

The Gang Gets Clean

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The Gang Gets Clean

by [woollen_pharaohs](#)

Summary

Set after 'Mac's Banging the Waitress'.

If Charlie was right about anything, Mac thought it had to be that things always do work out better when done in threes.

Notes

Hey, this is my first time writing for this fandom! I kind of marathoned the whole show in two weeks and there's just so much content already so i don't really know if this type of fic has been done or not. I just had to write something after watching that episode!!

the start of the scheme

Mac.

“You know what, I think I have come to realize something,” Mac said grinning, “We should *all* be best friends!”

Dennis clicked his tongue, “No, no Mac. Sweet Mac. You have it *so* wrong.”

Mac picked at the crotch of the longjohns he’d borrowed from Charlie. “I do?”

“We’re all meant to be *gay* for each other,” Dennis said, “Obviously.”

“What???” Mac and Charlie exclaimed.

“Just, shhh, I know you want me Mac.”

“I don’t I-“ Mac stammered but stopped when Dennis started talking over him again.

“You do,” Dennis insisted vigorously, “And now I know for sure that Charlie wants me too since we fooled around in bed while we were waiting for you to walk in.”

“Dennis you said you wouldn’t tell!” Charlie shouted, flushing beet red.

“Yeah, I knew I busted you,” The Waitress said before she left the apartment.

Dennis scowled as she left, then looked back at his friends. “I guess you could say I’m-“ Dennis wiggled his eyebrows, “Irresistible.”

“But- what- eh??” Mac stumbled backward, falling into the desk chair which stunk like Frank’s farts.

Dennis reasoned with them both, “Look, being in a poly relationship really isn’t going to be as absurd as you might think.”

“Polly?” Charlie repeated.

“POLY?!” Mac choked.

“But I do think we need to give it a shot. I mean, all that we need to do to fill this gaping hole in our friendship is to add the sexual element. It’s the *only* way we can move past this. And let’s be real, *some* of us,” Dennis looked pointedly at Mac, “Are already halfway there so I really don’t think it’s too far of a stretch for us to come to an agreement of sorts. Let’s just make this clear that I’m proposing an *open* relationship here. *Anything* goes. Sounds good, right?”

“But I’m not the one gay for you guys,” Charlie insisted, his voice twisted and high pitched, “You’re just my best friends!”

Dennis frowned at him, “Charlie, what are you – stop it, you’re meant to –“ Mac was having trouble following the conversation, until Dennis addressed him by name, “Mac. Come on dude help me out here. I mean, you’re basically the reason why we’re in this mess.”

Mac looked dismayed, still a droopy mess in the chair, “WHY is this *my* fault?”

“No, no,” Dennis waved a hand in the air, “You’re twisting my words. It’s no one’s *fault*. We’re just here, in this situation, specifically because you, Mac, are gay for me...”

Mac’s jaw could have grazed the floor if he hadn’t been so alarmingly aware of the filth laying over Charlie’s carpet. Gay. Dennis thought he was gay. And not just any kind of gay. *Gay for Dennis*. His best friend. Mac’s mouth felt dry. Sure, sure, he and Charlie had... but *so* long ago. So long ago that Mac had had enough time to force himself to forget that weird experimental shit they did under Charlie’s roof. So long ago that time should have been *more* than enough to make them forget that they had *both* nursed a crush on Dennis back in high school. So long ago that he swore he forgot the fantasies he’d had, years and years ago, over and over. Dennis was his friend. Charlie and Mac’s best friend. Their very straight, very non-curious best friend. And even though he and Charlie might have grown out of their little experimentation stage... had he entirely forgotten? *Dear God*, he was trying. And yet, there was Dennis *telling* Mac he was gay. *Gay for Dennis*. Like all Mac had to have happen to him was have his best friend tell him how it was. As if it was that freaking easy to get from pining best friends to ... to what, exactly?!

“...And Charlie. There’s this triangle thing happening, and the corners are getting closer together especially since my suspicions were correct to assume Charlie’s just a little gay for me too,” Dennis continued, nodding.

“We didn’t even *DO ANYTHING!*” Charlie cried, throwing his arms up in the air.

Dennis crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows at Charlie, “Didn’t we? Look, you don’t have to protect Mac anymore, he *knows* now.”

“Yeah!” Charlie shouted, “Because you couldn’t keep your mouth shut about it for five god damned minutes!”

Charlie shook his head, pivoted in the opposite direction away from Dennis, stumbled a bit then turned back to glare at his friend and just kept glaring and shaking his head. Mac had a feeling that, at that moment, Charlie couldn’t turn to face him. The blush on Charlie’s cheeks deepened the longer he exchanged meaningful looks with Dennis, and Mac wondered if *either* of them were aware of how absolutely *insane* their situation was.

Dennis broke the silence first. He took a confident stride toward Charlie, his forefinger tapping his chin in thought. “I bet you two fooled around when you were younger too, right? I kind of knew about it, or at least I had my suspicions.” Quietly he adds, “Of course I didn’t have a motive to investigate the issue further until now...” And louder again, “Anyway, I bet you guys fooled around when you were younger. I bet you guys even fantasised about me joining in. I know you guys better than you know yourselves. Tell me I’m wrong.”

Mac’s jaw hadn’t closed and his eyebrows hadn’t stopped rising in the complete opposite direction and he looked slowly over at Charlie, who was so pink. So pink. He turned back to Dennis, closed his mouth and furrowed his brow as he struggled to stand up.

“What exactly are you trying to do Den?” Mac accused, anger flaring up in his cracked voice, making him sound like he’d hit puberty again.

Dennis jerked his head back, “You’re not meant to... you *do* want this, right?”

To demonstrate his point, Dennis reached out for Mac's elbow and touched it gently, his thumb running over the top of Mac's lower arm where the elbow hits bicep. Mac clenched his teeth and glared at where Dennis was touching him. Swallowed hard at the way his arm felt light and tingly and he *growled* thinking how he kind of never wanted Dennis to let go.

Dennis stepped back.

"Maybe I'm wrong," Dennis said to himself, quietly but not too quietly that Mac and Charlie both couldn't hear his words.

Dennis curved round to Charlie and before Mac, let alone Charlie himself, knew what was happening, Dennis bent down and cupped Charlie's chin in one hand as he pressed his lips against Charlie's. Immediately Mac took in a sharp intake of breath, the hairs on the back of his neck bristling, his fingertips tingling. Charlie looked like he wasn't breathing, looked like he was about to explode, and when Dennis did break away from the kiss, Charlie let out a huge gasp of breath. He cast his gaze at Mac, eyes blood red and wide and absolutely crazy. Charlie was giving him this blown out, lopsided grin look and only later did Mac realize Charlie was mirroring the view he saw in Mac.

Dennis straightened his back, his hand draping through Charlie's messy hair, playing with the strands. Charlie keened into the touch and a hot flare of jealousy coiled in Mac's stomach.

"You really don't want this?" Dennis cooed, "That's fine, I guess. Me and Charlie, we'll have a good time without you. Again. Just watch your little fantasy come to life."

Mac clenched his fists, alarmingly aware that Dennis's eyes had spotted Mac's tense fists and had drawn back to Mac's eyes. Piercing them like he was looking into Mac's disgusting soiled soul. Dennis, his best friend, his messed up asshole of a friend was paving his way to straight to hell. And Mac wasn't doing shit to stop him.

Dennis smirked. He turned back to Charlie and this time pulled Charlie's chin up to join their lips together again. Dennis' eyes seemed to slant sideways, carefully watching if Mac was paying attention to them making out, as if Mac couldn't see anything except his best friends making out right in front of him. Mac watched Dennis pick at the hem of Charlie's grey hoodie and grasp enough of the fabric to stretch it up, revealing Charlie's nipples before Charlie snapped his arms around the bunched up hoodie, giggling.

Giggling.

"Dude, hey," Charlie whispered in a cracked voice that took Mac back a decade or so.

Charlie was looking up at Dennis with this sheepish grin and Dennis was looking down at him with glazed eyes and they were both *so close*. Dennis kissed Charlie again, and his hands were going for Charlie's nipples and Mac *could not* believe what he was seeing.

"They're still sensitive from before," Charlie told Dennis in a husky voice and yanked his hoodie back down.

Dennis wiped his lips with the back of his hand and then he combed the same hand through his thick wavy hair, curls falling around his ears as the hair settled.

Mac watched Dennis' eyes flutter as he quipped, "Jealous?"

Mac grit his teeth. He tried to stay still, trying not think about how well Dennis could read him, or about how he'd missed out on this weird little exchange his two best friends had had before he arrived, and he especially tried not to pay any attention to the way Charlie was still so *close* to Dennis. Flush against him, grubby little fingers around Dennis' waist and eyes cast at Dennis' neck and Dennis' lips too. Wet and sparkling and parted just so. And he was definitely not jealous.

Definitely not.

Except he was a bit because how come Charlie finally got Dennis to touch him before Mac got to? Mac deserved Dennis' curiosity first considering he was the one who was gay.

Shit.

Although, Mac wasn't the one who was proposing they all have a threesome or anything. Now *that* was insane. He was just the one who was... who was silently pining for this to happen for over a decade.

As if that was any better.

Either way, he would have liked to think he wasn't so influenced by Dennis, even though the guy was looking at him, eyes burrowing into his pupils literally *compelling* Mac to admit everything. He would have liked to think it was out of his own volition to nod in response to Dennis' provocative question – *jealous*? Except Dennis was *so* right. Something about seeing Dennis interact with Charlie on a sexual plane had him rippling with jealousy. If he wasn't on his off day he would have, without a doubt, popped his shirt due to putting so much concentration in keeping himself together.

At seeing Mac's nod, Dennis clapped his hands together. "Alright, now before we seal the deal, everyone needs to get clean."

Charlie's face went sour, "Clean?"

"Seal the deal?" Mac questioned.

Dennis had already started to shovel his two friends out of Charlie's dingy apartment, "While you guys get cleaned up I'll draft up papers for you to sign," He gave them both a cheeky smile, "Don't worry, we've already been over the basics."

Mirrors

Chapter Notes

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

"The Gang Gets Clean"

It took a surprisingly short amount of time for Dennis to type up the contract on his laptop. They hung around the printer which spat out paper no faster than Dee can serve tables. Mac had to avert his eyes because he kept noticing Dennis eyeing any inch of skin Charlie showed off beneath his grey hoodie and it made Mac feel like Dennis' blue eyes were electrifying his extremities, like Dennis could burn him from the inside out. When the printer had finally pushed out the two pages that they needed, Dennis seated Charlie and Mac down on the couch and told them to sign the papers while he had the first shower.

"Gives me time to read it," Mac said seriously, sitting back in the couch and tucking the pen above his ear.

Charlie followed suit, glaring at the piece of paper and pretending he could actually read it.

"You guys really don't have to read it. I'm just meant to say you *can* look over it if you *want*," Dennis stopped at the bathroom door and added, "To make it legal... We've already been over the specifics anyway."

Dennis closed the door to the common bathroom, which was an odd choice of bathrooms because Dennis never used that one unless he had girls over. Mac didn't question it, still hazy from witnessing Dennis leer at Charlie and also, the drive over was super strange. Too strange. Charlie

had been on the backseat the whole way, rotating his legs in the air like he was riding a bicycle. Dennis had driven kinda slow to accommodate on the account that Charlie wasn't wearing a seatbelt. That wasn't all though. Dennis let Mac play his music for the drive, which became longer than 10 minutes because of the slow driving, which also meant that Mac's tape could go over to track 5 and they *never* got to track 5. If they got to track 5 before, maybe Dennis wouldn't have been so opposed to Mac's mixtapes for longer drives. And the moment Dennis heard George Michael over the stereo, he'd given Mac *such* an unreadable look. A look that, between two guys, *should* have unsettled him but instead made him grin. And shortly after, Dennis had placed his right hand on Mac's thigh and he felt like he would never listen to George Michael the same way again. He'd forever associate it with hot Dennis touching his leg. Unforgettable. And far too distracting for Mac to have listened to what Dennis was saying about the contract.

Listening hadn't been important at the time. The thing was, being with Dennis had always made him feel comfortable. Not comfortable enough to like, admit to Dennis that he was in love with him or anything. But comfortable enough that he felt like no one outside of the gang would ever be able to understand Mac the way Dennis did. Which is kind of why he never pushed for things to go further. Sex stuff with Charlie fell away when Mac moved in with Dennis, and it wasn't like the activities with one roommate transferred to his new one. Shit didn't work like that.

