

All For One and One for All

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Fandom: Panik RPS

Pairing: Orgy :)

Rating: NC17/18 (you doubted that with the pairing notes?)

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Warnings: Just read the kink request ;)

Summary: The original Panik had a kinkier side and now the band is back to the old name, David and Timo revive the tradition.

Kink request: Panik. The whole goddamn band. Bonus for any/all of the following: object insertion, humping of inanimate objects to orgasm, voyeurism, gangbang. All the boys need to come at least once. Everything else is up to you.

Author's Notes: Another fic for the Anonymous Band Kinkathon (on going as ever). Thank you to <lj user="lirren"> and <lj user="thwax"> for the beta :).

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Linke found his reading interrupted when David's face appeared in his vision little more than an inch from his own. He knew that smile on David's face and, if he had been the worrying, type it might have bothered him.

"We were bored," David said with that smile still firmly in place, "you in?"

Looking up and glancing around the hotel room (they were in a suite thanks to the fact that they were doing a promotional show for the record label with a few other Universal bands and hence the record label was paying for everything), Linke could see Jan standing in the doorway looking unsure, Timo standing just behind David with a very similar smile to his better half and Juri and Franky lounging on the sofa, blissfully unaware of what was going on.

This didn't happen often, but it had happened enough times in the first incarnation of Panik that Linke knew exactly what was going on. He could only deduce that something about the name had an effect on David, who was always the instigator, because it had never happened while they were Nevada Tan.

There were two choices in this situation, see if he could make it to the bedroom he was sharing with Jan and lock the door, or acquiesce. Calculating his odds of success, he put his bookmark in his page, placed the book safely out of the way and smiled.

"Guess so," he said, since he was not fool enough to fight a force of nature, besides which, it was always fun.

He saw Jan perk up at his agreement; poor Jan was never really sure about these things until someone else agreed as well. Since no one had any ability to say no to David when their resident musical genius was in a mood like he seemed to be right then, that didn't usually take too long though.

"What about them?" Linke asked as David calmly climbed into his lap.

Juri and Franky had never been privy to this quirk of the group dynamic and it was quite possible they would react badly. Linke remembered his first time clearly and it had been rather a shock. They had been in a ratty hotel, playing a tiny gig that was just a little too far away to drive home after it was over, and the whole band had been crammed into one room. He had been sixteen and perpetually horny, and still he had been almost out the door the moment he had turned and found David looking at him just like David was looking at him now.

Looking into David's eyes, there was absolutely no doubt about the carnal lust there; it was so obvious and Linke had to wonder where this side of David's character had been hiding. That first time David had pinned him to the wall and all but forced him into a kiss, while Timo had gone for Max, but this time he didn't need to be forced. He accepted David's kiss and opened his mouth to David's probing tongue.

"What the fuck?" he heard Franky say, but his eyes had drifted closed and he didn't bother opening them, just brought his hands up round David's back and made sure that Franky was getting a good show.

The fact that David and Timo were together was probably one of the corner stones of their band; a constant that kept all of them on an even keel even though most of the world had no clue, so it had to be a bit of a shock seeing David kissing someone else. Linke knew it was pure sexual need and nothing else, but of course Franky had no way of knowing that yet. It did make Linke's cock twitch to know that even after the several years gap David still pounced on him first. He knew David was very firmly attached to Timo, but the fact that his position as number one target for David's lust (after Timo) had not been ousted by Franky's baby blues or Juri's shampoo-ad hair, made him happier than it really should have.

"A game," Timo's voice carried across the room as Linke decided to give as good as he was getting and pushed his tongue into David's mouth.

David allowed it, but in retaliation Linke felt a hand creeping up under his shirt to wander across his chest and latch on to an already sensitive nipple. The fact that David was very good at finding people's weaknesses, filing them away and then using them at the perfect moment, was something that would have surprised no one in the band. That David knew Linke had that particular weakness would have shocked Juri and Franky to the bone. Linke just moaned and surrendered, since it was his only option.

He hadn't had sex in a while, well unless his solo efforts counted since he was only human, and his body was responding to David very quickly. Instigating such an encounter would never have occurred to him; he had almost put them out of his head, thinking that the chemistry of factors no longer existed, but he couldn't say he wasn't already enjoying it.

"That doesn't look like a game," Franky sounded a little panicked and Linke cracked an eye open to see that Timo was all but looming over their singer.

Franky was very female focused, but even Franky couldn't miss Timo's stance as a come on. Jan was standing closer to Juri as well, looking shy, but with an equally loud come on in his stance; Linke was impressed.

"You're supposed to be paying attention to me," David stopped kissing him and whispered in his ear.

"I am," he replied, eyes skipping over David's face and then back around the room, "but we have some new players and I wanted to see what was going to happen."

David smiled and looked over his shoulder at the rest of the room.

"Well they can wait a little," David said and Linke knew he was about to lose control again, "and we'll show them what they are in for."

Linke really wasn't remotely surprised when his trousers were suddenly loose and David's other hand, the one that wasn't playing with his left nipple, ferreted into his underwear. It really had been too long since he had had a steady girlfriend; David's hand felt wonderful and he tried to buck into the touch, but David's weight pinned him down. David kissed and nibbled along his jaw line, darting a very clever tongue into his ear before sucking on his ear lobe. When David felt like being in control there was no point in fighting it; Linke had learned that within a month of knowing the other musician and he let David have whatever David wanted.

"Do you still like things up your arse?" David whispered into his ear.

He just moaned; David always brought out the worst of his kinks.

"Remember that champagne bottle after our first festival?" David asked him between sucks on his ear lobe.

Linke remembered it, he remembered it very clearly, and he felt himself becoming even harder under David's hand. No one could ever doubt that David was a superb musician when they heard him on the piano, and Linke could never doubt it when David had him in such a position; the way David played whatever he chose to play, be it instrument or human being, was incredible.

