



Ray had found the body of that missing girl, had been like this after Ray had had to kill his car. Hardly surprising it should be like this after today's funeral. His own arms tight around Ray, Fraser lay his head on Ray's shoulder and closed his eyes as Ray had told Irene to do, Ray's hand on the nape of his neck, stroking, comforting, soothing. Giving, always giving. They stayed like that for a long time, uncomfortable, awkward, Ray taking comfort only through giving it, Fraser giving comfort through taking what Ray needed to give him.

Until finally, although neither made mention of it, the fraught hug changed, a subtle shifting, first of bodies to relieve aching muscles, then of attitude, and of need, and finally, of intent.

Ray, frowning intently, slid Fraser's braces down off his shoulders, his fingers unbuttoning the top of uniform trousers, his hands cool and smooth as they stroked Fraser's stomach.

Again, Fraser stood there, still, unmoving, and watched; watched as Ray watched his own hands under the white cotton of Fraser's undershirt; watched, as Ray lifted that shirt up, tugging it over Fraser's head, pulling it down to pin those strong arms, rendering Fraser's strength immobile, vulnerable. Trousers next, Fraser stumbling backwards, fetching up against the wall with his shoulders, hands scrabbling for purchase as Ray stole his balance, lifting his feet out from under him, right foot, left foot, until the trousers were gone and his feet were bare.

Ray stopped now, and stood back, and took his time just to stare.

So that's how it was going to be tonight.

Fraser waited, his gaze never leaving Ray, his breath coming faster, aware of his heart rate increasing. Aware, more, of the blood heating his penis, aware of the precise moment erection began, aware of the first minute lengthening of his own penis, and there could never be words to describe how that felt, his sex growing, and hardening, and rising, a miracle of liquid engineering that brought the head of his penis against the starched cotton of his underwear, trapping his flesh uncomfortably.

Ray was, as always, still looking at him. Looking at his erection, looking at the damp spot seeping through the pristine cotton. Stepping forward, blessedly, to reach in, to take Fraser's cock in his hand, and adjust him, such a casual, intense intimacy.

Ray stepping back again, his eyes so very dark, a lure, and alluring, to Fraser.

Fraser didn't move: he stayed where Ray had put him, and waited until Ray chose to move again. Ray coming

towards him, unsmiling, brow furrowed, mouth so tense, so tight, but his hand gentle enough as he reached for Fraser, only a touch, and then Ray becoming distant once more.

The coolness of air on his penis, and Fraser didn't have to look down to know how Ray had left him: erect, darkened flesh sticking out through the slit in his white underwear. He should feel ridiculous, arms constrained, sex exposed, facing this man still fully draped in his somber, formal Armani, but there was nothing in Ray's eyes that could ever humiliate him, nothing in those eyes that made Fraser feel anything but aroused, hungry, wanton. He wanted to thrust, to fuck, to mate, his hips canting forwards, his throat allowing a sound to escape, his legs automatically spreading.

And Ray was just standing there, watching this. Watching Fraser, arms pinned by his undershirt, strength made helpless; watching Fraser, hard cock thrusting through the shorts, virility rendered impotent.

Ray, watching Fraser, the pale skin flushing red, small brown nipples hard, surprisingly thick, unless a man knew what Fraser liked to have done to those excessively sensitive nipples.

Ray, watching still, as desire gave way to passion, as passion gave way to need, as need, ultimately, gave way to surrender, and Fraser's eyes pleaded.

Then, and only then, did Ray step forward again.

He filled his hands with Fraser, rough as he kneaded Fraser's chest, rougher still as he flicked and twisted those nipples that knew his touch so well.

Giving, still, for this roughness was Fraser's secret need, the darkness within him that had resonated so to the darkness in Victoria, this harshness another of Ray's gifts to Fraser: sex as punishment and pleasure, penance and reward. Oh, Ray understood, and Ray gave, and Fraser took, greedily, and took, needing this.

Ray leaned forward, teeth gleaming in the light, just for a second, before his lips and teeth closed over one hard nipple, and Fraser's breath hissed inwards, while his chest heaved upwards, and his cock thrust upwards just as Ray's hand pushed downwards. The soft skin of Ray's hand met the softer skin of Fraser's cock, skin whispering on skin, too dry, and so Ray straightened, and brought his hand up between them.

They both looked at it, as Ray turned it, this way, that, the tendons moving under the skin, the skin olive over the whiteness of bones. They both looked at that hand, until it was too close and Fraser looked at Ray's face instead, at the intent expression, at the parted lips, the hooded eyes. Fraser kept on looking, at the way Ray ran his tongue over his own lips, a fore-shadow of what they



