**Under My Skin**

**Summary**

It's been three years since Juice and Olivia escaped Charming, and now they're living in Vermont under the safety of the Federal Witness Protection Program. Life's all neighborhood game nights and canapés until the day Chibs Telford knocks on their door.

Sequel to Come With Me Tonight. It's listed as Part 3, but Part 2 is a series of one shots, supplemental to Part 1, and it's absolutely not necessary to read those before this. :)
Turn Me On

Chapter Notes

Haha. Yeah. What is this? Your guess is as good as mine.

For those of you who might be interested, you can read a character profile of Olivia [here](#). It's obviously pre-*Come With Me Tonight*, but it'll give you a jumping-off point if you don't feel like wading through almost 300k words.

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you turn me on
you drive me crazy
when you whisper to me
you know i'd love to, baby,
        eat you up until you're gone
you turn me on
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Bob Schneider, "You Turn Me On"

She was laughing when she opened the door, but the laughter died the second she saw him. Her spring green eyes went huge and round, and her skin paled beneath her freckles before bright red flared on her cheeks.

“Motherfuck goddamn what the ever-loving fuck!” she hissed.

He lifted a brow and his mouth twisted in a smile. “Good to see Vermont hasn’t cured you of that foul mouth.”

A cheery voice sounded from deeper in the house: “Sadie, sweetheart, is that Hannah? Tell her—oh! You’re not Hannah.”

The perfectly-coifed blonde offered a cheerful smile that Chibs couldn’t help but return. “Aye, lass, you’ve got that right. No Hannah here.”

“Well isn’t that accent just delightful! Sadie, are you going to introduce us?”

“Sure. Lisa. Um, this is…this is my…uncle. Uncle—Merle. Good ol’ Uncle Merle. From Scotland. Obviously. Wow, Uncle Merle, *Hal* will be so surprised to see you. Since you didn’t come to the wedding and all.”

“Scotland’s such a long way, Sadie,” Lisa said with a moue. “I’m sure he *wanted* to come. Didn’t you, Merle?”

“My dear Miss Lisa, had I but known Vermont had such a stunning vision as you to beckon me hither, I would have dropped all my business across the pond and jetted this way forthwith.”

“Ohh!” Lisa said with a blush and a titter. “My goodness!”

Olivia rolled her eyes at him, and he winked. “Come on in, Uncle. Hal’s in the kitchen. I know he’s just dying to see you.” She offered Lisa a bright, charming smile. “Could you go tell the others we’ll
be along shortly? Need to catch up a minute.”

“Don’t you worry, honey! We’ll be on our way. Pictionary can wait until next week. Family first, that’s what I always say!”

“Beautiful and wise,” Chibs said. “Be still my heart.”

_Enough_, Olivia mouthed at him.

Lisa giggled, oblivious to the pantomime going on behind her. “Sadie, your uncle is a _rascal_!”

“That’s him. Rascally Uncle Merle.” She grabbed his arm and dragged him toward the kitchen. “You’ll see everyone out, Lis?”

“Of course! Go be with your _adorable_ uncle!”

Juice was at the sink, and at the sound of their footsteps he turned toward them. His mouth fell open and he dropped the plate he held. Canapés flew everywhere, but the platter didn’t break.

“Oops,” he said.

Olivia held up a hand to hush him. “Hal, darling, look who popped in for a surprise visit. Uncle Merle! Aren’t we glad to see him after so long?”

His eyes darted from her to Chibs and back again. He swallowed and picked up her lead. “Wow, um… Uncle Merle. How long’s it been?”

“Quite a while, lad. Clearly.” He snagged a canapé off the butcher block and shoved it in his mouth.

“Lisa’s getting rid of everyone,” Olivia whispered to Juice. “I told her we needed family time.”

“Good thinking,” he murmured back. His arm went around her waist and he fixed Chibs with a baleful glare. What the fuck was he doing here? How had he found them? Neither of them had broken with the program. They should have been untraceable.

And yet here he was, larger than life and taking up half the room in their damn kitchen. Stuffing canapés in his face like he hadn’t eaten in a week, but that was just Chibs.

“I hope _Uncle Merle_ didn’t decide to bring any of his _brothers_ with him,” Juice grated.

“Nah, laddie,” Chibs said, exploding like the pressure had been building since the moment she opened the door. “What the fuck kind of names are them?”

“We decided to go a completely different direction,” Olivia said through clenched teeth. “How normal could we possibly look?”

“Ach, aye, the hors d’oeuvres and Pictionary with the neighbor lady certainly help.”
“Fuck you, Chibs!” she hissed. “You aren’t supposed to be here! Do you realize you could get us killed? This isn’t a joke! This is our life!”

He sobered and crossed his arms over his chest. “I know, lass. It’s my life, too.”

“I don’t understand,” Juice said. “What are you doing here? What happened to your ink?”

“Had it removed, lad; like yours.”

“Are you in the program?” Olivia said.

Chibs sighed and lowered himself onto their sofa. It was eggplant purple and sleek, and a familiar afghan was draped over the back of it. “Not exactly. I am out of the old life, though.”

Olivia and Juice shared a look. She frowned. He grimaced. Her brows quirked. He smiled a little.

“I’m going to make some coffee,” she said without taking her eyes off him. “Please don’t do anything to get us killed while I’m gone.”

Her fingers laced with Juice’s and they squeezed hands as she moved away. Juice leaned against the wooden mantel and crossed his ankles. Chibs noticed the painting above it: no storm-tossed ships here. White blossoms against a blue sky.

“You look well, Juicy boy,” he said, his voice quiet.

“We are. Well and happy. Glad to be out. Glad to be safe.”

Chibs rose to his feet and took an amble around the room. The house was classic mid-century modern: high vaulted ceiling, huge panes of glass overlooking the backyard, and a stacked-stone fireplace that dominated one wall. The kitchen was separated from the living room by more stacked stone, waist high. Olivia’s style was everywhere: the rugs on the floor, the warm blue paint on the walls. Other touches he didn’t recognize, quite, and he figured those must be Juice’s style. He hadn’t seen much of that in the Spartan little house he’d kept in Charming.

“Nice place you have here, lad,” Chibs said.

“Yeah. We fixed it up ourselves. Everything except shit like the wiring and the plumbing.”

“Maybe I made a mistake comin’ here.”

Juice frowned and stepped closer. He seemed bigger somehow, Chibs thought. Not exactly taller but…he seemed to fill the large open space of this bright room better than he’d ever filled the darkened rooms of the clubhouse.

“He paused. His dark eyes were steady on Chibs’ face. “We’re thinkin’ about adopting a kid. We’ve been here almost three years. That’s enough time to establish somethin’. We have to start over somewhere else, with new lives…it might be impossible.”

“You’re really happy here, Juicy? Livin’ this apple pie life?”

Juice snorted. “Ain’t nothin’ apple pie about my life, Chibs. Yeah, we got a house and a dog, but she’s still Olivia. I’m still me. This Pictionary-with-the-neighbors bullshit is so people don’t come sniffin’ around. Nothin’ makes people ignore you harder than makin’ friends with ‘em.”
“Huh.” There was a low credenza against the back wall. Framed pictures decorated its surface: Olivia and Juice with a big dumb puppy. Olivia and Juice with a big dumb dog. Olivia painting the wall he stood in front of now. Juice throwing a tennis ball in what had to be the backyard here. The big dumb dog playing on the beach.

He selected one and studied it. Olivia in a knee-length white dress with a flared skirt and a purple sash. Her brilliant red-gold hair falling around her bare shoulders in waves and a bouquet of cream and purple flowers clutched in one hand. Juice in black trousers, a white button-down, and a thin black tie. His arms were around her waist. She had her free hand pressed against his chest. They were looking at each other, lost, and it seemed as though they didn’t know the photographer was even there.

“Always knew the lass would make a lovely bride,” Chibs said, his voice going thick. “When was this?”

“Almost a year ago,” Juice said. He took the frame from him and set it back with the others. “We decided to wait a while. Make sure—make sure it was the right thing.”

“Seems like it was.”

“Smartest thing I ever did,” he said with a brief smile. “Chibs—”

He waved a hand. ‘I’m not in the program, lad. I just had to get out o’ Charming. Things went to shite. War with the fuckin’ Mayans and Jackie boy—aach. Prison changed the lad. I had thought Tara and his boys could bring him back, but with Abel’s gettin’ shot and—”

“Abel what?” It was Olivia, back with their coffee. She held a tray in her hands, and they shook so badly that Juice grabbed it before it could hit the ground. He gestured Chibs back over to the couch and they all managed to settle in without any more food-related mishaps.

“He was hurt pretty bad,” Chibs said as Juice poured coffee. “Paralyzed. It was an accident, really, but it tore Jackie and Tara apart. She blamed him and the club life, he blamed…everybody, I guess.”

Juice passed Olivia her cup of tea, and the scent of mint wafted past Chibs’ face as she curled a leg underneath her and took a sip.

“Jesus,” Olivia murmured.

“Aye. They let him out early because of it, but it was already too late. He came out a different man than he went in, and with his oldest boy stuck in a chair because of some Mayan bullet gone astray… well. You can imagine what happened next.”

“I still don’t understand why you’re here, Chibby,” Olivia said. “How did you find us? And you—Jax was like…I don’t know. You loved him.”

“Still do,” he said, ruefully. “But you can love someone and still despair of ‘em, can’t you?”

“Yeah,” Juice said with a quiet look at Olivia. “Yeah, I guess you can.”

“I called in a few favors to find you kiddos. A lot of favors, actually, and none of ‘em pretty. Though, I tell ya, that Miss Trudy is one helluva woman.”

“Trudy told you where we are?” Olivia said. Trudy Elizabeth, their marshal, was six feet of pure ebony-skinned Amazonian muscle, and Olivia couldn’t imagine her ever selling them out.
“Ach, no. And I tried.” Chibs sighed and his smile was wistful. “How I did try.” He flicked his fingers and took a sip of coffee. “Don’t worry. It was a very singular set of circumstances that allowed me to find you, and they’ll not be repeatin’.”

“We can’t be sure of that,” she said. “You realize no witness has ever been found if they stick to the program? WITSEC has a one hundred percent success rate. Now you’re here telling me you cracked it? Come on, Chibs.”

Juice cleared his throat. “I think maybe it’s my fault,” he said.

She stared at him. “What are you talking about?”

“About six months ago Trudy told me my sister was sick. I hadn’t seen her since before I moved to Charming, but…I don’t know. I didn’t figure anybody’d think to talk to her about me. I just went to see her for, like, half a day. I might’ve mentioned Vermont.”

Chibs held up a hand before Olivia could speak. “Your sister’s gone now, lad. She assured me she didn’t tell anyone else she’s seen you. Brave lass, she. I got to know her well in her last few weeks.”

“Oh.” Juice looked away, his jaw working. He didn’t know what to say.

“Someone could’ve tracked you here, Chibs,” Olivia said.

“I’m not a fool, Ollie girl. I covered my tracks. You think this is my first dance?”

“Why’d you get your tats removed?” she said.

“Figured it was safer for you two if they were gone rather than blacked. Me pretty mug is already distinctive enough.”

Chibs’ scars—a feature of his face that Olivia, for one, had always loved—combined with his accent made him stick out in any crowd. And thanks to Lisa’s big mouth, half the neighborhood would know about Sadie’s charming Uncle Merle from Scotland by now.

Three people as distinctive as they were—a petite, freckle-faced redhead; a Puerto Rican with scalp tattoos; and a Scot with a Glasgow Smile—had no business being together in the program.

But Chibs wasn’t in the program, he said, which meant he could leave at any time. He really could just be charming Uncle Merle, dropping in for a visit because he couldn’t make it to his favorite niece’s wedding.

Olivia and Juice’s eyes met, and she saw that he’d read her entire train of thought on her face. She lifted a brow. He gave a brief nod.

“We’ve missed you, Chibby,” she said at last. “I’m pretty fucking scared of what your being here might mean, but I’m glad to see you all the same.”

“There’s a warm welcome, and no mistake,” he said, his voice wry.

“Oh, shut up,” she said. She set her tea down, took his coffee cup from him, and threw herself against him. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head.

“Aye, lass,” he said. “I’ve missed you too.”

“Really?” Juice said. “Been here fifteen minutes and already makin’ a move on my wife?”
“Can’t believe you made an honest man out of our Juicy,” Chibs said to her. “What’d he have to promise you to make it happen?”

“Not much,” she said with a grin. “Only the moon.”

“Worth it,” he replied.

His face was lit up with one of those huge smiles that crinkled the corners of his eyes, and as Chibs glanced back and forth between them he felt his heart warm. He’d thought they would make it, but it was a different life out here. Slower and easier and harder all at once. But they had a home and a dog and were thinking of adopting a child, and Chibs wondered if he hadn’t fucked everything up for them by coming here.

Olivia sat up and straightened her snug-fitting blue sweater. “Do you have a place to stay, Chibs?”

“Ahh…that’s not a problem. I didn’t walk away with nothin’, after all.”

There was a quiet moment. Finally Juice said, “You should stay with us. We can’t have Sadie’s Uncle Merle at a hotel.”

“You’re not callin’ me Uncle Merle.”

“Just Merle then,” Olivia said, her green eyes sparkling with mischief.

Chibs’ head fell back and he seemed to appeal to Heaven for patience. “Why on earth I’d subject myself to this nonsense when it was well away from me I’ll never understand.”

“Well you’re here now. You might as well enjoy it.”

“Aye,” he said, grim and resigned. “I suppose I must.”

After dinner Juice got Chibs settled in the guest room, and by the time he joined Olivia in their bedroom she had already changed for bed. She stood in front of the full-length mirror and brushed out her hair. He stepped up behind her to wrap his arms around and bury his face in the silky red-gold strands.

She made a soft tsk noise. “My husband could walk in any minute.”

“Let him. I’m not afraid of some asshole named Hal.” His hands drifted up to cup her breasts, and as he kneaded them he felt her nipples grow hard beneath his fingers.

“You should be,” she said. She pressed back against him and wiggled a little. “He’s a very large man.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Uh huh. Length and girth.”

He laughed and bit the side of her neck. She turned to face him and dropped her hairbrush on the dresser next to them. They’d been Hal and Sadie for three years—Hal and Sadie Martinez for one—and the passion between them hadn’t cooled in the slightest. She’d worried it might, once they were out of danger and away from Charming, but if anything it had only deepened. She still wanted him every time she saw him. The lines of his body still made her drool. His touch still made her pant.

“I love you, baby,” she murmured as their mouths met. He caught her lower lip between his teeth
and bit down. She whimpered and he eased up, only to slide his tongue against it instead. He hauled her close and she could feel his erection against her belly.

“I love you too,” he said. He rested his forehead on hers. “I cannot believe Chibs is here.”

“How fucked do you think we are?”

“I don’t know. Very to completely reamed.”

“Hmm. I’m sure he was careful.”

“Used protection.”

“Backup, too. Like a condom and the Pill.”

“Dental dams and diaphragm.”

“Such a poet,” she said with a snort.

“You know, if this is our last night on earth because Chibs brought the remainder of Teddy Flanary’s crew to our door, I’d really like to spend it fucking you.”

“Oh,” she said. “A poet and a romantic. If only my mother could see me now!”

He nipped her earlobe with his lips. “Keep it up, Sadie.”

“She always wanted me to marry a gentleman. The type of boy who could make a girl swoon with his gallantry.”

“I can make you swoon, baby,” he said, “but there ain’t much gallant about it.”

Her grin turned wicked. “Good. Gallantry is so fucking boring. “

“Oh yeah?” he said. His fingers trailed down her sides and under the hem of her t-shirt. “Tell me more.”

“Oh huh. I’d much rather marry a man who’d want to spend his last night on earth fucking me.”

“Good thing you married me then.”

“I tell myself that every day.”

He dragged her down onto the bed and she laughed as she fell on top of him. Ran her tongue up the side of his neck and sucked the spot at the corner of his jaw that made him squirm beneath her. She rucked his shirt up and bit at his chest, sharp little nibbles over his pecs and across his abs.

“What’re you doing?” he said, breathlessly.

“I was thinkin’ about sucking your dick, but if that’s gonna be a problem for you—”

She let out a little shriek as he flipped them over. “Wait your turn, Martinez,” he said.

“Whatever you say, Martinez,” she replied with a giggle. She peeled her t-shirt off and he sucked a nipple into his mouth.

“You know if you make as much noise as you usually do, Chibs’ll definitely hear you,” he said.
“If I make as much noise? What about you? Last week you scared the dog so bad he barked for like twenty minutes.”

Bingo, their big mutt, had been suspicious of Chibs at first, but after a few carefully-applied ear scratches he’d settled down. He was curled up on his bed in the corner, but at the sound of the word dog he perked up.

“Lay down, Bingo,” she said. “Sleep time.”

He let out a long dog sigh and settled again.

“I blame you for that,” Juice said.

She squeezed his ass with both hands. “You do? That’s silly. You were the one making the noise.”

He lifted a brow. “You were the one with your mouth on my cock and a dildo in my ass.”

“Oh yeah,” she said, grinning. “That was me, wasn’t it?”

“Uh huh.” He ground against her and she gasped at the feel of him even through his pants.

“Seems like you remember it fondly.” She undid the button and lowered the zipper. Slid her hand into his shorts and wrapped her fingers around his hard length. “Very fondly. I would offer to do that to you tonight, but you’re the one who claims we need to be quiet.”

His face creased in a scowl. “I can be quiet.”

“Liar.” She stroked him. He gasped. “You can’t even be quiet right now, and I’m barely touching you.”

“That was extremely quiet.”

“Compared to normally, yes. I’m proud of you, baby.”

“Do I get a gold star?”

“Maybe. Depends on what you mean when you say gold star.”

He ran his tongue over her collarbones. “I get to lick your clit once for every gold star.”

Her head tilted as she thought it over. Finally, “No way. My clit is going to need a lot more licking than that.”

“Hum. Well, you figure it out. I’ll be down here licking your clit.”

She laughed as he slid down her body and planted a kiss on the inside of her thigh. “Babe, you eating me out is not exactly conducive to me being quiet.”

He shrugged and tugged her panties down. “I guess you’ll have to try really, really hard. Want me to give you something to bite down on?”

“Oh I can think of something I’d like to bite down on.”

He flinched. “Mean, Livvie. Just plain mean.”

“Aw, baby.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “I didn’t mean that. More like your shoulder. Or
your neck. Or your thigh.”

He spread her lips and licked her from just above her clit all the way around the curve of her ass. Her hips lifted off the bed a little and she let out a soft sigh.

“Be as loud as you want, baby,” he said. “Chibs is a big boy. I’m sure he can handle it.”

Down the hall Chibs was just starting to drift off when he heard it. A woman’s voice. Olivia’s, specifically. He strained to listen and then chuckled when he realized what he was hearing.

Well. At least Juicy knew how to take care of his woman. Not that Ollie struck him as the type who would stick with someone who didn’t. She clearly knew her own mind—always had—and Chibs didn’t imagine she’d waste time with anyone who didn’t put the effort in.

Chibs’ brows climbed toward his hairline as the volume increased: moans and whimpers and curses and desperate, breathless pleas. He had to wonder what Juice was doing to her to get that reaction.

The thought made him shift uncomfortably in bed. He turned over onto his back, because suddenly lying on his stomach didn’t seem like such a great idea. He tried to block out the sounds, but it was impossible. Maybe if he thought about something else. Cricket. It had always bored him half to death; surely a few thoughts about…

A cricket bat lightly slapping her pretty round ass as she…

Whoa, boy.

Where had that come from? And a cricket bat, of all the fucking things. That could really hurt her. Much better to start with something soft, like a—

He cleared his throat and adjusted himself in his boxers. He had absolutely no desire to spank Olivia Gable. Sure, he’d thought about it a few times. A proper spanking might do her a world of good. But that was certainly not his place. Now Juicy, on the other hand…

On second thought, Ollie might not enjoy getting spanked. Her history was rough, and he imagined it would be hard to associate any sort of pain with pleasure after all that.

Juice, though. Juice was a lad who could take a few licks. Ollie might not enjoy that either, though. She hated to see anyone in pain. Too sensitive, as hard as she tried to hide it.

At some point—Chibs wasn’t sure when—he’d pulled his cock out of his shorts, and now he held it in his hand and stroked it in an idle sort of way. Olivia’s cries had reached the crescendo of orgasm a bit ago, and now he could hear, faintly, Juice’s voice floating from their bedroom.

He pictured her with those full lips wrapped around Juicy boy’s big brown cock (not that he’d ever seen it, but he could imagine it). Tig had told him about the conversation she’d had that day with him and Happy, when she’d said she liked both giving and receiving oral. Maybe that’s what Juicy had been doing to her. His face buried between those pale thighs, mouth working her sweet cunt.

Was she shaved bare? Chibs hoped not. He loved the sight of a red-haired woman’s pussy. He groaned, stroking harder and faster. He shouldn’t be thinking this way about her. He might have done once, when she first came to Charming, but that had been years ago. He’d cleaned up his imagination and made thoughts like this strictly off-limits.

He timed his own moans to Juice’s, using that noise to disguise the sounds he was making. He imagined her sucking his cock while Juicy watched. Or her sucking Juice’s while he watched. He couldn’t decide which scenario was more erotic, but as he listened to Juice begging her for more,
begging her to let him come, he knew he was in trouble.

His hips jerked and he came hard, an explosion all over his belly, jet after jet like he was some stupid teenager having his first real go with a porno mag.

“Fuck,” he whimpered, his teeth clenched around his groans as the orgasm gripped him. “Fuck me Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!”

Panting like he’d just run a marathon, Chibs collapsed against the pillows and waited for the shaking to subside. Holy shit. What the fuck had just happened?

He cast around for something to clean up with and caught sight of a box of tissues on the nightstand. Considerate little thing, their Ollie. He dabbed the come off his skin and sighed. If she and Juicy boy kept on like this every night, he was going to be damned grateful for Ollie’s thoughtfulness with the Kleenex.

Goddamn if he’d come all the way to Nowhere, Vermont to lie in bed and jerk off to the sound of Juice and Olivia fucking.

He wasn’t entirely sure why he’d come here at all, but he knew it wasn’t that.
Chapter Summary

Chibs gets over some of his denial. Olivia and Juice have an interesting conversation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

kiss my face
make my black eyes burn
a fool like me will never learn
speak the words i long to hear
speak them slow and clear:
  i love you
Bob Schneider, "Slower Dear"

The next morning over breakfast he could hardly look at either of them. Olivia, for one, needed to put on more clothes: she wore a short, tight t-shirt and tiny shorts that were really more like panties. She seemed perfectly comfortable around him dressed so, and he remembered the night he'd come to her house to tell them about Tara.

She'd been wearing even less and still hadn't been worried.

Did she not think of him as a man at all then?

"Chibs?" Juice said, and it sounded like it wasn't the first time.

He blinked. "Aye, lad? Sorry. Faded out a minute there."

"Uh huh. I was gonna ask if you slept well, but maybe that's my answer."

Chibs cleared his throat and bit into a piece of bacon. "Oh, aye, slept like a wee bairn. Once things quieted down, that is."

Olivia choked on her tea and Chibs grinned at her. Juice looked smug.

"Sorry, man," he said. He didn't seem sorry at all. "We'll try to keep it down next time."

"Babe," Olivia said and nodded toward the clock. "You'll be late. It's your day to take Bingo to camp."

"Fuck. " He dropped a kiss on the top of her head, grabbed a scuffed canvas messenger bag from the rack by the door, whistled for the dog, and ran.

Chibs blinked after him. "Did Juicy just run out of here with a purse?"

"Not a purse, Chibby. He does network security for the data storage facility a few towns over. He has to drag a lot of shit back and forth." She paused and flashed him a grin. "It was either that or a briefcase. We compromised."
"He's taking your mutt to camp."

"He doesn't like to be left home alone."

"Where you goin'?"

"Nowhere yet. I'm not due in till noon."

"You find a garage around here that'll have you?" he said, the twinkle in his eye belying the seemingly harsh words.

"Baby, I got garages beggin' for me," she said, laughing.

Memories from last night flashed through his mind. "Oh I bet you do, Ollie girl."

Something about his tone gave her pause. Color touched her cheeks and she leaned back a little. "I know our life must seem silly to you. We just—we want to fit in here. It's not quite…us…but when we kick the neighbors out and lock the door we sort of…" She hitched a shoulder and he nodded understanding.

"Keeping up appearances. I get it. You gotta do what you gotta do."

She shot him a relieved smile and rose to grab their plates. He stopped her with a hand on her wrist.

"Do you not get bored, lass? You and Juicy boy, livin' this sorta life?"

"No, Chibby. We both love our jobs. Juice is somewhere people respect him. They see how smart he is, and they appreciate it. He's never really had that, except maybe in the very early days with the club. It's good for him.

"The garage where I work is owned by a gay couple. They run a great shop, and I don't have to worry about the usual ass-ogling bullshit. They don't hire oglers, as a rule."

"So that's it? Your jobs?"

She let out a frustrated sigh. "Of course not. We've got Bingo. We've made some friends. Not the perky neighbor lady you met yesterday. She's fine, but I can't imagine really being her friend. And, I mean—we've got each other. That's what really matters at the end of the day."

Her eyes were bright and assessing as she studied him. "Isn't that why you're here, Chibs? To be a little bored? To slow down and enjoy a life that doesn't include constantly dodging bullets?"

"Not sure why I'm here, to be honest."

"You'll figure it out," she said. She put down the dishes and wrapped her arms around him.

For a moment he froze. How many times had he hugged her during their acquaintance? Dozens. A hundred. But all of those hugs had been before he'd jerked off to the sound of her being fucked in the next room. Of course a good many of them had been after a particularly memorable night at the clubhouse after a few too many drinks...

She pulled away and her head tilted in concern. "Is something wrong?"

He shrugged a little and ruffled her hair. "Just don't remember you being such a hugger, lass."

"I'm not the same woman I was four years ago, Chibby."
"Aye, I can see that. Never known you so relaxed."

"And I've never known you quite so tense. It wasn't this bad yesterday. What happened?"

"Nothin'," he said and waved it away. "Just the longer I spend here the more I realize what I'm disruptin'."

"Ah." She touched his face, a brief, tender gesture that took him by surprise. "We trust you, Chibs. We talked about it last night. If you say you covered your tracks, okay. That's good enough for us. You can stay here as long as you want."

Her mouth quirked. She spun away to drop the dishes in the sink, and as she ran water over them she cast him a look over her shoulder. "You know Lisa just kicked her good-for-nothing husband to the curb. I imagine she might love a visit from adorable, rascally Uncle Merle."

Something changed then. All of a sudden. Olivia wasn't sure what had caused it, but she knew the instant it happened. She'd learned long ago to read men, and listen to all the things they didn't say, big and small. He was behind her, and she set the sponge down and turned slowly.

"What?" she said. It came out breathier than she'd meant, but the intensity in his dark eyes was new. She recognized it, but not from him. Chibs had always been safe. Why the hell else would she be standing in her kitchen half-naked while he sat at her table and drank coffee?

He set his mug aside and rose to his feet. She pressed against the sink as he closed in on her. Water splashed her shirt and dripped down the small of her back.

"You afraid of me, Ollie girl?" Chibs said, his voice soft.

"I never was before," she murmured.

"Aye. But as you just said, you're not the same woman you were four years ago."

He was close enough now to touch if she reached out a hand. She gripped the counter's edge behind her. She could smell him: coffee and leather and something sharp, like cedar. Or pine, maybe.

"I'm not the same, either," he said. "But surely you've picked up on that. Perceptive lass like you."

"You're not interested in comforting Lisa in her time of woe."

"Alas, no."

"You're not in need of comforting, Chibs."

"So it would seem."

"Not in need of fucking, either," she said. Her tone gained confidence as she found her bearings. "Juice takes care of that just fine."

His mouth twisted in a brief, dry smile. "I don't doubt it, after last night."

Bright eyes went big. "Oh," she said.

"Aye," he said, amused.

"Is that what this's about? You heard us, and now, what? You think you can... leer at me? You suddenly remembered I'm a woman with tits and an ass and a pussy, rather than some little girl you
can pat on the head and send to bed without her supper?"

Every single word of the little speech sent a shock straight through him, from head to toe and concentrated directly on his cock. A low noise, almost like a growl, rumbled low in his throat. "You're the one prancing around in naught but her pants, lass."

"I'm not prancing anywhere," she said through gritted teeth. "You've seen me in less and didn't react."

"Not much less."

"Still."

"That, as we've both pointed out, was before. I've had a long time to not think of you at all. A long time to scrub you right out of my head like you were never there."

Her eyes narrowed. "You put in a lot of work to find us, Filip. Doesn't sound like a man with memory problems to me."

"Aye. Wasn't just you I was lookin' for, though."

She pushed herself away from the sink in a sudden storm of fury. "You try to lay one finger on him and I'll fucking kill you. You think I won't?"

"Relax, darlin'. I'm not here to hurt your man."

They were practically touching. She had to look a long way up to see his face when they were this close. He had nearly a foot in height on her, and he was using every bit of it. Taller than Juice, as they'd all been. A good deal, most of them, which was why everyone always thought of Juice as the little one even though he wasn't short.

If she tried to put her arms around his neck he'd have to lift her nearly off the ground.

The thought took her by surprise, but apparently he could read some of it on her face, because he smirked down at her.

"Haven't sat down at a card table in a while, have you?"

"Not much call for fleecing people at poker in the 'burbs." She bit her lip but didn't drop his eyes. "Why are you here, Chibs? What do you want?"

"Don't know, lass," he said after a moment. "Thought maybe I'd figure it out once I got here."

"And?"

His thumb rubbed over her mouth, pulling her lip from between her teeth and scraping across it more roughly than Juice ever did. She grabbed his wrist and squeezed.

"This isn't appropriate. You know that. I love Juice. I will never cheat on him."

"No one's askin' you to, Ollie girl."

His voice was soft, mesmerizing, and her eyes felt heavy-lidded. Drugged, almost. Her mouth ached for him to kiss her, and suddenly her cunt ached for more than that. She stumbled back, but she was trapped between him and the counter.
Where the fuck was this coming from? She'd never thought of Chibs like that. He'd been a friend. A shoulder to cry on. There'd been that one very strange night while everyone was in jail, but they'd both been drunk and she was sure he didn't even remember it. He'd never mentioned it after, and his behavior toward her hadn't gotten weird…like it was right now.

Something in his eyes told her he did remember, and he was thinking of it too. The way he'd pressed her against the wall and crowded his body against her back. Slid his hand under her skirt. She'd closed her eyes and rocked her ass into him and pretended the smell of leather that enveloped her came from someone else. Except, of course, he was too tall. And his voice, rough and thick in her ear, wasn't at all right, not at all like the man she really wanted, but she hadn't cared because his fingers had felt so fucking good and he seemed to know just how to touch her and exactly what to say, and when he ripped her panties away and shoved his thick, hard cock into her she'd cried out and begged for more.

"You wanted me plenty once upon a time," he said like he could read her mind. He loomed over her. Leaned down to brush his nose against the side of her neck. "The things I could do to you, Ollie girl, if I had you in a proper bed, with proper time. I could make you scream."

She brushed her tongue across her upper lip and realized the mistake as soon as she saw pupil swallow the brown in his eyes. "Juice makes me scream," she whispered through a throat gone tight.

"Did I say you had to choose?"

Her mouth fell open. She was a bisexual woman: being propositioned for a threesome was nothing new. But this wasn't some horny, porn-addled dudebro looking to live out his dirty fantasies. Well. Maybe he was looking to live out his dirty fantasies, but they weren't at all what she'd been expecting.

She pressed a hand against his chest to ward him off. "We were drunk, Chibby. It was one night a long time ago." Her pulse scrambled and she knew her cheeks were flaming red and it was hard to get her breath.

He grinned and chucked her under the chin. "The Scotsman's bane, that. Aye, well." He turned away, the moment broken, and she closed her eyes and gulped air into her burning lungs.

He stopped in the doorway and cast a long, assessing look over his shoulder. "You should ask your man sometime about bein' drunk with me. It seems you're not the only one who likes a little Scots in you when you've been drinkin'."

"What—?" she choked out, but he laughed and disappeared into the backyard before she could form a coherent question.

As soon as he was gone she slumped against the sink and pressed shaking hands to her hot face. Holy shit. Holy Jesus son of Mary. What the fuck had just happened? Had Chibs seriously just implied he'd fucked Juice?! Had he really suggested a threesome?!

Had he come all the way to Vermont just to have a raunchy three-way?

She took a hard breath and let it out slowly. She needed a shower. A long, cold shower. Or maybe a long, hot shower. With a waterproof toy.

She could not fantasize about Chibs in the shower. No way. Not about Chibs…but maybe about Juice and Chibs? The three of them. Maybe…Chibs' cock in her ass while she rode Juice? Or maybe Chibs fucking her while she sucked Juice off. Or Juice sucking Chibs off while she rode Chibs' face.
Or vice versa.

She shuddered a little and started the water.

Chibs fucking Juice while Juice fucked her. Chibs fucking Juice while Juice ate her out. Juice fucking her while Chibs watched.

"Fuck," she whispered and slumped against the shower wall. This was all way too intense for nine o'clock in the morning in small town Vermont.

What exactly had Chibs gotten up to last night as he overheard them? They hadn't made any effort to be quiet. Clearly they'd gotten his attention.

Apparently Olivia was far more close-minded than she'd ever thought herself to be: she'd never suspected that one of Juice's gruff, macho brothers might appreciate him in all the same ways she did.

Well, she thought with a smirk, maybe not all the same ways. But a few of them anyway.

Enough to be really, really interesting.

When Olivia got home from work around nine that evening Chibs' bike and Juice's car were both in the driveway. She let herself in and called out a greeting.

"Give me a sec to run through the shower, boys!" she said before she disappeared upstairs. She smelled like the garage, motor oil and metal, and she didn't want to sit down to dinner like this. The whole house smelled incredible, and she thought maybe Juice had decided to show off a little for Chibs. It was Tuesday, which was normally Chinese takeout night, but apparently Juice was deviating from the script.

She stripped off her clothes as the water warmed, and she'd only just stepped under the spray when she heard the creak of the bathroom door. The shower's glass panel swung open and Juice stepped in with her.

A smile lit up her face. "Hey, baby," she murmured when he pulled her against him. They kissed for a long time, tongues sliding and lips nipping and hands roaming water-slicked skin.

"Hey, gorgeous," he said once the kiss finally broke. "You need help washin' your back?"

"From you?" She handed him the soap. "Always."

He worked it into a lather and brushed his fingers over her shoulders. Kneaded a little more firmly and frowned. "Bad day? You're tense, babe."

"Not bad, exactly. Just strange." She paused and let her head fall forward as his hands worked her. "That feels good, Juicy. You sure you've got time for shower massages, though? Don't you have a large Scotsman to entertain?"

"Oh." He kissed her neck. She had her hair in a knot on the top of her head, and tendrils of it stuck to her in the wet. He fucking loved when it was like this. "He's not here. He left about an hour ago. Said somethin' about looking for a decent bar."

"Hum. Without his bike?"

"I guess he wanted to walk." His hands moved lower, down the smooth white line of her back, and as his thumbs dug in she let out a hiss of pleasure. "I made pizza, by the way," he whispered against
her damp skin.

"Ooo. Chibs is gonna get spoiled you keep up like that."

"I think he'll be okay." He rinsed one of his hands and slid it around her hip and between her legs. She rocked against him a little and his erection pressed into her ass.

"Baby, as much as I would love to get off right now, I think maybe there's something we should talk about—and you probably won't want to do it with your fingers in my pussy."

"Ha," he said, a brief huff of amusement. "Don't you know me well enough by now to know I'll talk about literally anything with my fingers in your pussy?"

He brushed over her clit and she shivered. She bit down hard on her lip as he swirled his fingers around it. She didn't want him to stop, but she had to tell him what had happened between her and Chibs that morning. And she really, really wanted to know what Chibs had meant with his parting shot.

She grabbed his wrist and pulled him away. "You promised me pizza," she said. "Pizza first, orgasms later."

He loved that she automatically gave it a plural. It was good for a man's ego. "How about orgasm, pizza, more orgasms?"

"Tempting, but—no."

"Curse my ridiculously delicious pizzas!"

She giggled and pushed him out of the shower. "I'll be there in a sec, babe. Go get it warmed up and I'll meet you in the dining room."

He sighed and wandered off toward the kitchen. What could possibly be so important that she would rather eat than fuck? He hoped it wasn't something bad. They had talked about it last night and had decided to trust Chibs, to believe that he'd covered his tracks well enough to keep them safe—but still doubt tugged at him. Maybe she'd changed her mind. Or maybe she wanted to talk to Trudy about it just to be safe.

He pulled the pizzas out of the warming oven and carried them into the dining room. Olivia was still a pretty much hopeless cook; for someone with so much patience about other things, for some reason preparing food took more time than she could bother with. He'd been trying to hone his skills to make up for it, and he'd realized somewhere along the way that he really enjoyed it. He was good at it, too, and Olivia was an enthusiastic eater.

Her footsteps sounded in the hall as he set out two bottles of beer and sat down at their small Danish modern dining room table. The chairs were upholstered in dark teal, the walls a golden orange, and the big picture window looked out into the front yard. All the windows in the house were privacy glass: they could see out, but it was next to impossible to see in. They both liked it that way for safety reasons, of course, but they also loved the light all the windows provided without compromising their privacy.

She dropped a kiss on the top of his head as she swept by to take her seat across from him. Her hair was still up, he was pleased to note, and her skin had a warm glow from the water's heat.

"Hello, my dear husband," she said. "How was your day at the office?"
"Well, my dear wife," he said, grinning, "it was bracing. A thrill a minute. How was your day tending to my home and children?"

"Your child was at camp, darling; you know that. As for the home—well. I hired a new housekeeper."

"Oh?" He slid a slice onto her plate and passed it across the table.

"Yes. Quite tall. Leather-clad. Scottish. I'm not sure he's going to work out because he left his wet towel on the bathroom floor and he claims you two fucked once, but I don't know how truthful he was being."

Juice choked on his pizza. She eyed him as she took a bite and chewed. He gulped down a huge swallow of beer and coughed.

"He said—he said what?" he managed around the lump of dough and cheese stuck in his throat.

"Okay, let me start at the beginning."

Eyes streaming and face crimson, he gave a stuttering nod. "Might be good."

She let out a long sigh and sipped her beer. Ran her tongue over her bottom lip. "You know Chibs and I were close back in Charming, right?"

"Yeah, of course. He always cared about you. Like from the beginning."

Her head moved in a slow nod. "We got closer while you guys were in jail. The fourteen months?"

"Um. How…close?"

She waved a hand. "We spent a lot of time together. It wasn't anything romantic. At all. Or even sexual. It was just hanging out. Then I started dating Kitty again and we didn't see as much of each other."

"Mnhmm," he said and nibbled at his food. Where was she going with this? And what did it have to do with him and Chibs?

"Kitty and I broke up and I was pretty upset about it. Like I told you once, I sort of thought I was falling for her. I'd been at work all day acting like a bitch, snapping at everyone and throwing things around and just generally being a pain in the ass. Chibs came over as we were closing up and dragged me into the clubhouse for a drink."

A pause. Their eyes met. "A lot of drinks. And of course he's too much a gentleman to let a lady drink alone, so we both had…a lot. Of drinks."

"Liv, are you trying to tell me you and Chibs had a drunken fuck in the clubhouse?"

"That's exactly what I'm trying to tell you. It was just the one time, about three months before you guys got out of jail, and the next morning it was like nothing had happened. I thought maybe he didn't remember anything or, hell, maybe I'd even imagined it. He never treated me any differently after than he did before."

"Then you guys came home and eventually we ended up together and it was never an issue. I didn't even really think to tell you because it was…it didn't change anything."

He drew in a long breath. "You're right. It doesn't change anything. We weren't together when it
happened, and I never had any idea, so obviously you two were cool."

She studied him through shrewd green eyes. "So. Now I'd like you tell me why this morning Chibs told me to ask you about a time when you two got drunk together, and why he said I'm not the only one who likes a little Scots in me when I've been drinking."

"Ah." He picked at the label on his beer bottle and wouldn't look at her. "Look, I—I'm straight, Olivia."

"Baby, don't start that, okay? You think your sexual orientation matters to me? I know how much you enjoy what we do, and that's what I care about. If you like fucking guys too, so what? Don't worry about that part. Just tell me what happened."

He shifted in his seat. "I don't like fucking guys. It was just one time, and we were pretty wasted, drunk and stoned, and it was after you caught me getting a blowjob from Dana, so I figured I'd blown any chance at all I might have with you."

Her mouth quirked. "No pun intended."

He grimaced in appreciation. "I was cryin' on his shoulder—not literally, but you know—and I don't even know what happened. It's like he just started kissing me or I kissed him, and next thing I knew I was the one blowing him. It's all a blur, really."

She tapped her finger lightly against the table. "A good blur or a bad one?"

"Ahh…a good one…?" His face was twisted in a wince as he looked up at her, but she offered him a reassuring smile.

"What did I just say to you? Do I look like I care that you enjoyed sucking Chibs' cock?"

There was something about her expression that gave him pause. "You do. A little."

She laughed. "Yeah, okay, I do. But kind of in a good way. Like…hum. My husband has a whole side of his sexuality we've never explored and that's kind of exciting."

"I don't wanna go suck someone's dick, Liv," he said with wide, startled eyes.

"I know, baby. I don't want you to. Still. It's interesting."

She slid out of her seat and walked around the table. He pushed his chair back as she moved his plate aside and hopped up to sit in front of him, her legs dangling on either side. His hands stroked up the length of her thighs—she'd put on a t-shirt and cut-offs, and he took a moment to appreciate her smooth, soft skin as he dipped his head to press his mouth to the inside of her thigh.

"Did he get you off too?" she murmured as his teeth grazed her.

"Nuh uh. After he came I kinda freaked out a little and went home."

She tangled her fingers in his hair and stroked around the curve of his skull. "And, what? Curled up in your bed to sleep the sleep of the innocent?"

He gave a quiet snort of amusement. "Not exactly. I jerked off in the shower and came so hard I almost passed out." He paused and trailed his tongue up to the bottom hem of her shorts. "Kinda like that day in the bathroom, after we almost fucked on the sink."

"Poor baby," she said. "It's not fair for people to leave you so frustrated."
He stood up and pushed her further back on the table. "It really isn't," he said.

He bent over her to leave a line of kisses down her throat. Her legs came up to wrap around his waist, but he pulled them down again so that he could help her wiggle out of her shorts and panties. He unzipped his fly and rubbed his rapidly-hardening cock against the inside of her knee.

"What about you, Livvie? He get you off?"

"Uh huh," she said, her voice going breathy as he kneaded her breasts.

He captured a nipple through her thin t-shirt—she wasn't wearing a bra—and sucked it into his mouth. The cotton was rough between his tongue and the sensitive nub, and she squirmed beneath him.

"Tell me," he rasped and bit down.

Gasping hard, she arched her body into him. He grasped her hips and shoved her further back on the table. Plates scattered. He knocked his empty beer bottle aside and it hit the floor with a crash, somehow not shattering from the impact.

"Tell me," he demanded again. He rucked her shirt up to her throat and clasped her other nipple between his lips. He wasn't gentle. She writhed and moaned and locked her fingers in his hair.

"It was in the hallway. In the clubhouse. We were tryin' to make it to the office but—fuck, Juicy, harder!—but we didn't get that far."

"He fuck you against the wall, Livvie? You wrap these sexy legs around his waist and let him fuck you till you screamed?" His voice was a growl, deep and rough, and it sent shockwaves through her. He squeezed her thighs hard enough to bruise. She moaned and bucked her hips as she felt the head of his cock brush her slick lips.

"Not exactly," she breathed. "He did fuck me against the wall, but he was behind me."

He groaned a little. "What were you wearing?"


He bumped the tip of his cock over her swollen clit and she almost came up off the table. "Thought he dragged you in there from the garage."

"Did," she said through gritted teeth. "I changed clothes because Chucky spilled a beer on me. Had some stuff in my locker."

He bit the side of her neck and sucked. "He bent you over against the wall and shoved that big dick in you, baby? Did you like it? Did you beg him?"

"Fuck, Juicy, oh God! Yes! I begged him to fuck me. I begged him to make me come."

His hips jerked and he slammed into her to the hilt. She whimpered and dug her nails into his chest.

"The way you beg me?" he muttered as he left hot, sucking kisses up the column of her throat.

"No, baby. No, Juicy. Nobody fucks me like you. Nobody makes me beg like you."

"Who do you belong to, Livvie?" he said. He thrust into her again, even harder, and she moved to meet him with wanton eagerness.
"You, Juicy! I'm yours."

"That's right, Liv. You're mine." He ground against her, adjusting the angle until he was in just the right place to make her head fall back and her body bow. "And I'm yours. I'm yours."

"I know, sweetheart. Fuck, baby, that's so goddamn good don't stop!"

"You gonna come for me, Livive?"

"Uh huh. Yeah, yes, fuck yes oh God!"

He swallowed her moans as he kissed her, and when he pulled away his eyes were dark and intense on hers. "I liked suckin' his dick. I get why you enjoy it so much."

"Yeah?" she breathed. "Maybe next time he can suck yours. Think you'd like that?"

His forehead dropped to rest against her shoulder and his hands tightened on her hips. The sound of skin against skin filled the room, punctuated by their moans and pleas, accompanied by the liquid squelch of her hot wetness around him.

"Would you like that, Juicy?" she whispered, her voice going urgent as the orgasm got closer and closer. "You want to suck that same dick he used to fuck me? You want me to suck yours while you do it?"

That was more than he could take, and with a deep groan he felt the heat and pressure explode from his balls.

"Fuck, baby!" she cried. Her nails made grooves in his shoulders and her heels drummed against his ass as her own orgasm took her. Her cunt clenched around him and his cock spasmed inside her over and over. They rocked together, overcome with the molten pleasure of it, until at last they started to come down.

She fell back against the table and struggled to get her breath back. He collapsed bonelessly on top of her and lapped his tongue down her sternum.

"I love you, Olivia," he said, grinning like a drunkard.

"God, Juicy. I love you too."

He managed to raise his head, and at the sight of his big, sweet smile her mouth curved in helpless response. He kissed the curve of her breast and his expression turned thoughtful.

"Would Chibs fuck you, do you think? I mean, if you…wanted him to. Now."

"Um." What an odd question. She shifted beneath him. Something was digging into her back and she had a feeling it was a fork. "He might. Except—he knows I'd never cheat on you. And I wouldn't, baby. I love you. You're the only person I need."

"I know that." He ran a hand down her side, over her tattoo. "I was just thinking…"

"I know that." He ran a hand down her side, over her tattoo. "I was just thinking…"

Her head tilted as he trailed off. "What were you thinking, my naughty husband?"

He blushed and ducked his chin. "You could have sex with him. If you wanted. And if it's good—if it—if he—" He cleared his throat with a scowl. He hadn't been this tongue-tied about sex since he was sixteen and stupid. "If you like it maybe we can take it further."
"You mean the three of us?"

"I don't know."

"He sort of...he kind of proposed that today. In the kitchen."

He smiled a little, but he seemed unsurprised. "I figured that might've been where this was going. That's sort of how it happened."

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged and straightened. Pulled her with him and helped her off the table. He sank down in his chair and tugged her onto his lap. "We were talkin' about you that night. I told him about what happened in your hotel room. He asked for details."

She lifted a brow. "And you gave them to him?"

"I normally wouldn't, Liv."

"I know. It's okay. Go on."

"Anyway, he just said he bet your pussy tastes like peaches and then I guess we were kissing and... well, you know the rest."

"Hum." She wiggled against him. "Does my pussy taste like peaches?"

"Nah," he said and kissed her. "Way better."

She stroked his face and looked into his eyes. "You really want to have a threesome with Chibs?"

"I don't know," he admitted.

"But you want me to fuck him and tell you about it?"

"Only if you're into it, baby."

She hesitated. "I don't want to have any sex that doesn't involve you, Juicy. If I were to fuck Chibs, it would only be because you want me to. And because we're going to have sex like we just did when I tell you about it later."

"But you like the idea," he said.

Her cheeks pinked and she looked away. "It's definitely intriguing."

"Think about it," he said with a smile. "If you decide you want to do it, don't tell me first. Just come to me after."

She shivered at the thought. "I never would've guessed, baby."

"What? Which part?" He squeezed her ass and brushed his mouth against her shoulder.

"That you'd want to share me," she breathed.

"Oh." His head came up and he grinned. "I don't, babe. I want you and Chibs to share me."

Her eyes went round and she choked a little. "Holy shit."
"Thought you'd like that." He bit her nipple. "Wanna head upstairs and see what kinda trouble we can get into in the toy drawer?"

She hopped off his lap and held out a hand. "Oh, Juan Carlos. I thought you'd never ask."

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to take a sec to clarify some timeline things for those of you who've read Come With Me Tonight (or even those of you who haven't):

Olivia left Charming in late June 2011.
They were reunited in Oct 2012.
Married Oct 2014.
And here we are in Aug 2015.

THE FUTURE IS HERE. And it involves a lot of porn, apparently.
We're taking a brief break from pure porn because I love Juice and Olivia way too much to let them rush into anything before they're completely sure.

but don't forget the flowerparts
a soft touch and an open heart
a rainbow and some empathy
compassion and sympathy
don't forget the "i love yous"
oh and "i forgive yous" too
it's the little things that separate
the good from the great
Bob Schneider, "Flowerparts"

Juice had already left for work by the time Chibs stumbled downstairs the next morning. He poured a cup of coffee and peered at her across the sunny kitchen. She lifted a brow and tucked the last plate in the dishwasher before she shut it and hit the buttons.

He winced at the noise and she gave him an apologetic grimace.

"Late night?" she said.

"Aye. Who knew Nowheresville, Vermont had such interesting nightlife?"

"Mill Pond, Chibby. Come on."

"Whatever."

Her mouth quirked. "Sit down. I'll make you something to eat."

"Ahh…no offense, lass, but I've seen your cooking. It wouldn't do me much good on a day when I'm feelin' fine."

"Trust me. My no-fail hangover cure works every time. It's backed up by science."

"Ach, well, if you're bringin' science into it." He squeezed onto the bench in the breakfast nook and lowered his head onto his folded arms. "Just leave it at my grave, Ollie girl. I'm not long for this world."

"You big baby," she said as she set the pan to heat. She grabbed the pack of bacon from the fridge and a loaf of bread from its box. She really needed white, but sourdough would have to do. She dropped a glass of orange juice on the table in front of him.

"Hydrate," she said.

He cracked an eyelid and gave the juice a dubious glare. She leaned over so that their faces were
Grumbling, he took a tentative sip. She straightened and crossed her arms over her chest. He took a moment to eye her up and down, appreciating the view. She was wearing even less than she had been yesterday: a tank top that barely deserved to call itself outerwear, and bikini cut panties. White cotton with little pink bows at each hip. No bra, of course. That would be too easy.

He shifted and pretended to study the sunlight as it filtered through his glass.

Her lips tilted in a wry half-smile. She went back to the stove and finished his sandwich, and when she brought it back she perched in the chair across from him. "Eat up."

"Bossy wench."

She lifted a hand in a shrug. "Guilty."

He took a bite and chewed slowly. Swallowed it down and waited. His stomach roiled, but then leveled, and after a moment he continued.

"Ask you somethin', lass," he said once he was sure he wouldn't lose it.

"Hhmm?" She was leaned back in her chair with one bare leg thrown over the other. Her toenails were painted bright pink. Fuchsia, he thought. That's what it was called.

"You plannin' to make your outfit smaller and smaller until one mornin' you come down here naked as a newborn babe?"

"Of course not, Chibby," she said. She fluttered her lashes in an innocent blink he didn't buy for a second. "I don't cook naked. Spatters."

He grunted a laugh and finished off the sandwich. emptied the juice glass in three long pulls and set it down with a satisfied sigh. She tugged the band from the bottom of her braid and shook her hair out. The smell of the sea filled the nook. He remembered it well, and he felt a tug of nostalgia around his heart.

Elsewhere, as well, but he tried to ignore that.

She leaned forward so that her breasts nearly spilled out of the low-cut top as she propped against the table. "I was just checking in," she said, quietly.

"Checkin' in? About what?"

"Trying to see if you were still interested." Her eyes raked him slowly from head to toe. She nibbled on her lip and grinned at him. "Good to know." Her nose scrunched. "Too bad you aren't up to taking advantage of it this morning. Oh well. Smaller outfit tomorrow, then?"

She patted his cheek and, without waiting for a response, swiped his dishes and sauntered to the sink. He stared after her, mouth hanging open. He scrambled up from the bench and followed her.

"Here, lass, what're you playin' at?"

"Playing?" She spun toward him with wide eyes. "I didn't realize this was a game, Chibs."

"You're a married woman."

"That didn't give you much pause yesterday." A flick of her fingers forestalled him. She stepped
closer, and now it was his turn to be trapped between her and the counter. "I talked to Juicy last night. He told me what happened between you two."

"Aye?" he said on a breath.

"Mnhmm. He told me how much he enjoyed it. And what he did after."

His throat had gone tight and dry. He coughed a little to clear it. "After…?"

"After he got home, silly. All hard and aching, poor baby. I could've told him how hot it can be to suck a cock you've really been craving." Her eyes flicked down toward his waist and back up again. "But of course he wouldn't have asked me about that. Would he?"

"Craving?" he mumbled. He had a view directly down her top, and for a moment the only thing he could see was the white swell of her full breasts. Her nipples were hard and straining against the thin material, and it took all his self-control not to tweak one of them. Just to see what she would do.

As though she could read his mind she followed his gaze down. "It's a little chilly in here," she said. "But never mind. Yes, craving. You really don't expect me to believe two oh my God I could never be gay guys like you ended up in that situation just out of the blue. That neither of you had thought about it before. Imagined it." She leaned closer, her breasts brushing his arm, and lowered her voice: "Fantasized about it."

He turned his head and smirked. "Lass, I'm not afraid to admit I've been droolin' over Juicy's sweet brown ass since the day he walked into TM. A man's worth's not determined by who he likes to fuck—as long as all parties are eager and willin' and nobody's gettin' hurt."

"Oh," she said, nonplussed. She settled back on her heels and looked away as she considered it. "Why didn't you ever make a move? You had to know Juice was…" She trailed off with a shrug. "Curious."

"Aye, well, curious and open to the idea can be a ways apart. And he was always so eager to please, to make his way in the club…it woulda felt like takin' advantage."

Her full mouth softened in a smile. "You're actually a really good guy, Chibby."

"Ach, lass. Be still my aching heart."

She carded her fingers through the hair at the back of his neck and tugged him down as she lifted up to press a kiss against the scar on his right cheek. He caught her around the waist and pulled her into him. Their bodies were pressed together full-length, and for a moment she quailed. Juice wanted this—or he said he did—but he'd left the decision up to her. She didn't want to do anything to hurt him. Ever. Just the thought of it made her sick.

She pulled back and turned away. "Fuck. I'm sorry, Chibby. It's not that I don't—because I do—but I…"

He rested his hands on her shoulders and kissed the side of her neck, just below her ear. "Take your time with it, lassie. I know how you love our Juicy. I know you don't want him hurt any more than I do. You're the best thing to ever happen to that boy."

She let out a shaky laugh. "It's the least I could do, considering he's the best thing to ever happen to me, too."

He went quiet. He hadn't let go of her, and she could feel the heat of him hovering there. If she
slumped back she would be against him. His hands could be on her body, under her top and down her panties, his mouth rough on her neck and his voice rough in her ear.

She shivered. He rubbed a thumb against her skin to soothe her. "I told you, Ollie girl," he murmured. "Eager, willin', and nobody gets hurt. That's my philosophy."

"It's a good philosophy," she said.

His big calloused hand slid across her belly. "Tell me you don't want this, at least a little, and we drop it. Never mention it again and go back to the way things were before."

Closing her eyes, she let her teeth sink into her lower lip. "You really think that can happen?"

"We did a good job of it after that night in the clubhouse."

"I told Juice about that, too."

"Aye?" he said, drawing the syllable out. "What'd he have to say about it?"

"We skipped dinner so we could fuck on the dining room table."

His head fell back as he laughed, and she thought he probably didn't notice the way his fingers caressed the undersides of her breasts. "Was it any good?"

She snorted. "It's always good with us, Chibs. What you overhead the other night was pretty standard. Oral, if you're curious, which I'm sure you are."

"Not sixty-nine."

"No. I'm not really into that. I like to pay attention to what I'm doing."

"And make Juicy boy beg, it seems."

Now it was her turn to smirk, and she looked up at him so he could see it. "He begs so pretty, Chibby. I know you've noticed."

"Not really had the occasion to experience it firsthand, but from what I heard—aye. He's got a way about him."

She twisted around again and looked up at him through her lashes. "Is that what you want to do, Filip? Hear my guy beg for your cock? Because I think he would."

He grabbed her hips and spun them around so that the edge of the counter dug into her ass. "Right now it's you I wanna hear beg, lassie. Beg me to fuck you. Beg me to eat your pussy. Beg, Olivia. Beg me for it."

"Oh, baby," she murmured, her breath warm against his neck, "when I decide I want to fuck you, you'll know it. And not a single bit of begging will be required." She pushed him away with one finger and stepped around him. "I've got to get ready for work. Mind if we finish this later?"

"We damn well better," he growled.

She tossed a smile over her shoulder. "Don't worry. We will." She paused and turned back. "We're both off work tomorrow. If it's pretty we'll probably take Bingo to the park. I know Hal and Sadie would love to have rascally Uncle Merle along on such an outing. If he'd care to join them."
"You should be nicer to your adorable uncle, lassie," he said and wagged a finger at her. "Not tease him so."

Her laugh was sweet and golden. "Sweetheart, I'm gonna be so nice to you you might not be able to walk straight for a week."

His mouth twisted. "I'll hold you to that promise, Ollie girl."

"Oh good," she said with a wicked grin. "I look forward to it."

Olivia was propped against the headboard reading when Juice got back from Bingo's last walk before bed. He gave the dog a scratch behind the ears, told him he was a good boy, and sent him to his corner. Bingo turned three or four circles and then settled down with a happy dog sigh. Juice tossed him a Kong filled with peanut butter and his tail thumped against the wall.

Olivia looked up with a grin. "You spoil that dog."

"Never had a dog before. Kind of excited to have somethin' to spoil since you won't let me spoil you."

She made a face as he crawled across the bed toward her. "Please. You do spoil me. But you know how much I love my job. I'd go crazy at home all day."

It was an old conversation. Not exactly an argument, but borderline. Juice made good money—really good money—at his network security gig, and thanks to the anonymity of Swiss and Cayman banks, he still had access to his old funds from the club. It wasn't that he wanted her to quit her job; he just wanted to take care of her. She didn't have to work, so why should she?

But he also knew how much she valued her independence, in whatever form that took. TJ hadn't let her work, and she'd been completely financially dependent on him. It was, he'd learned from all the research he'd done over the years, one of the earliest steps an abuser takes to control his victim. He never wanted her to feel powerless, and if that meant fixing WASP-y assholes' Volvos and Mercedes, then so be it.

He kissed her nose and she ran a hand over his head. "I love you, baby," she said with a sweet smile.

"I love you too, Liv."

He kissed her again and pressed her back against the pillows. She made a soft noise of pleasure. Fumbled for the nightstand to drop off her book. And then her fingers were tangled in his hair and she was hauling him down on top of her.

He scooted down to rest his head against her belly. She could tell he had something on his mind, so she just stroked the back of his neck and let him work it out.

Finally, "Would you still work if we had a kid?"

It didn't exactly surprise her, and she'd thought a lot about it. "Not at first," she said. "I'm sure Greg and Charlie would be fine with giving me the time off. But once he or she got settled in and everything, I'd probably go back."

She paused. He cut his eyes up to her face. "By that I mean old enough for daycare. I don't want a nanny or anything. Assuming we got a baby and not a little kid or something." She poked his shoulder. "What about you? Your fancy job give paternity leave?"
"They do, actually. Eight weeks."

"Wow, that's nice."

"Yeah, I was surprised." He kissed her stomach and traced his finger in a circle against her thigh. "You know, if you didn't want to adopt, we could maybe get a surrogate. Take a little of me, a little of you…"

She laughed. "I know how a surrogate works, babe. I don't know. That might be easier. Background checks with adoption are exhaustive, and it's not that I don't trust the story the FBI's built for us, but —" She broke off and her nose scrunched.

"It's kinda nerve-wracking."

"Yup. Especially with our new houseguest—who isn't in the program. If someone ties him back to Charming we could be fucked."

"He knows that, Liv. He wouldn't do anything to put us at risk."

"I know, Juicy," she murmured. "That's why I'm okay with him staying." She drew in a long breath. "I just…I thought you were fine with the no babies thing."

He lifted his head to look at her. There was a deep crease between his brows and his mouth was twisted in a moue. "I am, Olivia. But you said you were gonna keep it. If things had been different."

Her jaw fell open and she blinked. She'd gotten pregnant a few years ago, while they were still in Charming, despite having her tubes tied. She'd been freaked as hell when she first found out about it, but the more she'd thought about it the more she warmed to the idea. Then the doctor had told her the fetus had virtually no chance of survival due to how damaged her uterus was from previous miscarriages…and she'd made a decision she still regretted. Not the abortion, because she couldn't have stood losing a baby she actually wanted, but rather the choice she made not to tell Juice about it.

Her fear and guilt had nearly torn them apart, and it was only Juice's compassion and capacity to forgive (anyone but himself, as it turned out) that had kept their entire relationship from crumbling.

She brushed her fingers over his cheek. Smoothed her thumb over the line between his brows and kissed his forehead. "Maybe we should start looking into the whole surrogate thing. Get a handle on how it works."

He studied her carefully. He knew her well enough to know when she was saying what she thought he wanted to hear (which she rarely did, if at all, anymore) and when she was being honest. Now there was a vulnerability to her that he didn't often see. She meant it, but she was scared. The type of scared she hadn't been in a long time, since back in Charming when they'd first started and she was trying to learn that not all men hurt, and a man could actually want her rather than something from her.

One of the reasons they waited so long to get married—besides the need to settle into their new lives and identities first—was this exact issue. Neither of them had wanted kids in Charming. Olivia had never wanted kids, period, because her only real experience with a committed relationship had been a nightmare.

But as they both began to accept that they'd made it out, that they were safe, that they could have real, actual lives, both of them had started thinking about things they never had before. It wasn't that he wasn't scared, but he realized sometimes that was just your brain's way of telling you you were on the right track.
"What's that face?" she said. "You're thinking awfully loud, Martinez."

"Sorry, Martinez," he said with a brief smile. "If you're not ready, or you aren't sure you're going to be ready, we don't have to do it. Don't think I have to have kids to be happy. I don't. I am happy. I love the life that we have."

"But?"

"But I think I'd love that life, too."

Her mouth quirked. "As much as it terrifies me, I think I might love that life, too."

"Yeah?" he said on a breath.

"Yes, Juicy. I wouldn't humor you about something this important. You know that, right?"

"I do."

"Okay, then. Do what you do. Get on the computer and learn all about how to put our baby in somebody and then give me the rundown. Okay?"

"You know I'm not talking about having a kid, like, tomorrow."

"It takes a little longer than that, babe. Maybe look into that part first."

He bit her arm.

"Ow! Jerk!"

He lathed his tongue over the spot and pushed her t-shirt up a little. Planted soft kisses on the skin above her belly button. "I just wanted to make sure you know there's no hurry."

She lifted a brow. "You're thirty-nine. I'm thirty-five. We aren't getting any younger, you know."

He winced. "Geez, Liv. You ready to put me in a home?"

"Nah, not quite yet. I guess I have a thing for older men."

"Hum." He tickled her ribs just to watch her squirm. "Speaking of…"

She grabbed his hand and kissed the tips of his fingers. "I haven't decided."

"No?" He sounded disappointed.

"Something almost happened. This morning. After you left, but I…I just wasn't sure, Juicy. I know you said it's what you want, but I couldn't go through with it until we talked about it a little more."

"Okay." He sat up and moved to sit beside her. "Let's talk."

She turned toward him and rested her hand on his knee. "Do you think you're somehow not enough for me?"

"What? Why would I think that?"

"I don't know. I don't think I've done anything to give you that idea. I made a commitment to you even before we got married. You gave up your entire life to be with me. I know how big that is. I don't want you to think I wouldn't do—or wouldn't have done—the same if the situation had been
He closed his eyes a moment. "Olivia, sweetheart, you don't gotta reassure me about how you feel. I
know. That's why I can do this. If we rewound to four years ago this discussion would be way, way
different. But you had your chance to go, Liv. To leave me behind and never look back. You didn't."