"I'm sure I could find something similar around here," David's voice was barely loud enough to hear, but it still did things to Linke that, had David been a girl, would have made him embarrassed at his lack of control, "unless you'd just like my cock."

The fact that he did like things up his behind had been a big shock to Linke the first time Timo had fingered him, but he didn't bother denying it these days. The question of whether he was bisexual or not really wasn't something he spent much time thinking about, since he tended to concentrate on girls, but he wasn't about to say no to something he enjoyed when it came to this. What happened in the band, stayed in the band, that was the rule and he could very easily live with that.

However, just at that moment, David was doing better than any girl ever had and, given how close he was to the edge, it was a little embarrassing. There was no way in hell he was going to come yet. They'd only been at it such a short time and he was not about to react like a fourteen year old with his first porn mag.

Thinking unsexy thoughts wasn't working very well, because his brain didn't seem to be able to find one and hold it. David had that effect on him in this scenario. It was like his higher brain was rewired the moment he acquiesced to that look. He realised that sooner or later he was going to have to admit that David had him very well trained; not that he was alone in that, Jan and Timo were also very well trained and he didn't think it would be long before Juri and Franky were in that bracket as well.

Why David was such a kinky bastard and said kink for group sex surfaced every now and then, usually when they were in hotel rooms, Linke would never know, but thinking about it wasn't helping him maintain his cool. With what David's tongue was doing to his ear and David's hands were doing to his nipple and cock he was only just holding it together. It felt good, it felt really good and he was pretty sure they were giving the others a very good show, but if David didn't stop in the very near future, he knew he was going to lose it.

He would have tried to give back as good as he was getting, but this was David's production and he was only allowed to react at the moment. His role was lead sub at the moment and he knew that would change throughout the evening, if he was lucky he might even end up with his cock in David at some point, but right then he was well aware of what he was supposed to be doing.

Linke was not sure if he was glad when David took his hand away or if he was bereft, but he sighed anyway for one reason or the other. He had held out through the first attack; he was quite pleased with himself.

"See," he opened his eyes as David spoke and found that David was half turned and looking at the others, "it's fun."

When Juri stood up, Linke wasn't sure what was about to happen. If Juri bailed, it could mean bad things. At that moment his libido and his brain were battling for supremacy, because he knew if Juri walked out he was probably the one who would have to go and talk to their drummer. David and Timo wouldn't be able to, since they were the instigators, and Jan wouldn't know what to say, which left him, and he wasn't in a fit state for much talking at the moment.

It was with immense pleasure that he watched Juri actually step up to Jan, looking more than just a little interested. Juri, ever a man of few words, took hold of the front of Jan's t-shirt and gave a little tug. For a moment Jan looked surprised, but went anyway, and then the pair were kissing, a vision that sent shocks of pleasure to Linke's cock even though David was no longer touching him.

"Why is that so hot?" he asked, unable to take his eyes off the pair. "They're only kissing."

"I don't know," David said, voice husky with sex, "but I want some of that later."

When David looked back at him, Linke could only nod and agree.

That just left Franky, who was still sitting on the sofa looking worried.

"Come on, Franky," Timo said in a cajoling voice, "Juri's in; what do you say? It's about pleasure and you've never had a blow job until you've had one from another guy. Think about it; we know exactly what feels good."

Franky leant back as Timo leaned closer, but what was significant was that when Timo reached for Franky's jean fly, Franky didn't stop him. Linke approved of the technique, going straight for Franky's cock was probably the best way of stopping Franky's brain working. Juri and Jan stopped kissing to watch as well when Timo deftly released the button and zip on Franky's jeans, darted one hand inside and smartly pulled Franky's cock from its confines. The fact that Franky was already half hard spoke volumes and Linke began to relax. This was not going to be a disaster.

"I have an idea," David said, as Timo slowly stroked Franky, "let's see who has the most stamina."

And with that David was shimmying off Linke's lap and onto the floor; Jan looked at Juri before falling to his knees and Timo grinned before kneeling down as well.

"Rules," David decided quickly, "no holding back because you want your guy to win."

"No fair," Linke moaned, even though he knew there was no stopping this now; "you've had me on the edge for the last five minutes."

David gave him an evil smile.

"But you have experience points," David told him and he knew he was sunk, "so you had an advantage to begin with."

Dying of sexual overload when David was involved was a distinct possibility, but Linke didn't want to expire quite so soon.

"Just lie back and enjoy," David said in a wicked tone.

He groaned as David pulled him free of his underwear and trousers and he considered just coming the moment David started, but his sense of pride was just a little louder than the voice of surrender. There was the sound of another zip and he looked over to see that Jan had efficiently moved Juri into the same state as him and Franky and the game was set.

"Ready?" Timo said with a grin, almost as mischievous as David's. "Then go."

Pride or no pride, Linke had trouble keeping his resolution when David leant forward and very deliberately sucked his cock into that sinful mouth. It was so warm and wet and tight with the way David hollowed his cheeks that Linke thought he might just lose it there and then. David was a perfectionist; David liked to be good at everything he did and Linke knew from experience that David was good at sex as well as everything else. It seemed that in the intervening years David had perfected his craft even more and given the moan that came from Franky, he surmised that Timo and David had been perfecting together. Juri wasn't moaning yet, but there was definitely some heavy breathing going on.

Linke began conjugating Latin verbs in his head in a desperate attempt not to come as David began employing tongue as well as suction. He even managed it for a little while until David's hand sneaked under his t-shirt again and then he gave up and just did his very best to hold on with dogged determination.

"Oh fuck."

