

## Birthday Boy Seeking Party Guests

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# Birthday Boy Seeking Party Guests

by [jessahmewren](#)

## Summary

Tired of spending his birthday alone, John posts an ad on Craigslist hoping to spice things up. Set in the 2000's.

## Notes

This long boy (well, long for me) is quite the journey. It's different from anything I've written before and was a lot of fun to write. I hope you enjoy! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

John erased what he'd written for what seemed like the tenth time, squinting at the screen on his laptop. He cracked his knuckles, taking another sip of wine. The bottle was more than half gone, but he couldn't be bothered to care. It was the weekend, and he was spending it, like every other weekend, alone in his flat browsing the internet.

The wine settled in his bones, making him feel warm and heavy and a bit giddy. He opened up the Word document where the Craigslist Personal's ad he'd been fumbling over for the past half hour sat half written.

*"I am a single male seeking three men for a one night stand at my flat. I have no other preferences other than that you be reasonably good looking and clean. I will send a headshot and directions when you send one."*

Wait. The fuck? That sounded really off and vain. No way should he be writing this while drunk. Or, he thought miserably, writing this period. But anyway.

*"I am a single male seeking three men for a one night stand at my flat. I am fit and disease free; please be the same. Details to be follow."*

Was that better, he wondered? Worse?

*"I've never done this before; I'm not weird or even kinky...just a normal guy wanting to have a good time for once on his birthday."*

There, he thought. That sounded nice and normal, not scary like some of the other ads (seriously, the one asking for the fart buddy was a little out there...). He copied the ad and, before he could chicken out, pasted it into the text box.

He titled the ad "Birthday Boy Seeking Party Guests" and hit submit before he could talk himself out of it.

John checked his Myspace briefly before closing the laptop. His cat, Gwyneth, coiled around his legs. He reached down to stroke her ginger fur. "Again, lovely? You've already had your dinner," he cooed fondly. He reached for a bit of chicken from the fridge, leftovers from his own meal. "Just a snack, now." The cat was an absolute unit, and he couldn't afford her getting any fatter.

He put the wine glass in the sink, nodding off slightly as the water ran. Gwyneth waddled off to her cat bed, sniffing it delicately before she sank into the pillow softness. John smiled at her as he switched off the light and shuffled off to his bedroom.

As he lay down beneath the covers, he thought of his little Craigslist ad, and smiled.

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Freddie woke up early for once, silencing his alarm on his phone and stumbling to the teapot. He put the kettle on and grabbed a lemon strudel before settling on the couch and opening his laptop.

Craigslist was still open from the night before where he had entertained himself with reading the personal ads. It was one of his favorite past times late at night...sitting with a bag of crisps with his legs crossed reading some of those wacky ads. As his kettle hummed, he decided to scroll further down the page.

He landed on John's ad, and something made him smile. *"I'm not weird or even kinky..."* Freddie laughed at that. Why yes you are darling, you're asking for a foursome for your birthday! Still, his smile never faltered. He clicked on the user name and opened up his email program.

*"Hi John, I'm Freddie. I AM weird and VERY kinky, and would love to come to your birthday party ;). I have attached a headshot. Cheers."*

He hit send and closed the laptop. His kettle was boiling by now and he poured himself a cuppa. He thought about the email he'd just sent and sighed. It wasn't likely he was going to get a reply, and if he did, he was up for it. He hooked up regularly with no problems. This time was likely to be any different.

--

Brian cursed to himself. He was late and the computer labs at the university were always nearly full around lunch. He had a paper due in two hours. Maybe he could swing it.

He found one open kiosk in the corner and settled in front of it, plugging in his flashdrive. After an hour of typing, Brian closed the document and submitted it to his professor. One more paper, one more assignment closer to his PhD. He took a moment to relax and opened up his Hotmail.

After a few moments of aimless clicking and deleting, he opened one of his Craigslist notifications. Unfortunately, the amp he had wanted for his guitar was already sold. He clicked the link anyway, the website opening in a new window. He browsed the website a bit, eventually landing on the Personals section.

He entertained himself for a while, admittedly enjoying the sexier ads. And then he read John's.

Something about it struck him as honest, and Brian could respect that. Brian considered the prospect of fucking three other guys, a little thrill running through him. What would that even be like?

He decided, like a good doctoral researcher, that he needed more information. He emailed John.

--

Roger was drunk (and maybe something else). His limbs were loose, and he couldn't feel his lips. An easy euphoria fell over him, throbbing in his skull in time with the pulsing music and the girl riding his lap. The friends he'd come over with were somewhere else, but there

were others here. So many people just walking around him as this girl fucked him right here on the sofa.

