Ten Minutes

by ChutJeDors, ImagineBeatles

Summary

Paul had thought that his friends only wanted the best for him, with giving him a gift card to a brothel and all. Now, having ended up in a room with a stunningly handsome male whore, he needs to reconsider those ideas about his friends, and his beliefs in life altogether. It’s just for ten minutes, though… Definitely a once in a lifetime thing, and all that. Totally! Right?

Right??

Notes

SO! This is a fancy collab between US. By US we mean imaginebeatsles and chutjedors, those two smut-writing losers. We decided to try writing smut together! Yeeaa!

We have no idea where this is going or what we are doing, but we hope the results aren't as catastrophic as the creating process. (Kidding. it was the easiest thing ever.) If you ever wondered what would happen if the two of us wrote together, well here is the result: 11k of smut. We're not even sorry.

We hope that you'll hang on till the end, and see whether Paul is actually gay. We don't know yet. We don't know what we're doing.
Paul Rethinks His Choices In Life

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The evening was dark and cold as Paul made his way through the dingy streets of Liverpool, slipping from alleyway to alleyway as he occasionally paused to make sure no one familiar was around to spot him. He had his collar up to shield him from the biting cold and his hands stuffed in his pockets to keep his fingers from freezing off. October wasn't usually this cold, but then again, Paul usually wasn't out on the street at this hour either - and certainly not in this area of town.

In the pocket of his coat he could feel the slip of paper that had started it all. It had been a birthday present from George and although it was embarrassing to say the least, Paul couldn't help but feel at least a little grateful. He knew George hadn't meant it maliciously.

“Happy 24th Birthday, Mate. It's been ages since you had any, so you'd better enjoy it!” the card had read, after which a gift card had fallen out. Paul hadn't felt more embarrassed in his life.

He wished his friends weren't as involved in his sex life as they were.

Too soon, Paul reached the address the gift card had specified. It was a surprisingly fancy-looking place, located in a back-alley in the part of town most people wouldn't feel safe in walking at this hour, but fancy nonetheless, with its old architecture, inviting lights and heavy draped curtains behind the large windows, blocking his view. The building itself was smaller than expected though. The sign above the main door read: The Rusty Pipe.

“So much for subtlety,” Paul muttered quietly to himself, but went in anyway.

The place was innocuous enough, with a large bar in the middle of the room, around which a few tables had been placed for people to sit at. There was nothing that Paul always pictured himself when people had talked about brothels, and it almost could have been a regular bar, if it hadn’t been for the numerous prostitutes hanging about casually, chatting with each other, as well as with people that Paul guessed were their clients.

They were wearing - if “wearing” was the right word to describe it all, considering their outfits consisted of barely any fabric at all - the usual flimsy clothes and heavy makeup Paul had seen on tv, which seemed to reveal more than cover up. A few looked up as he entered, though most appeared already occupied.

“Good evening, sir,” a relatively pretty girl with blonde hair and a skimpy blue dress that revealed more than it covered greeted Paul as he looked hopelessly around the small bar area. He could now feel the countless of eyes on him - or then it was just his imagination - as he turned to the young lady, offering her a nervous but relieved smile.

“I er... I've got a gift card,” he told her and immediately felt silly for it. The girl, however, only smiled at him and took the slip of paper from him.

She was relatively pretty, Paul had to admit, but not anything he'd write home about, even if she had what would be considered the whole package: the full breasts, the slim waist, the big eyes, the heavy makeup and revealing clothes. There was simply something off putting about her, although Paul couldn't quite say what it was.

He had been having that with a lot of girls lately, but he knew he couldn't judge the whole
establishment on one girl. Besides, George had ensured him it was a good place, so he waited patiently for the girl to finish with his gift card.

“Thank you, sir, and welcome to the Rusty Pipe. We have a variety of attractive boys and girls to choose from. If you want anything that will cost you extra, that isn’t a problem as long as you pay the fee after you’ve finished,” the blonde girl in the blue dress said as she looked back up at him.

“We are quite full today, but I assure you that everyone here is a professional... Including me.” She smiled coyly and moved closer. “And don’t forget to leave a tip after you’re done, sir.” She winked and tried to look as innocent as she could. Paul nodded politely to say he understood, and silently cursed George for forcing him into this, feeling oddly repulsed by the girl’s obvious attempts at seducing him.

When she didn’t say anything more and continued looking at him with that look, he waved awkwardly before heading towards the bar, figuring he was going to need a drink first.

He could hear some girls whispering to each other and heard his own name being dropped multiple times, but he didn't pay them any mind. He didn't like the dumb giggly type anyway.

Paul ordered a scotch and sipped from it nervously as he glanced around the room, looking for anyone who would catch his eye and be his birthday present, but felt disappointed with what was on offer.

Although the place was busier than Paul had expected for a Tuesday evening, many of the pretty girls seemed to be taken and he could see some vanishing downstairs with their clients for the night, leaving only a few girls who were passable at the most. Professional or not, a pretty face was essential and these girls... well... what they had wasn't what Paul had expected when he had let George talk him into this. That girl who had greeted him at the door especially was too clingy for her looks. She was still giving him the eye, which Paul chose to ignore without a second thought.

“If these uglies are the choices, I'd rather be gay,” Paul muttered into his drink, before tipping it back and swallowing it down in one go.

“Wanna have a go then?”

Paul nearly choked on his drink at the sound of a man's voice behind him, but managed to swallow it down, though his nose was burning painfully from the alcohol. He wished most people were too busy with their own dicks and vaginas to pay any attention to him.

Shocked at what he had heard - if he had heard right - he turned his head to see a half-naked, handsome young man standing behind him with an amused, shit-eating grin on his face, arms crossed over his chest.

He was wearing what one might suppose could resemble a shirt, though it was hardly more than a few straps of fabric that didn't even cover the man's erect nipples and was wearing the tightest pair of leather pants Paul had even seen in his short life on earth.

Paul swallowed thickly before he found his voice again.

“Ex-excuse me?” he stammered.

“Well,” the man said and tilted his head slightly, his smile widening even more. “If the girls aren’t your cup of tea, why not have a go with me then? I’m better than them.” He winked.

Paul stared at the man in front of him with disbelief and tried his hardest to ignore the little jump his
cock made in the confines of his jeans.

“Oh I-I'm not... I'm not actually gay.” His cheeks flushed and he silently cursed George again for this. The man raised an eyebrow.

“You sure?” he asked and grinned. “It'd be a great way of finding out. In case you chicken out, you can always come back here and choose a gal- you have my word on it. We do that sort of thing sometimes, if a guy's not sure- ten minutes and you'll probably know whether you wanna change or not.” He winked again.

Paul let those words sink in as he stared up at the man before him. Only 10 minutes? Guys had done that before? Just to try it out??

Paul felt his throat get dry as his gaze ran up and down the man's body. Even he could see he was incredibly attractive with his roman features, strong arms and yet soft-looking, almost hairless body. The outline of his cock was clearly visible in his leather trousers and Paul’s gaze paused there for longer than he what was comfortable with to admit.

But... he was straight! And why couldn’t a guy think some other guy was attractive? That didn't mean anything, did it? Did it???

But then, why wasn't he saying “no”? He should be getting up and walking away, right at this moment, grab the closest girl and go!

...But then again, guys had done it before. What harm was there in it? And he could always stop it at any time. This guy had said so himself. Just 10 minutes.

Wait! Why was he even considering this?!

“I-I don't think... I mean... just 10 minutes?” What was he even saying? This was all George’s fault. George and his stupid gift card. Who the hell gave gift cards for brothels anyway??

“Just 10 minutes!” the man repeated with a bright voice, “and then you'll be back here, choosing between all these lovely ladies!”

Paul considered the offer, mauling it over in his mind while he also shouted at himself for still not having. got. up. and. left. He had a quick look around the room and at said “lovely ladies” who looked so much less appealing than the guy in front of him. But he wasn't gay.

- Not that being gay was a problem! He just wasn't gay himself!

And yet, he finally glanced back up into the stranger's eyes and took a deep breath before he nodded his consent.

“Ten minutes,” he said, “that's all.”

He wasn't sure who he could blame for this.

(Your dick, and George, his mind supplied helpfully.)

“Wonderful,” the man said and freed his hands from the lock in which they'd been over his chest. “This way, my good sir.” He waved his arm in the direction of a heavy wooden door that was in the back of the room.

Paul followed him hesitantly over to it, glancing around to see if anyone was watching them - and
hoping they weren’t. He muttered a shy “thank you” as the man pulled the door open for him, letting him through first before following him, and jumped as the door was pulled firmly shut behind them.

The first thing Paul noticed were the sounds. Moans, groans, and husky words echoed through numerous shut doors on either side of the hallway, making Paul feel closed in as he was guided forwards.

The man pointed towards the right, a knowing look on his face.

“This way, sir,” he said and started walking towards the end of the corridor.

Paul tried his best to breathe normally as his feet followed the man down the carpet-covered corridor. The sounds of sex and lust coming from the doors made him hot around the collar as his mind filled with possible scenarios that could play out.

The man, or whore Paul supposed, didn't look back at him and made sure to sway his hips as he walked, guiding Paul's gaze downwards to the attractive swell off his arse.

Wait- he didn’t just think that! He bit his lip as he swiftly looked away and tried to ignore the dangerous swell in his jeans. It were just the sounds coming from the other rooms, he told himself.

He waited patiently as the man opened the door for him and allowed him to step into the small room first. It didn't have much, apart from a cheap double bed, a nightstand and a chest of drawers the contents of which Paul didn't want to know about. Definitely not while he was here with another man. What had he done?

He stood helplessly in the middle of the room, uncertain of what to do next as he waited for the prostitute to lock the door behind them, providing them with at least a little privacy.

The man was humming to himself as he turned, and looked down at Paul’s lips with a joyful expression.

Paul’s life began to feel like a sick joke.

“I'm John,” the man said. “And I am going to provide you the best ten minutes of your life -your name is not needed, and you can remain anonymous if you want.”

“Right,” Paul said and chuckled nervously as looked around the room just to have something to look at that wasn't the whore. John, his name was. Such an ordinary name for such a delicious man.

His almond eyes seemed to be burning as he watched Paul with a slightly annoying grin on his face, and Paul wondered what the man thought of him. Did he think he was weird for doing this? Did he think he was pathetic for paying for sex? (Which, basically, he wasn’t.) Or did he think he couldn’t get girls by himself?

...Did he think he was handsome? Or pretty? Or cute? What was he going to do to him? The latter question sent a thrill of excitement down his spine.

“I'm Paul.” He didn't know why he said that, but it felt good to say it. It brought something normal and ordinary into the situation... Because this really wasn’t anything like that.

He smiled nervously at John, but still his mind wouldn't shut up. What was he even going to tell George and Ringo? They were going to ask about this night here for sure, considering it was George’s present in the first place. But he couldn't tell them about this!
Perhaps, though, he didn't have to. He wasn't gay, so why would he enjoy this? In 10 minutes from now he would be back in the bar with a (more or less) pretty redhead on his arm and no one would ever have to know.

But... what if he liked it?

“Nice to meet you, Paul,” the man, John, said, the vowels rolling off his tongue in a weirdly attractive way. “Now, since this is your first time with a man, I just suggest you relax.” He let out a small chuckle and moved closer to Paul. “Even good sex can be ruined by tension.”

Instinctively, Paul tensed up as John stepped into his personal space, but tried to do as told and took a deep breath. He had heard enough stories about gay sex to know he had to take that direction seriously.

Oh God, he was really doing this, wasn't he?

He fought the thought away and took another deep breath, trying to calm himself and clear his mind.

“And what now?” he asked, his voice already a lot less tense. He jumped as he felt a gentle press of a hand on his arm, pulling him forward.

John’s fingers caressed Paul's clothed arm, his smile turning soft and inviting. He pulled Paul closer to him, so that their chests were brushing.

“Whatever,” he murmured, leaning forward, pressing his nose against Paul's left ear, “you want.”

His tongue flicked against Paul’s ear, warm and rubbery, making Paul shudder and his eyes fluttered close. He felt his body temperature rising at the slight scrape of John’s jaw rubbing against his own. The man’s body felt hard against him, so different from what he was used to with girls - no soft breasts pressed up against him, no gentle curves, no long hair brushing his skin. Instead John was hard and firm and rough and Paul liked it.

Oh God, he liked it.

His breath stocked as John pulled at his earlobe with his teeth and let his hands run down his arm to his wrists, holding them gently as he guided them around his body, encouraging Paul to touch him. Paul's hands were shaking as he carefully placed them on the man’s hips, making the other hum approvingly.

“What d'you want?” John asked in a husky voice, his lips trailing towards Paul's jaw. “I'm completely yours.”

Paul shuddered, but also felt slightly panicky. He swallowed thickly and tried to keep himself together as he thought about the question. Frankly, he didn't have a clue what he wanted or whether he wanted this at all. He shouldn't be wanting this but...

“W-what do you usually do with... you know... guys like me?” His voice was tight and he his cheeks flushed pink as he felt John smiling against his jaw at the question. He probably thought he was a some inexperienced virgin or something. - Which he wasn't! Not with girls, anyway.

John chuckled, pressing himself tighter against Paul.

“Depends,” he said leisurely, drawing the sound out as he started moving his mouth downwards, towards Paul's throat, while gently easing him out of his coat, letting it drop to the floor. “I let them take me -or I take them. I can get on my knees;” he emphasised the sentence by sucking slightly on
Paul's slightly damp skin, and to his horror, Paul felt his head tilting backwards. “They can take me roughly, or just lie down and cuddle… If they want me to wear women's clothes, I do -the word is yours, mate.”

Paul groaned from deep in his throat at the sound of John’s voice, low and seductive, and needed to take a deep breath before he could continue, forcing the image of John on his knees in front of him, wearing nothing but a pair of lacy panties, from his mind.

“Get down...” he managed to croak out. Already he was sounding out-of-breath and they had barely even started yet. His fingers flexed eagerly against the the warm flesh of John's body, urging him down and onto his knees.

“Please...” he whispered and keened as he looked down to see the other man looking up at him with dark, lust-filled eyes as he lowered himself onto his knees in front of him.

It was in that moment that Paul knew John would do anything he asked him to, not because he had to, but because he wanted to. He had seen that same look in the eyes of plenty of girls before. And John... he actually wanted to be on his knees for him.

The thought made his cock throb.

“This was a bad idea,” Paul thought, but he wasn't going to stop it now. Not when his cock was trying to push its way out of his underwear and jeans. And no one needed to know about this; it was just a one-off thing, to settle his curiosity. Nothing more. It was only natural, wasn't it? To be curious?

All thought was cut from his mind as he suddenly felt a pair of hands press against his thighs, before a hot mouth opened against his jeans.

Paul gasped as John's tongue pressed lewdly against his clothed erection, and had to look away from the sight of John's lips pushing at the material of his jeans before it became too much. It felt wrong to look down and see a guy sitting there instead of a girl.

What John was doing felt so good, though, and if Paul hadn't been so painfully aware of where they were and under what circumstances this was taking place, he would have felt pretty powerful, having such a tough-looking guy on his knees like this.

John's hands felt hot and strong on his thighs, using him to keep his balance as he licked him through his jeans. It was overwhelming and Paul didn't know what to do. He could only stand there, his eyes closed, and let the other man work him.

He pictured it was a girl doing this to him, hoping that would make it easier. A pretty blonde with full lips and her hair tied up, but the low sound of John's voice as he nuzzled the outline of his cock with his nose, taking in his musky scent with an eagerness Paul hadn't seen before, made it impossible for him to pretend the mouth on his clothed erection belonged to anyone else but a man.

He was getting a blowjob from a guy. A male whore whom he had had paid with a gift card from his best friend. And he was enjoying it. It was almost funny.

John’s hands inched closer to his crotch, reaching up to pull down Paul’s zipper.

“John...” Paul mumbled as he felt his trousers slowly being inched down to his thighs, not sure if he wanted him to stop or continue. It was as if two voices in his head kept shouting at each other, one telling him to just let it happen and see what it was like, while the other kept telling him to put a stop to it, that he wasn't gay, and that he definitely shouldn't be doing this.
But he was curious. He couldn’t help it. After all, he had agreed to this: ten minutes with this man to see what it’s like. Having one guy - and a prostitute, on top of that - suck you off for ten minutes didn't make you gay. In fifteen minutes he would be balls-deep into a girl and he could forget this ever happened. Just ten minutes. It was only a fucking blowjob.

Resolutely, he pushed away his doubts and focused on the feeling of John's calloused fingers on his thighs, and let a soft moan escape as John mouthed at his underwear, creating a damp spot right where the head of his cock was. He had to admit, the guy knew what he was doing.

John’s teeth grazed ever so softly over the shape of Paul's erection, his fingers curling into the loops of Paul’s jeans to pull them all the way down. His tongue trailed after them, and Paul let out a strangled whine as John started nibbling at his naked skin, paying special attention to the junction between his thigh and crotch.

It really felt like the man was teasing him, pushing him, trying to see how far things could go before Paul would break completely. Occasionally John’s nose would bump at the underline of his dick and a jolt of electricity would shoot through his body, making him arch into the feeling and push his crotch into John's face, begging for more. But John wouldn't give any; he just kept nibbling and licking and teasing at his inner thigh, so close and yet so far away from where Paul wanted him most.

When one of John's hands travelled up and his clever fingers reached further between his thighs and up past his balls to give a little rub at his perineum, Paul nearly lost it and needed to bite down his fist to keep himself from crying out.

Rather than taking pity on him, though, John just continued with what he was doing while gently rubbing up and down the little patch of skin between his balls and backside, slowly driving Paul insane, even through his underwear.

Then, without any warning, Paul felt John’s forefinger slipping into his underwear before the rest of his hand followed, cupping his arse and pulling firmly, and Paul gasped as John’s face was squished against his crotch. His mouth kissed the shape of his dick dirtily, saliva wetting the material, and Paul helplessly thrust his hips forward, unable to control his body.

His eyes fell down and he couldn’t help but groan as John licked a long stripe of saliva towards the head of Paul’s dick, holding his gaze with his eyes smiling teasingly up at him.

John was more eager than most girls Paul had got it on with; the man was lapping at him with an insatiable hunger, and hadn't even pulled him out of his underwear yet. It was like John truly needed Paul’s dick to live and breathe, his eyes overflowing with want and pure, dirty lust.

Paul stared down at him in disbelief, and John met his gaze.

“You see how much,” the man murmured, his voice thick, almost resembling a moan, “I love doing this to you?”

His sentence ended in a small, desperate noise and he kissed the damp spot in Paul’s underwear again, groaning and pulling Paul even closer. He was audibly slurping now as he sucked him through the rough material of his underwear, as if waiting to be allowed to take more.

Paul felt his body weaken as he stared down at him, the cloud of arousal in his brain slowly taking over as he started leaking precum, right against John's lip, which was only separated by the thin cotton of his briefs.
The combination of the sight of the other man practically worshipping his cock and the feeling of his lips running up and down the underline of it, was dizzying. Paul felt himself sway on his feet as John kept sucking and moaning and would occasionally open his eyes to look up at him with those dark, teasing eyes, as if he was daring him to give into it.

Paul’s knees buckled, and he knew he needed to hold onto something. But he was standing in the middle of the room with nothing close enough for him to lean on, except...

He swallowed thickly as he looked back down at the man at his feet. John’s teeth scraped against the underline of his cock and - knowing he would fall if he didn’t - Paul cautiously laid a hand on his head for support. He could feel John twitch against him at the unexpected touch, but didn’t say anything. He didn't even utter a word when Paul delved his fingers into his thick auburn hair as John squeezed his arse.

“Just ten minutes”, he repeated silently to himself and let his head fall back as John's mouth closed around the head of his erection through his underwear and sucked, swallowing down the mixture of spit and precum as he sucked it out of the material.

“Fuck...” Paul couldn't help but moan. Really, was it truly necessary for the man to blow him so hard??

He didn’t notice John slipping his fingers under the waistband of his briefs, until his underwear came down, his dick slapping free from its restraints.

He gasped at the cold chill that suddenly hit his dick. He looked down, and met John’s gaze, heated and hungry as he stared at the penis that bounced before his eyes.

And then John swallowed him down in one go.

Paul cried out, his hips thrusting forward, without permission. John didn’t seem to mind, his throat opening and accepting Paul’s hard, swollen member into his mouth, until his nose pressed against Paul’s pubic hair. His tongue rubbed against Paul the best he could manage and held him there for a while.

Then he pulled away with a wet plop.

“That is your ten minutes, sir,” he said cheerfully.

PAUL WANTED TO KILL HIM WITH HIS BARE HANDS-

A panic overtook him at John's words, and he almost felt like crying. His cock was throbbing painfully after having been teased for so long and John's mouth had felt so good around him. Paul needed more -he needed to come. He couldn’t walk out in the state he was in and find a girl. He needed to come. He needed more. He needed it now.

Pushing away his reservations, he tightened his hold on the other man's hair and pulled him closer in a manner that was almost desperate, his fingers trembling with need.

“P-please...” he said, “I- I need.” He could barely speak. He was shaking all over and his throat was too dry and tight to barely make a sound, never mind a fully-formed sentence.

He looked down helplessly at John, wanting him to continue so badly he didn't even mind the smug grin that was plastered over his face and the twinkling in his eye. He needed him, his mouth, any mouth, really, if John would just get on with it-
“Please,” he repeated, more audible this time, and almost let out a cry of relief when John, finally, after what felt like an eternity, took pity on him.

The man leaned in to nuzzle at Paul's revealed cock. A small spot of precum touched his cheek before he turned his head to take Paul back into his mouth. He kissed the head softly, humming as if it were something delicious, and took a hold of the base of Paul's dick. He stroked him slowly, slightly pulling back to catch the other's eye.

“Knew you'd come to your senses.” He winked, and then lifted his free hand to his cheek, holding Paul's gaze while wiping the small amount of precum from his cheek with his thumb. His look was frustratingly teasing as he pushed the finger into his mouth, sucking away the precum with a pleased, slightly muffled moan.

“I... I'm not gay. It's just... fuck, it's just a one time thing,” Paul said, though with every little flick of John's wrist he became less certain of that. His hold on John's hair tightened and he gave an accidental pull as he watched John lick the precum from his fingers before leaning back in to lap at the head of Paul's cock, licking directly into the slit to catch every drop.

John’s eyes were gorgeous like this, his pupils dilated to the point they were almost black as he looked up at him in amusement. He kissed the pink mushroom head once more time, before pulling Paul back into his mouth, hollowing out his cheeks. The sight of his cock bobbing against the inside of John's cheek sent a shiver down Paul’s spine and he could feel his orgasm building up inside him.

“You're just good at this. Nothing personal,” he said, almost absent-mindedly, and could feel John grin around him before the man gave a violent suck. Paul almost blacked out, knowing that he wasn't going to last long.

“Oh,” John said and started peppering small butterfly kisses all over Paul's dick, much to Paul’s frustration. “I'm definitely good. Hey- hey,” his voice took a conspiratorial note and he pulled back, stilling the movement of his hand, getting Paul to look at him with a frown. The man glanced around, as if to make sure that there was no one else, and lowered his voice to a dramatic whisper.

“Wanna.... wanna know a secret?” he said, wiggling his eyebrows, his eyes twinkling with humour.

Paul regarded him with slight annoyance, wishing he wouldn't talk so much and keep that mouth of his on his dick. But he couldn’t help being slightly curious.

“What?” he managed to croak out, while tugging John's head back between his thighs, right where it belonged. The man indulged him and sucked one of Paul's balls briefly into his mouth before pulling off again. Paul had a fleeting moment of wanting to strangle him.

John's eyes narrowed with amusement, and he let his next words slip from his mouth like small drops of water, slowly, teasingly, pressing his cheek against Paul's dick. His eyes had Paul nailed down, and despite his position he had Paul under complete control -and they both knew it.

"I have no gag reflex,” John said, his voice almost a hiss in its huskiness.

“Oh, fuck,” Paul hissed, his teeth clenched as his hold of the other man tightened, pulling him forward with such sudden force that John almost lost his balance. Paul's hips thrust forward, rubbing his cock against the scruff of John's cheek, and he came on the spot, shooting his cum directly against John's hand and cheek, while the rest landed on his shoulder.

The thought and what images it had produced in Paul's mind had been too dirty, too foul, and the voice with which John had spoken sent shivers down Paul's entire body. He hadn’t been able control
himself and he was coming endlessly, still rutting against John's face. The man had him wrapped around his finger and Paul knew it - an orgasm had never been this good and this embarrassing at the same time.

Paul could hear John sigh as he came, which then turned into a content hum as he swallowed everything down that he could, his rosy lips pressing against the velvety skin of Paul's dick. Then he took a strong hold of his thighs and slipped Paul's softening member into his mouth, sucking up the final drops of semen, emitting a long, pained groan from Paul.

It felt almost painful, his dick close to being over-stimulated, but it only made it better. Still, he wished he had been able to hold off his orgasm longer and see for himself whether John truly didn't have a gag reflex.

...Purely to see if that was truly possible for a person, that is. No other reasons. None at all.

He moaned as John finally pulled away and helped tugging him back into his underwear. His jeans John let pooling around his ankles as he pressed one last kiss to the head of Paul's dick, before rising to his feet.

They stared at each other, John with a self-satisfied smirk that was surprisingly charming, and Paul at a loss for words. Their faces were only inches apart and Paul could see the result the blowjob had had on John's mouth. His lips were red and swollen and there was still a tiny drop of white at the corner of his mouth. His precum and semen was slowly dripping down his cheek over his jaw and down his throat, and his cheeks were flushed pink from exertion.

Paul couldn’t take his eyes off him.

John dragged his fingers over his chest and left nipple, where a drop of Paul's come had managed to gather. Then, a smile on his face, he pushed the fingers into his mouth, cleaning them up and releasing them with a pop. Paul let out a small, desperate-sounding noise.

"Now," John grinned, "seems that you have 45 minutes left of your gift card, sir. What would you like?"

Paul felt his cheeks flush pink at the question. “Oh er... I er... I don’t think I should... you know...” He tried taking a step back, but his legs were still too weak, causing him to sway on his feet. John steadied him by grasping his arm.

John gave another blinding grin (he was so bloody handsome, how could he even manage to look like that?? He had no right -) and tugged Paul closer, playing with the front of his shirt.

"And waste a good gift?" he murmured, voice soft and inviting. He leaned closer, his breath ghosting over Paul's lips as he licked the small spot of come from the corner of his mouth, eyes burning as he held his stare. Paul almost moaned at the sight, his dick twitching, despite him having come not even a minute ago.

Paul cursed George silently in his head. Why couldn’t he have given him a normal gift like everyone else?

He tried to speak, but the feeling of John's breath ghosting over his lips was too distracting for him to make out a sound. When John's fingers started undoing the buttons of shirt, his breath stocked in his throat.

“'You're free to do whatever you want,'” John continued, starting to lay small kisses over Paul's jaw, working Paul's shirt open. “No one will know.”
He slipped a hand inside Paul's open shirt, rubbing the ball of his forefinger over Paul's nipple, his mouth curling into a smile as he kissed Paul's Adam's apple. Paul, despite his earlier protests and hesitation, wasn't able to push John away.

"Completely betrayed by my body," he thought, shooting an exasperated glance at the ceiling. "Sad."

"Want to use my mouth?" John murmured. "Take it. I want you to take it."

Paul shuddered at his words. Already his stomach was twisting with the first signs of arousal. He felt how his body began to melt under John's ministrations, the man's lips dragging over the skin of his throat, while his forefinger rubbed at Paul's nipple, occasionally pulling away to pop open another button and provide himself more room to work.

Paul's inhibitions began to fall away and with each nip of John's teeth at his skin, it became harder and harder to refuse him. He let his head drop to the man's shoulder and took a couple of deep breaths to steady himself.

"I shouldn't be enjoying this," he could hear a voice in his head say, but it sounded too far away, and it was further pushed aside by the scent of the other man invading his nostrils. He smelled musky, like sweat and semen. My semen, Paul thought and bit down his lip.

"I shouldn't..." he heard himself say and John scoffed in his ear as his lips found the skin there again. Just one word would do it, Paul knew. One word, whispered just right and he would be gone for. It was just him and John; no one would have to know... he could just go back to his normal everyday life, eventually get married and have five kids and no one would ever know about this, about that one night in late June when he was only 24, young and curious. One word.

John nibbled at the skin of Paul's ear and flicked his tongue against the shell, while his hand opened the last button of Paul's shirt before moving downwards.

His fingers grazed Paul's dick, earning a gasp from him. Then the man, with a sweet smile, pressed his leather-covered hard-on against Paul's naked one, groaning right against Paul's ear.

"Please," John moaned, voice thick, oozing with need and lust, hips jerking forward.

Paul hadn't thought it possible for him to get aroused again that quickly, and yet here he was, semi-erect and gasping for air as John rubbed himself against him. The leather felt amazing against his heated skin, soft and rough at the same time, and it only made Paul want more.

It was unlike anything he had felt before. It was strange, being used to the softness of a lady, but it felt good too, the hardness pressing back against him, and he wanted more.

Instinctively, his hands came back up up to rest on John's hips again as he gently began to press him back, only to follow him, one step at the time, moving him towards the bed behind them.

John smirked knowingly (and really, his smile was starting to get annoying) and walked backwards willingly before grabbing Paul's hands, pulling him to stand next to the bed. Then, with slow movements, he turned them around.

He held Paul's gaze, and pushed.

Paul's legs gave out from under him at John's little shove and he fell easily down on the bed. The hesitation was gone, replaced by sheer want - as long as no one got to know about this, Paul could do
this without regrets.

“What do you want now, sir? You can have anything,” John asked, hands on both sides of Paul's shoulders. Paul felt a small shudder go through his spine at the way John’s husky voice embraced the word “sir”, and reached out for him, pulling him down to sit in his lap like he had done to girls dozens of times before, and gasped at the weight of another man in his lap. At least this was somewhat familiar. He could do this.

Still, he knew he was going to have to say what he actually wanted, but found it hard to find the right words and voice them. With girls he had no restraints whatsoever; but John was different - John was a man.

He swallowed thickly and looked down at where John's thighs were resting on top of his own, and gave a little experimental thrust upwards, rubbing his crotch against the swell of John's ass, earning himself a moan. Fortunately it seemed that the prostitute got the idea, though.

John fixed his position slightly, starting to rock over Paul’s dick at a steady rhythm, his leather-covered backside dragging over Paul’s naked flesh.

Paul could barely breathe as he watched John ride him, his hips rolling easily and expertly against him, his eyes fluttering close. He looked beautiful like this, biting his lip, eyes closed in pleasure.

Paul tried to move with him the best he could, wanting it to be good for the both of them, and couldn't stop moaning as his cock rubbed continuously against John's leather-clad backside, the friction being almost too much already. He let one of his hands slide down John's thigh, feeling how the man’s muscles strained as he pushed himself up and down in one smooth movement.

Paul couldn’t look away from John’s mouth, watching as he sucked on his bottom lip and released it with a breathy “fuck”. The sight was mesmerizing and Paul suddenly felt the incredibly urge to lift his hand and put his fingers in John's mouth instead, letting him suck on them as he rode him, up and down in a steady rhythm, all while looking him directly in the eye with that teasing look of his, urging him on, daring him to go further.

Overcome with a sudden confidence, Paul slid his hands up to John's waist and pulled the man closer to him as he angled his body slightly forward, so that John's crotch rubbed against his own, allowing Paul to feel the outline of the other man's cock pressing down against his own as they rocked together. John inhaled sharply at Paul's sudden assertiveness, but caught on quickly and thrusted his erection down against Paul's with every move. The feeling, Paul thought, was incredible.

“Oh God...” he moaned, throwing his head back to offer John more space as the man’s lips found his neck again, and felt his body give a little spasm in return. It wasn’t long before Paul's cock had reached full hardness for a second time that hour.

John moaned against Paul's skin before throwing his head back, letting out content hums as he rocked in his lap. One of his hands rose up to his own chest, starting to rub at his own nipple in the rhythm of his thrusts against Paul, his hums turning into small groans.

With a low grunt Paul pulled the man harder against him, watching how John squeezed his nipple between his fingers, gasping, his head tilting with an abandoned expression taking over his face as he thrust faster, the movements rough and more desperate.

Paul let his head fall as it became harder and harder for him to focus on his movements, and let out an odd little gurgling sound. John felt good against him, but yet- he kept wanting more.
He wanted to touch him *properly*.

Before he had realised what he was doing, Paul was running his hand up and down John's thigh, inching closer and closer to his crotch, while his other hand moved down the man's back to his buttocks. Unable to stop himself, Paul grabbed at the firm swell of John's arse, pulling him impossibly closer, while his fingers ghosted over the other's clothed erection.

It sent a shiver down his spine. He was touching another man's cock! The voice in his head screamed at him to stop, but his hand remained firmly where it was, being more than content with its place - and Paul certainly didn't regret his actions when John let out a wanton moan, the sound going straight to Paul's dick. John was straining against the leather, and Paul applied more pressure, looking at John hazily.

John's head had rolled back and he was thrusting against Paul's palm, his breath escaping in short gasps.

"Want my mouth?" the man started babbling. "Want my- I need to give it to you- Christ."

John's words made Paul shudder with need, and he responded by squeezing the man's cock (slightly experimentally). John groaned and bucked, his eyes opening wide. He looked down into Paul's eyes, and Paul drank in the sight hungrily. John eagerly pressed himself into Paul's palm, and licked at his lips, his eyes fluttering half-closed.

Paul swallowed thickly. He tried to do what he liked doing to himself, and although the angle was awkward, he was still doing an alright job, judging by the breathy moans that escaped John's mouth as he rocked his hips up into Paul's hand. It was a gorgeous sight to behold.

He wouldn't have minded to continue touching him a while longer as he enjoyed the drag of John's leather trousers against his cock, but John's words were burning in the back of his mind. He wanted to see if John had told him the truth about having no gag reflex - something Paul had heard about on the Internet but had never believed.

He gave John one last firm squeeze, before he pulled away from him and gently pushed at his shoulders, urging him back down on his knees, and spread his legs to make enough room for John to work.

"Show me..." he mumbled, finding it hard to talk, but John understood nonetheless and shot him a charming smirk before grabbing his thighs without warning, making Paul give a little yelp of surprise as he was lifted up almost fully. John proceeded to move him further up the bed with surprising force, dumping his legs on the mattress.

Paul watched curiously as John crawled into the bed with him, and pushed his thighs wide apart so he could fit between them. Paul opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, John had leant back down and suckled his nipple into his mouth.

"Christ," Paul cursed, his hands shooting down to tangle his fingers into the man's hair and push him down, urging him on.

John obliged, following the direction Paul's hand had set for him, and let his lips drag over Paul's pale skin as he moved downwards, pausing to flick his tongue around Paul's navel.

Paul shuddered, but didn't say anything, not wanting to let anything on about being ticklish to the other man, unsure what he would do with that knowledge. He had always been rather ticklish (or *weak*, like his brother liked to say) around his stomach, and many people had taken advantage of
that before. Still, it seemed that a little shudder had been enough to catch the other’s attention, as John suddenly paused in his tracks.

He touched the skin with his tongue again, and Paul twitched this time, unable to control himself. He could hear John chuckle, before the man did it again, with much more calculated moves -clearly on purpose. Paul let out a noise of complaint and pushed John’s head forcefully down.

“Right-o, right-o,” John laughed, his chin bumping against the pink head of Paul's dick, “one A-class demonstration for monsieur, coming up.”

Paul really wanted him to shut up, but could not say anything before John pulled his member into an upright position. He lifted himself up so he was hovering above it, and swallowed the whole dick down in one go, never letting go of Paul’s stare.

Paul let out a long, strangled moan as his member was engulfed in warm, hot wetness. His thighs pulled taut around the other man, keeping him firmly in place at the fear of him pulling away, but his fear proved unfounded.

John was smiling broadly around him, that smug bastard, but Paul ignored it and gave a little experimental thrust with his hips, groaning as his dick slid further down John's throat. He loosened his grip for a moment to allow the man a chance to pull away if he wished, but John stubbornly kept his head where it was.

He looked determined, ready to prove himself to his client, and Paul gave another - this time involuntary - thrust with his hips, pushing himself further and further into John’s mouth until the man’s nose was pressed firmly into his public hair. The only noise John made at having his throat stuffed full of cock was a mere content hum that sent vibrations through Paul’s member.

Paul's eyes rolled back in his head at the intense pleasure and slowly he began to fuck John's mouth, his thrusts shallow as to give John time to adjust.

“Fuck... John... oh, shit...” he moaned, his fingers pulling at the man’s hair encouragingly - not that John needed much of that.

The noises caused by Paul's cock as it slid in and out of John's mouth were wet and obscene, accompanied by the sound of it hitting the back of John's throat repeatedly. John pulled up for a moment to inhale deeply, and then swallowed him again, groaning appreciatively. Paul's hips started thrusting faster and faster, his fingers in John's hair now only holding his head in place as he fucked John’s mouth. Drool was pooling in the base of his dick, and John started adding pressure with his tongue every time Paul's velvet hardness swept over it.

Paul wasn't sure how John was doing it, but already he felt the familiar warmth and pressure of an orgasm build up inside of him. John was audibly slurping around his cock, and yet took him easily as Paul sped up his thrusts, sliding in and out over his tongue at a quick pace as he enjoyed the suction around his dick. It felt so good to be able to do this, to not have to worry about choking the other man, and not feel any resistance as he used his mouth.

Paul groaned in frustration as he thrusted his entire member down John's throat, needing more. His thighs quivered and he bit down his lip as he threw his head back and angled his hips up from the bed with a needy moan, taking John by surprise at the sudden force, though he quickly adjusted without gagging for a single moment. It was unbelievable -Paul had a feeling he would be remembering this for the rest of his life.

If John continued the way he was doing now, Paul wasn't sure how long he would last. He was
dragged away from his thoughts, though, as John took him out of his mouth and began suckling on his balls, while fingering at his foreskin, which felt surprisingly good. John knew what he liked better than he did, and they had only just met.

Then again, that was his job.

“Are you sure,” John’s voice shot out of nowhere, the sound of it raspy and thick, “that you don’t want a girl?”

Paul tensed at the question, and lifted his head as he looked down at the man. There was precum and saliva running down John’s chin, his pupils were dilated and a smile stretched across his lips. Paul could see the -by now- familiar teasing twinkle in his eye.

He groaned from deep in his throat and let his head fall back on the mattress in frustration as John pressed his tongue flat against the base of his erection and licked a long, torturously slow stripe all the way up to the top.

“I told you,” Paul breathed, thrusting his hips up impatiently into the other’s face while wondering if he always talked this fucking much, “it’s just a one time thing.” He let out another moan as John licked directly into Paul’s slit, causing some precum to come leaking out.

John chuckled and lapped the drops away, his adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed it down.

“Great events, one time things,” he said with a wink, and leaned in again.

Keeping his mouth on Paul's dick, his lips and tongue massaging it heavily, he brought his hand up and dragged his fingers down, ghosting them over Paul's ballsack. He briefly let go of the man's cock to lean down and suckle on it with a content hum. Paul twitched and jerked, shaking and pulling at the man’s hair, getting more and more vocal with each passing second.

“Look at me,” John’s broken voice seemed to come from somewhere far away, though his hand was still there, tugging at Paul's cock. “Look at me, Paul.”

Paul complied, raising his head to meet his eyes, his gaze desperate, breathing harsh. John swallowed him down again, earning a groan from his client, and pulled back, his mouth wide open. He started stroking Paul quickly, the head of his member directly at his mouth, while his left hand travelled further down, past his balls.

“I want,” he said, his voice husky and needy, “you to come on me.”

And with those words, his fingers rubbed over Paul's hole.

Paul let out a tiny choking noise and instinctively rocked his hips forward, chasing the strange but wonderful feeling. He raised his hand to bite down his fist and tried to hold off, tried to contain himself, but the sight of John between his legs with his throbbing erection resting on his reddened wet lips, the head aimed directly at his tongue, as his index and middle finger rubbed him there of all places… it was too much.

“Oh, Jesus Christ!”

Paul couldn't even say it, he couldn't even think of it, it was that embarrassing to have someone touching him there, but John’s knowing finger was what pushed him over the edge. He came with a final gurgling cry as his dick erupted, shooting stripes of white cum not only directly on the man's tongue, but also on his lips, chin, cheek, and eyes as well, drops of cum catching in his lashes, covering him with it.
The sight was downright sinful, while also being the most beautiful thing Paul had ever seen, and a part of him had time to fear that thought.

He barely noticed it as John's index finger lightly breached his hole, careful not to push too far and hurt him, but just enough to give him a sense of what it felt to have something wiggling its way inside you. Another faint robe of cum shot out of the head of Paul's cock as a result and Paul cursed as he wiggled his hips at the strange feeling. He tightened his thighs around John's wrist to keep his hand in place as the man tried to pull away, wanting to keep him there a little while longer as he recovered from his high.

He could hear a tiny pleased groan coming from John, and finally loosened his grip on the man's wrist, not wanting to hurt him.

It wasn't long after that John emerged into his line of sight, catching his breath as he got on his knees before Paul. He had a goofy smile on his face and was lightly humming as he started to collect Paul’s spunk from his face with his finger - Paul didn’t dare think which one as John began licking it off as if it was a special treat.

“Anything else you want, sir?” he asked, falling back into the polite (and hot, Paul had to admit) way of talking, winking and running a hand over his bare stomach, pausing to flick a nipple with a small sigh.

Paul chuckled drunkenly at the question. He was completely spent and battered. Two rounds in less than an hour... he hadn’t done that since he was eighteen. His cock was still burning even now and he knew it would only hurt him if John were to touch him again. He let his head fall back on the bed with a sigh and shook his head.

“I don't think it would be physically possible for me to come again in at least a week,” he said, blushing, and pulled his legs away from the other man to close them, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

“I take that as a high compliment,” John laughed and flopped down on the bed next to Paul, stretching with a moan before crossing his hands behind his head.