The curse from Juri's direction at least gave him something else to concentrate on, but, the moment he looked over, he wished he hadn't, because Jan had Juri pushed up against the wall now, trousers around his knees, sucking their tall drummer like a kid with a candy cane. Linke had never seen Juri erect before and he was more than a little impressed; Juri was definitely in proportion.

The fact that Jan was on his knees, taking such a big cock into his mouth over and over again, was almost Linke's undoing and he had to look away. Unfortunately his imagination was far too good and his mind refused to let the

image go, so he looked at Franky and Timo instead. Franky was all but sprawled on the sofa, eyes wide and fixed on where Timo's head was bobbing slowly up and down and it was clear that Franky still didn't quite believe this was happening.

Linke closed his eyes in desperation and tried to conjure up a mental image that was totally unsexy, but he didn't have much luck. His fingers were digging into the arms of his chair and he was clinging on as if his life depended on it, but he couldn't last. He managed for a while longer, which felt like an eternity, but eventually David did something sinful involving tongue, suction and just a hint of teeth and Linke was swearing and coming and seeing stars.

David sucked him dry until he was whimpering, but it felt so good he didn't care.

"Oh shit, oh fuck."

Juri went next, or at least that was what Linke deduced was happening since he didn't have the motor power to open his eyes and look. It definitely sounded like an orgasm.

"You should open your eyes," David crawled back into his lap and whispered in his ear, "I think Franky's going to go any second."

He just about managed to crack open one eye in time to see Franky's features twist in complete abandon. It was quite cute really; the way Franky looked half surprised and half blissed-out as Timo finished him off completely. Linke wished he'd had a camera and then thought better of it, because the less evidence there was of what they were doing the better.

"Told you you'd enjoy it," Timo said, pulling back and looking just a little smug.

Franky just put his head back against the sofa and groaned, which made Linke smile broadly. Definitely going better than he had expected. Maybe David and Timo weren't as insane as he sometimes suspected. It was possible his friends' actions had more to do with the fact that they were their own band now, without management pushing them in directions they didn't want to go, than just the name.

"Naked time," David decided and Linke found himself under attack again.

"David," he all but squeaked as he found himself divested of his trousers and underwear before he could sit up and object. "Could you go pick on someone else for a while?"

David just chucked his clothes in the corner for him and flashed him a smile which gave him no confidence that his request had even been processed let alone granted.

"I like picking on you," David said with no remorse whatsoever, "and besides, it's time to take this game up a gear and I don't think Franky or Juri are quite ready for that yet."

Linke didn't think *he* was ready for that yet, but it didn't look like he was going to be shown mercy.

"Then take it up a gear with Timo," he suggested, but had little hope of success.

"Oh, I intend to, or rather he and I intend to with you," David replied.

Linke began to think he should have run when he had the chance. Of course if he really put his foot down and said no, David would relent, but David would also be upset and when David was upset no one was happy. That was David's ace in the hole; David really was at the heart of the band.

"I am not a fucking machine," he said, and for once he meant that literally rather than figuratively.

"But you always seem to enjoy it so much," David said, taking the bottom of his shirt in hand.

Once again Linke gave up a lost cause and raised his arms so David could pull his t-shirt off.

"I do hope you'll be getting naked too," he said, since he was now completely sans covering, "and I'd like to point out I'm not seventeen anymore and if you kill me there will be consequences."

Puberty was thankfully past, so he wasn't sure his libido was quite as on as David seemed to remember it. These days he liked to think he had a little control over his hormones.

"Yes to the question," David said and, as if to demonstrate, removed his own t-shirt, "and I think you're selling yourself short. I seem to remember that time at your house when your parents were away."

Linke felt himself colouring and he was just not the type to blush. That had been one hell of an evening and he didn't remember how he'd ended up bound to the sofa face down and arse up (there had been alcohol involved), but he definitely remembered what had happened after that point. He hadn't been able to sit down without recalling everything very clearly for about a week; his mother had been worried he'd injured himself in some way for days.

"Let me rephrase," he said as David stood up and started to undress further while Timo did the same on the other side of the room, "I want to be able to sit down tomorrow."

"You play better standing up anyway," Timo said and Linke decided that he might just have to take revenge for whatever was coming at a later date; clearly he wasn't getting anywhere at the moment.

Two packages landed on the floor with a thump as Timo fished them out of his pocket and threw them into the middle of the room and then went on undressing. Two packets of condoms in a clear bag and a large tube of lube; Linke was in no doubt they'd probably need all of them. When these little sessions got going they tended to go on ... and on ... and on. He wondered absently if Franky had any inkling that he was very likely to have been fucked by one or more of his bandmates before the evening was over. He was pretty sure Juri would have figured that out, since Juri was always on the ball, but sometimes Franky was oblivious. It was all very much a share and share alike thing and Linke had his eye on a Jan sandwich with Juri at some point, if he had any energy left once David and Timo were finished with him.

"Where do you want me, oh masters?" he asked, deciding that dramatic flair was better than passive compliance.

"On your hands and knees, of course," David said, with equal drama, "where else, slave?"

Linke slid off his chair and onto the floor and assumed the position.

"Just don't push it," he said, not sure what David and Timo had in mind, but pretty sure he was going to enjoy it ... eventually; "I bite when provoked."

"And we really don't want that," Timo underlined the point to David, which Linke found more than a little amusing.

Since Timo was now naked, Linke let himself give his friend the once over and waited for what was coming next. Given Timo's reaction to his threat of biting, he was not overly shocked when Timo walked up in front of him and blatantly offered him his cock. It didn't take a genius to figure out what Timo wanted him to do with it, and since Timo had just given Franky a mind melting blow job, turnabout really was fair play.

Linke wasn't overly fond of the taste of cock, but it was one of those things that he classed as the end justifying the means. He did like what he could do by having a cock in his mouth, so it all evened out and he swallowed as much of Timo as he could. The fact that he had a very minimal gag reflex helped enormously and Timo seemed to appreciate it as well. It was always gratifying to see someone's thigh muscles tremble because of something he was doing, or at least that was what he thought at times like these.

