another sip of his chamomile tea and gave Ray another of those slightly worried looks.

Ray, stoic, sat there and took it. He swallowed once or twice, but maintained his cool, his je ne sais quoi, and refused to start babbling.

“And you think this…ah, this addition will improve our…activities for you?”

“I know it will, Benny. And what’s more,” a sincere look, one he’d picked up from the mountie, “if we do it, our… ‘activities’ will be better for you too.”

Fraser put his cup down and started moving around his apartment, tidying up things Ray swore even his mother wouldn’t think needed to be tidied. “I’m afraid I disagree with you—not that I’m trying to diminish the importance of what you say or your insight, not to mention your superior experience in this kind of activity. However, the…addition you suggest—well, to be perfectly frank, Ray,” and he stopped now, seated himself at the table opposite, “I think I would be so uncomfortable following your suggestions that I would find it…an unfortunate distraction from the activities at hand.”

“You mean it’d turn you off?”

Gratitude, for Ray coming flat out and saying it. “Yes.”

“It’d just—” Ray raised his hand like a kid playing ‘injuns’ saying “how!,” then let his fingers fold forward, rather more expressively than was comfortable for a certain mountie.

Fraser gave that odd little gesture that was his version of a shrug. “But Fraser, even if it did, you know,” Ray’s hand gesture repeated, Fraser looking away, “the first coupla times, you’d get used to it and believe me, it would be worth it!”
Concern now, real worry creasing between Fraser’s eyes. “Is what we do so very—unsatisfying for you? I’m aware of my lack of expertise—”

Which you’ve very diligently tried to correct by borrowing every gay sex book in the library system but you know something, Benny, it’s not gonna help if you can’t get past the table of contents.

“The list of topics was rather graphic and—”

“And you’re too uptight to let yourself go enough to enjoy it. Look at you!”

And exactly the way Ray expected him to, Fraser did precisely that: looked at himself, and found nothing wrong. “I’m perfectly neat and tidy, Ray.”

“And that’s the point I’m making. We’ve been here since, what, three this afternoon, we’ve made love once already, and you still look like you’re on duty outside the Consulate.”

“Well, no, Ray, if I were on duty—”

“We wouldn’t be having this conversation you’d be in full dress reds complete with hat and lanyard and you’d have to arrest us for having sex in public and anyway, it was hyperbole, Benny,” and Ray continued while Fraser was busy widening his eyes over Ray dropping his ignorant-American ploy, “but what I’m saying is, you never relax, you never let yourself go, you never give yourself permission to just drop all the masks and be you, Benny Frasier.”

There was a terribly soft expression in Fraser’s eyes as he came round to Ray’s side of the table, and crouched there, hands on Ray’s long, lean thighs. “Which is where the problem lies, Ray. I’m not ‘Benny Frasier’. I’m Benton Fraser, or occasionally, I’m Ben Fraser. You’re the only one who sees Benny Frasier, you’re the only one who knows him.”

“Now, don’t you go gettin’ schizophrenic on me, Benny. C’mon, Benton, Ben, Benny, what the hell difference does it make? It’s all you, it’s not about who people see you as being, it’s about who you are.”

“Am I human?” Fraser repeated a not yet distant conversation, softly, eyes searching Ray’s. “Do I feel anger and love and lust and fear? Do I sometimes cry, Ray?”

Ray’s arms came round him, enveloping him, Fraser allowing himself to lean into the embrace, the two of them tangling together. “You do, with me. Any time you need it, Benny, you just stand still long enough, and I’ll be there, and you can cry with me, Benny, you know that, don’t you? I’ll be there, no matter what you need—”

A small smile against the side of Ray’s neck, down low, beneath the line of five o’clock shadow, where the skin was soft enough to tempt a saint. “I thought you didn’t want ‘mushy’.”

A shrug, Ray’s embrace tightening, his mouth brushing a kiss on Fraser’s temple. “Hey, I do mushy, you let yourself go a little. Deal?”

Fraser didn’t say anything, and Ray rode that out as well. Finally: “Okay. Deal.”

“So you’ll do it?”

“I’ll try.”

Ray’s face alight, his eyes very bright. “When?”

