Pooh Bear
by QuietBubbles

Summary

One is a shy, lonely student with curly hair. The other, a newly qualified, bright eyed and bushy-tailed teacher-who may be hiding something beneath his squeaky clean exterior...There is plenty of fluff-alongside the realization of quite the kink...Will be regularly updated xx

Notes

Hi! Thank you so much for reading. I feel a little weird writing about real people, but I've taken them far enough out of reality to be comfortable, and I guess we're already on the internet...hope you enjoy!xx
“...and so though we have no definitive proof, one could certainly postulate the theory in an exam situation that Wyatt was indeed writing for Anne Boleyn.” Mr Lester paused for a moment to allow the class to make a note of this. “Though I don’t want to influence your answers too much, in my humble opinion there is little doubt. Risky-Wyatt was playing with some pretty dangerous fire. Literally putting his head on the block.” The teacher gave a small smile, the corner of his mouth twitching. “Though of course he was not among those executed on the adultery charges against the queen.”

Dan could not help but smile back, though the joke was akin to one his dad would make. His pen was poised above his notebook, having begun to make notes on Wyatt, but he had neglected his work in favour of simply drinking in everything about his English teacher. Mr Lester. The name was honey on his tongue, and he shily relished it. Mr Lester was newly qualified, having walked into this classroom for the first time only the previous September. He sat perched on the edge of his desk as he taught, book of poetry open in his lap, the sleeves of his blazer rolled up like most of the students. His eyes were still shiny and eager behind his thickly-framed glasses-a life of teaching had not yet knocked the hope and joy out of him. Mr Lester remained relentlessly cheerful, quick to smile as he did now. And when he did-Dan could hardly help himself. In fact-he was utterly helpless.

“Now, as for the poem itself...page 43,” Mr Lester instructed, to much rustling of paper as the class flipped through their textbooks with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Dan did likewise, but could hardly bear to let his eyes stray from his teacher. Two double lessons a week...it was nowhere near enough. Dan had lain awake late last night, unable to close his eyes, for every time he did so, all he would see is that same face, that same black hair swept across his forehead, those piercing blue eyes that seemed to look right though him, those large pale hands and that smile...it seemed so ridiculous that a person could occupy such a position in his life and yet be completely oblivious. The barrier between teacher and student was completely impenetrable, so stubbornly so that it physically hurt.

“...as you are listening, try to identify the extended metaphor used, and think about the effect Wyatt achieves through its application.” Mr Lester was saying. Dan realised that he was watching his teacher rather than listening, letting his voice blur into a pleasing hum, capturing the tone rather than individual words. With just the pitch, tone and intonation of his voice, Dan vaguely imagined what he would much rather that voice was saying to him. It certainly would not be a lesson on sixteenth century poetry...Dan had pictured a thousand conversations with him. They usually involved a much more private setting, no rows of desks separating them-nothing at all separating them, in fact. Mr Lester’s face close to his, that large pale hand buried in Dan’s curly hair, those lips moving slowly as he whispered that he loved-

“Daniel?”

Dan started as he was brought abruptly out of his thoughts, almost displacing the elbow he was leaning on. Miraculously, Mr Lester was looking straight at him. And so, it seemed, were the rest of the class. Embarrassed and duly anxious, he felt his cheeks beginning to burn.

“Y-yes, sir?” he managed to mumble, trying to look as if he had been paying attention all along. But Mr Lester had a knowing look on his face-Dan knew he had been picked on deliberately. His cheeks grew hotter.

“I thought that since you are clearly so immersed in Wyatt’s work, you might like to read aloud for
us,” Mr Lester pushed gently. Dan felt his stomach drop—he hated nothing more than being drawn attention to in class, and reading aloud a close second to that. He loathed when teachers picked on students who did not volunteer like this—though he could tell that Mr Lester was not intending to be unkind. Only Mr Lester could not possibly know what a source of amusement his ridiculous Winnie-The-Pooh voice was for his peers.

“Go on, then.” Mr Lester prompted him, well-meaning eagerness in those blue eyes—a sharp contrast to the snake-like pupils around him. “Nice and loudly.”

Knowing that he had no choice, and with dread creeping into his stomach, Dan cleared his throat and reluctantly began:

“Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, hélas, I may no more.
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore,”

As he read, Dan stumbled slightly over the strange words, in no way helped by the fact that the atmosphere around him was one of amusement. He could tell that his peers were enjoying this humiliation, providing plenty of ammunition with which to mock his voice at lunchtime. His cheeks now a deep pink, his voice faded to a murmur. But still—he soldiered on, finding that Wyatt’s words hit him a little too close to home for comfort.

“Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about:
Noli me tangere, for Caesar’s I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.”

He rushed the final couplet, despite certainly mispronouncing the Latin, desperate for the ordeal to be over. There. He breathed out heavily, understanding all too well what the poem meant. He was
the hunter, desperately pursuing a hind, fainting as he chased this impossible dream. And that hind… He looked up to face his teacher, hardly able to breathe, feeling the eyes of his classmates burning into him. His cheeks were scalded scarlet.

Mr Lester looked back at him, a curious expression on his face. For a split second, he seemed about to say something…before thinking better of it. “Thank you, Daniel,” He gave him the smallest hint of a smile, before sliding off the desk and grabbing a whiteboard pen, continuing the lesson as if nothing had happened

XXX

“Daniel, could I have a word?”

Once again, Dan jumped as he was addressed by the voice which haunted his dreams. It didn’t quite seem real, as if he was still imagining it…but he stopped, stepping backwards to allow his classmates to rush past him into the corridor, heading towards the canteen as the bell finished sounding. He turned back into the classroom, clutching the strap of his satchel on his shoulder to stop his hands from shaking as he approached Mr Lester’s desk.

“Yes, sir?” he asked timidly, as the last of the students left, closing the door behind them. The noises of the corridor outside faded.

Mr Lester regarded him professionally, though his eyes were not unkind. “Have a seat, Daniel.”

Trying to ignore how he loved to hear Mr Lester say his name, he pulled up the nearest chair and tucked it in opposite Mr Lester’s own seat on the other side of the desk. The teacher pushed his laptop aside, so that nothing sat in between them. Dan felt a flutter in his chest. “Sir?” he enquired politely.

“I’m sorry to keep you back,” Mr Lester began. He looked Dan straight in the eyes, gently concerned. “but I wanted to apologise. I could see you weren’t comfortable reading aloud, and I shouldn’t have put you in that position. I’m sorry.”

Dan started again. He looked back at his teacher in surprise—he doubted that he had ever had an apology from a teacher before. But to be alone with Mr Lester…he could hardly keep himself from shaking. “S-s’okay.” he mumbled, embarrassed—and feeling too stupid to say anything more.
“Thank you,” Mr Lester smiled kindly, causing Dan to have a miniature heart attack. “But I would like you to participate more in class. I know you have a lot to contribute—your written work is always excellent.”

Dan blushed furiously once again at the compliment. He never bothered with any homework—apart from that set by Mr Lester. Aside from the fact that he wanted nothing more than to please him, every essay he shyly handed in to him felt a little like a love note. “Thank you, sir.” he managed to say.

“So what’s the problem, hmm?” Mr Lester leaned forward slightly, absent-mindedly running a hand through his hair. Dan’s throat was far too choked up to do anything but shrug—all he could think of was how sexy Mr Lester looked when he did that…

“Are you going to shock me now and say that putting your hand up in class isn’t cool?” The teacher gasped in mock-horror, his eyes shining.

Dan gave an involuntary giggle, nothing like the way he normally laughed. It sounded ridiculous, and he hated himself for it. Why did he have to be so awkward, such a loser? He wished he could gently cheek a teacher like the more confident kids in his classes, earning laughter and respect, rather than hanging his head and acting like a complete sad loner. Well. He was a sad loner.

“Friends giving you a hard time?” Mr Lester’s voice became quieter, so gentle that Dan almost felt like blurtling everything out to him. To confide in Mr Lester like that would be nothing short of glorious. He wanted nothing more than to fall into his teacher’s arms, to feel those arms wrap around him, to be held close, looked after, to feel safe…but he clenched his jaw.

“I’m fine,” he said quickly. “Sir.”

Phil buried his head in his hands as the door shut behind his student. His heart was so heavy, weighing down his chest as if it were flooded with water. This was wrong…so wrong. He hated himself for having caused Daniel Howell pain, to see that exquisite face fall. But that paled so completely into insignificance behind the sinking sensation in his chest, now feeling as if his heart was being plunged into a thorn bush.

That poor boy…Phil watched him at the back of his class, hiding behind his dark curly hair, his head hanging, shoulders hunched. He seemed so sad. So sad that it was all Phil could do not to pick
him up in his arms and hold him close, squeeze all of the sadness out of him…shuddering, Phil shook his head. No. No. A thought like that could cost him his job…

But the boy… Despite his uniform, his textbooks and bags, his seat at his desk, it was so easy in the dark corners of his mind to forget that Daniel was his student, not some stranger on a train, a park bench, across from him in some café. From the first moment he laid eyes on him, sitting shyly at the back of his classroom, it was as if, in a strange way, that they had met before. As if Daniel Howell, the name halfway down his register, the quietest reply of “Yes, sir,” was always supposed to enter his life…but not like this. He had felt a tugging sensation inside him, as if some strange force was pulling one towards the other…

Gritting his teeth, Phil slapped both hands to his forehead. He had to stop this. He had to. It could only go from bad to worse. His career was just beginning, his whole life—he could not throw it away for one beautiful dark-eyed schoolboy. Not even Daniel Howell…
Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Hope you enjoy! I'll continue to regularly update. Also I own nothing at all! Nothing! xx

After tripping over his own feet and almost falling off of the bus, Dan ambled into the town centre, head hanging in embarrassment. He was on his way to Waterstones to buy the latest *A Song of Ice and Fire* novel, after waiting what seemed like an eternity for it to finally come out. He had been looking forward to it for years since finishing *A Dance with Dragons*, and hoped eagerly that it would be worth the wait. He had even dragged himself out of bed an hour earlier than he would have liked on a Saturday morning, just to ensure he would get there before the book sold out.

The town centre was as grey and concreate as usual, a little less crowded than it would be in an hour’s time. Dan enjoyed the freedom to plug in his headphones and immerse himself in his music as he walked without having to worry about colliding with anyone on the street. He had turned up the volume loudly enough not to hear either busker he passed, nor a crying child in his father’s arms. If he was lucky, as he passed by shops and cafes, he would be able to simply walk straight to Waterstones, pick up a copy and go straight home, without seeing anyone at all. His bedroom was such a safe haven, dark and cosy, completely cut off from the world. He looked forward to his return, where he could curl up under the black and grey squares of his duvet and read his new book in peace.

He entered the shopping centre wherein Waterstones waited for him, the mall music, some playlist of upbeat pop songs, loud enough to interfere with his own. Hating the situation of hearing one song over another, he sighed as he pulled his headphones out and quickened his pace. With some fear of another incident like his experience getting off the bus, he got onto the escalator and held tightly to the hand rail, stepping off quickly at the top. He always feared a situation like in *Final Destination*, where his shoelaces became caught in the steps, yanking him backwards into the machine and crushing him to a horrible death. It was exactly the kind of thing that would happen to him…

As he walked past the top-level shops, towards Waterstones nestled in at the end of the row, a particularly bright display in a shop window caught his eye. A very familiar shade of red. And another of yellow.

Dan slowed his pace slightly, realising that this was the Disney shop-he could hear the faint sound of “You Got a Friend in Me” playing inside. He liked the Disney shop—it always seemed warmer and friendlier in there than anywhere else, and his fondness for Pixar movies made him wonder occasionally whether he should just swallow his pride as a teenage boy and buy the entire shop. If only he had the guts—or the funds.

But usually, and especially on a day like this, when he had a mission and was rather in a hurry, he walked straight past the place. However-this new window display had all but grinded him to a halt. The display was filled with soft toys—and every one, from keyring-sized to giant child-sized, was the same yellow bear, smiling happily and wearing a red t-shirt. Winnie-The-Pooh.

Dan *loved* Winnie-The-Pooh. He was such a lovely bear, always so happy and contented. There was something so comforting in his smile, whether he was watching the clouds, playing with his
friends or elbow-deep in a jar of honey. Having loved him since he was a child, Dan wished he could be so care-free as a young adult. With an ache of nostalgia, and half-wondering what the display was in aid of-perhaps a new movie?-Dan could not help but smile back at those chubby yellow cheeks and happy grin. He wished he was still young enough to dash inside, pick up the biggest, squishiest, furriest bear he could find and give him a big cuddle. It was such a wonderful feeling to cuddle a teddy bear, especially Pooh…he remembered how comforting it had always been…

But he carried on, past the Disney shop, McDonalds, Boots and every other shop until finally he got to Waterstones. Smiling again as he saw the poster in the window, advertising that they had George RR Martin’s latest offering inside, he hurried in, finding the bookshop more crowded than he had ever seen it before. The franchise seemed to be trying to cash in as much as possible on what was arguably the most highly anticipated book of year. He passed the display showing all the previous A Song of Ice and Fire novels, past posters, maps of Westeros and trivia books, until he finally spotted a giant blown-up cardboard cut-out of the cover of the newest book. There they were.

Excitement mounting in his chest like a balloon blowing up, he eased through the crowd, ducking past people and hurriedly apologising to anyone he bumped into, until finally, he reached the new cardboard display specially to stock The Winds of Winter…

And they were empty.

Shit. The happy balloon of excitement in his chest deflated as he desperately scanned the display, looking for one last forgotten copy…to no avail. Of course. He was too late.

Dan kicked himself for not pre-ordering. Why didn’t he think? He was so stupid—how long would he have to wait to read it now? In his despair, he felt brave enough to approach a staff member and ask when the next shipment of copies would arrive.

“Not until Monday,” the woman said. She looked sympathetic—probably a book lover herself. “They were queuing outside before we even opened up. Sorry, love.”

Dan felt crushed. This was so typical of his life—nothing could ever go smoothly. Well. He had already waited a few years. What harm was a few more days? Though he would have to be very careful on the internet—someone was bound to finish the almost-two-thousand-page novel in a matter of hours and put up spoilers. Though, he supposed, the TV series was already ahead, so what did it really matter?

Still. It had ruined his plans to hide away cosily reading for the weekend. He walked back to the empty cardboard display, feeling dejected and unsure what exactly to do next.

“Daniel?”

Dan jumped. He spun around on his heel—and suddenly came face to face with his English teacher. There was Mr Lester. Dressed in a blue checked shirt. Mr Lester. Out and about—it was always so bizarre to see teachers outside of school, even now he was old enough to know that teachers had lives of their own. Dan felt light-headed—it was as if he had dropped out of the sky and landed in front of him in Waterstones.

“M-Mr Lester!” he stammered, the joy of seeing him slightly eclipsing his disappointment. Instantly, he felt slightly awkward—what was appropriate to say? He wasn’t sure he was even supposed to talk to him outside of school—but who cared? Mr Lester, the thought of whom had kept him awake last into the night, was here, with him, in Waterstones.
Comfortingly, Mr Lester looked awkward too. But his smile was as friendly and cheerful as always. He glanced behind Dan at the empty display. “Here for *The Winds of Winter*?” he said conversationally.

Dan’s throat was too choked up to do anything but nod.

Mr Lester held up a Waterstones bag, containing a book-shaped lump. “Been waiting for this for six years now! This weekend’s marking may be a little neglected...”

Dan smiled politely, his heart skipping—they had something in common. Mr Lester seemed happy to be talking to him—something Dan could not help but over-analyse in his head. Was this simply their shared nerdy nature coming out, or the kindness of a teacher who had expressed concern for him before? Or...no. Of course Mr Lester did not like him. Impossible. He was a teacher, for Christ’s sake—it was illegal, even though Dan was over the age of consent. Dan would not let his brain go down that rabbit hole. Dan was being ridiculous, seeing things that were not there. Mr Lester was just being nice. As always.

“We’ll have to compare notes during Tuesday’s lesson, hey?” Mr Lester was saying. At this—Dan couldn’t help but let his face fall. Mr Lester frowned a little—then looked down at Dan’s hand, seeing no identical bag containing an identical book clutched within. Then—back at the empty display “Oh!” His own face fell.

“Too late.” Dan managed to say. He tried to shrug, as if it was no big deal. Though he was not sure how good a job he was doing. All of those drama lessons were wasted.

Mr Lester looked genuinely sad. “Oh, I feel awful now! Sorry.”

“No big deal.” Dan insisted, with a weak smile. Somehow, the teacher’s pity for him was giving him courage. “I only have to wait until Monday.”

But Mr Lester’s face had changed. Suddenly, he looked as if he was in the process of a hurried and silent debate in his head. He looked down at the bag in his hand—and gave a sigh, with a sad smile. Then, as if this was against all of his better judgement—he held out the bag to Dan. “Reckon you can finish this before Tuesday?” he asked, a twinkle in his eye.

Dan started as he realised what Mr Lester was doing. “Oh! Oh no—!”

“So have you,” said Mr Lester, looking more certain about his decision by the minute. “Go on, take it.”

“Oh no—!”

“Go on,” repeated the teacher, now grinning broadly. “What’s a few more days? Bring it to class on Tuesday—you can finish it by then, can’t you?”

“Yes, sir!” Dan felt the balloon of happiness in his chest inflating to almost bursting point. It all seemed like a wonderful dream as he allowed Mr Lester to press the bag into his hands, the joyful weight of the book inside that he had so looked forward to feeling—he could not help but clutch it to his chest. “Thank you so much!”

“No problem,” Any regret at giving away the prize had drained from Mr Lester’s face. “Now, you get home safely and get reading. And don’t be one of those idiots who puts spoilers on the internet—I can’t stand spoilers!”
“Neither can I,” Dan agreed, now beaming as he hugged the book tightly. “Thank you, sir!”

*Damnit damnit damnit.* …Phil’s eyes almost rolled into the back of his head as he watched his student leave the shop with the book he had been waiting six years to buy. Why did he do that? He had been looking forward to spending the evening curled up beneath his duvet, beyond the Wall or riding dragons…but still. His heart glowed as he watched the curly head of hair disappearing out of the door, still beaming to himself. The look on Daniel’s face when he had given him the book was more than worth a few more days waiting. Being able to make him smile—and so very much—was more precious than anything…

*Stop it.* Phil scolded himself as he left the crowded bookshop empty-handed, his right hand feeling strangely empty and light. Perhaps he would play some Mortal Kombat when he got home to cheer himself up, before getting started on the mountain of marking in his desk drawer…how uplifting…

*No. Stop.*

Somehow, Phil had found himself walking in the same direction Daniel had headed, even though it was the complete opposite of the way he needed to go back to his car. He felt as if he was the rope in a tug of war—his logical side was pulling him desperately back in the other direction. This was so inappropriate…something like this could get him fired…but his heart yanked him on. He wouldn’t follow him. He was just curious as to what the boy would do next.

He did not have to go far. He spotted that curly head in the crowd, heading past Boots, then McDonalds—then suddenly stopping. Daniel had turned into a shop. *No…no*…But Phil found himself casually walking over to the shop into which Daniel had disappeared. Just to see which one it was. Nothing more. He had to leave after this. For Christ’s sake, he was a teacher.

As he passed McDonalds—Phil realised that the shop Daniel had entered was the Disney store. Phil felt a pang—he loved the Disney store. Despite his age, he always found the time to look over the Pixar merchandise, with a *Big Hero 6* keyring from that very shop keeping his keys together in his jeans pocket…it was a little childish, he supposed. And Daniel’s visiting here was an uncomfortable reminder of their age difference…

But still—he chanced a look inside the window. Just to see. Just for a second. Then he would go.

And what he saw almost made his heart explode.

There, just inside the store, beside the enormous Winnie-The-Pooh display—was Daniel. Still clutching the book bag. Still beaming. Only now—he was cuddling a huge, squishy Pooh Bear.

Just cuddling it. Just from sheer happiness. Not caring that he was in public, nor about his age. Just cuddling Winnie-The-Pooh and looking fit to burst with joy.

Instantly, Phil whipped back around, out of sight—breathing hard. He had never seen anything so adorable in his entire life. Daniel—cu**ddling** a teddy bear…that huge smile on his face that, he, Phil, had put there…his heart was racing.

Quickly, he began to walk in the other direction, reminding himself furiously that what he had done could have cost him his job, had the wrong person seen it…but that look on the boy’s face…he would give anything to keep that smile there. Anything at all…

Gritting his teeth, he walked on…if only it were a different situation. If only he was anything but
Daniel’s teacher…if only Daniel was not his student…

On the other hand…

There was a part of Phil that really, really liked it.

Shocked that he had even dared think such a thing, Phil physically winced, causing a passer-by to give him a very odd look. No. No! That was wrong on every level! He could not think about his students like that! Then again-he didn’t. He really didn’t. Just about one…but still-what his mind was suggesting was morally wrong, an abuse of his position, illegal…

But still-he could not help it. Thinking about those spaniel-like eyes, just asking to be spoiled rotten, so grateful for his generosity, so eager to please, so…under his control. His authority…that youthful innocence, especially cuddling that Pooh Bear, so sweet, so bloody adorable…needing an adult, a mentor…a teacher…needing to be told exactly what to do…

Feeling as if he needed a very long shower to get rid of such thoughts, Phil soldiered on home.
Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and all the kudos and comments! Today is a little short, but things will really start moving forward now :) There will be more tomorrow as usual :) xx

Bell.

As his classmates filed into the hallway, keen to get to their next lessons on time, Dan took what was perhaps the deepest breath of his life, simply to steady himself. Then-he got to his feet. He picked up his satchel and began to make his way to the front of the classroom, clutching the strap tightly for support. In his other hand, he clutched a fat book to his chest. “Mr Lester?”

Mr Lester looked up from his laptop screen as he closed the tabs containing the teaching tools for that lesson-and smiled when he saw who it was. “Hey, Daniel. How’s it going?”

Dan could not help but notice the marked difference in his voice when he spoke to him compared to the way he spoke to everyone else. To everyone else, his voice was loud, animated, quick to shouting when he was enthusiastic. But to Dan, whether he was answering his question in class or speaking one to one as they were now, his voice became quieter, more gentle, as if he was speaking to a child. It was not patronising-and quite frankly, Dan rather liked it. it made him feel safe, cared for…

“I just came to return your book.” He held out the copy of *The Winds of Winter*.

“Oh!” Mr Lester’s smile widened as he spotted the cover. “Wonderful! Did you manage to finish it?”

“Yes,” Dan said, slightly distracted by the blueness of his teacher’s eyes, brought out by his blue shirt and the magnification of his glasses. “Just you wait.” he managed to say, rather impishly.

“Oh, don’t tell me!” Mr Lester covered his ears. Dan laughed, still holding out the book. His teacher reached out and took it-brushing his fingers as he did so. His touch was warm-and felt akin to an electric shock on his skin. Dan wished more than anything that he had held on.

“Thank you so much for letting me borrow it,” he said once again, politely. “I really appreciate it.”

“No problem. Any time,” Mr Lester smiled kindly, his eyes shining. “Just glad you enjoyed it-you must have to have managed to finish it so quickly!”

“Yeah,” said Dan sheepishly. “May or may not have pulled an all-nighter.”

“Ah, we’ve all been there,” Mr Lester nodded understandingly, as if they shared a secret. Dan could have sworn the ghost of a wink flashed across his eye…but quickly dismissed that notion as it would render him incapable of any further thoughts. “Not pulling many all-nighters, are you?” his teacher was asking.

Dan bit his lip a little. “Not…many.”
Mr Lester leaned forward a little, concern clouding the smile on his face. “Everything okay?” he asked, his voice even more gentle than before.

Dan shrugged. Again—he wanted nothing more than to confide in his teacher, to tell him everything, even the feelings he could not understand himself. He would have given anything in the world to be wrapped in his arms, to bury his head in his shoulder, to be held and cared for by Mr Lester…but embarrassment quickly filled him as he buried that thought deep in his head.

“You can talk to me, you know,” Mr Lester prompted, leaning his face on his hands, which were propped up on his elbows. “About anything. It’s part of my job.”

Dan gave a small smile. “I know. Thank you.” He shuffled his feet slightly as a rather pregnant pause passed. He wanted to, so badly…but he gritted his teeth. “I should go. I’ll be late for History.”

“Ah yes,” Mr Lester sat up straight, the atmosphere they had created between them suddenly breaking. “Of course. Don’t want you getting into trouble.”

Dan made to leave…then paused. “I really do appreciate it, sir.”

“It’s a pleasure,” Mr Lester smiled. “Truly…now. Go on, you’ll be late. I’ll be in trouble too, keeping you back. Ms Fredrickson will shout at me at lunchtime—and I really don’t want to be on the receiving end of that.”

Dan giggled softly. “Yes, it’s pretty terrifying. We call her “the hairdryer”.”

Mr Lester gave a bark-like laugh—then quickly covered his mouth. “I shouldn’t, that’s my colleague!”

“I won’t tell, sir.” Dan grinned—he did not want to leave. And strangely—something gave him the impression that Mr Lester did not want him to either…it had to be his imagination.

“And neither will I.” Mr Lester shook his head, looking rather fondly at Dan. “Look at me, keeping you back, lending you books, letting you off when you’re cheeky…I will be accused of favouritism!”

A rush of heat filled Dan’s chest. He clutched his bag tighter, feeling suddenly very brave. “If…if you did have a favourite, sir…would I be a contender?”

Mr Lester laughed again, burying his face in his hands. “This is the least professional conversation I’ve ever had. Go on, off you go, you cheeky little…” His voice tailed off.

More heat. Dan’s smile spread as a strange feeling twisted in his belly. Cheeky little…what? “Yes, sir.” he said, breezily. “I will go and tell Mrs Fredrickson that though I am late, it only demonstrates what an excellent English student I am—to the point of favouritism from my favourite teacher.”

Now, it was Mr Lester’s turn to blush. “I am?” he spluttered, genuinely tickled. But quickly—he regained his senses. “Go on, run along now, Daniel!” He waved him away, as if he was a small child. “I should give you detention for being so cheeky…”

Dan felt another flutter of excitement—the authoritative tone, the light threat…they sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine. “Yes, sir,” he said obediently, turning to leave. But before he did so—he turned around once more, his hand on the door handle. “By the way—you don’t have to call me Daniel.”

Mr Lester blinked, looking surprised. “Well, what should I call you then?”

Mr Lester looked as if he had just been handed a Best Teacher award. “Okay…Dan.”

“And…what should I call you?” Dan asked, a cheeky grin creeping back. Daddy?

“Now,” Mr Lester smiled once again, the corner of his mouth cocking up in a particularly attractive way. "You will still call me Mr Lester. Or sir.”

“Of course. Goodbye, Mr Lester….sir.” Dan grinned, feeling on top of the world as he closed the door behind him. But it was only as he hurried off to history class and the formidable Fredrickson—he realised what his mind had spewed when he had asked Mr Lester what he should call him. That word.

Daddy?

Dan felt shocked—and a little sickened. Daddy? Whew. Dan had not realised that such a side of him even existed. It was the kind of thing someone on the internet might say as a joke. Like—choke me, Daddy. It wasn’t a thing that real people thought—or said. Or called someone else—other than their father, of course. Not a lover. Not a teacher.

Daddy?

But when he thought of Mr Lester, sir…it felt so right. Someone older. Someone safe. Someone who cared for him, looked after him, gave to him…and did other things to him…unspeakable things…that had as of yet only played out in the increasingly daring theatre of Dan’s mind. As he walked—and his imagination ran wild—the excitement in his belly, like a warm, luscious stream, slipped downwards…
Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

Hey! Once again, thank you so much for reading, and all your kudos and comments! Very much appreciated! There will be another update tomorrow as usual, not quite sure what time that will be. Probably late evening, UK time. Stick with me until then! You're going to want to ;) xxx

WARNING-This chapter contains homophobic slurs and other horrible language

The weeks slipped by. Exams were getting closer, and so Phil was kept very busy with marking and extra lessons pencilled into his already packed timetable. The headmistress was keen on making this year the best yet for exam results, and so was pushing hard on the senior staff, who in turn pushed hard on the ordinary teachers. Phil felt as if he was under more pressure now than he had been for his own exams—every kid he taught would be given a grade, and that grade would be a reflection not only of that child but of his own teaching. It was his first year—he did not want to start on a bad foot.

Still, some kids felt like lost causes. One girl informed him earlier that day that she had not read the book that he had been teaching her class all year—the book on which the exam would test them. Phil had wanted to slam his head repeatedly against the wall. Another had not handed him a single piece of homework all year, another had stopped bothering to turn up to class. Sometimes he felt as if he was pushing a very heavy boulder up hill, and every bit of progress he made would soon be lost as the rock slipped from his grasp and went tumbling back down.

But on the other hand...some students made the whole thing worthwhile. One girl had begun the year a D student—but had, without fail, handed him a practise essay every week along with her regular homework. Though it had been a shaky start—that girl was now getting As. It filled him with such pride to watch her get better and better under his guidance—it more than compensated for the slackers. Then there was the boy who never strayed far below full marks, handing in essays he swore were better than any he had ever written, even at university. The kids were amazing. And then, of course...

Daniel—or Dan—sat at the back of his classroom twice a week. He listened intently to his lectures, smiling as he did so, a hand often buried in his curly hair as he propped himself up on his elbow. And often—he would hang back after the lesson was over, for two minutes or so, just to chat...these were the best parts of Phil’s day. Even now, with the rest of the class to worry about, he could not help but watch Dan as he quietly completed the writing exercise Phil had set them, his curly head bowed over his desk—he never seemed to talk to any of his classmates. Those around him were forever turning to chat to one another, passing notes, tucking their phones into their folders, where they thought Phil couldn’t see them, and texting. But Dan never did. Phil had seen him with friends around school—usually the drama kids, or occasionally the crowd who traded cards and played computer games. But never anyone in his classes. In fact—he seemed positively wary of them. Pity stirred inside Phil. But then again—it did mean that Dan kept coming to chat to him, and their little friendship remained alive and well. It was tremendously selfish—but Phil rather liked having Dan all to himself.

Stop it, stop it. Phil found himself mentally shouting those words at himself more and more every
day.

It was perfectly appropriate for a teacher to take an interest in a quiet, lonely boy, a bright boy who, as he relaxed more and more in Phil’s company, was quietly witty and quick to smile, shared common interests with him, had hopes and dreams of his own, and was possessed of a heart of pure gold. Again, perfectly appropriate to joke with him, to share a special smile if they passed in the corridors, to spend a little longer marking his work than his peers. Phil was a human being as well as a teacher. Out of the hundreds of students he taught, he just couldn’t help having a favourite...

What was not appropriate…was the striking glow in his chest every time he laid eyes on the boy. Nor how often Dan crossed his mind outside of school. Nor lying in bed at night, imagining that Dan lay beside him, looking up at him with those pretty brown eyes, so shiny, so sweet…Nor wondering right at that moment what it would be like to kiss the boy …nor imagining what he might like to do to him after that…

Phil shook his head, yanking his eyes away from Dan. He refused to let his mind wonder. He was at work, for God’s sake—he had a duty of care to all of these students. It was disgusting to sit here, trying not to mentally undress a boy in his class, picturing his uniform discarded on the floor beside him…it was revolting. He could not. He would not allow himself. And—he certainly would not allow himself to become physically aroused in his classroom…

Suddenly—brining him sharply back to reality—something small and white flew through the air. Folded and pointed at the end, it swooped down—and landed right on Dan’s desk.

Instantly, Phil scanned the classroom for a culprit. But each and every student had their heads down, working on their assignment as if nothing that happened. “Who threw that?” he demanded. “Come on, are we at primary school?”

Nothing.

At the back of the classroom, Dan had unfolded the paper airplane. As he did so, opening it out—his face fell. For a split second—his mouth formed a red letter-box shape, and his eyes contorted as if he was close to tears. Then—quickly, he smoothed out his features, crumpling the paper in his fist and going calmly back to work. Albeit—a little less comfortably.

“Is anyone going to own up?” Phil pushed, getting more concerned by the moment but knowing that drawing too much attention to Dan would only make things worse. He searched the faces of his students once again, looking for a smirk, a snigger, any hint of guilt. Nothing. Nothing but innocence, polite confusion…

Resolving to ask Dan what had happened once the lesson had ended to save the boy embarrassment, he looked down at his laptop to check the time—

Instantly, another airplane had flown across the classroom—hitting Dan squarely on his left temple.

“Alright!” Phil got to his feet, anger filling him—though he held it back firmly, knowing that there were always better ways to deal with classroom issues than shouting. He wondered whether it was the sheer audacity that someone had dared to throw another plane the moment his back was turned—or whether his rage was ignited by the fact that they were victimising his Daniel. “Joke’s over now. Who threw that?”

Again—nothing. The class had closed ranks against him. Fellow students before teachers, always.

Meanwhile, Dan had unfolded the new plane—and once again, his face flooded with grief. More
quickly this time, he crumpled the plane and set it beside the other one on the very edge of his desk. But this time, he could not quite wipe his face clean of emotion. He looked like a puppy dog who had been hit by a car, and was slowly dying, in agony.

Almost like a primal instinct, protectiveness and fury all but overcame Phil. How dare they. How dare they hurt someone as harmless and defenceless as Dan? It was like kicking Bambi-images of him cuddling that Winnie-The-Pooh teddy bear flashed before Phil’s eyes, his sweet face buried in soft yellow fur. Right. Right.

Without really knowing what he was doing, and probably against proper protocol for situations like this, Phil marched through the aisle to the back of the classroom, until he reached Dan’s desk. Instantly, pre-empting what he was going to do, Dan snatched both crumpled-up planes in his hand, holding on tightly. But Phil stood his ground.

“Hand them over, Dan.” he said, his voice dangerously soft. “Now.”

Dan did not move.

“Daniel,” he repeated, letting his voice raise only a little. “Now.”

Reluctantly, and with a frightened glance around him, fearing the consequences of his obedience-Dan slowly laid the ruined planes back down on the desk. His arms folded protectively around himself, his head hanging in shame.

Phil scooped up the papers, unfolding them with such haste that one tore. Inside them, concealed in the folds of the wings:

Faggot.

That was the first. Phil’s face crumpled in disgust.

Then, there was the second.

Cocksucker.

And, on the other wing.

Kill yourself.

Phil let his fist close around the papers. He found that it had begun to shake.

Dan did not look up. His cheeks were turning scarlet.

Phil turned around. Once again, he walked slowly to the front of the classroom…and turned to face the students. He could feel an air of anticipation in the room—he knew each one, guilty or not, was keen to see how chilled, friendly Mr Lester would react to a situation like this. Still-Dan did not look up, hanging his curly head at the back of the room, as if he were the one in the wrong. Steadying himself, Phil took a deep breath, trying to control his shaking hand. He held up the crumpled papers, knowing from the handwriting and the different pens used that this was more than one person’s work. He could not believe it. He simply could not believe it. And it was all he could do to stay professional.

Silence.

Dan hung his head. He was using his hand to cover his face—but it looked very red. His shoulders
had become very stiff, held rigid—but Phil could have sworn they shook once.

Phil's heart shattered.

No. Not his boy. Not his boy.

XXX

“Mr Lester?”

A small voice at the door. Phil looked up to see Dan, stood shyly in the doorway. He looked strange—faint pink rings around his eyes. His school tie was loose, his shirt untucked, his bag absent. Instantly, Phil dropped the essay he had been attempting to read for the last half an hour. He got to his feet, hearing nothing but silence from outside. The school had been almost completely deserted for an hour. Phil had not been able to bear going home until he saw the Headmistress’ car leave the staff carpark, which was just visible from his window. That would mean that she had finished with Dan.

But now he was here.

“Dan,” he said, his voice even more gentle than usual, as if talking to a frightened deer. “What are you—I mean—How are you?”

Dan pursed his lips for a second—before stepping into the classroom, approaching his teacher’s desk as the door banged shut behind him. “I’m fine, sir. My mum’s waiting in the car. I—I just had to come back. To—to say thank you.” His voice was becoming dangerously thick. It was all Phil could do not to throw his arms around him, lift him into his arms, comfort him…but all he could do was stand behind this desk.

“There’s no need,” he said. “Really no need. What’s happened?”

Dan swallowed hard. “It—it wasn’t serious. It was—just a joke.”

“You look like your sides are splitting,” said Phil. “Do you know who sent the notes?”

Slowly, Dan nodded.

“How long have they been bothering you?”

Dan bit his lip. “A…a while…”

“Did you tell Ms Ekwensi?”

Again—Dan nodded.

“Good,” Phil breathed out. “Good. I’m proud of you.”

Dan said nothing. Again, he hung his head.

He had to ask. “Dan…the thing the note told you to do….you’re not thinking about—?”

“No, no.” Dan assured him. “No.”

“Thank God…” Phil sighed, as if a huge weight had lifted from his chest. “I feel terrible, Dan. Why didn’t you tell me you were being bullied? I could have helped. I could have ended this long before now.”
Dan swallowed hard. His voice was becoming thicker and thicker. “I-I wanted to. Really, I did. So many times… But-but—” He broke off, red eyes giving way to tears once again. “I-I’m sorry!”

In that moment, Phil forgot he was a teacher. He forgot what was appropriate, what was inappropriate, what was downright grounds for dismissal. All he knew was that his boy was close to tears. And so—he shoved his desk chair out of the way, ran forward, and wrapped his arms tightly around Dan’s shaking shoulders.

“There now…it’s all over now…it’s alright…it’s alright…”

He felt Dan go rigid for a second, surprised-then collapse into his arms, burying his head in his shoulder. He took deep, shuddering breaths. Phil’s heart all but floated right out of his chest-but still, his anger at the day’s events, his concern for the boy clouded any other thoughts that might have entered his head with the boy in his arms… “Promise me you won’t hurt yourself in any way. There is absolutely nothing wrong with you.” he said, firmly. “Nothing at all.”

“T-thank you, sir…” Dan said, through his tears. “I…don’t want to…do anything like that. P-promise. I just wish p-people would—”

“Me too…” said Phil sadly. “So do the better half of the world…But it will get better. I will make sure of it. Oh, for God’s sake…” He dared to hold Dan tighter, closing his eyes to drink in his clean, boiyish smell. “I just want to keep you safe…that’s my job, after all.” he added, quickly. “To look after you.”

Dan nodded, sniffing hard. “Yes, sir…”

Phil did not know how long he dared drag out their embrace. He figured he would hold on, in this tiny bubble of heaven, until Dan pulled away. But, as the boy positively snuggled into him-there seemed to be no sign of that. Phil rubbed his back in slow circles, patting him as he would a child. “It’s alright…no one will ever hurt you again…I’ll make sure of it, I promise.” He dared brush his fingers through Dan’s curls, in what could easily have been a comforting gesture, his heartbeat all but doubling. There was such a strange atmosphere developing-he had so long imagined what it would be like to hold the boy that now he finally did…with Dan showing no sign of wanting to break it off…nothing seemed real.

Finally, what could have been weeks later for all Phil cared…the embrace naturally broke. Within an inch of one another in height, Phil looked into those dark eyes, wet eyelashes stuck together, red rings around them, throwing all professionalism aside and hating whoever had done this to his boy. How could they?

“I-I should go,” murmured Dan, his voice breaking into Phil’s thoughts like an arrowhead. He sounded quite breathless, as if he had just ran a long distance. “M-my mum’s waiting.”

“Oh-yes—of course.” Phil said, trying to snap back to reality. He shook his head once, as if his head was filled with water. “Go on then,” he said, trying to affect his ordinary teacher-tone. “Run along.”

Dan did not move. The corner of his mouth twitched up a little as he looked at Phil, a deep dimple rising on his cheek. “T-thank you so much…I-I don’t know what I’d do without you…”

“Honestly, it’s no—“

But his voice was cut off as Dan threw his arms around him, holding on even tighter than before. For a split second, Phil thought of how inappropriate this was, of what on earth would happen if someone came in…before he stopped caring. Dan needed him-and it was the greatest feeling in the
world. He held him close, gently rocking him back and forth, making small, comforting sounds. “It’s alright…” he told him again, leaning his cheek on Dan’s. “I’m here for you…I’m here.” By God, this felt so right. The boy fitted so perfectly into his arms, so vulnerable, tear stains on his smooth cheeks…wanting to be held by him, needing his comfort…he stroked his hair once again, running his fingers through the soft dark curls, drinking in that clean, boyish smell, Dan’s smell…it felt so good…so soft beneath his lips as he kissed it-

Wait.

Stop.

Without meaning to-without giving his body any specific instruction to do so…he had just kissed Dan’s hair.

Shit.

Instantly, Dan broke off the embrace. He stared at his teacher in shock and confusion, his left hand shooting up to the spot where he had been kissed. His mouth all but fell open, his eyes growing wider by the moment.

“Oh God,” Phil began, terror rising in his chest, wondering how on earth he was going to explain this away. “Dan-I-I-“

But again-he was cut off. This time-because Dan had leaned in and, like a tapping bird, had kissed him quickly on the cheek. It was like a brush from the wind.

Then, like a frightened rabbit-he turned on his heel and fled the classroom.
Hi! Thank you so much for reading, and for all the comments and kudos! Hope you enjoy-more tomorrow :) xxx

MORNING.

“Mr Lester?” Dan knocked hard on the closed classroom door. He could see through the little window that the light was on, he could hear the hum of the overhead projector in preparation for the morning lessons. He had already slyly checked the staffroom-Mr Lester had to be in there. He had to be.

A pause. No sound from inside.

“Mr Lester?” Dan knocked again, feeling desperation mounting in his chest. His voice had risen in pitch by a forth.

Finally, footsteps. But-they stopped just shy of the door. Dan’s heart raced as there was another pregnant pause. Still-only a sigh came from the other side. Then, a coldly professional voice. “Not now, Daniel. I’m busy.”

Dan’s stomach dropped. “But-“

Nothing. Mr Lester had gone back to his desk. Breathing hard, Dan felt as though all of the wind had been knocked out of him.

LUNCHTIME

Dan hurried to the classroom door, peering shamelessly through the window. But the desk was completely deserted.

EVENING

“Mr Lester!” Dan sprang to his feet as the classroom door swung open, suddenly finding energy in his pathetic state. It was past five o’clock-the school was almost completely deserted. He had been here since the final bell, sitting on the floor, leaning on the lockers, waiting and waiting for his teacher to emerge from his classroom. He had to come out eventually. And now-he had finally caught him.

Upon seeing him-Mr Lester’s face fell. “Oh. Hello, Daniel.” he said, in that same coldly professional tone. “Did you want something?”

Frustrated, Dan wanted to shout and scream. He could not bear being spoken to in such a way, as if nothing had happened. But he kept his voice low. “You know what I want.”

Instantly, Mr Lester looked uncomfortable. But he set his face. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Daniel.” he said, obtusely, adopting an uncharacteristically strict persona. “You shouldn’t be here-you need to go home. Now.”
“No!” Boldly, Dan blocked his way, holding fast to his fleeting hope. “I am not leaving until we talk about what happened yesterday.”

Again-discomfort flashed through Mr Lester’s face. Then-it turned to stone. “Nothing happened yesterday,” he said, appearing to be attempting to convince himself as much as he was Dan. Drawing himself up to full height, he folded his arms. “I am your teacher, and you are my student. Nothing more than—”

“Stop it!” Dan felt as if his heart was being ripped in two. “Stop it, I can’t bear it! Don’t even pretend that nothing happened after you kissed—”

“Shh!” Phil hissed, looking all around the deserted corridor in alarm. “Do you want to get me fired? Hell, arrested?” He lowered his voice to a whisper, his eyes shining with fear. “What happened last night was a mistake. Maybe the biggest mistake that either of us will ever make. You need to forget about it and move on. This has already gone much, much too far!”

Dan felt his heart shatter. He could not bear Mr Lester, who always looked so kindly on him, who was the first person to ever treat him like he was special, speaking to him in such a way. He felt as if a rug was being pulled out from beneath his feet-and his desperation to cling on made him daring. He looked Mr Lester squarely in the eyes. “No! I won’t! And-and neither will you!” he gasped out.

Mr Lester paused. For a moment, he looked back at Dan, longing behind his eyes. Then—he steadied himself once again. “Go home, Dan. Please.” he begged. “Don’t—don’t make this any harder than it already is.”

Suddenly, hope flooded Dan’s chest once more, so violently it was painful—but the pain was adrenaline. “I knew it! I knew you felt exactly the same way about me as I do about you! I’m right, aren’t I? Sir?”

“Dan…” Mr Lester held up his hands to silence him. His already pale face had turned positively chalk-like…but still, his eyes shone with moisture as he looked at his student, shouting a million words that he did not dare to say. But, finally, as if his heart was simply too full not to spill out—he murmured, as if it caused him great pain: “I don’t think anyone could feel the same way about me as I do about you…”

Dan felt as if he had just taken flight, soaring high into the sky on the wings his love for his teacher had sprouted. He loved him too. He loved him too. It was everything Dan had dreamed of—

“—which is exactly why we must never speak again.” It came out in a rush.

With a violent thud, Dan came crashing back to earth. His heart flooded with ice. “What-? No!”

“I can have you transferred to a different English class,” Mr Lester’s hands had risen once again, as if calming a spooked horse. He was trying to keep his voice calm, measured, mature—but those eyes betrayed his pain, which Dan felt tenfold. “Hell, I’ll leave the school and find somewhere else if it would make it easier for you. I want to make this as painless as possible for you—”

“No!” Hot tears were welling threateningly behind his eyes.

“We have to!” Mr Lester begged him. “Please, Dan, don’t get upset, I can’t bear it.” It was clearly taking all of his strength to be adult about this—his own eyes were oddly bright. “I promise, in a year’s time, you will have forgotten my name. You move on so quickly when you’re young. But we need to get away from one another. It—it’s too difficult. Too dangerous. I care far too much for you to let myself ruin your life.”
“But what about your life?” Dan pressed him, blinking hard.

“I think I’ve already done a good job mucking it up. God, how could I be so stupid?” Mr Lester rubbed the sides of his head, as if he had a headache. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s my fault.”

“No. Well…you didn’t help.” Mr Lester gave a sad smile, trying unsuccessfully to comfort him. “But no. You need to move on.”

“I don’t want to!” Dan shouted, not caring who might hear. He felt as if he was pouring his heart out of his mouth. “I don’t want to move on! I want you! Can’t you see how much I do? You’re not ruining my life—you’re the best thing that has ever happened to me!”

Mr Lester buried his face in his hands. “Don’t. Please. Don’t.”

“Don’t you want me too?” Dan pleaded, like a bird with only one song. “I know you do! It doesn’t matter that you’re my teacher! We are supposed to be together, I know it! You’re—you’re like the other half of myself. I can’t be without you, I can’t!” He found he was breathing heavily, as if he had just ran a mile. With one last, desperate look, he forced his teacher to meet his eyes. “Don’t you want to be with me?”

Mr Lester gave a deep, heavy sigh. Then, as if the words were fighting to remain unspoken: “God, Daniel. More than anything. More than anything.”

“Then nothing else matters,” Dan blinked harder—but could not stop a tear escaping out of the corner of his right eye. “Nothing matters. Please, Mr Lester. Just—”

But Dan’s words were cut off as Mr Lester grabbed him roughly around the jaw—and kissed him square on the lips.

Dan had evaporated. He was smoke, floating effortlessly into the sky, twisting and entwining with every cloud, then embracing the moon and all of the stars at once…well. He could not be certain where he was, or what he was. All he knew was that he could feel Mr Lester’s lips on his…

It was not clear who had ended the kiss, but finally, it broke. As Dan’s eyes fell open to meet Mr Lester’s, the world seemed to be in technicolour. His lips felt strange—he had never been kissed so intensely in his life. As his tears subsided, he was overcome with the urge to sob.

Mr Lester had not let go of him. Instead, he cradled his face in his hands, breathing heavily. He seemed desperate to find something to say…and yet he could find nothing. Until…“There,” he finally whispered, more to himself than to Dan. “Now I’ve done it. Now I’ve really ruined everything…fuck. Oh, fuck…”

Swearing did not suit him. But Dan could not care. He did not care about anything now. “M-Mr Lester…” he whispered. “Sir…” He covered Phil’s and with his own.

“Oh, fuck…” Mr Lester groaned—before grabbing Dan by the collar and kissing him hard.

Phil could not be sure how it had happened. There must have been some kind of time shift—perhaps a few seconds, perhaps a thousand years…all he knew was that he was sitting, his back firmly pressed against the locked door, on the scratchy, industrial carpet of his classroom floor, his heart almost
bursting out of him. And wrapped up safely in his arms, snuggling into his chest—his boy. His Dan. It was bizarre. As if they were two survivors of a shipwreck, clinging to the rubble, trying to make sense of the world once again.

Phil leaned down and kissed his boy for what seemed like the thousandth time. His head was still foggy from the intense make out session that had just ensued. It seemed that they were trying to make up for all of the lost time since they had met, kissing and holding one another as if the world could end at any moment. What Dan lacked in experience he made up for in enthusiasm, and Phil had enjoyed letting him experiment, overjoyed just to feel him, just to taste him…and he had been very responsive to Phil’s lead…

“Mr Lester?” came that voice, looking up at him with those adoring spaniel eyes. “I want another kiss…”

Phil sighed with pleasure. “What do you say?” he asked, pretending to look serious.