“Lay back baby,” She said as she rode him, steadily lifting herself off of him, the wet squelch of her tight heat lost to the music and the chaos of the open room. She was pretty in an odd way, Roger thought. His body felt like it was on fire, and he felt the involuntary response of his orgasm winding its way to completion.

He gasped, coming inside the condom as she giggled and contracted around him. He was panting hard, his heart racing. Whatever he had taken was too much, he thought, too much this time. He felt sick. He pawed at the girl as she chased her own climax, pushing her off just as she came, nibbling at his sweat-slick skin.

“Thanks for the fuck,” she said as she slid off him. She pulled up her panties under her skirt and wobbled away.

He sagged back against the couch where no one seemed to pay attention to him, feeling used. Tears stung his eyes, and then someone called his name.

“Hey Roger, you done fucking around? Come play this game with us.”

He raised his head, the whole room swimming. Gingerly, he made his way over to the small gathering. There were shots set up in front of a laptop. Greg, the leader of the group, pushed Roger down in a chair.

“It’s youngest against oldest, and Rog, you’re the youngest. Whoever does the least amount of shots has to answer one of these Craigslist Personals ads. I’ve put them all in a random name generator so it’s totally fair.”

Roger felt sick. He knew he’d had too much to drink already, and there was no way he would win. He stared the other man down anyway.

Greg counted them out. “On your mark, get set, go!”

Roger started downing shots until he declared he’d had enough. He was nearly blackout drunk when they pulled the virtual lever on the random name generator. The ad title that came up was “Birthday Boy Seeking Party Guests.”

Roger was passed out on the couch when Greg sent the email to John along with a fetching photo of Roger smiling with friends while wearing his favorite sunglasses. Greg was sure to add, “you can’t tell, but my eyes are blue ;).”

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John forgot about his little ad until the following evening, when he was coming home from the restaurant and remembered that he should probably check his email. He picked up dinner, fed Gwyneth and did just that, deleting the spam and adverts and noticing, to his surprise, several emails from Craigslist users.

He omitted some right away...not on a superficial bases, but just based on how they sounded. Bossy, arrogant, or their emails gave out a creepy vibe. The next one he clicked on was a bloke named Freddie.

*"I AM weird AND kinky..."* John laughed at that. That was mild compared to some of the other things he'd been told. It was rather endearing, actually. As the pic took forever to load, he thought Freddie might be interesting to get to know.

Then the pic finally opened and John's mouth flew open.

Black, lustrous, shoulder-length hair framing the most stunning face...tan skin stretched over sharp cheekbones and jawline and those piercing brown kohl-lined eyes. He was easily the most exotic person John had ever laid eyes on. He was immediately attracted to him.

John hit reply and began typing. *"I love your headshot. This may be a little forward, but would you like to come celebrate my birthday with me? You would be my first guest :)."*

He gave him the time and place, included a headshot, and hit send, hoping for the best.

The next email was a bit longer and more thoughtful but just as intriguing.

*"Hi there. My name is Brian. I am a college student getting my PhD. I saw your ad on Craigslist and I must say I am intrigued. I have never done anything like this, either. I would be interested in helping you celebrate your birthday if you provide a safe, clean environment in which to do so. Please provide photos of your flat." Thanks -Bri"*

John smiled. How considerate to think of a safe environment. Bri was definitely getting an email. He replied to Brian and included photos of his living room, kitchen, and bedroom (he left the bathroom out for reasons). Thankfully he had just tidied up. He also included a headshot.

The next email that caught his eye was from Roger. When the pic loaded, he was stunned to find a beautiful blond man with a winning smile standing in a group of friends.

*"Hi! My name is Roger. I saw your ad on Craigslist. You can count me in! Just send me the time and place. Also, you can't tell, but my eyes are blue ;)."*

John smiled at his enthusiasm. He attached a headshot, gave him the details and hoped he would hear a little more from him.

John switched over to his Myspace and made a post for the first time in a long time. "Happy for new adventures," it said with a sticker. And for the first time in a long time, he was.

--

Freddie was late, and he had just enough time for tea and maybe to check his email before he was needed at Splash, the high-end fashion boutique where he worked. He scrolled through his messages on his phone, reading a few replies, when one from Craigslist user John caught his eye.

*“I love your headshot. This may be a little forward...”*

Freddie smiled at that.

The pic finally loaded, and Freddie’s mouth watered at the sweet sight. A young man, early twenties, long brown hair, lovely green eyes, and the sweetest smile stared back at him. There were secrets in that smile, he thought, and Freddie wanted to find them out.

So Freddie had a date with not one but three other gents. He better get to work so he could find himself something new to wear.

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“I want a double mocha latte, no whip, no drizzle, but soy sub on the milk,” the customer spouted off dryly, and Brian just nodded. He’d been working as a barista at Starbucks to help pay his way through college, and while things could get a little crazy, he mostly liked it. “No problem,” he said as he tried to smile. “Name please?”

