

# Images of the Heart

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**Fandom:** Cinema Bizarre

**Pairing:** Kiro/Strify/Yu

**Rating:** NC17/18

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**Warnings:** threesome, explicit sex, dp

**Summary:** Strify looks where he is not supposed to be looking and finds out some things he was never meant to know. This puts him in a dilemma and he has to deal with the consequences, along with Kiro and Yu.

**Author's Notes:** Thanks to Soph for the beta. Okay, so I have an OT3 for this fandom, I have given up trying to resist it ;).

**Word count:** 8,290

"Kiro, can I borrow..." Strify stopped talking as he walked into Kiro's room and found it empty.

It was only then that he remembered Kiro saying something about going shopping and he sat down on the bed with a sigh. He was trying to come up the perfect outfit for clubbing that night and Kiro had some killer accessories, but Kiro wasn't there to help. He might have been desperate, but he was above riffling through his friends' drawers without their permission. It was time for plan B then and he went to stand up, but his attention was grabbed by the corner of something poking out from behind the dresser. Looking closer, he realised it was a sketch pad and he bit his lip. Everyone in the band knew Kiro liked drawing, but Kiro could be kind of funny about sharing his creations until they were finished and he knew he shouldn't look, but he so wanted to.

He stood there for a little while weighing up his options and then curiosity got the better of him and he cautiously pulled out the pad. If he was careful and put it back right where he found it Kiro would never know he had peeked. He was a good enough actor that he could pretend he hadn't seen it when Kiro finally chose to show them all.

It was a big pad, A3, and Strify sat back down on the bed, putting it beside him and flipping open the cover. The first page was a bit of a surprise as he looked at a manga version of himself and then manga versions of the other members of the band. There were all of them sketched from different angles in the Japanese style, but still very much them. Strify had had no idea Kiro was even working on anything like that and he turned the next page eagerly.

The second page made him blink a little, it was more sketches, but this time only him and Yu, and what made him look was that they were both only partially dressed. With Yu he could understand, because their guitarist was often on stage without a shirt, but it wasn't something he usually did. Really not sure he should be doing so, he turned to the next page: more semi-clothed sketches of him and Yu, this time with some interesting poses. It was as if Kiro was trying out the characters he was drawing and Strify was impressed, even if he was a little confused. There was one particularly nice one of Yu with what he could only describe as a come hither stance.

It was on page five that he had to stop and stare. Kiro had drawn himself all over the page, and in one of the sketches Kiro wasn't wearing anything at all. Strify almost closed the pad and put it back, almost. Page six was all him and all naked; page seven was the same for Yu.

"Oh my god," he said as he turned to page eight, because he just had to and found a story board sketched out.

What he saw was shocking, but impossible to look away from and he just stared. It also explained why Kiro had been drawing them all with few and no clothes. In the first panel there was Kiro wearing over the knee boots, a very small pair of shorts and a cropped military jacket and nothing else. Then in the next panel was Yu, naked and chained to the wall and it just got raunchier from there. He was in the third panel wearing nothing but a collar with diamond studs and in the fourth he was on his knees in front of Yu sucking him off while Kiro stood in the background watching.

It was like some fan creation from the web that Strify had laughed at with everyone else when they had Googled themselves. Only this hadn't been created by a fan, it had been created by Kiro; his very good friend Kiro.

The other two panels were more on the blowjob with Kiro moving closer and he knew he should just put the pad back and try to forget what he had seen, but he couldn't and he turned the page. There on a whole page with only a tiny insert panel at the top to show the transition was him, mouth still on Yu's cock, but now on all fours and Kiro's fingers sinking into his arse. He felt his dick throb despite the shock of seeing a characterised version of himself in such an intimate pose.

The rest of the comic went on for two more pages and was basically Kiro having sex with him while he saw to Yu and ending up covered in both their come. It was graphic and totally impossible to misinterpret and, he hated to admit, but strangely beautiful as well. There was still the shock there, but it didn't make him close the pad.

There was more as well, the next comic had Kiro being the one tied down while Yu and Strify tag teamed him before toying him until he came. The one after that had Yu on his knees with both Kiro and Strify in a dominant role before forming a daisy chain with Yu on the bottom and Strify in the middle. That one made his cock swell in his pants no matter how he tried to push the idea away.

The last picture in the mostly filled pad was not a comic, it was a moment in time illustration and it was all three of them again, only this time Kiro was in the middle, a look of pure pleasure/pain on his face as he took both of them. It had been lovingly coloured and was such a moment of intimacy that it made Strify's breath catch in his throat.

