



*Billie
Jean*

Al Stewart
Claire Davis

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

BILLIE JEAN

By Al Stewart and Claire Davis

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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BILLIE JEAN

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Photo Description

There are two photographs.

Photo 1: In the first photograph a young, attractive man is dancing. He wears only panties, bra and a hat. His face is hidden, perhaps suggesting secrecy.

Photo 2: In the other photograph a man stands with his hands in his pockets, baring his toned chest. He wears sunglasses and has a surly expression.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My boyfriend and I have decided to take the next step in our relationship and exchange keys. He works odd hours as he's a (cop, FBI, commando, doesn't matter as long as it's cool and dangerous). I have a secret that I haven't told him yet, I like to dress in women's underwear. I'm not ashamed of this at all; I just haven't found the right way to tell him, it doesn't go over well with everyone. I don't think he'll have a problem with it, but you have to take your time with these things.

I don't have too many things I'm picky on, it can BDSM, contemporary, paranormal or whatever as long as it's not apocalyptic. I'd like for MC2 to catch MC1 dancing in his underwear (maybe to Michael Jackson or something like that) as to how he finds out about the cross-dressing. Also something from MC2's job will cause some danger to MC1.

Sincerely,

Shantel

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: performance arts, law enforcement, cross-dressing, hurt/comfort, outdoor sex

Content Warnings: abduction, references to past abuse

Word Count: 18,892

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Dedication

If you have ever felt that you cannot find your place in this world—then this book is dedicated to you.

BILLIE JEAN

By Al Stewart and Claire Davis

Why is he always, *always* late...?

I manage, by a careful process of squeeze and slithers, to get my legs up on the car dashboard and arrange them rather elegantly against Dan's window—right leg sprawled outwards and the other leaning on the window. Appearance is everything after all, especially when your boyfriend has apparently abandoned you in favour of piles and piles of crucial paperwork again. I'm not usually so petulant (honestly), but it's the third time this week he's late and I really wanted to get home so I can...

There he is! Descending like a cloud of attitude and masculinity. He even walks fiercely, with a slight swagger as if to dare someone to stop him—*make my day, punk*. God, he's hot. Oh, he's hurrying too... a bit... could it be he knows he's in the dog house? A smile is sneaking through my pout though, damn it! Just watching him thundering across the car park glaring like a baddie from a TV soap opera reminds me of our "naughty cop" last night, and, before I know it I'm bloody beaming and my whole body is welcoming him like a sunflower facing the sun.

Dan does nothing quietly or with grace. He's a big, strong, silent lug, with feet like concrete blocks and hands the size of dinner plates. Gentle fingers though, despite his impressive strength... It's a wonder the car door doesn't fall off as he wrenches it open, sticks his head and impressive shoulders in, lifts his eyebrows, and blows me a mock kiss.

"Sorry, sorry, I know I'm late! Got grabbed just as I was about to leave."

"Hmm. Did you?"

The car shakes as he cheerfully hurls his bag onto the back seat and wiggles in his seat until he's happy he's made as much noise and commotion as is "Danly" possible. I don't feel ready to give up my "I am the victim here" stance just yet though. No need to take my legs down just yet—plenty of time for me to admire my new double-shade Vans with pursed lips and a sniff. Dan smiles at me pointedly and inclines his head towards the feet.

"Nice, aren't they?" I ask innocently, lifting my jeans up to my knees so he can see the whole shoe show extravaganza. I open my legs a little more for

maximum appeal and effect, and even lick my bottom lip. Just a little. He smirks and leans right over me, staring into my face and narrowing his eyes. Then he quickly checks the car park—can't be seen having a *gay moment*—and swoops in for a quick, sweet kiss.

“You are a filthy tease. Get your lovely legs off my dashboard NOW or I'll—” and he leans forward and whispers for this last bit “—smack your arse!”

What can any self-respecting guy say to that?

I stick my tongue out, slide my legs off with an enormous *scissor kick* and sigh as if the world's shoe production has come to an end. Oh yeah, I showed him... We smile at each other; Dan blows me another kiss, and yes. Yes! There's definitely some mutual meaningful eye contact.

We've been together now for about six months. At first, I thought he was Mister Arse with a capital A—looking over his shoulder all the time to make sure there's no evidence of him acknowledging my gay existence. Oh, he explained it all (about a million times, perhaps) about his job... it was just him being careful, not wanting to put me in any danger... yeah, right!

He works for the *powlice*. I'm not even sure what he does really—he might have to kill me if I know too much... *snigger*—but apparently people are after him. *Bad* people, he says. Whatever!

When we go to his place, he always checks outside the house before he lets me out the car—pisses me off and makes me feel all hot and turned on at the same time! He's not an arse really, just a bit overprotective. I once asked him as a joke if he could please carry me in, as it was raining, and I really didn't want to ruin my shoes. I thought I'd gone too far—he stared at me with his hands on his hips, all broody and mean, but then he laughed, dragged me out of the car and without further ado dumped me over his shoulder, hand across my arse. I'd like to say I was humiliated and degraded, and maybe I was, but only in a good way.

He carried me all the way to his bedroom, giving me the silent treatment the whole time, which was hotter than it sounds. Just his hand kneading my buttocks—I must admit I rubbed off a little on the way. By the time I ended up on the bed I was pretty much over any feelings of resentment or shame. Very much so.

“Mustn't ruin these pretty shoes,” he muttered earnestly.

“Don’t you even think about it,” I sang dramatically, and watched as he slowly took all my clothes off, staring at me in between the zips and laces, then kissed me all the way from my ear to my big toe, which I wiggled suggestively—you missed that bit. He finished with a long, lingering suck and a lick between my toes, as if I was luxury food—“delicious”—leaving a tiny kiss between each word—“salty”—gentle nibbles round my ankles—“sweet”—trailing his chin up my calves, and leaving visible, biting trails up to my thighs as he pushed my legs apart and scrutinised me. I just lay there, completely helpless and admiring, wanting to whimper. Oh, and hard. I started slowly stroking my cock and watched him back, just to see what he would do next. I know I looked good, lying there, naked and hard. I’m slim and fit from hours of dancing at college; and judging from the way he feverishly ran his eyes over me, I would say he thought I looked good too.

“What does that taste like?” I asked in my best innocent voice.

Rough hands started at my knees and rolled up to stroke at my inner thighs lazily. “Well. Let’s see.” His lips kissed and lapped at my thighs, making little circles, and then a scrape of teeth. “Tastes of... cheeky boy.” He casually lay down next to me and watched me jerk off, then started stroking my stomach with his magic fingers, creating tantalising and complex neurological messages.

Rocks off! Rocks off!

I tried to tease him but, like always, I was the one with no control, arching my neck and whining.

His hand lightly moved down to my balls and thighs and, as he started working my nipples with his tongue, I sped up and felt the climax approaching, urgent and uncontrollable as an imminent volcano. *Got to come!* And just as my gasps turn into unrehearsed theatrical moans, Dan pushed my hand away and gripped my cock, tight. He brushed the hair away from my eyes and unhurriedly kissed me. “Slow down, beautiful,” he smirked, then released my cock and pumped me hard. My grip on his shoulders must have been painful as I jerked like a puppet in his hand, bucking and writhing. I felt my heartbeat increasing as I got ready to come but, no surprise there, he stopped me again. My little teasing ended with me naked, needy, and begging. Nothing new about that.

Anyway, to cut a long and very sweaty story short, he fucked me into heaven (I am sure I saw clouds) *and* saved my shoes—all in one afternoon. What’s not to like?

I'm brought back to the present by Dan's joke (which was awful, let's face it), but luckily I am blessed with a full range of creative abilities and can laugh both attractively and convincingly—"Fantastic, babe,"—I love his awful jokes. We pull up to his house, and I prepare myself for being protected from potential criminal elements—hiding in bushes and dark corners. *A blade of grass out of place there, Dan, better check it out!* I scrutinise my man (his backside) as he checks the house over moodily, with his badass walk, then beckons me in.

"I think it's okay. The locks seem secure."

"What are you looking for?" I ask waspishly, but get no answer, just a smack to my eager butt. He seems a little serious though, and I'm glad when he pulls me into his arms and kisses me thoroughly.

Man, the guy can kiss! I wind my arms around his neck, so he can bring me closer and envelop me with his hards and softs. The tiresome frustrations of the day roll away like so much old rubbish as his tongue greets mine, caressing my mouth. He continues to kiss me possessively and passionately—pushing and probing with his tongue. I could kiss him, watch him all day. Very quickly, my body once again starts to tingle with anticipation. I hope it's going to be one of those nights, where I am led screaming into the joys, perils and bruises of kitchen-and-gadget sex. But no...

"Niall, I've got to talk to you." He sounds rough and petulant.

Now, aren't those just the words to freeze any man's heart? I'm about to assure him that he really doesn't have to, I'd be just as happy with an hour of bedroom antics, when he sucks my bottom lip in such a soft, lingering, serious way that I know being dumped isn't what's on his mind. Dan doesn't play games with me. Not those sort, anyway.

"Work stuff," he murmurs, as he kisses all the way over my jaw and neck. That's just not fair! "Important work things. Mmm." Nothing I can do to resist neck seduction—I am quivering hair gel in his capable paws, as he pulls my shirt from my jeans and strokes up my sides and over my ribs, creating sensual dominoes, which all inevitably lead to my cock. Jesus! My body arches towards him, as he catches me by the hips and rubs his nose against mine, probably marking me with his toppy, musky scent.

"What do you do to me?" he says seriously, leading me off to the bedroom. A fair question. I suppose the best answer I can give is... *anything I bloody well can!* "Okay, after dinner then. We talk." And I know I've won. This round.

After an intense and joyful hour of noisy bed gymnastics, Dan gets up to answer a call, while I attempt to impress him with my culinary abilities. Standing at the counter, I'm cheerfully stirring and chopping vegetables, when warm hands slide around my waist and I ready myself for *the talk*. Such a pity I can't insist on Darth Vader doom music as he begins... A slight stiffening across my shoulders and a careful blank expression are the best defence tools I am able to muster. Wonder which it will be? I really like you but... I won the lottery and... or... I'm growing another...?

He looks tired, drained, leaning against the counter, arms crossed like he stepped off a "Wanted Gangster" poster. Like he has a secret. A huge sigh moves up through his chest as his shoulders slump. Uh-oh. It doesn't look good.

