Pushing Your Luck

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Category: M/M
Fandom: Stargate Universe
Relationship: Nicholas Rush/Everett Young
Character: Nicholas Rush, Everett Young
Additional Tags: Nicholas Rush/Ronald Greer (briefly), BDSM, Bad BDSM Etiquette, because these characters don't know what the hell they're doing, Dom/sub Play, Dubious Consent, sub!Rush, Dom!Young, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Bad Decisions, Homophobic Language, Rush has issues, Young doesn't NOT have issues, Porn With Plot, Sort Of, masochist!Rush, sadist!Young, Anal Sex, Loss of Virginity, of a sort, Shame, Masturbation, Rape Fantasy, Slurs, internalized slut shaming, is that a thing?, Spanking, Cum Play, Obedience, Non-Penetrative Sex, Dirty Talk, Coming Untouched, Size Kink, Facials, Aftercare, Light Bondage, Hand Jobs, though...maybe not in the tradtional sense, Nipple Play, mild suspension, No Aftercare, did I mention Rush has issues?, mild blood play, Rape/Non-con Elements, Sensory Deprivation, Anal Plug, Fear Play, Fear of Discovery, Insecurity, Oral Sex, Deepthroating, Skull Fucking, Boot Worship, being watched/watching, Mirror Sex, Belts, Beating, Rimming, Bondage, Blindfolds, Bruises, Sleepy Cuddles, Spooning, Literal Sleeping Together, Undressing, Riding, Creampie, Anal Fingering, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Begging, Human Furniture, Orgasm Control, Somnophilia, Cum drinking, Humiliation, Ball Licking, Teabagging, Cock & Ball Torture, of the mild variety, dry fingering, Simultaneous Orgasm, Rough Sex, Rough Kissing, Rough Oral Sex, Forced Orgasm, Dry Orgasm, Forced Ejaculation, Self-Worth Issues, Finger Sucking, Toys, Rush has magical woodworking powers, Flogging, foot whipping, Caning, Paddling, Priest Kink, Body Horror, Over the Knee, Ass to Mouth, Wall Sex, boot cleaning, Foot Massage, choking on cock, sleep touching, Rope Bondage, Feathers & Featherplay, Sensation Play, cock spanking, crazy porn dream sequences, omega verse type stuff, Cat!Rush, possible werewolf Young?, Knotting, Object Penetration, Awkward Conversations, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Punishment, Anal Spanking, Math Kink, Teasing, ass worship, Crying, Frustration, Anal Gaping, Hard Fucking, Cleaning, Prostate Massage, Cock Warming, Nicholas Rush/Gloria Rush - Freeform, More Crazy Porn Dream Sequences, Canon Het Relationship, Het, Het and Slash, Cunnilingus, Threesome - F/M, um kind of, not really - Freeform, Hardcore Spankings, Rush Cries a Lot, Young feels bad, excessive kissing, Voyeurism, Exhibitionism, Coming on comand, Painful Sex, toe sucking, Foot licking, Foot Fucking, Almost Breathplay, But not quite

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Pushing Your Luck

by InfiniteCrisis

Summary

Rush and Young stumble into a BDSM relationship, which is new for both of them in a number of ways. It's...maybe not the worst idea they've ever had. Although, that bar isn't exactly high.

Notes

So, continuing the process of posting all my old crap, we have this! Begun some time ago, but never before having seen the light of the internet! This is planned out as an epic saga in my head, but I only have seven chapters completed. I could really use a Beta/collaborator on this one, so if anyone's interested...yeah.

This is a fairly major AU. It takes place some time after 'Space', and diverts pretty liberally after that. Anything revealed after that point, I'm pretty much taking as optional. It features a pretty inexperienced Rush, for the purposes of this story. I'm not trying to make arguments about head canons or whatever, just think of it as another element of the AU. In fact, feel free to do that with anything that seems weird or OOC. Also, please forgive the gratuitous run-on sentences.

I know the SGU bottom!Rush fandom is pretty...niche, shall we say, but I'm hoping to find some of you out there!

I will try to give more specific warnings/kinks at the beginning of each chapter, as well as tagging things as I upload, so people aren't caught to off guard, but please just be prepared for some general fucked-uppedness all throughout.

This chapter is mostly just awkward, somewhat uncomfortable, sex and Rush having a quiet breakdown.
Chapter 1

It didn’t start with dreams. He thought maybe that would have been easier, if he’d been able to excuse everything as the result of the human subconscious, which was, after-all, notoriously unpredictable.

But it didn’t start with dreams.

It started with hands. One day he just…noticed them. The way they were held, where they were put. Holding things. He knew they were strong, and they looked it too. He hadn’t been thinking of it at the time, but he could remember. He could look back on their…scuffle and know that he knew that the man’s hands were strong.

Well, of course they were. Colonel Young was first and foremost a soldier. Strong hands connected to strong arms and strong shoulders. And knowing first hand how well they could grab and pin and strike, maybe it wasn’t so strange for the mind to wander and wonder how well they’d serve to…other purposes. If sometimes he’d be working at a console and the Colonel would enter the room and he’d sort of…feel his presence and imagine for a moment the sensation of those hands taking hold of him, guiding, groping. Would they be warm? Would they be calloused? Would they move with the same certainty, and would the hot breath on his skin feel the same as it had when…

Not so strange. To wonder.

He just wasn’t sure he should like it so much.

He was lying awake now. His eyes stared at the ceiling, unseeing. He was deftly aware of his skin, a familiar tight prickling skittering over him. Rush had never thought of himself as one of those men ruled by their libido. Long ago, he’d devoted himself to work, to passions of the mind. Not that he didn’t have urges, but sex was messy and people were complicated and the reward never quite managed to outweigh the risk.

Gloria had been different. Special. She had been his first and, though she was gone now, remained his only. He’d been content with that, falling back into old habits. Work. Work. Work. And when his body demanded attention, he gave it, quickly and as cleanly as possible.
Which he would be happy to do now if he could just get Colonel Young out of his head.

He’d never dwelled on fantasies, never found them integral to his life. Sometimes, when they’d had to spend nights apart, he’d imagined Gloria into his bed, and brought himself to release feeling her skin and breathing her scent. He always told her about it afterwards, whispering how much he’d missed her, and her lips would quirk in pleased amusement, kiss him deeply and then she’d lead him to bed and make all his dreams come true.

He’d tried it once since her death but it had left him sobbing into a pillow and he had not repeated the experiment. In any case, it was hardly necessary. He’d learned how to stumble through this particular physical response years ago. He didn’t need any assistance from anyone, real or imagined.

Especially not Colonel Young.

Letting out a restrained sigh, the fingers of his right hand rubbing against his thigh, he tried to vanquish him from his mind’s eye. But there he stayed, his face hovering above him, his uniform clad body fading into the darkness. Different features pulsed in and out of focus like a camera lens that couldn’t make up its mind. And Rush was under no illusion that this would dissipate if he just tried to ignore it and get on with things. He tried to conjure someone else, anyone else (save Gloria) but he didn’t have much practice and it just seemed awkward and disjointed. Finally, full of exasperated defeat, he flung himself onto his stomach with the intent ignoring the whole problem away and getting what sleep he could.

That was a mistake.

Now it was almost as though he could feel a presence. It loomed over him, warm and insistent. His breath caught in his throat and he squeezed his eyes tighter. There was nothing there. This was his own mind terrorizing him. But still…was that breath just behind his ear? A weight, light but solid, at the small of his back? He clenched his fists into his bed sheets, fearful of what his hands would do without supervision. But it didn’t seem to matter because that other hand, the phantom (Young’s) hand spread its fingers along his back and as it did he felt his body—held taught and rigid—relax. His breath let out, his brow softened, fingers loosened, toes uncurled, buttocks unclenched, and his legs fell open just slightly…

He sat up. No.

Minutes later he was at a console running numbers. There was always work to do, after all. He’d just have to do more of it until his little…problem got better.
It didn’t get better. It got worse.

He could barely be in the same room with the man without vulgar shapes and sensations skimming across his consciousness. And while he did everything to scratch them out as they occurred, like a needle yanked off a record, they just kept coming. It was ridiculous. Absurd. That he couldn’t stop it, that he was to be subjected to this…indignity, by his own rebellious brain no less, was unconscionable and he would not stand for it, he would not.

Unfortunately, he didn’t seem to have a choice. The moments he spent in proximity with that infuriating man were overshadowed in despicability only by the moments he spent alone. In the quiet, in the dark, that’s when his control was truly tested, held by the thinnest of threads. It was an itch, a damnable itch, that only grew as he refused to scratch it.

He wasn’t queer. Not that that mattered, it didn’t. Such semantics of convention weren’t his concern, certainly not here on the other side of universe. Maybe his body was simply craving a different type of sex, and yes, he’d never needed sex all that much in the past, but things change, people change. He just needed to adapt. It wouldn’t bother him, it wouldn’t, if it just wasn’t Young. Fine, a part of him has come to decide that good buggering sounds like a good idea, so what, but why him?

Maybe he’s what you need. Someone who won’t put up with you.

He snorted. Sometimes he thought he’d feel better about the whole thing if he could just understand why, but other times…other times he thought he would trade any possibility of understanding if the whole thing would just stop.

In any case, doing nothing wasn’t working. He was enough of a scientist to admit that. His plight was getting worse and he had no reason to believe it would get better. Not on it’s own. He needed to do something.

Anything.

He just needed to get Young out of his head. And if the itch was this persistent then maybe he should just…scratch. It. Get it out of his system. It wasn’t the most comfortable of prospects. But,
well, it was. A prospect.

He grimaced. Still. He wasn’t nearly that desperate. Yet.

Four days later, he was that desperate.

He’d barely slept in two days. He’d been working non stop, which was fine, but even he could see he was on the edge of getting sloppy, and that he refused to do, not now, not for this.

As he stalked down the hallways he wondered if he’d regret this, but God knew he was past the point of caring.

He stopped outside the door to his destination. He just needed it to stop.

He knocked. Hard.

A moment later, the doors swished open. He looked up.

“I know it’s late.” He paused. “May I come in?”

Greer blinked back at him. Then, with a cocky grin, the moment was broken.

“Why not?” He said, and stepped aside.

He heard the door shut behind him as he scanned the room. Bed. Table. Chair. Small, like his. Not one of their ‘deluxe suites.’

“There something you wanted?”
He spun around.

“What?”

Greer leaned his back against the door, arms folded.

“That was pretty much my question.” Rush’s brow furrowed. Greer smirked. “You came to see me, remember?”

“Ah.” Rush took a breath, nodding. “Right.”

“So,” Greer said, leading. “What?”

Rush blinked.

Well.

“You have something a reputation,” he said abruptly.

Greer shrugged. “Sure.” Pause. “Care to be more specific?”

“Specifically,” he went on. “That you’ll fuck anything that lies down long enough.”

He could see the soldier’s eyes harden.

Good.

Greer glanced away in a little ‘who cares?’ motion. “Lying down’s not strictly necessary.” As he turned back to Rush he pushed off the door, pulling to his full height. “There something you want to
Rush’s heartbeat suddenly seemed rather loud.

“Just that,” he flicked his tongue against his teeth. “I was thinkin’ of having a lie down.”

Greer stared, then snorted. “You serious?” Rush just stared back. Greer face stilled. Then, very deliberately, he leaned in.

“I hate you.”

“I wasn’t aware likability was a requirement,” said Rush. “Certainly not more so than lying down —”

“I’m just saying,” Greer said brusquely, taking a step forward. “I’m not inclined to be nice to you.”

“That’s not a problem.”

A slight tilt of his head. “No?”

“No.”

There was a long pause. Then, his lip quirked, and Rush knew he had won.

“What the hell?” He walked past Rush to his duffel bag and rummaged around. He gestured toward the bed. “Go ahead, take your pants off.” Rush narrowed his eyes. Greer raised an eyebrow. “What, you expected romance?” He stood up, having found what he was searching for. Lube. A condom. Somehow, though unofficially, such things had managed to wriggle their way up the priority list and, with a little ingenuity, weren’t too hard to come by. “They’re gonna have to come off at some point.”

Rush’s gaze remained cold. “You first.”
Greer snorted, tossed his supplies on the bed, and undid his belt, then pushed his trousers down and stood, now in his underwear, with a flourish.

Rush sighed and began to undo his own. Once they both stood in their boxers, disentangled from shoes and socks, they looked at each other again. They’d both opted to keep their shirts on. Rush was fine with that.

It was here Greer showed his first sign of nervousness. He stood halfway between Rush and the bed, half turned toward both.

“So…” He began. “Do you wanna…?” When he went to move toward him, Rush simply pushed past him with a small sound of derision and crawled onto the bed. “O…kay, then.”

Rush grabbed a pillow and, lying down on his stomach, rested his chin against it. After a moment, he turned to look over his shoulder.

“Well?” He demanded. “Get on with it.” And he turned away again.

“…Right.”

A moment later, he felt the bed dip. There was an awkward pause, a small sigh, and then he could feel fingers at his hips pulling on the waistband of his underwear. He lifted up and let Greer pull them off without a fuss, though his throat clenched slightly as air hit his backside. Fear or excitement? It hardly mattered. This is what he’d decided to do and it was too late to turn back now.

He heard the sound of a lid and then there was only the slightest of hesitations before fingers probed at the crack of his arse. It was cool and wet and—

He brought his nose down to the pillow and breathed in, long and slow.

It felt good. Even this, just this, and he could feel the faintest stirrings lower down.
One fingertip rested at his anus a moment and then pressed—

He blinked. There was a buzzing in his ears. He’d been holding his breath.

Breathe. Breathe.

“Y’know, this’d be easier if you got up on your knees.”

Greer sounded disgruntled.

Fine.

Without a word he shifted back on his haunches. He kept his head down, slid his knees apart. Even arched his back a bit.

There. That should be nice and fuckable for him.

He fought the urge to duck his head further into the bedding or bring up his hands to hide his face.

“And could you try to relax? Jesus, you’re like a vice,” he grunted, pressing a finger in more insistently at this new angle. “When’s the last time you did this?”

“It’s…been a while,” Rush breathed out, trying to relax his taut muscles. “Before…before Icarus.” Never, actually, but he wasn’t about to tell him that.

“Yeah, well,” Greer snorted. “This may take a while. Shit, I need more lube already.”

Rush tilted his face to one side. “I thought you weren’t inclined to be nice to me.”

“I’m inclined to be nice to my dick. Plus, I’d prefer you not to bleed on my sheets. We do this at your place—” his index finger slid all the way in, “there we go—whole different story.”
There really wasn’t much to say to that. Rush’s eyes fluttered shut.

God, he couldn’t believe how good this was. There was something in him, moving, in and out, and instead of feeling wrong or grotesque it was just—

He could feel his cock start to twitch now, in time to this…invasion.

He wanted more.

Thankfully, he didn’t have to ask for it. Soon enough, the one finger pulled out only to return shortly with fresh lubrication and a second. A moment to find purchase, and they pressed in past the constricting muscle.

“Ah-ugh!”

Everything stopped.

“You alright?”

He gasped for a moment, breathless.

“Yes. Yes I’m fine.”

“Ok.” And with that, he went on.

Shite. Shite. There was real stretch now. It hurt.

It was wonderful. Brilliant. He buried his face in the pillow, let his open mouth pant against the fabric, wet and wanton and God he needed more.
Three fingers and he thought his heart might burst from his chest. Christ, could that happen? Not literally of course, but might he go into some kind of cardiac arrest? And if this was how he felt now, what would happen when…and yet all he could think was how it wasn’t enough. He needed more, so much more…

When they scissored open it was the sweetest ache he’d ever felt. He groaned deep in his throat and actually flexed his inner muscles against them. He didn’t care anymore. He just needed to enjoy this.

And then it was gone. It was all gone. His cock lay full and heavy between his thighs. His hands were fist in the sheets.

He blinked. “So. Am I finally soft enough for you to fuck, or have you just tired out?”

“Oh don’t worry, I’m ready. Though not quite as rarin’ to go as you, apparently.”

He felt himself sneer, not that his bedfellow could see his face at the moment, and thought about verbalizing his distain, but not for very long, because soon there were hands on his buttocks and something long and hard lining up between the cheeks.

He inhaled through his nose.

There was a screeching, bending feeling, like the planks of a steel bridge gradually collapsing. It was slow and unrelenting and then with a final snap, Greer’s hips were up against him. Convulsively, Rush’s palm slammed into the wall in front of him. Because…because it was too much. He could feel it. It was…pulsing and warm and very, very real.

There was a cock inside him. He had another man’s prick in his arse.

And he liked it.

He really, really liked it because all he really wanted in this moment, this really very brief moment, though time had seemed to slow, was for that cock to get moving and really start fucking him.
His eyes were very wide now.

*Well then. Guess we know where we stand then, eh?*

As though in slow motion he felt it slide back out of him. He closed his eyes and, with a hand still braced against the wall and a snarl forming on his lips, when he felt it start in again, he pushed back.

They hit each other hard and they both grunted from the impact. But now that was the precedent, and neither could back down. So they did it again. And again. And again. It was hard and fast. Brutal, even.

Almost without realizing it, his other hand found its way between his legs, jerking off furiously. There was no elegance, no grace, not even efficiency really. When he came, it was completely sudden. He felt everything clamp down, pulling him taut before releasing in a burst of wild, expended energy. Afterwards, he felt drained and could only lie in a heap while Greer finished working in him. Finally, Rush felt the bulge of the condom as he came inside him.

He grimaced. Even that felt good.

Greer collapsed next to him, gasping. They didn’t speak, but after a few moments Rush rose, slowly, to retrieve his pants and trousers. He felt sticky, but there was nothing he could do about that at the moment. Silently he dressed, then stood awkwardly in the middle of the room.

He glanced over. Greer still lay on bed, panting and half naked.

“Yeh,” he started, coughed lightly, then started again. “So. Thanks.” He frowned. “I suppose.”


Rush paused. “Right.”

He left. He reached his own quarters exhausted and collapsed into bed.
It wasn’t until he woke with his alarm that he realized he hadn’t thought of Colonel Young once since entering Greer’s quarters.

Well then. In a certain light, that could be considered…success.

He found himself knocking on Greer’s door again a few nights later.

“You said anytime.” He quirked a brow. “Didn’t you?”

Greer just smirked and stepped aside to let him in. They didn’t feel the need to talk much after that, for which Rush was much relieved.

They actually managed to fall into something resembling regularity. Every few days or so, Rush would go to Greer’s quarters and knock on the door. Greer would let him in. Rush would strip from the waist down (he no longer had any sort of shyness about it) and get on the bed—face down, arse up. They’d fuck. He’d get dressed. He’d leave, usually go back to his quarters for a few good hours of sleep. They didn’t talk much, they didn’t cuddle or even really touch each other more than necessary and, as far as he could tell, nothing seemed to change between them otherwise.

It was rough, careless sex, each party seeking his own pleasure and not thinking much of the other. It was their third night together before Greer hit his prostate for the first time. That had been an extraordinary, if somewhat frightening experience, to know what could happen at the press of a button, so to speak. After that he’d sometimes try to position himself to encourage that particular angle, though he couldn’t always be bothered and wasn’t always successful. He didn’t mind, overly. He could get off fine without it, and that was really the whole point to all this.

Well. Half the point. It also worked quite well in its other capacity.

It kept Young out of his head. For the most part.
Sometimes, when he was alone at night or during the day, he’d still sneak in, but now Rush had a place to go, something to do about it. He could just go to Greer and have him fuck it out of him. And since there was a solution, he no longer had to spend exhaustive time contemplating the problem.

All in all, he was content with the situation, and the sex. It was rough, careless, impersonal, self-serving, and it hurt.

It did hurt. Not…so badly really, but he’d get sore. Tender. There were bruises sometimes.

He liked that. Not the bruises especially, he didn’t particularly want a visual reminder, but…the hurt itself, the…

Pain.

It went straight to his cock.

He didn’t think it was so unusual. Sex made all sorts of things feel different. He remembered bites and pinches, flicked nipples and nails scratching, quite naturally going along with the pleasure of lovemaking. Perhaps there wasn’t so much overt pleasure now, in the…delicate sense of the word, and he certainly wouldn’t use ‘love’ to describe anything about it, but maybe that was the point. The pain, it wasn’t more, or worse, just…isolated. Which gave it an illusion of importance.

It was nothing to be concerned about. Really. Nothing.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Something ends, and something begins.

Chapter Notes

Possible non-con triggers, though no actual non-con occurs. Warning for offensive language.

He didn’t look up at the sound of the door. He was certain whoever it was would make what they wanted known soon enough. He felt no need to engage them prematurely. Maybe a miracle would occur, and they’d see he was working, and just leave.

There was silence. No talking or moving, but also no sound of the door reopening that might suggest an exit. Nothing. Rush stayed focused on his console for a time, but the seconds ticked by, and still. Nothing. Finally he gave in and glanced up. Colonel Young stood a few paces into the room, arms crossed and feet planted.

He and Colonel Young, alone in the control interface room. Fan-bloody-tastic.

He turned back to his work.

Young broke the silence.

“I want to talk to you.”

Rush tensed.
“I’m working.”

“You’re always working.”

Rush looked up indignantly at the dismissal.

“That’s because it’s always important,” he retorted.

“You can spare five minutes.”

Standing and turning a tad more harshly than he’d intended and with unnecessary noise, he crossed his arms defensively.

“What. Then.”

Young was quiet a moment. Rush thought he could see his jaw working, tense and on edge. When he finally spoke, he was brusque, words falling short and hard from tight lips.

“Greer.”

Rush blinked.

“What?”

Young sighed.

“Greer. Sergeant Ronald Greer.”

“What about him?” Rush asked with genuine confusion.
“Don’t!” Young stepped forward. “Don’t play that, don’t play with me.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about!” He exclaimed desperately.

Young took a deep breath, collecting himself.

“You and Greer,” he said more calmly. “What’s…going on between…with…you.”

Rush found his eyes searching the Colonel’s face but he could already feel his stomach drop.

He licked his lips.

“How…how do know about that?”

Young’s face almost softened.

“It’s no that big a ship, Rush. Word gets around.”

Rush let out a long sigh, turning to brace himself on the console. Well. He supposed this was always a possibility.

“Fine. Well…then. Yes.”

There was a pause.

“Yes?”

He glanced at Young.
“Yes. That’s what you wanted to know, right?” He spoke quickly. “So, yes, we’re—‘fucking, ‘involved,’ having sex ‘—sleeping together. Alright? Are we done here?”

Young eyes hardened.

“That’s not what I wanted to know.”

“It’s not,” said Rush blandly.

“No. I already knew that.”

“Then what—“

“I want to know,” said Young, cutting him off. “What the hell you think you’re doing.”

“…Excuse me?”

“What. The hell. Are you doing?”

Rush opened his mouth. “Are you serious?”

Young just stared.

Rush took a deep breath. “I don’t see how that’s any of you’re business.”

“He’s my master sergeant.”

“So fucking what?”
“So, he’s under my command, I’m responsible for hi—“

“—who he fucks?” Spouted Rush incredulously.

Young let out a low, irritated sound from the back of his throat.

“I’m responsible for him. I…I need to look out for him.”

“Look out for him?” Rush sputtered. “I’m not exactly his first bedfellow, you know. You have this chat with Doctor Park?”

“No, of course not.”

“Of course not!”

“Don’t try to act like it’s the same thing!”

“Oh no! Not the same at all.” He paused for breath. “You still haven’t explained how this, in any way, has anything to do with you,” he said, sneering and vicious.

“I already told you. I’m his commanding officer. That means more than just giving orders. It means it’s my job to protect him, as much as I can.”

“What do think I’m going to do?” He said, exasperated. “‘Break his heart’? Believe me, it’s not that kind of situation.” Thoroughly done with this nonsense, he returned to his work. He felt hot. God, his hands were almost shaking. He couldn’t believe how furious he was. Impulsively, unable to resist getting one last dig in, he looked back up, and with feigned casualness said, “Or shall we simply add homophobia to your growing list of inadequacies?”

Young merely rolled his eyes. “Please, I couldn’t care less about that.”

Rush finally lost patience. “Then what exactly is your problem!”
Young was quiet for a long while.

“Nothing. No problem.”

Without another word, he turned toward the exit. Rush went back to the console, trying to reclaim his thoughts. He heard the door open.

“He’s too young for you.”

Rush looked up at sound of Young’s voice, but somehow he was already gone. The door was shut.

_Thump thump thump thump thump thump_

Rush shifted his weight and tried not to sigh too loudly. He thought about moving a hand between his legs to attempt to liven things up a bit, but honestly he couldn’t conjure up the energy.

_Thump thump thump thump thump thump_

Greer had been at it a while back there, so likelihood was this wasn’t working brilliantly for him either. Although, now that he thought about it, he’d never exactly timed their sessions before. Maybe it had always taken this long. Greer never took much care with him, which had never posed much of a problem before. It certainly wasn’t the discomfort involved. In fact, he wouldn’t reject the idea of a little _more_...it was just all so...

_Thump thump thump thump thump thump_

Monotonous.

He sighed again. Routine, he’d thought, was a good thing. Reliable. Uncomplicated.
He let his nose fall deeper into the pillow and closed his eyes. Hopefully Greer would just finish soon. He’d given up on himself for tonight.

Then his eyes snapped open. He’d thought…it was his imagination, of course, but he’d thought he’d felt something. A brush, on the side of his face, against his hair maybe.

He raised his eyes, slowly, cautiously—afraid, though he had no reason to be.

And then he almost had a heart attack.

It wasn’t really him. It was obvious, only a ghost figure of his imagination.

He squeezed his eyes shut, paralyzed.

When he looked again, Young was looking back at him. The figment met his eyes, steadily and sturdy, with all the eternal assurance of a stone. Then, slowly, his gaze shifted. The eye line moved up and over, and Rush could imagine as it slipped past his limp hair, slim shoulders and back to where…where…

Rush watched Young watch Greer fuck him. His face grew hot and his throat clenched. His fists tightened and he could actually feel the prickle of tears.

It was shame.

He was also harder than he could at this moment ever remember being.

Going from zero to sixty, as it were, left him feeling heady, and he wavered unsteadily, pushing up on one arm to get the other hand to where he so desperately needed it all of a sudden. He gripped bits of the pillow in one fist and himself in the other and stared determinedly down at nothing.

And then there was another sensation, faint in its unreal-ness, but also insistent. Ghost fingers touched lightly under his chin, a thumb gliding along his jaw. A finger came and rested, all rough
smoothness, on his bottom lip.

He opened his mouth, and it came inside. His eyes fell closed again. God, he could just about taste it, feel it, heavy and alive, searching, _reaching_. He felt his inner cheeks and tongue tensing as they sought to suck on something that wasn’t there.

He came, hard.

Greer finished not much later, he was fairly certain. He couldn’t really tell as he lay there, limp and unmoving, eyes open and fixed like glass.

He felt Greer move away and blinked rapidly as he forced himself up and out. Away.

This wasn’t working anymore.

He gathered his clothes and dressed in silence, his thoughts somehow racing and stalled at the time. The gas was on but he’d forgotten the clutch. He couldn’t engage.

“…O-kay, then.”

He looked up.

“Sorry?” He looked at Greer, who was watching on the bed, a strange look on his face. “Did you say something?”

Greer snorted. “I just said, see you around.”

“Oh. Right.”

“Right. Yeah. Till…next time.”
Rush started to nod, then stopped, brow furrowing.

“No.”

Pause.

“Sorry?” Greer asked, quizzically.

“No.” Rush repeated. He met Greer’s gaze. “No next time.”

“Oh.” He blinked. “Okay then.”

Rush did nod then, finished buckling his belt, and left.

There was no fallout to their ‘break up,’ as far as he could tell. They just went back to their previous disinterest laced with vague animosity. He was glad for that. He certainly felt no ill will toward Sergeant Greer about what had happened. Their arrangement had simply ceased to have its desired effect, so there was no point in continuing it.

The question was where to go from here. The original intent had been to shake this, for lack of a better word, infatuation. To get Young out of his head and prevent any kind of real indulgence in that ridiculous preoccupation.

That, after last night, appeared to be a dismal failure.

What was strange was that it didn’t seem as catastrophic as he’d imagined. It was almost as if, having been forced to face his fear, it no longer loomed quite as fearfully. He’d thought of Young being there while he was having sex, he’d gotten off on him being there, but nothing had really changed, had it? He certainly didn’t act any differently towards the man, he was certain. Alright, maybe he was a tad more irritable towards him, but that was a matter of degrees. And maybe he found himself stealing looks and glances, subconsciously storing up details, but it was nothing noticeable. It was an arbitrary fixation. Stress could do strange things to people, he knew. Really, it
was nothing to get caught up on.

Which is why he saw nothing wrong when his thoughts wandered to the Colonel as he lay in bed, pants and trousers tangled round his ankles and three fingers up his arse.

His other hand gripped himself, tugging in rough, measured strokes. He was on edge, unable to push himself over and, as usual it seemed, his mind wanted to help his body by conjuring the Colonel. He no longer cared. This was his new routine. It was better, really. More private.

Tonight, however, it was no vague, ghostly silent figure brought from no where and no when. Tonight was very specific.

The air was hot and dry. The ground was hard. There was dust, everywhere.

_Are we done?_

He gasped shallowly, chest tight.

_We’ll never be done._

The spark down inside him intensified, sure and strong, and a grim whine strained from behind his clenched jaw

Young had him on his back. Hard hands gripped him, pinning him.

And then Young went for Rush’s belt, for his waistband, pulling. Rush struggled, of course. He fought, kicked and squirmed, and tried to crawl away.

Rush flipped himself over on the bed.

He’d try to crawl away, pulling at the ground with his arms and kicking with his feet. But he wouldn’t get away. Young would grab the waistband of his pants and pull them down, using Rush’s own frantic force to disrobe him.
He’d be bared, to the hot sun, to the dust and the dirt, and to Young’s strong hands, which would groove and pull him back by the hips.

Rush panted into his mattress, hands working fiercely.

Young would put his own knees between Rush’s legs and spread them. He’d get his cock out and grip Rush by the arse, spreading it too, baring it to the air. He’d spit into his crack and—

_Fuck, that’s disgusting._

Rush blinked. He couldn’t really argue with that.

_What the hell is wrong with you?_

He stared at nothing, frozen.

_Shut up._

_Just, shut up._

Young would fuck hard and deep, he’d rip into him and not care if he screamed. Wait, no, no—he’d beg first. First, Rush would beg. ‘Please, no, stop, don’t do this, please, God please’. But no one would listen, and Young would rip into him, and he’d scream and plead, and Young would put a fist in his hair and whisper obscenities into his ear.

_You’ll take what I give you like a good little whore, you sniveling bitch, sniffing around, making trouble when all you need it a good strong fuck up the ass._

He’d probably bleed. He clenched his fingers, digging his nails into himself and spreading them wide, trying to get something of the harsh stretch and hurt.
You like that?

He squeezed his eyes shut.

Course you do. Never knew a bitch that didn’t like a hard cock up its cunt.

He squeezed his eyes tighter, biting at his lip and trying to…to…

Go on then. Go on and come, you slut fag.

Spilling over his fingers he took two deep breaths before grabbing for the cloth by his bed and wiping his hands. Then he fixed his clothes and blinked into the dark, heart still racing.

This should be the last time, he thought to himself. The last time.

It wasn’t. He wanked off to Young again the next night. And the night after that.

That’s when the dreams started.

Rush had gotten used to nightmares, to waking up in cold sweats, gasping for air, slamming against clear glass that wasn’t there, memories of pervasive water and peering eyes lurking in the depths of sleep. Now, the chill of that alien ship would often morph into something hot, and oh so very human.

Sometimes Young would just hold him down and fuck him. Sometimes he’d tie him up first. Often, he’d hurt him. He’d bruise and bite and break him down with words full of filth and rancor. Sometimes they were on Destiny, sometimes there was no discernable setting. More than once they were on that blasted planet.

He’d often wake in the middle of it, dreams fading into conscious fantasy. Fantasy, so well dismissed in his previous life, had become his way of life. Over and over, he got off to the conjured depravity
of his own mind.

And he could tell it wasn’t helping, it wasn’t *alleviating* anything. It wasn’t *scratching the itch*, not really.

Because he was starting to want it. Really. Truly.

Want.

But he couldn’t seem to stop.

It was hell. And he wanted it more than anything to be real.

“I want to know what the hell you thought you were doing!”

Jesus Christ, not again.

“I was *trying* to fix the problem! That is what I’m meant to do, yeah?”

His temper was short. Sometimes he thought he was in a never ending argument with Young. Not a series of arguments, just…the same…fucking…argument, stretched on and on and on and—

“You could have told someone what you were doing!”

It was like purgatory.

“I do not have *time* to explain my every move to the swarm of *imbeciles*—“
Young threw up his hands. “Here we go.”

“—who populate this ship!”

“You cannot keep isolating yourself with this bullshit, cutting yourself off and hoping someone bothers to pull you back.”

“I…” Rush gaped. Of all the ridiculous— “I don’t do that.”

“Of course you do. It’s what you do, what you always do. You’re doing it now!”

Rush just stared. “What—?”

“It’s three o’clock in the morning,” Young punctuated.

“…So?”

“It’s three o’clock in the morning, and where are you?”

Rush looked around with his eyes, pointedly.

“The control interface room,” he said slowly, as if he were talking to an idiot. Which he was.

“Right. And why?”

Rush made a helpless gesture with his hands. “I’m working.”

“You’re always working,” said Young through gritted teeth.
“There’s work to do!”

“For fuck’s sake…”

“What? What? So what? What business is it of yours?” The least he could do was stay out of his life, out of his work.

“I’m the commander of this ship—“ Rush rolled his eyes. “—what happens on it is my business.”

“So, you can stick your nose in whenever it suits you then, is what you’re saying.”

“That’s not what I—“

“You know,” Rush cut in snippily. “A twenty-four hour solar based time measurement system isn’t even applicable out here.”

“SHUT UP!” Remarkably, Rush did, startled. “Just shut up! I don’t care what you do, Rush, but you have to do something different because what you’re doing now isn’t working. We’ve been lucky so far, but one of these days, you are going to screw up and there’s going to be nobody there to catch you, and we both know this ship cannot afford that. What you’re doing is selfish and juvenile and dangerous.”

“Juvenile?” Rush demanded, outraged.

“Yes!” Young said, not backing down. “I swear to God, Rush, it’s like dealing with a child. You sure as hell sulk and throw tantrums like one.”

“I thro—“ Rush broke off, nearly shaking. “So you’re here to what? Give me a spanking?”

It was a full second before what he’d said truly registered.

Don’t panic, he thought. There’s no way he can know, not from that. He stared Young down trying to keep the same expression while trying not to look like he was trying to keep the same expression.
Young’s face was as unreadable as ever. It was one of the many infuriating things about him.

He’ll think it’s a quip, at worst a bluff.

He hadn’t spoken yet, which was a little disquieting.

How long had they been staring at each other?

A few seconds probably, not long at all.

Best do something anyway, before it does go on too long.

He sneered. “I didn’t think so.” And turned away. He went back to his console to give himself something to do. He could hear Young’s footsteps in measured retreat toward the door. He breathed in through his nose, then slow and low out through his mouth.

Then he heard something odd.

His brow furrowed. He looked up and moved in front of the next console to get a better look.

Young stood there, a few yards away, hands clasped behind his back. Just looking at him.

He’d locked the door.

“Turn around.”

Rush blinked.

“What?”
“Turn. Around.”

Young stood, immoveable, like granite. Rush felt frozen himself, though far less sturdy.

What was happening?

He couldn’t…he wouldn’t…

He should laugh at him, make him feel foolish, embarrass him until he leaves.

He should attack him, accuse him of misconduct, bully him, make him feel guilty and ashamed.

He should pretend not to hear.

He should punch him.

He should run away.

But then…

This is what he wanted.

Before he fully realizes it, his hand is reaching back toward the console, using it as an anchor as he turns around.

As he turns.

Around.
A few deft movements and he locks the console. With hands that aren’t quite shaking, he slips off his glasses and lays them on the blank screen, then braces himself against it.

He hears movement but he can’t really focus. His ears are ringing. His eyes are wide but he can’t seem to see anything. His stomach is in his lungs, his heart is in his throat and his head is floating somewhere toward the ceiling. Then—

*BANG*

—he gasps, and suddenly, all at once, he is pulled down and into himself and he can see *everything*.

*BANG*

The lights are all bright and blinking, he can feel the metal under his fingers, he can feel the muscles and tendons *in* his fingers, through his hands and arms and everywhere.

*BANG*

His lungs are breathing in and out, even and enveloping and he swears he could feel the individual atoms of oxygen as they’re being sucked in.

*BANG*

The sound is all around, echoing, and it’s as though he can feel the sonic waves vibrating through him.

*BANG*

And he can feel pain; a burning, aching, *growing* pain because *he is being spanked*.  Someone is *smacking* his arse.
Hard.

Really hard.

Jesus Christ.

He drops his head down between his shoulder blades, held taught and tight as his knees start to shake a bit.

It’s unrelenting. Over and over, measured and strong like a fucking metronome. His hands grip tighter for purchase and his whole body staggers under each blow. He’s also been crying out for a while now. Well, not crying out really, but he is making noise. Small noises. Gasps and starts, strains and yelps, hisses, grunts, and whines.

He doesn’t weep, not with tears. He doesn’t scream.

Every piece of him feels pulled and stretched, like a rubber band about to snap.

And his arse is on fire.

He thinks he can feel more details now, as though he’s hyper-sensitized and can really feel the shape of the hand through his trousers; hand, fingers, fingerprints, indenting themselves into his raw and roughened skin.

Young’s fingerprints.

He can’t take another second.

He doesn’t want it to stop.
And his cock is so hard he’s afraid it might rip through his fucking zipper.

And it’s in that moment that he starts to worry.

Because Young isn’t stopping, he *isn’t stopping* and Rush is becoming dangerously close. To coming, that is. In his fucking pants.

Fuck.

He can’t think, he can’t think, and his blood is rushing in his ears and if he would just stop, just stop for a second so he could think, but it just goes on and on, and he’s starting to panic now, and his heart is beating very fast and his cock is aching and his arms and shoulders are practically quivering, and he just doesn’t want to…doesn’t want to…to…

“STOP!”

And it does. Immediately. But he can’t seem to stop talking, low and frantic and breathless after the desperate shout that was ripped from his throat.

“Stop, stop please, please stop, stop, please, please, stop.”

The sound of Young’s footsteps is like the ticking of a bomb as he walks around toward Rush’s upper body. Rush’s head remains bowed and he can see Young’s shoes come into view, just off to his left.

He doesn’t move. He can’t.

“Did you say something?” Young’s soft voice is pointed. “Is there some kind of ‘problem’?” There’s something in it he’s supposed to get, he’s sure, but he just can’t right now, can’t decipher, can’t think.

“I said,” Young speaks again, the same low and leading tone. “Is there a problem?”
And in that moment he can’t say anything but the truth.

“I’m close,” he gulps out tightly.

There’s a long pause.

“What?” His voice is quiet. Rush looks over only with his eyes. Black. Black boots, black trousers.

“I’m close,” he repeats.

He can’t see it, can’t bring himself to look higher than Young’s kneecaps, but he can feel it as well as if it was the Colonel’s hand and not his eyes that sweep over him to find the bulge at his crotch.

And then there is a hand there and Rush is certain he stops breathing at that point.

It reaches over and opens him up and yanks him out and then that hand is on his hand, guiding it to himself, wrapping it around himself, squeezing him through his own hand, pointing him down at the floor, firm and warm and immobile.

“Don’t. Move.” And he must be so near, he can feel breath against his ear. “Not one inch.”

And then he’s gone, out of sight.

Rush takes a deep breath, because he knows what’s coming next. He just knows.

It starts again.

BANG

Rush’s eyes slam shut and he falls forward. He leans into his elbow, the whole arm pressed against
the console now. Young, the force of his hand, virtually slams into him, pushing and pushing and *pushing* and it’s a straight line, a live wire, from each strike to his groin. His balls are tight; his cock is pulsing.

He doesn’t rub. He doesn’t stroke. He doesn’t move his hand at all.

Not. One. Inch.

But soon he’s spilling anyway, spurting out through open air, jerking, shaking, spasming his orgasm out of himself and into the room.

He has barely the time to blink the stars from his eyes before his arms are being pulled behind him, first one wrist, and then the other, bound in a single tight grip at the small of his back. Another fist takes hold of his hair, pulling him back a step and forcing him to his knees. His arms are borne up at an unnatural angle levering his head and shoulders downward. Gripped by the head and wrists, knees splayed, his body is bowed, prostrated, his nose inches from the floor.

“Clean it up.”

He blinks, clearing his vision. Ah.

Not just the floor then. His cum lies splashed against the metal decking.

He shifts his eyes to the extreme periphery, finding Young’s face not too far over his shoulder. He scans over the firm jaw, dry lips and cool eyes. Their gazes lock.

“Lick. It up.”

Unreadable.

Unmoving, eyes still on Young, Rush—tentatively, tremulously—sticks his tongue out toward his… mess.
The first stickiness hits the very tip of his tongue, thick and wet and like a shot his tongue is back inside mouth, eyes squeezed shut, a grimace coloring his lips.

That was disgusting.

He swallows hard, parts his lips, and tries again. Staring fixedly on his task, he laps at the pearly substance issued from his own body, choking it down his throat as he fights down bile. It gets easier as he goes, his focus narrowing to a repetition of actions: lick, gulp, swallow; lick, gulp, swallow. Eventually it reaches the point where he’s picking up traces with the flat of his tongue, long strokes sliding over the hard, cold surface, like a cat cleaning its fur instead of one lapping up milk.

And just as he’s finished, the very moment, the hands grasping him are gone. It’s so sudden he pitches forward, his newly freed arms rushing forward to hold him up. On all fours, he gasps for breath.

When he looks up, Young is nearly to the door. He opens it, steps out, closes it behind him, and is gone.

Rush looks down at his lap where his pants still hang open. He sits back, and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He’d better fix himself up. Someone could walk in.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Young has a mini breakdown, and then he and Rush have an actual, real conversation. I know, I too am checking for signs of the apocalypse.

Chapter Notes

There is no actual sex in this chapter, for which I apologize. Hopefully, the next chapter will make up for it.

Young propelled through the hallways of *Destiny*. If anyone had been there to see him, with his hunched shoulders and flaring nostrils, they’d probably think he looked like a raging bull. His nails bit the palms of his hands and he thanked God every time he turned a corner and saw no one. He didn’t pause or slow down till he reached his quarters and even then his stride hardly faltered as he stepped inside.

He went straight to what he’d taken to thinking of as his ‘grooming nook.’ It was really just a counter top, not even a very spacious one, but it had a mirror so he didn’t have to shave blind. Arms out straight and shoulders square, he leaned almost his full weight against the counter and counted to ten.

Then he looked up.

His own face was staring back at him.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

He spoke out loud.
The reflection didn’t answer and the words were left on their own, flat and grim.

He scowled. Then with a disgusted snort, he dropped his head and undid his pants.

He brought himself off right there, with one hand braced on the counter and the other working furiously on his dick.

Jesus, he felt like he’d been hard for hours.

He came quickly, wiped himself off with a scrap of cloth from the counter, then threw it back down and did himself up.

He turned back to the mirror and looked himself in the eyes, expression hard.

I hate you, he thought evenly.

From the look of it, the feeling was mutual.

He turned away, kicking off his shoes as he went, and fell into bed.

He didn’t sleep. Or if he did, he dreamed of sleeplessness.

The bustle in the mess hall was a moderate, steady one. People were less likely to come all at once at those times when food was neither overly scarce nor particularly interesting. Still, it was a natural place for socialization and there was a quite a bit of lingering and chatting, even at breakfast.

Rush hadn’t come in yet.

Young knew this because he’d come in early, found a spot that gave a good view of the entrance and
most of the mess and, with some papers to give the appearance of busy work, been watching for him ever since.

He’d eaten slowly, trying to drag that out as long as possible. He’d started over a cup of hot water with whatever was passing for tea these days, nursing it while claiming a slight headache. Then he’d gone back for a plate and a second cup. Finally, he’d resorted to scanning blankly over the pages he’d brought and pushing around scraps.

“Morning, Colonel! Spending some time with us grunts today?”

Scott. Good. Another distraction.

He pasted a good natured smile on his face.

“What can I say? Even Colonels get lonely sometimes,” he quipped.

“Awww!”

They laughed.

Scott moved on.

He flicked his eyes back toward the door.

Damn it. Where was he?

“Good morning, Colonel.”

Chloe stood there, holding a tray.

“Good morning, Ms. Armstrong.”
She snorted. “Oh God, does anyone here still call me that? It’s Chloe, please.” She seemed genuinely embarrassed.

Sweet girl.

“Chloe, then.” He made sure to smile at her.

“Um,” she hesitated, awkwardly. “It looks like you’re almost done, but…may I sit with you?”

“Of course!” He said, automatically. “I’d love the company.”

Shit.

“Great!”

Fantastic. A little diversion to cover up his…well, stalking seemed a strong word—but he didn’t wanted to be distracted himself…

“I actually wanted to talk to you about something.”

…and miss him.

“Oh?” He said, feigning interest. She was seated across from him. That was good; he could easily look past her shoulder to see the door. He just had to make sure not to do it too much. The last thing he needed was for her to look behind her trying to see what was distracting him.

“I’ve been talking to T.J. And…well…I know I’m not qualified or anything, and I guess it makes it sort of complicated to have a civilian…”

What the hell was she talking about?
“...but she could really use the help and, if it’s ok with you, I was wondering if I could ask her to put me in some more...regularized training. And to act as her assistant for whatever she needs,” she added hurriedly.

Oh. That was actually a good idea. Having just one medic for the whole ship really made no sense.

“That sounds great.”

She blinked. Then, a huge smile burst across her face. “Really?”

“Really. Run it by T.J., have her talk to me about logistics, but if she likes the idea it’s ok by me.”

And there he was. Rush. Coming though the door, just like it was any other day.

“Well, that’s just…thank you!” Chloe started eating with more relish then, and chatting away at things it was much easier to phone in about.

Rush looked fine. That is, he looked the same as he always did. Young was pretty sure. He watched him as he went through the short line to get his breakfast. He’d never really looked at him this closely before but it certainly didn’t seem to have any discernable differences about him. Same gait, same speed, same movements. Absolutely no indication that...anything had happened. Young’s eyes continued to follow him as he found a, as usual, secluded spot at the tables, away from all the mealtime chatter. He climbed over a bench with his typical hurried movements, plopping down his tray and—

There. There it was.

It was tiny. No one would notice, he was certain, unless they were looking for it, but there, right there, there was the slightest hesitation as he sat down. Just a second, a...pause really, a breath before he hit the seat. Tiny. Miniscule. Hardly noticeable.

But it was there.
And as he ate, impatient as always, his weight seemed pitched just a little bit more forward than his usually was. Like he was trying to keep his weight toward the front of his thighs rather than the back of his—

Anyway.

There was something there, was the point. No hope of it being some delusional nightmare then.

Not that he’d had much to begin with. Hope, that is.

There was something poignant in that. Irony or foreshadowing or a motif. Something literary. He remembered being ok at English, back in the day, but now it was all fuzzy.

And that’s when Rush looked up from his plate and Young realized he was still staring at him.

They locked eyes.

Everything went quiet.

And then it was over. Rush simply looked back to his meal, finished it with typical swiftness, got up and left.

All without once looking back at Young.

The rest of the day went by with complete ordinariness. They were stuck in FTL, so everyone was doing they’re typical preparation routine, trying to simultaneously take advantage of the quiet, while getting ready for the next disaster. Young spent the day surveying the ship and catch up with administrative duties. Rush, as far as he could tell, was with, or at least next to, the rest of the science team working their seemingly infinite list of B level problems.

Young also spent the day slowly losing his mind.
He just kept waiting. He was sure that, at any moment, the proverbial other shoe would proverbially drop and the shit would hit the fan.

Was that another proverb? Shit hitting the fan? Or was that just a metaphor? Were all proverbs metaphors? And if so, was dropping shoes and shit hitting fans in one sentence mixing metaphors?

What in hell had he just been thinking about?

Oh right.

Losing his mind.

Any second he expected a message from Earth, something vague about “evaluating recent circumstances.” Or for Camille to track him down, all righteous anger and surety, demanding he step down or face a tribunal or something. Or Rush himself to confront him, alone or, God, in front of everyone, as he spewed frenzied accusations full of rage and hurt and fear. And what would he say?

What the hell would he say?

It seemed like a good idea at the time?

Was that even true?

Instead, there was nothing. The hours went by and still, nothing.

So he was left just…waiting.

He couldn’t take it. Anything was better than this.

He found himself back in the control interface room without having any memory of deciding to go there. He’d just been walking and, suddenly, there he was.
Back on familiar grounds.

It was still early—well, early enough that most of the science team would still be working. Brody and Park were each busy in their own corners, one at a console, the other fiddling with wires. Volker, he knew, was working in Hydroponics. Eli was probably off playing with Kinos.

And there was Rush.

He took a deep breath.

His approach was quiet, though he didn’t really mean to be. He actually wished Rush would notice he was there. Then he wouldn’t have to…announce himself.

Ah, well.

“Ah-hem.” God, that was pathetic.

Rush looked up and, a second later, looked startled.

“Colonel,” he said, haltingly.

Young jumped in before he could open his mouth to say something else.

“I wanted to talk to you.” The words came out rushed. He needed to calm down.

“Talk?” Rush was unnervingly blank.

“In private,” he clarified.
Rush blinked vacantly, then, gesturing with his eyes, “I’m working.”

“When you’re done, then,” he replied promptly. God, Rush was being quiet, so quiet. It was wrong, completely wrong, like when—

“Alright.” Rush spoke slowly, but he was nodding. Young nodded back.

“Let me know when you’re done?” He asked, indicating his radio.

Rush nodded again. “Yeah.” The word was tacked on, as though he’d forgotten about it till the last minute.

Young left quickly.

That way he didn’t have to look at his face anymore.

It was many more hours before he heard from him. He didn’t mind the waiting this time. He hadn’t expected anything different. He’d gone through the rest of the day in a stupor. He’d hardly heard anything said to him, hardly tasted his dinner (which was pretty refreshing, actually), and hardly noticed the time going by. When the day had worn on and then definitively become night, he’d tried waiting in he quarters, but while he didn’t feel restless exactly, he also knew that wasn’t where he wanted to be.

Which is how he found himself here, in the Observation Deck, leaning against a railing and staring out as blue light streaked by hypnotically and letting it blur the passage of time as easily as it did space.

Crackle crackle

“Rush to Colonel Young.”
There was long pause.

Then, he picked up his radio and pressed the button.

“Colonel Young here.”

Another long pause.

“You wanted to discuss something?”

Click. “I did.” Click. Pause. Click. “I’m in the Observation Deck.” Click.

There was no response.

He was probably on his way, then.

He checked his watch. It had gotten quite late. Not late enough to be early, but still.

He turned his gaze back to the windows, letting himself again get lost in the light.

Not too much later, he heard footsteps behind him. They stopped, briefly, then picked up again. A moment later, Rush had joined him by the railing, nearly matching his own pose.

“I never get tired of this view.”

He was almost surprised when Rush answered.

“Well, it’s a good thing. It’s gonna be around for a while.”
Young couldn’t help but chuckle.

“I guess that’s the popular wisdom. I’m always surprised there are aren’t more people here.”

Rush shifted, looking over his shoulder at the empty room. “Yeah. Guess we got lucky.”

“Mm,” Young rumbled uncomfortably. “Either that, or it’s the middle of the night.”

At that, Rush fell silent.

Finally, Young sighed. If he was going to do this, he’d better fucking do it.

“Look, I,” he started half turning toward his counterpart. “I wanted to say that—” he broke off.

God damn it.

He took a deep breath, and looked Rush straight in the eye. “I wanted to say, that I’m sorry. That is,” he stumbled. “That is, I am sorry. I’m sorry.”

For a moment, Rush didn’t say anything. Then, with a small shrug, he looked back out towards the window. “For what?”

And with those two words, whatever calm he’d managed to salvage just evaporated.

“God damn it, Rush!” He couldn’t make anything just a little bit easy could he? “You’re really gonna make me—”

He cut off abruptly. He wasn’t the one who deserved to be angry here. If Rush wanted to make this hard on him, well, he wasn’t in any position to complain.

He squeezed his eyes shut for a second and collected himself.
“I’m sorry,” he spoke in measured, deliberate tones. “For what…for…last night…for what I—“

“No, no!” He looked up sharply. Rush looked distressed, and though his voice was low, he’d spoke with urgency. “I didn’t mean…” Rush sighed, then, speaking lowly. “I meant…you…you don’t have anything to apologize for.”

Young went completely still.

“Is that a joke?” He spat.


“Because it’s not very funny.”

“It wasn’t a joke!”

“Then what the hell was it!”

“It…the truth?”

Young just gaped a minute, chest heaving.

“Are you insane!”

Rush gaped right back at him. He didn’t seem to know what to do and that just wasn’t fair at all, because Young was pretty much at a loss himself.

This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.
“Look,” Young went on deliberately, trying to pull things back to where they made sense. “I just…I just wanted to talk to you and say that I’m sorry and that…that I’ll support whatever…action you choose to take.”

“What are you blathering about?” Rush looked properly irritated now. “What the hell does that mean, action?”

“It means…” Young swallowed. “If you decide to…report this, I—“


Rush was motionless. “Charges?” It was practically a whisper. Then, his eyes went wide. “You…” He stopped, seemingly caught in his own thoughts.

“What?” Young asked when he didn’t continue. Rush locked his eyes on him, like he’d forgotten he was there.

There was a long pause where Rush stood frozen. No, not frozen. Like glass. Like he was made of glass.

When he broke out of his stillness, Young could almost hear the shattering.


Young couldn’t believe what he was hearing.

“Why are you saying this?”
“Because it’s the truth.”

“I—“ Young choked off. “I assaulted you.”

“No,” Rush replied firmly, eyes fixed on a forty-five degree angle. “You didn’t.”

“How can you…? What I did to you…”

“You didn’t do anything to me.”

“Don’t! Don’t try to act like it didn’t happen, not when—“

“You didn’t do anything,” Rush cut in. “I didn’t want you to do.” He wouldn’t meet his eyes. “You can’t…rape the willing.”

Young felt like there was a stone on his chest. His stomach was in knots.

“Bullshit.” He muttered. “Bull. Shit.” His voice grew stronger. “There’s no way you can convince me that you wanted—“

“Why are you fighting me on this?” Rush pleaded.

“Because you’re wrong, because this, this is wrong, it’s so fucking wrong, because I’m not gonna let you…bury this for the ‘good of the crew’ or whatever crap idea you’ve come up with—for God’s sake you told me to stop!”

“Yeah, but I didn’t mean it!” Young reeled back, quieted by the desperation in Rush’s voice. “Not…not like that, not…not really.” He said it imploringly, like he was begging him to understand.

And that was the least that he owed him. So.
He’d listen. He’d try to, anyway.

He crossed his arms, and waited.

When Rush spoke, his voice was soft but his face was twisted, like he was in pain. “I wanted it. You understand?” He looked up from the corner of his eyes. “I thought…I’d thought that was obvious. I mean,” he grimaced. “I clearly…enjoyed myself.” He ended, no louder than a whisper.

Young spoke cautiously. “Just because you had a…physical reaction doesn’t mean it wasn’t…doesn’t mean you…”

Rush started laughing. It wasn’t a happy sound. It sounded like helplessness.

“I swear to God, sometimes I think you’d say anything just to tell me I was wrong.”

Young didn’t have anything to say to that. He usually felt the same way about Rush.

“For fuck’s sake,” Rush went on. “You didn’t even—“ He broke off. “That is. You didn’t exactly. You know. Take advantage.”

Young lowered his eyes.

“I think it’s safe to say, Colonel, that one of us had a good time last night. And I’m pretty sure it wasn’t you.”

When he raised his eyes again, Rush was looking at him. He looked in his eyes. Really looked.

Jesus.

He let out a breath. Rush seemed to take that as his cue to resume normal inhalation as well and, almost as one, the both found their way back to looking out at the universe racing by.
The universe didn’t hold his interest very long this time, though. He found himself looking sideways at the man next to him. For Rush’s part, he seemed more fascinated with his own cuticles.

“So,” Young said after a moment. “What do we do now?” There was no response. “Pretend it never happened?”

“That does seem to be our modus operandi,” said Rush blandly.

“Well. Before we do that,” Young started. “Thank you.” Rush lifted his head. “For…I mean, you didn’t have to…tell me anything. You could have…you could have let me…“

“Oh, don’t think the idea didn’t cross my mind,” said Rush wryly.

Young was silent a moment. “Why didn’t you?” Young asked.

Rush shrugged. “I don’t know. Soon as I thought of it, I…I knew I couldn’t. Do that. Even if I didn’t tell anyone else, even if I was just…blackmailing you or something, to play the victim like that? When I knew I—“ He paused. “I just couldn’t see myself managing it. Not for very long, anyway.”

Young nodded his understanding, though he wasn’t sure he really understood anything.


Rush smiled mockingly. “Should I say, ‘you’re welcome?’” He snorted. “This has certainly turned out to be a remarkably candid conversation.”

Young laughed. “Not really our usual style, huh?”

“No,” Rush said, chuckling.
“Well. Here’s to honesty, then.”

Rush was quiet a moment. Then, he inhaled sharply. “So. That’s it then. Cards on the table. Now we can forget about it.”

Young tapped distractedly on the back of his arm. “Yeah. Though…” Rush looked at him, somewhere between wary and questioning. Young sighed. “In the interest of honesty, I should…” He paused, fidgeting. He sighed again, louder this time, and turned away from the railing. Turning quickly again, he sat down with a frustrated motion on a bench behind him. “Look.” Rush was looking at him, in fact, back to the window, elbows hung over the railing. “What you said before wasn’t exactly accurate.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “Could you be a little more specific.”

“Yes,” said Young, shortly. “When you said that you were the only one who…who…” Crap. “I wasn’t,” he pressed on valiantly. “Unaffected. By what happened.”

Rush was currently looking at him like he was some kind of puzzle.

That couldn’t be good.

“You didn’t,” Rush began carefully. “That is…I mean, I was…I was clearly—“

“I took care of myself,” said Young quickly. “In my quarters. After.”

Rush didn’t seem to know what to say to that.

“Ah.”

Yup. No idea what to say.

“I just I thought I should.” Young expounded awkwardly. “You know.” There was a longer than comfortable pause. “If we’re being honest.”
“Right, no, of course,” Rush agreed hurriedly. “I…thank you.”

“…You’re welcome.”

They both glanced down.

“So.” Young clapped his hands together. “Now we can, you know—“

“Forget it ever happened,” they both said together, Rush finishing with, “Yeah.”

“Or…” Rush continued, his tone contemplative. “As an alternative to that.”

Young blinked. “What?”

Rush took a breath. “We could…not forget it happened.”

Huh?

“O…kay,” said Young, cautiously.

“We could, rather, instead, see this as an…opportunity.”

“Opportunity?”

“It seems to me,” Rush went on, reeking of false casualness and academia. “That we both came here with certain misconceptions. Now, however, those misconceptions have been cleared up, and we are presented with quite a different picture than either of us originally thought.”

Young stared, trying not to feel like the slow kid in the back of the class.
“So…you’re saying…” Young said, leadingly.

“I’m saying that, rather than viewing last night’s…occurrences as a mistake or a dilemma that needs solving, we view it instead as an…unexpected happenstance,” Young raised an eyebrow at that, “that has given us previously unknown information. New information can lead to different conclusions.”

“I’m sorry,” Young broke in. “What information are we talking about?”

“Just that, ah, it seems Colonel, that, we are, in actual fact, unexpectedly…complementary. And, it might not be a bad idea to investigate the possibility of a…mutually…beneficial…arrangement.”

Young’s gaze swept down to Rush’s feet and back up again in the space of a heartbeat.

Was he really saying…? Because…because he sounded like he was saying—

“What exactly,” said Young carefully. “Are we talking about here?”

Rush huffed exasperatedly. “Are you actually this dense or are doing this on purpose?”

“I just want to be clear,” said Young defensively, waving placating hands. “No more ‘misconceptions’.”

Rush stood across from him, somehow both languid and restless, colors of unreadable emotions playing over his face. Then, a single finger tapped twice on the railing under his hand, and he pushed himself off of it.

“Right.”

He paused briefly, but then he was crossing the space between them in short, even steps. He stopped just in front of where Young was sitting, looking past him with alert, tracking eyes.
Checking the hallway, Young realized.

Then, he looked down and reached out. Young felt like an animal, trapped by startled exposure to something his natural habitat had never prepared him for, but the hands that touched his shoulders were light, impossibly light and hesitant and Young was suddenly aware that he wasn’t sure Rush and ever deliberately touched him before.

Did hitting him with a rock count?

And with only that precarious support, Rush lifted first one knee and then the other onto the bench, straddling him. He didn’t sit, he wasn’t in his lap. He just sat up with his knees on either side of where Young was sitting. With this formation Young’s eye line was actually right about at Rush’s collarbone and he had to tilt his head up to see his face.

He was so close. Young could see the hairs of his beard, the eyelashes of his hooded eyes under the hair fallen over his face. He could feel his breath. Smell salt and musk on his skin. Yet, still, he seemed so far away, like in reality he was across a great chasm and Young was looking at him through a telescope.

He could feel the ghost touches of fingertips over his uniform disappear once Rush seemed sure he had his balance, and once again there was no contact between them. He kept glancing up over Young’s head toward the entrance. Then, with a little ‘there’ gesture to the space between them, Rush said a single, unsettled, word, full of both self-evidence and uncertainty.

“Clarity.”

And it was clear: this was the only answer he would get.

Almost before he’d made the decision to, his hands lifted and rested on the man’s hips.

When nothing happened, he slowly, slowly, ran his hands over and then behind to the lower back, then down, down, lower and lower over the mounds of his ass, took a buttock in each hand and squeezed.

The response was immediate. Rush sucked air in through his teeth, and hunched his shoulders, and gripped at the fabric of Young’s uniform in both fists, his face contorted and strained, every muscle
tensed in pain.

And then, he groaned. It was deep, guttural, and low. His mouth hung open and his whole body seemed to unclench as he panted out, hanging his head, loosening his fingers and arching into Young’s hands.

His face was flushed.

So was Young’s.

Young’s eyes flickered over the man before him, watching him breathe.

“Is this what you did with Greer?”

Rush barked out a laugh. “You sure how to keep the mood going.”

“I want to know,” Young said, direct and even. “Was it this? With him?”

Rush was quiet. They didn’t need to say what ‘this’ meant…This. All of ‘This’. Whatever ‘This’ was. Rush blinked steadily and licked his lips, picked thoughtlessly at the fabric on Young’s shoulders.

When he spoke, he was hesitant and deliberate.

“Not…exactly. I, as is evident…I like things a bit rough. Greer was good for that. He wasn’t, however, very long on imagination,” he ended, wryly.

Young blinked. “You dumped him,” he said, wondrously. He’d heard that it had ended, the same way he’d heard it had started, but he’d never known any details. “You got bored and you dumped him.”

“That’s…not quite accurate,” Rush denied.

“We weren’t,” Rush protested weakly. “In a relationship. There wasn’t really anything to break off.”

“Hmm.”

Rush was peering down at him, eyes full of uncertainty and wariness. A bit of his hair was hanging at an off angle, sticking in a patch of his beard just under his right cheek. He looked drab, mousy even. Yes. Very mouse-like.

“Ok,” Young said, at last.

Rush started slightly. “Ok?”

“Ok,” Young repeated with a nod. Rush just kept looking at him distrustfully. Young shifted his hands back to Rush’s hips and coaxingly pushed him back into standing, rising himself as he did so, to look Rush straight in the eye. After a moment, Rush nodded.

“So,” Rush glanced over Young’s shoulder. “Do you…” He trailed off. “My room’s not far.”

“Alright,” said Young quietly. Rush started to move, then stopped suddenly, looking back to Young doubtfully. “I’ll meet you there,” he said in clear tones. Rush nodded sharply. Then he was gone.

Young stood alone under the blue light, listening to the hammering in his chest.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Rush and Young finally do it, though maybe not quite the way Rush had imagined

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rush slammed the door control and glanced wildly over his quarters.

What the hell had just happened?

What had he done?

Had he lost his mind?

The things he’d said, the things he’d done and now…now Young was coming here. He was coming here to…

Fuck you?

Rush closed his eyes and breathed sharp through his nose, leaning his head back against the door, hands in fists.

He was already aroused. The starts of sparks grew low and hot, anticipation flickering in his racing pulse.

Such a good slag for him, aren’t you, already begging for it.
He tugged as his collar. He needed to get a hold of himself. Calm down. Whatever else happened, he’d be damned if Young walked in and found him a quivering wreck on the floor.

His buttocks clenched, sending a fresh reminder of the soreness there.

No. Young would have to do a bit more than walk in.

He swallowed hard and opened his eyes. He put a thumb over the pulse of his wrist and counted, breathing deep. After a little while, he managed to slow it a bit. He stepped away from the door, standing on his own feet.

He rubbed a hand over his mouth and glanced toward the bed. Should he…? No. He’d wait. No need to get ahead of himself. One step at a time.

There was really no need to be so frantic, so panicked. He was just…getting what he wanted.

_He was getting what he wanted._

He smiled.

There was a knock.

He spun around, sharp and urgent, then took a breath. When he’d finished the exhale, he hit the control with his fist.

The doors sprung open, and there he was.

They stood awkwardly, but only for a moment. Rush waved him in quickly (it wouldn’t do for anyone to see him in the hall) and shut the door. He turned to find Young standing awkwardly in the middle of the room instead. Much better.

Young peered at him from under his brows. “We need to talk.”
“Already? We haven’t even done anything yet,” said Rush exasperatedly.

“Actually, we have done something. And that’s…that’s what we need to talk about.

“We already did that,” said Rush impatiently.

Young sighed. “Look. It’s not…I just need to get a few things straight.”

“Fine,” he said curtly, crossing his arms over his chest. “Go.”

Young rolled his eyes. “Ok. I just think…well, I think we should set a few ground rules.”

“Rules?” He leered, dripping contempt. “I’d rather not.”

“Rush!”

“What?”

Young clenched his fist, visibly pulling himself together. “Maybe it was poor choice of words but…first of all,” he launched ahead. “I need to know how far is too far.”

He snored. “Bit ambitious for a first night, aren’t we?” He said, mockingly.

“Still,” said Young through clenched teeth. “There needs to be a way for me to know if…if you’re not ok. A…a signal or—”

Rush snorted again, the derision in no small part directed as much inward as out. “I really wouldn’t
“You said stop!”

Rush jerked back. Young was panting softly, eyes somewhat wild. “You told me to stop and you didn’t mean it. That’s what you said,” he pointed a finger, more pointed than accusatory. “You didn’t mean it. I need it know,” Young pressed. “When you mean it. You can’t put all that on me, you have to—“

“Alright,” Rush cut in hastily, placating. “Fine. A…we’ll have a signal.”

Young calmed immediately. “Ok. Ok, good.”

“So, like…” Rush probed, at a loss. “Like what?”

“I’m—not sure, exactly. Like, a word? A…a safe word. Isn’t that a thing?”

“A safe word,” Rush repeated. “Like a code?”

“Yes! Yes, exactly,” Young smiled, sounding relieved.


“Icarus.” Young repeated flatly.

“For a word,” said Rush. “What, you don’t like it?”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Young assured hastily.

“Right,” said Rush unsurely. “So. Was that it?”
“Well,” Young said haltingly, grasping his hands behind his back. “I’m not really sure how this is supposed to go. I mean…is it going to be like the other night?”

Rush shrugged helplessly. “I don’t know.”

“It’s just that last night you were…” He trailed off.

“What?” Rush prompted after a bit, though he wasn’t quite sure he wanted to know.

Young was worrying at a lip with his teeth. Suddenly, he seemed to gather his resolve.

“If I tell you to do something, will you do it?” He asked plainly.

Rush blinked, thrown.

“I don’t know.”

Young nodded, seemingly satisfied with this, though Rush couldn’t imagine why.

“And what do I do if you don’t?”

“I suppose,” Rush said cautiously. “That’s up to you.”

Young made a small grunt of affirmation, staring into space. Then, he refocused on Rush, eyes glittering.

“Turn and face the wall.”

Rush felt his mouth go dry, swallowed and licked his lips. Young just stood there, impassive.
Waiting.

Ok.

Ok.

He did as he was told, throat tight as he stared into the blank, grey space on the wall. He felt constricted, like his tendons were too short for him. Was it nerves or excitement that was making his heart race?

“Now drop your pants.”

A laugh burst from him, shrill and half hysterical. “Getting right to it, are we,” he said, hoping the banter would cover his unease as he nonetheless moved to undo his belt.

There was the sound of scuffling shoes as Young seemed to be maneuvering behind him. “I just want to see,” he said, sounding distracted.

Rush paused. “See?” He wondered softly aloud. Then he realized. He let out something between an ‘ah’ and an ‘oh.’ “Your ‘handiwork’,” he enunciated pointedly, half turning over one shoulder.

There was no response, just the faint shuffling of shoes and heavy uniform material. Rush turned back to his belt, unlocking the buckle in sure, even movements. A faint smile played at his lips as he, almost in a daze, went to unbutton his trousers. He felt a strange calm now, for some reason. Well, not calm exactly, his heart still raced and his skin prickled, but…comfortable. He wasn’t afraid.

Now he knew what Young wanted.

He pulled down on his waistband, underwear and all, down past his hips, then pressed both palms into the wall.

He heard a sharp hissing, and then Young was behind him, very close now, not touching, but he could sense him, the shift in air, the body heat. He could hear soft breathing and then there were fingertips on his skin. The tender flesh twitched underneath, eager and reactive.
“Have you looked at this?” Young demanded distractedly.

Rush was bewildered at the question. “Can’t say that I have.” He tilted his head. “Why? How’s it look?”

“Like it hurts,” Young answered promptly.

Rush chuckled broadly at that. “Well. You know.”

Young’s hand gradually became a more solid presence. Brushes became touches, and then rubs, and then prods, each one magnified on his exposed, hyper-sensitized skin. He was being explored. Well. At least his arse was. Although, as a hand tugged at his pants and trousers, pulling them farther down his thighs to get a better look, Rush was becoming increasingly conscious of the flesh hanging from the front of his body.

“I meant,” Rush said, trying to keep his voice steady as a thumb settled in the crease just under his right buttock. “How’s it look to you?”

“Red.” Young said in a low rumble, his voice as dark and damp as cave. Rush shivered. “Raw. Hot.” His hand came towards the middle, fingers pointed down as the palm rested smoothly over the curve of his arse.

Then, it was gone and Rush barely had the time to appreciated the whistle of wind as it returned with a loud SMACK.

“Jesus FUCK,” Rush shouted, slamming one hand against the wall and trying to hold on as his knees started to buckle. “What the hell?” He challenged incredulously.

His only answer was a low chuckle. “Alright,” said Young as Rush shook his head trying to gather himself. Bloody hell, it just kept going, like someone had ripped the skin right off. “Take your clothes off and get on the bed,” and with a final touch to his hip Young moved away.

Rush finally risked a real look over his shoulder. Young didn’t seem to notice, busy taking off his jacket.
Fine, then. He was already naked in the most significant of ways, with his half hard cock waving in the air, and his arse was on fire, but fine. He quickly bent down to yank off his shoes, pulled off his socks, and then dragged his trousers and pants over his legs. Kicking off the bit the fabric that clung to one foot, he clomped over to the bed and crawled on. He stopped like that a moment, knees tucked under him, weight half on his hands in front of him, indecisive. Young hadn’t specified any position. Should he…

“What are you doing?”

Rush looked back at Young who was standing with his socks in one hand. He sounded disgruntled. “What you told me to,” Rush replied, somewhere between confused and cross.

Young gave him a look. “I told you to take your clothes off.”

Rush blinked, baffled. Young just raised an eyebrow, then dropped his eye line to Rush’s chest. Rush looked down.

Oh. Right.

He’d never bothered with Greer, but apparently half-naked wasn’t good enough for the dear Colonel.

He looked back up. He couldn’t help but notice Young was still quite dressed, in his trousers and undershirt, yet he demanded Rush be completely stripped.

His face flushed, tongue darting to wet his lips nervously. He glanced down at Young’s crotch. It was hard to tell anything from here with his black slacks, and the lighting on Destiny was always so dim…was Young getting as hard as he was? Was he bulging, filling up, at the thought of Rush being totally naked and exposed while he…

He reached up and pulled his shirts over his head, throwing them carelessly somewhere on the floor. His chest felt tight and he concentrated on breathing evenly through his nose. He felt hot—not just flushed, but feverish.
He couldn’t look at Young anymore.

“Lie down on your stomach.”

Rush nodded faintly and moved to obey, neither swift nor sluggish, but rather as though he were moving in a dream. He settled carefully, gripping his pillow to him, aware of the pulsing flesh trapped underneath.

“Lube?” Young questioned mildly. Rush gestured vaguely toward the nightstand, not particularly interested in trying to find his voice right then.

Then the mattress was dipping and Rush felt warm cloth against the outside of his legs. He closed his eyes. He could see it, if he closed his eyes: Young kneeling bestride his prone, bared form—the dark clad beast and his poor, pallid prey.

He moaned, deep and hushed, trying to be still as his body sought to squirm against the bedding.

_Prey. Sure. Like a bitch that wags its arse hoping to get chased._

A palm was placed at the small of his back, solid and profound, and he stilled. Everything stilled.

When two slick fingers reached between the globes of his arse he arched, ever so slightly, into them. Young rubbed along his crack in smooth, sure motions, covering everything from just above his bollocks to his tailbone. He kept adding more lube, pressing along the insides of his cheeks, almost massaging into the skin. The pads of his fingers ran over his anus and his thumb would sometimes dive in to stroke lazy circles around the puckered flesh. Rush wondered if he did that because he noticed how he twitched when touched there.

He was being driven to distraction. He kept shifting his hips, hoping Young would get the idea and start working _in_ to him. He squeezed his fists. Did he want him to ask for it? Beg? Was that it? What was he _doing_? Surely he was getting impatient himself, and he hadn’t even started stretching him. Although…maybe he didn’t intend to. Maybe he’d take him dry—his gut and cock both clenched at the thought—but then, why bother with the lube at all?

“Are you planning to fuck me some time tonight?”
Young chuckled.

Damn. He’d meant that to sound more casual.

“No, actually.”

…Wait, what?

“What?”

“No. Not tonight.” Young said smoothly.

Rush started sputtering, but then it hit him.

Not tonight.

Then the fingers were gone and Rush heard the faint sound of a zipper. Quieter sounds followed, and then a series of slow, steady, squish-type noises. Coating himself, Rush realized. Spreading lube over his erection.

Rush didn’t look, burrowing his mouth and nose back into his pillow.

“How hard are you?”

Rush started at the gruff question, He wasn’t quite sure how to answer. Very?

“I mean,” Young went on. “Are you all the way up, or what.”

“Yeah,” Rush answered, hesitantly.
“I just don’t want you touching yourself.”

Rush shoulders twitched incredulously. “You’re serious?”


“A rule?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“And if I don’t,” he snapped. “Follow this rule, what happens then?”

“What do you think.”

Rush’s chest was tight and oppressive across his ribs. “What if you don’t catch me?” He challenged, and the words felt daring. “Or are you going to set up a kino feed to follow me around?”

“You’re going to lie to me?” Young said, words rumbling lowly.

Rush blinked at that, and worried his tongue between his teeth. Then, creaking like he was made of tin, and he gripped the bed linens tight with both fists. “No. No, I won’t lie to you,” he said, voice subdued. He inhaled sharply. “I suppose I can’t come without your say so either.”

There was a contemplative pause. “No…no I think that’s alright. In fact,” he said, with growing confidence. “I say you shouldn’t ever stop yourself from coming. Unless I say otherwise, of course. Now,” and his voice grew dark. “I’m getting sick of talking, aren’t you?”

“God, yes,” Rush agreed, relieved.
Young’s hands came down and gripped his arse tight, before pulling the two halves apart, exposing the center. Rush gasped, his pelvis rising off the bed, legs trying to scramble underneath him. Young’s own legs didn’t leave much room though and, as much as he may have the urge, Rush found he couldn’t spread his legs very wide at all.

“Settle, settle,” Young murmured quietly. “Hang on.” Steadily, he brought Rush to a kind of stillness, while still holding him open. He pushed Rush slowly back down into the bed.

Then, there was something hot and thick laid into the valley of his arse, and Young squeezed the cheeks back together, enveloping it.

That was where Rush’s eyes clouded over, if only for a second, because that was Young’s cock.

And it was huge.

Rush may only have ever had sex with one other man but he’d hardly gone through life without seeing a few dicks, so he had a fair idea of what was typical and what was…

Jesus.

It ran all the way up the crack of his arse, from bottom to very top, which had to be…how many inches? And it wasn’t just that. It was thick. It felt thick anyway. Heavy and pulsing and…

And now it was moving, sliding, between his arse cheeks, as they were held in place by Young’s strong hands.

And Young was groaning. Deep, guttural sounds, full of need and relief. If the hands groping his abused arse, or the cock going up and down between it and occasionally rubbing his puckered arsehole, or the thought how fucking humungous that cock felt hadn’t been enough, that groaning would have undone him.

He had never had a greater need to touch his own dick. It was killing him, scorching and bloated. But he didn’t. He held onto the bedding like his life depended on it and wished to God Young had tied his hands, but he didn’t reach for himself, not once. He buried himself in the bed, overcome with sensation, and gave himself over to Young as he used his body for himself.
See. This is what you’re for.

Tears prickled behind his eyes. His heart felt fuller and heavier than it had in a long time, like it might give into gravity, rip open his chest and fall out of him. It felt so good. He could do this. This he could do.

It might kill him, but he could do it.

This was what he was for.

Young bit his lip as a drop of sweat trickled down the back of his neck. He felt sticky and hot, his muscles exhausted as they were pushed to a more and more frantic pace, pushed by the urgency of sensation. His hips slid back and forth, unconcerned with the strain on his thighs or his knees, because right now all he cared for was this pleasure, here, now.

It wasn’t just the physical feeling of it either, but everything together, all his senses, sight and sound and scent perceiving this experience, and he was glad for it, glad for every ounce of awareness he gleaned, because right now his cock was slipping slickly between the brightly reddened cheeks of Rush’s ass, the dark, flushed tip peeking out the top of the crack every time he pressed forward, as he held them together in a grip that would probably bruise the already battered flesh, and Rush was letting him. In fact, his hips were angled to give him better access, making it easier to rub as much of his cock as possible along the sweet, soft inner skin of his backside. He even seemed to be enjoying himself and Young reveled in every tremor that cascaded through his frame, every soft, desperate gasp and whine and moan, every bead of glistening sweat along Rush’s hips and spine and shoulder blades.

With an impulsive surge of adrenaline he surged forward and licked a stripe up the center of Rush’s taut back. Rush’s response was immediate and intense, crying out as he went into constrained convulsions, butt cheeks clenching tightly around Young’s straining cock. Young rode him out like an earthquake, savoring the taste of salt on his lips. He was getting close now, so close, the slap of flesh on flesh seeming to grow louder as he reached his peak, and then he spurted hot cum onto Rush’s back.

He didn’t move for many minutes, head hanging, seeing nothing. Eventually, he pulled back to himself. He started bringing up his pants from around his thighs, hesitating only a moment before
wiping the last bits of cum hanging off his cock onto Rush’s bare skin. Then, he swung off of Rush to sit, bouncing, off the side of the bed, and finished doing up his fly. Two swift brushes to smooth his pant legs, and he stood.

Only then did he turn to look back at the man still lying on the bed. Rush was staring at him from under strands of disheveled hair, in the exact position he’d left him. Young tried not to let his eyes wander, but it was hard. Rush was skinny, sure, but there was something strangely alluring in his trim, economical frame, the stretches of skin that seemed to gleam both pale and golden. But this would be tricky, and he needed to keep his wits where they belonged.

He had to admit there was an odd part of him that was looking forward to this—probably the same part of him that was still the mischievous child who’d always gotten himself into trouble—but he was also pretty nervous about it.

Honestly, he had no idea what he was doing. And so, he was going to keep his eyes on Rush’s face, and not the cum that was dripping down his lower back.

He crossed his arms. “I’m going to go now.”

Rush’s whole body changed in an instant, springing up on his elbows, alert and alarmed.

“What?”

“I said, I’m leaving now.”

“You’re joking,” Rush spat.

“No,” Young replied calmly.

Rush eyes darted about incredulously as he sputtered. “But I haven’t even…”

“I know,” Young acknowledged matter of factly. Rush just gawked at him, disbelieving. “Since I got you off last night,” he went on, fighting to keep the smirk off his face. “Without you returning
the favor, I figured this was only fair.”

Rush’s eyes went wide and he sat up on his hands and knees, panicked. “It is not fair. It’s not remotely fair;” he retorted sharply. “You went back to your room, I—“ He broke off, seemed to struggle for a moment. He continued more subdued, almost imploringly. “I’m not allowed.”

Young shrugged. “Not really my problem.” With that, he picked up his shoes and socks.

“You’re really just going to leave me?” He sounded stunned.

Young chuckled, leaning against the wall as he put on his shoes. “Don’t look so anxious. I’ll be back tomorrow, universe willing.” He straightened up. “It’s just one night. I’m sure you’ll survive.” He grabbed his jacket.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Rush pleaded, agitated. Young continued to shrug his jacket over his shoulders, but did look over to Rush on the bed. He looked intent, reflecting. Thoughtful.

That couldn’t be good.

“You said,” Rush started, slowly. “I wasn’t allowed to…to touch myself, isn’t that right?”

Young narrowed his eyes. “Don’t get tricky here. You know what I meant. I don’t want to have to think of every possible loophole to everything I say. So no, ‘Oh it’s not technically touching if I whatever,’ understand?”

“Oh, no, no, of course not,” he placated. “But…but you did say I was allowed to, to get off, as long as I didn’t…unless you’re rescinding that?” he asked cautiously.

Young stood quietly. He should, he thought to himself. Clearly, the man was up to something. He shouldn’t let him get away with it. But, he couldn’t help but be little curious.

He really wasn’t sure what Rush could be thinking.
“No,” he said simply. “No, that still stands.”

Rush smiled quietly. “Well. I bet I can do it.”

Young blinked. “Do it.”

“Yeah,” Rush assured eagerly. “I bet I can get off without…without doing anything.”

“Really,” said Young blandly.

“Mm-hm,”

Young breathed in. “How?”

“Uh-uh,” said Rush quickly. “First, you agree.”

“Agree?” Young shifted. “Agree to what?”

Rush licked his lips. “If I manage it, if I succeed… I get something.”

Young lifted his chin. So that was it. “Get something.” Rush nodded. “Ok. Let’s say I do agree. What if you don’t.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“If you lose this bet… do I get something?” Young asked suggestively.

Rush was quiet. “I… I suppose. If you want. I’m not sure…” he looked at Young helplessly. “I mean, you could make me do anything you wanted anyway.”
Young’s whole body went still. He’d swear even his heart stopped beating for a second. No, it wasn’t his body that froze. It was everything. *Time* stopped.

“Alright,” he said.

“…Alright?” Rush questioned hesitantly.

“Alright. I agree,” Young said solemnly.

“Ok,” said Rush, nodding. He gestured with his hands. “Don’t leave.” he said firmly, then scrambled to shift his position.

“I won’t be touching you either,” Young said after moment. “Just to be clear.”

“Oh, I know,” Rush dismissed hurriedly.

When he settled, he was facing Young straight on and sitting up on his knees. Young watched inquisitively as Rush rubbed his hands distractedly over his thighs, then abruptly halted, and put them behind his back. He seemed to encounter some difficulty back there, squirming fastidiously with his arms.

“What are you doing?” he asked suspiciously, eying the erection twitching faintly between Rush’s spread knees.

Rush glanced up briefly. “I’m trying...” he sighed irritably, “...to keep my hands out of the way. So I don’t...” He looked to Young beseechingly. “So I don’t accidently…”

Young nodded, understanding. Then, he looked around the room. He hesitated a moment, undecided, then went and picked up Rush’s belt from where it was lying on the floor.

“What—?” Rush asked when he went to grab his wrist.

Young lifted the belt. “Tying your hands.”
Rush stilled. “Oh.” Young wrapped the belt around both wrists and tightened the buckle. Rush’s hands flexed once and then relaxed. When Young moved away, Rush peered up at him guardedly from under his lashes. “…thank you,” he murmured. Young just nodded, went to stand where he’d been before, and waited, arms crossed.

Rush was gazing downward, unfocused. He shifted his shoulders and licked his lips briefly, breathing in deeply. He swallowed, apprehension suddenly becoming his most notable color.

Young was just about to say something, call the whole thing off, ask if he was alright at least, when Rush looked up.

Young didn’t think he would ever forget those eyes, dark and black, full of fear and ferocity and something that looked an awful lot like the thrill of victory.

“I’m glad you stayed.” Rush’s voice was low and even and very, very deep. “This wouldn’t be nearly as easy if you weren’t here.” His lips twisted into a wry smile, tinged with mischief. “You see…I like that you’re watching me. I like that you’re watching me now, like this,” he muttered, dropping almost to a hiss. “I like,” he went on, challengingly, bitingly. “That you’re standing there, in your uniform, all in black. And I’m.” He exhaled, swaying almost feverishly. “Stripped. Naked.”

Young had never reflected much on the sound of Rush’s voice before. It had never figured as the subject of many deep contemplations. He had a feeling that might change, because Rush’s voice appeared to be the most glorious thing in the universe.

He was getting hard again.

God damn him.

Rush’s biceps flexed, straining. “I like that I’m bound. I like that you bound me. I can feel it pinching and I like that too. Because,” he swallowed, harshly. “I like it when it hurts. God, “ he gasped, seeming to collapse in on himself. “Dо you have any idea how much my arse hurts? It’s been burning all day, reminding me of…of last night. All day, trying not to get hard from my clothes rubbing against where you beat me.” He peered up. “I like that you looked too,” he said, sneering. “That you liked how it looked. Don’t pretend you didn’t. What did you say? It was ‘red’? ‘Raw’?” He leaned forward. “‘Hot’? Hmm?” He bit at his lower lip, eyes searching. “And I like…I like…feeling…filthy. Like when you…” he licked at his lips. “When you made me…
lick…” His eyes fell closed. His speech seemed really laborious now, like each word took huge effort. Young could feel a pull toward him. He wanted to help somehow, do something, make it easier.

And make him lose the bet? Somehow he didn’t think Rush would thank him for that. Instead, he just dug his fingers into his arms.

There was a deep cry, and Young could see Rush’s cock straining, hips spasming to find a purchase that would not be forthcoming. “You made me lick my own cum off the floor, Jesus Christ, I felt disgusting and it was so good, or when you came on me just now, I can still feel it—” He bit down, expending a whining, keening sound through closed lips. “I even…even…” He gasped between words. “I even like that you…that I didn’t come just now. That you just…” His voice lilted plaintively toward the end and his lip trembled. “Because…”’cause it means…”

He inhaled hard through his nose. “I like that you used me. That I could…that I was…fuck.” He arched, shoulders twisting, jaw working sharp and tight. “I can feel you.” His voice was desperately quiet now, quick and quivering as the words rushed out. “It doesn’t matter tha—I can still—you can—and I’m—I’m—aaahrch!”

Rush came, bowing over himself, hair falling over his face and pale shoulders hunched, spilling onto the bed. He swayed as though he might fall forward, but managed to find his balance back on his heels.

Well. The bastard did it. Young should probably be more impressed. Well, no. He was impressed.

He just wished he wasn’t so goddamned angry. And horny.

Lust and rage.

Those had always been his problems.

Slowly Rush started to look up, peering at him through strands of stringy hair, still breathing deep and heavy.

“So?” He asked after a moment, speaking softly.
Young stared back stonily. “Congratulations.”

Rush smiled. There was blood on his teeth. He must have bit into his lip. “I win.”

“Sure,” Young said shortly. “What do you want?”

Rush licked at his lips. Then, he glanced down pointedly, looking up again to lock eyes with Young. “I want to see it.”

Young laughed, with some surprise but no humor. “Oh, we’ll get there.”

“Now.” His eyes were serious, his tone adamant.

Fine.

A few long strides and Young was inches from the bed. His left hand reached out, threaded through Rush’s hair along the scalp, and yanked, pulling down and twisting his face up. Rush let out a small, sharp cry, his whole body arching as he was thrown off balance. Young could see his bound hands flexing in a vain instinct to support himself and his eyes rolled up to look towards Young, wide and alarmed.

Slowly, deliberately, Young took his right hand to his fly. At the sound of the zipper Rush’s focus darted to Young’s groin, barely a handbreadth away. His chest was heaving with deep, urgent breaths.

As he took himself out, Young watched Rush’s face. He saw the man’s features grow deathly still, his eye’s grow wide. He saw him swallow. Lick his lips.

He started stroking himself to that sight; to Rush’s deep brown eyes blown black and his lips parted and panting, to the trembling tension reverberating through his body held at awkward angles. He started slow but revved up quickly, already far to close to the edge, working furiously over his swollen flesh, and when the first spurts of pre-cum started he watched with relish as they fell along Rush’s cheekbone, making the man gasp and start. He tugged at his hair harder, making sure he lay lower than his cock. He came into the man’s face, squirting obscenely, purposefully, from brow to
chin as Rush panted futilely, clenching his eye’s shut against the onslaught as he didn’t quite try to turn away.

When he was finished, Young tilted his head back and groaned, fist still clenched in Rush’s hair. He breathed deep and looked back at Rush, who blinked hesitantly against the sticky mess that coated his cheeks and lashes. Loosening his grip slightly, Young glided his hand toward the back of Rush’s head before pushing him forcefully forward, into the goo of his own cum still on the bedding between his knees.

There was a muffled grunting whine as Rush fought to turn his face to one side or the other. Young took only a moment to appreciate the view, the bound hands and bowed back, the red ass bobbing over his heels, before reaching to undo the belt. He did so quickly, then detached from Rush completely watched him collapse, gasping, arms dropping forward to push himself up. He’d done up his pants and turned away before Rush even had a chance to look up.

He reached the door and held out a hand, hesitating over the control.

He looked over his shoulder.

The other night, he hadn’t looked back, too afraid, too busy fleeing to see what he’d left behind. He’d never know now, he supposed, what he would have seen. But here, he had, and therefore, he saw Rush as he slipped a single cum covered finger into his mouth. It was just a moment, a moment Rush might not have realized he was being watched, eyes turned down and inward, a moment before he realized and glanced up, freezing.

Young hit the control and exited quickly, closing the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for all your supportive comments, they really are giving me the inspiration to try and keep working on this. I know we're a small fandom community, but that just makes me appreciate each and every one of you so much more. We Rush loving angst porn addicts got to stick together!

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this super porny, if somewhat odd, chapter. It was certainly...interesting to write, especially with the POV switch. I'm sorry if it came off as
awkward...

And really, thank you again. You've no idea how much it means to me that people might enjoy something I'm writing in such a niche fandom. Bless you all, really.
Rush sat sprawled on the bed. He felt sticky, covered in sweat and...other things. He looked down wearily. It had gotten on his hands somehow, as well as his face obvious—

He swallowed.

Obviously.

He let out a sigh. It was strange, really. It had been...good. He’d thought. Better than good. Hot, sexy, exciting, all that. It had seemed like a good idea, like it’d...work out, he supposed. But now...

*Not enough for you? Greedy slag, got what you wanted and still left wanting.*

He closed his eyes. No, that wasn’t it, not really. It wasn’t like he wasn’t *sated*, or what have you. It was just that there was this...cold now. Like a block of ice inside, just under the ribs. He needed to clean up, get to sleep, but instead he couldn’t bring himself to move, he was just sitting here trying —

Trying not to cry.

He scoffed, lifting a hand to run over his face before remembering the mess and dropping it again, forlornly.

*Don’t be getting squeamish now, pretending you didn’t like it.*
I’m not—

“Oh, poor me, I’m all sticky!” Like you weren’t begging for it a minute ago, like you don’t get off on this filth.

Shut up!

He inhaled sharply. It had been fine, really, even right through the end. Everything had seemed fine. But now, Young was gone, and it all seemed so—

Swish

Rush looked up sharply, a moment of panic running through him. Had Young not locked the door? How long had he been sitting here?

It took a moment to calm back down, to register there was nothing to be panicked over. Confused, maybe, but…

Young had come back, was closing the door behind him. He approached the bed, carrying something, a…tub of some sort. He held it carefully, and came to sit carefully on the edge of the bed, setting the tub down, carefully, beside him. Rush shifted lightly, feeling oddly skittish. Vulnerable. Which, after recent events, just seemed utterly…

There was a linen cloth hanging over the edge of the tub, which seemed to have…water. It had water in it. With fluid motions Young took the cloth, dipped it in and wrung it out. It was only when he started to approach him with it that Rush made a move.

“Wha—“ he started, lifting an arm to block him.

“Shh.” That was all he said, and began to wipe his face.

Rush dropped his arm at the touch of cloth on his brow. The water was even warm. The rationing
had been loosened since they’d figured out the water recycling system, but even so you generally couldn’t just go grab a tub of warm water.

Well, unless you were the Colonel apparently. Rush watched Young’s face, who for his part seemed intent on his task, eye’s following the motion of his hand. As he moved down, Rush dropped his gaze to avoid eye contact, fixing instead on the Colonel’s chin and collar. Smoothly, Young worked over nose and cheekbones, extra soft over the eyes, and down the jaw.

That was where Rush saw Young’s lips quirk.

“What?” Rush looked over him, questioning.

Young looked him in the eye briefly, then away again.

“You know, you might want to think about shaving,” he said lightly, rinsing the linen and wringing it out again. Rush’s brow furrowed. “The beard,” Young clarified, completely unnecessarily.

“You…you don’t like it?” Rush replied, wondering if he should feel offended, annoyed at the twinge of insecurity that bloomed under his chest.

Young chuckled. “Well,” he started. “It’s just a bit messy, is all.”

“Are you suggesting,” Rush retorted after a moment, with no small amount of facetiousness. “That I be clean shaven so that it’s easier to wash cum off my face?” Young just grinned. Bastard. “Should I cut my hair too?”

“I like your hair.”

Rush snorted softly, then was quiet a moment. “I’ll think about it.”

Young face went quiet, movement stilling just for a moment. Then—

“Here,” he said, running the damp cloth over Rush’s hands. “Come on.” He quickly moved the tub
to the floor, pulling down the covers of bed. After a moment, Rush turned to crawl in underneath. “Hang on,” Young blurted out and Rush paused. He bent to retrieve the linen. “I forgot about your back.” And then he was wiping over the smeared skin with Rush left with nothing to do but let him and dwell on how he had absolutely no idea how he felt about this. “There. Go on.” Rush nodded absently, climbing under the covers and laying on one side. Young pulled the blankets up to his shoulders, then brought the tub down toward the foot of the bed. There, he pulled out the cloth again and started on the splotch on the bedding.

“You don’t have to—“ Rush started, pushing himself up on one arm.

“I got it,” said Young easily. “I’m not doing much anyway, just trying to get the worst of it.”

Rush nodded again, biting inside his lip.

“Leave that,” he said hurriedly when he saw Young moving to take the tub with him. “I’ll get it. And,” he went on reasonably. “Wouldn’t do to have someone see you wandering the halls with a tub.”

“Well, no one saw me bring it,” said Young, smiling awkwardly.

“Why risk it twice,” said Rush smoothly.

Young nodded simply, and set the tub back on the floor. “Well, I’ll just…” he gestured toward the door.

Rush nodded. “Sure.”

Another awkward smile, and then he was gone.

Rush lay down, naked but warm under the covers. His breathing evened and his eyelids fell comfortably. That ice inside him seemed to have gone. Melted, he quipped to himself.

He wondered when that’d happened.
The next day, he saw about finding himself a razor.

They’d taken to keeping a sort of “donation box,” a place to put odds and ends that weren’t being used, for anyone to take if they needed it. Depressingly, it was often non-personal effects of the deceased, but every once in a while someone just decided they didn’t need something anymore.

He was lucky, finding a couple electric razors in the bin. Probably from dead soldiers. He tried not to think about that and picked one, mostly at random.

When he showed up with a smooth chin for the first time, he got a few surprised glances, a couple bewildered shrugs, but only one irritating comment (from Eli, of course—“New look?”) It seemed everyone was either too intimidated or too uninterested to dwell on it.

But Young smirked, and that night he reclined on the bed and watched as Rush cleaned up his own mess with nothing but two hands and his tongue.

Rush flexed against the belt that bound him, leather winding up his forearms to his elbows.

“Alright?” Young asked over his shoulder.

Rush nodded, feeling the bedding rub against his cheek. Only then did he hear rustling as Young shuffled out of however many layers he’d decided to divulge tonight. From the waist up—he could still feel Young’s trousers against his hips.

After the first night there had been a second, and then a third. This was the fourth, and Rush had begun to observe certain obvious patterns. For example, Young liked him to be naked, immediately if possible. Young himself rarely even began to undress until Rush was face down on the bed, and never disrobed completely.
There were hands on his now, bound as they were at the small of his back, rubbing lubricant along his palms and fingers. Then Young wrapped one hand around Rush’s, guiding it as he placed his cock into Rush’s curved palms.

That was the other thing; he still hadn’t fucked him. Each night Young had gotten off using some other form of friction, completely staying away from penetration. He hadn’t even *touched* him from the inside, not once.

Rush squeezed lightly as Young began to glide along his fingers.

Not that that it wasn’t…there was a certain titillation to it. Just the *feel* of the warm, firm flesh against his skin, thrusting against him—he’d only seen it that once, and now he was left using only his sense of touch to try and get familiar, to dispel whatever…

He groaned, muffled, into the bed.

Alright, he’d admit it. He was intimidated. This was the first time he’d been able to touch with his hands and, yes, he could wrap all the way around, but just barely. Young’s cock was hot, pulsing, smooth as velvet and definitely on the ‘larger than average’ end of things. He had no idea how he’d ever manage to take him.

But God, he wanted to try.

He was getting more excited, hard and flushed and trying not to squirm against the sheets even as his toes curled and his legs trembled.

Young came over Rush’s back (though his bound arms caught most of it this time) as he had the night before, and the night before that, and it wasn’t as though that wasn’t hot as hell, it was, it was just—

“Not to ruin the moment, but are you *ever* planning to actually fuck me?”

There was a deep sigh, and he felt Young pull back to sit on his heels.
“Why? You getting impatient?”

“Impatient?” Rush scoffed. “I have shown remarkable patience.” He quirked his head to one side over his shoulder, a playful glint in his eye. “I’m beginning to feel toyed with.”

Young snorted, then patted lightly over the back of Rush’s thigh.

“I want to wait till you’ve healed.”

Rush blinked.

“Till I’ve…what—?” Then it dawned on him, and yes, alright, his backside was still a bit…tender, but— “What for?” he asked plaintively.

“I don’t want you to be distracted.” Young murmured.

“Distracted.” Rush repeated carefully.

“Uh-huh. The first time anyway, I want you to be,” he paused. “Focused. I don’t want anything else,” he went on, pinching a chunk of Rush’s arse that was still quite red and causing Rush to cry out sharply at the unexpected abuse. “Diverting your attention.”

Point taken. He supposed.

“My, aren’t you turning out to be a jealous one,” said Rush, breathlessly. “I didn’t realize your prick required such acute mindfulness. Well, let me put you at ease,” he continued, with exaggerated glibness. “I assure you, when you shove your cock up my arse, it shall have my undivided attention.”

Suddenly, there were two fingers bearing down, right on the spot just behind his balls and he shouted as sparks flew before his eyes. They pushed in, nearly to the point of pain, and he felt pressure everywhere from his cock all the way up through his throat. He almost started convulsing as his spine seemed to try to curl and flatten itself at the same time.
He felt another touch, contrastingly light, on the back of his neck as Young leaned in close behind his ear.

“Don’t get cute.”

Rush nodded quickly, panting, and the fingers released their hold. Young sat back up, pushing himself up with a hand on Rush’s shoulder, the other rubbing casually over the crack of his arse.

“Now,” Young continued, pulling at the belt’s buckle on Rush’s arms. “Let’s see about you, hmm?” Undone, he unwound and dropped it, still dripping bits of cum, off to the side on the bed. “Maybe then you’ll be less irritable.”

Rush snorted as he flexed his newly freed limbs. Young sat back up and then maneuvered them into a new position; he scooted Rush forward and up onto his knees, though still face down in the bedding, and knelt behind him. He spread Rush’s legs apart—giving him quite the view, no doubt—and then sat back on his heels, resting his hands gently over Rush’s hips.

“Go on.”

Rush breathed deep, and reached between his legs. Already hard, he gripped himself with both hands, putting his weight onto one shoulder. He stroked the shaft with one hand, pulling back his foreskin and working the tip with the other. He felt himself shudder and was acutely aware of Young, the steady presence of his hands and knowing he must be watching. There was some of Young’s spunk still on his arms and hands and he rubbed it over his own cock, squeezing smooth motions over the swollen flesh.

He felt his bollocks start to tighten and he reached back, cupping and massaging them gently. His back arched, legs splaying even wider of their own accord, and he moaned. Almost without realizing it, his fingers reached back, pressing softly at that sensitive spot again and making himself shudder. He inched up and back, seeking, and if he could just get one finger in, God it seemed like ages—

“Ahch!” He squawked as Young came down hard on his fingers, clenching them in a tight grip.

“My God,” Young commented mildly as Rush tried to wriggle the hand now trapped against his own arse, his arm held awkwardly between his legs. “You really are an insatiable little…” He trailed
Rush’s blinked, mouth working unevenly. Say it, he wanted to tell him. Just say it. Go on. You can say it. But his voice seemed caught, trapped behind his teeth.

“Ok, let’s try this a little differently.” With that, Young first released Rush’s hand, which Rush quickly withdrew, and then reached out, gripped Rush’s shoulder, and drew him up to his knees, making his head swim momentarily.

He wrapped an arm over Rush’s front and tilted him back against his own—Rush’s breath caught—bare chest. Warm, damp skin and short, soft hairs met his back. Young still had his trousers, buttoned and zipped as well by this point, but this is the most...naked he’d been through all this. Rush’s eyelids fluttered shut, inner muscles clenching.

He felt the tip of Young’s nose on the crest of his ear and soft breath as he whispered lowly. “Alright. Let’s try this again. No straying this time. Don’t worry. I’ll help you.”

Rush nodded absently, and started obediently rubbing himself. When Young lifted his other hand and pinched one flushed nipple, hard, Rush didn’t even cry out. He just sort of...choked as his pelvis pitched forward. The arm around his chest shifted and Rush felt a hand around his neck. It didn’t squeeze, or push; it was just held there, almost soothingly against his throat.

The other hand was not so gentle. It gripped at the same nipple again, twisting painfully until Rush started keening. There was only a brief reprieve before it took the tormented flesh again, pulling straight out in a way that sent Rush’s chest into spasms, his breath filling his lungs in shaky gasps against his ribs. In a strange fit of fascination, Rush glanced down and saw his own pink flesh drawn out farther than he’d ever known it could go. His throat clenched, falling even more into Young as his eyes rolled back into his head, clutching at his prick like it was some kind of anchor.

The hand at his throat circled around his neck and up into his hair, supporting the back of his head while the other worked at his chest. He raked fingernails between his pecks, squeezing and pinching at any of the few scraps of loose flesh. When he reached across to the other nipple, he flicked it once before digging his thumbnail straight in. Rush’s pelvis surged forward, throwing his head back as he cried out, and he yanked fiercely at his cock.

Young made a soft shh sound and pressed forward gently with the hand at the back of Rush’s head, lacing a firm grip into his hair. Steadying with his other hand, Young coaxed Rush’s upper body both up and forward. Soon, rather than leaning back, he was tilted forward, angled over his hips as Young pressed a palm against his chest. He gulped. He couldn’t help but feel unsteady. He wasn’t
balanced, pulled up off his heels like this, and pitched forward. Then, he felt the fist in hair harden, and the palm on his chest slid slowly over his shoulder to his back.

He was suspended—yes, that was the word—held by the hair, right against the scalp, producing a low, unsteady ache. More than any pain, there was the precariousness of his situation, and sure he didn’t have far to fall and it’d be onto his own bed and his hands were technically free but—

Pre-cum started leaking over his fingers and he rubbed furiously, throbbing everywhere as he took in the feeling of open air against most of his bare body, the tug at the back of his head, the strange sensation of being almost in the middle of falling…

Young, for his part, rubbed at the back of his neck, and then started working down Rush’s spine and Rush groaned achingly, awareness of rough fingers running over his skin and the drip of cool sweat pushing him even further.

But it was the gentlest touch that threw him over the edge; the lightest sensation of the softest contact with the very tips of fingers and fingernails at the lowest part of his back, just where the spine curved inwards. It was barely a graze, but it was like an electric current straight through to his pelvis, into his cock, and then out as he spurted from between his hands. He thrust into his fists, his hips shaking and pumping erratically, over and over and over until he thought he might shake apart and he just kept coming and coming and—

Finally, he slumped, limp and sagging. Clouds floated over his eyes; he may have stopped breathing at some point. But he had only a moment before Young released his hold and Rush had just the time to catch himself on his elbows. He still fell into his cum, but at least he managed to keep his face out of it. He pulled up with his arms a bit, to find a clean spot to rest his head, and collapsed.

“There,” said Young after a moment, comfortably cupping one of Rush’s buttocks with a casual entitlement that made Rush shudder. “That worked out, didn’t it?”

Rush nodded absently, letting his eyes fall closed to the sensation of Young’s hand under the globe of his arse—the span, the coarseness, the ends of fingers on the outside near his thigh, and the thumb that rested inside his crack over his anus with a strangely pointed kind of authority.

“Hey,” Young said when Rush didn’t respond further. “Come on. We gotta clean you up.”

Rush shook his head slackly against the bed. “’m fine.”
“You won’t be in the morning when you’re glued to your sheets,” Young retorted.

Rush just moaned petulantly. “I’m. Fine.” Young let out pointed sigh. “Go ‘way.” Young sighed again, louder this time.

“Okay,” he said a second later, giving Rush’s arse a last pat. “It’s your…bed. I guess you can do what you want with it.” Giving up, he rose, and draped a blanket over Rush before moving to dress and depart.

Rush was asleep before he did.

Rush woke about five hours later feeling warm, rested and sticky.

“Shite,” he muttered, delicately trying to detach himself from his bed sheets. At least he hadn’t gotten stuck in any…lower places.

He sighed irritably once he managed to sit up. He supposed he’d have to do laundry. He checked the time—still early. He was usually up and about in the wee hours of what counted for morning, getting his personal stuff done when no one else was likely to be around. It was a bit late for him, but still likely to be rather quiet.

He threw off the top cover onto the floor, then scrubbed at his front with the dirty sheet, trying to get as much off as he could before getting up. Rush had taken to keeping a very small bowl of water and a towel in his room, along with many others on board as rationing allowed, but it was obvious that this would not be sufficient for the task at hand.

He sighed and picked up a shirt from the floor. What he really needed was a change of clothes—well, they all did—but it seemed they hadn’t managed to get a tailor in their little band. They had found that the gel mist from the showers worked just as well at cleaning fabric as people, and dried quite quickly, so most people did both chores at once. However, repeated washings were starting to
leave their clothes rather threadbare.

The sheets and towels all got put in together in one of showers that had gotten put aside as a makeshift laundry room. Chore rotations had different people doing the washing in different shifts. Since it was everyone’s dirty laundry, no one made a point of looking too close.

He pulled on his shoes and trousers and underwear and a shirt, wrapped up the sheet, and headed first to the laundry room, then to the showers, picking up a clean towel from the laundry while he was there. He felt grimy and uncomfortable, and the clothes he was wearing just emphasized how desperately he needed a shower.

He made his way without meeting another living soul and found the showers closest his room blessedly empty. He quickly peeled off his clothing and stepped in. He scrubbed his clothes first, hanging them over the divider to dry, then started on himself.

He was quick and efficient. He rubbed the vapor droplets over his skin and through his hair, scrubbed at the spots that gave a little extra difficulty. His felt strangely numb, detached.

Which is why it was such a surprise when he started crying. It came out of nowhere. His face just crumpled up and tears started falling. He bit his lip to keep quiet, leaning a hand against the screen of the shower.

*Don’t you worry*, murmured a ghostly voice behind his ear. *It’ll all be just fine.*

Rush shut his eyes, trying to pull himself together.

*You’ll get your cock in you, just like you want. No need to get weepy.*

He shook his head, denying the voice, the words, denying everything.

*That’s not…I’m just…*

Except he didn’t know why, didn’t know what was making him feel like this.
Shhh. Let’s not pretend, now.

Ghost fingers slipped along crack of arse and Rush shuddered, snarling. He slammed his head back and the phantom shattered, dissolving into the mist and leaving him alone. He ran a brusque hand over his face and quickly shut off the shower.

He stood breathing for several minutes, watching condensation form over the opaque screen. He kept watching as a strangely still, disconnected hand reached out to draw short, uneven lines on the fogged panel.

S  L  U  T

He blinked, staring. Then, he reached out again—

He only got two perpendicular lines drawn, like the upper left corner of a rectangle, when he heard something. Quickly, he wiped over everything he’d done, erasing it.

Wrapping his towel around his waist, he peered out.

“Hey, are you just about done, or—“ Brody broke off, staring.

Rush sighed inwardly. “I’m just about done.”

“Oh.” Brodey replied quickly. “Ok.”

Rush slipped back behind the screen, rubbing himself dry, and pulled his clothes on, which were only a bit damp. His hair would take longer, but there wasn’t anything to be done about that. Slinging the towel over one shoulder, he stepped out and started putting on his shoes.

Brody was still standing awkwardly, holding his towel in one hand. After a second, Rush indicated the shower with a sort of ‘be my guest’ gesture.
“All yours.”

“Right!” He started toward the screen. “You know, I didn’t know that you…showered,” he said, stumbling over the last word.

Rush looked up, incredulous.

“I mean,” Brody went on, embarrassed. “I’ve just never…seen you…around.”

“So, you just thought I never showered?”

“…No.”

Rush rolled his eyes.

“I mean, no, I didn’t think that!” Brody explained hastily.

Rush stood up straight, done with his shoes. “I’m usually up earlier. Or later.”

“Right,” Brody agreed quickly. “Right, that makes sen—“

Rush was already out the door.

Chapter End Notes

Oh look, there's another person on the ship. Who knew?
That night was shadowed by another exciting adventure that had the science team, along with everyone else to be fair, scrambling. It wasn’t until late the next evening that they jumped back to FTL, but everyone let out a sigh of relief when they did.

Rush wasn’t sure whether or not Young planned to pay him a visit that night and he certainly wasn’t about to ask. He had things to work on anyway, new questions brought up by the latest crises.

Although, it wasn’t anything he couldn’t work on in his room.

When the knock came on his door, he forced himself to push down his excitement. He stayed where he was—sat up on his bed, with his notebook and pen. There was a long moment and Rush started to wonder if Young was waiting for some kind of invitation, but then the doors swished open and Young stepped inside, quickly closing the door behind him.

Rush set his work down on the side table, taking off his glasses as he did.

“Strip.”

Rush’s lip quirked, but he was past being startled; that was always his first order.

Young took off his uniform jacket and shoes as Rush shed his layers down to his bare skin. He laid face down on the bed, before Young had a chance to tell him to. He wondered a moment if Young would give him trouble for that, but he just approached and ran a hand down the back of his body.

“How’s your chest?”
Rush cocked his head. “What?”

“Your chest. From the other night. Are you sore?”

Rush’s brow furrowed and he shook his head, answering without thinking. “No, not really.”

There was a pause. “Ok.” Young stood up, moving to nightstand. “Good.”

Rush watched him from the corner of his eye as he fished in his pocket, taking out what looked like a fresh jar of lubricant and setting it on the nightstand.

“There should still be—“ Rush started.

“I know,” Young said, pulling open the drawer. “Just wanted to be sure.”

He pulled out the other container and opened it. Rush peered over and—yes, still nearly half full.

That’s when he put it together.

“You’re fucking me tonight,” he said slowly, feeling a stirring in his groin as he did.

“That’s the plan,” Young affirmed. “Knees and elbows?”

Rush smirked, fairly certain that hadn’t been meant to come out as a question. Keeping his head turned to the side to keep his eyes on Young, he smoothly slid back into position, watching Young’s face flush with an odd satisfaction.

Young stood for a moment, then curtly grabbed Rush’s pillow, dropping it in front of him before moving out of sight. Rush dutifully tucked it underneath his chin, clutching it to his chest. Absently, he heard the sounds of a buckle and zipper being undone, the shuffling of clothes hitting the floor. A dip in the bed, and then a slick finger was pushing unceremoniously inside.
“Now who’s impatient?” He cajoled breathlessly.

Young halted. “Too fast?”

“Oh, no,” Rush smiled. “It’s just from your previous conduct I was expecting a somewhat different pace.”

Young made no response, and after a moment Rush sighed, made himself relax and spread his knees even wider. Soon, the finger was working in him again and Rush *hmmed* contentedly.

The finger crooked suddenly and Rush yelped, head spinning as he went from half-mast to full in a split second.

“Sorry, sorry,” Young muttered. “Are you…was that ok?”

Rush took a deep breath. “Fine,” he said, trying not to sound too high pitched. “Just…bit sudden.”

“Sorry,” Young repeated. “I just…wanted to make sure that I…” he trailed off, huffing.

Rush paused, half turning to peer over one shoulder.

“Have you ever done this before?” He asked carefully.

“With...with women,” said Young after a moment, quietly, as though he wasn’t sure how much he wanted Rush to hear. “…A while ago.”

“Ah,” said Rush thoughtfully. He wasn’t sure what he’d expected. “So…I suppose you’re something of a virgin here.”
Young snorted. “Well, since you were going twice a week with Greer—“

“Sometimes more,” Rush interjected cheekily.

“And are such the expert,” he went on, jabbing in a second finger beside the first. “You be sure to let me know how I’m doing.”

“Oh, it’s not all that complicated,” Rush said, groaning as Young started scissoring. “I doubt even you could screw it up.”

Young withdrew abruptly, coming back with more lube and a third finger.

“That right,” he commented mildly, pressing in till all three were buried to the hilt.

“Mmm,” Rush assented. “Besides,” he arched his back and clenched around the slick fingers. “I’m surprisingly easy to please.”

“Sure,” Young muttered, twisting. “You’re a peach.”

He kept adding more and more lube, and soon Rush was practically dripping with it. Young’s fingers continued to twist and expand against the muscle. It was the most delicious ache as Rush felt himself stretched and opened, growing ever slicker and wetter. It made him feel…hot. Sexy. Fuckable. Like…a porn star, or someone at the center of some ancient Roman orgy. It was decadent.

When Young added a fourth finger Rush shivered expectantly, because of course he’d have to be stretched more, stretched wider, if he was going to—

He shuddered. His face was burning, and his cock was…well, it was painful how hard it was, neglected and bobbing aimlessly between his legs. He buried his face and tried to focus on breathing as Young spread his fingers to their full span, turning them inside him like the hands of a clock. It was amazing really. You’d never think it possible, but the body gave way remarkably easily with the right pressures. Time was he’d been wary at one finger and now—now he thought Young might easily fit his whole hand.
Wouldn’t that be interesting.

“Alright,” said Young, withdrawing. “Do you feel…is that enough?”

Rush clenched and flared around where the fingers had been, relishing how loose and sopping wet it felt.

“Oh, yeah,” he breathed.

“Ok, then. Roll over,” said Young, touching Rush’s flank briefly.

Rush pulled up, turning to look over one shoulder dazedly. “Sorry?”

“I want you on your back,” Young elaborated, placing the jar lubricant down on the bed.

“Why?” Rush blurted out before he could stop himself. “You want to see my ‘pretty face’?”

“Maybe,” Young answered easily. “Come on, over.”

Rush turned, grumbling, over to his back. He’d never done it like this. He and Greer had certainly never fucked face to face. He worked to find a comfortable position, folding the pillow under his neck, trying to find a use for his arms. He was sorely aware of his erection, lying heavy on his abdomen, and felt oddly exposed. Turning your back was supposed to be the dangerous thing, but now he felt as though he were showing his ‘soft underbelly’—like he were some kind of reptile, who could take comfort in the armored scales everywhere else.

Young had moved halfway off the bed while Rush readjusted. He stood with one knee resting on the mattress, clad only in an undershirt and boxer shorts.

Rush swept wary eyes over him, noting the tent in the boxer shorts.
“Spread you legs.”

Rush’s eyes shot to Young’s, hard and indignant. He already felt knotted inside, exposed and vulnerable, and now Young wanted him to spread himself open while he watched? And Rush didn’t fool himself for a moment thinking Young didn’t know precisely what he was doing, the God-dammed bastard.

Young just stood there, poker faced as usual, still and silent. He wasn’t even daring Rush to refuse, he was just…waiting.

Rush inhaled, long and shaky, and slowly drew up his knees, spreading them to either side.

“Wider. Use your hands.”

His breath shuddered, but he dutifully reached a hand under each knee, and pulled them up to his sides. He knew what Young wanted. He was familiar with how a woman (Gloria) could open themselves like an orchid, flush and fragrant and inviting. He doubted the picture he painted was anywhere near as appealing, but if Young had wanted pretty he wouldn’t be here in the first place.

What Young had here was an arse—slick and stretched and starved for his cock—laid out like a airplane runway. That would have to be good enough. Rush swallowed the lump in throat and stubbornly lifted his chin as Young’s gaze raked over him. Young knew what he was; he had no reason to be disappointed.

When Young reached for his waistband, Rush couldn’t help the relief that uncoiled in this chest. That didn’t last over long though, as Rush caught sight of Young’s stiff cock.

He’d only seen it that once, though that had certainly made an impression. Hell, it had very well haunted his dreams.

It was exactly as impressive as he remembered. If anything, it somehow seemed bigger.

“Is there a problem?” Young had caught him staring as he stood at the foot of the bed, and reached down to hold himself with one hand. Damn thing probably needed the support.
“No,” Rush muttered quickly. “No problem.”

Young was silent. “You haven’t…you wanted to look at it, before, but you haven’t said anything.”

Rush half-shrugged, awkward in this position. “I’m sure I couldn’t say anything you haven’t heard.”

“That’s not really the point,” Young replied, bringing up a leg to kneel on the bed. Rush quirked an eyebrow. Young paused. “Are you…ok?”


“Not everyone is,” Young started quickly, then hesitated, seeming to look for words. “Comfortable. With…you know.”

Rush stared, then laughed softly. “I’m fine. I won’t say I’m not—you’re certainly…more than I’ve ever…” He trailed off. “But, it’s not in a bad way.”

Young searched his face. “You’re sure?”

Rush grinned. “I’d have thought you’d know me better than that by now, after all this. I’m actually quite,” he paused, licked his lips. “Intrigued by the idea.”

Young leaned forward, climbing the rest of the way onto the bed. “Intrigued?” He prompted, teasingly.

“Mm. Maybe even a bit excited.”

“Is that the word?” Young idly reached out and ran a finger along the underside of Rush’s prick.

Rush moaned lightly, and lifted his head off the pillow.
“I didn’t just keep nagging you to fuck me cause I’m a whore, you know.”

“No, course not,” Young agreed darkly. “You’re also apparently a size queen.” A slip of confusion must have shown on his face, because then Young said, “You don’t know what that is?”

To be honest, he couldn’t be entirely certain he’d heard the term before, but it didn’t take a genius to work it out. “A fag with a thing for huge cocks?”

Young’s eyes flickered. “Yeah.”

“Well, come on then,” he said, lips parted around his tongue. “Your walloper’s not doing much good over there, now is’t?”

Young growled softly, then reached under Rush’s hips, and lifted him off the mattress.

“Bloody hell!” Rush scrambled up the bed, or would have if he wasn’t so tangled up in his own limbs. As it was, his elbows caught under his knees, his feet pushed near enough over his head as he was nearly folded in half with his arse sticking straight up in the air.

Which was the point, he supposed, eyeing his own prick balefully as it dangled down toward his chest. Somewhat resigned, he relaxed after a moment, and tried to find the least awkward thing to do with arms. He managed to disentangle them, but then didn’t quite know where to put them after that. He ended up wrapping them under his legs, placing his hands over the backs of his shins, which currently lay somewhat in the vicinity of his head.

“Well, this is dignified,” he said from between his knees.

Young arched an eyebrow. “Right. Cause you’ve been just the picture of refinement so far. I thought your cum-licking was particularly elegant.”

Rush’s face stilled, gaze dropping briefly as he worked to swallow a sudden lump in his throat as discreetly as possible.

“Now,” Young said, all business. “Here’s how this is gonna work.”
“Please. Enlighten me.”

“I’m going fuck you—“

“Promises, promises.”

“And you’re going to watch.”

Rush paused a beat, mouth open. “I’m pretty sure I won’t miss it.”

“I want your full attention,” Young went on, ignoring him. “Right here.” He placed two fingers, spread in a V, on either side of Rush’s exposed hole.

Rush lay there stunned a moment, then let out a derisive puff of air.

“I’m serious,” Young intoned, dipping a finger in lubricant. He pointed with it sternly, glaring over it at Rush. “No closing your eyes, no looking away.” Purposefully, Young drew his hand back, and touched the tip of the slick finger to Rush’s entrance. “Understood?”

Rush inhaled, about to make another snide comment, when Young smoothly inserted the finger into him. His breath caught immediately as he watched the digit slide in, disappearing inside. It went easy, slick and stretched as he was. He stared dumbly as it sank down, all the way to base, his hole flexing and puckering around it.

“Well?”

He glanced up, startled. Young was looking at him pointedly.

“Yeah,” he said after a moment. “Yeah, ok.”

Young nodded subtly and withdrew. Rush inhaled through his nose in time to finger’s exit.
With no further words, Young drew himself up straighter and leaned in. He put one flat palm across Rush’s thigh, using the other hand to line himself up. The head of his cock pressed lightly against his entrance, which immediately flared slightly in response.

And Rush’s eyelids flickered as his eyes rolled up in his head.

“Rush,” Young said warningly.

“Sorry, sorry.” Rush blinked forcefully, retraining them on where the tip of Young’s cock was perched against his…

Jesus.

He took a deep breath, forcing himself to breath out slowly.

It looked impossible, from this angle. The finger had gone in easy, sure, but this…this just seemed absurd. Like trying to fit an elephant’s trunk through a pinhole.

Instead making him want to run, or hide, or otherwise call a halt however, Rush merely felt a sudden urgent need to jerk himself off.

Size queen. Right.

Several beats passed, and then Young started to move slowly, *slowly*, into him. He felt only a slight pressure at first, hardness pressed against him until his puckered entrance gave way and the tip slipped inside.

Rush rasped deeply in this throat as the head of Young’s cock inched its way into the expanding muscle. He could feel the beginnings of the stretch, but could also see—*see* the very moment he was breached and—

He shuddered, gasping.

His eyes slammed shut. God, it was—

“Rush.”

They shot open again. Right. Right.

The crown of Young’s cock was completely enveloped now, and his arse was really beginning to strain. Even with extensive preparation this wouldn’t go easy, he could tell. And as it began to sink into him, as he watched it sink into him, strong and unyielding, Rush felt something more, more than even the force of merciless, blood-engorged flesh. It ran up the center of him, in his chest and his throat and behind his eyes, and it was on the verge of breaking.

His mouth trembled, a dismal mewling sounding from behind his teeth, and he turned his face away, clenching his eyes tight.

The cock stopped, holding motionlessly, reverberating with potential energy.


Rush shook his head forlornly against the bed.

He felt Young shift, leaning in over him. His cock slipped in a little farther as he did, and Rush whined, his own cock lurching.

Looming, Young gripped his chin, turning his face. “Open your eyes. Do it now.” Rush gasped sobbingly. “Rush—”

“I can’t,” he implored, desperately.
“You can.”

He bit his lip, shaking his head again, frenetically.

Young just tightened his grip on Rush’s chin.

“You can. You will do this, Rush,” he intoned. “Now.”

“I can’t,” Rush hissed tremulously. “I can’t I can’t I can’t I can’t—”

Suddenly, there was a tongue in his mouth. It plowed deep inside and filled him and Rush’s eyes flared wide, lips parting wider in surprise. Young was staring right back at him, centimeters away, intent and immersive. He was held there a moment, in Young’s hazel eyes, and then breath poured into him, and he sucked. He enveloped Young’s tongue with his mouth, pressing his own flush against it. Ungoverned, his left hand found its way to Young’s face, laying delicate fingertips along his jaw and cheekbone. Young held Rush’s jaw between fingers and thumb as he claimed his mouth with staunch, decisive movements. Sharing breath and spittle, their lips twisted together ferociously as Young plundered him and Rush strove to swallow him down.

They parted gingerly, releasing and retreating perspicaciously. Just before Young disengaged completely, Rush inhaled, deep, his mouth falling open even further, and Young plunged inside the pliable crevasse, swiping over teeth and gums and the roof of the mouth. The tip of his tongue was the last to detach, flicking Rush’s top lip before pulling away.

“Ok?” Young asked huskily. Rush nodded. They were still so close their noses nearly brushed. “Good. No more slip-ups, alright? Eyes open.”

Rush exhaled, agitated. “I don’t know if I can—“

“You can,” Young interrupted.


“Whatever you have to,” Young growled. “Cry. Scream. I don’t care. Just don’t. Look away.”
Again.”

Sweat glistened on Young’s brow, beads running down his face. One drop slid over the tip of his nose and fell with a plop onto Rush’s cheek.

Rush took a deep breath, licked his lips, and nodded. Young gave one long look and then, with some effort, pushed himself up. When he was back in position he looked pointedly at Rush, and Rush dropped his gaze.

Young’s cock had fallen in to just before it began to bulge. Rush gulped. Young took a moment to coat what remained visible with fresh lube, then took Rush hands and moved them until they were clutching Young’s undershirt. He gripped Rush thighs and bore down.

Rush felt his arse widen to accommodate the increasing intrusion, forced as it was already. It hurt monstrously, such unforgiving pain, but it wasn’t just that. He was being filled in ways he’d never thought possible, touched in places he’d never even known were there.

He was watching himself being dug open.

Young drilled steadily, deeper and deeper. It was too much, just too much. There was a bloody pole being sheathed inside him, rending him like cheap cloth as he ogled his own ravaged arse. When its widest part finally breached him, Rush’s face crumpled, lips trembling, and he inhaled harshly. He wanted to look away, wanted to hide his face, so badly he wanted to, but—

“...ffffuck,” he gasped, laboriously. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“There we go,” Young rumbled. He was more than halfway inside now.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, Jesus fuck.” Frantic, he moved up and gripped hard at Young’s shoulders. “Jesus. Fuck. I...FUUUCK!” He’d blinked, briefly, but quickly forced his eyelids wide, practically screaming. “FFFUUU—EAURGH.” Young was almost completely sheathed now and he was so full, too full, bloated to the point of bursting, and he keened gratingly, digging his nails into Young’s shoulders.

When Young finally fully encased himself, Rush took a deep, deliberate breath, and screamed. He wailed, hands slipping down to Young’s biceps to find a new, ruthless, grip, as he took Young down
to the root. He clenched around the hard, swollen flesh running, it seemed, all the way up his spine. His eyes were wide and wild and weeping. The sounds he made were torn out of him, deep, violent and brutal.

They both stayed several moments, gasping. Then, Young lifted one hand and deftly detached one of Rush’s. He brought Rush’s hand between them, and let it go. Rush flicked his eyes up questioningly, then back down. He reached out with one shaking finger and touched to where the base of Young’s cock lay flush along the rim of his entrance. It was taut and stretched, aching, and Rush shivered, quickly pulling his hand away.

He swallowed then, and purposely lay his arms back loosely over his head. He waited, watching.

With a deep, groaning sigh Young withdrew sharply, and plunged back in.

Rush screamed again, fisting the sheets. He watched Young’s cock pummel his arse, thrusting down with all the strength of Young’s body and gravity, and he started to sob.

When Young found his prostate, Rush was suddenly shrieking again. He panted desperately, trying to get enough air. His whole body shook, abuse and pleasure propelling him towards the edge of ecstasy. And still he watched, watched as ruthless flesh violated him again and again and again. Tears streamed down his face and he gasped in unstable intervals, holding desperately to some elusive, vibrating wire of sanity.

“Touch yourself.”

He didn’t register the words at first, ears swimming.

“Do it. Now, Rush,” Young said, sounding strained.

Rush groped blindly at his throbbing cock, rubbing up and down, erratic, feeling dizzy and exhilarated.

“Yeah, that’s good. That’s…good,” Young grunted, and plunged deep, squeezing bruising fingers into Rush’s thighs as he came. He was mostly quiet, spilling hot cum inside Rush with nothing but a low, breathy moan.
Rush felt his insides drenched and was just as silent, though that was mostly because he’d stopped breathing. Oh God, it was…it was—

And then he was coming too. He threw his left arm over his mouth and bit down hard as he wailed, shook, cried, and spurted filth all over himself.

Young drew out of him—fast, too fast, painfully fast—and quickly stuck two fingers inside the sore, gaping flesh. Rush yelped and then watched in horror as Young pressed into his prostate. He could only keen sobbingly as cum surged in wave after relentless wave, coating his stomach, chest, and nearly up to his chin.

Finally, there seemed to be nothing left, his cock left twitching, empty and pathetic, as Young slowly removed his fingers.

Rush collapsed, quivering, as muscles spasmed throughout his body. He was still spread open, legs wide, and he looked evenly over his bruised arse, now with a new kind of exhausted fascination. His opening was a deep red, stretched loose, dilating and contracting unevenly after the assault.

Then something inside him squeezed and pale cum spurted out.

Rush whimpered, shaking helplessly as it streamed from his hole, trailing obscenely over the curves of his arse.

“Can I—“ he broke off. His voice sounded painfully weak. He swallowed, and tried again. “Can I look away yet?”

A long pause lay think in the air.

“Yeah,” Young murmured, timbre gruff.

Rush looked up. Young sat sprawled between his knees, looking sodden and spent. His hair curled and stuck damply to his neck and forehead. His skin glittered.
He was looking down, hazily. After a moment he looked to Rush.

“You’re bleeding.” He held up his two sticky fingers, gesturing generally toward Rush’s exposed posterior.

Rush blinked mutedly. “Oh. Badly?”

“No,” Young responded, after a moment. “I don’t think so.” He looked at Rush then, studying him. His features began to firm as his expression turned intent. He lifted his fingers again, rubbing them together slightly. “Do you know what this is?” he asked, voice husky.

Rush looked at the substance coating them; pearly white with—yes—bits of reddish-pink streaked through.

Cherries and cream, he quipped faintly to himself. He wasn’t quite sure what Young wanted him to say, though.

“Blood and cum?” he ventured, airily.

“It’s—” Young started, then stopped abruptly. “Yeah.”

