Monkey See, Monkey Do

by atc74writesSPN

Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.
Forty. Four-Zero. Where had the time gone? It seemed like just yesterday he was a carefree college student experimenting with women and men alike. How he had turned forty was beyond his comprehension of time. All he knew was he living life to the fullest and loving it.

He was in a committed relationship, for the first time in a long while, with not one, but two amazing and beautiful people. They had just celebrated one year together and Dean couldn’t be happier. He remembers a time when he lived to work. But now he was chasing the dream, not the money. He never thought he would give all that up for love. He thought about all the things he was willing to do for the people he loved.

Which is how he found himself in the front seat of Sam’s car wearing a blindfold, while Y/N sat in the back. The car had come to a stop and although he didn’t know where they were, Dean could already feel the bass of the music thumping through his body. With the blindfold covering his eyes and taking his sight, his other senses were on high alert. Dean didn’t used to like surprises, but he had found for the last year these two were always surprising him and making him fall in love more and more each day.

“You ready, baby?” Y/N asked from the back.

“I am more than ready for my birthday surprise,” Dean acknowledged.

Sam was the first out of the car, followed by Y/N and they met at Dean’s door. They shared a knowing smile and quick kiss before she opened the passenger door of Sam’s economical sedan.

Y/N reached in for Dean’s hand and carefully guided him from the vehicle, Sam closing and locking the doors as they walked. The music was getting louder with each step they took. Dean felt his hand in hers and Sam’s on the small of his back.

Carried on the rush of warm air, the music hit him full on. They must have entered a building, a club maybe? His mind was all over the place, his eyes shifting wildly under the scarf. He lifted his chin, lightly scenting the air, heady with leather and sweat. He was distracted by the music, the warmth, the smells, by the two people he loved most in this world. He was distracted by everything that surrounded him.

“Are we…?” Dean asked just as Sam removed the covering from his eyes. They were standing at the entrance to a club he had always wanted to go to, but wasn’t exactly sure how to ask. Monkey See, Monkey Do had popped up a few years back and was the first sex club in their little big city. “Are you guys serious?” His eyes were wide as he took in their surroundings.

The walls were dark, but it was impossible to tell what color they were with all the flashing, multicolored lights. The main area of the club was large and open, tables here and there and a good sized dance floor in the middle, packed with people. They were grinding, pumping and rubbing against one another while the music thumped from dozens of speakers around the room. Against the wall closest to the door was a long bar.

A petite woman approached the three of them. “Mr. Wesson? I’m Meredith. Welcome. Let me show you to your room.” She started walking and Sam followed.

“Come on, baby. I promise you’ll have a good time.” Y/N grabbed Dean’s hand and pulled him along as she followed Sam and Meredith.
They wound down a long hallway, turning left at the end. Three doors in, Meredith came to a stop. From the band on her wrist she produced a key and unlocked the room, pushing the door open and gestured for Sam, Y/N, and Dean to enter.

“This is yours for the night. There is a restroom off to the left with a shower and fresh towels. The phone here will connect direct to your personal concierge for the evening. If you require anything, and I mean anything, please don’t hesitate to ask,” she explained.

She handed Sam a remote. “This operates all the curtains around the room. There are three in total. The front opens to the main play area where you can watch. The other two are also booked private rooms for the evening. If you would like, there is a small slot to the right of the front window for requests. Just jot it down in the form and slide it through the slot. You are all stocked up. Happy birthday, Mr. Smith. Enjoy your evening,” she slipped out the door, it locking behind her.

“Are you guys kidding me?” Dean looked around the dimly lit room. The walls were dark here, too, with sconces on the walls, giving the room a certain ambiance. He seemed a bit distracted as he took in everything in the room, from the color to the lights to the furniture, all purposefully placed.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

A four post steel frame was mounted to the floor in the middle of the room and the bars ran around eight to ten feet high. A single large mattress resided between the posts and there was a caged area underneath. Dean walked slowly around the bed, inspecting the posts. Each had hooks and straps or chains hanging them. The mattress appeared to be vinyl but was soft to the touch. He noticed a sex swing a few feet from the bed and what looked like stockades.

“Is this what I think it is?” Dean’s eyes blew wide as he took in the heavy piece of wood and leather furniture.