"Remember I told you about how you've got to be more careful? When you come to my house, when I meet you in the car, any time we're out in public. Yes?" I nod dutifully. Just how many armed get-the-gay terrorists are there in this city? He sounds anxious though, and I know it's worrying him—whatever it is—so I squeeze his arm and listen properly. "I'm trying not to go over the top or frighten you, Niall." He strokes my face. "But I want you to be safe. Someone at work was... followed by a perp we know from long ago. He didn't hurt her, but—" he stops to curl hair behind my ears "—but he scared her. Next time he might go further. I don't want that next time to be you."

I swear his eyes actually glimmer. He looks predatory and lethal. The rest of the words, about associates and risks, they float past me in a haze. Obviously some of it's above my head—a diva like me—but I get the gist.

Some bastard is after my man! Seeking revenge for banging up his feckless brother. That's all I need to understand. "Let the fucker come here! I'll strangle him with my bare, manicured hands!"

He tries unsuccessfully not to smile. "Niall! Are you listening?"

But seriously, I have to watch myself when I'm near his work, in case I am spotted and associated with Desperate Dan... and... lots of words of vital, dreary importance. All I can see is those precious little words, lit up with fireworks...

Not dumped!

I didn't really think it was over, but it's nice to hear it, just the same. I promise I will pay special attention to my surroundings, and then I get on with dinner (beaming) because I'm starving.

Next morning, he sees me off with a lingering grope 'n' kiss, and I end up with a close to fifteen-inch hard-on. Normally I leave when Dan does, but now I've got my own set of keys (mega *shitfuck* moment), so there's no rush. Time, privacy and Dan's spare room tease at my already shaky determination... Might as well...?

The black package is still there in my bag, unopened and sealed, like a Christmas present to self. The first glimpse is always so exciting! A pair of red silky panties and bra. "Firemen's Blaze", to be exact—very nice. Almost like water through my hands. They smell clean, as I inhale, new, and fresh and... I need to put them on. Right this minute!

No need to hurry this part—I want to savour this ritual of stepping into the panties. Pity Dan's not behind me watching. No one, I'm sure, could resist a view like that—sheer artistic luminescence. I slide them up my legs slowly, watching the hairs slip over the waistband, as the panties continue their journey upwards. They fit snugly over my hips, soft and smooth as I run my hands over my arse. They are clingy, but a perfect fit; made for me and my elegant behind. I cup my cock and balls, loving the red silk against my dark hair and its softness against my skin. Wearing these I feel valuable, mysterious, and unique.

There's a lot of badness in this world. Cruelty and darkness and suffering. I like to keep them out with blocks of colour and passion, like lighting a torch the only way I can. When I dance, I feel the music touching my limbs and igniting me, burning away the strains and stains of living. It's the same with the panties. Just little things, pretty little innocent things that prevent me from being engulfed by blandness and mediocrity.

They do look sexy. Oh, they do! Flamenco dancers and bull-fighting red, which brings out my own natural tone and colouring. I'm not as dark as Dan; I'm more a warm olive all over with brown hair and eyes. But hot damn, do I look fine in "Firemen's Blaze". Something missing though... the bra. It's an expensive one, handmade with tiny stitches and intricate lace. Such a pretty thing. I like to look at it, touch it; stroke and admire the lightness of the fabric.

The act of putting it on makes me hard, my cock bulging out of the panties... but I'm not giving in to it yet—I like to draw it out, enjoy the coming together of music, dance and me, in my glam underwear. Dan's music collection (all in alphabetical order) makes me draw breath—with raised eyebrows and pursed lips, not a lot I can use (head-banging heavy metal). Likely there's some classical music that will do. Obviously now I'll be staying over more (own key) I'd better bring some decent stuff. I shake my head at his lack of musical taste—that man so needs me.

His spare room is empty, cool and quiet, with soft carpet under my bare feet, so I drift in there and begin going through my stretching routine. I concentrate on my breathing and body, feeling every muscle and limb stretch then relax until I am ready to begin. The music fills me and commands my arms and legs. I get lost in it as I move around the room dancing and jumping, swaying and crouching.

Sometimes I dance for an imaginary audience, sometimes not. Today I dance for me and for the sheer joy of moving and feeling and just... being. Dancing makes me calm and focused—helps me to channel all that itchy energy and restlessness. It makes my senses tingle and sing—my light sparkling against the greyness of life.

When the song ends, I dance back into Dan's bedroom (ours?) and look at myself in the mirror. If I'm going to be bringing clothes and stuff here, I'll have to tell him. Yep. What's worse? That he finds the lingerie and thinks I'm having an affair with a girl, or that I tell him the simple truth. I like wearing women's lingerie. Really like it. I like wearing it when I'm dancing. I like cooking in it, cleaning, watching TV. When I'm in my own house I sometimes wear nothing but lingerie all day.

What I'd really love is to be fucked in it up against the wall. Somewhere public, where there is a possibility of being seen, men peering through curtains and windows, maybe fumbling with their own zippers. Watched by strangers...

I have to tell him. Maybe he won't mind after all. He's usually cool about things, very tolerant and open minded. We've talked about all sorts of stuff—he's dabbled in a few things I liked the sound of. We've watched porn together (plenty) and although he's mostly a top, we've both had a go at aiming the drill.

Truth be told, I really like him. I don't want to mess it up. I'll tell him later. Honest, I will.

*Ow*okay. Here I am, waiting in Dan's car again on a Friday night. He's at least half an hour late, and the cold and resentment have sneaked into my bones and good spirits, until I'm forced out of the car pacing and shivering. *Where the fuck is he?* I nearly jump out of my double-shaded Vans as a hand lands on my shoulder, but it's just some bloke wanting a light.

We strike up a conversation and talk about the city, where we live and the new stadium they're building. He's quite funny. He bolts just before Dan appears, looking all sheepish, rueful, and irresistible. He must be feeling really

guilty, because he takes my hand in his paws. I count ten seconds, waiting for the bender police, but they must be busy elsewhere because it doesn't happen...

"I'm sorry, you must be so cold and pissed at me." And there—right there—how does he know those were the very words I was about to throw at him?

"I was close to developing hyperthermia, yes." But my voice still sounds ridiculously sulky, and he really does work hard on giving me the "puppy eyes", looking all apologetic. My anger quickly fades and, suddenly, all I want is to go home with my man. So that's exactly what we end up doing.

There's nothing better than returning back home with your boyfriend, pleasant butterflies in your stomach and the gleeful knowledge that sex is in the cards. Dan catches me watching him—his hairy, muscled arms on the wheel, and long legs tapping to the music. All that pure power, wrapped in a pair of black jeans! He winks at me, crinkling his face, sending seductive messages my way.

Then he strokes my thigh and squeezes it, right at the top, suggesting what is, hopefully, about to happen. As we near the house, he starts rubbing my cock until I squirm in my seat, pushing up against him and amusing him immensely with my eagerness.

Not even ten minutes later, my legs are in the air and I'm holding them back so Dan can fuck me slowly, looking down at me as I squirm and writhe at the arousing sensations.

"Yeah, that's it, champagne and caviar, babe." He puts my ankles on his shoulders, smiling, and I'm as stretched as far as I can go, an elastic band waiting to snap straight into ecstasy. Inside me, I feel him rubbing on my most sensitive spot, see him carefully watching my reactions and responding to them. The sight of him on top of me, pushing and rocking, makes me pant and push back at him. "That's it, Dan, that's it. Bang that drum!"

He has amazing self-control—he's a silent lover, but the deadpan expression on his face starts to disintegrate, giving up that tight hold of his emotions. All those muscles and strength concentrated on me and my pleasure. Dan is the most attentive boyfriend I've ever had in bed (or out, I have to admit) and as I reach intense climax, I howl his name and clutch his arms. He stills as he comes. His beautiful moody face contorts, and agony, pleasure and lust illuminate across his features. Everything else is lost to him. What's left is pure bliss, and me.

Even when he comes, he's still thinking of me—holding my hand, stroking my hips, kissing my legs. From time to time, I manage to blurt soppy things out to him, but I don't want to kill the moment, so I try to hold back. The sex I had before I met Dan just doesn't compare; the sex, or anything else for that matter. With him, it leaves me shaky and terrified but happy. He overloads me in the most perfect of ways.

Afterwards, he likes to hug and pet, and who am I to complain about it? It's one of those rare times he seems relaxed and at ease, so I savour it, breathing in his warmth and musky male scent, welcoming his squeezes and attentions right through to my squidgy inner core. He holds my head close to his chest, and though I know I'll move away in the night, at that moment it feels perfect and makes my chest hurt. Just me and my guy.

Next morning he wakes me at four a.m. "Niall, love, you're gorgeous, but I've got to go. Something unexpected at work."

Sleepy fog prevents me from making any kind of sensible response, and I push out an *urgh* as he leaves the house in a flurry of determined masculine panic. I am not happy. At all. *Really?* Work gets him *all* week—his time, focus, energy, even his hairy toes and Oliver Reed glare. It's *my* time now! I do my best impression of having a breakdown, until I am interrupted by my phone bleeping. Text from Dan. It's embarrassing how quickly I snatch it up, so I make myself wait, counting to ten in case Dan's timing me. Hah. Not like I'm desperate or something.

Dan: *I may not go down in history but I'll go down on you.
Meet me for lunch?*

I consider saying no, but what would be the point? If I get taken out to lunch, I get to dress up. Also, damn right I intend to take him up (or down) on his offer of a BJ with trimmings. I can be business savvy like that, you know. I answer with one revelatory word, which I think sums up nicely my firm opinion on being left so early in the morning *without a shag*, as well as hinting at magnanimous forgiveness.

Niall: *Kay.*

The morning is dedicated to exercises and a long run. I take the lifelong exploration and pursuit of physical perfection quite seriously. That also applies to my dancing and college courses. The years I worked in a tedious call centre have made me ferocious about becoming a dance teacher. I'm not good enough to be a professional dancer, but I love it just the same. Dan hasn't seen me

dance on stage yet, but he's seen me doing street dance with the youth workers. It's where I first met him—I could see him across the street, watching me. Too far away to really tell, but I think he had a boner. Obviously I put on a bit of a show for him—rolling my hips and wiggling my arse... It's a wonder I wasn't arrested for indecent and excessive sexiness.