The teenage girl grinned. “Princess of the Universe.” Brian’s face fell. “Alright miss I’ll try to fit that on the cup,” he muttered as he turned to make her coffee.

At his next break, he sat in the back and played Angry Birds on his phone until his email notifications pinged. John from Craigslist had written him back.

*“Hi Bri! This is John. I really enjoyed your email and appreciate you thinking to ask about a safe environment. That is really important and is honestly something I would do. I have included the requested pictures of my flat. Thankfully I had just tidied up (haha).”*

The flat was neat and clean. Very homey. There was a fat orange cat nestled on the couch in one of the pics, and it made Brian smile. The headshot John had sent was of John in profile, looking out a window. His green eyes were luminous in the sunlight, and his long brown hair was pulled back over his shoulder. There was a slight smile on his face.

Brian hummed as he looked at it, eyes going over the smooth skin of the young man’s neck and where that skin stretched over the juncture of his jaw and cheek. He was lovely.

“Brian! You’ve got customers!”

Brian muttered a curse to himself.

*“I’d very much like to attend,”* Brian found himself typing. *“Send me the details.”*

--

His head was pounding, and the afternoon light of his bedroom hurt his eyes. Those were Roger’s first cognizant thoughts as he gradually returned to wakefulness after coming home last night and passing out on top of his sheets.

He doesn’t remember coming home, really, or how he got home. But he assumed Greg and his friends dumped him off here after he woke up on their couch.

It didn't matter, not really. He stumbled home like this a few times a week and he invariably always recovered.

Roger peeled himself off the mattress, dragging himself into the bathroom to splash some water on his face. He endured the light so he wouldn't miss the toilet, and when he passed the mirror, he paused.

There were dark circles under his bloodshot eyes. His face was puffy, his hair in disarray. He looked older somehow, and he swore under his breath. Shit had to get better than this.

He peeled off last night's clothes and stepped into the shower, letting the hot spray wash off the filth and sketchy memories. Stepping out of the shower, he toweled off and put on a pair of sweats. He had a few hours before he had to be at his bartending job at a local nightclub, so he decided to forego the tea and head straight for the coffee.

He settled into the couch, letting the weariness leech from his bones into the cushions. Sipping his coffee, he checked his email, frowning when he got a notification from Craigslist.

"What the hell," he muttered to himself, opening the email to find the top half of a picture loading.

It was a young man with soft green eyes crinkled at the edges, a wide smile and long brown hair. Something caught in his chest, something warm and fluttery, as he looked at it.

The email was underneath.

*"Hello Roger! I'm John. I'm excited that you want to attend my birthday party. You're my third guest, so that makes four of us, lol ;). I'm sending you the date and time below along with directions to my flat. I can't wait to meet you in person. :)."*

What the actual FUCK.

And suddenly it all came flooding back. The shot game, the lost bet. Roger's heart sped up. Was he going to a foursome? Were they all dudes? His mouth went dry. While Roger had always been attracted to men, he had never actually slept with one. He swallowed. Could he actually do this?

FUCK.

--

There was no Emily Post etiquette guide for hosting a foursome, so John decided to wing it.

As he stared down into the homemade pasta sauce, he reasoned that food was a good move. Food brought people together, and togetherness brought sex. John smiled, satisfied with his ingenious if rather simplistic reasoning. He stirred the sauce, pausing before adding the browned ground beef. What were the odds that one of them was a vegetarian? He shrugged and dumped it in. Not too high.

The doorbell rang and John nearly jumped out of his skin. It was 6:05, and his guests weren't due until 6:30. He frowned, turning the burner on low and moving to the peephole.

There, on the other side, was the same face he'd viewed in the email, only in living color. The sharp cheek bones, the elegant nose, the kohl lined eyes. John couldn't get the door open fast enough.

"Freddie," he almost breathed. His heart was beating fast and he self-consciously smoothed the hair around his face.

Freddie's eyes flicked down to his chest, then back up to his face before he smiled, stepped into his space and smoothly kissed him, steadying his chin with the tips of his fingers.

John returned the kiss before breaking away, sputtering a little before getting his bearings. "Do you...do you always greet strangers like that?"

Freddie laughed smoothly. "No, silly." He looked down, then back up at him, one neatly trimmed eyebrow cocked slightly. "But I'm excellent at following instructions."

John flushed, remembering his 'Kiss the Cook' apron, and ushered him inside. "Um, can I get you something to drink?"

"I dunno, can you?" Freddie said smoothly as he walked through the living room of John's flat, taking in every detail. He was impeccably dressed, John thought as he tracked him through the space. He stirred the sauce, leaving it to simmer and reached for a bottle of red wine, pouring Freddie a glass.