“Please?” Dan grinned cheekily—and was duly rewarded.

“Good,” Phil stroked the apple of his cheek with one finger as it broke. “Good boy. You’re learning.”

“Well, you’re a great teacher…” Dan leaned up to kiss him again, still hungry for more. Phil couldn’t help but laugh softly as he did so. The boy was so young, so curious, so keen…and yet—there were so many things he wanted to do to him…things that Phil did not even dare admit them to himself…yet.

But still—as the kiss broke, he gave a deep sigh. “Oh God, what are we doing?” He gave a disbelieving laugh.

“Does it matter?” Dan burrowed his head into the blue checks of Phil’s shirt. “I’m so happy, sir!”

Phil doubted that he would ever get tired of hearing Dan call him “sir”.

“I won’t tell if you won’t tell,” Dan was saying playfully, taking Phil’s hand in both of his and stroking it, desperate just to touch and hold any part of him that was not covered by clothes. “I never want to leave this classroom, Mr Lester—actually,” Dan looked up at him once more. “Do you think we’re on first name terms now?” He winked, grinning.

“Certainly not!” Phil gently flicked his wrist. But he chuckled softly. “It’s Phil, if you must know.”

“Phil,” Dan tried out. He smiled. “Yes. It suits you…but it doesn’t suit you as much as—”

“As what?” Phil raised an eyebrow, mildly interested.

“Nothing.” Dan smiled lightly, coughing once, clearly trying to move on quickly. “Oh, sir…?”

“Yes?”

“Please can I have another kiss?” he pleaded, his eyes bright.

Such a beautiful boy. Such a polite request. And what could he do but oblige? He had imagined this scene a thousand times—though never on his classroom floor…his boy in his arms, happy and safe, and kissing him…

He was the best boy, the sweetest boy, and now Phil would have him always…
Hi! Thank you so much for reading, and for kudos and comments! I love reading them :) hope you enjoy this chapter! Not so much plot, but more tomorrow as usual :) thank you! xx

“Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods, or sleepy mountain yields…”

Dan leaned up on his elbows, perfectly relaxed for the first time in a long time in his English class. His books were open on his desk, but he did not read along or make notes. Instead, he simply watched his teacher, perched on the edge of his desk, reading aloud from their poetry textbook. Dan knew in his head that the poem was on their syllabus, that they were revising it in preparation for exams—but in his heart, he and Mr Lester were perfectly alone. He lay in his arms, listening to that voice reading romantic poetry to him, like a scene from a movie…

Excitement was bubbling inside him as he thought on the great secret he was hiding, the great game it was. He felt almost like an actor in a play, pretending to be a completely different person, an ordinary schoolboy in uniform with books and pens, with a perfectly ordinary relationship with his teacher…A normal student who had never held his teacher’s hand, nor stroked his hair, nor kissed him…just the thought of it sent a shiver of warmth through his whole body, so much so that he almost physically shuddered.

“The shepherd’s swain shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me and be my love.” Mr Lester finished, looking up at the class and smiling. “Lovely, isn’t it?” Dan could have sworn his eyes twinkled in his direction.

“I prefer Marlowe to Shakespeare.” said a girl with red hair in the front row, aloud.

Mr Lester blinked, surprised. “Raise your hand next time, but if you had a comparative question between the two in an exam, that’s certainly a starting point for an argument. What makes you say that?”

Dan loved that no matter how redundant a comment seemed, Mr Lester always tried to twist it in a positive way.

“Well…” The girl thought for a moment. “Shakespeare wrote like 159 poems…and Marlowe knew when to shut up.”
“True, true,” he chuckled. “Then again, Marlowe had a pretty impressive CV considering his lifespan—remember, Shakespeare lived to be a few years shy of twice Marlowe’s age at his death. We can assume that, had Marlowe lived, he would have come out with just as many tiresome poems for us to study, if not more than his Stratfordian contemporary.”

“But Marlowe wrote Shakespeare’s plays too, didn’t he, sir?” said a girl behind her, a mischievous smile on her face—she liked to be controversial in class.

“That’s one idea, yes,” Mr Lester smiled, leaning back, clearly enjoying this discussion. “Not one I subscribe to, though they may well have collaborated. If we’re going to argue against Shakespeare’s authorship, there are far more convincing theories. However, none of these will help you in your exam, and so let’s get back to Marlowe. Now, the structure of the poem…”

Dan smiled, absent-mindedly drawing spirals in the margin of his work book. He looked down at his watch—twenty-five minutes to go…

XXX

When the bell finally sounded, Dan began to pack his satchel deliberately slowly, placing one item in at a time with far more care than was necessary. He was listening carefully for the bang of the classroom door, meaning it had closed behind the last of his classmates—and, finally, he was alone with his teacher.

“God, Dan, the way you smile up at me when I’m trying to teach…” came a voice from the front a few seconds after the door had clicked into place. “It’s so distracting.”

Dan grinned, warmth filling him. “Would you rather I didn’t, sir?” he said, finally turning to face him.

“Did I say that?” Mr Lester raised an eyebrow as he shuffled the pile of notebooks on his desk, still not looking back at him.

Dan walked slowly to the front of the room. “I did everything you told me to, sir. Acted completely normally, didn’t speak to you once all day, didn’t even raise my hand to tell you what I thought of Shakespeare’s authorship…” He stopped a few feet shy of the desk, watching as Mr Lester filed the notebooks into a drawer for marking, still not looking at him. He smiled. “Don’t I deserve a reward, sir?”

“Well, what do you think of Shakespeare’s authorship?” he asked, as if it was an ordinary discussion between teacher and student.

“I don’t bloody care.” said Dan breezily. Mr Lester gave a short, sharp laugh—but still, he busied himself with his drawer.

Dan waited, excitement mounting inside him. Mr Lester seemed to be deliberately taking his time. After he had finished—still, he did not look up. Instead, he sat down in his desk chair, took off his glasses and begun to clean them on a small blue cloth he kept in his breast pocket. Thoroughly. Very thoroughly.

Dan could not bear the tease. “It’s your own time you’re wasting.” he quipped, in an imitation of Mr Lester’s teaching voice.

“The better to see you with…” Mr Lester breathed, a grin twitching in the corner of his mouth. It was difficult even for him to keep the game up. Dan felt a pang at the bottom of his belly, a sort of
“Perhaps I ought to come closer?” he murmured, taking another step towards his teacher. Still-Mr Lester did not react, neatly folding his cloth and putting it away. Dan felt impatience beginning to mount. “What do I have to do to get your attention?” he wondered aloud.

“I’m sure you’ll think of something…” said the teacher, his voice quiet-but loaded.

Dan stopped. He racked his brains, all sorts of suggestions for exactly what he might do springing readily to mind. His eyes wondered down Mr Lester’s grey jumper to his waist, and then below…all of the things he could climb under the desk and do to his teacher…before nerves filled him. Still, he had never…it was embarrassing to admit even to himself and he would die if Mr Lester found out…but he had never been further than kissing. From what his classmates bragged, he was sure he was remarkably behind. And he did not want to ruin this stolen moment together by doing something wrong.

As he considered one option to the next, he watched Mr Lester beginning to close tabs on his laptop. He could play it safe. Or-he could play it somewhere in between.

Without giving it a second thought-Dan dropped his school satchel, letting it fall to the floor with a thud. Then-he slipped behind the desk and, trying not to be shy, he climbed onto Mr Lester’s lap, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him as slowly as he dared. “Do I have it now?” he whispered, his lips still pressed against his teacher’s.

Mr Lester looked pleasantly surprised. “Undivided…” he murmured, his arm snaking around Dan’s waist. Finally, he kissed him back, his hand buried in Dan’s hair. “You were such a good boy today…I was very pleased with you…”

Dan squirmed a little, enjoying being petted and praised. “I tried so hard for you, sir…” he said. “I was so difficult…not to just…” He kissed him again, deepening it as best he could, but he remained happy to let Mr Lester lead. Of course Dan had very little to compare him to, but he was probably definitely the best kisser in the world. Just feeling his large, warm hand at his waist…so close through the thin material of his school shirt…

“So difficult…” Mr Lester’s voice was low, sending a pleasant shiver down Dan’s spine. “I have been thinking about this all day…”

“Yes?” Dan kept his voice softer, sweeter than it naturally was—he had realised how positively his teacher responded to this. “What have you been thinking about?”

Mr Lester took a deep breath, before kissing him, more intrusively than before. When it finally broke, his voice was a little more than a growl. “Everything I can imagine doing to you, baby…” he hissed. “And I have a very good imagination…”

Dan felt the tightening inside him intensify, his excitement flowing rapidly south. “Yes, sir?” he managed to sigh, though his throat had almost closed with anticipation. He still could not quite believe this was happening, still could not quite believe that this was real, that he was sat on Mr Lester’s lap, with those blue eyes looking at him as if he was completely irresistible, as if he could not wait to devour him like a hunger-crazed wolf…Desperation overcoming him, Dan kissed Mr Lester as hard as he could, tasting him, his hands gripping tightly his teacher’s collar. “Do it now…” he begged him, his voice no more than a carnal groan. “Please…”

Mr Lester gave a small laugh. “I love how keen you are…and you did ask so nicely…” But he kissed his forehead, as if he was a child. “But not today. Not here. We’re playing enough of a
dangerous game already…"

“But don’t you like it?” Dan hung onto his shirt collar. “Isn’t it exciting?”

“Of course…but not now,” Mr Lester stroked his hair. “Not here.”


Again, Mr Lester laughed, kissing him again. “You are such a baby.” he said fondly.

“I am not!” Dan said, doing his best to sound convincing, drawing himself up. “It’s-it’s not like I’m-I’m a virgin or-or anything!” he insisted. Mr Lester just laughed harder, shaking his head.

“You are such a terrible liar.”

Dan felt his cheeks growing hot, turning red. He was more embarrassed about his status than ever. “Sorry.” he muttered, feeling as if he had just ruined everything.

“Don’t be silly!” Mr Lester laughed, kissing him and patting him reassuringly. “It doesn’t matter. I know it seems like the end of the world when you’re at school, but believe me-it doesn’t matter. Virginity-or so-called virginity-is only a big deal until you lose it.” He snorted a little. “I do hate that phrase. You’re not losing anything. But honestly-don’t be embarrassed about it. It’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

Dan relaxed a little. “Okay, I am a baby…” he murmured, burying his fingers in Mr Lester’s hair. “Is that okay?”

“Of course…” Mr Lester grinned at him…a slight gleam in his eyes. He leaned in, holding him tightly, kissing him. “Of course it’s okay…in a strange way, I like it…”

As if nothing had happened, that excitement bubbled intensely inside Dan once again.

“It’s okay…” Mr Lester was saying, petting his hair. “I promise…When you’re ready, and only then…you’re in good hands. I’ll look after you…teach you everything…and you have a lot to learn, baby…”

I’m ready now…Dan thought indignantly. But he could see that he would not get anywhere today. Besides, he liked the way Mr Lester called him "baby", enough to let it soften him into submissiveness. “Yes, sir…” he said obediently, hoping the time would come sooner rather than later.

“Good boy,” Mr Lester kissed him-then sighed. “Okay, run along now. It’s time you went home.”

“No!” Dan whined, snuggling into him. “I want to stay here.”

“We’ve chanced it for long enough today…” Mr Lester looked every bit as sorry to see their little meeting end as Dan felt-but he knew he was right. “Go on. I’ll see you.”

“Soon?” Dan asked hopefully.

“Soon. I promise. I’ll find somewhere…somewhere more private…safer…Now, off you go,” Mr Lester said firmly-though he had not let go of him.

“But I want to stay here,” Dan repeated, playing the game for all it was worth. “I like sitting on your lap more than anything…I wish I never had to move…”
“And I wish you could stay here too,” Mr Lester sounded a little odd—but he held him close. “Here, with me, where you’re safe, where I can look after you…that’s all I want…to look after you. You’re my boy now.” He kissed once more, gently loosening his hold on him. “Mine. Tomorrow, I promise.”

“Yes sir…” Dan made to stand up—but leaned back to steal a final kiss. “Tomorrow…”
Hey! Thank you so much for reading, and all the comments and kudos! I really appreciate it :) Unfortunately due to being so busy, as the title suggests this is only half the chapter I wanted to post :( but the other half will come tomorrow! I figured you’d prefer half an alright quality chapter than a full poor quality chapter :) Hope you still enjoy! xx

After the bell for fourth period had rung, Dan yanked his locker open, looking for his maths textbook—and jumped a little as he saw a small, squishy parcel, wrapped in red tissue paper, sat on top of his folder. Attached to it, there was a little tag, on which were a few lines of black handwriting. He frowned, trying to recall whether it had been there that morning. It had not.

Somewhat concerned about who had managed to get into his locker to leave this unexpected gift, Dan reached in and took it out, squeezing it between his fingers. It was more than small enough to fit in one hand, and though it was soft, it was very oddly shaped. Despite the fact that his bullies had, for now, been subdued, he was still wary. Before he opened it, he decided to look at the note. To his delight—the handwriting was familiar:

Daniel,

4:30. Behind the Oak. I will be waiting for you. Please destroy this as soon as you can.

Take good care of yourself until I can look after you. I have sent someone with this note to make sure you do.

Your L xx

Dan’s heart glowed. He could not help but clutch the note for a moment—before tearing it in two, crumpling it up and throwing it into the nearest bin. It was a shame—but he knew he could not risk keeping it. The Oak…Dan knew he meant no tree—the Royal Oak was a pub a half a mile from the school. It was large, but not the haunt of students, and so it was a relatively safe place to meet…a flicker of nerves fluttered in Dan’s tummy as he considered that this would be the first time he would see Mr Lester outside of school as his…whatever their relationship was now. But as excitement overtook his fear, Dan smiled, then turned to the package, eagerly ripping the paper away, until he found—

A little yellow teddy, wearing a red t-shirt and a friendly expression. It was Pooh Bear.

Dan’s heart leapt as he cuddled the bear to his chest, drinking in the warm, clean smell, burying his fingers in the soft, squishy fur, happier than he could ever remember being. Winnie-The-Pooh! And how on Earth did Mr Lester know?

XXX

Dan held tightly onto the strap of his satchel as he walked down the hill from school towards the Royal Oak. He had waited until the bulk of students had already left, before sneaking out of the back
entrance and starting towards the meeting place. He doubted that he had ever been more impatient to arrive somewhere in his life—but he kept his pace steady, for fear of arriving hot and sweaty. Behind the Oak—he wondered what Mr Lester had planned…

“Winnie-The-Pooh, Winnie-The-Pooh,” he hummed happily as he walked, feeling as if he could tap dance all the way. “Chubby little cubby all stuffed with fluff…”

Running a hand through his curls, Dan could not help but smile to himself. He had thought of nothing else all day. Whenever no one was looking, he reached down into his bag, rummaging until he felt the furry ears of his new Pooh Bear. It was so comforting, and sent a shiver of joy down his spine, knowing from whom it had came. Who had gone out, spotted this little bear on a shelf, perhaps in his beloved Disney shop, and thought of Dan. Who had wrapped Pooh up so carefully, who had written Dan the note, who had asked him to meet after school…still, Dan could hardly believe it. Even now, his fingers found the little lump in his satchel, reminding him that the wondrous furry cuddly toy from the man he adored really existed, that all of this was real. Dan felt like laughing aloud, skipping down the street, swinging off every lamppost like Gene Kelly in Singin’ in the Rain—but he kept putting one foot in front of the other, determined simply to make it to the pub so that he could find himself in Mr Lester’s arms once more…

“…silly old bear,” he hummed quietly, fighting to conceal the smile which kept threatening to form on his face. How had life gone from being so dreary to so magical in a matter of days? He almost did not feel like the same person. It was as if—

“Faggot!”

The sound of bike spokes clicking as they spun. A hard shove to the back—and the next thing Dan knew, he was staring at the pavement, which had suddenly sprung within inches of his nose. A sharp throbbing pain shot from his left knee as it banged and scraped across the ground, both hands beginning to sting from his throwing them out to prevent his face from smashing into the stones. He blinked, shocked, trying to come to his senses.

There was laughter from ahead as the bike whizzed on down the hill. The voice filled Dan with dread—he would know it anywhere. The same voice which belonged to the ringleader of his tormentors. The one who had thrown the paper airplanes. The worst one of all. His name alone sent a chill to Dan’s bones. Kill yourself…kill yourself…

Stop it, Dan told himself firmly, still knelt crookedly on the pavement. Luckily, the boy did not seem to be coming back. It seemed that all the discipline in the world had not made the blindest bit of difference to him. Dan had known it wouldn’t. The headmistress could separate them in school—but she could do nothing out on the streets…Dan gritted his teeth, telling himself over and over that the boy was a liar, that he was neither wrong, nor worthless—Mr Lester had told him so. That thought filled him with strength.

It was horrible though. He had been so happy, practically skipping down the street with his new Pooh Bear. But now—he felt as if the wind had been knocked out of his sails, leaving him to drift alone...

Faggot.

He was fine. He was fine.

Only his knee bloody hurt.

When he was sure the boy was not coming back, Dan climbed awkwardly to his feet. He brushed
his hands together—they were relatively unharmed, only a little gravel embedded in his palms. But as he made to take a step—he realised that his knee was sticking to the fabric of his school trousers. Stupidly, he wondered for a moment whether the shooting, aching pain he was feeling made his skin somehow magnetic—but then, he realised. Gingerly, he looked down at his knee—and found that his school trousers were ripped open—and his knee was little more than a large, bloody graze.

Dan sucked air through his teeth in pain. It hurt to put pressure on it, and the fabric rubbing harshly against his cut was torture. But he looked down at his watch, wincing. He had only five minutes, or he would be late for Mr Lester.

Clenching his jaw, and limping slightly, Dan hobbled on down the street, blinking back tears as hard as he could.

Daddy. He wanted Daddy.
Chapter Eight (Seven.2)

Hi! Thank you so much for reading, and for all your kudos and comments too! All very, very much appreciated. Hope you enjoy this chapter...things are starting to heat up a little...xx

If someone had told Phil this time last year that he would be sat in his car in the dingy lot behind a pub, waiting to meet a student of his for something completely unrelated to schooling-Phil would have told them that they were insane. And yet-here he was.

This was mad. Reckless. Stupid. Phil knew all of this. He leaned back in the front seat, staring intently at the mossy brick wall in front of him and trying to will himself to drive away, to go home, to forget all of this madness. Just on account of being here, he could lose his job. What was he doing?

But then...he thought of Dan. His boy, his sweet boy, who could be here at any moment. Phil hoped that he had liked the teddy bear—he hoped that he had got the right end of the stick when he had seen Dan in the Disney store. Even if not—who didn’t love Winnie-The-Pooh? It was still a nice gift, he hoped. He imagined Dan’s face lighting up as he tore off the wrapping paper to find a fluffy, friendly bear looking up at him. Then, with a sinking feeling, the way Dan’s face would fall if he stood him up now. So, no matter how hard he tried, how much the lingering logical side of his brain told him to drive away as fast as possible...he could not.

The digital clock in the dashboard display read 4:28. His watch showed precisely half past four. He was not sure which was the true time, and couldn’t be bothered to take out his phone to check. Either way-Dan would be here any second. If he came. A pang of worry flashed through Phil’s brain as he considered the possibility that Dan might not show up. It would be awful—but of course, Phil could not blame him. He might just as easily chicken out—perhaps the reality of what they were doing had hit him. Phil stiffened himself to the idea—if he had got cold feet, Phil would have to let the boy go.

But something told him that he would be here. The thought of their meeting the day before still rendered Phil’s brain foggy with memories of his kisses. He had to come. He had to.

The dashboard read 4:31. Then two. Then three. Five. Seven. Eight. Every minute felt like an hour. Phil kept his eyes focused straight ahead on the mossy bricks. It was eerily quiet back here—he could not even hear the sounds of the Royal Oak behind. Nine. Only the wind, whistling through the cars.

Eleven. He wasn’t coming. Twelve.

Suddenly—a small, timid knock on the window.

Heart leaping, Phil turned to see a dark-haired boy smiling shyly at him through the glass. Immediately forgetting all of his fears, Phil grinned back, leaning over to open the passenger door for him. Dan climbed eagerly into the car, leaning over the gearstick and, without so much as a hello, kissing him squarely on the lips. Phil let his mind empty of everything except his boy, feeling happiness flood every cell in his body as he buried his fingers in that warm, curly hair.
“Thank you for Pooh Bear!” said Dan as the kiss broke, beaming. “I love him.”

“No problem—I’m so glad you do,” Phil gazed into those deep brown eyes, thinking himself the luckiest person in the…wait. Were they a little pink? Yes-slightly too shiny, as if they were damp. And that smile was far, far too forced. “Dan?” he asked, worry beginning to grip him. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” Dan said, determinedly grinning so much that he looked like a ventriloquist’s doll. “I’m just so happy to see you!”

Phil was not fooled. “Come on, what’s happened?” he asked. “You can tell m—hey, what’s that on your knee?” He had spotted a flap of black material out of place—Dan’s school trousers were ripped. And beneath—he could see red. “Oh Dan, you’re bleeding!”

Dan winced. “I…fell over.”

That was it. Bless him, the poor boy was hurt. At that moment-Dan pursed his lips tightly, squeezing his eyes shut—but he could not stop a tear spilling down his cheek. He looked so helpless that Phil’s heart almost melted with pity. “Oh, you poor thing. Come here.” Phil opened his arms, and instantly, being careful not to lean on his bad knee, Dan climbed onto Phil’s lap, snuggling into him and burying his head in his shoulder. There wasn’t much room with the steering wheel, but Phil reached behind him to slide the chair back as much as he could, creating as much space as possible for them, before wrapping his arms around him. “Does it hurt really badly, babe?”

Dan sniffed, wanting to be held closer. Phil gently brushed his tears away with his finger, stroking his hair. Suddenly, he felt as if he was taking care of a child, a helpless baby—which was exactly how Dan seemed to want to be treated as he rubbed his cheek into Phil’s shoulder. “It hurts.” he murmured, his voice even lisping a little. Phil’s heart was pure liquid.

“Poor baby…” He kissed Dan’s cheek, comforting him as best he could. “Will you let me have a look?”

Dan just nodded. Carefully, ensuring that the fabric did not irritate the wound, Phil pushed up Dan’s trouser leg until his knee was exposed. Dan grimaced a little as he did so. He tutted sympathetically when he saw it—it looked even worse than he had thought, a mixture of seeping scarlet and dried brown blood, the beginnings of a bruise forming around the edges. “Oooh, that looks awful. You must have fallen pretty hard!”

Dan made a little gulping sound.

“And you walked all the way here on it? Oh baby, I’m so sorry.”

Dan swallowed hard, blinking back the last of his tears. “I just wanted to see you…I needed you…D-Daddy…”

He tensed slightly, waiting for Phil’s reaction.

The word sent a small shiver through Phil’s body.

He paused for a moment, knocked slightly for six. Daddy? He could not remember Dan ever calling him that before.

However…

The shiver was undeniably one of pleasure.
He had imagined Dan calling him “Daddy” before. Only-it had always been in a very different scenario…But still. He could not pretend that he didn’t love it. Yes. It felt right. So right. Hoping this was not the outpouring of some kind of reverse Oedipus complex, and instead what he hoped with all his heart it was, he planted a kiss on top of Dan’s hair. “It’s okay, baby. I’m going to take care of you now.”

Instantly-Dan relaxed, snuggling into him once again. Despite his pity for Dan’s pain, Phil could not help but smile, excitement building inside him…the part of his mind that he usually kept firmly under wraps had just been shoved into the spotlight, blinking and staring-yet jubilant…But for now, he had to focus on his boy. Being careful not to upset Dan, he reached over to the glove compartment, and rummaged around his CDs until he found the little first-aid bag he kept in there in case of emergencies. “Let’s get you all cleaned up,” he said, his voice even gentler than usual, practically a coo. “Daddy is going to make it all better, promise.”

Despite his upset, Dan suddenly smiled, looking at him with those spaniel eyes. His heart glowing, he tried to get it to stop pounding with exhilaration at the thousands of fantasies playing out inside his head, the dreams of his deepest, darkest soul…Quickly, he unzipped the little bag and rummaged through it with one hand until he found a paper packet of anti-septic wipes. “Now, this is going to sting a little, okay?”

“Oh, Daddy.” Dan seemed to relish the word every bit as much as Phil did. Trying to ignore how much this turned him on, tenderly, he began to clean the wound, wiping away the dried blood and brushing away the gravel that had become stuck. Dan winced a little as he rubbed harder, but he bore it very well. “You’re being ever so brave, baby,” Phil said, and Dan squirmed a little with pleasure at the praise. “Nearly done.” Phil was thorough in his task, unsatisfied until the wound was clean and shiny, with not a single speck of dirt. Then, he bent down and softly kissed the rough graze. “Okay?”

“Thank you.” said Dan, rewarding him with a kiss and a glowing look. “All better.”

“Let me just find you a bandage, and then we’ll get going.” Once again, he rummaged in the little bag, finally locating a white sticking plaster.

“Where are we going?” Dan asked, curious now.

“Well, only if you want to…” Phil was carefully applying the plaster to his knee, rubbing it gently so that it lay flat over the wound. “I thought we could go back to my flat for a while. What do you think?”

“Oh yes!” Dan replied immediately-then giggled softly at his own enthusiasm. “I mean-sure. I’d love to.” He ran his fingers under the edges of his new plaster.

“Leave that alone, it will come off.” Phil gently flicked his hand away, pleased at his reaction. “God, you need constant supervision, don’t you? Falling over, you silly little thing…” He sighed, kissing his cheek adoringly. “Good thing I love taking care of you, hey?”

“Yes.” Dan twisted around to kiss him, suddenly taking a very different tone. His voice had become so sickly sweet that it made Phil’s head spin, his kiss deep enough to reach far, far downwards. “I need Daddy to take care of me…” he breathed, his hands running over Phil’s back, gently tickling his spine, which was nothing to do with the shivers currently cascading down it. Phil was almost too excited to speak. But finally-he managed, perfectly keeping his cool.

“Yes, that’s right, sweetheart,” he said, running his hand through Dan’s hair. “You need Daddy to look after you, don’t you, baby? That’s right…well, that’s exactly what Daddy is going to do...”
“Mmm.” Dan agreed enthusiastically, kissing him again with a renewed fervour…God…God, the boy was driving him crazy…Phil could feel his own excitement slipping downwards, filling him completely…it was all he could do not to grab his boy right at that moment and—but he stopped himself firmly. Not here. Not in behind the Royal Oak. And not in this car.

This car was far too small anyway…

“Okay, baby,” Phil said as Dan came up for air. He pressed one last kiss to his forehead. “Get into your seat like a good boy so that we can get going. When we get home, I’ll find you an ice pack for that knee.”

“No…” Dan protested weakly, still in that irresistibly sweet voice. “I want to cuddle with you.”

Phil chuckled, but gently began to unhook him. “I have to drive somehow, sweetheart. You have to be all strapped in…”

Just the words sent another thrilling shiver through Phil as a particular image came to mind, of a very particular thing he would like very much to do to the boy…

“…so you’re safe, okay? Now, be a good boy and get settled, okay?”

“Okay.” Finally, reluctantly, Dan climbed over the gear stick back into the passenger seat. He pulled the strap over—and, with a titillating buckling sound, Phil clicked it into place for him.

Taking a deep breath, still hardly able to believe that, against all his sane judgement, he was doing this-Phil started the engine.
Chapter Nine

Chapter Notes

Hey! SO SORRY I posted so late! Busy, busy day, but here it finally is!

Thank you so much for reading, and all your kudos and comments! Very much appreciated! Love you all, and more at a more usual time soon xxx

DISCLAIMER: In real life, ALWAYS have safe sex! No matter what, always be safe! Take no risks, even if no parties can become pregnant:P just DO IT! Thanks :P xxx

Phil stood back, holding open the door to his apartment to let Dan enter in front of him, feeling a true gentleman-before silently panicking. Had he put yesterday’s boxers in the laundry or left them on the floor? Were there any dirty plates in the sink? Had the weekend’s takeout pizza box made it into the bin yet? When had he last vacuumed? Would Dan judge him for his décor?

But it was too late now. Gritting his teeth, Phil followed his boy through the doorway-and immediately almost crashed into him as Dan bent down to remove his shoes. This made Phil smile—how charming that he did so. He noticed that Dan was not wearing regulation black school socks but white ones, snowy and sweet. Now feeling that he ought to do the same, though usually he kicked off his shoes only when he remembered before getting distracted, Phil placed them uncharacteristically neatly side-by-side by the door. His own socks, however, were habitually mismatched, one blue and one green. He wondered whether this would bother Dan. It was funny—he had scarcely stopped thinking about the boy for a moment and yet he realised how little he knew about the little things he did, liked, disliked, anything. Suddenly they all seemed terribly important.

“Come through,” he said warming, gesturing with his arm for Dan to go into the lounge-usually the tidiest room in his little flat. Quietly, and looking a little nervous now, Dan slipped through the half-open door. The room was painted white, with black furniture and a little black fireplace. On the walls and shelves were evidence of Phil’s nerdy interests, including superheroes and gaming characters, DVDs and games. Beneath the black television were several games consoles, and the window behind was large, the curtains thin-Phil loved to let the light in. It was mostly tidy, the brightly-coloured cushions thrown a little haphazardly, the sofa customarily creased. Otherwise-Phil breathed a sigh of relief.

“It’s lovely.” said Dan politely. He had clasped his arms around himself suddenly, standing a little awkwardly. Phil understood. He felt quite the same. It was one thing envisioning something happening for hours, weeks, months—and quite another for the moment to finally arrive. He could see that Dan, stood in his teacher’s living room in his school uniform and socks, felt as nervous and exposed as he himself did.

Phil’s brain whirred—what could he do to break the ice, make the boy feel at ease?-before his eyes fell on the console beside the TV.

“Want to play Mario Kart?”

Dan’s eyes lit up.
Twenty minutes later, Dan was cheering as he neatly skirted the final corner of Rainbow Road, finishing first, while Phil protested that he was having an off-day as he fell off the track once again, slipping from eighth to twelfth position. There was a friendly competitiveness, and a lot of laughter. Phil could feel Dan becoming more and more at relaxed, despite his intense concentration on the game, uncrossing his legs and letting his shoulders fall from their usual tense rigidness. He felt a warm glow inside—he had never seen Dan so happy and relaxed, so in his element (which was apparently Mario Kart)—and he had been the one to do it. He could not express how much pleasure he got from taking care of Dan, from looking after him and making him smile. Putting him at ease when he was nervous, patching up his knee, drying his tears…Phil grinned to himself, while Dan giggled triumphantly as Phil finished the race in eleventh place.

“I want a rematch!”

“No way,” Dan shook his head, endearingly pleased with himself. “I’ve won the last three races. I am the champion!”

“All or nothing?” suggested Phil.

“I’m not taking that chance.” Dan put down his controller, turning to Phil. “I win. Deal with it.” he said, in a defiant, sing-song voice.

“Don’t be so cheeky.” Phil adopted his teaching voice.

“Oh yeah?” Dan raised an eyebrow, a glint in his eye. “What are you going to do about it, sir?”

“This.” Phil put down his controller—and hit Dan with a cushion. With a yelp of surprise, Dan grabbed another cushion and began to hit back with a vengeance. This pillow fight waged for a good few minutes, amongst much laughter—and a distinctly strange undertone. It felt so odd to have been teaching the boy at school yesterday, and now to be belting him with a cushion in his living room.

But then again…there was that part of him that loved Dan’s school uniform. Loved to see him looking up at him with those spaniel eyes from his desk. And especially loved seeing him now, giggling on his living room floor, his school tie askew, his shirt coming untucked, those spaniel eyes creased up with mirth…his boy, so happy, so relaxed, so innocent, so unaware of exactly how crazy he drove his teacher…

Phil whacked him lightly in the side with the cushion. “Are you going to stop being so cheeky now?”

Dan giggled again, smiling up at him like the Cheshire cat. As he did so, Phil took a moment to think on how lovely he was, those eyes, that skin, that smile…he knew exactly where he wanted this little bit of banter to go. However, he did not want to pressure the boy, make him feel any less at ease than he did now. Whatever happened now, both lounging on the floor with their clothes dishevelled from the pillow fight, gazing at one another…it had to be on Dan’s terms. Phil waited.

“Don’t you like it?” Dan asked, his voice back to that same irresistible sweetness it had adopted in the car. Phil could already feel excitement growing below, a tightening inside.

“You know I do, baby,” he murmured, stroking Dan’s hair. “But still—it is a very naughty way to speak to your teacher…”

Phil could tell that this had been the right thing to say. Dan’s grin stretched by several millimetres, his dimple deepening in a particularly appealing way. “An even naughtier way to speak to my daddy…” His voice almost tremble with anticipation at the word.
Phil laughed a little—as he felt his excitement begin to take hold. “You are really into that, aren’t you, babe?”

“Yes.” Dan said—then suddenly looked embarrassed. “Sorry, is that weird?”

“No! Not at all…” Phil smiled, keeping his cool by the skin of his teeth. “In fact…you have no idea how much I like that…” It was a very loaded sentence.

Dan paused—then smiled a very different sort of smile. “Oh yeah?”

“I can’t say I’m surprised, though,” Phil teased him. “You are such a baby—you need so much looking after, don’t you, sweetheart? You need someone to take care of you…it’s only natural that you—”

But he did not finish his sentence as Dan stopped his mouth with a kiss. He deepened them, gently pushing Phil onto his back on the floor, sinking with him so that they lay side by side on the wooden boards. It was not comfortable, but Phil was past caring as he tasted his boy, gently guiding Dan’s over-eager tongue with practised strokes. He was delightfully inexperienced, still very happy to follow Phil’s lead—which was most encouraging.

“Yes, that’s right…” Dan breathed, climbing on top of Phil so that his legs straddled Phil’s hips. His eyes were shining with glee, as if he was at the top of a rollercoaster. “Such a baby…I need Daddy…to show me everything…”

“And he will,” Phil whispered, looking up at the boy. He took his time, running his hands gently down the length of Dan’s arms, then back up to his shoulders, before slowly sliding them down the sides of his chest, feeling his ribs deep under his school shirt, his soft waist, down to his hip bones. Dan purred with pleasure, enjoying simply being touched. “Such a beautiful boy…” Phil sighed, enjoying the way Dan blushed when he said this. “So sweet…” Gently, he stroked the front of Dan’s shirt, stroking his chest through his school shirt, his fingers tugging gently at his tie, his voice dropping in pitch. “I know what I want you to show me…”

Instantly—Dan ripped off his school tie, throwing it carelessly aside, and began to hastily unbutton his shirt, his fingers slipping in his hurry. Phil was pleasantly surprised—but aroused by his obedience and enthusiasm. Soon enough, he was faced with a youthfully smooth chest, a slender yet deliciously soft tummy, and long arms covered with delicately pale skin. Just the sight of the boy shirtless sent a rush of blood southwards as he admired him, like some kind of mythical nymph. “Beautiful…” he repeated, unable to tear his eyes away. But still—it was not quite enough. “But I know you have more you want to show off than that…”

Dan looked delighted at each compliment—almost surprised, as if he had never expected them. He sprang into action, beginning to unzip his flies—before Phil took both of his hands. “Let Daddy take care of it, baby…”

With a sigh of pleasure, Dan relaxed his hands, allowing Phil to pull them both up into a standing position. Phil reached down, gently running his hand over the front of Dan’s trousers. Already, he could feel the stiffness beneath. Slowly, he unzipped Dan’s fly, letting his trousers fall into a pool around his ankles. He heard Dan gasp—perhaps with the sudden cold, perhaps with excitement. Quietly, Phil knelt down, stroking the boy’s long legs, down to his white socks, enjoying the quick little gasps from above. He helped him step out of his trousers, before hooking his fingers under the tops of his socks, gently removing them and tossing them away. Now, the boy was naked save his grey boxer shorts. It was everything Phil had ever wanted…

But—he knew that he could not do too much too soon. He did not want to expose the deepest, darkest
desires from the corners of his soul that he hid so well—not yet. He did not want to scare the boy. Especially since he was a virgin.

No. Not yet.

Phil continued to stroke Dan’s bare legs, stopping to tenderly kiss the white bandage on his knee. “You silly little thing…” he whispered. “My poor baby…”

Dan gave a happy moan, practically quivering with excitement. Spurred on by this, Phil had to exert almost all of his self-control not to pin the boy against the wall by the wrists and take him there and then…but no. He had to wait. He wanted to wait. “Daddy is going to make sure you never get hurt again, okay?” He began to kiss the insides of Dan’s thighs, working higher and higher. As the skin got warmer, he began to softly bite.

“Oh!” Dan gave an involuntary squeak, hardly able to stand still. Phil smiled—he knew that this would not take long. The joys of being a teenager, a virgin touched for the very first time (Phil willed himself not to sing any Madonna)—the boy was almost on the edge already. Phil could feel his feet digging into the floor below him, his breaths high-pitched and ragged.

“Okay, sweetheart…” Phil looked up at him, waiting until Dan looked down to meet his eyes. “Now, you remember that you can tell me to stop at any time. Even if we’re already doing something—tell me to stop and I will straight away, babe, okay?”

“Y-e-s!” Dan could hardly open his mouth, but he nodded enthusiastically to make his meaning clear. Phil could see that stopping was the last thing the boy wanted to do. Now he was sure—he smiled.

“Now, sweet boy…Daddy wants to see if you taste sweet too, baby…”

Dan could hardly contain himself. Phil chuckled softly—oh, that first-time excitement. There was really nothing like it. He slipped his fingers under the waistband of Dan’s underwear—and just that action was enough to make the boy shake. Slowly, still knelt on the floor, Phil guided Dan’s underwear off, letting them fall to the ground around his ankles. And finally—Dan’s over-excitement was physically exposed.

Phil took a deep breath in as he stared. “Wow. Daddy’s big boy, huh?”

Dan almost melted on the spot, letting out a groan of pleasure. Phil was not just humouring him—he was genuinely quite impressed. But—a slight, smug part of him was glad that he himself was bigger…it filled him with even more confidence, even more desire to take the boy and make him his own.

“Yes, baby…God, you’re so beautiful…” Very gently, Phil placed his hands on Dan’s hips, guiding his boy closer. “Don’t you worry about anything, baby. You…just…” But he did not finish his sentence as his lips closed around the end of his boy’s cock.

The noise Dan made. Phil was thoroughly enjoying his reactions to everything as he began to lick him, first a little, and then more and more. One hand gently massaged Dan’s balls, causing him to hiss with pleasure—before he began to suck. It was so much fun to watch Dan experience everything for the first time. The boy was so innocent…and so very responsive as he moaned, trying to watch but throwing back his head in silent ecstasy. “Y-yes, Daddy…” he gasped out, grabbing onto Phil’s shoulders to steady himself. “Y-yes…y-yes…”

Phil knew it would not be much longer. He sucked harder, gently using Dan’s hips to guide him in and out of his mouth, finding the rhythm that Dan responded most enthusiastically to and running
with it. God, it was so good…the boy’s breathing was getting faster and faster…he was close, Phil could tell, and he had done it to him…

Half a minute later- “I-“ Dan gave a helpless yelp. “I-I’m going to-“

Phil responded by sucking harder.

Seconds later, with a loud, wordless cry, and in two sharp bursts-Phil’s mouth was filled with hot, salty liquid. He swallowed it with ease-it was part of his boy, after all. As Dan’s knees buckled-Phil was there to catch him as he fell to his knees, an exhausted and ecstatic wreck. His eyes were shining.

“Alright, baby?” he asked him, gently helping him to a sitting position, pulling him into his lap to calm down. Dan was still shaking-but his breathing was still rough, far too quick. Gently, he cradled him, stroking his hair, kissing his forehead. “Such a sweet boy…”

“That-that was…” After a long pause, Dan found his voice. “That was…best thing…ever…”

Phil laughed again-Dan was so innocent-such a first-timer. And he had seen nothing yet…
Chapter Ten

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! So sorry, this is just a stump of a chapter today-more of an ending to the last one-as I've had no time at all :( there won't be an update tomorrow (Tuesday) but on Wednesday business as usual, I promise :) 

Thank you so much for reading, and for all of the comments and kudos! Love you all xxx

Dan could not believe it. All this time, he had wondered what on earth it would feel like…and now he knew, he never wanted to do anything else. Just this, all the time…well, maybe along with one or two other things he’d like to try…

But for now, he simply snuggled in Mr Lester’s arms, trying to ground himself. Slowly, he stopped shaking, and a feeling of intense relaxation came over him. It was as if the entire world had stopped spinning, leaving only this lounge, the sofa behind them, the floor and the ceiling. He buried his face in Mr Lester’s shoulder, hardly able to believe that another human could make him feel this way, by doing something so simple…he did not know if it would feel the same with anyone, if it was a simple physical reaction to stimulation-or whether it was because it was Mr Lester.

“T-thank you.” he stammered. He could think of nothing else to say.

Mr Lester laughed, kissing his cheek. “You don’t have to say thank you. But that’s really sweet.”

“I want to,” Dan never wanted this moment to end. He still could not quite comprehend that he was here, naked, in his teacher’s flat, feeling this way, in the arms of the man he adored. “This has been so amazing. I don’t ever want to leave this room!”

“Well, I will still expect to see you in class.”

“Really?” Dan grinned mischievously. “I would have thought you’d just give me an A* for free now.”

“No way! Actually, I think I’ll mark you even more harshly, just for that cheek.” Mr Lester lightly flicked his arm, smiling strangely-it was as if he was just realising how bizarre it would be to teach Dan now, after today. Dan wondered if he would always imagine him naked now…the thought of it almost turned him on again. But Mr Lester had already moved on. “However…” Dan felt a hand on his arse, gently cupping and squeezing. “This gets an A*. And so does everything else…” He began to kiss any part of him he could reach, until Dan starting giggling uncontrollably.

“Really?” he managed to splutter. “I always thought…you know-I don’t exactly have a good body-“

“What?” Mr Lester looked up from where he had been kissing his shoulder, his mouth falling open in surprise. “Okay, that answer gets an F.”

“But-” Dan laughed again, pleasantly surprised. “I always thought-since I don’t have, like, muscly arms, or, or abs, or-“
“Stop it,” Mr Lester said firmly, pulling him closer. “I happen to think you’re just right. The Goldilocks Zone, if you like. And these arms—” He kissed each of Dan’s shoulders. “—and this—” He bent down and kissed his tummy. “are absolutely gorgeous. For no other reason than that they are yours.”

Dan had never felt happier, never more comfortable in his own skin. He snuggled into Mr Lester’s chest, kissing him through his shirt. “I think you’re the most wonderful person in the world…”

Now, it was Mr Lester’s turn to laugh. “Sweet boy…you’re such a baby, you’ve hardly met anyone. Besides—as soon as you know me better, I guarantee you’ll think I’m a total spork.”

“Spork?” Dan giggled—but something else had struck his mind. “So…I’ll get to know you better?”

“Well…if you’d like to?”

Dan felt a warm glow in his chest. This wasn’t just sex. This was real.

“Come on, then, baby. It’s getting late—I’ll take you home. If you can find all your clothes!”
Hello! Thank you for bearing with me, and thank you so much for reading, commenting and leaving kudos! You guys are awesome :) More tomorrow xxx

The exam timetable clutched to his chest was one double-sided sheet of paper, but it felt as if it weighed a ton. Dan swallowed hard, trying not to think about all of those dates-hours spent in that big, silent sports hall, pens scratching, clock ticking, his future being decided before his eyes…it was enough to send a shiver of fear up his spine. But even now, with that sheet full of little black boxes—that was the least of his worries. Since that morning, there had been a terrible churning sensation in his stomach, a ringing in his ears…Standing up the moment the bell went for first period so that he could get to his lesson meeting as few people as possible on the way, Dan hurried through the door and to Maths as quickly as he could. Luckily, the person he was trying to outrun was in a different set…but he would not be able to evade him for long. He knew.

As he sat down in his habitual seat at the back of the classroom, he fingered his phone in his pocket. The text had come through as he was having breakfast. His toast had slipped from his hand and fallen to the floor. An unknown number. But he knew. Of course he knew.

Got our backs to the wall, faggot. Better watch yours. Soon.

Dan felt as if arms could grab him at any second. Though he tried hard to pretend everything was normal—he could not sit still. Normally maths was one of his better subjects—but today, everything Mr Quinn wrote on the whiteboard looked like a line of meaningless squiggles. He was on the edge of his seat.

He could not tell anyone. If he opened his mouth—those he was afraid of would shut it for him—and it would be so much worse. He couldn’t tell Ms Ekwensi, the headmistress, even though after last time she had bade him to report back to her right away. It would only be worse if he did…

There was only one person he wanted to talk to. That person was currently teaching English on the floor above him. The most wonderful person in the world, the person who made him believe he was wanted, cared for, even adored…the person he trusted most.

But he couldn’t.

Mr Lester had been so happy that afternoon they had spent together—it was the most magical afternoon of Dan’s life—if he had told him the true cause of his grazed knee—which had come up in a bright purple bruise-none of it would ever have happened. Daddy would have been angry, upset—he would have insisted on going about it the “right” way, telling the headmistress, tackling the bullies head on…ensuring that they would leave him alone on the school site—but would only heighten their efforts in the outside world. And he would never have had that heavenly time with his daddy, time he would not trade for the world. Being with Daddy was his happy place, a place to relax and to be himself—he would not sully it with talk of bullies.

Dan would have to white-knuckle it until the end of the day. Perhaps he could sprint out of the gates the moment the bell went and make it home as quickly as possible—back to the safety of his room and...
his bed. Or, maybe he could hide out at school, wait for everyone else to go leave, then sneak home a different way…until then, all he could do was think about that text, wonder what it meant. And wait.

As Mr Quinn turned his back, Dan reached down to his satchel on the floor. He gently squeezed the squishy lump inside, trying to find comfort in the little Pooh Bear he now carried with him everywhere. It was like having a little piece of Daddy with him, giving him the strength to go on. But in reality—he would need a real bear to properly protect him.

Phil carefully wiped his board clean, scrubbing off every scrap of pen from the large spider diagram his year eights had made that afternoon. It had been a trying lesson—the kids had refused to settle down, ignoring instructions and relentlessly chatting. He had a slight headache now—but still, he whistled to himself. Nothing could possibly dampen his mood now. Nothing at all.

His boy, his wonderful boy. The way he, Phil, had made his face light up, how happy he had made him, how the boy had giggled and snuggled into him, safe in his arms—even simply playing Mario Kart together, Dan was a different person, worlds away from the nervous, silent boy at the back of his classroom. Perhaps, now the bullies had been dealt with, Dan would smile that pretty, infectious smile all the time…that was all he wanted.

Stowing his eraser away neatly in his drawer, Phil hummed happily as he dealt worksheets onto each desk for his year nines. He felt as if he was floating on a cloud, his mind wondering when and how he could see his boy again. And…that little dark part of his mind, which was becoming ever more vocal since the advent of Dan in his life, and especially since seeing his beautiful body on full display—wondered what exactly would happen when they did…it was all he could do not to seek out the boy that very moment…

But they had to be careful. Already, they were taking ridiculous risks. Violating one of the most basic rules of teacher-pupil relationships, had given Dan his personal mobile number, ordering him to save it under a pseudonym. Dan was saved in his simply as “Baby”. It made his heart glow a little every time he looked at it. He longed to press the call button, to text him to arrange their next meeting as soon as he could…That part of his mind was providing all sorts of suggestions regarding what he could do with his baby—and to him. Things Phil had done before, and things which had of yet only played out in his mind. Things no teacher should ever think of doing to a student…All he knew was that Dan wanted to be taken as much as Phil wanted to take him…he could almost taste it. His good boy, his sweet boy, to be treated like a princess, to be cared for and protected, showered with praise and kisses…and to have him bring those sweet, sexy brown eyes, downcast in submission, into the bedroom…

A shiver of pleasure passed through Phil’s body. He wished that he could find his baby now, kiss him, touch that soft, pale skin, tell him just how crazy he drove him, how much he was adored… before chaining the boy by the wrists to his desk—

But—he had to bide his time. They had to go undetected, at all costs. Otherwise, the consequences would be unthinkable. He would…well. He didn’t like to think about it.

But enough of that. Phil remained contentedly on his cloud for the rest of the day.
Dan had already packed up his science textbook and pencil case before the clock had even ticked around to the bell. As soon as it sounded, without waiting for an invitation to leave from Ms Blake, he had already bolted through the classroom door, hurrying as fast as he could towards the gates. Passing through crowds of students and darting around the corner, Dan picked up his pace, wondering whether he could do his twenty-minute walk home in ten.