So it wasn't exactly like sitting out in his living room with just Charlie by his side was making him feel *uncomfortable*, per se. All they were doing, or were meant to be doing, was reading over the contract while Dennis was finishing with his shower. But Mac couldn't shake a feeling of unease. Not only because they were about to participate in some weird bathing ritual Dennis had planned before they could even touch dicks or whatever they were going to do. It was really only until after that Mac realizes he was feeling that way because he had wanted Dennis to pay attention to him in an *intimate* way for so long that being apart from Dennis for even a short amount of time was making him feel removed. When Dennis let go of his leg in the car, because he had to, to you know, *drive*, or when Dennis had let go of his arm at Charlie's because he... he was trying to prove a dumb point or something. Those moments of touch, of contact, of electricity sparking between them felt as if they were slipping away the longer he was disconnected from Dennis. As if Dennis was the battery pack and Mac was just the cartridge, an empty shell without the active power source.

He gave up on reading the four lines of text over and over again, too bogged down by heavy thoughts to actually comprehend what he was reading so he went ahead and signed the paper anyway. He dropped it on the coffee table before he got to his feet, then marched toward the bathroom. He pushed the door open just as Dennis was climbing over the edge of the spa, the shower having just been turned off. Dennis raised an eyebrow in surprise, and Mac couldn't help but gaze at Dennis' pale body turned blotchy pink from the hot water. Steam rippled off his Dennis, droplets of water collected over his unmarked skin, shining in the bright bathroom light. Dennis grabbed a towel off the rack and wrapped it around his body, snug under his armpits like he had boobs to hide.

Charlie piled into the bathroom behind Mac and instantly his eyes went wide with awe, spinning around to look at all angles of the room. Mac never thought their bathroom was weird until Charlie commented on absolutely every aspect of it. Might explain why he preferred not to use it when he didn't have to.

"Dude, *why* are there so many mirrors in here?" Charlie asked as soon as the bathroom door shut.

Mac watched Charlie run to jab a finger at the back wall to see if the single panelled mirror covering the whole wall was real, and the same for the adjacent mirror cutting around the shape of the spa. After that he jumped in front of the sink and shoved his face in between the three panelled mirror there, angled in such a way that by just standing in the off centre of the room, Mac could see Charlie's reflection almost the whole way around his face thanks to the opposing mirrors. Dennis had it set up in such a way that any one mirror faced another one, and Mac had to agree that it did make the room look way bigger than it actually was. Sure was creepy though, being able to see parts of his body he wasn't used to seeing.

"Do you *know* how many goblins could come out of all of these mirrors?" Charlie gasped, shrinking toward the centre of the room as if Mac could offer him some kind of protection.

"Goblins?" Dennis questioned as he sat down on the toilet seat lid, one knee over the other, "Don't you mean demons?"

"Yeah Charlie, demons are meant to come out of mirrors not goblins," Mac replied, acutely aware of his friend's body heat so close to his.

So, sure, he never thought the bathroom was weird but that didn't mean he liked being in it. It made him feel small. Or like he was in some kind of infinite universe. Everywhere he looked he could see himself, or part of himself. And when he spoke his voice seemed to echo hollow, as if he was on stage. Except he knew that he kind of *was* on stage because behind these mirrors, Dennis had installed cameras for a highly detailed panoramic shot. He knew because any time Dennis had chicks over and they made use of the spa room, half of the apartment suddenly powered down in order to direct all energy to recording the ongoings of the bathroom.

"There are *so* many gateways guys, you're really setting yourself up for trouble here."

Dennis got out a nail file from the little cabinet by the toilet and began to refine his fingernails, "It's *fine*, Charlie. I knew you would be worried about this so I covered all the mirrors with shaving cream."

Charlie swivelled to glare at him, "Shaving cream isn't going to do anything except keep the mirrors from fogging up! That's only going to keep the gateways clear for the goblins!"

"Believe me Charlie, the *demons* won't enter," Dennis corrected.

Charlie looked unconvinced.

"Charlie," Dennis said firmly, putting down his nail file for a moment, "You ever seen a horror movie where a demon or a ghost has come out of a pristine clear mirror? No. There's always fog or a crack in the glass or some kind of summoning written up on it. What do these mirrors look like to you?" Dennis waited, then went back to his nail filing as he answered his own question, "Spotless. Now. Mac, it's your turn to shower."

"What, now?"

"Yes," Dennis replied.

"With you both..."

Dennis rolled his eyes, “I need to make sure you’re both sufficiently clean. Get in already. Charlie, you go on ahead and brush your teeth. There’s a spare toothbrush in the cupboard in front of you.”

Mac felt Dennis’ stare on him, compelling him to follow Dennis’ orders. Tentatively, he submitted to having to pop his clothes in front of his friends. At least he could get out of Charlie’s gross longjohns, but he wasn’t happy about having to get naked in front of everyone. He decided to make a distraction, “I bet he doesn’t even know what a toothbrush looks like.”

“I KNOW WHAT A TOOTHBRUSH IS MAC,” Charlie shouted exasperatedly.

Charlie started to scramble through the cupboards for the toothbrush and Mac waited until Dennis occupied himself with making his nails into perfect ovals before he stripped himself completely naked. He slunk over to the edge of the spa and folded his clothes into a pile up against the wall. The mirror made his clothes look bigger than they actually were, which weirdly gave him a rush of encouragement. He supposed because badasses are hard enough to wear larger clothes.

From in front of his pile of clothes, he looked up briefly to catch Dennis jabbing his finger in the air and shouting across the room.

“Do you?” Dennis got up from the toilet lid, passing just inches passed Mac along the way, “Because it’s literally right in front of you.”

Mac jumped at the closeness and he stumbled as he clambered over the edge of the spa. He spun on the shower, wondering just how effective the shaving cream was at defogging the mirrors. Clearly effective enough because he can readily see what Dennis and Charlie were doing without having to look directly at them.

“Charlie, Jesus Christ, put some toothpaste on the brush first. Why don’t you know how to do this?” Dennis was saying.

“I *know* how to brush my teeth you’re just, you’re making me nervous!” Charlie exclaimed.

“You’re not doing it right Charlie,” Dennis said.

Through the mirrors, Mac observed Dennis moving his body behind Charlie’s. Mac watched on, his stomach coiling as he watched Dennis’ thin fingers curl around Charlie’s small wrist. Then Dennis started to rotate Charlie’s wrist in order to brush Charlie’s teeth *for* him. Like he was some kind of helpless baby with teeth.

“Move your mouth up just a bit,” Dennis ordered the smaller man, “Look in that mirror. Good. Now open your jaw a little wider, I need to get the brush all the way back to your molars. *That’s* it.”

Mac hadn’t been to the dentist in years and he briefly wondered if this kind of brushing technique was something Dennis had picked up from his regular dentist visits, because Mac would go if his dentist was going to brush his teeth the same way Dennis was doing Charlie’s. He licked his lips. Grabbed the soap and lathered it over his body as something to do, trying not to look at the many different angles he could look at to view the way Dennis had melded his body around Charlie and how Charlie *clung* to him, weak to his orders. He tried *so hard* not to think about how it would feel to have Dennis do the same thing to him, just a towel to separate themselves, Dennis’ dick pressing into his lower back as he’d let Dennis thrust his fingers into his mouth.

“Three little circles on each tooth, you’re doing a great job,” Dennis rasped, “Slow, circular movements, good boy.”

It was the heat. It had to be. Not the sheer absurdity of the situation as to the reason why he got a boner so quickly, quick enough to rival against Dennis’ one second legend. Maybe. Unless the Guinness World Records disqualified him because he was already half hard anyway. The mirrors were starting to fog up, just slightly, curling around the borders of the mirror panes in blotchy spots. Not thick enough that he couldn’t look at the one to his right and see the direct reflection of what in the hell Dennis was actually doing to Charlie. That familiar tingling sensation returned to his fingertips, a sick kind of burn in his stomach too as he looked on. Teeth grit, abdomen taut, fits clenching in his hair and against his thigh and he couldn’t look away. *Dear God*, how in the hell did he get in this situation?

Dennis was lifting up Charlie’s hoodie again, one hand still busy brushing Charlie’s teeth, the other gaining purchase on Charlie’s nipples. And Charlie was moaning. *Moaning*. Really took Mac back to when they’d both skipped school to watch reruns on daytime TV. For some reason, only the TV set in Mrs Kelly’s room received the porno channel. Which was weird enough, but they’d sat in her room when she was out and everyone else was at school or work and they knew the schedule of when the good stuff and the bad stuff was going to come on. So they’d time it all. They’d go down to the corner shop and buy the biggest barrels of bubblegum syrup for .99 and when they weren’t huffing it, they’d use it to help wash down Mrs Kelly’s wine as they jerked off to the good porno. Mostly girls kissing, a bit of guy’s kissing if they kept the channel running long enough. It was better than going to school where they’d only get jerked around by bigger jerks than them. They’d even touched a few times. A good many times. Less than Mac had wanted. He never told Charlie that. Maybe he knew. They used to race and at some point they stopped racing and instead raced to stay the longest and Mac would always win because he’d make noises and Charlie couldn’t deal with the noises. He’d always thought that was part of why they’d had to stop. Mac had taken it too far.

Then Mac had moved out.

Suddenly Dennis called over his shoulder to Mac without taking his eyes off Charlie, “Don’t forget to wash your asshole!”

Mac bunched his lips together, his ears went hot and he barked back, “I got it, *asshole*!”

“Oh-Gah!” Dennis leapt away from Charlie, flicking his hand in the air, “God dude! Gross!”

Charlie spat out the toothpaste foam into the sink, “Sorry dude.”

“Just spit it all out. WASH it out, with water, Charlie, with water. Jesus Christ,” Dennis shook his head and leaped over to the edge of the spa.

He stuck his hand into the stream of water and washed the foam Charlie had spat on him in Mac’s shower. He gave Mac a brief eye roll, as if Mac wasn’t standing there with water cascading down his *buck naked body* right in front of his best friend. Without any further attention, Dennis turned back to Charlie.

“Charlie look in that mirror there,” Dennis said as he returned, flipping over the mirror in the middle of the three angled mirrors to show a magnification lens, “Open your mouth. Looking good,” Dennis tutted, gripped Charlie’s shoulder, “I mean, you really need to go to the dentist dude.”

Charlie wriggled free from Dennis, “You think I can afford that shit?”

Dennis shrugged, “Just get Frank to pay for it.”

“Just get Frank to pay for it,” Charlie mocked.

Mac thought he was just about clean *and* just about done with being ignored by Dennis, so he spun off the shower and had started to climb out of the big triangle shaped spa toward the towels until Dennis suddenly lurched in front of the rack, blocking him from reach.

“Dennis, move!” Mac hissed.

His voice echoed in the room and he was acutely aware of his raging erection standing at attention.

“Don’t bother dude,” Dennis said, holding his place, “You don’t want to get it wet when you wash Charlie.”

Mac blinked at Dennis, one foot on the cool bathroom tiles, the other on the slippery porcelain within the spa. “When I wash Charlie,” Mac repeated in the same tone Dennis had used.

“Yeah,” Dennis said, “I’m entrusting you to bathe him.” When he got no response from a frozen Mac, Dennis elaborated, “Listen. He’s *filthy*. There is no way I’m getting near his dick without-“

Mac cocked his head to the side, “I thought you guys-“

“Oh dude,” Dennis leaned in, shaded his lips with one hand, “I didn’t even have to touch his dick to get him off, he’s so, you know,” Dennis shrugged excessively for emphasis, “Touch sensitive.”

“Oh,” Mac replied, looking over at Charlie who was inspecting the pores in his skin in the mirror.

Mac was still looking at Charlie, somehow it made him feel better knowing that Dennis hadn’t yet touched his dick. And he tried not to dwell on the idea too long, on the whole situation being so messed up, so he thought about what Dennis had said before. Dennis wasn’t wrong. Charlie looked like a walking pile of trash compared to the pristine white in the bathroom. Even when Mac was sitting with Charlie on his couch earlier it was obvious how dirty Charlie was compared to the apartment. Hell, Charlie could probably make the streets of Philly look cleaner than they actually were in comparison.