He reached out then, placing his two fingers over the middle of Rush’s upper lip. Carefully, he traced them in opposite directions over Rush’s mouth, painting his lips in a clear, rosy-white gloss. When they met again on Rush’s bottom lip, he slid them gently into his parted mouth. Rush didn’t even hesitate; he sucked, closing slurpingly over the intruders. He swathed the brackish, syrupy digits with his tongue, and swallowed the ooze down, copper and all.

When Young brought his hand away, Rush stickily licked over his smeared lips. Young watched him a moment, and slowly started to ease down Rush’s legs. Rush winced, hip joints aching, then slowly flexed his feet as Young moved to lie by his side.

Rush turned his head to look over him, raking over his sweat-stained undershirt and lower nakedness. He tilted his head slightly at Young’s limp cock. It looked almost innocuous now, like this. Smaller, obviously, but also simply less daunting in its passivity.
He opened his mouth to comment something to that effect, when Young smoothly reached out and ran three fingers up Rush’s stomach, from navel to clavicle, picking up bits of the viscous mess there, and deposited them easily in Rush’s mouth. Rush sucked again till Young deigned to remove them, at which point he immediately set to repeat the process.

“This is exceedingly inefficient,” Rush remarked, just before his mouth was full again.

“Mm,” Young commented.

“Really,” Rush continued when Young went to make another sweep. “It’s a comical misappropriation of labor.” His eyes flickered. “Aren’t you tired?”

“Exhausted,” Young replied, not pausing in his movements. “I’m amazed how you do this,” he said idly a bit later. “It’s gotta be pretty unpleasant, taste-wise if nothing else.”

Rush shrugged faintly. “You get used to it. Besides,” he said, eyes skirting away. “Pleasantness isn’t the point.”

“And what is the point?” asked Young lowly.

Rush didn’t respond.

“Well, it’s certainly nice you don’t come with much hair on you,” he said, rubbing pointedly along Rush’s smooth chest. “What was the beard, compensation?”

“Oh, shut up,” Rush sneered. Young grinned.

“It’s occurring to me,” Rush said abruptly. “Rather late I suppose, that we haven’t exactly been careful.” Young squinted, puzzled. “You know. We haven’t been…responsible.”

“Isn’t that our thing? Careless and irresponsible.”

Rush sighed irritably. “You know what I mean.”
“Safe sex.”

Rush pressed his lips together. “Yeah.”

Young breathed out, seeming to condense in mass with the exhalation. “Everyone working on the Icarus Project was screened—“

“Yeah, but,” Rush interrupted, trailing off leadingly.

After a moment, Young shrugged. “I figured if it was an issue you’d bring it up.”

His eyebrows lifted slightly at that. “That’s an awful lot of trust in someone who tried to frame you for murder.”

Young went still then, but only for a heartbeat. “What about you?” he asked in response as he slipped his fingers between Rush’s lips. “You didn’t seem concerned.”

“I forgot about it,” Rush retorted shamelessly, when they withdrew.

Young snorted. “So, what? You want to strive to be more sanitary in the future?”

“Bit late for that,” Rush jeered, lifting to snap up Young’s once again cum covered fingers.

“You’re impressively chipper,” Young commented.

“Oh, don’t be fooled. I’m on the verge of unconsciousness, trust me. I know the feeling.”

“Well don’t let me keep you. Sleep, if you want. I wasn’t planning on dealing with your punishment until tomorrow anyway.”
Rush’s eyelids had already begun to fall, but they opened quickly at that last bit.

“What are you talking about?”

“I told you not to look away,” Young explained easily.

“I didn’t!”


Miraculously, he did. His eyes closed, breathing evened. He fell asleep gently, with three cum-soaked fingers on his tongue.
It was the next afternoon, and Rush found himself at his wit's end.

He had woken that morning alone, remarkably clean (Young must have bathed him somehow after he’d fallen asleep, an idea he found himself disconcertedly alright with) and pleasantly sore. He’d gotten breakfast, gone to work. There was just one, little problem.

Young hadn’t told him what he was going to do yet.

Well, he had, just not very specifically, and it was driving Rush mad. He realized of course that it only made sense that, given their pattern, Young would wait for that evening to enact whatever… discipline he had concocted, but he hadn’t realized what a very long time that actually was.

He fisted his left hand, twisting it in circles from the wrist, keenly aware of the mark that lay under his sleeve from where he’d bitten himself.

There were also some lovely finger shaped bruises the color of old red wine on the backs of his thighs.
He needed to know. Now. He needed it over and done with.

It didn’t occur to him to try to fight, or hide, or even reason his way out of this. Young had caught him, fair and square. This was part of…whatever this was, and along with trepidation there was an undeniable…excitement; lust and panic swirling together tumultuously deep in his lower belly.

You know what you need. Now be a good boy and take your lumps.

Rush sighed. He’d never been all that great at good. Even less at patient.

Which was how he ended up in Young’s quarters.

Young looked up startled as Rush entered. He was seated on the sofa, bent over some kind ‘paper work’ sprawled on the table in front of him. Rush quickly slammed the door control behind him.

“Well?” Rush demanded. “What is it?”

“Huh?” Young replied articulately.

“What is it. What’s it going to be,” Rush answered in clipped tones. “Something with three. You made a point of saying three, so three what? Three times however many lashes, three inches up my arse, three idiots added to my science team? Three fingers broken, what?”

“That seems a little extreme,” Young said, sitting up. Rush just huffed impatiently. “I was planning on tonight, but…it’s really bothering you?” he asked with genuine interest. Rush didn’t say anything. “Ok. We can move things up.” He shifted slightly, resting his elbows on his knees and lacing his hands together. “Have you eaten?”

Rush blinked. “Yeah.”

Young nodded. “I want you to go take a shower, clean up. Do whatever you need to, then go back to your room and wait for me.” Rush paused, then nodded, half turning away, when Young held out a hand. “Give me your radio.” Rush balked, incredulous. Young gestured insistently. With defeated sigh, Rush handed it over. Young took it, setting it aside quickly, then looked back to Rush
expectantly. “And your phone.”

Rush sputtered. “It doesn’t even work out here. It’s only good to tell time.”

“I know.”

Rolling his eyes, he gave that over as well.

“Ok,” Young said, satisfied. “Now you can go.”

Rush stood a moment, then let out a quiet sigh, and left.

Rush sat on the edge of his bed, tapping his heel restlessly. He’d tried to work some equations for a while but he hadn’t been able to keep his concentration enough to make any real progress and he was tired of wasting paper. He wasn’t sure how long he’d been waiting, had no way to tell since Young had taken his mobile, which had clearly been the whole idea.

Bastard.

He rubbed his neck, which still felt oddly squeaky clean after the scrubbing he’d given himself. Young hadn’t specified exactly, but he clearly wanted him as dirtless as possible. He’d also used the facilities and even brushed his teeth.

See? You can be good when you put the effort in.

It was pathetic.

When the door swished open, he nearly jumped. Young stepped in, looking the same as he always did. He was carrying something, Rush couldn’t quite make out—
“Strip.”

Rush felt his stomach drop.

Getting right to it then.

He moved carefully, neither slow nor quick, laying his clothes evenly on the bed. Young dropped a couple odd objects on the corner of the mattress, then retrieved lubricant from the nightstand. When he was naked, Rush faced Young from where he stood, hands clasped sedately in front of him.

“Bend over the bed,” said Young briskly, opening the jar.

Rush swallowed, flushing, but complied.

Almost immediately, there were two slick fingers in him, stretching him, then quickly a third. It was faster than Young had gone last night, and Rush was still quite sore, but is wasn’t…

“This doesn’t feel like punishment,” Rush commented breathlessly.

“We haven’t started yet. This is just to get ready.”

Rush sobered at that, bowing his head to the mattress. Soon, he was slicked up, dripping lube, his cock plumping amicably between his legs.

“Ok. Stand up,” Young instructed, wiping his fingers on the back of Rush’s thigh. “Turn around.”

Rush did, arse squishing strangely. Young picked up Rush’s belt, brought Rush’s arms together in front of him and efficiently cinched them together, binding up the forearm. When he was done, Rush moved them up and down by the elbow, trying to find the least awkward position, as Young went to retrieve something else. He ended up just letting them hang down over his genitals, rolling his shoulders discomfitedly.

“Turn around.”
Rush rolled his eyes, but did so. This was getting tiresome.

A dark cloth was placed over his eyes, secured tightly behind his head. Rush blinked a few times experimentally, but he couldn’t see anything.

So. Young had a ‘fit the crime’ attitude.

Rush’s lip quirked.

Next there was some sort of headphone set placed over his ears, insulated so well that all sound was virtually cut off. He could feel his heartbeats vibrating through him, the rasping of his own breathing and the rushing sound of blood in his ears, but little else.

Apparently, Young also had a tendency toward extremes.

There was a clicking sound in his ear.

“Can you hear me?”

Com link.

Rush nodded.

“How’s the volume? Loud, soft?”

“It’s fine,” Rush replied, and was treated to the disconcerting feeling of not being able to hear himself.

It occurred to him then that the only thing he’d be able to really hear for the foreseeable future, was Young’s voice.
A hand was at his elbow then, and he was led slowly, carefully, through the room. Rush shifted his feet cautiously, blind, deaf and disoriented, trying hard to follow without too much stumbling.

They stopped, and he thought he felt a slight shift in the air, though he could have been imagining it, and then Young was coaxing him forward. He reached out instinctively with his hands, bound as they were, and felt nothing, but as he probed tentatively with his foot he came up against something, hard and cold, protruding from the floor.

“Up,” Young’s voice prompted softly through the com. Rush lifted his foot carefully and it didn’t take that long to reach over his obstacle.

That’s when he realized. It was the doorway. They were leaving his room.

“No,” he protested, falling back. Young was there to catch and hold him, and he pressed back desperately with what weight he had. “No, no, you can’t.” He kept his outcries quiet, though no less fervent for that, afraid of being heard.

They were no longer guarded within their own space and he couldn’t see.

“Come on, Rush. Let’s go,” said the voice in his ear.

“What are you doing?” he pleaded frantically.

“We’re just taking a little walk,” Young answered placatingly.

“No. No. You…you wouldn’t—“

It didn’t make any sense. Young wouldn’t want anyone to see this any more than he did. It…it could cost him his command, couldn’t it? They wouldn’t understand, they’d think—“

*You think anyone on this ship cares about you?*
That’s not the point, people care about who’s leading them, he’d almost had to step down once before, they wouldn’t let him—

*Leave you for dead?*

That…they didn’t know what had happened. Not for sure.

*Don’t be daft. You really think anyone gives a shite what happens to you? What he does to you?*

Under the blindfold, he closed his eyes.

*They like him better than you, y’know.*

Young was holding him tightly as Rush squirmed rebelliously, preventing him from retreating back into the room. Rush struggled, but he was at a clear disadvantage and Young held him easily. He was breathing hard, on the verge of hyperventilating.

“You…you can’t risk this, you can’t want anyone—“

Or maybe he did. Maybe he knew something he didn’t. He didn’t think any of the civilians would stand for this, but the soldiers…what if…what if they—

“If you’re worried about being seen, I suggest you get a move on.”

Rush stilled, breathing deep, and swallowed.

Biting his lips, he pressed forward.

The air seemed colder, even though he knew that was not the case. By in large all of Destiny was much the same. His feet slid over the metal floors, toes gripping erratically as he stumbled forward. Young stayed at his elbow, moving him gently one way or the other. He thought of trying to keep track of their movements, but honestly he couldn’t even be sure when they were going in a straight line and when they were turning.
His own breath was deafening, his head rushing. Images of crewmen passing them in the halls kept flickering in his minds eye. It wasn’t happening, it couldn’t be happening, it was impossible, but still —jeering laughter echoed against his skull, imprecise and impossible to pin down. Of course, if they did pass anyone, he’d never know it. He’d never see or hear anything.

Young could be leading him to an airlock for all he knew. Surrounded by cheering crowds.

That would never happen.

Suddenly, they stopped, and then he was inching his way across another doorway.

To what or where, he had no idea.

A few more steps, and Young let him go.

Click. “Get on your knees.”

“Where are we?” Rush asked, even as he fumbling to obey. There was no answer. Rush lifted his chin and bit his lip, letting out something between a chuckle and sob. “Right.”

His cock was full. It had been for ages.

A hand on the back of his neck guided him down and he complied, bending on all fours, and resting his head against his bound arms on the floor. Then hands were lifting his haunches and spreading his knees apart. A single finger slipped inside him. He was still plenty wet.

When Young’s cock breached him, it was almost relief that flooded through his limbs. He tilted his head back, mouth panting, as it filled him up, more and more, welcoming the pain.

Could he be being watched? Right now? Was he, at this moment, surrounded by sophomoric soldiers, watching Young fuck him with his enormous cock? ‘Yeah,’ they could be saying. ‘Fuck that ass.’ ‘You show him, Colonel.’ ‘Give it to him good.’ ‘Yeah, you take it, you little bitch, take
And he would. He was. Taking it all.

God, he was so fucking hard.

It hurt like hell, but he was so fucking hard.

Young made no move to touch his prostate as he slid in and out, though given his size he couldn’t avoid an occasional indirect brush. The message was clear. He hadn’t been given permission rub himself off either, and he wasn’t about to ask.

If he came tonight, it would be entirely by accident.

He almost did, when Young gushed his spunk into him, mewling as his own cock began to leak.

He placed his head onto his elbows as Young withdrew, clasping his hands and biting his lips. A moment later, something new was pressed against his entrance, and he stiffened. It was hard—harder than flesh—and cold, oddly shaped; it’s surface unnaturally smooth but with glaring inconstancies. There was something deeply unsettling about it, and it made Rush squirm discomfitedly as it was pushed inside him.

When it was completely sheathed, Rush’s anus contracted to envelope it, though he could feel some odd sliver of something still sticking out of him.

Click. “How does that feel?”

“Uncomfortable,” Rush answered promptly.

There was a pause. “Uncomfortable how?”

Rush sighed. “It’s not unduly painful, if that’s what you’re asking.”
“Okay. Good.” His backside was urged downward then, till he was seated back on his legs. He was still bowed forward on his knees, but it was a slightly more comfortable position. “Here’s the deal,” Young went on, and Rush had a sense of him settling in. “You’re going to stay like this. Exactly. Like this. You asked about three. It’s time. Hours. Three hours.”

For a minute, Rush just froze, stunned.

“That’s insane. That’s…you can’t.”

“Why not.”

“You can’t. What…what if something happens. The ship, you might need me to——“

“Then I’ll come get you,” Young replied in clipped tones.

He blinked, sputtering. “Come get me? You’re leaving?”

“I’ll check in on you, don’t worry.”


Pause. Click. “Starting from when you got the blindfold on.”

Well. That was something at least.

“And how long has it been?”

He waited.
He banged his hands against the floor, bound and in fists. His lips pressed together tightly as tears pricked behind the dark fabric.

“Now,” Young said after a minute. “I’m trusting you not to move around while I’m gone. I haven’t tied you well enough to keep you here if you really made to duck out. You understand?”

Rush curled his fingers, breathing softly.

Yes. He understood. He could get out of this if he really wanted to. Hell, he could have used their safe word at any point, he supposed, though that hadn’t occurred to him until right this minute. His arms were bound together, but that was just symbolic really. Young had told him to stay here like this—naked and prone, blind and deaf, arse slick and stuffed—because he had disobeyed him before.

Did he dare do it again?

Because that was his choice. Disobey, or…safe word out. Break the…whatever it was that made this.

He wasn’t about to do that.

He nodded, subdued. “I understand.”

Click. “Good. I’ll be back.”

Rush bit back a whimper, and ducked his head.

It was only three hours. Less than, actually.

But Rush wasn’t fool enough to think it wouldn’t feel like much longer.
The first time Young left him, Rush tried to keep track of the minutes. He tapped rhythms with his fingers, or listened to his heartbeat, counting in his head. Every time he got lost—confused or distracted.

His arse clenched around its intruder; he still wasn’t sure what it was exactly. Metallic, he was fairly certain at this point, or something of equal density, but the shape was hard to place.

And then there was the floor itself, capable of transferring vibrations from his surroundings. He became hyper-aware of every possible tremor, but there was never anything substantial enough to be chalked up to more than nervous imagination.

Nervous, restless, runaway imagination.

He had no idea where he was, and exploring blind would be a supremely bad idea. He didn’t think Young would put him anywhere dangerous, but still…and in any case, if he did that he might as well give the whole thing up and just free himself and that—

Wasn’t going to happen.

So he stayed, his mind conjuring millions of eyes to look down on his vulnerable form. He felt deeply exposed, for obvious reasons, but even more for not knowing his exact surroundings. He could be in a niche, a bathroom, one of Destiny’s dark secluded hallways…or just as easily the Gate Room or Observation Deck. Hell, he could be in the goddamned mess hall. Not that he thought Young would leave him anywhere public, it was just—he didn’t know.

In fact, now that he thought about it, why not leave him somewhere to be found? Somewhere like the showers, empty for a time perhaps, but by no means private. Young wasn’t here; there was nothing to link him to Rush’s huddled, naked body. Rush could tell, but who would believe him?

The worst fear (improbable, irrational), was still that no one would care, that he wasn’t secluded at all, but out in the light for all to see, with dozens of people walking past, pointing, laughing, or (worse maybe) barely giving him a second glance. That he might be in some crowded room, bustling and cheery apart from his…that was what made his heart pound and chest heave, his throat clench and his face grow hot.
It also made his cock twitch, but that was neither here nor there. He squirmed, hips and arse wriggling in concentric circles, trying to bury his arousal.

When a hand gripped his right butt-cheek he almost jumped out of his skin.

Young said he would check on him, he thought, heart pounding. Although…in a moment of wild panic, he realized he couldn’t be certain this was Young.

Perhaps an indifferent crowd wasn’t the worst nightmare after all. What if Young had put him somewhere safe, and he’d been found? Stumbled upon, somehow.

The hand urged his arse up, slipping into his crack and pulling at the thing inside. Rush opened his mouth, Young’s name on his lips, when he stopped. If this was someone else…should he really incriminate Young like that? It probably wouldn’t make whoever it was stop and would only give the assailant valuable information. If it was Young, well, then it hardly mattered did it? And there was no guarantee Young would answer, anyway.

The metal thing slipped out of him with a *squish* sound—there was still cum inside him from earlier—and he shivered. If this was indeed someone else (unlikely, lacks substantial reasoning), shouldn’t he stop him? They hadn’t discussed it, but he doubted Young would be overly pleased having his atonement disrupted by an uninvited interloper.

If he was uninvited. Maybe this was part of…maybe there had been invitations. ‘Hey, if you’re interested, I got Rush trussed up in the—’

There could be graffiti on a door proclaiming ‘Free Fuck Inside’.

There were two fingers inside him now, re-lubricating, even though he was still fairly slick. He was shaking with arousal now, hard, hot blood rushing through him. But he was also shaking in a cold sweat born of fear. He worried a piece of the belt binding his arms between his teeth and bit down, tasting leather.

This could be rape, he thought to himself, his own voice small and weak in his head. I could be letting myself be raped.

*And liking it.*
The fingers were gone now. There was something else, warm and hard, at his entrance.

He covered his mouth with both hands, lifting his head, seeing nothing but blackness.

He was breached, slowly, until the tip was inside him. Then, hands seized his hips and he was plunged into all at once.

A pause, at the deepest point of penetration, and something in Rush uncoiled.

He hadn’t been sure about the hands, but he knew Young’s cock now. Knew it well enough.

He breathed deeply, gratitude and relief pouring into him as he was fucked.

When Young had taken him earlier today, there had been something easy about it, gradual, like a tide coming in. This was not like that. He was being ruptured, broke open, mined—with a jackhammer and explosives—and (as close as he was to coming) it felt like a punishment.

It wasn’t just the pain, though there was plenty of that, but the pressure, the force of it. The intention. This was not for his pleasure. He wasn’t meant to feel pleasure in this—that he did was his own flaw. But at least he could take it as he should, let Young take his pleasure in him.

When he spilled himself on the floor, he relished the way his muscles contracted around Young’s cock. And as Young continued his thrusts through Rush’s aftershocks, Rush used the tremors to ease the tension in his muscles, opening to the assault even further.

Young came inside him hot and ferocious, adding to the cum he’d left in Rush before. He withdrew, and as he eased the plug (Rush might not know what it really was, but that was its current function) back in Rush’s arse, Rush dropped into his own current function. He was a vessel—a vat for Young to dump his cum into. And as he accepted that role, slipped into some imaginary, skin-tight cover with the word CUMBAG emblazoned on it, his mind quieted. Other eyes could very well be watching him but they no longer mattered, because he no longer mattered. He was a thing. Young’s thing.

Young could do what he liked with him.
Rush lowered his rear into its resting position at the slightest brush of Young’s hand, and waited.

Time was nothing. There was no more thought of how long it had been or how long it would be because there was only the now; this breath, this heartbeat, now this one, and this one, and on and on. The plug in his arse, the belt around his arms, his own cum oozing on the floor to meet his knees—they were accepted with a cool matter-of-factness that this was how things were. This was his life. No. Not life. Existence. He existed, and that was all.

When Young returned a second time, he found Rush in this state of quietude. He ran hands over Rush, head and neck and back and arms, everywhere. Rush could feel him traverse the suppleness of his body, meeting less than no resistance. For his part, he let himself be handled, surrendered himself to it. And when Young took him again it was neither languid nor brutal but with the simplicity of a smooth stone dropped in a clear pool. With certainty. With belonging.

The pain only made it feel more right.

He returned complacently from his fuckable position to his waiting one, re-plugged with his cum-loads sealed inside him, serene and unquestioning.

He didn’t know how much time passed after that, in the silence and the dark.

When the com-link crackled in his ear, he wasn’t even startled. He was too still, too compliant, to react.

“Ok,” Young said, placing a hand on his back. “You’re done. We’re gonna go slow though. Do exactly as I say.”

Rush nodded tranquilly into his arms. First, Young removed the plug. After a moment, Rush felt sticky substances start to drip and dribble from his arse, running thickly down his crack and over his inner thighs and bollocks. Then the belt holding his arms was unbuckled. Warm hands rubbed into the stiff limbs all the way up to the shoulders. Young slowly sat him up, massaging into his back and ribs as he did, keen to any sign of stiffness.

“I want to get you off your knees, so I need you to stand up, but carefully.”
Rush nodded again, and started to lift one leg to stand on. He wobbled, and Young was there, holding one arm with his own. Rush grasped onto the offered limb and let it support his weight. He managed to get a foot underneath him and pressed up. Young stayed on the floor, supporting him at the waist as he rubbed over Rush’s legs. Rush found his hands on Young’s shoulders, leaning into them, as Young worked the kinks out of his knees and hips and ankles.

When he was able, Rush let Young go, and stood back on his own feet.

“I’m going to take the headphones off now. There’s really no gradual way to do this, so cover your ears if you need to.”

Rush could sense Young’s presence in front of him, probably less than arms length away, and then the headphones were being lifted off his head. He took Young’s advice and covered his ears. It wasn’t overwhelming, but after its absence, the hums and creaks of the ship were unsettling. Slowly, he uncovered them, adjusting to the inflow.

“Better, huh?”

Rush nodded absent. The sound of the first real voice he’d heard in hours reminded of all his fears again. He didn’t hear anything else, no signs of life, just the generic noises of Destiny, usually quiet enough he hardly noticed them. He stretched his fingers nervously.

He felt and heard Young move around behind him. “Keep your eyes closed while I take this off, make the adjustment easier.”

Rush complied, closing his eyes under the blindfold. A moment later, it was gone. Carefully, he blinked his eyes open.

The first thing he felt was a stab of fear.

“I can’t see anything.”

“I turned down all the lights, sorry,” Young replied. “Here.”
After a moment, a low glow spread over their surroundings. Rush flicked his gaze over its contents rapidly.

Bed, nightstand. Sofa. A table, with papers scattered across it.

Young’s quarters.

They were in Young’s quarters.

That’s where he’d been. The whole time.

Rush crumpled. Mouth trembling, his knees buckled as he gasped sobbingly. Young caught him under the arms, lowering him gently to the floor while he wheezed, close to hyperventilating. He fell back to his knees and folded over himself, tears beginning to stream down his face. Young held him across the chest, lips pressed into the back of his spine, and Rush just shook, everything, everything, pouring out of him.

Slowly, in starts and stops, the fit subsided. The tremors came only in weak spurts as he blinked away the last tears and sniffled pathetically. He felt too heavy to move but too light to feel the floor. As his breathing evened out, Young’s arms reach under him and lifted. Young carried him like a rescued damsel in a fairytale but Rush was too weak to care, limbs limp and eyes blurry.

He was laid to bed gently and he shuddered at the pleasant warmth, eyelids flickering as they tried to stay open.

“There now,” said Young as he tucked him in. “It’s all over. You did good.”

Rush blinked tiredly. He tried to speak, but it came out muffled, incomprehensible.

“What?” Young asked, pushing loose strands of hair out of Rush’s face.

Rush coughed lightly, and tried again. “Well. I did well.”
Young hands stopped mid-motion, and then he chuckled. “Yeah.”

Rush’s eyelids fell then, and he was asleep.

He blinked awake feeling warm, rested, and clean.

It was rather surprising actually, especially the clean part. Young must have washed him while he was asleep. Again.

He really needed to figure out how he felt about that.

He shifted under the sheets, rousing his sleepy muscles. He was still naked, which wasn’t much of a shock, but nonetheless an important observation.

“Good morning.”

Young was seated on the sofa, half dressed in trousers and an undershirt.

“What time is it?”

Young grinned. “Early.”

Rush sighed impatiently. “How early?”

“Very. Middle of the night early.”

Rush groaned lightly, rubbing one eye.
“We got an early start yesterday, remember,” Young prompted.

“Yes, yes, I remember.” Rush reopened his eyes, able to take in his surroundings more clearly than he had upon first waking. “Did you sleep on the sofa?” He asked after a moment.

“Uh,” Young looked awkwardly toward the spare bedding beside him. “Yeah.”

“You didn’t have to do that,” Rush reprimanded.

Young shrugged. “So?”

“So. It’s your bed.”

“I think you needed it more,” Young replied lightly. Rush’s hand fist ed compulsively in his blankets. That hadn’t exactly been what he’d meant. “Trust me. I slept fine,” Young assured him, stretching his shoulders. “Out like a light.” Rush felt the corner of his mouth quirk slightly. “Your clothes are over there,” he said, pointing.

Rush looked to his left. He must have gotten them from his room. Sighing, he shifted up on his elbows, swinging his legs over the side as he sat up.

He hissed in sharp through his teeth.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Jesus fuck.

“So?” Young asked mildly.

“In every way possible,” Rush answered, breathless, grasping at the bed with both hands as he doubled over from the waist.

He heard a low chuckle from across the room and turned a dark glare toward Young from the corner
of his eye.

“This is your fault, you know,” Rush bit out.

Young just looked back at him with an expression that said, ‘I won’t even dignify that with a response,’ then got up and crossed to the bed.

“Come on,” he said, taking Rush’s hands and pulling him to his feet, Rush wincing pitifully all the way. “Over here.” He walked Rush to the nook in the wall, going slowly as Rush made one tender step at a time, head down and hunched over. He gripped at the counter without being told, bracing himself on his elbows. Young reached over him and picked something up. Rush lifted his head to look at Young through the mirror.

“What’s that?”

“Some kind of topical pain killer. TJ gave it to me when I was still having trouble with my knee, but I’ve used it for everything from razor burn to toothaches. Little bit goes a long way. Here, spread your legs.”

Rush complied with a sigh, putting even more weight on his arms and letting his thighs fall open.

Young whistled lowly. “Ouch.”

“Bad?” Rush asked.

“Could be worse,” Young replied, though he didn’t sound entirely certain of that.

“Well, you know,” Rush started conversationally. “I was just fucked by a pretty sizable cock, what, four times in twenty-four hours? After a not inconsiderable dry spell, I might add.” Young brushed a finger lightly along his enflamed anus and Rush winced silently, the bruised muscle flinching reactively. “Not to mention the—“

Suddenly, Young took a bit of flesh between two fingers and *pinched.*
Rush slammed forward into the counter hard enough to pound himself in the stomach.

“Bloody hell!”

“Sorry,” Young said, sounding not very sorry at all really.

“I should *kick* you!”

“Sorry,” Young repeated, somewhat more gravely this time.

“In the bollocks!”

“I’m sorry,” Young said a third time, clear and low and even.

Rush grumbled, shifting his shoulder blades irritably.

“ Fucking sadist.”

There was a long pause.

“…Apparently.”

Rush looked up. It had been said quietly, barely a mumble. He watched Young’s reflection, eyes cast downward, face as inscrutable as ever, except…except something.

“You could go again, you know.”

Young looked up sharply, locking eyes with Rush in the mirror.
“What?”

Rush had no idea what had made him speak up in the first place, but now that he had—

“Go again. Now.” He wriggled his hips a bit. “You know. If you wanted.” He watched Young’s face. Young watched his. He leaned forward minimally, just the barest shift towards the mirror, and raised his brows, somewhere between ‘invitation’ and ‘challenge’. “I can take it.”

Young’s face didn’t move.

“Maybe,” said Young. “But would be able to walk afterwards?” He smiled softly.

Rush didn’t know what to say to that, but he found himself smiling back just a little, for reasons he couldn’t begin to guess. Young’s smile broadened then, and Rush looked away.

The next thing he felt was something cool and sticky, Young fingers gently coating the aching area. Rush moaned, dropping his head into his arms.

“Better?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“Good. I’m gonna try and get some inside too, ok?”

“Mmm,” Rush assented lazily, and was rewarded a moment later by a slick digit slipping inside him. He hummed pleasantly to himself and let the stuff do its work, soreness already starting to ebb into numbness.

As the pain eased, he found himself scanning over his field of vision, which was admittedly narrow at the moment. The counter held all Young’s typically basic accoutrements—uninteresting at best. However, at this particular moment, there were a few other choice items. The blindfold, for one, and right next to it the headset he’d used to block his hearing. Rush sighed contently as he looked them
over, so innocuous looking, set there next to Young’s razor and washcloth. The belt was probably over with his clothes, which just left—

Rush squinted, zeroing his observation on the object sitting half hidden behind the military grade headphones.

“Is that a grenade?” he demanded after a moment.

“Just the casing,” Young replied easily. “No ammo.”

“Oh, well, that’s a relief,” said Rush, tone acerbic. “I’d hate to think I had a live grenade up my arse for three hours.”

“Don’t exaggerate. It couldn’t have been more than two, altogether.”

Rush snorted.

“How did we get here, anyway?” He asked after a moment’s thought.

“What do you mean?”

“We did walk through the halls, didn’t we?” Rush said, turning his head. “I’m assuming no one saw us.” He paused. “Right?”

Young was quiet a moment. “Right.”

“So, how did you manage it?”

Young sighed. “Emergency drill. In case of contaminate, everyone is confined to their quarters until all cases have been identified.”
“Are you serious?” Rush shook his head. “Being commander has its benefits.”

“On occasion.”

“That’s why you took my radio,” Rush exclaimed in sudden realization. “So I wouldn’t know about it.” There was no answer, but he didn’t need one. “Bastard.”

“Here,” Young said, and removed his hand with a light smack to Rush’s rump. “That should be good.”

“Yeah,” Rush said, straightening. “Much better. Thanks.”

He turned around. Young was standing just behind him, wiping his hands. They were very close, and Rush abruptly felt much more naked than he had a moment before, even more than when he’d had Young’s fingers up his arse. Young’s eyes were downcast, evading, but he didn’t step away.

“You know,” Rush started, eyeing the pulse at Young’s throat. “I really could go again. That stuff you put...” He hesitated, infinitesimally. “In me. It’s very good. I feel…” He clenched his buttocks. “Ready.” Young didn’t respond. Rush tilted his head, trying to catch his gaze. “I know you want to. I can tell.”

Young’s eyes lifted abruptly. “Can you.”


Young stared him down ruefully. “Ha ha.”

“It’s an honest question,” Rush said, insistently.

“Sure.”

“So, no then?”
“Not that I know of,” Young answered dryly. “Something you want to tell me?”

Rush drew back, incredulous. “Are you accusing me?”

“Maybe.”

“Of doping you!”

“You do have a vested interest.”

Rush laughed. “So, you will admit, you’ve been unusually…vigorous lately.”

Young *hmmed* lowly, and took a tiny step closer “That’s not my fault though.”

“No?” Rush mocked gently.

“No,” Young replied simply, eyes staring into Rush’s impassively.

A tiny shudder ran through Rush, and he leaned in toward Young. “See? I told you, you wanted another go.”

Young froze, then stepped back with a deep laugh through his chest. He pointed a finger at Rush, “You—“ He stopped, then just sighed. “—Get dressed.”

Rush smirked. “You sure?”

“*Don’t*—“ he started.

“Alright, alright,” Rush placated swiftly, and moved toward his clothes. He paused with his arms in
his sleeves, looking pointedly at Young before pulling his shirts over his head. “I’ve work to do anyway.” He picked up his trousers, then dropped them to his sides with a sigh. “There’s no underwear.”

Young, slipping on his uniform jacket, looked up, face full of exaggerated innocence.

“Really? Huh.”

Rush glared darkly, and stepped into his trousers. “Fine,” he said, zipping up. “If that’s how you want to play.” He grabbed his belt.

“Who’s playing?” Young asked as Rush laced it through its loops.

Pulling at the buckle, Rush looked up wryly. “I’m just wondering if you’ve thought this through.”

“How about you?”

“You were so determined a moment ago,” Rush said, picking up his shoes. “But now, I’m going to be walking around this ship. Sore. Bruised. And,” he clicked his tongue, smirking, and moved towards the exit. “Without any underwear. All day.” He paused in front of the door. “Good luck with that.”

Then he slammed the door control and stepped out into the hallway.

Chapter End Notes

So, this is the last chapter I had already completed. I’m working on the next one, but updates might be a little slower after this.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Some complications arise

Chapter Notes

Alright, this is the chapter I'd been stuck on a while, finally done, somewhat satisfactorily. Much thanks to Potboy, without whose technobabble skills this chapter would probably still be sitting incomplete on my hard drive. Because this may be porn, but god-dammit, it will be passibly sci-fi compatible porn! Don't worry though, it's still mostly porn.

“The planet’s habitable. The Gate seems to be buried pretty far underground, but we could send a team down in a shuttle.”

Rush leaned against the console slightly, only half-listening to the chatter in the Gate Room.

“Is there anything worth going down for? Any trip with a shuttle is a risk.”

“Could be worth it. Plenty of plant life, always might be good for medicinals.”

His arse clenched as he tried not to fidget. He was still quite sore, and even the occasional brush of fabric from his trousers was proving to be somewhat—

“And, there’s lumber.”

Distracting.
“Lumber?”

“Some of the crew have been using wood to make…y’know. Things. Cooking spoons, small pieces of furniture. I think someone was working on a baseball bat. It’s not exactly top priority stuff but—“

It wasn’t that the pain was too much for him. It was quite the opposite problem.

“No, no, that’s good. Little things can make all the difference.”

His cock twitched.

This was going to be a long day.

“What about the caves?”

“Naquadah deposits,” Rush chimed in. “Could be useful.”

His only consolation, was that he wasn’t alone.

Young looked over at him as he spoke, face wary.

"Useful for what? I thought Destiny predated naquadah technology. She's solar powered, right?"

Rush gave a half-sideways nod. “Be that as it may, the gate is still composed almost entirely of naquadah. We’d need to have supplies on hand to repair it, if anything happens. And with stores of naquadah we could design our own staff weapons, solve the problem of running out of bullets."

Rush heard a sigh over his shoulder, and turned to find Lieutenant James gazing wistfully at nothing. "Yeah, that…that would be nice."

Rush turned back with a slight roll of his eyes.
“We could even create new power sources so we could keep the lights and the charging plates going when Destiny’s conserving energy between recharges. There appear to be fairly concentrated deposits, we could mine for it while other supplies are being gathered.”

“Who’s this ‘we’ you’re talking about?” said Greer, dripping lazy condescension.

Rush sighed irritably. “I was simply pointing out—“

“Doesn’t sound like a bad idea,” Young broke in. Rush blinked. “This seems to be one of our longer layovers,” Young explained, glancing toward the countdown clock. “We should take advantage of it. Get a team together,” he said to Greer. “Bring in as much as you can. Scott will pilot.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Quick but careful,” he said, wrapping up.

“Aye aye, sir!”

‘Quick but careful’. It was a fast growing mantra.

As people dispersed to their various duties, Rush flipped through his notebook busily, watching Young from the corner of his eye. Camille had pulled him aside, handing him some files and speaking in that low, overly cordial way of hers. Young was listening, but Rush could feel his divided attention.

He hid it well, but Rush knew he noticed. Every shift in hips, every suppressed wince, every time Rush ‘decided’ not to sit down, Young noticed.

Rush watched Young exit. His finger tapped restlessly, counting out one minute, then two. Then, deliberately unhurried, he left as well. He wasn’t needed here, so it was natural for him to return to his work in the control interface room.

Of course, that wasn’t where he was going.
“More paperwork?” he asked conversationally, sauntering into Young’s quarters and shutting the door behind him.

Young looked up and smirked wearily. “Requests for shifts in personnel. Camille asked me to sign off on them.”

Rush frowned. “Couldn’t she handle that herself?”

“Probably,” Young replied, sighing. “But I like to kept apprised.”

“Ahh,” Rush commented, wandering further into the room. “So it’s really your own fault then.”

“As usual.” Young eyed him. “What are you doing here.”


Young chuckled lowly, leaning back on the sofa. “You are a real piece of work.”

Rush shrugged.

“Your ass can’t take another pounding right now. I know that for a fact.”

“So, do something else,” Rush replied flippantly. “You didn’t seem to have a problem with that before.”

“Why are you pushing so hard for this?” He sounded genuinely curious.

Rush looked at him, and leaned forward. “Because. You want it.”
Young let out a sharp bark of a laugh. “I want—“

“I didn’t say I didn’t,” Rush interrupted quickly. “But…” He paused, licking his lips.

Young rose from the sofa, walking toward him. “But what?”

Rush took a breath. “You want to. And, given our arrangement,” he glanced, hiding his unease. “There’s really no reason to deny yourself…” he looked back up and trailed off.

Young stood just in front of him, eyes glittering, patient and impassive.

“…Anything.” He was oddly aware of his own tongue in his mouth as he spoke.

“Mmm.” Young lifted a hand and placed it under his chin. He reached out with his thumb and ran it over Rush’s lower lip. “Well. Maybe it is time to try out this mouth of yours.”

Rush blinked for a second, uncomprehending. As he realized what he meant, he felt his head tilt away from Young’s grip.

Promptly, Young dropped his hand. “Problem?” he asked, watching him intently. His voice was even, kind—and Rush could tell it was a real question, that he was actually asking, and that just made it so much worse.

“I…” he started, stumbling over his words and hating himself for it. “I’m afraid you’d be… disappointed.” Young’s eyebrows lifted. “I just…I don’t have much experience. With that.” None, actually, he thought privately.

Young’s eyes dropped, a soft smile playing at his lips. “Are you saying,” he said, raising his eyes, mischief glinting in them. “That you could use more practice?”

Rush laughed, something softening slightly in his chest. “Something like that. And I’m not sure you want to volunteer to be my training—ah, um…” he trailed off.
“Well, it’s obvious you’re not gonna be practicing on anyone else,” Young said dryly.

Rush grinned softly, then tilted his head to one side. “Actually…” he paused, peering at Young. “It’s not.”

“Excuse me?” Young demanded darkly.

“Well, you actually haven’t said,” Rush baited, starting to enjoy himself again. “You haven’t mentioned anything about me—“

“Well, I’m mentioning it now,” Young said flatly, unamused.

“Alright,” Rush placated, chortling. “Message received. No need to get snippy. Though you have to admit, it’s a bit hypocritical.”

Young’s brow furrowed. “How’s that?”

Rush didn’t answer, just reached out his right hand and took Young’s left by the palm, lifting it. Young looked, and Rush knew when he’d gotten it. A low, self-deprecating laugh echoed in the room. Rush let go of the hand, and the gold ring on its fourth finger, with a slight flourish. “Not that it’s any of my business,” he ribbed lightly.

“Heh, yeah,” Young commented absently, twisting the ring around his finger. “This, um,” Young slipped it off and Rush’s brow furrowed. “Isn’t that accurate anymore.” He held it awkwardly, then turned and walked away, opening the drawer to his nightstand and dropping it unceremoniously inside.

Rush watched, confounded. “I…didn’t realize.”

Young shrugged, and sat down on the bed. “Things weren’t going well for a while, and she’s found someone else now. I can’t really blame her, considering…anyway, it’s official. Paperwork filed and everything.” He smirked on ‘paperwork.’

Rush stood, quiet. He’d never given Young’s personal life much thought. Or anyone’s personal
life, really. He didn’t have any idea what to say.

He walked over slowly. When he came to stand in front of Young, he leaned over and put his hands on Young’s thighs. They looked at each other, noses inches apart, and then Rush slid down to he knees between Young’s legs.

“Hey,” Young stammered, reaching out a hand. “I wasn’t—”

“Sh,” said Rush, cutting him off coolly.

Young watched him from under hooded eyes. “You sure?”

Rush made a little ‘eh’ expression. “If you are. Trust me, you’re taking the bigger risk.”

Young threw his head back, chortling. “Relax. It’s not an exam.”

Rush snorted, and went for Young’s belt. He shivered slightly, trying not to fumble. Now that he was here, at crotch level, opening Young’s trousers, he was nervous again. This had been done to him, so he knew the basics—open wide, watch the teeth—but he had a feeling there was bit more to it than that.

He pulled Young out carefully, letting him dangle free, and for a moment Rush just looked, breathing. Young wasn’t hard yet.

“Hey.” Rush looked up. Young was leaned back on his hands, exuding calmness and warmth. “Just take your time.”

Rush lowered his gaze gradually. A beat later, he wrapped one hand around the shaft and brought it up to give the tip a long lick with the flat of his tongue. He heard a deep breath from above him and he flicked his eyes up. Young’s eyes had closed and his head had fallen back. Rush smiled softly.

He brought the tip of Young’s cock back to his mouth. This time, he closed his lips over it and sucked. He was rewarded with a low moan that only got louder and he slipped the tip of his tongue under the foreskin. It was a bit salty, and noticeably musky, but mostly it just tasted like skin—sweat
and flesh and the faintest touch of something chemical that probably meant Young had washed fairly recently. He pressed with his tongue against the slit, then moved to explore the narrow ridge that ran along the underside, his natural exploration bringing the shaft deeper. He started to rub slightly with his hand, running toward the root and then back again.

That’s when he felt Young start to fill up. He could feel it with his hand but, far more interestingly, was the feeling in his mouth. Young’s flesh started to swell and Rush opened wider to accommodate it, straining to keep his teeth behind his lips. The tip lay near the back of his tongue now and he laved at it, undulating rhythmically as he tried to take Young farther. It was hard to say, but based on his hand he could estimate he was maybe halfway. Maybe. He didn’t just go straight down, of course. He would pull back, though never completely off, then go back down, pressing with his lips along the shaft to create friction.

He had no idea how he was doing really, but Young wasn’t complaining, and based on the little noises he could hear he must be doing alright.

He hadn’t thought about how it would feel, to have a cock in his mouth, pulsing and hot and hard. He’d always enjoyed doing down on Gloria, reaching into her, tasting her, surrounded by her scent. In some ways, this was much the same. He had to breathe through his nose and Young’s scent flooded his senses with each inhalation, and just the act of being between someone’s thighs with his face buried in them brought familiar feelings of intimacy.

Then there were the other things. The stretch in his jaw as he forced himself wider and wider, that was new. The slide against his taut lips every time he managed to take down another half an inch. The unfamiliar awareness of the nooks and valleys of his own mouth as it was filled up and packed full. Sounds from his own throat being muffled, as though he were gagged.

He whimpered.

Wisps of hair stuck to his face and he felt a drop of sweat slip down the back of his neck. Young’s cock bobbed at the back of his throat, teasing at his gag reflex, and he didn’t know how he’d take it any farther.

“Hey, hey,” Young said, sounding raspy. “That’s good, right there, don’t…” he placed his right palm to Rush’s temple. “Don’t push, ok? Just…”

He trailed off. Rush pulled back, following Young’s consultation, to where it was more comfortable, something like regret pitted in his stomach. Young was being kind again, he knew, but it just felt like failure. He dropped his eyes and focused on what he could do, sliding and sucking down as
much of Young’s cock as he could handle. He rubbed the rest with one hand, and when he dared to raise the other to brush softly against the balls tightening in the folds Young’ clothing he got a deep, satisfied groan for his trouble.

It wasn’t long that the first drops of pre-cum dribbled into his mouth. Maybe it was some kind of instinct, maybe his recent acclimation to the taste had trained him to it, but as he felt Young’s cock again at the back of his throat and the sticky substance filling and threatening to drip from his already full mouth, he didn’t even think. He swallowed.

Several things happened all at once, or at least very close to it.

Young’s cock went straight down his throat, Rush nearly plunging down the length of it, and Young’s hips snapped forward, a tiny but very discernable instinctual reaction, unintentionally but ruthlessly choking him. Rush thought he could hear a startled shit over his own piteous wheezing as they both hurried to push Rush up and off. Rush immediately fell over to the side, gagging and gasping on all fours into the floor.

“Jesus.” Young rubbed an agitated hand up and down Rush’s back. “Are you ok?”

Rush panted, finally catching his breath. Blinking stupidly, he lifted the back of one hand to wipe his mouth.

So. That’s how you do that.

He sat up slowly, turning back towards Young.

“Rush?”

Back on his knees, he reached for Young with a bowed head and open mouth.

“Whoa!” Young pushed out a hand, stopping Rush sharply at the collarbone. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, hang on.”

Rush glanced up. “I can do it now.”
For a moment, Young just stared at this blank statement. “…What?”

Rush could hear the, *are you insane?*, under that one word. He took a breath, sat up straighter, and made another grab for Young’s dick. Young didn’t quite manage to stop him his time, and Rush simply held him in his hand a moment.

Still hard, he noted smugly.

He leaned forward. “I’ve figured it out,” he said in low, crisp tones.

Young growled, not encouragingly.

“Come on,” Rush coaxed softly, beckoning with his eyes. Young didn’t move. Eyes flickered down and back up again. “Please.”

Slowly, Young’s face softened, though he still looked skeptical. Rush smirked back and Young sat up, lifting the hand at his chest to thread through his hair.

Rush breathed deep, in, then out, and lowered himself. The hand in his hair stayed, not guiding, just resting, but the weight made his skin tingle. This time, he knew what he was doing. He knew just when to take breaths as he worked down the length of Young’s cock, and when he felt the tip tickling discomfitingly at the back of his tongue, he steadied himself, swallowed, and felt his throat open up to the intrusion.

He took a moment to just rest there and revel in the fierce hardness that had so easily choked him only minutes before, now sitting, if not comfortably, somewhat as though it belonged there. He heard a low gasp, and then a hand was placed carefully over his throat. Feeling the bulge there, he realized.

Fuck.

A warm shiver lighted through him and he began to feel the first prickling of arousal between his own legs.
Move. He needed to move.

Bracing his hands on Young’s knees, he slid his lips up over the length of Young’s cock, then back down, again, and then again. He couldn’t go very fast, but his did his best to keep steady friction, lapping with his tongue and adding suction where he could. Young’s hand fisted in his hair, which he took as a good sign.

His jaw was aching and his lips were starting to buzz in a way that wasn’t entirely comfortable, but he didn’t waver. There were some continued stirrings in his groin, but mostly he just felt tired.

Young seemed to be enjoying himself though. Rush lifted his eyes to see Young had his eyes closed, his mouth open and panting, making the shapes of words he couldn’t quite make out. Both hands had threaded through his hair at this point, moving with him as he slid back and forth, back and forth, between his thighs. He had started out somewhat reclined, but now Young sat forward, taut with constrained energy.

It was out of this state that Young, perhaps impatient with Rush’s pacing, undulated forward and slid his cock in down to the root.

He was already kneeling on the floor, but Rush still felt his knees buckle.

“Sorry, sorry,” he heard Young murmur, as he began to withdraw and, desperate, Rush gripped his shirt at the waist, pulling him back in, because that was…that had been...

Fuck.

They both froze like that a moment, Rush buried in Young’s crotch, breathing deeply. Then, Young brushed back the strands of hair that had fallen over Rush’s face, gliding a thumb over the curve of his brow.

God, what I must look like, stuffed with your cock, Rush thought despairingly, but he roused his courage and looking up. He locked gazes with Young, trying to convey what he meant, what he needed.
How do you say ‘fuck my mouth’ with your eyes?

Somehow though, one way or another, Young seemed to understand, because he held Rush in a firm grip, and then planted his feet and stood. Now, Young towered over him and Rush found he had to scramble some, adjusting to their new position. Young tightened the fists in Rush’s hair, using them first to tilt Rush to the exact angle his wanted and then pull him back till just the tip of his cock was down his throat. Rush gazed up, eyes blown wide, clutching at the legs of Young’s trousers, and waited.

He didn’t have to wait long.

The first time Young sank into him Rush’s eyes nearly rolled back into his head. God, it was good —the relentless fullness, the pulsing heat. And the feel of flesh gliding between his lips, his stretched, abused lips, was completely different when was being done to him.

His chest tightened and his throat constricted around its invader, making him keen and whimper helplessly, the harsh grip on his hair a constant reminder of exactly how helpless he was.

Fuck, he was hard.

Slowly, he reached for the front of Young’s uniform, pulling at the cloth in pathetically weak attempts to get his attention.

Young noticed quickly however, brow furrowing in some unreadable expression, before loosening his fingers and beginning to pull away. Rush hurried to stop him, clutching at Young’s shirt tight with one hand and pushing his hands back into his hair with the other. Young looked down with the same expression as Rush pleaded silently. He must look pathetic like this, red-faced and teary-eyed.

When he was certain Young wouldn’t try to leave again, he slowly, deliberately, brought his hand down between his spread knees. He rubbed at the inside of his thigh, which was excruciating, begging.

Please, please, please, I need—

Young’s face barely moved, but Rush thought he could see when he understood. His guess was confirmed moments later when Young pressed a foot into Rush’s groin. Rush didn’t know if Young
could feel his swollen cock, what with his military issue boots on, but Rush’s tortured response was no doubt all the confirmation he needed.

He smirked.

Damn him.

“Take it out.”

Rush wheezed, sniveling with gratitude, and stumbled to do as he was told. With his sweaty palms and the tremoring fingers it took far, far too long, but he finally managed to undo his trousers, pulling at his confined cock till it was free.

“Hands on your thighs.”

He whined brokenly, but complied, pressing his palms along his legs. His stiff member hung out from his pants, bobbing mournfully in the air.

He thought he might cry.

“How hard are you right now?”

Rush squeezed his eyes shut, fingers clenching.

“Tell me, Rush,” Young spoke, mocking, as he ran his thumbs down Rush’s face, over his eyes, down to trace the corners of his cock-stretched mouth. “Does having my cock down your throat make you as hard as it makes me?”

Rush whimpered.

“Go on. Touch yourself.” Rush didn’t have to be told twice. “What’s your assessment,” and still holding his face, Young started to slide back and forth into Rush mouth again, slow and unrelenting. “You know. As a scientist. Which cock is harder? The one in your hands, or the one your mouth?”
Rush’s throat started working, gasping with a desperate futility. He didn’t have an answer though. He thought he might be trying to scream.

Young continued his smooth ravagement of Rush’s mouth, in and out, in and out. Rush’s hands worked much more fervid and uneven, rubbing and pulling at himself with a harsh desperation, which more than once veered into pain.

“Rush.” He blinked, sweat falling in his eyes. “Look at me.”

He gazed up dutifully, finding Young gazing down at him. A few tortured breaths, and they locked eyes.

And then Young was coming down his throat and Rush was swallowing, swallowing, swallowing, because he had to, because if he stopped he’d choke and drown on cum.

His eyes rolled back in his head, jaw slack, as he let Young disengage his softening cock from his blistered lips.

“Keep touching yourself,” Young ordered, gruff and breathless. “I wanna see you get off to me coming in your mouth.”

Rush gasped deeply, eyes closed, head tilted back, and did as he was told. He panted into the air as his hips started to quake. Young’s hands still held him by the sides of his face, not tightly, but still constraining any movements to hide away. Rush’s tongue darted out between his open lips, and licked at the corner of his mouth, and Rush heard a deep groan from Young, and then he was coming, not just to climax, but completely undone.

When he was spent, Young let him fall forward slightly, cupping the back of his head as it rested against his knees.

Quietly, Rush pushed himself back on his heels, blinking his eyes open to regain his bearings. As he glanced down, he saw that some of his cum had spattered across Young’s shiny black boots.

To bend over and lick them clean, was the most natural thing in the world.
His hands came to rest lightly along the ankles, tremulous and worshipful. And he didn’t just wash them, he kissed them, open mouthed devotion caressing every taste of cum and leather.

When he was done, he raised himself deferentially, eyes cast downwards, arms falling docilely to his sides. Young right arm lifted, and rested a warm palm just where the brow met temple.

There was a moment, quiet but somehow full, and then Rush felt as Young inhaled, to speak or something else, Rush didn’t know.

Crackle

“James to Young, we have a situation down here.”

A heartbeat, and then Young was gone, stumbling to his radio, leaving only a gust of air. Rush blinked at the bed that now sat judgmentally before him, then turned his head to follow Young.

“Young here, what’s going on.” He spoke quickly, and placed the radio back down to do up his trousers. Rush hurried to do the same, eyes dropping to give the task their full attention, while his hands worked awkwardly in the air a moment, seemingly at a loss. He furrowed his brow and finally managed to get his fingers to work as he needed them.

“There’s been a…complication with the team on the planet.” Of course there had. “And…have you seen Doctor Rush?”

“He’s—“ Young broke off, clicking his thumb off the transmitter. He closed his eyes, taking a breath. Click. “Have you tried his radio?”

Crackle crackle.

“Eli to Rush, where are you?” Rush closed his eyes. Sighing deeply, he brought his radio up and clicked it on.
“Rush here. Is there a problem?”

“Oh, yeah, kinda, so, where are you?”

“Why don’t you tell me where you are, and I’ll come there.”

“Eli’s calling him now.”

Rush head snapped up, halfway between panicked and exasperated at the overlapping conversations. He and Young shared a look.

“Control Interface, but we’re headed for the Gate Room—”

“I’ll meet you there,” Rush managed to get out, blinking over and over.

Young was continuing to speak to James on the radio. Rush gazed around, lost.

“Rush.” His eyes locked on Young. “Come on, we have to go.”

Rush was still on the floor. He put one hand on the bed, and stood, somewhat unsteadily. Young was checking himself over, making sure he was presentable. Rush went through the motions of doing the same, but couldn’t really process anything, couldn’t focus.

Then, Young was inches away, holding his chin in one hand. He looked over Rush’s face, scrutinizing. Rush let him.

He nodded, seeming satisfied, and moved to the door. He stuck his head out, checking the hall.

“Coast is clear,” he said over his shoulder. Rush followed after him.

“Should we…” Rush started, then trailed off. There was something, he just…
“They’ll just think we met on the way,” Young said under his breath, and they walked quickly through the halls, half together, Rush some paces behind.

They entered the Gate Room. Immediately, Rush could hear chatter, from James, other soldiers, the science team. Rush could hear them, but couldn’t seem to catch any of the words. He ran a hand over his face and shook his head, trying to clear it.

“Can we dig them out?”

Rush zeroed in on Young’s voice, and used it as a tether to follow the rest of the discussion.

“I don’t know,” James sighed. “They’re down pretty deep. We can send the other shuttle for the surface team, but…”

“That doesn’t help the team in the caves,” Young finished for her. “And, we’d have to leave one shuttle behind since Scott is down there with them. Okay. Ideas?” He turned to the science team.

“Well, um, okay,” Eli started. “So, dialing the gate on the planet wasn’t working, because it’s buried deep underground and seemed pretty out of commission—”

“We know that,” Young interrupted irritably.

“Right! But, okay, so, but now that they’re down there, they might be able to dial out.”

“How is that helpful?” asked James. “It’s still buried where no one can get to it.”

“It’s buried under the caves,” Eli explained excitedly. “And the outgoing wormhole might bore upwards, creating, like, a tunnel. Then they can just…jump in. Or…propel down, is probably a better idea—”

“We’d still lose a shuttle,” Park chimed in. “But…”
“The people are the priority,” Young said firmly.

“We’re working on the math now, it’s a little tricky,” explained Eli. “We’ve configured the sensors to give us this map of the cave complex,” Rush wandered over, pulling out his notepad. “As you can see, there’s a tunnel that passes mostly above the buried gate. Normally the size of the ‘whoosh’ wouldn’t quite reach, but with the correct power flow we might be able to induce a coriolis effect, the flare would spin, lengthening it— should be just enough to connect. It might take us a bit to work out the figures, but it should still leave plenty of time to…”

Rush ripped a piece of paper from his notepad, and handed it, wordlessly, to Eli. Eli took it automatically, and looked over it. “…Or, we could just use this,” he said blandly. “I need to double check it, but…” he glanced at Rush. “That was fast.” Rush blinked, shrugging. Eli’s brow furrowed.

“Okay, you get that up and running,” Young directed. “I’ll head to the shuttle now, and—”

“Whoa, whoa, hang on!” Brody interrupted Young. “We can’t—” he looked over the rest of the team. “We’re not even gonna talk about this?”

“Talk about what?” Young growled, barely sounding like a question.

There was a pause.

“This is the best chance we have of getting everybody back before our time runs out,” Park said quietly.

“But,” Brody cut in. “There’s a chance that it could destabilize the cave-system. Even with precise calculations,” he said, with a nod to Rush. “That could send huge pieces of rock and mineral through the Gate. Naquadah and its derivatives. That gate’s been under there thousands of years, under unknown amounts of geological pressure, leaking power. There is a greater than zero possibility it could have created veins of naquadria. Chunks of naquadria, charged with gate energy. Falling through the gate.”

“If that happened,” Eli admitted, a bit reluctantly. “It…could cause an explosion.”

“How big of an explosion?” Young pressed, mouth tight.
“That... sort of depends on how much naquadria falls through,” said Eli hesitantly. “Potentially...”

“It could take out the ship,” said Brody flatly.

The room went silent.

“What are the chances of that happening?” asked Young quietly.

“It’s... hard to say.” Brody answered. “We just don’t have enough variables to know for sure. Anything we said would be mostly a guess. “Not... high, probably, especially if we get the exact energy calculations right the first time. But whatever we do, it'll be a possibility.”

Everyone went quiet again.

“Do it,” Young said after a minute.

“Wait, what?” Brody exclaimed, but people were already jumping into action.

“We don’t know there’s naquadria present - that’s a guess, a maybe. We’re not leaving people down there for something that might happen,” Young said firmly. “This is the only plan we have.”

“Because we haven’t thought of another one!” Brody threw back. “We just... jumped on this, cause it’s easy, and quick, but if we took some more time—”

“We don’t have much time,” Young said pointedly.

“We have some!” Brody argued. “And even if—” he broke off, eyes locking on Rush. “Aren’t you going to say something?”

Rush blinked. “I...” Suddenly, all eyes were on him.
“…Are you okay?”  He turned, and found Dr. Park looking at him, vaguely concerned.  “You’ve been sort of…quiet.”

“I…” Rush said again, helplessly.  “…Headache.”  He put a hand to his temple.  “Sort of…hard to think.”

“Except, apparently, about math,” Eli muttered, half under his breath.  Rush felt his face begin to flush, and clenched his jaw.

“I mean,” Brody went on, exasperated.  “This could put the whole ship at risk.  For six people.  I hate to be the one to say it, but…” he trailed off.

Normally, you wouldn’t have to say it, Rush thought.  Looking around at the faces in the room, he had a feeling he wasn’t the only one.

“What are our other options?” Young asked quietly.

There was another long silence.

“Look, just…” Brody turned to Young, pleading.  “Give us a little more time.  Just a little.”

There was a pause.

“Okay.”

Brody let out a sigh of relief.  A second later, the team was brainstorming.

Young approached Rush, managing to startle him even though he’d seen him coming.

“Maybe you should head back to your room for a bit.  Till you feel better.”
His head started to nod, but he jerked it aside, clenching one fist.

“No, no I…I need to be here,” he whispered. Why was this so hard?

“Maybe he’s right.” Rush looked up, and found Eli looking at him, not unkindly. “You seem kind of...out of it. Don’t worry, we’ll call you if we need any more super speedy equation solving.” He smiled.

Rush dropped his eyes. After a moment, he nodded and, without looking at anyone, left.

He went to his quarters. He lay down on the bed and stared straight up at the ceiling. He didn’t sleep, or move, or even really think. He didn’t know how long he stayed like that. He felt…not dizzy exactly, but…

He breathed evenly, in and out, and eventually his mind began to clear. He ran a hand over his face and closed his eyes. He felt utterly disgusted with himself.

Some time later, he felt the jump back into FTL.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Talk, sleep, sex, talk, sex, sleep

Chapter Notes

There's some graphic BDSM in this one (shocker, I know), but I wanted to give an extra warning, just in case. There's some belting, manhandling, bondage, and...emotionally rough sex? Just...approach with caution.

AND I want to give special thanks to Potboy, who Beta'ed this chapter so wonderfully, so go on and check out the step up in quality y'all!

Rush heard his door open and quickly sat up, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed. Young entered, closed the door, and clasped his hands behind his back. For a moment, they just looked at each other.

“Are you...?” Young asked hesitantly.


“Fine,” was Young’s prompt response. “They came up with something else. Shorter bursts of energy from the gate to minimize any chance of destabilization. Brody came up with this...pulley system, so they could raise the gate a bit at a time and burrow their way to the surface. It was cutting it a little close, but Scott was able to fly everyone back before we hit FTL. We even got to keep the shuttle.” There was a pause. “It was a better plan,” he said ruefully.

Rush nodded, biting his lip. He stared at Young meaningfully.

“That can’t happen again,” he said, with firm emphases.
“I agree,” said Young.

“I know you pr—” he broke off, Young’s words just catching up with him. “You agree?”

“Yes,” Young said, resolute.

Rush blinked, boggled. For some reason he’d thought…he shook his head a bit, then nodded. “Well…good. Then.”

Young nodded back. “So, since we’re agreed,” he began cautiously. “Can we talk about what happened….exactly?”

Rush’s jaw clenched, and he glanced away. He shrugged.

“Is it…” Young started again after a minute. “It…it was because…of us, what we did.” His tone went up at the end, making it sound like a question. Rush swallowed, and nodded. “So…what happened?” Young asked, with constrained agitation. “What was different?”

Rush’s brow furrowed, and he looked up. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Young said, gesturing vaguely. “Why now? Why not…before? What made it happen this time and not…not any of the other times we’ve…” he trailed off, eyes looking at Rush with a questioning urgency.

Rush looked away.

“It…has,” he answered quietly. He looked up again, meeting Young’s gaze. “It has happened before.”

Rush watched as Young processed this, before sighing and looking away again.
“So…so what—?” Young questioned, confused.

“I’ve usually come out of it,” Rush said, cutting him off. “Sooner, or…or had time to…” he sighed again. “Had more time.”

Young nodded, looking thoughtful. He opened his hands, palm up. “How do we…stop it from happening again?” He asked it as though they were discussing rationing, or a problem with personnel. Rush just stared at him, feeling caught.

“I…” he started, voice tight. “I’m not sure that’s…that that’s…” he swallowed, and forced himself to speak. “don’t want to…stop it from happening.” He was practically whispering. “It’s not…it doesn’t feel…” He tried to emphasize the right words, to make him understand. “It’s not…bad.”

Young was listening at least, his head cocked to one side as he took it in. He looked at Rush carefully and, after some kind of internal debate, came and sat beside him. Rush looked down at his own hands twisting in his lap. He could feel Young’s eyes on him.

“Can you…tell me? What…what…” he seemed to run out of words.

Rush shrugged, not sure quite how to answer. “It’s sort of like this…state,” he said, not looking up. “Everything gets sort of…simple.” He sighed after that, giving up.

“Mm,” Young said, not very helpfully. Then, after a moment, “Well, for the short term, I’d say we shouldn’t have any more ‘nooners', for a while.”

Rush let out a little snort of laughter. “Yeah. S’pose not.”

“But,” Young said carefully. “We can’t be sure, whatever time, that…there won’t be…”

“I know,” Rush said, hushed.

I’m sorry, he thought. But he couldn’t say that.
“We need to find a way for you to…transition more easily. More…consistently.” Rush didn’t respond. “We’ll work on it,” Young said firmly after a minute. Rush’s lip quirked despite himself. “For now though, if you could let me know when…when it happens.” It was halfway to being a question.

Rush picked at his nails. “I’ll try.”

Young took a breath and breathed it out, standing. “Well, I should probably go. Are you…going to get some rest? It’s gotten late.”

Rush thought about it. It didn’t sound appealing.

“I’ll probably try and get some work done. Seeing as I’ve been more or less completely useless today.”

Young looked at him seriously. “I think you should try and sleep.”

Rush smirked at that. “What are you going to do if I don’t?” He was going for teasing, but Young didn’t seem to take the joke, face impassive. Rush looked away again, feeling pathetic. “What about you? You headed to bed?”

Young sighed. “I should,” he said, rubbing his brow. “Just…not sure if I—” he sighed out again.

I know the feeling, Rush thought to himself, voices already clamoring at the back of his head.

“You could stay,” Rush said, almost before he’d realized it.

Young looked wary. “I’m not sure…”

“I didn’t mean—” Rush cut him off, falling silent again almost as quickly as he’d spoken. “I just meant,” he said, more subdued this time. “You could…stay.”

There was a long silence in which Rush felt an utter fool, and then Young was moving towards him.
He leaned down and took hold of the hems of Rush’s shirts, pulling up. Rush lifted his arms accommodatingly, letting Young bare him from the waist up. Next, hands were at his belt, unbuckling it. Young popped the button of Rush’s trousers, and then pulled on the zipper. Rush was abruptly reminded that he was still wearing nothing underneath as Young’s fingers spread the opening of his trousers, leaving him immediately exposed.

Young shifted the fabric down and Rush leaned back on his arms and lifted his hips. Young dragged his trousers along his legs, each inch leaving him more and more naked, till he reached his ankles. Then Young knelt down and removed his shoes and socks before taking them all the way off.

Rush was left reclined on the bed, held up on his elbows, completely naked. It was hardly the first time he’d been so in Young’s presence by now, but this was different. There was no harsh charge of arousal to cloud the senses. Now, there was no use for his nakedness, and it felt painfully, sensuously, intimate.

Young, still clothed, stood and looked him over freely. Rush was as aware of his gaze as ever, and while he still didn’t find his sexual desires ignited in this moment, it was nonetheless pleasurable, as well as pricklingly unnerving. He wasn’t sure what Young could want of him, but he found himself subtly shifting anyway, as though trying to succeed somehow at being watched. His eyelids flickered in a way even he recognized as demure, one shin rubbing lightly against the other as he wriggled slightly on his seat, fingers fidgeting against his sides. Young viewed him like art in a gallery, and never said a word.

Slowly, Young began to undress himself. Piece by piece his uniform disappeared until he was in nothing but boxers and an undershirt. Those he didn’t remove, and Rush was glad. Whether it was because that would have been even more dauntingly intimate, or because his unbalanced vulnerability brought him an uncomfortable level of enjoyment, was a question he preferred not to answer.

Young was then pulling at the covers and Rush maneuvered underneath them, sliding not quite smoothly to the far side of the bed. Young followed after, lying back against the pillows. He turned his head to look at Rush. Rush very much did not meet his gaze.

A moment passed, and then Young reached over with his right hand and placed it, palm down, on Rush’s stomach. Rush was suddenly strikingly aware of his breathing, as Young’s hand moved up and down with each rise and fall of his ribs. The hand slipped further around his waist, and pulled, urging him to turn on his side. He complied, still evading Young’s eyes with his own, although they now faced each other. Young inched closer, positioning his arm securely at Rush’s back.

All at once, Young twisted, slipping his other arm under Rush, and Rush was heaved up and over till
he was straddled across Young and they were chest to chest. He tensed at first, startled, but was astonished to find how quickly he relaxed. He laid his cheek on Young’s shoulder, and closed his eyes. He let his arms and legs mold along Young’s sides, and actually relished the feel of Young’s arms wrapped tightly around him. Young’s abdomen pressed up against Rush as he breathed, and soon they almost seemed to be in tandem.

With each breath, the clamoring voices in his mind seemed to be drawn from him and into the body underneath, until everything was blessedly quiet. His sleep, as far as he could remember, was dreamless.

His alarm went off and he blinked awake. He was not confused or disoriented. Young’s heartbeat in his ear, the warm flesh underneath him—he didn’t find it the least bit startling. Even the undeniably tangible feeling of a hardened cock between his legs that wasn’t his, did not seem cause for alarm.

He lifted his head and found Young just starting to wake as well. Young shifted pleasantly underneath him, and lifted one hand to stifle a yawn, before gazing at him blearily.

“Good morning,” he said, voice deep and gruff with sleep.

Rush tilted his head. “Mm.”

Young raised an eyebrow at him. “What, they don’t say good morning where you’re from?”

Rush gave him a look, but didn’t grace him with a response. Young chuckled, then coughed lightly.

“Um, sorry about…” he shifted awkwardly.

“It’s fine,” Rush smiled, shaking his head in a manner that was almost good-natured. He glanced down, bringing his hands up to rest on Young’s chest under his chin, then peered back up. “Should
I…?” He left the question deliberately unfinished.

Young’s face, and whole body, seemed to go quiet.

“Is that…I mean, would you want to do that?” he asked carefully.

“Well, I offered, didn’t I?” Rush retorted.

Young squinted at him. “I suppose. I just don’t want you to feel obligated.”

“Oh, but that’s half the fun,” Rush smirked.

Young gave him an odd sideways look, opened his mouth, then hesitated.

“Do you think we have time? For…” he trailed off, clearly unsure what he should be describing.

“It should be fine,” Rush said, mutedly. “I…” should be fine. But he couldn’t say that. In fact, he couldn’t even know that. He looked away, unable to meet Young’s gaze anymore.

A rustle of fabric, and Young rolled them over. Rush moaned softly at Young’s solid presence between his legs, the weight of him pressing down. Young took his hands and placed them over his head against the bed, squeezing pointedly before letting them go. Rush stayed as he was put, even when Young sat up on his knees, leaving him bare and cold in the open air.

Young gazed down on him and pushed his knees open a bit wider. Rush gazed back, amazed at how erotic it felt just to lie here, his feet planted, legs bent at the knee and spread, arms arranged passively over his head.

Young loomed over him, and as he freed himself from his boxer shorts, he actually smirked.

“Now, just relax and don’t you do a thing,” he said, mockingly assuring. “Let me do all the work.” He began stroking in smooth motions, groaning, as he looked down brazenly over Rush and his exposed body.
Rush bit his lower lip and made fists with his hands, his own moan vibrating in his throat as tingling pleasure darted across and through him. His eyes fell closed, then opened a sliver, then closed again, half-blinking in the near darkness. He rippled against the sheets, hips swerving in indistinct motions as he stretched first one set of muscles and then another. He reveled in Young’s perusal, in his flagrant application of it as he pleasured himself to Rush’s prone form.

It was like he was a centerfold, Rush reflected, a glossy photograph in some dirty magazine Young was jacking off to. He undulated, back arching with sensual gratification, pulsing his hips into the air. His cock remained soft and unaroused, but it didn’t matter. This still felt—his tongue licked greedily over his lips—delicious.

“I thought I told you not to do anything,” Young scolded, though there was no real bite to it.

“I’m not,” Rush protested, pouting with exaggerated petulance, before his face split into a wide grin.

Young chuckled. “Brat.” Rush’s smile didn’t flag. Young’s eyes darkened, glinting mischievously, and he leaned forward, one hand still working over his cock. He tilted his head, peering at Rush. “Where do you want me to come on you?” he asked, almost casually.

Rush blinked, not quite sure if should still be smiling or not. “What?”

Young stared him down, a sly smile playing on his lips. “You’re gonna get a hot load on you one way or the other, so. Where do you want it?”

Rush’s smile began to fade, but that was only because he had to swallow as his mouth went dry, and real, pointed, arousal started to fill up his cock.

Young put his left hand flat over Rush’s abdomen. “Here, on your stomach?” He leaned over, sliding his hand between his pecks. “Or up here, on your chest. Get it on your nipples.” Rush let out a shuddering breath. Young leaned back on his heels, looking down on him with haughty assuredness. “Maybe I should move up there and come in your face. Or,” he went on, voice dropping in pitch. “I could come all over this cock that’s getting all nice and hard. That sound like a good idea? Hot cum all over your hard cock?” Rush inhaled hard through his nose, head tilting back against the bed as he squirmed, toes curling and flexing into the sheets.

Young put a light finger on his knee. “Though maybe I should push up your legs and come on your
ass. That’s probably what you’d like best.” Rush whined in the back of throat. He was really fucking hard now. “No, no, what you’d like best,” Young drawled, taking a firmer grip on his leg. “Is if I came straight on your hole. Get all that hot spunk dripping down your crack.” Rush’s pelvis snapped into the air, buttocks clenching painfully. “Think it would sting?” Young wondered idly. “If I did that? You still sore from how I fucked you?” Rush whimpered, throwing his head back and forth against the bed in some kind of answer, though he didn’t know what.

“I’m not gonna do that though,” Young said, settling. “You know why?” Rush gazed up at him, eyes wide. Young smirked darkly. “I don’t feel like being that nice to you.”

Rush’s mouth opened wide in a deep, gasping breath, and his eyes slammed shut. His nails cut into his palms, a steadying pain he was grateful for. Young was grunting and Rush flinched at each muffled sound, anticipation curling up his spine.

The first drops of body-heated issuance landed just over his lower rib, and then he was being sprayed, coated, from belly to sternum. His eyes opened just a sliver and he caught Young squeezing the last beads of cum from his cock, letting them fall wetly on the soft skin just over his right hip. His eyes rolled up in his head, and he focused on just breathing.

Then, a warm hand was running over him, scooping up the mess covering his naked skin in long, even movements, and Rush had barely time to appreciate it before another hand pushed his knee up towards his chest and the first hand was smearing sticky ooze between his arse-cheeks, up over his bollocks, and squeezing his cock, and then he was coming and coming and coming all over his already stained chest and stomach.

When he came to, Young was peering at him from between his legs, massaging leisurely over his softening cock. Rush shivered, aftershocks of his orgasm bleeding into tiny sparks of fresh arousal. Young let go of his cock with the same casual authority as he’d held it, and placed a hand over each of his spread knees.

“How are you feeling?” he asked evenly.

Rush stretched against the bed, rolling his shoulders a bit and groaning. “Sticky.”

Young’s lips quirked. He got up off the bed, found a clean washcloth about Rush’s quarters and tossed it at him. Rush caught it midair, and started wiping the worst of the mess, trying not to linger on his still tingling skin.
Young was dressing, pulling on his clothes in sure, even movements. He stretched, yawning. “What time is it?”

Rush glanced towards his mobile, but didn’t bother reaching for it. “My alarm went off at three, can’t be too much later.”

Young paused mid-motion. “You set your alarm for three in the morning?”

“Usually,” Rush said inattentively, rolling off the bed to find his underwear (Aha!) and trousers.

“You’re usually up till at least three in the morning,” Young said, incredulous.

“I have several alarms,” Rush replied condescendingly. “This is merely the first.”

Young rolled his eyes, buttoning his jacket. “Well, I’m going back to my room. Maybe I can catch a few more hours,” he muttered, mostly to himself, and yawned.

Rush smirked. “You know what they say about the early bird,” he lilted mockingly.

“That they should be avoided at all costs,” Young replied flatly, glaring.

Rush just smirked again, buttoning his trousers and reaching for his shirts. “Only if you’re a worm,” he teased.

“Yes, worm, sounds much better.” Young was fixing his cuffs. “Live underground, sleep in. No annoying chirping.”

Rush snorted, smothering a laugh, and tucked in his shirt. Young was moving to the door.

“Here, let me check the hall,” Rush offered, slipping passed him.
“No one sane is wandering the halls at this hour,” Young declared, but nonetheless stepped back as Rush opened the door and poked his head out. Rush didn’t reply, but thrust a hand back to make a rude gesture behind him. “You’re all clear,” he said quietly, pulling back inside.

There was a moment where they just looked at each other, somehow both uneasy and…not. Then, Young moved and, with one last look at Rush, slipped past him into the hall. Rush waited a few minutes, then followed after, making his way to the showers.

The rest of the team trailed in a few hours after Rush had already been working.

“Good morning,” Brody said to him.

“Morning,” Rush replied, not looking up.

Awkward silence.

Brody started to shuffle over to a console. Rush’s fingers clenched.

“I heard you came up with a solution to yesterday’s predicament,” he said, glancing over.

Brody looked up at him. When Rush didn’t follow that statement up with anything, he sort of nodded.

“Um, yeah. Well, we…we all worked on…” he trailed off, clearly uncomfortable.

Rush nodded, eyes dropping.
“You seem…better,” Eli gave a slight smile. Rush didn’t quite glare back.

“Yes. I…I just needed some rest,” he muttered, looking back to his work.

“Guess those twenty hour work days aren’t actually the best plan after all, huh?” Eli joked. Rush shot him a look, brow furrowing. Eli swallowed. “I…just meant, you know. You gotta…take care of yourself.” He swallowed again, head ducking.

Rush watched him for a minute, quiet.

“Yes,” he said evenly. “I suppose…I suppose you’re right.” His voice lowered. “We can’t afford to have off days, out here.”

The discussion effectively ended, and soon everyone was deeply engaged in whatever they were working on, but the tension in the room seemed to have eased.

Rush checked the time, and rubbed a hand over his face. He was alone, the rest of the team having already called it a day. After a long pause, he flipped his notebook closed and put it in his pocket.

He was walking down the hall to his room when he suddenly slowed, hesitating. Another second, and he started moving again, this time with a slightly different destination.

His hand hovered briefly over the door control, then he hit it and stepped inside.

Young was hunched over something, sitting on the sofa, but he looked up at Rush’s entrance. Rush shut the door.

“I wasn’t sure you’d still be up,” Rush said after a moment.
Young smirked, and sat back.

“Strip.”

Rush snorted. “Of course,” he said, giving a smirk of his own as he pulled at his shirts and toed off his shoes.

Young raised an eyebrow. “There something you wanna say?”

Rush undid his belt, shrugging. “Just…you like me naked.”

Young looked at him blankly. “Am I supposed to respond to that?”

Rush chuckled softly and pulled off his trousers, along with his socks. “I’m just wondering what you get out of it.” He tugged at the waist of his underwear, and brought them down his legs.

“Isn’t that kind of obvious?” Young drawled.

Rush stepped out of his shorts. “I mean,” he pressed, and moved toward Young. He put his hands on the man’s shoulders, placing his knees on either side of Young on the sofa. “What exactly?”

Young tilted his head, looking up at impassively. “It must make you feel…” Rush trailed off, almost leading. “…Powerful?” He searched Young’s eyes. “Commanding? Maybe having me exposed right off works as some sort of symbol of—”

Young let out a dry laugh. Rush pulled back, oddly offended.

“I think you’re over thinking it,” Young said after a moment.

Rush’s eyebrows twitched, somewhere between confused and indignant.
Young tilted his chin up, inhaling, and brought his hands to Rush’s hips. “You were right the first time.” He paused for effect. “I like you naked.”

Rush’s eyes flickered quizzically.

“I like you naked,” Young went on, speaking slowly, a smile playing at his lips. “Because then I get to look at you. Naked.”

He said it like it was completely simple, and it sounded simple, but…Rush couldn’t help but still feel confused.

“I mean, come on,” Young said with a low chuckle. “There must have been times when you…” he trailed off. He looked at Rush, sighing. “There’ve been people, people I was with, who…if I could have seen them without any clothes on whenever I wanted, I…definitely would have done that.” He grinned. “And now I can.”

That…was not as clarifying as if probably should be. There was a long silence, and then Young took hold of Rush’s thighs, and stood. Hardly thinking, Rush wrapped his arms around Young’s neck and his legs around Young’s waist. Young held him with remarkable ease. He walked a few paces, and then let Rush down to stand on the floor. Rush dropped his hands to his sides, feeling somewhat lost.

“Turn around.”

Hesitating only a moment, Rush obeyed.

He turned to find himself staring back at him. He could see Young standing behind him, the mirror showing them both clearly from the waist up. Young took hold of Rush’s hands and raised them, bracing them against the walls on either side of them. He pushed his legs apart with his feet, forming an X with Rush’s limbs, and snaked his arms around Rush’s front. Rush found himself fixated, unable to look away. One hand clutched his chest while the other trailed up his throat and laid two fingers against his mouth. A single breath, and Rush parted his lips. The fingers slipped between them and Rush’s brow creased helplessly as he watched the invasion.

“Suck.”
Rush did as he was told, and then moaned, hips squirming as his cheeks hollowed obscenely. Wet digits pulled from his mouth, leaving a trail of saliva. Young ran them down his abdomen, brushing over his nipples and then to his navel. Young’s front was pressed against his back, his chin tucked in the crook of Rush’s shoulder. His eyes were set straight ahead, watching Rush watch what he was doing, and Rush could only pant wetly and observe. The hand reached lower and lower, teasing coarse hairs at his groin before veering across one hip and up over the side of his buttock, which clenched in anticipation.

“How sore are you?” Young murmured, brushing lightly between Rush’s cheeks, making him shiver. Rush noted that he didn’t ask if he was sore.

“How sore are you?” Young murmured, brushing lightly between Rush’s cheeks, making him shiver. Rush noted that he didn’t ask if he was sore.

“Not too bad,” Rush answered, quiet. “Still…but, much better.” He was caught in his own eyes, wide and bewildered in the glass.

Young moved both hands to work open his belt. He was close enough that Rush felt the buckle of Young’s belt brush against his arse as he pulled it. Rush clenched and saw his own lip tremble. He whimpered, then whimpered again, caught in a feedback loop of his own reactions.

There was a soft sound as Young pulled his belt free of its loops, and Rush tried to focus on that instead. Then he felt the caress of warm leather against his back, and his knees nearly buckled. Young ran it down his spine, and over the curve of his arse, and back up again. He slid it around to Rush’s chest and Rush could only watch helplessly as he fondled along his stomach with the folded strap. He brought it low enough to graze his hardening cock, and then drew it back over his hip, down the side of his leg, and then back up along the inside, all the way to his groin. The belt tucked just between where his arse cheeks fell open, teasing, and then pulled away.

Young stepped away and looked over Rush’s back with a steady intensity. He looked up and locked eyes with Rush in the mirror. They held there a moment, and then Young unfolded the belt, taking hold of the buckle and winding the leather once around his hand. Still looking straight at Rush, he whipped the other end hard against the floor. Rush jumped at the sound that exploded in the quiet room, heart hammering in his chest. Young’s glittering eyes were still watching him. Breathing shallowly, Rush dropped his eyes and braced himself.

CRACK!

The first blow struck right along his shoulder blade and he let out a hoarse scream, jolting. His whole body was shaking, because that had fucking hurt, a deep bruising ache settling in after the initial sting.
The second was almost sideways across his spine in the middle of his back. He shuddered, a tremor starting deep in the center of him as his stomach twitched.

The next hit hard along his buttocks and he jerked up on his toes, keening, before lowering back down and readjusting his hold on the wall.

The blows started coming more evenly now, one after the other, each one making him jump and start and cry out. Something in his body kept trying to evade the blows, flinching away, usually in the wrong direction. His shoulders were tight, locked against his arms as they held him in position.

He thought they’d gotten to ten when suddenly his muscles relaxed and he bowed his head between his shoulders, surrendering. He breathed out, and let the beatings come, one bleeding into another in a punishing, relentless rhythm. It was agonizing, but even so, each lick of leather felt like a kiss, and he moaned appreciatively as the pain built, evidence of just how much he was being given. He eyes fluttered shut and he stretched, trying to lengthen his back to give Young a wider target.

It stopped. A moment later, Rush felt the hard metal of the buckle, warm from Young’s hand, drag against his right butt cheek. He groaned, and arched.

A second later, the buckle slammed into his skin, and he screeched, buttocks clenching. Bull’s-eye, he thought, groaning. Immediately, there was a large, firm hand gripping the right cheek over where he’d been struck, squeezing. Rush threw his head back, moaning deeply as his cock bobbed in the air.

“Bet that’ll leave a mark,” Young rumbled into his ear, and Rush shivered, finding it far too pleasing to think of being marked. Young dropped the belt, and Rush felt it coil against his left foot, bringing a blush of pleasure to his cheeks. Then Young was gone. Rush felt his nakedness even more keenly without Young’s looming presence, every subtle shift in the air touching his bare skin and bringing notice to his aches and pains. He blinked his eyes open, lifting his head slightly. His face was red and gleaming with sweat, mouth open and gasping. His chest heaved with every breath and he could see his swollen cock bouncing just behind the counter.

Young returned and molded himself to Rush’s bruised back. Rush hissed, leaning his head back against Young’s shoulder as large, warm hands wrapped around his chest. The thick fabric of his uniform felt rough and callous after his beating. There was a bulge in Young’s trousers pressing into his rear and Rush pressed back into it, easing his legs even wider.
A hand pressed into his sternum. “Open it.”

Rush blinked, only now noticing the jar of lubricant in Young’s left hand. Flexing his fingers, he wiped his right hand, damp with sweat, on Young’s sleeve before twisting the lid of the jar open. He let it drop to the counter, eyes locking with Young’s in the mirror.

“Fingers.”

It was not a very explicit instruction, but Rush got the idea. He slipped three digits into the jar in Young’s hand. Cool wetness hit them, and as he plunged into the slippery liquid he was overwhelmed by the strange intimacy of it. His pelvis clenched. He swirled his fingers about, and them removed them, dripping.

Young pulled him back against his chest with his left arm, his right hand slipping under Rush’s thigh. He lifted it, grabbing under the knee as it rose. Soon Rush was balanced on one leg, supported mostly by Young. Young raised his leg higher and higher, and pressed the sole of his foot against the wall near the level of his head. It wasn’t comfortable and his joints creaked with the strain, but his body complied, splaying grotesquely. Young placed the jar on the counter, and then took Rush’s left hand and guided it to his cock. He used Rush’s hand to lift and hold it against his lower belly, leaving him even more exposed. Then he picked up the jar again.

“Get yourself ready.”

Rush’s mouth went dry. He could see everything in that unforgiving mirror, balls and hole displayed mercilessly. His grip on his cock tightened painfully as his other hand began to shake. Trembling, he moved his slick fingers toward his puckered entrance. He brushed against the inner cheek of his arse, and shuddered.

“No,” he whimpered.

There was a silence, and the grip on his knee tightened. “What was that?”

Rush bit his lip and shook his head. He was even trying, but his hand would not move another inch, it just wouldn’t.

“I can’t—” he choked out helplessly. I can’t do this, he thought. I cannot do this, I can’t…
myself in a mirror while I watch, I just can’t.

Young was watching him, eyes stern. “You better, because I’m not doing it for you.” He squeezed Rush’s leg warningly, tilting his head. “This is the only way you’re gonna get lubed up tonight.”

Rush chest tightened, tears of frustration forming in his throat. He wasn’t trying to be stubborn, he wasn’t rebelling, he just…couldn’t…do this.

He pulled his hand back, a pathetic half-sob twisting in his throat.

“Fine,” Young said dangerously.

He slammed down the lube, making Rush wince, and pulled down his leg. Rush felt something like relief even as his hip protested at the quick change of position. Then he was pushed forward over the counter, barely catching himself on his elbows in time. Young kicked open his legs, spreading his thighs as wide as they’d go, and then pulling apart the cheeks of his arse.

“Eyes up.”

Rush swallowed, face burning, but raised his eyes to the mirror. Young looked thunderous, dark and impressive as he loomed over him. It was a stark contrast to Rush’s pale, quivering form, his face blotchy and trembling. Rush forced himself to keep his eyes on Young, though he desperately wanted to drop them again.

Young looked at him, unreadable.

“I’m giving you one last shot. Or would you rather I fuck you without anything?” His eyes narrowed. “Well?”

Rush bit inside his lips, hands fisting. He didn’t say a word.

Do it. Go on, do it.
Young sighed. “Eyes forward.”

Rush dropped his gaze, but quickly raised it again, taking in his own miserable face. He sniffed, biting back tears.

In his periphery, he thought he saw Young bend forward. He didn’t even have time to be confused before something hot and wet stroked over his entrance.

There was a moment where he just froze and then, in some kind of delayed reaction, he flinched, jerking against the counter. Young just took a firm grip of his thighs, and licked him again.

The muscles of his buttocks went into spasms, and he keened, high and shrill in the back of his throat. Young was merciless. He laved with his tongue, sucking at tender flesh as though he were trying to devour him and the tip of his tongue traced Rush’s puckered opening before pressing firmly till the tip slipped inside.

It was too much, too much pleasure. It felt *too good*, devastatingly good, and there was nowhere to run or hide from it. Eyes wide and terrified, he saw every tremor and twist upon his face, every wordless, voiceless cry, every twitch and crease of his brow, every contorted expression and snarling sob. His hand reached out and scratched pitifully at the mirror, in perhaps a senseless attempt to claw his own eyes out.

“Stop, stop, please,” he begged, but he could barely hear his own voice.

He tried to concentrate on the hurt across his back and buttocks, on the soreness in his anus which Young’s ministrations didn’t do nearly enough to aggravate. It wasn’t working. The pain was too distant, too easily overcome by pure pleasure. He was spinning higher and higher, into dizzying heights. If he didn’t find a way to ground himself, he thought he might lose himself completely. He needed…he needed…

*Smack!*

Young froze, as did Rush, hardly believing what he’d done. The sting on his right buttock, and in his fingers, while satisfying for the moment, was already starting to fade.

Young lifted his head, staring at him through the mirror.
“Did you just spank yourself?” he demanded, incredulous. A beat, and then a slow, dark smile formed on his lips. “Without permission?”

Rush gulped.

He was pulled to his feet fast enough to make his head spin. Young reached around him and snatched up the blindfold that still sat in the corner of the counter, quickly setting it over Rush’s eyes and tying it tight. Rush was flooded with relief, no longer forced to look at himself, though he knew better than to think such a feeling would last very long.

Young gripped him by the arm and pulled. He stumbled, and then was practically flung onto the bed, bouncing on his hands and knees. A moment to catch his breath, and his arms were wrenched behind him. His legs bent at the knees, and Young wound what felt like first one belt, and then another, around his wrists and ankles, cinching them together at the small of his back. Hogtied, he thought, breathing hard as he turned his face to one side, laid it on the bed, and tried calm himself.

There was a long pause, and then his knees were pushed open. Young settled between them, pulling at his clenched cheeks. Rush whimpered, and squeezed his eyes shut behind the blindfold.

A hot tongue swirled about his hole, and he actually wailed, teeth baring as he cried out balefully against the blankets. His lack of sight was no longer an advantage, as it only heightened the sensations he was being assailed with—his bound limbs, his leaking cock trapped between his stomach and the bed, but most of all, the scorching, wet, wriggling organ torturing his arse.

If Young would just bite or scratch or something it might have been bearable, but this…this unrelenting, concentrated pleasure… He squirmed, trying to get away, and managed to scoot up a few inches, but Young simply followed after and soon he reached the edge of the bed. He hung his head, letting it fall partway off the mattress, and sobbed. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he cried openly and without restraint.

The tip of Young’s tongue stiffened against his entrance, and pushed. Wet heat invaded him, slow and sure, bit by bit, filling him, and Rush came hard into the bed, drenching the covers as his hips jerked, helpless and uneven.

He lay there panting as Young withdrew, warm cum squishing against his cock and belly. Open air brushed his dampened hole, leaving him cool and bereft. He felt boneless. Liquefied.
A firm hand tugged at his hair, and he lifted his head without a thought. Something hard nudged against his lips, and he parted them. When Young’s cock thrust into his mouth, his only discernable emotion was gratitude.

Young fucked his mouth evenly, pushing hard and deep, and Rush opened his mouth and throat, welcoming the intrusion. Tears stained his cheeks and sometimes he would choke, but Young didn’t let up, blessedly unheedful.

The blindfold was torn from his head and Rush blinked rapidly, blinded even by Destiny’s dim light.

“Look at me.”

Rush raised his eyes at Young’s growled command, and whimpered. Seeing Young stare down at him somehow made him feel the violation of his mouth even more keenly, each slide through his lips leaving them stung and tingling. His cock twitched, though it was far too soon to grow hard again, as his hands and feet flexed futilely against their bonds.

Young watched him with dark, hooded eyes, pulsing his hips almost lazily, and Rush clenched his lower belly as he fought this fresh, sharp stab of arousal. His hips wriggled, pushing further into the mess of his own cum.

Rush’s eyelids fluttered with relief when Young finally came, flooding his mouth. He did his best to swallow, but some of it still escaped, dribbling down his chin. Young’s softening cock left his mouth and he coughed, spitting up more cum around his lips.

Young looked down at him, the picture of dignity.

Rush cum-stained lips quivered, bruised buttocks clenching as he gazed up from his prone position. Thank you, he thought, the only clear words in his clouded mind. But he couldn’t say that. Young let go of his hair, and he bowed his head.

A few minutes later, careful hands pulled at the belts binding him and slowly eased his limbs to the bed. They rubbed his joints and muscles, squeezing stiffness out of them. Rush lay there, unmoving.
Young pulled gently at his shoulder, coaxing him to his knees. Rush pushed up on his elbows and complied. He put his hands on Young’s arms to steady himself, but managed to sit back on his heels.

Young put a hand on the back of his neck. “How are you feeling?”

Rush inhaled, and let out a deep, shuddering, breath. He ran a hand over his eyes, holding the bridge of his nose a moment. “Alright,” he said quietly, with a slight nod.

Young tilted his head up, peering at him. “You’re sure?”


There was a pause, and then Young moved away, returning with a washcloth. He handed it to Rush, who wiped first over his mouth, and then his crotch. Young sat down beside him on the bed, half turned to face him. There was a long pause.

“You sure you’re alright?” Young asked again.

Rush sighed, glaring from the corner of his eye. “Would you stop? It’s irritating.” He shifted his legs out from under him, sitting carefully on his bruised arse. He rolled his shoulders. “You’re probably just fishing for compliments.”

Young snorted, but smiled.

“So,” Young said a little later. “Did things get…simple, this time?”


Young was quiet. “Degrees. Okay.” He sounded like he was processing, or cataloguing. He glanced at Rush. “Are you tired?”
“Actually,” Rush replied, rubbing at the mess on the blankets before tossing the rag to one side. “Surprisingly…not. I feel…” he stretched his arms. “Energized.”

Young gave a little nod, smiling. “Yeah, me too.”

“Yeah?” Rush gave him a look. Young nodded again.

“So what were thinking of doing?” Young asked.

Rush hummed thoughtfully. “There are some equations I could work on.”

Young groaned. “Are you serious?”

“Might as well take advantage,” Rush insisted.

Young groaned again. “I suppose there’s some reports I could finish reading,” he said reluctantly after a moment. His eyes slid over to Rush. “Though before you run off…”

Rush raised an eyebrow.

Young pulled him up and led him back to the mirror. Rush felt a slight stab of apprehension, but Young turned him around so he was facing outwards, lifting him at the waist to sit on the counter. Young stood between his legs, a playful glint in his eye, and glanced over Rush’s shoulder.

“Take a look,” he encouraged, not quite smiling. Rush looked back at him, amused, then gave a sigh and turned his head.

He inhaled sharply as he caught sight of himself in the mirror. Long bruises lay starkly across his skin, all the way down his back. A thrill ran through him as he ran his eyes along every inch. When he reached the curve of his arse his breath hitched, the shape of Young’s belt buckle clearly visible on his right cheek. He sat up straighter and leaned forward, arching to get a better view. He bit his lip.
“Well?” Rush turned back to Young, who was watching him expectantly. “What do you think?” Young asked lowly.

Rush smirked. “Oh, so you are fishing for compliments.” Young growled warningly in the back of throat, and Rush laughed. He draped his arms about Young’s neck. “You do very good work,” he assured, gazing into Young’s eyes, and he leaned in.

He stopped abruptly, millimeters from Young’s mouth, suddenly unsure.

“What?” Young needled. “You feeling squeamish, now I’ve had my tongue in your ass?”

Rush let out an insulted puff of air, outraged, and grabbed Young’s collar in both hands. They crashed together, mouths opening and eyes closing on contact. Young wrapped his arms tight around Rush’s back and Rush wrapped his own arms around Young’s neck, pulling them even closer. Their mouths worked together, finding a mutual rhythm of lips and tongues and even teeth. They began furiously, then became more languid, and Rush moaned at the slow intensity. They pulled away gradually. Rush’s lips were tingling, and he kept his eyes cast downward as they opened.

They stayed there, breathing, and then Rush turned to look over his shoulder. Filled with a lazy sensuousness, he leaned forward into Young and brought one hand to trace a finger over the bruise left by the buckle on his arse. Young hummed deep in his chest, and slid his own hands up and down Rush’s back. Rush took a deep breath, turned back to Young, putting careful hands on his chest and pushing gently away.

Young let him, stepping back to allow him to slip from his perch and stand on the floor.

“You know, if you don’t need a console or anything, you could just work here,” Young said after a minute.

Rush’s brows rose. “Really.”

Young shrugged, and took another step back. “You have your notepad, right?”
Rush nodded warily. Young walked to his clothes, rifled through the pockets, and pulled out his notepad, pen, and glasses. He brought them to Rush, holding them out without a word. After a moment, Rush took them. Young smiled.


“What are you doing?” Young asked, as Rush bent over to pick up his trousers. Rush glanced up.

“Getting dressed?” he said with an obvious wave of his hand.

Young brow furrowed exaggeratedly. “Why?”

Rush shot him an unamused glare, then huffed, dropping his trousers back to the floor.

“Fine,” he said, half bowing, and moved to the bed. He flopped across it on his stomach, to minimize any…distraction, and put on his glasses. He flipped open his notes, and got to work.

There was some shuffling as Young stripped down to his under things, picking up some papers from the table. A moment later, he joined Rush on the bed, sitting up against the wall and casually stretching out his legs to rest his feet, crossed at the ankles, on Rush’s arse.

Immediately Rush lifted his head, glaring blandly out into the room. A huffed breath, and he turned that glare deliberately onto Young. Young’s eyes were fixed on the pages in front of him. He read quietly, making no acknowledgement of Rush.

Rush narrowed his eyes, and turned away again. Fine, that was just…fine. He went back to his work.

For a long while the only sounds in the room was the scratching of a pen and shuffling papers. The steady weight of Young’s feet proved not too distracting. There was actually a strange sort of comfort in it. That was, until he started shifting them, rubbing them together in a way that pressed down into Rush’s bruises or scraped over the bare skin of his arse.

“If you don’t stop that, I’m leaving,” Rush said flatly.
“What? I have an itch,” Young responded cheekily. Rush glared from the corner of his eye, but the corner of his lip twitched.

They stayed like that until Rush started yawning, blinking in the dim light and rubbing his eyes behind his glasses.

Young shifted off of him, planting his feet on the bed. “Let’s call it a night.”

Rush waved him off, even as he yawned again. Young cleared his throat pointedly. Rush glanced up and found Young holding out one hand, palm up, a firm look in his eye. With a resigned sigh, Rush pulled off his glasses and handed them over, along with his pen and pad. Young set them on the nightstand, and then beckoned Rush with a curl of his fingers.

Rush crawled up the bed, and slid under the covers with Young. Young moved in close and pressed against his back, wrapping his arms over his chest. Rush sighed contentedly at the warmth and subtle hurt that settled into him. His eyelids fell. He breathed in once, twice, three times, and was asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Btw, you guys totally got a bonus sex scene in this chapter. Yep, that bit when they wake up together? Was very different until I actually started writing it. Can you imagine that scene without sex? Yeah, me neither anymore. So, just take a moment and be grateful these characters are turning out to be so damn insistently insatiable.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Sex, mostly, with a slight change of position

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Potboy for beta reading-I'll probably forget to say that every chapter, so just imagine it's there if it's not :-)

More belt stuff in this chapter, so be warned for that.

Rush awoke on his stomach, Young’s firm hands making smooth motions over his back.

“You’re awake,” he rumbled into Rush’s ear, and Rush smiled despite himself.

“You don’t have to wait, you know,” Rush said, still thick with sleep.

“What do you mean?” Young asked, rubbing circles with his thumbs in the small of Rush’s back.

Rush turned his head to one side and peered over his shoulder. “If you’re…inclined, you’re welcome to…do whatever you like. You needn’t wait for me to wake up.”

Young looked back steadily, hazel eyes as indecipherable as ever. After a moment, he looked away, saying nothing. He slipped his hands downwards over Rush’s arse, massaging the bruised muscle with intent fingers.

He pulled his cock from his boxers, already hard, and traced patterns with the leaking tip over Rush’s arse. Rush squirmed, ever so slightly, his own cock just beginning to be interested. When Young teased down the crack of his arse, Rush let out a muffled moan.
Young didn’t do much more than that though, just sat back on his heels and jerked himself off. Rush made himself be content with that, closing his eyes and lying still. Bit by bit, his muscles relaxed. Something inside him quieted and calmed, and he thought of nothing but being available for Young’s pleasure. Then, he thought nothing at all, falling into a warm, cloudy haze.

Minutes later, he was loosely aware of hot cum as it spilled across his arse. It brought him a bright burst of pleasure, somewhat different than arousal, though no less acute. There was a sharp pinch to his right buttock, and he let out a soft, contented sigh.

“So, Rush,” Young said, rubbing the back of his thigh. He leaned in behind Rush’s ear. “You want to come this morning?”

Rush blinked at the question, brow furrowing.

“Rush?” Young prompted. A swing of legs and a shift of body, and Young was lying beside him, looking in his eyes. Rush looked back. A moment later, Young’s brow furrowed in concern, though Rush couldn’t imagine why. “Rush, are you okay?”

Rush blinked again, and then it was like he was breaking the surface of a pool, gasping.

“I’m back,” he said quickly, chest heaving as Young looked at him uneasily. Young turned on his back, still watching him. Rush breathed out and wiped his face.

“Was that…” Young started cautiously. Rush didn’t look at him, but nodded. “W…I mean, why w —?”

Rush shrugged hopelessly, moving to turn on his back before remembering the cum on his arse, nose wrinkling. Young wordlessly handed him a rag, and he wiped up the mess impatiently, throwing it to the floor as he flipped over. They lay next to each other, both staring up at the ceiling.

After a minute, Rush spoke.

“I don’t know why. I don’t know why sometimes, and not other times, or how much or for how long. It’s not calculable. It just...happens. It’s...” he sighed. “It’s a feeling.”
“Are you actually admitting that there’s a problem that can’t be solved by math?” Young said lightly after a moment.

“I have never said—” Rush blustered, turning, only to find Young smirking playfully at him. He let out an exhausted sigh that turned into a chuckle, running a hand over his face. He sighed again, making a helpless gesture with his hand before dropping it.

“It helps—” Rush started, but broke off just as suddenly. A brief internal struggle, and then he pressed on. “This helps. Talking. Like this.” He turned his eyes to Young.

Young looked at him carefully, and gave a little nod. He dropped his eyes, as though he were thinking.

“What’s it like?” Young asked after a minute, lifting his eyes again.

Rush glanced away. “I told you. It’s…”

“Yeah, but,” Young interrupted. He seemed to struggle a moment, then spoke again. “Why…it was like you couldn’t answer my question just now. But the other day, you were still able to do high-level physics calculations. How does that work?”

“Well,” Rush said carefully. “Physics is simple.” Young snorted. “It is,” Rush insisted. “I’m not being—” he sighed. “It’s…numbers. It all lines up perfectly and there’s only one right answer. Other things…” he paused. “Allother things. They’re more complicated.”

Young was quiet. “So, when I asked if you wanted to…” Rush looked away. “You…didn’t know the right answer? Or…” he went on, more haltingly. “Didn’t know…what you wanted?”

Rush pressed his lips together, eyes tracking back and forth over nothing. “No,” he didn’t quite stammer. “No, it…it’s more like there isn’t an answer. To…that question.”

“Like,” Young pressed, like he was trying to understand. “You don’t…want anything?”
“Like…” Rush tried to explain. “Like, there’s no I to want anything. No…” he trailed off.

Young looked thoughtful. “You said…it happened before?” Rush nodded. “When?”

Rush took a breath, letting it gust out of him. “The…first night we…after we talked. For a bit. And…” he swallowed. “When I w…my—punishment,” he ended, quietly.

“I remember that,” Young murmured, eyes lighting. “You got…” he didn’t finish as his eyes turned inward, thinking. After the moment, they turned back to Rush. “There must be a way to…remind you, to bring you back quickly. A signal, maybe, like the safe word but…” he trailed off, thinking again. Then, firmly. “We’ll figure something out.”

Rush smiled softly, and nodded. “Let’s not have too many…parameters, though,” he said lightly. “I like being surprised.”

Young grunted in agreement. “It’s the only way I ever get the edge on you,” he said wryly. Rush dropped his gaze, an uncomfortable tightness settling in his chest. “So…” Young continued, suggestively running a finger down Rush’s blanket covered leg. “Would you…?”

Rush laughed good-naturedly. “Ah, no. Thank you. I think I’ll put some clothes on for the first time in…” he glanced around, not finding a time device close at hand. “…However long I’ve been here.” He swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood, stretching.

Young stayed reclined on the bed as he dressed, watching him with an easy contentment.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Young exclaimed, rising, just as Rush had finished with his shoes. “I got you something.”

Rush made a face, putting his glasses and notepad back in his pockets. “What, like, a present?”

Young shot him a look. “I wouldn’t get too excited,” he cautioned, and set a military issue duffel bag on the coffee table with a thunk.

Feeling odd, Rush unzipped the bag and pulled it open, looking inside. A brief pause, and he
reached inside and took something out.

“"You got me a pile of wood,” he said flatly, holding a piece disdainfully in one hand.

“"Turns out we got a lot from our last haul, everyone was splitting it up the other day, I thought you could use it for…something,” Young explained.

“Like what?” Rush scoffed.

“I…dunno,” Young stammered. “I saw you making that chess set…”

Rush glanced away and back again. “I finished the chess set.”

Young spread his hands helplessly, sighing. Rush looked back in the bag, scanning over the contents a little more carefully. He rubbed over the wood in his hand thoughtfully.

“Look, you don’t have to take it,” Young said abruptly, making a grab for the bag.

Rush pulled it out of his reach. “No, I’ll take it,” he said quickly.

Rush replaced the piece from his hand, and zipped the bag. He slung it over one shoulder, and stood straight, daring Young to comment. Young dropped his hand to his side. There was an awkward silence, and then Rush made for the door.

He dropped the bag off at his quarters first, and then got on with his day.

That night, Rush’s feet brought him automatically to Young’s door, slowing only slightly as he
approached. A breath and a swallow, and he went inside.

Young stood near the middle of the room, hands pulling at the zipper near his throat. He stopped, looking up, at Rush’s entrance. A light smile played at his lips. He put his hands behind his back, turning to face Rush squarely.

“Strip.”

Rush disrobed, wondering at the thrill that still shot through him. He should find it boring, predictable, but instead…it was like a promise, and standing naked in the room his cock was already twitching.

Young waved him over. Rush flexed his fingers and took a step, and then another, until they were eye to eye. Young spread his arms.

“Take off my jacket.”

Rush’s eyes skittered, as he was caught off guard. A moment’s hesitation, and he lifted his hands, dropping his eyes. He slid Young’s zipper down with a slowness he couldn’t quite control. He could feel Young’s eyes on his face. He pulled open the collar, and eased the jacket off Young’s shoulders and down his arms. When it was free, he held it awkwardly in both hands.

“Put it on the couch,” Young instructed, gesturing with his chin. Rush turned and laid it over the back.

“Now my shirt.”

Eyes still cast downward, Rush pulled at where Young’s shirt tucked into his trousers, and lifted. Young raised his arms as he went and soon he’d gotten it over Young’s head. He placed it with the jacket without being told.

“This too,” Young said, gesturing to his undershirt.

Rush repeated his motions, blinking as his fingers brushed bare skin. When he held the fabric in his
hands, he looked covetously over Young’s strong, broad chest and shoulders, before moving to place the undershirt with the rest of Young’s clothes.

“Shoes,” Young said simply when he turned back.

A brief nervous glance to Young’s face, and he sank to his knees. His face heated as he worked at Young’s right boot. Young lifted his foot as he pulled, placing a hand on Rush’s shoulder to steady himself. Rush hesitated, fingers brushing the ankle of Young’s sock, and looked up. Young gave a curt nod, and he removed that as well. He did the same with the left, and set the shoes and socks aside. He stayed on his knees.

He looked up again, hands already lifting toward Young’s belt. Another nod, and he took hold of the buckle. He undid it, and then Young’s fly, and tugged the trousers down his legs. Young stepped out of them, and Rush folded them and set them beside Young’s shoes. He dropped his hands, almost afraid to look up.

“Rush.”

He forced his eyes up, and Young gave him a pointed nod. A slight swallow, and he lifted his hands to the waist of Young’s boxers.

He brought them down carefully, inhaling deeply as Young was revealed. Even as he brought the boxers down around Young’s ankles, his eyes stayed fixed on his cock. Young stepped out of them, and kicked them away. Young was already half-hard, and Rush sat back on his heels, unconsciously licking over his lips.

There was a low chuckle, and Rush glanced up.

“Uh-uh,” Young admonished, wagging a finger. He sauntered away, and Rush watched him, arousal pooling in his lower belly. Young snatched up the lube, and lay back on the bed, propped up on some pillows.

“Up,” he said sharply, and Rush rose. Young curled one finger, beckoning, and Rush crawled dutifully onto the bed and up Young’s body. He straddled him at the waist and Young opened the jar of lubricant, resting it on his chest.
“Stretch yourself.”

Rush looked at him sharply. Young looked back steadily, and it was quite clear that he had not forgotten about the other day. Rush swallowed, and dropped his eyes. He wouldn’t have to look this time, so maybe…with a deep breath, he dipped his fingers in the slick fluid. He braced his other hand on Young’s shoulder, and reached behind.

At the first touch, his eyes fell closed with a muffled groan. He pressed one finger in to the hilt, and then two. It had been quite a while since he’d done this, he realized. Since he was forbidden to touch himself now, and Young had done all their preparation thus far, it had been some time since he’d had his own fingers in his arse. He moaned, hips pulsing, as he moved in and out.

Young laced a hand through his hair, pulling him closer.

“When you’re ready, put the lube away and sit up.”

Rush could feel Young’s breath on his face, they were so close, and he whimpered, nodding. Rush added more lube, mouth working voicelessly as he stretched himself open. Their faces couldn’t be more than an inch apart, and Rush’s face contorted as he worked in himself. He didn’t dare open his eyes.

Too soon, he grew impatient. Young usually stretched him more, but he couldn’t wait. Sharp need stabbed through him, stronger and stronger. With a frustrated grunt, he brought his hand away and, trembling, replaced the lid of the jar, setting it aside. Young let him sit up straight on his knees. Rush blinked his eyes open, chest heaving.

“Put your hands behind your head.”

Rush took a deep breath, nodding weakly. He raised his hands to the back of his head, mewling as his cock nearly jumped in response.

He was kneeling over Young, looking down on him, but he didn’t feel remotely powerful. He felt exposed. Young brought a hand between them and then Rush felt the tip of Young’s cock brush between his cheeks. He squeezed his eyes shut, his own cock painfully hard, and he was helpless to stop the resulting swirl of his pelvis. Young brought his other hand to Rush’s hip and gently guided him down.
There was a pressure against his hole, and then the tip of Young’s cock was inside him. He lowered slowly, thighs trembling. Had Young gotten bigger? He clenched his teeth and bore down, fingers digging into the back of his skull. Then, something slipped, his muscles failed, and he slammed down as gravity took over. His strangled cry blended with Young’s hiss.

“Fuck,” Rush rasped, whimpering.

“Shit,” Young groaned. “Shit, you’re tight.”

Rush felt tight, clamped around Young’s bruising hardness. He whined at the unforgiving ache, the solid rod that penetrated him an inescapable violation. He felt so full, so hollowed out to make room for this that he might never feel whole without it again. It was a terrifying, cataclysmic, feeling.

He clenched, reveling in a fresh wave of pain and invasion, and all he could think was yes.

“Move,” Young ordered, fingers tightening on Rush’s hips, and Rush inhaled through his nose, steeling himself.

He rose on his knees, only managing a few inches before falling back down. He and Young both grunted, and he tried again. It took him a bit, and it was exhausting, but he finally got a rhythm going. Sweat dripped down his bare skin, cool in the open air, and he panted with every struggling motion. His muscles burned with the strain of it, and even that only contributed to his heightening pleasure.

When Young took hold of his cock, he thought he would pass out.

“Are you hitting your prostate?” Young asked sliding a thumb over Rush’s foreskin. Only the slightest breathiness in Young’s voice betrayed he was anything other than casual.

Rush paused as he tried to answer. “Not,” he began, gasping. “Not…particularly.” He licked his lips. “I mean, not…directly, or…on purpose.”

Young regarded him, eyes smoky, his face glittering with perspiration.
“Do it. Now.”

Rush’s stomach clenched, and he rose up, angling forward. He crashed back down with a bitter cry, and then pleasure exploded sending his head spinning.

“Again.”

His bottom lip quivered, but he obeyed. He shouted harshly into the room, head bowing as he reeled from sensation.

“Keep going,” Young instructed. “Don’t stop till I say.”

Rush let out a quaking breath. “I…I’ll fall,” he protested feebly, already barely keeping his balance.

“You can put your hands on me,” Young placated. “Go on.”

Slowly, shifting stiff fingers and shoulders, Rush lowered his hands. He abruptly realized there were tears streaking his face. He leaned forward and placed his palms against Young’s shoulders. Young was already rubbing over his cock and he groaned, head falling.

“Rush,” Young warned. Rush nodded, and rose again, this time letting his arms and Young take some of his weight.

What happened next was a flurry of sense and sound and heat, spiraling whirlingly in uncontrolled abandon. He pummeled against his prostate relentlessly, eyes clouding over with pleasure. It only made him more aware of Young’s firm muscles under his hands, his solid form between his knees, and most of all, his warm hand on Rush’s cock working him in rough, even motions.

There was only so much he could take, and he came shuddering into Young’s hand, who squeezed the drops into his palm. Rush continued to twitch, impaled by Young’s cock, for minutes after. Hair fell over his face as his head bowed and he gasped for breath.

“Shh,” Young soothed, rubbing his left hand over Rush’s thigh. “That’s it. Just rest.”
Rush sighed out gratefully, going limp. Young’s erection still stretched him painfully, but he let himself relax around it, sitting into Young’s hips. A moment later, Young raised his right hand to Rush’s face. Rush took it blearily and licked the cum from Young’s palm. He heard Young groan as he worked. He kissed the center of Young’s hand when he’d finished, open-mouthed and indulgent.

He lowered Young’s hand mutely, looking to him with a strange, languid calm. Young laid both his hand at Rush’s hips, and watched him steadily.

“You ready?” Young asked him, low and even. Rush looked him in the eye, and nodded.

Young’s hands tightened, and he rolled them over, settling between Rush’s legs. Rush let his arms fall loosely over his head and wrapped his legs around Young’s waist, groaning as Young was brought deeper into him. Young took firm hold of the back of his legs. Rush sighed and his eyes fell closed with easy contentment as Young fucked into him brutally.

It was moments like this that were maybe the most incredible, in all the many recent moments that stretched the limits of credibility, Young thought, thrusting into the tightness of Rush’s ass. Rush’s hands lay over his head, placed and kept there all on his own without one word or action from Young. His hands would fist, legs tightening around Young’s waist, or he’d squirm underneath him, biting his lip and moaning, but otherwise he stayed totally still, eyes closed, just…taking.

Young lifted a hand and brushed it lightly over Rush’s face, watching as his lips parted, gasping at his touch. Part of Young wanted to have him open his eyes, look into them while he fucked into him, but another part reveled in the unguarded placidity of keeping them closed. In the same way, part of him wanted to toy with Rush, push him into some kind of reaction, while another enjoyed simply watching him as he was. It was becoming a not unfamiliar feeling: did he want to speak, or prolong the silence? Have Rush move, or be still? Watch his face, or watch him from behind? Quick and dirty, or make it last? Ass or mouth or something else, have Rush drink down their cum or leave him covered with it, pain or pleasure, rough or soft?

A kid in a candy store, that’s what it was like, he thought, pressing a thumb into Rush’s nipple and making him arch. That’s what Rush was like, like this, like a door opening up to a thousand delicious possibilities and all he had to do was choose.
He watched Rush wriggle against the covers and he knew that, as enjoyable as this was, he wasn’t going to be able to resist playing a little bit more.

“Does it hurt?” he asked, gruff and goading. “Having you on your back like this?” After the beating I gave you, he didn’t need to say.

Rush’s eyes opened a sliver, Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed. “Not…” he shook his head slightly. “Not too much.”

Young made a soft hhm sound, and then leaned forward. He pressed chest to chest with Rush and placed his hands over Rush’s wrists, letting Rush take his weight. Immediately, Rush cried out, broken and alarmed.

“What about now?” Young asked, unnecessarily. Rush just moaned, feet clamping behind Young back as his hips pushed up into him.

Young growled, and took hold of Rush’s jaw. He tilted his head to one side, and murmured almost directly into his cheek. “Did you look?”

“What?” Rush stammered, high and breathless.

“On your own,” Young expounded. “Did you look?” He slid a hand under Rush’s backside, making a long swipe over his rump for emphasis.

Rush’s eyes were wide open now, staring straight out, though clearly looking at nothing. He swallowed again.

“Maybe,” he said, very quietly. “Just…just a bit.”

Young made a mocking tsk sound with his tongue. “I always knew you were prone to pride, Rush, but vanity?” He brushed his lips over Rush’s cheekbone. “That I wouldn’t have guessed. Aren’t you supposed to be above that sort of thing?”

Rush was shaking his head back and forth, eyes turning beseeingly to Young. “No, no, I—”
“False modesty doesn’t become you, Rush,” he scolded, and whispered into his ear. “You know how good you look.” Rush clenched around him, keening. “I don’t blame you, though. It’s hard not to look.”

Young suddenly had an urgent desire himself, and pulled away. Rush made a wince as his cock tore from his hole far too quickly to be comfortable, descending into a mournful whimpering.

“Roll over.”

For a moment, Rush did nothing, just trembled on the bed, but then he slowly turned to one side, and then flat on his stomach. Young inhaled, long and deep, as he took in the sight.

Beautiful.

At another time, he would probably be disturbed by that reaction, but right now…there was just no other word. He slid his hands over the curves of Rush’s ass and up his back, crisscrossed with broad stripes in reddish-purple, and then back down again, cradling the firm globes in both hands. His right hand framed the mark left by the buckle, the one Rush had seemed so enthralled by, and he squeezed, watching the blemish change with the flesh underneath.

“Up on your knees,” he said, moving his hands to Rush’s thighs and coaxing them up and open.

Rush tucked his knees under him, keeping his head down, and raised his ass. Young didn’t even pause, just spread his cheeks and plunged back into him. Rush mewed as Young’s hips hit the back of his thighs, a quiet tremble undulating through him like a wave. Young groaned, taking a moment just to re-appreciate the tight heat, this time with the new sight of Rush’s bruised skin bowed before him. He found his brow creasing, though, not quite liking the trade-off. A moment of thought, and he bent over Rush’s back.

He took hold of Rush’s hair and pulled, twisting, till Rush rose from the bed. He forced Rush to turn over his shoulder, back arching at an almost unnatural angle. Eventually, Rush was forced to take his arms from the bed, bracing them instead against the wall.

That’s better, Young thought, satisfied. Rush was staring at him from the corner of wide, wild eyes, mouth open and gaping. His back was bent so far it looked broken, which really only made his markings look more attractive.
Young gripped his ass hard in his other hand for leverage, and started fucking again. Rush’s eyes rolled into his head and he gnashed his teeth, practically gurgling as he seemed to want to shout but couldn’t quite find his voice. Young took it all in, not just the pieces, but the whole—the striped, contorted back and shattered expression, the tight heat clenching around his cock and the desperate not-quite-wailing that grew with each thrust.

He pulled out as he started to come, sliding his cock along Rush’s crack as he spurted down Rush’s curved spine. Rush made a high keening sound and arched further, thrusting his ass harder into Young’s cock. When he was spent, Young let out a low, growling breath, and let go of Rush’s hair, sitting back. Rush slumped forward, his arms and face falling to the bed. He kept his ass in the air. Young watched, pleased, as his cum dripped down Rush’s sloped back. He right hand still gripped hard into Rush’s right butt cheek, clenched tight from when he’d come. Slowly, he detached his fingers, stretching them as he became aware of a slight ache. There was a handprint-shaped bruise already starting to form.

His post-orgasmic haze began to clear. He looked steadily over Rush’s trembling, prostrate form. His hand clenched once, and then spread wide, flexing, a new kind of excitement settling in his stomach.

He skated his right palm firmly over Rush’s back, playing at the bruises and gathering the slick cum in his fingers. Then, he took his other hand and rolled Rush to one side. He slipped in behind him, naked chest to naked back, and his left arm went under Rush’s neck, his hand taking gentle hold of Rush’s jaw and throat. He tucked his face behind Rush’s ear, and inhaled, drawing in the scent of fresh sweat and musk. Rush shivered, and Young smiled. He draped his right arm over Rush’s side and wrapped his hand, coated in cum, around Rush’s profoundly hard cock.

Rush’s response was instantaneous, shifting and mewling in Young’s arms. Young just held Rush in a firm grip, unmoving, just feeling its hot and desperate rigidity. Young had never even touched another man’s cock before all this, but there was something truly intoxicating about taking Rush in his fist. It was a ruthlessly uncomplicated kind of power. He squeezed.

Rush whimpered.

He shoved his knees between Rush’s legs and spread them open. Rush’s right leg hooked over the back of Young’s thigh, the other pressed into the bed under Young’s other leg. Young used his hand to tilt up Rush’s chin and bring him back into his shoulder.

“Fuck my hand,” he breathed, deep and gruff into Rush’s ear.
For a moment Rush just vibrated, taut as a wire, and then he gripped one hand into the blankets underneath them, brought the other to brace awkwardly on Young’s right arm, and began pumping his hips. The angle was clearly difficult, and he had little leverage, but he managed, thrusting into Young’s fist, first quite slowly, and then faster and faster. Young felt the friction against his palm and fingers, heating the cooling liquid of his cum. Rush was gasping, working frenetically, hips snapping in uneven rhythms. He was hurtling toward release, uncontrolled.

The second Young sensed the beginnings of Rush’s orgasm, he clamped down on the base of Rush’s cock. Rush arched, screeching, and then slammed back against Young. He lay there quivering, breathing in shuddering, gulping whimpers.

After a time, he calmed, strained muscles slowly uncoiling. Young pressed his lips along where Rush’s jaw met his cheekbone.

“Again.”

Rush’s eyes rolled to look at him, furtive and fearful, from the corners of his eyes. His bottom lip trembled.

He started again, hips pushing his cock through the vice of Young’s hand. He went slower, more carefully, biting his lip in nervous apprehension.

“Faster,” Young ordered. Rush bit his lip harder, but obeyed. He pumped quickly, but was clearly holding back, preserving a part himself and restraining the build that would lead to orgasm.

“Careful, Rush,” Young warned. “You’re not allowed to stop yourself from coming, remember?” He pressed his lips hard against Rush’s ear, teeth grazing cartilage. “Only I can do that.”

Rush’s face began to collapse, muscles twitching against each other as he choked back a sob. The hand on Young’s arm tightened. Then, like a dry twig breaking, Rush closed his eyes. Tears slipped from under his lids as he leaned his head back, and gave himself up.

Rush pushed himself to the brink again, and again Young stopped him, just on the edge. Rush let out a hollow, shouting scream, tears streaming down his face. He sank into Young still crying hard enough to make him shake. Young fondled the lines of his neck and licked a broad stripe up his cheek, tasting salt.
“Again.”

Rush turned his face and looked in Young’s eyes, his own bright with tears. His lips were parted with unspoken pleas. Trembling, he moved his hands. He placed one over the hand at his throat, and the other lightly to the side of Young’s face. Then his hips started pumping, fast and even, as he stared unblinkingly in Young’s eyes. Young’s fingers tightened around Rush’s jaw, holding him in place, fixed on the black and dark amber of Rush’s eyes.

When he felt the moment was right, he made a single stroke along Rush’s cock, and that was all it took to send him over the edge. Rush’s eyes slammed shut as every muscle tensed, and he spilled over Young’s fist and down onto the bed. He made not a sound, mouth gaping but breath stuck in his chest. He finally slumped bonelessly against Young with a deep sigh, unconscious.

Young watched Rush a moment as he lay slack and heedless in his arms. Then he slowly detached himself and placed Rush carefully under the covers. He fetched a cloth and cleaned them both and the bed, before easing back behind Rush. He wrapped his arms over the man’s chest, and looked down on his placid, sleeping features. Then he hugged him to his chest, tucking his face to the back of Rush’s neck, and breathed deep until he fell asleep.

He woke to a soft beeping. Rush’s alarm, he realized, a bit quieter than it had been before. He didn’t move, the strings of sleep still tugging at his limbs. Rush, on the other hand, shifted delicately out of his arms, and shut it off. Young stayed limp against the bed, his eyes opening the tiniest of slivers.

Rush was sitting on the side of the bed, half-turned over his shoulder towards Young. There was a long moment, and neither of them moved. Eventually, Rush stood. Young heard shuffling as he dressed. Then, there was another long pause.

Footsteps, the swish of the door, more footsteps, and then the door again. Young blinked, and lifted his head, looking out into the empty room.

He didn’t smile, but as his head fell back to the pillow, there was an odd softness around his eyes. He rolled over to the center of the bed, brushing where Rush had left the sheets still warm, and slept again.
Young groaned at the wet heat enveloping his cock. He lay on his back, Rush straddling his chest. Rush was faced away from Young, bent forward so that Young could stretch him open and he could suck Young’s cock at the same time. Which was, for the record, a brilliant idea, Young thought to himself, twisting three fingers in Rush’s ass as Rush took him down his throat. Rush was not the most skilled mouth he’d ever had on him, but he was definitely the most enthusiastic, and that…that was worth a lot. Skills could be learned, something Rush seemed absolutely eager to do, but this… Young groaned again. This was something else.

He added more lube with his other hand, slipping two fingers in beside the first three. Rush slid his knees wider, moving up and down Young’s cock as though he needed it just as much as Young did. Young worked his fingers in and out a few more times, then hooked his fingers and pulled his hands apart, spreading Rush’s hole as far as it would go. Rush stopped, mouth opening wider around Young’s cock, and moaned. Young couldn’t hear it, but he felt the vibrations, deep and guttural in Rush’s throat.

“Alright,” Young said, slightly choked. He rested his hands on Rush’s ass, and then gave the right cheek a decent smack. “Up.”

Rush drew off his cock with a long suck, and sat up with a toss of his head, softly gasping. Young pushed lightly on the back of Rush’s thighs.

“Scoot up.”

Rush braced his hands on Young’s legs and slid his knees forward till he was perched above Young’s cock. For a moment, Young just enjoyed looking. Rush’s bruises were starting to fade, more yellows and greens than deep purples, but it was still quite the sight. Young’s cock lay flat against his stomach, wet and glistening from Rush’s mouth. Young coated it with lube anyway, and then took it in hand, pointing it straight up. He placed his other hand on Rush’s ass, pulling at one cheek with his thumb. He frowned, not getting quite view he wanted. He supposed it was fine, but…

He dropped his hand.
“Spread your ass.”

Rush went still, and then half turned his head.

“A…wh…?” He stammered, confusion coloring each half-attempted word.

Young lifted his hands to Rush’s arms, and pulled them back, placing Rush’s hands on the cheeks of his own ass. Rush paused only a moment, and then pulled them apart. Young dropped his hands, and looked over Rush again. Better.

“Arch your back,” he said, not raising his eyes.

Rush shifted his weight, just as much nervousness as work to keep his balance was Young’s guess, and arched, leaning forward till he was completely exposed. Young gave a deep *hmm*ing sigh.

“Yeah, that’s good,” he said, rubbing over Rush’s displayed hole. Then he placed a hand on Rush’s thigh, and used the other to line up his cock.

“Down.”

Rush lowered. Young helped lead his hole to the tip of Young’s cock. The first brush made them both shudder, and then Rush was pressing down, impaling himself. Young let go of his cock and just watched, captivated, as his cock disappeared inside Rush’s willing body. Inch by inch, Rush took him, hesitating a second here and there, but always bearing down with renewed vigor.

Young slid his thumb up his cock to where it met Rush’s slick, taut flesh. Rush moaned, clenching around him, and then pushed down with startling force. Young was abruptly sheathed inside him, and he gripped Rush’s thigh with a deep groan. Rush sat against his hips, unmoving, pierced by the full length of Young’s cock.

“Hands on your head,” Young instructed, when he had command of his voice again.

Rush released his ass, flexing his fingers, and raised his arms. He laced his hands together at the back of his head, sitting up straight. Young ran a finger up his spine, relishing the tight heat that
enveloped his erection. Rush held so still, just the slightest tremor with each breath, you’d almost never know he had a cock up his ass.

Young reached to the side, and picked up his belt from where he’d placed it earlier. He folded the leather in half, holding it with a fist at each end in front of him.

He brought his hands in towards each other, and then sharply back out so the belt made a crisp snap.

Rush flinched, clenching his ass with a startled jump, and Young let out a quiet groan. He let go of the belt with his left hand, and raised his right, trailing the black leather down Rush’s back. Rush whimpered and shifted uneasily, but held position. Young brought back his arm.

SMACK!

“My move.”

Rush squeezed his thighs and lifted up. Young hit him again as he started back down, making him halt and clamp tight around Young’s cock before continuing his descent. They started up a rhythm, if not quite an even one. Rush rode him as he whipped his back. Rush shuddered with every blow, fresh bruises rising to the surface of his skin in rosy reds and plums.

Young stepped-up his pace and Rush cried out in startled distress. He was having a hard time keeping up, his movements growing slower and shallower. Finally, Young struck him just as he was rising and he dropped back down with a whimper, head falling down toward his chest. Now he struggled to even stay upright, swaying forward, spine curling, as the blows continued to fall.

Young bent his knees, bringing them up and setting his feet flat against the bed.

“You can hold on to my legs,” he said almost lazily.

Tremors running through his frame, Rush leaned forward and wrapped his arms around Young’s knees. Young felt Rush’s erection brush against his thigh as he settled.

It was a good thing Rush enjoyed this as much as he did, Young thought, his own hard-on still
buried in Rush’s ass. If he didn’t…Young didn’t want to think about that, as he looked over the colorful mess he’d made of Rush’s back.

He started up again, this time with greater force, really laying into Rush’s trembling form. Rush started crying out, hugging Young’s legs to his chest as he screamed, clenching and quivering around Young’s cock. Even as he shouted and flinched though, Rush lengthened his spine, displaying himself in a way Young had only ever seen him do since all this had began. Rush, despite his ego, usually appeared oddly closed in, somehow curled around himself. Hiding, with his shoulders slightly hunched, hair in his face, peering out in a way that was always somewhat skittish, as though he were ready to bolt at the slightest hint of danger. Against all reason, here, like this, he seemed to unfurl.