Since he was on his hands and knees and David had given him no indication that that should change, he had very little control over the blow job, but he was doing his best to melt Timo's brain when he felt fingers on his arse. Slick fingers to be precise that slid down his crack playfully and then weren't so much on him as in him. David wasn't wasting any time and Linke moaned as one finger was worked into him up to the knuckle almost straight away.

"Oh god," Timo said, clearly enjoying the proceedings; "make him do that some more."

"My pleasure," David replied and Linke found himself moaning again as David twisted the finger inside him, pulled it out most of the way and then pushed it back in.

The fact that David was turning him in to a human vibrator for Timo did not escape his notice, but he wasn't about to argue. He did his very best to maintain what little control he had and not completely turn into David's toy, but about all he could manage was the odd application of tongue to Timo's cock to make sure that Timo realised he did have a say in what was going on.

David's finger began to delve deeper and, when David very deliberately went on a quest for his prostate and found it, Linke had to draw back from Timo completely, panting and breathing hard as David overloaded his nerves a little too soon after his orgasm to allow him any dignity at all. The fact that he was almost hard again had impinged on his awareness and he might not have been a teenager anymore, but his body seemed to be doing its level best to pretend he was. So much for having a modicum of control of his hormones.

"Just as responsive as ever then," David said and sounded far too pleased with himself for Linke's liking.

"Bastard," was about all Linke could manage as David once again employed his find.

David didn't give him much chance to adjust to anything that was happening either as another finger was worked into his arse. He might have liked things up his backside, but it wasn't something he habitually bothered with when masturbating; it took too much forethought, so it had been quite a while and his hole accepted that abuse, but still complained. Not that the complaint of his muscles bothered him overly; it was more another come on to his libido than anything else. He was beginning to wonder how he had gone so long without this, especially since David seemed to remember exactly how to push his buttons.

"I'm being neglected here," Timo complained and drew a little of Linke's attention away from his own arse.

"Be a good boy and look after Timo," David said in a tone that could almost have been interpreted as a request rather than the order Linke knew it was.

He was beginning to feel a little rebellious and went to object when David bent both the fingers inside him and twisted and all sensible thought decided to dribble out of his head. When Timo's cock appeared just in front of his face, he went back to sucking it without protest. He didn't even complain when Timo gave up waiting for him to do things and started to all but fuck his mouth. As long as David kept doing unmentionable things to his arse he really didn't care. Hence it was only when David's fingers were finally removed that he began to take proper notice again.

"You're not ..?" he heard Franky say in a very breathy, shocked tone.

Then he felt it, something cold, hard and slippery being pushed against his entrance. He knew that feeling; it was a distant memory, but a fond one: that was glass. This glass object was larger than the fingers, but David pushed it firmly into him and it slowly slipped in. He completely forgot about Timo as it was all he could do to prevent himself headbutting the floor as his arms threatened to give out.

"Oh fuck," he said, breathing through the sensation of being breached by the cold, cylindrical object.

"Sorry," David said as Linke did his best to get a hold of himself and relax into accepting the intrusion, "not as big as a champagne bottle, but beer seems more appropriate somehow."

Linke didn't even try to reply, he just groaned as David pushed the lubricated bottle in further. He was probably so going to regret this in the morning, but at that moment it felt wonderful.

"Bet you didn't think our bookworm bassist was this kinky, did you, Franky?" Timo said with a laugh and if Linke had been capable of speech he might have had something to say about that, but as ever, Timo and David were working in sync and the bottle was angled just so and all that remained in Linke's head were stars.

He did just about manage a look sideways to where Franky was sitting on the sofa, now clutching a cushion. It was funny how the cushion seemed to be being pushed downwards quite hard and Linke would have smiled at the fact that

Franky appeared to be aroused watching him being buggered by a bottle, if it wasn't for the fact that his brain was otherwise occupied.

In fact he was so engrossed that he missed the point when Timo walked around behind him and only realised his friend was gone when David made an interesting noise and the bottle lost it devastating accuracy for a few moments. He turned to see Timo kissing David in a very passionate manner and he couldn't help but notice Juri and Jan in the background watching. Juri had Jan pulled against him with a rather possessive arm over the shorter man's shoulder and chest. Linke filed this information away for later, because Timo and David broke the kiss and then David's attention was back on him. He had just about enough time to decide that the way Timo reached for the lube probably meant that Timo's attention was going to be on David before David reminded him exactly where his focus should be by moving the bottle again.

David then proceeded to make sure what few working brain cells he had left were very much occupied with nothing but sex even if the occasional moan, hitch in breath or odd movement of the bottle told him that David was being distracted every now and then as well.

"Ngh, can't take this anymore," David finally said and Linke felt the bottle being removed.

He was not surprised to hear metallicised plastic being torn and then latex being unrolled and even less surprised to feel David move in close behind him. After the hardness of the bottle, his body gave in easily to David's cock, although it was a thoroughly different sensation that made him whimper and pant. When David was fully seated in him, David came to a halt and Linke knew what was coming next as David bent over him slightly. He felt David shudder and David was pushed into him even more and he didn't need to look to know that Timo was sliding into David.

"God yes," he heard David say and he would have agreed if he hadn't lost his power of speech quite a way back down this road.

He was hard and his balls were tight and he hadn't had two orgasms this close together for quite some time, but he had no doubt that that was where he was heading now. David had hold of his hips and it was a little awkward at first as Timo and David worked out a rhythm that satisfied them all, but it wasn't long before David was slamming into him quite hard.

