

Gerald raised himself up off the bed on his arms and felt the muscles across his bare shoulders flex. He gazed down at the body beneath him. The slender man lay naked on the creased white sheets, shadows playing across his chest as it rose and fell with his shallow breathing. His arms were flung out across the mattress, with palms upwards as if in supplication, and his long legs were stretched either side of Gerald's poised body. A trapped nerve shivered in his upper thigh, making his pale skin shimmer: his wide eyes stared up at Gerald, the expression wary, the pupils reflecting the moonlight seeping through the bedroom curtains. Gerald gazed down into the beautiful blueness, seeking desire in amongst the fear. Either way, nothing was going to stop him now.

"Do you trust me?" he murmured.

The man couldn't seem to find any words, but he nodded. He licked nervously at his lips. His knee bent a little, causing his legs to fall even further apart. Gerald's eyes followed the trail of soft hair that ran from between the pert nipples, over a tight belly and down to his groin. Strong, supple, smooth skin. Gerald licked his lips, too. One of the man's hands lifted up tentatively, as if to try and cover his nakedness, but a gentle growl from Gerald stopped him and he let it fall back. A quiet sigh escaped his moistened mouth. He let his head roll to one side, his long dark hair tangling around the side of his face, barely hiding his deep blush. He left himself completely open to Gerald's view.

Gerald breathed gently but steadily, watching the man's cock thicken, bobbing gently at his thigh. Gerald heard him whimper, as if distressed that he couldn't control his body's reactions. There was a drop of pre-come at its tip, glimmering in the same moonlight that exposed the trail on the man's cheek that may have been sweat or tears, once fallen and now dried. Gerald braced himself more firmly. He could feel the warmth from the man's cock against his own leg, see the way its sheath smoothed around its swelling, watched it shift in its bed of crisp, pubic hairs. Gerald knew what it would taste like, sliding on his tongue. It would be like something fresh and rich, snatched from innocence.

"You're very beautiful, Stephan." Gerald sighed. "I don't want to hurt you, but I know you want this too. I've waited too long - watched you too greedily to hold back now."

Stephan's eyes grew even wider. "You want me? Like this?"

Gerald watched the play of emotions in Stephan's eyes: amazement, excitement, naivety. "You know I do. I want to make you mine."

"At first, I never thought you'd even talk to me." Stephan flushed again. "You were so strong, so clever. I watched you as well and - please, forgive me - I couldn't help but wonder what it'd be like to be held by you. Then I met you at the store and you helped me in so many ways. I could never believe you were really my friend, a mentor to me, in all my troubles and my struggles in the city. And then when you caught my arm that day..."

Gerald sucked in a breath. His heart hammered in his chest. "I knew I had to have you, Stephan, since the first day you arrived. Since the day you stumbled on the steps outside my flat, when you dropped your parcels, all fingers and thumbs, your hands shaking although you were trying so hard not to show your nervousness." He laughed softly and Stephan's gaze flickered up to his face.

"Yes, just like that." Gerald bit back a groan. "Since your eyes looked up at me, just like that."

"I wanted to please you so much..."

Gerald let his groan free this time. The vision returned to his memory, of just minutes ago - Stephan on his knees at Gerald's feet, gazing up at him. Eyes wide and questioning; hesitant hand reaching to Gerald's pants, pushing them down and aside; those plump lips asking to suck him, and so very, very keen to do it well...

Gerald scooted forward on the bed, nudging Stephan's legs a little further apart. His own cock was heavy and hot, hanging between his naked, lightly furred balls. "I repeat, I don't want to hurt you. But I will have you. The pleasure will come, I promise you."

Stephan swallowed, nodded. His voice was soft yet hoarse. "Be gentle with me." He reached a hand up again, this time to stroke at Gerald's face. "I've never met any man I wanted to take me like this." He tugged his own legs higher and wider, offering himself to Gerald.

Gerald's words failed him at the sight. He was well-lubed, but he still moved as carefully as he could. The breach was clumsy at first, and Stephan sucked in a sharp breath, but Gerald drew a steadying breath, determined to keep going. He

slid, centimetre by centimetre in through the tight, puckered entrance. “So bloody tight.” He bit his lower lip under his teeth and his arms locked tightly, holding him stable as he rocked his hips against Stephan’s.

Stephan whimpered with soft, scared noises as Gerald thrust in, then withdrew a little way and thrust back in again. Stephan’s back arched and his head went back, his hair splayed across the sheets, dark against the white.

*Gorgeous.* Gerald couldn’t believe the delight of it all - the tight clench of Stephan’s arse, the welcoming wriggle of his hips, the gasps that came from the throat bared beneath him.

“*Ohgodohgod,*” Stephan mewled. His words came in gasps, as he jerked beneath Gerald. “So ... big...”

They settled to a rhythm but Gerald didn’t think he could restrain himself for much longer. His hands clutched the sheets either side of Stephan’s head, the long, silken hair tangling in his fingers. He started to deepen his thrusts, his body driving forward, his breath heaving into the air between them. “Mine, at last.”

“I’m yours.” Stephan sobbed, nodding wildly. “Take me, Gerald!”

“Is this how you want it?” Gerald growled. They were both panting loudly, the bed creaking beneath them with their efforts. Gerald leant in more fiercely, strengthening his strokes. “This is the truth, Stephan, this is how your body cries for me. Harder, deeper, faster, it cries -”

Stephan coughed. There was a sudden drop in background noise. Gerald slowed, blinking a drop of sweat out of his eyes.