It was then he realised he had just done something he could never undo and discovered something about Kiro that he could never unlearn. Closing the pad, he put it back where he had found it and then walked back to his own room; he had a lot to think about.

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For two days all he did was think and do his best to avoid Kiro in all but group situations. By the end he was getting funny, kind of hurt looks from Kiro, which was when he realised he had to stop dwelling on it or do something about it. He'd started dreaming about the events in the comics, which was doing nothing for his

ability to just forget about what he had seen. The fact was, he was waking up in the middle of the night rock hard and sweating with images in his head that were speaking to deep dark bits of his psyche.

Finally, after they traipsed back home from practice, he balled up his courage and knocked on Kiro's door.

"I'm decent," came the quick reply.

Walking in, he saw Kiro look up from typing something into his phone and the smile he received just for being there made him feel guilty.

"I was beginning to think you were avoiding me," Kiro said, obviously very glad to have him visit.

"I was," Strify said honestly and went to sit down on the other side of the bed from his friend.

Kiro's smile slipped a bit and the bassist didn't seem to quite know if Strify was serious or not.

"Well," Kiro said, trying to make light of the situation, "glad that's over. What can I do for you?"

All of Strify's rehearsed speeches flew out of his head; he had no idea what to say.

"I saw the sketch pad," he just blurted out.

For a moment Kiro looked confused and then Strify glanced meaningfully at the dresser and all the colour drained out of Kiro's face. Kiro didn't just go pale he went grey.

"You saw ..?" Kiro said, seemingly unable to finish the thought.

Strify nodded.

Kiro didn't appear to know what to do or where to look and he tried to say something at least three times, but nothing came out. He looked petrified.

"I'm sorry," was all he said in the end.

Strify really didn't know what he wanted from this conversation, all he had thought about was needing to get this into the open between them, but now he wasn't sure what to do about it. Part of him had been hoping that Kiro would laugh it off, say he wanted to mess with the fans heads online or something, but the way Kiro was reacting made it clear it was much more serious than that.

"That last one," Strify said, since that was the one that played over and over in his head the most; "it looked so intense, so personal, so real; like you wanted it."

For a little while Kiro just sat there, but then he stood up and went to the wardrobe. He delved under some things and pulled out a manky-looking, long flat box and opened it. Inside there were more sketch pads and he pulled a red one from the middle. Sitting down, he handed it to Strify; it was almost with shaking hands that he flicked over the cover.

The pictures inside were not manga, they were true to life and the first one was the same image as the other pad, only without the stylisation. It had been just as lovingly rendered. Strify flicked from page to page and all the images featured him, Yu and Kiro, and every last one of them was a sexual situation.

"I started the other pad as a band project," Kiro said quietly, which explained the first pictures Strify had seen of the whole group, "but it didn't last. I know what I can't have, so I draw it instead. You weren't meant to see them, no one was ever meant to see them."

Strify had known he had stumbled onto something very private before he'd finished looking at the first pad, but he hadn't realised how deep this went until Kiro told him that. It was beginning to dawn on him that these weren't just images to Kiro and that turned everything on its head.

"You really feel like this?" he said eventually, closing the pad almost reverently.

Kiro nodded.

"Have since the day I met you," Kiro replied, looking down at the bed and playing with his fingers, "and if that wasn't complicated enough I started to feel the same way about Yu after we all moved in together. I knew if I did anything I'd just mess it all up, so I began to draw it instead."

It was hard to imagine what Kiro had been keeping bottled up. There was so much passion in the drawings, even the ones that were just a few lines on the paper, and Strify tried to get his head round it all.

"Did you never think of telling us?" he asked, wanting so much to understand.

"What, that I have graphic, very non-vanilla fantasies about both of you?" Kiro said with a derisive laugh. "I don't think that would have gone down very well."

Strify still didn't quite understand.

"Is that all it is?" he asked, needing to know. "Are they just extreme sexual fantasies?"

Kiro finally looked up at him then, eyes frightened.

"You tell me," Kiro replied in little more than a whisper.

Strify looked down at the closed pad in his lap; he had known the answer before he had even asked the question. This wasn't just about sex; sex featured very prominently, but he had seen the emotion in the images. If it had just been sex they could have got drunk together, had a wild night and that would have been that, but he wasn't that stupid.

"Come here," he said and put the pad aside, patting the bed right next to where he was sitting.

Kiro didn't move, still looking scared and unsure.

"Come here," Strify said, and this time he put the whip of command into his voice.

It was almost as if someone had electrified the bed as Kiro instantly stood up and then, catching himself, slowly walked the couple of feet between them and sat down. Strify immediately put his arm round him friend and drew him close.

