"You're all drunk, aren't you? And tomorrow, there will be a massive freak out, and then I won't have my team."

The alien planet was cheery. Almost too cheery with its blue, cloudless sky, the song of birds in the air and all those happy, laughing natives running around in flimsy garments. It was enough to make John downright paranoid.

He clutched his P90 a little tighter, grimacing as one of the villagers stopped to stare at him in puzzlement. "Why do you not join us? It's Festival!" The capital letter was clearly audible. He glanced out of the corner of his eye at Teyla, who was clearly relaxed and amused at John.

"Colonel, we should join in the dancing. The Letitians are friends to the Athosians, and no harm will come to us here."

John shook his head. He trusted Teyla, but they'd been burned once too often for him to let his guard down like that. "You go ahead, Teyla. I don't dance, but you should take Ronon and Rodney."

At his name, Rodney looked up from his tablet. The frown on his face only got deeper as what John said penetrated. "What? No. I don't dance either." Ronon clapped one large hand on Rodney's shoulder and took the tablet away from him with the other. Handing over the computer to John,
Ronon pushed Rodney to the dancers, ignoring his protests, and John couldn't help but laugh.

Teyla grinned with him. "Are you sure that you will not join us, John? Festival is supposed to bring good luck." John shook his head and gestured for Teyla to go join Ronon and Rodney. She nodded, and ran off.

John found a shaded spot that gave him a good view of the dancers. Sitting down, he twisted his head, trying to get his neck to pop and release some of the tension that he couldn't seem to shake. Breathing out a sigh, he watched his team, amused beyond the telling of it.

Ronon had apparently taken it upon himself to teach Rodney the steps to the simple village dance. Rodney had two left feet, and kept tripping over them, only to have Ronon patiently catch him and demonstrate once again. Teyla was dancing with one of the young men of the village, moving slowly and gracefully.

He could admit to himself that he felt lonely, sitting by himself, but he couldn't bring himself to join the dancing. Instead, he focused on gradually forcing muscles to relax, even as setting his gun to one side, though still within reach. When he looked up again, he noticed the cups that his team was now holding, and he spared a thought to wonder what was in them. He didn't have to wonder long, because one of the scantily clad girls scampered up, handing him a wooden cup and then filling it from the bottle she also carried. "Are you sure you won't join us, Colonel John Sheppard of Atlantis?" When John shook his head, she laughed and ran off.

Sniffing at the cup in his hand, he recoiled at the smell of alcohol. He was tempted to take a small sip, but he had a sneaking suspicion that before too long, he was going to be the only member of the team still sober. Setting the cup down on the ground, he continued to watch.

The more alcohol Rodney drank, the more graceful he became. As John had long suspected that Rodney's klutziness was because he was too self-conscious, he wasn't really surprised. He was glad to see Rodney relaxing, though. Ronon said something that John couldn't hear, and clapped Rodney on the shoulder hard enough to stagger him, then turned and neatly cut between Teyla and the new man she was dancing with.

Watching Teyla and Ronon together was... well, it was seriously hot. They twined about each other with a sinuous grace that made even the other villagers sit up and take notice. Slowly, the other dancers began to drift away, leaving a circle of people watching the two of them. Even Rodney was watching with his mouth hanging open.

As the song drew to a close, Ronon tugged Teyla in and picked her up, kissing her on the cheek and spinning them both around. John watched as Ronon set Teyla back on her feet. She said something soft to him, and made her way over to the elders who were gathered together. He lost sight of her and frowned, but Ronon and Rodney were making their way over to John. John had to conceal a smile at the careful way that Rodney was walking. He was clearly toasted.

"Sheppard," Ronon said, nodding as Rodney folded himself over and sank to the ground next to John. He leaned his head on John's shoulder, and John let a happy shudder pass through him at the closeness. Letting Ronon and Teyla in on their... relationship had been one of Rodney's better ideas. It meant that there were at least two people with whom he didn't have to hide - three if you counted Rodney.

And Rodney definitely counted.

Teyla arrived to where they were gathered. The only sign that maybe she'd had a bit too much to drink were her pink cheeks, and the way that she smiled at him. "The elders have agreed that no
business is going to be discussed today. They suggest that we should return in the morning, though apparently not too early." Then Teyla giggled, and John upgraded how much alcohol she'd had to drink. "Unfortunately, they have no guest house, and it's really too far from the gate to return home tonight."

John sighed. "So it's a night in the jumper, huh?" Damn. He had been kind of looking forward to a drunk Rodney. Teyla giggled again and nodded. "C'mon, McKay. Time to go set up camp."