“Of course, you have the choice to take a small nap as well.” He chuckled. “This is still paid time for me, so you can hang around for however long you want - or leave. Or get down on one knee and propose since that was the best blowjob you've ever had.”

Paul actually laughed at that, his two orgasm leaving him drunk on pleasure, but shook his head and started to get up anyway. His skin was tickling all over at the feeling of having the man that close to him - even with all that had just happened! Paul didn’t understand the feeling, and didn’t want to dwell on it. The session was over, and he could go back to his normal life now, never needing to think of this again.

He sat up and threw his legs over the edge of the bed where he began buttoning up his shirt, before standing up to pull on the rest of his clothes as well. He felt John's eyes burning into him as he got dressed, watching him without the slightest hint of shame.

Paul kind of liked it. Or would have if John had been a girl.

Once he was dressed again, he looked awkwardly around him, unsure how to proceed, and scratched the back of his neck. John however, just remained where he was, watching him from the bed, as if he lived to make Paul uncomfortable.

Well… anywhere but in bed, Paul supposed.
“So...” he started, hoping that John would to continue for him, but of course John remained perfectly quiet. “Err... thanks... I guess... for this... all.”

He turned to look at John who looked perfectly comfortable as he lay there, with a look in his eye designed to convince Paul to take him up on his offer to take a nap before leaving and gently urge him back in bed with him, but Paul remained where he was.

When John finally must have realised he wasn’t going to move, he raised an eyebrow and sat up, leaning on his arms and lifting one of his heels on the bed, the movement drawing Paul's eyes into his crotch area that was now emphasised by the position. His gaze snapped away as quickly as it had landed there, but John had caught him anyway and was grinning from ear to ear. Embarrassment coloured Paul’s cheeks.

“Don't forget to leave a tip.” The man on the bed winked, waving his knee back and forth in the air, the grin never leaving his lips.

“Oh right! Yes, er... right. Tip.” Paul hastily turned around and started fumbling with the pockets of his coat which lay discarded on the floor, awkwardly searching for his wallet. Once he had managed to pull it out, he came to the second awkward problem.

His eyes widened as he stared at the money he had in his wallet, and started flicking through the notes as he wondered how much he should tip. He had never gone to a brothel before - the only reason he was here now was because of George (may the gods strike him dead). He didn't have a clue what he would have paid normally without a gift card, never mind what he should leave as a tip... considering he had had a gift card, maybe he should tip John extra? Say... 40 pounds? Or was that stupid? Or maybe it was too little? Then again it was only a tip... was it too much?

John must have seen him struggling as he let out a small chuckle before he got up from the bed, wincing softly, the leather creaking as he moved. Paul felt a small pang of guilt -the man hadn’t even had a chance to take off his clothes during the session.

“People usually tip about 15%, but it depends on how satisfied they are with the service,” John said kindly, taking Paul by surprise. “My rates are about 50 pounds for a blowjob. But your gift card is for the full hour so that would be 120 pounds.”

“Right,” Paul repeated and looked back into his wallet. He had 15 pounds with him, which should cover it, but something didn't sit right with him about that, seeing as he was already not paying John the actual amount - also, George had spend 120 pounds on him to try to get him laid?! - so he knew he had to pay more.

Tentatively he got 30 pounds from his wallet and folded it up so John couldn't see the total amount, before he handed it to him. John gave him a thankful nod with an imaginary cowboy hat in response.

“Thank you very much, sir.” He grinned and pushed the money into a back pocket of his trousers. “I trust you can find your way out on your own? I would take you there, but I gotta clean this mess up,” he explained and motioned towards his face with a bright grin.

Paul looked at him with a slightly aghast expression, nodded quickly, and then turned to head out. He hesitated at the door, not sure whether he should say something more - like a thank you, or something, but then thought better of it and opened the lock, leaving the small room.

“See you next time!” John managed to call after him, laughter in his voice, and Paul shut the door with more force than necessary.
He let out a deep sigh of relief as he rested his back against the door, giving his body a moment’s peace while his mind went over everything that had happened in that room... with John.

He wasn't sure what to think. He had had sex with a man. Moreover, he had paid for it too. And had enjoyed it. There was no denying in that, seeing as he had come down the guy’s throat twice in - he checked his watch for the time - forty minutes.

It hadn't even felt like forty minutes - it felt like more, but also less. God, what had that guy done to him?!

Taking a deep breath to calm himself, he pushed himself off the door and started heading back into the bar. He walked through the red wooden door through which they had come and went straight out, keeping his eyes down, hoping no one was looking at him.

Once outside, he paused to take in the fresh air.

“See you next time,” John had said. Paul chuckled at the guy’s optimism, knowing he wasn't coming back. Once had been more than enough.

He took a ciggy from the inside pocket of his coat, placed it between his lips and lit it with a lighter. He always craved smoke after good sex, and John had definitely known what he had been doing, and he had done it well.

He finished his ciggy and started walking home, back to his flat, mind troubled and his thoughts incoherent. He couldn't stop thinking about what happened at the brothel, and most importantly, with John. He wasn't sure why he had even agreed to go with him in the first place - or why he had allowed John to suck him off not just once, but twice.

Not to mention what John had done to him with his finger...

Paul swallowed thickly at the memory; he could still faintly feel it, the odd press against his most private area. No one had ever touched him there before - he hadn't even known it would be that pleasurable. He had figured there had to be something about it that was appealing, but he hadn't considered it to be like this. It had felt good. So good in fact it left Paul more curious now than before.

As his apartment came into view, he took a few deep breaths to try to calm himself. It wasn't strange to feel this way after something like this, he reasoned. It had been a new experience, so of course he had to think about it. It didn't mean anything, John didn't mean anything. It had been an experience. That's it - nothing weird about it.

Besides, he would never even have considered it had John not come up to him. He wasn't gay... It had just been an experience, and inarguably a good one. A one time good experience that no one would ever have to know about. It was his little secret.

He didn't even regret it.

He grinned to himself as he went up the stairs to his flat and unlocked the door, noticing that his fingers were shaking slightly. He ignored it and pushed his way inside, shrugging off his coat and kicking off his shoes as he did so, before heading into the kitchen to make himself, what he thought, a well-deserved cup of tea.

As he waited for the water to boil, he slipped behind his desk to open his laptop. A stack of homework lay beside him on the desk, waiting to be marked, but Paul ignored it - the children could wait a day or two longer, it was too late for that now - and opened his web browser.
He had only meant to check his email and listen to some music before going to bed, hoping it would take his mind off John, but fifteen minutes later, his tea water had gone cold again and he was staring motionless at the Google search bar.

*gay sex*

Realising what he had done, he quickly erased the text and slapped his computer shut.

*It was just a one time thing*, he repeated to himself.

He almost believed it.

Chapter End Notes

We'll continue writing this asap but seeing as we have lives, it might take some time. We hope that you're patient with us while we stumble about, not sure whether writing this (probably) 100k smut piece was a good idea after all. We ALSO hope you liked this. Please tell us if the fruits of our collaboration is worth reading!

Till next time! ;)

The following day, Paul was roughly awoken by the horrendously shrill sound of his alarm clock going off. It took a while for him to fully come back to himself, his mind still hazy with sleep, but eventually he managed to stumble out of bed to slam his alarm off. It was way too early, and Paul wished he could go back to sleep, but soon there would be a class of 30 eight-year-olds waiting for him, so... He didn't really have a choice, did he?

He took a brief shower, had a quick breakfast with a nice cup of black tea that was strong enough to wake the dead, and slowly he transformed back into his cheery optimistic self again, rather than the groggy 70-year-old he woke up as.

Paul chuckled to himself. He really shouldn't have gone out last night, seeing as he had to teach at 8, and- SHIT!

He jerked up with a start from where he had been standing bent over the kitchen counter, hitting his head against the overhanging cupboard. Groaning, he rubbed his head, feeling a slight nausea coming up, although he wasn't entirely sure whether it was because of the pain in his head or the fact that he had just remembered he had let a male prostitute suck him off twice last night. Ugh, how had he ever managed to forget about that ???

Feeling like his knees were going to give out under him, he let himself sink down onto the floor and pulled his legs up to his chest as he stared at the blank wall in front of him, trying his best to ignore the way John’s large head floated before his eyes. He held the same challenging look in his eyes as the night before, and Paul quickly closed his eyes as he pictured his own cock between those thin, wide-spread lips, forcing John’s mouth all the way open.

He made a loud mental scream at the thought and tried to expel the image from his mind. Closing his eyes, however, only seemed to have made the image clearer, so he quickly opened them again and stared up at the ceiling, asking himself what he had done to deserve this.
He should never have gone to that ruddy place. He should have never listened to George. He should have just stayed in, watched the history channel like every normal person with at least a shimmer of common sense, eaten a bag of crisps, and gone to bed at 10. If he had felt horny, a wank would have sufficed. There had been no reason to go out! Fuck George and his stupid gift card.

He didn’t know how long he sat on his kitchen floor for, mourning his deceased common sense, but when he looked up at the clock he saw it was already 15 minutes to eight, meaning he should have been at school about ten minutes ago, and the next bus would leave in five.

Hastily, he scrambled up to his feet, John’s large head still spinning around him, and rushed to get his bag from the living room, before putting on his shoes and coat and rushing out of the door. If he hurried he could still make it. Hopefully.

His boss was going to hate him for this.

Miraculously, he arrived at school right on time and even had a minute left to pop by the teacher’s lounge to dump his things before his class would start. For the entire bus ride he had thought people had been looking at him, staring at him as if they knew, with his appearance being slightly more ruffled than usual.

The thought was ridiculous, of course, but it didn't help that the first thing he heard as he entered the teacher's lounge was his colleague, Peter Lawton, asking him if he had had a good time last night. To make things worse, he was sporting a knowing grin as he slapped him on the shoulder in that weird way that was supposed to signal some kind of male solidarity.

Paul felt zero solidarity with the man at that point, though.

“What are you on about, Peter?” He kept his eyes lowered as he walked over to one of the massive tables in the room to put his stuff down. He could see Peter grinning at him from the corner of his eye, leaning against the ugly-coloured yellow wall with his arms crossed and a smirk on his face.

Briefly, Paul was reminded of someone else, but forced the image out of his mind. ‘Just a one time thing,’ he wordlessly told to himself as he popped his lunch into the tiny fridge they all shared and began to gather the stuff he’d need for his first class.

“Well, you don't usually look this... unkempt,” Peter said and instinctively Paul reached up to straighten out his hair. He hadn’t exactly made sure he looked presentable before leaving the house, and he doubted last night's events had done much good for his usually boyish looks.

“Yeah, well… my evening was actually really boring. I just overslept,” he said slightly gruffly, but Peter was still grinning as if he didn’t believe him.

“Peter, are you bothering Paul again?” A voice came from the door and both men turned to look, seeing the principal, Mr. Epstein enter the room.

From the outside, Mr. Epstein looked like your ordinary guy. He was only a couple of years older than Paul, and yet he was far more an “adult” than Paul thought he would ever be. Mr. Epstein was clean, posh and smart, and although he didn't look too intimidating at first sight, he could really scare someone if he set his mind to it.

“Not really.” Peter flashed a grin and gave a thumbs up at Mr. Epstein’s blank look.

“Very well,” Mr. Epstein said and glanced at the clock. “Aren’t you both starting now? I’m not paying you to chitchat while a hoard of children are trying to tear down the school.”
More than happy to leave, Paul sprinted out of the room before anyone else could say anything more, feeling more than happy to spend his day with a group of over-energised kids. If there was anything that could make him return to his regular life and make him never have to think about that... prostitute again, it had to be them.

He briefly slipped into the toilets to check himself and make himself look that tiny bit less... well... satisfactorily fucked. Looking the part was the first step to normality after all.

*~**~*

As expected, teaching offered Paul a chance to take his mind off last night's occurrences for a while and instead focus on the usual banalities of life. At least the children were their usual sweet and energetic selves.

Even Mike, one of the oldest boys who would turn nine in only three months (as he constantly reminded everybody), almost behaved, and only pulled at Marie's ponytail once to get attention from the rest of the class during spelling. He was easily corrected by a strict look and a warning, and the boy sat back down in his seat deterred as Paul busied himself with Marie who had been about to cry.

Crisis diverted, Paul got them all to do a couple of exercises for a few minutes while he busied himself with their still unmarked tests. It would only take a minute.

Except....with the class quiet and working, there was little to distract him from those intrusive thoughts about the previous evening. It was the most inappropriate thing to think of with a room full of kids, but no matter how hard he tried to think of literally anything else, all he could remember was John on his knees, swallowing down his cock. It had felt so good; the man had known exactly what to do, and when John had taken him all the way in without gagging for even the singlest moment, Paul had nearly lost his mind. He still felt himself shudder as he remembered it. His cock engulfed and warm velvety wetness…

The same thoughts kept pestering him whenever there was a moment of silence, or during breaks. He didn't know why this particular blowjob remained on his mind for so long. He had had blowjobs before and yes, this one had admittedly been amazing, but that didn't explain why he kept coming back to it, and why the prostitute - John - kept invading his mind.

Lunch break was the worst. Despite having made sure to sit as far away from Peter as possible in the teacher’s lounge, the man in question kept shooting him terrible glances up until the moment where Paul felt like strangling him. He couldn’t, of course, seeing as such “extreme” behaviour was unfortunately not allowed, but a few times he had gotten close. He tried focusing on his conversation with two other teachers, but one of them kept going on about her new grandchild (she had five already), and Paul really couldn’t care less, his mind drifting towards John again.

He was almost relieved when it was time to return to his class.

When the day had ended, Paul was ready to scream. He couldn’t look at the whiteboard without seeing John’s eyes, and even the silence seemed to hold a certain echo of last night’s sounds. It was driving him up the wall, and he desperately needed to get a cup of tea somewhere before he could head home to deal with those thoughts again.

He walked aimlessly about the streets of Liverpool for a while, making his way towards the city centre, trying to find a place that was crowded enough to keep his mind occupied, but quiet enough that there was little chance of running into anyone he knew. The last thing he wanted now was to meet up with someone and having to talk. He had enough on his mind already.
Finally he walked past a bookshop-turned-cafe, that he thought might be perfect. Paul had always loved books and literature - he had studied it in university before deciding to become a primary school teacher - and there was rarely an evening when he wouldn’t at least open a book. The cafe would offer him that nice cup of tea while he kept his mind occupied with a good book.

He smiled to himself, feeling thankful that at least something was going right today, and pushed the door open.

The place was as cosy and warm as one might expect, though relatively small. The walls were covered with bookshelves for people to browse through, offering both new and second hand books, and large comfy leather sofas and armchairs that were designed to keep you in them for as long as possible were scattered throughout. There was a separate place with a few small tables and chairs as well, which was hidden behind a wall at the far end. The place smelled of books, coffee and pie, and Paul was easily beckoned to the bar to order that tea he had so desperately needed.

It was relatively busy and Paul needed to wait a little before the young woman behind the counter had time for him. He leaned against the counter and had a look around the room, taking in the atmosphere.

From here he could see the tables behind the walls and smiled at the couples enjoying a nice cup of hot coffee together, being reminded of his time with Jane. He had separated with his old girlfriend on good terms and fortunately Paul rarely found it hard to think about her. It had been a good time in his life, but they simply weren't meant for each other, as they had both found out.

Then his eyes fell on a familiar head and all of his thoughts came to a freezing stop.

Sitting at one of the tables, not too far away, was a man whose face Paul knew too well - he could not be mistaken.

Paul's blood ran cold and he stopped the urge to run away as fast as he could, swiftly turning around to the bar, hoping the man hadn't seen him.

It was that prostitute. John. Or at least he thought it was... He glanced over his shoulder to have another quick glance at the other man. Yes, it was definitely him. Oh, dear God…

He looked somewhat... different... than the night before. And not because he was wearing regular clothes (black jeans and a comfy sweater) or sported a pair of black-rimmed... glasses?

He was holding himself differently as well. He looked comfortable as he sat there, relaxed and as if he felt right at home, slouching in his chair, his fingers tapping at the phone in his hands, legs spread and shoulders broad. Paul barely saw anything in him that resembled that lewd, oversexed, and yet submissive man he had seen the evening before - not to mention that he was completely lacking the slutty part in his behaviour.

He looked so normal. Like any other guy. It was quite striking and as soon as Paul realised he was still looking, he hastily turned away.

What was he going to do?? The man couldn't see him - how awkward would that be?? He had to leave, now, as soon as possible, RIGHT NOW, before John spotted him.

"Hello, sir. How can I help you," the young woman behind the counter said. Paul stared at her for a brief moment before excusing himself as politely as he could, and started heading towards the door, making sure to draw as little attention to himself as possible as he rushed out of the cafe.

The door was just within reach when it was pulled open, and he bumped into someone's chest at full
force.

“Oh, I’m so sorr- Paul?”

Paul glanced up at the sound of his name and found himself looking into the familiar blue eyes of one of his closest friends.

“Richie! Er... what are you doing here?”

“Meeting a friend. You alright? You look all spooked, mate,” Ringo said with a broad smile.

“What? Yeah, I'm fine,” Paul said, wishing Ringo would stop talking to him so he could leave before that guy would - he swallowed thickly at the thought, not daring to finish it.

“So,” Ringo continued with a wiggle of his eyebrow, “how was last night? George said you were going to use that gift of his. He couldn’t shut up about it all evening... said it would do you some good. And I agree, by the way.” He flashed a big, unabashed grin.

Paul flushed, and began stammering as he thought of what to say. He couldn’t possible say anything about John.

“Yeah... you know...” he stuttered, face red, and thankfully that was enough. Ringo gave a cheery laugh and slapped him on the arm.

“Haha, that’s great. Can’t wait to hear all the details... I really need to go now, though, since I think that I’m gonna get beheaded if I’m even a tad more late.”

“Ha,” Paul said, without any real humour, glancing nervously towards the cafe, as if looking at it would make him leave faster. Yes, Ringo, go. What are you waiting for. Go.

“I'll tell George you enjoyed yourself. Give him a call though, he'll want to hear about it... Anyway. See ya around, Paul,” Ringo said. He patted Paul on the shoulder, and stepped past him into the shop.

Paul gave a small wave with the Fakest Smile Ever, and sighed in relief, before racing out the door.

When he finally got home, it felt like a train had run over him several times. He was mentally so exhausted that he could barely keep his mind straight, not to mention away from John.

He let his bag and coat drop to the floor without caring to put them away properly and proceeded into the kitchen to make some tea.

John stubbornly refused to leave his mind, but now the image of him on his knees had been replaced by him sitting behind that table, going through his phone like everyone else, thick-rimmed glasses on his aquiline nose. It was strange to think he was the same man as whom Paul had seen last night, his countenance and aura being so different. Paul had seen normal lad, really, just a guy like everyone else... Not some prostitute who had done all those things.

While Paul had just laid back and enjoyed it.

He nearly dropped his mug at the realisation. He had done nothing for the man in return. He had touched him, alright - the thought alone made Paul's cheeks colour a bright red and his fingers tremble - and John had seemed to enjoy himself then, but not long after he had slid back down and sucked Paul off.
God, Paul had come TWICE and the guy hadn't even been able to get his leather trousers off.

It was probably a silly thing to care about. John was only a prostitute after all, and focusing on his client's pleasure was his job, but Paul had always made sure sex was pleasurable for his partner, no matter who he was sleeping with. Too many guys just didn't care, and Paul had never wanted to be like that - not after hearing Jane’s stories about the guys she and her friends had slept with.

He had always made sure to give as much as he got, or more, but now... he had been so caught up in the moment, it hadn't crossed his mind once to look at what John had needed, what he had wanted. Paul could only imagine how many clients John got that didn't care at all about his pleasure, and he had been one of them.

He couldn't help but feel kind of bad.

Still, he knew he had to stop thinking of the prostitute. It was ridiculous how much John was on his mind, or that Paul was even thinking about his own performance with John. It had been a one time thing, and it was over now. It was a Friday evening, and he ought to be enjoying himself and not think about the whore at all anymore- after all that chapter of his life was closed now, and he’d never return to it.

*~**~*

Or so he thought.

Saturday morning he woke up with a pressing boner. In his mind, he could still see the hazy figure from his dream, looking at him with a way-too knowing smirk, auburn head shining, eyes filled with mischief as he sat on his knees before him.

Paul cursed and rolled over, burying his head in his pillow. This- this wasn’t fair. Who had thought that going into the brothel was a good idea? Who???

He knew who. And he was going to get him back for this somehow.

Cursing George in his mind and plotting revenge, he rolled out of the bed and dragged himself towards the shower, stubbornly ignoring the ache he felt. It would be a cold shower today - Paul wasn’t going to give in to his stupid dream. It would only make it worse.

He turned on the shower, adjusted the temperature, and stripped naked before stepping under the stream, hissing as the cold water hit his naked shoulders. He hated cold showers, but if this was what getting rid of the prostitute boner was going to take, Paul was willing to make sacrifices. He clenched his jaw, told himself to not be such a wuss, and grabbed his shampoo from the shelf above him to wash his hair and get on with it, his teeth clattering. He was going to die.

After freezing himself to death, he brushed his teeth and went on to prepare the breakfast, planning the day in his head. He didn’t have anything planned for the day - George and Ringo were going to have a couple’s day in, which meant that all the options for the day were gone - so he decided to prepare some lessons and plan some fun activities to do with his class.

He had only just started his job, so he still had a lot of figure out and organise -that would take up quite a substantial amount of his time. After that he could perhaps play some guitar or read a book.

...That was the plan, but ultimately he ended up going through random Wikipedia pages, clicking from link to link until he found himself reading about whale penises, and at that point decided to do something slightly more productive. (Go scroll through Buzzfeed like the idiot he was.)
Throughout the day, no matter what he did to keep his mind elsewhere, John remained on his mind. The image of those soft, thin lips, sliding down his shaft kept disturbing him until he felt like banging his head on the wall and screaming. He had no idea what was going on inside his head-

He wasn’t gay. At least he thought so - he had never felt any interest towards any other guy. So… Why now? Maybe it had something to do with John being a fucking professional, who knew how to work him better than most - if not all - girls he had slept with.

He let his fingers hover above his keyboard for a moment while he contemplated on the best way to destroy his time next without having to do any actual work. Meanwhile John’s satisfied smirk kept playing behind his eyelids, until he couldn’t take it anymore - he had to do something.

…

Okay, so maybe googling “gay thoughts” wasn’t the best way to get rid of them, but-

What was he even doing!

He hastily shut his browser and pushed his chair away from his desk in shock, making it roll all the way to the other end of the room. Why was he even looking up that kind of stuff?

To avoid any other similar accidents, he quickly got off the computer, ordered himself a pizza, and decided to watch the history channel for the rest of the evening. Surely, he was just confused and it had - it had just been a different situation, so of course he kept thinking about it! Tomorrow his head would be clear and Johnless.

Of course he was wrong.

He had already known that was unlikely to happen, and he let out a frustrated groan as he again woke up the following day with a hard-on. He should’ve been past this kind of stuff by now - what 25-year-old man woke up with an erection for two consecutive days??

Maybe - and Paul hated himself for thinking this - George was right. It had been too long since Paul had last been with anyone. After Jane, well... at first there had been one night stands, but he had grown tired of those soon, and since then there hadn't been anyone. It had been so long since he had last been with someone, so of course he would keep thinking of that evening when he had finally felt another's body against his, even if it was a man's.

He just needed to get laid, properly, with a woman.

George had no right to be right.

Maybe… Maybe he should go back, and… Go with a female prostitute instead? Maybe? Just to… Just to get his mind off John.

As soon as the thought entered his head, he dismissed it, shivering with a small grimace. He couldn’t risk seeing John again, even for a moment. It would be too awkward.

He pulled on some loose-fitting clothes and made his way into the kitchen to grab himself some breakfast, before making his way into the living room to enjoy it there, while he watched the cartoon network.

After Thomas the Tank Engine ended - it had been a particularly sad episode this time (basically a train had been buried alive because it was too vain) - he switched to the history channel. A fascinating-looking documentary about the Roman invasion of Britain was just about to begin, and
so he wrapped himself up in his blanket, hugged his knees to his chest, opened up a bottle of beer and a package of crisps, and let himself descend into the world of 43 AD Britain.

The program had been going on for about 40 minutes when his phone started ringing. He cursed under his breath, looking mournfully at his warm cocoon system. If only he hadn’t forgotten to take his phone with him…

Reluctantly, he threw his blanket off and paused the TV before standing up and walking over to his desk where his phone lay.

“Hello?” He asked, trying not to sound too annoyed.

“Hiya Paul!” A cheerful voice called and Paul whined as he immediately recognised who it was. Of course it had to be George! Ugh... there really was no escaping the man, was there? He started shuffling back to the couch as he listened to his friend.

“I just wanna know how my gift was... You've been awfully quiet!” George said, and Paul wished he could just hang up on the other man (or hang the other man), but he knew George would just call him again and again for hours on end until Paul finally picked up. He could hear Ringo chuckling on the other end of the line and deduced the two were together - as always.

Paul winced internally and pulled the blanket back up to cover himself. This was the exact reason he hadn't called. George knew him better than anyone, seeing as they had been friends for ages. He would know if he was lying about anything. Especially as lying wasn't really a thing he was good at anyway.

“Just been busy, you know,” he said, grimacing at himself. He was never busy. George knew he was never busy. “Your gift... it was fine. You know, nice girl. Good lips. So... yeah thanks.”

“Details, Paul,” George said in a light voice, and Paul could hear him hold back his laughter. Apparently Ringo couldn’t, as there were also muffled snorts. “I need details!”

“George, I am not talking to you about sex. We're not fifteen anymore. She was good and hot. What else is there to tell?” Paul said, and he could hear George give a childish whine in response. “She took me with her and finished me off twice in under an hour, so I tipped her generously and left.”

“Holy shit, Paul!” George exclaimed and Ringo was lost in a fit of giggles. “Twice?? What'd she do??”

Paul let his head rest in the armrest of the couch, wishing he hadn’t said anything about that. John’s face flashed before him and he closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

“...She just sorta sucked me off. But she was amazing. No gag reflex and everything. I didn't even think that was possible…”

George whistled lowly.

“That sounds pretty great. Did you hear, love? No gag reflex. There's something you could work on,” he said to Ringo, and Paul let out a small ‘ugh’. George and Ringo’s sex life wasn’t something he necessarily wanted to think about.

“I'll think about it,” Ringo said, laughing. George started chuckling as well, and Paul sighed deeply and dramatically.

“If you don’t stop talking about that, I swear I’ll hang up on you.” It was an empty threat, but
fortunately (or unfortunately) it got George’s attention back to him, the man continuing his merciless attack. Paul glanced at the TV longingly.

“Well, was it worth it?”

“I guess... I mean, it's weird though, you know... paying for sex. As if I wouldn't be able to pull a bird myself... but...” Paul bit his lip, unsure how to continue, or really, why he was telling George this in the first place. It had been on his mind for a while, but he hadn’t started to truly consider it until today, when he had had that dream again. He needed to get John off his mind. He could try pulling a bird, but... this was easier.

“It's easier that way, isn't it? And the sex is probably better,” George said. “Take Ringo for example, why, when I pulled him-”

“Hey!” Paul heard Ringo exclaim and then there was an unmistakable sound of a small slap against something soft. George burst into giggles, and Paul couldn’t help but start laughing as well. The two were ridiculously and above all irritatingly cute.

“Oh, stop it, you- so! Um, what was I saying? Err... Right! Was it good in a way of 'I could maybe do it again', or just a once in a lifetime thing?” George then said, voice strangely cunning, and Paul’s thoughts came to a stop.

He was at a loss for words, caught up so much in his own half-truths he wasn't sure what he'd be admitting to if he answered.

He did want to go again, or at least, he wanted to sleep with a bird to take his mind off John, to remember why being with a woman was special and different from a man, from John. From just a bloody mouth, for fuck’s sake.

...But that wouldn't be what he'd be saying if he said he wanted to do it again, because George’s “again” implied... with John. And on top of that, it wasn't even that he wanted to visit the brothel. It wasn't like that. But he just didn't want the effort of picking up a girl just to sleep with her.

He rubbed his forehead and took a deep breath.

“You should be working for that brothel, Geo. It almost sounds like you want me to go again.”

“That almost sounds like you want to go again,” George said, his voice way too gleeful. Ringo snickered, and Paul decided he hated them both. “You know, you could've just said 'no'. I know you, Paul. So it was that good, huh? Why don't you go again?”

“I... I've been thinking about it,” Paul admitted. “Like, not much- just a bit! Just a thought! A small one!” he hurried to say.

George let out a small squeal at that, which made Paul feel really pissed off and wish he could take those words back. What had he been thinking, admitting something like that to his friend??

“That's great! You should definitely go for it!” his traitor of a friend exclaimed, and Ringo snorted with another laugh.

“Hey-” the other man said before Paul could say another word, “-is Paul still taken on Wednesdays?”

“Um, yes,” Paul started saying, but he was overridden by George.
“Paul, you still taken on Wednesdays? You know, when we have our film evenings with a couple of other fellas?”

“Yes,” Paul sighed. “For a few weeks more, but then I’ll probably be able to join you lot. There are too few children in our music group, so the school will probably want to put a stop to it after the next performance.”

“Splendid! So you’re going back to the Rusty Pipe?”

“What is it with you and wanting me to get me laid? But... I may have a look tomorrow evening, I guess. I just feel so awkward there.”

“I just care about your well-being, my dear best friend,” George said. Yeah, right, thought Paul. “You have nothing in your life, so you might as well enjoy some exciting sexy times with pretty ladies who are willing to do pretty much anything. We're not gonna judge if you do, you know.”

Paul huffed at his George’s words, though he knew the lad meant well. Still, he could have voiced it a little nicer. And he did have things in his life! Like his work and his books and his guitar and the Internet, and the history channel!! He just hadn’t found anyone interesting he wanted to date yet... Not that he was actively searching for anyone either. Not everyone needed a relationship.

“I hate you, you know that,” he said, though he didn’t really mean it, and sighed deeply as he rolled onto his back to stare up at the ceiling.

“I'll go the day after tomorrow. Just once more... It'll probably be worse now. Seeing as the novelty is kind of gone after last time.”

“Nah, mate, the people there are professionals, so it's probably gonna be better,” George chuckled. “And I love you too. And Ringo loves you as well, don't you, darling?” There was a pause, and then, “Yeah, Ringo loves you too.”

Paul rolled his eyes at that, though he couldn’t help but find them kind of adorable at the same time. He was glad George had found someone like Ringo… But sometimes he wished they weren’t this couple-y all the time.

“Yeah, whatever. I'm gonna go now, yeah. Been watching this really interesting thing on the telly and you're making me miss all the good stuff.”

George chuckled.

“Yeah, same, although ours is the worst thing on Earth! It’s Ringo’s weekly amount of rubbish, I guess... I’m being a good husband so I put up with it. But, have fun tomorrow- aaaaand don’t forget that I'm going to ask for details, because I need to make sure you're getting something interesting to do in your life, too. You're like a zombie compared to us, who have sex like, every three days.”

“Every four,” Paul heard Ringo correct his husband. “I have them marked in my calendar.”

George laughed and there was another sound that distinctly resembled another slap. Paul wanted to vomit.

“Every four,” George said into the phone. “Go get some pussy, mate. See ye!”

“I'll try to remember... Talk to you later, yeah? See ya!” And with that Paul hung up, sighing in relief, and turned back to the TV to continue watching his documentary.
At least one thing George had said was good advice. He did need to go get some pussy.

*~**~*

The following day, Paul felt a continuous pressure low in his stomach. It was neither pleasant nor necessarily uncomfortable, but it reminded him constantly of what was to come.

He had to go to the brothel now. He had told George he was going to go and he wouldn't live it down if he didn't. It was for his own good, he told himself. He was just going to go with one girl and he would never have to think of John and that magical mouth of his ever again.

As he got home after school, he felt his hands shaking. He didn't know why he was this nervous. He was going there to see a girl. Tomorrow! He didn't have to even look at John if he didn't want to - and who was to say the man was there? He surely couldn't be working every day, so maybe tomorrow would be his day off? Why was Paul even thinking about that??

He unlocked his front door, but as he tried to push it open, he couldn't get it go much further than a few inches. Was there something blocking it..? The magazines he had ordered shouldn't have come today, though…

He pushed on and managed to open the door. When he turned to look at what had been blocking it, he wanted to scream.

On his doormat lay a bunch of envelopes in a small pile, all of which bearing the same logo -the brothel's logo. They were gift cards... for the Rusty Pipe.

He knew it had to be George. Only he would do this.

Paul wondered how much money it would cost to hire an assassin while he took off his jacket, eyeing at the pile with a dying man’s look in his eyes. How had George even got so many?? He couldn’t- he couldn’t have used money to buy all of them, could he? There had to be about 40 of them at least, and no one in their right mind would pay that much for fucking gift cards.

Paul looked swiftly around, as if to make sure that there was no one looking, and grabbed one, putting it in the pocket of his coat before pushing the rest aside, leaving them on the doormat to be thrown in the trash later. If he was going to go, he might as well use one, he reasoned. George owed it to him anyway.

The following day the nervous feeling in his stomach had increased, and he spent the whole day walking on eggshells at school. He almost chickened out too -the other teachers were talking about going to a pub, and Paul had been invited as well. In the end, he kindly declined, which had been cause for Peter to ask if he had a date, and had cursed himself during the whole walk home.

Once there, he decided to take a quick shower - he might as well look and smell nice - and picked out some nice clothes to wear, before heading into the bathroom. After he had taken his shower, he got dressed and tried his best to do something interesting with his hair, before making his way into the kitchen for a light evening meal. He couldn’t eat too much, seeing as sex was always best when he wasn’t feeling completely bloated. He ate it in the kitchen, leaning against the stove with his hip and flipped through a newspaper that he only later realised was two weeks old.

Once he had eaten, he put the dishes in the sink for a later time, grabbed his things and walked out of the door, pretending not to notice how fast his heart was beating. On the bus he kept to staring out of the window, feeling as if people somehow knew where he was going to, and sighed in relief when he finally reached his stop.
As the bus had driven off, he had a swift look around to make sure no one was watching him, before slipping into an alley, away from the main crowd.

Paul felt his heart starting to beat faster and faster as he came closer and closer to the now somewhat familiar back street on which the brothel was located. He had his hands tugged firmly in his pocket and kept his eyes lowered to the ground as he passed the many people that were still out at this time of day.

He had been asking himself for the whole journey if this was really the right thing to do. But it felt like something was drawing him back, and he hated the thought of John popping up in his mind over and over again. After this evening, he would never have to think about the man again - he just needed one girl. He didn't even really care what she looked like.

Finally, he could see the brothel appear at the end of the street, tugged safely away from unassuming eyes. An older man just came out through the door with a well-satisfied smile on his face. He paused to take in the night’s air for a moment, before he started heading into Paul’s direction.

Paul hurried along, trying to ignore the way the man smiled at him knowingly as they passed each other. Once he had reached the right building, he halted for a moment as he stood before the door, nervously glancing up at the old sign above the door.

The Rusty Pipe

When he had read it for the first time last Thursday, he hadn’t thought he would be back now. But here he was. Again.

He took a deep breath, told him himself he was going to be fine, and pushed the door open.

The brothel was nice and warm and a few curious boys and ladies looked up as they heard him entering. Most gave him an appreciating look, and he was certain he could catch a glimpse of recognition on some of their faces. Unsure how to react to that, he nodded politely at them, handed the girl by the door his gift card, and started making his way towards the bar like he had done the last time.

He hadn’t caught a glimpse of John yet - not that he’d been actively looking - so he supposed things could be worse.

Maybe the man didn't work Tuesdays? Not that Paul was interested in that, or anything...

The girl who had stood behind the bar last time had been replaced by a handsome boy of about twenty-one, and Paul ordered a scotch from him, trying to ignore the way the man was looking at him or the way their fingers brushed as he was handed his glass. He nodded politely at the boy and sipped at his drink slowly as he had a good look around. The place seemed less busy today, making it easier for Paul to see everyone.

He let out a strangled breath as his eyes caught sight of a pretty girl he hadn't seen before, watching him.

She was sitting in a lounge chair, with her stocking-clad legs crossed, twirling a lock of black hair between her fingers, her wavy black hair falling loosely on her slender shoulders. She was wearing a nude-coloured corset and panties, and she had no shoes on, which Paul thought was rather odd, really. He supposed there were guys who were into that.

She blew him a kiss, and Paul felt like someone had poured sand into his throat. He took another sip from his drink.
Something didn't appear quite right, though. Paul knew he should just get up, pay her for a go, and let that be it, but something about that didn't sit right with him. He gently shook his head as she beckoned him over, and when she gave him that “I know you want to” -look, he turned away from her and drank some more scotch.

What was wrong with him? He should get up and go with her. She was pretty enough, and her outfit would usually get Paul going, but... something was holding him back.

“Not interested, sailor?” he heard a low, sensual voice ask behind him, after which he felt a pair of curious fingers travel over his shoulders. Glancing backwards he saw it was the black-haired girl. He forced a smile.

“I can do anything you want to, you know. I'll do everything you've always wanted to do but were never allowed to, or perhaps never even dared to ask?” She gently pushed against his shoulder to get him to turn towards her and stepped closer to him, letting her other hand travel up over his neck to play with his ear. Paul pushed her hand away hesitantly.

“Not tonight, luv, sorry,” he said and the girl gave him one last pleading glance, before stepping away with a disappointed sigh when Paul remained unresponsive.

“Pity. You know where to find me when you change your mind, though. I can always find some time for pretty boys like you,” she said and with one last wink, she walked away, swaying her hips seductively to guide his gaze down to her backside.

Paul, however, merely turned back to his drink and swallowed thickly. He could already see one or two guys eyeing him, as if to judge whether he played for the their team or not.

This had been a mistake.

And then, suddenly, there was a husky voice right next to his ear, and Paul froze, a cold shiver running down his spine.

“Another ten minutes, sir?”

The voice belonged to a man, and it was unmistakably John's; Paul didn't even have to turn around to be certain.

He had hoped the man wouldn’t be in today, but apparently he had been gravely mistaken. He cursed his miserable life and took another large gulp of his drink.

“Thanks, but I didn't come here for you,” he said without so much as looking at the other man, shoulders tensing as a small amused chuckle reached his ear.

“Just like last time, right?” John asked, and Paul felt the need to hit something.

“Last time was different. I-” he started, but before he could say anything more, John slid into the seat beside him and picked up Paul’s glass of scotch. The prostitute winked at him before taking a sip.

For a brief moment Paul was reminded of that version of the man he had seen at the cafe last Friday - the normal, more dominant version of the man - and Paul couldn't help but feel a little tug at his lips. He wondered whether John was wearing contacts.

“That's my drink,” he said faintly and took his glass back from the man’s hand, trying to repress the smile. He could feel John watching him as he stared down into his glass, and his body grew hot under the man’s gaze.
“And I really am here for a girl this time,” he tried, but John simply scoffed. He dared to scoff -

“Rrright,” the prostitute said, drawing the sound out slowly, and then spun around in the high chair, leaning on the bar with his elbow, lifting his left leg over the right. The position looked effortless and comfortable, but Paul would bet that if he were to try the same, he would probably break something.

"Then let me help you pick a girl!" John said cheerfully and looked around the room with a childish excitement. One of the “less Paul’s type” -girls waved her hand, and John grimaced.

“Wow, what a pity. All the good ones are taken,” he said rather loudly, and Paul could hear someone call out “fuck off, Lennon”. Was that John’s surname? Now that Paul thought about it… Was John even his real name? Prostitutes probably didn’t use their own names… At least Paul wouldn't, if he was one.

John chuckled and shook his head miserably.

“Seems like you're stuck with me,” he said and looked back at Paul, his eyes flickering with excitement, and something Paul would have classified as hope if he hadn’t known better.

Too late he realised he had been smiling at the man's antics and blushed, hastily looking back into his glass to avoid John’s gaze.

He found himself thinking back on last Thursday and felt that familiar gnawing feeling in his chest as he remembered he hadn't been the most caring partner in bed, not to mention how good John had made him feel. He shuffled in his chair as his cock gave a little twitch at the memory of the other man sucking him off... and loving every second . He had never seen anyone give a blowjob that ardently.

Would it really be that bad? What else would this man be able show him? He was a professional, after all...

John must have seen him thinking, as he gently nudged Paul's side with his elbow, catching his eye and giving him the same type of look as the girl before. This time, though, it looked friendlier, just an encouraging look, rather than something that belonged more in a game of cat-and-mouse.

Paul, God help him, felt his body react positively (traitorously) to it.

“I suppose there are worse people to be stuck with,” he heard himself say, and saw John give him a genuine smile. Paul liked how it made his eyes twinkle and found himself smiling back, this time not even trying to stop it. “Except that we're not actually stuck, seeing as I can still walk out of here,” he added humorously.

John laughed, Paul’s heart jumping at the sound.

“Not after a good session with me.” The prostitute winked with a smirk, his eyes darkening. Paul felt his breath catching in his throat at the man's words. Somehow hearing him say it made it all the more real what the man wanted with him.

Paul couldn't do it though, could he? John had been the reason why he had come here looking for a girl in the first place, for God’s sake! Paul was here to forget about him, not spend another hour with this man! And now he was going to throw all that out of the window and take him up on his offer?? Yes.

No! He shouldn't! He SHOULDN’T!!

But for some reason he found himself unable to say no. And he kind of owed the man at least
something, didn't he?? At least something small. Not anything big or-or gay - just something small.

(Like his penis, his unhelpful brain wilfully submitted.)

(No!!!)

He swallowed thickly, and tried to open his mouth to say something, but all the words died on his tongue.

John looked at him for a small moment before his smile turned gentler. He leaned slightly closer, looking deeply into Paul's eyes.

“You know, it's fine if you wanna come with me. No one's gonna judge you for it - only you. If you want it, you should take it,” he said.

Paul blinked up at him a few times, taken aback by his words, even if only for a moment. John sounded so genuine and serious all of a sudden, and Paul couldn't look away from him, his eyes locked onto John's. (Although, when Paul thought about it, the prostitute was just trying to do his work. Probably.)