Charlie was good at keeping Paddy’s running, maintenance wise, but he was not good at keeping himself clean. Mac was good at that. He kept Paddy’s clean enough, and he did an *excellent* job at keeping the apartment clean too. Except maybe his room. He liked his room a certain way and Dennis liked the apartment a certain way, and he knew that they both would like Charlie to smell good for once. Seeing Charlie walk around embodying the work that he did on his skin and his clothes always grossed Mac out. And he *told* Charlie. That he *stunk*. So it would be a lie to say Mac hadn’t wanted to see what Charlie would look like if someone actually cleaned behind his ears for once in ten years. It could be like old times. He could keep Charlie clean and keep them both sexually satisfied since they didn’t have to hide anything from Dennis. Dennis was making himself a part of it too.

“Alright I’ll-“

Dennis held up his finger, “Dude don’t interrupt me. I was saying that you can’t imagine how *satisfying* it is to know how much *power* I wield over both genders.”

“Dude, there are more than two genders,” Charlie pointed out.

“No there’s not, shut up and get in the tub,” Dennis said.

Charlie grimaced, “After I get this done, I’ll explain to you Dennis.”

“Whatever I don’t care.”

Charlie held his hands up in the air as he walked over as if he was going to get punched if he didn’t follow Dennis’ instructions. Mac got back in the tub and started the taps. While he was waiting for Charlie to get in, he looked around for bubble bath but could only see two bottles of shampoo and conditioner next to a bar of soap. He guessed the soap was going to have to do.

Mac turned around to beckon Charlie to get in. His friend held his forearms over his head as he climbed in, fingers curled into fists and socked turned upward.

“No dude,” Dennis pushed Charlie back out, “What are you guys not getting about this situation? You gotta get out of your clothes to get *clean*. It really is *that* simple.”

Charlie clapped his forearms around his ears again, hands behind his neck, “Dennis this wasn’t part of the...”

“Shut up just shut up!” Dennis interjected.

As Dennis leapt over to Charlie, part of his towel slipped down and he caught it around his waist, tucking it in swiftly before he worked on getting Charlie undressed. Mac sat on the edge of the tub, watching Dennis struggle with having to smell the brunt of Charlie’s stink with every layer of clothing removed. The water in the spa was getting hot, and Mac was still sore about the absence of bubble bath, if only as something to focus on while he tried to calm his erection. He thought bubble bath would make Charlie feel more at ease in the tub. Too bad Dennis never stocked it because he didn’t want the girls to have something to hide their body with. In fact, Mac didn’t think the bubble function in the spa had ever been used by Dennis. Mac hadn’t used it since they first got the spa installed... the little nozzles where the bubbles ejected from made him feel things in his ass he... kind of liked. But shouldn’t have liked. Definitely shouldn’t have liked. Dear God, he never liked it. And yet...

“*God* you stink.”

“You weren’t complaining before,” Charlie quipped.

“I was on a mission.” He paused, caught a look from Charlie and added, “*I am*.”

Mac leaned over the edge of the spa, stretched out his hand to cover the closed bubble ejectors. He ran his finger around the plastic circle and thought about turning the spa on, knowing that Dennis would turn it straight off again. Mac also wondered if it still had battery charge in it, wondered if it still worked at all... if it still had the same effect on him. He moved his hand to the taps and ran some cold water directly onto his fingers. To make the bath water more temperate, of course.

“This won’t change a thing,” he heard Charlie squeak behind him, “I’m still going to win.”

The hairs on the back of Mac's neck prickled. He glanced up in the mirror in front of him to see Dennis slapping Charlie's ass.

"Get in the bath you piece of shit. If anything comes from this at least you won't stink like dead rats for a while."

"Yeah we'll see about that."

Charlie made *such* a fuss when he sunk into the bath, and Mac had to give Dennis praise for the calm and collective way he kept his spot on the other edge of the triangle shaped spa, even though Charlie splashed water on his towel.

Eventually Charlie settled and Mac had the space to sink himself into the water too.

"Get at me, man," Charlie said, defeated.

Dennis got out his nail kit while Mac rubbed the grime off Charlie's skin. And there was a lot of it. Mac had wanted to start with Charlie's face but he knew Charlie would freak out about the water getting close to his eyes so he got behind Charlie's back and started with the shoulders. He tried not to sit too close to Charlie either. He hadn't shared a bath with Charlie since they were like, ten, maybe, and the fact that Mac's boner hadn't been able to soften since his two naked best friends got within a foot of him had been keeping him on edge. He was painfully aware that they could readily *see* he was obviously turned on but he didn't want Charlie to be able to *feel* it in the small of his back. It was the last amount of control he had left.

So he focused on cleaning Charlie. Worked the bar of soap through layers and layers of grime. The sight of pale skin revealing out of the dirt was something of a reward, and he also kind of liked the overpowering scent of the soap cutting through Charlie's stink. The soap squashed Charlie's stink like it was a physical thing. Or like the soap was the sponge wringing out Charlie's gross into the water they shared. Which was super gross if he thought about it, but they'd rinse off underneath the shower once they were done, he supposed.

Mac then moved from Charlie's shoulders down across his shoulder blades, working the bar over the lumps in Charlie's spine and across the curve dipping down around Charlie's waist. And he really tried not to get too close. Tried to focus on the cleaning. That he was cleaning gross Charlie. That Dennis was sitting behind him, cleaning out the debris in his toenail cuticles and that nothing about this entire situation was sexy and yet it was. Because he was so *close*. And his two friends were somehow so absolutely *chill* about what in the Hell they were doing. Mac felt giddy about it. Like maybe Dennis had snuck him some crack and he was on a wild trip because it was so *surreal*. Except it really was Charlie's skin beneath his fingertips. It really was Dennis breathing steadily behind him. It really was *happening*. And Mac was doing everything to stay calm about it.

The cleaner Charlie got, the more fidgety he seemed to get. Or maybe it was because Mac was getting closer and closer to his ass and at some point he was going to have to run the soap bar across Charlie's hole and under his balls and dick to ensure Charlie was 'scrubbed clean' as Dennis had requested. He was just running the bar over Charlie's lower back, having fun with the way the sparse hairs tickling down Charlie's ass crack swayed in the water when Charlie had edged away.

Water splashed as Charlie spun and smacked his back against the corner of the spa, pulling his knees to his chest.

"Remind me why we're doing this again!" Charlie shouted, voice strangled.

Dennis sighed, “Not this again Charlie. Don’t you want to be best friends anymore? Cause if you don’t, Frank is going to kick you out of the apartment that *he* pays for. All because you refuse to do what it’s going to *take* to keep us all friends.”

“Frank wouldn’t do that to me!”

Dennis scowled, “He would drop you in a heartbeat if he knew how you betrayed us.”

Charlie was shaking his head, looking ready to burst out of the room altogether and something in Mac’s chest lurched.

“It’s the holy trinity thing, right?” He heard himself trying to convince Charlie, “Beef, beer, and Jesus.”

Charlie repeated Mac’s words, looking at Dennis, “Beef, beer and Jesus...”

“Yeah, I’m the beef,” Mac said, “Dennis, you’re the beer and Charlie’s baby Jesus.”

Mac smiled at Charlie who seemed to relax at the praise, eyes twinkling.

“No, no,” Dennis interrupted, setting his nail kit to the side, “I should be Jesus. I’m the one with power over everyone.”

Mac raised one eyebrow, “No you know what? *I’m* Jesus, because Jesus has mad rippling abs and,” he looked down at his chest, “Where is the lie there. Which makes you the beef, Dennis, and Charlie is the beer I guess...”

“Well he’s definitely not beef you’re right,” Dennis said, “but I have the charming demeanour to be Jesus. War torn, but heroic and full of wisdom. Gravely misunderstood. Handsome. Should I go on? Besides Mac, you probably don’t want to call yourself Jesus. Isn’t that blasphemous?”

Mac folded his arms over his chest, “I didn’t want to say it before but I *am* uncomfortable calling myself Jesus. Fine. Dennis, you can be Jesus, and,” he held up his forefinger, “Let’s just make this clear that you’re Jesus in this scenario because you’re the atheist and even though I have *tried* to absolve you from your sins, claiming yourself as Jesus isn’t the worst thing you could do.”

“Which makes you the beefcake,” Charlie told Mac.

Dennis rolled his eyes, “That’s already been established Charlie. Just hurry up and clean him up good Mac, I’m not banging you both unless you’re spotless.”

Mac took in a sharp intake of breath, “I’m trying.”

Charlie grinned, “Never seen so much dirt on a single human before?”

Dennis shook his head, “It’s nothing to be proud of Charlie.”

“Yeah and you wonder why the Waitress never wants to get near you,” Dennis said.

“I can’t help it that she has a restraining order against me!” Charlie cried.

Mac, still hung up on whether or not the odd bathing ritual really was heading somewhere, took a chance and looked over his shoulder at Dennis. Shared a look with him. “Should I, uh, should I

keep going?”

Dennis held Mac’s eyes for a moment, then leaned over and pressed his lips against Mac’s and at first, Mac couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t freaking breathe and Dennis kept moving his feather soft lips against Mac’s lifeless floppy flaps and Mac could only stare into Dennis’ perfect unmarred skin. Against the crystal backdrop of mirrors behind Dennis, he looked like he truly embodied the golden glowing god Dennis claimed to be. The image warmed him. Woke him. Breathed life into his lips as Dennis pressed onto him, powerful and radiant and holy. And holy *shit*. Dennis Reynolds was kissing him.

Dennis moved to drop his towel and slipped into the bath. He didn’t seem to bat an eyelid at the hot temperature of the bath, which only seemed to cement the fact that Dennis, being a god, was impervious to all things damaging to regular humans and could instead focus his power on giving Mac the best damned make out he’d ever received. Water spilled over the rim of the spa as Dennis sunk into the soapy water. Dennis pushed Mac into one corner adjacent to Charlie’s and fitted Mac in the rounded shape there, Dennis’ knees fit in between Mac’s open legs and his palms gripped the slippery edge of the spa, the other threaded through Mac’s hair.

If Dennis wasn’t going to wince from the heat, then Mac was going to. The top layer of water hugged the hottest around his biceps and around the tips of his knees where they poked out of the surface. The rest of the heat coiled from his stomach, gurgled up his throat and turned his mouth searing. Dennis’ tongue skated along his teeth, brokered through and met Mac’s pulsing tongue the same exact moment that the tip of Mac’s cock bumped against Dennis’ abdomen. Mac blushed so deeply he thought he could probably be put to death from it. His fingers tingled too, like before, only this time Dennis was in his hold and he could do something except he wasn’t doing *anything* except let Dennis kiss him and let Dennis touch his dick skin to skin every time Dennis breathed out.

What kind of a badass would he be if he didn’t *act* already? He took in some of Dennis’ breath first, let the hot air glide down his throat and meet with the lava there in his innards waiting to be turned into hard rock. Then Mac moved. Kissed back, for a starters. Tongued Dennis’ tongue in return, shortly gifted by a rewarding moan from his best friend. His back stuck to the porcelain behind him, his fingers padded across Dennis’ clammy waist barely submerged in the bath water. Felt the shudder in Dennis’ bones when Mac took a chance and nibbled Dennis’ lip.

Dennis groaned, sunk to sit on his ankles and tilted his head back as Mac kept Dennis’ lower lip between his teeth. Mac gazed into Dennis’ blown out eyes. Blue looked grey in the light, reflective of the mirrors and the white light and the glow that radiated off Dennis’ pearlescent skin. Mac felt like he could sink from the look Dennis was giving him. Heat rippled along the surface, burnt him in a gradient of layers down to his core, to his balls seizing in anticipation. Dennis tore his lip from Mac’s hold and came back to Mac, kissed him hard and drove his fingers through Mac’s damp hair and Dennis burnt Mac in his own way. Transposed bolts of electricity along the conductive surface of the water from Dennis’ sheer radiance. And Mac could see from his peripheral vision that it was firing up Charlie too. Charlie was looking at them, fidgeting, sloshing water coming from his corner. Mac wondered if he could rely on Dennis’ power source for eternity. Infinite, energising bolts of hotness into his core, like it was Dennis who made him feel life, like he was living. Like Dennis’ being was what made the humans circulating around him be able to walk around and think and breathe instead of being powered by weird muscles in their heads. Truth under the eyes of God.

