

Nascondino (Hide And Seek)

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Nascondino (Hide And Seek)

by [MerthurIsMyOTP](#)

Summary

Thomas finds himself in a difficult conversation with his partners, but he loves them. Slowly, he discovers that there may a few things he would like to try with them later.

(Part five of the 'Che Cucciolo' series, this time written from Thomas's perspective!)

Notes

Hi everyone! Here's a new piece in this series! This part will be split into two chapters, so stay tuned for a second chapter to be added to this work! <3 More tags will be added to this work when I post the second part.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 1

Honestly, Thomas should've known that at one point, they were supposed to talk. But he hadn't expected Damiano to ask the question so late in the evening, after a whole week of long studio days and slight sleep deprivation. They haven't had the time to wind down together, so that's what they're doing right now. They're seated at Victoria's kitchen table with a variety of different red wines and snacks, happily chatting and joking around until Damiano cleared his throat.

"What do we tell Marta?"

A loud silence falls over the four of them. *What do we tell Marta?* He has no clue. Should they even tell her *something*? Marta, their manager, is open-minded enough. She has proven herself on that more than once. Yet, Thomas isn't so sure about her response to this thing in particular. Relationships are usually bad news for bands, aren't they? They wouldn't be the first ones to dissolve over personal affairs.

Sometimes, although Thomas hates thinking it, he wonders if this had been a bad idea after all. The relationship is great. His partners are loving. Fun. Their sex is *mind-blowing*. However, it's becoming clearer and clearer that there might be some roadblocks that neither of them had ever anticipated to happen, especially seeing how they never expected to fall in love to start with.

If they do have to tell anyone, though, Marta is their safest bet. And perhaps she could help them figure out how to deal with this as well.

"I think we should tell her," he mumbles, hesitating.

"No. Absolutely not," Victoria rushes out right after. She swirls the wine in her glass and takes a big sip. "It's too new. We should keep this to ourselves for now."

"But Vic—" Thomas tries but is cut off by a sharp no before he even had the chance to speak. He clamps his jaws together and stares at Victoria. A strange, heavy feeling washes over him.

Damiano carefully leans forward, his eyes filled with the same range of emotions Thomas is feeling right now. Ethan stays quiet. Too quiet, even for him.

"I think," Damiano starts slowly, "-that Marta will find out either way. Isn't it better to be upfront about it, instead of risking her hearing it from someone else?"

"Well, if we don't tell anyone, she won't find out."

"*Mannaggia*, Victoria!" Ethan exclaims, frustrated, making Thomas wince. "You know that's impossible!"

Victoria shoves her chair back and stands up. She takes a deep, shaky breath, clearly trying to keep herself from lashing out. Thomas wants to get up too and pull her in for a hug; he knows the girl only gets like this when she's scared. He wonders what else is bothering her. She's not saying everything on her mind, and it frustrates him. Victoria loves Marta. She can't be scared of their manager's reaction that much, right?

"Vic, please—" Damiano tries, but Victoria shakes her head.

"I'm going for a walk." She sighs. "I love you. All of you. I just... I need a moment. I'm

sorry.” She grabs her jacket from the chair and walks off without another word, and all Thomas can do is stare after her. Neither of the boys tries to stop her. It’s one of their unspoken rules never to cross someone’s boundaries. If Vic needs space, she needs space.

The silence she leaves them with... It hurts.

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It’s about an hour after Victoria left her house. The boys decided to wash up and settle on the couch, watching soccer quietly. Except neither of them are really that interested in the game. Thomas can’t help but worry about their girlfriend, walking out the streets by herself. It’s a safe enough neighborhood, but it scares him nonetheless.

When he hears the key being turned in the front door, he feels relief wash over him. A few seconds later, Victoria walks into the room and smiles faintly at them, a hint of guilt and sadness written on her face.

“I’m sorry,” she says. “I didn’t mean to storm out like that.”

“It’s alright, we get it,” Ethan replies and pats on the free space on the couch right next to him. Victoria happily accepts his peace offering and sits down, tucking her knees into her chest. Damiano grabs the remote to turn off the television.

“I’m scared,” Victoria mumbles. “I think... I think it’s going to be real nasty if this ever comes out.” She pauses, clearly struggling to find the right words. The boys give her her time to find them.

“I think it’s going to be different for me. ‘Cause, y’know,” she points at herself. “I’m a woman.”

“You’re our equal, Vic. You know that-” Ethan tries, but Victoria shakes her head.

