

Absolution: The Cupcake Wars

By Sloane Kennedy

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Mace

“Tell me again why I had to drive all the way to Queens for these cupcakes?” I asked as I searched my pocket for my keys.

“Because they’re the best,” Jonas said, a huge grin on his face as he opened the big pink box Cole was carrying and began rifling through it.

“And why are we buying them for our own engagement party?”

“Because we deserve the best,” Jonas responded as he snatched a cupcake from the box and swiped his tongue through the frosting on top. My cock went from half hard to hard instantly and a subtle glance at Cole showed he was in the exact same headspace as me. Jonas, meanwhile, seemed blissfully unaware as he walked a few steps ahead of us towards our car which was parked in the far corner of the nearly deserted underground parking garage.

Or so I thought until the moment Jonas turned around so he was walking backwards. Gone was the grin and in its place was a look of molten desire as he opened his mouth wide to cover almost the entire top of the cupcake so he could suck all the frosting off in one fell swoop. I increased my pace and reached him just as he got to the car. He moaned when I slammed my mouth down on his and beyond the subtle taste of vanilla was Jonas, as sweet and as pure as the first time I’d kissed him. The second Cole reached our side, I relinquished Jonas to him for a bone melting kiss. He’d somehow managed to get the box of cupcakes on the trunk of the car

before he'd pulled Jonas into his arms and the second Cole turned to lay the same kiss on me, I saw Jonas walk around to the back of the car and open the top of the box of cupcakes.

Cole and I pulled apart long enough to watch Jonas take another cupcake out, but instead of swiping his tongue through it, he used his free hand to loosen the button on his pants.

"Fuck," Cole muttered, and then he grabbed my wrist and led me to where Jonas was waiting for us. I shot a quick glance over my shoulder to see if we were still alone. The garage was dim, but not pitch dark and the light above our car was flickering softly, casting us in shadows. Cole was kissing Jonas again as he helped him work his pants free and I urged them both farther back into the corner so the car would shield us somewhat.

Somewhat.

Not completely.

I took over kissing Jonas when Cole released him to work his pants down and I managed to grab the cupcake from Jonas's lax fingers before he dropped it a second after Cole sucked his cock deep down his throat.

"Fuck," Jonas cried as he slammed his hips forward. I slanted my lips over Jonas's mouth to capture the rest of his cries. He was panting hard by the time I let him up for air. I used the time to run my fingers through the frosting on the cupcake and the second I put my hand down near Jonas's cock, Cole released him with a pop. I fisted Jonas, smearing the icing all over his already glistening dick.

"Hmmm, vanilla," Cole murmured as he took a tentative lick. "My favorite," he said with a smile and then ran his tongue slowly from Jonas's base to his tip.

I resumed my kissing of Jonas as Cole played with him and he barely noticed when I slipped his shirt off his body. One of his hands came up to slip under my shirt to play with my nipple piercing while his other hand sought out Cole's hair, presumably to try to force Cole to take him in deep again. But in the year that we'd been with Jonas, Cole and I had become masters at working him over together until he was consumed with only us and nothing else. He'd started the little game with his teasing, but we were in control now and he knew it...he reveled in it.

I groaned when I felt Cole's hand brush against my cock and I glanced down to see his lips were once again wrapped around Jonas while his hand was stroking my cock through my jeans, his bright, hungry eyes looking up at both of us. I gave him an almost imperceptible nod and the second I began maneuvering Jonas to face the car, Cole shifted his body so he could maintain his connection with Jonas. Jonas wasn't aware of what I was doing because he'd been too focused on the sight of Cole sucking him, but he let out a little gasp when I bent him forward over the trunk of the car and gave him a light slap on his ass.

"You like teasing your men?" I asked in a husky voice.

Jonas nodded.

I gave him another light slap. "Say it," I ordered.

"Yes," Jonas moaned.

"Is Cole getting you nice and hard?"

