

A first time for everything

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A first time for everything

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Summary

Damiano decides that after years of random strangers assuming based on his fashion choices that he loves getting fucked in the ass, he should actually... try that, at some point. He asks his bandmates for help, but they have their own ideas.

Notes

DISCLAIMER: this is obviously complete fiction and in no way implies anything about any of these people in real life. Just a bit of fun with their public personas.

Also Giorgia doesn't exist in this fic, for the random reason that she wasn't part of this plot bunny, I am super into her presence in the world otherwise :D

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

Victoria is lounging in the pool when Damiano approaches her, fresh from his afternoon workout, and collapses on the grass, not far from the water. He's still catching his breath, panting at the sky, so Victoria sees no reason to move from where she's floating peacefully.

"I think I want to try it," Damiano says, making Victoria pay attention to him again. They're all on a post lunch break, she was supposed to be relaxing.

"Try what?" she asks.

"You know, having something in my ass," Damiano says, his eyes closed, breath still a little irregular, though Victoria is no longer certain it's from the workout.

"That's not new," she says, lazily swimming closer to him. "You've done that before. I remember."

Damiano opens his eyes and rolls them at her. "No, I mean... the whole thing. Really, properly getting fucked."

"Oh," Victoria says, the pieces now fitting together. "With something dick-shaped?"

Damiano nods.

Suddenly the meaning of this conversation begins to dawn on Victoria.

"Would you..." he asks. "I think it might work best, if you... I mean, you have the equipment."

She did have a strap-on and a harness in the house, left over in her suitcase, she'd never bothered taking it out.

"Oh," she says, considering. "I think it's... it might be all wrong, Damià."

His face changes.

"No, it's not that I don't want to!" she says, trying to reach the lip of the pool and causing a splash. "It's just... your first time, do you really want someone who can't feel what they're doing? As opposed to your other options?"

Damiano groans. "I can't believe this."

"The boys have a lot more experience at this particular thing, too," Victoria shrugs. "Especially Ethan! He's a much better choice. I'm sure he'd love to!"

Damiano closes his eyes one last time and shakes his head at the sky before rising to his feet in one fluid motion, his core muscles making it look effortless. "You suck," he announces, before heading off back to the house.

She gives him the finger and makes sure he sees it before going back to the shaded part of the water. She has at least ten more minutes before they call her back for rehearsal again.

*

Ethan and Damiano were smoking together, out in the garden. Half-sitting on lawn chairs, because they were only taking however long it took to finish a cigarette before going back inside the studio. Victoria and Thomas were fucking around on their guitars but would eventually get restless.

The first time they were in this house, Damiano had been the only smoker, and he'd smoked a lot less than he does now, and occasionally he lit up in the studio.

Now, paradoxically, when three of them smoke, they try to be more careful and not stink up the studio.

"Listen," Damiano says, between one puff and the next. "I think I have a... favor to ask."

Ethan nods, remaining passive as usual. Maybe Victoria had a point about him being the best fit for this.

"I want someone to fuck me in the ass," Damiano says, taking another drag. "And I was thinking you could... do that. I know you've fucked plenty of guys before, could probably make it good for an innocent virgin boy like me," Damiano gives him a wink, just to fuck with him. Fucking with Ethan's stoicism always lifts up his mood.

Ethan's face goes from his usual blank, neutral expression into his thoughtful expression, the kind he uses when selecting sandwiches at the shop, for example, and then slowly sours into something that on a normal person would probably register as a wince.

"Don't give me that face!" Damiano says, throwing the remains of his cigarette on the ground and squashing it with his slipper. "What is that face? You should be making an entirely different face!"

Ethan switches to his longsuffering expression, reserved for when they're making fun of him. "It's not what you think. It's just... I've never done that before."

"You've never fucked a guy before? Are you serious!" Damiano demanded, because sometimes, on rare occasions, Ethan managed to use his blankness to prank them and now wasn't a good time for that.

"No, no," Ethan said, awkwardly tossing his cigarette on the ground as well. "I just mean... never with someone who hadn't done it before."

"Well there's a first time for everything," Damiano said, putting the full weight of his authority into his tone, because he was not getting rejected by two of his bandmates in a row.