He handed it to the man who took it gratefully. "Something smells yummy. You didn't have to cook, darling."

John smiled, flushing at the epithet. "It's just pasta. It's nothing."

Freddie settled on the couch, balancing the wine glass on his knee. "I hope you don't mind that I arrived a little early. I always arrive early to these sorts of things. It keeps me safe."

John nodded. "That's smart actually. I don't mind at all. I'm just glad you came."

Freddie waggled his eyebrows over his wine glass. "I always come."

John's blush deepened, and Freddie laughed.

"I can't help myself, darling, you're just so damn cute when you do that."

John lowered his glass. "Do what?"

"Blush like that. It's precious."

The two of them sat there for a few moments when Gwyneth took that opportunity to rub against Freddie's leg.

“What a baby!”

John laughed as Gwyneth stretched and meowed, looking up at Freddie with affection. “I think she likes you.”

Freddie cooed and scratched her head. “I think I’m in love.”

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When Brian arrived, John was busy straining the pasta, so Freddie got the door.

“Hello, darling,” he said brightly.

Brian looked at Freddie blankly. “You’re not John.”

“Come on in!” John called from the kitchen, and Brian side-stepped the man at the door a little nervously to meet the man in the kitchen.

“Um, sorry darling, but as I was about to say, “I’m Freddie.”

Brian looked down at the enigmatic man who had a delicate hand stuck out for him to shake. He took it.

Brian pressed his lips together. “Sorry about that earlier. I uh...I was just expecting John.”

Freddie patted his arm. “It’s alright love. We’re all a little jumpy. Just meeting and all that. But John is lovely. He even cooked.”

John appeared behind Brian, a dish towel over his shoulder. “Hello,” he said. “I’m John.”

Brian shook his hand, noticing the calloused fingers. The young man was trim in figure-hugging jeans and a crisp blue shirt that brought out the green in his eyes. Brian swallowed hard.

“Brian,” he said a little thinly.

John smiled, and it went straight to his gut. “I hope you like pasta Brian.” He walked to the counter and poured him a glass of wine.

Brian took it from him. “I do actually. Just no meat sauce. I’m a vegetarian.”

John looked horrified. “Fuckity fuck,” he said aloud. “How about a salad?”

Freddie howled with laughter, the outburst so loud it scared Gwyneth under the couch. Brian just smiled softly, laying a hand on John’s shoulder. “That actually sounds lovely John.”

Brian made his way to the couch, followed closely by Freddie. The other man was observing him very keenly, taking in the softly curling hair and the sharp nose framing the delicate face. Brian was dressed very casually compared to Freddie, but he was no slouch. His neat jeans and tan blazer suited his slim physique very well.

John stared at the clock. It was crowding seven now, and Roger was nowhere to be found. A little pang of worry stabbed at his heart. It was possible that he might not show, and that was fine, but he was certainly looking forward to meeting him. He thought of the blue eyes the photo had hidden that he would never get to see.

Instead of worrying, he busied himself with plating the pasta and salads. Brian met him in the kitchen, setting his wine glass down. "Let me give you a hand, John." His smile was genuine and warm, and John found that he liked it very much.

With two working it took half the time, and everyone had their food. Freddie looked around at the empty place setting and frowned. "Where's number four?"

John worried his lip. "I don't really know," he said honestly. "I'm sure he'll make it."

Freddie smiled sympathetically. "Sometimes they don't love. Nerves and all."

Almost on cue, there came a tentative knock at the door. John stood a little too fast before settling himself down enough to answer it. He knew before looking through the peephole who it was.

Roger was dressed in a fashionable leather jacket and matching pants that hugged his figure. His trademark sunglasses were in the collar of his frayed t-shirt, no doubt purchased that way. His hair was messy-chic. John couldn't stop staring at him until those blue eyes popped up to meet his. "You're John?"

"Y-yeah," he stammered out. "Nice to meet you Roger." Roger shook it rather limply as he breezed into the living room, not giving John more than a glance. He stiffened when he heard voices from the kitchen.

"There you are!" Freddie called out to him. "Thought this was going to be a threesome. And while that's still lovely, I do hate it when plans change," he pouted.

Roger turned rather haltingly to face the other two men who had been eating and chatting, getting to know one another. Brian pointed to the open seat at the table, and Roger took it.

"Mind if I smoke John?"

John liked his voice...soft but still masculine. It made his stomach flutter. And while he smoked, he usually didn't smoke inside because of Gwyneth. But he supposed—

"That's fine," John finally said. He watched as the fire from the lighter illuminated his fine features; he was certainly very beautiful, this Roger.