Dennis kept kissing him and making these little snivelly noises with his nose and Dennis’ hands were kneading into the back of Mac’s neck and across his bicep and every time Dennis breathed

out, his stomach would graze against the tip of Mac's straining dick. And Mac kept feeling Dennis' breath slip down his throat and it wasn't enough to keep everything in place. He was beyond melting, he was erupting. Really, he was as bad as Charlie.

His arms locked around Dennis' waist as he came into the bathwater. Dennis gasped, a large intake of breath, which caused his abdomen to rake across the tip of Mac's sensitive dick, making Mac squirt out a little extra than he thought was going to. Immediately he blushed. He drew his legs to his chest as Dennis lifted off him, frowning.

"You're disgusting," He said, lifting himself up on the edge of the spa, "Both of you."

Mac bit his lip and chanced a glance at Charlie sitting flushed in the corner beside him. Thankfully Charlie had his eyes closed, so Mac reached down to the plug and yanked it out. The water screeched down in spirals, twisting Mac to reality as his semen and likely Charlie's too, got sucked down the drain.

Charlie kept his eyes shut as he strained to speak. "Dennis I think you owe me something."

Dennis tutted, "We're not done."

"We're not?" Charlie squeaked.

"Barely," Dennis told him, then looked at Mac, "Charlie isn't clean yet. You missed some spots. And give his face a proper scrub. His hair too."

Mac blinked at Dennis. Dennis had one leg folded over the other but Mac could tell he was only sitting like that to hide his own boner. Whereas Mac's dick lay slack on his thigh, already spent from the surprise release just minutes before. When Mac didn't say anything in reply or make any move to show he was going to follow through with Dennis' orders, Dennis snapped at him.

"There's shampoo and conditioner there," Dennis glared at him. "Get on with it."

Mac blinked at Dennis again, then nodded despite feeling exhaustion approach him. Mac stood up and spun on the shower taps. Water shot out and sprayed Charlie, startling him. Charlie looked up at Mac then, water droplets catching on Charlie's thick eyelashes and if Mac hadn't already melted he melted what was resolidifying just from the doe-eyed look Charlie was giving him. He slapped a hand against the wall, palm sticking to the cool mirrored surface as the water cascaded over him, running hot darts across his skin digging like the pointed ends of arrows. He held out a hand to help his friend up and in his peripheral vision he saw Dennis eyeing them both, eyes still dark and clouded but consumed with the power of a storm ready to wreck running heels and wake the resting.

Charlie sighed as he stood up, almost slipped too and clung to Mac's body. Mac held Charlie by the waist, propped him just out of the water stream as he bent over to grab the shampoo, then squirted a heap in Charlie's hair. At eye level he saw the dirt and crumbs and bits of cat fur filter out of Charlie's thick hair, strongly scented shampoo carried the gross down Charlie's neck.

Mac massaged the shampoo through Charlie's hair and thought of the way Dennis was brushing Charlie's teeth before. Small circles, rotation. Charlie sighed again, a happier one than before, and his hands found Mac's hips and held on to steady himself while Mac worked the shampoo through Charlie's sticky hair. Mac kept glancing at the mirrors and seeing Dennis watching them so he tilted his head downwards and pressed his forehead against Charlie's, still rubbing Charlie's head, but

eyes fluttering shut. He focused on the movement of his fingers, on Charlie's warm breathing, on the way he could feel Charlie frowning beneath their pressed foreheads, on the way his dick was starting to build something new.

He brought Charlie back under the water stream and kept rubbing, threading out the suds and watched the little bubbles run across Charlie's freckled shoulders. Water coursed across Charlie's skin, mixed through his chest hair and curved down to his belly button and Mac blushed furiously when he took in the sight of Charlie's pink dick, flushed and hardening beside Mac's own. Mac drew his gaze back to Charlie's hair, made sure to rub his thumbs down across his friends' forehead, trailed the remnants of suds through Charlie's thick eyebrows and then let the water rush over his face.

Charlie blinked at him through the fall, eyelashes fluttered and cheeks reddened and Mac brought his thumbs to Charlie's temples, across the start of his cheekbones and he was the one to be shocked when Charlie lifted his chin to press his lips against Mac's. Charlie was a sloppy kisser. Always had been. Mac had tried to teach him, but his friend wasn't much of a learner. So Mac let Charlie mouth him, hungry lips like kneading cat paws. Warm shower water breezed over the skin, made their mouths taste like clean and nothing and then the warmth of each other. Charlie remained relatively still, hands kept on Mac's hips. Mac's fingers traced backward from Charlie's cheekbones to encircle around Charlie's ears, cupped them and applied a little force against Charlie's lips in hope for something better.

Whatever he was doing seemed to help, because Charlie hugged him closer, cutting the space between them and Mac's leg jolted the moment he felt Charlie's boner rising up his inner thigh.

"Come on," Dennis said, "Do something exciting!"

Mac heard Dennis' foot squeak against the porcelain as the man got up from his spot. A second later, Dennis tore Charlie away from him, pushing Mac to the corner closest to the sink.

With his hand on Charlie's shoulder, he told Mac, "I'll show you how to put on a good show."

Mac slipped to sit on the rim of the spa, wiped his lips as he spat, "Shut up Den."

Dennis took Mac's previous position and positively towered over Charlie, back arched and head sunk as he tried to look Charlie in the eye. Charlie looked weak, like he could fall over any second and he gripped onto Dennis' forearms to show. Then, Dennis does something completely unexpected. He dropped to his knees. Looked up from there, the shower pushing Dennis' damp curls down across his neck and he pulled Charlie by one hand on the back of the smaller man's neck. Pulled him in to join their lips together. His other hand, Mac could see in the mirror, went for the curve of Charlie's ass. Mac clenched his teeth when he saw Dennis press his fingers against Charlie's ass cheek, pulling the man in close and Mac is positive Charlie's dick must be poking Dennis in the stomach.

Momentarily, Dennis stood up to grab hold of the detachable shower head and got back on his knees before Charlie could topple over entirely. He brought Charlie's lips to his again, with a bit of force too, probably realizing that to get a good kiss out of the guy, Dennis needed to be dominate about it. As Dennis kissed his best friend, he moved the shower head over Charlie's ass, making him squirm.

Mac bit his lip taking this all in. He wasn't exactly sure if it would have been a better show than what he had done with Charlie but it was pretty freaking hot anyway so he'd slithered his hand

down to his balls and fondled them while he watched. Only Charlie was getting obviously squeamish the less grime he had to protect himself and as Dennis was cleverly kissing and cleaning at the same time, Charlie suddenly pulled back.

Dennis dropped the shower head and let it cycle on the floor of the spa.

Charlie made a weird gargled noise and he was rubbing his face roughly when he mumbled, "You guys touch now."

Through the mirror, Mac watched Dennis lick his lips and then Dennis' eyes, once in the mirror, quickly turned to face Mac's. Eyes glazed, dark and hungry and without a second thought, Dennis smashed his lips against Mac's. Mac gasped into Dennis' mouth, sparks of heat roiling off Dennis' tongue as he thrust it past Mac's teeth. He felt the force of Dennis, hungry and insatiable, and the skin on his back plastered to the mirror behind him, shoulders bent awkwardly against the corner of the sink counter which built the triangle corner of the spa. Dennis was hard on him, feverish fingers explored Mac's rock hard abs and body builder biceps, and Mac's dick strained, pulsing from the lack of warm water around him and the heat generated by Dennis' radiance. But he wasn't going to bust it too early like before. No surprises.

He threaded his hand around Dennis' waist and chanced a go at pawing Dennis' firm ass, eliciting a dry chuckle from Dennis, his tongue prodding the corner of Mac's mouth. Dennis' hair smelt strongly of citrus, the same shampoo used on Charlie's hair and Mac fleetingly thought how he hadn't had the chance to apply conditioner to Charlie's hair. Fleeting because Dennis slithered an arm around his back and seized his upper body, somehow lifting the clearly bulkier man out of the spa and pressed Mac against the sink in such a flurry of a motion Mac barely knew how his legs got from A to B. All he knew was that Bam! He was smack against the sink, standing up, dicks pressed together pulsing and hot and the whole while Dennis wouldn't let go of Mac's lips.

His skin tingled, wriggled too, in a good way, like bolts were darting through his bloodstream, making him swell from the inside. Muscles and heart and dick swollen for Dennis. The suction against Mac's lips moved down his chin, across the underneath of his jawline, and when Dennis sucked on his neck, Mac clawed at Dennis' back, moaning filth off his tongue.

"Charlie," Dennis cooed, raspy and low but the damp materials in the room amplified the sound. "Charlie, I want you to tell me what you see."

"Nghw-what?" Charlie stammered.

Mac chased Dennis' damp curls with his nose, taking in Dennis' scent as Dennis kissed down his Adam's Apple, bobbing and then down one curve of his collarbone.

"Tell us what you see Charlie," Dennis repeated evenly, "Or what you'd like to see."

He turned to nod at Charlie, his clammy cheek covered Mac's pounding heart, then turned back to kiss it. Took Mac's hardened nipple in his teeth and sucked and Mac lurched, neck craned, hands driving across the slopes of Dennis' refined body.

"C-careful dude," Mac breathed, "You're gonna leave marks."

Dennis grinned with Mac's nipple between his lips and Mac was certain that he had to be on crack. It was the only thing that made any of this make any sense. The hazy feeling, the light layer of fog hugging his head, the humidity that brokered down beneath and encased his skin in prickly heat.

Dennis sucking at his tits and grabbing his ass and his dick pressed between Dennis' pecs, and Charlie feeling himself in the backwash in the tub. Mac blinked furiously, the reality of the situation cracking clear when Charlie started a feeble attempt at describing what was happening.

"Oh yeah," Charlie began.

"Say something," Dennis encouraged.

He replaced his lips around Mac's nipple with a squeezing thumb and forefinger, tempting to trace his lips down Mac's snail trail.

"You're kissing--"

"I know what I'm doing Charlie," Dennis snapped, side of his head pressed against Mac's abdomen, "Tell me what *Mac* is doing."

Dennis turned back and coiled his deft fingers down Mac's snail trail, his skin there shuddering and his hairs standing on end from friction and static.

"He's uh, he's watching you dude, he's uh... he's got his hands on your shoulders, you know that -- ugh this is stupid."

Mac bit his lip, "Keep going."

Dennis flashed him a cheeky grin then clocked his grip around Mac's waist and flipped him around, shoved him hard against the counter and pressed his boner in between Mac's ass cheeks. Mac groaned.

"Oh God, guys..."

"Tell me what he's *doing* Charlie, I can't see," Dennis said, then teathed Mac's shoulder as he ground against Mac's ass.

"Mac, he's uh, he's gripping the sink hard, Jesus, his knuckles are white."

Mac felt the blood rush to where Dennis was sucking him, tearing his skin, and it hurt but it felt good and he clenched his ass around Dennis' length.

Dennis hitched his hips in a rocking motion, "What do you want us to do Charlie?"

Dennis lifted off him for a moment and Mac wrenched his eyes shut in the opposition of it, then felt Dennis' hands splay against his ass cheeks, pulling them apart to let them slap backward. Like he was playing. The devil.

"He wants you Den."

Dennis ran a spread out palm along Mac's spine starting from his lower back and rising slow over each knob, thumb and pinkie finger grazing the tense muscles either side, over Mac's flexed shoulder blades. Mac hung his head, back curving the way Dennis wanted him to move, and the cold of the mirror sung off onto his forehead. He couldn't open his eyes. A demon would come out of the surface and snatch him. Tear him out and rip him apart except it was already there, wasn't it. Dennis, the demon. Fire in his eyes and thunderbolts in the shape of splayed fingers spread out over the mirror sky.

“What do you want us to do Charlie?” Dennis repeated, a broken record.

Charlie swallowed hard, “Are you going to bang him?”

“Want me to?”

“Just do it!” Mac growled.

Dennis laughed dryly, almost mockingly. A rifling noise from his left, a pop of a lid like a gunshot in the room made Mac jump. Eyes snapped open. An image of himself, hair matted and eyes nasty and as needy as his swollen mouth. He couldn’t see much of himself, closed his eyes again. Ice cold rubbed at his hole, a dollop of cool gel and he rutted against the demon’s fingers, tendrils snaking into his hole the treachery of sodomy spiralling down. The eye of the storm, houses and lamp posts in the street and cars shattered inside out and tree branches smashing through their bar wrapped around in the chaos around them, the calm between them.