Going well so far. Dan puffed slightly as he half-jogged down the main road. Fitness had never been his strong point—he had always loathed the public humiliation that was PE and hated getting hot and sweaty. But needs must, and he hurried on, his satchel banging against his thigh. He could feel Pooh Bear inside. Hoping his little nose would not get squashed, but not daring to stop and rearrange the contents of his bag, he rushed on.

Half way. Dan could almost feel the comfort of his duvet, the warmth of his laptop, a glass of Ribena and Pooh Bear to keep him company. When he was procrastinating revision, he often found himself simply lying back, thinking of Daddy, imagining his head on the pillow beside him…sometimes he was kissing him. Sometimes they simply talked. Sometimes…he was doing things to him that Dan had only seen in movies before…after his little taste of that new, astonishing world, he could hardly wait for more…he spent almost every night lying awake in bed, imagining exactly what it might be like to feel Daddy holding him down, thrusting himself deep inside him…

But sometimes, he simply gazed at his imaginary lover, trying to recall every detail of his face exactly, remembering what it felt like to have those bright blue eyes looking back into his own, so kind, so protective…He wondered when they would see one another again…of course they had to be careful, but he did not think he could wait much longer.

Still walking, Dan grabbed his phone from his pocket, simply to scroll through the contacts, stopping when he reached Mr Lester’s number. It was slightly off-putting that his name appeared directly under his father’s…but still. No one would suspect that his English teacher was the man locked in his phone as “Daddy.” Excitement clenched in his stomach as he dreamily stared at it, wondering whether he should text him, whether he dared phone. It would be wonderful to hear his voice. Perhaps he could-

Suddenly—Dan was forced to stop. A shadow had appeared on his phone screen.

He looked up.

His heart dropped

Behind the one he had been dreading—more shadows. Many more.

Dan closed his eyes.
Chapter Twelve

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your comments and kudos! Love you all xxx

Hope you enjoy! More tomorrow :)

SPOILER: I know it's all got a bit serious...but sexytime coming soon ;)

14:05-DADDY: Where are you? I did say I wouldn’t give you a free pass in English xxx
14:17-DADDY: The online register says you’re sick. I’m sorry...feel better baby xxx
14:34-BABY: Thank you xxx
16:00-DADDY: Okay, finally free-can stop texting you under the desk like a student! How are you, sweetheart? Feeling better? xxx
16:03-BABY: I’m fine xxx
16:04-DADDY: Sure? Worried about you xxx
16:07-BABY: Absolutely. Hope you’re okay too xxx

16:01-DADDY: I didn’t see you all day today either! Were you in school? xxx
16:07-BABY: No. Sorry. xxx
16:09-DADDY: Baby, what’s wrong? Seriously worried xxx
16:11-BABY: I’m fine. Just sick. Hope you had a good day xxx
16:12-DADDY: Okay. Really hope you feel better! xxx

Dan lay tightly curled up under his duvet, in a little tent propped up by his laptop. He had not moved much from this position in two days.

When the YouTube video he had been watching finished, he turned over onto his back. He knew he could not keep up with this façade of illness for any longer, otherwise his mother would insist upon a doctor’s visit. Lying to her did not sit well—but how else could he have passed off the physical evidence of his experience with Them two days ago? Luckily the only visible mark he had received could be explained away when he had finally limped home—she had no reason to doubt that he would trip and faceplant into the corner of a desk—it was exactly the kind of thing he would do anyway. No
reason to doubt that it would have caused his nosebleed too. And as for the other marks…they were hidden away under his shirt. No reason to bring them up at all.

A cold, a cough, a sore throat—easy enough to fake, to get him a few days off school, to cocoon himself safely under this duvet and shut out the world. But he could not keep it up forever. He knew that he would have to return to school tomorrow.

At least he had English. It would be so wonderful to see Mr Lester…Dan prayed he would buy the same excuse for the purple ring around his eye as his mother. He longed to see him.

16:15-BABY: Thank you. I miss you, Daddy. Can’t wait to see you tomorrow xxx

Sending the text gave him a warm glow at least…he wanted nothing more than to feel his daddy’s arms wrapped protectively around him, even safer and more comforting than this duvet…But with seeing Daddy came the risk of seeing…Them.

Though he could not have been warmer…Dan shivered.

16:16-DADDY: Miss you too, babe. Take care of yourself xxx

It took only a few seconds of fishing around in his duvet cave to find Pooh Bear. Dan clutched him tightly to his chest, rubbing his face in the soft yellow fur. Daddy. He needed Daddy.

Once again, worry gripped Phil as he passed through the “H”s in the register with no answer, no tantalizing little “Yes, sir” from the back of the room. What was happening? His baby had been absent for three days now. Endless possibilities, each one worse than the last, began to flash through his mind like horses on a carousel. How sick could Dan be without it being something serious? If he was seriously ill, then Phil had to take care of him—but how could he? What if it was worse than that?

Phil could hardly concentrate as he began to teach, setting Dan’s class an exercise in preparation for their exam. He did not get a moment to sneak a text beneath his desk, answering endless questions about the upcoming exam and making extensive notes on the whiteboard—before the door quietly creaked open.

Phil’s heart leapt as a boy with dark, curly hair hurried into the classroom, head down, taking a seat at his back-row desk. He was so happy, so overcome with relief, that he almost forgot that he was teaching. Dan hung his head, casting his face in shadow—but he was here. He was okay.

“You’re late, Daniel,” he said, remembering to maintain the pretence just in time, adopting his strict-teacher voice. “Don’t make this a habit.”

“Sorry, sir.” came that little voice, sending a shiver down Phil’s spine. Well. Provided the boy was well enough—he would definitely be keeping him back after class today…

Phil turned back to the whiteboard, continuing to teach—he had almost perfected the art of pretending that everything was normal. But in his mind—he was already picturing the scene…*You were late to my lesson, you bad boy…you will have to be punished*…Phil wondered how far his boy would go—the Daddy kink was encouraging—and insatiably hot. Thus far, Dan had always been his good boy—occasionally cheeky, otherwise perfectly sweet and well-behaved for him. But Phil couldn’t help picturing giving the boy a deserved and thorough spanking…how would he feel about that?

Teaching with one side of his brain, and vividly imagining with the other, Phil turned cheerfully
back to face his class-

And that was when he saw it.

That dear little face at the back of his classroom. Clear as day. Dark as night. A purple ring around his baby’s eye.

Phil felt as if he too had been hit in the face.

It was all he could do to carry on teaching.

XXX

Bell.

“Daniel, can I have a word, please?” Phil called, keeping his voice natural as the rest of the students surged from the room. The moment he heard-Dan leapt up from his chair and hurried eagerly over to his desk to await the exit of his classmates. On any other occasion, Phil would have been pleased, even aroused, by this enthusiasm and obedience. However-now, there were other things on his mind.

The moment the door shut-Phil rushed over to Dan, putting his hands on his shoulders. “Who did this to you?” he asked urgently. “Tell me what happened.”

“No one!” Dan cried, blinking a lot-clearly, this was not the welcome he had been hoping for. “I-I tripped and-“

The boy could never lie to him. “Don’t give me that. I know what a punch in the face looks like,” Phil felt physically ill thinking of someone hurting his boy. Why hadn’t he been there to stop it? It was his job to protect him. “Who did this? Was it someone from school?”

Dan looked bombarded with so many questions. “I-no-I mean-!”

“Come on,” Phil cradled his face in his hands, gently touching the ugly purple bruise over his eye. It made his heart ache more than he could say—he wished to any god there was that he could take all of his baby’s pain away and bear it himself, no matter how bad it was. “Sweetheart, tell me what happened. Did you get hurt anywhere else?”

Dan opened his mouth, about to protest again…but it fell closed. His lip trembled, his eyes becoming shiny as he remembered…then, he turned around. Quickly, he untucked his school shirt, flipping it up to show his back…and Phil was winded by what he saw. In the small of his back, just above the waistband of his trousers—an enormous bruise, lined with dark purple and black.

“God…” Phil breathed, unable to process what he was seeing. That someone had left such a mark on his boy—it was unfathomable. Unbelievable. He did not want to believe it. He couldn’t believe it.

“I’m sorry.” Dan flipped his shirt down and turned around again, his voice thick-but instantly, he found himself pulled tightly to Phil’s chest, his arms wrapped around him so firmly, as if he thought he could disappear at any moment.

“Don’t be sorry. Why should you be?” Phil felt close to tears himself. “What happened?”

“I…” Dan took a few seconds to find his voice again, swallowing hard. “I… I was walking home…and-and… I got punched-knocked over and-and kicked around a little. These bruises. A-a nosebleed. That—that’s all. It-it doesn’t matter.”
“For God’s sake, Dan, of course it matters! Who did it?” he begged him. “The same boys? Didn’t you tell the headmistress about them? We moved them out of all of your classes together—I thought it had been dealt with?”

Dan shrugged, gulping again. “In school. Can’t…can’t do anything about it…outside. It—it’s fine. I-I don’t want a fuss. I want—”

“Dan,” Phil cupped Phil’s face, making him meet his eyes. His voice became very gentle—but firm “I don’t want to scare you. But this—this is very serious. Are you telling me that your fellow students just attacked you in the street for no reason?”

Despite his reassurance-fear flashed through Dan’s face. “I—I mean…they had a reason…”

“What reason?”

“Well…it’s because I’m gay—”

Again, Phil clutched him tightly to his chest, gently stroking his hair. Dan buried his head in his shoulder, suppressing a sob. “You know that is not a reason for you to deserve this. You know better. Come on.” He kissed his cheek, comforting him as best he could—but his mind was whirring. This was serious. Very serious. Professionally—Phil was out of his depth.

“I—I was so scared…” Dan whispered into his shoulder, sniffing hard.

That was it.

“Oh God…” Phil murmured. Rage was mounting in his chest. “Oh God, I could kill them for doing this to you…”

Dan started a little. He looked up, surprised—this was so uncharacteristic of his easy-going personality. “It—it’s not a big deal. It’s—it’s to be expected.”

“No it’s not!” Phil’s voice raised without his instruction—and he had to pull it back. “Darling, this is not “to be expected”.” He breathed hard. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t there to protect you. If I could switch places with you, I would. I’m so sorry.”

“No!” Dan protested, still looking startled. “How could you be?”

“I should have done more. I should have—I don’t know…” He sighed. “I promised you that no one would ever hurt you again, remember? And now look what has happened to you. Oh God, they weren’t anything to do with your knee, were they?”

Dan said nothing. He didn’t have to.

Phil felt his stomach drop. He should have asked. He should have known. This was his fault—his boy had been badly hurt, and it was his fault. “I’m going to make it right, okay? I’m going to take care of everything now, I swear.”

“No!” Dan shook his head wildly. “No—you can’t tell anyone! It will only get worse!”

Phil could only hold him tighter, as if he was trying to keep him from falling apart. The poor boy was trembling…Gently, he took a step backwards, collapsing into his desk chair, sitting Dan carefully on his lap, so he could snuggle into his shoulder. Oh God, he was broken. And so was Phil.

“Dan…” He kissed his forehead, keeping his voice soft and gentle. “Dan, I can’t leave this here.”
“But—”

“Actually, legally, I can’t leave this here.” Phil sighed, rubbing small circles on his back. “I know that we’re…us…but I am still your teacher. I hate to play this card…but what you have just done is made a “disclosure” to me. I have a duty of care towards you—which means that if you tell me something, and it gives me reason to believe that you are in danger—which you have—then I have to take this higher.”

Dan spent a few moments taking this in.

“I’m sorry. I know what a hypocrite I am for saying that,” Phil squeezed his shoulder gently. “On paper, I would be the danger…but this is serious. Darling—I’m not trying to scare you—but this is a hate crime. Possibly falling under ABH—I don’t know. Which means that I—“

But he didn’t get any further. Dan had started to cry. All the fear and pain he had been bottling up suddenly came spilling out of his eyes in hot, thick tears. All Phil could do was hold him close, dry his tears as best he could, comfort him with platitudes and kisses…but inside, his mind was racing. On his watch—his boy had been hurt. It was all his fault—it was his job to protect him, and he had not fulfilled it. And then—there was that intense rage in his stomach that he kept having to swallow down. He simply could not believe that someone could intentionally hurt—punch and kick badly enough to make him bleed and bruise, the worst bruises Phil had ever seen in his life—such a sweet, defenceless person. It was true—if Phil was only a fraction more rash, he would go out, search until he found the culprits and—well. They would each wind up in far, far worse shape than Dan was now. How dare they hurt his baby? How dare they? They would pay, they would all pay dearly…

“It’s okay…” he whispered, kissing Dan’s hair. No one would touch him again. No one. Not ever. He would die first. “It’s okay…I’ve got you. I’m here…I love you.”
Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for all of your comments, and your kudos, and most of all for reading! You guys are so awesome and I’m so grateful :) more tomorrow! xxx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

19:31-BABY: Thank you so much for your help. I can’t think of the words to say xxx

19:32-DADDY: Don’t thank me. Let me take you to see Ms Ekwensi tomorrow. I’ll be with you throughout xxx

19:33-BABY: I can’t. Scared

19:33-BABY: Sorry. I’m a coward xxx

19:34-DADDY: No, baby. You’re just fine. But I will go to see her on your behalf xxx

19:35-BABY: Would you? Thank you xxx

19:36-DADDY: It’s the least I can do. We’ll do this right. I’ll get this sorted for you, I promise xxx

19:37-BABY: I don’t know what I’d do without you. I love you xxx

19:38-DADDY: As I love you, babe xxx

19:39-BABY: So glad I could tell you. I knew you would look after me. I’m so lucky xxx

19:40-DADDY: Of course I will. Always will xxx

19:41-BABY: I love you. I can’t say it enough xxx

19:42-DADDY: I love you too. I hate that this has happened to you so much. I wish I could swap places with you, darling. You don’t deserve any of it xxx

Dan almost choked up a little as he read the last text. He could not believe it. Being loved, loved by another person—it was like nothing he had ever felt before. Despite his pain and fear, it was as if his heart was wrapped in a warm blanket, safe and secure…he had never been so sure of anything in his life.

Was this it? Would he spend the rest of his life with Mr Lester? Right at that moment, he could think of nothing more wonderful. The moment he left school, they could truly be together. If he went to university, or if he got a job, perhaps he could move into Mr Lester’s flat with him—it would be so glorious. They could get a dog. They could go on holiday together, see the world. They could get married, have children, just live their lives…

No. Stop. He was getting ahead of himself. But it was so hard not to dream…

19:44-BABY: Thank you. I love you, Daddy xxx
“…he’s not safe. Something needs to be done.”

Phil took a deep breath. He put down the cup of coffee he had been drinking on the table between himself and Ms Ekwensi, waiting anxiously for a response.

“Philip…” said the headmistress. She clasped her painted nails professionally. “This is very serious.”

“I know. That’s why I’m here.” he said, slightly impatiently.

“And this is following up from the incident of bullying we had already addressed concerning Daniel Howell…the same perpetrators?”

“Yes.”

“I need to speak to Daniel. Nothing can be done until he makes the complaint himself.” Ms Ekwensi swept her long braids over her shoulder, beginning to make notes on her laptop.

“He’s scared.” Phil explained hurriedly. “He thinks that, if he reports the incident, things will only get worse for him. And having seen his injuries, I don’t think that’s unreasonable.”

“As a school-age student, Daniel reporting an incident like this to you means legally we have to get the police involved.” Ms Ekwensi stopped typing, rubbing the bridge of her nose as if she had a headache. “The sooner we can speak to Daniel himself, the better. Did he take pictures of his injuries?”

“I don’t know,” It was all a little formal and scary-but it had to be done. For Dan.

“We’ll get him in. Hold on,” Ms Ekwensi got to her feet and strode over to her desk, pressing a button on her telephone to speak to her assistant. “Julia, can you fetch Daniel Howell for me as soon as possible? Sixth Form. Thanks.”

Phil shuffled his feet slightly. He felt bad-he had told Dan that he would be able to take care of everything himself. Then again, he supposed that was unreasonable. He should have warned him that he would have to speak up himself sooner or later. Hoping that Dan wouldn’t be too anxious, he waited with considerable nerves himself. His poor boy…it was so awful.

Ten minutes later, a very frightened-looking Dan was lead into the headmistresses’ office, clutching the strap of his satchel tightly, as he was wont to do when scared. His black eye remained prominent. Phil’s heart dropped—he wanted nothing more than to hold him close, to comfort him—but he could only offer a small, reassuring smile from his seat.

“Good afternoon, Daniel,” said Ms Ekwensi, indicating that he should sit down. “Thank you Julia. And Ph-Mr Lester. I’m sure Daniel would like to thank you too.”

“Okay,” Phil took it as his cue to leave, getting up from his chair and beginning to make his way to the door. “Hope all goes well.” he called back, by way of encouragement.

“Can’t Mr Lester stay?” Dan piped up, looking at him with big, fearful eyes. “Please?” he appealed to the headmistress.

Phil felt a physical tugging towards him. He could not leave his baby. And so, with a nod, accompanied by a slightly strange look, from Ms Ekwensi, he resumed his seat beside Dan. It was all he could do not to reach out and take his hand. But lowly, with gentle, undeniably professional, encouragement from Phil, Dan began to tell his story. It was heart-breaking to listen to—the bullying
went way back. Dan produced a whole pile of abusive notes from the past year, kept clipped together in his pencil case. He showed the threatening text, the fading marks on his knee, and finally, in addition to the purple ring around his eye, the huge bruise on his back. Phil had to turn away as he did this—he could not bear to look at it again.

But once it was done—it was done. And when he slumped back in his chair, exhausted from his testimony—Phil could not have been prouder of him...

It was only when Dan left briefly to go to the toilet—that a shiver went up Phil’s spine.

Ms Ekwensi had raised a pristinely plucked eyebrow. Phil had noticed her watching them, almost studying them together. Those dark eyes looked as if they could see right through anyone—it was part of what made her such an effective leader. But considering the secret Phil was hiding from her right under her nose—it was enough to put him on edge.

“Daniel seems to trust you. You have a...close relationship?” Her tone was not quite accusatory.

“Yes?” Phil had frowned slightly—before quickly catching himself. “Well. In so far as he’s my student. It’s good that he feels he can talk to me, right?” He tried to seem relaxed, hiding the surge of defensiveness that threatened to creep into his voice.

Ms Ekwensi eyed him over the top of her laptop as she began to write up a report of the meeting. Again—Phil felt almost as if he was being X-rayed. For one wild second—she looked almost as if she knew. But how could she? “I’ve seen this with many NQTs. I know there’s not a big difference between you and some of the older students age-wise. But remember—you are still his teacher. Not his friend. Be careful.”

16:00-DADDY: I’ll be behind the Oak, whenever you’re finished xxx

16:01-BABY: Yes xxx

It was half past five by the a little knock on the car window announced Dan’s arrival. With a reassuring smile, Phil unlocked the passenger door—to have Dan climb straight over the gear stick onto his lap, snuggling in close. “It was awful…” he whispered, burying his head in his chest.

“I know, baby…” Phil kissed the top of his head, finally holding him close. “I’m so sorry I couldn’t stay for the whole thing—”

“-No, I get it, you were at work-“

“-but tell me what happened, sweetheart.” Phil was listening intently, keeping his voice even more gentle than usual.

Dan sniffed. It took him a few moments—but finally, he got there. “I had to talk to a police officer. It was really scary—she was nice, but...anyway. I had to take pictures of my bruises and everything—and I have to go to the station tomorrow with my mum—or my dad. I don’t know. To make a proper statement. Decide if I want to press charges. But—but they let me go after that. And—and they’re going to get in contact with— with Them too.”

“Okay. Good.” Phil rubbed his back in slow circles. “Good. I’m so proud of you.”

“It’s so scary…” Dan murmured. “It’s all got so serious…”
“I know, baby… You’re doing so well.”

“But I don’t want to think about it now,” said Dan, his voice stronger. “I want to think about it tomorrow. Right now—I just want to be with you…” Suddenly, his arms snaked around Phil’s neck, as he began to kiss him hungrily. “Just… want… you…”

For a few moments, Phil was quite happy to oblige—but he had to stop. “Sweetheart… you’ve had such a day. Don’t you want to go home and—?”

“No,” Dan cut in determinedly. “I want to be with you. You’re warm, and you’re safe, and you care about me. I want to forget everything…” He kissed him again. “Please, Daddy… just love me…”

Chapter End Notes

SPOILER-It's coming :) make of that what you will xxx
Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving comments and kudos! You guys are so awesome, and I really appreciate it :) I'm so sorry but this is only half the chapter I wanted to post today since I've been so busy-but the second half will come tomorrow!

Hope you enjoy! xxx

The moment they crashed through the door to Mr Lester’s flat-Dan pounced. Hardly allowing time for his teacher to close the door, he threw himself on him, kissing every part of his face he could reach. He knew that there was only one thing in the world, one thing he knew-one thing he had to do, and he had to do it now or he would die.

“A-are you sure? Just say the word, and we can stop.” Mr Lester repeated, for what felt like the thousandth time. His concern was sweet-but not what Dan wanted. He didn’t need his sweet, caring teacher. He needed Daddy. He needed to make everything go away, leaving only him, and the man he loved.

“Of course I’m sure. I love you.” Dan deepened their kisses, grabbing handfuls of Mr Lester’s shirt. “Please, Daddy…please…please…”

Mr Lester paused for a moment…then-he changed.

The next thing Dan knew, he had been thrust, with not inconsiderable force, into the wall, where he found himself pinned by his shoulders. “You have no idea how much I love hearing you plead like that…” came a low-pitched growl. Mr Lester had begun to kiss his neck, softly at first…then, he began to bite. Dan let out a small gasp—he had thought he loathed having his neck touched—but not like this, never like this. “You have no idea what it does to me…”

“Please!” Dan cried out again, feeling every kiss travelling southwards. “Please, Daddy…show me everything…I want everything…I want everything!”

“Careful what you wish for…” Mr Lester muttered into his ear—and then Dan felt his teeth, biting into his skin. “Careful what you wish for…and you watch your tongue, you cheeky little thing…we don’t say “I want”, do we?” His hand slipped onto Dan’s arse, cupping it and digging in his nails. “That’s no way to speak to me, is it, sweetheart?”

Dan could hardly breathe. “Please…” he whispered. “Please, Daddy…”

“Good boy…” Mr Lester hissed. “Now…if we are going to do this, we are going to do this right…” He kissed him hard, making Dan’s head swim. “You listen to me, okay?”

“Yes, sir.” Dan could do nothing but nod. He could tell that this had been the right thing to say. The next thing he knew, Phil had lifted him clean off the floor and was carrying him through the corridor over his shoulder. Dan gave a squeak of shock, holding on as tightly as he could-but he could feel nothing but joy, giggling as they went. Finally-Mr Lester pushed his bedroom door open with his
foot, before striding in and set Dan gently down on the bed. The duvet had bright blue and green patches, the pillows matching. Dan was not a fan of the design, preferring his own dark palette—but at this point he could not care less. He barely took note of the rest of the room. There was only one thing he wanted to look at as he lay down on his back, practically bursting with excitement.

“Now, are you listening?” Mr Lester climbed onto the bed, crawling over him on the duvet so Dan was caged between his arms and legs.

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan answered, feeling that excitement mounting inside him, beginning to collect in the bottom of his belly. He was almost shivering.

“You know I love you,” Again, he began to kiss Dan’s neck, tracing the length of it with his lips. “You know I adore you. Of course you do—looking up at me with those gorgeous eyes, sucking me in…how could you not know what you do to me…”

Dan could only give a sigh of pleasure, feeling his warm breath on his skin.

“…and I would be a fool if I had you in my arms and did not make you mine…” Mr Lester kissed his way up Dan’s neck until he reached his ear, whispering directly to him. “…I want you. I want you to belong exclusively to me. You’re my boy, Daniel. My baby. Mine.”

“Mmm…” Dan’s excitement suddenly surged straight downwards, growing, pressing into his school trousers. He felt…indescribable. He wanted to be his Daddy’s. No one else’s. He was his.

“Yes…yes…”

“Tell me, then…” Mr Lester kissed his lips, rather intrusively. “Tell me…Who do you belong to?”

“You!” Dan gasped out. “I belong to you, Daddy!”

“That’s right.” Mr Lester had begun to loosen Dan’s school tie. “You’re all mine. Don’t you forget it.” He kissed him again, drinking in the last of Dan’s breath. “Now…as much as I love you in your cute little school clothes…I much prefer you out of them…” He yanked the tie off and over Dan’s head, throwing it carelessly away. “Tell me again…”

“I’m yours, Daddy!” Dan cried out—before Mr Lester begun to rip the buttons open on his school shirt. He lay, watching as Mr Lester took off his clothes with the kind of frenzy that suggested that there was some sort of time limit. Once again, worry flashed across Dan’s mind as his body-consciousness took over—but Mr Lester’s carnal groan at the sight of his bare chest soon put him at ease. He felt beautiful with Daddy. Nothing mattered—but the feeling he got as Daddy unzipped his school trousers, pulling them off, along with his underwear, to expose him completely.

“That’s my good, sweet boy…look at you…so beautiful…and mine.” Mr Lester took a deep breath in through his teeth as he looked down at Dan’s naked body, lying quivering on his bed.

“Daddy…” Dan looked up at his teacher, a half-smile around his lips. “Please may I see you too? I need to. Please?” he begged, very sweetly.

Mr Lester laughed, kissing him. “You know exactly how to sweettalk your daddy, don’t you?” But already, he was undoing the buttons on his own shirt. “You really are Daddy’s little princess—you always get what you want…” Dan watched excitedly as Mr Lester cast aside his shirt…he looked exactly the way Dan had imagined he would, and pleasure ripped through him as he drank him in, before Mr Lester lent down to kiss him. Feeling his bare skin working against another person’s was like nothing in the world—he could not describe how wonderful it felt. He wanted more. Already his fingers were inching towards Mr Lester’s waist, wanting nothing more than to get his trousers off so
he could feel nothing but warm skin.

“Please?” he whispered.

“Good boy…” Almost instantly, Mr Lester had flipped open the buttons on his fly. “Good boy…” Carefully, with only the slightest bit of awkwardness, the teacher slid out of his own trousers, casting them aside—before leaning down to kiss him again, wrapping his bare legs tightly around Dan’s, holding him firmly down. Now—there were no barriers between them. Not an inch of material. And there was only one thing Dan was interested in…but he hadn’t long to wait.

Dan gasped as he felt something truly astonishing brushing up against his thigh. He reached down—until, after imagining all this time, he finally felt it. And every one of his fantasies—was entirely surpassed. “Oh!” he squeaked in surprise, running his fingers along the length, feeling the girth…Mr Lester gave a small grunt of self-satisfaction at the effect he was having on Dan. He had never—it was nothing like—Wild thoughts crossed his mind—Dan could not fathom how on earth, with something so enormous, they were going to manage to—but he tried not to be afraid. He trusted Daddy. He loved him. And, miraculously, Daddy loved him too. Daddy would take care of him…

“Don’t you worry about anything, baby,” Mr Lester murmured, in his ordinary voice, as if he had read his mind. “Just relax. Remember—just say the word and we can stop. It’s okay. You’re safe with me, I promise…”

“Yes…” Dan managed to say, feeling warm all over—but suddenly breathing very hard and fast. “Yes…Daddy…it’s just…you’re so huge…”

Again—this was the right thing to say. With another noise that could only be described as animalistic, Phil flipped them over so that Dan lay on top of him. “You like it, baby?” he hissed.

“Yes…” Dan knew exactly how he wanted to use his new vantage point. Slowly, he began to creep downwards, as he had seen Mr Lester do to him, except this time, they were lying down. Dan planted kisses down his teacher’s neck, his chest, his belly, tasting the soft skin…until he reached the top of his thigh. Then—he looked up at Mr Lester’s face. Those blue eyes seemed twice as intense as they had ever appeared before. “Daddy…?”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“Please may I suck your huge cock?”

“Well, since you asked so nicely—"

But Dan couldn’t wait. He wrapped his lips around it—my god, it was enormous—and did the best he could. He knew he had none of his teacher’s skill or experience, but he tried hard, licking and sucking, wanting nothing more than to please him. He tried to imitate what he had seen in movies, read in magazines—and it seemed to be working. Mr Lester lay back, and made appreciative moaning noises, growing louder as Dan’s confidence developed.

“Baby, you’re a natural…” he murmured. “You know just how to handle Daddy’s cock, don’t you? Like you were made for it…”

Dan quivered happily at the praise.

“Now…” After a few minutes, gently, Mr Lester reached down, stopping his head and bringing him up to kiss him. “Good boy…” Dan felt a little disappointed that he wasn’t allowed to finish him—but of course, that was to come… “Now, remember, you tell me if—"
“I know!” Dan cried impatiently. He didn’t want tenderness. He wanted—“Just-please!”

“Well, if that’s the way you feel, sweetheart…” Instantly, Mr Lester had reached over with one arm and opened the drawer in the cabinet beside the bed without looking. Dan heard the rustling of a small packet, and the sound of a bottle being opened. The sounds excited him as he realised what they must mean, and he kissed his teacher as hard as he dared.

“I want you…now…everything…” Dan gasped, holding on as tightly as he could. He had never experienced anything like this before. He felt like an animal, the most primal part of himself coming to light. This was it. This was life. “Please…”

“Sweet boy…Be careful what you wish for…”
Chapter Fifteen

Hello everyone! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving kudos, and for all of your lovely comments! You guys are ridiculously lovely, and I appreciate it all so much! Especially since I’ve set myself the task of putting out a chapter a day until this is finished, the support is amazing and really spurs me on, so thank you so much :) Would you believe that sticking to my personal deadlines writing this is the way I can relax :P Honestly, I appreciate all the support so much :) I hope you’re all still enjoying this, and more tomorrow!

xxx
SPOILER: It will only get kinkier...

Dan was both sure and unsure what he was supposed to do. He knew what would physically happen—but how to get to that blissful end result was a mystery of sorts. It seemed almost impossible. Still—with Mr Lester, he knew he had nothing to fear. Daddy was taking care of him, just like he was supposed to. Daddy knew best. And he would do everything Daddy said…

There was not one shadow of a doubt, however. Dan knew what he wanted. He knew what he needed. He wanted to love Mr Lester in every way he could, he wanted to be taken and shown what life was really about. He wanted to be closer to him than he had ever been to another human before—and he wanted to disappear into this new world beside the man he loved.

Mr Lester was kissing his neck, still rummaging in the drawer beside them with his free hand, the other rubbing Dan’s back. “You don’t need to worry about a thing, baby. I’m going to take care of everything.” he whispered. “You just relax…it’s going to be okay, I promise.”

A shiver of excitement ran through Dan’s whole body, from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He felt simultaneously hot and cold, as if he was in a warm bath that somehow had blocks of ice floating on its surface. That was impossible—but so was this. He felt Mr Lester’s hand moving lower on his back, reaching slowly towards his arse—and the closer he got, the more shivers ran down his spine. He was nervous—but somehow, he had also never felt more comfortable. He was sure. He wanted this like he wanted air to breathe.

Quickly, Mr Lester turned them both over, so that once again Dan was beneath him. This changing of position was exciting—as was the way that Mr Lester climbed off of him, rolling off the bed and into a standing position on the floor. Dan turned to look at him, his eyes following the thin trail of hair at the bottom of his belly, leading down to his place of pleasure, which was engorged to enormity. He could never get used to the sight of it, let alone imagine the feel of it inside him. Mr Lester noticed him looking—and smiled arrogantly at his gaze. “Yes. You love it, don’t you?” He took it carelessly in his hand, showing the stiffness, running his fingers along the length. “You want it, don’t you, my darling? I see how big and hard you are growing for it. For me.” he said lightly, delicious confidence rendering Dan practically speechless—and once again igniting his excitement, straining at the seams. Oh God. He needed it now.

“You’re mine and no one else’s…” Mr Lester growled, biting at his neck. “Yes?”

“Completely…only yours…all yours…” Dan managed to whisper, to Mr Lester’s fierce pride. He
could feel his own cock pressing stiffly against his thigh, back to full glory…he wanted it so badly—it was agony to wait second by second. “Please…”

“My sweet boy……” Mr Lester hissed with pleasure as he looked at him, his student lying deliciously on his bed. “You will tell me…if it is too much…?”

“It hasn’t been yet…” Dan begged. “I can take so much more for you, Daddy. I want to. Please…”

That was it. Mr Lester had, gently, and yet with unnatural speed, reached over to help Dan onto the floor in front of him, leaning over the bed and resting his elbows down comfortably on a pile of pillows. Dan quivered with excitement as he felt Mr Lester’s hands on his bare arse, gently squeezing and kneading it. Mr Lester liked to stand while making love, loved the feeling of power standing over him gave. Dan could hardly stand his own anticipation as Mr Lester held onto his hips, using his foot to nudge his ankles even further apart. He could feel his kisses on his back, his fingers inching towards his entrance, before-

Dan could hardly think any more as he felt Mr Lester’s fingers inside him, edging deeper, stretching. Despite the lubricant, the pain was almost overwhelming—but it paled in comparison to the pleasure… “Daddy…” he managed to gasp.

“Just you wait…” Mr Lester growled, shamelessly enjoying hearing his name as he opened up his boy for the first time. “Ah, fuck…”

Dan had never been fingered before, though he had privately experimented—but nothing could have prepared him for the feeling he would get when Mr Lester’s fingers reached his most sensitive point, stimulating him, sending unbearable shivers through his body that he had thought impossible. And before long—those shivers became jolts, almost making him leap clean into the air. It was all he could do to keep his feel on the ground… “Daddy…” he whispered, beginning to feel desperate. “Daddy… please…please…fuck me, Daddy…I need you…I need you now…”

Mr Lester responded by going faster, applying more and more pressure. Dan couldn’t bear it. Finally…the time came. Dan cried out in pain and ecstasy as he felt Daddy thrust himself inside him. It was impossible for him to think as Daddy made love to him—he could only close his eyes, crying out listening to Daddy’s heavy breathing as he went deeper. Hundreds of years could have passed and he would not have noticed. to become one with his beloved, to know exactly how one person could make another feel such things…the work of nature were truly astonishing…He could feel something stirring inside him as he could feel himself beginning to reach that glorious ecstasy once again. It hurt terribly—but my God…God…the pain was incredible.

“Good boy…” Mr Lester’s voice sounded as if it was coming from far away. “Good boy…fuck.”

“Daddy…” he moaned, his voice straight from his throat. It was as if another force had overtaken him. “Oh god…Daddy…harder…”

Mr Lester responded by grabbing Dan’s hair, yanking his head backwards. It hurt, but Dan’s squeak of pain seemed to drive Mr Lester on even more. The whole room seemed to spin around him in a bizarre tornado of absolute pleasure and the most wonderful pain…until, what could have been minutes or hours later…Mr Lester gave a hiss of pleasure as his heat filled Dan, more, and then more again. Dan cried out…and seconds later he too reached ecstasy. He could see nothing but colours, feel nothing but his Daddy…

When it was finally over, Mr Lester slowly, and carefully, pulled out, panting hard. He wrapped his
arms tightly around Dan’s waist, kissing his back fiercely, his nails digging into his skin. “My boy.” he growled. “Mine…oh God, I love you…”

“I…I love you too…” Dan gasped, still reeling from the pain. There were tears in his eyes.

For a long while…neither spoke. It seemed as if no words could possibly do justice to what had just come to pass. It was wrong, wrong on every level…and yet, there was nothing purer in the world than the way Dan climbed into bed with his teacher, warming himself below the duvet and snuggling in his arms as tears of pain and joy fell uncontrollably down his cheeks. The silence between them-followed by ecstatic laughter over seemingly nothing. Dan had expected to feel like an entirely different person after his first time—but he felt entirely himself. Strong. Loved. Nothing could be more right than this.
Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving comments and reviews! It's so lovely of you all :)

More tomorrow, hope you enjoy! Bit of domestic fluff xxx

Though the sounds of traffic were ever present through the window, they may as well have been alone in the world. Everything seemed so distant, fading into insignificance.

Last night, Phil had lain awake, tossing and turning in this very bed. He could not stop worrying about everything-about the mountain of marking in his desk, about all of the extra classes and revision sessions he was supposed to be organising, about how his students would fare in their upcoming exams and how that would reflect on his first year of teaching. Then, there was Dan, Dan, who eclipsed any other problems, the poor boy who was getting beaten up in the street…and lastly, there was that eternal fear that he and Dan would be discovered. Every time he thought of the consequences, his heart turned cold…

But now—it was as if all those problems had simply floated away. What did any of it matter, so long as he could hold his boy in his arms? Nothing mattered at all, so long as he could drink in the scent of his skin, kiss his soft curls. And now—it was as if they had surpassed a new level of intimacy.

Which, he supposed, they had. It had not been the most incredible sex of Phil’s life—the boy had no experience, after all—but the way it had made him feel, as close to his boy as it was possible to be, hearing the way he moaned his name…Daddy…Phil smiled to himself as he kissed Dan’s head, curled up on his chest like a child. He loved him. That made all the difference in the world.

“I didn’t hurt you too much, did I?”

Dan looked up at him with those beautiful brown eyes, as bright as a robin’s with the last of his tears. “No.” he lied, very sweetly. “Well…I didn’t mind.”

“I did try to go gently, sweetheart…you made it very difficult, don’t you, baby?” Phil stroked his curls.

Dan was quiet for a second. “If that was gentle…I can’t wait until you let yourself go…” He looked up at him hopefully, hunger on his lips. “I wanted you to hurt me…in the right way…”

Phil paused—then laughed, taken aback—but very pleased. “Well, well, well!”

“Sorry,” Dan suddenly looked worried. “Is that weird?”

“No!” Phil petted him, shaking his head in astonishment. “Not at all. You’re full of surprises, aren’t you? What happened to my sweet, innocent baby?” He poked him gently in the side, so that Dan giggled. “Well…we have all the time in the world to explore…” Tenderly, he tilted up his chin to kiss him. “…to give you everything you want…everything you’ve ever wanted to do…”

“I want to give you what you want, Daddy…” Dan purred, kissing him back in earnest.
Phil chuckled again, his heart glowing. That dark side of his brain was practically dancing with joy as he gave it, for once, free reign to imagine everything he had ever wanted to do to the boy… “This would seem to be a perfect arrangement…”

Dan opened his mouth to speak again-but was interrupted by a loud, grumbling complaint from his stomach. “Oh!” he squeaked, mortified. “Sorry.” He looked so comically sheepish that Phil burst out laughing.

“Oh, look at your face!” Young people were so easily embarrassed-he could do nothing but kiss his blushing cheeks, once again speaking with his ordinary, warm voice. “Don’t be silly, Pooh Bear-how about we order some pizza?”

Dan spluttered a little at this new particularly syrupy nickname-but he smiled when he understood. “I could absolutely destroy a pizza.”

“Good.” Phil reached over Dan to grab his laptop from the bedside table, typing with one hand while spooning Dan with the other, smiling as he snuggled into him. “What do you want?”

“Honey.” Dan giggled cutely. “But failing that…”

It was a little strange-Phil never usually ate just after sex, but then again, he didn’t normally have sex at five in the afternoon on a school day. But this would be fun-it occurred to him that they had never simply shared a meal before. Almost like playing house. How wonderful. After the food was ordered, Phil turned to him, suddenly feeling very responsible. “You must want a drink, sweetheart?”

“Yes please,” Dan smiled up at him with sleepy, contented eyes.

“Tea? Coffee? Not sure if I’ve got anything more interesting in-I feel like this is an occasion deserving of champagne, but I think the closest I’ve got is Ribena.”

He was half-joking-but Dan nodded. “Ribena would be great. Let me-“

“Oh no, you stay there, baby.” Phil slipped out of bed, stepping back into his boxer shorts and pulling them on as subtly as he could. Ribena. How sweet. He bent down to kiss him. “I’ll be right back. You just relax.”

“And recover.” Dan gave him a glowing look as he snuggled back into the pillows.

Phil strode into the kitchen-and it was all he could do not to shout and jump around. He was so happy he felt as if he could leap out of the window and fly through the air. Allowing himself a quick. “Yes! Get in!” under his breath, his old university mentality slipping childishly in, he rummaged in his cupboard for the cleanest-looking glass, most of them being rather clouded and spotted by now. Humming, it was the work of a few moments to make Dan’s squash, though he stuck the kettle on for himself, spooning instant coffee into a Jurassic World mug. When both drinks were ready, he carried them back into his bedroom, praying that he would not drop them like the klutz he was. But then again-what did it matter? He felt so comfortable around Dan.

Five minutes later, both were snuggled beneath the duvet once again, sipping their drinks and watching an old episode of *Game of Thrones*. It all felt so right-like Dan had always been here, as if he had woken up beside him that morning, came home to him that night, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, and all of the days after that. Phil grinned to himself, the king of the world-fighting the strange urge to cover Dan’s eyes during the more violent scenes. He felt so protective of him, as if he was helpless, entirely dependant on Phil’s care. It was wonderful-he loved feeling needed as Dan nestled into his shoulder. As he glanced once again at his black eye, he made another silent vow to
protect him properly from now on. He would be safe. And Phil would have him always.

“Okay, baby?” he murmured, absent-mindedly twisting one of Dan’s curls around his fingers.

“Wonderful.” Dan smiled up at him like a spaniel.

And forty minutes later, the bell rang. Once again-Phil did not let Dan move a muscle, leaping up himself and hurriedly pulling on some jeans and his dressing gown to answer the door. He carried the pizzas back into the bedroom, damning the mess and the smell they were sure to cause. What did it matter when he could eat pizza in bed with the boy he loved?

After he had pushed the empty box away from him and wrapped his arms tightly around his boy, kissing the top of his head—he did not believe that life could possibly get any better than this.
Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving kudos and comments! I appreciate all of them so much, and I hope you are all well and happy :) more tomorrow! <3 xxx

It had been distinctly weird walking through his house and up to his bedroom. Dan felt as if he must reek of sex-like he may as well have had a large flashing neon light on his head reading “I JUST HAD SEX!! SEXSEXSEXSEXSEXSEX!!” It had been especially weird speaking to his parents on the way. He had half-expected them to take one look at him and know exactly what he had been doing all evening, rather than the “out with friends, lost track of time” excuse he had given them as he trailed in five hours later than he should have been home from school. It was okay—he could tell that they were treading carefully around him since the story of Dan’s ordeals with bullies had come out. It was almost as if he was sick, the bruises on his face and back the symptoms, the visit to the police station tomorrow the cure.

It was so much harder to try to forget what was to come when he was with Mr Lester. Oh God, Mr Lester…as Dan shut his bedroom door, he pressed his lips together, the shadows of their final, desperate kisses still etched upon them. Mr Lester had insisted on driving him home, but had dropped him off five minutes away, hidden from anyone who might see them. It had been very, very difficult to open the door and step out onto the pavement, then walk home like nothing happened. Dan collapsed onto his bed, sprawling out and grinning up at the ceiling, still feeling traces of his daddy all over his body…he would have given anything to stay the night.

Dan had no idea what was to happen the next day, when he would have to tell his story and make a report. All he knew—was that he had to see Mr Lester again…and if he did not, he would die. Well—not die. Perhaps that was a little dramatic. But he knew that if Mr Lester did not fuck him again, he would go crazy.

21:30-BABY: Thank you so much. I love you xxx
21:32-DADDY: Glad you’re home safe. I love you too xxx

Phil tugged anxiously at his collar as his class of Year Nines left. It only occurred to him after the last one had shut the door behind her with a cheerful “Bye, sir!” that he remembered that he had completely forgotten to give them the homework he had planned that morning. Silently kicking himself, he sat down heavily in his desk chair, fighting the urge to spin around and around in it, simply to do something to ward off the stress he was under. He could not let his personal life affect his work. Then again. Work was so intricately twined with personal life now.

Every time there was a knock on the door, Phil assumed the worst. Someone knew-someone had figured out what he was doing right under the nose of the school. It was so easy to forget, with his boy in his arms, the enormity of what he was risking. His entire life. If anyone discovered them, he would never teach again—and that would be the least of his problems. Although Dan was above the age of consent—it was a crime. On paper, Dan would be the victim of a crime very different to the one he would have described to the police that morning. He pictured Dan in the same scene—an office at
the police station, a box of tissues thoughtfully placed on the coffee table beside him, while he was 
very gently asked about the nature of his relationship with his English teacher…it was enough to 
make him feel physically sick.

What was he *doing*?

The most sensible thing to do would be to call the whole thing off. It would hurt like nothing else-
but it could save both of them from a far worse fate. It did not change how much he loved Dan—he 
ought to tell Dan to wait until he had left school, and then they could be together…yes. That was the 
best thing for both of them. Of course Phil would wait. He hoped Dan would too…

But somehow…just the thought of knowing what it was like to hold the boy, to kiss him, to spend 
hours simply by his side…and then to give all of it up? He wanted the boy like he wanted air to 
breathe. And he was not sure he could last until Dan had left school when all he could think about 
was the next time he would see the boy.

It was doable. It had to be. He would do everything he could to make it so. But they had to be 
careful. So, so careful. Just the wrong rumour, the slightest slip could-

“Hi, Daddy.” came a small voice from the doorway. Phil almost jumped out of his skin.

“Dan, you can’t call me that here!” Phil hurried to the door, closing it behind his boy as he entered, 
clutching the strap of his satchel tightly.

“There’s no one around!” Dan protested, looking a little embarrassed. He smiled very sweetly up at 
him—but Phil was on edge. He swept Dan over to his desk, sitting him firmly down on the other side, 
before taking his seat.

“What happened at the police station?”

Dan frowned, confused as to this suddenly very formal arrangement. “I made the statement. Still 
don’t know whether to press formal charges.”

“You’ve every right to.” said Phil, leaning on his elbows, keeping his voice calm and professional. 
He even thoughtfully placed a book on the desk between them, so that if anyone was to come in, he 
could put up a pretence of teaching. He hoped it would not be necessary. “You were attacked. Don’t 
feel like you shouldn’t be making a fuss, or getting them into trouble. You are the victim here.”

“I know,” said Dan, still looking put-out by the formality. “It’s just…I don’t know…”

Phil sighed, wanting nothing more than to reach across the table and embrace him—or at least take his 
hand. But he clenched his fists. “It must be awful,” he said sympathetically. “I’m so sorry.”

“God, don’t apologise. It’s not your fault.” Dan gave a sad smile. “You made everything better. I 
don’t know what I would have done without you taking care of me.”

Phil wanted to say so much. But he could not bring himself to. His eyes kept wondering over to the 
door, picturing it being thrown open. “Any time. Now, you must have somewhere to be. Your 
exams start next week. Run along.” he said, adopting his usual teaching voice.

Dan blinked. Phil could see that he had hurt him, and his heart ached. “Look, I don’t mean to be 
cold,” He leaned across the table and whispered, in his real voice: “We need to start being really 
careful, baby. If we want this to work, we can’t take any chances. And I want this to work.”

Dan perked up, smiling. “Yes. Me too.”
“Good,” Phil allowed himself to give his usual smile. “Tomorrow?”

“ Tomorrow,” Dan beamed, his face lighting up. “I can’t wait.”

“Wonderful,” Phil gave the slightest hint of a wink-then leaned back in his seat. “Now. Run along.”

Dan stood up prettily. “Yes, sir.” He turned to leave-then looked back over his shoulder, with a cheeky smile. ”I love you.”

Phil shook his head, letting his face collapse with exasperation into his hands. "You bad boy..."
Hello everyone! So, so sorry for the delay! I had an unreal few days! Thank you so much for sticking with me, hope you're all well and happy! Hope you enjoy xxx

“*I do love nothing in the world so well as you. Is that not strange?”*  

Once again, with an equal mixture of excitement and dread, Phil found himself staring at that same moss-covered brick wall in the carpark behind the Royal Oak pub. He kicked himself-why could he not resist? He was so weak…but then again, he could not bear to enter into another wonderful evening with Dan in a bad mood. It would be such a waste of time. He tried to relax, closing his eyes and breathing slowly. It was impossible to resist Dan. He ought to simply surrender…

If only his “meetings” with Dan didn’t have to be entirely in secret. He thought back to the first time he had seen Dan outside of school, in Waterstones buying the latest *Game of Thrones* novel—a smile played across his lips at the memory. Dan had looked so nervous, bless him—miles away from those tantalisingly glowing looks he gave him now…He wished that they could go back to Waterstones together. Or anywhere. The cinema, the pub, the park, a restaurant—anywhere people ordinarily went with those they loved. He wanted nothing more than to throw an arm around him in the dark of the theatre, or walk together all afternoon, or smile at him across the top of a glass…but he would have to wait. No chances.

He wondered vaguely whether Dan was a Tarantino fan—would he have seen *Kill Bill*? Perhaps they could watch it together. Though they didn’t have five hours. Phil thought of Dan’s parents—surely they must get suspicious if their teenage son, once so shy, was staying out late after school on a regular basis. Especially since Dan had come clean about his bullying, had even been to the police station over it. His parents had to wonder if something was up…but he was sure Dan’s English teacher would not be their first thought.