''Huh? What?'" Rodney startled. Ronon reached down and grabbed him by the vest, tugging him to his feet, and then held out one hand to John. Not being stupid, John took it and allowed Ronon to give him a hand getting up. Sitting on the hard ground for so long had put his ass to sleep, and he stomped his feet, trying to get feeling back into one numb cheek.

The four of them made their way through the dancing villagers and out of the small gathering. He'd parked the jumper at the top of the hill, a quick walk away. Or, well, it would have been a quick walk if Rodney was sober, but he was kind of drifting all over the path, and Ronon and John were having to keep taking turns nudging him back the correct direction. Even with that, they finally reached the jumper just as the sun was starting to set.

Glad that they'd eaten before the dancing had started, John decided to forego the fire tonight. Instead, he parked Rodney in the copilot's seat while he and Ronon got out the sleeping bags. The jumper was large enough that the four of them could lie down as long as no one decided to sprawl, and that meant that he could lock it up. He knew that not having someone on watch made Ronon's skin crawl, but it was better when they were cloaked, which he did with a thought.

Ronon grunted as the HUD flashed their cloaked status, acknowledging what John had done. Sleeping bags spread out; John sat on one of the benches to unlace his boots, and then went to help Rodney with his. He knelt at Rodney's feet, focusing on getting the boots off as quickly as possible, only to be startled by Rodney's hand under his chin, lifting his face. Before he could pull back or object, Rodney was kissing him, slow and sweet. He knew that not having someone on watch made Ronon's skin crawl, but it was better when they were cloaked, which he did with a thought.

Except that they weren't watching. Instead, Teyla had pretty much climbed Ronon like a tree and was kissing him. John felt his eyes bugging out a little before Rodney made a soft sound in his ear. ''Just relax, Colonel. Go with the flow."

John swallowed hard. He wasn't sure he liked where this was going. ''Uh, guys?'"

Teyla and Ronon broke their clinch, but that definitely wasn't any better, since they were looking at him. ''John, it is all right," Teyla said, flowing across the sea of blankets on the floor and sinking to her knees in front of him. ''Nothing will happen that will cause a problem with the team."

And damned if she hadn't hit the problem right on the head. This could screw up the team dynamics so badly. It was same fear he'd had when he'd started sleeping with Rodney, times, say, a million. But Teyla pulled him in so that their foreheads met, and he sighed softly, comforted. It didn't correct the problem, though. ''You're all drunk, aren't you? And tomorrow, there will be a massive freak out, and then I won't have my team."

''We're not that drunk, Sheppard," Ronon said. ''You can say no, but I don't think you're that big a fool." How had Ronon crossed the jumper without John noticing? He couldn't help looking up at Ronon, and then looking up even farther. Damn, the man was tall. Rodney's hands sliding down over his chest surprised him, and he turned back to his... friend, surprised that Rodney was going along with this.
"Not every day, John, but just this once? I'd have to be crazy to turn that down." Rodney's movements were overly careful, like he was still drunk, but his eyes were clear, and he looked as if he really meant it.

The three of him were staring at him, eyes wide as they waited for his answer. And he was many things, but he was neither a fool nor crazy. "Yes."

Rodney laughed, and Ronon reached down, pulling him to his feet. He was turned around so that he was facing Teyla, who'd also stood up, and pushed forward slightly. Teyla caught him as he took an unsteady step forward. Then her lips were on his, kissing him softly. His eyes fluttered shut, and he cautiously opened his mouth, licking along Teyla's lower lip. She opened to him right away, and the kiss deepened.

There were hands on hips, too large to be Teyla's and too forceful to be Rodney's, and a cock pressing into his back like a brand, and he groaned into Teyla's mouth. Vaguely, he could hear Rodney's chuckle, and then more hands, this time reaching between him and Teyla to undo the fastenings on his TAC vest. The kiss came to a sweet end, and he opened his eyes.

He grabbed Rodney's wrists and tugged his hands away. "Are you sure?" he asked once again, but he wasn't sure whom it was directed at.

"We are very sure, John," Teyla murmured, her hands busy with her own vest, sliding it off and placing it next to the pilot's chair. Rodney's vest swiftly joined it. Biting his lip uncertainly, John undid the rest of the fastenings and slid out of it. As usual, he could breathe a little easier with it off.

Ronon seemed to be determined not to give him a chance to over think this, because his hands were already tugging on his jacket, trying to pull it off. "Easy there, big guy. I'm not going to stop," he said, and that seemed to reassure Ronon, who turned his attention to his own clothes. It turned into a flurry of shed clothing as everyone started to strip. John wasn't sure where to look, as he wasn't used to seeing quite so much of Teyla and Ronon, but when he looked at Rodney, he was staring at them indiscriminately, first one, then the other.