He knew the man was right. It didn't truly matter if he went with the other man. But... he had always thought of himself as straight. He had always liked girls and had never even considered the possibility that he could be attracted to any other gender. It felt odd for him to suddenly want this... Because that was what it was, wasn't it? He wanted this, with John - with another man.

It felt good, hearing those words from John, telling him it was okay if he wanted it. He wasn't sure if he was gay, but it was okay if he wanted this... even if by the end of it he realised he wasn't attracted to men after all. It was okay.

He took a deep breath, tasting John's breath on his tongue, and nodded. He raised his hand and gently placed it on the other's arm, trying to ignore the way his heart was trying to pound its way out of his throat.

John smiled blindingly, and for a moment Paul had a hazy thought of an angel sitting in front of him (although dressed in kinky leather clothes). Then the man turned his hand in Paul's hold, his fingers curling around Paul's wrist.

“Good choice, mate.” He winked, his earlier grin back, and jumped to his feet, pulling Paul with him.

Paul's body felt weak as he followed behind the man, John’s fingers still wrapped tightly around his wrist. It had a soothing effect, and Paul felt his body growing calm as they practically ran through the hallway, pushing past various people who looked at them with raised eyebrows.

They went into a different room this time, though the contents were still very much the same. Unlike last time, John didn't let Paul stand in the middle of the room, but helped him out of his coat and made him sit down on the bed. He then went to lock the door, before he knelt down at Paul's feet and looked up at him with a soothing smile as he laid a gentle hand on his knee.

Paul could see the man was watching him closely, making sure to note every little reaction he had to whatever he did, and for some reason that reassured Paul. He forced himself to smile back as he began raising his leg, motioning John to take off his shoes, which the man did without question, gently cupping Paul’s calve in one hand while he undid his laces with the other.

“C-can we… Not take it too fast or anything,” Paul said, watching John as the man eased his shoe
off his foot and put it aside, before lifting Paul’s other leg and doing the same.

“I do whatever you want me to do,” John said and smiled up at him in a manner that was neither evil nor teasing, reminding Paul of that little moment they had had at the bar. “You know we can just cuddle on the bed even, if you’d prefer that.”

Paul flushed at that, but shook his head. Cuddling sounded too personal, too intimate. Sex he could do - it felt safer for some reason.

He tensed momentarily as John pressed his lips against his knee, giving him a small kiss without warning as he let his hands slip up over Paul's calve, and gave him the most sensual look Paul had ever seen. Paul swallowed thickly and reached out for him, trying to ignore the way his hand shook as he slipped his fingers into John's soft locks, pushing it back.

He wanted to say something, but couldn't find any words, so he merely sighed as John pressed his legs apart and shuffled closer, moving his shoes out of the way. Never letting go of the gaze between them, John reached up and started opening Paul's belt, an action which made Paul’s fingers tighten in the man’s hair. With a clinking sound the two metallic parts were pulled apart, and John lightly stroked the skin beneath Paul's shirt.

“Want me to suck you off?” he asked.

Paul bit his lip as he looked down at the man kneeling between his thighs. Already he could feel the man's lips sliding down his shaft, his mouth swallowing down Paul’s member as his tongue tried to massage the underline of his cock.

He shuddered at the prospect, remembering just how good John was at this. He was tempted to say yes, he wanted to say yes, but he also wanted something else - guilt was still gnawing him up, and he… Oh God, he wanted to touch John, to make him feel as good as Paul had felt. He wanted to make up for the last time when he had been a selfish prick and had not even considered John's needs.

But with every movement of John's fingers on his skin, he felt his self-control falter. Eventually, he found himself nodding anyway, his fingers tugging encouragingly at the man's hair.

John chuckled under his humming and opened Paul's fly with quick movements as he eagerly shifted closer, pressing Paul’s knees further apart so he could fit between his thighs more easily. His movements were bold and assertive, leaving Paul with little choice but to let himself be manhandled into the position that worked best for the prostitute - not that he really minded.

He watched hungrily as John slipped a hand inside his jeans and cupped his cloth-covered bulge, giving it a firm squeeze as the man looked up at him. His eyes were dark with lust and Paul was unable to look away from them as he let out a low groan, his hips inching forward without permission, wanting more. Always ready to please, John winked at him once before he leaned forward, nuzzling Paul’s underwear with his nose as he pressed his lips against it, kissing it lightly through the white cotton.

Paul shuddered at the feeling of John’s hot breath through his underwear, and gave a gentle tug at his hair, pulling him in even closer as John let out a pleased growl in return. He moved Paul’s zipper out of the way, adding some small pressure from his tongue, and let his lips run up and down Paul’s quickly hardening member.

Paul let out a breathy groan, thinking how ridiculous it was that John could turn him on so quickly, but he wasn’t about to complain. He gently raised his hips up, pressing back into John’s face, and gasped as John began to pull his trousers down, over his thighs, passed his knees, and finally jerked
them off over his feet, stripping him off them completely before throwing them as far away as possible. Paul was left in his underwear and shirt, shivering without really feeling cold.

At least he had made sure to put on clean underwear before coming here, he thought to avoid the unpleasant truth of already being way too far gone from just seeing John on his knees in front of him.

To get his mind off that, he opted for simply ignoring everything else but John worshipping his dick, and leaned back with his free arm on the bed, enjoying the feeling of John's mouth and fingers exploring him. His eyes fluttered closed and he hummed faintly, showing his appreciation as John started to suck his dick through his underwear, his tongue rubbing circles against the head whenever he could.

Tiny little gasps escaped him as John's mouth found his thigh next, tongue licking at his skin as his lips travelled upwards, only to move back down again as his reached his hips, leaving open-mouthed kisses in their wake that drove Paul crazy. His hands, meanwhile, caressed the other sides of his thighs, and moved up to grab Paul's hips without so much as a moment’s hesitation, pulling him closer to him.

Instinctively, Paul wrapped his legs around John's body, holding him firmly in place as he breathed out a small, desperate moan. John was sure taking his time, sucking a small bruise high on Paul’s inner thigh, hands caressing him all over, occasionally pushing the hem of Paul's shirt up to caress his stomach. Paul felt himself grow harder and harder, but John was - John was too slow.

Paul remembered last week, when John had almost got him to the point of orgasm without even taking off his underwear, and that was something Paul didn’t want today. He wanted to make John feel the same way as Paul did - otherwise Paul’s reputation and pride as a generous bed partner would be destroyed forever.

That thought in mind, he tugged at John's hair, trying to catch his attention, but John ignored him and merely continued with what he was doing, his nose occasionally bumping at Paul's rock-hard erection when he moved too high up with his mouth. It felt like the man was blatantly ignoring Paul’s attempts, and Paul - he just couldn’t say it like that, now could he? No way in hell.

When John started nibbling at the material of his underwear, Paul couldn't take it anymore.

He let out a frustrated growl, pushing John away from him. He had a moment’s glimpse of John’s alarmed expression before he grabbed the man by his shoulder, pulling him up to face him, and turned them around.

He threw John down on the bed, and gasped as he landed right on top of the prostitute, his face only inches away from the man. John had inhaled sharply at the sudden change of position, and now his breath was coming out in tiny little puffs that felt hot on Paul’s lips.

They were so close, and for a moment Paul didn’t know what to do. He just lay there, taking in John’s bewildered expression, his eyes never leaving John’s as he tasted the man’s breath on his tongue. Paul wasn’t sure what he had expected - if he had expected anything - but John tasted surprisingly fresh, like mint and toothpaste, mixed in with a slight hint of alcohol. It was… pleasant.

Then, hesitantly, he moved his hands to hold John down at his biceps, a shudder going through him for an unexplained reason. His eyes flicked towards John's lips, and he was fixated, unable to look away. They were pink and inviting, slightly parted and right below him.

He would only need to lean in and-
His fingers flexed automatically around John's arms at the thought, his cock giving a surprised little twitch. John was too hot beneath him, warm and firm where their bodies met. The man was incredibly quiet, as if waiting for Paul to move first, to do something, and Paul found himself waiting for the same thing.

He glanced up at John’s eye, catching his gaze, and suddenly he found it difficult to breathe.

John was staring at him wide-eyed, but there was a certain look in his eyes. It was anticipation; John was waiting for Paul’s next move, obediently, ready for anything, and his scorching gaze told Paul that he would enjoy it, no matter what happened.

Paul felt faint, his mind finding it all too hard to comprehend.

“I-” he started, his voice too tight, making it hard for him to speak. He swallowed the lump that had been forming in his throat before he spoke again, clearer this time. “I want to touch you,” he said, licking his lips as he saw John's eyes grow even wider for a moment before they narrowed into thin slits, his head cocking to the side, as if he was trying to understand what Paul was saying. “Let me touch you.”

John let out a small laugh at that.

“Well, be my guest,” he said and spread his legs as far as they would go with the leather trousers on, the fabric letting out squeaky sounds. Paul’s grip on his biceps tightened, and the man’s muscles tensed, a visible shudder going through him.

Paul stared at him for a moment, as if only now realising he was actually going to have to touch the man, and nodded to himself, telling himself he was going to be fine. He slid his hands down from John's arm to his chest, feeling the leather straps of John’s shirt - though Paul felt the term wasn’t adequate enough for whatever it was that man was wearing - rolling under his fingertips. His skin felt soft, and he was mostly hairless, making Paul wonder if he was so naturally or whether he shaved himself.

He glanced up at John once as his fingers reached the waistband of his trousers, looking for a sign of encouragement.

“Go for it,” the man said with a smug smile, and Paul felt his cheeks heat up as he nodded once more and dropped his fingers onto the man’s crotch. A shudder rippled through him at the feeling of another man’s dick pressing against the palm of his hand, already hard.

Fuck.

John let out a hum above him, his hips moving slightly to answer to the pressure of Paul’s hand. His eyes had fluttered shut, and Paul bit his bottom lip as he watched John move under him, eager for more.

He gave him a searching squeeze, unsure how to proceed, and was surprised as he heard John let out a soft groan in response. Encouraged, Paul curled his fingers up around the bulge under his palm and started stroking the other man up and down, trying to remember what girls did to him and doing his best to copy that.

He occasionally glanced up at John's face to see how he was doing, but the man barely gave anything away. He just lay there, eyes closed, lips slightly parted, looking happy and relaxed as he let Paul do what he wanted.

Curiously, Paul shifted his weight so he was sitting comfortably on John's thighs as he started
playing with John’s zipper, slowly dragging it down as he hold his breath in anticipation.

Oh, dear God …

Of course John wasn't wearing any underwear. Of course.

Paul supposed he shouldn't have been surprised. He doubted underwear was anything John would need in his line of profession.

Still, he wouldn't have minded a heads up beforehand.

He licked his lips and pushed John's trousers down, exposing his hard, flushed cock as it popped free. The man was big, or bigger than Paul had expected, and he swallowed thickly as he slowly wrapped his hand around it, feeling how hot and heavy it felt in his hand.

He glanced up at John's face again, and blushed as he saw John leaning up on his elbows to look down at him, his cheeks slightly flushed and his eyes hooded, gaze somewhat predatory.

Paul experimentally let his hand slide up and down the other man's dick and felt the man shudder under his touch.

“That good?” Paul asked, his voice much higher than he would have liked. John chuckled, sounding slightly breathless.

“I've had worse.” He wriggled his eyebrows, and Paul tightened his grip, his eyes drilling into John's, and he smiled as John let out a tiny moan of surprise.

“Fuck you,” he said, more good-humorously than maliciously, and started stroking more forcefully, feeling more confident with every little sound he managed to draw from the other's mouth.

Holding another man's penis in his hand felt strange. The shape felt wrong - John was slightly larger and thicker than he - and the angle was different, more awkward than when he was touching himself. As he continued working, however, he got used to it. He kept watching John, looking for every little hint - a twitch, a shudder, a moan, or anything - that could tell Paul when he was doing something good, and tried to adjust his movements according to what he learned.

John was moaning now, clearly enjoying what Paul was doing for him, and Paul felt his own erection starting to throb at the sight. He was doing this to the man - he was making him feel good. The thought made him feel powerful, more confident, and when Paul flicked his thumb over the red head of John's cock and caught a drop of precum, he felt a sudden urge to lick it up.

Momentarily mortified by his own thoughts, he simply continued stroking, ignoring the pool of want in his stomach.

“Now that's the way to do it, mate,” John breathed from the bed, and Paul jumped as he suddenly felt a hand on his thigh, grabbing him.

Before he knew what he was doing, he had grabbed the man's hand and pinned it high above John's head, his body leaning over John as he did so, keeping his other hand firmly wrapped around the other's cock. A rush of excitement went through him as he heard John draw a sharp breath, his body giving a jerk in response. He looked down at the man, meeting his dark and wide eyes.

As Paul watched, a small smirk rose onto John’s lips, his eyes narrowing as a heated expression entered his face.
Then, slowly, teasingly, he licked his lips and arched his back, letting out a breathy moan that went straight to Paul’s cock.

Paul felt his throat dry as he looked down at the obscene way John was moaning under him, and felt himself get hot all over. His fingers twitched where he was holding John by his wrist and he grabbed the other too, firmly holding him down with one hand as his left found John’s cock again, still stroking, teasingly now, and he continued to stare at him.

“I’d prefer it if you wouldn’t call me ‘mate’,” Paul said, his voice tight, but at least it had gone down a register again. He gently rocked his hips down against John’s thigh, letting out a tiny gasp at the friction.

“Oh,” John groaned and shuddered from head to toe. “Sorry, sir.”

He gave a little tug against Paul’s fingers, and shifted his hips as if to get away, but Paul’s hold was too strong. Paul’s cock twitched at the man’s words and his right hand slipped for a moment, but managed to hold on.

There was just something in the way the man said it, submissive and yet with a hint of deviance in it, that did things to Paul. He liked the way it rolled off John’s tongue, breathy and wanton. Of course, he knew the other was most likely over doing it - he was a whore after all - but that didn't mean Paul liked it any less.

His hand started to move faster over John's shaft, his hold still firm and his thumb occasionally sweeping over the head to wipe away a drop of precum. He could feel John shudder under him, he could feel how turned on the other man was, and he wanted to see him come, wanted to make him feel good.

He angled his hips down and started rutting more fully against John’s thigh, releasing some tension as he tried to focus on John, on his pleasure, rather than his own, which he knew was ridiculous, seeing as it was John's fucking job to focus on Paul's pleasure rather than his own, but he didn't care. He wanted to make John come. Hard. By his hand, thank you very much.

Paul whispered a tiny "fuck" as he imagined it, his hips momentarily stuttering. He could feel John moving under him, trying to shift his legs, but his movements were restricted, rendering him unable to do so, and the man groaned in response.

He twisted more in Paul's hold, his body thrashing as he struggled against him, getting more and more vocal as time progressed. His thighs were quivering, his was breathing laboured and hard, and Paul watched in wonder as he tugged harder, seeing how close the man was.

And then, without any explanation, John's body got calmer, his eyes closing, his breathing deep and balanced, and Paul stared down at him in confusion.

He pulled harder at John's cock, his fingers moving deliberately as he tried his best to give John everything he could. He didn’t understand what had happened -why had John suddenly just… stilled. Wasn’t Paul doing a good enough job?

He momentarily let his hand slide all the way down to the base of the man’s cock, and started rolling his balls with his fingers, fondling them. He could hear John whine, but again the reaction wasn’t as strong as before.

He frowned, feeling frustrated, and tried again as he glanced up to meet John’s eye, wanting to ask what he was doing wrong, but he couldn’t get the words out of his mouth.
“J-” he started, but he cut himself off and gave John a long, firm squeeze, as if wanting to milk it out of him. He looked him deep in the eye, searching for some kind of explanation, but he couldn’t find any. His gaze was blurred and his cheeks rosy, meaning Paul had been doing something good at least, but why John was suddenly holding out of him remained a mystery.

That is, until the man started grinning at him. His mouth spread into a teasing smile before he quickly pressed his lips tightly together again, determination entering his expression, and Paul got it.

The sucker was doing it on purpose?!

He wanted to curse the man. He was holding himself off, not just for professional reasons, but to tease Paul, to see how far he could push him! What a bastard!

Paul wondered - not for the first time - what he had done in his life to deserve this. He should have gone with another man… John was just way too difficult.

Ugh, he couldn’t give up now, though. He would have to make it to the finish line, and John couldn’t have been very far - this was just bluffing. The man clearly wanted to see what Paul would be willing to do... If he had been with a girl, he would know various ways to get her to come. But with a man...

He looked doubtfully at the man's cock and flushed as he realised those fingers working him were his own. He almost started pulling away, but managed to refrain.

With a girl he would go down on her, give her all he could give and eat her out until she couldn't hold back any longer. He would try dirty talk, knowing what it could do to people.

But with John... Paul kept on watching John as he searched his mind for anything he could do, anything that would push John enough to make him come.

Paul tried not to feel too daunted by the fact that for a professional sex-worker, it would probably have to be something big. He raked his brain, trying to think of what he himself would need in a situation like this to come. He went through various ideas, dismissing most of them out of principle (he wasn’t going to take another man’s cock in his mouth), and felt at a loss. His mind was empty, and he was about to give up, when something dawned upon him.

He smirked down at John, watching him as he tried his best to keep his orgasm at bay, and Paul felt slight admiration for the man for having such self-control. A part of him wondered just how long John could keep this up in a different situation - in an actual edging session, for example.

But, well... if John wanted to tease him, then both could play that game.

He slowed down his pacing to an agonising rhythm and loosened his grip until his fingers were only just grazing the heated, highly-sensitive skin, as he started idly playing with the head of the man's cock, his touches feather light. Paul knew very well how frustrated the lack of total stimulation would be for any man that close to coming.

Sure enough, John shivered under his touch, his fingers jerking against his grip, and Paul slowed his pace even more. The prostitute let out a long moan, his spine arching and twisting, desperately searching for pleasure. He tried to move his hips up, probably seeking for any stimulation, but Paul tackled his leg down and moved to sit on his thigh.

“No cheating,” he said with a smirk, liking how much control he had over the other man in this position. John's thigh felt strong under him, and he couldn’t help but roll his hips down into it once, a half-strangled moan escaping his lips at the delicious friction of the leather rubbing against his crotch.
He tightened his grasp on John's wrist as he felt it slipping and gently started rubbing at the slit of John's dick with his middle finger, applying careful pressure as John attempted to thrust up into his touch but couldn't.

"Come on, John," he found himself saying, his voice barely more than heated puffs of air, but John remained determined, biting down on that tender bottom lip as he kept himself under control. Paul let his nails scrape against the edge of the tip, mixing pain and pleasure, which caused John to jerk under him.

If he bent down and gave the man's cock a tiny lick, he knew he would have John coming. But he couldn't - it was a line he could not and would not cross. It was too much.

"You have to... try harder than that!" John groaned, hips buckling, his breathing heavy and strained. Paul started chewing his lip as he worked the other man the best he could, silently cursing his stubbornness under his breath. He knew that if he wanted to win this... well... game they were playing, he was going to have to do something more, something that would take John by surprise, making him unable to hold back any longer.

But... John was a prostitute, and seemed to be quite experienced in his work, for as far as Paul could tell, that is. He had probably seen every trick a man could do with his hand. He certainly would have done them all.

It felt like Paul had been doing this for ages. His wrist began to protest at the monotonous movements, but he stubbornly kept on jerking John off, twisting his wrists, changing his angles, and applying and releasing pressure in order to coax various sounds from the other man, hoping, despite all odds, that he would win this.

He knew he was hoping in vain, though. He didn't stand a chance to John's unwavering determination and there was nothing he was able to do that would make the man come.

*Unless...*

He licked his lips as he glanced down at John's erection, red, heavy and leaking in his hand, and hesitated. He wouldn't even have to do much. Just one lick would most likely do it, but...

He couldn't do it. He couldn't... But he couldn't continue to do this forever, either. He either was going to have to bend down and swallow his pride (among other things), or he was going to have to say something. And he really didn't want to say it - he would have to beg for John to come, and that would be just way too embarrassing.

But he couldn't- he couldn't put another man's dick in his mouth. The thought alone sounded ridiculous, despite the strangely pleasant swirl in his stomach.

He wanted to win, but knew that at this point, the chances of that happening were very, very small.

As he glanced up he could see John watching him, that smug, knowing grin on his face again, looking at Paul like he knew exactly what was going on in his mind, as if daring him to do it. But Paul couldn't.

Fuck it- *Fuck* John, fuck his stupid face, fuck his bloody libido, and fuck that Goddamn smirk. They were never going to get out of here, unless Paul-

He knew he had to make a decision between begging and licking, and... Well, when put like that, it wasn't too hard to decide.
“J-John…” he said, swallowing a lump that was forming in his throat, “C-come for me. I-I nee- want you... I want you to come for me.” His cheeks were burning in embarrassment, but to his relief he could feel a familiar twitch in his hand. “P-please.”

“Well, if you want- aaahhh!” John started, but his sentence was interrupted by his own moans, his eyes closing, head falling back in pleasure.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck- " he chanted and it ended as a wordless sound, his body thrashing between the bed and Paul, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as he shook and came in warm spurts.

Paul stared down at him in wonder as the man came undone under him, thrashing and moaning, hands tugging at where he was being held down on the bed. Paul could feel John's dick pulsating in his hand as ropes of thick white cum erupted from it, spilling over Paul's hand and John's crotch and stomach, ruining his clothes. John continued whispering heated curse words under his breath and Paul shuddered at the sight of him, feeling his body grow hot as he watched the other man, his jaw slackening at the sight.

John's body was completely tense, his muscles constricted, and he was arching upwards into Paul's hand, fucking his fist as he came and came, until the very last drop had drizzled down his shaft.

The man’s body fell slack onto the bed and for a moment he just lay there breathing, a pleased smile on his lips, and Paul was at a loss for words.

It took a few moments for John to catch his breath, but when he had, he slowly opened his eyes and grinned at Paul as he let out a deep satisfied sigh.

“Well,” he said, voice dark and croaky from his orgasm, “as I was saying... if that's what you want, sir.” He winked at him again, weirdly in control of the situation, even though Paul still had a (slack) hold on his wrists, and John had become spaghetti against the mattress.

Paul had the sudden urge to slap that smug expression from the other's face. He resisting it, reasoning with himself that the fucker would probably just take it as some sort of weird foreplay, and slowly began to pull away from the man. He released the other’s wrists and let go of John's member as he sat up, his hands feeling oddly empty.

His left hand was all sticky and dirty with John's spunk, so he wiped it on the bed and pretended not to see how much he was shaking. He remained seated on John's thigh, unsure what to do now that the act was over.

John was still looking at him, seemingly amused by something, and started wiggling his eyebrows as he glanced downwards, making Paul frown. Following his gaze, Paul noticed the pressing hard-on in his trousers, and started to slide his way down John's legs, moving away from him in embarrassment and whining with every little movement as the fabric of his trousers rubbed him in exactly the right way.

He hadn't even noticed how hard he was - it felt like he was minutes away from coming - and he tried to hide himself from John's gaze.

Before he could move away, however, John had grabbed a hold of his wrist, stopping him. His face held a mischievous look that Paul knew not to trust.

“Oh my ,” John said smoothly and sat up, the movement bringing him right against Paul's nose. Paul jerked backwards slightly, but John's hold of his wrist was as strong as his had been on John’s.

“Looks like my services are badly needed!”

"Well,” he said, voice dark and croaky from his orgasm, “as I was saying... if that's what you want, sir.” He winked at him again, weirdly in control of the situation, even though Paul still had a (slack) hold on his wrists, and John had become spaghetti against the mattress.

Paul had the sudden urge to slap that smug expression from the other's face. He resisting it, reasoning with himself that the fucker would probably just take it as some sort of weird foreplay, and slowly began to pull away from the man. He released the other’s wrists and let go of John's member as he sat up, his hands feeling oddly empty.

His left hand was all sticky and dirty with John's spunk, so he wiped it on the bed and pretended not to see how much he was shaking. He remained seated on John's thigh, unsure what to do now that the act was over.

John was still looking at him, seemingly amused by something, and started wiggling his eyebrows as he glanced downwards, making Paul frown. Following his gaze, Paul noticed the pressing hard-on in his trousers, and started to slide his way down John's legs, moving away from him in embarrassment and whining with every little movement as the fabric of his trousers rubbed him in exactly the right way.

He hadn't even noticed how hard he was - it felt like he was minutes away from coming - and he tried to hide himself from John's gaze.

Before he could move away, however, John had grabbed a hold of his wrist, stopping him. His face held a mischievous look that Paul knew not to trust.

“Oh my ,” John said smoothly and sat up, the movement bringing him right against Paul's nose. Paul jerked backwards slightly, but John's hold of his wrist was as strong as his had been on John’s.

“Looks like my services are badly needed!”
And so, without asking for permission, he reached up and slid his free hand into Paul’s underwear, wrapping his fingers around his throbbing member and pulling it free.

Paul gasped at the feeling of John's warm fingers against the sensitive skin of his cock, holding him loosely, and he couldn't help but buckle his hips at the pleasure, already searching for more. It was embarrassing just how far gone he was, just from wanking John and seeing him come, and he raised a hand to hide his face.

He shouldn't be this hard, but he was, and John's hand felt so good around him, firm and confident, working him with skillful strokes that left Paul’s left hand to shame.

He was moaning already, his legs weak, and he was glad he was still sitting down on John's thighs, because he knew he would have been lying on the floor otherwise.

He hadn't noticed he had closed his eyes until he felt John move under him, sitting up so that Paul was fully in his lap, his knees on either side of him, and John's chest brushing against his own. He forced himself to open his eyes and found himself staring into John's dark almond eyes.

It felt like they grounded him, made sure his head stopped swinging, and Paul laid his hands on the man's shoulders for support instead. He began to thrust his hips up into John's firm grasp, not being able to hold back.

Already Paul felt he was seconds away from coming, just one right flick of John’s wrist would send him over the edge. He felt his body move along with John’s hand, leaning closer and closer to him, his hips rolling. His eyes fluttered close as he felt John lean in.

There was a small pause before he pressed his lips against Paul's ear, breathing hotly into it.

“Should’ve brought me handcuffs,” he murmured, voice sweet and husky, giving no mercy, and Paul shuddered in his arms, groaning at the images those words produced in his mind.

He could vividly see John on the bed under him, cool metal cuffs locking his wrist above his head to the bed, making it impossible for him to move away as Paul sat in his lap, knees planted on either side of him. His cock gave a violent twitch and as he felt John's teeth catching on his earlobe, giving it a tuck, he was coming, the feeling of John's touch on his dick, the man’s hot breath against his ear and the images in his mind becoming too much for him.

He moaned and threw his head back in pleasure as his orgasm consumed him, his fingers clutching at John's shoulders until his nails dug into his skin. John wanked him through it, squeezing every last drop out of him, until Paul had finished and his body went slack against him.

There was a moment's silence where neither moved, Paul feeling exhausted and spent, trying not to think of the intimate way they were wrapped around each other.

After a while John pulled back slightly, grinning in a way that really started to frustrate Paul.

“So,” he said cheerfully, “you sure you would still want girls after me? Told ye I'm better than them.” He winked, and Paul swatted his arm in response, but found himself chuckling anyway, hiding his face in John’s shoulder as he felt a slight nausea coming up.

Then suddenly, almost without warning, he felt a coldness spread through him, and he froze on the spot as his throat squeezed shut, rendering him almost incapable to breathe.

Oh God, what was he doing here??? He had just jerked another man off and made him come. He could still feel left-over spunk drying on his hand. John's spunk. Oh God…
What did this make him? He had- he had not only come back to the brothel, but fallen victim to John’s antics again - the man would have to be locked up somewhere, just for the general security of the nation.

“Isn’t it great to live in a society where this is completely legal? Otherwise you’d have to break the law every time you wanted to have a good time,” John suddenly said, grinning, and Paul looked up at him in confusion, realising too late it had been a poor attempt at a joke.

“I er... I should leave,” he said, sliding off John and onto the bed beside him, John’s touch making him feel uncomfortable. “We're probably at the end of our hour anyway.”

John glanced at the clock on the wall that Paul hadn’t noticed before, and shrugged.

“There's still a quarter left, if you wanna cuddle... sir.” The prostitute winked, clearly meaning well, but Paul shook his head and slowly started to get up.

“No thanks,” he said, “I shouldn't keep you for nothing.”

His skin felt sweaty and he couldn’t wait to get home and take a shower. He had to stop having sex fully clothed - this was getting ridiculous.

He started to get dressed, grabbing his coat from the floor. Meanwhile John didn’t make one bit of effort to get up and get cleaned up and dressed himself, and Paul could feel the man’s eyes on him. It sent hot and cold shivers down his spine, God knew why.

Once he had his clothes back on he stared down at his dirty hand. He looked around for a basin to wash his hands in but couldn't find anything. John, having noticed his struggles, pointed at a door smartly hidden from sight. Paul nodded thankfully and went in to wash his hands before coming back to take out his wallet, and hand John a tip again like last time. He gave him another 30, which John appeared reluctant to take, eyeing it with a frown.

“The tip shouldn't really be this much for nothing done.”

“Just take it, yeah? You... you did more than enough,” Paul said and for a moment John looked like he wanted to protest some more, but then thought better of it and took it. Paul wiggled nervously on his feet as he stood in front of him.

“Thank you. For... this, I guess. And for what you said. And stuff. Um. I- er... yeah. Goodbye,” Paul said and with that he turned around and walk out through the door, eager to leave. He had done it again... he had slept with a man... again... and this time he had touched him too.

This couldn't be simple human curiosity anymore, he thought, and swallowed as he made his way out of the Rusty Pipe and back home.

He needed to think.

*~**~*

Paul tried his best to breathe normally as he slammed the door to his apartment shut. He wasn’t sure what had happened in that room with John. The fact that Paul had gone with him a second time rather than fuck a girl as planned was one thing, and something he could potentially deal with.

But… it wasn’t even so much that he had had another man’s cock in his hand, and had brought that man to an orgasm, it was his own reaction to that orgasm that had caught him so off guard.
He had become aroused, not just from jerking John off, but especially from seeing him come, seeing him lose control and squirt all over Paul’s hand as he was held down at the wrists. (He could hear John whispering handcuffs in his ear at the memory and that did NOT help.) Paul had become so aroused that he had been close to coming before John had so much as touched him. It was embarrassing, ridiculous really, how John’s orgasm had affected him, and how he could still feel his body react to it as he remembered it.

He was pretty sure he wasn’t gay, though. He liked girls, although Paul knew very well that didn’t have to mean anything.

Then… What if he was… bi? Was it possible, even though he had never experienced sexual desire towards another man before?

He swallowed thickly at the question. He wasn’t sure why he was so freaked out about that thought. He had always considered himself to be open to people who were that way. Hell, his best mates were bloody married to each other! It was just not something he had thought he would feel himself. But here he was…

He took his head in his hands and let out a tiny scream of frustration - more with himself than anyone else (and maybe with John a bit, too) - after which he took a couple of seconds to calm himself and regain his self-control, before he started to put the kettle on.

He had to think about this, seriously for once, and he was going to need all the tea he could get to do it.

He made himself a large pot and grabbed an even larger mug, and took everything with him to the computer.

What had happened with John (twice! his mind helpfully added) couldn’t just be written off as mere curiosity. He knew that and it had been stupid to deny it at first.

Once the computer was on and working, he took a deep breath, poured himself a cup of tea, and opened his browser. His fingers hovered over the keyboard, trying to think of what he wanted to know in the first place. His mind momentarily drifted towards John again, and he found himself smiling, despite the terrible nerves he felt as he sat behind his computer in the middle of the night, thinking about something he had thought he would never have to think about.

As he sat there, sipping his tea, he knew he wanted to see John again. He didn’t know why, or why his mind didn’t freeze and start screaming at him at the mere idea, but he did. Oh God, he did.

Eventually he typed in his search term, and nearly started laughing as he read it over, but hit enter anyway. If someone had said two weeks ago that he would find himself in this kind of a situation, he would have chortled himself silly.

Google slammed the results in his face, and his eyes widened in surprise at the number of them. Who would’ve guessed that “how to know if you’re bisexual” was such a popular search term!

In the end, he spent hours on the internet, researching things and looking stuff up, and seeing things he had never thought he would ever want to see (he did now). Eventually he stumbled on a particular forum that caught his interest, and spent the next half hour reading through it.

His initial embarrassment had somewhat faded into the background, and now he was just staring at the screen, reading all the different stories that people had written on there, as well as the responses. Understandably some were rude, but most were nice and understanding, which made him feel better
about the subject in turn.

They were all guys like him, people who had thought they had been straight until one particular experience, be it a night with a friend, a drunken snog, or just inappropriate thoughts. There were even guys like him, who had gone to a brothel and had a guy jerk them off or suck their dicks.

For some, it had been a one time thing, and they had easily moved on with their normal lives, but for some... some had come back... some had realised they were gay after all, though most considered themselves bi or pan (something Paul hadn't known was a thing until this evening. You could learn so much in a day). A few were even in a stable relationship now, though most were still struggling, looking for advice - people like him.

It felt good to read through it, to see people with experiences and mixed up feelings similar to his own. Most of the advice guys were given was the same thing as John had told him earlier that evening.

“No one's gonna judge you for it - only you. if you want it, you should take it.”

It wasn't bad advice, but like most guys on the forum, Paul remained unsure of himself, and like most guys on the forum, he wasn't sure what was holding him back.

“If you want it, you should take it.”

The words repeated themselves over and over again in his mind. So what if he was bi? So what if he wanted to see John again? It didn’t matter - he was a free man, single too, and there would be nothing stopping him if he decided to pursue this newly found piece of identity. Nothing on the way.

Nevertheless, the thought continued to scare him. He had always felt so safe, being a man, straight, handsome and clever... He had never struggled with picking up girls. But with guys...

He knew very well not everyone was as open minded as most of his current friends. He had been there when George was teased at school... not that George himself had cared much about it, but it had always kind of shocked Paul, and it must have left some kind of a mark on George, even though perhaps not visibly.

And worse, what if he later realised he wasn’t bi after all? What if he went to see John again and they would... potentially take stuff further and it wouldn't do anything for him. Or what if that happened with a different guy? What if he would never meet another man that interested him that way?

But he wanted it. He wanted to see John again. The things he had read had interested him, had made him curious, had made him want to see John again, made him want to do more, explore, see what was possible. He took his head in his hands and let out a long, tired groan.

Seemed it couldn’t be helped: he was gay. Or at least bisexual. Or whatever other label there was that would describe him.

But now that the thought was out, now that he had more or less accepted it, shouldn’t he just profit from it?

He shook his head, deciding he needed some rest and think over all that had happened some other day - it had been a busy and above all confusing day, and it was not all a good time to question your sexuality.

He clicked away his browser, turned off his computer, and started making his way to his bedroom, leaving his now cold tea where it was.
It was already almost 1.30 in the morning and he needed to teach tomorrow... Not to mention that he needed to be there for the rehearsal for that musical number he was doing with some of the children afterwards... It was going to be a long day.

He let himself fall down onto the bed with a groan, not bothering to take off his clothes, and fell asleep within seconds for the first time in almost a week, the memory of John’s orgasm following him into his dreams. He would surely curse himself in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

We've already started on chapter 3, though we really cannot say how long that's going to take. Hopefully for us, the next chapter won't be as long (seriously, the editing this was terrible). We hope you're still enjoying this. If you do (for some weird reason), please comment because comments keep us alive and make us write faster (kinda).

You can find us both on tumblr at imaginebeatles and chutjedors, so go there for more fantastic quality content!

See you all in the next chapter!
An old, battered alarm clock started ringing, both of its hands pointing towards the black, fat number 1 at the top half of the clock’s face. A large grumbling bulk underneath a crumpled up mess of blankets and pillows groaned and rolled over onto its stomach, burying its face into an ugly rose-coloured pillow, where it remained for a good two minutes, unmoving.

The gentle ringing turned into unholy screeching, and the bulk extended a limb and started hitting the bedside table without raising its head to see what it was doing, trying to reach the alarm clock with as little effort as possible. Unfortunately the clock inched closer and closer to the edge of the table with each hit, quickly nearing the inevitable fall into the abyss that was the bedroom floor.

‘What a fucking great start of a day’, John thought and groaned into his pillow as he heard a familiar clatter of metal on wood and the unmistakable sound of something breaking.

With a sigh, he lifted himself onto his elbows and ran a hand through his hair, stopping to rub the sleep from his eye. He pulled himself forward to the edge of the bed and glanced over the side of it, only to click his tongue at the sight of his alarm clock laying on the floor in three pieces. At least it didn’t look like anything he wouldn’t be able to fix with a little patience... this time either.

Deciding to leave that problem for his future self, he let himself fall back on the mattress and rolled away from the edge. At least the clock wouldn’t wake him up anymore today - and who was up at 1 pm on a free day anyway? Not John! No, no, no, sir!
As he lay with his eyes closed, he went through the everyday mental scanning of his body, for all the places that were hurting, and gave himself a quick diagnosis of the daily damage. Yesterday had been a good day - three clients, with the last one being Roland the Arse Destroyer, who had paid for two full hours (like always), and had also tipped him generously at the end. After him the night had been quiet, which was fortunate considering that Roland… well... lived up to his name.

There was a dull ache in his arms where the sailor had clutched him, and there was definitely a burning feeling in his arse, which Roland the Arse Destroyer had positively destroyed. John wasn’t sure whether he would be able to take it up the arse again tomorrow, or whether he would have to carry the sign that said “only blojobbs 2dey” around like an idiot, handwritten by yours truly himself.

The sign was the most embarrassing thing that John had ever worn in his life, and he had regretted the day his traitorous brain had come up with it many a time, never having expected he would actually have to wear it himself...

That is, until Roland came along.

Still, in the end, it was worth it, if only for the great pleasure of seeing an unfortunate co-worker having to go through the same horrendous experience; he relished every opportunity he got to give the sign to them himself, joyful of the fact that he was probably getting their clients that night. Since the sign greatly diminished one’s chances of getting anyone, they had struck a deal that those who still managed to seduce a client in spite of said sign would get a free drink at the end of the night, bought by their fellow colleagues. John definitely never said “no” to that.

Thankfully, despite his busy night, it seemed that there wasn’t much pain in his body, except for the slight soreness in his joints and arse. It was a nice surprise for once, but John had already kind of anticipated it - last night’s sessions hadn’t been the sort to really hurt him. A closer inspection, however, was still necessary, for one could never be too certain. That one he always saved for the shower, where he would be able to easily see every part of his body.

He remained lying on the bed with his eyes closed for a few more minutes, silently spacing out until he decided he needed to get up - he had to do it at some point anyway, and it was just too painful right now to wait for that moment, knowing that it was coming.

Besides, he needed to get at least something done before he would meet up with his friends again - he didn’t even want to think about how he was going to survive a whole evening on his friends’ old, secondhand couch. It was time to be a responsible adult for a change and actually do something on his day off… even if the thought repulsed him.

Moaning and groaning like an old grandmother, he pushed himself up onto his knees, and stared blurrily at the wall in front of him, feeling how the weight of last night’s activity plummeted down upon him. Ugh, the final session of the evening had left him dazed and aching - Roland always did his best to be gentle, but the man just couldn’t help the size of his dick.

His mind slightly mushy, John dragged himself up from the bed after what felt like an eternity, careful as not to step on the broken alarm clock. At a quick glance he deduced it to be quite easily fixable - just putting the pieces back together - but it would take at least ten minutes to get the battery back in, seeing just how often he had managed to drop the machine during the last year (or had it been two already?). A few too many violent falls had really taken its toll on the poor thing. John was not fond of the object at all, but it was the only thing that got him up in the morning (or, well, the afternoon).

Heading for the shower, he rubbed at his wrists, the face of a handsome young man flashing before his eyes, the wanton expression he had worn after locking John’s hands above his head still as clear
as it had been last night. That had certainly been great fun... He wondered whether Paul was having some kind of a personality crisis right now, wherever he was, and most importantly, whether he would be coming back. The guy gave great tips, and John was so going to buy a pizza tonight with that money.

He grinned to himself at the prospect and stopped in front of a full-length mirror he had on his bathroom wall to check for any bruises or other injuries. It seemed that he had managed to avoid getting any new ones last night, but a few of the older were turning a nasty yellow now. At least they would disappear in a few days, but new blue marks would probably have appeared by then.

Not that he minded, as long as he didn’t get too sore, or had any bruises in his face - John preferred to keep his skin clear and as attractive as possible, thank you very much.

After he had taken his long, much-needed shower and had gotten dressed, John came to the conclusion that he had been cut off from the outside world for far too long, and went rummaging through his flat in search for his phone. He knew it had to be either in the hallway or his bedroom - he didn’t remember whether he had gone into the living room after coming home - but it was a mystery where exactly his exhausted mind had thought of leaving it.

He could hear his mother’s voice in his ear, telling him he needed to have fixed places for his stuff (enter Nagging Mum Voice), but he blissfully ignored it and continued on his quest. It had to be somewhere, right?

Eventually he found it from his right shoe (Erm...?? What?) and sighed at the sight of a million texts from his friends, one of whom was Stuart.

‘Lunch?’ he asked, the text accompanied by a bunch of emojis of girls in revealing bunny clothes. John looked at it blankly for a moment, before glancing at the clock to see it was almost two o’clock. Well… Why not? He didn’t have anything in his fridge to eat anyway.

‘Breakfast! 2.30’, he responded and added three bunny girls, and then a fourth one just for the hell of it. Sliding the phone into the back pocket of his jeans, he looked back up at the clock again, his mind comfortably quiet. He had approximately 35 minutes left to get himself out of the house and into this one really nice bookshop-turned-cafe - something that was going to be much more extreme of a feat than it should have been, what with Roland having come back and all… since John didn’t really feel like driving at the moment…

He grabbed his worn, cream-coloured shoulder bag from a peg on the wall, stuffed his leather wallet inside and paused for a moment before pulling it out again and opening it. Tilting his head, he looked inside and took out 50 pounds, leaving the other 20 for food - yesterday had certainly been a fruitful night.