*Kill Bill*? Perhaps Phil was being ridiculous. He knew full well that once he got Dan on his own, there was only one thing he wanted to do. And only one thing he knew Dan would positively beg for…

A familiar, shy knock on the window.

“Hello there.” Phil kissed Dan as he climbed into the passenger seat, expecting the boy to climb onto his lap like he usually did—but this time, Dan clicked his seatbelt into place and sat up straight, grinning at Phil.

“Hi. Let’s go then.” he said immediately.

Phil was a little taken aback. “What’s the hurry?”

“I just want to get to your flat!” said Dan. “I haven’t stopped thinking about it all day!” He leaned across to kiss him hungrily. “Mmmm…I want you to fuck me again, Daddy…”

Phil almost laughed—his eagerness was absolutely adorable. “Well…” he murmured, kissing him
back-then pulling abruptly away. He smiled at Dan’s dismay. “Actually I wondered whether you wanted to get any more revision in? Now you’ve got a private tutor on hand-joking, joking!” Phil protested as Dan began to shove him in the side. “Judging by your last essay, you’ll walk the exam.”

“Yeah…” Dan giggled a little. “Not like you’d have any reason to overmark me or anything…”

Phil pretended to gasp in horror. “Don’t be so cheeky! How dare you suggest I’d compromise my integrity as a teacher for personal ends!”

“Well…” Dan treated him to his cutest smile. “I’m sure we can come to some sort of arrangement…”

Once again-Phil feigned shock. “How dare you, you cheeky little…”

“Cheeky little…what?” Dan leaned forward expectantly.

“You know exactly what,” Phil rolled his eyes-then leaned forward to kiss him. “You know exactly what you are, baby…I need to get you home right this moment…”

“And?” Dan breathed.

“Teach you a lesson…”

“…” Phil growled, pinning Dan down to the bed by his shoulders, his fingers digging firmly into the bare skin. “You think you can sass me, do you?” He caged him in using his legs, pressing them tightly into Dan’s hips as he leaned over him.

Dan giggled, his eyes very bright. “I know I can!” he sang provocatively, his voice very sweet. Phil responded by rolling over onto his back, so that Dan now lay on top of him. His hands found Dan’s arse, pressing his fingertips into the soft bare flesh. Dan let out a squeak of pleasure.

“Think you can get away with anything, don’t you, baby?” he murmured, squeezing hard. “Think just because you’re so cute…and ridiculously sexy…you can talk back to your daddy?”

“Mmmm…” Dan moaned happily, deliberately pushing his ass upwards for Phil’s benefit. It had exactly the desired effect.

“I see what you’re doing, you little tart…” Phil squeezed even tighter. “Showing yourself off like that…you don’t need to do anything at all, baby…you know how crazy you drive me…”

Dan squirmed, beginning to grind against him, pushing up even harder. It was so abundantly clear what he wanted that Phil could do nothing but prolong his sweet agony…until he himself could bear it no longer.

“Look at you…so desperate…so desperate for Daddy to fuck you…”

Dan purred, kissing his neck, sucking the skin hard. There would be bites in the morning…

“But the problem is, babe…” Phil dug his nails in hard. “Only good boys get fucked.”

Dan gave a hiss of excitement. He looked up at him eagerly, those robin-brown eyes shining.
“Yes…” Phil stroked the soft skin with his fingers. “Only good boys get fucked…So…until they can learn to be good…cheeky little tarts like you…they get-” Without warning-Phil gave a short, sharp slap.

The noise Dan made. He had been longing for this, and Phil knew it. “You like that, don’t you, sweetheart?” he hissed, immensely pleased. “Well, I think that such a cheeky boy needs lots, lots more to make sure he learns his lesson before Daddy can fuck him absolutely senseless…”

“Mmmm.” Dan pressed into him excitedly, hungry for all Phil promised. “Yes, Daddy…” he whispered. Phil could hardly believe his luck-his baby so keen to live out his fantasies with him…he wondered how far he dared go. Of course, the boy was really in control here-he knew that he need only ask and Phil would stop straight away. The most important thing was Dan’s comfort. But the experimenting was the best part…and Phil adored the game.

“Now…” Still rubbing Dan’s ass with one hand, Phil reached backwards towards his bedpost until he found what he was looking for. He had placed them, in hope, the previous night, but he had been unsure whether Dan would be ready…however, the look in the boy’s eyes now said it all. Such a good little boy, so obedient, so eager to please… “Okay, baby, you stay right where you are-and remember that if its too much, you just say the word, okay?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan nodded, practically shivering with anticipation. He could not wait for his Daddy to give him everything that only he could.

Phil slipped out from beneath him, leaving Dan lying face down on the bed. He climbed on top of Dan’s thighs, pinning him into place and earning a moan from the boy as the new pressure stimulated him-before reaching forward, and grabbing the length of rope tied to the left-hand post. It was carefully knotted to form a loop at the end which could be tightened and loosened as he pleased. He looked down at Dan’s back, his shoulder blades heaving beautifully beneath the pretty pale skin… that poor bruise, still a large purple splat at the base. Phil sighed, leaning down to kiss it…before making his way up each vertebrae of Dan’s spine, kissing each and every bone protruding through Dan’s skin. Dan giggled a little as he did so, revelling in the attention. But when Phil reached his left shoulder blade—he pulled the rope forward. Grabbing Dan’s left wrist, he slipped his hand through the loop, then pulled the knot tightly.

He paused, slightly anxious as to what Dan would think—but instantly, Dan let out a high-pitched squeak. He looked at his wrist, newly bound-then groaned with pleasure. Phil knew that he was positively aching—and just the act of tying him was almost enough to make Phil leap on him immediately and to hell with anything else. But the waiting was always sweet…With his free hand, Dan was reaching downwards towards his crotch, desperate to take care of the unbearable raging below—but Phil slapped his hand away. “Bad boy…” he whispered. “I’m not done with you yet…”

In one swift movement, Phil had bound his other wrist. Now-the boy was spread-eagled on the bed, his wrists completely immobile. Phil looked down at him, hissing with satisfaction. He had so long imagined this…and now, the boy looked better than anything he could ever have pictured. All of that pale skin, the soft flesh…and that wondrous ass, just begging to be spanked...

“Look at you…” he whispered, moving backwards off of the boy’s legs to get a good look. Dan bent upwards at the knees to release the pressure, moaning with delicious frustration as he was not allowed to take care of himself…but he would not leave him in agony for long. Well. Not much longer. Phil was thoroughly enjoying the view and was in no hurry whatsoever. “Lying there…so desperate to be touched…” With the lightest touch, he ran his fingers over the inside of Dan’s thighs, feeling the soft, tender skin. “Well, if you’re patient…Daddy will take good care of you…but until then…”
Dan quivered—then gave a little cry as Phil spanked him at the base of his ass, right where it met his perineum. Phil knew that he was particularly sensitive there. Even Dan’s cry alone filled him with such excitement—and spurred on, he spanked him again, to another delicious cry of pain and pleasure…and again…and again…the boy was so deliciously masochistic…

“Daddy…” Dan choked out, hardly able to speak. “Please…”

“Stop?” Phil immediately withdrew.

“Harder.”

Phil was only too happy to oblige. He got almost as much pleasure from this as Dan’s very vocal demonstration proved he was…harder…faster…

“Have you learned your lesson yet?” Phil growled, watching the pale skin blushing beneath his fingers. He pulled back—then gave it everything.

Dan gave a small scream, his fingers twisted in the bedsheets. “Yes!” he cried, gasping.

“But first…are you going to be a good boy?”

Dan nodded, breathing hard.

"Who do you belong to?"

"I-I’m yours, Daddy!"

“Good boy…and we know what happens to good boys…” Phil reached over once again into the bedside cabinet drawer, feeling around until he found the bottle of lubricant. He began to finger him, to gasps of delight—then reached around his waist and began, in the same rhythm, to rub his cock. Dan moaned at the double-stimulation as he was simultaneously fingered and jerked off, shaking with pleasure—he moved faster, harder, exactly the way Dan liked it…his hands trembled in their restraints…only a few minutes later, Phil could see that he was on the edge.

“Cum for me, baby.” Phil whispered straight into his ear. And sure enough—

Dan cried out as hot, wet cum shot straight onto the bedsheets.

XXX

After carefully untying him, Phil lay his boy down on the pillows to recover. Wrapping him carefully up in his arms and stroking his warm curls, he kissed his cheek, making sure that he knew he was safe and loved. “Are you alright?”

“So…so good…” Dan whispered. “I love you…so much…”

“I love you too.” Phil kissed him again. All seemed to be quiet in the world.

“I’m sorry…about the sheets…”
Phil laughed, shaking his head. “Don’t worry. They’ll wash…”

Dan breathed very evenly now, looking contentedly up at the ceiling. He smiled. “I never want to move…” He was quiet for a long time, simply snuggling happily in his arms. Once again, Phil found himself wishing to every god there may or may not be that life could always be this amazing. It would be heaven. Simply-

“Daddy?”

“Yes, Pooh Bear?”

Dan looked up at him—once again, a spark in those glowing brown eyes. “I want to suck your cock.”

Phil blinked, mildly surprised that the boy was ready to go again so quickly. But that was not to say that he was not pleased. “Ask me nicely…” he said, feeling the excitement inside him beginning to grow again.

“Please?”

Phil leaned back on the pillows as the boy’s lips closed around the tip of his cock. This—this was everything. Dan was everything. It was unreal how much he loved him…
Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for sticking with me and reading, and for leaving kudos and comments too! All very much appreciated! Hope you enjoy! More tomorrow xxx

Dan put down his pen for the fifth time that day, spinning once around in his chair and trying to work up the willpower to continue revising. He looked at the pile of incoherently compiled notes in front of him, beside three separate empty cups of coffee. Perhaps he needed another…but perhaps it made no difference. He loathed revising, his brain already completely fried, and knew that even without it he was intelligent enough to pass without a lot of effort…but still, that fear of failure was enough to keep him from giving up and collapsing onto his bed for a nap. Therefore, he was equally incapable of revising and not revising. It was beyond frustrating.

Dan’s eyes wondered over to Pooh Bear, who was acting as a desk buddy, his bright eyes and friendly smile a small comfort. Unfortunately, the bear also served to remind him that Mr Lester was merely a text away…it took only seconds for him to cave.

19:32-BABY: Revision sucks xxx
19:34-DADDY: I know. Hang in there! You can do it xxx
19:35-BABY: I’d rather be with you xxx
19:36-DADDY: You’re so sweet—but I’ll still be here once exams are over. Concentrate! Xxx

Dan sighed. He wished Mr Lester didn’t care so much about his results. Such a shame he wouldn’t be able to talk him round to meeting up. Dan had worked it out in ten minutes of procrastination—he could get from his house to Mr Lester’s flat in around an hour, if he changed buses in the town centre. Just thinking that in sixty minutes he could be in that soft, brightly-coloured bed…but he knew Mr Lester was right. He had to keep working.

19:38-BABY: I’ll try. Miss you xxx

XXX

7:30-DADDY: Good luck today. You’re going to smash it. I love you xxx

XXX

Dan looked at his watch, which he had managed to sync perfectly with the clock on the wall in the sports hall. He had finished his English exam with thirty seconds to spare. All around him, in the sea of neatly arranged desks, he could hear pens scratching, coughing, yawning, and he knew almost all of them would be similarly watching the second hand tick round. Dan looked over his script, his handwriting becoming steadily messier towards the end. The exam itself had not been too bad—the questions were relatively straightforward and he had managed to recall every critical theory and almost every quote he needed. Still—there was that niggling worry that he might have completely
misunderstood the entire examination and had written a load of absolute trash. Still—there was nothing he could do about it now. He could almost taste the freedom the next few days would bring, until his final History exam…

Finally—it was over. A smattering of pens hitting the table, of papers rustling. Then—the long wait as elderly invigilators collected their papers. Dan wondered briefly how on Earth they passed the hours spent walking up and down the aisles. He had heard rumours of games they played, such as the infamous “Stand next to the ugliest student”, and now experienced extreme paranoia whenever one came near him. He had also heard, far more amusingly, that it was possible for them to play human PAC-MAN in the aisles. If he ever had to invigilate an exam, he would have to try it out...

Dan was one of the last students to leave the exam hall, wanting to avoid hearing everyone dissecting the exam paper and discussing their answers. However, as he walked out of the sports block he found his entire English class, all talking at once, crowded around a concerned-looking Mr Lester. Dan felt his heart flutter—how sweet of him to wait outside and see how their exam went. Pleased to see him, he wandered over to join them.

“…not fair, I never revised Wyatt!”

“…so easy, glad Wyatt came up-“

“-I know I’ve failed!” one girl was sobbing as two of her friends cuddled her.

“Awwh, come on, Millie, I’m sure it’s not as bad as you think!” Mr Lester said sympathetically. “It always seems worse straight after, but you’ll feel better about it tomorrow.” He looked at the rest of the class. “I’m so proud of all of you, you’ve all worked so hard and I hope you all get the grades you deserve.”

“Thanks, sir!” “Cheers, Mr Lester!” “Nice one, sir!”

“Thank you, sir.” Dan chimed in. Mr Lester turned at the sound of his voice. He raised an eyebrow, asking a question—and Dan smiled and nodded. Looking relieved, Mr Lester gave him the slightest hint of a smile, before speaking quickly to someone else. Dan smiled, knowing that he’d see him soon…

XXX

20:30-BABY: Please? Xxx

20:31-DADDY: I absolutely refuse to distract you from your History revision xxx

20:32-BABY: Could you not be my teacher for five minutes? Xxx

20:33-DADDY: Thought I was your favourite teacher. Keep going! It will all be over tomorrow xxx

20:34-BABY: But I’m so tired of revising. I want to see you xxx

20:35-DADDY: Tomorrow, I promise xxx

20:36-BABY: But I want to see you tonight. I’m so stressed, Daddy. Everything aches xxx

XXX

Dan jumped a little as his phone started wildly vibrating. It took him a second to realise that it was
ringing. But his heart leapt as he saw the caller ID.

“Hello?”

“Hi, baby, it’s me. Are you okay?”

“Yeah…” Dan slipped from his desk chair and onto his bed, holding the phone tightly to his ear. “Just sick of all of this.” he moaned, collapsing onto the sheets. He was sick to the back teeth of either revising or feeling bad for not revising, and of Mr Lester’s refusal to see him until exams were over. He didn’t care too much about the History exam, knowing that he would most likely pass well and so Mr Lester’s nobility was beyond frustrating. He just wanted to be touched.

“I know it’s hard…” Mr Lester sighed. “No one likes exam season. Just hang in there a little longer, okay? You can do it.”

“Mmmm,” Dan murmured vaguely. “I know its only a few more hours. But I wish you were here. I really need a cuddle…” He gave a small sniff, playing it up a little bit. It was so lovely to hear his voice. Mr Lester made him feel so small and safe…and god he was horny…

“Awwh, I’m so sorry, baby…is it really bad?”

“So bad,” Dan whined, curling up on his side. “I wish you could come here and spoon me, Daddy…”

“Me too, sweetheart…do you think you can revise any more?”

Dan rolled his eyes slightly. “No.” he said, wishing he would lose the caring-teacher mentality.

“Okay, baby. Why don’t you have an early night?”

“Okay…” Dan raised an eyebrow-sensing an opportunity. He stretched out, giving a little sigh. “…I’ll just…get undressed then…” he breathed.

There was a small pause on the other end of the line. Then- “Don’t make me want to distract you.”

Dan giggled-it was working. “Maybe I need distracting…maybe I just need to relax…” He put the phone down, switching on loudspeaker. “I’m just going to take my shirt off now.” Doing so, he stretched his arms, making a small moaning sound. “That’s much better…”

“I’m just going to take my shirt off now.”

“A groan came from the speaker. “Too right it’s not…”

“Mmmm…” Dan closed his eyes, imagining that it was Mr Lester running his fingers over his soft skin, the bottom of his tummy, the tops of his thighs… “Yes Daddy…you’re the best…” He slid the tips of his fingers into his boxer shorts, the growing stiffness inside. “I can almost feel you…”

“Listen to you,” Mr Lester laughed softly, as his voice finally took on that low, sexy tone Dan loved. “You’re always so horny, aren’t you, baby? Always desperate for someone to fuck you…”

“Not someone…” Dan breathed, gently stroking himself. “You…”
“That’s right, baby…” Mr Lester growled possessively. “You’re mine…and you’re such a good boy, aren’t you? So sweet…you’ll do anything I say, won’t you?”

“Mmmm…yes, Daddy…” Dan moaned, applying more pressure. It was so good…

“So if Daddy told you to stop what you’re doing right now, would you do it?”

Dan jumped a little. His hand paused, the grip slacking. No! No, he couldn’t stop! There was no way he could stop! It would be terrible…but…but if Daddy wanted him to… “Y-yes, Daddy…” he said, reluctantly, clenching his fist tightly and gritting his teeth.

Mr Lester laughed again, sounding very satisfied. “And if I put you out of your misery and told you to start again, would you?”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Dan picked up exactly where he had left off. “Yes, Daddy!”

“Mmm…good boy…You’ve been such a good boy, working so hard—your poor little brain needs a release…but you just remember who takes care of you best, okay?”

“Yes!” Dan worked faster, beginning to pant.

“And who is that?”

“Daddy…” Dan moaned, his feet beginning to twist into the bedsheets.

“That’s right, you clever little thing…you remember that…even though you’re giving yourself such a good time…”

“Yes…yes, Daddy…” Dan gasped.

“Always so horny…like a bloody animal, aren’t you, baby? I should just tie you up in my room and use you whenever I wanted to…” Mr Lester growled.

“Yes!” Dan cried, going harder than ever as he pictured it. Oh god…

“Such a good boy…” Mr Lester laughed now. “So obedient, aren’t you? Mmmm…you’re a dream, you are. A pretty little darling who’s always hungry for Daddy…”

“Yes!” Dan could feel himself beginning to near the edge.

“Mmmm, you’re getting close, aren’t you, baby? Who are you thinking about?”

“Daddy.” Dan choked out, imagining Daddy’s hand in place of his own…oh…

“Good boy…you’re almost there…I want you to cum for me, baby…”

Dan leapt at the invitation. Harder, faster, until it almost hurt…until finally, Dan cried out wordlessly as hot, wet liquid spurted onto his tummy. He couldn’t breathe, seizing up twice more as wondrous feelings filled his entire body…until finally, he relaxed, panting, and lying back exhausted on the pillows. His mind felt beautifully light, the lightest it had felt in days… “I love you, Daddy…” he breathed.

“I love you too,” Mr Lester’s voice had become instantly soft and gentle again. “Good boy. You get some rest now, gorgeous, okay?”

After they had said goodbye, Dan snuggled down in his duvet, feeling that despite the fact that his
last exam was in mere hours, he was the happiest person in the world…
Hello everyone! I am beyond sorry for disappearing! My life is ridiculously crazy at the moment! Thank you so much for sticking with me and I hope you enjoy this chapter. Much love, and more as soon as I can, promise! This isn't over yet...xxx

“You did it!” Phil sang out joyfully the moment they closed the door to his flat. He rushed over to Dan, who had just thrown his school satchel down on the floor, and hugged him so hard that he almost toppled over. “I’m so proud of you!”

Dan giggled happily, wrapping his arms tightly around him. “No more exams!”

“No more exams!” Phil was just as relieved as Dan was—it was as if a huge weight had risen from his chest. He had gotten his first year of students through their exams, and now there was no reason to be stressed—until results day. But there was no point worrying about that now. Right now, he would celebrate with the boy he loved. Feeling suddenly like he could move any mountain, he lifted Dan clean off the floor and spun him around the hallway, to a squeal of shock and protest.

“Put me down! I do not trust you not to drop me! And we’re both over six feet tall! I do not want to die from banging my head on the ceiling!”

Phil ignored him, spinning him around and around until he could not hold him up any longer. He set him down on the floor as if he was priceless jewels and gently cupped is face in his hands to kiss him. “Congratulations, babe. You are amazing.”

“I could never have done it without you.” Dan gave him a glowing, spaniel-like look that almost melted his heart. “You are a wonderful teacher.”

“Oh, shush. You sat the exams, not me.” said Phil modestly. He kissed him again, lingering as long as he could. “I missed you…”

“I missed you too, Daddy,” Dan murmured, leaning in for another kiss. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Phil doubted that he could ever get tired of hearing those words from Dan. He let their kisses deepen, marvelling at Dan’s rapidly improving technique as he held him close, feeling the softness of his flesh beneath his school uniform, the warmth of his skin…he loved him so much it was almost baffling. After the kiss finally broke—Phil let himself get lost in that sweet face, those brown eyes, the little smile forming at the corner of his mouth which brought out that dimple…he was just so adorable, Phil could hardly handle it. “Look at you,” he gushed, kissing him again. “So cute…I could just eat you up!” He kissed every part of Dan’s face he could reach, his cheeks, his nose, his chin. Dan giggled hysterically, trying to shove him off—but lapping up all the attention delightedly. Phil knew how much he liked his daddy to make a fuss of him—and he knew how much he liked making a fuss of Dan. “Come on, clever boy—let’s go chill.”

“Netflix and chill?” Dan grinned impishly.

Phil raised an eyebrow. “Cheeky.”
“Can I at least get out of these clothes?” Dan whined, tugging tantalisingly at his school tie. “They’re so stiff…” He looked at Phil deliberately from beneath his eyelashes, and he could have sworn the boy batted them. He was trying so hard, his eyes darting meaningfully to the bedroom, that it was almost amusing…so Phil decided, with a pleasant pang of glee, to torture him. He feigned innocence, pretending to misunderstand.

“Of course, sweetheart—you go through to my bedroom…and borrow anything you like that will be more comfortable.”

It was so difficult not to laugh out loud as Dan’s face fell—but the boy obediently scurried into his bedroom, looking a little put-out. Phil grinned to himself, before practically floating into the living room to straighten the cushions on the sofa and brush some crumbs from the coffee table. He hummed quietly as he considered what they should do. A movie? Dinner? Once again, he felt a quiet sadness as he wished for a cinema or a restaurant like any normal couple…but it wasn’t worth the risk. He would make everything wonderful exactly where they were.

“Do you want a Chinese?” he called through to the bedroom. “Or I could cook?” he offered-without considering what ingredients may or may not be available to him.

“I don’t mind!” came the reply. Phil wondered into the kitchen and began to root through his cupboards-finding an interesting assortment of food but not the means for a proper meal. He sniffed hopefully at an open jar of pesto in the fridge—but recoiled and binned it. The freezer was stocked, but he felt bad giving a guest something frozen. Perhaps a takeaway was the only option. He made his way back into the living room—and stopped dead when he saw Dan, already sitting on the sofa, leaning comfortably on the arm. He had indeed removed his school uniform. And yet—he had not bothered to replace it with anything else. In nothing but his black boxer shorts, he smiled up at him, leaning lazily on his elbow.

“Much better…” he breathed.

Phil took a few seconds to get his head around how beautiful the boy was—the black on his pale skin, the hungry look in his eyes, the new comfort and confidence with which he showed off his body…

“You couldn’t find any of my clothes you liked?” he joked, coughing slightly.

“Too bright.” said Dan, leaning forward a little.

“You must be getting cold.” Phil took a step towards him, carefully planning his next move.

“Yes…” he murmured, making his eyes very wide. “So cold…will you warm me up please, Daddy?”

It was almost impossible to resist…but Phil took a deep breath, playing the game. “Let me find you a blanket, sweetheart. I’ll be right back.” Quickly, he turned on his heel and left the room, hearing a muffled “What-no!” behind him. He chuckled to himself—the boy was so eager. But it would be far better for making him wait…he took the blanket from the end of his bed and brought it back into the living room.

“Here you go, baby.” Phil wrapped the blanket around the disgruntled Dan, making a big show of tucking him in and kissing his forehead. “All warmed up now?” He could hardly keep himself from giggling as Dan squirmed in frustration.

“Stop it.” he said, almost pouting like a child.

“Stop what?” Phil asked innocently, thinking how comically adorable Dan looked all frowny and
wrapped up in his blanket. He almost broke and laughed out loud.

“This!” Dan whined, folding his arms under the cover. “You know what!”

“I have no idea…” Phil sat beside him, throwing an arm around his blanketed shoulders, being careful not to touch any bare skin. “You’re going to have to speak up, baby.”

Dan thought for a moment. Then, he looked up at Phil with those big, sweet eyes, trying his first tactic again. “Please, Daddy?” he asked, in his lighter, sugary voice. “I need you…”

“I’m sure you could make it on your own, Pooh Bear, but that’s very sweet.” Phil said breezily, giving him a strictly platonic kiss on the cheek—before grabbing the TV remote and opening up Netflix, ignoring the hiss of annoyance from his baby. As he scrolled through the movies, looking for something good to watch, he could practically see Dan’s brain whirring inside his head. Seconds later, he could feel Dan freeing his hand from the blanket and beginning to rub Phil’s neck. It felt wondrous—but he kept himself focused, choosing a random comedy. Torturing the boy was too much fun.

“Daddy…” Dan moaned a few minutes later, his fingers slipping under Phil’s collar. A shiver tickled his spine—but he kept his back straight, his eyes focused. “Please…” he pleaded, combing through his hair, rubbing his shoulders, trying anything he could think of. But Phil remained unresponsive. Finally, Dan shrugged the blanket off of himself, climbing impatiently onto Phil’s lap, beginning to kiss his face and neck. It was becoming harder and harder to—

Dan was beginning to lose it entirely. His lips became teeth, his hand reaching down to stroke Phil’s crotch, making a carnal growling noise. “Daddy…I need you to fuck me…I need to feel your huge cock inside me…please…please…”

“Oh, is that what you want?” Phil turned to Dan, pretending to be enlightened—and winked. “You should have just asked, baby…”

Dan groaned in frustration. “Now!” he insisted, practically bouncing up and down on his knee.

“Is that what you want?” Phil teased him, finally pushing him down onto the sofa and climbing on top of him, pinning him down. “Is that what you’ve been thinking about all week, you cheeky little minx? How much you want Daddy inside you, fucking you until you can’t walk? You’re just a little cockslut, aren’t you, baby?” He leaned down to bite Dan’s neck, relishing his sighs of pleasure. “Yes, you are. It’s shocking, really—a nice, pretty little boy like you…looking all sweet and innocent…and yet you’re never happy unless your daddy is fucking you…” he whispered, as Dan squirmed happily, his hands digging into Phil’s back, beginning to lift his shirt up. “And since you’ve been such a good boy, working your little mind so hard…I’m going to let you have a special treat…”

“Mmmm?” Dan asked eagerly, reaching up to kiss him.

“But before that…” Phil suddenly shot to his feet, pulling Dan up with him. He scooped him up and carried him, squealing once again to be put down, over his shoulder into the bedroom, where he threw him roughly down onto the bed. Instantly, Dan sat up, eagerly awaiting his next instruction. “Before that…” Phil stood firmly over him, unzipping his fly. “…you’re going to have to earn it…”
Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thank you all so much for sticking with me! I'm so sorry for being slow, but the crazy thing taking up my entire life is now almost over, so I've had some time! I PROMISE more tomorrow! <3 thank you so much for reading, and all of your comments and kudos! All appreciated so much, hope you're all well and hope you enjoy this! xxx

WARNING-Kinky. Fluff to come!

Perfect. Dan looked on excitedly as Mr Lester undid his fly, wondering what on Earth his “special treat” could be-but immensely looking forward to what he might have to do to earn it. He found himself squirming happily, feeling so comfortable and in love that he felt his body could hardly contain it. As he looked up at his teacher, he did not have the words to tell him just how much he felt for him, or even what it was, right at that moment.

“Okay, Daniel.” Mr Lester used Dan’s full name like a charm, bringing him completely under his spell. “I need you to close your eyes, okay?”

“Okay.” Dan smiled, obediently shutting his eyes.

“Sure you can’t see anything?” Dan could tell by Mr Lester’s voice that he had moved somewhere else in the room.

“I’m sure!” Dan squeezed his eyes tighter.

“Well…just to make sure…” Suddenly-Dan felt a pressure on the bed behind him-and then something very soft and smooth being wrapped carefully over his eyes. He opened them-and could see nothing but blackness. With a pleasant churning sensation in his stomach, he realised that he had been blindfolded.

Oh God…

“There. Now I’m sure…” Mr Lester sounded deliciously satisfied. “Shame it hides your pretty eyes…” Dan felt a kiss drop onto his cheek-and then pressing against his lips. He kissed him back eagerly, finding that Mr Lester was using more tongue than he normally did, twisting around Dan’s like a snake. He found himself feeling more and more hypnotised… “Now, Daniel…” his daddy whispered, his arms wrapping around Dan’s waist. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan responded instantly, wondering what on earth was going to happen next. But when it came-Dan almost cried out. Suddenly-Mr Lester’s hands had shot up his back, creeping up his neck, stroking it gently. Once again, Dan found that the only person he did not mind touching his neck was Daddy. But he had never felt anything like this before. And he could never have guessed what was going to happen before-

Something wrapped around his neck-and clipped into place. Something heavy. Something stiff.

Dan realised with a start that he had a dog collar around his neck.

He let out a small gasp. Instantly, Mr Lester pulled his hands away-and stopped. Dan knew that he
was testing the water, waiting for a reaction. But, for a moment…Dan did not know how he felt. The pressure around his neck was unpleasant…but quickly, he got used to it. Suddenly, the weight of everything it meant dawned on him. This meant that he was Daddy’s. He was no one’s but Daddy’s. And Daddy wanted him to belong only to him. Only him. No one but him. And that…that was one of the hottest things he could think of…

“Baby?” Mr Lester asked tentatively, his voice going quietly back to normal. “Do you want me to—“

“No,” Dan whispered. He took a deep breath, and leaned forward. “I’m yours, Daddy…”

That was the reaction Mr Lester had been hoping for. “Yes,” he said, his voice slipping seamlessly back into that low growl Dan loved. “That’s right. And now you won’t forget. Who do you belong to?”

“You, Daddy!” said Dan, his heart racing. “You, only you, and no one else…I love you so much, Daddy…”

Mr Lester gave a hiss of pleasure, stroking the leather of the collar. “Yes. That’s right…” Gently, but firmly, he slipped his fingers under the collar and pulled Dan onto the floor, kneeling up. “You’re mine. Only mine.”

“Only yours…” Dan breathed—before he felt a sharp slap to his ass.

“Speak when you’re spoken to.”

Dan felt a rush of excitement that went straight southwards at the dominance in his Daddy’s voice. He trembled, letting out a small moan. “Oh, Daddy…”

“There you go again!” Another delicious spank. “Speak out of turn once more and you won’t get your special treat…” Mr Lester took a deep breath, pulling Dan’s head by the collar towards his waist. “I can see that you need your mouth stopping.”

Instinctively, Dan opened his mouth—before Mr Lester shoved his cock inside. Obediently, Dan began to suck greedily, Mr Lester still holding firmly onto his collar, keeping his head up. It felt so good to please his daddy…

“Yes, that’s right…” Phil growled. “Much better…good boy…ohhhh…such a good little cocksucker, aren’t you? Just what you’re good for, baby…Mmmm…”

He let Dan continue for as long as he pleased, a good few minutes—before he suddenly shoved Dan backwards, away from him. With a groan, he dragged him to his feet by the collar and threw him down onto the bed, sprawled out on the duvet. “Yes…” Mr Lester murmured, standing over him. “I’ve pictured you like this so many times…blindfolded…and collared…so helpless…God, you look so good…” He hissed again—Dan could tell that he was pleasuring himself over him, and it felt glorious. “I could look at you like this forever…but I don’t just get to look…I get to touch…” He felt Mr Lester’s hands on him again, slipping his boxer shorts off to reveal what he knew was his large and bursting erection. “There’s my big boy…” Mr Lester whispered, gently stroking him—oh God, Dan felt he could explode at any moment, any moment—“You are absolutely forbidden to cum without my permission. Do you understand?”

“Oh!” Dan gasped. He half-shook his head, unsure whether he would physically be able to—especially with Daddy stroking him like this…

“Answer me.” Mr Lester reached up and sharply tugged his collar.
Dan had no choice. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy,” Mr Lester grabbed his hips, gently pulling them upward to turn him over. “Up you get, baby. Show Daddy that gorgeous ass…”

Dan climbed meekly onto his hands and knees, deliberately pushing his ass upwards for Mr Lester’s benefit.

“Little tart,” Mr Lester hissed appreciatively, before Dan felt a sharp slap and a squeeze. Then-Dan felt a pressure on the bed beside him as Mr Lester reached over him. It was insane how much the blindfold enhanced every single sensation around him. Although he could not see, he felt that he had more other senses than ever—before he felt something slip over his hand and around his wrist, clipping firmly into place. Then-Mr Lester suddenly yanked his arm behind his back, causing him to crash chest-first into the bed, his head landing on a strategically placed pillow. He let out a small gasp as his other hand was pulled across his back to meet the other, and both were bound together. He lay handcuffed on the bed, held up on his knees, his hands tied firmly behind his back. It felt… incredible. He was helpless. Completely helpless.

“Good boy,” Mr Lester praised him, rubbing his ass. “Such a good boy…Who do you belong to?”

“You, Daddy!” Dan whimpered, shivering with excitement.

“That’s right, baby…you are mine…” He ran his fingers along the collar. “Mmm…I could just keep you all locked up in this room, ready to be fucked…any time…all the time…You’d like that, wouldn’t you, you little slut? You’d like to be my little fuck toy…answer me.”

“Yes, Daddy…” Dan breathed. Mr Lester gave a throaty chuckle-before, without warning, beginning to finger him. Dan cried out with pleasure—but he noticed how careful his daddy was being not to over-stimulate him. He worked until Dan was ready—before Dan felt something truly monstrous pressing against him once more. God…yes…

“Are you ready to take me, baby?” Mr Lester hissed.

“Yes, Daddy!” he answered instantly, hardly sitting still.

“Say please.”

“Please, Daddy…please…I need you…”

“What do you need, baby?”

“You…inside me…now…please!” Dan could hardly string a sentence together to beg—but he hadn’t long to wait before Daddy thrust himself inside him. He gave a small scream of pain—but he twisted his hands together behind his back, shutting his eyes tightly beneath the blindfold. He could never think clearly as Daddy fucked him—and that was exactly why he loved it. Everything else in the world disappeared except them, their bodies, themselves, exactly who they were. It was so intense, so primal…he loved him with everything he had, everything he was…

What seemed like a lifetime later, Dan heard a grunt from behind—before wet heat filled him. It was almost enough to make him cum too—but he knew he must hold on. Once he had pulled out-Mr Lester wrapped his arms tightly around Dan’s waist, breathing hard. “My god…that was so good…” he managed to say, his voice still strained. He kissed his back all over, every vertebrae of his spine, his bound hands. “I love you…” he whispered into his skin.

“I love you too, Daddy.” Dan wished he could reach out to hold him—but of course, he could not.
But soon, it became clearer and clearer that he was absolutely desperate. His cock ached. He wanted relief more than anything in the world-but of course, again, he could do nothing to alleviate it. He moaned in pain, positively whimpering. “Please, Daddy…please…” he begged.

“You have been such a good boy…” Mr Lester murmured—once again, there was pressure on the other side of the bed as he reached across him. “So good for daddy…you deserve your special treat…”

Dan could hardly breathe. But thank any and every god there was—he didn’t have to wait much longer. Suddenly—something wonderful was carefully slid inside him. Something with delicious bumps and ridges, something that Mr Lester carefully pressed up right against his most sensitive place…and, as he found out moments later—something which vibrated.

Dan cried out, both shocked and amazed by this new sensation—but seconds later, he kicked himself for never having tried it before. It was incredible—the way it pulsed, as if something was licking him, hitting him hard and exactly where he needed it, where he needed it so desperately…and by the time Mr Lester had flipped him over onto his back and began to suck him off…Dan knew nothing else.

“Daddy…” he managed to gasp out. “Daddy…please…please?”

Mr Lester stopped licking him for a moment. He gave a sigh, pretending to consider—as the toy raged inside him. “Okay, baby. You can cum.”

With a sigh of relief, Dan relaxed—and it was only moments before he came into his daddy’s mouth. This was it. This was life. He wanted nothing else, ever again…

XXX

Unbound, un-blindfolded, snuggled beneath the duvet in Daddy’s arms.

“That was incredible…” Dan said, leaning up to kiss him yet again.

“Yes, it was…” Mr Lester pulled him closer. “You’re amazing. God, I wish you never had to leave….”

Dan was quiet for a second, his brain whirring. “Ever?” he asked, tentatively.

“Never.” Mr Lester sighed, looking contentedly up at the ceiling.

Dan swallowed hard. He could not help the images flashing through his mind—properly dating his teacher, introducing him to his parents, meeting his own family, moving in together, going on holiday, getting engaged, getting married, having a family, watching their children grow up, growing old together…life would finally have so much meaning, every single day…

“I could stay the night?” he offered instead. “Tell my parents I’m at a friends’?”

Mr Lester looked at him, his eyes lighting up. “I’d feel bad about you lying…”

“Well, I’m not really—you are my friend,” Dan reasoned with a smile. “My best friend.”

After considering for a moment—Mr Lester smiled back. “Okay, Pooh Bear. Perfect.”
Finally, Phil woke up as the sun began to cut too much though the curtains to ignore. The room was so warm—he was not used to sharing it. Dan had turned over in his sleep onto his back, so Phil’s arm was thrown across his chest, his hand resting over his heart. He could feel it, beating so lazily beneath his skin…Phil smiled. Spending the night with his boy was more wonderful than he had ever imagined. He had hoped that there might be more sex, but somehow it was almost better simply to lay together, talking about everything and nothing at all, to eventually fall asleep in each other’s arms…Phil would give anything to have this every night, lying together in the warmth of one another, everything in the world so far away…

Phil leaned backward to look at the clock beside his bed—god, it was almost ten in the morning. Dan showed absolutely no sign of waking up—typical teenager, Phil smiled to himself. Very carefully, he unwrapped himself from Dan, tucking the duvet into place around him to ensure that he would not get cold, or wake up from the absence. He planted the gentlest kiss on his hair, before sneaking out of the room as quietly as possible.

As soon as he got into the kitchen, Phil felt like he could sing. Closing his lips tightly so as not to wake Dan, he put the kettle on and emptied a tin of beans into a pan, spinning around to load up the toaster. He made two cups of coffee, not knowing how Dan liked his but figuring that he probably had a sweet tooth. It felt so wonderful to stand at the stove and cook for someone else. Well—if you could call it cooking. But he took pride in it, feeling like any ordinary couple on a Saturday morning. He bent down and dug to the back of the cupboard to find the tray he never used, before buttering two plates of toast and spooning beans onto each one. As he did so—an idea of what they could do that day occurred to him…hmmmm! Maybe, if they could swing it...He added the mugs of coffee and grabbed cutlery, before carefully carrying the steaming tray into the bedroom.

Lo and behold, Dan was still asleep. Phil chuckled silently, placing the tray carefully down on the bedside table and climbing back into bed. “Morning, baby,” he murmured, kissing his slightly-open lips. Automatically, he sleepily responded—then screwed up his eyes, a flash of annoyance crossing his face. Clearly, mornings did not agree with him. Then, as if he had just remembered where he was—his eyes snapped open. For a split second—he looked scared. Then—his face relaxed into a sleepy half-smile.

“Morning,” he croaked, rubbing a hand over his eyes. “Have you been up long?”

“Not at all.” Phil snuggled in beside him, gathering him up in his arms. “It’s just gone ten.”

Dan frowned a little, though he leaned his head into Phil’s shoulder, butting it slightly-open lips. Automatically, he sleepily responded—then screwed up his eyes, a flash of annoyance crossing his face. Clearly, mornings did not agree with him. Then, as if he had just remembered where he was—his eyes snapped open. For a split second—he looked scared. Then—his face relaxed into a sleepy half-smile.

“Did you need me to leave at any given time?”

“No, no,” Phil assured him. “You stay as long as you like.”

“Forever?” Dan offered him a cheeky smile, his eyes still clouded with sleep. He was so cute, Phil’s
“You sure can,” Phil kissed his head adoringly. “Hungry?”

“A little.” Dan blinked slightly, as if he had forgotten that he still had to fulfil basic functions. “Actually, quite a lot.”

“Good.” Phil helped Dan up into a sitting position, before placing the tray carefully on his lap. “There you go, baby.”

“Ooh!” Dan blinked in surprise, looking delighted. “Thanks!” He leaned over to kiss him, being careful not to unbalance the tray. “I’ve never had breakfast in bed before. I just know I’m going to spill something!”

“You’d better not.” Phil pretended to warn him as he sipped his own coffee. Dan got stuck into his breakfast, acting far more grateful than such a simple thing warranted. He was so sweet. Phil found that he himself was not particularly hungry, sticking to the coffee and finding that he had made it far too strong. Ah well. Nothing could bother him on such a beautiful morning. In his head, he pictured waking up next to him like this every morning, all cuddly and sleepy…as he watched Dan rub the sleep from his eyes and take another bite of the toast he had made him, he knew that his search was over. There was no one else in the world that he could imagine spending his life with. He would marry this boy tomorrow if he could…though of course he could say nothing of the sort. He didn’t want to scare him—it was all too easy to forget their age-gap in reality. Dan was so young…Phil prayed that his young heart wasn’t fickle, like so many were. “Forever” meant something very different when you were a teenager…

“Can I call you my boyfriend?” Dan suddenly asked, rather shyly.

Phil was pleasantly surprised. He stroked Dan’s cheek carelessly with one finger. “You can call me whatever you like.”

Dan looked up at him, his spaniel eyes more appealing than ever. He looked down at the half-finished breakfast in his lap, then back at Phil. He gave a small sniff—which became a little whimper.

“Baby?” Phil shoved his coffee mug aside, wrapping his arms around him. “What’s wrong?”

“Sorry!” Dan grinned sheepishly, his voice thick. “I—I just never thought I’d have this!”

“Have what?” Phil frowned, his hand carelessly caught in Dan’s curls.

“This. Someone who loves me enough to cuddle me at night and make me toast and—I don’t know,” Dan sniffed again. “I always thought I’d just die alone—but now I’ve got you.”

Phil scoffed, kissing his cheek. “You silly little thing…but you’re right. You do.”

“I love you.” Dan said, more seriously now. “Really. I do.”

“Love you too, Pooh Bear. Come on, eat up. I’ve had a bit of an idea…”

“What?” Dan asked—his eyes suddenly brightening.

Phil grinned. “Eat up. Then…how would you like to go away?”
Hello everyone! So sorry for the delay! Life is as mad as ever-I thought the craziness would end but no :P I'll have the next chapter up soon, I promise! Thank you so much for reading, and for kudos and reviews! Much love xxx

Dan was a bundle of nerves. He threw a forth pair of underwear into his satchel, although he would only be away for the weekend. Guilt bit at his stomach as he stuffed a casual shirt and a dress shirt on top, grabbing his toothbrush, hairbrush and razor—he had never told his parents quite such an enormous lie…still, this did not overwhelm the intense feeling of excitement. Brighton. My God. The word tasted so sweet in his mouth.

Dan packed as quickly as he could, before saying a hurried goodbye to his parents and rushing from the house, his satchel banging on his thigh. As far as they were concerned, he was going on an impromptu post-exam camping trip with his schoolfriends. Well. It wasn’t exactly a lie. He was going away with his best friend from school. Only they were not camping. And he was not a fellow student. Brighton. It felt like a wonderful dream.

Mr Lester was waiting for him in his car down the road. After agreeing to the trip and spending breakfast getting very over-excited, Mr Lester had packed even more hurriedly than Dan before driving him home to pick up his own things, while he booked a hotel from his phone. Dan was a little anxious about how much the trip would cost, especially at such short notice, but Mr Lester kept telling him not to worry—he had been meaning to take a break for some time. Nonetheless, Dan had emptied all of the money he had saved from his birthday and Christmas into his wallet. He knew how expensive Brighton could be. Brighton. He was going to the seaside for a long weekend with the man he loved…

He spied the car and quickened his pace, desperate to get going. It was already half past eleven—that meant that they wouldn’t be there until at least one thirty, probably even later. There was not a single second to waste. This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him.

“Done!” he sang out happily as he threw himself into the passenger seat, leaning over the gearstick to kiss Mr Lester’s cheek. He swore that things like this never happened, not in real life. And yet—here he was. Here they were.

“All booked,” Mr Lester squeezed his thigh, before starting the engine. “Two nights. Hope the room is as nice as the pictures! Not that it really matters…”

“Two nights?” Dan asked, as they pulled out onto the street, counting: tonight, Sunday night…

“What about Monday? Don’t you have to work?”

Mr Lester smirked a little. “I’m going to pull a sickie.” He giggled a little at his own daring.

Dan was shocked. “Sir!” he exclaimed. “You?”

“Well, you only live once, don’t you?” Mr Lester said, shooting Dan a quick glowing look. “Don’t worry about it. I’ve never done it before…feel like a kid bunking off!” He turned out onto the main
road towards the motorway, headed south. “I’m so excited!”

“Me too!” Dan could hardly sit still in his seat as he watched the world go by through the window, as if he was already looking for the sea. “Thank you. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, baby.” Mr Lester said automatically, his eyes firmly on the road—but Dan didn’t mind a bit. The sheer adrenaline was almost unbearable. Here he was, sneaking off for a mini-break with his daddy…even the thought of it was arousing. No school, no barriers, no hiding—no one who knew them at all. Finally, they would be just like any other couple…

Dan never enjoyed long journeys, but with Mr Lester he found that he did not mind. Their similar taste in music meant that the playlist was generally agreed upon, and since Mr Lester seemed to know exactly where he was going, Dan reclined his seat a little, feeling more relaxed than he had in weeks. The further south they drove, the better the weather, the sun beginning to show itself shyly through the clouds. About an hour in, Mr Lester stopped for petrol and came back with two iced coffees, which they sipped companionably as they covered the final stretch of the journey. Dan could still hardly believe that this was reality. He kept having to shake his head and clasp his hands to his face to ensure that he was truly awake.

Finally, they arrived in the centre of the town. As Mr Lester looked for a parking space, Dan could only gaze out of the window in awe. It was amazing; the buildings were so tall and the streets winding just like London—but everyone was so happy. He could see coaches of tourists, groups of the elderly, families with children—and couples. So many couples! Guys and girls, girls and girls, guys and guys, and several somewhere in-between! Dan had never felt any atmosphere like this before—so accepting, so colourful. Brighton made him feel happy to be himself, and happy simply to be alive.

Eventually, Mr Lester managed to park, tucking the car away in a side street. After a quick, excited kiss, he trailed off to find a parking metre while Dan simply bubbled with joy. This was the craziest thing he had ever done in his life—and he could not wait to see the sea.

“Come on then, Pooh Bear.” Mr Lester reappeared, opening the passenger door for Dan and holding out his hand. With a grin, Dan took it and swung his legs out of the car, letting Daddy help him to his feet. Holding onto his hand, Mr Lester locked the car behind them and set off down the road, knowledgably leading the way. Dan adored the way their fingers folded so perfectly around one another, as it dawned on him that they had never held hands in public before. But now, with no one who knew them in this new, colourful world, it was the most natural thing in the world. He happily swung their hands together as they strolled casually towards the front, no one even giving them a second glance. This was perfection. He had hardly been in Brighton fifteen minutes and he was already falling in love.

“Hey, look,” Mr Lester paused by a shop window, gently pulling Dan to a halt. He pointed at their reflection in the glass. Two tall, pale, dark-haired young men, holding hands and smiling. Dan’s heart skipped, leaning his head on Mr Lester’s shoulder. “Look at us…” he breathed, as if he could not quite believe it.

“I know…” Dan murmured back, kissing his cheek. “We look…happy.”

“We are happy,” Mr Lester laughed softly. “The happiest people in the whole world…I hope I make you as happy as you make me, baby.”

“Of course you do,” Dan snuggled into him, squeezing his hand tightly. “I never thought I could be this happy…”

They stood for a moment, drinking in the wonderful impossibility of their own reflections. Then,
with a small gesture from Mr Lester, on they strolled through the centre. Dan had never known such a buzz—it was as if everyone they saw were on their way to a party. The sun came and went but it hardly mattered—especially after they turned the final corner, and at last Dan could see the sea.

The sea stretched out beyond the horizon, grey-blue and rippling all the way onto the stones of the beach. It took his breath away—but that was nothing compared to his first sight of Brighton Pier. Like an enormous white meringue, stretching out seemingly for miles into the sea on impossibly thin timbers. At the very end, he could see flashy rides, stools selling fairground food all around. It was crowded, bursting with life and laughter. Dan almost laughed out loud himself. It was gaudy. It was camp. And it was incredible.

“How do you like it?” Mr Lester asked him, throwing an arm around his waist.