"Of course I didn't. Besides our wedding, the day Trudy gave me that box of letters was the happiest
of my life. First because I knew you weren't dead, but also because it meant you wanted to be with
me. I left you there, Juicy. It was the hardest fucking thing I've ever done."

"Don't cry, Livvie," he murmured. He brushed his thumb over her cheek and pulled her against him.
"If you don't want to do it, don't. I'm not gonna be mad or anything. It just seemed like you sorta…
did."

She sniffled a little. "I do, and that kind of scares me, too."

He carded his fingers through her hair. She wore it long, but not as long as it had been when they
first met; these days it went to about mid-back. He laced his other hand through hers so that their ring
fingers were side by side. The tattoos weren't matching, but they complemented each other: complex
knots, semi-Celtic, that they'd designed themselves. He kissed hers and she managed a watery smile.

"Are you in love with Chibs, Liv?"

Her head tilted in surprise. "No, of course not. Are you?"

"No," he said.

His tone was thoughtful, though, and it gave her pause. "Do you think you could fall in love with
him?" she said.

His face scrunched as weighed it. "I don't know. Everything's different now. I wouldn't even've
considered it before, when we were still in Charming, but it's like now that I'm with you…"

He ducked his head. "It's easier to not be afraid."

"Yeah," she said after a moment. "I get that."

"Could you?"

"I don't know. It's weird enough for me to be in love with one man, let alone two at the same time.
Or, I guess, to be in love at all. After everything that happened with TJ I just sort of assumed I'd
never have that. And, you know, I kind of thought I didn't deserve it anyway."

"You know that's not true, right?" he said, squeezing her hand.

"I guess. But it's still…it's strange to me, Juicy. There are days when I'm great. When I look at our
life and I'm so fucking happy I can hardly believe it. But then there are days when I'm just waiting
for the other shoe to drop. What's going to happen? How am I going to fuck this up?"

"I almost kissed Chibs this morning, but then that voice starting chattering at me and I thought is this
it? is this how I fuck it up? And I couldn't do it. I don't know what I'd do without you, baby. I mean.
I'd live. Life goes on. But…"

She trailed off with a shrug and he nodded. "I know, Olivia. That's how I feel about it, too.
Everything. But there's part of me that thinks—I don't know. Why is he even here? Where did he
"Except?" she prompted when he didn't go on.

"It's so fucking hot, Liv. That's crazy, right? But the fact that you could have sex with someone else—I don't mean a stranger, but someone we both care about—and still love me and still be mine and still want everything that we have…it's so fuckin' weird, but it's like wow. Like, we can have it all. Whatever we want. Because you're mine and I'm yours and because of that we're just…free. Does that make any sense?"

"It makes perfect sense," she said. "I hadn't looked at it that way before, but it makes perfect fucking sense. Love isn't a cage; it's an open door."

He snorted. "Did you just quote Frozen?"

"Not on purpose. But I'm practicing for when we have the kid. Disney movies are required, right?"

"I think so."

"Good. I love Disney movies."

"Yeah," he said, grinning, "I know you do. Sap."

She curled up against his side. "You expect me to fuck your best friend you better not insult me."

"Please," he said with a huff. "You want it as bad as I do."

Untangling their fingers, she ran her hand under his shirt and over his abs. "And how bad do you want it, baby?" she said, her voice going soft and low.

"Pretty goddamn bad."

Her hand went down, into his shorts, while she nudged his shirt up with her nose and kissed his belly. "And which do you want more, me to fuck him, or you?"

He let out a hiss as she stroked his hardening cock. "Don't know. Both is good. Which do you want more?"

"Hhhmm." She wagged her head back and forth. "As much as I can't wait to hear all about how much you loved having Chibs' big cock in your sexy little ass, I think I'm most looking forward to all three of us. I bet Chibby has some new and exciting ideas for how to make you squirm."

His breath came in sharp pants at the thought. "Probably," he said on a gasp.

"In the meantime I guess you'll have to be content with the ways I make you squirm."

He grinned wide enough to crinkle the corners of his eyes. "For the rest of my life, baby."

"That's what I like to hear," she said.

Chibs got treated to quite an aural show that night, and he wondered if it would be a nightly occurrence. Was that even possible?

First year of marriage, he thought with a sniff as he reached for the tissues. No wonder they fucked like weasels.
Everyone slept in the next morning, and it was closing in on eleven when Olivia knocked on Chibs' door. He dragged himself out of bed to open it and was irritated by how chipper she looked. She grinned at his grumbling and handed him a stack of clean laundry.

"You're doing it yourself next time, but for now, you're welcome."

He stared down at the neatly folded pile of shirts and trousers before his eyes gradually drifted back to her face. "You washed my clothes?"

"You left them in the hamper."

"Aye, but—"

"Relax, Chibby. They smelled like cigarettes and were stinking up the guest bath. Like I said, next one's on you."

He cleared his throat and set the clothes on the bed. "You're lookin' fresh as a daisy this mornin', lass."

"Multiple orgasms will do that every time. We're heading out soon if you still want to come."

He blinked, momentarily nonplussed, but then he remembered their conversation in the kitchen yesterday. "Aye, gimme a minute. Time for a shower?"

"Yup. If you hurry." She spun away and was halfway out the door when the low rumble of his voice stopped her.

"Time for me to lick your pussy till you come all over my face?"

Her breath left her in a quiet rush, but when she looked back at him her expression was smooth and composed. "Not both, baby. I'd go for the shower. You can take care of that while you're in there," she said with a pointed look at the tent in his boxers.

"Mornin' wood, darlin'. Can't blame a man for it."

"Not blaming you at all. Just saying the shower might be the less frustrating route. This morning, anyway. I'm not really in the mood for a quickie."

He snorted and turned away to grab a shirt from the pile she'd just handed him. "High maintenance,
"ain't you?"

"Yep. But I doubt you'll complain."

With that she was gone, her cute little ass twitching beneath her skirt as she walked away. He watched her go with a grin of appreciation. Clearly they'd all underestimated Juice by a mile, because he was sure as fuck doing something right to get—and, more, keep—a woman like her.

He ran through the shower and hurried downstairs to find Juice in the kitchen alone. Chibs clapped him on the back and Juice offered the coffee pot, which Chibs eagerly accepted.

"Your lovely wife did my laundry."

"Hum. You're lucky. She rarely does my laundry." He passed Chibs a mug from the cabinet behind him, and then added a splash of milk before he could ask for it.

"Aye, well, she said I was on me own next time, so I s'pose I should enjoy it." He sipped and made a low noise of approval. "Good coffee."

"Liv made it, if you can believe that. Doesn't even drink it, can't cook for shit, and makes amazing as fuck coffee."

"Who can't cook for shit?"

They cast guilty looks in her direction. She leaned in the doorway that separated the kitchen from the backyard, and her arms were crossed under her breasts. The sun was bright on her hair, and the breeze tugged at her skirt.

Juice grinned. "You, m'love. You can't cook for shit."

She lifted her hand in a shrug. "True. Luckily I have you." She stepped closer and tugged him down for a kiss. Slid an arm around his waist and smiled at Chibs. "You cook, don't you?"

"Aye, some."

"More than some, Chibby," Juice said.

Her eyes warmed as she studied him. "Sounds like a perfect way to pay me back for the laundry, don't you think?" She brushed past him and squeezed his arm. "We can hit the store on the way home."

Bingo streaked in through the open door and Juice snagged his collar. "Looks like somebody's read to go."

"Me too, bud," Olivia said to the dog. He cocked his head and she scratched him behind the ear. "I'll take him in my car if you wanna take your bike," she told Juice.

"Yeah," he said. "That'd be great. Meet you guys there?"

"Yup. See ya, Chibby."

He waved at her without looking up from his coffee, but once he heard the front door close behind them he cut a look at Juice. "Bike?"

"Uh huh. Don't ride as much as I'd like, but that's mostly because the damn dog likes sticking his head out the car window so much. Can't say no to his dumb face and leave him at home."
"Well, Juicy boy," Chibs said and set his cup in the sink, "let's mount up. Like old times, yeah?"

They took the long way. It was a gorgeous day and Juice was happy to be out in it on his bike. He just needed Olivia behind him and it would be perfect. Chibs beside him was awesome—like old times, like he'd said—and if some tiny part of him missed Charming, he put it down to nostalgia and dismissed it.

"Ah," Chibs said as they dismounted. "Tis the mill pond of legend."

Unbuckling his helmet, Juice ran a hand over his head until his hair stuck up all around like a hedgehog. "That'd be the one. You should see it in the fall. It's why we decided to move here."

Chibs glanced at him and smothered a smile. "Lad..." He smoothed a hand through Juice's hair. "Not used to it just yet?"

He snorted. "It's been three years. But, no, not really. Never thought havin' hair would be such a pain in the ass."

"Count yourself lucky. If you were goin' bald you'd have to get that ink removed. Can't imagine it'd feel good, heads bein' so sensitive and all."

His hand was still in Juice's hair, and as their eyes met the moment became charged. Chibs tugged a little. Juice's eyes widened. He slid his fingers down the back of Juice's neck and squeezed. They were in public, barely outside Juice and Olivia's neighborhood, and it wouldn't do for any busybodies to see them and start gossiping...but when Juice's tongue darted out to slide across his lower lip, it was all Chibs could do not to haul Juice against him and kiss the living fuck out of him.

Instead he narrowed his eyes a little, and once he was sure Juice knew exactly what he was thinking, he took a step back and let his arm fall to his side.

"Why'd you come here, Chibby?" Juice said in a low voice.

He tilted his head in a shrug. "Missed your mugs, I reckon."

"Enough to give up the club? Everything in Charming?"

With a heavy sigh he turned away to hook his helmet on the handlebars and tug his riding gloves off. "Wasn't much left back there for me, Juicy boy. I loved Jackie—still do—and all the other lads, too, but it was time to move on. I wondered how you and the lass were doin'. If you could, why not me? I'd been in the life longer, but still." His shoulders moved in a restless shrug. "Just knew I couldn't do it alone."

"So you came here," Juice said. He tucked his hands in his pockets as they strolled toward the pond. He heard a dog bark and recognized it as Bingo, but he didn't see either Olivia or the dog.

"You askin' me to go?" Chibs said, bristling.

"Nah, man. Liv and me want you to stay as long as you need to. Long as you want. Whatever."

He smirked. "I imagine the lass has missed her dear Uncle Merle."

Juice rolled his eyes, but he was grinning. "Her pervy Uncle Merle. I can't believe you told her what happened that night."

"Didn't give her details," Chibs said. "Just mentioned it. Seems like you both enjoyed the tellin' of
He ducked his head. "She told you?"

"Aye." Chibs' tone was wary, and he stopped Juice with a hand on his arm. "Laddie, she's your woman. Your wife. You want me to keep my hands to myself, it's done."

"Not entirely sure why you're asking me now. Seems like that ship's sailed."

"Nothin's happened that can't be undone. She's a good girl, our Ollie. Just a bit...wild."

Juice barked out a quiet laugh. "That's a word for it." He hesitated, but he didn't look away. "I'm just curious why you told her. I'm not mad or anything, just...why now?"

"Why not now?" he said with a grin. "Honestly, Juicy? I wanted to put the idea in her head."

"The idea of you and me?"

"Aye. That'd be the one. Other ideas, too, hopefully."

He cleared his throat and shifted his weight. "You did a damn fine job, brother. It's in there, no doubt."

Chibs' eyed him a moment. "And what about yours, laddie? Any ideas floating around your head?"

"A few," he said, his voice going low. He moved on, and Chibs fell in step beside him again. "I told her to fuck you if it's what she wants," he said in a tone so conversational that for a moment Chibs thought he'd misheard.

"You're willin' to share your wife with me?"

He grinned and hitched a shoulder. Raised his hand in a wave when he caught sight of sun glinting off red-gold hair. "Sort of," he said. "I guess. But in the interest of full disclosure I'll tell you the same thing I told her: I'm hopin' we'll get to the point where it's more the two of you sharing me. That work for you?"

He stopped to stare. "Holy Mother of God," he muttered.

Juice laughed. "That's more or less what she said. I'm gonna take that as a yes from both of you. But, ya know, we gotta take things kinda slow. Don't wanna rush into anything and fuck it all up."

Chibs shook his head and scrubbed a hand down his face. "This really what you want, Juicy?"

He cast him a long look. "Isn't that why you came?"

"Ahh..." He frowned. "When the fuck did you get so goddamn insightful? Fuckin' Yoda, you are."

"Don't know, Chibby," he said. "I guess a lot changes in three years."

Olivia jogged up to join them and he swooped her into a hug. She giggled and kissed him, and when he put her down her gaze darted between the two of them.

"Everything okay here, boys?"

Chibs still felt a little shell-shocked, but he managed a brief smile for her. "Aye, lass. Everything's just peachy."
Her mouth quirked. "We all know how much you like peaches, Chibby," she said, sweetly.

He laughed and clapped Juice on the back. "You really did tell her everything. Good on you, laddie. Good on you."

Olivia was crossing the living room when she stopped short. "Oh," she said on a surprised breath. "There you are."

Chibs turned away from the window and offered a wry smile. "Aye, lassie. Here I am."

She approached him cautiously, her bright eyes wary and contemplative. "Hadin't seen you in a few days. Still in bed when I've left for work. Out when I get home. Don't come rollin' in until after I'm asleep. Was beginning to think you were avoiding me."

"Ah…well, aye, a little. Had some things I had to work out."

"I see. Did you?"

"I did." He paused. "Wasn't personal, Ollie girl. It was all in me own mind."

"Mmm. I'm glad you figured it out."

She had stopped just in front of him, and if he lifted a hand he would be touching her. Her chin was raised so she could look him in the face, and her mouth looked so lush and soft he couldn't resist the urge to dip his head and kiss her.

Gasping in surprise, she jerked back. Her eyes had gone round, her cheeks pink, and they stared at each other for several long, tense seconds. Then she threw herself at him and he caught her with a laugh.

"Firecracker you are, darlin'," he said.

He grasped her waist and steadied her as she raised up on tiptoes to capture his mouth. She tasted as good as she looked, and the soft noise of pleasure she made as his tongue stroked hers was enough to make him dig his fingers into her hips and grind against her.

She pulled away long enough to gulp in a breath, and then she was back. Her teeth nipped at his lips and her fingers tangled in the hair at the back of his neck.

"Goddamn, Ollie girl," he rasped against her. "What a sweet little thing you are."

"Sweet?" she murmured. "You sure that's the word you wanna use?"

"Aye," he said as he kneaded her ass. "Sweeter than sugar. And I love the way you melt on my tongue."

She shivered and tugged him toward the wall of windows. There was a long, narrow table set with a few nicknacks, and she brushed them aside as she hopped up onto it. The pane of glass was at her back, and the sun streamed through to light up her hair like a corona.

He ran his thumb down her cheek and she turned her head to capture it between her teeth. He hissed as she sucked it into her mouth, and she grinned around it.

"Right here, darlin'? You sure?"
She nodded and reached for his belt. "Right here. Not givin' you a chance to run off again."

He chuckled as she unzipped his pants. "Not goin' anywhere. Got everything I want right here."

Her mouth curved in a smirk. "Good to hear, baby."

He leaned over her and kissed her long and deep. Trailled his mouth down the line of her throat and lower, to the top of her dress. It buttoned all the way up the front, from hem to bust, and with a growl of annoyance he ripped it. Buttons flew. She let out a gasp of dismay.

"I could've just taken it off."

"Where's the fun in that?" He pulled the cup of her bra down and lathed his tongue across her pretty pink nipple. Sucked it a moment before he bit down hard enough to make her whimper.

"Fuck," she breathed. She yanked at his hair and he grinned up at her. His hands were on her thighs, squeezing and rubbing, and as his mouth worked her nipple her head fell back to rest against the window.

He raised his head to peek over her shoulder and lifted a brow. "Well now, Ollie girl." He pulled her off the table and spun her around. For a moment she was confused, disoriented, but then she focused on the view.

"Oh," she said, tossing a wicked smile over her shoulder at Chibs.

Juice was just outside, tossing a ball for Bingo. They could hear his muffled voice and the dog's barking, and while they could see him, the privacy glass made it impossible for him to see them.

Chibs' teeth sank in to the soft curve of her shoulder and she pressed her ass back against him, just like she'd done that night in the hallway. He pushed her down, bending her over the table, and he let out a strangled moan.

"Is it me you want," she said, her voice low and husky, "or my husband?"

He stroked a hand over the curve of her ass. Pushed the torn fabric of her dress up her back and pulled her panties down to puddle around her ankles.

"Don't you know, sweetheart?" he said, his beard tickling her skin as he bent down to run his tongue along her spine. "I want you both. You and Juicy. Apart. Together. Doesn't matter as long as I've got both of you."

He smacked her ass, lightly, just to see how she would react. For a moment she stiffened, but as he soothed the spot with his palm she relaxed against him.

"Nothin' you don't want, baby," he murmured to her, his voice soft and soothing. He pressed a kiss to the base of her spine.

She bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut. "More," she whispered. "Please, Chibby. Do it again."

The tiny plea was one of the sexiest fucking things he'd ever heard, and this time he smacked her a little harder. She shuddered and gasped and he thought maybe they should save that for another time. He could tell part of her enjoyed it, but she was at war with herself. He didn't want that.

"Just good things, sweet girl," he said. "Gonna make you feel so good, Ollie darlin'. Nothin' but good."
He let his fingers trail down the crack of her ass, and when he dipped them lower, between her lips, he found her hot and slick. He let out a moan and rubbed her labia together. She squirmed against him.

"Fuck, Chibs, don't tease me! He'll come in soon."

"Oh-ho. Don't want him to catch us, do you?"

She shook her head. "No. Not yet."

He bared his teeth in a feral grin and pulled himself free of his boxers. Muttered a curse as he remembered and searched his wallet for a condom. She watched him over her shoulder while he ripped the wrapper and rolled it up his throbbing length. Moaned when she felt him press against her ass.

"Look at him out there," he rasped in her ear. "Oblivious. Got no idea what's happening a few feet away from him. No idea I'm about to slide my fat cock into your sweet little cunt. What would he say if he knew?"

"I'll let you know after I tell him all about it," she said, half-laughing.

He growled low in his throat and yanked her toward him as he slammed into her.

"Fuck! Yes, Chibby, that's it!"

She was dripping wet, but still a little tight, and his eyes almost rolled back in his head at the feel of her around him. "Gonna be the death of me, Ollie girl," he groaned.

"Hope not," she said in a rough, breathy voice. "But if you insist, at least fuck me first."

He braced one hand against the table and the other on her hip. She rocked back against him with an eager little moan, and he forgot any promises that he'd made to himself to be gentle and take it slow. He thrust against her, his body smashing into hers hard enough to smack her head into the window.

"Ow."

He laughed and rested his palm on the top of her head. "Sorry, darlin'. Maybe got a little carried away."

"S'okay. Just don't give me a concussion, yeah? Don't need any more of them."

He kissed the back of her neck and tried again, a little easier this time. She moved with him, and soon the rhythm was perfect, hard and deep and just rough enough to make them both crave more. He slid a hand beneath her to find her clit, and as his fingers brushed over it her mouth fell open and she raised up on her toes to take him even deeper.

"Fuck, sweet girl," he grated. "Feel so good. Wish I'd been fuckin' this hot little cunt all along."

"Don't stop, please don't stop God that's right just like that—!

He massaged her clit with two fingers, and every time he thrust into her the slick nub slid between them in a way that made her legs shake and tremble.

"You gonna tell Juicy how you came for me, baby? Gonna tell him how I made you moan and beg?"
"Yeah," she whimpered, "yeah, Chibby. Gonna tell him you fucked me so good."

He circled his hips as he pressed into her deep. "I know you will, darlin'. I know it."

She braced her palms against the glass, and he watched her fingers go white when she tightened them against it. He rolled her clit between his knuckles, rubbing them along either side of it until, with a high, breathy moan, he felt her clench around him.

"Yes, yes, oh my God that's it! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

"That's it, Ollie darlin', come for me, baby, come all over my big hard cock."

She banged a fist against the window, startling Juice into looking their way, and as his eyes searched the blank panel of glass she rode out her orgasm with hard, sharp curses and deep, breathless gasps.

Outside Juice paused. Tucked his hands in his pockets and let his mouth curve in an easy grin. They both knew he couldn't see them, and she wasn't being so loud that he should be able to hear, but the gleam in his eyes was knowing.

She was still coming down from it when Chibs pulled out of her with a deep growl. "Humm?" she said, dizzy and confused.

He yanked off the condom and wrapped his hand around his cock. Leaned down to kiss and nip the back of her neck and pressed his other palm against her back.

"Baby, what—?" She cut the question off with a moan when she felt the tip brush her skin. It was wet and slick with pre-come, and as he stroked it down her spine she wriggled and squirmed.

"You ever let Juicy come all over you, sweet girl?"

She shook her head, a drunken, dazed loll. "Not quite like this."

"Oh good. This's just for you and me, then." He rocked into her, his cock trapped between his hand and her back, and at the sound of her moan he felt his balls go tight. "Holy God, Ollie baby, fuck yes so fucking sweet—!"

As his hot, sticky come spurted against her skin he pulled back a little so that it dripped over the curve of her ass. Down between her cheeks. She whimpered and reached back to dig her nails into his thigh. He hissed and his cock twitched one last time.

"Oh my God, Chibby," she said. "That—"

"Not quite done yet, lass," he murmured. He ran his tongue through the mess and she shuddered. He slid a hand up the inside of her leg and slipped two fingers into her cunt.

"Chibs!" she gasped.

He chuckled as he licked his come off her. The small of her back. Along her ass. He thrust his tongue into the cleft and swirled it up and down as his fingers worked her. He twisted them inside and pressed his thumb against her clit.

She rocked against him and he circled his tongue around her hole. Licked back up again to catch a few drops he'd missed.

"Don't stop," she whimpered. "Oh God don't stop that's—holy shit goddamn!"
His fingertips found her G-spot and she let out a soft cry. She reached down to grasp his hand and set the rhythm she liked. He didn't let up on her ass, licking and sucking and lashing his tongue back and forth. He dipped it inside, swirling and probing, and it took them both by surprise when she came again.

It was a hard storm, almost violent, and as the shudders gripped her she yanked his hand away from her pussy. "Oh God, Chibby, yes Chibby yes oh God!" she said in breathless little whimpers.

When it passed she collapsed onto the table in a boneless, sweat-slicked heap, and he grinned. Capturing a bit of her soft flesh between his lips, he started to suck. She stirred and cast him a look. His teeth sank in a little and he sucked harder. Deeper. When he finally pulled away there was a deep red mark that he soothed with a soft tongue.

"Now Juicy boy'll know where I've been next time he fucks you," he said with a smug grin.

She laughed, breathlessly. "That really shouldn't turn me on as much as it does."

He straightened and helped her up. Fixed her panties and tugged her dress closed. "Sorry, lass," he murmured and kissed the swell of her breast. "I'll fix it up for ya."

"Good luck finding all the buttons," she said with a drunk smile.

"Aye. Well then I'll buy you a new one."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him against her for a kiss. He fisted a hand in her hair and lingered over her mouth for a long time. When it finally broke he raised his head to peer out into the yard.

"Where is the lad?"

"Think he took Bingo for a walk. Wanted to give us time to finish up, I guess."

"Hhhmm." He slid his hand over her ass and gave it a squeeze and a pat. "Very considerate."

"Somethin' like that," she said with a smirk. She boosted up onto the table again and stretched her arms over her head, arching her back and letting out a quiet moan.

He winced and tugged his pants up. "Have some sympathy for an old man, lass. There's only so much I can take."

She laughed. "Old. Right. If this is what you're like at fifty, what the hell were you like at twenty?"

Hitching a shoulder, he said, "Horny and stupid, m'love, just like all young bucks with more jizz than sense."

"Mmm," she said. Her head tilted as she considered him, and her expression stilled. She ran a finger along the curve of his scar. "How old were you?"

"Ahh…" His hands fell to her thighs and for a moment she thought he wouldn't answer. Then he felt the ripple of her own scars beneath his palms. He knew the story behind those. Behind the concussions she'd so casually referenced earlier. Even the reason why she couldn't have children. It seemed a small thing, in light of all that, to tell her about his face.

"I was twenty-four," he said. "Jimmy O and some of his boys cornered me in an alley, and Jimmy was kind enough to rid me of my pretty face forever."
"Oh, Chibby." She kissed each scar in turn, taking her time about it, brushing the skin with her tongue and letting him feel the softness of her lips. "They're beautiful," she whispered, her breath warm and sweet. "You're beautiful. Don't ever let anyone make you think different."

He gathered double handfuls of her hair and used it to tug her head back. He brushed his mouth against the pulse in her neck and took a deep breath to inhale her scent.

"When I was twenty-four I shot my husband three times," she said. "When Juice was twenty-four he almost OD'd. Got sent to rehab and started hanging out at TM not long after."

"It's a rough age," he murmured as he rubbed the tip of his nose against her skin.

"Would seem like it." She took his face in her hands and turned him to look at her. "But where would we be now if those things hadn't happened? I'd be dead, so there's that."

"Fucking corpses is more Tiggy's thing."

She made a face. "Wow. That's one rumor I didn't need confirmed."

His mouth curved. "You're a very kind woman, Olivia."

"No. That's sweet, and I'm glad you think so, but I'm not. But do you remember the night you came to tell us about Tara?"

"Aye," he said. "You answered the door barely dressed and almost gave me a heart attack."

She lifted a brow but chose to ignore that. "You asked me if I love as fiercely as I hate." A feather-light kiss to his forehead and she hopped off the table. "I'm sure you remember the answer to that question, Chibby." She slipped past him, her body brushing against his, and disappeared up the stairs.

He didn't move until he heard the shower start, and then it was to search the house for liquor. At this point goddamn cooking sherry would do, because he'd finally figured out why he was here—and he was pretty sure it was an awful idea.

Chapter End Notes

I did promise more Chibs. Hope I didn't disappoint. :)
Definitely not safe for public consumption. Unless you're just into that sorta thing.

_and this is the way life's supposed to be_
_and there's a reason that you cannot see_
_you'll never be what you will never be_
_but you can always be the one for me, baby_
Bob Schneider, "The Way Life is Supposed to Be"

It was late when Juice stumbled in, and Olivia was asleep. He didn't bother to turn on the light, just leaned over and pressed a kiss to her temple. She stirred and pushed him away.

"Smell like tequila," she slurred.

"Chibs took me for a drink." He stripped off his shirt and nearly tripped as he tried to take his pants off with his boots still on. "Whoops."

"One drink?" she said. Propped on her elbow, she watched him knock around in the semi-darkness. She leaned over and flipped on her lamp.

"A couple drinks. I'm not drunk, babe. Just a lil tipsy."

"Oh, okay." She sighed. "Sweetheart, boots first. Then pants."

"Nah," he said, "I'm good." He crawled up the bed toward her, and she fell back onto the pillows as he dipped his head to capture her mouth. "You fuck Chibby today, baby?" he muttered and bit her lip.

"Did you?"

He laughed. His eyes sharpened, and when he spoke again his voice was clear and precise. "I thought about it," he said. "But I guess I'm not quite that drunk."

"Might be better if next time you weren't drunk at all."

"Yeah," he said. "I was thinkin' that, too." He settled down against her and she shifted her legs so he could lie between them.

"You need to do it soon, though, because honestly I'm not sure my vagina can handle the combined libido of Chibs Telford and Juice Ortiz. Somebody's gotta help carry the weight."

"Jesus Christ," he mumbled. "Thought old ladies were supposed to be, like. Biddable. Is that the word I mean? Like do what you say and not be so mouthy."

She took his chin in her hand and lifted it so that their eyes were level. "It's a good goddamn thing I'm not your old lady, isn't it?"
"Once an old lady always an old lady," he said with a grin.

"Get off me, Ortiz. I'm tired."

"I'll be quick." He tugged at her shirt and kissed her chest. "Like, in and out. You don't gotta do a thing."

"Ooo, baby, you say the sweetest things."

"Okay, wait. Better idea." He held up a finger to forestall her and leaned over the side of the bed. She caught him as he wobbled and he flashed a smile over his shoulder.

"Stop being so damn cute," she said.

"Can't. This's just how my face looks."

"Hmm."

He dug through the drawer in her night table and emerged with a triumphant smirk. "Look what I found. This." He held up a bottle of lube. "And this. It was a stainless steel plug with a sparkly pink jewel at the base.

"Is that for you, or for me?"

"Hang on." He waved his finger at her again and dove back into the drawer. Returned with another plug, this one with a clear jewel. "One of each."

She caught her lower lip between her teeth. Chibs' attention earlier today had definitely put her in the mood, and clearly Juice was desperate to have something in his ass. She remembered the mark Chibs had left and her mouth twisted. "You want pink or clear, baby?"

"You don't like wearing pink."

"Shoulda known the answer to that." She set the bottle on the nightstand and laid the toys on his pillow next to them.

"Is that a yes?"

She ran a hand down his chest and kissed him. Nibbled his lips and swirled her tongue against his. "It's a yes."

He rucked her shirt over her breasts and sucked a nipple into his mouth. "Wanna eat your pussy, baby. Wanna lick you all up while you're wearin' that."

A shudder rippled through her and she got rid of her shirt. Wrapped a leg around him and rolled them over. She straddled his thighs and unfastened his belt, which he'd forgotten in his confusion over the pants v. boots battle. "Did you ask me about Chibs earlier?"

"Uh huh," he said. He kneaded her thighs, but she batted his hands away.

"What was it you want to know?" She let her hair trail over his tummy as she nipped at his hipbones. Licked a ring around his belly button.

"Don't remember." His face scrunched in concentration. "Wait. Yeah. Got it. Was Chibs fucking you while I was outside playin' with the dog?"
She tugged his pants and shorts down, cut her eyes up at him, and smirked. "Yep." Her mouth closed around the head of his cock and his hips jerked.

"Thought so," he said on a breath. "More, Livvie. Need more!"

"No way, Ortiz. You think I'm gonna suck your cock already?"

"You could. I wouldn't mind."

Her laugh was an erotic buzz around him as she ran her tongue around the ridge. She lapped up and down the shaft and he moaned her name. A quick glance over her shoulder and a sigh. "You've still got your boots on."

"Couldn't figure out how to work 'em."

"I thought you weren't drunk. Just tipsy."

"Tipsy and horny's a really bad combo."

"Horny for me, or for the burly Scot down the hall?"

He groaned as her fingers tightened on his cock. "Both!"

"Funny, that's what Chibs said too." She moved down to unlace his boots and tug them off. Socks next, and then pants and underwear in one hard pull. With a series of small kisses and soft licks, she made her way back up his legs. Her teeth sank into the thick muscle of his thigh and he whimpered.

"What else…what else did he say?" he said between gasps.

"Ummm…" She spread some lube on her fingers and sucked his cock into her mouth again. Swirled a slippery fingertip against his hole and grinned around him as he squirmed. "He wanted me to make sure I told you how good he fucked me."

He let out a sharp breath. "Did he, Livvie? Did he fuck you good? Hard the way you like?"

"I don't always like it hard."

"You do when somebody's got you pressed against a window."

"Good point." She pressed her index finger into him up to the second knuckle and he wriggled against her. "Good, baby?" she murmured and flicked her tongue over the tip of his cock.

His head moved in a fervent nod. "So good, Livvie. I want more!"

"I know you do, Juicy. You're just gonna have to be patient."

"Only because you like it so much."

He dragged in a breath and brushed her hair off her face. "Were you watchin' me while he fucked you? Or was he?"

"Both of us. He bent me over that table in the living room. The sofa table that's not behind the sofa. She slid her fingers all the way in and hooked them to press against his prostate. His hips lifted off
the bed and she smirked. Swirled her tongue around the head of his cock and sucked him into her mouth.

"So you were just—fuck, baby, like that yeah—bent over that table, so close, and I had no idea. Goddamn, Livvie. Jesus."

His cock slid out of her mouth with a pop. "We thought you'd like that."

"You like his cock, baby? It's bigger than mine."

Her brow furrowed. "A little. Maybe. But I didn't get a great look because he was behind me." She pulled her fingers out and reached for the pink plug. Slicked lube all over it while he watched with big, eager eyes. She pressed the tip against him and lifted a brow.

"Please, babe." He swallowed hard. "Did he eat you out?"

"No," she said. She kissed the inside of his thigh and eased the plug into him, taking her time and keeping her eyes steady on his face. His forehead was scrunched, mouth puckered, and as she pushed it deeper he grabbed fistfuls of sheet and squeezed.

"So sexy, Juicy." She drew her tongue up the underside of his shaft. "So yummy." She watched as he opened up around the slick metal and swallowed it in. The pink jewel nestled between his cheeks, and she dropped a kiss on it. "Pretty," she said with a sly smirk.

He wiggled, tensing around the heavy metal plug to hold it in place, and his abs rippled as he moved. Straddling his hips, she dipped her head to kiss him. He thrust his tongue into her mouth and she braced her hands on his chest as he surged up against her.

"Fuck," he panted. "Fuck that's good."

"You like it, Juicy? Think it'll hold you over until you get Chibs' big Scottish dick in you?"

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He propped himself on an elbow and smirked as he ran his hand over it. "It's a great ass. And I gotta say, nice thong. I really love how it—holy shit what the fuck is that?"

"Hhmm?" She cast a glance over her shoulder. "Oh, that. He said he wanted to make sure you knew where he'd been."

"Jesus Christ," he breathed. He stroked his tongue over the mark and she squirmed a little. "Thought you said he didn't eat you out."

"My mistake. I meant he didn't eat my pussy."

"Oh God," he said on a groan. "Baby, I am way too fucking hard for this."

"I'm sure I can figure out a way to help you with that."
He gritted his teeth, and she could see the muscles dancing in his jaw. "Not yet," he said. "How many times he make you come?"

"Um. Twice."

"Just by fucking you?"

She shook her head. He nipped her with his teeth. "Tell me."

"First time by fucking me."

He nudged her legs apart and raised her hips. When she felt the brush of his stubble against her thigh she rocked back into him eagerly, but he ran a soothing hand down her leg. "Gotta have some patience, baby. Tell me how Chibby made you come."

"Fucked me hard, over the table. Fingers on my clit."

He made a low noise and drew the thong down her legs, kissing and nibbling all the way to her ankles, and then up to the tops of her thighs.

"Works every time," he said. He stroked his tongue along her slit. Spread her open and lapped across her inner lips. She was dripping wet, slick and ready. He flicked his tongue from her clit to the pucker of her asshole and back again.

"Juicy, baby, don't stop. Want you so bad."

"Me?"


He groaned and buried his face in her cunt. Lapped up and down, back and forth. Pressed his mouth against her clit and sucked, not just the little nub itself but the skin around it, too. Her hips rocked and she bit down on the pillow to muffle her moans.

"Let him hear you, Livvie," he murmured against her. "Let him hear how good I make you feel." He ran his lubed fingers down the cleft of her ass and slowly pressed a fingertip into her. "Tell me about the second one."

"Uh…he…fuck, Juicy, please! He pulled out and came all over my back and my ass."

He froze. They'd never done that, really. He hadn't figured she'd be into it. Too porny. "Did you—did you like that?"

"Didn't think I would, but yeah."

He sank his finger all the way in and she let out a shuddering gasp. "So you had his come all over you? Dripping down your ass?"

"Uh huh. Juice! You're making me crazy, baby, please!" He pulled away long enough to smear lube on the plug, and when she felt the cool tip she bit her lip almost hard enough to bleed.

"What happened next, Livvie?" He pushed it part way in and pulled it out. She squirmed in frustration and wondered when he'd gotten so mean.

"He licked it all off. All of it."
"Holy shit fuck…" He drew in several long gulps of air.

"Fingered me while he did it. That's what made me come again. His fingers in my pussy and his tongue in my ass."

He groaned and pushed the plug home. Her back arched like a cat, and he stroked her spine with his slick fingers. "Think I might have to skip straight to fucking you, baby."

"Please, Juicy. I need you."

He sat back on his heels and pulled her down with him. They both moaned as the plugs shifted and moved. She reached behind her to grasp his cock and slowly lowered herself onto it. When he was buried in her to the hilt she wiggled and squeezed him deep inside.

"Feel so fucking good," he rasped as he kissed her neck. His hips bucked and she bounced against him. He kneaded her breasts; pinched her nipples; trailed a hand down her body to massage her clit with two fingers.

"Love you, Juicy," she said. Hooking her arm around his neck, she twisted around to kiss him hungrily.

"Love you too, Livvie. Always." He thrust up into her as she dropped down onto him, and the feel of the plug against his prostate and her cunt hot and wet around his cock was almost too much. He bit her ear and whispered sweet, filthy things to her that made her moan even louder.

She rested her hand on his and showed him how to press his knuckles around her clit like Chibs had that afternoon. She didn't say anything as she did it, but he caught on quick—and he knew where it had to've come from.

"Like that, baby? Just like that?"

"Uh huh," she moaned. "So good. So close!"

He chuckled, low and rasping. "You like tellin' me as much as I like hearin' it, don't you?"

"You know I do." She rolled her hips, grinding against him, and as his cock rubbed against the plug through the thin wall separating them she thought she'd lose her mind. It felt so good, so hot and (Chibs' word flashed through her mind) sweet that even as the first orgasm exploded through her she felt another building right on top of it.

"Juicy!" she cried, incapable of anything else.

"Oh God, Livvie. God fuck yes love it when you come for me, love feelin' your cunt around me God baby yes!"

He knew he couldn't hold on much longer. Every time she moved the plug bumped his prostate, and when she arched her back and clenched her fingers in his hair, rocked into him and whimpered his name again and again, he was lost.

"Love you so much, baby. That's it that's it goddamn yes Livvie fuck yes baby!"

She came with him, her second climax longer and harder than the first. She whimpered his name over and over as he shuddered and groaned. Finally they fell still. She slumped against him, her legs numb, and he held her up with a strong arm around her waist.
"Wow," he breathed.

"Seconded." She let out a soft moan as she pulled away and stretched out on her stomach. He fell down beside her and stroked a hand down her sweat-slicked back.

"We've had a lot of sex over the past few years."

"Uh huh," she said.

"But do you think that was…?"

"Contender for sure." She stretched and shuddered. "Still a fan of that time at Diosa, though."

"Which time at Diosa?" he said with a smirk.

"Both. But I meant the first one. On the couch."

"That's a nice memory." He pressed a kiss to the small of her back and slowly pulled the plug free. "Wanna hit the shower?" he said. "Get cleaned up?"

"A real shower, though. Not an excuse for you to get handsy. I'm exhausted."

He laughed. "You've had an extremely vigorous day."

"You're tellin' me." She tugged at the pink jewel. He groaned as the toy popped out. She took the other one from him and wrapped them both in his t-shirt.

His arms wrapped around her and he kissed her long and slow. Brushed his nose against hers. "I love you, Olivia."

"I know, Juan Carlos. I love you too."

"You still good with this?"

She gave him a sleepy, contented smile and kissed the corner of his jaw. "I'm good. Are you?"

"Yeah," he said. "I'm good." They kissed again, but as she started to pull away he wouldn't let her.

"Thank you, Liv."

Her head tilted. "For what, sweetheart? Sex?"

"Nah, not that. I mean, yeah. Thank you for blowing my mind in new and exciting ways. But I meant—thank you for loving me enough to do this. Thank you for…" He ducked his head to hide a sheepish grin. "Thank you for being mine."

"Juice." She stroked his cheek. "That was never a question. I knew I was yours the night we met; it just took me a really long time to admit it. I didn't know that kinda thing was possible, but…I guess it happens sometimes."

"We got lucky," he said.

"You bet we did. Never been gladder I ignored that practical voice in my head. You know the one? Tells me not to buy drinks for strange men in seedy bars."

"Fuck that voice."
"You better save your energy, love. Chibby and me are gonna be keeping you very busy."

He shivered a little. "Lookin' forward to it, babe. Can't fuckin' wait."

"Then don't. I know Chibs is dying to get his hands on you. I mean, it's why he came here, isn't it?"

His expression turned thoughtful. "I don't know. He's known me longer, but I'm pretty sure he wants you just as much. That he came for you as much as for me."

She looked away. Her mouth fell open a little and she shifted up onto one elbow. "Do you think it's just sex?"

He ran his fingers down her side as he considered it. "Maybe. Kinda doubt it, though."

"Is that what you want? A threesome is one thing, but...when feelings get involved it changes everything."

"Not sure how we could keep feelings out of it. He's not a stranger. He was a brother. He was one of your closest friends. You trusted him before anyone else."

"Except you."

He grinned, briefly. "Except me."

She studied him for a long time. He'd changed a lot in the last three years. He was more confident. More decisive. Less afraid to be rejected or hurt. She didn't know if it was getting away from the club or being with her or a combination of the two. She thought the latter...and she really hoped Chibs' arrival wouldn't reverse any of the progress he'd made. She didn't think so, because Chibs had always cared for him and tried to look out for him, but it was a situation she'd have to watch.

She liked Chibs. Loved him, even. She wasn't in love with him, and she believed Juice when he said he wasn't either. But if that changed for either of them... She felt completely out of her depth. A relationship with one person was scary enough, but two? And she was giving it actual, serious consideration?

Juice tugged a lock of her hair. "Where'd you go?" he said.

"Just thinking."

"Wanna share?"

She smiled. Laced her fingers through his and squeezed. "We can do this, Juicy."

"You think?"

"I do. And you're right: slow is better. No fuck ups. No hurt feelings."

His face lit up in a grin. "Yeah, babe. You got it." He pressed his mouth to hers and lingered. "Shower?" he said once he finally pulled away.

"Maybe a bath?"

"Even better."

They made their way to the bathroom, laughing and kissing and shushing each other, and by the time
they got back to bed they were both water-logged and thoroughly worn out. They tumbled in and fell asleep curled up together, happier than either of them could ever remember being.

Olivia was sore the next morning, but in a good way—an *I spent all day yesterday fucking my husband and his best friend and now it's a little hard to walk* sort of way. Chibs was still asleep when Juice left for work, but Olivia was on closing shift again. She knocked on his door, and at the sound of his sleepy grunt she pushed it open and tiptoed inside. Crawled into bed next to him and pulled his arm over her.

He made a low noise of pleasure and let his hand drift down to cup her breast. "Such fine service in this establishment," he murmured.

"We aim to please," she said.

"You and Juicy were busy last night."

"Mnhmm. S'why I'm feelin' so lazy this morning."

"Me too," he said with a laugh.

She turned over to face him and cupped his face in her hands. They watched each other, brown eyes against green, until finally their mouths brushed. Once. Twice. Again.

"Tell me why you're here, Chibby," she whispered. "No one drops his entire life and cracks the fucking Witness Protection Program just because he wants a hot threesome. So talk to me, Chibs. Just lay it out."

He sighed and carded a hand through her hair. "If I knew I'd tell you, lass. I was livin' my life, happy as a clam, and then one day…I wasn't anymore."

"Why?"

A hand lifted and fell in a shrug. "Don't know. Thought maybe—thought maybe I needed a change. I patched out, got rid of my ink, and went on the road. Stopped in to see Fiona and Kerrianne."

"You didn't want to stay with them?"

"Ach, darlin'." His face creased. "There's lots of ways to love, aye? You and Juicy, you got that steady kind. The kind that makes you both better together than either of you is apart. My Fiona and me, though? We got the kind that'll burn you up. Hot and wild, but no good for stickin' around."

Her mouth moved in an ironic moue. "Before I met Juice I didn't know anything about love. I knew it wasn't supposed to hurt, but I didn't know…how to find it. Or keep it. Or anything. TJ fucked me up so bad I didn't even think I—" She broke off and looked away, but he turned her chin toward him again.

"It's a damn cryin' shame when a beautiful woman doesn't think she deserves all the love in the world."

He'd said something almost identical to Jax, years ago, and he'd been talking about her on that occasion, too.

The shadow of a smile brushed her face. "You think I'm beautiful, Chibby?"

"Aye. Have done, since the day I first saw you. Wee redhead in a loud car, all swagger and bluff."

"Such fine service in this establishment," he murmured.
He grimaced. "Course, part of me wanted to bend you over the hood of said car and fuck you silly, but I couldn't say that. You were Juice's."

"That was—"

"You were Juice's," he repeated, more firmly.

"I still am. Didn't stop you from bending me over and fucking me silly yesterday."

"You regrettin' it now, lass?"

She sucked on her lip a little. "No. You?"

His gaze skimmed down to her mouth and back up again. "Not a bit. Would do it again, give me half a chance."

She laughed. "Maybe go fuck Juice instead. I'm tired."

"Worn you out already, darlin'? I don't believe that." He pressed her back on the bed and stretched out on top of her. "Besides, Juicy's at work. Wouldn't wanna bother him. Not when I've got you right here, all hot and sweet beneath me."

Her eyes closed and her head fell back. "Chibby—"

"Just wanna find out if you really do taste better than peaches." He nibbled her neck, the sensitive spot at her pulse point, and pressed his tongue hard against it. "Let me eat your pussy, sweet girl. Lick your cunt till you moan."

She squirmed and whimpered. Good God this was getting ridiculous. She felt like some sort of sex addict. Two men, so completely different, yet somehow both capable of pushing her buttons like crazy. Was she that easy to read, or was it something else? Also, was there a limit to how many orgasms a person could endure in a twenty-four hour period? Because she was pretty sure she was closing in on it.

She had to get Juice and Chibs fucking soon or she might not live through this whole thing.

Meanwhile his fingers were pressed against her panties, rubbing her through the cotton, and with a muttered curse she gave in. "Yeah, Chibby," she breathed. "Please."

She fell asleep in his arms after, her sweet scent enveloping him as her hair trailed across his chest. She was warm and soft and more delicious than he could've imagined. Not just the fucking. That was as good as he could ever've hoped. But it was more. He hated that it was more, but it was, and now he didn't know what to do about it.

Maybe this whole thing was a bad idea. Maybe he should kiss her goodbye and walk out the door. He'd wanted Juice almost as long as he'd known him, and that...craving (he chose the same word she had on purpose) was bad enough, but if he let her get under his skin, too...

He'd told her he wanted both of them. He hadn't realized quite how true it was until this moment, and the realization came like a blow. She stirred against him, waking up slowly, and when she saw his face she pulled back, her expression puzzled, and he kissed her before she could ask any questions.

But she was Ollie, and it would take a damn lot of kissing to shut her up completely. "What's the matter, baby?" she said. "What happened?" Her face was still cloudy from sleep, but as she studied
him her gaze sharpened.

He cleared his throat and leaned back. "Nothin', lass. All's well."

She frowned and lifted a hand to trail across his chest. Ran the tip of her tongue over her lip and swallowed. "You're leaving, then?"

His mouth twisted. Why should he be surprised? She read most people like a book, a self-defense mechanism she'd perfected years ago that had become second nature to her.

"I'll be back," he said, his voice thick.

"Will you?" she murmured.

He hesitated. Looked away, over her shoulder toward the hall and then back to meet her steady green eyes. "Aye, darlin'. I need to settle a few things, and I don't wanna bring any attention down on you and Juicy. Just give me a few days, yeah?"

She wasn't sure what had changed while she slept—she'd only been out half an hour, maybe less—but whatever it was he needed to work through it. She couldn't have him here if he was unsure. If Juice might get hurt. She knew he felt the same, and she was glad he'd come to the decision on his own.

"Take as long as you need, Chibby." She stretched up to kiss him, soft and sweet, and as she dropped down again her smile was wistful. "We aren't going anywhere, and our door is always open."

He pressed his lips to her forehead. "You're a rare woman, Olivia Gable," he said.

Her mouth moved in a wry grin. "Didn't you hear? It's Ortiz now."

"Aye," he said. He gave a huff of amusement. "Aye, of course it is."
No Pill

Pause a minute, loves, for I've made another picspam thingie for this fic. You can find it [here](#) if you wanna take a look. :)

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i's feeling strange so i went to see
a man who had himself a medical degree
he said in my twenty years
it's led me to my belief
there ain't no pill that's gonna give you your relief
Bob Schneider, "Medicine"
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When Chibs parked his bike in front of their house three days later, Juice's car was in the driveway, but Olivia's blue Mustang was missing. Chibs was greeted by a bounding Bingo when he opened the door, and he knelt to scratch the dog behind the ears and whisper Gaelic endearments. He loved dogs—not in a borderline-creepy Tig way, but just in a normal *dogs are great* way—and he hadn't been around one in a long time.

Juice appeared at the top of the stairs and jogged down when he saw Chibs. His hair was wet from the shower, and as he got closer Chibs could smell him: sandalwood and citrus, but not overwhelming. Just subtle. Juice.

"Hey," he said, grinning. "Didn't know if you were comin' back or not. Liv said you had some shit to work out."

"Aye, well, you know me. I'm a ramblin' man."

Their eyes met as Juice crouched to pet the dog. He seemed skeptical, like he saw right through Chibs' attempts to be casual, but after a moment he just hitched a shoulder and straightened.

"Come on, buddy," he said to Bingo. "Ready to go play?"

The dog barked and jumped around like a mad man. His tail whipped back and forth, and Chibs fell backwards trying to avoid getting smacked. Juice held out a hand to help him up.

"Gotta watch the tail. He sure as fuck doesn't."

If they held on a little longer than strictly necessary, neither of them felt the need to comment on it. Juice took the dog through the kitchen and let him out into the fenced-in backyard. Bingo gave one more bark and then took off to do his usual laps at max speed.

Grinning again, Juice wandered back to the living room. Chibs was on the couch, where he had a great view of Bingo's idiot antics, and Juice sank down beside him.

"Y'think you gotta be stupid to be that happy?" Chibs said with a nod outside.


Chibs could feel Juice's gaze on him, and gradually his eyes drifted that way. He looked so different than he had in Charming. Hair, of course, and no ink, but it wasn't just that. He'd always been quick to smile, but in the last several months it had seemed to barely touch his eyes. Now he
couldn't stop smiling, and his entire face lit up with it. He reminded Chibs a lot of the dog.

But Chibs knew there was nothing stupid about Juice Ortiz—despite his occasionally crippled decision-making skills—so apparently there was something more to being happy than just obliviousness.

Juice shifted closer and a crease formed between his brows. "I'm glad you came back. Liv would've missed you."

"Oh, aye? Just Ollie then?"

He flashed a sheepish smile. "Not just her. Bingo, too."

Chibs snorted out a laugh and closed his hand around the back of Juice's neck. Hauled him closer and before he could protest captured his mouth in a sharp kiss.

Juice pushed away, wide-eyed, but his confusion only lasted a second before he was back. Their lips met again, and his parted at the feel of Chibs' probing tongue. It was so different from kissing Olivia: hard where her mouth was soft, rough where she was smooth. Chibs wasn't gentle but Juice didn't really want gentle, and he let out a soft groan as Chibs bit down hard on his lip.

Chibs started to push him back on the couch, but Juice shook his head. "Not here," he muttered.

"Here works just fine, Juicy," Chibs rasped as he reached for Juice's belt.

"You wanna explain come stains on this sofa to Olivia?"

There was a pause. "Upstairs," Chibs said.

They were kissing again before they made it to Chibs' room. Chibs shoved him against the wall and sucked at his neck and Juice tangled his fingers in Chibs' graying hair. He cursed, low and filthy, and Chibs' rich laughter filled the hallway.

Finally they were through the door. Neither of them bothered to shut it again. Juice fell back onto the bed and Chibs dropped on top of him. His hands were everywhere: unfastening Juice's belt. Racing up his sides. Scraping down his back.

They peeled their shirts off and it was only then they paused a moment. Juice smiled and brushed his hand over Chibs' chest. "You look so different," he said.

"Aye. Feels odd. Naked, almost."

"That's what I said, too."

He'd seen Juice's scar before, the big, ugly one from the surgery that had barely saved his life after Teddy Flanary's boy put two bullets in his chest. What he hadn't seen was the new tattoo he had over the spot where the "Shine" one had been. It was a mermaid done in gray and black, but with bare, subtle washes of color, like highlights: orange-red along the cascade of hair; pale peach at the curve of the shoulder; turquoise on the bend of the tail and darker blue where the waves curled.

"It's Olivia," Juice said when Chibs' fingers traced over it.

"Aye, lad," he said with a brief grin. "Can't see her face, but I recognize her." He bent his head to kiss it, and Juice shivered at the tickle of Chibs' beard against his skin. He kissed lower, a hot trail down to Juice's nipple, and when he flicked his tongue across it Juice hissed.
"Sensitive?" Chibs said.

"Uh huh."

He grinned and sucked. Swirled his tongue over it and bit down, just a little. He raised his head with a puzzled frown. "Where's Ollie? How long do we have?"

"Um…book club. Until eight."

Chibs glanced at the bedside clock. Seven-thirty. "Olivia's in a book club?"

Juice's mouth curved. "Weird, right? It's with her bosses at the garage and a bunch of their friends. She seems to like it."

Chibs' hand drifted down and into Juice's shorts. He grasped his cock, pleased with how hard it was, and stroked. "Never thought you two would have such a normal life."

"Chibs. My wife is fucking you with my permission. We're about to have sex, with my wife's permission. That doesn't exactly strike me as normal."

He threw his head back and laughed. "About to have sex, are we? Awfully cocky, lad."

"Oh. You don't want to? Huh. Guess I'll just…" He started to roll away, but Chibs squeezed his cock and he fell back with a groan.

"You'll what, Juicy boy?"

"Stay right here," he gasped.

"Aye, that's what I thought."

He stripped off Juice's pants and underwear and took a moment to admire him: well-muscled chest. Flat belly. Thick thighs and between them a hard, straining cock of admirable length and girth. A drop of pre-come had formed at the tip, and Chibs licked it away with a quick flick of his tongue.

"So sweet, Juicy boy," he murmured. His lips closed around the head and Juice let out a strangled moan. He swirled his tongue around it and sucked it in deeper.

"Fuck, Chibby!" Juice whispered. His hips jerked and Chibs pulled away.

"Patience, boy-o," he said. He lathed down the length of Juice's shaft and stroked across his balls with long, wet licks. Juice whimpered. Chibs nudged his legs further apart and licked lower. Spread his ass cheeks and swirled his tongue against Juice's hole.

"Oh God," he moaned. "That's good, Chibs. That's so fuckin' good!"

He lapped back and forth across it. Probed it with the tip of his tongue and was surprised by how easily Juice opened for him. But maybe he shouldn't've been. He was as keen as if he knew how good this could feel. Chibs thought maybe this wasn't Juice's first rodeo.

Chibs pressed a kiss to the inside of Juice's thigh and moved back up his body. Juice cupped his face and pulled him in for a kiss, all teeth and tongues and smothered moans. Chibs' pants were uncomfortably tight against his erection, and he was relieved when Juice reached down to help him with them. He kicked them away, and when Juice's fingers closed over him he let out a rough groan.

"Tell me, baby," he said, his mouth close to Juice's ear, "you've had somethin' in your ass before,
"aye?"

"Uh huh. Livvie fucks me sometimes."

Chibs' eyes closed and he shuddered at the image. "With a strap-on?" he grated.

"Yeah. Or sometimes just a dildo while she's sucking my cock. Or sometimes a plug while we're fucking. Like the night before you left."

Now it was Chibs' turn to curse and Juice's turn to laugh. He could just imagine Olivia knelt between Juice's legs, her girl-cock lubed and ready to go, his face lust-wrecked as he begged her for it. She would tease him, of course. Olivia could be a terrible tease when she wanted to be. And Juice loved to beg.

"That's somethin' I'm gonna have to see," Chibs said.

"Maybe," said Juice. "Sometime. For now..." He flipped them both over and Chibs let out a grunt of surprise. Juice chuckled and worked his way down Chibs' body: kisses and licks and nibbles, careful and considerate and just rough enough to make Chibs writhe beneath him.

He didn't bother to play games when he got to Chibs' cock, instead sucking it in as deep as he could, his cheeks hollowing and his tongue working the shaft until Chibs thought the top of his head might come off.

"Holy shite, boy-o," he groaned. "Forgotten how sweet that mouth is." Different, as Juice had thought when they kissed, than Olivia's, but they both had their singular charms.

His head bobbed up and down as he sucked Chibs in and out, and Chibs' hips bucked in time. Juice took him deep, to the back of his throat, and swallowed around him, then pulled away to run his tongue around and around the slick, sensitive head. He held him loosely in his fist and used Chibs' foreskin to slide over the glans between laps with his tongue. Chibs writhed and moaned and cursed, and Juice laughed around his cock.

He dropped one last kiss against the tip and made his way up again. His lips were swollen and reddened, and the sight of it was maddening. Chibs kissed him hard and rolled them over again. Pinned Juice to the bed and ground against him until they were both sweat-slicked and moaning.

"Hang on, baby," Chibs whispered as Juice wrapped his legs around him. "Hang on." He reached into the bedside table and grabbed a condom and a small bottle of lube. "I imagine I'm a little bigger than our Ollie's girl-cock, aye?"

"Uh huh," he said with a drunken nod. "Want it so bad."

"I know you do," Chibs said. "Don't wanna hurt you, though." He ripped the condom open and Juice helped him roll it on. He squeezed a bit of lube onto his fingers and pushed Juice back against the bed. Kissed him long and slow as he probed at his tight hole with a fingertip. Juice pushed against him eagerly and the finger slid right in, barely any resistance, and Chibs added a second one.

"Fuck," Juice muttered. "Goddamn, Chibby, like that. Fuck yeah shit that's so good—!"

Chibs kissed the side of his neck and pressed his fingers in deeper. He knew he'd found the right spot when Juice's hips came up off the bed and his face twisted with pleasure.

"You want me to fuck you, Juicy boy?" he said, his mouth tracing a line from Juice's shoulder to his jaw and back again.
"Yeah, Chibby. God yeah please fuck me. Please, baby!"

"I bet our Ollie makes you beg, too, doesn't she? Teases this sweet tight ass until you think you're gonna die."

He huffed out a choked, shaky laugh. "She's so fuckin' mean. I love her so goddamn much."

Still working his fingers in and out, Chibs used his free hand to lube up his cock. He wanted it as bad as Juice, and he was shaking so hard he smeared lube on the inside of Juice's thigh and had to wipe it off with the heel of his hand.

He popped his fingers out and wiped them on his discarded t-shirt. Lifted Juice's legs a little higher. When Juice felt the tip of Chibs' cock probe against his hole he whimpered, but Chibs soothed him with soft, whispered words and sweet, easy kisses.

He tried to ease in, to make it slow, but Juice was having none of it. He bucked against him and suddenly Chibs was buried to the hilt and he let out a hard, deep groan as his forehead fell against Juice's shoulder. He was tight and hot and so fucking needy. Chibs rocked into him and Juice tangled his fingers in Chibs' hair, hauling him back for another kiss, anything but gentle this time.

"Fuck me" he rasped against Chibs' mouth. "Fuck me so good, baby, God I wanna come for you so fucking bad! Just like Livvie did when you bent her over that table."

He groaned and gave in. He thrust hard, the tip of his cock slamming into Juice's prostate and eliciting the hottest, sexiest whimpers and groans Chibs had ever heard. He wrapped a lube-slicked hand around Juice's cock and pumped. His hips bucked fervently and his head fell back as his eyes squeezed shut.

"Nuh uh, Juicy boy," Chibs said. "Look at me while I fuck you. Watch my face."

He lowered his chin again and a grin curved his mouth. "Feel good, Chibby? You like havin' your cock in my ass?"

Chibs looked down at him, his eyes going wide, and he realized then something Ollie had probably known for years: Juice begged and squirmed and made those hot little whimpers. He was eager and so fucking sweet, but he was also in control the whole goddamn time. He knew exactly what he wanted, and he knew exactly what Chibs wanted, and he knew how to get it for them both.

No wonder she hadn't left Charming all those times she had the chance.

"Yeah, baby," Chibs whispered. "Holy God yeah I do."

Juice's mouth fell open as Chibs squeezed his cock, pumped into him again and again, and with a long, desperate groan and a jerk he came. Hot, sticky spurts that coated his belly and Chibs' chest and snapped the last bit of Chibs' control. He drove in hard and deep. Juice braced himself against the headboard, and with only a few more thrusts Chibs felt his own orgasm hit, a long hot wave as his cock spasmed and his legs trembled.

"Holy Mary Mother of God," he moaned.

Juice laughed. "Blasphemy, Chibs? Not sure that's good for you."

"She'll understand." He fell against him and Juice wrapped his arms around him. Kissed his temple and wiggled a little.
"I made a mess," he said.

"Aye, well. I would have too, in your place." He flashed a winking grin and bit Juice lightly on the jaw, the same spot Olivia loved to kiss so much. Pulled away and cleaned them both up with his t-shirt before he tugged off the condom, tied the end, and dropped it in the trashcan beside the bed.

Juice craned his neck that way and noticed it was full of tissues. "Got a cold?"

"Somethin' like that."

"Hhmm. I guess we can try to keep it down."

Chibs laughed at Juice's wicked, smug smile. "Probably best that you don't. Would hate to go cold-turkey. Not good for a body."

"True," Juice said. He ran a hand through Chibs' hair. "Liv's gonna be mad she missed this."

"Hum." Chibs' head tilted in consideration. "Probably better, this time, that it was just the two of us."

He gave Juice a shrewd look. "It was your first time with a man, yeah?"

"Yep."

Chibs lifted a brow at Juice's light tone. "You're not gonna throw a wobbly like you did last time? Run out and not speak to me for a week?"

Juice snorted. "I think we're pretty far past that, don't you?"

"Aye. Just makin' sure."

Juice kissed him, lingering over it, and once they broke apart he slid off the bed and tugged his boxers and pants back on. He raised the zipper but didn't bother with the button or the buckle on his belt, and Chibs took a moment to appreciate the way they hung low on his hips.

"We should get cleaned up," he said. "She'll be home soon, and probably with food. Don't know about you but I'm starving."

"A good fuck'll do that to you." He paused. "And it was, wasn't it?"

Juice's brow furrowed. He sounded genuinely unsure. "It was a great fuck, Chibby." His frown deepened and his eyes flicked away. "I wouldn't change anything about my life. Olivia is—fuck, this is gonna sound cheesy, but—Olivia's my soul mate. I didn't even know I believed in that shit until I met her, but I guess I do now."

"I'm Scottish, lad. You don't gotta explain matters of the heart to a Scot. Poets and madmen born, all of us."

His mouth quirked in a grin. "I wouldn't change anything, but I do wish I hadn't spent so long bein' afraid of everything. I guess maybe that's the best part? I know what she is to me, and what I am to her, so there's no reason to be afraid."

"So you two can have a bit o' fun with me and it not change anything."

Something about his tone made Juice hesitate. "I think all three of us know it's a more than just a bit of fun, Chibs," he said at last.

Chibs grunted, but before he could say anything they heard the front door. He tugged the sheet up
over his hips, and when Olivia called a hello Juice called back.

"Up here, babe."

They heard her on the stairs, and a few seconds later she appeared in the doorway. She took in the sight of them: Chibs sprawled naked across the bed, his hair mussed and his eyes heavy-lidded. Juice standing in the middle of the room with his belt undone and no shirt on. Lips swollen and body relaxed.

"Well. You two look well and thoroughly fucked. I hope you saved some for me."

Juice pulled her against him and kissed her long and slow. "Always, baby."

She broke away to lean across the bed and kiss Chibs, her tongue flicking against his and her teeth tugging at his lower lip until he groaned and reached for her. She pulled back and patted his cheek. "I'm glad you're back," she said with a soft smile.

"I brought Thai. Take a shower, boys; you reek of sex." She grabbed Juice's hand and tugged him after her. "I'll help you wash all those hard-to-reach places."

"And what about me?" Chibs said. "Am I all on me own?"

They flashed him matching grins. "For now," she said.

"Patience, boy-o," Juice said in a spot-on imitation. "You'll get your turn."

The door closed behind them and Chibs fell against the bed. They would have to talk this out soon. Juice had been right about one thing: it was more than just a bit of fun. But what did that mean to them? Hell, for that matter what did it mean to him?

He thought he had it all worked out, but, more importantly, they needed to work it out together. He knew how much Olivia liked to make sure everyone was on the same page. Maybe he'd start with her. She was better at thinking with her brain than Juice. Chibs could feel things out and see what she might want in a more long-term, less athletic-sex sorta way.

Chibs had offered to clean up after supper, and Olivia and Juice were quick to take him up on it. They retired to the TV nook and curled up together on the couch. They debated for a little while, but eventually fired up Netflix for a few 80s movies and started with *Heathers*. Chibs joined them about the time JD and Veronica killed the first Heather. Juice shifted over to make room, and once Chibs was settled Juice leaned against his shoulder.

Chibs glanced at him, a smile hovering at the corner of his mouth, and lifted his arm to pull Juice closer. Olivia snuggled into Juice's chest and laced her fingers through his, while Chibs tangled his hand in her coppery hair.