For their parts, Teyla and Ronon were stripping matter of factly, like they did this sort of thing every day. John couldn't help hesitating over his boxers, but when even Rodney was completely naked, he ran out of excuses and slowly slid them off. Staring at the floor, he said, "So, how do you want to do this thing?"

He caught the corner of a look from Rodney, directed at Teyla, and then Rodney stepped forward, tugging John in for a tight hug. He whispered in John's ear, "John, it really is okay. Just relax and go with the flow. Who knows? You might even enjoy yourself!" John knew that there was no way that Ronon hadn't heard that, but it was still nice of Rodney to try to protect his dignity.

Having Rodney so close was having a predictable effect on his body, his cock slowly filling as he was pressed close. When one of Ronon's hands landed on his ass, he jumped a little, startled, but Rodney didn't let go, and he managed to take a deep breath. "I think we should put Sheppard in the middle," Ronon rumbled.

The very idea of being the focus of all that attention - of all three of them - made John groan involuntarily. Oh, hell, this was going to be intense. "I think that's a very good idea, Ronon," Rodney said softly into John's hair. "Do you want to fuck him?"

"Hey!" John exclaimed, a little offended that Rodney was so cavalierly offering up his ass like that, but Rodney quelled him with a look. Ronon's hand slid from his cheek, down his crack to tease at
his hole. "I think I'd like that, and I'd make it good for you, Sheppard."

John couldn't help the involuntary push back into Ronon's hand, trying to deepen the contact. "Uh, okay," he agreed, and went along with it when Rodney pressed down on his shoulders, pushing him down to his knees. Ronon slid to the floor behind him, and without asking, John continued down until he was lying on his side, pressed up tight against Ronon. The warmth of Ronon against his back was comforting, and Rodney slid to the floor in front of him, laying down facing him.

Rodney leaned in, kissing him as if he was the only thing in the world worth paying attention to. Even after all this time, he couldn't get used to it - the way that Rodney put everything he had into a kiss, opening himself up in ways that John only dimly understood. He was so focused on Rodney's lips and tongue that the firm touch of a slick finger to his hole made him jump. Ronon didn't hesitate, pressing into him slow and steady, and John groaned into the kiss. Ronon had some big fucking hands.

The hand on his cock was an even bigger surprise, especially since, from the size, it was Teyla's. His hips jerked forward, into her loose grip, and then back into Ronon's slow finger fucking. Pulling his mouth away from Rodney's, he gasped out, "More, please..." Ronon took him at his word, immediately sliding a second finger in to join the first. The pace was still slow and steady, driving John out of his mind.

He wasn't going to break, dammit. He needed to be fucked, right now. Lifting his head to demand just that, he was startled by Rodney's hand in his hair. It tightened, pulling painfully, but it grounded John, calmed him down. "Let him get you ready," Rodney insisted, and with his hand in his hair, and his mouth against John's, John decided not to argue. Ronon rewarded him by sliding his fingers even deeper, crooking them against John's prostate and pressing hard.

Finally, finally, Ronon pulled his fingers out of John's ass. Rodney moved back, letting go of John's hair, and Ronon grabbed one of his hips, pulling John over on his face and then lifting his hips. John's hands tangled in the sleeping bags laid out below him, and took a deep breath as Ronon's cock nudged up against him, then slowly pressed inside.

It was a good thing that Rodney had forced him to slow down, because, damn, Ronon was proportional. John kind of felt like he was gradually being split in half. He breathed through the burn, forcing his muscles to relax and let it happen. He could hear the low murmur of Rodney and Teyla, but he was more focused on the cock still making its way inside of him.

Just as Ronon finally bottomed out inside John, his balls slapping against John's ass, Teyla slid into place in front of him. Her legs were spread wide, and John could smell the salty-sweet smell of her pussy. She was so wet that John could see the moisture glistening on the slick folds. "Please, John," she said, her voice a husky whisper.

He wanted nothing more than to focus on the feeling of being fucked, but that wouldn't be fair to Teyla. Besides, it had been a long time since he'd gone down on a woman. He nodded, short and sharp, and buried his face in her heat.

Ronon was barely moving, allowing John to focus on Teyla for the moment. She tasted as good as she smelled, and John dragged his tongue up, over her opening, teasing at it a little bit with the tip of his tongue before he moved up a little and focused some attention on her clit. She moaned when he sucked lightly, trying to get a gauge of what she liked.