Fraser shook his head, gave in and smiled. “Now?”

“No time like the present, huh, Benny?” Ray said, breaking the hug and getting to his feet in one liquid movement, heading for the bed, his clothes tumbling in his wake. “Isn’t that in one of your Inuit stories? No, forget I said that, I don’t want you starting in on those Inuit stories, the words I want to hear from your talented lips aren’t blubber and mukluks and harpoons.” A very rude glance down to where his trousers were peeling down off his hips, “Okay, so maybe harpoon I could live with.”

“Purely in the interests of accuracy, of course.”

“Of course! Gotta be accurate, Benny, especially about something as fine as—”

And that was half the problem, of course. Even he couldn’t say half the words, not in front of Fraser, finding himself, absurdly, feeling embarrassed. And he was expecting Fraser to talk dirty for him? Look at the poor bastard, Ray thought guiltily, looking over to where Fraser was undressing slowly but only down to his shorts, folding his clothes across the back of the chair, picking up Ray’s own things, until finally, he was turning his back to Ray, taking those frighteningly starched shorts off, and slipping under the blankets, discreet every inch of the way.

Before Fraser could turn round, Ray was kissing his back, small, affectionate kisses, reassurances, his hands patting Fraser reassuringly too. “Hey, Benny,” he murmured, mouth open moistly on the point of Fraser’s left shoulder, “you don’t have to do it, you know? I’m being selfish—”

“Yes, you are,” Fraser said in a very normal tone of voice, and he rolled over onto his back, Ray automatically sliding on top of Benny, just the way Benny always seemed to want it. “But you’re also being honest, and if my inability to use certain words troubles you—”

“Because it’s more than the talking, Benny, it’s the attitude. Sometimes—” Breaking off, ready to bury it all in kissing, Fraser stopping him, silent demand for Ray to keep right on being honest. “Sometimes,” heavy sigh, Ray looked away, “it scares the hell out of me that all this, you know, all the stuff we do—it’s gonna drive you away. If you can’t enjoy it—”
Fraser’s face went very still, very bland, the perfect mask. “You think I don’t enjoy it? What—that you force me into this?”

“No, not like that, like, I don’t know, like you do this because you know how much I need the sex thing, but you know, like you don’t need it.”

For a moment, Fraser seemed at a loss for words, his mouth shaping a word, discarding it, his expression growing as troubled as a northern sea. “You think—you honestly think—I’ve given you the impression—you feel that I participate in the carnal aspects of our situation solely because you need a sexual outlet? Not because I want it as much as you do?”

Conciliatory now, trying to soothe away some of the distress, trying to set the facts straight. “Look, Fraze, I know I’m not forcing you and you like it okay when we do it, but,” shrug, one hand absently toying with some of Fraser’s wonderful, thick hair, “but it’s not something you go after, you know, not like when we go for walks with Dief or we go for Chinese or something.”

“You think—You really believe that I prefer going for a Chinese meal to…to having sex with you?”

“No, never. I’m not saying that, I’m saying—”

“You’re saying that I seem so unenthusiastic to you, you think I’d rather take my wolf for a walk.”

And what a wealth of hurt there was under the usual circumspect exterior. “I’m saying this wrong, I knew I’d say it wrong, I wish I’d never started this. Why do I do this, Fraser, huh? I’m no good at the talking about it stuff, so why do I keep on talking about it?” No answer, but at least Fraser wasn’t backing off. “When we actually do it, I got no complaints, so you can wipe that look off your face. But even though it’s really wonderful when we do it, you never suggest it, you never start it and—”

“And I never relax and I never allow myself to be ‘me’.”

“Yeah. And it scares me, Benny, because I don’t know if I’m enough for you, and it hurts me, because you can’t trust me enough to just let go.”

“So this thing you want—it’s not simply a fetish, it’s an issue of trust.”

“Like me doing the mushy stuff.” Pleased: now they were getting somewhere!

Flat, calm, but if you knew him, oh, if you knew him you could hear the unhappiness in Benny’s voice. “Which you don’t do.”

“Oh, so telling you I’m gonna always be there for you isn’t mushy?”

