Two's Company But Three Is Even Better

by drakecestanon

Summary

Sam has just gotten back from his latest job with Sully, but when he arrives in New Orleans, his brother Nathan has a proposition that he never expected to get.

Somehow, some way, I was totally hit by this idea. And my brain demanded that I write it. I don't want to spoil much right here, but as the story goes on, I will update the tags appropriately. And yes, it will involve Elena in there as well, just a forewarning. I know, I still have my other chaptered story to work on, and I assure you that I am, but somehow this idea took a hold of me hard.
It all started with a phone call.

Sam was relaxing in his hotel room in New Orleans, reclining on his bed while he played around with his cell phone. He was still sometimes amazed at the technology that he had missed out on being developed while he was in prison, and the small, pocket-sized computer that was his phone was definitely part of that. He was flipping between a couple of apps when his brother’s name flashed on the screen, indicating that he was getting a phone call. Nathan, he thought as he tapped the button to answer the call. His brother was calling him early; Sam wasn’t expecting to head over to Nathan and Elena’s house until later, on account of them having some work to do on their treasure hunting show. Of course when Nathan found out that Sam was back in town, having had finished up his last job with Victor, he had offered for him to stay over at their house, but Sam politely declined. Things were still a little weird both between him and Nathan and Elena after the events that went down in Madagascar, despite his attempts to make up for it with what he was able to salvage of Avery’s treasure. So staying in a hotel was a nice, safe distance between them for now.

“Nathan?” Sam asked as he brought the phone up to his ear, and moved to sit upright on the bed, the bedsheets rustling underneath him with his movement. “What’s up?”

“Hey Sam, are you busy? I was wondering if you could come over a little earlier than we had planned.” There was a pause before Nathan spoke again. “There’s something I want to ask you.”

Sam’s curiosity was immediately piqued at Nathan’s words. They’d had plenty of phone and text conversations over the past several months, about everything and anything, so it was a little unusual that Nathan wanted to talk to him face-to-face about something now. “Well, we’re talking right now, aren’t we?” He asked with a slight joking tone. “You can’t ask me on the phone?”

What was clearly a sigh came through the other end of the line. “I’d rather talk to you in person about it, it’s kind of... Well... I’ll explain when you get here. Can you get over here soon?”

There was a hint of something in Nathan’s voice, desperation or maybe fear, that Sam just couldn’t quite put his finger on. But whatever it was, Sam couldn’t refuse his little brother. And it wasn’t just because of all of those years he spent away from him that he felt he needed to make up for, or the lies he told when he came back. “Okay yeah, I’ll be right over,” Sam agreed with a nod. “Just give me like, twenty minutes.”

This time there was another sigh, but it sounded more like one of relief rather than grief. “Great,
“Thanks Sam. I’ll see you soon.”

“Yeah, see you soon little brother,” Sam said affectionately before hanging up the call. He glanced down at the screen once he had hung up, the phone immediately going back to the app he had previously been in before Nathan called. He clicked it off and got up from the bed, sliding the phone into his pocket so that he could get ready to go to his brother’s house.

Sam had no idea what he was in for once he got there.
Chapter Summary

Nathan has a very interesting favor to ask of his brother Sam.

Once Sam had pulled up his motorcyle into the driveway connected to Nathan’s house and parked it, he found himself a little nervously walking up to the front door. He stepped slowly, moving one foot cautiously in front of the other as if he was walking over something as dangerous as a land mine. And for a brief moment, he thought that maybe he really was walking into a land mine with whatever it was that Nathan had summoned him for. But he quickly brushed that thought away and chuckled softly at himself for thinking something so ridiculous. Whatever Nathan had called him for, it couldn’t be that bad, right?

It wasn’t long before Sam found himself facing the front door of Nathan’s house, and he inhaled a small breath before jabbing the doorbell with his thumb. Involuntarily, he held his breath until he heard the click of the deadbolt being unlocked.

Nathan swung the door open, and his eyes lit up when he saw Sam standing on the doorstep. “Sam! It’s so good to see you, how have you been?” He asked as he went in for a hug, throwing his arms around Sam’s broad shoulders and giving his brother a squeeze. “Sully hasn’t been working you too hard has he?”

“Nah,” Sam admitted with a chuckle as he returned the embrace. “Although I usually have to do most of the physical labor between the two of us.”

“That sounds pretty familiar,” Nathan retorted with a laugh, letting go of his older brother and giving him a pat on the shoulder. “Anyway, why don’t you come in? You can tell me what kind of stuff you and Sully have been chasing after, and we can just talk.”

Sam let the words hang between them for a moment before replying. He wanted to know now what Nathan had to talk to him about, but he also didn’t want to seem too anxious either. “Yeah, sure, lead the way,” he answered with a nod. Not that he hadn’t been to Nathan’s house several times before already, but somehow this time felt different even though his brother was acting pretty much the way that he always had.

“Come on, we can go sit in the living room,” Nathan said as he moved to step back inside the house, and indicated for Sam to follow him with a motion of his hand. “Do you want a beer or
“A beer sounds great,” Sam replied as he trailed behind Nathan as they walked into and through the house. “I hope you got a good brand,” he teased as they made their way to the kitchen first.

Nathan chuckled as he stepped over to the refrigerator and tugged it open so that he could pull out a couple of amber bottles from the inside of the door. “I sprung for something that wasn’t on sale,” he said proudly as he handed one of the bottles to Sam.

“Nice work, little brother,” Sam replied with a smile as he glanced down at the bottle and took it from Nathan’s hand. It looked like it was one of the local brews, something much better than some of the cheaper, nationally manufactured beers. “This is acceptable.”

“Just acceptable?” Nathan said in mock protest as he shut the fridge door. “I was told that this was a good IPA, and I figured that you’d like some of that fancier stuff.”

“Do you even know what IPA stands for, Nathan?” Sam teased as he cracked the bottle open. It was a nice gesture though, that his little brother went out of his way to get something decent for him to drink, and the thought warmed his heart a little. It actually warmed his heart more than he wanted to admit, but he pushed those pesky thoughts away. He’d kept his true feelings locked down for this long now. Ever since he was reunited with his brother and found out that he was married, he kept them to himself, and as time went on, it got easier to do.

“Uh… You’ve got me there,” Nathan admitted as he moved his other hand to scratch at the back of his head a little sheepishly. “I was just going by what the guy at the store told me.”

Sam laughed as he lifted his free hand to pat his little brother’s shoulder. “You did fine, Nathan,” he said as he headed towards the couch with his beer. He took a sip from the bottle before moving to sit down, feeling his nerves starting to pop up in anticipation of whatever conversation they were going to have, and he hoped that the alcohol would help to calm them.

Nathan followed suit, plopping down next to his older brother on the couch with beer in hand, and gave Sam a smile. “So, how is everything? How did your last job with Sully go? Hell, how is Sully doing? I haven’t talked to him in a little while, since you guys were occupied with your work.”

Sam looked over to Nathan and gave him a grin in return. Who wouldn’t smile at that hopeful enthusiasm beaming on his brother’s face? He gave a small chuckle before starting to speak,
catching his little brother up on all of the events of the past month. It was pretty much routine whenever Sam made his way back to New Orleans, Nathan always set aside time for him to hear about what he’d been up to while he was gone. Not that Nathan didn’t have his own adventures, what with the business he had going on with Elena, but he knew that his little brother could never get enough, whether it was going out on his own or living vicariously through his older brother’s tales. Plus Sam knew that since his jobs were a little more on the illegal side, the thrill of it was much more captivating to Nathan.

“…and I was damn lucky that my underwear stayed on, otherwise they would have seen a lot more of Sam Drake than I would have liked,” Sam chuckled before taking another draw from his beer bottle, his story coming close to an end. “But Victor managed to pick me up just in time, and well, we got away.”

Nathan laughed along with his older brother. “You know, that kind of reminds me of that time at the Taj Mahal,” he commented with a grin.

“Yeah, but at least I didn’t end up naked like you did,” Sam pointed out with a lift of an eyebrow, recalling the story that his brother had told him some time back. “Close to it, but not quite.”

“True, true,” Nathan agreed as he gave a nod of his head. “That was pretty awkward.” He tilted his beer bottle up towards Sam and smiled at him. “It’s good to have you back around. I missed you.”

Sam took the cue and tapped his own bottle, which was now more empty than full, against Nathan’s with a clink. “I missed you too, little brother.” He glanced around the house, just now noticing that the other resident of the household was nowhere to be seen. “Elena’s not around?” Usually Nathan’s wife welcomed him with open arms, even despite the slight tension that they held between each other.

“She’s at the studio,” Nathan explained before taking another sip. “She had some editing to do for the show and it’s much easier to do it over there.”

“You didn’t want to go help?” Sam teased slightly as he finally drained the remainder of his beer bottle and placed it onto the coffee table, making sure to sit it on one of the coasters that was laying on the surface. Elena was particular about certain things in the house, and he learned quickly that beverages needed to be on coasters in the Drake household. That was something that he wouldn’t forget.

“You know I’m more of a hands-on guy,” Nathan answered as he leaned back into the couch, but not before putting his own bottle of beer on the table as well. “Finding stuff and doing all of the
physical work is fine, I’m not great with all of that computer tech-y stuff that she does once we’re done filming,” he said with a wave of his hand. “Anyway…” Nathan gave a little cough to clear his throat before he continued speaking. “The thing that I asked you to come here for…” He swallowed roughly and averted his eyes from Sam as he made his admission. “It’s about Elena.”

“What about Elena?” Sam asked curiously with a tilt of his head. He wasn’t sure whether or not he should have been nervous about whatever it was that Nathan had summoned him to the house for, but it seemed like he would soon find out. “Is she all right?”

“She’s fine,” Nathan said quickly, glancing up to give his older brother some visual assurance. “It’s more… well it’s about us.”

“I’m not really getting it,” Sam said as he furrowed his eyebrows. “Come on Nathan, just spit it out for me.”

Nathan leaned forward and fidgeted with his hands before closing his eyes briefly and huffing out a sigh. “Okay so, Elena and I haven’t exactly been great,” he admitted as he stared down at the floor. “Working on the show together has been fine, we work well together when it’s business. But not so much when it comes to our marriage.” Nathan paused again. “We’ve been fighting a lot, and well, to just put it out there, things haven’t been so hot in the bedroom either.”

Sam wasn’t surprised when he heard Nathan admit that he had some marriage problems. From what he knew from his brother, it sounded like Nathan and Elena were very much off and on from the get-go. Hell, they had even separated not long after they had gotten married. But even despite all of that, Sam would never not be there for his little brother, and even if Nathan’s decisions weren’t exactly the ones that he would have made, Sam would always stand by him. “So… what, do you want me to be your marriage counselor or something like that?” Sam asked quizzically. “Being locked away in prison for thirteen years probably makes me the least qualified for that job.”

“Kind of,” Nathan answered with an awkward laugh. “I think the bedroom stuff has been the worst of it though, and that seems to be what triggers a lot of our arguments.” He inhaled a breath and kept going, although the words that were to come would no doubt sting a little bit. “She seems to be kind of bored, and honestly, nothing that I do really seems to work anymore. It’s gotten to the point where it’s easier to just not do it and avoid an argument.” Nathan didn’t mention the times where he’d instead jerk off in the shower or do it in the bedroom when Elena wasn’t home; that was something that Sam didn’t need to know.

Sam wasn’t sure exactly what to say in response to what Nathan was admitting. The air in the room felt nothing less than uneasy, and for once, he didn’t know what to do to lighten the mood. “If ah… If you’re asking for sex advice, I don’t know if I’m your guy,” Sam said with a nervous chuckle. “Once again, thirteen years in prison? You’re probably way ahead of me in the sex
Nathan shook his head, still unable to look over at his brother, and he could feel his cheeks getting warmer the longer he explained his personal issues with his wife. “I’m not exactly the smooth guy that you are, Sam,” he said as he gave a little snort. “You’re the guy who had a girlfriend at eighteen, I didn’t have a girlfriend until way after that.”

“Who, Crystal?” This time it was Sam’s turn to snort. “Look Nathan, Crystal and I didn’t exactly live happily ever after either, did we? Sure, the sex was good, but at eighteen any sex that you get is good. You’re lucky if anyone wants to have sex with you. And besides, it was kind of hard to keep a girlfriend or even have a girlfriend when we were both living on and off the streets, right?” He shuffled closer to his brother and allowed himself to drape an arm over Nathan’s shoulder. “So whatever you think I can help you and Elena with, I’ll do my best. If you think I need to have a talk with her, or give her some advice, I can do that. No matter how awkward the conversation might be.” Sam was pretty sure that any attempts to have a conversation about her and his brother’s sex life would not go well, but he’d give it a shot for Nathan.

“I actually want you to have sex with Elena.” Nate blurted out, while he stared straight down at the rug that covered their hardwood floors, not wanting to see the expression on Sam’s face at hearing his request. He didn’t want to lose his nerve over what he was asking of him. “I mean, if you’d be okay with it of course, I don’t want you to do anything you don’t want to do. But I just think…”

“Wait hold on, you want me to have sex with your wife?” Sam interrupted, unable to believe what he just heard from his younger brother. Maybe he was just mishearing things. All of those close-range gunshots he’d been exposed to had to have done something to his ears. “Nathan, that’s just…”

“Please Sam,” Nathan pleaded, interrupting his older brother this time, and he dared to look over at him with a pleading expression in his eyes. “Just hear me out. I really think it would help us if she was able to get her more uh… primal urges out. Talking about our marriage issues while she’s all keyed up isn’t exactly a good way to solve our problems. And since it’s probably best that it’s not with me, at least for now, I’d rather it be with someone that I trust.” He chuckled softly as he glanced back down again. “And Sully’s a little out of the age range for Elena so…” Nathan’s voice trailed off briefly before he continued on. “But I’ve already talked this over with Elena and she’s actually okay with it, hell, she’s been encouraging it.”

Sam let his hand slide off from Nathan’s back. He was instantly flooded with uncertainty and all sorts of conflicting feelings. There were the feelings of not wanting to let his brother down, but also the feelings of affection towards Nathan that were sometimes more than impure, plus the feelings of awkwardness of doing something so intimate with his brother’s wife, never mind with someone that he didn’t exactly have the most comfortable relationship. It was mind-boggling and very overwhelming. “Nathan, I…” Sam just wanted to say no, to shut down the proposition right
then and there, but he also didn’t want to disappoint Nathan. He had already disappointed his little brother many times, both while growing up and in adulthood, and he didn’t want to add to the count. “Can I have another beer before I decide?”

Nathan laughed nervously as he got up from the couch to head back towards the kitchen. “Only if the answer is yes.”
Chapter Summary

Here's where Elena shows up and things get a little more real for Sam.