"I made dinner," John offered, hoping to start a conversation with the man who had said very little since he arrived.

"Not hungry mate. Thanks though."

John frowned a little, and Freddie cleared his throat.

“Well I’m Freddie, and this is Brian,” the ever talkative Freddie began with the introductions.

“Roger,” the newcomer mumbled around his cigarette.

They resumed eating and things grew quiet and bit awkward as Roger sat there smoking while everyone ate. He was very closed off, like he didn’t want to be there. John would need to get to the bottom of it if things progressed.

“Now that we’re all here, I’m a true bottom,” Freddie said matter-of-factly, “so I hope there are some tops among us.”

John nearly choked on his penne, and Brian had to pat him on the back, a fond smile on his face. “It doesn’t matter to me either way,” Brian said, his face growing hot.

“Me neither,” John said quietly.

Roger took a bored drag on his cigarette. “Top,” he muttered.

Freddie’s eyes grew wide. “Really…”

Roger snapped his gaze Freddie’s way. “Yeah, that’s right. Is that so hard to believe, you wanker?”

Freddie put his hands up in defense. “No reason to be nasty, love. Just took me by surprise is all. You just give off…bottomy vibes.”

Roger stubbed out his cigarette in his empty plate. “What the FUCK is that supposed to mean?”

Freddie rolled his eyes. “Nothing darling. Forget it.”

Roger had stood, fists balled at his hips, and he was vibrating with anger. John and Brian were looking on, wide-eyed, wondering where all of this would go.

Until Freddie stood and hugged the man.

Roger relaxed into his grip, his head dropping to his shoulder. He sighed, arms relaxing at his sides.

“Darling, it’s alright,” Freddie soothed against him. “It’s all alright now.”

And when Freddie pulled away, he kissed him softly on the lips.

Roger hummed in surprise before relenting into the kiss, letting his mouth go pliant against the other man’s and enjoying the faint hint of tomato sauce and chapstick on his tongue. When Freddie released him, he sighed.

“Why—why did you do that?”

Freddie reached up to thumb at his chin. "Darling, you looked like you needed it. When's the last time someone hugged you?"

Roger's eyes stung with oncoming tears, but he willed them back down. His lack of an answer was enough for Freddie.

"Let us take care of you tonight," he said sweetly. "Show you true affection. Make you feel good."

"Yeah," Roger found himself saying. It sounded so nice, after all, to be truly wanted and cared for, if only for the night.

Brian and John were beside them now, and John leaned in and lay a hand on Roger's arm. "Are we ok?"

Roger nodded, feeling much more at ease. "Yeah, everything is fine."

John smiled. "Let's clean up, yeah? Then maybe we can move this into the bedroom."

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"You uh... You mind if I just watch for a while?"

Roger had gotten his shirt off, and then nerves had taken over. Freddie was on all fours, moaning into John's talented fingers as he opened him up, his heavy cock straining with need.

John shot him a smile. "Sure love. Do what you're comfortable with," he said as he punched another moan out of Freddie, twisting those fingers inside of his tight walls.

Roger eased off the bed before a hand grabbed him. "Hey," Brian said, hazel eyes soft with lust.

Roger swallowed, the tall man's kind smile making him feel instantly at ease.

He smiled, his heartrate going down a bit.

"Where are you off to?" Brian answered innocently. He was crowding his space, the bare skin of his chest now flush with his as he bent his head to nose at his hair.

"That chair in the corner," Roger said softly. "I was gonna watch."

Brian placed a little kiss to his hair. "Not gonna play?"

Roger's throat was dry, and he was straining in his trousers. "Not right now," he trailed off.

Brian kissed further down the side of his face. "Pity," he said as his hands traveled over Rogers bum.

“You ever had a really good blowjob, Roger? One that makes you feel like you’re exploding into a billion stars?” Brian finally reached his mouth and locked lips with him, his tongue curling around his, kissing him so deeply it stole Roger’s breath.

Roger moaned in spite of himself, leaning into Brian’s touch. Brian released him, never breaking eye-contact. “Well, have you?”

He answered him truthfully. “I guess not,” he said a little breathlessly.

Brian smiled. “That’s what I was hoping you would say.”

“Can you take a fourth finger baby?” Freddie just moaned, gripping the sheets as he tossed his head back. John slid it in, delighting in the way Freddie just fluttered around him, drawing him in like he was born to take it. He worked his fingers in and out of him, hitting his prostate to make him moan. The sound of Brian going down on Roger was in his ears and it home to John that this foursome dream of his was really happening, this little birthday fantasy of his was real.

John pressed kisses into Freddie’s neck, making sure his fingers kept up a steady pressure. Freddie just moaned—he was so vocal—and thrust his hips up to meet his fingers.

