

uranium fever
by HungryOnMain

Luke and Micah learn a little more about Javier's radioactivity, and the effects it has on the magic.

It was a night like any other, honestly. Rain was pouring down on the roof, and the girls had slipped away for a night of their own, leaving the men to themselves. Javier hosted boy's night this week, in his unnerving homestead. He'd been working on his tent, adding new patchworks to expand its area. Being hidden behind the painted background of the diorama had its perks - Javier could decorate the area however he wanted. He'd found new glass shards recently, cutting into the insulation to extract some of them.

"Javier, your place is creepy as shit," Micah commented as he entered the warmly lit tent.

"Keeps prying eyes outta my house," Javier replied with a smile.

He was working on his loom, weaving thread into an elaborate pattern.

"You fucked up right there, dude," Micah said as he pointed to a warp in the pattern.

"Course I did. It's traditional to have a mistake in the weaving," Javier placed the yarn on a hook to rest. "Keeps me from getting lost in Spider Woman's web."

Javier looked around, noticing a missing presence. "Where's Luke? Did he die again?"

Micah smacked him on the arm, still raw from nearly thirty years of mourning. "Nah, he just snuck off to take a leak."

"Man, I miss bein' able to stand to do that. Hope I swap back soon."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, swapped again. Two weeks back, actually. Think this one's a record."

"Swapped?"

Luke stepped into the tent, one hand on his hat.

"Hey, guys," he said, hanging his hat on the coat tree Javier kept near the door.

"Oh, hey, you're still with us," Javier joked, stepping away from the loom. "Good thing too, I was worried the guac would go to waste." He took some saran wrap off a bowl on his nightstand. "You got the chips, right?"

"Hey, don't go changin' the subject," Micah interrupted. "What do you mean, 'swapped'?"

Javier shrugged. "Woke up about two weeks ago with my schlong gone. It happens sometimes, dunno why."

Luke rose a brow. "Wait, you're, like, smooth down there?"

Javier shook his head. "Nope. Dude cooch."

A moment of silence.

"Does... does it work?"

"Define 'work', Micah."

"Like, does it bleed and get wet and do shit like that?"

"First one no, thank god, second one yes."

Both guests could feel something stir in their trousers.

"And to answer before you even ask, no, I can't get pregnant from it. Believe me, that ship sailed before I was molded."

Micah shuffled awkwardly. Javier's blasé attitude towards usually life-altering events was annoying, but the fact that he was being so nonchalant about suddenly having a vulva... it awoke something in him.

"Uranium made me sterile before I died, first time around. It's the same the second time around, I guess. I could fuck everyone in this diorama and the others and never be a dad about it."

"Wait," Luke thought aloud. "so we could fuck raw with no consequences?"

"Well, unless the tablet is cruel enough to invent miniature herpes," Micah joked.

Luke looked at Micah with a big dumb grin on his face.

Micah knew that he was about to do or say something stupid.

"Javier, how about we make tonight special?" he asked, holding him around the waist.

Immediately, Javier's expression changed to that of a flustered closeness. "Wha-, what do you mean...?"

Javier tried to avert his gaze, looking at the floor, but noticed the tent being pitched.

"...oh."

Micah held Javier as well, from behind. He could feel something hard poking from Micah's jeans against his rear.

"I'm with Luke on this one. Who knows when we'll have this opportunity again?"

"What opportunity...?"

Luke brushed a stray lock of hair out of Javier's blushing face.

"The opportunity to fuck guy cunt."

Javier couldn't find it in him to reply, only whimper a bit.

"When's the last time you got some action, Javier? You've been content to watch us for decades, but I've never seen you get any."

"Except for that one time Jane fucked his face."

"Yeah. That was pretty hot."

Javier's eyes drifted to the floor, remembering that event. Her harsh words really got him going, no matter how much actual malice was behind it.

"Um..."

Luke kissed Javier's neck, right on the jugular.

"We won't, if you aren't up for it."

Javier shook his head.

"...go-, go ahead," he muttered, voice trembling with anticipation and blush.

Carefully, Luke undid Javier's belt, and pushed down his jeans. Micah helped once they got past his knees, pushing them to the floor with his boot.