None of them spoke until the movie was over. When the credits started Olivia grabbed the remote to turn the TV off, and Chibs let out a stunned sort of laugh.

"I know I missed the first bit, but was that as fucked up as it seemed?"

"You hadn't seen *Heathers*?" she said.

"Can't say I had."

"It's a classic, man," Juice said. He grinned at Olivia. "In certain circles."
"Aye," Chibs said, doubtfully. "I'll take your word for it, laddie."

There was a short silence, a tiny bit awkward. Olivia spun around to perch on the coffee table opposite them. "I think we need to talk, boys. And not about darkly hilarious eighties movies."

"What's on your mind, Ollie girl?" He leaned forward to prop his elbows on his knees, and he was close enough that she could reach out and brush the lock of hair off his forehead as it fell.

"A lot of things. But, first, I wanted to say again how happy I am that you're back. We both are."

She glanced at Juice for confirmation and he nodded. She touched his knee and he smiled at her.

Taking that as encouragement, she drew in a breath and continued. "The thing is, we'd kind of like to know if you're going to take off again. If you are, okay. It's your life and we're not gonna force you to be here. But neither of us want to get…attached…to you being here, in our lives, if that's not how it's gonna be. And maybe you don't know yet, which is okay, too, but…"

She trailed off and bit her lip. Chibs' dark eyes were steady on hers. "I know how addictive it can be. Dropping everything and heading for the hills. But we want you to know you can stay. If you want to. We would…we'd like you to."

He shifted in his seat and cleared his throat. Glanced quickly at Juice and then back to Olivia. "Stay how, lass? As Uncle Merle?"

Her face scrunched. "We can't draw attention to ourselves, Chibby. You know that. I think if people knew the nature of our relationship it might cause a tiny bit of gossip."

"So, yeah," Juice said, "as Uncle Merle. At least out there."

"And in here?" he said, his voice quiet.

"In here…" She pushed off the table and into his lap, straddling him. She kissed him long and slow, and then turned her head and tugged Juice closer to do the same to him. "In here we can be whatever we want."

Juice pressed his lips against her neck and smiled at Chibs. "So I guess the real question is what exactly do we want?"

"We don't have to know right this minute," Olivia said. "We can start with raunchy sex and move on from there."

"I believe we've already started that much," Chibs said.

"I think she's talking about all three of us," said Juice.

"Aye, well, I figured." He paused to study them each in turn. Then, "Is that what you both want? A little rough 'n' tumble?"

"We both imagined it'd be more than a little," Juice said. "But we thought we'd take our cue from you. You went to a damn lot of trouble to find us, Chibby. If after all that you just want a little rough 'n' tumble, then okay."

Chibs tugged at his beard and slumped back against the couch. Olivia grabbed his shoulder to keep herself steady, and he held on to her hips, kneading her through her shorts in a way that made her wiggle. "That's a complicated question, Juicy boy," he said as he watched Olivia.
"Isn't that why you left? To figure it out?" she said.

"Aye, partly. That and I wanted to make sure my money was where I could get it without drawing undue attention. And I had to get Fi and Kerrianne set up."

"Sounds like you're droppin' out," Juice said.

He sat up again and dipped his head to nibble at Olivia's collarbone. Reached over to squeeze Juice's thigh. "I like my life better with the two of you in it. For very different reasons, y'understand. You," he said to Olivia, "don't put up with my shite and Juicy sees the best in everybody. She," he told Juice, "has got one helluva a rack and your shoulders would make angels weep."

Olivia giggled. "I tell him that all the time. His back, too. It should be a crime."

"Aye, you'll not hear me argue."

Juice cleared his throat. "Okay, wow, enough."

"It makes him blush," she said as she leaned over to kiss him. "And we didn't even mention his cute little ass or those sexy legs."

"Or that big brown cock," Chibs said, his voice low and raspy.

"Mmm," she murmured, biting her lip. "I do love that cock."

His eyes were wide, and his mouth had softened the way it did when blood started flowing south. She nibbled his jaw and grinned.

"Okay, baby?"

He managed a staccato nod. "Fantastic," he breathed.

Chibs pushed Olivia at Juice and she let out a little shriek of surprise. He caught her around the waist and hauled her into his lap. Chibs tilted closer to kiss first her, then Juice, back and forth until all three of them were panting.

"We should probably head upstairs," he muttered between kisses. "Don't want to mess up Ollie's pretty sofa."

"Hm? Oh, sex on this one's fine. Just not the one in the living room."

Juice cracked up and Chibs couldn't smother a grin. "Told you," Juice said.

"No come stains on the living room sofa, please. We have guests in there and the cushions don't flip."

She slid off Juice's lap and held out both her hands. "But there's more room upstairs. I think we might need it."

This chapter is a bit shorter than the others, but it's all sex. Beginning to end. Nothin' but porn. Sorry. I know how you guys hate that.

i do it like it's my profession
i gotta make a confession
i'm proud of all this bass
could you put it in your face
by the way if you need a personal trainer or a therapist
i can be your piece of sunshine, inner peace, entertainer
anything else that you may read between the lines
you and i create
rockets and waterfalls
Beyoncé, "Rocket"

Chibs stopped at the door to his room, but they tugged him on down the hall.

"In here," she said with a smile. "Our bed."

He nodded, suddenly overcome, and pulled them closer. Wrapped his arms around both of them and kissed first her and then him long and hot. She whispered his name and Juice made the sexiest whimper and Chibs wondered why they hadn't been doing this for years. He shouldn't've let her go into WITSEC alone. He should have gone with her and they could've waited for Juice together.

Except without him on the outside to knock some sense into Juice (literally) he might've given up on the whole thing. And it wasn't that Chibs didn't think he and Ollie could be happy together without Juice, but Juice was who she loved. Juice was the one she looked at with stars in her eyes, and vice versa.

Part of him wanted them to look at him that way, even as the idea scared the ever-living fuck out of him.

"Long thoughts," Olivia said. "Everything okay?"

"Aye. Just wishing we'd done this sooner."

Juice laughed. "No shit. But I don't think it ever would've occurred to me back then."

"Me either, actually," Olivia admitted. "I spent a lot of time desperately putting you in the friendly uncle category."

"And now I'm rascally Uncle Merle."

"I didn't have any uncles. My parents were only children," she said. "So I guess you're an adopted uncle." At his look she grinned. "That means we can fuck without it being weird."
"Relieved to hear it, Ollie girl." He hitched a thumb at Juice. "And what about this one?"

"Oh, don't worry about him." She ran a hand down Juice's chest and brushed her palm over the bulge in his pants. "He's been wanting this for ages. Haven't you, baby?"

"What can I say?" he said as he cupped her ass with one hand and squeezed Chibs' with the other. "Your uncle is an extremely attractive man. Really glad he didn't make it to the wedding, or our wedding night might've been a lot different."

They'd finally made it to the bedroom by this time, and Olivia stepped away to light some candles. Their warm honey scent filled the air, and Juice flicked off the light to leave the room bathed in a mellow glow.

Chibs pulled Juice against him and captured his mouth. Rubbed their tongues together and traced his fingers up under Juice's shirt. Olivia helped him get rid of it and pressed her lips to Juice's bare shoulder. He turned to face her and then spun them both around so that she was between him and Chibs. They kissed over her head and she started on Chibs' shirt buttons.

"Thanks for not rippin' it," he said with a husky chuckle.

"I have a little more self-control."

"Bullshit," Juice muttered as he kissed her neck and slid his hands up to cup her breasts.

She pushed Chibs' shirt off his shoulders and cast a look back at Juice. "We could make you go sit over there and watch, Ortiz."

"While you sit on your hands," Chibs said at Juice's excited look.

His face crumbled and Chibs laughed. "Ach, laddie, I didn't mean it."

"I did," Olivia said. "Like I said, more self-control."

Juice tugged her shirt over her head and pulled her against him. "No one believes that, Liv. Give it up."

She carded her fingers through his hair and kissed him. Sucked his lip into her mouth and then gasped as Chibs' mouth closed around her nipple. Her free hand tangled in his hair and Juice kissed her harder. Traced his hand down her belly to unfasten her shorts and push them to the floor.

Chibs switched nipples. Reached around her to work on Juice's belt, but when he couldn't get it one-handed Juice did it himself. Olivia's breath caught at the feel of his hardening cock against her ass, and then louder when he cupped her through her panties. She wiggled and he pulled it away.

"Self-control?" he said. He slid her underwear down and teased his fingers against her mound, barely touching her, and occasionally running his thumb down the inside of her thigh and over her lips.

She made a frustrated little noise, then smirked at Juice's groan when Chibs rubbed his hand along the underside of Juice's cock. He pressed it more firmly against Olivia, but then paused to lick his fingers, coating them in spit, and stroked the head until it slipped easily between her cheeks.

They both moaned, and she helped Chibs get rid of his jeans as he kissed first her, then Juice. When they were all finally naked, Chibs grabbed Juice's ass and dragged him closer, smashing Olivia between them so that his cock was nestled against her stomach and Juice's slid deeper in the cleft of her ass.
She whimpered and Juice eased up a little. "I think if we're gonna do that we'll need better lube than just spit," he said and nibbled her shoulder.

"I'm down," she said, laughing a little, "but yeah."

"Sorry, sweet girl," Chibs murmured. He kissed her soft and slow. "Got a little carried away." He trailed his fingertips along her slit. "Plenty wet elsewhere, though."

"Well, you know. Being sandwiched between two incredibly sexy men with raging hard-ons will do that."

"I think we should show Chibby the drawer," Juice said.

"Ooo! Good idea."

"What drawer?" he said, his eyes narrowing in suspicion.

"The toy drawer," she said. She gave his beard a playful tug and wriggled out from between them. He and Juice followed her around the bed, and when she opened the nightstand drawer Chibs let out a low whistle.

"That's quite a collection, m'lives."

"We believe in being prepared," Olivia said, primly.

"Liv brought some of this stuff from Charming."

"I only packed the essentials."

"I like your priorities, lass."

She cast them both a look. Then, "I think for tonight we'll mostly leave this alone. Except…" She grabbed the bottle of lube and a pack of condoms.

When Chibs saw the latter he smiled. "One of the things I did while I was gone was hit up a clinic. Everything came back fine. Didn't expect any trouble, but it seemed like the considerate thing to do."

"You and I can quit using them if you want," Olivia said, "though I do prefer them for anal. Extra lube never hurt anybody." She bit her lip and frowned, her eyes flicking away. "In case you're worried about a repeat of what happened back in Charming, I'm on backup birth control now. No accidents again."

Chibs looked at Juice. It was still a sensitive subject, he could tell, and he remembered Juice telling him they were thinking of adopting. He cupped her face, but there was nothing he could say. Instead he just kissed her, and pulled Juice closer, and they both wrapped their arms around her and held on tight.

"Love you, baby," Juice murmured because Chibs couldn't. Their eyes met over her head and Chibs' mouth twisted in a smile.

"Love you too," she said. She kissed Chibs' chest and slid her arms around his neck. He boosted her up and pushed her onto the bed. Laughing, she fell backwards and reached for them.

Juice stretched out along one side, Chibs the other. One of them started rolling a nipple around between his fingers while the other kissed her belly. She closed her eyes, letting the sensations merge together, and it was only Juice's lack of facial hair that really told her who was who. Chibs' touch
was a little rougher, more brusque, while Juice lingered a bit, his tongue tracing the lines and curves of her tattoo as he moved down her hip.

Both felt incredible. Both were somehow exactly what she wanted despite their differences. Chibs sucked her nipple between his lips and rubbed his tongue across it. Juice slipped off the bed and knelt between her thighs.

Chibs ran a finger across her clit and offered it to Juice. He licked it clean with a little moan, and Olivia squirmed. Juice chuckled. Pressed his mouth against her and swirled his tongue back and forth over her clit.

"Juicy!" she gasped. Her fingers tightened in Chibs' hair as he switched to her other breast. "So good, loves, don't stop!"

Chibs' cock was hard and hot against her hip. She grasped it and stroked, using his foreskin to rub up and down over the head. He cursed low and rasping and bit down on her swollen, sensitive nipple. Juice sucked hard on her clit and brushed a fingertip over her G-spot.

Her hips came up off the bed, and she couldn't believe that she was already getting close. Chibs lifted his head and watched her face a moment before he pulled away, freeing his cock from her grasp and tapping Juice on the shoulder.

"C'mere, darlin'," he said at Juice's puzzled look. "Can't leave you out, can we?"

Chibs tugged him up for a kiss, licking Olivia's wetness off his mouth and making them both groan. She watched them, wide-eyed. Juice’s smooth, dark skin against Chibs' paler tones. Chibs wasn't as chiseled as Juice, but you could see the muscles move under his skin, solid and strong. They both had thick, muscular thighs, and as they kissed Chibs' heavy cock brushed Juice's and she bit her lip to suppress a whimper.

Juice broke away to grin at her. "Enjoyin' the show, babe?"

"Uh huh," she said, unabashed.

Chibs nibbled Juice's jaw. "You know, Juicy, the morning I left, our Ollie was kind enough to let me clear up some confusion."

"What sort of confusion?" Juice said. His eyes were all pupil, dazed and passion-drugged, and his mouth fell open in a little panting gasp.

"She does, indeed, taste better than peaches."

Juice smirked. "Like I said."

"Aye, Juicy boy. Shoulda trusted you." Chibs stole a glance over at her. "She also sucked my cock until I thought my balls would explode."

"One of her specialties," Juice said with a shaky, breathless laugh.

"Looks to me like she's eager to get her mouth on a cock right now. What say, Ollie girl?"

"A couple of cocks, honestly," she said, grinning.

"Can't leave a lady wanting, can we, lad? Lie down there and let her have what she wants. It's the gentlemanly thing to do."
"I'm nothing if not a gentleman," he said.

She snorted and smacked his ass as he crawled past her.

"Hey now!" he said on a breath. "I'm doin' this for you. You should be nice to me."

She and Chibs shared a speculative look, but after a moment he shook his head. Another time, his eyes said. She nodded a little and twisted around to slide between Juice's legs.

"Hi, baby," she said.

"Hey, beautiful." He stroked his hands through her hair and she dipped her head to kiss his stomach. Bump her tongue over his abs and lick lower. She veered left at the start of his pubic hair and nibbled on his hipbones.

Chibs ran a hand down the line of her back as he moved behind her to raise her hips. His fingers trailed up the inside of her thighs and she circled her tongue around the head of Juice's cock.

Juice grabbed a fistful of sheet and squirmed. "Livvie," he murmured. "Love your mouth so much, baby."

She lapped up the ooze of pre-come and sucked the glans into her mouth. Slid it in and out of her lips, licking it all over like an ice cream cone. Chibs nudged her legs a little wider and licked around the curve of her ass all the way to her clit. She broke off with a groan and her head fell to rest against Juice's thigh.

The silky strands of her hair against his hyper-sensitive skin was almost as good as her mouth. He moaned and wrapped his hand around it, stroking her hair up and down his cock until she bit his thigh.

"Behave," she said.

Chibs rumbled out a laugh and she rocked back against his face. "Fuck, Chibby!" she moaned.

"What's he doin' to you, Livvie? Tell me."

She gasped when he circled his tongue around her clit and then down to dip inside her. "Licking my pussy," she said. "Got his tongue on my—fuck oh God—my clit, and now he's—" She broke off and sucked Juice's cock into her mouth, as deep as she could, and his hips bucked beneath her.

Chibs spread her ass and licked, swirling around her hole and prodding to slide it inside. She was moaning around Juice's cock as she bobbed her head up and down, and the vibrations made him squirm.

"Don't stop, Ollie baby," Chibs said and kissed the fading mark he'd made on her cheek. He sat back and reached for a condom and the bottle of lube. Slicked up his fingers, the first two and his thumb. He brushed them over her ass and down to thrust inside her dripping cunt.

"Fuck oh God, Livvie, Christ!" Juice groaned as her lips tightened around him. She sucked harder and stroked his balls with one hand. Her tongue worked his shaft and he gathered handfuls of her hair; squeezed but didn't pull because he knew she hated having her hair pulled.

Chibs twisted his hand inside her and rubbed his thumb against her asshole. She pressed backwards and the tip of it pushed in, to the first knuckle. He held it there, letting her get used to it, and worked his knuckles against her G-spot.
She lifted her head but wrapped her fingers around Juice's weeping, saliva-slicked shaft. "Chibby," she said, "Chibby, please."

"You want me to fuck your pretty little ass, Ollie girl?" he rasped.

Juice's head fell back and his cock jumped in her hand. "Holy shit, Chibs, do it!" he groaned. "You want it, Livive, don't you?"

"Yeah, baby, I do. Please!" She wasn't sure which one of them she was even talking to, but it didn't matter. She heard the rip of a condom wrapper and the slick, liquid sound of lube, and Chibs pulled his hand free of her. She groaned at the sudden emptiness, but he soothed her with a kiss to the base of her spine.

"Come here, sweet girl," he said. He stretched out beside Juice and pulled her with him so that she was straddling his thighs, her back to him. He wrapped one hand around the base of his cock and ran the other one down her spine. "Take your time, baby. Slow as you need."

Stroking his throbbing dick in a loose fist, Juice knelt between Chibs' legs to watch. He and Olivia's eyes met, and he leaned forward to kiss her as she lifted her hips. He wrapped Chibs' cock pushed against her eager hole, and with a sigh she slid down. Just a little, until the head was inside her, and then she stopped. Juice tweaked her nipples with his free hand and kissed her neck, whispering words of love and encouragement in her ear in a rough, lust-wrecked voice.

"Ach, Ollie, that's so good. So tight!" Chibs groaned. "Fuck me with that sweet ass, darlin'. Goddamn you feel fuckin' amazing!"

She took a deep breath and let it out long and slow as she took him deeper, sliding down the length of him until she'd swallowed him up completely. He gritted his teeth and fought the urge to thrust into her. She panted and closed her eyes, wiggling a little as she got used to the feeling.

"Good, baby?" Juice murmured. "You like having his big cock in your ass?"

"Uh huh," she whimpered. "Fuck yes!"

She dug her nails into Chibs' thighs and rolled her hips. He moaned out an oath and squeezed her hips hard enough to bruise. Pulling her back to lie against his chest, he ran his hand down her body and massaged her clit with two fingers. Her back arched.

Juice nudged Chibs' hand out of the way and licked her. Lapped down to swirl his tongue inside, and then lower to flick it against the base of Chibs' cock.

"Holy Jesus, Juicy boy," he choked out.

Juice moved up Olivia's body, leaving soft, sucking kisses as he went, and for a moment he hovered above her. She smiled and pulled him closer for a kiss. Wrapped her legs around his thighs and nearly screamed into his mouth as he thrust into her.

"Oh my God," she moaned, her head falling back against Chibs' shoulder. "Oh my God oh my God fuck, Juicy, Chibby, oh God!"

Chibs kissed her temple and rocked into her. "I think she likes that, Juicy boy."

Juice could feel Chibs' cock rubbing against his through the thin wall that separated them. He ground against her, adjusted the angle until he was pressing on her clit just right. He didn't thrust. Just moved back and forth, his body tight against hers. Chibs rocked beneath her while Juice switched from her
mouth to his and back again. When Juice's lips weren't on his, Chibs was sucking her neck or whispering in her ear, and it was no time at all before she was barely hanging on.

She had dissolved into desperate, wordless gasps and whimpers, and with both Juice and Chibs begging her to come for them, to come on their cocks, to let them feel her as they both fucked her, she let the orgasm take her. One hand gripped Juice's forearm while the other squeezed Chibs' thigh. Her body bowed and her legs shook and she cried both their names in a nonsensical, lust-soaked babble.

"Fuck," she whispered, "fuck oh God I can't I can't! Stop please don't stop oh God!"

Juice gritted his teeth, but it was no use. She clench around him like a vise and he groaned hard. His cock jerked inside her and then he was coming, filling her with jet after jet as she begged for even more.

"Livvie, baby, Jesus Christ so good so hot love you so goddamn much," he whimpered. "Love you love you love you—!"

She moved between them, lifting her legs to wrap higher, around Juice's waist, and the combination of her orgasm and Juice's—her tightening over and over while Juice's cock spasmed against his—was more then enough for Chibs. His hips bucked and she ground down onto him. He grasped Juice's ass and held them both as he thrust into her tight ass. She tangled her fingers in his hair and tugged and he yelped with pleasure.

"Yes, Chibby," she said, her voice hoarse, "that's right, baby. Yes!"

Juice slid down and pressed his face to her cunt, licking and sucking, relishing the taste of his come mingled with her juices, and her second orgasm hit hard on the heels of the first one. Chibs moaned their names and came with her, his balls feeling like they might explode with the force of it.

"Ollie, sweet girl. Juicy boy. fuck you're so sweet, so fucking good—!" He broke off into a polyglot of Gaelic and English that was utterly incomprehensible as his accent thickened.

Juice kissed the inside of her thigh, then Chibs', and eased up to lie beside them. She slumped against Chibs' chest, giggling drunkenly, and he stroked a hand down her body.

"Everybody still breathing?" she said.

" Barely," Chibs muttered.

She let out a quiet moan and rolled off him and into Juice's arms. Chibs got up on shaky legs to get rid of the condom, and for a moment when he got back he stood by the bed uncertainly. Juice held out a hand and beckoned to him.

"Come here," he said. "King sized bed. Plenty of room for three."

Chibs grinned and slid in next to them. Olivia turned over to kiss his chest, and Juice spooned around her. Chibs kissed him, sweet and slow, then captured her mouth for the same.

"Experiment successful?" she said as he pulled away.

"I'd say so," he said with an amused huff. "Juicy?"

"Uh huh. I'm still seein' spots."

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"I'd say so," he said with an amused huff. "Juicy?"

"Uh huh. I'm still seein' spots."
She giggled. "Fucked yourself blind, huh?"

"Half-blind anyway."

"I think that's how you know you've had a good and thorough fuck," Chibs said.

"Mmm. Yeah, I might never walk again."

"Ach, lass, my heart breaks. Was it worth it at least?"

"Absolutely."

Juice grinned and kissed her temple. His fingers entwined with hers where they rested on Chibs' chest, and Chibs threw an arm around them both.

"Stay, Chibby," Olivia said. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her mouth full and soft, her cheeks flushed a pretty pink.

It wasn't a mermaid Juice had tattooed on his chest, Chibs realized: it was a siren. "Told you I would," he said, toying with the ends of her hair.

"Not just tonight," said Juice.

"Aye," Chibs said. "Not just tonight."

She smiled and snuggled in closer. "Love you," she murmured, and neither of them were quite sure who she meant.

Juice and Chibs' eyes met. Chibs turned his head to kiss her forehead while Juice nuzzled her neck and whispered, "Love you too, baby. So much."
Been Around

Chapter Notes

Keen-eyed readers will recognize the Bob Schneider quote at the beginning as one I used in Come With Me Tonight, but listen: it's impossible for me to write any sort of romance-ish style story that uses Bob Schneider quotes without using this one. And it seemed apropos for this chapter.

ALSO. I'm playin' a little fast and loose with canon, re: Tig and Kozik, but hey. Indulge me.

i've been around
i've been here and i've been there
thought i'd found true love but it was just underwear
made me wonder what love might be
well i was blind, now i see
Bob Schneider, "Medicine"

The alarm went off way too early the next morning, and Juice reached across Chibs to smack it with a curse. It was still dark outside, and the three of them had made such a warm, cozy cocoon that no one wanted to move.


"Ugh, babe, don't tempt me. My boss is out on maternity leave and it's a fuckin' mess over there or I would."

"Juicy punchin' a clock," Chibs said. "Never thought I'd see the day."

He made a face. "It's not as bad as it sounds. I don't gotta wear a tie at least."

"You'd look sexy in a tie," Olivia said with a sleepy grin.

"In just a tie," Chibs agreed, nodding.

Juice rolled his eyes and kissed them each in turn. "You two. Jesus."

"You adore us," Olivia said.

"Lucky for you." He waved a hand when she started to roll out of bed. "Stay. Go back to sleep. No reason for all three of us to suffer."

Chibs glanced at the clock and groaned. "For fuck's sake, lad. It's five AM. What the hell are you doin'?"

"Gym time," he said. He threw on some clothes, grabbed his bag, and with another couple of kisses and a whistle to the dog, he was gone.

"Gym?" Chibs said like he'd never heard the word. "What's happened to the boy?"
Olivia grinned and pulled Chibs' arm around her again. "You don't think he has that body by accident, do you?"

"I've seen the amount of leafy greens you have in your fridge."

"Uh huh. He likes to be healthy. At least he doesn't own the colonic place anymore."

He chuckled and kissed the back of her neck. "He's a breed apart, our Juicy."

"Mmhmm," she said. "I found that nearly every member of SAMCRO could be classified accordingly. It was a unique mix of personalities."

He made a contemplative noise. Brushed her hair over her shoulder so he could rub her back with the heel of his hand. She arched into it and sighed.

"Feels good," she said, softly.

"Ask you somethin', lass?" he said after a while.

"Go for it."

He shifted them so that she was on her back and he was propped on his elbow to look down at her. "If it hadn't been for Juicy, would you've stayed in Charming? Would you have been someone else's old lady?"

It was something she'd thought about a lot over the years, and it didn't surprise her too much to hear him ask it. She ran her fingers through his beard. "I don't know, Chibby. The thing is, always before I never let myself get close enough. Like, there was you and maybe Tig—and sort of Rat, a little;" she blushed as he lifted a brow; "but if it hadn't been for Juice I probably wouldn't've gotten to know any of you well enough to even think about it."

She shifted against him. "When I first picked Juice up I had no idea he was in an MC, much less SAMCRO. I realized it pretty quick once I got him back to my room—I recognized the reaper ink—but…I don't know. By that point I guess I figured what the hell? He was cute and he had a way about him I liked."

"So you let him stay."

"Yep. Let him stay and had two and a half hours of increasingly athletic sex."

He heaved a melodramatic sigh. "Alas, if only I'd been the one in that shitty bar that night."

"No way. I would never have bought you a drink. Wouldn't've given you the time of day."

"You wound me, lass!"

"C'mon, Chibs. You know how I was when I got to Charming. Juice barely got past my defenses, and that's only because at first blush he seems kind of harmless. You, on the other hand, couldn't seem harmless if you were bound and gagged and unconscious."

He grinned at her. "We uncovering some twisted sexual proclivities, sweetheart?"

She swatted his arm. "I prefer you awake, and I don't like you gagged because I want you to be able to use your mouth."

"But the bound bit?"
"I…um." She dropped his eyes and tilted toward him. "The first time we had sex, when you spanked me…did you like that?"

"Darlin'." He lifted her chin and pressed a soft kiss to her mouth. "You don't have to explain yourself to me. I know where you've come from, and I understand that it wasn't entirely to your liking."

Her mouth quirked. "Except I did like it, Chibby. I mean—it's not something I would want as a routine part of sex, but…I don't know." She blushed. "You make me like all sorts of things I didn't think I would."

He smirked and somehow seemed to strut without even really moving. "Oh, aye? Like what?"

"Um. Well, that, obviously. And when you came on my back. And anal sex, because while I do enjoy a little play, I'm not usually into, like, hey, fuck me in the ass!"

"Ha!" he said, a choking sort of laugh.

"Then, of course, just…this. You and me. You, Juice, and me. You realize Juice was the first man I had sex with since TJ? And you in the hall that time, but…that's it. They've all been women. And believe me, I was not celibate."

"And now you're having sex with two men at the same time."

"Uh huh. Simultaneously and separately. It's just—so far outside anything I ever thought I'd do." Her forehead creased. "Willingly, anyway."

He paused. "What do you mean, willingly?"

It had gotten easier for her to talk about, partially because of the therapy the FBI mandated everyone in the program go through. Most witnesses had experienced some sort of trauma before even joining the program—that was sort of the point, really—and then of course the act of uprooting and remaking every single aspect of one's life was so stressful as to render the word laughable. Juice hadn't wanted to do it; it was the one sticking point he had with the whole thing, which struck Olivia as ridiculous; but after several months of sullen silence, he'd finally opened up to his therapist, and it had done wonders for his peace of mind.

Chibs had been watching her in tense silence as she thought it over, and she realized she'd been quiet a little too long. "TJ used to loan me out as party favor sometimes. To clients, or groups thereof."

No less than he'd been expecting, but still it made his jaw clench. "Why did you not tell me before, lass?"

"I didn't want to get into it. It was a long time ago, Chibby." She touched his face. Kissed one of his scars and brushed her tongue over it. "We can't let ourselves be held prisoner by old pain forever. I love Juice, and I trust you both. It's not the same thing in the least."

He moved so that he was on top of her, his arms braced on either side. Carefully he lowered himself until he was pressed against her. She ran a foot up the back of his leg and laced her fingers through his hair.

"What?" she said, her voice soft. "What's that look?"

"Nothin', Ollie girl. Just lookin' at you."

"What do you see?" she said. She was mostly joking, but under his intense scrutiny her smile faded.
She tried to look away, but he dipped his head to nudge her back with his nose. She felt blood rush to her cheeks (and other areas, too), and for a moment she was light-headed and a tiny bit breathless.

He didn't answer her question. Instead he kissed her. His lips lingered on hers, gentle and almost tentative, and when she ran her tongue over his lip he responded with a quiet noise of pleasure that she felt through her entire body. He kissed her forehead. Her closed eyelids and either cheek and the tip of her nose. Trailed his mouth down the side of her neck as her head fell back.

His hand drifted down to cup the heat between her legs. She wiggled a little, but he soothed her with a series of kisses along her collarbones. Brushing his thumb over her clit, he dipped a fingertip inside to find her wet and slippery.

"Sweet girl," he murmured as his lips closed around a nipple. Her back arched a little and she tangled her fingers in his hair. He slid his finger in deeper, keeping his movements easy and languid in case she was sore from last night. His tongue lapped across her breasts while his thumb worked her clit and her breath came in strained gasps.

She'd told Juice she didn't always like it hard, and that was the truth: Chibs' tender ministrations were exactly what she was craving without knowing it. He dragged his thumb around her clit and over her inner lips, caressing and stroking, and added a second finger. Tapped them against her G-spot, alternating between long and short with occasional pauses to twist his fingers or flex them inside her.

"Chibby—Filip—please!" she breathed. She didn't know if she was begging him to stop or keep going. She wanted to pull his hand away, flip him over and ride him until they were both exhausted and spent. She wanted control back, because as much as she might like sometimes to be dominated —especially by Chibs, she was discovering—this wasn't that.

"Shh, darlin'," he said, low and soothing. "I've got you. Hush now and let me."

Domination was about surrender, and that wasn't what he was asking for. He didn't want to take; he wanted her to give.

And, with a whisper-soft sigh, she did. "I know, baby. Don't stop. Please don't stop."

He moved back up to capture his mouth with hers, kissing her until she saw stars behind her closed eyelids and every part of her felt hot and achey. He ran his slick fingers over her nipple and licked it clean, and while she was still processing the dual sensations he took hold of her hips and slid into her in a long, swift glide.

"Okay, love?" he said. He brushed a kiss across her swollen lips. "I can get a condom if you—"

"No," she said, breathlessly. "Just like that, Chibby." She twined her legs around his thighs. "S'perfect."

He bit back a groan as she squeezed him and started to move: slow and easy, but hitting just the right spot and putting the exact amount of pressure she needed on her clit and as her head fell back and her back bowed she wondered how the hell he knew her body so well so fast. She'd thought the connection she and Juice had was a one-time thing, something so rare it could never be repeated…but maybe she'd been wrong.

Not that it wasn't rare, or special, just that—her mind blanked and her senses scrambled as he ground against her.

"Ollie darlin'," he rasped, nibbling her neck. "Sweet Ollie, baby, Olivia, wanted you so damn long."
"Come for me, beautiful. Let me watch you come." He lifted her hips so that each time he rocked into her his cock dragged across her clit and bumped against her G-spot.

Whimpering, she captured a fistful of his hair and gripped his shoulder with the other hand. His chest brushed her nipples and his mouth sought hers again and again. Heat like a wave, a long slow build and then the crash of it, her moans muffled in the side of his neck and his voice a constant guide in her ear.

"Chibby, yes oh God!"

"That's right, love, that's it. So sweet, baby. So good!"

He found the sensitive spot behind her ear and lavished it with soft, sucking kisses as she came, her entire body going taut and her face scrunching with pleasure. The quiet, whimpering moans she made were like ambrosia, and he pressed his mouth to hers to swallow them down.

She tugged at his hair and rolled her hips up into him, and he came suddenly, a hard, shattering orgasm that seemed to go on and on. He chanted a combination of her name and English and Gaelic oaths and endearments until he was too breathless to speak.

They twined around each other, his arms wrapped beneath her gripping handfuls of her silky hair, and her legs tangled with his. His forehead rested against her shoulder and she trailed her fingers down the back of his neck as they both relearned how to breathe. She could feel his heart pounding against hers. He kissed her flushed skin and raised his head to look at her.

"Hey there," she said after a moment.

"Ollie girl," he muttered and kissed her.

When he pulled away her face seemed all eyes. He lifted off her, sliding out, but when he would have moved she wouldn't let him.

"Not yet," she whispered.

She brushed his hair back and cupped his face in her hands. Kissed his scars, each in turn, and her mouth curved in a smile. "How long?"

"Hmm?"

"How long have you wanted me?"

"Ach." He rolled away and tugged her after him so that she pressed along his side, her head on his shoulder. "Unfair question, lass," he said. Hooking one arm behind his head, he let the other hand trail down her side to rest on her hip.

"You're the one who brought it up," she said. Her head tilted. "You told me you wanted to bend me over my car and fuck me the first time you saw me."

"Aye, tis true, but that's a bit different than wantin'."

"Is it?"

He grinned. 'Fuckin' is easy, darlin'. Wanting is complicated."
"Hhhmm," she said, thoughtfully. "How long have you wanted Juice?"

"Long as I've known him, or nearly. You shoulda seen him in the early days, all big eyes and chubby cheeks. Mouth made for suckin' cock and desperate for any kind word. Promise you I wasn't the only one who noticed that sweet little brown ass."

"Tiggy?"

"Aye, guarantee. Kozik, too. Before he and Tiggy had their fallin' out over that damn dog they shared…well. Women. Sweet young things like Juicy. Both at the same time."

Her brows quirked. "Did they ever…?"

"Nah. He told me yesterday was his first time with a man, and I know the night we were drunk was his first time for that, too."

"How did a good Catholic boy born in Glasgow and raised in Belfast realize he was bi?"

He made a quiet noise of consideration and settled her against him more firmly. "There was guilt at first, as you can imagine. No one does guilt like us Catholics. But I suppose—after—" He grimaced and made a gesture toward his face. "I realized life's too nasty, brutish, and short to be hobbled by misplaced guilt."

"Did you just make a Thomas Hobbes pun?" she said with narrowed eyes.

"Ha! Aye. Like that, did you?"

"Didn't hate it." She paused to search his face. "How long have you wanted me, Filip?"

He let out a breath. "Don't even know, darlin'. Part a me thought maybe you were gettin' over Juicy. You didn't go see him, and then you picked up again with Kitty. I knew that wasn't serious, no matter what you said about it."

His mouth quirked in a tight moue. "But I knew I was foolin' myself. Twasn't me drove Miss Pink away."

"We had sex after Kitty and I broke up, though."

"Aye. Wouldn't've happened had I not been under the influence of that God-forsaken Rare Breed you drink. You looked so damn sexy that night in your pretty blue dress with your mouth all in a pout. Nearly went mad wantin' you, and once I had my hands on you—well, that's all she wrote."

She considered for a while. Ran a hand down his chest. "Is that what happened with Juice? Too much tequila and his mouth all in a pout?"

He laughed. "Aye. Never expected he'd take so enthusiastically to suckin' cock."

"You did say he has a mouth made for it."

"And right I was. Nearly drained my balls dry."

"He has a very agile tongue."

"Think he can do that trick where he ties a cherry stem in a knot with it?"

"I can do that trick," she said, grinning.
"Never doubted it for a moment, sweet girl."

She kissed the crinkles at the corner of his eye, then let out a soft sigh. "What's happening here, Chibby? Between you and me? Between you and Juice? The three of us?"

He was quiet for so long she thought he might not answer. Then, finally, "I believe they call it fallin' in love, Ollie lass. What say?"

"Yeah," she said, her voice quiet but not as troubled as he would expect. "Yeah, Chibs, I'm pretty sure that's exactly what they call it."

Chibs was at the stove when Juice walked in the kitchen that night, and he was stirring a pot of something that smelled fantastic. Juice paused a moment to appreciate the view: tall, lanky, dressed to show it off in fitted black jeans and a black t-shirt. He walked across the space and wrapped his arm around Chibs' waist. Pressed against his back and kissed his neck.

"Hey, darlin'," Chibs said with a grin over his shoulder. "Good day?"

"It was okay. Missed you guys."

"We didn't miss you one whit."

Juice smirked and squeezed him. "Liar."

"No, he's telling the truth," Olivia said.

Laughing, Juice glanced toward the living room. She was leaning over the stacked stone wall, and her smile was mischievous. "You picked up our loud, furry child at camp, right?"

"He's in the back. Figured he was safer out there with Chibs throwin' all this steak around in the kitchen."

"Good thinking. I'll go say hey. You boys try to behave, okay?"

"Aye, lass. We'll wait till you get back. Yeah, Juicy?"

"I can wait." He stepped back, and as Olivia went past him he grabbed her for a long kiss. "I've got some stuff for you on my iPad. It's in my bag."

"Ooo, is it porn?"

He snorted. "Only if you're very, very weird."

"Perfect," she said. She kissed his nose, patted Chibs' ass, and grabbed the iPad on her way out the door.

Juice opened the fridge and grabbed a beer. He offered one to Chibs, who swallowed down the last of the one he'd been nursing and held out a hand to catch it.

"Thanks, lad," he said. Twisted off the cap and took a long pull before he poured a bit in the pot. "Makin' Guinness stew, if you're wonderin'."

"Awesome. Smells great."

"Aye. Tastes even better." He turned toward Juice and leaned back against the counter. Crossed one
arm over his chest and studied the younger man with probing eyes. "All well? With Ollie, I mean?"

Juice tilted his head. "As far as I know. Why?"

He hitched a shoulder. "The thing with your wee computer."

"It's an iPad, Chibs." He waved his beer. "Remember I told you we'd been talking about adopting?"

He gave a silent nod.

"All the background checks and interviews make us real nervous. The other day we were talking and now we're sort of looking into a surrogate. Sort of looking into it. Liv just asked me to get a little info for her to take a look at it."

Chibs dipped his head. "Ah."

Juice paused. Took a sip of his drink and tapped a finger against the bottle. "We had that conversation...before."

"Before I got here?"

"Before...uh, before it mattered so much." He frowned. "You wanna know why Liv's so great? I mean, besides the fact that she gives the best head ever, bar none, and her nose does that cute little scrunchy thing when she laughs...and she—er. Anyway. The thing is, she's always thinking. I know that sounds weird, because maybe it makes her sound uptight or neurotic or something, but it's not like that."

Chibs lifted an amused brow. "What's it like then?"

"She doesn't stop thinking about other people. She thinks she's selfish. She'll tell you that till she's blue in the face. But it's total bullshit, because when she cares about someone you're all she thinks about."

"You don't have to preach our Ollie's generosity to me. I was there when she decided to turn state's evidence to get you outta that pickle you were in with Lincoln Potter."

"Yeah," Juice said. His face scrunched. "The trouble is, with this baby thing, I don't know if she's doin' it for her, because it's what she wants, or for me. Because she thinks it's what I want."

"That's no reason to have a kid, Juicy."

"I know. And I know she's thought about things like...we'll actually have to start callin' each other Hal and Sadie, because we couldn't have a kid tell his teacher on the first day of Kindergarten that Mommy's name is Olivia and Daddy's name is Juice."

"Or that Uncle Merle's name is Chibs."

Juice looked up at him, his expression sharp and surprised. "That's another thing to think about. Depending."

Chibs took a pull off his beer. "On?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's too early to talk about that."

"We've known each other, what? Fifteen years, give or take?"
"Somethin' like that. But we haven't seen each other in a while."

"Aye, true, and you've changed…but all for the good, as far as I can see. Ollie, too—though it's true I didn't know her as well as you, secretive thing that she always was."

Juice dipped his chin to hide a smile.

"Point is, lad;" he set his beer on the counter and took two deliberate steps across the kitchen; "when I know what I want I go out and get it. Sometimes it takes me a bit o' time to figure out what it is, but once I do I'm not gonna let little things stop me."

"Little things like Witness Protection?"

"That'd be one." He took Juice's face in his hands and rubbed a thumb across his cheek. "I'll tell you what I told your wife this morning after some truly spectacular love-making: wanting is different than fucking."

Juice's eyes were dark and serious as he studied Chibs' face. "I want you. Pretty sure Liv does, too," he said.

"Aye," he said. "That's good to hear, Juicy boy, 'cos I'm quite dearly wantin' the two of you."

His accent had thickened, a sure sign of strong emotion. Judging by the flush on his cheeks and the size of his pupils, Juice thought it was probably lust. Pressing his body against Chibs', Juice could feel his erection through his jeans. Juice shuddered. Chibs, flashing a feral grin, caught his mouth and kissed him hard. Juice fist a handful of his dark hair and scraped his tongue around the inside of Chibs' mouth. They moaned together, and Juice ground against him as Chibs bit his lip.

"Ahem."

They jumped apart like the quiet noise had been a gunshot. Olivia stood in the doorway framed by twilight. Fireflies flickered behind her, and the dog stood at her side casting puzzled looks between the three of them.

"Welcome back, lass," Chibs said. He was a bit out of breath.

"Didn't I tell you two to behave while I was gone?" She strolled to them and ran her hands over the front of their pants. "Now look at you. All hard and we haven't even had supper yet."

"It'll keep," Chibs said, hopefully.

"Nuh uh," she said. "What kind of precedent would that set? Nope. You're just gonna have to deal. Both of you."

She walked away to put a scoop of food in Bingo's bowl, and they both checked out her ass as she bent over. Chibs shifted in an attempt to ease the press of denim against his cock, and Olivia cast a smirk over her shoulder.

"See, Chibby?" Juice muttered. "I told you. Mean."

"Aye, laddie," he said in doleful agreement. "And lovin' every minute of it."

"Her?" Juice said. "Or us?"

He shrugged. "All three, I'd say." He squeezed Juice's shoulder. "Don't worry, Juicy boy. She'll get hers later on."
She lifted a brow and trailed her fingers through Chibs' beard. Kissed him long and slow as she pulled Juice closer by his shirt. Chibs slid an arm around each of them and she turned her head to kiss Juice. Pressing his mouth to her neck, Chibs squeezed their asses and chuckled at the noises they made.

"Gonna hold you to that, Chibby," she said, pulling away.

"Countin' on it, lass. Now." He rubbed his hands together. "Supper?"
A Warm Bed

Chapter Notes

I've got no idea what's goin' on anymore. It's like Mr. Toad's Wild Ride in here. (haha)

Also I'm posting this really early bc I stayed up all night writing and it's either post now or wait until like 5 tonight or something. Because I gotta sleep and I got stuff to do.
Ugh, real life. Ugh. (I'd rather be writing)

your bed was a warm bed
warm bed in the cold room
always the same pictures on the wall
with some love in the morning
with your dog at your pillow
and a half empty bottle of baby oil
David Gray, "4AM"

They barely made it upstairs before Chibs had Juice shirtless, his belt undone and his cock straining against his shorts. Juice groaned as Chibs kissed him, his mouth rough and demanding as he bit Juice's lip and scraped his tongue over Juice's teeth.

Olivia watched them with a tiny smile curving her lips. Chibs reached for her and yanked her closer.

"Don't think you're gettin' off so easy, lass," he said.

"I'd never. In fact, I was planning to get off really, really hard."

"Too horny for word games," Juice said. He pulled her shirt over her head and kissed her, kneading her ass with both hands until she squirmed against him. "Lemme ask you a question, Chibby," he said, brushing his nose against Olivia's.

"Aye?" Chibs said. He gathered a handful of Olivia's hair and used it to turn her toward him for a kiss.

"You'd agree Olivia's a gorgeous woman, right?"

Chibs snorted. "Of course I do, lad. Your point?"

Juice nibbled the side of her neck and her eyes darted between them. "What'd you say her best feature is?" He ran his tongue under the edge of her bra. "Her breasts?" He squeezed her ass again. "Her ass?" He dropped a rain of tiny kisses across her cheeks. "Or maybe the freckles."

Chibs let out a laugh. "Easy, laddie." He tugged her hair, just a little, and let it slip through his fingers. "The hair. I'm fond of each and every one of those things you named, but it's the hair I noticed first and the hair I never could stop thinkin' about."

It had been years ago, but Juice had never quite gotten over his guilt for cutting her hip-length mane off at the shoulders with his knife. The club had voted for it rather than Mayhem, so as angry as
Olivia had been, she preferred it to the alternative. She recognized the subtle pinch around his eyes, though, and she kissed him.

"What about Juicy?" she said to Chibs. "Back? Legs?" She paused, and her eyes were warm on his. "I vote smile, the big one that crinkles up his whole face."

"Smile, aye. I gotta agree. Prettiest thing about him."

"Of course, I'm biased. I like it all."

She pushed Juice gently back toward the bed and hovered above him for long, hot kisses. He unclasped her bra and sucked her breasts into his mouth, first one then the other, as they came free. Olivia cast a glance over her shoulder when she heard rustling fabric, and at the sight of naked Chibs she grinned. Spun around to perch on Juice's legs and crooked her finger at Chibs.

He stepped closer and she kissed his belly. Ran her hands down his thighs. Juice sat up and pushed her hair out of the way to mouth the side of her neck. He closed one hand over her breast and the other around Chibs' rapidly-hardening cock.

Olivia flicked her tongue across the tip as Juice stroked, and Chibs' head fell back with a shaky sigh. "Ach, m'loves, you spoil me."

"Good," Olivia murmured as she swirled her tongue around the glans.

She pushed Juice gently back toward the bed and hovered above him for long, hot kisses. He unclasped her bra and sucked her breasts into his mouth, first one then the other, as they came free. Olivia cast a glance over her shoulder when she heard rustling fabric, and at the sight of naked Chibs she grinned. Spun around to perch on Juice's legs and crooked her finger at Chibs.

Chibs slid a hand around Juice and patted his ass. "And admire you we do, boy-o."

"Don't know why you two insist on manhandling me all the time," she grumbled.

"You're just so dainty, lass. Can't resist."

Juice choked on a laugh and she cut a glare his way. "Shut up, Ortiz."

"Hey, don't look at me. He's the one who called you dainty."

Chibs grinned and kissed her. Pulled her against his body and watched Juice over her head. "Take your trousers off, Juicy boy. My lady and me wanna see that big brown cock."

She kissed his throat and turned around. He unfastened her jeans and pushed them to the floor, along with her panties, and they both watched as Juice wiggled out of his pants and shorts.

"Stroke it for us, darlin'," Chibs said, his voice husky.

Olivia reached back to tangle her fingers in Chibs' hair as he dipped his head to suck the side of her neck. He kept his eyes on Juice, and Juice didn't look away as he grasped his dick and gave it a long, slow tug.

She let out a breath. Chibs pressed his hand between her legs and rubbed his erection against her back. Juice's hips moved as he stroked up and down his shaft. His mouth fell open a little and his face creased in concentration. Chibs massaged her vulva with the heel of his palm and she ground against it.
"Lookin' good, Juicy boy," Chibs rasped. "Wouldn't you say, sweet girl?"

"Good enough to eat," she murmured with a nod.

"Or fuck," said Chibs.

"That what you want, Chibby?" she said. She rocked back into him. "You wanna fuck his cute little ass?"

"God yes," he groaned.

Juice moaned and squeezed his cock.

"Looks like he wants it, too," she said.

"What about you, baby?" Juice said, breathlessly. "What do you want?" His words were slurred, and the sound of it made her smirk.

Chibs dipped a finger between her lips. "Gettin' awfully wet, baby. I bet our Juicy would love to lick this sweet pussy for you."

"I'd love that so much, sweetheart," she said to Juice. "You're so good with your mouth."

He held out a hand. "Come here, Livvie."

"Not just yet," Chibs said. "Juice darlin', lie the other way, with your head on the pillows." He was currently sprawled sideways across the bed, and with a fuzzy nod he scooted up to stretch out the right direction. "Go sit on his face, Ollie girl," he whispered in her ear, just loud enough for Juice to hear.

Juice let out a shuddering breath and reached for her with both hands. She grinned and crawled toward him. Paused a moment for several hot, drawn-out kisses while he trailed his fingers between her cheeks and down over her slit. She wiggled her ass and Chibs gave it a light smack. Her breath caught and Juice stared up at her with wide eyes.

"It's okay," she said to him. "It's good."

Chibs lathed his tongue against the pink mark he'd left. "Not too much, sweet girl," he assured her. "Just enough to get the blood flowin'. Turn around, lass. I wanna watch you ride our Juicy's face."

She did as he said and Juice grasped her thighs to pull her down against him. He lapped at her slick labia and she let out a soft moan. He sucked one of them into his mouth, then the other, then both together to rub them against each other.

"Juicy, yeah, that's so good, baby!"

Chibs grabbed a condom and the lube off the nightstand. He stroked his cock with one hand as he watched them, and Olivia ran both hands through her hair, lifting it to let it rain around her shoulders. She smiled like a sphinx and Chibs shivered.

He didn't bother fingering Juice. Chibs knew he would be begging for it if his mouth weren't otherwise occupied. He rolled the condom on, slicked up a little, and lifted Juice's legs to hook over his arms.

Juice moaned against Olivia's cunt and she shuddered. He swirled his tongue inside her. Rubbed it back and forth over her inner lips and pressed sucking little kisses to her clit. When he felt the tip of
Chibs' cock against him he wiggled, bucking his hips with an eager keen, and Chibs bit back a rough groan. He eased forward, teasing Juice's hole by sliding just the head in before he pulled back.

Olivia smirked at him. "So mean, Chibby."

"Juicy boy loves it. Don't you, sweetheart?"

Juice's response was to lash his tongue across Olivia's clit until her legs shook and she almost lost her balance. Chibs grinned and pushed in, hard and deep, and Juice's hips jerked. Chibs squeezed his cock as he pumped in a smooth, easy rhythm, and when Juice thrust two fingers into Olivia's cunt she almost screamed.

She ground against his face and he responded with an urgent groan. Chibs leaned forward to kiss her hard, his tongue plunging into her mouth just like Juice's fingers did in her pussy. His tongue rubbed from where his fingers were buried inside up to her clit. Around it, over it, and back down again.

"Fuck!" she moaned. "Oh God, Juicy, just like that!"

Chibs fucked him harder, gripping his thighs and grunting from the effort. Juice's pleas were muffled, and she could feel them vibrate through her as he grew more desperate.

"Come all over his face, baby," Chibs said through gritted teeth. "Let him taste you. Sweeter than peaches, eh, Juicy boy?"

His tongue swirled over her inner lips again and he pressed his mouth against her clit to suck and lick with rough, fast strokes. She dug her nails into his abs and cried out as the orgasm slammed into her, a sudden, swift peak that left her shuddering and shaking. Juice flicked his tongue and she slid away, too sensitive for it to feel good.

She rested a hand against Chibs' chest and pushed him back a little. He smirked at her like he could tell exactly what she was thinking, and when she dipped her head to swirl her tongue against Juice's glans, all three of them moaned.

"That's it, darlin'," Chibs said. "Suck our boy's big hard cock. You like that, Juicy?"

"Fuck yeah," he whimpered. "So fuckin' good, Livvie!" He licked his lips to savor the taste of her that lingered around his mouth.

She took him in deeper, wrapping her hand around the shaft and bobbing up and down. He curled forward a little and bit the curve of her ass. She wiggled, and he hauled her closer so that he could run his tongue up the cleft.

"Fuck!" she gasped, his dick popping out of her mouth.

Chibs groaned and let his head fall back. The top of Olivia's head brushed his stomach with every thrust, and he could hear her moaning around Juice's cock as Juice ate her ass and cunt. The noises Juice was making were getting more and more urgent, high-pitched whimpers and rasping, eager growls.

He swirled his tongue against her hole and slid it in, just a little, before he moved down to dip inside her pussy. She squeezed his cock and tightened her lips around him as she sucked harder.

"Livvie, goddamn, holy shit! Chibs, yeah, fuck I can't—oh God fuck don't stop don't stop!" Juice's body bowed, and Chibs lifted Olivia's mouth off his cock at the last minute, pulling her chin up so that she was looking at him as Juice exploded. His hot come coated her breasts, and at the feel of it...
she bit her lip to smother a whimper.

"You like that, sweet girl?" Chibs grated. He ran his thumb over her swollen cherry mouth and pulled out. Juice groaned, but Chibs soothed him with a hand down his thigh. He yanked the condom off and Olivia sucked the head between her lips without any urging from him.

He stroked the shaft while her mouth worked him, and Juice pressed his face to her pussy again. She rocked back and forth between them, taking Chibs deeper and grinding against Juice's mouth, until Chibs pulled away.

"Gonna come on your tits, baby," he groaned. "Me and Juicy both, all over you." He stroked his cock and her head fell back and within seconds he was coming. Juice lashed her clit with his tongue and her second orgasm hit as Chibs spurted against her.

"Holy God," she moaned, "Fuck, loves, yes!"

Chibs grinned and kissed her, soft and loving, then gently rolled her onto her back. He studied her a moment: her full lips chapped and red, eyes big, pupils blown, smooth white skin coated in their come.

"Juicy darlin'," he said, breathlessly, "we should help the lady clean up."

Juice lifted his head and rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth. Crawled down next to her and kissed the tip of her breast. "Can't leave her like this," he said. "All covered in come. It'd be rude."

She squirmed and gasped. Chibs ran a hand down her belly and swirled his tongue through the mess on her chest. "Don't know what it is, sweet girl, but somethin' about all these pretty freckles covered in spunk just winds me up."

She'd never thought something like this could turn her on so much. She hated it in porn—it always seemed disgusting and degrading—but the way Juice and Chibs were looking at her, their dark eyes intense with passion and love; the hungry way they licked their lips; the feel of their mouths against her sensitive skin as they licked and sucked; made her shake and tremble with need. They lapped at her breasts, over her nipples and across her chest, and as her hips bucked and her breath left her in a low keen, Chibs slid two fingers into her and pumped them deep into her aching cunt.

Juice massaged her clit and bit her nipple. Chibs kissed her, the taste of come a musky accompaniment to the familiar flavor of his mouth. Together they sucked away every drop. Her fingers clenched in their hair, and as they each closed their lips around the swollen peaks of her breasts, a third orgasm rocked her.

Juice moaned as she jerked beneath them, and Chibs rubbed and tapped his fingertips against her G-spot. "Oh my God!" she cried. "Filip, Juan Carlos, oh God fuck fuck fuck oh God!"

This one seemed to last forever, and neither of them let up until she pushed them away and collapsed against the bed, boneless and spent. They shared a smirk across her body and kissed, tongues scraping and hands rough as they stroked each other's neck and shoulders.

"No fair," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "I want kisses."

They grinned and stretched out on either side of her. She turned her head back and forth, kissing first Juice, then Chibs, then Juice again.

"Had no idea you'd be into that, baby," Juice murmured against her mouth.
She let out a breathless laugh. "That makes two of us."

"I think you might be surprised what you're into, when the situation's right," Chibs said.

"Uh huh," she said. "Pretty sure we're all discovering that." She pushed against them to sit up and stretch. They flipped around the right way, and she snuggled against Juice's side as Chibs wrapped around her back. He kissed her shoulder and stroked a hand over Juice's belly.

"Love you, boys," Olivia said.

Juice kissed her temple. "Love you too, Livvie."

"Both of you," Chibs said, quietly.

She hooked her arm around to tangle her fingers in his hair. "You better, Filip Telford. Not gonna let just anybody come on my tits."

He barked out a laugh. "Aye, darlin'. I don't doubt that for a minute."

Juice kissed him, slow and sweet, and then her. They settled against each other, content and warm in the afterglow, and gradually sleep found them.

Olivia woke the next morning to find one side of her body nice and warm, but the other side cold. It was only the second night they'd all slept together and she already missed having both of them in bed with her? Well. She had told Chibs last night that she loved him.

And he'd said it back. And she was pretty sure Juice had said it too.

As if summoned by her thoughts, Juice's head popped up next to her. "Morning," he said.

"Hey, baby." She pulled him closer and they kissed, that long, slow, sleepy morning time kiss that only happens between people who've been together a while. It was a familiar kiss, and it never failed to make her heart trip.

"I smell bacon," Juice said.

"And coffee."

"Uh huh. You think Chibby's making breakfast?"

She glanced across the room toward Bingo's bed. It was empty. "Nah. I suspect the dog."

"Smart ass," he said, biting her shoulder.

"You love it."

His brows drew together and he ran a knuckle down her cheek. "You're mine, Liv. You know that right?"

"Of course I do, Juicy. And you're mine. Nothing's gonna change that."

With a long breath, he pressed his forehead against hers. "Not even falling in love with Chibs?"

"You falling in love with him, or me?"

"Both, I guess. That's what's goin' on, right?"
She carded her fingers through his hair. "Yeah, baby. I'm pretty sure that's what's going on."

"You okay with it?"

"I don't know. Do you think there's room for him? I mean, you're mine and I'm yours...and we're Chibs', too? And he's ours?"

He considered it awhile, and when he spoke his voice was hesitant and thoughtful. "I don't know a whole lot about love," he said. "I thought I loved Yvonne until I met you. I know I'd do anything for you. But I think there's room for more than just one person. I mean...people are complicated and love is fuckin' weird. I knew I loved you a few weeks after we met. I've known Chibs almost fifteen years and I'm just now figurin' it out. I just—this is way outside my wheelhouse, babe."

"And you think it's in mine? I spent over a year trying to convince myself you were a one-night stand who didn't mean anything. I hurt a really nice girl in the process, and I also hurt you. Now Chibs has been here like three weeks and I'm already...saying what I said last night."

She paused to watch his face. Then, "I think maybe if we don't at least try we'll regret it. We know we like him. We've both been friends with him a long time. We know we care about him and he cares about us. The sex is...kind of on a whole other level."

He huffed and nodded. "That's the goddamn truth."

"What do we say, Juicy? You and me and the rest is just details. So maybe you, me, and Chibs and the rest is just details."

"They're pretty important details, Liv."

"I know. For one, are we all sort of...equals in this? Or is it you and me with Chibs sort of...attached? Like that little oxygen atom clinging to the H-two?"

His face scrunched in a laugh. "That is a weird fucking metaphor, Olivia."

"No it's not. What would you rather me say? Like we're the sandwich and he's the pickle the deli always sticks on the side of your plate?"

"Olivia, Christ," he said through his laughter.

She poked him in the shoulder. "You know what I'm tryin' to say, Ortiz."

He sighed and rolled onto his back. "I'd rather us all be equal. I don't like the idea of us deciding things without him. Important things, I mean, that would affect all of us."

"You mean like the decision to have a baby?"

As usual she'd hit the nail on the head. "That's a pretty big one, yup."

"He's a lot older than us. Not old, I don't mean that, but the age where he might not be interested in an infant."

He nodded. "I know. Maybe we're getting ahead of ourselves anyway. We don't even know he wants the same thing we do."

She flipped onto her back, too. Reached down and laced her fingers through his. "We're sure we know what we want?"
There was a long silence. He turned his head to look at her, and after a few moments she did the same. "I want you," Juice said. "And I want him, too. We're not the same people we were in Charming. Any of us. I know how much I love you, and nothing will ever change that. Ever. Me loving him doesn't make me love you any less, Olivia. You get that, don't you?"

"I do, Juan Carlos. The same goes for me." She lifted their joined hands to kiss his ring finger. "They're tattoos for a reason."

"Because you hate jewelry."

"Juice! I'm trying to be romantic here."

He laughed and pulled her on top of him. "I know, baby." Cupping her face in his hands, he kissed her long and slow. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Juicy." She brushed her palm over his head. "And I love your best friend. So...I guess we're on the same page about that."

"Good," he said on a breath. He traced a circle on her thigh with a fingertip. "What about sex?"

"I like sex."

"No shit," he said and rolled his eyes. "I mean...is it only the three of us? Or can we have sex just the two of us? Or just you and Chibs, or just me and Chibs?"

"Um." Her mouth quirked in a brief frown. "I don't want to stop having sex just you and me. I'd miss you."

"I'd miss you too," he murmured. He slid his hands up her body to cup her breasts. "I already do, a little bit."

"But I also think we both enjoy having sex with Chibs. Right?"

He blushed a little and nodded. "Yeah."

"Okay. Then as long as he's into it I say sex in whatever combination we want. The whole point of this is to feel good. To enjoy each other."

"That's true." He nodded slowly and shifted beneath her. Her eyes closed at the feel of his hard-on. "I like that philosophy."

"Figured," she said, biting her lip a little.

"Can't believe he hasn't called us for breakfast yet."

"Maybe he only made enough for himself and Bingo." She lifted her hips and slid down onto him. They both hissed; she was tight, and they were both a little sore. It had been an intense couple of days.

"Maybe he realized we might have a few things to talk out." He rolled his hips and she rocked to meet him. He held her waist, his big hands warm against her skin, and she rested her palms against his chest.

"I love you," she said.

"I love you too." He gathered handfuls of her hair and tugged her down to capture her mouth with
his. He caught her moans and pulled away to whisper her name again and again.

She laughed, soft and sweet, and his heart thrilled at the sound.

Chibs appeared in the doorway and leaned against the jamb with a smile twisting his mouth. Olivia noticed Juice's expression and cast a look over her shoulder.

"Hi, Chibby," she said, breathlessly. "We'll be down in a few, 'kay?"

"Aye, lass." He chuckled. "Make her come real sweet for me, Juicy boy," he said with a wink. He closed the door, and they could hear him whistling as he walked away.

She looked down at Juice and grinned. "Well? You heard the man."

He flipped them over and bit her neck. "I certainly did."
Upstairs

Chapter Notes

As requested. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

i'll lead you upstairs
if you've got no worries
then i've got no cares
i'll lead you upstairs
David Gray, "Lead Me Upstairs"

The weeks passed in a sort of mellow glow. August melted into a warm September, and as October approached the weather held. Olivia still hadn't gotten used to the Vermont winters, so she couldn't be happier. Juice and Chibs were looking forward to snow.

Chibs left for a day or so at a time, every now and then, to meet with a contact of his in New York. He was working on getting a new identity for himself—name, Social Security number, the whole deal—so that he could get a job. If someone were looking for Juice and Olivia, it made sense they might track their known associates. It wouldn't do them any good if suddenly Filip Telford started setting off alarms in Vermont.

Plus, technically Chibs was on parole and he really wasn't in the mood to deal with that bullshit.

He came home the last week in September grinning from ear to ear. Juice had taken Bingo for a run, but Olivia was in the kitchen banging around as she pretended to make supper. She paused at the sound of the door, and when he appeared in the kitchen she matched his smile with one of her own.

"Hey, love," she said. They met in the middle of the room and she stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "Welcome home."

"Last time," he said. He brandished a manila envelope and dumped it out on the butcher block.

"Ooo, documents! Fancy!" She studied them: a birth certificate for the hospital in Glasgow where Chibs had actually been born; an old, expired UK passport; an expired green card; citizenship papers; a US passport, a driver's license, a motorcycle license, and a Social Security card.

"Merle Campbell. Decided to skip the middle name?"

In the final version of their story, Merle wasn't actually Sadie's uncle: instead he was a long-time family friend she just called uncle. That way if someone ever got wind of their unusual relationship they at least wouldn't have incest to add to the list of taboos they were breaking.

"Aye. Didn't wanna encumber myself."

"Footloose and fancy free, that's you." She shook her head. "These are really good. How the hell much did this cost you?"
He grimaced. "Best not ask, darlin'. Wasn't cheap."

"Obviously." She slid everything back into the envelope and handed it to him. "Want a beer?" she said.

"You read my mind." He wandered toward the stove as she opened the fridge. "You tryin' to cook, love?"

A sigh. "Get off it. I'm a grown adult woman who can assemble an engine practically with her eyes closed. Cooking can't be that hard. Gemma taught me to make waffles once."

She tugged something off the fridge. "I almost forgot. We have an invitation to Lisa Hannigan's Halloween party."

"We?"

"Yup. Look."

He peered at the card in her hand. There was a handwritten note at the bottom: *Sadie and Hal, please be sure to bring Sadie's delightful uncle! The more the merrier!*

"Delightful now, is it?"

"Apparently." She tapped the invitation against her hand and then stuck it back on the fridge. "I don't know. Thought maybe we'd go. All three of us, I mean."

