

## Thirsty

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# Thirsty

by [itsnotlove](#)

## Summary

Shizuo is naked, Namie is bossy, and Izaya pretends that he doesn't want to play along. Of course he does, but that's only because Shizuo is awfully cute, and Namie is a little terrifying.

## Notes

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

- Translation into Italiano available: [Thirsty](#) by [AmberleDb](#)

Despite the slight chill of Izaya's apartment, Shizuo's back was damp enough from sweat to stick to the surface of the recently cleared desk. He was nervous and fighting the urge to close his legs and regain whatever imagined modesty he could.

It was a painful sort of pleasure, being this on display. Even if being naked and sprawled out in front of the man he claimed to hate and his bitchy secretary hadn't deflated his aching cock, surely the fact that they were silently looking over him should have done the trick.

Instead, a small bead of precum dripping from his tip, and Shizuo couldn't help but notice the way that Izaya's eyes trailed after it.

This was unfair. The other two were both fully clothed, and yet here *he* was, naked, aching, and untouched.

"Well, Shizu-chan-"

"Shut up." Namie interrupted suddenly, tapping her slippered foot against the floor. "Unless you'd like to take his place."

The corners of Izaya's lips rose slightly, then opened as if he were about to speak. He apparently thought better of it though, and let his tongue run along his lower lip instead.

As fun as it was last time, Izaya really didn't feel like stealing the spotlight from Shizuo.

Closing his eyes, Shizuo felt his legs tremble violently. They were bent at the knees in a reasonable position, but keeping them spread in this position (which meant they weren't so far parted as to think he were a slut, but not so closed that they'd think he didn't want this) was starting to take a toll on him. He wanted to growl at them, or bark orders at them to hurry the fuck up as he didn't have all day, but the only sound that slipped out was a soft whimper.

"Aww, Shizu-"

“I thought I told you to shut up.” Namie turned and started to walk toward Izaya quickly as she spoke, startling the man so much that he just about fell. He managed to feign a strange backward skip instead, backing away from the woman until his back was pressed up against one of his floor length windows. “Are you jealous?”

His interest piqued, Shizuo turned his head in time to see Izaya smirking.

“Who’d be jealous of a monster?”

“You.”

“I just said-”

“Why don’t we see if you’re lying?” Namie took another step forward, pressing herself against Izaya tightly as she bumped their noses together. “Tell me what you like about him.”

Shizuo had to applaud (quietly and internally, where Namie couldn’t hear him (probably, she always did seem to know too much)) Izaya for not leaning in toward her. Each and every time she’d brushed her nose against Shizuo’s and wet her lip in the past, he’d push forward in an attempt to kiss her, only for her to move away at the very last second.

The memory alone had Shizuo rolling his head in the other direction, his hands moving up to hide his face as he pulled his legs together. It was so embarrassing! To try and kiss her, just because she was standing so close to him. He really must be some sort of pervert.

“If I say I like something, then won’t you say I’m jealous of it?” Izaya replied, his tone as even and cool as it usually was. “It’s a trick question.”

With an exasperated sigh, Namie rolled her eyes at the logic. “It isn’t a game, and even if it were, your participation is mandatory.”

“And what if I say I refuse.”

“The you don’t get to participate in *anything*. ”

As much as Shizuo and Izaya would like to think that Namie’s threats were empty, she’d shown them time and time again that they most certainly weren’t. They both knew for a fact that if Izaya didn’t do as she said, he’d be sent to stand with his nose in the corner whilst Namie became *incredibly* loud on top of Shizuo.

Pushing off the window and to the side, Izaya squeezed his way away from Namie and went to stand between Shizuo’s now closed legs. He rolled his eyes at them, and at the way Shizuo was hiding his face despite the fact his weeping erection was in full view. How anyone could have the audacity to play coy when they were obviously getting off to such treatment was beyond him.

“Shizu-chan.”

Shizuo’s legs parted a little at the voice, causing what Izaya to smile in a way that might have looked genuine.

“What.”

“Shizu-chan, don’t you want to know what I like about you?”

“Tch...” With his hands still covering his face, Shizuo turned his head to face the direction of Izaya’s voice. “You’re gonna lie.”