“I know you guys think like that, and I’m so grateful for it. But... Others will see it differently. If this comes out, people will *never* recognize that we’re in an equal relationship. The four of us.”

“What do you mean?” Damiano asks, leaning forward in his chair. Thomas tilts his head, wondering what Victoria is hinting at.

“People will see the three of you in separate relationships with me. God, I can already imagine the questions from the media. To you guys, they’ll ask if you aren’t jealous. To me? Who do I love most? Who do I fuck most? They wouldn’t even for a *second* realize that you, as men, are dating each other as well.”

Thomas hates to admit that she’s right, and he feels like a fucking idiot for not thinking about that. Sometimes they tend to forget how people treat Vic differently. It’s always been like that, but this could definitely make that even worse. Most of homophobic Italy is definitely not ready for this conversation.

“I’m sorry,” Thomas says quietly, “I didn’t...”

“Yeah, we should’ve thought about that. Just ‘cause it’s so obvious to us doesn’t mean others will see it,” Ethan agrees. Damiano thinks for a second, licking his lips nervously before he speaks.

“I don’t think Marta thinks like that.”

“I’m not scared about *Marta*,” Victoria says, her voice sounding flat and tense, and Thomas wishes there was something he could do to take her worries away. But the truth is that they’re

valid concerns - A very, very likely scenario. "I mean, of course, I'm scared to tell her, but I know she wouldn't bash us. I'm scared that people will find out, and once they do, it'll be out of our control."

"Which is why I think Marta may be able to help us with that," Thomas adds, getting back to his initial point. "If it ever gets out there, she'll know how to help us deal with the press and the negative attention. She won't tell a soul unless we ask her to. We don't have to tell the world, Vic. Just Marta."

Victoria seems to relax a little at that, and she nods slowly.

"Alright, I- I guess you're right. It would be nice to have someone backing us if we need it. But, we're only telling her that we're together," her eyes flicker to the simple collar around Damiano's throat. "Nothing else."

"Oh no," Damiano laughs, horrified, "I wasn't planning to tell her about that!"

"Good, for a second, I was worried I might be dating a bunch of exhibitionists," Victoria giggles, and Damiano winks at her, and the tension in the room seems to fade. Finally. Thomas takes a deep breath and smiles, letting himself relax again.

"I love you," Victoria mumbles softly. "Thank you. For talking."

"Always," Ethan whispers back and pulls her in for a warm embrace. Thomas and Damiano join in as well, squeezing themselves onto the tiny couch. They don't say a word after that, and they cuddle until their eyes fall shut and they decide they should go to bed.

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The next day, Victoria has her parents over for dinner, so the boys all went to their own homes. Thomas always has to adjust to the silence of being alone. Even when his lovers are quiet, the space around him isn't.

Tonight, they're not staying over at Vic's place either. Ethan had been the one to suggest that they should have a day to themselves at least once a week. Especially since the relationship is still so new, Thomas knows he's right, but now that he's alone, he misses them. He misses their gentle, affectionate hugs. The jokes. The laughter.

Thomas figures he should take a shower to clean up and pass the time, so he drags himself over to the bathroom and when he gets in there, he stares at himself in the mirror for a second. Sometimes, he barely recognizes himself anymore. He's so, *so* different from the boy he'd been before Eurovision. He's less anxious. More open and outgoing. It's a nice change for sure, just strange. He shakes his head at himself and then undresses, waiting for the temperature of the water to rise and then steps under the hot stream. He groans happily when the warmth rains down on him. God, that's nice.

Thomas just stays like that for a bit, simply enjoying the water pouring onto his body as his thoughts wander off to everything that's happened last week. It'd been intense again. The meetings, interviews, writing new music... God, Damiano's new song. Thomas smiles when he thinks about it.

Then, his thoughts wander to the morning after, and he blushes. He doesn't know why he'd teased Victoria into swatting his butt, but at the moment, it'd seemed like a good idea. When she *had* slapped him, he'd played it off as a joke, but it'd made him feel that little fire in his core more than he'd like to admit. *He liked it.*

The rest of the week hadn't really allowed him to think about it much, but now... Thomas licks his lips, and almost automatically, his hand reaches down to take his still soft dick in his hands, gently squeezing it.

"Mmh," he breathes quietly, feeling flushed at the scene that's slowly unfolding in his mind. What if... What if he wouldn't be in charge for once? Just like Damiano? Thomas lets out a shaky breath. God, the way Victoria and Ethan would overpower him. Ethan's muscular body pressing into him, holding him down, while Victoria whispers sweet, filthy praise into his ears. They would definitely talk Damiano and Thomas into putting on a little show for them.