They hadn't been spending nearly as much time with the neighbors since Chibs' arrival, and it had been commented on. She didn't want people to think they were unfriendly; she and Juice had an image to maintain.

He studied her face a moment. The last week or so of October was always rough on her. Her birthday, which also happened to be the anniversary of her mother's death, was October twenty-fifth, and in the several days leading up and following she tended to be a bit moody. Understandably so.

"Sure you'll feel like partyin' and makin' nice?"

Her nose scrunched. "Sure, why not? It's the thirtieth. That should give me enough time to get over my funk. If it sucks, we'll leave, but if we don't at least put in an appearance Lisa will probably get her feelings hurt."

"Is this a costume affair?"

She pointed out a line at the bottom of the invite: *costumes encouraged!*

"Shite," he muttered.

"Don't worry, Chibby. We'll think of something guaranteed to make all the ladies swoon. Most of the lads, too. Maybe rugged Highland warrior in a kilt." She grinned and nodded, and he choked back a laugh.

"Sounds more like a costume for Ollie Gable than Ms. Hannigan."

"Oh I guarantee Ms. Hannigan would be very appreciative of your legs in a kilt."

"Tell you what, lass: I'll wear a kilt if Juicy boy does."
She blinked. "No. Bad idea. I'm only human, Chibs."

He pulled her against him and ducked his head to kiss the curve of her ear. "Not sure I could handle Juicy in a kilt, either. Especially if he wore it the way it's meant to be worn."

"You mean sans underwear?"

"Aye. That's exactly what I mean."

She shivered. "Definitely no kilts. I'd barely make it an hour before I'd have to drag you home and ravage both of you."

He pressed his palms to the small of her back and ran his nose up the side of her neck. "Ach, lass, I've missed your scent. Speaking of ravaging…"

She leaned back and pressed a finger to his mouth. "Let's wait for Juice, okay? He and I sort of had plans for when you got home."

"Oh?" he said, drawing the syllable out into a question.

"It's a surprise. You'll have to wait."

"I'm not a patient man, Ollie."

"Don't I know it. You've ripped a dress, two blouses, and a pair of my panties since you've been here."

"Only one pair of panties?" He made a face. "Losing my touch."

"No." She sucked one of his fingers into her mouth. "Your touch is exactly how it should be."

He smirked. "Glad you think so, sweet girl."

"I do." Her brows drew together. "Have I ever told you what my favorite feature of yours is?"

"Don't think we covered that one."

"How remiss of me." She kissed his cheeks, each in turn. "Your scars. But I know you're not fond of them, so also…your hands."

She pressed their palms together. Her soft, long-fingered hand was almost tiny in his, delicate and fine-boned. He kissed the knuckles one by one and brushed his tongue against the golden dusting of freckles.

"The way you and Juicy look at my scars has made me feel a little differently," he said, his voice going thick.

"Good," she whispered as their mouths met. She laced her fingers through his and they kissed for a long time, her lower lip slotting between his; his tongue brushing across hers; their breath mingling and his free hand tangled in her hair.

When the kiss finally broke he rested his forehead against hers and smiled. "I do love you, sweet Ollie."

"I love you too, Chibby."
They heard the front door and Bingo let out a bark as he bounded around the corner toward them. "How does it, my fuzzy lad?" Chibs said as he knelt and scratched him behind the ears.

Olivia dodged the tail and greeted Juice with a quick kiss. "Hey, sweaty husband."

"Hey, sexy wife."

"Look who's home," she said, her voice going low.

He grinned like an excited kid. "You still want to?" he murmured against her ear.

"You know I'm down. You?"

"Hell yeah."

"What're you two plotting over there?" Chibs said.

"I told you it's a surprise," Olivia said.

"Humph." He pushed himself to his feet and wrapped an arm around Juice's waist. "I already explained to our girl that I'm not a patient man."

"And I told him to get over it. We haven't been planning this just to blow it because you can't wait a few hours."

Juice laughed and kissed Chibs. "I'm gonna take a shower. You guys figure it out and let me know." He paused. "As much as I'm looking forward to our surprise, I think I'd like something to eat first. I'm starving."

"You always are. Metabolism like a sixteen-year-old, I swear to God," Olivia said.

"We should all be so lucky," muttered Chibs.

"Thirty-nine with the body of a twenty-five-year-old," she said with a sigh. "Be still my heart. And my libido."

Chibs chuckled. "If you expect me to wait for whatever it is you have planned it might be nice to quit talkin' about Juicy like the hot piece of ass he is."

"Good point," Olivia said. "Go take your shower, babe. Any preference on food?"

"I've got this," Chibs said. He pushed Olivia gently toward the living room and whistled for Bingo to follow her. "Outta my way, all of you."

"Aye aye, captain," Olivia said. She walked with Juice as far as the stairs, and they lingered there a moment. She cast a glance toward the kitchen to make sure Chibs was busy, then ran a fingertip down the back of Juice's hand and bit her lip. "Can't wait, baby."

"Me neither," he breathed. "Chibs's gonna flip."

"Uh huh. I'm glad we decided to wait until he got back." They had barely done anything more than kiss or snuggle since Chibs left three days ago. Between that and planning their "surprise," they were both wound up and as impatient as Chibs.

"Are you wearing it now?"
She chuckled. "Of course not. Didn't know he'd be back today."

He let out a huff. "Go put it on. Under your dress. Can you imagine the look on his face when you pull your skirt up and…?"

"Juicy—" She broke off. "If we both go up at the same time he'll get all suspicious and think we're fucking or something. I'll wait till you get back."

A grin lit up his face. "Have I told you lately that you're amazing?"

"Not in the last few days, no."

"You are. Completely."

She pressed her forehead against his. "Don't you forget it, Martinez."

"Couldn't if I tried, Martinez."

"Behave in the shower," she said with one last kiss.

"Yes, ma'am." She swatted his arm and he grinned. "Love you, babe."

"Love you too." She watched his ass as he walked up the stairs, and when he caught her staring he wiggled it. She smothered a laugh behind her hand and followed a disinterested Bingo to the TV nook.

Olivia and Juice volunteered for the dishes this time, since Chibs had cooked. Chibs disappeared upstairs for a bit, and when he got back they were standing at the sink. Juice was pressed against Olivia's back and he had one hand around her waist…obviously between her legs from the look of things.

"Starting my own surprise without me, I see," Chibs said with a shake of his head. "What will I do with you two?"

"Wanna show him, Livvie?" Juice murmured. He kissed the side of her neck and she gave a little sigh.

She slid out from between him and the sink and turned to face Chibs. "Hi, love," she said. She reached behind her to grab Juice's hand and press it to her waist. They both watched Chibs as Juice moved his palm lower. Caught her full skirt in his fingers and tugged it up, tracing his knuckles against the white skin of her thigh as he went. He kissed her shoulder and didn't take his eyes off Chibs' face.

Juice's free hand appeared on her other side. He reached between her legs and grasped the purple dildo, stroking it slowly and pressing the harness against her vulva so that her head fell back and she wiggled.

Chibs' eyes were huge as he stared at them. He swallowed and scraped a hand down his face. "That's a pretty girl-cock you've got there, Ollie lass," he said when he could finally speak again.

She smirked at him. "It is, isn't it? Juicy told me how much the idea intrigued you, so we were thinking you might want to watch me fuck our boy."

"I surely to God would," he said, choking.
"You were right, baby," Olivia said to Juice. "The look on his face was completely worth it. Now he knows I was wearing this all through dinner. Just sitting at the table, innocent as you please."

Juice pulled something out of his pocket and held it up. "Catch," he said to Chibs.

He caught it with only a brief bobble, and stared down at it a moment before understanding dawned. He pressed a button and Olivia gasped as the small vibrator hidden in the harness switched on. He pressed it again and she relaxed.

"Well, well," he murmured. "Aren't you two just full of surprises?" He stepped closer and took Olivia's face in his hands. Kissed her hard. "Take off your dress, lass. Let's have a look at you."

Juice unzipped it in the back and Chibs tugged it down her shoulders. A little wiggle and it puddled at her feet. Kissing her shoulders, Juice undid her bra and Chibs got rid of that, too. She stood in the kitchen naked except the leather harness around her hips and her fall of coppery hair.

"Gotta admit, Juicy boy, if I were gonna get fucked by a lady, I would certainly want it to be this one."

"I'd have absolutely no problem with that, Chibby," she said.

"Me neither," Juice breathed.

"Another time, perhaps," Chibs said. He tugged Juice closer, Olivia sandwiched between them, to kiss him even more roughly than he'd kissed her. "We've got plans tonight, aye?"

"We certainly do," Olivia said.

She grabbed their hands and led them toward the stairs. When she turned around to walk up backwards they were both mesmerized by the dildo bouncing between her legs: eight or so inches long, thick, with just a bit of flexibility to it. Realistic texture, except for the color.

Chibs squeezed Juice's thigh and bit his earlobe. "You like havin' that in your sweet tight ass, baby?" he murmured.

Juice just nodded, his dark eyes wide.

Laughing, Chibs kissed the back of his neck and ruffled his short hair. "How does this wee thing work?" he said, waving the remote in front of Juice. "This button?" He pressed it and ahead of them Olivia paused to rest her hand on the wall.

"That's full speed, Chibby," Juice said. "Maybe ramp up slow unless you wanna kill her." He grinned and hit the button below it. Her breathing leveled out a little, but it was still heavier than normal. "You know our Liv: she likes a long build."

"She does at that." He pressed the first button again and she whimpered.

"Chibby!" she moaned, half-protesting.

He grinned and turned it off. "Ach, m'lives, we're gonna have a grand time tonight."

She disappeared into the bedroom and they followed her. She was lounging on the bed, one knee drawn up and her weight propped back on her elbows. "You boys are wearing way too much clothing."

They grinned at each other and stripped. They were both hard, and she sat up with a grin. Licking
her lips, she beckoned them closer. Grasped Chibs' cock in one hand while she kissed Juice's belly and tickled the inside of his thigh.

Chibs let out a long sigh while Juice squirmed. She flicked her tongue against the tip of Juice's cock, then Chibs', and cut her eyes up to watch their faces. Chibs ran a gentle hand through her hair and Juice pulled Chibs' head around for a kiss.

From her angle she could see their tongues stroking. She dipped her head again and pressed their cocks together. Swirled her tongue around the glans of both. Juice stroked Chibs' chest and Chibs' fingers tightened in Olivia's hair.

They swallowed each other's groans as she rubbed her saliva-slicked lips against their cocks and sucked them into her mouth. She was small, and the two of them combined were much bigger than she could fit comfortably, so she contented herself with sucking on just the heads and circling her tongue around them.

"Fuck, baby," Juice whispered. "Fuck that's so hot."

Chibs pushed the button to turn the vibe on its lowest setting. She moaned and drew back to stroke each of them in either hand. Juice leaned down to kiss her, his mouth hot on hers. When they broke apart she ran a finger across his lip and tapped the dildo. He grinned and dropped to his knees.

Chibs groaned and jerked against her hand. She soothed him with a kiss to the tip of his cock, a flick of her tongue into the slit, and they both watched as Juice sucked her cock into his mouth. She ran her fingers through his hair while he took it deeper, his lips tight around it as he bobbed his head.

"Good, Juicy?" she murmured.

He nodded and made a muffled noise of pleasure. She rocked her hips and he swallowed. Chibs pressed a hand to the back of Juice's head and guided him.

"That's right, darlin'," he said in a rasp. "Suck her fat girl-cock. Take it deep, baby. You fuckin' love that, don't you?"

Juice's fingers tightened on Olivia's thighs, his eyes going big and wide. She squeezed Chibs' dick and rubbed her tongue up and down the shaft. It twitched in her mouth when she kissed it, and her giggle turned into a moan as Chibs dialed up the intensity on the vibe.

He fisted his fingers in Juice's hair and tugged him away, his touch firm but gentle. "You ready for her to fuck you, Juicy boy?" he said.

Juice licked his swollen lips and nodded. "Yeah. God yeah, so fuckin' ready."

Olivia's face was flushed. She squirmed against the harness and tried to keep her breath steady. Chibs grinned at her and dropped a kiss on her mouth. Pulled away and scooted onto the bed to sit with his back propped against the pillows and his legs spread. He gave his erection a lazy tug.

Juice crawled toward him and kissed him, biting softly on Chibs' lower lip and slowly, thoroughly fucking Chibs' mouth with his tongue. Chibs gave his ass a smack and Juice groaned.

"You know where I want your mouth, darlin'," he said.

Olivia smirked and kissed the spot Chibs had just spanked. "Not yet, baby," she said. "Make him squirm a little first."
Juice cast her a grin over his shoulder and managed to shrug at Chibs. "Sorry, babe. You heard her."

Chibs' only answer was to turn the vibrator up another notch.

"Fuck!" she said through gritted teeth. She had the bottle of lube in her hand, and as the wave of pleasure hit her she braced her slicked-up fingers against Juice's ass. He hissed and wiggled, and she ran them between his cheeks.

"Fuck him, sweet girl," Chibs urged. "Make him moan for you." His accent was thick as honey, and they both shuddered at the sound.

She coated the strap-on in lube and rubbed her slippery fingertips around his hole. He whimpered.

"Baby, please," he said, his voice lust-wrecked.

Grinning, she grasped his cock and squeezed. Pre-come oozed from the tip. She swirled her thumb through it and licked it clean. Juice couldn't see her, but Chibs' mouth curved in a lazy smile at the sight.

When Juice felt the tip of Olivia's cock nudge his hole he pressed against her with an eager little pleading noise. She pulled back with a *tsk*. Leaned down and sank her teeth in just below the dimple at the small of his back, where the curve of his ass started.

"Behave," she whispered against his skin.

His head jerked in a desperate nod. "Yeah, okay, sorry. Sorry, baby. Just please, Livvie, I need it so bad! Fuck me, sweetheart, please!"

Chibs growled and tugged Juice's head up to kiss him. "Love hearin' you beg, Juicy boy. I think he really means it, lass," he said to Olivia. "Maybe give him what he wants?"

"Mmmm," she said, drawing a hand down the tense line of his back. The muscles rippled as he squirmed, and between that and the increasing pressure of the vibrator, she knew she couldn't hold out much longer, either.

She eased just the head into him, but he bucked against her and she sank in halfway. He blew out a long breath and she laughed, low and husky. "Okay, love. I'll give you what you want."

He groaned, his eyes squeezing shut and his mouth falling open, as she pushed in to the hilt. His eager ass swallowed the thick dildo and he pushed back to take it even deeper. Her hips smacked into him and she bit her lip.

"Yes, Livvie, yeah oh God, baby, so fucking good!"

"Suck Chibby's cock now, Juan Carlos. Make sure he knows how much you love having his dick in your mouth and mine in your ass."

He and Chibs groaned, and Chibs' turned breathless as Juice's mouth dropped onto his cock. He sucked him in, lips tight and cheeks hollowing, and Chibs gripped the back of his neck and tried to hold still.

Olivia pumped into him, a slow roll of her hips, but she couldn't maintain the easy rhythm for long. Chibs had just enough presence of mind to turn the vibe to its highest setting, and she gave a soft cry of surprise. Juice moaned around Chibs' cock as she ground against him. The dildo hit his prostate and he pressed backwards.
Her nails dug into his ass and she froze. He rocked back and forth between them, swallowing Chibs' cock and pulling Olivia in deep. Olivia and Chibs' eyes met across his straining body and they were both flushed-face and wide-eyed.

"That's right, Ollie baby," Chibs said. "Fuck him good and hard. You gonna come while you fuck him?"

"Yes," she whimpered. "Yeah, so close!"

"But you aren't, are you, Juicy boy? You're gonna suck my cock and let our girl fuck you and you'll come when we say. Ain't that right?"

He groaned and somehow managed a nod. His tongue worked Chibs' shaft and the head popped in and out of his mouth like a lollipop.

Olivia gripped his thighs and thrust hard into him. His hips jerked and she didn't pull out.

"Fuck, fuck, oh God!" she moaned. The vibrator pulsed against her clit, and the lurid, wet sounds Juice's mouth was making on Chibs' cock combined with Chibs' half-incoherent endearments was too much.

She came hard, the dildo slamming into Juice's ass as her hips bucked. She held onto him to keep her balance and her body shuddered and tensed.

"Turn it off," she gasped. "Chibby, please! Turn it off!"

"Not just yet, lass," he breathed. He gripped Juice's hair and rocked up into his mouth. Juice swallowed and lashed at him with his tongue. "Fuck, Juicy boy, that's it. Such a sweet mouth you got, baby."

Olivia groaned and squirmed, but Chibs didn't relent. Juice circled his hips and sucked deep and wanton. Olivia kept the dildo buried deep inside, and the vibrator pressed between them, against her too-sensitive clit. She felt another orgasm approaching hard and fast.

Chibs bucked and his balls went tight. "So good, baby, so fuckin' good swallow it all, Juicy, swallow it down!"

He came in Juice's mouth, shuddering and moaning, and Olivia's second orgasm rocketed through her, so strong it almost hurt. Juice gulped eagerly, groaning a little as Chibs' come filled his mouth.

Olivia fell across Juice's back, twitching and whimpering. "Filip! Please!" She pulled out of Juice and slumped onto the bed.

"Don't wanna come again, lass?" Chibs said as Juice gave his cock one last lick and sat back on his heels.

"No, I can't, I can't! Please, baby, turn it off!"

Pleasure skirted the edge of pain, and when he saw the way her face scrunched he realized the game was over. He flicked the switch. She let out a long, shaky breath and shivered.

"Ollie love, come here," he said, his voice tender.

She stirred and crawled up to collapse next to him. He carefully undid the harness' buckles and helped her wiggle out of it. He set it aside and kissed her, long and soft. Stroked a hand down her
body and nibbled the side of her neck. Brushing the hair off her face, he smiled at her and rained little kisses over her face.

"Love you, sweet girl," he murmured.

"Love you, Chibby," she said with an easy smile.

"Forgive me, darlin'? Didn't mean to take it so far."

"It's okay," she said. "Nothin' to forgive; I promise."

Juice made a little noise of distress and they looked at him. "Don't worry, laddie," Chibs said. "We haven't forgotten about you."

His cock was iron-hard and weeping, an urgent, aching rod jutting up between his thighs. He pressed it against his belly and rubbed his palm along the underside. Chibs watched him with an indolent, hungry grin.

Olivia sucked on her lower lip. "We love you too, Juicy. Don't we, Filip?"

"Aye, we certainly do." He scooted over to make room and patted the space between them. "Come here, darlin'."

He collapsed down between them and kissed her, tangling his fingers in her hair. "All good?" he said. He bent to brush his mouth over the red marks the harness had left on her skin. His tongue was gentle and soothing, and the hot feel of it made her shiver.

She nodded. "Yes. Really. You?"

He flashed a drunken grin. "Think I might die if I don't come soon, but otherwise fantastic."

"I doubt you'll die, baby," Olivia said. She brushed a finger over the slick head of his cock. "But I'm sure we can help you anyway."

Chibs gave him a long, rough stroke. "Could probably just sit here and jerk you off."

His head fell back on a moan. "That works," he gasped.

"Oh, Chibby, we can do better than that. He was so good. Begged as sweet as I've ever heard and gave you one hell of a blowjob from the sound of things."

"Aye, that's true. What would you suggest, darlin'?" He squeezed Juice's cock just to watch him squirm.

"Just do it soon. Please!"

She ran her nose up the side of Juice's neck and kissed him just behind his ear. "Sit in Chibby's lap, baby," she said.

His head lolled in a nod and Chibs helped him settle between his legs. Juice leaned back against him while Chibs traced his fingertips over Juice's chest. Olivia knelt between Juice's legs and dipped her head to brush her tongue over the tip of his cock.

"Use your hand, babe," she said to Chibs. "You," she said to Juice, "keep your hands to yourself."

"Can I play with your hair? Please?"
She smirked and kissed him. "Since you asked so nicely, yes."

Chibs gripped Juice's shaft and pumped him. Olivia sucked the glans into her mouth and tightened her lips around it. Swirled her tongue around and around the ridge and slowly, slowly eased him back out again.

"Livvie!" he said on a harsh groan. He tangled both hands in her hair and she rested her hands on his thighs. Chibs stroked a little faster as saliva dripped down Juice's cock to provide some lubrication. "Fuck yeah, God that's good please don't stop! So fuckin' close gonna fuckin' explode—is!"

Chibs pressed two fingers against Juice's perineum, and Olivia slurped the head of his cock, sliding her lips over it in wet, sucking kisses. He bucked against them, and her mouth and Chibs' hand began to move in rhythm up and down.

His hands tightened in her hair and his head fell back against Chibs' shoulder. Chibs kissed him, hard and rough.

"Come on, baby," he rasped. "Fill up Ollie's mouth just like I filled yours. Look at those pretty pink lips wrapped around your big brown cock. Look at how she sucks it right down."

"Fuck!" he cried, a strangled croak. Chibs squeezed Juice's balls when they tightened, and his entire body arched. His cries were guttural and wordless, and she swallowed furiously as he pumped into her mouth.

"Jesus goddamn holy shit," he whimpered as he started to come down from it. "Livvie, fuck, love you so much, Chibby, love you goddamn…"

She pulled away and kissed the tip of his cock. He grinned and pulled her to him to kiss her, relishing the taste of her mouth, the fullness of her lips. She laughed, a honeyed ripple, as she turned to sit between their legs. Juice wrapped his arms around, and Chibs hugged them both. He kissed Juice's temple and brushed his thumb against the space between Olivia's breasts. She let out a contented sigh.

"Good surprise? she said.

He gave a stunned little laugh. "Aye, lass. Really good surprise."

"It was Juicy's idea," she said as she laced her fingers through Chibs'.

"Smart lad," he said.

He just smiled and patted Chibs’ arm. Words were still mostly beyond him.

"So, husband mine, does this count as us sharing you?" Olivia said.

"Uh huh," he finally managed. "Pretty sure it does."

"And you liked it?" Chibs said.

"Fuck yeah," he breathed.

Olivia sat up and twisted to face them. Kissed first Chibs, then Juice, lingering over their mouths and nipping their lips with her teeth. "Love my guys," she whispered.

"Love you, Liv," Juice said.
Chibs just brushed his thumb across her cheek, and the look in his eyes told her everything she needed to know.

"I need ice cream," she said, grinning. "Everybody stay here." She hopped out of bed and disappeared into the hall.

They watched her go, and after a moment Juice scooted over to sit next to Chibs. Chibs studied his expression with a frown between his brows. "What's on your mind, Juicy boy?" he said.

He sighed and rubbed a hand over his hair. "I know you know this, Chibs, but—you gotta be careful with her."

Chibs looked away and dipped his head. "Aye. That was close."

"She'll push herself, ya know? Like, do things she isn't completely sure about because she hates… she hates thinking she can't do something."

"I know, lad. I'd never want to push her too far."

"That's kinda the thing, though," Juice said, his mouth quirking. "She'll let you. She won't stop you. You gotta know her to know what's too far."

"You sayin' I don't?" Chibs said. He bristled a little at the idea, but Juice ran a soothing hand down his thigh.

"Nah, Chibby. I know you do. And, look, if she says she's okay then she is. She won't lie about shit like that. But you should talk to her."

Chibs hesitated. He tapped his fingers against his leg and shifted in bed. Juice watched him and waited.

Finally, "I've slept with a lot of women in my life, Juicy. A fair share of men, too."

Juice's mouth curved in an ironic half-smile. "I've known you a while, babe. Pretty sure I'm familiar the sorta action you usually get."

He waved a hand. "I don't mean it like that. Just—and don't get me wrong, lad; I loved my Fiona. Still do. But the way I feel about you and Ollie…it's new for me. Bigger, aye, but also…ach, I don't know."

"It's okay." He touched Chibs' arm, a light brush of palm against skin. "I get it. I went through the exact same thing when I fell in love with her. And I'm pretty sure she did when she fell in love with me. It's good, but also really fuckin' scary."

Juice grinned, really more a grimace, and swallowed. "She's tough, Chibby, but not as tough as she looks, and nowhere near as tough as she acts. Talk to her. These days you can actually get her to talk back."

Chibs sighed and let his head fall back against the pillow. "You two are good for each other."

"You're good for us, too," Juice said, his voice quiet. "We love you, Chibs. Believe that. We made a promise a long time ago that we wouldn't lie to each other, and even though we've never said it to you, you're included in that now too."

His face twisted as he smiled, and he tugged Juice closer for a gentle kiss.
"We have chocolate!" Olivia said as she rounded the corner. She paused a moment. Her forehead creased as she took in the scene. "Everything okay?"

"Aye, lass. As long as you're plannin' on sharin' with us."

She held out three spoons. "Duh." She stepped up to the bed and Chibs dragged her in with them. She let out a shriek of laughter as they tackled her to the mattress and kissed any bit of skin they could reach: her shoulders, the left one with its bright splash of color; her chest; chin, cheeks, breasts.

Still giggling, she pushed them away. "Ice cream."

"One track mind," Juice said.

"Believe it, baby," she said with a smirk.

"Never come between a lady and her ice cream, lad. Bit of advice from me to you." He held up his spoon and batted his eyes at her. "Share?"

She handed him the carton and kissed Juice's nose. The three of them settled back in bed and Olivia pulled the covers around them. They passed the ice cream around until it was empty and all three of them had one of those oh-this-is-it moments: this is how life should be.

This is where I belong.

This is what I've been waiting for.

Chapter End Notes

don't look at me. everybody needs to stop being cute right this minute.
Good to You

Chapter Notes

So glad everyone enjoyed last chapter. This one sets the stage for several of the upcoming chapters, so. Yeah, there's porn but it's so much more!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

i kiss you when you lick your lips
you like it wet and so do i
no you never waste a drip
i wonder how it feels sometimes
must be good to you
Beyoncé, "Blow"

It was Olivia's turn to sneak out while the guys slept. She kissed them, but they barely stirred. Poor babies. All worn out from last night. She grinned and gave a soft whistle for Bingo. The weather had finally turned, and she shivered when she stepped out in the cool morning.

She dropped Bingo at camp and then spent a busy morning at the garage. Greg was off somewhere, so it was just her and Charlie. Suited her fine, because Greg had a tendency to obsess and micromanage, while Charlie just let her get her shit done.

Around one she heard a familiar motorcycle out in the parking lot, and when she poked her head out Chibs greeted her with a wave. He dismounted, pulled off his sunglasses, and strolled toward her with that loose-legged swagger that made her pulse tick up a notch or two.

"Afternoon, lass," he said with a grin.

"Uncle Merle. This is a surprise."

He pressed a chaste kiss to her forehead and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "Thought I'd bring you some lunch. Hope you haven't eaten yet."

"Nope. Was about to go, as a matter of fact."

Charlie appeared from somewhere and paused a moment to give Chibs a long look. "Hi there," he said, holding out a hand. "I'm Charlie Martin. Any friend of Sadie's is a friend of mine!"

Olivia grinned. "Charlie, this is my uncle Merle. Merle, my boss Charlie."

The men shook hands, and Charlie smiled at her. "Off to lunch then?"

"If that works for you."

"Yup. See you in an hour."

"Lemme just grab my bag," she said to Chibs. She left them out there to chat, and by the time she got back they were in an animated discussion about American versus Italian bikes, and she wished she'd warned Charlie not to get on that topic.
"Merle," she said, resting a hand on his arm, "if we don't go I'm gonna be out of lunch hour before I even get to eat."

"Aye, yeah, I'm comin'." He shook hands with Charlie again. "We'll continue this later."

"Oh I look forward to it," Charlie said.

Olivia rolled her eyes at him and he chuckled. She herded Chibs toward his bike, strapped on the extra helmet, and a few seconds later they roared away.

They rode for awhile, enjoying the beautiful day. She had her arms around his waist and the smell of Chibs surrounded her: leather, cigarettes, and that sharp cedar scent. She also detected a hint of the laundry detergent they used, and that made her smile. He smelled like Chibs and like she and Juice. Just the way it should be.

He finally pulled off at the park and Chibs grabbed two wrapped sandwiches and a couple bottles from his saddlebag. One was lemonade, the other beer. Olivia chuckled. "Very responsible, m'love," she said.

He grinned and tossed her an apple. "I'm an excellent uncle."

She hooked her arm through his but made sure there was a decent amount of distance between their bodies. They wandered into a copse of trees and found a nice mossy spot to eat. It was a weekday in late September: the park was nearly deserted, and they felt they had the place to themselves—or at least this shady corner of it. Chibs glanced around and risked kissing her: soft and sweet that quickly morphed into hot and rough.

She pulled away, laughing and flushed. "Behave, baby. Keep that up and we might have to skip lunch and head home for an hour."

"There's an idea," he murmured. He had his arms around her waist, and he brushed his nose against hers. Their mouths met again, their tongues, until finally they broke apart with reluctant little sighs.

They settled onto the ground and Chibs passed her one of the sandwiches. "Tuna," he said just to watch her nose scrunch.

"Chibs."

"Roast beef and gouda with spinach and that sauce you like. Do I look like a monster?"

"You're wonderful, Chibby. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise."

Quiet fell as they ate. She stole one of his chips and a sip of his beer, and he took a huge bite from her sandwich despite her protests. He kissed her again, unable to resist after he watched the way her lips closed around the mouth of her bottle, and the sweet-tart taste of lemonade lingered on her mouth.

When they finished Chibs gathered the trash and stuffed it in a bag. Settled back against the moss with a contented sound. She sat next to him, legs crossed, and he reached over to toy with her fingers.

"So," she said, "you gonna tell me what's on your mind, or make me drag it out of you?"

His brows drew together. "A body can't just take his lovely lady out for some lunch on such a
beautiful day?"

"Of course a body can, but when a body has that look it's obvious he has something he wants to talk about." She paused. Ran her thumb over the back of his hand. "It's about last night, I'm guessing."

He sat up with a restless shrug. "The lad said we should talk."

"If I say I'm okay, it means I'm okay. I wouldn't lie about it."

"Aye, he said that too." Their eyes met. A shaft of sunlight fell through the trees to tangle in her red-gold hair, and for a moment he was distracted. He tugged the end of her braid and smiled ruefully. "I explained to him—or tried to—that I've never felt about anyone quite like I do about you two."

"I know, love. I understand."

His mouth twisted. "He said you would."

"Sounds like you and he had this conversation just fine without me."

That brought a smile to his face, but it faded after a moment and he shook his head. "It's easy to forget myself when I'm with you. I suppose that's what happened last night."

"Forget yourself, or forget me?"

Shifting, he frowned down at their joined hands. "I don't like the way you phrase it."

She bit her lip and glanced away. "Here's the thing," she said, hesitating. "I want to explore new things with you. I love the way you make me feel. I love that you push my boundaries." A deep breath and she waved a fly away from her lemonade. "The problem is it's not about inhibitions. I have very few of those, to be honest."

"Aye, I've noticed."

The flash of a grin and she ducked her head again. "It's about trauma, Chibby. I want to do things and sometimes I just can't. One of those things is…"

"Pain," he said when she trailed off. "I don't wanna hurt you, Ollie girl. It's not like that."

"I know it's not," she said. "And if it were simply a matter of that it'd be easy. But sometimes I don't even know where the line is until I hit it. Last night was amazing, and I'd repeat every single second of it again in a heartbeat."

"Even the rough moment?"

"Yeah, babe. Even the rough moment. It wasn't that rough. It was more about…loss of control than anything." She lifted onto her knees and crawled toward him. Took his face in her hands and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. "I trust you, Filip. I love you. I want to…lose a little control around you. Put myself in your hands, like Juice does."

He rubbed his thumb across her cheek. "You do a damn fine job of it, darlin'."

She sat back on her heels. "So let's just make a few ground rules. Nothing even that strict. Just, like, safe words."

"Aye? Green, yellow, red or whatnot?"
"That's actually perfect. That way you can know when I'm getting close to that line so you can ease up a little…or when it's full steam ahead."

"What was last night?"

"Umm…" She tilted her head as she considered. "Orange."

He snorted. "Three colors, lass. Don't get complicated."

"Sorry," she said with an unrepentant grin. Her expression stilled and her eyes turned dark and serious. "Don't ever doubt how I feel about you, Chibby. I'll never lie to you. I'll never tell you what I think you want to hear rather than what's true."

"Believe I've known that for a while, darlin'." He cast his phone a brief glance. "If we leave now we might be able to make it home in time for a quickie," he said and waggled his brows.

She pushed herself to her feet and held a hand out to him. "Gonna need a little more than that, I think."

There was a boathouse near the lake; the parks department closed it the first week of September. Now it was locked, the windows shuttered, but Chibs still carried lock picks despite foreswearing the outlaw life. He had them in in a flash, and the door was no sooner closed behind them than his hands were on her. He didn't bother to be gentle; he knew that wasn't what she wanted.

He bit the back of her neck and spun her around to push her against the door. His hands skimmed up her body, cupping her breasts through her bra and tugging on the nipples until she moaned and squirmed. He stripped off her jacket and the long-sleeve t-shirt she wore under it. His teeth sank into her shoulder. Her earlobe.

"Good, darlin'?" he rasped against her skin.

"Green, Chibby. Emerald. Verdant."

"Always gotta complicate it."

She laughed, breathlessly, and reached behind her to yank at his belt. He undid his trousers and dropped them, and she twisted around and dropped to her knees. His head fell back on a groan as her mouth closed around him. He grasped a handful of her hair, heedless of the neat braid, and she sucked him deep.

Her lips were tight around him, her tongue wiggling and swirling, but after only a few seconds he tugged her to her feet. She frowned at him, but he grinned and kissed her.

"Been too long since I tasted that sweet cunt, baby," he said. There was a sheet-draped table to their right, and he lifted her up onto it. Wiggled her jeans down her legs and ripped her panties off.

"Chibby!"

"I warned you."

He spread her thighs and knelt to press his mouth against her vulva. His tongue rubbed across her lips and dipped between them. Flicked over her clit and nudged it free of its hood. She fist her fingers in his hair and tugged until he groaned. He traced figure eights around her clit and down, to circle around her entrance, and then back up again.
"Fuck, baby, you lick me so good," she whimpered.

His beard tickled her sensitive skin, a maddening tease, and he closed his lips around her clitoris to suck. Held the nub still so he could lash it with his tongue, back and forth harder and harder until her legs shook.

"Taste so fuckin' sweet, Ollie girl, so goddamn good."

She braced one hand behind her and rocked against his face. He lapped across her inner lips and sucked. Nibbled, just a little, and sucked again, harder. Twisted his tongue inside her and flicked it against her inner walls.

"Want me to fuck you with my fingers, sweetheart?" he whispered. "Make you come all over my hand and face?"

"Yes, baby, yes! Please, Chibby."

He groaned and thrust two fingers into her. Stretched up to kiss her mouth so that she could taste herself on him.

"You love it when I finger your cunt, don't you?" he said, voice rough and accent thick. "There're people right outside, darlin'. Somebody could hear. They could come investigate all these strange noises."

Moaning, she gripped his wrist to push him deeper. There were voices outside: laughter, the sound of someone calling out to a companion. They were close, but not so close they could hear them. Probably.

He laughed. "What a bad girl you are. And here I thought you were so sweet. My sweet little Ollie wants me to fuck her in public. Wants to feel my hard fat cock in her tight pink cunt with people not a hundred feet away."

"Not that close—are they?" she gasped.

"Tch. The closer the better, aye?"

Her body jerked and he rubbed his thumb over her clitoris. "That's what I thought." His mouth moved closer to her ear. "Moan for me, sweet girl. Get loud. Maybe they'll enjoy hearin' you as much as I do."

"Oh God, Chibby, fuck me! Fuck me hard, Chibs, please!"

He grinned. "Thought you wanted to come on my fingers."

"Nuh uh. Your big dick, baby. Need it so bad!"

"Far be it for me to deny a lady's request, worded so gently." He pulled his fingers out of her and licked them clean. Pushed her back against the table and wrapped her legs around him. He slammed into her without preamble, and her body arched off the sheet.

"Yes! That's it! Green, Filip, fuckin' green!"

He growled and yanked her closer. Bent his head to lick and suck her nipples, biting and tugging, as her fingers laced through his hair. He did as she begged and fucked her hard: deep and fast and without any sort of finesse.
She met every thrust eagerly. His hands dug into her hips and she pulled at his hair in exactly the way she knew drove him nuts. He kissed her, but pulled away so that her moans and pleas could fill the air.

"Good girl, that's right, let 'em hear how good I make you feel. Let 'em hear how much you love my cock in you. And you do love it, don't you, baby? Can't get enough of how I fuck you."

"Yes, Chibby, yes so goddamn good. Oh God yeah, yeah *fuck* that's it!"

He moved in circles, pressed tight against her, and his thumb found her clit as he started to thrust again. The table creaked beneath them. He lathed his tongue across her swollen nipples and sucked hard enough at the freckle on her breast to leave a mark.

"Mmmm, sweet girl, love you so much. Come for me, Ollie girl. Fuckin' love the way you come around my dick."

His words were garbled, accent so heavy it was almost hard to understand, but she'd been listening to his lust-wrecked voice long enough to figured it out. And it didn't matter anyway: just the tone he used, and the way the vowels rolled around in his mouth and every *g* disappeared, was enough to make her pulse spike. Her legs tightened and she let the pleasure take over.

"Fuck fuck fuck *yes* yes yeah!"

Her cries turned into wordless whimpers as she clenched around him. The orgasm was hard, a sparkling, brilliant explosion, and at the sight of her face Chibs' balls tightened and he pumped into her, his cock spasming over and over.

"Darlin'," he murmured, kissing her nipple. "Sweet darlin' girl. Love you, baby. Love fuckin' you. Makin' you come." He lapped sweat from between her breasts and held her while she panted.

"Holy shit," she whispered after several long seconds. "What if someone actually heard us?"

He laughed and helped her sit up. "Nah," he said. "Think we woulda had rangers knockin' on the door by now. Somebody."

"I hope so." She smoothed her hair and he used her torn panties to clean her up a little. She lifted a brow. "You and Juice love some damn panty-ripping."

"Nothin' quite like it," he agreed, happily.

She tugged her jeans back into place and fixed her top. He pulled up his pants and fumbled with the buckle until she reached over to help him. "Shaky, love?" she said and kissed him.

"Aye, a little. That was intense."

She watched him a moment, her eyes careful and shrewd. "Listen. Why don't you and Juice spend some time together tonight. Go out or something. Come home. Have hot sex."

He paused. "Is somethin' wrong, lass?"

"No," she said. "I just want to make sure you guys are good. You and I...our relationship always skirted the line of inappropriate, no matter how much either of us tried to deny it. But you and Juice were brothers. It's a different sort of bond, and so is the new one we're all making."

He brushed a hand over her cheek. "Juicy and me are fine, sweetheart."
"No, I know." She smiled. "Are you saying you don't want an excuse to go drinking and fuck all night? I have book club. You and Juicy can have a cute little date night."

His eyes narrowed as he looked at her. "I've a feeling there's something more to this."

She let out a hard sigh. "Juice really wants to fuck you, Chibby, but he's afraid to ask. He thinks you'll say no or I don't know. Get mad. So take him out. Buy him a few drinks. And then take him home and tell him how bad you want his cock. Okay?"

"Why would I…? That boy gets odd ideas."

"Yeah, he does," she said with a fond grin. "But you gotta remember this's all super new to him. You've been with men before; he hasn't. And he isn't sure you'd be into it, given the dynamic of our relationship so far."

He shifted his weight and looked away. "Ahh…I've actually never…" He cleared his throat. "I've never been fucked before."

"Oh." She thought about it a moment. "Kind of fitting that Juice should be the first, yeah?"

"How the hell do you know I'm into it?"

She rolled her eyes and flicked her fingers. "Don't start with that, Chibby. I saw the look on your face last night when I mentioned it. I see the way you look at him. And his cock." She leaned closer and lowered her voice. "I know you want it. You can't fool me. Besides, I can assure you that Juice knows exactly what he's doing with that thing. Ride him, baby. You'll fucking love it."

He shuddered and grasped her around the back of the neck. Hauled her against him for a heated kiss. "You're an evil woman, Sadie Martinez," he muttered against her lips.

"Yep," she said. "And you two love every second of it."

He decided to take Olivia up on her suggestion. When Juice got home from work that night Chibs met him at the door.

"Go change into somethin' that doesn't make you look like a dickhead and meet me outside. We're goin' out."

Juice blinked at him, confused. "Out…where?"

"I, my young lad, am going to get you drunk and take advantage of you. Any objections?"

He grinned. "Not a one. Gimme five minutes." He paused halfway up the stairs and turned back. "I don't dress like a dickhead."

Chibs lifted his eyebrows but didn't say anything. Juice shot him a good-natured glare and hurried upstairs. Bingo pressed against Chibs' leg and he bent to pet him.

"Home alone, me fuzzy friend. Don't eat Ollie's wee pillows again. Thought you might not live through the last time."

Bingo blinked big brown eyes like he knew exactly what Chibs was saying.

"Aye, I think odd pillows on the sofa is strange, too, but women like that sorta thing. Better to let 'em have 'em than try to argue. Pick your battles, lad. That's my advice to you."
"Don't listen to a word he says, bud," Juice said. "He's a terrible role model."

Chibs rose to his feet and his eyes raked Juice from head to toe: black motorcycle boots, gray cargo pants, black t-shirt with a black hoodie thrown over it.

"Just like old times, Juicy boy," Chibs said and threw an arm around him.

"Sort of," Juice said. He pulled him closer for a lingering kiss. "Not exactly."

Chibs grinned and ran a hand through Juice's hair. "C'mon, me lad. I found a place not far that makes a shepherd's pie as good as me mam."

"I thought shepherd's pie was English."

"Aye, well. Nobody's perfect."

The pub looked like it could've come out of Dickens: faux-Tudor that looked real; thatched roof; thick diamond-pane windows. It was, of course, completely smoke-free inside, but a fire crackled merrily in the front room. A cute hostess led them to a snug near the back and they both ordered a pint and a shot of Jameson.

"None of that tequila piss here, lad," Chibs told him with a wink.

When their equally cute blonde waitress arrived with their drinks they both ordered shepherd's pie, and somehow she managed to linger at their table long after she should've been gone.

"So where are you from?" she said to Chibs, her blue eyes wide.

"Ahh…Glasgow, lass. Raised in Belfast, though."

"Oh," she said. Her brow puckered. "In England?"

Chibs barked out a laugh. "Glasgow's in Scotland. Belfast's in Northern Ireland."

She giggled. "That's so cool! I've never been further than New York. But I wanna go to school in LA. Fashion school?"

"Hal, didn't your lovely wife live in California for a while?" Chibs said.

Juice hid a grin in his beer and nodded. "Yep. She hated it, though. No seasons. Doesn't your daughter go to school out there?"

"Aye, she does. Not fashion school, though. UCLA."

The girl seemed to take the hint. "I'll just go put your orders in. I'm Katie if you need anything." Her smile included both of them, but maybe less of Juice than it had before Chibs had dropped the w word.

Chibs tossed back his shot, and as soon as she was far enough away he grinned at Juice. "Good to see we haven't lost it," he said with a snort.

Juice laughed. "Time was you woulda had that girl on your lap before you even finished your first beer."

"Aye, time was. Not sure our Ollie would smile on that, though." He eyed him. "You either, for that matter."
He shrugged and studied his drink. "We haven't really made any promises, have we?"

"Not in so many words…but I've no plans to fuck anyone else."

"Good," Juice said. He finally met Chibs' eyes. "I think Liv and me'd like that. If you want it too. And you know we're not sleeping with anyone else, so…"

"So we're goin' steady."

"Yeah, Chibby," he said, grinning. "That's it."

Their food came, and this time Katie only hung around long enough to find out if they needed refills. They waited until she brought them fresh drinks and left before they resumed their conversation.

"Took our girl to lunch today," Chibs said.

"Oh yeah? That's nice."

"It was her idea I take you out tonight. Said you wanted to fuck me and didn't know how to ask."

Juice choked on his food. Why the fuck did they both drop bombs like that when he was trying to eat? "She, uh…she did, huh?"

"Aye."

He set down his fork and fiddled with it. "She's not lyin'."

"Figured," Chibs said with a smirk. "I've got a very hot ass."

Juice smothered a laugh behind his napkin. "Look, if you're not into it—"

"Didn't say that, lad. It's just…a new idea. Somethin' I never really thought about before."

"Ah."

He leaned closer, a grin tugging the corners of his mouth. "Think I'd like it?"

"I'd take good care of you," Juice said, softly.

"Aye, darlin'. I've no doubt of that."

Chibs' voice was rough and low, and as their eyes met across the table Juice felt a flush rise to his cheeks. He sat back and cleared his throat. He didn't care if people in the pub noticed them making eyes at each other, but he didn't want to risk running into someone they knew in that type of situation. Low profile had become their new mantra, and they had to live it every moment of every day.

A friend seeing Sadie's husband Hal practically drooling over Sadie's Uncle Merle was hardly low profile.

"We can talk about it more when we get home," Chibs said.

"I'd like that," said Juice. He sipped his beer. "Liv tell you about Lisa Hannigan's Halloween party?"

Chibs winced a little. "Aye. I guess she wants us to go? In costume?"

"Uh huh. I think she's actually kind of excited about it." He sighed. "She used to hate parties," he
said, almost wistfully.

"Don't have to tell me. I was there for that thirtieth Gem threw."

Juice made a face. "Of course she hadn't told anybody she hates celebrating her birthday."

"Nobody except you."

"And I was in jail."

"Stubborn lass."

Chibs frowned and tried to push the memory of that night to the back of his mind. So many people gone now. It was also the first time since the very earliest weeks of their acquaintance that Chibs had ever allowed himself to really look at Olivia. She'd had her hair down, pulled back from her face in two thin braids clipped at the crown of her skull, and he remembered how the sight of her in her green dress, cut high enough at the leg to show off the trailing ends of her tattoo, had hit him like a punch to the gut. She'd known Gemma was throwing the party because she was going stir-crazy from her house arrest, and she'd been a good sport about it.

But anyone who knew her—which, strangely, Chibs had thought he did—could see the panic in her eyes. The tension around her mouth. The sadness that lingered in every smile.

He shook his head and snapped back to the present. "Might not be too bad," he said. "I've always fancied dressing like a pirate."

Juice stared at him. "No."

"What?"

"You're not going as a pirate. First, I think we'd like to actually make it to the party. Second, we can't get caught fucking in one of Lisa Hannigan's closets."

"Ha!" He shook his head. "That's more or less what Ollie said when I suggested you and I wear kilts."

Juice's head tilted. "Now there's an idea."

"She vetoed it immediately."

He grinned. "She doesn't have to know. At least not until we get to the party."

"What'd you have in mind, lad?"

"Oh, ya know. Just a little deception. She thinks we're wearing whatever costumes we all agree on, then we send her to the party ahead of us and when we show up—kilts!"

"You haven't always been this devious."

Shrugging, he finished off his beer. "People change, Chibby."

"S'pose they do," he said with a laugh. "I guess I've just one question for you, Juicy boy."

"What's that?"

"You willin' to wear your kilt like a true Scot, or you gonna pussy out and wear undershorts?"
Katie appeared with another round of drinks and hurried away. Juice lifted his beer in a salute. "I'll be as naked under my kilt as you, my free-swingin' friend."

Chibs tapped his glass against Juice's and took a long pull. "Then it won't be just Ollie lookin' to jump you, laddie."

"Oh good," he said, smirking. "That's exactly how I like it."

"Cocky little thing you are." Chibs gave a shake of his head, slow and regretful. "Wish I didn't find that so fuckin' sexy."

"Sorry, Chibby," he said with an unrepentant grin. "I am what I am."

"Aye." He rolled his eyes, but his look was heated, and Juice shifted in his seat to ease the pressure in his pants.

Juice cleared his throat. "Ah, in other news—our anniversary's comin' up. Liv's and mine, I mean."

"Well, well. Congrats, lad! One year, aye?"

"Yup. October eleventh." He ducked his head. "It's cheesy, I know, but it's been maybe the best year of my life. She makes me crazy happy, even when she's being frustrating and stubborn and I find her damn hair everywhere and she won't take the dog out at night when it's cold."

Chibs hitched a shoulder. "That's love, Juicy. It don't make a goddamn bit of sense, but we just gotta hold on and let it do its thing." He leaned closer. "Don't worry. I'll clear out and let you have the night to yourselves."

"Actually, that's what I wanted to talk to you about." He hesitated a moment. "Liv and I were talking, and we really want to spend it together. It's a Sunday, so we could take the whole weekend."

"Together? Isn't that what I just said?"

"Nah, Chibs." His voice dropped. "The three of us, together. We were thinkin' we could go away somewhere. Where people don't know us? Where it doesn't matter."

"Hum," he said. He mulled it over as he sipped his beer. "Somewhere warm, perhaps? Where our girl can parade around in a tiny bathing suit and we can ogle her tits to our hearts' content?"

"That'd be nice," Juice said. "Unfortunately she can't, because of her tattoo. They didn't make her get it removed, but that means she can't show it in public. We could still go someplace warm, but it'd have to be a one piece bathing suit."

" Hmm," Chibs said. "There's this wee spot in Mexico...every room has its own pool. Maybe she could parade around in nothing at all at a place like that."

Juice's grin unfurled slowly until it stretched from ear to ear. "Now you're thinkin'. You got a passport, right? With your stuff?"

"Aye. You two?"

"Yup." They studied each other for a moment. Finally Juice nodded and lifted his glass again. "So. Mexico."

Chibs tapped his against it. "Mexico. You don't wanna clear it with Ollie first?"
"Nope," he said. "Gonna surprise her." He held up a finger. "Pick and choose your surprises with Olivia. And avoid them until you're sure you can tell the difference between good surprise and *ah fuck that was a bad idea* surprise."

"High maintenance," Chibs grumbled.

"Sure as shit," Juice agreed with a nod. "But so fuckin' worth it."

Chibs' mouth twisted in a smile. "Sure as shit, laddie."

Chapter End Notes

This is gonna pick up in ch12 about where it leaves off here; I'm not a total tease.
Like a River

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

ah now baby
where you been so long
i've missed you like a river, baby
deep and strong
and just when i was thinking
we'd come about as far
as this old road could take us
time to pull on over, baby
yeah just stop the car
David Gray, "Snow in Vegas"

By the time they got home they were both pleasantly tipsy. Juice managed to get the door unlocked, and then Chibs pushed him inside and shoved him against the wall. His mouth was hot and demanding on Juice's, and Juice gripped two handfuls of his hair and groaned. Their tongues scraped and their teeth knocked and Chibs bit Juice's lip almost hard enough to draw blood.

"Upstairs," Juice rasped.

"Right here," Chibs growled. His thigh slid between Juice's legs and Juice ground himself against it.

"Nuh uh," he said. "I wanna fuck you, Chibby. Please lemme fuck you."

Chibs let out a hard breath, but after a moment he nodded. "Aye. Guess I would like that hard cock of yours in me at that."

Juice smirked. "I knew it."

They stumbled up the stairs, kissing as they went, and when they tumbled through the bedroom door they both stopped short.

"Somethin's missin'," Chibs said.

"Uh huh," said Juice. "My wife."

There was a note pinned to the pillow. Juice ripped it free.

*Thought you boys might like some alone time. Yours in the guest room, SM*

Chibs grunted. "She is..." He trailed off and Juice picked up the thread.

"She really is, isn't she?"

"Think she's still awake?"

"Light sleeper," Juice said as he worked on Chibs' shirt buttons. "Probably heard us come in."

Chibs kissed him and stripped off his t-shirt. "Wonder if she'll enjoy listenin' to us as much as I enjoyed listenin' to the two of you."
"Let's make sure we give her somethin' to listen to," Juice said.

"Aye," Chibs grated. He pushed Juice back onto the bed and stripped off his boots. Unbuckled his belt and yanked his pants and underwear off. He let out a long breath at the sight of Juice's naked body sprawled across the covers.

"You're so beautiful, Juicy boy," he murmured. He bent over him to trace his tongue around Juice's lips, but when he craned his neck up for a kiss, Chibs pulled back. Juice hooked his fingers in Chibs' belt loops and yanked him closer. He lost his balance and they fell together, Juice cradling his body as they hit the mattress.

"You sure, babe?" Juice whispered as they kissed. He stroked his hands down Chibs' sides and into his jeans. "We don't have to if you don't want to."

"Nah, lad," he said. He ran his tongue over Juice's collarbones. "I want it. Wanna feel your big brown cock in me."

Juice's breath left him in a rush and Chibs grinned. He perched on the edge of the bed to tug off his boots and get rid of his pants, and when he stretched over Juice again he was naked. They kissed, long and slow, and Juice flipped them over so he was on top.

"I'm gonna take such good care of you, Chibby," he said as he kissed his way down Chibs' body. "Make you feel so good." Juice swirled his tongue against his chest. Flicked across his nipples. Grasped Chibs' cock in his hand and pumped it as he sucked the side of his neck.

He left off a moment to lean across the bed, and Chibs took advantage of it to press his lips to Juice's spine. He shivered and Chibs trailed soft, sucking kisses along his shoulder blade.

"What is it with you two?" Juice said, his voice breathless. "You and Liv both obsessed with my back."

"It's a work of art, lad. We've got a good eye."

"Scar kinda ruins it."

Chibs ran his tongue along the thick scar that looped around from his chest. "Nope. Just makes it more interesting."

"Like your face," Juice said. He kissed Chibs' scars, each in turn. "You'd still be sexy as hell without them, but with 'em you're fuckin' gorgeous."

Chibs frowned. "Ollie says the same thing."

"Then I guess it's true." He'd come back from the drawer with a bottle of lube and a flexible dildo, not too thick. "Thought you might wanna start easy." He straddled Chibs' legs and leaned down to kiss him. Their tongues brushed and the kiss deepened. Lengthened. When he finally pulled away they were both flushed and panting. Juice wiggled so that his cock rubbed Chibs' thigh, and they both groaned.

Juice scooted back a little and kissed Chibs' stomach. Nipped at his hipbones. Lathed the inside of his thigh. He flicked his tongue across the tip of Chibs' cock and it jumped.

Chibs let out a long breath. "You gonna suck my cock, sweetheart?"

"Probably," Juice said with a shrug. "Can't seem to resist anytime I'm near it."
"Aye. I've got that same problem with your wife's lovely pussy."

He laughed. "Me too, Chibby. Trust me." He closed his lips around the head and swirled his tongue against it. Chibs hissed and brushed a hand along the curve of Juice's skull. Juice grinned around him and ran a finger down the underside of his shaft, over his balls, all the way to his tight hole.

He paused a moment to add some lube, then tapped his fingertip against it. Sucked Chibs' cock deeper into his mouth and gently pressed in, just a little.

"Relax, baby," he murmured. "It's okay. Just breathe." He ran his other hand over Chibs' side and licked up and down the length of him, from tip to base.

"That's good, Juicy. Love your mouth, sweetheart."

Juice's finger eased in a little deeper as Chibs loosened around him. He pulled it out and back in again, just past the first knuckle.

"Fuck, darlin'!" Chibs moaned. "More!"

Juice grinned around him and pushed deeper, then until his finger was buried all the way in. He wiggled it, and when he hit Chibs' prostate he groaned and clenched around him.

"Holy—!"

Juice bobbed his head up and down as he slowly, gently fucked Chibs with his finger. He ran his tongue lower. Sucked Chibs' balls into his mouth one at a time.

Chibs whimpered, his hips moving in time to Juice's finger. Juice stilled him with a kiss to his inner thigh. "You like that, Chibby? You want more?"

"Aye, Juicy. Fuck that's good!"

If Juice hadn't known him for almost fifteen years, and heard his voice in various states of high emotion, he probably wouldn't've understood a single word of that. As it was he smirked and pulled his finger free. Chibs let out a growl of frustration that turned into a moan as Juice pressed two fingers in. He kept his movements slow and easy, hooking his fingertips against Chibs' prostate and working his cock with his mouth.

He licked pre-come off the tip and rubbed his lips all over the head. He kissed and sucked it, never getting too intense, keeping Chibs edgy and just a little frustrated. Olivia had taught him all about that over the years, and he'd learned well by example.

He added a third finger and twisted them in and out.

"Juicy boy, Jesus Christ don't stop! So goddamn good, baby, so fucking…" He trailed off into a wordless moan, and Juice nipped at the head of his cock with his lips.

"You think you're ready for my cock, babe?" he said. "Or we can use the toy and I'll suck you off. Or just keep doing this. Whatever you want, Chibby."

"You, Juicy," he muttered. "Want you. C'mere, darlin'."

Juice crawled up his body and rested on top of him as they kissed. Chibs stroked his hands through Juice's hair and down his back, and Juice ground his hips against him. Their cocks, both rock-hard and weeping, rubbed together and their groans mingled.
"Love you, Juicy baby," Chibs said. "Love you so much."

They rolled across the bed until they landed with Juice on top of him, between his legs. "Love you too, Chibby. I just wish I'd known it sooner."

"Nah," he said, running his hands up Juice's chest. "Then you might not've found our girl. And we both need her, Juicy. We're both better with her."

He went still and searched Chibs' eyes a moment. "I love her more than anything. So much it hurts sometimes, but in that really good way that's kinda sweet even when it hurts."

"I know that, lad," he said. "Anybody who's spent any time with you two knows that." He leaned up for another kiss, but Juice stopped him.

"It doesn't mean I love you any less, Filip. Okay? Never even imagined I could fall in love with a guy."

He chuckled, low and rasping. "That makes two of us, sweetheart." He pushed Juice back onto his knees. "Now you gonna keep yappin' or fuck me?"

Juice laughed and stretched out his arm to snag a condom. Chibs took it from him, ripped it open, and slowly rolled it down Juice's straining cock. Juice squeezed a healthy dollop of lube into his palm and stroked his shaft. Chibs watched him with big, hungry eyes, and Juice flashed him a lazy grin.

"This what you want, Chibby?" he said, his brow creasing in confusion. "This big hard dick in your ass?"

"Aye, you shit. You know it is."

Juice's mouth curved and he leaned over to brace his arms on either side of Chibs' body. The tip of Juice's cock nudged against him and Juice nipped at his throat. "If I'd known how sexy you'd look squirming around for my cock I woulda done this ages ago."

"Juicy!" he growled.

Chuckling, Juice pressed into him, slow and careful. He drew in a sharp hiss as Chibs' ass closed around the head.

"Fuck, baby. God you're so tight," he breathed. Juice kissed him, running his tongue over Chibs' mouth. "Breathe, love. Not gonna move till you're ready."

He squeezed Juice's shoulders, kneading the firm muscles with strong fingers. His face was tense, but as Juice kissed him—forehead, eyes, nose, mouth—he gradually relaxed. Juice traced his lips against Chibs' scars, and slowly Chibs nodded.

"More," he said. He took a deep breath and let it out as Juice pushed in deeper. He paused, but Chibs shook his head. "More, Juicy!"

He slid in until his balls rested against Chibs' ass. He held there to let him get adjusted to the feeling. Juice gritted his teeth; the muscles in his neck stood out like cords.

"All right, darlin'?" Chibs murmured with a breathless laugh.

"Just feels so good, Chibby. You're so hot. So fuckin' tight!"

"It's good. I'm good. Fuck me, Juicy boy. Let me feel that big cock, baby."

Juice let out a strangled moan and slid out a tiny bit before he pushed back in. He moved his hips in a slow roll, easing in and out as Chibs strained against him.

"Don't wanna hurt you," Juice grated. "Gotta go slow."

"Losin' my goddamn mind," Chibs said with a growl.

Juice let out a breathless, desperate laugh. "Me too. Fuck, me too—!"

Chibs grasped Juice's hips and yanked him down. Juice cursed and Chibs groaned. "I said fuck me. Don't stop until I come all over you."

"Fuck," Juice moaned. His head fell to Chibs' shoulder and he thrust hard.

"Like that, baby, fuck yeah!" Chibs said.

Juice pulled Chibs' legs up higher and rocked into him. Chibs squeezed around his cock and stars exploded behind Juice's eyes. He moved faster, harder, and Chibs lifted to meet him every time.

"Stroke your cock for me, baby," Juice rasped into Chibs' ear.

He bit the side of Chibs' neck and sucked. Chibs fisted a handful of Juice's hair and grabbed his cock with the other. He slid the foreskin up and over the glans, rough and mindless, and at the sight Juice's thrusts grew more fervent.

"That's right, Chibby, God that's so hot, damn I love fuckin' you. Feels so fuckin' good!"

His cock slammed against Chibs' prostate over and over and he cried out in a wild mixture of English and Gaelic. "Goddamn, Juicy, gonna come, gonna come from your big pretty cock in my ass. Fuck me, baby, that's so good!"

Chibs had never felt anything like it, a hot electric charge through his whole body, and every time Juice moved in him it grew. He thought if he didn't come soon he'd probably go ahead and die, and he wondered how the fuck Juice had hung on so long last night with Ollie's girl-cock in his ass. At that thought he bucked and groaned, tugging even faster, and a second later he was coming, spurting against Juice's stomach and brushing the tip of his dick through it.

His face was flushed, his head thrown back, and Juice bit the exposed line of his throat.

"Holy shit, baby, yeah yes fuck how tight you get when you come! Chibby, goddamn, I can't—!"

"That's it, Juicy boy. Your turn. Come on, sweetheart. Wanna watch you come for me."

"Fuck!" he cried. He broke off into incoherence, his voice garbled and keening as the orgasm hit hard, a furious, explosive storm. Shuddering, he rode it out with slow, steady strokes, and Chibs watched in fascination as the muscles tensed and rippled beneath his smooth brown skin.

"Shit, Chibby," Juice whispered. He finally stilled, and his arms gave out so that he collapsed onto Chibs' chest.

He wrapped Juice in an embrace and kissed his forehead. "Good, darlin'?"
He let out an unsteady laugh. "That's a word for it."

"Aye," he said, grinning. "Silly wee thing, and grossly inadequate, but a word."

Juice kissed his nose and pulled away. Stumbled out of bed to get rid of the condom and grab a towel, then fell down next to him again. Chibs gathered him close and kissed him.

"I love you, Juicy darlin'," he said.

Juice smiled, soft and sweet. "Love you too, Chibby."

Chibs traced his fingers through Juice's hair. A contented silence fell, but after a moment Chibs stirred and Juice raised his chin to look at him.

"What?" he said, lightly teasing.

Chibs shrugged a little. "Just wonderin'...this's an odd question...but was it like that...ahh, that is, is that how you were the first time you and Ollie did that?"

There was a pause. A crease formed between Juice's brows. He debated for a minute if he should say, but then he realized who he was talking to. Olivia would be okay with it.

"We talked about it a long time before we did it. A long time. And I let her...way before I..." He frowned. "She'd had some bad experiences, and she was pretty unsure about it."

Their eyes met, and Juice kissed him on the shoulder. "She trusts you a lot, Chibs. You get that, right? I mean, I think some of it has to do with her and me, but it's not just that. What we've got here wouldn't be possible with anybody else."

"Aye, laddie. I'm gettin' that idea." He brushed his thumb against Juice's cheek and pulled him closer for a long kiss.

There was a knock at the door, brief and a little hesitant.

"Come on, lass," Chibs said.

She pushed it open and leaned against the jamb. Her smile as she studied them was wicked. "Looks like you boys had a good time."

"Uh huh," Juice said.

"That's nice," she said. She held up a hand and lathed her tongue against her fingers. "I did, too."

"Get in this bed, Ollie girl," Chibs said. "I think we've got a little energy left. What say, lad? Wanna finish what I started with our girl earlier today?"

Juice lifted a brow. "And what was that?"

"Oh," Olivia said as she crawled up to lie between them. "Chibby was going down on me in the boathouse at the park? But then I decided I wanted him to fuck me."

He choked. "In the—?"

She kissed him, then rubbed a fingertip across his lips. "So I think he means you should lick my pussy until I come all over your mouth. That about right, love?" she said to Chibs.
"Aye, that's what I had in mind. If you're up for it, Juicy." He grinned at Olivia and nudged her. "He could be a might tired."

"He has a lot of energy. All that exercise, you know."

Juice made a noise of protest and pulled her against him. "The day I'm too tired to eat your pussy, baby, is the day they lower me in the ground."

"That's the spirit, lad," Chibs said. "We'll take turns, aye? Can't let you have all the fun."

Juice pushed her onto the bed and she shivered with anticipation. "Take your time about it, boys. I came way too fast earlier."

"That shouldn't be a problem, sweet girl," Chibs said as he nibbled the side of her neck.

"Not a problem at all," Juice murmured, his mouth closing around her nipple.

She tangled her fingers in their hair, Chibs' longer and softer, Juice's shorter and rougher, and let her head fall back. She could get used to this. She really, really could.