Young dropped his arm to the bed and panted into the room, heart thudding in his chest and sweat beading on his skin. Rush just waited, not saying a word. The bruises weren’t as dark or pronounced as the last time, but they had their own hazy beauty, staining Rush’s skin like watercolors.

After a long moment, Young unfolded the belt. He wound one end around his hand till it was the length he wanted it, and then brushed the other end along Rush’s back. Rush twitched at the touch of the buckle against his skin.

“Where do you want it?” Young asked him, swirling indistinct, wandering lines on Rush’s body.

There was a pause, and then Rush turned to look over his shoulder. There was confusion in his eyes, though they were still clear enough that Young could tell he was just confused about the question, and not that he couldn’t answer.

“Here, like before?” Young elaborated, pressing the buckle against Rush’s right butt cheek. “Or somewhere else?”

Rush’s eyes turned inward, tracking back and forth intently. Then, haltingly, he lifted his right hand over the back of his right shoulder, touching his fingers against the smooth muscle.

“Here,” he said, eying Young cautiously, speaking barely above a whisper.

Young glanced at the spot, and gave a curt nod. Rush gave a little trembling nod back, and lowered his hand, turning away. He let his right arm fall to his side, and pulled his hair over the other
shoulder with his left, then turned his face to the left as well, tucking his chin. He held the back of his neck just under his skull with his left hand. Then he waited.

It was a tricky spot, from this angle, and Young didn’t want to hit him in the head or the neck, or even the shoulder blade for that matter. Still…Young tilted his head. He could do it.

Young raised his arm, watching Rush’s ribcage expand and compress. He lifted his eyes. The place Rush had indicated, and was now presenting to him, was mostly unmarked.

Young smirked.

He struck, controlling mostly with his wrist for precision, and suddenly everything exploded. Rush let out a howling shriek and went taut as a wire, tensing all through his body and squeezing Young tight as a vice. Young’s hips bucked as he arched clear off the bed, even with Rush’s weight, and came. He didn’t know if he cried out or not, his ears full of Rush’s scream.

He slumped back to the bed, spent. His heart felt like it might burst from his chest as he gasped for breath, blinking stars from his eyes.

Rush was huddled against Young’s knees, whimpering, his left arm wrapped around Young’s shins while his right hand clutched feebly at Young’s thigh. He was still hard, his erection pressed against Young’s legs. There was a fresh bruise forming on the back of his right shoulder.

“Are you alright?” Young asked, lump in his throat.

Rush turned over his shoulder, and looked at Young, eyes wet.

He grinned. “Fantastic.”

Young let out a sigh, which sounded more than a little like a groan, and chuckled, shaking his head. He really should know better by now. In a way, there was a part of him that wasn’t even surprised about all this; if there was ever a man prone to extremes, it was Rush. As for himself…how well did anyone really know themselves? How can you know what you would really do until the situation is staring you in the face? He left his belt beside him on the bed, and placed his hands at Rush’s hips.
“Up,” he said, urging with his fingers.

Rush rose on his knees, still supporting himself on Young’s legs. Young’s softening cock slipped from Rush’s hole, and Young spread the cheeks of Rush’s ass. He rubbed down the crack with his thumb, fondling the puckered entrance. He pulled Rush’s cheeks apart, wide as they would go, and eyed Rush’s opening.

“Let it out,” he commanded after a minute, when Rush’s ass stayed stubbornly clamped.

A pause, and then there was a puff of air against his knees. “You’re serious?” Rush said, incredulous.

Young didn’t answer, just dug his thumbs into the insides of Rush’s cheeks, and pulled at them harder. He heard Rush hiss through his teeth.


There was a long pause, and then a soft, building, keening sound. A moment later, Rush’s hole flared, and Young’s cum poured out. It landed in drops over Young’s groin, covering his cock and balls in creamy fluid. Young massaged his fingers into the globes of Rush’s ass, watching with self-satisfied attention. When he was empty, Young reached a hand between Rush’s legs and wrapped it around Rush’s hard cock. Rush gave a soft gasp, shuddering.

“Hands back on your head,” Young told Rush coolly, withdrawing.

Rush moved slowly, pushing himself up from the support of Young’s knees. He sat up, straightening his back, and replaced his hands to the back of his skull. He was trembling slightly, clearly less steady than he’d been in the beginning. Young stretched his legs out in front of him and picked up the belt again. He unfolded it, and sat up a bit to slip it around Rush’s front. He leaned back, holding an end in each hand, and pulled it taut across Rush’s ribs. He slid the belt down along Rush’s stomach, and then lower, over his hips. He saw the flinch in Rush’s frame when it caught on his cock. Slowly, Young used the belt to press Rush’s hard cock to hang down between his legs. Then he buckled it, pulling the belt tight around Rush’s thighs. On a whim, he slipped the loose end through the keeper, settling the buckle in the center of Rush’s ass.

Rush was so tense, he was almost vibrating, apprehension coming off of him in waves. Young took hold of the buckle, sliding a hand between it and Rush’s skin. He gave a little pull, not enough to
unbalance the man, and listened to the low whine Rush let out from the back of his throat.

He brought his other hand to Rush’s ass and wormed two fingers between his cheeks. First, he just teased, brushing over the soft skin with barely a tickle and watching the muscles of Rush’s thighs and buttocks writhe and shake. Then he found Rush’s hole, and pushed in to the first knuckle. A moment to savor how wet and open Rush was, and he plunged in. He fucked hard and fast, and soon Rush was squirming and filling the room with desperate shouts. Once Rush tried to fuck back against his fingers, but a single don’t from Young and he stopped, letting Young have complete control of the assault on his ass.

There was a series of frenzied ah ah ah, and then Rush screamed, pulling his chin to his chest and spilling himself on Young’s crotch. He was breathing hard through the aftershocks, fingers and thighs clenched tight, but he managed to stay upright. Young wiped his fingers on Rush’s leg, and undid the buckle of his belt, setting it aside. Sighing, he looked up at Rush. He pressed both palms against the mounds of Rush’s ass, rubbing in idle circles.

“Alright,” he said after a minute. He pulled lightly at Rush’s left thigh and helped him swing it over Young’s body. Rush settled on both knees, dropping his arms to his sides exhaustedly, and sat back on his heels. His chest was heaving, head bowed with his hair fallen into his face. Young reached up a hand and pushed the damp strands back from Rush’s profile. Then he tucked his hands behind his own head on the pillow in an almost parody of Rush’s former position.

“Clean me up,” he said smoothly, letting his legs fall open just slightly.

Rush glanced at him wearily, but nodded. He dropped his eyes, and maneuvered between Young’s knees. Then, tossing his hair back from his face, he lowered his head.

Young moaned, eyes closing, as Rush lapped at him. He started with Young’s hips and thighs, and then licked over his cock. Young wasn’t quite ready to go again, though his cock gave an encouraging twitch anyway at Rush’s warm, wet strokes. When that was clean, Rush lifted it and ran his tongue over Young’s scrotum. Finally, Rush slid fingers through coarse hair, scooping up globules of cum and depositing them in his mouth. When he was finished, he sat up, gasping softly from between pink and glistening lips. He peeked at Young from under his eyelashes, and waited.

Young gazed a moment, and then gestured, beckoning. Rush crawled up his body, and settled against his chest, knees tucked into Young’s sides. Young wrapped his arms around Rush’s back and Rush laid his cheek on Young’s shoulder, his hands held in loose fists against Young’s ribcage.

They lay there, breathing against each other. Young had actually thought to move the covers aside
this time, so all he had to do was reach over and pull the blankets on top of them, but he hesitated. There was a low itch under his skin, and when he looked down he saw Rush’s eyes were open, staring out into the room. He ran a hand down the muscles of Rush’s back, and it wasn’t that Rush was tense exactly, but…

Young reached for the belt. It was obvious that Rush noticed him do it, though he hardly moved. Young folded the belt in half, and then gripped it near the middle, keeping the strap short. He brought his left hand to Rush’s left butt cheek, and pulled up. Deliberately, he laid the strap of the belt against the underside of Rush’s cheek, just where it met the thigh. Rush’s fingers curled, and he shifted, tucking his face further into Young’s chest.

**SMACK!**

Rush flinched, and then cringed, mewling. Young struck again, and then again. There was little pause between blows as Young hit with a rapid flurry of tiny motions. He kept a tight grip of Rush’s ass with his other hand, keeping hold of his target as Rush squirmed against him, whining. Rush’s bottom half wiggled up and down and all around, while his upper body just tried to burrow into Young, hands held tight against Young’s sides as though he were a life preserver.

Young gave one last firm blow, and then stopped. Rush was sniveling into his chest. He could feel Rush’s cock twitch against his hip, and his own cock wasn’t disinterested either, but…he looked down at Rush’s hair, face hidden as he whimpered.

He took hold of Rush’s hair with his left hand, and lifted. Rush raised his head obediently. His cheeks were wet, lips trembling. Young released his hair and took hold of Rush’s chin in two fingers, tilting up. He gazed at Rush sternly and, after a moment, Rush swallowed and gave a slight nod.

Young let go of Rush’s chin, and Rush kept his head up, bringing his hands to rest on Young’s chest underneath him. Young grabbed Rush’s right butt cheek, and pulled up. Rush’s face crumpled, and he bit his lip to hold back a sob. Young placed the belt against the underside, and Rush squeezed his eyes shut with a whine, hips undulating as his cock began to harden.

**SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK!**

Rush cried out from between his teeth and threw his head back. He dug his nails into Young’s chest and wailed, arching his back and thrusting up into the abuse. Young’s cock grew hard and heavy, and he paused his assault, clenching Rush’s ass and forcing it down till their erections rubbed against each other. They both groaned, and Rush rolled his hips into Young’s. Their cocks slid together,
hot and hard, and Young felt a building energy deep in his lower belly. He pushed at Rush’s ass, 
guiding him into a rhythm, and Rush agreeably rutted against him, undulating in rippling waves of 
pleasure.

Young wrapped his arm around Rush’s back and started beating his ass with almost reckless 
abandon. He slammed the belt against the smooth curves as they bounced up and down against his 
hips. Rush gasped and cried out sharply but only quickened his pace. Young found his hand back 
in Rush’s hair, and pulled him closer. Rush’s eyes were closed, but his mouth was open wide, 
pointed moans falling in urgent, ecstatic bursts. Rush’s hands skated rampantly over Young’s chest, 
stroking over Young’s nipples with his thumbs in a way that could easily have been accidental. 
Young’s grip in Rush’s hair tightened, and he brought their mouths together, hard enough to make 
their teeth clatter. He held Rush there, mouths open to each other, and struck down with renewed 
force. Rush screamed and Young swallowed the sound, drinking it like it was the only thing that 
could quench his thirst. He plunged his tongue into Rush’s mouth as he struck again, and Rush 
sucked on it, moaning. Something wet slid down Young’s face to his lips and he tasted salt, and he 
only snarled against Rush’s mouth and ravaged his ass all the more.

It was actually a quiet moment between blows, when they’d pulled back just enough to gasp for 
breath, their erections pressed together between their stomachs, that they came, together, quaking 
against each other as cum erupted from their cocks. Their lips were still touching as they came 
down, and they kissed lazily, sucking at each other’s lips with indulgence. When they pulled away, 
Rush’s mouth was parted and swollen, saliva trailing from the bottom lip. Young struck his ass one 
more time just to watch that lip quiver, then dropped the belt on the bed and flexed his aching hand.

Rush’s eyelids were drooping, and really, so were Young’s. He brought Rush’s head down to his 
shoulder and pulled the covers over them. Rush sagged against him, and he wrapped his arms 
around Rush’s back, his own eyes already falling closed. A pause, and he lowered one hand to 
Rush’s ass, cupping it. Rush breathed in, and let out a single soft moan. His breathing was even 
after that, and Young let out a sigh of his own. He was asleep before his next inhale.

A soft beeping pervaded Young’s consciousness. He groaned softly, not quite waking. The warm 
body above him shifted, and then started to pull away.

Suddenly, Young was very awake.
They both let out simultaneous hisses followed by pained *ack* type noises.

“Shite,” Rush whispered.

Young forced his eyes open. Rush was pushed up on his elbows, looking down between their bodies. Young followed his gaze, and then dropped his head to the pillow with a groan.

“I suppose we deserve this,” Rush muttered ironically.

Young ran a hand over his face, smothering his frustration. With one arm, he managed to reach over and turn off Rush’s damned alarm, dropping the phone back to the bedside table with a sigh.

“Okay, let’s just…” he said, resigned.

Young reached his hands between them and started trying to detach them from where their dried cum had virtually glued them together. Rush braced on one elbow, and did his best to help with one hand.

“Sorry,” Young said as Rush winced at another tugged hair. “I should’ve…this is my fault,” he sighed ruefully.

“Oh, I agree,” Rush said promptly. Young snorted.

“Oh, I agree,” Rush said promptly. Young snorted.

“Right,” he said dryly. “Cause you had,” he grunted. “Nothing to do with this.”

“Hey, I’m not the one who started things up again,” Rush retorted with a pointed look. Then he smirked, tongue darting out over his lips. “And after I got you all cleaned up, too,” he scolded, teasing. “How unthoughtful.”

Young chuckled in spite of himself.

Finally, they pulled apart, and Rush let out a relieved sigh, falling onto his back beside Young. He immediately winced, groaning.
“You gonna be alright?” Young asked, keeping his tone even.

Rush made a little ‘eh’ expression. “Well, sitting’s not going to be comfortable for a while.” He peered at Young from the corner of his eye, one side of his mouth curving up. “Though I’m starting to get used to that.”

“Oh.” There were too many paths to go on that one, and Young had absolutely no idea which one he wanted to take. He had an old habit; when he didn’t know what it was he was he wanted to say, and was afraid of saying something wrong, he’d just find a way to not say anything.

Rush’s eyes flicked down, and then he turned, rolling to sit on the edge of the bed. There was a low hiss, and then he stretched his arms above his head. Without meaning to, Young’s eyes slid appreciatively over Rush’s back and buttocks. It was only a moment, and then Rush stood, rolling his neck, and made for his clothes. He made a slight detour to check his back in the mirror, a self-satisfied smile playing at his lips, and then he was pulling on his shorts and pants, wincing only slightly.

“God, I need a shower,” Rush grumbled, doing up his fly. Young laughed.

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” Young agreed, stretching his arms. “So,” he started conversationally. “What is it that you find so appealing about the hours of two and three in the morning?”

“No people,” Rush answered, tucking in his shirt.

Young let out a dry puff of air. “Wow, didn’t even have to think that one over, huh?”

Rush threw his hands up with an irritated sigh, glaring at Young helplessly. “What do you want me to say?”

Young took in a breath, and then let it out. “Nothing. I was just…making conversation.”

Rush’s face flickered. He bent over to pull on his shoes, and then gathered his phone and radio, not meeting Young’s eyes. He stood by the bed, and for a moment Young thought he might say
something. Then he turned without a word, and left the room.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Young puts Rush in his place. Rush reacts...perhaps not quite how you'd expect.

Chapter Notes

Alright. As you may have noticed, it has been FOR-FUCKING-EVER since my last update. I'm very sorry about this, but I can't really promise swifter updates in the future. Hopefully yes, but I can't be sure. Anyway, here's a little quick rundown of what's been going on, just so you're not in the dark.

RL has had me pretty busy lately, so that's always a challenge.

Sometimes I work on this other fic I have going (yes, I know, I'm so sorry.)

My computer is freaking me out and until I can afford a new one I've been extra gentle with it. That means no four hour typing sessions.

So that's what's been happening. I just want to assure you that I AM still working on this (I've already started the next chapter). I do NOT want to abandon this fic, I'm very passionate about it and I'm really interested in where it's taking me. It just might take a while.

I want to thank all of you who have been reading, and especially all of you who leave comments. It really does spur me on, gives me that little extra push to go, "You know what? I AM gonna write tonight." So, yeah. You guys rock.

And lastly, thank you to my beta reader, Potboy, for getting this chapter back to me EXTRA quickly (meaning I can post it all the faster.)

Don't give up on me yet guys. This fic is just getting started.

Young made for the showers himself not long after Rush left, not able to get back to sleep. He ran a few laps, showered again and then, since it was approaching a reasonable hour, headed to the mess hall. There were already a few early risers milling about. Young was seated with a plate before he noticed Rush in the corner. Rush sat, eating mechanically, eyes cast downward at nothing in particular. Somehow though, Young thought he seemed to sense Young’s scrutiny. After a moment, his eyes flicked up toward Young for just a second before turning down again without a single change in expression. Not even his chewing slowed.
Then, in what would appear an unconscious shift in weight to anyone else, he straightened his back and sort of…swirled his hips against the bench underneath him. The back of Young’s throat went dry. There was no other motion from Rush after that. He just went on eating his breakfast like nothing had happened. Suddenly, his eyes flicked up again, locking with Young’s, and though his lips didn’t move, Young got the definite impression he was smirking. A moment later, he’d turned back to his food, and if his chewing seemed a little more self-satisfied, well, maybe it was Young’s imagination.

Young started in on his own meal, and Rush got up to leave a few minutes later.

Young tried to keep his attention on what Brody was telling him about the progress on energy weapons, and not on where Rush was working quietly at a console, appearing utterly oblivious to anything else. He nodded when Brody finished talking and told him to keep working on it. Brody walked away.

Young took a breath, hands behind his back, about to head out and move on with his day, when Rush raised a hand to the back of his shoulder and rubbed. His eyes fluttered closed for just a second and he breathed out a voiceless groan. He’d made the same motion a hundred times, working at knots at the side of his neck, except now…now Young happened to have certain information about that particular spot. Specifically, about a buckle-shaped bruise that now decorated that particular spot. That sly bastard.

Rush’s glanced to the side, peering at Young out of the corner of his eye for just a hairsbreadth too long, fingers still working at the muscles of his shoulder, and then looked back to his work. He rolled his shoulder, stretching his neck to one side, and then dropped his arm. Young’s eyes narrowed. Oh, that wouldn’t do. That wouldn’t do at all.

Young smirked.

It wasn’t until after lunch that he found an opportunity to get Rush alone. With Volker and Eli on planet, and Park working in the gate room, and Brody making repairs elsewhere, Rush was the only
one left in the control interface room. Young watched him a moment, unnoticed, as Rush bent over a console and then scribbled on his notepad. He flipped it closed, pushing back from the console and turning when he spotted Young and froze mid-motion. His eyes flicked back and forth, uncertain, still clutching the notepad.

“I…” Rush started. “Was there something you wanted, Colonel?”

Young sauntered over to him, stopping less than a foot away. He lifted a hand, right corner of his mouth twitching, and crooked a finger as though he wanted to share a secret. Hesitant, Rush leaned in, inclining his head. Swiftly, Young took a step forward and to the side so he and Rush were shoulder to shoulder, and gave Rush a hard smack on his ass.

Rush let out a strangled gasp and practically jumped. Young leaned over and whispered in his ear.

“Don’t be late tonight,” he warned, low and growling.

Rush’s mouth hung open, panting, and his eyes slid to the side, staring at Young with something between shock and indignation. Then his jaw clenched, and he swallowed, dropping his eyes.

Young turned on his heel and walked away, holding back a smile.

Rush wasn’t late. Well, not for him anyway.

“Strip,” Young commanded. He turned, moving to the bed and not bothering to see if he was obeyed. He pulled up the covers from one side of the bed, folding it over the other side. He stroked down the sheet underneath, and looked at Rush. “Lie down on your back, hands over your head.”

Rush walked to the bed, naked and already growing hard, and did as he was told. He winced slightly as his bruised skin made contact, but nonetheless laid himself out. Young looked over him, and then began to undress. He stripped down to his boxers and undershirt, and rubbed himself through his
underwear, bringing his half-hard cock to full mast. He knelt onto the bed, and then swung a leg over Rush, straddling his shoulders. He pulled himself out, and stroked, watching Rush’s eyes track over his movements. He ran a thumb down the side of Rush’s face, and roughly over his lips.

“Open your mouth.”

Rush’s eyes locked with his. A beat, and Rush’s mouth opened. Young leaned forward. He took hold of Rush’s wrists, pinning him to the bed, and then he fucked his face. Rush’s eyes rolled up in his head and he moaned, opening his throat and letting Young thrust into him unencumbered. Rush was wriggling underneath him, but not to get away. Young was aware of Rush’s legs writhing behind him in blind arousal.

Young paid him no attention. He fucked into the wet heat of Rush’s mouth, letting his own need drive him, giving in to instinct and the primal urge for more and faster. He came down Rush’s throat, relishing the feel of Rush’s desperate swallows around his cock. He withdrew and Rush turned his head to the side, coughing, face red.

Young put himself away and moved off of him. He sat beside Rush on the bed and took note of Rush’s cock lying bloated against his stomach. He raised his eyes to Rush’s face.

“Goodnight,” he said, and started to move under the covers.

At first Rush blinked stupidly, and then he groaned, throwing his head back against the bed.

“You can’t be serious,” Rush complained, squirming. Young just fluffed his pillows, and shot him a look. “Why?”

“Like I need a reason,” Young drawled. Rush huffed. “But, since you asked…” he turned on his side, holding his head up on one hand and stared down at Rush. “I thought you were getting a bit cheeky.”

Rush’s mouth fell open, not quite sputtering.

“And, just to be clear,” Young went. “No, you can’t move from that position till I say. And, you can’t come unless I say either, so no tricks.” He made that last point with stern wag of his finger.
“That’s not fair,” Rush whined, glaring at him.

Young raised an eyebrow. “If we were playing fair,” he said plainly. “This would be a very different game.”

Rush glared at him a moment longer, and then pointedly looked away. He blew a loose hair out of his face, grumbling, and pushed out his lower lip.

“Are you pouting?” Young demanded after a moment.

“I think I’ve a right to pout,” Rush retorted, turning his face away with a mutter. “Considering.”

Young fought the urge to roll his eyes, and started to turn to his other side. “Friendly word of advice,” he said dryly, rearranging his pillows. “You might want to try another tactic.”

“Oh, should I apologize?” Rush said sarcastically. “I’m so very sorry, I promise to have a much better attitude in the future.”

Young shot him an un-amused look over his shoulder, and settled down. He pulled up the blankets and shut his eyes. He could feel Rush squirming next to him, his legs shifting one way and the other, probably trying to fight his arousal. Then he stilled, and Young sensed more than heard the inhaled breath.

“There are a very specific set of words I am willing to hear from you right now,” Young said flatly, cutting off whatever Rush had been about to say. “Otherwise, you better not keep me up.”

Rush was silent, and after a moment Young heard a soft clack of teeth that indicated he’d closed his mouth. Young sighed out a deep breath, and drifted off to sleep.

He woke some time later, easing gently into consciousness. He was hard. He turned onto his back, and looked to his side.
Rush was just as he’d left him. His eyes were hooded under his lids, but he was clearly awake. He kept mostly still, shifting only slightly on his back, rolling his shoulders, or curling his fingers above his head, giving a tiny bend to one knee before straitening it again. Fidgeting, which probably had to do with the stiff and hard cock against his stomach. Young didn’t know if he’d stayed hard all this time, or if his erection had flagged only to flare up again, but it hardly mattered.

He looked miserable.

Young swung his leg over Rush in a single smooth motion, and took out his cock. He pressed the tip against Rush’s closed lips.

“Open.”

Rush raised his eyes, looking up at Young with big brown orbs that would have put Bambi to shame.

He opened his mouth.

Young plunged in, moaning as his cock was wrapped in the warm, moist cavern of Rush’s mouth. He took Rush’s wrists in a bruising grip and thrust greedily. But for the wide eyes staring up at him, he might have been fucking a hole in the mattress. He came down Rush’s throat, staying there, sunk to the hilt, for a moment or so longer than he needed to. He pulled out slowly, sitting up on Rush’s chest. Rush coughed once, spitting up cum. His lips gave a tremor, not quite closing, and he gazed up at Young with mournful hope. His eyes shone with unshed tears.

Young put himself away and moved off of Rush. Rush kept their eyes locked together, silently pleading.

That wasn’t good enough.

Young turned away. Young saw Rush’s face crumple, eyes squeezing shut, the second before his back was turned. He lay down, pulled the covers up to his shoulder, and closed his eyes. The minutes ticked by, and Young started to think Rush was actually going to let him fall asleep again.

“Please.”
Young opened his eyes. He rolled over onto his elbow, and looked down at Rush.

“Please,” Rush said again, quiet and trembling. “Please let me, please.” Rush looked up at him, imploring. His lips were twisted as he tried not to cry.

“Let you what?” Young said unsympathetically. Rush’s eyes closed and he threw his head back, biting back a sob. He opened them again, and looked up, capitulating.

“Let me come,” Rush said, barely audible. “Please.”

Young’s eyes flicked over Rush’s face.

“And why should I do that?” he asked idly.

“I—” Rush’s breath hitched, and he looked about helplessly. He turned back to Young. “…I’ll do anything,” he promised, every fiber of him dripping with desperation.

“You’ll do that anyway,” Young countered, unimpressed. Rush squeezed his eyes shut again and let out a shaking sob.

“Please,” he choked, eyes still closed. “Please, I’m begging you, just let me, let me come, please.”

Young let out a thoughtful sigh. “You think you deserve that?” Rush opened his eyes and looked up at him. Tears tracked down his cheeks. Young kept his voice even. “You think you’ve earned that?”

Rush went silent, and then he bit his lips. He gave a slow shake of his head. “No,” he said woefully, and very, very quiet. “No, but…let me anyway. Please.” Fresh tears slipped from his eyes.

Young leaned in close, not touching, but near enough to feel the warmth radiating from Rush’s skin.

“So,” Young murmured lowly. “You want me to, what?” He breathed into Rush’s face. “Have pity
Rush stared straight into his eyes. He blinked once, then twice, and then he gave one tiny nod as a crease formed between his brows. “Yes,” he whispered. “Please.”

Young studied Rush’s face, assessing, searching for any sliver of insincerity. After a moment, he nodded.

“Okay,” Young said, pulling back. “Go ahead.”

Rush let out a sigh of relief, eyes fluttering shut as he slumped back into the bed. A beat, and turned to look at Young lying languidly next to him. His eyes tracked down Young’s form, and then his own, catching up quickly.

“You…you’re not going to…?” Rush asked, with just a twinge of hope. Young shook his head. “An…and I can’t…?” he clenched the fingers of his hands, still held on the bed above him. Young shook his head again. Rush threw his head back against the mattress, squeezing his eyes tight with a frustrated sob.

“Aw, come on now,” Young soothed mockingly. “You didn’t have any trouble with that before.”

Rush chest rose and fell as he pushed air out through his parted lips. A series of breaths, and then his jaw clicked. He turned his eyes onto Young, then followed with his head so they were face to face. He tracked over Young’s features, and then stared straight into his eyes. A long moment stretched out in which everything felt profoundly still and Young could see his reflection in Rush’s blown pupils.

Then, Rush’s tongue darted out and licked up a drop of cum from the corner of his mouth.

Young sucked in a breath.

“Did you ever think,” Rush started, soft, tongue clicking on the last syllable. “Before.” He glanced away. “Did you ever imagine,” and then his eyes rose back to Young’s. “That I’d make such a good whore for you?”
Young breathed out slow through his nose, chest thumping. Rush tilted up his chin and ran his tongue across the bottom of his teeth.

“’Get on your knees,’” Rush parroted, each word falling heavily into the air. “’Get on your back.’ ‘Roll over.’ ‘Open your mouth,’ ‘spread your legs.’” His eyes kept flicking from Young’s lips to his eyes. “You can…” he murmured, hushed and indistinct. “…Use me, however you want.” His eyes locked with Young’s. “As much as you want.” He gave care to each word, sliding around the consonants indulgently. “You could fuck me bloody,” he said lowly, lifting his head as though he were being drawn into Young’s eyes, his own growing fierce. “Make me choke on your cock, fill me up with your cum, and all. I will be. Is grateful.”

Young descended, crashing their mouths together and thrusting his tongue into Rush. Rush opened to him readily, swallowing him down. Young fisted a hand in Rush’s hair and was dimly aware of Rush arching off the bed, writhing jerkingly as he wailed into Young’s mouth.

He plundered Rush, claiming every nook and cranny. His left hand yanked on Rush’s hair and he brought his right to Rush’s jaw, forcing his mouth open wider. He tasted bitter salt, what was probably his own cum, but underneath that there was Rush and he dug deeper, trying to catch hold of that elusive, un-definable flavor. He traced Rush’s tongue with the tip of his own, around the edge and then down along the sensitive, hidden places underneath. He sucked hard on Rush’s lower lip, drawing back slowly. Rush moaned as he pulled away, his lip still trapped in Young’s mouth. Young let it go with a soft pop, and then gave it a quick nip with his teeth, because how could he not? He let his hands loosen their holds, but kept them in place as he stared down at Rush.

They were both panting, inches apart. Rush’s eyelids fluttered as tremors jolted through his frame in bursts. He swallowed thickly and began to still, eyes blinking at a more even pace.

Young turned his head and looked down Rush’s body. Cum was splattered over Rush’s thighs and lower belly, his cock lying limp and spent between his legs. Young turned back to Rush and fixed him with an amused glower.

“You cheated,” he admonished, but his voice lacked venom, rumbling pleasantly in his chest.

Rush eyes flicked over to him. He was still breathing rather hard, but he met Young’s gaze steadily.

“If we were playing fair,” Rush retorted, crisp and breathless. “This would be a very different game.”
Young felt something dark and warm grow behind his eyes. He pushed himself up, and moved again to sit astride Rush’s chest. His arousal was obvious, pushing obscenely at the fabric of his boxers, and he stared down with pleased affection at Rush staring fixedly at this looming evidence. He took himself out slowly, pulling his boxers down around his thighs. He was fully erect. He’d been growing hard since Rush first licked that cum from his mouth. He leaned forward, again taking Rush’s forearms in his hands to brace himself. He lined his cock with Rush’s lips. This angle really did make him look quite large, and he wondered how it must look from Rush’s perspective, to have this cock bearing down on him.

“Open your mouth,” Young said, not unaware of Rush having so recently recited those words.

Rush’s eyes met Young’s, something stark yet unreadable in them. His lips parted and stretched as if they were being tugged and held open by invisible fingers, forcing him wide. Young slid inside and Rush’s stayed as he was, cool and immutable. He laved at Young’s cock with his tongue as Young fucked him, working with the rhythm of Young’s thrusts in some kind of pornographically coordinated dance. Rush’s gaze had turned much more seductive, glaring up at Young from sultry, hooded eyes. This was the third time he’d had Rush’s mouth tonight, but somehow this time it seemed as though that wet cavern had grown hotter, swathing him in a rich, tropic, volcanic heat.

He felt his orgasm coming, and he let it build slowly, wanting to savor this. He pulled out some, pumping shallowly into the hollow of Rush’s cheeks, finding pleasant contrast in the heat of Rush’s mouth around half of his cock, and the cool air that hit the other, freshly damp with Rush’s spit. He could see the bulge of his cock against the inside of Rush’s cheek, not to mention his stuffed, stretched lips. Finally, he couldn’t put it off any longer.

“Don’t swallow,” he ordered as he started to come. Rush’s eyes flickered with something like confusion, but he did as he was told. Soon, the cavern of Rush’s mouth was filling up, and Young stroked along his cock, squeezing every drop into him. With a low, groaning sigh, he spent himself. He could feel knots uncoiling at the back of his neck as his orgasm rode through him, leaving him loose and tingling. He sat back on his heels, and stretched his shoulders, eyes closing in contentment. A moment later, he opened them again, and looked down.

Rush lay there with his mouth open, breathing carefully through his nose. He held the cum in his mouth adequately, though a few drops slid out and trailed down his jaw. Young tilted his head thoughtfully. He pulled up his boxers, and placed his hands, palms down, on his thighs. Then he reached out a hand. He laid his index finger across Rush’s mouth as though he were shushing him, and ran it smoothly down Rush’s open lips. He dipped his finger into the thick cum in Rush’s mouth, pulling it out without touching the border of Rush’s lips. He let the string of cum that followed drag down Rush’s chin, and placed the side of his finger under it. He smoothly shut Rush’s mouth, and then pulled away, wiping his finger on Rush’s neck. Gently, he brushed stray hairs from Rush’s face, and sat back, again resting his hands on his thighs.
“Spit.”

Young stared down impassively, back straight. Rush blinked, jaw clenching. His eyes skittered anxiously and his lips pressed together so hard they were almost shaking. There was a fight going on behind his eyes. It was hard to discern a pattern, of what Rush would take to easily and what gave him pause. Sometimes, it seemed to Young that he could guess—guess what would be pushing, but he wasn’t always right. Even now, in this moment, he couldn’t really know what was happening in Rush’s head. Was he trying to make himself obey? Trying not to? Young watched, heart thumping in his chest, waiting to see what would win out. Either way…Young felt a thrill run down the center of his body. There was really no bad way for this to go. Whatever Rush did, it would be something to see.

Just then, Rush took a deep breath in through his nose. Young held him in his gaze with rapt attention, a warm hunger building in his belly. Rush lowered his eyes.

He spit the cum up between pursed lips, shutting his eyes tight and wincing as it fell in globs upon his face. He gave two shallow coughs, and then inhaled through his mouth. He swallowed once as the muscles of his face worked spasmodically. His lips and tongue trembled with every breath.

Young made a pleased hum as the milky glob dribbled and stuck on Rush’s features. Young’s eyes fell half-closed, a kind of satisfied sleepyness settling into him. He climbed off Rush, and knelt beside him. They shared a look, and then Young put a hand to Rush’s side. He coaxed him to roll to his side, just enough to reveal his backside. It was bright red, and spotted with dusky crimson bruises. Young pulled back his arm and gave it a firm, solid smack. Rush flinched, ass muscles clenching. When Young rolled him back over, he peeked at Young from under demurely downcast eyes, chewing lightly on his bottom lip. Young slid under the blankets and unfolded the covers over Rush’s side of the bed. He pulled them neatly up to Rush’s chest and tucked a pillow behind Rush’s neck, then nestled down beside him.

“Sleep,” he told Rush with a pointed look. Rush let out a deep sigh, and seemed to relax. His eyes drifted closed, and soon his features softened as he breathed evenly in and out. Young laid his head down and turned onto his stomach. He flung an arm across Rush’s chest like a kid with a ragdoll, and went to sleep.

Beep beep beep
Rush blinked blearily awake. He was on his back, hands over his head, in Young’s bed. Young was sleeping next to him, tucked into Rush’s side with one arm laid over his abdomen. Rush’s back and buttocks were sore, his shoulders were starting to ache, and there was cum still stuck to his groin and face.

Beep beep beep

He glanced toward his phone, fingers curling, then down at Young’s dark mop of hair. He didn’t have permission to move, technically, and there was something in him that held to that order despite —

Beep beep beep

Before he had too much more time to contemplate one way or the other, Young stirred. He groaned lowly and slid along the bed, head down. He reached for Rush’s phone, and turned off the alarm. He let out a deep sigh, swung his legs over the edge of the bed, and sat up. He ran a hand over his face and rubbed his eyes. Then he stood.

He picked up his trousers and pulled them on and Rush watched him from his spot on the bed, not sure if he should say anything. He settled on silence as Young returned. He held a bowl of water and a cloth. He flung back the blankets covering Rush with a flick of his wrist, and Rush inhaled sharply at the sudden exposure.

Young dipped the cloth in the water and brought it to Rush’s face. The water was cool, and it pushed the last edges of sleep from Rush’s eyes. He watched Young’s face as he worked, solemn and intent. He made sure to get every trace, even on Rush’s neck and chest. Then he moved down Rush’s body.

The first touch to his thighs and Rush hissed, almost flinching.

“Cold,” he said aloud, shuddering. Young glanced up at him, blandly and without sympathy. Rush dropped his eyes. He bit his lip when Young wiped over his cock, but kept quiet.

Young rubbed cum from Rush’s belly, thighs and genitals, and then sat back and rinsed the cloth.
“Spread your legs,” he said, wringing the cloth out between his hands. A moment passed, and he lifted his head and looked at Rush expectantly.

Rush didn’t move. Then, slowly, jerkingly, he bent his knees and slid open his legs. Young settled between them, and started rubbing at the cum that had slipped down to Rush’s inner thighs and buttocks. Rush’s hips shifted discomfitedly discomfitedly. Indeed, there was something deeply uncomfortable about this. Rush was keenly, painfully aware of his vulnerability, as Young wiped over his arse. But it was also somewhat, strangely—Rush cringed at the word—nice.

Young finished, and rose, taking the water back to the nook in the wall. Rush stayed as he was, skin already drying in the open air. He felt…clean.

“Roll over,” Young instructed when he came back.

Keeping his arms in place but straightening his legs, Rush rolled to his stomach. He didn’t even bother asking why inside his own mind.

Firm fingers dug into the joint of his right shoulder, and Rush moaned as the stiff ache there began to dissipate. Young massaged down Rush’s arm, all the way down to his fingers, leaving the whole limb loose and pleasantly warm. He moved Rush’s arm down, bending it at the elbow, and placed the hand carefully at the small of Rush’s back. Then he moved to the other arm, and repeated the whole process.

Rush’s eyes were closed as he let Young work, the warmth in his arms spreading through his chest and down to his belly. Young settled the left hand next to the right at the small of Rush’s back with a light squeeze before letting go, and sat back. A moment later, there was a firm smack to Rush’s rear end.

“Okay,” Young said with finality, standing up. Rush turned his head to look at him.

“I take it I’m free to go, then?” he asked, lightly sardonic. Young tossed him a crooked smile and a shrug, and walked off.

Rush rolled his shoulders with a moan and pushed up on his elbows. He looked over his shoulder. Young was standing in front of the mirror, shaving. Rush watched him, feeling warm and refreshed and more awake than he could remember being in a while, and lingered. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to go. He did. He had things to do, interesting problems to examine, and he was looking forward to
that. It was just that…he also wanted to stay.

He rose slowly, taking his time. His eyes never left Young. He had this odd desire to do something for him, to offer him…anything. But if Young had wanted something sexual, he would have taken it, wouldn’t he? And it didn’t really mean much to offer him something Rush had already given him free reign over. As for other things, Rush couldn’t bring himself to do that. It felt too vulnerable, too real, to offer something…else.

Rush walked to his clothes, left haphazardly on the floor. He bent to pick up his trousers, and then suddenly changed intention. He plucked up his underwear instead, and standing swiftly, he sauntered over to Young.

Young was brushing stray bristles from his face with a towel, but turned to Rush as he approached. Rush held up his pants by the waistband with two fingers, giving them a slight twirl.

“You want me to wear these today?” he asked innocently, though he was sure his expression as anything but.

Young lips curled upward, and Rush felt a spark go off in the pit of his stomach.

“You know,” Young said idly, matching Rush’s tone of false casualness. He lifted a hand and placed it over Rush’s, taking hold of the underwear. “Why don’t we just keep these here.” He tugged, and Rush relinquished them. “In case of emergencies,” he finished, eyes twinkling. Rush didn’t quite shiver, but it was close.

Young walked away. Rush followed him with his eyes and watched as he went to the bedside table and opened the drawer. He dropped Rush’s underwear inside, and closed it. Rush did shiver then, face flushing. Young looked at him, and Rush dropped his eyes. He moved to his clothes and dressed, a warm thrill running through him as he pulled his trousers up over his bare arse. He gathered his things, and then looked around, brow creasing, unable to find his phone.

“Ah-hem.”

Rush looked up, and found Young holding up his mobile with a teasing shake. Rush walked to him with a small sigh, and reached for it. Young pulled it back out of Rush’s reach, looking pleased with himself. Rush dropped his hand to his side, and waited. Young gave him a smug look, and made a turning gesture with the hand that held Rush’s phone. Rush dropped his eyes and turned around.
Then he bent a bit at the waist, sticking out his bum.

Promptly, there was a hard smack to his backside and Rush jolted. He bit his lip to keep from saying something embarrassing, and waited patiently as Young slipped his phone into the back pocket of his jeans. Then Rush straightened, turning back around. He kept his back straight and chin up, eyes cast downward. He felt like he might be blushing.

Young ran a single finger down the edge of Rush’s jaw, ending with his thumb and forefinger holding Rush’s chin, and tilted up slightly. Rush raised his eyes. They looked at each other.

“You alright?” Young asked cautiously.

Rush’s lip quirked the very tiniest bit. He nodded.

“Yes,” he replied firmly. “Perfectly clearheaded,” he added when Young looked a bit dubious.

A moment passed, and then Young sighed, dropping his hand.

“Alright,” Young said, acquiescing. “I’ll…” he trailed off, looking away with a nervous rub to his neck.

“See you tonight,” Rush finished for him. Young glanced at him, an almost startled look in his eyes.

Rush left then, leaving the room without a single backwards look.

That night, Rush approached Young’s door with a kind of giddy nervousness he couldn’t quite place. He was early, by their standards. The hour was almost decent.
Young was sitting on the couch, reading. He glanced up only briefly when Rush came in.

“Strip.”

Rush undressed smoothly. Young wasn’t looking at him, which seemed to bother him for some reason, though it never had before. When he stood naked, he let his hands fall loosely to his sides, waiting.

Young waved him over, still not looking up. Rush came and stood directly in front of him. Young glanced up.

“Take a step back,” Young instructed, looking back to his reading. Rush did, feeling odd, though not, perhaps, as odd as he should feel, given the circumstances. “Turn to the side.” Rush processed that for a second, a bit confused. He didn’t question though, just turned ninety degrees to his right and waited for Young’s next order. “Get on your knees.” That was clear enough, and Rush sank down almost gratefully. “Sit back on your heels and put your head to the floor.” Rush bowed down over his legs, arms coming to rest on either side of his head.

A moment later, he felt the slight weight of Young’s feet on his back. Rush’s throat tightened and something like a stone settled in his stomach. He turned his head just enough to look up at Young. Young was reclined on the couch, looking relaxed as he continued to look over whatever he was reading, appearing to give not a second thought about his choice of footstool. Rush turned back to the floor, face heating.

He should have been furious. It was insulting, humiliating, and such a waste of time. He had much better things to do than…whatever this was. Why not let him grab his notepad if this was all Young wanted to do? But he gave no voice to these thoughts, even as he burned with something that felt much more like shame than anger.

Eventually, Young stirred. He lifted his feet from Rush’s back and stood. Rush heard the shuffling of papers as he dropped them on the table and then footsteps as he walked away. Rush bit his bottom lip, and didn’t move. There were more soft noises that followed, and Rush could guess that Young was undressing.

“Come here.”

Rush lifted his head. Young wasn’t readily visible, so Rush determined he must be on the other side
of the sofa, probably near the bed. Rush sat up and then started to get on his feet.

“Did I say you could stand?”

Rush froze at the sharp question, half risen to one knee, cheeks flushing. Slowly, he sank back down. His lips pressed tightly together. He felt stiff. Determinedly, he forced himself forward, and placed his palms to the floor.

He crawled. On his hands and knees. He rounded the sofa and spied Young sitting on the bed in his boxers. Rush ducked his head and crossed the last few yards, face burning. He settled in front of Young’s spread knees and sat back on his heels. He kept his eyes down.

Young’s hand appeared in front of him, holding a jar of lube.

“Get yourself ready.”

Rush nodded, and took the jar, twisting open the lid.

“And suck me,” Young added, pulling his cock free from his underwear, already hard.

Rush paused, then sat up on his knees. He leaned forward to take Young in his mouth, then put his hand between his legs. He slipped two slick fingers between the cheeks of his arse, placing the jar on the floor within easy reach and bracing with his other hand on Young’s thigh. Young let out a long sigh and slouched back on his hands as Rush worked over his erection. Rush flicked his eyes up and found Young’s eyes closed. He dropped his eyes again and focused on his task. Tasks.

It was not easy. The coordination involved to keep both actions going seemed irritatingly difficult. He tried to open himself while still keeping steady attention paid to Young’s cock, but he kept becoming distracted, one way or the other. His fingers would grow still inside his anus as he focused on opening his throat and sucking his teeth behind his lips or, worse, growing so intent on stretching himself that he virtually ground to a halt in the other area, not even realizing how long he’d been neglecting it as drool began to drip from the corners of his stuffed mouth. It was infuriating. Frustrated tears begin to prickle behind his eyes.

At last, he judged his ass to be slick and loose enough to fuck, dropping his hand with relief and refocusing his attention to pleasuring Young with his mouth. It took Young only a minute or so to
notice he’d stopped stretching himself though, and he pushed Rush off of him with a firm hand at his shoulder. Rush drew back, disappointment pitting in his stomach. His face was hot and he kept his eyes downcast, embarrassed.

Young stood and pulled off his underwear before pulling down the covers and climbing onto the bed. He reclined on his back, resting his head on a mound of pillows, and propped one hand behind his neck.

Rush’s eyes had tentatively followed his movements, wary and surreptitious. Now, his gaze slid over Young’s naked body, unable to look away. Thick. Stocky. His bicep bulged with a gentle roundness from his arm being bent at the elbow, leading down to a prominent shoulder and broad chest. Solid torso. The bloated cock against his muscled thigh managed to almost look proportional. Rush imagined the feel of that body under his hand and his palm itched.

Young beckoned with a lazy gesture and Rush climbed onto the bed. His own cock bounced in the air as he moved, crawling up Young’s body to settle astride his hips. He could feel Young’s sides rubbing against the insides of his legs and it made his pelvis clench.

Young took himself in hand and Rush aligned his opening with the tip of Young’s cock. With a nod from Young, he sank down. Young removed his hand, bringing it to join the other behind his head as he let out a soft moan, eyes fluttering shut. Rush lowered smoothly till he’d taken Young completely. Young sighed with deep contentment.

Rush smiled.

He rode Young, hands braced against Young’s stomach, building speed and intensity. When he clenched his inner muscles against the invasion of Young's cock, Young groaned, shuddering, so he did it again, tightening like a vice while still forcing himself down. On a whim, he sat against Young’s hips and pivoted his own, swirling around the cock sheathed inside him. That seemed to produce a good reaction and he was able to repeat the experiment with equal results. A burst of pride bloomed in his chest.

Rush’s cock was thick and full between his legs, but it seemed distant. Unimportant. Instead, Rush watched Young with abject intensity, learning how to work his body to best heighten Young’s pleasure.

His fingers began to inch up Young’s abdomen. Rush drew them back, biting his lip. He could ask permission…but Young’s eyes were closed, pleased humming moans falling from his lips, and Rush didn’t want to disturb him.
Instead, watchful for any sign of dissatisfaction, Rush bent over and placed his open mouth to Young’s chest. He paused a moment, and when there was no objection, he slid out his tongue and laved over Young’s nipple. There was a deep groan he could feel through Young’s ribcage, and he clamped his mouth down, sucking Young’s peck with wet tongue and lips.

He licked his way across Young’s chest, mindful of every spot where he received the most encouragement, and then made his way up, planting kisses from the nape of Young’s neck to just under his ear. Rush felt every gasp and moan from Young as though it were an echo through the caverns of his own body. He felt it when Young’s orgasm began to build, and he sat up again, riding Young’s cock to completion. Sweat soaked, he pushed himself to go harder, faster, to provide better, sweeter friction.

He felt Young come inside him and Rush threw his head back and cried out. Their voices blended together as hot spunk drenched his insides and it was exhilarating. He felt spun out of control, half-drunk and euphoric.

Gradually, he settled, mind clearing. It was only when he glanced down and saw his erection still jutting out that Rush realized he hadn’t come.

He didn’t care.

He looked to Young. He was covered in a sheen of sweat, blinking into the dark. Rush felt a smile tug at his lips.

“Wow,” Young breathed, and Rush’s smile widened. Young met his gaze, and his lips quirked, eyes warm.

Then Young’s brow furrowed. Rush’s smile dropped, heart sinking.

“Are you okay?” Young asked him. He sounded worried, though Rush couldn’t imagine why. Rush’s brow mirrored Young’s, furrowing in confusion.

“I’m f-f-f-” Rush broke off, eyebrows drawing together.
He couldn’t…he blinked slowly, head tilting. He could feel his lips trembling. Without thinking, he lifted a hand to touch his mouth, only to find that it was shaking too. Everywhere, everywhere was shaking. He couldn’t…he couldn’t stop…shaking.

In an instant, Young had pulled him down, laying Rush beside him on the bed and drawing the blankets up over his shoulders. He molded to Rush’s back and wrapped his arms across his chest. Rush stared unblinking out into the room. He wasn’t cold.

In time, the tremors passed. Rush lay in Young’s arms unmoving. He felt numb.

“Are you okay?” Young asked again.

Rush nodded, not wanting to use his voice.

Young was quiet. After some long moments, he rubbed a hand down Rush’s shoulder. Then he reached for Rush’s cock, still hard between his legs.

“No,” Rush said flatly, hardly thinking, and smacked Young’s hand away.

There was a long pause, and then Young lowered his hand, resting his arm along the line of Rush’s elbow. Sometime later, his breathing evened, his body relaxing into Rush.

Rush didn’t move, staring out at nothing.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

In which things are not dealt with.

Also, extra dub-con warning on this one, just in case, due to somnophilia.

Chapter Notes

So...it's been forever, huh? I'm so sorry about lack of updates, I've just had a lot of stuff going on. I haven't quite gotten back to writing everyday, but I'm hoping to get there soon, so updates should a little more regular--but probably still pretty slow. Sorry. I hope this can hold you over for a while...

Thanks so much for sticking with me guys...it means so much. I really want to finish this story, not just for you guys, but for myself, and your encouragement and interest helps more than you could ever know. I LOVE that people are speculating about what's going on in Rush's head, like, that's just...living the dream, you know? Tbh, I don't know if I'll ever end up making that explicit in this story...I know what what I was thinking and what my ideas about it are, but I almost feel like they're not any more relevant than any of your ideas, so please, speculate away! I can say what I was thinking at the time if you really want me to...but I almost don't want to, lol. Hearing all of your ideas is more fun :-(

Anyway, thank you so much. I may even respond to some of your comments cause I feel bad for taking so long, lol, :-P

Young awoke to that familiar damn beeping, a protesting moan gurgling in the back of his throat. The warm body beside him stirred almost instantly. Then the body was gone, and so was the noise. Young blinked his eyes open and saw Rush stand from the bed, phone in hand. He moved to his clothes on the other side of the room, and pulled on his pants without a word.

Young pushed himself up on his elbow, watching Rush in the dim light.

“Are we gonna talk about what happened last night?” Young asked after a long silence. Rush didn’t look up, just went on tucking in his shirt.
“Do we have to?” Rush said, sitting on the sofa to put on his shoes.

A bit of air puffed out from Young’s lips and he gestured helplessly.

“I…guess not,” he said slowly.

“Then let’s not,” was Rush’s prompt response, and he stood, fully dressed, and made for the door.

“O—” Rush opened the door, stepped outside, and closed it again. “—kay,” Young finished, speaking to an empty room.

He let out a sigh and fell back on the bed, rubbing his hands tiredly over his face.

The day passed and Young could best describe it as “edgy.” Nothing happened per se, but there was a tangible awkwardness between himself and Rush. Whatever semblance of ease they’d managed to achieve seemed to slip further and further away as the day wore on.

Young sat in his quarters, trying to keep himself busy. He wasn’t sure whether to expect Rush or not, but if he didn’t show, Young had already decided to leave him be. Let him have his space.

When Rush appeared in his doorway a little after midnight, Young was more than a bit surprised. He leaned into the back of the couch as the door slid closed. Young’s mouth opened, but he stopped before any words came out, taking in Rush’s form. Rush stood stiffly, arms crossed over his chest, shoulders tense. His eyes seemed to dart about the room, looking anywhere but at Young.

They needed to talk about this, about what had happened, what was happening, but…

Young looked over Rush again.

“Take off your clothes, and bring me the lube.”
Rush glanced up at him at his words. Then, the stiffness seemed to ease from his shoulders as he almost sagged with relief. He pulled at his shirt.

Young let out a quiet sigh. There was a lot they needed to talk about.

But maybe not today.

Rush was bent forward on his elbows, head hanging down into the couch cushions. He lay lengthwise on the sofa, his right foot planted on the floor while his left knee was tucked underneath him, spine arched like a cat about to pounce. Young sat on his knees behind him, a firm grip on Rush’s left buttock and three fingers in his ass. He looked over the slope of Rush’s naked back as he worked and stretched the muscle, Rush’s hitched breaths and gasps echoing in his ears.

“Settle,” Young admonished lowly as Rush started to squirm again. “I told you to keep still.”

Rush grumbled incoherently into the sofa, but stopped his wriggling. Young added a fourth finger and then slid them all down to the hilt, observing with satisfaction how they went in with one smooth motion. Drops of lube dribbled out around them as he withdrew.

Rush was naked, but Young had kept his pants and undershirt. He undid his fly and pushed his pants and underwear around his thighs. He wrapped his right hand around his erection and leaned forward.

Rush was ready for him, but he didn’t sink into that waiting ass. There’d be plenty of time for that. Instead, he traced the tip of his cock between Rush’s cheeks, slowly dragging down the crack and over his slick hole. It was astonishing really. He could take Rush any time he wanted, and somehow that gave Young remarkable patience and self-control.

Rush did not have the benefit of that advantage, and the needy groan that drew out of him was pure music. Young grinned and dug his fingers harder into Rush’s left cheek, pulling it open. He placed his cock at Rush’s opening, but only held it there, making no move to enter. Rush groaned again, this time pressing back against Young’s cock. Young was ready for him though, his left hand gripping tightly and pushing him back into place.
“Uh-uh,” Young scolded. “I told you not to move.”

Rush groaned once more, this time with more frustration than lust, and clenched his fists. He lifted his head and glared at Young over his shoulder.

“Stop teasing, ye bastard,” he said, breathless.

Young just chuckled, and started drawing little circles with his cock around Rush’s hole. Rush’s head tilted back with an exasperated whine, eyes falling closed.

“You’re evil,” Rush muttered, almost to himself. “You’re a bad, bad man.”

Young snorted, a fond smile playing at his lips.

“You know,” Young commented. “I don’t think anyone’s ever wanted my cock as much as you.” He tried to cover his wonderment with amusement, though he wasn’t sure he succeeded.

Rush grew oddly quiet, then looked back over his shoulder, smirking.

“You should’ve fucked more sluts, then,” he said, eyebrows arching.

Young laughed, deep in his belly.

“Now,” Young said, sobering. “Be good.”

Rush huffed, thin hairs blowing away from his face, and nodded. He dropped his head over his arms and let out a deep breath.

Young kept his left hand firm, holding Rush in place. Sometimes he would press forward, increasing the pressure on Rush’s hole, but never enough to breach. Sometimes he slipped a single finger inside, down to the first knuckle, and pulled at the loosened muscle. Then he ran his thumbnail around the puckered entrance, light as a feather, letting it catch and graze. He could hear Rush panting, desperate, as the muscles of his ass flared and contracted.
Then, suddenly, Rush relaxed. The muscles under Young’s hand unknotted and Rush’s whole body seemed to soften. Experimentally, Young let the tip of his cock slip inside the tight ring of muscle. Rush barely flinched.

Young let his grip on Rush ease and sank into him with a sigh. Rush was loose, open and pliant. Young found himself rubbing his hands over Rush’s haunches and lower back, almost like he was petting him. His thrusts were smooth and easy.

Young smiled to himself, and pulled Rush up by one shoulder. Rush leaned back against Young’s chest, sitting impaled on his lap. Young placed a hand under Rush’s chin, tilting Rush’s head back against the crook of Young’s shoulder. The other hand played over Rush’s chest and abdomen, flicking idly over a nipple.

Young looked sideways over at Rush’s face. His eyes were open, but glazed over; his breaths slow, but shallow. Young placed his teeth against Rush’s ear and breathed out. Rush’s breath shuddered. Young placed one hand lightly over Rush’s throat and wrapped the other around Rush’s cock. They were impossibly close, chest to back, cheek to cheek, his cock buried in the warmth of Rush’s body. He could feel every minute muscle clench, every hitch of breath, see every flutter of Rush’s eyelids. He stroked Rush with strong, even motions, bringing him closer and closer to the brink.

“That feel good?” Young asked directly into Rush’s ear, brushing his little finger over Rush’s tightening balls. Rush nodded his head vaguely, breath short. “Which part? My hand on your cock or my cock in your ass?” Rush just whimpered.

“You gonna come, Rush?” Young continued. “Should I let you?”

There was a breath, like a soft wind.

“If you like,” Rush said simply, voice thick.

Young grinned.

“Yes,” Young said in a gritty whisper. “I like,” and bit the lobe of Rush’s ear. Rush sucked in a shuddering breath, eyes wide and glassy.
“Do it, Rush.” Young ordered. “Come for me. Right now.”

Rush gave one little nod, and then his eyes rolled back in his head. Young felt the muscles around his cock contract and then Rush was coming, spurting semen onto the couch cushions. Young rode him out and when he was spent, Rush slumped against Young, burrowing the cock in his ass even deeper.

Young let him pant a minute, open mouthed and wet lipped. Then, he wrapped an arm around Rush’s torso, braced his other hand on the back of the couch, and managed to move them both back a bit. He pressed his lips behind Rush’s ear.

“That’s good. That’s very good.”

A subtle tremor tore through Rush’s body, then passed.

“Now,” Young went on, pressing Rush forward gently. “Be a good boy and clean up your mess.”

Rush bent over the cushions without a word, and lapped at the milky substance staining them. Young pulled back on Rush hips a bit and repositioned himself. He took one single breath, in and out, and then he let himself go.

Out and in, he slammed forward with every thrust. He felt invigorated, and he let that energy pour into Rush’s frame. He could feel warmth spiral out, like the heat of a star, and Rush took it all. Rush licked up his own cum from the couch and let Young slam his cock through his ass as though it never occurred to him to do otherwise.

Almost without conscious thought, Young’s hand raised and came down hard on Rush’s rear end. There was a soft cry, and Rush’s skin bloomed with fresh pink.

After that, it was like a dam broke. Young struck Rush over and over and over, first one cheek, and then the other, as his cock speared Rush down the middle. The angle was far from optimal, so he couldn’t put his full strength behind the blows, but Rush’s ass still bounced with every hit and that was good enough for him.

He came deep inside Rush with a gravely moan and both hands gripping the globes of Rush’s reddened ass. He let out a long sigh as his orgasm passed and gazed down over Rush who lay pale
and prostrate against the sofa. He could see the man’s ribs expand with every shuddered breath. Sweat glistened down the length of his spine.

Rush mewled when Young pulled out, but otherwise made no sound or movement. Young sat back on his heels and tucked himself away, becoming suddenly aware of his sweat drenched undershirt sticking to him. After a moment, he wiped his forehead with the back of his arm, and stood.

He moved to where he could get a view of Rush’s face. It wasn’t a good view, with Rush’s hair blocking most of it, and the dim lighting didn’t help.

“Have you finished?” Young asked, surprised at how tender his voice sounded.

Rush had been perfectly still, but now his head rose infinitesimally. His eyes glanced up, though not enough to meet Young’s gaze.

“Not…” Rush started, barely loud enough to be heard. “…No.”

“Well, go on then,” Young said easily.

Rush gave a quick nod, and lowered he face back to the couch cushions. His head moved in little motions as he licked up the last of his cum. The only sounds were the soft, wet noises of his gentle lapping.

He stilled again a minute later, licking lightly over his lips, and Young knew he was done.

Young raised him up on his knees, gently maneuvering him to face outward from the couch, angled slightly toward the arm of the sofa. That was where Young sat, perching comfortably and half-leaning on the sofa’s back.

With one curled finger he angled Rush’s face up. Young brushed stray hairs out of the way, and then he looked in Rush’s eyes. They were soft. Not…unfocussed, but they definitely lacked their usually sharpness and…bite, for lack of a better word.

He’d never really thought about the color of Rush’s eyes before, but out of nowhere Young was
suddenly reminded of his grandfather’s aged cognac, all gold and amber, glinting in the dim light of a dusk and dusty room.

He looked away.

His left hand slipped down behind Rush and slid his fingers up his inner thigh. A few inches up, he hit cum, and he followed the trail up between the cheeks of Rush’s ass to his hole. He let one finger wriggle inside, glancing over to Rush’s face from the corner of his eye. Rush just continued to stare mutely in the dark as Young played with his hole, the only outward reaction a slight flush to his cheeks.

When Young brought those same fingers to Rush’s lips, they parted instantly. Rush sucked and Young fucked his mouth with those fingers, pulling them out wetly when they were clean, and leaving a trail of spittle in their wake.

Young wiped his hand on Rush’s chest, letting it linger there as he looked over Rush’s features again. A part of him wanted to stretch this out, or to…take advantage? That didn’t sound right, but still…in any case, it was beside the point. There was something he needed to try.

Letting out a soft sigh, he brushed a strand of hair from the side of Rush’s face, and then straightened his back.

He placed his hands on Rush’s shoulders and looked squarely into his eyes.

“Come back.” He said firmly.

Rush blinked.


A pause and then—

Rush sucked in a breath through his nose, eyes widening slightly as his chest inflated, then out through his mouth, eyes blinking rapidly.
Young’s head tilted slightly as he tried to get a read.

“Rush?” he prompted.

“Yes,” Rush answered immediately, voice crisp, if breathless. “Yes, I’m here.”

Young nodded.

“So…that worked?” he asked cautiously.

Rush glanced at him, and then quickly looked away again. “Yeah, yeah, that…” he licked his lips. “Yes.” Pause. “Th…thank you.” He voice died down at the end, going flat as he stumbled over the word.

Young dropped his hands from Rush’s shoulders and gave a curt nod, sitting back slightly.

“So you…feel okay?” he asked, trying for casual and failing.

“Uh, yes,” Rush answered, sniffing as he rubbed his nose. “Um…you?” He looked to Young, brusque and guarded.

Young looked back, then dropped his eyes. “Fine.”

“Mm.” Rush half-grunted, and sat back on his heels, jerking slightly as he was reminded of his tenderized backside.

“You alright?” Young asked, both parts concerned and amused.

Rush snorted. “Fine.” He insisted condescendingly, and Young lips quirked up despite himself. “It’s hardly my worst beating,” he said, stretching his arms over his head and rolling his shoulders. His hands came to rest on his head, and then his eyes slid over to Young.
“You know,” he went on, arms dropping to his sides. “I could really use, um,” he brought an arm up and rested his elbow on the back of the sofa. His head rested against his hand in a gesture of nonchalance, but his tongue licking nervously over his lips betrayed him. “…A bit more.”

Young felt warmth spread out from his chest as he looked out at Rush from hooded eyes.

“Are you,” Young said, dark and deliberate. “Asking me to *spank* you some more?”

Rush glanced away, tensing slightly, but then raised his eyes again and shrugged.

Young chuckled, and then leaned against the back of the couch, mirroring Rush’s position. Sitting on the arm gave him a height advantage, and he looked down at Rush, lips smirking.

“Okay then. Ask.”

He let the words drop between them, and then grinned at Rush’s insulted sputter. He just raised his eyebrows expectantly, and waited.

Rush glanced around the room, as though some answer could be found there, then looked back to Young, lips pressed together.

“How, ” he said flatly after a moment, and cleared his throat exaggeratedly. “Would you *please*, be so *kind* as to give my arse a right and *proper* beating,” He leaned in, and lowered his voice, nose wrinkling slightly. “…If you can manage it.” Then he sat back, a satisfied smile playing at his lips.

Young stared back coolly. He made no response to the blatant sarcasm. He just let the moments tick by. Slowly Rush’s smile started to fade. It wasn’t obvious, but Young could see him swallow as a bit of uncertainty crept in behind his eyes. Still, he kept a brave face.

A few more moments, and Young tilted his head.

“Okay,” he said evenly. Rush blinked, and Young could see the relief flood through him. “But,”
Young went on and watched Rush freeze. He lifted a hand and pointed. “There.” Rush looked to where he was pointing. Then turned back to Young, slowly. “Well?”

There was a long pause, and Young swore he could hear Rush’s heartbeat thumping in the silence. Then, Rush bit his lip, dropped his eyes, and nodded.

“Okay,” Young softly. “Go on then.”

Rush nodded again, and stood. Young stayed where he was as Rush moved away, taking a moment just to breathe. Then he stood and followed Rush.

Rush was standing in front of the counter, watching Young through the mirror. At a brief nod from Young, he bent over. He kept his chin up.

Young walked over and Rush’s shoulders shifted, eyeing the figure of Young’s reflection in the mirror. “Legs apart,” Young said, almost gently, meeting his gaze.

Rush adjusted his position, making an admirable target of his ass, his expression cautiously wary. Young placed a hand on just where it curved.

“Relax,” Young soothed, rubbing gently. Rush was already pretty red, he noted. “You’re getting spanked, just like you want.” Something flickered in Rush’s expression. “And, as a bonus,” Young went on, smirking. “…You get to watch.”

Rush huffed, and glared back, not quite amused.

“All you have to do,” Young said, removing his hand and clasping both hands behind his back. “Is say it.”

Rush kept his eyes trained on him, head tilting slightly. “Say it.” It wasn’t a question. He understood.

Young nodded.
Everything was still and silent as Young waited to see if Rush would break yet, or if he’d need a little more coaxing.

And then it happened. Rush didn’t break.

He melted.

Eyes still locked on Young grew hot and Rush’s spine lengthened. His legs spread wider as he angled his hips up and sucked his bottom lip between his teeth. Every inch of him spoke of one word.

*Need.*

His dark eyes bored into Young’s, cheeks flushing and lips wet.

“Spank me,” he said, voice thick and rumbling. His lip quivered. *Please.*

It wasn’t a seduction, not really. It was Rush’s desire, pure and unfiltered. *His* want.

Which didn’t mean for a second it wasn’t incredibly seductive.

*Smack!*

Rush gasped, eyes fluttering as his whole body gave a little jerk. Young struck him again, and this time Rush’s mouth fell open, letting out a breathy *ah.*

*Smack!*

*Smack!*

*Smack!*
It had to hurt. It had to. Every slap left him redder and redder, and Young knew that the fifth strike must be so much more painful than the third had been, the tenth all that much worse than the fifth.

That first night in the Control Interface Room, Young hadn’t been able to see Rush’s face. Now…it put things into a whole new perspective. Every sound Rush made, every shift of his hips, was put together with his expression—needful and blissful and somehow contented—to paint a picture of pure, and absolute, lust.

Naked. Rush was naked before him, with nowhere to hide.

He laid one final hard slap to Rush’s right cheek and then rubbed over the spot, not bothering to be gentle. Rush was panting, flushed and sweating. His hooded eyes met Young’s in the mirror. It occurred to Young then, as Rush searched his face, that Rush hadn’t been able to see him that first time either.

“You didn’t exactly…take advantage.”

Rush’s gaze began to drop, his jaw tightening. Just like that first night, Young had grown quite hard since they’d started, but he wasn’t sure how much of what he was feeling showed on his face.

“I think it’s safe to say, Colonel, that one of us had a good time last night. And I’m pretty sure it wasn’t you.”

Young brought his other hand to Rush’s left cheek and with firm fingers spread his ass wide. Then he leaned in and pressed the bulge at the front of the pants against Rush’s hole. Rush gasped at the first touch from the evidence of Young’s erection, angling his hips up and bending his head back. Young rubbed against him, letting Rush feel his hardness. Rush blinked slowly, letting out a warm sigh, a soft, satisfied smile growing on his face.

Young was glad Rush was enjoying himself, but now he was becoming preoccupied by what to do about his increasingly urgent erection. There were several options available, but now he had to choose. Rush’s ass was right here, but…

Just then, Rush’s eyes fell closed as he sucked his lower lip between his teeth, and Young’s decision was made.
“Up,” he said, stepping back.

Rush pushed himself from the counter, somewhat unsteady. Young pulled at his shoulder and turned him to the side, stepping forward and turning so they faced each other in front of the counter.

“Down,” he said, pushing, voice gruff.

Rush obeyed immediately, falling to his knees. Young looked down, his right hand rising to cup Rush’s cheek. Rush’s lips were bright pink and glistening and Young let his thumb rub over them before moving his hand to take a firm grip in Rush’s hair. He angled Rush’s face up and Rush went easily, lips already parting.

“Belt.”

Rush lifted his hands and undid the buckle, then carefully unzipped Young’s fly, pulling down Young’s underwear just enough to release his erection. Then Young took over, bringing his left hand to hold himself and Rush let his hands fall to his knees. Young reasserted his grip on Rush’s hair, holding his head in place as he eased his hips forward. Rush opened his mouth wide, waiting.

Just then, out of the corner of his eye, Young caught a glimpse in the mirror. He turned his head to look again, and blinked.

On his knees, Rush was just high enough to catch his head and shoulders in the reflection of the mirror, and Young could see the angles of his sharp profile and Young’s own bloated cock beginning to enter the gaping cavern of his mouth.

“Would you look at that,” Young murmured, mesmerized. Then he glanced down at the man at his feet. “Go ahead” he said more firmly, with a nod towards the mirror. “Look.”

Rush blinked up at him. With Young’s grip on his hair he couldn’t turn his head, but, slowly, he turned his eyes to the side. Young knew the moment Rush caught sight of himself because he let out a desperate whine and grabbed hold of Young’s pant-legs in tight fists.

With a smirk, Young pressed forward then. He watched in the mirror as his cock slid into Rush’s
mouth, and he watched Rush watch as his mouth was breached by the girth of Young’s cock. Rush’s lips stretched around him as he was enveloped in more and more sweet heat. Rush was practically clutching onto him now, keening and moaning around the intrusion. The sound was muffled, but Young could feel the vibrations of each helpless wail as he pushed inside.

Rush swallowed him down, even as his eyes began to water. Young thought Rush’s lips might be trembling if they weren’t stretched so wide. He imagined Rush might be screaming if his mouth wasn’t stuffed full. When Rush had taken him almost to the hilt, Young started to slide back out. He fucked Rush’s throat at an easy pace, slow and even, reveling in every aspect of every moment.

Young bit his lip, groaned, and came. Cum burst out of him and Rush did his best, but he didn’t quite manage to swallow it all. Bits dribbled out from Rush’s lips as Young pulled out, leaving him coughing and wheezing on the floor. Young let go of Rush’s hair and Rush’s head fell forward like a string had been cut. He tucked himself away, leaving his pants undone, while Rush still clutched at his pant legs, sucking in deep, open mouthed breaths. His face was red, eyes glazed. He seemed to sway slightly, as though unbalanced even on his knees.

Young cleaned around Rush’s cum-stained mouth and chin with his thumb, slipping it between Rush’s parted lips. Rush’s eyes fell closed and matching tears tracked down both cheeks. He lapped at it with his tongue, suckling with weak, uncoordinated motions. When he’d swallowed down the rest, Young pulled his hand away, tucking strands of hair behind Rush’s left ear.

Rush’s fists began to loosen, and then his hands fell limply to his sides. Young looked him over, watching him breathe. Rush’s cock lay hard and thick between his thighs.

“I’m not gonna let you come again tonight,” Young said softly after some consideration, punctuating with a light touch to the inside of Rush’s knee with his toe. “I think I’ve already been more than generous.”

There was a bit of a sardonic, challenging lilt to his statement, but Rush merely nodded.

“Yes, sir, thank you—” Rush bit off the breathless, murmured words, abruptly swallowing them back into the cavern behind his teeth. He didn’t quite freeze, but he stilled, eyes fixed on some point just in front of his nose. Young saw his jaw clench.

Young paused, then felt his eyes skirt away from the man at his feet.
“Come on,” he said after a minute, with a brusque ruffle to Rush’s hair. “Let’s go to bed.”

He turned and walked away, pulling off his pants and tossing them to the side. He’d already pulled down the covers before he realized Rush hadn’t moved.

Young’s gaze darted from Rush, to the bed, and back again. He was just about to say something, though he wasn’t sure what, when Rush bowed forward and started to crawl across the floor, eyes fixed firmly downwards. He stopped when he reached the bed, lifting his gaze with tentative questioning.

Young patted the bed. “Come on up,” he said, tongue thick in his mouth.

Rush climbed up, turning on his side. Young slid in behind him and pulled the covers over them. He took a light hold of Rush’s wrists and wrapped both his and Rush’s arms over Rush’s chest. Young opened his mouth, about to explain that he meant to prevent Rush from “accidentally” touching himself in his sleep, when Rush let out a sigh and slumped into the crook of Young’s shoulder.

Young closed his mouth. Rush was already sleeping, despite his hard-on, his even breaths puffing out over the hairs on Young’s forearms. Young watched him steadily, and then, before he realized it, lowered his head. He stopped himself just before he would have planted a kiss to Rush’s temple, pressing his lips together firmly with his teeth. He slid down into the mattress and closed his eyes, ignoring completely how his arms tightened and pulled Rush closer, or how deeply he breathed in just behind Rush’s ear.

Rush slept. On some level, he was aware of being asleep. Even his dreams were of sleep. His dream-body lay loose, naked and wrapped up in something warm and soft. His eyes were closed, but in that way of dreams he was somehow aware of being surrounded by absurdly colorful clouds, like he were sleeping on a bed of floating cotton candy. In his dream state of course, he found nothing strange about this at all.

Firm hands stroked his bare skin and he hummed contentedly as they worked their way down the length of his back, brushed over his sensitized backside and coaxed his legs apart. They didn’t need much coaxing. He spread them eagerly, relishing the pleasant twinge in his groin. Careful, slickened
fingers worked him open and he shifted languidly on his bed of clouds. His dream-mind never thought to question why or how this came to be, but merely appreciated that it was there, as he sighed and slithered with sensual pleasure.

The hands moved to his hips and something thicker and hotter prodded at him, then sank inside deeper and deeper and deeper, filling him completely…

Rush blinked awake. He wasn’t dreaming. Young’s cock was buried in his arse.

He smiled.

Young started to work in him, sliding in and out almost gently, and Rush shut his eyes again quickly. He tried to keep his body and his breath relaxed, to give no sign that he had woken. His cock was hardening underneath him, and he let the tiny shifts in his body and quiet moans continue, but other than that, he kept perfectly still.

He didn’t want to move too much, but his head was turned to one side, and so, keeping his eyelids closed, he turned his eyes as far as they would go, then opened them just a sliver, trying to catch a glimpse of Young’s face over his shoulder without Young knowing he was being watched.

After a moment, he fought the urge to sigh. Young’s face looked the same as it always did—quiet and intent. Rush didn’t know what he’d been hoping for exactly.

Just then, Young froze, mid-thrust. His eyes were locked with Rush’s, which meant obviously he could see they were open. Rush had a brief instinct to try and hide, but it was too late now.

“…You’re awake,” said Young, sounding almost hesitant.

Rush gave a little nod, feeling somehow embarrassed. The moment stretched.

“So, are you going to…finish what you started?” Rush asked when the silence and stillness became unbearable. He gestured with his head in the vague direction of where they were connected. “I could go back to sleep, if you prefer,” he added with a smirk.
Young let out a little puff of air that was almost a chuckle.

“Naw,” he replied, rubbing over Rush’s tender arse in a way that made him hiss. “Though you are damn sexy when you’re sleeping.”

Rush laughed. “Well, I’m not a snorer like you,” he ribbed.

“Watch it,” Young warned, but his tone was playful.

And then he fucked him, hard and deep, to the point that Rush thought he might go straight through his mattress. His aching erection trapped underneath him made it all the more sweet and Rush bit down on his pillow as the growing intensity built inside. When he felt Young’s cum drench his insides, he sagged with something akin to relief as his tongue licked over his lips and he wondered if Young would let him taste any of it.

Young pulled out and fell on his back beside Rush, chest heaving. There was an empty ache in Rush’s arse from where he’d been, and Rush squeezed around it as he watched Young catch his breath. After a moment, Young turned his head to look at Rush, then rolled the rest of his body on one side, resting his head against his fist.

“So,” he began, his other hand trailing up the back of Rush’s inner thigh. “Good morning.”

Rush hugged his pillow tighter and pushed himself up on his elbows. They were eye to eye now, and Rush stared into Young’s even gaze as those fingers inched higher and higher…

“Good morning,” he said around the lump in his throat.

Young grinned. “See,” slipping a knuckle in Rush’s stretched and cum-spattered hole. “You’re learning.”

Rush’s eyelids fluttered and his breath tightened as Young’s finger played just within his entrance. Young had done this last night too, and Rush fought against showing how much something so simple could affect him. Obviously, he liked it, which was the problem, but it wasn’t just the sexual thrill of it. Or even the vulgarity. No, it was that after being fucked, being *come* in, to have the evidence so…*insouciantly* toyed with…it made him feel…
Shy.

And Rush was not shy.

He dropped his gaze as red bloomed in his cheeks.

“Did you come yet?” Young asked him, still fiddling inside his hole.

Rush gave a small shake of his head, not raising his eyes. Young made a little grunt.

“I…I mean,” Rush hurried on. “I’m not even really sure I’m allowed.” He glanced up. Young’s brow furrowed. “Y…you said—”

Young took in a breath, catching on. “I said you weren’t allowed to come last night.”

“I…guess it’s morning now,” Rush said quietly, eyes skirting away again.

“That’s…” Young let out a sigh. “No, that’s…you shouldn’t be worried about that. I’m sorry, I guess things have gotten a little…confusing. I’ll have to make sure that’s not a problem.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” Rush assured him. “I wasn’t…you don’t have to…”

“No, I should be clear,” Young said firmly. “That’s not fair to you.”

Rush looked at Young’s grave expression, and felt the corners of his mouth twitch.

“What, so we’re playing fair now?” he said softly.

Young’s expression broke after a moment, a thin smile sliding across his face as he ducked his head.
“One of the major things they hammer into us at CO training,” he said when he turned back. “Is to never leave any room for misunderstanding when giving orders.”

“Oh-ho,” Rush laughed. “So this is a matter of professional pride then.”

“Something like that,” Young murmured.

Rush leaned in, till their noses were almost touching. “Well alright then.”

They both leaned in closer, slowly bringing their lips into alignment. A nanosecond before they touched, it crossed Rush’s mind that this was different than the other times they’d kissed, but then their lips touched and Rush’s mouth opened and there wasn’t time to think anything else. Even Young’s finger incessantly fidgeting with his arse didn’t seem to bother him anymore—not with him inhaling Young’s hot breath into his mouth.

They came up for air together, lips still touching, and Rush felt a burst of courage in his chest.

“I’m glad you didn’t wait this morning,” he said huskily against Young’s mouth. “I’m glad you fucked me in my sleep.”

“Oh yeah?” said Young, breathless.

“Yes,” Rush said firmly, catching Young’s eyes and holding them.

Young regarded him a moment. “Why?”

Rush blinked. “What?”

Young paused, then sighed. He pulled back a bit, removing himself from all the places he’d been touching Rush.
“Why did you want me to do that? It was your idea, remember?”

“…I suppose.”

“I thought this was just another kink, but you didn’t even really get off on it, so….” Young trailed off.

“I…I did,” Rush protested. “Just…I’m plenty hard, believe me.” He made a face, gesturing comically. “You wanna see?”

Young stared at him a moment, then gave a little snort. “Okay,” he said, clearly giving up.

“Alright,” Rush replied, pretending it was an answer to his question. “Should I roll over then?”

Young let out a chuckle, shaking his head in exasperation. “Yeah, go ahead.”

Rush flipped over onto his back, settling on his elbows. Young pulled back the covers.

“Mmm,” Young commented, lifting Rush’s prick with one finger. He flicked it up, and let it fall back down against Rush’s stomach. Soon enough, he was running his fingers all over Rush’s genitals—never enough to satisfy, just teasing.

“So,” Rush started after a while. “Are you planning to let me come, or…?”

“Haven’t decided yet,” Young replied absently.

“Mm. Well,” Rush said, laying back and perching his hands behind his neck. “I’ll just…wait here then. Till you make up your mind.”

Rush closed his eyes and let Young do as he liked. It felt good. Even the ache in his cock, the possibility of denial…even that felt good. Every time Young touched him it seemed it was like this. How could he break him down so much, take away so much, and have it feel so good.
Finally finding your place now, are you?

The smile that had wormed its way onto his face started to waver as a knot began to form in the pit of his stomach…but just then Young took several wiry hairs near the base of his cock between his fingers and pulled them out by the roots.

“FUCK!” Rush shouted, flinching with his whole body. Young was laughing. “Jesus…fucking Christ,” Rush complained, rubbing the sore spot and glaring.

“Well,” Young commented idly. “Looks like we finally found a type of pain that you don’t actually like.”

Rush glanced at his wilting erection somewhat mournfully. “I take it you’ve ‘made up your mind’ then,” he said, with a bit of a sneer. Young didn’t rise to the bait though, just gave him a stern look. “Fine. What time is it anyway?”

“Um…” Rush stretched out his shoulders as Young checked. “Bout O’five thirty,” Young said, and yawned.

Rush froze. “What?”

Young stared at him blankly.

Rush didn’t wait for a response. In a second, he had his phone in hand. 5:27. How…?

“Why didn’t my alarms go off?” he demanded, clicking through the functions on his phone. It all seemed to be working…

“They did,” Young responded. Rush’s head shot up. Young was watching him from the other side of the bed with an amused look on his face. “You slept through them.”

No.
“No, I…I never—” Young raised an eyebrow. Rush looked down at the evidence in his hand, heart sinking. He looked back up at Young, glaring. “Why didn’t you wake me?”

Young had the nerve to actually *smirk* then, God damn him. “Technically,” Young said, sidling over and putting his hands on Rush’s hips. “I did.”

“…Oh for fuck’s sake.” Rush bounded out of bed and grabbed his jeans. “You are *bloody* useless, you know that?” he said, yanking them on.

Young was staring at him open-mouthed from the bed, but Rush couldn’t think about that as he hurried to get his clothes on.

“So, you slept in till…really early in the morning,” Young said after a minute. “As opposed to getting up at insanely, oh-my-god-why, early in the morning. What exactly is the emergency here?”

“There are,” Rush said, struggling to get his shirts right side out. “A *million* things I need to be working on!”

“Are any of them going to *explode* in the next *hour*?” Young demanded. Rush bit the inside of his lip and pulled on his shirt. “Look. We’re all working all the time Rush, but *nobody* puts in the hours you do.”

“Yeah, well, maybe some of us like to actually put in a full day’s work,” Rush retorted.

“I’m pretty sure no one outside of sweatshops and slave plantations consider four AM to *midnight* a ‘full day’s work,’” Young said flatly. “…Actually, that sounds pretty bad even for sweatshops.”

Rush ignored him and kept dressing, pulling on his shoes.

Young moved to the foot of the bed. “Rush, you can’t actually think this is healthy. I used to wonder how you didn’t drop dead of exhaustion, and now…” He trailed off, shaking his head.
“…I take naps,” Rush muttered under his breath as he did up his boots. “Every five hours I take twenty minutes.”

“Oh, well, I guess everything’s fine then.” Young retorted. Then he let out a sigh. “Look, can’t you just…relax about this?” Rush shook his head absently and went to get his phone. “Hey…hey,” Young made a grab for Rush’s arm but Rush shrugged him off. “Just…” When Rush passed by again, Young grabbed him by the waist and pulled him onto his lap. “Hang on for one second.”

“Don’t—” Rush started, trying to get back up, but Young pulled him down again.


“Stop it,” Rush told him, but it sounded weak even to his ears. Young’s fingers skated over Rush’s abdomen and Rush’s eyes fell closed in spite of himself.

“Come back to bed for an hour,” Young murmured in his ear.

Rush was already shaking his head.

“No, I can’t—”

“One more hour. Six thirty. It can’t make that much of a difference.”

“I already have to make up—”

“No you don’t,” Young interrupted. “You don’t have to make up anything. Come on. Stay.”

Rush breathed out. “I can’t.”

“Why not? No one’s holding you to this schedule but you.”
Rush shook his head again.

“I…”

with something good.” He slipped his hand just below the waistband of Rush’s jeans. “I might even
let you come this time,” he teased, playing at the hairs on Rush’s lower belly. Rush let out a shaky
breath. “Be honest here. Look me in the eye and tell me you wouldn’t rather stay.”

There was a clear challenge in those words. Rush swallowed. Young’s hands were nearly all he
could think about.

He took a deep breath, in, then out. Very deliberately, he opened his eyes. He turned his head, and
looked at Young.

Be honest

“I would absolutely rather stay,” he said. “But I have to work.”

They were silent a moment, and then Rush pulled away. Young let him go.

“Ohay,” Young said, dropping his hands. Then, more resigned. “Okay.”

Rush stood, tucking his shirt back in. When he turned around, Young’s elbows were on his knees,
his eyes fixed on his folded hands.

“Look,” Rush said helplessly. Young raised his eyes. “I’ll…be back tonight. You can…do whatever
you want with me then.”

He tried his best at an encouraging smile, making a point not to think to hard about how
intoxicatingly, terrifyingly true that statement was.
Young regarded him soberly. Then, his lips quirked. Rush let out a breath, stomach unknotting, as Young sat up and placed his hands on his knees.

“Well,” Young said with a sigh. “At least give me a proper goodbye then.”

Rush’s eyes narrowed suspiciously as Young looked at him with a far too pleased, expectant, expression. Young raised an eyebrow at Rush’s hesitation, and Rush let out an exasperated sigh. Warily, he made his way over.

Young put his hands on Rush hips when he got close enough. After a moment, Rush put his own hands on Young’s shoulders. Then he leaned down and pressed their lips together.

He kept his mouth stubbornly shut, but he still felt a contented sigh escape him, lips softening just enough to let Young’s bottom lip slip between them. His arms slid around Young’s neck as Young’s hands caressed his lower back, taking hold of his back belt loop and tugging him just a bit closer.

SMACK!

Rush let out a startled gasp as Young’s right palm made contact with his backside. For a second all he could do was gape, mouth hanging open like a fish while he caught his breath. Young was chuckling, low and deep in his chest. Rush shot him a glare, but then just snorted and shook his head.

“Bastard,” he said, smiling.

“Troublemaker,” Young replied pointedly.

Rush let out an incredulous puff, somewhere between a laugh and a snort. “Look who’s talking.”

Young smirked. His hand was still square center on Rush’s arse, and he gave it a firm squeeze.

Rush’s eyelids fell half closed as he breathed in deep through his nose. He breathed out again, and straightened. He needed to go. Now. Before he begged Young to throw him down and beat his arse so bad he’d never dare think of leaving again.
“Let me…check the door for you,” Young said, standing. Rush took a step back to give him room.
“It might actually be possible for someone to be there this time,” he said in a mocking tone.

Rush gave a thin smile. “Yeh, thanks,” he said quietly.

Young gave him the all clear and Rush left without another word. He walked quickly down the hallway, turned a corner, then another. He stopped. It was a foolish gesture. He wasn’t anywhere near Young’s room at this point. He wouldn’t be able to see anything.

He looked over his shoulder.

*Best get to work. You’ve wasted enough time today.*

He let out a sigh, and nodded. He turned and started walking again, making his way towards the Control Interface Room. There were some simulations he wanted to run.

*Unless you’d rather be a full-time whore.*

Rush flipped open his notebook and read as he walked.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

More misunderstandings, but also some actual...understandings, maybe

Chapter Notes

Okay, some extra non-dub con warnings for this one. To be clear: absolutely no non-con occurs, but there are still some things that happen that could be potentially triggering.

Also, the next update after this probably won't be for a while, so I'm gonna try and respond to comments again :-P

Rush rubbed a hand over his face and sighed. Numbers were starting to dance inside his head and in front of his eyes, mocking him. He shook his head to clear it. If he could just refocus…

He looked over the empty room. It had gotten quite late. Everyone else had left. Normally that would only be a good thing, but Rush was suddenly struck by how very, very still and quiet everything was. Destiny’s dim spaces seemed oddly, acutely, vacant.

Rush looked back at his work, a dismal sinking sensation settling in his chest.

It occurred to him, then, that he had told Young he’d be by that night.

He pulled out his phone and checked the time.

Well. He shouldn’t keep Young waiting too late. He wouldn’t like that.
Minutes later, he stood outside Young’s quarters, nervous excitement twisting in his stomach.

Young didn’t look up right away when Rush entered. He was sitting on the sofa with a drink in his hand, staring down at nothing. Rush paused just inside the door, pressing the door control behind him somewhat hesitantly. Young did look at him then. There was a hard line to his face.

Young stood and stalked toward him. Rush’s eyes flickered to the cup in Young’s hand. He glanced around the room, but he didn’t find a bottle anywhere. Young’s movements were steady, and when he got close enough Rush noted the smell of alcohol on his breath wasn’t too pronounced. Probably just the one drink, then. Young eyed him as he downed the last of his drink, swirling the liquid around his mouth before swallowing. There was a dark energy coming off of him, but he wasn’t drunk.

It occurred to Rush then that Young might not be particularly pleased with him, after his hurried exit that morning. He swallowed self-consciously. It wasn’t that he felt guilty—he hadn’t done anything wrong—and he didn’t think Young would actually hurt him or anything, but nonetheless the idea that Young might be unhappy with him made him feel strangely…uncomfortable.

Young didn’t break the silence with any enlightening words, however. His free hand took hold of one of Rush’s belt loops and tugged him forward. That alone was enough to send a sharp pang to Rush’s groin, and then that hand was in Rush’s hair, clawing at his scalp as a filthy kiss ravaged his mouth. Young gave a harsh bite to Rush’s lower lip before pulling away, startling a soft cry from Rush. Young paid him no mind, only brought his hand to Rush’s jaw and fondled the bruised lip with his thumb. Young scrutinized him with a burning intensity, and Rush could sense a storm under the mask of Young’s carefully impassive features. Rush let himself be manhandled, both in an effort to show compliance, and because it was really, really hot.

Young grabbed him by the elbow and swung him around, practically throwing him toward the center of the room. Rush stumbled, caught his feet, and then turned back to look at Young. Young lounged against the back of the sofa, one hand idly fiddling with his empty cup, posed with an air of false ease and indifference, like a lion pretending his interest in that herd of zebra was purely a matter of cursory curiosity.

“Strip.”

Rush took a breath, and started to pull his shirts over his head.

“Slower.”
Rush froze at that. He glanced over his shoulder, bits of fabric awkwardly bunched in his fists. Young was watching him intently, but that didn’t give him any clues or direction on how to proceed. He swallowed thickly and resumed his movements. He didn’t have any art or style to apply, but he did go slower, for all the good that did. He dropped his shirts on the floor and then bent over to take off his shoes. It felt silly and awkward and he felt Young’s eyes on him at every moment.

“Turn around,” he heard Young say when he went to undo his jeans.

He turned to face Young and then carefully worked down his zipper. He was painfully hard, and without underwear his erection pressed uncomfortably against the metal teeth. Young watched the action inscrutably as Rush merely tried not to wince too badly as he painstakingly freed himself. Finally, he pushed his trousers down his legs and stood naked in the middle of the room. He kicked his clothes a bit away from him and then tried not to fidget as his cock bobbed helplessly in the air.

Young just looked him over for a bit, utterly, maddeningly, unhurried. Then, he looked straight in Rush’s eyes, and spoke.

“Spread your feet apart and squat down.”

His tone did not encourage resistance, and Rush found that he didn’t have much. He bit his lip to keep it from trembling, ignored the tightness in his stomach and the prickling behind his eyes, and obeyed. Shame mixed with resignation, the humiliating knowledge that he would obey.

Young’s curt instruction of “wider” was met with equal acquiescence as Rush assumed his, given the context, degradingly vulgar position.

“Touch yourself.”

Face burning, Rush lowered a hand to his genitals. After a few moments, Young let out an irritated sigh.

“Like you mean it, Rush,” he drawled impatiently. Rush lifted his eyes, not sure he understood. Young gazed down at him, and maybe it was just the angle that made him seem so superior. “I want to see you come, Rush. I want to see you like it.”
Rush dropped his gaze again. He swallowed around the lump in his throat. It wasn’t that he didn’t find the situation arousing, but…there was some nagging doubt that seemed to keep him from fully enjoying himself. Still, Young had made his demands, and…

Rush took a tighter grip on his cock, forcing himself to feel the pleasure of it. He stroked mercilessly, his eyes squeezed tightly shut, his mouth hanging open, panting. He cupped his balls, but abandoned them quickly to shove two dry fingers in his arse, wincing and then groaning at the invasion.

“That’s it,” he heard Young rumble. “That’s how you like it.”

Rush turned his head to one side in a vain impulse to hide his face—as though he could hide anything like this. He was masturbating for Young’s entertainment, butt-naked and perched in this obscene position.

You’re disgusting. He wants you to feel how disgusting you are.

He heard footsteps, and when he opened his eyes he could see Young approach. Rush whimpered, shaking his head helplessly as Young got closer, not daring to stop his furious motions.

He kept his head down, but that helped nothing because Young crouched down in front of him—a cruel parody of his own demeaning position. Rush did everything not to look at Young’s face, but he couldn’t escape the feeling of Young’s eyes on him, knowing that nothing could be hidden from them—not a single crude and loathsome thing.

Rush felt his orgasm build and he gulped back the tears in his throat before gritting his teeth and spilling onto the floor between his legs. He was still coming down, shaking, when he felt something drag over the end of his penis. He looked down instinctively and saw Young had caught his semen in the metal cup he’d been holding, and was now using the edge to scrape the last of it from the tip of his cock.

When Young stood, Rush’s eyes followed him up automatically. His head was forced to tilt back now that Young was so close. Rush’s hands were still between his legs. He wasn’t sure if he was allowed to move them. Young stared down at him, swirling the cup in his right hand, the one Rush knew held the evidence of his orgasm. He imagined it sloshing around grossly, staining the metal walls enclosing it.

And then Young pressed the rim against Rush’s lips, and fixed him with a look that dared him to
Rush opened his mouth. He tilted his head back further, closed his eyes, and let Young pour the vile substance down his throat. He’d licked up plenty of cum by this point, so Rush didn’t know why this should be different, but it was. He could feel it scorch him with every gulp and when it was done, when he’d drunk it all and the unforgiving metal was moved from his lips, he was left gasping not just from having to swallow it all down at once, but from the acute intensity of his degradation.

*Just be glad you didn’t choke on it.*

There was a part of him, he knew, that loved it, that *relished* in it, but the dark clouds behind Young’s eyes left him only with the bitter, sour taste in his mouth.

“Hands behind your head,” Young ordered gruffly, and then pulled out his cock, bloated and leaking.

Rush laced his sullied fingers behind his neck with only a slight shudder, hoping whatever Young did next would finally ease the dark displeasure that blackened his every move.

“Suck me,” Young commanded, and Rush hurried to obey, not quite relieved, but at least optimistic. He fucked his throat on Young’s cock, staring up at Young with eyes wide and contrite. Young wasn’t looking at him though, his eyes closed and head tilted back in pleasure. The only heed he paid Rush was the occasional thrust of his hips.

*And why not? What are you?*

Rush dropped his gaze and focused on his task.

When he came, Young held Rush’s head in place, making sure he swallowed every drop. Rush felt Young release a deep sigh as he guzzled the issuance down. When he’d finished, Young pulled out and put himself away, brushing a strand of Rush’s hair behind his ear. Rush stretched his aching jaw; his throat was sore and his joints were beginning to ache, but at least when he glanced up to check, Young’s foul mood seemed to have dissipated.

Young rubbed his face and pinched the bridge of his nose, then ran a hand through his hair with a deep sigh.
“Come on,” he said, with a tap to Rush’s shoulder, and walked past him toward the bed.

Rush stretched out his joints and followed, crawling on his hands and knees. He wished he felt more relief about Young’s improved attitude, but there was still a sour feeling in his stomach, like something wasn’t quite digested.

Young unzipped his jacket and put it away, then sat on the bed and pulled off his boots, stuffing his socks in before tossing them aside with a tired swing of his arm. He eyed Rush waiting on the floor, and patted the spot next to him on the bed. Rush climbed up and sat beside him, head bowed.

“Hey,” Young said after a minute. “You okay?”

Rush nodded, but didn’t look up from where he was scratching at his cuticles.

“Rush,” Young pushed after another pause. After another beat, he placed a hand on Rush’s shoulder.

Tentatively, Rush peered up at Young from behind his hair. Young regarded him steadily, a concerned crease between his eyebrows.

“I…” Rush started, then ducked his head again, nibbling on his lower lip. He didn’t know how to ask this, didn’t even know why it mattered, but… “Was I…being punished?” He glanced back at Young. “For…for this morning?”

Young was silent.

“No,” he said finally, his face a smooth mask but for the eyes. He tracked over Rush’s face. “Did you…think it was?” Rush shrugged. “Why?”

Rush looked back at his hands. He gave his head a little shake.

“You…seemed mad,” he tried to explain, looking to Young with a helpless shrug.
Young dropped his hand from Rush’s shoulder and looked away. He let out a deep sigh.

“I wasn’t mad at you,” he said quietly after a long pause.

Rush nodded, mostly to himself, the knots in his stomach finally beginning to uncoil. He sighed out through his nose, a small, relieved smile playing at his lips.

“I’ll always tell you,” Young went on after a moment. “If…if that’s what I’m doing.” He looked in Rush’s eyes seriously.

Rush gave him a tiny smile and nodded. “Okay.”

Young sighed again, and bowed his head. When looked up again, he looked almost sheepish.

“Was it that bad?” he asked softly.

Rush’s brow furrowed at the question, then he let out a quiet snort. “No,” he said, shooting Young a look.

“You should tell me,” Young pressed on, expression all quiet earnestness. “If I’m doing something you don’t like, if I’m crossing a line—”

“You didn’t ‘cross a line,’” Rush said, exasperated. “I was just…” he looked back down at his hands. He tried out a dozen things he could say, but they all sounded too much like ‘I was worried you were mad at me’, and he couldn’t very well say that, so...he looked back at Young. “It was good, I promise. I was just...distracted.”

Young eyed him doubtfully, and Rush sighed.

“Really,” Rush insisted. He shifted his weight, bouncing slightly on the mattress, and leaned forward. Timidly, he touched the tip of his fingernail to Young’s thigh. “I loved it,” he said breathily as the corners of his mouth twitched upwards. It was true, actually. Now that he knew Young hadn’t been cross with him, looking back on it, the whole thing had been…delicious. He shivered, a pleasant tingle running through his frame.
“Really,” Young said dryly.

“Mm-hmm,” Rush hummed. He drew little lines up and down Young’s leg. “It was…” he hesitated, his tongue working around the word in his mouth. “…Humiliating.”

Young let out a ‘mm’ sound. “And you like that.”

“Yeah,” Rush breathed. “Made me feel…dirty.”

“Mmm,” Young smirked. “And I know you like that.”

Young lifted a hand and cupped Rush’s face, rubbing his thumb roughly over Rush’s lips. Rush parted them and took the thick digit briefly between his teeth in a gentle bite before releasing and letting it pull down on his lower lip.

“You’re a dirty thing, aren’t you?” Young commented lazily, tugging at Rush’s lip. Rush felt his hips shift as arousal swirled in his lower belly. Then Young let his lips go and took a fistful of his hair, yanking hard enough to make Rush gasp, hard enough to hurt. “You’re a dirty, dirty boy.”

“Y-yes,” Rush agreed readily, a desperate whine bleeding into his voice. “Yes.”

He panted wetly, eyes wide. His pelvis rolled in little agitated circles, and he itched to touch himself, to touch Young, but he knew he wasn’t allowed and he curled his fingers against Young’s leg to stop them doing something foolish.

“Yes, what?” Young prompted with a low rumble, regarding Rush from dark, hooded eyes.

“Yes, I’m…a dirty, dirty boy,” Rush recited, breathless.

Young laughed, and Rush felt himself flush.
“Nice,” Young said with an arch of his brow. “But not what I was looking for.”

Young stared at him evenly, and for a moment Rush could only gawk back. He felt his chest tighten. There was an odd kind of distant warning bell going off in the back of his brain.

He breathed in, and out.

Then, again.

And again.

“Yes, sir,” he said finally, throat aching, in a voice so small it could barely be heard.

The moment he did, a shiver ran through him. It wasn’t entirely pleasant. He liked it…but he also didn’t. But he also liked not liking it, or maybe he didn’t like liking it, but he couldn’t deny that it certainly…did things to him.

He was so fucking hard right now.

Young had left his belt undone and now he pulled it out from the loops, the slick sound of it a delicious promise. In a few swift motions he’d turned Rush around and pulled his hands behind his back. Rush let out a low whine as Young wrapped the belt around his wrists, winding it up his forearms and cinching it tight.

“Get on the floor.”

The gruff command was accompanied by firm pull to Rush’s arm that ‘helped’ him off the bed and onto his knees. Rush knelt in front of Young with his head bowed, trying to catch his breath. His lower body wouldn’t stop fidgeting, thighs squeezing and bum sliding from side to side—a response to his intense arousal that did nothing to alleviate his desperate need.

“Don’t come till I say, Rush. You understand?”

Rush was already nodding before he’d fully processed what Young had said.
“Yes, sir.”

Another dubiously pleasant shiver rocked through him, erotic and dangerous.

Young undid the button of his trousers and leaned back slightly, bracing himself on his hands. He spread his legs wide, treating Rush to an excellent view of his crotch. Rush eyed the bulge there with a guarded anticipation, worrying his lip between his teeth.

“Unzip my pants.”

Rush glanced up. Young met his gaze, a challenging look in his eye. Unconsciously, Rush’s hands flexed against their bonds. The intention was obvious.

Rush leaned forward, till his nose brushed against the front of Young’s trousers. With his face between Young’s thighs, he could feel his own hot breath blow back in his face. Hesitantly, he stuck out his tongue and lifted the handle of Young’s zipper, and without too much trouble he was able to catch it between his teeth. Then he dragged it down. He was aware of how delicate it could be, to unzip around an erection, and couldn’t engage much finesse this way, so he went slowly, very slowly, and kept his ears open in case Young gave any sign he should stop.

Those weren’t the signals Young seemed inclined to give, however.

“Yeah,” Young moaned breathlessly. “That’s it. That dirty mouth’s good for all sorts of things, huh?”

Rush bit back a groan and focused on not losing his grip on Young’s zipper. When he’d gotten it all the way down, he moved his head back just the tiniest bit, taking in the sight of Young’s tented boxers.

Young put a hand under Rush’s chin and tilted his head up. Then he cupped himself, rubbing through the cotton of his underwear.

“Dirty, dirty boy,” he murmured. Rush’s eyes fluttered closed as he sucked in a trembling breath. “Look at me, boy.”
A stab went through Rush’s chest and he felt dizzy for a moment. Then it passed.

He opened his eyes, and slowly lifted them. He met Young’s eyes with a strange kind of relief, falling into them and drinking them in all at once.

Young pushed down his boxers and pulled out his cock and testicles.

“Such a dirty boy,” Young said, stroking. “You want to suck my dick again? Suck me with that dirty mouth?”

“Yes, sir.” Another shiver. But, God, he did, he really did.

“Greedy cocksucker,” Young mused, and traced the tip of his cock down Rush’s left cheek.

Rush whimpered, thighs clenching, as Young rubbed his penis over his face. He longed to take him in his mouth, but he didn’t dare, not till he was told.

“Well, I don’t think I’m ready to let you,” Young said. He gave Rush’s cheek a light slap with his cock. “Not yet, anyway.”

Young sat back, a light smile on his lips. He shifted his hips and lifted his cock up toward his stomach.

“Why don’t you start with those,” Young ‘suggested’, and gestured to his balls.

A helpless shudder went through Rush, and he couldn’t even pretend it was anything but arousal. He lowered his head again, this time touching his parted lips to the skin of Young’s ball-sack, and let out a shuddering breath. Young groaned deep in his throat, and Rush stuck out his tongue. He started with light strokes with the tip of his tongue, but that quickly turned to broader licks.

“Suck them,” Young commanded.
Rush turned his head to one side and opened wider. Carefully, he took Young’s bollocks in his mouth. He sucked gently, mostly just letting them sit in the hot wetness of his mouth.

It felt glorious.

Young was stroking himself over the side of Rush’s cheek and Rush wondered if he’d come on him, like this. The whole thing was so base, so depraved, Rush was barely holding it together. His hips squirmed as the pressure in his groin built and built.

He heard Young chuckle.

“God, you really do like it dirty, don’t you?” Rush felt Young rub a toe against the outside of Rush’s thigh. It was damp. “You’re dripping,” Young said, full of amusement.

Rush glanced down in alarm. He couldn’t see very well at this angle, but it seemed his cock, hard and aching between his legs, was dribbling pre-cum onto the floor. Rush shut his eyes in shame.

“I haven’t even touched you,” Young went on. “You’re just getting off on having my balls in your mouth.” Rush whimpered around Young’s testicles, and God, even that felt good. “You like that? That get you hot?” Young took him by the hair and pulled his head up. Rush let Young’s bollocks fall from his mouth with equal parts relief and disappointment. “Hm?”

“Y-y-yes, sir,” Rush rasped, shuddering, not daring to look up.

“I can tell. Look at that cock. Look how hard you are, you dirty boy.”

Rush’s lips trembled as he cast his eyes further down. The sight of his cock, bright red and leaking, set him squirming again.

“I haven’t said you could come yet, Rush. You better pull yourself together.”

Rush sucked a deep breath into his lungs. He didn’t know why he was having so much difficulty obeying that command this time. Other times, just Young telling him not to come seemed to be enough to keep some semblance of control. He’d been able to tap into something, find an acceptance
in his state that made it easier to cope with. But now...he twisted, gritting his teeth. He couldn’t escape it, that need—it was everywhere.

He really didn’t know if he would make it.

“You still wanna suck my cock?” Young teased, and Rush let out a dry sob.

“Yes,” he whimpered. “Yes, sir.”

“Alright. Go ahead.”

He lowered his mouth over the head of Young’s cock. As he worked his way down, he tried to concentrate on doing his job well, and not on how good it felt to have Young’s length in his mouth.

Young was not helping.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Young grunted. “That’s my dirty boy. God, you look hot like that. You remember that, don’t you? How hot you look with my cock in your mouth?”

Rush squeezed his eyes shut as images from the night before flooded over him, how the thickness of Young’s cock had stretched his lips as he’d thrust into him over and over—

“Don’t come, Rush.”

Rush sobbed at Young’s firm reminder. I’m trying, he felt like screaming around the cock gagging his throat. Young threaded his fingers through Rush’s hair and started controlling the motions of Rush’s head, pulling and pushing him back and forth over his length. Rush was happy to let him, not trusting himself to do much of anything at the moment. Finally, Young held Rush’s face flush against his groin and came down his throat. He held Rush there even after Rush had gulped down the hot spunk, letting his cock soften in the caverns of Rush’s mouth and throat.

“I think you maybe liked that more than I did,” Young taunted, gruff and breathless. “Mouth stuffed with cock, and a belly full of cum...you are one happy...dirty...boy.”
God, he was right.

He pulled Rush off his cock and looked down between Rush’s legs.

“And you managed not to come. I’m impressed.” Young smirked and put himself away, refastening his trousers with a satisfied sigh. Rush couldn’t even be bothered to hate him for it. His lips were nearly numb and his throat was really sore now, but none of that was anything compared to the howling agony in his cock.

“Dirty boy. You just love being on your knees, don’t you?” Young taunted, and Rush could only whimper mournfully. “Or maybe…” Young went on. “That’s not quite it. Maybe you just like being at my feet. Hm?” There was a pause. “Look at me, boy.”

Rush shivered and swallowed around a lump in his throat. He lifted his eyes and met Young’s gaze.

Young regarded him with eyes that somehow blazed both hot and cold.

“What do you think?” Young said, low and thick. “You like being at my feet?”

Rush felt lightheaded. That warning bell was still there, chiming in a deep, neglected corner of his mind. But there was really only one thing he could say.

“Yes, sir.”

Young smirked. “That’s what I thought.”

Then Young’s bare foot was planted in the center of his chest, and the next thing he knew Rush was shoved backward. He hit the floor hard, his bound arms trapped awkwardly between his back and the floor. He cried out sharply, and then just laid there in shock as Young came to stand over him. Young stared down as Rush gaped up at him, chest heaving.

Young lifted his right foot, and planted it on the side of Rush’s face. Rush mewed pitifully, and shut
his eyes as Young pressed his cheek into the floor.

“You still can’t come, Rush,” said Young, firm and resolute. “Not till I say. I’m warning you.”

Rush peeked up at him from the corner of his eye. Young eyed him pointedly. Rush swallowed, and gave a little nod from beneath Young’s foot.

“Yes, sir,” he whispered. He blinked, and tears ran down his cheeks.

Young lifted his foot and rested it in the center of Rush’s chest. Rush gazed up at him. The angle was…impressive. Dominating. With Rush on the floor he looked impossibly tall, and his leg bent up gave Rush an eye-full of his crotch. Rush imagined him unzipping his trousers, pulling himself out, stroking himself till he was hard and full again, and then—

“Like the view?” Young mocked. Rush dropped his eyes. “You that eager to go another round? Hm?” Rush looked up again to find Young groping himself through his trousers. “You want to suck me again?” Young asked. “Or is your ass feeling neglected?”

Rush shuddered, buttocks clenching eagerly at the thought.

“Let’s say,” Young mused, and started rubbing over Rush’s chest with his foot. “I could either fuck you or let you come tonight?” Rush’s breath hitched as Young’s toe flicked over his nipple. “What would you pick?” Rush closed his eyes and moaned. “I asked you a question, Rush.”

Rush shook his head back and forth. “I…I don’t know. I don’t know.”

He needed to come, he needed to, but God, that ache inside—that begged to be filled—that need was there too. If he could have that…it might just be worth—

“I don’t know,” he whispered again helplessly.

“Don’t worry,” Young assured him. “You don’t get to choose.”
It was an unsettlingly comforting statement.

Young removed his foot from Rush’s chest with a little push.

“Spread your legs.”

Rush let his knees fall open, pulling them up toward his sides. His cock lay hot and flush against his lower belly, the sticky tip dragging over sensitive skin.

And then the sole of Young’s right foot came down on his aching member and Rush let out a screech like a wounded animal.

“Don’t come, Rush,” Young warned him again. “Not till I say.”

Rush let out a dry sob, wailing as Young increased the pressure on his cock.

“You know, Rush,” Young commented. “You wouldn’t be in this predicament if you weren’t such a dirty boy. If it didn’t get you so hot.”

He rubbed pointedly over Rush’s erection.


Rush opened his eyes, daring himself to look. Young stood over him like a conqueror and with Rush, quite literally, under his heel. Rush’s mouth opened in a soundless scream and it took everything he had not to come right there. His hips kept shifting on the floor, rubbing up into the sole of Young’s foot in desperate need for friction. It only made it worse, pushed him further towards the edge, but he couldn’t stop. Young watched him writhe, not an ounce of pity on his face.

What if he didn’t let him come, Rush thought wildly with a touch of panic. He could do that. He had that—

Rush’s thoughts broke off, his face blushing red, and he swallowed hard.
He had that power.

He had. All. The power.

Rush felt heady, drunk, like a shot of something potent and very, very illegal had just been pumped into his veins.

“Alright, Rush,” Young said softly. “Go ahead and come.”

Rush exploded. Every muscle strained and he screamed out as his orgasm tore through him. His hips bucked up, or tried to, but Young kept him pinned, and the pain of that cut the last tether he might have had. His legs flailed and he sobbed uncontrollably, helpless as his cock sprayed cum all over him.

He wasn’t aware of it ending, he was just suddenly lying there spent, twitching and hiccupping on the floor.

Hands rolled him to the side and unbound his arms, wiped him clean, and sat him up. Rush leaned back into the warm chest behind him, half-heartedly trying to blink his vision back into focus. Gradually, he became aware of soft words being whispered in his ear.

“That’s it, just breathe. Good boy, that’s it.”

Rush took a deep breath in through his nose, let it out slowly.

“That was hard, wasn’t it,” said Young’s rumbling voice as a warm hand stroked his hair. Rush burrowed deeper into Young’s arms and nodded against his shoulder. “But you did it. You did so good.” Young’s arms wrapped around his chest as he pressed his lips to Rush’s temple. “Such a good boy.”

Rush let a breath, his eyes falling closed, and that was the last thing he remembered that night.
Rush woke to the beeping of his alarm, blinking easily into consciousness. He pushed himself up on his elbows and reached for his phone on the nightstand, turning it off quickly. He regarded the device for a moment. He hadn’t set it on the stand the previous night; he’d left it on the floor in the pocket of his clothes. His notebook was there too, with his pencil laid on top of it.

He looked over his shoulder. Young was still sleeping, bare chest rising and falling evenly. Carefully, Rush slipped out from the warmth of Young’s bed. He moved silently, bare feet creeping delicately across the floor. He found his clothes folded on top of a chair near the bed.

Everything seemed strangely quiet, and it had nothing to do with the room around him. It was Rush’s mind that was uncharacteristically muted. To be honest, it wasn’t an all that comfortable silence—more like when someone was giving you the silent treatment but still glaring at you from across the dinner table. Or when the door was shut on a sound proof room but you knew there was all kinds of noise and commotion waiting on the other side. But Rush was never one for introspection, and he was happy to keep that door firmly shut.

When he had dressed, he paused. It wasn’t like he’d never left without a word to Young before, but this time it felt…odd. Then again, he didn’t want to wake him.

There was a soft shuffling sound, and Rush turned to see Young sitting up blearily.

“Hey,” Young yawned, rubbing his eyes.

“Hey,” Rush replied, with a little wave with his fingers, his lips turning up into a half-smile.

“You headed out?” Young asked, turning to sit off the edge of the bed, his feet planted on floor.

“Yeah,” said Rush.

Young rested his elbows on his knees, bent his head and ruffled his hands through his hair, then looked up again and yawned.
“Well,” he said, and beckoned Rush with a flip of his hand. “Before you go.”

Rush walked to him, leaning in as Young reached out to rest his hands on his hips. He bent down and planted a kiss on Young’s lips, staying long enough to take one full breath in through his nose, exhaling as he drew away. Young looked up at him from hooded eyes, and pulled at Rush’s hips, twisting them to the side. Rush obediently followed the direction of Young’s hands and turned to the right, bending forward slightly at the waist.

The expected swat to his rear came swiftly, striking with a loud *crack* and with enough sting to make him flinch. A low, pleasant burn ignited in the pit of his stomach, and he let himself press back into the palm of Young’s hand.

“Good boy,” Young rumbled, rubbing approvingly over Rush’s backside.

And after only a second’s hesitation…

“Thank you, sir,” Rush murmured.

He glanced down out of the corner of his eye, and Young met his gaze. Young’s mouth twitched up, but the twinkle in his eye said far more.

The corner of Rush’s mouth twitched up in response, even as a dull, staticky roar grew louder in the back of his brain.

Young sat alone in his quarters trying to keep himself busy as the hour grew later and later. At this point, he didn’t even bother to pretend he was doing anything other than waiting.
Rush didn’t come by every night, but over the last couple of weeks they’d managed to develop a kind of silent communication about it. Sometimes it was obvious that there wasn’t time, or that they were both too drained or exhausted. Other times they’d give each other a subtle glance during the day, one that easily read as *not tonight*.

But this wasn’t one of those times, and so Young sat there, anticipation sending tiny jolts of electricity through his nervous system. Because, while he was certain Rush would show, he still had no idea as to *when*.

Things had been going…well. Young was starting to feel like he was getting a handle on things. Sort of. He also still felt like he was free falling through a vortex with absolutely no idea what waited for him at the bottom, but overall, he thought he was improving.

There’d been a few missteps.

Young rubbed his hand over his forehead, internally wincing *again* at the memory of Rush’s face.

*Was I…being punished?*

He swallowed down the sour taste at the back of his throat, shaking his head to himself.

Well, what did you expect? You had a bad day, and you took it out on him. No wonder he was freaked.

The worst part, was remembering how *good* it had felt. With everything in his life spiraling out of control, to have Rush *there*, and to be able to just—

He shuddered.

He hadn’t made that mistake again.

He was determined not to.
You can’t just do whatever you want, and not care what it does to him, he thought firmly to himself. He was already on the edge of something...dark, with all of this. If he threw out any concern for what he was doing and how he was doing it, that would make him...something much, much worse.

He didn’t want to be that. He wasn’t sure *what* he was, but he didn’t want to be that. And that meant he had to draw a line.

Cause Rush sure as hell wasn’t gonna.

A rueful smile grew on his face as a few choice images from the last weeks played through his head, and now the sparks were back, zipping through his bloodstream like lightning bugs.

And then his door swished open, and Rush walked in.

Young sat back against the couch, tossing whatever he’d been pretending to work on onto the table. Rush stood just inside the door.

Young let him wait for a bit, just looking him over. Then he waved him over.

Rush came immediately, making his way over with smooth steps, a gentle smirk dancing on his face.

When he was close enough, Young grabbed him by the belt and pulled him into his lap. Rush let Young arrange him, and settled back against Young’s chest, facing outward. Young wrapped his left arm across the front of Rush’s torso and pulled him closer.

“Don’t come till I say,” he said, speaking low into Rush’s ear.

“Yes, sir.”

That had become something of a regular occurrence, over these last weeks. Rush didn’t say it all the time, and Young hadn’t pushed for it except that once, but it happened often enough that it didn’t
surprise him anymore.

Which didn’t make it any less of a turn on.

Young had worried, a little, at first. It wasn’t like Rush was the only one who called him ‘sir’, and the last thing he wanted was to develop some weird, sexual response to commanding his military personnel.

He needn’t have worried, though. Because it turned out that nobody—nobody—said those words in a way that sounded anything like Rush.

He reached down and rubbed his hand over Rush’s crotch, who was already starting to get hard. He reached for Rush’s belt, undoing the buckle in slow, measured steps. Next came the button of his jeans, and then the zipper. Young took his time, indulging in every moment of the unveiling. He spread the opening of Rush’s jeans, leaving him bare and exposed, before taking him in his hand and stroking in long, luxurious motions.

Rush mouth fell open with a sigh, head tilting back to rest against Young’s shoulder as he relaxed into Young’s ministrations. He lay there, completely lax, as Young stroked him. His eyelids fluttered up and down, and then finally closed. His chest rose and fell evenly.

“Are you falling asleep?” Young demanded after a minute.

“Just…resting,” Rush replied hazily.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Young said, a bit acerbically. “Am I boring you?” He scraped a nail over the head of Rush’s penis.

“Don’t get offended,” Rush chided, and snuggled in closer to him. “’S’feels nice.”

“Mm,” Young hummed dryly.

He considered a moment, and then slid his other hand down the back of Rush’s pants. It took him only a second to slip between Rush’s cheeks and find his hole. He pressed the pad of his middle
finger against it, moving it in tiny circles around the tight ring of muscle.

Rush groaned, and his pelvis began to undulate in time to Young’s touches.

“Enjoying yourself?” Young teased as Rush’s moans grew louder.

“Are you?” Rush countered, glancing over his shoulder with an amused glare. “You’re the one choosing to spend his time giving me a hand job.”

“Why not?” Young said agreeably. He settled his chin on Rush’s shoulder. “You have a pretty cock,” he jibed, and nipped Rush’s earlobe.

Rush snorted. “No such thing.”

“You saying my cock isn’t pretty?” Young accused in mock offense.

“No,” Rush said, lilting exaggeratedly on every word. “Your cock is magnificent.”

Young chuckled warmly and Rush grinned back at him.

“You know,” Rush went on after a minute. “You could stick that finger in me instead of just torturing me with it. A few dry knuckles won’t kill me.” He shot Young a pointed look.

Young exhaled softly through his nose, and then let his middle finger wriggle in down the first knuckle. Rush let out a contented sigh.

“See,” he said, pressing down on Young’s finger. “Much better.” He smirked. “If I can take you, I can take anything.”

Young was quiet a moment.
“About that,” he started carefully. He wasn’t sure why he was bringing this up now, with both his hands down Rush’s pants, but Rush always did seem easier to talk to when he’d…unwound a bit. And before he could wind back up again. “We’re not…that is,” Young tried again. “We don’t always take as much time as we should. With you. With…that.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. He turned his eyes on Young.

“I just…I know I’m…” Young trailed off, searching for words. Rush raised an eyebrow and Young sighed. “…Doesn’t it hurt? When I…?” he asked quietly after a moment.

Rush looked straight in his eyes. “Oh yeah. Every time.”

Young hands went still, and he felt his face go blank.

Rush’s eyes flicked over him, and then he broke into a broad smile, laughing. He shook his head in apparent disbelief.

“How could you possibly think that that’s a problem?” he asked after he’d stopped laughing.

Young let out a long sigh, running his thumb up and down the length of Rush’s cock.

“Forgot who I was talking to,” Young muttered lowly.

Rush *hmm*ed in response, and tilted his head back, eyes fluttering closed again as Young resumed stroking his cock and pumping his finger into his hole.

For a long time, they were silent.

“How every time?” Young asked quietly after a while.

“Hm?” was Rush’s confused response.
Young swallowed. “It hurts every time?” he asked again, keeping his voice even.

Rush was quiet, then he nodded. “A little. Always a little.” He looked at Young. “It’s a good thing,” he said softly, eyes quietly insistent and slightly amused. “I want it to hurt.”

Young looked at him carefully. “Why?”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“Why…why do you want it to hurt?” Young said slowly.

“Because…because I like it,” Rush answered, an edge of defensiveness creeping into his voice.

“But why?” Young pressed.

“Because I do!” Rush turned his head sharply, hard lines on his face. He wriggled in Young’s lap, muscles taut like he was about to bolt. “I dunno.”

Okay. Redirect.

He tugged Rush in closer.

“Just,” Young breathed seductively in Rush’s ear, using his hands to distract as best he could, and felt Rush melt a little. “Tell me what it’s like.”

Rush let out a little throaty sound, shaking his head helplessly, but he didn’t pull away. “I can’t. It’s…”

“Try,” Young urged. “Just…tell me something you like about it.”

Rush sighed out, frustrated. He looked out at the room, but his eyes were turned inward, tracking
back and forth over something only he could see.

“Okay,” Rush murmured after a bit, pressing his lips together. “It’s like…” He spoke slowly, as though he had to pick up each word one by one as he went. “…After.” He half turned his head toward Young, and peeking up at him through his eyelashes in a way that was almost demure. “After you’ve…” he squeezed around the finger in his ass, glancing in Young’s eyes to confirm he’d caught his meaning, then went on. “There’s this…ache. Inside. Where you…stretched me.” His voice hitched, and red blushed in his cheeks. “Sometimes…” He inhaled through his nose, eyes falling closed. “Sometimes for days, after. And…it reminds me. Of what it’s like.” Rush turned his head further, hot breath falling on Young’s neck as his voice dropped even lower. “…When you’re in me. How good it is. How it feels.”

For a minute or so, there was only the sound of their breathing.

“And how’s it feel?” Young asked when Rush didn’t go on.

Rush’s lips quirked in an embarrassed smile, and he glanced away, seeming suddenly self-conscious.


Young sighed again, and resisted that suggestion, reminding himself that he’d had a reason for this line of questioning.

“No,” he said with a rebuking scowl, and Rush smirked. Young glared a moment longer, then softened. “I meant…” he searched for the words. “How does it make you feel?”

Rush looked at him strangely, then he looked away again quickly. His eyes tracked over the air again, that same strange look on his face. His lips moved indistinctly, like he kept thinking of things to say but always ended up changing his mind.

“I dunno. Special, I guess.” he said finally, voice small, then glanced over slyly at Young from the corner of his eye. “Like I’m the only whore who can satisfy you.”

Young chuckled, and shook his head ruefully. “You know,” he said, keeping his voice light. “That just might be true.”
It just might be, Young’s inner voice taunted at him. He couldn’t imagine being with someone else after…this. He’d been careful not to think about ‘after’—just like he’d been careful not to think about exactly how and when this would all finally blow up in his face. He pushed those thoughts away, shutting them behind a smooth oak door in his mind.

Rush was watching him with an odd expression on his face. Then, he seemed to make a decision.

“Say it,” Rush said quietly.

Young thought back over what they’d been saying, then let out a soft chuckle. “You’re the only one who can satisfy me,” he declared exaggeratedly.

Rush laughed a little, snorting. “No, not that,” he dismissed. He looked at Young seriously, growing quiet. “Say I’m a whore.”

Young blinked for a moment, caught off guard. Then he let out a sharp snicker.

“You just like it all kinds of dirty, don’t you,” said Young, shaking his head in wonderment.

“I’ve spent the last five minutes talking about how I like that it hurts when you fuck me,” Rush bit out with an impatient glare. “So yeah, I do. Now say it.”

Young looked in Rush’s eyes, and Rush seemed to hold his breath, wired with anticipation.

Young leaned in a little, and inhaled, breathing in Rush’s scent. His eyes darkened.

“You’re a whore,” he said straight into Rush’s face. Rush shuddered, and his eyes went black. “Now get up,” Young said, letting his voice go hard. He pulled his hands away, and gave Rush a pointed slap to his hip.

Rush let out a little whine, but stood, creaking shakily to his feet. Young sat there moment to collect himself. He adjusted the bulge in his pants, which had been growing for some time now, took a deep
breath, and pushed himself up from the couch.

He faced Rush, who shifted uncomfortably on his feet. Young paused a moment, then looked down in a pointed gesture to where Rush’s erection hung out of his open fly, watching Rush’s squirming increase at the scrutiny. Then he took hold of the ends of Rush’s belt and brought them together, taking both loose ends in one hand and giving a little tug.

“Come on,” he said, smirking as Rush swallowed, blushing. He pulled Rush over to the bed. It almost felt like having him on a leash, and from the look on Rush’s face Young had a feeling Rush hadn’t missed that either. With a swing of his arm he flung Rush on the mattress, watching him bounce with a satisfied smirk.

“Strip,” Young growled, already unzipping his own jacket. Rush moved quickly to obey. Young stripped down as well, and together they undressed, piece-by-piece, eyes locked, till they were both naked before each other.

“Lie back,” Young told Rush, moving to grab the lubricant from the nightstand. Rush laid back on the bed, watching Young with eager, wanton eyes.

“Knees up,” was Young’s next command. “Spread your legs and grab your ankles.”

Rush shivered against the bed covers, a lewd smile coloring his face, and did as he was told. Young settled between his legs. He took hold of Rush’s ankles and pulled them open and back till Rush was in the position he wanted, holding his legs wide, feet up near his head. Rush just let out a breathy ahh, hips undulating.

Rush’s hole lay neatly on display, already a bit pink and puffy from the dry finger fucking. Young circled the puckered entrance with a lube-drenched index finger, and the pressed it inside down to the third knuckle. Rush gave a low moan, spreading his legs even wider as Young started thrusting in and out.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” Young proclaimed gruffly as he opened Rush up, every jab and stretch a promise. “And after I’ve fucked you, after I’ve come in you, then maybe, maybe,” he shot Rush a look. “I’ll let you come.” He raised an eyebrow. “Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Rush groaned, clenching around Young’s invading fingers. Young didn’t wait for him to relax again before yanking them out, and Rush let out a soft cry at the rough withdrawal. Young just
sat up on his knees and slicked the length of his cock, positioning it against Rush’s gleaming hole. He took hold of Rush’s thighs, digging his thumbs into the soft flesh in a way he knew would bruise, and with only the slightest pause, slammed in like a jackhammer.

Rush squealed and squeezed his eyes shut. He threw his head back and forth against the bed as Young fucked him into the mattress. Young hammered down with his full weight, and God, nothing had ever felt as hot as Rush’s ass throbbing around his cock.

Rush was gasping and panting, chest heaving as his cock twitched, stiff and neglected between his legs. He looked completely delirious, but Young had seen this before. Young had told him not to come, and Rush might lose all other semblance of control, but somehow, he’d always managed to hold onto that. It was an extraordinary thing to see.

It also just made Young want to push him more—make him lose that last shred of control. To see him go completely over the edge, even as he was fighting to keep himself from falling.

Young knew he could do it easily if he just, say, stuck a thumb against Rush’s prostate and held it there, but that wouldn’t be any fun. Not that he wouldn’t take any advantage but, well, accomplishments were always that much sweeter when you had to put in a little effort, weren’t they?

With a grunt, Young shifted the angle of his thrusts. He was immediately rewarded with a startled yelp that let him know he’d hit the spot. He kept up his force and speed from before, raining down mercilessly onto his target.

Rush cried out with every successful strike, his eyes wide and panicked, and Young watched gleefully as Rush struggled against the reactions of his body.

Rush let out one particularly pitiful scream, restraint crumbling. “Wait,” he cried plaintively. “Please, stop, just—*aah*—don’t, please, I…”

If they didn’t have a safe word—if he didn’t know Rush—Young might have thought about stopping.

As it was, he didn’t even consider it.

He pushed harder, sweat dripping from his forehead, and relished the sounds of Rush’s downfall. He grabbed hold of the backs of Rush’s knees and pushed them toward the bed, rocking forward over Rush’s prone form. Rush screamed.
“No,” Rush begged, desperate and ragged. “No, no, don’t—”

Rush let go of his ankles, shaking his head frantically, and actually tried to push Young away, pressing his palms to Young’s chest. Young growled deep in throat, both indignant and amused, and slammed down even more forcefully. Rush’s line broke easily, elbows bending instantly under Young’s weight, and Young quickly snared Rush’s wrists in two tight fists and pinned them above Rush’s head.

“FUCK!” Rush screeched, arching against the bed, and that was the last of his resolve because next he was wrapping his legs around Young’s waist, pulling him tighter and deeper as he snapped his hips up to meet the impact of Young’s next thrust.

Rush had lost. But it was a pyrrhic victory, as Rush’s surrender sent Young hurtling over the abyss. Rush’s heels dug urgently into his back, and suddenly Young was pumping hot cum into the depths of Rush’s ass, snarling and grunting jaggedly as his orgasm tore through him like a firestorm. Young’s ejaculation seemed to set something off in Rush, and soon he was coming too, clamping down around Young’s cock, milking him till there was nothing left, while his own cock spurted creamy goo all over his chest and stomach.

They rocked together from the combined force of their climax, and then collapsed, panting fiercely as the air buzzed around them. They lay there, limply. Young had fallen onto Rush’s chest, and he wondered blearily if he was crushing him with his weight. Rush stared up that the ceiling with a glazed over expression, his legs still wrapped around Young’s waist. Neither of them seemed able to do anything but breathe.

Eventually, Rush sluggishly unhooked his ankles from each other and lowered his feet to the bed. Young carefully pushed himself from Rush’s chest, and rolled to the side. He landed on his back with a dull thump. Rush’s right shoulder brushed up against his left as they both lay there, gazing blankly up at nothing.

Young slowly blinked. Bit by bit, it got easier to move his limbs, exhausted fatigue replacing dumbstruck paralysis. He looked down over his own chest, streaked with Rush’s cum, with a kind of detached fascination. Hazily, he lifted a hand and ran two fingers through the goop. He turned his head, holding the two fingers up over his stomach. Rush was blinking up at the ceiling, lips slightly parted.

“Looks like I get to punish you tomorrow,” Young commented idly, voice low.
Rush turned his head very slightly, just enough to see Young and his sticky fingers. His expression didn’t change, but after a moment he slowly shook his head.