“He’s rocking against you Den, look, you must see... His ass... Christ, I can’t do this. I’m closing my eyes too.”

“Damn it, both of you open your eyes.”

Mac let out a strangled moan as the tip of Dennis’ boner prodded at his opening.

“Okay, yeah, he’s... they’re open now Den. Jesus-“

“Don’t cum yet Charlie,” Dennis ordered.

“Ugh...”

Dennis ran his hand back over Mac’s spine, pushed Mac’s head down and threaded his fingers in Mac’s hair, enabling Mac’s ass to curl at just the right angle for Dennis to slide in. Mac choked the moment he felt Dennis’ dick slide into his ass. He saw red behind his eyes, snapped them open and saw white and transparency like the rainbow refraction in mirrors, or the filmy translucency of jizz worked through for the second, third time. He snorted, Dennis pulling back, his thick dick yanking out slow, pulsing in Mac’s hole tight and chasing.

Dennis sunk his teeth into Mac’s back, grazed his teeth across ribs and his sharp fingernails clawed Mac’s hips and in the right mirror, Mac could see sweat sheening off Dennis’ neck, his lips shiny and worried red.

“Come over here Charlie.”

Charlie’s voice sounded distant, “Don’t touch me, I’ll-“

“You’re going to ruin it,” Dennis was saying.

Mac punched his fist on the counter, “Just bang me already Dennis.”

Dennis laughed again, a ragged howl, husky exhale as he pushed in his fat prick. Mac lowered, ass keening against Dennis begging his friend to sink his dick in as far as it would go, poke a hole through his gut for all he cared. Balls deep. Pubes tickled pubes. Mac bit his lip beyond bleeding and leant on his forearms, held on tight to his elbows and rested his forehead on his folded arms as

Dennis wrenched his dick out, not all the way, a teasing tip. Then sunk himself again and Mac could not get over it. The absence, the gaping emptiness. The fill, the completion.

His own dick is awfully contorted against the sink and he hitched one knee up on the counter, better angle for ass banging and more space for him to crank himself, except the moment he adjusted his leg, Dennis yanked him back.

“Charlie wants you to cum like you did before,” Dennis told him.

“Wha?” Mac breathed, cocking his head to question Charlie, only he was gone.

“Contactless, it’s pretty damn hot Mac,” Dennis said, “It’s almost as impressive as being able to get hard in – ah!”

Dennis let out a surprised moan and flinched inside Mac. Mac glanced around in the reflections until he could catch sight of Charlie’s elbows stuck out at odd angles.

“What’s going on?” Mac whined, rocking his ass against Dennis’ still encased tip and gaining a bit of purchase on his length again.

“Oh GOD Charlie!” Dennis vibrated with laughter, “You really don’t care where you put your tongue do you? You disgusting canine. – NO don’t stop.”

Dennis fell on Mac’s back rigid and almost slipped out of Mac entirely if Mac hadn’t contorted his body to keep the connection. Still, he felt Dennis’ hands carding through Mac’s hair and he guessed it was time for the bottom to generate the power. He rocked against Dennis, angled his movement just right so that he could push his ass down on Dennis’ dick and encourage the demon to return to his ways. It seemed to pull Dennis back to reality and by the time half of Dennis’ dick was submerged in Mac’s caverns again, he was attentive enough to push all the way, moaning wet pleasures along Mac’s shoulder blades.

Mac mouthed his own forearm, left teeth marks as hard as Dennis had on his back. Worn him out like the storm blew from Dennis’ lips, tore apart a world aside wherever Dennis kissed and bit and sucked. And Mac felt his stomach tightening, his core broiling, frothing like delicious broth, overheated and burnt and bubbling out of him as Dennis burrowed his gigantic length inside Mac. Tearing him apart skin to skin fresh layers beneath exposed to the harshness of the sun and unfathomable temperatures of the molten lava in the Earth’s core.

While Dennis was distracted with the banging and likely getting his ass licked by Charlie, Mac sneakily snatched his dick out mattressed by his own weight. And it wasn’t even that he touched his dick it was getting it out of being flattened, like one of those carry trays popped into shape, and suddenly all the blood that had been coursing the wrong way filled him and made his dick feel like it could throb him to death. In fact, his fingers barely even touched his dick before he was roping semen into the sink, growling and coughing and shuddering, his ass clenching around Dennis’ dick as he rode it out. Thick ropes stuck to the basin and he felt his legs going numb, only held up by Dennis’ incessant pounding.

He wasn’t sure if Dennis was aware that he’d already come but he wasn’t about to tell him, still enjoying the feeling of Dennis laying into him. Hard and fast, and hitting him in the prostate made his mind flash blank like the storm was going for the power grid, chunks of the city turning off section by section. He was spent but he felt like he could go on like this for eternity. Being filled by Dennis, dick sweet and slick and Dennis’ hands in his hair and grazing the back of his ears and

clawing into his hips and all he could smell was sex. It smelt like home. And he felt himself get hard again, record timing.

He could acutely feel not only the precise moment when Dennis came inside him, but he could feel the jilt in Dennis' balls as the very last of his seed ejected out of his ball sac. A little jump, like it was a living thing, the last of the spasms Dennis displayed after he'd sworn himself to hell and clamoured the skies for heights beyond the words he knew in this world. Afterwards, he stuck on Mac's back like he was made for the shape of it, like a snail's shell, a moving home which smelt right, felt right. Slowly Dennis softened inside Mac until his dick slipped out on its own and Dennis peeled himself off like Velcro.

Mac's ass throbbed and his dick was wet and half hard again but the moment Dennis was off him, he sunk to the floor. He pushed off his ass and lay on the small of his back flat on the cool tiles and he saw Charlie sitting on the floor opposite him, legs sprawled out and he met one flat of Charlie's foot with his own. A jolt of static bounced up his leg and his dick stood up and of course he was going to crank it. Dennis flopped down beside him, eyes drawn to Mac's, blown out and Mac leant over to kiss him as he touched himself.

Dennis kissed slow, tired, but he joint Mac's jerking hand. With his foot against Charlie's, he felt like a kid again. Caught in a time loop. Days where they just messed around for hours and hours, came and got hard again and came again and stunk up the place. And they'd excluded Dennis, for reasons. They've included Dennis, for no reason except that it was his idea. And Dennis had his hand on Mac's sensitive dick, lips together, tears of sweat and drips of sex and it didn't take long for Mac to bust it for a third time that evening. Dennis wiped the almost clear cum down Mac's thigh and then rested his head on Mac's shoulder. Heavy breathing. Hot air rises – cold crashed down on them, welcoming violence to cut down on the heat suffocating him, drying him and the cold helped to bring himself together. The cool ocean breeze which created islands amongst nothing.

Charlie crawled away for a moment, grabbed his hoodie and pulled it on before crawling along the tiles to join his friends. Curled up on Mac's cold side, snuggled one leg over Mac's and Mac grinned. His ass smarted still, a level of cold applied as heat to a wound. His dick laid strewn on his thigh messy and sticky and his friends were sweatier than when they were before the shower, but at that point Mac didn't care. He was brimming. With love, with fulfilment. Time was absent and all that existed were his two best friends in this shared moment of pleasure.

"I love you guys," Mac confirmed out loud.

Dennis sat up, eyes wide, "YES SUCK IT CHARLIE."

Mac frowned as Charlie sat up too.

"WHY. WHY WOULD YOU LOVE US BOTH GOD DAMN IT MAC."

"What?" Mac said, not bothering to sit up himself, "Why wouldn't I love you both? You're my best friends."

Charlie looked at him dead in the eye. Spoke slowly. "Yeah, but who are you *gay* for?"

Mac bit his lip, "Um... both of you?"

Dennis clapped his hands. He got to his feet and started washing his hands in the sink.

Charlie threw his hood over his head and pulled on the draw strings. “You think you’ve won Dennis but you know what? I don’t even care. I *like* Charlie Work. So really, it’s a win win situation.”

Mac felt his heart clench. “Wait, wait, wait, was this a *bet*?!”

“Yeah, you *signed* the contract Mac. You knew what you were going into.”

“I DIDN’T READ THE CONTRACT!”

Dennis turned and put his hands on his hips. “Calm down dude. It really isn’t much of a big deal. All it was is that when Charlie and I were talking about how we thought you were gay for us, Charlie thought he was only in love me. But of course I was right.”

“So – so what – you made a bet to figure out if I was in love with you enough to bang you both?”

Dennis glared down at Mac, “Yes. How are you not following this?”

“You have to admit Dennis, you got caught up in it. I was so prepared to walk away with \$200 and then,” Charlie looked at Mac, “You *had* to go and say you love us both. What is that?! You and me didn’t even technically bang.”

Mac’s mouth dropped, “But I’ve always loved you dude...”

Charlie pushed back his hood, “Yeah but you haven’t been *gay* for me in like, forever. You’re so clearly in love with Dennis so I really thought this bet was a no brainer.”

“It just goes to show I know you guys better than you know yourselves. I am the *best* best friend.”

“Shut up Den!” Mac exclaimed, raising his hands. “Just let me think, I don’t know how I feel about this yet!”

“You should be thankful,” Dennis told him. “You *at least* read the clauses right? Since I’m right and Charlie is wrong, by *law* we are now all committed to an open poly relationship. Open because look, I’m still probably going to bang girls but the contract stands that whenever I want to bang you both, you have to. Because of the *legal* implication. And since Charlie’s going to be around the apartment more doing odd jobs for us, there’s going to be *loads* of opportunities for us to bang. Isn’t that great, Mac? It’s why you signed the *legally binding* contract, I presume.”

“Uhh...”

“You too Charlie. You’re both in this now and there’s nothing you can do to get out of it.”

Chapter End Notes

this got a lot longer than i expected!! I have half written the third chapter, but i won't be able to finish/upload it until next week. In the mean time, let me know if you have any requests for me to include in the following chapters :)

What started as a scheme...

Chapter Summary

What started as a scheme developed into something much more...

Charlie.

It was because of the implication.

But also, Charlie didn't mind so much with the way things were. Or how they came to be. Charlie had always thought things were done better when done in threes.

"How much do you think it would cost to buy one of these?" Dennis wondered, "Rough ballpark."

"Buy what?" Mac asked from the station beside Dennis.

"One of these," Dennis said, slapping the leather arms of the chair.

Charlie leaned over Dennis to look at Mac's attendant painting black on his toenails just to make sure that he had made the right choice by asking his attendant to paint his nails in all different coloured glitter nail polish. It was definitely way cooler than plain old black.

"A nail salon?" Mac asked.

"No, a –"

Charlie spoke over Dennis, "I don't know dude, they're just fronts for prostitution gigs, right? They couldn't cost too much... or is it the other way around, where they would cost more because of the risk..."

"What?" Dennis said, "They're not –"

"That's what Pondy said," Charlie insisted.

Dennis shook his head, "He's wrong. This place, this place is honourable."

Dennis nodded vigorously at the attendant who was finishing off the last coat of boring clear nail polish. Charlie didn't see the point in going to get a mani-pedi done if Dennis wasn't even going to get colours and patterns and stuff done. What was he paying the money for? It wasn't like his toenails were going to fall off if they weren't cleaned and filed and painted to perfection every three weeks.

"That wasn't what I was talking about anyway. I'm talking about these *chairs*."

"The chairs?" Charlie repeated, "Dude, why would you want one?"

“To put in my apartment!” Dennis cried. “Instead of coming down to this crummy place I could sit in my own home and have someone come and do my nails there.”

“Instead of paying someone Dennis, why don’t you just make Charlie do it?”

“Oh man,” Dennis brooded, “That’d be right down your alley. It’s not like it’s hard, dude. You don’t need a degree for it all you have to do is look up some tutorial on youtube and figure out the right technique.”

“Blergh I hate online tutorials, make Mac do it!”

“Aw come on, gross!” Mac scowled, “I’m not touching nobody’s gross feet!”

“My feet aren’t gross,” Dennis sounded offended, lifting up his foot from the little tub of water, dripping some on his attendant.