"I shouldn't have looked," he said, because he knew he was in the wrong, "I'm sorry, but we'll figure it out."

Kiro leant into him, but didn't say anything. Strify wasn't sure how they were going to sort the situation out, but he was resolute that they would. Of course that meant sorting his head out first as well.

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Several hours later, Strify walked into Yu's room without waiting for an invitation and sat down on the bed. Yu put down the guitar he'd been plucking at and looked at him expectantly.

"How do you think of Kiro?" he asked, deciding to leap in at the deep end.

Yu appeared confused.

"I would have thought that was obvious," Yu replied, humouring him; "he's my friend. If this is about chucking him out I'm not having this conversation again."

Strify thought that was unfair; he'd only ever suggested that once and that had been about a week after they had all moved in together and the strain of the change in environment had been showing on all of them. He and Kiro had had a huge row and Strify hadn't meant it when he demanded that Yu side with him over dumping Kiro out on his ear; it had been histrionics.

"Romantically, idiot," he said shortly in payback for the slight.

Yu's eyebrows lifted considerably.

"That way lies madness," was the cryptic reply.

Strify glared; he was trying to have a serious conversation here.

"I don't think of him romantically," Yu said, catching on, "because that would be far too complicated."

A sensible answer, but not quite what Strify was after.

"Let's say," he said slowly, realising that he was not good at subtle, but trying anyway, "that things were already complicated, how might you feel about him, hypothetically speaking?"

The expression on Yu's face was dubious.

"Strify," Yu said slowly, "what is this about?"

"Please," he replied, "just answer the question."

Yu did not look like he wanted to, which gave Strify a hint about the answer.

"You know I'd go for him if he wasn't already a friend," Yu said eventually after several seconds of heavy silence, "he's my type, just like you are."

They had had conversations about this type of thing before and that was what Strify had been expecting, only he had had to make sure. He nodded in acknowledgement.

"I did something bad," he confessed, fiddling with his nails and looking at Yu though the bits of his hair that had escaped his rough ponytail.

Yu appeared concerned, but not overly surprised.

"What?" was the short question.

"I looked at something I wasn't supposed to see," Strify admitted, since he knew this was as much his fault for looking as it was Kiro's for drawing. "I went into Kiro's room to borrow something and he wasn't there and I saw a sketch pad poking out from behind the dresser and, you know me, no self control at all, so I looked. It was manga art, only it was yaoi manga and it was us; you, me and Kiro. A whole pad of the three of us doing things to each other."

That was most obviously not what Yu had been expecting to hear.

"That's why you've been avoiding him," Yu said and Strify nodded.

It seemed his avoidance tactics were as subtle as everything else about him.

"I spoke to him earlier and he was terrified when I told him I'd seen them," he continued to explain. "They're not just drawings to him, Yu, they're his feelings and his fantasies, because he doesn't think he can have either of us. He said it's been going on since he met us."

Yu looked honestly stunned.

"He really feels that way?" Yu asked, needing to be reassured. "About both of us?"

Strify nodded.

"You should have seen these images," he said, thinking over what he had seen, "they're not just lines on paper; there's so much feeling in them. It's like part of Kiro's soul is out there to see."

He was known for being dramatic, but he really meant it and he could tell Yu realised this.

"I keep having dreams about them," he said, feeling a little bit embarrassed.

For a while Yu just sat there thinking.

"What are you trying to say?" Yu asked, sounding sympathetic, but far more logical than Strify was feeling. "Do you think we should act on this?"

That was the crux of the matter and Strify wasn't sure what to answer.

"I don't know," he admitted, throwing his arms in the air. "It wouldn't work, I mean it couldn't ... could it?"

He looked at Yu for some form of reassurance. The problem was the idea was beginning to settle in his brain and he couldn't help liking it. Kiro was his friend, Yu was his friend and he didn't want to jeopardise that, but there were so many possibilities that he was beginning to consider.

"You want this to work," Yu pointed out and Strify couldn't deny it.

"Yes, but what I want and reality aren't always in agreement," he pointed out with a shrug.

He needed Yu to say something; to either tell him he was crazy or to tell him he wasn't, because he really didn't know any more.

"You're falling in love with the idea and probably Kiro as well," Yu told him next and made him sit back.

"Don't be silly," he said, he didn't believe in love; attraction, friendship and caring he believed in, but love was a fools game.

Yu gave him a calm, even stare and he went back to examine what he was thinking. His dick had become involved very quickly after first seeing the drawings, that much he knew, and then the dreams had started that night and things had escalated from there in his head. It had made him think about Kiro and Yu in ways he hadn't done properly before and he was just about devastated that Kiro was so upset and worried that Yu thought he was bonkers and ... He stopped thinking.