“We know it’s one of your fantasies,” Y/N told him as she came to a stop next to him. “You wanna give it a try? We wanted to do something unforgettable for you for your birthday.”

“Hell yes!” He agreed. “Un-unless you’re not okay with it.”

Dean was always considerate in the bedroom, even when he was rough and demanding. “Dean, baby, I wouldn’t be here if I wasn’t. This is for you. Sam and I are here for you and anything you want.”

Sam joined them with three glasses of champagne. He handed one to Y/N, the other to Dean. “To you, Dean. I never thought I’d settle down in one place, let alone with one person. You have opened my eyes and made me a better man, a better boyfriend, a better lover. You have given yourself to us wholly, selflessly, and without doubt. We love you. Happy birthday.”

The three lovers clinked glasses and enjoyed the bubbly sweetness of the champagne as it tickled their throats.

“Happy birthday, baby,” Y/N whispered. She stood on her tiptoes and placed her hand on the back of his neck, pulling him down to her. She pressed her lips sweetly to his. Her body fit into him, her nipples hardening against the fabric of her dress as she felt his heat radiate into her. Dean’s lips glided across hers effortlessly and he licked at her seam, inching his wet tongue inside to dance with hers. Sam took their glasses back, setting them aside, admiring them for a moment before he loudly cleared his throat.
“Do I get to kiss the birthday boy, too?” Sam moved in and Y/N stepped to the side. She picked up her glass and finished the bubbly as her two boyfriends made out in front of her. Sam, the more dominant of the two, took control, settling his hands on Dean’s face, moving him where he wanted him as he kissed the breath from him.

Y/N had never been accused of being a prude by any means and watching the two of them together ignited a fire deep within her. She felt her panties dampening with each swipe of their tongues against the others. She slowly pulled the tie on her black wrap dress, letting the front fall open. With its plunging neckline, she had little on underneath and she took advantage of nothing getting in the way of her hands as she moved them up her body. She took a breast in each hand, massaging them before plucking at her nipples, which pebbled under her touch.

She brought her fingers to her lips, licking them before returning to her task, rubbing her spit over the hardened peaks. Sam and Dean were both panting heavily as Sam had moved lower, mouthing over Dean’s chiseled jaw. Dean’s mouth dropped open and a breathy moan left him. His fingers were digging into the muscle of Sam’s back.

“Oh, starting without us?” Dean’s asked when he noticed what Y/N was doing, slightly out of breath.

“Well, you boys seemed to be headed that direction anyway, just thought I’d give myself a head start,” she smiled, still toying with her nipples.

Sam moved behind Dean, pushing him toward Y/N. He took Dean by the wrists, lifting his arms and guiding them to her. “You know she loves it when you suck her pretty little tits.”

Dean wasted no time, grabbing one breast, before taking the dusky nipple of the other and sucking it into his mouth. She moaned, loving the way he used his tongue on her. She grabbed him by the back of his head, pressing his face further into her. He released her nipple with one lasts suckle, pressing the length of his body against her and his erection into her stomach.

“Strip for us baby,” she cooed. He immediately pulled back and removed his clothing.

She had known it would be easy to get him worked up, bringing him where he could live out his fantasies. They had just barely started and already he was at their beck and call.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

Dean stood before them in nothing but his boxers. He was eyeing Y/N, the front of her dress wide open and still twisting her nipples while she stared at him. Sam stood bare behind him, having removed his own clothes.

“Y/N, you gotta catch up, babe,” Sam chuckled, pressing himself against Dean’s backside. He slid his large hands inside the front of Dean’s black boxers, wrapping one hand around Dean’s length and pushing the undergarments down his thick thighs with the other hand. A filthy moan left Dean’s mouth as Sam starting stroking him, his head falling back to Sam’s shoulder.

Y/N slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders, letting the fabric pool around her heeled feet. She stepped over the dress and placed her hand against Dean’s hard cock right along with Sam’s. The moans continued filtering out of his mouth as they played with his length.

Y/N pulled away and led both her men to the stockade. “Baby, we’re gonna make you feel so good,” she whispered in his ear. “I’ll go first. You ready?” Dean nodded excitedly.