He walked into his bedroom, heading for the shelf where an old-fashioned cookie jar with flowers printed on it stood. On the side of it, it had ‘I suck cock for this’ written on it in neat cursive handwriting. It had been a gift, already 6 years old, and John loved it. He used it for storing his tips, and every two or three weeks he would put the money into the bank.

He stuffed the notes into the jar, and peered inside it with a critical eye. It was fuller than usually, mainly because of that one client leaving such large tips. Seriously... who in their right mind gave 30 pounds just for John lying on his back and refusing to come?? Then again, John had no other way to get money from the man than through his tips, since he had only used gift cards so far.

Still, he wasn’t going to complain. If Paul wanted to spend all of his money on something like that, John was going to be the last person to stop him. He put the jar back to the shelf, went back into the
hallway and pushed his wallet into his bag. Then, checking that the lights were switched off and everything seemed to be in some kind of order, he put his bluetooth headphones on and left the flat. He grimaced as he descended the stairs, every movement a clear reminder that Roland The Arse Destroyer lived up to his nickname.

Spotify’s ‘Guilty Pleasure’ playlist felt perfect for his mood, and as he jumped down the last steps - which he regretted immediately afterwards - he put it on shuffle and turned up the volume, not caring if other people heard the terrible 80’s pop music that filled his ears.

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“Seriously?” was Stuart’s first comment when John stepped inside the cafe, the door swinging shut behind him. The man was sitting right by the door, his phone in his hand and a sandwich in front of him next to his cup of green tea. “Four bunny girls?”

“I had a good night,” John said with a wink and let the bag slide off his shoulder onto the chair opposite Stuart. “Hang on, I haven’t eaten anything yet.”

He didn’t wait for an answer, and went to get himself a cup of tea and a ham and cheese sandwich. He grinned at the lad bustling behind the counter as he made his order, and the man smiled back at him widely, before he quickly wrote something down on a note, which he handed to John along with his receipt. John slipped the piece of paper into the back pocket of his jeans as the lad got him his lunch (breakfast) and handed it to him with another telling smile.

Back at the table, John sat down opposite Stuart and groaned as his arse came into contact with the hard wooden chair. He grinned as Stuart raised an eyebrow at the sound, taking a sip from his tea with a knowing expression. Words were no longer needed between them for Stuart to know just what was going on with John’s constant groaning.

“So, you coming this evening?” the man asked after a small pause, still eyeing John knowingly. John nodded and sighed happily as his arse muscles finally relaxed against the hard surface of the chair. He dipped the tea bag in his hot water up and down a few times, wondering how long he should keep the bag in the cup to get the strongest kick out of the substance.

“So, you coming this evening?” the man asked after a small pause, still eyeing John knowingly. John nodded and sighed happily as his arse muscles finally relaxed against the hard surface of the chair. He dipped the tea bag in his hot water up and down a few times, wondering how long he should keep the bag in the cup to get the strongest kick out of the substance.

“Of course,” he then said and reached for his sandwich, leaving the tea be for a moment, his stomach screaming ‘food’ at the mere sight of said sandwich. “It’s the one time the people I meet don’t wanna get in my pants...”

He wiggled his eyebrows as he motioned at the bar with his eyes. Stuart frowned and followed his gaze, glancing towards the barista who was shooting occasional hurried looks at John, an unwanted happy smile pulling at his lips.

“Yeah,” John confirmed as Stuart looked back at him with a questioning glance. “Money sailing towards me.”

Stuart just laughed at that, and sipped his tea.

“Anything new then?”

John shifted in his chair and grimaced as another wave of discomfort spread from his arse through the rest of his body. “Nothing much,” he said with false nonchalance, then pausing for dramatic effect, his lips curling into a smirk. “Roland The Arse Destroyer is back from sea, though.”

Stuart gasped Extra Dramatically and brought his right hand to his heart, as if a mere thought gave him a heart-attack. His trembling lips were a dead give away of his true feelings, though, and John
chuckled at his friend’s familiar and very much anticipated reaction.

“Not the Roland! How are you gonna survive three hours on the Couch of Death this evening?!”


“That might be best. That couch would murder you if you so much as tried to sit on it. Makes me glad I don’t need to succumb to the foul things you do,” Stuart said, chuckling, but John was quick to hold up a hand to silence him.

“Which means…” he said, smiling widely, “that you’re gonna have to take my place.”

Stuart looked aghast at the prospect and opened his mouth to say something, but all that came out of it were stutterings, being completely at a loss for words as war flashbacks flickered before his eyes.

“You may want to reconsider your career choices, Stu,” John said with a smirk, taking advantage of his friend’s silence, and blew into his cup before having a quick but careful sip from his tea to see if it was the right temperature yet. “I’ve got my own flat, a car, and I have a better phone than you…”

“How much would you pay me to suck your cock, then? I’ll have to know if I’m going to seriously consider this.”

“Pay you? When I get paid for someone else doing it? Not a chance, darling.”

Stuart muttered something under his breath, and John just laughed, taking a huge bite his sandwich. After that they succumbed into a comfortable silence, both enjoying their sandwich and tea as they listened to the soft jazz that was playing in the background.

“Have you seen the news yet?” Stuart asked after a while with sudden eagerness in his eyes. John raised an eyebrow at that and shook his head.

“No, been busy. Sleeping,” he said, mouth full of his sandwich. “Has something happened?”

“Has something happened?! It’s been all over the news, mate! I can’t believe you of all people don’t know.”

“Know what?” John asked again, frowning as he reached for his phone that was currently residing in his bag. “I don’t really have the time to read the news while I’m buggered in the arse, you know.”

“Okay, so apparently Cameron’s got money stashed away overseas somewhere in a tax haven. Came out in the Panama Papers,” Stuart said in an almost gossipy tone-of-voice. John, however, was completely clueless. Like an idiot.

“What papers now?” he asked, leaning forward. Frowning, he put his sandwich back down for a moment and quickly unlocked his phone, fingers shooting across the screen at a rapid pace as he started navigating towards the news app.

Stuart scoffed at his ignorance, almost looking like he wanted to punch someone. Probably Cameron.

“The Panama Papers! You know, the whole tax evasion scam. Documents were leaked by some anonymous person with all the details of the financial situation of I don’t know how many wealthy and important people. They all had money stored away off shore to tax evasion purposes... and our
dear mister President, David Pig-Lover Cameron, was one of them. They’re going to investigate him and everything!” Stuart seemed delighted. “With Brexit and everything I doubt this will do his career much good. Not to mention that he hasn’t said a word about it yet, either... How the fuck do you not know this!?”

“Um,” John muttered, the BBC news opening in front of him. Huh. It really was everywhere ... “I’ve been busy, y’know. Sucking cock and stuff.”

Stuart must have been euphoric with the news. He had never liked Cameron much, and John understood his reasons pretty well; if he had a German wife, he too would be slightly wary. (Not that he wasn’t anyway... of politicians in general.)

“You know, I had expected more from you.” Stuart looked at him critically, and John shrugged as he sipped his tea.

“Being a hooker has had a bad influence on you, John,” Stuart continued, “you would have been all over this a few years ago! You bloody called me up in the middle of the night to tell me Obama had been elected president-”

“Oh yeah,” John grinned. “And you had an exam the next day.”

“Yeah, which I flunked because of you!” Stuart said in an accusatory voice, pointing his finger at John’s chest, and sighed. “I just hope this has some consequences, you know. I mean... the guy preached his anti-tax evasion shit from the rooftops a few years ago, and now look at where we are. I bet the whole ‘pig-fucker thing’ seems like a holiday to him now.”

John snorted at that and tapped on the first headlines he saw.

“Well, in case you didn’t notice, I’m a full-time whore now. No time to follow the news,” he said as he scrolled through the news article. The whole ordeal certainly sounded interesting, and he would probably have to look into it properly later on.

“Yeah, yeah, I bet your parents are very proud of you. I bet this is a dream come true for them,” Stuart said in a friendly taunt, and John shot him a glare in response, before he returned to his half-eaten sandwich.

“Well, here I am, instead of having my well-earned beauty sleep.” He paused for a moment to skim through a few sentences, and whistled lowly. “This is a big thing, though. But I can’t say that I’m very surprised...”

“Yeah... Fucking cunt.”

“I mean,” John continued, ignoring Stuart’s open dislike and rather one-sided opinion on their Prime Minister, and scrolled further down the article, “there seems to be... quite a lot of people involved... Wow. Like a lot. And people trying to go ‘round taxes isn’t anything new, so it’s only likely that when something of this scale comes up, Cameron’s part of it as well. You know how people are.”

“Yeah, there are tons of people, and from so many different countries, too... There are rumours spreading that the Prime Minister of Iceland is going to resign because of it. An Ukrainian politician has called for the impeachment of their president, too. It can’t be long before people will start using
the same type of language concerning Cameron.”

“Mmh… And here I thought I was going to have a peaceful day without any major news shaking up my world. If Cameron was to resign, though, it would definitely be the news of the week.”

“Yeah... as if we haven’t had enough of that yet this year...” Stuart muttered and finished the last bite of his sandwich with a dissatisfied growl. “I can’t talk about this with you when you know nothing about it... I’ll come back to it later,” he huffed, and John laughed. “How’s work anyway? Apart from the Roland, that is. Anything interesting?”

“Uh,” John said, smile fading away, his concentration still on the news article. “Er... nothing special, I guess..? No, hang on-”

He closed the app and put his phone away again as he leaned towards Stuart with a “I’m paying attention” -expression.

“This one guy left me a huge tip just for lying back and letting him wank me off. I’ve probably never earned such easy money,” he said, Paul’s face flashing before his eyes. “... And he was probably the best-looking client I’ve ever had.”

“Really??” Stuart smiled at first, but then his expression turned hesitant. “Does he have any weird issues or something..? How much did he give you?”

“30 pounds,” John said, scratching his cheek. “And I don’t really... I don’t think there’s anything fishy behind that. He’s just... um, he didn’t actually think he’d be into men before I came along," he snickered. “I’m damn good. But I guess he reflects his uneasiness with the whole thing with the tips he gives, as if paying me more would make the whole thing less... gay.”

“Ah, so he’s straight, huh? Isn’t that cute. Well, as long as he keeps giving you great tips, who cares right? Must be nice having someone pretty for once, though. He any good?”

“Sloppy,” John said, causing Stuart to let out an amused chuckle. “And really, a guy who gets to the point of almost orgasming from just seeing me come... I don’t think he’s that straight.”

“Wait... He what ?!” Stuart exclaimed, and then quickly looked around to make sure no one was looking at them as he lowered his voice to a more suitable volume. “You think he’ll be back, then?”

“He’s already been there twice,” John said, sipping his tea, finding it finally the right temperature... and strong enough. “I really can’t tell, but I think that if he comes back, it’ll definitely be profitable for me.”

“Just don’t get too cocky, eh, Lennon. I know what sleeping with ‘straight guys’ can do to you... You’re not as irresistible as you may think you are,” Stuart warned with a chuckle as he took a sip from his own tea, finishing it.

“Oh, but I am,” John replied with a goofy grin and wiggled his eyebrows. “You haven’t seen me in me leather straps yet, mate.”

“And I never will!” Stuart objected right away, and John could see him shuddering, most likely remembering all the times John had tried to show the poor man any of his “outfits”.

“You really don’t know what you’re missing, Stu! You’ve never used those gift cards I gave you from the deepest kindness of my heart either.” John flashed him a big smile, twirling his spoon in the tea.
“And for bloody good reason! Besides, you obviously earn enough with your new hot money-spending client, so why don’t you get me a real present some time, rather than another fucking gift card. I’m never using them.”

“I’ve saved so much money with those, so don’t even think I ever going to stop with those. They’re good gifts! I’m thoughtful of your well-being, you know.”

“My well-being?! Has it somehow gone completely past you that I’m actually married?” Stuart waved his left hand in front of John’s eyes, showing of the silver band that was wrapped around his ring finger. “In case you hadn’t realised, that’s what happened that day everyone got dressed up, went to city hall, and you signed that paper as my best man and witness. And no!” he held up a finger before John had even had a chance to open his mouth, “don’t even get started on how some of you lot work with couples! I don’t want to hear it!”

“I work with couples!” John remarked cheerfully. “And boy, you should see the money. Besides it’s damn fun - they’re often so sweet and humorous about the whole thing.”

“Astrid and I are not having sex with you. Ever. And our sex-life is fine as it is, thank you, John. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to get some more tea before I can deal with more of you again,” Stu said and with that, he pulled his wallet out of his jacket which was hanging over the back of his chair, got up and slapped John on the shoulder as he made his way to the barista.

“I could give you a reduction!” John called after him, and dissolved into a fit of giggles as Stuart subtly flipped him a finger without so much as looking back at him. Teasing the man was one of the greatest pleasures in life.

While Stuart was away, John let his thoughts drift and somehow, probably because the subject had come up, his mind turned to Paul. Seriously, even now that John wasn’t looking at him through a blurry haze of pleasure, it felt like the man had been sculpted by gods... Was it possible for someone to be that good-looking?

John raked his brain to find another client that had been as gorgeous. There had been that one Greek guy, but he had only been on a holiday and was probably never coming back... And then someone from London whose name had either been Greg or Bob and John had mixed the names up during the session. The man never really corrected him, so John still wasn’t sure (and hoped that he wasn’t coming back).

But Paul... He was something else, even compared to those two. Being successfully converted didn’t make him any less easy to forget - that kind of men were few and far between. There had been this one girl, though, who had announced that she was a lesbian after their session. John had taken a week off to wallow in an existential crisis about his skills (even though she had said that sex with him had been better than with any man) (but, in the end that didn’t matter, because it had made her sure about her sexuality anyway...). She was still a regular, though now she only went with the girls...

Maybe Paul would become his. There was certainly a chance... Coming back for a third time, though, that was another thing entirely. John hoped he would, because such a handsome client made everything so much nicer. And he smelled so good too... He wished more clients should think about showering before a session. It was shocking how many guys just... didn’t.

‘I’m just gonna have to make him forget other forms of having sex exist,’ John thought. ‘If he comes back for the third time, then it’s only gonna be me from that on. He won’t want anyone else afterwards.’
He grinned into his tea, his mind setting up a hazy mess of Kinky Things He Could Do With Hesitating Clients. Usually he wouldn’t think of work outside the Rusty Pipe, but sometimes it was good to do the brain work outside the musky scent that would embrace him and delete everything from his mind that had nothing to do with his dick... Or someone else’s.

*~**~*

Paul got home late that evening. All of his energy felt like it had been drawn out of him and he could not wait to crash down onto the couch with a bottle of beer and a microwave dinner, and curl up behind his laptop as he let his favourite wednesday-evening television show play in the background. Especially the music practise he had had this evening had really taken its toll on him, and he was glad to have finally been able to leave and escape the grasping claws of one Ms Browne.

No matter how hard he tried, he did not know how to get it through that woman’s skull that he wasn’t interested in dating her, and that even if he was, she was still the parent of one of his students and thus made any kind of relationship utterly impossible. She was really starting to get on his nerves, and he was glad the school board had decided not to continue the music lessons after the upcoming performance, because it meant he would never see that woman ever again.

Turning the key in the lock, he pushed the door open and stepped inside. He flicked on the light, took off his coat and kicked off his shoes, and stumbled into the kitchen to put his microwave vegetarian lasagna into the oven. He got himself a beer as he waited and went into the living room to collapse on the couch exactly as he had planned.

It felt good to be finally sitting down, and he sighed contently as he took the first sip from his beer before he grabbed his laptop from the coffee table and turned it on. His hands were shaking as he opened his browser, and hovered before the keyboard as he thought about what he was going to search for.

He had been thinking about this moment all day, and although he wasn’t freaking out anymore about his attraction to men, he felt genuinely curious and excited to learn more.

He was bisexual. The thought had come back to him on and off throughout the day and he found himself giggling hesitantly at the thought, not sure how he should feel about the whole thing. It was strange to think of it, but... he didn’t necessarily dislike it. The thought remained scary, but not as much as it had been before. It was different, for some reason.

He kept telling himself that he was normal, and what he was going through was very normal… There were others who had felt the same, he had read about them, and the thought comforted him.

For a long time Paul merely stared at the screen, occasionally moving his mouse so the computer wouldn’t go on stand-by. He wasn’t sure what to type, never having done this before until yesterday and not being sure what it was exactly that he wanted to know.

If he was attracted to men... what did he want to know?

Did he... Paul swallowed thickly, half-afraid to finish the thought, his fingers nervously scratching the keys. Did he… want to see John again?

Yes. Fuck, yes, he did.

He shifted his feet uncomfortably as he started chewing his bottom lip. It was almost funny how quickly his mind provided him with that answer, and Paul would have laughed had he not found it slightly disconcerting how eager he was to see John again, and do more - learn more.
He knew some things from George and Ringo (you could not know with how touchy-feely they were with each other, even after having been married for 2 whole years), but his knowledge did not stretch any further than a basic idea of what could possible happen between two men.

Maybe... oh God ... Maybe he could start with that? If he was going to see John again - wait, when had he decided that?? - it was most likely better if he had at least some kind of an idea of what he might be interested in doing, seeing as John had made it pretty clear he was not going to be the person to initiate anything ... Which Paul supposed was to be expected.

He swallowed thickly and decided to go with the broadest and general searching term he could come up with: gay sex.

Oh...

Oh shit…

*~**~*

John rang the bell of an old, bright red-brick council house, and glanced through the window besides the bright white door, but couldn’t see anything, the flower-patterned curtains closed in preparation of the movie night. He didn’t have to wait long though, as within less than ten seconds he could hear the door unlocking, and it was yanked open forcefully.

“Why,” Ringo, his oldest friend - and the best, besides Stuart - greeted him, his lips spreading into a wide smile. “If it isn’t my favourite cock-sucker!” He beckoned John closer and pulled him into a warm brotherly hug. Even though John knew he should have expected this, he was still nearly choked to death as the man’s arms closed firmly around him with surprising strength, especially for such a small guy. Still, he did his best to hug the man back, although the position made it rather awkward now.

“Hey!” a voice behind Ringo called, and not a second later Ringo’s husband, one young George Starkey (née Harrison), appeared with a wild gaze in his eyes. “What about me?? I thought I was your favourite! Oh, hi John!”

“Hi,” John said dryly and waved his hand awkwardly as Ringo still refused to let go of him. George grinned back at him and winked, before turning back to Ringo, placing both hands on his hips.

“Just last night you-” he started, but Ringo quickly interrupted him before he had the chance to say anything more, and finally let go of John.

“Um, he’s right after you?” he tried, glancing back at his husband with a careful smile, and John took his chance to sneak past Ringo’s body, ducking under the man’s arms closed firmly around him with surprising strength, especially for such a small guy. Still, he did his best to hug the man back, although the position made it rather awkward now.

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“Hi,” John said dryly and waved his hand awkwardly as Ringo still refused to let go of him. George grinned back at him and winked, before turning back to Ringo, placing both hands on his hips.

“Just last night you-” he started, but Ringo quickly interrupted him before he had the chance to say anything more, and finally let go of John.

“Um, he’s right after you?” he tried, glancing back at his husband with a careful smile, and John took his chance to sneak past Ringo’s body, ducking under the man’s armpit and through the doorway, quietly apologising as he tiptoed into a small, narrow hallway, where he began to take off his shoes and coat.

George, however, was not yet satisfied with his husband’s answer and ignored John as he took a step closer to Ringo, his tongue darting out to lick at his bottom lip.

“I brought wine? Guys?” John watched with slight amusement as he took out said bottle from his shoulder bag to illustrate. Both of his friends gave him wide, absent-minded grins, before their attention returned to each other, giving each other that look, which told John all he needed to know.

Leaving the two alone - knowing very well where this was going, having bore witness to it more than once - he made his way towards the kitchen to put away the wine for later, and found a particularly lanky figure by the name of Klaus standing by kitchen counters, preparing the dip for the
“Hiya,” he greeted John with a thick German accent that was still audible in his voice after all this time. He had come to the UK as an exchange student and... had just never left. (It had been five years.) “What’s going on over there, then?”

“Our lovely couple’s marital status is probably about to change, or George is gonna demonstrate his blowjob skills right now,” John answered, grinning, and Klaus laughed. “Either way, I’d stay away from the hallway for a while if I were you.”

“Funny how only you need to appear to make it all seem like nothing has changed in five years or so.”

“It really, hasn’t, has it?” John chuckled, and seriously, there was nothing to dispute there. The only thing was different was... Well, Cynthia was missing from his side.

Stuart arrived in the middle of the marital crisis, with Astrid tugged under his armpit, making them appear like a disgustingly grotesque two-headed creature, with their equally short hair, Stuart’s dark hair contrasting sharply against Astrid’s blonde. John felt ugly and dirty looking at their picture-perfect beauty, and compensated for it by slipping a gift card into Stuart’s pocket when the lad wasn’t looking. If there was one rule in their group of friends, it was “no returning of presents” (invented solely by John).

At least the couple had brought popcorn, so John figured things could be worse. No movie night was complete without it, after all.

After a small explosion in the microwave that included popcorn and plastic, they gathered their food and went to take over the living room, where they found George and Ringo cuddled up together on the sofa, the crisis apparently subverted. Stuart sat down on the sofa next to them, and winced at the rather painful pressure that sitting on the not-so-soft pillows caused, making John feel glad he did not have to go through that himself right now.

“What are you doing there?” George asked with wide eyes as he tore his gaze away from his husband for a moment, much to Ringo’s dismay who had been playing with the buttons of the man’s shirt, while whispering things in his ear John was certain he didn’t want to know about. “That’s John’s place.”

“Oh, um,” John said as he slowly began to kneel down onto the floor, trying not to wince at the pain it created, “I’m taking the floor tonight.”

Taking care not to hurt himself more than necessary, he lay down on his stomach on the scruffy old rug and hugged a bowl of crisps close in his arms, leaning his chin on the edge of it. The floor wasn’t as uncomfortable as he had expected, the rug somehow offering more comfort that the couch did, especially now he was laying on his stomach.

It was a cute little room, with old cream-coloured wall paper, red carpeting and a nice bay window at the front of the room. It was old and needed some DIY, but nothing that he thought George and Ringo couldn’t do themselves. They had lived in the house for a year now, and understandably hadn’t had much time for renovating the place... The bathroom had been the first project, and John was glad his friends didn’t have to suffer from cold showers anymore.

There was also a large fireplace from the late 1800s, next to which a giant tv was placed with a curved screen - how they had managed to buy it was a mystery to John, but he was glad they had. It had probably taken up all of their money, but it was the most used object in the household, so it had
definitely been worth it. He didn’t think George and Ringo had a life outside the living room. Their very extensive DVD collection proved that.

From the living room you could easily see the kitchen, which had fortunately been “modernised” by the previous owners. That is, if you could call a kitchen from the 90s modern. At least it had everything they needed, and seeing as it was open-plan, it was easy to get food and drinks from there without missing anything that was happening on the tv.

John glanced back at the people on the couch; Astrid had sat herself on Stuart’s lap with a giggle, saying it was softer than the couch, which John guessed was true, and George and Ringo were staring at John with knowing expressions. John grinned back at them as he caught their eyes.

“Roland the Arse Destroyer came back.”

“The Roland!!” There were dramatic gasps and shouts from everyone, and then they all burst into laughter, Klaus almost dropping the bottle of coke he had been carrying from the kitchen, but catching it just in time.

“I hope you remembered to tell him hi from us.” Ringo snickered.

“You bet I did. He says hi back... And apologised in advance for any inconveniences.”

“He’s so nice... Always so polite and considering,” Klaus said, having settled into a bean bag besides the fireplace, his frail figure being swallowed by it. “He always remembers to tell us hi.”

“Yeah,” John chuckled. “But he just can’t help but destroy your arse. A blessed man. The world would be a much better place if we had more Rolands.”

Klaus, or rather the bean bag, hummed in agreement and took a sip from his drink. “And your arse would be permanently Out of Use, if that was the case.”

“Sometimes sacrifices have to be made for the good of mankind,” John sighed, waving his hand in the air vaguely. There was laughter around the room, before Stuart’s voice came out, muffled by Astrid’s shoulder.

“So, what are we watching today?”

“Napoléon ,” George and Ringo said at the same time. “From 1927.”

“Please tell me it’s not the six-hour version?”

“Of course it is! All the other versions are a cultural abomination. Besides, it’s the specially remastered version. Unseen scenes! It’ll be the best thing you’ll ever see in your entire life. And the ones after it.”

John groaned. He had wanted to see the movie before, and he definitely wanted to see it now, but his one bottle of wine wasn’t gonna be enough to survive the full six hours of it!

“We’ll order pizza when we’re mid-way through,” Ringo said, and everyone let out relieved sighs. “Don’t worry, you won’t be thinking about the length. It’s a masterpiece.”

“Much like your dick, then ,” Stuart said, and everyone chuckled. “Why do you guys never let us choose any of the films?”

“After John deciding on the Andalusian Dog? No fucking way.” Ringo shuddered at the memory
and reached for one of the many remotes, switching on the TV. The DVD was apparently already in, the cursor pointing at “Play”. “I adore movies… Unless they’re by Dali.”

“Now that was a masterpiece,” John said, satisfied with himself. “What did you expect from him?”

“Nothing less than eye-cutting and dead animals tied to pianos,” George said dryly, and pulled at Ringo’s earlobe with his teeth. “Go for it, love.”

Ringo pressed play, and John sighed. It was going to be a long night.

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Paul stared wide-eyed at his computer screen, completely frozen. He couldn’t believe he had actually decided to use that search term. He swiftly closed his browser, heart beating in his throat, but as soon as he had, he opened it again and typed in his search term once more, telling himself he was being ridiculous. There was no need to be embarrassed or ashamed of what he was doing. He was a grown man, sitting in his own flat, behind his own computer which he had bought with the money he made at his adult job! He wasn’t sixteen anymore... He didn’t need to hide or fear that his father or brother would walk in and catch him anymore, he was an adult, and he could look at this.

Pressing enter again, Paul stared at the first page of results, most of the websites being porn sites with lots of X’s in the titles and rude descriptions one could only find on porn sites, such as “twinks having hot lusty sex in shower”, “emo boy sucks dick”, “horny twink needs good fuck”, “gay stud received messy blowjob from straight man” or simply “nude yoga”. He frowned at the last one, but kept himself from clicking on it, knowing better than to trust relatively innocuous titles like that.

Instead, he clicked on to the next page, which was slightly more versatile. Besides the porn, there were some random news articles on gay sex or being gay in general, as well as a Wikipedia article on gay sex and two other sites, one of which was on sexual health and the other for... toys...

He clicked the wikipedia article, which, to his surprise, was relatively short. Just skimming through the text made his cheeks heat up and Paul shifted uncomfortably in his seat as his eyes ran over the text, the few explicit pictures and words such as “homosexuality”, “anal sex”, “frottage”, “bottom”, “fellatio”, and “urinary opening” burning in his mind.

There was also a section on health risks, but Paul decided he would leave that till a little later, thinking it was better to first get more familiar with the other aspects of it first before scaring himself by reading about STDs and whatnot.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled himself together and started reading from the start. He had already had a guy blow him ( twice!), so he figured he could deal with this too. Probably. Hopefully.

As he reached the end of the article, he was already more used to the words and images, though the burn in his cheeks had not yet gone away. Although interesting, the article had been rather clinical (which was kind of to be expected, seeing as it was a wikipedia article and not bloody pornhub or something) and only showed very basic information, though Paul was glad to note there were many different ways of having sex with a man - most of them similar as that with a woman, like John had said - and there was little pain involved for most men, which Paul had to admit was somewhat of a relief.

He wasn’t sure what he had expected, but so far he hadn’t been scarred for life. All in all, it had gone better than expected.

He clicked back to the Google search page and scrolled down until he found something that caught
his eyes - and wasn’t straight out porn or about homophobia (Paul didn’t need to read about that right
now, thank you very much). It was a site all about sex, sexuality, and sexual health, with resources
on not only general information, but also on the sex itself, that is, the positions, oral sex, non-
penetrative sex, but also simply kissing, and touching, and masturbation. It explained what it was,
how to do it, and little points to keep in mind in terms of not only health but also safely without
trying to traumatise you.

It was a neat, informative website without any rude pictures or descriptions. It wasn’t clinical, but it
wasn’t smutty either, and it was easy to understand. It was generally a nice and positive site and Paul
already felt much better looking through it. There were images as well, showing how things worked,
and they weren’t pornographic but informative without feeling like he was at the doctor’s office. It
offered Paul enough distance to look through it without too much embarrassment.

Moreover ... he actually found himself interested in some of the things he read.

As he skimmed through everything, clicking from page to page, he also came by a list of kinks and
fetishes, as well as a link to a shop for sex toys, and before Paul knew what he was doing, he had
clicked on it.

Most things he was somewhat familiar with from his past girlfriends or pornography he’d watched
and read, so at first it didn’t appear too bad - after all he had had enough experiences with girls, so he
wasn’t completely naive.

Before, he had only went through toys and outfits meant for women, but now he headed for the
“men’s” section. He glanced at the link that would show him all toys , and decided to look through
the outfits first, curiosity boiling in his stomach. He didn’t feel he was ready to see the toys yet, and
imagine using them on someone else… or himself.

He clicked on the page for outfits, and his heart dropped into the pit of his stomach. His breath
stocked and his body tensed up as his eyes drank in the sight. No - no, it couldn’t -

Bloody hell-

Right there, on the first page, eyes challenging and black, expression unforgiving, his posture daring
and inviting at the same time... was John, in the most sinful leather outfit Paul had ever seen...

Well... fuck .

Fuck his life and everything having to do with it.

*~**~*

After the first two hours, a pee break was assigned, and John ended up talking with George and
Ringo in the kitchen, sipping his second glass of wine. He would stop after the third, since tomorrow
was a work night anyway, and he silently mourned for the lost weekends that his job had brought.
No chances at getting properly shit-faced drunk with friends anymore with a schedule like his…
Usually he had Sundays and Wednesdays off, and then once a month he had a long weekend, just to
recover both physically and mentally... It would still be three weeks until then, though.

George and Ringo were gushing about the film, the special remastered version waking up their
Sophisticated Hearts. The original film had come out in 1927, and it had been released in both a
silent and spoken version, the latter of which had been overdubbed after the filming, since the
“talkies” had just started to gain ground in the film industry. However, many thought that the silent
version was better, and so George and Ringo had chosen that one now as well.
“John,” Ringo said, suddenly stopping George in middle of his sentence, while John had been hiding gift cards behind the dishes that rested on the counter. He quickly flipped himself around and grinned innocently (or as innocently as he could) as he stuffed the rest of the cards back into his back pocket to spread them around later.

“Yeah?” he asked, and George appeared confused as well, his mouth hanging open from having had to stop his gushing about Napoleon’s actor being slightly off-key with his hair mid-word.

“You haven’t seen this one guy at the brothel by any chance, have you?” Ringo asked, his eyebrows raised. As if on cue, George’s head flipped around to look at John as well, his gaze surprisingly hungry, and John frowned at the sight.

“Depends on who you mean,” he said, scratching his cheek, taking another sip of his drink. “Someone who’s been with me or-?”

“No, no,” Ringo said, and George chuckled, muttering an amused “heavens, no” at that as he bit down on his bottom lip, apparently finding the suggestion very funny for some reason. “He’s a friend of ours... Said that he had been with a girl, I think it’s twice now, and that she apparently gives great head, and has no gag reflex.”

“Oh,” John said, thinking very hard. “That’s many girls. I don’t really notice anyone who doesn’t come to me, y’know.”

Except Paul, but, well, Paul was the exception. Paul had been different right from the start with his looks. The lad would get anyone’s attention. John had noticed him right away, and there had been something distinctly familiar about the man, as well. John wondered whether he had seen him before somewhere, which was entirely possible, seeing as they were both fellow Scousers.

“Oh, pity,” George said, shrugging. “It would’ve been nice to hear about the girl he was with, seeing as he won’t say anything. Prude.”

“I can give you detailed facts about all of them, though,” John suggested, and wriggled his eyebrows with a grin as he pushed a gift card under the empty bag of crisps behind his back unnoticed. George and Ringo both chuckled, but shook their heads. It was scary how in sync they could be.

“No thanks. But, um, we er... kind of gave him all our gift cards.”

If the two had expected John to spit fire on them, they were wrong. He started laughing, thinking about the pile that was waiting at his place to be distributed amongst his friends. (He had been collecting them for years.)

“Hahah, that’s marvellous, mate,” he snickered, and when they looked at him in confusion, he added, “Really! At least they’ll be used at some point.”

George and Ringo laughed as well, and they clinked their glasses together for a small toast.

“Well, if you ever see someone paying suspiciously with gift cards all the time, that’s probably our guy.” George winked, and John’s mind hazily brought up Paul’s face before he laughed, nodding.

He wondered where Paul had got his two gift cards from. Probably as gifts through friends who didn’t want to keep them... John’s friends probably weren’t the only ones who suffered from having a prostitute as a friend.

There was a simple reason for giving away gift cards: more often than not, the people who ended up coming to the brothel came again, and by that time they would be paying customers. It was quite
genius, John had to admit. Having worked at the Rusty Pipe for six years had blessed him with quite a collection.

“Okay, let’s continue!” Ringo said and turned towards the living room, George’s hand sneaking around his waist. “One hour and we’ll have pizza.”

“Thank God!” John groaned, went towards the fridge, and took a slice of cheese while leaving a gift card behind the milk. Then he joined the others, flopping down on the pillows that had been laid out for him at some point, out of pure love (and the possibility to take cute photos of him, buried amongst the pillows).

*~**~*

Paul felt his throat tighten as he stared at the photo before him. It was John, there was no mistake to be made there. Paul could easily recognise those dark almond eyes, and the mischievous look he found in them; the roman nose; the strong angular structure of his face. He recognised those broad shoulders; the almost hairless, pale skin; and the slight hint of a taut stomach.

He was modelling some kind of leather gear, probably used for BDSM - or so Paul suspected, though his knowledge on the subject was too limited to know for sure. At first sight, the whole thing looked like an intricate contraption of leather, straps, rings, sheer fabric and various locks, but on closer inspection Paul saw most of it was for decoration, rather than serving any real function.

He was also wearing a very dark pair of tight leather trousers, with a leather harness clasped over his chest, the straps just covering his nipples and little else. If anything, it only seemed to accentuate all the right angles and places, and Paul swallowed thickly at the sight before he carefully scrolled further down... only to see more outfits, worn not only by John, but other models as well.

One picture caught Paul’s eye in particular: John was wearing what looked like a velvet pair of highwaisted shorts with a white dress shirt and another different harness on top of it. He got lost into the photo, and managed to tear his eyes away only to look at the next one.

It wasn’t until he saw John in only a pair of leather panties with a shirt of leather straps above it - though it only covered the lower part of his upper body, the straps stopping under his chest - that he realised he was semi-erect. But he couldn’t look away...

The photos, however, continued, and eventually Paul’s gaze drifted further down. He didn’t know how many products this particular site had on sale, but it were a lot, and Paul couldn’t help but stare at them all. His prick was pushing against the confines of his jeans, and his head was spinning from all the images and thoughts that entered his mind, the pictures merging with his memories of his sessions with the man. Paul knew he would never be able to tell himself he didn’t find men attractive now - his erection was sufficient proof of that.

Swallowing thickly, he looked down at himself and considered what to do about his “little issue”. He hadn’t masturbated at all since he had gone to see John the first time, having feared certain thoughts would enter his mind, but now... if he was really attracted to guys... he might as well, right? He shouldn’t feel weird about thinking about men if they were to pop up - which most likely they would. If he was bisexual, then he could think about men, right? That was kind of the point...

He bit his lip as he glanced up at his computer screen again and let out a strangled groan at the way John was looking at him. So challenging, strong, _manly_, even when he was wearing lacy underwear and a pair of fake-ripped stockings and his chest was covered by nothing but a few straps of leather.

There was _nothing_ feminine or girly about him, and Paul felt his cock twitch impatiently in the
confines of his jeans. It had been so long... he was so hard.. and John was hot ... and with everything he had been reading today... it wasn’t strange he was feeling the way he did. It was only logical.

He needed to touch himself.

As soon as his hand dropped to his crotch, however, his fingers firmly squeezing himself through the material, Paul jerked up and pulled his hand away again with a helpless whine. He couldn’t do it. It felt good, and yet so strange to wank off to pictures of John, of a man - a man he knew ... It felt weird and wrong and Paul couldn’t. fucking. do. it.

He forced himself to close his browser and turned off his computer, deciding his mind had had enough for today, and walked towards the bathroom to take a nice cold shower. That would help him. He wasn’t going to wank off to John like that... It would’ve been too weird.

He quickly stripped off his clothes and turned the shower on, turning down the temperature so it would be cold enough to get rid off his erection, while not freezing himself to death. He ignored his prick the best as he could - hissing as he took off his underwear, the material grazing his erection just right - and shivered as he stepped under the stream. It was cold, so blood-chillingly cold, but Paul pushed on and quickly started washing his hair as he willed his erection to go down.

He moved as quickly as he could to limit his time under the cold shower as much as possible. He hated cold showers, but he couldn’t masturbate to those pictures.

Which reminded him he probably should start thinking of something else.

Like... like... like what he was going to do tomorrow for his classes. He also still needed to grade one girl’s presentation. It had been a few days since she had done it and he barely remembered anything about it, his mind having been elsewhere, but he figured he could just give her a B, since it didn’t really matter too much in the end.

John in high heels and leather shorts, staring at the camera, a finger touching his lower lip.

He also figured he would have to give his parents a call sometime soon, seeing as he hadn’t spoken to them for almost a month now, which he knew his mother found unacceptable. He hadn’t seen his brother Mike in a while either, and he wondered how the wannabe-photographer was doing.

John with his hands cuffed behind his back, gaze burning, a smirk on his lips, a half-erection visible in the front of his trousers.

Perhaps photography hadn’t been the best thing to think about right now.

John with a ciggy dangling from his lips, cock almost spilling out of his tiny undies, shirt half-open, legs covered in thigh-high leather boots with 5 inch heels.

He wondered if he still had enough milk in the fridge. He wasn’t sure when he had last done any proper grocery shopping, and it would be a real pity to wake up one day and find there was no milk in the fridge for his tea. At least he still had some ice-cream in the freezer, as well as two pizzas, so he would be able to eat for a few days more.

“I want you to come on me.”

Yes, he would have to call his dad and get some groceries soon. Oh, and the girl’s presentation…

John, presenting himself to him, mouth agape, cheeks flushed, frown on his forehead, cock hard and heavy as it lay on his stomach, hands twisted and bound together with robe.
He dragged himself out of the shower and got dressed into his pyjamas, pulling on a warm sweater and two pairs of thick woolen socks with it as he wrapped a woolen blanket around himself for some extra warmth as he climbed into bed. He should get to sleep. Yes. Sleep was good.

John on his knees, eyes meeting Paul’s, face stuffed full of Paul’s cock, angelic and filthy at the same time, gorgeous, the most beautiful sight Paul had ever seen.

He switched off the lights and pulled the covers up over his head, staring at the darkness, and still those thoughts of John kept plaguing him, not letting him have as much as a moment’s rest. No matter what he tried, he could not expel John’s smooth, well-crafted face from his mind.

*~**~*

John’s mouth was stuffed full of pizza, and he hummed blissfully as he enjoyed every last bit of it. Seriously, there was nothing better than a double pepperoni pizza with ham, onions and green peppers...

Lying on the floor had begun to hurt his back some 30 minutes ago, and now he was sitting on top of several pillows, legs crossed and a warm carton box of pizza in his lap.

Stuart, too, was complaining about his aching back, letting out occasional groans and moans as he shifted constantly in his seat, much to everyone’s annoyance, but especially Astrid’s, who still refused to leave his side… or lap, John supposed. He had to admit that watching a six-hour long movie on George and Ringo’s hellish couch wasn’t very fun, especially when you were squished against it by your girlfriend.

For some reason, George and Ringo themselves didn’t seem affected at all. But then again, they spent all their free time cuddled up on that bloody thing, so their skin had most likely produced some kind of a hard callous of at least half an inch thick to protect their bones and muscles.

“Remind me why we choose to do this again?” Stuart sighed as he once again shifted on the couch so he was sitting up more, and Ringo hushed him with a frown, his eyes never leaving the tv screen. John was watching it with interest as well - it was, after all, a classic, and the quality of the movie was gorgeous.

“Wasn’t it that they recorded the soundtrack completely again for this?” John asked, and George hummed in confirmation. John nodded to himself, hoping that they could have similar restored versions of every mute film there existed.

“I still would’ve preferred Indiana Jones,” Klaus called from where he had disappeared into the bean bag, and the occasional comments were the only thing that told the others he had not yet fallen into another dimension. The others chuckled at him, and returned their attention to the film, Napoleon’s hair still slightly off-key, now not just in George’s, but everyone’s opinion.

No one spoke as they finished their pizzas, and even Stuart managed to stay still for longer than ten minutes and watch the movie without complaint, the pizza being good enough to make sure of that. Eventually, though, they all heard a dull groan coming from the beanbag. A few seconds passed until they heard Klaus’s voice.

“...C-can somebody help me up?” the disembodied voice asked.

Astrid shook her head and clamped down on Stuart a little tighter, rendering him incapable of moving without her permission, since he was still very much buried underneath her. George and Ringo looked at each other calculatingly before returning their gaze on the movie, ignoring their
friend, neither feeling much for getting up and leaving the other.

“Really, guys, I need to pee,” the beanbag whined, and John sighed, already knowing where this was going.

“Why is it always me,” he moaned in a tired voice and dragged himself up. His joints were aching, and he glanced at the clock. One hour left to go. The movie was fantastic - there was no denying that. But... it was long. And fantastic. But long.

“Let’s have a small break,” Astrid suggested and picked up the empty bowl that had been resting on her stomach, shoving it into John’s general direction. “I want more popcorn.”

“Yes! Of course, I can make some for you, Princess,” John said as took the bowl and walked towards the beanbag and leaned down to grab a hold of Klaus’ arm. “I’m up now anyway.”