After some more talking and tossing back a couple more beers, Sam eventually agreed to Nathan’s and Elena’s proposal, despite Elena not being around to discuss it personally. With the alcohol numbing any doubts that Sam might have had about the arrangement, he was actually okay with it. Elena was an attractive female, so he wasn’t worried about any performance issues cropping up when it came down to it, although it was still going to be beyond weird to have sex with the same person that Nathan had been having sex with for years. He’d make it work though, for the sake of Nathan and his marriage. No matter how awkward it might be at first.

“So, you’re still going to stay for dinner, right?” Nathan asked Sam as he got up from the couch and started picking up the empty bottles from the table. “Plus, I’m sure that Elena will be happy to hear that you said yes. It’d be nice if you told her yourself instead of her just hearing it from me.”

Sam hesitated briefly before giving his answer. Dinner would have probably already been on the uneasy side as it was, what with the slight tension between him and Elena, but now with this new deal on the table, it only amplified the awkwardness of the situation. He couldn’t say no though, not to his baby brother, and definitely not now. “Of course,” Sam replied with a casual smile while slinging his arm over the back of the sofa. “I’m not going to just scurry away, you know,” he reassured, although running was a little tempting to him.

“Great,” Nathan said as he carefully dropped the bottles into a bin back in the kitchen. Just as he was going to head back to the couch to re-take his seat, the sound of a door opening and then closing echoed through the house. “Sounds like Elena’s home,” Nathan noted as he sat back down next to Sam.

“Great, I guess that means it’s dinnertime soon, huh?” Sam asked, trying hard to mask the uneasiness in the tone of his voice. Hearing that Nathan’s wife was home sobered him up fast, and all of the doubts about what he had agreed to were finally starting to sink in.

“Yeah, well, we still have to make it, but yeah,” Nathan said with a chuckle. He could tell that Sam was a little keyed up due to Elena’s arrival, so he reached out for one of his brother’s knees and gave it a reassuring pat with his hand. “It’ll be fine,” he said lowly.
Elena entered the room and saw that both her husband and his brother were occupying the couch. “Hey there boys,” she said in greeting as she dropped off her keys on the kitchen counter with a clatter. Her eyes immediately went to where Nathan’s hand was resting on Sam’s knee and she couldn’t help but smile. “Am I interrupting something?”

“Not at all,” Nathan said with a chuckle as he pulled his hand away. “I had Sam come over a little early, so that we could talk, catch up on things, stuff like that.”

“Hey Elena,” Sam said with a hesitant wave of his hand. He wasn’t sure how to act now that he knew what he knew, and especially with him accepting the arrangement that he and Nathan had discussed. But he also didn’t want things to be even more awkward by acting strange, so he figured he might as well pretend like he hadn’t just agreed to have sex with her. “You’re looking well,” he complimented as he rose up from the couch and held his arms out. “How about a hug?”

“Of course,” Elena agreed with a nod as she stepped into Sam’s embrace, giving him a loose hug in return. “And flattery will get you everywhere you know.”

Sam just chuckled lowly as he gave his sister-in-law a little squeeze, trying not to think about the fact that he was probably going to see her naked sometime in the near future. And have sex with her. Sex with his brother’s wife. It didn’t get any less weird the more he thought about it.

“Hey, what am I, chopped liver over here?” Nathan teased as he watched Sam and Elena embrace each other. “Where’s my greeting?”

“I see you all of the time,” Elena quipped as she pulled away from Sam’s arms, and gave Nathan a playful, gentle flick of fingers to his temple. “Seeing Sam is a special occasion,” she explained before bending down to give her husband a quick peck on the lips.

“That’s right, I’m special,” Sam parroted as he pointed a finger to himself. “Even your wife thinks so.”

“Yeah, you’re special all right,” Nathan joked as he curled an arm around Elena’s waist. “Anyway, how was the studio? You get everything done that needed to get done?”

Elena waved a hand at the question and shimmed herself out of Nathan’s grip. “Sam probably doesn’t want to hear the boring details about what goes into production. And neither do you for that matter,” she teased as she headed into the kitchen. “But yes, I got what I had planned on getting done for today. I’ll have to go back tomorrow to work on some other stuff too.”
“I’m not surprised,” Nathan said with a shrug of his shoulders. “That’s Elena for you, always dedicated to her hard work.”

“You make it sound like it’s a bad thing,” Elena said with a laugh as she started to open cabinet doors, searching for the pots and pans that she needed to start preparing their meal. “Anyway, you two want to make yourself useful and help me out with dinner?”

“Of course,” Sam replied as he moved towards the kitchen. “Just tell me what I need to do.” He wasn’t the best when it came to preparing or cooking food, although he did learn some stuff back when he was in Panama; he was pretty much a jack of all trades in prison just out of sheer boredom and the need to occupy his mind. The distraction was welcome enough though, anything to avoid the conversation that he and Nathan had earlier. Even though he knew that it would likely come up at some point in the evening.

“A man who takes direction? Nate obviously didn’t pick up that gene,” Elena joked as she poured some cooking oil into a pan. “If you want to grab some ingredients for the salad from the fridge and start working on that, that’d be great.”

“Hey, that hurts,” Nathan said in a mock pained tone, playfully clutching at his chest as he got up from the sofa in order to help out the others in the kitchen.

“The truth hurts,” Elena retorted with a slight smirk on her lips as she turned to open a cupboard in order to pull a large bowl out, and then motioned for Sam to take it.

Sam could only laugh as he took the offered salad bowl, and got to work on his part of dinner. Thankfully, the awkwardness that he had been feeling was dispelled, at least for the moment. He had no doubt that it could, and probably would, come back at any given time.

Once the dinner had been cooked and prepared, Sam, Nathan and Elena sat down to eat their meal in the small dining area behind the living room. The dinner was just as lively as when they were preparing it; everyone took turns telling stories and poked lighthearted fun at each other in between taking bites. With the way that Nathan and Elena seemed to get along well with each other, it was hard for Sam to believe that they had any marital problems. But then again, he knew all about putting on an act; he did his fair share when both he and Nathan were younger and it was just the two of them growing up.
That was great Elena, thanks,” Sam said as he pushed his empty plate away from him and picked up the beer bottle that accompanied his meal. “It’s nice to eat something that’s not from a box or a bag.”

“Oh come on,” Nathan scoffed as he put his fork down on his plate. “Sully has expensive taste. There’s no way that he doesn’t spring for a nice meal or two while you guys are out doing your work.”

“Okay well, that’s true,” Sam admitted with a rough chuckle. “But I guess what I’m trying to say is that there’s no atmosphere like this at those places.” It had been a long time since he had anything that resembled a home-cooked meal. Even before he and Nathan had gotten dumped off at the orphanage, their home life wasn’t very stable, and dinners with the family were rare. And of course once Sam had liberated Nathan from St. Francis’, they lived off of whatever they could scrounge or steal.

Nathan gave his brother a small smile. “I guess you’re right about that,” he said as he reached out to pat Sam on his forearm. “If you enjoy watching me getting viciously attacked by my wife.”

“You haven’t seen vicious yet,” Elena playfully threatened as she pointed her fork towards her husband. “I’ve been playing nice until now.”

Nathan just laughed as he held his hands up in surrender. “Scary,” he commented with a smirk. “See what I have to put up with?”

“Seems like you’re putting up with it just fine,” Sam noted with a grin of his own as he got up from his chair and started to clear his dishes from the table. “Anyone else done with their plates?”

“Thanks Sam,” Elena said as she stacked her salad bowl on top of her plate and handed them to her brother-in-law. “You’re always such a polite houseguest,” she complimented as she glanced up at him. “You know you’re welcome over here at any time, right?”

Sam nodded as he stepped over towards the kitchen to deposit the dirty dishes into the sink carefully. “I know, I just don’t want to get in the way or anything like that. Two’s company, but three’s a crowd, right?”

“Speaking of that,” Nathan started off, giving a small cough into his hand before continuing on.
“So Sam and I had a little talk today.”

“Oh?” Elena asked before she realized what exactly it was that Nathan was referring to. Her mind quickly caught up to her mouth. “Oh. Oh, that.”

The awkwardness that had dissipated earlier was suddenly back, surrounding the air like a thick fog. “Yeah, uh… that,” Sam agreed as he moved to sit back down at the table, even though everything in him was telling him to just walk out the front door. He found that he couldn’t look up at Elena, at least not right at that moment. “So Nathan told me about some stuff,” Sam said without really elaborating on what stuff he was talking about. He figured that he really didn’t need to get into the details of the issues that Nathan had told him about. “And he also asked me to do him a favor. Well, to do you a favor. To do both of you a favor.” He started fidgeting with his fingers, thinking that it would be really nice to have a cigarette at that moment. Hell, driving his motorcycle off of a cliff would have been favorable to the weird conversation that he was having, one that he never imagined having with his brother and his sister-in-law.

“…And?” Elena asked as she involuntarily held her breath as she waited for Sam’s answer. She glanced up towards Sam, with a hopeful but nervous expression clear across her face.

“And…” Sam took in an exhale of air before addressing the elephant in the room. “…I said I would do it.” He looked up at Nathan and then moved his glance over towards Elena, before staring back down at the table once again. Sam reached a hand up to scratch at his neck a little nervously. “So I guess we need to work on the details, any rules, stuff like that.”

Elena reached over to grasp at Nathan’s hand, and gave him a smile before speaking to Sam once again. “I know this is weird. Trust us, it took us a lot of time to build up the nerve to finally ask you, and we had a lot of hard conversations. Well, when we weren’t fighting that is,” Elena admitted with an uneasy titter. “But thank you Sam. If it ends up not working out, then it doesn’t work out, but at least thank you, for giving it a shot.”

“Don’t thank me just yet,” Sam replied with a laugh, lifting his head to finally look at Elena face-to-face. The optimistic smile that was plastered across her face was contagious, and for a brief moment, Sam thought that maybe, just maybe, what he had agreed to wasn’t such a bad idea after all.

“As for rules,” Nathan piped up as he rubbed a thumb over Elena’s knuckles. “Just please Elena. That’s all I ask. Of course there’s nothing wrong with you getting something out of it too, I wouldn’t expect otherwise but…” He glanced over to his wife with slightly flushed cheeks. “I just want Elena to come first.” When Nathan realized what exactly he said as soon as the words left his mouth, he started laughing, while his cheeks got even redder. “No pun intended.”
Sam burst out in laughter along with Elena, and he gave his little brother a nod of understanding as he attempted to catch his breath. The tension in the air was starting to break quickly, and he was grateful for that. “So, when do we uh… want to start this arrangement?”

Elena glanced over at Nathan questioningly and he gave her a nod of his head. “I mean, it can start at any time now,” she said shyly in a small voice, this time her own cheeks turning red as she spoke. “Whenever you’re ready, I’m ready.”

Sam took a moment to take in the information, moving a hand to rub at his jaw. “Well, since I’m here tonight we can…” He volunteered, his voice trailing off. “You know, if you want.”

Elena nodded, letting go of Nathan’s hand and getting up from the table. “Here, I’ll show you to our bedroom.” She paused to bend down and give Nathan a kiss on the lips before indicating to Sam to follow her.

“Now?” Sam asked as he followed Elena’s lead and got up from his seat. He didn’t expect for things to start moving so quickly once the unusual conversation was over, but he also figured that if they didn’t dive into it now, then it might never happen. And Elena must have felt the same way. He was doing this more for Nathan’s sake than Elena’s, and he just had to keep that at the front of his mind. Sam glanced over towards Nathan, asking him wordlessly with his eyes if he was sure that it was really okay that they were doing this.

Nathan nodded as he also got up from the table, and picked up his dishes to put them in the sink with the others. “It’s fine, you guys go have fun. I have to head out to the store for a couple of things anyway.”

Sam wasn’t surprised that Nathan didn’t want to be in the house while he made love to his wife, it had to be just as weird and awkward for his little brother as it was going to be for him. “We’ll talk later, okay?” Sam said as he started to follow Elena towards their bedroom.

“Yeah, later,” Nathan agreed as he picked up his car keys and wallet from the kitchen counter, not watching as Elena and Sam turned the corner to head up the stairs.

Once they were upstairs, Sam trailed behind Elena as she took them into the master bedroom, hers and Nathan’s bedroom, and he couldn’t help glance around once they stepped inside. He wasn’t surprised that the bed was somewhat of a mess, neither he nor Nathan were exactly the neatest of people, but what was sitting on the nearby dresser definitely caught his eye. A box of condoms and a tube of lubricant lay out on top of it, and Sam thought to himself that Elena and Nathan must have been expecting him to say yes. “So I guess this is where we get started, huh?” Sam asked
with a little hesitation as he moved towards the bed.

Elena shut the door behind them. “It sure is.”
The Aftershocks

Chapter Summary

Once Sam did what he had promised to do for both Nathan and Elena, he needs some time to take it all in.

Later on that night, Sam found himself back at his hotel, smoking a cigarette outside of the door to his room underneath the night sky. Elena had suggested for him to stay overnight, offering him use of the spare bedroom that was currently her office space, but Sam declined. Even though he had done what both Nathan and Elena had asked of him, he needed some time to really think about it, and sticking around their house and pretending that everything was normal wasn’t exactly going to help set his mind at ease. Despite the both of them saying that it was okay that he had done what he had done, that he had sex with Nathan’s wife with their permission, it was still… weird. He needed some time and some space to really wrap his mind around what all had happened, so it was best for him to go back to the hotel. Even if it did seem like he was running away.

Sam exhaled a smoky breath and a sigh as he recalled the events of the evening. It had started off slowly, with both him and Elena kind of sizing each other up once they were enclosed in the bedroom, neither of them sure how to just start what they had intended to do. It was hard to initiate something where there was no real chemistry between them, so eventually they both agreed to just take off their clothes and go from there. Which was something that was pretty awkward in itself. Sure, Sam wasn’t usually a modest kind of guy, prison easily got rid of that, plus he and Nathan had both seen each other without clothes on many times in the span of their lives. Never mind his other past partners as well, but this was much different. He remembered sitting down on the bed completely exposed, and Elena shyly shuffling up beside him so that their outer thighs touched. After a moment of uneasy hesitation, he was surprised when Elena’s hand slid into his lap and she boldly grasped at his cock and that was the momentum that was needed to get things going. Next thing he knew, he was bent down to kiss her, grasping at the back of her neck while she stroked him to full hardness, and he easily rolled her onto her back while he fumbled to grab the condoms and lube. It wasn’t long before he had rolled the condom on and slid into her, gasping at how good the wet warmth in between her legs felt, and he slipped his fingers down into short, dark curls so that he could rub circles on her clit while he rocked in and out of her body. When he finally had Elena shuddering underneath him, quietly panting his name as her body tightened around him, he was then able to thrust even harder into her, chasing his own orgasm as she clung to him, and she crossed her legs around his back to pull him in closer and deeper. Eventually he found his peak, spilling into the condom with a groan while the question of how and why Nathan wasn’t able to do what he had just done had briefly crossed his mind. Once they had cleaned up and gotten redressed, Sam opted to leave, despite Elena’s kind offer. Nathan hadn’t even gotten back yet from the store, and Sam was a little grateful for that, because he really didn’t want to face his baby brother. Not yet, anyway.

