Third Party

by wings128

Summary

John Kennex wants in on some hot dirty action.

Notes

Written in reply to this prompt by big_heart_june in the secret character meme on LJ. Characters 1 & 15 are having awesome dirty sex, character 6 wants to join them. What happens?

A/N: I had absolutely NO valid reason for having these three all in one place, so we’re totally going with PWP for this.

Art by auscaz. ♥
He was tangled under layers of fresh linen and the tiny pebbles grinding themselves into his kneecaps through his BDUs were a buzzkill, but she tasted fucking fantastic; sweet like honeyed nectar and musk. With every teasing, vibrating hum, every rasping lave of his tongue and hungry suckle of his lips, Scarlett ground her pussy down; took his three fingers deep, and pleaded with pretty little mews and cries. She thrust her hips against his stubble, suffocated him in slick till he was dizzy with it, and it coated his chin.

John ignored his trapped dick’s protests and shifted her weight against the wall, lacy garter tickling his cheek as his fingers gripped the trembling creamy flesh of the thigh on his shoulder with bruising strength. She was close, so close, tiny hands shoving him, demanding the pleasure he offered. John leered with male pride and drove his fingers deep, circled and pressed as he suckled her clit relentlessly; listened for the sound of his name in her soft southern drawl.

Scarlett whimpered when John pulled from her, appeared upright before her; one hand ripping at his breeches to free himself, the other dragging her close, spanning her tiny waist with ease as he let her taste herself on his tongue.

She should be disgusted, should demand he let her alone. A lady would…would…never have let this varmint lay his filthy paws on her, never have let herself be seduced from propriety.

Scarlett was no lady and when Lieutenant Colonel John Sheppard with the sparkle of heated gold in his eyes and the promise of pleasure in his crooked smile, had taken her hand and lead her out here to the cool of the summer night; Scarlett had uttered no protest, save the distracted query for her shawl.

Scarlett moaned for she knew not what when John left her mouth, trailed kisses that left heated shivers over her sensitive skin in their wake. Her stays were tight, kept her breathless as he grazed his other hand up to tug on jet lace trim. A moment and she could breathe, her breasts freed and spilling into his palms; each a perfect handful, rosy peaks hardening to both open air and pinching fingers.

“Fuck, baby,” John growled, words nothing more that hunger escaped from his throat as he dipped to suckle, stubble grazing a circular burn into her milky skin.

Scarlett couldn’t help herself, she arched back over the strong arm holding her upright, while John drank from her, shoved her back into the peach stone of the East Wing’s outer wall. He ground his hips so she felt him while he squeezed, and moulded, and licked, each teat, then both together. She’d never been handled thus, never permitted such liberties to anyone; but to Colonel Sheppard, to John, Scarlett would allow him anything.

John slid his hands down Scarlett’s flanks, the stiff silk of her corset doing things to him he really
liked. Who knew? He fought with her skirts, lifted them away as he edged her wider with his thighs, exposed that pretty pussy to his gaze.

‘Pretty and pink, slick and tight.’ His gripped the base of his dick, he was so close, kissed Scarlett’s rosebud lips as he slid his cock over her clt; teased them both for a second longer. ‘Fuck! He had to get in there.’

He had one thigh in his grip, ready to boost her up and slide so fucking deep inside her, when a voice he recognised whispered against his ear. “Got room for a third?”

To his credit John kept his hold on Scarlett, didn’t let her crumple in a heap of petticoats and garters at his feet, but his dick gave a jerk at the picture the thought painted. Scarlett quivered in his arms, fear lacing her need. “Not now John. I’m kinda busy.”

Scarlett jerked in surprise at the name but John didn’t release her; his fingers gripping deliciously harsh into her rear, even as he focused his gaze on the other man. He was tall with wild black hair – not as wild as Colonel Sheppard’s – and lips that knew how to ravage a woman. Scarlett grew wetter and her emptiness pulsed at the thought of this man pleasuring her as John had just done, as she prayed he was still going to do.

“No!” John growled, jostling Scarlett in his grip and bringing her tight into her chest. “She’s mine.”

“No, flyboy,” John smiled, full lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth as he tangled his long fingers in Sheppard’s soft soft hair and tugged till John turned to look him in the eye. “It’s you I want, I’m sure Miss O’Hara, here, won’t mind?”

Scarlett did not mind. In fact she was having trouble staying silent and still. She opened her mouth to speak, felt her words die in her throat as two pairs of hungry male eyes watched her, swallowed hard and nodded.

This new John growled in victory, tugged her Colonel’s mouth to his and devoured him as he shoved Scarlett’s John into her and both of them against the wall, only to then tear their mouths apart. “Fuck her John, fuck her long and slow. Wanna watch that ass of yours work while I get you ready for me.”

John shuddered, he knew how it felt to be skewered on Kennex’s thick cock, to feel the head grate and prod his sweet spot, drive him to the point of begging while big rough hands bruised up his hips and those perfect teeth gnawed his shoulder.

“John?” Scarlett asked, pleaded in a voice that had gone very small, very young, and John was aware of how long he’d left her hanging, moist and open and waiting for him. He drove in then, harder than he’d planned, but fuck if it didn’t feel fantastic; tender skin, wet and greedy suctioned around him like wet silk, grasped him as he pulled back out, only to drive deeper as he got his rhythm.

Kennex had yanked John’s BDUs to his thighs, cool air played with the hairs on his ass and velvety crinkled skin of his balls. John was climbing, knew he wouldn’t last if Kennex didn’t fuck him soon.

John slid lube slick fingers down Sheppard’s crack, circled and pressed at the pouting ring, and
felt the other man struggle to keep his stroke as he fucked the ripe young pussy being split apart by his beautiful cock.

“Stop!” It took a few thrusts for Sheppard to obey, to slam home and rest his head on those sweet sweet titties. ‘Sheppard sure knew how to pick ‘em.’

“Spread your legs and let me at this ass.”

John shivered at Kennex’s coarse orders; it was a sign of how turned on the guy was, how good it was going to be. He dipped his tongue, licked the sweet smelling sweat on the fine skin between Scarlett’s breasts and felt her fingers curl in his hair, felt her flex the length of him and moaned as Kennex breached his barely prepped hole.

“Ahhh…yeeeah!” John shuddered into Scarlett with each adjusting shunt Kennex served him and those hands anchored his hips in place. “So good, Shep, sooo good, missed this, missed you riding my dick.”

Scarlett whimpered, tried to circle her hips. She’d never seen anything so exciting in her life. Her John was watching her with eyes blown black with desire and want; this new John’s fingers were tangled with hers, and his touch was electrifying.

“Please,” she whispered, hardly certain of what she was asking for, needing she knew not what. “Pleease.”

“You heard the lady, Shep, ring her bell,” Kennex huffed, each word punctuated with a thrust that blinded John with the sparks of orgasm rushing through his shattered nerves. “Fuck her, and make her little pussy tremble while I fill you with my come.”

That was it. John shunted into Scarlett with three short sharp grunts, laid haphazard kisses on her inner elbow, her tits, and her mouth just as she screamed his name; just as lightning licked down his spine. His vision greyed, his cock twitching his come into Scarlett’s pulsing walls as he kissed her deep and Kennex bucked into him, throbbed long and thick and hard, and filled John with a liquid heat he could never deny he craved.

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