"Right, but..." Ethan thought for a moment, putting the words together. "You really want my size and your first time to mix? Is that really the best option?"

Ethan had the biggest cock in the band (not counting some of Victoria's), by a margin, that was true. They all realized it during the first trip to Denmark, it was Damiano's first true moment of bonding with Thomas, because in their teenage minds Ethan's utterly unflappable demeanor suddenly made perfect sense.

"What are you saying?" Damiano asked.

"If it's going to be anyone, it should be Thomas," Ethan said.

"Ugh," Damiano said, and swore loudly before they went back inside.

*

Ethan is trying out a new version of the song they just wrote on the drums, and Victoria is watching him and occasionally giving him bass riffs to work off, so Damiano goes to join Thomas, who's sitting by the wall of the studio tuning his guitar.

He slides down against the wall to sit on his ass next to Thomas and sees the scrunched up, frustrated expression on Thomas' face he's come to associate with the music not going right.

"Still not happy with how the bridge sounds?" Damiano asks.

Thomas nods and then puts his guitar away, next to him, done fiddling with it. "Maybe Ethan and Vic will figure it out, and I can work off that," he sighs.

They're sitting arm-to-arm, both of them facing the drumkit, and Damiano pulls Thomas' head down, to rest on his shoulder. Thomas is taller than he was when they met, but he'll never be too tall to find comfort in Damiano.

"I want you to fuck me in the ass," Damiano says, as Thomas breathes into his neck.

"Oh, sure," Thomas says, after a moment's silence.

Damiano breathes a little easier himself. Getting rejected a third time would have been a little crushing.

Thomas lifts his head up and picks up his guitar again. "Guys," he says, loud enough to be heard over the drums. "You'll help me fuck Damiano, right?"

One last hit on the snare and Victoria and Ethan stop playing.

"Yes, of course," Ethan says.

"Whatever you need," Vic shrugs.

"Sweet," Thomas says, and tries a new riff.

*

As soon as Damiano confirms that he'd like to get fucked as soon as possible, please, Thomas spends the rest of the day casually humming "gonna fuck Damiano's ass tonight" to himself, off key, whenever they're not actively playing music. He does it while heating up dinner, while playing a video game on his phone, while taking his last evening smoke outside.

"OK, I'm going to strangle him before he actually manages to fuck me," Damiano says, out loud, as Thomas walks away into the kitchen, humming again.

Ethan tries to stifle a laugh, Victoria doesn't even try.

"Calm down, come on," Ethan says, rising from the couches they spent the evening lounging on and extending a hand to Damiano to pull him up as well.

When Damiano takes the offered hand and rises, Ethan says: "We can go upstairs and get started in the meantime." He turns to look at Victoria. "Vic, you'll tell him to come up?"

She nodded, and Ethan gently shoves Damiano in the direction of the stairs.

When they're in Damiano's bedroom Ethan goes to his knees and pulls down Damiano's shorts and underwear.

"Don't," Damiano says, in case Ethan plans to take him in his mouth. He wants to focus on a different sensation right now, one that's been itching under his skin since he went on the Eurovision stage and performed so hard the seams of his pants split open.

Ethan nods and rises, kissing Damiano's mouth instead, and then pushing him down on the unmade bed, ass in the air.

Ethan spreads Damiano's cheeks and licks and sucks at him. Because of the pool they shower more than usual, often multiple times a day, and Damiano never thought how luxurious it would feel, to have his clothes simply pulled off, to feel clean and ready for this, without preparation.

Ethan eats him out and Damiano lets himself moan, because he hasn't believed in trying to be quiet in bed since the band played their first concert. He lets Ethan hear how much he's enjoying this, speaks Ethan's name, makes up silly rhymes and compliments.

It feels so good, so relaxing. He wants something thick and heavy and undeniable inside of him, but this gentleness, this pre-game feels amazing too.

Finally Ethan retreats, and as he does Victoria comes to sit at the head of the bed, next to Damiano's face. She's wearing an oversized t-shirt, her hair pulled up in a bun. Damiano can see her gray underwear, can smell the warmth between her thighs.