Y/N stepped behind the wooden piece until the cushioned waist rest was pressing against her hips. She bent her upper body in half and placed her head and hands in the slots. Sam bent to kiss her quickly before lowering the top down on her. There were no locks to secure, only simple pins that were inserted into the holes on either side. “You okay?” Sam checked with her. She moved her hands and gave two thumbs up.

“Dean, you go here, babe, okay?” Sam moved Dean to the front. His hard and leaking cock was just inches from her already watering mouth. “She’s all yours, man.”

Dean looked her in the eye for confirmation before taking a couple small steps forward. He held his dick in one hand and her face with the other. He rubbed his tip against her lips and she opened like he had uttered the magic words. For her though, there were no magic words, just Dean and Sam and all they brought her.

Sam stood behind her, admiring the curve of her hips, the swell of her ass. He raised up one hand and brought it down swiftly on the meaty flesh of her right cheek. She let out a small yelp, more out of surprise, than pain. What turned Sam on the most was the moan she released when he did it again,
She gave Dean as much of her attention as she could while Sam smacked her ass. Her tongue flicked out over his tip, gathering the precum and swallowing it down. Dean’s taste was slightly salty but mostly sweet from all the health foods he ate, especially since she was encouraging him to eat more fruits, like pineapple, of late. As Sam’s hand collided with her backside again, she moaned with the tip of Dean’s cock between her lips, the vibrations moving through him and a groan left his mouth. He gripped her hair and pushed forward. He stopped when he felt himself hit the back of her throat, resting his cock there, while she held it with her mouth.

God, he would never get enough of this. Of her. Of Sam. Of them. They were a cohesive unit, moving in sync with each other in their daily lives and even more so in their nightly ones. Dean had never met anyone like Y/N and Sam before and wanted to give himself over to them fully.

Sam had ceased his assault on her ass, and was now soothing lotion over the red skin. Y/N looked up at him, her eyes soft, watering slightly at the corners. Dean reached up and wiped away the single drop of wetness that had managed to escape. He cupped her cheeks with his hands. “You ready?” She blinked once and he pulled out before pushing back in.

She opened wide and took everything he gave her. It didn’t take long for him to find his rhythm as he fucked her mouth. “Oh Christ, Y/N, baby, I’m-I’m not gonna last. Your fucking mouth is so sweet.” He picked up his pace before his hips started to falter. “FUCK Y/N! Baby, I’m-I’m coming!” She started swallowing as the ropes of hot cum hit the back of her throat. She didn’t stop until Dean pulled his softening cock from her mouth.

Sam stepped up and pulled the pins, lifting the bar and releasing Y/N from her wooden prison. He handed her and Dean each a bottle of water, letting them collect themselves. Sam was so hard it hurt. He could wait though. Tonight was about Dean.

He stepped up in front of Dean where he had collapsed on the nearest stool. “You ready for more, babe?” Dean nodded and Sam pulled him to his feet, wrapping his arms around him.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

“We know how much you love to see Y/N all tied up, but now it’s your turn. This is your fantasy, so this is all for you,” Sam led Dean to the stockade, making sure he was comfortable before bringing the bar down and securing the pins in place. “I love you.” Sam crouched and guided Dean’s feet into the holes of the ankle stock, keeping his legs spread.

“I love you both, so much. If I forget later, I had a really great time tonight, so thank you,” Dean grinned at both his lovers and waited for their touch.

They circled him, soft touches here and there. Y/N came to a stop in front of him, his face just inches from her pussy. She could see him straining his neck against the wood and leather, his tongue darting out, trying to taste her. She stepped closer, grasping the top to hold on. She tilted her hips forward, just close enough for the tip of his tongue to graze the black lace panties she wore.

“Closer, baby. I need to taste you. Take off those panties. Please,” Dean pleaded with her.

She stepped back and felt a strong pair of hands on her hips, sliding the lace down just enough to give Dean a glimpse of the top of her mound. “This what you want, Dean? You want her sweet pussy?”

“Yes, gimme the pussy, please,” Dean responded, swallowing thickly.