"Oh," he said, as he realised that possibly Yu was right. "Don't leave yourself out of that equation," he added as he realised he was already neck deep in this.

Kiro had had years to work on his obsession, it seemed Strify had managed it in two days.

"I'm as fucked as Kiro aren't I?" he said bluntly.

Yu nodded.

This was so not going how Strify had planned it. Of course he was never one to not leap in with everything he had, so he straightened his back, stopped feeling sorry for himself and looked Yu in the eye.

"Okay," he said, "so we know what I'm going to do, but what about you?"

The deer in headlights expression that appeared on Yu's face was well worth the dramatics.

"I don't know," Yu all but spluttered, "you only just told me about it."

That was fair, Strify supposed.

"Okay," he agreed, backing down somewhat, "you're right. How about we talk some more tomorrow, after you've had time to think?"

He thought that was reasonable and Yu didn't look quite so cornered when he nodded. With that he stood up, mind full of machinations as he puzzled through the problem before him. This was going to take some serious thought and planning.

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The first thing he did was borrow the sketch books from Kiro while Kiro was out taking a walk to clear his head and put them in Yu's room. After all Yu needed all the facts to be able to make an informed decision. Then he had a shower and relieved some of the sexual tension he was feeling thanks to all the thoughts of sex, before going to bed and having some of the wildest dreams of his life.

Yu cornered him after breakfast the next day, before they headed out to practice.

"That was underhand," Yu said, blushing slightly as he spoke, "and Romeo almost found them as well."

Strify did not feel the least amount of remorse and he had made sure to put them somewhere only Yu would have found them.

"And?" he said, wanting to know what Yu was thinking.

"And we need to talk," was the unhelpful response, "as soon as we get back today."

All he could do was agree so he nodded and then Yu was gone again. It was going to be a long day, he could tell.

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Strify sat on his bed and watched Yu pace around him room. It had been an awkward day, everything had been off, but they had battled through it.

"You..." his friend said and then paced a bit more, "Me... Kiro."

Monosyllabic was not really how Strify needed Yu at the moment, but he also realised that he had to give Yu space to work up to whatever he was going to say. It took another five minutes of pacing and single word sounds before Yu finally stopped and looked at him.

"You weren't kidding about the drawings were you?" Yu finally said.

"No, I wasn't," he said with a nod.

Yu worried at one of his lip piercings for a few moments.

"How has he kept all that locked away so we never knew?" Yu asked, clearly at a complete loss.

"Clearly Kiro has more will power than either of us has ever given him credit for," he replied, feeling a bit more secure now that Yu agreed with him about the sketches.

He still wasn't quite sure where Yu was going with the conversation, but at least they were talking now.

"But he almost cracked today," Yu pointed out and Strify had to agree; he had seen it as well. "Now he knows you know I don't think he can cope anymore."



That had been exactly what Strify was thinking as well. Even Shin had been giving him and Kiro odd looks because of the way they had been reacting around each other all day. It was funny, the more he thought about it the less it was worrying him, but that wasn't the case at all for Kiro. As far as Strify could tell, the more Kiro thought about it the more their little bassist was beginning to fall apart.

"So," he said, looking Yu directly in the eyes, "what do we do about it?"

Yu just stood there for a few moments without moving or saying anything.

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Kiro was sitting on his bed playing with his laptop when Strify walked in, closely followed by Yu and Kiro looked pleased to see him until he saw Yu as well and what Yu was carrying. Yu placed the sketch pads on the bed almost reverently and Kiro didn't seem to know whether to feel betrayed or terrified.

"Come here," Strify said in his best calm and collected voice before Kiro could attempt miraculously disappearing through the wall in a desperate bid to escape.

It was a measure of the trust between them that Kiro did put his laptop down and slowly walked around the bed. The way Kiro was looking at them both it was obvious Kiro had no idea what either of them were thinking. Strify gave his small friend a smile, feeling the knowledge of what they had planned swirling around his belly bringing arousal with it. He moved just a little so that Kiro was standing between them and then he stepped right into Kiro's personal space.

"If you don't like it, say so," he said and then, cupping the back of Kiro's head with his hand, he covered Kiro's mouth with his own and kissed him.

Kiro stiffened with shock almost instantly, but Strify knew what he was doing and he persevered until Kiro relaxed against him and, without breaking the kiss, he flicked his gaze over to Yu. He could tell the guitarist was more nervous than he was, but then, once he set his mind to something, it took a natural disaster to dissuade him and he knew Yu was not quite so headstrong. Nerves didn't stop Yu acting though and Strify felt and heard Kiro whimper into his mouth as Yu wound around him from behind.

