of his cheek against Frank's soft skin. Grant can see one of Frank's hands twisting into the bedclothes. The other settles lightly on the back of Grant's skull, thumb smoothing over the skin. Grant hums and runs his tongue around the base of Frank's cock, over his balls and down to press against his perineum. Frank whines and Grant chuckles. "Yes, I am close, aren't I? Hold your knees," Grant tells him and spreads him wide. He flattens his tongue and licks over Frank's hole and back up, then uses the tip of his tongue to follow the same path more delicately.

Grant presses him open with his tongue, licking and sucking lightly, pulling back to rasp his cheek against Frank's thigh again as he pushes two fingers into him. "Fuck," Frank gasps. Grant smiles against his skin and starts moving his fingers, fucking Frank steadily before wrapping his lips around the head of Frank's cock. Frank doesn't make it too long before both his hands grip Grant's shoulders. "Please, sir, no more. Let me up. Want to ride you, want to see."

Grant pulls off and smiles. Stares at the flush working its way down Frank's chest, at how his hair is in complete disarray under the tie, at how his cock is curved against his belly, hard and glistening with Grant's saliva. Grant goes up on his knees, leans forward, and tugs the tie off Frank's head. Frank blinks up at him and Grant meets his gaze steadily. "Something you wanted?" Grant asks calmly. He is not expecting to be tackled and rolled over, but that probably is exactly why, after a moment's confusion, he finds himself stretched out on the mattress with Frank's weight heavy across his thighs.

Frank's hands are everywhere, his stomach, his chest, down his arms. He grabs the lube and slicks Grant's cock up and slides forward. He positions himself and sinks down fast. "If - you insist," Grant moans. Bloody hell, Frank can just keep on doing that. Frank's head is tipped

back, hair sticking to his sweaty neck, lips obscenely parted. Grant reaches out and grabs his hips and watches his face until he's come back enough to himself enough to open his eyes again, to look at Grant.

Grant rolls his hips up and Frank moans. He bends over and kisses Grant, his tongue curling wickedly in Grant's mouth. Grant keeps hold of Frank's hips; Frank is too busy running his hands over Grant's chest and neck and sucking at the underside of his jaw to keep much in the way of a rhythm.

"Grant," Frank moans and grinds down. He's completely wanton. He brings a hand up and rubs it over his chest, rolls a nipple between his fingers. It's indescribably hot. His cock brushing against Grant's belly, smearing him with precome is even hotter.

"You are a mess, darling," Grant gasps. "A beautiful mess with - ah - a tight -" He groans when Frank bites down on the nipple he's been playing with. Grant tightens his grip on Frank's hip with one hand and fucks up hard into him. He wraps his free hand around Frank's cock.

"Ohhhh fuck," Frank moans into his chest.

"Yes, that's the idea."

Frank sits back up, rocking down against Grant's cock. He's finally found a rhythm and he leans back, braces his hands on Grant's thighs and moves. Grant keeps stroking him. Grant is getting close and when Frank starts clenching around him with each movement of his hips, Grant moans and starts stroking Frank's cock faster. "You first, Grant," Frank whispers. "You first, let me watch."

Grant looks up at Frank and lets go of his control. Revels in Frank's tight heat, in his weight pressing Grant down, in his hands, his gorgeous face, the way he's panting above Grant and moving with him and doing everything he can to make Grant come. And he does come. Hard, thrusting up into Frank one last time and gripping his hips so tight he's sure there will be bruises tomorrow. Frank goes as still as a statue, lips parted on a gasp as his hand squeezes, then he gives himself a few messy, desperate strokes and comes, spine curving forward as he stripes Grant's stomach with white. Grant manages to get up the strength to slide his hands from Frank's hips and up his back, pulling him close.

"Frankie," he whispers into Frank's hair and strokes his hands up and down Frank's spine.

"Love you," Frank tells him. "Fuck, don't stop touching me."

"I love you too," Grant says. He keeps his hands moving on Frank's skin, one hand carding through his hair, pushing it off his face, fingers tracing over his lips. He can feel the welts from the riding crop under the fingers of his other hand. He'd wielded it with a light hand, knowing Frank heals fast and that Gerard would probably prefer him unblemished for the photo shoot. It's the first time Grant's thought about it for most of the day.

He's not at all surprised that Gerard is attracted to Frank. He'd seen the delight in Gerard's face as they played together during game night. He's seen the looks Gerard gives Frank when

he's thought nobody was watching. He finds the more he thinks about it, the more he likes the thought of someone who truly appreciates Frank for everything he is taking photos of them. Perhaps Gerard will actually be able to do him justice. Nothing, of course, is as good as the original, he thinks fondly, looking down at Frank's head.

Frank nuzzles his shoulder and lifts his head, resting his chin on Grant's chest. He looks soft and sated and smiles at Grant. He lifts his hips and pulls off Grant. "You're the mess now," he says.

"And whose doing is that?" Grant asks.

"Mine," Frank replies looking extremely self-satisfied.

"And what are you going to do about it?" Grant asks.

"Shower?" Frank asks hopefully.

Grant chuckles. "If you like." Frank rolls onto the mattress and stands, tugging Grant with him. It's an entirely expected request, but Grant knows they'll both enjoy it. And maybe, now that it's served its purpose, Grant will even let Frank shave him.

The date for the photo shoot comes faster than Gerard expects, while he's still turning over the things that had happened on and after game night: the conversations that day, the phone call and his confession. He maybe wasn't one hundred percent honest even then; he's sort of had a crush on Grant for years, through his writing. He was instantly drawn to Frank, of course, but he doesn't let himself think about how hot the shoot will be, because... that's the point, after all, to capture something erotic to show the world. At this point, with the actual event upon him, it's easy enough to distract himself by thinking about lighting and filters and lenses and settings.

The door buzzer sounds ten minutes before their appointed time, and Gerard buzzes them up, hovering near his studio door and whisking it open at the first knock. Gerard had sent an email asking Grant to wear all black, and he shows up looking completely striking in a black suit, shirt, and tie. Frank's just wearing sweats and a battered old jean jacket, but he's plenty striking as is.

"Thanks for this," Gerard says. "Good to see you. Do either of you need coffee? Water?"

"I'm good," Frank smiles.

"Grant?" Gerard asks.

"Just fine, Gerard. Thanks for asking. I suppose we're ready whenever you are." His eyes are twinkling and he's not showing any sign of a single jealous or uncomfortable thought, but Gerard can tell he's pretty focused on Frank. Frank just looks eager, maybe a bit nervous.

Gerard steps across the room to double-check his setup, and when he looks back, he sees Grant standing with his arms around Frank's waist. They're looking at each other and talking

quietly. Gerard picks up his camera and snaps a few shots of them like that, before they get into the scene, just being comfortable together. He doesn't want to disturb them, so he goes and fiddles with his backdrop. When he turns around, they've separated. Well, sort of. Grant still has one arm around Frank's waist and they're both looking at him.

Gerard smiles at them. "Frank, this is where I ask you to strip." Frank nods and pulls back from Grant. He unzips his hoodie and pulls it and his jacket off. The t-shirt follows. Gerard looks away. When he looks back, the pants are off too. *Professional*, he reminds himself and looks to Grant. Grant is totally focused on Frank. When Frank shivers, he runs a hand down Frank's arm and draws him close. "I can turn up the heat, if you like," Gerard offers, though he made sure to turn the thermostat up before they arrived.

Frank looks over at Gerard. "It's fine in here now. When we get into it, more heat won't be necessary anyway."

Gerard nods and continues, "I want this to be as natural as possible. Do what you would do normally. None of this is going to be posed; I'll move around for whatever shots I need. Just stay in the moment. If you need me to adjust anything or you're uncomfortable for whatever reason, let me know."

"I brought the rope you requested," Grant says. "Is there any specific way you'd like me to tie him?"

Gerard had nearly forgotten how many positions Grant could tie Frank's body into. He grins ruefully. "This is why I like to work with professionals. I'd like something that highlights his tattoos. Especially that one on his arm."

Frank beams. "She's gorgeous, isn't she?"

"She is," Gerard answers. "Her face is amazing. She's got this whole Mona Lisa thing going on."

"Except with more blood," Frank giggles.

"Yes, that." Gerard chuckles and goes to fetch a monopod for his camera while Grant opens the bag he brought. He hears Grant say Frank's name, his tone warm but unmistakably a command. They're starting.

"Yes, sir?" Frank answers, and Gerard turns around in time to see him turn fully to face Grant. Gerard lifts his camera and starts snapping shots.

"Kneel," Grant commands, and Frank does. Grant puts a hand on Frank's head and starts talking quietly, telling Frank exactly what he's going to do and how he's going to do it. Gerard can see Frank gradually sinking down into headspace as he listens to Grant. It's quite beautiful. Gerard hopes he's managing to capture even a small portion of how amazing it is to watch this happen in front of him.

Grant takes a moment to remove his suit jacket and carefully unbuttons and rolls up his sleeves. Gerard snaps shots of every step. He gets a close-up of Grant's forearm, sinewy and

strong and pale against the black cotton, fingers sunk into Frank's hair. Gerard keeps snapping photos as Grant picks up the coil of rope from where it's sitting on the table. He studies Frank, clearly contemplating what he wants to do. When he finally starts wrapping the rope, Gerard circles them both, taking a series of full-length and cropped shots. The pose that Grant captures is rather simple, but exactly right for displaying the tattoo Gerard singled out. Frank looks like he's praying, especially as his eyes are closed.

"You belong on your knees for me, don't you?" Grant murmurs to Frank. He shoves a hand roughly into Frank's hair and pulls his head back until Frank opens his eyes and looks up at Grant. Frank nods, eyes never leaving Grant. Gerard gets it all on film.

Grant lets go of Frank's hair and presses his fingers against Frank's lower lip. Then he crosses to the bag he's left on a chair off set and takes out a flogger. Gerard sees it at the same time Frank does, and therefore is not prepared to look up and meet Grant's eyes, trained steadily on him. Gerard swallows and snaps a shot of Grant looking at him, flogger in hand. Grant holds his eyes for a few more seconds then circles back around to stand in front of Frank again.

"I appreciate the attention to detail," Gerard says quietly to his back. Between the dark suit, the prayer-like pose, the tattoo, the flogger... The theme is obvious but not overstated. And Grant has absolutely no way to know how susceptible Gerard is to that kind of theme and staging. He licks his lips, then orders quietly, "Lift his chin for a moment with the handle." He said he wasn't going to direct. Maybe he lied. Maybe just a little.

Grant lifts an eyebrow at him but does as Gerard asks. Frank's eyes open again, looking intent, yet almost sleepy. Gerard zooms in on his face, the flogger under his chin just barely in the frame. "That's it. Carry on," he murmurs, shifting his focus and snapping a shot of Grant's face before the faintly challenging expression fades. Gerard's cock twitches, inopportunistically. He pushes that away. He's here to do a job and he owes it to them to be professional. Gerard keeps snapping photos as Grant trails the thongs lightly over Frank's skin.

Frank shivers a little bit and Gerard steps closer so he can capture the goosebumps raising on Frank's arms. Frank is far away, Gerard can tell, eyes cast down and dark curls tumbling across the skin of his neck. As soon as Gerard steps back, Grant lifts his arm and the flogger whispers through the air. Frank doesn't make a sound, but his face.... Gerard is firing fast, hoping against hope he caught that look.

Gerard moves around behind Grant and gets a shot of his arm raised just about to bring the flogger down on Frank's skin again, Frank visible in the background. He doesn't pause to look, though. He doesn't want to miss anything, doesn't want to do anything that would pull Frank out of his headspace.

It's quiet in the studio. Gerard was too distracted to ask if they wanted music, so now he has to deal with the consequences of the hush. Every sound of leather on skin is magnified. Grant's murmured praises are magnified. And the broken moan that finally drops out of Frank's mouth is definitely magnified.

Gerard bites back a noise of his own. He swallows again and even that is loud to his ears, but he keeps shooting. The room is a little bit warmer than he'd usually like in deference to the fact that Frank is naked. Gerard is starting to sweat and he can see Grant is, too. Gerard opens his mouth to say something, but nothing comes out, so he clears his throat. Grant immediately looks up at him. "I've... I think I have enough."

"Very well," Grant replies. "But wait just a moment." He trails off and his focus drifts back to Frank, bringing him back up with gentle touches and more murmured praise.

