

# Imperative: Always You Redeux

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## Imperative: Always You Redeux

Duncan Sinclair reclined in comfort, his back propped against a veritable wall of plush, soft pillows. Candlelight flickered on the walls, and the setting sun cast warm rays through the window. He arched against red silk ropes that held him in place. At the foot of the bed, a couple were entwined, limbs twisting, dark skin sliding against skin that was even darker. He watched in amused frustration.

“Incoming communication. Neil Van Zandt.” The computerized voice was soft and melodic.

Duncan sighed. Those two were oblivious. They’d be busy for awhile.

“Accept.”

“Hey Dunc, it’s Neil.” His friend’s voice was a bit stressed.

“Hey Neil, it’s been a long time! I hear you’ve been leading a busy life lately, new mate and all...”

Con and Marina suddenly changed positions, she chuckled and he groaned. “Neil, hold one sec...” He glanced down just in time to see his mates roll off the bed, landing with a thump on the carpeted floor.

“Damn it, Con, get over here!” More scuffling and he grinned, imagining what they were up to down there. “Get me that, would you?” A hand tossed him his earpiece. “That’s better. They’re kicking up such a racket...”

Con reached up, one hand clamping onto Duncan's ankle.

"Oh no you don't!" Marina surged up from behind, one arm looping around his shoulder, pulling him back to the floor with a crash.

"Hey, watch it!" Con hadn't let go of Duncan's foot and was pulling him to the foot of the bed, the ropes on his wrists went taut.

"Dunc, what's going on? Or do I want to know?"

Duncan gave a husky laugh. "They're fighting. It ended up on the floor."

"God, I'm sorry..."

"No!" Duncan had to laugh, especially when he imagined the look on Neil's face.

"It's just the usual dominance battle. Ever so often, they just have to prove who wears the pants."

"So who's winning?"

He struggled to see over the edge of the bed. Con had Marina pinned on her belly, her hands anchored behind her back, and he was straddling her upper thigh. Con lowered himself, burying his face between her long legs.

"At the moment, that would be Con..." As quick as thought, Marina scissored her legs, flipping the tall man to his back. She straddled him, triumphantly impaling herself on his cock. Duncan's own cock swelled with frustration. "No, wait, Marina just flipped him. Word of advice, Neil, don't ever leg wrestle a ballerina!"

"So what in hell are you doing during all this? Fixing a sandwich or something?"

"Nah, I'm the prize. They've got me tied to the bed."

There was a moment of silence, broken when Neil began laughing almost hysterically through their connection. "So they've got you all trussed up like a pig? You're talking, so I assume you don't have an apple in your mouth!"

"Naw, but they do have some... ah... looks like whipped cream... and that looks like strawberries over there..."

"TMI, Duncan!"

Marina was humming in arousal, and Duncan could hear Con's labored breathing. In frustration, he pulled at the bonds. His cock lay heavy on his belly, beads of pre-come glistening as they dribbled down into the dark red of his pubic hair.

"So, Neil, listen, since I'm tied up at the moment, and you've clearly got something to talk about, how 'bout we meet for lunch tomorrow? The Thai place by your office?" Suddenly, Marina came upright, her back arched and she gasped, clearly in the grips of orgasm. Duncan's breath escaped on a long hiss and his ass clenched in anticipation.

"Uh... yeah, Dunc, noon okay?" Neil sounded slightly breathless. No doubt Duncan's arousal was contagious.

"Yeah... listen... gotta go... tomorrow... Oh... Jesussss..."

He cut the connection as a hot, muscular hand gripped his cock. Con's body followed as he crawled up from the floor. He was dark and sinewy and muscular, his silky black hair trailed over his body. A single nipple was pierced. A golden hoop glinted against his skin.

"I win." Con's smile was wicked and carnal. Duncan's hips arched against his hand. "Not yet, love. You can't come yet." His grip slid to the base of Duncan's cock, squeezing firmly, helping contain the urge to climax. After a long moment, Duncan nodded breathlessly.

But when Marina crawled up from the foot of the bed, he very nearly lost his resolve. She was ebony against the white sheets, her skin several shades darker than Con's. Her dancer's body was lithe and muscular, her hair worn close to her skull. She was regal, reminding him of an Egyptian queen. Marina was all sensuality and sex. As Con's warm mouth closed over Duncan's cock, she buried herself into his groin, nuzzling his balls, her tongue laving and toying with him.

"Ahhh..." Duncan gasped, almost teetering at that edge once again.

"Marina, we need to slow him down."

Con had won their challenge, making Marina climax first, so he got to call the shots. This time.

They both backed away from Duncan, leaving him gasping and desperate, craning his head to follow their progress. Marina crossed the room, returning with a basin and a cloth. Gently, she bathed his overheated skin, cooling and soothing him as she did so. The water was lightly scented with something -- patchouli? Marina loved patchouli.

Con was up at the pillows, massaging his scalp, his calloused fingers surprisingly gentle. Duncan rolled his head, landing a kiss on Con's flat belly. He smiled to see the other man's cock as aroused and hard as his own. He twisted further and caught a bead of pre-come on his tongue, watching goose bumps come up on Con's skin.