“Now, now, I never tell lies.” He moved each of his hands to rest gently atop Shizuo’s knees, receiving a small shudder in return for his efforts. “So I can’t *possibly* say that I like *anything* about you, *monster*. ”

“Bastard!” One of Shizuo’s legs shot out, trying and failing to kick Izaya’s crotch. The targets owner laughed loudly, dodging it with a small twirl before kicking up a leg of his own to throw over Shizuo’s still extended one.

“Oops, I guess I did lie!” Izaya grinned, sliding himself along Shizuo’s leg quickly until his ass was hovering just above his erection. “I do like it when you’re acting monstrous.”

Shizuo’s growl of indignation fell short at that, trailing off to become a shy sort of whine. He covered his face a little more and rolled his head to the side. “Shut up.”

“Or what? You’ll do something I just said I liked? You’re so *giving* and *considerate*, it makes me want to vomit.”

“Oh please.” Namie had managed to sneak toward the pair silently, and leered down at them with an unimpressed expression. “If you’re going to pretend, then at least make it convincing.”

“Who’s pretending? I’m only doing as *instructed*. ”

“Are you a child?” With a speed that still managed to shock both Shizuo and Izaya, Namie’s hand collided with the back of the latter man’s head. “I told you to say what you liked about him.”

“And that’s precisely what I’m doing.”

“I didn’t say you could be *snide*. ”

“...” Shizuo’s hips moved upward despite his best efforts to remain still. Hearing Izaya and Namie bicker had always had a strange sort of effect on him, and it was really quite torturous to be in this position whilst they were doing just that.

“Just look at how pathetic he is. He’s practically begging.” Her voice softening just a little, Namie reached a finger out and traced strange symbols onto Shizuo’s stomach. “Why don’t you just see how far you can push him? You do like *pushing*, don’t you?”

Refusing to believe that he’d been talked into anything, Izaya decided that he’d just pretend that this had been his plan all along. He readjusted himself over Shizuo, leaning himself backward slightly so that he could reach out to grab Shizuo’s thighs.

“If you insist... I do like it when he goes this red. He’s so childish and modest, even though he’s spread out like a whore in front of us.”

“Shut... it.” The reply came out stilted, as if Shizuo hadn’t exactly trusted his voice. His suspicion seemed to be well placed however, with the words sounding a little more high pitched than they may have under different circumstances.

“I’m surprised you didn’t say you liked his cock, since you’re always trying to stick it in your mouth.”

“You can’t-!”

“Well, I didn’t say I *didn’t* like it. There’s so much of it though, it fits all the way to the back of my throat.”

“You-!”

“It’s quite thick. It’s really a pity you’ve never ridden it, the slight crook really does more than any straight one would.”

“I-! Th-That-!”

“Well maybe I would, but you’re always shoving me away so you can climb on.” Dropping himself further down, Izaya rubbed himself against Shizuo’s erection lightly. “Then again, his ass is always so tight. I wonder if it has something to do with his strength?”

“You seem to like that too, given how loud you moan whenever he throws you.” Namie bent herself in half, turning to stare at Shizuo’s face through his hands as her lips brushed against his nipple. “You sound like a common whore.”

“A whore? I’m much more than that.” Taking his time to finish his thought, Izaya stepped off of Shizuo dramatically, moving to settle on his knees between his legs instead. “It takes an *artist* to stay inside a beast like him when he’s thrashing about.”

“I suppose you like that too?” Namie’s teeth nipped at Shizuo’s nipple playfully, causing her victim to arch his back at a painful looking angle. She laughed at the action, as if she’d been expecting it, then continued her assault a little more violently.

“I don’t *hate* it. But it’s always fascinated me how smooth and silky Shizu-chan’s skin is.” Between Shizuo’s thighs, Izaya licked and sucked his way slowly higher. His lips suckled against it lewdly, and he made as much noise as he could manage. “I’d even call it beautiful, Namie-san. The scarring is really something.”