“You’re such an angel, John,” Astrid said with a smile as John yanked and Klaus appeared. They both almost fell down onto the floor because of the force with which John had pulled at the man’s small frame, and the plastic bowl clattered onto the floor as he dropped it.

“I know, love,” John replied and winked, letting go of Klaus’ hand to leaned down and pick up the empty plastic bowl. Klaus staggered towards the loo with a groan, rubbing his back, and John followed him into the kitchen.

“Right, a pure, innocent angel,” Stuart said, laughing, and slapped him right on his backside as John passed the couch, without holding back any force. Pain shot down John’s backside and he cursed violently as he grabbed at his butt with his free hand, rubbing it in the hope to soothe it, the bowl falling onto the ground for the second time that evening.

“Bloody fucking fuck-” John hissed, a violent jerk going through him all the way from his arse to his fingertips.

“Oops! Sorry, John. I forgot-”

“Did you have to??” John turned to look at Stuart, biting back tears at the pain that ebbed through his body. Stuart had the decency to at least look apologetic, even though all the others were holding back a laugh. “Knob head.”

Lifted up the bowl again, John dragged himself into the kitchen with laughter echoing around him, swearing under his breath and contemplating whether or not he ought to just keep all the popcorn to himself.

*~**~*

Paul stubbornly tried to ignore the tantalising images that flashed before his eyes and focused on other things as he kept his eyes firmly closed, hoping to fall asleep soon. John, however, kept popping up, wearing various outfits, all of which looked extremely good on him, and which, with each passing moment, became more and more revealing, and Paul found it harder and harder to restrain himself.

He tried to think of a dog he had seen a few days ago on his way to work, and his aunt’s last birthday party, which had been extremely boring, and even tried to remember all those fantastic scenes from his favourite movies, but no matter what he tried, it just wouldn’t work. John kept popping up, looking irresistible as he whispered things in Paul’s ears, telling him to go on and touch himself, and Paul so badly wanted to give into John.
But he couldn’t.

He wouldn’t.

Stubbornly, he rolled over onto his stomach and lay on his hands, but it appeared his body had a mind of its own, as he still found his left hand sneaking closer and closer to his crotch as he remembered the way John’s strong, muscular thighs had looked in those stockings... and the way the leather straps had been pulled tight over John’s skin... He could see him kneeling in front of him, wearing those clothes, his hands locked in front of him with a pair of handcuffs, his mouth open as he looked expectantly up at Paul - and in the end, Paul couldn’t take it.

He whined into his pillow and bit down into it as he slipped a hand into his pyjama bottoms, letting his fingers run up and down his length before taking a proper hold of himself. He hissed at the touch, his body shivering with pleasure, and moaned as he started stroking himself, imaging it was John’s hand touching him instead of his own.

His hips buckled into his fist as he remembered the way John had jerked him off last Monday, the way his fingers had felt against his flesh, his body hot and firm under him, his breath burning and heavy as it ghosted over his ear.

It felt good - John had felt good - and Paul wanted more. He stroked himself with deliberate and calculated strokes as he imaged John in those clothes; the way the nylon of his stockings would feel against Paul’s skin as he would sit in his lap like last time; the way the leather would feel against his fingers as he would touch John... It didn’t take long at all for him to become fully erect, not to mention to get close to orgasming.

Paul didn’t try to prolong it. He kept his movements firm and tight and started rocking his hips into the mattress at the same rhythm, fucking his fist, chasing his orgasm. He felt it approaching and he let out a breathy curse aimed at John.

He wasn’t sure what the other man had done to him, but it had been bad.

“Fuck... John…” he moaned, tightening his hold on himself, and sped up his thrusts, feeling his orgasm roll in the bottom of his stomach, mere seconds away. He called up the images he had seen today freely now, letting them pour into his mind, keeping them there as his hand moved back and forth, the slick sound it produced filling the heavy air around him.

John was encouraging him, urging him on with breathy whispers as he stroked him, telling Paul how handsome he looked when he was like this, telling him to let go, telling him to come, telling him he wanted Paul to come.

Paul bit down his lips, nodding into his pillow and gasped out John’s name over and over again as he stroked himself faster until he was just a pull or two away. He was so close, his cock throbbing painfully in his hand.

“John…” he moaned again, his voice almost inaudible as it came out muffled due to his pillow, and then the imaginary John pulled back, and looked right through Paul with those almond eyes of his, and Paul lost it and came, shooting cum all over his hand and into the mattress, his hips never stilling.

“Fuck me,” he groaned as he came down from his high, turning his head so he was looking at the wall. His throat was burning and he caught his breath as tried to remember if he had ever come so hard by his own hand.

He was royally fucked, now.
By the time the movie ended, John was the only one who still seemed to be somewhat awake and aware of what had happened on the screen during the last half an hour. Stuart and Astrid were dozing against each other, both half-asleep, their glazed eyes following the movie while their real attention seemed to be elsewhere. Astrid's legs had slid down from where they had been resting on top of Stuart’s thighs, slotting completely between his knees now. With George and Ringo having their never-ending cuddling as well, the sofa was the epitome of “An Ideal Relationship”.

John tried not to feel a small pang of guilt and longing in his chest when he remembered the time he had had it as good as them. Cynthia had been every man’s dream, but unfortunately John’s job had never agreed with her... Or, rather, she had never agreed with his job. He didn’t really miss her - if she couldn’t accept it, John did not want to be in that kind of relationship, and the jealousy and suspicion had been anything but pleasant - but... he did miss the cuddling that being in a relationship brought. He missed the closeness, the intimacy. He had enough sex at work, but cuddling, that was something.

At least Roland had spent 30 minutes of his two-hour session for just lying comfortably next to John while John caught his breath.

John pushed himself on his knees with a groan, his back letting out a terrible pop. Really, he was going to have to carry The Sign for real tomorrow. He felt like he wouldn’t be able to do anything physical with anything but his mouth for a while.

“So, guys,” he started, his voice more cheerful than what was appropriate at this hour, “how was the movie??”

There were some appreciative groans from the other people in the room. Klaus appeared to have vanished, although John knew the man had sat back into the bean bag about an hour ago. Hmm. Astrid started distancing herself from Stuart, and Stuart had the face of someone who had been squished against something angelic and some sort of a torture machine, both at the same time.

“John, I swear to God, if you dare to look this bright and alive at this hour-” Ringo moaned and started pushing George off him. The younger man complied easily enough, stretching and yawning with a rather terrible sounding crack from his shoulders, which made his whole body jerk.

John raised his eyebrows, smiling at George’s grimace of pain, and shrugged.

“Part of the job. So, are we gonna clean up now, or-”

“Tomorrow, tomorrow,” Ringo said, waving his hand dismissively as he turned up his nose in disgust at the mere suggestion. “Those who want to stay can sleep between me and George on the bed, the others are required to get out now.”

John, knowing well that the invitation to the couple’s bed was meant for him and him alone, turned to shoo Stuart and Astrid away while George cautiously approached the bean bag on his tiptoes.

“Think he’s still alive?” he asked in a staged whisper, and the others chuckled. Astrid entwined her fingers with Stuart's and started pulling him towards the front door, the man apparently unable to do anything on his own accord. John smiled at them fondly and turned towards the bean bag.

“Maybe we can just leave him be for now. If the bean bag starts smelling in a week, we can always throw it from the balcony,” he suggested, and George looked slightly aghast at the proposition.

In the end, they opted for rolling the bean bag over, and voilà, the limb twig that was sometimes
known as Klaus rolled out. He was fast asleep, and even though Ringo didn’t think there was anything wrong with letting him sleep on the floor, George insisted they’d at least lift him onto the couch and throw a blanket over him. They knew for a fact that Klaus had nothing planned the next day, since being a freelance artist gave him free time in a way that was unfamiliar to the others. So, if he were to sleep over at George and Ringo’s flat, it wouldn’t really hurt him in any way. Except physically, since he was to spend the night on the God-forsaken, bone-cracking couch from hell.

With John’s help, they managed to lift him up, and John stuffed a couple more thin pillows under him out of pure pity. George and Ringo didn’t seem concerned at all, but then again, they had to be made out of rock.

After that they said their goodbyes to Stuart and Astrid, who made them promise that next week’s movie would be as good as this, and at least three hours shorter, to which George and Ringo half-heartedly agreed. Stuart whispered another small apology into John’s ear as he hugged him goodbye, and promised to buy him a drink the next time they’d go out together to make it up to him. John wouldn’t forget.

Silence fell over the flat once the others had left, and Ringo scrambled into a small cupboard to find John’s Extra-Soft-and-Special pillow, which he always used when he would spend the night, which had to be at least a few times a month. John smiled at him thankfully as Ringo placed it between the other two pillows on the bed, and without another word, the three of them stripped down to their underwear and slid into the large king-sized bed together in that same familiar way as they had been doing for years now.

Flopping down on his face, John let out a soft sigh, enjoying the softness of George and Ringo’s surprisingly comfortable bed, especially in comparison to the Couch of Death. He felt Ringo’s familiar weight settle down beside him on the right side of the bed, and then George jumped in on the other side, and together they relaxed, George’s arm pressing comfortably against John’s.

He lay awake for a while, listening to the soft, comforting sounds of George’s and Ringo’s breathing, hearing it get deeper and deeper as they drifted off to sleep at almost the exact same time. John, himself, wouldn’t be able to sleep for a few hours yet, seeing as he always had trouble falling asleep this early - it being only 1 am - but he relished the feeling of someone lying beside him, touching him, not expecting anything, but just being there and loving John for who he really was.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! We’ll work on the next chapter asap and hope to bring it to you sooner than later. We also hope that it won’t be too long. We’re also working on our own individual fics, so maybe you’ll see one of those popping up at some point (at least from Puck.... not CJD................... sob)

Find us from tumblr at imaginebeatles and chutjedors... you’ll find quality content over there ;) (or not. you've been warned)

We would also like to announce that we have now come up with a plot! yey. it's not gonna be just sex. the plot is kinda.... between the smut scenes.

Till next time, beatle people! Cheers!~
Against all odds and expectations, Paul woke up the following day feeling remarkably at peace with himself. Despite the uncomfortable feeling of dried out cum crackling on his belly and thighs as he moved to get up - sleep had overtaken him almost immediately after his orgasm, leaving him no chance to clean himself up beforehand - he wasn’t freaked out by the memory of what he had done, which he had half expected.

He frowned down at himself as he sat on the edge of the bed, but found no shame or embarrassment crawling around inside of him, unlike previous days. He felt slightly weird at having masturbated to the thought of a prostitute, but he assigned that to the fact that John was the only man he had ever had sexual feelings for, so it wasn’t odd for him to picture him in his fantasies. And besides, he was probably not the first to do that, and he definitely wouldn’t be the last... Providing sexual pleasure was what prostitutes were there for, after all.

As for the fact that he had masturbated to the thought of another man, however... he felt strangely calm at the thought.

Deciding not to give it too much thought - after all, he greatly preferred this to the intense feeling of shame and confusion he had felt before - he got up and took a long shower to clean himself, making sure he scrubbed off every last dried out drop of sin (he imagined that in the voice of Frollo from *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*), before getting dressed, having a quick breakfast, and making his way to work on the bus.

At school his mind barely drifted and he found it easy to focus on his work for once. It was a nice change from the stress and inappropriately sexual intrusive thoughts from last week and Paul was glad to be relieved of that bit of mental torture. In fact, John did not pop up in his mind at all, the only thoughts that would occasionally come to him being of what he had read the previous evening on the internet. It seemed that going back had indeed helped - even though Paul had spectacularly failed at getting himself a girl as he had originally intended. Now John seemed to be a small, hazy presence in the back of his mind, constantly grinning at him, but not to the extent that it was bothering Paul in his work.

There was one thought, though, that kept popping up and that he just couldn’t push away.
Was he really bisexual?

He wasn’t sure how he felt about that question, but finally, during the music lesson where about a third of the class sang in the right key and the rest were somewhere not even near it, he decided that, in the end, it didn’t matter too much. It was clear he had at least some interest in men, and he didn’t doubt his feelings towards women had been ingenuous. Were genuine!

Still, the thought made him giggle silently in his fist, and he forced the thoughts away to focus instead on the class before him, and on the song that would soon end in a high note, i.e some really loud screaming from one part of the class that no one in their right mind would ever classify as singing, apart from, as it appeared, primary school teachers.

The following days weren’t that different. Teaching went more easily now that he could keep his mind on the subject, and the children seemed to notice his improved mindset as well, being more excited and outgoing again. The fact that the weather was clearing and the children could play outside again without coming back shivering from the cold and their noses a light blue, only added to their enthusiasm.

Even Peter didn’t tease him anymore, having little ammunition now that Paul didn’t feel like he was on the verge of having a mental breakdown anymore. He had tried so once, when they had run into each other at the end of the school day. He had made some suggestive comments, but Paul had been able to brush them off with ease, though he doubted Peter believed him when he had told him he didn’t have a girlfriend.

He wasn’t sure why, but that masturbation session had really helped him. Not only had it evidently released a lot of stress that had been building up inside him, but it had also released something he had subconsciously been pushing back without ever noticing for God knows how long. It made him wonder if he had been attracted to a guy before and just hadn’t realised it, but no matter how much he raked his brain, no one came to mind. (Maybe John was - in his own words - just that good?) Paul wasn’t sure if this was normal or not, but he didn’t care much either. For now, he felt better. Wasn’t that the most important thing?

In the evenings he would crawl up onto the couch with his laptop, blanket thrown over himself with some stupid television series with little to no plot playing in the background, and he searched the internet, just generally reading up on things in the hopes of soothing his curiosity; maybe if he were to use the internet he would never have to go back to the brothel again. Which would also mean no more intrusive phone calls from George, which so far he had managed to ignore.

Still, he found himself wanting to go back, even after having masturbated a second time in the shower after having clicked on a gay porn site just out of curiosity... and John, the bloody bastard, kept persistently coming back to him. He still felt weird about it, though, paying someone for sex (even if he did use gift cards), and although it had opened many doors for him now - though he wasn’t yet certain which ones he wanted open, if not now then later, and which ones would stay closed forever - he would prefer not to go there again.

He didn’t need to pay for sex. He could do better than that if he felt like sleeping with someone. And besides, he had been fine on his own before the ordeal with George’s stupid giftcard - he still remembered his parents’ horrified expressions when he had opened it.

(Granted, George had told him to open it in private, but come on! who the hell gave their best mate a fucking gift card to a fucking whore house anyway?!) He still found himself attracted to girls. He had made sure to check that, and he had passed plenty of pretty ones in the street that had caught his eye. He had watched an amateur porn video as well, and
it had been the girl that had truly done it for him.

The gay porn, on the other hand, had been... interesting. It had awakened something inside of him he hadn’t known was there, and it felt nice to watch a video in which the guy was actually good-looking, but he had felt odd watching it. For so long he had never thought he would ever be interested in that, and just seeing what some of the guys did... frankly, it scared him, some of the things looking highly improbable or just blatantly painful and unpleasurable.

But… there had been one vid with two guys having fun with a pair of handcuffs - he had only clicked on it because he had heard John’s voice in his head again, whispering stuff about handcuffs - that Paul had been unable to look away from and what had ultimately led to his prolonged shower.

Still, when Saturday rolled around and Paul had finished cleaning his apartment - he liked not tripping over dirty clothes, plates and mugs, and, as he often walked around bare-footed, a clean floor was of the utmost importance - and had sat himself down with his laptop again, he couldn’t help but think about John again and wonder. What would it be like to do all those things he had seen and read about? And what else was there that John could show him..?

Subconsciously, Paul’s eyes drifted to his desk, and more specifically his desk drawer, where he had put all the gift cards George had dropped off - the guy hadn’t mentioned anything about it, but Paul was certain it was him. His cock gave a little excited twitch as Paul thought of going again, of seeing John, but he knew he shouldn’t. If he wanted to have sex with someone that badly, he could just head down to the pub or a club somewhere and find someone, but… it didn’t really have the same appeal. For some reason... he just wanted to see John. It was because he was Gay as hell and John was hot

With John it was quick and simple and hot without any real effort and worries. But he couldn’t! He was young and handsome and charming! He didn’t need to have sex with some prostitute! He was probably over-exposed; he had been reading and seeing too much of it and now his mind couldn’t think of anything but - it couldn’t be healthy.

He forced himself to look away, and closed his browser, deciding on a completely sex-free weekend. He opened a game of solitaire and watched trash tv from the corner of his eye as he played, and for a while he actually forgot about it. He even went for a run - something he hadn’t done since he had started his new job, but always had in university, and figured he’d better start doing again if he wanted to stay fit. Besides, the exercise and fresh air would empty his mind.

And it did!

...For a while.

He had been running for a good 30 minutes, when he ended up behind a very attractive young man, and found his eyes lowering to the man’s arse, which was wiggling nicely in his sweatpants.

Paul almost tripped at the sight, quickly changed his route to escape the enticing view, and ran.

He hadn’t gone far or another hot guy came into view, smiling at him as he noticed Paul looking. Oh, Christ.

Paul quickly averted his gaze, did a u-turn and dashed through the park with his eyes down until he came across more private spot, where he rested for a second, leaning with his back against a large oak tree as he caught his breath. Suddenly the whole world seemed to be filled with fit guys! How had he never noticed?

He had been coming to this park for years and never before had this happened. He felt giddy, his
hard pounding - and not just from the exercises - and he started chuckling to himself. Had he always been checking out guys, but just never noticed it?

Once back home, drenched in sweat, having run for another forty minutes after his brief stop, his eyes landed almost immediately on his desk drawer. His mouth felt dry as sand as he stared at it, and, taking a deep breath, he slowly walked over to it, before pulling the drawer open and taking out one of the gift cards with trembling hands. The memory of that one guy’s arse came back to him, as well as John’s breathy promise to bring handcuffs.

Paul knew he was done for.

And really... so what? It was only logical he might want to experiment, wasn’t it? To explore this newly-found side of himself? What harm was there in it?

Cursing, he closed the drawer and laid down the gift card beside the little bowl where he kept his keys, and went to take a much-needed shower. John had him hooked.

It was around 10 o’clock by the time Paul left his flat. He refused to go out any earlier than that, not wanting to be seen going to a brothel in what was essentially still broad daylight in his opinion - even if the actual daylight was already non-existent at this point. The gift card was burning a hole in the back pocket of his slacks as Paul sat on the bus, nervously tapping his foot; he didn’t know why he had changed out of his regular jeans and into something nicer, but he had.

He couldn’t believe he was going again, to see John again, even after having told himself several times he would not go back. He used to have great self-control, but that seemed to have vanished! (Perhaps it had flown out of the window along with his heterosexuality?)

He sighed deeply and stared out of the window into the dark cold night, his nerves growing with every passing second. It felt different going to see John now, with the actual intention of sleeping with the man... especially after all he had read. There was no pretending now.

He wondered if John thought about him too sometimes. Or if was Paul just another face to him, another client to please? He couldn’t be the first supposedly straight guy this had happened to. Did John think it was amusing? Did he expect him to come back? Did this mean Paul was a regular now? How embarrassing would that be? 24 years old and already a regular to a goddamn brothel… That doesn’t bode well for the future...

He nearly forgot to get out at the right stop, but managed to push the red button just in time and scrambled up to make his way out of the bus and into the night without making the other passengers wait any longer than what was absolutely necessary. It was still a bit of a walk to the brothel - he never got out at the nearest stop - but Paul relished the fresh, cold air as he walked, and swallowed thickly as he caught sight of the brothel’s name again.

Oh boy… Here he was again...

Taking a deep breath, he pushed the door open and stepped inside the now-familiar building.

It was busier today than previously, meaning that the bar-area was almost empty, and Paul looked nervously around the room, searching for the familiar head of auburn hair. The same girl as before came over to him, all smiles and coy looks, and he handed her his gift card, leaving her to deal with it.

Finally he found John sitting - or lounging more like - on a large Victorian green-coloured sofa, sprawled out over it like a spoiled prince, a bright red drink in his hand. He was wearing leather...
again, though the straps over his chest were arranged differently from the previous two times, and immediately Paul’s mind was drawn back to the images he had seen of him on the internet.

John looked as handsome as ever, and Paul’s breath caught in his throat as he realised he was going to have sex with that man. He had come here for that, and only that. To have sex with that man.

John’s eyes met his, a glint of glee waking in his gaze, and Paul hastily looked away.

Swallowing thickly, he felt lost as the girl finished her business with him, feeling unsure of how to act or what to do next. Unlike the last two times, he knew what he wanted, who he wanted, but he wasn’t sure how to actually get him... Should he just go up and talk to John?

Not feeling like he had enough courage for that yet, he decided to head to the bar as per usual and ordered a drink (same as always), even though he didn’t have any intention of actually drinking it. Sitting down, he took a tiny sip from it anyway, and laid his coat down over the bar.

His throat felt so dry he could not get much of the burning alcohol down, and he waited anxiously as he tried to breathe normally, ignoring the slight tremor in his hand.

You are going to be fine, he told himself, and tried to take another sip as he glanced up at the sofa again, only to see John had vanished.

“Well, hello,” a lazy voice murmured right into his ear, and Paul jumped in alarm, his head spinning around. The sudden movement caused him to almost lose his balance, but John’s hand was there to catch him just in time before he would tumble onto the floor.

“Steady on, mate,” John warned, a smile spreading on his lips as their gazes met, Paul’s wide eyes meeting John’s amused ones.

“You startled me,” Paul said in an accusatory tone, quickly pulling his arm free from John’s grip. His stomach churned pleasantly at the way John was smiling at him, his eyes flickering with excitement, which only added to Paul’s nervosity. The man looked gorgeous - like Paul had known he would, but he hadn’t really been mentally prepared for this sight again.

He shyly looked away with a small smile and reached for his drink again - suddenly thirsty - while John swung himself onto the bar stool next to him.

“And er... hi.” Paul cursed himself for being such a fool. He wasn’t some kind of nervous virgin, for fuck’s sake. He had done this before! He shouldn’t be this flustered.

And yet, Paul found it hard not to be, with the way John was looking at him, smug, as if he already knew what Paul wanted. On the other hand, though, it probably wasn’t a hard guess. But he couldn’t let John think he was some kind of coward - he knew what he wanted, he just needed to ask for it, and although the words were right there, on the tip of his tongue, they would not leave his mouth.

“So,” John grinned and wriggled in his seat, settling more comfortably on the stool into another position that Paul would have thought to be impossible, if he did not witness it with his own two eyes. He held his red drink in his left hand, resting with his right on the bar, and Paul caught a strong whiff of strawberries, making him wonder whether it was just his imagination, or if someone like John would really drink a strawberry cocktail? “How was your week?”

Paul could not help but chuckle at the question. It sounded absurdly normal in this context, with the thoughts that were on his mind, and the things he and John were ultimately about to do. He appreciated the attempt anyway and nodded politely as he took another small sip, liking the sense of normalcy John’s question gave to the whole situation.
“It was fine,” he answered, still smiling, and felt himself slowly relax. He wondered if he should reciprocate the question, but it felt weird to do so. “I er... I didn’t want to come back at first... but…” Why was he telling this to John? He hadn’t meant to say it - but if felt good to say at least something. “But... I came here for you. In case that wasn’t clear yet.”

“Oh, don’t worry,” John said, winking, and grinned widely in a way that went straight to Paul’s stomach, “it was perfectly clear! If I have one skill, it’s knowing when people want my dick.” He chuckled and took another sip of his “Maybe Strawberry”-drink.

Paul found himself chuckling at John’s reply, more out of nervousness than thinking that what the man had said was actually that funny. It did help to lower the tension a bit.

He wanted to say something witty in return, but was at a loss of words, let alone funny remarks. He could only stare at the man as he drank his cocktail and Paul couldn’t stop thinking about it possibly tasting like strawberries. Not the most masculine taste, but for some reason Paul liked it better because of it. Not to mention, he would probably be able to taste it on John if he-

He refused to finish that thought and looked down at his own drink for a moment, while occasionally glancing up at John, wondering what the man was thinking. He didn’t dare ask, though. John was eyeing at him with an unbashful lust-filled expression, and his left leg was jumping up and down at a frenzied pace. Otherwise Paul couldn’t read him at all - it frustrated him slightly, because, if he was going to have sex with this man, shouldn’t he at least be able to deduce something about what John was thinking?

He continued to quietly sip his drink with renewed haste, hoping to finish it relatively soon so he and John could get on with it already. He searched his mind for something to say, but wasn’t sure what would be appropriate to talk to a prostitute about. John wasn’t very helpful either: he remained politely silent, probably more to offer Paul a comfortable silence than from having nothing to say. If there was something that Paul had learnt about the man, it was that he just didn’t know how to shut up. And apparently, he also didn’t know when to talk.

It didn’t help that Paul’s body was starting to get impatient, there being a continuous pressure in his stomach and an urging twitch around his crotch, not to mention a restlessness in his fingers, which were eager to touch the other man. Instead, he let his head rest in the palm of his hand as he leaned on the bar with his elbow, letting his fingers play with his hair to occupy them somehow, while his other hand toyed with his glass.

“It seems busy today,” Paul remarked out of pure desperation, knowing it was a stupid thing to say, but having literally nothing else to say. His eyes, though, barely left John, hoping to get at least somewhat of a conversation going, the silence around them making him feel uncomfortable.

To his surprise John groaned, the man’s head falling back and exposing the gorgeous, pale skin of his throat.

“Anything but! All my regulars have fucked off somewhere instead of fucking me. I’d been sitting on my arse the whole evening until you came along,” he huffed and pulled an exaggerated, bored expression, his eyes once again finding Paul’s.

Paul chuckled at his heated response; he could see the issue had been troubling the man for a while. It was funny to hear John talk so openly about it, though, as if it was the most normal thing in the world, but... Paul supposed that for him it was.

“You must have been happy to see me, then,” he said with a careful smile, hoping he wasn’t pushing his luck. “How long have you been doing this anyway? Just er... just out of curiosity.” He took
another sip from his drink and was glad to find the end was already in sight.

“Mate, just the sight of you makes the night brighter,” John said, and then paused, looking like he was doing some extremely hard math calculations in his head. Paul flushed his flattering words, but told himself the man would probably have told that to any client who had walked in today and thus saved him from extreme boredom. He surely wasn’t anything special to John.

“It’s my sixth year now,” John said after a small moment of silence, looking pondering now. “Yeah, I started at the end of my first year in uni…”

“So... you went to uni then?” Paul asked, genuinely curious, and drank some more of his drink. He was surprised to hear how long John had been doing this work, though he supposed it explained the man’s expertise. He had heard stories of students doing this kind of work to pay for university and other fees, but John was still working here now after six whole years! He must have finished university by now… Right?

“Yeah,” John said and scratched his cheek, looking rather nonchalant. “I have a master’s degree in political science.”

Paul blinked at him in surprise, not having expected that, though he wasn’t sure what he had expected either.

He took in the leather trousers, the red cocktail, the messy hair and the sultry way John was presenting himself, and tried to fit the thought “political science” into that image. It was definitely not something he would’ve thought about.

“Politics sounds interesting,” he said, hesitating a bit as he still tried to wrap his head around that thought. Then, just to respond in kind, he went on to add, “I studied English literature myself. I’m teaching now though…” Some small talk while they finished their respective drinks wasn’t too bad. It saved the whole thing from being awkward.

“Huh,” John raised his eyebrows, and then slowly smiled, looking pleased in a way that did nothing but frighten Paul. “That’s great. I wouldn’t have the patience for that... And yeah, the politics never ceases to interest me. You must’ve heard about the Panama papers, for example??”

“Yeah, I did! I’m a teacher, not a recluse! Scandalous right? Avoiding taxes while you earn so much and have such high positions... And they already pay too little if you ask me! They’re a bunch of hypocrites, the lot of them. Though, honestly, I can’t say I’m surprised... That’s kinda what I like about teaching, though. Kids can really make you believe in the world again when this kind of stuff happens, you know?” Paul said and when he saw John raising his eyebrow, he blushed and added, “I’m a primary school teacher. Most of the kids I teach are like 8 years old.”

John hummed, nodding at that.

“Well, I really wouldn’t have the patience for that,” he remarked with a chuckle. “Kids aren’t really my cup of tea... Especially with this job,” he grinned, and Paul couldn’t help but think ‘thankfully’.

“And, well, yeah. I was not surprised in the least - about the papers, I mean - but I wouldn’t have expected it to become this big. I’ll be following the news with interest... What makes this big is that there were so many countries involved, and people in such high positions.”

“Maybe something will finally change,” Paul mused with a shrug, and drank the last of his drink, before pushing the empty glass away from him. Immediately the guy behind the bar was there to take it away.
“Another?” he asked, looking politely between the two men.

“Uh…” Paul stammered, glancing uncertainly at John, who was watching him with a raised eyebrow as he finished the last of his drink as well. “No thanks. I’m fine.”

“Yeah, cheers, Hugh,” John cut in, grinning, and gave his glass to the man as well. “We’re fine.”

Hugh winked at him and John turned to Paul, his smile never wavering.

“Change would definitely be interesting... And not entirely a bad thing,” he said, and Paul could hear he wasn’t talking about the politics anymore. He couldn’t help but grin back at the man, thinking that maybe he was right.

“So!” John clapped his hands against his thighs, the sound carrying across the almost empty room, dragging Paul’s gaze down to stare at them before his eyes snapped back up at John. “I don’t know about you, but I definitely feel like starting a session.”

The brass exclamation made Paul flush, and for a moment he just stared at John as the man jumped from his seat and offered Paul a hand with a small polite bow that made Paul smile despite himself. He hesitated only for a second before gently laying his hand in John’s, his fingers trembling as his fingertips grazed the palm of the man’s hand...

...and before he knew it John’s hand had closed tightly around his and he was being pulled up from his chair and hauled across the room towards the familiar doors leading into the familiar hotel-like hallway with the many doors and the broken sounds.

His throat felt tight as his nerves started to get to him again, his heart thrumming in his throat. Subconsciously, his fingers tightened around John’s, though he could not help but feel relieved at the same time when John dropped his hand in favour of opening the door and letting Paul through first.

His legs felt like jelly as he and John walked through the hallway all the way to the end, to the room Paul recognised as the one they had been in during their first time together. He had a short moment where his instinct to flee almost kicked in, but he managed to get a grip on himself. He wanted this - really wanted this, for real... - and he had already given the lady his gift card too, and he doubted he’d get that one back.

They entered the room, John holding the door open for Paul. The thud of the door closing behind them made Paul’s heart jump in anticipation, and right after stop as his nerves took over.

And then John’s voice, sweet and low, reached his ears, and warmth spread through his body, his crotch heating up, his heart jumping back into life with renewed excitement.

“So,” John said, and Paul turned to look at him, swallowing at the way the man’s black eyes pierced into his. John looked like he would’ve been fine just eating Paul. His blood was starting to thump through his veins like an overhyped train - already he felt like he was bursting. “Any wishes for tonight, sir?”

Paul swallowed thickly as he took a step closer to the other man. Oddly enough, he wasn’t feeling scared. He was nervous, sure, but there was no fear or shame or even a hint of doubt in his mind this time. He knew what he wanted, and what he wanted was standing right in front of him.

He wanted to learn.

“I... I want you to... teach me,” he said, his voice tight and quivering. John’s head cocked to the side in a way that would have been most adorable, had it not been for his expression that just made it
look outright predatory. Paul took another step closer and John’s lips curled up in a smug, if not eager smile.

“Teach me,” he repeated. “Teach me about all this. I... I want to know what it’s like, what’s possible, how to do it.”

John’s grin widened even more and his eyes darkened. Whatever Paul was saying affected him, clearly, and Paul felt oddly proud at that. When John opened his mouth to say something, the objection Paul had heard before once again on his tongue, he raised his hand to motion him to stay quiet. He felt a pull in his stomach as John did as he had said, and swallowed.

“I know you said it was the same... but it’s not really, though, is it? I mean, it is but also not. Or not for me. I…” He struggled to find the right words. “Being with you... it felt different and... I-I like it…” A weight dropped off Paul as he admitted that. “I like this. With men. And I... I want you to show me what’s possible, what’s it’s like. And to teach me how to do it.”

He had almost expected John to laugh at him. He felt silly, saying those things, admitting all of that to a mere whore, but it was the truth. Relief washed over him when John hummed in response, his eyes teasing and seductive, giving off that “come hither”-look as he took a step closer, his hand coming up to play with the buttons of Paul’s shirt. His breath ghosted over Paul’s lips, and yes, there was a smell of strawberries in it - and Paul felt himself harden, a faint blush creeping up onto his cheeks.

“Anything in particular you want me to teach you, then… sir?”

Paul took a deep breath, his hands balling into fists, because yes, he had something.

“Do you…” He cleared his throat before continuing. “Do you have those handcuffs you mentioned?”

John’s lips spread into a smile. His finger delved inside Paul’s shirt in a quick motion, popping the first button open. Paul inhaled sharply, a shudder going through his body, and God, he couldn’t remember the last time he had been this aroused - the idea of John, the most handsome man ever, letting Paul tie him up...


Paul’s ability to think began to falter at the feeling of John’s fingers against his skin, undressing him ever so slowly as button after button popped open. It felt better now, without the fear and doubt and the voice in the back of his mind, screaming at him to pull away. That voice was quiet now and all he could hear were encouraging whispers, telling him to take what he wanted.

His mind was brought back to that picture of John he had seen, sitting knelt on the floor with his hands cuffed behind his back and Paul wanted that - wanted John.

“I want to tie you up,” he said, more forceful than he had intended, and he could feel the way John’s fingers tremble at that, the balls of his fingers stopping against his skin lightly.

“Right-o,” John said cheerfully, and abruptly pulled back to walk over to the bedside table, leaving Paul rather dumbfounded behind, nearly daring to fall over. He had not realised just how much he had leaned into the man’s touch.

“Let’s see what we have here, then.” John grinned at Paul shortly over his shoulder and pulled the drawer open.
Paul trailed closer, curious to see what was inside the mysterious drawer as John started rummaging around in it. Glancing over the man’s shoulder, Paul caught glimpses of various toys, gags, dildos, vibrators, and even something that looked like a whip.

John spent some time looking through it all, before he finally found what he was looking for. Letting out a triumphant noise, he pulled out a pair of metal handcuffs and held them up by the small metal chain, linking the two loops together, letting them swing in the air.

“So,” he said, looking up at Paul with twinkling eyes, and chuckled, “these are essential.”

Paul laughed nervously at the joke and took a step forward. Already his knees felt weak.

“I figured… So, um... how do we do this?”

“Uh,” John paused and pretended to think really hard. “You kinda... cuff me to the bed?”

“Yeah, I figured that, too” Paul said, grinning, and with a sudden wave of confidence he reached out and took the handcuffs from John, starting to twirl them around as he approached the bed. They were cool and light, and Paul wasn’t sure whether they could be comfortable. Still, he figured John would know best, and thus didn’t question it. Looking back at John he let a small smile form on his lips.

“Get on the bed.”

John grinned, licking his lips as he took a step back and fell to sit on the bed, the mattress squeaking under him. He held Paul’s gaze as he moved to the center of the bed, silent and obedient, with a hint of excitement in his eyes.

Paul took a few deep breaths before he kicked off his shoes and crawled onto the bed with the other man, trying not to wrinkle his clothes too much. He knelt besides John and he reached out for his wrists, which the man offered to him without hesitation. Taking a gentle hold of one, he guided them both above John’s head, pulling his chest taut.

John held them there as Paul began to fumble with the cuffs, trying to figure out how they worked. He had had a pair when he had been a child to use when he and his brother played police officer, so he at least had some idea from the numerous times he had locked Mike to various object in the house, but these were slightly different. Somehow - he truly didn’t have a clue why they suddenly sprang open - he managed to get them working, which was a right miracle, he thought.

“How tight should they be?” he asked as he began to cuff John’s hands together, the chain of the handcuffs wound around the metal bar of the bed, biting down on his bottom lip as he worked.

“Just so that they won’t slip off. If they’re too tight, it hurts, so make sure you can still move them after they’re locked.” John answered from below him, his voice sounding like he was discussing weather. Or maybe politics. The thought made Paul chuckle, which made his fingers shake, and he decided not to concentrate on that for it made the task at hand ten times more difficult.

Still, a major in political science. That couldn’t be a walk in the park, right? John had to be a lot more intelligent than what Paul had originally thought - not that he would’ve thought of John as some sort of an idiot, but… definitely not someone with a high education, with the way he acted and spoke, his accent leaning heavily on the way sailors and working class people spoke.

“Right…” Paul said, frowning as he struggled with the cuffs, adjusting the tightness clumsily. Finally, though, they locked together and let out a huff in relief.

“Like this?” he asked as he looked down at John, watching the man’s face closely for a reaction.
John hummed and tried the cuffs, making them rattle against the metal of the bed as he pulled at them, his eyes closed, and then nodded.

“Yup,” he said in an encouraging voice, opening his eyes. “Now, put the key on the bedside table, and remember where it is. That’s not my job.”

Paul nodded and pulled the key from the lock and placed it carefully on the bedside table as instructed, moving it as far back as possible so the chance of accidentally knocking it off was minimal.

“Have you ever lost a key before?” he could not help but ask, and John chuckled as he nodded.

“I always have a spare in the drawer just in case, but yes, one time a client almost had a panic attack when they couldn’t find the key, and I wasn’t much help in my... state at that time.”

Paul hummed in response, too nervous to really laugh at that, hoping to God that was not going to happen to him. At least John had a spare key, which was a relief to hear. He didn’t want to lock John to the bed forever after all... That would be embarrassing.

He pulled away to admire his work, sitting back on his ankles as he looked at the way the metal shined against John’s pale skin. His cock twitched as John gave another little pull, the metal clattering against the bars of the headboard. He eagerly licked his lips and let his eyes move down until he met John’s.

The man was watching him with an amused look in his eye, putting Paul at ease. He tried to think of what to do next, not having gone any further than this in his fantasy, and feeling a bit foolish at that.

“Okay, so what now?” John asked, his voice humorous, looking way too amused for Paul’s liking as he wriggled his eyebrows at him. “Now, don’t try all your ideas on me at once.”

He started chuckling, apparently not giving a care in the world at the annoyed glare Paul shot him in return. Paul could see John was just teasing him, but he was definitely not going to give in to the man.

With a roll of his eyes, he threw one of his legs over John’s body so that he was straddling the man’s hips, going off what he had seen and learned during his internet searches. God, he was glad he had been doing that before coming here. Now at least he had some idea of what to do.

He wiggled his hips a little and jerked as something hard pressed against his backside, which, as he realised a few seconds later, had to be John’s cock, for the man’s breath hitched as his movements.

“Don’t worry, love. I have a few things in mind,” Paul said, lying through his teeth, and slowly started running his hands up and down John’s sides, giving them time to explore, while he got used to this. John’s cock was still pressing against him, and although it felt strange, Paul had to admit he kind of liked it. God - this was so much better than just reading about it. And the sounds John was making only helped him, rousing him up to continue his explorations.

“That’s good,” John breathed in a half-moan, hips bucking, the handcuffs clacking against the metal of the headboard as his hands twitched, making Paul’s cock jump. “So do I.”

“Care to share those?” Paul asked as his hands moved to the man’s chest, hoping John would, even if he already knew the man well enough to know he wasn’t going to. He slipped his fingers under the leather straps as he shifted his hips again, starting the like the way the man felt under him, rocking slightly in his lap.
“Nuh-huh,” John shook his head, closing his eyes, a small smile tugging his lips. “W-wanna hear yours-”

“Hmm... you’ll see,” Paul hummed in response, feeling more and more confident with every touch and slowly dipped his hands down to the waistband of John’s leather trousers. However much Paul liked them - which really was a lot - he really thought it was time to get rid of them, and as quickly as possible too.

Biting his lip he felt around for the zipper and pulled it down, making sure to do it as slowly as possible, remembering how John had done the same to him. Sure enough, a groan reached his ear, giving him just that little bit of encouragement he needed to go on, as hot strands shot through his stomach straight down to his dick.

Licking his lips, he shuffled down John’s body so he was sitting on his thighs, and glanced up to hold the man’s gaze as he started to tug his trousers down. It took quite a bit effort, the leather being unforgiving, and Paul more or less had to force it down. It squeaked and struggled, but bit by bit it gave way. When Paul couldn’t move it down any further, the leather sticking to John’s thighs way too much, he glanced down, and-

John wasn’t naked.

It was an odd thing to be surprised by, but Paul had been mentally prepared to face the man’s cock. Nothing, however, could have ever prepared him for that... whatever it was... that John was wearing. It was like a pouch, holding John’s goods as if they were a treasure of jewels and gold (which, Paul guessed, they were), while the leather itself was attached to the straps that barely covered John’s upper body.

Paul needed a moment to take it all in, and sat frozen in his place, mouth fallen open. There was hunger deep in the pit of his stomach: it burned its way through his body, rising up to his chest, rendering Paul unable to tear his eyes away from that delicious, black piece of cloth that suddenly seemed to make everything even better.

“I’d say that I wore it for you,” John’s amused voice reached his ears through the sound the thrumming of blood, “but unfortunately it just happened to be the first thing I grabbed in the morning.”

“I- I thought prostitutes were supposed to lie to their clients,” Paul said, his mouth feeling numb, barely knowing what he was saying. His throat felt dry and he only realised how much he was shaking when he reached out and lightly let his fingers run over the leather pouch, his quest of taking off the man’s trousers momentarily forgotten.

He bit his lip as John angled his hips up under his touch, eagerly following his touch, and when Paul looked back up at him and saw the flush of arousal on John’s cheeks and the shimmer of metal against his wrists, he realised he could do truly anything to the other man, and John... John would not be able to stop him.

F.u.c.k.

“Okay,” John said, slightly out of breath. “I definitely wore it for you. Happy? Oh, fuck,” he hissed when Paul squeezed him lightly through the pouch, his hands jerking against the handcuffs. Paul couldn’t take his eyes off the leather, the way it seemed a bit too tight to be comfortable, and couldn’t help but feel almost desperate at the way it felt against his hand - knowing what was underneath.