“You…” he said throatily. “You came first. I didn’t…I didn’t come till…”

“Doesn’t matter,” Young interrupted with a smirk, enjoying himself more as his brain started to clear. “I didn’t say you could come after I did. Just that I’d think about letting you.”

Rush stared at him blankly, then shut his eyes with a groan.

“Bollocks,” he swore wearily, covering his face with his hands, and Young chuckled. With a tired sigh Rush dropped his hands. “Fine,” he said, glaring resignedly. “Do your worst.”

“Oh, I intend to,” Young promised, turning onto his side with a dark smile.

Rush snorted, and turned his face away. He was silent a long time, staring off at some corner of the room.

“I really did try, you know,” he said at last.

Young’s brow creased, a slight frown settling on his mouth. Rush’s voice was completely casual, without the slightest note of caring, but there was a shine to his eyes—a curl to his fingers—that made Young think twice.

“I know,” Young said soberly.

Rush turned at his words, peering steadily into Young’s face. After a moment, he seemed to find what he was looking for, and let out a little breath, nodding quietly to himself. He turned away again, but with a slight tension eased from his shoulders. Young looked over him for a bit, chewing slightly on the inside of his cheek.

“You know,” Young said after a while. “It really wasn’t your fault.” Rush turned his head, eyes questioning. “Maybe I should go easy on you.” Those eyes narrowed. Young’s lips twitched, and he raised his eyebrow teasingly. “You know…just this one—”
“Don’t insult me,” Rush interrupted, sneering. Young laughed. Rush tossed his head and glared, but his eyes were smiling.

“Okay,” Young agreed, an odd warmth in his chest. “Whatever you say.”

Rush shook his head exasperatedly. “You’re such a bastard.”

Young smiled thinly. “I know.”

They managed to rouse themselves soon after that, enough to clean up a bit, before burrowing under the covers. Rush let himself be pulled into the crook of Young’s arm, turning into him and draping his left leg over Young’s knee as he rested his head on Young’s shoulder. Young snaked his arm around Rush’s back, his hand settling over the curve of Rush’s ass. Rush sighed contently, eyes already closed, and clenched his buttocks under Young’s palm.

*There’s this…ache…inside…*

*reminds me…how good it is…*

The echoes of Rush’s words stirred in him, and Young squeezed the muscle of Rush’s backside.

Because, right now, he could.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Punishments, dreams, and promises.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait, and the shortness of this chapter, and they I can’t really promise more any time soon. In the meantime, you should totally check out Potboy and SeekingIdleWild's body swap fic Stepping Stones, not to mention Rhinegold's latest Seams and Scars, for all you angst fans out there. Seriously, thank you to you (other) writers out there, your work inspires me to keeping work on this. You can pretty much directly attribute me finishing this chapter to reading your stuff, so thanks for that.

As usual, thanks also to all the commenters. There's been a lot of observations and concerns about the..."growing tension" going on, which...yay! Basically, I'm trying to create that feeling you get when everything in a movie or TV show seems to have gotten wrapped up but you know there's still fifteen minutes left and the longer it shows the characters being happy the more nervous you get, so, let me know how I'm doing.

::giggles maniacally::

Rush spent the next day not thinking about his forthcoming punishment. He focused on his work, quite admirably he thought. Nonetheless, he found himself ending his day as early as he reasonably could.

He went to the showers first. He wasn’t trying to stall—really—but memories of his previous punishment made him think it might help to start off as ‘fresh’ as possible. Chances were, it wouldn’t be over quickly.

They hadn’t spoken much that morning, exchanging little more than a kiss and a smack on the bum. Rush tried not to overanalyze or let his nerves get the best of him as he scrubbed behind his ears, brushed his teeth, and even gave himself a clean shave.

He wasn’t stupid. He was well aware that Young had pushed him beyond what was reasonably possible. Deliberately, no less. But for some reason, Rush couldn’t bring himself to try and get out of it.
What would you say? That you ‘don’t deserve it’?

Rush’s jaw clenched as he gave himself a last look over.

No. Certainly can’t say that.

He bit back a sigh, and started the walk to Young’s quarters.

Young looked up when he entered, leaning back into the couch as he tossed some files aside.

“Hey,” Young said softly.

“Hey,” Rush replied, even more softly.

Young looked at him a moment, a considering look on his face.

“You know,” he said finally, appearing to have made a decision. “I meant what I said last night.” Rush shot him a questioning look. “It really wasn’t fair of me,” Young went on. “I don’t think we need to…” he trailed off.

Young was giving him a way out. Rush had to admit he was tempted. But there was something that wouldn’t quite let him take the easy way, though he wasn’t quite sure why.

You know why.

He swallowed, and then let his lip quirk up into a smirk.

“Couldn’t come up with anything, heh?”

As expected, Young’s eyes darkened at the challenge. Rush stared him down with deliberate insolence.
“Alright. That’s how you want it.” Young straightened his back and pinned Rush with his gaze. “Strip.”

Rush shifted discomfitedly and pulled at his clothes. This time, he folded the items neatly, placing them in a stack on a chair. He set his things on the nightstand as well.

“Get on the bed. On your back.”

Young had stood and unzipped his jacket. He took off his jacket and shoes, but stayed otherwise fully clothed. Rush laid back on the bed, noticing the speed of his heartbeats.

Young took out the lube and came to sit beside him on the bed. “Pull your knees up and spread your legs. Hands under your knees.”

It was a similar position to the night before, which probably wasn’t a coincidence. Rush felt his arse clench in anticipation and his cock hardened, though he was filled with apprehension. He wondered when, if ever, he’d be allowed to come tonight.

As if in answer to his question, Young spoke.

“Don’t stop yourself from coming.” At Rush’s surprised, and then suspicious, glance, Young let out a chuckle. “I’m not gonna stop you either, so don’t worry about that.” Young opened the jar of lube and dipped his fingers in.

Rush eyed him cautiously. “Somehow, I don’t find that very comforting.”

Young just grinned. Evilly, in Rush’s opinion.

Then Young wrapped a slick hand around Rush’s cock and Rush stopped thinking for a while. His eyes fell closed with a groan as Young worked him in slow even strokes. He shifted against the bed, especially in the hip area. His exposed hole was feeling rather neglected, but still, it was easy to lose himself in the sensation. Young knew just what to do to him by now, and he wasted no time in driving Rush over the edge. Rush came in a matter of minutes, spilling onto his own abdomen.
His muscles went lax in the wake of his orgasm as he moaned softly, eyelids fluttering dazedly. He had barely time to blink up at Young before Young’s hand was on him again, a palm full of fresh lubricant. Rush flinched slightly at the touch to his over sensitized flesh, and then squirmed as Young began to stroke him back to hardness. Rush’s brow furrowed, probably as his body tried to decide if this was more pleasurable or uncomfortable.

As his cock began to harden again, Rush found himself looking at the front of Young’s trousers. Goddamn that black uniform, it was so hard to see anything—

“No.”

Rush blinked quizzically at Young’s flat declaration. Young looked down at him steadily.

“You don’t get my cock tonight.”

It was an absurd thing to say really, and Rush was well aware that he should play it off as such. Sarcasm was invented for moments such as these. But the way the bottom dropped out from his stomach didn’t leave Rush much inclined to playing at anything.

Rush turned his head and stared straight at the ceiling as Young brought him to his second orgasm. He lay there, sweating and gasping, and Young took him in hand again. This time, he mewed pitifully. He was tender, far too tender, even with ample lubricant.

“H—” Rush started as Young stroked him. “Th-that is, how many…how many times…?” He was finding it difficult to string words together, but Young managed to understand him anyway.

“Till you can’t anymore.”

It took Rush a moment to process Young’s response.

“Wh…wh-what?” he wailed.

Rush stared at him, disbelieving, and then it began to sink in. Rush’s lip quivered and then the tears started to fall. He clenched his eyes shut and let his head fall back against the mattress.

His third orgasm was painful, and exhausting. When he started to harden a fourth time, a desperate whine burst from the back of his throat. It seemed impossible. There couldn’t be anything left, could there? He felt completely depleted. Empty.

In more ways than one, in matter of fact. That need to be filled was growing stronger and stronger, a desperate ache that left him squirming. He could feel the sludge of his semen dripping down his sides, and it was like the more he expended the more he needed something to take its place, to fill up that ever-present aching void inside him. More, even, than he wanted this torment to end, he wanted…needed…

Slut.

His fourth orgasm was pathetic, barely more than a twitch as he spilled a few drops onto his increasingly sticky stomach. Somehow, though, he still managed to get hard again, though it took a while. Rush dug his fingers into his legs, fighting the urge to inch them down…down toward where his arse was displayed but completely ignored. Beyond the basic humiliation of it, Rush was beginning to find his splayed position intolerably taunting.

He felt his lower belly clench, the beginnings of another orgasm, and he mewled helplessly as his muscles tightened.

This one was completely dry. There wasn’t a single bit of cum left inside him, apparently. His penis softened brokenly as Young let it fall against his hip.

“There,” Young said, wiping his hand. “All done.”

Rush could have wept with relief, but he didn’t think there was any tears left either. He dug his nails into the back of his thighs and gasped for breath. A moment later, Young lifted Rush’s head and pressed a cup to his lips. Rush swallowed the cool water dutifully, though there were other things on his mind.
“So,” Rush rasped quietly as Young started to clean him up. “What about you?” Young didn’t respond. “Aren’t you goin—”

“Don’t even try it, Rush,” Young said tiredly, though not unkindly. “Nothing’s getting near your pretty little hole tonight. Now put your legs down.”

Rush swallowed around the lump in his throat and slowly let his legs ease down to the bed. He stretched them out straight in front of him, thinking maybe that would lessen the acute urge inside him. It didn’t.

“What about my mouth?” he asked, feeling pathetic.

Young sighed. “No, Rush.”

Rush licked his lips. “I…” he started tentatively. “I could suck—”

“No, Rush. I told you you wouldn’t get my cock tonight, and I meant it—”

“…your finger?” Rush finished, fighting back fresh tears.

*Has there ever been a more pathetic, wretched cock slut?*

Rush gave his head a tiny shake.

*No. Never.*

Young was staring at him, unreadable as ever.

“Just…just a finger,” Rush pleaded, drenched in shame.

A long moment, and Young raised an index finger.
“Can you show me you can be good?” Young asked lowly, crooking an eyebrow.

Rush nodded vigorously.

Young gave a slow nod back. “Open your mouth. Don’t move till I say.”

Rush swallowed thickly and opened as wide as he could. Young placed his finger on the pad of Rush’s tongue and held it there. Rush blinked hard and sucked air in through his nose. He forced himself not to move, not to caress Young’s finger with his tongue or let his lips close one millimeter.

“…Okay,” Young said, an indefinable amount of time later. “Go ahead.”

Rush’s lips closed tight around the invading digit and he sucked hard, moaning wantonly. It wasn’t enough, not nearly, but it was something. His cheeks hollowed as he fellated Young’s index finger, sliding his lips up and down its length with enough friction to make them burn. He felt wild, half out of control, as he reached and reached, trying to fill that emptiness inside, suckling Young’s finger like it was the only thing that could nourish him.

It did help. A little.

Eventually he let it fall from his lips with a shaky sigh, hardly satisfied, but close as he was likely to get.

Young was watching him with darkly hooded eyes. Rush dropped his own gaze, the heat of humiliation flickering blotchily over his skin.

“Alright,” Young said quietly. “Get under the covers. Lay on your side, eyes that way.”

Rush obediently slid under the sheets, turning away from Young and lying on his side. He pulled a pillow to his chest.

That was a good punishment for a whore like you. You think he knows? Exactly how bad this hurts?
Maybe you should tell him. Bet he’d appreciate it.

Rush buried his face in the pillow, eyes stinging. He could hear Young behind him, undressing, and then the sounds of his masturbation. He should take that as a victory, Rush thought—‘see, that’s what you get when you don’t fuck me, y’bastard’. But instead it just made him more miserable.

Maybe he’ll come on you. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?

That didn’t happen though. Young came quietly and without the slightest gesture toward Rush. If Rush hadn’t been paying such close attention he probably wouldn’t have noticed.

Useless.

Rush’s throat was painfully tight when Young slipped in behind him, settling along his back and wrapping his arms around him. Rush could feel the fabric of Young’s boxers and undershirt on his bare skin. Young rubbed soothing patterns over Rush’s arms, but it seemed distant, far away.

“Are you alright?” Young murmured into his ear.

“Fine,” Rush answered, keeping his voice soft to stop himself from crying.

The silence that followed felt oppressive, and Rush could tell Young wanted to say something. He didn’t though. Whether it was because he couldn’t think of what to say, or because he knew exactly what to say and knew it was a bad idea, Rush didn’t know. He just kept rubbing his palms along Rush’s arms as though he was trying to communicate through that, but whatever it may have been that he wanted Rush to understand, Rush couldn’t begin to guess.

“Do you think,” Rush said finally, feeling hollow. It wasn’t like he had any pride left to protect, anyway. “You’ll want me in the morning?” He turned his face slightly over his shoulder towards Young. “Want… want to… that is…” He trailed off as he accidentally made eye contact, his verbiage having escaped him at the moment.

Young’s eyes glittered in the dark. Like stars.
“Probably,” Young replied, rich and resonant. There was so much spoken in those three syllables and Rush was certain he’d only caught half of it.

It was enough though. Rush sighed and let himself melt back against the warmth of Young’s body. His head lowered in sync with his eyelids and Rush very well may have been asleep when he hit the pillow.

Rush slept. And dreamt. His dreams weren’t quite of sleep this time, though they did involve lounging on a bed with his eyes closed. In his dream, the bed was impossibly soft. He could feel the delicate warmth of sunlight on his bare skin and his dream-self knew he was in a room that was more windows than walls, the sun blocked only by sheer white curtains. There was the faintest scent of vanilla in the air and the distant roar of the ocean.

And there were hands, hands touching him, hands everywhere, at least…at least eight hands. They combed fingers through his hair and wiped him down with warm, wet towels from his neck to the tips of his fingers and toes. They poured slick sensual oils onto his skin and kneaded them into his muscles. They coaxed the knots from his back, relaxed the joints of his hands, and opened his tight, puckered entrance with deft fingers.

The hands were neither gentle nor harsh, but stretched him with a firm professionalism, careful not to cause pain but giving no special thought to his pleasure either, and Rush in his dream state was keenly aware that he was being prepared for something. They—whoever they were—were making him ready for something. For…for someone? Perhaps?

He shivered. Yes, someone, that was it. He remembered now (though perhaps remembered was not the right word). A pulsing pleasure settled in his veins, deeper, brighter, than lust.

Rush had never had the privilege, or burden, of true physical attractiveness. Genetics had left him with angles in all the wrong places, at odds with his naturally slight frame. An upbringing that had left him without many cares or comforts had taken care of the rest (Rush’s tongue ran self-consciously over his decidedly imperfect teeth). Rush neither resented nor mourned this. He simply took it as fact.

But here, in this…near fairytale conjured from somewhere in the depths of his mind, Rush felt unreservedly, unapologetically, beautiful. He was beautiful. He knew it. And later—when his…‘Someone’ arrived—he would be more beautiful still.
Rush gasped, eyes flying open at the hard slap to his backside. The tendrils of his dream drifted away, dissipating into less than a memory as he was plunged into wakefulness.

He turned his head to see Young laying back down beside him. He watched, still catching his breath, as Young efficiently pushed down his underwear and slicked his erect cock with lube.

“Ride me,” Young ordered bluntly with a firm pinch to Rush’s still stinging cheeks.

Rush clenched his arse and felt the slick looseness there. Rush was still a bit disoriented, but he didn’t take offense at Young’s gruff treatment. He took it for what it was.

Impatience.

Rush scrambled to obey.

He pushed himself up and swung a leg over Young’s hips. Young was already relaxed in his reclined state, eyes closed, trusting Rush to fulfill his command, and Rush got a small thrill from that alone. He took only a moment to line himself up and sank down, taking all of Young’s cock in one smooth motion.

Rush gasped and Young groaned, and that was all Rush could notice just then because God yes. That emptiness inside him was being suddenly, utterly, filled by the one thing that could truly satisfy its hunger. Rush put his hands on Young’s abdomen to steady himself as he threw his head back and simply felt the pure and absolute glory of Young’s cock inside him.

He only allowed himself a moment to revel, however, before forcing himself to lift back up and start a rhythm that left his thighs straining from exertion. Young said not a word and kept his eyes serenely closed, but his soft moans and occasionally bucking hips communicated his pleasure.

Rush drank in the sight of Young underneath him. With his eyes closed, he gave the appearance of suffering a particularly pleasant dream, and Rush grinned to himself, happy to be the dream in question. Young hadn’t spared him a glance since Rush had awoken, and for all Rush knew he
could be imagining someone in his place—a buxom woman or lithe, perfectly muscled man, or perhaps simply thought of him as little more than a warm, willing arse.

Rush didn’t mind though; let him have his fantasies. It couldn’t stem the tingling warmth that ran through him with every beat of his heart, with every breath, with every twitch and thrust of Young’s cock inside him. He felt as though he were glowing, and though there was no one there to see, it didn’t seem to matter. His hand found its way to his hair and pulled the strands up against his head in a loose fist as sweat trickled down his spine.

He felt decadent, indulgent, rich, every cell alight and sparkling like a gemstone. Had he ever felt this sensuous? Certainly not since—

He broke that train of thought. Stay in the here, the now.

Just then, Young’s fingertips touched to the outside of his thighs, sliding up slowly. He felt his way with his eyes stubbornly shut, as though he wanted to experience everything solely through the tactile world. His palms settled on Rush’s hips, pressing the pads of his thumbs along the bones. Rush hummed contentedly and placed his own hands over them, letting the firmness of Young’s grip ground him.

Some moments later though, biting his lip in a small smirk, he couldn’t resist moving Young’s hands back onto the globes of his arse, urging them to squeeze. Young groaned deeply and willingly complied, digging his fingers into the firm mounds of flesh. Rush grinned and left him to it, leaning forward to brace his hands on Young’s shoulders as he thrust down with renewed vigor.

He rode him. At gallop no less, and for a moment, Rush, who had never been on a horse in his life, imagined it really was a running beast between his legs, carrying him somewhere far, far away.

Young came with a growl and a bruising grip on his backside. Rush clenched, pulsingly, greedily, as Young spilled inside him, till he was filled with spunk as well as cock. Rush didn’t let up until Young began to soften, only then letting out a deep sigh and allowing his sore muscles to relax.

Young arms fell to his sides as he too let out a long, breathy sigh. Rush climbed off and collapsed, exhausted, onto his back. He rolled his shoulders against the mattress, panting and pleasantly sore. He glanced to his right and saw Young rolling his neck and pulling up his underwear, eyes still closed, and wondered if he’d go back to sleep. But a moment later, Young raised his hands, rubbing first over his face and then through his hair. When they moved away, Young was blinking and yawning contentedly.
Rush smiled.

Another yawn and a rub to his eyes, and Young turned to look at Rush.

“Good morning,” Rush greeted, a pleasant buzzing in his chest.

“Mm,” Young hummed. “Good morning.” He sounded like he had marbles in his mouth.

Rush thought he should really stop himself from smiling so much but he honestly couldn’t be bothered.

Young rolled onto his side, resting his head on his fist, and leisurely trailed down Rush’s body with his eyes. Then he stopped. And frowned.

Rush felt his own smile leave his face, and glanced down. Young was clearly staring in the approximate direction of Rush’s crotch, but what the problem was, Rush didn’t have any idea.

“What?” Rush asked, squirming, a wave of self-consciousness running through it.

“You didn’t…you’re not…” Young started, that damnable frown still on his face.

“Not what?” Rush demanded impatiently.

Young’s eyes met Rush’s, an inscrutable look on his face.

“You’re not hard. Not even a little.” Young was looking at him pointedly, but Rush couldn’t pretend he was getting the point.

“Yeh,” Rush said, shrugging. “So?” It was true, his cock lay there limply, as it had since Rush had first woken, but Rush didn’t see what the issue was.
“So?” Young retorted, and oh great, now he was irritated.

Rush sputtered helplessly. “Bit demanding first thing in the morning, aren’t we?”

Young shot him a look that let him know he was not amused, and turned back onto his back with a snort.

“It’s not like you were gonna let me come anyway,” Rush said defensively, pushing up on his elbows. He was starting to get a bit cross himself.

Young actually looked a bit guilty at that (yeah, Rush thought, serves you right).

“You should have said something,” Young insisted, just a bit petulantly in Rush’s opinion.

Rush puffed out a breath. “Why?” he asked, drawing out the word condescendingly.

Young glared at him, actually appearing shocked. “Becau—” He broke off sputtering, then seemed to collect himself, a hard line forming along his jaw. “You were not aroused. At all. And I fucked you.”

Rush bit his tongue to try and reign in his temper. He did not appreciate being spoken to like a child.

“Do you have a point?” Rush spat out.

“I just—” Young cut off again and swallowed. He looked away, hands clenching into fists at his sides. Rush’s brow furrowed, his anger somewhat quieted at Young’s obvious distress. “I know that things are…complicated,” Young said slowly. “With us, with how we…do things.” Rush cocked his head, adjusting to this seeming change in topic as he assessed the situation. “There’s…that is, I get to do…certain things in this…arrangement, but…but it was always with the understanding that…” Young grumbled a bit as he pressed his lips together. “That we both enjoyed them. What…what we did.”
Rush’s eyes flickered. This all appeared to be old information, just a restating of what they both already knew, but if Young was bringing it up now…

Rush sighed. He was starting to get an idea of what going on here.

Young turned and looked at Rush, and in that moment he just looked so…so…

Open.

“You really don’t see anything wrong with this situation?” Young asked quietly, if leadingly.

Rush’s lips quirked and he rolled on his side.

“I think that you, as per usual, are blowing this far out of proportion,” Rush said lightly.

“I—?” Young started incredulously, but Rush cut him off with an ah-ah and a raised hand.

“This,” Rush began, referring to their earlier activities. “—Morning, was entirely within the parameters of what we do.” He gave Young a look. “The whole idea is for you to get what you want, when you want it.”

Young’s expression was cold. “No matter what you want.”

Rush frowned.

“I’m just not sure I’m…comfortable,” Young ground out. “With…with just…”


Young didn’t seem ready to joke yet though, and let out a frustrated hrrmph.
“You really have no problem with this?” Young demanded, volume beginning to climb. “You can’t see anything wrong with having sex with someone when they don’t want to.”

Rush reeled back a bit. He couldn’t tell whether his mind went blank at that, or if there was so much commotion it seemed like white noise. He blinked, and what came out of his mouth was—

“Who says I didn’t want to?”

Young glowered incredulously, and glared pointedly at Rush’s lack of erection.

Rush let out something between a huff, a snort, and hysterical laughter.

“That…that’s hardly fair,” Rush protested, still somewhat laughing.

Young’s brow furrowed, and Rush snorted again.

“First of all,” Rush began, pushing himself up further from the bed as he wandered into lecture mode. “Just because I fail to…rise to the occasion, doesn’t mean I’m not interested. For…fucks sake,” he said, rolling his eyes. “I came five times last night, it’s a miracle I’m not dead!” That finally got a bit of snort from Young. “I’m not a young man, y’know,” Rush continued with an exaggerated toss of his head.

Young appeared to be relaxing a bit, and Rush scooted a bit closer to him.

“And second of all,” he went on, dropping his voice a bit. “Even if I don’t happen to be…’in the mood’, in the strictest sense,” he shrugged, “doesn’t mean I can’t enjoy it. Doesn’t mean I don’t like it, certainly doesn’t mean I don’t want it. I don’t have to be…’trembling with arousal’ to…have a good time.”

He met Young’s eyes then, raising his eyebrows in a kind of mildly assuring challenge. Young was thoughtfully silent, then turned on his side, not breaking Rush’s gaze.
“How?” he asked simply.

Rush gave his head a little shake, confused. “What do you mean?” He asked back, words running together.

“I mean,” Young pressed. “What’s…enjoyable about it? If you’re not…” He shrugged helplessly. “Why would you want to have sex if you don’t…if…” He tilted his head, looking at Rush like he was both the puzzle and the key. “Why would you want me to…?”

He trailed off, the sound of the last word barely above a murmur.

‘To fuck me anytime you want, regardless of my own sexual interest?’ Rush finished for him inside his own head. It was a valid question, he supposed.

There were two answers he could give without lying.

One was completely out of the question.

So, that left the other.

Softly, Rush sought out Young’s hand with his own. Young watched him curiously as he rubbed the inside of Young’s fingers, pressing his thumb in smooth, firm circles into the center of Young’s palm. After a moment, he leaned in close.

“I like the feel of it,” Rush said lowly, and led Young’s hand to the back of his thigh as he rolled onto his front. “The sensation.” He slid Young’s hand up his leg to the cleft of his arse, slipping the fingers between his cheeks. “Being filled.” He pressed two of Young’s fingers into his hole and started pumping them in and out. “Again and again. The…rhythm of it. The heat. The ache.” Young had been watching his fingers sliding in and out of Rush’s arse, but now his eyes locked back on Rush’s face. “How it’s all hard, and smooth, and wet.” Rush pulled Young’s fingers away with a squelch and brought them, coated in cum, to his lips. “I enjoy being fucked,” he said matter-of-factly, and sucked the juices from Young’s fingers. He slid off with a pop, and grinned. “…As should be plainly obvious by now, even to someone as slow as you.”

Young gave a grumble from the back of his throat and pulled his hand away, but Rush could see he was smiling behind his glower. Rush settled on his forearms, still grinning, as Young laid his palm
on the curve of his arse.

“You know,” Young said, rubbing over it thoughtfully. “I think you might be due for another spanking.” He shot Rush devilish look. “If you’re gonna give me that kinda attitude.”

Rush narrowed his eyes, and lifted his chin. “You like my ‘attitude’.” Young raised an eyebrow. “You do!” Rush insisted, challenging playfully. “You say you don’t, but you always get that little—”

“I never said I didn’t like it,” Young interrupted dryly. “Just that I’d have to spank you for it.” He gave Rush’s arse a suggestive squeeze as he stared into Rush’s eyes, his own shining with dark promise.

Rush felt a shiver run through him, anticipation sitting like a hot ember in the pit of his stomach.

“Well,” Rush breathed out invitingly, leaning in and tilting his head as Young moved in to meet him. “In that case…”

Beep beep beep

They froze, lips millimeters apart. A moment’s pause, and they both sighed in unison. Then Rush pulled away, rolling over and reaching for his phone. Young sat up stretching his arms. Rush turned off the alarm, relieved to find he actually hadn’t slept through any this time, and then started pulling on his clothes.

As he got his shirts down over his head and then his torso, he noticed that Young was also beginning to rise, albeit more slowly.

“It’s still quite early, you know,” Rush commented, tucking in his shirt.

Young shrugged. “I’m up. Might as well get up.”

Rush finished doing up his belt, smirking, then sat on the bed to put on his shoes.
“Could it be the esteemed colonel is joining our annoying, chirping ranks?” he teased.

Young snorted. “Don’t hold your breath.”

“Ohh,” Rush breathed, standing and turning to trap Young on the bed. “But I’m getting so good at it.” He gave a pointed glance to Young’s crotch with a vulgar lick of his lips.

Young gave a low warning growl and a glare, but Rush just grinned. They kissed, and then Rush stood up straight and turned, presenting himself for the smack that was sure to follow. It came, sure and swift, and Rush turned back around, a delightful sting in his rear. He bent down for another kiss, this one a little more languid.

“…Thank you, sir,” Rush whispered, a bit cheekily, as their lips parted.

Young lip quirked up into a half-smile, and Rush smiled wryly in return.

Suddenly, Young’s fist was his hair as he was yanked down and forward till Young’s mouth was right against his ear.

“I’m gonna beat your ass so hard and so long, you’re not gonna be able to even think about sitting for at least a week. And then I’m gonna fuck that bright red ass till you’re rubbed raw inside and out. And, if I feel like it, I’ll do it again, and again…just because I can.”

It was all Rush could do not to let his knees buckle, Young’s hot breath on his ear almost as bad as the words being poured into it. Young released him with a shove when he was done, and Rush staggered back, face flushed and panting.

Young just leaned back on his hands, a knowing look on his face. Smug bastard.

Rush swallowed thickly and, without another word, grabbed his things and left.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Toys.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, I put most of my notes at the end so they're more easily skippable if you want to. The basic gist of it is just...Thank you. All of you. Really. A lot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Young was not able to make good on his promise that night, or the night after, or the night after that. They’d dropped out of FTL early in the mid-morning and, along with the requisite near-death experience, Young had had to make a personal report to Stargate Command. When he’d returned, he’d been clearly too exhausted by the whole series of events to do much of anything.

Tonight though…Rush clenched a fist next to his thigh. Tonight Young would be expecting him. And Rush fully intended to go, soon. There was just…something he still needed to decide.

He clenched his fist again and glared at the duffel bag feigning innocence from where it lay slumped on the floor. Rush stood in his quarters and chewed the inside of his lip.

Rush had finished his ‘projects’, made from Young’s ‘gift’, some time ago. When the mental work became too much, leaving him dizzy and agitated, Rush had found that doing something with his hands helped calm and center him. He was still doing something, making something, but it was a different kind of focus and concentration and gave his overworked brain cells a break. For the most part, his sessions with Young had replaced those activities, but there were still enough times when Young was unavailable or Rush just needed some time to himself. And so, the bare lumber Young had given him had been shaped and crafted and then placed back inside the duffel bag in its new form.

And then it had sat there, because Rush was too afraid to actually go to Young and show him what he’d made. Rush wasn’t sure what he was afraid of exactly, he just knew somehow it would leave him yet another kind of exposed. So, that was a big solid weight in the ‘con’ category.

On the ‘pro’ end of things…
Rush thought again of Young’s whispered words. This was nothing if not an…opportune moment. He probably wouldn’t find a better one. So, he grumbled to himself, it was essentially now or never.

He could almost feel the scale tip.

He sighed, and crossed the room. He reached for the duffel bag, and picked it up. He felt the thick fabric straps across the palm of his hand, adjusted his grip, swallowed, and forced himself out the door.

The bag wasn’t heavy, but he was keenly aware of its weight as he made his way through the halls. He glanced about furtively, anxious about meeting someone despite the lateness of the hour. As though a non-descript military issue duffle bag could possibly give him away. He gave himself a little shake as he approached Young’s door, then went inside.

Young was in his usual spot on the sofa, surrounded by various files. Young was almost always working on something when he arrived, but there seemed to be a bit more around tonight, with Young’s expression decidedly leaning towards ‘haggard’.

Rush swallowed thickly. Maybe he’d been wrong. Maybe this wasn’t a good night, maybe Young hadn’t even been expecting him, maybe—

Young looked up.

“Hey,” he said to Rush with a tired smile.

“Hey,” Rush replied. “If…if you’re busy, I can—”

“No, no,” Young waved him in. “I could use the distraction.”

Rush gave a little nod, and stepped forward.

Young stretched his shoulders, and then finally took note of what Rush was carrying.
“What’s that?” Young asked with a jerk of his chin.

“Oh,” Rush glanced down as though he’d forgotten about it, and shrugged. “It’s…it’s what you gave me. From before.”

Young looked at him blankly. He didn’t remember. Rush bit back a sigh, but then Young’s face lit in recognition.

“Oh, from the planet!” Rush nodded. Young sighed. “I guess it wasn’t that useful, huh?” Rush’s brow creased in confusion as Young looked at him with a somewhat abashed look on his face. “Just…leave it anywhere, I’ll take it—”

“No, no,” Rush cut him off hurriedly. “I…I’ve been working on it. With it.” Rush frowned as he stumbled over his words. “And…I’ve finished.”

Young blinked at him, mouth half open. “Oh,” he said after a beat, surprisingly quiet.

Rush fought the urge to shuffle his feet and tried to ignore the increasing sweat on his palm. “Do you…do you want to see?”

Young’s eyebrows rose and he sat up a bit straighter. “Yes!” he said immediately, sounding a bit surprised. “I mean, um…sure, let me…” he started clearing the table, dumping most of his work unceremoniously on the floor by his feet. He gestured to the cleared surface invitingly, then clasped his hands together in front of him in a posture of patient attentiveness.

Rush took a deep breath, and walked forward. When he was close enough, he dropped the bag on the table and took hold of the zipper.

He stopped. Froze, more like. Like a statue. There were still nerves skittering under his skin, but that wasn’t what stopped him. There just seemed to be something…not quite right about this.

Feeling an odd sort of calm settle on top of his nervousness, he lifted the bag off the table and set it carefully on the floor beside it. Then he got on his knees.
He didn’t look at Young but he immediately felt the air in the room shift, the silence become more pronounced as if Young was suddenly paying very strict attention. Slowly, Rush unzipped the bag. He removed its contents one by one, laying them on the table in a neat row before Young. Only when he was done did he finally, finally, lift his eyes.

Young wasn’t looking at the table or what was on it; his eyes were locked on Rush. Rush himself found his couldn’t look away. It was like being in a tractor beam. Or a noose.

Then, slowly, Young shifted his gaze to what Rush had brought, and Rush felt his own attention follow. Young perused each piece carefully, reaching out to touch each one in turn as Rush looked on.

First, there was the switch. Thin and flexible. Young had originally provided many different cuts of wood, betraying that he really didn’t know what was required for woodworking, but Rush had found himself experimenting. This had been the first thing he worked on, merely cutting the stiff bark from a long, whip-like branch, finding the wood beneath remarkably supple and strong. He’d kept most of the limb’s original shape, merely sanding and oiling it till it was smooth and then carving a set of grooves to serve as a handle. It was long enough to give some reach, about an inch thick at the handle, but needle-thin at the end. It looked like it would sting.

The next piece was a bit thicker, a bit stiffer. It had more the look of a proper cane. Rush had taken some care with this one, pouring out troublesome equations into little swirls and patterns all along the length of it, carved with restless but meticulous hands. The handle he’d given even more attention to, and it was almost ornate. Overall, it wasn’t as long as Rush would have liked, but the shaft was strong, a finger’s width of solid wood, with just enough bend not to break but otherwise unyielding.

The paddle had taken the longest, and Rush had had to start over several times. His failed attempts were scrounged away until he could think of some other project for them. His final success was far from perfect. The edges weren’t quite even, and it had ended up a bit narrower than he’d first imagined, but nonetheless, he was still rather proud of it considering his lack of experience or proper tools. Made from a single solid piece of wood, like the others, there were about six inches of handle before it widened into a broad rectangle about the length of his forearm. He’d spent one entire restless night sanding and polishing it, and it gleamed even in the dim light.

The last had been an unexpected deviation. He’d run out of ideas, and really only had enough material left for maybe a handle anyways, when one of the crew got the bright notion to start recycling scraps of cloth. They were in no shortage of torn clothing, and the scraps could be used for all sorts of things: various ties, or shoelaces (they were in dire need of shoelaces), or even patching more salvageable clothing. Someone found a way to use a stiffening agent so they could use them to make their own tarps and other weather protective gear. Rush wasn’t about to go so far as to take any
supplies from the general use, but it was inspiring, and since he rarely slept in his own bed anymore anyway, he set about cutting a square bit of his sheet into ribbons. He carved a handle, hollowed it out, and threaded long strips of braided cloth through it until it resembled something slave drivers walking along planks of wooden ships in old movies would wear on their hips. A flogger, was the term his mind provided, though he had no idea where he’d come across such information.

They all spoke of pain, different kinds of pain, and Rush bit his lip in what he recognized as yearning. Oh, how he wanted to experience the fruits of all that labor, to see that potential realized, to feel it in his skin. Now that he was finally looking at them, all laid out like this, it was almost like they were looking back, waiting, longing to be wielded. Rush itched with a similar longing. But, that wasn’t his decision. He had about as much choice in the matter as those inanimate scraps of wood on the table.

He turned his attention back to Young. Young’s face betrayed nothing as he looked over Rush’s creations, and Rush could only sit there helplessly, as he waited to see what he would do.

At last, Young finished whatever assessment he’d been making and leaned back, turning his gaze onto Rush. Rush held his breath.

“Get up.”

Just two words, not very revealing ones, but the tone of Young’s voice, the glint in his eyes, the charge in the air…and Rush knew. He knew.

He sprang to his feet.

Young regarded him calmly, but there but there was a pulsing fire underneath.

“Take off your clothes and get on the bed.”

Rush stripped silently. He folded his clothes neatly, trying not to tremble too much. Meanwhile, Young stood and collected the objects on the table, moving to lay them just as carefully down the right side of the mattress.

“Hands and knees,” Young informed him as he moved to get on the bed. “Right here.” Young positioned him widthwise at the foot of the bed facing the left side. To his right, Rush could see the
implements of his coming torture in a neat row. He turned his face away and focused on breathing.

He was already painfully hard. He thought he’d grown used to his own nakedness but he was suddenly acutely aware of it again. The air was touching him in too many places; his bare offered arse and back should not coincide with his painfully stiffening nipples and exposed cock like this. A prone position could at least have the decency of being somewhat hidden, pressed ruthlessly against some unforgiving surface.

He realized he hadn’t been paying attention when he felt something tickle the soles of his upturned feet and nearly jumped out of his skin. He looked over his shoulder.

Young had chosen the flogger. Interesting, Rush thought, though he was mostly distracted by the skittering trail Young was painting as he dragged the long tendrils along the backs of Rush’s legs. Rush quivered as they made their way higher, brushing over the curve of his arse, some falling loosely over his bollocks or between his cheeks. They trailed up his spine till they reached his shoulders.

“Don’t stop yourself from coming tonight, Rush.”

Rush shuddered, feeling that final palpable surrender to Young’s control as though it were a physical tether.

And then the flogger came down on his shoulders.

The best way he could think to describe it, was that it burned. He gasped with every stroke, open mouthed and panting as the skin across his upper back grew hotter and rougher, and desperately, pitifully sensitive. He could feel his shoulders arch, a pinched crease forming in the valley between his shoulder blades. A sharp strike along the side of the bone startled a mewl from between his lips that had far more to do with the hardness between his legs than the biting pain.

He hanged his head and endured. He took what he was given, every blow a gift and a torment all at once. As the flogger scalded his skin, sometimes down the length of his back, but mostly in that same tortured space across his shoulders, there was a feeling of rightness, a kind of formality that was not entirely comfortable but nonetheless pitilessly appropriate. There was a distance between them now, between Rush and Young, in a way there wasn’t when Young beat him with his hand. Even their own belts felt more intimate than this…this…discipline.
'I am your Punisher’, each blow seemed to say. Like this was another of Young’s duties. ‘As Commanding Officer, it’s my job to…’

Rush groaned, hands clenching into fists against the bed—humiliated, aroused, mortified, relieved, ashamed and uneasy, grateful and satisfied, no no, yes yes, please stop, please don’t, don’t stop. It felt wrong and right and everything in between.

There were darker thoughts drifting on the edge of his consciousness, like distant music he knew he’d recognize but couldn’t quite hear clearly enough to place. Only snippets and flashes darted across his mind, gone before he could grab hold of them. He was perched on the edge of a cliff, terrified not that he might fall, but that perhaps he’d fallen already without realizing it.

The beating stopped. Rush gasped for breath, a roaring silence in his ears. He didn’t dare lift his head, didn’t dare look at Young.

But he felt the cane when it was laid across his shoulders. His sensitized skin flinched at the lightest touch, his body trembling from fingers to toes. The cane slid down, along his back, over the curve of his rump, down the backs of his thighs to knees, and then down his shins before slowly making its way back up. Every nerve the sleek wood slid across felt roused, buzzed awake and alert. It settled just under the cheeks of his arse, where his thighs met his rump. A moment passed, and then, unbidden, Rush arched his back, making a clearer target of the backs of his thighs.

Something wet dripped from his face to the bed.

Breathe, he thought to himself. Just breathe.

There was a whistling sound, a snapping crack, and then he screamed. He didn’t even fully process the pain until moments later, a deep, biting, bruising ache that seemed to throb under his skin. He groaned, then whimpered, then groaned again as he felt the cane return to press against the muscles of his thighs about an inch below where he’d just been struck.

He could look down the front of his body and see his own cock from this angle, he realized. It looked rather pathetic, Rush thought, stiff and aimless as it leaked from the tip onto the bed sheets.

He watched it jump as the cane whistled through the air again, smearing his belly with pre-cum. He bit his lip to hold back a screech when the blow hit. His building orgasm felt like a fist in his lower abdomen, pushing painfully under the root of his cock.
A third stripe was lined up. Young was making his way down Rush’s thighs, one agonizing inch at a time, and Rush wasn’t entirely sure he’d survive it. He was so close, he thought he might die if he didn’t manage to come soon. Then again, the force of the orgasm that was threatening to rip through him felt like it might be enough to kill him, so he was pretty much fucked either way.

And that was the last thing he remembered thinking because the next blow effectively slammed any remaining conscious right thought out of him except for the occasional yes and thank god. Any worries or concerns or even notions were swept up and away like dry leaves caught in an autumn breeze, leaving behind only the clean, clear bliss of now.

By the time the fifth and final stroke was laid just above his knees, Rush no longer cared if he came or not. Flooded with euphoria, any ideas of what might be seemed unimportant. Gone too were any thoughts that he was being punished, or deserved to be. It was a challenge to have any clear thoughts at all. He could only feel.

The touch of the thin, whip-like switch began as little more than a tickle to the back of his neck, then slithered down his spine, licked between his cheeks, brushed over his scrotum before dancing teasingly over his aching thighs. By the time it had finished caressing the backs of Rush’s shins and gone on to trace lines over the soles of his feet, he was nothing but a quivering mess. He shifted, a hot itch rippling under his skin, fingers and toes curling and uncurling in desperate arousal.

The switch’s movements stilled, resting against the soft flesh of his inner arches. Young didn’t say a word. In silence, Rush let out a soft breath, and unclenched his feet, laying them flat and upturned on the bed.

The switch lifted. Rush’s lower lip trembled.

A stinging, burning cut landed across the middle of his left foot and his whole leg jerked away, pulling clear off the bed as he screeched at the blistering pain. For a long moment he just gasped. Then, shaking, he lowered he leg, sliding his left foot back beside the right. His toes fanned out against the covers, his feet open and exposed. He waited for the next blow.

It came, on the other foot this time. His back arched up and he cried out, a sharp, ringing ahh!, but otherwise he kept perfectly still. Left. Right. Left. Right. Snap. Snap. Snap. At each strike, there was a cry, a series of changing pitches that spun together with the snap snap snap of the switch in a kind of strange symphony.
Rush wondered what it said about him that he found the sound of it rather lovely.

I’m being played, he realized, flushing hotly. He was so close to coming with that realization, and yet he knew that he wouldn’t—not for a long time anyway, because…well. He wasn’t quite sure why.

It hardly mattered in any case.

The whipping of his feet ended, and the following silence gave him time to savor the rich ache it left behind, his eyes freshly tearing and his lower belly clenching in arousal at the sensation.

And then the hard, flat wood of the paddle was pressing under his chin, gently tilting his head up for the first time since it had fallen to hang between his arms. Slowly, under Young’s firm insistence, Rush was made to lift his eyes to Young’s. Rush thought he might have found it difficult to meet Young’s gaze, given the circumstances, but somehow he didn’t. It was easy. Remarkably easy.

Young’s eyes seemed to draw him in like a whirlpool, leaving him heady. Yet at the same time, he felt oddly grounded. On one level, he felt like the bright glint of Young’s eyes in the dim light was all he could see. On another, he was aware of much more—the deep blackness of Young’s uniform punctuating his own barren nakedness, Young’s hand firmly gripping the paddle that held his head up by the chin, the curl of Young’s hair against the sweat of Young’s skin…

Young hadn’t touched him, Rush realized then, not once since he’d walked in the door, not with his hand, not with his skin, and Rush suddenly desperately wanted him to, wanted to feel Young, wanted Young to feel him—

He didn’t ask. He wasn’t even tempted to. And as much as he wanted, Rush knew he wouldn’t ask for anything tonight. He was there to be done to. Played.

What he wanted wasn’t important.

Young’s dark eyes held him like a hand around his throat, impenetrable as the deepest depths of the ocean.

“Do you remember,” Young’s voice rumbled. “What I said. What I said I’d do to you.”
Rush inhaled. He could almost feel his pupils expanding.

“Yes,” he answered, the sound foreign to his ears, coming from so deep below his chest.

“Tell me,” Young prompted softly.

Rush’s eyelids fluttered.

“You said,” he whispered, lips trembling as he fought to remember—remember exactly. “You said you would...**beat** my arse...so long...so **hard**, that...that I wouldn’t even...**wouldn’t be able to** even...think...about sitting...for a week. For **at least** a week. And then you’d fuck me—**fuck** my arse. My...bright red arse, till I’m...raw. Inside and...out. You’ll do it again and again, over and over...if you want, if you feel like it, b—” His breath hitched in his throat.

“...**Because you can.***”

“...Nice to know you’re paying attention,” Young said thickly after a moment. Rush felt the right corner of his mouth twitch.

Young adjusted his grip on the paddle, lowering it from under Rush’s chin. A pause, and he raised it again, holding it so the flat side faced Rush, a few inches from Rush’s nose. Rush eye line flickered from the paddle to Young questioningly.

“Go on,” Young said dryly. Another pause weighted the air as Young looked at him pointedly. Then, slowly—his eyes locked on Young—Rush stretched his neck forward and pressed his lips to the cool wood.

Young smirked.

The shadow of the paddle’s unyielding touch stayed on his lips even as Young rested it menacingly against his bared, vulnerable backside. All he could hear was his own heartbeat, loud and thunderous in his ears. Then the paddle swung back and even that went quiet.

There was a thumping **crack** as the paddle made contact, strangely muffled, though that could be due
to the strange cottony sensation currently clogging Rush’s head. The breath he’d been holding was knocked out of him and then the pain hit, reverberating across his skin in a stinging wave that left him audibly gasping. The paddle stayed pressed into the flesh it had just struck, then rubbed over it in circular motions that both soothed and agitated.

It hit again. Rush squawked, jolting at the impact. Then, it hit again. And again. Young was taking it slow, giving him time to absorb each blow fully, which only heightened the growing sensations assaulting him.

It wasn’t like when Young spanked him with his hand, or even his belt. There was no give, no suppleness, not even the hint of pliability.

Well, what did you expect, he chided himself, it’s a solid plank of wood whacking you.

He smothered a wail as the next one hit, biting his lip and whimpering at the one after that.

Then, a blow landed that sent him reeling, legs jerking up behind him, and there was nothing he could do to hold back the wretched squeal that shot from his throat.

Warm up’s over, Rush realized with a start. Time to get started.

CRACK!

Rush’s hips snapped forward, buttocks clenching. He shrieked like a banshee. His weight shifted frenetically from his hands to his knees and back again. Some nameless, mindless need itched maddeningly under his skin. Young held the paddle to his aching buttocks, his agitated movements rubbing the tortured skin against the firm wood. Young simply waited till he calmed enough for him to strike him again.

Which he did.

Possibly even harder than before.

Rush howled.
One after another, the blows kept coming. They weren’t evenly paced. Sometimes the pauses between them were quite long, but they were always inevitable. And relentless.

Hot. That was the only thing Rush could think. Everything was hot. He kept shaking his head as though to clear it, his hair flying across his face. His pelvis swiveled wildly between each blow, sliding from side to side, thrusting his throbbing erection futilely in the air, always returning to angle his tortured backside up to receive another merciless smack, and then scream, and quiver, and do it all over again.

Occasionally, a word or two would float indistinctly through his mind, muffled and distant. Words like hard and red and raw echoed like a foghorn in a crashing storm.

CRACK!

He finally dropped down to his elbows and sobbed, covering his head with his hands and burying his face into the bedding.

“Rush.” Young’s voice was low and even.

Rush just bawled louder.

“Do you want to stop?” Young asked softly.

Rush frantically shook his head back and forth, suddenly angry, so angry, angry Young would even ask.

“Then get back up.”

Rush let out a deep, guttural groan.

“Come on, Rush. On your hands. Head up.”
Rush sniffed, and wiped his face on his wrist. Slowly, he pushed himself up.

“That’s it,” Young coaxed. “Keep your chin up. Eyes up and out.” Face tear stained, Rush looked out into the room, and saw nothing. “Hold this position,” Young’s voice softly spoke to him. “Or I’ll stop.”

That made things simple. Young made things simple.

“Yes, sir,” Rush whispered hoarsely, tongue thick in his mouth.

There was a deep pause. Destiny herself seemed to hold her breath.

Then…

CRACK!

At each blow, Rush’s eyelids fluttered and he let out breathless cries, but he held his position.

“Ahh…ahh…OH! …Ohhhh”

Rush held himself still, unmoving but not stiff. He felt…suspended. He breathed deeply, and the thick air filled him, surrounded him, pressed in on his aching body and held him up. Even his flinches seemed to lessen as his body came to accept what was being done to it.

It went on.

And on.

And on.

Rush endured, feeling the security of achieving perfect balance, but knowing a hair’s movement in
any direction would send him tumbling.

Then it stopped. Rush didn’t realize it had, at first. The final strike came unannounced, but the moments stretched on until he recognized it belatedly for what it was.

Rush blinked slowly, beginning to come back to himself. Young was standing before him, seemingly appearing suddenly though Rush knew he must simply have only noticed him now. The same way he was only now noticing the tendrils of hair sticking to the back of his neck, or the hot flush in his cheeks, or the tip of his cock smearing pre-cum against his lower belly.

Young regarded him inscrutably. “Here,” he said after a minute, and lifted the paddle to beside Rush’s left cheek. “Feel.”

Unsure, Rush hesitantly pressed his skin against the flat polished wood.

And gasped.

It was warm.

And Rush knew it could only be because…

He glanced up at Young, whose expression was veering on amused now as he watched Rush nuzzle the paddle pleasantly warmed by smacking his arse. Rush responded by making a bigger show of it, turning to place open-mouthed kisses and running his tongue over the unfeeling wood.

Rush thought Young would put a stop to it quickly, but he let Rush embarrass himself for a just a tad longer than was comfortable. Rush strangely didn’t mind, and they both bore matching half-smiles when Young pulled the paddle away.

Young replaced the paddle on the bed, stepping out of Rush’s field of vision. Rush was beginning to feel fidgety again, the tranquil ecstasy beginning to fade leaving the agitation of aching sensation and arousal.

Two slick fingers sliding between his arse-cheeks was nearly enough to send him over the edge, he
“You haven’t come yet?” Young asked, gallingly casual, as he pumped the fingers in and out of Rush’s hole.

Rush let out a frustrated groan under his breath. “No,” he said quietly, voice strained.

“I’m impressed,” Young murmured, adding a third finger.

Rush moaned, biting his lower lip. Young’s fingers were more business-like than anything else. It was hardly a proper finger fucking. But it was the first time Young had touched him tonight, skin to skin, flesh to flesh, and Rush found himself relishing it, greedily slurping up this one point of contact.

“You’re not stopping yourself from coming, are you?” Young admonished airily.

Rush scoffed. “God, no. I just…I can’t quite…” He trailed off in a frustrated grunt.

“Sorry to hear that,” Young replied, though he didn’t sound sorry at all. In fact, Rush was sure Young wasn’t sorry at all. Young was enjoying Rush’s predicament.

Rush shivered. Rush should be irritated, he knew. At another time, he would throw back a mocking sarcastic comment. But instead he found himself, strangely, enjoying Young’s enjoyment of his suffering. It was…a confusing position to say the least.

Then, the fingers stretching him were gone. Prepare to be fucked, Rush thought to himself, and his cock shuddered in anticipation.

He was hardly prepared for what came next, however, and could only let out a startled yelp when Young gripped his bruised thighs and wrenched them wider. Young knelt between his spread legs, his still clothed knees holding open Rush’s naked ones. He ran firm hands gluttonously over Rush’s unsheltered flesh, ruthlessly claiming ownership over every ache and bruise he’d left before. He rubbed into the soles of Rush’s tender feet with his thumbs, squeezed the ravaged globes of his backside, slid rough, callused hands up his back to his flogged shoulders, and Rush soaked up every aching moment of it.
Yes, touch me. Touch me, touch m—

Young combed a hand through Rush’s hair and wrapped his other arm over Rush’s chest, plastering his front to Rush’s back. Young hadn’t undressed at all, Rush realized, feeling the stiff, thick fabric of Young’s uniform against his stinging flesh. Young enveloped him, touching him everywhere, leg to leg, chest to back, one hand in the tangles of his hair, the other palm placed against the planes of Rush’s chest. Young, shielded in the armor of his uniform, and Rush, powerlessly naked, as he felt Young’s hot breath against his neck and behind his ear.

Perfect. The word floated up through his mind. It was all…perfect.

Young’s right hand slid down the length of Rush’s torso, around his hip and over his smarting rump, then back between where his groin pressed against Rush’s backside. Soft sounds and gentle brushes to his rear end told Rush that Young was undoing his belt, unzipping his fly, taking out the stiffened flesh trapped inside…

Rush let out a shuddered gasp at the first touch against his hole, so slick, so ready for the thick rod poised to invade it.

Rush closed his eyes and breathed in deep through his nose, taking in Young’s scent, his sweat, his arousal, his everything. Young was surrounding him, everywhere touching him, closing in all around him.

And soon he’d be inside him too.

Perfect.

Young slid in like he belonged there, buried deep in Rush’s heat. He groaned into Rush’s ear and Rush groaned back. He took his hand from Rush’s hair and wrapped his arm snugly across Rush’s chest, giving Rush’s earlobe a light bite as his right hand took hold of Rush’s hip. His thrusts were shallow, undulating, clearly loath to pull too far out, to break any point of contact. The only sounds were their own wet, desperate pants and grunts.

It was hard for Rush to think, he felt hazy and dizzy, but a vague impulse rose up that he might want to say something, to tell Young…something, but he couldn’t quite think of what it might be and he didn’t want to ruin this with useless blabber.
When Young’s hand moved from Rush’s hip to his cock, Rush let out a frantic cry, his head tilting back against Young’s shoulder.

“You’ve been on edge for ages now,” Young whispered roughly in his ear, fistng Rush’s cock in firm, brutal jerks. Rush whimpered. “Still can’t manage it?”

Rush shut his eyes tight and tried to focus, to find a thought, an image, *anything*, to push him over the edge. But he couldn’t think, and all he could do was listen to Young’s breaths and voice in his ear. He shook his head back and forth, letting out a desperate whine.


And he did. His orgasm tore out of him like a bullet from a gun, exploded like heavy artillery. Or, it would have, if Young hadn’t taken that moment to clamp down on the base of Rush’s cock with his fist.

Rush’s body bucked uncontrollably, writhing futilely as Young held him with the strength of a python, Rush’s vision blurring brightly as he screamed and screamed and screamed.

The next thing he knew he was slumped, boneless, his face pressed against the mattress as drool leaked out of the side of his mouth. He was still hard, again caught in a state of frustrated arousal. Young was still inside him, lying on top of him, his arm holding him tightly across the chest. Though, Rush began to realize as Young’s cock began to soften within him, *Young* had come. Rush blinked, staring blankly, as Young slowly detached himself, leaving Rush in an undignified heap.

The sheer cruelty of it, Rush thought to himself, was astonishing. It bordered on artistry. Young had told him to come, only to stop him, using Rush to get himself off, while denying Rush in the most malicious way possible.

And Rush…Rush found he wasn’t angry, or annoyed, or even *frustrated* exactly. He was glad. *Glad.* It had been cruel, but it hadn’t felt *wrong*. It had felt right. No. Not just right.

Intoxicating. Yes, that was exactly the word, because Rush felt decidedly drunk—sloppy, and buzzing, and bordering on giddy.
He could hear Young re-fixing his clothing behind him. Rush was aware he should be saying something acerbic right about now, but he couldn’t quite come up with anything. Young climbed off the bed and came to stand beside it, looking down at Rush who was still limply lying with his face in the mattress and his arse in the air. Rush didn’t think he could move just now. Now of his muscles seemed to be working properly.

“Roll over.”

And with that one command Rush found that maybe he could move after all. It wasn’t the most graceful of maneuverings, but he managed to push himself onto his back, his feet some width apart, knees bent and pointed upward. He hissed as his stinging shoulders and throbbing backside hit the bed, and then just focused on breathing.

Young sat down beside him on the edge of the mattress. For long moments, he just looked at Rush. A hand reached out and deftly brushed strands of Rush’s hair from his face. Rush felt a drop of cum drip from his hole and down between the cleft of his arse.

He heard a soft sigh, and then Young scooted a bit closer. Young’s right hand reached across Rush’s body, resting at his waist. The thumb started making soft circles over the side of Rush’s ribs. Then, Young bent over and took Rush’s right nipple into his mouth. Rush started and gasped as the nub was enveloped in hot wetness. Young sucked gently, tongue laving the pert nipple, then pulled away and blew across the damp skin sending shivers through Rush’s frame. He took the nub back into his mouth, his right hand moving to Rush’s other nipple. While his mouth was gentle, his hand was not. He pinched and twisted Rush’s left nipple viciously, and Rush could only moan, hips shifting helplessly at he onslaught of sensations.

Then, Young’s hand turned gentle, teasing Rush’s pert nub with the lightest of touches while he punished his other nipple with sharp bites and long, hard sucks.

When he pulled away, both Rush’s nipples were red and aching. It seemed appropriate, as they now matched his cock, lying stiff and bloated against his stomach.

Next, Young made long scratches down Rush’s torso, then ran a fingernail down the underside of his cock, then back up again. He gripped the engorged flesh, pressing painfully into the tip with his thumb.
Rush lay passively, receiving all of Young’s torments. He felt heady, euphoric, and each sensation was at once exaggerated and muted. There was nothing cluttering his mind; he experienced only the moment he was in. He felt wiped clean, stripped. Purified.

Young’s hand slipped lower, trailing through the cum that stained the inside of his cheeks. He wasted no time, plunging three fingers into Rush’s cum-soaked hole. Then, his other hand slipped three fingers between Rush’s panting lips. Rush moaned around the invasion as Young’s hands fucked both his holes, the thumb of his right hand rubbing over the sweet spot at Rush’s perineum.

“You know,” Young began, pulling at Rush’s head by his mouth till they could see eye to eye. “You did a real nice job.” Young’s voice was low and dark, but still remained intimidatingly conversational. “With those.” Young gestured with his eyes, then moved Rush’s head to look to the left over his shoulder. There, in the neat row he’d left him in, were the tools that Rush had made. Had sculpted, and brought here, and that Young had used to bring Rush such excruciating bliss. Rush shuddered, face heating in memory.

Young chuckled. “Yeah. A real nice job. And we are gonna have all…sorts…of fun.” Rush whimpered, arse clenching around Young’s fingers as his hips undulated. “But,” Young went on. “You wanna know something?” Here he pulled Rush’s face back toward him, leaning in till their noses were inches apart. His mouth ludicrously stuffed with Young’s fingers, Rush felt his eyes were impossibly wide and open as Young’s gaze penetrated them. “As far as toys go,” he smirked, dragging his fingers from Rush’s mouth and rubbing the spittle over his lips. “You’re still my favorite.”

And with that, Young bore down with his right hand, digging into Rush’s prostate, from the outside with his thumb and from the inside with his fingers. Rush arched off the bed as his cock erupted, spattering cum all the way to his neck, sparks detonating behind his eyes, before slamming back down to the bed with a cry.

Then, everything went dark.

Rush blinked mutely. He was lying on his stomach, his head resting on a pillow, with absolutely no memory of how he’d come to be in that position. There was something cool touching his foot.

He looked over his shoulder. Young was kneeling near his feet, now dressed only in his underclothes, rubbing salve into Rush’s soles. Rush realized that most of the rest of him was already coated in the stuff.
“Hey, you’re awake,” Young said softly, noticing him. He finished with Rush’s left foot, and then moved up the bed. “You were pretty out for a while there. I was starting to get worried.” He chuckled at that last bit, but only a little. “You thirsty?” he asked.

Rush realized he was, actually, and nodded. Young brought him a canteen, placing it to his lips, and Rush lifted his hand to steady it, tilting his head back to take a long drink. When he was finished, he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, panting lightly.

Young was watching him. “How are you feeling?”

Rush’s eyebrows rose as he gazed around helplessly. “Fine,” he said quietly, after a moment, not sure what else to say.

Young was silent a moment. “You’re sure?”

“Yeah,” Rush said, barely more than a breath, rolling his shoulders as he ran a hand through his hair.

Young was silent again. “Okay. I just wanted to be sure. That you’re okay.”

“I am,” Rush sighed. His eyelids were starting to droop again. He laid his head back on the pillow.

Rush had almost drifted off when Young started talking again.

“I know I took things kind of far tonight,” Young said, speaking quickly and half under his breath. “And if you—”

“For fuck’s sake, stop fretting,” Rush interrupted, not bothering to open his eyes. I’m fine.” Blindly, he reached out a hand in Young’s general direction, landing on his chest. “Don’t worry,” he said with a pat to what felt like Young’s right pec. He smirked. “You take very good care of your toys.”

He dropped his hand and sighed, snuggling down further into his pillow. After a moment, he felt Young pull the blankets up over both of them.
And then he couldn't remember anything else.

Chapter End Notes

So. Hey. Been a while, huh? I've gone back and forth about how much to say, if anything, but...here goes. Suffice to say, I've had kind of a rough year...couple of years, mentally and physically. I was working really hard to push through them and then I kind of burned out for a while. I'm not looking for sympathy, I just wanted to give some kind of explanation for my absence. The main thing I wanted to say though, was how much I really appreciate all of you. I mean, it seems kind of silly, it's just people reading my silly little fic in a silly little fandom, but I can't over-emphasize how much it meant to me.

Like, just to illustrate, I was reading Fragged's A Thousand Ways to Be, and started reading through some of the comments left there (cause I suck at leaving comments, and sometimes I read through the comments of fics I like to try and get inspired or to feel better that at least SOMEONE has managed to say what I wanted to), and I came across a comment by Yoyi that mentioned THIS fic, and then Fragged responded, and it was just a few sentences but...I actually started crying. Like, actually. Just hearing that someone was out there thinking about a story I had written, caring about a story I had written...it means the world to me. So, thank you. All of you. So much.

I'm making an effort to write every day now, but I'm not going to be pressure myself to write one particular thing or the other, so, I don't know if it'll be this fic or another or something else entirely. This story is one that's always in the back of my mind though, so I imagine I'll keep coming back to it for a while, I just can't make any promises about when the chapter will be or when it will be finished. But, I also really want to make an effort to respond to comments more. I generally don't do that much, partially because I'm not sure much more I can say that hasn't been said in the fic itself. In fact, I'm usually worried I'll end up ruining it if I talk to much about it. But your readership has meant so much to me, especially in a kind of difficult time, and I want to be better about showing that.

All the thanks to Potboy for once again editing this chapter (and getting it back SUPER fast after I sent it), and to all of you. It might not be a big or important thing, but I'm starting to think it's the little things that matter most.

One more time: thank you.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

The wrong side of the bed.

Chapter Notes

Okay, there are some extra warnings for this one; if you want to go in blind, you can skip ahead now.

I'm putting a strong dub-con warning here, since things get a little...ehhhherehhhh. Also, there's some body horror imagery, although nothing technically /happens/, is might be disturbing if you're someone who's sensitive to that kind of thing. This is a darkish one, guys :-(

Young knelt at the altar, fingers rubbing over the beads of his rosary. His lips mumbled the words of prayers he’d known since he was a child and his grandmother had taken him to church with her. He wore the black robes and collar of a priest, the same he’d worn every day since taking his vows. (Except, he hadn’t had he? And his mom had never let Gran take him to church…)

He stumbled over the words. He couldn’t concentrate. There was a noise, noises, coming from behind him, distracting. He squeezed his eyes shut and redoubled his efforts. Finally, he gave up, huffing under his breath as he stood and turned.

There was a man sitting in the front row of pews, the only other soul in an empty church. He wore casual clothes, jeans and a button-down shirt. His fly was hanging open, and his cock was hidden only by his fist making frantic motions over the stiff flesh.

Young growled softly, indignant.

“Am I disturbin’ you, Father?” the man asked, voice lilting but breathless. He regarded Young from hooded eyes, head tilted back in pleasure.

Crossing to the man in far fewer steps than the distance required, Young wrenched him to his feet by his lapels.

“How dare you,” he snarled in the man’s face.

The man just smirked.

Young grabbed the man’s hands, holding them together at the wrist. Swiftly, he wrapped his rosary around them, twisting it into a knot and binding them together, trapped in a parody of prayerful piety. With a firm yank, he dragged the man to the altar, forcing him to his knees.

“Are you going to punish me for my sins, Father?” The man asked, seemingly unperturbed.
Young glared down at him.

The man just smirked wider, and bowed forward, resting his forearms on the steps of the altar. From a distance, it might almost pass as an act of penitent devotion. Then he slid his knees wider and arched his back.

“Go on, Father,” he urged. “You know what they say about…sparin’ the rod.” The look he gave Young was temptation itself.

Young suddenly realized his own member had hardened under his robes.

Without a thought, his hand was pulling down on the back of this man’s jeans, tugging frantically at his own clothes. In mere moments, Young took the stranger by the hip and slammed inside.

“Ah!” The man cried out, voice echoing, his head thrown back in ecstasy. “Yes!” He arched into Young’s thrusts, groaning. “Mea culpa,” he moaned obscenely. “Mea culpa…mea…culpa…”

Suddenly, Young heard a noise. Someone was outside, about to come in. In a flash, he sprang up and pulled the man by the elbow, his heart thumping in his chest. Desperate, he looked around, lunged, and threw them both into the confessional. The door of the booth slammed shut with a smack.

Rush and Young looked at each other.

“What are we doing in here?” Rush whispered.

“Shh,” Young cautioned. He peeked out the slats of the closet. “They’ll hear you.”

“Why are we hiding in a hall closet?” Rush pressed, voice soft but impatient.

“Shhhh!”

He was in his parents’ house, the one he’d grown up in. He was dressed in faded jeans and an old t-shirt. He could hear the bustle outside the door. His parents were hosting a family reunion, like they did every year. Young hated them, hated having to mingle with the parade of relatives all trying to cram the full weight of familial relationships into one day a year. He usually spent most of the time trying to find secluded spots to hide.

Not usually in hall closets though. He had hidden in this closet once, with Lauren Kendall when they were fifteen, but that had been for…other reasons.

“Well?” Rush was looking at him expectantly, eyebrow arched.

Young put a hand behind Rush’s neck, and kissed him.

He pulled away, and Rush was blinking in surprise, mouth hanging open.

Young kissed him again.

This time, Rush responded, parting his lips and flicking his tongue against Young’s. He wrapped his arms around Young’s waist, hands clutching the back of his shirt, pulling him closer. Young lost his footing, stumbling forward and slammed Rush into the rack of cleaning supplies behind him. There was a dull clatter, and they both froze. The bustle outside had dimmed. Holding their breath, they waited. A few moments later, the noises resumed, and both sighed.

“Whoops,” Young murmured, chuckling.
“Shh,” Rush admonished mockingly, two fingers pressed over Young’s lips. “They’ll hear you.” He leaned in, ready for another kiss.

The door blew open, rocking wildly on its hinges. They sprang apart, startled, both raising their arms to shield their eyes from the blinding light streaming in from outside. Cautiously, Young stepped forward, out into…

The hot sun blazed down. The sand, white and gleaming, seemed to stretch on forever.

“Ugh, I hate the beach.”

Young turned. Rush stood just behind him wearing swim shorts, a white t-shirt, and flip-flops. He had a beach umbrella slung over one shoulder and towels held under his arm.

“You always think it’s going to be fun, but you end up exhausted and covered in sand,” Rush went on with a grimace. “How did I let you talk me into this?” he snorted, shaking his head, and adjusted his grip on the towels. “We’re going to be digging sand out of crevices for weeks, you know that, right?”

Young turned his head back, looking out over the landscape.

“Where’s the water?” Young asked, feeling hazy.

“Just over there,” Rush said, gesturing toward a hill of sand some ways off.

They started walking. The sand shifted under their feet, making their progress slow and tiresome. When they finally started making their way up the hill, a wind picked up, blowing sand in their faces. They slogged on, and managed to make it up one side and down the other side.

The wind died down as they reached even ground. It also felt firmer, more solid beneath their feet. Young blinked and lowered the arm he’d been using to shield his face from the wind and sand.

“This isn’t right,” he murmured.

Red dirt and rocks surrounded them. In the distance, Young could see a structure, something metallic glinting in the setting sun.

“No,” he whispered, shaking his head. “This isn’t right. We must have gone the wrong way.” Young took a step back, turning back toward Rush. “We need to go back, we need t—”

A rock smashed into the side of his skull. He went down, and Rush was on him in seconds, choking him with clawing fingers. He looked feral, snarling, his eyes dark and blazing. Young pulled frantically at the hands around his throat, then when that failed, thrashed his arms out wildly, trying to push Rush away, swiping blindly at his face and chest. Finally, he got a grip on Rush’s hair. He tried to yank Rush back, to pull him off and to the side, but he wouldn’t budge. Young felt crushed, like Rush was made of granite sitting on his chest. Grey clouds started to crowd his vision.

Unable to pull Rush off of him, in desperation, Young pulled down instead. He smashed their lips together hard enough to make their teeth clatter. Rush jumped, startled, and tried to pull away. Young held firm, and finally Rush released his grip on Young’s throat, clawing instead at Young’s face as he tried to dislodge their lips. He failed, seemingly as helpless to break away from Young as Young had been to throw Rush off moments before. He pounded on Young’s chest, and dug deep gashes into his face and neck with his fingernails, but to no avail.

When Rush opened his mouth to scream, Young could hear it echoing in his own skull.
Young started awake. Rush lay next to him, and Young looked around, blinking, as his chest heaved.

“Wake up,” he said gruffly, standing stiffly. He brushed the dirt and leaves from his fatigues. How long had they been asleep?

The forest around them was dense; he could barely make out the trail they’d made coming here. He checked his weapon, his equipment. His thick army fatigues and combat boots would provide some protection from the foliage, but it would still be rough going.

They needed to get back to the Gate.

“Get up,” he growled harshly, and yanked on the rope tied to his belt. Rush stumbled to his feet.

Rush was not so well protected. He stood completely naked, with nothing but the other end of the rope binding his wrists together in front of him. His body already bore scratches from walking through the thick brambles and brush. His feet were bloody.

They started walking. Young held a long walking stick and used it to part the vines and branches in their way. Rush followed unevenly behind, making his way as best he could.

They came to a sheer cliff face, grey rock rising up before him. Before them was the tunnel they’d come through.

Wait. There were two tunnels.

Young furrowed his brow. Had there been two tunnels before? There must have been. He couldn’t remember.

Which tunnel had they come through?

Which tunnel led back to the Gate?

He turned.

“Rush, which way?” he asked brusquely. Rush stayed silent. “Rush, which way do we go?” He knew Rush knew the way, he knew it. “Rush,” he said again, losing patience. “Which is the way back? Tell me!”

Rush didn’t say a word.

Young snarled. What was wrong with him? Did he want to be left behind?

He slammed Rush’s back into the side of the cliff. “Tell me! Tell me the way to go! Why won’t you tell me the way to go!” he shouted into the man’s face.

When Rush remained stubbornly silent, Young yanked him forward. Nearby there was a fallen tree, and Young forced Rush over it. He undid the rope from his belt and tied it to a tree root.

“Tell me, Rush. Now,” he said threateningly, standing over Rush’s prone, trembling form.

Nothing.

He raised the walking stick in his hand and brought it down hard on Rush’s back. Rush jerked, but
didn’t make a sound.

“Tell me.” He brought the stick down again. “Tell me!”

Over and over, again and again. Rush’s back turned pink, and then red, then purple, and then a deep blue-ish black. The skin broke, leaving deep oozing gashes of deep crimson.

Rush never made more than a whimper.

Frustrated, Young stomped over to were Rush lay. “What is wrong with you?” He demanded as he crouched down and grabbed Rush by the hair. “Why won’t you just t—”

He stopped short. He looked at Rush’s face. Tears streamed down his cheeks, but that wasn’t Young was staring at. It was his mouth.

His lips were sewn shut.

Why hadn’t he noticed that before?

Young stared at him with wide, watery eyes. Mute.

Young’s head began to shake back and forth. He let go of Rush’s hair. He looked down at the stick in his hand. There was blood on it.

He dropped the walking stick and backed away. Rush’s image grew smaller and smaller as he moved away.

He turned and ran. He could still see Rush lying there, no matter what way he turned, growing smaller and smaller but never disappearing.

He fell to his knees, gasping. His hands shook.

A tiny pebble flew out of somewhere and hit him lightly in the cheek. He glanced around frantically. He couldn’t see anything. A little later, another pebble came out and hit the tip of his ear, a bit harder this time. He stood up, frustrated. Where the hell were the coming fro—

Wait.

Wait.

He wasn’t in a forest.

He was dreaming.

Slowly, he began to rise toward consciousness. The dream faded to a foggy memory, and then disappeared completely.

He was lying in his bed.

There was still something hitting lightly against cheek.

He opened his eyes.

“Ah, you’re awake,” Rush said, a small smile on his lips. He lowered his hand, his thumb and middle finger held in a circle from where they’d been about flick Young in the ear. Again.
“Yeah, I’m awake.” Young scowled.

Rush just grinned wider. Bastard.

“Did you want something,” Young said crankily, glaring.

“Mmm,” Rush hummed, resting his chin on Young’s shoulder. He whispered in Young’s ear. “I want to suck you.”

“And you needed to wake me up for that,” Young said flatly, unimpressed.

“Well,” Rush said thoughtfully. “I wasn’t sure I had permission. Are you saying I have… permission?” He smirked. “To suck you while you’re sleeping?”

Young looked stonily into Rush’s pleased face. “No.”


Young snorted. “Toy. Right.” He shook his head, amazed at how ill suited that term seemed in the ‘light’ of morning. Speaking of light… “You’re not a toy,” Young retorted, reaching a hand to wave on the lantern shaped lamp by the bed. “You’re a…”

Young suddenly flashed back to an image of his sister’s cat. She’d brought the stray home, promising to take care of it, but Young, being some years older, had ended up doing most of the work. He could still vividly recall the fluffy brown and white calico sitting on his chest and pawing at his face when she’d wanted a meal, or to be let outside. “…house cat. Jesus, didn’t you get enough last night?”

“I mean,” Rush said leadingly, rolling his eyes to the side, his finger making circles over Young’s chest. “You did only fuck me once.”

Young dropped his arm to the bed with a thud. “Onl—” He let out with a huff of exasperation. “Unbelievable.”

“Oh, come now,” Rush admonished. “You know I’ll make it good for you.” Rush’s hand started trailing teasingly down the front of Young’s body.

Young snatched Rush by the wrist before he could snake a hand down Young’s boxers. He glowered at Rush, who peered back at him impishly from under his eyelashes. Young couldn’t deny that he was starting to feel turned on, but mostly he just felt annoyed, which he knew had more to do with his exhaustion and the general grumpiness he’d woken up with for some reason. He had no idea why, but he was in a decidedly bad mood, and Rush’s playful antics were really rubbing him the wrong way. He should probably just tell Rush that, turn over, go back to sleep, and hope he woke up again in a few hours with a better disposition.

In his current ornery attitude, though, what he really wanted to do was to teach Rush a lesson. Get one over on him. To win. Win what exactly, his sleep addled brain was far too fuzzy to even begin questioning.

“Fine,” Young growled lowly. He pushed himself up to sitting, at the same time pulling Rush with him. The motion brought Rush up on his knees, the covers falling off his back to reveal his nakedness. Young yanked him closer, till they were eye to eye. “You want to play?” He tightened his grip on Rush’s wrist and watched Rush’s pupils grow wide. Immediately, Rush dropped his
gaze, ducking his head. Young took hold of Rush’s chin with his free hand and forced their eyes to meet again. “I asked you a question.” He let his fingers harden, digging into Rush’s jaw till Rush’s lips parted. Rush was panting lightly, his eyes fixed on Young, full of want and need.

“Y-yes,” Rush stammered, barely a whisper.

Young hummed, tilting his head as though he were thinking something over. “I suppose you have a point,” he said after a moment. He leaned in, till they were breathing the same air, noses almost touching. “I spanked you. And fucked you. But just once.” He smirked. “And I seem to remember saying I’d do a bit more than that.”

He released Rush with a slight shove, then arranged himself and his pillows into a more comfortable position, kicking off the rest of the blankets.

“So,” he said when he was satisfied. He shot Rush a look, arching his brow, and patted his own thigh. “You want to play, Rush, you want some attention,” he taunted, staring Rush down challengingly. His words sharpened. “Lay across. My lap.”

Rush was watching him, a tad wary, a tad confused, and rubbing over the wrist Young just released from his bruising grip. Slowly, haltingly, he leaned forward. He placed his hands down on the other side of Young’s thighs, and lowered himself. His hips came to rest against the muscle of Young’s right thigh.

Young sucked in a breath as he took in the length Rush’s body, prone and vulnerable, his back exposed in an act of complete capitulation. His gaze flickered from one spot to another, lingering occasionally as he explored Rush with his eyes, taking in everything: the pinkish, scratch-like marks across his shoulders and trailing down his back; the thin, barely visible streaks shading the soles of his feet; the stripes along the back of his thighs in deep, purplish crimson; and, of course, the soft curves of his ass-cheeks, stained a bright, solid magenta. Young wasn’t sure if the lighting was brighter, or if the bruising had deepened overnight, but the marks seemed more striking now, blaring loud and incontestable against Rush’s fair honey-toned skin.

Rush held himself up on his elbows, watching Young over his shoulder from guarded, inscrutable eyes. The toes of his left foot folded slightly over those on the right and he chewed absently on his lower lip, betraying a bit of nervous anticipation.

Good.

Young hummed smugly and, casually but making certain Rush could see exactly what he was doing, he formed his thumb and finger into an O, and gave the fleshy mound of Rush’s left buttock a hard flick.

Rush’s ass flinched, the whole spongy tissue bouncing delightfully as Rush let out a sharp hiss.

Young chuckled, glancing at Rush’s face with a satisfied smirk. Rush peeked back at him cautiously, cheeks flushing. He swallowed uneasily, no doubt reflecting on how sensitive his backside currently was to illicit such a reaction from so little stimulus, and what was presently in store for him.

Young settled his left arm across the small of Rush’s back, resting his hand over Rush’s right hip. He let his fingers run languidly over the sharp curve of Rush’s right pelvic bone, enjoying the contrast of consistencies, before giving Rush’s upturned rump an easy swat on the right cheek. Rush twitched, buttocks clenching and then rippling as they relaxed. Young gave another smack, on the left cheek this time. He kept the blows light, working mostly from the wrist, barely more than taps with the underside of his fingers. He’d worked Rush over pretty hard the night before and, whether he’d admit it or not, Rush probably needed him to go easy. He didn’t want to really hurt him after all,
Young told himself.

Well. That maybe wasn’t the only motivation, Young mused, stealing a glimpse at Rush’s face from the corner of his eye. Rush was still half turned to look over his shoulder, his furrowed brow clearly visible over his hunched shoulders. His mouth hung open, and he winced at every touch to his raw backside, gritting his teeth or pressing his lips together or squeezing his eyes shut with a grimace, occasionally letting out a brief grunt or hiss or puff of air through his lips. To see how little he had to do, how his lightest touch could so affect Rush in this state, sent satisfied shivers through Young’s frame and a deep, gurgling flame forming in his belly.

He brought up the speed of his slaps, covering every bit of Rush’s reddened backside in light, rapid smacks. Soon the room was filled with a soft pitter-pat pitter-pat as Young used Rush’s rear like a drummer chasing ever faster tempos. There was almost no space between each blow now, and while each one remained teasingly mild, Young was aware they must be creating a cumulative effect.

He heard Rush whimper, and turned to see he’d laid his cheek flat against the mattress, his eyes clenched shut and lips twisted into a permanent grimace. His breathing was labored and every so often would devolve into distressed mewling. His fingers half curled into fists, groping at nothing.

Young could feel Rush hard against his thigh, and his hips thrust in short, jerky motions that made a moving target of his ass. Young held him across the back more snuggly to keep him in place, pinning him under his left arm. Young kept these activities up for as long as he could manage, pushing himself past the point of exertion while Rush writhed in his lap like an eel.

Finally, he let his right arm drop by his side, gasping shallowly. He looked at Rush. Rush was gasping too, his eyes wide and unblinking. Then, like a string being cut, he seemed to curl in on himself, eyelids fluttering as he let out a deep, guttural groan. Long moments passed, and Rush looked up at him, shiny-eyed, lips trembling, gazing at him in some kind of stupefied wonderment.

Not breaking eye contact, Young placed a palm over the curve of Rush’s stinging ass and squeezed. Rush let out a voiceless gasp, and dropped his gaze.

Good, Young thought, rubbing his hand, self-satisfied, over Rush’s backside. Nothing wrong with a little reminder, keep him in line.

Young’s lip twitched. He wasn’t done yet.

He snatched the lube from the nightstand and quickly coated two fingers. His erection pressing into Rush’s belly wasn’t making him feel patient, but he still took a moment to tease at the crack between Rush’s burning cheeks before plunging inside his hole. Rush gave a breathy, tortured ung, and arched his back, laying his head in his folded arms and letting his thighs fall open. He kept his eyes open, peering at Young over his shoulder through strands of dark hair.

Young fucked in deep with his fingers, eager to get on with things. He forced in three fingers after only a few thrusts, soon, far too soon, and Rush shut his eyes and grunted at the invasion, biting his lip and breathing hard through his nose as Young worked him open with hard twists, pushing the muscles to stretch with uncompromising fingers.

Rush whimpered, a bit of drool wetting his trembling lower lip. “Yes, s-sir,” he whispered under his breath.

Young poured more lube over Rush’s hole, his fingers still inside, drenching them in slickness. Once he could fit all four fingers inside and spread them, he pulled them out. None too gently, he prodded Rush off his lap and climbed on top of him. He pushed Rush’s legs up to his sides, bending them at the knee, and knelt onto the backs of Rush’s thighs. Rush squealed as Young’s knees pressed down on the sore flesh, bucking slightly. In this position, Rush’s hips angled up naturally, even as the rest of him was pressed flat into the mattress.

Young put one hand where Rush’s neck met his back, pushed down his underwear, lined himself up, then placed his other hand at Rush’s hip. Gripping at these two points, he sank inside. He went deep, pressing right up against Rush’s ass, and then pulling out again almost completely. He thrust in again and again, not fast, but thorough. He made sure to strike Rush’s prostate every time, and soon Rush was quivering underneath him, sucking in breaths in desperate gasps.

Certain Rush must be close, Young flattened himself along Rush’s back, resorting to shallower, if no less accurate thrusts as he crammed his right hand between Rush and the bed and took hold of his cock. It took only a few uneven jerks and Rush was spilling over his fingers, clamping down on his cock and screaming from behind clenched teeth. Young himself only managed not to come through sheer will-power, his stiff cock buried in Rush’s ass as the both lay still, catching their breath.

When he felt able, Young began to detach himself, lifting himself so he no longer crushed Rush into the mattress. Rush’s passage felt warm and slick and he was loath to leave, but he had a point to make, so he let his still hard cock slip out. Young took a moment kneeling between Rush’s splayed thighs to appreciate the sight of the glistening hole peeking from between crimson cheeks, and then moved lumberingly to lay back down, fluffing the pillow behind his head.

Rush lay beside him, unmoving since his orgasm. His face was turned toward Young, his eyes open but unseeing. He looked thunderstruck, mouth agape and jaw slack. Young tried not to smirk too much.

“Okay,” Young said, only a bit breathless. “Go ahead.” He pushed his boxers further down his thighs, looking toward Rush expectantly.

Rush blinked. “Wh…wha…” he murmured indistinctly.

“You wanted to suck me. Go ahead.” Here he let his smile widen. “You’ve earned it.”

Rush stared at him disbelievingly. Young just raised an eyebrow, and waited.

He didn’t have to wait long. Sluggishly, Rush pushed himself to his knees. His lower belly was stained with cum, his face drenched in sweat. He straddled Young’s thighs, his own legs shaking, and set his eyes on Young’s thick member. He took it in one hand, lifting it to point straight up, and bent forward. Young wondered if it had occurred to Rush that the cock he was about to put in his mouth had just come out of his ass.

A breath before his lips made contact, Rush’s eyes flicked up and locked with Young’s. Hovering over the tip, lips parted and poised, hot air puffing out with every exhale, Young looked in Rush’s eyes and knew that Rush was entirely aware. They held each other’s gaze, silent. Then, quietly deliberate, Rush lowered his eyes. Swallowing once, Rush wet his lips, affixed his mouth over the crown of Young’s cock and sucked. Young sucked in breath to match, a moan building in the back of his throat. Pre-cum began to leak from the tip of his cock, and Rush laved it with his tongue, gulping it down. Gradually, he slid his way down Young’s length, bobbing up and down, each time
taking him deeper, one inch at a time, till his nose brushed against the hair at Young’s groin.

Rush’s throat pulsed hot. His lips glided and his tongue stroked over the surface of Young’s cock, and all the time he kept his eyes cast downwards. His motions were smooth and strangely even, but somehow charged, the air itself tingling around him even as Rush appeared uncharacteristically passive. There was a flush in his face, two bright spots over his cheekbones, and it was that along with everything else had Young’s cock twitching and his hips thrusting up ward. Rush simply stilled his movements, letting Young drive his cock into his waiting mouth with a gentle, patient ease. A lock of hair fell down in front of Rush’s nose, so Rush tucked it back behind his ear, and it was this tiny, innocent gesture that had Young coming, spurting the interior of Rush’s mouth with come.

Rush swallowed as much as he could, but Young jerking motions made it difficult, and a little escaped out the corners of his mouth. When Young was spent, Rush pulled off, coughing lightly into the back of his hand. He wiped the side of his mouth with his knuckles, licking the cum from them like a cat cleaning itself.

Young pulled his boxers back up, tilting his head to one side and regarding Rush with a slight frown and an indistinct feeling in his chest. Rush’s eyes were still fixed downward.

“Well,” Young said leadingly after a moment, tongue feeling thick in his mouth. “What do we say?” Rush stilled, his tongue pausing where he had licked the last cum from his knuckles. Impassively, he lifted his eyes. “Thank you,” he said, his voice sounding vaguely muted. “…Sir.”

There was a long pause, and then Rush’s lip quirked, a glint igniting in his eye. Young snorted, but smiled back.

Rush straightened his back, stretching his arms out over his head with a grunt. “Though you can’t tell me I’m the only one who enjoyed that,” he said, smirking at Young from under his eyelashes.

Young’s smile dropped. “Watch it. I’m still in a crappy mood.”

Rush scoffed, rolling his eyes, and climbed off the bed. He grabbed a rag off the nightstand, cleaned off the cum on his stomach, then, gingerly, walked to the table where he’d left his clothes and started dressing. Young watched him hazily from under his lids as the bruises and scratches and reddened skin was progressively covered up in layers of clothing. Once he was fully clothed, Rush checked his pockets. A soft frown formed around his lips.

“Could’ve sworn I put my phone here,” he muttered.

“Oh!” Young said, a second or two late as his brain stumbled to play catch up. “I moved it over here,” he gestured to the far nightstand. “In case you had your alarms on.”

“Oh right, o’ course,” Rush said with a yawn. “Toss it over here, will ye?”

Young had already been reaching for it. He grabbed it, taking a glance down at it and adjusting his grip before preparing to fling it in Rush’s direction.

He stopped short, freezing, as he took in the analog numbers on the clock function.

“Well?” Rush prompted impatiently, beckoning with one hand. Young’s eyes shot up, glaring, and it took every ounce of willpower he had not to lob the damn thing at Rush’s head. He took a deep breath in through his nose and out through his mouth, and managed to send Rush a catchable throw. “Thanks,” Rush said absently, and stuffed the phone in his pocket.
Young was silent for a long moment, fuming, while Rush gave himself a quick check in the mirror, running some fingers through his hair.

“You’re really going to start working right now,” Young demanded.

Rush’s brow furrowed at Young’s tone. “Well, yeh,” he said casually, then glanced cheekily over his shoulder. “Unless you feel like fucking me again.”

“Oh, for fu—” Young groaned, running both hands over his eyes. “Jesus Christ, you are—”

“Insatiable?” Rush supplied, grinning devilishly.

That had been what he’d been going to say actually, but that damned grin was grinding on his nerves, and Rush had interrupted him besides and he just couldn’t let him know he’d guessed right.

“A greedy fucking cock-slut,” Young bit out.

Rush gave a half-shrug. “That too.”

Young growled under his breath, annoyed at how the conversation had gotten off track. “Rush, I’m not sure you’re aware, but we only went to sleep two hours ago. It is, by any definition, the middle of the God-damned night.”

Rush eyes rolled skyward. “Well, not by any definition, it can’t possibly be by an—”

“Rush,” Young cut off, teeth clenching. “What?” Rush hurled back, imitating Young’s tone sarcastically. “You know, I’m getting a bit tired of you trying give me a bedtime,” he said, crossing his arms over his chest and raising an eyebrow.

“Fine.” Young said flatly. “Do what you want. But not all of us can sustain ourselves through willpower and the ability to irritate others.”

Rush huffed. “Oh, don’t be such a baby,” he muttered. Young’s eyes narrowed. “Should I say sorry?” Rush went on. “I’m so very sorry I woke you, only to let you fuck me from both ends.” He snorted, shaking his head, a wry smile playing on his lips. “You know, maybe we should have one more go, you’re much more agreeable just after you’ve come.”

“Don’t, Rush,” Young said darkly. “I’m not in the mood.”

“Oh, please,” Rush dismissed. “You could be in a minute. And if you’re worried you won’t get it up so soon, I wouldn’t.” He smirked. “I’m sure you’ll manage.”

Young glared wearily. “Go away, Rush. I’m tired.”

“You sure you don’t want anything else before I go?” Rush pressed. His smirk widened. “Not even a kiss goodbye?”

He should just lie down and go back to sleep, pull the covers over his head and ignore Rush till he went away. He was tired, and cranky, and alone with Rush—three conditions that historically resulted in him doing very stupid things. Just go back to sleep, he told himself. You’ll feel better in a few hours.

That damn smirk…

He glowered at Rush. Rush, who was standing assuredly in the middle of the room, hip cocked to
one side, arms folded lazily across his chest, and smirking. There was something dangerous churning in his stomach, and more than anything Young just wanted to wipe that smirk off Rush’s face.

He swung his legs off the said of the bed and pushed himself up, stalking towards Rush with heavy steps. Rush’s grin kept widening until Young reached him, grabbing him at the hip and hair and smashing their faces together. Rush opened for him immediately, parting him lips with a moan. Young moved a hand to Rush’s jaw, holding his face immobile, and plunged his tongue into his mouth. He fucked Rush’s mouth with his tongue, jabbing inside him with hard, vicious stabs. He felt Rush’s arms reach around him, clawing at the back of his undershirt, but other than that he just let Young have his way with him, not trying to pull away, or even fight for some control with his own tongue.

Young wrenched away, gasping. Rush’s face was flushed, his lips red and swollen.

“That,” said Rush raspingly, a certain glint sparkling in his eye. “Didn’t feel like a ‘goodbye’ kiss.”

Stony faced, Young grabbed Rush, spun him around, and slammed Rush face first into the closest wall. He took a wrist in each hand and pressed Rush’s palms against it, kicking Rush’s feet apart as he did. He plastered himself to Rush, back to back, arm to arm, leg to leg. Young felt hard. Not just his cock. Everything. He felt hard everywhere.

He put his face close to Rush and spoke directly into his ear, his voice low and even.

“You know I won’t let you come again. You still want me to fuck you?”

Rush puffed out a breath. He turned his head slightly, peeking back at Young furtively from under his eyelashes. Young could feel him breathing against his chest.

“Yes,” Rush said hoarsely.

“Mm,” Young rumbled. In quick motions, he undid the front of Rush’s jeans and yanked them down around Rush’s knees. Rush hissed, starting as the fabric went roughly over his backside. Young pressed himself back against Rush, now half stripped, this time grabbing him by the hair with one hand and using the other hand to play fingers over Rush’s hole. He dug inside and felt Rush was still slick and loose from before.

“You won’t get any more lube either,” he growled into Rush’s ear. He knew from experience more lube was always a good idea, and the jar wasn’t even that far away, but Rush was stretched and lubed up enough that it might be painful, but not dangerous, and Young was in no mood to wait.

“And I’m not planning to be gentle. You still want to get fucked?”

He yanked back on Rush’s hair, twisting his head around to look at him. He had only a moment to look into Rush’s eyes, impossibly wide and impossibly black, before Rush dropped his gaze, hiding behind his eyelids.

Rush swallowed hard, Adam’s apple bobbing. “Yes,” he whispered.

Young leaned in even closer, pressing his lips directly against the curve of Rush’s ear. “Say it. Beg me.”

“Please,” Rush whimpered softly, obeying immediately. His lips were quivering almost imperceptibly with each breath. “Please fuck me.” His voice cracked slightly on the last syllable.

Young pulled his cock out, lined it with Rush’s hole, and shoved in. Rush’s eyes slammed shut as Young breached him, screwing his face up in a wince. Young grabbed him by the hip and started
thrusting, crushing Rush’s body into the metal surface of the wall. Soon there was only the sound of slapping skin and the occasional grunt, sometimes his, sometimes Rush’s. Rush barely moved a muscle, at most biting his lip or twisting his face. Young rammed into him with each thrust, taking, not quite pleasure, but satisfaction each time he elicited a startled gasp or whimper.

He came quickly and without much fanfare, dumping his cum into Rush with little care, and pulled out as soon as he could manage, blandly fixing his underwear. Rush stayed where he’d left him.

“That what you wanted,” asked Young flatly.

“Yes,” Rush said quietly.

“Good.” Taking him once more by the hair, Young turned head and kissed him. It was little more than their lips smashed together and their lips weren’t even lined up perfectly. After breaking it, Young stepped back and landed a hard smack on Rush’s rear end. Rush practically jumped, his whole body seizing up at the contact. “Now get the fuck out.”

With that, he turned and walked away, practically falling into bed when he got there. He turned out the light, pulled the covers up, punched his pillow a few times to arrange it, and lay his head down. He closed his eyes, then half opened them again. He could just make out Rush out of the corner of his eye, still standing by the wall. Eventually, he pulled up his jeans, fastened them, and then, slowly and with a slight limp, made his way out the door.

The door swished shut, and Young fell into unconsciousness.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

The 'Aftermath'

Chapter Notes

Okay, I giving Potboy a break, so this is self-edited. Therefore, all mistakes are entirely mine.

I think that's all I need to say, but I do have a couple more notes for the end. Happy reading everyone, this one is a bit fluffier than the last chapter thank god.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Young woke up, the sound of his morning alarm telling him loudly it was O-six hundred. He rubbed his face blearily, glad he’d managed to get a few more hours sleep after—

He stopped.

After…

It was all a little hazy, he’d been pretty exhausted, but he remembered Rush had gotten him up. They’d had sex…again, and then they’d gotten into an argument somehow about…something. He’d been pissed off, he remembered that. Grumpy and grouchy and decidedly not good company, and then…

Rush against a wall. Rush with his eyes squeezed shut and wincing Young not caring at all while he—

God.
Jesus fucking Christ, had he really…?

Maybe Rush had wanted him to, but Young couldn’t remember that. Had Rush asked him to do it? Had Young asked him if he wanted it? He couldn’t remember asking.

He couldn’t remember caring.

He just remembered being cranky and pissed off and that he’d wanted Rush to hurt.

He’d wanted that, and it made him sick now, though maybe not as sick as he’d like it make him, but he’d still wanted it and acted on it and Rush had paid the price for him waking up on the wrong side of the bed.

Which he’d told himself he wasn’t going to do, and Jesus he needed to talk to Rush right the hell now.

He was up and halfway dressed when it occurred to him it was possible Rush wouldn’t want to talk to him.

It was possible Rush wouldn’t want to talk to him ever again.

And that was fine (it was, it was fine), Rush had every right, and Young would absolutely leave him alone, forever, if that’s what Rush wants.

Just as soon as he makes sure he’s okay.

Unfortunately, there were obligations Young couldn’t just blow off without explanation, so he didn’t end up catching up with Rush till that afternoon. He’d passed him once in the hallway while showing around one of their guests from Earth. (They’d started up a program with various experts, not only performing tasks, but also teaching them to the Destiny crew. And not just expanding their
medical and piloting personnel, but also teaching people how to weave their own textiles from raw materials, spin rope, make tools, form pottery, *weld*, anything they could think of and find a willing teacher with clearance. It had all been Camille’s concept, and while part of the motivation was no doubt that organizing it gave Camille a lot more time on Earth, it was proving immensely useful and Young wasn’t about begrudge her reaping the benefits of a damn good idea.) Young had pulled a double take, whipping his head around to watch Rush make his way down the hall the opposite way.

Rush was limping. Not a lot, but it was there.

Young swallowed.

Young entered the control room cautiously. Various members of the science team were scattered about, including Rush who stood hunched over a console, a thin line creasing his brow. Young approached him slowly, stopping a good foot away from Rush’s right shoulder.

“What do you want, Colonel,” Rush said absently, not looking up. Assured now Rush was aware of his presence, he took half a step closer.

“I…” he started, softly. “Wanted to check…we don’t have to talk…though we can if you want—”

“What’re you babblin’ about,” Rush mumbled.

Young pressed his lips together. “I just…” he stammered. “…After this morning—”

Rush’s head snapped up, his eyes fixing on Young with incredulous alarm. “*What?*” he ground out through clenched teeth.

“Rush, I don’t know quite what happened,” Young said quickly under his breath. When I woke up I was—”

“I’m not sure now is the time,” Rush said tightly, interrupting him. He glanced around the room, jaw clenching. “Or the *place* Colonel.” He stared at Young pointedly, and gave a slight jerk of his head towards the door.
There was a long silence. Rush just kept glaring at him, mouth tight. After a while, Young took some steps back, turned, and left.

He went to his quarters. He had some reports he could read. Or pretend to read. Rush could find him here when he wanted…if he wanted to see him.

It turned out he didn’t have to wait long. It was barely twenty minutes before Rush barreled through the door, slamming the control with his fist behind him.

“What the hell was that?” Rush shouted as soon as the door shut, waving his arms.

“I—” Young started, but Rush clearly hadn’t really wanted him to answer, cause he just charged on.

“That room was full of people; Volker was three feet away from you. Fucking Volker!” He rubbed a palm into his forehead. “I’d thought there was an understanding, that we didn’t need to discuss it, that it was self-evident, that none of this,” He spread his arms, gesticulating wildly to indicate the breadth of the room. “Goes out there! Not where anyone can see, not your people or mine.” He paused, chest heaving. “What were you trying to do?” He demanded. “Or are you just that thick you didn’t bloody think about it!”

Young’s throat clenched. He rubbed restlessly over the knuckles of his left hand. “I just…” I wanted to see you, I needed to see you, I needed to make sure you were okay, I wanted check on you, talk to you, let you know that—

He wanted. He needed.

God, he was such an asshole.

He dropped his head. “Sorry,” he said quietly. “I was…I was thinking about something else.” Rush’s eyes narrowed, and folded his arms over his chest.

“And what was that,” he demanded icily.
Young was silent for some long moments, trying to talk around the hollowness in his chest. “Th-this morning…” he began.

Rush let out a frustrated huff. “Yes, ‘this morning’, what about it?”

“I—” He croaked, coughing slightly.

“For God’s sake, what?” Rush pressed, looking agitated. “What the hell do you think happened that would necessitate pestering me in the middle of the day?”

“I…look, I don’t remember it all, it’s a little fuzzy, but what I do remember…” He trailed off. He glanced up ruefully. “…I didn’t mean to pester.”

“What do you mean you don’t remember,” Rush said, somewhat subdued.

“I mean…I remember most of it, it’s just…” Young sighed. “It’s a bit hazy, is all. In places. And…” He shook his head. “What I do remember…” He met Rush’s eyes cautiously. “I was worried.”


Rush’s brow was furrowed, his expression somewhere between thoughtful and uneasy. He glanced away. “I shouldn’t’ve woken you,” he muttered, mostly to himself. “I shouldn’t’ve…” he trailed off, shaking his head. He let out a sigh, and looked at Young. “Nothing happened,” he said firmly, fixing Yong with a look.

Young frowned. “Rush, I remember—”

“I mean,” Rush interrupted, sighing. “*Something* happened but not…not like that, not like you’re…” He sighed again, running a hand through his hair.

Young’s frown deepened. “…You’re sure?” He asked quietly after a minute.
“Yes,” Rush said, voice lilting as he raised a sardonic eyebrow.

“It’s just,” Young waved his hands helplessly. “I remember…” He glanced at Rush. “You were against a wall.”

Rush nodded, lips quirking. “Yes.”

“And I was,” Young went on. “I was pinning you.”

“Mm-hm,” Rush agreed easily.

Young paused a moment. “…I think I was pretty rough on you,” he said softly.

“Well,” Rush said, eyebrows arching. “That is how it tends to go with us, now isn’t it?”

“I guess,” Young agreed, brow creasing. He chewed lightly on the side of his tongue. “You did…” He said after a while. “You did want me to, right?”

Rush sighed. “O’ course.” He smiled softly, almost to himself. “I even begged you for it.”

Young snorted lightly. “Okay. I…okay.” He glanced down, shaking his head. “I just…couldn’t remember if you wanted it, and then today you’ve been limping and--”

“What!” Rush blurted, indignant. “I have not.”

“Rush,” Young said patiently. “You have.”

Rush eyed Young, looking unsettled. “Really?”
Young sighed. “Not…a lot, I doubt anyone else noticed, but yeah.”

Rush raised a hand to his temple, groaning. “You know,” he said after a minute. “I hate to state the obvious, but you did…*whip my feet* last night.” He shot Young a look. “If you recall.”

Young bit back a groan of his own, closing his eyes a second while he mentally berated himself. “…Right.”

Rush snorted, loudly, regarding him from across the room. Then, he closed the distance, straddling Young’s thighs and climbing into his lap. “You,” he said, settling. “Think far too much.”

Young let out a quick bark of laughter, shaking his head. “You must have called me every single different word for stupid since you’ve met me, and now I *think* too much?”

“Well, I didn’t say you were *good* at it,” Replied Rush teasingly, wrapping his arms around Young’s neck. “You should play to your strengths.”

Young chuckled loudly, chest rumbling, and let out a long sigh. Rush’s face was inches from his now.

“The thing is,” Young said, his face and voice sobering. “I remember being mad at you. I remember…I think I wanted to hurt you. Really hurt you.”

Rush tilted his head. “And that bothers you.”

“It doesn’t bother you?” Young asked incredulously.

Rush shrugged.

Young sighed, exasperated. “Look,” Rush said calmly. “You need to stop treating me like I’m made of glass.”

“I am certain I have never done that,” Young retorted blandly.
Rush chuckled. “Fair enough,” he said, half-smiling. “But you seem terrified that you’re going to somehow break me, and you won’t. I doubt you could if you tried.”

“Yeah, well, I’d rather not test that,” Young said gruffly. Rush sighed softly. Then, he leaned forward and pressed his forehead against Young’s.

“Last night,” said Rush softly. “Was a good night. Anything after that…maybe couldn’t help not going quite as well.

“You think that’s what happened?” Young asked archly. “We just couldn’t live up to expectations?”

Rush shrugged lightly. “I think I wanted to stay there,” he said, very, very quietly. “Make it last a little longer. But that was never gonna work, so we both got cross and ended up bickerin’. Was bound to happen.”

Young frowned thoughtfully, still feeling uneasy. “It felt like was punishing you, and I don’t even know what for. *And,* he went on. “I told you I wouldn’t do that.”


Rush’s tone had Young laughing faintly at the joke before the words had really even registered, and then Rush was kissing him and Young found himself somewhat distracted. Their lips brushed and interlaced with each other playfully, more bright warmth than heat.

“Mmmm,” Rush hummed, pulling away. “I should get back. I told that lot I’d only be ten minutes. Brody has some simulations he wants my help with.”

Young chuckled. “And where did you tell them you were going?”

Rush looked at him strangely. “Why would I tell them anything?” Young rolled his eyes. Of course. Rush providing an *excuse* for when he ran off would be most uncharacteristic.
“I’ll be back tonight, though,” Rush assured as he climbed off. “We’ll pick this up then.”

“Hm.” Young scanned over Rush. “I think we should give your ass a rest for a while.”

Rush shot him a lewd smile. “You can still make use of the rest of me, cant’ye?” he wheedled.

Young leaned back against the sofa, peering at Rush hazily.

“Yeah,” he said after a minute. “I can do that.”

Rush grinned.

Young spent the rest of the day contemplatively. Most of that morning had come back him, in bits in pieces—Rush waking him, all the way through the beginning of their ridiculous squabble, that was all fairly clear, and he now remembered asking Rush if he’d wanted to get fucked against the wall, though there were still some things about that that seemed blurred. He couldn’t quite visualize Rush’s eyes, for instance.

But, while some things remained indistinct, one thing that stuck out in perfect, Technicolor clarity was Rush sucking his cock. Namely, how Rush had sucked his cock.

Young had seen Rush go down on him with relish, with enthusiasm, with selfish indulgence; he’d seen Rush explore him with his mouth and tongue, unlocking all the keys to Young’s pleasure with the kind of fierce determination he brought to everything, or let Young fuck his mouth while his eyes rolled back in rapture and he moaned in wild abandon. He’d even seen Rush suck him with a kind of mechanical, almost frightening, efficiency, but Young had never seen the…the quietude Rush had exhibited that morning. If Young had ever believed it was possible to give a blowjob demurely, he sure as hell wouldn’t have thought Rush would ever be capable of doing it, but Young wasn’t sure there was another word to describe it.

Well. Yes, there was. Everything about Rush in those moments—his posture and the curved roll of his shoulders, his downcast eyes and serene devotion to Young’s erection, the light touch of his fingers along Young’s hip-bones—spoke of one thing: submission. Simple. Absolute.
And that flush that had been in Rush’s cheeks…Rush had known it. He’d known exactly what he’d been doing.

Young couldn’t get it out of his mind. Could he get Rush to do that again? Should he?

Young was still reflecting when Rush came through the door that night.

“Hm?” Young said absently from the sofa, realizing he hadn’t heard what Rush had said.

Rush sighed. “I said, Eli found signs pointing to some big room in the lower levels. No energy going there now, but lots of routes where it could. It could be important, or at the very least interesting, and Eli wants find a way to get down there and poke around.”

“Hm,” Yong said again. “It’s in one of the uninhabitable areas?”

Rush a ‘sort of’ gesture with his hand. “Ehh, it’s not exactly safe at the moment, but if we repaired a few hull breaches, cleared the debris…it could be done. Eli’s going to ask you about it tomorrow.”

Young tilted his head. “And you want to do it.”

Rush was quiet. He crossed his arms. “I want to know what’s down there, yes,” he said rigidly.

“Hm.”


“Ohay,” Young said.

Rush broke off. “…What?”
Young breathed in. “Write me something up, tell me what it’ll take. If we can spare the manpower and there’s not too high a chance anyone will die, and, “ he said arching his brow. “If you still think it’s a good idea, then, okay. We’ll do it.”

Rush’s brow was creased slightly. He didn’t say anything, but after a minute gave a little nod, glancing down toward his shoes.

“Rush,” Young rumbled softly. Rush glanced up. “Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?”

Rush shook his head. “No,” he said quietly.

“Good,” Young murmured. Subtly, he let a little of the fire in his chest come into his voice and his eyes. “Take your clothes off.”

The line of Rush’s mouth softened. Briskly, he disrobed, shaking his mane of hair over his shoulders as he pulled his shirt over his head. As Rush did that, Young took off his jacket and his boots. Also, his socks, since they had holes in them.

He’d always preferred going barefoot anyway.


Rush sank down where Young pointed, in front of the sofa just to the right of where Young was sitting. For a moment, Young just sat there and looked down at Rush kneeling near his feet. He tapped a finger to his knee as he wondered if he was really going to do this.

As usual these days, the answer turned out to be yes.

He got up.

He felt Rush follow him with his eyes, and took in the furrowed brow coloring his face when Young came back with a handful of rags, a canteen, and one of their cleaning gel packs. He set them down on the couch in front of Rush, then, he picked up his boots and dropped them with a thunk on the
“Clean them.” With that, he turned away. He poured himself a small drink from the spare canteen where he kept his alcohol stash, and sat down near the edge of the couch, setting his elbow on the armrest.

Rush was staring at him, murder in his eyes. “You’re not serious,” he said lowly.

Young just took a drink and stared back coolly.

Rush breathed out through his teeth, almost snarling. “I did not come here t—” he spat, beginning to rise.

“Rush,” Young cut in, he voice taking on that strange mixture of ‘command tone’ and ‘bedroom voice’ he seemed to have developed for this one particular man. “Clean. My. Boots.”

Rush stopped short at Young’s tone, lowering back on his heels. He still didn’t look happy, though, glaring at Young rebelliously from squinting eyes.

“Would you rather be punished?” Young asked evenly.

Rush’s eyes flickered. He looked conflicted now, like he might give in…or he might bolt right out the door. Young pressed his lips together.

“Or use your safeword,” he offered gently.

Rush looked back at him, a strange expression on his face. He looked slightly pained, but he no longer looked like he might run. Slowly, his eyes slid to one side, his expression taking on a pensive note. Then, pressing his lips together, Rush reached out and picked up Young’s left boot.

Young let out a small sigh. He gave brief consideration to finding some reports or something to occupy himself with while Rush worked, but in all honesty, Rush was much more captivating than anything he could come up with and he decided it wasn’t worth it to even pretend to be doing something else.
So, Young watched Rush as he somberly poured some water from the canteen and a dollop of cleaning gel onto the rag and started scrubbing furiously over the leather. He appeared to be giving undivided attention to his task, a crease forming between his eyebrows as worked. He kept his eyes cast stubbornly downward, for all intents and purposes ignoring Young completely as he poured his ire and vexation into obliterating the dust and dirt staining Young’s boots. There was a blush of deep red inching up his neck and his jaw was stubbornly clenched, which could have as much to do with the erection rising from his lap as the boot cleaning.

Young rested his head against he fist, swirling Brody’s disgusting homebrew around his teeth before swallowing it. He was mostly making this up as he went along (what else was new?) and the best he could do was trust his instincts and hope for the best. And he did have an instinct, one he wanted to follow. Well, ‘instinct’ might be a bit strong. A feeling. In any case, he wanted to see where it would go.

“I’m not letting you come tonight,” he said before he’d had a chance to think about it too much. Rush’s movements stilled. “I’m telling you that now,” Young finished in a factual tone.

Rush kept his eyes down, unmoving. His breathing had grown shallower, and the lines had eased slightly from his face as he went from restrainedly fierce to fiercely restrained.

Young leaned forward slightly, noticing telltale tremors in Rush’s lower abdomen. “You feel like you might come now?” It wasn’t really a question. Rush eyes came up and met his, dark and glowering. “That get you hot?” Young went on, voice pitched low. “That you’re not allowed to come?” He tilted his head slightly. “That I’ll punish you if you do?”

Rush shuddered, eyelids fluttering while his thighs clenched. Sucking in a breath, Rush gritted his teeth and went back to scouring the boot in his hand. Minutes later, Rush set the boot his was holding next to the one he’d already finished. “There,” he said, not quite sharply, picking them up and setting them a bit closer to Young. “That’s the best I can do.” He dropped the rag on the floor by his feet.

Young eyed the boots. After a minute, he picked them up. They were old boots, and been through a lot, but Rush had done an admirable job, almost getting a bit of shine into the worn leather.

“Well done,” he said seriously, nodding toward Rush. Rush pursed his lips, like he wasn’t sure if Young was mocking him or not. Young set the boots back down and leaned back, stretching out his legs. “Now rub my feet,” he said, wiggling his toes.
Rush stared at him, lips parted slightly, agitated but with a fair dose of bewilderment thrown in. “What are you doing?” he whispered, actually asking.

Young regarded him carefully, then answered.

“I’m making use of you.” Rush seemed to take this in, turning his head slightly. He eyed Young from the corner of his eye, half wary and half…something else.

He inched closer and took Young’s foot in his hands. He started to rub firmly over the soles. “You know if you’d wanted—”

“Don’t talk,” Young said flatly. His tone didn’t invite argument.

Rush stopped short, mouth hanging open. Haltingly, he shut it, biting the inside of his lip. He dropped his eyes, and mutely went back to massaging Young’s feet. He didn’t have any technique, but it still felt nice to have warm fingers and palms pressing and stroking over his arches and toes.

Rush was blushing, intensely, his face fixed with a grim expression, like he’d just woken up in a cell and was trying to figure out how to escape despite impossible odds.

“Alright,” Young said throatily. “That’s enough.” Rush’s hands fell to his sides and Young placed his feet on the floor. Leaning forward on his elbows, Young regarded Rush somberly. He was just about ready to give up on this, but he had an inkling of an idea that might make this go better. Or, much, much worse.

Only one way to find out.

“Those things you made,” he started, testing his theory. Rush’s eyes flicked up slightly, attention peaked. He eyed Young cautiously, but with curiosity. “I put them, and a few other things, in that bag you brought. It’s sitting by the wall in the corner, over there,” he gestured with his head back towards the bed. Rush’s eyes followed, then came back to Young. “Go over there,” Young instructed plainly. “Get out the cane, and bring it to me.”

Rush tilted his head, calculating. Young wasn’t sure what he was thinking over, or what finally pushed one way or the other, but it was only a few moments before Rush nodded shortly. He started to rise, but Young held out a hand, stopping him.
“No,” he said, making a point to keep his tone mild. “Don’t walk.”

Rush paused briefly, but then nodded again, and moved to crawl instead. Young twisted around to watch him go, humming contentedly at the red buns of Rush’s ass shifting back and forth as he made his way across the floor. He reached the duffel bag and sat back on his heels, unzipping it and digging carefully through the contents.

It didn’t take long for him to pull out the cane, holding it reverently in two hands. He looked back over his shoulder, brow furrowing. He was no doubt wondering how he’d carry the thing back while staying on his knees. Young stayed silent; he wanted to see if Rush would figure it out, if he’d do it on his own without prompting.

The seconds seemed to tick by, though Young knew there was no mechanical clock in the room, and then Rush delicately placed the cane between his teeth. A warm glow uncoiled in the pit of Young’s belly, spreading out into his limbs as he watched Rush crawl back to him with the cane in his mouth. When he got to Young, Rush sat up on his knees and offered it to him like a dog with a stick.

Young took it by the handle. Gently, he ran the tip of it along the side of Rush’s thigh.

“I’m not actually going to use this on you,” he said mildly, sliding the cane over Rush’s hip and then up the front of his abdomen. “Not really. It’s just a reminder.” He placed the side of the cane under Rush’s chin, tilting his head up. “Do you know what it’s a reminder of? You can speak to answer my questions.”

Rush wouldn’t meet his gaze, his eyes turned downward and to the side. “Yes,” he said hoarsely.

“What’s it a reminder of, Rush?” Young prompted.

Rush pressed his lips together, hesitant. He opened his mouth and murmured something.

“Speak up, Rush,” Young instructed. Rush bit his lip, swallowing.

“That,” Rush said, still barely a whisper but at least audible this time. “You’re in charge.” His voice hitched near the end.
Young nodded. “That’s right. And why is that?”

Rush seemed to play the question over in his mind, then his brow furrowed. He finally looked up, cagey and confused. Young met his gaze patiently. “Take your time,” he said softly.

Rush’s gaze turned inward, his eyes tracking back and forth, seeking the answer Young was looking for.

“Rush,” Young said again after a few minutes. When Rush met his gaze again, Young tried to speak as much through his eyes as his mouth. “Why am I sitting here, with a cane in my hand, looking at you, on your knees, waiting to do what I tell you to?” He spoke slowly, evenly, shooting for leading but not patronizing.

There was a click of realization behind Rush’s eyes, something small and tentative and easily startled. Young held his gaze, and waited.

“B—” Rush cut off. Young gave a small nod, encouraging, fighting down the excitement buzzing in his own chest. “…Because,” Rush mouthed, halting but deliberate. “…I want you to be.” Then he let out a small gasp, like his own words surprised him.

Young smiled softly. “That’s right.” He felt the weight the cane’s handle against his palm—the cane that Rush had made, had crafted, had carved and polished and engraved, and then had handed over to Young, placing himself and his creation into Young’s hands. Young couldn’t think of a better symbol than that.

Young sat back against the sofa. With a gulp, he finished the last of his drink, and held out the metal mess kit cup towards Rush. “Clean that out, and put it away.”

Rush looked at the cup but didn’t seem to see it, his gaze indistinct. Then, jerkily he reached for it. He went through the motions of wiping it out with a clean cloth, then set the handle between his teeth and crawled on the floor to set it back with the rest of Young’s mess kit. Throughout, his face remained soft, subdued. His eyes appeared clear and bright, not quite untroubled, but placid. He returned to Young and sat back on his heels, setting his palms on his thighs and turning his eyes timidly downward, as two bright spots formed on the apples of his cheeks. His erection jutting out, neglected, twitched occasionally and bounced against his leg.
Young’s own erection bulged uncomfortably in his uniform pants, and, as engaging as this had been, it seemed past time to move things along. Carefully, Young opened his fly, pulling his cock from its fabric prison.

“Put your hands behind your back,” he said, giving his cock a few strokes. Rush obeyed, tucking his hands behind him but otherwise not moving a muscle. Young reached out with the cane and rubbed it along the outside of Rush’s leg where it met his hip. “You’re going to suck me now,” Young said clearly. “Like you did this morning.”

Rush’s eyes flickered, and somehow his blush deepened even more. It was amazing his erection was still going strong with so much blood running to his face, Young mused. Then he frowned. He hoped Rush wouldn’t pass out or anything. At least there was no doubt Rush understood what he meant.

Rush leaned forward and fit his mouth loosely around the tip of Young’s cock. For a moment he just breathed, letting hot, wet air blow over the swollen flesh. Then, he wrapped his lips over the head and sucked deeply, cheeks hollowing.

Slowly, he took Young into his mouth, and then his throat. He slid up and down Young’s length as though that were his purpose, as though he’d been made for it. As though he would give and give, and ask nothing in return. His eyes stayed cast downwards and his hands remained behind his back, even when locks of hair fell down into his face. Young reached out with his left hand and tucked them back behind Rush’s ear. For a split second Rush stilled, a strange look coming over his face, and then it was gone and he was moving again.

Young let the cane travel meanderingly along Rush’s body as he worked, light brushes and taps against the skin as Young lazily indulged in the feeling of Rush’s mouth devotedly servicing him.

“You’ve gotten so good at that,” Young breathed, tilting his head back. Rush didn’t respond of course, but Young thought he noticed a quiet shift of his hips that meant he was trying even harder not to come. Young hummed softly, and thought back to the first time Rush had done this for him. How he’d taken him too deep too quickly and Young and pulled back in a panic. He’d been horrified at the time, but looking back now it brought a soft smile to his lips and a chuckle to his throat. It seemed like such a long time ago.

“You think you even could choke on it now?” Young asked, hardly believing what he was saying. “If you tried?”

Rush stilled, breathing deeply through his nose. There was a long pause. Then, he slid along
Young’s length, tilted his head at an angle, and forced Young toward the back of his throat. Young could only stare dumbfounded as Rush sputtered and choked around his cock. He pulled back slightly, only to press forward again. Twice, three times, fourth times, his gagged himself on Young’s cock, each time making it last longer and longer, till he was red in the face.

“Alright, that’s enough,” Young said quietly. Rush pulled back, Young’s cock still halfway in his mouth, gasping wheezingly through his nose. “I’m close to coming,” Young mumbled gruffly, realizing it was true, that Rush’s choked sputtering had pushed him towards the edge. “Catch it in your mouth when I do.”

Rush gave him a few hard sucks, and that was all it took, he was spilling with a grunt into Rush’s waiting mouth. He coaxed his softening cock from Rush’s mouth, who sat closed lipped while he tucked himself away. “Stick out your tongue.” Obediently, Rush did, displaying his cum-covered tongue for Young’s inspection. “Now swallow.”

Rush closed his mouth and gulped down Young’s spunk, lips parting afterward in a light pant. A small dribble had escaped, running out the corner of Rush’s mouth, and Young swiped it lightly with his index finger, sliding it between Rush’s panting lips. Rush quickly sucked on the digit, cleaning it thoroughly with his tongue. “Now put this back,” Young said, offering the cane. Rush merely opened his mouth and let Young place the polished wood between his teeth.

While Rush crawled back across the length of the room, Young stood, undressed down to his underwear, and turned down the covers.

“Come to bed,” he said once Rush had placed the cane back in the bag and zipped it shut, and Rush dutifully crawled over, climbing onto the bed without a word. He laid on his side and Young slid in behind him, wrapping his arms around his chest and pulling him in tight. Rush let out a sigh and rested his head against Young’s shoulder.

“Of course, you remember that part of this morning,” Rush said under his breath after a moment. He was trembling very slightly, a miniscule vibration running through his frame.

Young said nothing. Ducking his head, he pressed his lips behind Rush’s ear, and hugged him tighter.

“Are you still hard?” Young asked softly some minutes later. Rush nodded. “You know, I could—”
“No,” Rush said, cutting him off quietly. “You said I wouldn’t come tonight, so I won’t.”

“I can change my mind if want to,” Young said, playfully admonishing.

“But you haven’t,” Rush said, matching his tone. “And you don’t. You’re just feeling, what?” He half turned, looking at Young over his shoulder. “Guilty? For this?” He gestured vaguely. “I needed this as much as you wanted it.” He coughed slightly, his voice having gone a bit quieter than he may have meant it to. He was silent a moment, then, in a low voice, he mumbled soothingly into Young’s chest. “This was a good night, too.” Then, he hunkered down, curling in toward Young, and closed his eyes. Soon, his breathing evened out. Quietly, Young rested his head against the pillow, and let the sound of Rush’s breathing lull him to sleep.

Young blinked sleepily, waking to a soft rustling sound and a faint moan. A quick glance at the time told him he’d only drifted off for an hour or so. He let out an easy sigh, getting ready to roll over and fall back to sleep.

There was another muffled moan. He turned his head toward the man sleeping next to him, finding his face mere inches away. Rush lay on his stomach, eyes closed, shifting slightly under the covers.

“Rush?” Young whispered. There was no response. He appeared to be asleep. Shaking his head slightly, Young started to close his eyes when Rush let out an mmmmng from the back of his throat, undulating softly beneath the blankets. Young’s lips started to quirk upward as he began to suspect what was happening. Delicately, he slipped his hand down to investigate and, yes, not only was Rush still hard, he was currently driving his cock against the mattress underneath him. Rush moaned again when Young’s fingers brushed his cock, and Young bit back a smile.

Rolling onto his side, Young looked into Rush’s sleeping face, and ran a finger over the arch of Rush’s backside. He kept his touch feather-light, swirling airily across Rush’s skin. Young grinned, watching appreciatively as his touches elicited quiet gasps and moans from Rush’s sleeping form. When he dipped his finger between Rush’s cheeks, Rush bit his lip, burying his face further into the pillow and arching his back. Young brushed teasingly over Rush’s puckered hole, then over his tight balls underneath, stroking fondly. Rush’s mouth hung open as he panted, muttering indistinguishably into his pillow. Both his hands were in loose fists on either side of his head as he humped inexactly into the bed. Bit by bit, Rush inched one of his hands closer. His tongue darted out over his lips, just touching his curved fingers. Then, the tongue started stroking lightly, before, finally, three fingers slipped into his mouth. Young couldn’t hold back a quiet chuckle, seeing Rush suck contentedly on his own fingers, a bit of drool dribbling from his lips.
Continuing his tactile exploration, Young swept his fingers over the planes of Rush’s thighs and ass, as well as the length of his back, gently brushing all the places he knew had marks he’d left the day before. He was stroking along Rush’s inner thigh when Rush shuddered, buttocks and thighs trembling, and then slumped against the bed. Young rubbed soothingly over Rush’s butt and lower back as Rush stilled, slowly falling into a deep, more dreamless sleep.

Young couldn’t wipe the smile from his face, watching Rush snuggle further into the blankets, a post-orgasmic flush in his cheeks. Pulling his own bit of the covers up higher, Young laid an arm across Rush’s back and settled his head down next to Rush’s. Peering into Rush’s face from under slowly falling lids, Young leaned forward and tapped a brief kiss on the end of Rush’s nose.

“Sweet dreams,” he murmured, and slid back into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

So, I probably don’t need to tell you guys this, but I thought maybe some of you would find it interesting to know that I was originally writing this and the previous chapter as one, single chapter before I realized it had gotten ridiculously long. In that version, obvsly, things aren’t left as unresolved and /erh/ feeling as the last one ended up being, so...yeah.

Also, this chapter pushes this fic over the 100,000 word mark so.../blows paper horn, throws confetti/ Yay! Everybody party!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Some classic bondage fun

Rush woke slowly, gradually drifting into consciousness. He shifted against the bed as he stretched. He could hear Young’s light snoring behind his ear, and smiled. He felt warm, the soft covers hugging his bare skin, and Young’s body next to his radiating a smooth, comforting heat.

He shifted again…and froze. Cautiously, he lifted slightly and looked down at the source of the stickiness cloying at his skin.

“Shite,” he whispered under his breath. Biting his bottom lip, he closed his eyes and fought the urge to hit something. Why did he always have to ruin everything, Rush thought miserably. Last night had been…well, Rush didn’t really have words for it, but he still understood its importance. He had felt something lift inside him in ways he couldn’t describe, and then he’d gone and wrecked the whole thing by not being able to follow a simple instruction. Now, instead of afterglow, the morning would be mired in aggravation and disappointment.

Just like yesterday. Rush shook his head to himself ruefully. Yesterday morning had been fine in many respects, but things had gotten…Rush’s brow furrowed. Complicated. It…not that he minded, Rush thought to himself assuredly. But Rush was aware Young would have preferred things hadn’t gone that way. He was…sensitive like that. Not like him, not like Rush, no, he wasn’t bothered, but he could empathize with Young’s position. Young was a worrier. He worried. It was in his nature.

Doesn’t understand you don’t rate wasting his worries on.

Or his guilt, Rush thought, chewing his lip. Young would blame himself for anything given the chance, which Rush could, and had, on occasion, used to his advantage. He knew he could easily goad Young into something he’d regret later. He just hadn’t realized he was still doing it.

Habit, he supposed. Push and needle and rankle, because he could, because it was easy, and who cared about the consequences? Whatever happened, he could handle it. Usually. Most of the time.
He cut that train of thought and came back to the present. Young was still asleep…could he clean up before he woke, act like it’d never happened? He was sorely tempted, to just avoid the whole disaster, make it disappear. Did he dare? What if he was caught trying to hide it, that would be worse, he was sure. Rush frowned. He wasn’t even sure he really *wanted* to do that, to sneak and hide and lie, it was just…things had gone so *well* last night, he hated to see it tainted by this…failure.

The decision was taken out of his hands by the beep of his alarm. Young snorted, waking, and Rush snatched up his phone, quickly shutting it off.

“Sorry,” Rush mumbled.

“Ngh,” Young grunted, waving him off. “Wha’ time s’it?”

“Five,” Rush said quietly.

Young *hmmed*. “That’s late for you, isn’t it?” he asked, yawning.

Rush half-shrugged. The truth was, Rush had discontinued his two earliest alarms. Young so hated being woken that early, and really, what was the harm? He could make up the work time since he’d been sleeping better and hadn’t needed his naps lately. 5:00 am was still fairly quiet on the ship, and besides, by now Rush knew all the places he could squirrel away to avoid people and actually get something done.

Young stretched his arms over his head with a groan. “You know, I slept pretty good. I may join the crew’s 6:00 am run,” Young said, yawning again.

“And skip the 6:00 *pm* one you usually participate in?” Rush said dryly. “Scott might feel hurt.”

Young shrugged. “I can do both.” Rush snorted. “So. How’d you sleep?”

“Fine,” Rush said mutedly.

“Mmm.” Young flicked his eyes down. “Looks like you got a bit sticky,” he said wryly.
Rush bit back a sigh. Guess there was no point hoping he wouldn’t notice. “Yeh,” he said quietly. “I…” he started. “I mean, I woke up like this, I didn’t…not on purpose or anything, it just—”

“Relax,” Young said good-naturedly. “I know you weren’t cheating intentionally.” He smirked.

“Right,” Rush said, glancing away, swallowing the lump in his throat. “I don’t suppose,” he laughed dully. “We could, ah, get things over with now?”

Young frowned, brow creasing. He spent a long moment, like he was really trying to figure something out. “What?” he said finally.

“My…my punishment,” Rush said, trying and failing not to stutter. He gave another dry heh heh, barely qualifying as a laugh. “I’d…rather not wait till tonight, if we could manage it.” He smiled awkwardly.

Young was looking at him oddly. “Rush, I’m not going to punish you.”

Rush nodded mutely. Well, it was worth a try. “Not till tonight,” he said, unresisting.

“Not at all,” Young corrected. He looked scandalized. “Rush, I’m not going to punish you for something that happened when you were unconscious. That would be ridiculous.”

Rush blinked, lips parting. “…Oh.”

Young chuckled, shaking his head incredulously. “Especially when, um,” Young blushed faintly, glancing at Rush sheepishly. “…I may have had something to do with it.”

Rush tilted his head. “And what, precisely, does that mean?” He asked, amusement creeping into his voice.

“Well, I…um, here,” Young said, grabbing a washcloth and handing it to Rush.
Rush took it. “Well,” he said, beginning to wipe the drying cum off his body. “Go on.” He said, shooting Young a sly look.

Young opened and shut his mouth a few times. “…I may have touched you in your sleep,” he said finally.

“May have?” Rush asked sardonically.

“Definitely,” Young amended. “I…definitely touched you in your sleep.”

The corner of Rush’s mouth inched up, his previous sour mood forgotten in lieu of this delightfulness.

“You were already, um,” Young went on, waving a hand vaguely. “Getting on pretty well on your own, but…I may have helped things along.”

“‘Getting on,’” Rush said dryly, rubbing at the stain on the sheets. “Getting off, more like.”

Young chuckled. “Well, yes.” He eyed Rush thoughtfully. “What were you dreaming about?”

Rush shrugged. “No idea. Can’t remember.”

“Really,” Young said skeptically.

“Really,” Rush repeated. “So, did you enjoy the show, at least?” he asked pointedly. “I imagine I made quite the spectacle of myself.”

“Mm-hmm,” Young hummed in agreement. “You were very cute.”

“Cute?” Rush sputtered.
“Cute,” Young said firmly, a self-satisfied smile on his face.

“Hrm,” Rush grumbled disgruntledly, tossing the rag off the side of the bed. “You getting up?” He asked after a minute, stretching out on his stomach and resting up on his elbows. “I thought you wanted to make that run.”

“Ungh,” Young grunted, not moving his head from his pillow. “In a bit.”

Rush smiled softly, then bent over and planted a kiss onto Young’s upturned lips. They were soft, and Rush let the kiss remain soft as well, plucking gently with his own lips. Their tongues peeked out briefly, tips tapping together in a passing kiss of their own, before retreating again.