Gerard angles the camera again, snapping a quick series of shots of Grant's lips pressed to the marks on Frank's shoulder. A full view of Frank's back and ass. A close-up of the rope marks circling Frank's wrists. He turns to put the camera away before Frank can meet his eyes.

Gerard fiddles with his equipment, turning off his lights and setting everything to rights. A few stolen glances show him Frank is mostly redressed, and Gerard says over his shoulder, "Coffee now? Water?"

"Coffee," Grant says. "Thank you, Gerard."

Gerard goes over to the coffee maker, makes sure it's still hot and gets the creamer and things ready. When he glances back, Grant is gently rubbing his hands along Frank's arms. "No, thank you," Gerard replies. "That was perfect. I got so much great stuff. Seriously, thank you." Grant smiles and nods at him and finally he forces himself to look at Frank. He still looks a little undone, a little like he's off somewhere else, but he smiles at Gerard.

"I can't wait to see," Frank says quietly.

"I can't wait to show you," Gerard says. "That is, you were - both of you were -" He trails off uncertainly. "I'm a bit of a perfectionist," he continues. "But you will be the first call."

Grant laughs. "I'm stunned, Gerard. Truly." Gerard rolls his eyes, but he can't stop himself from smiling. They both help themselves to some coffee and Gerard starts showing them his portfolio, pointing out some of the photos from some of his recent magazine spreads. They don't stay long, though, and Gerard shows them out, watches them disappear down the stairs hand in hand, and sighs.

Gerard heads home himself within minutes. He often forgets to put anything away for hours after a photoshoot, almost always hooks everything up to his computer immediately and starts reviewing photos. He's too distracted tonight, though.

When he gets home, he's given up on convincing himself that he's just distracted. He's able to focus his thoughts just fine - on Frank. Gerard can't help the list in his head. Fun, nice, friendly and geeky and awesome. And so fucking hot.

And spoken for by an equally hot guy.

Gerard is pretty certain they were extra hot tonight, though. They seem to get hotter every time he sees them.

Gerard can't keep thinking about this; he needs to get laid or something, maybe, and that is really not going to happen so he needs to just deal with it. But he can't help it; his stupid traitor brain wonders against his will just what it is that they went home to do. They're so incredible together. Fuck, Gerard knows just as well as anyone that not all scenes are about sex. He likes it that way. It makes his job easier. Except for right now, when his traitor brain starts filling in the blanks. Gerard is thinking about the easy way Frank had gone to his knees. Then he imagines Grant fucking Frank from behind, imagines the face Frank would make on every thrust, imagines his hair falling in his face. He closes his eyes and pictures how Frank would look, his wide shoulders and slim hips, the mysterious shapes of tattoos.

He wonders what Frank's skin tastes like. What it would be like to lean over and lick between his shoulder blades. His hand drifts down his belly as he wonders. Wonders if Frank is the type to arch and grind back or the type to melt into the mattress. Maybe he's both. He reaches into his briefs and wraps a hand around his cock, imagines it's Frank he's sliding inside, tight and hot. He moans aloud, even though there's no one to hear him. He's been primed for this since game night, since the first time Frank had beamed and ruffled Gerard's hair at a correct answer.

Gerard rolls over and gets his knees under him, pressing his face into his pillow. He thrusts into his hand, fast, messy, uncaring. He wonders what Frank sounds like when he's being fucked. He pants into his pillow and hears them, Grant's musical murmur, Frank's throaty exclamation. Pressing his mouth against one forearm and dropping the other hand to tug at his balls, he palms over the head of his cock a few times. He wraps his hand around his shaft and starts pumping his fist, unable to do anything but clutch at his thigh with his other hand. Imagines his forehead is pressed against Frank's back instead of the pillow. He's coming before he knows it, spilling over his sheets and his fist... and gasping Frank's name.

"Fuck," he says into the pillow. He strokes his fingers over his cock lightly and pulls his briefs back up. "Fuck," he repeats. He feels unspeakably good. What has he done? He supposes there's only one way to find out. He'll have to think about it later, though. He's suddenly exhausted, just wants pull his blankets over his head and sleep. He should probably clean up a bit first, but... maybe he'll just sleep on the other side of the bed tonight.

His last thought is about Frank and Grant again, about how Frank would settle into Grant's arms to sleep.

*

The next morning, he gets into his studio and makes coffee and hooks up his camera, but he can't quite bring himself to open everything up and look at the photos. He picks up his phone and calls his friend Allan instead. What Gerard always forgets is that his morning - which is more like noon, really - actually is morning in California, and he's taking a chance with getting Allan's voicemail.

Allan miraculously picks up, but he sounds groggy. "Gerard. It's morning," he groans.

"Oh, shit. Sorry," he says. "You'd think I'd remember this, what with Mikey calling me all hours."

"You? Remember?" Allan chuckles sleepily. "Something up?"

"Maybe I just missed your dulcet tones, motherfucker," Gerard replies and grins into his phone.

"I have no doubt that's true. What else, young Skywalker? I know you, remember?"

Gerard sighs. "Fuck you. You know my brother's girlfriend's boss is Grant Morrison, right? And they're all really tight. Call each other family."

"That's lovely. Grant's quite the character."

"He's great," Gerard enthuses. "Everyone here has been really welcoming and wonderful to me."

"I'm sensing a 'but' here," Allan says.

"He has a boyfriend now. I did a shoot with them last night." Gerard twists his camera strap between his fingers.

"Did you? I've done shoots with Grant before. All promo stuff, nothing for an editorial or anything. He's a great subject. I'd heard he'd found someone. That's good. He deserves it after everything," Allan says. "So what's the 'but' here?"

"His boyfriend - Frank - he's just about the most beautiful person I've ever seen."

"Oh. That's definitely a but. You see gorgeous people all the time, though. What's different about this one?" Allan asks. And that's the problem, isn't it?

"He's... everything I've ever wanted? Basically?" Gerard grimaces. "I can't even make myself open the photos. I tried to cancel."

"And Grant wouldn't let you?" Gerard nods and then remembers Allan can't see him.

"Nope. I even told them. They were so...nice about it. And I thought I'd be fine. I was fine, except now I feel so...creepy. I want to crawl into a hole. What would you have done, Allan?"

"Jesus, Gerard," Allan says with a sigh. "Probably the same thing you did. Maybe I wouldn't have told them. I don't know. But you remember you're talking to the guy who married his favorite model, right?"

"Damn right, I'm your favorite," Gerard hears Christiane say in the background.

"You've got to stop avoiding the pictures though. Not least because I expect to get a few of your best shots in my inbox by dinner time. Or else you'll never work in this town again," Allan drones.

"Fucking liar," Gerard says fondly.

"Maybe about the last part. But you know I live to make you miserable if presented with the opportunity. Seriously, I want those pictures, Gee."

"This is why I called you," Gerard says with a sigh.

"Threats and mocking?" Allan questions.

"Of course, why else? Hey," Gerard tacks on as an afterthought, "What did you mean, he deserves it after everything that happened?"

"His last breakup was.... He got burned real bad. They weren't actually compatible, and Mark used Grant's status to get what he wanted before cheating and then ditching Grant. So I really hope this guy you're enamored with is as good as you seem to think he is," Allan says fiercely.

"I think he's better," Gerard says ruefully. "And Grant is - he's up there too."

Allan laughs. "Sounds like you have two new muses. Just remember what I said about my favorite model. It doesn't make it easier to detach, that's for sure."

"Yeah," Gerard replies and runs a hand through his hair. "Thanks, man. I'll email you some stuff by the end of the day."

"Do that. And don't be a stranger. Call again sometime."

"I will. Tell Christiane I miss her."

"Will do. Bye, Gee," Allan says.

"Talk to you soon," Gerard replies and they hang up. Gerard takes a deep breath and clicks open the files with the pictures.

Frank stands in the middle of Grant's apartment, looking around. It's in mild disarray; Grant's already started packing things up and moving them around, making room for the things they've agreed to bring over from Frank's apartment. It's not much, because Frank's stuff is still mostly the cheap student furniture he'd bought in college, but Grant is determined to make sure that there's space for both of them here.

"We'll need to set some ground rules," Grant says from behind him, and Frank nods. He's been around long enough to know these things now, and he knows Grant's not talking about the apartment or Frank's stuff.

"I'm pretty good at rules," Frank says with a slight smile. "Well, most of the time."

"These rules are for both of us," Grant strokes Frank's hair and Frank leans back against him.

"I trust you," Frank answers, and turns and kisses Grant's palm. "So obviously these are more involved than your usual rules for living with another human being, I get that, but -"

"It might not feel too different than it has been," Grant says, "But I want to go over the lists again and talk about some things. I'm not - we're not - 24/7 like some couples, and that's fine," he adds. "But I want to make sure we're both comfortable with limits and where and when we do things."

"I'd be more comfortable on the couch right now," Frank says, which makes Grant smile. They do talk for a while, and maybe they don't cover everything before the makeouts start, but Frank goes into work practically glowing the next day and Alicia laughs and says, "Wow, did you get laid even better than usual?"

"Yep," Frank says and doesn't elaborate.

It doesn't mean Frank doesn't feel weird, though. He definitely can't afford to pay half the rent, and Grant has to reassure him a lot that it's not a big deal. But mostly it's easy; they get things settled with his apartment and get a storage unit for a lot of Frank's furniture and household items and hire movers. Grant fucks Frank on the couch at Frank's apartment the last night there, and Frank sucks him off the next morning in the kitchen while Grant leans against the counter. It's pretty good for a goodbye.

The weirdness of moving into a shared apartment - it's been a couple years since he's officially lived with anyone - tends to fade into the background when the photo shoot pops into his mind. Which is often. He also can't stop thinking about the easy way Grant had shrugged Gerard's confession off as not a big deal. It feels like a big deal.

He worries to Alicia one day, mumbling something about bad ideas. He doesn't necessarily mean the move, but that's how it comes out, and trust Alicia; she just raises her eyebrows and says, "Dork, have you maybe mentioned this to your boyfriend?"

Grant walks in on the tail end of this. "Mention what?"

Frank just sighs.

"Come to my office, Frank?" Grant asks, and Frank goes, feeling even more foolish, like he's being called to the principal's office. But he gives himself a shake and it helps that Grant doesn't sit behind the desk, but on the small sofa by the wall instead. He pulls Frank down next to him. "What is it, Frank?"

"People must think I'm too young for you." Frank doesn't even know where that came from.

Grant laughs. "Do you care what people think?"

"Not really," Frank says, looking to the side.

"Are you concerned that I think you are too young, or will grow to think that way?" Frank shrugs. He never really has been, but - "Frank. We wouldn't be here now if I thought that now. I worried about it, do you know? Before. And I came to the conclusion that you delight me, we have plenty to talk about, our tastes are similar... I suspect these things would be the same if you were ten years older or I ten years younger."

"I...good," Frank breathes. Grant pulls him close and kisses his forehead. "Is there anything else we need to speak of, darling? Are you happy? Do you need anything?"

"Just you," Frank says.

"Something must have prompted these worries," Grant says, pushing Frank's hair behind his ear.

"I... I guess the move is messing with me more than I expected," Frank finally answers.

"You'll be living with someone who loves you, my darling. Someone who wants you terribly much."

Frank rubs his face against Grant's shoulder. "I know. I'm just... I love your apartment, but it's still your apartment right now and I guess I'm wondering where I fit."

"It's ours, Frank, I promise. It's just the first week. I think this is a normal thing to be feeling. We can talk about it at home, and we'll change anything you like."

Frank takes a deep breath and squeezes Grant's hand and says, "Okay. I love you." He doesn't mention the photo shoot. One thing at a time.

Gerard texts Frank to see when both he and Grant will be at the shop next, and heads over when their schedules match up with a thumb drive containing all the photos and a couple of prints of Gerard's favorites. "Gerard!" Frank says when he walks in the door. He's behind the counter with Tyler, and he looks delighted - to see Gerard? "You have got to come by the break room, Grant bought us a Keurig."

Ah. Coffee. Gerard smiles, "You know I'll never say no to coffee." Tyler reaches out for a fistbump as Gerard comes around the counter. "Hey, Tyler," Gerard says. He'd like to talk, but Frank is calling for him.

"C'mon, loser. This little cartridge of magic has your name on it."

"Frankie, baby, don't call your cartridge little," Gerard replies without thinking much about it.

"Perfectly in proportion, I'd say," Tyler adds. Frank stares for a beat and then cracks the fuck up, bent double and giggling.