Thomas curses and drops his head back, his hand slowly moving up and down around his hardening cock. Tiny sparks of pleasure shoot down his spine and shit- he hadn't realized he'd be so into this. *Victoria gripping his throat, kissing him passionately. Ethan tugging on his hair harshly while jerking him off. And Damiano... Cazzo, Damiano fucking him.* Thomas breathes heavily, his hand moving up and down faster and faster as the fire in his core becomes brighter and brighter. *I need Damiano to fuck me, his low whines, uncontrolled thrusts into his hole. Ethan holding Dam's leash, Victoria telling their puppy to go faster and faster. Thomas would take it all. Please, please-*

Thomas gasps quietly, legs trembling a little when he feels himself getting closer. Carefully, he moves his other hand around to use his finger and stroke his entrance. He hasn't fingered himself often, but seeing how he'd been able to prep Damiano last time, finding his prostate, it'd been good practice.

Slowly, he presses first-knuckle deep inside of him. It's not much, but he doesn't want to go too far without lube to help. The sensation alone is more than enough for his fantasy to skyrocket.

"Please," he whimpers. *Please fuck me, Dam- Sweet puppy, use me. Use me!* "Yes, Damiano-!" Thomas's breath stocks in his throat, and his lips part in a loud, grunted moan when he comes, his cum trickling down his hand.

"F-fuck," he chokes out and takes a deep breath, leaning against the cold tiles to get back to himself. He swallows, pulling out of himself and washing the cum from his hands under the hot stream of water.

Thomas huffs sarcastically at himself and grins. God, that'd been good. *Maybe*, he thinks, *maybe he could ask them for this?*

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hi dears!!! Thank you all for being so patient with me for this upload! I wrote SO MUCH, and nothing really worked (it was bad omg). In the end I took a short break and tried it again, and here we are!! <3<3 Originally, I was going to add a few highlights of their Instagram stories from this past week, but in the end I decided to take that out. I might write a separate story for it at one point, who knows! But eh, here we are ^^

Please read the tags for any possible warnings, and enjoy! <3<3

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

“Ethan?” Thomas asks quietly. They’re lounging on a large patch of grass next to the pool at the large summer villa. Victoria and Damiano aren’t there, but they should return from their shopping session soon.

Thomas wishes he could, really, but he can’t stop thinking about the fantasy that’s slowly been unfolding itself in his mind over the week. Seeing as they haven’t had a lot of time to relax, he didn’t talk about it with them yet. They played at Next Gen IT and then moved into their temporary home. It took more than enough time and energy. Now that things are slowing down again, it’s too tempting to let it sit in the back of his mind, though.

“Sì, *caro*?” Ethan replies curiously. Thomas turns his head and meets his boyfriend’s gaze. He can’t help but smile instantly; Ethan is so gorgeous. His long hair up in a high ponytail, brown, gentle eyes piercing through his soul. Thomas blushes.

“Don’t you ever wonder what it’s like to be more submissive during sex?” Thomas says before he changes his mind. Ethan’s eyes widen, but a smug grin quickly replaces the expression on his face.

“Well-” Ethan starts slowly. He turns onto his side, propping his hand up under his head, looking like a damn sculpture. “I don’t really think about that, honestly. I mean, I’m pretty sure I could enjoy it?” He pauses. “Doesn’t have my preference, though.”

“Oh,” Thomas mumbles. He isn’t sure what he’d expected Ethan to answer, but somehow that hadn’t been it.

“Why? Do you think about it?” Ethan asks carefully. Thomas huffs, turning his head back up at the sky.

“Maybe.”

“I see.” Ethan hums. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Thomas frowns. Does he want to talk about this? He isn’t sure. He wants to, he just...

“I am scared it’ll ruin our dynamic,” he breathes, finally. He chews on his bottom lip and sighs. He hadn’t realized just how stressed this topic makes him. “The way it works now is *perfect*, and if we change something...” Thomas’s voice falters. “I don’t want to lose you. Either of you. To- To something *stupid* like that.”

Honestly, Thomas doesn't know why this is scarier for him to admit than it'd been to realize he was bisexual. He's never been anything but dominant in his sex life. Not with his bandmates, not with the girls he'd dated before all of this.

"Oh, il mio tesoro," Ethan mumbles and gets up from his towel, quickly scooting over to nestle his body against Thomas's side. "You won't lose us. If you want to try this out, we can! I'm sure Vic and Damiano think the same way."