Dan giggled sweetly, leaning into him. Although this was all so new, so strange and exciting—he had never felt more like he belonged in his life. This was going to be the most wonderful weekend ever… “I love it. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Mr Lester grinned. “So much…Baby, you wait until you see this place at night…”
Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your kudos and comments! Very much appreciated, especially since you've all stuck with me through my crazy life interrupting posting! <3 Love you all xxx more soon! <3 xxx

The sun was just about to set, but the air was still warm, diluted pleasantly by the sea breeze. The sky was just turning pink, the sea almost glittering against the shore. All of the lights of Brighton pier were beginning to illuminate the fairy-tale skyline, as if the stars had fallen down and littered themselves across this magical place. Dan was completely, utterly, head-over-heels in love with Brighton, with the whole world-and especially with Mr Lester.

Dan leaned against the railing of the pier, looking out to sea. The wind tickled his hair, playfully brushing his cheeks as if helping to twitch the corners of his mouth up into a smile. Summer nights were so beautiful-the warmth, the gentle coolness beginning to set in, the smell of the salt of the sea, the sun just refusing to leave as if it too was having far too much fun to let the moon take over. Dan took deep breaths, as if trying to inhale this moment and save it forever. It had been the most wonderful afternoon. Still, he could hardly believe that this spontaneous holiday was really happening. Things like this just didn’t happen to ordinary people. But with Mr Lester, anything seemed possible.

“Found it!” A pair of arms slipped around his waist, before brandishing a stick of candy. “Brighton Rock!” Mr Lester presented it to Dan with a flourish. “I have to get one whenever I’m down here. I guess it’s a little tradition I have.”

“Cool.” Dan grinned, looking down at the stick of pink and red stripes in his hand, the wrapper embellished with a picture of Brighton pier. “I used to love these.”

Mr Lester smiled a little, leaning on the railing beside him to look out. “Have you ever read Brighton Rock?”

“No.”

“Well…” Mr Lester laughed softly, looking down at the stick of rock in Dan’s hand. “In the novel, Pinkie takes Rose down to Brighton Pier after their wedding. He buys her a stick of Brighton Rock.”

Dan’s heart fluttered. He could feel a blush creeping into his cheeks, suddenly holding onto the stick of rock a lot tighter. “Wow…” He tried to keep his breathing even. “Just like this, hey?” he mumbled, doing his best not to sound too hopeful-or indeed desperate.

Luckily-Mr Lester simply chuckled. “Oh, sweetheart, we are absolutely nothing at all like them!” He looked hopefully down at the candy. “Are you going to open that yet?”

Dan grinned. “You go ahead. I couldn’t eat anything else for at least a week!”

Dinner had been amazing. After a brief debate as they strolled along the beach, Dan’s arm linked casually through Mr Lester’s, they had wound up eating at a chain Italian restaurant. Nothing too
fancy—but a little bit more special. He could not help but feel a little nervous at first—but the waitress
had smiled and seated them near the back, chatting to them in such a friendly way that Dan quite
forgot that he was a student conducting an illicit affair with his English teacher. The lighting was just
right, the conversation easy and full of hushed laughter. This was it—a proper date. Dan could not
have been happier as he absent-mindedly finished the entire enormous pizza in front of him, his jeans
pressing rather uncomfortably into his tummy—but he found that he did not care, completely at ease
and far too busy enjoying himself. When the cheque came after their coffee, Mr Lester had refused to
hear of Dan making a contribution, tipping the lovely waitress before leading Dan by the hand out
into the evening sea air.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Mr Lester commented, bringing Dan back to the present. He was still gazing
out to sea, the lights of the pier flashing all around them. The sea rolled lazily beneath their feet. It
was a little strange, being able to see the water through the boards beneath their feet. Not scary—but
disorientating. The idea of falling through them…

“So beautiful.” Dan agreed, staring down at the cracks in the boards, feeling slightly dizzy.

“Though quite frankly, it pales in comparison to you.” Mr Lester wrapped his arms around him,
making him feel a little safer.

“Oh, don’t,” he scoffed modestly. “Stop it.”

“Do you really want me to?”

“No.” Dan giggled a little. “But…can we move? The boards are kind of freaking me out.”

“The boards?” Mr Lester frowned, looking down—before laughing. “Oh, baby! You’re not scared,
are you?”

“No!” Dan insisted, feeling a little put-out—gulping a little as he looked down.

“You’re so cute!” Mr Lester cuddled him closer, kissing his cheek. “You silly little thing. Come on,
then, let’s make a move.”

Dan couldn’t help but play up to the “cutely frightened” role, knowing how Mr Lester liked to baby
him. He snuggled into him, holding on tightly whenever they walked over a little gap in the boards.
It just felt so natural to walk together, their arms wrapped around one another, just being an ordinary
couple. Dan even found himself smiling at passers-by, so proud to be out with his boyfriend, his
kind, gorgeous, sweet, safe boyfriend who loved him…

“Did you want to stay out a little longer or head to the hotel?”

A night in a hotel room with Daddy…it was almost too good to be true… “I don’t mind,” Dan
answered lightly. “You decide.”

“How about a drink first?”

They wound up in a lovely little pub garden, enjoying the summer evening. Brighton was truly the
greatest place in the world. He had opted to sit beside Mr Lester rather than opposite him, sitting very
close together as they chatted, watching the sky turn from pink to navy. They held hands so
comfortably on the table, surrounded by other couples. It was the best feeling—the perfect balance
between ordinary and extraordinary.

“How about we go and see the pavilion tomorrow?” Mr Lester suggested, stroking the palm of
Dan’s hand.
“Sure.” Dan agreed. He gave a cheeky grin. “If we can get up tomorrow…”

Mr Lester laughed, shaking his head. “Promises, promises…” He sighed as he looked at him, such fondness in his eyes. “I’m just glad that there is a tomorrow. Waking up beside you three mornings running seems much too good for me.”

Dan giggled softly, his cheeks burning a little. But still-it filled him with confidence. “Tell me a poem.”

“What?”


Mr Lester paused-then pretended to roll his eyes. “You want me to just recite a poem for you?”

“Yes.” Dan raised an eyebrow expectantly. “I thought you liked poetry, sir…”

“Cheeky,” Mr Lester sighed long-sufferingly. “I’m useless at learning them by heart-but anything for you, you spoiled little…let me see…” He thought for a moment-then snapped his fingers. “Right. I think I remember it the whole way through. You can have some Frank O’Hara.” Half sarcastically- he began.

“Have you forgotten what we were like then

when we were still first rate

and the day came fat with an apple in its mouth

it’s no use worrying about Time

but we did have a few tricks up our sleeves

and turned some sharp corners

the whole pasture looked like our meal

we didn’t need speedometers

we could manage cocktails out of ice and water…”

Mr Lester grinned at him, leaning in closer to murmur the last few lines.

“I wouldn’t want to be faster

or greener than now if you were with me…O you

were the best of all my days…”

Mr Lester finished almost at a whisper-before leaning in for a kiss.

“Wow…” Dan breathed as it broke. “I wish we’d have done more like that in class.”

“You like that one?” Mr Lester looked pleased. “I do. It’s so…pure.” He pecked Dan’s lips again-
before gently flicking his arm. “Always get what you want, don’t you?”

“Come on, you loved doing that.” Dan retorted boldly, pecking him back. It mattered not where they were or who could see them-everything was so free.

“You are being so cheeky today…” Mr Lester suddenly put a hand on his thigh, tantalisingly close under the table. “You need to watch yourself. You know what happens to bad boys…”

“Mmmm…” Dan licked his lips. “Actually, I think I’ve forgotten.”

“Well…” Phil looked as if he was about to say something that should not under any circumstances be said in public-but before he did so-a voice suddenly broke through into their bubble, shattering the atmosphere like a rock through a window.

“No way! It can’t be Phil Lester!”

Instantly-both heads snapped up in alarm. Dan’s heart stopped—oh God. Someone had recognised them.

But thankfully—a tall, sturdy man with sandy blonde hair and was making his way across the garden towards them. He wore a bright t-shirt and rather alarming white shorts—but his face was an excited and friendly grin. He was rather like a golden retriever, bounding up to Phil to say hello.

“Harry?” Mr Lester leapt to his feet, matching his welcoming smile—though Dan could tell that he was as shaken as he was. “What are you doing here?”

“I live here, you idiot!” Harry gathered Mr Lester up into an enormous bear-hug. “How are you, mate? Way too long time, no see!”

“I’m great thanks!” Mr Lester was endlessly gracious, giving Harry no sign that he had interrupted anything. “How is everything with you?”

“Great thanks—old nine-to-five, you know. Missing you guys! You still teaching? Bet those kids are a nightmare!”

“Well, I did only just start. Would have to do something pretty drastic to get fired this quickly!”

“So what are you doing down here?” Harry seemed to be one of those people with endless energy, his smile never faltering. Dan could see how being around him for too long could be exhausting—but Mr Lester looked genuinely happy to see him. He was certainly infectious.

“Well…” Mr Lester paused for a second—then reached down, putting a hand on Dan’s shoulder. “Just down for the weekend, you know?”

“Oh!” Instantly, Harry looked embarrassed. “Sorry, didn’t mean to intrude! What am I like?”

“You’re not at all!” said Mr Lester squeezed Dan’s shoulder reassuringly. “Dan, this is my friend Harry, from uni. And Harry-this is my Dan.” His voice was filled with such pride that Dan could not help but smile. Right. They were doing this.

“Hi.” Dan smiled up at Harry shyly. He had not quite felt the age-gap between himself and his boyfriend quite so much as he did in that moment. Suddenly, with the advent of this university friend, they felt worlds apart.
“Hey!” Harry was undeterred, his grin stretching. “Jesus, Phil, you finally persuaded someone to be seen in public with you, hey?” He winked mischievously.

“You shut up now.” Mr Lester laughed with him, slipping easily back into their old university banter.

“Honestly, Dan, the stories I could tell you about this guy at uni…” Harry was very familiar, but Dan could see how one could warm to him. He smiled up at him politely—which was returned with a look of approval. “So.” Contrary to his earlier concerns about intruding, Harry plonked his beer down on the table and set himself down in the chair opposite Phil, looking ready for a good catch-up. “How did you guys meet?”

“Er-“

“Um-“

“Must have been recently-I can’t see anyone putting up with Phil very long!” Luckily, Harry had talked over his own question. He and Mr Lester reminisced on their time at university for a while, sharing old jokes and reliving stories. Dan listened politely, but quickly, he began to feel more and more strange. Suddenly, it was as if the reality of what they were doing washed over him like a tidal wave. A student out in public with his teacher. “How did you guys meet?” The answer to that was a crime…he hated to imagine what kind of turn Harry’s attitude might take if he knew the true nature of their relationship.

“...threw up over Georgie, do you remember?” Harry was laughing loudly, utterly at ease. “That was such a good night.”

“Sure was.” Mr Lester’s smiled nostalgically—but he had placed his hand on Dan’s knee under the table, as if he could sense his discomfort. “I do miss it. But life is pretty great right now!”

“I’m glad mate, so glad.” Harry grinned, winking once more. “Good on you. Who’d have thought, hey? Phil would be the one with it all figured out-a job, a relationship, everything. God, feels weird to finally be adults, doesn’t it?”

Dan winced. Suddenly, he felt an urgent need to be alone. “Excuse me.” he murmured, patting Mr Lester’s hand before getting up from the table and hurrying towards the bathroom, a strange churning sensation in his stomach as if he was about to be sick. Even if it was no one potentially dangerous—they had been seen. They had been seen, recognised-everything. What if it had been truly the wrong person? What would have happened then?

And, most sickeningly of all, as he had left, he had heard Harry chortle and say the words:

“Jesus, mate! Does his mother know he’s out?”
Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your comments and kudos! Always appreciated, much love <3 Sorry there was no post yesterday—it was a complete emotional train-wreck! Basically for those who are interested, the crazy project I’ve been working on outside of this that has been taking over my entire life and sanity almost fell through completely, but we’re back in business now so all good! Hope you enjoy, more soon! <3 xxx

“Jesus, mate! Does his mother know he’s out?”

Phil started slightly at the question. He fingered the rim of his glass uncomfortably. “Please.” he said, trying to brush it off. No. No, she did not.

“I mean, look at his face!” Harry was saying, undeterred. “Such a baby! There’s young and then there’s—is he even out of his teens?”

“Of course he is,” Phil said, not lying quite as smoothly as he had hoped. “Anyway—“

“Not one of your students, is he?” Harry chuckled, taking a long swig of beer. Something twisted horribly in Phil’s stomach. “I mean, in all fairness, I always wanted to fuck my biology teacher—she was absolutely gorgeous,” Harry winked. “Not unlike your little squeeze. He’s very sweet, isn’t he? Suppose he gets more chatty once you get a few drinks in him!”

“He’s very sweet.” said Phil carefully.

“So what brings you and Lolita down here?”

“Now, that is not funny!” Phil winced at the thought of it. How ridiculous. But still-something terrible had lodged itself in his gut. Dan…the love of his life…It was crazy, but he had never had an opinion on their relationship from someone on the outside before. Of course not—they were a secret, the biggest secret. And now he did…something was not sitting quite so well as it had done before. No matter what—Dan was still his student. So much younger, at such a different point in his life…It did not change how he felt about him—but it was a harsh reminder.

“Just kidding, man, no worries,” Harry grinned, brushing it off. “He seems lovely. I’m glad you’ve finally found someone.”

“Ha,” said Phil awkwardly, doing his best to smile and wishing that Dan would come back. Generic answers seemed like the way forward. “Yeah, we’re just taking a break. Getting away from it all, you know!”

“Yeah, I know how it is,” Harry nodded understandingly. “Might have to do the same soon. So—is it just a casual thing or are you serious?”

Phil inwardly rolled his eyes—Harry had always been like this. He had known everyone’s business at uni—the guy to go to if you needed dirt on someone. “Pretty serious.” he answered, hoping that Dan would have said the same.
“Ooh!” Harry raised his glass in a mock-toast. “Should I buy a hat?”

Phil smiled for real, looking down at his lap slightly. “Maybe sometime.”

“Well, I’m already getting one for Georgie. You know he’s getting married?”

“No?” Phil sat up a little straighter. “Really?”

“Yes! He’ll be inviting us lot, I’m sure—you could bring jail-bait along, hey?”

“Shut up.” Phil repeated, taking a long sip of his drink. Where was Dan? He wished he would return soon so that they could make their excuses.

“Sure everyone would love to meet him,” Harry ploughed on. “He’d look so cute on your arm in a tux—if he’s old enough to drink champagne, that is…”

Phil felt another unpleasant lunge in his stomach. He looked up hopefully towards the pub itself, looking out for Dan…he had been gone a while now. Too long. Was he okay? Oh God…had he gone? Phil’s heart suddenly felt as if it had been plunged into a bucket of icy water. What if Harry showing up, someone recognising them, a possible danger-had frightened him so much that he had left? Where could he have gone? What if he had wandered out into the night, into this strange town he didn’t know. Anything could happen to him. Phil’s fears began to rise up into his throat.

“…seriously, mate, how old is he?”

Phil opened his mouth, wondering how he could escape as quickly as possible to look for him—but before he could, a boy with dark hair had materialised in the doorway to the pub garden. He looked a little shaken—but he smiled. Phil breathed an enormous sigh of relief as Dan made his way back to the table.

“Hi.” he said shyly, taking his seat next to Phil. He could tell he was bracing himself.

“He returns!” Harry grinned at Dan—but Phil would not allow another conversation to begin.

“Anyway, it’s getting late,” he said, sliding an arm firmly around Dan’s shoulders. “We ought to be getting back.”

“Yeah.” said Dan, shooting him a grateful look. “Nice to meet you, Harry!”

“And you,” Harry stood up to see them out, patting Phil on the back. “You see—very sweet! You guys have a good night, yeah? And Phil—see you at Georgie’s wedding, then?”

“Yeah, see you then,” said Phil, firmly steering Dan by the shoulders out of the pub garden and out into the street. Still—that strange, new feeling twisted uncomfortably inside him, reminding him that, despite his happiness, if the wrong person saw them, both of their lives could be ruined forever.

“Mr Lester?” Dan asked, worriedly. “Are you okay?”

“Are you?” Mr Lester wrapped his other arm around Dan’s front. It would have been a nice gesture—but it felt a little too protective. “You were gone for ages.”

“Yes, I’m fine.” Dan said. “But…I guess…” He decided that it was best to be honest. “I’m a little shook up. When someone said your name, I thought—“
“Yeah. I thought too.” Mr Lester said stiffly.

Both were quiet for a few moments as they walked through the now darkened street, passing groups of party-goers as they went. The lights were all blazing now-Brighton was truly stunning at night. The sea rolled quietly as the pier lit up the starless sky. Dan felt ill. It was awful-their perfect, magical, stolen weekend together had just been ruined by a reminder of how dangerous it was. Anyone could come down to Brighton for the weekend and see them. And if that happened—he would never see Mr Lester again.

“We’ll head back to the hotel, yeah?” Mr Lester gave him a dry kiss on the cheek, before taking his hand and quickening their pace. Dan got the impression that he wanted to spend as little time out in the open as possible. He followed on through the streets, the air suddenly not tasting quite so sweet as before.

The sight of the hotel perked him up a little. It was a huge white building, with hundreds of large windows leading out onto small balconies. As they entered the lobby-Dan realised that this could not have been the cheapest option available. The floor was dark wood, the white furniture pristine, and the receptionist very friendly and helpful. In no time at all they had checked in and were in a lift on their way up to the forth floor, wherein their new keycard would open room 413. And by the time it did-so-Dan almost forgot to be worried. An enormous white bed waited for them, festooned with light-blue cushions, which matched the rug on the floor. There was a white wardrobe and desk, beside another door which lead into a blue ensuite bathroom-which held the biggest bath Dan had ever seen.

“It’s lovely.” he said, appreciatively. “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing,” Mr Lester put the bags down beside the door. Still, he looked troubled.

“Sir?” Dan asked, gently. He walked towards him, taking his hand.

Mr Lester sighed. “God, I really wanted this weekend to be perfect for you…”

“It is!” Dan insisted valiantly. “It’s beyond perfect! Look-nothing actually happened. Harry was just your old uni friend, thank goodness! We’re fine! We’re safe! We can’t let this ruin our time together.”

Mr Lester half-smiled in spite of himself. “It’s funny to hear you being the adult here…” He sighed heavily, putting his hands around Dan’s waist. “I guess it just kind of reminded me how dangerous what we’re doing is. I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else in the world right now but here with you—but I just wish the rest of the world would disappear for now…”

“I do too,” said Dan comfortingly. He leaned forward to kiss him. “Look-no one is here with us right now. It’s just you, and me, and this room. We can pretend for a while, can’t we? No one can touch us here.”

Mr Lester shook his head—but he laughed. “I love you…You’re right. We have to make the most of right now.”

“I know I’m right,” Dan grinned cheekily, feeling Mr Lester finally beginning to relax. “Come on. We’re in Brighton!”

“We are,” Mr Lester grinned. “I’m so happy I got to take you here. How do you like it?”

“I love it. It’s so…out there.”
“It is,” Mr Lester was smiling properly now. “We’ll have to come back someday…”

Dan’s heart fluttered a little. He took a deep breath. “So…do you think we’ll still be together long enough to do that?”

Mr Lester spluttered a little. “I certainly hope so!” Finally, he folded Dan into his arms. “I’ll be here for as long as you want me, baby. I love you.”

Dan felt as though he had just been wrapped in the warmest blanket in the world. “I love you too,” he whispered, hardly believing that this was really happening to him. “…and I never won’t want you, sir.”

Mr Lester laughed again, holding him closer. “I would love that…but you’re still so young…you don’t know what you’ll want in five years, ten years, twenty-“

“I know my own mind!” Dan protested, feeling a little patronised. But he held on tightly. “I want you. I love you-you’re like the other half of myself. You-you’re my person.” He felt a little silly—but it didn’t matter. “Remember what we said right at the beginning? We were always meant to meet one another-we were made for one another. We’re two halves of a whole.”

Mr Lester was silent for a few moments. Then, as if he could find nothing at all to say—he suddenly buried his head in Dan’s shoulder. It felt strange-some kind of role-reversal—but Dan could do nothing but hold him close, stroking his soft, dark hair. It was such a pure expression of love-to lean into another person, to need them, their comfort, their warmth…

“You’re right.” said Mr Lester, finally. He sighed again into Dan’s shirt. “God, Dan, what are you doing with someone like me?” He laughed strangely. “…I’d marry you tomorrow if I could…”

Dan’s heart stopped.

“Me too…” he murmured, bravely. He waited.

Mr Lester paused-then, the sudden seriousness of it all made him burst out laughing once again. After a second-Dan joined him. In a tangle of arms and legs, they fell down onto the bed, giggling hysterically. Finally, the atmosphere broke and they were just themselves again—in love and hidden from the world. Dan snuggled into him, feeling warm and safe, feeling almost as if he wanted to cry with joy, strange tears welling behind his eyes. He knew it. He would marry Mr Lester and that was the end of it.

“So what, is this it?” Mr Lester turned over to face him, a teasing look on his face. “Are we engaged now?”

Dan pretended to look appalled. “No way! That would be the worst proposal ever! If you want a yes out of me, you’re going to have to put some bloody thought into it!”

Mr Lester laughed again, beginning to kiss him. “Challenge accepted,” he whispered. “I love you.”
Chapter Twenty-Six

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all your comments and kudos! All very much appreciated <3
Sorry for the short chapter, I have had absolutely no time at all! But I'm going to do my best to get another out TOMORROW! <3 Hope you enjoy! Much love xxx

“So, husband…” Mr Lester sank his teeth into Dan’s neck, sucking the soft skin. “Well, future husband…Don’t you think we ought to get plenty of practice in before our wedding night?”

“I haven’t said yes yet.” Dan giggled, his heart practically burning as Mr Lester called him husband. The hotel bed was ridiculously soft beneath his bare back, the sheets fresh and crisp. He was in heaven.

“True,” Mr Lester’s lips moved lower and lower, down to his chest. “but you’re still mine, aren’t you, you stubborn little tease? Even though you’re going to make me work hard for you…and believe me, I will.” His fingers were gently slipping Dan’s underwear off and casting them aside onto the floor. “You’re so worth it, baby.”

“You’re going to have to work pretty hard…” Dan said impishly, his knees clenching in excitement as Daddy kissed the bottom of his tummy, tantalisingly close, before beginning to bite the insides of his thighs. He felt his erection beginning to strain.

“Is that right?” Mr Lester growled, biting harder. “I have absolutely spoiled you rotten, haven’t I?”

“Yes, Daddy…” Dan whispered, his hands clutching tightly onto Mr Lester’s shoulders.

“Cheeky…” Mr Lester’s breaths were warm between his legs, his kisses wet on his skin. “You deserve it though, darling. You do…I want to give you everything, everything you could ever need or want…and I’m going to start right now…” His lips closed around him-and Dan began to gasp and moan rhythmically as he sucked. He felt rushes of pleasure through his whole body as he lay back to enjoy it. It was terrible really, how little Dan had known about the kind of relationship they had—one he had always fantasised about, but would never have had the courage to pursue without Mr Lester. He had always assumed that when he had dreamed of being completely submissive to someone, sex would be focused almost exclusively on his pleasure, not Dan’s. Wasn’t that what it meant to be submissive-to exclusively meet the needs of the dominant party? But he had been wrong-Daddy always made sure he met every one of Dan’s needs. Although he was dominant, Daddy made sure that Dan knew that he was always really the one in control—that he would never be pushed too far, that he was, as he put it, absolutely spoiled rotten…it became steadily more difficult to think as Mr Lester sucked harder.

“Oh, Daddy…” Dan groaned, his feet twisting in the bedsheets. “I love you…I love-oh!” He squeaked in surprise as Mr Lester began to finger him. The unrelenting rhythm from both pleasure centres simultaneously was almost unbearable-Dan found himself crying out, paying no mind to any of the neighbouring hotel rooms as he slowly reached ecstasy.

Finally—he had to gasp out: “Daddy, please…please…I have to cum…”
Mr Lester looked up, his mouth very full, meeting his eyes with such intensity that Dan almost came without permission. He raised an eyebrow—then nodded once, sucking harder. It took only seconds before Dan, with a cry far too loud to be sociable in a hotel, came into his Daddy’s mouth in two large bursts.

“Good boy…” Mr Lester murmured after he had swallowed. He climbed off of Dan and lay down beside him for a moment, gathering him into his arms to recover. It took quite a while for Dan’s breath to return to him.

“That was so good…” he gasped.

“I know, baby,” said Mr Lester, with an air of self-satisfaction. “Daddy looks after you so well, doesn’t he?”

“Yes…” Dan whispered. As he recovered his energy, he began to excitedly kiss every part of Mr Lester’s face he could, his forehead, his cheeks, his nose, his jaw. “I love you so much.” he whispered, beaming at him.

“I love you too, baby,” Mr Lester gently stroked his cheek with his fingers, so gently that electricity seemed to prickle beneath the surface. “Now, do you think you’re ready for me?”

“Yes, Daddy!” Dan was enjoying his second burst of energy immensely. “I need you, right now…” He kissed him, finally reaching his lips, biting and sucking as the atmosphere returned. “I love you… I need to feel you… please Daddy…”

“Yes, baby, I know how much you love to ride my huge cock…such a little slut for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan agreed, hardly pausing for breath. “Just for you…”

“That’s right, sweetheart,” Mr Lester growled, climbing onto him and pinning him down to the bed by his shoulders. “Just for me… now, you relax for me, okay?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan said obediently, preparing to turn over-

“No, baby,” Mr Lester stopped him, holding him down firmly to the bed. He grinned. “You stay right where you are…” He chuckled a little, quoting. “Tonight I wish to look upon your face.”

Dan paused—then smiled when he understood. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy…it is such a pretty face,” Mr Lester kissed him roughly, his fingers digging into him. “Such a shame to hide it away… a crime, really…”

“Mmmm…” Dan moaned happily, letting his nails scratch across Daddy’s back, feeling his shoulder blades tense and relax.

“I want to look into those beautiful eyes when I fuck you…” Mr Lester murmured right into his ear—which made every muscle in Dan’s body contort. And so he did…it was such a different experience. When Dan had been fucked from behind, it was animalistic. There were no ropes, no pain… just themselves, exactly as they were. Face to face, it was so intense. So personal. As Daddy thrust in and out of him, as the whole bed shook around them…it was as if they were in a bubble in the middle of a storm. Though everything was wild around them, in his heart, they may as well have been completely still. It was just them, just their hearts and minds, just their bodies…the headboard’s thumping against the wall may as well have been a million miles away, the moans and gasps that escaped both of them seeming muffled, as if they were underwater. Dan could do nothing but lose
himself in Mr Lester’s eyes, seeming to fall more deeply in love with him than ever, wanting him, wanting him never to let go, not ever, not until the end of time…

Finally… Dan felt a hot rush inside him. He held Daddy’s gaze as he came inside him, closer than ever. He could hardly tell where he ended and Mr Lester began—they were one, entirely one. That was it now, forever, as long as they lived…they were one.
Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for the comments and kudos! All very much appreciated, and much love <3
I had little to no time today, but here is some fluff for you all. More soon! <3 xxx

Though the white curtains looked wonderful, they did not keep out the light. It was reasonably early when Phil’s eyes fluttered open. After a second of confusion, he remembered—he was in Brighton. And in his arms, still fast asleep…his boy, his Daniel, all curled up and peaceful. It was a little too warm for such spooning, but Phil did not care—being uncomfortable seemed to be a small price to pay to have Dan’s sleeping head tucked into his shoulder. He smiled. Nothing would make him move from this position.

But soon, the initial nobility and romance of the notion began to wear off due to the fact that it really was absolutely boiling hot. Eventually, as the sweat became too uncomfortable to deal with, Phil had to suck it up. Very carefully, he untangled himself from Dan, tucking the sheets into place so that he would not be missed. Then, he slid out of bed and crossed the room, reaching behind the curtains to open the window. The cool morning breeze felt wonderful. Phil smiled, thinking on how lucky he was simply to be alive, and to be here in this room.

After he had cooled down a little, he wanted nothing more than to slip back into bed with Dan. And so, treading as quietly as possible, he climbed back onto the bed and—

“Oh!”

Suddenly—Dan’s eyes shot open, wide with terror. His whole body jolted as he looked frantically up at the ceiling, his face pale, his forehead shiny with sweat.

“Dan!” Phil rushed to him, gathering him in his arms and holding him close. “Baby? What’s wrong?”

Slowly, Dan came to. He looked up at Phil, his eyes round and strangely bright—before he sighed with relief, beginning to calm down. “I—I’m sorry!” he stammered, his arms closing around Phil as he grounded himself. “Just—oh, I’m so stupid!” He laughed weakly, his voice very high. “Just a nightmare.”

“A nightmare?” Phil tutted sympathetically. “You’re not stupid—everyone has them, don’t they?” He kissed his forehead tenderly, stroking his hair. “It’s okay—it’s all over now. I’m here…What happened?”

Dan sniffed as he remembered. He looked up at Phil, now deadly serious. “I—I don’t know whether to tell you…”

“Why?” Phil frowned slightly. “Was it really that bad?”

“It’s…it’s just…” Dan snuggled closer to him, shaking his head. “I’m just being silly, that’s all…”

“No,” Phil pressed him. “You’re not silly, sweetheart. You can tell me what happened. Anything at
Dan paused for a long moment. Then, with a resigned groan, he looked up at him with fearful eyes. “We’d been found out.” he said simply.

Phil felt as if he had been kicked in the gut. He tried to nod understandingly—but his own heart had turned cold. “Oh, baby…” he murmured, kissing him again. “I’m so sorry. You must be worrying about it so much…”

“I’m sorry,” Dan repeated. “I don’t mean to…but since-since Harry last night—it really shook me up…”

Phil winced. He racked his brains for something comforting to say—but could find nothing. “I know, baby…me too. But…oh look, sweetheart, we’ll just be even more careful than before. Even more. I’ll look after you, I promise.”

“I…” Dan pursed his lips. “I just don’t want to lose you. Not ever.” He looked up at Phil with those big, spaniel eyes, which now looked dangerously damp. “I couldn’t. I love you.”

“I love you too.” said Phil automatically. “But look,” Quickly, he pulled Dan even closer to him, wrapping his arms around him as if they were armour. “Listen to me. I’m not going anywhere, I promise. I promise.” He kissed him twice more, on each cheek like a child. Trying to cheer him up, he smiled. “Maybe next time we could just leave the country for the weekend, hey? Paris? Barcelona? Berlin?”

“Yes.” said Dan, swallowing hard. “All of them.” There was such love and trust in those robin-bright dark eyes. Phil sighed, thinking how much he loved him, how well he had to hide how scared he was of the exact advent of Dan’s nightmare. How many nights it had kept him awake…But he had to put on a brave face for his boy.

“We will. But for now…” Phil gently stroked his cheek. “You relax, okay, baby? No more nightmares. I’m here to protect you now.”

“I know…” Dan cuddled closer. “I’m so happy…” He managed a small smile. “You’re going to be such a good husband.”

The ice in Phil’s heart melted as quickly as it had came. He looked down at Dan, for the thousandth time thanking anything and everything in the universe that Dan was his. “Of course I will,” he grinned, giving his shoulder a small shake. “And so will you, sweetheart. It’s going to be wonderful, I promise.”

Finally, Dan smiled properly. “The moment I say yes.” he said impishly.

Phil snorted. “Yes, the moment you say yes.”

Okay,” Dan was pacified. He snuggled into him happily. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Phil would never get sick of saying so. But still-Dan’s nightmare lingered in his mind. Harry had shaken him too. But—he knew that he could not waste this precious weekend with his baby worrying about what may or may not happen. He had to live for the moment. There was nothing he wanted to feel but his love for Dan, and the thought of the day when they would not have to hide any more. They just had to be patient…and hope.
Chapter Twenty-Eight

Hey! Thank you so much for reading and leaving kudos and comments! All appreciated so much, love you all <3
Thank you so much for sticking with me! More soon xxx
SPOILER: Back to the real world...

“Okay,” Phil wheezed into his mobile, adding a cough for effect. “Oh, no no, I think it’s one of those twenty-four hour things…yeah…thanks! So sorry…bye!” He cut off the call-before bursting into peals of giggles. “Oh God, did I really just do that?”

“You did!” Dan had been biting on the duvet to stop himself from laughing. He snuggled into him, his cheeks pink with mirth. “That was the worst calling in sick I’ve ever seen!”

“Well, I’ve never done it before!” Phil felt an enormous rush of adrenaline as he considered what he had done-despite the wrongness, there was certainly a thrill in breaking the rules. He felt like a naughty schoolboy. And it just so happened that he had one by his side. He pulled Dan sharply to him, almost onto his lap. “Can’t believe I’m spending a Monday in Brighton on holiday. You’re leading me astray.”

“Oh, I’m leading you astray?” Dan gently flicked his arm. “Might I remind you what you did to me last night…” He wrapped his arms around Phil’s neck before sinking into kisses. “Three nights running…I’m shocked you had so much energy after all that walking yesterday.”

On Sunday they had gone to Brighton Pavillion. It had been just as amazing as Phil remembered—the sheer grandeur of it all, the quasi-Asian designs, the history…though he had noticed that Dan was jumpier than before. He had kept looking around as they went into each new room, as they rounded each corner, every time someone new entered the café in which they ate lunch. It broke Phil’s heart to watch him worry after his nightmare. For this reason, Phil had suggested that they order pizza to their hotel room for dinner. Dan was so relaxed when it was just the two of them. Right now, he beamed up at him in the morning light, his dimple flashing on his cheek, his bare body wrapped comfortably around Phil’s. It was such a shame.

“Well, I can always summon up the energy for you, Pooh Bear.”

“Even though you’re so old?” Dan grinned impishly.

“Hey!” Phil scoffed, gently shoving him. “I’m not old.”

“You so are.” Dan teased him, a glint in his eyes. “So old.”

“What’s made you so cheeky this morning, hey?” Phil pulled him back, ruffling his curls.

“Nothing at all, Daddy…” Dan purred, stroking his chest. “Nothing…at all…” He began to kiss his neck, biting and sucking hard as he did so. Phil was a little surprised-Dan wasn’t usually so horny first thing in the morning. They did not agree with him at all. But now, his hair tousled from sleep, so fresh and bright…Phil was absolutely powerless to resist him, his sweettalk or his kisses. “I know
how much you like it…” His lips moved down to his chest, then lower and lower.

“I know how much you like it…” Phil murmured as he felt his erection beginning to stiffen. “This is your favourite game, isn’t it, baby?”

“Mmmm.” Dan moaned appreciatively as he ducked down to waist-level. “Oohh, seems like you rather like it too…”

“You like it so much that you’ve forgotten to ask nicely, haven’t you?” Phil reminded him, with satisfaction.

“Well…” Dan paused for a moment, his lips tantalisingly right at the bottom of his belly. He looked up at Phil from beneath his lashes, his eyes still bright. “What if I don’t?” he hissed, raising an eyebrow. “What if I don’t say please, like a good boy? What if I just…” He kissed him again, his lips just on the base of his penis. Phil felt another surge of excitement rush through him.

“Then there would have to be pretty severe consequences for you, baby…”

“Oh?” Dan grinned, his eyes practically glittering. It was so abundantly clear what he wanted his daddy to do to him—and that excited Phil beyond anything. He was so eager to please, so happy to take anything Phil wanted him to—and he proved this a moment later when his lips closed around him, beginning to lick and suck.

“Ghhh…” Phil let out a groan of pleasure. “You are in so much trouble, baby…” he said, through gritted teeth.

“Mhhh!” Dan gave an excited squeak through his full mouth. Phil could do nothing but lie back on the pillows, enjoying the sensations. It was sheer bliss to wake up to Dan—and so relaxing after the stressful phone call he had made…he twisted his hand into Dan’s curls as his head moved rapidly up and down, the pleasure intensifying. God, Dan was getting good at this…

“Uuuhhhh…” Phil moaned as Dan hit the sweetest rhythm, just hard and fast enough. He made a small choking sound—which was almost enough in itself. “Yes…” All he could do was think of Dan, how beautiful he was, how much he loved him, how he adored his body, the things he had seen it do, the things he had done to it…it was enough to bring him right to the edge.

Minutes later, Phil grunted as he came heavily into Dan’s mouth, listening with pleasure as the boy choked, then swallowed hard. He panted, getting his breath back as Dan licked his lips, smiling serenely up at him—with that glint sparking in his eyes once more.

“You…” Phil shook his head, taking hold of Dan’s shoulders. “are such a bad boy…”

“You love it, Daddy.” Dan retorted, practically shivering with excitement.

“You,” Phil suddenly pushed Dan over onto his front. “need to be taught a serious lesson in manners. You always say “please” to your daddy, don’t you? You always ask permission when you want Daddy to fuck your mouth, don’t you, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan looked back at him over his shoulder, his eyes very large and appealing. His voice became sweeter than honey. “I just wanted to taste your cock so badly…”

“You’re such a little slut, aren’t you? So desperate for cock that you couldn’t even follow the rules…” Phil slid off the bed and walked slowly around so that Dan’s bare ass was in full view. Sensing this, Dan pushed it temptingly upwards, showing himself off in the way that he knew Phil loved. Phil gave a hiss of pleasure. “I don’t know how you can be so shameless when you know
how disobedient you’ve been.” He gently stroked the soft, round flesh, squeezing it with the tips of his nails. “Are you ready to learn your lesson?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dan giggled, appreciating the allusion to the true nature of their relationship—and his cry when Phil spanked him, just in the right place, was almost orgasmic. He continued, getting almost as much pleasure from it as Dan’s vocalisations suggested. Again, Dan paid no mind to the neighbouring rooms as he sank into the pain and pleasure. “Oh, yes Daddy! Yes! Yes!” Identically not caring, Phil applied more pressure, biting his lip as he watched Dan’s flesh begin to blush beneath his fingers. After a while, Phil could see Dan reaching down, beginning to pleasure himself as he was spanked. He moaned and gasped rhythmically as he did so.

“I see you,” Phil growled, spanking him extra hard. “I see you doing that to yourself, you bad boy…”

“Mnhhh!” Dan cried out, his other hand twisting into the bedsheets.

“You just have no shame, do you, baby?” Phil gave him one last smack—before turning him over onto his back, exposing the huge erection he was currently trying to alleviate. “Well, if you’re going to do it, then you can show me, baby. Let me look at that pretty face and that big cock…” He watched as Dan shamelessly pleasured himself, letting him go until his feet began to twist in the duvet, his eyes squeezing shut, and then—“Okay, baby, that’s enough.”

“Enough?” Dan opened his eyes, looking up at him in surprise, his hand still wrapped around his straining cock.

“Stop. Now.”

Dan looked into his eyes, and saw that he was serious. Reluctantly, and with a look of frustration, he let go, his hand falling to his side. He began to look ashamed.

“Yes. That’s right,” said Phil, lying down beside him in satisfaction. “Only good boys get to cum…”

Dan looked desperate, his cock still fit to burst. “I—I’m so sorry, Daddy!” he gasped.

“Hmmm…” Phil raised an eyebrow. “I’m not sure I believe you. You were so very cheeky…”

“I’m so sorry!” Dan’s voice was almost frantic as his erection almost pained him. “I’ll be a good boy, I promise! You were right, Daddy—you’re always right-please, Daddy!” he begged.

Phil pretended to consider—then ducked his head down. “I spoil you…” he sighed—before beginning to suck hard. It only took Dan a minute or two before, with a sigh of relief, he came. Phil swallowed hard—then spat Dan’s cock out of his mouth, sitting up sharply as Dan shook and quivered on the bed, still in the throws of ecstasy. “You’re mine, aren’t you?” he growled.

“Yes, Daddy…” Dan gasped. “I’m yours…only yours…”

“That’s my good boy,” Phil lay down beside him, gathering him up into his arms. “Or my spoiled princess, hey? If I was a little stricter with you…but I let you get away with murder. Got me right where you want me, don’t you, baby?”

“Mm-hmm,” Dan sighed contentedly, snuggling into him. “I love you so much, Daddy.”

“I love you too,” Phil kissed the top of his head, shrinking back into himself. “I wish we never had to go back to the real world…”
Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thank you so much for your comments and kudos, and especially for reading! <3
<3 love you guys so much
Hope you enjoy! More coming very, very soon xxxx

20:31-BABY: I miss you xxx
20:32-DADDY: I dropped you home fifteen minutes ago, babe xxx
20:33-BABY: But I want you to come back xxx
20:34-DADDY: Me too. But I’ll see you. Soon xxx
20:35-BABY: Why can’t your summer start right after I finish exams too? Come back xxx
20:36-DADDY: If only. But I have lots of things to organise…sorry xxx
20:37-BABY: I’ve been with you constantly for more than 72 hours-I’m at a loose end on my own xxx
20:38-DADDY: You can definitely cope xxx
20:39-BABY: No I can’t. Please come back, Daddy. I need you xxx
20:40-DADDY: Strong independent Dan don’t need no man xxx
20:41-BABY: …Please never say that again xxx
20:42-DADDY: Hahaha. It’s true though. You’re fine. I’ll see you very soon, I promise xxx
20:43-BABY: Nooooo xxx
20:44-DADDY: I wish you were here too. But soon, I promise. It’s good to have time apart xxx
20:45-BABY: Okay. I understand. We have to be extra careful now anyway xxx
20:46-DADDY: You’re right, baby. Don’t worry. Everything is going to be okay xxx
20:47-BABY: Of course I worry xxx
20:48-DADDY: I do too. But everything is going to be okay, I promise. I’m going to make sure of it xxx
20:49-BABY: I trust you. I just can’t wait until we live together
20:49-BABY: and we don’t have to be secret any more xxx
20:50-DADDY: I know, baby. Me too. Cuddle Pooh Bear, hey? Daddy is going to take care of
Phil shut his empty desk drawer, all marking now fully up to date. He stretched, smiling, as he looked around his classroom. He had almost done it. He had almost made it through his first year as a teacher in one piece. It felt so good, like the sun was a little bit warmer.

He missed seeing Dan around school. Though the final stretch of term was busy enough, he certainly missed the older years, who had finished their exams—the younger years consumed so much more of his energy. But he missed Dan the most, that little twinge of excitement seeing him so quiet and shy at the back of his classroom brought, the way he alone could make the school uniform look cute, their secret smiles in the corridors…then again. There was definitely a reduction in stress levels. Phil had not realised how much the fear of being caught had consumed him until it was removed. Now, he could breeze through his days, relaxed and busy, counting down the hours until he could pick Dan up from his house, no longer having to wait anxiously behind the Oak.

They would never have to conduct such risky meetings again. He was about to make sure of that.

Phil stretched. He looked around the classroom one last time, before taking a deep breath. He would miss this place…but this had to be done. It was the only way to protect them both.

He got to his feet, thinking about the interviews he had lined up in schools all over town. The five minute walk to Ms Ekwensi’s office was pleasant, filled with hope and determination. And by the time he knocked on the door, he had rarely felt more certain of anything.

"I'm handing in my notice."
Chapter Thirty

Chapter Thirty!?! Wow, how the time has flown! Thank you all so so much for reading this, it means the world! And for all your kudos and reviews <3 I'll get the next chapter up as quickly as my crazy life allows-if not tomorrow, definitely the next day, promise! Much love and hope you're all well xxx

Dan was already growing bored of the summer holidays and they had not yet properly began. He lay on his bed, absent-mindedly throwing and catching Pooh Bear in his hands. There was an empty cereal bowl beside him that he had not bothered to take down to the kitchen. For the umpteenth time, he looked at the clock to check whether Mr Lester had finished work yet…though he was not sure how he would keep explaining away his suddenly extremely active social life to his parents. He knew that they were growing suspicious…

It was selfish of him to let them worry, but the alternative would have terrible consequences for all. They had already taken him down to the police station once this year—he would not allow them to suffer through that again. It was strange—he simply could not for the life of him see what he and Mr Lester had as a crime…but he knew what an outsider’s eye would observe. So he would keep their secret…

How long would it be a secret? Dan was impatient—he wanted to go public so that they could move in together, get married, start their lives together…he could not help but picture their wedding, feeling foolish. Still, it was the sweetest image…would he change his name? No, he didn’t think so…but Mr Lester would probably love it if he did—he loved being reminded that Dan belonged to him. Perhaps he could add his name on with a hyphen. Whatever. It wasn’t like it mattered, as long as they were married…to be with another person for the rest of his life, to love and be loved…it was indescribable.

Dan checked the time once more. Another hour…it was so pathetic to just sit and wait in for him. He needed to find something to do…but somehow, the weather was so hot outside that he couldn’t summon the energy. It would be so wonderful to go to a pub garden with Mr Lester, to talk away the hours over an ice-cold drink and watch as the sun slowly set over the summer sky…but it could not be. He sighed. But some day…some day.

XXX

“I missed you today!” Mr Lester exclaimed as Dan climbed eagerly into his car, leaning over the gearstick to kiss him. “It’s just not the same without you!”

“I missed you too,” Dan buckled his seatbelt as Mr Lester started the car engine. Though it was far safer now that they were meeting much further away from school, it still did not seem wise to loiter in any one place for too long. “It was quite a long day!”

Phil quickly glanced at him as they turned the corner out of Dan’s street. “You still look funny in regular clothes on a weekday. I was half expecting to see you in your shirt and tie.”

“Expecting or hoping?” Dan asked impishly, relaxing into the now very familiar seat.
“I don’t know how you manage to make it look cute—I always looked like such an idiot at school.”

“I bet you didn’t,” said Dan automatically, enjoying the compliment. “I can’t imagine you as a student. You’re so much a…teacher.”

Mr Lester laughed. “It’s a bit bizarre. But it wasn’t so long ago, you know?”

Dan smiled. “It’s going to be such a wonderful summer. The moment you’re finished, of course.”

“Yes,” Mr Lester agreed enthusiastically. “We should go away together again.”

“Where?” Dan felt a twinge of excitement inside him.

“As far as we can,” Mr Lester smiled. “I’ve been meaning to do a proper holiday—and now I have someone I want to take with me. How about we spend a week somewhere warm, hey?”

“I’d love that,” Dan said. “More than anything.”

“So where do you think, baby?” Mr Lester asked him indulgently as they drove towards his flat.


Mr Lester burst out laughing. “I’m not sure the budget will stretch quite that far, Danny. Maybe stick to Europe.”

Again, Dan thought, now more realistically—though he couldn’t help but feel a little mushy after Mr Lester had called him Danny. It was such a cute nickname—it made him feel small and cute. “France?”

“France,” Mr Lester nodded, considering. “Now you’re talking. We can do France. It’ll take some planning…but we can do it. Ooh!” He giggled suddenly. “I just got very excited.”

“Me too!” Dan pictured it. “Paris?”

“Paris? I’m sure we can stretch to Paris.”

“I’d love to see Paris.” Dan wanted to kiss him, but was very aware of the fact that he was driving. The thought of it—escaping to Paris for a week with the love of his life, truly far away from anyone who knew them, anyone who would make him afraid or nervous, anyone who could spoil everything. It was more perfect than he could imagine…

“We’d have to cover our tracks very well, mind,” Mr Lester was saying. “There would be a paper trail—of course no one would suspect to see us, but if anyone started to look for you, we’d be very easy to find…”

Dan felt a cold wind suddenly rushed through his warm, joyful veins. “I wish you hadn’t said that…” he murmured darkly, watching his vision dull before his eyes. “I was so happy.”

“Sorry, baby,” Mr Lester briefly patted his knee. “I’m just being realistic. We’ll manage, of course we will. You just need to make sure your parents definitely believe whatever story you tell them.”

He sighed. “I hate you lying to them…”

“Me too,” Dan sighed, still rather upset. “I wish I could tell them about you…”

There was a small silence as they both reflected on what a terrible idea that would be. But before long, they had pulled up outside Mr Lester’s block of flats. After he had parked, Mr Lester unclipped
his seatbelt and leaned over to put his arms around Dan. Automatically, Dan unclipped his seatbelt and climbed over the gearstick and onto Mr Lester’s lap, burying his head in his shoulder and drinking in that warm, familiar smell. It was never an ideal way to sit in the car together, but Dan liked it far too much to be bothered. “I love you.” he said. “I want to go to Paris with you more than anything.”

“I love you too,” Mr Lester kissed him, gently rubbing small circles on his back. “That’s what we’ll do then. Paris. I’ll make it wonderful for you, baby, I promise.”

“It will be wonderful no matter what, as long as I get to be with you, Daddy.” Dan snuggled into him, feeling gradually calmer.

“You’re so good at that sweettalk, aren’t you, baby?” Mr Lester combed his fingers through his curls.

“Well, maybe I’ll save my best sweettalk for September when I’m back in that school uniform you like so much…” Dan kissed him, building intensity for what he hoped to come. “Maybe I’ll make it even more difficult for you to teach my English class…”

Suddenly-Mr Lester stopped. He placed a hand on Dan’s shoulder, taking a deep breath. “Yeah. About that…"

“What?” Dan frowned, confused. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong, baby,” Mr Lester fixed a smile on his face, though he still looked nervous. “Remember when I told you that I would fix everything? Make everything better?”