Rush pulled away leisurely, peering at Young from half-lidded eyes. Then, he reached behind himself, tugging off the covers from his naked body and revealing his bare back and buttocks for Young’s perusal. Young did indeed peruse, eyes flicking down the length of Rush’s physique, such as it was. Hintingly, Rush tilted his hips, angling his arse upward.

His arse was still quite sore, but he hoped Young wouldn’t let that deter him. Rolling onto his side, Young met his gaze squarely, his eyes somehow both penetrating Rush and drawing him in.

There was a satisfying smack! As Young’s palm made contact with Rush’s arse, striking in the middle just across the crack. Rush’s eyelids fluttered at the sting, relishing it.

“…Thank you.” He looked into Young’s eyes, the moments stretching, until he realized his tone had been far to genuine and sincere, speaking to more than perhaps he’d strictly intended. “S-sir,” he added quickly, arching a brow, only stammering a little. Young just looked at him, inscrutable. “…I should go,” Rush whispered after a moment, and twisted away, swinging his legs off the bed.

Young watched him as he dressed, silent. Rush could feel Young’s eyes as he slid into his clothes, feeling more naked with them on than when he’d been totally nude.

“Rush—” Young began.

Just then, they felt a familiarly unsettling jolt, as Destiny dropped from FTL. They both took a second to reacclimate, letting out matching breaths.
“Well,” Rush said in the subsequent quiet. “I guess it’s time to go to work.”

“I guess so,” Young said with a sigh, and, after only a momentary pause, hoisted himself out of bed.

The planet Destiny had found for them proved to be uncharacteristically hospitable and non-life threatening, if a tad boring. Well, Volker seemed pleased enough, gathering seedlings and roots he said stood a good chance of doing well in hydroponics. There’d even been some fauna that proved both catchable and edible, adding some much needed fresh protein to their diet. The main source had been a kind of feathered but flightless creature that looked like a cross between a chicken, a peacock, and a gerbil.

Eli found plenty of time to go over his ideas of exploring the mysterious room he’d found with Young, and Young had said they could start repairing and clearing the area as soon as they made a more thorough survey of the damage.

Rush only stepped off-ship briefly, bowing to TJ’s insistence that every member of the crew spend at least half an hour in fresh air and sunlight whenever possible, returning quickly to his laptop and notes and the blinking consoles of Destiny. Most other urgent tasks were covered by the rest of the science team, so Rush went back, as he did whenever possible, to working on Destiny’s master code, reading through files in Ancient and making notes as he went. He leaned lightly over the console he was working at, for once actually grateful that most of Destiny’s consoles didn’t come with chairs so there was no need to make some kind of excuse on that front. When no one was around, he’d tested out sitting on one of the stools in the observation deck, and quickly come to the conclusion that he’d not be repeating that experiment for quite some time.

It was a thorough reminder of their nightly activities, one that sent a shudder through Rush’s frame and threatened to distract him from his current undertaking. He shook his head, refocusing.

When he was satisfied, having taken enough from the available database to get started in yet another new direction (his last three investigations into the master code and led only to dead ends), he rubbed his neck irritably and shut down the console. There were still a few people up and about he noted, as he passed them in the halls, unusual for this hour. Apparently the sunlight and fresh air, along with the impressive haul in foodstuffs and potential textiles, had people energized.

Cautiously, he rounded the corridors to Young’s quarters. He passed casually by the door twice.
before he was absolutely certain there was no one in the vicinity, and went inside.

Young smiled easily at Rush’s arrival. “I was hoping I’d see you tonight.”

‘Why wouldn’t you?’ Rush almost said out loud, teeth clacking at he quickly shut his mouth. “Oh?” he said instead, encouraging but reserved.

Another smile, this one a bit more roguish. “Strip. And get on the bed,” Young said genially.

Rush shivered contentedly and slid out of his clothes. By the time his bare knees hit the mattress, the easy warmth growing in his belly had spread out through his limbs.

“Face the wall,” Young told him, and Rush did, sitting on his knees in the center of the bed. A moment later, the bed dipped behind him, and something dark fell over Rush’s eyes.

“Mmm,” Rush hummed contentedly as Young tied the blindfold behind his head. “I remember this.” He tilted his head. “I thought you said I wasn’t going to be punished,” he teased.

“This isn’t a punishment,” Young said, his dark voice rumbling deeper in Rush’s ears. “Believe me.”

“Oh, I believe you,” Rush whispered coyly, a pleasant tingle already running down his spine.

“Lie down on your stomach,” Young instructed. Rush hummed as he slid his hands forward, stretching out luxuriously along the length of the bed.

The next thing he felt was something textured and slightly coarse being wrapped around his right wrist. “Wha—” Rush began to question, lifting his head.

“Shh,” Young soothed. “Just relax.”

Rush’s brow furrowed, but he lay his head back down. Young tied what Rush could now tell was rope around his wrist. It was snug, not tight, but still it sent a strange roiling sensation to the pit of Rush’s stomach. Unsettled, Rush nonetheless kept still and quiet as Young pulled gently till Rush’s
arm was laid out straight on the bed, angling from his shoulder above his head. A moment later, Rush felt the rope go taut. He tugged lightly, but found his hand fixed. He was now somehow capably bound to the bed frame by his right wrist.

Young did the same to his left, securing it to the matching upper left corner, then moved down to Rush’s feet. As he wrapped the length of rope about Rush’s left ankle, Rush shivered, not entirely pleasantly. Rush pursed his lips, conflicted.

Then, Young set about tying Rush’s ankle to the bottom corner of the bed, spreading his legs in the process. This time, the shiver that ran through him was purely lustful, and Rush groaned, shifting his hips against the bed. His cock, trapped between his body and the mattress, was suddenly distractingly hard.

“You can come whenever you want,” Young told him pleasantly as he affixed Rush’s right ankle. “In fact, you’re welcome to do anything at all, from that position,” Young said with amusement.

Rush let out a breathy laugh that devolved into a moan. He tensed some of his muscles, and found he could barely move, the stretch on his limbs sending fresh ripples of desire through his body. Blind and spread-eagled, all he could do was lie there, and listen, and feel.

“Well, Colonel,” Rush said breathlessly. “It appears I’m at your mercy.” He shivered again, thinking of all the things Young had done to him already, all the things he could do to him now. The danger of it excited him, a rush of adrenaline flooding his veins.

Rush felt the bed dip, and sucked in a breath in anticipation. He could feel Young hovering over him, like a predatory bird poised to strike.

Rush felt a soft tickle at the back of his neck. At first he thought he might be imagining it, a phantom itch born from being restrained, but then the sensation continued, trailing down his spine and making him shudder.

He almost burst out laughing when he realized.

“A feather?” He exclaimed, incredulous. “You’re using a bloody feather on me?” What was he, a playboy bunny? “Don’t you think that’s a tad, um…” Tame? Bloodless? Soft core? “…Unambitious?”
“You tell me,” Young said mildly, and brushed the feather’s tip over the curve of his left buttock. Rush hissed, his arse tender and raw enough that even that light touch proved effectively, well, affecting. Next, he was groaning as the feather dipped between his cheeks, ghosting over his hole with it’s frustratingly light yet agonizing touch. Young flitted it all over Rush’s body, jumping from place to place as he painted Rush with, literally, feather-light touches. He skimmed over Rush’s shoulders, still slightly chafed from his flogging, then over the backs of Rush’s bruised thighs. He wiggled the feather in quick, energetic circles on Rush’s bollocks until Rush was squirming like a worm on the hook, begging him to stop. He tickled the backs of Rush knees, and shins, and started to slide over his heel to the soles of his feet.

“Don’ you dare!” Rush cried frantically.

“I’m sorry,” Young said tauntingly. “You’re not ticklish, are you?”

“I swear, by god, I will skin you alive!” Rush practically shrieked.

“Okay, okay,” Young said, chuckling. “Calm down.” Then, speaking exaggeratedly. “I’m putting the feather away now.”

“Bastard,” Rush muttered into the bedding, the skin all over his body still prickling from Young’s attentions.

Young wasn’t finished yet. Soon, there was a new sensation skittering along Rush’s skin. This one was more of a scratch, a bit rough and scraggy. Rush’s brow creased in curiosity. Whatever it was left his skin feeling very slightly raw as it scraped along the planes of his back. Rush could feel innumerable tiny points making contact with his skin, sparking each nerve as Young stroked down his back almost like he were brushing down a horse—

Wait.

“Is that a hairbrush?” Rush inquired. Now that he’d thought of it, he could distinctly discern the texture of bristles.

“Mm-hm,” Young confirmed. “I found it in the give-away bin. You know,” Young went on. “I don’t remember seeing a hairbrush in your quarters. You could hold onto this one, if you wanted,” he said lightly. “Since you might actually have some use for it.” To make his point, he started running the brush over a bit of Rush’s hair.
“Oi!” Rush chided, tossing his head. “Watch it.”

“Just an idea,” Young said with a chuckle.

“Hmph,” Rush snorted. Then, the bristles touched down gingerly onto the skin of his arse and he gasped, the stiff bristles feeling like barbs against his sensitized flesh even with the lightest graze.

“You could spank me with me that, you know,” Rush commented, his voice pitched low.

“Mm.” There was a slow, delicate scrape down over the arch of his arse, and Rush sucked in air through his teeth. “I’m pretty sure the handle’s plastic, but it might be sturdy enough.” Another long scrape, this time over the other cheek.

“I meant with the bristles,” Rush said, voice choked.

Young was quiet. “You’d probably bleed from that.”

He was most likely right, Rush thought, imagining those hundreds of tiny, inflexible shafts coming down with force on his exposed flesh, piercing him, slicing him, leaving him aching and streaked in vicious red.

The thought didn’t exactly deter him, he was somewhat mortified to discover, and he buried his face in the bed sheet to cover his moans.

“Alright,” Young said when he was done scouring Rush’s body. “Let’s see if you can guess this one as easy.”

Rush’s ears perked at the challenge, and he waited in rapt attention for whatever Young had brought to torture him with next.

It was hard, unyielding…metallic, maybe? Rush thought to himself as it slid down his spine. He realized he was being touched with the thick, blunt end of something, or…several somethings. He
frowned, brow furrowing. It felt like a hand. Yes, he definitely felt five fingers now, curving down his back to, yes, cup his right arse-cheek. But, if it was Young’s hand, and Rush was now convinced it must be, it was clearly encased in something, something—

“Glove,” he rasped, feeling strangled. “A glove from an environmental suit, Jesus Christ.” He lifted his head, throwing his words over his shoulder. “You better put that back before anyone notices.”

Young chuckled, and slid an armored thumb between his cheeks. Rush groaned, dropping his head back down. “Christ, you’re mad,” he gasped out. “Christ, you’re—nngh.”

He was so close to coming. Young fondled him ruthlessly, stroking him from his neck to his knees, groping and prodding as he saw fit, and each deftly controlled touch only left Rush more and more wrecked. When Young finally put the glove away, Rush actually sagged with relief. He wasn’t sure how much more he could take.

Then Young climbed on top of him and Rush gave up any hope of coming through this with his sanity intact. He could feel Young bare thighs against his sides, and as Young cock brushed his lower back and there was a touch of chest hair against his shoulder blades, Rush realized Young was completely naked. Young circled Rush’s waist with his hands, and if Young’s hand in that glove had been torturous, his bare skin now was maddening, hot and alive, smooth and coarse all at once.

Young brushed Rush’s hair out of the way and planted wet kisses to the back of Rush’s neck. He licked his way down Rush’s spine, circling each vertebra with strokes of his tongue. All the way to Rush’s tailbone, Young left a wet trail down Rush’s back, then kept right on going, slipping his tongue nimbly between Rush’s cheeks. Now planted between Rush’s bound and spread legs, Young took hold of an arse-cheek in each hand and held Rush open as he ate his hole, devouring it voraciously. Though Young’s grip wasn’t harsh, Rush’s abused arse protested at the constant and unwavering contact, even as Rush himself reveled in the feel of Young’s palms against his tortured flesh.

Rush was babbling incoherently, he realized belatedly, a series of half-formed words and thoughts spilling from his mouth with no way for him to stop them. “Gah—wha—oh Go—ungh—fuh—fuckme—Christfuck—ACH—Go’ helpme—don’—stop—ungAHH—”

Rush’s hole was still somewhat over-tender from the other day, so Young’s intent ministrations stung as much as they sent Rush into pleasure overdrive, which only further sent Rush into ecstasies. He was sure he could remember being able to string a full sentence together, but he couldn’t for the life of him imagine doing it now.
If only he could manage to come, damn it.

Young brought his unrelenting laving of Rush’s hole to an end, sitting up with a sighing groan that made it sound like he’d just finished the best meal of his life. Rush lay there numbly, unable to do much else. Well, he was tied to the bed, but Rush was fairly certain he wouldn’t be able to move anyway.

It was only then that he noticed Young was undoing the bindings around his wrists, first the left, then the right. “So,” Rush said, in between shallow breaths. “Are you finished with me then?”

There was a low chuckle. “Hardly,” Young rumbled, and pulled Rush’s hands behind his back. He re-bound them then, tying them together. Then he bent over Rush’s prone form, and put a hand on one shoulder, whispering into his ear. “I just want you on your knees.”

Rush groaned, muscles clenching deep in his belly, as Young pulled him up and settled him on his knees. Rush’s ankles were still tied, spreading his legs abnormally wide, and he groaned again, taking fierce pleasure in the perversity.

Young was holding him to his bare chest with one arm, all raw power and animal efficacy. There was no vulnerability in Young’s nakedness, only the assuredness of someone who knew that, should it come to it, they needed only their bare hands to survive. Young’s hardened cock jabbed into Rush’s lower back like a weapon.

Rush’s spread knees left his hole exposed to the air, and it was easy for Young to take his cock in hand and touch it to the puckered entrance. He didn’t press in, or even slide along the crack, however. Instead, he used his hand to strike Rush’s hole with his cock in sharp, pointed slaps. Once in a while, he would rub the hole roughly with the tip of his cock, smearing it with pre-cum.

“Did you like me eating your hole, Rush?” Young growled lowly into his ear.

“Yes,” Rush breathed, chest heaving.

“Now I’m spanking your hole with my cock,” Young said gruffly, punctuated with a series of sharp taps. “Do you like that?”

“Yes,” Rush said helplessly.
“Next, I’m gonna come on your hole,” Young said, pressing his lips into Rush’s cheek. “You gonna like that, too?”

“Yes,” Rush whined, ending in a furious hiss. “Yes, I will, you know I will, God damn ye’.”

“Bend over,” was Young’s only response.

Rush bent forward, and Young held him by the hip to help keep him on his knees and steady his descent. With his arms bound behind his back, Rush had to support himself on his right cheek and shoulder in order to keep his arse thrust up into the air. The ropes tied around his ankles left his legs splayed open, displaying his arsehole in a way that was almost artful.

Young swabbed Rush’s hole with the tip of his cock, and Rush could hear the sound of his hand stroking furiously over the hard flesh. In no time at all, the first drops of fresh, hot cum splattered onto Rush’s inflamed pucker. Soon Rush’s crack and hole were being coated in more and more layers of cum. Rush whimpered, the warm spunk sliding down to his balls and his back in syrupy rivulets. Before long, those little streams reached Rush’s bound hands, soaking his fingers in gooey fluids.

Behind the blindfold, Rush’s eyes rolled back into his head, and he came.

The next thing Rush was aware of was Young tugging the blindfold from his head. Rush gazed up at Young from his prostrate position, lightly gasping. Young looked down at him, a soft smile coloring his face as he brushed hairs from Rush’s face.

“Here,” Young said, picking up a clean cloth from the bedside table, dipping it the waiting water basin beside it. “You clean that,” he nodded toward the bedspread. “I’ll clean this.” Settling next to Rush, Young started wiping the cum from Rush’s fingers.

Rush looked down. He could see the white-ish goopy mess he’d left on the covers beneath him. Shifting awkwardly on his knees, Rush bent his head and started licking at the bits that were in reach.

When Young had wiped the worst from Rush’s hands, he untied them, tugging the rope gently out of its knots. Dropping the loose rope on the bed, Young stroked the damp cloth smoothly over each of Rush’s hands, then let them go. His arms now free, Rush found it a little easier, pushing himself up
on his elbows as he continued to lick up his mess with his tongue.

Young cleaned down Rush’s back, then climbed between his legs. He dabbed thoroughly over Rush’s hole and between his cheeks, and Rush’s face burned as he realized Young was literally wiping his arse. Once he’d finished thoroughly cleaning Rush’s anus and testicles, Young stepped off the bed. Carefully, he went about untangling the ropes that still held Rush’s ankles. Rush looked back over his shoulder, taking in his widely spread legs, and watched Young undo his bindings with a twinge of remorse. When Young glanced up and caught him looking, Rush ducked his head and got back to work lapping up his cum.

After he’d finished, Rush sat back on his knees, wiping his mouth with his fingers and sucking them clean. Young sat beside him on the bed, watching him with calm, inscrutable eyes. Rush dropped his own eyes as he licked his fingers, fighting down a blush with all his might.

Rush wasn’t sure how long they stayed like that, but then Young took him by the wrist, pulling Rush toward him as he pulled down the covers. They settled underneath the warm blankets, Young on his back, Rush lying on top of him and straddling his waist. Rush let out a soft sigh as Young brought the covers up over them, laying his head down on Young’s bare chest. Young wrapped his arms around him, gliding his palms over Rush’s back. Eventually, one hand settled softly on Rush’s arse as the tips of Young’s fingers brushed teasingly down Rush’s crack. He touched a cautious finger to Rush’s anus. The pucker, swollen and puffy from the past days’ treatment, flinched slightly at the contact, but only just, and Young went on the rub gentle circles over the abused flesh.

“Rush?” Young murmured.

“Mm?” Rush responded drowsily.

There was a pause. “Were you really only limping because of your feet?” he asked carefully.

Rush was quiet, thinking of the deep, blinding ache Young had left inside him, how his arse had felt smashed and pulverized as Young fucked him into the wall.

“Of course,” Rush answered smoothly. “Though, for the record,” he lifted his head, peeking up at Young’s through his lashes. “I don’t see anything wrong with you fucking me till I can’t walk straight.”

Young laughed softly, the sound reverberating through his chest under Rush. “We can’t have you
walking sideways down the hallways. What would people think?” he japed.

“Mm,” Rush grunted. “That someone had finally given me a good thrashing, and that I’d probably been asking for it,” he said airily. He quirked an eyebrow at Young. “And they’d be right.”

Young snorted. “Very funny.”

Rush smirked, and laid his head back down on Young’s chest. His hand was resting beside him, the fingers lightly curled, a light reddish circle visible around the wrist. The sight of it sent something unsettled staggering through Rush’s chest. Frowning, Rush wrapped his arms around Young’s torso, tucking the wrist out of sight behind Young’s shoulders.

“I’d be more worried about someone wondering where all this rope has gone to,” Rush said dryly. “Not to mention that environmental suit glove.”

Young brushed his fingers along Rush spine dismissively. “I’ll put the glove back tomorrow, don’t worry. And the ropes were just scraps, too short to be useful in the field. Besides, now that we’re making our own, rope’s actually one of the few things we have a surplus of.”

“Mm,” hummed Rush noncommittally.

They fell into an easy silence then, both finally giving in to their exhaustion. Slowly, Rush’s eyes drifted closed, the sound of Young’s heartbeat against his ear.

“Hmmm,” Rush sighed, nuzzling against the soft hairs of Young’s chest as he gradually eased into consciousness. He squeezed his thighs around Young’s sides, taking comfort in the solid weight. Slowly, he turned his head, still resting against Young’s broad chest, and peered at the man sleeping under him.

Young was snoring lightly, his mouth hanging open as his chest rose and fell beneath Rush’s cheek. Smiling softly, Rush absently brought a hand over Young’s left pectoral and started making lazy circles along the skin with one finger. Young’s morning erection rested between Rush’s arse-cheeks, fitting snugly in a way that was almost adorable.
Sighing again, Rush contentedly let his eyes flutter shut again, thinking that, strange as it seemed, he could quite possibly stay just like this forever.

Well. Maybe not forever. Sooner than he would have imagined, Rush found his wakefulness growing into restlessness. Biting back a groan, he finally gave in, pushing up on his hands and lifting his head. Carefully, he started to climb off of Young’s sleeping form.

“Ngh,” Young grunted, eyes blinking sleepily. He peered up at Rush, sitting up on his knees but still straddling Young’s hips. “Hey.”

“Hi,” Rush breathed quietly. “Didn’t mean to wake you.”

Young gave a little wave of his hand. “Don’t worry ‘bout it.”

“It’s still early,” Rush said apologetically. “I know you’d rather sleep later.”

Young hrrmed. “Well, at least you’re not poking me in the face this time,” he said wryly. “What time is it?”

Ducking his head a little to hide his sheepish expression, Rush reached for his phone. “4:10,” he answered.

Young grunted. “Could be worse, I guess.” He squinted at Rush. “You’re getting up now?”

Rush nodded, then bit his lip. “Is there,” he asked, lowering his lashes bashfully. “Anything I can… do for you, before I go?” He gave Young a crooked smile. “I noticed you’re a bit, ah,” he glanced back over his shoulder toward Young’s stiff cock, then back to Young, arching a brow.

Young regarded him thoughtfully, then let out a slow sigh. “Yeah. Okay,” he rumbled. “On your stomach.”

Soft warmth pooling in his belly, Rush climbed off and stretched out on the bed, tucking his hands
“Anything I can do to help?” Rush asked after some moments passed. “Or do you have it all…in hand?” he quipped.

Young chuckled. “I could manage,” he said amusedly. “But…” he trailed off thoughtfully. Then, with a little jerk of his chin. “Talk to me.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “Heh?” he said articulately.

“Say something,” Young reiterated.

“…Like what?” Rush asked cautiously.

“I don’t know. Anything,” Young said glibly.

“Well, that’s helpful,” Rush muttered, *hrmph*ing slightly. He chewed his lip. Young stayed quiet, letting the silence stretch. Rush frowned; he just couldn’t bloody think of anything, let alone something…dirty or sexy or what have you. He sighed, and looked back at Young, still working over his cock in smooth, even motions, looking poised to come all over Rush’s bright red arse—

Rush blinked, and pressed his lips together thoughtfully.

“You know,” he began casually. “You didn’t really follow through on your promise.”

Young raised a brow. “Oh?” He asked, playing along.

“Mm-hm,” Rush said nonchalantly. “You said I wouldn’t be able to even think of sitting, and I must say, I’ve spent much of the last two days… *thinking* about sitting.” He arched a brow, smirking.

Young looked back at him, chuckling warmly. “That right.”
Rush shook his head in mock dismay. “Stools, benches, chairs. I can’t seem to get them out of my head. Since, you know,” he let the corner of his lip quirk up further. “I haven’t been able to actually sit on any of them. I’ve had to eat all my meals standing up, acting like I’m in too much of a hurry to be bothered.”

“That must be a hard sell,” Young said dryly. Rush shot him an unamused look.

“Well, you’ve certainly managed to keep me on my feet, that’s for certain,” he grumbled good-naturedly. “This wasn’t some secret plan to get more exercise into my routine, now was it?”

“Now there’s an idea,” Young conceded handily. “Maybe I should put you through some calisthenics. That could be fun.”

Rush’s face twisted. “Fun for whom?”

“Me, mostly, I’m guessing” Young said, smiling. Rush *hrmphed*. “Since I have you here most every night, I bet I could get some jumping jacks out of you.”

Rush stared blandly. “And that would be fun for you?”

“It would if you were naked,” Young said easily.

“Naked,” Rush said flatly. “Naked jumping jacks.”

“Mm, and…maybe some push-ups. Or,” Young smirked broadly. “Squats.”

Rush shook his head, disbelieving. “You’re ridiculous. There is absolutely nothing…sexy about bloody jumping jacks.”

“Come on,” Young coaxed. “Get to watch your ass bouncing around?”
“I don’t think it’s my arse that’ll be doing the most bouncing in that scenario,” Rush said scornfully, envisioning his cock flapping about as he jumped up and down bare-arsed nude.

Young laugh deeply, then took a deep breath. “Well, we’ll put a pin in that idea. Right now, I’m about to come on your ass.” Rush sucked in a breath. “Now, I know how…sensitive you must still be,” he said gruffly, running a finger over the reddened mound of Rush’s arse. “So, you be sure to let me know if this stings.”

Rush bit his lip, groin clenching. A moment later, the first drops of spunk fell on his upturned arse.

“Sss,” Rush hissed, clenching his teeth as the hot, gooey fluid hit his chafed skin. Rush cock twitched against his thigh, and he watched as his arse was bathed in hot cum that left it feeling raw and burnt. He finally clenched his eyes shut, face contorting as he hissed again in pain and lust.

“…I’ll take that as a ‘yes’,” Young said mildly. He sat back on his heels, regarding Rush’s arse with gentle appreciation.

The moments stretched and Young didn’t move, just kept looking at his—Rush smirked—latest masterpiece. Rush was loath to ruin the moment, but he felt the familiar itch between his shoulder blades telling him to get moving already. Grateful that Young now regularly kept clean cloths by the bedside, he grabbed for one and reached behind him.

“What are you doing?” Young asked, blocking him arm easily.

Rush sighed restlessly. “Cleaning up?”

Young looked at Rush, an odd expression on his face, then looked down at his cum-spattered arse, and then back up again.

“Leave it,” Young said clearly.

Rush’s brow creased. “For how long?” he whined impatiently.

“…Till tonight.”
Rush blinked. “Till…” He blinked again. Young wanted him to…

Young climbed off of him and Rush watched him go, quiet and uncertain. He glanced back at his rear.

“It’ll dry in a minute,” Young reassured. Rush’s head snapped back to look at him. Young had laid back down onto his pillow and was pulling the covers back over his chest.

“…Okay,” Rush found himself whispering. Feeling oddly subdued, he waited for the ooze on his backside to dry. It didn’t take long, the creamy fluid solidifying into a clear-ish white hardness over his bright pink arse. Rush rose from the bed mutely. He dressed, a slight frown coloring his face as he adjusted to this latest new sensation. It didn’t itch exactly, but there was a tightness across his skin where the cum clung to it, a telling and undeniable reminder of what was staining it.

As he pulled on his jeans he felt a sharp blush suddenly rise up his neck to his face. As usual, he wasn’t wearing any underwear, since his briefs were still sitting in the drawer of Young’s nightstand, but he was now abruptly aware that his increasingly worn jeans were the only thing standing between the world and his spanked, cum-stained arse. He gulped as mad, improbable visions went through his mind, like his jeans being caught on some equipment and tearing obscenely, revealing everything to the horrified faces of his science team.

He finished dressing quickly, pulling on his shirts and shoes, and cinching his belt maybe a little tighter than usual.

He glanced at Young, seeing his eyes were closed, and headed for the door.


Rush walked over shyly. “I thought you were asleep,” he said quietly. Young just *hmm*ed. Gently, Rush bent down and pressed his lips to Young’s, absurdly reminded of a prince in a fairytale with Young lying on the bed like this. They broke the kiss lightly, glancing at each other from hooded eyes. Then Rush reached across Young’s body, planting his hands on the bed on his other side. Now half draped across Young’s lap, Rush had only to wait, the expected smack coming down easily across his denim-covered bum-cheek.

“Thank you, sir,” Rush mumbled quietly, fighting back another blush as he tried not to think about
Young’s cum rubbing against the inside of his jeans.

“You’re welcome,” Young mumbled back sleepily, a soft smile on his lips.

Cheeks flushed red, Rush stood, and made a hasty exit.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Canes and calisthenics.

The day turned out to be mostly routine, the most dramatic event being that Young had sent in the first exploratory missions to see what it would take to repair the hull in the halls leading down to Eli’s mystery room. Eli had spent much of the day chattering excitedly, trying to get the rest of the scientists to speculate on what that it would turn out to be.

“I voting for holodeck,” Eli enthused while Brody rolled his eyes. “I mean, it’s not that crazy, right? We’ve already basically got warp speed, which is way more unrealistic if you think about it.”

“Eli, we are not living in a sci-fi show,” Brody said dully.

“We’re on a spaceship,” Eli retorted, incredulous.

“Yeah, but not a fictional one,” Brody answered back.

Rush shook his head, quietly packed up his things, and went off to find somewhere quieter to work. The noise wasn’t his only motivation for seeking privacy, as his arse was proving more distracting than usual and the last thing he needed was anyone wondering why he kept furiously blushing. He managed to find a work console in a more out of the way location, and settled in with his laptop and notes.

As the day wore on however, Rush only found it harder and harder to concentrate. He shifted restlessly from foot to foot; his soles were no longer as sore as they’d been, but he’d be on his feet all day since he still couldn’t sit comfortably, and the ache in his feet and burn in his rear weren’t the only sources of distraction. Every time the cheeks of his arse scraped against his jeans he was reminded of the cum marking them like some twisted stamp of ownership, which would then send a fresh wave of heat up his neck to his face till the only thing he could think of was Young and
Young’s room and Young’s bed and how he should be there right now. It was like a beacon pulsing out from his arse urging go to him, go to him, and he wondered if Young could have possibly known the effect of making Rush carry a piece of him on his skin all day would have.

Which is how he ended up outside Young’s quarters maybe a tad earlier than usual, heart fluttering with nerves and impatience and vexation.

It will all be fine once your inside, said a voice from inside his head, sounding like a strange amalgam of Young and himself.

He went in.

Young was washing his face, and looked up at Rush’s entrance, peeking over his shoulder. His lip quirked, and he turned back towards the mirror. “I wasn’t expecting you till later,” said Young amiably, patting his face with a hand towel.

“I can leave,” Rush said tartly, cross his arms over his chest. “If it’s too early.”

Young just smiled and turned away from the mirror. He beckoned Rush with a finger and a knowing look. Rush squinted his eyes and planted his feet, unmoving. Young seemed unaffected by his prickliness and sauntered casually across the room. He’d taken off his uniform jacket, sporting the black t-shirt he wore underneath, and Rush’s eyes drifted of their own accord over where the fabric clung to his shoulders.

Young didn’t cross to Rush. Instead, Rush watched him turn toward the far corner, bending to unzip the dark, military issue duffel bag sitting there. Drawn in despite himself, Rush took careful steps forward, tilting his head to get a better view and swallowing hard around the lump in his throat.

Young stood up straight again, the thin wooden switch in his hand, and Rush’s stomach flipped, his previous sourness draining away and replaced with breathless anticipation.

“Stand there,” Young instructed, using the switch to point out a spot between the bed and the couch. Rush’s thighs clenched as he stepped into position, feeling heady. Young leaned casually against the back of the sofa and gestured again with the switch. “Strip.”

Rush shuddered and began yanking off his clothes, tossing them aside haphazardly. Rush flushed as
he dragged his jeans down and off his skin, kicking them away impatiently. Now naked, he stretched his fingers restlessly, fighting the impulse to run them over the arc of his arse and feel the dried cum caked across his skin.

Young tilted his head scanning down Rush’s body with aloof, unapproachable scrutiny, the switch he held rested over the back of his shoulder like a tennis racket.

“Okay.” Young said when he’d looked his fill. His eyes flicked up, a slight smirk on his lips. “How ‘bout those jumping jacks?”

Rush groaned, shoulders slumping. “You can’t be serious,” he said, eyes rolling.

“Oh, I’m serious,” Young said, though he sounded more amused than anything.

“Seriously deranged,” Rush muttered, rubbing his neck. He glanced longingly toward Young’s bed. “I’ve hardly been off my feet all day,” he whined.

“Less talking, more jumping,” Young said, waving the switch in a little flourish. He was enjoying this far too much, Rush thought grumpily.

“I just don’t see what you could possibly—”

“Rush…” Young said warningly.

Rush let out a huff. Resigned, he started half-heartedly waving his arms and legs.

Snap!

Rush hissed as the switch struck him under the arm, just hard enough to sting.

“All the way up, Rush,” Young said blandly. “Keep those arms extended.”
Rush puffed air out his nostrils, irked, but set about moving his arms more fully.

_Snap!

This time the switch hit just over his hip. “Pick up the pace, Rush, lets get that heart rate up,” Young said mirthfully.

Rush shot him a glare and sped up his movements, thigh stinging where Young had rapped him. Satisfied, Young leaned back and let him continue uninterrupted. Rush fixed his gaze over Young’s head, biting his lip to hold back a sigh. As he’d feared, he could feel his prick flopping about as he bounced up and down, only adding to the ridiculousness of an already ridiculous scene.

He could feel Young’s eyes on him, picking over his vulnerable flesh with his gaze, and he flushed hotly thinking of what image he must make. With every thump of his feet against the floor, every slap of his prick against his thigh, Rush’s embarrassment grew. Then, Young circled around him, and Rush could so clearly picture him eyeing his arse, his legs scissoring underneath the jiggling, cum-covered cheeks, that he almost stopped breathing.

Which would have been disastrous, since he was already starting to struggle to breath evenly. His arms and legs ached, and he was beginning to develop a pain in his side.

He was also getting ludicrously, impossibly hard, his cock stiffening in response to Young’s close inspection and his own resulting embarrassment. God, you’re pathetic, he thought at himself sourly, fighting to keep his limbs moving under their seemingly increasing weight.

“Alright, that’s enough,” Young said and Rush stopped his movements almost before he’d finished speaking, bending forward and resting his hands on his knees as he panted. He was sweating, beads of it rolling down his back and brow. “Now,” Young said, rounding back in front of Rush. He tapped the floor with the switch pointedly. “Drop and give me twenty.”

Rush eyed him tiredly from behind his hair, annoyed, but too exhausted to protest. Jerkily, his climbed to his knees and placed his palms on the floor, balancing himself on his hands and toes. Young walked around him, inspecting. He adjusted Rush’s position using soft taps from the switch.

“Keep your back straight,” he said calmly with a touch to Rush’s stomach. He widened the spaces between Rush’s hands and feet, then stepped back, regarding his work. “Okay. Begin.”
Rush sighed, and bent his elbows.

Snap

Young struck him between the shoulder blades as he started to press back up, and Rush froze.

“All the way down, Rush,” Young said sternly. There was a pause. “Kiss the floor. Each time.”

Rush swallowed thickly, and lowered back down. When his nose was almost scraping the floor, he bent his neck slightly and pressed his lips to the metal decking.

“One.”

Young’s voice rang out clearly, and Rush shuddered, pushing back up with effort. His cock bobbed against his belly as he pushed up and down against the floor, kissing it each time under Young’s precise, even count. His buttocks clenched tightly, and Rush blushed deeply, thinking of how plainly his backside was displayed to Young in this position, hyper-aware of the dried goo stretched across the taut muscle.

“Ten.”

Rush gasped out a sigh. It was occurring to him that he couldn’t actually remember the last time he’d done a proper push-up. Some time in school, perhaps, in some awful nod towards physical education? In any case, his arms were starting to quiver slightly from the strain.

“Fifteen.”

Rush paused, gathering his breath. Only five more. He could do five more.

“Want me to do them with you?” Young asked drolly. Rush lifted his head and glared darkly; he was well aware Young could throw out twice this number with hardly a thought.

Steeling himself, he pressed on, ignoring the sweat dripping down his face.

With a gasp of relief, Rush lowered his knees to the ground, panting on all fours.

“Okay,” Young said after a minute, affable but firm. “On your feet.” Rush wiped an arm across his face, and sighed. Raggedly, he climbed to standing. “Put your hands on your head.” Rush obeyed tiredly, placing his palms to the back of his head, fingers laced and elbows pointing out. He couldn’t even feel annoyed anymore; he hadn’t the energy. Young eyed him with dark appreciation, arms crossed over his chest. “Let’s see some squats.”

Rush’s shivered at Young’s suggestive tone, thighs clenching. “Twenty?” he asked, breathless.

Young smiled, amused but kind. “Let’s try ten.”

Rush nodded, gulping. Spacing his feet apart, he bent his knees and lowered toward the floor. His stomach clenched as he rose back up, finding a strange kind of comfort in Young’s composedly spoken, “One.”

Young stood behind him as he squatted and stood, squatted and stood, his bum sticking out and angling up each time he made the descent. I hope you’re enjoying the view, Rush thought at Young sourly, given what you’re putting me through. His legs felt tired, but it wasn’t until the fourth squat that he began to feel a real strain in his thighs, grunting as he fought gravity to push himself back up.

“Five. Six. Seven.”

Rush groaned, not quite making it up and slumping back into a squatting position with a whimper.

“Come on, Rush, you’re almost done,” Young encouraged.

Rush snorted, wheezing slightly.

“Up, Rush,” Young prodded, more adamant.
“You delight in humiliating me,” Rush accused waspishly, his last nerve finally fraying.

Young crouched down in front of him. He slid the length of the switch under Rush’s chin and tilted his head till they were eye to eye.

“And you delight in being humiliated.” Young spoke evenly.

Rush’s cheeks flushed, and he dropped his gaze. His cock pulsed between his bent legs, a (he snorted to himself) firm reminder of the undeniable effect Young’s games had—always had—on him.

Young stood, circling to stand behind him again. “Let’s go, Rush. Up. Now.” He punctuated that last word with a quick flick up with the switch under Rush’s haunches, hitting just over his hole between his lightly parted cheeks. Rush flinched, bit back a groan, eyes fluttering, and pushed himself to his feet.


Young stepped closer, standing just inches behind him. Lightly, he slid the switch across Rush’s backside. Rush shivered, tingles running up and down his spine. “How did you feel,” Young questioned lowly. “Having my cum on you all day?” Rush sucked in a breath through trembling lips, the dull burn of arousal in his lower belly erupting into hot flame. “Rush,” Young prompted again, placing the switch under his chin from behind and forcing up at an angle. “How did you feel?”


“Mm.” Young rounded on him till they were face to face, stepping as close as was possible without actually touching him. The switch still held at his throat, Young looked down at Rush through darkly hooded eyes. He took full advantage of every inch of height he had on him, forcing Rush to look up at hard angle. “Open your mouth.”

Rush’s lips parted instantly without a thought, before his conscious mind caught up and he stretched his mouth wide. Young leaned in, setting his mouth close to Rush’s as though for a kiss…then he
spit in his mouth instead. The whole time their eyes remained locked, and Rush kept his mouth open as Young pulled away, Young’s spittle lying heavily on his tongue. Young used the switch to guide Rush’s jaw shut, and under his careful gaze, Rush swallowed.

“And how did that make you feel,” Young questioned, eyes meaningful.

“Owned,” Rush answered huskily, the truth springing out of him before he’d even had a chance to hold it back.

Young lowered the switch to his side, and there was barely a pause before Young’s next demand.

“Get on your knees.”

Rush dropped like a stone, wincing as his knees hit the deck a little too hard. Young was undoing his fly with his left hand and Rush watched with rapt attention as he took out his bloated, glorious, cock. Young pulled down the fabric of his underwear to fully reveal himself, letting his belt and trousers hang open.

Young placed his hand on his hip, and traced along Rush’s leg with the tip of the switch. “Suck me.”

Rush didn’t have to be told twice: he leaned forward and took Young in his mouth, practically using his own hands at the back of his head to push himself down Young’s massive length. Wasting no time, he swallowed Young’s cock down his throat, then heaved himself back and forth along the shaft, lips wrapped tightly to the throbbing flesh. He could not identify a single clear thought in his mind, caught up only in repetitively fucking of his mouth onto Young’s cock. If there were any words at all inside his head, they were faster, tighter, deeper, and nothing else.

Sunk to the root onto Young’s cock, Rush managed to slip the tip of his tongue between his lower lip and Young’s shaft and brush along Young’s bulging sack, feeling it tighten at the touch.

He was in the process of completing another slide down Young’s rigid cock, when he felt Young’s hand grip his jaw, stopping him abruptly. Panting through his nose, Rush looked up, his eyes oscillating wildly, unable to focus. Slowly, Young’s hand dragged him off his cock, the thick flesh gliding against the insides of Rush’s mouth. As he slipped from the tip, he inhaled, breath hitching.

Young released Rush’s jaw and wrapped his hand around his thick, glistening erection, wet with
Rush’s spit. He stroked once, and cum spurted from the tip, splattering onto Rush’s left cheek. The thick fluid splashed against the side of Rush’s nose and dripped sloppily down over his lip.

With a sigh, Young spent himself. He dabbed the tip of his cock down Rush’s chin to wipe the cum from it before tucking it back into his underwear. With a finger, he tilted Rush chin up and to the side, inspecting the blotchy smears marring Rush’s face.

Rush lowered his gaze modestly, feeling a strange mix of shame and pride. He could feel the cum sticking to his cheek like a wax seal, somehow feeling both like a brand of degradation and a badge of honor.

“Will you let me come tonight, sir?” Rush asked demurely, a spark of courage lancing through his chest.

Young regarded him thoughtfully. “Yes,” he finally. Then, with a dark glint in his eye. “But not yet.” He dropped his hand from Rush’s chin. “Get on the bed.”

Rush shuddered, butterflies fluttering in nervous excitement in his belly. He dropped his hands in order to crawl his way to the bed, climbing on with a glance toward Young.

Young placed the switch carefully back in the duffel back, then stripped out of his boots and trousers. “Lie on your back.”

Rush rolled over, settling back on his elbows with a slight wince as his buttocks made contact with the bedding. Young approached Rush on the bed and took an ankle in each hand. He bent Rush’s knees and spread them, then settled between them as he placed Rush’s feet down on the bed. Rush shivered, already pleased with the sight of Young sitting between his legs.

“You don’t come till I tell you to,” Young said, running a finger down the inside of Rush’s thigh. “Say it.”

“I don’t come till you tell me to,” Rush said breathlessly, throat clenching.

Satisfied, Young gave a brief nod, and then seized Rush’s genitals in his hand. Rush threw his head, gasping, as Young kneaded his cock and balls, his rough treatment no less pleasurable. Rush bit his lip and groaned, fighting not to come even as his hips thrust up into Young’s hand to seek more
contact. Turning his hand, Young pressed the heel into the root of Rush’s cock, stimulating it in harsh circular motions that left Rush sputtering helplessly.

Young continued to play with him, touching his genitals with a detached interest that bordered on indifference. He pinched his foreskin and tickled his ball sac and tossed his cock from palm to palm like a bear toying with a fish and basically did anything he liked to Rush’s most sensitive parts with seemingly no thought to the fact that he’d forbidden Rush from finding any release from his attentions.

“You can beg to come, if you want,” Young cheekily, after Rush had let out a particularly pitiful mewl.

Rush growled. “Would it make any difference?” he grumbled poutingly.

Young quirked an eyebrow. “I don’t know,” he said drolly. “Give it a try.”

Rush grumbled some more, muttering curses under his breath. “Please. Let me come.”

Young shot him a look. “You can do better than that.”

Rush dropped his head to the bed in frustration, huffing. Closing his eyes, he took a deep, grounding breath. Feeling somewhat calmer, he tried to think of something to say, something good, something Young would like…

Absently, he licked over his lip, tasting Young’s cum. It was beginning to dry, staining his face the same way Young had stained his arse that morning.

Dirty whore.

Rush opened his eyes. He pushed back up on his elbows and fixed Young with hungry look.

“I have your cum on my face,” Rush said beginning his appeal. Young’s expression remained impassive, but his eyes flickered with interest. “I have your cum on my arse,” Rush went on, coating each syllable with lust. “And I want…I need,” he amended. “You to cover me…in my own cum.”
He rolled his hips. “I need…to be…drenched in it.” Rush shuddered, and briefly shut his eyes, collecting himself. He couldn’t let himself be too affected…

“You asked me,” he went on, voice strangled. “What I felt like. Today.” He opened his eyes, piercing Young with his gaze as much as he could. “I felt like…a cum-stained whore,” he rasped. “A dirty, filthy slut.” He glanced away for a moment. “Let me…let me show you…what a filthy slut you can make me. Let me—make me come. All over myself. Please.”

Young was quiet, but Rush knew he’d gotten to him. He just wasn’t sure if it would be enough. He waited, with literally bated breath, for what Young would do.

Young glanced down at Rush’s cock. “I already know what a cum-slut you are,” he said, seemingly unconcerned. “You’ll take it on your face. On your ass. In your ass.” He flicked his eyes up, boring into Rush’s eyes with his own. “You’ll take in your mouth, swallow it, lick it off the floor, off my boots. Drink it from a cup.” Rush gulped thickly, face burning. “You’re the filthiest, greediest cum-slut I’ve ever seen,” Young said tauntingly. “Why should I give you more?”

Rush’s lip quivered. “Please,” he whispered. It was all he could say.

Young smiled softly, and let out an exaggerated sigh. “Well, I suppose.” He gave Rush a smirk. “I just can’t help spoiling you, apparently. Go ahead and come, you little slut.” As he spoke, Young rubbed a thumb over the head of Rush’s cock.

Rush erupted, arching off the bed while Young continued to stroke his cock. Gripping the bedclothes in tight fists, Rush howled. Eyes clenched shut, he felt cum hit his stomach, his chest, his neck, dripping over his nipples and down his skin on hot globs.

He fell back to the bed, whimpering. Young was watching him from between his legs, wiping bits of creamy fluid from his fingers onto Rush’s hip.


Young stroked inside Rush’s knee with the backs of his fingers. “You’re gonna stay like that tonight,” he said after a moment. “Covered in filth. You can clean up in the morning.”

“Yes, sir,” Rush affirmed. He’d hardly expected anything else, he realized.
Young pulled down the bed-covers, maneuvering Rush underneath. Rush could barely move, he found; his whole body felt like lead.

Young slid in behind him, tucking his head to Rush’s shoulder and running a hand down the side of his hip. “Such a dirty boy,” he whispered huskily, pressing a kiss behind Rush’s ear.

Dirty, filthy boy.

“Yes,” Rush agreed vacantly. His brow creased. Biting his lip, he turned his head to look at Young. “You don’t mind, do you?” he asked, not sure why he suddenly needed to, why it was important.

Young looked at him, nonplussed. “Of course I don’t mind,” he said, sounding tickled.

Rush nodded, and laid his head back down. He felt the cum on his skin keenly, the splotchy stains on his cheek, his chest, stomach, and arse, but it didn’t trouble him, or perhaps he was just too worn out to be troubled by anything. Within no time at all he had fallen deeply asleep.

Rush awoke quietly, opening his eyes at once into full consciousness. The world around him seemed equally quiet, an unusual cool hush pervading the atmosphere; not quite asleep, just…resting.

There were aches in his muscles, but they weren’t unduly painful. In fact, they were oddly satisfying, like the marks Young left on the surface of his skin, only…deeper.

Young’s arm was slung loosely across Rush’s chest. Underneath, Rush’s cum had dried onto the planes of his torso. Strangely calm, Rush looked down over his spattered chest and reached up, running a finger lightly over the matching cum that stained his cheek.

Quiet. He shouldn’t feel this quiet, he thought, frowning. It was like something was missing, not necessarily something he’d want, but nonetheless something that was supposed to be there.
Young was warm against his back, and his leg brushed against Rush’s arse in a way that made Rush’s stomach flutter.

Dirtier, Rush realized absently. He should feel dirtier.

Delicately Rush lifted Young’s arm and slipped out of his hold, quickly tucking the bed covers in behind him. First, he looked at his phone: a few minutes before five. His alarm would go off soon, so he turned it off now. Next, he turned to the small basin of water and washcloths sitting on the bedside table. He didn’t remember Young placing them there last night, though he must have. There didn’t appear to be any gel packets nearby, but water should do fine until he could make it to the showers. He picked up a washcloth and dipped it in the basin, wringing it out with careful fingers.

As he lifted the cloth to his face, he heard a shuffling from behind him. He turned and found Young beginning to stir, stretching his arms and pushing up on one elbow.

“Ehrhm” Young grunted. He blinked at Rush drowsily. “Hey.”

“…Hey,” Rush said quietly. “I was…just cleaning up,” he went on, feeling a strange need to explain himself.

Young hummed softly and nodded, yawning. Young didn’t stop him, though Rush realized he’d half-expected him to, so he began wiping the dried gunk from his cheek and nose.

Young was watching him, Rush noticed suddenly, pausing. Lying on his side, head rested on one fist, Young was watching him with an easy, lazy interest. Self-conscious now, Rush resumed his washing, swallowing awkwardly. The water was cool and left his skin chilled but refreshed as the evidence of the previous night was wiped away. He ran the washcloth down his neck next, then over his chest and stomach. Young’s eyes never left him. Was this…was this erotic? Was he meant to be doing something enticing?

When he finished cleaning the flakes of cum from his torso, Rush turned slightly on his knees, angling his backside toward Young, and started scrubbing over it with the cloth. He hissed slightly at the contact but persevered, rubbing at the persistent stains Young had left on his pinkened flesh, making sure Young had clear view of it all.

Is this right, is this what you want? Rush asked silently.
A hand on his startled Rush into stillness. Deftly, Young plucked the cloth from Rush’s fingers and gently cleaned the last of the mess from his rear. Then, he wiped a corner of the washcloth under Rush’s ear, along the side of his neck, and just below his eye.

“You missed some spots,” Young mumbled unnecessarily.

Rush didn’t say anything. They were both sitting up on their knees now, face to face, bare inches apart.

It was so very, very quiet.

Where was his wit? Rush thought wildly. Didn’t he usually have a sarcastic sense of humor to fall back on in moments like these? He was avoiding Young’s gaze, worried about what would happen if he looked in those dark eyes just now.

He felt too clean.

Rush backed away, sliding off the edge of the bed behind him and turning to find his clothes. Pulling on his jeans, he noticed Young had also climbed out of bed.

“You’re getting up?” Rush asked, finally finding his voice.

Young grunted, stretching. “I never did make that morning run the other day, thought I’d give it another shot.” He yawned. “You could join me,” he added, with a wry smile.

Rush sat gingerly on the bed and put on his shoes. “What, for a run?” Rush said, wrinkling his nose.

Young shrugged. “Whaddaya say?”

“I say,” Rush said, glancing up. “And I mean this with all sincerity: fuck off.” There, that was better, he thought with satisfaction. This morning could sorely use a little bitterness.

It didn’t seem to affect Young’s mood any; he simply chuckled good-naturedly and climbed into a
pair of fatigues. Rush finished dressing and checked his pockets to make sure he had everything. Young was shaving and Rush, standing behind him, caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and absently raised a hand to his chin. He was probably due for a shave himself; he could stop by his quarters on his way the showers he supposed…

“You want to use mine?” Young asked. He wiped the head of his electric razor with a towel and held it out toward Rush.

Rush blinked. “Isn’t that unhygienic?”

Young stared at him blandly and Rush’s face started to heat. “Just offering,” he said after a long moment, and set the razor down.

Rush looked at his shoes, feet shuffling. He supposed it was a rather silly line to draw with someone he’d let spit into his mouth the night before, he mused ruefully.

Without a word, and before he’d had too much time to think about it, he picked Young’s shaver up off the counter. He switched it on and ran it over his face, trying to ignore Young watching him from the corner of his eye.

When he was finished, Young silently handed him a towel. Rush wiped his face, eyes cast downwards.

Young put a hand to his cheek and Rush froze, barely breathing. A calloused thumb ran across his freshly shaved jaw and over his lip. He didn’t want to pull away from Young’s grasp, which was enough to make him feel that perhaps he should, and those two impulses warred inside him. There was just something too easy, too comfortable about this.

Then Young kissed him. Rush’s eyes fluttered closed and he stopped thinking, tilting his face up to receive Young’s lips. Young played gently with Rush’s mouth, coaxing him to respond with ease. A light flush warmed Rush’s cheeks as Young pulled away. There was a hot fluttering in his chest.

Young stayed close, his thumb resting against the corner of Rush’s mouth, and Rush finally lifted his gaze and looked Young in the eye.

All that happened when he met Young’s eyes was that Rush started to smile, just a little. This still all
felt too easy, and therefore wrong, but it bothered him less now.

Rush turned and bent over, resting his elbows on the counter. He glanced at Young in the mirror and waited for the expected smack to his rear. He felt a slight thrill in wondering how Young would see fit execute it. He was entirely at the mercy of Young’s whims, he knew, and that excited and warmed him from the inside.

*Smack!*

Young struck him at an upstroke, hitting just under his right cheek in an almost glancing, but still stinging, blow. Rush’s buttocks clenched and he pressed his lips together, savoring the burn that spread across his skin.

“That thank you, sir,” Rush murmured, rubbing a hand over his backside as he stood. They both made their way to the door after that, and Rush reached for the control.

Young stopped Rush by placing his own hand over Rush’s. “Rush…”

“…Yes?” Rush prompted when Young didn’t speak again. There was a crease between Young’s brows, a slight frown around his mouth.

“…Nothing,” Young said finally.

Rush looked at Young oddly and Young hit the door control, stepping out into the hall. He paused outside the door, stretching slightly and casually glancing down the halls. After a moment, he signaled Rush with a tilt of his head and Rush exited. Without another word, or a pause, or a look between them, Young went right and Rush went left and the walked away form each other down the corridor.

That strangely clean feeling persisted throughout the day, making Rush hyper-aware of his skin. He kept feeling the urge to run his hands over his body in a way that would be in no way appropriate. Better yet, he thought, glancing over at Young discussing what progress had been made developing energy weapons with Brody, Young could run his hands all over his body. Or he could run his hands all over Young—
Rush coughed lightly into his fist and tried to refocus on the console in front of him.

Yes. Definitely inappropriate.

He ran into Young on his way to the mess later when his stomach’s complaints became impossible to ignore. ‘Ran into’ was nearly literal, as Rush’s eyes had been on his notes and not particularly on where he was going.

“Sorry,” Young muttered under his breath as Rush grunted. Their eyes met for a moment and then Young stepped around him. He looked back over his shoulder at Rush, his expression completely neutral, and opened a nearby door. He stepped through and closed it behind him.

Rush paused, hesitating. Young’s actions had been entirely unremarkable, nothing to draw any attention to them, except Rush didn’t think there was any reason for Young to enter that room. In fact, if he remembered correctly, that particular room was currently being used as for equipment storage.

He glanced up and down the hallway and, finding it empty, followed Young into the room.

The second the door slid closed behind him Young had him backed up against it, devouring his mouth with hot, needy kisses. Rush groaned, parting his lips and wrapping his arms around Young’s shoulders. Young tugged Rush’s shirt out of his jeans and slipped his hands underneath, sliding his palms along Rush’s ribs. Feeling daring, Rush pulled down the zipper of Young’s jacket and cupped Young’s pectorals through his t-shirt, then moved his hands to Young’s back, clutching at the fabric and drawing him closer.

“Will I see you tonight?” Young asked throatily, taking a break from Rush’s mouth to work on his neck.

“Mmm,” Rush hummed. “Yes.”

“Hm?” Young grunted, not seeming to have heard him.

“Yes,” Rush repeated, fighting the urge to giggle as Young’s tongue tickled his left ear.
“Good,” Young said simply, and captured Rush’s lips in another bruising kiss. Young sucked on his lower lip before finally letting him go, leaving his face flushed and lips swollen. Calmly, Young zipped up his jacket, smoothed his hair, and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Rush stood gasping lightly. He swallowed thickly, tucking his shirts back in. He wiped a hand over his face, as though he could rub away the pinkness he was sure must be coloring it.

Some long minutes later, he stepped out and resumed his journey to the mess hall, skin tingling.

Young greeted him with a kiss that night. Well, attacked him, more like, latching their mouths together and yanking him forward by the waist.

“Get on the bed,” he growled, tugging impatiently at Rush’s belt. “And take your clothes off.”

He didn’t give Rush much chance to obey, jerking Rush’s jeans down around his knees and shoving him back onto the mattress. Rush smiled broadly as Young dragged his jeans off his legs, wrenching his boots off and throwing them on the floor. Rush pulled off his vest and shirts agreeably, tossing them off the side of the bed. Taking him by one hand, Young heaved Rush up onto his knees and into another kiss. Young supported Rush with his hands at his back, and Rush wound his arms around Young’s neck and met his kisses with equal abandon, running fingers through Young’s hair.

Young kissed him till his lips felt raw, then nipped at the tender flesh with his teeth, leaving him breathless and shuddering. Young pulled away, then leaned back in for another teasing kiss against Rush’s throbbing lips. He did this again, and then again, before finally breaking the kiss for good.

Inches apart, they stayed in their embrace as they caught their breath; Rush, kneeling on the edge of bed, naked, and Young standing beside the bed, fully clothed. A warm color had risen to Young’s cheeks and his lips had a dusky wine tint, while his dark hair stuck out in all directions. Rush was certain he must look equally, if not more, debauched.

Young looked at him deeply, and leaned in for one more kiss, this one light as air.
“Put your hands behind your head,” Young whispered darkly against Rush’s mouth, his eyes hot.

Rush shivered, and obeyed, arms trembling. For a moment, they just looked at each other, him kneeling with his hands laced at the back of his head while Young held him by the hips.

Planting one more kiss to Rush’s mouth, Young left him there at the foot of the bed, naked and ready. Oh, and hard. *Achingly.*

When he returned, Young was holding the cane in his right hand. He stood in front of Rush and tilted his head, tapping the cane absently against his left palm. It was absolutely electrifying and Rush wondered if he’d actually get to feel that cane used on him tonight or if this was purely symbolic. His backside and thighs were still fairly sore, and though Rush knew if Young wanted him to he’d gladly take another beating there tonight, it wasn’t characteristic of Young to do so. His back wasn’t too bad at the moment, the flogging had only left him lightly chafed and it had been some days since then…

Young rested the cane under Rush’s chin. “Sit up,” Young said brusquely. Rush lifted off the heels he’d been resting on, sitting up straight on his knees. Young tapped the cane against the inside of his thigh. “Wider.” Rush obediently spread his knees. “Keep your back straight,” Young instructed. Rush licked his lips in anticipation and nodded, thighs clenching.

With that, Young laid the cane across the front of his right thigh, a few inches above the knee, rubbing a line back and forth along the muscle.

*Whap!*

Rush flinched, grunting at the impact. He glanced down and saw a dark red stripe form across his thigh.

Young gave Rush’s other leg the same treatment, leaving a solid *thwap* across his lower thigh. He worked his way up, alternating from right to left, and soon the fronts of Rush’s thighs had stripes to match the back. The symmetry of it prompted a pleased tingle to run down his spine. He jerked at every blow and moaned at the bruising aches they left behind, but mostly he found a curious tranquility in the repetition, surrendering to Young’s mastery of him and letting all his other cares and burdens melt away.

Done patterning his thighs, Young lifted the cane and rested it just under his left nipple. Rush bit his
lip, eyelids fluttering. He could watch Young from the corner of his eye as he carefully lined up his next mark. Young noticed him looking, and met his gaze pointedly, pressing the cane into his skin.

*Thwap!*

Rush groaned and bent forward at the waist, chest heaving. Sucking in air, Rush forced himself to sit up straight, and steeled himself for the next blow.

Young lined up the cane again, this time just above his left nipple. Rush’s pectorals twitched, nerves blazing.

*Thwap!*

Rush clenched his eyes shut in a grimace, shoulders tightening.

Unsurprisingly, the next touch of the cane came directly onto his nipple. Rush whimpered as Young rubbed the narrow wood back and forth over his nub in warning.

*Snap!*

Hard and sharp, the cane struck over his tender nipple and Rush squealed behind his teeth, stomach muscles spasming all the way down to his groin.

Young flicked the nub lightly with his thumb, making Rush hiss, and turned his attention to the other side of Rush’s chest.

Rush bit his lip and fought to stay still, pelvis swirling underneath him wantonly.

He closed his eyes.

*Thwap!*
Under.

Thwap!

Over. Rush held his breath.

Snap!

Rush let out a pitiful squeak, dissolving into a desperate moan as Young took the abused nub into his mouth and sucked. Rush threw his head back and panted wildly, pain and pleasure exploding in sparks behind his eyes. His thighs clenched, hips thrusting shallowly in futile need.

“Not yet,” Young murmured into his chest, blowing lightly over his moistened nipple. Rush mewled pathetically. He hadn’t been about to come anyway, but that just rubbed salt in the wound. “You’ll come after I do. When I’m finished with you,” Young whispered gruffly in Rush’s ear.

Rush let out a long sigh, more contentment than frustration. “Yes, sir,” he breathed, feeling like a balloon floating up to the sky.

“Good,” Young acknowledged. “Now, hold this.” He held the cane in front of Rush’s face. Dutifully, Rush opened his mouth and let him place it between his teeth. “Good boy.”

Rush shivered.

Young took a step back from the bed, and unzipped his jacket. Unhurried and business-like, he stripped out of his clothes. Boots. Socks. T-shirt. Trousers. Underwear. Rush watched greedily, each removed layer revealing more of Young to his avaricious gaze.

When he at last stood naked, Rush took a deep breath in through his nose, soaking in the sight of Young’s bare body on full display.

Young climbed onto the bed behind him, out of sight, sadly, but Rush could feel the warmth of him at his back and his hands on his hips, his breath behind his ear, so he really had nothing to complain about. Then, blunt fingers prodded at his entrance and Rush groaned around the cane in his mouth. Young pressed around Rush’s hole, but didn’t push inside, carefully exploring with firm but gentle strokes. Testing, Rush realized.

Young’s fingers left, returning a moment later slick with lube. “I know you might still be a bit sore,” Young said huskily. “But I think you can take it.”

Rush moaned agreeably as Young’s fingers breached him. Oh, yes, he thought, pressing down onto Young’s hand, I can take it. Young’s fingers wriggled inside him, opening him up in twisting upward strokes. Rush closed his eyes, content.

When he deemed him ready, Young removed his fingers. Then, he moved Rush’s hands from his head to behind his back. Rush’s eyes opened and he frowned at the touch of rope against his skin. You enjoyed it well enough the last time, a voice sneered at him. True, he thought, fighting down his unease. Pressing his lips together, he held still as Young bound his arms. He bent Rush’s arms at the elbow till his hands sat near his shoulder blades. He tied his wrists together, then looped the rope around his upper arms, binding them to his wrists in a series of overlapping knots. Finally, Young grabbed hold of the loose ends of the rope, wrapping them around his hand and taking hold of them in a tight fist. Using this leverage, Young easily dragged Rush back into his lap.

Rush gulped, flushing, as Young maneuvered him. Young’s lap now sat between Rush’s knees as Rush was bent forward at the waist, perched over Young’s cock. Young lined up his cock, and pulled Rush down by the ropes at his arms. Rush bent his knees, following the firm guide of Young’s fist at his back. Steadily, he sank onto Young’s length until he was sitting backwards in Young’s lap, his backside flush against Young’s thighs.

Young put his free hand on Rush’s hip to steady him, and pressed forward on his back. Rush took the cue, and rose up on his knees, lifting off of Young’s cock about halfway, then lowering again when he felt Young tug back down. Over and over, Young moved him. Rush participated by bending his knees, his sore thighs straining with exertion, but Young was in complete control of his movements. Rush was little more than an…oversized fleshlight, Rush thought with a snort, remembering that ridiculous contraption he’d found in an old flat mate’s drawer.
Rush closed his eyes, sighing contentedly, not even minding the drool dripping from around the cane effectively gagging him. His own arousal seemed far away; though he deeply enjoyed the thickness of Young’s erection filling him, it was a mutedly pleasant ache rather than an urgent desire.

Use me, Rush thought with fervor. Use me, use me, just use me.

Young’s hips jerked, snapping against Rush’s bruised thighs as he came and spilled hot cum deep inside him. Rush was sweating, he realized, and his leg muscles burned, but none of that mattered as long as Young had managed to bring himself to completion using his hole.

Still inside him, Young wrapped an arm around Rush’s chest, pressing his nose to Rush’s neck and inhaling.

“So good,” Young murmured languidly. Rush wasn’t exactly sure what he was referring to—Rush’s performance, the sex, everything together?—but it brought a warmth to his insides anyway.

Young eased Rush off of his cock, steadying him carefully on his knees, then wrapped a hand around the handle of the cane.

“Let me put this away,” Young said with grin, coaxing the cane from Rush’s mouth. He wiped a bit of drool from Rush’s chin with his thumb. “And then we’ll do something about that.” He nodded glibly toward Rush’s bobbing erection, and climbed nimbly off the bed.

Rush watched him hazily as he wiped down the cane with a washcloth and put it away. With his arms still bound, he couldn’t do much else. Young’s spunk was beginning to dribble from his hole onto the bed between his knees. It was only a few paces, but Young himself seemed very far away. Rush flexed against his bindings, feeling suddenly confined.

“You could let me…take care of it,” Rush said, finding his voice. Young glanced at him, arching a brow. “You could…watch,” Rush offered.

Young crossed his arms over his chest, standing in all his naked glory, and smirked. “You want me to let you touch yourself,” he accused smugly.
Rush didn’t deny it, half shrugging despite his bindings. “Well, it has been a while.” Since he was forbidden to touch himself even when he was alone, quite a long while actually. “Not that I don’t appreciate your attentions, but I’m beginning to forget what my own cock feels like,” he said wryly.

Young chuckled. “Okay,” he said, climbing back on the bed behind Rush. He tugged deftly at the knots tying Rush’s limbs, undoing the loops and unwinding the ropes from Rush’s arms.

“…Okay?” Rush asked cautiously as the ropes slid off.

“Sure,” Young said agreeably, rubbing Rush’s newly freed limbs. “I’ll let you touch yourself.” He turned Rush around so they were face to face. “…Though not just yet.”

Rush sighed. Of course there was a catch. “Alright,” he said, pleasantly resigned. “What do I have to do?”

Young hummed softly, and took hold of Rush’s wrists in his hands, placing them around his neck. With his arms draped over Young’s shoulders, Rush was inevitably within arms reach. Closer even, and their knees brushed as though to make that point. Young reached down between them, and pushed open Rush’s knees, placing his own between them, and bringing them into even closer proximity.

Young took hold of Rush’s cock and laid it in his left palm, touching it with his right hand. At first, he just stroked it, like some strange sort of pet. Or a very ugly caterpillar, Rush thought dolefully. Then, he lifted his fingers just above Rush’s erection, and gave it a slight smack. Rush flinched, face heating, and Young began to paint Rush’s cock with tiny slaps, covering every bit of its surface till it felt raw and sensitized. Rush’s fingers fidgeted behind Young’s neck as he bit his lip, shifting discomfitedly on his knees.

There was something—Rush winced at the pun—painfully intimate about it, almost more so than those times Young had stroked him to climax. Once again, Young held him in his hands and could do what he liked with him, yet somehow this tightly controlled violence didn’t feel mean-spirited or belittling, but rather…affectionate.

Blushing as much from this intimacy as anything else, Rush laid his head on Young’s shoulder. His breath hitched sporadically as Young continued to spank his cock. He could feel the warmth of Young’s skin against his cheek and he wrapped his arms tighter around Young’s neck, holding onto him in order to cope with the discomfort and tenderness Young was inflicting on him.
When he’d finished his torturous attentions, Young brought Rush’s hand to his cock. Rush hissed as his fingers touched the roughened, sensitive flesh, sharp arousal piercing through him like a needle. He began to work his hand over the length of it, wincing at every stroke. Young placed his hands on Rush’s hips, thumbs gliding in soothing circles over his skin. And it was clear why Young had done this, because while he may be working his cock with his own hand, all Rush could think about was Young, his burning, aching flesh a constant reminder of Young’s hold over him.

Rush closed his eyes, tears spilling down his cheeks, and came with a cry, clutching onto Young like an anchor. Young wrapped his arms around Rush’s shoulders and stroked his hair, letting him shake out his release in fits and shudders. When he finally stilled, Young brought a finger to his chin, tilting his face up and kissing him softly. Rush breathed him in, tasting a mix of Young and his own tears. Gently, Young guided Rush by the hair, and pressed his face down to where he’d spilled his cum on the bed between Young’s knees. Rush lapped up the salty, bitter fluid, his hands resting on Young’s strong thighs, while Young combed delicate fingers through his hair.

Later, Rush lay across Young’s chest, sated and sedate, legs gripping lightly against Young’s sides. He winced slightly as his cock rubbed against Young’s stomach, and hummed in satisfaction, the aches in his body lulling him to sleep. He wondered if, in time, there would be any part of him left that Young hadn’t left his mark on. Before he could decipher whether it was hope or trepidation that colored that question, he’d drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

...Young's brain does some weird things.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, sorry for the long wait (God, you must be sick of hearing that, huh?) What basically happened was...well, my computer did a bit of a hiccup and I lost the outline I'd made for the next, oh, 10 or so chapters of this story. It's not really that big a problem, I rarely use outlines anyway and and I /think/ I remember all the important bits, but it kind of took the wind out of sails to be honest, so I had to get over that little emotional hump.

Anyway. This chapter. Got kinda weird. There's some more somnophilia, so warning for that but...also, Young has a dream that honestly I have no explanation or justification for. It just kind of happened. And is a thing. Now. Yeah. Let's just say...things go a little Omega-verse on us. With a side of furries. Also, Young might be a werewolf.

Oh, and this is another un-Beta'ed chapter, so there's that.

Alons-y!

Young squinted at the report in his hands. He didn't know why he was having such a hard time reading it, but no matter what he did the letters refused to be deciphered.

Also, Rush kept brushing his tail against his face.

“Stop it,” Young grumbled, shooting Rush a glare. Rush, lounging next to him on the sofa, simply glared back, pointed ears twitching in annoyance. Purposefully, he smacked the side of his tail into Young’s nose. “I mean it, Rush, stop it,” Young snapped, pushing the offending tail away.

Rush growled lowly in the back of throat, and kicked out a leg, knocking the papers Young had been holding out of his hand and scattering them across the floor.
“That’s it,” Young announced, and grabbed Rush by the ankle. With a grunt, he hoisted Rush over his lap, flipping him onto his stomach. The tiny bell on Rush’s collar jangled and Rush yowled. He squirmed, tail lashing wildly, but Young easily pinned him and his tail with one arm across his back.

Young regarded Rush solemnly. The dark fur—running from his head and shoulders down his spine to his tail and splitting off into two stripes down the side of his legs—bristled. The bare skin of his backside lay nicely framed between the two lines of fur along his hips, and Young raised his right hand, taking aim.

**SMACK!**

Rush yelped and squealed as Young punished his rear end, wriggling in Young’s lap and digging long scratches into the sofa with his claws. Young just secured his grip and brought his palm down with renewed force. Rush mewled, buttocks clenching, before finally slumping bonelessly across Young’s thighs. Young kept on smacking Rush’s quivering rump and didn’t let up until it turned a dark shade of crimson.

Rush whimpered into the couch cushions and began to angle his backside up toward Young’s relentless blows. When Young was finally satisfied, he let out a sigh and rested his hand on Rush’s spank-warmed rear. Rush peeked at him from over his shoulder, dark brown eyes blazing and sultry. Young could feel Rush’s straining erection against his leg, and an investigative finger found the glands around his puckered hole secreting copious slickness between his cheeks. Young pressed his finger deep in Rush’s entrance, and Rush purred, welcoming the invasion easily.

Young felt a growl forming at the back of his own throat. Swiftly, he picked Rush up and slung him over his shoulder. Rush yelped as Young carried him fireman style, to the bed, gripping his claws into the back of Young’s jacket. Young landed a few more choice slaps to Rush’s backside, and tossed him onto the mattress. Rush bounced, yowling, an indignant pout forming on his lips. Young looked him over, letting his own arousal fully release and expand. Decisively, he brought his hands to his uniform, and tore open the fabric. As he shredded his clothing, his muscles bulged and thick hair sprouted across his arms and chest. He inhaled deeply through his nose, Rush’s enticing scent now vigorously apparent in Young’s fully aroused state.

Rush let out a pleased sound and flipped nimbly onto his knees and elbows. He spread his legs and arched his back, tail lifting invitingly to reveal his dilating hole to Young’s eager gaze. Young wasted no time; he gripped Rush’s hips and plunged his rock-hard cock into Rush’s waiting entrance, pulling Rush back onto him as he slammed his hips against Rush’s reddened backside. Rush yowled, howling wailingly as Young pummeled his hole with animalistic fervor. Slick and hot, Rush clenched around him, as though trying to pull him in deeper and deeper.

Young came with a growl, and Rush threw his head back and spilled onto the bed while Young
emptied himself fully into Rush’s receptive passage.

Rush mewled pitifully as Young’s cock began to swell, growing even thicker and sealing his spunk inside. Young hummed contentedly, and lay down over Rush’s back. He rolled to the side, bringing Rush with him, so they lay chest to back with Young’s arms wrapped around Rush’s front. Fastened together by Young’s swollen cock, they lay still, breathing in unison.

Young tucked his chin along Rush’s shoulder and nipped the tip of his ear. “Naughty kitty,” he scolded good-humoredly.

Rush purred rumblingly, and glanced at Young from the corner of his eye. “Moody puppy,” he retorted with a smirk.

Young frowned, the sound of Rush’s voice fracturing something in his consciousness.

He blinked awake.

…What in hell was that, was his first thought as he shook the dream remnants from his head. Dreams were supposed be weird, they were dreams after all, but that had been just…freakish.

And he’d managed to wake up with an erection. Brilliant.

“You’re up.” Rush peered at him from hooded eyes, chin resting on Young’s chest, a slight smirk coloring his lips. “In more ways than one, it seems,” Rush purred invitably. No, not purred, Young corrected. Not purred. Anything else but purred.

Rush wiggled his behind against Young’s cock, and Christ, it was far too easy to imagine a furry tail sticking up out of his rump that Young actually blinked, trying frantically to clear the image from his mind.

Rush’s hardness pressing against Young’s stomach was a welcome distraction.

Gripping Rush by the hips, Young rolled them over and then pinned Rush’s wrists to the mattress over his head.
“I’m not the only one,” Young rumbled lowly, and ground his own cock into Rush’s straining erection. Rush hissed as their cocks slid against each other, and then groaned, wrapping his legs tight around Young’s waist. Rush’s thighs gripped him tightly as Young thrust their cocks together, and while the friction was uneven Young could help thinking—as he watched Rush writhe and moan underneath him—that this was absolutely perfect.

Well. Almost.

He had to force himself to stop and pull away, unhooking Rush’s ankles from behind his back, but it would be worth it, he told himself.

“Wait here,” he instructed Rush gruffly. Rush quirked an eyebrow as if to say, ‘And where would I go?’ while Young climbed quickly off the bed. Young padded swiftly across the floor, shaking off the sudden cold air, and returned promptly to the bed.

Rush eyed the switch he now held in his hand with darkly heated eyes. Rush’s legs were bent, feet planted on the bed, and it was easy enough to push his knees apart, spreading them wide.

Young scanned over the view presented; Rush’s thighs were marked on the front and back from the cane, but the tender skin of his inner thighs was still unblemished. Young ran a finger along the smooth flesh, eyeing his target.

He glanced at Rush, his intent clear. Wordless, Rush took hold of his knees and spread them wider, further displaying the pale, creamy skin.

Sitting up on his knees, Young adjusted his grip on the switch.

“Now, don’t move,” Young warned quietly. “You don’t want me to miss.”

Rush shivered, and nodded.

*Fwip!*
Rush’s muscles clenched at the first strike, a thin red line appearing across his inner thigh. Studiously, Young covered Rush’s delicate skin in a crisscross of similar needle-thin lashes. Rush twitched and whimpered with each new addition, but otherwise stayed perfectly still as Young went back and forth from thigh to thigh.

Good enough, Young thought, patience running out, and he dropped the switch to the bed with sigh. He wiped his brow with his forearm, and then virtually dove between Rush’s legs. Rush welcomed him eagerly, wrapping his arms and legs around him as Young captured his mouth in a kiss. Young resumed his thrusting, sliding between Rush’s freshly brutalized thighs. Rush moaned and gasped into Young’s mouth, thighs clenching against his sides. Young grabbed Rush’s hair with one fist and took hold of both their cocks as best he could with the other, continuing to devour Rush’s mouth in frantic kisses as he pumped and thrust their cocks together.

They came nearly at the same time, spurtng over Young’s fingers onto both their stomachs, with Young’s tongue deep in the cavern of Rush’s mouth as his fist clenched tightly in Rush’s hair. Rush keened as he came, the sound muffled by Young’s mouth and tongue, and he squeezed his legs even tighter around Young’s waist before slumping into the bed with a gasp, chest heaving.

Young wiped the cum from his hand against Rush’s hip, and pushed himself up with his hands planted on either side of Rush’s shoulders. Softly, he pressed his lips to Rush’s panting mouth, planting tiny kisses over different corners of Rush’s lips. A string of spittle connected their lips, a result of their furious kisses from before. With his tongue, Young coaxed Rush’s lips wider, and then spat a glob of saliva into Rush’s mouth. Rush hummed softly, and immediately closed his mouth, swallowing. Rush’s cheeks were pink, his lips kissed red, and his eyes looked nearly black as he gazed up at Young, his fingers playing at the hairs at the back of Young’s neck.

“My pretty little sex kitten,” Young murmured, his voice dropped deep in his chest.

Rush snorted. “You know, I think your dirty talk is just getting more ridiculous,” he said with a friendly smile.

Young ducked his head, bashful. “Sorry,” he mumbled. “I had a…weird dream last night.”

“Oh?” Rush said with interest. “What kind of dream?”

“Uh.” Shit. “Nothing. I mean, I don’t remember.”
Rush stared at him blandly. “That was such an obvious lie, I’m not even going to acknowledge it.”

Young sighed. It was too early, not to mention post orgasmic, to do any kind of mental maneuvering, especially with Rush, of all people. Rush, Young noted resentfully, always seemed to go straight from asleep to completely awake in about a second flat, at least as far as his brain was concerned. There was just no way Young could compete with that.

“Rush,” Young implored, groaning. “Just…leave it, okay?”

Rush eyed him meticulously. “Are you…” Rush lifted his head from the mattress. “…Blushing?” He grinned. “You are! You’re actually blushing!”

Young pressed his lips together and tried to will the blood to drain from his face.

Rush was chuckling. “I don’t think I’ve ever really seen you blush before. You’re usually so…” Rush made an exaggerated serious face, which then broke back into a grin. “Alright, you have to tell me. Anything that turns your face that color has got to be good.”

Young stared Rush down firmly. “No.”

“Oh, come on,” Rush goaded, wriggling his nose. “Was it dirty?” He lowered his voice. “Was I in it?”

Rush wasn’t going to let this go, Young could tell. “Okay,” he said, feigning resignation. “But you’ll be disappointed. Yes, it was dirty. Yes, you were in it. I spanked you, and then I fucked you. Happy?” He shot Rush a look.

Rush’s eyes narrowed. “And that’s it?” He pressed.

“That’s it,” Young confirmed.

Rush’s eyes narrowed even more. He gave Young a probing look.
“…You’re lying again,” he declared decisively after a long moment.

Young groaned loudly and pushed himself off of Rush, rolling onto his back. He pinched the bridge of his nose. Too. God damned. Early.

“I don’t see why you’re so embarrassed,” Rush scoffed, sitting up.

“And, God willing, you never will,” Young said flatly.

“I meant,” Rush shot back. “There’s no reason to be embarrassed. It was just a dream, for Christ’s sake.”

“Fine, if it’s so easy,” Young retorted, shooting Rush a look. “Why don’t you tell me what you were dreaming about the other night.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “What other night?”

“When you came in your sleep,” Young crossed his arms expectantly.

Rush sputtered. “I can’t.”

“See,” Young said confidently.


Young regarded Rush solemnly.
“Okay,” Young said quietly. He sighed deeply. “Alright. I’ll tell you.”

Rush eyed him cautiously. “Really?” He asked, somewhat skeptically.

“Mm-hm,” Young confirmed, hardly believing it himself.

Rush rolled onto his side and leaned his head on one fist. “Well?” he prompted after several moments of silence.

“Just—” Young sighed again and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Just give me a minute.” There were a whole bunch of reasons why he’d never want Rush to hear this, but…he swallowed, and fixed his gaze on a point on the ceiling. “It…it was what I said,” he started.

“But that’s not all there was to it,” Rush said knowingly.

“You’re not helping.” Young said flatly. He took a breath. “See, you…you were you but…you were also…kind of…a…cat.”

He stole a glance at Rush, whose brow was furrowed. “What does that mean?” Rush asked, perplexed.

“Well, you were…you were like a…cat…person.” The corners of Rush’s mouth started to twitch. Young huffed and rubbed his neck. “I…I don’t know how else to…you had some…fur…and a tail…and…”

Rush burst out laughing. “Oh that’s…that’s just…brilliant.” He covered his mouth, still snickering. “And you fucked me?” He snorted, grinning. “Did I purr?”

“I—” Young sputtered somewhat. “It’s not like I normally have a thing for cats or anything,” he explained hastily.

“Oh, it never crossed my mind you did,” Rush assured him, still chuckling.
Young peered at Rush, taking in his levity. “So, you’re not…I don’t know…uh…” he waved a hand helplessly.

“What? Offended?” Rush shook his head, turning onto his back. “Hardly. It’s far too ridiculous to be offended at,” he teased. Young felt his lips begin to form a smile. “Besides,” Rush went on. “Like I said before, it was bloody dream. The human unconscious is notoriously unpredictable. You can hardly be held responsible.” He shot Young a smile.

Young chuckled, shaking his head, and reached for a clean rag. He pulled down the covers, climbed up on his knees, and started cleaning the mess off Rush’s stomach. “Well, I’m glad you have such a good humor about it,” he muttered, still embarrassed, but relieved.

“Mm,” Rush hummed thoughtfully, placing his hands casually behind his head. “So, in this dream of yours,” he said after a minute. He reached out a leg and rubbed it against Young’s. “Was I your pet?” He smirked, and lowered his voice suggestively. “Did I wear a collar?”

Young kept his eyes on his task and his expression impassive. “…With a little bell on it,” he said softly after a moment. “Which, given how hard you can be to keep track of, isn’t the worst idea ever.” He shot Rush a look.

“Ha ha,” Rush replied dryly.

Young dropped his gaze and went to clean up the mess on his own stomach as well. Just then, Rush rolled onto his knees and put a hand on his, pushing the rag away. Young grunted, but before he could say anything, Rush simply threw him a mischievous look and bent down. He lapped up the cum sticking to Young’s abdomen and Young shivered at the touch of his tongue on his skin. Rush mouthed wetly across Young’s stomach, teasing his bellybutton with the tip of his tongue, until every drop of their spunk was cleaned away. Then he inched his way up Young’s chest, planting open-mouthed kisses and sucking along Young’s skin. He laved Young’s left nipple and then traced swirls along Young’s collarbone and up his neck to Young’s ear. Young could only sit there frozen and try to maintain his composure as Rush teased across his skin, leaving coolly wet patches all over. When Rush was done nibbling on his earlobe, he pulled away, smirking.

Young immediately captured his mouth in a kiss, pulling him close with both hands about his waist. Rush hummed and wrapped his arms around Young’s neck while Young tongue tangled with his. Young slipped his fingers between Rush’s cheeks and felt over his puckered hole, prompting a deep moan from Rush.

“How is your ass feeling this morning?” Young asked lowly, feeling the slightly swollen skin around
“Empty,” Rush immediately murmured against Young’s lips.

Young chuckled, and pulled away just enough to look Rush in the eye. “You know what I meant,” he chided.

Rush sighed, and rolled his eyes. “It’s a bit sore,” he admitted grudgingly. “Though no worse than my cock,” he said, arching an eyebrow.

Young coughed lightly and ducked his head. “Yes, well…” What had possessed him to do that, he’d never know.

“No need to act shy about it,” Rush said lightly. “It’s not like I mind.” He let out a contented breath. “Now, if you don’t want me for anything else this morning, I think I’ll be on my way?” He smiled at Young fondly, and Young gave a small grunt and nodded.

They leaned in for another kiss, warm and quick. When they broke apart, Rush pressed his lips together, laughter in his eyes, and then gave a swift lick over Young’s lips. Smiling, he slipped from Young’s embrace and turned, dropping forward onto the bed on all fours. He tossed his head and glanced playfully over his shoulder, wiggling his backside.

Young met Rush’s gaze blandly, and then turned his sights to Rush’s still somewhat pink-tinted cheeks. Shooting Rush another deadpanned look, he raised his right arm. He hesitated a moment and watched Rush’s toes curl in anticipation, then solidified his resolve and brought his hand down hard on Rush’s right butt-cheek. Rush squeaked as his made contact, back arching up and buttocks clenching. Young left his hand pressed against flesh he’d just struck and squeezed, palm stinging. Rush whimpered, eyelids fluttering.

“Thank you,” Rush gasped breathlessly. “Sir.” And, God, if he didn’t sound like he meant it.

Rush pressed back into Young’s hand, and Young kneaded the flesh a bit longer before releasing him. There was a dark rosy hand print left behind, standing out against the lighter dusting of pink across the globes of Rush’s ass.

Young sat back on his hip, elbow resting on his bent knee, and watched that handprint as Rush
climbed off the bed and fetched his clothes, all the way until it slipped behind the fabric of Rush’s jeans.

“So,” Rush remarked, carefully zipping up his fly. “When is my arse going to get another proper thrashing, anyhow?”

“When you can sit down through all three meals,” Young relied flatly.

Rush grunted unhappily, and pulled his shirts on over his head.

Young tilted his head. “You’re not going to argue?” he asked when Rush had gotten to putting on his shoes without saying anything.

Rush shrugged, eyes on the laces of his boots. “You’re in charge,” he said softly. He stood, ran a hand through his hair, and with a last check to his pockets, was out the door.

Young watched the door close mutely. “Huh,” he said to the empty room, and got out of bed.

Rush knelt naked on the floor in front of Young. It was a familiar sight by now, one Young had almost grown comfortable with, but that comfort didn’t diminish the buzz it sent through his veins. Young sat on the couch still wearing his uniform; he held the cane in his right hand and a cleaning rag in his left.

He tossed the rag at Rush, who caught it in both hands. Young leaned back and stretched out his legs, offering the boots on his feet to Rush with a tap of the cane and a grunted ah-hem.

Rush peered at him from under his eyelashes, an impish smirk upon his face. Without a word, he spat into the rag, and leaned forward. He scrubbed vigorously, polishing Young’s boots as best he could, his head bent over his work. When he was done, Young had him put the rag with the rest of his dirty laundry, then placed him sideways in front of him on his hands and knees, and rested his feet in his
freshly polished boots on Rush’s back. He amused himself by tapping the end of the cane along Rush’s thighs and backside, and against the underside of Rush’s belly whenever his back started to sag.

“Keep that spine straight, Rush,” he reprimanded with another poke to Rush’s stomach.

“Yes, sir,” Rush murmured.

Young adjusted his growing erection, fondling himself lazily through his clothes. Part of him was reluctant to surrender Rush as a footstool, but he knew he wouldn’t stay patient for much longer and he wanted to last a while once he was inside Rush.

He took his feet down and stood up. First, he grabbed his canteen, taking a few gulps of water. He regarded Rush, still on his hand and knees. That dream he’d had with Rush as some kind of cat mutant had drifted through his mind a few times since he’d had it, along with the fact that Rush hadn’t been put off when Young had told him about it. It was…something to think about.

For now though, Young put down the canteen and retrieved a jar of lube and a length of rope.

“Sit up,” he instructed Rush, setting the cane and the lubricant on the sofa. Rush obediently sat back on his knees. “Hands behind your back.”

Rush crossed his wrists over each other at his lower back. Young knelt behind him and straightened his arms so they ran parallel to each other down Rush’s back, then slipped the rope under Rush’s arms. He settled the rope just under Rush’s armpits, and cinched his arms together. Rush sucked in a quick breath as Young tightened the knots, glancing over his shoulder. Young wrapped the rope down Rush’s arms, lacing it in a series of interlocking knots that should keep Rush tightly bound without cutting off circulation. When he was done, Rush’s arms were almost entirely encased in rope from his upper arms to his wrists. The ropes pulled his shoulders back, leaving a crease between his shoulder blades and forcing his chest out.

“Wiggle your fingers.” Rush complied, waving his fingers from under his bound wrists. “Okay.” Young got up and sat back on the couch. “Stand up.” Rush glanced at him ruefully from the corner of his eye, took a breath, and awkwardly stumbled to his feet. Young patted his lap, and beckoned Rush with two crooked fingers. Rush knelt jerkily onto the sofa, straddling Young’s thighs. He looked a tad unsteady, but his managed to balance himself without Young’s help.
Young opened the jar of lubricant, coated two fingers and, bypassing Rush’s raging erection, stuck his hand between Rush’s legs and inserted both in Rush’s hole. Rush groaned, eyes closing, as Young wriggled them inside, swaying slightly on his knees. Young placed his other hand on Rush’s hip to steady him as he worked him open with his other hand, shoving upward in twisting motions that had Rush panting.

“You’re going to ride me in a minute,” Young informed him. “You won’t be coming on my cock, though.” Rush glared at him from hooded eyes, and Young met his eyes evenly. “I may let you come later, but only if you’re good now. Understood?”

Rush’s chest rose and fell with every breath. “Yes, sir,” he rasped.

“Okay,” Young said, pulling four fingers from Rush’s ass. He wiped them on Rush’s hip and undid his fly. He took his cock in hand and pointed it straight up, tugging Rush by the hip till he seemed aligned. “Now, be a good boy, and sit on my cock.”

Rush took in a shuddering breath and lowered himself. He took Young’s length steadily into his hole, his own cock jumping as he was breached. Young let out a deep sigh as his erection was enveloped in Rush’s slick heat. Rush began riding him and Young leaned back into the couch, closing his eyes and enjoying the sweet friction. Rush could only use his legs to power himself, so it was a bit slow and halting, but to Young the unevenness no less pleasant; it just meant he’d be able to last longer and spend more time buried in Rush’s ass.

He opened his eyes and watched Rush sweat and pant, flushing gorgeously with exertion as he labored on Young’s cock. Young reached out a hand and began toying with Rush’s left nipple. Rush groaned and slumped in Young’s lap as he pinched it, the muscles of his lower belly clenching.

“Careful, Rush,” Young warned. “Better not get any spunk on my uniform.”

Rush muttered something incomprehensible under his breath, then groaned again as Young trailed his fingers down his torso and started teasingly running his fingers through the coarse hairs at Rush’s groin.

“You don’t have to make this so difficult,” Rush grumbled through clenched teeth. Young glanced at Rush’s straining, bloated erection, then back at Rush’s pained expression. After a moment’s thought, he brought his left hand to Rush’s hair and pulled him in closer.
“What’r’ye—?” Rush blurted out, startled.

“Shh,” Young soothed, reaching for the cane with his right hand. “I’m making it easier.” He hoped. He placed the cane across Rush’s backside and held it there, just as a reminder. That alone seemed to help, and he felt Rush relax against him. He brought his lips right up against Rush’s ear, letting them take in several breaths together before he spoke.

“Let go,” he murmured gently. “You’re just a hole right now. Just a hole for my cock. That’s all. That’s all you need to be.”

Rush’s breathing slowed and evened as he spoke to him. When he pulled him away, Rush’s eyes were soft and black.

“…Thank you,” Rush whispered, he gaze cast downward.

Young replaced his left hand on Rush’s hip but left the cane where it was. Rush resumed pumping Young’s cock, still hard, but now with a kind of serenity about him. Even as his muscles strained and he gasped for breath, his expression remained placidly content. His eyelids would flutter in pleasure, but it never went beyond that.

Young dug his fingers into Rush’s hip and came, spurting cum deep into Rush.

“Good boy,” Young grunted, throat feeling choked. Rush sat docilely with Young’s softening cock buried inside him. When Young gestured Rush lift off of him, Rush clenched his muscles and held Young’s cum inside until he’d climbed off. Young did up his pants and stood. He left Rush kneeling on the couch, putting away the cane, then the lube, and finally taking off his jacket and boots.

Rush was just where he’d left him when he came back. Young shouldn’t be surprised at that by now, yet somehow he always was. Young tilted his head, taking in Rush’s sweat sheened skin, his firm, ruddy cock, the dribbling of Young’s cum down his soft, creamy thighs.

“Think you can come on just my fingers?” Young asked Rush idly. Rush turned his head slightly to look at him, and nodded tiredly. Young went and pushed the coffee table closer to the couch where Rush was and sat down on it behind him. Young stuck two fingers down to first knuckle into Rush’s hole, finding it loose and slick with cum and lube.
Rush clenched around the modest invasion, glancing at Young over his shoulder.

“I’m not gonna do the work for you,” Young said glibly, wriggling his knuckles inside Rush’s entrance. “You can fuck yourself on my fingers if you want to come.”

Rush hung his head and Young could hear him panting. Raggedly, he spread his knees wider and pressed back onto Young’s fingers, taking them down to the third knuckle. Over and over he pushed down and back onto Young’s unmoving digits, angling his body in different ways to try and stimulate himself to orgasm while his thighs trembled with exertion.

“Can I—” Rush broke off, gasping. “Can I have more?”

“You want three fingers?” Young inquired tauntingly. “Or four? Maybe you want even more than that.” Rush groaned, sinking once more onto the digits provided to him, a needy sound from the depths of his throat. “No. No, this is all you get,” Young said with a swift, sharp pinch to the edge of Rush’s hole.

Rush whimpered, and rammed himself onto Young’s fingers with greater force, clearly desperate to take them harder and deeper, as hard and as deep as he could manage. There was a low, wailing, sound coming from him as he fucking himself fiercely on Young’s hand, muscles of his thighs and ass working ferociously. His arms strained against their bonds, hands clenching against his back. Finally, Rush let out a strangled “FUCK!” and came, spilling his cum onto the couch underneath him. He fell forward with relief, resting his head against the back of the couch and panting wetly.

Young gave him a minute to catch his breath, then pushed back the coffee table and pulled Rush to his feet. Bending him at the waist, he set him licking up his spunk from the couch and went to fetch a clean washcloth to wipe his fingers. Rush was just finishing, lapping up the last of his cum from the couch, and when he was done, Young grabbed him around the waist and slung him over his shoulder. He carried Rush to the bed, cleaning the mess from Rush’s thighs and ass as he went. He dropped the cloth on an end table, checking Rush’s crack with his fingers and finding it adequately dry. Rush’s knees were bent and his ankles crossed tightly over one another as he held himself stiffly against Young’s shoulder. Rush’s backside was still fairly tender, Young knew, and it would certainly take longer to heal up if Young kept antagonizing it. Still, he thought, remembering his dream again…a few swats wouldn’t hurt, right?

Well. Wouldn’t hurt.

He gave Rush’s right cheek a smack, then the left, then right, then left again. Rush’s legs jerked with each slap and Young could hear him mewling from where he hung behind his back. A couple more
smacks, and Young tossed him onto the bed, where he bounced helplessly on his smarting backside.

“Yow!”

Rush grimaced and shifted discomfitedly. He sat with his legs hanging over the edge of the bed, glaring mutedly up at Young through his hair. Young bit back the impulse to mutter ‘sorry’, and knelt behind Rush on the bed. He set about undoing Rush’s bindings, tugging open the knots along his arms. As they fell away, Rush let out a sigh, shoulders relaxing. Young rubbed over Rush’s limbs, indentations from the ropes texturing Rush skin under his fingers. Rush hugged himself while Young pulled down the bed covers, stroking his hands delicately over his upper arms. He appeared to be lost in his own thoughts.

Young patted a pillow invitingly. “Lie down,” he encouraged.

Rush gave a sigh and all his remaining energy seemed to drain out of him. His eyelids fluttered and he fell exhaustedly onto the pillow with a grunt. Young helped tuck his legs under the covers, then put away the ropes. Rush was asleep by the time he came back to bed, his slack face shoved deep into the pillow. Young stripped down to his underwear and slid under the covers, pulling them up over the two of them. He lay on his side, facing Rush, and closed his eyes.

He opened them again sometime later. He’d dozed for a bit, but mostly sleep had eluded him. Strangely, he felt uncharacteristically un-frustrated by that. Rush, he noted, was still deeply asleep, drooling happily onto his pillowcase. Young placed a hand on Rush’s back and stroked indulgently over Rush’s skin, enjoying the feel of Rush’s muscles and sinews under his fingers, the sharp planes of his shoulder blades and hipbones. Rush let out small sighs at his touches, but didn’t wake, not even when Young fondled his chafed backside and slid his fingers between his cheeks.

Young was growing hard, his cock responding to the feel of Rush under his hand and, to be honest, to the man’s tranquil passivity and the knowledge that Young was permitted to do as he liked with him.

And so, he did; it was easy enough to grab the lube from the nightstand and soon Young was probing Rush’s entrance with slick fingers. He watched Rush’s face as he worked him open, attentive to any sign Rush may be waking. It would hardly be a disaster if he did, of course, but Young enjoyed the challenge of it, to see if he could fuck Rush so slow and so gently that he wouldn’t wake from his slumber.
He sank inside Rush and Rush let out a low, croaking moan but didn’t stir. As Young fucked him deep and slow, Rush’s mouth opened and closed, working around silent words while his ass instinctively clenched around the cock invading it. When Young spilled inside him, Rush bit his bottom lip and hummed contentedly, back arching up into Young in unconscious invitation. Young pulled out carefully, sighing in satisfaction as his softening cock slipped from Rush’s slicked hole. He rolled onto his back, already feeling sleepiness tugging much more firmly at his eyelids. He gave Rush’s backside three firm, affectionate, pats, and promptly fell asleep.

The beeps of Rush’s alarm left Young grimacing, but only for a second or two before the shuffling body next to his managed to silence it. Young peered blearily out through squinting eyes at Rush who dropped his phone back on the nightstand and fell back into bed with a groan. He yawned and rubbed his face tiredly, which made Young smirk, and then an odd look came over his face. Brow furrowed, Rush slid a hand behind himself under the sheets. Young couldn’t see what it was doing, but the angle of Rush’s arm gave him some idea, and the expression on his face made Young’s stomach twist.

“Everything alright?” He asked, simultaneously trying to clear the sleep from his throat.

“Hm?” Rush glanced up distractedly. “Oh, yes, fine.”

There was a long pause.

“You sure?” Young pressed.

Rush chewed his lip. “I just…I remember…that is…” Rush shot Young a look, then cleared his throat, sounding embarrassed. “I thought you…cleaned me up. Last night. But now…” He shook his head. “I…must've misremembered,” he mumbled.

“No, no, I…I…did,” Young quickly assured him, the blurry sense of feeling like a jackass steadily getting sharper by the second. “I just, um,” he swallowed uneasily. “Well, while you were asleep, I…” He trailed off, face heating.

Rush had listened to his stuttering with a quizzical look on his face but now his jaw fell open and his eyes widened. “You fucked me while I was sleeping?” He exclaimed, incredulous. “And I didn’t wake up?”
Young couldn’t help but snort at his tone. “Yeah, well, you seemed pretty knocked out.”

“Apparently,” Rush said with a snort of his own. He grabbed a rag, turned onto his side, and started rubbing at the dried cum that was doubtlessly sticking to his ass and thighs. “Thought I was losin’ m’mind there for a moment.”

Young pressed his lips together. “Sorry. I…didn’t think you’d mind, I should’ve—”

“I don’t mind, y’ninny, don’t be daft.” Rush tossed the rag off the side of the bed, rolling to face Young with a slight bounce. He arched an eyebrow. “Though I’m a bit sorry to have missed it.” He grinned. “Hope you enjoyed yourself at least.”

Young found himself smiling back despite himself. “Oh, yes. Definitely.” Rush’s smile widened, but there was still a trace of unease pitted in Young’s stomach.

“You can change your mind, you know,” Young said after a minute.

“What?” Rush asked, eyes squinting in confusion.

“I know you said it was okay, but if you’ve change your mind…”

Rush groaned and rolled his eyes. “I haven’t,” he said firmly. “Believe me,” he added, leaning in with a vulgar smile on his lips. “I’m always happy to be a hole for your cock.”

An electrified shiver skidded like goose bumps across Young skin and landed in his groin. God, nearly everything about Rush seemed to turn him on these days, so when the man actually put some effort into it, it was almost overkill. It made him want to spank Rush’s ass raw all over again, despite saying he’d refrain.

“I don’t suppose you’re planning to sit down at breakfast this morning?” He murmured suggestively.

Rush groaned. “God, I wish I could say I was.” Young chuckled. “You know, it’s your rule,” Rush
went on with a shrug. “You could break it.”

“I don’t think so,” Young said dryly. “Though maybe,” he said, running a hand down Rush’s spine. “I’ll try out that flogger some more tonight. Give you a solid *whipping.*”

Rush inhaled deeply. “Well. That’d be something to look forward to.”

“For now, though,” Young said, turning to reach for the lube because he was seriously hard by this point. “Roll back on your stomach so I can fuck you again.”

Rush eyes went black and he bit back a low moan, licking over his lips.

“Yes, sir.”

Young panted, chest heaving. Sweat stained his undershirt and was beginning to drip into his eyes. He wiped his face on the back of his arm and looked down at Rush.

*Rush.*

They were still locked together, Young’s cock buried deep in the heat of Rush’s body while he recovered from his orgasm. Rush was on his knees, bent forward with his face shoved into the bed, arms stretched over his head. His hands gripped the sheets in tight fists. Prostrated before him, Young could look easily over the expanse of Rush’s back.

Young’s fingers clenched, feeling the warm flesh of Rush’s hip under his left hand, and the hard, smooth handle of the flogger in his right.

Rush’s back was streaked with red. He wasn’t bleeding, not really, but the flogger had left dark red scrapes, giving the effect that he could have been attacked by some wild animal. The kind with claws.
He’d whipped Rush as he’d fucked him, and he hadn’t held back, giving in to the need to pound harder and harder until he’d nearly fallen over from exhaustion. Rush had taken every brutal thrust, every punishing blow—of course he had—shuddering wordlessly around Young’s cock with gasps and moans that never sounded anything but eager, even while his knuckles turned white clenching the bed sheets.

Young pulled out with a grunt, sitting back on his heels and pulling up his boxers. Rush mewled pitifully as he withdrew, his anus flaring and then squeezing tight around nothing. He mewled again, hips shifting and back arching—possibly without even realizing it—so his hole was even more prominently displayed. Reddened from being fucked, it glistened wetly with lube and cum. *Begging.*

It seemed the most obvious thing in the world to press the end of the flogger’s handle to Rush’s stretched and push it inside. Rush started at the stiff invasion, for the first time looking over his shoulder to stare. Young pressed the handle down until two thirds of it was buried in Rush’s rectum, then arranged the strands of the flogger so they dangled attractively against the pink globes of his ass.

Tilting his head, Young sat back and admired the picture he’d made. He was reminded again of that strange dream he’d had, how Cat-Rush had lifted his tail to present himself to be fucked.

It does look kind of like a tail, Young mused, flicking a strand of the flogger with his finger.

He turned his attentions to the flesh dangling between Rush’s legs. Gripping Rush’s cock in his hand he found it achingly hard, already weeping from the tip. Rush groaned as he worked him, dropping his head back to the bed with a whimper. Young watched the muscles of Rush’s ass clench around the flogger while he fisted his cock from behind. He wasn’t gentle, keeping his strokes rough and bordering on impersonal. From experience, it seemed like the less care he took with him, the faster he could push Rush over the edge.

Sure enough, soon he was spilling into Young’s hand. Mumbling something indecipherable, but might have been ‘thank you, sir’, Rush kept his position on his knees but otherwise slumped against the bed. Young went and sat beside him, stroking his hair a few times before taking it in a firmer grip and turning his head, presenting his cum-stained hand in front of his face. Dutifully, Rush licked up the mess, tongue tickling the creases of Young’s palm.

Young’s lip quirked. “Never thought I’d have you eating out of the palm of my hand.”

Rush’s eyes flicked up tiredly. “Don’t get too cocky about it. You’re lucky I’m one of the few
examples where ‘the beatings shall continue until morale improves’ actually works.”

Young snorted, and glanced at the flogger, still sticking prettily out of Rush’s ass.

“You know,” Young teased as Rush sucked a bit of cum from between Young’s fourth and pinky finger. “That looks pretty good in you.”

Rush shot him a look and took Young’s pinky into his mouth, laving it quickly with his tongue before letting it go. “You’re a nutter.”

Young chuckled. “Yeah.” He tilted his head. “How’s it feel?” He asked after a moment.

Rush glared incredulously. “It feels like I’ve got a pole up my arse, what do you think?” Then he smirked. “And each time I move,” he wiggled his behind pointedly. “The cloth bits rub against my arse, which is still quite sore…and I’d probably be enjoying myself a lot more if I wasn’t about to fall over from exhaustion.

Young snorted. “Okay, Okay.” His hand was clean now, save for Rush’s saliva, so he wiped it on the bed. Grabbing hold of the flogger, he pulled it out with a bit of a twist, making Rush grunt, and then gave his hole a few smug pats. “There. Go ahead and lie down.”

Rush let out a relieved groan and slid out flat against the bed. Young smiled affectionately as Rush’s breathing almost immediately evened out. Young cleaned the flogger and put it away, then went to tend to Rush before tucking him in. Rush drifted in and out, floating back into consciousness while his wounds were cleaned, but for the most part stayed at least half asleep. Young slid in next to him and wrapped his arms around Rush’s sleeping form. His muscles ached, and he sighed, pulling Rush’s body in tighter and letting his natural heat soothe him into sleep.

Just before he drifted off, he felt a puff of hot air against his neck.

“It felt good,” Rush’s deep, throaty voice whispered wetly into his ear. “But not as good as your cock.”
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

An accident leads to some minor complications

Chapter Notes

Okay you guys, I want you to brace yourselves: actual plot happens in this chapter. Not, like, a lot, but real, honest to god, non-porn story occurs. I know. Try not to die of shock.

Oh, there is still some porn though. I wouldn't do that to you guys :-D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shite.

Rush hissed and grabbed his side.

Well. That could have gone better.

“Holy crap, are you okay?” Eli rushed over to him, looking alarmed.

“I’ll live,” Rush said through gritted teeth. He peeked under his hand and immediately regretted as a fresh spurt of blood stained his fingers.

“We should get T.J.”

Rush glanced at Eli. “No arguments here.” Biting his lip, he pushed himself to his feet.
“Hey, hey!” Eli waved his hands. “What are you doing?”

“Going to get T.J.” Rush replied condescendingly.

“I’ll get her, you stay here,” Eli said, sounding panicked.

Rush sighed impatiently. “Eli, I’ll probably need to go down to medlab eventually, which is where T.J. most likely is. I’m just saving time.” He tried to stand up straight and winced.


Rush rolled his eyes. “Fine. Come on, then.”

Eli tried to offer him an arm to lean on, but Rush brushed right past him. He needed to favor one side, but he was hardly incapacitated.

They’d finally started exploring the Mystery Room (God, they needed a better name), and the first order of business had been to get at least some power running down there so they could least turn the bloody lights on. Turned out, most of the conduits needed to be rewired by hand…which had proven a bit more hazardous than expected.

Rush sighed. Now that the pain and alarm of a fresh, unexpected injury was wearing off, he was mostly just annoyed.

“What happened?” T.J. asked when she saw them, weariness and concern mixing in her voice.

“Uh,” Eli started, as Rush eased himself onto an examining table as gingerly as possible. “We were working on electrical lines and there was an explosion—”

“A what?” T.J. exclaimed.

“A small one,” Rush interjected quickly. “Barely blew out more than a foot, but I think I caught a bit
of conduit cladding as it went past.”

T.J. sighed. “Let me see.” With careful fingers, she gingerly lifted the hem of his shirt. There was a tear in it now, not to mention the blood that would probably stain. Fan-bloody-tastic.

“Doesn’t look too bad, nothing’s imbedded” T.J. murmured. She glanced at Rush. “Gonna need some stitches though.” Rush sighed, and nodded.

Eli was standing awkwardly. “Um. Do you—I mean, would you like me to—”

“Go away, Eli.”

“—Right.”

T.J. bit her lip to hold back a laugh as Eli left. She shot Rush a gently reproachful look. “He’s just trying to help.” Rush grumbled wordlessly and didn’t answer. “Here. Lie down on your side.”

Rush carefully complied, grunting as he settled on the table, while T.J. pulled the curtains they’d finally installed around the medical beds. They were really spare bed sheets, but what difference did that really make? Standing behind him, she started by cleaning up the blood from his skin, then washed out the wound. Rush grimaced.

“Sorry,” T.J. said. “Do you want me to get you something for the pain?”

Rush waved her off. “It’s not bad. I’m more concerned about my shirt, to be honest. That doesn’t grow back on it’s own.”

T.J. chuckled, and pushed Rush’s shirt further up before wiping over the whole area with disinfectant.

It took Rush a few moments to realize T.J. had stopped moving, her hands going still. Brow furrowed, Rush glanced over his shoulder. T.J. was looking down at his back with a furrowed brow of her own, the hand holding up his shirt frozen in mid-motion.
It took him far, far too long for the implications to sink in.

Instinctively, he jerked to pull his shirt down, as though that would undo the damage, but T.J. stopped him with a firm but gentle hand. “I still need to stitch this up,” she said quietly.

Swallowing, Rush turned and looked away. T.J. worked in silence, all professional efficiency.

Stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid. He continued berating himself in his head—how could he have been so careless, so thoughtless, so laughably obtuse? It’s not as though he’d forgotten, he’d just—he bit back a sigh.

He’d forgotten that it mattered. He’d forgotten it wasn’t normal. As long as no one knew, he could pretend it was normal.

As long as no one knew.

His throat clenched and he ruthlessly fought down the urge to cry.

T.J. finished tying the last stitch and stepped away. Rush sat up and pulled down his shirt. He tucked it in while T.J. cleaned up, put away her medical supplies, carefully keeping her little makeshift hospital orderly and hygienic.

She turned around. Crossing her arms, she was absently chewing on her bottom lip, never quite looking directly at Rush. She was clearly trying to think of how to say something, how to begin this conversation and the silence stretched on uncomfortably between them.

Rush wondered if he could just leave, just walk out the door before she got a word out. It wasn’t a solution, at best, it would probably mean enduring this awkward silence between them forever, but… maybe he could live with that.

He eyed the door.

“Nicholas…”
Fuck.

T.J. was looking at him now, a somber expression on her face. And it was ‘Nicholas’ now, was it? It was one of those things she did, little things to put people at ease, and feel like they were talking to a friend. It was a good skill for a medic.

Rush crossed his arms over his chest and glared.

“…Doctor Rush,” T.J. amended, trying again. “I…” She sighed. “I imagine that…you…might feel,” she said hesitantly. “As though you…don’t have a lot friends here.”

You mean since half the people on board can barely stand me and the other half want me dead, he thought scornfully.

“Do you have a point?” He said tightly.

T.J. didn’t seem put off by his tone, regarding him carefully. “My point,” she said evenly. “Is that even if you feel that way, that doesn’t mean that you’re alone here. You might not call us friends, but,” she paused pointedly. “We are on the same team. And not just me. There are people here who are on your side.” Her lip quirked. “At least most of the time.”

Rush had kept the same frowning expression throughout all of this, mostly because he couldn’t quite see where she was headed with this little speech and he wanted to wait for the other shoe to drop before figuring out how to respond.

“So.” T.J. went on, when it was clear Rush wasn’t going to say anything, her tone soft but crisp. “If something is going on, if you’re being…hurt. Or bullied. By anyone. That is not something you have to put up with.”

Rush blinked. His mouth had actually dropped open.

He probably should have seen that coming, but honestly he hadn’t.
“Bloody hell.”

“No, no, that’s…,” he was already stammering, before he could even think. “There’s nothing like that.”

T.J. was fixing him with a look with such high dosages of both chastisement and compassion that Rush could easily imagine it stopping a charging bull in its tracks.

“Rush.” ‘Don’t fuck with me,’ her tone said. ‘I care about you.’

Rush hadn’t grown up with a mother, but he imagined this is what it felt like.


T.J’s jaw clenched. “So what did happen,” she demanded. “You gonna tell me you fell down the stairs?”

Rush actually winced at that. “No, of course not,” he said, half whispering. Destiny didn’t even have stairs.

“Marks like that don’t just happen, Rush.” Her voice lowered. “Someone did that to you.”

Rush bit his lip.

Well. She wasn’t wrong.

Maybe he should let her keep thinking…but no, T.J wouldn’t just leave it. That first lie would need a whole host of lies to support it, which if they fell apart could end in some very public humiliation. If he did manage to get away with it, it would just lead to someone getting accused of something they didn’t do. If he was lucky, maybe he could swing it so it was someone he didn’t like.

And of course he wouldn’t get away with that. Because Young would never let that happen.
Fuck.

He couldn’t believe he was actually going to do this.

“I—yes, you’re right, but it’s…it’s not what you’re thinking.” He took a breath to steady himself. “I, um…I wasn’t…attacked. It was—” Christ, this was hard. He swallowed. “I wasn’t a victim, I was…a participant.”

T.J. didn’t look convinced. “There’s no way you got bruises and welts on your back in any kind of fair fight, Rush.”

“Not a fight, there…there wasn’t a fight.” He swallowed again. “They’re from…” He searched desperately for some way to put this. “…Recreational activities,” he finally said, pathetically. T.J. frowned, confused. He swallowed yet again, the lump in his throat almost choking him. “…Private…personal…recreational activities.”

He watched her warily as she processed what he’d said. Then her eyes went wide.

“Oh,” she almost gasped. Her mouth worked as if she maybe wanted to say ‘Oh’ again, but then forgot halfway through.

There were at least ten seconds of excruciating silence.

T.J. took a breath and seemed to break out of her stupor. “Right, so, I’ll need you to come back in seven to ten days to remove the stitches. In the mean time, try to take it easy, especially the first few days.” She handed him a jar. “This is a disinfectant gel I modified from the gel packs for medical. It’s pretty concentrated, so a little goes a long way. Try and use it once or twice a day, and of course make sure to keep the area around the wound clean.”

Rush nodded absently, turning the clear jar over in his hands. “Right.”

There was a pause. “Okay then.”
He got the hell out of there.

He wasn’t even paying attention to where he was going, just putting as many hallways between him and medlab as he could manage. Turning a corner, he stepped right up to the wall and pressed his forehead against the metal decking.

God. Fucking. Damnit.

Rush realized he was in no mood to face anyone, so he radioed Eli to let him know he’d be working in his quarters if he was needed.

“No problem!” Was Eli’s chipper response through the walkie-talkie. “You should probably be on, like, medical rest or something anyway, right?”

“Shut up, Eli,” Rush grumbled. Though, Eli wasn’t wrong. His side ached, and while it wasn’t unmanageable, it definitely made the thought of lying down more than a little appealing.

Piling up his pillows as best as he could, Rush settled himself in bed, groaning as he shifted to find a comfortable position where he could still use his laptop. He ended up half-reclined against the pile of pillows with his legs stretched out in front of him. Flipping open his computer, he was just getting started when there was a knock.

He huffed. “What!”

There was a long silence, and then the door slid open to reveal Colonel Young. Rush frowned.

After a moment, when Rush failed to either invite him in or tell him to fuck off, Rush supposed, Young stepped inside. The door slid shut behind him.

“Hi.”
“Hello,” Rush responded cautiously. Was he…had Young been expecting him? Even if he had, it’d be early for them anyway. In any case, Young didn’t usually come looking for him; he waited for Rush to come to him. Though, Rush reflected, there’s no reason that couldn’t change. They never agreed on anything, there was no reason Young couldn’t—

“I’ve got stitches,” he blurted out.

Young’s face twitched and he gave a bit of a nod. “I heard.”

Ah. News traveled fast he supposed.

“Right,” he said. “So, I um,” he pressed his lips together. “I don’t really think I’m up for…” He gestured a little helplessly. “…Anything.”

Young eyebrows went up. “Oh, no, I wasn’t…I…didn’t think…”

“Ah.”

“I was just—” He trailed off. Rush eyed him uncertainly. “Well, you look fine,” Young said finally with an air of conclusion. He clasped his hands behind his back. “I should go.”

“…Right.”

Young left and the door closed behind him.

Rush sat for a long moment, then, shaking his head to clear it, got back to work.

For the next ten days, Rush didn’t see or speak to Young outside of what was required to run the ship. The cut in side was healing, which was part of the reason, but more than that, the knowledge
that there was someone else on board who knew left him skittish and paranoid. He couldn’t shake the feeling that if T.J. saw him walking the corridor to Young’s quarters, or saw them talking to each other, looking at each other, she’d somehow piece things together. That she’d then know not only what he’d been doing but with whom.

And he could not have that. He could not.

So, he avoided Young, and Young seemed to take the hint and didn’t try to seek him out again. He also rather deftly managed to avoid T.J.

Of course, he’d have to go see her again to get his stitches out. Unfortunately. He didn’t want to interact with her, didn’t want to see how T.J. would look at him now, hear what she must think, whether she told him outright or whether he just heard it in her voice.

He kept his head down and focused on his work, secretly counting down those ten days as though they were leading to his execution.

“There,” said T.J. calmly. “All done. Everything seems to healed up. If the wound reopens, or if you notice any itching, come back and see me right away, but I don’t foresee there being any problems. You might have a bit of a scar,” she added apologetically.

Rush grunted his indifference as she moved away, pulling down the hem of shirt.

He eyed her warily. So far, nothing had happened. She’d been completely, almost distressingly, normal, and it was putting Rush on edge. He felt like he was in the presence of an explosive that was supposed to have gone off ten minutes ago.

He got up to leave.

“Just a minute,” T.J. said, holding up a hand. “I…wanted to talk to you.”

Boom.

“I can’t imagine why,” he said shortly.
T.J. sighed softly, though she didn’t look surprised. Taking a breath, she seemed to steal herself before speaking again.

“I’d like to take a look at your back.”

The bottom dropped out from Rush’s stomach.

“Excuse me?” He whispered through gritted teeth.

“Just to check things over,” T.J. said, her tone soothing.

Rush did not feel soothed.

“There is nothing to check over,” he said tightly.

T.J. was silent a moment. “We both know that’d not true.” Rush felt his nostrils flare as he fought back the urge to snarl. “I just want to know that everything’s fine—”

“Everything. Is. Fine.”

T.J. went quiet again. “I’d like to see for myself.”

“And why, I wonder, would that be,” Rush bit out.

“I suppose,” T.J said thoughtfully, crossing her arms. “You could say it’s for my peace of mind.”

It was the sort of answer that no doubt worked wonders when dealing with her gaggle of soldiers, Rush thought sneeringly.

She seemed to deflate slightly. There was a long pause.

“Rush,” she said finally. “I am not trying to embarrass you. I am just trying to do my job.”

Rush bit his lip and tried to withstand the tidal waves of sincerity surging at him out of T.J.’s clear blue eyes, but God damn it, it was difficult.

“There’s not even—” He broke off, biting his lip again. For Christ’s sake, he hadn’t even done anything in over a week, it’s not like there was much to look at anymore. But to explain that he would have to, well…explain that. He tried to imagine formulating the sentences necessary, and great, now he was fucking blushing.

“Fine,” he heard himself saying as his jaw clenched. The damage had already been anyway, now hadn’t it? He sat back down on the medical bed and ripped off his shirt telling himself it didn’t matter and trying to ignore the lump in his throat. He kept his arms inside his shirtsleeves and held them in his lap as he looked firmly at the floor. He didn’t look up, but he heard T.J. move to stand behind him, and after a moment there was a touch of gentle fingers against his skin.

“Okay,” T.J. murmured softly after a minute. “Looks like all the places where the skin was broken have healed up. There’s no sign of infection. No deep bruising over any major organs. You keep everything clean? Any implements, I mean.”

Rush blinked at the question. “I…yes.”

He had no idea, actually, but hell if he was going to let her know that.

T.J. took a breath and stepped back. “Alright then. Looks like we’re done here.”

Rush hollowly pulled his shirt back over his head. He felt numb. Pushing himself off the medical bed, he quietly started to leave.

“Oh,” he said, turning back sharply as he remembered the jar of disinfectant in his pocket. He
certainly didn’t want to have to return it later. Clumsily, he yanked it out and held it out to her. “Here.”

T.J. glanced over at him. She regarded the jar in his hand, and then tilted her head. “Keep it.” She met his gaze. “Just in case.”

Rush’s mouth fell open. He stood frozen, arm still outstretched. “…I can’t do that,” he said after a moment.

“Sure you can,” T.J. said easily.

“No, I can’t,” Rush repeated, a little more insistently this time. “I…this is for…for medical…things.”

“And I assume you will use it for medical…things,” she said with a slight twitch to her eyebrow.

“I mean,” Rush pressed on trying again. “There must be something…some better use for it.”

Now her eyebrow really did raise. “Wow. And here I thought I was in charge of medicinal distribution. I must have missed that personnel change.”

Rush finally dropped his arm. He looked down at the jar helplessly.

“Rush.” He looked up. T.J. smiled at him. “We have plenty of that, and can easily get more. I trust you do to do your job. You can trust me to do mine.”

He glanced away. It was true—while plenty of others, military and civilian alike, had often hovered over his shoulder or tried to butt in as though they were at all qualified to give him advice, T.J. had never been one of them. He swallowed, and put the jar back in his pocket, though he still didn’t feel right about it.

There was a long silence, and eventually T.J. turned away and started busying herself with other things. Rush knew he should leave now; there wasn’t any reason for him to stick around any longer. Things hadn’t gone as badly as he would have thought and he shouldn’t press his luck, even if there was still a cloud of unspoken awkwardness hanging over them. For once, he should leave well
“You haven’t said anything,” he said, and immediately mentally kicked himself. T.J. looked up from what she was doing, a mild look of surprise on her face. Rush swallowed. “I mean, not really. About…” He gestured vaguely. “I imagine you have…” He puffed a breath of air through his nose. “…Thoughts.”

T.J. glanced to the side. There was a long pause. “What you do in your own time isn’t my business, Rush,” she said finally, then met his gaze head on. “Keeping you safe and healthy, is.”

A bind that he’d been feeling around his chest for the past ten days seemed to loosen a bit, and he took a deep breath. Nodding silently with something a bit more reserved than relief, he turned to go.

“But…”

Rush closed his eyes and bit back a groan. *Damn it.*

“Speaking…non-professionally,” T.J. went on, and Rush reflected that now might be a splendid time for a Nakai attack. Bloody bastards owed him *something*, after all they’d put him through. “Things can be…difficult. Out here. And not just because of where we are. None of us got to hand pick who we’d be stuck out here with. Not even you,” she said, ending with a bit of a smirk.

Rush crossed his arms over his chest and bit his tongue.

“My point is,” T.J. hurried on, sensing his impatience. “Anyone who manages to make something work out here…well, that’s pretty impressive. And, whatever you’ve been doing with whatever person…or people…”

“Person,” Rush corrected, then frowned since he’d unnecessarily given away information. This wasn’t lost on T.J. either, and she smiled.

“...*Person* you’ve been doing it with,” she paused and gave a slight shrug. “If it’s working, then to
me that’s a good thing. Everyone here deserves to have someone, and that includes you.” She looked at him evenly. “I’m happy for you.”

Rush stood there and had absolutely no idea what to say. It…was absurd, but she said it so easily. Like it made sense.

“I mean,” she continued with a laugh. “It’s not like relationships are easy even in the best of circumstances—”

“Relationship,” Rush whispered incredulously under his breath, but T.J. didn’t seem to hear him.

“—And these are hardly the best of circumstances.” She chuckled, and looked at Rush as though they were sharing a joke. “Anyway,” she went on when Rush didn’t say anything. “I guess I’ll I’m saying is…congratulations.”

Rush stood frozen, staring at T.J. smiling face. He wasn’t even blinking. He opened his mouth, then shut it again. He half turned away, then turned back. She was still there.

He left.

Rush stood outside the door to Young’s quarters. He couldn’t remember making the decision to come here, but, here he was. Again.

He’d spent the day feeling disjointed, not quite able to fit himself together. There were no clear thoughts in his head, just a jumble of half formed ideas clamoring around his skull like restless bats. He shifted nervously on his feet, wondering if he even wanted to be here.

Well, clearly some part of him did, and that part of him raised a hand to knock on the metal door. He waited a moment and then opened the door himself, stepping inside quickly before shutting it behind him.

Young was sitting on the sofa. He looked at Rush with an expression that seemed both surprised to
see him, and at the same time, not.

“Hey,” Young said mildly. There was an awkward pause. “How’s your, uh…?” Young gestured toward Rush.


Young gave a small smile. “Well, I’m glad everything’s okay.” Young said simply, and his plain tone somehow had Rush flushing anyway.

Rush shrugged. “It wasn’t anything serious.”

Young looked at him. “Good.”

Rush swallowed and glanced away. “T.J. said there might be scar, though,” he said, rubbing his neck. He shot Young a look from the corner of his eye, and this time there was no doubts on his intent. “Wanna see?”

Young leaned back against the back of the couch. He regarded Rush evenly, the only hint a small twitch at the corner of the mouth. He lifted a hand, and crooked one finger, beckoning Rush with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Rush let out a breath of air he hadn’t even know he was holding, and smoothly crossed the room. Straddling Young, the movement coming with an easy familiarity, he rested one arm on Young’s shoulder and, coyly, lifted the hem of shirt with the other. Young set his hands on Rush’s hips, then used his left hand to urge Rush the lift his shirt higher.

“Mm,” Young commented, running a carefully delicate finger along the line that marked where Rush’s skin had torn and since healed. Young brushed over it with his thumb, running from smooth skin to blemished and back again. “Does it hurt?”

Young let out a *hmm* and placed his palm over the wound, covering it completely. His hand felt warm against Rush’s skin, and made Rush suddenly aware of the relative coolness of the air. Young met Rush’s eyes as he rubbed gently over the healing flesh in Rush’s side. “We should probably take it easy for tonight.”

Rush groaned, since those were the *exact* words he hadn’t wanted to hear.

“*Why?*” He whined.

“You mean, besides the hell T.J. will rain down on me if I do anything that makes this wound reopen?” Young said mildly.

Rush rolled his eyes. “Even if that happened, she wouldn’t know you had anything to do with it.”

Young glared at him blandly. “See,” he said. “What you *should* have said was, ‘Don’t worry! There’s no way that could possibly be happen!’”

Rush threw his head back and groaned again. “God, you’re infuriating,” he muttered. “*Fine.*” He sighed. “Should I just come back tomorrow, then?”

Young arched an eyebrow. “*No.*”

Rush furrowed his brow. He remained confused as Young’s hands gently but firmly coaxed him up and onto the couch. Soon, he found himself lying on his back with his head resting in Young’s lap.

“…*What are we doin’?*” He asked after a minute, looking up at Young.

“Taking it easy,” Young answered simply. Carefully, he took off Rush’s glasses and set them on the couch.

Rush laced his fingers together and rested them on his chest, feeling restless and unsure. Young looked down at him, and brushed a strand of hair from Rush’s face, then rested his hand against
Rush’s head. With his other hand, he trailed a finger along Rush’s cheek, keeping his touch light as he brushed over his lips, and down his neck. He tugged lightly on the collar of Rush’s shirt, but kept his hand on top of the fabric, feeling over Rush’s chest with his fingers. Breath hitching, Rush swallowed as Young found his left nipple, twisting it and the fabric of Rush’s shirt between his thumb and forefinger. Rush’s jeans began to feel tight, his cock swelling readily to Young’s attentions.

His eyes fluttered shut, and then Young was tugging at his belt and opening the front of Rush’s trousers. Young hand (warm, so warm) wrapped around him and rubbed over his cock in slow, languid motions. Rush breathed out a deep mmmm as Young worked him without urgency—not quite teasing, Rush thought, more…luxurious. He sighed, his head falling to one side. Resting his cheek against Young’s thigh Rush breathed in deeply through his nose, surrendering to the sensation.

He heard a soft grunt and Young’s legs shifted beneath him. Rush opened his eyes, and all at once realized that this position was maybe not as innocuous as it first appeared, seeing as he was now staring directly into Young’s crotch. He couldn’t fight the smile that sprang to his lips and he glanced up impishly at Young, who looked back with a carefully restrained expression. Turning slightly onto his side, Rush kept his eyes on Young as he leaned forward, then closed them indulgently as he rubbed his cheek against the front of Young’s trousers. There was no need to play up the helpless moan that sprang to his lips when his felt Young’s hardness there. Quickly, he buried his nose into the fabric and inhaled, breathing in rich musk and then sighing out hot, wet air through his mouth. He panted slowly, mouth open against growing hardness within Young’s trousers, his right hand gripping loosely to Young’s belt.

He looked up again, eying Young as he went on to trail loose lips over the line of Young’s cock, to nuzzle him with his nose and cheek—daring Young to either stop him or make him take it further.

Young threaded his fingers through Rush’s hair, but didn’t pull him away. His other hand continued to slide easily over Rush’s erection.

“You want my cock, Rush?” Young asked him, his voice rumbling deeply through his body.

“Seems only fair,” Rush replied, letting his tongue hang against his bottom lip for a long moment. “Since you’ve already got mine.”

Young hummed in agreement, and squeezed Rush’s prick, who quickly gave a hum of his own in pleasure.

“Alright,” Young said thickly after a moment’s pause. “Go ahead.”
Rush pressed his lips together and smiled. Nimbly, he undid Young’s belt and unzipped his fly, reaching inside with barely contained glee to obtain his prize. In moments, he was moaning contently around Young’s cock, laving and sucking at it like the delicious treat it was.

It was not his most efficient of blowjobs, he had to admit, but Young didn’t seem to mind, and Rush was enjoying, well, enjoying, of languidly experiencing the sensation of Young in his mouth. It was oddly comfortable—half resting in Young’s lap, curled up at his side…Young’s hand enveloping him, his other stroking his hair, while Rush suckled at his cock like a babe at its mother’s breast. Rush’s face flushed, shame stabbing through him for the perversity of that thought. But, a part of his brain insisted, there was something…strangely and pervertedly maternal about it…not really helped by the fact that he’d soon be drinking down a milky, organic substance.

The thought certainly didn’t diminish his arousal, he thought ruefully, half pumping into Young’s hand as he gripped the loops of Young’s belt holes to drag himself further onto Young’s cock. Young grunted as he did and it wasn’t long before bitter salt flooded his mouth. Rush swallowed and swallowed, gulping down Young’s seed like water in a desert.

“That’s it,” Young murmured soothingly, petting the back of Rush’s neck with soft caresses. “That’s a good boy, drink it all down.”

Rush’s eyes flashed, turning his startled gaze up to look at Young staring down at him. His words close, so close, too close, to his own thoughts, and then Rush’s eyes rolled back in head and he came, spilling into Young’s palm while the taste of Young’s semen stained his lips.

Gasping, Rush rolled onto his back, head still resting on the tops of Young’s thighs. He stared up, not really seeing, and lying there limply. Numbly, he licked his lips.

Gradually he became aware of Young stroking his hair, something he’d been doing for some time now, and not just tonight, Rush realized. When had he started doing that? When had been the first time? Rush asked himself, and was distressed to realize he didn’t know the answer. He couldn’t remember any specific instance, and this bothered him because, shouldn’t it have been a more noteworthy event? Shouldn’t it have been strange? When did it stop being strange?

Why couldn’t Rush remember it ever being strange?

There was a hand pressed to his mouth and Rush dutifully opened his mouth wider and licked his cum from Young’s palm and fingers, because this was what it was supposed to be, dirty and filthy
“—Oy!” Rush protested lightly as Young pulled his hand out of reach. Young held a cum covered index finger above Rush’s mouth, an amused smirk on his face. Rush huffed, and then took turns glaring narrowly at Young’s face and Young’s hand. Slowly—still smirking, Rush noted—Young lowered his finger toward Rush’s lips. Eyeing Young suspiciously, Rush moved to take it in his mouth once it was in reach and, sure enough, as he did Young pulled it away again. Rush glared harder, but Young just started lowering it third time, wiggling it tauntingly over his face. This time, Rush snapped at it, not caring in the slightest at this point if he managed to bite the damn thing off, but Young just managed to snatch it away and then started chuckling.