“Need your cock,” he finally breathed. “Give it to me John.”

Roger shivered as Brian circled the head of his cock with his tongue, licking the slit before descending on him again. Brian took him all the way to the base, his nose buried in the dark blond hair there, Roger’s hot length stretching his throat with every bob of his head.

Above him, Roger was coming undone. He was making little keening sounds as Brian played with his balls while sucking him off, moaning and sputtering that he wouldn’t last long. It didn’t matter to Brian. He loved this.

The man grabbed a handful of his hair just before coming hot and full down his throat, his back arching prettily. Brian swallowed him down, finally pulling off him when he was sure he was finished.

Brian dabbed at his mouth as Roger looked at him with a little bit of awe.

“You good?” he asked Roger as he sat back on his knees, smiling up at him.

“Incredible,” Roger sighed. “That was better than X.”

Brian frowned. “X?”

“Ecstasy? The party drug?” Roger looked perplexed that the man had never heard of it.

He dug in his pocket and produced a little baggie and handed it to Brian, who pushed it away.

“Sorry mate, but I’m not down for that. Brian looked nervously over his shoulder. John doesn’t look the type either, so I’d put that away if I were you.”

Roger stuffed the baggie of pills back into his pocket. "Do I look like the type?" he said as he zipped up his fly.

Brian just sat there, thinking.

Freddie had one hand on his leaking cock, stroking it in rhythm to John's thrusts. His head was pressed into the mattress, and he was having the time of his life.

"Harder John. Fuck me harder babe. Like you mean it!"

John loved how vocal Freddie had been to begin with, but now he was being outright bratty. John hitched Freddie's hips higher, angling them so he could aim directly at his prostate. Freddie's body was slicked with sweat as was his own, so maneuvering them was no easy feat. He pulled out of Freddie and then slammed back down again.

"God yes that's it lover," Freddie mumbled into the sheets as he set up a blistering pace, wet flesh slapping against each other as he John chased his release. Freddie was furiously stroking himself, so it wouldn't be long for him. Through Freddie's plaintive, sharp moans, he could feel the crest of his orgasm stop right at the edge. He tightened his grip on Freddie, emptying into the condom as wave after wave of pleasure gripped him. Somewhere through the fog he heard Freddie come right after.

Brian followed Roger into living room, where he was trying to collect his things. "You're leaving?"

Roger turned on Brian, his hands on his hips. "I don't have much choice, now do I?"

Brian shrugged. "You always have a choice."

"I don't belong here," Roger said, shaking his head. "I'm not even gay."

Brian's eyes widened. "Are you sure about that?"

Roger shook his head, withdrawing the little baggie of pills. "Ah fuck it," he said as he poured a few in his hand.

Brian approached him slowly. "I can't let you do that, Roger. Take those pills. Not on my watch."

Roger clutched the pills in his hand tightly to his chest. "What the fuck do you care, Brian? You're just some guy who blew me off. You don't know me?" He was vibrating with rage, his eyes wide. "You don't own me!"

Brian shook his head. "Listen to yourself. You sound like a child. We're talking about drugs, here, Roger. You could seriously hurt yourself."

"Yeah well, I hope I do," He spat.

Brian had no choice. "John! Freddie! I need you in here!"

The two of them came rushing in, John in a robe and Freddie struggling into pants. “Brian, what’s wrong?”

“Roger has drugs,” Brian got out quickly. “Ecstasy. He’s about to take some.”

Freddie stepped forward between them. “Oh darling that shit is hell on you. You don’t want to do that. Tell me what’s up.”

Roger relaxed a little. “Nothing,” he whispered. The pills were sweating and melting in his hand. “I just needed to get out of my head for a little while.”

John was watching the proceedings, trying not to panic. No way did he want drugs in his house, but he also didn’t want to see Roger hurt.

Freddie nodded. “I so understand that love. That’s why I hook up a lot. Sex helps me forget some nasty things in my past and some things that are going on in my daily you know? It’s a nice escape. Plus it’s legal and it doesn’t hurt me as long as I’m safe.”

Roger’s hand relaxed a little on the pills. “Yeah that makes sense,” he conceded. “I’m glad you have that.”

Freddie nodded again, getting close enough to Roger to smooth some of the hair that hung around his face behind his ear. Roger seemed to lean into his touch. “Did you enjoy your time with Brian, him? Freddie couldn’t keep the wicked smile from his face. “Sure sounded liked you did.”

Roger smiled then. “Yeah it was really nice.”

“I bet. Might have to see how nice it is, huh Brian?” Freddie said as he threw a wink over his shoulder at Brian who just laughed at him, shaking his head.

Freddie grabbed Roger’s hand. “Give me these darling...they’re all melted now, anyway. Come have some fun with us instead.”