Gerard breathes a little sigh of relief and starts laughing too. "Coffee," he says, poking and prodding Frank toward the employees-only sign in the back of the shop when Frank's giggles show no sign of stopping. "Then upstairs." Frank hiccups, grins, and obeys. Gerard's stomach swoops a bit as he follows, leaving Tyler looking inscrutably into the middle distance.

Frank continues giggling periodically as he makes Gerard his coffee and when he turns to hand it to Gerard, he gives Gerard a smile that makes his heart rate speed up. "Good things do come in small packages," Gerard says.

"That they do. Come upstairs, I'm sure Grant will be so glad to see you," Frank answers. Gerard follows Frank up the stairs to Grant's office. The door is standing open and Grant is concentrating on the computer screen in front of him. "I keep telling you you're going to develop a squint, sweetheart," Frank says, going over to rub the line between Grant's brows. "Gerard, tell him he needs a new computer."

"You really do. That thing's like, ancient in computer years," Gerard says.

"Conspired against," Grant says and sits back with a sigh. "My lot in life, it seems."

"I believe when the conspirators have your best interests in mind, they call it something nicer. Anyway, we'll give the poor thing a rest for a moment while you look at these." Gerard hands Grant the folder of prints.

Grant flips open the folder and draws in a sharp breath, and Gerard sees Frank swallow hard. "Gerard, these are..."

"That's not all of them. Just my favorites. The rest are here." He hands over the thumb drive. "Go ahead and look. I've got the shots I like for publication in a separate folder." He turns away from the desk, sipping his coffee and studying Grant's - extremely interesting - office. He definitely notices the D rings in the brick. And the prints on the wall are all amazing. He recognizes most of the photographers and can't help beaming when he sees a shot he took a few years ago on the wall directly across from the desk.

"I told you I had one." Grant's right behind him; Gerard jumps when he speaks.

"Knowing that and seeing it are two totally different things," Gerard says quietly, meeting Grant's gaze over his shoulder before turning back to look at the photo. "That was a hellish shoot," he reflects. "I hadn't been clean for very long. It helped to have something to concentrate on, of course. The model was lovely. I worked with him several times after that, so it wasn't all bad."

"Now this one will go above it," Grant says and holds up Gerard's very favorite shot above the framed print. It's a wide shot: Frank's head is bowed and his eyes closed and Grant is trailing the handle of the flogger gently down the side of Frank's face.

The contrast between the two shots is especially striking, but what strikes Gerard most is how much feeling comes through from the photo of Grant and Frank. Maybe it's just because he knows them, but the photo with the model seems almost lifeless now. He can hear Allan: *"Sounds like you have two new muses."*

"Every shot is gorgeous, Gerard," Grant says. "I almost want a book made so I don't have to choose."

Frank is back at the desk, perched on Grant's chair and clicking through the thumb drive. "Wow," he keeps saying, not really at either of them. When he finally looks up at them, his face is... Gerard can't even describe it. "These are..." Frank starts, but his voice is rough and he has to clear his throat. "They're incredible, Gee."

Gerard just smiles for a moment and forgets to answer. "Good models," he finally says.

"Maybe we should pose for you again," Grant says from beside him.

"I... that would be amazing," Gerard tries to keep his voice even. God, it would be more than amazing. "If Frank wants to," he adds.

"I really fucking do," Frank says.

Gerard takes a deep breath. "Awesome. Okay. Anything you want to do? Any idea of when? I'll have to fit it in between some fashion work, but it's no problem." Understatement.

"Just call us when you have some time. Evenings are fine. After the shop closes, perhaps," Grant says.

"I will," Gerard replies. "When I get back to my studio, I'll double-check my calendar and get in touch."

"For now, we should get food," Frank says.

"Food?" Gerard says blankly.

"It's almost dinnertime," Frank reminds him with a smile.

"I can't -"

"Yes, you can, Gerard. You came all the way over here, let us feed you," Grant says.

"Yeah, okay," Gerard says. "What are we eating? Or where?"

"There's a Thai place I like around the corner," Frank says. "They're never crowded." Gerard takes a deep breath and trails Frank out the door, smiling.

Frank can't help but grin when Tyler calls into the back room that Gerard is there to see him and Grant. "Come on back, Gerard," Frank says, pulling open the curtain between the rooms and gesturing. "Grant isn't here, sorry," he adds. "Come keep me company while I do the online orders?"

Gerard smiles at him. "I have a shoot in Central Park a little later, but I can stay for a while."

"Coffee," Frank tells him and Gerard makes himself a cup while Frank goes back to the boxes. One of the first things Frank has to pack is a flogger. Of course. It's not quite as nice as Grant's, but it's still good stuff, and Frank wraps it carefully. He can feel Gerard watching him do it and his face heats a bit. "So what can I do for you?" he asks as Gerard takes a seat at the table with his coffee.

"I have a few dates that will work for me to shoot you guys. Most of them are evenings after the shop closes. If you want a morning. Well, be warned," he says with a laugh.

"Not a morning person, hmm? Well, tell me when they are, maybe I can narrow it down," Frank says, pulling the clipboard with the schedule off the wall. Gerard rattles off the dates and Frank ticks the ones that will probably work for them and tells Gerard, "I'll have to double-check with Grant, of course, but I'm pretty sure I know his schedule. He was saying something about maybe doing it up in the office. That's, uh. That is, we're up there a lot." Gerard makes a doubtful face.

"Is there enough room?"

"More than you'd think, but you don't need the lights or the tripod, I don't think, Gee. This is gonna be sorta informal, right?"

"Yeah, if that's what you guys want. And I like the challenge of making things work with natural lighting and shit," Gerard replies. "It'll definitely be...up close and personal."

"Is that a problem?" Frank asks, eyebrow raised. He doesn't realize until it's out of his mouth how challenging it is.

"Not on my end," Gerard says. His tone is actually almost gentle. It reminds Frank of his confession over the phone, and he swallows.

"Gee," Frank starts, but Gerard waves a hand.

"It'll be fun," he says airily. Frank wants to say something, more, but apparently the time has passed.

"Now you've got me all distracted," Frank scolds him, going back to his boxes. "So you ought to give me a hand." Gerard gamely steps up to the table, wraps today's assortment of sex toys in bubble wrap and hands them to Frank one by one. But things between them have changed. Or maybe it's just Frank.

"I gotta go now, Frankie," Gerard says after a while and some more idle conversation.

"Okay. Hey, thanks for the help. You've given me more time to go bug Tyler. Aren't you happy?"

Gerard laughs. "The real question is if Tyler is. Okay, Frank," he says as they walk back onto the sales floor. "Call me to confirm." Frank reaches up and hugs him, then waves him out the door.

"Wow, Frank," Tyler says once they're alone again.

"What?" Frank asks.

"Dude," Tyler says.

"No seriously. What?"

"Gerard?" Tyler asks like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

"Is great?" Frank offers.

"And I'm assuming you and Grant have an agreement about other partners," Tyler replies.
"Because otherwise..."

"Wait, what, no, Tyler. That's not -"

"Dude, I know what you look like when you're into someone," Tyler says.

"Fuck," Frank says. "T, you know I wouldn't..."

"And I don't think Gerard would either. But you gotta be careful, man." Tyler squeezes his shoulder. Frank makes a face. The thing is, Grant's actually the one he can see doing this. Not that there's a...this. Frank runs a hand through his hair and tugs at the ends.

"I've never in my life attempted to be with more than one person. Pretty sure I'd be bad at it."

"Maybe," Tyler says. "Maybe not. You planning on finding out?"

"I don't have a fucking clue, man. Until you said something, I hadn't even thought that far."

"Maybe you should."

"Are you pissed?" Frank says suddenly. Nervously. Tyler looks confused.

"Why would I be?"

"I - Grant -" Frank doesn't know what his face is doing.

"Dude, as if it's not apparent like, to aliens how in love you are. Talk to him. You might be surprised."

"I kinda have to know what I want first," Frank says and sighs. "All I know is I want Grant forever. I just...kinda also want Gerard."

"Tell Grant. He's not gonna be mad, Frankie. That's not his style. And at least you'll feel better."

Frank nods. "You're right."

"I usually am," Tyler replies with a cheeky grin.

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They're hanging pictures in the apartment that weekend, and Frank's up on a stepladder hammering in a picture hanger for the cemetery prints Gerard gave him for his birthday. God, it's one of the nicest and most... *him* gifts he's ever received. Maybe that's what pushes him over the edge. Frank takes a deep breath and starts talking as he taps the nail in with his hammer.

"I don't know how to..." he trails off and huffs.

"You're doing fine with the hammer and nails," Grant says curiously. "What is it you're struggling with?"

"How to tell you I think Gerard is really, really hot," Frank tells the wall and then climbs down the ladder and turns to face Grant. Grant doesn't look at all surprised by Frank's words. Frank takes another breath and lets it out slowly.

"Have you ever been in a non-monogamous relationship?" Grant asks.

"No," Frank says with a shake of the head. That wasn't the response he expected.

"It's as good an opening as any, I suppose," Grant says apologetically. "I can't imagine his attractiveness - which, yes, he is attractive, certainly - is the real issue on your mind."

Frank shakes his head again.

"I don't know what exactly you're thinking, but it would be foolish of us not to talk about it and make certain we are on the same page about it now."

"Have you been - you know?" Frank asks.

"Poly?" Grant says immediately, without any seeming tension. "Several times, with several different arrangements. It's not something that works for everyone. If it's something you're considering, we can talk about it. You can talk to Zoe or Ales, too, I know they wouldn't mind. But if it's something about our relationship -"

"God, no," Frank says feelingly. "I am...well, completely satisfied doesn't even cover it. But maybe... a third person joining us, that would work? I think...I might really be into that." If he thinks about Gerard and Grant both touching him, he might explode. He very carefully does not think about it.

"If that's what you're comfortable with," Grant says.

Frank nods. "I've never... it never occurred to me to do anything like that. I've always been monogamous. But I'm... I think I've learned more about what relationships can be in the last few months. I just don't -"

"You never have to do anything that makes you uncomfortable, Frank. As I said, I have been in both sorts of relationships and been perfectly happy in both. We can just consider this a theoretical discussion until such time as you want to revisit it."

Frank's mind is whirling. Grant's making it totally clear that it's okay, but he still can't make himself say it out loud - how much he *wants* it. "I just... I want it to be... Whatever we might do, I think I'd need you to be there with me or me with you. I need you," he repeats.

Grant reaches out and cups Frank's cheek. "You have me, darling. And you will whenever you want or need me."

Frank leans into the touch. "Good. That's what I want." He'll think on it some more. But he's pretty sure he already knows the answer.

*

It's the day before their second photo shoot with Gerard when Grant brings it up over dinner.

"Tell me truthfully what you want out of this...Act Two of ours."

Frank is startled for a second, doesn't know what to say. "I... I want Gerard. I just don't know... fuck if I know how to bring it up to him," he sighs and leans into Grant.

Grant pushes his hair back from his face and kisses him. "I want you to have what you want, however you need it. Do you trust me to know when - and if - to make that happen?"

"Y-yeah. Yeah, I do," Frank murmurs. Grant smiles at him and kisses him again and Frank wraps his arms around Grant's neck and kisses back. It's a relief, to know Grant will make the necessary call. Most people would think that's strange. But they're not most people.

"I love you," Frank says.

"And I you," Grant replies softly. "The two of you would certainly be beautiful together."

"Maybe," Frank whispers, "You'll get a show... But Grant, don't you want -"

"I want you," he says. "And I rather like shows."

"Okay. Tell me if anything changes?"

"Of course," Grant says.

"If you ask...if we do... what happens then? Like, after tonight?" Frank asks after several long minutes of kissing.

"Depends how tonight goes. Depends on Gerard. Are you looking for a long-term arrangement, darling?"

"All I know is that you are who I'm going home with and I don't want that to change." Frank is still turning something else over in his head. Grant can clearly tell.

"Out with it, darling," Grant says.

Frank breathes deep. After all the things he's had no problem asking for, he feels silly for hesitating over this. "What if I want you both?"

"Do you?" Grant asks.

"I don't know. I... The idea of both of you... I think I might," Frank replies.

"I would be amenable if Gerard is," Grant says. "He is a rather attractive man, after all. Let's just see what happens with you first."

Frank breathes out. He feels suddenly better. "So what were you thinking of having Gerard photograph? Or are you keeping it a surprise?" Frank asks, grinning up at him.

"A surprise, I think," says Grant.

"Why am not I surprised?" Frank asks with an eye roll. But he doesn't actually mind. He likes Grant's surprises.