“Are you familiar with safewords?” John asked suddenly with a silent gasp, stopping Paul’s train of
thought (of the thing under his hand being John’s *dick, and dear God, that train of thought was slightly too much*).

He raked his brain at the question. He remembered having read something about it during his research, but he had been reading up on the whole… sex thing so much that he could barely remember. Still, with some effort he could remember the basic idea of it - he remembered it being fairly important.

“Yeah... It’s a safety thing, right? You say ‘no’ and I stop?”

“Basically,” John said, his tone much more suitable for a classroom than a sex dungeon, and something about that bothered Paul. “I have one word that I use which means that you gotta stop. I might say ‘no’, but I don’t necessarily mean it if it’s part of the act. So the safeword is the one that *really* tells you to stop. If the session is *very* intense though, I might just shout ‘stop’, but I don’t think we’ll get there... ’cos if I forget my proper safeword, it means that I’m really too far gone to think even a *bit*, and that really isn’t good. It is advisable to stop before you reach that point, but well... unexpected things happen.”

Paul nodded in understanding, information of what he had read about it coming back to him.

“Right... yeah, I get it. So, what’s your word, then?”

John held a dramatic pause, holding Paul’s gaze, and then his lips spread into a smirk.

“Queen Elizabeth,” he said, and looked like he was about to burst into laughter. “The second.”

Paul stared at him in disbelief - before he finally started laughing.

“Yeah, that would certainly be a mood killer. I can remember that one.”

“...Good, because otherwise we have a major problem,” John said as he looked at Paul firmly, letting him know he was serious, despite the words coming out oddly strangled. Paul guessed it was because of his hand still resting gently on top of John’s *pouch*. He nodded to say he had understood, and John smiled again in response. “Now that’s clear - everything in the drawer is yours to use as you wish. Don’t hesitate to ask, unless you have me gagged. It’d be rather pointless, then.”

Paul glanced nervously at the open drawer, and nodded as he looked at all the things in there. On top of the pile lay a big, pink dildo, which made the back of Paul’s neck feel hot as he imagined what one could do with it.

He was curious to see what else John had in there, what he could use and what it would do. The idea of having John gagged was certainly an appealing one and send shivers down to Paul’s spine as he thought about it. He could fantasise about John finally shutting up, alright. Which begged the question...

“What do I do then? When you’re gagged, I mean? If you can’t speak, you can’t say your safeword, can you?” Paul asked, turning back to look at John, who was watching him with a curious expression on his face that Paul couldn’t quite place. Still, it was a nice sight, and Paul offered the man a careful smile as he started moving further down John’s legs, his hands moving down again to continue trying to take off John’s trousers as he waited for an answer.

The man really was quite a sight to behold, and Paul felt glad he was doing this with him, even if John *could* get rather bothersome at times. At least he was handsome and funny, not to mention sweet in his own strange way. Paul doubted he would have gone as far with any of the other men he had seen in the brothel so far.
“It depends,” John said. “Usually I hum a few bars of *Never Gonna Give You Up*, since that bloody song is often followed by somebody shouting ‘*stop!*’, and my brain reflectively thinks of it as a synonym to that.” He flashed a big smile, and wriggled his hips slightly. Then, out of nowhere he snickered, probably at his *safe tune*.

Paul chuckled too, and finally managed to get John’s trousers fully off, albeit with some hassle with the way the leather just refused to give up easily. He threw them aside and crawled his way back up, being very aware of the way John’s partial nakedness contrasted with his own fully dressed form, and sat himself back down in John’s lap, starting to rub his arse down against John as he tightened his legs around the other man, restraining him further.

Paul felt his cheeks heat up at the way John was watching him, waiting expectantly for what Paul was going to do next. He hummed in approval when Paul began unbuttoning the first few buttons of his own shirt to help with the heat, before trailing his finger down to his own trousers. He rubbed himself once, and intentionally let out a strangled moan at the feeling. He was already fully hard, and with renewed eagerness, he unbuttoned his trousers and pulled the zipper down, before shoving his hand down his trousers and into his underwear.

He gasped at the feeling of his fingers brushing against his heated, sensitive skin and his eyes fluttered close for a moment as he touched himself. Far away he could hear a strangled noise, and opening his eyes, he saw John watching him eagerly, taking him in as he stroked himself, relishing the sight.

Paul knew people generally found him attractive, but still it came as a surprise as he realised John did too, and was watching him with more than just the required eagerness he was supposed to show as a prostitute. John genuinely thought him attractive, and wanted to see him. Paul could not help but smile at the thought, feeling flattered.

He shifted his hips again, rutting against John in the same way as he had seen that one guy do in that one good porn video, making John groan, his head falling back to expose his throat. Paul bit his lip as he retreated his hand and began to take off his trousers and underwear as well, wanting to feel John’s skin against his. He didn’t doubt John would mind either.

John’s hips bucked in the air as Paul shifted and had to move away from his lap for a little while. Slowly, teasingly, he started inching down his underwear, watching with an eager gaze as John lifted his head to watch, his eyes glued to Paul’s crotch.

When Paul’s cock *finally* popped free, John let out a small, appreciative moan and threw his head back onto the pillow for a moment, before he tried pulling himself up slightly on the handcuffs into a better position, wanting to see all of him. He barely moved an inch, but it was enough.

In a frenzied haze, Paul got rid of the rest of his clothes, throwing them as far away from the bed as he could manage, his burning gaze returning on John’s helpless form. He couldn’t help the flush on his cheeks as he saw John taking in the sight of him, his eyes hungrily ogling his hard cock. John was tugging at his restraints - consciously or subconsciously, Paul didn’t know - and he felt a tug in stomach at the sight, the knowledge John couldn’t do or touch anything without his permission turning him on more than he had expected. John was his to use as he pleased and Paul realised that now more than ever.

Licking his lips, he bent down and placed both hands on the metal bar to which the cuffs were attached so he was hovering over the man again, his cock rubbing against John’s pouch as he moved. His head was a mere inches removed for John, and as his gaze fell down to the man’s lips he knew he wanted that mouth again.
And this time... he could be in full control, with John having no possibility of teasing him. Paul could have his complete way with him, and John would just have to take it.

Smirking down at the other man, he began moving up the man’s body. Planting his knees right under John’s shoulders to get the perfect angle, he took a hold of his cock and gave himself a few quick strokes as he aimed the head of his penis at John’s mouth, watching the prostitute intently.

John’s eyes were wide and dark, looking up at him wantonly, and Paul groaned breathlessly as the man opened his mouth wide and waited.

And waited.

And Paul felt his chest expand as he realised he could have John lying there, waiting, forever.

“Oh, Christ,” he moaned at the thought, his hand sliding rapidly over his dick, John’s eyes drilling into his as the man’s tongue twitched impatiently in his mouth. Paul gave himself a few more strokes and let his hips fall forward slightly, his cock almost making it into John’s mouth - but at the last moment, he pulled back, the head only just not scraping John’s lips, and Paul felt triumph in his chest at the moan John let out. This time it was John’s turn to be teased, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Paul repeated the same motion, and John’s breathing was getting louder, the handcuffs rattling against the bed as John extended his head, leaning up as far as he could towards Paul, needy and desperate. Despite knowing it was just an act, a part of Paul wanted to believe it wasn’t, that John really, really wanted his cock in his mouth that much, that he could do this to John.

He pulled back for the fourth time, John’s sounds of desperation sounding more like an outright whine than a moan, and Paul struggled to hold himself back, his cock aching so bad his head began to spin, but he managed, and that sound all but made up for it.

“Here - shh,” he said, John gasping at his words, and he reached out to cradle the man’s head in his hand, gently stroking his hair as he angled John’s face towards him. Slowly he started to guide his cock between John’s begging lips, relishing the loud, muffled moan the man let out, as Paul finally fed him his cock with pleasure rushing through him, making it feel like he was dancing among clouds as he floated in hot air.

John’s tongue rubbed against the head of his cock, and Paul groaned from deep in his throat as he slid further and further into John’s mouth and down his throat, meeting some resistance at the angle. He let go of John’s head, and curled his fingers tightly around John’s left wrist, the metal of the handcuffs resting against his skin, his other hand grabbing the headboard. Slowly, testing the feeling, he started moving, his dick sliding out before forcing it back in, and all John could do was lay back and take it.

Paul moaned loudly, his stomach in flames, his mind woozy and unfocused, and his fingers tightened their hold, his nails digging into John’s skin as he held onto him.

It felt as good as Paul remembered it. John’s mouth was hot and wet and soft and everything Paul needed it to be, not to mention eager and pliant. His tongue kept moving as Paul slid over it, trying to please as Paul fucked himself in and out of John’s mouth, moving a little deeper with each thrust.

He could hear John humming, pleased that finally something was happening. The vibrations shot through Paul’s dick all the way to his balls and stomach and he whimpered at the wonderful sensation. There was no denying that John was a pro, and somehow knew how to play Paul even while he only lay there, wrists cuffed, mouth gagged by Paul’s cock.
Paul could feel the man’s breath on his skin, strained and heavy, and he sped up his thrusts, moving faster to give John as little time to breathe as possible without endangering the man, until he would be rendered to nothing more than a helpless toy for Paul to fuck.

He wasn’t sure where this need had come from, but he wanted to possess John, have him at his mercy, and to be able to do nothing but take it as he gagged on Paul’s cock. He wanted John to feel it and to be full of him - he wanted John to give himself over, to surrender completely, until there was nothing left but a begging mess.

“Fuck, John…” he muttered in a whisper and threw his head back as he imagined it, whipping his hair from his face as he closed his eyes and just felt, fucking the man faster and faster and deeper and deeper until his balls were hitting the man’s chin with every thrust.

“Fuck... You’re so good at this... Shit, John...” he said and finally looked down again to see John looking up at him. And what a sight he made...

His eyes were wide and dark, his cheeks flushed from exertion, and Paul could not get over the way his mouth was spread wide around his cock, lips rolling as Paul moved in and out of him. He was, simply put, one of the most beautiful things Paul had ever seen, and Paul couldn’t help but reach down to caress his cheeks, groaning as he felt his own cock pushing against the man’s hollowed out cheeks.

John’s eyes were rolling to the back of his head, and he let out a small, muffled sound, his throat constricting slightly as Paul pulled out once more, half pushing him out as his throat closed after him. It felt heavenly, John’s mouth massaging him all the way as he moved out, and Paul pushed back in with a hard and eager thrust, his dick hitting the back of John’s throat with intense force.

Right then, there was a sound of John gagging, eyes watering as he choked on Paul’s dick, and before Paul knew it his cock was coated in thick spit and his own precum. Some of it drizzled down the corners of John’s mouth, down his chin as he coughed and struggled to keep Paul inside, lips tightening around him, refusing to let go.

“Oh Christ…” Paul half gasped, half groaned as he took in the sight, a few tears streaming down John’s cheeks, mixing with his spit, and Paul was struck by just how gorgeous it made the man look.

He momentarily pulled out, John gasping for breath the moment he did so, and Paul’s dick shone from the thick layer of saliva that covered it. One line of it connected the mushroom head to John’s lips and he allowed the man to catch his breath for a moment, his fingers gently caressing John’s face, his thumb tenderly wiping away some of the mess he had made. John was watching him through it, eyes black and scorching, daring him to do it again, to go at him harder, and Paul was more than happy to comply.

Sliding his now wet fingers into John’s hair, he pulled the man’s head up, roughly forcing him closer, and let his cock bump against the man’s lips before forcing his way back inside with a sudden unforgiving thrust.

John choked again, more saliva gathering on his lips, but instead of pulling back like last time, Paul pushed on, going even deeper, before pulling back until just the tip was resting on John’s rubbery tongue, and thrusting back in. Repeating the action, he started fucking John’s face in earnest.

He kept a close eye on him, not wanting to actually hurt the man, and slowly he felt his orgasm come closer. It was too soon, but John’s mouth felt so good, and he looked so fuckable, and Paul couldn’t find it in himself to stop.
When John let his teeth scrape gently over his sensitive flesh, he nearly lost it, and collapsed against the other man, his head hanging between his shoulder blades as his hips kept rocking forward on their own accord.

“Fuck, baby…” he muttered and John, somehow, managed to wink at him, showing that he was far from conquered by this. Paul, however, barely cared at this point, the pleasure he was feeling being too good, too intense, and almost too much.

He was so far gone in his enjoyment he barely heard the loud hum John let out, the tone of it clearly indicating that it wasn’t out of pleasure, but more like… a general announcement one might hear on public transports.

When Paul realised it, he forced his eyes open - when had he closed them? - and looked down to see John looking up at him with a look that clearly told him the man wanted him to pull away. Reluctantly, regretting it deeply right afterwards - he had been so close - Paul pulled out, sighing as he sat back onto John’s chest, his cock twitching painfully, as if commanding Paul to get back into that wonderful mouth. Paul, however, managed to ignore it and watched John expectantly.

John coughed a few times as he was finally able to breathe normally again, and then his lips spread into a small smile, his adam’s apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed a few times, no doubt clearing his throat from the spit.

“Move up,” he said, voice rough and breathless, making Paul almost moan at the sound of it. “Gonna show you something.”

Paul blinked down at him in confusion, his brain trying hard to process John’s words despite the haze of sex and arousal that clouded his mind, but even when he had made sense of what John’s words meant, he remained confused. Still, he did as John said and shuffled up a little higher.

Apparently he hadn’t gone up high enough, for John told him to go up even higher and higher until Paul was forced to kneel right over John’s head...

...Surely this couldn’t be right..? Could it?

He had a feeling that John was holding back a laugh, but couldn’t help but feel terribly bewildered as he moved hesitantly so that his arse was right over John’s face.

“Are you completely certain about this??” he asked, and had apparently been right about John, since the man burst into laughter as soon as the words left his mouth. Paul tried not to feel offended, but could not help but feel slightly hurt, especially seeing as he was not an inch closer to understanding what the hell John had in mind. He shivered slightly at the way John’s breath puffed against his skin, wondering what was coming next.

“P-positive,” John then gasped, and-

“Ah!” Paul cried in surprise and shuddered as he suddenly felt John’s hot wet tongue touching him there. His body weakened as John circled his rim with his tongue, eagerly licking like a kitten drinking milk from a bowl.

It felt strange, never having experience anything like that before in his life. It shouldn’t feel this good. He cursed and groaned, hands grabbing the iron bar of the bed to steady himself as his hips rolled downwards to meet John’s mouth. He could barely control his body and felt his cheeks flush hot with embarrassment, feeling incredibly thankful he had showered for both his and John’s sake. Especially John’s.
John ate him out like he did everything else when they were together; with eagerness and skill, clearly having no inhibitions at all about putting his mouth on Paul’s arse. Paul found himself thinking back to all those girls he had had under him, thighs trembling around his head as he had offered them the same attention, and he couldn’t help but wonder if this was how they had felt.

His thoughts were quickly brought back to John as the man suddenly and without any warning of any kind, except for a delighted little sound, closed his lips around Paul’s hole and sucked as he wormed his tongue inside of him, and Paul lost it.

His hips bucked forward as he pressed back against John and cried out the man’s name, eagerly pushing back as his thighs tightened around John’s head, keeping him firmly in place in case he dared to pull away right now.

“Fuck, John... oh Christ... P-please... oh please...” Paul whined, unsure what he was asking for, and he felt John smirk against him as the man forced his tongue deeper inside, stretching him wider, humming contently.

After a small while, John pulled his tongue back, slowing down a little. He started kissing the skin around Paul’s hole, blowing small butterfly kisses every now and then. He teased Paul endlessly with his tongue until Paul’s thighs were shaking, before he started to gently nibble at the soft skin.

Paul gasped at the odd feeling and his left hand slipped from the railing, momentarily causing him to lose his balance. He managed to catch himself in time, thinking it should be painful, but instead it felt good. He had no other words left to describe it.

His cock was incredibly hard and throbbing and Paul knew he was close to coming. He wasn’t sure how John doing that to him made him feel this good, but it did. He certainly had missed this during his research for some reason.

He rocked his hips down on John’s mouth, needlessly asking for more and shifted his weight a little so he was kneeling more securely on the bed, letting go of the railing with one hand to reach down and stroke himself as John continued to eat him out.

He hissed at the feeling of his hand on his cock and moaned out John’s name as he closed his eyes and focused on his pleasure, letting it consume him as he was brought closer and closer to his climax. His cock was throbbing and at the point of orgasming. He wouldn’t last much longer, and although he wanted nothing more than to come, he didn’t want to lose that wonderful feeling John was giving him either.

He rode John’s tongue fervently, moaning all the while as he jerked himself off and finally, when John forced his tongue as deep inside of him as he could manage, Paul felt his body shudder and his orgasm take over. He spasmed violently on top of John, his arse contracting around the man’s tongue as he shot rope after rope of cum on his own thighs and against the headboard, some of it running down his dick and landing on John’s face.

Paul gasped and groaned, wordlessly mouthing prayers and curses as he came, until finally, his body collapsed under him and he could not hold himself up any longer, forcing him to roll away from John and collapse on the bed beside the man, breathing heavily.

“Fuck me... that... that was... Fuck…” he babbled, not sure what he was supposed to think, let alone say. His brain had turned into mush.

“Yeah, I know I’m good,” John said, sounding completely out of breath. He shifted and there was a clink when the metal of the handcuffs slid against the horizontal bar, reminding Paul of his situation.
Quite impossibly there was a small jolt in Paul’s belly, and he wondered for what must have been the hundredth time, what was John doing to him?

He remained lying there for a while longer, giggling drunkenly at John’s smug answer, feeling giddy, and turned his head to look at the other man as he enjoyed the blissful feeling of his subsiding orgasm.

For a moment he was struck again by the man’s handsome features: the blinding, victorious smirk, the strong square jawline, the roman nose and the amber eyes. John was close, a mere three or four inches away from him, and for a moment Paul thought he could see light freckles on and around John’s nose and his bare shoulders. He looked oddly soft and angelic in this light and if it wasn’t for the leather outfit and the strip of cum that covered his eye, forcing him to keep it closed, Paul might have been fooled.

He was still tied to the bed too, arms stretched above him in a position that looked slightly uncomfortable. Paul smiled in amusement as John shifted his position with difficulty, the handcuffs clattering even more.

Which reminded him...

Rolling over graciously onto his side, he threw a leg over both of John’s and grinned up at him as he curled himself up around him. He caught John’s eye and held his gaze as he lifted a hand to trail his fingers across the man’s soft, clean-shaven cheeks, taking his time to explore, before he started moving his hand down to John’s neck and chest.

He paused to flick at one of his nipples, and managed to pull a soft heated groan from low in the man’s throat. It felt thrilling to be able to get real reactions out of him - at least Paul hoped they were real - and he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep himself from smiling like a madman. From John’s chest, he moved his hand to his stomach, his touch feather-like now, barely there, just a tease of what might come, and watched in fascination at the way John’s stomach twisted whenever Paul touched his skin, no matter how lightly.

Finally, he wasn’t able to hold himself back any longer - the leather that was waiting for him just a few inches down being too inviting for him to ignore, even if John’s little twitches were amusing and frankly captivating to watch.

Taking a deep breath to gather the last bit of strength he needed to continue, he told himself to stop stalling, and just went for it, pressing his palm hard against the leather pouch, eliciting a long moan from John.

His heart was beating heavily in his chest, but Paul pressed down harder, ignoring it, and John started panting, his bare thighs jerking under Paul. The contrast between his pale skin and the dark leather was enthralling, and Paul drank in the sight with his mouth agape, his cheeks heating up.

“You can take me out, you know,” John said, and despite sounding completely out of breath, he grinned. He was staring down at Paul with a knowing look in his eye - the other one still closed due to the spunk that was still covering it. “Mini-Me won’t bite, you know... although it can be bitten,” he added, winking. “With caution.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Paul replied. Some part of him wanted to take John up on what was an obvious dare, but that old nervousness and fear came back to him at the idea of it.

Still he could not help but wonder what it would be like, having another man’s dick in his mouth, and John did seem to enjoy it a lot - not to mention the numerous people on the Internet who also
spoke positively about it. It had made Paul curious about what could possibly be so good about it. It seemed an odd thing to enjoy, and it didn’t help that his last girlfriend had found it a chore to do. Granted, Jane had done it, but mainly because he liked it and had asked her to.

John, however, seemed to truly enjoy doing it, and Paul had read many stories of men actually getting off on giving head too (which just seemed absurd if he were honest).

Biting his lip, he pulled the pouch out of the way and released John from his confines, finding him hard and dripping already, the sight making him let out a small moan despite himself.

“Do you like it?” he heard himself asking as he glanced up at John, suddenly uncertain again. John was struggling to keep his left eye closed, the robe of cum clearly frustrating him. Paul reached up with his free hand to help him, wiping it from his eye, as John shot him a grin, making his stomach do flips. “You know, giving head and... what you just did to me?”

“Yeah,” John said in a half-moan as Paul started to slowly stroke him, keeping his movements slow and languid as he tried to find that lost confidence again. “It gives you a- a sense of power like nothing else does. And... shit... it’s freeing when you submit completely. Two opposites in one- one packet,” John hissed the last words through his teeth as Paul flicked a thumb over the head of his cock.

“But it’s not... uncomfortable... it doesn’t, you know, hurt or anything?” Paul asked, remembering how Jane’s voice had sometimes sounded afterwards, and how she always complained of having a sore throat and jaw... That had not sounded pleasant and Paul had always spoiled her after. Paul had never thought of it as something you would willingly do for your own pleasure, and despite John’s insistence that it was pleasurable, he found it hard to believe.

The power thing... he could sort of understand that. But the submission thing... frankly, that just made him nervous. He had never liked not being in control. He hated flying because of it, as then you could not even see what the pilot was doing. You just had to trust them. The thought alone was enough to make his stomach twist unpleasantly.

But then... why was there something inside of him that wanted to try it? Even if it would mean giving up control?

“It takes practise,” John said suddenly as if he had known what Paul had been thinking, both eyes now open. “I’ve been sucking cock for six years now - even longer if you count outside of my work. At this point I can simply enjoy doing it. It can hurt at times, but... then again, so does your bloody slow stroking at the moment, so everything is relative .” He groaned in frustration, his head falling against the bed, stomach quivering as he his hips angled up from the bed.

In a sudden sadistic streak, Paul slowed his hand down even more, setting an excruciatingly slow pace that he knew would be unbearable, especially when prolonged.

Sure enough, John let out an exasperated growl in response and tugged helplessly at the metal cuffs, only causing Paul to snicker and slow down even more .

“You were saying?” Paul asked, glad he could be the smug bastard for once, and gave John a long, firm squeeze just to torture him even more. He was going to try for victory again and this time John wouldn’t get the upper hand - Paul would make sure of it.

“That- that the best you can do?” John groaned, his back arching off the bed as his hips chased Paul’s hand, and he bit down his bottom lip, a deep frown on his forehead despite his words.
“Fuck off!” Paul said, laughing. He fell silent, however, when he looked down at the hard, reddened member, debating in his mind if he should go for it or not, perhaps even just to show John he wasn’t the cowardly, inexperienced virgin the man had pinned him for.

Besides, if Paul never tried, he would never know what it was like and why some guys liked it so much. Moveover, he would also get rid of the annoying burning desire to do it, which would be nice.

It took practice, John said, and although that did scare Paul slightly, it did mean he could get better at it and learn to like it like John had. He had been nervous about the handjob too, and now he was stroking John without a sense of reservation. It was certainly possible... and he had told John he wanted to learn, so here was a chance to really prove himself. To show John what he could do and get the upper hand for once, even if just for a second.

Besides, how could he ever learn if he never started??

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, he rolled further on top of John until he was straddling the man again, making sure he was far enough down to make the angle work, while keeping his hand firmly wrapped around John’s cock at all times. Then, he dipped down his head and pressed his lips against the man’s collarbone, thinking it was probably best to get used to using his mouth on another man first before taking things further.

He leisurely continued his stroking as he kissed his way down John’s body, enjoying the soft sound the man let out, and occasionally he opened his mouth to lick at John’s sweat-slick skin. When he reached John’s nipple he graced it with his teeth like he was used to doing to girls, and much to his surprise he got a louder groan this time.

He grinned, paused, and did it again, smirking at the little sounds he managed to draw out of John, before moving lower down, his tongue leaving a trail of saliva from the man’s belly button to the start of his public hair.

Another brief moment of panic overtook Paul as he realised what he had to do next, but managed to retain control over himself, pushing his doubts and fears from his mind as he let his gaze drop down to the man’s hard cock that lay waiting in his hand.

He was really doing this, wasn’t he?

He glanced up at John, and the man’s gaze was scorching, practically burning him as he encouraged Paul on with his eyes, eagerly licking his lips. Paul swallowed thickly, and lay frozen on the bed, afraid to continue.

“I’m waiting,” John teased from above him Paul’s face twisted in annoyance.

“Would you kindly shut up?” he said, shooting John a warning glare before looking back down at the man’s throbbing erection, unsure how to go about it... If he was going to do it in the first place.

He kind of had to now, though, didn’t he?

John’s cock looked bigger up close like this, and Paul didn’t have a clue how it was going to fit inside his mouth, the thing being the thickness of a tiny cactus (but less spiky. Fortunately). He had been one selfish prick for asking girls to do this.

Then again, people did it all the time... John included. If they could do it, Paul could too. He was not going to give in. He wasn’t going to be second best - not this time!
Taking a deep breath to calm himself he slid his hand down John’s dick, all the way down to his base, pulling back the man’s foreskin and keeping the member upright as he moved so that his head was hovering right above it.

“Still waiting…” John called from above him, sounding bored, and that was the last little push Paul needed to stick out his tongue and like a long stripe up along the head of the man’s cock, smiling at the hoarse sound John let out in response (which was, sadly, probably just for the show).

The man tasted strange, salty and bitter, but it definitely wasn’t the worst thing Paul had ever tasted. Surprisingly his first thought wasn’t that of disgust, but rather along the lines of that he could probably get used to the taste.

John’s skin felt rubbery too, and Paul pulled back to study it for a moment before giving him another tentative lick, feeling the man’s thighs tense up under against his arms. He started growing more confident, each new lick giving him the courage he needed to go further.

John was staring down at him, a shamelessly proud shimmer in his eye, and Paul almost started laughing at the sight of it. Instead, though, he held John’s gaze - he had liked it when girls did that when they went down on him - and kissed the tip before parting his lips and slowly taking him inside.

*God...* he felt even bigger than Paul had expected...

Closing his eyes, he tried his best to relax as he held the tip of John’s cock in his mouth, while John lay keening beneath him, his head fallen back in the pillow again as his hands fought against the handcuffs. His whole body had gone rigid from exertion as he fought the urge to thrust up into Paul’s mouth, but he managed. Paul felt grateful at that, being unsure how he would have managed otherwise.

John felt heavy on his tongue and Paul was already struggling to breathe properly, but, determined, he pushed on and kept his mouth around John no matter what. He tried to use his tongue to please the other man as he slowly pushed on, forcing himself to take more.

John, however, was clearly enjoying himself despite Paul’s struggles and inexperience. He was tugging at the chains - the sound of which alone was enough for Paul to want to keep going - and was clearly trying to hold as still as possible for Paul.

The drag of his lips along the shaft felt rough, however, and spit began to gather in his mouth. To keep himself from gagging or drooling all over the other man, he tried to swallow, while keeping John in his mouth.

He managed.

Kinda.

Or rather, he would have if John hadn’t growled low in his throat and given a tiny upwards thrust in surprise, making Paul gag and hastily pull away to cough up spit. *Fuck...* He could already feel his jaw and he had barely even done anything.

For a moment, he wanted to give up.

“I once had a 90-year-old woman who did a better job than you,” John casually remarked. “She gave me biscuits afterwards.”

Paul stared up at the other man in shock, not knowing whether he was joking or not. It at least didn’t
make him feel any better...

“I thought you were going to teach me?” he croaked out, throat slightly sore, and looked back down at John’s cock, glistening with Paul’s spit. Before the man could say anything, Paul bent down his head again and took John back into his mouth, giving it his best.

This time it went slightly better, Paul now having known what to expect, and he slowly began to move his mouth up and down, moving all in all barely more than an inch, while his hand stroked the shaft.

Again, he struggled to breathe. This time, though, he opted to pull away to inhale deeply before going back down.

His cheeks were burning from both effort and shame, knowing this couldn’t be very good for the other man. John’s breathing was getting louder and heavier with each passing second, though, so Paul guessed he had to be doing at least something right. The handcuffs were clattering against the metal bars again, and it was getting louder and more persistent. John’s legs were twitching under him and Paul tried not to smile at that.

“Yeah,” John moaned, “um, imagine it’s a banana - just don’t try to bite it in half. I- I wouldn’t like it.”

“You make it sound very appealing, though…” Paul muttered as he once again pulled away to breathe. He wiped the spit from his mouth and gave John a few more impatient strokes before he shifted his position slightly so he was more comfortable and tried again.

“Keeping your mouth on my dick also helps, believe it or not.”

Paul ignored that, and tried to breathe through his nose this time as he tried to remember what Jane used to do. His mind, however, was still too hazy to work properly, its processing speed having lowered significantly due to John’s clever tongue.

Yet, he found that this new way of breathing helped and he opened his mouth and throat as wide as he could as he took John deeper, his throat working eagerly around John’s member.

“Of course, when it comes to advice, don’t forget to breathe. Except when you’re choking. Or you have a dick in your mouth. Actually, better not breathe at all,” John’s muttered in a lazy drawl, and Paul briefly considered biting off the man’s dick, but decided not to as he figured it would probably get him in trouble.

If only John would give some actually helpful directions... Paul considered himself lucky he had tied him up, not being able to imagine how annoying the man would be without the cuffs binding his hands to the bed. Closing his eyes, he tried to block John out of his mind, and just focused on what he was doing.

He held John’s cock in his mouth, not pushing himself any further, feeling that forcing himself would not make this any better for either of them. He forced himself to relax, and hollowed out his cheeks like he had read somewhere on the internet, and softly started sucking.

“There you go,” John chuckled, breathing laboured, “a much better pastime than babysitting a bunch of 8-year-olds, isn’t it?”

At least those 8-year-olds shut up every so often, Paul thought, but didn’t bother saying anything. Instead, he let John slide a tiny little bit deeper into his mouth and rolled his tongue around the head, though he found the movement strenuous and thus didn’t attempt to do it again. John, however,
wasn’t making those soft noises anymore, and was just breathing, albeit with difficulty.

Maybe he wasn’t doing it right? Was John even enjoying this? Like... actually enjoying this, and not just pretending because he was a prostitute and should pretend to make the client feel good about himself? Was Paul not angling his head right? Maybe he shouldn’t be hollowing out his cheeks? Was he moving his tongue too much? Too little? He knew he shouldn’t use his teeth, but then again, some people had said that was good.

And what if he wasn’t going to be able to make John come? What if he was going to have to give up? Would that mean he failed?

“You won’t be able to eat a banana after this without thinking about my dick, by the way. Just thought you’d like to know,” John called and Paul glanced up at him to see him smirking. He suppressed a huff and gently started sucking on the head, while rubbing the underside of the dick with his tongue, trying his best to a) ignore whatever John said, and b) give John at least some pleasure. He just hoped he wasn’t sucking too hard or too soft.

Damn, this was complicated.

“If you think about it,” John panted, and God, Paul was really starting to get fed up with him, “it’s actually a lot like eating ice cream, but tastes a lot more gross.”

“John-”

“Or a potato. If you tend to suck on potatoes.”

“John-”

“Or suck on potaTOES. That’s a whole another kink, though.”

“For fuck’s sake!”

Paul pulled off with a plop, and blindly shoved his hand into the open drawer next to the bed, desperately trying to find something - any-fucking-thing - that he could use to shut the man up. His fingers grazed something thick and rubbery that felt like it would do the job, and Paul pulled it out before unceremoniously shoving it into John’s mouth.

Oh.

Oh.

Paul wasn’t sure what the odds were, but of all the objects in that drawer, he had managed to take out a thick, pink dildo that was now stretching John’s mouth wide open, rendering him unable to speak another word.

John lay still, blinking down at him, momentarily startled. Paul stared back at him, and at the dildo, not really knowing what to think. Jesus…

John’s eyes were starting to light up - a bad sign. Paul knew he would have to get that dildo out of John’s mouth before the man got any ideas, but all he could do was sit back on his heels and stare, taking in the sight as his heart was starting to pick up a swingy rhythm. Besides, he was too late. Already the man’s lips had spread into a fiendish smirk, eyes forceful, nailing Paul down.

Despite these clear signs, nothing could have prepared Paul for the moment when John started sucking the dildo into his mouth, letting out a muffled, wanton moan, tugging at the handcuffs, the
sounds he let out getting louder and needier with every suck. He slurped around the rubbery toy as if it were a real dick, his hips angling upwards in the most filthy way imaginable.

Paul didn’t know why he had thought shoving a dildo down the man’s throat would have shut him up.

John was getting louder than ever, and Paul let out a weak, helpless whine as he took it all in, the way John’s lips were spread wide around the pink rubber, the way it would sometimes bounce against the inside of his heated rosy cheeks, the way he had his eyes closed in what appeared to be ultimate pleasure.

Oh… Paul just… he just had to see if-

With a flaming urge in his stomach, he reached out with a trembling hand and gently pressed the dildo further into John’s mouth, groaning as he watched the man indeed take it without problem. Paul was already fully hard again from just watching the man, and he gently started fucking John’s mouth with the toy as his other hand found the prostitute’s cock again, wrapping his fingers around the spit-slick shaft.

Paul moaned, his breathing heavy, and watched John closely to see how he worked the fake dick as Paul moved it in and out of him. John let out a heated groan around the dildo, thrusting his hips up into Paul’s hand as he put on a show for him, giving Paul what he hadn’t known he wanted on a silver platter.

His breathing was starting to turn into heavy panting and the movements of his hips became sharper and stronger, making it harder and harder for Paul to decide what he wanted to look at most. He was mesmerised by the sight of him, and when John opened his eyes, his gaze blurry, it only made it better.

It took him a while to focus on Paul, but when he did, Paul couldn’t help but shudder at the utter lust and hunger he saw reflected. It made his stomach curl and he subconsciously tightened his hand around John’s shaft, making the man choke around the dildo as he drew in a sharp breath at the sudden feeling. Everything about him told Paul was he close to coming: his muscles pulling tight, hands tugging at the metal cuffs, thighs quivering.

Still, Paul knew that even if John was close to coming, it was probably an act. Surely no one would react that strongly to sucking a fake cock.

...And yet, he wanted to suspend his disbelief. He wanted to draw it out some more, see the man wiggle and squirm and writhe as Paul played him, knowing John would be able to do it no matter what (after their last time Paul knew better than to underestimate John’s stamina).

Slowly, Paul crawled back between John’s legs, pushing them apart so he could lay comfortably between them, while still being up high enough to guide the dildo in and out of John’s mouth whenever he wanted. He looked back down at John’s erection and with renewed interest, and bent down his head, giving it another try.

He took it slow this time, kissing around the head first - which for obvious reasons felt more embarrassing than the choking had felt - before parting his lips and slowly letting the head of John’s cock slide into his mouth. He kept his eyes on John, watching what he was doing and trying mimic it to the best of his abilities. He had to give points to John for managing to take the dildo so deep with such ease - here Paul was, struggling to get a few inches in, while John just swallowed the thing without a care of the world!
He let the member rest on his tongue for a moment before gently starting to suck, drawing out a muffled cry from John. A few seconds later there was a choking sound that made Paul freeze, and, looking up in alarm, he quickly pulled the dildo out, afraid he had accidentally hurt John.

“No, no-” John gasped, his body jerking under Paul, voice breaking. “Give it back, give it back-”

Paul groaned at the sound of John begging, not quite believing that someone would want to suck on a rubber dick that much - but it was hot, and John really did seem to want it. He hesitantly did as John asked, pushing the pink toy back between the man’s lips and as far down his throat as he could, causing John to hum in pleasure as his mouth was filled again. His eyes fluttered close as he sucked on the fake cock with an unfathomable fervor.

Paul couldn’t look away from him, and reached down to stroke at his own cock with his free hand, hips stuttering as he thrust down into the mattress for more. He continued sucking John off, the man’s show distracting him from what he was doing, making the whole act easier and easier with every lick and suck.

More thick spit started to run down the corners of John’s mouth as he gagged again, the toy hitting the back of his throat just right, and his eyes started tearing up.

Paul’s eyes were glued to the sight. John was so... beautiful like this... even more so than usually. He needed to see him come again, remembering how gorgeous and angelic the guy looked when he let pleasure take over, jaw slack, head thrown back, lips trembling as he breathed out his name, his body pulling taut as he shuddered and came. What a sight he would make now...

Reluctantly, Paul pulled off with a long, muffled whine, having started to like the way John’s cock spread his mouth wide open, and whispered John’s name, his voice raspy.

“John...” he said, “c-come for me... I want to see...” John nodded frantically at that, canting his hips up to silently ask Paul for more, all words dying on his lips as his body tensed, and Paul recognised the signs of an orgasm arriving - John really had some sort of a switch inside his head, didn’t he?

Eager to oblige to the man’s silent wish, Paul bent back down, and took John back inside, hollowing out his cheeks as he sucked, causing another muffled cry to erupt from John’s throat.

The man jerked frantically. His hips moved upwards, and, as his cock slid an inch further into Paul’s mouth without Paul gagging, he choked around the dildo, and came.

Paul choked violently as John’s cock erupted inside his mouth, shooting rope after rope of come into his mouth. Nevertheless, he tried his best to keep his lips firmly wrapped around John’s twitching member and closed his eyes in concentration as they began to tear up. He couldn’t believe he was doing this, but he had come this far... so there was definitely no giving up, now.

John tasted bitter, his cum even more unpleasant than his precum, and Paul felt the urge to pull away, but managed to refrain from doing so. He struggled, but held on, and continued stroking John’s shaft to let him ride out his orgasm, knowing it felt just so much better that way.

Once John had finally finished and had collapsed on the bed - for as much as he could, being still cuffed in place - Paul hurried to pull away from him. Without thinking, he spat out John’s seed onto the bed and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand in disgust. The taste, however, remained, and Paul wished he had some water to rinse out his mouth.

The rattling of metal caught his attention, and he looked up to see John wriggling his wrists as he looked down at him with a satisfied smirk, the dildo still hanging loosely between his lips. His arms
must have been exhausted by now, but Paul still had a rather pressing matter himself he wanted to deal with first.

Sitting back up on the bed, he tightened his hold on himself and he pulled at his cock with quick, hurried strokes, his mouth falling slack as he just let it come naturally, making no effort whatsoever to either speed it up or hold it off.

He licked his lips as his eyes fluttered closed again, feeling embarrassed at the way John was watching him, eyes grazing over his form, pausing to watch the quick movements of his hand, and Paul jerked in shock as he tasted a drop of John’s cum on his tongue and swallowed without thinking.

His face twisted up in disgust as the nasty bitter taste once again spread across his tongue. His orgasm was too close for him to stop now, though, so he tried his best to ignore it as he continued stroking himself, his hips rolling up into his fist freely now that his second(!) orgasm was approaching.

It felt so good and he was so close, the intense friction making him whine as his head dropped between his shoulders. He let his forehead rest against John’s chest as his movements became more frantic, feeling exhausted from the session. He needed to come, needed to release the tension that had been building up in his stomach ever since he had shoved that dildo into John’s mouth, the tight knot in his stomach too much to ignore.

But he needed more, needed something to give him that final little push he needed.

He wished John would touch him. He didn’t know where the thought had come from, but he wished he could feel John’s hands on him, touching him and caressing him as Paul stroked himself to completion. But the man’s wrists were still unrelentingly cuffed to the bed, making any kind of touching completely impossible, and Paul glared at the heavenly object grudgingly as he let out a deep moan, his fingers tightening around his dick, giving himself an almost painful squeeze. He just needed to come.

He noticed the dildo laying on the bed next to John’s armpit - the man must have spit it out somehow - and for some reason it turned him on even more. His hand moved faster as he lay himself down on top of John fully, shuddering at the feeling of the other man’s body against him, growling at the feeling, relishing it as it was the most he would be able to get at this point. Next time… Next time he would leave the handcuffs, no matter how nice they were. Next time, he would have John touching him.

He glanced up at the man at the thought and growled as he imagined it, his eyes fluttering close for a moment, before he forced them open again, looking up at John intensely, needing every little thing he could get.

“John…” he whispered, almost pleadingly, his orgasm a mere calculated squeeze away, and starting murmuring nothings into John’s chest. He couldn’t even understand what he was saying himself. Blood rushed through his ears, blocking out any other sound, but then, finally, John’s voice responded. He sounded loud, distinctive, even if his voice was barely a whisper, and it sealed Paul’s orgasm, giving him no chance, and Paul felt a small, bitter jab as he came - John still, impossibly, had gained the upper hand on him by the end.

“I’m here. I want you to come all over me, Paul,” John said, voice tight and breathless, and although Paul would deny it later, it was the way John said his name, sultry and captivating, that did him in, ensnaring him by the mere sound of his voice.
He let go and came with a long, deep groan, shooting his come all over John’s body, covering him with it, like the man had wanted it.

He collapsed on top of John, body going completely slack, as he caught his breath, his mind spinning from the intensivity of it, and buried his face in John’s chest, planting a tiny little kiss there as a thank you. His body was heavy from his second orgasm, and his cock felt like it was on fire, overstimulated and raw from their activities, not to mention that his arms felt like he had been lifting two suitcases full of luggage above his head for the last two hours.

He groaned from exhaustion and rolled over and away from the other man, settling down beside him. Something wet and cool was poking his side and Paul groaned in annoyance, just wanting to get some rest already. Reaching for it, he felt something rubbery against his fingertips. Grasping it, he pulled it out from under his side, only to quickly threw it aside as he saw it was the pink dildo.

He had fucked John’s mouth with that, he thought.

It was strange realising it afterwards, and he felt dirty as he thought back to just what he and John had been doing over the last hour, and just where John’s mouth had been.

He couldn’t believe he had done that. Even more so, he couldn’t believe just how much he had enjoyed it all. He wasn’t regretting it one bit, and that thought in itself was slightly alarming.