"So here's a question, lad," Chibs said. He tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the socket wrench. Juice's look was curious as he handed it over. "Do we just ignore her birthday? Is that how it works?"

"Oh," he said.

He ran the polishing cloth over his bike's fender while Chibs reattached the wheel to his. Sometimes they just liked to take them apart and put them back together again. For practice, or shits and giggles.

"Yeah, that's a tricky question. I don't like ignoring it, because even though it brings up bad memories for her, I'm still glad she was born."

"Aye," Chibs said with a huff of amusement.

"A cake and all that shit isn't a good idea, but a small present would be okay." He paused. "No jewelry."

Chibs rolled his eyes. "I've met her before, Juicy."

His mouth quirked. "Right. Last year I did the tattoo," he said and tapped his chest. "The year before that, the dog."

"You got her a dog as a birthday present?"

"We'd been talkin' about it for a while. It wasn't just like, here, surprise, a living thing! We'd even picked out the name."

"So you're sayin' she doesn't want a celebration, but she likes some sort of acknowledgement."

"Yeah, basically. She just—I mean, it's been a long time, right? But I don't know if you ever get over somethin' like that one hundred percent."

"Aye," he said, grimly.

All three of them had lost their mothers prematurely, but not quite as violently or suddenly as Olivia
had lost hers. Juice wasn't sure which was worse: a long, lingering illness or \textit{bam}. Equally bad, he decided, just in completely different ways.

"You could dress like a pirate," Juice said. He tossed a grin over his shoulder and Chibs shook his head.

"It's not \textit{your} birthday, laddie."

"She'd enjoy it as much as I would, trust me."

"Ha," Chibs said. "Maybe I'll keep that in mind for next July, but I think the party is gonna fill my costume quota this month."

"You're wearin' a kilt, Chibby. You're Scottish. Isn't that just clothes to you?"

"Aye, but before I put the kilt on I've gotta wear whatever costume we all decide on. Lass was talkin' Disney last time I checked in."

"I told her she should be Ariel."

Chibs frowned. "Which one is that again?"

Now it was Juice's turn to roll his eyes. "\textit{The Little Mermaid}, Chibs, c'mon. Everybody knows that."

"Oh, aye, shells on her tits and red hair."

"That's the one," Juice said.

"I could support that."

"You're a perv, man," he said with a snort.

"You suggested it, Juicy. I'm just sayin' I think it's a good idea." He polished the wrench with a cloth and handed it back to Juice. "What's the one who lived in a harem?"

"A harem? Are you thinking of the porn version?"

"Aye, possible. She had like…green harem pants and a wee top." He gestured across his chest. "There was a genie."

"Jasmine. From \textit{Aladdin}."

"That's the one. Like a dark-skinned Barbara Eden, she was."

Juice's mouth curved in a half-smile. "You wanna suggest harem pants to Liv?"

"Not in so many words. More just…I dream of Olivia as Jeanie?"

"Might work. Just don't ask her to call you Master." Juice opened the cooler on the bench next to him and tossed Chibs a beer. "Oh," he said, "I called that place in Mexico."

"Yeah?"

"Uh huh. Got us booked in a real nice room. You know there are no walls? I mean, the bathroom and bedroom have walls, but the living room doesn't and the pool like waterfalls down into the pool below it. All the way down to the bottom."
"Aye. Not that many rooms, which is nice."

"Yup. I got us on the top floor. Best view, right? Plus that way there won't be…I mean, ya know, fewer people around."

"To hear, you mean?" Chibs said. His eyes glinted with humor.

"Uh huh."

He waved a hand and took a pull off his beer. "Not sure that'll bother the lass too much."

"She told me about the other day in the boathouse. In more detail."

Their eyes met across the garage and Chibs grinned. "Had no idea she had it in her."

Juice smirked. "Remind me to tell you why she doesn't take me to the mall with her anymore."

"Sounds like she might not mind if we got caught fuckin' in Lisa Hannigan's closet."

"She wouldn't wanna get caught, but yeah. Basically."

Chibs tapped a finger against his beer bottle. "I've just had the most devilish idea, Juicy boy."

Olivia chose that moment to pop out of the house. Juice did his best to look innocent, but Chibs didn't bother. She lifted a brow and cast a look between them. "And what's going on out here, choir boys?"

"Not a thing, lass," Chibs said.

"Hhmmm," she said, clearly unconvinced. She snagged Juice's bottle from his hand and took a long pull before she handed it back. "Okay, loves, brace yourselves. I have news."

"What's up, babe?" Juice said.

"It's quite possible, Filip Telford, that I may have found you a job."

He held up a hand. "Ollie darlin', please. We've talked about this. You don't gotta pay me for all the orgasms. They're my gift to you."

"Funny, Telford. Really amusing. No, listen, I'm serious."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Liv. I'm on the edge of my seat."

She glared at both of them. "I don't know why I put up with you two. You're impossible."

"Ach, lass, you love us dear."

"Not that dear."

They shared a look, set their drinks aside, and advanced on her. She took a step back, but Chibs long-armed it to grab her and pull her against him. Her breath left in a rush, and before she could react he was kissing her. Juice rubbed against her back and ran one hand through Chibs' hair while he pressed rough kisses to the side of her neck.

Her eyes closed and she made a quiet noise of pleasure as Chibs' mouth moved lower, down her throat, before his tongue traced over her collarbones.
"You were sayin', Livvie?" Juice said. He snaked a hand around to cup her breast, and Chibs' fingers found their way under her shirt.

"Don't remember," she murmured. "Somethin' about how impossible you are, probably."

Juice bit down at the curve of her shoulder and Chibs pinched her nipple between his knuckles and tugged.

"Really, lass?"

"Umm…"

Juice thrust his thigh between her legs and pulled her back until most of her weight was resting on it. Chibs held her steady. Brushed his fingers over her face and kissed her long and hot.

She cast a nervous glance back the way she'd come. "The garage door is open," she whispered.

"Good thing we have a long driveway," Juice said.

"Okay," she said with a breathless laugh. "Okay, you win! You're both wonderful and I love you!"

"Much better, Ollie girl," Chibs said.

Juice wrapped his arms around her waist and didn't let her go. Instead he sat down on the workbench behind him and his leg fitted more firmly between her thighs. "Really glad you decided to wear a skirt today, baby," he said as he nibbled her neck.

She let out a little whimper when Chibs leaned around her to kiss Juice. He bit Juice's lip and sucked it into his mouth, and Juice's hand tightened around her breast.

"You were tellin' us about an employment opportunity," Chibs said.

Juice rucked her skirt up around her waist while Chibs slowly worked her blouse's buttons.

"Um. Yeah. My boss, Charlie. You met him a few days ago?"

"Aye…?" He bent his head to kiss her chest.

"I told him you're a mechanic. That you're a friend of my family's and we know each other from my dad's old garage."

It was their cover story, or the bare bones of it.

Juice chuckled and reached under her top to unclasp her bra. "If you and Chibs worked together he could fuck you in that garage, too," he said.

She shook her head. "He and Greg are opening a second location. They need people to work there. It's a little bit longer commute, but I figured with your bike and the open road and all that, you wouldn't mind."

"Gonna be awful cold in a month or two," Chibs said. He finished with the last button and hooked his finger between her bra and her sternum. Tugged it loose and pulled her breasts free from the cups.

"I'm sure you can manage, Chibby. Big tough guy like you," she said.
He tweaked a nipple. "Aye. They really willin' to hire me on your word alone?"

"Not quite," she said. Juice's palm was rough on her smooth skin, and she wiggled against his leg. "Charlie might, but Greg never would. They want you to come in for a sort-of interview. More a chat really. To feel—mmmm, Juicy—to feel you out, I guess."

"Ach, lad," Chibs said. He ran his thumb down Juice's cheek. "Wouldn't you just like to lift her up and lower that sweet little cunt down over your cock?"

"Gentlemen, please. We're trying to have a discussion."

"Surely you can talk and ride Juicy's dick at the same time," Chibs said.

Her head tilted as she thought about it. "You're right. I can." She raised up onto her toes and Juice unfastened his pants. Pulled his erection from his shorts and brushed the tip of it against her ass.

Chibs disappeared a moment to close the garage door.

"Too bad about the panties," Juice said. She opened her mouth, but before she could protest he ripped them away.

"Goddammit," she grumbled.

He and Chibs shared a grin. They'd started a sort of informal competition to see how many pairs of her underwear they could rip for the month of October. So far Juice was in the lead because the incident in the boathouse had happened in September.

He kissed the back of her neck and rearranged her on his lap. Slid her blouse down her shoulders while Chibs pulled her bra off.

"I like my lingerie, boys," she said.

"We'll buy you new underthings, love," Chibs said. "Give us our fun."

She slid slowly down onto Juice's cock and they both hissed. "I am a fan of fun."

"I know you are, darlin'," Chibs said. He walked behind them and helped Juice get his t-shirt off. Leaned down to press a kiss to his shoulder. He smiled and took hold of Olivia's arms to gently pull them behind Juice's back. He held her at the crook of each elbow, but he kept his grip loose so that she could pull away if she wanted to.

Her toes barely skimmed the floor, and with Chibs holding her arms, Juice had almost complete control. He lavished the back of her neck and shoulders with wet, sucking kisses and held her still when she tried to rock against him.

"Good, love?" Chibs said to her.

"Green, Chibby," she said, breathlessly. "Bright green."

"Excellent," he said with a smug smile. "Now. Where were we?"
I hit a tiny block on this one, and as a result I only have one more chapter written right now. I'm going out of town tomorrow and will be gone for the week, but I'm going to try to write when I'm away, and publish when I'm able. Problem is I'm sharing a hotel room, and writing porn with an audience just. Doesn't work.

Anyway. Point is, updates will be a little slower for the next week...but don't worry. I have several chapters planned out, and I'm not gonna forget about you. :)
Feeling Crazy

Chapter Notes

Posting this early before I hit the road again. I wrote about 1/3 of a chapter before I passed out last night, but I know how it's going to go for the other 2/3, so assuming all goes well I should have it written tonight and posted for you tomorrow. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

drinking cervezas all night long
singing mexican love songs
getting all the words all wrong and not giving a damn
hoping that my luck might change
feeling crazy acting strange
never worrying about the danger i was in
Bob Schneider, "I'm Good Now"

Mexico had turned out to be a great idea. Olivia was excited to get out of cold Vermont, and the hotel was amazing. Their pool, just steps from the living room, showered into the one below, and on down the seven stories to the bottom. Each room was accessed by steep stairs, which were a little hard on Olivia's hip since they were at the top, but she endured without complaint and bounced up and down when she saw the view.

The Gulf looked so close they could practically touch it, even though they were actually about two blocks from the beach. It was turquoise and beautiful, and with no wall in the living room it felt like it was in the room with them.

They were only there for a long weekend, so they didn't waste any time. Less than an hour after they got settled in the room she was dragging them to the beach. Except they didn't make it because she asked the guys to help her with some sunscreen and next thing they knew they were all naked on the living room rug.

"I really wanna go to the beach," she panted as they sprawled out in a sweaty tangle.

"We will, lass," Chibs said and patted her ass.

"Tomorrow," said Juice.

"We're grown adults, not horny teenagers. Surely we can go one afternoon without jumping each other."

"Speak for yourself," Juice muttered.

"You asked me to put suncream on your shoulders, Ollie girl. Rub it all in. How am I supposed to resist bending you over the couch in that situation?"

"So how'd his cock end up in my mouth?" she said and pointed at Juice.

He gave an innocent shrug. "Your mouth, babe. You should know."
"Hhmm." She sat up and rebraided her hair. Chibs had pulled out the elastic as he—well. Thoughts like that would keep them here on the rug rather than at the beach.

"Someone's gonna have to help me with my sunscreen unless you want me to look like a boiled lobster. But, since it's such a burden, I'll get that cute boy who brought our luggage up to do it. I'm sure he's gentleman enough to rub a lady's shoulders without bending her over the couch."

She started to crawl away, but Chibs pulled her back by the waist. He settled her in his lap and kissed the side of her neck. "The part of cute brown boy is already taken, I think."

"Yup," said Juice. "Don't need a fuckin' understudy."

"Oh well. He wasn't as cute as our Juicy anyway."

"Aye, nor anywhere near as well built."

"Strange, considering he hauls luggage up and down these stairs all goddamn day," she said. "Okay, if you're not up for the beach yet, how about food? Juicy? Food?"

She could tell he was interested by the way his head perked. "I am pretty hungry," he said.

"You two go on," Chibs said. "Bring me back somethin'. I'll hang out here and test the pool."

Juice and Olivia's eyes met. She lifted a brow. He shook his head a little. She smiled and twisted around to face Chibs.

"This weekend is about all three of us, Chibby. It defeats the purpose if you skulk in the room."

"Who's skulking, lass? I said I'd be swimmin'."

She ran her tongue along the curve of one of his scars. "Come out with us, baby. Please. We'd miss you."

"She's right, Chibby," Juice said. "We're here so we can be together, not pair off like we do at home."

He sighed and shook his head. "Can't deny you two anything when you gang up on me."

"Such is the point, m'love," Olivia said with a grin. Juice helped her to her feet and she headed toward the bedroom. "Need to put on some real clothes, I guess. Can't wear my bathing suit to a restaurant." She paused a moment to eye them up and down. "You guys might want to consider pants. At least."

"This's exactly why leaving the room is overrated," Chibs grumbled.

 Somehow despite their protests and attempts to distract her, she got them dressed and out the door. She sent Juice and Chibs ahead (it was safer if they weren't all three in the room together) and finished getting dressed alone. They were waiting in the lobby, at the bottom of the long twisting stairs, and as she rounded the corner they both stopped in their conversation with the concierge to stare.

She hadn't dressed up; just a turquoise and blue batik sundress that fit close at the top and flared to her knee; but she'd taken her hair down and it fell in soft waves to the middle of her back. She ran a hand through it and looked around. Finally she spotted them and lifted her hand in a wave.

When she joined them, Juice slid an arm around her waist and kissed her. The warmth in his dark
eyes told her how she looked, and she smiled at him. Chibs hung back, unsure, but she lifted onto her toes and pressed a less-than-chaste kiss to his mouth. The concierge didn't so much as blink.

"Señora," he said, "¿Cómo está?"

"Bien, Miguel. ¿Y usted?" That nearly exhausted her high school Spanish vocabulary, but it was better than either of the guys could do.

"Bien, bien. I was just telling sus hermanos about a lovely place down the beach a bit. Very romantic, very secluded." He winked and she grinned.

"Am I dressed okay for it? I wouldn't want to look like a beach bum."

He shook his head and waved a hand. "All is casual here. You're a vision."

She laughed. "And you're a flatterer. But thank you." She wove her arms through Juice and Chibs' and led them away.

"What did he call us?" Chibs muttered as they crossed the lobby.

"Your men," she said, chuckling. "That is why we came, isn't it?"

"Sure the hell is," Juice said with a wide grin. "Sounds real good, too."

They followed Miguel's directions toward the beach, and along the way they passed a glassblower's shop. It was closed, but Olivia grabbed Juice's arm and pointed in the window. "Those tiles would look amazing on our backsplash, wouldn't they?"

They were a muted cobalt blue with swirls of turquoise (her favorite colors), transparent, like looking through a clear sea.

"Not a bunch of them," she said. "Maybe like…five."

The men looked first at her face, the expression of wistful longing, and then at each other. Clearly she was going to have to have those tiles, whether they ended up in the backsplash or not. Charming had been the first home she'd really had since leaving TJ, and she'd had to run from there, too; the place she and Juice had made in Vermont was like a refuge for her.

Juice too, for that matter. And now, it seemed, Chibs, because as he watched her staring in the little window he realized he was nearly as invested in making her—and Juice—happy as they were in each other. It was disconcerting, and it had happened without him even realizing it.

Her head turned toward him and her smile changed a little. "You like them, Chibby?" she said.

He knew what she was asking. He paused for a moment, ostensibly to study the display, but he already knew what his answer was going to be. He just couldn't quite get it out of his mouth.

"Aye, lass," he said. He stopped to clear his throat and tried again. "The wee red ones are nice, too."

She didn't take her eyes off his face. "You know, I think I like the red ones better. What do you think, Juicy?"

"Yeah," he said, his voice quiet, "I like those. Maybe we can come back tomorrow and get them."

"Great idea," she said. She laced her fingers through Juice's and hooked her arm back through Chibs' and they set off again. "Remind me to avoid the tequila tonight."
"I think I'll be stickin' to cerveza," Chibs said.

"Pussies," said Juice.

"You know," Olivia said, her tone light and conversational, "speaking of, I made sure neither of you will advance in the standings this evening."

They shared a look over her head. Juice's brow puckered. Chibs frowned.

"Standings in what, lass?"

She snorted. "Your contest to see who can rip the most pairs of my underwear this month."

Juice's mouth fell open while Chibs made a noise of protest. "We had no such—where do you get these notions? Of all the—"

She lifted a hand. "Spare me. You two are completely transparent."

There was a pause. Finally Juice said, "So, what, you're wearing rip-proof panties?"

They'd arrived at the restaurant, so she disentangled herself from them and flashed them each a smile. "No, love. I just decided not to wear any at all."

With that airy announcement she left them on the street and strolled into the restaurant without a care in the world. They stared after her.

"Well, Juicy boy," Chibs said and clapped him on the back. "I've a feelin' it's gonna be a long, hard night."

"You can say that again," he muttered.

The place was tiny, and most of the tables were made for two. It was crowded, being Friday night, so the three of them were squeezed into a back corner, practically on top of each other. They didn't mind, but Juice and Chibs couldn't seem to stop squirming. She smirked at them as she sipped her beer and ran a tongue over her lip to catch a drop that perched there.

"Warm in here, don't you think?" she almost purred.

Chibs nodded and rolled the sleeves up on his black button-down. Juice shifted in his seat and took a quick glance around the room. Their corner was shadowy, and while the place was packed, somehow it seemed like everyone had their backs to them. And it looked like mostly locals, both from the sound of their voices and the fact that nearly every face was brown. Chibs and Olivia were two of the only white people in there. It wasn't exactly what he'd call romantic, per se, but the dim lights did provide a certain...ambiance.

Chibs seemed to read Juice's thoughts on his face, because he smirked. "Aye, lass," he said. He rested a hand on her knee, just under the edge of her skirt. "A might close, one could say." He ran his fingertips against the inside of her knee and gave her an innocent smile.

"We should go for a swim when we get back," Juice said. He turned his head and brushed his chin against her bare arm. "It'd be nice to get wet before bed."

She opened her mouth to reply, but before she could, their waiter appeared and set a platter on the table. It was so big it almost covered the entire surface, and it was covered in a variety of spicy-smelling seafood.
"We didn't order this," she said to him.

"Sí, yo sé. Miguel called and said you were coming. Brown," he said and pointed at Juice. "Red," with a gesture toward Olivia. "And scars. He said to give you the best. So, the best!"

"Thanks, man," Juice said. "It looks great."

"De nada. Enjoy."

"What the hell did you two say to him before I got downstairs?" Olivia said.

"Juicy told him it was your anniversary. One year Sunday."

"But he knew…" She waved a hand. "Whatever. I guess as a hotel concierge there's very little that's gonna shock you. Least of all two Americans and a Scot who all seem to like making out with each other."

She plucked a bit of charred octopus from the platter and nibbled. "Eat up, boys. Don't let all these fishies have died in vain."

There were no plates, no silverware, so they just dug in. The food was spicy and delicious, and they washed it down with cold beer and licked the grease off their fingers. The place seemed only to get busier and louder as the night wore on, but as the three of them talked and laughed they felt like they were the only ones there. Their corner was dark and quiet, and Chibs' hand slipped ever higher up her thigh as the hours ticked by.

Finally she closed her legs tight, trapping his fingers, and gave him a long look. "Are you really going to try to finger me at the dinner table, Chibby?" she said with a sweet smile.

He glanced at Juice, who tilted his head in a shrug.

"The thought had occurred to me," Chibs said.

"Okay," she said.

She spread her legs a bit wider than they'd been before and ran a finger down the back of his arm. Her knee nudged against Juice's—that's how close they were sitting—and after a moment he let his hand drift down to cup it. Rubbed his thumb against her skin and smiled when she shivered.

Chibs' hand was high enough now that his knuckles brushed against her labia. She leaned back in her chair a little and pretended to be completely absorbed in her beer. Juice kissed her shoulder and kneaded her leg.

The tip of Chibs' finger slipped between her lips, and he had to bite his lip to keep from groaning aloud. "Why, Ollie love, you're near dripping." He glanced over her head at Juice. "You should feel for yourself, lad. Our girl's pretty little cunt is practically begging to be fucked."

Olivia swallowed and ducked her head to hide the color that surged across her face. Chibs chuckled and sucked his finger into his mouth.

"Sweet," he murmured in her ear. "Best thing I've tasted all night."

Meanwhile Juice's hand was sliding up her thigh, but he stopped a moment to pinch the tender skin between his knuckles. She hissed, and before she even had her breath back he stroked a fingertip across her clit and held it there. If she dared to move even the tiniest bit shivers chased up her spine
and her breathing hitched.

"Maybe we should go back," she whispered.

"Why, darlin'?" Chibs said.

"We're in a restaurant full of people!" she said. Her brief laugh turned into a gasp as Juice swirled his fingertip against her clit.

"No need to go anywhere," Juice said, his voice low and warm. "You could come right here. No one's looking. It's dark. You're hidden under the table. Nobody'd suspect a thing."

"Assumin' you could be quiet," Chibs said. His accent had thickened considerably, and she squeezed her glass in both hands as she tried to stay calm. "Juicy and me love to hear you, but maybe just this once we could forego that pleasure."

"Uh huh," Juice said. He added a second finger to the first and spread them a little to rub up and down either side of her clit. She wiggled in her chair and Chibs grasped her leg. "Shh, baby," Juice whispered. "Gonna make you come so good."

"Won't even take long," Chibs said. "You're close already, aren't you?"

She didn't trust herself to speak, so instead she just jerked her head in a nod and bit down hard on her lip.

"Good girl," Chibs murmured. His voice was like a caress all on its own, rich and heavy with a harsh, rasping edge to it that she could almost feel against her aching nipples. "Look at all these people, darlin'," he continued. "Talkin', laughin', not a clue what's happenin' over here. Juicy boy's got his fingers in your tight pussy and we're the only ones who know a damn thing about it."

Her mouth fell open in a pant, and Juice slid his fingers into her. His thumb stayed on her clit, and only it moved. She clenched around his fingers and squirmed just a bit—not enough to be noticeable—and Juice rubbed the swollen nub with firm, fast strokes.

"You gonna come for me, Livvie?" he breathed, his mouth so close to her ear she could feel the heat of his lips. "You gonna come in this room full of people?"

She nodded and bit back a whimper. Chibs took one of her hands and draped it over the front of his jeans.

"You feel that, sweet girl?" he said. "That's how much I want to fuck you right now. I'd bend you over this table and make you scream if it wouldn't get us arrested."

"Oh my God," she whispered. She squeezed him and Juice stroked her clit even faster. Curled and wiggled his fingers inside her over and over.

She passed her beer to Chibs, folded her arms on the table, and buried her face against them. The position changed the angle of Juice's hand, and as his fingers curled against her G-spot that was it. She gave a hard shudder and bit down on the heel of her hand to muffle a moan.

"That's right, Livvie," Juice said. "That's good. Come all over my hand, baby. I can't wait to lick your come off my fingers."

She squeaked and squeezed her eyes shut and her body lurched as the orgasm hit like goddamn lightning. Chibs rubbed her back and pressed his mouth to her shoulder, and Juice laughed softly in
her ear.

When it finally passed she lay panting, her cheeks pink and her lips swollen, and the waiter chose
that moment to reappear.

"All well, muchachos?"

"Aye," Chibs said. "Think the lass had a wee bit too much."

The waiter made a confused face; at the moment Chibs' accent was practically incomprehensible to
young who spoke English as a first language, much less a second. He held up the almost empty
glass and shook it a little.

"We should probably get her home," Juice said.

"Sí," he said as understanding dawned. "Get her to bed." But his eyes twinkled when he said it, and
Juice had to choke back a laugh and look away.

"You ready to go, darlin'?" Chibs said.

Juice wiped his hand down the leg of his pants and rose to his feet. They helped Olivia, who was
only pretending a little when she stumbled. Her legs were wobbly and a tiny bit numb. Chibs
lingered to pay the bill while Juice led her outside, and as soon as Chibs rounded the corner he
yanked them into a darkened alley alongside the low building. There was a nightclub next door, and
its music was a loud pulse that drowned out the street sounds.

"Can't fuckin' wait," he rasped against Juice's neck. He bit down hard, sucking the skin into his
mouth and swirling his tongue against it.

"Fuck, Chibby!" he gasped.

Juice grabbed Olivia and pulled her in between him and the wall, then spun her around so that her
back was to him. Chibs had Juice's belt undone and his pants around his knees in a flash, so fast
Juice hadn't even realized he was doing it. Juice pressed against Olivia and rucked her skirt up.
Rubbed across her ass as she rocked her hips back eagerly.

"Gonna fuck you, Juicy," Chibs said, his voice slurred and rough. "Gonna fuck you so goddamn
hard. Fuck our girl while I do it. She needs to come all over your cock while I come in your tight
little ass." Juice heard his zipper and the rip of a condom wrapper, and then the tip of Chibs' cock
was nudging his hole.

"Yeah, Chibby," he whimpered. "Yeah, baby, please!" He tugged the top of Olivia's dress down so
that her breasts popped out, and he pinched her nipples with both hands. Bending her over a little
more, he thrust his cock hard into her, and this time she didn't try to keep quiet.

"God, Juicy," she moaned. "God, that's so good!"

He opened his mouth, but before he could say anything, Chibs grasped his hips and slammed into
him. He didn't take his time; didn't bother being gentle. Juice buried his face in Olivia's shoulder and
groaned.

There was no finesse to it, but that wasn't what any of them wanted. Chibs buried himself deep in
Juice's ass while Juice stroked into Olivia's pussy. Each time Chibs' cock rammed into Juice's
prostate he grunted and fucked her that much harder. Her fingers dug into the brick wall, and Chibs
mouthed the back of Juice's neck. Juice pressed one hand against her clít while he tugged her nipples
with the other, alternating between her breasts until they were both hot and achey.

"Fuck, oh God," Juice whimpered. "Goddamn, Chibby, that's right, just like that fuck, Livvie, you feel so fuckin' good Jesus Christ!"

"That's it, Juicy baby," Chibs said. "Love fuckin' your sweet ass. You're so tight, darlin'."

"Harder!" Juice groaned.

Chibs was eager to comply, and as his hips jerked and pushed Juice even deeper into her, Olivia shuddered and cried out; a quick, hard orgasm that left her shaking. She clenched around Juice's cock and he tightened his arm around her to keep her upright.

"So sweet, baby," he said to her. "That's so good. Love the way you come for me."

"For us, Juicy," Chibs grated near his ear.

"That's right," Juice said. "Come again, Livvie. One more time. For me and Chibby."

Her head fell back and Juice ground his hips against her. "Yes, yeah, yes, fuck oh God fuck fuck fuck!"

This time as she came, much faster than she ever expected, Juice came with her. Chibs didn't let up, pounding his ass and whispering rough Gaelic endearments to both of them, and Juice felt like he might never stop coming. His cock spasmed again and again, and as his ass squeezed Chibs' cock, so tight it almost hurt, he bucked against Juice and moaned.

"Yes, darlin', fuck yeah you're both so goddamn sweet!" He rocked into him and reached around them both to grasp one of Olivia's breasts and knead the soft flesh. Heat exploded through him and Juice grabbed a handful of his hair as Chibs came.

"Holy God," he said on a breathless groan. "Jesus wept."

Olivia giggled. "He might, seeing this."

Juice gave her a teasing tap on the ass and pulled out as Chibs took a step back. Juice helped her fix her dress and then tugged his own pants into place. Chibs got rid of the condom in a nearby dumpster and tucked himself away.

Chibs kissed them both, long and lingering, and Olivia slumped against Juice's side.

"You idiots just made me come three times. In public."

Juice smirked. "You always did like to show off," he said.

Chibs wagged a finger. "Juicy made you come three times. I was just an innocent bystander."

"An innocent bystander pounding Juice's ass like there's no tomorrow."

He shrugged. "It's a very nice ass."

"Also the dirty talk," Juice said. "That wasn't so innocent."

"Ach, m'loves, you got me. I played my small part in tonight's debauchery, I suppose."

"Mmhmm," Olivia said. She kissed them both, brief brushes of her lips against theirs, and gave a
tired smile. "Take me home, boys. We got like a thousand stairs to climb and my legs are barely working."

They each wrapped an arm around her waist, and together the three of them stumbled back toward the hotel and the big bed that waited for them.

Chapter End Notes

Pardon my lack of proper formatting for the Spanish. I couldn't figure out how to do an upside down question mark. :/
help me out here
all my words are falling short
and there's so much i want to say
want to tell you just how good it feels
when you look at me that way
when you look at me that way
David Gray, "Please Forgive Me"

They spent the next day at the beach, like Olivia wanted. Juice and Chibs built an elaborate sand castle, complete with a moat and a shell to act as a drawbridge. Olivia decorated the walls with bits of shell and sea glass and driftwood, and by the time they were done it was fit for a prince. The tide rolled in and swept it out to sea, but none of them were particularly upset about it. It was just the nature of things.

They'd had an early dinner at a taqueria down the street, and when they got back to the room they played (naked) in the pool until all three of them felt waterlogged and worn out.

It had been a great day. A perfect day. They'd spent it laughing and drinking beer and just enjoying each other, and that night when they fell into bed they snuggled close and made out like teenagers in their parents' basement. They didn't have sex; hadn't all day; and each of them was glad of it on some level. It proved they could enjoy each other, their company and their conversation, without sex being at the forefront of everything.

Olivia lay awake long after Juice and Chibs had fallen asleep. They had the bedroom doors open, and a nice breeze blew in through the open living room. She was dressed only in panties (for some reason she'd never really liked sleeping naked), and the guys had both turned their backs to her. She lay between them and stared up at the wood-beamed ceiling.

The air smelled good here. So different from Vermont, which was nice too…but here she could smell the sea. And flowers she couldn't name, and cooking food and sunscreen and all those tropical, beachy smells companies tried to squeeze into a bottle of shampoo or a stick of deodorant.

Maybe she and Juice should've chosen someplace warm after all. Except the sundress she'd worn last night was about as skimpy as her clothing could get—her tattoo had peeked above the neckline just a tiny bit—and she didn't do that great in the sun. Freckled all over and burned at the drop of a hat.

Vermont was nice. Boring, a little, but nice. And at first they'd both wanted boring. After a life lived like theirs, violence and danger and the constant threat of death, it was nice to just…decorate a house and play with a dog and go to bed at night knowing that it would all still be there, exactly the same, when they woke up again.

But she'd be lying if she said she hadn't noticed a certain restlessness in both of them in the past several months. They loved each other, and their relationship had been as strong as ever; nothing had changed about that; but there was, at least on Olivia's part, a growing sense of ennui. Or maybe just unease. She wasn't used to quiet, and their life in Vermont was nothing but.

She thought that was probably why they'd started talking kids. Wasn't that what couples did? Fell in
love. Got married. Bought a house. Had babies. When things started to slow down and you started to wonder if that's all life really was, you had a baby.

She liked their new life, and she knew Juice did too. But they were both of a kind: suspicious of happiness and uncomfortable with stasis.

Then, as though summoned, Chibs had shown up at their front door. So what was Chibs? A distraction? A break from the mundane? What happened when the three of them settled down into every day life? Would the boredom set in all over again, just split three ways instead of two?

Olivia wasn't bored of Juice, and she knew he wasn't bored of her. She couldn't imagine either of them ever growing bored with Chibs (or vice versa).

Maybe they needed a change of scenery. More than just a vacation. It was wonderful to walk down the street without having to exclude Chibs from embraces or kisses. She wanted that for them, and she knew it couldn't happen in Mill Pond.

Somewhere else, then. They couldn't go back to California, or really anywhere on the West coast. It was too risky. They couldn't go down South—though of course that would hardly clear up their publicity problem, all things considered—because that's where she was from. She had no desire to move to the middle. Too flat; she craved mountains.

So where? They had money. Plenty enough to start over, even without the program's help. Europe, maybe. Someplace sunny that also had seasons.

She sighed and turned over to find Juice watching her. "Oh!" she breathed, startled. "I thought you were asleep."

"I was," he said. He traced a hand over her face and kissed her.

"I didn't mean to wake you up."

"It's okay. You didn't, really." He hesitated. Twined a lock of her hair around his finger. Since Chibs had joined them in their bed she'd started wearing it down at night, and Juice had to admit he liked getting his hands on it first thing in the morning. Of course it meant sometimes he woke up suffocating in a face full of it, but he loved the scent so much he didn't really mind.

"What?" she murmured.

His dark eyes flicked up to hers and his mouth moved in a brief smile. "You were thinking really loud, that's all. Everything okay?"

"Yeah." She ran her thumb over his mouth. "Juicy, you know how much I love you, right?"

"Of course I do, baby."

"And you know how happy you make me, and how glad I am I married you, and how I would never, ever want to live my life without you in it?"

His brows drew together. "I know all that, too, but...you're scarin' me a little, Liv."

She closed her eyes. Took a deep breath, let it out, and opened them again. "I don't want to have a baby, sweetheart. I don't mean I'm not ready and I'll change my mind down the road. I mean—it's not what I want."
"Oh," he said on a sigh. "That's a relief."

"Wait. What?"

He waved a hand. "I just mean—yeah, babe. I know you don't. At least, I strongly suspected. It's why I wasn't pushin' you on it. I was waiting for you to tell me what you really want."

"But—" She broke off and bit her lip. "I thought you wanted it."

"Ahhh, well…" His eyes dropped. "I do. Kind of. Not…for sure. I guess I just really like the idea, you know? Part of me, part of you, like…in a person."

"It'd probably look a lot more like you. My genes are all pretty much recessive. Redheads are a dying breed."

He huffed out a quiet laugh. "No kids was never a deal breaker for me, baby. You know that."

"I know," she said. "But people change. Or, at least, ideas do. And I thought since things're all settled now and we're comfortable and happy…it's sort of the next step."

"For some people, yeah. Not for us. Our next step was to fall in love with one of my MC brothers and start having kinky three-ways in dark alleys." He paused and grinned. "That seems like a more logical next step for you and me anyway."

She acknowledged that with a brief quirk of her brows. "You're probably right about that." She kissed him, soft and sweet. "Are you disappointed?"

"Maybe a little. But I'll be okay."

"Are you mad?"

"No, Liv. Not at all. It's a huge decision, and we gotta make sure we're on the same page. You and me, right?"

"You, me, and the Scot."

He brushed his mouth over hers. "That's right." Gently pushing her onto her back, he slid on top of her. His fingers found their way under the edge of her panties, and he rubbed her with his fingertips.

"I love you, Livvie," he whispered. He kissed her nose. "You're mine." Her forehead. "I'm yours." Both of her closed eyes. "Nothin's gonna change that."

"I know, Juicy," she said. She sounded a little breathless. "I love you too."

He smirked and kissed his way down her body. "I know it's been kind of a long day, but I was thinking I might eat your pussy for a while."

"Mmmm." Her head fell back and she twined her fingers in his hair. "I could go for that."

He pulled her panties down her legs and kissed her labia. She'd gotten waxed a few days before they left, and her lips were smooth while trimmed dark red still covered her mound. He and Chibs had heartily approved.

He blew a stream of air against her sensitive skin and she wiggled. "Taste so good, baby," he said as he lapped his tongue up and down her slit. "Gonna lick you all up."
He spread her lips and darted his tongue against her folds, teasing flicks that just made her breath catch a little at first, but as he kept it up she started to squirm.

"More, Juicy. Please!"

"Nuh uh. Not yet." He barely skimmed over her clit as he rubbed his tongue across her inner labia and sucked each of them into his mouth.

At the sound of her quiet whimpers, Chibs stirred and turned over. He flashed a sleepy grin and his eyes raked her up and down. "Well, well, my naughty loves. What's this?"

"Come here, baby," she said and crooked a finger at him.

He scooted closer and she tangled her fingers in his hair as she kissed him. He nibbled her lower lip just as Juice curled his tongue around her clit.

"What's our boy doin' to you, lass? It's got you awfully flush-faced and breathy."

"Teasing me," she gasped. "He's so mean, Chibby."

"Ach, not our dear Juicy. He's sweet as summertime."

Juice raised his head and grinned at them both. "I think Chibs is teachin' me how to be mean."

She made a quiet noise of distress. "Not fair."

"Don't stop now, lad. There's a limit, aye?"

He nodded and buried his face in her cunt again. Her back arched as he sucked hard on her clit. Held it between his lips and lashed his tongue across it.

"That's right, Juicy," Chibs said. "That's how she likes it. Listen to her moan for you. Is that good, Ollie darlin'?"

"Yes! Yes, Juicy, so good!"

"You love the way he eats you, don't you?"

"Uh huh. You know I do!"

Chibs grinned and wrapped a hand around his cock. Stroked it and dipped his head to suck one of her nipples in his mouth. "Mmm, baby," he rasped. "Your nipples get pretty and pink as cherries when I suck on 'em."

Juice swirled his tongue against her clit, then down to dip inside her. He ran it up and down in hard, long strokes until her legs started to shake and her moans turned to whimpers. He let up. Wrapped his lips around the little nub and lathed over it soft and slow.

"Oh God, Juicy, yeah baby, yes—!"

She carded her fingers their hair as Chibs licked and sucked her nipples and Juice worked her pussy. Chibs tugged at his cock, long and lazy, and she could feel the tip of it against her thigh.

"Don't let her come just yet, lad," Chibs said.

"Wasn't gonna," he said with a smirk.
"Juan Carlos!"

He kissed the inside of her thigh and bit down, hard enough to make her gasp. Soothed the spot with a soft kiss and then sucked, deep enough to leave a mark. She squirmed and whimpered, and he gave the spot a brief lick. He nibbled his way back to her lips and brushed his nose against her clit.

"Love you, Livvie," he murmured. "You taste so damn good." He thrust his tongue into her and swirled it as he bumped his nose back and forth over her clit.

Her head fell back and her hips lifted off the bed. "Please, baby. Please, Juicy!"

His eyes flicked up to look at her, and she could tell by the way they crinkled that he was smiling. Chibs turned her chin toward him and kissed her as Juice sucked on her clit and rubbed it with his tongue.

"Oh God," she whimpered as the kiss broke. "Juicy, that's so good! Fuck yes like that oh God!"

This time he didn't let up, and she felt the heat building, the orgasm so close she could practically taste it. She rocked against his mouth and he clamped his lips around the sensitive nub. Thrust two fingers into her and curled them against her G-spot.

Chibs sucked one nipple into his mouth while he pinched and tugged the other one. Her head lolled on the pillow, and when the orgasm finally hit it went on and on.

"Fuck yes yes yes oh my God that's it that's it!" she moaned. Her entire body jerked, and Juice didn't stop playing with her G-spot as she came. He let up on her clit, giving it tiny, easy licks, and Chibs kissed her again, long and sweet.

She panted and pressed a hand against Juice's forehead. "Enough, baby," she said. "Can't take any more."

Chibs laughed and nipped her lower lip. "Oh, I bet you could, lassie."

She lifted a brow. "And what about you two? Don't you want a turn?"

Chibs and Juice exchanged a look and Juice shook his head. "Nope. Not tonight."

"All about you, darlin'," Chibs said. He tapped Juice on the shoulder. "My turn, Juicy boy." As they swapped places they kissed, and Chibs ran his tongue all around Juice's mouth. Then Chibs' lips were on her and his beard was tickling and she wasn't sure she had a coherent thought for the rest of the night.

The next day—Sunday—was their actual anniversary, and their last night in Mexico. They decided to stay in and order room service (Chibs had decided he'd had enough of wearing pants), and they sat on the sofa in the living room to eat and watch the view.

Olivia sat between Juice and Chibs, and as the meal wound down she leaned over to whisper something in Juice's ear. He grinned and made eyes at Chibs over her head. He cast them a suspicious look, and Juice whispered something to Olivia.

"You sure?" she murmured.

He nodded. "If you are."

She grinned and kissed his nose. Grabbed one last grape from the bowl of them she'd been eating
and set it on the table before she twisted around to slide onto Chibs’ lap.

"Hello there, lovely girl," Chibs said with a grin.

"Hi, baby."

Juice scooted closer and ran a hand over Olivia's hair and pressed a kiss to Chibs' shoulder. "Liv and I had a chat earlier," he said to Chibs.

"Oh aye? What about, my fine lad?"

"You," she said and kissed him.

She wiggled on his lap and he kneaded her ass with both hands. She wore a dress, just a simple drape of fabric, but she hadn't bothered with a bra or panties. Chibs and Juice were in their boxers. She had to admit that the "no pants" thing had its appeal.

Juice rubbed Chibs' thigh and Chibs wrapped an arm around Juice's shoulders. "We wanted to give you something," Juice said.

"What might that be?" he said. He ran his tongue along Juice's jaw and nibbled.

"Anything you want," Olivia said.

Chibs went still. His dark eyes darted from Olivia to Juice and back again.

"Whatever you want, Chibby," Juice said. "We're totally in your hands tonight." He glanced at Olivia, who gave a brief nod. "Safe words still apply, but other than that…"

"Carte blanche," Olivia said. "We trust you. You know what we like, and you know how to push our limits. We want to let you."

He let out a long breath. "Starting when?"

"Now," she said with a grin.

"And ending when we get off the plane tomorrow," Juice said.

"That type of power might go to a man's head," Chibs said.

"That's what we're hoping," said Olivia. She kissed him again, but after a moment he pulled away.

He reached over and slid a finger between the waist of Juice's shorts and his skin. "Take these off, lad, then get on your hands and knees, facing the other way."

Juice stood up to strip. His cock was already getting hard, and Chibs and Olivia both smirked. Juice just grinned and did as Chibs told him.

"A little closer, Juicy boy," Chibs said, his voice going husky at the sight of Juice on his knees, his ass in the air and his cock hanging heavy between his thighs.

He crawled backwards until Chibs stopped him with a hand on his leg. "Good. Right there." He kissed the side of Olivia's neck and ran his hands up under her dress. "Looks good, doesn't he, Ollie girl?"

"Oh yeah," she said.
"Why don't you have a taste. Lean over and show him just how sweet that tight brown ass really is."

Her mouth curved. Chibs held her hips for balance as she twisted toward Juice and ran her tongue up his thigh and over his cheek. He tasted faintly of salt—they'd spent a long time in the pool earlier—but beneath that was all Juice, the unique flavor that was so familiar to her. She trailed her tongue along the cleft and he wiggled.

"Be still, lad," Chibs said. "Let the lady have her way."

He whimpered, and it turned into a moan as she flicked back and forth across his hole. She swirled her tongue all around it, soft and slow, then a little faster as his breath hitched.

"That's good, darlin'," Chibs said. "I think he likes it."

"Uh huh," he breathed.

She pushed her tongue into him and wiggled it. Pulled back out and licked down to lap at his balls. She lathed her tongue in long strokes up and down, over his eager hole and down to his balls. He squirmed despite Chibs' instructions, and Chibs pulled Olivia back.

"That's enough, then," Chibs said. "We don't wanna spoil him."

Juice made a low noise of protest.

"What's that, Juicy boy? Did you say somethin'?"

"N—no…just…"

"You love the way our Ollie eats your ass. Well no wonder." He rubbed a thumb across her full mouth. "Turn around, lad. Watch her work on my cock."

He scrambled around to face them, and Olivia slid out of Chibs' lap to kneel in front of him. He held onto the hem of her dress as he went, so by the time she was on the floor she was naked. His cock made an impressive tent in his shorts, and she looked up at him with a lifted brow.

"You still need these?" she said.

"Nah." He rose and let them drop. Sat back down and motioned for her to come up beside him.

"Don't want your knees to get sore from that hard floor, sweet girl."

Juice scooted over to let her in between them, and as she bent over Chibs' cock, Juice pressed a kiss to the curve of her ass.

"None of that, Juicy. You behave."

"But her pussy looks so pretty, Chibby, and it's just right here."

"Aye, I know. We'll be taking good care of that sweet pink cunt before the night's through, but not just yet." He grinned down at her. "Just like our Juicy's fat brown cock. Right, lass?"

"Yep," she said. "He needs to squirm a little first."

"Glad to know we're on the same page, darlin'. Now. Juicy love, hold her hands behind her back for her, and make sure she doesn't fall." He quirked a brow. "Guess that means you're gonna have that round little ass pressed right against you, but I'm sure you can be a gentleman."
His accent was thick as molasses, and Olivia let out a soft breath before she flicked her tongue against the tip of his cock. Juice leaned over her and slowly pulled her hands around her back. He held on to her wrists with one hand while he wrapped the other arm around her waist to hold her up.

"Good, lass?" Chibs murmured, stroking a thumb down her cheek.

She nodded. "All green."

Juice rubbed his hard length against her ass and Chibs held up a finger. "Keep it up, laddie, and you'll be in real trouble."

He flashed an unrepentant grin. "Whoops."

She ran her tongue up and down Chibs' shaft, flicking and lapping. He pulled the foreskin back to expose the sensitive head. She closed her lips around it and he hissed.

"Good girl," Chibs said. "Like that, sweetheart. What a mouth you've got."

She nipped at him with her lips, keeping them soft and wet, and then swirled her tongue all around the glans. Behind her, Juice pressed his cock against her, stroking the tip up and down her slit with little jerks of his hips.

Whimpering, she sucked Chibs deeper. He laced his fingers through her hair, gathering a thick handful, and tugged just enough for her to feel it.

"If you don't like this," he said, his voice a low caress, "give Juicy's hand a double squeeze. We can stop any time, darlin'."

She shook her head. Chibs cast a questioning glance at Juice.

"She's good," he said. He adjusted his hand so that her fingers were around it. He would feel the slightest change in pressure, and he knew the difference between an oh God I love it grasp and a whoa there hang on pinch.

Chibs nodded. "Be still now, lass. Let me." He rocked his hips up, burying himself deep in her mouth. The tip of his cock hit the back of her throat and she swallowed him down. He held her hair tight and used it to move her head up and down on him.

She worked his shaft with her tongue and tightened her lips. Sucked him in eagerly, and then lifted away again when he dropped down and pulled her hair.

"The head, baby," he slurred. "Lick it all up."

She brushed her wet, swollen lips against it and then lapped her tongue across it. Pre-come oozed from the tip, and she licked it like ice cream. Smeared it all around the head and wrapped her mouth around him.

He grasped the shaft in his free hand and stroked. She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks and swirling her tongue all over the slick glans. Juice groaned as he felt her wetness drip around his cock.

"You love this, baby," he said. "You love suckin' Chibby's hard dick like that. I could slide my cock into you right now and fuck you hard as I wanted, couldn't I?"

Chibs grunted as Olivia made a wild, desperate sound of longing. "You could, lad, but then I might have to tie you to that chair over there and make you spend the rest of the night just watching."
He tugged Olivia's hair, pulling her away from his cock, and she gave a whimper of disappointment. She pouted at him, her lips cherry red and chapped. He kissed her, nibbling each of them in turn, and soothed them with a soft tongue.

"No one's coming just yet, lass," he said in a rough, breathless voice. "You can let go of her now, Juicy."

He eased his grip and sat back slowly on his heels, pulling her with him to prop on his knees.

"Tell me, Ollie girl, and be honest. Did Juicy behave himself while you were suckin' my cock?"

She cast a grin over her shoulder at Juice. "Not so much," she said. "He was rubbing his cock against my pussy."

Chibs sighed and shook his head. "What did I tell you, laddie?"

"It was barely anything, Chibby! Just…she was so wet and slick…I couldn't resist!"

"In the bedroom, Juicy. On the bed, on your hands and knees. We'll be in there shortly."

His eyes went wide. "What, um. What are you gonna do?"

"I'm not going to tell you. Go on now. Leave the door open."

He gave a delighted nod and jumped up. They watched him go, and they heard the squeak of the bedsprings as he settled onto it.

"You're bad, Chibby," Olivia said.

"He loves it."

"What are you gonna do to him?"

He brushed a strand of hair off her face. "Was hopin' we could do it together. Lad needs a bit o' spanking, don't you think?"

She shivered and caught his hand. "We've never done that."

"I know. All still green?"

A brief nod. She sucked one of his fingers into her mouth. He pulled it out and kissed her.

"Did you pack what I asked you to?"

"Of course I did, baby. It's in my suitcase," she said.

"Good. Get it out and let him see it, but don't put it on just yet."

She grinned and slid off the sofa. He smacked her ass as she went by, then grabbed her hips and pulled her back. Sank his teeth into the lush curve of her buttocks and sucked. She moaned.

"Sorry, lass," he said and let her go. "Just couldn't resist."

Laughing, she wiggled her ass at him and disappeared into the bedroom. He leaned against the sofa and gave his cock a long, slow tug. It was going to be quite a night, he could tell. He closed his eyes, then opened them again when he heard Juice's excited voice. He couldn't make out the words, but he
knew Olivia must've shown him what she'd brought from home: the purple dildo and the harness.

Chibs grinned and rose to his feet. Time to join them and see what trouble they could get up to.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 15 will pick up where this one leaves off, so if you like the idea of Juice being spanked, tune in and make sure you're in a nice quiet place.
Chibs stopped in the doorway to appreciate the sight: Juice was knelt on the bed, his ass in the air, and Olivia sat on the edge of it, one leg crossed over the other. The purple dildo, harness, and a bottle of lube were beside her, and Juice was squirming. She patted his thigh.

"Be still, baby. You know Chibby and me are gonna take good care of you." She kissed his hip and he subsided with several long pants.

"Well, well," Chibs said. He swaggered into the room, his erection bouncing between his thighs, and Olivia's mouth curved in a slow smile. "What've we got here? Seems the lass brought a toy or two."

He stopped in front of her and tipped her head back for a long kiss. She sucked his lip into her mouth as they pulled away, and he took a minute to frame her face with his hands. He smiled at her. Traced his thumb down the straight line of her nose and over the fullness of her mouth.

"Question, Ollie love. What did our Juicy do to win such a beauty as yourself?"

Her brow quirked. "Treated me like a person and not a prize."

Juice let out a low huff of amusement as Chibs blinked in consternation. "I didn't mean—"

She laughed and rose to her feet. "I know what you meant, love," she said, resting her hands on his shoulders and lifting to her toes to kiss his scars. "But the Olivia you knew in Charming had no interest in being called beautiful. The first time Juice said it to me I almost kicked him out."

"It's true," he said. He sat back on his heels and twisted to face them. "Come here, baby."

She smiled at Chibs and crawled toward Juice. He pulled her into his lap and kissed her long and slow. "It wasn't easy, either," he told Chibs over her head. "You think she's stubborn now?"

"Aye, well, I know that much. How many times did I help you drown your sorrows? You never said over what, but didn't take a genius to figure it out."

"Aw, Juicy, you had to drown your sorrows over me? I never knew."
"Babe, I practically bought stock in fuckin' Cuervo because of you. Don't worry, though: it was all worth it. Look at where we are now."

She laughed and cut a look back at Chibs. "Uh huh. Kinky three-ways in dark alleys. Never woulda guessed."

She held a hand out to Chibs and he leaned closer. She kissed him, then turned her head to kiss Juice. Chibs rained warm, soft kisses along the freckles across her upper back.

"Think you got some sun yesterday, lass. You're looking a bit more golden."

She made a face. "And freckly. Ugh."

Juice kissed the scrunch in her nose. "Sexy."

Chibs lifted her hair off her back and let it slide through his hands. "A wee selkie."

"I thought selkies had brown hair."

"Aye, you're the odd red one. Could happen, I suppose."

She leaned back against him and he pulled her out of Juice's lap. "Don't think we've forgotten about you, lad," he said. "Turn over and let's see that sweet ass again."

Juice's eyes darted down to the dildo. "What's the plan with that?"

"You'll find out," Olivia said, sweetly. "Right now you should probably do what Chibs tells you."

She ran her fingers through Chibs' beard and he pressed his lips to her temple.

Juice kissed each of them again, quick and hard, before he turned over and raised onto all fours. Olivia traced her fingertips down the line of his thigh, up to cup his balls. Chibs grinned and whispered something in her ear, and she squeezed.

Juice flinched, but his breath hitched and he rocked against her hand.

"Okay, baby?" she said.

"Green, Livvie," he said, breathlessly.

Chibs grasped Olivia's wrist and pulled her hand up along the curve of Juice's ass. She let her short nails scrape his skin and he shivered.

"Such a cute, eager little ass, Juicy boy," Chibs said, his voice rough and thick. "The mind fair boggles at the possibilities of what one could do to an ass like this."

"We're being awfully mean to him, Chibby. Keeping him in such suspense."

"Aye, tis true." He pulled her hand away and flipped the top on the bottle of lube. Slicked up two of her fingers and gave her an encouraging smile.

Juice started to peek over his shoulder, but Chibs shook his head. "Don't make me blindfold you, lad."

Juice whimpered and dropped his forehead to the bed. He lowered himself down onto his elbows, and Olivia bit her lip and grinned at Chibs. She ran her slick fingers down the cleft of Juice's ass, and at the feel of them he wiggled. She stilled him with a kiss and thrust her index finger in to the third
"Livvie!" he moaned. "Fuck, baby, yeah!"

Chibs gave Juice a hard smack on the ass and he jumped. He rubbed his palm against the mark he'd made, and Olivia brushed her tongue over it. Juice groaned and squirmed, and she pulled her finger out only to add the second one when she pushed in again.

"How's that, Juicy? Good?" Chibs said.

"God yeah, so fuckin' good."

"Bet you'd love to have this big toy in your ass, wouldn't you? Our Ollie has lovely fingers, but you want somethin' more."

His only answer was a series of breathless whimpers as he pressed into Olivia's hand.

Chibs spanked him again, harder.

"Chibby asked you a question, baby," Olivia said. "I think he wants an actual answer."

"Yes!" Juice gasped. "Yeah, please, more!"

"The dildo?" Olivia said.

"Yeah, Livvie, please. Fuck me, baby."

"Sorry, laddie, that isn't what we had in mind."

He nodded to Olivia and she pulled her hand free. Juice moaned in disappointment, but Chibs ran his tongue around the curve of his ass and left a soft, sucking kiss. Meanwhile Olivia was coating the dildo in lube, making sure Juice could hear the wet, squelching sounds as she did it.

She reached beneath him to stroke his throbbing cock with one slick hand while she and Chibs pressed the toy against Juice's eager hole.

"Please!" he rasped. "Please I need it so bad!"

"What do you need, darlin'?" Chibs murmured. "You need this big thing in your tight little ass?"

"Yes! Please, Chibby."

"Ach, Juicy boy, you know exactly what I like to hear." They pressed the head inside him and he moaned long and low. "Good? Or more?"

"All of it!" he said in a breathless gasp. "I want all of it!"

Olivia might've gone slow, but Chibs didn't bother. He shoved the dildo the rest of the way inside Juice, until the base was snug against his ass, and left it there. Juice's back arched and he gave a wordless cry.

"Turn around, baby," Chibs said. "Sit on that big purple cock."

Juice moved slowly, groaning and whimpering as the toy moved inside him, until he was sitting with his back against the pillows, his legs tucked underneath him. His cock, iron-hard and weeping, jutted from between his thick thighs, but as he reached for it, Chibs made a tsk sort of noise.
"None of that, laddie." He turned his head and pulled Olivia to him for a rough kiss. He nipped at her lips and she moaned into his mouth. His tongue scraped the inside of her mouth and she grabbed a handful of his hair.

"You want me to fuck you, sweet girl?" he grated. "Want our Juicy to watch as I pound your sweet little cunt?"

"Yes," she gasped. "What do you think, Juicy?"

Chibs grinned, hard and feral. "He doesn't really get an opinion. He's going to sit there and be good. Aren't you, lad?"

Wide-eyed and flush-faced, Juice managed a quick nod. "Yeah, Chibby." He paused. "Fuck her good, yeah? Make her scream."

"Exactly my plan, darlin' boy." He pushed Olivia onto the bed, face first, and lifted her onto her knees. Her head was between Juice's legs, and he ran both hands through her hair.

"I know what you're thinkin', lass, that fat brown cock right in front of you, just beggin' for your pretty pink mouth. But leave it. He can play with that beautiful hair, but that's it."

She slid her eyes up to meet Juice's, and he grinned at the look of sardonic amusement that cut through the lust. "Love you, Livvie," he murmured, brushing his thumb across her nose.

"Love you too, Juan Carlos." She kissed the inside of his thigh and then moaned as Chibs slammed into her. "Fuck, Chibby!"

He stroked his palm against the soft white skin of her ass. Ran both hands down her sides. Squeezed her hips and ground against her.

"So sweet, baby," he said. "So goddamn hot and wet. Love fuckin' you so much." His accent had thickened to the point of near-incomprehensibility, but she understood him well enough. He smacked her ass and she whimpered. "Green, sweetheart?"

"Yeah, baby. That's it, Chibby. Just like that. Fuck me so hard!"

His breath came in deep gasps as he set a rough, graceless rhythm. She pushed back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust, and Juice tangled both hands in her hair. He wiggled on the dildo, bouncing just a little, and she grinned at him and bit his thigh.

"That's good, Chibby," Juice said. "She fuckin' loves it. Play with her clit the way she likes. Make her come all over your big hard dick."

Chibs groaned and slid his hand around her hip and between her legs. She pressed into him, whimpering, and when his fingertips found her clit she cried out.

"Look at her," Juice said. "Already about to come. He's got you so close, doesn't he, Livvie?"

"Yeah!" she said. "Fuck yeah, Chibby! Don't stop, baby, please!"

Juice rockered on the dildo, his mouth going soft and his jaw falling open, as Chibs fucked Olivia even harder, pounding into her and stroking across her clit. Her legs shook and she buried her face in the bed to muffle the sound of her desperate, pleading cries.
"Come for me, sweet girl," Chibs gasped. "Lemme feel you come."

A few more of those deep, demanding thrusts and she did. Her hips bucked into him and her body went taut. She gripped the sheets so hard her knuckles were white, and Juice pulled her head back by the hair so they could hear her. She was loud, edging on a scream.

"God Chibby yes oh God that's so good fuck fuck fuck! Juicy baby love you so goddamn much yes Chibby yes yes yes yes!"

"Good girl, Ollie love. That's it, sweet girl. So goddamn good," Chibs murmured. He ran a hand up and down her back, and as she finally started coming down from the orgasm, he pulled out and kissed the curve of her ass.

She collapsed onto the bed and slowly turned over, her entire body boneless and limp. Chibs smirked at her, and she lifted a brow at his enormous erection.

"Baby—"

"No worries, lass. I've got plans for this." It was slick with her juices and his own pre-come. He straddled her ribs, careful to keep most of his weight on his knees, and slid it into the space between her full breasts.

Juice grinned and pressed them together around Chibs' cock. Chibs moaned and thrust his hips against her. Her head fell back on a gasp, and at the sight of Juice's cock bobbing just above her face, she lifted up to run her tongue along the underside.

"Fuck, baby!" Juice moaned.

"Behave, lassie," Chibs said, his voice breathless and lust-wrecked. "Our boy knows he'll get his turn. Right now I'm gonna come all over your pretty round tits."

"Yeah, Chibby," she whimpered. She dipped her chin and flicked her tongue against the tip of his cock as it slid back and forth between her breasts.

"Goddamn, Ollie girl," he groaned. "Open that cherry mouth for me. Just like that, darlin'. Fuck, God, that's sweet!"

He moved faster, the head of his cock dipping between her lips with each thrust. She worked her tongue over the head as he fucked her, and it was hardly any time before she felt his thighs go tight beneath her fingers.

"Yeah, sweet girl, yeah oh God been wantin' to do this since I first set eyes on these big gorgeous tits. Wanted them wrapped around my cock and it's so fucking good!"

He came with a shuddering cry, and she caught the head in her mouth just as the first spasm rocked through him. He pumped into her mouth again and again, and she swallowed it all down with an eager little moan. Juice kneaded her breasts, pinching and tugging her swollen nipples, and bounced on the dildo.

Chibs slid off her to collapse on the bed next to her. He turned his head to press a kiss against her side and she ran her fingers through his hair.

"As good as you imagined?" she said.

"Fuck me, lass. Better."
She laughed. "That's good to know." She sat up and leaned over to kiss his chest. "What about our Juicy?" she whispered in his ear. "Poor thing looks like he's about to lose his mind."

"Uh huh," Juice said. His cock was dripping, his body glistened with sweat, and his chest heaved in and out as he gulped in huge lungfuls of air.

"Ain't he a sight?" Chibs said with a grin. He patted the bed next to them. "Lie down here, lad. I think we can take care of that for you."

He stretched out and Olivia turned to kiss him. "So sexy, baby," she murmured against his lips. "You're about ready to explode, aren't you?"

"Fuck yeah, Livvie," he whimpered. He squirmed, pressing his ass into the bed and panting hard when the dildo rocked against his prostate.

Chibs appeared over Olivia's shoulder and kissed her neck. Nibbled the soft skin and sucked until she gasped. "His mouth looks lonely, darlin'. Think you could help him with that?"

"I don't know," she said, rubbing her thumb across Juice's swollen lips. "What do you think, Juicy?"

He gave a fervent nod. "Come here, baby. Let me lick your pussy."

She lifted a brow. "You want me to ride your face?"

"God yeah," he groaned.

She turned her head to kiss Chibs, long and slow, and she whispered something in his ear Juice didn't catch. Chibs blinked at her, a little surprised, but after a moment his mouth twisted in a grin.

"Just a mo, love," he said to Juice. "Our girl's gonna give you exactly what you want."

He let out a frustrated breath, but she ran a hand down his chest and kissed him.

"Exactly what you want, Juicy," she said. "Just be patient."

Chibs disappeared a moment, and when he came back he had a condom between his fingers. He ripped it open and rolled it down Juice's twitching cock. Then he reached across them for the bottle of lube, and after a moment his hand closed around Juice's shaft. He almost came up off the bed as Chibs stroked him, and he moved his hips in time with the long, lazy pulls.

"Chibby, oh God, fuck yeah! What—?" He cut himself off mid-question as Chibs straddled his hips and leaned down to press gentle, sucking kisses over Juice's chest.

"What d'you think, darlin'? I'm gonna ride this big brown cock until you come."

"Fuck! Oh God, baby, please!"

Chibs grinned and grasped the base of Juice's cock. He let out a long breath as he lowered himself down, slow and steady, and he didn't stop until Juice was buried to the hilt inside him. He groaned, wiggling a little, and Juice hissed.

"Relax, sweetheart," Juice said. He rubbed Chibs' thighs and gave him a drunken smile. "You feel so fuckin' good. Just take your time."

Olivia rested her head on Juice's chest, content just to watch them, and he wrapped an arm around her.
"You like that, Chibby?" she said, her voice low and soft. "You like his cock in your ass?"

"Aye, lass, fuck yeah. Never thought I'd say that."

She grinned. "I know the feeling, believe me. I never thought I'd want cock again at all until I met Juice." She lifted her chin to kiss the man in question, and his mouth was hot and urgent against hers.

"You gonna sit on my face, baby, or make me beg for that, too?"

"Ohh, sorry. Thought you were a little busy."

"Never too busy to eat your pussy, Livvie. You know that."

She shivered at the look in his eyes and moved up to straddle him. He lifted his head to flick his tongue against her slick, smooth labia, but she was just out of reach.

"Olivia!" he groaned in frustration.

She giggled as he yanked her closer and she braced her hands on his chest. Chibs leaned toward her and they kissed just as Juice sucked her lips into his mouth. Juice thrust his tongue inside her and swirled. She moaned and rocked against him, and he thrust up into Chibs.

Chibs lifted up to drop down onto Juice again, and Juice groaned against Olivia's cunt. The vibration made her shudder. Soon they had a rhythm going: Chibs on Juice's cock, Juice's tongue circling Olivia's pussy, and all three of them moaning and gasping.

"That's right, Juicy boy. Eat that sweet cunt. She tastes so good, yeah?" Chibs voice was thick, breathless, and he dipped his head to clamp one of Olivia's nipples between his teeth.

Juice bucked his hips, driving the dildo in deeper and fucking Chibs' ass with desperate fervor. Chibs was so tight around him, like a hot vise, and he knew he couldn't hang on much longer. He spread Olivia's lips and lathed the flat of his tongue up and down, pausing now and then to flick the tip of it hard across her clit.

"Juicy, oh God baby, that's so good! Don't stop don't stop love the way you eat me!" she moaned.

He thrust two fingers into her and stroked them against her G-spot. Her head fell back, but Chibs pinched her nipple.