The way David and Timo could work as a pair was sometimes scary, but Linke had nothing to complain about right then. David was basically using him as a fuck toy and he had absolutely no objections, because there were the most amazing rewards for his position.

"Harder," he heard and then realised that the word had come from his own lips.

Clearly his lower brain was not communicating properly with his higher brain, but David obliged and then he didn't care. He couldn't keep any of the sounds in then as he expressed his arousal, the edge of pain that he himself had just instigated and the wonderful feeling of basically being pounded into. David was slight, but David was strong and wiry and, with the added push of Timo as well, Linke was being subjected to a rough ride and he loved every second. When long, clever fingers wrapped around his cock, he had to lock his arms to make sure he did not collapse forward as his muscles began to tremble.

How David had the coordination to work his cock at the same time as slamming into him at the break neck pace as well as taking everything Timo had to give, Linke had no idea. All he could conclude was that David's hands were trained to work on instinct and could do so under any circumstances.

Linke was well on his way to overload and he didn't even try to control himself, he just let go and let his body do whatever the hell it wanted. He was coming over David's hand and yelling something, but he wasn't sure if it was curses, Latin or just some random words that had been in his head as his entire world narrowed to his overwhelming orgasm. He was so far gone that he barely had enough wherewithal not to fall forward and he kept himself braced for David and Timo to finish.

It wasn't really a surprise when he heard Timo go next, a few moments after him, because David really was a control freak, but after only a couple more thrusts, David was shuddering into him and coming as well. Then and only when David began to carefully pull out did Linke let himself collapse onto the floor, carefully falling to his side so that he didn't do himself an injury.

Now he was completely spent and all he could do was lie there breathing hard. His pride was helped a little by the fact that David collapsed behind and half over his legs and Timo was leaning on David as well, so he wasn't the only one who needed some breathing space. As he looked over to Timo and David, David grinned at him.

"It's been way too long," David said and rested one, long fingered hand on his thigh.

Linke knew that look and he knew how fast David could recuperate, or at least how fast David had once upon a time been able to recuperate, and he decided that caution was the better part of valour.

"I'll be over there," he said and gathering what little strength he had picked himself up and crawled away.

He picked a spot in the corner and made himself as comfortable as he could manage, even though David was laughing at him.

"Afraid?" David challenged.

"Yes," Linke replied quite plainly and smiled back.

Whatever the look in David's eyes, Timo clearly had less exciting ideas and leant up against the chair Linke had started off in and dragged David to him, holding his boyfriend close. David did not resist, and seemed to settle back comfortably, just looking around at the other three expectantly.

"Your turn," David said with an off hand little shrug.

Franky suddenly looked as if he was trying to hide behind his cushion or would be willing to use it as a shield, which almost made Linke laugh out loud. Franky was, however, safe for the moment since Jan and Juri appeared far more interested in each other, but Linke was looking forward to the point when Franky had to give in to the inevitable. He was pretty sure their singer had been humping the cushion more than a little bit and was only feeling bashful when eyes were on him. Once you got Franky going it was sometimes difficult to stop the freight train no matter what it happened to be you got him going at.

Jan pulled away from and turned to look at Juri who was, in turn, looking back at Jan and giving their DJ a very thorough up and down.

"Too many clothes," Jan decided as if he had come to the decision after a lot of thought.

That did make Linke snigger, because that much had been obvious. Jan looked over his shoulder at him and gave him a rather challenging look, far more confident than at the start of their endeavour. Linke just grinned back and then watched as Jan stripped off his shirt and leant close to Juri, whispering something that Linke couldn't hear. Juri looked somewhat perturbed for a moment, but Jan said something else and Juri grinned; the pair was definitely up to something.

Jan stripped very efficiently and then commandeered the lube and one of the box of condoms from the floor next to Timo and David. Meanwhile Juri was busy taking his own clothes off and Linke found himself giving Juri a very close up and down. They had seen each other with few clothes on before; they had done several photo shoots that required quick changes and hence virtual strips, but there had never been the opportunity to really look before. He took a moment to just look at the others as well and he noticed the fact that Timo's hands were wandering over David already.

That was why he had moved away; both David and Timo tended to like to play even when they weren't really playing and Linke needed a time out. There was only so much one human male could be expected to take and Linke had found his limit, although he had to admit that watching Jan calmly shove his own lubricated fingers up his own arse did stir something in his belly even if his body was incapable of stirring again just at that moment.

There was definitely a plan going on, even if Juri was watching Jan's every move as if he couldn't get enough, and given the state of Juri's, now latex covered, very erect cock, Linke was pretty sure appearances were not deceiving. As far as Linke knew, Jan was not in a steady relationship with anyone at that time, but the way Jan prepared himself spoke of a familiarity that had Linke wondering if Jan was holding out on them about someone. Unlike him, who tended to just go for girls most of the time, Jan was definitely bi and always had been as long as Linke had known his friend. Of course, Jan might have just had vibrating friends, but whichever it was, Jan didn't take long to prepare himself.

Out of the corner of his eye Linke caught a glimpse of Franky moving his cushion just a little bit; it really was quite amusing. They were going to have to separate Franky from his fluffy companion soon.

"Franky's getting impatient," David said, with a completely unrepentant grin; "are you two going to get on with it."

Franky went a lovely shade of pink and Linke decided that Franky needed loosening up a little.

"You can't rush perfection," Juri said, eyes still firmly on Jan and Linke couldn't help wondering if they were going to end up with another gay relationship in the band before the evening was out.

If the record company ever suspected most of their rock band was gay the repercussions didn't bear thinking about. The suits could be touchy that way, not that it made a huge amount of difference to what the members of the band did.

They were all well aware of their audience and their image, but that didn't mean that in private they chose to pretend to be anything other than what they were.