“Mac, they don’t look half bad,” Charlie admitted.

“Then *you* do it!”

“That is if Dennis can get one of these bastards,” Charlie said, starting to chew his nails already.

Dennis tried to swat Charlie’s hands away from his mouth, “I just have to get Frank onto it, then you two can decide who’s going to be replacing this bitch.” The attendant glared at him, so Dennis told his friends, “Oh don’t worry, she can barely understand English.”

Mac started to laugh, “Charlie, let’s get Frank onto doing Dennis’ nails!”

“Oh yeah man, he’ll be straight up great at it,” Charlie agreed.

“With that *knife*?!”

“I will murder everyone in this salon with that crusty knife if you let that man near my pristine feet! I will cut your lips into the shape of a *real* smile and I’ll gouge your eyes out and infect each wound with the vile diseases on the blade and--”

Charlie clutched his chest laughing, and only stopped when he heard feet scuffling beside him. He popped his eyes open to see all the attendants in the shop having rushed Dennis and were in the midst of throwing him out. Charlie looked over the empty chair and made eye contact with Mac. The two of them both leapt out of their chairs and burst passed Dennis and the attendants, who were yelling at Dennis about payment. Bare feet slammed against concrete as Charlie and Mac bolted down the street.

Behind them, they heard Dennis erupt in an enraged scream which sounded further and further away. They hit the corner and, over his shoulder, Mac shouted at Dennis, “You owe us new shoes!!”, before they turned and left their friend to deal with the mess.

Charlie squatted behind the television stand and he was reaching as far as he could to get the power cord to get into the plug. He wedged himself further inside the small gap between the underneath of the stand and the wall and somehow was able to jam the plug in the one free spot. The cord ran straight and taut, and the connecting nail salon chair Dennis had purchased with Frank's credit card would need to be pushed closer if the cord was going to slacken. As Charlie crawled backward out of the tight space, he hit his head on the underneath of the stand. Once out on the carpet, he rolled into a ball and rubbed his head.

"You right there buddy?" Mac asked Charlie from the chair.

"Aerghhhh," Charlie responded.

"Oh man that's so good," Dennis moaned as the whirring sounds of the massage function began.

Charlie heard the leather squeaking and Mac was saying, "Dude let go of me for a sec, Charlie looks hurt."

"Since when do you care? Charlie hurts himself all the time, he's *fine*," Dennis insisted.

Charlie pressed his palm on the welt growing on the top of his crown and above the dull pounding of the blood that coursed behind his ears, he heard Dennis pull Mac back to him. Wet smacks of kisses overlapped with the sloshing of the water in the little tub by the base of the salon chair. He pulled himself up to sit cross legged, and he cradled the back of his head with his palm as he watched his friends make out. He didn't understand why exactly they were making out in that particular spot, it sure didn't look comfortable, but he guessed Dennis wanted to 'christen' every spot he possibly could, and the nail salon chair was the newest and only thing in the apartment that they hadn't banged on yet.

Since establishing the agreement, Charlie had to be around Dennis and Mac's apartment more often to do any menial tasks Dennis had set for him. Which often entailed Charlie fixing leaky taps or cleaning out the gunk beneath the kitchen sink that even Mac won't go near, or regrouting the tiles or dusting and de-cobwebbing. Not particularly hard stuff, but Dennis would always start off by watching him, arms folded and a critical frown on his face. Dennis and Mac hung around at the start to make sure Charlie was doing the work. By the time Charlie was almost done, he'd turn around and see that Dennis and Mac weren't listening to any of the advice he was giving them in order to prevent whatever he was fixing from happening again. He only felt lead on because he would be giving them tips over his shoulder and they'd say stuff like they were listening only for Charlie to find out that they weren't at all. Then again, the day Dennis and Mac actually took on his very important and very insightful advice was the day he'd make bank on all the bets he'd won. Maybe if he had different friends, he'd be living an entirely different life.

Either way, he was facing up to the fact that Dennis seemed to only invite him over to the apartment to fix things. Not that he minded, really. As he said, he liked Charlie Work. It was called that for a reason. Charlie's overall participation in the threesome had reduced since the honeymoon stage died down, which Charlie was actually thankful for. He wasn't opposed to being in their secret relationship, but he much preferred to sit on the outskirts of the action and only touch if he felt like it. If they asked him to, he would oblige. But as months went on, the frequency of Dennis and Mac asking Charlie to get in on the action declined, even if they were fully aware he was there watching them bang. And it wasn't like he felt left out or anything. His friends knew he didn't like to be touched and he was grateful that they respected that boundary.

The throbbing in his head subsided, which enabled him to pay more attention to the show Dennis and Mac were putting on for him. A few times, at the start, Dennis made him describe what was happening. He wasn't ever good at it. Never got better either. Charlie didn't know how to put into words what they were doing. Watching porn wasn't meant to involve any reading and that's why it was so accessible. He wasn't used to having to explain *why* what he saw was hot or describe how it was affecting him. He guessed Dennis' frustration with how bad he was at it was why Dennis stopped asking him to do it. Still, he felt as if something had changed. And not just because of the obvious threesome activity. He wasn't sure if it was because Dennis had made him actively think about what he was looking at or if it was because he was watching porn in real life as opposed to watching it with his eyes glued to a TV set. Whatever the cause of the change, it was the effect that mattered. In the past months since the three of them started banging – or watching his friends bang in Charlie's case – he had been firing off in the most satisfying way that he was having trouble remembering what it was like to cum beforehand. It had to be average at best, in comparison.

The pain in his head had ebbed away to nothing and he moved his hand to palm himself through his denim shorts. Dennis had made Mac rotate to face the opposite wall, and Mac was currently rubbing his ass against Dennis' crotch though Charlie couldn't see too well because of the high rise of the arm of the chair. Still, he could see Mac with his legs spread wide and his hands gripping the arms as he rocked against Dennis. Charlie undid the button of his shorts and yanked his fly down, shoved his hand straight beneath his briefs and grabbed hold of his dick.

"Ride me, Ronnie," Dennis cooed, nibbling at Mac's back.

"Don't call me that," Mac grouched, wriggling his back away from Dennis' teeth.

Dennis curled his arm around Mac's waist and, hand splayed flat across Mac's stomach, he pulled the man to lie back, Dennis' chest pressed flush against Mac's back. Charlie sucked in breath as he watched Dennis press rough kisses along Mac's stretched neck. Dee and Frank weren't idiots. They knew what hickies were. And they had to see the looks Mac and Dennis gave each other at the bar. Maybe they chose to ignore Mac running out of excuses for what they could be. Not because they didn't want to know, but because they didn't care.

Mac moaned loudly, Dennis' fingers on Mac's nipple and a pang shot to Charlie's throat, made his mouth go dry in wanting. He licked his lips, panted, his small hands fisting his dick and strangely he had the urge to get closer. His bones were like rubber as he tried to pull himself up, so he grabbed onto the taut cord and used it to help drag his useless body closer to his friends. He thought he heard laughing. His skin wrinkled like a ghoul had run a hand from the sore on his head down to the small of his back, and he thought it was something to do with that he'd taken his eyes off his friends. He pulled himself up on the little cushioned ledge just after the tub of water and perched there, legs either side of the chair.

From there, well, it really was the best view. He touched himself again as he looked on at Mac curved to kiss Dennis, Dennis' hands playing with Mac's nipples and stroking Mac's cock and Dennis' own length burrowed deep in Mac's asshole. Sweat trickled down from his armpits but Charlie refused to remove his hoodie. He thrust his hand in his pants again, his fingers felt hot against his shaft, and pins and needles prickled up his forearm every time one of his friends made noises. Any moan or grunt or ragged breath or loud swallow brought Charlie closer and closer to the edge.

Dennis tore his lips away from Mac and winked at Charlie, "Hey man."

“Nnghh?”

Away from Dennis’ lips, Mac gazed down at Charlie and gave him a lopsided grin, his chin slightly lifted, lower lip between his teeth. The kind of look Mac used to give him when they were teenagers figuring out what got them off.

“Get over here,” Dennis drawled.

Except Mac drew his gaze to his cock laying fully erect against his stomach and Charlie didn’t know exactly what Dennis wanted him to do but Charlie knew what he wanted to do in that moment. He stumbled forward, one bare foot landing on top of Dennis’ feet in the tub of water. Dennis grunted in annoyance and it probably shouldn’t have made Charlie’s dick jump but he couldn’t deny that it had. He only continued on his pathway to press his right knee in the last available space on the leather seat, his left wedging between Dennis and Mac’s legs. He grabbed onto Mac’s strong left arm as he bent over and caught Mac’s dick out of Dennis’ hold.

The moment his tongue touched the tip of Mac’s dick, Charlie’s precarious balancing act fell to pieces. Mac lurched forward, causing Dennis to cry out in pain and kick Charlie’s feet off of his. Charlie’s knee then slipped off the seat and both knees sunk into the tub of water, forcing Dennis’ feet out. Water splashed up their legs and feet and thighs and no one seemed to care as much as Dennis, but Charlie ignored him, intent on his task at hand. He grabbed hold of Mac again and wrapped his lips around the head of Mac’s cock, his tongue running the indent between head and shaft. Mac curled forward, helping to slide his cock into Charlie’s mouth and Charlie’s ears prickled with from the noises Mac was making.

Charlie couldn’t say he’d sucked a lot of cock in his life but between Dennis and Mac, Mac tasted better. Dennis tasted too much like what Charlie imagined fruit would taste like, whereas Mac tasted like memories. Mac tasted real. And the scent of Mac’s skin took Charlie back, reminded him of things he had forgotten. Mac’s cock filled most of his mouth and the only way he could force the length further was due to Dennis’ annoyance. Charlie guessed Dennis must have bucked against Mac’s ass, causing Mac to shudder and curse over Charlie’s head and the movement and the sounds and the hot breath skating over his neck caused his jaw to slacken. Mac’s throbbing muscle clocked the back of Charlie’s throat and he choked, tears welled in his eyes and instinctively his tongue lifted Mac’s cock back to a more manageable position.

Water lapped at his thighs, he tried lifting his knee again to get closer but Dennis shifted beneath them both, pushing Charlie back to how he was. He settled in the water again without taking his mouth away from Mac except the bucking occurred again. Dennis grunted, a sort of huffed snort and if Charlie tilted his head at just the right angle he could see Dennis leering passed Mac, incensed. Dennis was gripping Mac’s waist, fingers digging into his skin surely leaving a mark and Mac arched his back, lifted his ass and squatted to let Dennis rise into him. Charlie chased Mac, but with Dennis pounding Mac from behind, it became difficult for Charlie not to choke on cock.

All of a sudden, Dennis cried out, and it sounded more pissed than pleased. A split second later, Charlie realised the vibrating in the back seat had ceased the moment the taut cord twanged and the plug smacked against the chair.

“GET OFF!” Dennis ordered, his voice so deep it hadn’t sounded like it came from Dennis at all.

Charlie recoiled, stumbling backwards and falling over the dumb extra little ledge that came with the salon chair. He caught the hem of his sleeve and wiped his mouth with it as he watched the way Mac peeled off Dennis with great difficulty. His eyes scrunched and teeth gnarled, like he was

cutting an organ out. Charlie thought Mac would have toppled over as well had Dennis not man handled him from the scruff of his neck and basically shoved him toward Dennis' bedroom.

Charlie pulled his hoodie over his head and followed his friends into the bedroom. Dennis had pushed Mac on his fours on top the bed, half bent so that Mac's ass was angled upward and his chin was resting on his folded arms.

"Charlie, get the lube for me."

He did what he was told, grabbing the pot of lube from the bedside table and handed it to Dennis. Then he bounced on the overly springy bed up the head side. He pulled his feet cross legged and watched Dennis lather lube over his dick before pushing back into Mac. Charlie carefully watched his friend's eyes as Mac took on Dennis' impressive dick and Charlie felt compelled to reach out and grab hold of Mac's closest hand. As soon as their hands locked, Mac gripped Charlie so hard that Charlie felt like they were one. Like he could feel the pain Mac was going through in getting so vigorously banged by their best friend.