"It feels so vulnerable," Thomas sighs, turning his head, staring into Ethan's eyes. They're merely an inch away from each other. "I don't know how Damià does it."

Ethan doesn't answer out loud. Instead, he leans in and captures Thomas's lips between his. Thomas groans, melting into the softness of the boy's lips. Ethan's tongue slowly darts out, teasing him, making Thomas feel so *weak*. He parts his lips, gasping when Ethan deepens the kiss. The drummer moves up a little, straddling Thomas's stomach without ever breaking contact. Thomas loves how Ethan kisses him. Full attention. It makes him feel fucking butterflies, and he knows he can't hide a thing from his boyfriend. He'll know. Ethan knows how to take care of him, and-

"Oh, fuck," Thomas mumbles. "I know what you're doing." Ethan chuckles softly, breaking the kiss and grinning at Thomas.

"Is it working?"

"I-" *I don't know how Damià does it. Except, now he does. He just did it. He surrendered.*

"Yeah, it worked."

"*Bravo*," Ethan mumbles, and Thomas has to bit back a moan at the way the praise ignites a burning sensation deep inside of him.

"Aaah, *raggazi*!" Victoria's cheery voice startles them. The boys' heads snap up at the intrusion. "Already getting started without us, eh?"

"Wouldn't dream of it," Ethan retorts easily, shrugging as if nothing happened. "We were just experimenting, weren't we, Thomas?"

"Eh, sì?"

"Well," Victoria grins, dropping herself in the grass next to them and patting on the spot next to her to make Damiano sit down as well. "Don't let us stop you, please." Thomas's cheeks flush red instantly and he glances up at Ethan, wondering what the drummer might do next. Ethan stares back and tilts his head slightly.

"Do you want this now? Or do you want to talk about it first?" Ethan asks him sweetly.

Thomas could cry at the attentiveness. *Bless him*, he thinks. Ethan is too good for this world.

"I want this now," Thomas breathes. "But I do think we should talk about it real quick."

"Talk about what?" Damiano asks from above him, confusion written all over his face.

Thomas looks up, smiling timidly at Damiano's upside-down figure.

Ethan gently squeezes his upper arm, and Thomas relaxes. Ethan's got his back. He can trust him.

"I want to try to give up control," he says, voice still shakier than he'd anticipated. "I've never done it before... But..." Thomas's voice trails off, and Victoria leans forward to stroke his hair.

"We can do that," she smiles. "Do you have anything specific in mind?" The three of them look at Thomas with burning curiosity all over their faces, and Thomas blushes. Suddenly, he doesn't remember *why* he thought they might not like this.

“I do?” He starts, taking a deep breath. Heat is spreading through his body fast, lust clouding his rational brain. “I... I want to be, eh, like-” Thomas frowns, he feels bold, but he can’t find the right words. His eyes linger on Damiano’s collar, and he presses his lips together, moaning when Ethan caresses his cheek.

“*Dicci*,” the drummer whispers. *Tell us*.

“I want to be used,” Thomas groans. “I want our puppy to fuck me as if I’m nothing but a sex toy. I want to- I want to be *worthless*.” He doesn’t know where the term comes from, but it explains *everything*. He wants to be tossed around, used however they please. He wants to lay there and take it all, for them, pleasuring *them*. He doesn’t even care that much if he comes or not. He wants them to come, though. Sooner rather than later.

“Shit, Thomas,” Damiano responds first. He looks up at Vic and Ethan. “C-Can I? Can I, please?”

“Quiet, pup,” Vic growls, and Damiano whimpers in response, leaning forward onto his hands, a playful puppy posture. Ethan, still straddling Thomas’s hips, grabs his wrists and pushes them into the soft grass above his head.

“Traffic lights as safeword?”

“Yes,” Thomas breathes, earning him the broadest smile from Ethan. The drummer then turns his attention to Victoria.

“I think we should take our boys up to the bedroom.”

Our boys.

Thomas’s chest constricts when he’s overcome with a strange sensation that feels similar to coming home. Like he *belongs*. He tries not to think about it too much when the four of them giddily scramble up to get up to the bedroom. It’s hot inside the house. Fortunately, all the opened windows make for a nice breeze inside, enough to cool their skin.

Thomas steps out of his swim trunks before laying down on the bed. He’s not ashamed to see that his cock is already fiercely hard, resting on his stomach. Ethan, who’s undressed himself too, crawls on top of him, kissing him fiercely. Where earlier Ethan’s lips had been soft and encouraging, they are hungry now, sucking and licking and demanding access into Thomas’s mouth. Thomas gasps when he feels Ethan’s cock drag up his hip, a drip of precum making it feel sticky and hot.