The same guy is waiting in the car park, so we share another chat, without cig this time. "I work in the offices next to the police. Over there," he explains and points to one of the nearby buildings.

"No way! My... partner works for the police."

The guy seems very interested in law enforcement—says he's thinking about doing volunteer work with offenders.

He disappears just before I see Dan, who thunders up to me and squeezes my hand.

"Good afternoon, Officer. I've been very antisocial and deserve to be locked up and handcuffed to a wall."

"Old ones always the best, Niall." I get a quick peck on the cheek and a wink, not before checking for gay spies first, of course... I asked him once if I could visit him at work and have a look, maybe say hello to his co-workers. He looked at me like I'd suggested shoving a bomb up his arse, so I let it drop. It doesn't bother me, not really. Guess I'm not everybody's cup of tea... Sniff.

Lunch though—double shitfuck and then some.

He only takes me on a canal barge. A boat on the water! Now, I'm not into water sports, not even from a distance, all I can manage is a bath soak. So I stand there, doing my best "damsel in distress" impression. There's not much that shuts me up, but this most definitely does. An enormous barge, with flowers on top and fancy lettering, simply floating there in the sun. Like it's waiting for a king... and a queen!

"Come on then, naughty boy," he says, and I am led *by the hand* (people watching alert) across some little steps on board. All the time I say nothing (I am speechless, I can't pretend otherwise); I've had cologne, chocolates and even underwear bought for me before. But I have never, ever, had a Venice gondola sort of thing hired just for me!

Just for me!

It chokes me up a bit. Last week: keys; this week: a water chariot! An extremely attentive man in a nice dark suit takes our coats, and gestures to a beautiful room good enough for royalty. There's a table with glasses, napkins, candles, and flowers. Absolutely spectacular.

All that for me.

Hope I use the right fork, I think to myself and chuckle. Then it's just him and me. Impatiently, he pulls me to him and runs his hands up my arms to my shoulders and gently cups my face. He covers it with soft kisses, which for a moment seem to slip through the pores of my skin and go straight to my now rapidly beating heart. The fact that this utterly gorgeous man holds me in his arms makes me feel like I am about to lift off the ground with wonder.

"I'm sorry I'm always late, and I know I don't say much, but you know." He kisses me all along my jaw and down my neck, whispers, "You know," and I find that I do indeed know. Without hesitation, I wrap my arms around his waist and kiss him until he has to stop for air. "Is there a bedroom?" I murmur, and for a minute we just stand there in silence, all emotional and turned on.

Polite man returns and we are offered an enormous amount of delicious food. I drink *champagne*, while Dan tells me some funny stuff about when he was a kid. *How did I get this lucky?* I repeatedly ask myself. He looks so tough. You wouldn't want to cross him in a dark alley—or any other place, truth be told. He has this look about him suggesting interrogation (preferably in a dark, private corner). But he's smiling now and that combination of *cross me and you'll die*, with those crinkles at the corners of his beautiful navy-blue eyes and that little dimple is... brutally handsome. He's a man of opposites, I've always thought—tough but kind, strong but gentle, quiet but annoyingly noisy. Especially, when he's trying not to wake me up in the morning!

Polite man is currently taking some pictures of us on my phone, and after we are done, we saunter off along the canal back to the car, me pleasantly buzzed and full of bubbling warmth "Dan. I can't believe you did that—I don't know what to say."

He links my arm through his and nudges me with his shoulder. "You don't know what to say? *Niall* is stuck for words?" He narrows his eyes at me teasingly, and I try to think of a witty comeback. The best I can come up with is pushing him against a tree and kissing him. The possessiveness of his hand cupping my jaw is just too much to handle. I don't know if I'm aroused or about to cry. His thumb moves in slow circles on my neck and jaw, teasing,

confident and strong. “Just wanted to do something nice for you, Niall. I might do something even better when we get home.” He runs his tongue across my teeth and the roof of my mouth. It makes my toes curl. I don’t know if I can wait until we get home.

As we approach the town centre, I notice he gets cautious, scanning the street and frowning. I step a pace away. I understand, I really do. Some people (idiots) are just not comfortable with seeing men holding hands. They prefer to see us as friends or acquaintances, rather than two guys heading off home for some hot and earnest shagging.

“Strip.”

We don’t even get to the bedroom.

“These.” A sneer. “These clothes? They don’t need to be on you, Niall. Off.” I can only watch, hypnotised, as he unpeels me like a banana, breathing a little too fast. “Much better—nice.”

Although he’s seen me naked a million times. I love his praise, and so does my cock. Luckily, I left some lube in the living room (it’s always good to be prepared), and pretty soon I’m about to straddle him on the sofa. Dan’s desperate, running his hands all over my chest and stomach, as I lower onto him gingerly, paying for yesterday’s workout session.

I rest on him, just rocking slowly and stroking his pecs and neck. I’m full with him, but I still want more—an overpowering tantalising itch. Dan massages my arse, and the power of those large hands on my buttocks and hips makes me moan, my head flung back. I need him to look at me, see through me, and find me. Shivers run down my body, as he watches me slowly start to lose it. “So beautiful,” he whispers, holding my hips more firmly and rocking back up to me, holding my gaze. I love his attention, the way he’s guiding my pleasure. The pressure building in my balls is becoming too much, so I kiss down his neck and roll my arse and stomach muscles in a way that drives him fucking wild—leaning slightly back onto his hands so he can see my cock jutting up there for him. Suddenly, pleasing him seems more important than anything else, and I speed up until he’s sweating and grimacing, then flick a nipple hard—just the way he likes it.

For all his iron control and discipline, I can make Dan pant with need in bed. He’s told me he loves my body and now my inner control freak is grunting and moaning, beside himself. No words in the dictionary can describe the

exquisiteness of it. He grips my waist and pumps up into me, hard and desperate, and I all I can do is smilecry into his face, understanding his emotion and vulnerability. I fist myself furiously, pushing, pushing, and come all over his chest and chin before collapsing onto him. My body and heart cling to my guy, my rock. His muscular arms wrap around me, and he strokes my neck as we catch our breath. "So good," I manage to whisper into his skin, wishing I was able to say more.

My ultimate aim is to make him scream as he comes; to completely forget about his usual worries, like hapless criminals, or being gay, or some unpaid bills. To give him that. Hopefully. My wishful thinking does not stop there. One day soon, he'll fuck me outdoors, up a wall, tearing my lacy underwear. Then, of course, I plan to win a million bucks from the lottery and get a top dancing job. But for now I'll take the screaming. I don't tell him this though—don't want him being overwhelmed by my confession during our sexathon. I'll tell him tonight, or maybe tomorrow, about the undies...

The rest of the day is relaxed—just watching television and doing chores together. He keeps glancing at his phone though, when he thinks I'm not watching, which is really not like him. "What's up?" I ask, but he just shakes his head—too important for little me to know. I understand that he has a difficult and demanding job, and he has no need to feel guilty if it occasionally (all the bloody time) takes him away from me. I'm not unreasonable (moi?), only sulky sometimes. Why don't they fuck off and leave him alone? Unreasonable selfish bastards.

A bleeping phone in the middle of the night and urgent whispers and he's gone from the bedroom. *What the fuck is he doing?*

"Dan?"

He's standing in the living room, bollock naked, with his phone in one hand, pulling out his hair with the other. That is not normal behaviour.

"Dan."

He sees me and ends the conversation abruptly, snapping his phone shut then hurling it across the room, where it clatters into the wall. It's been years, but still my body responds immediately, arms coming up to protect my head, trying to look as small as I can.

"Oh, no, no. Niall! Come here." He's with me in two strides, and I'm wrapped up in his arms. "I'm not angry with you. It's okay. Okay?" and he peers into my face and I know I'm all right.

“Sorry,” I whisper, after a minute. “What’s going on? I know it’s bad. Can’t you tell me?”

He shakes his head gently against mine. “I can’t. It’s just work. Something bad going down, like I told you.” I nod. I know how it is. The perils of being a policeman’s wife—if you can’t do the time, don’t do the crime. No way I’m giving up this crime, so I’ll just have to put up with the not knowing.

Dan retrieves his phone, and we get back into bed. He pulls me onto his shoulder and I wait. Sometimes I can tell when he wants to talk. It’s like coaxing a stray cat—you have to give it some time then offer it scraps. So I wait a bit, then kiss his neck and lean up on one elbow to look at him. It’s dark anyway, but at least he’ll know I’m listening. He kisses me and looks back. I think. For all I know, he could be sticking out his tongue and going cross-eyed.

“You thought I was going to hit you. Didn’t you?”

Oh shit. I don’t want to go into that. I already told him the basics, and anyway it was years ago. I draw breath. “No. I didn’t think. That’s the point—it’s just a reaction—like if your knee gets hit, your leg flies up.” He strokes my back and thinks about it so hard I can sense the burning.

“Anyone ever hits your knee, I’ll rip their head off. Got it?”

I nod and smile, relieved. Heart-to-heart over. Thank God. There’s a lot that goes unsaid with me and my man, but none of it’s important.

When I get back to my own flat on Sunday morning, I feel deflated. More and more I don’t want to come home after being with Dan, but that’s just how things are. Dan never stays here—the first time he ever came in he looked around in horror. “You live here?” he’d asked incredulously. “If you can call it living!” I brushed it off with a pretty-yet-manly (offended) laugh and we never talked about it again, though he helped me change all the locks and reinforce the safety bolts.

The next few days pass with the usual humdrum of life—college, working the bar, sleeping—until Dan calls to ask if I want to meet him at his place Wednesday night, as long as I call him, then check around the house before going in—calling him of course if I notice anything weird. I so do. “Niall? Bring some stuff, like we said. No need for you to go home every night.” I smile stupidly into the phone at him as if he can see. “I might be late, so just cook for yourself.” My lips brush the receiver, and he chuckles darkly. “Later, gorgeous.”

I take my suitcase to his house and unpack my few things. I'm unsure where to put my clothes—don't want to be presumptuous. There's lots of room in Dan's cupboards though, he's a man of few garments, so in the end I just put mine with his stuff. Can't help ruffling up his corners a bit. They look strange and smug there, cuddled up together with Dan's clothes, or maybe I'm just in a sentimental mood?

What to do with the undies.

What shall I do with them? I've got to talk to him before mingling them in with his boxers, though I smirk at the thought of Dan coming across Cheeky Chappies and Velvet Vampire one morning as he shimmies into his all-whites. He's not going to be home for hours yet and I feel a little restless, so...?