“Friends say those things to each other. In fact, you first said words to that effect within three months of our initial acquaintance.”

“Oh.”

“Exactly.”

They lay there, while it grew dark outside, clouds rolling in, rain before morning. “I should call Ma.”

“To tell her what? That you’ll be home late or that you’ll be out all night and not to worry?”

“Which is your nice polite Canadian way of pointing out that I’m asking you to trust me with who you are, but I haven’t even told my own ma that her son’s settled down.”

Ray had expected the pause; he hadn’t expected that note of strangled hope in Fraser’s voice. “Has he?”

Deep breath. Ignore the panic. Reach out again, remember that this was Benny, and all bets were off and all the rules were up in the air when it came to Benny. “Yeah,” he said, keeping it simple, keeping it plain. “Her son has settled down. Even if you never change, even if not one single thing about you or us or what we do ever changes, this is it, for me.”

“No matter what?”

“No matter what.”

“Why?”

“Why? Why? What d’you mean, ‘why’? You can’t figure it out?” Ray raised himself up on one elbow, trying to make out Fraser’s expression in the near darkness, feeling like a complete heel when he did. “Okay, okay, you want mush. You want major mush, serious mush, you want the kind of mush even Hallmark would reject? Okay. I can do mush.” Deep breath again, let it out, turn Fraser’s face so they were at least more or less looking in each other’s eyes: if he was going to do this mushy stuff, he was going to do it right. “Okay. I love you. There. I said it, I actually said it. I love you, I need you more than I can ever find a way of saying that won’t sound really dumb, and to prove it, I’ll call Ma and tell her I’m spending the night here.”

“Well, I’d call that mushy, Ray.”

“Why, thank you very kindly. So was it mushy enough, or I should have roses delivered?”

“Oh, I’d say that was mushy enough. And you really don’t have to tell your mother you’re spending the night with me.”

Ray wasn’t going to argue about that.

“Because if you call your mother and tell her that, it will precipitate a lengthy, emotional discussion, which would interfere with my plans for you.”

“You have plans for me?”

Fraser’s turn to take a deep breath. “I have plans for you and your—butt.”

Just as well it was night-time: in sunlight, that grin of Ray’s would have blinded. “I give you mush, you give
me what I want. Sneaky, Benny, pushing me like that. You set me up, you set the whole thing up, you manipulative little mountie, the whole thing was you faking it."

“No, not all of it. Some of it—” A hard kiss, deep, letting Ray sense Fraser's needs, and his insecurities. Trusting him.

“So,” Ray said, when Fraser eventually freed his mouth, lying down, Fraser kissing his chest, Ray's hands busy on Fraser's back, chest, arms, anywhere he could reach, “you got plans for my butt?”

“Yes. I believe I even have plans for…your ass.”

“My butt and my ass. You got plans for any other of my assets?”

A quick hand snaking down to display which assets Fraser was contemplating. “I have plans for your penis. Sorry, my mistake. Your…dick. I have plans for…your dick.”

Dick? That was Fraser’s idea of talking dirty? Oh, they were going to have them some fun teaching his polite Canadian an entire vocabulary of dirty words. Ray covered Fraser’s hand with his own, squeezing them both tightly round his hardened flesh. “You got plans for my cock?” And felt Fraser’s penis pulse at that, felt the surge of hardness against his thigh. So Fraser might have trouble saying it, but fears—or manipulation—to the contrary, he wasn't going to have any problems hearing it. “What are you going to do with my cock, Benny?”

“I’m going to perform fellatio on you.”

“Perform fellatio huh? You gonna suck me, Benny? You gonna suck my cock?”

Fraser took a deep breath, steadied himself—lost it. Ducked his head and said, towards the general region of Ray’s right shoulder, “Yes.”

“Oh, Benny,” Ray said, helpless in the face of this, tugging Fraser in close to him, hugging him tight. “You don’t have to. You don’t have to do it all at once, okay?” A long kiss, thorough and loving and exhilarating, because it occurred to Ray that he'd said it, he'd done the mushy part, he'd told his Benny that he loved him, that he considered himself settled down—so how come he wasn't scared and nervous like he'd been when he'd proposed to Angela, huh?