“You’re not as funny as you think you are,” Rush grumbled.

“Sure I am,” Young said easily, grinning, and Rush bit the inside of his lip because he was not going to smile, damn it. Young continued to toy with him, and Rush tried to look cross but his lips kept twitching.

“Stop it!” Rush protested as Young pulled away yet again, finally breaking into a laugh. “You’re—” he said, trying to follow Young’s playfully waving finger with his mouth while it moved up and down and around in circles. “Bein’ ridicul—”

Young darted in quickly and swiped his cum smeared finger over the tip of Rush’s nose, leaving some of its stickiness behind. Rush snapped his mouth shut and fixed Young with a bland look.

“I hope you don’t expect me to lick that up,” Rush told him, barely managing to hold a straight face. “I’m not a bloody lizard, you know.”

Young snorted and laughed, and Rush found himself smiling too, even as he shook his head and rolled his eyes to the ceiling.

“You’re a bloody terror,” Rush scolded.

“Mm.” Young didn’t disagree. Instead, he once again wagged his finger in front of Rush’s face. “You love it.”

“I do not,” Rush disputed, and shoved Young hand away with a smirk.
“Do too,” Young easily rebutted, bringing back his hand.

“Do not,” Rush repeated, smacking Young’s hand away again. He was openly grinning now.

“Do too,” Young insisted, leaning over to stare Rush down.

“Do.” Rush said, returning the stare. “Not.”

Young’s gaze flicked over Rush’s face, and then, quick as a snake, he snapped forward and licked the cum from Rush’s nose.

Rush’s smile vanished from his face as though he’d been slapped.

“Do too,” Young said, eyes dancing.

“…I have to go,” Rush muttered, already sitting up. He stood and righted his clothing, wiping his face on his sleeve.

“Why?” Rush heard Young ask, but he didn’t look at him. He shrugged.

“I—” He shook his head and snatched up his glasses, rubbing the lenses with his shirt before putting them on. “Have some…equations. I wanted to…go over them. Before tomorrow.”

There was a long silence.

“Okay,” Young said finally.

Rush nodded to him, still not quite looking at him, and turned to go.

“Will you be back tomorrow?”
Rush stopped at the question, hand hovering over the door control.

“…Not sure,” he mumbled.

The door swished open.

Chapter End Notes

Heh, why do I feel like there should be a /DUN DUN DUN/ at the end of this chapter? Do worry, you guys, everything is actually fine, I promise.

Anyway, this note is really to thank Potboy for helping me understand how explosions work, among other things, and thus making this chapter possible.

And, while I'm at it, thank you to everyone who has read this far, and especially those who have commented. You make this feel worthwhile, and I'm so grateful for that. Hopefully, I'll actually have another chapter done in a timely manner this time. Wish me luck.
Rush didn’t come to see Young the next night, or the night after that, or the night after that, and while Rush had certainly not shown up before, Young had a feeling it wasn’t just a case of being tired or wanting some time to himself. Something had clearly spooked him the other day, not that Young had any idea what it was. Rush was hard to get a read on at the best of times; he’d happily take a beating with a cane or let himself be fucked against a wall, but apparently, noses were off limits? Young sighed and rubbed his forehead. It was just another reminder of everything he didn’t understand about Rush, how even though they’d gotten closer in some ways, in others they might as well still be strangers.

Young swallowed down his breakfast, glancing at Rush across the room. Rush quickly looked away, turning back to his own meal. Young sighed again; that was another thing—over the past days, he kept catching Rush staring at him, only for the man to look away as soon as he’d been caught. Clearly something was bothering him, but Young wasn’t sure whether to confront him about it or not. He’d seemed unsettled when Young had visited him in his quarters, so Young was hesitant to try and track him down again. God, Young thought to himself, it was like trying to befriend a stray cat. He snorted as he was suddenly struck with a vision of himself crouched on the ground, offering his hand to sniff while Rush arched his back and hissed.

Here kitty, kitty, Young thought in Rush’s direction. I’m not gonna hurt you. Well, you know. Unless you want me to.
He rubbed his forehead again. He was starting to get a headache.

“Headache?” He looked up and found T.J. sitting across from him. He smiled ruefully.

“That obvious, huh?” He said and forced down another bite of…well, he was pretty sure it was meat, which was a nice change. Sort of.

T.J. smiled back. “You know, I might actually have something that could help with that now.”

Young waved her off. “No thanks, it’s not that bad really.”

T.J. tilted her head, looking him over. “Everything okay? You’ve seemed…distracted lately.”

“I, um…” T.J. had always had far too good a read on him. “It’s just…stuff with Emily,” he mumbled. It was…almost close to the truth, plus it was a topic he and T.J. tended to stay away from.

T.J. immediately looked embarrassed. “Oh.” She glanced away, and Young looked down at his plate as wave of guilt flashed through him.

“How are, uh, things going with Chloe?” Young asked, looking for a subject change.

“Great!” T.J. answered, looking equally relieved. “I’m actually using her to teach basics to anyone else who’s looking to join med staff. We’re almost starting to look like a real medical team.”

“That’s certainly good to hear,” he said with a nod.

“Tell me about it,” she said, laughing. “I know we don’t really have the man power for a real full time medical staff, but even part time is a huge help.”

“The more skills each crewmember can build up, the better it is for all of us.” Young agreed.
“Yeah.” T.J. smiled. “Did you hear about Eli’s idea? He thinks we should make badges. Like, merit badges. So, anyone certified with piloting skills, first aid, electrical repair, even non-essentials like cooking or making clothes–”

“Cooking is very essential,” Young interrupted with a wave of his fork.

“Anyway,” T.J said, laughing. “They’d get a badge. Like, an achievement. Eli said it’d be motivational.”

Young shrugged. “He could be right. I don’t know, ask around, see what people think. If enough people like the idea, we’ll give it a try.”

“Mm.” T.J. finished swallowing. “Maybe we should wait till the people making textiles have had a little more practice,” she said with a raised eyebrow.

Young snorted. They’d finally gotten their first batch of newly made pieces of clothing, which, while fairly functional, everyone agreed were…pretty ugly. Still, no one was ready to let them go to waste, so there were a quite few people wearing them, though they didn’t look very happy about it. Young had a feeling there were more than a few military personnel grateful for uniform regulations right about now. Rush, Young had noted, had opted to do his best to wash out the blood from his clothes and stitch the holes up as best he could rather deign to wear any of the new clothing.

Young glanced surreptitiously toward Rush again and, again, caught him quickly looking away. Young bit back another sigh. He wondered how long both of them could keep this up.

As Young made his way down the hallway that led to what Eli had dubbed the Mystery Room (he hoped they figured out what it really was soon, if only so they could stop calling it that), he could already hear the sounds of Rush and Eli’s raised voices echoing through the corridors.

“—You’re just speculating, we don’t have enough data to make any kind of—”

“So?” Young heard Eli huff. “I mean, who cares? So, I’m speculating, what’s the big deal? It’s not like it’s hurting anything.”
“Well, it’s not exactly helping anything, now is’t?”

Young cleared his throat. Both Eli and Rush turned to look at him before quickly turning away and appearing to busy themselves. “Everything okay?”

Eli shrugged and seemed to ignore him, but Rush looked up and shot him a glare made of pure venom.

“Did you want something?” Rush demanded harshly. “Or did you just come down here ask stupid questions?”

Young bit his tongue and forced himself to take a deep breath. “The lights in one of the side corridors have gone out. It’s most likely not anything serious and it’s not a high priority area, but should probably be checked out just in case. Brody and Volker are planetside, and Park—”

“I’ll go,” Rush said tartly, snatching up a few tools before practically stomping past Young.

Young gave Eli an encouraging nod, then turned to follow him out. Rush sped through the hallways, then finally seemed to realize that Young was the one who actually knew the location they were headed for and fell back a bit. He shot Young a look as Young passed by his shoulder, suspicion clearly written on his face. And yes, Young had to admit, this was maybe more of an excuse than anything, a chance to get Rush on his own for a bit, but what else was he supposed to do?

The reached the darkened hallway and Rush pulled out a flashlight, flickering it over the walls. He opened the wall panel, peering in, then sighed and switched the flashlight to his other hand, and started rooting around inside. After a minute, Young silently reached forward and took the flashlight, coaxing it from Rush’s grasp and pointing the light into the control panel. Rush shot him a glare, but went back to his task without a word. Young silently looked over his shoulder, watching him deftly pull and twist at the wires inside, stripping off melted bits and then applying fresh strips of electrical tape.

“How’d you learn how to do this?” Young asked after a minute.

Rush looked at him, brow furrowed, tearing off another strip of tape. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,” Young said, tilting his head. “Your specialty’s in math and astrophysics, right? Theoretical
stuff. Not exactly the kind of thing where you’d learn to rewire an electrical conduit by hand.”

Rush turned back to the wall. “Eli’s specialty is maths, and he’s done his share of hardware repair.”

“Yeah, but he’s not as good at it. You look like you know what you’re doing.”

Rush glanced at him from the corner of his eye, then turned back to his work. It was a few long minutes before Young realized Rush wasn’t going to answer him. He held back a sigh and adjusted his grip on the flashlight.

A few minutes later, the lights flickered on and Rush closed up the panel. He turned around and Young handed him the flashlight, which Rush took without looking Young in the eye. He dropped his hand to his side, Adam’s apple bobbing. His back was up against the wall, his eyes pointed downwards, and Young knew he should probably step back, give him space to get by. Let Rush get back to his work.

He kissed him instead.

Rush fell back into the wall behind him, eyes closing, and then his mouth opened, his tongue reaching for Young’s while his hand gripped the fabric of Young’s uniform. Young moved in closer, pressing himself against Rush’s body till there was no more space between them, bracing his arms on the wall behind Rush on either side of his head and diving further into Rush’s mouth.

Rush let out a deep groan, sucking loosely on Young’s tongue, then wrenched his mouth away, turning his face to the side, though his hand still held a tight grip on Young’s uniform. Almost without thinking, Young grabbed Rush by the hair and turned his face back toward him so he could once again capture his mouth. There was a muffled umf from Rush and then a needy whine from the back of his throat as his lips softened against Young’s. They tangled their mouths together messily, lips pulling at each other and tongues sliding in and out without anything resembling technique until they finally stopped, resting their mouths together, noses touching, chests expanding into each other with each inhale.

“I want to see you tonight,” Young whispered gruffly against Rush’s cheek.

“I…” Rush said softly. The lids of his eyes were lowered. “…Alright.”
Young gave him a long look, then nodded. Silently, he stepped back, turned, and walked away. At the last minute, he looked back over his shoulder. Rush was sagged against the wall with his eyes closed, one hand tangled in his hair. Young paused, indecisive, but finally left him there. Whatever was going on, it would be better to deal with it in his quarters than in the middle of some hallway. He just had to wait till tonight, he told himself, and headed back to check on the away team.

Rush didn’t show up.

In retrospect, Young thought to himself, he should have seen that coming. Young wasn’t sure if he was more exasperated at this point, or if he just found the whole God damned thing hilarious. He couldn’t even be mad, it was so freaking ridiculous.

You just got stood up, he thought to himself, snorting, once he’d finally given up and decided to go to bed.

The next morning, he went through his rounds, checking in with the various projects they had going on. Rush wasn’t to be found in any of his usual work spots, and when asked about it Eli just shrugged and said ‘Sometimes he goes off somewhere when he gets annoyed. He doesn’t tell us where, which probably means he doesn’t want us to know.’

Right.

Young shook his head and rolled his eyes. Fine. No doubt Rush would show up again when he was good and ready to, and not before. And, Young thought, wincing, Rush would come see him again when he was good and ready to. And not before.

He wondered how long that wait would be, and tried to ignore the twisting in his stomach at the thought that it could very well be forever.

When he’d finished his daily check-ins, he headed back to his quarters. He unzipped his uniform jacket as he walked inside and stretched his shoulders, then froze mid-motion.

Rush was in his quarters.
He was sitting on the couch, the one opposite from the one Young usually sat on, bent over his laptop, which was resting on the coffee table in front of him. He was focused on the screen, intermittently typing and looking at his notepad. He looked exactly the way he did when working in the observation lounge, or the mess hall, or any number of other places a laptop could be set up. Rush appeared so very normal and at ease that for a second Young actually looked around to check if he’d walked into the wrong room. Once he’d confirmed that these were, in fact, his quarters, he turned back to look at Rush. Rush, for his part, continued to ignore him.

Young crossed his arms over his chest. “Ahem.” He said, rather loudly.

Rush glanced up. “Oh. Hello.”

“…Hi.” Young said pointedly when Rush didn’t say anything else. “What are you doing?”

Rush looked toward his laptop, then pointed with a finger. “Working.”

Young nodded, and raised an eyebrow. “In my quarters.”

Rush turned his head to the side, and shrugged.

“…Is there a reason for that?” Young prompted, when no explanation was forthcoming.

Rush shrugged again. “Well…” He peeked up at Young through his hair, and actually managed to look a bit sheepish. “…No one knows to look for me here.”

Young snorted and turned his eyes to the ceiling. He should have guessed.

“…Do you mind?” Rush asked.

Young waved an arm. “Be my guest.”
Rush gave a little nod, which maybe meant ‘thank you,’ and turned back to his computer.

Young let out a sigh and pulled out his own work.

They passed almost three hours like that. They didn’t speak, and Rush, as far as he could tell, barely moved, aside from typing, scribbling, and occasionally muttering to himself. Young kept stealing glances at him, cause it was one thing to know how focused Rush was and how much he worked and it was another to watch the man literally not look away from what he was doing for three hours.

Young checked his watch.

“I’m gonna grab something for dinner before the mess closes,” he said, standing. “You want anything?” Rush didn’t respond. “Rush.” Young said, trying again, and this time Rush glanced in his direction with a slight grunt. “Food. Do you want any.”

Rush brow furrowed, and he waved Young off impatiently, turning back his laptop. Is that a ‘no’? Young thought to himself sardonically, and left with a sigh.

He came back a while later carrying a plate with a slice of dried alien bird meat, some of that awful sweet potato Becker had managed to mash and season into something edible, and a collection of berries they’d just harvested from the planet they’d visited yesterday, and set it on the table next to Rush’s laptop. Then he went and sat on the opposite couch, picking up the latest inventory report as his last thing to look over for the day.

He watched Rush out the corner of his eye, who was looking at the plate suspiciously. Again, Young was reminded of a stray cat, like he was tempting Rush with a bowl of milk.

Here kitty, kitty.

After a long minute, Rush reached out a tentative hand and picked up one of the berries. He popped it in his mouth and chewed thoughtfully, then looked over at Young.

“You going to have some?” He asked, giving the plate a little push and gesturing with one hand.
Young shook his head. “I already ate.”

Rush grunted, and picked up the Birky Jerky (thank you, Eli), tearing off a piece with his teeth. “How’d you get two ration portions? Or is that just another perk of being commander.”

Young gave a dry laugh. “No. No, I just said it was for you.”

Rush froze, mid-chew. “What?”

“Relax,” Young said, holding back a chuckle. “I told Becker I’d spotted you and thought I’d bring you something, since no one’s seen you eat all day.”

“Mm.” Rush swallowed, looking dubious. “And no one thinks it’s strange the C.O. is playing at being my nursemaid?”

“Not really,” Young said dryly. “Someone has to, and nearly everyone else is terrified of you. Or, you know. Really doesn’t want to.”

Rush dropped his gaze. “T.J.’s not scared of me,” he said after a minute.

“She’s got better things to do,” Young said easily. Rush snorted and took another bite. Young watched him, tapping a finger absently against his leg. “You didn’t show up last night,” he said finally.

Rush’s chewing slowed. He swallowed. “Yeh, uh. Eli had some ideas he wanted to go over.”

No he didn’t, Young thought to himself, very loudly. “Okay,” he said after a minute.

For a while they didn’t say anything else. Rush was half-eating, half-looking back at his laptop, a crease forming between his eyebrows. He finally let out a deep sigh and slammed his laptop shut, reaching a hand behind his neck to dig at his shoulder with a grimace on his face. Young watched him for a few moments, then got up and sat next to him on the couch. Rush glanced at him, startled,
the crease in his brow deepening. It deepened further when Young picked up Rush’s foot, put it in his lap, and started taking off his shoe.

“What’re you doing?” Rush asked, sounding wary.

Young just shot him a look. He pulled off both boots and set Rush’s feet in his lap.

“What—” Rush started to say again.

“Just relax,” Young told him.

Hesitantly, Rush leaned back, resting against the arm of the couch. With that, Young turned his attention to Rush’s feet. Now, let’s see if he could remember…

He felt his brow furrow as he concentrated. He placed one hand behind Rush’s left foot to hold it place and used the thumb of his other hand to feel along the sole. After a moment, he pressed in, giving firm pressure to the ball of Rush’s foot just under his pinky toe. He was soon rewarded with a deep groan from Rush. He glanced up and his lip twitched into a half smile when he saw Rush had closed his eyes and let his head tilt back against the sofa.

“Bloody hell,” Rush said after a minute, rolling his shoulder. He peeked at Young through slitted eyes. “Where’d you learn to do that?”

Young glanced away. “Emily,” he said, rubbing more generally over Rush’s foot. “My…ex-wife.” And, God, did that still feel weird to say. “She was really into pressure points, yoga, all that stuff.”

“Mm. Well.” Rush picked at a bit of lint on the couch. “I’d ask you to thank her for me, but that might be awkward.”

Young snorted. Yeah, no kidding. He didn’t even want to think about what that conversation would look like. There was a pause, and Young switched to the other foot for a while, mapping out the mounds and valleys with his thumbs.

“Is it strange for you?”
Young looked up at Rush’s question.

“Being with a man, I mean.”

Young felt his eyebrows go up. “Um, well,” he rubbed his forehead with the back of his thumb. “Not…that strange. New, but…” He sighed. He wasn’t really sure how to talk about this. He didn’t have a lot of practice. “I, um. Well, I knew before…I’ve known for a long time…always, kind of, that…that I could…” He pressed his lips together. “That there were men I could…feel that way about. Be that way with. But,” he went on. “There were women I liked too, and…” He swallowed. “And I knew I wanted to join the military, so…”

“Ah,” Rush said quietly.

“Yeah. Seemed…easier.” Rush didn’t say anything, and his expression was nothing but thoughtful, but Young felt embarrassed. The way he’d said it made it sound trite, like it was an inconvenience he could just turn off when he felt like it, and that wasn’t true, he’d always felt it was there even when he wouldn’t acknowledge it, like this secret weight in his stomach dragging him down. He’d always known it was the more cowardly route, but to say it out loud made it all the more stark and shameful. There was a lump in his throat and coughed slightly to try and clear it, looking down and blinking till the feeling passed.

“Besides,” he said, laughing slightly. “My dad would’ve killed me.”

He’d said it to lighten the mood, but from the look on Rush’s face it didn’t seem to have worked. Rush’s brow furrowed and his mouth deepened into a frown. “Not that…” Young found himself stammering. “I don’t want you to get the wrong idea. My dad was good man, but he was…old fashioned. He wouldn’t have understood.”

“Ah,” Rush said with a little nod.

“It’s weird,” Young found himself saying after a moment of silence. “He passed away…” He did some quick math. “…Six years ago? But it seems like it took getting flung to the far side of universe to get his voice out of my head.”

Rush let out a little heh noise as his mouth formed into a half-smile. Then he looked away, gazing off into the middle distance to his right. They fell into silence again, and Young was suddenly determined for Rush to fill it this time.
“What about you?”

Rush looked surprised at the question. “What about me?” He asked back wryly.

Anything really, Young thought to himself. He just needed something. “Um. Well. I know you’ve been with men before.” Rush’s eyes glanced away. “Did, uh. Did your family know about…that?”

Rush kept his gaze on the couch cushions, and was silent long enough that Young was pretty sure he wasn’t going to answer this question either. He had about given up when Rush finally spoke.

“My mother died when I was two. I don’t even remember her.”

Young blinked, gob smacked. That was such a revelatory revelation it barely occurred to him that it didn’t really answer his question. The proper response here was some kind of condolences, but it didn’t seem like Rush was looking for sympathy, and honestly Young was more interested in seeing if there was anything else he could get out of him.

“And your dad?” Rush looked at him questioningly. “What about him? Was he…old fashioned?”

Rush snorted. “Not the phrase I’d use,” he muttered. He pulled his feet from Young’s hands, placing them on the floor, and Young tried not to let out a disappointed sigh. Well, it was worth a shot, he thought to himself as Rush bent forward and picked up another berry from the plate. Instead of eating it though, he just rolled it between his fingers.

“My father,” Rush began carefully after a moment. He kept his eyes trained on the berry in his hand. “Was a small, petty man, who hated his small, petty life. He had a bad temper, and a worse drinking habit, and the firm belief that everything wrong in his life was always someone else’s fault.” Rush let out a quiet snort and shook his head. “He could never quite get over the fact that there were people in the world smarter than he was.”

Young listened, frowning, till it seemed like Rush was done talking. Well, that certainly painted a somewhat clearer picture, but it was hard to feel too happy about it. “You mean, like you?” Young asked soberly, feeling a heaviness in his chest.
Rush’s head whipped round so fast Young almost jumped, a dark and stormy expression on his face. “What’s that supposed to mean?” He snapped.

“I…” Young wasn’t sure exactly what he’d said wrong. “Just…people in the world smarter than him,” he said, hoping repeating things would help. “Like you.”

Rush stared at him for a long moment. Then he blinked, and looked back down at his hands. “Yeh.” He said eventually. “Yeh, I suppose so.”

There was a long silence and then Rush threw the berry back on the plate. He grabbed his shoes and quickly pulled them on, then snatched up his laptop and notepad. “I should, um,” he mumbled. “There’s, uh, things I should—” He broke off, not bothering to complete the sentence.

“Okay,” Young said after a moment. “Think you’ll be back later?”

Rush was quiet, then gave a small shrug. “Can’t say,” he said under his breath.

Young gave him a long look. “Okay.”

Rush gave a sharp nod. With a last quick turn he picked up the plate off the table, and made a hasty exit out the door.

Young stayed up for a while, but eventually he had to give in and go to bed. Rush wasn’t coming. He peeled off his uniform and crawled under the covers, falling into a deep yet troubled sleep.

Young woke to the sound of his door opening. He sat up, blinking blearily in the dark. The dim light from the corridor meant he could only make out the vague silhouette of the person standing in the doorway, but Young had no trouble recognizing him. Rush’s form hovered at the door, hazy and insubstantial as a shadow.
“Rush,” Young said, the name coming out so softly that Young was certain Rush couldn’t have heard him, but then Rush was hesitantly stepping across the threshold. He closed the door behind him, plunging them into a deeper darkness. Young could easily turn on the lamp near his bed, but he didn’t. He let his eyes adjust to the darkness, picking out the smaller sources of light. The various degrees of black became relatively easier to distinguish from each other, and Young watched Rush’s dimly outlined figure cross the room.

He swung his legs off the side the bed and sat with his hands on the mattress. He felt an odd sense of calm, an assurance that seemed to seep in from the hum of the ship and the muted lights and even the darkness itself.

Rush stopped in front of him, standing maybe a foot away, but even at that distance Young couldn’t quite make out his features clearly.

“I…didn’t mean to wake you,” Rush said, his voice hushed. “You…if you want to go back to sleep…” He trailed off.

Young tilted his head to one side, regarding Rush in a kind of quiet contemplation. Then, calmly, he reached out with both hands, finding Rush’s hips. He felt with his fingers, getting hold of Rush’s belt loops and tugging him closer. When Rush came easily, Young jerked him forward, turning so Rush landed flat on his back against the mattress and climbing between his legs before taking a firm hold of Rush’s wrists and pinning them to the bed above his head. With Rush now effectively trapped underneath him, Young looked down into Rush’s face, as Rush stared up at him with wide eyes.

“What are you doing, Rush,” he asked simply.

“I…” Rush stammered. “Wha—”

“You knew I’d be asleep if you came here this late. That’s why you did it. I want to know why.”

Rush swallowed. “I…just lost track of time, that’s all,” he murmured.

Young fixed him with a look and leaned in close. “Right. And when you ran out of here the last couple days, it was just because you had work to do. And when you didn’t show up the other night, it was just because of Eli, right?” He let his grip of Rush’s wrists tighten and leaned in even closer. “You think I believe that for a second?” He whispered into Rush’s face.
Rush closed his eyes, brow creasing, and turned his face away. His expression was slightly pained, but he did nothing to try to break from Young’s grasp.

“If you don’t want to be here, Rush,” Young said, quiet but emphatic. “You don’t have to make excuses. You can leave anytime you want.” Rush turned his face back toward him, eyes flying open. Young forced down the apprehensive butterflies in his stomach and made himself speak evenly. “Do you? Want to leave?”

Rush stared up at him. He looked frightened, and Young had a moment of doubt as Rush’s trapped hands clenched into fists. Then, Rush took in a shallow breath, and shook his head. He kept shaking it, tiny movements back and forth.

“No,” he rasped. “No, I…I want…” He shuddered, eyelids fluttering shut. “I want…”

“What do you want, Rush,” Young rumbled.

“I want…” Rush whispered again, and then, like a tree snapping, he lifted his head and pressed his lips to Young’s mouth. Or tried to; he couldn’t quite reach for a proper kiss, and their lips brushed together clumsily as Rush tilted his open mouth up toward Young, inviting, straining, begging Young to claim it with his own.

It wasn’t exactly a comprehensive answer, but…I’ll take it, Young thought. He bent down and touched his lips to Rush’s, sliding his tongue inside the hot cavern of his mouth. Rush moaned and arched up into him, pressing their groins together, so now they could feel each other’s hardened arousal. Young’s coaxed open Rush’s fists and laced their hands together, palm to palm.

“I’m not letting you off that easy,” Young said, pulling his mouth away with a reluctant grunt. “You’ve been a real pain these last few days.”

Rush let out a little huff. “I’d think you’d be used to that.”

“Watch it,” Young warned. “I’m about to punish you. I don’t think you want to add to your list of offenses.”

Rush blinked. “…List of offenses?” He asked quietly. He didn’t seem perturbed at the thought of being punished. In fact, he almost looked relieved.
“Mm,” Young nodded. “Lying to me. Avoiding me. Ignoring me. And,” he leaned in. “Making me wait.”

Rush appeared to grow more and more aroused as Young spoke, practically writhing underneath him and gasping wantonly with each word.

“Take your clothes off,” Young ordered, and Rush was already nodding frenetically.

“Yes, sir,” he breathed. Young sat up on his knees, and Rush immediately moved his newly freed hands to his belt, tugging at it with eager, trembling fingers. He kept fumbling at it, so Young reached out to help. Rush’s hands stilled as Young deftly undid his jeans, then pulled his shirts up over his head while Young tugged his jeans down and off along with his boots.

Once he was naked on the bed, Young bent forward, holding himself up by his hands and knees over Rush’s prone form. Rush let his arms fall by his sides, passive and compliant, waiting for Young to deliver his sentence.

“Your punishment.” Young looked down at Rush thoughtfully, at his eyes cast submissively downward, his chest rising and falling shallowly. “…I’m going to make you choose.”

Rush brow creased, and he lifted his eyes, meeting Young’s gaze cautiously.

“I can fuck you,” Young said evenly. “Or I can make you come. Your choice.”

Rush’s expression had turned dark, and he glared at Young with watery, accusing eyes. “You know,” he bit out, voice strained. “You know what I’ll pick.”

Young stared back impassively. “Let’s hear you say it.”

Rush turned his face away, eyes clenched. Young knew he was being spiteful, but he wanted Rush to say it, to admit how much he wanted him, needed him, not just to get off, but something deeper, darker, more than that.
There was a long moment when the only sound was the soft rasps of Rush’s breathing.

“...Fuck me.” Rush looked up at Young from the corner of his eye. “Please.”

Young nodded, and climbed off of him, grim satisfaction boiling in his belly. He pushed Rush over onto his knees, turning him on the bed, and pushed his legs apart. Rush groaned, buttocks clenching, and arched his back, burying his face in the bed between his elbows. Lubricant and Young’s quick, sturdy fingers soon had Rush slick and ready and Young took him by the hips and sank into him, shoving his groin up against Rush’s backside till he couldn’t go any deeper. Rush mewled and his fingers grasped pitifully at nothing as he spread his knees further and pushed his ass back into Young. Young dug his fingers into Rush’s hips and drove in deep with every thrust. He wasn’t trying to go fast; Young wanted to savor this, to feel each individual moment as he breached and filled Rush again and again. Rush was squirming and wriggling underneath him, scrabbling at the bed sheets and moaning ecstatically.

Young knew Rush must be trying desperately not to come. More than once, Rush actually sounded like he was coming, wailing and shrieking in a way that could only be described as orgasmic while his ass clenched tight around Young’s cock, but a quick check proved Rush was still erect and unsatisfied.

Good boy, thought Young, and it was a damn impressive display, but Young wasn’t ready to show any kind of mercy at this point. He pressed the heel of his hand into the small of Rush’s back, forcing him into an even sharper curve as he drilled into him as though he could fix him in place, as though he could leave a piece of himself so deep inside, Rush wouldn’t ever be able to get it out.

When Young came, it was Rush who screamed, as though he could feel it, as though Young’s pleasure was his own. Rush’s wordless vowels crescendoed like clanging bells in Young’s ears, then faded to muted whimpers as he finished emptying himself. Young held a moment, sweat dripping from his brow and his back as he caught his breath before beginning to pull out.

“Don’t!”

Rush’s voice, choked and faded as it was, was so pained and frantic that Young froze, not daring to move a muscle.

“Rush?” Young questioned, soft but urgent, suddenly worried that he’d been too rough and managed to hurt him, really hurt him. “Rush?” He tried again when there was no answer.
Rush’s head was turned to one side, but his hair covered his face so Young couldn’t quite see his eyes. There was a long silence.

“…Stay.” It was barely a whisper, a breath of sound in the dark. Young’s heartbeat was loud in his ears, and for once he found it comforting. With a gentle sigh, he left his softening cock buried in Rush’s body, and lay down across his back. Rolling to the side, he wrapped his arms around Rush and held him tight against his chest. Rush let out a sigh of his own and relaxed against him, molding the lines and curves his body to Young’s.

Young took only a moment to pull the covers up over them both; he ignored his boxers tangled around his knees, and tucked his chin into the crook of Rush’s neck. For a moment, they breathed together, quiet and slow.

I dreamed this, Young recalled dimly, beginning to drift into sleep.

Before he drifted off completely, though.

“Are you going to tell me what I did?” He murmured against Rush’s ear.

There was a pause. “What do you mean?” Rush asked quietly.

“What I did wrong. That got you all…” he trailed off, not quite sure what word he was looking for.

Rush was quiet. Then, very low. “Nothing.” He wrapped his arms across Young’s, squeezing them tighter against his chest. “You didn’t do anything wrong.” There was a sharp pause. “Go to sleep.”

Young lay there, breathing in and out, but soon found it easy enough to close his eyes and descend into sleep, surrounded by Rush’s scent and warmth.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Com...u...ni...ca...tion? (Emphases on question mark)

The thing about riptides, Rush recalled being told, was that you can’t fight them, at least not directly. If you try to swim against the current, you’ll just tire yourself out and end up drowning, because in a contest between yourself and the ocean, you will always, always, lose.

Always.

Rush had found himself thinking a lot about riptides these past few days.

_You can’t fight the ocean_, a strangely gentle voice kept whispering to him from inside his head.

I didn’t even know I was _in_ the bloody ocean, Rush had thought back bitterly. He’d woken up at sea, with no way to tell which direction was towards shore.

He’d also been thinking about nicotine. A lot. Blessed, magnificent, entirely unobtainable nicotine. He couldn’t help but think that this all would be much easier to cope with if he could just have a bloody cigarette. Maybe that’s what this whole thing was about: replacing an addiction.

This new addiction had gotten wildly out of hand, and was taking up far too much energy to fight. Worse, he’d started wondering if he even _wanted_ to fight it, and—as though doomed by that very thought—soon, he’d stopped fighting altogether.

He’d given up. And, God, it’d felt good.
Rush opened his eyes.

Fuck.

He bit back something that could have been either a sigh or a groan and closed his eyes again, sucking absently on his lower lip as he fought between the urge to touch himself and the desire to never move a single inch ever again.

He knew he should probably be feeling more panic after last night, and indeed he could feel his heart thumping in his chest, but even that seemed a distant concern at the moment. There were certain questions, like ‘What the hell am I doing?’ that he was decidedly not answering or even thinking about if he could help it. Which, wasn’t that hard to do, particularly with Young’s cock presently swelling inside his arse.

He bit back another groan, rubbing his legs together in an effort to stave off his own arousal. He’d had contact with Young’s morning erections before but never so...intimately. The stretch and ache in his arse had his own cock standing to attention and Young’s sleepy oblivious snores behind his ear were a taunt that left him writhing like a worm on a hook. Part of him was desperate for Young to wake and end this tantalizing torment, but another was loath to let it end. He wanted to suspend himself in this moment, where everything was simple and quiet and warm and Young’s cock and whether it would fuck him soon was the only thing that mattered.

Rush was well aware that, in the most profound of ways, he was already completely and irrevocably fucked, but since he didn’t see any way to get un-fucked anytime soon, he might as well lie back and enjoy it.

*You’re certainly good at that, at least.*

“Mmng,” he groaned, this time unable to keep entirely quiet. It really was unbelievable, how amazingly sensual this felt. He wanted to run Young’s hands all over his skin, stuff Young’s fingers into his mouth and suck on them, just so he could feel and taste and touch more of him.

Before he could start to seriously consider waking Young himself, Young’s arms tightened around his torso as Young’s snores broke off into a sigh.

“Mmm,” Young hummed, planting a kiss to the back of Rush’s neck. “I could get used to this.” He placed another kiss under Rush’s ear, swirling the skin with his tongue. “Some hot piece of ass
warming my cock all night.”

Rush wasn’t sure he qualified as a hot piece of anything, but being described as warming Young’s cock sent undeniable shivers of pleasure through his frame. He groaned, and tilted his head against Young’s shoulder as Young continued trailing wet kisses along his neck.

“You planning to fuck me with that cock?” Rush asked hoarsely after a few moments. “Or just tease me with it?”

“In a minute,” Young mumbled, sucking the lobe of Rush’s ear.

Rush swallowed thickly and nodded, surrendering to Young’s attentions.

“Okay,” Young whispered a few minutes later, apparently unable to put things off any longer.

With a grunt, he awkwardly turned and managed to grab the lube, then rolled Rush onto his stomach with Young plastered along his back. Rush spread his legs and Young settled between them, pushing up on his knees and then pulling Rush back onto his knees as well. Rush winced and then lay gasping as he settled into place with Young’s cock still lodged inside him. He winced more as Young started to extract himself; fresh lubrication was definitely welcome. Young pulled out almost all the way, leaving the tip of his cock inside Rush’s hole as he re-coated his erection, then slipped two fingers in next to the crown of his cock to rub lube along the walls of Rush’s passage. Rush moaned into the bed sheets, groin clenching.

“Am I allowed to come?” Rush asked, glancing over his shoulder.

“Hm,” Young grunted thoughtfully. “Good question. I’m still kind of annoyed at you for giving me the run around.” He shot Rush a look, lifting one eyebrow.

Rush looked away. It was mostly a joke, he knew that, but it left a twisting in his stomach. “Then, no.” Rush said quietly, with finality. He looked back at Young, who was gazing at him questioningly. “Use my arse, leave me wanting.” He gave a half shrug. “It’s what we both know should happen.”

Young tilted his head to the side, regarding Rush solemnly. “Alright,” he said after a moment.
Rush nodded, and let out a sigh of…relief might not be right word here. Resignation, maybe. But he couldn’t deny that something felt *right* about this, and part of him was downright thrilled to be denied yet again. Laying his head in his arms, he closed his eyes, spread his knees wider, and prepared himself, an open vessel ready to be filled.

Young took him by the hips and readily obliged, plunging inside and working within him with firm, steady thrusts. Rush let out a croaking groan and then a series of panting gasps. The respite of an orgasm was beyond his reach, but this feeling was more than enough pleasure to lull him into a buzzing tranquility.

“*Ngh,* yes,” he murmured. “Yes, God, yes, fuck, yes, fuck me, fuck—” Last night words had seemed entirely beyond his power, but now he appeared unable to staunch his incessant babbling. “Fuck, God, yes, that’s…fuck, that’s good, yes, just like that, fucking hell, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me—”

Young slammed against him and Rush felt the hot spurt of his cum inside. Rush groaned helplessly, clawing with his fingers and toes against the bed as Young filled him with his spunk.

Yes, he thought blithely, give it to me, give me all of it, fill me up, fill me full to bursting.

Young stayed in Rush after he was spent, gasping, and Rush could feel the movement of his breaths from where he was pressed against him. Eventually, Young started to pull out, slowly, almost like he was reluctant to leave. Rush let out a regretful sigh of his own when Young finally disengaged, his anus clenching sadly around nothing. Rush pushed his hair from his eyes and looked back over his shoulder, feeling hesitant and unsure now that the solidness of Young’s cock was gone from his body.

Young’s hands were still on him, at least, his fingers trailing over the mounds of his arse while Young looked down and smirked. He kept looking and the smirk grew wider, and now Rush was feeling a flickering of embarrassed unease.


Young glanced at him, a twinkle in his eye. Then, with clearly far too much enjoyment, he brushed his thumb over Rush’s anus. “…Your hole won’t close all the way.”
It took a moment for Rush to process that, and then he dropped his head to the mattress with a groan. “…Jesus Christ,” he whispered, as waves of humiliation and arousal cycled through him and fed each other in an endless loop of destructive heat.

Young chuckled behind him. “Don’t worry, I’m sure it’s not permanent.”

Rush just groaned again, burying his burning face further into the bed. Young wasn’t content to let him hide his embarrassment, however, and pulled him up by the shoulder till his back was pressed to Young’s chest. Rush closed his eyes and turned his head, as though that could hide his shame, while Young held him to his chest with arm and pulled at the cheeks of his arse with his other hand until his cum was—fuck—streaming out of Rush’s hole onto the bed. Rush whimpered and sagged against Young, unable to even hold himself up in the face of such clear evidence of his debauchery.

With a loose hand around his neck, Young pressed his lips to Rush’s ear. “Should I make you lick it up?” He asked gruffly, teasing.

_Of course he should._

Rush shuddered. He tried to nod, but he couldn’t do more than tremble. So instead, he simply pushed himself forward, turning haltingly on the bed till he was faced toward Young on his hands and knees. He kept his eyes strictly pointed down and lowered himself, bowing down before him, and then lapping up the hot, sticky mess at his knees. His face twisted at the taste but he swallowed it all down. When he was done, he sat up and pressed the back of his hand to his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut as he fought back the simultaneous urges to come, cry, and gag.

Then, Young’s hand was cradling his neck, pulling him forward as Young touched his mouth to his. Rush flinched slightly at the contact, but Young persisted, laying a series of kisses along the line of Rush’s lips. Rush could only breathe through his nose, gasping hollowly as Young pressed a final kiss to Rush’s cheek before pulling him into an embrace.

Rush stayed frozen, then slumped into him, wrapping his arms around Young’s torso and laying his cheek onto his shoulder. With each breath, some tension seemed to ease, until eventually his burning arousal, along with everything else, was gone.

Young was rubbing soothing strokes over Rush’s back, sometimes trailing down over his buttocks, leaving a pleasant tingle along the surface of Rush’s skin.
“You know,” Rush whispered, smiling into Young’s neck. “I’d say my arse is more than ready for another spanking.”

Young chuckled, chest rumbling. “That right?”

“Mm,” Rush nodded. “A hard spanking.”

This time Young let out a low groan from the back of his throat. “Well,” he said, pulling Rush back by the hair to look him in the eye. “If you stop by tonight, maybe you’ll get one.” With that, he quirked an eyebrow and planted a sloppy kiss on Rush’s mouth, which he ended with a sharp slap to Rush’s rear, just above his thigh.

Rush rubbed at the sting he left behind, anticipation already growing. The empty ache in his anus wasn’t nearly enough to sate him, and he knew this promised to be a distracting and frustrating day. Which, only made him all the more excited.

“I’ll be sure to stop by, then,” Rush murmured, averting his gaze.

“Hm,” Young grunted, brushing over Rush’s hair with his palm. He didn’t say anything, but there was a skeptical note in the air.

“If I don’t,” Rush went on, catching Young eye. “You can track me down and punish me.” It made him nervous to say, but the thought that Young would hold him accountable actually eased some of the underlying sense of panic he’d be ignoring all morning. It was a touchstone, something secure he could hold onto in all these wild, unknown waters.

Young looked in his eyes, studying him quietly. Finally, he nodded, a slight smile curving at the corner of his mouth.

“Alright, then.”

Rush smiled back, a tension easing in his chest. He hadn’t fully shaken the cold, muted terror that gripped him, but maybe that didn’t matter. Because, while he might be lost at sea, at least he wasn’t lost all on his own.
When Rush arrived that night, wearing a typically smug expression, Young tried not to let his relief be too evident.

“Where do you want me?” Rush asked provocatively, arms crossed over his chest and hip cocked to one side.

“Mm,” Young hummed thoughtfully. He crossed to Rush and, grabbing a fistful of his hair, pulled him in close. “Let’s start with here, and go from there.”

Rush’s fingers slipped under Young’s shirt and found skin while Young latched his mouth to Rush’s neck. Soon enough, they were on the bed, stripped from the waist up and wrapped in an embrace with their mouths locked together. They awkwardly managed to kick their shoes off and then Young went for Rush’s jeans, pushing the man down onto his back. Rush went down easily, lifting his hips eagerly as Young yanked his jeans down and off his legs. Young dove in for another kiss, tweaking Rush’s nipple between his fingers, just because he could.

“Stay,” he commanded sternly as he pulled away, fixing Rush with a look.

“Mm,” Rush assented, nodding smilingly.

Young left him on the bed and went to look through their bag of implements. The hairbrush settled in his hand, the firm weight soothing and exciting all at once. Further inspection proved the handle was made from a hard resin rather than plastic. He tested the flat, round back against his left palm, and was rewarded with soft smack and sting against his skin. Perfect.

He stood and turned back toward the bed. Rush had settled his head against a pillow, watching Young with dark, serene eyes. One hand rested near his head and one knee was bent up, displaying his firm, plump erection. The image of Rush reclined on his bed, looking so at ease, flooded Young with warmth, and not only of the arousing variety. Though that was undeniable, Young thought, adjusting his stance to accommodate the growing appendage in his pants. Gripping the handle of the hairbrush, and he rubbed the head against his other hand, letting the feel of it against his palm ground him. Rush’s eyes tracked the movement, taking in the implications, and he shifted against the bed, cock twitching, as he licked over his lips in anticipation.
Young sat beside him on the bed and bent down for a kiss. While he plundered Rush’s mouth, he slid the back of the brush along Rush’s body, teasing him. Rush shuddered, undulating to Young’s touches.

“Are you going to make me beg?” he asked, glancing up at Young flirtatiously from under his eyelashes. He sounded curious but unperturbed, like he wouldn’t mind in the slightest if he was forced to beg for a spanking.

Young chuckled. “Oh, I’m definitely beating your ass tonight, don’t you worry.” Rush shuddered again, eyelids fluttering as he gasped wantonly. “I’d say you need it.”

“Oh, yes,” Rush agreed breathlessly. “I need it, I need it so, so bad—” He opened his mouth as Young dove in with another kiss, sucking lecherously on Young’s tongue while moaning indecently.

Young let himself enjoy Rush’s mouth a few minutes more, then pulled away. In an impulsive spark of inspiration, Young took Rush’s legs and pushed them up in the air. He held Rush’s knees together and pressed them nearly to Rush’s chest, feet dangling above. Rush blinked and flushed at the new position, feet flexing awkwardly in the air. It was somewhat cumbersome, and Young had to be careful not to get kicked in the face, but it was worth it when he got to look Rush directly in the eye as he placed the back of the hairbrush against Rush’s ass. Rush flushed a deeper red and bit his lower lip, gazing up at Young with wide, liquid eyes. Young rubbed the brush promisingly over Rush’s backside as he stared down at his face, then thumped a few practice shots against his cheeks before letting the first real blow hit.

**Smack!**

Rush groaned and threw his head back against the pillow, eyes closing in ecstasy. As Young brought down one solid blow after another, Rush shook his head back and forth and let out a chorus of *ahs* and *ohs*, his hands grasping and un-grasping the pillow at his head. Young peppered Rush’s ass with increasingly heavy strokes, covering both cheeks, and even the tender crease of his upper thighs. Rush’s cries grew louder. He arched against the bed and rubbed his legs together, whimpering and gasping between blows. He squealed after a particularly vicious hit, his left hand shooting down to grasp cloyingly at his ass, stroking and rubbing the abused flesh.

“Had enough?” Young whispered gruffly, and Rush shook his head frantically, pulling his hand away with obvious effort. He pressed the back of his fingers to his lips, trembling. Brushing a strand of hair from Rush’s face, Young planted a kiss to Rush’s forehead. “Okay.”
Sitting up on his knees, Young took a firmer hold of Rush’s legs with one arm, and lifted the other. He raised the brush up over his head and brought it down in a firm arc, slamming it into Rush’s backside. Rush screamed behind clenched teeth and covered his face with his arms, burying his fingers in his hair as Young punished his ass again and again, each stroke accompanied by a yelp from Rush. Smack! Squeal! Smack! Squeal! Smack! Squeal!

Young’s palm was sweating when he finally dropped the brush to the mattress. He wiped his hand on his pants, then stroked over Rush’s bright pink cheeks, rubbing circles over the hot, aching skin. “That’s it,” he murmured as Rush took in deep, heaving breaths. “Just breathe.”

Rush sighed and wiped his face with his hands. He gazed up at Young drowsily, panting wetly with aroused exhaustion.

“Good?” Young asked warmly, continuing to rub Rush’s ass.

“Mmm,” Rush hummed, nodding, eyes closing in contentment. Young smiled, pleased with the lazy ecstasy he’d beat Rush into, and let his fingers dip between Rush’s cheeks and play over his hole.

“You still sore from this morning?” Young asked, rubbing Rush’s hole.

Rush groaned and gave a small nod, half-smiling. “Not sore enough,” he answered invitingly, opening his eyes just enough to shoot Young a wink.

Young chuckled, stroking over Rush’s hole with the flats of his fingers. “Hm,” Young tilted his head, the germ of an idea beginning to grow. “In that case…”

Experimentally, Young lifted his fingers and brought them down with a little smack. Rush flinched in surprise and gave a little grunt, opening his eyes. Young spanked Rush’s hole again, a little harder this time, and Rush’s face deepened into a deep crimson. A third smack and Rush let out a gasp, chest heaving.

“Harder,” he whispered. “Do it harder.”

Young let out a thoughtful hum, and pushed Rush’s knees further into his chest, trying to get some better leverage. Rush gamely wrapped his arms around his legs, holding them in place while Young brought down his hand as best he could on such a small, delicate area. Rush groaned at each impact,
but it clearly wasn’t enough for him.

“The brush,” Rush gasped out finally. “Use the brush.” He met Young’s questioning glance firmly, nodding emphatically. “The handle, you can…use the handle.”

Young hesitated, but Rush seemed more than eager, and Young couldn’t deny how hard this was making him. He could spank Rush’s hole, leave it bruised and aching, then open him up and fuck him till he screamed…God, yes. Young picked up the hairbrush, holding it by the head and placing the handle between his two fingers for maximum control. He lined it up carefully, placing it directly over Rush’s pucker, and then gave it a hard smack. Rush’s whole body tensed, muscles clenching as he let out a strangled whine. Another hard smack, and this time Rush let out a high-pitched whimpering moan. Again, and again, and again, and Rush squealed and wailed and let out a choking sob—

Young paused, mid stroke, and looked up at Rush’s face. He furrowed his brow, concerned, because Rush…was crying. It wasn’t the first time he’d made Rush shed tears in the course of their activities, and Christ wasn’t that a fucked up realization to have, but now Rush straight up bawling, breath hitching and hiccupping while tears streamed down his face, his hand covering his mouth and he held back sobs.

“Rush?” Young asked hesitantly.

Rush wiped his nose on the back of his hand. “Hm?” He asked back, absently.

“…Everything okay?” Young suddenly felt very conspicuous, kneeling over Rush’s ass with a hairbrush in his hand, and he forced down a blush.

“Fine,” Rush said brusquely, voice soft. He was still wiping tears from his eyes. He suddenly noticed Young seemed to have stopped, and he frowned, shooting Young a hard glare. “Fine.”

There was a long pause, and Yong stayed frozen, indecisive. Then, haltingly, he set down the hairbrush. The second he did, Rush wrenched his legs out of his grasp, rolling to the side with a snarl. Young closed his eyes and let out resigned sigh, rubbing his forehead before turning to face this latest tempest Rush was no doubt about to throw at him.

“Rush…” he began, placating, throwing his hands up helplessly. “What was I…you were crying.”
“So what!” Rush practically screamed at him, yanking on his jeans. “So fucking what!” He was shaking his head back and forth, and kept wiping fresh tears from his cheeks. His hands were shaking as he did up the front of his jeans, and God, how did this get so out of hand so damn fast?

“I’m surprised we’ve gotten this far if my blubbering bothers you so much,” Rush muttered viciously as he pulled on his belt.

Young’s mouth actually fell open and he gaped at that because…what…the hell was he supposed to say to that? “That…Wh…” He stuttered, and found himself glancing wildly around the room, as though he would find some kind of answer there, but he just felt more and more helpless because God damn it this could not be happening again already.


Young let out a deep sigh, and fought the urge to bury his face in his hands.

Young, as he was well aware, was not a good communicator. Expressing his thoughts, his feelings, especially verbally, did not come easily to him. Emily had often complained about this, and she hadn’t been the first. It wasn’t always that Young was unwilling to communicate, though he had to admit a certain reluctance in sharing, sure, but even when he wanted to say something, he often had no idea how. Words just…escaped him, especially in moments of stress, which was when they’d probably be the most useful. In any case, the point was, communication: he sucked at it.

Rush, for his part, was arguably even worse, something Young hadn’t thought was actually possible before meeting the man. Sometimes he thought that part of what had drawn him to Rush in the first place was just the novelty of being on this end of things. Rush certainly didn’t lack for vocabulary, but somehow that didn’t seem to translate to actual communication. In fact, it more than occasionally bordered on obfuscation, much to Young’s frustration. And, usually, a conversation with Rush tended to resemble trying to pull a steak out of a bear trap: you might end up with something juicy, or you might lose an arm.

At the moment, Rush certainly seemed about ready to dismember him, Young thought ruefully, eying the man glaring murder at him from across the room. Young opened his mouth, but God, he didn’t have a damned thing he could think to say. He shut it again, pressing his lips together, and took a deep breath in through his nose.

I hope you know what you’re doing, he said to himself, squaring his shoulders.
Um, he replied in his head, you know for a fact that I don’t. I’m you, remember?

Fuck.

He took a step forward.

Rush took a step back, fist clenching at his side.

Young stopped. He waited, then took another step forward. This time, Rush held his ground, eyeing him warily as Young closed the distance between them. When they stood face to face, Rush glared up at him, jaw tight. Young lifted his hand, and reached out toward Rush’s face.

Rush flinched.

Young stilled his hand, leaving it, palm open, an inch from Rush’s cheek. After a few moments, he brought it closer, moving to cup Rush’s cheek. Rush flinched again, wrenching his head away. Young held his hand still again, and waited. Rush’s brow furrowed, and he frowned. This time, Young managed to cup his cheek. When Rush didn’t move, he leaned in and pressed their lips together. Rush jerked away, breaking contact with Young’s lips, but not enough to break the contact with his hand. Young held still, their noses nearly brushing, and waited.

They both breathed through their nostrils, their shared air puffing against their skin. Young kissed him again. This time, Rush didn’t move away, and the third time his lips softened. The fourth time, his mouth opened and Rush’s tongue dove between Young’s lips, pulling at Young’s tongue and urging him into his mouth. Young slid his hands over Rush’s bare torso and Rush wrapped his arms around Young’s, clawing at Young’s back with his nails. Their groins shoved together, they sucked and bit at each other’s mouths, wet and messy and twisting. Rush wrapped a leg around Young’s hip as though he were trying to mash them even closer, and Young took that as an opportunity to grab Rush by the ass and lift him up. Rush gasped into Young’s mouth and wrapped his legs around Young’s waist, grabbing hold of Young’s neck and shoulders with bruising fingers.

Young carried Rush to the bed and set him on his knees on the mattress, standing in front of him at the foot of the bed as they continued to kiss. When they broke away, Rush glanced at him once, then turned aside, pushing at Young’s chest. He turned around, and with his back to Young undid his jeans. He pushed them down his hips and bent forward, bracing himself on his elbows. He spread his thighs, offering his ass without a word.
Young looked at the flesh presented to him, the reddened skin, the bruised hole visible between his cheeks. He placed his palm on the firm mound of Rush’s right buttock, and he had no doubt Rush would take anything he chose to give, whether it be another spanking or a fucking or something else.

Young opted for ‘something else’. Spreading the cheeks of Rush’s ass with his thumbs, Young bent forward and pressed his mouth to Rush’s hole. He started with a firm kiss with his lips, then laved with his tongue. There was a low whine from Rush as Young ate him out, his hips shifting under Young’s hands. Young sucked at the tender skin, playing over the ridges of Rush’s pucker with his tongue.

Young hadn’t ever given this kind of attention to someone before Rush, at least not to this extent, and he’d never have thought he’d find it this particular act enjoyable, but from the first time he’d tried this with Rush, when he’d tasted him and thought, ‘This ass is mine,’ it had quickly gone on his rapidly growing list of pleasurable activities involving Rush’s body and some measure of nakedness.

Young shoved a hand between Rush’s legs and took hold of his cock, savoring the hot hardness against his palm. Rush squealed as Young kneaded the flesh between his legs, all while Young went on devouring his hole. Taking a firmer grip on Rush’s ass cheek with his other hand, Young stiffened his tongue and thrust it into Rush’s opening, and with his hand around Rush’s cock that was all it took to have the man spurting come up onto his own stomach.

Young straightened up with a sigh. He eyed Rush spit-slicked crack, and rubbed over it with his thumb with a sense of satisfaction. Rush lay still for a moment, then slowly rolled over. He sat up on his elbows, panting lightly. His jeans lay open and pulled down below his hips, his spent cock clearly visible and his stomach plainly stained with cum. He looked up at Young wearily, sweat glistening on his chest as it rose and fell with each breath. He made no move to cover himself or refasten his jeans, just stared up at Young in shameless debauchery.

After a moment, Rush’s eyes lowered to Young’s crotch. Sitting up, he reached for Young belt, tugging it open quickly and then working at his fly. Young frowned, and then moved to push his hands away. He couldn’t quite explain why; it just seemed as though letting him would be some kind of quid pro quo, and he didn’t want that, not right now. Rush dodged his hands however and pulled at his zipper. Young made another grab, and managed to capture both of Rush’s wrists, holding one in each hand. Rush looked up at him from between his caught hands, an odd look on his face. Slowly, he got off the bed and lowered himself to his knees on the floor, his wrists still held in Young’s closed fists. Young could let go, of course, he recognized vaguely, but he didn’t. Almost like he was frozen, he could only watch as Rush pulled down his underwear with his teeth. Rush flicked his eyes up, locking his gaze with Young’s, and then, very, very slowly, took the tip of Young’s cock into his mouth.
Young had to remind himself to breath.

This didn’t feel like quid pro quo. At all.

The blistering heat of Rush mouth on him had him tightening his grip on Rush’s wrists, to the point that he started to worry he was probably hurting him, but Rush didn’t wince, didn’t try to pull away, didn’t even pause, he just swallowed him down at a pace that was at once too slow and too God damned fast, which was also how his orgasm felt when it hit. Rush caught his cum in his mouth, letting Young’s cock fall from his lips when he was done. Then, with his gaze submissively downward, he stuck out his tongue, letting Young see the spunk covering it, before closing his mouth, and swallowing.

Young let go of his wrists.

Rush dropped his arms, rubbing over his wrists with his hands. Quietly, Young closed his pants, not once looking away from the man on his knees in front of him.

Young had no idea if this had been a successful interaction or not. He had a vague feeling of…something, tickling at the edge of his brain, but nothing definitive.

Still, that tickle felt…encouraging.

After a minute, Rush got up, and climbed on the bed. He lay down on his back, kicked off his jeans, and picked up the hairbrush. He held it out to Young, a firm, quiet look in his eyes.

Young was silent. He wasn’t sure. For one thing, he thought, noting Rush’s flaccid member, they’d both just come. This would be…Young frowned. He wasn’t sure what this would be.

Whatever it was, Rush wanted it. That was clear, with the tilt of his chin, the look in his eyes. The steadiness of his hand as he held out the brush to Young.

Haltingly at first, Young stepped forward. He sat down on the bed and, carefully, took the hairbrush from Rush’s fingers. Their hands touched as he did, and it felt like more than just a hairbrush was transferred in the exchange. Rush brought his knees to his chest, holding them with one arm. With his other hand, he pulled at his left butt-cheek, plainly offering his hole for Young to…
Young readied the handle of the hairbrush, not at all certain this was a good idea. He wished he felt as unconcerned and un-nervous as Rush appeared to be, and he forced his hands to be steady as he made to strike Rush in one of his most intimate places.

Rush hissed at the first hit, then grunted as the blows continued, and as they went on, eventually he was crying again, sobbing and weeping against the pillow under his head. Young slowed in his beating, hesitating, but this time he didn’t stop, even when Rush clapped a hand over his mouth to hold back what was clearly a scream.

Young stopped when Rush rolled to the side, curling in on himself and covering his ass with one hand as he continued to shake and sob. Young sat there, not sure if he should look away or give Rush space…usually, at the end of their…whatever, Rush was exhausted, drained; it seemed natural to wrap him up and tend to him and put him to bed, but this was different somehow. Neither of them were in a post-orgasmic haze, and neither of them were hard, and neither of them were sleepy. Rush was just crying and Young was left sitting here like a damned useless idiot.

Young set the brush aside and, not quite sure what he thought he was doing, laid down behind Rush and wrapped his arms around him. Rush stiffened, and for a moment Young thought Rush would push him away, but then Rush relaxed against him, curling in around Young’s arms. Young held him as he cried. He didn’t say anything, he didn’t make any soothing noises. He just held him to his chest and kept him there.

Eventually, the shaking and the sobbing quieted, ebbing into soft and even breathing. Just when Young thought maybe Rush had fallen asleep, Rush suddenly turned in his arms, wrapping his own tightly around Young’s torso and tucking his head into Young’s chest. Young blinked, startled, and then rubbed lightly over Rush’s shoulder and back, hugging him closer.

Rush was naked and probably cold, so Young tugged at he covers and managed to get some up over them both. He brushed some hair out of Rush’s face, tucking it behind his ear. Once he did, he felt compelled to run his finger lightly along the curve of Rush’s ear, and then along his jaw. Across his brow, over his nose. Down his cheek. He touched the pad of his finger to Rush’s lips, not sure why he felt the need to map Rush’s features out by touch. As he watched, Rush parted his lips, very slightly, letting Young’s finger fall between them. He sucked lightly, only the very tip of Young’s finger in his mouth, and looked up into Young’s eyes. It was a strangely innocent gesture as Rush’s eyes, dark and brown and open, gazed into his with absolute trust.

A moment later, Rush’s eyes closed. He rested his head on Young’s shoulder and, with Young’s finger still in his mouth, slept.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

For a change, BDSM /without/ sex...along with plenty of good old fashioned BDSM /with/ sex.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Young woke gradually, consciousness creeping in like a slow tide. He felt a warm body against his, hands lightly brushing his skin. Rush, supplied his increasingly wakeful brain. Rush’s hands slid along his torso, lingering with delicate fingers on the planes of his chest and his stomach. Rush’s lips laid against his neck, soft breath warming his throat. Blinking sleep from his eyes, Young tilted Rush’s head up and kissed his mouth. Rush opened to him, moaning, and his hand began to stray lower, past the waistband of his boxers, palming the front of Young’s crotch and finding him already hard. Rush moaned into his mouth again, gently stroking him through the fabric of his underwear.

“What hole do you want?” Rush whispered huskily against Young’s lips.

“Mng?” Was Young’s eloquent reply, still sleep addled and distracted by Rush’s tongue.

Rush let out a puff that could have been a laugh, smiling as he kissed Young again. “My arse or my mouth. Which do you want.” He eyed Young suggestively, eyebrows and lips twitching upwards.

Young very much wanted Rush’s mouth to stay right where it was at the moment, so the answer seemed obvious. “Ass,” he grunted, pulling Rush in for another kiss.

Rush let their lips stay locked and swung his leg over Young’s hip, rolling him onto his back and straddling him. In a moment, he had a jar of lube in his hand, and then he broke their kiss and was bracing himself on Young chest while he worked himself open, his gaze turned inward in concentration. Young slid his fingers into Rush’s hair and kissed his mouth again. Rush didn’t respond much, distracted as he was, but his lips parted, letting Young play over them with his tongue. It took a while for Young to notice that the movements of Rush’s hand behind him were accompanied by little winces and grunts, and he finally remembered what they’d done the night before.
“If you’re too sore—” he started to say, but Rush made a dismissive noise and pushed down on Young’s shoulders, sitting up with a toss of his head that sent his hair flying and really had no business being as sexual as it was.

Rush lined up Young’s cock, gasping lightly, and then impaled himself with a grunt. He forced himself onto Young’s cock, eyes closed and teeth clenched, and Young knew he shouldn’t find it this hot, this arousing, knowing that Rush was in pain but was forcing himself onto Young’s cock anyway.

Rush finished taking Young all the way in, resting his ass against Young’s hips with a self-satisfied smile. Then he shot Young a cheeky grin and started bouncing up and down, his own erection flopping errantly.

“That feel good?” Rush asked him teasingly as he rode him, sliding his hot ass down over Young’s cock again and again. “Mm? I feel good on your cock?”

He grabbed Young’s hands and placed them on his ass, squeezing his cheeks through Young’s fingers. Young kneaded the mounds of flesh under his hands and Rush hissed, because Young had spanked him pretty hard last night and he was probably still feeling it. God, Young thought, looking up at Rush in wonderment as the man did positively unholy things to his dick, how the hell did Rush get this unbelievably hot? His hair and his skin and his teeth biting his lower lip…it was breathtaking.

Young slid his right hand over Rush’s hip, his sights set on Rush’s cock, all pink and plump and begging to be touched. His fingers brushed over that velvet hardness, but Rush pushed his hand away, bracing himself on Young’s chest and revving up his speed. Young groaned at the increased friction, closing his eyes for a second, and then made another grab for Rush’s cock. Rush knocked his hand away again, and now Young was starting to get annoyed. He frowned, brow furrowing, and with a determined grunt flipped them over.

Rush gave a little startled cry as his back hit the mattress, then moaned as Young slammed into him with a hard, pronounced thrust. Rush’s legs fell open, splayed widely as he lay back and let Young spear him with his cock. Young grabbed Rush’s hair in a firm, unforgiving fist, yanking Rush’s head back against the bed and held it there, then, deliberately, wrapped his other hand around Rush’s erection, rubbing over it with slow, squeezing strokes.

“You—” Rush gasped out, swallowing thickly. “You don’t have to do that.”

Young tightened his grip on Rush’s hair, startling a strangled gasp, and leaned in close.
“You think,” Young breathed out menacingly in Rush’s face. “I don’t know that? I am well aware that I don’t have to do anything. I am doing…exactly…what I want…to be doing.” To prove his point, he gave a vicious press with his thumb to the head of Rush’s cock.

Rush shuddered under him, baring his throat and thrusting into Young’s hand.

“Y-y-yes…yes, sir,” he choked out, panting desperately. “Do…do what you want, do whatever you want.” The last word ended in a whine, and he closed his eyes in abject surrender.

Young rutted between Rush’s legs, fucking him with harsh, pointed thrusts. He kept a firm grip on Rush’s cock, twisting his fist around it, the solid heat a welcome weight against his palm. Young knew he was close, and he gave Rush hair a another yank, pressing their foreheads together.

“Just shut up and come,” he growled. Rush whimpered, and then his head tilted back and he convulsed, tightening around Young’s cock as he exploded over Young’s fingers. Young wasn’t far behind, smashing into Rush’s body with a snarl as he spewed cum into Rush’s ass.

They lay there, chests heaving against each other, the heat from their bodies swirling in the air. Rush’s mouth was open and panting, tilted up toward Young. Young leaned down and spat inside, holding Rush’s jaw open with his hand. For a while Rush didn’t move, just lay there gazing up at Young with his saliva in his mouth. Then, slowly, he closed his lips and swallowed.

“Thank you, sir,” he murmured.

Young cupped Rush’s cheek, rubbing a thumb across his cheekbone. “Good boy.”

Rush blinked slowly and let out a content sigh.

“And yes, by the way,” Young went on, a half-smile inching on his face. “You feel very good on my cock.”

Rush smiled up at him lazily. “That’s all I wanted to hear,” he said, a joking smirk on his face.
Young slipped his tongue between Rush’s lips. Rush parted them easily, hollowing his mouth and sucking lightly on Young’s on the warm appendage, passively allowing Young to fill up the cavern of his mouth like it belonged to him. It was hot and sensual, and probably one of the sexiest kisses Young had ever experienced.

You are so fucking hot, Young thought at Rush, sliding his tongue out of his mouth. You sexy son of a bitch.

He didn’t quite manage to say it, though; there was some hesitance, some twinge of embarrassment, some tiny fear that Rush would laugh at him, that kept it unspoken behind his teeth.

“Cock slut,” he breathed affectionately instead, and Rush smiled broadly, like he’d said something much sweeter.

“Mm-hmm,” Rush hummed agreeably. “And I’m all yours.”

“Lucky me,” Young said, not quite dryly.

“Hope you’re up for it,” Rush smirked with a suggestive wiggle.

“Oh, I’ll be fine,” Young said, tapping Rush on the cheek with his finger. “I’ll just spank you whenever you get greedy.”

Rush shivered, biting his lip with a hmmm. “Yes, sir.” Then he grinned, running his hand through Young’s hair with a cheeky glance through his eyelashes. “Dirty sluts need lots of spankings.”

“This one certainly does,” Young said, arching an eyebrow.

“Well,” Rush said, glancing away coyly. “I’m a very naughty boy. You know that.” He peeked up at Young out of the corner of his eye. “Don’t you?”

“Mm.” Young ran a finger down the side of Rush’s face. “Yeah. I do.”
Something flickered in Rush’s brown eyes. “Well. As long as you know.”

Then he smiled again, wrapped his arms around Young’s neck, and pulled him down for another exquisite, soul-trembling kiss.

“The energy weapons are working great, better than expected actually, but they take a while to construct, so…” Brody sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Well, we have two. Right now.” He grimaced at Young apologetically, who held back a sigh of his own.

“Whatever you have will help, I’m sure,” he said encouragingly. He glanced around room, taking in the various scientists working around the apple core. “Where’s Rush? He’s the only one I haven’t checked in with today.”

Brody shrugged and rolled his eyes. “He stormed off a while ago. Could be anywhere.”

“Right.” Young frowned. “Do you know what was bothering him?”

“‘The Master Code’,” Brody said with a mystical waggle of his fingers. “What else? He won’t let anyone else work on it, so…” He shrugged again.

“Well, to be fair,” Eli chimed in. “He does read Ancient way better than the rest of us. He’d probably end up spending more time translating than anything else if we tried to help.”

Brody glared at Eli blandly. “Thank you, Eli, I’m sure that’s totally why he does it.”

“I mean, it might be,” Eli said helplessly. “He probably doesn’t want to waste his time teaching us Ancient when he can just do it.”

“Didn’t he used to be a teacher?” Volker said, looking up from his console.
Eli frowned. “Oh, yeah.” His frown then deepened into a grimace as he no doubt imagined the hell ‘Professor Rush’ might have inflicted on his students.

“Well, if he shows back up…” Young broke in.

“Yeah, yeah,” Brody assured him with a wave of his hand.

With that, Young exited.

Rush had taken to hanging out more and more in Young’s quarters, sitting on the couch with his laptop and notes like it was his private study, so Young was only mildly surprised to find him there. Rush wasn’t sitting on the couch however; instead, he was pacing back and forth like a caged jungle cat. He stopped and turned when he heard Young enter, his lips pressed into a hard line.

“Hey—” Young started, only to be quickly cut off.

“Don’t talk,” Rush said harshly, lifting a hand. Young’s eyebrows went up at that. Rush dropped his hand back to his side, fingers flexing. His aggressive tone was now fading, betrayed by a nervous shift of his feet and uneasy glances. After a moment, he turned on his heel and walked away from Young. He crouched down by Young’s duffel bag, opening it in quick, jerking movements, then crossed back to Young and held out his arm, the cane he’d made now clenched in his fist. He stood stiffly, not meeting Young’s eyes, and shoved the cane toward Young’s chest without a word.

There was a long moment of hesitation, and Young felt his mouth open and close silently as he processed this development. Haltingly, he reached out and took the cane by the handle. The second he did, Rush let go and turned away from him. He crossed to the bed, pushed down his pants and underwear with hurried movements, and flopped down over the mattress onto his elbows. Then, he waited.

Young crossed after him, slower, a slight frown creasing his face. He wasn’t sure whether he should feel more or less uneasy about this. He lined up the cane with Rush’s bared haunches, and struck him firmly, a sharp snap echoing in the room. Rush grunted, stiffening then breathed out and relaxed.

For a while, there was only the snapping crack of wood on flesh, with occasional muffled cries from Rush as he buried his face in the bed. At one point, Rush brought his fist down on the mattress, slamming into it repeatedly like a hammer. From between his parted legs, Young could see Rush’s
cock was mostly soft against his leg, and indeed, he was displaying none of his normal signs of arousal; he seemed to be after a different sort of release.

*Young* was growing hard, the pale red marks on Rush’s bouncing ass providing more than enough visual stimulus to have him stand to attention. He tried to ignore it as best he could, and focus on delivering his blows evenly and consistently. Rush’s ass and thighs trembled under each stroke, as red stripes gradually morphed into welts and bruises.

*Crack!*

*Crack!*

*CRACK!*

A vicious *snap* across Rush’s right cheek and Rush finally let out a low, guttural scream and slumped against the bed. Young lowered his hand, the handle of the cane biting his palm. He could see Rush’s back rising and falling with his breath. Other than that, he didn’t move. Slowly, Rush began to stir. He pushed himself up jerkily, slithering from the bed his knees on the floor. He pulled up his jeans and fastened them, shoulders trembling. He wiped his hands over his face, back hunched, as he knelt silently at the foot of Young’s bed.

Young shuffled his feet. Before he could think of something to say, or do, Rush turned on his knees and wrapped his arms around Young’s waist, burying his face Young’s stomach. He breathed in deeply through his nose and out through his mouth, grasping Young tightly to him.

Young stood stiffly, finally reaching out with his left hand and brushing his fingers through Rush’s hair. Some moments passed, and then Rush was unfastening the front of Young’s pants, his fingers hurried but adept as he pulled out Young’s swollen cock and quickly affixed his mouth over it. He rewrapped his arms around Young’s hips, hugging his lower body to him, and sucked his cock ably into his throat, bobbing shallowly with his neck and enveloping Young in slick, wet heat.

It didn’t take long for Young to come. Rush gulped down his spunk in a series of eager swallows, then pulled off numbly, his breath puffing over Young’s spent, spit-covered member, and re-fixed Young’s clothing with quiet, detached motions. Then he stood, brushed his hair from his face, and left.

The door slid shut behind him, and Young stood unmoving in his empty quarters, still holding the
cane in his right hand. With wooden limbs, he forced himself to move, cleaning the cane and putting it away, before trying to remember what else he'd meant to do that day.

This wasn't the last time Rush would come to him like this. As the weeks went by, every once in a while Rush would appear in his room without a word, usually in the middle of the day, and hand him some implement. Young would beat him till the stiffness in his shoulders went away, and then Rush would leave, sometimes after giving Young a blowjob. They never spoke about it, either at the time, or afterwards during the course of their normal nightly activities. Rush made no acknowledgement that it was happening at all.

Young sat up on his knees, the mattress under him shifting with his weight. Rush was on all fours in front of Young, his mouth stuffed with cock while Young’s left hand held Rush by the hair and his right grasped the cane. Young tilted Rush’s head, sliding his hips forward and thrusting into Rush’s mouth. He could see the outline of his cock in Rush’s cheek, stretching and distorting the skin. Holding the cane between two fingers, he brushed his right thumb over Rush’s cheek, then down along his lips stretched wide around him. Rush breathed shallowly through his nose, the breaths puffing out over Young’s cock each time he pulled it part way out before fucking back in till Rush’s nose was pressed into his pubic hair.

Young slid his gaze down over Rush’s back, his shoulder blades arched and angular, his ass tilted up, marred with dark red stripes from earlier that day. Young reached out with the cane and tapped it along Rush’s ass, rubbing over the marks he’d made. Rush moaned around his cock and arched his back further. Young poked the mounds of flesh with the cane’s tip, then gave a quick wallop, nothing too severe, striking perpendicularly across the marks he’d left before. Rush let out a muffled scream, eyes widening and then closing wantonly. He sucked eagerly at Young’s cock while doing his best to rub his ass against the cane, his hips swirling in immodest arousal. There was now a paler red stripe running through the darker ones, like the start of a tic-tac-toe board. Young slipped the cane between Rush’s pert cheeks, tapping teasingly till Rush was groaning desperately, drool dripping from around Young’s cock.

Young pulled Rush off and came in his face. Rush left his mouth open, sticking out his tongue to catch as much of the sticky substance as he could. Most of it ended up dribbling out again before he could swallow, trailing over his lips and down his chin. Gasping and red-faced, Rush licked over his lips, gazing up at Young in mute adulation.

Young let Rush go, quickly grabbing the lube and dropping it in front of Rush on the bed.
“Take that and turn around,” he instructed brusquely, settling back against the wall and stretching out his legs. “I wanna watch you play with your ass while I decide if I’m gonna let you come or not.”

Rush panted lightly, eyes full of heat. “Yes, sir.”

He turned, bending down to present his ass. He pulled at one cheek with his hand, displaying his hole, and slipped three lubed fingertips inside, pulling and stretching at the puckered entrance with two fingers and thrusting in with the third. Young tapped the cane along the other cheek, enjoying the show.

“I’ve decided.” Young said after a minute. “I’m not gonna let you come.”

Rush shuddered, continuing the shove his fingers in and out of his ass. “Yes, sir.”

“Keep playing with your ass, though,” Young told him. He slid a hand over his own cock. “It’s working for me. When I get hard again, I’ll fuck you.”

Rush mewled, and his ass clenched tight around his fingers. “Yes, sir.”

“You like it when I don’t let you come, don’t you,” Young commented, rubbing absently over his cock.

Rush groaned. “Yes, sir,” he said, from deep in his throat. Then he shuddered again, spreading his knees wider, and Young could hear him gasping. “I like being a…hole…for your cock.”

That was pretty effective at cutting Young’s refractory period short, his dick jumping eagerly in his hand.

“Yeah,” Young said, his voice rumbling in his chest. He snapped the cane down, leaving another vertical stripe down Rush’s ass-cheek, then tossed the cane to the side and sprang up onto his knees. He pushed Rush’s hands away and lined up. “And you are,” he said, rubbing over Rush’s pucker with his fingers. “A damn fine hole.”

Rush looked back over his shoulder, lips red and puffy and stained with cum. “Thank you…sir,” he
breathed, and dropped his head between his shoulders.

Young took hold of Rush’s hips. He could feel his blood rushing and swirling and pumping through his veins, warming him from the inside.

Tightening his fingers around Rush’s hipbones, he slammed inside Rush’s waiting body. Rush squealed, and trembled, opening eagerly to the invasion.

“Thank you, sir,” he gasped, and pressed back onto Young’s cock, groaning lowly.

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright, more excuses time you guys...but seriously, I do feel the need to offer some kind of explanation when there's a long time between updates, even if it is pretty much more of the same. The main issue here is I got kinda stuck at this certain point, which I'm still working through tbh. I just finally realized that I think this bit works more cohesively as it's own chapter instead of mashing it with the next part (you may have noticed this chapter is a little shorter than usual). So, I'm not sure when the next bit will be ready since it's giving me some difficulties, but hopefully it will be soon. Thanks for your patience you guys, and your encouragement. It's been kind of a rough month, so it's nice to feel that...comraderie, I guess, lol. Writing fic really helps me cope with things, and feeling like it's giving anyone else even the slightest bit of enjoyment makes me feel better about being so selfish and spending me time working on something just cause I like doing it. Sorry, that came out kind of grimmer than I intended...

Anyway, the point is, Thanks, Sorry, and Please Enjoy :-)
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Rush and Young actually catch some breaks on Destiny, which puts them in a...very good mood.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys. So...that was a heck of year, huh? ::laughs hysterically::

...Anyway, despite everything, I'm actually starting drag myself out of my depressive state, to hopefully that will mean more regular updates in the future! ::crosses fingers:: I really hope so, cause...I miss you guys, haha. It's weird, but I really do feel like me writing and you reading and commenting is like a real conversation, and honestly, some of the better ones I've had this year.

Potboy helped me again here, with math-ish stuff this time. Thank you so much, I never could have come this far without you:-)

I've also been informed that my version of the master code might not be show compatible, but I think I'm gonna stick with it as is. I've taken pleanty liberties so far, and I like the metaphorical aspect of the code I've been using.

Anyway, Happy New Year to all of you. You have all my best wishes. Hang in there.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What are you working on?”

Rush glanced up at Young’s question, then quickly turned back to his laptop.

“Equations,” he muttered absently, typing in another set of numbers.

“‘Equations’?” Young repeated back, lifting an eyebrow.

Rush sighed. “Yes, they’re…” he waved a hand. “Run of the mill, for the most part. Fine-tuning the course, balancing the engines, checking up on the carbon dioxide cycle. We will keep breathing in the living spaces, unfortunately, and if CO2 spikes for no reason it’s a good indication of a system fault.”
“Huh. I would’ve thought you’d give that to someone else.”


“I don’t know,” Young shrugged. “Because…you have better things to do?”

“We all have better things to do, it still needs to get done,” Rush said tartly. “If we split the work up between us, it gets done faster.” He squinted at Young, frowning. “Don’t you have anything to do besides chat with me?”

“If you weren’t here, I’d probably be in bed by now,” Young said, stifling a yawn.

Rush frowned again, glanced at his watch and…yes, alright, it was getting a bit late.

“If I’m keeping you up, I can leave. Just say so.” Rush said simply. “In any case, I’m not going to let you distract me.” With that, he went back to typing, numbers flitting through his brain.

There was silence for a while, and then Rush felt Young sit down next to him.

“Wha—?” Rush started, beginning to turn.

“Ah-ah,” Young cut him off. He placed his hands firmly on Rush’s shoulders, and turned him back toward his laptop. “Don’t let me ‘distract’ you,” he said, and Rush could hear the smirk on his lips.

Rush huffed and turned back to his computer, refocusing on the data in front of him. Young’s hands were warm on his shoulders, but it was easy enough to keep his attention where it needed to be. He didn’t waste energy trying to block out the feel of Young’s hands (now trailing down the lines of his back, fingers sliding teasingly along the curve of his spine…), he simply placed it in the back of his mind as something unworthy of his attention at the present moment. No matter how his body reacted to it, his mind could remain disciplined and focused and—

He bit back a hiss as Young slipped a hand down the back of his trousers. He immediately found the
space between Rush’s cheeks, and rubbed over Rush’s hole with the flat of his fingers.

“I’m not distracting you, am I?” Young murmured against his ear.

“No,” Rush answered thickly. “Not at all.”

“Good.” Young prodded gruffly at Rush’s entrance, making his breath hitch. “Glad to hear it. So, you won’t mind,” he went on. “If I go ahead and fuck you? That won’t be too…distracting?”

“No,” Rush replied, his voice squeaking slightly. He swallowed tightly. “Be my guest.”

Young chuckled lowly, and Rush suppressed a shudder. “Alright then. Let’s get you on your knees.”

It was easy enough to slip to his knees on the floor, to slide his laptop forward so he could bend over the low table while still being able to see the screen and reach the keyboard. His erection was straining uncomfortably against his jeans, had been since Young had uttered the word ‘fuck’, but he wasn’t distracted by it, not by that nor by Young’s hands tugging insistently on the buckle of his belt, nor when Young dragged down his trousers till they hung around his knees, and not when Young slid his slickened fingers inside him.

No. He wasn’t distracted at all. He was elevated, transported, God, he couldn’t remember the last time his mind had felt this clear, this focused, this uncomplicated while he worked, all the riff-raff and clutter in his brain utterly and completely swept away leaving only the numbers and figures and sweet merciful God in heaven this must be what Heaven felt like, transcendent and illuminating and ascen—

He cut off, he couldn’t let himself even think the word, because it was too close, too real, and anyway it didn’t matter. He finished his equations (fast, too fast, best have Eli check them in the morning), and almost on a whim opened up the file he kept on the master code and—

Yes. Yes. God, this was so much better.

Young’s hands (strong, so strong) took hold of his hips, grounding him, keeping him, taking control so he didn’t have to, so he could just think, and when Young’s cock breached him, it felt so good, so perfect, but it didn’t distract him, no, it pushed him, pushed away everything that didn’t matter, made
him open himself up, to possibilities, to everything, to—

His breath was shallow and his face was hot, but his eyes, his eyes were open and he fought to keep his hands from shaking so he could type, so he could get it all down before…before Young stopped fucking him.

Part of him just couldn’t believe how good this was, how good it felt—Young inside him while he worked over numbers and problems was like nothing he could ever remember feeling, and another part of him was stupefied that he’d never thought of this before. It seemed obvious in retrospect, how spectacular this combination would be. Maths and sex.

No—maths and getting fucked. And it wasn’t hard to guess why.

Well, it’s the two things you’re actually good at.

Yes, yes, he thought back impatiently, now shut up and let me work.

He’d been coming at it all wrong, he could see that now, trying to skip ahead, eager to get to the end result, but it was the process that was important, and yes, it might seem at first like it was taking longer, but for the first time Rush felt like he was really on the right track. Maybe only the first step, but the right first step.

There.

That was it. The first clue. The first key to the first door.

There was a long way to go but…it was something. Something real. He didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

He closed his eyes, reached out and shut his laptop, pushing it away from him as he lay his head down on the table with a contented sigh.

There was a soft snort from behind him. “Finally giving up?” Young asked dryly, thrusting into him deeply.
“Hmm?” Rush questioned absently, his mind now pleasantly hazy as he arched back into Young’s cock.

“Your equations,” Young grunted with a snap of his hips. “You given up on them?”

“Oh, no,” Rush answered dreamily, smiling. He half waved a hand over his shoulder. “I finished those ages ago.”

Young stopped his movements and Rush let out a disappointed moan. “You serious?”


Young was shaking his head, a soft half-smile on his lips. “You’re unbelievable, you know that?” Rush frowned. Young’s tone was…sardonic, exasperated, amused, but also…something else.

Rush shook his head. It didn’t matter.

“Just shut up and fuck me,” he growled, laying his head back down.

“Watch it,” Young said warningly, with a squeeze to Rush’s hips. “I haven’t said you could come yet. You annoy me too much, I might not let you at all.”

“Hmm,” Rush hummed, too relaxed to be bothered. “Whatever you like.”

“…That’s it?” Young said after a moment, sounding put out. “You really don’t care if you come or not?”

Rush peeked over his shoulder. “Would you rather I beg?” he asked, arching an eyebrow.

Young eyed him dryly. “Maybe a little,” he said, lip quirking. Rush’s lips quirked too, sliding up into a low smile.
“Please, sir,” he said quietly, the words coming out a little to even to be ironic. “Please let me come. I promise I’ll be good.”

Young let out a low chuckle, and bent forward across Rush’s back. He weaved a hand through Rush’s hair, leaning in close to his ear.

“We’ll see,” Young whispered, and Rush shivered, closing his eyes in sweet, blissful surrender.

When Rush looked over his notes later, he was relieved to find they did actually make sense, and he hadn’t just lost his mind in the heat of the moment. In the cold ‘light of day’, so to speak, it was a little more disheartening, since it mostly emphasized how much more there was to do, but…still. At least he wasn’t just spinning his wheels any more. It would be slow going. And he would have to be careful going forward, he’d been sloppy before, kept running ahead as soon as he thought he’d caught a whiff, and he needed to make himself go one step at a time.

He sighed and rubbed his forehead. He should probably take another break; one thing he’d learned was that working none stop on the master code made him more likely to make mistakes. Well, he’d heard Eli was down in the ‘Mystery Room’. Maybe he could use a hand.

Rush couldn’t believe it.

A glance toward Eli told him Eli was just as stunned as he was.

“Does that…does that mean what I think it means?” Eli’s question was full of trepidatious hope. And the answer had to be no, they must have gotten something wrong, must have made a mistake, but no, they’d double checked. It was staring them right in the face.
They’d figured it out. Their ‘Mystery Room’ was a mystery no longer.

It couldn’t be that easy, he thought to himself. But, well, it hadn’t exactly been easy, they’d been working hard at this for weeks. Nonetheless, it was just…odd, this much success at once. He wasn’t used to it.

Rush sent Eli a look that said clearly, ‘Yes, I’m seeing what you’re seeing’, and Eli let out a bark of laughter. Then, his face went serious. “We should tell Young.”

Rush gave a wave and nodded and Eli bounced over to call Young on the radio. Rush ran a hand through his hair. After a moment, he found himself grinning. He was actually looking forward to this.

“So,” Young said when he’d reached them. “What’s going on; Eli said it was important.” His words were directed at Rush and Rush opened his mouth to answer, but Eli jumped in.

“We figured it out! We know what the room is, what it’s for,” he said, gesticulating at the room at large.

Young raised an eyebrow. “Great.” There was a pause. “So, what is it?”

“Right, right, right,” Eli said excitedly. “It’s—” He suddenly broke off, glanced at Rush. “…You know, you should tell him.”

Rush felt his brows arch dramatically. “What?” He said incredulously.

“I mean, you’re really the one you figured it out, you should tell him!” Eli was practically bouncing.

Rush blinked, bewildered. “I…It really doesn’t matter Eli,” he said through his teeth.

“No, no, you should tell him,” Eli went on, oblivious. “You…you tell him.” He folded his arms over his chest and looked about ready to burst.
Rush and Young shared a look of amused exasperation, and then Rush let out a sigh.

“It’s,” he started to say.

“It’s a mine!” Eli broke in excitedly, and then immediately looked abashed. “Sorry, sorry.” He looked toward Rush, shamefaced. “Sorry.”

Rush rolled his eyes.

“What does that mean, a…mine?” Rush turned back to Young, who’s brow was furrowed in confusion. He took a breath.

“You know that Destiny is powered by the stars. She goes through, and—”

“And she gathers energy, right,” Young said, nodding.

“Right.” Rush said with a nod. “But stars aren’t just made of energy. They’re also made of elements.” He let that sink in a moment.

Young gave a little nod, still looking confused. “Hydrogen and helium.”

“Mostly, yes, primarily hydrogen and helium, but in smaller quantities nearly all elements can be found—oxygen, carbon, aluminum…” Now Young was beginning to look interested, and Rush bit back a smirk. “And in fact, all through space there are tiny fragments of elements, drifting about, looking for some gravitational clump to latch onto, and this,” he gestured to the room. “…Is designed to attract it. To gather it up into usable quantities.”

“Usable how?” Young asked cautiously.

“Right!” Eli jumped. “So, most of the room is…is just the mining part, it attracts elements in their raw forms, sorts them, that kind of thing, but these,” he bounded over to the row of large machines. “These are…well, they’re basically 3-D printers. But really good ones! They can take raw materials, and…make them into things.” He gave a broad smile.
And there, Young clearly began to see the implications. “What sorts of things?” He was technically asking both of them, but his eyes were on Rush. Rush felt a warmth in his chest and pressed his lips together so he wouldn’t start grinning.

“So…” Young said carefully, and Rush could see the restrained excitement in his eyes. “…Bullets, wrenches, plating to replace the hull, medical syringes…”

“Anything,” Rush confirmed. They locked eyes, and for a second it was just the two of them. Then Young took a deep breath, and the moment was over.

“Right,” He said, all business. “How much work will it take to get this place up and running again?”

Rush let out a sigh. “…A lot. There’s hardware to replace, and the lines to bring energy down here still need a lot of work, and that’s just to turn the thing on, once we do that—”

“Make a list, bring it to me,” Young broke in. “What needs to be done, what you need to do it. I’m sure we’ll be able to figure it out—and I’m sure people will be excited to help once they know what it is.”

“Yeah, no kidding,” Eli said, still buzzing with excitement himself.

Rush frowned, lips pursing. “Are you—” He broke off. “Are you sure we should inform the rest of crew? Yet?” He added belatedly.

Young eyed him. “Why wouldn’t we?”

Rush shrugged. “It’s…we still don’t even know for sure anything is salvageable. It…might not be good to get anyone’s hopes up.”
Young stared at him a long moment, and Rush fought the urge to shift under his gaze. “I don’t think it’ll be a problem as long as we’re honest up front. About everything.”

Rush bit the inside of his lip, and nodded.

Young nodded back, and his face softened. “This is a good thing. Good news. We need that.” He smiled softly. “Good work.” He glanced over to Eli. “Both of you.”

“Thanks!” Eli aid brightly.

Young turned and left. Rush watched him disappear down the hall, arms folded over his chest.

“So…I guess we should get started on that list?” Eli said, after a minute.

“Mm.” Rush grunted. “Yeah.”

Young made the announcement in the Gate Room, and as expected, there was a palpable excitement as the crew envisioned possible future necessities—and luxuries—the former mystery room could provide. The feeling was no doubt spurned on by Eli’s obvious enthusiasm. As Young predicted, the crew was eager to help in any way they could, and soon there was an impressive list of volunteers to match the impressively long list of tasks that were required to get the room operational. Rush had hung back for most part, watching it all from a safe distance, and only throwing in an occasional word or nod when prompted. As the crowd began to dissipate, Young caught his eye.

“That seemed to go well,” he said. His voice was oddly flat.

Rush grunted. “Sure, they’re happy now.” He shot Young a look. “But what happens when we run into a problem we can’t solve, and have to give up on the whole idea?”

Young met his gaze evenly. “Everyone will still know we all did everything we could. Working
toward a common goal can be a powerful thing, even if you fail. I’d still call it a win.”

Rush fought the urge to roll his eyes. “I think you might be giving them all a bit too much credit.”

There was a weighty silence. “You know,” Young said after a minute. “A lot of times people tend to live up to the expectations others have of them. If you expect people to disappoint you…they usually will.”

Rush twisted his lip into a smirk. “They teach you that in command training? Or did you read it in a self-help book?”

Young glared at him, and Rush got the distinct impression he was holding himself back, a tightness in his jaw that implied more was going on behind his stoic expression. Rush was keenly aware that they were not in a private place at the moment—Eli, for example, was working at a console not three feet away—and he wondered if Young was aware of it too. There was a sharp flicker in his eyes that seemed to intensify each time he looked in Rush’s direction.

Is he cross with me? Rush bit his lip. He couldn’t imagine why, but he couldn’t shake the idea. Maybe he hadn’t liked Rush’s suggestion to keep their discovery under wraps, but Rush wasn’t about to apologize for his perfectly reasonable concerns. If Young had a problem with it, that was just too damn bad, and Rush crossed his arms over his chest to punctuate the point to himself.

Young clasped his hands behind his back and lifted his chin.

“You know, we never did play that game of chess.”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “What?” he asked, caught off guard by the sudden shift in the conversation.

“Chess.” Young repeated. “We should play.”

Rush’s mouth was hanging open in obvious befuddlement. “I…ah…wh--?”

“How about tonight,” Young continued, as though Rush wasn’t sputtering like an imbecile. “After
dinner.” Young’s tone was even and casual, but his volume was pitched just a little louder than it had to be. And that’s when Rush caught on. Young was giving them a cover, an established reason, however flimsy, for Rush to be seen entering Young’s quarters in the evening. It was also, Rush was fairly certain, a coded command to show up at a reasonable hour that night.

“I…” Rush swallowed. “I’ll think about it.” It was the kind of cagey answer that most people would expect from him, but he glanced at Young and hoped he understood. Young gave a nod and walked off.

Rush let out a breath. He heartbeat had sped up a bit at some point during that exchange, and he worked to slow it now. He wondered exactly what plans Young had for him tonight, apprehension and anticipation roiling in his lower belly. He wondered what he’d do if Young was really cross with him. He wondered what Young would do. If Young tried to lecture him or chew him out, Rush had no intention of putting up with that. If Young tried to do…something else…Rush chewed his lip again. He honestly wasn’t sure how he would take that.

It was then he Eli grinning at him.

He glowered. “What?” he demanded.

Eli looked a bit bashful, and shrugged. “It’s…just nice to see you two getting along better. I think it’s good, you know? Less…tense. For everybody.” He trailed off at the end.

Rush glanced around, letting out something between a sigh and a grumble. “Just…mind your own business, Eli,” he mumbled, before walking off towards the door.

“Sure, fine, but, y’know,” Eli said. “When you guys really get pissed and start going at each other —” he went on, speaking quickly as Rush got further away. “—Kinda ends up being everybody’s problem.” Not bothering to look back, Rush instead threw a rude gesture back over his shoulder. “Right, yeah, sure, okay,” Eli shouted after him. “Good talk!”

Rush felt skittishly nervous as he approached Young’s door that night. Young had continued to look at him throughout the day with eyes that gave away nothing, except that there clearly was something to be hidden. Like a stone wall blocking a blazing fire: Rush certainly couldn’t see any sign of
flames, but he could still sense the heat from the other side, and part of him was instinctually preparing for a fight.

On top of that, Young’s fictional chess game alibi, meant no doubt to make them less anxious about being caught, was having the opposite effect on Rush. There wasn’t really any reason for him to sneak about Young’s corridor now, but the alternative—simply walking up to Young’s door without paying any mind to whomever might be about—felt decidedly odd, and he was convinced his suspicious discomfort would be palpable to anyone passing by.

He bit back a sigh, reached for the door control, and then promptly broke off the movement, because while being seen entering Colonel Young’s quarters in the evening now had a perfectly reasonable explanation, opening the Colonel’s door without so much as an invitation certainly didn’t. He bit back another sigh, fighting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose, and raised his hand again, this time to place three solid knocks on the door. He almost knocked a fourth time, but changed his mind at the last moment, squeezing his fist slightly before letting it drop to his side.

The door slid open, revealing Young standing behind it. He looked the same as he always did, but somehow the sight of him made Rush’s heart speed up and his breath catch in his throat.

“May I come in?” He asked, his voice sounding choked to his own ears. Standing face to face, Rush could see the glints of a dark fire behind Young’s eyes. It both aroused and unnerved him, and he tried swallowed the lump in his throat but his mouth had gone dry.

Young nodded once, and stepped aside to let Rush in. A moment later, Rush felt a wind at his back as the door closed behind him. He licked his lips and opened his mouth, half-formed thoughts of pre-empting any argument Young might have flitting through his mind, but he never got the chance to speak as Young surged forward and slammed him back into the door. Rush could only let out an ‘oof’ sound before Young attacked Rush’s mouth with his own, a vicious assault that left Rush’s lips raw and bruised.

Rush groaned and opened his mouth wider, closing his eyes and gripping the fabric of Young’s jacket in an attempt to pull him closer. Young fucked Rush with his tongue, pinning him ruthlessly to the metal door as he ravaged him into a whimpering mess.

Young pulled away with a final, brutal suck to Rush’s lower lip and Rush whimpered. Young’s body still trapped him against the door, and while their lips no longer touched, Young was still close enough that Rush could feel his breath on his face. Mouth tingling, Rush opened his eyes and stared straight into Young’s.
The wall was gone. All that stoicism, meant to conceal what was beneath, had been dropped and now Rush could plainly see that formerly hidden fire for what it was: not anger, but pure lust. Something unclenched in Rush’s chest and he sagged against the door.

“My goodness,” Rush whispered breathlessly. “Chess certainly has changed since the last time I played.”

Young chuckled, and Rush felt a playful smirk twitch at the corner of his lips. “Actually,” Young replied in a low and rumbling voice. “I had a different game in mind.”

“Mmm,” Rush glanced up at Young teasingly through his eyelashes. “And what game might that be?”

Young slid a hand behind Rush’s neck and leaned in close, lips brushing the curve of Rush’s ear. “The kind where I tie you to the bed and fuck those beautiful brains out.”

Rush shivered, and if he hadn’t been painfully hard before, Young’s gruffly murmured promise took care of that. There was a slight hesitation though, an oily discomfort mixed in with the blazing desire in his belly. It seemed foolish to be hung up on it, considering how much he’d ended up enjoying himself on previous occasions, but things felt so perfect right now that he didn’t particularly want to introduce the feel of ropes against his skin into the equation. But he also didn’t want to break the mood by saying so. Besides, it seemed absurd to place such an arbitrary limit, especially one he couldn’t (wouldn’t) explain.

Mind working quickly, he captured Young’s mouth in a groaning kiss, and bucked up into him in a picture of wantonness to bide for time. It wasn’t a difficult act to sell.

“Sounds lovely,” he whispered against Young’s mouth after a moment, a plan beginning to formulate. “Although,” he paused for effect, and reached down to tug lightly at Young’s belt loops, letting their groins just barely brush together. “I much prefer it when you hold me down yourself.”

The look in Young’s eyes could only described as ‘smoldering’. “That right.”

“Mmm,” Rush hummed, biting his already abused lower lip, and then licking over where he’d bitten. “Oh yes. I mean,” he raised an eyebrow. “It’s not like you really need any help keeping me…in place.” He let his tongue slide insinuatingly over the last two words, and glanced down pointedly at where Young’s hands held him firmly and effectively by the hips against the door.
Young regarded him evenly, and then moved in even closer so parts of their bodies were now touching. “What if,” Young began, sliding his palms up the length of Rush’s torso. “I want to keep my hands free? Hmm?” He punctuated his remark by rubbing roughly over Rush’s nipples with his thumbs. Rush hissed, the light fabric of his shirt suddenly feeling abrasive to his sensitized nubs.

“You—” Rush broke off into a groan as Young then dug hard into his nipples, applying constant, bruising pressure, and not letting up. “You…you don’t…need ropes for that,” Rush pressed on determinedly. “I’ll stay where you put me.”

Then, the pressure on his nubs was gone. Rush let out gasp at the release, and then Young’s fist was in his hair, holding him so they were nose to nose. Young’s eyes bore into him intently. “You sure about that, Rush?” Young asked him, a warning note in his voice. “Because if you say you’ll stay where I put you, and then you don’t…” The grip on his hair tightened. “Then I’ll have to punish you. So.” He fixed Rush with a look. “Are you sure?”

Rush was quiet a moment, and then nodded the best he could with Young’s grip on his hair. “Yes,” he answered, voice hushed. “I’m sure. I can do it.” He returned Young even look with one of his own. After a moment, Young let him go.

“Okay,” Young said. He took a step back and folded his arms across his chest. “Strip, and get on the bed. You have five seconds.” Rush blinked, the words not quite processing, his body still adjusting to the loss of Young’s warmth against him. Young raised an eyebrow. “One.”

Rush gaped incredulously for a nano-second, but then quickly shook himself out of it, since there wasn’t time to dwell on the absurdity. “Shite,” he hissed to himself, and yanked his shirts over his head, simultaneously crossing to the bed at a speed far too rapid to be dignified. “Two.” Unbuckling his belt, he reached a hand down his trousers to protect his erection as he swiftly unzipped his fly. “Three.” Shoving his trousers down around his knees, he reached the bed and turned, throwing himself onto it back first while fought to yank his boots and jeans off his feet. “Four.” With a final frustrated grunt, he managed to get the last bit of his trousers off his leg and practically threw them off the bed away from him before falling back on his elbows, panting.

“Fii—” Young started, then broke off as he noticed Rush was already there. He smiled, and let out a pleased sounding chuckle. While Rush had been distracted, Young had apparently been doing his own undressing. Naked from the waist up, he was currently undoing the laces of his boots at a leisurely pace.

He walked toward Rush, barefoot and shirtless, with confident, easy strides. Rush’s eyes slid over his strong chest and shoulders, and he bit back a groan. Then, Young was on top of him, cupping
his cheek, and pulling at his lower lip with his thumb.

“Good boy,” he rumbled, and this time Rush couldn’t hold back the desperate moan that escaped him. Holding Rush’s jaw open with his hand, Young slid his tongue deep into Rush’s mouth. As Young kissed him—slowly, thoroughly, devastatingly—he slid his hands down Rush’s body and took hold of Rush’s wrists. He dragged Rush’s hands above his head and held them there. Some time later, he broke the kiss.

They were both panting slightly, and Young fixed Rush with a firm look and squeezed his wrists. “Don’t move.”

Rush nodded, breathless. Only then did Young remove his hands. He bent down, laying kisses along Rush neck which left him whimpering once again, and then made his way down Rush’s body. He licked over Rush’s chest and nipples, sucking first one nub and then the other into his mouth, hard enough to be painful. Rush let out a wailing keen between his teeth. Then down, down, Young worked his mouth over the sensitive skin of Rush’s stomach. He stuck his tongue into Rush’s belly button, which felt odd and discomfitting and made his cock twitch up and knock against Young’s chin. Rush blushed and Young chuckled, and then he deliberately breathed hot air over Rush’s cock.

Rush panted wetly and furrowed his brow. An uncomfortable feeling twisted in his stomach as Young teased him, keeping his lips an inch away from his straining erection. Young blew softly across the bloated tip dripping precum and Rush stiffened, muscles clenching uneasily. A heartbeat passed, then another, then a third, and finally Young moved on, nipping the bone of Rush’s hip with his teeth. Rush’s muscles relaxed, and he let out a quiet sigh, fingers curling against his palms.

Young eased a knee between Rush’s legs, pushing them open and settling between. Warm hands on his thighs lifted them, spreading them wider, before Young’s head dipped low again and licked between Rush’s cheeks. He lapped at the sensitive skin and teased Rush’s pucker with the tip of his tongue, then bit down on his inner left cheek hard enough to make Rush jerk and moan. Young chuckled again and sat back on his heels.

“Now,” Young said arranging Rush’s thighs with firm, steady hands. “Stay right there.”

Rush’s legs were drawn up to his sides, effectively displaying his arsehole and genitals. His anus felt cool and wet from Young’s attentions, which Young took advantage of by blowing bracingly over the exposed pucker, making it clench instinctively. Rush closed his eyes and fists tightly against the assault of sensation. He could feel the fluid leaking from his aching cock smearing against his lower stomach. “Yes, sir.”
“Mmm,” Young hummed, satisfied, and gave Rush’s balls an affectionate pat. “Good boy.”

Moments later, a slick digit eased into Rush’s opening. Young’s finger fucked in and out of him in smooth, steady motions, going all the way down to the third knuckle. Thankfully, Young didn’t make him wait too long before adding a second finger, and Rush instinctively lifted his hips invitingly at the increased invasion. Immediately, the movement stopped.

“Uh-uh,” Young said warningly. “I said don’t move.”

Rush’s eyes blinked open in disbelief and he looked down at the man between his legs, incredulous. “You can’t be serious,” he protested with a derisive twist of his lips.

“Rush,” Young warned.

“Even if you tied me down, I’d still—” Rush barreled on heedlessly.

“Rush,” Young interrupted, hardening his voice in a way silenced Rush in an instant. Rush bit the inside of his cheek, and swallowed. Young went on. “You said you could keep still, and that’s what I expect you to do.” He said it plainly, simply, like there was clearly no other option, and Rush bit back a frustrated groan. He lay his head back down in defeat, and closed his eyes. “Good boy.” Young said, and went back fucking Rush’s hole with his fingers.

Young opened him up slowly, so slowly, and it took everything in Rush not to buck and writhe with every penetrating stab and insistent stretch. Three fingers, finally, and Rush thought he might cry, a keening wail starting in the back of his throat. Every muscle felt stiff and tense from being held in position.

“Relax,” Young instructed calmly, and Rush let out something between a snort and a snarl.

You relax, he thought at Young acerbically, but nonetheless, he felt some of the tension in his limbs start to unwind. Somehow, he managed to remain completely still, even though he was no longer restraining his body through brute force. Instead, it was as though he were suspended. He felt heavy and light at the same time, held up on all sides be some mysterious cushioning as Young worked him open with sure, decisive fingers. He had no need to move. He was perfectly placed.

He was reminded of the time he’d spent on the Nakai ship, suspended in a tank of fluid, but while
that experience had been oppressive, full of pain and fear, this felt just the opposite. It was warm and comforting, and, oddly, freeing.

When Young’s cock breached and entered him, he could only let out a sigh of contentment. It felt… perfect. Young slid in and out of his unmoving, unresisting body, and Rush found himself experiencing a complete euphoric ease. Everything had fallen away and, for the moment, there was only…this.

Young tightened his grip on Rush’s thighs as he revved up his speed and Rush moaned in the back of his throat, turning his head dreamily from side to side against the bed.

“Fuck.” Rush opened his eyes at Young’s choked exclamation, and felt his heartbeat stutter. Young’s hair was curling wetly against his sweat slicked skin, the strength of his glorious nakedness undeniable as he speared Rush’s hole again and again, smacking the front of his hips against Rush’s backside. If that weren’t enough, Young was staring at him with a hot, hungry look in his eyes that Rush could practically feel searing his bared skin.

“You…” Young grunted out in time to his thrusts. “Goddamn…bastard.” He panted heavily a moment. “Every…fucking thing you do…even…every day, goddamn, normal things…walking…talking…” He shook his head, like he was trying to clear it. “With you,” he let out a deep grunt, and pushed forward, pressing Rush’s knees up to his chest and bending over his prone form. The new angle of his thrusts made Rush cry out and then Young was right in his face, practically growling with intensity. “With you it’s fucking porn.” He grabbed Rush by the hair. “Fuck,” he said, lips pressed to Rush’s cheek. “You’re just fucking lying there like some blowup sex doll and it is the hottest goddamned thing, you filthy, sexy, sonuvabitch.”

With that, it was like a wire snapped, and Rush arched off the bed screaming as he came. He felt hot spunk hit the underside of his chin, and Young’s cock kept fucking into his now tightly clenched hole till he felt Young shudder and then his insides were flooded with warm fluid as well. He slumped back against the bed as the aftershocks of his orgasm shook through him.

There was a long moment of quiet, as they breathed together with Young still inside him. Finally, Rush licked his lips, and looked up at Young from hooded eyes. “Are you going to punish me for that?” he asked wearily.

Young glanced at him, dark hair sticking to his forehead, and smirked. “You mean, since I told you not to move, and you just almost levitated off the bed?”

Rush rolled his eyes. “Yes, I mean that.”
Young chuckled. “Naw,” he said lightly, carefully pushing himself up. “I think I’ll let it slide.” Rush fought back a smile, and then turned his face away as Young pulled his cock from Rush’s arse, leaving his muscles to clench around the unwelcome emptiness. “In fact,” he went on as he started to clean Rush up with a wet towel. “I think I’d rather give you a reward.”


“Well,” Young replied, cleaning the last of the cum from Rush’s chin. “What would you like?” Rush just stared at him quizzically, and Young let out a sigh. He wiped the towel over his own stomach, and then tossed it aside before tugging Rush under the covers with him. “How’s this: how would you like to wake up tomorrow?”

Rush blinked, then settled into the crook of Young’s arm, smirking. “Are you suggesting you’ll be up before me?”

“It’s been known to happen,” Young said dryly. Rush hummed. “In any case,” Young continued firmly. “Regardless, first thing tomorrow…what do you want? You can pick anything.” He then gave Rush a look that seemed to hold some kind of meaning to it. “Anything at all.”

Rush felt somewhat at a loss, and he had a bad feeling it was showing on his face. He, quite honestly, didn’t know what to say. So, he just said the first thing that came to mind. “Well, my arse could use a fresh spanking.” He glanced at Young somewhat coyly.

Young’s face was unreadable as he regarded Rush evenly. “Really.”

“Well, yeh,” Rush replied breezily. “Look at it.” He turned and pulled at the blankets to display his backside. “Not a mark on it.” He gave a playfully flirtatious slap to the mounds of his arse. “That’s just not right,” he said with mock seriousness, fixing Young with a gravely concerned look.

Young chuckled. “Well,” he said, grabbing a handful of Rush’s backside. “I guess we’d better do something about that.”

Rush smiled, then giggled as Young used the hand on Rush’s arse to pull their naked bodies flush against each other. He laid his head on Young’s chest, taking comfort in the warmth and smell, and even the brush of chest hair against his cheek, as he drifted off into a deep, languid sleep.
This is just a little note about this chapter, probably unnecessary, but if I don't complain to YOU guys about my writing woes, who AM I gonna complain to? :-P

Basically, I had more planned for this single chapter, but it was getting way, WAY too long. I know these chapter tend to be on the long side, but ten thousand words for one chapter seemed...a lot. Too much. BUT, that meant I basically needed to cut it somewhere, and I was never COMPLETELY satisfied with any possible stopping point. Anyway, so, that's why this one maybe felt a bit choppy, but the good news is that that means I basically have half of the next chapter already written, and I'm hoping I'll be able to bang that out in the next few days.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Rush gets his 'reward'. Also, chess.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The body next to him shifted, and Rush reached out blindly, trying to wrap his arms back around the warm figure that had dislodged him. But then, there was a hand at his thigh, and another at his back, dragging and pulling him. He blinked the last sleep from his eyes, brow furrowing. He had only a moment to process the position he found himself in—lying face down, his hips canted upward across Young’s naked thighs—before Young’s palm laid a stinging blow to the underside of his right cheek. Rush gasped with the sudden pain, and the stabbing arousal that accompanied it, but there wasn’t time to dwell on either as Young rained down slap after slap after slap without pause.

Well, he was definitely awake now.

Young held him tight across the back, which was good since Rush couldn’t seem to stop himself from twisting and bucking in Young’s lap. Young was hitting him with enough force that it was clear now he’d been holding back in their previous sessions. Every strike burned, and it was all concentrated onto that patch of delicate skin just under his cheeks, right above where his arse met his thighs. Back and forth, first one cheek, then the other, each SMACK against his skin was hard enough to make him scream. And it wouldn’t fucking stop.

It was glorious. Pure fucking ecstasy. Everything seemed brighter and clearer with Young’s hand cutting across his backside like a whip made of light itself.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Rush wailed. His toes raked across the bed as his legs kicked out, and he fistied the sheets in front of him in a desperate attempt restrain himself from trying to shield his arse or shove a hand in where his cock was trapped between Young’s thighs and jerk himself off. He imagined the curve of his backside where Young’s hand hit growing redder and redder, deepening with each brutal blow until his skin was stained dark crimson. He imagined how it would feel when Young fucked him, sliding his cock between his spanked raw cheeks, his hips smacking against the tender flesh with every thrust.
He almost came right then.

He felt Young tighten his hold on him, and the next series of strikes was even harder and faster than before, all laid on the underside of his right cheek. Rush shrieked, and then sagged bonelessly across Young lap. Whimpering, he lay unmoving as Young finished assailing his right butt-cheek and moved to give the left a similar treatment, each loud SMACK echoing Rush’s now constant mewling cries.

If he thought that would signal the end, he found himself sorely (Rush snorted to himself) mistaken, because Young then held his cheeks apart with one hand and started landing vicious slaps back and forth across the inside of his cheeks as well. Rush could only lay there and take it, his face smeared with sweat and tears, till the soft inner curves of his backside felt as raw and stinging as the undersides.

Rush didn’t know how long it was before Young finally rested his palm on his blistered mounds.

“So,” Young prompted, rubbing a thumb over Rush’s aching skin. “Enjoying your reward?”

Rush groaned, deep and guttural, and arched up into his hand. “Oh, yes,” he breathed. He looked back over his shoulder, jerking his head to get his hair out of his face, and shot Young a smirking grin. “Yeh’ve been holdin’ out on me,” he accused lightly.

“Watch it,” Young warned, giving Rush a darkly amused look.

“Or what?” Rush challenged.

“Trust me,” Young replied. “You don’t wanna find out.” Rush snorted. “Alright,” Young said with a final pat to Rush’s bum. “Up. I say you’ve had more than enough.”

Rush hummed and pushed back on his heels, stretching out his back. “I must say,” Rush began, swinging a leg over to straddle Young’s lap. “That’s quite an…energizing start to the day.” He wrapped his arms around Young’s neck, and leaned in close. “Better than a fresh cuppa coffee,” he whispered playfully.

“That right,” Young said dryly. His hands came to play over the backs of Rush’s thighs, sending a pleasant shiver through Rush’s frame. They were both hard, Rush was keenly aware. Young’s
erection lay just a few inches below his arse, and Rush was eager to close the distance.

He licked his lips. “Part of you certainly seems…awake,” Rush purred suggestively. Young simply raised an eyebrow. “Maybe we could…” Rush pressed on, lowering himself till Young’s cock brushed the crack of his arse. “…Do somethin’ ‘bout that?”

Young regarded him a moment, and then squeezed Rush’s thighs, pulling him back up. His eyes bored into Rush and Rush chewed his lip, nervous at the scrutiny. “Ask for what you want, Rush,” Young said flatly after another minute passed.

Rush swallowed, heart fluttering. He felt oddly shy in this moment, though there was no reason for it. He’d asked for it, begged for it, many times before. Still, he felt his face flushing as he leaned in close to Young and whispered his request.

“M-may I…sit on your cock, sir? Please?” He added the ‘please’ belatedly, suddenly realizing how deeply he wanted Young to say yes.

Young smiled softly, and slid a finger between Rush’s cheeks. “You’ve got one greedy cock hole, Rush,” Young said, rubbing over his puckered entrance. Rush groaned and pressed back against the teasing digit.

“Yes,” he readily agreed in a breathy moan. Dirty cock slut whore. “Please.”

A brief pause, and then, “Alright,” Young said, and reached for the lubricant. “Since you asked so nicely.” Rush could hardly believe the burst of joy that blossomed in his chest. “You can fuck yourself on my cock,” Young continued, pressing two fingers into Rush’s waiting hole. Rush sighed contentedly, eyes falling shut, as the slick digits stretched him. “And,” Young went on. “I’ll even let you come.”

“Really?” Rush asked in pleased surprise, opening his eyes.

“Mm-hm,” Young confirmed, twisting a third finger inside. Rush grunted at the invasion, then smiled.

“You’re being awfully generous this morning,” Rush commented blithely, arching into Young’s fingers and leaning forward to wrap his arms more firmly round the back of Young’s neck. He
quirked an eyebrow questioningly.

“Mm,” Young said, noncommittedly. “I guess I just feel like spoiling you.”

Rush grinned, and clenched around Young’s probing fingers. “Well, I’m certainly not about to complain,” he said, lowering his voice suggestively.

Young chuckled lowly, and gave a few more thrusts with his fingers. “You feel ready?” He asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Rush replied eagerly. In easy motions, Young pulled his fingers out, covered his erection in lube, and then held it pointing upward, ready for Rush to impale himself on. Rush didn’t waste any time, lowering himself till the head lined with his hole. He took a half a moment to relish the feel of Young’s velvety hardness slipping between his stinging cheeks, and then bore down, driving himself on Young’s thick length.

Rush groaned as he took Young in inch by inch. Even with preparation, Young’s width always stretched him uncomfortably, forcing him open with a grinding, unforgiving insistence. The inner cheeks of his arse, having been spanked raw, rubbed painfully against Young’s length as he slid down. He thought he could maybe even feel where Young had bitten him there the night before. When he felt the brush of Young’s pubic hair against the underside of his bum, the area was so sensitized it made him wince. Hesitating a mere moment, he pressed downward, letting out a cry as his abused cheeks settled against Young’s hips.

He sat there a moment, catching his breath, eyes turned inward in concentration, the feeling of Young inside him as usual leaving him inconceivably, impossibly, full.

“What are you thinking?”

Rush glanced up at Young’s gruffly voiced question. “What?” He half mumbled, brow furrowing. Young rubbed his thumbs over Rush’s hipbones.

“Right now,” he said, gruff and quiet. “What are you thinking. First thing that comes to mind.

Rush raised an eyebrow incredulously. The main word floating through his consciousness right now was Big, and that was about the end of it. But alright, he thought, smirking, he supposed he could work with that…
“Mmm, let’s see,” He murmured in sarcastic contemplation. “I’m mostly thinking…‘Oh God, this cock is fucking enormous.’” He leaned in close and licked his lips. “I’m thinkin’, ‘He feels so big inside me, I bet he could rip me in two if he wanted. Tear my arse in half with his gigantic monster of a cock.’” He let his tongue click on the last consonant.

Young let out a low grumble from the back of his throat. “You still on about that?” He asked lowly, eyes teasing. “I’d’ve thought you’d be over the novelty by now.”

Rush’s mouth fell open a bit and he let out a scornfully scoffing laugh. “It never gets any smaller, you know,” he rebuked. He snorted and shook his head. “I might’ve gotten plenty of practice, but make no mistake,” he said, cupping the back of Young’s head and running his fingers through the short hairs at the base of his neck. He looked intently into the man’s dark, glittering eyes. “Yer shoving a bloody pillar up my arse, and every time it’s a God damned miracle I manage to take you, so shut yer trap, I’ll talk about it as much as I damn well please.

“Now,” he said, shifting his hips with a grunt. “If you don’t mind?” He raised an eyebrow, and, with Young’s nod of assent, got down to the work of properly fucking himself on Young’s impressively massive girth.

He only attempted pulling half-way off Young’s length before pushing back down, since the deeper sections of his passage were still adjusting to the bulky invasion. And, it meant there was less of that emptiness if he didn’t fully withdraw and always left a good number of inches snuggly inside him.

He came back down a bit too hard, and hissed as his sensitive bum smacked against Young’s hips, swiftly bouncing an inch or two back up as his hole clenched in response. He groaned as Young’s cock dragged through his tightened passage, and then quickly attempted to repeat the experience, bracing his hands on Young’s shoulders and slamming down with deliberate force. He mewled as his buttocks thumped against Young’s firm body, once again popping back up as his stuffed passage constricted.

He paused, whimpering, head bowed, before trying it yet again. Soon, he was revving up speed, practically spanking his smarting bum against Young’s hips with every downward thrust. His cries and whimpers sounded pathetic to his own ears, but he couldn’t bring himself to stop, reveling in the waves of sensation. His anus ached and his buttocks stung and he felt stuffed full, so bloody full, he could’ve wept.

“You can touch yourself if you want.” Young’s voice brought Rush back, and he paused mid-motion, blinking.
“Really?” He asked, panting. Young just smiled, and nodded once. “My, my,” Rush murmured. “You really are set on spoilin’ me.”

Young chuckled, and Rush found himself grinning in turn as he licked his right palm before wrapping it around his throbbing cock. He resumed fucking his hole on Young’s cock, this time while stroking his own cock in time, and holy jesus fuck mary and joseph bloody bleeding hell.

He threw his head back and let out a strangled cry, because GOD, this was amazing. Spectacular. Brilliant. There weren’t words good enough for what this was. Young had touched his cock while fucking him before, which was its own kind mind-blowing, agonizing heaven, and Young had even let Rush touch himself while being fucked—though now that Rush thought about it, it had been a while since he’d been allowed that particular privilege—but this: this was something else entirely. Because Young had given him permission to pleasure himself so completely, Rush now found it impossible not to take every ounce of hedonistic delight he could, to milk this act of erotic sensuality for all it was worth.

And it was worth quite a lot.

The fingers of his left hand dug into Young’s shoulder as he gave himself over to wild sexual abandon. The rest of the world faded away until he was left with only the slap of his backside against the front of Young’s hips; the aching pleasure and pain in his straining hole as he impaled himself again and again onto Young’s bloated cock; the warmth of his own cock against his palm, and the frenetic motions as he rubbed viciously over the engorged, pulsing flesh. He could hear himself shouting, both words and wordless cries up to the ceiling.


He wasn’t so far gone that he didn’t feel embarrassed for what a ridiculous display he was making of himself, screaming obscenities while he bounced like a pogo stick on Young’s colossal cock and working his erection like a desperate schoolboy afraid he’d be caught by a concerned parent at any moment, but he couldn’t even begin stop himself, he was so swept up in the tides of pleasure in his body.

His orgasm exploded out of him like a cannonball, and he threw back his head and screeched like a banshee, cum spurtng through his fingers as his spine arched so far backwards he would have fallen over if not for Young’s hands at his back, holding him in something like an embrace.
He inhaled hard through his nose, chest heaving as he started to recover some of his senses. Slowly, his breaths evened, and he was once again able to sit up under his own power. The first thing to hit him was the embarrassment, now able to be felt fully without the diverting shield of sexual gratification. He could feel Young still erect inside him, and was immediately struck with shame and guilt as well. He’d been so caught up in indulging himself that he’d given no thought to Young, none at all, and now he hung his head, shamefaced and mortified. His cum was splattered across Young’s chest, which only rubbed salt in the wound, and Rush winced at the sight, lowering his gaze so he wouldn’t have to look Young in the eye.

Useless, worthless whore.

“Y—” Rush broke off, swallowing. “You’re still hard,” he said quietly, sheepish and half questioning. His thighs were aching, but if Young wanted him to—

Young let out a gruff little laugh. “Don’t feel bad,” he said, cupping Rush’s face. He ran his thumb over Rush’s lips. “I’m just holding out for this mouth of yours.”

Rush felt relief at Young’s words, and a smile broke unbidden across his face. He let out a breath, and nodded. “Alright,” he murmured softly. “Alright.”

“Clean this up first,” Young directed casually with a wave toward his chest. Rush nodded and agreeably lowered his mouth to Young right peck, licking and sucking at the sticky fluid. Young hummed appreciatively and patted the back of Rush’s head.

Rush eased himself off of Young’s cock, clenching regretfully at the emptiness it left behind, while at the same time working his tongue over the mess he’d made on Young’s milk and honey toned skin. The dark hairs on Young’s chest stuck wetly to his mouth, and he swirled his tongue around the strands simply because it seemed somehow base and twisted. He made sure every bit of his filth was lapped up, suckling gently on Young’s pert nipples as he went, before sliding down to clean along the plane of Young’s stomach.

Down, down, down, he trailed his tongue along Young’s sweat-salted skin. When he reached Young’s belly-button, he remembered what Young had done the night before, and went about replicating the act as obscenely as possible. He shoved the tip of his tongue in deep in the shallow hole, sucked at it, spat saliva into it and then sucked it out again, before moving on to take the tip of Young’s cock into his mouth.

It was slicked with lube, and Rush knew from experience now that the taste would be deeply unpleasant, but he didn’t hesitate; he swallowed the length of it down his throat as quick as he could
manage, cramming the bulbous flesh into his straining mouth. He relished the slimy slide of the lube inside his mouth, and the debasement of sucking on cock that had just come out of his arse. He fucked his mouth and throat on that cock till both were sore and aching, trying not only to pleasure Young, but to make the experience as uncomfortable and unpleasant for himself as possible as a kind of penance. He didn’t let himself take any enjoyment from the warmth and weight of Young sliding between his lips and along his tongue. When Young came with a low groan, filling his mouth with hot, briny fluid, Rush swallowed it eagerly, and made sure to clean every drop from Young’s softening member.

Rush lifted his head with a sigh, pulling his hair back from his face with one hand. He looked up, finally unafraid to meet Young’s gaze, and found Young leaning back against the wall, eyes closed in an expression of pure bliss. Rush smiled to himself as he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Well, at least you’re good for something, now aren’t you?

Young’s opened his eyes languidly and beckoned Rush with a curve of his fingers. Rush obediently crawled up the length of Young’s body and let himself be pulled into the crook of Young’s arm.

“You have got to be,” Young commented, tugging idly at Rush’s lower lip with his thumb. “The best damn cock sucker I have ever known.” Rush smiled, letting the pad of Young’s thumb fall between his teeth. He gave the blunt digit a light swirl with his tongue, and then closed his lips, sucking lightly. After a minute, Young pulled his thumb away, and rubbed over Rush’s lips with the spit-soaked pad.

“You ever wish you had someone to suck you off like that?”

Rush blanched at the question, reactively pulling his head away. “No,” he replied, without much thought, brow furrowing. “Don’t be ridiculous.” Was Young suggesting they, what? ‘See other people’? Had he changed his mind about being exclusive? Or was he offering…but no, that image put an uncomfortable itch between his shoulder blades, so great was the sheer wrongness of it. He grimaced, and shook his head. “I’m quite pleased with things as they are.” He glanced sideways at Young. “…Aren’t you?”

Young was silent moment, then nodded. “Yeah,” he assented softly. His lip quirked into smirk. “Quite pleased.” He emphasized with a firm pinch to the curve of Rush’s backside, sparking a quiet ‘yow!’ from Rush as the abused flesh was further tormented. “Sorry,” Young said, rubbing fondly over where he’d just pinched and sounding not very sorry at all.

Rush snorted, glancing to look over his shoulder and yes, just as he’d suspected, the bottom of his bum looked about as red as it felt. He sighed. Guess he had some more days of eating standing up to look forward to…
Tearing his eyes away from the delightful sight of Young’s hand caressing his recently spanked arse, Rush slid out of the Young’s half-embrace and climbed off the bed. “I suppose it’s time I put some clothes on,” he said, and God, he hadn’t meant to sound so regretful about it. He picked up his scattered garments and started tugging them on. Young, still on the bed, stretched, groaning, and lumbered to his feet. “You’re getting up already?” Rush asked, finishing the last button his jeans, mildly surprised to see Young stepping into his trousers. “Thought you’d be going back to sleep.”


“‘Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy…and wise,” Rush quoted glibly, pulling on his boots.

Young groaned, placing a hand to his forehead like the words were causing him physical pain. “Jesus Christ, who the fuck came up with that,” he muttered irritably.

“I believe it was Benjamin Franklin, if I recall correctly,” Rush answered with a smirk.

Young glared at him silently from beneath his eyebrows. “Well, he was probably an asshole anyway.”

Rush grinned. “Probably. He also suffered from obesity, gout and, in all likelihood, syphilis. So he might not be the best person to take advice from, in terms of health.”

Young blinked for a moment. Then, all at once, he let out a grand, big bellied laugh. “Good point,” he said, still laughing. He pointed a finger at Rush. “Good. Point.”

Feeling quite satisfied with himself, Rush picked up his phone and his notepad.

“You actually got your hands a chess set?” He asked with amusement, glancing at the low table between the sofa, and the board and pieces that currently sat on top of it.

Young shrugged. “Eli offered it to me. It would’ve seemed…weird to try and refuse.”
Rush rolled his eyes. Eli. Of course. The boy had probably tracked it down and everything. There were several sets making the rounds about the ship, but this was the one Rush had made. It was also the nicest—if he did say so himself.

“I do feel a bit bad we didn’t actually use it,” Young said with a grimace, rubbing the back of his neck.

Rush shook his head bemusedly at Young’s distress. “Well, I suppose we could.”

Young frowned at him. “Could what?”

“Play.” Rush felt his face heating suddenly. He ducked his head and looked away. “If you wanted, that is.”

Young was quiet. “Not sure I could give you much of a challenge, to be honest,” he said evenly after a moment.

Rush shrugged and waved a hand dismissively. “Just an idea.”

They both fell silent. Rush stood awkwardly for a moment. There wasn’t any more reason for him to stay, but he found himself lingering.

“So,” he said, as casually as he could. “Would you like a kiss before I go?”

Young, shrugging on his jacket, regarded Rush thoughtfully. After a moment, he turned. After rummaging briefly through one of his bags, he turned back to Rush with a wooden paddle in his hands.

“Yeah.” He said evenly. “Come give me a kiss.”

Rush’s breath hitched. Pressing his lips together, he clasped his hands behind his back and walked unhurriedly to Young, eyes cast downwards. Tilting his face up, Rush leaned in and suddenly found...
himself grasped round the back in one of Young’s strong arms as Young crushed their lips together, bending him back like a heroine on an old movie poster. Rush’s right arm wrapped around the back of Young’s neck, mostly for balance, he assured himself, as the kiss went on, and on, and on…

Finally, Young set him back firmly on his feet, breaking the kiss with a soft pop. Rush let out a breathless gasp, and they stood there a moment, just looking at each other, each with an arm wrapped around the other. A beat passed. Then another.

“Turn around.”

Young’s murmured command abruptly reminded Rush of the paddle Young held in his other hand, the one not presently wrapped around his waist. Swallowing, Rush slipped his arm from Young’s neck and shuffled in a circle till Young had a clear view of his backside. He tilted forward at the waist and waited, trying not to preemptively flinch.

He heard Young shifting his weight behind him, and then…

CRACK!

The blow hit him at an upward stroke, and he very well might have jumped, squealing, into the air, as he pitched forward, knocked clear off his feet. Young wrapped his free arm round his middle to catch him, possibly the only thing that prevented an embarrassing fall to the floor, and hugged him to his chest, laughing.

“You utter bastard,” Rush growled, still wincing.

Young just kept chuckling, his breath tickling behind Rush’s ear, and Rush groaned, tilting his head back to rest against Young’s shoulder. Before his knew it, Young was softly nibbling his earlobe, and then he was kissing teasingly along Rush’s neck. Rush moaned languidly, and then moaned again, with a bit more passion this time, as Young started sucking at his pulse point. It took a few moments for him to come to his senses.

“Hey, stop it,” he said, jerking his head away from Young’s distracting tongue. “Stop that, you’re going to leave a mark if you keep that up.”

“I thought you liked me leaving marks,” Young whispered gruffly, and Rush shivered, knees
trembling. He forced himself to shake it off, squirming in Young’s grasp.

“Not where people can see,” he hissed insistently. “Now, stop it.”

Young let out a sigh, but pulled his lips from Rush’s throat. “Okay. I’ll stop. But,” he went on, a warning lilt in his voice. “You have to take another lick from this.” He raised the paddle in front of Rush’s face, wrapping him in both arms from behind.

Rush eyed the paddle warily, and let out a resigned sigh. “Alright.”

This time, Young kept one arm about his middle, and Rush held it to him like a safety rail as he bent forward. He bit his lip and braced himself, face scrunching up as he sensed Young right arm begin to rise…

CRACK!

Rush squealed again, his legs kicking out, and he clutched Young’s arm to him desperately because shite it fucking hurt. Young held him to his chest again, and Rush took comfort from the firm embrace as he rode out the waves of biting sharpness tingling across his arse.

“Fuck,” Rush whispered as the initial sting started to fade a bit and the deeper ache set in. He slumped back into Young’s strong chest. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Now,” Young prompted, pressing a kiss to Rush’s cheek. “What do we say?”

Rush glanced at Young from the corner of his eye, feeling more than a bit light-headed. “Thank you, sir.”

Young smiled. “Good boy.”

Rush’s eyelids fluttered.