"Nuh uh, sweet girl," he said. "Watch me while our boy makes you come."

She met his dark eyes, and hers were all pupil, hardly a hint of the bright green. Her cheeks were pink, her mouth that wanton cherry red that drove him nuts. He grabbed the back of her neck and hauled her closer for a deep, rough kiss, and as he bit her lip Juice lashed his tongue across her clit and the orgasm hit. She whimpered into Chibs' mouth as her body shuddered, and he wrapped an arm around her to hold her upright.

At the surge of wetness from her orgasm, Juice let out a sharp cry and exploded into Chibs. His balls were tight and aching, and the release was the most incredible thing he'd ever felt. His mind blanked. He saw stars. Olivia slid off him and licked the side of his neck where the muscles stood out like cords.

His hips jerked again and again. Chibs ground against him, moaning words of encouragement, and Olivia whispered in his ear.
"That's right, Juan Carlos, come for us. So fucking sexy, Juicy, we love you so much. Mmmm, that's good, baby!" she whispered, her fingers running up and down his tense, rippling abs.

"Ohh God!" he groaned, long and drawn-out. "Fuck Jesus Christ holy shit goddamn!"

He finally fell back against the bed, breathless and utterly spent, and Olivia laughed, a quiet ripple. "I think he liked that, Chibby," she said.

"Aye, lass," Chibs said. He sounded rather out of breath himself. "You do know our boy." He licked a line through the sweat on Juice's chest and rolled over to lie on his other side.

Olivia stripped the condom off, tied up the end, and wrapped it in a tissue to throw away later. For now she curled against Juice and pressed kisses along the curve of his shoulder. "Okay, baby?" she said.

"Uh huh. Need to…" He wiggled his hips and groaned. "Gotta…"

"Oh," she said, giggling. "Chibby? Think you could help him with that?"

"Ach, aye. Sorry, laddie." He sat up and slowly tugged the dildo from Juice's ass. He let out a sigh as it popped free, and Chibs set it aside with a chuckle. He dropped a kiss on Juice's hipbone and settled next to him again.

Juice lay still and dazed, panting, wide-eyed, and Olivia and Chibs grinned at each other over his prone form.

"Happy anniversary, baby," Olivia said to Juice.

He managed a dopey sort of grin. "Happy anniversary, Liv." He looked at Chibs and tugged him down for a kiss. "Glad you're here, Chibby."

"Me too," Olivia said, running her fingers through Chibs' hair. She kissed the curve of his ear. "Glad we're all here together."

Chapter End Notes

I had more time than I thought and was able to get this finished and posted this evening.  
Yay me.
Despite how much fun Mexico had been, they were all glad to get home. Olivia got stressed whenever they had to present their passports anywhere. They were legit, US-government issued (except Chibs', of course), but for some reason she couldn't ever shake the feeling that someone was going to jump out and start screaming that she was really Olivia Gable, star witness against the notorious Mick Doyle.

They had taken Juice's car to the airport because Olivia refused to allow her Mustang to be left in an airport parking lot, and they were packed into it and headed toward Mill Pond within an hour of landing. Olivia curled up in the backseat and fell asleep, as she always did when she wasn't driving. It was a defense mechanism: almost twenty years and she still hated being a passenger in someone else's car.

"Hey, babe, wake up," Juice said as he pulled in the driveway.

There was a car parked there, one they didn't recognize, and Juice pulled in beside it and cut the engine. Olivia sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Who's that?" she said.

A girl, about ten or so years younger than Olivia, got out and stood next to the driver's side. She looked nervous. She was petite, with curly red hair and freckles over her nose—a lot like Olivia, actually, but with stronger coloring.

Chibs cursed, long and low, and Juice and Olivia exchanged looks.

The three of them got out of the car, and the girl smiled their way.

"Merle," she said. Her voice was sweet, younger than she looked. "Um, do you remember me?" Her eyes darted to Olivia. She swallowed as she took in the resemblance and glanced back at Chibs.

"Aye, darlin', I do. What brings you here?"

"I wanted to…I needed to talk to you. I—no one was home when I got here, but I haven't been, like, stalking you. I've only been here about five minutes."

Olivia frowned at Chibs and rounded the car toward the girl. She held out a hand. "Hi," she said. "I'm Sadie Martinez. This is my husband Hal. Seems like you already know Merle. Would you like to come in?"

"I, um." She smiled and shook Olivia's hand. "Sure, I guess. I'm sorry. I'm not trying to impose."

"No imposition," Olivia said. "We just got home from a trip, so we're a little out of it."
"Oh! Where did you go?"

"Mexico," Olivia said with a smile over her shoulder. She unlocked the front door and gestured for the girl to go in ahead of her. "It was sort of a last-minute thing."

Juice and Chibs unloaded the car while the women talked. Juice gave Chibs a long look, and he shook his head.

"Don't ask, lad. I'll explain it all."

"This is gonna piss Olivia off, isn't it?" Juice said under his breath.

"I hope not. But, aye, maybe."

He sighed and handed Chibs a suitcase. "Better get in there and see what's up. Olivia can only be friendly to a stranger for so long."

They could hear feminine laughter coming from the kitchen as they walked in the house. Chibs sighed and rubbed a hand down his face.

"Merle," Olivia said as he wandered their way. "Mackenzie was just telling me she's majoring in art at Vermont College of Fine Arts. You didn't tell us you knew an artist."

"Ah…sorry, lass. Must've slipped my mind."

Her brow quirked. It was clear he'd had no idea. "Well." Her mouth moved in a tight smile. "I'll leave you two to chat. Hal and I can go unpack. Right, love?"


Olivia hesitated. She seemed more afraid than nervous, but why would she be afraid of Chibs? Yeah, he looked sorta scary sometimes, but anyone who knew him…

Maybe this girl didn't know him, not really. She'd tracked him down after who knew how long, and it was clear she had something on her mind. Olivia's eyes traced the girl's figure, but she couldn't tell anything with her baggie college sweatshirt in the way.

"Sure," Olivia said. "Can I make you some tea?"

She gave a stuttering nod and Olivia turned away to fill up the kettle.

Chibs sat down opposite Mackenzie and offered her a wary smile. "Now, lass, what brings you all the way out here?"

There was a long pause. Olivia met Juice's eyes and she could tell they were both thinking the same thing.

"I'm pregnant," Mackenzie said on a breath. "I know what you're thinking, but it's definitely yours. I think the condom must've broken or something and—" She broke off and Olivia set the kettle down on the stove a little harder than strictly necessary.

"I should…we should…leave you two to talk. Merle, I'm sure you can handle the tea."

Behind her Mackenzie started to protest, but Olivia grabbed Juice's arm and dragged him upstairs before either she or Chibs could stop them. She rounded the corner into their bedroom and pressed a hand against her mouth. She had her back to Juice, but he could read the lines of her body well
enough to know exactly what was on her mind.

"She looks a lot like you," he said after a moment.

"Yeah, I noticed." She paused. "When do you think it happened?"

"Not since…I mean, he's been here since August. There's no way he would—once we were—"

She turned toward him, a frown wrinkling her forehead. "You think? He used to leave a lot, especially at the beginning, and it wasn't like we'd made any promises."

"I know," he said, "but he wouldn't. He just—wouldn't."

"Why not, Juice?" she said with a huff. "What was to stop him? He's used to having a harem at his beck and call. If we weren't gonna put out, you can sure as fuck bet he'd go somewhere else to get what he wanted."

"Liv, she's like…twenty. You know it didn't mean anything."

"Right," she said, her tone bitter and sad. "Knocked up a random girl he picked up in a bar. Doesn't mean a fucking thing."

He dragged the suitcases onto the bed and unzipped them both. Tossed her a bag full of dirty laundry and then sat down between them. She dumped the bag in the hamper, pushed a suitcase off the bed, and slumped next to him. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. Kissed the top of her head and rubbed his thumb in a circle against her arm.

"I love you, baby," he said.

"I love you too." She bit her lip. "Tell me everything's gonna be okay."

"Everything'll be okay, Olivia. I promise."

She nodded and rested her head on his shoulder. "He barely remembered her name. If he did at all."

"Like I said—"

"I know. Didn't mean anything." She laughed. "Almost makes it worse."

He sighed. "Olivia—"

"Don't," she said. "I know what you're going to say, and you're completely right. I hate that I feel this way. I hate being jealous of a college kid. And of all people, I sure as fuck don't believe a woman's value in any way correlates to her ability to incubate a baby for nine months, but at the same time…"

She trailed off and looked away. "It just makes me feel broken, Juicy. This girl he doesn't even know, doesn't care about, whose name he can't remember—she can get pregnant with his kid and I can't? I don't even want his kid! If I wanted anyone's kid it'd be yours. It's the issue of the thing. The issue fucking pisses me off and I'm sick of it."

"I know, baby." He ran his fingers through her hair and turned her face toward him so he could kiss her. Her lips trembled beneath his and he could tell she was struggling not to cry.

She let him hold her for a few more minutes, but finally she pushed away and stood up. "I need some air. I think I'm gonna go for a drive."
He let her go reluctantly, but he knew better than to try to argue. Sometimes she had to work things through on her own. It was something he’d learned about her years ago, and even though these days she’d talk to him about most things, there were certain issues—like this one—that he knew she preferred to keep more private.

He heard the front door open and close and he fell back onto the bed with a long sigh. He should’ve known things were going too well. When had they ever been allowed to just be? It was always something. If Chibs fucked this up for them because he couldn’t keep it in his goddamn pants, Juice was going to be fucking pissed. Cute little college girl with her freckles and her red hair. Could he be any more fucking obvious? Olivia's very own mini-me.

"Goddammit," he muttered. "God fucking dammit."

They sat through a tense dinner that night, none of them really eating much, and when Chibs tried to explain, Olivia just held up a hand and told him it was fine. He was a grown man, she said. What he did with his dick was his business.

She did the dishes and refused either offer of help, and as Juice and Chibs settled in the TV nook to watch a movie, she excused herself and went to bed. Chibs shot Juice a helpless, frustrated look, but he just shrugged in reply. He was mad, too, but for completely different reasons than Olivia.

Later, when Chibs and Juice went to bed, Olivia wasn't there. The guest room door had been closed when they went past, and Chibs frowned down at her empty spot.

"Sleeping elsewhere?" he said. "Guess she really is angry."

Juice stripped off his clothes and tossed them in the hamper. "You could say that," he said. "The quieter she is, the more unhappy she is. If this were gonna blow over real fast she'd be yelling and screaming at you."

"Juicy." Chibs paused and his jaw worked. "It was before we started this. The second night I was here, matter of fact. I met her in a pub down the way and she was cute and one thing led to another…ach, you know how it is."

"Yup. It's how I met Liv."

"Aye, except it didn't mean anything. It was just a bit of messin'. She says she's sure it's mine, but she has a steady boyfriend so I'm not clear on how she knows for certain."

"Maybe she doesn't fuck her boyfriend," Juice said.

"Possible, I suppose, but that girl was no virgin."

"Doesn't mean she's fucking her boyfriend."

Chibs frowned and crawled into bed. Juice slid in next to him, but turned over to face away. Chibs ran a hand down his back, but the tension there didn't relax.

"Don't be angry with me, darlin'," he said. "Couldn't stand it from both you and the lass. I fucked up. I admit it."

Juice sighed and flipped over. "Chibs, look. I don't think either of us care that you fucked somebody else. If it was before we started, then fine. That would be like me bein' mad that you and Liv had sex while I was in jail. We weren't together, and things happen. It's life."
Chibs peered at him. "What, then?"

"Don't you get it? I know Olivia told you about the abortion. About everything to do with it?"

For a moment he blinked, but then comprehension dawned and his eyes went wide. "She's angry because I got the girl pregnant?"

"Basically. And it pisses her off that it pisses her off. It's like this whole...weird, complicated thing where she doesn't even want kids, but she hates not having the option. And she doesn't want anyone to act like she's only good for makin' babies or whatever, but at the same time the fact that she can't really hurts her."

He lifted a hand in a shrug. "Nothin's ever simple with Olivia, man. You know that."

"Aye," he said, shortly.

He remembered how he'd held her when she cried and confessed the whole sorry mess: the accidental pregnancy; her previous forced miscarriages at her ex-husband's hands; the abortion she'd felt was her only option. He'd been worried for her, upset that she hadn't told Juice the truth, angry that she'd felt the need to hide it from everyone.

Now he realized just how completely he'd fucked up. Yes, it had been an accident. No, it wasn't entirely his fault—they'd used a condom, after all. But still. He should have talked to Olivia. He shouldn't have tried to make it all about him: his explanations, his excuses, his apology.

"Go talk to her," Juice said. "I promise you she's not asleep."

He shifted in bed. "Maybe you should—"

"No. That'll make things worse. Don't be a pussy, Chibby. Just get in there and grovel."

"Grovel?"

Juice laughed at his startled tone. "I'm kidding. Groveling'll just piss her off."

He let out an aggravated sigh. "Goddamn high maintenance woman. Why do I put up with this?"

"Beats me, brother. She's my wife, but you're just here for the sex."

"Aye," he said as he dragged himself out of bed. "That's what I keep tellin' myself."

"Convinced yet?" Juice said with a grin.

"Not by a mile, laddie."

He stood in front of the door and took a deep breath. He just needed to get this over with. She was angry, but according to Juice she was more hurt than anything.

Honestly he'd rather have her angry. But as long as she didn't cry. Her tears killed him, and he wasn't sure he could stand feeling like quite that much an asshole.

He tapped on the door and heard rustling inside. The slight squeak of bedsprings. She didn't say anything, but she also didn't tell him to go away, and in her current mood he thought that might be all the encouragement he was going to get.
He poked his head in. She had her back to him, but at the sound she looked over her shoulder.

"Oh," she said. "I thought you'd be Juice."

"Aye," he said, slowly. "The lad said it was better if I came."

She made a disinterested noise and settled down again. He sighed. This was going to be harder than he'd thought. He slumped on the edge of the bed, his back to her, and didn't bother turning on a light.

"Ollie girl, listen—"

"Oh no," she said. She sat up and whipped around, and he could feel her eyes like daggers in his back. "Don't you try to charm me with that Ollie girl and darlin' lass nonsense. That's not gonna work, Filip Telford. Not this time."

He paused and sat up a bit straighter. "Olivia, come sit next to me. We need to talk."

Frowning, she scooted across the bed to perch on the edge, her legs dangling to the floor. He cast her a wary glance from the corner of his eye, and despite his best efforts he couldn't help but notice how her nipples perked through her t-shirt in the chilly room.

She rolled her eyes. "Chibs."

He cleared his throat and looked away. "It happened months ago, sweetheart. Well before that day by the window. It didn't mean anything."

"I know that. I'm not mad you had sex with someone else."

"Aye. Juicy said that wasn't the problem."

"I'm guessing he told you what is."

He reached between them to twine his fingers through hers. She let him, reluctantly, but she felt like her behavior was a little childish and petulant, and she was trying to get over it.

"It makes me so mad, Chibby. I'm not even mad at you. I'm mad at…everything. The whole fucking mess. I love Juice so much. I want to be able to make him happy. And I can't. Not completely. He wants a kid and that's the one thing I can't do, and I can't do it to the point that I don't even want anymore."

"And you meet some girl in a bar—a girl who could be my little sister, for fuck's sake—and one night of meaningless sex and bam. Preggo. Great. Glad it's so fucking easy for the rest of the goddamn planet, and meanwhile my husband and I are over here dancing around the topic like fuckin' Fred and Ginger!"

He ducked his head. Now would not be the time to laugh, and it wasn't even that funny, but something about the way she phrased it, and the annoyed tone in her voice…

"Ollie love, if you think for one second you don't make Juice happy—"

"No. I know I do. And I know he means it when he says he's okay with no kids." She tugged his hand so he'd look at her. "Why are you here, Chibs? I mean, I know why you came, but why have you stayed? What do you want from us? From this life? Don't worry about what Juice or I might want for a minute. Just tell me what you want. Lay it out for me."

His forehead creased as he stroked his thumb across her knuckles. "I want you, lass. You and Juicy
both. I want us to make a life, the three of us. I know it's odd and unconventional, but I think we could be happy."

"So, what? You want to help us pay the mortgage and have a turn taking the dog for his nightly walk and..." She trailed off with a shrug. "I don't know. All that mundane bullshit that makes a marriage and has nothing to do with sex."

"I want the mundane bullshit. I want the sex. I want the house and the dog. I want all of it, Olivia."

Their eyes met in the darkened room, and she could see the sincerity in his face. He meant it. She thought she knew him well enough to know that he didn't say things he didn't mean. He didn't bullshit, and he wouldn't go so far as to tell either of them he loved them unless it were the absolute truth.

"What is Mackenzie going to do?" she said at last.

"She doesn't know. She's in school, and she's afraid to tell her parents."

Olivia let out a long breath. "You want to make this okay, Chibs?"

"Aye, lass. Of course I do!"

"Then you support her. Whatever she wants. If she decides to keep it. Give it up for adoption. Have an abortion. You fully support her. If she just wants money, fine. If she wants you in the kid's life, fine. If she wants you to go with her to the clinic and hold her hand, you do it and you don't fucking judge her for one goddamn second."

He opened his mouth but shut it again before he could form any words. Finally, "You know how I feel about abortion, lass."

"Yeah, I remember. But, Chibs, listen: it's not your body. It's hers. It's her life. She's the one who has to carry a growing thing inside her for months. Pregnancy is dangerous. Giving birth is dangerous. Hell, post-pregnancy is dangerous! And that's just physical stuff. What about her friends? Her parents, like she already said? Is she seeing somebody? I'm sure they won't be super thrilled with a suddenly pregnant girlfriend. She's young, and it's scary, and she needs to know she at least has you in her corner."

He nodded and looked away. She touched his shoulder. "Do you want a kid, Chibby?"

"Olivia—"

"It's a serious question. I know you have Kerrianne, but you've been out of her life more than you've been in it. So now that you've had some time to process Mackenzie's bombshell, how do you feel about it?"

Scrubbing both hands back through his hair, he gave a long, slow shake of his head. "I'm a bit long in the tooth for a baby. And even if I weren't, I wouldn't want it with a girl—no matter how sweet—I'd met only the one time. To answer what I think you're really askin', if you and Juice had decided to go ahead with it, I would've been good." He paused. "A part of me is relieved you decided otherwise, though."

"All the women you've fucked, and she's really only the second one you've gotten pregnant?"

His shoulders moved in a shrug. "Only the second one I know about anyway. Lots of rules about that sorta thing among the lasses in the clubhouse."
"I can imagine."

Moving slowly, carefully, checking in with her the whole time, he gradually let his hand come to rest on her thigh. He stroked the smooth skin with his thumb and watched her face. "I love you, Olivia. You and Juicy both."

"I know that, Filip."

"I'm sorry I've hurt you in this way. 'Twas never my intention."

"I know that, too." She lifted the hand to her lips and pressed a kiss against his knuckles. She didn't look at him again, and her teeth worried her lower lip. He brushed his fingers across it and lifted her chin.

"What else, lass?"

"How does she know it's yours? You're really the only person she's had sex with this whole time? And in the days before that, too?"

"I don't know. That's what she says, but it's been a bit of time, aye? I suppose if she decides to keep it we can do a test once it's born."

"You don't have to wait that long. They have tests now that you can do at twelve weeks. And it isn't even dangerous; it uses her blood."

"You think I should ask her about it?"

Olivia lifted her hand. "She's a young college student. You're an older guy. She might think she can tell you it's yours and you'll just throw money at her without any questions, and it avoids a whole lot of awkwardness with an ex-boyfriend or who knows what. I'm not saying she's being malicious; just that it's a possibility."

"And if it is mine?"

"Then it's yours. And Mackenzie will decide what she wants to do from there. Obviously there's no point in worrying about paternity if she decides to have an abortion; it's only if she wants to keep it that it really becomes a question."

Chibs' mouth twisted in a grimace. "What if she wants me to marry her?"

Her brow quirked. "My dearest Chibby, while Juice and I know what a catch you are, I can guarantee that no twenty-two-year-old art student's momma and daddy are gonna let their little girl marry the scarred fifty-year-old biker who knocked her up after a one night stand. Don't be so old-fashioned; marriage and babies don't necessarily go hand-in-hand."

"Aye, I suppose so." He scowled. "I am a goddamn catch, Ollie Ortiz."

"I said you were, didn't I?"

"Aye, but——"

"Grump, grump, grump." She twisted around until she was in his lap, and a moment later her mouth was on his. His lips parted and she swirled her tongue against his until he moaned.

"Ollie lass, sweet girl, darlin' love," he murmured between fevered kisses. "Forgive me, sweetheart. I'm a damn fool."
She tangled her fingers in his hair and he squeezed her hips, pulling her hard against him. She could feel his erection, urgent and straining, and she moved against it in slow, undulating waves.

"You are a damn fool, Filip. I'm still not happy with you."

"Aye," he said. "I don't blame you a bit." He wrapped his arms around her and flipped them around so that she was stretched out on the bed and he was between her legs. He rucked her shirt up a little and kissed her stomach. Traced his tongue along the edges of her tattoo and nipped at each touch of purple.

"If you think for one second you're going to get laid right now—"

"Wouldn't dream of it, darlin'."

He shoveled her shirt higher and captured a nipple between his lips. She arched into him a little, yanking at his hair and letting out soft, breathless little noises that drove him mad. He bit down, scraping over it with his teeth, and sucked hard and deep.

"Love you so much, Ollie girl," he rasped against her skin. "You and Juicy both. Never meant to hurt you."

He switched to the other nipple and tugged at it with his lips.

"Gonna fuck you so sweet, baby. Gonna make you come so hard."

"Sweet?" She pushed at his shoulder until he turned over, a bewildered look on his face. "Who says I want sweet?" she murmured as she kissed him. She bit his lip hard enough to make him wince and led his hand down to the waist of her panties.

"Get rid of these for me, love. They're in my way."

He grinned up at her and gave them a brutal yank. The material gave way and he tossed the scraps aside.

"You've got the look of the devil about you, lass."

She just lifted a brow, her smile small and mischievous. She got rid of her shirt and slid her hands up her body to cup her breasts. Pinched her swollen nipples between her fingers and wiggled. When he reached for her, she batted his hands away. Then, still with that tiny smile, she pulled the elastic from the end of her braid and ran both hands through her hair.

He watched it rain down over her shoulders with a hungry, desperate expression, and his cock was hard and hot between her thighs. She ground against it, her wet lips sliding over his cotton shorts, and he let out a long moan.

"Ollie baby, please!"

"Please what, Chibby?" She rubbed her thumb over his mouth and he caught it between his teeth. "You want me to fuck you? Ride your fat cock until you explode?"

"Aye, lass. You know it's what I want!"

She leaned down to kiss him, long and slow. "Who do you belong to, Filip? Who does this big cock belong to?"

He stared up at her, wide-eyed, and she reached between them to pull down his boxers. When she
settled over him again, his cock was nestled between her lips and he thought the wet slick heat of her might be his undoing.

"You, Ollie darlin'," he croaked. "You and Juicy."

"That's right, Chibby." She kissed him again, slowly and thoroughly fucking his mouth with her tongue. She grasped his shaft with one hand and lowered herself onto him until he was buried to the hilt inside her.

He broke away from the kiss with a groan. "Goddamn, girl. Holy shite that's good!"

"I know it is," she crooned in his ear. "Who fucks you like I do, baby?"

"Nobody!"

"That's right. And whose ass is as sweet and tight as our Juicy's?"

"Fuck, sweetheart, nobody's!"

She nibbled his earlobe and rocked against him. "You're ours, Chibby," she said, her voice soft but firm. "You're ours and we're yours. That's just the way it works."

He held onto her hips and thrust up into her. "Nobody else I want, love. Just you. You and our darlin' Juicy boy."

She went still, and her eyes were dark and serious on his. "You mean it, Filip? And not just because I'm sitting on your dick."

He framed her face with his hands. "While you sitting on my dick is extremely appealing—and a might distracting—I believe I'd still love you if you never sat on my dick again. The lad, too."

"Good answer, Telford." Their mouths met, long and slow, and as she sat up again he grinned at her.

"Now ride me, darlin', good and hard. Let me watch those sweet tits bounce as you fuck me."

"Always gotta be on top, even when you're not."

But she did what he said anyway, lifting up to drop down on him again. He cupped her breasts in his hands and tugged on her nipples. Her brow creased and her mouth fell open and her back arched as she moved. She didn't try to take it slow, and he groaned as she squeezed him deep inside.

"Fuck, lassie, that's so good. Good girl, sweetheart, love your hot wet cunt around my cock!"

His thick, heavy accent made her shudder, and as his hands slid away from her breasts to grasp her hips, she let him guide her how he wanted. He lifted his hips and pulled her down and circled against her. She moaned as her clit pressed against her pubic bone and little electric shocks of pleasure flashed through her.

"Chibby, goddamn don't stop!"

His only reply was to roll them over and lift her legs to wrap around his ribs. She pulled his hair with both hands.

"Thought you wanted to watch my tits bounce," she said between gasps.

He slammed into her and grinned. "They're bouncin' just fine like this, sweet girl." He nipped the
side of her neck and blew a stream of air over her wet skin. "Tell me how you want it, m'love. Slow and sweet, or hard and deep?"

"Hard!" she moaned. "Please, baby."

He flicked his tongue against her. "Was hopin' you'd say that." He slid his arms under her and wrapped them around her shoulders. Her body was so small beneath his, soft and (as much as she might hate the description) delicate, and for a moment he hesitated.

Her brow creased. "What's the matter?" she murmured. "Your face did a thing."

"Nothin', love." He stroked into her, and her head fell back. He mouthed the white column of her throat and whispered her name like a litany.

She tangled her fingers in his hair and rocked against him, eagerly meeting his thrusts.

"Such a wee lovely thing you are, darlin' girl," he murmured. "Mean as a pit viper when you get your back up, and sweeter than honey when I hold you like this."

Her laugh turned into an edgy moan, and she knew she was close. She opened her eyes to look up at him. "Not too late to bail, sugar."

"Never. You're not gettin' rid of me."

He felt her legs tighten around him and he ground into her with short, rocking strokes.

"I love how you come for me, Ollie lass. Love the way your cunt goes tight on my cock."

"Oh God, Chibby! Fuck yes you feel so good!"

Her body jerked as the orgasm hit and her hands clenched in his hair. She came hard, and at the sight of her face he groaned. He came with her, a flurry of slurred expletives and an explosion that left him breathless and shaking.

She held on to him, arms and legs, and he rained kisses over her shoulders and collarbones. He stroked her sides with both hands and pressed his forehead against hers.

"Is this how you always resolve conflicts, lass?"

She managed a shrug that he felt through his whole body. "Works, doesn't it? I'm not mad anymore and we both know where we stand."

"Aye." He slowly untangled himself and rolled over to lie next to her. Pulled her against him and kissed her.

"I'm not good with words, Chibby. And I'm not good at believing words. TJ said so many things to me, all the time, and I never knew…" She trailed off and smiled a little. "When you touch me I know. It's a lot harder to lie with a touch."

"I can see that," he said. He stroked a hand up her arm. "What's my touch sayin' now?"

"Hum. That you just had some really hot sex and now you're feeling all lazy and sleepy."

"You're good at this."

"Nah. You're just easy to read."
Suddenly the door burst open and Juice threw himself across them. "I couldn't wait. Didn't know if you guys were coming back to our room or not."

She laughed and shoved him off her. "You giant puppy. This bed's too small for all three of us."

"We can fit," he said. He squeezed between them and brushed his nose against her hair. "All good now?"

"Getting there," she said.

"Bring her over here, lad," Chibs said. "Don't bogart the redhead."

Juice grinned and swapped places with her, wiggling underneath and dropping her down on his other side. She curled up against him and pulled Chibs' arm around her.

"New ground rule," she said. "No getting anyone pregnant."

"Shouldn't be a problem," Juice said.

Chibs sighed and pressed his lips to the back of her neck. "Won't happen again, lass. I promise."

"I know, Chibby. We trust you." She grinned and hid her face in Juice's shoulder. "Now you owe me, though. Big time."

"Oh shite. What'd you have in mind?"

"I'll let you know when it gets closer."

"When what gets closer?" Juice said with a glance at Chibs.

"Halloween, boys," she said, laughing. "Lisa Hannigan's Halloween shindig."

*shrug* and I guess we're back to the porn. life's too short to be grumpy.

oh! and for you guys who might be a little impatient for updates here, you can check out Come With Me Tonight (if you haven't read it already), which is the prequel to this story. also there's In the Blood, which is a Juice/Olivia high school au that also features Jax/Tara and Opie/Donna.
The Past

Chapter Notes

Ummm. Brief break from porn?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

and under my skin i never surrender
under my skin the past's in debate
under my skin love's a curse that you lend her
and every night i make love to my hate
under my skin, under my skin
Bob Schneider, "Under My Skin"

Three days later Olivia was home with Bingo when there was a knock at the door. Chibs and Juice were at work, but it was her day off, and she'd been enjoying her time alone with the dog. She wasn't really interested in company, but she pasted on her friendly neighbor smile and went to answer.

Her expression clouded as soon as she saw who was on the other side. "Oh," she said. She struggled to smile again, but it was half-hearted at best. "Merle isn't here."

"I know," Mackenzie said. She darted a quick glance over her shoulder and then back at Olivia. "Sadie, um. Do you think we could talk a minute? I know this is weird, but...I can't tell any of my friends because then my parents might find out and that would be a disaster."

Olivia let out a sigh. The last thing she wanted was to become this girl's confidante, but at the same time she couldn't just say no. It seemed cruel. Finally she nodded and stepped back. "Come on in. Bingo, down."

"Oh, it's okay!" she said. She dropped to her knees and scratched the dog behind both ears. "I love dogs. I work at this dog training place in Montpelier and I'm really hoping I can become a full-time trainer over the summer."

Her brows drew together and she looked away. "I guess maybe that won't happen now."

Olivia cleared her throat and shut the door. "Can I get you something, Mackenzie? Water or tea?"

"Um. Some water would be great. If you don't mind."

"Of course not. You and Bingo can head to the living room. Just there."

She pointed toward the sofa and the dog fell in step behind Mackenzie as she walked away.

Olivia took longer than strictly necessary to fill the glass and rejoin Mackenzie and Bingo, but she needed a minute to collect herself. What the hell was she doing here? And it sounded like she was going to keep the baby. Great. Did she think she was going to hang around here for the next seven months? Olivia didn't want to be unkind, but she would have to nip that idea in the bud.

Mackenzie was standing at the credenza studying the photographs when Olivia walked in. She
started and put down the frame, her expression guilty. She'd been looking at their wedding photo, Olivia noticed.

"A year ago this past Sunday," she said with a smile. "Happiest day of my life, as cheesy as that sounds."

Mackenzie smiled just a little and accepted the glass. "No, it's sweet. Your husband…" She ducked her head to hide a blush. "He's really hot."

Olivia laughed. "No kidding."

Mackenzie picked up another picture, this one of Juice and Chibs on the back deck. Juice had a beer in one hand, one of Bingo's tennis balls in the other. Bingo was on his back feet, begging for Juice to throw it, and Chibs stood a few steps away, juggling a spatula and a beer of his own as he laughed.

"Is Merle really your uncle?" Mackenzie finally said.

"Nope," Olivia said and shook her head. "He's a family friend. I just call him uncle because…I don't know. One of those things, I guess."

"That's good," she said with a sigh of relief. Olivia gave her a curious look.

She put down the photo and waved a hand. "Just that…we look a lot alike. I mean, I'm sure you noticed. I think it'd be kinda weird if…like, of all the girls he coulda picked up, right? He picked the one who looked so much like his niece? Weird. So, yeah. Glad you two aren't actually related."

Olivia's mouth quirked in appreciation. She kinda liked this girl. "I guess he might have a thing for redheads." Olivia nodded toward the couch. "Let's sit. You can tell me what brings you all the way here from Montpelier."

Once they were settled, Mackenzie took a long sip from her glass and set it on the coffee table. "You've known Merle a long time? Even though he's not your uncle."

"A while, yeah."

There was a long pause. Mackenzie fidgeted, twisting a ring around and around on her right hand. "He was really nice to me when I was here the other day."

"Mackenzie, listen. Merle is…I'm not going to lie to you and tell you he's safe. He has a colorful past, and he's done some…not great things. But he would never hurt you. He's not a man you want to fuck with, but he'd never raise a hand to a woman."

"You say that like someone who knows," Mackenzie said. She met Olivia's eyes. Hers were blue, as blue as Olivia's were green, and something about them made Olivia take a second, longer look.

"I am," she finally said. "You can trust Merle to do right by you." She hesitated and brushed her fingertips over the back of the girl's hand. "But you have to do right by him, Mackenzie. You have to be straight with him. Anything less is unfair."

She buried her face in her hands and let out a little sob. "I messed up, Sadie. Really, really messed up."

Olivia flicked her eyes skyward in a bid for patience and slid down the couch. Ran her hand up and
down Mackenzie's slumped back and made a low soothing noise. Bingo let out a whine of distress and tried to thrust his head into Mackenzie's lap. She sniffled and patted him.

"Who's the baby's father, Mackenzie?" Olivia said, her voice gentle.

"My ex-boyfriend. We broke up like a week before I met Merle, then we got back together again a few days later. We had sex—you know, like, reconciliation sex? And I thought he'd used a condom, but then when he—you know—I realized he hadn't. Two days later I caught him with another girl and we broke up. For good this time."

"Wait a minute. He told you he was using a condom and he didn't?"

She nodded, her expression dismal. Olivia handed her a tissue and she dabbed her eyes. "He had one and everything. I heard him open it."

"Mackenzie, sweetheart, you know that's a form of rape, right?"

"What? No, Sadie. I wanted to have sex with him, I just—"

"You just had a reasonable expectation that he would use protection. You consented to protected sex, Mackenzie; that's not what happened. Look, think of it this way: let's say you're with a guy and he asks for a blowjob. You're like, sure, yeah why not? Then, suddenly, right before he comes he just jumps up and shoves it in. You consented to oral sex, not vaginal; that's rape."

She shook her head, but her eyes were big and shocked. "He would never…"

"Honey, he fucked another girl while you two were together. The fact that he was willing to have unprotected sex with you—when he knew that wasn't what you would want—and that you were willing to lie to Merle about the whole thing…he obviously is not a nice guy. He knowingly put you in danger. At the very least you need to tell this new girl what happened. She has a right to know, in case he tries to pull something similar with her."

"I hadn't ever thought of it like that," she said. She took a long, shaky breath. "Is Merle gonna be mad?"

"He won't be happy you lied to him, but mostly I think he'll be relieved." Like Olivia was. Honestly, she'd never been more relieved in her life.

"You and Hal don't have any kids?" Mackenzie said, seemingly apropos of nothing.

"No," she said. "I…can't, actually."

"Oh!" Her cheeks flooded with color. "God, Sadie, I'm so sorry. Oh shit. I'm such a bitch!"

"No. You had your reasons. I'm not saying it was the right thing to do, but I get it. If this is the shadiest shit you get up to then you're doing pretty well."

"Too bad it's not Merle's. You and Hal could take it."

Olivia's eyes went wide. "That, um. While I'm sure that idea might tempt Hal, it's not a great one. Bingo's as much kid as I can handle."

"That's how I always felt, too," she said. "But I don't know. Now it's like…a baby? Really? But at the same time I'm so scared, because my parents didn't want me to go to art school in the first place, and when I go home and tell them about this they're just gonna be impossible. And I can't tell Ryan
because he's a fucking asshole and I know he'll just pull some shit about how it's not his."

Olivia lifted a brow. "I have an idea. What if I let you borrow Merle and Hal for an afternoon?"

Mackenzie's face creased. "What do you mean?"

"You really think your dickhead ex would hold out on you if you showed up with those guys at your back? Merle's six-foot-two inches of Scottish badass, and Hal's got that looks-like-a-puppy-but-can-fuck-your-shit-up thing going. And they can show up on their motorcycles."

"Are you serious? Why would Merle do something like that for me once he finds out the truth?"

"I'll talk to him," Olivia said with a shrug.

"You're being so nice to me," Mackenzie said.

"What can I say? I've got no patience for asshole men who think they can get away with anything." She paused and her gaze sharpened. "Have you decided what you're going to do yet?"

"After I tell Ryan?" She shook her head. "Part of me is like I definitely shouldn't keep it. Another part just keeps thinking of cute little onesies and tiny baby shoes."

"All nighters and sudden fevers and dirty diapers and temper tantrums," Olivia said. "Maybe you should spend some time around some babies and then make up your mind. I get getting caught up in the idea; babies can be really cute; but they're...I mean, duh, they're a lifetime commitment. Is that really something you want at your age? On your own?"

Mackenzie let out a long breath. "It really isn't. I want the fun part without the work part."

"Got any siblings? Maybe you could be an aunt instead."

"That's probably why," she said with a rueful twist to her mouth. "My brother and his wife just had one. I went to all the shower things and I go home to see them whenever I can. Makes me want one of my own."

"Yeah, but the difference is you can hand that one back when it cries. With your own you're the one who has to deal with the crying baby."

She shuddered. "I just wanna paint."

"Hard to find time for that when you have to work and take care of a baby." Olivia paused. "I sound awful. I'm sorry. I just don't want you to decide something based on the idea of it rather than the reality."

"No," she said, "I get it. And you're right. Sometimes I have a lot of trouble not seeing the forest for the trees." She grinned. "My dad tells me that all the time."

"Common enough problem," Olivia said, wryly. She held out her hand. "Give me your phone. I'm going to give you my number, and you can call me when you're ready to tell Ryan. I'll send Hal and Merle wherever you want, and they'll be with you all the way. You just want them to glower quietly, they will. You want them to do all the talking, they'll do that too."

Mackenzie unlocked her phone and handed it over. Olivia typed in her number and saved it. Took a quick picture of Bingo and set it as her contact pic.

"I put Bingo's name in, so if anyone got hold of your phone they wouldn't know who it is." She
called herself to save Mackenzie's number then handed the phone back.

"Bingo Martinez," Mackenzie said and giggled. "Very handsome."

"What can I say? We've got good looking men in this house."

"Hal Martinez is kind of a strange name. Uh, no offense."

"None taken," Olivia said. "His name's really Javier, but he doesn't actually speak Spanish, so one day he started calling himself Hal as a sort of joke...and it stuck."

"How long have you two known each other?"

"Um. About seven years. Almost exactly seven years, as a matter of fact." They'd met a few days after her twenty-ninth birthday, and her thirty-sixth was coming up in a little less than two weeks.

"That's so sweet. Merle told me a lot about you guys." She paused. "That's practically all he talked about, to be honest."

"Can I ask you something, Mackenzie?"

"Sure," she said.

"Why Merle? I mean, he's..." She didn't want to say too much, so she cleared her throat and smiled. "He's a lot older than you, and not as obviously hot as, say...Hal, for example. I just—I'm not sure he's the guy I would've picked when I was your age."

"Me neither, really." She thought it over, curling a lock of hair around one finger. "I don't know. There was just something about him. He seemed kinda dangerous, like you said? But, like, safe at the same time. Does that sound weird?"

"No," Olivia said. "I get it completely."

And she did. Chibs was dangerous, and it was stupid to think otherwise, but somehow it was that edge that made you feel so safe with him. She'd always felt that way, even in the early days when she didn't feel safe with anyone. Except maybe Juice, but that was different.

She sighed and rubbed her forehead. "You should stay for dinner," she said. "Merle and Hal will be home soon, and you can tell Merle the truth tonight. It's better if you don't wait."

Her mouth fell open a little. "I'll—I'll tell him. I'll wait for him to get back and I'll tell him then, but I can't stay after that. I'll be too humiliated."

Olivia wasn't going to argue with her. "Your decision, kiddo. Let me call Merle so he isn't blindsided by your being here. He might even be able to duck out early. We work for the same guys, and they're usually pretty cool."

"What do you do?"

"We're mechanics."

"Wow," she said, breathlessly. Her eyes were big and shiny, like bright blue pennies. "That's so cool."

Chibs was so relieved at Mackenzie's news that he forgot to be mad. When Olivia told him and Juice
what she'd suggested to Mackenzie—that they be there when she tell Ryan the truth—they agreed, albeit reluctantly. She reminded Chibs that he owed her, and maybe she'd go a little easier on him at Halloween if he did this for her now.

He gave in with a grumble and a groan, but she'd had no doubt she'd get her way. It wasn't that her men were pushovers—far from it—but they knew when to pick their battles. This wasn't one of them.

That night she and Juice lay curled together in bed, but Chibs hadn't come up yet. Juice was asleep, his breathing deep and even, and she pressed a kiss to his temple. Chibs maybe shouldn't be alone right now. He'd just been through a pretty harrowing experience.

Olivia slipped into a robe against the chill and headed downstairs. Chibs sat at the dining room table, the light turned low, a bottle of Scotch half-empty in front of him.

She paused in the doorway a moment. Then, "Hey there, sailor. Goin' my way?"

He looked up with a surprised smile. "Ah, my lovely lass. Care for a drink?"

She sauntered toward him and propped a hip on the table. "Maybe I should cut you off."

"Don't be heartless, darlin'. A man's gotta have his vices."

She swiped the bottle from him and took a long swig. "And here I thought your vice was sex with pretty little redheads."

"Aye," he said, mournfully. "That's one for sure."

"Well. At least it all turned out okay."

"Too close for comfort, if y'ask me. How did you know?"

She frowned and brushed a lock of hair off his face. "Know what, love?"

"That she was lyin'. You said it the other day. She saw a chance and she took it."

"I don't blame her for what she did, Chibs. If you do that's your business, but I know what it's like to be alone, scared, and desperate. Her ex-boyfriend sounds like a real class act. Fucker raped her, lied about wearing a condom, knowing full well she wasn't on backup birth control and that he was sleeping with someone else."

He snorted. "Juicy and me should kill him."

"Let's not go overboard. We've got to stay on the straight and narrow, remember? Just glower. Put the fear of God into him. Make sure he knows if anything ever happens to Mackenzie, you'll find him."

His head fell back and he looked up at her. "You're lookin' mighty fine tonight, Ollie girl."

"And you're looking mighty drunk. Come on, big guy. Let's get you to bed."

"I hear you like to be fucked on this table."

"It was just the once. I haven't developed a preference either way."

"Ach. Gimme some time. I'll change that."
She fluttered a hand against her chest. "You do say the sweetest things, Filip Telford. All charm and molasses, you are."

"Mercy, love. Can't handle that Southern belle routine when I'm this loaded."

"Is this your second bottle?" she asked, waving it in front of him.

"Aye. Give or take."

"Jesus. I should leave you here."

"You ever see Bobby do his Elvis act?"

"Nope," she said. She slid up onto the table and let her legs dangle. "Never had the pleasure."

"Too bad. He had the wig and jumpsuit and all. We didn't call him Bobby Elvis much around the clubhouse, but that's how other charters knew him."

She studied his face. His dark eyes were sad, his mouth turned down. "You miss them."

"They're my brothers."

"You could still go back."

"No. I don't want to. I've got a good life here. Got a job. You know how long it's been since I've had a legit job?" His brow furrowed as he thought about it. "Maybe never. I've been livin' a life of crime since I was a wee lad."

"A wee lad blowin' shit up in Belfast," she said.

"Aye. That was the way of it." He paused. "Never been as happy as I've been these last two months, that's all I know."

"That's sweet, Chibby."

He hitched a shoulder. "Just the truth, lass. *In vino veritas.*"

A smile tugged at her mouth. "So they say."

He leaned forward and captured her legs with his hands. Squeezed her calves and ran his palms up to her thighs. Kissed the inside of her knee and brushed her skin with his tongue. "You're sittin' on the table, darlin'."

"You're astute even when you're drunk. Good to know."

"All I meant was if you scoot forward just a bit I could get my mouth on that sweet pink cunt of yours. Wonder how it would pair with fine aged Scotch whisky."

"Stop thinking with your dick, Chibby. We're having a conversation."

"Who said anythin' about my dick? I'm offerin' to lick your pussy. That's all."

"Mmmhmm. Tempting, but maybe later. For now I think you need some sleep."

"I would've killed Teddy Flanary for you, if you'd've let me."

She tensed. They never said that name in this house, and the sound of it now was a shock. She
glanced around even though she knew they were alone.

"You were going to be the one? Not Happy or, I don't know. Tig?"

"Happy was Sergeant at Arms, but no. I would've gladly taken over that bit o' wet work from him. It wouldn't've been quick, either. Motherfucker thinkin' he can lay his hands on you. Hurt you. What those fuckin' guards almost did…woulda killed those fuckers, too, goddamn Fed or no."

"Juicy took care of that," she said, soothingly.

"Aye. His right, not mine. You were his woman. Lucky bastard."

"I am still." She ran a thumb over his scar and smiled. "But I'm yours now, too. Remember?"

A grin stretched his face. "Glad to know it, lassie. Pinch meself every day in case it's all a dream."

"No dreams here. Just life. Strange and unusual, but life."

His head lolled a moment before he pinned her with a sharp look and tugged her closer by the ankles. "If you'd been mine back then, darlin' girl, I woulda gone after Flanary before he ever came after you."

"I'm not sure that was an option, sweetheart." She frowned and her eyes flicked away. "Juice took care of me as much as I would let him. I wasn't easy to get along with back then. Not sweet and biddable like I am now."

Chibs laughed so hard he almost fell out of his chair. "Holy Jesus, lass, you can't say shite like that. A body can only take so much."

"Sorry, baby," she said with a smirk. "I'll try to be more careful."

He waved a hand. "I know the lad did his best. He had his own demons to wrestle with."

"You want some honesty, Chibby?"

"Always."

She took a deep breath and smiled a little. "I couldn't have handled you then. Just like how I said I wouldn't've given you the time of day in that bar? I could never have been your old lady. I needed someone like Juice. Someone sweet. She flicked her fingers. "He's not a pushover, no matter what y'all might've thought, but he is a genuinely good person. He sees the best in everything and everyone, and he's made me better."

"You've done wonders for each other, way I see it."

"Yeah, I guess so. If we hadn't had each other we never would be where we are now—the three of us, I mean. I don't think he would've been able to accept this side of his sexuality, and I would never have been able to…well. Be comfortable with all of this."

"You mean fucking two men at once?"

She shrugged. "Fucking, being in love with. But not just that. I could never let you do the things to me you've done. And I know it's all, like, pretty fuckin' vanilla, but considering that when Juice and I first started having sex I couldn't even stand for him to be on top…I think I've come a long way."

He blinked at her, utterly befuddled. "You couldn't…?"
"Don't look at me like that, Chibby. It was having a man over me. Above me. It freaked me out. I told you he was the first guy I was with since TJ, and women are very different creatures."

He made a low growling noise. "Woulda killed that fucker, too. Glad you shot his cock off. Shouldn't've shot him in the head first, though."

She lifted a brow, and her mouth twisted in a bitter moue. "Who says I did?"

"I'm a fool, Ollie lass, thinkin' you ever needed my protection. Shot his cock off. Stayed hidden eight years. Turned state's evidence and got fuckin' Mick Doyle put away for a hundred years, give or take."

"You hear what happened to him?"

"Aye," he said after a moment. "Damn shame. Jail's a dangerous place."

"It truly is." She tapped the table with a fingertip. "It was the deal I made with Jax."

"Hmm?" His eyes were suddenly clear and bright, and she wondered if his drunk act hadn't been just that—an act.

"I promised him if he let Teddy live, I'd make sure he saw everything he ever built destroyed. And then he'd be in prison and...well, like you said. It's a dangerous place. And he was not a nice man."

"And you gave him Gemma."

Her brow furrowed. "I'm not going to apologize for that."

"Not askin' you to. She shot Tara. Woulda killed her if Juice hadn't been there. You were more merciful than I woulda been."

She hesitated, and when she spoke again her tone was thoughtful. "Revenge isn't as sweet as the stories say. It hurts. It...burns. Like acid. And once you start, where does it stop? Teddy dies. Then someone takes his place and his empire continues. So I kill that guy? And then his replacement? And his and his and...where does it ever end? It's a zero sum game."

"I believe Jackie boy learned that the hard way, m'love."

"It's a damn shame. I never trusted him, not completely, but Jax had potential. I know he tried. And Tara..." She trailed off and shook her head. "Let's not talk about this anymore, Chibby. It just makes us both sad."

"Aye. It's old news. Old us."

She opened her mouth to reply, but just then Juice stumbled in, rubbing his hair so that it stuck up all around his head and yawning. "What's goin' on down here? I woke up all alone."

"Hey, baby," Olivia said. She held out a hand and he lurched forward to lace his fingers through hers. "We were just talking. Our warrior poet has had a bit too much."

"Not true, lad. Don't listen to her."

He cocked his head and pulled Juice into his lap. Juice let out a squeak of surprise, but after a moment he settled in. Chibs dipped his chin to nibble at Juice's neck.

"I was tryin' to convince the lass to let me eat her pussy, but she's playin' coy."
"If she's not interested, I am. I haven't gotten laid in days."

Things had been…off, just a bit, ever since Mackenzie's first visit, and despite the cathartic sex she and Chibs had had that night, the three of them had kept physical activity to a minimum.

"Poor baby," Olivia murmured. She hopped off the table and patted the spot where she'd been sitting. "Since you want to fuck someone on the table so bad, Chibby, why not bend Juice over and help him work out some of that frustration?"

"Really?" Chibs said.

"Sure, why not? I bet Juicy's game." She eyed him, and he gave a hard nod.

"Absolutely game."

"See?" She leaned down and kissed Juice, long and slow, then teased Chibs' mouth with her tongue. "I think I'm in the mood to watch."

"Rude to keep a lady waiting, Juicy boy."

She held up a finger. "Suck his cock first, love," she said to Juice. "Make sure he's nice and ready to fuck you."

Juice slid off Chibs' lap and cast him an evil smile. "Rude to keep a lady waiting, Chibby," he said.

"Aye," Chibs said, grinning. "And we're gentlemen born and bred."

Chapter End Notes

I think Mackenzie's got a little puppy love, and it's not necessarily with Chibs. But I'm pretty sure we've seen the last of her. The boys' bodyguard act will more than likely take place off screen.

Also! Who's excited for Halloween? Not the actual Halloween. I mean Lisa Hannigan's Halloween shindig.

I might have something for Olivia's birthday first, tho...we'll see...
i'll go anywhere you want tonight
'cause my head is spinning like a satellite
i got a restless feeling that i never want to fill
i'm absolutely still
Better Than Ezra, "Absolutely Still"

Things settled a bit after that. Juice and Chibs helped Mackenzie with Ryan, and when they got back they were laughing and tripping over each other to tell the story. Apparently getting back into some of their old SAMCRO ways was a bit of a thrill, because they promptly dragged Olivia to bed and spent the rest of the night there. And there was no sleeping involved.

Greg and Charlie, Olivia's bosses, had decided to keep Chibs at the old location with Greg, and move Olivia to the new one with Charlie. It was a longer commute for her (like she'd told Chibs), but she didn't really care. There was a certain thrill in starting something from scratch, a pride she took in helping Greg and Charlie grow their business. She knew it was partially because of her—her reputation had spread around the area and business had increased over the last couple of years—and she was thankful they trusted her so much.

Time was she wasn't the most trustworthy employee in the world. Yeah, she showed up for her shifts and didn't flake out and did her job, but there was the tiny issue of taking off at a moment's notice. That tended to put an employer's nose out of joint.

Her birthday was in two days. Chibs and Juice hadn't said anything, but she could tell they'd noticed how edgy her behavior had gotten. She snapped at Bingo when he jumped on her and got mud on her jeans. She almost started crying when she dropped a mug on the kitchen floor and it broke. She wasn't sleeping well, and more often than not that week Juice and Chibs had woken to find her gone, her pillow cold.

They decided something had to be done. No more hating her birthday. Obviously she had good reason—it was hard to celebrate when it marked such a sad occasion, too—so maybe they could create some new memories. Not necessarily on the twenty-fifth, but in the days leading up to it. Specifically the day before, since that was a Saturday and somehow all three of them were off work. They plotted and they planned, and somehow they got Olivia out of the house for a few hours.

All was quiet when she got home, and that in and of itself was suspicious. She sent Bingo to the backyard with a treat to chew on, and she went searching for her men.

"Hal? Merle?" she called. When one wasn't sure what situation one was about to walk into, it was always better to err on the side of caution.

"In here, babe," Juice's voice said from behind their bedroom door.

She lifted a brow and pushed it open. Juice and Chibs were perched on the edge of the bed grinning like smug cats. Candles burned all around the room, but otherwise she couldn't see what had them so tickled.

"Gentlemen," she said. "What's this?"
"Ach, well," said Chibs, still grinning to beat the band, "this would be our birthday surprise for you. Now we know how you feel about your birthday, and that's all well and good, but we want to make sure you know how glad we are you've made it to see thirty-six of 'em. It's been touch and go at points, yeah?"

Her mouth quirked. "You could say that."

Juice stood up and walked toward her. Took her hand and led her into the bedroom. Chibs joined them, and slowly they started to strip off her clothes. First Juice unbuttoned her blouse, kissing each bit of skin as he uncovered it. Chibs unzipped her trousers and slid them down her hips, massaging her legs as he went. Juice slid her panties off, and Chibs unclasped her bra. He left a line of soft, sucking kisses down her spine, and she shivered at the tickle of his beard.

"What did you boys have in mind?" she murmured.

Chibs lifted her in his arms and set her down on the bed. Juice ducked into the closet and rifled around a bit until he emerged with a black handle-style shopping bag. Olivia recognized it: it was the same type of bag the chic, high-end sex shop in Montpelier used. Very discreet. Very classy. Apparently her boys had been shopping.

They were both still dressed—basic jeans-and-t-shirts—and she wondered if she might be the only one getting naked for a while. She could live with that.

Juice set the bag on the floor next to her feet, but when she tried to get a peek, Chibs stopped her with a finger on her chin.

"Do you trust us, lass?" he said. His dark eyes were intense as they studied her face, and she felt a wave of heat wash through her. She knew her cheeks had gone red by the way Chibs' pupils dilated.

"Of course I do," she said, her voice a tiny bit breathy.

Juice came up beside Chibs, and Chibs wrapped an arm around him. "We're gonna take real good care of you, Livvie," he said. "But you know if there's anything you're not into, you can stop us."

"And safe words, of course," Chibs said.

Olivia's eyes were wide. She bit her lower lip, chewing thoughtfully, and after a moment she nodded. "Whatever you two have planned, I'm in."

"We were hopin' you'd say that, darlin'." Chibs glanced at Juice and grinned. "You're a might overdressed, lad."

Juice nodded. "Not really fair, is it?"

"Not at all. Plus I imagine our girl wants to get a look at you, sexy thing you are."

Olivia muffled a giggle and Juice stuck his tongue out at her. She smirked, and the smile only deepened as Chibs stripped Juice's shirt off. He ran a hand down the center of Juice's chest and kissed along his sternum. Juice shivered, and then again, harder, when Chibs' teeth sank in.

Chibs circled behind Juice, and his eyes were steady on Olivia's as he reached around Juice's body to unfasten his jeans. He pushed them down, along with his shorts, and Juice kicked them away. He was already semi-erect, and as Chibs' hand closed around his cock, Juice's head fell back and he let out a long breath.
Olivia watched as Chibs stroked Juice rock-hard. Juice squirmed against him, making those sexy little whimpering noises, and Chibs soothed him with soft kisses to his neck and shoulder.

"I think the lass would love to get her hands on you, Juicy boy," he rasped into Juice's ear. "What do you think?"

He raised his head and grinned at her. "Looks that way. Too bad she's gonna have to wait."

"Aye. But, as they say, patience is a virtue." He gave Juice's cock one last tug and kissed his ear. "Help me with my clothes, lad. I feel the need to have your pretty lips around my cock."

Juice turned around and unbuttoned Chibs' shirt. Lapped his tongue over his nipples and then kissed his way down. He got rid of his pants and grinned at the sight of Chibs' erection.

Olivia wiggled a little, and Chibs shot her a sharp look. "None of that, lassie. Sit still."

She sucked on her lower lip and nodded. She'd try to play their way, even though it was incredibly difficult when she saw the hungry way Juice was eying Chibs' cock. He licked his lips—Olivia whimpered—and wrapped his mouth around it.

Chibs locked his fingers in Juice's hair and slowly thrust his hips, burying his cock in Juice's mouth. Juice made a low noise and sucked hard. He gripped Chibs' thighs for balance, and Olivia could see his fingers digging into the skin. Chibs drew back and thrust in again. His mouth and throat worked around Chibs' big cock, and Chibs let out a quiet moan.

"That's it, Juicy boy. That's good. Love fuckin' your mouth." A few more rough jerks of his hips and he dragged Juice away. "That's enough, lad. As much as I'd love to come all down your throat, it's not quite time yet."

"Ach, love," Chibs said, laughing at Juice's expression, "don't pout. What say we show our girl what's in the bag?"

That perked Juice up. He twisted around to sit in front of her and tickled the bottom of her foot. She kicked at him.

"No tickling!"

"Not even here?" he said, drawing a finger along the inside of her thigh.

"Maybe…a little there…might be okay."

"But not yet," Chibs said. "Behave, Juicy."

He sat back with a sigh, but his eyes promised all sorts of things, and she couldn't repress a shiver. Chibs dropped down next to her and turned her head toward him for a long, deep kiss. He pressed a hand between her legs and dipped a finger into her.

"So wet, love. Already."

"I just love the way our boy sucks your cock," she said.

"That makes two of us," Chibs said as he pulled away. He nodded at Juice, and Juice reached into the bag. "We got a few things, darlin', but we don't have to use all of them tonight."

Olivia made a quiet noise of surprise as Juice emerged with a coil of cotton rope, braided not twisted. It looked soft but strong, and Juice brushed the end of it against her calf.
"Good for sensitive skin," he said.

"Like yours," Chibs murmured as he kissed the inside of her wrist.

Next he pulled out a vibrator, bigger than any they already owned, and when he flicked through its settings she realized it was more powerful, too. She cut Chibs a look, and he grinned.

"That one was the lad's idea."

There was a length of red silk that could be used for all sorts of things, and then finally a soft, multi-tailed flogger.

"Maybe we'll save that for another night," Chibs said at the look on her face. "Or we could use it on Juicy."

They could both tell Juice liked that idea, but after a moment he put both the flogger and the silk back in the bag. "Another time," he said. "Tonight's about Liv."

"C'mere, darlin'," Chibs said. He wrapped an arm around her waist and tugged her up onto the bed. He leaned against the headboard and settled her on his lap, her back against his chest. He gestured for Juice to follow them, and when he crawled toward them Olivia saw he had the rope and the vibrator with him.

"Still good, love?" Chibs said. He nibbled the side of her neck and cupped her breasts. His hands were a little bigger than Juice's, and she didn't quite fill them. He squeezed, kneading the soft flesh, and she let out a little moan.

"Yeah, Chibby. Gettin' a little impatient, but I'm good."

Juice grinned and kissed the inside of her knee. "You're gonna get really impatient before we're through."

He took her by the wrists and pulled her toward him, up onto her knees. Chibs grasped her hips and lowered her until she was kneeling, sitting back on her heels. Juice handed him the rope, and as Chibs uncoiled it he let the length stroke against her skin.

It was smooth and soft, like well-worn flannel, and she shivered at the sensation.

"Gonna tie your wrists, sweet girl," Chibs said. "Then your ankles. Then tie them together."

She let out a long breath and nodded. "Green, Chibby. Just not—just not too tight."

"Never, darlin'."

Juice kissed her as Chibs worked. The ropes tightened around her wrists just enough for her to feel them, but she could still move her hands easily. Juice skimmed his palms up and down her body, caressing her breasts and lightly tickling her ribs, and his tongue darted in and out of her mouth in an easy tease.

"Love you, baby," he murmured against her lips. "You're so goddamn sexy. Chibby and me are gonna make you feel so good." He tweaked her nipples and she sucked on his lip.

Chibs tightened the binding between her wrists and ankles, and her back arched. "Oof," she said on a breath. "Thank goodness for yoga."

"Too much?" he said.
"No." Her chest heaved a bit as she panted. "No, it's good."

"I've got it so this bit can be tightened and loosened," he said and tugged on the rope between her wrists and ankles. "To give you more freedom to move if we want."

We, she thought. She knew she wasn't included in that particular pronoun, and she couldn't help but smile.

Juice grinned. "You should see the view from here, Chibby. She's like a work of art."

He moved around next to Juice and let out a low, appreciative whistle. The pose thrust her hips out and lifted her breasts, and as her head fell back the ends of her hair trailed against the bed.

"Well, laddie," Chibs said. "Now that we've got her where we want her, what shall we do with her?"

"I've got a few ideas," he said.

"I hope they involve an orgasm sometime in the near future, because really."

Chibs shook a finger at her. "Hush, sweetheart. You put yourself in our hands. That means we make the rules."

Juice ran a fingertip over her labia and licked it. "I think she likes being tied up, Chibby."

"Aye," he said. He pinched one of her swollen nipples and twisted. "Stubborn lass like her. Sometimes it's nice to let someone else make all the decisions."

She whimpered and squirmed against her bonds. Chibs laughed and kissed her just below her breasts. He took the vibrator from Juice and studied it a moment. Waved it in front of her face to make sure she got a good, long look.

"Let's see what this wee thing can do," he said with an evil grin. He flicked it on to its lowest setting and ran it down the center of her chest. "Juicy boy, why don't you help her out with that sweet wet pussy? Lick her nice and clean."

Chibs positioned himself behind her again. Kissed the line of her jaw and brushed the vibrator across her nipples. She wiggled, and when she felt Juice's tongue lap against her wet lips her eyes squeezed shut and she moaned.

"Please, Juicy," she said.

"Please what, sweet girl?" Chibs rasped. He flicked the vibrator up a notch and circled her breasts. "You want him to suck your clit for you, darlin'?"

"Yeah," she gasped. "Yeah, Juicy, please!"

"Just a little," Chibs said to Juice.

He nodded and pressed his mouth to her cunt. Flicked his tongue against her clit, then chuckled as he pulled away and she strained toward him.

"Juan Carlos!" she pleaded.

"Sorry, baby," he said. He lathed his tongue up her slit. "You just look so good like this, Livvie. I think maybe you taste sweeter than ever."
"Gimme a kiss, laddie. I want a taste, too."

Juice sat up and tugged Chibs closer, Olivia pressed between them, and kissed him long and hot. Chibs swirled his tongue over Juice's lips and grinned.

"I think you might be right." He bit Olivia's neck and sucked, just to feel her squirm.

Juice ducked his head again, and this time he didn't play around. He rubbed his tongue hard against her clit, and she let out a soft keen.

"That's it, baby, like that. More, please, don't stop!"

He slid a finger into her and circled it. Chibs put the vibrator aside to massage her breasts with both hands, mouthing her throat and the white curve of her shoulder. He twisted her nipples and Juice sucked her clit between his lips.

"Fuck!" she moaned. Her thighs shook and she rocked against her bonds, trying to press closer to Juice's delicious, teasing mouth.

Chibs reached down to press the heel of his hand against Juice's forehead. "That's enough," he said.

"No, no! Don't stop! I'm so close!"

Chibs laughed, low and husky. "I know you are, sweet girl."

She gave a groan of frustration and Chibs pinched a nipple hard enough to make her yelp.

"Are you going to be good," he said, "or will we have to remind you who's in charge tonight?"

She bit her lip and shook her head. "I'll be good," she said. "Please let me come, Chibby."

"You will, darlin'. First I think our Juicy needs some attention. Don't you? He licked that little cunt of yours so good."

Chibs loosened the robe between her wrists and ankles so that she could bend the other way, but he didn't untie her. Juice caught her shoulders and lowered her gently to the bed. He rubbed her back, long slow strokes designed to keep the muscles loose and warm.

"Still good?" he said.

"Besides feeling like my cunt might explode if I don't come soon, yeah. Green as grass."

Chibs smacked her ass with the flat of his hand and her hips jerked. She moaned and ground against the bed, and Chibs spanked her again.

"Chibby!" she whimpered.

He soothed her with a series of kisses and smiled up at Juice. "What d'you want, lad? She's got such a sweet mouth, and sucks cock good as gold. Or there's this pretty round ass, so tight and fuckable. Just gotta stay away from that pussy, much as you might be tempted."

Juice studied her face, the flushed cheeks and wide eyes. He ran his thumb over her swollen mouth and she brushed her tongue against it. "I think I'll wait," he said. "She looks a little too eager to get her lips around my cock."

She made a face at him and he laughed. "We all know how much you love it, baby. No point in
"Hhhmm," Chibs said. "Well in that case." He lifted her hips so that she was on her knees, her ass in the air. The rope fit tight, nestling between her cheeks, and he paused a moment to grab the lube from the nightstand drawer and slick it up a little. Now every time she moved the thick, slippery cable slid against her.