“Ethan,” he pleads, not sure what to ask for. So he just uses his name. “*Ethan*.”

“Baby,” Ethan grunts back and rolls his hips against him again, and again, and again. “Baby boy, fuck, you’re so hot like this.” The drummer’s hand fist a handful of his already messy hair, and Thomas groans, sparks of pleasure shooting down his spine at the slight pain on his scalp. His cock throbs at the image of what might happen next. It’s exhilarating, really, not knowing what might happen.

“No, no, *bad boy!*” Victoria’s voice pierces through his cloudy mind. Ethan and Thomas both look up, finding Victoria pulling Dam in on his collar harshly. The boy whimpers, trying to make himself smaller when she towers over him.

“What’d he do?” Ethan asks playfully, and Thomas wants to laugh at the absurdity of the situation. The power exchange they have on a meta-level must look so *strange*.

“He humped my leg without permission,” Victoria mumbles, narrowing her eyes at Damiano.

“I know how needy you are, slut,” she spits out to him. “But you better behave, or your new little sex toy is not gonna get fucked today.”

Thomas whimpers in response, his hole clenching around the fantasy of Damiano pounding inside of him.

“Please,” Thomas begs, “Damiano, *I need you*. You gotta behave, please?” He turns his head sideways, making eye contact with Damiano, and the way their puppy stares at him so longingly has Thomas’s insides burn. Victoria giggles.

“Look at our sweet boys, Ethan. They’re already educating each other.” Ethan chuckles and nods, grinning at them.

“They’ll need it.”

“Hmmm,” Victoria agrees. “They sure do.” She makes her way over to the bed where Thomas is all splayed out. He gasps when their queen presses herself into his side. Her sleek fingers tease his inner thigh, making his legs tremble and fall apart.

“What made you want to do this, tesoro?” Victoria asks sweetly. Thomas recognizes the teasing undertone in her voice. He does that too when he doms Damiano. He can’t help but shudder at how it feels to be on the receiving end now.

“W-When you slapped my ass the other day,” Thomas mumbles, mortified- and loving it. “I liked that.” Victoria simply hums at that, pleased with his answer. She grabs his cock then and gives it one languid stroke before ignoring it again. Thomas wonders how long they’ll tease him before he breaks.

“Turn around, honey.”

Thomas complies, getting on his hands and knees. Ethan’s hands fondle his ass, and then he gives it a harsh smack. Thomas groans, dropping his head into one of their fluffy pillows.

“Something like that?”

“Si,” Thomas chokes out, pressing his lips together. He isn’t sure whether to ask for more. Victoria saves him, though, drawing the attention away from him.

“Damiano? C’mon, baby,” she commands the lost puppy staring at them, patting the bed, and Damiano eagerly climbs onto the mattress. After that, it all happens pretty fast. Victoria moves up, spreading his asscheeks apart, and commands Damiano to dive in.

“*Ti prego*,” Thomas chokes out instantly as Damiano’s tongue is pressed flush against him.

“*Ti prego*, Damiano!” Damiano whines behind him. His tentative movements are growing more eager every single second. Thomas growls, grasping the sheets and spreading his legs a little further. He didn’t think it could feel this good. It’s a mindfuck, really. It feels so fucking dirty to have Damiano lick and tease him there, the tip of his tongue trying to prod past the tight muscle.

“Good boy,” Victoria compliments their puppy, and Damiano responds with a soft moan, his tongue lingering for the slightest second, showing the praise distracting him before Damiano delves in even deeper. Thomas feels like he’s having an out-of-body experience. Almost. Cause the ecstasy running through his veins is enough to keep him very well aware of what’s happening to him right now.

Ethan makes his way over to the headboard, leaning against it and gently stroking his fingers through Thomas’s hair.

“How’s it feel, baby boy?”

“Good,” Thomas chokes out, pressing his head against Ethan’s thighs. “Feels so goo- *Aah!*” A broken cry falls from his lips when Damiano pushes his tongue deeper inside. His cock throbs with pleasure and neglect, his mind spinning. Never had someone else been inside him, and it feels so fucking amazing.