“Yes?” Dan was beginning to feel very suspicious—he knew Mr Lester so well by now. “Daddy? What have you done?”

Mr Lester took Dan’s hands in his. “…I’m just going to say it. I’ve handed in my notice.”

Dan spluttered. He looked up at his boyfriend, trying to process what he had just said. Handed in his notice? That meant…but that meant…Dan’s heart went cold. “You’re quitting teaching?”

“No!” Mr Lester shook his head, looking more anxious by the moment. “Of course not. But I’m leaving your school. As of my hopefully getting one of the posts I’m going for elsewhere, I’m no longer your teacher.” He grinned clumsily. “Isn’t that great?”

Dan blinked. Slowly, what Mr Lester was suggesting settled in his mind. And instantly-coldness filled him. “Why are you leaving? I don’t want you to go!”

“It’s so much safer for us this way!” Mr Lester looked surprised by this reaction. “Even less chance of our being found out. I did this for us, baby.” He leaned over to kiss him—but Dan ducked out of the way, still in shock. He buried his face in his hands—before he felt hot tears prickling behind his eyes.

“But I’m only safe with you there!” he wailed. “You saw what happened with the bullies—I would never have coped were it not for you! What will I do without you?”

“Dan!” Mr Lester looked completely at a loss. His hands flailed a little, finally coming awkwardly to rest on Dan’s knee. “Baby, I’m always going to look after you no matter where I am, I promise! Please don’t cry.”

“I just…” Dan swallowed hard, feeling his heart torn two ways. “I-I just can’t believe you’d uproot your entire life like that for me!”
“You are my life. This is the safest way, trust me,” Mr Lester squeezed his knee. “And as for you being safe at school-you tell me right away if anyone tries to bother you, okay? I’ll have it sorted before you know it. I’m always going to protect you and make sure you’re safe, baby—that’s my job. I’m doing this so that we can be together.”

Dan could not quite believe what had just happened. He could not seem to wrap his head around the fact that someone would change their whole life for him. Suddenly, everything felt very adult—far too adult. It was all very well to long for weddings and an entire life spent together—but this was very, very real. With an unpleasant twist inside him, he felt their age-gap more than ever…

“Are you okay?” Mr Lester slid his hand around Dan’s once again, using the tip of his other sleeve to gently dry Dan’s eyes. He shifted him slightly on his lap. “I told you, baby. You don’t need to worry about anything at all. I’m taking care of everything. It’s all going to be alright, I promise.”

Dan sniffed—then allowed himself to weaken, leaning into Mr Lester once again. He loved him more than ever for this—but guilt twisted in his gut at the effort his boyfriend was going to. And again…he suddenly felt very young. School without Mr Lester seemed very lonely and frightening. He wasn’t sure how he would cope. What if more bullies surfaced? But then again…he knew Mr Lester was right. It was the safest way for them both to continue to see one another. Dan took a deep, long breath in, wondering what exactly the future would hold. But he knew that there would be one constant.

“Let’s talk more about Paris.”
Phil took a bite of his sandwich with one hand while browsing with the other at his desk. It was lunchtime, and really he ought to be preparing for that afternoon’s lessons, but somehow he could not help but flick through hotel and travel options to Paris. It was just such a wonderful dream…he would finalise the details with Dan as soon as he could, and before they knew it they would be away…

Speak of the devil. His phone was vibrating in his pocket.

13:35-BABY: I love you so much, Daddy xxxxx

Phil smiled, feeling a glow in his chest-and a pang of suspicion.

13:36-DADDY: I love you too, babe. Why the sudden affection? Xxx

13:37-BABY: I have a surprise for you xxx

13:38-DADDY: Oh yes? xxx

13:39-BABY: Wait and see xxx

13:40-DADDY: I’m intrigued xxx

Phil turned back to his laptop, taking another longing look at a particularly likely-looking Parisian hotel. He could just see he and Dan staying there in the lovely red and white rooms, looking out of those huge windows onto the city. They could do every one of the clichés; the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dam, the Louvre, everywhere they could think of. Then there was Versailles. He had never been to Versailles. It was only an hour away…how wonderful it would be to show Dan somewhere as magnificent as Versailles…he was sure he could

“Hi, Daddy.” came a little voice from the open doorway.

Phil jumped right out of his skin. He looked up-and to his surprise, there, in full school uniform, smiling shyly, was Dan. “Surprise.” he grinned.

“Dan!” Phil leapt to his feet, instantly torn between delight—he looked so bloody delicious, smiling at him in his school clothes—and horror at his showing up so brazenly, outright calling him Daddy in such a place. “What are you doing here?” He swept him into the classroom as quickly as he could, shutting the door behind him. The corridor outside was by no means deserted-Phil felt a cold shiver down his spine. “You can’t take this kind of risk!”

“I’m just emptying my locker.” Dan looked a little put-out at this lack of a warm welcome. “I wanted to come and see you one last time in school. Like we used to, remember?”
“Of course I remember,” Phil did his best to soften his voice, seating Dan carefully on the other side of his desk before resuming his seat. If anyone came in, they could easily be having an ordinary meeting. “I loved them, baby. But we really can’t be too careful, you know that…” He changed his tone, wanting to perk him up. “Thank you for coming though. You brighten my day like nothing else.”

Dan smiled again, relaxing. “I just wanted to see you like this one last time. You as my teacher…me as your student…” He gave a little sigh. “I’m going to miss this. I don’t even know that I ought to call you Mr Lester anymore!”

“You can still call me that if you like,” Phil gave a small laugh. “It’s hot.”

“It is,” Dan agreed. He paused-then gently placed his hand on the surface of the desk. Slowly, he pushed it across the desk towards Phil’s, which lay beside his laptop. “I’m going to miss this so much…”

Phil hesitated, looking down at the perfect pale hand, longing to take it. “We shouldn’t.” he said, levelly. He hated having to be the adult-but it was unavoidable. They simply could not afford to take such chances, especially when afternoon lessons would begin in fifteen minutes…

“Please?” Dan fixed him with the most appealing stare he could, those warm brown eyes all but melting him completely. “Just one more time…”

Phil tried to hold out…then sighed. Once more. Just once more. Against all of his better judgement, he reached out across the desk and carefully folded his fingers into Dan’s. He squeezed his hand gently, realising himself how much he would miss him during the day. But at least it meant that someday he could come home to him every night. However, it did not mean that his anxiety disappeared. Sitting here, holding hands on opposite sides of a desk-it felt almost like a premonition…

Still, as he gazed into Dan’s eyes, Phil could not help himself. As quickly as he could, he raised Dan’s hand to his lips and kissed it, letting his lips linger on his skin for as long as he dared. He felt Dan’s intake of breath as he kissed his hand, relishing it, the final time he would sit with his boy as teacher and pupil, the final time this fear and adrenaline would run through his veins like this, the very last time…

“Okay…” Phil breathed, as the kiss ended. He bent his head, pressing his forehead to their clasped hands-before carefully setting Dan’s hand down on the desk as if it were a priceless artefact. “Okay…run along now. I’ll see you later.”

“Yes, sir,” said Dan, his eyes soft and glinting from the affection-and milking it for all it was worth.

“Bye. Get home safe, okay?” Phil winked at him, before going back to the open holiday pages on his laptop. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Dan crept over to the door, looking back one last time. “Goodbye, Mr Lester. You’ll always be my favourite teacher.”

Phil laughed. “Off you go now, Pooh Bear, you cheeky little…” But he did not have time to finish before Dan had closed the classroom door behind him.

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Dan flopped down on his bed, looking excitedly up at the ceiling and clutching Pooh Bear to his chest. He had seen the tabs Mr Lester had open on his computer-Paris! It was real—they would really go to Paris together! Dan felt that he could literally burst with excitement—it was beyond cliché, but
how beautiful would it be to go to the most romantic city in the world with the man he loved?

Wait.

Dan paused, frowning slightly. God. Oh God. An excitement like nothing he had known before suddenly took hold. Mr Lester was taking him to Paris. To Paris, the, as he had said, most romantic city in the world…the city of lovers…the perfect place to prop-

Suddenly, his phone buzzed in his pocket. With a smile, he checked it, looking for the familiar DADDY-

*I know about you and Mr Lester.*
The roaring in Dan’s ears told him that he was about to faint. He felt his blood freeze in his veins. Sickness stirred inside him as he stared down at his phone in his shaking hand, reading those words again and again as if they would change with repeated reading.

Okay. Okay. Dan steadied himself, rubbing his hand across his forehead, trying desperately to calm down. He would get through this. He had to get through this. He could defend himself. Okay. It would be fine. Everything was going to be fine. He breathed deeply. Okay.

14:30-DAN: Who is this? What do you mean?
14:32-unknown number: You told on us. I’ve had the police round.

In that instant, Dan realised who exactly it must be. The only person it could be. Fear flooded him tenfold.

14:33-unknown number: Do everything I say or I will tell.

14:33-unknown number: Bender

Dan hesitated for a moment, trying to figure out the best course of action. He felt as if he was navigating a terrible maze. Right. Deny everything.

14:35-DAN: I have no idea what you are trying to imply

14:37-unknown number: Walked passed the classroom today to empty my locker. Looked through the window. He was snogging your hand over the desk.

Dan’s stomach dropped.

Oh God. This was all his fault.

14:37-unknown number: It made me sick in my mouth.

14:38-unknown number: Knew something was weird about you and him. Didn’t think he was a perv though.

14:38-unknown number: You are disgusting. Do everything I say or I’ll tell.

14:38-unknown number: And we’ll come for him too.
Phil sent the habitual text to tell Dan that he was in their usual meeting spot, a street away from Dan’s house. He stretched lazily—as excitement bubbled inside him. He could not wait to tell him. He simply could not wait. Once again, he opened the confirmation emails on his phone, telling him that their flights and hotel were booked…it had been expensive—but it was so worth it. Especially just to see the look on Dan’s face when he told him. The happiness that would fill those eyes, the smile that would stretch, the dimple bobbing in his cheek—it was purely priceless.

And once they were in Paris...well. He had big plans...

A few minutes later, that familiar figure appeared on the horizon, dressed all in black, his hair in cute curls. Phil could not help but smile—he was the sweetest sight in the world, and he was all his. He was just so lovely in the afternoon sun that Phil felt as if his heart would burst just to...wait. Was he walking faster than usual? Yes. There was an urgency in his pace that did not match the flirty interaction of that lunchtime. As Dan drew closer and closer—the look of pure fright on his face became more and more apparent. The boy looked as if he had seen a ghost.

“Baby?” Phil asked worriedly as Dan threw open the car door and collapsed into his seat. “What’s wrong?”

But Dan wasn’t looking at him. His head was snapping all around the street like a meerkat’s. “Just—just get us home, okay?” His voice was strange and distant. “Quickly.”

Knowing that further probing would be pointless, Phil started the engine and drove towards his flat in silence. Though he had been heartened to hear Dan referring to his flat as “home”, he was far too concerned about him to think much on it. Possibilities rushed around and around his head like horses on a carousel, each more awful than the next. What could have happened?

“Someone knows.” said Dan flatly. He sat nervously on the edge of Mr Lester’s sofa, his knees pressed tightly together, as he watched Mr Lester’s face fall. His eyes widened, his mouth growing slack with shock.

“…how-?-who-?” he managed to say, shaking his head slightly.

“We were seen,” Dan gritted his teeth. “In the classroom today. It’s—“ Tears sprung into his eyes, choking him. “I’m so sorry—it’s—it’s all my f-fault-I—“

“No!” Mr Lester edged nearer to him, wrapping an arm comfortingly around his shoulders—but Dan could tell that he was silently kicking himself. “I was the one who was stupid. We were always bound to get seen eventually…I’m sorry.”

“We were both stupid,” said Dan diplomatically—but still, guilt sat heavy on him.

“We were,” Mr Lester agreed, in the same tone of voice. Then, as if he dreaded the answer: “Who saw us, Dan?”

A pause.

Dan looked directly into Mr Lester’s eyes. He didn’t need to say a word.

Instantly-Mr Lester understood. But he frowned, confused—and angry. “But he was suspended?
How could he-?

“He came back to empty his locker.” Dan rushed. “He looked in and-“

“Okay,” Mr Lester nodded, his cheeks now flushed slightly. Dan could see how scared he was-but he hid it reasonably well, only his eyes betraying him. “Okay. Has he told anyone?”

“N-no,” Dan shook his head. “He hasn’t.”

“What?” Mr Lester did not bother to hide his shock. “Are you sure? Why wouldn’t he?”

Dan looked at him. “He’s blackmailing us.”

Mr Lester nodded, the anger in his expression intensifying. “Of course he is, the little shit…”

Dan started slightly—Mr Lester hardly ever swore, and it did not suit him. And it was strange to hear a teacher speak of a student—even a student such as this—in that way.

“What is he making you do?”

“I-I don’t know…” Dan admitted quietly. “He stopped texting. I-I’m so scared!”

Mr Lester paused for a moment, thinking. His fury was beginning to enter his voice. “He’s toying with you…just like last time. Dan, he’s not supposed to be contacting you at all. You have to report this and-“

“And have to tell them what dirt he’s got on me to warrant this!” Dan retorted, blinking back his tears ferociously. “If I reported him again he’ll tell everyone about us! You’ll never be able to teach again—at best! We’d never be able to see each other again! I-I can’t lose you, I can’t!” The tears were unstoppable now. He covered his face with his hands. “I’ve ruined everything! I’ve ruined everything we have! I’m so sorry-!”

“Dan!” Mr Lester caught himself, making his voice as gentle and comforting as he could. He drained away as much of his anger as he could and wrapped his arms tightly around him. “Don’t cry…please don’t cry…nothing has happened yet…we’re okay…we’re fine…” He kissed his hair hard. “Look, I’m going to make this right for you, okay? I’m going to make it all better…”

“How?” Dan wailed through his tears. He had never felt more perfectly wretched in his life.

Mr Lester did not answer. It was clear—for the first time, he did not know.

“Don’t cry…” he finally repeated, still desperate to comfort him. “This is all going to work out somehow. We will always be together. There is nothing on Earth strong enough to tear us apart.” He kissed his forehead fiercely. “I love you so much. I’ll find a way for us, I promise. We’re going to be fine.”
Hey everyone! Sorry that this is so short! I didn't have as much time today as I thought I had. Enjoy half the chapter I was going to put out!
Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving kudos and commenting! More tomorrow, much love <3 xxx

“It’s okay…” Mr Lester made comforting sounds into Dan’s hair, holding him close.

Still on the sofa, Dan snuggled weakly into his boyfriend. He was a wreck. He thought he had been rid of the bullies—and especially their ringleader. But now they invaded his life once again, upsetting the small peace and balance he had created for himself. Remembering his beating at their hands made his skin crawl, his heart turn cold, the areas they had bruised tingle…and what was worse now, far worse, was their latest threat. They had threatened Mr Lester. Dan tried to tell himself that it had to be an empty threat, just blowing hot air—but he could not be sure. And he knew what they were capable of. Just the thought of it caused tears to spring forth in his eyes once again, his throat all but closing.

“Shh…shh…” Mr Lester did his best to soothe him, combing his fingers gently through his curls. But he was beyond such comfort. Just imagining Mr Lester, beaten up as he had been…and it would be all Dan’s fault. He could hardly stand to think about it. And worse, much worse—if they were exposed…Mr Lester’s life would be permanently altered—and not for the better. It would be ruined. The sheer magnitude of the risk Mr Lester had taken to be with him suddenly dawned on Dan like a hurricane. If everything came out—beyond the earth-shattering horror of losing the man he loved, Dan knew that he would come off far better. He would be seen as the victim, when really he was the instigator of the whole affair. It would be Mr Lester who would become the villain of the piece, the teacher who had groomed his student—the thought of it twisted in Dan’s stomach, making him almost gag.

“Baby?” Mr Lester suddenly made Dan meet his eyes. “What’s wrong?”

Dan could not bring himself to say. All he could manage was: “I…I’m sorry!”

“Don’t be sorry! We’ve been through this!” Mr Lester pulled him closer, and kept pulling, until Dan was sat right on his lap. “Stop it. We are together because we are supposed to be together. It’s just unfortunate that we had to meet as teacher and student. And as for…all of this…these are all circumstances beyond our control now. We’ve chosen our path. And, as bad as it is to say, despite all the hell we’ve put ourselves through—I would do it all again.”

Dan sniffed, unconvinced. He leaned guiltily into Mr Lester’s shoulder, like a child.

“It’s just bad luck, that’s all…” Mr Lester kissed his hair again, petting him. “Just bad luck…but if it meant that I could have you in my arms right now, I wouldn’t change a thing. Now, you need to stop being sorry. Whatever happens now, we’ll find a way. We’re always going to be together—until we’re old and grey and dead. And then when we come back as zombies, hey? In the zombie apocalypse!” He jogged Dan gently until he gave a small, wobbly smile. “And no matter what…we need to make the most of every minute.” He gently brushed his cheek with one finger. “Okay, baby?”
Dan swallowed hard, trying to bite back his tears. He knew that Mr Lester was right. They had made their bed now. They would lie in it, and they would find a way. And they had to make every minute count. He swallowed again, and smiled as best he could. “Even when we’re zombies.” he giggled weakly.

“That’s right, baby,” Mr Lester grinned back, his eyes very soft. “Now, how about we make the most of this evening, yeah?”

Dan nodded, resolved and determined. “Okay, Daddy.” He leaned down to kiss him affectionately. “I love you.”

Mr Lester smiled. “I’ll never tire of hearing you say that. I love you too.”

Dan smiled impishly, trying to lift the atmosphere. “Tire of what? Me telling you I love you, or me calling you Daddy?”

“Neither—I mean both,” Mr Lester chuckled, his hand slipping down onto Dan’s thigh. “I’ll never tire of you, baby, of everything you say, everything you do. I’ll never tire of any of it.” His hand began to slip higher as he kissed him, pulling him closer.

“Good thing you won’t…” Dan breathed into his neck. “Seeing as you’re going to be my husband…even when we’re zombies…” He giggled softly. It would be okay, in the end. They would go to Paris, they would get married, they would spend their lives together. He giggled again in pure joy as he kissed him again, wishing that he never had to get up off of his daddy’s lap, wishing that they could just stay exactly where they were at that moment and never have to move and let life take its course…whatever that would be.
Chapter Thirty-Four

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thank you so so much for reading, and for leaving comments and kudos! You guys are the best and I genuinely love you all <3 thank you for sticking with me!
Exciting times coming up!
Much love and more soon! <3 xxx

7:15-BABY: Good morning, Daddy xxx

7:18-DADDY: Hey, babe. What are you doing up so early? I thought you were allergic to mornings xxx

7:19-BABY: I haven’t slept much. Just on and off. Thought I’d see how you were xxx

7:22-DADDY: Please don’t tell me you’ve been up worrying xxx

7:23-BABY: I’m sorry xxx

7:25-DADDY: Don’t be sorry! If you say “sorry” again, I will go crazy. Try and get some sleep now, baby, you’ll make yourself ill. I’ll take care of you later xxx

7:26-BABY: Thank you. I do appreciate it xxx

7:29-DADDY: Just doing my job. I love you. Talk later xxx

7:30-BABY: I’m scared xxx

7:31-DADDY: I know, sweetheart. Remember—you send me everything and anything they send you, okay? And remember what I told you to do. xxx

7:32-BABY: I’d almost rather they just text something awful now rather than me not knowing whether they will or not. I don’t want to live like this xxx

7:33-DADDY: I know. Try and distract yourself. I’ve got to go to work now, or I’ll be late. I love you xxx

7:34-BABY: Have a good day. I love you too xxx

Dan sniffed as he rolled over, wrapping the duvet more tightly around himself despite the heat. He reached over to the other side of the bed, where Pooh Bear was sitting on the pillow beside him. He had been a reasonable companion through the long night, but could only be of so much comfort. Dan clutched the bear to his chest, burying his nose in the soft yellow fur and closing his eyes tightly, trying to fall asleep through sheer willpower. His eyelids were heavy, his mind almost numb with tiredness...and yet sleep would not come. He knew how ridiculous he must look, someone of his age cuddling a teddy bear, but he just needed comfort-any comfort.

He turned over again as the pillow got too warm, hating that he could not simply slip into oblivion. Even nightmares were better than the waiting. He felt quite the same about the lack of contact from
the bullies. The waiting was always, always worse than knowing, no matter how horrible the result ended up being. He would rather threats than this silence—at least then he would know what they were thinking, what they were planning, what on earth they were going to make him do.

He would have to do it, whatever it was. It couldn’t be more horrible than never seeing Mr Lester again. And especially because they had threatened him. He had not told him they had—but Dan would protect Mr Lester at all costs. It was funny—a kind of role-reversal. But still…the imaginations of his bullies worried him. This was truly the perfect model of terror-induced blackmail…

Still, sleep eluded him. His eyes itching with tiredness, Dan rubbed his face against Pooh Bear’s soft fur. It was going to be a long day.

Phil knew from the moment that Dan opened the door of his car and collapsed into the passenger seat, leaning over the gearstick for a sluggish kiss, that the boy had not slept a wink.

“Oh, Dan…” he tutted sympathetically.

“Mmmm.” Dan whimpered, curling up into a ball, his knees hugged to his chest. Phil could see that he was in no fit state for anything except being put to bed as soon as possible. He felt guilty that Dan had come out to see him—but he suspected that Dan might sleep better at his place anyway. There was always something so lovely about sleeping beside another person—humans were never made to sleep alone.

Phil sighed. He would have liked to talk to Dan about the bullies, even about Paris…but he knew that it would be fruitless. Dan didn’t need lectures, or information, or decisions to make, even nice ones. He needed looking after.

“Come on, baby,” Phil leaned over, gently rearranging him in his seat before reaching to buckle his seatbelt for him. Dan relaxed, happy to let Phil take care of him, as Phil so loved to do. He did enjoy babying Dan in this way, liked being needed and responsible, liked making sure Dan was comfortable and happy, and he was so because Phil had made it so. “Let’s get you home to bed, okay?”

“Yes…” Dan agreed, blinking hard, with the wide-eyed look of insomnia. “Home.”

XXX

“Okay, baby,” Phil murmured to him as he closed the front door behind them. He held Dan firmly in his other arm, leading him through to the bedroom. This time, there was no rush of lust, no throwing him down onto the bed, no tearing of clothes and biting of skin. He simply dropped his bag in the hall and gently sat Dan down on the foot of the bed. The poor boy could barely keep his eyes open.

“Do you want to borrow some pyjamas?”

“No…” Dan whispered, shaking his head. “It’s okay.”

“Alright,” Phil dropped a kiss on his forehead. “I’m going to get you some water, in case you get thirsty. Get yourself undressed and into bed, sweetheart, okay?”

“Okay.” Dan agreed meekly, undoing the fly of his jeans without embarrassment. But Phil moved out of the room, over-closing the door behind him. It seemed appropriate to leave him to undress alone, to make it clear that nothing was expected of him, there was no pressure or sexual undertone. He just wanted Dan to sleep peacefully, knowing he was safe. He therefore took his time pouring
Dan’s glass of water, walking slowly back to the bedroom to ensure that he had plenty of time. And when he returned, Dan was already snuggled up on his side of the bed, already looking much more relaxed. He raised his hand in a half-wave.

“Good boy.” Phil set the water down on the bedside cabinet, before climbing fully-clothed onto the bed beside him. He wrapped his body around Dan’s, taking his hand in one hand and using the other to begin to gently comb through his curls with his fingers. He knew that this relaxed Dan, made him feel safe and loved. “Now, you promise me that you’re not going to worry now, okay?”

“Mmmm…” Dan mumbled, snuggling into him. “Love you…” He stifled a yawn. Finally, it looked like he might sleep.

“I love you too, baby…” Phil murmured, kissing his hair. “Now, you just relax. You’re safe. I’m here…” He gave a small smile. “Don’t worry…about a thing…” he half-sang. “Cause every little thing…is gonna be alright…”

Dan giggled sleepily. “Mmm…” His eyes were closing, his tiredness finally beginning to consume him. The poor thing had not slept since the previous night—he was exhausted. Phil smiled at how his muscles unclenched as he lay in his arms, feeling safe and cared-for. The minutes slipped away as Dan fell gradually into a deep and quiet sleep. Phil watched over him, counting his breaths, counting the eyelashes neatly folded over on his cheeks. The stress drained out of his face as sleep finally claimed him, relaxed and happy. Phil was sure that no nightmares would come for him now…

Finally, his breaths became deep and even. Phil smiled, watching his Dan reap the benefits of the sleep his comfort had brought him. The room was so silent and peaceful—Phil dared not move his arms for fear of waking him. It was so quiet, nothing could be heard even from outside—the world was small and quiet and safe…Phil could not help his own eyes beginning to feel heavy. He found himself laying his head on the pillow, closing them, snuggling close to Dan as he felt sleep coming for him too—it was too early, too early…he would ruin his sleep cycle…but somehow, he could not bring himself to care. With a last smile at his Dan’s sleeping face, he shut his own eyes and surrendered…

XXX

“Daddy?”

Phil’s eyes snapped open. It took a few seconds for the day to come back to him—of course, Dan was here. Wait. Where was Dan? His arms were empty…and yet he had heard his voice. He blinked a few times—before he saw Dan’s smiling face looming over him.

“Baby?” he croaked, stretching slightly. Shit. He had fallen asleep in his clothes. “What time is it?”

“About nine thirty.” Dan was suddenly wide awake, and grinning.

“Nine thirty?” Phil frowned, sitting upright. He had slept for four bloody hours…

“I thought we shouldn’t mess up our sleep cycles too badly!” Dan explained, clearly desperate for Phil to get up. He was like a child on Christmas morning. “Come on!”

“What’s wrong—wait, what’s that smell?”

“I made us breakfast!” Dan explained excitedly, taking his hand and pulling him onto his feet. He lead him into the kitchen, very pleased with himself. Phil smiled, still trying to wake up. How sweet of him.
“Breakfast?” he chuckled, yawning. “It’s more like bedtime.”

“But breakfast for dinner is the best thing ever, right? Anyway, I wanted to thank you for earlier. I needed that.”

“Thank me?” Phil shook his head. “Don’t be daft. But thank you.”

“You will thank me!” Dan sang, throwing open the kitchen door and presenting the table with a flourish. “Pancakes!”

Suddenly, Phil felt very much awake. “Oh babe, you know how I feel about pancakes…”

“I know!” Dan giggled proudly, leading him over to the table and sitting him down. Phil noticed that the pan was still on the stove, the mixing bowl dripping batter onto the worktop, a pile of spilled flour beside it—but he decided not to care. He was far too excited about the plate of golden brown pancakes Dan was placing in front of him, coated clumsily and liberally in maple syrup—and grateful for the thought that had gone into it.

“Thank you.” Phil reached over to wrap an arm around his waist, hugging him quickly. “Looks amazing. You’re so sweet.” Dan merely beamed at him, getting his own plate and sitting beside him, beginning to eat hungrily. Phil tucked in himself, thoroughly enjoying them, although Dan had used far too much flour.

“You see?” Dan grinned, a little syrup dripping onto his cheek. “I’m domestic as hell. I’m going to be an excellent husband.”

“I know!” Dan giggled proudly, leading him over to the table and sitting him down. Phil noticed that the pan was still on the stove, the mixing bowl dripping batter onto the worktop, a pile of spilled flour beside it—but he decided not to care. He was far too excited about the plate of golden brown pancakes Dan was placing in front of him, coated clumsily and liberally in maple syrup—and grateful for the thought that had gone into it.

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“You see?” Dan grinned, a little syrup dripping onto his cheek. “I’m domestic as hell. I’m going to be an excellent husband.”

“You sure are, if marriage was all about making one another pancakes.” Phil laughed.

“It is, isn’t it?” Dan reasoned cheekily. “Well, that’s the bulk of it, I’m sure.”

Phil laughed again, knowing himself to be the luckiest person in the world. “Come here, clumsy.” He leaned forward and kissed his cheek, carefully licking the syrup off.

“Get off!” Dan giggled, trying to shove him away. “Stop slobbering all over me!”

“You’ve never minded before!” Phil kissed him properly, tasting the sweet syrup on his lips, taking his floury hands…Now was the time. “Hey, baby?”

“Yeah?” Dan beamed at him with those spaniel eyes.

“Just thought I ought to let you know…” Phil paused for dramatic effect. “I’m taking you to Paris…”

Dan paused for a moment, taking it in. Then—he squeaked with excitement. “Oh!”

“…next week!” Phil announced—before the wind was knocked out of him as Dan threw his arms around him, all but squeezing the life out of him. Phil laughed, leaning into him delightedly. How bizarre, to be eating pancakes at night in the kitchen with the love of his life. How wonderfully ordinary. Soon, they would be safely away in Paris...

And, as he knew…once they were there, he had big plans…
Chapter Thirty-Five

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving kudos and comments! I love hearing that you're enjoying this, it's so lovely :) so sorry there was no update yesterday, my life is crrazzzzzy, but more tomorrow! Thank you! Hope you enjoy <3 xxx

Dan had never been any good at navigating places of travel; airports, train stations=nightmares. He stood, looking hopefully up at the departures board in Kings Cross St Pancras, his suitcase at his feet, trying to work out which way to go in order to find the train that would get him to Paris. He felt like Harry Potter, unsure how to get onto platform nine and three quarters as London bustled around him. Sighing slightly, he wished that Mr Lester was here to guide him. But he had agreed—it was safer for the two of them to go separately, then find one another once the train had left London. Dan had slept far easier last night with this plan of action—well, what little sleep he could get. He was far too excited.

Ah. The lower level. Dan picked up his suitcase and wheeled it towards the escalators that lead down to the Eurostar departures. He looked down at his smartphone, on which the barcode that was his ticket glowed hopefully up at him. The gates were ahead. Dan paused, annoying several business people who had to skirt around him before going through the barrier. This was it. Excitement and nerves flickered inside him as he thought of what he was doing. No one knew that he was here, no one in the world. He was, essentially, running away. All the way to France…but he would not be alone. He would have his Mr Lester.

And he was sure…once they left, he would never be alone again. Another, bigger, jolt of excitement stirred. Paris…Paris, the perfect place…he was sure. He was sure he knew what Mr Lester was planning to do…and he was sure of his answer.

Shaking his head as if trying to expel water from his ears, he walked briskly forward and scanned his ticket through. It took two tries, but the barrier opened, and through he went, towards the rest of his life.

Security and boarder control were easy, thank goodness—he was always sure that he would do something wildly wrong in places like this and be arrested. But he got through—looking all around for Mr Lester as he did so, wondering where he was. He was here, somewhere—but Dan could not see that head of black hair anywhere.

Finally, Dan came through into the departures lounge. It was fairly quiet—only men and women dressed in smart clothing, carrying briefcases and laptops. There were a few couples, one family with young children, both of whom were asleep on the seats. He scanned and scanned the room, searching for a familiar face. And suddenly, he found it. There, in the back corner of the room, a tall man with dark hair, dressed in a red checked shirt and tight black jeans, his feet resting on a suitcase on the floor as he read a thick novel Dan knew to be Stephen King. Dan’s heart fluttered. Seeing him across the room like this, it was as if he was a handsome stranger…

Mr Lester looked up, catching his eyes. Their gazes locked for a moment—and he could have sworn that he winked. Then, calmly, he went back to his book.
Dan smiled to himself, before taking his seat on the other side of the room. It was so exciting, this playacting. He found that he fancied him even more now that he could not touch him. It was almost as if he was back in school, pining after him from behind his desk…he crossed one leg neatly over the other to wait…

XXX

The train. It was like any other inside, blue seats crammed into rows of two and three. Dan dragged his suitcase behind him through the aisle, looking from one side to another—he could not see Mr Lester anywhere. He turned back, awkwardly pacing the entire length of the train again and hoping that the other passengers weren’t. Where was he?

Suddenly—he heard a cough. There, to his right, Mr Lester sat beside the window, his book in his lap. He smiled, a glint in his eyes. “This seat is free.” he said politely, as if Dan was a stranger, indicating the one adjacent to his own.

Dan smiled coyly, playing the game. “Oh, thank you so much, sir…I’ll just put my suitcase away.”

“Oh, allow me, please.” Mr Lester got to his feet, taking Dan’s case from him and placing it carefully in the storage shelves beside his own.

“Thank you, sir.” Dan repeated, sitting down prettily in his seat. Mr Lester sat beside him, carefully sliding his novel into his backpack on the floor. He smiled at him, feeling so comfortingly familiar—and suddenly so temptingly strange, thanks to their game. It was all Dan could do not to lean over, grab him by the collar and kiss him in a way that was certainly not appropriate for this crowded carriage. “Business or pleasure?” he asked, a flirtatious edge to his voice.

“Both, I should think.” Mr Lester raised an eyebrow. “Though I wasn’t sure the latter half would start before I’d even left London.”

Dan pretended to look shocked. “How very forward of you.” he purred.

“Well, I know what I want when I see it.” Mr Lester murmured, looking at Dan as if he was a particularly delicious slice of chocolate cake.

“I can see that,” Dan leaned a little closer to him. “I’m quite the same.”

“Really?” Mr Lester did likewise. “What a coincidence.”

“It is, isn’t it?” Dan smiled sweetly—before looking away. “But I really oughtn’t talk to strangers on trains…”

“Very sensible,” Mr Lester agreed. “You never know what could be going through someone’s mind…what thoughts they might have…”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Dan feigned innocence.

“I’m sure you do, sweetheart…” Phil moved even closer, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. “I’m sure you know exactly what effect you have on men…”

“Sir!” Dan whispered back, his hand flying theatrically to his heart. “You don’t even know my name!”

“Tell me then.” Mr Lester grinned indulgently.
“Dan.” He held out his hand politely.

“Pleasure.” Mr Lester shook it solemnly—before catching Dan’s eye. Instantly, the two of them could no longer keep a straight face. Simultaneously, as the train began to pull out of the station, both of them burst out laughing. They giggled so loudly that other passengers turned to stare at them—but they were safe now, on this train full of strangers. Still holding his hand, Dan leaned over to kiss his cheek.

“I’m so excited!”

“Me too, baby,” Mr Lester squeezed his hand. “This week is going to be….unforgettable…”
Hello! So sorry there was no post yesterday! Life got crazy. Thank you so much for sticking with me! And thank you for all your kudos and comments 😄😄😄

More tomorrow, promise! xoxo

Paris. Paris, Paris, Paris. It was nothing short of extraordinary... every street seemed to be tall and narrow, every window glistening in the sunshine, every cobble seemed to shine beneath Dan’s feet. The sky above seemed endless, the streetlamps like sunbursts as the sun went down. Everything seemed to be enhanced, the colours brighter, the lights more blinding. But perhaps that was just his mood.

Dan could not believe that he was stood on the Pantheon, looking out at the actual Eiffel Tower which seemed almost within touching distance thanks to their vantage point-when just hours ago he had been at his ordinary, mundane house in England, packing his suitcase, brushing his teeth. It seemed impossible—but such was modern travel. Miraculous. The sun glared on the back of his neck, and he wished he had thought to wear looser-fitting clothes-skinny jeans in a boiling and packed tourist destination were not the best plan. But none of these could possibly dull the elation he felt simply to be out, and safe, with his Mr Lester.

“I still can’t believe we were this close to Victor Hugo’s tomb!” Mr Lester’s literary fanboy side was coming out. “The architecture! It’s just incredible!” He threw an arm around Dan’s waist as they looked out. “Really incredible...”

“Amazing.” Dan agreed. He had been awestruck by the pillars, the statues, the carved Parthenon in the stone. He gazed out at the city, still hardly believing that they were really there, and this was not all some elaborate dream. As he looked at the Eiffel tower, he felt as if he was looking at a photograph, not as part of the picture.

“I’m taking you up there tomorrow night.” said Mr Lester, following his gaze.

Dan’s heart leapt. “Oh!” he said, excitedly.

“Yes. The latest you can go up, so we will be able to see all the city lights...” Mr Lester pulled him closer. “We are truly in the city of lights. It will be so beautiful...”

Dan’s heart had leapt all the way into his throat...then began to race. The Eiffel tower...right at the top of Paris at night...surrounded by all the lights of the most romantic city in the world...oh God. Oh God. Surely, surely then was the time and the place? When else? It was the perfect time and the perfect place to...Oh God. Dan felt as if his stomach was suddenly full of butterflies-no, snakes. He knew his answer, of course he did-he had never been more sure of anything in his life. But why did he suddenly feel as if he was about to step out on stage? Perhaps it was the sheer magnitude, the reality of it...was he ready?

“Alright?” Mr Lester’s voice suddenly brought him out of his thoughts. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost!”
“Victor Hugo, probably,” Dan quipped, his voice quivering slightly. “Come on, let’s look over there!” He pointed over a cluster of tourists, the opposite direction to the Eiffel Tower, the sight of which suddenly made him feel slightly sick.

As he followed him through, Dan racked his brains. Was he ready? Of course he was—he had long since made up his mind. But…oh, it just seemed so real. It was as if he was ready to be engaged, but not to get engaged. It was just the question that was scary, for whatever reason. Everything would be fine once he had said yes.

Steadying himself, he took a deep breath. He had to just enjoy Paris. Take everything as it came.

XXX

“Oh my God!” Dan exclaimed as they left the little restaurant they had found late that evening, feeling as if a small rock was lodged in his stomach. “Why oh why did we have dessert?” He clutched his tummy dramatically.

“Why indeed?” Mr Lester wrapped his arm around Dan’s waist again, pulling him close as they walked down the street. He looked immensely pleased with himself. “You’re enjoying Paris, then?”

“I am completely in love with it.” Dan exclaimed. He grinned, looking up at the city above him. “Unfortunately, marriage between man and city is still frowned upon in most places, so I’ll have to just love from afar.”

“Shame. Good for me though, hey?” Mr Lester kissed his cheek as they made their way back to the hotel. “I’m so glad you like it. Seeing that smile on your face is just...oh, I don’t know, Danny,” He beamed at him. “Just so happy to see it. You’ve had too much of misery lately—it’s about time we got to see a bit more of that dimple.” Leaning over to Dan’s other side, he stroked it adoringly, gently tapping under his chin so he smiled. “There. That’s perfect.”

“I love you so much,” Dan said, meaning it. “Thank you.”

“Love you too, baby,” Mr Lester kissed him again, pulling him around to kiss his lips. They felt so safe in this dark, foreign city—and if he felt half as dizzy with love as Dan did, it was a wonder that he did not hang on longer, that they ever managed to carry on towards the hotel, which was a couple of streets away. “Thank you for coming with me. It would have been thoroughly miserable on my own…”

“It would have been a bit sad, yes.” Dan grinned, drinking in the night-time smell of the city, the smoke and the gentle warmth, pleasantly cooler than the harsh sun of the afternoon. Somehow, despite the day’s travelling, Dan had new energy. Summer nights were the most beautiful time of the year. Nothing else could possibly compare. They took their time, strolling back in comfort and safety, wearing their anonymity like a cloak. By the time they got back to the hotel, Mr Lester chivalrously holding open the front door and then standing back to allow him into the lift ahead, Dan felt more relaxed than he had for a long time.

“I wish we could stay here forever…” Dan murmured as they swiped their room key to open the door. He didn’t just mean Paris specifically. He meant anywhere, anywhere where they were safe, where they could just be themselves.

“Me too, baby.” Mr Lester sighed, seeming to understand, as he held the door open to let Dan enter the red and white room with the dark wooden furniture ahead of him. The enormous, soft bed, covered with squishy white pillows, was far, far too tempting to stay out of for too long...And so, it was an easy decision to make as he slipped out of his shoes, waiting for Mr Lester to do the same.
The moment he did so, straightening up, a question on his lips-happily, Dan pounced.
Chapter Thirty-Seven

Hi! I'm so sorry there was no post yesterday, life took over! More coming very, very, very soon! <3

Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your comments and kudos! And especially for sticking with me! <3

Now, hold onto your hats....xxxx

Before he had even opened his eyes that morning, Dan had smiled. He was safe, he was loved, and he was in Paris with Mr Lester…the bed was so soft, the sheets so crisp and white. It was almost too good to be true. Almost…then. Oh God. Today. Today was the day.

“Morning, Danny,” came a sleepy voice from beside him. Dan looked up to see Mr Lester leaning up on the pillows, smiling softly at him. “Sleep well?”

Dan beamed clumsily at the pet name, rubbing his hand over his eyes. “Were you watching me sleep?” he croaked. “Bit creepy…”

Mr Lester spluttered slightly. “So when Edward Cullen does it it’s romantic, but when I do, it’s creepy? Is that because I don’t sparkle?”

“No, it’s still creepy when Edward Cullen does it.” Dan grinned.

“Ah, whatever,” Mr Lester leaned down to kiss him. “You just looked so cute and peaceful. I didn’t have the heart to wake you.”

“And good thing you didn’t,” Dan murmured, narrowing his eyes slightly. “I needed some serious rest after last night…you exhausted me completely…”

“I exhausted you?” Mr Lester looked astonished. “Baby, I didn’t think you were ever going to be satisfied. What was it-four times?”

Dan giggled. “I’m impressed you kept up.”

“You keep me young,” Mr Lester grinned, kissing him again. “Anyway! Think we both need a shower before we go anywhere today!”

“Okay,” Dan nodded, snuggling back down into the pillows. “You can go first.”

“Who said anything about taking turns?” Mr Lester raised an eyebrow, before dragging him out of bed and leading him by the hand into the ensuite bathroom.

XXX

The last ascent to the top of the most famous landmark in the world was at midnight. Dan followed Mr Lester into the lift, those snakes in his stomach awakening once more-and returning from their
hibernation with a vengeance…oh God. *Oh God.*

It wasn’t the height of the tower that scared him. It wasn’t excitement about being able to actually touch the Eiffel Tower itself, after looking wistfully at pictures of it for years. It wasn’t even the beautiful city of Paris at night, all the lights twinkling up at him as if all of the stars had fallen to Earth and settled on the Paris skyline. It was…oh, *why* was he so nervous? He knew his answer, of course he did. It was just…the thought that he would step off the ground as a single man and would return to it…fiancé.

“Come on.” Mr Lester was nothing but thrilled, taking his hand and pulling him into the lift beside him. It was fairly crowded; Dan had expected—and hoped—that it would be much quieter. But the lift was full of adults, other couples, one family with teenage children…there was an unpleasant jolt inside.

“Happy?” Mr Lester’s voice broke into his thoughts.

Dan looked back at him, smiling almost too widely. “Beyond.” he said sweetly. Oh, Mr Lester did not know that he knew. He would have to look surprised, or it would be ruined. There was so much pressure…oh God, the lift seemed to be moving at snail place. As the lights grew brighter and the details dimmer, Dan looked down over Paris feeling as if he was in a drop tower—once the lift got to the top, they would suddenly plummet downwards…Dan wrapped his arms over his front, as if trying to calm all of the activity inside him. He felt so sick…

“You’ve gone pale!” Mr Lester observed, wrapping an arm protectively around his waist. “Are you okay?”

“Oh.” Dan answered, too quickly, too high-pitched. Mr Lester frowned for a second—before he smiled.

“Not scared of heights, are you?”

“Ah.” “A little.” Dan lied, the statement tasting bad in his dry mouth.

“Awwh,” Mr Lester pulled him closer, comforting him. “Silly Pooh Bear.” he cooed. Dan was contented to play sweet and scared, knowing that Mr Lester loved to baby him, and he normally adored all of the attention and being fussed over. But all the while, he felt as if every second before Mr Lester asked that fateful question, the universe was mocking him. Mr Lester didn’t seem nervous at all, looking around contentedly at Paris below them…*oh fucking hell, just ask me already.*

Finally, the lift reached the top, and Dan stepped out into the cool night air. The view was absolutely breath-taking. The lights of Paris at night genuinely looked like all of space was beneath his feet. The sky was dark with the fog of the city, the moon illuminating the clouds directly around it but nothing else, creating a sort of portal in the sky, as if the universe went on forever into moonlight. Dan felt as if he would never be able to adequately study every inch of this beautiful city by night, even if he had a thousand years…

“Stunning, isn’t it?” Mr Lester had not let him go, still thinking he was afraid of heights. “Puts everything in the world into perspective, doesn’t it?”

“It does…” Dan whispered. Oh God. This was it…

“Now, come here, you,” Mr Lester turned him around, pulling him in. “I want to kiss you on top of the world…”

Dan closed his eyes to enjoy the kiss, which seemed all the sweeter for the location. He wished that
it never had to end…but something even better was coming…surely. It was coming?

“Let’s look over there!” Mr Lester lead him over to the other side, without another word.

Nothing.

As the minutes ticked by, Dan found himself both transported by the beauty of the city-and immensely frustrated that Mr Lester was taking his sweet time. His tummy was positively in knots as he waited and waited for those words. Surely, surely…

Nothing.

It was almost time to go back down to Earth. Although he had fallen in love with the views, Dan could not help but feel frustrated as they made their way back towards the lift. All this build-up for nothing. Oh God, why hadn’t he asked? Had Dan done something wrong? But what could he have done? Mr Lester was looking adoringly at him, without a hint that anything was amiss. So then why-

“Oh, Dan?” Mr Lester suddenly put a hand on his shoulder, stopping him in his tracks. “Wait there a second.”

Dan felt as though the floor had disappeared and he was falling, falling, falling—as Mr Lester dropped down to one knee.

“Oh!” he squeaked, without meaning to. He felt as if time had stopped completely. Oh God, oh God. This was everything he had always wanted—why wasn’t his brain cooperating? Oh, screw it. Dan focused all his energy on Mr Lester’s bent head, steadying himself, making ready to hear the words he had always dreamed the love of his life would say to him. Oh God, on top of the Eiffel Tower, in the small hours, the whole universe alight below them? It was the most beautiful-

Wait.

Mr Lester’s hands were doing something strange close to the ground. Something intricate.

Oh God.

Dan plummeted back to Earth with a bump. Mr Lester was tying his shoelace.

“Sorry,” he said, straightening back up. “Came undone a while back!” He took Dan’s hand again, leading him towards the lift. “Wasn’t that just incredible?”

“Y-yeah!” Dan agreed, finding his voice somehow, his throat sandpaper. He felt strangely empty. Trying not to be angry at Mr Lester, for he really had no reason to be so, he stepped into the lift and watched as the doors closed behind them.

“I’m so glad I got to share it with you.” Mr Lester leaned up to kiss him. “I love you.”

“Love you too…” said Dan, through gritted teeth.
Chapter Thirty-Eight

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your comments and kudos! Means the world, love you guys so much <3

Hope you enjoy! More soon xxx

The palace of Versailles was every bit as wondrous as Dan had imagined. On sight as they arrived in the late afternoon, he had almost laughed at the splendour of the thing-no wonder the French hated their royalty if this was how they lived. It seemed as if every inch of the palace was knitted with gold-from the gates to the crenulations of the roof, every stone in every wall. The sheer size of it—he had never seen anything so sprawling and enormous in his life. There seemed to be thousands upon thousands of windows, glinting amid the titan stone pillars. Dan immediately understood how it would fulfil its purpose of both intimidating and impressing at once. It took his breath away. It did not seem quite real, as if the whole place was straight out of a beautiful dream.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” Mr Lester grinned, taking his hand as they walked towards it amid a throng of other tourists. “Come on, let’s try and get in before it starts to rain. I don’t like the look of the sky at all!”

He was right—though the air was still warm, the sky was a murky grey colour. It would certainly rain today, but nothing could possibly dull the golden light that the palace itself seemed to emit. Dan squeezed Mr Lester’s hand joyfully—this was history. He felt as if he was stepping back in time.

“It almost puts Brighton Pavilion to shame,” Mr Lester commented, squeezing back. “Though I love it. We went there on our first weekend away together, do you remember?”

“Of course I remember!” Dan exclaimed, rolling his eyes. “It was stunning.”

“Well, you ain’t seen nothing yet,” Mr Lester grinned, swinging their hands contentedly. “Just you wait…”

And Dan did not have long to wait at all. Every inch of the palace of Versailles almost knocked him as flat as his first sight of it. The indulgence of the place—golden, silver, bright hues of every colour, every wall covered with stunning paintings of every scene imaginable, every piece of furniture carved luxuriously. Chandeliers hung from the ceilings, glinting off the immaculate floors so that the whole scene seemed illuminated, even if the light from the huge windows was dulled slightly from the rain. Each room flowed seamlessly into the next. Dan kept hold of Mr Lester’s hand almost to keep himself from floating into the air. So much of it reminded him of Brighton Pavilion—that first weekend together, the beauty and luxury of that palace—it was certainly reminiscent. All of those old feelings came flooding back to him, the excitement, the awe, the rushes of love for the man he got to see the world with.

“Oh!” Dan gasped in wonder as they finally discovered the famous hall of mirrors. He had seen pictures, of course, but like the Eiffel Tower, nothing could have prepared him for seeing it in reality. He had never seen so much gold in his life-surrounded by mirrors and windows, the room seemed endless, as if he was stepping into another dimension of extravagance. He was almost scared to step
inside, in case it melted away from his lowly touch.