They had Kiro between them now and Kiro was kissing back, but Strify could feel the growing tremble in Kiro's body. When Kiro's knees went weak, he was ready to catch him, as it seemed was Yu, because they both had Kiro sitting on the bed in very short order.

"I thought it was only fans who went weak at the knees for you, Strify," Yu said, looking at him over Kiro's head.

Kiro was with it enough, it seemed, to thump Yu on the arm for that one.

"Watch it," was Yu's next comment, "he's vicious."

Strify smiled, but did carefully look Kiro over, because Kiro wasn't the sort to flake out. Clearly the last day or so had been very hard on him.

"Are you okay?" he asked, since he hadn't really planned on walking in and making Kiro collapse in a heap, he'd been more thinking of scorching hot sex.

"I'll let you know as soon as I decide if this is real or a hallucination," Kiro replied, which was a good sign, because at least it sounded very Kiro-like.

That gave Strify a wicked idea and he leant over Kiro and grabbed Yu by the shirt front.

"You just let us know when you've decided," he said with a cheeky grin at Kiro and then pulled Yu in for a kiss.

Yu hummed appreciatively and Strify heard Kiro moan as he went to town on Yu's mouth, making sure Kiro could see everything.

"Fuck," Kiro finally said after a little while and Strify felt himself being grabbed and then he was kissing Kiro instead of Yu.

However, it seemed Kiro was equal opportunities, since, after a few searing hot seconds, Strify found himself released and Kiro grabbed Yu instead. It was then that Strify discovered why Kiro had moaned when watching him and Yu because there was something distinctly arousing about watching two people kiss in such close proximity to yourself. Strify wondered how Kiro had lasted as long as he had before grabbing him.

When Kiro broke away from Yu they were both breathless and Kiro's eyes were bright with arousal. The way his hair was slightly mussed from where Yu had had his fingers in it made Strify want to reach out and touch. He was beginning to suspect he was going to be very bad at resisting such urges as his hand strayed onto Kiro's thigh.

"Well," he said, using his best seductive tone, "this is your fantasy; what do you want?"

Kiro's cheeks flushed and his pupils were almost totally dilated as he gazed at Strify; it was a good look on him and Strify made a mental note to try and recreate it as often as possible. The fact that Kiro's eyes were flicking between them and his breathing was just a little fast made the anticipation all the greater; Strify was dying to know what Kiro would say by the time his friend opened his mouth.

"Last page," Kiro said, sounding nervous, but excited.

For a moment Strify thought all the blood had rushed out of his head and into his cock as he took in that request, but he did have a little common sense left, even as his mind filled with that, by now, very familiar image. It wasn't that he didn't love that image as much as Kiro clearly seemed to, but he had to ask: "Are you sure?"

There was a difference between reality and fantasy, even Strify knew that and delicious as the idea was, he wasn't sure it was possible.

"We could hurt you," Yu pointed out, although, looking at Yu's face, Strify was pretty sure the guitarist had just had the same reaction he had.

Kiro did not reply, just flipped, crawled up onto the bed and shoved his hand down between the headboard and the wall. The very pert arse in very tight jeans that this presented to Strify had him wondering why he was even bothering to attempt to be a voice of reason. Kiro came back brandishing two things and it

took Strify a little while to realise their significance. Kiro was holding two life size dildos.

"Practice makes perfect," Strify said as he did his best to maintain mental function as his thought processes tried to focus on only one destination.

"I think I want what he wants," Yu said, brain clearly having done exactly the same thing Strify's had.

"Don't look at me for an argument," Strify replied as his mind tried to imagine just what this was going to be like and didn't quite manage it.

When he and Yu had discussed how this was going to play out they hadn't really considered this. It was a nice mental image, but not something that seemed immediately possible or something that it was likely Kiro wanted to be more than a fantasy, but it appeared it was not only a scenario that lived in Kiro's head, but one that he had tried out with stand ins. He wasn't sure he would have been up for Kiro's place, but it definitely seemed Kiro was.

"I think," he said, fishing in the pocket of the long waistcoat he was wearing, "we should warm up first."

He threw the condoms and lube he had brought with him onto the bed and then shimmied out of the waistcoat to make his point.

Thinking too hard was likely to make things awkward and he had really enjoyed the kissing. They could take their time with this, it wasn't as if they were about to be interrupted since Romeo was out for the whole evening and the last thing Shin had said was about going home and falling into bed after their long day. Visitors were highly unlikely.