“Sam, don’t tease our boy,” Y/N giggled, wiggling her hips as Sam pushed the fabric all the way down. She stepped out of them, the resumed her position in front of Dean’s waiting, watering mouth. “It is his birthday, after all. Shouldn’t he get what he wants?”

“Yes! It is my birthday! And I want that!” He pointed with one finger toward Y/N’s dripping pussy. He could see the shimmer of wetness on the insides of her thighs as she stepped closer, tilting her hips once more.

Dean’s tongue connected with her wet folds and he moaned in satisfaction as he lapped up her wetness. He couldn’t get in as far as he would like, but he would have to make do. He flicked the tip of his tongue over her clit a few times and could see her hips moving closer and closer. She was so close, he could almost wrap his lips around her clit, until she pulled away.
She crouched down in front of him, her legs spread, giving him the perfect birds-eye view of her pussy. She reached down, gathered her own slick on her fingers, then brought them up to Dean’s mouth. “Baby, wanna taste me?” She pressed them against his lips and he opened, sucking them greedily into his mouth. He licked them clean until his mouth fell open with a yelp.

Sam was behind him, his hand swinging up and and back down again on the flesh of Dean’s ass. He grabbed both firm globes with his hands, kneading the now pink flesh before bending his body over Dean’s, taking advantage of their height difference.

He pressed open mouthed kisses down Dean’s back as his hands continued to massage his cheeks. He moved lower and replaced his hands with his mouth, kissing the hand prints he had left there.

A cap flipped somewhere behind Dean, but without being able to see anything besides Y/N in front of him, he had to go on his sense of touch and hearing alone.

He could feel something cold against his hole. He knew it was Sam with lubed fingers and he instinctively pushed back, but was held in place by the headpiece. “Please, Sam.”

“We’ve got time, Dean. I don’t want to hurt you, babe,” Sam’s voice soothed over his needy skin, eager for more of Sam’s touch.

Y/N still crouched before him, her fingers lazily dipping into her soaked hole and giving Dean the occasional taste of her. His eyes lingered on her face for a moment, before returning to where her greedy cunt sucked in her slender digits.

“Oh God yes!” Dean moaned loudly as Sam breached his hole with one thick finger. The lube eased his movement and he fucked Dean with just one finger. “Please, Sam, more. I want to feel you. Need to feel you.”

“Shhhh, babe, it’s okay,” Sam cooed gently as he continued. He knew what Dean really wanted and was determined to give it to him. He added a second finger and he felt Dean’s body relax as the pleasure started to run through his veins. “You’re taking my fingers so good.”

Dean keened at the praise his lover gave. He wanted nothing more than to fuck himself on Sam’s fingers right now, but seeing as he couldn’t move, he would have to be patient and wait for Sam to give him what he really wanted. That didn’t mean he wouldn’t ask for it.

“Sam-God, Sammy please,” Dean prayed. “I just-I need you. I can’t wait anymore.”

Sam pulled his fingers from Dean’s hole, admiring the way it flexed and opened back up under his gaze. He squeezed more lube into his hand, slicking his long, thick cock. He gripped Dean’s hip with one hand, and guided the tip of his cock with the other. With what little patience he had left, he slowly pressed the tip against Dean’s asshole.

A ragged sigh left Dean’s lips as he felt the pressure. He moved his hips back what little he could, opening himself up for Sam. Sam pushed forward, until his head breached the tight ring of muscle. That’s as far as he went. He didn’t know if he was teasing Dean or himself at this point. All he wanted was to be buried balls deep in his boyfriend, while their girl watched. He met her gaze as he pushed and pulled the first inch of his dick in and out of Dean’s tight ass.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

Y/N rose from her position in front of Dean, her juices still dripping down her thighs. She walked to the door, picking up the remote left near there. She pressed a button, the curtains at the front of the room opening and bathing the room in pale light. A scene was in full swing and Y/N found herself transfixed on the players.

A woman was suspended in mid-air, her ankles and wrists both bound and secured at the top of a large wooden beam. Her head hung down as one man throat fucked her and another pounded into her pussy. Y/N tore her eyes away from the threesome as as she noticed there were other players in the room and multiple scenes being played out.