So there he was, leaning against the doorframe as he finished his badly needed cigarette and unable to stop thinking about how he had fucked his brother’s wife. Sam sighed again as he
dropped the lit cigarette onto the pavement and ground it out with his shoe. He knew why it felt so wrong, but he didn’t want to bring those feelings back up to the surface, not the ones that he had fought so hard to suppress once he found out that Nathan was happily married. Sam wasn’t surprised that Nathan had moved on when he thought that he was dead, and he guessed that it was probably his turn to move on as well. No matter how hard it might be to admit it.

Just as Sam was about to head into his room, having plans to distract his thoughts with whatever late-night movies they had playing on the TV, he felt his pocket start to buzz. He slid his hand into the pocket of his jeans to retrieve his phone, and saw that the screen was lit up with the name of his little brother while it vibrated in his hand. His first instinct was to ignore the call, pretend that he had already gone to bed or something along those lines, but he couldn’t just brush off Nathan like that. Especially not now, after having had sex with Elena. He couldn’t just disappear after something like that.

Sam inhaled a breath of the cooler night air before answering the call. “Hey Nathan,” he said as he held the phone up to his ear.

“Hey. I missed seeing you leave. Elena said that you didn’t want to stay the night?”

Sam nodded, even though there was no one there to see it. “Yeah, I just… kind of wanted to think some things out,” he explained as he dragged his free hand through his hair. “It’s still just kind of weird, you know?”

A chuckle was heard on the other end of the phone. “Yeah, trust me, it’s weird for both me and Elena too. So I get it.” There was a pause. “And uh, this might just make things even weirder, but I want to say thank you. Actually, both Elena and I want to thank you. She um, she said that tonight was good and that she’d love to do it again sometime.”

“Yeah?” Sam asked, a slight smile crossing his lips when he heard his brother’s words. He was going to scoff at just being good, but he figured that might be a little inappropriate to say. So he kept the words to himself. Besides, it was the first time for him and Elena to take part in this unusual arrangement, so of course it wasn’t going to be the greatest. Despite how intimate they were, it was still hard to break that tension they had between them, which affected his performance a little bit. He knew it probably wasn’t the best he’d been in bed. But since it sounded like she wanted to do it again, he had the chance to up his game. “I uh, I’d be okay with doing it again. As long as it’s all right with both of you.”

“As long as it’s okay with Elena, it’s okay with me,” Nathan replied through the phone. “After I got back home, we had a good discussion about some issues that’ve come up between us, so it seems to be doing the trick so far.” Nathan laughed. “She wasn’t trying to kill me while we talked, so that’s definitely an improvement.”
“That’s good to hear, Nathan,” Sam said with a laugh of his own. “I’m glad that uh, I can help you guys out,” he said honestly, even though the whole situation was still kind of odd. “Just let her know that whenever she wants me to be there, I can be there.”

There was a pause on the other end of the phone. “And what about if I want you to be here?”

Sam’s heart started to feel warm in his chest, and a grin spread across his face. “You know I’ll always be there whenever you want, little brother,” he sincerely replied, speaking lowly into the phone. “All you have to do is call me and I’ll come right over. Day or night.”

“Thanks, Sam. You’re the best. I’ll let you go now, but I’m sure I’ll see you soon. Tomorrow maybe even?” Nathan’s tone sounded hopeful on the line. “It’s kind of boring around here when Elena’s at work. And I can only do so much stuff around the house before I start to go crazy. We can go grab lunch or something, my treat.”

“Sure, I’ll see you tomorrow,” Sam answered with a chuckle. “I can’t refuse a free lunch you know,” he teased. With or without the lunch, he would have definitely gone by to see his brother. “Anyway, good night Nathan. I’m gonna go relax for a bit before I go to bed.”

“Yeah, okay. Night, Sam.”

Sam hung up the phone and slid it back into his pocket, feeling like a huge weight had been lifted off of his chest. Nathan seemed like he was fine, Elena seemed like she was more than fine, and he and Nathan were able to talk just like they always had, with no real weirdness between them. Sam huffed out a breath of relief as he turned the door handle to his room. Perhaps the strange deal they had going would work out well after all.
The Request

Chapter Summary

Just when Sam thought that the things requested of him by Nate and Elena couldn't get any wilder, they do. Also, you can probably tell where this is heading, haha. :D

Chapter Notes

If anyone couldn't tell, I really enjoy writing the interactions between these three.

Over the next week, Sam found that his days started to fall into a routine. He’d end up going to meet Nathan somewhere, either out at a bar, a store or a restaurant, and then later on he’d wind up following his little brother back to his house. He’d usually stay over for dinner, and then at Elena’s request, he’d get into bed with her afterwards. As they got more comfortable with each other, the sex only got better and better, which led them to get a little more adventurous with each other as they continued to fulfill their agreement. Both Nathan and Elena would always offer for Sam to stay over the night afterwards, but Sam would decline, not wanting to intrude any more on the married couple more than he already had. The hotel he was staying at wasn’t super expensive, although it did eat away at some of his profit from his last job with Victor. But he didn’t mind; he appreciated the alone time at night, even if it did allow his mind to drift. And more often than not, those thoughts floated towards Nathan, even if he tried to force them elsewhere. One night though, seemingly out of the blue, he heard some words that he wasn’t expecting to hear at the Drake/Fisher family dinner table.

“You should move in with us,” Nathan said matter-of-factly as he put his fork down on his mostly empty dinner plate.

“W-What?” Sam spat out, nearly choking on the beer that he had just taken a sip of. He was lucky that he didn’t end up spitting it out onto his brother. “Nathan, I couldn’t do that, I don’t want to put you guys out or anything like that,” he explained as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“It wouldn’t be putting us out,” Elena insisted, reaching over the table to rest a hand on Sam’s knuckles. “You’re spending all of that money on a hotel, which is kind of a waste when you’re over here so much anyway.” She looked up to meet Sam’s eyes and gave a tilt of her head while a small smile crossed her lips. “We have a good thing going here, and besides, you and Nathan are so close too. We have the space, and I think it just makes sense, you know?”
Sam sighed. Clearly this was something that Nathan and Elena had talked about when he wasn’t around, and with the way the two of them were looking at him so hopefully, it seemed like he didn’t have much choice in the matter. “Okay, fine,” he replied with a laugh, putting his beer bottle down on the table only to put his hands up in surrender. “I’m pretty sure that no matter what I say, you guys won’t change your minds. Especially that guy right there,” Sam said as he flicked a thumb towards his baby brother. “I’m a Drake too, and we can both be pretty stubborn.”

“Great!” Elena exclaimed as she clasped her hands together. “And you thought that it would take a lot more convincing,” she said with a brief turn of her head towards her husband.

“Like he said, we’re both pretty stubborn,” Nathan retorted with a shrug of his shoulders. “How was I supposed to know he was going to give in right away?”

“I’m right here you know,” Sam interrupted with an amused chuckle, before picking his bottle back up again and taking another draw from it. He kind of hoped that he hadn’t made the wrong decision after all, if it was going to be like this.

“Right. So, when are you going to move in?” Elena asked as she got up from the table to start clearing some of the dirty dishes away. “Not that I’m eager or anything.”

“I can move in any time I guess,” Sam replied with a husky laugh. “I mean, I’ll get charged for tonight at the hotel, but that’s okay. And I haven’t heard from Victor in a couple of days, so it’s not like I’m going anywhere anytime soon.” He leaned back into the chair and crossed his arms behind his head. “So, whenever you’re ready to have me.”

Nathan looked over to Elena and she gave him a nod before bending over to start putting dishes into the dishwasher. “Well uh, if you want to, you could stay over tonight if you like.” He glanced down at his hands briefly before looking back up again towards his brother. “We kind of already have a bed ready for you in the guest room.”

“Really?” Sam asked as his hazel eyes widened in surprise. He sure as hell didn’t expect that. “How’d you know that I was going to say yes?” Was he that easy to read? But then recalling some of the events back when they were pursuing Avery’s treasure, he guessed that yes, yes he was.

Elena giggled softly while she shut the door to the dishwasher. “We both know that you can’t refuse your baby brother,” she replied playfully as she wiped her hands on a kitchen towel hanging nearby. “So we hedged our bets, and it looks like it paid off.”
Sam let his head hang for a moment and then sheepishly chuckled. Yep, he was definitely easier to read than he thought. “I guess I’ll go grab my stuff tomorrow morning and get all squared away at the hotel then,” he said as he glanced up at both Nathan and Elena to give them a small smile. He was grateful to not have to spend any more of his funds on a hotel room, but he couldn’t help but wonder if moving in would only make things even more awkward. Especially with his unresolved, unspoken feelings towards his little brother. Feelings that he planned on keeping tamped down.

“The only rule we have is no smoking in the house,” Nathan said as he motioned for Elena to come closer to him with a flick of his fingers. “But you knew that already. Other than that, our home is your home too, big brother.”

“Looks like I’ll be getting to know the back patio pretty well,” Sam surmised with a little laugh as he watched Elena settle into Nathan’s outstretched arm. “But really, thanks you two. I don’t want to be a burden or anything.”

“You’re not a burden at all,” Elena assured as she leaned back into her husband’s grip. “With the um, arrangement that we have going, we just figured that it’d be easier this way. So we wouldn’t have to call you over each time.” Her cheeks got a little pink as she explained, obviously getting a little flustered as she thought about it, even though the deal they were partaking in had been going on for several days now. Apparently the weirdness of the situation hadn’t completely disappeared for her just yet. “Oh! Nate,” Elena exclaimed as she seemed to remember something, and she elbowed him in the side. “Weren’t you going to ask Sam something else?”

_Something else?_ Sam thought as he glanced quizzically at Elena, and then back at his baby brother. “Well, let’s hear it,” Sam said as he leaned forward slightly, curious as to what else Nathan and his sister-in-law wanted from him.

Nathan gave a small cough into his hand before he started explaining. “So uh… You know, this thing that you have going between you and Elena? Well, I mean I guess it’s between all of us but it’s mostly between you and Elena.” He laughed a little nervously, unable to look at Sam directly. “Anyway, I was just wondering if… how do I put this.” Nathan dragged a palm over his face. “This is going to probably sound ungodly weird but…” He huffed out a breath and closed his eyes in order to steel himself for what he wanted to get out there. “The next time you and Elena… you know… Can I, um… Can I watch?” Once Nathan finally got the words out, his eyes were practically glued onto the tablecloth, and his cheeks were streaked a ruddy red color. “Elena’s fine with it, but I need to make sure that’d you’d be okay with it too.”

Sam wasn’t expecting _that_ at all, and his mouth hung open in disbelief at the request. The prospect of Nathan _watching_ while he and Elena had sex… that was even _more_ odd than the original deal they had going. But somehow just the _thought_ of it caused butterflies to pop up inside of him instantaneously, and suddenly he was afraid that those feelings he had towards his younger brother might bubble up to the surface once again. It was one thing to be fucking his
brother’s wife, but to be fucking her while his little brother was looking on? Especially with the past that they shared? It could very well be too much for him to handle. “Nathan, I don’t know…” Could he even really refuse the request? Sam was fucking Elena after all, even though he was allowed to and Elena seemed more than eager to, and now he was going to be living in their house, but both those arrangements could easily come to an end just as soon as they had started if there were any missteps. As his mind raced with erratic thoughts, a warm hand placed on his shoulder quickly broke him out of them.

“He just wants to get some um, pointers,” Elena said softly while she gave Sam’s shoulder a pat of reassurance. “I know you could just as easily tell him what you do, but it might be better if uh, if he sees it for himself.” At this point, her pale cheeks were just as bright red as her husband’s. “Nate learns better that way.”

“It’s true!” Nathan interjected, following up with a nervous laugh. “If you can show me what I’ve been doing wrong, or what I need to do to spice things up, I’m a quick learner.”

Sam huffed out a breath before starting to laugh, half from nerves and half from amusement. Somehow the pure ridiculousness of the whole situation got to him; the fact that his brother was asking to watch while he had sex with his wife, and never mind the repressed feelings that he had towards Nathan that would no doubt threaten to rear their head at some point in the act. Who living a normal life had situations like these come up? But he and Nathan were Drakes, their lives were nowhere near normal, even as they were growing up. Especially as they were growing up. “Okay, okay,” Sam said with a slight shake of his head, while a smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth. “I just don’t want things to get weird between us all after this,” he explained as he lifted his head cautiously to glance over at Elena and then Nathan.

Nathan nodded his head in agreement and reached out to pat Sam’s forearm. “Trust me, that’s the last thing I want to happen,” he assured. After not having Sam in his life for fifteen long years, he didn’t want to risk chasing his big brother off. “If anything starts feeling weird or strange, we’ll speak up about it, right?”

“Right,” Elena agreed as she glanced down at Sam and gave his shoulder a squeeze along with a tiny smile.

“Right,” Sam said as he met Elena’s eyes first, before looking over to his brother. Nathan appeared flushed after the downright strange conversation, but it also seemed like he was excited too. If he was anxious at all about it, he was hiding it pretty damn well. “So uh, when’s the first lesson?” Sam asked curiously. He had to know.

“There’s no better time than the present,” Nathan answered with a chuckle as he released his grip on Elena’s waist and moved to get up from his chair. “Is that all right with you?”
Sam laughed nervously as he followed suit and got up from his seat as well. It seemed that post-dinner at Nathan and Elena’s house was just getting more and more unusual as the nights went on, and this one was definitely no exception. “Let’s go then,” he replied as he pushed his chair back under the table. He wasn’t really ready, but he supposed that he’d have to be now.

Elena just smiled as she motioned for both of the brothers to follow her upstairs, unable to hide the slight spring in her step as she moved towards the staircase.
The Impromptu Menage A Trois

Chapter Summary

HERE COMES THE EXPLICIT SMUT. And the incest. I hope you guys don't mind threesomes.¯\_(ツ)_/¯ This is where I had to do all sorts of tag editing, hahaha.

But basically the gist of this chapter is: Nathan starts out by watching Sam and Elena get it on, and he can't help but join in. If you don't like explicit smut, then I recommend you skip this chapter. But if you do like explicit smut, then this chapter is for you. 8) And it got kind of lengthy. Sorry about that. And sorry it took a while to update!

Nathan/Sam/Elena

Once they had all made it upstairs and shut the bedroom door behind them, that same air of awkwardness that Sam had felt downstairs now also filled the room upstairs. Only this time it was much worse, because what they had agreed to at the dinner table, was actually going to happen. He was going to get undressed in front of his little brother, and he was going to have sex with his wife right in front of him. Which was going to be undeniably weird. Not just because as a whole, the idea was unusual anyway, but also because he still had feelings for Nathan. Feelings that he had tried so hard to keep under wraps when he found out that his little brother was married. But now there was that great risk that this arrangement could blow all of that out wide into the open. He would just have to concentrate on Elena and only Elena, if he had any hopes of not ruining everything.