“What are you thinking, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Benny, look at us.”

Of course, Fraser did precisely that.

“We are naked in bed together, right, Benny?”

A nod.

“We’re plannin’ on having sex, you even said you were plannin’ on fellatio, right?”

An embarrassed nod.

“So here we are, lying here together bare-assed naked, all wrapped up in each other, and I've just told you I love you and you're it for me, and you're asking if I mind you askin’ me what I'm thinking? Benny—relax, okay? You don't have to keep on being polite to me. In fact—”

“I wasn't being polite,” Fraser said—interrupting!

“You weren't being polite?”

“No. I was being considerate.”

Ray just looked at him for that.

“You looked somewhat troubled, and I wanted to let you know that you could talk to me about it if you wanted to, but I wasn’t demanding that you tell me as proof that you trust me, so that you knew that if you didn’t actually choose to tell me what you were thinking, I wasn’t going to…persuade you to tell me.”

“Persuade, huh, that what you call it? It's no big secret, Benny. I was thinking about when I proposed to Angela. It was all set, you know? We both knew she was going to say yes—we’d talked about moving in together, if it was better to get married in June or September, how we were gonna accommodate her family and my family both wanting their share of the wedding, we’d done all that stuff, so we both knew it was a done deal. But still, when I asked her, and she said yes, and I knew that was it… I was shaking, Benny, literally shaking. She had to hold my hand steady to put my ring on.”

Odd, whimsical tone of voice. “You wore an engagement ring?”

“And a wedding ring. Still have them both.”

“Ray…”

“Yeah?”

“Ray…”

A heavy sigh, the sort usually reserved for when Fraser was planning on risking both their lives again and Ray didn’t need to make Benny actually ask the questions. “The reason it didn’t work out was because she wanted some things I just wasn’t ready for, and I didn’t even know why I wasn’t ready for them. Like babies, and a house with a yard, and college funds and staying home Saturday night to play CandyLand with the kiddies. I mean, I wanted those things, but I wasn’t ready, and the whole idea scared me. Ange was the one who figured it out.”

Fraser, just looked at him the same way he had in the car the day Ray had told him about Angela the first time, gaze heavy and soft, saying nothing.

“We’d gone out to Luigi’s for dinner, and there was a new waiter, and she caught me eyeing his butt. And she told me what my problem was, what was wrong with me, why I didn’t want to commit to babies and all that
stuff. We had the worst fights, Benny, really ugly and nasty, because I wouldn’t admit it. I kept on denying it, Benny, calling her a liar but it was me lying to her, lying to myself. So she left. Came home from work one day, all set to celebrate making detective, and she was gone.”

And it still hurt, and he could see that it hurt Fraser too. “I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, me too, sometimes. It woulda been nice, you know, to have little me’s running around, but she was right, I loved her, but that was never gonna be enough to keep me from wanting something else.”

“Men.”

“Yeah. Don’t get me wrong, I love women, I do, but it never seems to last, you know? But with you…”

“We’ve hardly been together long enough for you to know whether or not this will last either.”

“Oh, this one will, Benny, this one will.”

“How can you be certain of that?” Clear, honest eyes, knowing this was going to hurt, but doing it anyway, because it had to be done, and because Ray was brave enough to do it. “How can you be certain that I’m not another Angela or Irene or Suzanne Chapin or Ms. St. Laurent?”

“Your dick is bigger? Okay, okay, don’t look at me like that, I was only— Yeah, well, you know what I was trying to do. It’s just different this time, Benny. Different than all the others, just real…different. No lies, this time, I’m not hiding half of who I am, I’m not lying to you about liking women or wanting women, the way I did with Angela about men and trying to be something I’m not. And I’m not running away from you, the way I was with Susan. And I’m not trying to recapture being young or gettin’ one over on Zuko or running away from you the way I was with Irene.”

“And Ms. St. Laurent?”

“She’s a gorgeous woman, Fraser, you can’t blame a man for trying.”

“But it’s not a serious emotional entanglement?”

“No. You’re the only serious emotional entanglement in my life. This mushy enough for you, Benny?”

“Oh yes.”