There was a man on a bondage table, his hands and ankles strapped down. He was wearing a ball gag and a cock cage. A woman, dressed head to toe in leather, hit him with a flogger as he shook on the table. Whether it was from pleasure or pain, Y/N wasn’t sure.

She turned back to her lovers, but they weren’t watching the scene. Dean’s eyes were on her, while Sam’s were on where the tip of his cock was still teasing Dean’s ass.

Y/N walked back over to the pair. She noticed Sam sweating as he tried to restrain himself. Dean was shaking with pleasure, but not enough. He needed more. He craved more and they were going to give it to him. She slipped her heels off and knelt before the birthday boy. His tip was leaking and angry red.

“Shhh, baby. I know, it’s okay. We’re gonna make you feel good. You know how much I love your cock in my mouth. You want your cock in my mouth?” She asked, pressing her lips to his, tasting him.

“I want to eat your pussy. I want Sam to fuck me so hard I drown in your fucking beautiful pussy,” Dean professed. She stood and made eye contact with Sam, giving him a small nod.

Sam reluctantly pulled himself from Dean’s tight ass and helped him step out of the ankle stocks. Y/N pulled the pins and released his head and arms. They lead Dean over to the bed and laid down, Y/N in the middle and Dean over the top of her, his arms around her waist. She massaged his neck as Sam retrieved their drinks from the bar.
“How you doing, Dean?” Sam asked, returning to the bed, handing them each a fresh glass of champagne.

“I am fucking great. This is the best birthday ever,” Dean sighed under Y/N’s touch. “Thank you both for giving this to me.”

“You’ve given us so much, we are more than happy to give back to you.” Sam toasted and they finished their glasses.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

“Now, you said something about eating my pussy? It’s your birthday Dean, and I have no problem helping you with your oral fixation.” She laid back, both her arms above her head and spread her legs for him, putting her pussy on display for both of them.

“Dean, if you don’t take that right now, I will,” Sam pushed him from behind, playfully biting his shoulder. “Besides, I can’t wait to get back in that fine ass.”

“I got no argument,” Dean murmured as he pulled Y/N down to meet his face. He dived in, devouring her. His tongue licked her bottom to top, back down and up and over. Her legs started trembling with ecstasy as he quickly drove her to her peak.

While Dean was buried nose deep in Y/N’s pretty little cunt, Sam buried himself balls deep in Dean’s ass. With the prep he had already done, minimal lube was required and Sam slid home, groaning as Dean’s warmth enveloped him.

Dean’s body slid further up the bed with each hard thrust Sam delivered. With each inch, he pressed further into Y/N’s pussy. His tongue fucked in and out of her hole, while his nose bumped her clit over and over. It wasn’t long before she screamed his name and came, her juices covering his nose, lips and chin.

“Sam, faster, please,” Dean urged. He gripped Y/N’s hips, pulling her under him. She wrapped her legs around his waist as another thrust from Sam pushed Dean’s leaking cock into her dripping cunt. Thrust after thrust, Sam fucked Dean and Dean fucked Y/N.

“Dean, I’m g-gonna come,” Sam grunted, sweat dripping off his face and falling onto Dean’s back.

“Do it, Sam. Come for me,” Dean encouraged his lover. He looked down into Y/N’s eyes. “Come for us.”

Over the music, their hearts beating in their chests and the blood rushing through their veins, a chorus of groans, shouts and screams never left the privacy of their little playroom.

Sam came first, stilling his movements as he emptied himself inside Dean’s ass. Dean took over
moving between them, railing into Y/N and she came with their names on her lips, clenching her walls around Dean and pulling him to his own end as he spilled inside of her. The three lovers collapsed beside each other, content to doze in each other’s arms.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

Y/N stirred, a happy sigh leaving her pouty mouth. She turned, looking for the warmth that usually encompassed her, only to be met with coldness on either side. She blinked her eyes open slowly, seeing the bed and remembering the playtime she had shared with Sam and Dean. Her clit throbbed as she played back the memories in her mind.

“Hey, baby, you awake?” Dean whispered in her ear, his hot breath fanning over the outer shell, causing goosebumps to break out over her otherwise smooth and soft skin.