Which was probably how they were managing with the evening's entertainment without anyone freaking out, well most anyway; Franky needed a little help it seemed. Given how Franky dressed some times, it amazed Linke that their singer wasn't the gayest of the gay and was in fact the straightest of 'the ambiguous' that the rest of them seemed to be. At least that seemed to explain the whole grunge look Franky had been trying out recently and Linke thought that maybe Franky wouldn't try so hard if they could get him to relax more. With that in mind, he went into action.

Having got his breath back, he was pleased to find his legs did not shake that much as he pulled himself up and threw himself on the other end of the sofa.

"Floor's hard," he said and grabbed the other cushion and placed it strategically so Franky didn't do a runner.

Then he turned his attention back to Juri and Jan, just in time to see Jan walk up to Juri, Juri brace himself against the wall and then Jan climb onto Juri's much longer frame. Now Linke was impressed and couldn't help licking his lips at the way Juri's muscles rippled under the strain. He was beginning to think that he should just admit he was bi and be done with all the doubting, because those muscles definitely did it for him in a way that had nothing to do with sticking things in holes of any sort.

"Oh god, yeah," Timo said, sounding as interested as Linke definitely was.

It took some interesting manoeuvring with instructions coming from Jan, but somehow Juri managed to line up his cock with Jan's hole and Jan sank down with an appreciative groan. From the way Juri's eyes closed with complete abandon for a few moments, Linke was pretty sure this was a first for their drummer, but with the ease Jan sank down there was no doubt in his mind that their DJ had arse-pals, be they artificial or flesh and blood.

Linke felt his cock twitch at the raw power he could see in his two friends as they very carefully began to move together. Juri was strong and sure, thrusting his hips slowly as Jan clung to their drummer and did most of the actual movement and Linke couldn't take his eyes off them. He had the perfect view of Juri's thick, slick cock moving in and out of Jan's stretched, willing hole and it was sending messages around his body that his body was not yet ready to be able to answer.

Franky was just as enrapt as he was, blue eyes wide and staring with just a touch of disbelief in that fixed expression. It seemed Franky was the only one of them with any inhibitions left and Linke very carefully moved a little bit closer to their singer while Franky was distracted.

"Y'know," he said, leaning close to his friend and whispering so as not to disturb the wonderful performance going on over at the wall.

Franky started almost violently, clearly having no idea when he had moved so close.

"Relax," Linke said and smiled properly rather than smirking. "No one is going to make you do anything you don't want to."

The fact that by the time David got through with anyone they tended to want exactly what David wanted wasn't something Linke was going to bring up at that point.

"I'm not into guys," Franky finally said in a very quiet voice, but his eyes betrayed him, slipping back to Juri and Jan as Jan made a very interesting noise of pleasure.

"Maybe not," Linke gave his friend the benefit of the doubt, "but you're into sex and you're humping a cushion which suggests you're definitely enjoying something about this evening."

Franky looked down at the cushion then and blushed a little bit more.

"If it helps," Linke whispered, wanting Franky to relax with the rest of them, "think of it as male bonding for the sake of band unity."

"Male bonding?" Franky looked dubious.

It was at that point he knew that he was right about Franky's nervousness.

"Look," he said with a grin, "for millennia men have been going around and if it has a hole in it, been willing to stick their cock in it for the sake of a bit of self gratification. It doesn't make you gay."

Linke had long since stopped trying to rationalise things to himself, but he well aware other people often had to and Franky did look a little happier after that analogy. The way Franky's eyes kept moving back to Juri and Jan's athletic feats with slightly less nervousness was just the reaction Linke was after.

"What about being the one taking it," Franky asked quietly, "does that make you gay?"

Now that was an interesting question; clearly something had piqued Franky's interest.

"It's about pleasure, Franky," Linke said and patted Franky's cushion, "pleasure and making sure David is a happy camper, because if David's happy we all tend to be happy as well."

That made Franky smile; none of them tried to deny that anymore.

Just before he settled back into watching Juri and Jan's performance, Linke looked over to where David and Timo were curled around each other and shared a quick glance with David. His efforts had not gone unnoticed and David gave him a little grin that was full of promise and he wondered if it was for him or Franky.

When his eyes finally settled back on Jan and Juri, he let himself take in the perfectly delicious sight. Both men were glistening slightly in the light from where their efforts had covered them both in a thin film of sweat and they were both making noises of pleasure and exertion with each move they made. If Linke hadn't been quite so worn out from what David had put him through he might have been unable to resist the urge to join the pair in some shape or form.

"Need more leverage," Juri finally groaned out and David and Timo moved very rapidly out of the way as their drummer set his sights on the chair Linke had started off in.

It seemed Juri was as focused with sex as he was when he was drumming if the single minded expression was anything to go by as Juri pushed himself off the wall and carried Jan to the chair. Linke was incredibly impressed with the show of strength and flexibility from the pair when they came to rest, Jan half sitting, half laying in the chair, Juri leaning over Jan and still very much joined at the groin.

"Much better," Juri decided in a breathless voice as Linke watched their drummer push all the way into Jan.

"Oh yeah," Jan agreed, wrapping his legs around Juri's back in a very possessive gesture.

Juri appeared to be after more than simple fucking as well as their new position meant that Juri could now demand a kiss, not that the way Jan responded suggested Jan thought this was a bad thing at all. Linke was pretty sure his tongue was hanging out; there was just something about the way the pair kissed that had him panting for more even if he was just watching.

"Now that's chemistry," he heard Franky breathe more than actually say.

Linke nodded, although had no doubt that Franky only had eyes for their drummer and their DJ, but it was just that he wasn't sure he knew what words to use at that particular moment in time. Juri and Jan appeared to be all but devouring each other and Juri was thrusting into Jan slowly, but oh so powerfully. There was nothing half done about Juri's movements, pulling out to the very tip and then sinking in all the way, time after time. Jan appeared perfectly happy to simply surrender and Linke discovered why Franky was so fond of his cushion as he found himself pushing it against his already sensitive nether regions as he watched the action unfold.