Roger’s lips were dry as Freddie pried the pills from his grip. “I’ve never...I’ve never been with a man,” he admitted.

“A virgin?!” Freddie gasped, “Oh our boy’s a virgin...we’ll have to take extra special care of him won’t we boys?”

Freddie discreetly handed off the baggie of pills and the few tablets to John who promptly went into the bathroom to flush them.

“Yes,” he said as he stroked his face. “We’ll take extra good care of you love. You won’t have to worry about a thing.”

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Brian stroked the young man’s face as John worked on the fly of his dark jeans, easing them down his hips. His cock sprung free...no pants underneath, and John smiled, stroking him

lightly. Freddie hummed, squeezing Brian's buttocks as he wrapped an arm around his waist.

"You sure you're ok with this Roger?" John's voice was husky with want, his eyes flicking up briefly from the young man's cock to his blue eyes where they looked down at him expectantly.

"Yes," Roger said, leaning into Brian's hand on his face, his eyes fluttering closed. "I want this."

Freddie smiled, tightening his arms around Brian. They walked Roger back until his legs touched the bed. He sat down, easing onto the soft comforter while they helped him scoot back. Brian was between his legs in an instant, easing between his thighs to skate his hands along his chest and arms while Freddie cradled his head in his lap. Roger's eyes were wide, his lips slightly parted in a pretty bow, and John bent to kiss them, unable to help himself.

Roger sighed, giving himself over to the kiss, letting his tongue dart out to meet John's as his arms strained against Freddie hands. At some point, the dark-haired man had pressed his arms down into the mattress.

Roger panicked for a split second, then the thrill of the restraint sank into his bones, and he truly felt free.

"That's it baby," Freddie soothed, "Just let go and let us take over." Roger stared up into the man's soft brown eyes, feeling a strange sense of peace.

Brian was making slow circles on his hip, thumbing the sensitive skin there. "Roger," he said softly. "Do you want to top?" His hazel eyes bore into his. "It's your first time. It's easier that way."

Roger worried his lip. "No," he said firmly. "I want to do it like Freddie did."

Freddie smirked a little, still stroking his hair. "I knew it. He's a natural bottom."

John giggled a little, tossing Brian the lube. "Open him up nice and slow Brian. Your fingers are slender."

John crawled over to Freddie, pulling his head up and kissing him firmly. Freddie groaned into John's mouth, letting his hand slide up his chest. "Up for round two love?"

John just hummed. "Maybe. Maybe not. On your knees, True Bottom." John pushed Freddie down on his knees, smacking his bum on the way down. Freddie fell forward, grunting as he hit the mattress, landing on all fours.

He shivered as John climbed up behind him. He could feel his warm breath on the back of his thigh, whispering over his bum as John's hands settled there. He parted his cheeks, and Freddie hardly had time to catch his breath before John had licked a hot strip up the cleft of his buttocks.

“Fuck!” Freddie cried out, his whole body jerking under John’s mouth. John smiled against him, and Freddie felt the wry grin against his skin.

Brian eased a pillow beneath Roger’s hips, watching Roger for any sign of discomfort. He betrayed none; he seemed as relaxed as he did when Freddie was cradling his head. Indeed, Freddie had now clasped the blond’s hand while being eaten out, a look of sheet bliss on his face, and Roger gripped it tightly.

“We’re going to do this very slowly, Roger. It will feel different at first, but then it will feel good, ok?”

Roger nodded his head, taking in a breath.

Brian tutted. “Don’t hold your breath love. Blow it out for me. Just try to relax, ok? I’m not going to hurt you.”

Brian smiled at him, and Roger returned it. Brian had the sweetest, most genuine smile, and while he didn’t really know the man, he knew instinctively that he could trust him.

He warmed the lube in his fingers before circling Roger’s entrance with smooth, calculated movements, relaxing the tight muscle. He pushed one in, and Roger jumped a little.

“How does that feel Roger? Talk to me.”

“Different,” he breathed. “Not bad.”

Brian smiled. He began working the finger in and out of Roger rhythmically until he felt Roger relax around him, then he added a second.

Roger jerked, a little half-moan escaping his lips. Brian cocked an eyebrow. “Is that better?”

“Y-yeah,” Roger stammered. “It’s ok.”

Brian aimed for his prostate, finding the little bundle of nerves in moments, and Roger nearly folded in half. “Just ok?”

Roger was panting, a fine sweat on his brow, and he unconsciously thrust onto Brian’s fingers. “So good,” he said, his grip on Freddie’s hand tightening.

Freddie preened. “Look at you baby boy—ahh—taking those fingers so well. I knew you could do it.”

Freddie looked ruined, very near coming, and the sounds coming from John were bordering on obscene. Roger couldn’t see him, but whatever he was doing to Freddie it sounded like he was enjoying it.

