

Meet the Boys by Jade Buchanan

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“Oh God, Colt, harder, yeah, just like that...”

John smiled as he entered his quarters and heard the voices of his lovers. He slid off his weapons vest, the lightweight material conforming perfectly to his body. He leaned against the table behind the couch and pulled off his boots, leaving them lying on the ground where they fell. Rick would kill him later but he figured it was worth it right at this moment. He stood outside the bedroom door, and started to peel his jumpsuit off, sliding it off his arms and down his chest. He decided to leave it bunched around his waist, too impatient to get inside to bother with it.

“Yeah, you like that, baby?” Colt drawled.

“Oh God Colt, please...” Rick moaned out the words.

John slid open the door, walking in to see Rick spread out on the floor. He was completely naked, his golden limbs were being held down by the man on top of him. Rick’s light brown hair shone in the lights as he threw back his head, crying out his passion.



“I wanna hear you moan for me, baby,” Colt said, grinning down at Rick.

He bent his head, biting down on the underside of Rick's jaw, making Rick pant.

"It won't be that easy. You'll have to do better than that," Rick whispered, clenching his teeth.

John spied a quick flash of white, Colt grinning widely.

"Oh, baby. I'll make you scream before this is over," he drawled.

John swallowed hard, reaching down one hand and palming his rapidly rising cock. *God, I'll never get tired of seeing this.* He groaned softly, trying not to draw the attention of the two men.

Colt was fully dressed, he must have just come home from work. He looked like he had beat John by a few minutes. Rick's clothes lay in a little pile off to the side, he was a master at getting naked. Colt definitely preferred him that way.

Colt turned his head, interrupting John's musings with a heated look.

"You're next, J. Baby here already has a head start on you."

Colt lowered his head again, biting down on one rosy nipple. Rick arched into him, straining against the hands holding him down. He managed to get one hand free, reaching up to grab Colt behind the head.



The two men stared at each other from inches apart. The look they shared made John's heart lurch. He wanted that connection they had, he wanted it so badly that the need almost surpassed the ache in his cock.

John stumbled forward, desperate to get closer to his lovers.

Colt raised his head, levering himself up and pressing one solid thigh between Rick's legs. Rick mewled, grinding his cock into Colt's thick thigh.

"Baby, you don't mind if J here gets in on the action, do you?" Colt smirked at John, raising his eyebrow.

John hated that look. Well...hated and loved it at the same time. He couldn't figure out how such a smug expression could turn him on and infuriate him at the same time. It was a complete mystery.

Colt sat up, grabbing Rick around the waist and hauling the smaller man up in front of him. He shrugged off his yellow vest, throwing it to the side. Turning, Colt leaned back against the wall, levering Rick between his legs.

"You know what to do, J," Colt ordered, pumping the long shaft of Rick's cock with one strong hand.

Rick had his eyes closed, his head tipped back into the crook of Colt's neck. He was so good at that. So good at completely losing himself to sensation. It was one of the best things about the man. He loved to be touched.

John chuckled at the wanton display in front of him. He would have to be a complete fuckup to ignore the beautiful sight of Rick's submissive side coming out to play.

He slid forward, mouthing one hard nipple. He waited until Rick sighed in capitulation and then he bit down hard enough to have him buck up. He grinned around the bit of flesh. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Colt's hand come up, pinching the neglected twin of the nipple he had in his mouth.

Rick raised his arms, twining them around Colt's neck.

"Enough, J. Baby needs some attention," Colt said.

John raised just his eyes, peering up at Colt. Without losing eye contact, he slithered down Rick's stomach, licking a path along the muscled abs. The man was seriously ripped. And seriously hung. John swallowed when he came eye level to the long cock.

He looked up at Rick's muffled groan. He had been jerked close to Colt, the two men fused together at the mouth. His cock lurched painfully at the erotic sight. Damn, they seriously knew how to drive a man crazy with need.

A low buzzing interrupted the sight in front of him. With a muttered curse, John leaned back, away from the tempting flesh in front of him. He fumbled for his phone, ignoring the hand that reached out to grab a piece of his jumpsuit.

"What?" he barked into the phone.

"Ummm... Sir?" questioned the tinny voice.

"This damn well better be important. I'm in the middle of something," he snarled.

*Something* -- a.k.a. Rick -- chose that moment to lean forward, kissing down his chest. John tried to fend him off with one arm, listening to the voice with only half his attention. He cut off the moan that formed in his throat before it sounded. He couldn't get very far when he was still on his knees in front of the two of them.

Rick smiled, the corners of his lips lifting in a smirk while he played with the zipper on John's jumpsuit.

"Sir, we can't get a hold of Montgomery. He was supposed to report for duty at 0800, and he never showed up."

John sighed, bringing his free arm up to press against his forehead. Rick backed off, realizing that John wasn't in the mood to be distracted.

What now? What the hell could Montgomery possibly have done now? He really didn't need this. Monty and him had been partners for 5 years, ever since the accident that took his hand. It would have taken more but Monty had managed to pull him out in time. He owed his life to the man. Didn't mean he had to like him all the time, though. Monty made being a fuckup look easy.

"Have you gone to his place to see if he's there?" he asked, impatiently.

"Uh, no sir, we thought he might be with you?"

"Are you asking me a question or telling me your opinion?" John barked, tilting his head back. "Send someone out to his place. If he doesn't answer the door, make sure they enter his house to see if he's passed out somewhere. If he isn't there, call me back. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir, I'll get right on that, Sir," the voice sounded.

John snapped the phone shut, cutting off whatever the man would have said. He wasn't in the mood for this. One day. He wanted one day where he could relax, be carefree, not have to take care of Monty and his escalating problems.

"You okay, John?" Rick asked, easing out of Colt's arms and bumping in to him.

"Yeah, it's just Monty again," he sighed.

"He causing you grief?" Colt questioned, frowning.

"No, we're cool. I just wish he would stop screwing around. He misses his shift, and they assume he must be with me. I don't want to be tarred with the same brush as Monty. If he fucks up my chance at a promotion, I'll kill him myself."

Colt grinned. "Don't worry, J. In order for you to get a promotion, you have to be recommended by your senior officer. And, I'll be damned, that happens to be me."

"So... what do I need to do to make you happy?" John asked, tilting his head. He lowered his eyes, looking up at Colt.

"Mmm, take off the suit."

John hid his grin, pushing the jumpsuit down over his hips. His cock bounced, making Rick groan. Slowly, drawing out his movements, he slid the suit down his legs. When it pooled around his knees, he drew one leg up at a time until it was on the floor.

Colt stood abruptly, resting his back to the wall.

"Now stay on your knees. I want you to face baby here."

Rick happily complied, twisting around until they faced each other on their knees. Colt was to their side, staring down at the two men.