“Sh-Shut up...” Unable to think of a more coherent protest, Shizuo tried his hardest to hide the lustful edge to his voice. God, it was embarrassing, but it felt so *good* and maybe if he just-

Namie pulled away from his nipple and slapped Shizuo’s hand away from his cock before he’d even had the opportunity to reach it. He whined childishly, both disappointed and pleased at the treatment.

“Please...”

“You can’t play with toys that don’t belong to you.”



“But-”

“Tell me who owns that dick.”

Shizuo stared at Namie with wide eyes, seemingly unaware that he was no longer hiding his face. “Y-You...”

“What?”

“It’s... ”

“Spit it out, Shizu-chan.”

“It’s...” Shizuo swallowed thickly, his voice dropping to a whisper. “It’s Namie’s dick.”

“Good boy.” Namie swung a leg over his waist and pulled herself up and onto him, each of her hands on either side of Shizuo’s face. “You’re always so obedient. That’s why I like you more than I like that idiot Izaya.”

Even though Namie wasn’t moving, and was in fact barely touching him, Shizuo felt as though he’d been kissed. His face darkened even more, and he sucked his lower lip in an effort to keep any noises that might try to escape to himself. His efforts seemed to be in vain, however, as a puff of warm air ghosted along the seam of his thigh and crotch, forcing out a series of small pleas and whimpers.

“Shizu-chan’s going to get an even bigger head.” Izaya mumbled, not bothering to stop his relentless licking to speak. “And his lips are already so full.”

“Full?”

“He’s saying he likes your lips, Shizuo.” Brushing her nose against his, Namie wondered just how many seconds it would take for Shizuo to try and kiss her this time. “They’re so pink, they look delicious.”

True to form, Shizuo leaned upwards in an attempt to kiss Namie, only to be surprised when she *didn't* move away.

His eyes grew larger as her tongue licked along his lower lip, unable to process what was happening. He’d never kissed a girl before, let alone Namie. What was he supposed to do?! Was it the same as when he kissed Izaya? Or was it something else?!

Izaya’s finally reached its destination and ran along Shizuo’s shaft, causing the latter's mouth to open in surprise. Namie seized the opportunity with more enthusiasm than she might have realised, and forced her tongue into his mouth violently. It ran along his lips, his teeth, and finally his tongue, moving in strange ways and forcing all kinds of soft sounds to escape from the both of them.

The nails of Izaya’s hands dragged roughly down Shizuo’s stomach, spreading out to dig into the skin on his hips they wriggled around on the desk. Unable to control himself any longer, Izaya sucked gingerly on the tip of Shizuo’s cock before slurping it all into his mouth, groaning with appreciation at the feeling of it pushing into him.

He really, truly loved Shizuo’s cock. It was something he’d likely admit even to Tsukumoya, though the writer had thankfully never asked for his opinion on the matter.

As he sucked and licked at the dick in his mouth, Izaya let his eyes wander until he was staring up Namie’s skirt. Her panties were white, as they always were, and he could clearly see how damp she’d made them. The idea that she was able to control herself this well had him chuckling, sending vibrations through Shizuo’s dick and making him whine.

Namie pulled herself away from Shizuo’s mouth, apparently satisfied with the impression she’d left, and moved herself further down until her ass was pushing against Izaya’s head. “Move.”

With a great deal of reluctance, Izaya dragged himself away from Shizuo's cock rose to his feet. "Bossy, bossy!"

He knew Namie wouldn't wait for much longer, even though they'd already perfected this dance and she knew the next steps. So he hooked Shizuo's knees over his shoulders quickly and dragged him to the end of the desk in a move that no longer surprised Namie or Shizuo. After all, Izaya wasn't as weak as he looked.

"Did you prepare him, Namie-san?"

"Are you an idiot?" Namie snapped, her hand reaching between her legs to pull her underwear to one side. "Of course I did!"

"There's no harm in checking!" Izaya chirped back happily, unzipping his fly to free his own erection as his free hand pulled a half empty bottle of lube out of his pocket. He hummed happily as he poured a little directly onto his cock, shivering slightly at the cool sensation.