“Yeah,” hands moving again, stroking down from collar bone to groin, lingering at the interesting points along the way, “you’re the only serious emotional entanglement I got room for in my life. Serious. Too serious. Wanna lighten up here, Fraz? Instead of all this yakkin’, you wanna get back to where we were before.”

“Ah, yes.” A very deep breath, a frown of concentration between the arched brows, a distinct bloom on the usually pale cheeks. “Big dicks, tight bums.”

“Bum? You callin’ me a bum?”

“You’d rather I called you an ass?”

“Oh, you’re wicked, Benny, you’re very wicked. Big dicks and tight bums, is that what you got in mind?”

“Is that what you were thinking of, in terms of ‘talking dirty?’” Fraser asked, looking anxious and innocent as only he could, lying naked in bed with a naked man, talking dirty to him. “Or were you leaning more towards ‘Come here,’” and this time, despite his blushes and his awkwardness, he didn’t have to take a deep breath or steel himself, was able to simply pull so that Ray came here, and then put his hand on Ray’s nascent erection, “big boy, and fuck my ass with your big, hot, fucking dick?”

Ray swallowed hard at that, his cock pulsing up against his belly, Fraser’s hand curved around it. “Uh…that’s good, Benny, that’s real good. Uhm, not trying to be picky here or anythin’, but can we make it, uh, ‘your big, hot, wet, fucking cock,’ Benny?”

“Big, hot wet fucking cock.” Fraser repeated, with the air of a schoolboy learning his catechism. And blushed.

Ray took pity on him, opening his mouth and kissing him, tongue tracing soft and wet along the smoothness of Benny’s teeth, rubbing against Benny’s tongue, hardening and fucking his mouth like a small cock, until Fraser took over, kissing back, hard, and then soft, and then deep and hungry, exploring Ray’s mouth as if he had never known it before.

Oh, this was going to be good, Fraser kissing him so intently, holding him so tight, their erections rubbing hard and sweetly against each other and—

Like the worst of clichés, Ray’s cell phone rang.

What Ray said would have made a marine blush; Fraser, to his credit, simply raised his eyebrows. “You could always ignore it.”

“You’d let me do that?”

The phone was still ringing.

“No.”

“Didn’t think so,” Ray said, resigned and unhappy, extricating himself from the bed and Benny’s arms, his skin a mass of goosebumps as he padded, naked and hard, to the phone.

He perched on the edge of the kitchen table, his left hand dropping down to toy with his cock, his eyes very dark as he stared at Fraser, his cock pulsing again as Benny kicked back the covers and reached down to touch his own erection, his hands matching Ray’s every stroke. He was going to owe Benny a bucketful of mushiness for this.

The phone was still ringing.

Staring at Benny, hand on his cock as Benny’s hand was on his own, Ray took a deep breath before he
attempted answering the phone in a nearly normal tone of voice. "Vecchio."

A matter of two seconds, no more, and Ray wasn't looking at Fraser any more. Another second, and he'd let go of himself, five more and his erection was fading fast, Fraser coming up off the bed to approach him.

"Okay, okay, don't panic. I'll be right there. Yeah, I know, okay, okay, let me get dressed— Let me get driving, okay, Frannie? Yeah, 'bye."

"What is it?" Fraser asked, handing Ray the pile of his clothes.

"Ma. There's been an accident, she fell down the stairs, Frannie says the noise was awful, and she's bleeding, the ambulance is on its way but—"

"Of course you have to go. We need to get you ready, you need to hurry." Fraser had his own underwear on, decently covering anything untoward, was kneeling down, tying Ray's shoe laces while Ray buttoned his shirt.

"I'll call you, okay?"

"When you can."

"Okay—"

Time snatched for one brief kiss, and then Ray was leaving. Door slamming behind him, sudden silence, and Fraser left standing in his barren apartment, alone.

Ray's feet hurt. And he was tired, and hungry, and cranky, but no way was he going to go home and get the sleep he needed. No way. Not until he'd seen Benny held him, just spent some time in the same room as him. Oh, man, he had it bad, pathetically, embarrassingly bad. Benny wouldn't complain though, Benny would lap it all up and make Ray feel good about it. Which is why he'd called Fraser, and why he was trudging up the stairs to Fraser's apartment at this unholy hour of the night.