Forcing the thoughts from his mind, he groaned as he reached out for the little metal key that was still on the exact same spot as where he had left it, his arms protesting with fervor.

He was glad it was still there, not feeling like crawling around on the floor, unsure if he would ever be able to get up again if he laid down for even just a second. He made quick work on the cuffs, undoing them and releasing John’s wrists before throwing them aside, not even bothering to put them away properly, even if the drawer was open and right there within reach.

He wanted to say something, but his mouth and jaw felt too sore and his throat was burning. It felt like John had sucked the life out of him.

He kept his hooded eyes on John as the man brought his hands down, rubbing at his wrists with a calculating look. He seemed content with his skin, though, a light drunken smile playing on his lips as he studied them, and Paul felt relief knowing that he hadn’t hurt him. At least he hadn’t mucked up with the cuffs.

“Well,” John said as he began moving himself into a sitting position, his whole demeanour changing as he grinned down at Paul, and for a moment Paul was reminded of the image of him sitting at the cafe, wearing his regular clothes, drinking tea, and he found himself smiling. “That was certainly fun! You saved my night, mate.”

Paul chuckled at that, his laughter coming out slightly croaky from the soreness of his throat, and he continued looking at John with slightly blurry eyes, feeling mushy. Apart from that brief image, he struggled to imagine John outside this sex-filled world, and trying to think of John without his flirtations and sultry acts seemed impossible. Especially now, with that satisfied smirk, his ruffled hair and Paul’s come splattered across his thighs, stomach and even parts of his chest, not to mention the few drops of come that still lay shimmering on his face from Paul’s first orgasm.

He looked gorgeous, though.

“Well, I’m glad to have been of help, I guess,” Paul said after a brief pause and rolled over onto his back before he began to sit up too, stretching his muscles and groaning at the almost pleasurable
feeling. “That was exhausting, though... I don’t know how you do can this multiple times a night.”

“I take a break between the sessions,” John explained, stretching his arms, before gently laying one of them over Paul’s shoulders. “Besides, with enough practise you build up great stamina too.”

Paul hummed in reply and yawned as he untangled himself from John and reached down beside the bed for his clothes.

“So... er... you enjoyed it then? I... I wasn’t horrible?” he asked as he started to get dressed in a lazy manner, sitting on the edge of the bed as he started pulling on his underwear, needing a moment before he could even attempt to stand.

Unfortunately the man was far from being too tired to jest and tease, like always, and John started snickering behind him as Paul pulled up his briefs.

“The worst I’ve had tonight,” John said. Whipping his head around to shoot him a glare, Paul caught John wriggling back into his leather trousers on the bed, making a show of trying to pull them back on, hips arching of it as he pulled and jerked at the material. His cock and balls had disappeared inside the leather pouch again, and Paul’s eyes lingered there for a moment too long for it to go unnoticed.

John smirked at him, raising an eyebrow, and Paul turned his head away with a frustrated blush creeping to his cheeks.

“Oh, piss off! You all but begged me to put that thing back in your mouth. I am not completely stupid, thank you,” he said as he started to pull his slacks on, and he could hear the tiny little gruff John let out at that, clearly frustrated by his own unforgiving trousers. Serves him right, Paul thought, though he couldn’t say he didn’t appreciate John wearing them.

“Oh, I was talking about the blowjob,” John said, laughing. “The dildo bit was fine. Quite imaginative, really.” He managed to get his trousers up and threw his legs over the side of the bed, coming to sit next to Paul. His leg pressed firmly against Paul as he began zipping himself back up, while occasionally busying his hand with the job of fixing his hair, forcing it back into its original “model”, if you could call it that.

“That was your fault. You wouldn’t shut up,” Paul said, glancing sideways at John with a grin, feeling strangely happy at the praise, though he wasn’t going to tell John that.

When their eyes met again, Paul hastily looked away and finished pulling on his trousers before he slowly rose to his feet to pull it up the last bit. He swayed for a moment, knees still weak, but caught himself by grabbing John’s shoulder.

“Er... sorry,” he said and quickly withdrew his hand as he saw John staring at it, but the other man didn’t stop watching him, and continued to blatantly ogle him as Paul pulled on his shirt. It made him nervous and he struggled with the buttons, but eventually managed and hurried to stuff it into his slacks.

“And besides, it was my first time.”

“Did you like it?”

Paul flushed bright red at the question, his heart pumping rapidly, because, although it hadn’t been easy or good per se, he had. He guessed.

In all honesty, he wasn’t sure. Because... there hadn’t really been much to like, had there?
And the taste! It was disgusting!

...But then again…

“It, um, wasn’t bad, I guess.” He looked around the room in search for his coat so he could pay John, but couldn’t find it. John was chuckling at him again and Paul thought back at his poor blowjob attempt. It had been awkward and difficult and his mouth felt sore in a way it had never done before, but... He found it difficult to say what that “but” was.

“It’ll get better, don’t worry,” John said, grinning at him, and crossed his arms over his chest. “It’s all about practise, as I said. You weren’t the worst I’ve ever had... and truthfully, that one grandma sucked the life out of me, so there’s no competition there. She’d had lots of practise-”

“Don’t tell me! I don’t want to know,” Paul exclaimed before John had time to say anything more on the subject, holding up his hand to motion him to be quiet, and John laughed openly at that, for once doing as Paul asked - mainly because he was laughing so hard.

Paul’s coat, meanwhile, was still nowhere to be found.

“Bugger! I must’ve left my coat by the bar!” he grumbled and bit down his bottom lip as he reluctantly glanced at the doorway. He didn’t want to head that way again. He wanted to pay John and leave and not have to deal with people looking at him and knowing. It had been John’s fault, whisking him away from the bar away like that. He wasn’t some damn fairy princess.

“Oh, let’s go fetch it then,” John said suddenly, still close to laughter, and without another word or even so much as a glance into Paul’s direction he headed for the door. He strided cheerfully through it as he pulled it open, making his way out of the room, down the hallway, and towards the bar area, leaving Paul dumbfounded behind.

Once he realised John had not only left him there, but was also going out without having so much as cleaned himself, meaning Paul’s spunk was still clearly visible on John’s face and chest for the entire world to see, he jumped up and struggled to put on his shoes, before hurrying after him into the hallway. This man was going to be the death of him.

“You didn’t have to come with me…” he muttered, more to himself than John, once he had caught up with him. The man didn’t even seem to hear him and merely walked on with a tiny grin on his lips, ignoring the way Paul was huffing and puffing beside him.

As they entered the bar area, a few heads turned to them with curious smirks on their lips, their gazes lingering on John’s appearance. It was busier now than it had been before, with lots of people talking with each other, and Paul blushed feverishly as someone whistled at them.

Avoiding their gazes, he left John and walked back to the bar where they had been sitting an hour before, John following closely behind. Although Paul couldn’t see him, he knew he was smirking again and Paul suppressed the desire to punch him in the face.

“Come back for another drink, guys?” the man behind the bar - Hugh, John had called him - asked with an easy smile as he noticed the two coming, and continued drying the beer glass he was holding, as Paul looked around for his coat.

His stomach dropped when it became clear that it wasn’t there. It hadn’t been stolen, had it?

Turning to the bartender, he ignored the way the corners of the man’s lips had turned up into a wide grin at John’s appearance, and opened his mouth to say something. John, however, got there first.
“No, I already had plenty of those-” he wriggled his eyebrows, and Paul fought the urge to bury his flaming face into his hands as Hugh laughed at the childish joke, “but we were wondering if you’ve seen Paul’s coat around somewhere?”

“Oh yeah. I’ve got it safely here. Don’t worry, sir,” he said, addressing Paul, “you’re not the first person to forget their belongings at the bar in the haze of a thrilling sexual adventure. I made sure to look after it.”

Paul was about ready to splutter and die from embarrassment, but John, strangely enough, bristled at the words, his eyes drilling into Hugh’s. Almost immediately the bartender’s smile softened into an apologetic one as he turned to Paul.

“Sorry, sir. Couldn’t resist a small taunt. I do hope you had a good session with our John?”

“Er... yes, fine, thank you,” Paul said, glancing curiously between the two men, unsure of what exactly had happened between them, and awkwardly took his coat from Hugh. Although he appreciated John standing up for him, he couldn’t quite understand why. The man taunted him like that constantly, so it didn’t make sense for John to take offence now.

Realising he was staring, Paul quickly searched the pockets of his coat for his wallet and opened it with trembling fingers to pull out a 20 and a 5 pound note, which he handed to John, who took them with a smile and a wink.

“I, uh…” Paul started, glancing sideways at the bartender to see he was still with them. He was watching them with interest, eyes moving curiously between them, and Paul cleared his throat as he turned back to John, shifting nervously on his feet.

“What days are you working? You know, in case I want to see you again,” he asked, his voice trembling due to the presence of the other man. Still, he had to know. Aside from being attractive, John was a good way to explore whatever this new realisation of himself was: it was safe, doing this with him, without any further complications, not to mention he was good at what he did... even if he could get on Paul’s nerves from time to time.

If Paul wanted to explore these new feelings, John was a safe option for someone to do that with. Not to mention he would not be expecting anything. It would just be about Paul, for Paul to learn and experiment, without feelings or complicated relationship stuff, or having to worry about the other person. And with John standing up for him like that, he did care, apparently.

John shifted his weight so he was resting against the bar, and the bartender suddenly turned and walked to the other side of the long table, where a female prostitute was happily chatting with a businessman. Paul relaxed immediately as they were left alone again. He disliked having to talk about something like this in front of people.

“Wednesdays and Sundays are my days off,” John said. “You’ve been quite lucky I’ve always been available whenever you were here, seeing as I have a lot of other clients as well. The best way to ensure that I’m free is to arrange a session beforehand. I have a work email for regulars through which they can always contact me. I can give it to you now, if you want, or you can drop by later and ask for it.”

“Oh, no. Email will work fine, I think. Here,” Paul said as he reached into his pocket again, this time for his phone which he handed to John. “Just type it in here and I’ll message you... if I want to see you again.”

John flashed a grin and took the phone from him - smiling as he saw the picture of an adorably
happy puppy Paul had as his background - and quickly typed in his email before handing it back to Paul, letting his fingers graze Paul’s before pulling his hand back.

“I’ll be waiting for your email, then,” he said. “I’ll be happy to show you everything.” Paul nodded in reply, and then glanced down at the phone - John had entered in his work email (jwl@rustypipe.com) and put down “John (that handsome lad)” as his name. Paul rolled his eyes at that, but didn’t change it.

“Yeah, and er… thanks… for today. And the times before. Just, thanks,” he said as he put his stuff back in his pocket and started pulling on his coat.

“No problem,” John said, beaming at him as he clasped his hands together behind his back and started rocking back and forth on his heels. “Don’t hesitate to ask me anything if you have questions about something.”

Paul chuckled at the (winsome) way John was acting, and felt his nerves fall away from him. “I probably will. Anyway... I should go home. It’s getting late,” he said and, having no idea how one ought to say goodbye to someone you’re having casual sex with, he offered him his hand to shake, which, yes, was stupid. John took it anyway, though, but with a look in his eyes that was way too innocent.

“T’ll next time, then,” he said, smiling. For a second Paul thought he had misread him, but then there was a flicker of wickedness in his eyes and instead of shaking the hand, he brought it to his lips, and instead of kissing the hand, he licked a small stripe on the back of it, starting at the base of his middle finger and dragging it all the way up to his wrist.

Paul gasped at the feeling of the man’s rubbery tongue sliding up over his skin, and he shuddered, though he wasn’t sure whether it was because he disliked it or liked it. Instinctively, he pulled his hand away and flushed as John looked up at him, their eyes locking, leaving Paul utterly dumbfounded.

“I-I er... I,” he stammered, not having a clue what to do next, and merely stood there, staring at the other man, even when John burst out into laughter, the sound coming from deep within in his stomach.

“You should - you should see you face-” he wheezed, doubling over. Paul continued staring at him, still not believing John had actually done that.

“Did... did you just... lick my hand?” he asked, bewildered as he looked from John to his hand - where a wet trail of saliva was clearly visible - and back to John again.

“Yes!” John yelled joyfully, grabbing the bar to keep himself upright, while his other hand came up to hold his stomach. “Aaah- J-Jesus-!”

“That’s... disgusting! Ugh,” Paul groaned, wiping his hand off his trousers with a disgusted look on his face. Yet, he could not hold himself back, either, and started laughing along, softly at first, hiding his smile behind his fist, but soon he was cackling freely.

“I can’t believe you did that,” he said, hiccuping with laughter.

“Part of my natural charm,” John said, batting his eyelashes as he pretended to dip a bowl hat. “Only the best for my clients!”

“Well, I suppose I should be flattered, then,” Paul said, trying in vain to get himself to calm down. “Next time a compliment would be enough charm for me, though. But thanks.”
Still, he could not help but find the man’s antics charming. Maybe he finally had to admit that John had a good sense of humour.

They smiled at each other, and were left staring for a moment. Paul looked away first, his neck feeling strangely hot.

“I er... I’d better go now. I shouldn’t keep you from your work any longer. There must be other clients who deserve your ‘natural charm’,” Paul said, making air quotation marks with his fingers.

But instead of laughing like Paul had expected him to, John sighed dramatically and flopped himself down onto the bar stool that was standing next to him.

“Don’t bother. There’s no one, no one here tonight,” the man moaned. “I’m just an old abandoned rag.”

Paul grinned at the dramatic act, feeling another laughing fit coming up, and didn’t really think as he took a step closer to him and cocked his head coyly to the side.

“Well, I’d offer to stay, but—”

John froze for a moment, and then his whole face seemed to brighten up, eyes twinkling with sudden revived liveliness as his lips curled up in a mischievous grin. Briefly, Paul was once again struck by how gorgeous this man actually was, before pushing it down as worry began to take again, fearing what ideas had filled John’s mind this time.

He didn’t seriously think Paul was going to stay, did he?

“So...” John said, straightening himself a bit as he looked Paul up and down with renewed interest, “that would certainly be interesting - and I could give you some crushing commentary on your blowjob while we’re at it.”

“Oh! I don’t... I’m not sure that would be a good idea... I doubt having my terrible blowjob skills derided so soon is something I can handle,” Paul said, scratching the back of his head as he glanced back at the door. Something inside of him, however, didn’t feel much for leaving.

What was there for him when he got home anyway? An empty bed, bad television, and a half-empty fridge... If he stayed however...

“I’ve got biscuits in the changing room,” John offered, shifting his weight from one foot to another, leaning towards Paul with a conspiratorial smile. “I can sneak you in - I’m not able to take another client for another hour, even if there was one, which I doubt, so...”

Paul studied John for a moment, trying to judge whether he was actually serious or just pulling his leg again. There was a glint in his eye and Paul could see the man’s fingers tapping the bar impatiently as he waited for Paul’s answer.

But should he? With John?

_Fuck it!_

He had never been backstage in a brothel before! And hell, two weeks ago he had never even been to a brothel, _period_, and he couldn’t help but be curious. And John did seem... better company than Paul had expected him to be, and he definitely wasn’t as annoying as before, even though his jokes hadn’t changed that much. Paul guessed he was just getting used to them.
He licked his lips nervously, made his decision, and nodded.

“Okay. Yeah, why not-” Paul started but before he could finish his sentence, John’s lips had spread into the largest smile Paul had seen on the man all evening, and he grabbed Paul’s hand, pulling him closer so that they were a mere few inches apart.

John’s hot breath ghosted over his face, and Paul’s heart raced inexplicably at the feeling. The man looked around them quickly to see if anyone was around, before leaning in so his mouth was right by Paul’s ear, making him shiver. The smell of sweat and sex still lingered on him, and it made Paul’s head spin.

“Just follow my lead and stay close,” he whispered and Paul nodded as he refrained from leaning in and touching the other man.

“Okay…” he whispered back, barely knowing what he was agreeing to.

John flashed him a quick grin, and, looking hastily around, turned before dragging Paul to the wooden door on the other side of the room. Paul didn’t notice anyone paying attention to them; everyone was occupied with someone else, and he guessed that seeing a prostitute drag a client around wasn’t anything spectacular around these corners.

Once they had gone through the door, John turned to the right with gleaming eyes, and pressed his back flat against the wall, arms and hands spread wide on either side, legs slightly bent. The corridor was empty, and the only indication of someone being in there were the sounds of sex coming from behind the doors on the opposite side of the corridor.

“You gotta do the same,” John said, an amused tone in his voice, ushering Paul against the wall as he saw Paul was still standing normally beside him, watching him with a conspiratorial smile.

“Otherwise we’ll be spotted. And think of the James Bond tune.”

With that, he started advancing against the wall towards the end of the long corridor, humming said tune, like the worst spy in the history.

Paul rolled his eyes at the man’s silly behaviour but followed John’s example anyway, joining him in his game as they moved along the wall.

“You have to take this seriously, Paul,” he warned, “or else all will have been for nothing! Now, stop laughing and stay quiet.”

Paul, in a poor attempt to silence himself, pressed his lips firmly together and pretended to lock them with an invisible key before throwing it away, though a few chuckles still managed to escape. John rolled his eyes, but seemed somewhat pleased and turned his head again to see where they were going. Paul continued laughing silently all the way, tightening his fingers around John’s hand.

Finally they reached a door that looked slightly different from the others. On the other side of the corridor was the room where they had had their session, and Paul swallowed at the memory of what had happened in there.

“Oh,” John said, as he looked at the door, “almost forgot to turn that.”

He jumped away from the wall and to the door, dragging Paul with him as he refused to let go of his
hand, and turned over the plastic sign that was hanging from the door handle so it showed white. It was the first time Paul had noticed the signs: there was one for every door, either showing a white side or a brown one.

Satisfied, John glanced around before turning back to the door behind them, taking a small key out of his back pocket.

“The signs are for the cleaners,” he explained, gesturing at the signs as he unlocked the door. It let out a small, creaky sound, and Paul glanced around them nervously. He felt excited - it was a bit like sneaking out of the house after curfew, knowing you could get caught and having to make sure you are absolutely silent and do not accidentally fall down the waterpipe on your way down the side of the house.

“Whenever it’s white, the cleaners come in and clean the room and take away all the extra stuff we’ve used. All of us have two identical rooms to use, so there’s always a clean one available. That one,” John straightened his back and pointed at the other end of the corridor, towards the room where they had been last time, “is mine as well. Our system is pretty handy and it works like clockwork.”

He grinned, and then finally opened the door to the changing room.

“Come on, then,” he said, nodding at the door, and walked in through it.

Paul hesitated for a second, and followed him in.

Chapter End Notes

So, we hope you liked this long piece of smut! Just maybe there will be something resembling somewhat of an actual plot next chapter. Who knows? I guess we'll see ;)

We've got a large chunk of the fifth chapter done, but sadly it now appears the editing is taking up more time than the actual writing, so we'll see when that comes out.

We love you and we'll see you next time, beatle people!

Cheers! :D
Paul Appreciates John’s Jokes c:

Chapter Notes

So!!!! SORRY IT’S BEEN TWO MONTHS. After crawling through hell, we are both back! CJD's been fixing her computer, popping back to Finland for the holidays, battling against new school schedules, and Swedish, while Puck has been sitting on her king-sized bed in her huge flat with tea and a working computer. (CJD is not bitter. >:c )

This chapter was originally 25k. So twice as long as this. That's a novel-length chapter. SO we decided to cut it in half because editing was starting to take quite a while. Here you have only about 37 pages worth of reading, instead of the original 70. someone help us

Since you liked Paul and John chatting so much, here have a 11k discussion :):))
SOMEONE HELP US

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The changing room Paul found himself in consisted mainly of one large room that looked like something between a football team locker room and those dressing rooms he had seen on telly for beauty pageants. The room was surprisingly pleasant-looking, with dark limonium flooring and creme walls. Lockers covered in notes, stickers, and photographs were placed against the wall opposite the entrance door with wooden benches in front of them with all kind of articles of clothing, shoes and bags scattered around on them, as well as a few lost socks. Couches and lounge chairs were placed haphazardly in the center of the room, so that to get to the lockers one had to weave their way through them.

John was already doing that, walking confidently towards a locker that had a bunch of photographs taped to it, along with a poster of N-Sync. Stepping further into the room, Paul noticed a long row of dressing tables with chairs to the left of him with mirrors hanging on the wall above them, which were defaced with messages written in lipstick as well as some pictures of famous people that had been tucked into the edges, who Paul assumed were people’s celebrity crushes. Various pieces of clothing, empty water bottles, make up, tissues, and used paper towels lay strewn around the floor, making walking across it more of a challenge than it should be. The two small bins in the corner of the room were filled to the brim and desperately needed emptying, which, at least to an extent, excused the mess. Pretty homely.

As John passed one of the chairs, he snatched a pair of black jeans from the backrest, and produced a key from their back pocket, which he used to open the aforementioned locker, stuffing the jeans inside. Paul, meanwhile, carefully moved towards one of the chairs that was not filled with clothes and looked relatively comfortable. He threw himself into it with a sigh, the session having worn him out. Usually the busride and the chill of the evening air was all he needed to rejuvenate, but now he supposed this would have to do. Granted, it was surprisingly more comfortable than it looked, and Paul found himself melting against the softness.

“First time I’ve ever smuggled a client backstage,” John said with a grin as he turned slightly towards Paul, allowing him a glimpse inside the locker. It was a mess, the contents being what looked like a chaotic pile of leather, empty water bottles, crumpled up pieces of paper, coke cans, candy bars and
other more regular looking clothes. Before Paul had the chance to analyse the contents more properly, John turned his back to him and started to dig through the pile.

“Now hang on, I’ll give you something to munch on while I clean myself up,” he said and Paul hummed in agreement, crossing his legs as he relaxed in his chair.

As he waited, Paul had another look around the room, taking everything in and reading the messages on the mirrors, some of which were kind reminders or birthday wishes, while other were more along the lines of playful banter. There was a door with a picture of a shower next to the many lockers, and Paul noticed a small pile of magazines and books on a nearby coffee table. Occasionally, he’d glance back at John and would listen to him hum a faintly familiar-sounding song to himself as he rummaged through his locker, and Paul did definitely very much not stare at his arse as the man bent forward slightly to reach all the way to the back, thank you very much.

(It looked delicious.)

“Voilà!” John finally announced with a cheerful voice, and something in his pronunciation made it sound surprisingly authentic. Paul wondered if John actually knew any French - he had certainly learnt not to underestimate the man, so in all honesty he wouldn’t be surprised.

“There you go, mate.” John turned to him and threw the biscuit packet at him without a warning. Paul barely managed to catch it, but fortunately did… it would have been way too embarrassing if he hadn’t, especially since the packet had been aimed straight at his face.

Muttering his thanks, he opened it and a faint whisk of lemons invaded his nostrils. They smelled delicious - lemon biscuits were his favourite.

“So this is where you spend all your time when you’re not working then?” Paul asked as he took one of the biscuits out of the package, and lifted his head to look at John, only to quickly advert his eyes as he saw John was undressing.

He ended up looking at himself in the mirror, and was struck by how messy and fucked-out he looked. Glancing around he noticed a brush.

“Do you mind if I...?” Paul asked, gesturing at the brush.

“Huh?” John turned his head, wiping a couple of baby wipes over his face, stopping to rub at his left eye, presumably to get rid of the remains of Paul’s spunk. Paul’s stomach flipped at the memory.

“Er, no, don’t use that one,” he said when he saw what Paul meant. “Take this. If Carol finds one hair on her brush that isn’t hers, we die.”

He picked up a hair brush from his locker and offered it to Paul, apparently not minding his nakedness at all - and really, why the fuck would he, considering all the things they’d done together already - and turned back to the locker.

Paul, holding the brush limply in his hand, stared at John’s naked form as the man dug through the locker for whatever it was he needed next, giving Paul the perfect angle to appreciate him to the fullest. John almost appeared to be doing it on purpose, and most likely he probably was. He didn’t seem to mind being ogled at, and he probably even enjoyed it, meaning that the only thing that prevented Paul from looking at the man’s body was… Paul himself.

He wanted to give John his privacy, he really did, but understanding that John really didn’t mind him looking, added to the fact that he looked absolutely fucking gorgeous, made it practically impossible to do so. His eyes seemed to have a mind of their own, and no matter how much Paul tried to avert
them, they simply refused to leave John’s form. In the end, he just gave up, even if it made him feel horrible, and licked his lips as he took in the well-defined muscles, the gentle curve of John’s back, the thick thighs that rivalled those of any girl’s, and the roundness of his arse.

He couldn’t help it, and he found himself appreciating every little piece of John. His incredibly attractive body just seemed to add to his gorgeously crafted face, and Paul now finally understood why he had always been unable to refuse John’s offer; the man had had him enthralled from the very first moment Paul had laid eyes on him. It was easier to admit it now, looking at the beauty who was currently swearing under his breath, bent over with his upper body buried deep inside the locker in the search of something.

His position drew Paul’s eyes down to his arse, and he frowned as he spotted a nasty bruise on John’s right cheek. For a second Paul feared it had been him who had caused it, but the bruise had already began to look yellow and brown in some places, indicating that it was already an older one.

“How did you get that?” he asked, waving the brush in the direction of John’s arse, remembering at the same time that he, indeed, had a brush in his hand for a reason. He quickly brought it up to his hair and started brushing it, hoping that John didn’t notice just how lost Paul had got into his body. “The bruise on your... well... you know.”

John snickered as he turned around to look at him, and Paul could not help but glance down at where John’s limp cock hung gracefully between his legs.

It was completely beyond him how he had not realised he had liked guys before, because John was absolutely beautiful and godlike as he stood there, completely at ease with himself and his nakedness.

Maybe that was it, though...

Before this Paul had only ever showered with other boys after P.E. in secondary school, and those moments had been filled with adolescent embarrassment, shame, and worry about who had the biggest cock or had got pubic hair first. Whereas John was confident as he stood there, powerful even in his nakedness, and Paul felt want burning deep inside of him again.

He had had that cock in his mouth.

For some reason it turned him on, and for the first time he understood what John had meant when he had told him sucking cock could give you a sense of power, even when you submit completely - two opposites combined in one. Paul nervously licked his bottom lip at the realisation and crossed his legs as he willed the start of an impossible third erection to go down. John, the wanker, bloody had him completely in his grip, hadn’t he?

“Um, well,” John said and turned again to face his locker, but not before Paul caught him smirking in a way that promised nothing good.

“There was this strange instance,” he started thoughtfully, as if retelling an old forgotten tale, “where one of the whips appeared to be magnetic when it came to my arse - we tried desperately to get it away, but it kept coming back…” His tone became dramatic and he glanced back at Paul, winking before grabbing a towel and some soap, seemingly ready to head for the showers.

Paul blinked at his answer, and once he finally realised what John had meant, he wanted to hit himself for being so slow to catch up. He blamed the man and his stupid distracting body; it slowed down his brain.

“Looks painful, though,” he said after a brief pause and grinned back at John, hoping the man didn’t
think he was stupid.

“Oh, no, I can’t even feel it anymore,” John grinned. “Hang on a minute, I’m just gonna take a quick shower. I’ll be back in two minutes. Don’t run! Behave like a good boy!”

Paul felt blush creep up on his neck at being called a “good boy”, but nodded and quickly finished brushing his hair, pretending he was completely fine and unaffected by everything. John disappeared into the shower room with a smile and a wave of his hand, and the door fell shut with a heavy thud.

Paul hated to admit that for a while there, he had thought that John was going to ask him to join him, and he couldn’t help but feel a little disappointed as he heard a shower being turned on. To get rid of the feeling, he opted for munching down the biscuits John had given him and decided not to think about what his answer would have been if John had asked him.

Besides, it only made sense that John hadn’t asked him to join him; their session was over now and he wasn’t a paying client anymore.

...Which in turn begged the question what the bloody hell he was still doing here?!

He was surprised to find that he had no time at all to contemplate that thought, when the door of the shower room swung open and John walked in again, a grin plastered on his face, his towel thrown over his shoulders. Paul, of course, was betrayed by his eyes right away, his gaze falling first to John’s bare dick, and only then snapping up to meet the man’s eyes. God, he was a goner, wasn’t he?

“So,” John said, his grin turning into a knowing smirk, and Paul fought the urge to blush, “how’s backstage so far? And please do leave me at least one biscuit.”

Glancing down at the package of biscuits in his lap, Paul was surprised to find it almost empty. He quickly put it aside and glanced back at John as the man walked back to his locker, rubbing his towel over his bare chest to wipe away the last few drops of water.

“It’s so...” Paul started, pausing for a moment to find the right word as he watched John pull on a pair tight underpants that revealed more than covered (it had a very convenient hole at the back that momentarily cut off Paul’s ability to think), “…normal.”

Paul chuckled at that and rubbed his forehead as he leaned back in his seat, eyes still on John as the man walked past him with a small bag in his hand. Paul watched with curiosity as John settled himself in front of one of the mirrors, opened the bag and got out some concealer, which he started to apply to his face, making sure to blend it properly so it looked natural.

“Except perhaps for you.” It was true: if it wasn’t for the attractive young man, wearing clothes like that - if you could classify the little he was wearing as clothes - whilst applying makeup with impressive skill, and knowing what John had done just half an hour before... Paul would have thought it was just like any other dressing room.

“Well, what did you expect? Dungeons and magic and house elves to clean up after us?” John asked and Paul shrugged, not able to hide a small, amused smile.

“I don’t know... more... sex stuff? Strangely enough, I haven’t given dressing rooms in brothels much thought until a few minutes ago.”

John laughed, burying one acne spot on his chin under a layer of water-resistant concealer, if Paul had read the bottle’s label right.
“You haven’t seen inside the lockers yet,” the man said with a grin, and put the concealer down before fishing a toothbrush out of the bag. He headed for a sink that had been fitted between the lockers and the dressing tables. “But on the other hand, we’re normal people too. Our workplace just happens to be a little different than for most people.”

“Yeah, I guess... you just have this image built up in your head, I suppose,” Paul said, swallowing, feeling slightly bad for his own prejudiced ideas. But John didn’t appear to mind at all and merely nodded as he put a small amount of toothpaste onto his brush. He let some water run over the brush, before turning around to face Paul again, leaning with his lower back against the sink.

“Yeah,” he said, holding the brush in a horizontal position to prevent the toothpaste from falling, “that tends to be a problem... It’s a bit difficult to get people to treat you with respect when all they see you as is a nameless whore with daddy issues and a drugs problem. As if we don’t have basic human rights, or even our own personalities.” He rolled his eyes.

Paul nodded with a small hum, his throat tightening as he remembered his own conversation with George after the man had given him the (first) gift card. He had said some terrible things to his friend at the mere suggestion of ever visiting a brothel, things he now regretted, and he had to look away from John as his own words swam through his head. He remembered how he had laughed when George had told him brothels weren’t just for pathetic old men, or how not all the girls were forced into it, had STDs or daddy-issues, or how he had a friend who worked in a brothel and loved it.

Having met John, and especially seeing him now, backstage without the need to present himself in any specific way, Paul realised just how wrong he had been. He wanted to apologise to the man, but he figured that would only sound stupid, so he forced the words back down and decided to guide the conversation elsewhere.

“So,” he started, glancing at John from the corner of his eye as the man began brushing his teeth, moving the toothbrush up and down in quick, sharp motions. “What do you do then? When you’re not... whoring it out?” He shot the man a good-humoured smile to let him know he didn’t mean it badly, although he suspected John would never have taken it as such anyway. “Like on your days off? Or during the day?”

“Haagahga ghaagha hahaaghah,” John answered, the toothbrush still in his mouth, pretending to give a full, well-thought out answer. Paul laughed at that as he let John finish brushing his teeth, waiting patiently as John spat in the sink, rinsed his mouth with some water from the tap and straightened himself again.

“Um,” he said as he dried his mouth with his towel, which he then threw over an armrest of one of the nearby couches. “I read and draw a lot, or try to at least, and hang out with friends. I also try to go to the gym when I can. Need to keep fit, you know.” He winked and flexed one of his arms. Paul’s eyes drank in the sight, not sure whether his mouth was actually hanging open or whether it was just the overall sentiment of his brain becoming quite numb, and John grinned.

“You like it then? Your job?” Paul asked and John nodded before walking back to his locker to finish his routine. Paul didn’t say anything more and he let John do what he needed and just sat there in silence for a moment, mindlessly playing with the brush in his hands as he thought over what John had told him.

It felt strange to think John could really enjoy sleeping with all those people, but he seemed to genuinely mean what he said. And... why wouldn’t he? If that’s what he liked to do... Paul guessed he couldn’t really judge, seeing as he didn’t know anything about this job except what he had experienced himself, which wasn’t much... And yet, already it was different from what he had expected: less violence, more fun and respect - so unlike anything he had seen in the movies. He
couldn’t say he wasn’t intrigued.

John was more normal than he had thought too. Now, after a few sessions, Paul could say that the man was witty, playful, and nice when he wasn’t being a dick about your very first and admittedly very bad attempt at sucking cock... Or just sex in general. And the more he talked to him, the more he seemed like just another guy, someone who you could just walk past in the supermarket and you’d never think twice about what he did for living. He even seemed like someone with whom Paul could have hit it off, had they met under different circumstances.

What was preventing them now, though? Sure, he was John’s client, and their relationship was purely professional, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t be friends, right?

He had been too deep in thought to notice John taking a seat in one of the chairs besides him, and jumped up as he suddenly felt fingers on his arm, lightly tickling as they moved up and down in a spider-like movement. Paul giggled at the ticklish feeling and slapped his hand away playfully. He noticed that John had put his leather trousers back on, and couldn’t help but feel a small disappointed jab at that. God, he was becoming pathetic.

“You ready?” he asked, and when John nodded, Paul realised he still did not have a single clue what he was doing here and why John had invited him backstage with him. It wasn’t like the man was getting anything out of it, was he? Not that Paul would mind paying John, if asked.

They stared at each other for a moment, both waiting for the other to do something (while John smirked at him in that very annoying way of his), and finally it was Paul who opened his mouth first.

“So…” he asked, sitting back in his chair as he looked at John expectantly, “what do we do now?”

John laughed and clapped his hands together, rubbing his palms against each other.

“Now, my dearest Paul,” he said, the grin never leaving his lips, “I ruin your self-confidence by giving my crushing criticism of that blowjob of yours.”

“Oh God… Please, no…” Paul groaned as he buried his head in his hands and started to turn away from John, thinking for some strange unfathomable reason that could maybe stop this from happening. Of course it didn’t, and John simply reached out and took a hold of his shoulder, keeping him firmly in place as Paul pretended to struggle against him.

“You’re kidding me, right?” Paul asked faintly and relaxed under John’s hold, looking up at the man with big, pathetic eyes. His Puppy-Eye Powers rarely failed him, but it seemed that John was somehow immune to them. The bastard.

“You said you wanted to learn,” John said with a fake hint of empathy in his voice, and Paul groaned again as he tried to turn away from him a second time, but was just turned back around like before. He pressed his hands against his eyes, groaning under his breath.

“Can I still change my mind and leave?” he asked, spreading his fingers so that he could look through them, and groaned for a fourth time as John gleefully shook his head.

“I’m seriously regretting of accepting your offer to sneak me in here, you know. My ego is going to be crushed to bits by the end of the evening, I can feel it. It’s already crumbling... Oh! There went a piece. Oh, and another one,” Paul said, pretending to be physically torn apart whenever a piece crumbled away.

John laughed loudly and Paul felt a sense of pride swell up in his chest at the wonderful sound.
“Well, my biggest advice for you is to stop fucking thinking,” the man said once he had collected himself and leaned back in his chair as Paul looked at him with immense concentration, still interested in what he had to say despite his earlier feigned objection to it. “You gotta go with the feeling - you can’t be wondering whether you’re being too harsh, or too soft, or not taking it deep enough. Some people can’t get past the head, but as long as they give their everything to that small bit, the blowjob can be mind-blowing.”

“How do I do that then?” Paul asked, crossing his legs as he raised an eyebrow at the other man as if he had suggested something that was completely and utterly impossible to do. And for Paul it was. When John nodded, however, he sighed but refrained from arguing. John had been doing this almost daily for… how long did he say he had been doing this again? Five- Six years! And Paul knew the man was good at what he did, so he figured that there had to be some truth to his words, even if it did sound completely absurd.

“How do I do that then?” he asked, because he truly didn’t have a clue how to turn off his mind, especially during sex, when he needed to please. “I mean, I still have to adjust what I do to what works for the other person, don’t I?”

“That’s what I do with girls, anyway,’ he thought, but didn’t say it.

Yeah, but you overthink it. Some little brain activity is good, but I could literally hear you think.” John explained, looking at Paul sternly. “You treat it like it’s a mechanical process, when it should be a sensual experience. Stop thinking about what you do and just let yourself enjoy the feeling. You’re a beginner, so the most important thing for now is that you don’t try too much. Variation comes with experience, not with your brain overheating.”

Paul chuckled at that, a combination of embarrassment, nerves, and actual laughter rippling through him. His fingers clenched on his thighs and he nodded, having to agree that overthinking stuff did sound like him. It was... difficult though, shutting off his mind, not caring about the other person and just... enjoying... just... doing.

“How do you do that? Just... enjoying it?”

“For me,” John said, stretching his legs out in front of him and wriggling his toes, barefooted as always. “It’s about giving. I love making my partner in crime feel good. I don’t think about my own discomfort, but focus instead on the sounds the other person makes, and that I’m the person doing that to them. That in itself turns me on, and it’s easy to get lost in that feeling. It’s a challenge, too... What new things could I try this time? How does the other react if I lick from here? Or here? Or suck right here? Or just scrape the skin right there with a little bit of teeth? It’s about discovering new things - a bit like playing an instrument. With you, for example, I could listen to you moaning all day.”

Paul flushed at that last comment and blinked up at him, unsure how to react to that. He didn’t even move at first until finally he found a few words somewhere.

“Oh... I er... okay,” he said and John laughed at him, and shot him the most beautiful, almost adoring smile.

“You’re adorable when you get all flustered like that,” he said and Paul punched his arm in return as he turned away from him again, pouting.

“I thought you were supposed to be teaching me?!”

“I am teaching you!”
“No, you’re- Ugh... you know what? Fine! I get how making the other person... feel good... can be enjoyable but... it doesn’t even taste or smell good?! It’s just... kinda musty? I guess? And salty and bitter and the smell is just... you can’t ignore it, you know? You can’t bloody well enjoy that, can you?”

“Oh,” John said, his eyes darkening, and he leaned towards Paul with a predatory look in his eyes, causing Paul to lean back on instinct to avoid him, a low heat pooling in his stomach. “I am so glad you asked. Yes, well, let’s just say that if I were to drop down on my knees in front of you right now and sniffle around a bit, I would get very aroused...”

He emphasised his words by sniffing a bit, chuckling at the outright terrified look on Paul’s face.

“Would you get disgusted by the smell of someone’s vagina?” he continued, arching a way too knowledgeable eyebrow.

“Well... no, but-” Paul started, biting his lip, “-but that’s different. Girls just smell better! Or... It’s nicer, anyway... somehow.”

“That’s ’cos you’re used to it,” John explained, sounding almost more like a teacher now. “But the first time wasn’t good, was it?”

Paul thought back to his first time. He remembered it well, how awkward it had been, how clumsily they moved together, and how good it had been, even if technically it hadn’t been that good at all, both of them having been completely inexperienced. Thinking back at it, he had to admit it had probably been worse than it had felt back then - even if at the time he had thought it had been incredible - and the first time he had tried going down on a girl, he had been rather put off by the taste and the smell, but now...

“Yeah... I guess.”

“Well, that’s my argument. Your dick smells like sex. It turns me on.”

“Please stop saying that,” Paul said, lightly groaning as he squirmed in his seat, not able to help himself, and John chuckled at him, making Paul huff in annoyance. “Any other great mystical insights on giving head?” he asked, though he wasn’t sure if he wanted to listen to John talk more about that. Especially if he kept making these terribly inappropriate comments that did not turn him on at all. Fuck John and his stupid mouth.

“Oh, definitely!” John said with far more excitement than Paul could appreciate at that moment. “Wetter. You’re not sucking on sandpaper - you’ve got to make it wet. It makes the whole thing easier, not to mention more pleasurable. Whenever I start blowing someone, the first thing I do is drool all over that cock. Makes it all nice ’n slippery.”

“Oh God...” Paul moaned, rubbing his forehead with his hand as he tried to block out the images John’s descriptions brought to mind. “Anything else? Or did I actually manage do something right as well?”

“That part with the dildo? That wasn’t bad. I’m having difficulties remembering exactly what you did, since I was rather, er, preoccupied at the time, but it must’ve been good, since I didn’t notice anything bad going on. You definitely stopped thinking at that point, at least, and just went with it,” John laughed, and Paul felt a dangerous heat sneaking up his neck.

“Well... you do tend to talk a lot... I had to find some way of shutting you up.”

“Part of my natural charm. You just don’t appreciate my jokes.”
“Maybe I’d appreciate them more if you didn’t tell them while I have your cock in my mouth…” Paul said, fighting the blush that was now creeping up on his cheeks as he said that. God, he had had that guy’s dick in his mouth...

“Sex should be fun,” John said matter-of-factly. “What’s the point in giving blowjobs when you aren’t choking on laughter when you’re not choking on dick? People are way too serious about everything these days - believe me, I know.”

“I guess you have a point…” Paul mused. He raised his legs and planted his feet in John’s lap as he sat back in his chair and studied John for a moment, finding this position way more comfortable. “So what you’re saying is, I should think less, have more fun, and... get it wet first. Anything else your highness requires?”

John laughed lightly at that, his right hand coming to rest lightly on top of Paul’s foot. He looked content to be sitting there, his eyes shining in Paul’s direction as his fingers curled around his ankle. “Oh, um, just eternal worship and such. The usual,” he said, and then laughed. “Mind you, that’s exactly how to give a good blowjob. Just worship the dick.”

“I can do that,” Paul replied, and, when he realised what exactly he had added, “with some practice, of course.”