What is it about bras—the eighth wonder of the world? The pull of the fabric stretching across my body? The way that it makes me push my chest out and arch my back? The restricting sensations as I raise my arms when dancing? I ponder this profound question—up there with the Third World water supplies and how to maintain the ozone layer—and decide I need more research. Much, much more.

I lovingly select my favourites—"Sir Lee"—and strip in front of the mirror. Sometimes I like to dance naked too. Not much room for it in my wardrobe of a room, but Dan has a large and empty spare room and I've had many fantasies about performing for him there.

Dan watching in the doorway, possibly naked too. Jerking off, tweaking his nipple, grunting... I need to tell him, I really do.

I carefully put on my panties and bra and remember I brought some CDs! It's a Michael day, so I also need my trilby hat. Finally, I'm ready. Black panties and bra, hat, and a whole lot of energy oozing, set to pour out into my limbs. Da Jackson music does that to me. Stretching routine first: muscles and skin pushing back against the undies creating delicious ripples and waves. It helps me focus and concentrate, ensuring my mind and body are ready.

The CD starts, the music enters me and the world slips away.

There is nothing better than this.

My body answers to the music, nothing I can do to keep still once I hear a good tune. I'm working hard today and am really in my stride when I see him.

Dan.

In the window reflection, just a glimpse as I swirl around the room. Just standing there in the doorway to the bedroom, probably doesn't realise I've seen him. He must have seen my entire frilly range of smalls spread out there on the bed. Holy shit. A million thoughts.

Should I stop?

What if he...?

I nearly trip as my concentration wavers, but the music and the dancing answer for me and I give him the performance of a lifetime. If I'm going down in flames it might as well be to Michael. *Don't look at him.* I'm not sure if he caught me as I saw him. I didn't get a chance to really see his face, which is maybe a good thing.

"Billie Jean" starts with its firm beat, and the muscles across my shoulders roll like wheels in time to the disco synthesiser. Every time I turn I see his face, watching. I'm already tired and slightly sweaty but I pull out all the stops, push away all the badness of the world—hold it at bay with my dancing and a silly pair of panties, like waving a flag at an army marching across the skyline—probably foolish but it's all I've got.

Oh Jesus.

Every move and turn I ever did, every leap and bound and twist.

Dan!

My body remembers them all like fond old memories. I go from slow and fluid to sexy and strutting, undulating with the tune, letting it caress me with its allure. It's the best dance I ever did, if a little desperate. A dance to the death.

Dan.

When I was sixteen, my social worker came in to find me standing there in a pair of girls' knickers, masturbating. Jesus! From her reaction you would think I was tossing off over a picture of Mother Theresa. I had to go through bloody hours of them telling me I *must* have been abused by my dad, despite my protests. He was a bastard, but he never did that. They let it drop in the end, but I was much more careful after that. Why is it wrong? I didn't know then and I don't know now. It is no one else's business if I want to wear beautiful underwear. I've never told anyone since though. Not a guilty secret—more like a treasured friend I don't want to see insulted.

Inevitably the song comes to an end, just like things do in real life.

Fuck.

Everything comes to an end. I am exhausted and shaky, and I finish my dance and maybe my relationship with Dan, on the floor. Usually I'm relaxed and languid after dancing, but today my muscles start to tense up and cramp and I shiver. I could easily cry. Suddenly I'm sixteen again, ashamed and confused. The underwear feels spoiled, cheap. I can always take my suitcase back home later. There's a bus at ten. He doesn't have to explain. The silence after the music is excruciating and painful, the carpet rough against my cheek...

Footsteps thudding down as he rushes out, then the front door being slammed. The house shakes then everything is still.

"No!"

My face crumples, and I throw the hat across the room. "I fucking knew it!" Hot tears course down my cheeks and onto the carpet. *Nothing's lost, nothing's lost! I've still got my course, I'll still get to dance—to teach. I'm not homeless. Probably wouldn't have worked anyway, might as well get it over with.*

"Dan!"

And all the pretty bright panties and dancing in the world are not enough to fight this badness, this wave of grey despair. An ugly horrible noise rips from me, it's too much. I can't lose him. The misery is too intense to be contained, and my body rocks from the onslaught, the disappointment and shock. I need him! I have to get a hold of myself, I can't give in to this. Get a grip! My shoulders are shaking, my legs have cramps, and it's so cold I'm shivering all over. I want to lie there and admit defeat, ask for another chance... I should have run after him, tried to explain... but, I can't stand him looking at me now; things to be done. I want to hold him so badly my arms hurt; everything hurts. Get a grip.

My suitcase is still open on the floor, the various panties still on the bed. I scoop up the underwear spitefully and sling them in the suitcase. I open Dan's cupboards and drag out my things, my breathing ragged and harsh. That door banging, I can still hear its final thump. I can't lose him. I need to shut it all out. I can do that.

God knows, I can do that.

I rush, but there's no need—no way Dan will be back until I've gone, fucking perverted dickhead that I am. I heard the car screeching off down the

road as if Lucifer himself was breathing fire up his exhaust. He won't want to speak with me again.

I pull off the panties so roughly they rip, and then I can't stop. I pull them apart, ripping off the edging violently until they look like bits of rag. Noises erupt from me like eerie night animals and for a moment I lose control.

But only for a moment.

I stand in the shower for ages, just letting the water run down my body. It's soothing, familiar. Might as well start my new life clean. Salvage what I can, not like I haven't done it before. I don't look too bad in the mirror—blotchy from the tears and scorching water—but okay for someone whose life is in tatters along with his knickers...

What?

The suitcase is gone from the bed, but the underclothes are there—all lying there neatly, arranged in pretty lines.

Along with the flowers. Flowers!

So many flowers—carnations and lilies, roses and exotic orange things with long spikes and silky petals. Looks like Rio de Janeiro and Hawaii at carnival time. Every colour known to man, all mingled in there with my knickers and bras. I can't take it in. What does it mean?

Dan appears next to me and almost knocks me over, carrying two glasses and what looks like a huge bottle of champagne. He looks worried and shy, like he did when we first met. My hand itches to touch him, to hold him, but I can't meet his eye. Silence and words and awkwardness in the small space between us. I can't stand it, let's just get it out the way. The clock ticks like a bomb about to go off. Maybe it is.

"What?" I gesture at the bed, and I'm trembling, but when I look up I can see the kindness and longing in that shy smile as he nods at me to go on, but I can't. He is trembling too, the glasses wobbling slightly.

"Put them back on," he whispers. It's the quietest I've ever heard Dan's voice; tentative, uncertain. "The yellow ones. Put them on?"

I hear him, but I don't feel or question what he says—it just is. I do what he asks so tentatively; I slip them on silently and carefully, not like I imagined in my fantasies. Yellow, tiny things—"Morning Glory"—too small to dance in, but gorgeous across the buttocks, slipping into the crack and leaving nothing to

the imagination. I know I look good from the back, because I looked with two mirrors the other day. I turn to face him and my future, but I can't quite look in his eyes. I feel shy and embarrassed, really silly. *I should be packing! What the fuck am I doing?*

I like being on stage, but this is horrible. I don't feel sexy and I don't feel like looking up. It's as if he found my diary and read all the nasty bits I'm ashamed of. I don't remember now why I even wear this stuff. I'm a grown man with responsibilities and bills to pay.

He puts the glasses on his bedside table noisily and moves so close that I can feel the warmth from his body, smell his lemon shampoo. Strong hands move all the way up from my wrists to my shoulders, squeezing and caressing, affirming. Such dark blue eyes. His stare captures me. I know I'm searching for judgement and disgust, but that's not what I see.

His voice is uncertain, trembling. "I wanted to clap and shout. You deserve flowers and applause and reviews in the newspaper. I didn't know you could dance like that." A smile breaks over his brooding face and everything is lifted—his eyes and mouth, even his hands as they move to cup my face. I still feel an idiot, but his sudden joy is contagious and difficult to resist. His kiss is hesitant, like he doesn't know if he is allowed, and I can't have that. I know my lip wobbles against his, and I'm a little shaky as I pull him so close against me I probably cause bruises.

I didn't think I'd get to hold him again. Solid and good and right. A sigh escapes me and maybe half a laugh. He kisses me tenderly and runs his hands over my sides and chest, my stomach and nipples, and eventually down to my panties. Each kiss soothes away the trembling and worry. He looks down and turns me, as his hands glide over my arse, fingers just teasing under the edge, his eyes slightly crinkled, frowning, puzzled and wondering, like he is touching expensive and treasured art.

I can't be the one to speak first. He just stares at me hungrily, almost with reverence, as he continues his study, covering every inch of my arse with his big fingers. Ten minutes ago my life was over, but somehow this only makes my cock want the attention even more.

I can't sort it out in my head. He seems to like them.

Dan kneels down and gently turns me back to face him. His fascinated smile and worshipping hands thaw the solid lump in my throat, and I can think clearly again. I'm also rock hard by now, as he takes me by the hips and kisses all

along the waistband and over the fabric covering my cock. Sizzling tingles shiver all over my body from his touch, his hands and his attention. This wasn't what I expected.

"You don't mind?" I manage, and my voice sounds strange, as if it belongs to someone else.

He smiles and laughs a bit as he kisses my cock and kneads my buttocks. "Mind?" He pulls down the waistband so my cock springs free, and he laps at the head and swirls his tongue over me. *He doesn't mind!* I buck forward and moan and grasp his head as a finger teases at my hole, making me burn and ache and need. *Jesus!* I open my legs further as he takes my cock right down to the root. I need to feel like I am his. I try to move into his mouth, but he pulls back and kisses all the way up my cock to my stomach. I need to feel him so badly. I need to feel sexy and wanted, for him to still look at me like I am precious.

Strong hands guide me towards the bed. "Wait! The flowers! Don't crush them—I never got flowers before." I start to gather them up. So many flowers! "Did you buy out the shop?"

Dan grins wickedly. "You're right, let's not bother with the bed then!" He pushes me against the wall, legs and arms spread. "Niall, I can't wait! I almost came in my jeans watching you dance. So fucking hot," and he finds the lube and fingers me until I'm moaning and pushing back at him.

"Now Dan, do it." I need him inside me, I just do. He starts to pull the yellow panties down, but I show him that's not necessary due to their flimsy nature. I long ago worked out that, theoretically, you can fuck in ladies' panties. I'm about to find out.