He watched Mac's kind eyes, soft and telling him he'd done good. Sweat rolled off Dennis in cascading sheets, and the *noises* they were both making. Besides the incessant slapping noise of the sex, there was Dennis' web of filth spinning from his mouth. And Mac. Grunting and shouting and struggling to hold tears back. Hands gripped tight. The shudders ricocheted from Mac's ass, rippled over his spine like the wave of fur on a frightened cat, and vibrated through his arms, his fingers trembled in Charlie's grasp, slippery with sweat and hot like carpet burn.

Mac's eyes screwed then split, static slits when he groaned and spat from his mouth and came over the bed sheets, over Dennis' stroking hand. Charlie watched Dennis smear the seed over Mac's ass cheeks, encircled his own length as he let himself bust it. Moments apart, heaving bodies jilted and jarred and ragged and Charlie's bank was brimming too. About all he could take in, sounds having filled his ears and any words or coughs or breaths sent after, for the following few minutes, fell on deaf ears. Tinnitus like the sightless, for moments blank in the void, colourless, soundless.

Noise filtered slowly into place as he came to. The sirens on Dennis' mouth transposed out the windows. The breathing painting hung on the wall fractured to Mac's quiet recovery. In his time out, Mac had pulled himself up beside Charlie, rested against the headboard. Mac had one arm around Charlie too, a withered hand on Charlie's side. Dennis stood at the foot of the bed, arms folded, watching them. Charlie looked away from Dennis, sought the kindness and found Mac's eyes. Kissed his friend, slowly, the pain in the form of sweat and blood laced Mac's lips.

The mattress dipped as Dennis clambered on. Palmed one of Mac's legs bent and to one side. Mac left Charlie. Sat up, held his legs aside for Dennis to see the damage. Charlie sat up too, a proud flourish of red over Mac's cheeks as he gazed down at himself. Translucent seed dribbled out of Mac's pink hole, puckered and sore and filled over capacity.

Dennis positioned himself between Mac's legs and Mac glanced up at him. Charlie watched Mac's face drop and his friend tried to clap his legs together which pushed Dennis off the bed.

"Dude I don't think I can take another--"

Dennis frowned, "Why?"

Mac gave Charlie a look, held his gaze as he spoke quietly, "It hurts..."

Dennis leant over and hooked Mac's chin with a finger, coaxed their eyes to meet, "But you like it when it hurts."

"Yeah but--"

"You can't keep doing it day after day Dennis, he's going to scar."

"I don't care," Dennis snapped. He glared at Charlie. "Why are you wearing that stupid hoodie still Charlie, take it off."

Charlie pressed his back against the head board, "Nah... nah..."

"Take it off Charlie."

Mac put a hand on Dennis' arm, "Just let him keep it on Den."

"Okay, *jeez*."

Mac relented, "Sorry, I didn't meant to snap. Come here, lie down next to me."

Mac patted the mattress beside him and, with a slight grin on the other man's face, Dennis obliged. Dennis curled up behind Mac and Charlie watched them kiss for a while before he got up to clean up the mess he'd made on the top of the bed sheets. He rummaged around Dennis' relatively tidy room until he found an article of clothing, clean or dirty, that he could use to clean up. He rubbed it over his cock and brought it back over to scrub at the bed.

Dennis was trying to convince Mac to go again, "Come on baby... I know you want to..."

Dennis sucked at Mac's neck as Mac made his reply, "You wanna put me in the hospital?"

Mac hitched his ass against Dennis' crotch in such a way to prevent Dennis' dick from going up his butt, and instead slid Dennis' lubed up dick between his thick thighs. Charlie saw the tip of Dennis' dick poke out between Mac's legs, disappear, and return again as Dennis began to buck his hips.

"Roll over Ronnie," Dennis cooed as he nudged Mac's thigh with his knee.

"Don't call me that," Mac grouched.

Charlie bounced back on the bed, barely rocking the other two men from their connectivity. Dennis had procured the tub of lube from a ghost pocket and was lathering more on his already hard dick. It never ceased to amaze Charlie how his friend could go from soft to hard in mere seconds. Mac called it a gift. Charlie thought Mac had said that because he had finally found someone who could go at it as long as Mac had wanted to with Charlie when they were teenagers. Pretty weird how it took them all so long to get to the point where they could all enjoy each other. Charlie guessed it only did because Dennis was trying to prove a point. And even though it was a bet, Dennis hadn't dropped what they established. Because of the contract, and the implication. Charlie wanted to believe Dennis meant the legal implication but seeing the way Dennis pestered Mac for more ignited a sense of protection for Mac in Charlie's gut.

Dennis' hands were plucking at Mac's thighs, splaying apart his ass and Charlie chewed on the sleeve of his hoodie as he watched Dennis attempts at positioning Mac. Dennis' eyes were dark and reflective of nothing and Mac had his lower lip between his teeth, eyes so soft in comparison to the rest of his hard body. Mac looked like he was about to give in and Charlie really didn't want to

explain to Frank or Dee why Mac would have to get his asshole stitched up, or an asshole transplant even, if Dennis went ahead and banged Mac for the fourth time that afternoon.

So he scooted down the bed towards his friends and offered, “Hey man, how about you try me?”

Dennis lifted his head up and snarled at Charlie, “You haven’t *bathed*.”

Charlie winced, “Let me suck you off then.”

In Charlie’s periphery, he can see Mac’s eyebrows had risen in hope.

“He’s good,” Mac added.

Dennis got off the bed and glared at Mac, then grabbed Charlie by the shoulder and pulled him to the other end of the bed, didn’t care that Charlie got all tangled in Mac’s legs along the way.

“You’re such a slut Charlie,” Dennis scoffed as he steered Charlie’s head toward his cock, “... Asking to blow me... Take it.”

Charlie cranked his jaw wide as Dennis jammed his lube lathered dick into his mouth. Charlie gripped the bed sheets to steady himself and levered Dennis’ cock against his tongue.

Dennis grabbed a fistful of Charlie’s hair and forced his dick deeper into Charlie’s mouth as he drawled, “Can you deep throat, Charlie? I’ve had whores who can suck dick better than you.”

Charlie coughed and tried to resist against Dennis’ firm hand pressing on his head, just above the spot he’d hit it on the TV stand. The pressure applied there was starting to bring back his headache, tears welled in his eyes but he persevered. If not for Mac, for the fact that he felt himself getting hard again, bolts of pleasure lengthening his cock hidden beneath the hem of his hoodie.

He flinched when he felt Mac hoisting himself around Charlie’s back, hugging him from behind, and Charlie relented in the touch when he heard the way Mac had whimpered with having to sit on his ass. A hand met the small of Charlie’s back and began rubbing small encouraging circles there.

“Hey did you end up going to the dentist Charlie?” Mac asked loudly.

“Don’t ask that now,” Dennis snapped.

Charlie shuddered and wrenched his eyes shut as Dennis angrily slid his cock down the pathway laid by Charlie’s tongue. His skin wrinkled under Mac’s encouraging circling, his friend’s knees either side of him and painted black toenails tickling his thighs. He blinked back tears when Dennis’ massive hard on slid down his throat so easy, caked by thick lube, and jolted in surprise when he choked, a reflex he forgot that he had.

Dennis’ cock bobbed out of Charlie’s mouth and in the split second of lack of contact, Charlie opened his eyes, looked up, and saw Dennis breathless and wanting. In part to peel away from additional contact, and in part to regain control of the situation, Charlie pushed off the bed and slammed Dennis into the wall, sunk to his knees and enveloped his mouth around Dennis’ dick again. Dennis groaned in response, a high pitched kind of surprised noise bellied deep by Charlie’s hot mouth ensconcing Dennis in wetness. Charlie sucked on Dennis, simultaneously pressing his friend against the wall with his lower strength, resulting in Dennis being pinned by his right leg which wasn’t anything substantial at all but seemed to keep Dennis in place anyway. Pleased with

himself, Charlie worked on getting his mouth and throat used to being filled and eased Dennis' cock down further at his own pace. He hollowed out his mouth, trained his tongue along Dennis' shaft and hooked his head back and forth. Each time he brought Dennis' dick a little further down until the tip was closing him up and he was burying his nose in Dennis' pubic hair.

Dennis' fingers found Charlie hair again and he kept mouthing off profanities, "Jesus Charlie, take it, fuck, you're so wet for me, you're such a slut Charlie, you're so hungry to swallow me whole."

Charlie hummed around Dennis' cock as he pulled back, drove his lips back down the shaft and sucked around the base, a hand reaching up to fondle Dennis' tight balls and a creeper visited Dennis' hole briefly before the man tugged on Charlie's hair. Dennis moaned and fisted Charlie's hair, grunted as he bucked relentlessly into Charlie's willing mouth. Charlie, riveted by the sounds coming from his friend, ground his own hard dick against Dennis' leg, humping him like a horny dog. Charlie didn't care what he looked like. He'd done more questionable things in his life and at that point his skin was prickling and his mouth sore from being banged wide and he loved the way his friend jolted every time Charlie played with the skin between balls and asshole. He probably came too quick and too hot and short over Dennis' foot but he howled around Dennis' dick and panted and rode out his ride with a god sized cock lodged down his throat.

He had barely finished coming himself when Dennis came too. Charlie was holding Dennis' balls in the palm of his hand when he felt the exact moment that they seized up except he didn't have enough time to take preventative measures before Dennis was lurching his hot seed into Charlie's mouth. Charlie reeled but Dennis held Charlie in place as he wrestled out the last rings of desire. Sperm shot down Charlie's throat and across his tongue and it didn't taste *bad* it just tasted *weird*. Mac said it was the taste of pineapples but Charlie hadn't tried a pineapple so he couldn't give that any credit.

Finally Dennis' dick fell flaccid in Charlie's mouth and Dennis sagged. Flopped out of Charlie who fell back on his heels, knees apart and spat out the semen he'd caught in his mouth straight onto the carpet. After, he sat and watched his friend slowly slip against the wall and fall in a heap in front of him, completely spent.

Charlie wiped his sleeve against his lips, panted, "Dude you gotta tell me when you're gonna bust it."

Dennis only laughed. A breathless wheeze as he melted into the carpet.

"Dude did you just—oh man, Charlie! Don't spit on the carpet, you're going to stain it!" Mac said.

He leapt off the bed, pulling the bed sheets with him and rubbed them against the spot Charlie had spat. With the sheets wrapped around them both, Mac met Charlie's eyes. A gaze lowered, fluttered eyelashes, thick, and blushing cheeks pulled into a resigned look. Charlie knew what it meant and thankfully Dennis was done. Dennis' uncanny ability to go from hard to soft to hard again in nothing could be called a gift if you were into that sort of thing. Sex lasting hours, if Dennis really wanted to. And Mac seemed to want to, more than half of the time. But they all had limits. And Charlie wasn't sure Dennis knew that.

Thing was, Charlie's list of things to do had only grown because of the time taken out of his day in order to bang his best friends. Sure, he was happy to do whatever Dennis wanted him to do. Fix up something at Paddy's, fix up something at the apartment, bang until they were all oozing and sweaty and couldn't think straight for the rest of the day. But looking after Paddy's was kind of a big deal. Charlie was *the* reason why Paddy's was still running at the top of its game. Having taken so much time out of his day to bang was increasingly running the risk of lowering that level of perfection. Charlie had actual Charlie Work to do that wasn't a ruse in order to bang at the apartment, and he felt as if he was getting to the point where he'd actually try and be done with Dennis as fast as he could solely so that he could go back to his Work. Granted, being able to bust his nut several times a day did help to reduce the stress, but it was nothing like facing his Work after an extended period of satiated timelessness only to find that unabashed rats were becoming a legitimate problem again. Cranking it with his friends multiple times a day was starting to add to his stress rather than reduce it, but he had an inkling if things winding down, even if Mac didn't.

"Hey Charlie," Mac was telling him in the office, door shut, rats crawling in the vents, "Dennis told me he wanted you to fix a door handle."

"In his bedroom?" Charlie said, scratching his back with one arm slung over his head.

"Yeah, it's loose apparently."

"Again? You guys need to hold back on slamming through that thing, seriously."

Mac nodded wanly. Stood and stretched his back, and briefly Charlie remembered the sight of Dennis banging Mac against the bedroom door the night before. Mac sitting on the bed and showing them how he could push out the white loads Dennis had sunk into him like it was some kind of ephemeral trophy. The pride in his grin and batted eyes.

"How's your ass?" Charlie asked his friend.

Mac grimaced, "Do you think Dennis will give me a free pass if I pretend I'm sick?"