For someone he was pretty sure had never done this before, Linke thought Juri had picked up the basics really fast. Jan was making little encouraging noises that were becoming louder and louder with every thrust and when Juri moved back into a more upright position so he could take hold of Jan's cock, Linke found himself holding his breath. Juri's hand was perfectly in time with the rest of his body and Jan's breath seemed to be shorter and shorter until Jan bucked up with a keening cry and delivered his load all over his own stomach. It was quite honestly scorching hot to behold.

Juri remained perfectly still for a few moments, allowing Jan to slowly come down before carefully pulling out, cock still very much hard and glistening from all the lube. Linke couldn't help hoping that at some point in the evening he would be able to find out why Jan had quite such a big smile on his face.

Everyone seemed about as dazed as Jan for a little while, but as Jan came back to his senses so did everyone else and then all eyes turned one way. There was really only one person in the room who was not completely into the action now and Linke looked sideways.

"Franky, man, you're a bit overdressed for the party," he said and gave his friend a little smirk in a way he hoped was a come on and also somewhat supportive.

Franky's eyes flicked around the room at all the faces that were very clearly looking at him and appeared a bit like a frightened rabbit for a while.

"You're still not managing the relaxing thing are you?" Linke decided to take charge since he was the closest. "Let's see if we can't do something about that."

Given that Franky had already had one orgasm, he really should have been eased into the whole thing, but clearly they had given him too much time to think after Timo had melted his brain. Linke was just going to have to do it again and then they could all work on moving Franky into the main action before his brain kicked back in. It was amazing what you could convince someone to do when their synapses were being short-circuited by unadulterated pleasure.

Discarding his own cushion, Linke turned so that he was almost facing Franky and then very deliberately placed his hand over the one Franky had holding his cushion shield in place. Watching Franky's face for any signs of objection, he then pushed very firmly against the cushion and rubbed down just slightly. Franky's mouth opened and let out a little gasp and it was all too clear that Franky's cock was very much sensitive.

Linke was working on instinct and he decided to break Franky in gently, but not too gently. Standing up, he quite deliberately climbed onto Franky's lap, keeping the cushion between them, but using his body keep the pressure on Franky's cock. The way he had to position himself meant that he was putting quite a lot of pressure on his own as well and he was recovering nicely from his earlier activities.

"Let's get rid of this," he suggested, tugging gently at the bottom of Franky's shirt.

Franky still didn't seem quite sure, but Linke was pretty sure he had deduced correctly that the cushion was Franky's comfort zone as they manoeuvred carefully so that the t-shirt came off and the cushion stayed in place. Once they were settled again, Linke rolled his hips once in a very deliberate fashion, pushing down on the cushion and breathing hard through his nose at the wonderful friction it caused in his cock. That time Franky moaned quietly and Linke smiled, pleased with the reaction.

Leaning forward, he brushed his lips against Franky's, requesting a kiss from that full, pouty mouth and was rewarded as Franky acquiesced. It soon became very apparent that singing was not the only thing Franky knew how to do with his tongue and for a little while Linke let himself indulge in a dance of sensuous muscle and teeth. Franky was a surprisingly good kisser, almost as good as David, but kissing was not the order of the day, so Linke eventually broke away, moving on to nibbling down Franky's jaw line.

"Fuck the cushion," he whispered into Franky's ear just before he moved onto Franky's neck, "move like I know you want to."

He made sure that his lower body remained in position to keep up the pressure on the cushion and, as he carefully worked up to leaving his mark on Franky's neck, he felt Franky slowly roll his hips. Franky's hands were still by his sides against the sofa, where they had ended up after Linke had taken possession of the cushion, and Linke let that go on for a while as he continued his attentions on Franky's neck and allowed his companion to ease into the whole idea of humping the inanimate object between them, but he wasn't going to allow it for long. Franky started slowly, moving against the cushion and hence against him, but Linke quickly discovered that his faith in male nature was founded as Franky lost his inhibitions and began to move like he meant it. That was when he decided to go for the next step.

"Y'know," he said, pulling back just a little, "if you grab me rather than the sofa, we get better leverage."

Whether Franky realised he was being manipulated or not didn't really seem to matter as Franky's arms came up and around him and they began to move together again. The fact that Franky still had his jeans on was something they could deal with later.

The cushion was that soft velvety material and it felt so good that Linke almost forgot that he had a purpose above his own physical pleasure. Keeping his attention on Franky took quite a lot of work, which was a good sign really because that meant Franky was probably having the same trouble.

"Didn't Jan and Juri look so incredibly hot," he kept up the pressure and added to it by whispering in Franky's ear.

He could feel the tension in Franky now, the need that told him his companion was getting close.

"Can you imagine what it would feel like?"

He hoped he was gauging Franky's lusts correctly.

"Cock slick with lube," he whispered in Franky's ear, "sliding into tight, hot heat. Being squeezed."

Franky moaned very quietly, pushing harder against him now, clinging to him, grip moving further down to bring them both in line better. For a moment Linke could only moan as well as the move increased the pressure on his cock as well, but he had a task and he was not about to shirk it.

"Feeling strong muscles give way around you, holding you even as you pull out," he could feel Franky was close, "even as someone slides into you."

Franky thrust up once more against the cushion and then almost bucked him off, coming hard with some very choice swear words. It made Linke smile as he realised he had Franky pegged right on the nose and he glanced over where David was watching intently and saw that David had concluded the same thing he had. Franky might be into girls normally, but their straight singer was going to find himself buggered senseless before the evening was out, since that seemed to be what he really wanted.

"Don't you feel better now?" he asked after giving Franky a little time to recover and then climbing off. "Time to let go of those inhibitions for good, Franky."