Gerard shows up at Strange Artefacts with just his small SLR camera in his bag, which makes him feel a bit unprepared; he's referred to this as a photoshoot in his head ever since they set it up and he's usually a lot more over-prepared for those. Frank answers his knock and lets him in the front door before re-locking it behind him. "Grant's upstairs," he says with a smile.

Gerard wants to pounce on him, fuck. He's so gorgeous.

Gerard follows Frank upstairs. Grant's sitting at his desk, but the room's quite clean, extraneous books and papers clearly tidied away in preparation. The window shades have been pulled. As Grant greets him and he unpacks his camera, Gerard glances curiously around the office, but he can't tell what kinds of things they might have in mind for this shoot.

Grant draws him in right from the beginning by stealing his tie to bind Frank's wrists together before clipping Frank's cuffs - which he's also still wearing - to the wall. Gerard holds in a gasp. Surely Grant must know what that would do to Gerard. If he does - and he *must* - that makes this scene a lot more about, well, *him* than Gerard was expecting. Since he wasn't expecting it to be about him at all. He's not sure what to do. What they want him to do. He just keeps taking pictures. Gerard can hear his own breathing, can hear that he's breathing a little faster than normal. In the small office, he wonders if Frank and Grant can hear him too.

Frank... Grant had Frank strip immediately. Gerard had taken pictures of it this time, though Grant's theft of Gerard's tie had disrupted his thought process for a few moments of - well, pure aroused shock. Frank's now kneeling facing the wall with his hands tied to one of the rings in the brick. Gerard gets in a few more shots, and Grant crosses behind him to a desk drawer. Gerard turns, eyes following him, watching as Grant pulls out a bottle of lube and a butt plug. Gerard coughs, and Grant lifts an eyebrow at him. "If any of this is making you uncomfortable, say the word."

"...nope," Gerard gets out. Not in that sense. Now if his fucking dick would just get the message. He takes a few shots of Grant's hands on the plug and then moves around to Frank's other side, getting the curve of his shoulder, the swell of his ass, his tattoos. The noises Frank makes when Grant finally finishes fingering him and pushes the plug in are unreal. Gerard bites his lip hard.

Grant leans in and kisses just where the barrels of Frank's guns cross. Gerard snaps a shot. He gets a shot of Frank's fingers flexing against the pull of his cuffs. Grant moves the plug a few times, more experimental thrusts than anything, then steps aside. Gerard glances at him then takes his place, standing directly behind Frank and photographing the curve of his spine, the plug a dark shadow in the cleft of his ass. He wants to reach out, to touch, to give the plug a few twists, be the one to make Frank produce those delicious noises. He takes a deep breath

and steps back, though, and looks to Grant, who looks back at him steadily. Then Grant gets Frank's attention like he had last time, saying quietly but firmly, "Frank. Look at me."

Frank blinks up at him and Gerard takes a picture of that too because he's dazed and beautiful. Gerard figures that Grant's stopping because - well, Gerard's not sure - but then Grant asks, eyes on Frank, "Frank, would you like it if I let Gerard touch you?" It's so quiet, Gerard barely hears it. He swallows hard. Clicks the shutter again and again, not even looking through the viewfinder.

Frank licks his lips and says, "Y-yes, sir."

Grant looks up at Gerard, and Gerard shakes his head automatically because he's so shocked.

"Are you certain?" Grant asks gently. "I can see how hard you are right now." Frank finally looks away from Grant and at Gerard, and it's even harder to speak with both their eyes on him.

"It's a...hazard of the job," Gerard hedges. "This isn't - I don't -"

"Forget the job for a moment," Grant tells him. Gerard looks down at the camera in his hands then slowly lowers it. "That's what I thought," Grant says.

"What am I allowed to do?" Gerard asks, eyes on Frank. Frank bites his lip and looks up at Grant. So does Gerard.

"What do you like?" Grant says, almost conversationally, though his hand never leaves Frank's shoulder.

"I. A-anything," he stutters. He's not lying. He'll take anything they want to allow him at this point. Anything at all.

Grant grins wickedly, and Gerard knows that this is his specialty. "Tell me what you daydream about, when you come by and see Frank here in the shop."

"His mouth," Gerard answers immediately. "His skin." He looks at Frank again. "All those tattoos peeking out of your sleeves. I was so curious about all the ones I couldn't see."

"Darling," Grant says, rubbing his thumb over Frank's mouth, "hear something that interests you?"

Frank's tongue darts out and licks Grant's thumb. "Yes," Frank whispers, eyes on Grant's.

"You do love sucking cock, don't you, darling?"

Gerard moans. "Frank -" he says.

"Please," Frank whispers. Gerard's not sure which one of them he's talking to, but he steps forward anyway, reaching to touch Frank's face. Frank leans into the touch and looks up at him from under his eyelashes. "Please," Frank repeats huskily. Gerard looks up at Grant, who nods and unhooks Frank's cuffs from the wall. Gerard unzips and shoves his pants and

underwear down his thighs and steps forward. Frank just looks for a moment, then leans in and nuzzles Gerard's thighs. "Wanted this too," he whispers. He doesn't struggle against the ties, though, and Gerard traces down Frank's chest with a finger. Frank licks his lips, kisses up Gerard's thighs, and swipes his tongue down the crease of his hip. He's fucking teasing, god, that's not fair.

Frank is licking and kissing everywhere except where he knows Gerard wants him. Gerard can't take his eyes off Frank's mouth. He's completely fixated, achingly hard. Every touch of his lips feels fucking incredible and not enough at the same time. He's so focused on Frank that he's surprised when Grant gently takes his camera from his hand.

"You should see yourself right now," Grant says throatily. "Would you like to?"

"Fuck," Gerard says. "Yes." Grant lifts the camera and starts snapping pictures. For a moment, Gerard overthinks it, thinks about what he knows looks good on camera, what makes for a good picture. Then he remembers he never cares about that with other people, just tries to take pictures of real things, not poses. But still, it takes a little getting used to. He's not usually in front of the camera. Frank has no self-consciousness, of course. He just kneels, bound hands resting against Gerard's knee as he bobs his head, takes Gerard in deep and swallows. Grant keeps snapping photos...and talking. At that point, Gerard stops thinking altogether. Just listens and feels.

"He loves it when you fuck his mouth," Grant says. "When your fingers are tight in his hair and you let go."

Gerard bites back a moan. "Frankie, you want more?" He wraps strands of Frank's hair around his fingers. Frank looks into Gerard's eyes and takes Gerard further down and swallows around him. Gerard's fingers clench reflexively in Frank's hair. "Fuck." Gerard lets his hips pump forward and Frank takes it, moaning around him.

"Frankie, god, I haven't - I can't -" Gerard can't get words out anymore. Frank pulls back and rubs his tongue against the sensitive spot under the head of Gerard's cock, and that's all he can take. "Can't hold -" he gasps.

Gerard comes hard and long and when he's done his hands relax in Frank's hair and brushes it back over and over. Frank's eyes flutter shut and swallows with a moan. He pulls off of Gerard's softening cock and Gerard reaches out to touch his spit-slick, swollen lips.

"Fuck," he breathes. "God, Frankie. That was...."

"I know exactly what you mean," Grant says with a smile and snaps a picture. "He's good."

"Gerard," Frank says, opening his eyes, "Fuck, you're gorgeous." His voice is raspy and sets something in Gerard's groin heating. As if he hadn't just come, Jesus.

"You've got that backwards," Gerard says with a little smile. Frank goes pink cheeked and looks down, helping Gerard tuck himself back into his clothes the best he can with bound hands. As Gerard buckles his belt, Frank sits back on his heels and looks up at Gerard, clearly waiting for direction.

Grant hands the camera back to Gerard, and it's like someone flipped a switch. Grant cups Frank's chin and looks at him for a moment, then sits on the couch and pulls Frank into his lap. Gerard keeps snapping photos as Grant kisses Frank, but once Grant goes for his belt, Gerard sneaks out the door. He slips downstairs and re-heats some coffee, then goes back upstairs to the little balcony he'd spotted out back. He smokes a lot and looks at the pictures on his camera and swears over and over in his head. He can't help wondering what that all meant; if they were just indulging him, or what the fuck is going on.

After three or four cigarettes, Grant joins him on the balcony with not a bit of him out of place. But Gerard can tell by his face, his eyes, that he's definitely come completely undone and put himself back together. Frank's a step behind him. He lights up his own cigarette and props his elbows on the railing. He's so ridiculously loose. Glowing, even. Every time he's seen Frank he's always been a little wound up. Not necessarily in a bad way at all, just wound up. He's not now.

Gerard wants to kiss him, badly, but he doesn't know what the protocol is here. He'd taste like smoke. And maybe the slightest bit like come, still. Probably like Grant. Gerard takes a long drag. "Thank you," he says. "I think the photos will be great. And not because of the..." He waves his hand in the air.

"Orgasm?" Grant suggests.

Gerard barks out a laugh. "Yeah. That. Thanks for that too." He smiles at Frank. Frank smiles back, glancing at Grant and biting his lip.

"Gerard," Grant says, wrapping his arm around Frank. "How would you like to come round to our apartment for dinner sometime next week?"

*

Gerard shows up for dinner about ten minutes late due to a shoot running over. He hadn't had time to change his clothes, so he's still wearing the shirt, tie, and waistcoat he'd recently adopted as a Take Me Seriously disguise for his corporate clients. Grant refuses to listen to his apology, though, insisting he's fine and they're just glad he's here. They chat a bit about their mutual friends and acquaintances before Frank walks over, drying his hands on a rag. "Dinner's ready!"

Gerard doesn't know what he was expecting, but a dinner that looks like his grandma cooked it was not it. That's exactly what it is, though. Right down to a plate of cannoli Gerard sees on the counter clearly ready to be dessert. "Oh man, this looks amazing." *You're amazing*, is what Gerard wants to say.

"My grandma taught me to cook," Frank says, unsurprisingly. "It's not fancy."

"My grandma tried to teach me to cook. I took more to the drawing and singing she also taught me."

They eat, and talk, and Gerard eagerly accepts a cup of coffee with his cannoli then teases, "Shouldn't have worn such tight jeans, I guess."

"I wouldn't say that," Frank says with a little smirk and then schools his face into a look of total innocence and takes a sip of his coffee.

Gerard had managed to nearly forget what it was like to have Frank on his knees for him, but he remembers now. "I'm. Um. Glad you think so?" He can't quite keep the question out of his voice. Frank just smiles. Gerard can't help looking to Grant helplessly. Grant raises an eyebrow at him and reaches across the table and squeezes Frank's hand, turning an unbearably fond look in his direction.

"He can be somewhat incorrigible when flirting. I know from experience."

"I...", Gerard starts and trails off. "Wasn't sure if that was a one-time occurrence," he finishes.

"Consider this an official invitation for it to be a more than one time occurrence, should you desire it," Grant says. "Or we can finish our dessert and coffee and adjourn to the living room and discuss your thoughts on Magneto in more depth."

Gerard really does want to talk comics - he'd been delighted to discover they were both fans - but... "What are your rules?" he asks after a sip of coffee.

"Whatever you do, I will be there. Any sort of kink play you want to try, I supervise," Grant says.

"That doesn't seem like it will be much of a problem considering the other day." Gerard shakes his head. "Anything else?"

"If Frank wants us both in a scene of any sort, we accommodate him as long as we both agree."

"That works for me," Gerard says. "For some things... It's not that I'm not willing, but I don't, ah, have a lot of experience with certain things."

"I can teach you, if you want to learn," Grant says. Gerard licks his lips. He does, more than he can say.

Frank hasn't said anything yet. Gerard looks at him. He looks a little flushed, a little excited. A lot kissable. "Can I kiss him?" he asks Grant, not taking his eyes off Frank.

"Ask him, not me," Grant says lazily.

"Can I kiss you?" Gerard asks again.

"Fucking duh," Frank replies. Gerard moves to their sofa, shooting a quick look at Grant before sliding in between him and Frank, bracing a knee on the cushion beside Frank's thigh and cupping a hand around the back of Frank's neck. "Please," Frank whispers and Gerard leans in, covering Frank's mouth with his.

Gerard's dimly aware of Grant saying, "He begs so well, doesn't he?" It doesn't even matter, not now, because Frank's mouth is the best thing he's felt or tasted in a long time. Gerard shifts to straddle Frank's lap, press him back into the cushions and sink a hand into his hair.

Frank responds immediately, wrapping his arms around Gerard's waist and clinging as he kisses back.