"Marina..." She looked up at Con, willing to submit to his instruction. "Lick him, gently."

She smiled, leaned forward and settled a gentle kiss on Duncan's lips. "You're so beautiful here, my love. So very beautiful. Your eyes are as blue as the sky." Her whisper was gentle in his ear. She kissed him again, and Duncan felt the tears start, the tears that always came when the three were close like this, bodies all wound up together, white, brown and black.

"*Tho*. That's the word for blue in the old Sioux language." Con combed his fingers through Duncan's long auburn waves. "*Wastelakapi*. Beloved." Their eyes caught and held as Marina gently kissed her way down his body, licking a circle around his navel, breathing softly over his cockhead. Once again, he tightened in anticipation as her tongue laved his length, wet, warm and slightly rough. Con held his head in place, kissing him deeply, thumbs stroking along Duncan's cheekbones.

He broke away, reaching over to a side table where a bowl of cream sat, along with several perfect, red strawberries. As Marina licked, Con dipped a berry into the white cream, feeding bites to Duncan. He held the bowl down for Marina who smiled a bit wickedly; she dipped a finger into the cream and painted his cock with it. She licked it off and he moaned softly. Con was licking drops of juice from his nipples.

At a nod from Con, Marina moved to his feet and untied the bonds; he did the same at the top, freeing Duncan's hands. They rubbed and massaged, bringing sensation back to his limbs.

"Marina, lay on your back." She followed his instructions, laying back into the pillows, one leg falling out to the side so Duncan could see her juices glistening. Her breath came quickly, her small, perfect breasts rising and falling. He glanced to Con, who nodded his permission.

Gratefully, Duncan fell atop her, settling into the cradle of her hips and thighs. He kissed her full, luscious lips, outlining them with his tongue, running his hands over the clean outline of her skull. Con's large aquamarine pendent lay between her breasts. He felt it between them as he pressed closer. Mariana reached between them, grasping his cock, guiding it into the warm, wet haven of her pussy.

He went still, knowing that if he moved, he'd be unable to quit. So together, they lay quietly as Con moved behind Duncan, kneeling between their legs.

Duncan automatically relaxed as he felt a finger press into his anus. The lube was slick and warm. His balls went tight against his body and for a brief moment, he threatened to go soft at the invasion. Marina bore down on his cock, drawing his focus back to her pussy. She rocked slightly to bring his erection back.

It had been some time since they'd done this, and Duncan felt a slow, delicious burn as Con pressed into his ass. His cock was thick and blunt, advancing by slow degrees. Duncan groaned, dropping his head to Marina's shoulder. He gasped in near surrender.

It was too much, it wasn't enough and it was the most exquisite sensation Duncan could conceive of. They frequently shared Mariana this way, one in the back, one in the front, sometimes collapsing from the overwhelming sensation of the act.

But here, now, the intimacy of Con's penetration stripped away every layer of Duncan Sinclair until he lay bare and exposed between his two spouses.

He pushed into Mariana, and as he withdrew, Con thrust into Duncan, setting up a gentle, mind-blowing tempo. He didn't know he was crying until Marina pulled him down and kissed the tears from his face.

Con leaned forward, covering his back, one hand coming around to brush a tear away. "Don't cry, Duncan."

He caught a sob and laughed. "But it's good, Con, too good not to cry!" The other man wrapped an arm tightly around Duncan's torso, holding him in a tight embrace. There were no more words then, only the music of quick sighs and soft moans. Duncan opened his eyes, looking down at Marina. Tears streaked from the corner of her eyes, glistening on her skin. He bent and licked the salty fluid from the shell of her ear.

She was rapidly rising to her peak, her skin dewy with perspiration, her lips parted. Her back arched, her hips thrust into his and she clasped him tight. Her sudden powerful thrusts hit him just right. Duncan felt the tightness in his back, the clasping of his ass as his orgasm flooded over him. Like dominoes, Con followed, the sudden, powerful clench on his cock bringing him over in perfect syncopation with the other two.

As the seed rushed from Duncan's cock in staccato bursts, Con filled him in exactly the same way. It was blinding in its perfection, and when the three came to an agonizingly slow halt, they continued to shudder and quake, their bodies on the cusp of exhaustion. They froze in place, muscles temporarily locked. Con's head fell forward, his long hair trailing past Duncan's shoulder till it rested in a pool over Marina's arm.

Carefully, Con slid from Duncan's body. He helped the other man to Marina's side. They lay like that, the fading light of the sun moved through the room until they were in darkness, broken only by the flicker of the candles. The room smelled of patchouli and strawberries and sex. Duncan lay perfectly still, Marina tucked to his front, Con holding him from the back.

"Happy birthday, bud." Con stroked the hair back from Duncan's face. Marina kissed him gently on the chin.

“Happy birthday, Duncan.”

His breath shuddered out in a long sigh. To love and to be loved was an immeasurable gift. He smiled and sent a silent prayer of thanks to anyone who might be listening.

And when Nature heard the prayer, *She* smiled in satisfaction.

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