“So uh, I guess this is the part where we all take off our clothes?” Sam asked a bit hesitantly, but he had a small smile on his face, in an attempt to lighten the mood in the room.

“You guys do that, I’ll just sit here,” Nathan said with a motion of his hand before moving to sit in a chair in the corner of the room, and getting himself comfortable there.

“With your clothes on?” Elena asked with a raise of her eyebrow. “Don’t you think that’ll be a little creepy?”

“No, it’d be creepy if I was watching from say, behind the closet door over there,” Nathan responded with a smirk on his lips and a flick of his thumb towards the closet that he shared with Elena. And ‘sharing’ meant she allowed him to have a corner to store his clothes in, while she used the majority of it.
Elena just laughed. “Okay, yeah, I guess that would be worse,” she said as she sauntered over to where Nathan was sitting down. The corners of her mouth lifted in a smile as she bent down to give her husband a kiss. “Would telling you to ‘enjoy the show’ be weird to say here?” Elena asked as a nervous giggle escaped her throat. It was one thing to be having sex with another man, her husband’s brother even, but it was a whole other thing for him to be watching them do it.

“I guess that’s a little odd,” Nathan replied as he moved a hand to grab at Elena’s. “But I wouldn’t say it’s inappropriate.” He gently stroked her thumb with his own while glancing up to meet her gaze. “Anyway, go have fun, I’ll be right here.”

Elena nodded as she pulled away from her husband. She mouthed the words ‘I love you,’ before turning to where Sam was standing by the bed. “Okay, so let’s do this,” she said with a raise of her arms towards him. She was trying not to look too eager, but anticipation buzzed over her skin.

“Yeah, let’s,” Sam said with a smile as he lightly grabbed one of Elena’s outstretched arms and gently tugged her towards him. Watching her interact with Nathan in the way that she did caused a pang of jealousy to throb inside of him. Sure, he and Nathan were pretty close and tight-knit, but not in the way that Elena was with Nathan. The two of them did have that sort of bond in the past, before the prison, but fifteen years changed everything. And now, it was Elena who had the luxury of calling herself Nathan’s wife, his soul mate, and it hurt Sam, knowing that he wouldn’t ever be able to have that title again. Trying to distract himself from those envious thoughts, Sam decided that if he’d never have the chance again to have that special spot in Nathan’s life by his side, then he was going to show off for Nathan. Show him what he was missing out on. A smirk curled his lips as he wrapped an arm around Elena’s waist before pulling her in for a kiss. Sam dipped down to cup Elena’s face while capturing her lips roughly, and the fact that he was indirectly kissing his brother was not lost upon him one bit.

“S-Sam,” Elena managed to gasp out in between kisses, unaccustomed to the forcefulness that Sam was expressing that night. For most of the times when they had gotten together, well pretty much all of them, Sam had been gentle, caring and accommodating towards her, so this was the first time where he had been more animalistic, greedy and rough. And she liked it. A lot. It was the first time in a while where she felt like she was needed, and it revved her engine in more ways than one. Not that Nathan didn’t make her feel wanted or needed that way in the past, but recently that spark just wasn’t there. Sex between them had gotten to be more of a chore or something that had to be scheduled in around their jobs. It was rare that it was something that they did spontaneously anymore. So she was going to damn well enjoy herself, whether Nate was watching or not. Elena allowed her hands to creep up to Sam’s chest, where she clutched at the fabric of his t-shirt while eagerly returning his kisses.

“You like that, huh?” Sam murmured atop of Elena’s lips before darting his tongue into her slightly open mouth. He started to slowly walk her backwards towards the bed while they made out, making sure to avert his eyes from where Nathan was surely watching. He could feel his brother’s eyes on him, but he didn’t let that stop him from what he and Elena were doing. It only spurred him on, and when the back of Elena’s knees finally hit the mattress, he easily pushed her down onto it only to bend over the bed and climb on top of her small frame shortly after. Sam
didn’t waste any time in nudging a knee between her legs to urge them open, and then snaked a hand down into the front of her shorts. Despite them having had talked about getting their clothes off beforehand, that didn’t quite happen seeing as they were still all fully clothed, but Sam could rectify that pretty easily and quickly if he wanted to. But then again, he kind of found it arousing that Elena still had her clothes on while he moved to play with her clit.

Elena’s mouth formed the shape of an O when Sam started massaging her sweet spot with his fingers, and she quickly moved to unbutton and unzip her shorts so that Sam had more room to work with. She liked how he always gave her attention before actually getting to the main act, and it seemed like this time would be no different. Elena couldn’t help but glance back behind her so that she could catch Nate’s eyes, but he looked somewhat distracted at the moment. Just as she was sure it was weird for him to be watching them, it was also weird for her knowing that she was being watched by Nate. So she decided to just throw her focus on Sam and what he was doing, which would hopefully give Nate a good show to watch after all. With half-lidded eyes, she gave Sam a smirk before lifting her arm so that she could cup the back of his neck and tug him down for another kiss.

Sam chuckled against Elena’s mouth as they kissed. He was pleased at the assertiveness of her actions, which only spurred him to explore more within the confines of Elena’s shorts. As they got used to being intimate with each other, they also got more forward with their wants and needs from one another. Sam dared to slip a finger inside of her, which surprisingly slid in quite easily. “Someone’s ready for some fun,” he teasingly mumbled as he pushed another digit in next to the first one, and then began to move them slowly in and out of the slick opening.

“Yeah, I am,” Elena got out with a hum, glancing up at Sam with an easy smile on her face. “You know what I want though,” she said matter-of-factly before moving her hands to the fly of Sam’s jeans, and quickly started to unfasten them. Once she had the zipper drawn down, she thrust her hand inside to grasp at Sam’s half-hard length hidden in his boxer shorts. “Found it,” she joked as she gave it a few strokes of her hand.

Sam huffed a breath when Elena started rubbing at his cock, and he smirked down at her grinning face. “I like a lady who knows what she wants,” he said as he withdrew his fingers from inside of her so that he could tug his t-shirt over his head. As he tossed his shirt to the side, he couldn’t help but glance over at Nathan, who seemed to be watching very raptly what was going on between them. At first he thought that maybe Nathan would have shied away from watching his wife getting screwed by another man, especially since it was his brother who was doing it, but no, Nathan was watching from the corner with eyes wide open and facing straight ahead. Maybe he’s taking notes, Sam jokingly thought to himself. “You okay over there, Nathan?” Sam asked curiously, beyond his better judgement. He should just be focusing on Elena, but he also couldn’t pretend that his little brother just wasn’t there.

“Huh?” Nathan responded as he was snapped out of his daze. He had been sort of in a surreal state of mind as he watched Sam and Elena, the two people that he loved the most in his life, about to do the most intimate things with each other. In one way he was jealous, because that was his wife and his brother, but in another way, it was extremely arousing, and he could feel his dick
straining against the front of his pants because of it. There was something about seeing his wife from a point of view that he wasn’t used to seeing her from, and same with his brother. Not that he and Sam had been sexually close for a while, it had last been since before the prison incident, but still, all of those old memories and feelings came flooding right back as if it had been yesterday, and not over fifteen years ago. “Yeah, I’m fine,” Nathan insisted with a wave of his hand, although the bright flush on his cheeks might have indicated otherwise. “You kids keep on doing what you’re doing.”

“Kids?” Sam muttered with a chuckle and a shake of his head. He was the eldest out of all of them, after all. But since Nathan had given them his blessing, he had no problem with continuing to get it on with Elena. “You wanna pass me a condom?” He asked as he glanced down at Elena, still enjoying the way her petite hand wrapped around his cock. Sam wouldn’t have minded getting down and eating Elena out for a little while first, but it sounded like she just wanted to get down to business right away. And he was more than okay with that too.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Elena joked as she reached over to the nightstand with her free hand, her fingers just barely able to touch the condoms that were scattered about on top of it. She snagged one between her fingers and triumphantly held it out in offering to Sam. “Here you go.” Her lips quirked in a grin before letting go of his length. “Now get to it.”

“You’re bossy today,” Sam said with amusement as he took the square-shaped package from Elena, and got up to tug his jeans off, along with his boxer shorts. He paused for a moment before undressing completely, still very much aware that Nathan’s eyes were on him, but it’s not like Nathan hadn’t seen him like that before. It had been several years, but they used to see each other naked all the time. And more than just seeing, even. So really, in some ways it seemed kind of natural to him, except that it was usually he and Nathan who were being intimate with each other instead. Nathan probably doesn’t even feel like that anymore, Sam pondered a bit sadly, so he shook that thought out of his mind in order to concentrate solely on Elena. Once he had shoved the remainder of his clothing aside, Sam clambered back onto the bed and tore open the wrapper of the condom so that he could roll it over his dick. After that task having been done, he grinned as he moved his hands down to tug at the waistband of Elena’s shorts. “We can’t do what you want to do with these in the way,” he gently teased as he pulled her shorts down over her hips.

“I mean we could, if you’re skillful enough,” Elena ribbed as she lifted her butt off of the bed to allow Sam to tug her clothes off. “But you’re right, it’d be easier. And more comfortable.” As Sam worked on her bottom half, she moved to pull her shirt up and over her head and then reached behind her back to unfasten her bra. Just as she was about to drop her bra over the side of the bed, she caught Nathan’s gaze. He looked intently focused on what she was doing with Sam, and Elena couldn’t help but give him a smile and a nod before turning her attention back to Sam once more.

Nathan just nodded in response to his wife, giving her a weak smile in return, which masked the extreme mixed feelings he was having in his mind and his heart. He honestly hadn’t thought much about the relationship that he had with Sam before his ‘death,’ having had made sure to shove those memories down deep into the confines of his soul when he thought that his brother
was dead and gone from the world forever. So when Sam reappeared in his life, and found that he was married to Elena and had been for a few years, there was no discussion of what they had together in the past, other than memories of themselves growing up together. But now that Sam was in front of him, about to make love to his wife, Nathan was reminded of all of those times when he was underneath Sam in the exact same position as Elena was. And he found that he missed it. A lot. But he didn’t turn his head away from the scene that was playing out in front of him, despite his own feelings. This was more about Elena, and not him so much, although he guessed he was a part of the equation. So he continued to watch, even though that small pang of jealousy was starting to grow inside of him.

“I’m guessing I don’t need the lube, right?” Sam asked with a little amusement as he nudged himself in between Elena’s legs, his own erection bobbing in between his own. They were both naked now and ready to go, and he had really already answered his own question judging by how slick Elena was when he had his fingers inside of her. He glanced down to where a thin thatch of dark hair masked Elena’s entrance, and he dropped a hand down in order to press his palm at her inner thigh. “Is this okay?” Sam asked with an inquisitive raise of his eyebrow as he lifted his head up to meet Elena’s brown eyes. “Or do you want to do it another way? Ladies’ choice.”

“Just do it already,” Elena got out with a slight growl to her words, reaching down to grasp at Sam’s condom-covered dick so that she could urge him towards where she wanted him to be. She didn’t know if it was that she felt like she had to show off for Nate, or that she wanted her husband to see what it was that he had been missing, or just that she was really wound up, but whatever it was, she just wanted to get on with it, and her patience was starting to wear thin. “Now.”

“Yes ma’am,” Sam replied with amusement at the command. This was a different Elena that he had seen in bed from the previous times they had gotten together, and it was arousing to see her being aggressive with what she wanted. Not that she had been a shrinking violet previously or anything like that, but she was definitely being more vocal with her desires. And he was more than happy to please. “You got it,” he murmured as he positioned himself where her legs joined, and wasted no time in shoving his sheathed cock into her warmth. A groan dropped from his lips when he easily slid inside of Elena, not getting any resistance from her, and it didn’t take much for him to be flush against her skin. She was tight and warm in all of the best ways, and he made sure to start moving once he was deep in her, not wanting to get scolded once again. The nagging thought of, but it’s not as good as it was with Nate, flitted through his mind momentarily, but he quickly shooed it away. The past was the past, and he was going to have to deal with it eventually, but for now he was going to enjoy himself.

“God yes,” Elena gasped out when Sam sank deep inside of her, arching her back off the mattress and then reaching up to slide her arms around the broad expanse of Sam’s back so that she could pull him in closer to her. “Hard, Sam, hard,” she commanded with a whisper before catching her brother-in-law’s lips in a kiss.

Since his mouth was now occupied, Sam could only give a quick nod in response to Elena’s demand. If she wanted it hard, he was going to give it to her exactly in the way that she had
requested. So he pulled out just enough to not withdraw all of the way and with a hard rock of his hips, Sam pushed himself back in again, a grunt escaping him with the motion. And then he did it again, and again, and again, forcing Elena’s petite frame into the mattress with each harsh thrust. It felt great though, and judging by the sounds coming from Elena along with how she was squeezing around him, it must have been pretty good for her as well. He had no doubts that he’d be keeping his side of the bargain of satisfying Elena first that night.

Nathan’s mouth went dry as the scene continued to play out in front of him. Watching Elena getting penetrated from the angle of being a bystander was a new experience and arousing to him, especially with how she was panting and moaning and grasping at Sam, but he found that Sam was the one keeping his attention more. He got more and more heated as he watched the way Sam’s muscles flexed in his arms, in his back, and in his legs as he thrusted hard and deep into his wife, and Nathan wished that it was like old times and that he was the one taking the brunt of his brother’s thrusts instead. He soon found himself starting to tug his shirt off due to the heat rising within him as he watched, and as he pulled it up over his head and tossed it aside, he also recalled the times when he and Sam would switch roles, which were just as good, if not even better. His pants had gotten unbearably tight by now, so Nathan let his hands creep down to the fly in order to work on unfastening it. Sam and Elena were pretty distracted with each other, so he was sure that they wouldn’t mind if he got some enjoyment out of it too. With his pants now loose, he hesitated in immediately shoving his hand down the front of them, because a new idea had crossed his mind. There’s no way they’d let me, Nathan thought as he was transfixed by the motion of Sam’s hips as they moved back and forth. But to hell with it, he decided as he got up from his seat, letting his pants fall to the floor slowly, and then pushing his underwear down afterwards. He then slowly made his way to the edge of the bed and reached out to drag a palm over the flank of Sam’s leg to get his attention. Here goes nothing.