Shizuo stayed as silent as he could, though the anticipation was starting to take its toll. He knew what was about to happen, and the sheer thought had him almost bursting. He couldn't understand why he deserved this much attention, or how it came to be that he was always on the bottom, but he couldn't find himself really wanting an answer.

Not when Namie was pushing down on him and Izaya was pushing into him. God, how the fuck were they even this synchronised?!

It didn't take long for Izaya to fully sheath himself, or for Namie to have Shizuo enter her entirely. Both paused though, taking a moment to catch their breaths.

Shizuo's knees were still slung over Izaya's shoulders, but Izaya's hands moved to grip Namie's hips. Though they'd done this many times before, it did require a degree of finesse and cooperation, lest one collide with the other and they both fell off.

Izaya moved first, pulling himself out slowly until only the tip of his cock was instead Shizuo's ass. He pushed back in roughly and Namie moved her hips, raising herself off Shizuo's cock until Izaya pulled himself back out again.

It was like some sort of fucked up seesaw, and it had Shizuo panting and groaning nothing words and empty threats. He was given no reprieve, no break, and there was never a moment when he wasn't feeling some form of ecstasy.

His ass felt full, the constant assault leaving him gasping, but the feeling of Namie's slick walls clenching around him had Shizuo almost in tears.

He wanted to kiss her.

He wanted to kiss him.

He wanted to give them something, anything, so that they could feel even half as good as he did.

The most he could do was try not to scream, his lips wrapping around jumbled letters with various volumes as Namie threw her head back. Izaya drilled into him, slamming his way toward Shizuo's prostate as his lips found Namie's neck. He kissed her softly, letting his tongue swirl around the skin and causing Namie to speed up her pace.

It was a beautiful sort of agony that had the three of them panting, begging, whining, and sweating.

Shizuo was the first to finish, his back lifting off the desk as he yelled something unintelligible. His ass clenched around Izaya's cock so tightly that the latter feared for a moment that it might snap off. But that fear was short lived, as a powerful orgasm was practically ripped out of him.

He shuddered violently as he came, his teeth biting down on Namie's neck as he did. Rocking his hips into Shizuo, it took several long seconds for him to focus again and realise his mistake.

"You marked me."

Pulling himself out of Shizuo so quickly that they both whined, Izaya took a step backward. He wasn't allowed to mark Namie, and had always managed to refrain from doing so. The consequences of such an action were unknown, and as such they were terrifying.

With more grace than Izaya really deserved to see, Namie removed herself from Shizuo and stepped onto the floor beside the desk. She pushed her panties down, ignoring the sensation of semen beginning its descent down her thighs, and walked toward the end of the desk.

Putting one leg up on the end, her foot sat directly between Shizuo's legs so close that her calf pressed against his testicles.

"Finish the job."

Izaya eyed her cautiously, unsure of whether he'd heard correctly.

"You're a bit messy-"

"Clean it up."

Feigning reluctance, Izaya moved back toward her. He looked her in the eye, so close they were almost pressed against each other, then dropped to his knees. His head moved toward her groin hesitantly, as if he were afraid that he might get bitten, and he looked up at her through thick lashed.

"I love the taste of Shizu-chan's cum."

A small droplet forced its way out of Shizuo's deflating cock at that, the words exactly the sort that he hated to love to hear.

With no further hesitation, Izaya pushed his tongue inside of Namie, fucking her as best he could as his nose twisted and rubbed against her clitoris. She watched him carefully, her body tensing as he moaned into her. Her hands made their way to his hair and she gripped it tightly, rocking her hips against his face as he tongue-fucked her.

She finished far sooner than she expected, unable to contain herself as Izaya's hands moved to grip her ass and she ground herself into his face. With a curse, she shuddered, her limbs becoming stiff as Izaya fought to drag her orgasm out for as long as possible.

When it felt as though she couldn't take anymore, she ripped his head away from her, scoffing weakly at the smug expression on his cum-covered face.

"Namie-san, you taste quite nice as well."

Though Shizuo couldn't see it, he heard the slap Namie delivered to the side of Izaya's face. It signalled that the session was far from over, and he wondered if he'd be able to get a glass of water before continuing, as it really was awfully thirsty business.

## End Notes

dom!namie please step on me

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