“You know,” Young went on, whispering conspiratorially. “It’s gonna be really hard not to smack
your ass every time you walk by me.”

Rush snorted. “Well, you are just going to have to learn to control yourself,” he chided teasingly.

Young chuckled, and murmured in Rush’s ear. “I’ll do my best.”

Rush eyed him mutedly. “Save it for tonight.”

Young’s expression stilled, taking on a smoother, more serious look. Then after moment, his lip twitched. “Now, there’s an idea.”

With that cryptic remark, Young let Rush go. “I’ll go check the door,” he said, putting away the paddle.

The sound of the zipper on the duffel bag as he closed it seemed loud to Rush’s ears. “Sure,” Rush said vaguely.

The coast was clear, and Rush exited Young’s quarters and walked down the hall. He felt strangely…tingly. A bit like the feeling after your foot or arm had fallen asleep. Only…just under the skin. And everywhere.

It was strange.

That night, Young greeted him at the door, a soft smile tugging on his lips, and the first thing he said once the door had closed was, “Do you know how many times you walked by me today?”

Rush’s brow furrowed. “…No?”

Young leaned in close. “Fourteen.” He spoke in a provocative whisper.
Rush just stared at him flabbergasted, not sure at all what to make of this. That is, until Young spun him around and planted fourteen solid slaps onto his backside. Seven to each cheek, in quick succession, struck right on his already smarting arse. Rush groaned, and then whimpered, and vowed to walk past the Colonel as often as was feasibly possible in the future.

When he was done, Young simply walked away, and sat down on the couch. Rush gaped at him from the door, still reeling.

“Well,” Young said after a minute passed and Rush still hadn’t moved. “Let’s play.” He gestured to set of pieces on the table, then folded his hands patiently in his lap.

Blinking curiously, Rush crossed the room. He sat across from Young, very grateful for the soft cushions of the sofa, though sitting still wasn’t by any means comfortable, and eyed the board. Glancing at Young, he lifted a hand, palm up, offering the Colonel first move. Young grunted, and then leaned forward, brow furrowed in concentration.

They played.

They were both a bit rusty, but it was clear Rush had more experience to fall back on. Young wasn’t a bad player though, offering just enough competition to keep the game interesting, even if there wasn’t ever much chance of him winning.

Rush certainly didn’t hold his inexperience against him: despite what people thought, he wasn’t actually one to dismiss someone as slow simply because they hadn’t learned something yet. He did tend to be irritated by willful ignorance, or by someone pretending to know something they didn’t, or by people who should already know better…And, yes, maybe the stress and high stakes of the Icarus Project and Destiny and set his fuse a bit shorter than normal…

Now that that he thought about it, he could maybe see where the confusion had come in. He bit back a sigh. He didn’t know why he was thinking about this now, why watching Young intently study the board and then make almost the right move was setting off this train of thought. He’d been a teacher damn it. He knew many people thought university professors didn’t really teach, but he bloody well had. He’d been good at it.

Giving his head a little shake, he brushed the tangled cobwebs of thoughts from his mind, and reached for his bishop.
Rush won.

At Rush’s softly spoken ‘check mate’, Young had leaned in, peering keenly the board, then grunted, nodding once. Then, his eyes had flicked up, and he smiled before leaning across the table and yanking Rush forward by the front of his shirt.

He mashed their mouths together, and some of the chess pieces scattered as Rush fumbled for balance. Next, Young started to tug forward with the clear intention of dragging Rush across the table.

“Hey,” Rush protested wrenching himself back a bit as more pieces started to roll across the table. He reached down, hands automatically beginning to right the ones pieces that had fallen, placing them back in their starting positions. Young grumbled under his breath.

“We can clean up later,” Young admonished impatiently.

Rush glared. “You know how long it took to make these?” Rush said with a scowl, pointing with at Young with a rook for emphases.

Young let out a sigh. “Okay,” he said after a moment, and gently pried the piece from Rush’s hand. “I’ll clean up.” He put the rook in its place and picked up one of the queens. “You,” he said, pointing at Rush with the queen in the same manner Rush had with the rook. “Get naked, and wait for me on the bed.”

Rush cock twitched. Hard. He dropped his eyes, licking his lips, and nodded, then glanced back up at Young, who nodded back. “Good,” Young said brusquely. “I want you head down, ass up, knees spread. Got it?”

Rush’s cock twitched again. “Yes, sir,” he said softly. God, a few well-ordered commands and he was already half hard. He took a deep, calming breath and stood. He undressed and set his clothes neatly in pile, as Young carefully began re-placing each of the pieces, including a few that had fallen to the floor, and then took his position on the bed.

Bent forward, with his arms stretched over his head, he slid his knees apart and arched his back, thrusting his arse up and out in prominent display. His cock responded immediately to the vulnerable position, stiffening and swelling between his legs.
He waited unhurriedly for Young, straight away finding contentment in the waiting. There was the thrillful anticipation of course, but also a calming surrender—that peaceful stillness that came with relinquishing all control—and he was already beginning to float up into that euphoric state. Simply by being made to wait, to present himself, to hold his body in this way until Young was ready for him, was helping to propel him into that tranquility.

It should have been purely humiliating, and it was humiliating—somewhere in the back of his mind, he was aware of that—but mostly it merely served to emphasize the fact that Young could do anything to him. Anything at all. In this moment, he was entirely at Young’s mercy, something he found strangely both hotly arousing and warmly comforting. He could only wait, wait here, like this, for whatever Young decided to subject him to—any moment, he might feel the sting of a cane across his buttocks, or blunt fingers invading his hole; he might be flogged, or spanked, or thrust into with Young’s impossibly large cock. It was entirely within Young’s power, entirely up his whims and desires, whether Rush would be beaten or fucked, and for how long, and in what way. All Rush had to do, was obey. All Rush could do, was obey.

All Rush wanted to do, was obey.

God, he was so far gone.

He let out a breathless sigh, his tranquil surrender warring with the biting shame of how desperately he wanted it. Words like weak and pathetic flickered through his mind.

But then, Rush felt the dip in the mattress as Young settled behind him. Warm hands cupped his sore cheeks. They were pried apart with steady, persistent thumbs, and then, Young’s mouth descended on him, hot and wet, to envelope his exposed hole in red heat.

Everything else melted away.

With burning damp breath and a far too clever tongue, Young ate him out so thoroughly Rush thought he might completely go to pieces, just dissolve entirely into a messy pile of shaking limbs and simpering cries.

“Uh…ah…Ah…AH!”

His cock was throbbing, and Rush recalled how he’d come just from this before. He’d come on Young’s cock, tongue, fingers, each without a single touch to his cock. He’d come from Young
spanking him. More than once, he’d gotten close to coming just with Young’s cock in his mouth. Sometimes he’d gotten off just from one of them talking.

Eventually, he’d probably be coming in his pants just from Young saying his name, he thought ruefully.

Young was rubbing over his hole now, the flats of his fingers dragging roughly across his spit-soaked crack. He rubbed in swift, jerking motions, inflicting coarse friction onto the loose skin of his pucker, then licked and sucked on the freshly sensitized area, before rubbing it again. Rush whimpered, lips trembling, as his tight pucker was rubbed and licked raw.

When Young brought his fingers down on hole with a stern SLAP, it was hardly a surprise, but it still made Rush jerk and quiver and cry out in a low whine. Young gave the whole area between Rush’s cheeks a long, lapping lick, and then slapped it again. Rush mewed piteously, dull and high-pitched. The wetness on his skin seemed to add to the sting of the slaps, making each blow sharper and more pronounced. Another slap, and then another, and then Young used his mouth again, swirling his tongue around the clenched ring of muscle.

Young went on, interspersing each spank to Rush’s hole with hot, teasing licks. Spank, lick, spank, lick, pain, pleasure, pain, pleasure, all of it too much and not enough, until Rush was driven to absolute distraction. He keened wailingly into the mattress, clenching the bedding in tight fists, only managing to whimper a half-formed please over and over.

“You have a fantastic ass, you know that?” Young said lowly, offering Rush some respite from his ruthlessly sensuous attentions. He stroked Rush’s backside with his palms, sliding his thumbs along the crack. Rush’s puckered hole was veritably tingling with sensation by this point, and all it took was the lightest brush of Young’s thumb to make him shudder and jerk. “These cheeks…” He massaged the mounds of Rush’s arse, humming appreciatively. “Absolutely gorgeous. And that sweet little fuck-hole…” he flicked his tongue lightly over Rush’s pucker as Rush gasped wetly. “…Always hungry for my cock.” Rush groaned deeply and arched his back even more. Young chuckled. “Yeah, you want it, don’t you.” It wasn’t really a question. “Such a slut for me.” There was an oddly soft note to his voice. He rubbed a gentle circle over Rush’s hole with his thumb. “Aren’t you?”

Rush wasn’t sure if he was meant to answer, or if he was even capable of speech at the moment, but Young didn’t press the issue.

“And the best part about this ass?” Young let his fingers trail down to the chafed and tender undersides of Rush’s cheeks. “It’s even prettier in pink.” Rush squirmed at Young’s featherlight touches, then cried out as he laid his tongue there and licked over where Rush had been so viciously spanked just that morning.
Young’s mouth felt scorchingly hot to his sensitive skin, each brush of his tongue like searing flames. Once all of the spanked flesh had been thoroughly laved over and coated in saliva, Young laid four slaps to each cheek. They were only light smacks really, skimming carelessly across the bottom of each cheek, but it didn’t take much after the previous beating he taken, and the wetness of Young’s spit gave each swat an extra biting sting that was more than enough to make Rush’s eyes slam shut and his toes curl while the muscles in his arse clenched with each sound *smack!* 

Lightly gasping, Rush was dimly aware of Young moving behind him, and then was sharply aware when slippery fingers slathered cool, slick lubricant over his aching hole. He moaned, deeply, from the back of his throat and pressed up and back into Young’s fingers. Young seemed determined to tease and taunt him as much possible, and so it felt like an age before he inserted even *one* finger into Rush’s beseechingly offered passage. When Young finally added a second, Rush almost let out a sob, not from pain—though his tormented pucker was certainly sore—but from frustration. Slowly, slowly, *slowly,* Young stretched open his tingling and throbbing hole. Wider and wider, he greased the expanding passage with more and more lube, till Rush felt so sleek and slippery inside he imagined what was left of his sanity could slide down and slip out through the gaping orifice of his arse.

“You look so good like this,” Young murmured. “Opened and spread out for me.” Rush choked back a desperate sob. “Shh, shh, I know,” Young soothed, stroking Rush’s bum. “I know what you want.” With that, Young pressed his bloated cock into the crevasse between Rush’s cheeks. Rush wailed, his own cock dripping wildly on the bedding as he mindlessly ground backwards in some kind of reverse humping motion. “Uh-uh, not so fast,” Young admonished, gripping him tightly by the hips to keep him in place. “First,” he said, casually rocking his hips forward to slide his cock along Rush’s crack. “I want to hear how bad you want it.”

Rush let out a despondent, broken sob as Young’s thick length stroked across his abused and distended hole. Young chuckled. “In words,” he said, sounding amused. “How bad do you want it, Rush,” he asked mockingly with another roll of his hips. “Tell me.”

“Bad,” Rush whispered, breathless and mindless. “Bad. God I want it so badly, please, *please.*” He groaned, his back arching. “Give it to me, please.”

“You need my cock in your hole, Rush?” Young asked mildly.

“Yes, I fucking need it, god damn you, you bastard, I want your *fucking* cock in my *fucking* hole, and I want you to *fuck* me with it till I can’t bloody walk!” Rush slumped into the bed after that, crying softly.
“And why is that?” Young responded, annoyingly and frustratingly calm.

“‘Cause I’m a slut for you,” Rush replied promptly, not even a shred of patience, or dignity, or shame left. “I’m a slut for your cock, now fucking fuck me already,” he finished with a breathless shout.

Young plunged into him without a word. Rush screamed.

He then immediately dissolved into tears, because it felt so good, so God damned good. It still hurt, if only thanks to the spanking Young had given his hole, but Young sank in so smoothly, so effortlessly, so deeply…he filled Rush like he’d been fitted for him, plugging him perfectly, and completely.

Young steadied his unyielding grip on Rush’s hips and instantly set up a punishing pace as he fucked into Rush with relentless and unforgiving thrusts. The friction inside him was nearly unbearable as Young pierced into him with both repetitive speed and vicious force. He snapped his hips against the tender cheeks of Rush’s backside with each thrust, adding a stinging pain that was even better than Rush had hoped. The rapidly repeating snapsnapsnap of flesh striking flesh melded and whirled together with Rush’s reckless, wordless cries of ecstatic ravishment, spiraling in a cacophony as Rush was propelled ever further towards the edge of euphoric bliss by Young’s mercilessly erotic assault on his body.

Rush came with a wild howl, his bobbing prick spurting cum in all possible directions, once again, having never once been touched. Young kept right on fucking him through his orgasm, ruthlessly penetrating through Rush’s seizing convulsions. When Rush finally collapsed, the last tremors of pleasure shaking through his prone form, Young’s hands on his hips might have been the only thing keeping him from falling in an artless heap.

Young gave a few more deep, pressing thrusts inside Rush’s unresisting body, then pulled out and slid his cock along Rush’s lube-slathered crack once, twice, three times before coming all over Rush’s arse, crack, and balls. He maneuvered Rush by the hips, making him swirl his arse in circles around Young’s cock, while Young stabbed at his backside with the tip of his prick, squirting hot cum over every inch he could reach. When he was done, he let out a deep, groaning sigh that sent warm shivers up and down Rush’s spine.

Young carefully guided Rush to lay down on one side. He managed to pull down the covers without moving Rush too much, and then slipped in behind Rush as he drew the blankets up over both of them.
“I’m not gonna clean you up,” Young growled sleepily into Rush’s ear, wrapping his arms around Rush and pulling him to his chest. “I want you covered in cum tonight.”

“Mm, yessir,” Rush murmured, smiling softly. Rush could feel how stretched his hole still was, yet strangely, despite the fact Young hadn’t even come inside him, he didn’t feel the cold emptiness that normally came with Young’s withdrawal. He tilted his face toward Young. “ Seems only right, for a slut like me.”

He felt a rumble in Young’s chest as he laughed softly. “Well,” Young mumbled. “Congratulations. I hope you enjoyed your victory.”

It took Rush a few minutes to realize what Young was talking about. Then he laughed.

“Oh,” he let out, still laughing. “Oh my.” He fixed Young with an amused look. “So what happens if I lose, then?” He asked, smirking.

“Hmm,” Young regarded him thoughtfully. “Good question.” Rush smiled broadly, and hunkered down into Young’s arms, pulling them to his chest as Young pressed up against his back. When he fell asleep, he was still smiling, half-laughing to himself about something he couldn’t even put into words.

Chapter End Notes

If I was smart, I might try to space these chapters out a little bit, but meh, I suck at that, so you're getting them when I get them :-P

Anyway, this note is mostly because I felt the somewhat ludicrous urge to make clear that there is absolutely NO evidence Benjamin Franklin had syphilis. He did sleep with a lot of French whores, and the disease was rampant at the time, but just because it's statistically probable doesn't make it true. I am not trying to insinuate anything about Benjamin Franklin actually having syphilis. I just thought it was funny.

The obeisity and gout is true tho. And he was kind of an asshole.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Rush and Young have a fight, then they make up.

Chapter Notes

This is kind of a short-ish one, but I think it ends at a good breaking point. The next bit will be Young's pov, and I thought it would make more sense for him to get his own chapter opening. Anyway, I'm excited I about this chapter, since it's one I've had in the works for a while. It's a more "talky" chapter, but don't worry, there's still some smut at the end :-)

Young made a trip back to Earth a few days later. He still made regular reports to Stargate Command in person, which seemed utterly unnecessary as far as Rush was concerned, but he supposed it didn’t really matter one way or the other. The main downside was that it meant Colonel Telford was here in his place.

“He’s not that bad,” Young had said, chuckling, in response to the face Rush had made when Telford was mentioned one time.

“If you say so,” Rush had muttered. Young continued to insist he and Telford were ‘friends’, though what this ‘friendship’ was based on or consisted of, Rush had yet to witness.

Rush was still working (slowly, so slowly) on cracking Destiny’s master code. He was convinced now that the Chair was the key—well, a key, anyway. One that would hopefully open one of the many locks on one of the many doors he apparently needed to go through. It seemed more and more clear that, in order to move forward, someone would have to sit in that chair. And not get their brains fried, because that would make the whole exercise entirely useless. There had to be a way to interface safely, if he could just…

“So, how was chess, then?” Eli suddenly asked, interrupting his thoughts. Rush turned to stare at him, not managing quite to keep the alarm off his face.

“What?” he almost sputtered
“You…played chess with Young, right?” Eli pressed, earnestly.

“…Yeh,” Rush answered cautiously.

“So,” Eli repeated leadingly. “How was it?”

Rush fought down the blush that threatened to inch its way up his neck. “Fine,” he said tightly. “Get back to work, Eli.”

“Okay,” Eli responded, a bit too cheerfully. Rush glared at him. Then, Colonel Telford—wearing Colonel Young’s body—walked into the room.

“So,” Telford said, all business. “Let’s have a status update.”

Rush glowered.

Minutes later, he’d had quite enough of Telford’s smirking face (yes, it was technically Young’s face, but that made no difference whatsoever), so he quickly made an excuse and sped off to find somewhere to hide work in peace.

Somehow, that somewhere turned out being Young’s quarters. It was turning out to be Young’s quarters more and more often these days. He stayed there the rest of the day, working diligently and utterly ignoring the voices periodically coming through on the wireless radio looking for him.

It was late when Young came through the door. He looked haggard, as he slumped on the couch across from Rush after unzipping his jacket. He poured himself a drink, swallowing it in one gulp, then slouched back still holding the cup. He gazed, unfocussed, at some middle distance in front of him, a small frown lining his face.

Rush glanced uncertainly over at him, his fingers slowing over the keyboard of his computer. His tongue licked over his lips indecisively as he thought about saying something. After a moment, he turned back to his work.
“Were you ever married?”

Rush’s head snapped up. “…What?”

Yong grimaced, his expression turning apologetic for a moment. “Well,” he went on after a pause. “Were you?”

Rush was silent. “Isn’t that,” he said finally. “In my…file, or something?”

“I mean, probably,” Young said with a shrug. “I didn’t exactly…check the marital status of—”

“Right, right,” Rush said, waving a hand.

“—everyone on…” He trailed off. He looked at Rush expectantly.


“Hm?” Young grunted, apparently not having heard.

“Yes, I was married. Once.” Rush fought to keep his tone even, indifferent.

Young nodded thoughtfully. “To a woman?”

“Yes, to a woman,” Rush confirmed, bristling slightly, though he supposed it was a reasonable question given…circumstances.

Another thoughtful nod. “For how long?”

Rush took a breath in, head shaking slightly like he was trying to remember, like he didn’t know exactly—
“Nineteen years. Not…quite twenty.” He trailed off, his voice going raspy at the end. He coughed, clearing his throat and rubbed the back of his neck.

Young’s eyebrows twitched upward a bit, and he blinked. “That’s…a long time,” he said after a minute. Rush didn’t say anything, just stared at his computer screen pretending to study it. “Did—” Young broke off as abruptly as he started. Rush glanced up, and Young was looking off to the side, shaking his head to himself softly. He took a breath, and turned back to Rush. “Did she know you liked men?”


“I was just…” Young cut in, then trailed off, sighing. He rubbed his forehead, glancing down, seemingly preoccupied with his own thoughts. He sighed again. “There were some things I had to work out with Emily on this trip back. For the divorce. It…made me think about things.”

Rush narrowed his eyes. “What things?” He said, not particularly kindly.

Young looked at Rush, something unidentified flickering behind his face, and rubbed a hand over his mouth. “Look,” he said, leaning forward a little and resting his elbows on his knees. “Emily and I…we had a lot of problems, and most of them were my fault. There probably wasn’t any one thing that could have fixed things for us, but I…I wonder sometimes. I’ve…wondered sometimes, if I’d told her…if I’d been more honest with her…about…about me, if,” he swallowed. “If anything would have been different, so I—” He fiddles with the metal cup in hands and shot Rush an embarrassed look. “I was just wondering,” he finished in a quiet mumble.

Rush blinked. His heart wasn’t beating hard anymore, and he was having a trouble holding on to his indignation. Young’s voice as he’d rambled had been so raw, his expression so lost, that Rush couldn’t really view this as any kind of deliberate attack. Young had reached out to Rush and poked a wound he hadn’t known was there, and Rush couldn’t really blame him for that. Rush let out a long sigh through his nose.

“I…” he started, then let out another sigh. “I’m not sure I’m someone to ask about that,” he said, as simply and evenly as he could.

Young nodded, accepting, but Rush could sense a certain disappointment.
“Truth is,” Rush said after a moment, closing his laptop. He swallowed, and rubbed his palms together. He couldn’t believe he was bloody doing this. “When I was young, I never…sex, never interested me all that much.”

Young’s right eyebrow arched sharply.

Rush sighed acerbically. “Yes, I’m aware of the irony,” he said, glaring. “Perhaps it’d be more accurate it to say…people, didn’t interest me much, and sex never seemed worth the trouble.” He gestured weakly. “My wife…she was different.” Rush glanced away. “Special. She…interested me. She was the only one.” He swallowed. “So…no, I never told her I might have an interest in men, because I…didn’t, really. I never even looked at anyone but her. Not—” He cut off. There was a nervous squirm in his belly, a dull distant smashing sound in his ear that he pointedly ignored.

Young was watching him with an inscrutable expression, listening with quiet attention. “So,” he said after a minute of silence. “You never…?”

Rush shook his head. “No. Not till her.”

“With anyone?” Young asked, incredulous. Rush shrugged. Young let out a low breath, and leaned back. “Wow,” he said, voice hushed. There was a thoughtful silence. “So, when did you…” Young glanced at Rush. “If you weren’t sleeping with men before you were with your wife, and you were married for so long…” His brow furrowed. “When did you start sleeping with men?” He paused. “I’m assuming you didn’t cheat on her,” he said, with a slight questioning at the end.

Rush glared daggers. “No.”

“Okay,” Young said in a placating tone. “Then…what happened?”

Rush leaned back into the couch and shrugged, crossing his arms over his chest. “It…I don’t know,” he evaded.

Young eyed him suspiciously. “Who was the first man you slept with?”

A point-blank question. Damn. That…was inconvenient. He could make something up he
supposed...he chewed his lip and averted his gaze, trying to think of something, something plausible and easy to remember...

“Rush?” Young said, questioningly.

Rush sighed. Fuck it.

“Greer,” he said after a moment. He tried to say it as casually as possible, as he picked imaginary lint off his sleeve.

There was a silence. Then:

“Greer?"

Rush looked over at Young disbelieving face.

“And you—” Young sputtered, and it was comical enough to make Rush crack a smile. Young shook his head, seemingly still at a loss for words. “Greer?” He repeated again, then a third time, softer. “How the hell did he handle that?” Young glanced at Rush, sounding perturbed. “Your… first time.”

“Well, I didn’t tell him,” Rush said easily. “Obviously.”

Like a sudden storm cloud, Young’s expression grew dark. “You didn’t tell him,” he repeated, flatly.

“Uh,” Rush shifted uncertainly. “No? Why would I?”

“Why—” Young broke off suddenly and stood up. He walked away from Rush, pacing across the room, and rubbed his face with his hand. “Jesus Christ,” Rush heard him mutter. He set his cup down on the counter by the mirror with a clang, and spun back around to face Rush. “What if… what if he’d gone too fast, what if he’d hurt you,” Young said, tripping over his words.
Rush shot him a look. “Well, knowing me, I probably would have preferred that.”

“Jesus CHRIST, Rush!” Rush actually jumped a bit at Young’s shout. “Are you that stupid?”

Rush gaped at him, shocked and speechless. “…I’m sorry,” he said after a moment, sitting up. “Are you…are you pissed at me?” Young glared in response, and Rush scoffed incredulously. “You can’t be serious,” he dismissed with a sneer.

“Rush,” Young said warningly, but Rush rode over him.

“Why?” Rush exclaimed, anger bleeding into his voice. “What possible reason could you have to be so fucking annoyed about?”

Young’s jaw clenched, and after a while Rush was convinced he wasn’t going to say anything, and they’d just be staring menacingly at each other for the foreseeable future.

“You lied.”

Rush blinked. “Excuse me?”

“That’s why I’m mad. You lied.” Young stood unmoving.


Young glowered. “You lied and—”

“To Greer?” Rush interrupted, jeering derisively.

“To me!” Young yelled over him. Rush was brought up short.
“Wha’?” Rush blurted numbly.

Young took a breath and visibly reeled himself, chest heaving, nostrils flaring. “I am angry,” he ground through clenched teeth. “Because you lied to me.”

Rush blinked stupidly. “No,” he said quietly, his first instinct rapid denial. “No, I—”

“The first time you went down on me,” Young said bluntly. “You said, ‘you didn’t have much experience with that.’” He paused, fixing Rush with a look. “You’d never done it all before. Not even close. Had you?”

Rush’s lips parted in dreadful realization. “I…” he croaked. There was a long pause.

“That’s what I thought.” Young said after a moment.

Rush swallowed. He was tempted to make the argument that ‘none at all’ was certainly included under the description of ‘not much experience’, but somehow he didn’t think the semantic argument would get him much headway.

“From the beginning,” Young went on. “You deliberately misled me, making me think that—” He broke off, shaking his head helplessly. “That—that this at least wasn’t all completely new for you, that you had some handle on things, that—” He broke off again, seemingly overcome by something.

“You can’t do that,” he said, some time later, his voice impossibly quiet. “You can’t—” He broke off a third time, breathing in deeply through his nose. After a moment, he just shook his head helplessly.

Rush swallowed, and turned to stare at his shoes. The worst part was, that Young was right. He’d done it on purpose. He hadn’t wanted Young to know the truth, that he was only the second man he’d ever been with. So, he’d told him half-truths and insinuations. He’d put on airs and avoided direct questions. He could tell himself that none of that was technically lying, but clearly, that mattered not a whit to Young. To Young, it was the intent that mattered, the intent to deceive. And of that, Rush was unequivocally guilty.

There were words he should say here, words like, ‘You’re right’, and ‘I’m sorry’, but they stuck in
his throat and he couldn’t quite spit them out. But he *was* sorry…well, sort of. He grimaced. He
couldn’t quite make it to real, sincere regret, but he was sorry that what he’d done had unavoidably
involved betraying Young’s confidence in him. He was…sorry *enough*, enough to want to make
amends. And he wanted…well, he wanted Young not to be angry with him anymore. He wanted to
show him…that he understood—that he understood *why* Young was angry, if nothing else.

He stood up.

“Okay,” he said softly, wiping his palms on his jeans. He was nervous. This was going to be…hard
for him. His stomach was already clenching at the thought, in fact. But at least it seemed possible,
which made it a better proposition than a heartfelt apology at the moment. He crossed to Young, and
swallowed. “So…so what do you want to do then?” He made himself lift his chin and look Young
in the eye.

Young eyed him warily. “What do you mean.”

Rush inhaled, and looked away, waving a hand vaguely. “So, so, yeah then. Right, fine, I…I lied to
you, so, then…” He trailed off, and glanced back at Young cautiously. Young just watched, stone-
faced. “…punish me.” He finally got the words out, and let out a quiet, restrained sigh. His face
was red, but he’d done it, and he was honestly just a little bit proud of himself for that.

Young’s brow furrowed, then suddenly his lips tightened and he let out a harsh, bitter laugh. The
sound stung Rush’s ears and he found his face heating even more. “No,” Young said shaking his
head in cruel amusement. He pointed a finger in Rush’s face, and his voice grew hard. “No, no, I
am well and truly pissed at you right now, and I do not want you to *get off* on it!” With that, he
turned his back to Rush and walked away, leaving Rush standing alone and feeling like he’d been
slapped.

No. No, Rush reflected with a certain surprise, this hurt much worse than that. Young’s words had
been a punch to the gut he could almost physically feel, bruising and nauseating in the pit of his
stomach. But, almost as soon as he felt it, a wave of fury washed in like a balm, filling and covering
the wound with rapid and practiced efficiency. He gritted his teeth as the blood in his head roared,
and he reached blindly for the metal cup Young had left on the countered nook by the mirror.

Then, he launched it with all his strength at the back of Young’s head.

His aim was off, and it hit Young in the shoulder, who flinched with a muffled cry and spun around,
looking bewildered.
“Wha—” Young started, but Rush had already reached back, grabbing for whatever was closest at hand, which happened to be Young’s razor, and lobbed it across the room as well.

“YOU…!” Rush railed at Young with resentful frustration. For Young to say that, for Young to think that, as though that’s all any of this was, as if it didn’t mean anything, didn’t cost anything for Rush to let Young do what he did, for Rush to obey and submit and allow and offer himself to be punished, for Young to just spit at it like it was nothing…but to actually say any of that would mean admitting that it meant something, admitting to Young how much, and he absolutely, positively, could not do that right now.

So instead, he simply hurled small objects and insults in Young’s general direction.

“YOU…STUPID…BRAINLESS…THICK-SKULLED…BOORISH…THOUGHTLESS…HALF-WIT!”

Each word was accompanied by another hurtled projectile, which a startled Young had to duck and deflect as best he could. Eventually, Rush stood, panting, having run out of things to throw. He glared at Young, who looked somewhat harried, and bared his teeth.

“You can go ahead, and fuck yourself tonight,” Rush bit out viciously, and made a beeline for the door.

Young intercepted him, grabbing him by the arm, and Rush lashed out, snarling. Rush vaguely heard Young say his name as they devolved into an artless scuffle, grunting and grappling at each other. Young managed to use his superior weight to press Rush backwards till the back of his knees hit the bed and he fell onto his back with a thump. He growled, starting to surge back up, but Young hopped on top of him, and pinned him. Rush tried to push him off, but Young caught his wrists in each hand.

“Rush,” Young ground out as he fought to keep his grip on Rush’s wrists while Rush twisted and flailed in his grasp. “Just—” He grunted as Rush managed to pull one of Young’s hands in range of his mouth and bite him. “Goddamnit, just—” Finally, he managed to yank Rush’s hands above his head and pressed them to the mattress. “Just calm down.”

Rush spat in his face.
The spittle hit Young on his right cheek, and the man closed his eyes with a restrained and resigned sigh. He hung his head a moment, took a deep breath, then lifted it again and opened eyes.

Rush met his gaze with a defiant glare, his body held taut as a spring as he contemplated smashing Young’s head with his own, some small part of him holding him back from escalating this to a full blown fight. Young looked at him evenly, his eyes fixed on Rush’s with a quiet intensity. He took another deep breath.

“I’m sorry.” Young paused, like he was making sure Rush could hear him. “I shouldn’t have said what I did, and I’m sorry.”

Rush blinked, not fully processing at first. Young kept their eyes locked, staring down at Rush, urging Rush to stare back with the sheer openness of his gaze. Slowly, Rush felt his muscles begin to uncoil. Young seemed to sense him relax, and let out a breath. He gave a little nod and climbed off of Rush, turning to sit on the edge of the bed next to him.

Rush swallowed, and pushed himself up on his elbows. The sharp adrenaline of his fury and the fight was draining out of him, leaving behind a hollow tiredness. They were both quiet.

“I know,” Young said after a long while. His voice was low, barely above a whisper. “That…you’re not going to tell me everything. I get that. I don’t…expect that.” He half turned his face toward Rush. “But I…I need to know, that when it matters, when it’s…relevant, when it’s important,” he left a soft emphasis the last word. “That,” Young let out a sigh. “That you won’t keep things from me.”

Rush glanced away, and odd tightness in his throat and chest.

Young looked down at his hands in his lap. When he spoke again, his words were said haltingly, and his voice was somehow even more quiet. “What we do. How we do things. There are things…” Young swallowed, shook his head, and tried again. “There are things I need to know.”

“I know,” Rush said softly. He felt rotten. Because he did know. He knew Young was right. But he didn’t know if knowing that would make any difference. He bowed his head, shaking it back and forth with a forlorn sigh. “I couldn’t tell you then,” he said pleadingly, begging Young to understand. “Not…not then, not at the beginning.”

Young turned his head and looked at him. After a moment, he gave a slow nod of
acknowledgement. There was a pause. “What about now?” he asked.

Rush pressed his lips together. “There are things I can tell you now,” he said simply. “There are… other things I can’t.” It wasn’t much of an answer, but Young took it anyway.

“And tomorrow?” Young asked. ‘Tomorrow’ was clearly standing in for all future points in time.

Rush swallowed tightly. “I don’t know.” He wished he could tell Young something more—swear he’d never lie again, never keep anything from him again, never hide from him again—but any promise like that would itself be a lie. “I can try,” he added weakly. It was the most he could promise. The best he could offer. Again, it wasn’t much.

Young regarded him thoughtfully. After a long moment, he nodded. “Okay.” With that, he rubbed his hands over his face, and then laid back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. After a moment, Rush laid back down as well.

They stayed like that, shoulder to shoulder, both staring up at the at nothing in particular.

“You still mad about what I said?” Said Young after a beat or two.

“It was a shitty thing to say,” Rush snapped.

Young let out a quiet breath, nodding softly, almost to himself. “Yeah,” he agreed somberly.

He didn’t say anything else.

Rush inhaled through his nose, and let out a deep, cooling breath. He turned his head. “I’ll get over it,” he said, and let the slightest hint of a smile tug at his lips. Young turned to look at him, and soon, he had a soft smile of his own.

With that, the last tension in the air lifted. Rush wasn’t sure if they’d forgiven each other, but they seemed to have decided it wasn’t worth staying angry at each other, which was maybe close enough.
“Well,” Young said after a bit, rolling onto one side to face Rush. He had an amused expression on his face. “I guess now I know why you like being called a whore so much.”

Rush’s brow crinkled and he shot Young an offended look. “Excuse me?”

Young chuckled softly as Rush sputtered. “It makes perfect sense, now,” he said with good-humor. “It’s pretty common actually.” He shrugged. “People like playing at being what they’re not.”

Rush felt his face go blank. “What?”

“Oh, come on,” Young gently jibed. “You’ve only been with three people your whole life, one of which you were married to.” He smirked. “By today’s standards, you’re practically a unicorn.”

Rush snorted, the ridiculous comparison managing to startle a laugh from him. “Shut it,” he mumbled.

“Aw, come on,” Young teased. “I think it’s cute.” He brushed over Rush’s hip with his hand. “All that grunting and groaning about being slut and a whore, and you’re almost a virgin.”

Rush barked out a laugh. “Hardly.”

“Okay, maybe that’s a stretch,” Young conceded. He brushed a kiss to Rush’s forehead. “But I’d still say you’re more of a unicorn than a whore.”

Rush looked into Young’s warm and affable expression, and felt a pang of shame.

“Yeh dinnae what yer talkin’ about,” he muttered, looking down at the bit of bed between them.

Young merely chuckled again, and leaned down to press his lips against Rush’s. The sweetness in the kiss was almost painful, and Rush closed his eyes at the tightness that lodged in his chest and throat.
“Fuck me,” Rush said, tugging his lips away with a light gasp, half-demanding, half-pleading.

“I thought I was stuck fucking myself tonight,” Young said mildly.

“I changed my mind,” Rush said easily, shrugging one shoulder. Young chortled, and moved in for a deeper kiss as he rolled on top of Rush and pressed him into the bed.

Rush opened his legs, welcoming Young’s mass as he settled between them. Their lips tangled together as their hands slid through each other’s hair, relaxed and pleasantly unhurried. Before too long though, their movements took on a more urgent tone. Young reached for Rush’s belt, undoing it with solid, efficient tugs and yanked down on the waist of Rush’s jeans. Wrapping his arms about Young’s neck, Rush let himself be pulled up to his knees as Young worked the denim trousers off his legs and the boots from off his feet, before tossing all of it off the bed.

Now naked from the waist down, Rush reached for the buckle of Young’s belt in turn, while Young unzipped and discarded his uniform jacket. Rush felt a heady thrill as he coaxed Young’s trousers over the curve of his arse, shoving them down around the man’s thighs as Young slid his arms around him and peppered his mouth with kisses. Awkwardly, they finally managed to dislodge Young’s lower garments from his legs in between animated kisses and disordered groping. With both of their lower halves stripped, Young pulled Rush into his lap. After some fumbling to get his hands on the jar of lubricant, while Rush tickled his throat with his lips and tongue, scrabbling blindly over his chest and back with his hands, Young finally slipped some wet fingers between Rush’s cheeks.

Rush gasped at the first brush to the lower curve of his arse, and then groaned as Young began to massage firmly over his hole and perineum. He took Young’s face in both hands and kissed him, arching as Young speared him with first one slick digit, and then two. Young fucked him open gently, his fingers smoothly gliding in and out before twisting and stretching him with practiced motions. Rush continued to kiss him, panting wetly into Young’s mouth as his hole was widened and prepared for Young’s cock.

Rush could feel Young’s hardness against his thigh, and he rocked into it gently with his own, a burst of pleasure sparking through him as their similarly swollen heads brushed together. Young let out a low growl against his mouth, and sank three fingers to the hilt in one thrust. Rush gasped, his eyelids fluttering at the rigid invasion, and instinctively started to fuck himself on Young’s hand. Young let him, stroking his still tender arse cheeks with his thumb and pinky as Rush shifted up and down on his fingers. When Rush was loose enough, Young slipped his final fourth finger in beside the other three, rotating them in a last, unbending stretch to Rush’s hole before pulling them out.

Not bothering to remove their shirts, Rush pulled as Young pushed, and they fell back to the bed, face to face, with Rush below and Young on top of him. Rush drew his knees up, and Young
immediately aligned himself with his offered entrance. In one smooth motion, Young breached him, and Rush wrapped his legs tightly around his middle. Together, they worked Young’s cock into his straining passage; Young leaning into him with constant, steady pressure while Rush pressed with his legs to Young’s back and pulled him in until he was fully sheathed.

Young waited only a breath with his hips squeezed tight to Rush’s backside, and then began to rock, slowly and evenly, undulating his hips in a rolling motion that seemed to bring him ever, impossibly, deeper into the hollows of Rush’s body. Eyes half-closed, Rush canted his hips upwards, meeting each subtle, swelling prod of Young’s cock with a rocking sway of his own. He felt no hurry to come now; now that Young was inside him, he thought he might stay here forever, comfortably aroused in a state of perpetual warmth and haziness.

“Talk to me.” Rush blinked, eyes focusing on Young’s face at the murmured command. His lips curved upwards, even as he half-rolled his eyes in exasperation.

“What—why?” he whined laughingly.

“I like hearing you talk,” Young answered simply, his voice low and sonorous, dark eyes dancing. “Especially when I’m in you.”

Rush puffed out a breath. “I don’t know what you want me to say,” he retorted plaintively.


Rush smirked. “You know what I’m feeling,” he said, clenching around Young’s girth.

“Do I?” Young said mildly. Rush eyed him incredulously, wondering if that was a joke. “Tell me.”

Rush shook his head with wearied amusement, and slipped his hands behind Young’s neck. “I’m feeling your cock in me, of course” he mouthed coquettishly.

“And?”

“And?” Rush repeated archly.
“How’s it feel?” Young prompted softly.

“Very nice, thank you,” Rush answered, snickering.

The corners of Young’s eyes crinkled merrily, but he sighed with mild frustration. “That’s not very descriptive.”

“Oh, ho!” Rush said with a laugh. “You want descriptive, do you?” He grinned up at Young. “Want to hear me gush about your enormous cock, and how hot and hard it is in me? Hmm?”

Young looked down at him, his expression sober and guarded, then said simply: “I want to know what you feel. What you’re feeling. Whatever that is.”

Rush’s face stilled. Young’s eyes watched him, both dark and bright. Waiting. Rush thought about answering with more filth; dirty words about his aching, cock-stuffed hole, something that would rev Young up, get him to fuck him blind and forget about everything else. But that would feel too much like a misdirection, a trick to keep from really answering, and after their earlier altercation—still so very fresh in his mind—Rush realized he would rather say nothing at all than do that.

He could say nothing at all.

Instead, he stroked the back of Young’s neck with his fingers, and gently drew him downward. He rested Young’s head against his shoulder, the man’s left ear set against his lips, and held him there, just breathing. He heart was beating loudly in his chest, and he was sure Young could feel it, pressed up against him as he was. He could feel Young’s own chest rising and falling, the muffled thump thump of his heart beating through his shirt. He swallowed, looking up at the ceiling and trying to gather some kind of nerve to get through this, to force himself to…he didn’t know why this was so hard. No matter what he did, how he exposed of himself, there always seemed to be another layer for Young to strip away, leaving him freshly flayed and bared anew with all the virgin shame in entailed.

“I feel,” he whispered, dizziness swirling about his brain. “…Full. So full, it—” He breathed in. “Like I’m filled up. Like there’s…nothing else inside me. It’s all been rooted out, dug out of me to make room…for…for you.” He sensed tears prickling in the corners of his eyes, and he blinked them back stubbornly. “I can feel you…all the way through me, like…like a stake. Like an anchor. It…it hurts,” and here he hissed, turning his face into the skin of Young’s neck. “I know you don’t understand,” he whispered fiercely, he voice sounding wrecked. “I know it…it scares you,
but,” he swallowed thickly. “It’s not…bad, not a bad hurt, it—” He broke off, closing his eyes tightly as he tried so desperately to explain. “It’s like…alcohol,” he said finally. “It burns inside you, but…it feels good.” All at once, it was too much, and he arched up into Young, gripping him tightly with both arms and legs. “…so good,” he rasped brokenly, his swollen, aching cock dragging between his body and Young’s.

In a flash, Young’s hand was in his hair, turning him so Young could claim his mouth in a searing kiss, just as his other hand wrapped around Rush’s cock in a warm, steady fist. Rush cried out, strangled and sharp, the sound swallowed in the caverns of Young’s mouth as he bucked up uncontrollably, shaking and quivering with Young’s every touch. His legs squeezed around Young’s waist and his feet dug into Young’s back; his arms held tight around Young’s shoulders, and his face was buried in the curve Young’s neck with his nose brushing Young’s hair and inhaling Young’s scent; his arse was filled with Young’s cock, his mouth with Young’s tongue, his cock was enveloped with Young’s hand, and as Young rocked into him and jerked him off in a steady rhythm Rush found himself swept away, his only thoughts an endless whirling spiral of Young, Young, Young.

Rush spilled himself in Young’s hand, sucking whimperingly on Young’s tongue. His face felt hot, and cool at the same time, his cheeks wet with what could either be sweat or tears. Young came not long after, clasp at Rush’s face with a grunt as he pumped warm seed deep within Rush’s insides.

They stayed there a long time, wrapped up in each other, frozen and gasping with their mouths open and interlocked. Finally, Rush swallowed what was probably both his and Young’s saliva, and lay his head back on the bed beneath him. A string of spittle stretched between their lips before breaking with a pop, and Young placed his elbow next to Rush’s face to push himself up. He was still lodged inside Rush, and Rush knees were still pulled up with his legs wrapped loosely round Young’s sides. They looked at each other, just breathing. Then, Rush reached for Young’s right hand, and began licking his cum from Young’s palm. Young said nothing, watching quietly as Rush worked over his skin with tiny, soft laps of his tongue. After a moment, he tucked a strand of hair behind Rush’s ear.

“Alcohol,” Young murmured thoughtfully. “Does that make me your drug of choice?”

Rush giggled softly behind Young’s hand, and flicked his eyes up. “I’d have thought that was fairly evident by this point.” He placed pointed open-mouthed kiss to Young palm, sucking up the cum there. “Though I’m not sure if choice has much to do with it.”

Young made a small hrm sound. “What does that mean?”

Rush sighed. “It means…it is what it is.” He glanced at Young. “We are…what we are.”
“Mm.” Young tilted his head. “And what is that?”

Rush bit back another sigh, and gave a Young a small, half—almost sad—smile. “Completely addicted,” he said with an ironic lilt.

Young let a smile grow across his face. “Yeah.” He lowered, wrapping Rush in an embrace and rolling them both over so Rush was laid on top. He placed one palm against the side of Rush’s face, and the other on the curve of his backside. Softly, he brushed along Rush’s cheek. “Okay,” he said softly. He was looking into Rush’s eyes, his own eyes clear with a kind of contentment, and Rush wondered what he was seeing.

The shared a last kiss, a soft brush of lips, and then settled in to sleep. Rush laid atop Young’s chest with his legs held up against Young’s sides. Young was still inside him, his slick and softened member left, almost casually, within Rush’s distended. Neither of them said, or did, anything to remedying that, and they fell asleep without it having ever been remarked upon.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Young convinces Rush to take some vacation time.

Chapter Notes

Not much to say for this one, it's more of a breather after the last chapter, but I wanted to say thank for all the kind comments! I'm sorry if I don't get around to responding to all of you, but know how much I do appreciate each and every one of you, and I hope you're doing all right in this new year :-) 

Waking up with Rush’s hot ass wrapped around his morning erection was one of those things that made Young wonder if he’d lost his mind. Not ‘lost his mind’ in the metaphorical, hyperbolic sense, but had some kind of mental break with reality and was currently trapped in series of vivid hallucinations. Because this, so much of this, all of this, was, simply, ‘unbelievable’ in the most literal sense of the word.

He blearily opened his eyes, blinking away the crisp sleep from his eyelashes. Rush, at some point in the night, had pushed Young’s t-shirt up above his chest, and had one side of his face pressed to Young’s bare skin. Young let out a slow breath and stroked the back of Rush’s head, and Rush immediately lifted at the motion, turning his face and eyes toward Young. His eyes were clear and open, and Young wondered how long he’d been awake, lying there placidly with Young’s erect cock stuffed inside him. Rush quietly placed his folded hands on Young’s chest and laid his cheek upon them, looking up at Young through his eyelashes. He didn’t speak.

Without a word, Young reached for the jar of lube sitting on the bedside table. He coated two fingers liberally, then carefully reached behind Rush. He stroked along where the base of his cock adjoined to the rim of Rush’s stretched opening, before slipping them inside and sliding between his length and the walls of Rush’s passage. Rush let his eyes fall half-closed and released a little puffing sigh through his nose, allowing Young to work with no resistance whatsoever. Rush’s hardness lay between their bellies, and Young felt it give a mild twitch every once in a while as Young probed his hole.

“Okay,” Young said quietly when he’d finished. “We should be able to take it out now, without too much trouble.”

Rush opened his eyes and gazed at Young with a glazed expression. A soft smile pulled at his lips. “I don’t want it out,” he said with a hushed sigh. Young’s cock gave an elated twitch, and Rush’s smile widened. “May I ride you,” he asked politely. “Sir?”

A heady wave washed over Young. He felt himself nod. “Okay. Sit up.”

Rush pushed up off Young’s chest in a graceful, languid motion, and settled himself on Young’s hips. He shifted lightly, skewering himself more securely on Young’s length, his own cock curving
beautifully out from his body.

“Lift up,” Young instructed, his voice muffled, and placed a light hand to Rush’s hip. Rush raised himself on his knees, letting Young’s member slowly slip out of him. With only the tip kept inside, he stopped, and Young quickly palmed a healthy amount of lube around his exposed length. Then he gave Rush a small nod. That was all the signal Rush needed, and he glided back down to envelop Young’s cock in his heat.

Up and down, over and over, Rush took Young into his body, panting wetly. He was mostly quiet, only letting out little intermittent grunt and gasps, an occasional soft, high-pitched cry escaping his lips. Young had let his hands fall to his sides, but soon found them inching up Rush’s legs and taking hold of him by the hips. Rush’s palms shoved into Young’s shoulders as he continued fucking down on Young’s girth, the warmth and friction sliding along Young’s nerve endings like prickling light.

With each thrust, Rush’s cock seemed to grow a deeper and deeper hue, bouncing in front of him and looking painfully swollen and hard. Precum began to leak from the tip, dripping futilely onto Young’s stomach, and Rush gritted his teeth, his face twisting into a grimace.

“You want me to touch you?” Young asked. Rush paused midmotion. He swallowed, gave a tight little nod, and then resumed. “Hmm,” Young hummed to himself thoughtfully. He stroked his thumbs across Rush’s hipbones, then slid them inward along the soft skin of Rush’s lower stomach, tantalizingly close to his hanging member. Rush whimpered, lower muscles clenching almost spasmodically as Young teased him. Rush’s cock swayed and stuttered. It was certainly tempting to wrap his fist around that velvety hardness, to feel the weight of him against his palm as he stroked him to orgasm. On the other hand…

“No, I don’t think so,” Young concluded. He reached around and took hold of the mounds of Rush’s ass in both hands. “You’ll come on my cock, or not at all.”

Rush head fell forward and he let out a low keen from the back of his throat. “Yes…sir.”

Shoulders hunched, he slammed himself down on Young’s erection with renewed vigor, his restrained vocalizations giving way to helpless, wailing cries. He tilted his head back, lips parted as he poured out a constant stream of grunting, sobbing AH! AH! AH!—s, his brow creased in concentration.

He was close, Young could tell. So was Young, for that matter. Young had no doubt Rush could fuck himself into coming, but whether he did so before Young finally gave into his own orgasm was up in the air. The race at this point was too close to call. Young knew he could skew the result, one way or the other—a strategically placed word or action, and he could grant Rush either relief, or frustration. He kneaded Rush’s buttocks as he thought it over, and then, decided, lifted one hand and brought it down hard on Rush’s left butt-cheek.

CRACK!

The noise reverberated loudly through the room, and Rush screamed, strangled and ragged, as he came; clenching his fists into Young’s bunched up shirt. His body was held taut and rigid while his cock jerked and sprayed spunk onto Young’s bare abdomen. As the inner walls of Rush’s passage constricted around his throbbing length, Young’s hips snapped upward and he started coming as well, filling Rush’s ass with all the hot, milky fluid he could manage.

They stayed there a while, gasping in the wake of their shared climax, before Rush slowly inched off of him, bowing forward to lick Young’s sweat and cum-stained stomach clean. Young rested his
hands on Rush’s thighs and let him work, watching the man’s ass, pointed up behind him, as it swayed gently in the air. Young’s cock seemed rather dejected, laying limply in the coolness of the open air against his thigh, but the view Rush was presenting was helping to alleviate the loss of Rush’s warmth around him.

Rush finished lapping up his cum from Young’s stomach and sat up on his knees, wiping some stray bits from around his mouth with the back of his hand and then licking it like a cat. He glanced at Young, a shy uncertainty behind his eyes. Young let out a breath, and shifted, sitting up against the wall as he pulled down his shirt.

“Come here,” he beckoned, and Rush obeyed, climbing up till he was within Young’s reach. Young took him by the arm and laid him down firmly, face down, across his lap. He scooted him forward, adjusting his hips so they sat over one side of Young’s thighs, tilting his ass up as dramatically as possible.

Rush perched himself on his elbows, and looked over his shoulder, eyelids lowered demurely. “Are you going to spank me, sir?” Rush asked evenly, on a slight upward tick on the ‘sir’ betraying his hopefullness.

Young smiled and affectionally rubbed the presented bum. “I wasn’t planning on it,” he said mildly. “Just gonna clean you up.”

“Yes, sir,” Rush replied, sounding a bit contrite.

He gave Rush’s ass a consoling pat. “Spread your legs, if you can,” he told him, and reached towards the nightstand.

Rush parted his thighs as much as he could in that position as Young rummaged for a cleaning cloth. The lack of running water and other conveniently placed hygiene tools had finally gotten to one of the civilians. There were dispensers with cleansing gel in the toilets, but nowhere else, so they’d come up with way of soaking cut squares of soft cloth in the gel. A dash of water from a canteen, and you had washable, reusable moist towelette. It was a pretty ingenious solution, Young mused jovially as he wetted a square of gelled fabric, rubbing it in hands.

He turned his attention back to Rush. Cum was smeared along his inner thighs and between his cheeks, dribbling freely out of his loosened entrance. Young carefully wiped the creamy gunk from Rush’s skin; he pulled gently at Rush right cheek as he worked, exposing the widened opening to his inspection. His softened cock gave a determined twitch as he studied Rush’s unnaturally dilated hole; it gaped obscenely, sloppy and wet, the inflamed redness of the flesh marred disgracefully by the sticky whiteness of Young’s cum.

Young first washed Rush’s thighs, then his balls, then his inner cheeks, before moving to wipe around the rim of his rectum. Rush had been taking in quiet, swallow breaths as Young had mopped up the cum from between his legs, but now his breath hitched at Young’s touch to his strained opening. His distended hole clenched, not quite managing to close all the way, and another glob of cum pushed its way out through the constricting muscle.

Young calmly wiped it away, not letting his hands shudder or give any indication of the burning heat rushing through him. He wrapped a stretch of the cloth around his index finger, clothing it completely, and inserted it fully inside Rush’s hole. Young heard a muffled squeal as he breached Rush, and then a low whine as he began to rotate inside. He skimmed the broad side of his cloth-encased finger around the pulsing walls of Rush’s passageway, scrubbing clean the tender inner flesh.
He withdrew his finger, almost accidentally leaving the center of the cloth inside. He tilted his head, observing the flare of fabric spiraling out of Rush’s ass. Then, methodically, he began deliberately pushing the rest of the cloth inside. Rush squirmed a bit, whimpering, as Young stuffed the fabric up his backside, leaving only a tiny corner of cloth hanging out of him. The head of Rush’s half-hard cock dragged against Young’s own increasingly stiffening member as the both reacted to Young’s ministrations, despite their recent orgasms.

When he was done, Young pulled open Rush’s cheeks and regarded his handiwork. He could see the crumpled fabric, bunched up just within the open ring of Rush’s hole. He shot a glance at Rush, who was watching him from over one shoulder. His softly parted lips glistened lightly, and a thin sheen of sweat was sprinkled across his forehead.

Young brushed a thumb down in a line over Rush’s cloth-packed opening. “You feel how loose you are,” he said gruffly.

Rush nodded mutely, eyes glassy and unfocussed. Young pinched a corner of fabric between two fingers and yanked it out in one swift motion. Rush let out a choked mewl, giving a jerking shudder as his ass flared wide. Young dropped the used cloth on the bed between Rush’s legs, wiping his hand on the bedding, and returned to cup an ass-cheek in one palm. Pausing only to squeeze once, he sank his thumb into Rush’s waiting hole. Rush gave a soft ah! sound as Young explored inside. Now smooth and dry, Young marveled at the space within Rush’s passage; even clenching, Rush’s sphincter couldn’t manage to close completely around the thick digit of Young’s thumb.

Withdrawing, Young placed three fingers in his mouth, and sucked. Then, experimentally, he inserted one finger down to the third knuckle, finding no resistance from the muscles within, and stroked Rush’s prostate. Jerking, Rush squeaked in response, his eyes shutting tightly. Young pulled out, and quickly slid in again with two fingers. Still finding plenty of room, he brushed Rush’s prostate again and withdrew, returning with all three fingers this time. Rush whimpered, his lower lip trembling, but Young found he could easily sink them all, full-knuckles deep, inside. He crooked his fingers, hooking them down to tug lightly at the lower rim of Rush’s circle, and found his prostate yet again. This time, he pressed firmly, massaging insistently with the pads of his fingers.

Rush moaned wantonly and finally dropped his head into his arms. Young continued making tight circles and steady prods to the sensitive gland, while Rush buried his face into his elbows and cradled his head in his hands, fingers threading tightly through his dark hair. Using his other arm, Young took Rush around the middle and shifted him in his lap till their cocks locked snugly against each other. Rush released a strangled cry, which devolved into dry sobs as Young increased the pressure and speed on his prostate. With a final crushing press down on the swollen gland, Rush bucked helplessly in his lap and came, stabbing into Young’s groin and blanketing his cock and balls in a fresh wave of cum.

Young let the last tremors roll through Rush’s frame, and then extracted his fingers from his gaping hole. He wiped them briskly on the mounds of Rush’s backside, then reached out with his other hand. He slipped his fingers in between Rush’s hands and his head, coaxing them away, and grabbed a fistful of silky hair in one hand. With that, he dragged Rush back on his haunches and insistently pressed the man’s face to his crotch.


Rush readily followed his command, and began licking up the sticky cum now stuck to the heated, sensitive surface of Young’s genitals. His hot breath panted over the swollen flesh of Young’s cock, while his tongue left cooling trails of saliva along its length, before moving to mouth over his testes.
Young’s fixed grip didn’t allow much movement, and as Rush awkwardly lapped at Young’s straining erection and balls, he often ended up smearing streaks of cum across his face. Still, he did as best he could, even smoothing his tongue over Young’s pubic hair to swallow the glops of thick white fluid that had fallen there. When Young was satisfied with the job he’d done, he deftly maneuvered Rush’s open mouth over the tip of his cock, sliding him down the length of it till he felt Rush’s nose brush his hip. Rush went down easily, not a hint of reluctance at taking Young’s lube coated dick into his mouth.

With a sigh, Young finally released his hold. Tilting his head back against the wall he let his eyes fall closed, groaning deeply as Rush dutifully began sucking him. He applied firm suction with the hot cavern of his mouth and slid his lips up and down in near constant friction, taking Young all the way down his throat with each smooth glide.

Young had never had someone go down on him the way Rush did. Truly, the man was a cock-sucking prodigy. He’d gone from never having a dick in his mouth before, to being the goddamned patron saint of blowjobs. He should compete professionally, Young thought wildly as his eyes started to roll back in his skull. He could win prizes. And, if his incredible skill wasn’t enough, there was the mind-blowing fact of how much Rush appeared to enjoy having his mouth and throat stuffed with Young’s cock. One or the other of those would have been enough for Young to enjoy the experience, but both? That pretty much rocketed the whole thing into an entire new sphere of intense gratification.

He laid a hand gently on the back of Rush’s neck, and rubbed the base of his skull in small, smooth circles. Rush let out a guttural moan, and Young shivered as the sensation reverberated around his cock. He peeked down through his eyelashes at the man efficiently and fervidly pleasuring him with his mouth, and felt a tiny pang of regret.

He couldn’t remember when the thought had first entered his mind, but at some point he’d wondered what it would be like to pleasure Rush like that—to touch him with his tongue and take him in his mouth. Every so often, the image would briefly flicker through his brain, and his curiosity would peak just a bit more. Honestly, he wasn’t sure he’d enjoy it, but then…he wasn’t sure he wouldn’t either.

He’d contemplated just doing it; just grabbing Rush by the hips—or hell, tying him down—and going to town on his dick, but something had held him back. It would be something completely new for him, something he truly had no experience in, and that left a nervous insecurity that blocked the chance for such a confident and aggressive move. Especially since Rush had already proven himself so adept in that area, and Young could therefor only be a sad disappointment in comparison.

He’d thought it might be easier if he broached the subject first, or, better, got Rush to broach the subject. If Rush asked him to—like he’d asked for so many other things—then they could banter, there’d be a back and forth, and Young could maybe work up his nerve. So, he’d tried to drop some hints, but clearly hadn’t done a very good job because Rush appeared completely oblivious. Finally, he’d decided to bring it up himself.

When he’d asked Rush if wanted someone to go down on him, he’d expected him to say something like, ‘Why? Are you offering?’, with that sardonic smirk of his. Instead, he’d gotten a flat denial. Rush had seemed genuinely put off by the idea, which was just utterly baffling. Most people were pretty receptive to being given oral sex, as a general rule. Of course, Young reflected, most people probably didn’t crave being beaten with belts and paddles either, so maybe Rush was just…wired differently. So, he’d swallowed that tiny shred of disappointment, and dropped the idea. Rush had said he was happy with how things were, and Young…well, he certainly couldn’t complain.
No, he thought lustfully, nothing to complain about at all. He watched zealously as his bloated cock slid in and out between Rush’s taut lips, the man’s eyes closed in concentration and something like bliss. His jaw seemed to be opened impossibly wide as he swallowed Young’s plainly far too massive cock, the dusky flesh of it plugging up the cavern of his mouth like a particularly cruel and brutal gag. His face was flushed with effort, and tiny drops of perspiration stuck to his skin like dew, and yet despite his discomfort and obvious exhaustion…he persisted, carrying out the task Young had set for him willingly and, seemingly, enthusiastically.

I’m the only one to ever see this, Young thought with sudden awareness. Then, his grip tightening on Rush’s neck as he bucked his hips in impulsive possessiveness, the next connecting thought: Mine’s the only cock he’s ever sucked.

It was a heady realization. A feeling of power and privilege shot directly into his veins like a drug, and it pushed him over the edge in an instant. Cum splured into Rush’s mouth as he did his best to swallow it all down. Some of it escaped, dripping out around Young’s cock in thick dribbles.

Young used his hand at Rush’s neck to lift his head just enough to allow the tip of his cock to slip from his lips. It fell out with a soft *plop*, and Rush sucked in a gasping breath through his open mouth. He looked utterly ravished; lips red and swollen, face streaked with cum, his eyes glinting with self-aware vulgarity. Rush was a picture of flagrant debauchery, the very concept of lustful carnality made flesh. He met Young’s eyes, flicking his gaze up from underneath his brows.

“Will that be all, sir?” He asked hoarsely, a lewd lilt coloring his voice—and part of Young wanted to answer: *No*; wanted to lay Rush flat on his stomach; wanted to tie his arms tight behind his back; wanted to take the paddle or brush and spank his pert bottom till his bruised, or whip it with cutting strokes from the wooden switch; wanted to lick out his gaping hole till they were both hard again and then fuck him once more, this time spewing cum all over his beaten and blackened ass.

He let out a deep breath. “Yeah,” he cupped Rush’s cum-spattered cheek. “That’s all.”

Rush smiled a knowing smile, and sat up on his knees, licking at some of the cum from around his mouth. Young eyed him a moment, and then drew him in for a kiss. It was a simple one; they merely pressed their lips together, applying firm pressure without much else. They drew away, and Rush smirked. Then he carefully took Young’s face between his hands and licked deftly at the bits of cum that stuck to Young’s cheek and nose and chin from where their faces had brushed together. Playfully, he sucked briefly on the tip of Young’s nose, and then backed away, laughing.

“My god, it gets everywhere, doesn’t it?” Rush said, shaking his head.

Young made a *hrm* sound, and reached for another cleaning cloth. “Here,” he said, pouring some water into it.

Rush took it from him and wiped it over his face. “I haven’t got any in my hair, do I?” he asked ruefully.

Young hummed again, and leaned in, looking carefully over the strands of Rush’s locks. “No, I don’t think so.”

“Ah,” Rush said, sounding relieved. “Well that’s something, at least.” He looked at Young sideways. “I’m, uh,” he started. He paused, then let out a little puff of air. “Look, about…about yesterday…what…what I…said, or, what I…what I meant…”

“It’s okay,” Young interrupted quietly.
Rush looked at him, startled, then nodded gratefully. “Okay,” he whispered. “Okay.” He dropped the square cloth on the nightstand and ran a hand through his hair. After a breath, he pushed himself from the bed. “So, I’ll see you tonight then.” He said it mostly as a statement, but a tiny upward inflection at the end let a questioning lilt bleed through. He glanced at Young, a touch of uncertainty in his eyes.

Young nodded. “Yeah.”

Rush smiled, then ducked his head. “Okay,” he said.

He bent down, pressing another firm kiss to Young’s lips, then turned and presented ass with a little bow. Glancing once at the round, reddened cheeks, Young sat up straighter and raised his arm.

**SMACK!**

Young brought it down hard, his palm hitting low and right in the middle over Rush’s cleft. Rush’s buttocks clenched, and he pitched slightly onto his toes. There was quiet.

“…Thank you, sir,” Rush breathed after a moment. With one last backward look over his shoulder, Rush turned away. Quickly, Rush dressed and gathered his things. Young watched him from the bed, but Rush never once looked at him again. When he’d finished, he stood awkwardly in the middle of the room.

“Sh…should you check the hall?” he asked hesitantly.

For a moment, Young didn’t respond. Then, he got up. He pulled some pants on, and walked to the door. Rush followed behind.

He went the press the door control, but suddenly Rush grabbed him, spinning him around for a bruising kiss.

Breaking away, he pressed his forehead to Young’s. “You have ruined me,” he whispered furtively. “Completely. I hope you know that.” Then he stepped back

They said nothing else after that. Young simply checked the hallway let him leave, not sure at all what it meant, or what he felt about it.

Eli had been the one find them, of course: electronic data readers.

Since paper was no longer an easily acquired commodity, it made sense for all of the information they gathered and reports they made to stay imputed into the computer and nothing more, but it was kind of a hassle to have to find an interface whenever anyone needed to read something or look something up. A few people had brought laptops they could gerrymander into sharing at least somewhat with Destiny’s computer, but that still left everyone else. So, when Eli had found these devices and realized what they were for, it seemed like a godsend.
Young knew that as they explored further and further, encountered more and more planets, it was going to be increasingly important to keep detailed records and reports, and for those reports to be easily read and accessible. Young, had always made a point of thoroughly reading through everything that was reported by his people. He didn’t entirely know why, or why it was so important to him that he did. He just didn’t like to leave anything undone, he supposed. Anyway, now with this little data tablet, he was finally in a position to catch up on months of backlog. It was a bit daunting—he suddenly imagined the actual physical stack of pages that one little flat disk represented—but it would be good to review what had happened, and get better acquainted with the perspectives of his crewmembers.

Young’s eyes flicked up from the flat reading device in his hand, and looked at the man sitting across from him.

Rush was working.

This was not unusual, Young mused to himself, watching as Rush was sat peering intently at his laptop with a furrowed brow.

It was three in the afternoon, and Rush was sitting in Young’s quarters, working.

This, was also not unusual. Which was really the strangest part of the whole scene—that it was not unusual.

Giving his head a tiny shake—in wonderment at the absurdity of the universe—Young turned back to his reading.

Sometime later, he heard a slam! He looked up.

Rush’s laptop was now closed, and the man was rubbing his eyes with one hand, his glasses held loosely in the other. His shoulders were hunched and his jaw was clenched in frustration. “Damnit,” he whispered to himself. Then he sighed deeply and looked up, putting his glasses back on, and caught Young staring at him. He froze, looking embarrassed.

“Sorry,” Rush mumbled. “Didn’t mean to…” He trailed off, rubbing his forehead.

Young thought of and discarded a number of equally inane sounding questions, finally just picking one.

“Everything alright?”

Rush shrugged, sighing. “It’s…” he waved vaguely. “It’s…fine.”

He looked haggard, worn down. And, now that Young thought about it, he wasn’t entirely sure Rush had eaten lunch that day. Rush spent more time working than anyone he’d ever met, which would have been fine, if it hadn’t seemed to run him so ragged.

“Maybe you should take a day off,” Young suggested.

Rush glared at him. “Very funny.”

“I’m serious,” Young said. “When’s the last time you took even half a day not to bury yourself in
Rush looked at him incredulously. “Have you forgotten where we are?” He scoffed, gesturing to the room, indicating Destiny at large. “No one takes ‘half-days’ here.”

“They do, actually,” Young said raising an eyebrow. Rush stopped, shot him a strange look. Young met his gaze. “Yes,” he said patiently. “Everyone knows something could happen at a moment’s notice, but when things aren’t happening, people take advantage of the time. They relax, unwind, replenish. Having downtime is important not just for morale, but for maintaining physical and mental health.” He smirked. “That’s TJ talking, not me. People just work better if they’re not always working.”

Rush glanced down at his hands. “I…” He picked at his fingernails. “…I can’t do that,” he said finally. He cast Young a helpless look. “If I’m not working, if I’m not doing something,” he sighed. “I can’t relax. All I’ll be thinking about is what I’m not doing. What I should be doing.” He grimaced, and looked down at his hands again.

Young was quiet.

“Maybe I can help you with that.” He said, before the thought had even fully formed in his mind.

Rush lifted his head and met Young’s gaze. For moment, their eyes stayed locked, unmoving. Then, slowly, Rush’s eyes slid to one side, one corner of his mouth curving upward.

He turned back to Young with a small smile. “What did you have in mind?”

Young wasn’t entirely sure, but he lifted his chin and forged ahead. “You agree to take the rest of the day off? And the whole day—no getting up in the middle of the night to go work the hours you would have earlier.”

Rush’s eyes shifted hesitantly, but he nodded.

“Okay,” Young said, straightening. “Have you eaten anything since breakfast?” Rush shook his head. “Go eat, then take a shower and come back here. If I’m not here, wait for me.” He pinned Rush with his gaze. “Okay?”

Rush nodded, a faint flush in his cheeks. “Yes,” he said faintly.

Young tilted his head and raised an eyebrow. “Yes, what?” He prompted.

There was silence. This was only the second time Young had actually pushed for this, and he wasn’t entirely sure it was a good idea to try.

Rush swallowed. “Yes, sir,” he whispered.

Young gave him a firm nod, and Rush stood up. He exited quickly, leaving Young alone to think things over. A few memories flashed across his mind; images of Rush sinking to his knees as Young held him by the wrists, of his glazed over eyes as he sucked wetly on the tip of Young’s cock, and dozens of other, fleeting moments from the past.

But, first things first, he needed to take care of some things. If he was going to keep Rush occupied for the rest the day, he would have to be free the rest of the day too. He went to check and make sure there weren’t any emergencies, then let people know he’d be focusing on reading through reports and to only contact him if absolutely necessary. Confident that Scott and the rest of them could handle things for a while, he picked up a bite to eat himself and then returned to his quarters,
half formed plans already beginning to solidify in his mind.

Rush was sitting on the couch when he walked in, elbows resting on his knees and hands folded. He looked up brusquely at Young’s entrance, and started to rise.

“Strip,” Young said, as soon as the door was closed. Rush paused mid-motion, then finished standing, and slowly began peeling off his shirt. Young crossed over to the bag of ‘instruments’ they’d collected, pulling out two modest lengths of rope, and returned to the sofa. His reading tablet was sitting on the cushion where he’d left it, and he shifted it over to the right a bit and sat down.

Rush had folded all his clothes neatly and set them in a pile on the couch, with his glasses laid on top. His boots were on the floor, evenly set against the front of the couch.

“Come here,” Young said simply, and Rush complied. “On your knees.” Rush obeyed, sinking to the floor in front of Young. Young held out one length of rope. “Give me your hand.” There was a pause, and then Rush dutifully lifted his right hand and held it out in front of him. Young wrapped the rope around Rush’s wrist, carefully tying knots that would be snug but not uncomfortable. Then, his affixed it to the side of his belt, slipping the rope repeatedly around both the belt loop and the belt itself.

“You won’t be coming tonight,” Young informed him. He carefully unbuttoned and unzipped his trousers, opening his fly as much as he could with his belt still buckled. “So you can get that out of your mind right now.”

Rush breathed out a cool stream of air, and the arch of his shoulders began to relax. “Yes, sir,” Rush said, sounding almost grateful.

“Now,” Young said, having extracted his cock from his pants. He wasn’t quite hard yet, but he was getting there. “Open your mouth.”

Rush obeyed readily, and Young placed a hand at the back of his head and guided him forward. He set up a steady rhythm, not really moving Rush’s head, but gently instructing it with subtle pushes and pulls. Rush soon had brought him to full hardness, that brilliant mouth working its brilliant magic. It took no time at all for him to come, spilling down Rush’s throat with a low groan. Rush swallowed agreeably, his own moans of pleasure vibrating along Young’s softening member.

When Young had finished, he sighed, and then took a firmer hold on Rush’s hair, pulling him till his nose was pressed into his pubic hair. With his flaccid cock fully enclosed in Rush’s warm, wet mouth, Young gave a firm little tug on Rush’s hair.

“Stay,” he said pointedly, looking down on Rush from above. “You can blink and you can swallow, but that’s it. You stay right there, and don’t move till I tell you to.”

Rush blinked up at him, brown eyes wide. The soft breaths through his nose tickled the skin at the base of Young’s groin, while his bound hands clutched weakly at Young’s jacket.

After a moment, Rush dropped his gaze. Everything about him somehow stilled and grew quiet, the
very skin of his body bathed in a kind of calm.

Young let go of Rush’s hair and sat back. He inhaled deeply, the let it out. He’d just come, but he could already feel his cock attempting to rebound. He placed a comforting hand to the back of Rush’s neck, a gesture meant to steady himself as much as Rush, and picked the reading device beside him, flicking it on with a thumb.

He read. He forced himself to concentrate on each word, to go back and reread if he found himself skimming, but it was impossible not to be aware of Rush’s mouth around him, of Rush’s naked body knelt placidly before him, of his hands bound to Young’s sides as he deferentially warmed Young’s cock. Young stroked the back of Rush’s neck affectionately, marveling.

When he was fully hard again, he tugged lightly on Rush’s hair. Rush obediently began bobbing his head up and down the length of his cock, steady and rhythmic. Young continued to read, letting Rush do all the work of bring him to orgasm. When he had succeeded, and swallowed another load of Young’s cum, he once again settled humbly into position, waiting again with Young’s limp cock completely enclosed within his mouth.

Young grew hard and climaxed two more times after that. The waiting period in between increased each time, as did the amount of stimulation required to actually bring him off. It always began with a sharp tug to Rush’s hair spurning him to action, and ended with him returning to his passive state as Young’s human cock warmer. He never once looked up again, but kept his eyes always submissively turned downward.

It had been nearly five hours when Young delicately coaxed Rush’s mouth from his cock. The constant sensation was beginning to grow almost painful, and it was probably about time to let Rush off his knees too.

Trails of spit stretched between Rush’s mouth and his cock, and when he finally pulled the tip from between Rush’s lips, they remained parted like Rush couldn’t quite close them. His jaw shifted slightly as he slowly worked his newly freed mouth open and closed, working out the neglected muscles. His eyes were hooded, staring vacant, and periodically his eyelids would flutter as he swayed dreamily on his knees. Then, with a sigh, he turned his head and laid his cheek against Young’s thigh. He blinked, mouth still parted, numbly.

Young reached out and stroked the back of his head, and Rush’s eyes fell closed for a moment. He breathed in deep through his nose, and then out through his mouth in a soft blow. He finally lifted his eyes and met Young’s gaze, his expression one of abject relief and gratitude.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Young pushed a strand of hair out of Rush’s face, not sure what he should say. Rush closed his eyes, nuzzling against Young’s leg.

“Ohkay,” Young said drolly. “I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself, but I think it’s time we moved from this spot. Unless you want to swallow my piss next.”

Rush blushed fiercely, a deep pink spreading all across his face and chest. He lifted his head, looking bashful. Young sighed regretfully, and stroked a finger down Rush’s face.

“You do look good like that, though,” he said throatily, sliding the finger under Rush’s chin.
Rush kept his eyes cast downcast, silent. Then he said, “You can have me back like this anytime you want.” It was both a promise and an invitation, and Young felt his chest swell with something he couldn’t name.

He undid the ropes, letting them fall limply on the couch, and stood up, stretching. He really did have to pee, and he was never more appreciative that his room came with its own toilet. He elected to go ahead take off his trousers completely, and then tucked his cock back into his boxers.

Rush was still on his knees, rubbing mutely over his wrists.

Young sat back down.

“Are you feeling sleepy?” Young asked.

Rush’s brow furrowed. He shook his head.

Young nodded thoughtfully.

“You think a spanking might help you sleep?” he said after a moment.

Rush blinked, then looked at him. He nodded.

“Okay”, Young said with a little sigh. “Now listen. First, I want you to go use the toilet. Then, you can fetch the hairbrush from the duffel bag and wait for me on the bed. Understood?’

Rush blinked slowly, and nodded.

“Good. Now let me help you up,” Young said, and reached for him. Lifting under his shoulder, he creakily drew Rush to his feet. Rush winced and stumbled, steadying himself against Young’s back. When he could stand on his own, Young let him go.

Young stripped down to his t-shirt while he waited for Rush, then went to use the toilet himself. He poured some water into a towel and rubbed it over his face before walking back out into the room.

When he stepped out, he froze, breath catching in his throat.

Rush was on the bed. He was kneeling, his back facing out into the room. His right wrist was clasped in his left hand behind his back, and in his right hand he held the handle of the hairbrush. The brush hung down over the curve of his hip, the back of the brush’s head resting against his left cheek. Had there been absolutely any chance of Young getting hard again tonight, that image would have done it in an instant.

He crossed to the bed, and gently pried the brush from Rush’s fingers.

“Bend forward,” he ordered softly.

Rush unclasped his hands from behind his back. He bent his head to the mattress and lifted his haunches, sliding his knees apart with his arms stretched out in front of him. It was a beautiful position, Young thought—vulnerable and supplicating, both offering and begging.

He gently stroked Rush’s ass with his palm, and then readied himself. He rolled his shoulder, then brought the back of the brush down in a wide arc onto Rush’s right cheek. There was a sharp slamming sound, and then Rush’s toes curled inward. A bright red bloomed where he’d hit, and Young brought the brush down on the other cheek with the same force.

He spanked Rush with constant, measured, strokes—hard, the way Rush liked it—making sure to
cover the surface of Rush’s ass evenly. He didn’t let up, even when Rush began to bruise, the bright reds slowly beginning to turn a deeper purple.

Rush stayed completely still, barely flinching with each strike. He was also silent, the only sounds Young could hear being light gasping breaths. At last, he saw Rush begin to slump low into the bed, and he stopped. He put the brush away, then helped Rush onto his side. He pulled down the covers on one side and gently slipped Rush under them, then climbed in behind him, pressing himself to Rush’s back and wrapping him in his arms.

Rush’s eyes were already mostly closed, his jaw slack against the pillow. His chest rose and fell in even motions. Then, suddenly, he turned, twisting in Young’s arms till they were face to face. He snuggly buried his face in Young’s chest and slid his arms around Young’s waist, pulling Young to him tightly. Young blinked a moment, startled; then settled, closing his arms again around Rush’s sleeping form. He pressed a kiss to the top of Rush’s head, then laid his chin there, and closed his eyes.

Rest, he instructed Rush silently, his palm stroking over the back of the man’s head. Just rest.

They both did, sleeping peacefully until the early hours of the morning.
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Young and Rush manage a few more interactions, before running into another emotional wall. Also, bondage and flogging.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Young woke to warm lips fondling his own.

“Good morning,” Rush whispered breathily against his mouth as Young opened his eyes.

“Hmm,” Young sighed appreciatively. “How are you feeling?” He asked, rubbing a soothing hand over Rush’s bare bottom.

Rush hummed. “Very refreshed,” he said, eyes twinkling. “Thank you.” He smiled sincerely, and then moved to extract himself from Young’s arms.

“Heyyy,” Young breathed, tugging him back down to his chest. “Where’re you think you’re going?”

Rush huffed lightly. “Come on, let me up.”

“Mm,” Young mused. “I don’t think I’m ready to yet.”

Rush shot him a look. “I did what you said: I took a day off—”

“Half-day,” Young interjected.

“—I slept through the night,” Rush went on like he hadn’t spoken. “Now, I’m ready to get back to work.”

Young gave a little teasing hum, and hugged Rush a bit tighter. “Ah, but I’m not done playing with you yet,” he said rumblingly.

Rush snorted. “No offense, but I doubt you could get up to much of anything, after yesterday.” A pleased smile twitched at his lips. “So—” he moved again to get up.

“—So what?” Young interrupted huskily, and rolled Rush onto his back, pinning him with one arm.

“Oi!” Rush exclaimed, kicking his legs. Young reached across him and snatched up the lube. “What’re you—ah!” Rush gasped as Young hitched one of his legs over his shoulder. He opened the jar of lubricant and slid three fingers inside, generously coating them. Rush watched him, brow furrowing. “What do you th—” He broke off as Young dug all three fingers in past the tight outside ring of his entrance. “—nng,” Rush moaned. “Jesus.”

Young leaned forward, pushing the leg over his should up to Rush’s chest, and grabbed Rush by the hair. Rush moaned uncontrollably, bucking his hips as Young started fucking him with his fingers,
his head thrown back and eyes shut tight in pleasure. His cock stood up, swaying despondently in the air as Young worked in and out of his ass at a frantic, ruthless speed.

“Look at me,” Young growled, yanking Rush’s face towards him.

Rush gasped wildly, and opened his eyes. He stared at Young, his dark eyes wide and glassy, blown black with arousal. Young growled again, wordlessly this time, and speared Rush’s ass with even more vicious, twisting thrusts. Rush whimpered, lips quivering, and then let out one loud, desperate cry. His hips bucked unevenly, and his cock jerked, spraying Rush’s stomach and chest with cum. Young’s kept up his flurried motions through the last of Rush’s helpless shudders, then paused with his digits sheathed deep inside. He waited a moment, as Rush lay there panting weakly, and then withdrew.

Rush eyed him with a kind of resigned admonishment. “Was tha’ strictly necessary?” He said, gulping.

Young smirked. “Naw,” he said dryly. “But it was fun.” On the last word, he squeezed his fist in Rush’s hair and gave his rump a firm smack. Rush jerked, and choked back a muffled squeak. Young chuckled. “Now, you can go,” he said mildly, and released his hold.

Rush glared at him as he sat up, but there wasn’t much bite to it. “Hand me that cloth, would you?” Was all he said, wearily.

Young did, and watched as Rush cleaned himself up. After a moment, Rush sighed, and rolled off the bed to get dressed. Young followed suit; his eyes kept darting over to Rush as he pulled on his clothes, not quite sure what they were trying to see. Picking up his laptop, Rush made for the door.

“Ahem,” Young said clearing his throat. He walked over to Rush. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Rush blinked, then gave a coy smile. He took a step towards Young and wrapped one arm around his neck. “Sorry,” he murmured, and planted a warm, wet kiss on Young’s mouth. When he was done, he turned sideways, holding his laptop to his chest, and presented his backside.

“Actually,” Young said with a soft chuckle. “I meant I should check the hall.”

**WHACK!**

He brought his hand down in a smooth arc onto Rush’s bottom, holding it there and squeezing under the curve of the man’s denim-covered cheeks with his fingers. “But thanks for reminding me,” he whispered breathily behind Rush’s ear.

Rush smirked at him from over his shoulder, and wriggled his ass against Young’s hand. “You’re welcome.” His smirk widened. “*Sir.*”

Young chuckled. “Don’t get cheeky,” he said, rubbing over the back seam of Rush’s jeans, but Rush’s ever widening smile made it clear he knew Young didn’t mean it.

“Yes, sir,” Rush murmured lightly under his breath. “Never, sir, of course not, sir. Wouldn’t dream of it, *sir.*” He tossed his head, sending his hair flying. “Now, you goin’ to let me out this door, or what?”

With a regretful sigh and a smile, Young let go of Rush’s ass. “As long as you promise you’ll be back.”
He said it lightly, as a joke, but Rush fell quiet a moment. Then, he lowered his eyes briefly, now smiling almost to himself, and answered.

“Oh. I promise.”

“That should just about do it,” Brody said, finishing up the last touches to repairing their former Mystery Room. He cast his eyes around nervously. “Should we…test it? See if it works?”

Rush and the rest of the science team stood around the controls.

“Probably,” Eli said. “I mean, if we did something wrong we’re not gonna know till we turn it on.”


“So,” Eli said, drawing the word out. “We should…turn it on.”

“Right,” Brody agreed.

They stared, glancing nervously at each other. Finally, Rush sighed, reached out and flipped the switch.

At first it seemed like nothing had happened, then the consoles sprung to life and a slight, almost imperceptible humming filled the room.

“…Is it working?” Eli asked uncertainly.

Rush frowned at the console reading. “…I’m not sure,” he said quietly after a moment. He spent another minute staring over the measurements he was seeing, then sighed and flipped the switch back off. He glanced at Eli. “We should test it again when we go through another star. The readings might be clearer then, plus the energy we expend will be replenished as we go. Right now, this thing just uses too much energy to leave it on if we’re not even sure it works.”

Eli nodded. “Right, yeah. Okay.” He dropped his head a bit, looking…not quite disappointed, but a little let down. Rush glanced around and saw similar expressions on everyone’s faces.

“It’s anticlimactic, I know,” Rush said sympathetically. “But it’s only temporary. For now, just find something else to work on.” He tried to give an encouraging smile.

Everyone gave him nodding shrugs and wandered off. None them seemed particularly perked up by his little speech, Rush observed, sighing to himself. He really should leave the attempts at morale boosting to those better suited to it.
“It’s really more of a refinery than a mine,” Brody was explaining as he shoved another forkful of food in his mouth.

“Whatever,” Eli replied agreeably.

“Not whatever,” Brody protested. “A mine and a refinery are totally different things.

“Okay, fine,” Eli said. “We can call it a refinery. Jeez.” He took a bite off his plate. “So,” he said, turning to Lieutenant Scott. “Any progress on the ship exploring?”

The long mess hall table was crowded with Brody, Eli, Scott, Volker, Greer, and Chloe. Rush sat down with his plate at the next table over, half listening to the conversation. Since the discovery of the refinery, and then the portable data pads, it’d been decided they should concentrate on exploring more the ship. Theoretically, Destiny should already be equipped with everything they could possibly need, so searching and repairing what areas they could turn out to be immensely helpful.

“Nothing concrete so far,” Scott replied. “Though there’s one area that might be an armory, which would be great.”

“I’d be more interested in finding the infirmary,” Chloe chimed in. Rush smiled to himself. Chloe was really taking to her role as TJ’s apprentice, though that certainly wasn’t the only way she filled her time. Chloe, more than anyone, seemed determined to apply herself to learning as many skills as possible, and sat in on nearly every ‘education session’ with someone beamed in from Earth.

“How ‘bout a bathroom,” Eli said. “Like, a real bathroom. With a bath.” He glanced around the table. “Seriously, I can’t be the only one who misses baths, right?”

Chloe grinned. “Maybe you could talk Doctor Rush into whittling you a bathtub,” she teased.

Rush snorted. “Not bloody likely,” he said, just loud enough to be heard. Chloe lifted her head, and smiled at him through the crowd of dinner-gatherers. They shared a look, and then turned back to their meals.

Rush was focused on scarfing down a rather toughly textured root vegetable, that he didn’t notice Chloe approaching. “Hey,” she said, sitting down across from him. Rush glanced up, startled, and looked back at the other table. The group was dispersing, having mostly finished their meals. He turned back toward Chloe.

“Hey,” he responded affectionately.

“We haven’t talked in a while,” she explained. “Thought I’d say hi.” She gave a little wave. “Hi!”

Rush smiled. She was a sweet girl, and since their time together with the Nakai, she seemed to think they shared a bond. Or perhaps just that she owed him something for saving her life.

“That’s kind of you,” he softly, chewing. “But, unnecessary.” Her face fell a bit. Rush swallowed his food. “Are you doin’ alright?” He asked, concerned. They’d both had nightmares for bit after the Nakai, maybe that was why she wanted to talk...

“Oh!” Chloe gave a little laugh. “Yeah, I’m…I’m fine. I’m doing better.”

She glanced to one side, and Rush saw Lieutenant Scott in her line of sight. Rush bit back a sigh; he had no idea what she saw in the milquetoast soldier, but he supposed that was her business.
“What about you?” Chloe asked, turning back.

Rush shrugged. “Nothing to complain about.”

Chloe smiled. “Good.” She glanced across the room again, and turned back with a broader smile. “Are you going to the poetry thing tonight?”

Rush nearly choked on his food. “The what?” he said, coughing.

Chloe laughed. “Apparently someone’s organized some kind of poetry reading in the observation deck. A bunch of people are going to come and read poems. That they wrote. Out loud.”

“Jesus,” Rush muttered under his breath. “Uh, no, I don’t think so.”

“You sure?” Chloe wheedled teasingly. “Could be fun…”

“No, thank you,” Rush said sarcastically. “I’m afraid I’ll be busy tonight.”

Chloe tilted her head. “Busy?”

“Working,” Rush said promptly. “Or, if I can’t manage that, banging my head repeatedly against a wall.”

Chloe smiled softly. “Or playing chess with the Colonel?”

Rush froze. Chloe looked at him mildly and Rush tried not display any of the wild panic hammering through his chest. There was absolutely nothing untoward about that statement, but somehow that certain collection of words in that particular order made him feel incredibly exposed.

Chloe lifted an eyebrow. “You have been playing chess with him lately, right?”

Rush looked down at his plate and shrugged. “Sure,” he said casually. “From time to time.”

“And,” Chloe prompted hesitantly. “You’re enjoying it?”


“And the Colonel?” Chloe asked with a half-smile.

“He’s…fine,” Rush said tightly. When Chloe didn’t say anything, he huffed slightly. “He’s a… decent chess partner,” Rush said evenly. “And he doesn’t talk too much,” he finished brusquely.

He chewed deliberately while Chloe watched him in silence. After a minute, Chloe said:

“It’s okay to like him, you know.”

Rush’s chewing slowed.

“I know things were rough between the two of you in the beginning,” she went on. “I mean, it was for a lot of us…but things are different now. We’re all getting along better, I think. You and me, for instance.” She smiled at him. “You and the Colonel, too.” She looked at him seriously. “It’s okay to be friends with people; you don’t have to…” She trailed off.

Rush glanced down. “Just ‘cause you get along with someone doesn’t mean you like them,” he said simply. “Doesn’t make you ‘friends’.”
Chloe tilted her head. Then, she smiled slightly and leaned forward, resting her chin on her hands. “You don’t like me?” She asked, teasing.

Rush tried to glare, but his lip twitched up, and she smiled wider.

“You’re not as big a grump as you pretend to be,” Chloe admonished lightly.


“No?” Chloe asked easily.

“No,” Rush repeated, expression blank. He looked up and met her eyes squarely. “Definitely not friends.”

Rushed gasped into Young’s mouth, squeezing his thighs against the outside of the man’s legs. He was sat straddled across Young’s lap, running his fingers through Young’s thick hair as they hungrily devoured each other. He was completely naked, Young fully clothed, and the coarse fabric of his uniform scratched against his bare skin while Young groped his back and arse and thighs.

Rush had won another chess match, and as soon as he’d uttered the words ‘check mate’ Young had ordered him to strip. He’d watched him with a heated gaze as Rush had peeled off his clothes, and then beckoned him, taking Rush into his lap with firm, insistent hands and immediately claimed Rush’s mouth with his own.

“You almost beat me, you know,” Rush whispered breathlessly. He held up two fingers. “You were this close.”

Young growled softly. “Yeah?” He said, nibbling Rush’s neck.

“Ye-ah,” Rush replied, voice hitching. He then let out an ah sound as Young slipped a finger into his cleft and rubbed soft circles over Rush’s pucker, his touch light yet rough over the wrinkled skin. Young’s other hand cupped the back of Rush’s head, and Young buried his face in the crook of Rush’s neck and shoulder.

“Mmmmg,” Young groaned deeply. “The things you do to me, I swear.” His voice was dark and husky, full of helpless want. “You drive me...completely crazy,” he breathed against Rush’s neck. “I don’t know how you do it...make me want...so much,” he rumbled throatily.

Rush’s stomach clenched with pleasure…and something else, something uncertain and uneasy. He tilted up Young’s face and kissed him again, pulling the man’s tongue into his mouth and sucking on it hotly. He pulled off with a soft pop.

“What do you want,” he encouraged breathily. He placed his arms on Young’s shoulders and looked in his eyes. “Somethin’ special, maybe,” he teased, feeling the corners of his eyes crinkle. “To celebrate your almost victory.”

“Brat,” Young accused, shoving his dry finger up to the first knuckle into Rush’s hole. Rush hissed at the slight burn, and then laughed broadly, tossing his head. His hair fell forward into his face, and
he smiled coyly at Young through the fringe, biting his lower lip in hopeful anticipation.

“Mmm,” Rush hummed. “Yes; you’d better put me in my place, Colonel.” He leaned in, almost touching their lips together, and stared into Young’s eyes. “Teach me some valuable discipline.”

Young chuckled. “Yeah, right.” He brushed his thumb over Rush’s cheekbone. “Whatever I do to you, you’re always back to your usual smug bastard self in a matter of minutes.”

Rush dropped his gaze, an uncomfortable weight in his chest. Maybe he should try harder, a voice whispered harshly. Whip that insolence outta you. Rush felt his face heat, and he blinked rapidly, swallowing.

He glanced back up, and met Young’s gaze quietly. “Just tell me how you’d like me, sir,” he whispered, cheeks burning. “Please. I’ll be good, I promise. Let me show you… I can be good,” he finished, barely a whisper.

Young rubbed his fingers thoughtfully up and down Rush’s crack. “Well,” he said after a moment. “I never did tie you to the bed like I planned.” His eyes twinkled flirtatiously, full of dangerous promise.

Rush lowered his eyes again, his heart thumping restlessly. “Of course, sir,” he said, stubbornly pushing down the disquiet in his chest. “Whatever you like.”

Young examined Rush’s prone form, gazing over the expanse of skin stretched out before him. Rush was spread on the bed from the side, his arms and torso laid across the width of the mattress with his hands tied firmly to the other side, held above his head by thin ropes around his wrists that bound them together. His hips were placed right at the mattress’ edge, with his cock and testicles hanging down over the side; and his legs were spread open impossibly wide, with his ankles affixed to opposing corners of the bedframe, splaying him out lengthwise along the edge of the bed. Pulled taut, he could barely move at all, only managing the slightest of indistinct shifting motions against the mattress.

Young allowed himself to explore the smooth skin presented to him with his palm, sliding across the delicate shoulder-blades and narrow waist, down over the curve of Rush’s pert backside to pet the exposed genital below. He fondled Rush’s scrotum, and gave his firm, erect cock a few hard strokes before abandoning them. Leaving Rush to futilely try to undulate against the mattress, Young calmly removed his jacket and shoes, then went to retrieve the tool he wanted for this particular scenario.

The handle of the flogger felt cool and hard against his palm, and he adjusted his grip, sliding it in his hand till he felt the weight and balance was right. He returned to the bedside, and gazed at the canvas in front of him. Not too much today, he decided. He wanted to keep the clear, smooth lines of Rush’s sandy skin as much as possible. Just… roughen it up a bit.

He trailed the tail of the flogger up the length of Rush’s back, beginning with teasing his cock and ball sac, and then moving over his rump to caress up along his spine and back down again. Rush squirmed helplessly, and Young heard a muffled whimper as he slid the ends of the flogger up and down between his cleft and his quivering balls.

He twisted his wrist and brought the tails of the flogger down across Rush’s rump with a soft smack! Rush’s buttocks clenched and he let out a soft uh as it hit, tilting his hips so his ass was canted very
slightly upwards. Young struck again, and then again, keeping his strokes light and relaxed. He sighed, enjoying the easy *smack, smack, smack* of the flogger against Rush’s rounded bottom. When the fleshy globes began to grow dusky pink, Young moved on to Rush’s back, slapping across the stretch of his shoulders and ribs in gentle, cascading cross-arcs until the skin there took on the same pale rosy hue.

Rush stayed completely quiet, only the rise and fall of his back to show that he was breathing. Every so often, his fingers would curl in against his palms, or stretch out straight from his bound wrists, but other than that and a subtle tightening of muscles, he hardly stirred, passively accepting what he was given.

Young paused to adjust his growing erection within his pants, and let out a sigh. With a final *thwack* to Rush’s lower ass-cheeks, Young replaced the flogger in its bag—passing to ruffle Rush’s hair on his way—and retrieved a jar of lubricant from the bedside table. He coated his fingers and prodded between Rush’s cheeks, opening up his nakedly displayed entrance with sure, even stabs inside. When he could comfortably twist three fingers within the slicked passage, he undid his belt and fly, pulling out his fully engorged cock. Taking a firmly globed pinkened cheek in each hand, he sank both thumbs down into the waiting hole and pulled outward, stretching the opening even wider.

He rubbed the tip of his leaking cock against the distended hole, watching Rush shudder infinitesimally at the touch. Pressing inside, he removed his thumbs and let the rim of the wet hole close around the head of his cock. He heard Rush make a strangled, gurgling sound as his cock inched inside, and he sank in deeper, sliding slowly and incessantly along Rush’s inner passage as Rush let out a low keen. He braced one hand on Rush’s hip and the other at his lower back, and squeezed himself in, pushing down with continuous force till he was fully sheathed with his hips, opened fly, and loose ends of his belt shoved up against Rush’s rear.

He took a moment to let out a moan, indulging in the tight, welcome heat of Rush’s ass. Then he pulled out, driving back in again just as deeply. His thrusts started out measured and slow, and gradually built up speed, always making sure to shove in as deep as possible. When he started to come, he pressed himself flush to Rush’s backside and humped against him as though he could dig in even deeper. As he poured his spunk inside, Rush clenched his fists and let out a sharp, ragged cry that sounded like glass breaking. Rush’s body, bound and stretched as it was, could only tremble and spasm through his obvious climax, falling limply as the last quivers cascaded through his limbs.

Young stayed inside for a long moment, kneading Rush’s pale pink backside with his fingers and enjoying the warm openness of the body wrapped around him. With a sigh, he pushed up and reluctantly drew his cock from Rush’s dripping, fucked-out hole. He held Rush’s cheeks apart, appreciating the sight of Rush’s winking sphincter drizzling cum onto his balls. Looking between Rush’s legs, he saw that the man had spilled out down the side of the bed and onto the floor, where a small pool of spunk had congealed.

Young tucked his cock back inside his underwear, pulling off his pants, and regarded Rush’s docilly motionless form. Rush looked so peaceful somehow—his limbs had gone completely lax, the only movement in his body the slow and steady rise and fall of his back as he breathed—that Young almost wished he could leave him like that. A tightening in his groin made clear it wasn’t a purely altruistic thought: he could barely drag his eyes away from looking over Rush’s body, pulled taut and laid open, freshly flogged and fucked into submission. It was a stunningly—achingly—beautiful picture, an aphrodisiacal vision from some sex-dream version of paradise.

Young soaked in as much of what he saw as he could, sealing each detail firmly into his memory as his eyes tracked meticulously over every inch, and then knelt to untie the rope that held Rush’s right ankle. When released, Rush’s leg automatically sprang inward from the sudden loss of resistance.
Young delicately helped place Rush’s knee on the floor under him, then moved to the other leg. Once Rush was perched on his knees—still bent over the edge of the bed, with his thighs splayed wantonly—Young moved around the bed.

He sat beside Rush’s stretched out arms and bowed head, and ran a hand through the man’s soft mane of hair. He heard Rush give a contented sigh, and then he let his head loll to the side into Young’s palm. Young stroked over the back of Rush’s head, threading his fingers through the sleek, dark brown strands, and then worked out the knots that held Rush’s wrists. When he’d loosened them enough, Rush slid, sagging, down the mattress a bit. He stretched his fingers and twisted his hands in a circle, but otherwise remained unmoving, lying prostrate across the mattress. Young kneaded softly at the nape of Rush’s neck, letting him breath there for a while.

“Good boy,” he murmured as he pet him. “Such a good boy.”

Rush’s breath hitched as he spoke, and he turned his face up toward Young. His eyes looked large and watery as he stared up, his cheeks shining dimly with long shed tears. Young stroked tenderly over Rush’s smooth hair, and Rush closed his eyes, leaning into the touch with a soft mmmm.

“Now, go clean up your mess,” Young said gently, with a last pat to Rush’s cheek.

Rush dropped his gaze demurely and pushed back off of the mattress, sliding on his knees away from the bed. Young climbed onto the bed in his wake and pulled down the covers, as Rush bent his head to lick his spunk from the floor. Young laid down on his side, reclining with his head resting on one fist, and watched Rush from over the side of the bed. A soft smile colored his face as he observed Rush perform his task, lapping faithfully at the milky substance till it was all gone. When he was done, Rush glanced up at him for approval.

Young gave a little accepting nod, but then added briskly, “Your ass, too,” with challenging raise of his brow.

Rush looked down again, eyes turned inward, and calmly reached behind himself. He braced his other hand on the bed and leaned forward slightly, pressing his lips together in concentration. His brow furrowed as he worked to mop up the cum from his crack and hole, then brought his hand back around and stuck the fluid drenched fingers in his mouth, sucking wetly. He repeated the process twice more, then licked his palm and inner wrist clean, before laying his forearms along the edge of the mattress. He looked up at Young with hopeful, bashful eyes, like a well-trained puppy waiting to be allowed on the bed.

Young gave Rush a nod, corners of his lips curving upwards, and patted the mattress. “Ok, come on up.”

Rush ducked his head, smiling, and climbed up, scooting in beside Young under the covers. Young sighed softly and wrapped an arm around Rush, turning half onto his back with Rush cradled at his side, and closed his eyes.

After a minute or two, he heard Rush speak.

“How do you think of things?”

Young blinked his eyes open at the question, turning his head toward Rush, who was staring off into the corner with a thoughtful look on his face.

“What?” Young asked drowsily.

Rush glanced at him. “Sorry, I—never mind, I didn—”
“It’s fine,” Young mumbled. “Just...what was the question?”

Rush licked his lips restlessly. “I, um...just, well, when we...do things, how do you...does it just come into your head, or...?”

Young blinked, thinking. “Yeah, I guess,” he said uncertainly.

“Hm.” Rush looked away for a while, biting his lip pensively. He glanced at Young from the corner of his eye. “…Have you ever done anything like this before?” he asked cautiously. “With someone else, I mean.”

Young raised an eyebrow. “I thought my inexperience with...all of this, was pretty obvious,” he said dryly.

Rush blushed, and ducked his head. “I meant…” he fumbled. “Maybe not to, ah...o-or, so extensive,” he chuckled, embarrassed. “But, ah...” He trailed off, licking his lips again, glancing at Young furtively. “Or maybe...did you, maybe...think about it? Sometimes?”

Young smirked. “Are you asking me what kind of porn I watched,” he ribbed.

Rush let out a short, dry laugh. “Maybe,” he said sheepishly, looking at Young sideways.

Young laughed quietly, and then sighed. Rolling onto his back, he stared up at the ceiling. “I was never that creative with porn,” he admitted. “Naked and attractive was pretty much enough for me, to be honest. As for...”

He trailed off, thinking back. “Well,” he began, after a minute. “I did have a girlfriend once who enjoyed being spanked...though not as much as you,” he added with teasing look toward Rush, who dropped his eyes. “…And, one time on a vacation, Emily and I...” he gave a chuckle at the memory. “She got these handcuffs, mostly as a joke, and we...” he trailed off suggestively. “It was silly, but fun,” he reflected, shrugging at Rush.

Rush was silent. He lay there, with his eyes turned inward, a slight crease between his eyebrows.

“What about you?” Young asked when he didn’t say anything.

Rush blinked his eyes into focus, looking startled. “I...that is, I...I told you, I haven’t...been with many people,” ending in a mumble.

Young frowned, and turned onto his side, facing Rush. “What about with your wife?”

Rush’s eyes snapped onto him, flashing.

“I mean, you were married such a long time,” Young started to explain, but Rush cut him off.

“I’m not going to talk about her with you,” Rush said flatly.

“...Okay,” Young said, feeling off balance. “I didn’t—”

“I mean,” Rush cut him off again, louder this time. “I’m not goin’ to talk about her, with you.” He almost spat the last word, glaring at Young condemningly.

“Okay.” Young repeated, trying not be offended and not really succeeding.

There was a heavy pause in the air, and then Rush threw off the blanket and rolled off the bed.
“Where are you going,” Young called after him crossly. Rush didn’t respond, he just stomped over to his clothes and started dressing. Young sat up, irritated. “Rush!” Rush at least glanced at him this time, but didn’t stop pulling his clothes on. “Where are you going?” Young repeated.

“She just remembered something I need to work on,” was Rush’s terse reply.

Young felt his nostrils flare in exasperation. He was tempted to shout, or get out of bed and physically force Rush to look at him, but that would probably just escalate things into another fight, and he was just too damn tired for that right now. He might be able to calm Rush down a bit if he apologized, but goddamnit, he hadn’t done anything wrong. He’d just asked a question, pretty much the same question Rush had asked him, and fine, Rush didn’t want to answer, but he didn’t have to bite his head off just for asking.

“Fine,” he ground out through his teeth.

Fuck you, he thought privately, and slammed his head back down on his pillow, pulling the covers up over his head so he didn’t have to listen to the sounds of Rush leaving.

Young didn’t sleep well that night, tossing and turning and finally getting up in the morning feeling like he hadn’t gotten any rest at all. He grumpily went about getting ready for the day, still stubbornly fuming to himself. He was just about to go get himself some much-needed breakfast when his radio crackled.

“Um, uh, Colonel Young?” Eli’s voice said. “Uh, please come in, there’s, uh…”

Young sighed, and clicked the voice receiver. “What is it, Eli?” He asked tightly.

“Um.” Eli paused. “…I think you should come down here.”

“Where, Eli,” Young said impatiently.

There was a crackle over the com.

“The Chair Room,” Eli answered.

Young was out of his quarters in a heartbeat.

He made his way through the halls half-way to a full run. Eli was waiting by the entrance.

“We just found him like that,” Eli said quickly, before Young could speak. “We were getting some weird energy readings, and Brody was the one who thought to check—”

Young shoved past Eli’s shoulder into the room, and froze. His heart stopped in his chest.

“We…don’t even know how long he’s been there,” Eli said cautiously. “…And Brody says…” Young glanced over at Brody, who was staring intently down at something and looking worried. “…He doesn’t think we can pull him out. Not without hurting him.”

Young looked around at each of the scientists in the room. “He didn’t tell you he was going to do this?” He looked back at Brody. “None of you?”
Brody sighed. “He mentioned that interfacing with the chair was his next step to cracking the master code, but...I didn’t think he would just do it.” He grimaced. “It couldn’t have been easy to set this all up himself,” he muttered, gesturing to Rush’s laptop attached to the side of the chair. He sighed, rubbing his forehead. “I mean, why didn’t he just ask me, I would’ve—” He broke off, probably noticing how Young was glaring daggers at him. “—Um,” he glanced away, rubbing the back of his neck, nervously. “I mean…”

“So what do we do,” Young broke in.

The science team was quiet.

“Wait.” Volker said. “He must have set up some way to bring himself out of it.” He glanced around. “Right? So, we should probably just...wait.” He shrugged.

Young felt a slow rising panic in his chest, and pushed it down. “For how long?”

There was no answer.

Young took a deep breath. “Call TJ, get her down here. I want him checked out. You,” he said, pointing at Eli and Brody. “Find out what Rush did, and if it’s going to harm the ship. For now,” he took another breath. “I guess we wait.”

They all glanced furtively at each other, then broke off in different directions.

Young stayed, staring at the man sitting in the center of the room. Rush’s face looked almost serene, even with the metal bolts hovering against his temples. The metal bolts that had drilled right through Doctor Franklin’s skull.

Young swallowed an acrid taste in the back of his throat, and waited.
first reference to a unicorn with a female pronoun did not appear in western literature until the fantasy novel The Last Unicorn, published in 1968, and all the feminine unicorns we're familiar with, such as those seen on My Little Pony or in Lisa Frank merchandise, were not in existence until the latter half of the 20th century.

Also, the Unicorn is the official national animal of Scotland. ;-D

I hope you enjoyed this edition of 'Friendly Culture Facts' with InfiniteCrisis.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Rush has a series of vivid dreams, that finally push him to admit some things to himself.

Chapter Notes

Some possibly spoilery warnings ahead: read if you want them, skip straight to the chapter if you don't, in case you're not the type to read the new tags as I add them. Be aware, this is kind of an intense one.

So, WARNINGS: This chapter features a very intense BDSM punishment scene that might be difficult for some readers. There's also some mild self-destructive thoughts earlier in the chapter, but that's almost blink-and-you'll-miss-it. Also, there are scenes dealing with the loss of a loved one, which I know can be difficult for some people. Other than that, nothing to out of the ordinary, for this fic anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rush’s eyes snapped open blearily as he sucked in a sharp breath.

“Doctor Rush?”

TJ, Rush noted dimly, recognizing the voice. He blinked, his gaze shifting unevenly around the room, over the people there. TJ, Eli, Brody. Young.

He dropped his head and tried to stand, only to fall back, clutching his head with a groan.

“Get him to the infirmary.”

Young’s firm, detached, order slid numbly through Rush’s brain. TJ’s hands on him as she checked him over felt distant and irrelevant.

“I need…” Rush whispered, starting to rise again.

“You need to sit down,” TJ instructed in a voice that invited no argument. “Eli, help me with him.”

He was taken the infirmary and made to lie down. He vaguely heard people speaking, but he couldn’t focus on them. He felt shell shocked. Finally, TJ gave him something to make him sleep, and he fell into unconsciousness.
When he woke hours later, he quickly shrugged off TJ’s concerns, and called his science team together. Young, having no doubt been informed he was awake by TJ, invited himself along.

He’d gotten what he needed. Well, he’d gotten something at least. At least now he knew what was going on, and why the code seemed so damned difficult to break.

The code, he had learned, was changing. Learning. It must be tied to the AI somehow, the AI they hadn’t yet been able to access but knew must be there, running Destiny, turning all the pieces they couldn’t see. No wonder he’d had such difficulty: it was a living thing, with a heartbeat and a mind. Maybe even a soul, if one believed in such things. The code couldn’t be broken; no, they needed to be invited, needed to prove themselves by jumping through these hoops until Destiny decided they were worthy of steering her. In short, they needed to connect to Destiny on a—for lack of a better term—human level.

“So…” Brody began carefully. “What? What do we do then?” He glanced around helplessly. “We just…wait around, hoping Destiny’s AI decides we’re, what? ‘Cool people’?”

Rush sighed. “It’s…it’s my belief, based on my experience in the Chair, that, yes, at a certain point, Destiny simply will allow the code to be broken. Until then,” he tossed his hands. “I think any attempts will be futile.”

There was a grim silence.

“Well, that’s just…great,” Eli chimed in sarcastically. “Really, fucking fantastic, so glad we’ve spent all this time and effort on this.”

“Eli,” Park said quietly, trying to calm him.

“No, seriously,” Eli went on. “What are we supposed to do with that?” He turned on Rush. “You sat in that stupid Chair—almost died, by the way—and that’s the big breakthrough? ‘Don’t bother trying, Destiny’s not sure she want to be friends yet’?” He shook his head back and forth, huffing. “I mean, you were in there for hours. You’d think a message like that, wouldn’t take that long. Like, a minute.”

Rush swallowed nervously. He could feel people’s eyes on him: wary. Suspicious.

“I told you what I know,” Rush said tightly. “I told you what I think. Whatever you want to take from that, is your business.”

“Yeah, but why do you even think that?” Eli said, exasperated. “I mean, what happened in there?”

Rush felt his jaw clench. “It’s…” he stammered. “It’s hard to…it’s difficult to explain.” He finished finally. There was a collective restless murmuring. “I can just tell you,” Rush went on determinedly. “What I honestly think the point of it all was.”

“The point of what all was,” he heard Brody mutter, half under his breath. Rush bit his tongue and glared.

“You said ‘allow the code to be broken’.” Young’s voice came in calmly into the conversation. “At some point, Destiny will ‘allow it to be broken’.

Rush crossed his arms and shuffled his feet. He’d steadfastly refused to even look in the Colonel’s
direction thus far, and he continued averting his gaze.

“Yes,” he answered shortly.

“So,” Young went on calmly. “It still does need to be broken.”

Rush frowned. “It...there’s a number sequence we need to input, yes, but like I said, it keeps changing, and with the number of possible—”

“Yes,” Young cut in. “I understand. I’m only saying, that we do need to keep trying to input a correct sequence. Right?” Rush could feel Young’s eyes on him, stony and hard. Rush gave a curt nod. “Okay.” Young went on. “So, we’ll do that. We’ll keep trying, and maybe eventually, something will work.”

It was a completely useless, obvious and self-defeating statement. And yet somehow, Rush felt everyone—himself included, to his chagrin—relax a bit, Young’s sure and even tone steadying them like a rudder.

“Right.” Rush said softly, still not meeting Young’s eyes.

There was a pause. Again, he could feel Young’s fixed stare boring into.

“Okay.” Young said finally, and they dispersed.

Rush kept himself busy. The last thing he wanted was time to stop and think, to reflect, to rememb —

He cut off. Focus, he told himself. Just focus.

He worked late into the night, despite TJ’s gentle reminder that he needed to rest.

“You’re still recovering,” she insisted, with a soft look.

Rush had nodded agreeably, and then went right back to working. There was flutter in his chest, and he realized part of him was worried that (hoping that? No, not hoping, not--) Young would come and…

He swallowed. Finally, when his hands were starting to shake from exhaustion, he went back to his room and collapsed in a heap upon the bed, wondering if he’d wake to find Young’s brutish form holding him down, and wondering more if he’d be glad if he did.

He woke up alone in his room.

That day, he kept furtively glancing toward the Colonel, but the man seemed determined to ignore him. When Rush was looking at him anyway; when he looked away again, he always felt Young’s eyes slide over to him, burning through him like a laser. But he never engaged with him, never tried
to touch him or brush past him, never said a single word to him he didn’t have to. The next day was the same, and the day after that. As Rush lay down to sleep that night, he resigned himself to the idea that Young would not be coming for him. Whatever the reasons, Young had clearly resolved to leave him be. After a moment’s reflection, Rush decided he was more relieved than disappointed: he didn’t think he could cope with facing Young just now. Not after…

Not after…

Pulling the covers in tightly around him, Rush finally gave in to the bitter grief, freshly cracked open from where it had long ago hardened inside him. He wept balefully into his pillow until he finally fell into a worn and weary sleep.

Rush dreamed.

The brush of Gloria’s hair tickled his face as she bent over him, her soft lips both cool and warm at once against his. Her long hair fell down over him, like sunlight from a December sun, her glass-blue eyes shimmering with soft laughter. Gloria had always reminded him of winter—not the cold, dead parts of winter, but all the bright, gleaming bits, set against the dark. Like, the crisp, refreshing wind against your face as you raced down a snow-covered hill, or the pale sparkle of a frozen lake, or the touch of a warmed drink prickling against your palms, and the flickering of a dancing fire after coming in from a frigid storm.

Now, their naked bodies moved together, palms pressing against palms, as she sank down onto him smoothly, the moist heat of her enveloping him like heavy silk. Sighing deeply, she closed her eyes and smiled, opening her eyes again to stare mirthfully down at him. She placed her hands on his chest and began to move, surging fluidly up and down.

Delicately, he placed the very tips of his fingers to her hips, his lips parted in breathless wonder. The pleasure was intoxicating, and he could tell he was already close, so close, but he tamped down on the urge with ruthless determination, knowing that if he came before she had been thoroughly sated that he’d never forgive himself. He was always concerned with that, and Gloria never failed to convey her affectionate recognition of his efforts, smiling widely when she was finished and urging him finally to give in with sweet, soothing words. Sometimes, Gloria would whisper to him her permission, saying, “It’s all right, Nicholas; come with me,” in a breathless voice as she began to reach her zenith, and then they would come together, wrapping their pleasures around each other like a shared blanket.

At first, here, all he was aware of was Gloria—above him, around him—taking up his field of vision like a bright, glowing star. But slowly, he became mindful of something else. A soft shadow furled out behind her, almost like wings. Its colors seemed to shift from darkest black to palest grey, pulsing like the breath of a living thing. And yet, it somehow appeared unmoving, like a pillar of stone.

“What is it, Nicholas?” Gloria asked him, noticing his distraction. Slowly, she began to turn her head to look over her shoulder.

“Nothing,” he said quickly in quiet panic, tearing his eyes from the shadow and reaching up a hand to turn her gaze back to him. “Nothing,” he said again, even as he felt a heavy shadowed hand wrap
around his ankle.

Gloria looked at him strangely, but didn’t press. She resumed her rippling movements, taking his lightly placed hand at her cheek and placing it to her breast. He slid his hand around it, brushing the nipple with his thumb and stroking the underside lightly with the back of his fingers the way he knew she liked. He did his best to ignore the shadow, even as the hand at his ankle began dragging slowly up the inside of his leg. His breath hitched as it firmly pushed open his leg, exposing his inner thigh, a thick finger trailing higher and higher—

Rush surged awake, chest heaving. He sat up quickly, wiping his sweat-stained brow with one sleeve. He was hard, the stiff flesh trapped painfully against the inside of his jeans. After only a moment, he snarled to himself and jerked open his fly. He stroked himself with rough impatience, and swiftly spilled into his fingers after less than a minute. He wiped himself off and did up his jeans, panting, a deep anguished pain piercing between his ribs.

He left his room and went to work. He didn’t bother to shower: he couldn’t bear to touch himself.

Young avoided him again that day, which worked just fine for Rush since it meant he didn’t have to go to the trouble of avoiding Young himself. It was time for another refueling, and as they went through the star they tested the refinery, everyone holding their breaths to see what would happen.

It worked. Spectacularly well, in fact. They gathered more raw materials than they’d dared to dream, and Eli had let out a loud Whoop! and pumped his fist in the air.

“Now we just have to see if we can get those printers to work,” Brody said ruefully, but even he was smiling a bit.

Rush dropped his gaze back to console readings, not able to make himself share in their elation. He’d had a vague, sick feeling in his stomach all day. He’d barely eaten; everything he put in his mouth tasted like sandpaper. He wanted to cry, or scream, or punch something, but instead he just buckled down on the next problem and hoped the feeling would go away.

He hoped he wouldn’t dream that night.

Gloria’s taste on his lips was like magic. He flicked his tongue against the nub of her clit and she arched up into his mouth, moaning. He let her thrust her mound against him, burying his face deeper between her legs, as her lithe and nimble fingers clawed raggedly at his hair. He slid an arm under her leg, supporting her hip, while the other reached up—stretching his arm out along her soft stomach—to stroke over and between her breasts. He caressed his tongue along the folds that parted
along the innermost part of her, dipping inside to indulge himself in more of her taste, before locking his lips around her clit and sucking with firm, tender, even pulses.

Her warmly passionate cries filled him with a soft glow, a satisfaction that ran deeper than his own pleasure, deeper than anything. He was hard and leaking, but the idea of lowering a hand to pleasure himself didn’t even occur to him. Instead, he took his hand from her breasts and slid two fingers into the throbbing wetness within her. Deftly, he found that sparkling place inside, reveling as she clenched around his fingers like a vice, her nails digging fiercely into his scalp.

“Oh, Nicholas,” she breathed, painfully squeezing a fistful of his hair, and he hummed blissfully against her blistering heat, relishing the sudden sharpness.

Then, he felt it: a touch between his legs; soft at first, then more insistent, nudging his knees apart till he was bared open. He stopped, every muscle frozen and suspended for a moment, before he quickly resumed his attention, glancing fearfully up towards Gloria’s face from between her legs. Gloria was laid back, her eyes closed tight in ecstasy, and Rush determinedly set about keeping her that way, fervently pleasuring her with a newly devoted desperation.

Don’t look, he pleaded silently. Please don’t look.

A thick finger pushed inside him, and he closed his eyes in tight shame and joyless pleasure. He nearly sobbed into silky heat pressed against his mouth as he felt the unforgiving burn as he was stretched and opened, salty tears streaming from beneath his clenched eyelids. When something hotter and much, much, larger nudged at his opening and pressed adamantly inside, he was nearly shaking with guilt and humiliation. And yet, the sensation was still exquisite, a twisting thrill deep inside as his entrance was forced to widen and expand. It was a sensual torture, a tormenting destruction of his soul through too much aching pleasure; Gloria, warm and soft, engulfing him in her taste and scent and touch, and now, this something else, this sturdy hardness ruthlessly violating him with stabbing thrusts that left him quivering.

He wanted more, he wanted it to stop, he wanted to lose himself in Gloria’s sweet warmth, he wanted to be rent open by the crushing hardness behind him, he wanted hands to touch him, stroke him, use him, Gloria’s hands, other hands, demanding, insistent, strong, knowing, caring, he wanted all of it, he wanted more, he didn’t want it to stop, he wanted, he wanted, he wanted—

He came with a ragged shriek as he jolted into wakefulness, and immediately slumped against the bed, sobbing. He cried viciously, angrily, open mouthed and shaking, clawing and biting his pillow in a frenzied, grinding rage. The spunk inside his jeans slicked, oozing, between his thighs and he nearly tore his fly open, jamming a dry rag inside to scrub at his damp skin and the inner fabric that rubbed against it, then threw the rag across the room and buried his hands in his hair, gasping.

He sat there on the bed, trembling, the front of trousers hanging open in a vicious reminder of his self-loathing and weakness. He wanted to shake himself, or, better yet, to tear his hair out in hateful clumps.

“I’m sorry,” he mouthed almost silently, lips trembling. “I’m so sorry.”

There was no answer to his mournful apology. There never would be.
Dragging himself up, he righted his clothes and made for the showers. He stood in the warm mist with one hand against the dividing wall. He stared blankly, barely remembering to actually wash himself. There was a dull roaring in his ears, half-formed slurs and insults blending incomprehensibly into a steady background hollering.

_Filth._

He closed his eyes, fingers curling against the smooth surface.

_You’re full of filth._

Shut up, he thought back fiercely. You don’t know…you don’t know *anything*.

This wasn’t about that. This was about…

He squeezed his eyes and fresh tears streaked down his cheeks. He couldn’t finish, not even the thought, half-formed as it was.

Suddenly, he lifted his eyes up to the ceiling.

“Are you doing this?” He whispered grimly, speaking to *Destiny*. “Are you doing this to me?”

There had been talk among the crew about the kind dreams they’d had since coming aboard. Everyone agreed; the dreams the had on *Destiny* seemed more vivid, more stirring. Rush had wondered himself about it, and about the AI they had yet to speak to, the one with unknown powers they’d yet to fully uncover. He’d speculated there was a connection, but whether it was simply a general psychic field heightening the crew subconscious or something more deliberate was uncertain.

Maybe it didn’t matter, he mused. Intentional or not, the result was the same.

“What do you want from me?” he whispered again.

There was no answer. He supposed there wouldn’t be.

He sighed, and turned off the shower. There was still work to do, after all.

Rush lay in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He was afraid to fall asleep. He’d tried to avoid it for as long as possible, but even he had to admit he’d worked himself to the point of uselessness. Still, he couldn’t bring himself to close his eyes, even as exhaustion weighted his limbs and clouded his brain. He laid there, breathing softly, for how long he didn’t know, thinking that he’d never manage relax enough to fall into unconsciousness.

Then, between on breath and another, he was suddenly asleep.

Rush lay on his side in his bed, his head resting softly on a warm pillow. Gloria lay across from him;
face to face, they were kissing gently, fingers lazily trailing through each other’s hair and down each other’s faces. It felt like it was morning, and midnight, and midafternoon. There was an ease to their touches, the unhurriedness that came from knowing they had nowhere else to be.

Except that Rush did. He could feel it—that shadow, that pressing weight—behind his back, not touching him, but sitting there, waiting, with unmoving patience.

Rush pushed it away with his mind, or tried to, focusing only on the touch of Gloria’s mouth against his.

Gloria pulled away, cupping his cheek. She smiled fondly at him, tracing the curve of his face with her thumb as she gazed deeply into his eyes. He smiled back, full of the unburdened love he had for her.

She smiled more, and gave pressed her lips his lips in a long, firm kiss. She pulled back, again, to look into his eyes. Then, very deliberately, she shifted her gaze, and looked past his shoulder.

Rush’s heart skipped. He felt his smile twist into something else, something fearful, but her smile didn’t fade. She looked, unsurprised and unalarmed, and then looked back. She stroked his face.

“She’s all right, Nick,” she said, comfortingly, a soft, sad smile at her lips. “It’s all right.”

“It’s not,” he burst out, throat tightening. He shook his head, feeling his lips shake. “It’s not all right.”

“Nicholas,” she admonished softly. She sighed, and there was a kind of regret there. “You can’t keep doing this. I know you love me. I know you always will. But, Nick,” she shook her head sadly. “You can’t be loyal to me anymore. I’m gone.”

Rush swallowed, and nodded tightly, glancing away. “I know.”

“Nicholas, look at me.” Gloria lifted his chin, staring at him earnestly. She said it again, more firmly, with the simplicity of fact.

“I’m gone.”

Suddenly, tears were in his eyes, and he let out a desperate sob, covering his mouth with one hand as more sobs tore through his body.

“Shh,” Gloria soothed, holding him. “Shh, it’s okay.”

“I’m sorry,” he cried through his tears and hiccups. “I’m sorry for…for everything I did…everything I didn’t…”

“I know,” Gloria whispered. “It’s okay.” She smiled then, bright as silver. “You gave me everything you could, Nicholas. I always knew that.”

He let out a despondent wailing laugh, as tears continued to pour out of him, streaming like rain down his cheeks.

“You’re—” he hiccupped brokenly. “You’re not even real. You’re just a…a figment, something formed from my memories, telling me what I want to hear.”

Gloria tilted her head. She looked at him with a kind of confused pity, brow furrowed in concern.

“But because I’m formed from your memories of me, doesn’t mean what I’m saying isn’t true.
Doesn’t mean it isn’t exactly what I would say.” Here, she smiled again, soft and full of affection. “After all,” she said, brushing a strand of hair from his face. “Who knows me better than you, Nicholas?”

Her expression took on a somber tint. “My Nicholas,” she whispered, full of tender longing.

“Always,” he whispered back. “Always yours. Nothing can change that.”

She blinked, and then smiled. “You’re right,” she said, looking at him meaningfully. “Nothing can.”

He stared at her. Then, finally, he nodded, understanding.

She smiled, somewhat wistfully, and nodded. “I love you, Nick,” she said simply. “Don’t forget that.”

“I won’t,” he promised.

“And part of me will always be here…” she went on, brushing a pointed finger across Rush’s temple. “…when you need me. But you can’t live in a memory, Nick. So,” she took a breath. “You have to let me go.”

Rush shook his head weakly, brow creasing as tears threatened to fall again. “How?” he asked helplessly.

Gloria smiled wistfully again, and shrugged. “You just do,” she said plainly.

Rush dropped his gaze. He chewed absently on his lip, and swallowed.

He took a deep breath.

He lifted his eyes.

“I love you,” he said, one more time.

The Gloria lying next to him didn’t answer. She had grown still, like a photograph. Then, slowly, she began to grow smaller, the space on the bed somehow widening between them, until she seemed impossibly far away.

Rush took another breath. He wiped his eyes on his sleeve, and then, quietly, rolled over onto his other side.

Young stared evenly back at him.

“Are you ready?” he asked Rush simply, though his lips didn’t move.

Rush woke up.

Rush lay there a long while. He breathed deeply in and out, over and over, counting the seconds of each breath.

He sat up. Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, he sat, shoulders hunched, staring out at
nothing. Then, he straightened. He felt strangely calm, an odd clarity settling over him. Underneath, he was vaguely aware of a blind fear that still held him, but it was muted beneath a cool sense of certainty.

He knew what he had to do.

It terrified him, but that didn’t change what he needed. What he wanted, as he could finally, barely, admit to himself.

There was a queer sensation of falling through endless, open space, alarmingly picking up speed till he reached terminal velocity, but never quite hitting the ground. Instead, he’d managed to achieve some kind of orbital stability, continually missing the gravitational source to go on whirling round and round in a constant state of freefall. It was less alarming than he might have thought.

Rush went through his day in this sort of haze…except calling it a ‘haze’ implied obfuscation, and his mind felt spotlessly clear. He might describe the feeling as detached, but that wasn’t it either. He felt present, aware of himself and his surroundings. He almost like he knew what was going to happen, that he could see the future playing out, just slightly out of sight. He couldn’t put words to what he was thinking might happen exactly, but somehow…he knew.

Young continued to avoid him, not meeting Rush’s eyes even when he was forced to address him. That was alright, Rush thought. That was expected. In order for that to change, Rush was going to have to do something about it. He was aware that it would be a difficult interaction, no doubt unpleasant, in fact, but he was prepared to do it. A part of him wanted to do it, though he couldn’t even begin to explain why. There was a thrillful expectancy, that feeling that something important was about to happen. Like…a birth, almost, he thought to himself, finding the metaphor bizarre but apt; something desirable, achieved through a lot of labor and discomfort.

His heart sped up a bit, both deeply nervous and a bit excited.

This is happening, he thought to himself. I’m really going to do this. He wasn’t even sure he knew what ‘this’ was, he just somehow knew that, whatever it turned out to be, he was ready for it.

Instead of working through dinner and into the late evening as he had the past few days, he ate quietly in the mess hall, watching the crowds mill about with a reserved ease. When he had finished, he went to take a long shower. He rubbed his hands over his face and hair, feeling the cleansing gel truly refresh him for the first time since he’d sat in the Chair. Then, he walked Destiny’s halls till he arrived at Young’s quarters.

He took a deep breath, and breathed it out. The words ‘event horizon’ came to mind, and he hesitated.

He didn’t have to do this. He could go back to his own quarters, and forget all of this. All of it. He and Young could go on ignoring each other forever. It would be like none of it had ever happened.

He couldn’t quite convince himself of that last part.

He raised a hand, and knocked.

One, he counted in his head. Two. Three. Four—

The door slid open, revealing Young behind it. Young stood in his black t-shirt, with a small towel flung over one shoulder. His hair was mussed, and his skin looked a bit damp, like he’d just washed it. When he saw Rush, his expression went from neutral, to startled, to stony in matter of heartbeats. He stared at Rush, his eyes hard, and for a moment Rush thought he was simply going to close the
door in his face. Then, he turned and walked abruptly across the room, leaving Rush standing at the open
door.

Rush stepped across the threshold and shut the door behind him. He watched as Young finished
toweling his face, turned away from him and staunchly ignoring his presence. The chess board was
gone, he noted dimly. Crossing his arms over his chest, Rush looked at his shoes and took a breath.
No one had said this was going to be easy…

“I know you’re angry with me,” Rush began simply.

Young stopped. “Yeah?” he said, not turning. “You figure that out with that genius brain of
yours?”

Rush bit back a sigh. “You’re angry because I sat in the Chair,” he went on.

“Wrong.”

Rush started to open his mouth, and then shut it with a snap. “…What?” he asked, thrown off.

Young finally turned around, crossing his arms over his chest. “Wrong.” He repeated. “Try again.”

Rush blinked, flummoxed. All his earlier confidence and certitude was quickly being derailed by,
well…Young.

Rush bit his lip. “You’re angry that,” he began again, more uncertainly. “That I sat in the Chair, and
didn’t tell you first. Or…or, ask your permission to do it,” he added hastily.

“Wrong, and wrong.” Young answered promptly.

Rush huffed, biting down on his frustration. “Then, what then?” He demanded, waving an arm.

Young stared him down. “You wanna know?”

Rush buried the urge to snarl. He wasn’t here to fight, he needed to remember that…

“Yes,” he replied through clenched teeth.

Young’s lip twitched. Then, he dropped his arms. “I,” he began, walking forward. “Am angry at
you, Rush, because you sat in that chair and you didn’t. Tell. Anyone.”

Rush’s mouth fell open a bit, and he frowned. Young looked at his confused face, and let out a
mirthless laugh.

“Ask my permission?” Young said, shaking his head. “Yeah, that’s…that’s hilarious. Telling me
would have been nice, but, you were probably worried I’d try to stop you, which I probably would
have, so fair enough. You’d clearly set your mind on sitting that chair and weren’t gonna let
anything stop you, and that included me. I get it. But, Rush,” here, he placed his hands on the back
of one of the sofas, leaning in and glaring hard. “You could have told somebody. Eli. Brody.
Anyone. I have no doubt you could have talked somebody on the ship into helping you and keeping
it a secret, so what in God’s name were you thinking going in there and hooking yourself into that
thing by yourself!”