"I've been thinking about you," Gerard mumbles against Frank's lips.

"Yeah?" Frank whispers back. "What have you been thinking?"

"How gorgeous you are, how fucking much I want to shoot you again."

"Is that it?" Frank laughs breathlessly as Gerard mouths at his neck.

"How much I want to fuck you," Gerard admits.

Frank moans and clutches at Gerard's sides. "Fuck. Yes."

Gerard glances up at Grant; he can't help it. "Why are you..."

"Sharing?"

Gerard nods. "Not that I am in any way complaining. You just don't... seem the type who would, to be honest."

"You're right that I tend to be possessive, but I've learned to temper that when advantageous. Frank wants you and I think the two of you will be fucking beautiful together."

"So, aesthetic reasons, and pleasing Frank."

Grant reaches out and strokes Frank's cheek. "Pleasing Frank has become one of my favorite pastimes."

"You're pretty good at it." Frank looks back and forth between the two of them, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

"And you," Grant says to Gerard, "are exceedingly pretty." That makes Gerard feel - all sorts of things. And blush, and stammer out how he thinks Grant is hot too. Grant just smiles.

Frank whines and moves his hips a little, his cock moving against Gerard's. Gerard gasps and pushes at him until Frank stretches out on the couch and Gerard can crawl on top of him again. Their heads are next to Grant's thigh, and Gerard feels a hand briefly touch his hair before he sees Grant's fingers stroke across Frank's forehead. Gerard leans down to start kissing Frank again. Frank wraps his arms around Gerard's neck and his legs around Gerard's waist. He feels fucking perfect against Gerard's body.

Gerard circles Frank's wrists with his fingers and lifts them over Frank's head, passing them to Grant. He lets Frank keep his legs where they are for the moment and shoves Frank's shirt up, dipping down to kiss across his torso. Grant helps him take the shirt off completely and Gerard presses his lips against Frank's throat, trailing them down to suck at the junction of Frank's neck and shoulder. Frank writhes beneath him.

"Stay still," he whispers against Frank's skin. Frank goes completely still beneath him and Gerard smiles, looks up at Grant and meets his eye with a little smile for him as well. Fuck, Gerard is grateful that Grant is willing to share Frank with him. He turns his attention back to Frank and nips down his throat, trailing his tongue down Frank's chest. He tongues over one of Frank's nipples and Frank moans loud enough to startle him.

Gerard glances at Grant automatically. Grant looks smug and clearly not surprised, so Gerard does it again, sucking hard this time. Frank moans again. Louder. When he pulls back, he lets Frank's nipple catch in his teeth. Frank gasps, only just staying still, and Gerard sees Grant's grip tighten on Frank's arms. "Fuck," he breathes, pushing back up to kiss Frank's mouth. "You are amazing."

He moves back down, biting down hard on Frank's collarbone as he makes his way back down to the waist of Frank's jeans. He has to pause there, seeing his gorgeous tattoos up close. Gerard didn't get a chance to touch them before, to look at them. He traces the lines with his fingers, then his tongue. "Gorgeous," he says out loud.

Frank moans again, throaty. "Please, Gerard," he begs. He's so hard. Gerard rubs his cheek against the bulge of Frank's cock; Frank doesn't move, but it's a close thing.

"You're so good," Gerard tells him. "So fucking good." Gerard gets the button undone as carefully pulls down Frank's zipper. He leaves Frank's briefs in place but presses his tongue against the damp spot on the cotton, and Frank swears. Gerard smiles and then bares his teeth, just a press against the cotton.

"Gerard, please," Frank groans again.

"Please?" Gerard asks. "Please what?"

"Want your mouth on my cock."

Gerard nuzzles and mouths at Frank's cock over the fabric of his briefs. "You have it." Frank whimpers. "What," Gerard whispers, "not enough? Tell me what you want me to do."

"Please, please suck me," Frank pleads. Gerard tucks his fingers into the waistband of Frank's briefs and tugs them down, but only a little bit. He mouths at the skin revealed until Frank starts whimpering again.

"He'll last," Grant murmurs from above them.

"He'd better, if he wants to be fucked tonight," Gerard purrs. He tugs harder on the waistband of Frank's briefs, tucking it under Frank's balls and running his tongue gently up the shaft of his cock. Frank takes a deep breath. "Like that, Frankie?" Gerard murmurs. He wraps his lips just barely around the head of Frank's cock and sucks lightly.

"Shit, your mouth, shit," Frank groans, hips quivering slightly. Gerard opens up farther and sinks down, down.

Frank moans long and loud. "Gee. Gerard. Fuck. Wanna touch you." Gerard swallows around Frank's cock and Frank loses all coherence.

"Gerard told you not to come," Grant reminds him.

Gerard looks up from under his lashes, up to where Grant is holding Frank's wrists. He's watching Frank's face, but as Gerard watches him Grant catches his eye. He pulls off, shifts back to tug Frank's jeans down his legs. "Let go," Gerard tells Grant, and as he dips down to lick across Frank's hole Frank's hands twist into his hair.

He's glad he told Grant to let Frank go. He loves the feel of Frank's fingers in his hair, twisting and tugging just hard enough. He keeps licking, moving up to suck Frank's balls into his mouth, then back down, tongue working Frank, making him shake and moan. He pulls back, biting at the skin of Frank's inner thigh, and Frank yelps, then moans and Gerard noses back around the base of his cock. "Wanna fuck you now," he says against the hot skin.

"Yes," Frank gasps. "Please, yes."

"Perhaps this is time for a change of venue," Grant says above them, brogue a bit thicker than normal. "Our bedroom has a number of supplies that may be useful." Gerard pulls back regretfully, letting Frank's legs drop to the cushions. He stands and winces when he has to adjust himself in his jeans. Frank rises naked and unashamed, and Grant steadies Frank's hips for a moment between his hands, then rises himself. Frank takes Gerard's hand and draws him toward the hallway.

Frank looks over his shoulder and smiles at Gerard, looks beyond him to Grant briefly, then pulls Gerard through the door. He's a little bit surprised at how warm and inviting the room is. He wasn't precisely expecting a dungeon, but this is practically cozy.

Little things catch his eye: the shine of metal fittings on an exposed brick wall, the polished gleam of the heavy four poster bed. The bed, fuck. The bed that Frank is climbing on, stretching to pull condoms and lube from the nightstand. Gerard fumbles for his tie, for the buttons of his waistcoat and shirt, and hands are there to help him - Grant, barely brushing over his skin and making Gerard shiver, but - Frank. "Go," Grant says in his ear.

He briefly wonders where Grant will be the whole time, but then Frank raises an eyebrow at him and stretches himself out on the bed and looks so fucking hot Gerard can't stand it. He makes quick work of his jeans and underwear, shoving them down his thighs and climbing onto the bed to stretch himself over Frank's body. Gerard isn't precisely large, but he completely covers Frank. It's a heady feeling. He takes a moment just to work his hips against Frank's, letting Frank clutch at his shoulders, sinking his own hands into Frank's hair. "Roll over," Gerard tells him, "and grab the headboard." Frank nods.

Gerard lets Frank get situated, rolls the condom over his cock so he doesn't have to mess with it later, and puts the lube in easy reach on the bed. More of Frank's tattoos are in view: two revolvers crossed over his lower back and more of the same beautiful script. Gerard reaches out to touch them, lets his fingers trail lightly over them, making Frank shiver. Gerard leans in to touch his tongue to the ink, slicks up his fingers and lets them trail down Frank's crack. "Take a breath, Frank," Gerard tells him, pressing gently in with two fingers.

He's positive Frank can take it, and it turns out he's right; Frank drops his head and presses steadily back.

"Fuck, yeah," he pants. "More."

Gerard laughs, leans down and bites Frank's ass playfully. He expects a bit of a laugh. What he gets is Frank moaning, saying, "Fuck. You can do more of that, too." Gerard can't help but moan himself and give Frank three fingers.

Gerard nips Frank's ass again and crooks his fingers against Frank's prostate. The moan and desperate little thrust back against his fingers that Frank gives him makes Gerard shiver. He looks over his shoulder, searching the room for Grant and finding him sitting in a chair by the window, leaning back with legs spread and one hand resting casually on top of his crotch, pressing lightly. Gerard whimpers under his breath and turns back to Frank, steadying his hips with one hand while guiding his cock to Frank's opening with the other.

If Gerard thought Frank was eager for fingers, his panting and cursing and attempts to push himself back on Gerard's cock show him he just hadn't seen eager yet. Gerard smacks Frank's ass. "Frankie. Let me take care of you."

Frank moans and stills immediately, and Gerard sets his hand back on the pink mark, smoothing over the skin. "Fuck," he murmurs.

"Please," Frank begs, and Gerard tightens his grip and pushes the whole way in with one smooth thrust. It's his turn to moan. Frank feels hot and tight and perfect around him. Gerard smooths his hands up Frank's back, leans down and kisses between his shoulder blades, slides his hands around to Frank's chest and rolls Frank's nipples between his fingers. When Frank shivers, he does it harder.

"Is that a spot for you?" Gerard asks, thrusting once, twice, slow and firm. "What others will I find? You gonna make me find them on my own?" Frank just moans. "I'll take that as a yes. That means you have to stay still while I'm looking, you know. And stay still when I find them." Gerard thrusts a couple more times, keeping them just as slow as the last. He leans forward and uses a hand to explore, first by running his fingers through Frank's hair and over his scalp, which elicits a very nice noise. He runs his fingers firmly down the back of Frank's neck and gets a little arch. "Uh-uh," he says, squeezing a bit. "Not done."

He lets his fingers explore Frank basically everywhere he can reach, making a note of every spot that makes Frank moan. Every time he increases the pressure or pinches or bites, Frank moans louder. Gerard finally slides his hands back down, grabs Frank's hip with one hand and trails his fingers down Frank's crack with the other. He slides his fingers around his cock and teases with light touches to Frank's skin where Gerard's cock enters him. He gets another loud moan from Frank. "Well now," he says half to himself, "that's interesting, Frankie." He scrapes his fingernails up the back of Frank's thigh and grabs both hips, speeding up his thrusts. He can't help but focus on the cuffs around Frank's wrists, the way his arms flex as he holds tight to the frame of the bed.

Gerard leans over and kisses the back of Frank's shoulders again, then wraps one hand in Frank's hair and pulls him up to mouth at his neck. He hears an appreciative noise from Grant

on the chair, but can't take his eyes, his mouth, any of his attention off of Frank. He turns Frank's head further and kisses him until he can't breathe and then rests his forehead between Frank's shoulder blades, wraps his arms around Frank and starts moving his hips again.

Frank is moving with him like they've done this a hundred times, and Gerard can feel himself getting close. He pants open-mouthed against Frank's skin, snapping his hips until his orgasm hits like hard and intense. As soon as he can move his limbs again, he pulls out and sits back on his heels, tugs Frank back into his lap and closes a hand around Frank's cock. He kisses up Frank's neck, sucks his earlobe, and strokes his free hand across Frank's chest, tweaking his nipples. He bites down on Frank's shoulder, whispering encouragement, and Frank comes, chanting a mix of curses and Gerard's name. Gerard strokes him through it. Gerard wraps his arms around Frank and holds him gently as he pants, then unclips the cuffs so Frank can relax. He leans bonelessly back against Gerard.

Frank stays more or less fucked out and wrapped up in Gerard for a minute before he pulls away. Their bed is pretty high, so he can't just swing his legs over and touch the ground. He lets himself roll off and onto his knees, and Gerard makes a concerned noise that he quickly swallows, because somehow Frank makes something graceless look like the fucking hottest thing.

It gets hotter. Frank's caught himself on his hands and he's fucking *crawling* across the floor, and Grant's just waiting for him with his pants already open and his hands braced on his thighs. As Frank pulls himself up and takes Grant in his mouth, Grant and Gerard's eyes meet and hold, Grant looking heavy-lidded and Gerard knowing his own face is stuck somewhere between fucked out and shocked speechless.

After a few moments, Grant's eyes drop to Frank and he puts his hands in Frank's hair. Gerard looks too, watches Frank's mouth tease Grant's cock. Frank pulls back and sucks at the head and Gerard can barely hold in his gasp at Grant's cock. No fucking wonder Frank was so eager for more.

Frank wraps a hand around the base of Grant's cock and Gerard watches his lips move up and down the shaft, meeting his fingers, sliding back up to suck at the head. Frank finally puts both hands on Grant's sides and makes a noise. Grant apparently takes this as a signal because he starts fucking up into Frank's mouth, letting his hands in Frank's hair guide him.