Brian twisted the fingers against him, making him writhe and squirm, until he added a third.

Roger winced at the sting, the stretch of a third finger, but Brian was gentle in coaxing him open. He was leaned over him, planting little kisses on his collarbone, his throat, and finally smothering his moans with his own mouth. It all felt so intimate, not at all like his drug-fueled shags. Tears began to spring in his eyes.

Brian noticed immediately. "Roger, am I hurting you? He lost the fingers immediately. "Talk to me, Roger."

"No," Roger choked out. "Give me more please."

John laughed as he was helping Freddie clean up. "You've got him begging Brian. So beautiful for us."

The fingers returned, a little rougher this time, a little more insistent. Roger's legs were open wide and he was almost swallowing Brian's hand.

"You're ready, gorgeous. I think my work here is done." Brian withdrew his hand, wiping it on his thigh, and met John in the middle of the bed. He kissed him deeply. "You have him nice and open for me?" Brian murmured softly.

John nodded. "He's all yours. I bet you can get him to come again."

Brian squeezed John's arm, locking eyes with him. "Be gentle with Roger."

John blinked up at him. "Of course Bri," he said, using his sign off from his email. "I wouldn't dream of hurting him."

Brian smiled. "I know."

John crawled over to Roger, who was still red-faced, his chest heaving. He leaned over him, giving him a tender kiss. "Hello love. Don't you look ravishing like this?"

John cradled his face in his hand, then trailed it down his chest to tease at a nipple. "I'm going to take good care of you, yeah?"

Roger only nodded, his eyes half-lidded, lips kiss-swollen and irresistible.

John slid on a condom, coating it with lube. He pressed against Roger's open entrance, letting his cockhead push at the rim. He looked up at Roger. "We don't have to do this. It's up to you."

Roger shook his head. "I want it," he said throwing his back into the pillow. "Give it to me."

John pushed gently inside, watching Roger's intake of breath, is fluttering eyelids at the sudden onslaught of being filled. He gave him a moment to adjust, the vice-like grip of him around him, hot and incredibly tight driving him mad with the need to move.

"I'm ok," Roger said finally. "Go ahead."

He had one arm over his face and his lip between his teeth, but for his first time he was taking cock so well. John basically made love to him...slow, measured strokes, his face buried in his shoulder and his hips undulating over his. He had one hand on Roger's cock, slowly stroking it in time with his thrusts.

Then Roger started kissing him...hungry, desperate kisses that made the fire rise in his blood. That, coupled with the feeling of how bloody close they were, their bodies nearly fused together, made John want to give it to him just a little harder.

"Hitch your legs around me baby. Come on, that's it." John increased his pace, and little whines started coming from the back of Roger's throat.

"You doing ok?"

Roger nodded furiously. "Gonna come," he managed.

Freddie and Brian rolled over close to the couple, Freddie taking over for John by working Roger's cock, and Brian sweeping the hair back from John's neck and placing an encouraging kiss there.

John could feel his own orgasm building, a tightly packed explosion of euphoria ready to burst at any moment. It was finally punched out of him when Roger looked up at him with those blue eyes and said "Just let go..." He had been the one who had been so careful with him, but it finally took permission from Roger for him to get release.

With Freddie's help, Roger came right after.

The four of them lay beautifully spent, bodies sweating and coming down from their highs. Roger lit a cigarette and shared it with Freddie.

"We never cut the birthday cake," John mused.

Brian laughed. "What time is it?"

Someone looked at their phone. "10:20."

Roger smiled. "Well, it's still your birthday."

John laughed. "Indeed it is. Who's up for some post-coital cake?"

Freddie grimaced. "That does not sound right."

They all tumbled out of bed toward the kitchen where John dished up the plates and began serving cake.

John flushed. "Um, before you go, you're free to use the shower. Freshen up a bit if you like. Or, you could stay over..."

Something flashed in their eyes, and they all shared a look.

“I’m actually off tomorrow,” Freddie said.

“I don’t work until nighttime,” Roger added.

“My shift at the coffee shop doesn’t start until ten,” Brian replied.

John brightened. “Well, that’s great! I mean, I wouldn’t want you traveling so late and all. Let’s take our cake back to bed, shall we?”

John gathered up the plates and began to traipse back to the bedroom, but as soon as he got out of sight, Freddie grabbed a piece of paper and put his phone number on it, then gave it to Brian and then Roger and let them do the same. At the bottom, he wrote “Happy Birthday” with a heart and stuck it on the fridge for John to find later. Then, all three of them followed John back into the bedroom to finish their cake.

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## End Notes

my twitter/tumblr is @jessahmewren. Come say hello!

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