Ma was fine, happily driving Franny crazy, making his sister fetch and carry and fuss, every inch the traditional daughter. According to Ma, it was only fair: if Frannie had put away the laundry like she'd been asked, then Ma wouldn't have been on the stairs anyway, and Ma wouldn't have dropped a washcloth, and Ma wouldn't have slipped on it and fallen, and Ma wouldn't have broken her leg and hit her face hard enough to give her two black eyes and a bloody nose. Oh, yeah, Ma was having a whale of a time.

And right after that, still in the hospital, Ma just settling in to her hospital room for an overnight observation—thank God for the health insurance he'd taken out to supplement her Medicare—when there'd been the phone call from Lt. Welsh, and the investigation, and the godawful hours. And the phone calls with Benny.

Weird phone calls. Telling Benny he was sorry to run out like that; and later, sitting there in the car, waiting for Welsh, telling Benny how much he'd appreciated Benny lying there in bed, touching himself, for Ray.

He felt like a fool for not saying 'jacking off' or any one of a hundred phrases. "Touching yourself," Ray muttered under his breath. Even Benny had managed better—'fuck me with your big, hot, wet, fucking cock'—even if the poor bastard had sounded like he was rehearsing his lines. Which made Ray think of Benny that time with the pizza kid who'd gotten his junk-heap car stolen, and there had been his Benny, planning on going undercover, practicing his undercover lines: ‘Have you seen any stolen cars? Please raise your hand,’ yeah, right, could see it—it could, really, which was scary, and why he'd put his own money up to go undercover with him—Benny getting Ray to help out, getting them both where Benny wanted them to be. Side by side, working together.

And that was the first time he'd thought Benny might be willing to take it beyond the buddy stage. Half-drowned, Benny's hands freezing cold, but firm, gripping him, stroking him, that single, tell-tale thrust of Benny's hips, and Benny looking like all he wanted to do was hold on tight and kiss it all better.

Ray grinned to himself over that. Oh, yeah, he could see it now: him and Benny, kissing up a storm on the hood of the Riv, and Frannie right there to see it all.

He'd never have lived it down.

Still, it was a nice memory, a fond one, the beginning of it all.

And look where they were now. He'd told Benny he loved him, told him that was it, all settled down now, forever and ever. The mushy stuff. Jeez, was it only last month he'd been shutting Benny up for trying to get mushy? At this rate, they'd be serenading each other over flower-draped balconies.

He grinned again, thinking of 'California Dreaming' and glue in the saddle. And Ode to Joy.

Oh, God, he was getting seriously mushy again, and he hadn't even seen Benny yet.

He raised his hand to knock on the door—and nearly fell as the door was pulled open in front of him, Fraser's hands grabbing his coat, pulling him in, the door slamming shut, and Ray—Ray was shoved up against the wall, Benny stunningly naked, and Benny kissing him hard, tongue deep in his mouth, pushing, tasting, controlling, Benny's hands hauling at him, pulling his clothes off, ripping things and not a word of apology.

It was the most exciting thing Ray Vecchio had ever done. Or had done to him. Benny was all over him, tugging at him, moving him this way, and that, and then Ray realised: Benny was talking to him.
—these clothes off you, I want to see you naked, in the light. I want to see your chest, and your hair, and I want to see your nipples peak, and your skin shiver when I suck on your nipples.

Pause, Fraser stopping to look Ray in the eyes. “Tits?” he said, puzzled, obviously this part of his script under-rehearsed. “Or are you one of the men the book says doesn’t like ‘tits,’ but prefers nipples or chest?”

Nearly laughing, filling his hands with the soft heat of Benny’s skin. “What the fuck have you been reading?”

“Many things, Ray, oh, I’ve been reading many things and all of them well past the table of contents. Now, where was I? Oh, yes. I’m going to suck your tits, and bite them, and leave them red and swollen, and then I’m going to remove the rest of your garments, and get down on my knees and suck your… suck your…”

Ray took pity on him and kissed him then. Pulled him close, thrilled to bits that Fraser had done this, that Benny had stripped naked and stood here with all the lights on, waiting for Ray to come through that door to give Ray what Ray wanted.