Frank moans in the back of his throat and just goes with every thrust. Gerard can see his throat work as he swallows around Grant's cock. He moves his eyes back up to Grant's face just in time for Grant's body to arch up as he comes.

Frank swallows neatly, then pulls off and rests his head on Grant's thigh. Grant strokes his hair gently and watches Gerard, who's still kneeling on the bed with his eyes fixed on them. Grant tugs at Frank's hair until Frank opens his eyes and looks at him. "Back to bed, darling."

Frank pushes himself up, but stops to kiss Grant. Grant's hand curves possessively around the back of Frank's thigh, then he pats Frank's ass and nudges him towards Gerard. Frank turns, and smiles, and crawls back up onto the mattress. Gerard presses his face into Frank's neck and wraps an arm loosely around his waist. Frank nudges him until he moves over and then Grant's on the bed too.

Gerard holds Frank for a while. Frank actually drops off to sleep, and Grant leans against the headboard and watches him. They don't really talk right away, but after a while Grant says, as if they were just continuing a conversation, "This is the most important part. Giving him what he needs. But perhaps you'd like that promised tour now?"

Gerard smiles and nods. "I'd like that. This place is amazing."

Grant gently shakes Frank awake. Frank murmurs and stretches, and Gerard leans down to kiss him before he gets up to dress. Grant wraps around Frank and kisses him for a good long while before they follow suit. Gerard wavers, caught between watching and feeling extraneous, and finally steps out into the hall; after another moment they join him. Grant touches his elbow. "Follow me."

Grant leads Gerard out to the living room and they look at the art on the walls while Frank putters around cleaning the kitchen and calling out commentary every once in a while. Frank joins them as they're about to go up the stairs to what Grant says is a small office and a rooftop deck and tucks himself into Grant's side. God, Gerard still loves the way they are together.

They lead him up the stairs. The first thing he notices is the wall of windows overlooking the deck and out to the city. Then he looks around. The office is a bit more cluttered than the rest of the house. There's a desk and a computer and a comfy looking chair with a laptop on the seat and a small table next to it. The table holds a neat pile of books and comic books, along with a journal and pen. The whole room looks cozy, like this is where they spend most of their free time. "It's great," he says, turning all around. "Really great, all of it."

"You think you might want to spend some more time here?" Frank asks, grinning and biting his lip.

"Yes, let's talk about that," Grant says.

Frank sweeps the laptop off the chair and pushes it under the side table while Grant pulls the desk chair out from behind the desk and into the room. Grant sits and Frank sits cross legged on the floor at Grant's feet, leaning against his knees. Grant's hand seems to automatically go to Frank's head, lightly stroking his fingers through Frank's hair. Frank's eyes flutter closed and he leans into the touch for a moment. Gerard stares. He's never been around someone who has him so constantly wishing for his camera.

"So..." Gerard says. Frank opens his eyes and looks at Gerard. "I, um. I would love to spend more time here. I've never done anything like this before," Gerard admits after a beat.

Frank smiles at him. "Me neither." Gerard feels strangely relieved at that. They both look to Grant.

"Yes," he says with a smile. "I have. How things work depends so much on the individuals involved, but in my experience, it may be best treated like any other activity between friends. Everyone enjoys themselves and then goes home at the end of the night."

Gerard nods. He can't deny he's disappointed he won't be able to spend the night with his arms around Frank, but, "That makes sense."

"And I believe we've discussed most of the rest of the rules already," Grant says. Gerard nods. He certainly can't think of anything else they should cover. Maybe after some sleep. "Now, I seem to recall you expressing a desire to see our bookshelves." Grant gestures around them. "Most of them are here."

Gerard gets up and goes to the wall of shelves nearest him and starts perusing. There are a lot of familiar titles, which confirms for Gerard how much he has in common with them. Frank appears next to him, bouncing on his toes with his hands clasped behind his back. "The comics are over there," he says, nodding his head to another part of the room.

"I love that you both read comics," Gerard confesses, running his fingers over a shelf of trades. "But I basically love this entire collection." Gerard reaches out and tucks Frank's hair behind his ear, and Frank leans into the caress.

"Comics played a part in keeping me sane as a teenager," Grant says.

Frank nods and says, "My dad got them for me every week after the divorce. It was one of our things."

They manage to talk about comics through another cup of coffee, and Gerard does get his discussion of Magneto after all before a round of yawns sends him to his feet, thanking them for the evening and telling them he hopes he sees them again soon.

Kristan calls Grant up out of the blue - it's been a while - and they make a date to have tea together. It makes Grant laugh, because they've both been sufficiently Americanized to prefer coffee, but sometimes they do tea just for the sake of home and tradition. Grant catches her up with him. Even though she's been able to deduce most of it from seeing Frank and Grant out, he wants to tell her and knows she wants to hear it from him.

The short version is, he's pretty content. He absolutely adores Frank in every way, and Gerard is lovely and interesting and talented.

Kristan makes a worried face when he brings up Gerard. She narrows her eyes and says, "What aren't you telling me?"

"What do you mean?" he replies. "I've told you about Frank moving in and about Gerard, what more could you possibly want to know?"

"You haven't told me about Gerard at all, Grant."

"I told you we've invited him to join us a couple of times, what more is there to say? It's been two times, Kristan. I will admit that there is potential there, but there is nothing I could say with any certainty at the moment."

"Lovey, do you think, perhaps, that you are doing this to keep Frank happy?"

"Like I couldn't keep Mark happy, you mean?" Grant snipes, even though he knows she's asking from a caring place. "No. It's not like that. At least, it doesn't feel like that."

"Why doesn't it feel like that?"

"Because I want it, too," Grant says.

"Do you want him, or do you just want to watch them together? I know you love to watch."

"I told myself I just wanted to watch. Maybe lend a hand if Frank wants it."

"And are you finding you want more?" Kristan asks, eyebrow raised.

"Possibly? He's beautiful, but he's much more than that and I certainly wouldn't object. But he tends toward dominance, as far as I can tell. We both know how that can turn out."

"Risky."

"Yes. I don't know how else to go about this but to wait and see. Perhaps he's more of a switch than I. And if Frank would like me to share with Gerard on a more permanent basis, I could live with it. At this point, that's all I know."

Kristan hums. "Maybe you have learned something from the debacle."

"Perhaps I have. I think it more likely that Mark and I would never have worked, even if I'd been more accommodating."

"Good riddance," she says.

Grant laughs bitterly. "Indeed. He was a toxic presence in all our lives. There was tension from the start. At the time, I thought it was sexy."

"Some tension is sexy, lovey."

"Yes, well. This wasn't. I was just mistaking one for the other. And it wasn't just me he was causing tension with. Zoe would never have said it to me, but I know she hated him. And I am relatively certain Tyler came close to hitting him once. Tyler! He's probably lucky Alicia wasn't there. She wouldn't have held back."

"What would Frank have done?" Kristan asks curiously. He's not sure why, except that he's fairly sure she's still taking Frank's measure. Grant takes a moment to think.

"Frank... I don't think Frank is one to hold back when it comes to people he loves, but it takes a bit to make him snap."

"And when he does?"

"He is fierce and will fight for what he feels is right. But he can be reined in." Now she just looks amused.

"I imagine you're just the man for that job."

Grant smirks, jokingly polishing his nails on his jacket lapel. "I can't deny a certain level of skill at it. Channeling his energies into other activities can be quite satisfying."

Kristan grimaces over the rim of her cup. "I'd forgotten how insufferable you are when you're getting laid regularly." Grant knows full well she means the exact opposite and he smiles.

"Yes, well. I can't deny feeling rather smug about the fact," he replies.

She finally gives in and laughs. "I'm glad you're happy, Grant. I don't think I've ever seen you this besotted."

"Never have I been," he says softly. She reaches over and squeezes his hand.

"He's lovely, Grant. Truly. And perfect for you." He turns his hand over and squeezes back.

"I happen to agree. As for the rest of it...time will tell."

*

They've seen Gerard a couple more times since he came over for dinner. Frank had pulled him upstairs one day when he'd dropped by the shop and given Grant a show by enthusiastically jerking Gerard off while Gerard bit all up and down the line of hickeys Grant had left on Frank's neck the night before. That was over a week ago.

Two days ago, they'd run into Gerard at an overstuffed and terrifically boring cocktail party at a hotel downtown. "This party is fuckin' torture, I'm going to say something rude to someone in about five seconds," Gerard had said. Grant had ended up holding Frank by the elbows in a gilt-encrusted bathroom while Gerard gave him what was apparently the blowjob of the century, judging by Frank's dazed expression afterwards.

Grant and Frank have fucked since then, of course - the arrangement with Gerard certainly doesn't seem to have affected their enjoyment of one another one single bit, which is, Grant reflects, only as it should be. However, he's starting to get the impression that Frank is - not nervous, Grant's sure he's given Frank no reason to be nervous, just - twitchy. Then Grant realizes it has been a little while since they've played. Frank hasn't asked for it, but... perhaps he was waiting for Grant.

Finally he hits a few keys and pushes his keyboard away from him. "Frank," he says, infusing his tone with both suggestiveness and authority.

Frank's head snaps up. "Yes, sir?"

"Come here," Grant orders quietly. Yes, he had the right of it.

Grant asks Frank to strip and Frank does it in his usual methodical way, then stands naked and beautiful and waiting. The corners of Grant's mouth lift a bit - he's just so fucking gorgeous - but Grant just looks him up and down silently and then points to a spot near his

feet. "On your knees." Frank kneels obediently and looks up at Grant expectantly. "No moving. Get in the most comfortable position and stay that way until I say."

Grant watches Frank at first, cataloguing every twitch. Frank takes a while to settle fully, to close his eyes and just relax and wait. When he's finally there, Grant reaches out to stroke his hair. He doesn't say anything, just runs his fingers through the strands until Frank lets out an almost-silent sigh. He pulls his hand back and returns to his writing, but keeps an eye on Frank, who stays still for a while apart from one deep breath, eyes still closed.

He's still for about five minutes and then he starts getting twitchy again, starting with his fingers, which Grant can see flexing. "Not in the mood to obey, are you, Frank?"

"I -"

"No excuses, Frank," Grant says quietly. "Do you need reminding? There are many possible consequences to disobedience." Grant opens a drawer and pulls out a paddle, laying it on the desk and watching Frank's nostrils flare. Punishment isn't really Grant's usual style - he's much more apt to make Frank wait and center himself, and Frank usually responds well to that, but these particular trappings - rules, obedience, punishment - "If you want it, ask," Grant tells him.

"Remind me. Punish me, please," Frank says quietly, desperately. Grant pushes his chair back from the desk.

"Lie over my lap." Frank stretches over Grant's knee and he runs his hand over Frank's ass, lets his fingers trail down the cleft before picking up the paddle. "Count," Grant tells him. He's not sure how long it's going to take to get Frank down where he needs to be, but he can tell already from the drape of Frank's body that it's working.

Frank's voice remains steady until number five and then he stutters. Grant can feel how hard he is against Grant's thigh. He's probably leaving a wet spot on Grant's trousers. He lets Frank get to fourteen before he starts talking. "How shall I take you, Frank?"

"However you want," Frank gasps out. "Fifteen."

"That's not an answer, Frank."

"Sixteen. Bend me over your desk. Seventeen. Please, sir." Grant gives him twenty for good measure, then wraps his hands around Frank's upper arms and pulls him up. He pulls Frank down for a rough kiss, then stands, shoves a hand into his hair and turns him around, pushing him down until his chest meets the desk. Frank's ass is a gorgeous red and Grant runs his hands over it and squeezes. Frank moans and Grant laughs. "Oh, don't think you fooled me, I know this is what you wanted all along."

"Of course you knew. You know me," Frank says. Grant smacks Frank's ass with his hand just once.

"I do." He gets the lube out of the drawer and slicks his cock. "Can you take me, Frank?"

"Yes, sir," Frank gasps as Grant spreads him wide. "Anything." Grant pushes in slowly. Watches Frank's back arch, listens to him pant. "Grant," he whispers. "Fuck. You feel so good."

Frank feels better than good, grinding back onto Grant's cock like he can't get enough. Grant leans down to speak in his ear. "Do you remember your lesson, darling?"

"I'm supposed to stay still if you tell me not to move," Frank gasps, resting his forehead on his arm and moaning as Grant thrusts in hard.

"And what do you get if you move?"