“I know,” Mr Lester grinned, enjoying Dan’s reaction as much as he was enjoying the view. “Look
at you!” he said, turning Dan to face one of the mirrors. “You’re in Versailles!”

Dan giggled a little at their reflection. In their jeans and t-shirts, they looked almost comically out of
place. “We look like such peasants!” But still—he could not help but smile. The golden glow of the
room seemed to beautify everything in its presence.

“Nah—you’d be right at home in here, I think,” Mr Lester wrapped his arms delicately around Dan’s
waist, still looking at their reflection, leaning into his shoulder. “Frankly, despite all of this beauty
around us, I can hardly tear my eyes away from you to look at it.” He kissed his cheek adoringly.

Dan scoffed—but he could not help giggling. “You’re so cheesy!”

“Yes. The very cheesiest. Even though cheese is absolutely disgusting.”

“Oh yeah,” Dan pretended to shake his head in disappointment. “I forgot you were a total freak.”

“Hey!” Mr Lester gently ticked the sides of his waist. “Don’t be mean! I’m never mean to you.”

“You’re never mean to anyone,” Dan turned to kiss him. “Literal ray of sunshine, you are. Only I
wish there was a little more sun today! Oh, look,” Dan spotted the window’s reflection in the mirror,
turning to look. “Look at the rain!”

It was true—the fragment of the magnificent gardens visible through the window was being pelted
with rain, falling thick and fast from the silver sky. “Spoils it a bit, doesn’t it?” said Dan, a little sadly.

“No!” Mr Lester shook his head firmly, his eyes lighting up. “Not a bit! Come on, then!” Suddenly,
he was pulling Dan by the hand much too quickly through the hall of mirrors.

“Hey!” Dan protested as he was dragged along. “Why the sudden hurry?”

“It’s getting late!” Mr Lester explained, not slowing even a fraction despite the evils they were
getting from other visitors. “We need to see the gardens before the palace closes for the night! Hurry
up!”

“What?” Dan shook his head in astonishment. “But it’s pouring!”

“How can we come here and not see the gardens? They’re so beautiful!” Mr Lester explained
innocently, dragging him through beautiful rooms and corridors until finally they were outside—at the
top of a stone staircase that lead down into the gardens. Dan hissed instantly as the cold rain stuck his
t-shirt to his skin. Yes, the gardens were absolutely stunning—statues, hedges, flowers, fountains, all
crafted every bit as perfectly as the inside…but the rain was more than an inconvenience. So wet was
it that the gardens, usually bustling, were uncharacteristically empty. It seemed as if they were the
only people there, in the whole, vast, beautiful landscape.

“Isn’t it amazing!” Mr Lester stood at the edge of the first stair, seemly unbothered by the weather.

“Yes!” Dan agreed politely, wishing they could go inside.

“Come on,” Mr Lester hurried back to grab his hand once more, leading him much too quickly
down the stone stairs, which had begun to smell earthy in the rain. “I have to show you the
fountain!”
“Okay!” Dan tried to be agreeable, hoping that they could find some shelter as soon as possible. He let Mr Lester lead him down, down-until finally, they turned a corner, and were faced with the most incredible water fountain he had ever seen in his life. Dan gazed at it, pausing for breath-animals, mythical creatures and humans, all seemingly made of gold, rose from the water, which shot high into the air and splashed back down into the pool, which was scattered with water droplets, the ripples from each drop of fountain and rain reaching out to embrace one another. Behind it, he could see the stunning gold colossus that was the palace of Versailles-before it, the glory of the rest of gardens, seeming to go on forever.

“Isn’t it amazing?” Mr Lester drank in the scene, again barely noticing the rain. But Dan had no such mettle. He could appreciate the scene-but all he wanted was to go inside! The raindrops spilled down the back of his neck, dripping uncomfortably down his spine.

“Any chance we can…I don’t know, stand under a tree or something?” he moaned.

“Hold on. Just a minute more. I love feeling the rain,” Mr Lester breathed deeply, drinking in the scene. “I want you to know that I’m so happy to be here with you. There is no one on Earth that I would rather see the world with. Sometimes I still look at you and I just can't believe how lucky I am. I love you so much…” He turned Dan around, kissing him deeply, his lips tasting of love and rain. Momentarily distracted, Dan allowed himself to sink into the kiss in the rain in this most beautiful location…

“I love you too.” he said, smiling up at him and the silver sky above them. “But…can we go inside now?”

“Hang on. Just a minute more.” Mr Lester repeated. Suddenly, he fished in his pocket, and brought out a shiny British penny. He offered it to Dan, who reluctantly took it. “Throw it into the fountain, baby,” He turned Dan to face the magnificent golden feature. “Make a wish.”

Sighing, Dan gripped the penny reluctantly in his fist. He rolled his eyes before he closed them, simply humouring his boyfriend. With the slightest swing backwards as the rain fell thick and fast, Dan threw the penny into the water, listening to the small splash amid the sprinkles of raindrops. A wish? *I wish we could bloody go back inside.* No. He would be kind. He would wish something nice. It was the only thing he really wanted anyway.

*I wish I could always be with him…*

What did an engagement matter, really? It was just words. They didn't need them. All Dan needed was the love he had for Mr Lester, and the knowledge that he was loved in return...

A few moments later, Dan opened his eyes, his lips poised to insist on going inside-

But his mouth was completely stopped by what he saw. Indeed, time itself seemed to stand still. For Mr Lester had dropped to one knee.

"Dan…” Mr Lester looked helplessly up at him. A nervous grin played at the corner of his mouth. “I…I had a whole speech planned and I’ve forgotten the whole thing!” He spluttered with nervous laughter. “I guess I’ll just see what comes out...right…” Reaching out, he took Dan’s hand in both of his. “Oh, Danny…” He half-laughed again, shaking his head in what was almost disbelief. “Something inside me knew, from the moment I met you, that you and I were supposed to be together. And it wasn’t long after that before I fell in love with every single aspect of you-your smile, your voice, your heart, your soul…I love the bones of you. And I never want what we have to end. You are my *person*, my other half, my-I’ll stop rambling on, I promise! You know all of it anyway,
baby.” He laughed again, his eyes bright with emotion. “So...my Daniel...Would you do me the honour...of marrying me?”

Dan felt as if he was pure sunlight, rising endlessly into the stratosphere. He felt a tear spill down his cheek as he looked down at the man he loved...his *husband*. For, of course, there was but one response.

“Yes…” he breathed, as the rain splashed in the fountain behind him, the golden fountain of the golden palace straight from a dream, where he stood before the man he loved. He had wished and hoped and dreamed—and here he was, wide awake—he knew by the cold rain on his face, the rush of the wind, and the gentle but perfect fit of his hand in Mr Lester's. Warm. Real. *Forever.* "Yes!"
Chapter Thirty-Nine

Chapter Notes

Hellooooo! Thank you so much for reading, and for all your comments and kudos! SO glad the last chapter seemed to go down well ;) sorry for the hiatus, very busy few days! Hope you enjoy! Smut and fluff to come respectively ;) <3 xxxx

Three…two…one…and-=

Just as they passed beneath a lamppost, in the pool of light beneath it, Phil grabbed Dan around the waist and kissed him hard, practically knocking him over onto the pavement.

“Hey!” Dan pretended to be annoyed, though he could hardly stop giggling. The air was very cool, but they were in absolutely no hurry to get back to the hotel. “Do you want me to make it back to the hotel without cracking my head open on the pavement? Did we even get travel insurance?”

“Alright,” Phil respectfully removed his hands from where they had been creeping lower on Dan’s back. “I’ll stop.”

“Did I say that?” Dan grabbed him by the wrists, pulling them back. “Come back here.”

“Since when were you in charge?” Phil kissed him again. Their kisses seemed to taste even better since, since…A pleasant shiver coursed down his spine every time he pictured Dan’s face when he opened his eyes to his proposal. The pavement still smelt of rain, shining in the lamp light, just like in Versailles.

“Since this was a marriage of equals,” Dan said, as if he’d read his mind. Another pleasant shiver as Dan kissed him, twice more, those eyes brighter than all of the universe of lights around them in Paris at night. He gave another nervous giggle. “I just can’t believe this is really happening!”

“I’m not!” Dan said, rolling his eyes in exasperation—then covered his mouth. “Oh-sorry.” He suddenly looked embarrassed.

“What?” Phil frowned slightly, confused.

“It’s just…” Dan smiled sheepishly, his dimple flashing. “I kind of guessed.”

“You guessed?” Phil spluttered slightly. He wasn’t really annoyed—still, had he made it that obvious? “Well, you did a good job looking surprised!”

“Come on,” Dan grinned, slipping his hand into Phil’s. “Holiday to Paris, the most romantic city in the world…but I thought you were going to ask me at the Eiffel Tower! I was bricking it the entire
time! I thought you’d ask at any minute—"

“Oh!” Phil exclaimed—before burying his head in his hand. “I knew there was something bothering you!”

“—and then you didn’t, and I kind of thought you weren’t going to—but then, oh, you did, and it was so much better for my being surprised, not looking surprised.” Dan explained in one rush, looking adorably guilty. “I was completely astonished, don’t worry.”

Phil had begun to laugh again. “Oh, baby, everything is a drama, isn’t it? Still, I’m glad you were surprised. That makes it a better story to tell.”

Dan looked down, suddenly anxious. “We can tell people soon…can’t we? Once you’re at your new school and I’m not your student any more…”

Phil thought for a second. “We’ll have to give it a bit of a grace period…” Dan’s face fell. “—but we will. Soon.” He squeezed Dan’s hand, trying to cheer him up. He didn’t want anything to spoil today. “Besides, I’m absolutely desperate for you to meet my parents. They are going to love you.”

Dan smiled again, looking a little surprised. “Oh! I never thought about your parents!”

“Well, I have them. Teachers are humans too, you know?” Phil grinned, glad to see that dimple again.

Dan looked hopeful—before his smile drooped again. “Something tells me that it will be more difficult to get my old English teacher my parents’ approval…”

Phil sighed. He was right—but he did not want to worry about the future today. “We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it. Come on, baby—I want to take my gorgeous fiancé back to our hotel room and live for precisely this moment…”

Dan hesitated…then made exactly the same decision. “You’re right.”

“I’m always right, babe,” Phil wrapped his arm around his shoulders, quickening their pace. “Now, you listen to me.” He lowered his voice. “The minute I get you into that room, I am not going to let you leave again for a long, long time. Not until I’m finished with you. And I can’t see that happening any time soon, baby…”

“Oh?” said Dan, his eyes lighting up once more.

“No…” Phil stopped them once again, kissing him rather too passionately for a public setting. “So you had better get back there quickly, sweetheart. The longer I have to wait, the longer I will have to keep you…”

Dan smiled properly, the corner twitching up cheekily. “What if I want to be kept longer?”

Phil kissed him again—before his hand finally crept low enough to grab his ass, brazenly, possessively in the street. “Good boy,” he whispered. “We do have a lot to celebrate…and a whole life to celebrate it in…”

XXX

“Yes,” Phil unlocked the hotel room door, flinging it wide open. “You get in there now.”

Giggling slightly in excitement, Dan obediently entered the room, eyes cast down demurely—before,
suddenly-a spark of mischief flashed in his eye. Spinning around on one heel, before Phil could follow him-he slammed the door shut in his face.

The breeze from the slam in his face, Phil blinked, confused. Then-he marched up to the door, leaning on the wood. “Dan? What are you doing?”

Giggling. He could hear footsteps hopping about the room, scrabbling in drawers and undoing zips. It was almost too tantalizing.

“Daniel,” Phil adopted his strictest teaching voice. “Open the door.”

More giggling. “Or what?” he called back daringly.

“Or you will be very sorry,” Already the anticipation was almost too much. Whatever Dan was up to, Phil was more than intrigued. But as he heard definite sounds of fabric hitting the floor-he felt rather jealous. How dare his baby strip without letting him watch? Perhaps he would make this some sort of rule in future...His imagination was running wild… “Daniel Howell, you come here and you open this door right now.”

“Shan’t!” Dan sang back, in his sweetest, honey-like tone. “Not until I’m ready!”

Ignoring the surge of excitement that coursed through him at whatever connotations that word may hold, Phil raised an eyebrow. “Who put you in charge, hey, baby? Since when do you get to tell me what to do?”

More giggling. Whatever Dan was doing, he sounded very pleased with himself. “It’s a surprise!”

“I can tell,” Phil folded his arms and leaned back against the door, almost out of his mind with frustration-what on Earth could Dan be up to? All Phil could think about was how much he needed to pin the boy up against a wall-and the floor-and the desk-and fuck him senseless…however, it was still very exciting to have Dan initiate whatever was about to happen-usually it was Phil who planned their nights together. But the waiting. “Come on, Danny, hurry up. I told you how impatient I was feeling. You’re going to be very sorry you made me wait for you…”

“No I won’t!” Dan called smugly. “Almost done…”

“You had better be, you little tease...” Phil growled through the door. "You have no idea what I am going to do when I get my hands on you, baby..."

“Patience is a virtue!” Dan called through the door-his voice betraying a huge smile. “Okay, Mr Lester, sir...You can come in now!”

Finally, at long, agonizing last-Phil threw open the hotel room door and entered-more than ready to properly celebrate their engagement...
Phil had barely taken two steps into the room when he noticed that something vital was missing. The bed was perfect, nothing touched on the desk, not a single cushion out of place. However…there was absolutely no sign that anyone else was in the room at all. There was absolute silence. Not so much as a giggle.

“Daniel?” he called out, closing the door behind him. It was only then that he noticed that something was new. Something had changed…namely, on top of the bedside table, there now lay something black, flat and about the size of a large hairbrush…but before he could get a good look—he was very, very distracted.

“Yes, sir?” Suddenly, from behind the bed—Dan himself sprang up. But he was not dressed in the black t-shirt of that afternoon, which he had worn to Versailles, which he sported in the joyful, tearful post-engagement selfies they had taken earlier. Instead…Phil’s breath caught sharply in his throat. He was sporting a crisp white shirt, the top button undone—his school tie knotted loosely beneath the open collar. The school shirt was untucked, over his black skinny jeans, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He had even draped his school satchel over one shoulder, hanging cutely onto the strap as he always did when he was nervous. Equally cute was his carefully innocent smile—and the very cheeky glint in his eyes. Phil felt as though he had suddenly been transported back to his old classroom—with Dan standing tantalizingly in front of him; bright-eyed, irresistible…he spluttered for a second.

“Baby?” he asked, running a hand through his hair in delighted confusion. “What-?”

“Mr Lester?” Dan prompted, raising an eyebrow. He tugged on his tie in a most appealing way, waiting for the game to begin. “Just brought this along…since you’ve given me so much, Daddy…I wanted to give you a special treat…What do you think?” He gave a little spin, showing himself off with that delicious new confidence…before waiting rather anxiously for Phil’s reply. He gestured to the bedside table. “I’ve also bought you a little gift. Look—"

He had not long to wait.

“Well, where can I begin?” Immediately, Phil sprang into character, the excitement practically bursting inside him. God, he loved the boy so much…but he kept himself measured, walking slowly towards Dan to inspect him. “Firstly, you have completely flouted school uniform regulations. Buttons undone, tie askew, shirt untucked—jeans, Howell! You know full well that jeans are explicitly banned! And lastly…” Phil looked down at the floor, ignoring Dan’s soft giggles at his performance. “White socks in place of black. Dear dear, Howell…anyone would think you were deliberately trying to provoke me,” He looked back up, meeting Dan’s gaze and shaking his head. “This is simply not good enough,” Dan was still giggling, delighted that his plan was working so well. “Oh, you think this is funny, do you?” he snapped.
“N-no sir!” Dan said, swallowing hard and trying to stop smirking.

“This is very serious, Howell,” Phil was making much of calling him rather disdainfully by his surname. “You have been far too cheeky for far too long. I have been much, much too soft on you, practically letting you get away with murder. I will not be made a fool of. You need to learn that breaking my rules has severe consequences…”

Dan’s eyes lit up—but he carefully cast his eyes down, trying to look guilty. “I’m sorry, sir.” he murmured.

“Yes, you might well be sorry,” Phil walked smartly over to the desk, sitting down in the chair and making himself comfortable. He looked up at Dan, arranging his features into his strictest teaching expression. “But sometimes, sorry just doesn’t cut it. Now…we really must discuss this entirely inappropriate attire. I am extremely disappointed in you. You know that what you wear has an absolutely devastating effect on your education!” With this, he had to truly fight to keep a straight face—but he just about pulled it off. “I think that your attitude towards your uniform is entirely beyond repair—therefore, I believe that there is only one solution.”

“Sir?” Dan asked sweetly, clutching the strap of his satchel tightly.

Phil fixed him with a very severe look. “Take it off.”

Dan pretended to look shocked…then, he dropped his bag. Slowly, and keeping eye contact with Phil at all times, he reached up and began to unbutton his shirt. “Of course, sir.” he said obediently. “Be quick about it.” Phil ordered him—and so he sped up, casting his tie aside before letting his shirt slide from his shoulders to the floor. There he stood, shirtless, his jeans so tight against his thighs…

“And those jeans. You know that they are banned. I want to see them off of you and on the floor in thirty seconds, or else you will be in detention for a month.”

Instantly, Dan had unzipped them, wiggling out of them and casting them aside. To Phil’s pleasure, he was wearing his personal favourite black boxer shorts. They looked so gorgeous on him, the black contrasting so beautifully with his pale skin…but still, there was something missing. “And those socks.” he said, looking at Dan’s sweet white socks, imagining frills around the ankles. They would be so cute on him…Dan had bent down and was slipping his socks off. Finally, he stood before him, acting shy and yet wonderfully shameless—almost perfect. But he would withhold the perfection for a while yet…

“Good,” Mr Lester let himself stare, taking in every inch of the boy he loved. “Good…finally respectable.”

Dan giggled again, his cheeks delicately pink with pleasure.

“Did I say something amusing?” Mr Lester snapped, raising an eyebrow. He sighed deeply. “Giggling away, standing practically naked in front of your teacher like this…You really are the most disgraceful little slut, aren’t you, Howell?”

Dan did his best to look ashamed. “Yes, sir.” he agreed, demurely.

“What are you?” Phil demanded. “Answer me.”

“A disgraceful little slut, sir.”

“Who is?” he pressed.
“Me, sir,” Dan said, slightly louder. “I am a disgraceful little slut.”

“That’s right, Howell. A+. That’s exactly what you are,” Phil shook his head, giving another heavy sigh. “You are not fit to wear a reputable school’s uniform. In fact, were it up to me, I would say that you are entirely unfit ever to wear clothes again.”

Dan’s eyes sparkled beneath his eyelashes.

“Yes, that’s right. I think you need to forget all about them for the foreseeable future. No more clothes for you, baby,” Phil said firmly. “Not until I say so. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.” Dan said meekly.

“Good boy…” Phil leaned back slightly. “You are learning to listen to your elders and betters… now. What on Earth are we going to do with you?” He pretended to think. “I believe a week of detentions ought to suffice…however…” He looked up expectantly at Dan. “You may be in need of something a little more…severe…”

“Please sir,” said Dan, taking a step forward. “I think that we can come to some kind of arrangement…”

“Oh yes?” Phil raised an eyebrow. “And what is that? What is going on in that pretty little head of yours?”

Dan took another step forward. “I’ll do anything to get out of trouble, sir…”

Phil sat up a little straighter. “Will you, now? Perhaps you had better come and tell me about it.”

Dan knew exactly what he ought to do now. He walked slowly towards Phil’s chair, before pausing directly in front of him. Then he climbed onto Phil’s lap, straddling him face-on. “Have you locked the classroom door?” he asked him impishly.

“You bet I have…” Phil slipped his hands around Dan’s waist, pressing gently into the soft flesh. “You don’t have a boyfriend, do you, honey?”

“Nope,” Dan grinned. “Fiancé, actually.”

“Well, I’m sure he won’t mind me borrowing you…” Phil murmured with a small smile, his heart glowing pleasantly at the word. “You are just so gorgeous… it’s pretty selfish of him to keep you all to himself, isn’t it?”

Dan giggled, his face very close to Phil’s. “Very selfish.” he whispered.

“So…” Phil lowered his voice even more. “What does a little slut like you think he can do to get himself out of trouble?”

“Oh, I’m sure I can think of a couple of things…” Dan shifted slightly, pressing himself closer into Phil’s lap, one hand buried in his sleek black hair, his soft, full lips practically pouting. Phil could not wait a moment longer. He leaned in to kiss the boy—but suddenly, Dan pulled back, his eyes wide, as if he had never been kissed in his life. “Oh, sir, I really shouldn’t… my fiancé is definitely the possessive type…”

“Well, I’ll beat him up,” Phil breezed, winking—before taking Dan’s face rather roughly in his hand. “You are supposed to be winning me over, Howell. I can see how much you want to… now, listen up. You kiss me or you will be very, very sorry…”
Dan breathed in heavily, enjoying every little threat for all it was worth. “Yes, sir…” He leaned forward, before kissing him…slowly, tentatively, just like their first kisses…before it became steadily harder…faster…much, much more frantic…in no time at all, Dan was beginning to tear at Phil’s clothes, trying to find entrances with a desperation that truly echoed their first meetings. Phil felt almost nostalgic, remembering all of the reasons why he had fallen in love with him in the first place. But there was no time for that now. Phil gasped as they came up for air, digging his nails into Dan’s bare back.

“Good boy…” he growled, gently biting at his lip. “But remember…this is supposed to be a punishment…”

“Mmmm…” Dan purred, tentatively undoing Phil’s top button. “I can take anything you want me to, sir. I am so very sorry…I need you to teach me better…”

“Exactly. You know exactly what happens to cheeky little tarts like you…” Phil looked over to the bedside table. “Now. I want to walk very, very slowly over to the bedside table, so I can see you. Then…I want you to fetch me that new toy which had mysteriously and conveniently appeared on your side of the bed…”

Dan giggled happily, so excited to use the little gift he had somehow managed to sneak past Phil until now. He got to his feet and began to walk as instructed to the table, even swaying his hips a little for Phil’s benefit. He looked a little awkward, but the thought was heartening—and his ass was so damn good that it hardly mattered anyway. “Good boy…” he praised him, knowing how Dan liked to be petted. “Now, fetch.”

Dan gave a cute little “Woof, woof!”, giggling again. It seemed that he could not stop.

“Oh, are you a puppy now, hey?” Phil leaned on his elbow. “If you’re going to act like a dog, then you can fetch your new toy in your mouth, can’t you? Go on. Pick it up and bring it here.” He whistled quietly. “Fetch.”

With a little difficulty, Dan managed to lean down and close his lips over the handle of the new toy, before turning to come back-

“No, no…” Phil shook his head, gesturing to the floor. “You are going to crawl like a good little puppy, aren’t you?”

Obediently, Dan knelt down and crawled, reaching him in a matter of seconds—but this was more than enough time for Phil to enjoy watching him. “Stay down there.” he ordered, as Dan dropped the toy into his lap. Phil inspected it, a flicker of excitement inside him. It was a large, black paddle, with two heads that made a very satisfying swish-crack! when he experimentally tapped the palm of his hand with it. Oooh. Phil loved it when Dan’s own kinks came out to play in this manner. He saw Dan’s shoulder blades tighten as he heard the sound, still on his hands and knees.

“You are going to crawl like a good little puppy, aren’t you?”

“Thank you for bringing this over,” Phil said, his voice very measured. “Though you are a very bad boy for hiding this away, baby…I think that you are going to need even more teaching than I thought…you had better get yourself ready…”

Dan merely shivered with excitement. He made to stand up to make his way over to the bed—but Phil stopped him firmly. “No, baby…you don’t get to sit on the bed. The floor is plenty good enough for you…you stay right where you are, and don’t move a muscle…” He got to his feet and made his way over to his own suitcase, fishing in the side pocket until he found what he was looking for. A small length of rope, looped at one end. He pulled it tightly between his hands, testing it—before slapping the new paddle casually against his thigh. He heard an excited gasp from behind him, and
chuckled to himself. He straightened up and carefully walked around Dan, who kept his eyes
demurely on the carpet. Kneeling himself, he carefully tied the loose end of the rope around the leg
of the desk, making sure it was absolutely secure. The desk was heavy enough to keep still, even
when he shook it experimentally…and so, without further ado, he grabbed Dan’s wrist and looped
the rope around it, pulling it tightly. “You’re not going anywhere…You’re going to take everything
Daddy gives you, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, Daddy.” said Dan, his voice quivering, loving that Phil was allowing him to call him Daddy
again. He knew what it did to him…

“Good. Who do you belong to, honey?”

“Y-you, Daddy,” he whispered. “I’m yours…forever.”

Phil’s heart glowed—but he stayed focused. “That’s right, babe. Now…are you ready to learn your
lesson?”

Dan nodded.

“Answer me.” Phil demanded, tapping Dan’s thigh with the palm of his hand.

“Y-yes, Daddy!” Dan cried out, the anticipation almost too much for him already.

“Good…” Phil growled, fingering the paddle. “That’s my good, sweet boy…now, you had better
brace yourself, because you are not going to forget tonight any time soon…”
Dan heard the *swish-crack*!-then cried out as he felt the glorious sting across his bare skin, that itch that nothing else could scratch finally fading, the need for his daddy to spank him. Nothing else turned him on quite so much, the new sensation of the paddle sharpening the sensation wonderfully. He sort of preferred a bare, warm hand, it felt more personal-but the mere sound the paddle made was good enough to make up for it. *Ohhh*…he had imagined this for so long. And now it was happening, it was almost too much to bear. It drained him of everything, leaving him with nothing but the simple, basic urge to be fucked, to be fucked hard, and soon, or he would die.

“*Please…*” he whimpered in desperation. “*Please, Daddy…*”

*Swish-crack.* Mr Lester brought the paddle down hard, drawing another cry of pleasure and pain out of him. “Please what? What could a little slut like you possibly have to say for himself?”

“Please-“ he begged. “*Please…fuck me.* I-I need it-I-”

*Swish-crack.* “Thank you for asking so nicely, baby…but I don’t think you’re quite ready yet…”

“*Please-“* Dan felt himself growing more and more desperate-he knew how Mr Lester loved to hear him plead. It usually wore him down. “*Please, Daddy.*”

“No, baby,” said Mr Lester firmly. “Not until I decide it’s time. I told you that I was through letting you off so easily. You think you can get away with everything because you know how much Daddy loves your pretty little ass. Well-I think you need bringing down a few pegs before you are fit to be fucked…”

Dan moaned. He closed his eyes, his fingers digging into the soft carpet. He could feel the ache below-though he was already on his hands and knees, he felt he could twist up into a ball with the frustration of it. But he knew that sweet release would come…he just had to be patient…Mr Lester took his time. He continued to spank him mercilessly. The sensation of it, the thought of Mr Lester, the whole situation…suddenly, something clicked inside him. *Yes…oh God, yes…*He could feel himself starting to grow closer and closer…something was tightening…the most intense feeling building inside him…

“Daddy…” he managed to gasp.

“You can’t seem to keep that pretty mouth shut today, can you?”

“Daddy…” he whispered. “I-I’m close…”

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Chapter Forty-One

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your kudos and comments! Means so much-I love hearing your thoughts! <3 love you all, hope you're doing well

On another note-if I said that I would take requests for phanfics, would anyone be interested in offering any? :)

Hope you enjoy! More soon xxx
Mr Lester paused-then gave a short, sharp laugh. “Just from spanking? You little tart…” *Swish-crack.* Dan cried out again-before he suddenly heard the sound of something thudding against the wall, falling to the ground. Mr Lester had thrown the paddle aside. He pulled Dan roughly around so that he lay on his back on the floor, one arm now wrapped around his head as his bound wrist held fast. His cock was straining…he was so desperate to alleviate the pressure with his free hand-but he knew better. He had to wait for Daddy… “I don’t know if anyone has ever been quite such a slave to their body as you, baby. *Ordinary* people can control themselves…but not you. You…” He leaned down over him, beginning to kiss his neck, trapping Dan between his arms and legs. “…are *extraordinary*…and Daddy’s little slut…”

Dan gasped as Daddy kissed down his chest…he knew, he could feel it-the moment he was touched, he would cum…oh God, Mr Lester’s lips on his tummy, gently biting…it felt so good. He was so close…so close…Mr Lester moved lower, and lower, and…

“Daddy,” he managed to say. “Daddy…please can I-?"

Suddenly, Mr Lester looked up. He took his hands away, his lips from Dan’s crotch. “*No,* baby. You are absolutely forbidden to cum.”

Dan blinked, shocked-but with one look at Mr Lester’s face-he knew he had to obey. He closed his eyes, concentrating-and almost burst into tears with frustration. He had been so close. “You are so mean!” he said suddenly, aching.

“Yep,” said Mr Lester dispassionately. “You are being punished, baby. I know you don’t like it, but you will thank me later on.”

“Mmmmm!” Dan whined, feeling his erection beginning to soften. He lay helplessly on the carpet, knowing that he could do nothing but wait for Daddy to tell him what to do next.

“You’re mad at me now, hey?” Mr Lester lay down beside him, wrapping his arm around Dan’s waist.

Dan sniffed, still frustrated.

“Awwh, Danny…” Mr Lester pulled him closer, gently combing through his curls with his fingers. “Come on. I love you…” He began to kiss him, less frantic, more loving. Eventually, Dan gave in, melted by the nickname and the affection. It took only a few minutes for him to slide back into the zone, deepening their kisses until he could feel his heart racing once again. With his free hand, he began to search again for entrances into Phil’s clothes. This time, Phil did not stop him. He permitted Dan to unbutton and remove his shirt, tossing it aside, before reaching down to his jeans. As he did so, Mr Lester got to his feet, letting his jeans fall to the floor and kicking them off. Dan attempted to stand as the lips he had been kissing were no longer within reach-but, of course, he was secured by his wrist. A new shiver of arousal coursed through him as he savoured his powerlessness—and the power Mr Lester had over him.

“Yes, that’s right…” Mr Lester said, his voice once again taking on that low edge that Dan was helpless to resist. “You stay down there, where you belong. I think you’re learning now, baby. You belong to your daddy, and he is in charge of you. You’re to be a good little fuck doll for him, and absolutely nothing else. Do you understand?”

Dan nodded. “Yes, Daddy.”

“What do you understand?” Mr Lester prompted.
“I’m going to be a good little fuck doll for you, Daddy.” he whispered obediently, feeling a tightening at the bottom of his belly once again. He was ready…

“Mmmm…” Mr Lester said approvingly. “Such a good boy…prove it then…”

Dan didn’t need asking twice. He knelt up, with difficulty, and used his free hand to wrap around Mr Lester’s waist, steadying himself and digging his nails slightly into his bare back. Then, he lowered his hand to pull Mr Lester’s boxer shorts off, before beginning, with renewed vigor, to suck. Oh…no matter how many times they made love, his enormity always seemed to come as a surprise…quickly, he began to make small, choking noises, knowing how Mr Lester loved to hear them. He grunted in satisfaction, gently stroking Dan’s hair-before grabbing a handful of it as he sucked harder. Dan relished the pain, wanting only more, and more…

When he was ready-Mr Lester stopped Dan’s mouth. “Good boy…” He knelt to the floor, crawling over him so that Dan was once again trapped. He took hold of Dan’s free wrist, pinning it to the floor as he reached over to take the rope around his bound one. Carefully, he widened the loop just so, before taking Dan’s free hand and sliding it in, tightening the rope around both of his wrists. When he was sure it was secure, he pulled Dan down slightly over the carpet, so that both hands were locked firmly above his head. Dan could feel his own erection now straining once again as he looked up at Mr Lester, completely at his mercy. “Now, that’s exactly how I like you…” he said, running his hands over the rope. “I should always keep you tied up like this…” He made a small guttural noise in his throat. “Fuck, Dan Howell…You have no idea how crazy you drive me…”

Dan always took note when Mr Lester swore, for he so rarely did. It was high praise this time, and he relished it, as well as the use of his full name—before, at last, he felt fingers inside him, fingers which knew exactly what to do… “Daddy…” he moaned, closing his eyes—before he felt a large hand clap firmly over his mouth.

“Did I give you permission to speak?” he whispered, pushing deeper inside him so Dan squeaked behind his clasp fingers. “You are my little fuck doll, aren’t you? I can do anything I want to you…” Suddenly, his hands slipped down onto Dan’s neck—and began to gently squeeze.

Dan’s whole body shook as he choked. Oh God…yes…YES…He swore he had never been so turned on in his life. He heard himself making small choking sounds as Mr Lester carefully pressed on his throat…

“Oh, you like that, do you?” Mr Lester sounded delighted. “I shouldn’t even be surprised any more…You are just perfect…”

Dan could not speak if he tried, sinking into this new, amazing sensation…within moments, he felt himself on the edge once again—but before he could, he gasped the last of his air out as Mr Lester began to fuck him. Letting up for a second so Dan could breathe, Mr Lester kept a hold of his throat as the desk creaked dangerously beside them. It was incredible…Dan swore that every time they fucked, he saw a new colour. They had been running low on lubricant, so it was tighter, rougher—but Dan found that he loved it. More…more…He gasped for air, his bound hands digging into the carpet as he looked desperately up at Mr Lester, who seemed to be enjoying it every inch as much as Dan was.

“Harder, Daddy…”

After what could have been hours…Mr Lester bit down on Dan’s shoulder as a rush of wet heat filled him. He adored this feeling—to lie back, to feel so fused with another person—when he had finished, Mr Lester pressed down on Dan’s throat once again, reaching down with his other hand to stroke him. “Cum for me, baby…I love you so much…” he whispered. And moments later—with a
cry-so much better for his having to wait…

It would always be this way. Always…
Chapter Forty-Two

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for leaving comments and kudos! Means so much <3

Remember I'm taking suggestions if there is anything you would like to read—even in this fic if there's a chapter you want ;)

More soon, hope you enjoy some nice fluff :) xxx

“If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, ’twas but a dream of thee.
And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.”

Dan grinned, opening his eyes to see bright sunlight coming in through the window. He looked up at Mr Lester, who was still sleeping beside him, his mouth slightly open, his arm clumsily slung over Dan’s chest. His fiancé. Dan’s heart glowed at the sight of him, his face comical from sleep, his breaths deep and even. He did not have the heart to wake him, trying not to move too much…and yet, identically, he did not think that he could wait a moment longer for their first day as an engaged couple to begin. Besides-after last night’s wonders, it was little surprise that he was so hungry. And so sore. Dan winced as he shifted slightly. The roughness had been incredible—but now he was paying the price.

He looked again at Mr Lester, staring very hard in the hope that he could wake him up with sheer willpower. He wanted attention—and pancakes. In that order.

Finally-Mr Lester stirred. “Mmmf…” After a few attempts, he managed to open his eyes. “Morning, baby…” he croaked. A small smile crept onto his lips as the events of last night washed over him. “You’re up before me for once!”

“I am,” Dan leaned in to kiss him, persisting until Mr Lester sleepily kissed him back. “Shall we go out for breakfast?”

Mr Lester shook his head once, rubbing a hand across his eyes—before they glinted. “You’re not allowed out of this room until I say so, remember?”

Dan giggled. “Of course.”

“Besides,” Mr Lester said, gently combing Dan’s hair with his fingers. “Even if I do, I still haven’t given you permission to wear any clothes.”

Again, Dan giggled, remembering their little performance. “Well, that is a problem.”

“Indeed,” Mr Lester said, kissing his nose. “And just now I want you to stay exactly where you are, dressed exactly how you are…or not dressed exactly how you are.” His hand slid under the cover to
draw Dan closer to him. “I want you all to myself...” He smiled. “You look so lovely first thing in
the morning. I’m so lucky....I’m going to get to wake up beside you until I die.”

Dan spluttered slightly at the morbid subject matter. “Or I die.”

Mr Lester raised an eyebrow, pretending to look stern. “No. You are absolutely forbidden to die
first.”

“No!” Dan protested, giving him a gentle nudge. “I don’t want to be on my own!”

“Well, that’s just tough, Danny-boy,” Mr Lester nudged him back, grinning. “You might be sick of
me by then anyway. Glad to see the back of me. Or maybe after seventy years together you’ll be the
one to finally do me in!”

“Maybe I will. Watch out if I start using almond milk in your coffee...” Dan gave a small evil laugh-
but seventy years together. It was far too big a number to comprehend first thing in the morning.
Then, he thought of something else. “If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred
minus one day, so I never have to live without you.”

Mr Lester smiled in spite of himself-then snorted. “You are so cheesy, Pooh Bear!” Without
warning, he reached under the duvet and began to tickle him. Dan squealed, seizing up-before
retaliating as best he could. As they struggled, a giggling tangle of arms and legs, it was all Dan
could do not to whoop at the top of his voice. He was just so happy.

When the small battle had fizzled out, Dan lay back in Mr Lester’s arms, wishing that there was
some way he could bottle a moment up and keep it forever. But there were lots more moments to
come.

“Well, after careful consideration, I have decided that you are still not allowed to get dressed, baby.”
Mr Lester said, kissing the top of his head. “So let’s get some room service. Crepes?”

Dan giggled. “You know it.”

“Good boy,” Mr Lester kissed him again. “It is such a lovely day-I do feel that we ought to go out... but at the same time, I so do not want to share you today. I like it best when you’re all mine.”

“I’m always all yours.” Dan said lightly, snuggling into him.

“Yes, you are, babe,” Dan could tell by Mr Lester’s voice that he was beaming. “Officially.”

“Officially,” Dan turned over to kiss the first part of him he could reach, which turned out to be his
chest. He could feel his heart beating beneath his lips as he looked up into those kind blue eyes. “I
love you.”

“I love you too.”
“Can we get married?” Dan demanded the moment the Eurostar set off, carrying its two most reluctant passengers back to London.

Phil jumped slightly, laughing in surprise. “What, like, this minute? I know trains have aisles, Dan, but—”

“Well, soon.” Dan said, leaning his head on Phil’s shoulder as the train slowly gathered speed. Phil could tell that he was as gutted as he was that their beautiful holiday was ending.

“Okay, baby, the minute we get to London we’ll get right on a plane and go to Vegas, yeah?”

“No!” Dan’s eyes lit up.

“No!” Phil laughed, shaking his head as he threw an arm around Dan. “Come on, Danny, we haven’t even been engaged a week! What’s the hurry, hey?”

“I guess…” Dan shrugged, trying not to look too disappointed with what he knew in his heart had been a joke. “I’m just impatient, I suppose. It’s like…it’s like I just really want to be married to you.”

He smiled up at him shyly. “I just want you to be my husband.”

Phil beamed. “That’s so sweet. But there is no need to rush. I think we should at least tell our parents first, hey?”

“Oh…” Dan blinked a few times. Phil knew how he felt-Paris had been such a bubble. It was so easy to forget what they really were, that practicalities existed, and what the implications of those practicalities might be.

“And we should live together first,” he continued. “You know, to check you don’t have any habits I can’t bear to live with.” Playfully, he nudged him in the ribs.

“Hey! All of my habits are utterly delightful!” Dan shoved him back. “What about you, hmm? If you steal my cereal, I swear to God—“

“and, as I said before, we definitely ought to give it a grace period before we tell anyone. Just let the dust settle, once I’ve moved on and you’re officially not my student any more. Even then, we should wait until you’ve left school,” Phil absent-mindedly played with a curly lock of Dan’s hair. “There’s no hurry at all.”

Dan fidgeted, sighing. “Why do you have to be so sensible about everything?” But he smiled. “I do want to move in with you, though. As soon as possible.”
“Well, I’d be very happy to take you home right now, but again, I think it’s important to do this properly. Everything above board from now on.” Phil combed his fingers through his curls affectionately. “Okay, baby?”

“Okay,” Dan agreed, somewhat reluctantly. He snuggled closer into Phil, tucking himself firmly beneath his arm. “Oh, I don’t want to go home. My bed is going to feel so big and empty after so long beside you…”

“As will mine,” Phil swallowed uncomfortably, biting his lip as he considered this rather miserable prospect. “But it won’t be for long—we’ve still got the whole summer together, after all…”

“And the next.” Dan reminded him.

“Yes!” Phil grinned—then suddenly, his hand whipped around and he began to tickle him. “And the next, and the next, and the next!” he said over Dan’s delighted squeals and protests, ignoring that they were being rather loud in this public carriage. He was much, much too happy. “And the next, and the next!”

14:03-unknown number: Haven’t forgotten about you. (undelivered)
14:03-unknown number: Everything I say or I will tell (undelivered)
14:05-unknown number: Reply (undelivered)

And it was. Usually, Dan’s school holidays consisted of occasional days out with friends, a holiday with his parents and otherwise just many hours of gaming, watching movies and procrastinating any tasks he had had to complete. However, now, those days (and nights) out became wonderfully frequent, and those hours of gaming, music and even procrastination were often shared. For the first time, Dan found himself looking forward to the future with the kind of optimism he had never dared hoped for…

But for now, he sat curled up in a deckchair, the sun beating down on him with an intensity that concerned him greatly—he dreaded another dance with the devil that was sunstroke. Jamming his sunhat further down on his head and carefully applying another layer of sunblock to his legs, he looked up through dark glasses into the Spanish sky, the Costa del Sol more than living up to his name. For this was it—the annual family holiday.

Of course he was enjoying himself—it was nice to spend some time with his family, especially since he was out of the house so much these days. However, he could not help but miss Mr Lester terribly. It was even worse since his mobile phone did not get signal abroad—he could only check it when there was wifi, and even then text messages did not show. They could have no contact at all…but he knew that Mr Lester was thinking of him too. He sniggered a little to himself at that—he wondered how long they would have to be married until he would start calling him Phil. Mr Lester tasted far better on his tongue, but surely it couldn’t last forever—he could not still refer to him as Mr Lester when they were in their sixties. But for now, it remained far too hot to let go…

How perfect would this holiday have been if Mr Lester could have come too? How wonderful…but all in good time. Perhaps, after he and Mr Lester were married, they could have a big family holiday, with everyone…that would be fantastic. All the talk of waiting—Dan grew more impatient by the
moment. Especially since…

Dan smiled. He put his hand to his throat, feeling the thin, cool links of the chain which now hung there. And on the end of the chain…carefully hidden beneath his t-shirt, a circle of unbreakable silver.

“Before you go away…I think you’d better have something to remember me by.”

Dan could hardly believe it. He felt as if he was in a movie. Here he was, on holiday with his family…with a secret engagement ring on a chain beneath his shirt. He longed to wear it—and he did whenever he was alone. When Mr Lester had slid it onto his finger, alone in their flat—for he had begun to think of it as theirs—he had wept. Though he had laughed at him at first—he could see tears in Mr Lester’s eyes too. It had been almost as beautiful as Versailles…

But for now, it was hidden. Hidden away, like their relationship, carefully under his shirt until the time was right. Soon. Please soon…
Chapter Forty-Four

OKAY WOW I AM THE WORST. I'm so sorry for not updating for the last week-I've had a family member fall badly ill, but they're on the mend now so I'm back to writing! Missed you guys so much! Thank you so much for sticking with me. More tomorrow, I actually promise this time! Business as usual <3 xxx

Phil cleaned his flat with a sluggishness that all too well conveyed his lack of enthusiasm for the task. The state of his flat meant that he could not put it off any longer—but he could summon no gusto for it. As he dusted the top of his chest of drawers, he smiled at the smallest drawer to the top left—that had become “Dan’s drawer”, where he stored the things he left at Phil’s place. He gently eased it open, looking in at the toothbrush, the deodorant, the hairbrush, spare t-shirt, and the spare boxer briefs he kept there. Though he opened this drawer far more often than sanity would suggest, it was still lovely to have some part of him. He missed him terribly. Not being able even to text was most frustrating…his boy would be home soon.

As he swept the last of the dust onto his cloth, throwing it neatly away, Phil looked from the open drawer down at the mobile phone in his pocket he had been picking up and putting down since he had woken up. Now. He would do it now. Like the dusting of his flat—it was something he could not put off any longer. He had promised himself. Today.

He flicked through his contacts, pressing dial before he could talk himself out of it. There were three rings, before—

“Hi, Mum,” said Phil, sitting down heavily on the bed. “Yeah, I’m fine, thanks. How are you?” Phil listened for a while to his mother, making appropriate sounds as she chatted away to him. He loved her so much—the worst thing about his new location was being so far from home. But still—nerves twisted in his stomach like snakes.

“Look, Mum,” he said, finally. “There…there was a reason I phoned, actually. Er…” He swallowed hard, his mouth very dry. “I…I’m not sure how to begin…No, no, it’s nothing bad! I’m fine! I…I wanted you to be the first to know…Dan, his name is Dan…oh, he’s absolutely wonderful, Mum, you’re going to love him…But—let me get a word in! I—I wanted you to be the first to know…” He took a deep breath. “We’re engaged!”

Again, he laughed at the shriek, having to hold the phone slightly away from his ear as the barrage of demands for further information came. “I know, it’s a bit sudden for you, but…Paris, a few weeks
ago…Yes! Sorry, I should have told you! But Mum, I have never been so happy. Never in my life…
I know! I can’t wait for you to meet him too!…It’s such a relief to tell you, we’ve been so quiet for so
long-oh, hi Dad!…Yeah, we’re getting married!…Thank you! I’m so excited!”

It was so amazing simply to talk about Dan. Finally, after telling his parents and hearing their delight
for him, it felt like an ordinary relationship between two human beings who had met, and fallen in
love. Finally, its beauty was not tarnished by boundaries, or roles, or laws. Now, all he had to do was
wait to hear back from his interviews for new schools, and for Dan’s plane to land back on British
soil, and their lives together could begin…

“Dearest Wi-Fi…oh, how I have missed you!” Dan almost kissed his phone as he sat in the Spanish
airport lobby, waiting for their return flight to London. This was the first Wi-Fi he had found over the
course of the whole holiday! He did not want to sound ungrateful for the lovely time he had just had
with his family, the sun and the beaches…but there was something so comforting about those little
lines curving around one another that told him he was connected to the internet. It was sad, really—but
it was true!

The moment he had tapped into the airport Wi-Fi, lounging as best he could in the hard lobby chair,
his phone began instantly to buzz. There they were-Facebook notifications, emails, Twitter, Tumblr-
all those familiar colours flashing up at him. They comprised quite a backlog as he sorted through
them-nothing of importance, but all a pleasant welcome back into the real world. Dan smiled,
crossing his legs beneath him. As he shifted, he felt his engagement ring bounce on the chain around
his neck, still safely hidden beneath his t-shirt…in a few short hours, he would be back in Mr
Lester’s arms…

Suddenly, Dan frowned. As he scrolled down his Facebook messages, through groupchats and
missed hellos-his heart stopped.

An unfamiliar face. An unfamiliar account. From a week ago-a week in which he had had no Wi-Fi.
But the moment he read the message-he knew that there was only one person it could be from.

Check your texts faggot.

Reply or I tell.

A week ago. A whole week ago.

He had not replied.

Horror coursed through Dan’s veins, turning his blood cold. Oh God. Panic began to rise in his
chest. Oh God. He must have told. He must have told… There was a roaring in Dan’s ears, as if he
was about to faint. There was nothing he could do. What could those undelivered texts have said?
He had been trapped in Spain, unable to fulfil his bully’s demands-and Dan knew that he would be
made to pay the price…they both would pay the price…

“Yes…yes! Okay…Okay, Mum! I’ll let you know…Bye…Love you too.” Finally, Phil pressed the
end-call button, surprised to discover that he had been on the phone for more than an hour. The bubble of happiness that had been rising in his chest did not burst, but grew and grew, until it threatened to lift him clean off the floor. Oh, Phil felt as if he could dance around his flat! But he quietly put that idea out of his head, knowing that doing so in his clumsy state was asking for an injury—he was sure to trip over and make a fool of himself.

Still—he hummed as he closed Dan’s drawer, shutting it neatly in line with the rest. He had no need of articles, for the real Dan would be home in a few short hours…he could not wait simply to scoop him up and give him the biggest cuddle in the world! How happy could two people be?
Chapter Forty-Five

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and leaving kudos and comments! Much love xxxx More tomorrow! <3 xxxx

18:02-BABY: Just landed xxx
18:03-DADDY: Yay! So glad you’re safely back. Can’t wait to see you and hear all about your trip! xxx
18:04-BABY: There’s a problem
18:05-DADDY: What’s wrong? Are you okay? xxx
18:06: BABY: I’ll forward you the messages. They’re from him.
18:06: BABY: Check your texts faggot. Reply or I tell.
18:06: BABY: I never got any texts because of the signal. He must have told. What are we going to do?
-
18:08: DADDY: Alright, baby. Look, nothing has happened here. He’s probably bluffing. Don’t worry xxx
18:09: BABY: I’m so scared xxx
18:10: DADDY: Nothing has happened! Nothing will happen. Try to relax, sweetheart. I’ll see you soon xxx

The second the doorbell sounded, Phil leapt to his feet and ran to buzz Dan in downstairs. He threw open his front door and waited, shifting his weight impatiently from one foot to the other, too excited even to play it cool. He had no need of that any more—just unadulterated and genuine happiness to see his boyfriend coming home.