“Nathan?” Sam got out in a gasp when he felt his brother’s hand on his skin, causing him to pause in mid-thrust. He had seen Nathan get up out of the corner of his eye, figuring that maybe he was going to go to the bathroom or that he had seen enough, but Sam was so determined to focus on Elena that he was really surprised when Nathan came up upon them. Sam glanced over to his side to see that Nathan was also completely naked, and sporting an erection to boot, which took him aback. When did he miss that? He also caught a glimpse of the large, faded scar on Nathan’s torso, which had to be from the time that Nathan had told him about in his stories, when he took a shot to the gut by a friend who had betrayed him. “You come over here to get a closer look or something?” Sam joked, trying to keep the mood light between them, even though he had a sinking feeling that things were going to get even more unusual.

“Sam, I want to…” Nathan’s voice died in his throat before he could finish his sentence, and he slid his hand over the curve of his big brother’s rump hoping that Sam would pick up what he was getting at. “Can I?”

Sam really couldn’t believe what Nathan was asking him, and for a moment, he thought that maybe the world was playing some sort of cruel joke on him. He expected his younger brother perhaps to laugh and say that he was just kidding after a few moments, but when those words failed to come from Nathan’s lips, he realized that his brother was dead serious about his request. “I uh… Yeah, I’m okay with it,” Sam replied as he tried to hide the excitement in his voice. But considering that he was still balls deep in Nathan’s wife, he probably needed to see if it was all
right with her as well. “As long as it’s okay with Elena too.”

The exchange between the two brothers wasn’t lost on Elena, and when she heard her husband’s request, she was definitely kind of shocked. Having a threesome hadn’t exactly been on her bucket list or anything like that, and it wasn’t anything that she and Nate had discussed before, but she was more than okay with the idea. It was something that she had always been curious about, but nothing that she really needed to act upon. So since the opportunity had presented itself, then why not? The only real issue she had was that two out of the three of them happened to be related, and that was a little weird to say the least. “I’m fine with it,” she admitted from underneath Sam’s weight, giving the two of them a small, awkward smile. “But um, you two are brothers, in case you’ve forgotten.”

Sam nodded in understanding at the statement. “Nathan, you didn’t tell her, did you?” He wasn’t surprised that Nathan hadn’t mentioned to Elena the kind of relationship they had in the past. After all, Nathan hadn’t even told her that he had a brother until they were caught in that hotel room in Madagascar while on the search for Avery’s treasure. Sam wouldn’t have expected Nathan to bring that sort of thing up to his wife, not randomly anyway. But now, in the heat of the moment, it wasn’t exactly the best time to stop and have a conversation about it either.

“No, I didn’t,” Nathan replied with a somewhat sheepish shake of his head. “I’ll uh, we can talk later about it,” he said with a nervous laugh. “Just, right now, I kind of need this,” he admitted as he pulled away from Sam so that he could step over to the night stand to grab a condom and the tube of lube. Nathan didn’t waste any time in tearing the packet open so that he could roll the condom over his cock, and then cautiously got up onto the bed behind Sam.

“Well that explains why they’re so close,” Elena thought to herself as she felt the bed shift with her husband’s added weight. She could tell that Sam was well distracted now that Nate was a part of the equation, and she lifted a hand up to grab at his chin. “Hey, eyes on me,” she chided playfully as she forced Sam’s gaze towards her, and rocked her hips back against his cock.

“No, I didn’t,” Nathan replied with a somewhat sheepish shake of his head. “I’ll uh, we can talk later about it,” he said with a nervous laugh. “Just, right now, I kind of need this,” he admitted as he pulled away from Sam so that he could step over to the night stand to grab a condom and the tube of lube. Nathan didn’t waste any time in tearing the packet open so that he could roll the condom over his cock, and then cautiously got up onto the bed behind Sam.

“Shit, sorry,” Sam apologized with a chuckle, taking Elena’s cue and thrusting hard into her, but he couldn’t help it that his mind was occupied with the fact that his brother was now behind him. Naked. With a hardon. And was planning on joining in by putting his dick inside of him. He was more than ecstatic by this turn of events, but he had made a promise to both Nathan and Elena that he would focus on Elena first. And he intended to keep that promise, even though at the moment it was a little difficult to concentrate on her and only her. Especially when he felt a slick set of fingers slide into his crack, seeking out his entrance. It was at that moment that Sam realized that it was really going to happen, and his cock got even more rigid at the thought. It had been so long. Too long, really. Sure, he had sex during his thirteen years in prison, he would have probably gone crazy if he hadn’t, and of course he had also during the two years after he got out, but he hadn’t had anyone make love to him in those years. Blow jobs, hand jobs, cunnilingus, putting his dick in other people other than Elena; he’d done all of that. He was a guy with needs after all. But he couldn’t bring himself to let someone else other than Nathan into the most intimate parts of his being. And fortunately for him, he was a big enough guy where most people didn’t care to try to mess with him back in Panama. Plus, most of the prisoners saw that
Sam was a good fighter during his failed escape attempt, so that helped to keep them or any ideas they might have had at bay. He’d been in jail enough times where he knew how to hold his own, and that had served him well in those long, hot and humid Panamanian years. But now that Nathan was back there, fingers dipping into him in a way that felt so good and so familiar, Sam realized how much he had really missed it. A gasp dropped from his mouth as he attempted to spread his legs wider for his little brother, even though it was difficult while he was deep inside Elena, but he did his best.

It had been some time since Nathan had been in the position that he was currently in with his older brother, well over fifteen years. But although it had been such a long span of time since they had been bed together, Nathan hadn’t forgotten what he needed to do to get Sam ready for him. He had briefly hesitated before slipping his digits towards his brother’s entrance, but it all came back to him once he nudged a lube-slicked finger inside Sam’s warm, taut hole. Nathan swallowed roughly as he worked his finger deeper within his brother, memories of past times when he had done the same to Sam back when they were younger quickly rushing back to him. He also remembered the bliss they both experienced back then, and Nathan was eager to replicate those sensations. “You’re tight,” he complained gently as he made an attempt to press another digit in next to the first one, finding that Sam’s body was resisting slightly.

“It’s been a while,” Sam rasped out, finding that it was getting harder for him to plunge as deep as he wanted into Elena with Nathan’s fingers now inside of him. He had to settle for slower, shallower thrusts while his little brother prepared him. “Sorry,” he murmured as he glanced down at Elena, and gave her an extremely bashful look while his cheeks started to flush red. “It’s hard to… with Nathan back there,” Sam explained with a rough chuckle.

“I’m sure it is,” Elena replied with a giggle of her own. Now that Nathan was tossed into the mix, it was no doubt pretty difficult for Sam to keep going with his rhythm and his pace. “You just keep doing what you can,” she said impishly, while giving Sam a teasing smirk. “We’ve got all night.” She had to admit that it was kind of amusing how flustered the elder Drake brother was becoming, especially since he had been pretty confident the times that they had slid under the sheets previously. So to see that air of confidence get dissolved, all thanks to Nathan, was kind of interesting to her. Even despite the fact that they were brothers.

When Nathan was finally able to ease both fingers into Sam and gently stretch his hole, excitement started to surge inside of him. His heart began to flutter while his breath hitched in his throat as he got closer to doing with his big brother what he hadn’t done in years. If he didn’t have a condom already snugly stretched out on his straining cock, he would have no doubt been dripping pre-come all over their bedsheets in anticipation. “You ready for me, Sam?” Nathan breathed as he spread his digits wide. He already knew what the answer would be.

“God, yes Nathan, yes,” Sam practically growled out when he heard the question from his little brother’s lips. Feeling Nathan’s fingers moving inside of him after so long was only driving him crazy with lust, and each motion caused his cock to throb inside of Elena’s warmth. “Don’t make me… us… wait,” he demanded as he continued to move, as limited as his movement was.
“Yeah Nate, get a move on,” Elena playfully ordered as she peered at her husband from around Sam’s shoulder. “I don’t know how much Sam can take here.” Despite Sam’s slower, shallower movements, she could feel that he was rock hard inside of her. Elena was a little disappointed that it wasn’t her that was getting Sam so flustered and aroused, but then again, it seemed that he and Nathan had quite the history together and a bond that was very tight. One that she could probably never hope to have with either of them or understand. But somehow she was okay with that. As long as she wasn’t pushed out of the equation, it was all right. Besides, she wasn’t going to make herself look like an asshole and get in between brothers. Even if they were brothers who did things that brothers traditionally didn’t do. But hell, she married a professional thief, so it was a little too late for her to play the tradition card as it was.

“Okay, okay,” Nathan said as he carefully tugged his fingers free, only to pick up the tube of lubricant again so that he could smear the clear jelly over his latex-sheathed dick. He would have loved to be able to push into Sam without the condom on, but seeing as they hadn’t really had any sort of discussion of past partners or any of that sort of thing, it was better to be safe than sorry. Not that he didn’t trust Sam, but they’d have to have that talk later. Now wasn’t exactly the time. Once he had gotten enough of the slick on his shaft, he moved in closer to Sam, settling in behind him, between his legs. Nathan watched his older brother continue to slowly rock in and out of his wife for a few moments, still finding the sight extremely hot, before positioning himself at Sam’s entrance, and guiding his cock with his hand. He sucked in a breath before letting his hips roll forward, and he stifled a groan when the head of his prick pressed into his older brother. Just that little bit felt incredible, and Nathan had to hold himself back from pushing himself in all the way right away, not wanting to hurt Sam or to cause him any pain.

Sam squeezed his eyes shut and his mouth dropped open when Nathan’s cock slid into him. It had been so long since he had experienced that familiar sensation, that pressure and stretch, and he wanted more, he needed more. He knew that Nathan was being careful with him, especially since it had been so many years since the last time that they had done it, but he wasn’t a fine piece of china, and he definitely wouldn’t break. “Come on Nathan, give it all to me,” Sam got out with a slight strain to his voice. A small smirk made its way to his lips. “Contrary to what your wife says, I can take a lot more.” His smirk easily segued into a grin when he felt a small hand lightly smack his forearm.

Nathan took Sam’s words as a challenge, and shot back with a slightly cocky, “Oh yeah?” as he used his other hand to clutch at his older brother’s hip for support. If Sam wanted it all, who was he to deny giving his brother exactly what he desired? So Nathan canted his hips forward, causing him to drive his length deeper into his older brother, and a groan tumbled from his mouth when he just sank right into Sam. He had forgotten how tight and hot his brother was, and it seemed like that hadn’t changed no matter how many years had passed.

Sam couldn’t stop the moan that slipped past his lips when Nathan gave him what he had asked for, and he had to just stop and take it all in. The combined sensations of him lodged inside of Elena’s wet warmth and Nathan pressing sharply into his backside were almost too much for him to handle at once. Almost. “Oh god, Nathan,” Sam breathed as he made an attempt to move, which only resulted in a weak stutter of his hips. Now that he was pinned in between his little
brother and his little brother’s wife, Sam was pretty much at the mercy of Nathan and whatever he decided to do next. “You’d better hurry, you don’t want to keep your wife waiting,” he said teasingly as he caught Elena’s eyes, and gave her a wink.

“I don’t want to keep you waiting either,” Nathan answered back cheekily as he began to move, pulling out gently but just enough so that he could plunge back into his older brother. He repeated the motion over and over again, grunting softly with each thrust, deeply thankful that after all of the time that had passed they were able to be intimate with each other, especially after him having gotten married. But there he was, with the two people that he loved the most in his life, and Nathan felt like the luckiest damn person in the world. He kind of wished that he could see Sam’s face, remembering how expressive his older brother could be in the throes of passion, but for now, what they were doing was enough, even if he couldn’t gaze into his older brother’s eyes while they did it.

Each time that Nathan drove into him, the motion caused Sam’s hips to move forward and aided him in thrusting into Elena. So Sam could only really keep moving to the cadence of Nathan’s rhythm, helpless to do anything else since he was the one stuck in the middle. Typically he was used to having some sort of control, if not all of the control, but in this situation, he had none. And he was okay with it, more than okay with it. With how arousing the entire scenario was, he was in danger of losing it sooner than later, and he still needed to fulfill his promise to Elena. It wouldn’t do any good if he blew his load right away. Considering that he couldn’t push into Elena as hard and fast as he would have liked to, at least not at that moment, Sam slid a hand down in between her legs and started to rub gently at her clit, figuring that would at least make up for some of his shortcomings that evening.

“Oh so now you remember me,” Elena teased with a hum when Sam’s thick fingers began touching her. She knew that with Nathan being behind him, Sam was more than just a little distracted, but it was nice to see that he was still the attentive lover that he had always been so far. She could tell though, that Sam was pretty much on edge, the furrow in his eyebrows gave that much away, and a mischievous thought crossed her mind. The next time Sam pushed into her, she rocked back onto his cock, which gave her a nice pleasurable jolt, but she could also tell by the forced exhale that fell from Sam’s lips that it did a lot for him as well. So Elena kept doing it, keeping up with his rhythm, or more accurately, the rhythm that Nathan had set, and when his fingers started to falter down below, she could only smirk knowingly.

Another groan escaped Sam’s throat as both Nathan and Elena worked on him, and he swore that they had some sort of unspoken conspiracy theory against him. His torso began to coil and tighten faster than he wanted it to, but he also wanted to make the moment last as long as he possibly could. But alas, his body had other plans, and with his brother pressing right into his sweet spot and Elena bucking onto his length, he couldn’t help but let go. With deep moans and pants of breath, Sam came hard, stilling his jerking hips while spilling his seed into the condom.

When Sam’s body squeezed tightly around him, Nathan choked out a gasp, surprised that his brother had found his release so soon, but with eyes closed shut, he also savored that sensation that he hadn’t felt in so, so long. And it was good. It was just too bad that it was over so quickly,
at least for Sam. He felt like he could go all night, if his older brother would have let him.

Elena just grinned when she felt Sam shudder in the throes of his orgasm, enjoying the sight of the blissed out expression on his face. Even though she had a feeling that most of his pleasure was due to what Nathan had been doing, she felt proud in her own way. Watching Sam lose it in front of her was well worth him not finishing her off, and she figured that maybe once he had gotten a second wind, perhaps they could go again. Although she did need to get to work at some point the next day, so maybe they didn’t have the whole night after all. Either way, it was a nice show, and even if she ended up having to do the work herself to get to completion before she went to sleep, it was okay. It wouldn’t be the first time.

“Oh god, I’m sorry,” Sam sputtered out while the pleasurable buzz of post-orgasm coursed through him. “I just… it was too much for me I guess,” he explained sheepishly as he hung his head in shame. Since Nathan had stopped moving to let him recover, Sam was able to reach a hand down and pull out of Elena, being careful not to let the condom slip off of his softening dick. “Can you guys finish up?” He asked in slight embarrassment. “It’ll take a little time before I can perform again, and I really kind of want to smoke a cigarette right now.” Sam laughed softly as he carefully tugged the prophylactic off of him and tied it off. “You guys get it, right?”

Nathan chuckled as he withdrew himself from Sam, even though he wanted nothing more than to finish in his older brother. He silently hoped that he’d get another opportunity later. “Of course we understand, right Elena?”