“Sweet thing, we aren’t done with you yet,” Ethan grins, and just like that, the tongue is gone. Thomas and Damiano whimper simultaneously, and when Thomas turns his head to look at Damiano, he sees it’s Vic who clicked the leash on his collar and pulled him away from him. Damiano’s lips are parted, red, shiny with spit. Victoria laughs when she notices Thomas’s exasperated expression, and she doesn’t hesitate, smacking his butt harshly. Thomas groans, dropping his head back once again, automatically arching his back. *More.*

Victoria smacks him again, harsher this time, the sudden sting nearly catching Thomas off guard.

“*Dio Santo,*” he groans, and she lowers her hand again, and Thomas can’t breathe. His skin is on fire. She’s *not* holding back in the slightest.

“Slut,” she growls. “So eager for more. So fucking cockhungry you can’t contain yourself.” The mood has definitely shifted now. She’s no longer gentle and cooing, the way she treats Damiano. *I want to be worthless*, he’d said, and now, she was treating him as such. Another harsh slap has him tremble when pleasure spreads through his abdomen.

“I’ll prep him, Ethan. You keep his cute little mouth occupied?”

“Yeah,” Ethan agrees, as he always does. Ethan’s hands tighten their grip on Thomas’s hair, and he pulls him forward. Instinctively Thomas opens his mouth and moans when Ethan’s cock slips inside of him. He swirls his tongue around the head right away, relishing in the loud, drawn-out gasp coming from the drummer above him.

“*Cazzo*, Thomas, il mio tesoro. You’re so perfect. Such a sweet bitch, huh?” Thomas tries to nod but is unable to when Ethan pushes him down further. His cock touches the back of his throat, making Thomas whine and claw at the sheets to prevent himself from gagging. His eyes sting with tears, but for good measure, he tries to take Ethan even deeper. It doesn’t quite work, though, but it’s the thought that counts.

His concentration is disturbed when he suddenly feels a slick cold dripping down his hole and he shivers, clenching, and knowing that Victoria’s fingers will be inside of him is almost too much.

Suddenly he gets it. He gets why Damiano loves this so much. His lovers are everywhere. Around him. Inside him. He feels so fucking seen and loved, and knowing he’s making them feel good fulfills something primal deep inside his soul.

“Have you ever been fingered before, Thomas?” Thomas shakes his head as much as Ethan’s cock allows him to, but Ethan is a fast thinker, and soon enough, Thomas is yanked up. He gasps for air, feeling wildly disoriented now that his mouth is no longer full.

“Answer her, baby.”

“N-No, Signora. Just my own-” he babbles. Victoria lets out a surprised noise.

“You fingered yourself? Fuck, that’s hot. *Good boy.*” Thomas nearly flinches at the praise and his cheeks burn hot, a red flush spreading all over his chest, too. “Any toys, too?”

“S-Sometimes?”

“I see, I see,” Victoria mumbles mischievously, and Thomas winces when her fingers touch his rim. “Get back to sucking.”

Thomas nods eagerly and wraps his lips around Ethan’s cock again, letting the drummer push him all the way down once more until he can barely move. Victoria doesn’t wait. Slowly, she pushes her first digit inside. Thomas feels like floating. Her fingers are much thinner than his own, but somehow the presence itself feels much bigger. Different, in the best possible way.

She's inside him, *oh god*.

"Such a sweet hole," Victoria breathes, her voice betraying how incredibly turned on she is, too. Deeper, rougher around the edges. "You open up so easily, baby. Are you that desperate for Dam to fuck you?"

Thomas can't answer, but he silently pleads for her to keep talking like that. Ethan's strong hands drag his head up and down. Not very fast or rough, but steady and demanding. Thomas even thinks it's better that way. Ethan is composed, in control, actively using his mouth the way he wants to.

"Shit, Thomas," Victoria continues, pushing a second finger inside. It's alright, really. He can take it. The lube making everything so smooth and fluid motioned that he almost feels as if he's nothing but a simple cunt taking whatever his partners are willing to give him. Thomas freezes, trembling, when he thinks about it. *Cunt. Wet.* Ethan stops moving and pulls him up, lifting his chin. Victoria stops moving as well, her free hand gently resting on his lower back.

"Thomas, honey, are you alright?" Ethan says, clearly trying to look for any signs of discomfort on Thomas's face. Thomas wants to scream at them not to stop, to keep fucking going now that he's losing himself, but he gets why they're worried, and the love pouring from them settles deep inside him.

"I'm good," he rushes out. "I- I just had a thought-" he mumbles, trying to move down and capture Ethan's cock again. Shit, he wants this. He craves it so badly. He doesn't want this to ever end.

Ethan holds him back, though, searching him, eyes glimmering this time.

"Spill."