“I am going,” Fraser said, low and breathless, “to suck your cock, and then I’m going to shove my cock up your tight ass, and I’m going to fuck you.” A groan, a wrenching sound, something breaking, something breaking free, and Benny was thrusting against Ray, hard, needy, cock weeping pre-cum. “I’m going to fuck you, Ray, I’m going to fuck you till you come, and then you’re going to fuck me. Oh please, Ray, I want you to—”

“I’ll do it, just wait, Benny. I’ll fuck you,” mouth wet and wild, covering Benny’s chest, sucking and laving the nipples, hands tightly stroking Benny’s cock. “But we better get to the bed before we both fall down here, loverboy, okay?”

Fraser didn’t reply, stumbling them both towards the bed while he kissed Ray, compelling, commanding, greedy, snapping at Ray and pleasure in a way he’d never done before. At least, not with Ray. And Ray had never dared ask about what it had been like between Benny and Victoria.

On the bed, Fraser on his back, Ray atop him, Benny’s legs spread wide, an open invitation. Ray was working his way down Benny’s body, heading for his cock, when he heard it, the sound thrumming through Fraser’s chest. “Are you going to hurt me?”

“All that? It’s easy, it’s real easy and it’s real simple. You can be you, and I still won’t leave you. You got that?”

And Fraser didn’t smile, or cry, or anything mushy, eyes bright and intense as he talked dirty. “I want to rim you. I want to fuck you with my tongue, and suck your balls, and I want to eat your cock, you can fuck my face, and I’ll eat you out—”

Not all at the same time, Ray thought, but there was no way he was going to say anything that might make Benny feel self-conscious—or make Benny think Ray didn’t appreciate what they were doing here. “You wanna eat my ass?” he asked, finger teasing Fraser’s hole.

“Yes,” said simply, and truthfully. This, something they’d done, twice, very briefly, without talking about it, as if it were something best kept discreetly hidden.

Ray started to move, to kneel so Fraser would have access, and found himself grabbed instead, urged upwards, so he was crouched astride Benny’s head, his hands pressed hard into the wall to steady him, as he lowered himself, feeling wicked and wanton and naughty, to Benny’s waiting mouth.

“Oh, fuck, Benny, that feels good, oh, yeah, put your tongue in me. Stick it up me, Benny, stick your tongue all the way up inside me. I’m going, go on, fuck me with your tongue, oh, yeah, that’s it, fuck me just like that…”

And it felt as if a floodgate had been opened, sluicing the damned words out and through him, a rush of words filling the air around them, everything he said inspiring Fraser to new delights.

“Yeah, that’s it, now lick my balls, oh, just there, harder, the other one, suck them inside, go on, you can do it, take it one at a time, suck me, Benny, yeah, do that with your tongue, oh, God, yes…”

And then Benny was rimming him again, tongue thrusting inside, wet and hot. Not content with that, Benny was craning his neck, and sucking Ray’s cock inside. Loving this, Ray lowered himself, kneeling now, turning round, doing something he’d never dared try in case it put Benny off, facing down the length of Benny’s body, as if they were going to 69, but instead, he made no attempt to gently ease his cock into Benny’s mouth while taking his friend’s in his own.

He put his hands, gently at first, on Benny’s face, feeling the hollow of Benny’s cheeks as he sucked, and then, Ray’s hands slid lower, and lower, to Benny’s throat, feeling himself fill Benny’s throat, as he plunged his cock in deep, deeper than he’d ever allowed himself before, feeling himself as he fucked Benny’s throat.

“Try again, you’ve taken me nearly this deep before, you can take me all the way,” he whispered, as Benny pushed him out a bit, nearly gagging. “Go on, try again,”
sliding in, deep, deeper still, “you can take me, you can swallow me whole, relax, baby, just relax, Benny, take me in, all the way, that’s it, yeah, like that,” pushing again, one last little hungry thrust that made Benny’s adam’s apple bob, and he was in all the way, Benny’s throat working around him. He withdrew, letting Benny breathe, and then pushed in again, and again, fucking Benny’s face all the way, as far as they could go, Benny’s cock mute, hard evidence that Benny was loving this as much as Ray was. “You like this, buddy? Huh, Benny, you like this?” And was rewarded by Benny trying to speak, the muscles of Fraser’s throat and tongue a symphony of pleasure along Ray’s cock.