Elena just nodded and smiled at her husband from around Sam’s frame. “Yes, of course. Looks like it’ll just be you and me, cowboy.”

“Great, I’ll leave you two lovebirds alone then,” Sam said as he clambered off of the bed, feeling a slightly dull, but good ache in his back with the movement. He tossed the used condom in the nearby trash can, and bent down to gather up his clothes from the floor. Sam found his boxer shorts in the fray, and moved to tug them back on before leaving the room. “I’ll uh, be on the patio if you need me,” Sam informed them with a flick of his thumb. “Try not to have too much fun without me.” With a wink of his eye and a grin on his lips, he opened the bedroom door and slipped out. He had a feeling that cigarette was going to be extra tasty, and boy, did he need it.
The Truth Comes Out

Chapter Summary

This is the purely Drakecest chapter. So if you're not okay with incest then I do not recommend you read this chapter, ahahaha.

Basically this is where the feelings that Sam and Nate have for each other finally come back out. And they act on them.

Sam/Nate

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry that this took so long to write!! I've been distracted/focused on other things and I've been meaning to put this chapter out for so long. But it's finally done. And it ended up being super long, sorry not sorry? (° ʖ °) Now onto the seven fics I need to write in less than a week and a half. D:

Sam didn’t end up returning to Nathan and Elena’s bedroom after he had savored that cigarette out on the patio underneath the darkness of the sky dotted by the twinkle of the stars. He was kind of embarrassed that his performance that evening wasn’t up to his standards, but to his own credit, he really couldn’t help it. Sam hadn’t expected Nathan to join in, nor did he realize that his little brother seemed to share the feelings that he had been trying so hard to keep hidden inside. At least, that’s what he thought that meant. So instead, once he was done with his much-needed smoke, he holed up in his room and lay flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling while he replayed the events of the evening in his head. Nathan had never told him straight out that they couldn’t have what they used to have between them before the Panama incident, but considering that his little brother was married now, Sam had just assumed that option was out the window. But after what had just happened between them, between all of them, now he wasn’t so sure that was the case. Eventually his thoughts started to get fuzzy and more disconnected as sleep threatened to overtake him, and soon he gave in to it, his eyes fluttering shut as he dozed off.

Sam slept through the night until the bright light of the day was peeking through his window, and he only stirred awake once a stray ray of sunshine had settled upon his eyes. With a yawn and a stretch, he rolled out of bed to go do his business in the attached bathroom nearby, and once he was done with that, he sat down on his bed and rubbed at his eyes. He felt the urge to have his traditional morning cigarette, but he also kind of didn’t want to leave the confines of the four walls of his bedroom just because he and his brother and Elena didn’t really talk about what happened
last night. Sam knew that it was likely to be sort of awkward to say the least, and he wasn’t a fan of awkward conversations. Even though it seemed like that was all that they were having lately. But at least good things had come out of them. After a few moments of mulling it over, he huffed out a sigh and got up to grab his t-shirt that he had draped over the office chair before he went to sleep last night. After slipping it on and making sure that he was looking at least decent in his shirt and boxer shorts, he dragged a hand through his hair before opening the door to the rest of the house.

Peeking out of the doorway, Sam glanced over towards Nathan and Elena’s room and saw that the door was open, but it appeared that no one was inside. The fact didn’t surprise him, he figured that it had to be at least eight or nine o’clock judging by the sunlight outside. Sam had learned that the both of them were early risers in contrast to him. Not that he slept away the day or anything like that, his cigarette habit wouldn’t let him do that anyway, so he was usually up and about by nine or ten at the latest. Late enough to where Nathan or Elena or both of them had already left the house in order to get work or errands done. And seeing as he didn’t hear or see his brother or sister-in-law, it was safe to say that he had the house all to himself for now. Which was just fine by him, especially since he didn’t feel like having a weird conversation right away in the morning. At least, not until after he’d had his first cigarette of the day. So he made his way downstairs and picked up the pack of smokes and lighter that he had left on the kitchen counter before unlocking and sliding open the patio door. Sam made sure to shut the screen door behind him after passing through so that he didn’t have to face the wrath of Elena if he dared to let an insect inside the house. The stories he had heard from Nathan were enough to put that particular fear inside of him. Just as he had suspected, both Nathan and Elena seemed to really be gone, so he huffed a breath of relief as he plopped down on one of the outdoor chairs and tugged a cigarette out of the pack. He slid the stick between his lips and lit it up, taking a deep inhale off of the cigarette as he snapped his lighter shut with its familiar click. Sam let his eyelids slide shut while he leaned back into the chair and savored the nicotine entering his bloodstream, feeling his jitters starting to subside before he expelled the smoke from his lungs. A sigh of appreciation left his lips before he took another puff, and just as he was enjoying that one, he heard the distinct sound of the front door opening through the screen door. Sam opened his eyes and peered through the screen to see that Nathan had come home, clutching grocery bags in both of his hands as he headed towards the kitchen.

“You need any help in there?” Sam offered to his little brother, acknowledging his presence and making an attempt to keep things normal between them after last night.

“Can do,” Sam said with a chuckle as he did exactly what his little brother suggested, continuing to enjoy his morning cigarette while he heard Nathan moving about in the kitchen. Just as he was done with it and was extinguishing what was left of it in the ashtray, the screen door slid open and Nathan appeared with a plate in his hand.

“Want a muffin?” Nathan offered as he sat down in the chair opposite Sam, placing the plate down on the table in front of them. “They’re banana nut. I couldn’t resist, they looked pretty
Sam chuckled softly as he reached out to grab one of the two muffins that were displayed on the plate, and his stomach growled at the prospect of food. He was pretty hungry, and nicotine wasn’t going to satiate that particular need. “You always did have a bit of a sweet tooth, little brother,” Sam teased before taking a bite of the muffin. For a store-bought muffin, it was actually pretty tasty. “Hey, not bad,” he complimented after chewing and swallowing what was in his mouth.

“I guess I can’t help it,” Nathan replied before taking the other bakery item off of the plate. “Good thing that I keep in shape, otherwise I’d be rolling around instead of walking around,” he joked before taking a bite off of the top.

Sam just laughed at the mental image of his brother rolling around like a roly poly. He was thankful too, that Nathan kept in shape, although he kept that particular thought to himself. Last night, even though they were in a dimly lit bedroom, he was still able to make out the dips and curves of the muscles on Nathan’s body in the dark, and what he saw, he more than appreciated.

“So uh, is Elena at work?” Sam asked as his thoughts continued to be stuck on the events of the night before. “I uh… I kind of need to apologize to her for last night. And I guess to you too.” He gradually let his eyes meet Nathan’s across the table. “I didn’t exactly keep to my promise to the both of you.”

Nathan gave a chuckle at Sam’s words, and took another bite of his muffin before placing it back onto the plate. “It’s not your fault, you can blame most of that on me,” he admitted after swallowing his food. “You didn’t expect me to join in, and it seems like you weren’t exactly ready for that either.”

“Or I was too ready,” Sam added with a sheepish laugh, remembering how his body betrayed him last night. “So, did you tell Elena? You know, about us?” He asked curiously. “That had to be somewhat of a surprise for her. I mean, first she finds out that you have a brother who you thought was dead, and then she discovers that you used to also have a…” Sam paused in order to find the right words. “…deeper connection with him too.”

“Yeah, I told her,” Nathan replied as he lifted a hand to scratch at the base of his neck. “I told her everything. After you left, we um, finished what we had started, and then had a long conversation in bed after we were done.” He huffed a breath through narrowed lips before continuing to speak. “A really long conversation. But Elena gets it.” Nathan smiled at his older brother. “Even though by society’s standards, it’s wrong and has always been wrong, but you and I don’t exactly follow the rules of society anyway. We never have, and probably never will. So after our talk, and with how good you’ve been to her and for our relationship, she’s given us her blessing. As long as she’s not completely left out of the picture.” Nathan glanced down briefly at his hands which had been fidgeting on his lap. “I mean, that is if you want to, you know, get back to what we used to have before Panama.”
Sam’s mouth dropped open when he heard the words coming from his little brother, and he nearly dropped the muffin he was holding in his hands as well. He could hardly believe his ears. “She doesn’t think that it’s weird or anything like that? That we were together before you thought I was dead?” Sam was still thoroughly amazed, although he was downright relieved that Elena was seemingly cool with the new information that she had learned. And even more so that Nathan seemed to share his feelings after all. His heart swelled, but he had to make sure that it was for real first, before he got too overexcited or got his hopes up too high.

“Of course she thinks it’s weird,” Nathan answered with a slightly awkward laugh. “But she also knows that for the most part in our lives, we were all that we had. After mom died and our asshole father abandoned us, all we had was each other, so she understands our connection with each other. Well, for the most part anyway.” Nathan looked up and held his gaze on his brother’s hazel eyes. “Shit Sam, you don’t know how long I’ve been trying to hold back how I still feel about you. Even after all of these years apart. I love both you and Elena, and I don’t want to lose this chance that she’s given us.” He held a hand out towards his brother across the table. “So what do you say?”

Sam glanced down at Nathan’s broad hand, and he noticed that it was shaking slightly as he offered it out to him. He didn’t even have to think before putting his muffin down so that he could take Nathan’s hand in his own, and squeezed it with his fingers. “Of course, Nathan,” Sam said as a wide smile spread across his face. “All those years in prison didn’t change how I felt about you,” he said honestly. “You’re the one who got me through those hellish times, and you don’t know how happy I am that you feel the same way.” Sam could feel some tears trying to prick up at the corners of his eyes, but he shook his head in order to will them away. “I always loved you Nathan, I just, you know, you were married, so I figured that what we had was behind us.” He chuckled softly as he gently smoothed the pad of his thumb over Nathan’s knuckles. “Who knew that we could have the best of both worlds?”

“I sure as hell didn’t,” Nathan responded, his own eyes threatening to fill up with tears as he and his brother spilled their long-contained feelings for each other. But he managed to hold them back as he continued to speak. “Elena’s a great gal, wouldn’t you agree? I mean, she was the one who suggested that we talk things out with each other while she’s at the studio today.” One of Nathan’s eyebrows gave a suggestive lift. “She’s pretty much okay with whatever might happen too. Just as long as we make it up to her later.”

“She’s the best,” Sam acknowledged with a nod, and he found that he was just unable to stop grinning. It was practically the best news he had gotten ever since he learned he was getting out of jail. Actually no, it was even better than that. Way better. “And is that so?” Sam asked as he released his grip on his little brother’s hand so that he could get up from his seat at the table. He circled around it so that he was now standing over where Nathan sat. “How about a kiss for your big brother then? For old times’ sake?” Sam inquired as he lightly pawed at his brother’s jaw before dipping down towards Nathan’s lips. Even though they had gone as far as having sex last night, he didn’t get the chance to kiss his younger brother, and he sure as hell didn’t want to miss out on the chance to do it now.
“For old times’ sake,” Nathan repeated in a murmur before tilting his head up so that he could catch his brother’s lips. His eyes slid shut as he did what he didn’t think that he’d ever have a chance to do again, and he felt so lucky that he was able to grasp the opportunity once more. All the treasure in the world was nothing compared to the familiar press of his brother’s lips upon his. And after all of those years apart, Nathan found that Sam still tasted the same. Even though the taste of cigarettes on his big brother’s lips intermingled with the flavor that was just Sam, it was familiar and nice. “You’re not going to quit smoking, are you?” Nathan mumbled questioningly against Sam’s lips.

“Nope,” Sam answered in a breathless chuckle against Nathan’s mouth before delving in again, this time daring to slide his tongue in between his brother’s parted lips, and he couldn’t hold back the little moan that escaped his throat when he deepened the kiss. It had been so long since the last time he and Nathan had kissed, he almost couldn’t believe that it was actually happening. Like he was in a dream that he’d wake up from at any moment, and find himself in that dark, desolate prison cell once again. But the familiar warmth and wetness of his little brother’s mouth told him that it wasn’t, and for that he was so thankful. He allowed his hand to slide to the back of Nathan’s neck and gently let his fingers curl into the hairs there, while he savored the taste of his little brother that he had gone without for so many years. Sam could feel his body reacting to the kisses as well, and he didn’t know if it was because he had just woken up or just because he was finally been able to indulge in what he had missed so much, but he was definitely starting to get hard under the thin fabric of his boxer shorts. When Sam’s tongue made its way into his mouth, Nathan exhaled a little gasp. Sure, he had had sex with his older brother the night before, but Sam’s kisses had never failed to feel intimate and raw in the past. And this time was no different. As soon as the kiss was deepened, it was like something snapped inside of Nathan, and suddenly he just couldn’t get enough of his older brother. He soon found himself reaching up towards Sam as they kissed, and eventually moving to get up from his chair so that they could be on more equal footing, Nathan wanting and needing more as their tongues glided together.

Amused by his little brother, Sam broke the kiss between them and gazed into Nathan’s blue eyes. Those baby blue eyes that he had been missing in all of the years that he was stuck behind bars, and was now so fortunate to be able to stare deeply into again. “Is there a problem, Nathan?” Sam teased as he dragged a palm across Nathan’s stubble, noting that his brother hadn’t shaved yet that day. Neither had he, for that matter, but considering that Nathan had already been out and about in the morning, he probably at least had a shower if anything.

“Not really,” Nathan answered honestly, catching his older brother’s hazel-eyed stare. “I was just thinking that maybe we should take this inside.” He lifted an eyebrow suggestively. “And catch up on old times. Properly.”

Sam’s heart leapt at the implication of Nathan’s words, and his immediate response was to lean in and kiss his brother once again, sliding a hand into Nathan’s hair as he hungrily captured his lips.
His pulse quickened and his breathing got harder as their mouths melded, but that wasn’t the only thing that was getting harder by the moment.

Nathan enjoyed the forcefulness of Sam’s kisses for a few moments, finding his body reacting to the familiarity of the gesture while he leaned into them, before he pulled away with an amused chuckle. “I guess that means yes?” He asked playfully as he tilted his head towards the screen door that led to the inside of the house.

“Of course it means yes,” Sam answered with a laugh as he let his hand fall from Nathan’s head only to drop down and catch his little brother’s hand instead. “It’s been a long time, Nathan.”

Nathan nodded as he glanced down to where their hands were joined, and gave Sam’s palm a squeeze. “Too long.” A smirk danced on his lips as he gave Sam’s hand a playful tug and made to pull his brother towards the house. “So what are we waiting for then?”

“There is such a thing as foreplay you know,” Sam replied cheekily as he allowed himself to be dragged back into the house, following behind Nathan but also not letting go of his little brother’s hand. They hadn’t held hands like that since… well, it had definitely been some time. Maybe back when they were kids? Or when they were Teenagers? Either way, it was a nice feeling, having Nathan’s rough but gentle palm pressing against his own.