“Hmmm yes, I’m awake. What do you want next for your birthday?” Y/N turned her head, meeting her mouth with his. She lifted her hands to hold his face and it was only then that she noticed the padded leather cuffs on her wrists. She pulled on them, testing their limits. Deep within her core, the fire started crackling to life.

“On your back.” The command Dean gave was firm and she followed it, rolling herself over, her nude body on display for her lovers.

Dean hooked the straps hanging from the post of the bed to the leather cuffs and she felt her arms raising above her head, still against the mattress. She looked to either side as they reached their limit and mewed, sounding somewhere between content and desperate. She felt a similar sensation against her ankles and legs, realizing that her legs were completely restrained suspended and she was exposed to them. The fire inside her intensified and she felt her pussy leak arousal over the vinyl mattress at just the thought of what Dean was going to do to her and how Sam would help him. She felt Dean lift her head and slip a small pillow under it.

“Now, you have nowhere to go, Y/N. No way to escape what I am going to do to you. Sorry, what we are going to do to you,” he chuckled, looking from her to Sam, who was still securing her ankle restraints. “Now, I suggest you be a good girl and just lay there while we have our way with you.”

“Yes, sir,” she responded, slipping into her sub space. She knew this game with Sam. They were both dominant personalities, but she had bowed to Sam several times. Dean was their compliant submissive. But they also knew it was a fantasy of his to dominate them both and they agreed ahead of time that they were willing to give him whatever he needed.
Dean reached down, running a finger over her smooth skin, trailing it from her smooth cheek, down her neck, and over her clavicle until he reached the swell of her breast. He plucked at her nipple, twisting, pulling, flicking his dull fingernail over the pebbled peak. He played with it until it was swollen and red. Only then did he move to the other breast and repeat the process.

She could feel her orgasm approaching, that fire growing rapidly in belly. “Dean, I’m—I want—please…”

Dean knew her limits, they had discussed them at length. He knew she enjoyed a certain amount of pain that accompanied their play time and he attached the straps behind her head, placing the o-ring inside her mouth, keeping it wide open for their play. After the ring was successfully in place, he pulled the chains taut. “You ready for this?”

She nodded her agreement and Dean moved to put the nipple clamps in place. He squeezed the handles and positioned them over her swollen peaks. “Ahhhh!” She couldn’t speak, but the sounds she made were enough to tell him she liked the pained pleasure.

“Now, I got you something special, sweetheart. Something that is going to make you look so good, all split open for us.” Dean smirked down at her.

She felt the mattress dip slightly between her raised legs and she could see Sam kneeling between them. She looked him in the eye and the smile he gave her let her know she was going to enjoy this as much as they would. The sound of a motor turning on got her attention. She and Sam had planned this night as a surprise for Dean, but it looks like Sam and Dean had gotten her a little something, too.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

Without warning, she felt a thickness pressing against her cunt. She took a breath through the ring in her mouth and then the foreign object was pushing in. She knew it wasn’t either of her lovers, but a toy. She looked back at Sam as he made a few adjustments, then the fake cock was thrusting into her.

“Sam, come here please,” Dean commanded. Y/N felt the change under her as Sam left the foot of the bed and stood next to Dean. “You want her, Sammy? You want her to swallow your huge cock?”

“Yes, sir,” Sam agreed. “May I please, sir? May I have her mouth?”

“Yes, Sam. You deserve a reward.” Dean kissed him. “Go fuck that pretty mouth.”

Y/N felt the saliva building as she thought of Sam’s dick in her mouth. She wanted it, she craved it and Dean knew it. Sam knew it, too.

“Open that mouth for him. Oh wait, it already is!” Dean laughed as Sam climbed in the bed with you. “You’re our little cock slut, aren’t you, Y/N? You want nothing more than to be filled with our thick cocks?”

She nodded, nonsense sounds coming from her open mouth. Sam straddled her chest, one hand guiding his hard cock to her perfect little o shaped mouth. He slowly slid his tip through the opening, letting his cock slide over her tongue. He pulled out and pushed back in, coating his cock in her spit. Once she had lubricated him enough, he lifted up on his legs and braced his hands besides her head and started fucking her willing mouth.

Dean admired the two of them, knowing how lucky he was that they were his. He slid under Y/N’s open and suspended legs. Her drenched pussy was being stretched open by the dildo fucking her. He could see her slick covering the toy and running down her crack.