Another nod and then a quick "Yes" as soon as my palm made contact with his other cheek. I'd loved seeing this side of Jonas come out over the past year. His submission wasn't something Cole and I had ever needed, but knowing how much pleasure he got just by being able to let go completely was a beautiful thing to watch and Cole and I loved bringing it to the surface. That wasn't to say he didn't also take great pleasure in tormenting both of us with his quiet dominance on occasion. And very few things got me going like the sound of Jonas's voice as he told me how hard to fuck Cole or what Cole should do when he was rimming or edging me.

"Do you want us to fuck you right here, Jonas?" I asked. "If you say no, you'll have to wait until tonight when we get home."

Jonas bent his head over the car and flattened his palms against the cool metal. He finally lifted his head and scanned the garage. "Here," he bit out. "Please!"

I glanced down to see that at some point, Cole had taken all of Jonas into his mouth again, so I knew I needed to get caught up. I'd dropped the cupcake at some point so I leaned down over Jonas, my front pressed to his back, my erection pressing painfully in my jeans as it nudged his crack and whispered, "I need another cupcake."

Jonas was almost comical as he stretched as far as he could to drag the pink box across the trunk towards us. His fingers ended up covered in frosting as he grabbed a cupcake. “Suck your fingers clean,” I snarled as I took the cupcake from him. Jonas pushed his fingers into his mouth and began sucking and I automatically thrust my hips against his. I reached between us with my free hand to maneuver my cock free of my jeans and thrust it between Jonas’s crease. The second I made contact with his hole, he shouted around his fingers. But I kept the contact brief and pulled back and put the cupcake down on the trunk. I gathered some more frosting on my fingers and knelt down, pulling his cheeks apart as I went. Jonas stiffened the second I swiped frosting over his hole, but I gave him no time to contemplate what was going to happen before I closed my lips over him and sucked. Jonas bucked hard and I used one hand on his hip to hold him in place as I licked his wrinkled flesh. His hole flexed beneath my tongue, but with every gentle probe, the muscle began to relax.

Cole was still going to town on Jonas’s cock, but when I felt his hand close around my cock, I let out a harsh groan. It took me a moment to focus my attention back on Jonas as Cole stroked me, and I ended up having to rework Jonas’s hole until the muscle once again relaxed and I could press my tongue into his body. I could hear Jonas letting off a string of curses and a moment later, Cole released me and climbed to his feet. He put his body between the car and Jonas, forcing Jonas to straighten. I kept up my sensual torture as I lifted my eyes to try and watch Jonas and Cole kissing. Jonas was busy working Cole’s pants open and I wanted to let out a cry of relief when I saw Cole fish a packet of lube from his wallet.

“Is he fucking you real good, baby?” Cole asked as he nipped at Jonas’s mouth.

“Yeah,” Jonas managed to say, his voice low and breathy.

I eased back from Jonas and stood, but placed my finger on his hole and began massaging him so I could keep him nice and loose. I leaned across his shoulder and snared Cole’s mouth in a kiss, then handed Jonas the cupcake. “See how this tastes on Cole,” I suggested.

Jonas needed no further invitation. He grabbed the cupcake, shifted back against me and wiped the top of the cupcake all over Cole’s steely length. Cole let out a rough curse as Jonas sucked him in and I enjoyed the sight of Jonas’s ass cradling my finger while his head bobbed up and down on Cole. My eyes met Cole’s and we both smiled as our boy worked us both as well as

himself. Because with every up down motion, Jonas pushed back on me just a little bit. There was still enough residual frosting on my finger to ease its entry into his body and I groaned when his heat surrounded me in a vicelike grip. I reached down to stroke my cock, but Cole batted my hand away and took over the task for me. I gently inserted my finger the rest of the way into Jonas and heard him gasp around Cole's dick. But like a trooper, he went right back at it and sucked Cole to the root. Cole's muffled shout had me guessing Jonas was swallowing around all that hot flesh.