"Punished," Frank says. Grant grasps his hips and pulls Frank back onto his cock. Frank grabs onto the edge of the desk and holds tight. His mouth is open and he's panting for every breath.

"That's right," Grant says on a groan. "You obey me or face the consequences." He keeps pumping his hips and runs his hands up Frank's back and into his hair. Frank moans. Grant tugs and pets Frank's hair for a moment then leans further forward, grabs Frank's hands and pulls his fingers from where they're clinging to the desk. He leans back with Frank in his arms and sits in the desk chair. Frank rolls his head back and forth on Grant's shoulder, moaning, and Grant feels himself smirk. "Oh, this does work for you, doesn't it, darling?"

"Perfect. So close. So deep." Grant slides one of his hands down Frank's belly and wraps it around Frank's cock.

"And how about now?" he asks.

Frank has apparently lost all words, because all he can do is moan. Grant rolls Frank's nipple between his fingers with the hand not full of cock and Frank is reduced to whimpers. "Tell me, Frank."

"So good. So fucking good. Your hands. Your cock. Don't stop." He's working his hips, moving them to meet Grant's thrusts. Grant jacks him off hard and fast, bringing his other hand down from Frank's chest to cup his balls, rolling them in his fingers and pressing back, up against the skin behind them until Frank's coming, spurting into his hand and onto the desk and clenching deliciously around Grant's cock.

Grant keeps rolling his hips up into Frank, relishing the warmth, the tightness, *Frank*. "So good," Grant tells him. He's nearing completion himself. "Frank. Love."

He wraps his arms tightly around Frank and lets go completely, thrusting hard and fast.

"Grant. Sir," Frank whispers, turning his face and trailing his lips along Grant's jaw. "Fill me up. Please. Need it."

Grant comes with a load moan, thrusting up into Frank a few more times before collapsing against the back of the chair, holding Frank tight to his chest and nuzzling his neck, his cheek, his hair.

"Love you," he whispers into Frank's ear. "So much."

*

After Gerard shows up at the shop a few times to buy things for his studio, Grant is pretty sure he's actually making excuses to see them. Either of them. Because one day Frank's not there, but Gerard seems perfectly happy to talk to Grant. He's even... flirting, Grant would call it, and he is fairly confident Gerard isn't even doing it on purpose. Grant can tell calculated flirting from the spontaneous kind, and this is certainly not calculated. Grant quite likes the little blush that appears when he flirts back.

It's the second time Gerard stops by the shop that Grant notices the tie around Gerard's wrist is the same one Grant used to tie Frank up the first time they'd invited Gerard to join them. Gerard keeps fiddling with it, fingers stroking over the silk. Grant very carefully shifts his attention elsewhere. It seems unconscious - though clearly the decision to put it on wasn't - and Grant doesn't want to embarrass him. "You've missed Frank again, I'm sorry to tell you," Grant says.

Gerard shrugs and smiles. "That's okay. I was bored and... sort of in the area." Grant has the feeling that by "sort of" he means "really not at all."

"I'm so sorry you don't know anyone more interesting than us," Grant says, and god, mock humility is not his style. He's lucky there's no one else here to call him out on it. Gerard just laughs.

"There's no one better than you all and you know it."

"I admit, I've heard some variation of 'Grant, you're the best' before. Usually it's preceding 'that I've ever had,' though, so..." Grant shrugs expressively, keeping as straight a face as possible. Gerard blushes deeper and giggles adorably. He gives Grant's shoulder a little shove and Grant can't help but capture his wrist in his hand. Gerard doesn't pull away, but he meets Grant's eyes levelly.

Grant squeezes Gerard's wrist and lets it fall back to Gerard's side. "I'm covering Zoe's lunch at the moment, but when she gets back, we can go upstairs and chat. Do you have time?"

"Sure," Gerard says. "A bit." They talk until Zoe comes back in, then Grant leads Gerard upstairs and hands him a stack of things he printed out to edit. He can't decide which to submit for an upcoming opinion piece, but he doesn't tell Gerard that.

He sits and watches Gerard as he reads. Gerard gets totally caught up in the columns, which is gratifying. It's more gratifying when he can tell Gerard's getting turned on. When Gerard bites his lip and shifts in his seat, Grant is pretty sure they've hit on the piece he should send in. "Which one are you on?" Grant asks casually.

Gerard startles and blushes when he looks at Grant. "The, ah, orgasm denial."

"You like that one best." Not really a question; Gerard just nods. "Professional interest, or personal?"

"Ah. Both?" He pauses and goes on, "Mostly personal." Grant wants to ask if he wants to give or receive, but perhaps that would be going too far. He feels so much at sea at this juncture: wanting to start something with someone and not knowing.

"Tell me what you're into, Gerard," Grant says. "A little bondage, a blowjob or two...that's one thing. If you want to play more than that, we really need to know."

"I... I know what I like to see, what I like to read about." Gerard gives Grant a look from under his lashes, and Grant wonders if he realizes how provocative it is. "My practical experience is mostly limited to the types of things we've already done."

"So what would you like to do?" Grant asks. Gerard hesitates. Grant knows it's quite the personal question, but he and Frank have to know—and Grant *wants* to know.

"I suppose answering 'everything' would be too broad," Gerard says with a smile.

"Yes," Grant replies grinning back. Too broad, but certainly revealing in its own way. "Also I'm sure it's untrue. I've rarely met anyone who didn't have some limits." He pauses. "What do you fantasize about, then?"

The color rises in Gerard's cheeks again. "I, um. Lately I keep coming back to sensation play?"

"Pain? Something else? Deprivation? There isn't a better partner for any of that than Frank, though," he adds matter-of-factly.

"All of it. Switching between sensations, ramping up until he begs for more of anything as long as it's more," Gerard says. And now Grant is turned on, too. But of course; he's thinking about playing with Frank now. That still doesn't answer his other question, the one that he perhaps doesn't have the right to ask. He supposes he'll just have to suss out the answer the more he and Frank play with Gerard. He thinks the wait for it will be quite enjoyable.

"Anything else?"

Gerard immediately answers, "Shibari. I love photographing it, I love how it looks, I have no fucking idea how to do it myself." Grant raises an eyebrow, surprised, and Gerard shrugs. "Cuffs are easier. I spent three weeks in the boy scouts. I wasn't particularly suited to it on any level, but the knots were especially trying," Gerard says with a laugh.

"Would you like to learn some?" Grant asks smoothly. "I've always enjoyed tutoring. At least on certain subjects. With certain pupils."

"I. Yeah, that would be great," Gerard replies breathlessly.

"Hands on practice is always the best way. I think we've found the focus of our next session. I'll ask Frank, of course, but I suspect it will be rather like informing him I've pushed up Christmas."

Gerard lets out a shock of delighted laughter. "Let me know. I have some free evenings the next couple of weeks."

Much like "sort of near here" earlier, Grant suspects this means "I will clear my schedule."

*

Gerard calls the day of their scheduled evening together and suggests they meet at Frank's favorite Thai place. "My meetings ran over so I haven't eaten yet. If you're still at work I thought maybe it would be convenient?"

Grant asks Frank, who nods but says, "Maybe that new Mediterranean place instead? I've been wanting to try it." Grant relays Frank's input to Gerard, who agrees happily.

"Great. See you in twenty minutes or so?"

Once Grant gets off the phone, he looks thoughtfully at Frank. "Have you been there? What's the dress?"

"Just walked by. It seemed sort of dressy-casual? But I don't know if that's because I usually walk by during lunch and it was actually just business casual," Frank replies.

Grant eyes Frank. "Want to take one of the new leather jackets for a spin?"

"Obviously. It's important to be able to give customers accurate input, after all," Frank replies with a grin. Grant doesn't mention how often he sees Gerard eyeing the jackets when he's in the store. He's sure Frank would be on board with that train of thought, anyway. Frank picks out his favorite and the moment he puts it on, Grant knows he'll be writing the jacket off at cost. It's good advertising, anyway.

Grant doesn't give his own outfit a second thought. He firmly believes there are few occasions where a Donna Karan suit isn't appropriate.

The restaurant isn't far, and it is, in fact, very chic inside. Gerard greets them with hugs and a kiss on the cheek for Frank. Well, it would have been if Frank didn't turn his face and steal an actual kiss. It's barely anything that could be qualified as more than friendly, except for the slightly hungry expressions on both their faces when they pull apart. Gerard definitely eyes Frank's jacket for a moment, and Grant represses a smug smile.

They order drinks and appetizers and talk about their days. And laugh. So much laughter. Gerard fits well with their entire circle and Grant enjoys that, but it's even better when he also fits on this additional, personal level. He and Frank weren't missing anything from their relationship, but Gerard provides something special just by being...himself.

Grant realizes then that he very much thinks of Gerard as part of their relationship, not just a friendly presence joining them sometimes mostly for Frank's benefit. That seems right, though. That's what Frank said he wanted. Grant needs to stop being uneasy about his own interest in Gerard and try to make it work. He's been buying trouble anyway, assuming what Gerard does or doesn't like. They haven't been with Gerard enough to really tell how Gerard would respond to him in the bedroom.

Grant frowns. This is the specter of Mark again. Grant's very, very weary of Mark sticking his unwelcome and uninvited nose into his relationships when they haven't had any contact whatsoever in months. It's time to banish his ghost completely.

"I've just thought of something, Gerard," Grant says when their coffees are delivered. "A friend of mine has a small gallery a few blocks from here. Perhaps we could walk by and see if there's time to see it?"

Gerard's eyes light up. "Can we? I feel like I haven't been able to really appreciate that side of the city since I've been back."

Frank grins. "Sounds good to me."

Grant takes a sip of his coffee. "It's settled then. I'm not certain what the installation is now, but she has unique taste, so it shall be interesting and thought-provoking, whatever it is."

After they finish their coffee, Grant makes a point to hold Gerard's chair for him as they stand. Frank's always up way too quick to let him hold Frank's. Gerard smiles at Grant over his shoulder. Grant only just refrains from leaning in and kissing him.

Frank tucks his hand in Grant's elbow as they walk, but when they enter Jill's gallery Grant stops to talk to her and Frank links arms with Gerard instead to pull him down the gallery. Grant watches them, watches Gerard gesticulate and Frank respond in kind. Jill snaps her fingers in front of his face. "Earth to Grant."

"I'm terribly sorry, Jill. Please continue."

She laughs. "Still fighting the good fight for non-traditional relationships, Mozza?"

"And I always shall. Though Gerard is a fairly new development."

"New since the last time you came to see me, for certain," she replies.

"Well, it's been an inexcusably long time since I've been to see you. Still refusing to sell me that voodoo priest painting?"

"Yes. If you want voodoo priest paintings, you'll have to find another or commission someone," she says. "In fact, you could commission me. But you can't have that one."

Grant shakes his head. "You break my heart. Well, let me go catch up with my companions. I know you're nearly ready to close."

"Just for you, I'll let you three hang around until I'm done cleaning up," Jill says.

Grant walks off and finds Frank and Grant having a discussion in front of a found-object sculpture. They're standing far too close for mere acquaintance. Grant smirks and takes the opportunity to set a hand on the small of Gerard's back as he leans in and points something out. Gerard sucks in a breath, and Grant knows it's not because he's surprised by Grant's presence.

Frank eyes them steadily, looking incredibly amused. He clearly recognizes that move, and well he should; he'd started employing it himself after a while. It used to drive Grant wild. Now, he steps back again, slings an arm around Frank and kisses his temple. "Any favorites so far?" he asks. "Jill says we can stay until she's ready to lock the door."

"There's an amazing series of sort of...what did you call them, Gee?"

"Icons," Gerard adds.

"Icons. Like, sort of fucked up looking. They're over there, come on." Frank laces their fingers together and tugs Grant across the floor. The icons are indeed very striking and he can see why both of them like them.

Grant runs a hand down Frank's arm. "That one is rather like your tattoo."

Frank grins. "Hey, lookit that. I'm art."

Grant squeezes his arm around Frank. "You are," he says seriously.

Frank smiles at him. It's the sort of smile that says "I should have expected that." Grant smiles back and leans in for a kiss.

"He's right," Gerard murmurs quietly when Grant pulls back. "You are." Frank opens his mouth to respond, but snaps it closed again. They're quiet for a moment and then Gerard starts talking about the painting of Joan of Arc they've wandered in front of. Gerard, apparently, has something of a thing for her because he rambles on charmingly for several minutes.