He was always one to take the lead, so he decided to get things going by leaning in to Kiro and waiting for a kiss. Kiro got the message very quickly and it wasn't long after that, that he felt Yu's hands joining in and touching him. It was logistically more difficult with three rather than two, but he was sure they would get the hang of it.

Over the next few minutes, they eased into what they were doing, exploring each other and starting to relax properly. That was when Strify initiated the start of removing clothes by pulling up Kiro's t-shirt to see what interesting reactions he could get by kissing the skin underneath. It was slow going removing three sets of clothes without wrecking the atmosphere, but Strify was undoubtedly enjoying himself so he didn't really care. When Yu got a hand down his trousers, he found it rather distracting, but Kiro and Yu seemed to have decided by that point that he wasn't allowed to lead for a while and he just went with it. By the time they were all naked, he was well acquainted with both sides of the coin when it came to being in control.

As the last item of clothing hit the floor, Kiro was kneeling on the bed between him and Yu and Strify decided it was time to move things up a gear. Kiro was facing him, slightly twisted where he had craned his neck to kiss Yu and Strify could not help but noticed the ample erection that was facing his way. It seemed only right to make sure it had some attention and he dipped down and very deliberately wrapped his lips around it.

The somewhat startled and incoherent noise Kiro made, made him smile around his prize.

"Hmmm," he heard Yu say, "if Strify has you from in front, then I'll just have to give my attention elsewhere."

"Uh-huh," was about as sensible as Kiro sounded as Strify went to work on his cock.

Not that Strify would admit it out loud, but he always found a blowjob a bit of a power trip. Some people might have thought it was the other way around, but the fact that he had his partner right where he wanted them and could get them to do just about anything because of the things his tongue was doing, always thrilled him. He was absolutely positive he could take Kiro apart just with his mouth, but that wasn't what he was aiming for, so he didn't go for it all guns blazing. He just kept Kiro making noises of appreciation while Yu worked from the other side.

When he saw Yu pick up the lube from where it was lying on the bed, he realised they were about to go up another level and he pulled off, replacing his mouth with his hand and moved back in so he and Kiro were face to face.

"As much as I love the thought of you taking both of us," he purred to Kiro as Yu continued what he was doing, "I think we should find out how well you take Yu first, after all, he is a big boy."

Kiro looked like he was going to reply to that, but Yu chose his moment and what came out instead was a moan. From a quick glance Strify realised that two of Yu's fingers were now deep in Kiro.

"I think he likes that," Yu said in a conversational tone and grinned at Strify over Kiro's shoulder.

"Arsehole," was Kiro's breathless reply.

"And such a lovely one it is," Yu said unrepentantly and Strify palmed Kiro's cock just to make it was even more difficult for their quick witted bassist to make a reply.

It was fun having Kiro at their mercy and incredibly arousing at the same time. Strify just watched as Yu worked and Kiro slowly began to lean towards him, eyes closed and clearly lost in what Yu was doing. With his knowledge of massage Yu was very, very good at making someone relax and Kiro was melting under his touch. When he thought Kiro might simply fall over, Strify moved in and pulled him against his shoulder and chest. Kiro's arms wrapped lazily around him waist and he had a perfect view of what Yu was doing.

Yu had three fingers in Kiro now and it did not look as if he was having any trouble so when his eyes met Strify's, Strify look meaningfully at the condoms. Yu gave him a very hungry smile and reached over with his free hand. As it turned out, opening a condom and putting it on with only one hand was not a skill Yu possessed and had to withdraw his fingers, but Strify kept Kiro right where he was by employing his own hands on Kiro's back.

Watching Yu roll on the condom and prepare himself made Strify harder than ever and just a little envious of their rolls, especially when Yu moved back up behind Kiro again. They shared another look, almost as if Yu was asking his permission and he gave back his best seductive smile. Kiro's arms tightened on

his waist as Yu lined up and ever so slowly began to push in. It was clear Yu was taking it slowly, but Kiro had other ideas.

"Harder," Kiro all but growled and pushed back a little, but not a lot, since he didn't seem to want to let go of Strify.

Yu must have taken the instruction to heart, because in one long thrust he sank home, leaving Kiro gasping just a little.

"Told you he was a big boy," Strify said, feeling the flush of arousal all over as he watched his friends come together.

"So good," Kiro said sounding more than a little punch drunk.

"Maybe," Strify said, enjoying the feel of Kiro against him, "but you're going to need to be a lot looser than that for what we want. Shall we let Yu loosen you up a bit?"

"God, yes please," Kiro replied.