I barely registered a pair of headlights flashing over us as I continued to finger fuck Jonas. For his part, Jonas was completely unaware, but Cole noticed and stilled. Our eyes met as we waited to see if we'd been discovered, but the car continued past and parked closer to the elevator. Cole pulled Jonas off his dick and covered his mouth with his, stifling the moans that were falling from Jonas's mouth as I added a second finger. I reached around Jonas and grabbed the packet of lube and slathered it over my dick. Jonas was still kissing Cole when I pulled my fingers free of his body and pushed into him.

"Yes!" Jonas hissed against Cole's mouth as I thrust in and out of him gently before finally bottoming out. I kept my strokes slow and steady, but made sure to nail Jonas's prostate every few thrusts. He began groaning with excitement as his hand reached behind us both to search out my ass. I began fucking him harder as Cole pushed him upright into my arms so that he could get his own cock ready.

"Harder!" Jonas demanded as I sawed in and out of him, but instead of doing what he said, I slowed and then stopped. I put my hand under Jonas's chin and forced him to turn his head to the right so I could kiss him over his shoulder. I kissed him deeply before pulling back and saying, "You come when Cole and I say you come, do you understand me?"

Jonas trembled in my arms, but I knew it had nothing to do with fear. We'd edged him plenty of times and he knew just how much better his orgasm would be if he held out. Jonas nodded, but I didn't expect him to speak because he was struggling so hard just to follow my order. I pulled free of Jonas and gently pushed him into Cole's arms. Cole kissed him and then grabbed him by the backs of the legs and lifted him. He spun Jonas around in one easy move and lowered him to the trunk of the car. He shoved into Jonas in one hard thrust and slammed his hand down over Jonas's mouth just before he let out a wail of pleasure. He began fucking Jonas

in earnest as I stood behind him and dragged his shirt up and over his head. I got rid of my shirt as well and then sought out another cupcake. I took my time covering Cole's and Jonas's chests in icing. Fingers sifted through my hair as I leaned down over Jonas to lick the frosting from his nipples and I used my hands to hold him in place as Cole began thrusting into him so hard that his whole body slid across the trunk of the car.

I alternated my attentions between Cole and Jonas and by the time Jonas was nearing his orgasm, we were all covered in frosting.

"No! Don't stop!" Jonas groaned as Cole ceased his pummeling. Cole leaned forward to kiss me and then dropped his weight down onto Jonas and crushed their mouths together.

"Mace is going to finish you off, baby," he whispered between kisses.

"No," Jonas said. "Both of you. It has to be both of you."

Cole and I both froze as Jonas's request sunk in.

"No, Jonas, not here," I began to say as my eyes connected with Cole's. Cole pulled back enough so I could see Jonas's face. The nearly painful need I saw there almost broke my heart.

"Please, Mace, I'm ready."

Taking Jonas both at the same time was something Jonas had mentioned more than once, but Cole and I had held off for fear that we'd inadvertently hurt him, especially considering his history with sex.

"Jonas--"

Jonas didn't even let Cole finish because he scrambled to a sitting position, wrapping his legs around Cole's back to keep him buried deep in his ass. "Now," he whispered. "Please."

Cole and I looked at each other and I had no doubt he was seeing in my eyes what I saw in his. We needed this...all of us.

Cole lifted Jonas enough to pull him off the car and I slipped between them and pressed myself against the car for leverage. Jonas had his arms wrapped around Cole as well as his legs. Cole stepped forward again until Jonas's back pressed against my chest.

“Are you sure, baby?” I whispered against Jonas’s ear before giving it a gentle nip.

“I love you both so much. I want it to be all three of us together like this forever,” Jonas declared. The desperation in his voice was heartbreaking. Cole and I had been so careful in not wanting to risk hurting Jonas physically, we hadn’t considered that this was something he needed emotionally.

“I love you, Jonas,” I said against his ear, then sought out his lips. “Cole and I are going to make you feel so good, okay?”

Relief flooded Jonas’s features and he nodded, then sought out Cole’s mouth. As I reached down to add more lube to my cock and place my cock at Jonas’s entrance, I heard Cole whisper the same words of love to Jonas. My mind immediately balked when I felt Cole’s thickness against the head of my cock, but when I lifted my eyes to meet Cole’s he nodded slightly. We would try this. And we would both know if and when we needed to stop it.