He enters me with a loud groan—not quite a scream—but more vocal than I've ever heard him. One steely hand grips mine as he rocks into me, the ebb and flow like waves on a beach, and I swear I feel the badness leaving me. His other hand slips into the front of the yellow panties, and he strokes me firmly. I am encased and filled with him and his warmth, his kindness, his care. *He doesn't mind!* I look down at his hand in those panties and thrust into his fist, giving myself to him.

All the stress of the last hour, and perhaps much longer, is pushed from me by Dan's firm grip and sure, tight hug.

I brace my arms against the wall and pant. His cock is relentless—opening me and filling me with raw, rushing passion. He is moaning and yelling, or it

could be me. I come first and he pulls me close to him, as he follows with a yell. We sink to the floor half sobbing, covered in cum and sweat. *He doesn't mind.* Dan is laughing, gasping and kissing me as I settle on his shoulder.

“You really don't mind?” The air has cleared, my voice is back to normal and now it seems almost irrelevant—*just a man wearing panties; nothing to get upset about.*

He kisses my hair, my nose, my eyelids, and tilts my face up to look at him.

“Why were you leaving? I just went to get the flowers and champagne. You've got to have champagne for your debut, Niall.”

“The flowers—they're beautiful. No one ever bought me flowers before. Thought you... you know.” Articulate as ever, me.

“You thought I was shocked?” He studies me with a slight frown. “Disgusted?” How does he read my mind? I nod and murmur affirmation, then realise how insulting this must be to him. Why did I think that? Dan is the best guy in the entire world. He's never let me down. Why did I think he would about this?

“Sorry,” I whisper, but he just pulls me closer and rubs my nose with his. “I was surprised, yes. I did a double take! It didn't make sense—I could see you and I got the hard-on but...” He stops to kiss me deeply, making gentle noises and stroking my jaw. “But I don't care, Niall. I don't care if you want to wear a horsetail butt plug and reins. As long as I get to ride you. Okay?”

I nod, so relieved I only realised now how much I'd worried about telling him. What a way to find out.

“And for the record? You look fucking gorgeous in that stuff. I'd like to see you in it a lot more. I'd really like to know what else you're into.”

How did I get so lucky?

We spend the rest of the day in bed, me trying on all my various sexy underwear for him, and drinking the champagne together. He tells me how he came to be standing there watching me dance in that doorway, unable to move. “You looked brave and cheeky, made me want to look after you and fuck you and... I never met anyone like you before, Niall.”

...How turned on he was, aroused by my body and my moving and the black “Sir Lee” ensemble.

...How he wanted to speak, but didn't know what to say and was afraid of getting it wrong.

“There was nothing I could say, Niall, that would be good enough.”

...So he'd rushed out for flowers and champagne, not even realising I'd seen him. Noisy bastard had no idea he'd banged the door loud enough to rouse the dead. I tell him my fantasies about fucking outside in the panties, maybe even wearing them when we go out. He laughs and listens and tells me some of his own fantasies, and what was I worried about? This man is fantastic! He tells me about this work party he has coming up and asks will I go with him? Of course I bloody will! Especially if I can wear my panties!

It's the first time we've ever really talked, and guess what? It's nowhere near as bad as I always thought. He even tries on a pair of panties and we crawl back in the bed together and look on his laptop at the site I shop at.

“Nah, they look much better on you, they were made for you, gorgeous.” He buys the black pair I ripped. “What did you do that for! Huh?”

I shrug, too embarrassed to tell him. “Don't know.”

But he does know, and buys some more to boost the country's economy—a blue transparent tanga called “Lip Gloss”, and a striking purple corset called “Dracula's Bride”, as well as a few extra pairs he thinks I don't notice. I keep waiting for the *why* question, but it never comes, only the *when* and the *how often*. He's gleeful and playful, pleased to share this secret with me. He can't stop kissing and touching me, and there is no doubt. This guy likes me.

I don't know if it upset him, me thinking he was outraged. Maybe I was the silent one? I'll try harder to talk properly to him. I will.

I don't get to see him for a few days after this, and I start to miss him. His smile, his silence, his hands and his teasing.

His hands.

His company. And his hands. I've never done this before, but I decide to surprise him after college by waiting in his car for him. An impromptu visit—it's only a mile or so from college so I can easily walk. I had promised to always let Dan know when I'm coming, but surprises are good—right? I even consider waiting in just my underwear, but it's a public car park and even I'm not that brave. I just wear them under my clothes along with a little special surprise—slightly abrasive, but fucking hot. Just knowing about them, secret and silky, is enough to give me a hard-on all the way there. I'm just settling in, sitting gingerly on one buttock, when someone bangs on the glass. Makes me

start, but it's just the guy I've seen here a few times—he always seems to be here when I am.

“Hi, mate, how are you doing?” I get out chatting with him. He's really friendly, and I end up showing him the pictures on my phone of me and Dan when we had dinner on the barge. He's very interested and peers at the phone and then at me, appraisingly. He tells me he's here to be picked up—he can't find his keys and is out of cash for a bus.

“Oh, that's shit! I'm always losing my keys! Here—I've got some cash.” I hand him a note, enough for the bus home.

He starts and looks at me, eyebrows raised. “No, no, that's nice of you, but it's no problem. My mate is coming to get me. Thanks though. I better go, he's meeting me at the corner,” and he shoots off, looking back at me.

I'm awoken by soft lips on mine. “Niall! What are you doing here? You should have text me! Remember? Can't have you sitting here all on your own.”

My man is here! I pull him in for a proper kiss, and despite all his protestations about danger blah blah blah, he can't resist and soon we're tonguing in earnest.

“Guess what I'm wearing?” I whisper, licking his ear and sucking on his lobe. “Bright blue, chosen by you—‘Aqua Marine Shiver’—not much to them. Can you guess?” And, cheeky sod that I am, I squeeze his bulge.

He pulls back to stare at me, and I can see the arousal and horror. “Wanna see?” I shock myself sometimes, I really do. Shameless. I unzip my jeans, slowly and noisily, then show him.

“Not here. Niall! Seatbelt.” His voice is husky, and he clears his throat. He starts the car and we drive off, me with my jeans pulled down my hips and my cock poking out the top of the blue panties, unable to stop the snortgiggles.

Dan looks sideways at me. “Outside, huh?” He takes us—via some 007 type driving—to an alleyway around the back of some shops. It's nearly dark, but there are people about. Voices and actual people.

“Dan... I don't know. What if someone sees us and calls the police?”

“I am the police, Niall. I want you to call me. Just before you come.” His fingers stroke along my neck and under my chin; he looks radiant and dangerous. I could never resist a challenge, so fuck it.

“Okay, let's do it.” I sound breathless and throaty, as he manhandles me back into my jeans.

“We’ll just pull these back up while we get out. Lift your hips.” He shakes his head as I start to help, then we have a furtive look at the street. Bins and the back of shops, lots of doors that could potentially open and windows above us of the residential flats; a slight breeze on my skin and just starting to get dark. Dan is grinning, shaking his head at us. “You ready?” he asks breathlessly, looking like a naughty boy up to mischief.

I nod, unable to stop the guffaws. He’s rough with me, just as we discussed and agreed. He yanks my jeans and panties right down, bends me over a low wall and notices the pink-jewel plug in my arse. He lifts my arse even higher, so my feet are up on toes, and spreads me further.

He gasps, softly grunts and laughs all at once then strokes my arse gently. “Niall. That’s—fuck!” Clearly the pink diamond has affected his power of speech, because all he can do is stare and stroke. I am completely on show for anyone that might appear, with my arse high in the air and a pink diamond glittering from my hole.

“Come on Dan! Quick, before we’re seen.”

My heart starts pounding from the nerves and fear and arousal. I can taste blood where I’ve bitten my tongue a little. A heady mix of anticipation and horror engulf me. *What was I thinking?*

My balls are tingling from the exposure and excitement, and I’m hard and leaking. There could be people seeing me right now, at windows or doorways. Watching. I whine a little, as Dan strokes my inner thighs and balls, then gently removes the plug, laughing quietly. A tickling moist kiss teases my hole, which is shocking and hot. He adds lube from the glove box emergency pack, lingering there and fucking me slowly with his fingers. I shuffle out of my clothes completely so I’m naked from the waist down, except my canvas shoes.

I feel that word *exposed* in every pore, every hair and every inch of skin. Exposed, on show, naked. Maybe it’s the mixture of all the sensations, but I can hear every sound around us, every window and voice.

Fresh air and slight breeze flutters over my arse and balls. *Jesus!* I can hear a couple talking in the next street, not twenty yards from here. I quieten my grunts (not at all pretty) and turn to ask if it’s all right. He picks up the panties, shoves them in my mouth, and I’m pushed back over the wall, my cheeks parted as he breaches me, grips my hips and fucks me.

Not like I thought. Dan’s grunting is raw and ugly and my hands are sore and dirty as my body is rammed forward against the wall. Dan is totally getting

off on it, rutting me like an animal. It's fantastic and horrible; I don't know if I like it, but it feels fucking amazing.

People. Watching Dan take out the butt plug and fuck me. Their eyes staring and appraising and judging. My T-shirt is high up to my neck, I'm almost naked. Completely on show. I've never felt so slutty or so aroused in my life.

I feel nasty. NESSTIE.

It's messy and my hands scrape on the wall from the pummelling Dan's giving my arse, but it's so good. I want to scream, but my mouth's full of blue lace. The friction and fullness in my arse become an unbearable pressure, and I feel my balls tighten up, ready to shoot. The panties land on the ground as I spit them out. The voices get louder and louder and Dan just loses it. He pistons into me, all control lost as I work my cock—watchers maybe jerking off too—until I come with loud moans and wails and collapse against the wall. He shouts my name, desperate and primal, and the voices stop suddenly and go the other way.

My knees and hands are full of grit, my throat is hoarse, and Dan's cum leaks down my leg. *Oh shit!*

Dan produces tissues and cleans me up as we laugh helplessly, tears rolling down my face. "What would my chief say?" he splutters, and sets me off again. A window high above bangs shut, filling me with horror... and pride. He brushes us both off and gives my stomach a kiss, as he pulls up my jeans and hugs me tight. He carefully wipes the blue panties and plug with a smirk and a wink.

"I thought those people were gonna see us!"