“Okay, okay, that’s enough. You want me to fuck you, Benny,” he asked, in between kisses and caresses, his hand so wonderfully filled by the heavy throb of Benny’s cock. “Or d’you want to fuck me? Want my big, hot, fucking cock?”

And Benny’s eyes, so clear, meeting his, his voice husky with need. “I want your big, hot, wet, fucking cock.”

“And who made it wet, huh, Benny? And who made it hot, and hard? You want that? You want this,” taking Benny’s hands, wrapping it around his hard heat, still wet from Benny’s throat, “up your ass? You want me to fuck you, Benny? Fuck you hard and hot, up inside you? Want me to fuck you so hard, you can feel my cock kissin’ your heart?”

And he was, despite it all, very nearly shocked, when Benny pushed—pushed!—him to lie down, and Benny rose up over him, and straddled him, and worked his own fingers into his ass—fingers that came away slickened and moist, and it was a gut-wrenching thrill to know that Benton Fraser had stripped naked in this apartment, and put lubricant up inside his own ass, and waited then for Ray to come and fuck him.

No doubts, then, about what Benny wanted.

“Fuck me,” Benny said, and Ray wasn’t sure if it was simple instruction, or just for the pleasure and the raw freedom of being able to say it out loud. “I want you up me, now…”

And Ray felt his cock taken in hand, and guided, into hot, tight heat, Fraser’s ass opening to his cock as Fraser’s mouth opened in the abandonment to pleasure.

Bare naked, raw emotion, raw passion, no masks, no defenses, just Benny, needing him, and loving this. Raw, naked sex.

“I’ll never leave you, Benny,” Ray said, hands on Benny’s hips, steadying him, loving the flex of muscle as Benny lowered himself all the way down, and then began, slowly, to lift himself up, the friction between cock and ass absolutely glorious. “Never…ever…”

And he felt Benny’s fingers on his lips, pressing at his mouth, and he was sucking Benny’s fingers like a cock, as if it were Benny’s cock he had in his mouth, hard, hot fingers, thrusting into him, as Benny fucked himself on Ray’s cock, and it hit Ray then, that Benny was on top, Benny was taking, and demanding, and giving—and for the first time ever, Benny was on top.

He came, fast and hard and shatteringly, hearing himself make noise, feeling himself thrusting up uncontrolled, so deep, so hard, so hungry, Benny tight around him, ass rippling and clenching, orgasm then, together, coming, Ray streaming into Benny, his cock spilling into Benny, and Benny coming, white streams of semen arcing out emptying him even as Ray filled him.

Gasping breath, cramping muscles, and Benny collapsing down beside Ray, his tongue so wet and soft as he licked his own cum off Ray’s chest, tongue tip tracing it through the patterned hair.

Ray just lay there, letting Benny do his thing, happy enough to lie here and stroke Benny’s gloriously thick hair. “That was… That was…”

And Fraser offered, with a smile Ray felt against the ticklish skin of his side, “Fucking fantastic?”

“Oh, you are sooo wicked… Come up here, where I can kiss you.”

And it wasn’t until much later, after he’d spent a happy hour or two contemplating the continuing corruption of the constable who could now actually talk dirty—in bed, at least—that something occurred to Ray Vecchio, detective.

Fraser had talked dirty for him, and Ray had talked mushy for him.

But Fraser hadn’t done the mushy part. Yet.

As he lay in bed and watched Fraser, in red combinations pulled on only as far as his waist, chest and back left bare, puttering around making breakfast, and as he watched Benny glance over, fondly, at him every few seconds, and as he thought of the enthusiasm Benny had finally brought to talking dirty, and then contemplated Benny deciding to do the mushy stuff…

Ray was afraid. He was very afraid.

Especially when he saw the single red rose on his breakfast tray…