"I like... I like ehheh," Thomas tries, unable to find the words. How does one say it? *I am not a girl, but for a good second, I want to pretend. I want Damiano to fill me up. Breed me like the fucking whore I am.*

Victoria gently pushes her two fingers a bit deeper inside him, then crooking them slightly. She doesn't find his prostate right away, but the fact that she's trying makes him feel fucking electric.

"You can tell us what you want, sweetheart. We'll give it to you." Thomas groans, enjoying the slickness of her fingers slowly plunging in and out of him. It's almost too much. He takes a deep breath, taken aback by Ethan's musky smell lingering in his nostrils.

"Use me," he mumbles quietly. Victoria drags her fingers past his walls once again, and *shit!* His legs nearly give out when intense pleasure hits him. "Oh!" he cries out. "*Ti prego, ti prego*, don't stop!"

"Then tell us, Thomas. Talk!" Ethan commands, and Thomas buries his face against the sheets.

"I want Damiano to breed me," he chokes out. "I- Please. I need. I want to be-" *He can't say it. He can't use the words.* Victoria stills her movements for a second, though, trying to figure out what he means.

"You want to be his bitch," she says, clearly astounded. Ethan's little hitched breath is enough for Thomas to realize they get it. Ethan growls, pushing him back on his cock. Thomas lets it happen. He *wants* it to happen. His tongue is pressed flat against the bottom of Ethan's hard dick, trying to lap at it as much as he can. Thomas is gone. Absolutely gone, when he realizes what he needs so badly. He doesn't want to be Damiano's sex toy. He wants to be Damiano's bitch, exactly as Victoria said it. She spreads her fingers, scissoring him open with slow, effective motions. He tries to relax his muscles too, and Victoria hums happily.

“Damiano,” she mumbles. “Can you see how fucking wet Thomas is for you?” She squirts some extra lube onto his hole to emphasize. It trickles down to his balls, and Thomas can only imagine how shiny and filthy it must look. The broken noise coming from Damiano behind him makes him absolutely crazy.

“He’s such a good girl,” Ethan confirms.

Thomas wants to cry.

From there on, everything is a fucking blur. He loses himself when Victoria adds a third finger. A fourth, the stretch really getting to him now. He feels so *open* and everything is raw and perfect and why the fuck aren’t they fucking him yet. He needs it. He needs Damiano inside of him. Needs to be pounded. Even though he’s never had someone do this to him before, it feels right and natural and shit shit shit.

“Vic,” Ethan growls. “I think it’s time. Look at Damiano. The needy thing is basically rubbing himself on the sheets with excitement.”

“Just can’t help himself,” Victoria agrees. *Yes.* That is all Thomas can think. *Give the puppy what he wants.* “

Well, Dami, it looks like your bitch is ready for you.”

As soon as the words are out of her mouth, Thomas feels her fingers slipping out of him. The cold breeze hits him, and he gasps, feeling terribly empty when Ethan slips out of his mouth as well.

“Nonono,” Thomas pleads. “Ethan, I need-”

“Patient, baby. Be patient. I wanna be able to hear you, ‘kay?”

Thomas nods and grabs whatever he can catch, which seems to be Ethan’s thighs once more. He tugs his knees in a little further, lowering his upper body fully onto the mattress. Damiano presses up against him, his cock dragging past his thighs.

“No hands, baby,” Victoria hisses, and Damiano cries out, clearly frustrated by her command. He listens, though, the tip of his cock grazing past his opened hole but never quite pushing in. Thomas can’t take it. He needs to be filled. He needs to feel full to the very best of his capacity.

“Poor puppy,” Victoria teases him. “Are you so excited that you can’t even get it inside?”

Thomas and Damiano gasp in unison, and Ethan laughs darkly.

“Sluts,” he teases them. “Maybe you should give him a hand. It’s almost sad to see them struggle.”

Thomas can’t see what’s happening, but he feels Victoria’s weight shift, and suddenly Damiano’s cock lines up against him, and then-

“*Oh, Dio!*” Thomas cries out. Damiano’s hot breath in his neck is too much, too good, his cock is entirely inside of him, balls pressing against the still burning skin of his ass. He can feel Damiano is already sweaty, either from excitement or the hot weather, perhaps both. Thomas himself feels incredibly sticky, too, making him feel all the filthier and loving it.

“Fuck him, Damiano,” Ethan orders. And with that, they’re off.