Strify smiled and it was clear that Yu was very happy to oblige, since he started moving immediately. Slow, long, even thrusts to begin with as Kiro encouraged and Strify watched, holding Kiro and feeling every stroke as it moved his friend, and then building up to much faster movements. The way Yu was moving, Kiro was loosening up quickly and eventually Strify needed more than just looking.

"Enough," he said, taking charge again as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and Yu slammed home one more time and came to a stop. "I want in."

And he did, he really did, in fact he had to remind himself that it wasn't going to be that easy. However, he did know just how they could make this work.

"Yu, lie down against the pillows and spread your legs a bit," he instructed, image very clear in his head.

Yu did as he was asked, pulling out of Kiro, which by the sounds of it Kiro didn't want to happen, and then lying down on the bed, half propped up by the pillow Kiro had at the end.

"Don't worry," Strify said, grinning at Kiro's protest, "you can have him back. Climb on top facing me."

The position he was thinking of was not for the faint hearted, but he was sure they were all young and fit enough to pull it off. With a lot of shuffling and a little bit a swearing, he helped Kiro move above Yu and then sit down on him, putting that cock right back where Kiro wanted it, but giving Strify a much better angle to work with. With Kiro lying back against Yu, legs spread over Yu's, Strify had the perfect view of his companion's intimate connection.

Now it was his turn and the first thing he did was pick up a condom and slip it on. He didn't want to have to worry about that later. Then he took the lube and dribbled some on his fingers, kneeling between Yu's spread legs and reaching out towards Kiro. He knew what he needed to do, but sudden worry bubbled up inside him and he had to look up. Kiro was looking right back at him and gave him just the tiniest smile.

When he slipped the first finger in it wasn't too difficult and both Yu and Kiro reacted in a way that made him think it felt good, but they had a long way to go. Kiro was nowhere near ready for both of them and so Strify set to work. The longer he spent loosening Kiro, the quieter the room became. He knew the moment it went from pure pleasure to pleasure/pain, because Kiro stopped making verbal sounds and his reactions became breathy as if he was trying to breathe through the discomfort. Strify found himself more than ready to stop if Kiro needed him to, but Kiro never asked and although Strify looked carefully, gave no sign of wanting him to stop.

It took a long time, longer than he had imagined, but eventually he thought Kiro was loose enough.

"I think you're ready," he said, carefully pulling out his fingers and kneeling up.

Kiro had had his eyes closed for a while by that point, but he opened them then and locked gazes with Strify. For a moment Strify felt as if his heart was in his throat and then he moved forward. Kiro lifted his arms, placing his hands on Strify's shoulders as he leant over him and they were all set. A sudden attack of nerves was not something Strify needed, so he refused to give in to them and lined up very carefully. It wasn't the easiest position in the world, but he was flexible.

In Strify's experience there was sex and then there was Sex: the first was for fun to relieve a little tension and the second, well he wasn't sure he'd ever really had Sex before, not with the way he felt as he slowly eased into Kiro along side Yu. It was tight, it was hot and it sent the most amazing sensation up his cock, but that wasn't really what was doing it for him the most. It was the way Kiro's fingers gripped his shoulders, holding on to him like he was a lifeline; the small whimpers Kiro made even as he opened for him; the breathless need he could hear coming from Yu and the fact that they were all in this together. It was an experience on so many levels and it affected him in ways he had no defences for.

When Kiro made a sound of pain, he instantly stopped moving, recognising straight away the difference between a sound of 'this hurts, but I like it' and 'I am in pain please stop'.

"Ssh," he said, rubbing one hand soothingly up and down Kiro's torso, "we've got you, just relax."

Kiro's eyes opened from where they had been squeezed shut and he felt heat rush through him at the total trust he saw there. It was agony staying totally still; his body was demanding that he move, either to release some of the pressure on his cock or to increase it, but he did not change his position at all. Until Kiro was ready he would wait, even though it felt like an eternity. Eventually Kiro's fingers tightened on his shoulders and then Kiro gave him a small nod and he rocked forward just a little again before pulling back.

Kiro panted, eyes closing again and head falling back against Yu's shoulder, but there was no more indication that Kiro needed him to stop. He could not thrust like he could with one on one sex, but then the overload of sensation meant that he didn't need to and he began to move slowly and carefully in the gentle rocking motion that seemed to work best. It was intense in a way he had never felt before and he had to keep himself in check as his body threatened to take over from his mind.

He could tell that Yu was trying to keep quiet, his sounds of pleasure staying very low key, so they could both hear every nuance of Kiro's breathing, let alone any other sound Kiro might make. He could feel how attuned they both were to the small bassist, not to mention to each other. Many times he had wondered why people called it "making love", but he was beginning to understand. They were both far more focused on Kiro than they were on their own pleasure.