Dean ran a single digit around the edge of her back door, gathering her juices. He brought the digit up to his own mouth and licked at it, like it was a delicacy made just for him. He repeated the process, wanting to taste as much as he could. He twirled his finger around, pressing in a little.
“Look at this tight little ass hole,” Dean marveled as he circled it. “I bet you’re going to take my cock so good in this pretty little hole, aren’t you, Y/N? You want my giant cock to split you open from behind?”

He didn’t expect an answer with her mouth full of Sam’s dick, but he saw her reaction when she puckered her hole and more of her sweet juice flowed from her sodden cunt when the dildo pushed in. “This ass belongs to me, Y/N. This is my ass to fuck as I want, when I want and however I want.”

He could hear the grunts Sam was making in front of him, the gasps of breath from Y/N each time he pulled out, the mewls she tried to make. With Sam in her mouth and Dean’s fingers in her ass, along with the fucking machine, he wanted to hear her. “Sam, remove the ring.”

Sam pulled his cock from her mouth before removing the straps from around her head. Once she was able to, she stretched her jaw a bit before speaking. “Sir, my ass is yours to use as you wish. I am your plaything, here for your using.”

“Fucking right it is and I am going to fuck it good and hard and you’ll love it. You’ll be begging me to fuck your ass every minute of every day because you are a fucking slut for my cock,” Dean boasted. “You’ll spend the rest of your life being stretched from my cock in your ass.”

“I want your cock, sir,” she pleaded.

“Well, right now, I’m busy with your perfect fucking ass. Suck Sam’s cock,” Dean ordered.

Sam returned to his position and groaned as he pushed back into the wet heat of her mouth. “Sweetheart, you take Sammy’s huge cock so good. We’re filling up all your holes and you’re taking it so good, like the good little slut you are.”

Dean could hear them both as he talked to her, causing his own erection to become painfully hard. He had been ignoring it for the last hour while he and Sam played with Y/N. He turned off the machine and removed the silicone toy from Y/N. He moved it to the side and took its place between her spread legs. He licked up her folds, loving how she tastes. He moaned, pressing into her, causing the vibrations to run through her. Her hips jerked of their own accord, grinding into his face.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

Dean took his time with her. Using her own slick as lubrication, he pressed his finger inside her tight asshole, prepping it for what he really wanted later. He put more pressure against it and pushed his way inside, thrusting in and out. She was so fucking wet he didn’t even need lube as he added a finger.

“Dean, please, please, I need you,” she pleaded, her mouth free for a moment.

“What do you want, baby?” Dean prompted her as he continued finger fucking her ass.

“I want you. I want Sam. I want you both,” she cried. “Please.”

“Eager aren’t we?” Dean tsked. He knew he was pushing the limits of her sub role play. Hell, he was pushing his own limits of the dominant personality he enjoyed playing once or twice a year. After so many years running sales teams, he usually enjoyed not being in charge of everything in bed all the time.

“Yes! Oh God, I want you both so bad,” she whimpered. “Please someone fuck me!”

“Sam, that’s enough for now,” Dean told him and Sam unfolded himself from her chest. “Please release her.” Dean removed his fingers from her, hearing her moan at the empty feeling as he did.

Sam quickly unhooked the restraints, releasing Y/N. “What now, sir? Would you like me to please you?”

“No, no. I think I’m done here, Sammy. I need you. Come here, please,” Dean murmured and slid to the edge of the bed, Sam standing before him and Dean reached for him. “I want to taste you.”

“Dean, this night is all about you,” Sam stopped him.

“And while I appreciate everything you have done, this is what I want. I love that you both are willing to do this for me. But what I love most is the pleasure we give each other, not just want you give me,” Dean explained. “Please, Sam, let me suck your cock.”

“As you wish. You know I love it when you beg for my cock. Suck,” Sam commanded and Dean
leaned forward, wrapping his lips around Sam’s thick length.

Y/N came to stop next to them, dropping to her knees. She joined Dean in sucking Sam off, their tongues tangling along his hard shaft. She dropped her head a bit and licked at his sack. Dean hollowed his cheeks and applied the perfect amount of suction as he pulled back.