He nods and we get back in the car. He looks dishevelled and hot, slightly swollen lips and cum on his hands. A badass—completely delectable. "Was that okay, Niall?" And there's my guy, not so sure and worried about me.

"Fucking hell, Dan! You were wild!" Does he need to ask me that! My whole body is suffused with abrasive cuts and grit, and warmth, as we smile at each other and drive home. "I didn't think I'd be able to do it, Niall—didn't think I'd get hard. I don't know if I should feel ashamed or proud."

"Yeah, it was the pink diamond that set you off."

I get a little talking-to, though, about waiting for him in the car without telling him: "It's not forever—only a few weeks, until the underground car park is operational again. Probably just me being paranoid, Niall. I know the car

park is streets away from the station, but still... just text me next time. You never know who's hanging round. Okay?"

I agree. Let's face it, I'd agree to a lot more than half my kingdom for this guy.

When we get home he helps me to clean up my scrapes and bruises. "Aw. That one needs a kiss. And that one!" It turns me on again actually, his care and attention. He catches me watching him and soon we're necking like horny teenagers, me sitting on the sink with my legs wrapped round his waist. I love all this—doing the normal, everyday things with someone else. He surprises me. Later on, I've got my head on his shoulder, eating pizza feeling warm and cosy. "Niall? Remember we talked about spanking?" *Well. Well! Fuck me with a banana and call me Marilyn.*

"Spanking? Mm. Yes please. Like to get my hands on that gorgeous butt of yours, Dan." He frowns at me, perplexed and amused as I smile back at him brightly. He narrows his eyes, and I giggle.

"Be my guest." He starts undoing his jeans, and I stop him by kissing him hard and forcing a mouthful of pizza into his mouth. He gags slightly then swallows and pulls me onto his lap. "Love to spank this cheeky gorgeous arse," he says seriously, forcing down the chewed pizza. "How would you like this? I'd start with you in those black panties. Maybe three hard smacks, just to get you tingling. Then, I'd slip the panties off and rub and massage your arse, maybe lick your crack and tongue-fuck you. When you're desperate, Niall, *desperate*—" He pauses here to suck my tongue out and encircle it with his own, playing with the tip in such a way that can only be described as cock tease. "Then I'll position you so your butt is sticking right up here in the air, so I can see *everything*. All on show for me—just for me. Blow some air on you—" He stops, leans forward and blows. "—then, spank you." He draws the word spank out slowly, tasting each letter. "Slow at first, then hard. Harder! Faster! Until you come."

I blink at him in a most intelligent and telling manner, watching him stare at me, all possessive and challenging. I swear my arse tingles in readiness!

Jesus!

"Nothing to say, Niall? Not like you." He strokes my hair behind my ear, and my cheek rubs into his hand.

"Yes?" I squeak, pushing my face at his hand as he caresses my jaw and face. "Yes, I'd like that!" *Now! I'd like it now, please!*

“Yes what?”

Is he serious?

I sit up straight to look at him, pouting with my head to one side. He's smiling though. “Yes, oh great Cockzilla?” I ask innocently, and we both laugh and have a cuddle.

“You're naughty.” He licks and sucks my earlobe, making me wriggle.

“And you're grumpy.” I pay him back with a well-trained and perfectly aimed tickle, straight to the ribs. He shrieks and we end up on the floor, rolling in pizza. I do like him. A lot...

After that, Dan has a mad spell at work and I hardly see him for about a week. I'm quite busy myself, with college and work and stabilising the economy of the UK, as well as ensuring at all times a healthy shoe collection. Come Friday night though, and I've just got to see him. Enough is enough. A tiger needs meat, a bird needs a worm, and I need my man. The rain is dripping down my neck, and there are so many puddles my shoes are just sopping messes. I intend to tell him I'm on my way to his car, really I do, but it's pouring and... So, I don't get around to it! What's he going to do? Bang me in handcuffs and hurl me into the cells? Now you're talking.

I've thought a lot about what he said about spanking (mainly with my hand round my cock), and really, I am not disinclined to the idea. My arse spasms like it's agreeing with me. Maybe we can start tonight? I'm not proper sub material, but thinking about being all exposed like that on Dan's lap, while he whacks my arse and maybe says humiliating stuff, has me popping yet *another* boner. And, and I could be *very* naughty...

A delicious memory pops into my mind of Dan last week—he laid me on my stomach, put a pillow under my hips and started off by just spreading me as wide as I could go. Then he just stared at my arse hole. Now, that doesn't sound like much, but fuck me backwards with a spoon—it was hot as hell. I felt dirty, cheap and hot, as he spread my butt cheeks and just... looked, then circled my hole with his thumbs—so arousing I tried to grab my own cock, but he stopped me by putting my hands behind my back and holding them together. Honest to God, I nearly came just from that. There is no doubt—me and Dan still have a lot of exciting, unfinished, kinky business to explore!

Dan always leaves his car in the same place, so my feet know which way to go, even though my hood's up from the rain. I see the car and head for it. There

are two men crouching down by the side of Dan's car. At first I just think they've dropped something but then they see me and even I can tell they've slashed the tyres.

"What are you doing?" Not my best ever question, and before I know it they're up and have me shoved down the side of the car against a van so that no one could see, even if there was anyone out there. "What do you want? Get the fuck off me."

There's no real fear, I recognise one of the men—the guy I've chatted with. His face is screwed up, nasty and sneering. "You little prick! You had to come here today, didn't you. Revised plan. We beat the crap out of this pretty boy—he's the cop's girlfriend. Pay the cop back, eh, Craig?" Stupidly, I feel betrayed—I offered this guy bus fare! He sees my stricken face as I recoil and pats my arm. "Oh don't worry. You're not my type."

"Don't be daft. I won't say anything—I didn't see nothing." I start to back away, but vicious hands drag me back.

"Shut the fuck up." Then they drag me over to a black van. It all happens so fast. I struggle a bit, but they're big men and I'm not really built for resistance. It's only when they try to shove me in the back of the van that I fight—really fight. "Stop that, you little fucker!"

I feel the impact on my face but not any pain, not even when they grab me by the hair and pull me into the van. I thrash my legs and arms and I panic and scream—it's dark and there are no windows; I can't go in there. I am stopped by the feel of the blade against my throat. Icy and hot and *if he pushes that I'm a goner.*

"Wanna feel that, sunshine? No? Then keep still and shut up."

Oh Jesus. Can I run for it? The van starts and I try frantically to guess which direction they are heading, but it's too dark to tell. It swerves and roars, nausea and sobs push up my throat as I wrap my arms around my shaking knees. I don't know when the shaking started, but I'm freezing and wet and bewildered. *Are they going to hurt me?* My heart is hammering away. I'm sure he can hear it. "Where are you taking me?"

The guy I don't know sits facing me, muttering and swearing. *Is he crazy?* I try to make myself as small as possible, and I don't look at him. If I look down and keep quiet and still, maybe he'll forget about me. *Don't move, don't breathe.*

It's been years since I lived with my dad; eight actually. All that time, but I still remember how to avoid a kicking. How to be invisible. When to speak and when not to speak (most of the time). How to try and keep clean for school so no one notices my shame when I have no PE kit and no uniform. How to get by on nothing to eat, but feel the big fucking growl of emptiness and loneliness. How to not hope, and how to not ever start with the crying and the *why* questions.

I'm as alone now as I was then. Doesn't matter how hard you try to get away, that misery and being on your own will get you one day. I don't know why I'm thinking of this now when I've spent so many years avoiding thinking of it—must be the shock.

I don't know how long I've been crying, or even how loud, but the van has stopped and both thugs are crouching down peering at me muttering at each other.

"I'm not hitting him!"

"Fuck's sake! It was your idea!"

"I don't care—he's just a kid. Just... gimme a minute to think."

I hug my knees closer and wipe my face on the wet sleeve of my coat. My face feels taut and aches after the punch, not that there's much to smile at anyway. How long have we been in the van? It could have been hours or minutes, but probably less than an hour.

"Hey, kid, calm down. We're not going to hurt you—I promise. Just give your boyfriend a scare. Teach him a lesson. No call to get upset, trust me." He pats my arm and smiles at me encouragingly, like I'm stupid enough to believe anything he tells me. Why the fuck didn't I listen to Dan? I miss him so badly at that moment I feel sick. More muttering and cursing.

"Just get rid of him! We'll get serious time for this."

"All right, all right. I've got an idea." Nicer thug crouches down next to me and beams brightly. "Okay, so this is what you're going to do. You're going to get that nice phone out and I'm going to take a picture. Then I'm going to send it to lover boy. Nothing heavy. Hand over the phone."

I find it and hand it over wearily. The crying has worn me out. I can't win by fighting, I never could.

"Good boy. Now, I'm going to just take a couple of pictures to send to lover boy, then you can go. I'd tell you to look miserable but you already do," he wheezes.

I can't think about Dan getting that picture, my lovely Dan. He'll never want me now. So I shut my eyes and lean against the van wall and try to stop the tears sliding down my stupid, hurting face.

I feel his hand on my arm. "Hey, come on, kid. It's okay." His voice is a mixture of worry and frustration, but no longer anger. He squeezes my arm then wipes my nose and this tiny act of kindness or whatever it is finishes me off. I'm sobbing and wailing, and can't stop.

"Take me back! I'm nothing to do with this."

The nasty guy drags him away. "Take the fucking picture! This was a stupid idea."

He takes the pictures, comes up really close, so he can see just how utterly shitty I must look. I close my eyes and look away. They fiddle with my phone, but not like I've got any tricky locks or codes on it. They easily work out how to send the pictures to Dan with, I presume, nasty text messages.

"There you go, not so bad was it?" No way to explain it even to myself. That they've made me look weak and pathetic and showed this to Dan, who thinks I'm exotic and beautiful and exciting. How can he ever think those things again after seeing me with snot on my face huddling in a van? He can't. They've outed me for the imposter that I am; not good enough for Dan.

"I need to pee." As if being photographed with snot isn't degradation enough! I remember with terrible clarity that I'm wearing the new pink transparent panties. The nicer thug takes me out of the van and points at some woods. I don't know where we are, but it's in the middle of nowhere, in pitch darkness.

"Go! Get lost!" he hisses, pointing aggressively.

I get as far as the trees, listening to the thugs argue, then I do it. I just run. Don't know where I am, but no way I'm getting back in that van.