It was too intense to go on for ever though and Strify could feel his need to come building to a point where he could barely control it. It was too tight, too slick, too warm and he was very close to the edge. Yu was holding Kiro, so Strify reached out with the arm he wasn't using to support himself and took hold of Kiro's cock. He didn't know if Kiro could come given the intensity of what they were doing to him, some things made that difficult, but Strify was going to try. Kiro's cock was not fully hard thanks to the discomfort, but, as Strify began to stroke, it leapt to life in his hand and Kiro began to make definite noises of approval.

He couldn't keep up the smooth rocking he had had going while pulling off Kiro as well, so he just did his best not to mess up completely as he worked his friend as well as he could. Luckily for him, finesse did not seem to be required as Kiro breathing became little gasps and moans and the fingers on his shoulders gripped even harder. It was, however, still a shock when Kiro suddenly cried out and shot creamy liquid all over his hand and it was a catalyst.

"Oh fuck," Yu said as Kiro's muscles clamped down on both of them in the involuntary spasms of orgasm and Strify felt Yu coming as well.

They were like dominos falling one after the other and Strify gave up trying to control anything anymore and let the overwhelming sensation take him over the edge as well. He had been so close for minutes and, when he finally let go, his vision went white for a moment as his brain lost track of his senses. It had been messier, more awkward and downright difficult than the fantasy in his head, but as his body shuddered with release it had been worth every moment.

His legs were cramping from the angle and he stomach muscles felt like they had had a very good work out, but it was wonderful. Slipping free he felt like laughing for no other reason than he was happy, even though his muscles were screaming at him. Kiro seemed to be a boneless heap in Yu's arms, but the quiet protest as Strify helped get them all onto the bed in a slightly more dignified heap showed that Kiro had not actually passed out.

"I think," Strify said as they all lay there recovering, "that we should take up yoga before we try that again."

That drew a snort of a laugh from Yu and a poke in the ribs from Kiro, but he counted it as a victory anyway and he was too relaxed to retaliate. He had just had one of the most intense sexual experiences of his life, actually one of the most intense experiences regardless of the context, and he was far too content and wiped out to do more than lay there. Without a doubt he knew he could get used to this, wanted to get used to this in fact, and not just the sex, and he hummed to himself in contentment. When Kiro's fingers wormed through his own, he smiled and he looked over to see that Kiro's other hand was wound around Yu's. Reaching out, he wiggled his fingers at Yu and his friend grinned, but reached back to complete the circle. Only then was he happy.

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Strify heard the front door go when Romeo came back after his evening out and did not bother to move. He was far too comfortable stretched out next to Kiro, playing with the long strands of his new lover's hair. Kiro was spooned up against him with Yu on his other side and the small bassist almost disappeared between them, but seemed perfectly content, dozing away with a little smile on his face. Yu was asleep as well having dropped off about half an hour previously and Strify was enjoying watching them sleep.

So much for not believing in love; he was lying there watching Yu and Kiro sleep with a fluttery feeling in his chest that was definitely not indigestion. He was feeling protective for heaven's sake, like he wanted to wrap both the other men up in his arms and never let them go, which was more than faintly ridiculous. When he had walked into Kiro's room he had thought he knew what he was getting into, even if he had realised it was a little deeper than he had first thought, but it had been even more than that. Something had changed, something he couldn't quite put his finger on, and it felt as if his whole world was different because of it.

He had never had any intention of this being a one time fling, but it was difficult to think in long term ways about a relationship when you were only in your early twenties. It hadn't occurred to him to think how long it might last, just that it wouldn't be over in the morning, but he was beginning to think now. The euphoria of a new relationship was not something he was unused to, but this was different and it had dawned on him shortly after Yu had fallen asleep that he did not want it to end; ever. It was a very new feeling.

Always before he kept part of himself separate, knowing that everything in life was transient, but not in this. That was why he didn't care that the door was open a little way from where they had traipsed to the bathroom to clean up before coming back and snuggling down. The fact that he and Yu had both followed Kiro back to his room had seemed to startle Kiro to begin with, but there had definitely been no arguing and Strify thought they might all be on the same page. Romeo would undoubtedly walk past Kiro's door; he had to, and Strify didn't care if their friend glanced in and saw them.

This was not something he wanted to hide. It was not something to be kept in the dark in an old box at the back of the wardrobe. This he wanted to shout from the rooftops and when a shadow passed the door, cutting off the light from the hallway for a moment before going away and then coming back a moment later, he looked up and smiled.

**The End**