“Well, now you mention it...” There was a different tone to Stephan’s voice now, even through the breathlessness. “Actually, I sort of preferred the pace you started with.” He wriggled more awkwardly underneath Gerald, causing Gerald to lose his stroke for a second. “Just a little slower again ... just a little to the right ... ahhh ... yes, much better.”

Gerald stopped abruptly.

“What?” Stephan sounded rather annoyed. “Shit, I just preferred the plunge effect to the piston, that’s all. What’s wrong with not wanting to walk for a couple of days like my legs couldn’t stop a pig?”

Gerald's throat made a gargling sound. His arms were rigid and he could feel the muscles shuddering beyond his control.

"Gerald?"

"My back's gone out again," he ground out through gritted teeth. He could feel the sweat springing up on his forehead, stress that had nothing to do with his groin. In fact, he could feel his excitement waning fast and his erection wilting. Goose bumps sprang up on the insides of his thighs as his nerves jarred.

Stephan stared up at him with a puzzled expression. "You want to stop? Right *now*?"

Gerald snarled back. "That bottom disc is still vulnerable, the chiropractor told me it might be. These things happen ... after forty. Hopefully ... only cramp." He grimaced, and his eyes narrowed, but he knew it was with pain, not lust. "This position is too bloody inflexible, I warned you. And all your damned fiddling about down there ..."

Stephan nudged his hips a bit. "You mean, like this?"

Gerald groaned, but this time not with sexual delight. His cock had completely deflated by now and, with a grunt, he let it slip slowly out.

"Shit." Stephan squeezed out from underneath him, not without a few more curses as his hair stuck to Gerald's sweaty limbs and the sheets got caught around his left ankle. "Come on then, let me help you. I'll massage it for you, like last time." He lowered Gerald on to the bed face down and helped him stretch out. Warming his hands, he started to press on the seized muscle.

Gerald made groaning noises again, but relaxed a little. He managed to move enough to look back up over his shoulder at Stephan, straddling him on the bed. "Sorry. We can try again later, if you like."

"Sure." Stephan didn't sound like he was consoled, but he kept up the soothing massage. He snickered quietly, only half under his breath. "Some of those lines were really cheesy. Where'd you find them? Bear Monthly?"

"It was your idea, remember, the role playing?" Gerald muttered. "We need some new inspiration, you said. We better not slide into vanilla, after all these years. Actually, I thought I was pretty convincing."

“*Since your eyes looked up at me, just like that? Where the fuck did that come from? I’m two inches taller than you. Only time I look up at you is when I’m on a lower step.*”

“*I never met any man I wanted to take me like this?*” countered Gerald, curling his lip.

Stephan smirked, unfazed. “Sounds good, right? And I got the whimpering down to a fine art. I think we’re really building well on this scenario.”

“My turn for bottom next time,” Gerald grumbled. “Your knees are stronger.”

Stephan was obviously still browsing mentally through their previous dialogue. “The pleasure will come? *Harder, deeper, faster?*”

Gerald rolled his eyes. Stephan’s fingers had worked their magic but he was still feeling the residual pain. “Not tonight, I can tell you that for certain.”

“Yeah. I hear you.” There were a few minutes of listless activity where Stephan straightened the sheets and got Gerald more comfortable. Then Stephan lay down beside him and pulled the covers back over them both.

Neither spoke for a while. The bedroom was darker than before, the air cooling. Gerald knew he wouldn’t sleep for a while, and was glad of the pillows supporting him. He wondered if Stephan would get him a drink to help calm him down.

“Stephan ...”

“Forget it,” Stephan said, sharply.

“What?”

“I know what you’re like. No drink. No late-night snack. You think as I’m the last to go to sleep every night, I can just run around after you.”

“Well, you are. Last to sleep, that is.”

“Because your snoring keeps me awake.”

Gerald snickered.

“What?” Stephan frowned. Gerald could see it clearly despite the darkness.

“Coitus interruptus isn’t a good look on me, you know.”

“*So - big...*” Gerald mimicked.

“You wish.”

Gerald started laughing. The pillows shook under him and his back seemed to have eased up considerably. “That’s straight out of that twink porn you watch.”

Stephan made a huffing noise. “So next month, *you* can choose the role play setting.”

“Better be something sitting down.”

“In a bath chair?” Stephan growled.

“You may be two inches taller, I’m two years younger,” Gerald batted back.

“Fuck you,” Stephan said, but he was grinning now. He rolled back against Gerald and ran his hand down between Gerald’s thighs. “Sliding into vanilla, after all these years. Did I really say that?”

Gerald felt his cock stir again. “Doesn’t bother me. It’s my favourite flavour.”

Stephan sighed. “Me, too. Most of the time.”

Gerald stretched out his arm, a little gingerly, and pulled Stephan close. For a moment, they were comfortably silent together.

Then Stephan glanced down at Gerald’s cock and licked his lips, this time with no trace of nervousness. “So you’d better just lie back and think of the back rub, while I get a taste of that flavour.” He started to slide down the bed, his hand fondling his own dick.

Gerald pressed his head back on the pillow and briefly closed his eyes. “The pleasure will come,” he murmured from his script, savouring the laughter in his voice.

“It’d better,” came Stephan’s muffled voice at Gerald’s groin, still with a hint of petulance. “And bloody soon.”