Chibs nudged her thighs apart, grinning as she whimpered and wiggled, and turned the vibrator to almost the highest setting. Juice brushed his fingers through her hair and kissed the small of her back.

Chibs rubbed her pussy with the vibrator. She cursed and pressed back against it.

"Chibby, God, please please please fuck I need to come so bad!"

Juice held her hips and rocked her on the toy as Chibs teased her with it, flicking it over her clit and then pulling it away. Finally he gave in to her begging and left it there, circling around and around. She came almost immediately, her body arching and her legs shaking.

"Fuck oh God yes yes oh my God!"

"Good girl, sweetheart," Chibs said. "That's right. Feels so good, yeah?"

"Fuck yes!"

Finally she went limp, and Chibs pulled it away. Juice tilted his head, and Chibs grinned at him.

"Not done yet, sweet girl. Lad, help her sit up." Chibs pulled lightly at her arms while Juice pushed her back onto her knees. He slid a pillow underneath her while Chibs tightened the rope, but not enough to bend her backwards; she was still upright, but her movements were limited. He handed Juice the vibrator, switched off, and Juice slid it between her labia, making sure the tip was pressed tight on her clit.

She wiggled a little, but with the pillow in place she couldn't dislodge it. "What are you up to now?" she said.

"You'll see," Juice said, grinning.

They turned her around so that she faced Chibs, and Chibs leaned back against the headboard with an indolent smile. His cock was big between his thighs, and he stroked it as he watched her. Juice crawled around to perch on Chibs' lap, and Chibs spared a hand for Juice's own throbbing erection.

"Turn it on low, Juicy boy," Chibs said.

He twisted the dial and the vibrator let out a gentle pulse. Olivia sighed and moved against it. It felt good. Her clit was sensitive from the orgasm, but not overly so, and hot waves of sensation rippled through her.

Meanwhile Chibs had grabbed a condom, but when Juice saw it he took it from him and tossed it away. "No condom tonight, babe," he said, his voice husky. "I wanna feel you come inside me."

Olivia bit her lip, whimpering just a little, and Chibs smirked as he kissed Juice. "I think she's gettin' the idea," he said and nipped Juice's lips.

"She seems to like it," Juice said.

"Aye. She liked it well enough the other night, but she was running the show then. What say, lass?"
Wanna watch our boy ride my cock?"

"Yes," she breathed. "He loves it so much."

Juice turned the vibrator higher and she squeaked. Chibs laughed and pulled Juice back against him. "You heard the lady," he said. "She wants to watch me fuck you."

"She's got great taste," Juice said.

Chibs slicked some lube over his cock and Juice lifted his hips. Chibs held himself steady, and they both watched Olivia's face as Juice lowered onto him, slowly swallowing Chibs with his eager hole.

"That's right, Juicy boy," he grated. "Fuck, just like that. Love how you feel around my big thick cock."

Juice groaned and wiggled until he had Chibs all the way inside him, buried to the hilt and jutting hard against his prostate. Olivia squirmed against the vibrator, and Chibs twisted it to the highest setting.

She let out a wordless cry, but no matter how she moved she couldn't get away from it. Her hips bucked, and Chibs lifted Juice up to drop him back down again. He reached around to stroke Juice's dick, and neither one could take his eyes off of Olivia as she writhed against the vibrator.

"You look so fuckin' hot, baby," Juice moaned. Chibs thrust up into him and he dug his fingers into Chibs' thick thighs. "Harder, Chibby!"

Chibs grabbed his hips and held him still as he pounded up into him. Let him go so he could bounce on Chibs' cock, and they groaned in unison. Olivia's body bowed and she came hard, moaning and begging as she did.

"Please, please, oh God I can't take it! Please!"

Chibs smirked and squeezed Juice's cock. It was dripping everywhere, and he swirled the pre-come all over the tip. He slowed down, holding Juice still and grinding into him, making sure he could feel every inch of his dick in his tight ass.

"Watch our girl, baby," he whispered in Juice's ear. "Watch the way she comes on that toy. She fuckin' loves it. Can't get enough."

Juice pinched her nipple and she came again. The orgasm slammed into her, tightening every muscle and leaving her shuddering and gulping great breaths of air.

"Fuck, oh God," Juice groaned. "Gonna come, Chibby. Fuckin' dyin'!"

Chibs stroked him faster, and with a jerk of his hips he came, spilling all over Chibs' hand and his stomach. Olivia's entire body shook, and at the sight of Juice's come smeared against his chest another orgasm hit, but this one was almost painful.

"Too much," she gasped. "Goddamn, Chibby, too much!" She lurched against the vibrator, and he flipped it down low. She moaned and rocked her hips, and Juice clenched Chibs' cock with his ass.

"Come for me, Chibby," Juice rasped. "Wanna feel you come in me."

"So good, loves," he said, barely coherent. "Love you so much. Love fuckin' you, makin' you come. Fuck, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph holy Christ!" Suddenly he was speaking Gaelic, a long,
incomprehensible stream of it, and with one last thrust he filled Juice's ass with come.

Juice twitched and moaned and wished he'd held on just a little longer. It felt so fucking good he wanted to come all over again. He had just enough presence of mind to turn the vibrator off, and Olivia slumped against him with a long, desperate keen. He fell back against Chibs' chest, and Chibs kissed his temple as Juice stroked Olivia's hair.

As they all started to get their breath back, Juice carefully untied the ropes and massaged her wrists. "Good, baby?" he said.

She gave a boneless nod. "Yeah. Uh huh. Yes."

Chibs laughed and carded his fingers through the damp strands around her face. "You did so good, sweet girl. So goddamn sexy. Right, Juicy boy?"

"God yeah. You were the hottest fuckin' thing I've ever seen."

She smiled a little and winced as she stretched her legs. "Gonna be sore in the morning."

"How about a bath, darlin'?" Chibs said. "Nice and hot. Juicy and me will pamper you a little."

She nodded, but when she started to get up, Juice swooped her into his arms to carry her instead.

"C'mon, Chibby," he said. "Our girl loves a nice soak in the tub. And I think there's some ice cream in the freezer."

Chapter End Notes

I've already started writing the next chapter, and it's Halloween. For real and sure this time. Because I've already started writing it.
All Dressed Up

Chapter Summary

As requested. Part 1.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

took forty-five minutes to get all dressed up
we ain't even gonna make it to this club
now my mascara runnin', red lipstick smudged
oh he so horny, yeah he want to fuck
he popped all my buttons and he ripped my blouse
he monica lewinski'd all on my gown
Beyoncé, "Partition"

The plan was a great success, for the most part, and her mood improved markedly as the weekend went on. By Monday when she went back to work she felt lazy and content, and even Greg remarked that she seemed to have a glow about her.

Lisa's party was Friday night, and Olivia had been furiously planning their costumes for the past several weeks. She knew the guys weren't going to be completely happy with her when they saw them, but she was thrilled. Chibs would like Juice's anyway.

She'd bought most of the pieces at various costume shops, but she was doing alterations, both for fit and just because she was never completely happy with store-bought things. There wasn't enough detail, especially on her costume. By Thursday she was confident they were mostly done, and she gathered Chibs and Juice for a fitting.

"What the fuck?" Juice said. "Where's the rest of it?"

Olivia smirked and crossed her arms over her chest. "That's what Aladdin wore, love. At least you get shoes."

Chibs grinned and held out the purple vest. "I like it," he said.

"Thought you would. Have you looked at yours yet?"

He made a doubtful face. "Aye," he said, drawing the syllable out. "What's this wee purse?"

"It's not a purse. It's a satchel."

"Do I get to wear a shirt with my waistcoat?" he said, poking at the green sleeveless doublet.

She sighed. "Yes, Chibs. You're Flynn Rider. From Tangled? You get a shirt and boots and everything."

"So why'm I practically naked?" Juice said.
"Because we all want to ogle you, lad," said Chibs.

She hitched a shoulder. "It's true. Sorry."

"Maybe I don't like bein' ogled," he grumbled.

"Sure you don't." She pressed her hands to her hips and glared at both of them. "You promised me we'd do this my way. Stop bitching and get dressed. If your costumes don't fit tomorrow it'll be your own fault!"

"Aye, lass," Chibs said with a protracted sigh. He sounded like she'd asked him to slay a dragon with both hands tied behind his back. "Come on, lad. Better go put the damn things on before she gets her back up right proper."

"Wait a sec," Juice said to her. "What're you wearing?"

She flashed him a smug grin. "I guess you'll just have to wait to find out, won't you?"

Jasmine, Chibs mouthed over her head, nodding and waggling his brows.

Juice coughed to hide a laugh and reached around her to grab the vest from Chibs. "Fine. I'll wear it. But I refuse to look cute."

"Oh, sweetheart," she said with a flick of her fingers. "You can't help but do that."

She got all the alterations made, and she had the costumes laid out on the bed for them to put on when they got home. She spent the entire afternoon with her hair in curlers, and when Chibs looked for her she was hiding in the guest bath and told him to go away. Befuddled, he went to find Juice.

"What is the lass up to?" he said.

"No idea," said Juice. He handed Chibs a beer and leaned back against the kitchen counter. "Our plan still on?"

"I'm in if you are, laddie."

"Yup. The tricky part's gonna be getting her out of the house without us."

Chibs waved a hand. "Not to worry. I've got that all taken care of."

"Guys!" Olivia called from upstairs. "Why aren't you dressed yet?"

Chibs tapped his nose and grinned. "Ach, lass, Lisa just called. She was wonderin' if you could arrive a little early. Help her with a few last minute things? Juicy and I can take his car."

There was a short silence. Then, "Yeah, fine. I'm almost ready anyway. I'll be down in five."

"That was pretty good," Juice said.

"Not my first time, m'lad." He lifted his beer in salute and they both drank.

A few minutes later they heard Olivia's tread on the stairs, and they nearly dropped their bottles as she appeared in the kitchen. She was fiddling with part of her costume, but eventually she gave up and spun around.
"Could one of you lace me up? Thought I could do it myself, but I guess I'm not that coordinated. Or bendy."

The silence behind her stretched for so long that she finally peeked over her shoulder at them. They both stared at her, gape-mouthed, and her lips twisted in a smile.

"Oh," she said. "You like?" She smoothed the velvety material over her hips and her grin deepened. "Thought you might."

She wore a dark teal dress with a thick band of gold around the bottom. The dress came up to her collarbones, and the hem just barely showed the toes of her brown boots. The sleeves were long, and every inch of skin from the neck down (except her hands) was covered. A gold and green belt hung low at her hips, and it tied off to let one end dangle almost to her ankles.

But the dress was tight. Clung to every curve, and she was wearing…something…underneath that made her figure look even more hourglass than usual. Add to that the wild, curling cloud she'd made of her hair, and whatever she'd done to make the freckles across her nose stand out, and Chibs and Juice both felt tongue-tied and stupid.

"And, uh." Chibs cleared his throat and tried again. "Who, uh. Who're you supposed to be, lass?"

"Merida," she said. "From Brave?" At his blank look she waved a hand. "Never mind. She's Scottish, though, so I thought you might like it. Is someone going to help me with my dress, or…?"

"Yeah," Juice said and shook his head. "Yeah, sure." He stumbled forward and fumbled at the complicated laces. They weren't complicated. They just felt that way.

"Pull it tight," she said. "It's supposed to be fitted."

He could see pale pink silk rather than skin, and he frowned in confusion. "What're you wearing?" he said.

"A corset, of course. Gotta keep everything smooth and in place."

"A…? JesusChristonthecrossholyMaryMotherofGod," Chibs said all in a rush.

"There," Juice said as he tied it off. "Got it." He sounded a little breathless, and Olivia turned to press a kiss against his mouth.

"Thanks, babe. You boys behave, and please don't be late." She kissed Chibs, too, then hurried away. They could hear her digging through the hall closet before her keys jingled and the door closed behind her.

Juice let out a long breath like he'd been punched in the gut. "Holy shit," he said.

"Aye, lad. Think she's on to us and decided to turn the tables?"

"Maybe. But I think it's a coincidence."

"Tricky wench." Chibs cleared his throat again and finished off the last few swallows of beer. "They still in your car?"

"Yep, in the trunk. I'll meet you upstairs."

Olivia learned when she got to Lisa's that there'd been no call for last-minute help. She narrowed her
eyes and drummed her fingers against her other arm.

"They're up to something," she said.

"Oh, men always are, dear." Lisa took a step back and eyed her up and down. "Look at you! If I had your figure when I was thirty-six…"

Olivia laughed. "It's mostly carefully engineered underwear. A little more confining than Spanx. You look adorable, by the way."

Lisa was dressed as Little Bo Peep. Her blonde hair was in ringlets, and she wore a wide pink and blue dress. "You're so sweet! Well, since you're here, I guess I could use some help with this punch. The bowl's on the table; just dump everything in and give it a stir."

She paused. "You said your uncle would be joining us tonight?"

"Yep," Olivia said with a grin. "And I really think he'll like your costume."

Lisa giggled—that was the only word for it—and waved a hand. "He's a mess! Such a colorful addition to the neighborhood."

That much Olivia could agree with with no hesitation. Lisa pointed her to the punch bowl, and they were just putting the finishing touches on a tray of crudités when the doorbell rang. Guests starting pouring in after that, and they all spent the requisite amount of time exclaiming over each other's costumes. No one else so far was Merida, Olivia was happy to see, but Hannah Jonson from down the block snorted when Olivia pointed that out.

"Sadie, no one would dare. We'd all look absurd in some big red wig while you stood by with that."

She waved a hand at Olivia's hair and smiled to soften the words. She frowned and looked around.

"Where's your ridiculously adorable husband, by the way? I was looking forward to drooling over him in his costume."

"Good question," she said. It was quarter after, and Chibs and Juice had yet to show. She knew they wouldn't stand her up, but she was getting a little concerned. "They should be here soon. Hal and Merle, that is."

"Ohh, the mysterious uncle!" Alice Sanders said. "Lisa's told us so much about him!" Her voice dropped. "She said he has scars on his face?"

"Um." Olivia knew Chibs wouldn't like her talking about it, but at the same time, these women had little better to do than gossip. If she answered their questions now they'd be less likely to ask him about it directly. "Yeah. He was mugged back in his twenties. It's called a Glasgow Smile. That's where he's from? He doesn't like to talk about it, though, so…" She trailed off and the women nodded understanding.

"Is he really your uncle?" Hannah said.

"No. Just a family friend. He used to work at my grandpa's garage when I was younger."

Alice shot Hannah a sly smile. "And did you two ever…?"

"What?" Olivia said. Her eyes went wide. "No! That would be weird. No."

"Just checking," Hannah said.
"Oh," said Alice.

Something in her tone made Olivia frown, and as she followed the line of her stunned eyes, her mouth twisted in a smile. Juice and Chibs had arrived, and nearly every woman in the room—and quite a few of the men—had stopped to take notice.

Olivia took a sip of her bourbon and smirked. "Well, Hannah," she said, "let the drooling commence."

She left them there and wove her way through the crowd. Lisa beat her to them, though, and she was gushing over their costumes.

"So authentic! And perfect with Sadie's! Merida's Scottish, but of course you knew that!" She brushed an imaginary bit of lint off Chibs' shoulder, and he grinned over her head at Olivia, who ducked her chin to hide a smile.

"Is this your family's plaid?" Lisa said, her smile about a mile wide and blindingly bright.

"Ach, no," Chibs said. He took Lisa's hand and bent over it to press a kiss to her knuckles. "It's Fraser tartan, Sadie's family name."

Olivia stepped up beside Juice and wove her arm through his. "Quite an entrance," she murmured in his ear.

"You like?"

She tried to look stern, but the expression melted into a smile, and her eyes were hot on his. "You two look like walking sex. Not sure I'm gonna be able to get you out of here fully clothed."

They were wearing kilts. Full-on regalia, with the plaid thrown over their shoulders and sporrans around their waists. Knee socks and those shoes that laced up the leg and—well. Walking sex, like she'd said.

"Whose idea was this?" she said.

He hitched a shoulder. "Sort of a group effort, I guess. We wanted to surprise you."

"Uh huh. Mission accomplished."

Lisa had dragged Chibs away to introduce him around, so Olivia walked Juice toward the bar. People stopped them all along the way to ask questions and comment about Juice and Chibs' matching costumes, and to compliment Olivia on her Scottish theme. She took credit with a grin, and moved Juice's hand off her ass when he tried to squeeze it.

"You look amazing, baby," he whispered, his face obscured by her wild curls. "Wanna rip that dress off you and get at what's underneath."

She laughed at something Alice's husband Peter said to her, and then let her gaze skim across Juice's. She knew if she looked too long everyone in the room would know what they were thinking, so she kept it brief. But it was enough to bring a slight flush to Juice's cheeks.

"I'm gonna go check on Merle," she said. "Make sure he's doing okay with all these new people." She pressed a kiss to Juice's jaw and left him there to chat with Peter and Alice. As she crossed the room she heard her name, and she paused and pretended to adjust her belt.
"That's Hal Martinez. Don't get any ideas, though. He's very married," the woman's companion said.

"Basically the most married man I've ever met," Hannah remarked. "I asked him to take a look at my computer one time because it was making this funny noise? Invited him over when the house was empty, put on my tiniest bikini...he barely looked twice."

Olivia lifted a brow and smoothed her dress. Hannah had tried to seduce her husband? And he hadn't been interested? Good to know. She smiled to herself and moved on. Let her try. Juice was very married, and he only had eyes for his wife and their sexy Scottish lover.

Speaking of...

Chibs had managed to carve out a quiet space for himself in the corner, and she moved in behind him to slip an arm around his waist. "Enjoying the party, Uncle Merle?"

He flashed her a grin. "Aye, darlin'. You?"

"More now that my two favorite guys are here."

He slid his hand down her back to cup her ass. They faced the room, and she was fairly certain no one would notice, so she let him. He patted her, then frowned a little.

"You forget somethin'?" he said, his voice going low and quiet.

"Hmm? Oh, no." She smiled up at him. "I'm wearing a thong."

He choked a little on his drink. "Is that, ah...is that so?"

"Mmhmm. And a garter. With stockings."

"You know, lass, we are in public, and I am only human."

She cut him a look from the corner of her eye. "You should've thought of that before you and my husband colluded to get me all hot and bothered by wearing kilts."

His mouth fell open. "You knew."

"Please. Of course I knew. Why do you think I chose Merida?"

"Clever girl," he said, grinning. His fingers skimmed her back to tangle in the trailing ends of her hair. He tugged just a little, and he was still smiling when he said, "When we get you home, sweet girl, we are gonna fuck you so good your legs'll tingle for the next week."

"That sounds wonderful, but I had a different idea."

"That so?" he said.

She looked up at him, her wide green eyes innocent. "I think it's time to try out the other things you two bought in Montpelier. I think Hal would be amenable to the idea. Don't you?"

"Aye," he said a little breathlessly. "I think we both would."

She made a pretense of fixing his collar so he'd dip his head lower. "Good," she said, her mouth near his ear. "I can't wait to watch him squirm as we take turns flogging that cute brown ass."

Chibs gripped her arm hard enough to leave a mark, and she pulled away with a smile. "There,
Merle," she said, smoothing a hand over his chest. "Good as new." She winked at him and sauntered away, leaving him to deal with the problem in his kilt.

She found Juice down in the basement about twenty minutes later. He was on a sprung brown sofa shoved in the corner, and Vanessa and Alyssa Keating were perched next to him. Olivia cast him a smile across the room and he lifted his hand in a brief wave.

Lisa swooped in out of nowhere and grabbed Olivia's arm. "Sadie! Why didn't you tell me they would be wearing kilts? I needed time to prepare!"

She laughed and patted Lisa's hand. "Honestly? I didn't know. They surprised me. I'd picked out completely different costumes for them." She grinned and leaned closer. "They think they surprised me, but I strongly suspected they had something up their sleeves."

"Men," Lisa said. "They think they're so smart." She paused a moment and studied Olivia's face. "Listen, Sadie, there's something I wanted to ask you about."

"Hmm?" Olivia said. She was a little distracted by the amount of thigh Juice was flashing.

"It's about Merle. He's single, isn't he?"

That got her attention. Of course they would have to deal with things like this, but what could Olivia say? *Nope, sorry, he's in a committed fuckfest with my husband and me.* Not a good plan. Instead she cleared her throat and dredged up a sympathetic little smile.

"Technically, yes, but...his wife died a little over a year ago, and no matter what he says we can all tell he's not over it. I don't think he would be ready to date."

"Oh no!" Lisa said, pressing a hand to her mouth. "How terrible for him!"

"It really was," Olivia said. "It's part of why he left Scotland to come to Vermont. Too many memories of her there."

"How sad," Lisa said.

Lisa shook her head and brushed a tear from the corner of her eye. Too late Olivia realized her error: she'd just made Chibs a grieving widower, something that increased his power of attraction by at least ten times. Well. She'd done what she could. Now it was Chibs' problem.

A man Olivia didn't know came up behind Lisa and whispered something in her ear. Her expression cleared and she clapped her hands together. "Go sit with Hal, hon. I've got such a surprise for everyone!"

Vanessa started to move over, but Juice stopped her. "Don't worry about it," he said. He grabbed Olivia by the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. "Plenty of room," he said, grinning.

She settled against him, wiggling a little, and he bit back a hiss. Chibs appeared at the top of the stairs, and when he saw them a smile twisted his mouth.

"Come on," Alyssa said and grabbed Vanessa's hand. "Let's go get a drink before Lisa makes us bob for apples or something."

Olivia snickered and Vanessa rolled her eyes. They nodded to Chibs as they passed him, and he said something that made them both laugh. Finally he got to the couch and dropped down onto it next to Juice and Olivia.
"Charming everybody in town, I see," she said.

"It's what I do, lassie. Can't help it."

The lights in the basement went out and everyone gasped. A flashlight flicked on near the center of the room and the man who'd whispered in Lisa's ear laughed. "Story time, everybody!" he said.

Olivia recognized him then. He taught English at the high school, and he was always in the middle of writing two or three novels. A Stephen King in the making, he would claim with a self-deprecating smile that couldn't hide the gleam of ambition in his eyes. Olivia didn't really like him; he'd tried to grab her ass at a July Fourth cookout once; but she had to admit his writing wasn't too bad.

And if the basement was going to stay dark—well, so much the better.

She leaned back against Juice and he wrapped an arm around her. "Hey, baby," he said and kissed the side of her neck.

She squeezed his thigh. "Hey, handsome."

Chibs angled himself a bit closer, so that his mouth was near her ear. "Too bad that skirt's so long, darlin'," he said. "We could recreate that evenin' in Mexico."

"Exactly why I wore it. Thought it might force you two to behave."

"Us?" Juice said. He wiggled so that she could feel his erection pressing into her ass. "Why would we want to do that?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Maybe because most of the neighborhood is here, people we have to see every day?"

"Well, there is that," Juice said. He gripped her hips and pulled her down as he rocked his pelvis. "Damn, baby, you look so fucking good. If we were anywhere else right now I'd pick you up and slide you down onto my big hard cock," he rasped.

She bit her lip, and Chibs took advantage of her spreading skirt to rub his knuckles against Juice's thigh. "Did the lass tell you she's wearin' a thong?" he said. "And stockings?"

"I love stockings," he said. He sounded short of breath.

"I know you do," she said.

As the English teacher guy—Jim? John? James?—told his story about rats in a graveyard, Chibs whispered in her ear, a filthy litany, just loud enough for Juice to hear, too, if he leaned forward.

"The things we could do to you, sweet girl. Rip that thong off, bend you over, and fuck you nice and slow. Or maybe kneel between your legs and lick that pretty cunt of yours."

She squirmed and Chibs grinned.

"Ach, you like that idea. Juicy could slide that fat brown cock right into your tight little ass and you could bounce up and down on him while I play with your clit." He slid his hand between Olivia and Juice, rubbing her back and tangling his fingers in her hair. "Love the way you taste, darlin'. So sweet and wet. Wanna lick up every drop and suck that eager little clit until you come all over my mouth, drippin' down my chin 'cos you love it so much."
She pressed a hand to his chest to push him away. Her cheeks were hot, Juice's cock was like a rod against her ass, and the thong was rubbing in all the wrong places—or right places, depending on how you wanted to look at it.

"I'm going upstairs to get a drink," she hissed. "Try to cool off while I'm gone." She slid off Juice's lap and squeezed through the crowd, but Lisa stopped her at the base of the stairs.

"You okay, hon?" she said, her blue eyes concerned.

Olivia nodded. "Just a little warm in this costume. I'm gonna grab a glass of water, but I'll be right back."

She nodded and let her go, and a moment later she dimpled as Juice appeared at her elbow. "Oh, Hal, you should go check on Sadie. She went to get some water, but she looked awfully flushed. I hope she isn't coming down with something."

"Thanks, Lisa. Yeah, she had a headache earlier, but she really wanted to come anyway. I hope we don't have to duck out early."

Lisa tutted. "I hope not, either. There's some aspirin in the guest bathroom cabinet if she needs it. Help yourself."

"Thanks," he said again. "I'll ask her."

When he found Olivia she was leaning against the kitchen sink sipping water from a tall glass. He grinned, wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her long and slow.

"Okay, baby?" he said, laughing.

"I hate you both," she muttered.

"Liar." He glanced over his shoulder and skimmed his palm over the swell of her breast. "Lisa said there's aspirin in the bathroom."

"I don't need aspirin," she said.

"I know," he said. "I just thought it'd give us an excuse in case anyone came looking for us."

"And what will we be doing instead?"

He shrugged a shoulder and led her down the hall. "Thought I might fuck you," he said.

Her breath hitched. "At Lisa Hannigan's Halloween party?"

He pulled her into the bathroom and shut the door behind them. Clicked the lock and grinned. "Everyone's downstairs. No one'll know what we're doing except Chibs." He lifted her onto the counter and rucked her skirt up around her thighs.

She reached under his kilt to stroke his cock. "The idea has definite appeal."

He bit his lip and rocked into her touch. "Been a long time since we fucked in a bathroom that wasn't ours," he said with a grin.

"You're terrible, Martinez."

"You know you love it."
She wrapped a leg around his hips and her arms around his neck. "You know I do."

He kissed her, squeezing her ass and pulling her closer. His hands skimmed up her thighs until he had one finger hooked in her thong. He tugged it, and the delicate material parted easily. She was wet, practically dripping, and he couldn't resist sliding two fingers into her hot cunt.

"Yes," she whispered. "That's good, baby."

"Maybe I'll just do this," he said, his voice husky. "Just finger you. Make you wait for my cock."

"You'd be waiting too, sweetheart," she murmured. She circled her thumb over the head and he shivered. "You should know we talked about it. We want to use the flogger on you tonight."

"Fuck," he grated. He nipped at her collarbones. Swirled his tongue against the hollow of her throat. "Somethin' else I should tell you, babe."

"Hhmm?" she said.

He grinned at her and turned around. Lifted the kilt and bent over a little. Her eyes went wide and she pressed a hand to her mouth. The pink jewel that marked the end of the plug he liked so much was nestled between his cheeks.

"Ohh," she breathed.

Turning to face her again, he grasped her thighs with both hands and yanked her closer. She carded her fingers through his hair and he thrust into her, long and hard. She let out a soft cry that she muffled against his shoulder, and he moved in rough, hungry jerks.

"Yeah, baby," she said. "So good! Fuck me like that, sweetheart God I love it!"

"I know you do. Goddamn you feel good." He bit the side of her neck and sucked a little. Then, "He put it in before we left. After I was all dressed and everything. It's why we were late."

She flicked her tongue against his earlobe. "Does it feel good, sweetheart? Do you like walkin' around here with that plug in your tight brown ass?"

"Fuck yeah," he whispered. "Been hard all goddamn night. Fuck, Jesus Christ, baby oh God!"

"Mmmm," she moaned. "You like the idea of us spanking you, baby? You wanna wear the plug while we use that flogger on you?"

He whimpered. "Want it so bad, babe," he gasped. "Wanna eat your pussy while he spanks me with it."

"Fuck, love, oh God! A little more," she said. "Just like that. Don't stop don't stop!"

He pressed his thumb against her clit and moved even faster, pulling her down onto him as hard as he pushed up into her. She hated not being able to say his name, but she did the next best thing.

"Love you, baby, love you so much feels so good! Can't get enough of your cock!" Her head fell back and her nails clenched against his scalp and he felt her tighten around him as the orgasm swept through her. "Love the way you make me come!"

"God, babe, that's it, so sexy so fuckin' hot fuck fuck yeah!" She bit the side of his neck and he came with her. They rocked through it together, her legs locked tight around him and his mouth warm and silky against hers.
"I love you so much," she murmured.

He pressed his forehead against hers and managed a breathless laugh. "I love you too, baby."

He pulled away with a groan and offered her a handful of tissues. "Would hate to get come on your pretty dress."

She made a low noise of disapproval. "Clearly I can't take you two anywhere. Fingering at the table. Fucking in the bathroom. You're incorrigible, both of you."

"Yep," he said with a grin. He adjusted his kilt and helped her with her dress, smoothing it down over her hips and tightening her belt. "In all fairness, you're the one who decided to dress like a walking wet dream. We can only be expected to endure so much."

"Funny, that's what the other guy said." She kissed him. "And I'm sure there was no ulterior motive at all for your last-minute costume revision."

"Nope," he said, his dark eyes big and innocent. "None."

"Uh huh. Go on," she said and waved him away. "Head back downstairs. People will think we're up here fucking."

"Wonder what'd give them that idea?" he said.

He squeezed her ass, kissed her hard and fast, and headed out. Chibs was coming down the hall toward him—Lisa had sent him up to check on them—and Juice winked as he went past. He pressed the small scrap of lace he'd ripped off her into Chibs' palm and whispered, "Three to two, babe. Your move."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was later than usual; it was an on-the-road day, so I had to wait until I had wifi access. Ugh. This hotel's wifi sucks.
They stayed another hour or so—as short a time as they could without being rude—and then Olivia pleaded a migraine and they ducked out. Lisa fussed over her and wrapped up several of her homemade sugar cookies, decorated like pumpkins and ghosts and witches' hats, to go, and as she handed them to Chibs her cheeks were decidedly pink.

Chibs offered to drive Olivia's Mustang while Juice followed them in his car, and once they were settled she eyed him across the seat.

"Were you flirting with Lisa Hannigan while Juice and I were fuckin' in the bathroom?" she said.

He grinned and bit into a cookie. "Aye, maybe a little."

"I told her you're a widower and that's why you moved to Vermont. Not sure she's ever gonna let you go now."

"No need to be jealous, lass. Ms. Hannigan is a fine and lovely woman, but I'm spoken for."

"Oh?" Olivia said, a grin tugging the corners of her mouth.

"Aye. Got a redhead witch on one arm and a sexy Puerto Rican on the other."

She lifted a brow. "Witch, am I?"

"In the best sense of the word. Enchantress."

"Ha!" she said, a quick laugh that she muffled with her palm. "Sure, Chibby. That's me."

He finished off the cookie and reached across to gather a handful of her skirt. When he had it rucked above the knee he squeezed her thigh, higher than was strictly proper in a car driving down a quiet neighborhood street. She eyed him.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothin', lass. You and Juicy have a nice quickie?"
"Mmhhmm. Been a while since we've done something like that."

"You often fuck in the neighbor lady's bathroom, then?"

"Nah. That was a first." She paused and grinned at him. "Other places, though. A changing room at Nordstrom once."

"Aye, seems he mentioned that." He rubbed his thumb in a circle against the soft skin above her stocking. "Until that night in the clubhouse, I always thought you were…"

"What?" she said when he trailed off. "A prude?"

"Not exactly," he said. His shoulders moved in a shrug. "Innocent, a bit. The good girl type." He flicked his fingers. "That's not exactly right, either. You just surprised me, is all."

"Not the type of woman to fuck her husband in a department store changing room or the neighbor lady's bathroom, you mean."

"Aye," he said, shortly.

"Well…" She thought about it a moment. "Before I met Juice I probably wouldn't've done those things. But, you know, when you love someone…when you trust them…it becomes easier to do the sorta stuff you never thought you would." She ducked her head. "That and things between Juice and me have always been really intense. I'm not the type of woman to pick a guy up in a bar, either."

"Hum." He pulled into their driveway and cut the engine. Juice pulled in beside them, but as he got out of the car, Chibs and Olivia sat a few seconds longer. "So how does that explain what happened between us in the clubhouse?"

She smiled at him and leaned over to kiss his cheek. "I trusted you, Chibby. Drunk or not, it wouldn't've happened with anyone else."

"Except Juice."

"That goes without saying."

Juice knocked on her window and waved. "You two gettin' out, or gonna sit in the driveway all night?"

"Impatient, ain't he?" Chibs said.

"Can you blame him? He's had a plug rubbing against his prostate all night. If I hadn't fucked him in the bathroom he probably would've had some sort of stroke by now."

She opened the car door and Juice yanked her out and tossed her over his shoulder. She let out a quiet shriek of laughter, and he smacked her ass. She lifted his kilt and did the same to him, and he put her down only to haul her against him and kiss her hot and hard.

"Now, lad, you've had your turn with the lady," Chibs said. "Don't be greedy."

Chibs unlocked the front door and they tumbled inside. Olivia fell against Chibs and he caught her around the waist.

"Tell me, love," he murmured as he nibbled the side of her neck. "What exactly do you want to do to our Juicy tonight?"
She stretched up on tiptoe to whisper in his ear, her eyes hot on Juice's flushed face. Chibs laughed and patted her ass.

"Head upstairs, Juicy boy," Chibs said. "Take everythin' off except the kilt and sit on the bed to wait for us." He held up a finger. "Behave. No jerkin' off."

He gave an eager nod and hurried up the stairs. Chibs spun Olivia around so that he had his own erection pressed against the curve of her ass.

"I wanna come all over this dress, darlin'," he rasped. "All over this sweet round ass that's been wigglin' at me all night."

"Mmm," she murmured. She laced her fingers through his hair and tugged. "Get come on my dress and it might be the last time I ever have any sort of contact with your penis."

"Ach!" he said. "You're a cruel temptress, Olivia Ortiz, and no mistake."

"Cheer up, baby. You can still come on my ass. Or in my ass, if you want. Just make sure the dress is out of the way first."

He pressed her against the wall and pulled the skirt up. Slid a hand between her legs to find her hot and slick. "Seems you're as eager as our Juicy," he said. "Think I might finger you a bit, just so the boy can hear you moan."

"Nuh uh," she said.

"Hhm?"

She spun around and tugged on the front of his shirt. "Eat me, Chibby. Lick my pussy. You can't tease like you did at the party and not deliver."

"Let's get upstairs, sweetheart," he said. "I'll eat you while our boy watches, yeah?"

"We might have to tie his hands behind his back."

He grinned, wide and dark. "Oh I think we could manage that."

Juice was exactly where Chibs had told him to be. He'd stripped down to just the kilt and sat perched on the end of the bed, his hands clasped between his knees. When he saw them he sat up straighter and grinned.

"Glad you could make it," he said.

Chibs didn't reply. Instead he sauntered across the room, pulled Juice to his feet, and kissed him hard. He reached beneath the kilt, and while Olivia couldn't see exactly what he was doing, based on the way Juice moaned and squirmed she imagined he was playing with the plug.

"Fuck, Chibby," he rasped. His head fell back and his mouth fell open and a crease formed between his brows.

Chibs turned them a little so that Olivia could see, and she bit her lip as Chibs' strong hand pulled the plug partway out of Juice's ass, and then slowly, slowly slid it back in again. She stepped closer and ran her hands over Juice's back. Kissed across the width of his shoulders and flicked her tongue against the rippling muscles.
"Juice Ortiz in a kilt. Just a kilt. If this isn't a fantasy come to life then I don't know what is," she said with a chuckle.

"He does look mighty fine," Chibs said. He nibbled the corner of Juice's jaw. "Sit back down, love," he said. "The lass doesn't want us to mess up her bonny gown, so I thought I'd help her with it."

Juice turned to kiss her, then he dropped down onto the bed again. Chibs took her hand and pulled her a few steps away to make sure Juice had a good view. He took off the belt and draped it over a chair. Then, moving with slow and deliberate care, he unlaced the back. He pulled the cord free and peeled the dress off until it hung from her waist.

Olivia rarely wore pink—she did not think redheads looked pretty in it—but the silk jacquard corset was only a few shades pinker than her pale skin. Her freckles glowed like sparks, and her curling red hair was like a flame down her back.

"Gorgeous, lass," Chibs whispered as he dipped his head to press a kiss to her shoulder.

"The rest of it," Juice said in a strangled croak. "Wanna see all of her."

Chibs pushed the dress over her hips and it fell in a puddle at her feet. Her stockings were white, the garter the same pink silk as the corset, and the dark red at the juncture of her thighs set an erotic contrast against her skin.

Juice reached out to run his fingers up her thigh, skimming first stockinged leg, then bare skin. She shivered from the sensation and made a little noise of protest when Chibs grabbed Juice's hand.

"No touching, laddie," he said. "Not for you." He pressed his palm between her legs and rubbed her pussy; she whimpered and rocked against him. With his other hand he reached into his sporran and pulled out a scrap of fabric. She couldn't tell what it was, but when he rubbed it along the top of her thigh her eyes widened a little.

"Chibs, why do you have my underwear?"

"Lad gave 'em to me." He sighed. "It's the thirtieth and he's ahead in our game."

"Maybe you'll get a chance tomorrow."

"No way," Juice said. "I've got this in the bag."

"Cocky little shit," Chibs said with an affectionate grin. He pulled Olivia's arms behind her and wrapped the bit of lace and satin around her wrists, binding them together. "Not too tight?" he said.

She shook her head. "But what are you doing?"

"You'll see. Go sit next to Juicy."

She carefully stepped over the puddled dress and sank down on the bed. Chibs knelt in front of her to pull off her boots, then he draped her dress over the chair with her belt. He stripped down to just his kilt and perched on the edge of the same chair, just across from them.

"Spread your legs, lass," he said. "Juicy, pull up your kilt. Let me see that beautiful brown cock and that lovely wet cunt."

They both did as he said, and he grinned and slid a hand under his own kilt. He stroked his erection slow and lazy, and after a moment he gestured to Olivia. "Between his knees, sweet girl. Suck it for
Juice smiled at Olivia and ran a hand over her cheek. She turned her head to kiss his palm and slid off the bed. Looked up at him with a bright gleam in her eyes and licked her lips.

"Please, baby," he whispered, his dark eyes wide. He tugged his kilt higher, and his dick was rock-hard and huge between his thighs.

She lowered her mouth onto his cock and tightened her lips around it. Sucked, just barely, and gave the glans tiny flicks with her tongue.

Chibs chuckled at the look on Juice's face. "None of that, darlin'. Don't tease the boy."

She grinned around him and lashed her tongue across the head. Juice whimpered and tangled both hands in her wild curls. Held her still while he slowly thrust into her, pushing himself deep into her mouth. She swallowed him down with an eager little noise, and he couldn't hold back a moan.

"That's it, Juicy boy," Chibs said, his voice low and rough. "Fuck that pretty little mouth. Make sure those soft pink lips are nice and tight around his cock, Ollie lass. Suck him, baby girl. He fuckin' loves it."

"God yeah," he gasped. "That's so good, Livvie." He used her hair—gentle, easy tugs—to pull her back and forth as he rocked with her. "Goddamn, baby!"

She sucked harder, hollowing her cheeks and bobbing her head. She could taste his pre-come, and just as the cadence of his moans changed Chibs held up a finger.

"Enough," he said. He was out of breath, and when she glanced his way she could see his hand still working his cock beneath his kilt. "Untie her wrists, lad. She'll need her hands."

Juice slipped the loops over her hands and kissed the inside of each wrist. "Good?" he said. There were red marks, but not deep. Her skin marked so easily.

"Yeah, babe," she said. "Great."

Pulling her up beside him, he rubbed a thumb over her swollen lips and kissed her, his tongue stroking and swirling against hers, until Chibs cleared his throat. They flashed him matching impish grins.

"Something wrong, baby?" Olivia said, her eyes wide and innocent.

"Not a thing," Chibs said. "Juicy, up on your knees. I wanna see that pretty pink plug in you." He beckoned Olivia to him and pulled her down into his lap. He rucked his kilt up so that it wasn't between them, and his cock pressed against her wet lips.

Juice crawled up onto the bed on all fours. The kilt fell forward and the jewel caught the light to wink at them.

"He loves the pink one, doesn't he, lass?" Chibs said. He idly undid the top bit of lacing on her corset and slid his hand in to massage her breast.

"He does. Fine with me. Pink isn't really my color."

"Beg to differ, darlin'," he said. "Look at these nipples." He pinched one, hard, and she squirmed. He brushed a fingertip between her legs. "And this sweet cunt. Prettiest damn shade of pink I've ever
She grinned and turned her head to kiss his cheek. "You know, Chibby…I've always sort of suspected that Juice might like other things in pink."

"Aye?" he said. "What sort of things?"

"Hhmmm…I don't know. Maybe some silky pink panties?"

Juice let out a quiet moan and arched his back.

"See?" she said.

"That true, lad?" Chibs said. "You interested in wearin' some bonny little panties?"

He shivered. Olivia slipped off Chibs' lap and ran a hand down Juice's back and over the curve of his ass. He lifted his head to look at her, and she smiled.

"You know you can tell us, Juan Carlos. We just want to make you feel good."

He bit his lip hard, but finally he nodded. "Yeah," he said. "When I was sixteen my girlfriend had me try on a pair of her panties as a dare, like she bet me I wouldn't do it."

"And?" Chibs said.

"I fuckin' loved it. Couldn't tell her that, but I thought I was gonna come the second I put 'em on. I've wanted to do it again ever since."

Olivia and Chibs shared a glance. "I think we can arrange that, darlin'," Chibs said. "But in the meantime…" He ducked into the closet and reappeared with the black bag. When Juice heard it rustling his mouth fell open and he wiggled in anticipation.

"Shh, love," she murmured. "Patience."

"Wanna lick your pussy, baby," he panted.

"I know. Not yet." She sat up straight and unlaced the corset the rest of the way. Tugged it over her head and discarded it. Chibs made a face at her, but she stuck her tongue out at him. "You wear it," she said.

He laughed. "Ach, well, maybe another time. Not sure it would do the same for my figure as it did for yours, m'girl."

Juice turned his head and made a low noise of distress. The confining garment had left red marks in her delicate skin, some of them almost as dark as bruises. "Chibby," he said.

"Aye, lad, I see." He put the bag aside for a moment and leaned over Olivia, bracing himself on both hands above her. He moved slowly down her body, licking and kissing every mark, soothing them with his mouth until she was breathless.

"Better, sweet girl?"

She gave a wordless nod, and he pulled away with a chuckle. "Once upon a time you told me you bruise like a peach. You remember that?"

"Of course I do. You two thought I had some guy beating me."
"It was a huge fuckin' bruise, babe," Juice said.

"Aye, well, I'm glad we were wrong. But it did put the image in my head, and I've never gotten it out again."

"Me too," Juice said, grinning.

Her expression turned wary as her eyes darted between them. "What does that mean, exactly?"

Chibs and Juice exchanged quick glances. "Nothin', Ollie darlin'." He brushed a knuckle between her breasts and kissed her there. "Your skin's so beautiful, my sweet lass. We love to watch it flush when we turn you on."

"That's all, Livvie," Juice said. "Pretty as a peach."

She nodded, reassured. She knew they hadn't meant anything by it—neither of them would ever want to hurt her—but she was glad they'd answered her seriously rather than try to laugh it off or dismiss her concern.

Chibs pulled her up onto her knees and kissed her long and soft. "Our poor boy. He's bein' so good. Seems a shame to flog him for it."

"Oh, but Chibby. Look at him. He might die if we don't."

"Please," he whimpered. "Oh God please."

"See?" she said.

Chibs pulled the flogger out of the bag and ran the tails up the back of Juice's thigh. "Is this what you want, sweet boy?"

"Yes! Yes, goddamn, please!"

He flicked his wrist and the tips of the soft deerskin whispered against Juice's skin. It was a feather-soft touch, barely enough for him to even feel it, and he made a low, frustrated noise. Chibs grinned at Olivia and struck him harder, fully across the ass.

"Yeah!" he said on a breath. "Like that, Chibby, please!"

The flogger was made to be gentle; they'd bought it (supposedly) for Olivia; and it only just stung. But that was enough. Juice twitched and moaned and Chibs spanked him again, the other way, then paused to trail it between his cheeks. He held out a hand to Olivia and she scooted closer. Chibs dragged her to him so that he was pressed against her back, and she was between him and Juice.

"Look at him, darlin'. He's so fuckin' sexy. Look at that big cock, that tight ass." He skimmed a hand up her body to cup her breast, then back down again to press between her legs. "Play with that plug, sweet girl. Make him moan."

She let out a long breath as Chibs dipped two fingers into her aching cunt. She tugged the plug out to its widest part and twisted it. Juice panted and squirmed, and Chibs struck him across the back with the flogger.

"Be still, Juicy boy."

She pushed the plug back in as he moaned, and Chibs rubbed his thumb against her clit. "Chibby!" she gasped.
He pulled her hand away from Juice and flicked the flogger against him again. "Tell me what you want, lass. Our boy wants to lick your sweet cunt. Should we let him?"

"Maybe," she said. "Or maybe…" She leaned back to whisper in his ear, and he pulled away with a grin.

"Really?"

"Mmhmm."

He kissed the side of her neck. "Get what we need then."

He climbed off the bed and sat down in the chair again. Olivia tapped Juice on the shoulder.

"You can turn around, love. Sit on the edge of the bed, like before. Make sure your kilt's out of the way; we want to see your cock."

He nodded, and as he sat up he captured her mouth in a rough kiss. "What are you two plannin' now?"

"You'll see," she said with a smirk.

She grabbed a condom and the bottle of lube before she walked over to Chibs, making sure she put a little swing in her step so Juice got an eyeful. Chibs grinned at her and ran both hands up the back of her legs to grip her ass. She carded her fingers through his hair and dipped to kiss him.

"Sweet girl," he murmured. He traced the line of her lips with his tongue.

Then, squeezing a bit of lube onto his fingers, he circled a fingertip around her sensitive hole. Behind her Juice let out a long breath, and she cast an amused look over her shoulder.

"Okay, baby?" she said.

"Uh huh." He managed a jerky nod. "Keep going. You gonna let Chibby put that big dick in your ass?"

"That's the plan."

She leaned over a little and rested her hands on Chibs' shoulders. He pushed a finger into her to the second knuckle. Lifted his head to kiss her, flicking his tongue against her mouth as he slowly pumped his finger in and out.

"So fuckin' tight, Ollie girl. Goddamn can't wait to fuck you."

"Use two fingers, babe," Juice said to Chibs. "Look at her. She's dyin' for it."

He grinned and did as Juice suggested, twisting them together and pushing all the way in. She bit her lip and pressed back against his hand.

"Oh God, Chibby, that's so good!" she moaned.

"Put the condom on for me, darlin'. I'm a little busy at the moment."

She nodded and fumbled with the wrapper. He thrust into her harder and she gasped. Juice groaned, low and quiet.
"No touchin', lad," Chibs said, his voice rough. "You'll get your turn."

"Tryin', love. You two'er killin' me."

Olivia rolled the condom down Chibs' dick. He flashed her a wolfish grin and bit her lip, sucking it into his mouth. She slicked him up with lube, then he pulled his hand free and spun her around. Lowered her onto his lap and held her there.

"Whenever you're ready, lass," he murmured in her ear.

She braced her palms on his thighs and lifted up a little. Juice watched them avidly, his cock weeping. He squirmed on the plug and his mouth made a moue of distress.

"Do it, babe," Juice grated.

She let out a long breath and slowly lowered herself onto Chibs' iron-hard cock. She whimpered, and he held her still.

"Take your time, sweet girl," he said. "Nothin' but good, remember?"

She nodded. Her head fell back and he stroked her breasts with both hands. When she was used to the feel of him, she slid down further. Further still until her ass was nestled in his lap and he was seated deep inside her.

"Fuck," she gasped, her mouth falling open. "God, Chibby, you feel fuckin' huge."

"You and our Juicy boy have me in a state, lass, I'll not lie."

She squeezed him and he grunted. "Come here, baby," she said to Juice. "Come lick my pussy while I ride Chibs' big cock."

He moaned and slid off the bed. Crawled toward them until he was between Chibs' legs. Chibs spread Olivia wider and Juice pressed his mouth against her dripping cunt, lapping at her juices and sucking her lips into his mouth.

Letting out a rough moan, she fell back against Chibs. He chuckled and grasped her hips. "Ready, baby girl?" he said.

"Yeah, Chibby. Fuck yeah."

Juice rubbed his tongue across her clit as Chibs bucked up into her. She grabbed handfuls of Juice's hair and ground his mouth against her. Groaning, Juice thrust two fingers into her pussy, curling them to massage her G-spot. He could feel Chibs' cock as he slid in and out, and he added a third finger when she whimpered.

"Oh God! Juicy, Chibs, fuck that's good!"

"So tight, darlin'," Chibs rasped. "So fuckin' hot. You like that? You like my fat cock in your tight round ass?"

"Yes! Love the way you fuck me, Chibby!"

"And our Juicy? He eats your cunt so good, doesn't he? How many fingers he got in that eager pussy?"

"Three," she moaned. "Fuck oh shit, Juice baby, that's it!"
Chibs muttered something in Gaelic and slapped her ass. She bounced on his cock, squeezing him hard, and Juice held his fingers still, hooked so that they hit her G-spot every time she came down on them.

"Oh my God, fuck fuck, oh God so fuckin' good!"

"That's a good girl, come for us, sweetheart. Come all over Juicy's pretty mouth. Come around my big fat dick."

Her back arched and her entire body jerked as the orgasm slammed into her. She whimpered and moaned as Juice lapped gently against her clit, sending shock after shock through her. Finally he pulled away and kissed the inside of her thigh, just above her stocking.

"Taste good, Juicy?" Chibs said, his voice tight and breathless.

Juice nodded. "Sweetest thing there is."

Chibs grinned and licked a trickle of sweat that rolled down her neck. "You okay, lassie?"

"Uh huh," she breathed. "Mostly."

"Think you can stand up?"

"Mmmm." She stirred, and Juice scrambled to his feet to help her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and lifted onto her toes to kiss him. He dipped his head and brushed his lips over hers. They stood like that for a long time, locked together, their mouths barely touching, their breath mingling.

"Take off the kilt, lad," Chibs said in a husky voice. "Help him with the plug, darlin'."

Chibs pulled off the condom and stroked lube up and down his shaft as Olivia slowly pulled the plug free from Juice's ass. He groaned and pressed close, rubbing his erection against her, until Chibs made a low noise of disapproval.

"Not quite yet, Juicy boy. Come here. Sit on my cock."

He was a little sore from wearing the plug all night, but his face creased in an eager grin. Chibs gave his ass a quick nibble before he pulled him down into his lap and directly onto his slick, hard cock. Juice groaned and bucked, but Chibs held him still.

"Shh, darlin'. How's that feel?"

"So fuckin' good, Chibby. Holy shit that's good!"

"You want our girl to ride your cock for you, Juicy? Ride you while you ride me?"

He managed a drunken nod. "Goddamn, yeah. Livvie, baby?"

He held out a hand, and she smirked as she laced her fingers through his. Together they lifted her onto Juice's lap, and she slid down onto him with a protracted moan. Her forehead fell to rest on his shoulder, and Juice ran both hands through her hair.

"Tired, love?" he said with a chuckle.

"Maybe a little," she said. "But I think I'm okay." She said this last with a grin and a bite, her teeth sinking into his shoulder and her tongue darting out to soothe the spot.
"Uh huh," Juice said.

He and Chibs lifted her to drop her down again, driving Chibs deeper into him as she landed. All three of them moaned. They started off slow, almost lazy, Olivia rocking on Juice and Juice moving with her. He squeezed around Chibs' cock and Chibs played with Olivia's nipples while Juice held her waist. She rested her arms on Juice's shoulders and braced her hands against Chibs' chest. She kissed first Chibs, then Juice, long and sweet.

Then Chibs' hand fell to her thigh. He clenched one of the garters in his fist and yanked. It popped free with a stinging snap.

"Filip Telford!" she said, but the color that flooded her cheeks belied her stern tone.

"Aye, lass?" he said.

He pulled another one and she flinched. Her mouth fell open. Juice rubbed the red marks with his palm and trailed a line of kisses down the side of her neck to the curve of her shoulder.

Chibs gripped her thighs and hauled her closer. "Fuck him, darlin'. Make him come all up in your hot wet cunt."

She met Juice's eyes and her lips curved in a smile. She started to move, faster than before. She knew Juice was close; he'd been on the edge all night despite their encounter in the bathroom; and she nipped his jaw as he moaned.

"So good, Livvie. Fuck, Chibs, oh God!"

"That's right, laddie. That's it. Good girl, Ollie lass. Ride that big brown cock."

The tip of Chibs' cock hit Juice's prostate every time Olivia rocked into him. He buried his face in her shoulder and kneaded her back, groaning and squirming and begging.

"Jesus Christ holy shit God I'm so fuckin' close you feel so goddamn good don't stop don't stop!"

"Come for us, sweet boy," Chibs murmured in his ear, his accent thick and rich as molasses.

Juice let out a wordless cry and his hips jerked. Chibs held Olivia against him, and Juice pumped up into her as his climax rolled through him. He kissed her, drunk and fervent, and chanted their names until his breath was completely gone. Then he just slumped between them, his forehead against Olivia's sternum, and panted.

She smirked at Chibs over Juice's head. He cupped his hand around the back of her neck and kissed her roughly. Juice clenched around his cock and wiggled, and Chibs' last thread of control snapped.

"Goddamn holy Mother Mary," he croaked before Gaelic took over. Olivia ran her fingers through his hair, and Juice shuddered as Chibs came deep inside, filling him again and again.

"Fuck, laddie, love your sweet tight ass," he said as he fell back against the chair, his chest bellowing for air.

Olivia slid off Juice's lap and undid the rest of the garters. Slowly rolled each stocking down her leg before she slithered out of the garter belt. Juice eyed her with a lifted brow.

"Did you come, baby?" he said.

"I'm good," she said.
"Wait." Chibs raised his head and lifted Juice off of him. "You didn't come?"

"I said I'm good. I got what I needed."


"Unacceptable, lass."

"Sorry, babe," Juice said. "You heard the man."

He tossed her over his shoulder again and laughed when she shrieked. Dropping her on the bed, he and Chibs both crawled toward her. Chibs trailed his tongue up the inside of her thigh and flashed a smile at her.

"Your turn, Ollie girl. And I get to go first."

Chapter End Notes

Um. K. So this little crackfic has now exploded to almost 100k words. Seriously. I gotta wrap this up soon and get back to In the Blood. With maybe another crack-ish project on the side, if anyone has any ideas. :D
Chapter Notes

There are two subsets of Bob Schneider songs, my loves: songs where the lyrics make sense only in context, and songs where they don't make sense period. The quote for this chapter comes from the former. So. *shrug*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

my pants are torn up damnit where's the wine
put my body in a pine box baby
bustin' clocks changin' my locks
i know the time it's time to get up
and get out and get over this
but i don't know how and i don't know why
Bob Schneider, "Round & Round"

Juice ended up winning their contest, mostly because Olivia refused to wear underwear the next day. It was Halloween, and they had a fairly long string of trick-or-treaters, but she sent Juice or Chibs (in the costumes she'd made for them) to the door. The kids loved it, and she noticed a decided uptick in moms (and some dads) accompanying their children to the Martinez' front door as the night wore on.

They waited until late and ordered pizza, and when the driver rang the bell Olivia answered. She was only wearing one of Juice's t-shirts, and while it was certainly long enough, and big through the shoulders, it was tight across the chest and snug around the hips. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra, and he miscounted her change twice.

She smirked, thanked him, and turned her back on him to make sure he got an eyeful of the way the shirt hugged her ass before she shut the door.

They didn't eat the pizza until it was stone cold, but they all agreed it was worth it.

Work was hectic on Monday for Olivia, and she didn't really have much time to breathe. Around four, a few hours before she was scheduled to get off, Charlie called her into the office.

She stripped off the black latex gloves she wore and dropped them in a trashcan. Charlie motioned for her to close the door behind her, and when she turned to face him again he wore a kind smile.

"I know this is a personal question, and we usually try to avoid such things…but is everything all right at home, Sadie?"

Olivia lifted a brow and crossed her arms under her breasts. "That's an odd question. Everything's great. Hal and I just had our one-year anniversary, which you know, and it's been kind of cool having Merle come stay with us."

He nodded slowly and ran a hand through his trimmed brown beard. "Greg's really enjoying having Merle at the other shop. He's a great worker and he really knows his stuff. The customers like him, too."
"I told you," she said with a smile. Her expression clouded and she took a step closer. "What's up, Charlie?"

He gave a sigh and a shake of his head. Opened the desk drawer and studied a crisp off-white business card before he passed it to her. She frowned down at it.

"I don't understand. A P.I.?"

"Yep. Came around late last week, asking questions about you. Said Hal hired him."

Her blood went cold. "No. Hal would never—"

"Are you sure?" he said, his voice gentle.

"I'm absolutely sure. Hal and I—" She cut herself off and swallowed. "Hal and I sort of had a few rocky years. When we first met. It…it made us realize how important it is to be honest. We never lie to each other. Ever."

He studied her for a long time, his dark eyes compassionate. Finally he said, "All right, Sadie. Whatever you say. Hal always seemed like a great guy to me, and he's obviously head over heels for you. I can't really imagine him hiring someone to follow you…especially someone like this guy."

"Why?" she said. "What was he like?"

Charlie shrugged a shoulder. "I don't know. Cold. Just sort of gave me the creeps."

She tucked the card in her back pocket. "If he comes around again could you give me a heads up? I'd like to at least get a look at him."

"Yeah, sure," he said. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but the bell above the door rang to let them know someone had pulled into the lot. "Go check it out," he said. "You're off at six, though, so if it'll take a while come find me."

"Sure thing." She hesitated in the doorway and cast a look back at him. "Thanks for telling me, Charlie. I appreciate it."

"No problem, kiddo. You know how Greg and I feel about you. You're more than just a great employee."

She waved him off. "Right. Your very own Pygmalion. Which one of you is Higgins again?"

He snorted. "Never saw you needin' a makeover, sugar. Now get out there and take care of that customer before they decide to come looking."

She rolled her eyes and shut the door as she went. A private investigator who claimed Juice had hired him. Right. She hadn't asked because she thought it would insult him, but she knew Charlie wouldn't have told the guy anything. It was against his general principles to cooperate with anyone who wanted information out of him. Apparently getting him to fill out his census form was an exercise in frustration.

She would talk to Juice and Chibs about it tonight, let them know to keep an eye out. It wasn't good that someone was nosing around about her. Maybe she should call Trudy, too? That felt like an overreaction, but…Chibs had found them.

"One hundred percent success rate," she reminded herself, a quiet whisper.
Except they had broken with the program. Juice had gone to visit his sister and they had let Chibs into their lives. All bets were off when you fucked up.

She wouldn't regret Chibs. She refused. And if they needed to be relocated, then fine. Fuck it. They'd started over before. She'd made an entire life out of starting over before she'd come to Charming.

But she didn't want that life anymore. She wanted the life they had here. She loved their house. She knew Juice liked his job, and she liked hers, too.

Except hadn't she decided in Mexico that she wanted to go somewhere else? Leave Vermont for locales more exotic? It was different when the decision was made for you.

Maybe she was overreacting anyway. It could be someone's idea of a prank. Or...something. Or maybe the Feds checking in. They did that from time to time, but usually in the form of door-to-door salesmen. She'd talk to Juice and Chibs. Get their take. They could decide what to do together.

The three of them.

Juice was in the kitchen chopping vegetables for chili when he heard the door. He recognized the sound of Chibs' tread in the foyer, and he didn't turn around as he heard him cross the kitchen. A moment later Chibs' arms were around his waist and he was kissing the side of his neck.

"So nice and domesticated, laddie. How did the lass manage it?"

Juice laughed. "You've seen her try to cook. It was either this or starve."

"Aye," he said and stole a bit of carrot. He brushed his nose against Juice's skin and Juice shivered. "You smell good, darlin'."

"Took a shower after my run. I was out of my soap so I had to use Liv's."

"Ach, that's it. Lavender and mint. Suits you."

"Thanks, but I think I'll stick to mine from now on."

Chibs traced the lines of Juice's chest through his t-shirt. Trailed his palms down to rub his thighs.

"You gettin' fresh, Chibby?" Juice said with a grin.

"Aye, thought about it. You opposed to the idea?"

"Not at all."

"Put down the wee knife then, Juicy boy, and let me fuck you right proper." He unfastened Juice's pants and slid his hands down the front. Juice was already getting hard, and he sighed as Chibs squeezed him through his boxer briefs.

Juice pushed the cutting board aside and shoved his pants and underwear down. Chibs grinned and bit the back of his neck, digging his teeth in and sucking. Swirling his tongue against the skin and sucking harder. Juice whimpered, and then again, louder, at the sound of Chibs' belt unbuckling.

Chibs rubbed his erection against Juice's ass. "This what you want, baby? My fat cock?"

"Yeah, Chibby. You know I do."
"Don't have any proper lube."

"Don't care," Juice said. "Just fuck me, babe. Please!"

Chibs grunted and spat in his palm. Stroked his hand up and down his cock until it was slick with saliva. "Ready, love?" he said, his voice a breathless rasp.

"So fuckin' ready."

Chibs grasped Juice's hips and nudged the tip of his cock against Juice's hole. He pressed back against him with a fervent moan. Chibs let out a shaky breath and pressed in.

"God, Chibby. That's it. Fuck me, baby. Need it so bad."

He reached around to give Juice's cock a long tug. "What's got you so horny, lad?"

He laughed. "You started it."

Chibs thrust the rest of the way inside and Juice groaned. "Guess I like the idea of a hot brown boy workin' in my kitchen." He eased out and shoved back in again. "Or maybe I just like the idea of you, Juicy boy."

"I think that's it," Juice said between moans. "You just can't get enough of fuckin' me."

"It's true. Love this tight brown ass of yours, baby. Of course, I'm also fond of your wife's pretty pink cunt." He picked up the pace, moving harder and faster. Pushing up with his thighs to drive himself deeper into Juice's hot, eager ass.

"You and me both," Juice said. Then, "Goddamn that's good don't stop! Harder! Please, Chibby!"

"Fuck, Juicy," he groaned.

He pressed his forehead to Juice's shoulder and pounded into him, his rhythm rough and artless. Juice met every thrust with a jerk of his hips, and he guided Chibs' hand as they stroked his cock together.

"You gonna come for me, laddie? You love comin' with my big hard dick in your ass, don't you?"

"Fuck yeah," he whimpered. "God yeah it's so fuckin' good. Love the way you fuck me!"

"And you love watchin' me fuck our sexy Ollie too, yeah? Love the way she moans for me? For both of us?"

He just nodded, beyond words. Chibs slammed into his prostate over and over, and his hand was firm and demanding around Juice's cock. Juice felt his balls go tight and a wave of heat swamp him.

"Goddamn, Chibby, holy shit yeah that's it fuck!" He rocked back into Chibs as the orgasm hit, and Chibs moaned into his neck.

"That's it, sweet boy, fuck that's good. Juicy, yes baby, love it!" He came seconds after Juice did, filling him with his come and reveling in the sound of his high moans.

They slumped against each other, panting, and Chibs licked sweat off Juice's neck. "Well," he said.

"Gotta love a good kitchen quickie," Juice said. He grabbed a towel and wiped his come off their hands.
Chibs laughed and pulled away. Fixed his pants and helped Juice with his. "Aye, lad. Almost as good as a bathroom quickie, yeah?"

Juice turned to face him, his expression soft. He cupped Chibs' face in his hand. "You know it's not like that. It's...different. Good in different ways. I mean, what would you say if I asked you that? Who do you like better, me or Liv?"

Chibs' brow furrowed and he pulled Juice's hand away to lace their fingers together. "As you say, darlin'. It's different. She's..."

"Soft," Juice said.

"Aye. Sweet."

"But sort of..." He trailed off with a frown. "I don't know. I don't know how to describe it. Just Liv." He grinned a little, sheepishly. "It's how I knew it wasn't just a one night stand. She was different."

"I know what you mean. I never did get her out of my head." He squeezed Juice's hand. "Never got you outta my head, either." He pulled him closer for a long, thoughtful kiss. "It's not better or worse. It's Juice and Olivia."

"Yeah," he said. He flashed a brief half-smile. "Yeah, that's how I feel too."

They heard the front door open, and a moment later the woman in question appeared in the doorway. She took in the scene with a twist of her mouth. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Nah, lass," Chibs said. "You missed all the fun."