“After all this time, you want to waste time on foreplay?” Nathan teased as he motioned for Sam to shut the screen behind them, lest they both got chided by Elena once she got back home from work. “I would have thought that prison made you harder, not softer.”

“I’ll show you how hard I am,” Sam practically growled as he let go of Nathan’s hand only to snake an arm around his back so that he could pull him into a rough hug. He then carefully, but also forcefully and a little playfully, walked Nathan back into a nearby wall, and ground his hips against his little brother in between the hanging pictures. Since Elena had given them the green light, Sam wasn’t playing around anymore. “That hard enough for you?” Sam breathed with a dip of his lips down to the edge of Nathan’s ear. Considering that the fabric of his boxer shorts were on the thin side, he was confident that his little brother felt exactly what he was talking about.

Nathan’s mouth went dry when he unmistakably felt what was Sam’s hardon through the fabric of his pants. He had been half aroused himself, but just that raw, needy gesture was enough to get him to full mast. Especially since it reminded him of times when they were younger, when they were so pent up with sexual frustration that just rutting against each other, even with their clothes on, was more than enough to get them off. Even if they had to make sure to change their clothes, or at least their underwear, soon afterwards. “Yeah, but I want more,” Nathan got out as he dropped his hands to paw at the waistband of his brother’s boxers.
“If you want more, then we should go upstairs and then I can give you more,” Sam said with a rough tone to his voice that betrayed how turned on he was. Not that the bulge in his underwear wasn’t a dead giveaway. “Unless you just want to do it right there on the sofa,” he suggested with a lift of his eyebrow as he tilted his head towards the living room. Hell, with how eager and excited he was to finally be with Nathan again, he’d even be okay with doing it right there on the hardwood floors.

“Elena would probably kill us,” Nathan mumbled before stealing another kiss from his older brother’s lips. He smiled as he pulled away. It was nice to be affectionate with Sam like they had been in the old days, just one of the many things that he had missed while his brother had been gone. “So we probably should do this properly and go upstairs.”

“I guess that means the kitchen table is out too, huh?” Sam half-joked before leaning in to give Nathan another kiss in return, musing how he felt like he’d never get tired of kissing his little brother’s lips.

“I think we’d be even deader if Elena found out about that,” Nathan murmured with a chuckle once they broke their kiss. “So in the interest of safety, let’s go up to the bedroom.”

“Good point,” Sam agreed with a laugh of his own. He hadn’t seen for himself how scary Elena could allegedly get, but he was inclined to believe that his little brother knew from experience what he was talking about. Sam pulled away from Nathan just enough to leave some space between them, and then slid an arm behind his brother’s back. “Shall we?” He asked with lowered eyelids as he motioned towards the staircase with a tilt of his head.

“Hell yeah,” Nathan answered back breathlessly as he allowed himself to be led towards the stairs by his older brother, his arousal spiking at the prospect of what they were going to do once they were up there.

It took them a little while longer than expected to navigate the staircase, pausing a couple of times to lavish kisses upon each other and grope each other on the way, but eventually they made it to the top. Nathan’s shirt wasn’t quite so lucky though, forgotten in the middle of the stairs somewhere, while his pants were now wide open and hanging off of his hips.

“Your room or mine?” Sam inquired with a wink as they stood together in the middle of the hallway, and he pressed gently against his brother’s half-clothed body. By now he was wound up enough to where he would be more than okay with taking Nathan against the wall, but seeing as it had been a while since they had been together, barring the previous night, he figured that they should be somewhere more comfortable, rather than having just a quick, hard fuck on a solid surface. There would be plenty of other times for that to happen. At least, he hoped so.
“Let’s go to your room,” Nathan answered as he caught Sam’s gaze, his eyes just as hooded with arousal as his brother’s. “It’d be kind of weird to do this on our bed while Elena’s not around.”

“Fair enough,” Sam agreed with a nod, pulling away from Nathan so that he could stand by his bedroom door. With an arm extended towards the interior, Sam gave his little brother a knowing grin along with a nod of his head. “After you.”

“Such a gentleman,” Nathan quipped as he slid past Sam and stepped into the spare room. It hadn’t changed a whole lot since Sam had moved into it, save for the clothes draped over the back of Elena’s desk chair. Once Sam got the rest of his belongings, he was sure that it would look a lot more lived in. Nathan made his way over to what was now Sam’s bed, and plopped down onto it. He gave Sam a sly look as he leaned back onto the mattress, using his elbows to prop him up, and raised an eyebrow, hoping that his older brother would take the hint to joining him on the bed.

“Trust me, gentlemanly is not what I’d describe my state of mind right now,” Sam said lowly as he watched Nathan enter his bedroom, unable to resist letting his hand drag over his brother’s ass as he walked by. And once he saw his little brother get onto his bed and give him what could only be described as a come-hither look, his body reacted before his mind could. With a small growl escaping his throat, Sam made a beeline towards where Nathan was reclined, and easily lowered himself onto his little brother’s body, nudging himself in between his legs and greedily capturing his lips once again. He ground his hips down upon his brother, huffing a gasp into Nathan’s mouth at feeling the proof of his brother’s arousal between them. “God, I want you Nathan,” he murmured in between kisses.

A groan escaped Nathan’s throat when Sam rocked against him, and all he could do was throw his arms around his brother’s back so that he could pull him down against him. After a few more moments of hips grinding and making out, Nathan broke the kiss with a grin. “Then why don’t you come and get me then?” He teased with a nip to Sam’s bottom lip.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Sam practically growled as he dropped his hands down to Nathan’s waist and started to shove his pants and underwear down, not wasting any time to get to what he wanted. So when he exposed his little brother’s cock to the bedroom air, he grasped a palm around the plump length and gave it a few leisurely strokes, noting that it felt exactly as it did fifteen years ago. “Seems like nothing’s changed here,” Sam noted as he used his unoccupied hand to continue working on getting Nathan’s clothes off.

“Oh god, Sam,” Nathan breathed as he arched his back into his big brother’s touch. The way Sam’s hand felt on his cock brought back memories of many years ago, and even though they were submerged in the moment, he was still in disbelief of what they were doing right then and there. Sam’s palm was still calloused and rough, but his brother was always gentle with his
touches, at least until he would beg for more. “Don’t make me wait.”

Sam chuckled lowly as he let go of Nathan for the moment so that he could relieve his brother of the rest of his clothing. “You were always impatient, little brother,” Sam teased while he worked Nathan’s pants down his legs. “Good to see that hasn’t changed.”

Nathan laughed as Sam got him out of his clothes. “And what’s that supposed to mean?” He asked as he let his fingers play at the bottom hem of his brother’s t-shirt. “Also, if you haven’t noticed, you’re wearing way more clothes than I am.” Nathan lifted his head to give Sam an impish grin. “We need to fix that.”

“Right, working on it,” Sam answered as he tossed Nathan’s clothing aside. Before he started to take off his own clothes, Sam couldn’t help but pause to take in his brother’s naked form. Sure, his little brother had aged just as he had, with some extra lines on his face or grey in his hair, but when he caught what looked to be a giant scar marring Nathan’s torso, Sam was a little taken aback. “Is that what your friend gave you?” Sam asked, following up his question with a low, soft whistle. “He really did a job on you.”

“Oh this?” Nathan asked as he dragged a finger over the familiar scar. It wasn’t something that he really even thought about anymore, it was just a part of him, a reminder of his past. But to Sam, who hadn’t really gotten a good look at it until now, it had to be a little jarring. “Yeah, this is where Harry shot me.” He chuckled sheepishly. “I was pretty lucky that I even made it out of Nepal alive, and much less after having found Shambhala.”

“We’re both goddamn lucky that we’re alive,” Sam agreed lowly before bending down to press a kiss to the marred skin. Just the thought of Nathan having had been so close to death while he was stuck in the slammer was enough to make him choke up a little. He’d missed so much while being trapped in that hell in Panama. But it was okay, they were both alive, and they had the opportunity to make up for lost time. “It’s got to be fate or something that neither of us hasn’t bought it yet,” he murmured against Nathan’s torso.

“Fate. Yeah. Destiny,” Nathan agreed with a hum, enjoying how Sam’s lips dragged over his stomach. He was briefly tempted to take a hand to the top of Sam’s head to shove him down towards his dick as a hint, but he quickly decided against it. He didn’t mind taking things slowly at this point, even if his dick seemed to indicate otherwise with how firm it was resting against his stomach.

“Yeah, destiny,” Sam echoed as he gave Nathan’s scar one last lingering kiss before moving upright again so that he could finally get his own clothing off of his body. His own erection tented out the front of his boxer shorts as he tugged his t-shirt over his head, and once he had tossed that onto the floor, his underwear followed closely after. “There we go.”
Nathan just watched from the bed as Sam undressed in front of him, and when he caught sight of
the three bullet hole sized scars on his older brother’s torso, he couldn’t help but frown slightly at
them. Sam had showed them to him before, when they had reunited back at the salvage company
he used to work for, and now owned, but this was the first time he had seen them up close. “Hey,
come here,” he requested with a motion of his hand. “I want to return the favor.”

“Sure thing,” Sam agreed as he shuffled in closer to Nathan, now just as naked as him, and he
couldn’t help but enjoy the familiarity of them being so intimately close to each other. He traced a
finger over the trio of scars before leaning in towards his little brother with a soft smile on his lips,
his eyes crinkling with the gesture. “These what you wanted to see?”

Nathan just nodded as he was faced with what could have killed Sam, what he thought had killed
Sam, all those years ago. He sat up from the bed and first reached a hand out to touch the scars,
the pads of his fingers smoothing over the dimpled skin. He then leaned in and closed his eyes
before pressing a soft kiss to each scar, working his way down Sam’s torso to get to each one.
Once he was done, his eyes fluttered open so that he could look up at his older brother and give
him a pointed look. “So are we going to do this or what?” His gaze then dropped to Sam’s cock,
and the temptation was there for him to just take it in his mouth and show his brother a good time
that way. “You look like you’re ready.”

“More than ready,” Sam got out, wanting nothing more than to jump his little brother right then
and there. “But ah, do you have some slick?” He asked as he took a glance around what was
going to be his future bedroom. “My stuff’s still at the hotel.” And that reminded him, he’d have
to head over there to settle up and grab his things so that his move into the Drake-Fisher house
would be official. Of course, not until after he was done with Nathan first.

“In the bedroom, in the nightstand drawer,” Nathan answered with a motion of his finger towards
the room down the hall. “We’ve got some condoms in there too.” He moved as if to get up from
the bed. “I can get them if you want.”

“No, no, you stay there,” Sam insisted with a light shake of his head. “I’ll be right back,” he
insisted as he moved towards the bedroom door. He turned briefly to glance at his little brother
and gave him a cheeky smile. “Don’t you go anywhere,” he said before sliding through the
doorframe.

“I wasn’t planning on it,” Nathan called out behind his brother, unable to help admiring his bare
ass as he exited the room. His eyes caught the matching scars on his brother’s back as well, not
having familiarized himself with those ones yet, but he figured that they had time to do that later.
Once Sam had left, he reclined back onto the bed, folding his arms back behind his head, really
looking forward to what they were going to do. It had been so long, too long really, and the
anticipation was really starting to build up inside of him. He thought about stretching an arm out
so that he could stroke his cock a little bit while he was waiting for Sam, but he had waited this
long already, a couple more minutes wasn’t going to kill him. At least, he didn’t think it would.
With a sigh he closed his eyes and relaxed while he waited for Sam’s return.

Sam felt a little strange walking around his brother’s house naked, especially when he stepped into Nathan and Elena’s room, but he figured he’d get used to it soon enough. He had a feeling that there would be plenty more times coming up where he would be naked in his little brother’s bedroom or in other parts of the house, and he couldn’t help but smile to himself at the thought. Sam didn’t waste any time in making his way over to the nightstand and pulled open the drawer to find a bottle of lubricant inside, just as Nathan had said. “This’ll work,” Sam murmured to himself as he grabbed the bottle and took a quick look at it to make sure that it really was what he was looking for. There was also a box of condoms stashed inside as well, so Sam grabbed one from inside of it, and then after a moment’s thought, tugged another one out just in case. He then shut the drawer and headed back towards his room with the stuff in his hands, not wanting to keep his little brother waiting. “I’m back,” Sam announced as he poked his head through the doorway, amused at how relaxed Nathan was looking while laying back on the bed.

“Oh good, I was just about to take a nap,” Nathan teased as he opened his eyes to look over his big brother. His gaze settled upon the items in Sam’s hand. “I see you found the stuff,” he noted while his lips quirked into a smirk, tugging his arms back out from underneath him in order to give them a stretch.

“Well, it was where you said it was going to be,” Sam said as he closed in on the bed to where he was standing over Nathan. “It wasn’t exactly a treasure hunt.” He chuckled lowly as he knelt down onto the mattress next to his younger brother, and dropped the condoms next to him. “But I bet you I can find something good if you let me,” Sam said seductively as he popped the bottle of lube open and poured a little bit onto his fingertips.

Nathan just laughed at Sam’s words. “I’ll take that bet,” he said as he watched Sam rub his non-slick fingers together, and he was suddenly overcome with the realization that yes, they really were going to do this. His dick throbbed at the thought. It had been so long, but it was something that he had sorely missed. A twinge of uncertainty hit him though, because it really had been a long time since he had done this sort of thing with anyone, and he hoped that it wouldn’t be uncomfortable or painful. But he knew his big brother, and just knowing that Sam wouldn’t do anything to hurt him helped to soothe any doubts that he might have had. “So let’s see if you can find something good then,” Nathan teased from his reclined position on the bed.

“Yes, let’s,” Sam agreed as he moved in closer to Nathan, glancing down in between his little brother’s legs to see that Nathan was still hard. Using his non-slick hand, he reached down and grasped at his brother’s cock, wrapping his fingers around its girth and gently giving it a little tug. “Looks like I found something good right here,” Sam joked lowly as he continued to move his hand so that he was gently stroking his little brother’s dick. “That didn’t take long.”

“That’s got to be a record, too bad we didn’t find Avery’s treasure nearly that fast,” Nathan quipped, following up with a gasp and a nudge of his hips up into his older brother’s palm. The way Sam’s hand was encasing him felt good and familiar and there was just something about the sensation of his brother’s rough fingers around his dick that easily drew pleasure from deep inside
of him, like water from a well. Elena’s small, soft hands were nice too of course, but Sam always seemed to know how to do the things that drove him wild. And it seemed like after all of those years in prison, Sam hadn’t forgotten any of that either. Which Nathan was deeply grateful for when his big brother’s hand didn’t stop moving. “S-Sam…”

Sam chuckled when he heard the gasp of his name from his little brother’s lips. “We’re just getting started here, Nathan,” he murmured as he snaked his other hand down in between his brother’s muscular thighs, which had easily fallen open for him. While he kept Nathan occupied with the gentle strokes on his length, he carefully felt around down below for the area that he was seeking out. Once he felt the smooth divot of Nathan’s pucker at his fingertips, he cautiously pressed in with a slick digit, taking his time to ease it inside. He didn’t know how long it had been for Nathan since he’d been penetrated, so Sam made sure to take his time and to be careful about it. “You okay, Nathan?”