After a few minutes of desperate sprinting, I look back and no one is following. They don't care that I've gone. Waves of dizziness and nausea engulf me, until I am doubled over and throwing up. I smell and look like shit, which seems worse to me at that moment than being abandoned in the middle of nowhere. I walk for ages, until finally coming out on a road. I recognise it—a few miles from the town centre, but not that far.

I rationalise what just happened. Some thugs shoved me in a van and drove me off to scare Dan. I'm hot and cold with shame, and I feel like such a fool—this was what he's been warning me about! These idiots are the nasties out for revenge. He's going to be so mad at me. Maybe I can get back before he even realises? Can I get away with not telling him?

There doesn't seem to be any buses, so I just trudge, and trudge and trudge. It takes me ages and my feet are tired and sore, blisters and cuts. I don't know if it's the shock, but I find myself reciting some lines from the production I'm in at college, over and over again. My tongue feels enormous, stuck in my mouth all swollen and sandy. Things start to look weird—blurry and swaying, have to lean on a wall for a bit.

Be home soon. Just one foot in front of the other... if I think about it I can't do it... gone a bit numb... everything blurs and sways. The pavement is cool against my face—just for a minute—can't let myself stop... Have to tell Dan about the panties—where is everyone? I'm so tired, I could just sleep, but I've got to get home before Dan. Reciting stretching exercises, I haul myself back up and lurch off. Every muscle aches; I'll go through them one by one, listing their names.

As I get near town, I decide to go to Dan's work. Even if he's gone home, maybe I can ask them to call him for me? I need to see him so badly, but I don't know if he'll want to see me after this. I've let him down, probably showed him up in front of his copper mates. My tongue feels like it's stuck to the roof of my mouth with thirst. When did I last drink?

There seems to be a football match or maybe a concert, because there are police everywhere. I am covered in vomit and probably look like a zombie. I can't face these people like this, so I choose the back streets. I'm kind of spacey and dazed, and I have to keep stopping and catching my breath. "Come on, Niall, you can do this—keep going." I haven't eaten since...? I realise I didn't actually eat at all since yesterday—I was planning on a nice Chinese takeaway with Dan tonight, and I didn't have any cash at lunch time. That's probably why I'm so dizzy.

There are police in uniform outside Dan's building, which is unusual. Dan told me they don't like to have uniforms outside, because of the clients going in to probation. Maybe they won't let me in looking like this anyway? I don't want to bring attention to myself, but I can't stand straight. "Can you help me, please?" They stop me and peer at me. I'm having trouble speaking and feel myself start to slide as they grab me and everything fades.

I hear before I can see. Dan's voice. He is shouting, urgent. What's he mad about? My vision clears and... *what's he thinking?* I'm sitting on his lap inside his work. There are police, and a small crowd around us. He has me in his arms and all I can think is that these people will see us! These police will know he's gay! He sees I'm awake and strokes my face and kisses me again and again. I start to tell him! *Don't—I'm covered in sick and I taste awful and, and...* but I can't speak, and it's Dan. He's here, my guy. He is not making much sense, and all these people can see us. *What's he thinking?* I clutch his shirt and turn into his chest. My man, I'm with my man.

An ambulance screeches up, and there's a lot of clattering and fuss. I am lifted onto a bed and wheeled into the ambulance. I don't let Dan go though. I can apologise later for holding his hand in public.

He looks terrible, white and pinched and drained. *What has happened?* I start to ask him, but he shushes me and strokes my face and then the paramedics push him away. They give me this gloopy stuff to suck and after it I feel a bit more normal. I smile at Dan and his face dissolves and he draws me to him. "Fucking bastards, Niall, I thought they'd kill you. Did they hurt you?"

And I realise that all this fuss is for me. For me! "No, they didn't. Punched me when they pushed me in the van, that's all. I'm okay. Did—" I stop. I can't ask—those pictures.

Dan answers for me: "Those pictures, Niall. You looked so broken and hurt. All tied up and..." but he can't go on. His voice breaks and he holds me so close we're like one person.

"Dan?" He peers at me, stroking my face. "I... I'm filthy." I gesture down at myself, ashamed.

"Niall. Niall! You're safe, baby, you're safe." He clutches me to him, and maybe the vomit doesn't matter after all.

I can see that of the two of us, he is in the worst state by far. The paramedics speak soothingly to us and make Dan sit apart from me. I try to follow what everyone is saying, but I am just so tired and warm that I doze off.

Sometime later, I open my eyes and Dan is growling at the nurses, until they leave the cubicle, and he swishes the curtains behind them crossly. I'm half undressed in what looks like a hospital.

"No one's taking your jeans off but me." He leans over me and whispers, "Especially since I know what's likely under them." He gently helps me take

my jeans and the pink transparent panties off, making sure no one comes in. "Very pretty." Dan smiles and pockets them with raised eyebrows for safe keeping. He tenderly covers me over with a blanket and holds my hand as the nurses and doctor are allowed back in. It seems I am dehydrated with low blood sugar, but otherwise fine. They want me to stay for a few hours, but then I am free to go.

I wait for the almighty bollocking that's bound to be coming my way.

Two detectives come in, and I tell them everything—the guy at Dan's car, the van and the pictures. They already know the identities of the men and are searching for the van. They ask if I have somewhere safe to hide out for a few days, and I falter, not wanting to embarrass Dan. I needn't have bothered! He shakes his head at them and butts in rudely, "Niall's coming to stay with me, of course. He's my boyfriend—I'll look after him." He glares at them as if expecting them to argue but they just nod, smile and leave.

I remember the crowd outside his work, Dan outing himself and I feel terrible. "I'm sorry Dan. I'm such a—"

He crushes his lips to mine and kisses me all over my mouth, my nose, and face. "You've got nothing to be sorry about—I brought these fucking scumbags to you, Niall. I should have been more careful." My shoulders sag as the breath I must have been holding is released. I'm not in trouble with Dan.

"You did try." I remind him of all his warnings and reminders, but he just looks at me so seriously that I trail off.

"I thought they'd hurt you, Niall. Really hurt you. Leave you raped and stabbed in some woods, just to spite me. That was the worst few hours of my life," and he is unable to go on. I tell him about my pee in the woods, having to hide the panties, and he attempts a smile, indulgent and exasperated.

Apparently I walked six miles to the station—not a marathon but it explains the blisters and dizziness. Dan promises me a feast when we get home, and the doctors eventually let us go. Dan has a very intense phone conversation with his commandant, or whatever it is, and he goes tight-lipped and agrees to allow police to watch his house.

On the walk through the hospital, he holds my shoulders tightly, like he can't bear to let me go.

I am so relieved when we get home! I feel like it's been years since I got pushed into that fucking van. Was it really only tonight? I soak in Dan's extra massive bath, while he persuades one of the police to get us Chinese takeaway.

He keeps asking me how I feel. The dreaded question. I don't know! I feel okay. Hungry, knackered, but mainly relieved. I don't like fuss; it makes me feel prickly, like pins and needles along my spine. I never know what people want me to say. I try to look for clues in their faces but...

"You want your back scrubbed?" Dan appears and rolls up his shirt sleeves. He soaps my shoulders and back, and I groan—he gives a lovely massage, firm and slow and... oh, Jesus. He slips his hands around my waist and stomach and kisses my neck then hugs me tight. "Dan! Your shirt," I protest, but it's too late. He gets in behind me, clothes and all, and pulls me back to lean on him. Water sloshes over the edge of the bath. "You're mad," I giggle as he soaps my chest and kisses my head.

It's like he can't be away from me for even a few minutes. It must have been shit-awful for him, just waiting and thinking of me dead. I twist about so I'm facing him and slip my arms around him. It's not easy—but I wiggle in somehow. Water floods the bathroom, but Dan is oblivious, cradling me so carefully the bathroom crackles with all that emotion. "I'm okay, you know. Really. It was all surreal and I was so scared, but it's over now." The words resonate in the room, sounding odd and heavy. *I was kidnapped!*

The sobs erupt from somewhere deep. *Oh shit! This is not going to make Dan feel better, is it?* I can't stop, though, and it's one of those deep, painful cries that you only ever have about twice every hundred years. I end up telling him how it made me think of my dad and the fear I lived with after. I gasp out my utter shame and loneliness when they took those pictures, imagining Dan looking at them. Seeing me. Looking at that kid at school with no uniform and socks with holes in them. I go on and on, all my miserable secrets that never came out before bubble and burst out like vomit. Too much information? Oh, I think so. Way, way too much.

Once it's all out, I just collapse on him—my face shoved into his neck and the water gone cold. Dan is holding me very tightly, and I think I can feel his tears on my head. We're clutching each other like the Titanic's going down around us. Probably we would stay here for all eternity if one of us doesn't break the spell. "Come on, let's get out. Where's that Chinese?" I say, brightly and dimly all at the same time. We get out, him dripping and his jeans stuck to him, both looking away the minute our eyes meet, talking about rubbish.

It's a bit awkward—how can it not be, after all that shit I just said? But we get through the meal with no more soul-deep revelations, which is good, because I'm drained and Dan looks bruised. I'm so grateful for the droning of

the radio, forcing back some normality into the kitchen. I am so tired that I go to bed after that, and fall asleep almost straight away. Dan gets in some time in the night and spoons behind me. I love waking up like that, both his arms around me and his cock nudging my back.

When I open my eyes again, it's light and I can tell he's already awake. We get a call a couple of hours later in the day to say they've apprehended the two thugs and taken them into custody. Neither of us is in danger now that they're caught. Dan grunts into the phone, telling the commandant he's taking the rest of the week off. "Niall needs me. He's still very shaken up." I'm not going to argue if it means I get him all to myself for a whole week.

We go back to bed after this and snuggle. He tells me about the thugs and why they were after him, wanting to teach him a lesson, blaming Dan for their brother going to prison and then hanging himself. He can't say too much, but I get the gist.

"Niall, if I had really thought you were in danger—I'm so sorry." I hug him to me and kiss him, and we talk, and I think it will be okay.

"Hey," he whispers some time later and nudges my hair with his nose. "How you doing? Really?"

I consider this. I really do feel fine—warm and close to Dan, his hands wrapped round mine. The skin on my face is tight from the punch, but I know it could all have been much worse. Relief and a Saturday morning feeling slide over me, and I want to feel him, really feel him. "Horny?" I answer, turning so we're facing each other, and kiss him deeply, tongues, sucks, even a little bite. I'm always gagging for it in the morning, and armies of lust soldiers run up and down my body, as he languidly strokes my cock and balls. I move into his hand and reach for him. We thrust and stroke together, until he moves me back on my side.