He pushed off the back of the couch, shaking his head in angry disbelief. “God damn it, Rush, you
even did it in the middle of night when no one was around. What if something had gone wrong?
What if that goddamned contraption had turned on and started drilling bolts into your skull like it did
with Franklin, only this time, it would have hours before anyone would have even known about it!”

“That wasn’t going to happen!” Rush broke in, finally having enough. He’d told himself he wasn’t going to fight, but God damn it, he’d had enough! “I’d figured it out, I’ve explained that! I just had to—”

“You are not one hundred percent right one hundred percent of the time, Rush!” Young shouted, almost roaring. “You MAKE MISTAKES!”

Rush reeled back, gulping. That one hurt, even more so because it was painfully true.

“And if you’d been wrong this time, you would have been DEAD!” Young continued to shout. “And ALL you had to do was wait a couple of hours to tell one God damned person what you were doing, or hell, wake somebody up in the middle of the night! That seems like something you would do!”

Young threw his hands up, and turned away, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“I don’t care how sure you were, or that you turned out to be right this time; you could have been more careful, and it would have cost you nothing. What you did was dangerous, Rush. It was dangerous and irresponsible and reckless and stupid.”

Young finally fell silent. Rush swallowed and looked at the floor.

He was right. God damn it, Young was right. What had he been thinking? Rush shook his head. He hadn’t been, not really, not about that. He’d been caught up running away from what he’d been feeling, burying himself in a problem, and when he’d found the solution, he hadn’t wanted to wait, hadn’t wanted deal with anyone else, hadn’t wanted to slow down and explain because that would have meant he might have slowed down enough for his feelings to catch up with him. So, he’d done it, he’d just done it, without once truly considering the possibility he might have been wrong.

Rush’s face heated with belated terror at the danger he’d put himself in, and sheer embarrassment at his foolishness.

He took a deep breath; the words he needed to say—needed for both of them—lodged in his throat, but he had to get them out, no matter how hard it was.

“You’re right,” he managed finally. He looked up and met Young’s gaze. “I’m sorry.”

Young stared at him. “What?” he said after a moment.

Rush licked his lips. “You’re right. What you said. You’re right, and I’m sorry.”

Young’s brow creased and he kept staring, like he was trying to figure out what game Rush was playing.

“I don’t believe you,” he said flatly.

Rush dropped his gaze, and nodded silently. He should have been disheartened, but he wasn’t. He wasn’t even surprised. He felt his heart beat a little faster, because that feeling of clarity was back again. And he suddenly knew exactly how this was supposed to go.

He walked over to Young, arms crossed over his chest, and looked him straight in the eye. “Then, let me prove it.” He lifted his chin, and felt his lips curve upwards. “Punish me.”
Young was quiet. He went totally still. Rush wasn’t even sure he was breathing. Then, slowly, he started shaking his head. “No,” he said, voice thick. “No, don’t…don’t ask—” He broke off, turning away. “Don’t ask for that, Rush.”

Rush tilted his head. “Why not?”

“Rush,” Young warned, sounding pained. “Just don’t. Believe me, you do not want to do this.”

“I do, actually,” Rush said softly, meaning it.

Young glowered at him, his jaw clenched tight. “No. You don’t.”

Rush tilted his head again. “Why not?”

“Rush—” Young growled.

“Why not?” Rush prompted again, stronger this time.

“Because I have thought about it!” Young stopped, panting, and then grimaced. “For six. Days. I have thought about it.”

He glared hard at Rush, eyes boring into him with all the menace that they could. Rush’s heart fluttered, face flushing, and he took another step in, bringing them nearly chest to chest.

“Good.” He said, not flinching. “We can get right to it, then.”

Young’s nostrils flared. He didn’t move.

“This is what needs to happen,” Rush heard himself say, his voice hushed. “You know it is. You need to punish me. I…” He paused, licked over his dry lips. “I need you…to punish me.”

There was a long pause. Neither of them moved. The air seemed to crackle, like it could catch fire at any moment. Then, Young’s eyes narrowed.

“Tell me your safe word.”

Rush blinked. “Icarus,” he said, after a second’s thought, already knowing he wouldn’t use it.

Young nodded once. “Unless it’s that, you don’t speak tonight.”

Rush opened his mouth—a ‘Yes, sir’ on his lips—and closed it again. He nodded.

Young left him there then, moving elsewhere in the room outside Rush’s field of vision. He was ready for this, Rush reiterated to himself. He could do this. He needed to do this. He needed to
show Young he was sorry, well and truly sorry, for what he’d done.

Thunk

Rush turned his head at the sound, pressing his right cheek against the cushion under him. A black duffel bag was sitting on the low table in front of him, and Young pulled something from it with brusque movements.

“Spread your ass,” Young commanded crudely, stepping behind Rush.

Rush blinked slowly, and reached behind himself. His fingers were trembling as he pried his cheeks apart. He swallowed around a lump in his throat, forcing himself to hold still and bare himself without any hesitation or reluctance. He felt a light, poking scratch over his hole, and then—

SSNAP!

Rush let out a wordless cry, high and shrill, at the cutting pain. There was barely time to gasp as a deep burning sting set in when the second strike came, cracking between his parted cheeks like a whip. Rush keened, his fingers tightening as he held his arse open to the assault. Five times, quick and ruthless, the switch snapped across his hole, leaving behind a searing stripe along his tender flesh.

Rush was gasping tearfully when Young carefully placed the switch on the table, reaching again into the long black bag beside it. He quickly pulled out the cane and stood up straight again, moving to stand behind Rush without a word. Rush sniffed sharply, trying not to whimper as he waited for the blow to fall.

CRACK!

Rush screamed, clenching his eyes tight. Bruising and sharp, the cane came down to slap across his hole. One, two, three, four, five, Rush counted each hit and then let out a deep breath, only to scream again when a sixth came down like a hammer. Then, the cane was set neatly next to the switch on the table.

The flogger was next.

Seven hard whacks, smacked right down the center of his cleft. The braided strips of fabric scraped harshly down his inner cheeks and perineum, and each direct strike to his puckered entrance was pure agony.

Next, Young took Rush’s belt and wrapped it firmly around his fist, leaving only an inch or two of leather hanging out. He placed his other hand at Rush’s lower back and laid eight strong swats, all in a row, to Rush’s hole, with hardly a breath of pause between each one. Rush legs jerked up, wailing, his face buried in the cushion under him and feet rising off the floor as Young rained down blow after blow.

The hairbrush came after that. The handle of it rested against his hole for several long minutes while Rush uncontrollably shook and sobbed, before finally coming down in slow, even strokes. Nine times, it came down, brutalizing Rush’s wounded hole with every pounding thump.

Rush pressed his face deeper into the cushion, utterly unable to stop his blubbering. He felt like he’d been drilled through the middle, his innermost parts ripped to shreds. His hands clutched his own arse-cheeks pathetically, digging into his fleshy mounds with his fingers so hard it hurt.

When a thick, slick digit entered him, he barely held back a yowl. Was Young going to fuck him,
Rush asked himself silently as Young slid two fingers in and out of his abused passage. He felt a mad kind of relief at the thought, even knowing how excruciating it would no doubt be to take Young after such treatment. Instead, he soon felt something hard and inflexible pressed at his entrance. Rush grimaced, gritting his teeth as the grenade casing was pushed inside. He whimpered as his hole finally closed around it, the small bit left sticking out making hurtful contact against the bruised and beaten ring of muscle.

Young tersely removed Rush’s hands from his backside, tossing them back to Rush without care, and Rush tucked his elbows under him, hugging them pitifully to his chest. He wiped his nose and eyes with the back his hand, sniffing, feeling thoroughly miserable. He wished Young would at least say something to him, even if it was to berate or lecture him, but Young hadn’t made a single sound since he’d told Rush to spread his arse for him. He’d known Young was angry with him, but this made all too clear how entirely livid he must be, and Rush’s stomach clenched painfully in shame and regret.

The vicious BANG! of the broad side of the paddle against his backside jolted Rush from his reverie. He squealed softly from the back of his throat, buttocks clenching, too drained to properly cry out anymore. The blows came down hard and fast; his anus constricted painfully around the plug lodged inside him as he simply couldn’t relax under the heavy assault of pounding smacks. He clenched his fists against the couch and stared down blankly at the cushions, rocking forward helplessly with every wallop as tears rolled silently down his cheeks. Young didn’t stop at ten, as Rush had hoped for a brief moment he might. He didn’t stop at twenty. At thirty, Rush gave up and lost count, his mind swimming with throbbing pain.

Finally, it stopped. Rush almost didn’t notice at first, his arse was in such constant agony. There was a rushing in his ears, like the a crashing wave. He felt like he couldn’t breathe for a moment, only to realize he was breathing, sucking in deep, gasping breaths.

He sensed Young at his side, and he turned his head. Young was setting the paddle beside the rest, completing the orderly row of torture implements on the table. Rush stared at them, his mouth hanging open in a kind of detached fascination.

Then, Young picked up the hairbrush, turning to Rush with a grim set to his jaw, and something in Rush broke. Slowly, his eyes widened, a mute horror roiling through him. Eyelids quivering, Rush stared up at Young. Pleading, Rush thought maybe. His lips even parted, beginning to form a half-thought word, and then he stopped, dropping his head into his arms with a quiet sob.

They weren’t done yet. They weren’t even close.

The back of the hairbrush hit the fleshy center of his right cheek with a firm THWACK, and Rush wrapped his arms around his head and just wept. Over and over, the brush struck back and forth between his cheeks, always hitting right in the middle till Rush could feel a deep bruise forming on each buttoc. Rush felt the urge to cry more, but he found himself literally out of tears. Wholly depleted, he hung there over the arm of the couch like a rag doll, unable to do anything more.

Rush peeked from under his arms when he felt the beating stop. He watched Young replace the brush into the black duffel bag, and felt a tiny thread of relief. Then, Young picked up his belt again, and Rush felt that thread dissolve. He laid his right cheek forlornly onto his folded forearms and stared out mutely. He flinched, eyes closing despondently as the belt cracked cruelly across his buttocks. He began to shake with dry sobs, not just from bodily pain, but with a deeper despairing hurt.

Was Young really so bitterly, viciously angry with him? Rush shook his head against his arms, his face twisting in doleful anguish. Had what he’d done been so unforgivably terrible, to make Young
so hateful—so disgusted with him?

He felt the new gashing scrape of the flogger, but it was almost drowned by a crushing, brutal sickness in his chest. He felt numb in his limbs, a seeping gloom that spread through his body.

Next, cane rested against his bruised, blistered flesh, and Rush found he almost didn’t care. It didn’t matter, none of it mattered—

His muscles tensed as Young struck five stripes down his backside. There was a pause, and then four more came down, crossing in a double X over his round haunches.

Now, the switch, he thought dully, and sure enough, in a moment the thin sliver of wood came down like a whip, leaving needle thin cuts in its wake. Rush held completely still, shaking almost imperceptibly, his eyes wide and dry.

The hits stopped. Rush watched, blankly, as Young placed the switch back inside the bag. The table was almost bare now; only the paddle remained. Young had his back to Rush, standing between the table and the sofa. His hand flexed.

He picked up the paddle.

He turned, resting the flat side against his other hand, and Rush started crying again. He still didn’t have any tears left, but he cried anyway, loud and shaking. He shook his head back and forth, more in discouragement than denial, and lifted his eyes up to Young’s face in a helpless, instinctive demand of why?

Then he stopped. He blinked, his eyelashes catching stickily against his cheeks. He could feel his ribs expanding with each breath, and his brow furrowed in concentration as he looked at Young’s face.

As he looked.

Because Young didn’t look angry. He wasn’t looking at Rush, his eyes were turned inward, and all Rush could see in his face was a deep, edging hurt. Then, as Young’s gaze shifted, their eyes locked, and Rush saw a piercing, knifelike fear in them, like nothing Rush would have ever imagined in those strong, dark eyes.

They stayed like that for the length of a breath, then another, and then, calmly, Rush turned away. He lowered his head, resting it in his arms. He kept his eyes open, and he waited.

There was a deep silence, and then Young stepped behind him again. Rush’s heart lurched with something so much more potent than fear or despair, and when the blows came his eyes stayed open.

He’d had it all wrong. He’d thought he’d needed to show Young how sorry he was, but he was the one who needed to be shown something. He was the one who needed to see.

To see.

He saw, suddenly, with a kind of cataclysmic clarity, the day he’d sat in that blasted chair. He saw it through Young’s eyes: he saw his own body from the outside, trapped and unconscious in its metal bindings; he felt the blinding fear and helpless panic that came after; the hopelessness, as Young realized there was nothing he could do but wait for Rush to wake up; the uncertainty of whether he ever would.
This is how much I hurt you, Rush finally grasped with wild wonder. He closed his eyes, fully allowing the pain to wash through him and welcoming it with a fierce passion. It felt airy, surreal. Who, he thought to himself, who else had ever bothered to care this much if he lived or died? Who else, save Gloria, would have felt anything if something had happened to him?

I’m sorry, he thought frantically. I’m so, so, sorry.

He’d said it before, and he’d believed he’d meant it, but he hadn’t really, not fully, not with the understanding of just what it was he had done. He sucked in another choked, dry sob, and buried his face in his hands. Young continued beat him with clear, even strokes, and Rush suddenly felt unworthy of it. Guilt and shame clogged his throat as the blows reverberated through him, each strike reminding him how deeply Young cared, and how careless Rush had been with that care.

When Young stopped, the final cut with the paddle echoing painfully through Rush’s tortured flesh, Rush was almost disappointed.

No, he cried mournfully in his head. Punish me, punish me, please.

His arse throbbed, aching like a gaping, open sore, but it wasn’t enough, wasn’t nearly enough to sate his guilt over his selfish, stupid ingratitude.

Young’s was pulling him by the elbow, and Rush pushed to his feet, shaking. He kept his eyes down, trying to show his contrition. Young pulled him to the center to the room; Rush’s trousers were still around his ankles, and so he shuffled his way humiliatedly to the spot Young designated. He was set, faced away from Young’s bed, in the open area the sofa and the bed. He swayed on his feet as Young left him there, pain and shame washing over him. He heard a scraping sound, and glanced over to see Young dragging a metal chair across the floor. He set it behind Rush with a faint bang that made Rush wince, and walked round to face Rush. He stood a foot or two away, arms crossed over his chest, a hard, rigid line to his face.

“Sit.”

He said it firmly, simply. Like to a dog.

Rush swallowed thickly and took a shaky breath. Then, slowly, he lowered himself to the seat below. At the first, faint brush against his cheeks, he flinched, stopping, but then pressed down, steadily, till he was fully seated. He sat, hunched, his face twisted in restrained agony as he fought to breath.

“Put your hands behind the back of the chair,” Young said grimly. “And grab your wrists.”

Rush obeyed, letting out a startled cry as his back was forced straight, pushing his backside down firmly. Strong fingers grabbed his chin, forcing his head up. He blinked up at Young, eyes wide and open, waiting for what was next.

“You will stay here,” Young instructed, his voice uncompromising and unyielding. “You will not move. You will not speak. You will stay here until I come get you, and you will not make a sound until I do.” His fingers tightened. “Do you understand?”

Rush swallowed, and gave a tight nod.

Young left him.

Rush’s head fell down against his chest, limply. He could hear Young moving behind him, the sounds of bedcovers being pulled down, and then quiet. He thought maybe he could hear the faint
sound of Young’s breathing, but he might have been imagining it.

He stayed, unmoving, breathing through the pain wracking his body. He counted his breaths out in a cold rhythm. One. Two. Three. Four. One. Two. Three. Four.

He could do this, and the very fact of knowing that helped make it bearable. He could do this. He would do this, and Young would see that he understood; Young would observe his penance, and he would forgive him. In the meantime, Rush would take his punishment; he would feel every bit of it and he would be grateful for it—grateful to have been allowed to feel the pain behind Young’s anger; grateful to know again what it felt like to have someone care.

He had no sense of time, so he didn’t know how long Young left him there. It could have been minutes. It could have been hours. However long it was, it was time enough for him to know for certain that he would remember this. He would remember this for a very long time. He didn’t know if there would be cause for him to sit in the Interface Chair again, but he imagined if there ever was he would still feel an aching phantom shadow of pain where he sat, as an eternal reminder of his former error.

He sat, and waited, and breathed.

Then, all at once, he was aware of Young stepping into his field of vision. He was in his underwear. Rush wondered if he’d actually been sleeping, or just watching Rush’s suffering silently from the bed. He crouched down in front of Rush.

Rush remained completely still except for the slow rise and fall of his chest. His head was bowed, so he could only see the vague shapes that were Young through his hair. After a moment, a light finger touched under his chin, and tilted up. He raised his head, breathing raggedly, to meet Young’s eyes. They looked tired. Rush had no idea what Young was seeing in his eyes, but he stared into them for a long time. Then, with a sigh, he reached for Rush.

He first undid Rush’s boots, pulling them and his jeans off of his legs. Then he drew his hands down Rush’s shoulder, bidding him silently to release his hold on his wrists, and slipped his arms under Rush’s armpits. Rush let his arms drop and hang limply, sighing disjointedly as he was pulled up and off the chair beneath him. He fell forward against Young’s chest, and Young helped him wrap his arms about Young’s neck. He placed an arm around Rush’s back and another at Rush’s knee, and lifted. He moved his hand to support under Rush’s thigh, careful to avoid his smarting rear, and hugged him tightly to him by the waist. Rush wrapped his legs around Young’s waist in turn, and laid his head on Young’s left shoulder.

Young carried Rush to bed, laying him carefully upon the turned down mattress, peeling off his shirts and rolling him to his stomach. Rush lay with his head cradled in his arms, his thighs splayed loosely behind him. He barely moved, even when Young slipped slickened fingers into him and removed the grenade-shaped plug from his raw and aching hole. Something cool and soothing was spread across his skin; all over his cheeks and between. It didn’t dull the pain completely. Rush was glad of that; he wanted to keep it, this brutal reminder of Young’s feelings, for as long as he could.

Young lifted a blanket and laid it—carefully, so carefully—over Rush’s body. Then he climbed in on the other side of the bed. He lay on his back with his eyes open, staring up at nothing, a slight crease between the curves of his eyebrows.

Rush looked at him, and then reached out, tentatively. He brushed the waistband of Young’s boxers gently, tugging down slightly. Young turned his face to him, frowning, and Rush retreated, bring his hand back to rest under him on the bed. Then, more daring this time, he reached out again, pulling
just a little more insistently. Young frowned again, but then finally lifted his hips and let Rush strip him of his underwear.

I just want to feel you, Rush told him silently as he straddled Young’s body and lay down. I want skin between us and nothing else.

He latched his arms and knees along Young’s sides, and settled, sighing, against Young’s chest. He closed his eyes.

There was a long moment, and then finally Young wrapped his arms around Rush’s back. Rush sensed Young’s right hand hover, just for split second, near his lower back, before quickly grasping around Rush’s waist.

Rushed hesitated, only a moment, and then reached for Young’s hand. Purposefully, he brought that hand to his lips, and planted a deep kiss into the palm. He heard Young’s breath hitch, and Rush allowed the very tip of his tongue to trace along the lines indented in Young skin. Some of the lines there, Rush knew, weren’t natural, but came from gripping the instruments he’d used to bruise and scrape and rend Rush’s skin. Rush released a hot breath, sighing against the flesh of Young’s palm, and then placed it, deliberately and firmly, on the curve of his arse.

He squeezed.

Both he and Young gasped, and then exhaled slowly. Rush left Young’s hand there and, laying his own hand over Young’s heartbeat, slept.

Chapter End Notes

So, this was a doozy to write, ::laughs nervously::: You may have noticed that it is LONG AS FUCK, but I really wanted to keep the flow of the chapter, so sorry about that. Anyway, this is me taking a minute to thank all of you again for sticking through this with me. This is kind of a turning point into the next phase of the story I have in mind, as you maybe guessed, and it was one of those chapters I’d had in mind and been trying to get to for a while. So, to finally have it down and DONE is amazing, and I probably wouldn’t ever have done it without you guys. Thank you, really, so much.

On a different note, I would also like to "thank" a certain "novel" for forever ruining the phrase "shades of grey" in all erotic literature ever. ::glares::

Oh, and I had a question: should I label this as slash AND het in the catagories now? What's the etiquette on that? Thanks!

Whelp, 30 chapters down you guys! How many more to go? I have NO idea, but hopefully less than 30 ::crosses fingers::
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

The day after Rush’s punishment.

fwmf

Young blinked, and opened his eyes. He looked down, and saw the mop of Rush’s brown hair tucked into his shoulder. It seemed that in his sleep, Rush had slipped off of Young’s chest and slid down his side into the crook of his arm. One arm and leg were still flung across Young’s body, while his face was half-buried in Young’s armpit.

Young reached out and brushed some hair from Rush’s face, revealing his nose and one cheek pressed against Young’s skin. He appeared completely lax and unmoving, and he felt unusually heavy against Young. Under the blankets, Young put a hand on Rush’s thigh, and pulled a little, bringing Rush more securely against him. Rush limply let his leg be pulled further up over Young’s hip, neither moving nor waking. Young placed his other hand at the back of Rush’s head, and sighed.

He’d been so angry. He’d been stewing for days, and then he’d just…let it all out. Now, all that anger was gone and he just felt empty. His stomach twisted a little at the memory of what he’d done, and suddenly Rush’s body felt vaguely suffocating against him. He carefully slipped out from Rush’s loose embrace, laying him gently onto his stomach with his head against Young’s pillow, and tucked the covers in around him. He sat up on the bed and ran a hand through his hair. Then, he reached for the jar sitting on the edge of the nightstand. After only a second’s hesitation, he lifted the side of the blanket, pushing it up just enough to reveal Rush’s injured rear.

He sucked in a breath through his nose as Rush’s bare backside came into view. He closed his eyes. It didn’t help, as he could still see the image behind his eyelids, so he opened them again. With hands that didn’t shake he opened the jar of soothing gel, appreciating the numbing touch of it to his fingers as he scooped some out, and began to spread it gently over Rush’s skin.

It was hard not to let words like ‘carnage’ and ‘butchered’ run through his mind as he worked the gel onto Rush’s bruised and lacerated flesh. Rush’s ass was an absolute mess; a wreckage of wounds piled on top of each other. The least damaged areas were stained a deep, raw magenta, but in some places he’d been beaten black, and in a few the skin had broken revealing slick-looking patches of bright red underneath. And that was only the outside, Young thought ruefully, trying to delicately fit his fingers between Rush’s mangled cheeks. He wondered if he’d be able to see the evidence there as well—if Rush’s puckered hole would be covered in dark blotches and splashed with rusty red.

He’d been so angry.

He hadn’t lost control, Young mused to himself. No, throughout it all he’d known exactly what he was doing, exactly how much and how hard he was hitting. He’d counted every stroke. He didn’t know whether that made it better, or much, much worse.

He resealed the jar, having slathered Rush in a thick layer of the clear gel. He reached to replace the covers over Rush’s lower body, and stopped, freezing midmotion with the fabric of the blanket
between his fingers. Rush was watching him, peering quietly over one shoulder with a muted expression. Young finished lowering the blanket. He placed the jar back on the nightstand, and then laid down on his back beside Rush. He pulled his side of the covers up to his waist, and then let his arms fall limply to his sides.

Young could feel Rush’s eyes still on him, but he didn’t turn his head to look.

“Thank you.”

Rush’s voice was barely a whisper, but it cut through Young like a razor. Was Rush thanking him for tending to him, for applying the salve? Or did he mean—?

Either way.

“Don’t thank me for that,” Young said quickly.

Rush was quiet.

“I’m glad it happened,” Rush said softly, after a minute. “I’m glad you…did what you did.” There was a pause. “Not that I’m looking to repeat the experience,” Rush went on with a touch of levity in his voice. “But I’m glad you did it. I’m even glad I did something foolish enough to earn it.” He let out a dry chuckle.

Young finally turned to look at Rush. Rush was pushed up on his elbows, picking at his fingernails absently. He looked at Young hesitantly, but not fearfully. Last night, when Young had finally brought Rush to bed, he’d half-expected Rush to push him away. He would have understood that. He would have understood if Rush hadn’t wanted Young to touch him after that. Instead, he’d reached out for Young, seeking solace and succor from the man who’d just beaten him. It had turned Young’s stomach, even as he’d been grateful for the warmth and contact Rush had offered.

“I don’t see how you could be,” Young said honestly. Rush hadn’t enjoyed what Young had done to him, not this time. It hadn’t even been the strange emotional release Rush sometimes took from a beating. It had just been pain. And yet, Rush hadn’t stopped it, and he hadn’t complained, and he’d reached for Young when it was over, and now, he said that he was glad.

Rush dropped his gaze, looking instead at his gently fidgeting hands. “You’re…you’re not, then?”

Young bit down on his tongue. “You’re asking me if I’m glad that I hurt you that much?” He shook his head. “How can I say yes to that?”

Rush’s brow creased. He bit his lip. “I’m sorry,” he said finally, looking dejected. “I didn’t—” he shook his head. “I’m sorry,” he said again, quieter. He lifted his gaze and met Young’s eyes. “You…you are…you’re not still angry with me, though? Are you?” His eyes shifted uncertainly.

“No,” Young said, his voice hoarse. “I’m not angry anymore.”


Young’s stomach clenched, and he looked away. There was something about the sweetness in Rush’s expression that he couldn’t quite face. He sighed.

There was something else, something that had been weighing on him, and he knew if he didn’t ask now, he never would.

Chair?” He frowned, shaking his head slightly. “I mean, not why, I know—why then? Why that night?”

Young looked at Rush and waited for an answer. There was a long silence. Rush’s face was still.

“Because you asked about my wife.”

Young took in a deep breath, and nodded. Then, he closed his eyes, rubbing his forehead with one hand. “Look, if I’d known that was off-limits—”

“I know,” Rush cut in. He pressed his lips together. “I didn’t want to…” he trailed off, and fell silent.

“It’s okay,” Young said. “You don’t have to—”

“No,” Rush said quickly. “I…I want to. I want to talk about it.” Rush looked down at his hands again. “What you asked, that night, it…it’s hard for me to…” He fell silent again.

“Rush, you really—” Young tried to say, but Rush cut him off with a look. He licked his lips, and swallowed, and then began again.

“It was never like…this,” Rush started. “Like…what we do. But I—” he broke off, swallowing. “I think there was always something…there. Underneath. I think I always…wanted…something.” He ended in a whisper, and swallowed again. “Something I couldn’t face, but it was always there. My w—” He stopped. “Gloria.” And there was something in the name, something raw and naked. “I think maybe she—” He broke off again. He bit his lip, and there were suddenly tears in his eyes. “…She knew,” he said, his voice thick. “Better than me, anyway.” He let out a choked laugh. “Every once in a while, she’d say something, hint at something, letting me know it would be alright, that we could…but I couldn’t even admit it to myself, let alone—”

Rush took in a breath, let it out shakily. He shook his head, a kind of fond, sad smile on his face. “She never pushed. She just waited, like she always did, for me to catch up.” He laughed, small and broken. “No matter how long it took me, she was always there, waiting. And then,” he said, and a tear ran down his cheek. He brushed it away, waving his hand in a helpless gesture. “She wasn’t. And it was too late.” His face started to crumble. “She…she just wanted to be close to me, just wanted to know me, but I…I couldn’t let her. Not completely. Not even her.”

Young listened, a soft frown lining his face. He couldn’t escape the feeling he was missing something, that something didn’t quite fit.

“She…she left you?” he asked hesitantly.

Rush was quiet. He stared down at his hands. He didn’t move, but Young could see more tears starting to form in his eyes.

“She died.”

Rush said it simply, with only a faint tremor to betray any feeling at all, but those two words suddenly snapped everything into place. Young closed his eyes, fighting the urge to smack himself in the face, because of course that’s what had happened. The raw pain in Rush’s eyes…it couldn’t be anything else. And Rush hadn’t said anything about it because of course he wouldn’t.

Young let out a quiet sigh. A dozen stupid phrases and questions ran through his head—the things you were supposed to say in these situations. ‘I’m sorry.’ ‘My condolences.’ ‘Was it sudden?’ ‘How did it happen?’ ‘How long ago?’ ‘Were you with her?’
“What was she like?”

Rush blinked at Young’s question.

“She was…” he started, very quietly. “Kind. Thoughtful. Sort of quiet, but,” Rush smiled. “Strong. She knew how to be stubborn when she needed to be.”

“Mm.”

It was just a grunt, the soft sound people make when they’re listening, but Rush’s eyes locked on Young when he heard it. He looked at Young like he’d forgotten he was there, or maybe like he was seeing him for the first time. Then he dropped his gaze, looking inward.

“With her,” Rush began haltingly. “It wasn’t…it wasn’t like what we do, but…” he licked his lips, a pained look in his eyes. “It…it was…” He gave a frustrated sigh. Then, he turned his eyes onto Young. They looked almost fearful, but there was a determined set to his jaw.

Rush bent forward and pressed his mouth to Young’s lips, cupping Young’s face with one hand. He kissed him, slow and deliberate, his lips and tongue tumbling against Young’s with something both needy and unhurried. Young’s eyes fell closed, the sensation immediately clouding his mind with desire. Dipping the tip of his tongue between Young’s lips, Rush sought permission and then smoothly slipped in deeper as Young opened his mouth. He coaxed Young’s tongue into his own mouth, closing around it and sucking ever-so-gently. Young moaned lowly, the sound of it getting lost in the cavern of Rush’s mouth.

“Tell me what to do,” Rush whispered furtively, barely pulling away enough to speak. “Tell me what you want.”

Young let out a deep breath, half a groan, half a sigh. “I don’t know,” he said, opening his eyes a sliver. “I…I’m not sure I can come up with anything good right now.” He let out a tired sigh, and tilted his head up for another kiss.

“N…no,” Rush said against his lips. “No, I…I don’ mean for me.” His tone was insistent. “Just…what do you want, right now. If you could have anything.”

“I don’t know, Rush,” Young said again, sighing. He put a hand to the back of Rush’s neck and pulled him down. “Just…keep kissing me,” he urged. He let out a deep moan at the touch of Rush’s lips against his. “Kiss me everywhere,” he breathed, already half out of his mind.

Rush obliged; colliding their mouths together like the waves of two opposing tides, licking Young open and offering himself to be tasted in turn. He stroked his tongue over Young’s lips, pressing pecking kisses to the bow and corners of his mouth. Then he slid his mouth along Young’s cheek and jaw, pausing to leave firm imprints with his lips in a trail across Young’s skin. Kissing him everywhere, Young realized belatedly, as Rush kissed the curve of his ear. He kissed across Young’s forehead, and down the other cheek. He kissed his nose and each eyebrow, and then placed feather-light touches on his eyelids. Another surging kiss to his lips, and then Rush moved downward.

He covered Young’s neck in caresses with his lips and tongue, and down over his right collarbone and shoulder. He laid a line of kisses down one side of Young’s arm and onto the back of his hand. He kissed Young’s palm and each knuckle of each finger, before traveling back up the underside of his arm. Then, he did same on his left. It should have gotten boring, or tedious, or silly, but Rush paid such abject attention to each and every patch of skin, filling each kiss with such complete devotion, that’s Young could only feel enraptured.
His chest came next, with Rush making sure to thoroughly lave at each nipple, and then his sternum and ribs. Down the delicate skin covering his stomach, following the trail of dark hairs towards his groin. He didn’t stop there though, to Young’s increasing frustration. Instead, his breath ghosted over Young’s swelling cock as he slid to press his lips to Young’s left hipbone. He traveled down the length of Young’s leg, crawling backwards down the bed, kissing along his thigh, his knee, shin, and ankle. He kissed the top of his foot, and the tips of his toes, and then gently lifted his foot with both hands to press his lips to the arched sole. He did the same to the right foot, and then slowly made his way up Young’s right leg, ending with a kiss to his right hipbone. Then, finally, he moved towards the center. He first laid his lips to Young’s testes, kissing his ball sac with exaggerated tenderness, and then moved on to his shaft.

Young’s cock lay flat on his stomach, and Rush placed a series of careful kisses up the underside of it, finishing with a firm press of his lips to the tip. It twitched impatiently as he did, and Young fought the growing urge to shift his hips restlessly as his arousal increased, not wanting to break whatever spell Rush seemed to be under. Rush paused then, hovering with his mouth barely an inch from Young’s cock.

“May I suck you?” Rush asked him huskily. His eyes were lowered humbly, as he held himself up on his hands and knees. “Will you let me?” He glanced up at Young then, not begging, but entreating with silent hope.

Young gave a nod, not able to manage anything else, his head swimming with swirling heat.

Rush dropped his gaze.

“Thank you,” he whispered fervently, and slid his mouth around the head of Young’s cock.

Young sucked in a breath, heart hammering. His fingers twisted in the sheets under him as Rush completely undid him. Slowly, smoothly, Rush enveloped him. His fingers touched ever so lightly to Young’s hips as he swallowed him down. When Young’s hips bucked, he calmly received him, holding still a moment to let Young push further into him, before again moving up and down along his length.

Young had seen Rush suck him enthusiastically, cheerfully, even glutonously. He’d seen him do so submissively, dedicatedly, with his thoughts seemingly only for Young’s pleasure. But he’d never seen him like this.

What Rush was doing now…it wasn’t just submissive, it was grateful—as though the only thing Rush could ever desire, was to serve Young’s desires; like his pleasure was Young’s pleasure, and he’d never want anything more than that; like it was a privilege to be allowed to serve and ask for nothing in return. Here, in this task, in this moment, he was perfectly and wholly devoted—no. Not devoted. Devout. Worshipful.

Young held on for as long as he could, not wanting it to end, but all too soon he was shuddering and spilling into Rush’s mouth. Rush drank it all down, sucking softly on the head of Young’s cock to draw out every drop. Then, he carefully laid Young’s softening member against his thigh and lifted his head. His lips were dark and swollen, and his face flushed as he panted softly. Without a word, he climbed over Young, and turned to sit on the edge of the mattress with his hands planted on the bed beside him.

Young looked over at him silently, still catching his breath. Rush’s head was slightly bowed, and his arms were held straight. Young could see him breathing deeply, his skinny shoulders rising and falling. Young’s eyes ran down the length of his spine; down to the soft curve of his posterior, where soft peach skin gave way to a dark and tarnished motley of sores.
“That,” Rush said after a moment, half turning his head. His voice sounded muffled, like he was speaking through water. “…That’s what it was like with her.”

All at once, Young felt a kind of crushing in his chest, like he’d been submerged under a giant crashing wave, along with a dull roaring in his ears. Rush stood up and walked from the bed. He dressed, neither slow nor hurried. Young wanted to say something, but no words came. So, he lay there and watched silently, until Rush quietly left, leaving him alone in his bed.

Young glanced around the empty room. The colors felt muted somehow.

He lay there, dull and unmoving, counting each breath and trying desperately not be jealous of a dead woman.

Rush made his way quickly through the bends and turns of Destiny’s halls to the nearest showers. He undressed, stepped into the steam, and only then allowed the tears he’d been holding back run down his cheeks. He pressed his palms against the smooth surface of the divider and let his head fall forward, quiet sobs coming out in little gasps. There was an ache in his chest, but the most of what he felt was relief, and eventually the tears stopped and his breathing evened.

There was that falling feeling again, the sense of wind rushing up wildly around him.

Well. There was no going back now.

Rush’s arse throbbed, deep and constant, throughout the day. A reminder, he thought to himself, face flushing. He wondered if Young would punish him so fiercely again, if it was ever warranted. He hoped so. Not that he planned to repeat his mistake; but if he did…he shivered.

It was strange: he hadn’t found his punishment arousing as it was happening, but now the thought of it left him shifting uncomfortably as he fought a growing erection. Maybe it was the idea—the surrender and loss of power it represented. Maybe it was the firm knowledge of Young’s investment. Whatever the case, Rush needed to get a hold on himself…until that night at least.

He could feel Young’s eyes on him whenever they were in the same room, and the longing he felt in response was intense and extreme. It should have been horrifying, how desperately he wished he could simply fall at Young’s feet and offer himself up to him, but he was long past by horrified at himself. There was no use in pretending this was anything other than what it was, not point in continuing on as though he was anything other than completely and utterly conquered.

“Will I see you tonight?”

Rush blushed at the softly spoken question. They were alone, his science team scattered.

He gave a short nod. “Yes.” Of course.

Young nodded, approving. “Good.”

Rush’s lower belly clenched, and he closed his eyes. Young walked away.
Tonight. He just needed to last till tonight. Then, he could give in.

Then, he could give in.

Young was waiting for him as he stepped through the door. They stood, face to face, not quite meeting each other’s eyes. The minutes stretched, and Rush began to fidget. Young was watching him, a contemplating frown creasing his brow. Rush swallowed.

“Should I—” He began, hesitating. “…Would you like me to undress, now?”

Young was quiet. Then, slowly, he nodded. “Yeah.”

Rush tugged at his clothes, feeling acutely exposed. Young stood watching less than two feet away, and Rush felt it keenly as he bared each patch of skin. When he stood naked, he forced himself to let his hands fall at his sides and not make some futile attempt to cover himself. His fingers flexed.

“Come lie down on the bed,” Young instructed evenly. “On your back,” he said, as Rush’s knee touched the mattress.

Rush eased back, reclining. He flinched slightly as his backside brushed the surface of the bed, but he lay down fully anyway. Young placed a pillow under his head, and his hips, and then stepped away.

“Knees up, feet on the bed. Spread your legs.”

Rush did so, parting his legs for Young’s perusal. He was already hard, his cock laying heavily against his hip.

Young placed a jar of lubricant on the bed by Rush’s right arm, and walked down the length of the bed. The chair—the one Rush had been made to sit in for his punishment—was still where Young had placed it, in the middle of the room down in front of the bed. Young coolly swung a leg over and sat, facing backwards, laying his arms across the back of the chair. He looked over Rush freely, taking his time.

“Touch yourself.”

Rush blinked, lips parting uncertainly.

“I want you to touch yourself the way you would if you were alone,” Young elaborated. “Except, I don’t want you to come till I say. But I want to see what you do.”

Rush felt his mouth go dry. “I…” he began, his voice throaty. “I thought I wasn’t allowed.”

Young smirked. “You still remember how, right?”

Rush nodded, though he felt a little unsure.

“Then show me.”

The command was clear, and Rush’s eyelids fluttered. Trying to breath evenly, he reached up and slid two fingers into his mouth, closing his eyes as he sucked. He dragged the wet digits down to his chest and rubbed roughly over his right nipple, at the same time bringing his other hand to wrap
around his burning erection and began to stroke unevenly.

He was having some trouble. His most recent habit for this activity—neglected as it was—involves indulgent fantasies...fantasies featuring the man currently watching him from a few feet away. Even with his eyes shut, he couldn’t help but be aware of Young’s steady gaze, and trying to banish the real Young from his mind so he could conjure a different one to fantasize about appeared to be beyond the abilities of his distracted imagination.

He suddenly realized he was making this unnecessarily complicated. He opened his eyes. Young was watching him, gazing out from dark, hooded eyes, and Rush sucked in a shaking breath. The hand on his cock picked up speed almost without him realizing, and he spread his legs even wider, offering his center up to Young’s scrutiny.

He wants to see what I do to myself, Rush thought wildly. Let him see.

He grabbed the jar of lubricant in quavering hands, twisting it open fiercely. Fingers now slathered, he took a deep breath, and reached down between his open thighs.

“AH!”

Rush’s cry cut through the silent room—the first touch to his puckered hole jolting through him. It hurt, deeply, bruisingly, and as he stroked up and down his cleft he already felt tears sting the corners of his eyes. He slid the tip of one finger inside, and heard an agonized wail burst out of him. He forced it in deeper, groaning loudly at the invasion. Then he began stroking again, all while fucking his damaged hole with one long finger. He braced his feet against the bed and lifted his hips, spearing himself up onto the waiting digit. His cries grew louder, more lewd and shameless, echoing around him salaciously. All of it spurned on by the knowledge that Young could see and hear everything, every debauched cry and obscene movement.

“Ung...ah...unnng...gah...ah...ah...guhAAHCH!”

“Rush.”

Young spoke his name waringly following a particularly pornographic exclamation. Rush fell quiet, looking at him from under hooded eyes. Young was glaring at him with amused chastisement.

“Stop putting on a show,” Young scolded lightly. “You’re supposed to be doing what you’d o if I wasn’t here watching you.”

“If you weren’t here watching,” Rush answered almost without thinking. “I’d pretend you were...here...watching.” He punctuated his statement by shoving a second finger into his wounded hole, howling balefully at the searing burn. He swallowed thickly, gasping. He was falling again, faster, faster, always faster—

“That’s what I used to do,” he whispered hoarsely, his chest nearly collapsing under the weight of what he was admitting. “Before.” He closed his eyes then, face twisting.

“Before?”

He almost sobbed at Young’s simple prompt. He opened his eyes, staring right into Young’s impenetrably dark gaze. He licked over his dry lips, and fought to speak.

“B...before you spanked me the Control Interface Room,” he said, managing not to stammer too badly. “I...I used to lie in my bed...stick my fingers up my arse...and think about you.” Rush’s
chest heaved as he gasped. He felt raw, so raw, in so many ways.

Young regarded him evenly. Then, he tilted his head.

“Was this before or after you let Greer fuck you?”

It barely sounded like a question; more like a condemnation. Rush closed his eyes, wincing at Young’s uncompromising tone.

“A…after,” he answered, a low whine coming from behind his throat. “But…but only becau—” He cut off, choking back a sob. It felt like he was in a confessional, or maybe an interrogation. An inquisitor’s torture chamber—except he was being made to enact the torture himself; his hands ordered to work over his sensitive and aching flesh, denied release and forced to go on and on and on, holding himself between pleasure and pain until he thought he’d go mad.

He let out a low keen, fighting back another orgasm.

“I couldn’ stop thinkin’ ‘bout ye,” he finally confessed helplessly. “Couldn’ get’ye outta me head. But I…I dinnae want to give in, give in to…to what I wanted. I fought…so hard, but ye…ye wouldn’ leave me be. It was driving me crazy,” he ended in a breathless, mad, laugh. “So, I…” he swallowed. “I went to Greer. I let him fuck me. As a distraction.” He laughed again, high and shrill.

“Did it work?” Young asked mildly.

Rush pressed his mouth into a line, lips shaking. “…For a while,” he said quietly. “Then it…stopped.”

“What happened?”

Rush shook his head hopelessly. “I was with him. And I…” he let out sob. “I thought about you. Imagined you were there. It got me hard. Got me off.” He shook his head again. “There was no point after that, pretending I dinnae want—” He stopped, swallowing harshly around the lump in his throat.

There was a long silence, with only Rush’s shallow gasps breaking it.

“You imagined it was me fucking you?” Young’s tone seemed unnaturally calm for what he was asking.

Rush could only shake his head. There was sweat pouring off of him, chilling his fevered skin.

“I…” he breathed. “You were watching, just…just watch—”

Suddenly, Rush squeezed his eyes shut. He inhaled hard through his nose, and after only a moment’s indecision, heaved himself forward. He grit his teeth as he rolled over his anguished backside, pulling his hands from between his legs and landing hard on his elbows. He arched his back, spread his knees wide, and reached back to shove his fingers back into his arse. Then he lifted his head, looking over to where Young sat. Rush could feel his hairs sticking to the back of his neck and his forehead, and he stared out fiercely, like a condemned man ripping the gun from his executioner and firing it into his skull himself.

“Greer was fucking me,” Rush ground out harshly. “From behind, like this. And then…you were there. Just, standing there, right in front of me. Watching…seeing…everything.” He ended in a sharp gasp, clenching his fist in front of him as he bowed his head.
He heard a shuffle, and lifted his head to find Young standing and walking toward him. He whimpered, lips trembling, and raised his eyes as Young approached. Young stood impossibly tall over him now, standing just beyond the edge of the bed, looking down with an implacable expression.

“Like this?”

Rush shuddered, and gave a tight nod.

“And that got you off?” Young asked, sounding curious. “I didn’t even touch you?”

Rush’s eyes flickered, and his face flushed blisteringly hot as he remembered.

“Y…you touched my face,” he admitted, voice hushed. “M…my mouth. I…sucked your thumb.”

He shuddered again, eyes falling closed.

“Like this?” Young asked in a low voice, and cupped Rush’s cheek. He rubbed his thumb with deliberate roughness over Rush’s lips.

Rush nodded, shaking. Then, that thumb pushed firmly between his lips and teeth, and he nearly wailed, hips jerking.

“Don’t come, Rush,” Young warned him sharply, and Rush sobbed, tears finally falling down his cheeks.

“Show me,” Young went on, when Rush had regained the barest hint of control. “Show me what you imagined doing.”

Still weeping, Rush opened his mouth wider and let the thick, blunt digit into it. He wrapped his lips around it, undulating his tongue against its firm weight, and sucked—wetly, hotly, utterly wantonly—until he could hardly bear it.

Young pulled his thumb from Rush’s mouth, drawing down his bottom lip, and tilted his chin up with his fingers, forcing Rush to meet his eyes.

“Would you like something better to suck on?” Young asked him, and for the first time Rush could hear a lustful note betraying the evenness of his tone.

Rush nodded eagerly. “Please,” he whispered, even though he didn’t know how he’d get through it, how he’d hold on to his control. He simply had to: Young had told him to.

The large head of Young’s cock bumped his lips, and he opened his mouth wide. Young took hold of the back of his head and sank inside, trusting Rush to open his throat for him, which he did. He grasped clutchingly at the side of Young’s belt with one hand to steady himself, and sucked with zeal at Young’s pulsing hard member. His lips were stretched wide, with saliva dripping from around Young’s bloated cock; his own fingers were lodged, half-forgotten, in his anus; and his mind was filled with a constant mantra of don’t come, don’t come, don’t come, GOD, just don’t come.

Young spurted cum into his mouth, and Rush worked hard to swallow it all down, though in his eagerness he choked on some of it, coughing it up between his lips. Young pulled out and put himself away, doing up his trousers. He walked back, leaving Rush on his knees, and neatly turned the chair around and sat down, feet planted with knees spread wide.

“Keep touching yourself, Rush,” Young told him, placing his hands on his knees. “I didn’t say you could stop.”
Rush shuddered, and swayed, but forced himself to take his cock in hand and begin stroking. He also resumed fucking his tortured arse with his fingers, the pain nearly sending him over the edge yet again. He clamped down on the base of his cock because Young still hadn’t said he could come.

“Do you want me to beg?” He asked finally, with a note of desperate hope.

Young eyed him thoughtfully. There was a long—agonizingly long—pause.

“I want you to ask,” Young said at last, stressing the last word. He lifted an eyebrow. “Nicely.”

Rush lowered his eyes, taking that in. He nodded. He glanced up, asking silent permission, and cautiously let his hands fall to his sides. Young gave a watchful nod, and Rush took a breath. He bent forward, climbing off of the bed to the floor. On his knees, he crawled the length of space over to Young, then stopped, and brought his forehead to the floor between Young’s planted feet. He reached out with both hands, and held the backs of Young’s ankles in light, reverent grasps, prostrating himself in a low bow with his knees splayed wide.

“May I please come?” he said, his voice hushed. “Sir.”

A beat passed. Then another.

“Okay,” Young said, equally hushed. “Go ahead.”

And like a string had been cut, Rush jerked convulsingly, and came. He gave a strangled screech, and his hands tightened around Young’s ankles as his back arched and he spilled hotly onto the floor between his spread thighs. His hips pulsed, sending his cock to pump pathetically into the air as it streamed white spunk from its tip. Finally, the tremors passed, and Rush gave a last shiver as the scorching heat left his body.

When he could breathe again, Rush slowly released his hold on Young’s ankles, crawling backward to lower himself to the floor and lick up the warm, sticky mess he had left there. He braced himself on his elbows and held his hair back with his hands in order to do a thorough job, swallowing every bit of the disgusting sludge. When he was done, he pushed back and sat up with his hands on his knees, eyes lowered docily.

“Thank you, sir,” he whispered, numb.

The next thing he knew, Young’s hands were around his waist, pulling him up. Young put an arm under his back and another under his knees, and swooped him up, carrying him easily to the bed. Rush wrapped his arms around Young’s neck and rested his head on his shoulder, staring unseeingly out into the room.

Young laid him onto the bed on his side, pulling the covers up over his shoulder. There were some shuffling noises, and soon Rush felt Young’s naked body press in against his back. Rush held Young’s arms to his chest when Young wrapped them around him, and softly closed his eyes.

“Do you want to ask me?” Young asked quietly

Rush’s brow furrowed, and he turned to look over his shoulder. “Ask you what?” he said faintly.

“If I ever thought of you like that, before all this started,” Young replied simply.

Rush was silent. “No,” he said after a moment, and turned back around.

There was a pause. “Why not?” Young asked.
Rush jaw clenched, and he swallowed around a lump in his throat. “Because I know you didn’t.”

There was a long silence. Then, Young sighed, pulling Rush into a closer embrace.

“You’re right,” Young said, speaking hushed and plain into Rush’s ear. Rush stiffened. “I didn’t have your imagination. But I did notice you. I knew I liked you.” Pause. “I knew I was attracted to you.”

It was said so quietly Rush almost thought he’d misheard. He turned, brow furrowing, to stare into Young’s deep, dark eyes. Young stared back, placid and subdued.

“S…since when?” Rush stammered finally. “For how long?”

Young smiled, abashed. “Since the beginning. Since…” his eyes shifted, as he seemed to think back. “Since almost the first day we met.” Rush knew his face was a picture of frozen shock, but he couldn’t shake it. Young chuckled. “I wouldn’t have ever done anything.” Young said with a self-deprecating smirk. “But,” he sighed. “I wanted you to like me, so badly…” he shook his head like he was amused. “I finally had to accept that ‘tolerate’ was the best I was gonna get.”

Rush winced inwardly, and settled back into Young’s arms, turning his face away. He bit his lip tightly, till it hurt.

“Thank you,” Rush said finally. “For saying that.” Even if maybe it wasn’t quite the same, or even if it wasn’t entirely true, and even if hearing it kind made Rush want Young to punish him all over again—it was still nice thing for him to say.

Rushed pressed back into Young’s frame, relishing the brushes from Young’s thighs and cock against his arse; and the pulsing pain there, both inside and out.

*You deserved it.*

Rush pulled Young’s arms in tighter around him.

I know.

I know.
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Young is inclined to be a bit cautious and gentle with Rush in the wake of his punishment. Rush is not pleased.

Chapter Notes

Some warnings: as usually, skip if you want zero spoilers.

I'm going to put a dub-con warning on this one, even tho there's no real dub-con...there's this one scene which I could imagine making someone uncomfortable. I can't really explain, it just comes off a bit...myehhhhh, I think maybe because there's not entirely ENTHUSIASTIC consent on Young's part.

Anyway, this chapter also features some truly painful anal sex, as well as some more of Young's torturous rimming skills :-P

Rush was woken by a solid poke to his sore anus by Young’s morning erection. He hissed through his teeth, flinching hard enough that Young was now awake as well.

“Sorry,” Young mumbled, contrite, as he shifted onto his back, moving the offending member away from Rush’s backside.

“S’fine,” Rush assured him quickly. He looked over his shoulder, but Young did not resume his position against Rush’s back. Sighing, Rush carefully rolled to his other side so he could face him. “It’s really not a problem,” Rush reiterated. Young simply grunted, rubbing a hand over his face.

Rush bit his lip. There was another…issue he needed to address. He’d put it off for a day, but any longer than that and he knew it would start to weigh on him.

He blushed, already embarrassed.

“There’s, um, something I need to tell you,” Rush began quietly. Young looked at him, brow furrowing. “I, ah, maybe should have sooner, but…” Now he was stalling. Just get over with, he thought at himself, irritated. “I…touched myself. Got myself off. On my own, without...without permission.” He ended in rush, mumbling.

Young was looking at him oddly. “When?” He asked simply, sounding curious.

Rush glanced down. “Af…after I used the Chair. A few days after. I had a dream, a…strange dream, woke up hard and I—” Rush shook his head; none of that mattered. “Anyway, that…that’s what happened.”

Young was still looking at him oddly. “So?” he asked after a minute or so.
“So…” Rush repeated. “Shouldn’t you punish me?” He said, sounding a bit lost.

Young’s eyes flickered. “You’re that eager for another punishment?” Young asked dully.

Rush winced. “Not…exactly.”

Young sighed. “Rush,” he said, running a finger across his brow. “After the Chair… I didn’t even know if you were coming back. I wasn’t… I didn’t expect you to… ‘keep your hands to yourself,’” he ended lamely.

Rush didn’t know what to say to that. He hated the lump that formed in his throat.

“I broke the rules,” he whispered feebly. “I should be punished.”

Young looked at him. Then, he let out a long sigh, and sat up. “Come here,” he beckoned, pulling Rush to straddle his lap. He wrapped his arms around Rush’s waist and met his eyes squarely.

“Okay. Here’s your punishment.” Rush bit his lip, lifting his chin. “We’ve had the understanding that you are allowed to come, unless I explicitly tell you otherwise. Given this latest,” his lip quirked. “Infraction, that…privilege, is now revoked.” Rush frowned, brow furrowing. Young went on. “You are no longer allowed to come—at all—without my express permission, or instruction.”

Rush’s mouth went dry. It… wasn’t so drastic a change really. There were plenty of times already Young had simply decided not to let him come. This was mostly just a… shift in perspective, leaning things a bit more on the side of Young’s implicit control.

Rush’s cock began to swell.

He licked over his lips, face flushing. “For… for how long?” Rush asked timidly.

Young was quiet. “Indefinitely.”

Rush’s lower belly clenched and he let out a pained groan. Young chuckled, and then continued his proclamation.

“Each time we’re together, you may ask to come, but only once, so,” he smiled slyly. “Pick your moment. And of course, I can still decide to let you come whenever and however much I may want. So.” He pierced Rush with a look. “Do we have a new understanding?”

“Yes,” Rush answered, sounding choked. “Sir.”

“Good.” Young stated, and promptly wrapped his fist around Rush’s now fully erect cock. Rush threw his head back, letting out a strangled scream, his fingers digging into Young’s shoulders.

“Ah-ah,” Young cautioned, working over the tip of Rush’s cock with his thumb. “Careful. Remember our new rule.” He scraped Rush’s foreskin with a nail, and Rush made a truly horrific gurgling sound.

“May I please come sir,” he asked desperately, already leaking precum over Young’s hand.


“… thank you sir,” he said, gasping as he came down.
Young just smiled and lifted his soiled hand to Rush’s mouth. Rush vigorously set himself to cleaning it, mouthing and sucking on it like a melting ice cream cone.

“Good boy,” Young said mildly as Rush finished sucking on the webbing between his fingers.

Rush blushed at the praise, and smiled shyly. “May I ask for something else,” Rush said wrapping his arms around Young’s neck and bringing their faces close together. “Sir?”

“You can ask,” Young said dryly, though Rush could see the flickers of lust in his eyes.

Rush leaned in even closer, till their foreheads touched. “Would you come on my arse?” he whispered.

Young didn’t say anything. Then, he sighed, lowly in his throat. “Your ass,” he rebuked. “Is one big welt right now,”

“Yes,” Rush agreed, not giving up. “And I want you to get off on it.”

Young scowled at him from under his brows.

“You should get off on it,” Rush insisted, only half-teasing. “You punished me so well, put in so much effort…you deserve to get off on it,” he said with a suggestive twitch of his nose.

Young snorted and looked away, but Rush took his face in his hands and turned him back.

“You didn’t do anythin’ wrong,” Rush said lowly, looking in Young’s eyes. “You gave me what I needed. And, yes, it was hard. For both of us. Don’t hold on to that bit. Concentrate…” Slowly, Rush took Young’s hands and placed them purposefully on the globes of his arse. He sucked in a breath through his nose. “…on what comes after.” He smirked. “Tha’s the fun bit.”

Young was quiet a moment. “You want me to get off on hurting you.” He said flatly.

Rush’s eyebrow quirked. “You’re saying you don’t?”

Young gave a frustrated sigh. “That’s not what—you what I mean.” He glared. “This is different.”


Young hands tightened reflexively, and Rush let out a sharp cry. Quickly, Young snatched them away from Rush’s rear, burying his fists in the blankets. He took a deep breath, and let it out.

“Because I was angry,” Young said simply. “Really angry. I wanted to hurt you. I wanted you to feel as bad as I did.” Young said each word condemningly, staring in Rush’s eyes like he thought he was divulging a deep, dark secret. Rush just smiled.

“I know.”

Young’s frown deepened. “What?”

“I know,” Rush said easily. He leaned his forehead back against Young’s. “You wanted to hurt me as much I’d hurt you. And you did. And I’m glad. Because, now, I know. What you felt.” He reached out and grabbed Young’s right hand, replacing it again on his arse-cheek. “And I don’t want to forget it anytime soon,” he whispered huskily. “And don’t want you to forget it either.” He squeezed, shuddering at the pain. “I want you to look at what you did, what I let you do, and remember what it means.”
Young’s eyes had darkened, going from brown to black. There was a long silence.

“Turn around,” Young said finally, sounding muffled. “Head down, ass up.”

Rush savored a moment’s thrill of victory, then hurriedly climbed off Young and presented himself, spreading his knees apart and arching his back. His heart was hammering in his chest, full of nervous anticipation.

There was a touch between his cheeks and he hissed, his pucker flinching from the lightest brush. Young seemingly ignored his signs of discomfort, and laved a thick layer of lube insistently down his cleft. Rush groaned deeply, the aching pain lancing through him like electricity.

Rush felt the thickness of Young’s cock placed along his crack, and he gasped out brokenly, fists clenching. Young didn’t push his cheeks together around his cock, like he had before—so very long ago, now—he merely rutted shallowly along the narrow crevasse of Rush’s arse, his large hands clasped around Rush’s thighs. Rush closed his eyes and reveled in every slide against his swollen pucker, every incidental brush of Young’s hips to the sores on his buttocks.

Rush felt Young pull away, and the next moment, hot cum was scorching across his backside, leaving blistering stings all over and between his cheeks. He screamed, but held still, holding his arse up for Young to paint freely with his spunk.

Rush trembled, feeling tears behind his eyes, and buried his face in his arms. Soon, he felt the touch of Young’s hand stroking the back of his head.

“You’ll stay there like that till it dries,” Young said soothingly, petting his hair. “And you’ll keep it on till tonight.”


When Young’s semen was properly stuck to his backside, Rush rose and dressed. After that, he met Young by the door. Before Young opened it, Rush leaned in and planted a soft kiss on his mouth. Then, he turned and placed both palms on the surface of the door, widening his stance and canting his hips. He turned his head to look over one shoulder, and waited. It was a long wait, and he started to worry that Young wouldn’t follow through. He bit his lip.

Then, Rush felt a soft, warm hand at the back of his neck. Reflexively, some tension drained from his shoulders, and he sighed.

SMACK!

Rush grunted loudly and fell forward against the door, his body held taut as the burning sting reverberated through his arse.

“Thank you, sir,” he gasped quietly. Young’s hand, still at the back of his neck, rubbed comforting circles with its fingers as Rush recovered, alleviating a little of the biting pain.

That night, Young didn’t wash the cum from Rush’s arse, but left a second layer of it after sliding his cock between Rush’s slickened thighs. Rush had whimpered and shuddered as Young had moved between his legs, stroking the underside of Rush’s cock with his own at each thrust.

“Ask,” Young had prompted gently. And when Rush did, imploring wantonly, “May I please come, sir?” between gasping breaths, Young had simply answered, “No.”
Rush had keened, burying his face into the bedding, clenching his fists fruitlessly until Young had finished.

Young left his cum on him through the night, holding Rush to his chest in strong, tender arms while Rush’s neglected and dissatisfied cock jutted out in front of him. Along with the aching bruises still marring his buttocks, it was a heady combination. Rush felt owned. It sent a thrill through him to think of how completely. Young could do anything to him, anything at all.

Yes, anything at all, a cruelly sneering voice echoed.

Let him, Rush thought, his heart beating a bit faster.

What an eager, filthy bitch.

Rush shuddered, and burrowed down into Young’s arms.

“Will you fuck me?”

Young’s eyes snapped up at the question. Rush was peering at him placidly from over his shoulder. Young bit the inside of his cheek, and turned back to gingerly scrubbing the cum stuck to Rush’s cheeks.

“Eventually,” Young answered, keeping his eyes on his task.

“What about tonight?” Rush suggested, letting his thighs fall open just a little.

Young’s cock gave an enthusiastic twitch, but he ignored it.

“Your ass looks like it’s still pretty damn sore,” Young replied.

“It is,” Rush agreed. “That’s the point.”

Young flicked his eyes up and glared. Rush just gazed calmly back, lifting an eyebrow.

“Please don’t tell me you’re going to wait till I’ve healed. That would be such a waste,” Rush said, throwing him a condescending look.

Young didn’t answer; he dropped his eyes back to Rush’s wrecked backside, and continued to work.

“I want to know it feels like,” Rush continued, urging.

“It’ll hurt. A lot.” Young said flatly. “I think we can both figure that out.”

“I want to feel what it feels like,” Rush insisted, arching his back and tilting his ass up invitingly.

Young sighed, dimly irritated, mostly because of the effect Rush’s body and words were having on him.

“Why?” Young demanded, finishing. He looked up. “Why would you want that.”
Rush looked at him evenly.

“I want to feel you inside me,” he said finally. “I want to feel all the hurts you gave me, while you push into me and claim my arse completely. I want you to make me take it, even when it hurts, even when it’s more than I think I can take. I want you to take me, and use me, and fuck me, because you can, because…” His eyes slid away then. “Because I belong to you,” he finished, very quietly.

Young held very still. He could feel his blood running through him, hot and fast. His cock was painfully hard.

“I’ll think about it,” Young said gruffly. Even though he already knew he’d probably give Rush what he wanted. Rush likely knew it too, based on the smile he gave him. “Now, come here and suck me,” Young ordered. “You don’t get to come this morning,” he added vindictively.

Rush smile didn’t falter. In fact, it only grew wider. “Yes, sir,” he answered, and hastily obeyed.

Young knew it was a bad idea.

He also knew he was going to do it anyway.

Young sighed to himself, waiting for Rush to knock or walk through the door.

This is a bad idea, he thought to himself for maybe the hundredth time that day.

His cock disagreed, twitching excitedly in his pants.

That really just confirmed it. This was a bad idea.

There was a knock on his door. Young sighed, and walked over, opening it with a firm press to the control. Rush stood there, looking somehow calm and fidgety all at once, the way he did sometimes. He stepped through the door and Young shut it behind him.

Rush was eyeing Young curiously, waiting for him to give his first order.

Young sighed. “Okay.”

Rush tilted his head, uncertain.

“Okay,” Young said again. “I’ll fuck you. Tonight.”

A broad grin split across Rush’s face. Young’s cock twitched again.

“How do you want it?” Young asked.

A crease formed between Rush’s brows. “What?”

“It’s your choice,” Young said plainly. “However you want. And you can come whenever you like too, you have my permission.”

Rush glanced at him sideways, his smile dancing in his eyes. “All right,” he said softly.
There was a pause as he seemed to think things over, then, smoothly, he began to undress. He stripped down naked, standing calmly in front of Young, who was still fully clothed. He placed his palms to Young’s chest, and leaned in to lay a soft kiss to Young’s lips. Then, with an impish smirk, he turned and walked to the sofa. He set both hands on the arm of the couch, paused only a moment, and then bent over it, firmly planting his feet wide behind.

Young could barely breathe. His cock was throbbing, already hard. The ruin he’d made of Rush’s ass was on full display, in the exact place and position he had done it in the first place. Young had a brief, wild thought that this must be some kind of retribution—that Rush was getting back at him for what he’d done to him. But that didn’t make any sense, Young lectured at himself. This was just…more of Rush being Rush.

He grabbed a pillow and some lube, and approached Rush. Carefully, he tucked the pillow under Rush’s head. Rush smiled up at him from the couch cushions, and pulled the pillow close to his chest. Young brushed a stray hair from his face.

“Would you like something to bite down on?” Young asked suddenly, not sure where the thought had come from.

Rush, mmmmed thoughtfully. “I think I can use the pillow for that, if it comes to it,” he said reasonably.

Young nodded dimly. “Okay.”

Young rounded the sofa, coming to stand directly behind Rush’s offered ass. He set down the lube for a moment, and stripped down to his underwear. Then, coating two fingers liberally, he touched them as gently as he could to the outer ring of Rush’s opening.

Rush sucked in a breath, and Young slowly began to stroke circles around the tender muscle. The darker, wrinkled skin and dusting of hairs disguised some of the damage, but Rush’s anus was still clearly bruised and swollen, and there were bright lines running down from where he’d been whipped with the switch.

Young took a deep breath and steeled himself. He added more lube to his index finger, and placed it firmly at Rush’s hole. Rush had done this to himself, Young reminded himself. Though…Young’s fingers were thicker. Swallowing, Young pushed inside.

Rush mewled as Young sank his finger inside, then began to let out little, soft cries as Young slid in and out. Young didn’t rush things, forcing himself to be patient and let Rush’s body open up for him in its own time. Only when his finger moved in and out easily did he attempt to add a second. Rush let out a strangled cry, but his body didn’t tense, remaining passive and lax beneath Young’s ministrations. Young hesitated, and then gently spread his fingers, trying to stretch Rush out as much as possible, but not wanting to make this any more painful than it inevitably was going to be. Young heard a brief scream, and then it was muffled as Rush buried his face into the pillow. Rush was shaking now, trembling with soft vibrations as he gasped rattlingly into the pillow.

“We can stop, Rush,” Young said quietly, fingers stilling. “You don’t have to do this.”

Rush made an angry sound into his pillow, and shook his head back and forth.

“We can stop now —” Young began, but Rush cut him off.

“I know it hurts!” Rush snarled sharply, lifting his head and turning it to the side. “You don’ have to bloody tell me!” Young saw him breathe in, shoulders heaving. “Just get on with it!”
With that, he dropped his head back to the pillow, breathing harshly.

Young was quiet a moment. Then, he added a third finger. Rush immediately started sobbing, bawling savagely into the pillow. Maybe he was making it worse, dragging it out, Young thought to himself uncertainly. He went a little faster, opening Rush up with just a bit more insistence. He added more and more lubricant, till Rush’s widening hole was dripping with it. He added a fourth finger, just to be sure.

He wished he could say Rush’s tears and obvious pain had been a deterrent to his swollen erection, but whether it was in spite of Rush’s helpless cries or because of them, his cock had only grown more and more interested, and he ached to sink inside that offered opening, to grab Rush’s hips and thrust deep and hard into that sweet, promised heat. Instead, he held his length in one hand, placing it with care to Rush’s entrance. Rush’s sobs intensified at the touch of Young’s cockhead to his hole, and Young had one last moment of indecision.

He pressed in. Young held Rush by one hip and guided his cock slowly inside, pausing when just the head was immersed, bracing himself for Rush’s accompanying screams.

They never came. Rush had gone entirely quiet, with only soft breaths escaping his lips. He barely moved either, hanging limply over the arm of the couch like his strings had been cut. Young inched in deeper, cock scraping along Rush’s inner cheeks as it sank into Rush’s slicked-up hole, and still there was nothing. He was nearly halfway in now, and not a sound, and Young was beginning to worry, Rush’s deafening silence alarming him more than his ragged cries had.

“How’s it feel?” Young asked tentatively, placing his palm to Rush’s lower back. He rubbed lightly.

“Rush, talk to me,” he ordered, some of his apprehension bleeding through as sternness. “Right now.”

There was a subtle tremor across Rush’s shoulders, and he turned his head to one side, resting his cheek on the pillow under him. Young could see his eyes were open, but couldn’t make out much else.

“C…can’t…talk…now,” Rush said haltingly, his accent thick as syrup around each word. “Need to…concentrate.”

Some tightness around his chest loosened a little as Rush spoke, and Young let out a soft sigh.

“Okay,” he murmured softly, rubbing Rush’s back again. “Okay.”

He pushed in deeper, slowly but steadily, until his hips were pressed to Rush backside. He watched Rush’s face, and Rush mouth opened like something might come out, but no sound escaped, only furtive breaths.

“How’s it feel?” Young asked, needing the reassurance of Rush’s voice again. He kept rubbing Rush’s back in what he hoped were soothing motions. “Rush?” he prompted again. “What’s it feel like? Talk to me.”

Young was fully sheathed, and he could feel Rush’s body pulsing, breathing, around him. Rush blinked, shaking his head stiffly against the pillow. His mouth opened wider, but only a soft croaking sound came out. He closed it, swallowing, and then opened it again, taking in a shallow breath.

“…Fire,” Rush finally breathed, unsteadily. “Hard. Fire.” He sucked in a shuddering gasp, and then fell silent again.
Young nodded, feeling a little better. His cock was begging him to move, so he drew out carefully and eased back in. He fucked Rush as gently as he could, sliding smoothly and gradually along his inner passage. He restrained himself from giving in and letting his hips slam in at full force against Rush’s backside, and sweat started to drip down the back of his neck from the effort. Shifting slightly, he moved his cock to nudge Rush’s prostate, and Rush finally let out an audible cry. It took only a few thrusts, and then Rush screamed. It was a harsh and bloody sound, cracking with intensity, and Rush’s whole body convulsed, his spine curling inward and feet kicking up behind him. His ass clenched tightly around Young’s cock, and that seemed to cause Rush’s scream to rise even more.

Young rode through Rush’s orgasm, painstakingly forcing himself not to continue thrusting through Rush’s constricting passage. When Rush finally slumped bonelessly on the sofa, Young pulled nearly all the way out, and drove back in only once before spurting hot and deep inside Rush’s hole. Rush twitched and jerked unevenly around him as he emptied his cock, pressed forward against Rush’s rear and over his back. Finally, he finished, sighing deeply.

Young lay there a moment, reveling in the feel of Rush’s warmth around him, and then made himself rise and pull out. Rush whimpered as he did, unmoving. He stayed draped loosely over the arm of the sofa as Young pulled up his boxers, his toes scraping limply against the floor.

Young took Rush by the shoulder and helped pull him to his feet. Rush pushed himself up shakily, brow damp with sweat. He held himself up with his hands on the sofa’s arm, his knees wobbling unsteadily. Without a thought, Young dipped and picked him up, holding Rush from under his back and knees. Rush immediately curled against him, resting his head to Young’s chest and grasping at Young undershirt with loose fingers. Still holding him, Young sat on the sofa, resting Rush’s lower back on his lap and hugging him to his chest. Softly, he rocked them both back and forth, pressing his lips to the top of Rush’s head. He hummed, something quiet and indistinct, an automatic instinct for comfort.

Gradually, Rush seemed come back to himself, subtly gaining a warmth and life in his limbs. He reached up, slowly, and laid a hand at the side of Young’s neck, cupping it gently and stroking around the curve towards his nape. Subtly, he urged Young’s head down, till Young’s ear was placed against Rush’s lips.

“I’d do it again,” Rush murmured, little more than a whisper. “Right now, if you told me to. I’d bend over right here, and let you beat me all over again.”

Young frowned, a dull tightening forming in his throat. He turned his head, and met Rush’s eyes. Rush’s face was tracked with tears, but his eyes were open, bright and clear.

“Why?” Young croaked, tongue stiff. “Why would you do that?”

Rush smiled softly. “Because you told me to,” he answered plainly, though it was no answer at all.

But why, Young demanded again in his head, but Rush was pulling him down for a kiss this time, and everything else melted away.

“And how about the printers?” Young asked. “Any progress?”
“Ummmm,” Eli looked over to Brody and back again. “…Kind of. We’re still having trouble with the big stuff.” He shrugged apologetically. “I know we wanted to make decking to repair the hull, and some people were talking about maybe building our own shuttles, but…”

“It’s okay, Eli,” Young reassured. “Just do what you can.”

“We’ll keep working on it,” Eli assured. “But for now…” He grinned a little, and pulled something from his pocket. He held out his hand, and there were several metallic cylinders laying across his palm.

“What are those supposed to be?” Rush said, glancing over from the console he was working at. Young had been about to ask the same thing.

Eli and Brody shared a look, then Eli turned back to Rush. “Mechanical pencils,” he said, sounding pleased with himself. “With refillable lead cartridges.”

Rush blinked once, frozen, and then let out an ecstatic sigh. “Oh, thank God,” he said and immediately snatched one from Eli’s hand.

“Yeah, they’re great,” Eli said. “We thought you’d be happy about that.” Rush was staring at the little contraption like he might kiss it. Young hid a smile: Rush was really more old school than he liked to pretend sometimes, and Young knew he missed scribbling notes. He’d run out of both pencil and paper in his notepad ages ago. “Which reminds me,” Eli went on. “Chloe asked me to give you this.” He held out a small, handstitched, notebook. “I guess that paper making lesson was pretty useful, huh?” Eli said, grinning.

Rush was staring at the little book with something like wonder. “I, um,” he said softly. “That’s…” He reached out hesitantly and took the batch of thick, blank pages. He rubbed a hand over it, swallowing. “…That’s very thoughtful,” he mumbled.

Eli just kept grinning.

“Anything else?” Young asked after a moment, not without good humor.

“Uh, yeah,” Eli said. “We can do bullets fine, and other small stuff. Little containers, spare parts, that sort of thing. TJ asked for some medical instruments, if anyone else has requests…”

“I’ll spread the word around,” Young said. “Tell them to let you know.”

“Actually…” Eli said. “It’s not that hard to work these machines. I mean, if you know the dimensions and materials you want, you can pretty much just input them in. Anyone could do it. They don’t need to go through us.”

“Hmm,” Young said, and he could almost feel Rush eyes boring into him. “Let’s…maybe keep that under wraps for now. If everyone starts running in on top of each other and making whatever comes to mind, it could cause problems. I don’t want to have to keep the place locked or have security on permanent watch.”

“…Right.” Eli said. “Um, okay then. I’ll just…go back to work, then. Try and get the bigger printers on line.”

“Great,” Young agreed. Eli left, with Brody in tow, and Young let out a sigh.

“What happened to people living up to your expectations of them?” Rush asked wryly.
Young turned his head. Rush was standing by the console, arms crossed.

“Sometimes a little caution doesn’t hurt,” Young admitted.

“Mmm,” Rush said with a smirk. “I suppose you’re right,” he said exaggeratedly. Young shot him a glare, but it didn’t hold much bite.

With that, Rush turned around and resumed whatever he was working on. Young very carefully did not let his eyeline wander down to Rush’s shapely denim-clad bottom. It always astounded him how normal Rush could look during the day. Young knew that his ass must be smarting, that his jeans must be rubbing abrasively against his bare skin, but Rush gave no indication. If Young looked closely he could maybe spot a stiffness to his walk, and Rush had certainly been avoiding eating his meals in the mess, but it seemed downright impressive that he wasn’t wincing and flinching with every step.

He’d winced and flinched that morning, Young thought, remembering. When Young cleaned the dried cum from between his cheeks. He’d twisted his face into a grimace as Young wiped a cool, wet cloth around the rim of his inflamed hole…

“Thank you, sir,” he said when Young had finished, climbing to his knees. He wrapped his arms around Young with a smile, and gave him a deep and warming kiss. Then, with a pointed look, he turned and got on all fours, presenting his ass. He looked back at Young, and lifted an eyebrow.

Young stared back at him, unmoving. Rush continued to wait, waiting for Young to lay a smack across his bare, incredibly tender ass.

“Why do you keep doing this?” Young asked coolly.

Rush let out a longsuffering sigh, not pretending to not understand. “I want you to stop coddling me,” he said curtly. Young snorted, rolling his eyes. “I’m serious.”

“I fucked you, what more do you want?” Young demanded, more harshly than he’d meant to.

Rush jaw clenched, eyes hardening. “I want,” he said after a moment, each word deliberate and precise. “You to stop running from this.” He paused. “Do you regret it?” He glanced down towards his backside. “Doin’ that to me?”

Young bit down on his tongue. He should regret it. If he were a better man, he would regret it. If he were a better man, he wouldn’t have done it to begin with. If he were—

He wasn’t a better man.

“No.”

Rush smiled grimly, and nodded. “Then stop being ashamed of it.”

Young’s stomach clenched.

Rush eyes grew harder.

“Look at it,” Rush commanded. He met Young’s eyes, challenging.

Young clenched his jaw, and lowered his gaze. He looked over the dark bruises, the lacerated flesh.
“Well?” Rush prompted.

Young sighed, shook his head. “It looks like it hurts,” he said simply.

Rush sighed impatiently. “Obviously,” he muttered under his breath. “Christ, you’re bloody impossible, you know that? Do you really need everything bloody spelled—” He took in a deep breath, composing himself. “Why did you do that to me?” He said in a more even tone.

Young grit his teeth. “Because I was punishing you.”

“Why?” Rush asked again.

“Because I was angry,” Young ground out.

“You punished me,” Rush corrected, insistent. “Because I deserved to be punished.” Young blinked. He looked up. Rush met his eyes coolly. “I deserved it,” Rush said again, clear and even. “You whipped and caned and spanked and beat me, because it was what I needed, and it was what I deserved.”

Young’s felt his eyes flicker, but Rush caught and held them. “You made me feel what I needed to feel,” he said, firm and decisive. “Believe me, I’ll be feeling this,” he arched his back. “Long after those marks fade. And the next time I think of doing something so very foolish… I’ll remember what you did to me. I’ll feel it in my skin, because you made me feel it.”

Rush paused, breathing lightly. “You didn’t do anything wrong,” he said, for the second time, emphasizing each word. “And you have every right to feel,” he stopped, licking his lips. “…proud. Of what you did.

Young look at Rush, jaw tense. He felt something roiling inside him, something he couldn’t name. After a moment, he lowered his eyes, turning to look down again at Rush’s backside.

Young looked over Rush’s beaten ass, and this time it didn’t make him feel vaguely sick. Instead, he felt something else fill his chest: a sense of ownership. He had done this, he thought with wonder. Rush had allowed himself to be punished, and Young had done it.


Rush’s words echoed in his mind.

‘I’ll be feeling this… long after those marks fade.’

Young felt a low growl form in the back of his throat. Yes, Young thought harshly. You’d better. And if you don’t… he placed his left palm on Rush’s lower back, rubbing possessively. Then, he raised his right hand.

He brought it down with willful force onto Rush’s blemished ass. Rush was knocked forward onto his elbows, letting out a hollow shout. He lay there, gasping, as Young kept his palm rested against his ass. Finally, Rush raised his head.

“Thank you, sir,” he said clearly.

“Hmm,” Young hummed approvingly. “Just remember,” he said lowly, sliding his thumb into Rush’s cleft and over his hole. “What happens. If you’re not a good boy.”

He pressed down with his thumb and Rush arched, shuddering.
“Yes, sir,” he hissed.

“I’ll remember.”

… Back in the present, Rush seemed to realize how Young was trying not to stare blatantly at his ass, as he bent forward over his console in a way that might look totally natural but that Young knew was clearly deliberate.

I’m going to make you scream tonight, Young thought firmly in Rush’s direction.

“Was there something you wanted, Colonel?” Rush dismissed disinterestedly, not looking up.

Twice, Young added, eyes narrowing.

Squashing the urge to yank Rush’s pants down around his legs right here, Young simply gave a curt “No,” turned on his heel, and left.

“Doctor Rush!”

Rush stopped, looking back to see TJ hurrying after him down the hall. She gave a warm smile as she came to stand in front of him.

“Glad I caught you,” she said. “I’m working to get everyone’s medical records up to date. A lot of the files didn’t make it through the gate to begin with, and it’s about time for fresh check-ups anyway. With all the strange viruses and parasites we might run into, it would nice have everyone’s baselines on hand.” She smiled again, tilting her head with a purposeful look. “It’ll only take a few minutes.”

Rush bit the inside of his lip, and then let out a resigned sigh. Gesturing for her to lead the way, he followed her to the infirmary, glancing impatiently down at his notes as he went.

“Have a seat,” TJ said, waving a hand toward one of the beds.

Rush tensed. TJ was busy pulling the curtains closed and thankfully didn’t notice his hesitation. He bit his cheek, and placed himself gingerly on the padded surface, holding back a grimace as his weight settled on his backside.

“Open your mouth and stick out your tongue,” TJ instructed evenly. Rush did, allowing TJ to inspect the inside of his mouth and throat. He tried not to shift discomfitedly on his rear, if only because he knew it wouldn’t help.

TJ efficiently checked his ears next, and then his eyes. “Are your feeling alright?” She asked, shining a light into his right eye. “You look a bit flushed.”

“‘m fine,” Rush mumbled quickly, glancing away as soon as he could.

He saw TJ frown out of the corner of his eye, but she said nothing. She took his temperature, frowning again, and then wrapped is arm to test his blood pressure, placing to fingers at his wrist to
count his pulse. She was quiet a long time, her frown deepening.

“Your heartrate’s elevated,” she muttered, almost under her breath. “And…” She looked up from the blood pressure meter, brow furrowed. She peered watchfully at Rush’s face, and Rush shifted under the scrutiny, biting back a wince as he did. TJ’s eyes narrowed. “…Are you in pain?” she questioned, with dawning realization.

Rush’s face grew hotter. “I…” he stammered. “No, no I’m…I’m fine.”

She looked at him sternly. “Your pulse is racing, your BP’s high, your face is flushed and your eyes are dilated. So, if you’re not aware of anything that could be causing that, then that means you’re sick and I need to keep you here and conduct a more thorough examination.” She lifted her eyebrow pointedly.

Rush winced again, this time in chagrin. He ducked his head in acquiescence, and then glanced abashedly up at TJ through his hair. “I…” he started, not sure how to go on. He coughed uncomfortably into his fist, looking away.

Rush’s clear embarrassment seemed to clue TJ in. Her eyes widened, and then she suddenly straightened up, a hard line to her jaw.

“Get up,” she said brusquely, half rolling her eyes and letting out an impatient sigh. “For God’s sake, Rush, why didn’t you just say something.”

Rush deftly slid from the bed, staring shamefaced at his feet. He didn’t answer, not even attempting to explain that calmly informing TJ that he’d rather stand due to the aching in his thoroughly beaten rear end, was simply never going to happen.

TJ sighed again. “Well, I guess we’ll have to do this some other time, then.”

Rush crossed his arms over himself, feeling badly to have wasted both of their time. “I…I could just stand,” he tried to offer pathetically.

“Rush,” TJ said, explaining in a tone that was disgruntled but not unkind. “This checkup is meant to establish your baseline. If you’re in any kind of significant discomfort, it will skew the results.” Rush’s eyes closed, his expression pained. TJ went on, more softly. “Just come back when you’re feeling a bit more…neutral.” She shot him a half-smile. “And don’t make me track you down again,” she said with stern jocularity.

Rush nodded, smiling back weakly. He rubbed a hand lightly over his arm, and averting his eyes.

“So,” TJ inquired tentatively. “Things are still going okay? With you and…?”

Rush started slightly at the question. “I…” he said quietly. “I suppose so.” TJ offered him an encouraging look, and Rush swallowed. “Things…are getting more serious,” he found himself saying, not quite sure how he’d lost complete control of his vocal instruments. “Between…us.” He bit the tip of his tongue, that last word feeling strange in his mouth.

TJ nodded, listening calmly. “Is that a good thing?” she asked, her tone even.

Rush sighed, shaking his head. “…I don’t know,” he mumbled, almost to himself. He sighed again. “It’s…” he started uncertainly. Hesitantly, he met TJ’s eyes for just a moment. “I don’t want to stop,” he admitted, before glancing away. “But…” he shrugged helplessly. “I have no idea where any of it is going.”
Rush felt embarrassed, not sure why he was saying any of this. Still, a small weight seemed to be lifted off of him, now that he’d said it.

TJ smiled sympathetically. “Well,” she said. “I can’t really offer any advice in that department. I don’t have a great track record myself,” she admitted with a self-deprecating tilt of her head. “So, I guess I’ll just wish you ‘good luck’. I hope things work out…whatever that means.”

Rush ducked his head, but found himself smiling back, just a little. “…Thank you,” he said, very quietly.

TJ sent him another encouraging smile, then turned briskly. “Oh, and,” she said, pulling a small container from a drawer. She held it out quietly. “More of that disinfectant, with some pain-killer mixed in.” She raised her eyebrow. “Just in case.”

Rush pressed his lips together. They weren’t quite running low yet. Still…

Quickly, he deftly plucked the bit of plastic from TJ’s hand, nodding shortly in acknowledgment.

“Thank you,” he mumbled again.

“Anytime,” TJ answered seriously. “Just ask.”

Rush nodded again, unable to quite meet her eyes, and left.

Young pulled Rush to him as soon as the door swished shut that night, demanding hands holding fast to Rush’s hips as Young plunged into his mouth, his tongue thrusting into him like a promise.

“Strip,” Young growled as he pulled away. “Bed. Ass up.”

A tremor rolled through Rush’s frame, his cock hardening painfully.

“Yes, sir,” he whispered, and hurried to obey.

He took up the now familiar position—bent prone, bowed forward with his head to the mattress, arse up and knees spread wide—finding it no less thrilling for its lack of novelty. There was a warm comfort in waiting for Young like this, as well as an excited anticipation. It was a nearly Pavlovian response, knowing that something was coming, even if he didn’t know what.

A dip in the bed as Young knelt between his legs, and soon Rush felt the touch of his broad hands on his roughened buttocks. He sucked in a breath, as Young stroked his fingers ever-so-lightly over the bruised and battered skin. Firm thumbs gently eased his cheeks apart, and then Young’s mouth was latched onto the center of him, hot and wet and God—

“God,” Rush croaked, clenching his fists in the bed covers, and then he could only gasp, over and over.

His tender hole was shown no mercy by Young’s mouth; Young laved and sucked persistently at his raw and aching pucker, swirling over the wrinkled skin with the stiffened tip of his tongue till Rush started to sob. Suddenly, Young gripped Rush’s hips tightly, pushed forward till his nose was resting against Rush’s cleft, and shoved his tongue deep into Rush’s hole.
Rush screamed, bucking instinctively, but Young held him firm and relentlessly fucked his arse with his tongue. Rush clawed helplessly at the bed, his shaking lips forming a constant string of pleasepleaseplease.

“Please, what, Rush?” Young prompted coolly, ceasing his torments for just a moment. He blew softly over Rush’s wetted skin.

Rush shivered, his mind swirling with sensations. He could barely think, and he squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to force the words he needed up into his higher brain.

“Please,” Rush whined brokenly. “May I please...come, sir?”

Rush heard a soft chuckle, as Young brushed the tips of both thumbs across Rush’s tortured hole.

“No,” Young answered, unruffled. “Not for a long time tonight, Rush. If I let you at all.”

Rush let out savage scream, the sound spiking as Young thrust his tongue back inside him.

Then, there was only the pulsing glow of bright red heat, and his own hopeless wailings, rising up and up around him like a swirling wind.
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Both Young and Rush grapple privately with their new status quo. Also, Telford shows up briefly to be an ass.

Chapter Notes

No real warnings, but there's some dark hints of things in this chapter. Also, maybe some suicidal/self-harm themes/references, though nothing like that actually happens. Just...if you know those could be sensitive topics for you, maybe proceed with caution.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rush moaned, drooling a bit around the three fingers Young had stuffed into his mouth.

“Strip,” Young had ordered without any preamble. “And get over here; I wanna play with your ass.”

So now, Rush was naked and draped across Young’s lap, while Young fingered his hole with one hand, and gave Rush something to suck on with the other.

Rush’s arse had completely recovered from his punishment by now, something Rush was a little regretful about. But then, Young had only deigned to fuck him one more time before insisting they wait till he had healed, which had been a shame.

Actually, Rush recalled, Young hadn’t so much fucked him as set Rush in his lap and had him fuck himself, shaking and crying as he took Young into his incredibly sore arse. Young had held him, stroking his hair and whispering soothing words to help him through it, until Rush had grabbed Young’s face in both hands and desperately kissed his mouth as he’d forced himself onto Young’s length again and again…

Rush moaned again, more deeply this time, and shook the memories from his mind. Her hadn’t been granted permission to come, and with Young’s fingers in his mouth he couldn’t ask. Not that asking meant he’d necessarily be allowed; lately his chances had been about 50/50. In any case, it wouldn’t do to get over excited.

Young continued to thrust and twist his fingers inside Rush’s entrance. He’d been at it for some time, and seemed to be in no hurry. In fact, he appeared emanently content to ‘play with’ Rush, as he’d said, and as he toyed with Rush’s hole it was clearly with more thought to his own entertainment than Rush’s pleasure. Which, of course, only caused Rush to enjoy it all the more.

He writhed helplessly in Young’s lap, and imagined what a spectacle he must be—spitted on Young’s fingers, his hard cock trapped between Young’s thighs—and moaned even more wantonly.

Young yanked his fingers from Rush’s arse, and Rush had only a second to process this loss, before
Young laid a sound *smack* to his lower right buttock. Rush’s sphincter clenched wetly and he groaned, arching up in hopeful readiness for another blow. He wasn’t disappointed; Young slapped back and forth between the undersides Rush’s cheeks almost casually, with just enough force to make them bounce with each strike. Rush wanted more—this wasn’t nearly hard enough to satisfy him—but again, this was plainly for Young’s amusement, so Rush accepted it, reminding himself sternly of his role as Young’s plaything.

When he’d peppered Rush’s arse with slaps, leaving a pleasant mild sting behind, Young instructed Rush to turn over, pulling his fingers from Rush’s mouth. Rush awkwardly shifted to his back in Young’s lap; Young pulled Rush’s knees to his chest, folding his legs in tightly, and quickly inserted three fingers back into Rush’s revealed hole. Rush gurgled a bit, holding his knees to his chest as Young resumed teasing his opening. It was a precarious position, and Rush was half afraid he’d roll right off, but Young other arm held him about the shoulders to keep him securely placed.

Young’s thrusts became a bit harsher, and then he was pinching around the rim of Rush’s entrance, digging his nails into the tender skin. Rush whimpered as his cock began leaking, dripping precum onto his stomach.

“You like that,” Young asked roughly. “You like it when I torture your ass?”

Rush nodded helplessly, though it hadn’t really been a question.

“Gets you hot, huh?” Young went on. “Someone playing with your little slut-hole, getting it all sore.” He twisted a bit of flesh between two fingers, making Rush cry out. “You’re gonna really feel it when I fuck you later.”

Rush bucked with a shriek, barely managing not to come right then and there. Young chuckled.

“You wanna come, Rush?” he asked, taunting. “You want me to let you come?”

Rush nodded, whimpering. His mind felt clouded, feverish.

“Then ask.”

Rush took in a shaking breath.

“M…may I,” he began, hardly a whisper. “P…please come, s…sir?”

There was a pause.

“Yes.”

Rush let out a sigh, tears of relief stinging his cheeks.

“But not yet.”

His relief turned to sobs of frustration at Young’s words. Young sank his fingers deep into his hole, stroking his insides. When he touched his prostate, Rush thought he might lose consciousness as he fought not to explode.

“Not yet,” Young cautioned Rush, his touch feather-light and maddening on that place of pleasure inside him.

Rush keened, his head lolling from side to side. He didn’t know how long it was, but eventually Rush finally heard those blessed words.
“Now, Rush. Come right now.”

Rush burst open, erupting with a wail as he spattered himself with cum. He clenched tight around Young’s fingers, which were pressing hard on his prostate now, forcing more spunk to come shooting out of him. When he was spent, he lay, gasping, then blinked open his eyes. Young was staring down at him, a pleased smile on his face.

“I never get tired of that,” Young said, rumbling amusement.

Rush chest rose up and down as he worked to catch his breath. “Of…torturing my arse, you mean?” he responded dryly.

Young’s lip quirked. “Watching you come.”

Rush blinked at the simple honesty in Young’s voice. He licked his lips, glancing away for a moment. “You should let me more often, then,” he said, quirking an eyebrow.

“Aww,” Young said smilingly, bending down to plant a kiss to Rush’s nose. “But then it wouldn’t be special.”

Rush snorted, glaring half-heartedly.

“Now, get up,” Young directed with good humor. “I still need to fuck you.”

Rush nodded acquiescently, and moved to rise onto his feet. Young stood after him, and calmly bent Rush forward to brace his elbows on the couch cushions. Rush spread his legs while Young took his place behind him, and then Young had Rush by the hips and with no further preparation sank down to the root. Rush grunted, and then grit his teeth as Young began fucking into him.

Rush’s cock gave a determined twitch, but it was far too soon for it to recover, so Rush merely passively hold himself still and let Young make use of his body. Rush relished Young’s use of him and the discomfort it brought—each hard thrust into his tender, sensitized hole, each bruising squeeze of Young’s hands on his hips—as evidence of Young being lost in his own pleasure, evidence of Young enjoying him with no thought given to Rush’s own enjoyment. Rush appreciated those moments, when Young gave himself over entirely to his own whims and pleasures, not bothering to care for Rush’s. It felt like a gift, to be allowed to give so completely, and it was the closest Rush ever came to feeling like he might manage to deserve what Young gave him.

Young finished, pulling out to spill his spunk down Rush’s back. Rush shuddered delightedly at the hot spray rained down on him, sighing in contentment.

“Stay there till it dries,” Young instructed, patting Rush’s rump affectionately. “Then come to bed.”

“Mm,” Rush nodded. “Yes, sir.”

Young gave Rush’s bottom a final hard swat, and left him there, bent forward in front of the sofa with his legs spread. Rush waited patiently for Young’s cum to dry on his back, and then stood up, running a hand through his hair. Young was already in bed, and he smiled at Rush as he approached.

“There’s my cum-covered whore,” Young said fondly, gazing leisurely over Rush’s naked body.

Rush shuddered, fresh arousal pooling in his lower belly. He ran the last few paces to the bed, and jumped on, straddling Young and latching his mouth to his in a fevered kiss. Young laughed as Rush attacked him, gripping the globes of Rush’s backside in bruising grasps with both hands.
“Do I need to give you another spanking?” Young asked him levelly. “Get you to calm down and sleep?”


Young eyes him sternly, but he was still smiling. “Okay. Go pick something out.”

Rush’s stomach fluttered, and he bounded off the bed again. He worried his bottom lip as he considered his options. Finally, he returned to the bed, the hairbrush held in one hand. He offered it to Young, ducking his head as he felt a wave shyness wash over him.

Young took it, and beckoned him with a wave of his fingers. “Over my lap. I don’t need to tell you you won’t be coming again, do I?” Young added, with a glance towards Rush’s increasingly erect cock.

“No, sir,” Rush assured him quietly, and laid himself once more across Young’s thighs. “Of course not.”

“Good.” Young said flatly. And then he began.

Rush gasped at the first blow, which was hard enough to rock him forward on Young’s lap. Young laid his strikes down, firm and fast, on Rush’s buttocks, holding Rush tightly across his back when he began to shift and squirm. The light sting from before began to shade to something deeper, something hotter, until finally Rush felt himself slump loosely over Young’s legs.

“Thank you, sir,” Rush mumbled when Young stopped.

Young put down the brush and rubbed a soothing hand over Rush’s bottom. Rush face felt flushed, unshed tears choking his throat.

“Good boy,” Young said as he stroked Rush’s reddened backside. “That’s it, that’s a good boy.”

I’m not, Rush thought hopelessly, burying his face in the bed.

No, a voice agreed. You’re a bad, dirty boy. A filthy good-for-nothing tramp.

Rush blinked fiercely, fighting back the tears in his eyes, wishing Young was hard so he could fuck him again.

Whore.

Young got them under the covers and pulled Rush to his chest. Rush hugged Young’s arms to him, trying to block out the sounds of bad and filthy from his mind.

“I’m not really a good boy, you know.” Rush bit his tongue, not really meaning to have spoken.

Young chuckled behind his ear. “I know. That’s what makes you fun.”

He nipped Rush earlobe, and Rush let out a sigh, finally settling in enough to fall asleep.
Young’s arm’s wrapped around Rush’s naked body from behind, pulling Rush’s bare back against his clothed chest. Rush shivered, and leaned back against Young’s sturdy form, allowing Young to trail his hands freely over the front of his body. Rush had only minutes ago entered Young’s quarters. Now, he stood naked in the middle of the room, and he could already feel his cock beginning to swell.

Young slid his hand up to Rush’s throat, holding it in a loose grip. “Can you guess what I’m gonna do to you tonight?” Young whispered against Rush’s ear.

Rush shivered again, anticipation pooling in his groin with his arousal. “Whatever you want, sir,” Rush answered, staring out unseeing.

Young chuckled, his breath tickling the back of Rush’s neck. “That’s right.” Young took a small step back, and then Rush found a dark cloth being placed over his eyes. He breathed in deeply through his nose as Young tied the blindfold securely behind his head, his heartrate speeding up as he was plunged into darkness. Then, Young firmly pinched Rush’s right nipple and Rush nearly jumped, the sensation heightened by his lack of sight.

Young played with his nipples for a few moments, then put hands to Rush’s hips and guided him a few paces. Rush felt the front of his knees brush something, and then Young stepped away. Rush reached out his hands experimentally and found the edge of the back of the couch and the arm sticking out of it. He placed one hand on the back of the couch to steady himself in his blindness and waited for Young to return.

“Put your feet together;” Young instructed, sounding like he was on his knees just behind Rush. Rush tilted his head at the request, but dutifully set his feet snugly against each other. There was a pause, and then Rush felt the coarse touch of a rope against his hips. He bit down on his tongue, and forced himself to keep still as Young went about doing whatever he meant to do.

The rope was carefully placed over the root of Rush’s cock, pulling it down against Rush’s legs, and tied in a knot behind Rush’s thighs, just under the center of his buttocks. The rope was then wrapped around the front of Rush legs and tied in another knot a few inches down from the first. This process was repeated until Rush’s legs were tied completely from thigh to ankle. The bindings weren’t painful, but they were tight enough that Rush’s thighs were pressed together, and he could hardly wiggle his feet apart all. It wasn’t the most stable position, and Rush was grateful for the couch to balance himself against.

“Forward,” Young murmured next, standing and pushing lightly on Rush’s back.

Rush bent over the arm of the sofa with his bound legs held out awkwardly behind him. He held himself up by his elbows and shifted his hips discomfitedly. Bending over the arm of the couch sent a shiver down his spine, in memory of both his punishment and of later being fucked while his arse was still painfully sore. That experience had been deeply intense, and a small part of Rush had worried that everything else would become dull by comparison. But, while he treasured the memory, Rush didn’t find himself longing for it when experiencing the warm comfort of having Young inside him on a regular basis.

A slick finger slipped between his cheeks and pushed into his entrance, solidly forcing its way down to the third knuckle. Rush grunted slightly at the intrusion, hips wiggling. His legs instinctively tried to separate, but were obviously prevented by their sturdy bindings, creating an almost uncomfortable
itch deep in Rush’s belly.

“How’s that feel?” Young asked as he worked his finger in and out of Rush’s arse.

“…Odd,” Rush replied. He grunted again, unable to stop the shifting of his hips. “Tight.” Indeed, his passageway felt constricted, unable to fully open with his legs forced together.

“Mm,” Young commented, not sounding surprised. “You want to spread your legs for me, Rush? Is that what you want?”

Rush let out a low whine, his restrained cock jerking against his thighs. “Yes,” he whimpered. “Please.”

Young added a second finger, and it already felt so tight Rush could hardly believe it fit alongside the first. “No, I don’t think so. You’re gonna have to keep your legs closed for a change.”

As Young began to scissor him open, a low keen started in the back of Rush throat. “You’re gonna fuck me like this,” Rush said, finally realizing.

“Yeah,” Young confirmed, shoving a third finger inside Rush’s compressed entrance. “I am.”

Rush’s pelvis clenched and he bowed his head into his arms, a strangled wail bursting from his throat.

“What are you thinking, Rush,” Young prompted him. Rush took in a shuddering breath and raised his head.

“I’m thinkin’ how big you’ll feel in me like this,” Rush answered, a breathy whine creeping into his voice. “I’m thinkin’…I might not even be able to take you.”

Young chuckled darkly. “Oh, you’ll take me. I’ll make sure of that.”

Rush sucked in a choking sob at Young’s words, feeling so very close to coming already. Yes, he thought fervidly, make me, make me take it.

Sooner than he would have thought—though it was possible Rush may have lost some time—Rush’s cheeks were being held open and the blunt head of Young’s cock was pressed against his hole. Rush whimpered, helpless, and then screamed as Young started to push inside. Too big, it’s too big, Rush thought wildly. His legs were again impulsively trying to separate, fighting futilely against the ropes binding them together. There was an aching stretch deep, deep inside him as Young slowly forced his way in, a throbbing, bending feeling as his insides desperately worked to make way for the invasion. Rush screamed again as Young bottomed out, the urge to open his thighs to let Young fuck into him without restriction becoming unbearable.

He also needed to come, desperately, and if he couldn’t do one or the other Rush wasn’t sure if he would make it through this without losing his mind.

“Please. Please, please, please.”

“Please what, Rush?” Young asked, pulling out and thrusting back in.

Rush let out another ragged cry. Full, he was too full, he was going to burst open—

“PLEASE LET ME COME!” Rush shouted, sweating and shaking under the pressure of Young’s relentless penetration.
“Hm,” Young mused, far too casually. “That wasn’t phrased very politely.”

Rush let out a frustrated screech, dragging his fingers like claws along the couch cushions.

“Should I let you try again?” Young asked, taunting. “Give you a second chance?”

Rush panted wetly, already nodding. “Please,” he whispered. “I…please, sir, I’m sorry, please… please give me another chance.”

There was a pause. “Okay,” Young said as he pushed his cock in again, dragging another ragged scream from Rush. “Go ahead.”

Rush took in several deep breaths, doing his best to shake the clouds from his brain. Each time Young thrust into him, his mind went blank, reduced to nothing but wordless concepts of hot and hard and full.

“Please, sir,” Rush began, forcing his voice to be calm and even. “May I please be allowed to come, sir?”

The few moments he had to wait for an answer were agony.


Rush’s body constricted and he let out a bellowing wail. Young’s cock felt like it was taking up all the space inside him, filling him up to his throat. Rush’s hot spunk was spilling down between his bound legs, and then he realized Young was coming too, his insides splashed with warm, thick fluids as Young emptied into him.

They both lay there gasping, with Young draped over him, for several minutes. Then Young pulled out, leaving Rush’s hole to immediately start dribbling cum. There were a few yanks on the ropes as the knots were undone, and then the restriction was gone and Rush’s legs sprang apart, hanging loosely from the arm of the sofa. Rush wasn’t sure he even could close them now, and he felt suddenly exposed. His inner thighs were sticky with his own cum and his dripping hole now felt perversely empty with his legs spread wide to leave it open to the air.

“I’ll give you a spanking before bed,” Young told him, removing Rush’s blindfold and tussling his hair. Rush let out a relieved sigh.

“Thank you, sir,” Rush said sincerely. A spanking would help calm him enough to sleep, and would alleviate the distracting itch skittering over the skin of his legs.

“What would you like?” Young asked kindly.

Rush closed his eyes, inhaling.

“Paddle, please,” he said finally, in a small voice.

Soon Rush being lulled by the thunking smacks of broad wood against his bottom, the even rhythm easing every last hint of tension from his body. His buttocks were barely stinging when Young stopped, but Rush could already feel himself beginning to doze off. Cool cloths washed the cum from between his thighs and cheeks, and then Young carried him to the bed. It now ached to try and close his legs, so Rush just let them splay out languidly.

“How’s your hole feel?” Young asked quietly, gently inspecting Rush’s opening with his fingers.
“All right?”

“All right?” Rush murmured sleepily.

Young was quiet; then he turned Rush to his stomach and eased in close behind him. Rush wasn’t quite sure what he was doing, and then he felt something soft and warm nuzzle against his entrance. Carefully, Young stuffed his flaccid cock into Rush’s stretched hole, then rolled them both to their side, wrapping his arms around Rush’s and pulling him snugly to him.

“Better?” he asked, lips brushing Rush’s ear.

Rush blinked back tears, and nodded. “Yes,” he whispered around the lump his throat. “Thank you.”

Young hugged him tighter, kissed the back of his neck, and dozed off. Rush stayed awake for a little while, one or two tears tracking down his face. He wasn’t sure why he was crying. It felt so good to be held like this, and Young... Young somehow always gave him what he needed, and that stirred something in Rush. There was a contentment, but also a restless urge. He felt protected, cared for—but under that there a was a sense of being unworthy of that care and protection.

I’m just a cock-warmer, Rush tried to tell himself. A hole for his cock. But it sounded hollow, and Rush found himself wishing Young hadn’t been quite so tender near the end. That itself was a selfish desire, and he felt wretched and ungrateful for thinking it. But, this was all so much easier to bear when it hadn’t been so obvious how much Young did for Rush. When Rush could still pretend they were both just using each other. Now, Rush wasn’t sure what he could do in exchange, when Young was so benevolent and everything Rush did was clearly in his own self-interest. Even if Rush convinced Young to simply use his holes and never let him come again, that would still be more to make Rush feel better than any genuine offering to Young.

*Be a ‘good boy’, said a snickering voice in the back of his head. *Or try anyway. *That’s the best you can manage, you useless bitch.*

Rush clenched his jaw, a determined steeliness forming in his belly.

I will be. You’ll see. I’ll do everything he wants. I’ll be good for him.

The snickering went on. *His good little whore.*

Yes, Rush thought back fiercely. I’ll be his *perfect little whore.*

He gripped Young’s arms to his chest, and fought to block out the fading sounds of cruel laughter. In the distance there was another noise, like trees snapping in a very far away storm...
had long ago shed his jacket, shoes and socks, and was sprawled lengthwise down the sofa, leaning back against the sofa’s arm with his knees bent up in front of him. On the other end of the couch, next to Young’s feet, Rush was sat facing out, hunched over his laptop on the low table in front of him. He had the small notebook Chloe had given him, along with his own old filled up notebook, and kept looking back and forth between all three, sometimes typing, sometimes making notes with a metallic mechanical pencil.

He wasn’t doing anything particularly interesting or distracting…except maybe when he rubbed absently at his right shoulder, or tucked a stray hair behind his ear, or licked his lips in concentration. Or, Young thought with a smirk, the way he kept tapping the end of the pencil against his mouth, occasionally letting the metal cylinder fall between his teeth and flicking over it with his tongue. Young imagined Rush might have chewed on pencils in the past, but these metal versions weren’t all that chewable so he was just kind of…sucking on it.

Young didn’t quite hold back a snort as a series of much dirtier images flashed through his mind. Rush’s eyes snapped over to him, peering sideways with a small crease between his brows.

“What?” Rush asked, sounding like he was in the process of deciding whether or not to be insulted.

Young just smiled, shaking his head. “Nothing.” His smile widened. “You used to be smoker, right? Back on Earth?”

Rush made a grumbling sound. “Please don’t remind me,” he muttered. “So?”

“So,” Young went on, teasing. “I’m just noticing a pattern, that’s all.”

“Pattern’?” Rush repeated derisively. “What ‘pattern.’?”

“Oh, I believe the phrase is...oral fixation.” He shot Rush a significant look.

Rush paused, glanced at the pencil resting against his lips, and let out a huff. He dropped the cylinder on the table with a light clink, and glared at Young, though the corners of his mouth were twitching upwards. “You complaining?”

Young chuckled and shook his head. “Definitely not.”

Rush’s mouth cracked into a smile, and he licked over his lips in a way that may or may not have been deliberate. Young’s toes were close enough to brush against Rush’s jeans, and on an impulse Young stretched out his legs, setting his bare feet in Rush’s lap. Then, he lifted his right foot till it was just under Rush’s chin. Rush eyed it uncertainly, and Young wiggled his toes.

“Go on,” Young said, like he was issuing a dare. “Suck them.”

Rush turned his head and looked at him like he’s lost his mind. “You want me,” Rush said slowly. “To put your foot, in my mouth.”

Young just smirked. “Like that’s the worst thing I’ve had you do.” Rush’s eyes flickered. Young raised his foot a bit higher. “Come on,” he encouraged, a bit mockingly. “Bet you’ll like it.”

Rush eyed him mutedly for moment, then lowered his gaze. Shifting his position slightly, he turned his body more towards Young, and took hold of Young’s ankle in both hands. His lips hovered over Young’s big toe for half a second, and then he wrapped his lips around it, sucking gently.

Young hadn’t really anticipated this being all that arousing, but Rush obediently sucking on Young’s
big toe was having an undeniable effect on him. Rush’s head was bowed; he looked almost meek with his eyes downcast and his hair fallen in front of his face. The wet warmth of Rush’s mouth held such promise, tickling Young’s toe with pleasant strokes of his tongue.

With a twist of his ankle, Young urged Rush to take the rest of his toes into his mouth.

“That’s it,” Young murmured, watching Rush widen his jaw to accommodate them. “Take it all in.”

Now with his mouth stuffed with nearly the whole front of Young’s foot, Rush’s face took on a distinctly red color. Young pushed his foot further inside, just to see how much Rush could take, and Rush whimpered around it, shifting in his seat with obvious arousal.

“See,” Young said, withdrawing. “Told you you’d like it.” He set the balls of his wet foot to Rush’s cheek, and pushed his head to one side in a kind of light slap. Rush passively let Young turn his head, keeping his eyes turned down. His lips were pink and swollen and slightly wet. “Take off your clothes and get on the floor.” Young’s voice came out a bit gruffer than he’d intended, his arousal bleeding in as urgency.

Rush nodded mutely, and moved to obey. He stripped off his clothes and then knelt down on the floor; Young took that time to retrieve the lube. He tossed it to Rush as he sat back down on the couch in front of him, and Rush caught it nimbly.

“Get your ass ready and suck me,” Young ordered, opening his trousers.

Rush bent forward, one hand already moving behind him. Young grabbed a fistful of Rush’s hair as his mouth wrapped around his cock, sighing contentedly and Rush worked up and down its length. Pretty soon however, he was itching for a different type of heat. He yanked Rush off his cock and pushed him back.

“Turn around, ass up.”

Rush complied, setting his forehead to the floor and raising up his haunches. Young quickly knelt behind him, took him by the hips, and fucked into him in a single thrust. Rush let out a quiet grunt, and that was the last thing Young was aware of outside of the smooth pulsing warmth encasing his cock and the quiet *smacks* of his hips against Rush’s backside. Rush’s body was pliant and welcoming, and Young dove into it with reckless abandon.

Young’s fingers dug into Rush’s hips as he came, dumping his spunk into Rush’s willing hole. He pulled out, put himself away, and took his seat back on the couch, surveying the picture Rush presented. Rush remained in position, head down and knees spread, his rear end lifted high into the air. His hole, freshly used, was dripping with cum and lube, opening and contracting wetly between Rush’s rounded cheeks.

On a whim, Young lifted his right foot, and placed the flats of his toes directly onto Rush’s puckered entrance. Rush breath stuttered, and then stuttered again when Young began to push inside. The front of his foot disappeared inside Rush with a *slurp*, the juices of Young’s orgasm trickling out around it. Young pressed inside almost to the heel, and then experimented with thrusting in and out. It felt strange; he wasn’t used to this kind of warm wetness around his foot. But if it felt strange, then it looked positively obscene. It was both perverse and absurd, to be fucking Rush’s ass with his foot; and yet there was something thrilling about it for precisely that reason.

It was the power, obviously; the absolute control it represented. It was sick, really, and part of Young wished he didn’t delight in Rush’s submission quite so much. That he didn’t derive so much pleasure from Rush’s pain and humiliation. His only solace was that Rush seemed to enjoy his own
pain and humiliation as much as Young did.

With that in mind, Young tugged his foot out of Rush’s ass. “Sit up,” Young commanded. “Turn back around.” Rush jerkily turned to face Young, pushing himself up to his knees. Young eyed Rush’s bloated cock. “I’m gonna let you touch yourself,” Young expounded. “And I’m gonna let you come. And,” he paused for effect. “I’m gonna let you lick my foot clean and suck on it while you do.” Young fixed Rush with a look. “Well?”

Rush face was bright red. He swallowed. “Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” he said quietly.

Young nodded approvingly, and then leaned back and offered Rush his cum and lube coated foot. Rush took it in his left hand and fixed his mouth to it, licking up the sticky substances taken from Rush’s ass. With a glance towards Young, Rush lowered his other hand to his own cock and began furiously masterbating himself. His eyes fell shut and he moaned against Young’s foot as he sucked and licked it lustily. He spilled onto the floor in only a few minutes, sucking fiercely on Young’s toes and swallowing down cum and lube.

Young lowered his foot from Rush’s mouth, now glistening with saliva and nothing else. Rush was panting lightly, looking dazed.

“Spanking tonight?” Young inquired gently. There was a pause, and then Rush gave a stiff nod. It was almost a routine by now; Young couldn’t remember the last time they’d gone to bed without giving Rush at least a light spanking. “What would you like?” Young couldn’t recall why he’d started asking Rush for his choice of implement, but he found he liked doing it. It gave him an idea of Rush’s state of mind.

“Could I—” Rush began, sounding choked. He swallowed, coughing slightly, and tried again. “Could I have your hand tonight?” Rush’s face twisted just a bit after he finished his request, a single tear rolling down his left cheek.

“Of course,” Young said softly. He gestured to Rush’s cum on the floor. “Clean that up, then meet me on the bed.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Rush replied, his voice hushed, and bent forward to begin licking up the results of his orgasm.

Young left him and undressed down to his boxers. He put the lube back, and then sat on the edge of the bed. Rush soon followed him, crawling along the floor with his head down.

Young took him across his lap and spanked him; he didn’t go hard, but he went on for some time, laying even strokes across Rush’s buttocks for almost a solid half hour. By that time, Young was hard again and Rush looked about half asleep already. Young laid Rush upon the bed, intending to just go to sleep, or maybe taking care of his erection himself, but Rush pressed his lips to Young’s throat and begged to be fucked again.

“Please,” he murmured, pulling Young down on top of him and spreading his legs. “Come in inside me. Use me. Please.”

He sounded exhausted, but Young couldn’t bear to refuse. He slicked himself and Rush’s hole quickly and eased inside. Rush let out a sigh when he was fully sheathed, laying back against the pillows behind him while Young worked in and out between his legs. His eyelids kept fluttering as he clearly fought to keep them open. Finally, Young cupped Rush’s cheek and kissed his mouth, taking pity on him.
“It’s okay, Rush,” Young whispered against his lips. “You can sleep. It’s okay.”

Rush let out a deeply thankful sigh and closed his eyes. His body laid heavy and slack against the bed, utterly relaxed and untroubled as Young continued fucking him into unconsciousness.

Young kissed him again, coaxing Rush’s slumbering lips open with his tongue. Rush’s lips parted easily, limply allowing Young to fuck his mouth as well.

Young came silently, spilling into Rush’s ass for the second time that night. Rush remained peacefully asleep, only mewling softly when Young began to pull out. Young swiftly pulled Rush into his arms, holding him in a tight embrace in the crook of his shoulder. Rush nuzzled against his chest and slid a leg over Young’s hip, still sleeping. Young cradled the nape of Rush’s neck with one hand and, after a moment’s hesitation, hooked three fingers of his other hand into Rush’s lubricated hole.

I own your ass, Young thought possessively, and then immediately felt ashamed. It was one thing to play things up for Rush’s benefit; it was another to think of Rush as a piece of meat inside his own head. Rush gave him so much free reign, it was hard to know where the line was sometimes, but Young knew there was some sort of line he couldn’t cross. There had to be.

I belong to you.

Rush had actually said that, and he’d sounded dead serious. It was a heady concept, and something Young was absolutely certain he wanted but wasn’t at all sure he was ready for.

I belong to you.

Damn right you do, Young wanted to say, but he felt compelled to proceed with caution. For both their sakes.

Still, it was more difficult by the day not just give in, to fully embrace that feeling of ownership that every cell in his body seemed to be vibrating with whenever he looked in Rush’s direction.

I belong to you.

Young went round and round in his mind, until his tiredness finally caught up to him and he drifted off to sleep. He’d come to no clear conclusions, but the last word that drifted through his rapidly fading consciousness was mine.

David was usually the one to switch places with Young when he visited Earth, so it was rare these days to actually get to speak to the man. This time, after Young had finished his meetings at SGC, Telford ran him down in the hall.

“We need to talk about Rush.”

Young’s eyes narrowed. “What about him,” he said flatly and kept walking.
“Everett,” David said, placating. “I’m not trying to…but come on, you and I both know: the guy’s trouble.”

Young bit back a sigh. “Look, I’ll be the first to admit he’s not the easiest to work with. But he’s good at his job and he’s what we’ve got. I’m not gonna mess with that now. I know there was some talk of switching him out permanently, but honestly I don’t see how that was ever gonna work.”

“I agree,” David said. “I’m not suggesting that. I actually…despite my personal feelings, the man’s proven himself valuable. I can respect that. But, the fact remains that he’s unruly and unmanageable, and something needs to be done.”

“‘Done’?” Young snorted. “And what exactly to you suggest we ‘do’?”

David was quiet a moment. “I agree that switching Rush out permanently isn’t practical. But, it’s obvious Rush is invested in staying on board *Destiny*. If it’s made clear to him that that’s a possibility…the threat might enough to bring him in line.”

Young stared at David, a hard line to his mouth. After a moment, he turned away. “No.”

“Everett—”

“No, David, I won’t participate in that.” He shot him a glare. “For one thing, it wouldn’t work. For God’s sake, I don’t even want to know what he’d do if he thought his place on *Destiny* was under threat from SGC. He might end up throwing the stones out a God damned airlock.”

David’s jaw tightened, and he looked like he wanted to say something, but kept silent.

“And even if it did have a chance of working, that’s not how I want to do things. We’re finally managing to build some trust, I’m not going to throw that out just to bully him into better behavior.”

David let out a dry laugh. “‘Trust’? Please.” He shook his head. “Everett, that man doesn’t trust anyone but himself. That’s what makes him dangerous. And men who don’t trust anyone, can’t be trusted. You know that.”

David shot him a significant look, then turned and walked away. Young’s jaw clenched and watched him go, before turning and making his way down towards the opposite end of the hallway.

Young looked over at Rush. They were sitting at the two ends of the couch, a patch of space in between them. Rush was concentrating on his notes, a slight furrow creasing his brow. Young knew he should just forget about what David had said. But it niggled in the back of his mind, making him start to doubt what he’d been so sure about only a short time before. David had always been good at that.

“Do you trust me?”

Young winced after he’d spoken; he hadn’t meant to sound quite so…dopey.

Rush turned his quizzical gaze onto Young, then turned back to his notes. “What kind of question is that,” he said, almost under his breath.
“Well, do you?” Young asked again, when no further response was offered.

Rush let out an annoyed sigh. “You really need me to answer that?” he said, sounding irritated.

Young was a quiet a moment. “I’d like you to.”

Rush sighed again, louder this time. “Of course I do,” he answered tersely. Then, quieter and softer: “I trust you more than I trust myself sometimes.”

Young’s brow furrowed, maybe because the answer so closely countered what David had said, but also because it seemed like an odd thing to say.

“What does that mean?” Young asked uncertainly.

He’d spoken quietly, hardly more than a mumble, but Rush stilled slightly and Young knew that he’d heard. A moment passed, and then Rush put down his notes. He took off his glasses and laid them on the table, then turned, crawling across the couch towards Young. He reached for the buckle of Young’s belt, and Young held back a resigned sigh. I guess the talking portion of the evening is over, he thought to himself dryly.

Rush pushed Young back till he was half-reclined against the arm of the sofa, straddling his thighs, and worked open Young’s belt. He pulled it from its loops, holding the strip of leather in a loose circle. Then, he wrapped it around his own neck, slipped the end through the buckle and pulled it taut.

Young froze. He felt his heart skip a beat and he almost stopped breathing. Rush was holding the loose end of the belt in one hand. The buckle was pressed against the side of his throat, the firm leather circling his neck like a noose. Exactly like a noose, Young thought, a chill running through him. When people hanged themselves with their belts, this is how they did it.

Rush looked disturbingly calm. He gazed at Young evenly, utterly unperturbed. Then, silently, he offered Young the loose end of belt, holding it out to him like a leash. Young’s stomach flipped uncomfortably, but Rush just stared him down, waiting.

Hearing he own heart beating very loudly, Young reached out a hand and took hold of the belt. Rush dropped his own hand, surrendering complete control, and then shuddered, eyes fluttering closed. Young held the end of the belt stiffly, all too aware of how easily he could strangle Rush in this moment. Rush looked almost serene, though there was a harshness to his breathing that showed he was entirely aware of what position he’d placed himself in.

For long moments, neither of them moved. Then, Rush opened his eyes. He met Young’s gaze, and though he didn’t say anything, Young got the impression that he was waiting for something. Waiting for Young.

Gently, Young tugged ever-so-lightly on the belt. Rush readily leaned forward, following Young’s implicit command. Young pulled Rush down towards him and Rush came willingly, not that fighting him would be smart considering the circumstances. Slowly, Young brought Rush’s face closer and closer, carefully controlling the pressure to Rush’s neck. He kept the belt snug against Rush throat, but not tight, never tight, never enough to actually cut off the flow of air to his lungs or blood to his brain.

Deftly, Young brought their mouths together; Rush’s lips were soft and slightly parted, open and compliant to Young’s touch. Young could feel his own heart hammering in his chest, and as he slipped his tongue into Rush’s yielding mouth, his cock began to harden. Rush must have been
aware of it; he was practically laying across Young’s body now, their groins pressed together through their clothes. Young reached down between them with his free hand, sliding across the front of Rush’s jeans to feel the hardness there. Rush’s eyelids fluttered, but he made no sound beyond a soft gasp.

Young brought his hand to Rush’s hair and, using that and the leash on Rush’s neck, pushed Rush down the length of his body till his face was opposite Young’s crotch. Without any further prompting, Rush nimbly opened Young’s trousers, pulled out his throbbing erection, and fixed his mouth over the head of Young’s cock. He sucked firmly, swirling his tongue around the tip, but made no further movements. Feeling a tightening in both his chest and his groin, Young pulled on the belt while pushing with the hand in Rush’s hair, and dragged Rush down the full length of his cock. Rush opened his throat and allowed Young to fully impale him, his only sign of distress a slight shallow breathing through his nose.

Young tightened his grip on Rush’s hair and moved him up and down. Rush provided suction, cheeks hollowing, but gave Young full control over his speed and movement along Young’s shaft. This went on for some time, and Young found he was half afraid to come. Eventually, though, his body gave in and he bucked up into Rush’s mouth, fisting Rush’s hair in a way he knew must be painful, and spilled down Rush’s throat.

Rush swallowed as best he could, coughing lightly as Young pulled him off his softening cock. Rush’s eyes were glassy and unfocussed, and he licked over his cum-stained lips without much apparent thought.

With that, Young unwound the belt from Rush’s neck and dropped it off the side of the sofa. His hand shook slightly and he let out a breath, a tension in his body finally released. Rush quietly tucked Young’s cock back inside his pants and did them up, his eyes set firmly downward at his task. Young swallowed thickly around a lump in his throat.

“I—” Young croaked, cutting off with a small cough. “Thank you,” he said finally, his voice hushed and muted. “It—” he swallowed again. “It means a lot,” he said lamely. “Knowing…knowing you trust me that much. That…you know I’m not going to hurt you.”

Rush stilled. He sat, unmoving, for a long moment, and then lifted his gaze. He looked at Young oddly, his face half-hidden behind his hair, a kind of perplexed half-smile playing shyly on his lips.

“Is that what you think?” Rush said softly, shaking his head. Young frowned, and Rush’s smile tugged at his cheek. “You still don’t get it, do you,” he murmured.

It wasn’t said as a question, so Young didn’t answer. He just frowned some more, staring up at Rush uncomprehendingly. Rush quietly tucked Young’s cock back inside his pants and did them up, his eyes set firmly downward at his task. Young swallowed thickly around a lump in his throat.

“I trust,” Rush murmured, his eyes flickering between meeting Young’s own and glancing down and away. “That when you hurt me…” There was a slight emphases on when that made Young’s frown deepen. “…it’s the right thing to do.”

The corners of Rush’s mouth twisted up and down, like he wasn’t sure whether to smile or not, and then he reached down and retrieved Young’s belt from the floor. He folded it in half, and held it out to Young, his eyes turned dutifully downward.

Young gazed up at him, unsure of what he should do. He didn’t think he really understood what Rush was saying, only it left him with an ashy taste in his mouth. He wasn’t sure how to ask either, how to explain to Rush what this twisted knot in the pit of his stomach was.
Young’s eyes dropped to the bulge in Rush’s jeans. He reached out a hand and groped Rush’s crotch, grabbing him in a firm grip. Rush grunted, but gave no other response.

“Should I let you come tonight, Rush?” Young asked gruffly.

Rush licked his lips and swallowed. “Only if you want to,” he answered in a small voice.

Young tilted his head. “And what about you? What do you want?”

Rush was quiet a moment. “What I want doesn’t matter,” he said, even softer.

Young tightened his grip. “Wrong. I say it matters. Now, tell me what you want.”

“I want it not to matter!” Rush snapped, eye flashing, his placid demeanor finally cracking. Then he quieted, swallowing. “I want…I…” He looked in Young’s eyes, imploring. “Please, just…just tell me what to do.” He pressed his lips together. “Tell me what I want.”

Young was silent. Then, slowly, he took the belt from Rush’s hand. He trailed it down the front of Rush’s body, ending at the growth between his legs.

“Okay,” Young said quietly. “I know what you want,” he said, partly to convince himself. “And I’ll give it to you. Get up, take your clothes off, then go bend over the bed and open up your ass.”

“Yes, sir,” Rush whispered, already rising to obey.

Young stripped down to the waist, glancing over at Rush bent over the mattress with his legs spread, fingers working in and out of his hole. Young laid his belt on the bed next to him and then unzipped his pants.

“You have until I’m hard again,” Young informed Rush as he stroked himself, gazing unreservedly at Rush preparing himself for him.

“Yes, sir,” Rush answered readily. He continued to stretch himself, brusquely and efficiently and without much gentleness.

It wasn’t long before Young was ready to go. “Times up,” he grunted, and Rush swiftly removed his hand from his hole, sliding his feet farther apart and arching his back. Young grabbed Rush’s hips and plunged inside without a moment’s pause. He groaned loudly as he sank inside, and then quickly set up a brutal pace, pummeling Rush’s ass without any mercy. He used Rush’s hole, dumping his cum inside him gracelessly.

“Clench your ass,” Young ordered breathlessly as he pulled out. “You spill one drop out of that cum-hole of yours, and I’ll punish you. Understand?”

Rush’s buttocks tightened as his sphincter clamped tight. “Yes, sir,” he rasped, shuddering.

Young did up his pants, and picked up the belt. Without warning, he snapped the leather across Rush’s bottom, then he did it again, and again. Rush screamed at each blow, the muscles of his ass held rigid to keep Young’s cum from spilling out. His cheeks grew redder and redder with every hard smack from Young’s belt till they were a deep, angry looking crimson.

Damn it all, Young was hard again.

Young dropped his belt across Rush’s lower back and opened his fly.

“Unclench,” he ordered, prying Rush’s cheeks apart. “I’m fucking you again.”
“Yes, sir,” Rush responded, immediately loosening his hole.

Young shoved his cock inside, taking Rush hard and fast. He slammed his hips into Rush’s bright red ass with every thrust and came quickly, filling Rush with more fresh spunk. When he pulled out, he held Rush’s cheeks open and inspected his sloppy, fucked-out hole. Then he tucked himself away and picked up the belt again.

“This time, let’s see all that jizz drip out of you,” Young told him, raising the belt.

“Yes, si-ACH!” Rush cried out as Young struck him hard across the buttocks, clenching instinctively and then quickly relaxing his muscles. Young hit him four times in rapid succession and this time his ass remained loose, cum dribbling freely down his cleft to his thighs.

Young laid one more stinging blow to Rush’s cheeks, and then trailed the belt over the raw flesh he’d just struck.

“This is what you want,” Young stated. He gave Rush’s right cheek another smack with the belt.

“Yes, sir.”

Young hadn’t phrased it as a question, so Rush’s response was more of an accession than a confirmation.

Young slapped Rush’s left cheek. “Say it.”

“This is what I want,” Rush promptly recited.

SMACK!

“Again.”

“This is what I want,” Rush repeated, though his voice sounded choked.

Young draped the belt again over Rush’s lower back and sat down beside him on the bed. He seized a fistful of the man’s hair and pulled, forcing his dark eyes to meet his own.

“Say what it is you want. Exactly.” Young glared down into Rush’s wide eyes, not sure where all this vehemence was coming from.

Rush’s lips were parted as he panted lightly; his tongue licked over them skittishly.

“I want you to use me and punish me,” Rush finally said in a furtive whisper. “The way I deserve to be used and punished.”

“And what way is that,” Young grunted.

Rush looked up at him, his eyes blown black as the void of space.


Young was still for a moment. Then, he released his hold on Rush’s hair and stood up.

“You don’t get to come tonight,” he said with finality.

“Yes, sir,” Rush replied under his breath.
“I’m going to go for a run. You’re going to stay right here, in this position, till I get back. I want you to reflect on what it means to be bent over my bed with my belt across your back and my cum dripping down your thighs. Is that clear?”

There was a pause.

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

With that, Young changed into his sweats and left his quarters. He ran and ran and ran, till his lungs were burning and his clothes were drenched with perspiration. He ran until he couldn’t run anymore.

He came back to his rooms. Rush was just where he’d left him. Young’s semen had dried, mottling his inner thighs with a sheer stain.

Young stripped out of work-out clothes and approached the bed. He sat beside Rush’s bent form, laying a hand on the middle of his back. He rubbed gently, warming Rush’s naked skin.

“I’m gonna let you sleep now,” Young said, sounding muffled to his own ears.

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.”

Young’s jaw clenched. He was desperate to hear Rush say absolutely anything other than that combination words.

“Anything you’d like to say before bed?” he invited tightly.

Slowly, Rush lifted his head. He turned to meet Young’s gaze evenly.

“Thank you,” he said, ardent and plain. “For letting me be your whore. Sir.”

Young didn’t respond. He felt oddly disjointed.

“Come to bed,” Young said quietly, lifting his belt from Rush’s back.

Rush climbed onto the mattress and under the covers obediently, curling into Young when Young wrapped his arms around him. Rush felt cool against his skin, and Young held him tighter, stroking his hands over Rush’s shoulders and back. Rush fell asleep quickly, nuzzled against Young’s chest. Young didn’t sleep for a long time. His body felt tired, dull ache seeping into his muscles. His mind was a muted blank. Still, it felt like hours before his eyes finally closed and he drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I took a little break about half-way through writing this chapter, cause I wasn't liking how it was going and I felt like I was confusing myself. Went and worked on
something else for a bit, then came back to reread this and...it wasn't as bad I remembered it being? So, I finished it up, and while I'm not 100% on board with how it turned out, I think it's okay enough to post. Let me know what you guys think.

Also, ARGH, so I just realized (I'm a dummy, I know) Florence and the Machine's Addicted to Love is from the 50 Shdes of Grey movie :-/ GodDAMNit FotM, why you gotta do that? Lol, I love Florence and the Machine, and actually, pretty much this entire fic has been written while listening to FotM songs. For any one's idle interest, Drumming Song, Bird Song, Cosmic Love, and I'm Not Calling You A Liar in particular are my unofficial mental soundtrack for this fic ;-P

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