Then he reached out and deliberately took hold of the cushion, removing the now soiled furnishing and throwing it into the corner of the room.

"Let us look after you," David added, getting up and walking over.

When David offered his hand, Franky took it, standing up so that he and David were face to face. Linke moved out of his sitting position as well and moved in close behind Franky, slipping his hands into the waistband of Franky's boxers and jeans and beginning to ease them downwards as David all but demanded a kiss from Franky. As David worked, Linke carefully stripped Franky out of what was left of his clothes and then moved back to his place behind their singer.

While David kissed and caressed from the front, he went into action from the back, going back to work on Franky's neck, which he was discovering seemed to be very sensitive and allowing his hands to roam. When he finally moved on to massaging buttocks, he felt Franky tense for just a little while, but soon had his friend relaxing into the touch. Franky was definitely getting the hang of the whole thing and, when he and David had their singer nicely warmed up, he was going to enjoy sinking in to that tight virginal hole; after all he thought he'd earned it.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Timo moving over to join Jan and Juri and it was quite obvious how the next part of the evening was going to work. Absently he wondered if they had the coordination to do a complete daisy chain, but that was getting ahead of himself and they had plenty of time to play. Refocusing back on Franky, he let his hand drift between the singer's legs and gently caress Franky's balls from behind. The way Franky shuddered and tried to move away told him that they were going to have to let Franky recover a bit more before moving up a gear, but Linke was nothing if not patient.

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Linke woke up from what felt like the sleep of the dead and found himself nose to foot with someone else. As he moved slowly, he discovered that he ached in many places and his brain filled with dreams of a long hot shower rather than sex, which was about all that had been on his mind the previous night. He'd been so exhausted by the time he had fallen asleep that he hadn't taken much notice where he was and, as he lifted his head, he realised he was lying the wrong way up on one of the beds with a duvet haphazardly thrown over him and he was sharing said bed with Jan and Juri, who were the right way up and snuggled together in a very cute manner.

He would enjoy torturing them about that later, but, as it was, he carefully climbed off the bed and did his best to stand up straight. His care paid off in that neither did he wake his companions, nor did he set any of his delicate muscles to aching any more than they already were. For a while he was undecided as to what to do next and looked longingly at the bathroom door for a while, but his mouth felt like it had been sandblasted, so he went looking for water instead.

There had been some in the mini-bar in the main room he was sure, so he grabbed one of the complimentary robes and walked out of the bedroom to find it. It was still early, so he was surprised to find someone else up, that someone being Franky.

"Morning," he greeted, padding over to the mini bar and finding his precious water still there, "you're up early."

"So are you," Franky pointed out and Linke gave a small shrug as he opened and downed half the bottle before trying to reply.

"It was that or die of dehydration," he replied, smiling and then deciding to sit down since Franky was looking pensive, "what's your excuse?"

"I rolled over and almost fell out of bed, so I thought it would be safer to get up," Franky replied with the tiniest of smiles in return. "How the hell does Timo sleep with David all the time? David sprawls like no bed partner I have ever had before."

"I think Timo has just adapted to being sprawled on," Linke replied and took another gulp from his bottle of water.

He had once listened to Timo describe David's sleeping habits for a whole hour and his only input into the whole conversation had been suggesting the pair buy a bigger bed. That he had ended up in a room with Jan and Juri and Franky in a room with David and Timo was not quite how he had expected the previous evening to finish, but he wasn't complaining. They fell into companionable silence for a few minutes.

"Has this happened a lot before?" Franky finally asked, which was one of the questions Linke had been expecting.

"A few times," Linke replied with a nod, "but not while we were Nevada Tan, so no one's been hiding things from you."

Franky seemed kind of pleased about that.

"It's always David who starts it, just in case you were wondering," he continued to explain, "and it's always that mind blowing. You okay with it in the clear light of day?"

Surprisingly Franky smiled at that question.

"Well I learnt a few interesting things about myself," Franky replied and shook his head a little as if the clear it, "but, yeah, I'm okay with it."

"Maybe that's what David exists for," Linke suggest in a whimsical tone; "to expand the horizons of the rest of us."

"That or to make sure we all end up batshit insane," Franky replied and Linke had to laugh; possibly Franky had a point.

"I think that should be more insane, given what we do for a living," he said and grinned broadly.

The previous night had been a surprise, but not a bad one in Linke's estimation and he felt like part of a unit, more than he had done in a long time. He had never really thought about it before, but he liked the extra closeness their activities had brought and when he finally decided to move he did so with a smile on his face.

"Well I am going to commandeer one of the bathrooms and have a very long, very indulgent shower," he said and winced as he moved a little too fast for his over used muscles.

"Just for the record," Franky said before he could leave, "how long is my arse going to hurt every time I move?"

Linke would have tried for sympathetic, but he was pretty sure amused settled into his features first.

"With the way David and Timo dragged you off last night I'm thinking they had you going for another good hour or so, am I right?" he asked and tried not to grin too broadly.

"Good as," Franky replied, but did not appear annoyed by his amusement; "are those two sex bots or something?"

"Good as," Linke threw Franky's own words back at his friend and did laugh this time; "possibly energiser bunnies on Viagra."

That caused Franky to snort with amusement as well.

"A day at least," Linke said, answering the original question, "just take it easy and you'll be fine. Now I'm going to find that shower."

Franky gave him a little wave and he wandered off, doing his very best to walk perfectly normally.

"Don't drop the soap," was Franky's passing comment on that which made Linke cackle with laughter again as he went to find the bathroom in which he had stowed his stuff the previous day.

Oh yes, David's decision had definitely been inspired. They might all be a little delicate when they finally emerged, but the stress relief was already palpable. It was going to be a very good day.

The End