Because our boy came first.

Always.

As I began to push up into Jonas, Cole pressed Jonas farther against me and then released some of his weight so gravity would help bring us together. Jonas sucked in a deep breath as my crown pierced him and we all just held there as Jonas’s body tried to adjust. Sweat was dotting my brow and I kept glance over my shoulder to check the garage to make sure we were still alone. The light above us had started to stay off longer than it stayed on, so it helped to know the shadows hid us more. Because what had started out as a game had turned very serious. And all of our focus needed to be on Jonas.

“Breathe, baby,” I reminded Jonas as I sank deeper inside of him. The feel of Cole’s flesh against mine was excruciatingly amazing, but I forced myself to keep my attention on slowly gaining entry into Jonas’s body. Jonas’s face was buried against Cole’s shoulder and I could feel his body shuddering where I was holding him to help keep him between us. It seemed like hours before Jonas’s body reluctantly gave up the fight and while I didn’t sink right into him, I made better progress as inch after inch of me was welcomed into the tightest hold I’d ever known in my life. I pulled out just the slightest bit before pushing back in and both Jonas and Cole moaned

at the same time. I did it again and was rewarded with the same moans and another inch. By the time I was as deep as I could go, all three of us were struggling to breathe.

“Okay?” Cole asked Jonas after pressing a gentle kiss to his lips.

I could see tears streaming down Jonas’s face, but I knew in my gut they had nothing to do with pain. “It’s perfect,” he whispered.

After that, I lost track of everything but my two men. I knew from the outside, we must have made a strange scene with our half clothed bodies covered in various colors of frosting, but as Jonas had said, between the three of us, the moment was perfect. As with all the other times we’d come together, our bodies took over and came alive, as if they’d been meant all along to work in sync. Cole and I took turns fucking into Jonas while the other held still and then we changed it up further but sawing in and out of him in opposite motions. The friction and sensation of our flesh sliding over each other and Jonas’s smooth inner walls cocooning us was indescribable and I knew none of us would last long. We kept our moves slow, deep and smooth so we wouldn’t hurt Jonas and I could feel my own orgasm building in unhurried, spiraling waves. And I had no doubt my men were experiencing the exact same thing.

Our slow pace increased exponentially as our impending release neared and as I felt my own balls draw up tight against my body, I sought out Jonas’s lips, then Cole’s. I held myself still inside of Jonas and wrapped my arms around him as Cole hammered into him. Shockwaves began rolling through me as my climax hit and I yelled both their names as my orgasm finally crested. Fingers bit into my skin, lips sought out mine and voices whispered my name as we all flew apart at nearly the same time. Liquid heat cascaded over my dick, burning it. I shoved into Jonas as shot after shot of come was yanked from my body and I bit down hard on Jonas’s shoulder as I was wracked with tremor after tremor of insurmountable pleasure. I felt Jonas’s fingers buried in my hair and I realized at some point he’d reached up and behind himself to grab onto me so that we would be connected in every way possible.

Aftershocks rocked through our bodies for endless minutes and none of us spoke as we tried to catch our breath. I was the first to move, gently pulling my dick free of Jonas’s body. He groaned and a moment later, so did I when I felt warm come splash over my dick which I still had pressed against Jonas’s still filled hole. Cole eased out a moment later, his cock brushing

mine and more semen dripped over both of us. Cole carefully put Jonas on his feet, but didn't release him. Neither did I. We just stood there kissing the young man who'd brought us together. Jonas and Cole kissed for a while before Jonas turned around so he could kiss me the same way.

"Thank you," he whispered against my lips.

"Are you okay?" I asked as I pulled back enough so I could see his eyes.

"Oh yeah," Jonas said with a big smile, much like the one that had started this whole thing. "But Mace," he said.

"Yeah."

"I'm so not going to be the one that goes back and gets us another dozen cupcakes."

I chuckled and glanced at Cole, but he said "Not it" before I could and I knew I was fucked...but in the best way possible.

The End