“Hi!” he called the moment Dan appeared, throwing his arms around him and pulling him close, drinking in his warm, boyish smell. “Missed you so much!”

“Missed you too.” Dan murmured, his voice sounding strange—but he held him tightly, his hand buried in Phil’s hair. Though they were slightly awkward on the doorstep, Dan did not seem to want the embrace to break. His fingers dug in, as if he was expecting Phil to be pulled away from him at any moment. It was slightly painful.

“Oh, baby…” Phil murmured sympathetically, patting him. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know how anyone
could be so foul to you—but look, I’m not worried. He’s probably bluffing, like I said. I haven’t been contacted in any way—and someone would have got hold of me by now if he’d have said something. He’s had a whole week—if he hasn’t acted by now, my guess is he won’t…”

“Mmmmm...” Dan agreed uncomfortably. Phil could tell just by the feel of him in his arms that he was hardly reassured at all.

“Come through,” Phil gently lead him into the flat, closing the door behind him. “Britain must seem freezing to you after the south of Spain! I’ve put the kettle on. Cup of tea, yeah? You go and make yourself comfortable, you must be exhausted after your flight! Can’t wait to hear all about it—you’ve got a little colour, haven’t you?”

“Mmm…” Dan said again, sounding marginally better as he wondered through to the living room. “I did do my best to stay pale and interesting.”

“Nah, you look really healthy,” Phil called, throwing teabags into mugs and grabbing the lactose-free milk from the fridge. “So what was it like?”

Slowly, Dan began to relax more and more as he chatted about his holiday, relaxing into the sofa crease. Worry began to drain from his face as he sipped his cup of tea—it always had the knack of making everything feel a little better. It had taken several attempts over the course of their relationship, but he had finally perfected exactly how Dan liked his tea—he felt as if that was an important milestone in any relationship. The perfect cup of tea.

“…it was great, yes! But I wish you could have been there too—it would have been perfect.” Dan said, smiling sweetly over the rim of his cup.

“Sometime, yeah?” Phil smiled back, putting his mug down on the coffee table. “I told my parents about us, by the way.”

Dan spluttered slightly. “Did you?” he said, as casually as possible.

“Yeah,” Phil said, his hand finding its way to Dan’s knee. “Don’t look so scared! They were delighted.”

“Oh,” said Dan, again trying to relax. “Perhaps I’ll hold off telling mine for a while. Though they’ve worked out something is going on. When your son goes from hardly leaving the house to hardly entering it, you realize that something is up.”

“But not the exact nature of that something.” Phil said carefully.

“They know I’ve got a boyfriend, I mean,” Dan covered Phil’s hand with his, a small smile around his mouth. “I haven’t said anything—but they’re not stupid.”

Phil made a small non-committal sound—but he smiled. “All above board from now on, right?”

“I’m just glad to be home,” Dan smiled around the flat. “This home. I can’t wait until we both live here…”

“Exactly…” Phil threw his arm around Dan’s shoulders, snuggling into him. “It’s going to be great.” There was such a comfortableness between them, such mutual love and respect. Phil adored this. He adored everything about it…until he felt a small and thin wrapped around Dan’s neck. “Hey, what’s that?”

Dan grinned, and pulled out a little chain. On it—the engagement ring. He smiled guiltily. “I didn’t
think my parents would be quite ready to see this. But I still wanted to wear it. It was so lovely while I was away-like I had a little piece of you with me,” He leaned over to kiss him, sweetly, simply. “And Pooh Bear, of course.”

“You still cart him around with you?” Phil laughed a little—but he was touched.

“Of course! He was a gift. My favourite ever! Except this, of course.” Dan touched the ring. “You know I love Pooh Bear.”

“I know you love Pooh Bear, baby,” Phil grinned, kissing him again. “You’re just so cute…”

“Yes, I am.” Dan grinned impishly, leaning in closer. “I missed you so much, Daddy…” he whispered, his eyes shining. “So much…”

“Oh…” Phil’s hands began to slide down Dan’s back. “Maybe you’re not as tired as I thought…”

“Well, I did miss you dreadfully…I’m sure I can summon some energy…”

Just as their kisses were deepening enough to slide down into a lying position on the sofa…Phil’s mobile began to vibrate incessantly in his pocket.

“Oh,” Dan raised an eyebrow. “Is that a phone in your pocket or…”

The phone continued to buzz. Phil realized with a slight start that it was ringing. He had a call—he never got calls.

“Just ignore it.” said Dan, trying to pull him back.

“No, I should get it. I only get called in emergencies.” Phil reluctantly sat up, pulling his shirt down from where Dan had been lifting it up. He pulled the phone from his pocket while Dan curled up on the other side of the sofa, folding his arms to wait. As he checked the caller ID—he started slightly. Then, as he took in the reality, along with everything this call could mean—his stomach dropped into oblivion.

“Oh…”

Nervously, he accepted the call from his former boss. Ms Ekwensi.

“H-Hello?”

“Hello, Philip,” came that calm, professional voice he knew. “Not a bad time, is it?”

“Not at all, Marie,” said Phil casually—watching Dan’s face fall through the corner of his eye as he heard the voice of his headteacher coming from the phone—and pure terror flooded his eyes as the name confirmed it. “Not at all.”

“Good,” said Ms Ekwensi briskly. “I hope you are enjoying your summer. Would it be possible to just have a chat with you?...As a matter of urgency.”

Phil felt sick. Beside him—Dan had turned deathly pale. “Er-of course! Now?” he asked, trying to keep his voice level and calm. Okay. Okay. It didn’t mean anything. It didn’t mean she knew. This could be about any number of things—it didn’t have to mean that Dan’s bullies had told on him, and that now—

“Fabulous,” Ms Ekwensi said briskly. “Well, could you buzz me in, then, please? I’m outside.”
Chapter Forty-Six

Hello everyone! Thank you so much for everything! More tomorrow! I won't keep you a moment longer <3 xxxx

Phil pressed end-call-then turned to Dan.

“Did you hear?”

Dan nodded. His face was as white as a sheet, his mouth the shape of a letter-box with shock.

Phil’s brain began to whirl. Right. Okay. Keep your head. For God’s sake, keep your head.

“Alright,” said Phil, as calmly as he could muster, ignoring the snakes that had just woken up in his stomach and were slithering and squirming for all they were worth. “Alright. Go through to the bedroom, and shut the door. Don’t make a sound.”

“But-“

“Baby, you have to go,” said Phil, helping Dan to his feet and guiding him towards the door, then through the hall. “Everything is going to be fine, I promise. Just go, and be quiet.”

“Mr Lest-“ Dan’s eyes were beginning to shine with tears.

“Shh!” He opened the bedroom door, then gave Dan the briefest kiss to calm him. “It’s going to be alright. Just relax, or try to relax, okay? I’ll take care of this.”

“No…” Dan protested weakly, holding onto his arms. “Please…once you let her in, it will all be over…”


“I love you too-“ Dan stammered, reluctantly letting him go. Phil had never seen anyone so desperate as he shut the door on him. But he did not have time to dwell as he ran over to the door button and buzzed in his old boss. Quickly, he scanned the flat for evidence of Dan-breaking into a run, he grabbed Dan’s shoes from the corridor and his half-full tea mug from the coffee table and hid them in a kitchen cupboard-just as the front doorbell rang.

“Hi!” Phil threw the door open and smiled a little too widely. There, in his doorway, and dressed far more casually than he was used to seeing, was the headteacher. She wore a colourful loose top and black jeans, and her braids were swept into a side ponytail. She looked very pretty—but there were dark bags under her eyes, and she wore no makeup. Her face looked oddly unfinished without it, as if a part of her was missing. She certainly seemed shrunken without her eyeliner, or her desk, or her suit.

“Hello, Philip,” said Ms Ekwensi. “I’m sorry to call on you so late-I meant to come earlier in the day, but a family emergency arose and…well, you know how it is.” She gave a shrug—but she was
eyeing him in such a way that he felt as if he was being X-rayed. Still—it was her tiredness that overwhelmed her. Quietly, she cleared her throat, looking behind him into the flat.

“Oh—come in, come in!” Phil said, standing back to allow her entrance. He thanked everything he had cleaned today as he showed her into the living room, feeling a pang as he looked at the bedroom door, behind which Dan hid. “Can—can I get you a coffee? Tea?”

“Thank you. But I can’t stay. I’ve got to—well. Never mind. I am not here to discuss my problems.” Ms Ekwensi said in her brisk tone as she sat down on the edge of the sofa.

“I—I hope everything is okay.” Phil said, giving her a sympathetic pained look.

Ms Ekwensi shrugged once again, looking bothered—but she shook her head hard, fixing her eyes on Phil as he sat down nervously beside her. “I’m going to make this quick. I had a student contact me by email this morning to inform me of…” She coughed slightly. “a concern he had regarding…you.”

Phil pretended to look politely puzzled, his heart rate doubling. “Regarding me?”

“Yes,” said Ms Ekwensi. She rubbed the bridge of her nose hard. “I know that you are no longer a member of staff, but I felt that this matter could not simply be let go. I had to at least speak to you about it, or I would not be doing my job. This…this student…” She yawned, covering her mouth—but once again, she fixed Phil with a steely stare. “…came to me with suspicions about your relationship with a fellow student of his.”

Phil’s stomach dropped right out of his body—but he managed not to react. “Yes?” he said, managing to frown slightly.

“This student…” Ms Ekwensi doubled her efforts. “…was concerned that the nature of said relationship was entirely inappropriate within the boundaries of teacher and pupil. They reported seeing you…being…physically affectionate…with Daniel Howell.”

Phil felt sick. He could not believe that he was able to keep a neutral expression.

Ms Ekwensi rubbed her eyes, frowning. “Do you have anything to say?”

His mouth was as dry as the Sahara. He doubted he could have spoken if he tried.

Ms Ekwensi sighed hard. She leaned forward, looking pained, her painted nails clasped. There was no way she was in the mindset to have a conversation like this—it was clear that the only thing she needed was her bed. “Look…” She sighed again, meeting his eyes. “Off the record—the pupil who made this report, who shall obviously remain anonymous, is, without saying too much, not the most reliable source. This individual has a…vendetta…of sorts against Howell, without being specific. It is reasonable that he might…fabricate such a tale. For…”revenge”. You know how these teenage boys can be—it’s tribal. Territorial. Whatever…”

This woman was the opposite of the professional headteacher that Phil knew. But at these words—his heart leapt.

“Still…” Ms Ekwensi looked at him hard once again. “I would be amiss in my duties if I did not investigate any claim like this…and…” She frowned. “I am almost inclined to believe him.”

Once again, ice filled Phil’s veins.

“You and Daniel Howell…” Ms Ekwensi pressed his lips together. “I remember when you came to me regarding the bullying incident. After Howell had been beaten. It was clear how much you cared
for him as you spoke of him. It was glaringly obvious.” She sniffed. “I remember I warned you that
day not to get too close to a pupil...”

Phil swallowed hard. “I remember.” he managed to say. He waited.

Ms Ekwensi stretched backwards. “I was surprised that you resigned when you did. So suddenly,
after only one year…I wrote you a good reference.”

“I know. Thank you.” said Phil, feeling bizarre.

“I meant it. You were very good—especially since you’re newly qualified. I have a lot of faith in our
English department’s results this year.” Ms Ekwensi said, speaking very quickly. “I was sorry to see
the back of you. But now, the timing of your exit, along with the…concern…You can see how
everything begins to add up.”

Phil grimaced. But he steeled himself. “Marie, I don’t know-“

“I can’t have a scandal, Philip,” said Ms Ekwensi suddenly, her voice rising. Her eyes were screwed
up with stress. “Not with the school’s reputation going down the pan already…Right now, and
especially not after today—I cannot deal with a scandal.”

“There is no scandal-“ Phil tried to say.

“Oh, don’t give me that, you’re wasting your time,” said Ms Ekwensi, rubbing her forehead. “I have
told you—I am a perceptive woman.”

Phil felt his insides twist into knots.

“Can’t have a scandal…” she repeated into the palm of her hand. “Can’t…so tell me. The truth. Has
anything ever happened between you and Daniel Howell on school property?”

“No.” said Phil, straight away.

“And there was no…coercion?”

“No!” Phil said, louder.

“I didn’t think so,” She sighed yet again, her eyelids beginning to droop. “This would be a very
different conversation if Daniel was in the main school. But he is in Sixth Form. He is above the age
of consent. And you are leaving.” she finished simply. “Separating yourself from him is very wise.”

Phil said nothing.

Ms Ekwensi buried her face in her hands. When she came up, the bags under her eyes more
prominent than ever. “Right. Right…You know what I ought to do, don’t you?”

Phil nodded, his chest clenched.

“But you’re leaving,” She clapped her hands together, shrugging. “I consider that even somewhat
responsible,” Ms Ekwensi said flatly. “You know I do not condone this. In no way. But your
separating yourself from Daniel and from our school may be enough.” She sat up straight, meeting
his eyes. “I am washing my hands of this, do you understand? I am washing my hands of it. Thought
I am inclined to believe the teller of this tale—I am choosing not to.”

Phil did not dare hope.
“Now, I have done my job. I trust that none of my students are in danger. And I trust that you will not make this mistake again.”

“Never.” said Phil passionate, finding himself breathless. “Never.”

Ms Ekwensi stared at him with those dark, x-raying eyes. For a second, it was as if she knew everything. But she blinked hard. “Perhaps if this had come out yesterday, or tomorrow, I might have gone through the proper channels. But…after today, I do not know if I will be returning to school myself…” Suddenly, she looked distant, staring past him in a strange, disconnected way. She smiled oddly. “Such is life…”

“I…I’m sorry.” said Phil awkwardly, wondering what on Earth could have happened to her. But—a horrible part of him, that he hated for even thinking this, thanked everything that it had happened today.

“I don’t need you to be sorry for me,” Ms Ekwensi shook her head hard, displacing some of her braids. “You are not a predator. That is obvious. And you are no longer my problem.” Without waiting for a response, she got to her feet, preparing to leave, her brisk tone returning. “Good luck in your new position, wherever that will be. You will do well, I think. Provided you don’t do any other stupid things.”

“I won’t.” Phil breathed, his legs feeling like jelly as he got up to show her out.

Dan was almost sick with fear. He pressed himself up against the bedroom door, trying to hear what was being said. But Mr Lester and Ms Ekwensi were speaking so quietly that all he could hear was the buzz of voices. He strained his hearing, trying desperately even to clock the tone of the conversation—but still, nothing. He felt his hands growing clammy, wondering if opening the door a crack was worth the risk—before he heard the living room door open. There was the sound of two pairs of feet walking towards the door, one familiar and one not. The sound of goodbyes. Then—the front door opened and shut.

The next thing Dan knew—feet were sprinting towards him, sliding slightly across the wooden floor in their haste. He only just had time to dive out of the way of the door before it was thrown open—and he found himself rugby-tackled backwards onto the bed!

“We’re okay!” shouted Mr Lester, almost crushing him onto the green duvet. “We’re okay!”

“Wait—what happened? Ow!” Dan cried out, shocked. “You’re squashing me!”

“Doesn’t matter,” Phil began to cover Dan’s face in kisses, every inch he could reach. “but we’re okay! We don’t need to worry about anything anymore! We got lucky—that’s all we needed! Oh, baby, if I needed any further confirmation that we were meant to be together, that would have been it! I love you so much…”

Dan spluttered for a moment—before he felt his whole body relax, as if the most enormous weight in the world had just dropped from his shoulders and smashed into a million pieces, never to be retrieved. Finally—he smiled up at the man he loved, no longer anyone but his Mr Lester, his Phil, the love of his life. There was no danger any more, nothing to keep him up at night, no fear ruining everything. Just himself, being kissed to within an inch of his life, safe, warm, and blissfully, entirely happy. And who knows what would happen next…
Thursday

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you so much for reading, and for all of your kudos and comments! Much love, more tomorrow <3 xxxx

Five years later.

Dan grinned as he finally reached the front of the queue at Waterstones. Behind him, a crowd bustled, an excited buzz in the air-kids clearly bunking off school for the occasion, adults with the morning to spare and even a couple who appeared to be in their seventies. Just as before, the shop was draped in *Game of Thrones* paraphernalia, celebrating the release of the final part of *A Song of Ice and Fire*. Dan was practically bouncing up and down with anticipation as he felt the weight of his purchase in his hand. This time-he had arrived within plenty of time. Only now, there was a marked difference in his mission.

“Just these, please.” he said to the teenage cashier with a smile, as he laid two copies of *A Dream of Spring* onto the counter.

“In case you lose one?” the cashier joked as she scanned the books and slid them into a carrier bag.

Dan giggled appreciatively. “If there was only one copy in the house, I think my husband would actually declare war over it. We would make the Battle of the Bastards look like a handshake.”

“Oh, you’re so lucky!” the cashier said, as she handed him the card reader. “I don’t have anyone to obsess with. My boyfriend won’t hear of it-says he won’t read anything with a wizard or a dragon in it.”

“Yeah, I’m very lucky,” Dan tapped his card onto the machine, smiling shyly, before taking the bag from her, weighed down by the two thick books inside. “Thanks! Have a lovely day!”

“You too!” the cashier called, before being hurriedly taken over by the next customer. She was so friendly. Dan walked confidently out of Waterstones, his head held high. His back was far straighter now that he had grown used to his height, and he did not feel so shy anymore. Confidently, he took his space in the world, which he deserved, as every human deserves theirs—and he was far happier for it. His twenties suited him far more than his teens. Cheerfully, he skirted out of the mall-and onto a different street, in a different town centre, in an entirely new city. No more did he live in his hometown, where he had been miserable, where he had hated himself—now, he had a flat he loved, a job he loved, and a life he loved.

As he walked, swinging the Waterstones bag by his side, he quickly scrolled through the notes on
his phone to see if there were any other errands he had to run before he could return home. Milk. Bread. Ribena. Ah. They only needed essentials, since they would be going away soon...Dan strolled up the high street towards a supermarket, picking up a basket at the door. He collected a carton of almond milk, a loaf of bread, a bottle of Ribena-then, experimentally, a slab of dairy-free cheese. Lactose intolerance was something he had to bear in mind when shopping nowadays-but that didn’t stop him grabbing a large bag of Maltesers on his way to the check-out. He scanned the items through himself, gritting his teeth over the irritating self-service voice accusing him of an “unexpected item in the bagging area.”-before, just as he was leaving the shop, his phone began to frantically buzz in his pocket.

“Yes, I got it!” he said before the caller could ask, pressing the phone to his ear with his shoulder as he organized his carrier bags. “Two copies!”

“Yay!” Phil cheered from the other end of the phone. “I haven’t got long, second period starts in a few minutes-I just wanted to check.”

“You don’t trust me…” Dan accused him light-heartedly.

“Well, partly,” Phil laughed-but he sounded a little breathless. “Actually, I was going to phone you anyway...You know they said I wouldn’t hear until next week?...I got the email this morning.”

“Oh!” Dan said, stopping dead and leaning against the wall. “And?”

“I got it!” Phil blurted out, practically bursting with excitement. “I got the promotion! I’m the new head of English!”

“Whoo!” Dan cheered, startling a nearby pigeon. “Yes! I knew you’d get it!”

“Haha,” Phil laughed awkwardly, always modest. “I didn’t think so-I certainly wasn’t the most experienced person going for it. Thought I’d really messed up the interview-but something must have gone alright!”

“Because you’re amazing, honey,” said Dan, bursting with pride. “You really deserved this.”

“Thank you,” Phil said sincerely. “Hey-this came just in time, didn’t it? Before Sunday…we can start to make a bit of our savings back, hey?”

Dan felt a glow in his chest. Sunday...“Yeah, we can…”

“Word’s got out,” Phil said, chuckling warmly. “Everyone’s being so sweet-my form gave me a card this morning, bless them. And I know Karen and Sophie have got another one going round the staffroom-though they think they’re being subtle, ha ha. It’s so nice of them-they’re a good lot, the English team.”

“Well, any excuse for a celebration, hey?” Dan grinned. “Especially at the end of term. Surely you’re just watching DVDs and winding down by now?”

“Ha!” Phil laughed. “Not with Ken at the helm. Our esteemed headmaster has criminalized winding down, and non-educational DVDs are explicitly banned. I don’t see the point myself-the kids stop paying attention by the last week, and who can blame them?”

Dan laughed. “I always did. But we’ll celebrate later, yeah?”

Phil pretended to sigh. “Oh, baby, I’m not sure I can handle any more celebrating! We’ve already got Friday night to deal with, and then there’s Sunday…”
“Sunday,” repeated Dan, the word tasting sweet in his mouth. “Indeed, we have Sunday.”

“Yes…I can’t wait…anyway, baby, I’ve got to go, the kids will be here soon. Remember to pick up the milk. Take care. Love you.”

“Love you too.” Dan said, before stuffing his phone back into his pocket. He grinned to himself, covering his mouth to make sure he didn’t look like a weirdo—he was just so proud of Phil. What a wonderful thing to happen…and this week especially…

Dan turned on his heel and walked straight back into the supermarket, making a beeline for the alcohol section, picking up a bottle of champagne. Oh, why not? He could afford it now-after so long having Phil treating him to things, it was so lovely to have his own money so that he could treat him in kind. Though of course, it was going to be a very expensive weekend-

“Could I see some form of ID, please?”

Dan started. The middle-aged woman behind the counter was looking up at him expectantly.

“Oh-yes—of course.” Dan said, slightly startled, as he fumbled in his wallet for his driver’s license, feeling like a teenager again. “Sorry, it’s been ages since I’ve been asked for this!”

“Ah,” said the woman apologetically as she looked at his year of birth. “Sorry—procedure. What with the end of term just around the corner, we get all the kids in here from the sec up the road, trying their luck. My youngest is forever begging his brother’s ID off him—I don’t know, they grow up so fast these days…Take it as a compliment, hey, love?”

“It’s fine—without the height, I’d look about fifteen.” Dan shrugged good-naturedly. “My husband works up there.” he added, pride in his tone. He couldn’t help but say it.

“Oh, lovely,” said the woman, scanning the champagne bottle through—though she looked a little sheepish. “Now I feel even worse about IDing you! Married long?”

Dan grinned guiltily. “Well, we’re not officially married at all—until Sunday.”

“Ahh!” She nodded at the champagne bottle as Dan tapped his card on the reader. “Hence the celebrating.”

“Yeah…” Dan felt an excited flutter in his chest. None of the initial thrill of telling people had yet worn off. Even though he had been calling him "husband" for five years. Five years…

“Well, congratulations,” the woman said, handing him the bottle with a worldly raised eyebrow. “Hope it lasts longer than mine!”

Giggling uncertainly at this final vote of confidence, Dan stowed the champagne in his original carrier bag and once again started down the high street towards home. He wondered how much Phil would kill him if he started *A Dream of Spring* without him…but he doubted that he would have much time to read anything, what with Sunday on the horizon…*Sunday.*
Hey guys! Thank you so much for reading and for all of your lovely comments and kudos! Appreciate it so much! <3
Sorry this is late! More tomorrow, hope you enjoy! xxxxx

“Baby?” Phil wandered into the kitchen, looking around. “Have you seen the napkins? We’ve almost run out in there!”

Right on cue, the sound of laughter blasted through from their living room. Inside, a mix of their assorted friends were having a furious Mario Kart tournament over pizza and drinks. After much careful consideration, this, they had decided, was their approximation of a stag do-a night in, and pizza and games with their friends. Phil finally spotted Dan carefully folding away pizza boxes to be recycled and generally looking a little more annoyed than Phil would like.

“Over in the bottom drawer,” he murmured, his lips pursed. “I still can’t believe that you didn’t pick up your socks from the living room floor until our guests were in the bloody hallway!”

“How many more times can I apologize?” Phil tried to look appropriately guilty—he had almost forgotten, but he knew that Dan was irritated by it—he had asked Phil to pick up his socks hours beforehand. “It’s fine-Harry would have thought it was hilarious.”

“You know what I think is hilarious? Finding a little trail of my cereal scattered over the carpet I’d just vacuumed. Almost as if someone had stolen it and meandered aimlessly around the house, eating it out of their hand…”

Phil put a hand over his mouth so that he would not laugh out loud. “I’m sorry!” he managed to say. Though he considered himself extremely lucky that this was the extent of their arguing. Dan was so cute when he was angry over something as trivial as socks or cereal, his arms folded over his chest and his mouth all droopy…it was all he could do not to pinch his cheeks.

“If you were sorry, you’d stop doing it,” Dan said, still looking adorably frowny. “God, it’s like living with Hansel and Gretel, only with cornflakes instead of breadcrumbs…”

“Come on, Pooh Bear,” Phil arranged his face into his most appealing smile, taking both of Dan’s hands in his. “You can tell me off tomorrow. As the hosts, we have a responsibility to beat all of the guests at Mario Kart…”

Dan considered for a moment-then sighed. “You know what? We should have saved the cash from the wedding and spent it on a cereal safe with a massive lock.” But he let himself relax, turning his back on the pizza boxes. Another roar of laughter from the guests in the living room. “Alright, honey. I’ll come through and beat you.”

“Promises, promises…” Phil raised an eyebrow—to an enormous sigh from his exasperated fiancé.

“You are going to drive me to that wine…”
“Alright,” said Harry, grabbing a new bottle of red wine from the table and cracking it open with an expert touch. “I declare a toast!” He stood up, kicking the last pizza box out of the way and beginning to make the rounds, topping up everyone’s glasses. “And you two!” When he reached Dan and Phil, side by side and cross-legged on the floor, he filled their glasses to the brim.

“Harry!” Phil protested, spluttering as he looked at the huge quantity of burgundy liquid. “That’s ridiculous!”

“Well, that’s what you get for not letting me take you out properly, mate!” Harry winked at Phil as he poured the last few drops into his own glass. “You’ll both have to come down to Brighton again, won’t they, pet?”

“Anytime!” Harry’s wife Izzy, her short blonde hair in a neat bob, smiled politely—but Phil could see a look of dread in her eyes. Once Harry begun, there was no stopping him.

“Okay. Ahem!” Harry coughed theatrically, raising his glass. Obediently, the room followed suit, Dan and Phil with some care. “To Dan and Phil!”

“Dan and Phil!” everyone repeated, taking a long swig of wine. Dan caught his soon-to-be husband’s eye, sharing a small, embarrassed smile at all the attention. Though it was truly lovely… perhaps it was all of the wine he had already drank, but there was the most beautiful warm feeling inside him. He reached out and squeezed Phil’s hand, to an “Awwh” of approval from their friends—and a small vomit noise from Harry, who clearly was not finished.

“Congratulations!” he declared. “May it be the first of many!”

“Izzy!” Harry thumped her husband with the nearest cushion, dying of embarrassment as her husband roared with laughter at his own joke—but Dan and Phil merely giggled, before raising their glasses half-sardonically to one another and drinking deeply. And drinking. And drinking.

“Philly? Philly?” Dan shouted from his position slumped on the floor in the living room, mostly-empty wineglass in hand. It was sometime around two in the morning as he stared vaguely up at the ceiling, following the patterns with unfocused eyes. Most of the guests were long gone—but Dan had not yet finished this last bottle of wine, and it would be a terrible shame to leave it. “Philly?”

“Yeah?” Phil called from the hallway. He had just seen Harry and his new wife out, watching as she supported his unruly university friend along the corridor and down to the stairwell towards the hotel they were staying in for the weekend. It was well past midnight-in fact, a few hours past.

“Tomorrow!” shouted Harry back at him, his voice sliding slightly as he raised a hand in a half-wave. “Don’t do it! You’ll end up as miserable as us!” With that, he grabbed poor Izzy and gave her an enormous kiss on the cheek, much to her annoyance. With the icy look she gave him, it was no wonder that he changed his mind. “Kidding, kidding! Tomorrow!”

“Yeah! Tomorrow! Wooo!” Phil called, too tipsy to worry about the neighbours.

“Phil!” Dan yelled again, blinking helplessly at the slightly blurred lampshade. “Where are you? Come back!”

Phil shut the door, and practically bounced along the corridor back to the living room. The place
was now littered with glasses and empty bottles, but he decided not to care. He slid onto his knees and crawled over to join Dan on the floor. “I’m here!” he announced, leaning over to kiss him.

“Good!” Dan drained his glass and pushed it aside. “Good! Have they gone?”

“Yeah they’ve just left. I don’t envy Izzy one bit, having to look after that mess. He hasn’t changed since he was eighteen…” Phil chuckled fondly. “Do you remember the first time we met him in Brighton?”

“I try to forget…” said Dan, wrapping his arms around Phil and putting a finger playfully to his lips. “But shut up about Harry. We’ve got a whole weekend of family and friends…right now, I want you all to myself…” He kissed him hard, forgetting for a second to remove his finger, before burying his hand in Phil’s hair. They continued to make out on the floor for a while, familiarity not dulling their enthusiasm…before Dan pulled away, accidently knocking his empty glass over onto the floor. He looked at Phil for a second-then sighed. “I want to fuck you…but I’m too sleepy…”

Phil laughed-then nodded in solidarity. “Yeah, I’m too tired too. How old are we? Well, in fairness, it’s probably the wine.”

“And the pizza,” Dan said, clutching his tummy. “I’m way too stuffed.”

“Yeah, let’s just go to bed, hey?” Phil got to his feet, having to spend a little longer telling his arms and legs what to do. Once he was steady, he chivalrously offered Dan a hand and helped him up, leading him through to the bedroom by the waist. Neither bothered with pyjamas, stripping down to their underwear and climbing beneath the duvet covers. Phil shoved aside Pooh Bear, who slept on their pillows during the day, and wrapped Dan carefully in his arms. Drunk Dan could go two ways—he was either crazy horny, or clingy and affectionate like this. Right on cue, he kissed Phil’s hand and snuggled into him.

“Hey, you know what?”

“What?” Phil asked him, a hand buried in his curls.

“This is the last night we’re going to sleep together before we’re married,” Dan gave a weak giggle. “How crazy is that?”

“Crazy…” Phil kissed his hair. “We’ve waited…” He yawned. “…so long.”

“I’m going to miss you tomorrow night…” Dan said, his voice unfocused. “I don’t know why we’re not allowed to see one another before…neither of us is the bride…”

“Well, it’s just a bit of fun, isn’t it? Tradition, or whatever…though there’s nothing traditional about us.”

“Maybe there is…” said Dan, drunkenly philosophical. “Maybe we are traditional…I mean, it’s traditional that two people who love one another get married…in that sense, we are totally traditional.”

Phil laughed, pulling him closer. He loved him so much when he drew needlessly profound conclusions. “Totally…I know I’ve had five years to get my head around it, but I still can’t quite believe that it’s really our wedding on Sunday…”

“Mmmmm…” Dan said, already falling asleep. “I wish Sunday was now…”

Phil grinned. “I wish Sunday was now too, baby…”
“I love you…” Dan mumbled, his eyes fluttering shut. His lashes were so dark against his delicately pale cheeks. He still managed to take his breath away, without even trying. Phil leaned over and kissed his eyes, smelling the wine on his breath, before turning out the light.

“...I love you too…” he said, giving Dan a final kiss before closing his eyes. But not before he heard one last sleepy murmur from the boy he loved.

"Even when you steal my bloody cereal..."
Hey guys...guess who's had no time again! I'm so sorry! But more actually coming tomorrow this time, promise!
Thank you so much for reading, and for commenting and leaving kudos! You guys are actually the best! <3
Kind of short, but hope you still enjoy! xxx

00:31-BABY: Come back xxx
00:32-DADDY: You know I would, but Harry is insisting. He doesn’t even want me texting you—he feels done out of a proper boys’ stag night, I think. Not going to happen—especially when most of our friends are girls! xxx
00:33-BABY: This is so silly. Why do you have to spend the night in a hotel? We’ve seen each other’s suits—it’s just ridiculous xxx
00:34-DADDY: I know—but it’s kind of fun, isn’t it? xxx
00:35-BABY: Not really…the bed feels so empty without you xxx
00:36-DADDY: Well, I’m in a big cold hotel bed—at least you get to be cozy at home. But it’s sort of romantic, isn’t it? xxx
00:37-BABY: It’s kind of romantic, I suppose xxx
00:40-DADDY: Parting is such sweet sorrow xxx
00:41-BABY: Leave Shakespeare out of this. I miss you, Daddy. I want you here xxx
00:42-DADDY: Oh, is that how you want to play this? xxx
00:43-BABY: Yes, Daddy… xxx
00:44-DADDY: Well, you just wait until tomorrow night…well, tonight, I suppose! xxx
00:45-BABY: Oh yeah! It’s after midnight! We’re getting married today! xxx
00:45-BABY: I can’t believe it xxx
00:46-DADDY: I know. In just hours you will officially be my husband xxx
00:47-BABY: I know. It’s amazing xxx
00:48-DADDY: It’s more than amazing. Anyway, I’m going to have to go to sleep so I look pretty for you tomorrow. Goodnight, my love. See you out there xxx
00:49-BABY: Goodnight. I love you xxx
Dan buttoned his cuffs, before straightening his tie and checking his reflection in the mirror. Though they had planned a pretty casual day, the stiffness of his new suit was still oddly formal. He pulled on his blazer over his shoulders and ran a hand through his curls, making sure not a hair was out of place. As he looked in the mirror one last time—he could not help but smile. He looked good. He felt good. And even though his stomach was fluttering with nerves—he knew that he had never been more certain of anything in his life. This moment had been five years in the making—it was bound to feel overwhelming. But it was wonderful. Everything was going to be wonderful the moment he saw him.

There was a knock on the bedroom door. “Dan?” came the voice of his Lizzie, his best friend from work, the general buzz of friends and family behind her throughout their flat. “Are you ready?”

“Yeah!” called Dan. He took a deep breath—before turning on the heel of his freshly-polished shoes and making his way over to the door. Lizzie looked very pretty in a floaty red dress, her long dark hair tied up behind her head as she smiled up at him with scarlet lips. “You look great!” he told her.

In response, Lizzie wolf-whistled at his suit, which made him giggle. “Come on, your dad’s getting jittery about the traffic—we can’t be late today! Did you get any breakfast?”

Dan shook his head. “I couldn’t eat a thing.”

“Couldn’t eat?” Lizzie’s mouth gaped open in a pantomime of shock. “Who are you and what have you done with Daniel Howell? Come on, mate, you’ve got to have a bit of toast or something…”

“I really couldn’t,” said Dan, leading her towards the living room where his immediate family were waiting to take the car with him to the venue—a lovely old hotel a few miles outside of the city. It had been the pretty old stone building, the lake and the fields that had attracted them to it—but it was still lowkey enough not to swamp them. They had not wanted a huge fuss, much preferring to blow the budget on their honeymoon instead… ‘Besides, knowing me, I’d spill crumbs down this suit!’

“In fairness, you probably would,” Lizzie grinned. “Nervous?”

Dan smiled at the ground, a few butterflies escaping. “Yes. And no.”

“Sweet,” Lizzie patted his shoulder as they entered. “Let’s just get you to the metaphorical church on time, hey?”

“…ding dong, the bells are gonna chime!” Harry sang as he knotted his tie. “Drug me or jail me! Stamp me and mail me! But get me to the church on time!”

“How do you know the lyrics to My Fair Lady? I’m meant to be the gay one here…” Phil quipped as he sat down on his hotel bed to put on his newly-polished shoes.

“Whoa!” Harry dashed over to Phil. “Mate, you cannot wear odd socks at your own wedding!”

“What?” Phil frowned—before he looked down at his feet and realized that he had carefully packed one black sock…and one navy blue. “Oh crap.”

“Don’t panic! Here, the brave knight rescues the damsel in distress,” Harry reached into his bag and threw a pair of black socks towards him. “I’ll just go sockless tomorrow.”
“You,” said Phil gratefully as he pulled on the new socks. “are a friend in a million.”

“Alright, save the soppy shit for your husband, hey?” Harry checked his phone as Phil finally put his shoes on. “Come on, we’ve got to go, Izzy’s waiting. Plus I’m not sitting through the whole service without a fag first.”

“Oh yeah, don’t do that around my mum,” Phil grinned, only half-joking. “But you’re right. I don’t want Dan thinking I’ve jilted him.”

“Yeah-don’t think I could stand to break little Jailbait’s heart.”

Phil rolled his eyes long-sufferingly. “Come on, that wasn’t even funny back then.”

“Oh, lighten up,” Harry winked as he checked his hair once more. “Right! Ready?”

At those words, a nest of snakes seemed to awaken in Phil’s stomach. He had been nothing but excited all day—but suddenly, he felt his first wave of pre-match nerves. It wasn’t doubts-definitely not-but with the five-year build-up, it was bound to feel overwhelming. Phil took a deep breath. Everything would be fine once he saw him.

“Nervous?” Harry prompted.

“Yes. And no.”

Harry laughed. “You idiot. If I can get through a wedding, so can you. You’ve only got three things to worry about-get his middle name right, say “I do” at the right bit and hope no one knows of any lawful impediment. After that, photos and cake, bit of dancing, then off to bed for a good shag.”

Phil gave one short, sharp laugh, before clouting Harry on the arm. “You make it sound so romantic…”

“That’s not my job. My job is to get you to the church on time!” Harry sang, flinging the door open and making a sweeping gesture. “So come on, Romeo, let’s go marry your, er…Romeo.”

Phil rolled his eyes again, before following his friend from the room. But just as he did so, there was a buzz from his phone, carefully stowed in his pocket. He pulled it out-to see a text which made his heart flutter and his nerves all but dissolve...

14:16-BABY: Can’t wait to marry you! xxx
“He’s not late yet,” said Lizzie, lazily stretching her legs out. “Relax!”

Dan nervously turned his feet in, then out, then in again. He sat, his legs pressed together on the front row of chairs inside the hall. By his side, Lizzie, and behind him, talking excitedly amongst themselves, his closest family and friends. The other guests would be arriving throughout the next half hour-and Phil would be here at any moment. Well. If his husband-to-be ever showed up.

He looked around the hall in which he was to be married. It was pretty-painted white, with large windows to show the grey stone outside through snowy coloured curtains, bound with forget-me-not blue ties. The chairs were artfully draped in white, with delicate forget-me-not blue bows tied around the backrests. Blue and white flowers adorned the room. It was foreign to the point of discomfort-there was nothing personal in this cliché setting. But it was so delightfully and beautifully normal that Dan adored it. Finally, they were to marry, just like anyone else, and Dan welcomed every cliché in the book. He fingered the blue flower in his buttonhole, a small smile playing around the corners of his mouth. But its twin still lay on the chair beside him. Where was Phil?

“What if he doesn’t come?”

Lizzie fixed Dan with a severe look. “Don’t be stupid. You and I both know that wild horses couldn’t keep him away. He is so keen, it’s quite embarrassing, really…”

“But what if he changes his mind?”

“What, he’s going to fall madly in love on the half-hour drive here? With who, his friend Harry?”

“But-“ Dan’s brain whirred quite wildly. “What if there has been an accident or something? Oh God, what if-“

“Stop it!” Lizzie shoved him hard in the ribs. “Don’t get yourself all worked up, you’ll look like shit in the photos. Nothing will have happened-he’s on his way. And believe me, if he doesn’t show up, I will make him very, very sorry myself…”

Dan looked at her gratefully-but still, his stomach was tied in knots. “You are the best. But will you look after his flower? I think I need a hug from my mum…” It would be alright. Once Phil was here, everything would fall into place.

“Bloody hell, does everyone have to get married in the middle of nowhere?” Harry remarked as they pulled into the hotel carpark. Phil was too busy admiring the lovely old building to comment, the bushes and flowers adorning the outskirt-before he spotted his immediate family waiting for him outside the door. He raised his hand in greeting through the car window as they parked, before slipping out of the car as quickly as he could and joining them. He was thoroughly kissed, hugged and patted on the back by his relatives-but somehow, everything felt as if it was happening under water. The colours were a little too bright, the sounds as if they were very far away. He looked to the open double doors, eager to reach what lay beyond them-and suddenly nervous once again. Taking a deep breath, he thought only of seeing Dan. Once they were together, everything would fall into
“Come on then,” Harry said, throwing one arm around Phil and the other around Izzy. “Let’s get in there.”

But they had only taken a couple of steps inside before-

“Phil! Where have you been?” An irritated young woman in a red dress marched up to them, clutching a blue flower in her hands.

“Hi, Lizzie! How is-?”

“—about to have a breakdown. He thought you weren’t coming!” Lizzie sighed-then reached up towards Phil’s buttonhole. “Put this on.”

“We’re five minutes late at the most!” Harry protested—but Phil was concerned as he helped Lizzie slip the flower into place.

“Oh God, is he okay?”

“Just go through—he’ll be fine once he sees you.” Lizzie jerked with her head to indicate that he should follow her. Leaving Harry to look after his family, Phil hurried along in her wake. Everything was fine. Everything was fine. No. Everything was absolutely wonderful…Phil could hardly believe that within the hour he would be married to the love of his life, his darling boy, his Dan…it was almost too good to be true.

Finally—they turned the final corner to see a young man, with an identical blue flower on his breast, pacing anxiously outside the door of the room in which the ceremony was to take place. Phil felt his breath catch in his chest as the boy looked up—and those remarkable dark eyes met his. His heart did a round-about backflip as he took him in, so handsome in his suit, his features so sweet and loving that Phil hardly dared imagine that he was real, and he was his. Dan was here—and this was, at long last, their wedding day.

“Phil!” Dan’s worried face broke into a relieved smile as he rushed towards him, looking more radiant by the moment—and more than a little breathless. “I was so—I mean—I never—Oh, you’re so beautiful!” The words came out in a rush as he beamed at Phil, reflecting back everything Phil himself was feeling as he looked at his love. “I can’t believe how beautiful you are…” he breathed.

Phil felt his cheeks flush a little at the compliment—but he quite forgot all modesty as Dan threw his arms around him, burying his face in his shoulder. Behind them—the sound of a phone camera snapping a photograph.

“That’s one for the album! I’ll leave you to it,” Lizzie grinned as she made her way back to the front entrance to show their guests through as they arrived, slipping her phone back into her clutch bag.

“No snogging until after the vows, you two!”

Phil laughed a little as she left—but his face turned solemn as he cradled Dan’s face in his hands. He sighed as he looked at him, his own Dan…“Beautiful,” he whispered, running his fingers through those warm, soft curls. “Now, what’s all this about you worrying, silly? Baby, I’d have crawled here to marry you…”

Dan spluttered slightly, his eyes very bright. “This is really happening,” he whispered. “It’s even better than I thought it would be.”

“I know,” Phil said, finding his hand and squeezing it. “Only took us five years, hey?”

“Yes,” Phil pulled him close one last time. “Now, let me go and say hello to your family, and then we’ll get going, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Dan nodded. He squeezed Phil’s hand excitedly.

Dan and Phil stood together outside the door and greeted each guest as they came. Phil doubted he had ever received so many hugs in such succession as everyone wished them well, but it was fantastic. Everyone just seemed so happy—it was as if the air itself was buzzing with joy as the main event drew closer and closer. There were no sides or assigned seats—everyone was to simply sit where they wanted to, as both grooms quietly hoped that this would not backfire with any old family grudges coming to light. Besides, it was great to see both of their families and each set of friends mixed together, everything in unity as they were. Even from their perspectives, the day felt more than particularly special. As the clock ticked closer and closer to three o’clock, the room was almost filled to absolute capacity and bubbled with chatter and laughter. When the registrar arrived, a tall woman with short scarlet curls and an enormous pair of glasses, they had a brief conversation with her at the door to finalize the arrangements as the last few guests trickled in to take the last remaining seats at the back. Then, with a smile—she made her way to the front of the room, preparing the documents to sign and waiting for the music to begin. Which, as the clock ticked around to three, would come at any moment.

“Nervous?” Phil asked, slipping his hand into Dan’s.

“Yes. And no,” Dan took a deep breath. But he smiled. “I just can’t wait!”

“Me neither,” Phil leaned his head on Dan’s shoulder briefly, suddenly realizing how fast his heart was beating. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” Dan said, turning to the guy who was operating the sound system and giving a nod. “Please don’t let me trip and fall in front of everyone.”

“Yes, we’d both better hold on tight.” Phil winked at him as the music began. He felt as if he was at the top of a roller-coaster, about to free-fall down…but he steadied himself. The moment he had been longing for ever since the day they had met a whole five years ago was finally here… “Come on, then. Let’s do this.”

It was every bit as awkward as Phil had feared to walk down the white-carpeted aisle in front of everyone—but holding Dan’s hand, somehow it was okay. As the music played, from somewhere strangely far away, their family and friends were applauding. It was so odd—everything was just bizarre. The colours were too bright, the smiling faces blurring into one. He kept having to remind himself that this was real, that the day had finally come. And by the time they reached the front of the room, he could feel tears pricking behind his eyes. Never in his life had he experienced so many emotions at once—they were so completely intoxicating. The only thing keeping him from floating up onto the ceiling was Dan’s hand in his. But when he turned to look at Dan—he could see that his eyes were also shining with tears. Phil’s heart was thumping so hard with love for his so-soon-to-be husband in his chest that he could not believe that it was not bursting out. It would have to control itself however—for he was about to join it to Dan’s forever. Phil could only register two things—Dan’s hand in his, and the amazing love that filled the air, flowing through the whole room. Everyone they loved was here, everyone who loved them—and everything they felt for one another seemed to come flooding back through his veins. The first time they had seen one another, meeting in secret, Paris and everywhere else they had seen together, all the laughter they had shared, every kiss, every simple moment seemed like a tiny star in their own universe. It was all so precious…
“…any person knows of any legal impediment to this marriage, they should declare it now.”

There was a short, slightly strained silence, followed by a nervous laugh around the room. Dan grinned, and gave a brief pantomime of relief, clutching his heart and panting, which earned more laughter. He caught Phil’s eye, who smiled back with the softest eyes he had ever seen. Just this look was enough to make Dan almost choke up again—he had never dreamed that anyone could look at him in such a way. And yet here they were. It was completely overwhelming.

“I am.” he just about managed to say as he was asked if he was legally free to marry. He heard an “awwh” from behind him, Lizzie’s voice the loudest. Of course—the one day he was allowed to be an over-emotional wreck was his wedding day.

“I am.” came the reply from his side. Phil was much better at covering his tears—but Dan knew him well enough. He squeezed his hand tightly, knowing what was to come next as they turned to face one another.

“I, Daniel, take you, Philip, to be my husband.” he said, rushing slightly to make sure he could get through to the end. He looked into those kind, blue eyes and knew he was home.

“I, Philip, take you, Daniel, to be my husband.” Phil swallowed hard as he spoke, smiling in solidarity as each of them attempted not to be the first to cry.

Dan found that his hands was shaking as he took Phil’s left hand in his. Perhaps it was everyone watching that made him nervous—perhaps it was simply the high emotion of the day. But he could feel himself already losing the battle as he began to speak his vows. They had considered all sort of things to say to one another—but in the end, they had gone for something simple and traditional. They had no need of huge declarations—each of them had heard it before, and knew it in their hearts.

“Phil…I give you this ring as a symbol of my love. I ask you to mine, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, as long as we both shall live…” That was it. The first tear rolled down his cheek as he slid the ring onto his finger. He caught Phil’s eye over their clasped hands, and it was all he could do not to kiss him right at that moment.

Now, it was Phil’s turn. “Dan…I-” But he had to stop, looking down for a moment as a tear spilled down his own cheek. Dan’s heart almost exploded. Again, there was a collective “awwh” as Phil laughed guiltily—but he straightened up, taking a deep breath. “Dan…I give you this ring as a symbol of my love. I ask you to mine, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, as long as we both shall live…” He slid the ring onto Dan’s finger, carefully into place, where it would stay for the rest of his life.

That was it…finally, finally…

From somewhere far away, the registrar pronounced them married. And it was with a great deal of relief that Dan and Phil sealed their long-awaited marriage with a kiss. It was short, simple, appropriate for a crowded room as music and applause swelled around them—but it was the sweetest kiss of their lives. And as Phil held him in his arms, Dan was the happiest person in the world. He was going to live a wonderful life—and he had someone to share it with forever.

“How did I get so lucky?” he whispered to his new husband as the music played.

“I’m the lucky one, Pooh Bear,” Phil whispered back, the last of his tears still shining in his eyes. “I
love you..._husband._” he grinned.

“I love you too..._husband._” Dan giggled in pure delight as Phil led him by the hand to sign the register, and then towards the rest of the life they had to spend together…

**THE END**

Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap! Thank you so so so so much for reading, much love to every single one of you! <3 I hope you all have equally wonderful futures as Dan and Phil have here, and that you're all healthy and happy! Whew! This has been quite a journey-I hope you have all enjoyed all the work that went into this fic as much as I enjoyed putting it in! Just thank you all so much <3

I'll probably write more in the near future, so check back! But until then, this has been your friend, QuietBubbles <3 xxx

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