“You okay, Nathan?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m good,” Nathan breathed when Sam’s finger breached him. He hadn’t been completely ready for it, and even though he had been so used to the sensation so many years ago, he found that it was going to be something that he’d probably have to get used to once again. But even though it felt a little foreign to him at first while also seeming familiar, it felt good too. Definitely something that he had missed. “You can keep going.”

“You got it,” Sam said with a sly smile and a nod, recalling the times in the past where he had Nathan in the exact position he had now, still internally grateful that this chance had presented itself to him, and he wanted to ensure that he gave his little brother a good time. More than a good time. Sam wanted to make Nathan remember exactly why they were so good together. There was no hesitation in pressing a second finger in next to the first, and Sam still made sure that he gave attention to Nathan’s dick with his other hand to distract him from any discomfort he might have been feeling. “Still all right?”

“You got it,” Sam said with a sly smile and a nod, recalling the times in the past where he had Nathan in the exact position he had now, still internally grateful that this chance had presented itself to him, and he wanted to ensure that he gave his little brother a good time. More than a good time. Sam wanted to make Nathan remember exactly why they were so good together. There was no hesitation in pressing a second finger in next to the first, and Sam still made sure that he gave attention to Nathan’s dick with his other hand to distract him from any discomfort he might have been feeling. “Still all right?”

“Yeah,” Nathan huffed out as Sam’s fingers moved gently inside of him, wrinkling his brow at the stretching sensation. It had been a while for him after all, now that he thought about it. It wasn’t like Elena had been adventurous enough to try anything similar with him, and other than the many times with Sam, the last time he’d had fingers or a dick in his ass was probably when Harry was still alive. Before he got shot by him that was. But he didn’t want to think about that particular memory and kill the mood. So Nathan glanced up at his older brother and gave him a look. “It’ll take more than this to break me.”

“Oh yeah?” Sam asked curiously as he slowly moved his fingers in and out of his little brother, while still pumping at Nathan’s now-leaking cock, judging by the slick feeling on his palm that wasn’t from the lube. “Is that a challenge?” His pulse quickened at the thought that he would soon be inside his little brother, after so many long, lonely years.

“Maybe,” Nathan said with a laugh, squirming slightly at the way Sam’s digits wriggled in his insides. He caught Sam’s hazel eyes with his own, and a mischievous grin made its way onto his
“Jesus Christ Nathan,” Sam got out in response to his little brother’s demand. The words went straight to his dick, and arousal pooled hotly in his belly. “You don’t have to ask me twice,” Sam replied as he tugged his fingers free from Nathan, letting go of him so that he could reach over and grab one of the condoms that he had laid aside. His slick fingers caused him to struggle a bit in opening the packaging, so he held the corner of the condom wrapper in between his teeth and pulled down, finally getting it torn open that way. Once he pulled the condom out of the package and tossed the wrapper aside, he quickly rolled it down his dick. Wasting no time, Sam grabbed the bottle of lube from the mattress and poured some out into the palm of his hand, not even caring that some of the viscous liquid was dripping onto the bedsheets below as he slicked himself up for his brother. Once he was ready, he easily settled himself in between his brother’s legs and took a calming breath. Sam didn’t want this to be over too soon, but with the way that his heart was pounding with excitement in his chest, he was afraid that he wouldn’t last long. “Just remember that you asked for this,” Sam playfully threatened as he shoved the head of his dick against Nathan’s opening. Any restraint that he had been attempting to keep for Nathan’s sake, was completely gone now, especially when he rolled his hips and started to sink into his little brother’s hot center.

Nathan was more than amused as he watched Sam fumble with the condom wrapper, but when his big brother quickly got himself ready and he felt Sam’s weight bearing down upon him, the gravity of the situation became oh so real. Especially when he started to feel that stretch of being opened up by his brother’s dick. His brows furrowed as Sam slowly and gently pushed into him, the sensation a bit uncomfortable but nothing that he couldn’t handle. After gunshots and falling off of cliffs and out of airplanes, he could most certainly handle taking a dick after so many years. Especially with it being his brother’s dick. A gasp dropped from his lips when Sam breached him further, but he couldn’t help himself from getting out a strained chuckle soon after. “I sure did ask for this all right,” he replied with amusement, catching what looked to be a worried gaze on Sam’s face. Nathan reached out to touch Sam’s forearm in reassurance. “But it’s good, Sam. I’ll get used to it soon enough. It’s just been a while.”

“Yeah?” Sam asked as he met Nathan’s eyes and paused in what he was doing, glad that his brother didn’t seem to be in pain or have too much discomfort. Because that was the last thing he ever wanted to do to Nathan.

“Yeah,” Nathan assured with a nod of his head, exhaling a breath in order to relax his muscles for what was to come. “I’m sure that my body will remember all of this once we get going.”

Sam nodded at his little brother’s words. “It’ll take more than this to break a Drake,” he quipped with a smirk before he started to press on again, nudging his cock deeper into his little brother’s warm insides, and sucking in a breath when he managed to sink nearly all the way in. It felt good, so, so good to be in that familiar warmth once again. Way better than any of the fantasies he had while he was locked up in prison.
“Are you trying to turn me off?” Nathan exclaimed with a laugh at Sam’s slightly cheesy words, but it quickly segued into a moan when Sam filled him up even more. He grasped at his older brother’s arm with clenched fingers, the sensation more overwhelming to his nerves than he thought it would be. “Okay yeah, don’t stop,” Nathan grated out in a demand. The discomfort he had been experiencing easily transformed into pleasure, and it seemed like his body was remembering that he liked what his brother was doing after all. “Keep going.”

“Of course,” Sam got out, his mouth going a little dry at the sudden demand from his little brother, but it also only made his dick harder. “Anything for you, Nathan,” he said breathlessly as he rocked forward and managed to finally plunge in all the way into his little brother. And it felt nothing less than incredible. “Shit,” Sam practically groaned out. “It’s been a while since I’ve felt this.”

“S-Same here,” Nathan replied with a stuttered moan of his own. He’d almost forgotten how good it felt to be filled up by his big brother. Almost. Fortunately Sam was able to jog that memory for him quickly, and it was better than he had remembered. No wonder they always went off together when they were younger for a quick fuck here and there. Nathan had written it off as hormones, but how had he forgotten how good it was whenever their bodies were joined? Or maybe it was just that he had repressed all of those memories along with all of the other ones of Sam when he had thought that his brother had died. Either way, he was grateful that he could experience it again with his brother. “But now, you really need to move,” Nathan demanded, giving a little rock of his hips back against his older brother in encouragement.

“Okay, okay,” Sam replied with a laugh and a small shake of his head. Nathan had always been a little bossy in bed before, especially when he was in the receiving role, and it seemed like that part of his little brother hadn’t faded over all of the years passed. Which was fine, because Sam was always more than happy to oblige Nathan in whatever he wanted. “You just let me know if it’s too much for you to handle,” he said lovingly as he leaned down to press a kiss to his brother’s lips.

Nathan kissed his brother back, enjoying how the gesture forced Sam’s hips flush against him, which pushed his cock in deeper, even though he was already in pretty much as far as he could go. Just those extra few millimeters made a world of difference. “You know I will,” Nathan murmured against Sam’s mouth, their breath intermingling intimately. “But I’ve been waiting for this for a long, long time.”

“You and me both,” Sam agreed, pulling away from their kiss so that he could grasp at his little brother’s thighs. They were a lot more muscular than he remembered, back before the events in Panama had transpired. “So, have you been working out?” Sam teased, already knowing the answer to that question, as he slowly started to move, pulling back gently before rolling forward into the tight warmth of his little brother. It was good, it was so good, better than what his memory had held onto for all of those years.
“I could, ah, ask you the same thing,” Nathan got out when Sam started to move inside of him, a gasp dropping from his lips at the stimulation. Sam’s leaner but muscular frame wasn’t lost on him, and it appeared that his big brother kept busy in prison by exercising whenever he could. Which he was internally thankful for. His brother’s good physical condition definitely helped out when they were on the search for Avery’s treasure, and he was more than fine with discovering how it affected sex between them as well.

“ Seems pretty obvious, doesn’t it?” Sam grated out in an answer, and then gave a breathless laugh as he moved at a leisurely pace. He was determined to take things slowly at first, because he wanted the moment to last as long as it possibly could between them. After his performance last night, or his lack of performance one might say, he really wanted to make it up to Nathan. Not that it was entirely his fault. Being the meat in the middle of a Drake-Fisher sandwich would have probably been too much for most anyone. But knowing Nathan, he’d likely get a little impatient after a while, so he had to savor it for as long as he could.

Nathan closed his eyes briefly as he took in all of the sensations hitting him as Sam moved in and out of him, such as the pull and stretch down below along with that feeling of fullness that he hadn’t felt in so, so long. He pondered as to why he had denied himself those pleasurable feelings, other than the obvious fact that Elena didn’t have the proper equipment to do what he’d been missing out on, but of course that could easily be taken care of with a trip to the local sex shop in town. As his mind wandered, Sam rocked gently into him, causing a sigh to slip from his lips. He opened his eyes to glance up at his older brother as he pulled back, and he couldn’t help but give Sam a smug look. “I thought I said something about getting fucked, not being made love to?”

“Not that this isn’t nice.”

Nathan teased while craning his neck for a kiss from his brother. “Oh, so you want to be fucked?” Sam asked challengingly, taking the signal from his little brother and dipping down to catch Nathan’s lips in a brief kiss. He chuckled with amusement upon his little brother’s mouth, surprised but not really that Nathan wanted more so soon, he had predicted it after all. After so many years, some things just didn’t change. “Why didn’t you say so,” Sam said as he gave his little brother what he wanted, using force behind his hips to thrust harder and deeper.

“I did,” Nathan groaned when Sam pushed more forcefully into him, the rough treatment sending a jolt through his body. But in a very good way. “You just don’t listen to me,” he joked, his voice hitching when Sam repeated the harsh motion, which spurred him to reach up and grasp at his brother’s forearms. “So don’t stop.”

“Okay,” Sam rasped out with a nod of his head. Who was he to deny what his little brother wanted? He moved his hands up from Nathan’s thighs to his waist, and once he had a good grip there, he started to move more rhythmically, harder and faster as he pushed and pulled in and out of his little brother. But it even felt amazing as he pounded Nathan into the small bed, his bed. He loved to make his brother happy, hell, it was one of the few things that he lived for in the world, but he was grateful that it wasn’t just Nathan who was getting the benefit out of it. His body seemed to be in agreement as his torso tensed, and he briefly thought that maybe he wasn’t going to last as long as he thought he could. Sam quickly willed that thought away as he kept up...
the pace that he set, sweat starting to bead up on his skin with the exertion.

“Sam, Sam,” Nathan groaned out as his older brother obediently did what he had asked him to, and it all came back to him, all the times that they had been in the same position but younger in age, all of the times that Sam had absolutely made him come undone just by using his cock. And this time seemed like it wasn’t going to be any different than the others. Each rough roll of Sam’s hips gave him a pleasurable shock to his system, especially when he hit that sweet spot inside of him just right. Nathan was silently thankful that Sam was still oh so good in affecting him that way, his arousal spiking higher and higher with each thrust. “Keep going,” he got out in a strained voice as he lolled his head on the pillow.

“I was planning on it,” Sam gasped out in answer as he continued to fuck his little brother hard, sweat starting to slick up his grip that he had on Nathan’s hips. He could feel his torso starting to coil in warning as he approached his climax, but Sam did his best to stave it off as long as he could. With his teeth gritted, he drove hard and deep into Nathan, determined to get his little brother off before he did.

A loud moan tore from Nathan’s throat when Sam seemingly pounded even harder into him, and his eyes rolled back as his brother drove right into his prostate with each thrust. “Oh my god, Sam,” Nathan managed to get out while his neglected cock streaked pre-come onto his belly. He was tempted to reach down to grasp at it, to finish the job, but it turned out that he didn’t need to. It only took a few more thrusts before he was arching his back and spilling onto himself, groaning his brother’s name the whole time.

Just like old times, Sam thought proudly to himself as he watched Nathan lose control beneath him, but he didn’t have long to appreciate the sight considering he was teetering on the edge of his own climax. It only took the tight squeeze of his little brother around his cock to send Sam spiraling overboard, gasping Nathan’s name as he filled up the condom with a stutter of his hips. He moved through his release, only finally stilling once the wave had completely washed over him. “Christ Nathan,” Sam eventually got out once he caught his breath. “That was…”

“…amazing?” Nathan offered out in a hoarse voice as he finished his big brother’s thought. He laughed roughly as he glanced up at Sam from underneath him. “I’ve gotta say, I missed that.”

“You and me both,” Sam agreed as he leaned down to catch Nathan’s lips in a breathless kiss. He was still a little winded from the activity, but it wasn’t anything he couldn’t handle. Plus, he wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world. Being right there in between his little brother’s legs panting after an amazing orgasm? It was pure heaven to him. “But now, I think taking a shower would be nice,” Sam admitted with a rough chuckle as he pulled away. “We’re both sweaty.” He then glanced down at Nathan’s messy stomach and smirked. “And you’re sticky.”

“And whose fault is that?” Nathan playfully complained as he gave his brother a wink while he
squirmed slightly underneath Sam’s weight. “So after the shower, what do you want to do? We’ve still got time to do whatever before Elena gets home.”

Sam hummed at the question while he carefully pulled his softened dick out of Nathan, making sure not to spill the contents of the condom while he was at it. “I still need to go settle up at the hotel and grab my things,” he answered while he slipped the condom off and tied a knot in the end. “So if you want to come with me, I’d appreciate the company.” He smirked down at his little brother. “And then after that, well, we could go for round two if you’re up to it.”

Nathan just laughed as he stretched his legs out once Sam had moved back out from in between them. He felt an ache in his lower regions, but it was a good kind of ache. One that he hadn’t experienced in quite some time. “Don’t get ahead of yourself there, Romeo,” he teased. Nathan then gave his big brother a grin. “But that doesn’t mean I’m saying no.”

Sam moved to get off of the bed and chuckled as he headed towards the bathroom to dispose of the used condom. Even though the condom caught most of his mess, he was still on the sticky side, and the shower couldn’t come soon enough. “Okay, we’ll see how things go once we get back from the hotel,” he agreed before stepping through the doorway. After he chucked the prophylactic in the trash can, he poked his head back around the door. “Do you wanna join me in the shower?”

“I thought you’d never ask,” Nathan replied as he gingerly made his way out of the bed towards his brother, being careful not to spill his mess onto Sam’s bedsheets. “I just hope we’ll both fit in there.”

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