The only sounds filling their room was the wet slip and slide of Sam’s cock in Dean and Y/N’s mouth and the moans falling from Sam’s lips. He knew he wanted more and stopped Dean before he took him farther, squeezing the base of his cock.

“Turn on all the lights and open both curtains, Y/N,” Sam told her. She scrambled to her feet and pressed the correct buttons on the remote. The curtains on either side of the room opened and revealed the two other rooms.

On one side, there was a couple in a sex swing. The woman’s mouth wide open as he pounded into her. On the other side of the room, there was a room of scantily clad performers that Y/N recognized from before in the main play stage. They were seated all over the room, about six or seven of them. She gave them a quick wink and returned to the bed to join her boyfriends.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Dean Smith is in a committed relationship with his two best friends. They give him all he could ever want. But sometimes, he wants a little more than he knows how to ask for. His two lovers surprise him with a night out for his 40th birthday, bringing his fantasies to life.

Chapter Notes

All play is consensual in this established poly relationship.

“Both of you on the bed now,” Sam ordered and they scrambled to comply. “I need to fuck that sweet pussy. I have been dying to be buried inside you all night, Y/N.”

“I have been dying to get to have both of you,” she admitted. “I want you both to fuck me. Dean, you want this tight little ass you’ve been fingering?”

“Fuck yes!” Dean enthusiastically agreed. He crawled over her on the bed and crashed his mouth to hers.

Sam took a seat at the edge of the vinyl covered mattress and beckoned Y/N. “Come sit on my cock.”

“With great pleasure, Sam,” she responded and crawled to him. She straddled both his hips and slowly lowered herself onto his hard dick, closing her eyes. Even having been fucked earlier by Dean and the dildo, nothing ever prepared her for the size of Sam. She settled herself and they both took deep breaths as she adjusted to him. She opened her eyes to see the room across from her watching them.

Dean stood behind them, lubing his dick as he watched his girlfriend sit there with his boyfriend’s cock buried in her perfect pussy. “Get ready.” He stepped forward, pushing her down, until her chest was flush with Sam’s.

Sam reached around and spread her cheeks apart, giving Dean the perfect view as he guided his slicked up cock to her ass. He pressed the tip against her hole slowly, pushing forward until he slipped past her opening. He kept pressing until his balls were resting against Sam’s.

“Somebody fucking move!” she cried, the feeling of being full overwhelming her.

Dean pulled out first then pushed back in, watching closely as her ass swallowed his cock whole. As he pushed in, Sam pulled out. They created a rhythm that soon had Y/N screaming her first release as that fire burst into flames inside her.

“Oh fucking Christ, Y/N!” Dean shouted from behind her. “God, you’re so fucking tight! I ain’t
gonna last, baby!”

“Dean! Sam!” she cried both their names. She was in a constant state of being on the edge, too close to the flame that was begging to consume her.

Dean looked up from where his cock was disappearing in her ass and saw the room of people watching them. He had never had sex in public before, always thinking of it as too risky. Even so, he had always loved the idea. But now, while he and Sam fucked her for all they were worth, he knew why people did it. The thrill, the excitement of someone watching them, was getting him off sooner than he hoped. Some of them were touching themselves, some of them were touching each other.

This was something he could get used to. He loved to make Sam and Y/N feel good. And now he was making complete strangers feel good by fucking the people he loved.

“Oh God!” Sam shouted a warning. “I’m-I’m-oh God!”

Dean continued fucking Y/N as his momentum carried her through to another orgasm as she helped Sam ride out his own. Dean gripped her hips painfully tight, his fingertips turning white as he picked up the pace. His hip bones slapped her ass with a loud smack each time.

“Fuck!” Dean howled as he finally reached his end. He pulled her hips to him as hard as he could as he emptied his third load of the evening into her.

Sweaty and out of breath, the lovers fell into the bed together. After a few moments of regaining their breath, Sam turned his head.

“So is turning forty everything you thought it would be?” he asked Dean.

“Turning forty has so far exceeded my wildest dreams. I am so grateful and probably the luckiest bastard alive to have the two of you,” Dean admitted, before bringing them both in close for many more kisses.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!