"I don't know man."

"Have you washed?" Mac sounded hopeful.

Charlie moved to scratch his neck speckled with stubble, "Nah man, I hate it. It makes me feel gross. Besides, he's more into screwing you than me."

"That's because you don't wash though," Mac pointed out.

Charlie squinted at the floor and he sheepishly wandered over to where Mac was standing, wrapped his arms around the taller man. Mac grunted in surprise, but melted into the hug, a rarity offered by his friend. Charlie's heart swelled, and he kissed Mac, slow, stubble against stubble, irritable like his waning love for being in his situation. He couldn't help feeling guilty. The look on Mac's face whenever Mac saw Dennis... it was how Charlie felt when he saw The Waitress. On top of falling behind with his Charlie Work, the fooling around was going on longer than he expected. Started to feel like he was cheating. What he and The Waitress have, that's true love. You can't write off that kind of thing for a fling with your best buddies. That was Mac and Dennis' forte and Charlie got himself all wrapped up into it.

Charlie craned into the kiss, Mac breathing into his mouth, plump tongue probing along Charlie's lips and Charlie was about to pull away when they heard shouting beyond the closed office door. Mac gripped Charlie by his shirt and yanked him down beneath the desk.

Charlie hit his head on the edge as they went down and rolled into a ball, clutching himself and whispered hoarsely, "Dude why are we hiding?"

Mac brought his knees to his chest, both of them trying to contain their bodies in the smallest way possible in order to fit beneath the desk. He laughed, "I don't know."

The shouting subsided but Mac didn't make a move to get up. He rested his chin on his knees and Charlie caught eyes with him once he let his throbbing head ease against the air. It was pretty dark and maybe Charlie *had* stared a bit but soon he made out the shape of Mac's boner and thought on the night before again. How Mac had been showing off what he had taken, his ass puckered pink and swollen and Charlie had wanted to lick it clean.

Mac interrupted his thoughts by reaching up to grab the cushion off the desk chair and shoving it beneath his ass. Underneath the desk he felt small and safe and sheltered and somehow it made him frisky, too, so when Mac returned his gaze, Charlie flashed him a cheeky grin.

"It's sore," Mac explained.

Charlie nodded, "Want me to kiss it better?"

Mac bit his lip, "Um... yeah?"

Charlie leant forward and kissed Mac over his knees, threaded his hand between Mac's legs and palmed his clothed dick. Mac moaned into Charlie's mouth, sent shivers down Charlie's spine, made his hairs stand on end, sharp, warding off the invisible ghouls which cloak him. He brought his other hand up to Mac's knee and encouraged his friend to flatten his legs, and in the move, he hooked his thumb beneath Mac's pants and tugged at the fabric. Mac got the hint. Lifted his lap so Charlie could yank down Mac's pants. He was only able to get the pants halfway down Mac's thighs because his friend grabbed his hand and moved it back on his dick, the hard length tenting his boxers.

"Dude you gotta turn around," Charlie said.

Mac quipped his eyebrows, bit his lip. There wasn't much space beneath the desk. Mac crawled half out of underneath it, let the desk chair roll to the back wall and perched his knees on the cushion as he stood on all fours. Charlie, still shrouded by the darkness of the desk, wrangled down Mac's pants, boxers with them, until they were bunched around Mac's knees, which was good enough. He then smoothed a hand over the small of Mac's back, beneath the hem of his sleeveless shirt and drew a line with his forefinger down from Mac's tail bone to his crack.

When they were kids they'd never gone this far. Charlie had an inkling that Mac had wanted to. Helping each other with handies was all Charlie was prepared to do back then. Now, he'd done more things with Mac and Dennis than he thought was humanly possible. And yet his friends were still astounded at his willingness to shove his tongue in anything.

He hitched his knees either side of Mac's legs for some kind of balance as he leant in to kiss Mac's worn skin. He peeled apart his friend's ass cheeks and looked first. Charlie was used to seeing things in the dark. Most people it took seven minutes, even longer, to get used to seeing in the dark

but Charlie had been good at it since he was young. He wasn't checking for anything in particular. He knew Mac timed his washing ritual every day like some kind of neat freak. He just wanted to see the damage Dennis had dealt. But after a second of looking he didn't want to look anymore.

He pressed his lips gently against Mac's hole, dark pink in the dim light, felt Mac shudder beneath him from the gentle kiss, and the movement caused Charlie's eyelashes to flutter against Mac's ass cheeks.

"Charlie..." Mac groaned, a strangled noise though Charlie had barely begun.

He ran poked his tongue out of his mouth and run his tongue over the puckered skin, felt the heat and the clenching as he slowly probed his tongue into Mac's hole. He kept one hand splaying Mac's ass cheek and threaded the other between his legs, slide his bare arm across Mac's length until his fingers met the weeping tip. He smeared the precum there, pulled the murky liquid down Mac's foreskin, slowly because the opposing directions of movement were confusing him. He managed, somehow, in siphoning his tongue into Mac's tight hole and stroking his friend at the same time, slow twists of his tongue warming and soothing the torn skin, his hand corkscrewing Mac's throbbing cock sloppy and twitching.

"Charlie, oh my god—"

He bared his teeth, careful of the sharp edges striking against Mac's hole as he worked his tongue further into Mac's hole. He was fairly sure it wasn't very far. Dennis' dick could definitely reach a lot further than his small tongue could but Mac seemed to appreciate the feeling. Mac's dick wept in Charlie's hand and he felt Mac's ass clenching around his tongue, his hips bucking slightly, wary of Charlie's closed space beneath the desk, but pressing enough that it helped Charlie's tongue swivel around the caves in a more thrusting like motion. He pawed at Mac's ass cheek, the skin around his fingers going white and beneath, as pink as Mac's hole. He hastened his hand pumping as he felt his own dick swell in his jeans, at the feeling of being tongue deep in his friend, of Mac's slippery dick jerking in his palm, of the mewling Mac was making, the hushed grunts and muted whimpers and thirsty bucks of his hips.

Mac's thighs clenched around Charlie's hand between them, slammed the blood out and scissored Charlie's hand around Mac's dick as his friend blew his load all over the linoleum floor. Mac gasped and shuddered and wrangled his cum out of his slowly wilting dick, thighs still sandwiching Charlie and asshole clamping around Charlie's tongue. Charlie slid his tongue out with a loud, wet smack, rolled forward and hung over Mac and kind of rutted against Mac's wet ass as he came into his jeans shortly after. Clung to Mac's back, heaving and sweaty and ready to collapse.

The office door burst open, Frank and Dee piling through shouting at the top of their lungs about some kind of argument Charlie had filtered out as background noise while he licked his best friend's asshole. Instinctively he rolled back into the darkness beneath the desk, leaving Mac to scramble at pulling his boxers and pants back on. Luckily Frank and Dee were so wrapped up in their argument that they wouldn't have heard the noise Mac made when he rolled over onto his ace, wincing as he attempted to re-clothe himself. Except when Mac stood up, flustered, Charlie could still see that Mac hadn't zipped his fly up properly. Fabric from his boxers stuck out and Mac was sweaty and flushed and out of breath when he spoke.

"Don't you guys knock?!"

Dee jumped, "JESUS CHRIST I didn't know you were in here Mac!"

“Perfect!” Frank shouted, “Mac, you tell Dee—“

“Hold on a sec, what is that *smell*?!” Dee accused.

Heat riffled up Charlie’s body and he lurched a hand out to grab the cushion Mac had been using and thrust it against the dollop of sperm Mac had unloaded on the floor. The noise of the cushion flopping on the linoleum alerted his friends.

Dee stepped halfway around the desk and stopped, “Eugh! Were you—“

“It’s Frank’s chair!” Mac shouted, his voice cracked.

Charlie saw Mac’s boots move toward Dee and their voices sounded farther away as Mac was blaming the stink of the room on how many times Frank shits and farts in the office chair. That started up a whole other argument and Charlie tuned out of it, fell into the darkness made by the design of the desk. He was still rippling from cumming. Something about being in the dark got him a certain way. And he was only just recovering from the after sex when he heard the office door burst open *again*, this time it was Dennis arguing with Mac.

“No don’t go in there!”

“Why?” Dennis was saying.

“It stinks.”

“It always stinks, I just need to—“

“No shut up Frank,” Mac began.

Then Charlie heard the door shut again and he thought for a moment he had been left alone until he heard footsteps coming around the desk. The sound of sniffing, rats scuttling in the air vents.

“It does smell bad in here,” Dennis said to himself.

“Sorry man,” Charlie said as he crawled out of his spot, “I’ll clean it up now.”

Dennis jumped, not expecting Charlie to be there and, from the floor, Charlie looked up at his friend. In a moment, Dennis’ face went from sheer surprise to dark rage.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Charlie got to his feet and brushed off the dust from his clothes, readjusted his cock in his jeans while he was at it.

Before he could say anything, Dennis added, “I know that smell. Did you jerk off in here?”

Charlie turned to the filing cabinet and pulled out some random files and began to use the paper in them to wipe the cum stain off of the cushion and the floor.

“Yeah, I mean,” he tilted his head to one side, “Technically I jerked Mac off.”

Charlie flinched at the hissing noise Dennis made. He didn’t look up.

“New rule,” Dennis said relatively evenly, “If we’re going to have sex, we’re all going to be together to do it. Okay? None of this... two of you sneaking off. Got it?”

“Yeah dude, that’s cool with me,” Charlie said to the cushion, “Didn’t think it was a big deal. Wasn’t the contract meant to be an open relationship?”

“Only for me, Charlie. I can sleep with whoever I want, not you two,” Dennis growled, “You’re god damned *lucky* I’m not going to take you to court for this.”

Charlie squinted. Scrunched the cum soaked paper into a ball and shoved it in the waste basket.

“*Got* it, Charlie?”

“Yeah, dude, calm down.”

Dennis folded his arms, “Good. You missed a spot.”

The click of a light, the start of a scheme

Chapter Notes

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

Dennis.

A year passed and Charlie's obligation to do work on the apartment expired. Charlie hadn't stopped coming around straight after the date. Dennis was certain Charlie had forgotten about the contract in the first place. It was only when Frank threatened to move in with Dennis and Mac since Frank's housemate was over there more than half the time that Dennis had to put his foot down. Charlie had asked if they were breaking up with him. Dennis only meant that Charlie shouldn't come around as often as he had. Doesn't mean Dennis didn't want Charlie to attend to the odd jobs he'd asked Charlie to do. He only came along once in a blue moon. Meant Charlie missed out on a lot. It also meant Dennis banged Mac on the regular, with or without Charlie.

"He loves you dude," Charlie had said to him.

The bar had emptied out. Charlie was cleaning out the ice buckets. Mac was waiting for Dennis at home. Tied up. On edge. Dennis had no choice but to take a walk since Mac kept finding his own weakness and coming before Dennis allowed him to.

"What are you talking about Charlie?" Dennis said, taking a swig from his beer.

Charlie scooped out the ice and dumped it in a spare container as he spoke, "I mean, I know he loves me too but not in the same way he loves you."

Dennis kept drinking.

"And I love you guys too, don't get me wrong. I know we haven't done stuff in ages--"

"Me and Mac—"

"I'm talking about the three of us. What you guys have, the two of you? It's special. Like me and The Waitress special."

"Wait, let me get this straight. You think Mac loves *me* as much as you love that *bitch*?"

"Yeah," Charlie said, planting both hands on his hips.

"No way."

Dennis finished his bottle.

"Yeah man."

"Shit. I think you might be right Charlie."

"So you admit it?" Charlie grinned, "Fork over the \$200 asshole."

"No deal."

“Come on, a deal’s a deal Dennis!”

Dennis raised an eyebrow at him, “It *expired*. Move passed it.”

“Alright, new bet,” Charlie clapped his hands together, “I *bet* that I can get Mac to propose to me before you can.”

“Outrageous.”

“Long haul. Wealthiest possession at time of claiming is the prize. At this point, I’m going to be getting your Range Rover.”

“Wha- Psh!”

“You wanna bet or not?”

Dennis eyed his friend. This could be a trap. Charlie is practically setting himself up to lose. Charlie also hadn’t, and probably won’t ever have anything of value. But, who is he to resist a bet in his favour?

“Alright. You’re on.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I'd love to know what you have to say :)

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