She buries her hand in his hair, caresses and massages him gently, while a finger pushes into him. Probably Ethan's, judging by how thick it is. Thomas has long, slender fingers, like the stereotype of a classical pianist.

Damiano knows what a finger feels like. He even knows what two fingers feel like, he's a man and he has a prostate and it's been years since he's allowed society to make him ignore

that fact.

He pushes back against the slick fingers, that make him feel good but don't feel like nearly enough.

He wants all of it. He wants too much. He wants to feel himself split open.

The fingers withdraw and Damiano rubs himself against the sheets. It's dry and a little painful on his cock but he doesn't care.

"So impatient," Victoria says, teasingly, still caressing his hair.

And then Thomas is on top of him, fully, naked chest to Damiano's ass and back, except for the part that's still covered by Damiano's shirt. Thomas' arms are resting against Damiano's sides, pressing up against Damiano's armpits.

It pushes all the air out of Damiano, the weight so unexpectedly heavy and... comforting.

"Spread your legs, Damià," Thomas whispers into Damiano's ear, even though everyone in the room can hear it.

Damiano spreads wider and then Thomas' dick is at his entrance, probably helped by Ethan, and he's pushing against Damiano's pucker and God, it's everything Damiano's wanted for what feels like months.

It takes a few tries before Thomas can push in fully, but it's so good when he does, so complete and total, so satisfying, so grounding. Damiano feels more in his body than he's felt in ages, and it's everything he wanted.

Victoria is staring at his face, while Damiano is moaning and biting into the sheets and drooling all over the place, and then she nods to someone behind Damiano and Thomas starts to thrust.

Damiano doesn't know how long it lasts. Thomas fucks him and fucks him and fucks him, and time loses all meaning. There's just this bed and Damiano's friends and so much skin touching him, so many hands and limbs.

He feels the pleasure from what Thomas is doing building up in his stomach, coiling in his thighs, his balls. He doesn't think he'll be able to come like this, but then he doesn't think it matters too much.

Thomas' sounds get louder, his body is sweatier on top of Damiano's, though both of them are practically sliding off each other. Thomas licks and kisses Damiano's back, traces his tongue over some of the tattoos, and then starts to give Damiano shallow little bites all over his shoulders.

He'd forgotten how much Thomas needed something in his mouth, needed to take out the energy through his teeth, when he was trying to keep himself from coming.

"Just do it," Damiano said, half laughing half moaning, "Make him do it already, before he turns me into a werewolf."

He hears laughter but he's not sure who it's coming from, and then Thomas comes, screaming, and lies on top of Damiano for a few sweaty seconds before pulling out. He's gone in an instant, probably thanks to Ethan helping him up.

Damiano turns to lie on his back. He's so hard, and he still feels so full. It's like his asshole has been permanently opened wide, will never close again. Thomas has changed him fundamentally in this moment, even though in his rational mind Damiano knows he hasn't.

He really should come, it wouldn't do to be stuck with an erection like this. He reaches down to his ass and wipes some of the slickness there on his fingers before grabbing his own cock.

"Good show, Damià," Victoria says, her fingers back in his hair, and it's like a lightening bolt straight to Damiano's cock.

Lying here vulnerable, desperate, fucked open, being seen by them, being commented upon. He won't last long.

"You looked very beautiful," Ethan says, and Damiano has to close his eyes against the words.

"You felt very hot," Thomas says, crawling back on the bed and lying next to Damiano. "From the inside. Like a furnace, enough to heat up a Christmas morning in the mountains."

Damiano doesn't know what sounds he's making anymore, only that he's coming all over himself, and it's like the final release valve, the cork in the bottle he's just poured all his frustration and restlessness and desire into.

He opens his eyes, breathless.

"Who's cleaning him up?" Thomas asks.

"Not me!" Victoria says, with the same tone she tries to claim the front passenger's seat or avoid her turn to do laundry.

Damiano can hear Ethan shaking his head in resignation, even if he can't see it.

"Go get a wet towel," Ethan says, and Thomas' weight disappears from the bed.

Damiano smiles and closes his eyes again and laughs, quietly, at the life he's managed to get for himself.

End Notes

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