Damiano’s hips move back and snap forward, and Thomas’s eyes roll back at the dragging sensation deep inside of him. His cock dangles uselessly between his legs, slapping back and

forth on Damiano's uncoordinated rhythm. They're both so wired up, so desperate that everything around them ceases to exist. Damiano's cock is so big, so good, making him see stars in all the right places.

"*Sei una brava ragazza*, Thomas," Victoria groans. *Yes, I'm a good girl*, he thinks in response, unable to form words. His lips parted in an eternal silent cry. Damiano's broken sounds send shivers down his spine. The puppy is so excited, not holding back in the slightest. Thomas feels like fainting when he realizes that Damiano will come inside of him soon - spilling his seed.

"Damiano," he whimpers. "Please. Please, I need-" *I need your cum. Claim me as yours. Damiano, I'm beggin' you.*

"Victoria, yes!" Ethan grunts, and only then Thomas realizes that Vic has somehow squeezed herself in between him and Ethan, now riding the drummer at her deadly fast pace. Thomas can see his cock slipping in and out of her at literally a few inches away, and her smell is overwhelming. And if he would crane his neck just right-

"Oh fuck! Thomas!" Victoria keens, falling back against Ethan's chest and pressing her hips forward. It's messy, and Thomas is very much unable to get a steady rhythm going because she's moving, and he's getting his brains fucked out. Still, somehow he manages to lick her clit a couple of times, and in the end, he just sticks his tongue out and lets their goddess move against him instead. Ethan's hand grabs his hair, steadily holding him in place.

Damiano's arms wrap themselves around him, and one of his hands grabs Thomas's hard cock.

"My sweet bitch," Damiano growls, constantly breaking his puppies-don't-talk-rule. But when Thomas's breath hitches in surprise, no one tells him to shut up. "Fucking sweet little cunt, my toy. Do you like it, huh? Fuck, fuck. Cazzo. Thomas!"

"*Please!*" Thomas mumbles against Victoria, rutting back against Damiano, trying to roll his hips to take him even deeper. He's slowly starting to get a little sore, but he fucking loves it. He wants to feel everything. Everything possible.

"Yes, yes, Damiano!"

"*Thomas, la mia puttana!*" Damiano chokes out, and he jerks Thomas faster and faster, and shit. He can't hold back. He can't. *He can't. He's gonna-*

"Hhhnnngghghh!!!" Thomas cries when his mind shatter. His entire body shakes wildly when his orgasm washes over him. His stomach contracts, his cock throbbing and twitching in Damiano's hand. He can feel how it stains the other boy's fingers, but Damiano doesn't care. The puppy whines, moans, babbling an incoherent string of seeming profanities when he collapses on top of him. Thomas just stays like he is, enjoying how Damiano spills his every last drop inside of his hole.

He feels so free.

In front of him, Victoria has moved away from Thomas's tongue, rubbing her clit while she keeps on fucking Ethan. Thomas wishes he had the energy to help them, but he feels limp, and all he can do is watch how Ethan throws his head back, pushing Victoria down on him as he comes, and how Victoria's legs tremble and then sink down, the two bodies collapsing together as well. Thomas pants, resting the side of his face onto the sheets. He feels totally fucked out. Blissful. Strange, too. It feels so surreal that this even happened. He shivers

slightly, and Damiano gently pulls out of him, then dragging him down into a laying cuddled position. Ethan and Victoria join them too.

“Hey, *amorino*,” Victoria whispers sweetly, using the nickname he always uses for Damiano. Thomas smiles at the detail and how much she remembers.

“Hey,” he breathes, nestling against her.

“Was that good?” Thomas nods, closing his eyes and trying to think about everything that’s just happened. His body is fucking filthy, sticky with sweat, and Damiano’s cum slowly seeping out of his hole. His body feels tired. His muscles have given out. His hole is sore, and his neck feels a bit weird, too, probably from how he’d tried to please Vic.

“That was... Perfect,” Thomas sighs happily. “I don’t... I don’t have words right now, I just... Want to enjoy it for now. Talk later?” He mumbles, and Damiano chuckles softly behind him.

“You’re adorable, *il mio cobra*,” he says. Thomas feels warm and soft and fuzzy, and he nods, not sure why. He can feel how they all caress him, hold him. Their soft hands making sure he feels safe and loved. And he does. He truly does. His earlier fears of possibly losing them are nowhere to be found.

Chapter End Notes

More parts to this series coming soon!

(Btw, I love to read all your suggestions! I can't promise I'll use them, but I am definitely writing them all down for later use! So if there's something specific you'd like to see do let me know!)

-Kim

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!