"Catholic boys," Grant says, amused, before they move on. Frank snorts. Gerard...wiggles, is pretty much the word for it. "You really did enjoy that first photoshoot, didn't you, Gerard?" Grant asks.

Gerard blushes, but grins over at them. "I really did."

Frank makes a little noise in his throat. Grant watches Gerard's gaze sharpen on him, and he can almost feel it when the mood shifts.

"Do we want to linger a bit longer?" Grant asks, "Or perhaps make our way home?"

"Home," Frank answers immediately. "I want to go home."

"Gerard?" Grant asks.

"Yes, let's go," Gerard says. Grant nods and turns toward where Jill is dusting a sculpture.

"Thank you for letting us stay, Jill," he calls out.

"Anything for you, Mozza. Have a nice night."

"Thanks Jill," Grant answers. "Planning on it," he says under his breath.

Frank and Gerard call their thanks and goodbyes too as they step out on the street again. It's a lovely evening, and Grant is almost sorry to hail a cab—but not that sorry when he sees the looks Frank and Gerard are giving each other.

It's a good thing the cab ride to Frank and Grant's place is short. Gerard crowds into Frank as soon as they get in the door, buries his hands in Frank's hair and kisses him. Frank wraps his arms around Gerard's neck; their legs get all tangled and Frank thumps back against the wall in the entry and they kiss and kiss. This isn't the first time they've come together like this, but it's only the second time in Grant and Frank's home, and the first time they've all known for sure what was on the agenda. Grant can tell just by the way they touch each other that they've been craving it. The looks flying between them earlier had been pretty clear on that point as well. He watches for a moment because they're fucking gorgeous, then clears his throat.

Frank pulls out of Gerard's arms immediately and pushes himself up against Grant. Grant runs his fingers through Frank's hair and down his face, kisses him and asks if he's ready to play.

"Yes, sir," Frank says breathlessly, an excited - expectant, perhaps - shiver running through him.

"Are you willing to go with whatever Gerard decides?" He hadn't actually told Frank what specifically he and Gerard had discussed at the shop the other day.

"Yes, please." Frank looks hopefully at Gerard, and Grant looks too.

"I want to try shibari," Gerard tells Frank. "Grant said he'd teach me. You can say no, I just...."

"Please," Frank repeats emphatically. "That, please. Now."

"You want me to show Gerard how to tie you up, my darling?" Grant murmurs, just to make sure, and because he wants to feel Frank shiver again.

Frank obliges, deliciously. "Yes."

"How much?" Grant presses.

"A whole fucking lot," Frank replies.

"Very well." Grant leads them back to the bedroom. "Frank -"

Frank's already got his hands on the hem of his shirt. Grant gets the rope out and hands it over to Gerard as Frank undresses, putting his clothing away in all the proper spots and then standing still, naked and beautiful, waiting for instructions.

Grant guides him back a step, settling him on his knees on the edge of the bed, so it's a little easier for Gerard doing it for the first time. Grant ties the first knot, explaining as he goes, wraps it around to the next point and then hands it off to Gerard, walking him through the knots. "Tighter, Gerard," Grant says. Gerard makes a nervous face. "I won't let you hurt him, Gerard," Grant says. Gerard meets Grant's eyes and nods, then looks down at Frank.

"It's okay, Gee," Frank says. "I like it tight."

Gerard laughs, "Of course you do," and leans in and kisses him.

Gerard pulls the knots tighter after that and the rope looks gorgeous cutting into the skin of Frank's arm. "Good," Grant tells him, touching the hand holding the proper end of the rope. He suddenly realizes how close he is when he feels Gerard breathe in. "Now wrap it over his shoulder."

Gerard responds instantly to all his instructions. Grant continues to guide his hands. Frank watches them both with wide eyes. He's breathing fast, listening to everything they say, but he's stopped commenting. Grant didn't really expect Gerard to be able to get Frank into headspace himself, and he feels himself responding to that, tries to resist his first instincts to tease Frank a bit. He wants to see what Gerard will do.

Gerard uses his hands, traces Frank's skin between the ropes. When he gets to Frank's nipples, he teases them with a fingernail, then leans back and murmurs to Grant, "Clothespins."

Grant feels a smile stretch across his face. "I like the way you think." He gets a handful from their drawer, just in case Gerard wants them for more than just Frank's nipples. Frank's mouth is hanging open and his lips are shiny. Grant wants to kiss him again. Instead, he hands the clothespins to Gerard.

Gerard does clamp pins on both Frank's nipples first of all, but then he keeps smoothing his fingers over Frank's skin, contemplatively, before fixing a line of pins between two strands of rope. Frank is breathing in sharp little gasps and Grant reaches out and slides a hand through his hair. Frank's eyes slip closed as Gerard runs his fingers along the skin just under the line of pins. Frank moans. Gerard removes the pins, then leans down to lick over the faint marks they left on Frank's flesh. Grant can see how hard Frank has to work not to move.

Gerard keeps going with the rope. He's got the hang of the knots now, and he stops to play with clothespins periodically, making Frank squirm. Gerard's transition, just in this short scene, from unsure to totally confident is beautiful. He still looks to Grant for guidance, though, and Grant is only happy to show him where to string the rope next—mostly with his hands. Grant loves the little tremble he feels in Gerard's fingers when he directs Gerard's hand where to go. He wonders if it's because of him, or Frank, or both.

Gerard finishes tying Frank's arms and torso and stands back to look. "Almost wish I had my camera," he murmurs. Grant agrees. Frank is flushed and panting and looks entirely beautiful.

"There's one more thing you could do," Grant says. Gerard looks at him expectantly. "It's a little more delicate, but he loves to have his cock tied, too," Grant says, running a hand down Frank's chest, over the ropes and down to grasp his cock in a loose fist.

Frank moans, twitches his hips the smallest bit.

"You can't come yet," Gerard tells him sternly. Grant smiles, proud at how Gerard is handling Frank.

Grant is guiding Gerard's hands closely. He's basically got Gerard wrapped in his arms, but Gerard hasn't breathed a word of complaint. Grant knows Frank must be miserably turned on—he can see how much Frank's struggling to stay still for them—so Grant decides to help him. He tugs off the tie Gerard has wrapped around his wrist - again the same one, Grant is sure, from their first time together - and ties it over Frank's eyes. Gerard makes a little choked-off noise, but Frank's body calms a bit. Enough that Grant knows he'll be okay for a while. "Are we too much for you, Frank?" he asks.

"Want it," Frank murmurs.

"Want what, Frank?" Gerard asks, tying off the rope around Frank's thighs.

"Whatever you want to give me."

Gerard leans over to grab a feather from the toy drawer and runs it over Frank's skin until he's gasping and begging. And then he uses his hands to rub and massage, sometimes sneaking in a little smack. He starts alternating between his hands and the feather and before long, Frank is moaning and quivering.

Finally, Gerard unties Frank and licks along each line from the rope. He continues alternating between the clothespins and feathers and his mouth and his hands. Grant just runs his fingers over Frank's face gently, and through his hair. And watches.

Finally Gerard takes Frank's cock in his mouth and Frank arches up. Grant reaches out and massages his chest, rolling Frank's nipples between his fingers and tracing the rope lines. But he's watching Gerard too - his cocksucking mouth. Watching his lips and his tongue work Frank's cock, delicately sliding his tongue over the rope marks on Frank's cock and thighs. Gerard might need experience in some areas of kinky sex, but he's clearly fucking great in bed.

"Gerard, please," Frank begs. "Please." Grant is fairly sure Frank doesn't even know what he's begging for at this point. Gerard just keeps sucking. Grant finally removes the tie from over Frank's eyes so he can see Gerard, can see the rope marks still on his body. "Touch you," Frank mumbles.

Grant's pretty sure it's a question, because Gerard pulls off and says, "Yes," and then goes back down, spreading Frank's thighs and rimming him a bit. Frank puts his fingers into Gerard's hair. Frank is none too gentle, but Gerard clearly doesn't mind, moaning around Frank's cock.

Frank's breath is coming in gasps and Grant can tell he's getting close. "Please," Frank gasps. "May I come?"

Gerard nods up at Frank. Grant can feel it when he does come, feel the stiffening of his shoulders and the gasp of breath. Gerard pulls off immediately, rolling Frank onto his stomach before he wriggles out of his clothing and reaches for condom and lube. Gerard rolls the condom over his cock and slicks up, then pulls Frank's hips up off the bed. Frank pushes his torso up with his hands, hanging his head down. When Gerard reaches out and starts fingering Frank, Frank moans and chokes out, "Please, want your cock now."

Gerard lifts an eyebrow at Grant. "What if I want to use my fingers on you first?" Gerard asks. Frank lets out a breath. It's enough of a reminder, but Gerard's not done. "If you're going to talk back, maybe you ought to have Grant's cock in your mouth instead." Grant unzips and goes up on his knees obligingly, pulling his cock out and giving it a few strokes before guiding the head to Frank's mouth.

Frank parts his lips and Grant slides in. He starts moving his hips immediately, fucking gently into Frank's mouth and watching as Gerard keeps fingering Frank. He's pretty clearly making a show of it now, making Frank wait. Gerard pulls his fingers out after a while and sinks his fingers into the tender skin of Frank's ass; he finally stops teasing and pushes in and Frank pulls off Grant's cock and moans. "Fuck, Gerard."

"You're supposed to be sucking Grant off," Gerard reminds him. Frank moans again, sinking back down. Grant always loves Frank's mouth, but it's especially sweet to know Frank's little noises around his cock are because Gerard is fucking him. Some of them, anyway. Frank loves sucking Grant's cock too. Begs for it even when they're not playing.

Grant buries his fingers in Frank's hair, tips his head up just enough so Frank opens his eyes and looks at him. It's even better that way. Grant can watch Frank's eyelids flutter when Gerard's strokes hit his prostate, and his eyes return to Grant's every time. "Gorgeous," Grant tells him. "So fucking gorgeous letting Gerard and I use you like this." His eyes stray to Gerard, who's biting his lip and wearing a flush. Close. Grant keeps talking. "How does it feel, Frank? Are we making you crazy? Making you wish you could come again?"

Frank sucks harder, flicking his tongue along Grant's slit and making him gasp despite himself. Gerard's eyes fly to meet Grant's again. "Make him come, Frank," Gerard murmurs in a low voice.

Frank puts a hand on Grant's hip and pulls him closer, swallows him down until his nose is rubbing against Grant's body. Grant has to throw his head back then, groaning Frank's name. Frank works his throat, swallowing down as Grant comes. Grant's fingers clench tight in Frank's hair and he pulls Frank up to crush their mouths together. He wants to taste himself.

Gerard whines as the angle of their bodies changes, pressing his forehead between Frank's shoulder blades and snapping his hips faster. "Frank, Frank, fuck," Gerard chants and then moans long and loud, his whole body pressed close against Frank's back. He's close enough that Grant could almost kiss him.

"Thank you," Gerard mumbles, panting against Frank's cheek as he comes down. Grant lets himself press forward to brush his lips against Gerard's hair. Gerard presses against Grant's lips for a fleeting moment and then pulls back. His hands trail down to Frank's hips and he gently pulls out. Frank gasps against Grant's neck and Grant runs his hands up and down Frank's arms, then helps Frank lie down and pulls him back against his chest.

Gerard disappears into the bathroom. Grant listens to the sound of the water running as Frank curls back against him. Gerard returns a minute later with a damp flannel and cleans Frank slowly and thoroughly. He pays careful attention to every part of him, to the still-fading marks from the ropes and clothespins, to the bruises blooming that are half-obscured by

Frank's tattoos. When he's done, he sits back on his knees and stares down at Frank. His eyes flit to Grant a few times, like he's trying not to look, but can't help himself.

Frank reaches out and tugs gently on Gerard's wrist and he spreads himself against Frank's other side, his forehead pressed against Frank's temple.

"I should go," he whispers after a few minutes and shifts to stand up. Frank's hand twitches toward him like he wants to grab Gerard again and pull him back, but he subsides against Grant. "Just stay, I'll let myself out." Gerard dresses quickly and before he goes out the door, he smiles at them over his shoulder. "Thanks for a great night. I'll see you soon."

"Goodnight, Gerard," Grant says.

"Bye. Get home safe," Frank adds, and then Gerard is gone. Frank turns under Grant's arm and lays his head on Grant's shoulder. Grant feels the tiny puff of a sigh against his skin. Grant nearly confesses that he wanted to grab Gerard too, but settles for kissing Frank's forehead and carding his fingers through Frank's hair.

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