"Ooo," she said. "Curse my rotten timing."

"I'm sure Chibby and I can figure out some way to make it up to you," Juice said.

She smiled and pressed a kiss to his mouth as she wrapped an arm around Chibs' waist. "That's okay. I'm not really in the mood right now."

Chibs made a horrified face. "Lad, call 911. She's clearly dyin'."

"Fuck you, Telford."

"You said you weren't in the mood," he said, dark eyes wide.

She shook her head, but she was laughing. "Look, I'm serious. I had a really weird day at work and I'm a little...I don't know. Not quite freaked out, but close."

Chibs and Juice exchanged glances and immediately they both went serious. They herded her to the breakfast nook and got her seated on the bench before they took the other two chairs.

"What happened, babe?" Juice said.

She lifted one hip so she could fish the business card from her back pocket. When she set it on the table they both squinted at it. Chibs slipped on his reading glasses and studied it a moment before he passed it to Juice.

"I don't understand," Chibs said.
"Some guy came by the garage last week asking about me. He gave Charlie that card. He said Hal hired him."

Juice dropped the card and stared at her, eyebrows raised. "You're kidding. You don't think I would —"

"No, love. I told him you'd never do that. It's ridiculous. What would you be trying to find out? You already know I'm fucking your best friend," she said.

He looked at Chibs and shrugged. "So maybe someone else is trying to figure out what's going on. Think someone might've seen you two at the park that day?"

"No," Chibs said. "There was hardly anyone there. And, honestly, why would someone care enough to pay money for gossip?"

"I thought it might be the Feds. Checking in," Olivia said.

"Kind of a weird way to check in," Juice said. "But if they didn't want us to know…and if they're tryin' to figure out what the fuck Chibs is doin' here…" He hitched a shoulder. "I guess it's possible."

"We should call Trudy."

"How d'ye think she'll react when she finds out I'm here?" Chibs said.

Olivia spun the card with one finger. "I don't know, babe. She won't be happy. It counts as breaking with the program, I'd imagine."

"So, what? They'll kick you out?"

"No. Not for something like this. If we'd reached out to you, maybe. But you found us; we can't exactly help that. Of course, we should've told her the second you showed up."

"Yeah," Juice said. "She'll be pissed about that. You know, if it is the Feds she might not know anything about it."

"True," she said with a quirk of her brow. "But still."

"I know," said Juice. "Me too."

She bit her lip. "I hope not."

"I do too. But if they do—" He lifted both hands in a shrug.

"I know," she said. Her mouth moved in a smile.

"Everything'll be okay, Liv."

"I know, Juan Carlos."

Chibs sat back and watched them. They were doing the thing again. They had conversations like this sometimes, when they barely said anything aloud but each knew exactly what the other was thinking. He'd once seen them put together a bookshelf, thirty minutes of work, without ever uttering a complete sentence. It was...well, at first it had annoyed him. Made him feel left out. But now they did it with him sometimes, and he realized it was a product of a great many things: their time together, how well they knew each other, the deep bond between them.
They were making room for him in that bond, stretching it to include him, but he wondered just how far it would stretch. He assumed the last bit of the exchange had to do with the program itself, and if they would have to relocate. Would they want him to go with them?

Would he want to go?

He could hardly believe that barely ten minutes ago he'd had Juice bent over the counter fucking him half senseless. It was easy to forget sometimes how dangerous Juice and Olivia's lives were. It seemed so picture-perfect: lovely little town. Cute little house. Adorable dumb dog.

"Chibby," Olivia said. She tapped the back of his hand and he jerked back to the present.

"Aye, lass? Sorry. Drifted away a mo'."

"If they do have to relocate us, you'll need to make a decision. We would like—" She paused and glanced at Juice, who nodded. "We would like for you to come with us. We want you in our lives. But it's something you'll have to decide for yourself. It's a big deal, Chibs. You're not the witness, so you could leave the program if you wanted, but that's all kinds of complicated."

She smiled. "Think about it, okay? We don't need an answer right away, and it may turn out that this is a false alarm. But just…think it over."

He flipped his hand over so that he could capture hers. "There's no need to think about it, sweet girl. You go, I go. I decided a while back."

Juice ducked his head to hide a grin, and when he looked up again his eyes were big. "You sure, Chibs? We would understand if—"

"I'm sure, Juicy," he said.

Would he want to go. What a stupid question. Of course he would. He'd already remade his life for them. Once more wouldn't hurt. And where would he be if he let them go without him? Alone and bitter and feeling like the biggest fucking asshole God ever created. He had no idea if their unconventional…arrangement…could work out for the long haul, but he did know he had no desire to walk away from it just yet.

He hadn't lied when he'd told Olivia he'd been happier with them, in Nowhere, Vermont, for the past few months than he could remember being in a long, long time.

Juice and Olivia shared a smile. Olivia slid off the bench and onto Chibs' lap. He grasped her waist to keep her from falling and laughed.

"What's this then, Ollie girl?"

"I might be in the mood now," she murmured.

He looked at Juice, and Juice shrugged. "Never fails. Just pledge your eternal devotion and she's ready to jump your bones."

"Shut up, Ortiz," she said. She grinned at Chibs. "Temporary devotion sometimes works, too."

"Hhhmm," Chibs said. He boosted her up onto the table and untied her boots. "Can't say I mind having my bones jumped by a lovely redheaded lassie such as this one."

"You say that now," Juice said, rolling his eyes. "Give it a year. It's all fucking, oral fixation, and sex
toys, then next thing you know she's got you in some kinky three way with a hot Scottish biker."

Chibs tugged Olivia's jeans off and she flicked her fingers at Juice. "Ignore him, baby," she said to Chibs. "He loves it."

He glanced over at Juice and then smiled down at Olivia. "Can I negotiate my kinky three way to include a hot Puerto Rican biker instead?"

She nodded. "Absolutely. I've always wanted one of each."

"See?" Juice said. "That's the sorta thing you'll have to live with."

Chibs grinned and ducked his head to trail his tongue against the inside of her thigh. "I can think I can make do, Juicy boy. What say?"

He gave a long-suffering sigh. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I guess."

"Poor baby," Olivia said as he leaned over to kiss her. "Getting fucked by our hot lover in the kitchen must be such a burden."

"I do what I can," Juice said. "Struggle through."

"So brave," Chibs said.

"An inspiration to us all," said Olivia.

"If I didn't love you both so much I might really hate you."

"Lies, laddie," Chibs said. "You could never hate us."

He grinned and kissed Olivia again. "True. I even kinda tried once. Didn't work so good."

"See, baby?" Olivia said. She tangled her fingers in his hair and traced the outline of his lips with her tongue. "We're all exactly where we're supposed to be."

All three of them were busy at work for the next few weeks. It seemed like the second November hit everyone remembered the holidays were just around the corner and they needed to get their car fixed now, today, before the road trip to grandma's. Juice's boss was back from maternity leave, but apparently she wasn't happy with how things had been run in her absence and heads were rolling.

Not Juice's. Olivia had met Juice's boss, and she was one of the most professional, capable, pulled-together women she'd ever seen, but just like everyone else, she had no backbone when Juice flashed the really big grin. The face-transforming one. Olivia didn't blame her: she'd fallen in love with that smile. That smile had prompted her to ask a complete stranger back to her hotel room when she was on the run and wanted for murder.

They'd talked to Trudy, given her the P.I.'s name from his business card, and she'd said she would look into it. She didn't seem super concerned, which they took as a good sign, but at the same time she played things close to the vest. The office could be burning down around her and she'd stay calm and controlled.

Thanksgiving was rapidly approaching, and Chibs was determined to do the whole thing: turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes. Yams. She'd drawn the line at the marshmallows on top, but they'd let him have his way in everything else. Juice was his official sous chef and Olivia was banned from the kitchen for the entire week. She'd rolled her eyes and offered to do the shopping. She hadn't realized
Chibs was going to give her a copy of fucking *War and Peace* that doubled as a grocery list.

"You're Scottish," she grumbled as she parked in front of the specialty bread store. It was her third stop today, and she still had to hit the spice shop. "Why the fuck do you care so much about Thanksgiving anyway?"

The ultimate American holiday: food, football, and revisionist history.

She climbed out of the Mustang and shut the door behind her. He needed pumpernickel and sourdough for the dressing, and a special kind of cinnamon swirl they had for dessert. She hoped he was making bread pudding. She loved bread pudding, and it might make the whole thing worth it.

Luckily this time of day the shop was virtually deserted, and the keen young man behind the counter (who only checked out her boobs once) got her what she needed and made a few suggestions when she told him a bit about Chibs’ plans. She walked out with way more bread than she'd intended to buy, but she didn't care. Chibs would figure it out.

She pulled out her keys and stopped short a few steps away from the car. A man was peering in the passenger side window, his hands cupped to the glass. It wasn't super unusual to find people examining her car: a sixty-seven Mustang drew stares, and of course it was impeccably restored.

But something about this guy…no. She was being paranoid. He just liked her car. Nothing new.

"Hi," she said. "Can I help you?" Her tone was frostier than she meant, and she tried to soften it with a smile.

He jerked upright and grinned, but somehow it didn't reach his eyes. They were gray. Not warm gray, but cold, like concrete in a dismal autumn rain. She shivered, then tried to pretend it was from the gust of wind that sent leaves chattering down the sidewalk behind her.

"Sorry! Is this your car? I just stopped to take a look. Don't see many of these around. What is it? A sixty-eight?"

Perfectly normal. Exactly what she would expect.

The knot between her shoulders refused to loosen, and she'd spent too long trusting her instincts to ignore them now.

She pasted a smile on her face and made her eyes go big and guileless. "I'm not sure, really. I guess?"

"Man, you know…" He crossed around the front of the car, his hand trailing over the hood. "These things are amazing, but I'm more of a Cougar man myself. The Mercury Cougar? Same inside, but the outside's just a little more me, I guess."

Unsubtle, but effective.

"I hardly know anything about cars," she said with a breathless giggle. "My husband bought this for me because I liked the color."

"Aw," he said. "That's a shame. You should really check it out. The seventy, I think. Black." He ran his eyes up and down her body, and she felt it like hooks tugging at her skin and clothes. There was nothing sexual about that look. No desire; just hunger, animalistic and dangerous. "Yeah, I bet you'd look real good in one of them."
The car was still partially between them, and she'd never been more grateful for a hunk American-made steel. "I'll Google it when I get home." She flicked her fingers. "Sorry to run, but I've got groceries in the car. Can't let that ice cream melt!"

"Right," he said. He tapped his knuckles against the hood and took a step back. "Maybe I'll see you around sometime. You work at Goodall's right? Coulda sworn I'd seen this car parked there."

A flush of color washed over her cheeks and she wished to God she still carried her switchblade. "That's right! Wow, good memory. Yeah, I answer the phone for them. Book appointments, that sorta thing. I guess it's an old-fashioned word, and not, like, politically correct, but I'm the secretary."

She said this last bit in a sort of conspiratorial whisper, and another cold smile creased his face.

"I gotcha," he said with a wink that turned her stomach. He held her eyes a moment longer before he took a step back. "You better get on home. Wouldn't want you to have ice cream soup."

She waved and climbed in. Stashed the bag of bread in the passenger seat and made a production of pulling out slowly and carefully. She was in no hurry. She had no reason to suspect this dead-eyed man with his leather gloves and his three thousand dollar suit (no coat, nice touch) meant her any harm. He was just curious about her car. Friendly. And if she'd caught the slight whiff of strawberries when the wind blew past him it had to be her imagination.

Chapter End Notes

Is that...is that plot? Whaaaat??

Yeah, like I said. I need to get this thing wrapped up soon, so there's some plot off the port bow. :)
She made it almost a full five minutes before she had to pull over. There was a quaint stone church, small and picturesque, and she circled through its parking lot so that the building was between her and the road. She checked again to make sure her doors were locked and then grabbed her phone.

She called Juice first, but it went to voice mail. "Hey, baby," she said when his greeting ended. She tried to keep her tone light, but she knew he would see through it. "Just wanted to check in. I thought I might call Trudy; invite her to Thanksgiving. Call me when you get this, okay?" She bit her lip and flicked her gaze to the rearview mirror. "Please call me. I love you."

She hung up and dialed Chibs next. "Where are you?" she said the second he picked up.

"Hello to you too, lass. I'm at home. Where are you?"

"On my way. Listen, if someone knocks don't answer the door. Bring Bingo in and lock everything. I'll use my key."

There was a silence. "What's wrong, Sadie?"

"I can't talk about it over the phone. Just please do as I say. Oh—have you heard from Hal today?"

He cleared his throat, and she could hear the sound of the backdoor as he opened it to let the dog in. "No. Any particular reason?"

"Just wondering. If you do, tell him to call me. And…maybe try to call him, okay? Find out if he can get off early."

"Lassie—"

"Merle. Please. I'll be home in ten minutes."

She could tell he wasn't happy about it, but finally he said, "Aye, darlin'. Drive safe."

Juice was already there by the time she got home. He'd been on his bike, and that's why he didn't
answer his phone. He'd gotten her message about five seconds after walking in the door, and Chibs had spent the next few minutes until Olivia got there trying to calm him down.

"You don't fucking understand, Chibs!" Olivia heard as she let herself in. "If she's calling Trudy it means we're blown. We'll have to relocate and start our lives all over again."

She stepped into the living room and watched them a moment. Chibs was leaning against the sofa table set along the windows, and Juice was pacing the floor. He had his phone in one hand and was gesturing with it as he spoke. Bingo followed in his footsteps, alternating between concerned whines and wagging tail.

"Hey," she finally said.

All three of them stopped to look at her. Bingo bounded over and she knelt to pet him.

Juice was right behind him, and as she stood up he pulled her to him and wrapped his arms around her so tight she could barely breathe. "What happened, Liv? Are you okay?"

"There's a ton of groceries in the car," she said.

He stared at her. "Olivia—"

"Let's just get the stuff in, and then we'll talk. Okay?"

He nodded, more worried than ever. He saw old Olivia in her face, the Olivia he first met who pushed him away as hard as she could and would run in a second. She wasn't that woman anymore, he reminded himself. She was his Olivia now, and his Olivia was the stand-and-fight type, not the run-and-hide.

"Yeah, babe. Stay in here with Bingo. We'll get it."

He gestured to Chibs and the two of them went outside to collect the groceries. She petted the dog in an attempt to find some calm, and by the time they got back she felt a little more normal.

They got everything stowed away, and then Chibs put the kettle on for tea. He waited until it whistled and the tea was steeping before he joined Olivia and Juice in the breakfast nook. He glanced at Juice, who gave a little nod, and they both looked at Olivia.

"Tell us what happened, lass," Chibs said.

"This guy." She sipped her tea, but it was too hot and it burned her tongue. She made a face and tried again. "When I got out of the bread store, this guy was looking at my car. I didn't think it was a huge deal. People look at my car a lot."

"What changed your mind?" Juice said.

"He told me he liked Cougars. Nineteen seventy black Mercury Cougars."

"Fuck me," Chibs said on a breath.

"What'd this guy look like?" said Juice.

"Tall. White. Short gray hair, creepy gray eyes. Very expensive suit and black leather gloves."

"Gloves with a suit, but no coat? That's odd," Chibs said.
"I thought the same thing. I guess he didn't want to leave fingerprints on my car."

"Fuck," said Juice. He ran a hand down his face and shook his head. "So I guess this's it."

"Yep," she said.

"We've gotta call Trudy. Start thinkin' about where we might wanna go."

Chibs sat back. "Is this my fault?"

Olivia and Juice shared a look.

"No, Chibby," Olivia said. "And even if it is, what does it matter? I don't think either of us would rather you have not come."

"She's right," Juice said. "Now we can start over, the three of us. Somewhere people don't know us, and don't think you're Sadie's uncle."

"Somewhere we can be together a little more openly," Olivia said. She cast Chibs a shy smile. "If that's what you want."

"I already said I'd come with ye if ye had to leave," Chibs said, his voice gruff and accent thick.

"I know," said Olivia. "That's not what I meant."

"Aye, lass," he said. "I guess I know what you meant."

Juice cleared his throat. "So where—where do we wanna go? Liv's gotta be within decent driving distance of mountains. And she can't wear skimpy clothes because of the tattoo."

Olivia grinned. "You know me so well, baby."

"You're an open book," he said.

"Aye, written in Greek," Chibs said with a snort. He leaned forward and tapped a fingertip against the table. "North? Or south?"

"As much as I hate the cold, I think north. It'll only get more conservative as we go south, and that won't help our cause any," Olivia said.

"I hear Maine's lovely."

"Yup. Stephen King's a big fan."

"Don't get snarky, lass. He's also got a fondness for Colorado."

"Weed's legal there," Juice said, quickly.

"Priorities, Juan Carlos," Olivia said.

"What? That's as good a priority as any. You want mountains; there're mountains. Why can't I want legal weed?"

"Okay, legal weed," she said. "So that gives us Colorado, British Columbia, and…the Netherlands, I guess."

"Eh," Chibs said, making a face. "Not into Canada."
"Could we really go to Europe?" Juice said.

Olivia swirled her tea in the mug and frowned down at it. "I've been thinking about that, actually. I'm pretty sure WITSEC doesn't apply outside the US, but we could remake our lives without all that. We've got the money."

"And the documents connection," Chibs said.

"Huh," Juice said. "Thinkin' about it for how long?"

"Since Mexico. It was just so nice there, you know? I mean, obviously we'd have to be a little more discreet in our everyday lives, but at least a little less discreet than we are here."

There was a long silence as the men thought it over. Finally Juice said, "If we decided to do that, would we get Trudy involved?"

"I figure we should at least tell her. I would hate for it to look like she lost her witness."

"Italy's nice," Chibs said. "Lake Como."

"The Greek Isles," Olivia said.

"Legal weed!" Juice said.

"Baby, if we lived on some random island in Greece I think we could risk illegal weed."

He acknowledged that with a brief tilt of his head. They shared a look, the three of them. "Are we serious about this?" Juice said. "Just leaving for Europe?"

"It's either leave for Europe or let the program relocate us," Olivia said. "That guy knew me. He knew my old car. And I'd bet you it was the same guy posing as a P.I. that day. He knew I work at Goodall's."

"We should talk to Trudy first, I think. Tell her what we're thinking. Even though we wouldn't be in the program anymore, maybe there's something she could do to help. Papers. I know Chibs has a hookup, but if we can get legit, government-issued, it'd be better."

"I'll call her," she said.

"What, now?" Juice said as she pushed to her feet.

"Why not?" she said. "Not sure our friendly car lover is gonna wait much longer to make a move. Better she knows sooner than later."

"Go on then, lass. Juicy and me can start on some supper."

She wandered off, pressing a hand to Juice's shoulder as she went by, and after she was gone neither of them spoke for a time.

"You don't have to come, Chibby," Juice said at last. "I mean, if you really don't want to. We...we'll miss you, but...we would understand."

He let out a long sigh and scrubbed his face with a weary hand. "Ask you somethin', darlin'. Did Ollie say that to you before you two joined the program?"

He hitched a shoulder. "Yeah, of course she did."
"And your response?"

"I told her she was crazy. I told her there wasn't any point in tryin' to make a life without her in it. I coulda done it, yeah, but why would I when I had another option?"

Chibs' mouth twisted. "There you go, then."

After a moment Juice gave a slow nod. "Okay. I get it. I don't quite...I don't really understand how stuff like this happens, though. Are we weird? Because I never thought I'd find one person to love, much less two. At the same time. And it seems like...I don't know. As good as Olivia and I are together—and we're fuckin' great, don't get me wrong—somehow the three of us are even better together."

"Ach, lad, now you're askin' for the mysteries of the universe." He spread his hands in a philosophical shrug. "I don't know. I just know I'm glad I came, and I'm glad you wanted me to stay. That's what matters to me."

That night when Olivia got out of the shower, Chibs was in bed reading, but Juice was nowhere to be seen. At her questioning look Chibs smiled, peering at her over his glasses. She loved the glasses, always had. Something about them was incredibly sexy. She resisted the urge to crawl across the bed and kiss him; she wasn't really dressed, and she'd rather wait for Juice.

"Juice took the wee fuzz monster for a walk," he said, seemingly oblivious to her train of thought.

"I hope he wasn't going far," Olivia said, alarmed.

"No. Just around the block, I believe. He said the cops are parked outside, like Trudy said they would be."

She nodded and stopped in front of the dresser. She'd twisted her hair into a topknot to keep it out of the water, and now she pulled it free to let it tumble down her back. Slipped out of her robe and pulled on a t-shirt.

Arms came around her from behind and she leaned back against Chibs with a small noise of pleasure. "Hi there," she said.

"Hello, my lovely." He buried his face in her hair and took a long breath.

She turned in his arms and stroked his bare chest. Leaned into him and kissed him, long and slow. "I want you tonight. Both of you."

"Aye. After today I figured you would. Tell me what you want, darlin'. Anything, and it's yours."

Her mouth curved in a wicked smile. "You think Juice would feel the same way?"

"Oh I'm sure he would. What are you thinkin', naughty girl?"

"A few things. Have a seat, handsome. I'm gonna change, and we'll wait for our guy to get home. I'll tell you all about it."

Juice nodded to the cops as he passed their car, and a few seconds later he and Bingo were in the house. He locked the door behind him, made sure Bingo's water bowl was full, and headed upstairs. It was quiet. Way, way quiet. He didn't think Olivia and Chibs would be asleep already, so he
thought something must be up.

He pushed open the bedroom door and stopped short. Chibs was in the chair with Olivia perched on his lap. When she saw him she rose to her feet and sauntered closer. He swallowed. She wore black lace panties and a matching bra that presented her breasts like they were on a fucking platter.

"Hey, baby," she said, sliding her hands up to wrap loosely around his shoulders.

"Hey," he said on a breath. "What's up?"

She smiled and kissed him. "Hop in the shower, love. Chibs and I will be waiting when you get back. We made some plans we think you'll like."

"If it involves you wearing that, then yeah. I already like."

"Thought you would," she said.

He caressed her back and cupped her ass in both hands. The hip hugger style panties were a thong, and he squeezed her cheeks until she pulled away.

"Shower," she said. "And be good."

He flashed a big grin and hurried into the bathroom. Olivia draped herself across Chibs' lap again, and he kissed the curve of her shoulder.

"I think he's gonna like this," she said.

"Aye, love. I do too."

She turned around so that she was straddling him, and he ran both hands up the smooth line of her back, then down again. Along her thigh to stroke her tattoo, and then up her sides. She nipped at the corner of his jaw and circled her tongue around the outer rim of his ear.

"I can't wait to get your cock in my mouth," she murmured. "Been way too long, baby."

"I agree," he said. "You got the sweetest, softest mouth I ever felt, baby girl. Lookin' forward to havin' those pretty pink lips wrapped around me again."

"Oh!" she said. "That reminds me." He let out a groan of impatience as she jumped up.

"What're you doin', lass?"

She dug through her vanity until she found what she was looking for, and when she turned around again her lips were painted a shiny wet crimson. He lifted a brow.

"You gonna leave lipstick stains all over my fat cock, sweetheart?"

"Probably won't have much lipstick left by the time we get there. But I can always reapply if that's something that appeals to you."

He let out a shaky breath. "Aye. It does."

"Chibby, Chibby, Chibby." She stepped into him and laced her fingers through his hair. Tugged his head back and leaned down to capture his mouth with hers. She bit his lower lip and sucked it as she pulled away.
Something about the sight of her full mouth smudged red made his blood flow south in a hot rush. She grinned like she knew exactly what he was thinking.

"Now I'll have to fix it for Juice."

"Fuck no," he said. He grabbed her hips as she turned away and yanked her down onto his lap. She let out a small exclamation of surprise as her ass hit his erection.

"Mmmm," she said and settled in closer. "What's wrong, baby?"

"Leave it like that," he growled in her ear. "It's only a wee bit messed up. Still plenty for Juicy to do."

"For Juicy to do about what?" he said as he appeared in the doorway. His skin was wet, and he held a towel slung low on his hips.

Olivia tapped a finger to her lower lip. "Apparently Chibs likes smudging my lipstick as much as you do."

"Can't blame him." Juice walked toward them and bent to kiss her. She slid her hand down his chest and pulled the towel free. Chibs' hand closed around his semi-erect cock, and he stroked it hard as Juice and Olivia kissed. Finally Juice straightened with a long, stuttering breath. "So," he said.

"So," Olivia replied with a grin.

"Go lie on the bed, Juicy lad," Chibs said. "Flat on your back."

His brow furrowed, but he did as Chibs said. Olivia came around on one side of the bed, Chibs the other, and they each pulled a length of rope from behind Juice's head. They'd woven the rope Chibs and Juice had bought through the bars of the white wrought iron headboard, and now they carefully tied Juice's wrists so that his arms were stretched to either side.

"Okay, love?" Olivia said.

He nodded, his eyes huge. "Fuck yeah," he breathed.

"Not too tight, laddie?"

He twisted his hands and clenched his fists. "No. It's good."

"Good," Olivia said. She reached into the toy drawer and came out with something that made Juice's grin widen further. Crawling onto the bed, she kissed him long and slow, then trailed her tongue down his chest.

He squirmed a little, then let out a rough gasp as her lips closed around the head of his cock. She swirled her tongue around it, then straightened to secure the stretchy cock ring around the base of his shaft. She added the bullet vibe and traced a fingertip around the glans.

"Shit, baby," he moaned.

"Oh," she said. "You like?"

"Fuck yeah," he said. He glanced over at Chibs, and watched hungrily as he shucked his boxers and tugged lazily at his throbbing cock. "What're you two gonna do to me?"

"Nothin', Juicy," Chibs said.
Juice frowned. "What?"

"We're gonna leave you like this, baby," Olivia said, "while Chibby takes really, really good care of me."

"Sorry, lad," Chibs said at Juice's look. "Lady's choice tonight."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," Olivia said. She kissed the corner of his jaw and flicked her tongue across his mouth. "We aren't gonna forget about you. That'd just be mean."

"We'll just make you squirm first," Chibs said. "As you watch me make our girl squirm. And moan. And beg."

Juice shuddered and Chibs grinned. He walked around to the foot of the bed and held a hand out for Olivia. He pulled her against him and kissed her, fisting a hand in her hair and using the other to grip the curve of her ass. She moaned into his mouth, and he spun her around and pushed her gently toward the bed.

"Between his legs, lass. On your hands and knees."

She bit her lip and met Juice's eyes as she crawled toward him. He panted, wiggling a little, and Chibs stopped her with a hand on her ankle. "That's far enough, sweet girl. Don't want you to be able to reach our boy's fat brown cock. I know how much you love to suck it."

She stopped and waited, her body tight and trembling with anticipation. She'd left this part in Chibs' hands, and she had no idea what he had in mind. Juice's eyes were trained on Chibs, and she glanced over her shoulder and smirked a little.

"What are you planning to do with that, Filip Telford?"

"I had a few ideas," he said. He ran the flogger's soft tails along her back and she shivered. "But largely it's up to you, darlin'."

Her gaze caught Juice's, and he nodded. "I think you'll like it, Livvie," he said. "He'll stop if you don't."

After a moment she nodded, but Chibs kissed the curved of her ass, nibbling and sucking the silky skin. "You sure, sweet girl? We can always use it on Juicy boy."

"No," she said in a breathless whisper. "No, Chibby. Do it."

He let out a low growl and flicked his wrist. The flogger caught her squarely across the buttocks, a light but stinging blow. Her breath hitched and her mouth fell open. He did it again, the other way, and she whimpered.

"Chibby!" she breathed.

"Good, lass?" he said, his voice rough.

"Uh huh. Yes, baby."

Juice let out a soft moan and strained against the ropes. Chibs smirked at him and slapped the flogger against Olivia again. She jumped and gasped, a tiny yelp of pleasure.

"Mmmm, darlin' girl. You look so damn good. I think we need to get these panties off, though. I want your ass bare for me."
She nodded, her hips bucking just a little. He hooked his fingers in the lace and tugged it down to her knees, but stopped her before she wiggled out of them.

"Like that," he said. "That's a sweet sight. Aye, Juicy?"

"God yeah. Chibby, pull down her bra. I wanna see her tits bounce when you spank her."

His mouth twisted, and he leaned over to press a kiss to her shoulder. He yanked the cups of her bra under her breasts and she groaned, pressing back against him eagerly.

"Fuck, Chibby," Juice rasped. "Her nipples are all pink and hard. Wanna suck 'em so damn bad."

"Sorry, laddie. You're still benched."

He made a frustrated noise that made Olivia and Chibs both smile. Then she moaned, because Chibs had spanked her again, harder than before.

"Oh God!" she gasped.

"All these lovely little marks on her pretty round ass, Juicy boy," Chibs said. He dipped his head to trace his tongue along them. Set the flogger aside and spread her cheeks so that he could swirl his tongue around her hole.

"Yes," she said. "Yeah, Chibby, please!"

Juice whined, his cock huge and throbbing, as Chibs licked her ass. Pressed his tongue into her and then moved lower, to lap at her dripping pussy.

"You gonna eat her sweet pussy, Chibby?" Juice said, his voice high and breathless.

"I might rather fuck it," he admitted as he raised his head.

"I thought you wanted lipstick marks on your cock, baby," Olivia said.

"Fuck!" Juice moaned.

"Aye, I do. Didn't say I was gonna come." He grabbed her hips and dragged her closer, and before she could draw a breath he slammed into her.

"Yes!" she cried. "Fuck, just like that!"

Juice groaned as he got his wish: her tits bounced every time Chibs thrust into her, and she let out moaning keens, almost screams. "Fuck her, Chibby," Juice said. "She loves bein' fucked nice and hard from behind. Don't you, Livvie?"

"Uh huh," she said. "You know I do!"

"So good, sweet girl. Goddamn I love your tight little cunt," Chibs growled. He slid a hand around her and pressed two fingers against her clit, holding them still and letting the motion of her body do all the work.

"Oh God. Fuck yes oh God yes that's it!"

"Come for him, baby," Juice said. "You're so close, aren't you? Come all over his big fat cock."

"Listen to Juicy," Chibs said. He squeezed her hip with his free hand. "Wanna feel you come so
fuckin' bad, Ollie baby. Can't get enough of makin' you come."

"Fuck!" she yelped. She jerked against him and he pounded into her, and as his knuckles closed around her clit the orgasm exploded, hot and hard and dizzying.

"Ahh, good girl," Chibs moaned. "That's it, that's it, feels so good." He rolled her clit between his fingers and she shuddered again and again, panting and moaning their names in an incoherent litany.

"Love you both so much," she breathed as she finally started coming down from it. She grabbed Chibs' wrist to stop him, and he eased out of her with a brief sigh. She sat back on her heels and ran her hands up Juice's legs. "Having fun, baby?" she said.

"Maybe not quite as much fun as you, but fuck yeah."

She laughed. "Let's see what we can do about that. What say, Chibby?"

"Go for it, lass."

She stretched out a hand and flicked on the vibrator attached to the cock ring. Juice's hips lifted off the bed and he yanked at the ropes holding his wrists.

"Holy shit, fuck, Jesus Christ," he whimpered.

Her fingers brushed the inside of his thighs and she grinned at him. "Chibs wants my lipstick all over his cock, but I think it's unfair to keep neglecting you. Tell me what you want, Juan Carlos."

His head fell back as his body jerked. The muscles in his chest and abs rippled, and she couldn't resist licking her lips at the sight. Chibs reached around her to tug at her nipples with both hands.

"Seems he likes that, Ollie love."

"He does, doesn't he. She turned the vibrator off and he subsided, panting and shaking.

"Goddamn," he breathed.

She crawled up his body until her mouth was hovering over his. She traced his lips with the tip of her tongue, but when he craned his head to kiss her she pulled back. "Tell me what you want, Juan Carlos," she murmured.

"Suck his dick, baby. Ride my cock while you do it. Turn the vibrator back on?" he said between deep, panting breaths.

"How's that sound, sweetheart?" she said with a glance over her shoulder at Chibs.

"Anything that involves your sweet mouth around my cock is good with me."

After dropping a quick kiss on Juice's mouth, she slid off the bed and reapplied her lipstick. Her lips were swollen and flushed anyway, and the sexy, shiny red only exaggerated their luscious pout. Olivia turned the vibrator on again and straddled Juice's hips, her back to him. He bucked against her, and she soothed him with long strokes to his thighs.

"Shh, Juicy baby. You're gonna get what you want," she said. She smiled at Chibs and beckoned him closer. His cock was dripping pre-come, and as her fingers traced the length of the shaft he shivered.

"You know, lass," he said, his accent thick and heavy, "back in our old life I used to dream about
you with your bright red lips and your sexy little dresses."

"Did you?" she said. She lifted her hips and slid down onto Juice's cock. They both moaned, and her nails dug into his thick thighs. "Holy God, Juicy, you're fucking enormous."

"Goddamn—cock ring—fuck, Livvie, oh God, baby—!" he grunted, his hips jerking between every word. "What—what did you dream, Chibby?"

He grinned and laced his fingers in Olivia's hair as she bent to brush her tongue across the tip of his cock. "Didn't help that the first time I fucked her she was wearin' one of those dresses," he said. "After that, every time I saw 'er in one it was like poppin' a wee blue pill."

She giggled and swirled her tongue around the head. He let out a hard breath, and Juice rocked up into her. The vibrator pressed against her perineum whenever he moved, and it was making her nuts. She wiggled back and forth, gasping around Chibs' cock, and his hands tightened in her hair.

"Please, lassie," he groaned. "Can't handle much more teasin' ."

Cutting him a look, her green eyes bright, she slowly took him into her mouth. She drew him as deep as she could without letting her lips touch his skin (not easy considering his size), and with him resting hot and iron-hard against her tongue, she closed her lips tight.

"Jesus wept," he rasped.

She slid him out, her tongue dragging along the underside, and there was a perfect red ring around his shaft.

"Ach, Juicy, if you could see our girl now...

"I know, Chibby. Fuck, believe me." His voice was thick and slurred, and the pressure in his balls was almost unbearable. He knew he wasn't coming anytime soon, not as long as the cock ring was on, and the thought made him moan even louder.

Olivia decided she'd tortured Chibs enough. She wrapped a hand around him and sucked him in, long and deep. He hit the back of her throat and she swallowed around him. It was hard to concentrate with Juice so big inside her, and the vibrator pushing against her, and she was rougher and sloppier than she might normally be. Her tongue lathed him up and down; she nipped at him with her slippery crimson lips; bobbed her head up and down as she hollowed her cheeks around him.

He rocked his hips as she moved her hand and mouth, and the sight of his cock disappearing into her cherry red mouth had him right on the edge. "Fuck, lassie, Jesus Christ that's so fucking good, sweet girl. Gonna come in your mouth, baby. Swallow it all down for me."

She moaned louder than ever, the vibration skittering down Chibs' shaft and straight to his balls, and Chibs pressed a hand to her lower back, pushing her against Juice and holding her there. He lifted up to meet her and rolled his hips, his voice cracking as he cried out their names.

Chibs jerked against her mouth and she swallowed eagerly when his come hit the back of her throat. She worked her tongue against the head and used her lips to slide his foreskin up and down his shaft as she milked every drop from him. He was groaning in Gaelic and tugging gently at her hair with his free hand.

She pulled away and her back arched. "Oh God, Juicy!" she cried. Chibs leaned down and captured a nipple between his lips, licking and sucking it, and as her fingers tangled in his hair she came, her
"Yeah, Livvie, fuck yeah, that's so goddamn good, baby." Juice groaned. "God I wanna come. Fuck gonna go crazy!"

Chibs kissed his way up her chest, the side of her neck, the line of her jaw. He captured her mouth and she kissed him back fervently. He could taste his come on her, salt and musk.

"Think our lad wants to come, darlin'," he rasped against her lips.

"Uh huh," she said. She was practically incoherent, and shudders ran through her from the aftershocks of her orgasm. "We should—we should help him with that."

"Aye, that's what I was thinkin'." He tugged her closer, pulling her off of Juice, who let out a long groan of disappointment. Chibs turned the vibrator off and slid the cock ring free. "Better, sweet boy?" he said.

"Yeah. Much. Please!"

Olivia grinned at Chibs and kissed his shoulder. She knelt on one side of Juice, and Chibs positioned himself on the other. They both dipped their heads and ran their tongues up his shaft.

Juice watched them with huge eyes, and when their tongues met around the head of his cock it twitched and jerked against their mouths. "Jesus Christ," he said in a strangled whimper.

"Take care of him, Chibby," Olivia said.

She stretched out next to Juice and ran her hand down his sweat-slicked chest. As Chibs sucked Juice's cock into his mouth, Juice let out a long, heated moan.

"Yeah, Chibby, yeah," he almost whined. "So fuckin' good, baby—!"

Olivia carded her fingers through Chibs' hair and whispered in Juice's ear: "We love you so much, Juicy. Do you like Chibs' mouth around your big brown cock? I think he likes sucking it. Loves the way you taste, like I do."

Chibs sucked him deeper, rolling his tongue against the shaft and palming Juice's balls. He didn't have breath to speak, and he couldn't keep still as Chibs worked him. Sliding him all the way out again, Chibs licked all around the glans, lapping up the pre-come as it oozed from his slit.

Olivia sat up and rested one hand on Juice's stomach, below his belly button, and wrapped the other one around his shaft. Chibs grinned around Juice's cock and sucked hard on the head, popping it in and out of his lips. Juice shuddered and let out an incoherent cry. He bucked against the ropes, and Olivia felt his muscles go tight beneath her fingers.

"Fuck fuck goddamn shit goddamn comin' Chibby gonna fuckin' oh God!"

"That's it, Juicy," Olivia said. "Good boy. Fill our Chibby's mouth with your come."

Juice's cock spasmed, and Chibs squeezed his balls as Juice came in his mouth. He swallowed it down, moaning as he did, and Olivia laughed and fell back against Juice's chest.

Chibs flicked his tongue against Juice one last time and raised his head, a curious expression on his face. "I've never sucked another man's cock before, not until he came."

Olivia lifted a brow. "Have you sucked your own cock until you came?"
He snorted. "Not quite that bendy, lass."

"Too bad," Juice said, breathlessly. "You're fuckin' great at it."

Chibs grinned. "Learned from the best," he said with a gesture that included both of them. He untied Juice's arm and leaned across him to free the other one, then laid down next to him.

Olivia drew his arm around her and kissed his wrist. There was a red mark, some chafing, but not too bad. She lathed her tongue across it. "Did you like that, baby?" she said.

"It was okay," he said. He couldn't suppress his grin, though, and it lit up his face and crinkled his eyes.

Laughing, Chibs kissed him. "Cheeky little shite." He smiled softly at Olivia and brushed her hair back from her face. "I think it's safe to say we all enjoyed it, sweet girl."

Juice pulled her tight against him and kissed her. "You feel better, Liv?"

Her mouth quirked. She let her head fall to rest in the hollow of his shoulder, and her hand reached across him to trail up Chibs' arm. "Yeah, loves. I feel much better."

"Nothin' like some hot, kinky sex to level out a mood," Chibs said.

Olivia shivered, and Chibs sat up to tug the sheet higher. Juice shifted beneath her so that she was between him and Chibs, and they both curled around her.

"Go to sleep, baby," Juice murmured into her hair. "We've got you."

She smiled and squeezed Chibs' fingers as she kissed Juice's chest. "Sorry, boys, but it's more like I've got you."

Chibs laughed, low and raspy. "Never argue with a beautiful woman who knows how to use a knife, lad. Take my advice on that one."

"Wasn't gonna," Juice said with a grin. "Nobody I'd rather have at my back than you, Martinez."

"I know it, Martinez. You're a lucky man."

Chibs tickled her ribs. "We both are."

She smirked. "So true, Campbell. Don't you ever forget it."

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Chapter End Notes

I might only do one more chapter of this one. But fear not, gentle reader! I seriously love this Juice/Olivia/Chibs thing, so I have a few ideas for something else with them. Before I write anything new, however, I'm going to finish In the Blood. Also, the one shots series, Missing Pieces, will get updated intermittently as ideas occur to me.
Gonna come clean with you guys for a sec: the first part of this is as much a love letter to Greece and the Greek Isles as anything else. Whoops.

But then the rest is porn, so we're okay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

For pics of Milos, go here. (just do it. it's so fucking gorgeous.)

'pon my soul ain't never felt
so free of all the chains i built
all the pain and all the guilt
vanished now beneath the silt
i'm striding 'cross orion's belt
David Gray, "A New Day at Midnight"

Olivia had gotten her wish: they lived on Milos, one of Greece's many islands scattered across the Aegean sea. Her first choice had been Santorini, but ultimately they'd agreed on Milos because it was a little bit bigger, and the tinier villages weren't as touristy as Plaka, the island's main town. Plus the beaches. The beaches were ridiculous.

Trudy had suggested (wisely) that they take advantage of the program's resources and let her relocate them somewhere in the US before they went overseas. They'd agreed, and within days of Olivia's first call they found themselves in Colorado—Juice's choice.

They stayed there until just after Christmas, then, with their new identities intact (Olivia was now Claire, Juice Frank, and Chibs Jaime), they left for Greece. They hadn't found a place to live, but they planned to spend the early part of the winter—while Bingo was perforce in quarantine—scouting various promising locales.

They'd landed on Milos and known it was the one. Chibs had taken it on himself to find them a place, so while Juice and Olivia locked themselves in the hotel room, he'd scouted the island. That evening he took them to a house on a cliff, traditional white walls and blue-tiled roof, infinity pool and rambling garden full of fig and pomegranate trees. They hadn't even needed to talk about it. All three of them knew it was the one.

Now it was July ninth, Juice's birthday. She and Juice had plans for later that night (surprise plans they hadn't told Chibs about), but for now they were having a lazy day by the pool. The sun was hot and bright, but it always was this time of year. From their house they had an amazing view of the blue Aegean, dotted here and there with tiny ships. They could hear Bingo in the garden, barking. Hopefully not at the bees. He'd come in with a fat nose more than once as the industrious residents of Chibs' hives took exception to his antics.

Olivia hauled herself out of the pool and stood in front of Juice, a puddle of water forming at her feet. She wore a white two piece, and her tattoo contrasted her pale (somehow, still, despite the climate) skin. Juice grinned at her and crooked a finger. She crawled up the lounge chair toward him and
perched in his lap.

He was browner than ever, and the lines around his eyes had deepened. The scar on his chest was a white line, and the mermaid tattoo had a new addition: a clump of thistles growing from the rock she perched on.

He kissed her chest, the curve of her breast above her bathing suit, and sucked salty water off her skin.

"Happy birthday, baby," she murmured. "I love you."

"I love you too, Liv."

She carded her fingers through his hair and pulled his head back to kiss him long and slow. "I think Chibby's gonna like our surprise."

"Yeah? Think he'll go for it?"

"It's your birthday, Juicy. He said whatever you want." Her brow quirked. "And this is what you want, isn't it?"

"Hell yeah," he said on a breath.

They heard the sound of Chibs' bike in the driveway and she pulled away. "Let's go help him get the groceries in. I'm starving."

He dragged after her, reluctant to leave the chair and his spot in the sun, but he was hungry too, and Chibs had gone shopping specifically for his birthday dinner. When he finally straggled through the gate, Chibs had his arms around Olivia and was kissing her. Juice grinned and pressed against her back, embracing them both.

"What'd you get me, Chibby?" he said.

He frowned at Olivia and shook his head. "I wanted it to be a surprise for you, but the lass is too keen-eyed for her own good." He held out his left hand, and around his ring finger was a fresh tattoo. It was almost identical to Juice and Olivia's, but just a little different—as theirs were from each other.

Olivia twisted around and Chibs wrapped an arm around her waist. Her smile was huge, her eyes bright, and she studied Juice's face excitedly. "Do you like it? Maybe we should've talked about it first, but..."

"No," he said. Emotion choked him, and he had to stop and clear his throat. "No, I love it. It's perfect." He cupped Chibs' face in his hands and kissed him, letting his mouth linger against Chibs' as he softly nipped at his lips. "Love you so much, Chibby."

"I love you too, laddie. Both of you. Our girl helped me with the design."

Juice kissed her next, skimming his palms down her sides and flicking his tongue over her full mouth. "Thank you, Liv."

"I'm just glad you like it, sweetheart."

"Of course I do," he said.

"Come on, loves," Chibs said, mussing their hair. "Let's go inside. Juicy's birthday feast ain't gonna
Chibs outdid himself: fish fresh off the boat grilled in lemon and olive oil; the crumbling cheese the old lady down the road made, baked with olives, artichokes, and sweet peppers; yogurt (also from the lady down the road) with honey from Chibs' own beehives.

They all agreed the food was one of their favorite things about Greece.

They sprawled across the grass in the garden, and Bingo sniffed around the leftovers. Olivia handed him her yogurt bowl to lick out, and he settled down with a contented growl.

"I might be too full to move," Juice said.

"Liar," said Olivia. She rolled over and kissed him. "Big four-oh, baby. How's it feel to be over the hill?"

Chibs snorted. "Don't answer that, lad. She's just smug because she's the youngest. Terrible of her to gloat so."

"You should be glad, Filip Telford," she said. "I won't have this ass forever, you know."

"Ach, lass," he said. "I'll love your ass no matter what."

"Me too," Juice said with a lazy wave of his hand.

"Glad to hear it." She rose to her feet and gathered a few of the dishes. "Let's go in, m'loves. We can watch the sunset and then fuck each other silly."

She disappeared inside and Chibs glanced at Juice. "She does have a way with words," he said.

Juice grinned, but then his smile faded and he turned toward Chibs. "Listen, speaking of, Olivia and I sort of...we wanted—I mean, it's my birthday, right?"

"Aye, lad," Chibs said. His lips twitched as he fought the urge to smile.

"We thought, maybe, if you were into it...Liv could fuck you tonight. With the strap-on, I mean."

Chibs' brows rose toward his hairline. That wasn't what he'd expected. He paused a moment to think it over, and at first it was a no. He loved it on the rare occasions that Juice fucked him, but he wasn't sure about...

Olivia.

Leather straps around her hips.

Big purple cock between her thighs.

Her tits bouncing as she thrust into him.


Juice's face transformed into one of those huge smiles. "Really? You don't have to say yes just because it's my birthday. If you aren't into it—"
"No, darlin'." He cupped his hand around the back of Juice's neck and tugged him closer. "Maybe I'd like the lass's cock in my ass at that."

"It's fucking amazing, Chibby. Like—well. You'll see. Just trust her. She'll take good care of you."

"I know she will. She's a good girl, our Ollie."

Juice kissed him, and he moaned a little when their tongues brushed. Olivia appeared in the doorway and cleared her throat. Juice rolled away from Chibs and they both eyed her with slow, lascivious grins.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "You two gonna make out in the garden, or come inside? Birthday boy's choice, after all."

He hauled himself to his feet and offered Chibs a hand. "Inside." He wrapped his free arm around her waist and tugged her against him. "He said yes," he whispered in her ear.

"Ooo." Her eyes brightened and she grinned at Chibs. "Really?"

"Aye, love. Really."

She bit her lip in anticipation. "Inside," she said, pulling on their hands. "Now."

"Better get used to doin' what she says, Chibby," Juice said with a smirk.

He spared a moment to wonder exactly what he'd gotten himself into before he gave in and let Olivia drag him behind her.

The windows were open in the bedroom to let in the sea breezes, and the sky was painted in a thousand colors as the sun went down. Olivia let go of their hands and turned to face them. Slipped first one strap of her sundress off her shoulders, then both. It puddled on the floor at her feet, and she was naked underneath.

"Mmm," Juice murmured. He dragged the back of his hand over her nipple and down her body. She smiled at him, a wicked curve, and he walked around behind her to the chest under the window. He flipped it open and dug around for a minute before he pulled out the strap on with its harness, and a bottle of lube.

"Take your clothes off, Chibby," Olivia said.

He eyed her up and down, his gaze lingering on the bright hair between her thighs, before he slowly unbuttoned his shirt. Juice kissed her shoulder and knelt to help her into the harness. Slid it up her legs and did the buckles while she didn't take her eyes off Chibs.

He dropped his pants, followed by his shorts, and kicked them away. His cock was semi-hard, but when he took it in his hand she gave a quick shake of her head.

"Nope. Behave."

"Lass—"

She grinned and sauntered toward him. Pressed close so that he could feel the dildo on his thigh. "You want me to fuck you, Chibby?" she whispered against his skin.

He let out a shuddering breath. "Aye, darlin'."
"Good. Because I want to. And Juicy wants to watch it. But there are rules. Do you know what they are?"

"Ah…I imagine rule number one is keep my hands to myself."

"Exactly. Unless told otherwise. Juice or I can touch your cock, but not you. You can't touch me unless I say you can. You can always ask to touch me. Make sure you say please, though. Okay?"

"Aye," he said with a nod. He was starting to pant just a little, and his cock twitched as she watched him.

"Rule number two," she said and walked behind him, trailing her hand over his chest and around his back. "You can stop me at any time. If you change your mind, tell me. My feelings won't be hurt. Don't be afraid to speak up." She stood on tiptoe to kiss the side of his neck. "Okay?"

"I don't think I'm gonna change my mind, Ollie lass. But aye. Good to know."

"Anything else you can think of, Juicy?"

He tilted his head thoughtfully. "I think that's the most important stuff."

"Good." She grinned and bit Chibs' shoulder. Lifted his arm around her so that she could peek around him as she nestled into his side. "Strip, Ortiz. Let's see that sexy body, birthday boy."

"Question, lass."

"Mmhhmm," she said. They both watched Juice as he pulled off his t-shirt and tossed it away. Unfastened his belt and let his pants and underwear drop.

"What will our Juicy boy be doing while you're fucking me with that big cock?"

"That's an excellent question, love," she said. "Juicy, what would you like to be doing?"

"Umm…" He fisted a hand around his erection and stroked it, slow and lazy. "I have a few ideas," he said. "My choice, right?"

"Your choice, m'love," she said. She had a good idea of what he was thinking just based on his mischievous little half smile. She wasn't opposed. "Right, Chibby? Birthday boy's choice."

"Aye," he said, drawing the syllable out on a rough breath.

She grinned and went to Juice. Ran both hands up his chest and kissed him. "Why don't you have a seat on the bed, love," she said to Chibs.

Juice squeezed her ass and hauled her against him. She laughed. "Awfully frisky for forty," she said.

"You wait, Gable," he said. He nibbled her collarbones. "When it's your turn we're gonna be merciless."

"We'll hire a skywriter," Chibs said.

"Hum. You know, age is just a number. Who cares, right?" She smirked and pressed her mouth to Juice's sternum. "Especially with a body like this."

He cupped his hands around her breasts and kneaded them. She let out a breath, and he dipped his head to suck first one nipple into his mouth, then the other. Back and forth until they were both big
and flushed. She cut her eyes at Chibs, and he watched them with his mouth hanging open a little, his hands fisted at his sides. His cock was heavy between his thighs.

Juice kissed his way down her body: along the lines of her tattoo. Around her belly button. He sucked the head of her cock into his mouth, and she moaned, soft and low. Tangling her fingers in his hair, she held him still as she slowly, slowly thrust into his mouth.

Chibs let out a long breath. "That's good, Juicy," he said. "Swallow our girl's cock. Suck it good for her."

Juice whimpered around the dildo and squeezed something in his hand. The bullet vibe came to life against her clit and she hissed. Juice sucked her in and out, and she held a handful of his hair to set the pace.

"Fuck his mouth, sweet girl," Chibs rasped. "Look how he loves it. His lips so nice and pink around your cock."

Her head fell back, and Juice pulled away as she gasped. He turned the vibrator off. She panted and grinned down at him. "Tease," she said.

He shrugged. "It's still early."

She pressed her finger beneath his chin and used it to guide his eyes up to hers. "Get our Chibby ready for my cock, baby. He's starting to look impatient."

"Aye, lad," he said. "C'mere."

He started to stand up, but Olivia stopped him. "I think you're fine on your knees."

With a low, desperate whine, he crawled toward Chibs. Chibs smirked and stroked Juice's cheek.

"Good lad," he said. Juice flicked his tongue against Chibs' balls and he groaned. "You gonna tease me, sweet boy?"

"It's an idea," Juice said with a grin. He worked his tongue into the slit at the tip of Chibs' cock and wiggled it. Swirled around and around the glans until Chibs was panting and flush-faced. He never closed his mouth around it, though, and Chibs let out a growl of frustration.

"On the bed, boys," Olivia said. She grabbed the bottle of lube and tossed it to Chibs. "On your back, Chibby."

He scooted toward the headboard and laid down. Juice crawled up between his legs and Olivia sat next to him. She leaned down to kiss him, her tongue flicking against his mouth, but when he reached for her she pulled away and shook her head.

"Rule number one," she said.

"Ach. Sorry, darlin'." He arranged his face into suitably humble lines. "Can I please touch your hair while you kiss me, Ollie love?"

Her mouth curved. "What do you think, Juicy?"

"That was very polite."

"It was. Yeah, babe. You can touch my hair. But just my hair."
He grabbed an eager handful of it as she dipped her head again. Wrapped it around his fist and tugged a little. The strands were slippery between his fingers, bright against his skin, and he moaned into her mouth as she rubbed her tongue over his.

Juice stretched out on his stomach and trailed his tongue up the inside of Chibs' thigh. Licked his balls with long, slow strokes, but avoided his cock and licked lower. Chibs squirmed, but Olivia ran a soothing hand over his head.

"Be still, love," she whispered as she kissed him. She took the hand tangled in her hair and pressed it to her breast. "Ask me, Chibby."

"Goddamn, baby girl," he said. "Can I play with your beautiful tits? Please?"

"Of course you can, love," she said with a smile.

He let out a brief, sharp sigh and kneaded the handful of soft flesh. Captured her nipple between his knuckles and rolled it, pinching tight around it. Olivia gasped.

"I think I wanna feel your mouth, baby," she said, running a fingertip over it. She pulled his arm until he turned onto his side. He let out a rasping breath and gathered her breasts in both hands. Sucked a nipple into his mouth and tugged it with his teeth.

"Mmm, Chibby. Like that. More." He sucked harder, and she laced her fingers through his hair.

Juice was behind him now, and he dipped his tongue into the cleft of Chibs' ass. Grinned at the noise he made and circled his tongue around Chibs' hole. He tapped the tip against it, then wiggled it inside.

"Fuck, laddie," Chibs moaned. "That's good, Juicy boy."

Juice bit the curve of his ass, sucking softly, and squeezed some lube onto his fingers. He slid one hand between Chibs' legs to stroke his cock, and when Chibs responded with a groan, Juice pressed a finger into him to the second knuckle.

"Good, baby?" Olivia said.

"Aye, lass. Our Juicy has amazing hands."

She laughed. "He really does," she said. She scooted down the bed and wrapped her mouth around the head of Chibs' cock.

He let out a strangled cry of surprised pleasure. She sucked him lightly, brushing her tongue back and forth across the tip. Juice slid his finger in and out, deeper every time he pushed in. He added a second finger, twisting them together, and started over.

Olivia flicked drops of pre-come off his cock and traced her tongue along each vein. Chibs was making rough, desperate noises, and he bucked his hips until she gave him a light slap on the thigh and he fell still.

"You think he's ready for my cock, babe?" she said to Juice.

"Don't know," he replied. "You should ask him."

Olivia smirked and nipped at the head of Chibs' cock with soft wet lips. "Well, love?" she said. "You want me to fuck you?"
"Please, lassie. Wanna feel that big purple cock in me, darlin'.'"

She sighed and stroked lube over the dildo with both hands. "That's what I like to hear, Chibby," she said. She pressed a kiss to his hip and Juice pulled away. Chibs groaned as Juice's fingers left him, and at Olivia's urging he rolled onto his back again.

She hooked his legs over her arms and pressed the tip of the cock against him. Juice turned the vibrator on, medium setting, and she jerked. Chibs moaned as the head pushed into him. Olivia stroked her hands down his thighs.

"Did that hurt, love? I'm sorry!" she said, her face creased with worry.

"Nah, lass," he rasped. "It's good. All good. Don't stop."

She made a soft noise and pushed in deeper, slow and steady. The cock was smaller than Juice's, but still she paused to let him adjust to it. He could feel the vibrations along the dildo's length, and it was driving him nuts. He moved against her, moaning.

"All the way, sweet girl. Fuck me, Ollie girl. Please!"

Juice groaned and dragged his hand up and down his erection. Olivia thrust into Chibs the rest of the way and bit her lip as her hips smacked against his body.

"God, Chibby," she said, her voice rough and breathless. "You look so good with my cock in your ass. How does it feel?"

"Fuckin' amazing, lass."

But it was more than that. He lowered his chin to get a look at her, and his balls tightened at the sight: Olivia with her mane of red-gold hair; her gorgeous round tits with the swollen cherry nipples; her warm pale skin and golden dusting of freckles; small and delicate and sweet, with an eight-inch cock buried to the hilt in his ass and a wicked, lustful smile on her face.

"Goddamn, baby girl," he growled. "You look so damn sexy. Sexiest fuckin' thing I've ever seen."

Juice had moved around behind her, and now he rested his chin on her shoulder and grinned at Chibs. "Told you, babe. She's hot as fuck like this."

He kissed and sucked the side of her neck, and her hips moved in slow, gentle rolls. Chibs' cock dripped and twitched, but she didn't touch it. It took all his self control not to break rule number one, and he bit his lip almost hard enough to bleed. She smirked at him like she could read his mind and ran a hand down his body. Stopped just short of touching his cock, but left her palm pressed against him.

Behind her Juice was up to something, but Chibs couldn't tell what. A moment later her head fell back and she moaned, and Juice gave a soft, teasing laugh.

"What, lass?" Chibs said through gritted teeth. "What's the boy done?"

"Butt plug," Juice said. "You like it, baby?"

She nodded, breathless, and he turned the vibe up a notch. "Oh shit, Juicy, oh God!" She thrust into Chibs, harder, pulling almost all the way out before she plunged back in again.

Chibs moved his body to meet her, moaning and cursing. "What're you doin' to her with that plug,
lad?"

"Just slidin' it in and out," Juice said, his own voice slurring. "Twisting it around. Gettin' her nice and ready for my cock."

"Ahh," Chibs said. "You gonna fuck her sweet tight ass while she fucks mine?"

She whimpered, and they both heard the rip of a condom wrapper. He lubed up his throbbing cock and pulled the plug free.

"You ready, Livvie?" he said. He left a trail of kisses along the curve of her shoulder and kneaded her breasts with both hands.

"Yeah, Juicy. Please, baby."

"Please what, sweetheart?" he murmured near her ear.

"Fuck my ass! Fuck me while I fuck Chibs. Please, Juan Carlos. I want your cock so goddamn bad."

"There's a request impossible to refuse, Juicy boy," Chibs said between pants.

"No shit," Juice agreed. He stroked his palms down her body and she went still as he slowly pushed into her.

"Oh God," she said, almost a yelp. "Oh God, Juicy!"

"Good?" he said through clenched teeth.

"Good! Don't stop!" She met Chibs' eyes and smiled, a luscious curve of her full mouth. "Stroke your cock for us, Chibby."

"Thank you, baby, fuck goddamn thank you!" he groaned as he wrapped his fingers around his aching shaft.

She shuddered. Juice pulled back to thrust into her, a little harder, and she pushed into Chibs. "More, Juicy," she said. "Fuck, I need more!" She wriggled against the vibrator and felt an orgasm closing in fast.

Juice pumped into her, slow and steady, and she matched his rhythm. Chibs stroked his cock and jerked against her. The sound of their moans and skin slapping skin filled the air, and between them Olivia threw back her head as the orgasm took her.

"Oh Godohgodohgod yes yes fuck!" she cried, and then she went silent, her mouth working and her body shaking with the power of it.

Juice didn't let up. He sucked the soft, tender skin on her neck and fucked her harder, driving her deep into Chibs. The head of her cock slammed into Chibs' prostate and the vibrator hit her too-sensitive clit with every thrust.

"Good girl," Chibby said. "Love watchin' you come, Ollie lass. I bet Juicy liked it too."

"Fuck yeah," he said. "You feel so fuckin' good, Livvie. So hot. So tight. Makes me crazy, the way your sweet little ass squeezes me when you come."

"Again, baby," Chibs said. "Come for us again. I'm so fuckin' close, sweet girl."
Her head fell back onto Juice's shoulder, and he was practically the only thing keeping her upright as the vibrator relentlessly drove her to another peak. Her moans and cries were wordless, desperate, keening, and her entire body was flushed and shivering.

"Jesus Christ, darlin'!"

"God, Livvie, fuck goddamn you're so fuckin' tight!" Juice cried.

"Don't stop, Juicy," she said. She hooked her arm back to tangle her fingers in Juice's hair. "Fuck me, Juan Carlos. Harder! Wanna feel you come."

"Shit, baby, oh God oh God!" His balls clenched and he came all in a rush, gasping and chanting their names. His hips jerked as his cock spasmed again and again, and he squeezed his eyes shut hard enough to see stars. He pressed into her, crushing her pelvis against Chibs', and at the increased pressure from the vibrator she came a third time, almost painfully, the strongest one yet.

Chibs lost the plot at some point. He could hear their cries, but the sizzling, intense sparks spiraling from his prostate were too much. He tugged hard at his cock, pumping the foreskin up and down over the head, and as Olivia screamed with pleasure and the vibrator sent its shockwaves through him, he exploded, jet after jet of hot, sticky come.

"Red!" Olivia cried. "Turn it off, Juicy!"

He hit the button and she slumped between them, gasping desperately for breath. He wrapped an arm around her middle and lapped at rivulets of sweat that dripped down her neck.

They were all three boneless, stunned, barely hanging on after the force of their climaxes. Chibs lay dazed, his cock going limp in his come-covered hand. Juice pulled out of Olivia with a groan and got rid of the condom, tying it off and tossing it away. They'd trash it later. When they could walk again.

Chibs nabbed the towel off the nightstand and cleaned himself up as Olivia slid sideways, her cock sliding out of him. He shuddered at the sensation and made a noise that was dangerously close to a whimper.

"Okay, lass?" he murmured.

She nodded wordlessly. Juice unbuckled the harness and pulled it carefully down her legs. Chibs kissed the red impressions in her soft skin and pulled her up the bed to lie with him. Juice stretched out on her other side and wrapped himself around her.

"Too much?" he whispered, raining soft kisses anywhere he could reach: her shoulder, her neck, the corner of her jaw.

"No," she said. "No, I'm good. You two?"

They both laughed, and Chibs let out a low whistle. "Honestly can't tell you the last time I came that hard, sweet girl."

"Me too," Juice said. "That was—well. A really great birthday, for one."

She chuckled. Juice trailed his palm over her hip and down the line of her thigh.

"Happy birthday, lad," Chibs said.

"Glad you enjoyed it, love," said Olivia, her tone warm and honeyed. Her post-sex voice. Her I've
"All right," Juice said. "Bath time. I think Olivia needs a soak in the tub, don't you?" he said to Chibs.

"Aye, a good hot one."

"With bath oil?" she said.

"Of course, baby. What kind of post-vigorous-sexual-activity bath doesn't include bath oil?" Juice said.

It was their usual aftercare routine: they got her in a steaming, scented tub and rubbed any soreness from her muscles while she soaked. She pushed herself too hard sometimes, and old injuries plagued her if she wasn't careful. Taking care of her took care of Juice, too, and Chibs loved taking care of both of them.

"Come along, my loves," he said. He pulled Olivia into his arms and kissed her long and slow. "Still with us, sweet girl?"

"Mmhhmm," she said. She sat up a little and ran her fingers through his hair. "This works, doesn't it?"

It wasn't a question; not really. More an observation, bright and hopeful.

Chibs glanced up at Juice, and they smiled. Juice leaned over to press a kiss to her forehead, and she brushed her free hand against his cheek.

"Yeah, Liv," he said. "This really fuckin' works."

"Good," she said, her smile sweet. "I'll keep you both, then."

Chibs laughed. "Try to get rid of us, lass. I dare you."

"Wouldn't dream of it," she said. "Now get me to the bathroom, my two badass bikers. It's Juicy's birthday and I think he needs a blowjob."

"Ach, lass," Chibs said, still chuckling. "I do love you."

"We love you too, Chibby," she said. "We're glad you found us. Right, babe?" she said to Juice.

"Real glad, Chibby." Juice kissed him, and Chibs smiled against his mouth.

"Aye," he said. "Aye, loves, I am too."

Chapter End Notes

That's it! The end of this one! Yay! I'm planning to write more J/O/C stuff, because they've become my ot3. It's a legit problem. I want to finish In the Blood first, though, so start looking for updates on that soon.

Thanks for reading! :D
I forgot at one point that Chibs is a foot taller than Olivia and had to make some edits. Oops.

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