

I Should Have Knocked

“Oh my god I’ve missed you so much baby.” Howie kisses Chris’s neck and hugs him tightly.

“I’ve missed you too. The guys were saying I was pure hell without you to hold me down.” Howie laughs and looks Chris in the eye.

“I brought the leash.” Chris smirks and kisses Howie hard, both of them falling to the bed. Chris runs his hand up Howie’s chest and Howie helps him take it off of him. Howie gasps when Chris is licking his nipples and working on getting his pants off.

“Do you know what we need?” Chris looks up.

“What?” Chris continues kissing his chest. The door opens.

“Hold shit I’m so sorry!” Lance covers his eyes and walks back out of the room. “I didn’t... this is mine... I’ll just grab my bag.” Lance rushes over to his bed and grabs his over night bag. “I’ll be with Joey. Enjoy your night!” Before he can get out of the room, Howie stops him.

“Just, hold on a sec.” Howie whispers into Chris’s ear and Chris giggles, looking at Lance. Lance starts to think something bad might happen if he doesn’t run from the room now.

“Lance?” Lance arches an eyebrow at Chris. “Don’t you owe me a favor?” Lance slowly nods. “Well I just figured out what it’s going to be.”

“I don’t like the sound of this.” Howie gets off the bed and shuts the door, locking it. Lance takes a step back.

“Don’t worry. It will be fun.” Howie grabs Lance’s bag and tosses it over Chris and it hits the floor by Lance’s bed. Lance takes another step back. “Come here Lance.” Lance takes a few steps more back and hits the wall. Chris walks over.

“You go first and I’ll watch.” Lance watches in horror as Howie walks back to his bed and Chris takes his own shirt off. Lance suddenly finds Chris’s lips against his own and his pants starting to be unbuckled. He reaches down to stop him but they are already down around his ankles, and his hands are pinned above his head in a flash.

“Chris?” It came out as a slight moan and Howie laughs, slowly removing his own jeans. Chris gets on his knees, letting go of Lance’s hands. Lance wanted to shove Chris off of him and run, but a hot mouth enveloped his cock and he groans. “Oh, fuck.” Chris moves slowly on his cock that was starting to get hard. Howie was jerking off and watching Chris’s head move. Lance runs his hands through Chris’s hair and whimpers when he takes his mouth off his cock.

It was replaced by Howie’s mouth and Chris sits on the bed jerking off. “Oh fuck.” Lance pushes his palms against the wall and comes deep into Howie’s throat. Howie pulls off and swallows. He stands and presses his body firm against Lance and kisses Lance, shoving his tongue into his mouth and flicking it around. Lance puts his hands on Howie and kisses him back. He is pulled to the bed and both Chris and Howie kiss his body and strip him. Lance shuts his eyes and can feel his hard on coming back.

“Now your going to fuck and be fucked Bass.” He opens his eyes and sees Howie lying on the bed, motioning him to ‘come here’ with his fingers. Lance climbs onto his body. “And no condom. Or lube.” Lance shudders and shoves deep into Howie. Howie and Lance gasp. Chris chuckles. Lance pulls a leg over his shoulder and slowly pulls in and out.

Chris lines himself up with Lance and shoves into him. Chris fucks Lance at a fast pace and he reaches around, grabbing Howie’s cock and stroking it with a firm hand. Howie sprays over Lance and Lance comes into Howie after a few minutes. Chris groans and kisses Lance’s shoulder, shaking and coming too.

“On the bed Bass.” Lance lies down and Howie gets on top of him. Howie kisses Lance and he kisses him back, running his hand up and down his back. Chris positions himself and fucks Howie while he is making out with Lance. Howie comes all over Lance and Chris licks it all up.

“Now you’re going to watch us fuck and your going to jerk off, right?” Howie smirks and Lance gets onto his bed. Chris lies down and Howie kisses up his chest, playing with each nipple.

Lance trails his hand down his chest and plays with each nipple.

Howie gets to Chris’s neck and he sucks on his ear lobe. Chris grabs his face and kisses him firmly. Howie smiles and nods. Chris gets onto his knees.

By now Lance was touching himself.

Howie gets down onto his back and sucks on Chris's cock slowly, massaging his balls.

Chris watches Lance closely; his mouth is slightly agape and his eyes are fluttering open and close. Chris sighs and Lance massages his balls, groaning.

Howie gets up and fucks Chris with two fingers. "Oh fuck Howie, fuck me fuck me fuck me!" Howie looks over at Lance, scanning his flushed body with his eyes. Howie grabs hold of his cock and teases Chris's entrance.

"Want me inside you baby?" Lance moves to his cock and opens his eyes wide, seeing Howie slam into Chris and Chris throwing his head back in a loud moan.

"Fuck yes." Chris looks over at Lance, moaning and groaning at each thrust Howie gives.

Lance's breathing quickens and he moves his hand faster.

Chris's hand moves to his own cock and he strokes it, copying Lance.

Lance's mouth opens wide and he gasps. "Shit!" Lance squirts onto his bed and Chris cries out in pleasure.

Howie reaches his hand out and grabs Chris's head, slamming harder and harder before coming. Lance falls onto his side, eyes still on Howie and Chris.

Howie pulls out. "I love you so much." Chris falls over and Howie lies on top of him.

"Love you too baby. Thanks Lance." They both look over at Lance and smile. Lance waves his hand.

"I should have knocked first." He stands and gets dressed, grabbing his bag.

"So you didn't like it?" Lance shakes his head.

"That's the thing; I loved it." Howie and Chris wave to Lance as he walks out the door, waving back.

“So is that what you were going to say we needed?” Howie pets Chris’s head and gets them under the sheets.

“Actually, I was just going to say to use the vibrator but this works.” Chris laughs and kisses Howie, putting his head on his chest.

“I love you so much Howie.”

“I love you so much Chris. And I have learned something.”

“What?” Chris turns his head and looks up at Howie. He looks back and smiles.

“Lance Bass can give a good fuck.”

“Duh. I learn that out in Germany.” Chris rests his ear to Howie’s chest and falls asleep to his heartbeat. “That’s why I agreed.”

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“Yeah, I would knock too Bass.” Lance throws his bag to the ground and strips down to his t-shirt and boxers, getting under the sheet. Joey laughs.

“Just shut up okay? It was good, nonetheless.”

“Night man. Pleasant dreams.” Joey finds a pillow flying into his face. “And you aren’t getting this back either.” Joey sits on the pillow and continues to read his magazine. Lance soon starts to snore lightly. “Didn’t your mother teach you to knock?”

THE END!