Sure enough, clear as day, Javier had what he'd described. Unshaven and erect, two labia and a clitoris rested between his legs. His vagina dripped a string of mucus that connected it to his underwear as he was stripped down.

"*Dios mio*, you're wet," Micah cooed into Javier's ear. "We don't even have to touch you to see it."

Javier buried his face in his hands, a horny whine escaping him.

"Fuck, you're so adorable, Javier. If I wasn't a monogamist, I'd ask you out," Luke teased, lifting Javier up by the waist to wrap his legs around his hips. His cock pressed up against his friend's cunt.

"On three, Micah?"

"On three," Micah replied, pressing against Javier's ass.

"One," they said in unison.

"Two," they carefully pushed.

"Three," Javier let out a soft cry as he was penetrated.

His legs shivered around Luke's hips, full in a way he'd never experienced before.

And then they began to thrust.

One after the other, in opposite rhythms. Luke in, Micah out. Luke out, Micah in. There was never a moment where Javier wasn't filled with cock.

The three men stayed like this, for a time, ramming into their friend's wet holes.

Micah and Luke had begun to kiss halfway through, their tongues playing in sync with their thrusts. Luke separated from Micah, a small string of saliva connecting their tongues for a moment before it collapsed.

Javier was a flustered mess, whimpering words in Diné that neither of his tops could understand. His head rested on Luke's shoulder, eyes shut and voice soft.

"Such a good slut. Just lose yourself to it, Javier," Micah coaxed as he thrust every other beat.

"You're so cute when you're broken like this," Luke whispered into Javier's ear. "I bet you'll look even cuter when we're done with you."

Javier only whimpered again, a woozy smile on his face. The two men felt his muscles throb and knew an orgasm was on the way.

"Cum for us, *amigo*," Micah growled as he kept up his pace.

Javier's already strained voice rose as his back arched. He lifted his head from Luke's shoulder to wail towards the heavens. His moans were in time with his muscles contracting. Both men kissed him, Micah between his shoulder blades, Luke on his collarbone. They felt his body twitch around them, Luke thoroughly savoring the contractions of his cunt around his cock.

"Such a good boy," he whispered into Javier's neck.

"Fuck, he's so tight after he finishes." Micah said with a small laugh, continuing to thrust.

"Ah-, ahh, p-please..." Javier begged, voice quiet.

"Please, what? Use your words," Micah commanded, placing a hand over Javier's left pectoral.

"Plea-, please, cum inside me," Javier tried to look back at Micah. "I-, I want to feel it."

Micah and Luke met one another's gaze with a smile.

"Of course, Javier," Luke punctuated his sentence with a kiss, "we'll breed you."

Javier's face couldn't blush any harder.

"Like the needy little voyeur you are," Micah added.

Luke leaned close to Micah's face, meeting him halfway for a kiss. The moment their lips connected, Luke finished. His brow furrowed as he released, his moans mixing with Javier's. Micah took this opportunity to slip his tongue into Luke's mouth, right before he was brought over the edge. Both men stayed connected as they kissed, cocks bottomed out in Javier, who was utterly losing his mind.

"Wa-, warm...!" was all he could manage to say as he felt both holes fill with his friends' hot seed.

Luke pulled out to take a breath, watching his semen drip from Javier's hole. He felt his cock throb again while watching, and he knew that after a few minutes, he'd be back in the game.

For a moment, the three men caught their breath.

"...seriously, though, did you bring those chips?"

"Yes, Javier, I did. Slow your roll."

"I don't wanna be the guy that eats guacamole like ice cream, Luke!"

"Hey, I thought this was a judgment-free place, Jav."

"Oh, hush, you. And pull out already, I know you came."

"But you're so warm, Javier, I don't know if I should," Micah teased, reaching around to tease Javier's clit. The sight brought Luke to half-mast.

"Mmph... Luke, reel in your boy toy."

"Boy toy?!" Both men gasped in unison.

"Just for that, you're going for another round," Micah growled into Javier's ear.

"Yeah, if anything, I'm the boy toy in this relationship," Luke said, pressing the tip of his cock against Javier's cunt.

Javier only laughed. "Hey, I'll say anything to make you two fuck me again."