"Are you ready for this, Niall? We don't have to. We can just cuddle and be close." I hand him the lube and silently lift my knees higher so he has easy access.

There's no words to explain it; I just want him. I just need the feelings to be normal, for yesterday to be gone. It's crazy, but my body is screaming for him—his touch, and his cock. I need to see that he still wants me, and maybe he needs that too, because emotion is all over his face and in his gentle, loving touch.

He kisses all round my neck, his rocking causing tantalising itches of lust and tenderness. The powerful urge to cry merges with the compulsion to move into his touch, get as close to him as I can. We reach for each other and finally I can look properly in his eyes. There is sorrow there, and uncertainty; he is open for me to read. He feels sorry for what happened—sees *victim*, and I will never be that.

Maybe I assume too much, but some determination wells up; I can make this right. Sex has always been our strong haven, and there's no way the thugs are ruining that for me. I grab the lube—it's cold as I warm it on my hands then push Dan's leg up.

Soft noises escape him as I finger-fuck him carefully, making sure it feels good, watching him come undone from my hands and my heart. I make love to him slowly, holding his legs up, me on my knees, his hands gripping my legs. My power is different to his, but it's there all the same, merging with his as we toil together in such sweet agony.

He gives it all to me, loses all that command of his face and body, as he jerks and thrashes and moans beneath me. It's overwhelming. My own pleasure is difficult to hold back, burning through me, pushing, pushing. Just as I can't take any more, Dan grabs his cock and begins to come. The orgasm roars through me, stronger than the tears and the worries and doubt.

I'm crying a little—we're both crying. Dan scoots up to me and cuddles me close. Our bodies know what to say even when there are no words.

For ages we just lie there, as close as two men can be, little kisses and strokes and petting. "I always want to slow down, just look at your lovely body, but I can't, Niall. I want you so badly," he whispers then leans into my ear. "I love you."

I freeze, then try to cover it up by coughing and then biting my lip ferociously. *Way to go, Niall!* There's a million things to say, all welling up and threatening to leak out my eyes, but instead I just look at him blankly.

But he only crinkles those eyes knowingly and nudges my nose.

"Have done for ages. Yesterday, I just... I thought the worst. I want you to know, Niall. Don't know why I didn't tell you before—didn't want to scare you off, I guess. You're so out of my league, Niall."

What's he telling me? He's out of *my* league? I don't even *have* a league.

“And Niall, baby? You’ve got to stop all this shit—thinking you’re not good enough for me.”

How does he *know* I think that? He goes on to tell me I kept apologising about outing him in public when I was woozy in the ambulance.

“And stop hiding things from me. If you want a spank, tell me. If you want me to paddle your arse then fuck you dressed as Superman—tell me! We’ll talk about it.” He traces along my forehead and nose with one finger. “I don’t care who knows I’m gay. I’m *proud* to be your boyfriend, Niall. You get that? Proud.”

All this from my silent guy! There’s so much about Dan I don’t know. I wrap my arms around his head, lean in and count to twenty. I can do this, I can. “I love you too.”

And he nods at me and licks my ear. “I know.” *Arrogant bastard!*

It’s the Hag’s Ball! *You shall go to the dance, Niallerella.*

Hag’s Ball is the annual police celebration of... not sure. All that is right and good and just? It’s a formal event—suits and ties, socks, comb of the hair. A sit-down meal and then... dancing! I don’t know if Dan wants me to strut my funky stuff, but I shall be happy to oblige, if he doesn’t mind.

We agree to meet in the car park for the police formal night out so I don’t have to go in alone—don’t want all those people staring at me, wondering who I am. I scrub up well in my suit, I must say. My arse looks particularly fine—my trousers are tight around the thighs and butt, none of this shaggy-arsed bad boy image for me. I want to look sexy for my man! Even if I do have to pretend he’s not my man, though Dan says I don’t. You can’t break the habits of a lifetime overnight, after all.

The taxi arrives and dark streets rush past from the back seat. The nag of worry starts in my lower abdomen, and my lip finds its way between my teeth. I haven’t been very good around crowds, or people at all, since the thugs. It’s not that I think I’m in danger—not with my very own stormtrooper Dan nearby—just that I feel exposed and visible. The thugs are safely locked away and hopefully that’s it. But, after years of being able to move through and past people without flinching, I’m suddenly aware that I’m not after all invisible. I feel vulnerable and porous. Transparent. Dan keeps asking me about it, and I do try but... no one wants to live with a wreck, do they? So I change the subject,

sideline him into sex, anything to change the subject. He runs his hands through his hair and grimaces, and I know he wants me to talk about it, but he doesn't push.

It's not even what the thugs did—not much after all; could have been a lot worse. All kinds of obsessive thoughts drip through my brain—replaying what happened and how I might have acted differently. Some kind of delayed shock, I guess. Or maybe I'm finally coming out of the protective shell I've been in since I was fourteen?

As promised, Dan is waiting for me in the car park, leaning on his car with arms crossed, looking like he's just walked straight out of an advert for Calvin Klein.

“You waiting for me, big boy?” I ask suggestively with a wink. He smirks and tugs me in for a quick kiss. Something is shoved into my hand at the same time as his tongue enters my ear, and I don't know whether to protest or laugh. In my hand there's a pair of Sheriff Joe's finest panties. Red and frilly. Small. I'm astonished.

“Put them on,” he whispers urgently, with a ferocious grin. “Under your suit, so I know about them but no one else does.”

I huff at him as he goes back to sucking on my earlobe (why is that so good?), stuff the panties in my pocket and nod.

Yes that's right. I'm going to be wearing my slinky panties—Sheriff Joe's—under my suit in a room full of straight, serious, police people, all watching me as I dance or move around. Not knowing what's under my boring suit. Red lace rubbing over my arse and cock. Waiting to be unwrapped like an expensive chocolate... by the time we get to the building I'm hard.

He takes me to a small room with a photocopier and loads of files and cupboards, then shuts the door and looks at me with crossed arms. Mr. Moody with an indecent leer. “Put them on,” he says gruffly. “Cavities need searching, sir.”

“Oh yes, Officer. Anything else I can do for you?” I do a little strip for him, taking off everything except my shirt and socks. Dan's eyes roam over me, my cock reacting from his invisible remote control. Him watching me so intently in that office—with hundreds of people outside—is both scary and exciting. I hand him the panties—“hold these”—then I step into them. Dan slides them up over my legs and hips and smooths his hands over my arse and sides.

There's a small podium in there; I expect they use it for meetings and presentations. I grab the coat stand and place it in the middle, then give Dan a little pole dance. I hold the pole with both hands and arch my back. "What do you like, Officer?" Dan can't stop laughing and comes up to undulate with me. We grind together around the pole, until the door rattles furiously and the coat stand clatters off the stage in a deafening crash and clang.

But Dan has locked it! "Ten minutes!" he shouts, laughing.

He ends our burst of dirty dancing by going down on his knees and pushing a note into my panties. "Very good, sir, but I don't think that's going to be enough. I'm going to need—" he pauses to run his face along my erection—"more, much more, sir."

I arch into him. He groans and slips his hands inside the panties, then crushes his mouth to mine, squeezing my arse and running his fingers down my crack. My whole body is buzzing with arousal, and I grip his hair on both sides, hard, and kiss him. His hands lift me by the arse and my legs wrap around his back. My cock grinds into his as his finger circles my hole, nudging into me teasingly.

"We can't do it here!" I breathe. *Or can we?*

"No. Definitely not." He shakes his head to emphasise the no-ness, then grins wolfishly and plonks me down on the photo copier. "But here? Don't see why not." And he starts unbuttoning my shirt, then flings it across the room—amazing how quickly Dan can de-frock me! He strokes my stomach and chest and watches me intently as my fingers fumble at his shirt and trousers. I'm sure manhandling such nice clothes cannot be good for them, but the world will not come to an end, so fuck it.

Dan fishes out his emergency lube from a pocket (did he plan this?) and snaps it open. He strokes his lovely cock for a few minutes with his head on one side. "How do you want it? Your turn to choose." I consider this carefully, then turn and bend over the photocopier—be a nice reminder for Dan every time he uses it. The image of all the people copying important documents, not knowing we fucked here, flashes through my mind and I laugh. He pulls me up straight and wraps his arms around me, kissing my neck and shoulders. I can feel his cock hard against me as his hands roam my body.

"You're so gorgeous, Niall. I could fuck you all day." He runs his nose and face along my shoulders and murmurs sweet, precious words to me. This turns me on so much. We've got so much better at speaking—not all soul searching,

but treasured and meaningful to me. He bends me over the photocopier and caresses me from the shoulders to the arse, as he lines his cock up and enters me.

I love to feel him holding me as we fuck. On the hips or round the waist, knowing he's there keeping me steady with those enormous hands. He breathes and groans down my neck as he rocks and rolls his hips, sending delicious tingles through my body.

The photocopier clatters as we push against it, and I wonder belatedly if it will ever work again. I fist my own cock as the pleasure builds and spikes.

We collapse over the poor machine then slide to the floor and kiss. We never seem to get tired of each other, Dan and me. I could have his hands over me and in me all day. He smiles at me with glazed eyes as he helps me clean up and put the rest of my clothes back on. "We're going to be late!" He cups my cheek and pats me down, his hands lingering over my arse.

They play some nice songs—dance music and eighties stuff—and Dan goes up and speaks to the DJ. He looks so hot—his shirt sleeves rolled up always ticks the boxes for me. What's he doing? He's standing in the middle of the dance floor beckoning me. His eyebrows are raised and he's doing that half smile that ends in a dimple—no ignoring that. It better not be any of *his shake your head and give yourself brain damage* type songs!

I meet him on the dance floor as the beat starts and he laughs—it's "Billie Jean", of course. "Our song, Niall," he whispers, holding out his arm with a wry smile. I accept all that he is offering—has already given—by grasping his hand and meeting him on that stage in front of hundreds of people.

Just me and my guy.

The End

Author Bio

Al Stewart lives in the U.K and was never picked for the school sports teams. Al is addicted to words and often finds real life a hindrance.

Claire Davis was not selected for the sports either, but she enjoyed watching the football team.

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