Then, as Ronon started to really move, he went to town, teasing her clit before darting his tongue down to tease more at her opening. Only when her hips were rocking and she was pulling on his hair, did he move back up. His hands pressed into her inner thighs, spreading her legs even wider,
and he slid two fingers into her as he dragged the tip of his tongue over her clit again and again.

It was hard to focus, as Ronon was fucking him with long slow strokes that touched all the good places inside. John couldn't stop the continuous moans that were breaking loose in his chest, and when Rodney reached under him to fondle his cock, he had to lift his face out of Teyla's pussy. "Don't."

"Don't?" Rodney repeated, sounding amused.

"I can't concentrate when you do that. This is hard enough without your hand on my dick." He dove back into Teyla's pussy, ignoring the chuckles from both Ronon and Rodney. He was going to make Teyla scream.

Teasing and tasting her, he licked her clit over and over again, alternating between the stiff point of his tongue, and licking wide, soft swaths. He tried to focus on the soft sounds that she was making, trying to figure out what really did it for her. At the same time, he fucked her gently with two fingers, curving them to press hard against her g-spot. That got him a loud gasp and even more wetness.

It was a good thing, because his concentration was rapidly being blown to pieces by the steady fucking he was receiving. He barely noticed Rodney lying down on the floor next to him, but he couldn't avoid the man's words. "Look so good like that, John, rocking between Ronon and Teyla. So fucking hot. You should see Ronon's face. He's starting to breath hard." And yeah, if John listened past the sounds of Teyla, he could hear Ronon panting like a bellows. "He's going to come so deep in your ass that you're going to be able to taste it, and then I'm going to fuck you, using his come as lube."

John made a high broken sound at that and shook, trying hard not to come yet. Just then, Teyla cried out, and her hole began to clench tight around John's fingers. He turned his attention back to making her orgasm last as long as possible, licking furiously and fucking her deep and fast. She cried out again, and he nursed her through her second orgasm in as many seconds.

He had to stop, though, and rest his forehead on her belly, because Ronon finally broke, slamming into John hard and fast. He was grunting with each thrust, practically lifting John off his knees. Desperate to come, John reached down for his cock, but Rodney pulled his hand away before he could wrap around it. He moaned, but let Rodney have his way. Just then, Ronon groaned, long and low, and John could feel the spreading warmth that meant that he'd come.

Frantic, John turned his head to look at Rodney. "Please. Oh, please. Need to come," he said, panting between each word. His balls felt like they were full of lead, they were so heavy, and his cock ached.

"I've got you," Rodney said, practically pushing Ronon out of the way. He went willingly, smiling at John as Rodney helped him roll over onto his back. His ass was on Rodney's thighs, and as Rodney slid into him, he closed his eyes. "Please, Rodney," he begged, no longer caring about dignity or anything else.

"Teyla," Rodney gasped out, his voice gone raggedy, as he thrust deep and hard.

"Yes," was all she said, but John didn't have a chance to wonder what she meant, because her mouth, so hot and tight and wet, was on his cock, and she was taking him deep in rhythm with Rodney's cock.

He couldn't hold out against the dual assault, and with what he would never admit was a scream, he
came hard, pumping his release down Teyla's throat. Rodney fucked him through his orgasm, through the aftershocks that made him shake, and then said, "Ready?"

John knew what he meant, and found the energy to nod. Rodney smiled at him, and then started to pound him hard. John couldn't come again that quickly, but it didn't matter. The intensity of being fucked like this was it's own reward.

Rodney made a sharp sound and froze, only his hips jerking frantically as he came hard. Knowing what was coming next, John braced himself as Rodney fell forward, pushing on his shoulder so that Rodney landed on one side of him. Blinking sweat out of his eyes, he glanced over at Teyla and Ronon, who were cuddled together and looking at him.

He had to clear his throat in order to speak. "You guys all right?"

"We are well, John," Teyla answered. "That was... most enjoyable."

Ronon grunted his agreement as he pushed himself to his feet. He went to the packs, pulled out a bottle of water, and then wet a cloth from one of the storage bins and handed it to John to clean up. John nodded his thanks, barely able to keep his eyes open, but there was one more person he needed to check with before he fell asleep.

He looked over at Rodney, half afraid of what he'd see on Rodney's face. He relaxed when the only thing there was affection and happiness. "Rodney?"

"That was really good. Sleep now, and we'll discuss it in the morning, okay?" Rodney said, and then yawned hugely.

"Yeah, that sounds like a plan." Settling himself better, he wrapped an arm around Rodney and closed his eyes. It really had been a lot of fun.

And he still had his team.

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