“I’ll look forward to that,” John replied, grinning knowingly and Paul had to avert his eyes. “Seriously though, I’ve had worse. And you’re a quick learner.”

Paul smiled at that, feeling genuinely flattered, which was a strange thing to experience. “Thanks, I guess. Sorry. It’s just a little weird having another guy compliment you on how quickly you learn to suck cock,” he admitted, laughing at himself at how silly he felt, while John just continued smiling at him, for once not saying something smart back. Gradually, Paul’s laughter died down to a simple smile of his own, matching John’s.

“You’re a good teacher, though,” he said, still smiling, and with a shrug he added, “perhaps a bit of an arse, but... nevertheless… Perhaps most of what you said would’ve been helpful to know during the blowjob, which, you know, saying it now, it’s a bit late if you don’t mind me saying so.”

“But where’s the fun in that?” John exclaimed as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Everything you did, you discovered on your own! Isn’t that the most rewarding thing, now that you think back on it? I might not have said anything helpful, but you still managed to make me come, and quite strongly, too.”

Paul felt a light stir in his trousers as images of that moment came rushing back to him, but he tried to ignore it. He had made John come, and the thought turned him on more than he thought it ever would. So, maybe there was some truth about finding pleasure in pleasing the other person, even by surrendering yourself. Though... he supposed he was going to have to figure that out next time. Whenever that was going to be...

God, he hadn’t even left yet and he already wanted to go back! This was getting ridiculous.

“Can I... ask you something personal?” Paul asked after another brief moment of silence, glancing up at John with a doubtful expression.

John lifted his eyebrows, and nodded. “Yeah, sure,” he said, clearly noticing Paul’s sudden shift in mood.
“What was it like for you... when you first realised you liked guys? I mean... I take it you like guys... I don’t want to assume or anything, but-”

“Oh no, yeah. I’m a raging bisexual, love,” John said, winking, and then in a more serious tone of voice, he continued, “I was about 13 when I first realised it and at first I was confused, but then I kissed a lad behind the wheelie bins at a school event after too much free raspberry juice, and I had no doubts anymore.”

“Raunchy,” Paul said, winking, and John pretended to tip his hat at him in response. Instead of saying more, however, John just kept looking at him, as if waiting for him to continue. Paul had hoped he could’ve just listened to John speak for a bit, but... it would be nice to talk to someone, too.

“It’s just... it’s been confusing, you know. The whole... thing. I just never thought I was attracted to guys and yet... here I am, sitting with you, talking about giving head and kissing guys behind rubbish bins...” He sighed at that last and took his head in his hand, feeling suddenly tired now he had admitted that.

John hummed, his expression surprisingly gentle, and Paul stared at him, wondering what he was thinking. For a moment, he found himself getting lost in the man’s eyes, their soft brown colour drawing him in, making him feel safe, understood.

“It’s scary, isn’t it?” John asked, voice quiet, thoughtful, yet with that same characteristic hint of amusement that had a surprisingly calming effect on Paul. “You’ve been thinking all your life to be something defined, and then suddenly one stunning man turns it all upside-down.”

“Worst of it is, he isn’t even that stunning,” Paul said, chuckling, hoping to make light of the conversation, but there was a nervous tremor in his voice that gave him away. “A friend of mine’s gay. He’s been my best mate since we were like 13 or something, so I kinda know what he went through. I just never even considered I would someday be feeling something similar, you know? There were never any guys who caught me eye, either. It’s like I never even knew guys were a thing until now!”

Sighing, he shook his head. “Sorry, I must be sounding daft.”

“No! Not at all,” John said, shuffling closer to him, the hold on Paul’s ankle tightening a little in a comforting manner. “Sometimes you just have to wait for the right guy. If it makes you feel any better, you’re not the first one to fall into a crisis after seeing me in me leather straps. Not the first time I have this discussion, either. And some of those guys were older too, a lot even.”

“Hmm...” Paul hummed, unconvinced. He stared down at his hands, momentarily lost in thought. He guessed John was right, but it didn’t change much about the way he felt. He wasn’t sure how he felt at all, if he was honest. He wasn’t scared, or upset, or disgusted with himself, but neither was he happy or completely accepting, and yet, at the same time, he was all of those things at once. It was all just so... confusing.

“Don’t think about it too much,” John said, squeezing Paul’s leg. “Just do what you want to do. Your sexuality is no one’s business but yours.”

“Yeah, I know... doesn’t make it any easier to deal with though. But I get what you’re saying. It’s scary... though I have no idea what I’m even afraid of!”

“The unknown,” John suggested with a raise of his eyebrows. “Your life still turned out to be different from what you always thought it was and what you thought it was going to be like. And
besides, no matter how openly you were raised up, some little judgement against those who are
different always remains. It’s not your fault. It’s all psychological and stuff, and if you’re aware of it,
it can help. But now you find out that you’re one of those different people, and it’s different, and you
don’t quite know what to think of it.”

“I guess I just wish this wasn’t such a big deal… Can’t we just have sex with whoever the fuck we
please and not turn it into such a big thing? Animals don’t care, do they? It’s just humans making life
hard for each other... Anyway, I’ll figure it out I guess... eventually.” Paul sighed and let his head fall
back, pressing his lips tightly together. Something in him felt relieved though; it felt like John
understood what he was feeling, and Paul found comfort in knowing that he wasn’t the only one to
have gone through this. And yet, at the same time, it didn’t really change anything, did it?

“Nobody is asking you to define yourself... You’ve been doing just fine on your own,” John
chuckled as Paul huffed at him. “But I’m probably not the best person to answer that question,
considering I do have sex with pretty much anyone, and don’t really care about how they label
themselves... But then again, that’s my job, and I have no rights to complain. Gotta get it up no
matter who’s in the room with me.”

“Maybe I should become a prostitute too then, if it makes things that easy,” Paul muttered, glancing
at John from the corner of his eye as the man’s lips widened into a sly smile.

“Oh, definitely,” John agreed. “You don’t even have to look for sex anymore - it’ll simply find you,
even when you’re not looking for it. There literally are no downsides!”

Paul smiled at that and cocked his head at him as he looked him over. “That would mean I wouldn’t
be sleeping with you anymore, though... prostitutes can’t really have sex with each other after all.
That would make paying way more complicated.”

“I mean... I have my personal life too,” John said, smirking. “And plenty of free time.”

Paul chuckled at that, but shook his head, closing his eyes for a moment as he let out a deep breath,
feeling his nerves fall away now the discussion had turned to something lighter once more. “I think
I’ll pass anyway. Kinda like my job.”

“What’s that like, then?” John asked, raising an eyebrow. “Teaching children.”

“Frankly? Terrible,” Paul answered as he creaked open an eye to look at the other man. “Exhausting,
stressful, and the screams can give you a headache and a half, but... it’s great, really. It’s a lot of fun.
The kids are wonderful and it’s great inspiring them, to encouraging them to do better and pursue
their dreams. Or to get them excited about stuff they have never even thought of before. Or when
you help them get over something they thought was actually impossible. It’s rewarding seeing a child
overcome some of their greatest fears and worries... Makes you feel like you really matter, you
know. Like you’re helping, making the world a better place group of children at the time. And I’ve
always loved children, so dealing with them comes easy to me,” he explained with a wide smile.

“That doesn’t mean it’s not hard, of course. There’s a lot of pressure, seeing how much these kids
rely on you, not just academically. Especially when you see them struggling. You feel responsible,
you know.” Paul sighed, crossing his fingers over his stomach and slouching a bit more in the chair
as he relaxed, his leg still firmly resting in John’s lap.

John hummed too, leaning against the backrest of his chair, and then, after a moment of silence, he
started snickering.

“So... absolutely the same as me, although in a slightly different context, and with slightly older
“Thankfully!” Paul said, laughing, and hid his smile behind his hand as he looked John up and down, taking in the sight of the man as he sat there, casually holding his foot, looking comfortable and relaxed and just like any other guy, except for the leather trousers and his bare chest. It was an interesting sight and not for the first time Paul was intrigued by the other man. He wondered whether John was like this when he wasn’t working, whether Paul was seeing the real him, or was this just another mask he put up?

“Well, I can only agree with that. Kids aren’t really my cup of tea... Never learnt how to deal with ‘em, and siblings don’t really count.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say that... that’s how I learned. My brother Mike’s two years younger than me so I always felt responsible for him - still kinda do if I’m honest - and often it was my job to entertain him. Then I moved on to cousins and nephews and nieces or other young children at birthday parties. Being one of the older kids, you were simply expected to look after the younger ones, give the parents some rest. People would just dump a baby in your lap and that was it. You have to start learning somewhere,” Paul said, chuckling fondly at the memories.

“Besides it allows you to act all silly and stuff without anyone judging you. You can just be a child again, at least for a bit. Judging from your little espionage game from before, I’d suspect you’d like that.”

“I run away from kids, and as far as siblings go, I’d be the one making the must ruckus, so…” John shrugged, “kids are fine, but as soon as they start screaming I lose all ability to work with them.”

“Screaming’s the most common complaint I’ve heard, yes,” Paul said, chuckling, and watched John curiously as he wondered what John would have been like as a child. He didn’t doubt the man got into trouble more often than not, though he probably had a softer side to him as well. All people did. With children it just came out easier.

“Once you learn how to deal with that, it’s not so hard, though. There are a few simple tricks that’ll help most of the time, especially with some practise. But I guess children just aren’t for everyone. I just always loved kids. Becoming a teacher always made the most sense to me, and honestly, I don’t see myself doing anything else,” he said, and coughed as his throat suddenly felt dry. “Sorry, I er... I’m a bit thirsty.”

“Oh,” John said and pushed Paul’s feet unceremoniously onto the floor, springing on his feet. “You should’ve said so before. Of course you are - I should’ve thought about that before. I usually get water from Hugh...” he mumbled as he walked over to his locker.

Paul followed him with his gaze as John rummaged around his locker again for a bit before turning back around with two water bottles in his hands, one of them full. The man stood still for a moment, staring at the full one with a deep frown, and then walked over to the sink and emptied the bottle, making Paul wonder just how long that water had been inside John’s locker.

Flopping down on one of the sofas near Paul this time instead of the chair so he could slouch down on it comfortably, John offered Paul the other bottle with an easy grin. “There. It shouldn’t be too dirty. I usually wash my teeth before doing anything else with my mouth.”

“I think we crossed the line of sharing water bottles about two meetings ago,” Paul replied with a chuckle and eagerly took the bottle from him. “Thanks.”

Unscrewing the cap, the put the bottle to his lips and moaned as he let the cool water run down his
throat, which felt a lot dryer and sorer than he had realised. God, that was good. He drank half the bottle in one go, and closed his eyes as he savoured the cool feeling in his throat.

“God, I had forgotten how thirsty sex could make you. And er... you kinda ruined my throat,” Paul said, chuckling as he looked back at John, who was openly staring at him. There was unrestrained lust in his eyes, and Paul’s stomach flipped at the sight.

“Yeah, that tends to happen,” John said, sounding a little out of breath despite not having done anything other than walk little more than five feet. “Your throat isn’t the only thing I’d like to ruin about you, though,” he added in a lazy tone, smirking as his eyes swept over Paul’s body, causing Paul to choke on his water, having chosen that exact moment to take another sip.

He coughed violently in an attempt to get the water out of his lungs and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand to get rid of any water droplets as he looked at John wide-eyed, while the man simply winked at him and took a sip of his water himself.

“I fucking hate you,” Paul muttered and John laughed at that. “I know you’re doing it on purpose. Just to see me suffer.”

“Oh yes,” John chuckled. “I’d like seeing you suffer very much. And I got just the right equipment for that.”

“Please, just shut up…” Paul said, though he couldn’t hold back the amused chuckle that escaped his throat, blush creeping up his neck. He looked John appreciatively up and down as he wondered just what exactly John could have in mind. Another curious tingle reached his crotch, and, instead of squirming in the hope to hide it, he just let his legs fall ever so slightly apart in a way that could still be casual to relieve some pressure, while also getting back at John for his endless teasing.

Sure enough, John’s eyes came to rest upon Paul’s crotch almost immediately, and the man arched another knowing eyebrow.

“Shut up, like earlier?” he asked with a moan-like quality to his voice, leaning his shoulders backwards against the couch subtly so that his chest arched up, the curve of his waist becoming more defined as he eyed at Paul with a hungry gaze. The sight was slightly ridiculous, but Paul still had to repress a tiny growl as he took it in, not being able to tear his eyes away from John’s chest as he imagined himself pressing another dildo into that talkative mouth to shut him up.

The image was most appealing, but Paul decided against it nonetheless for reasons he later would not be able to remember and forced the thought from his mind. Besides, he wouldn’t even be able to pay John if he wanted to, having already spend most of his money and not having brought another gift card with him.

He couldn’t even afford that many sessions… John was expensive, especially for Paul’s salary as a beginning teacher. 30 pounds/week as a tip would soon enough start showing in his wallet. All he could say was that he was truly bloody grateful for George and his giftcards, or else this would’ve been a complete impossibility.

He wiped the thoughts away for now and concentrated back on the rather enjoyable discussion, leaning back in his seat as his eyes remained on John’s striking physique as he lay on the couch.

“Maybe you can manage without it, this time,” he said, though, God, he wished he could...

“Nah, I think I need something more to motivate me,” John said, grinning as he met Paul’s eyes, holding his gaze as he licked his lips.
Paul knew he probably wouldn’t have thought twice about taking John up on his offer, if he had had any money on him, but as it was, he could only bite down on his tongue and grab at the chair to keep himself seated as he followed John’s tongue with his eyes as it swept slowly, purposefully over his lips.

God, the guy really was a walking sex machine and Paul was unbearably broke...

“I fear I’ll just have to put up with it then,” he said, although he couldn’t truly say he minded the flirting.

It had been awhile since anyone he found sexually attractive had talked to him quite like that. Not to mention that with girls he was rarely the one being so openly flirted with, seeing as that type of thing was mostly expected of him. It was new, exciting... He liked it, though he was unsure just how he was supposed to deal with it.

“That might just be your only option,” John chuckled. “Not that I mind-

Right at that moment, there was a sound of the door opening, and Paul’s head whipped around to see who it was, his body twitching as his stomach dropped. John, however, remained calm, and Paul could see his eyebrows rising slowly from the corner of his eye.

John working as a calming presence, Paul took in the newcomer, his eyes widening as he understood what he was seeing, the blush that had momentarily gone down now rising up on his cheeks.

It was a woman, and Paul faintly recognised her. Her cheeks were flushed, make-up a mess, and her left breast was hanging out freely from her velvet red bra. With it she wore a velvet red mini skirt and black platform heels that looked simply impossible to walk in. Paul remembered having seen her during his first visit and again, although he could see she was attractive, he thought what he had thought then… she wasn’t his type. Despite her appearance, he offered her a careful smile as her eyes landed briefly on them while she began kicking off her shoes.

“Oh,” John said, voice the epitome of “casual”. “You’re showing off again, love.”

The girl rolled her eyes in annoyance as she looked down at herself, and gently pushed her tit back into the cup as if it were nothing.

“Titpicking,” she said, and then looked straight at Paul, her eyes grazing over his form appreciatively for a moment, before turning back to widely-grinning John, and then to Paul again, before rolling her eyes once more. Without another word, she made her way to one of the lockers, which was decorated with leopard-print wrapping paper.

“You’re unbelievable,” she said, opening said locker and retrieving a fluffy red towel and shower gel, before she disappeared into the shower room, not saying a word.

Paul stared blankly at where she had vanished, his heart beating rapidly in his chest. Had they been caught? Were they in trouble now? Obviously he wasn’t meant to be here, but then again, she hadn’t looked all that surprised by his presence either… Did John do this with other people as well?

The thought hurt him, though Paul wasn’t sure why.

His thoughts, however, were interrupted by John, who started laughing like a madman, the sound coming straight from his stomach, and Paul gently kicked his shin to get him to stop, not caring for a moment if he actually hurt him.

“John,” he hissed. “Did we get caught?”
Instead of stopping, however, John laughed even harder, and then laughed some more. There was a shout of ‘I can hear you, darlin’!’ that sounded through the door to the showers, and as John turned to Paul, his giggles started again as he saw the look on his face.

“Don’t- don’t worry,” he gasped. “We - and by that I mean myself - are only in trouble if my boss passes by - and he’d probably be amused too.”

“Right,” Paul said, though he found it hard to relax John’s words. He hadn’t quite thought about it before; that how, if they did get caught, it would be John who was really in trouble. Paul was just a client, after all... The most they could do to him was what? Warn him he was not allowed to be here? Have him pay a certain amount for the time he had taken up? Ban him? He doubted they would go that far.

John, however...

Paul swallowed at the thought, not wanting to be the reason for getting the other man in trouble. It was his job, after all. Paul would be pissed if anyone put his job in danger like this…

“Maybe I should go. It er... it’s getting late and now with your colleague here…” Paul started getting up from his seat, only to be stopped by the feeling of John’s hand on his wrist. Their eyes locked as Paul’s gaze snapped on him.

“Honestly, you’ve got nothing to worry about,” John said and gently tugged at Paul’s arm, pulling him towards him, and with way too little resistance on Paul’s part his legs gave out as he fell down onto the couch next to John.

“Carol doesn’t give a shit,” John continued as he let go of Paul’s hand and took another sip from his bottle of water, “and neither does anyone else. I’m too good at my job for my boss to sack me, and even though this is the first time I smuggled a client into the changing rooms, it’s not the first time I amuse myself in some creative way instead of getting bored, so you might as well enjoy this unique opportunity.”

Paul sighed, unsure. Talking with John like this was one thing, but doing it with other people around, even if they didn’t care, made him nervous. Still, he supposed John knew best, and he couldn’t help but feel a slight sense of pride at the news that he was the first one John had ever taken backstage with him. Why him, though?

Running a hand through his hair, he took a deep breath and nodded, letting his knee rest against John’s, the touch making him feel grounded. It was an unique opportunity, just as John had said... He could ask John about anything at all, and John seemed more than happy to talk to him for whatever reason.

“Fine... I- I guess I can stay a little,” he said, and eyed the door to the shower room with distrust as he took another sip from his bottle of water as well. “Anything in particular I should be ‘enjoying’ whilst I’m here?”

“Why,” John said smugly, crossing his arms behind his head again. “The wonderful sight of me, of course.”

“Oh don’t worry about that. I’ve been doing that plenty,” Paul dead-panned and turned his head to look John directly in the eye as he screwed the cap back on the bottle and laid it down beside him. The man really was handsome, if not utterly beautiful.

This time, much to Paul’s surprise, it was John who looked away first, an almost bashful smile on his
lips, though Paul didn’t doubt it was just for show.

“Why do you do it?” Paul found himself asking, and John frowned at the question, his arms falling back down to his sides. “The talking and everything. This,” he motioned between the two of them to illustrate what he meant, “the non-sexy bits.”

“Why not?” John raised an eyebrow. “I want to get to know you better. Since it seems that you’re a regular now, I can start worming my way into your life,” he grinned, and Paul rolled his eyes. “You interest me, and my job is not just about sex - it’s about a deep connection, of trust between two people. It’s like therapy almost.”

“But... isn’t that what people come here for? The sex?”

“Oh, they come for that, yes, but also for all kinds of other things. Some clients are going through huge changes in their lives, and may need help in taking their minds of it. I got students, who are under severe stress and need to vent to someone, I have people who are just lonely and they need someone to hold them and listen to them. I’m not just a sextoy.” John said that last sternly, a slight frown on his forehead.

“When I’m in my room with them, I exist for the client, but the way in which I do that depends on them. Every client is different, and I have a close relationship with pretty much all my regulars. Some of them have been coming here for years, just to get their weekly share of my jokes,” he pulled a goofy face, lips widening into a smile again.

Paul nodded at that and frowned as he asked himself what exactly he was here for. He had figured it had just been the sex, a way of dealing with his new-found feelings and exploring it. But was that really all there was - aside from the sense of adventure and exploration?

At least he felt safe when he was with John. At home he was confused by these new feelings and thoughts. These days his gaze tended to linger on men he passed on the street and he wondered if he had always done that, but had somehow just never noticed. He felt slightly freaked out by these new, unfamiliar urges and couldn’t help but wonder what people would say if they knew, what his parents would think if they knew...

Coming out. He had never thought that would be something he would have to struggle with some day. He remembered how hard it had been for George - but maybe it would be easier now, with everyone being adults, more mature… or was that just false hope?

Did he even need to come out?

With John, all that somehow didn’t seem to matter. With John, everything was fine, and he could just be. Maybe there was more to the whole thing than sex. Was that why he was here? To feel safe?

Glancing at John, he smiled at his own foolish habit of overthinking things. The guy was just incredibly attractive. Why wouldn’t Paul want to sleep with him? Maybe that was all the reason he needed. And if he discovered something new along the way, so be it.

It felt like something had suddenly fallen into place, and he couldn’t help but grin at John widely for what seemed like no reason at all, although the man probably took it as a response to his last words.

“It would be horrible to go too long without hearing some of those, yeah,” Paul said and felt a strange sensation in his stomach as he managed to make John chuckle.

“Any other questions?” John asked.
“Well,” Paul said, his curiosity getting the better of him now John was actually inviting him to ask questions - after all, it wasn’t every day you got to explore the inner workings of a brothel - “you told me what you like about your job and what you do, so… anything you absolutely refuse to do? How about that no-kissing rule? Real or no?”

“That depends on the person. Personally, I don’t have anything against it,” John said and then paused for a moment as he thought about the rest of the question.

“Watersports,” he finally concluded and Paul made a mental note to google that later, because somehow he doubted it had anything to do with sports. “Hitting the face - small slaps are fine, but nothing that leaves a mark - gotta keep the face in shape. No cigarette burns, or anything of that type, and I’m not a big fan of wax either. No drawing blood, either, or anything else that leaves any lasting marks. But since I’ve specialised in BDSM, I can do lotsa stuff.”

Paul simply nodded, momentarily unsure of what to say. He had never considered himself prudish: he loved sex and had never had any issues talking about it with partners and friends, but the ease and blasé manner with which John spoke of it - about those things in particular - kept surprising Paul. Then again, he had been doing this job for 6 years. It was only logical he’d be talking about it in the same way as people would usually discuss the weather.

The now familiar images of John modelling those kinky clothes popped up in his head again as well. And fuck... even though John was wearing something very attractive and similar to that right now, Paul really wanted to see John in those clothes.

“You get many people who want that sort of stuff?” he asked, images of John still hovering before his eyes. At least John hadn’t mentioned anything Paul would like to try as being off-limits.

“Not that many - those kinks aren’t that popular, I guess. And generally, those are the kinds of things people mention well in advance,” John explained. “They often send an enquiry through our website whether there is anyone who does that sort of thing and then they get matched with the right person who is willing to do that. We have a couple of people working who do those things. I’m specialised in other stuff.”

“Like... BDSM?”

“Yeah. It mainly includes a lot of tying down, the incorporation of toys, and dom/sub elements. I can do both roles without problem. But I’ve got regulars who are only into vanilla as well of course.”

“Right…” Paul said, thinking deeply. What John was telling him intrigued him. He had always liked to spice things up a little, but had never had the opportunity to try anything before. Jane had indulged him a few times, and they had had fun, although things had been rather… tame.

Part of it had been his own fault, being unsure what he really wanted and being afraid to ask for what he did know. But Jane hadn’t been that into it either. She had always liked what they did when Paul had finally convinced her to at least try it, but had always had a clear preference for fun and unrestricted vanilla sex, and Paul had never really had a reason to complain.

But with John...

It just came naturally to him when they were together; him holding John down, watching him squirm, handcuffing him to the bed, letting him eat him out like a girl (really, Paul had never expected that could feel that good, always having thought porn lied to him) and forcing him suck on a plastic cock while Paul worked him, most of which Paul had done without much hesitation.
With John it was easier. Probably because for that hour, he basically existed for Paul and Paul alone, which was quite a kink in and off itself now that Paul thought about it. With John he was able to try all he had ever wanted to try, and more. John could teach him, could help him and show him the ropes - literally.

He licked his lips in excitement, wondering what they could do next time, what John could show him. Apart from having another go at sucking him off, that is, - he was going to show John just how good he could get at that with some practice.

He was brought back by the sound of a shower turning off and he glanced at John nervously as he heard melodic humming from behind the door. John said again that it was fine, but Paul couldn’t quite relax as he asked John a couple more brief things about his job (if he wanted to try anything, he could either say so during the meeting itself or before that through an email, which was recommended for more substantial stuff (Paul hadn’t dared to ask what that entailed); yes, John got girls too and more often than most people thought; most of his regulars he saw once every one or two weeks, though there were some who came more often, and others who came way less, whatever the person liked, needed and could afford).

Once the door opened and the young woman appeared again - this time wearing more comfortable and normal-looking clothes, dressed in a baggy oversized gray sweatshirt and panties, making her look like any other girl. She had her wet hair tied up in a bun, and she smiled as she caught Paul looking at her before she turned to John.

“Who’s the eye candy, then?” she asked as she made her way to her locker, and right away the image of “just-another-girl” was shattered as Paul could now see properly inside. It was full of sexy outfits, various sex toys (was that a plug with a tail?), hair extensions, and a large collection of make-up, amongst other more normal things.

Paul blushed at her words, but tried to fight it as he shuffled a little bit away from John.

“Oh, this is Paul,” John said, pointing at him quite unnecessary. The girl grabbed a bottle of coke from her locker and sat down on a bench with her legs folded, opening the bottle and taking a large gulp, clearly thirsty.

“He’s a new regular-” John added as his head whipped around to Paul, “aren’t you, Paul?” He raised an eyebrow at him, and Paul didn’t have time to respond before John nodded several times in a row, humming to himself with an expression that made him look like a self-important Victorian gentleman, making Paul chuckle despite himself.

Glancing towards the door, he wondered if it would be too rude to leave now. It wasn’t that he disliked the girl or anything, but he really didn’t like her being there with them. She seemed nice, or at least, she and John seemed to get on well together, but she was looking at him curiously, her eyes taking him in inquisitively, watching him as if she was trying to figure him out, and it made Paul more than a little fidgety.

With John he was used to it now, the way his eyes would linger at times and the way they would glaze over when he stared at Paul’s crotch, and Paul found that he didn’t mind it so much anymore. It appeared that with John it was easy to relax, to talk about pretty much anything: about sex, the brothel, himself, his problems. But with her here... he couldn’t.

It was probably silly. John and her - had John called her Carol? - were colleagues, and it wasn’t that he and John had anything special going on... but for some reason, with her here, it wasn’t the same.

He cleared his throat, his hands nervously fumbling with his clothes, unnecessarily straightening the
“Okay guys... I er.. I think I should go home now,” he said as he started to get up, but froze as he felt John’s fingers curl around his wrist again, gently pulling him back as the man looked up at him with eyes that asked him to stay, reassuring him that nothing was amiss and that Paul could really stay if he wanted to.

Paul swallowed thickly as he glanced at the girl who was still watching with interest, a light amused smirk on her lips as his eyes darted down to where John’s hand was curled around his wrist.

“No, I er... I really think I’d better go home. It’s already late and...” He quickly tried to think of an excuse, but nothing came to mind. In truth, he didn’t have any obligations tomorrow, and there was nothing keeping him from staying out as long as he wanted, which was perhaps a little sad, he had to admit.

“You know...” he said instead, feeling like a fool. “Thanks, though... for this evening. And Carol,” that was her name right? “I am sorry, I can’t stay longer. It was lovely to meet you.” Oh God, now he was sounding like a phony posh twat.

He forced himself to smile as he turned back to John, who looked almost disappointed? Paul was probably reading him wrong, though, seeing as John had no reason to be. Paul was just another client, after all. A regular. He wasn’t sure what to think of that.

Pressing his lips together into a thin line, John let his fingers fall from Paul’s wrist.

“Right, sweetheart,” Carol said, still smiling as she shot glances between John and Paul. “You do have a great arse, by the way.”

Paul flushed, but before he could say anything more, John got there first.

“Doesn’t he?” he sighed, eyeing at Paul’s arse freely, and Paul felt his face heat up even more. He paused in the act of putting on his coat to slap John on the arm, making the man chuckle. Rolling his eyes at him, Paul repressed a smile of his own and buttoned up his coat.

“Anyway, I’ll er... see you later then, I guess,” he said, looking at John, and felt a strange sense of relief as well as giddiness at that thought, like something had changed.

He was going to see John again. And he was okay with that.

It was a nice change.

“I'll send an email like you said.”

“I’ll look forward to it,” John smirked, but something about the way he said it let Paul know he meant every word. His heart picked up a pleasant beat at the thought and his eyes remained locked onto John’s for a while longer, as John stared at him, his grin never wavering. “It’s been a pleasure.”

Paul rolled his eyes again, but still the light smile on his lips wouldn’t go away. His eyes lingered a second longer than they should have on John’s lips before he lightly cleared his throat and glanced at Carol, wishing her a polite good-night before making his way across the room to the exit.

“And don’t stare at my arse,” he warned without looking back, knowing John well enough to know that the man was doing exactly that. His suspicions were confirmed when he heard John cackle unabashedly in return, and he grinned to himself before he opened the door and - after having a quick glance into the hallway to make sure no one was around - slipped outside.
His smile wouldn’t leave, even as he made his way through the bar area - he could see Hugh watching him knowingly from the corner of his eye, which he ignored - and the grin remained on his lips as he walked through the mainly deserted streets of Liverpool and took the night bus back to his flat.

*~**~*

John stepped out of a slightly creaky, grey coloured metallic backdoor, turned, and nudged it shut with his shoulder. He fixed the position of his shoulder bag and popped a piece of chewing gum into his mouth as he started heading home. It would be at least a good 20-minute walk, and since not a single bus circulated at 2:30 am, John had no other choices but to walk. Not that he was complaining - it was a nice way to clear his head from the brothel’s musty atmosphere.

The air was refreshing, the streets were empty, and the pavement slightly damp, which didn’t surprise John at all, seeing as rain was to be expected in Liverpool. Somewhere, probably outside the bar down the street, some people were shouting and singing, but no other noises disturbed the cold and quiet night. It was just perfect for popping your headphones on your ears and block everything out.

He put on his Bluetooth headphones, put his NSYNC playlist (God, that band really was gold) on shuffle, turned left from a corner and took up a rhythmic pace, his feet hitting the pavement to the beat of the song as it pulsed in his ears, his mind drifting off to the occurances of this night’s work.

There hadn’t been any more clients after the highlight of the night - otherwise known as Paul - had gone, just as John had anticipated. As a result, he had been bored out of his mind for the rest of his shift, and even Carol hadn’t managed to cheer him up after Paul had fucked off. That in turn meant that he had spend the rest of the night complaining about his problems to Hugh at the bar, Carol being the main topic of discussion, especially after she had managed to get that last client of the evening and not him… And while she had gone off with said client, John had just been left by the bar, drinking his very watered-down strawberry cocktail and moaning about being bored, while still trying to look attractive in an attempt to seduce any of the empty couches on the other side of the room.

Hugh, the bastard, had mostly laughed at his misery. Of course he had no problems at all; following John’s pain was a perfect way for him to pass time. Knobhead.

At least John had managed to have some fun for a few hours this evening. From the moment he had laid eyes on Paul, he had thought the man would prove to be interesting and fun, and today’s events had only confirmed that. It was a real joy to see how Paul was starting to get out of his shell and become more outgoing, more comfortable and more himself, after having spent the first sessions in a sort of a subdued shyness. Now he was actually asking questions and actively participating in the conversation. Although he wasn’t sure why exactly, John was intrigued by the man, and was eager to learn more about him. He was sure that after some time, the two of them could acquire a wonderful, trust-filled relationship, the same kind that John had with most of his clients.

He skipped over a few puddles, a smile grazing his lips. A trustful relationship with his regulars was what he aimed for, and it were those people who made the job really worthwhile. John might have said a thing or two about Roland to his friends that was less than kind, but the sailor truly was very, very sweet, and always brought souvenirs back from his trips as well. John was always more than happy to see him. You simply couldn’t have good sex - truly good sex - without trusting the other person, and John trusted all of his regulars with all his heart, and vice versa. If you wouldn’t let someone look after your cat while you were away, you shouldn’t be sleeping with them. That was the rule John always went by, and so far it had worked out well for him.
(Even though he had no cat - dammit. He wanted a cat. Where were all the cats? He needed a cat.)
(Or two.) (...Five?)

With Paul, that kind of a relationship was just behind the corner. There were just a couple of more steps John would have to take to get there: a few more sessions, maybe three, and the man would be able to lean on John completely. John would be a safe haven from work and other stressful things - just a bit of fun every now and then, someone who listened and who didn’t judge, someone who existed only for him and could give him what he needed - truly needed. (Which at the moment appeared to be good head.)

Besides, there was no denying that the man was simply gorgeous, and John felt like he could spend hours just staring at Paul’s face. The man’s eyes were dangerously easy to get lost in, and all John wanted was to make him laugh, to make him take the next step - whatever that next step would be. There was always something new to discover when it came to sex, and it seemed that with Paul they were moving ever-so-slowly forward. John was going to make sure that each new session contained something previously unseen, something that would first make Paul’s eyes bulge out from his head, only to have him begging for more the next second.

John could hardly wait and was barely able to believe his luck. He knew his co-workers were jealous of him for having managed to get the “new, hot client”, especially now that it was becoming apparent that Paul was a recurring event - for John. The man was everything a prostitute could wish for - young, good-looking, hygienic, curious, fun, and above all considerate. That was more than what could be said about many, although John had learned not to care.

When it came to sex, he only wanted one thing: to please his client. Whether that was by completely surrendering to them, or teasing them until they snapped, or making them beg for half an hour before letting them come… that was all done for the client. John’s preferences, wants, and needs had no place inside the brothel. And because he was a professional, the sex was always good for the client - even if John was sometimes left unsatisfied.

With Paul, though, he had the feeling they could go to a whole other level completely. There was just something in the man that made every nerve in John’s body stand on end.

He chuckled at the memory of sneaking Paul backstage. That had been some great fun, and all that had kept him sane during the last few hours of his shift. Even though John had originally just needed to clean himself up from Paul’s cum being all over the place, the idea of taking the man into the changing room with him had proved to be a great source of entertainment - and a good way to bond. He could agree with Carol - he couldn’t half believe that he had done it either. If his boss was to find out, he wouldn’t probably believe John either. (Not that he was going to, because John was sneaky as hell, and had backup plans. Always. Besides, Carol wouldn’t tell, and there was no evidence left, so now all John needed to do was to keep his mouth shut.

Which, granted, was slightly difficult at times.)

During the six years that he had been doing this job, nothing had ever spurred him into doing something like this - not even the need to clean himself up, since Paul could’ve very well waited by the bar, and John would’ve been done in less than ten minutes. The deepest reason for today’s adventure had probably been boredom, and usually John’s brain would come up with a new way of entertaining himself every few months or so... He just couldn’t believe how easily he had rolled with the idea.

No! Never mind him! He couldn’t believe how easily Paul had rolled with the idea! The man had actually come with John, which was… Wow! The change Paul had gone through over the last few weeks was astonishing, and John felt the ridiculous urge to giggle at the thought. Paul had really
proved himself today, with the dildo and everything - and the man had actually tried to give head, too! Despite his questions and worries, it seemed that he was growing into his new identity quite well.

However, going through a sexual crisis wasn’t easy - John knew that from his own experience, although he had been a tad bit younger, and fortunately he had come to terms with his sexuality quite fast. Paul was doing extremely well so far, and John was proud of him - and he was kind of the responsible one here, wasn’t he, since it had been him who had drawn it out of him. He would have to do his best to support Paul through this whole phase, and he would do his best to help Paul accept his sexuality.

It was a great thing, though, that the lad didn’t seem to have as big of a problem with it as some of John’s previous clients. For the moment he seemed rather fine with John ogling him without shame, and John certainly preferred it that way.

He had just made it out of the densely built up city centre, when his phone made a ping-sound, informing about a new incoming message. That was slightly unusual for this time of the day (or... night, he supposed… Morning?) and he got his phone from the pocket of his jeans with a frown. It was a text message - like… an actual text message - from his mum, and he quickly opened it. His mum only used texts when it was something urgent, since John had a habit of keeping his mobile data off when he was supposed to be sleeping.

“Tea, tomorrow, 3pm”, the text said, and John raised his eyebrows. He could’ve received the same message on WhatsApp at a more normal time as well, so probably there was something more behind the invitation than the intention of filling him with biscuits and Oriental Earl Grey… Not that his mum would’ve realised the effects that sending a text like that had on John, mind. The fact that she was awake at this time of the night said something, too.

John hoped it had nothing to do with some relative’s health, because he was the worst person to deal with those things - he could be compassionate when it came to his job, and with the clients’ health, but any news about someone breaking their hip and needing help with the groceries and John would be out of the door faster than Earl Grey would brew (which was exactly two and a half minutes).

‘Okay, see you tomorrow’, he typed back as an answer and then pushed the phone back into his pocket as he passed the car shop where he had bought his SEAT a few years back. Whatever it was that his mum wanted, John would hear it tomorrow. For now the most important thing was to calm his mind and let tiredness take over, so he could simply fall dead to the world when he got home.

He thought about Paul’s spent expression after the man’s first orgasm, and a grin tugged at his lips as NSYNC’s I’ll Be Good For You started playing, Paul’s smile lingering behind his eyelids.

Chapter End Notes

We’ll try working on the next chapter a bit faster. It should be doable. Probably. Meanwhile be sure to check our tumblr pages (CJD and Puck) in case we show any activity over there. all the asks will be answered eventually. we promise.

Till next time! Cheers ;)
John Doesn't Trust The China

Chapter Notes

So, the one positive thing of deciding to devide an extremely long chapter up into two, is that you're getting this part relatively quickly after the last one. Don't expect this to be a regular thing though... The editing is slowly starting to kill us, so that's why it's taking so long.

Also, remember when we said something about a plot? Well... here it is. We didn't mean for this fic to get as serious in its plot as it turned out, but you can all blame CJD for that one, as she was the one to come up with this. We're curious to know what you guys think about it though. The plot isn't going to take over the entire story, as that isn't why we're writing this, but we do hope you enjoy it. Neither of us have written something like this before, so we're curious to see how it's going to work out.

Anyway, enjoy the chapter and let us know what you think! We love you all and thanks for the great support on this little experiment. Neither of us had thought it would work out as well as it has, and we're still really glad you're all enjoying it so much. So, thanks for that :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At half past 3 that following afternoon, John climbed into his loyal red SEAT that had only left him hanging once last winter. He had woken up approximately two hours ago, and had spent the afternoon lying in bed, going through websites of animal shelters, looking through pictures of cats that were all searching for a home. There was no better way of torturing yourself, really, and John didn’t know why he had started doing it in the first place. He just hadn’t been able to help himself.

Unlike most days, his body wasn’t aching today, which made him cheerful and full of energy, the lack of pain giving him a sense of liberation. It would also make it easier to behave normally in front of his parents, which was a small bonus. He wondered whether his sisters would be there as well, or had the invitation only been distributed to him? It wouldn’t be the first time, but then again, Jackie hadn’t moved away from home that long ago, so it was rare that only one of the siblings was there… And he would know if Vic was in Liverpool, since she would’ve probably sent him a message already.

During the drive his mind returned to Paul, and he wondered whether the man was really coming back. He had sure seemed to be interested in that, although John wasn’t certain if the man’s salary would allow for it. Surely being a primary teacher wouldn’t be enough to keep on paying him once a week (or more, John thought hopefully). John wasn’t sure how many gift cards Paul had, but he couldn’t have an endless supply of them, could he? John found himself kind of wishing he had, even if it didn’t mean much good for his wallet.

As for the next session, he wondered if he should prepare something for them to try out, or whether he should just wait and see what Paul himself would suggest. Usually, he would always ask the client what they wanted, but with Paul… Paul had said he wanted to learn… The least he could do was suggest a few things… how else was Paul going to learn about anything? They could start by going through the toys John had stored in the room - no better way of learning new things than by
accidentally poking yourself in the eye with a dildo.

It took him about 20 minutes to navigate his way to the other side of the city, and he parked his car on the driveway of his childhood home. It was a large, two-storey, 4-bedroom detached family home, build up out of red brick with a bay-window at the front and a garage to the side. There was a small garden at the front next to the driveway and John glanced up at the tall tree that stood loyally before him, with its long, thick branches, perfect for climbing in, and he smirked as he remembered the many times he had done exactly that.

...And the many times he had fallen out of it. There had been a time when John’s bruises had come from falling from that tree, instead of getting flogged.

He got out of the car and made sure to lock the door before he headed to the front door which had been painted yellow - his mother tended to change the colour every few years - and got his keys from the back pocket of his jeans. He suspected that Mum and Dad were thinking of moving away now, though, seeing as the house was far too big for just two people. A smaller one would more than suffice, even in case of possible grandchildren.

Not that John had planned on getting any of those soon. Heavens, no! Unless something went terribly wrong, Vic would most likely be the first of the three of them to have kids, seeing as she was currently into her third year of dating one very handsome and well-behaved gentleman who everyone adored. It wouldn’t surprise anyone if one day she would call, screaming about a new ring on her finger. John could hardly wait for the wedding buffet.

“Hello!” he shouted as he stepped inside, and closed the door behind him as he began to shrug off his coat. The house smelled the same as always, something that made him feel both safe and slightly anxious at the same time. Safe because it was the smell of his childhood, the smell of the many years he had spend in this house, young, happy and naive, full of childish enthusiasm. And yet, he also felt anxious because you could never know how a meeting with his parents would go. A few too many times John had end up slamming the front door shut after leaving in a fit of anger.

As he began to take off his shoes - something his mum had started to insist on over the last few years - he began to notice just how empty his former home felt. The hallway was dark, and there was no one greeting him - not in the way Jackie used to do, dashing downstairs and engulfing him in a warm, bone-crushing hug with a joyous yell.

He could hear sounds coming from the kitchen, and deduced his parents were there. His suspicions were soon confirmed as his mum’s voice sounded, calling out for him.

“We’re in the kitchen, darling! We’ll be out in a moment. Just have a seat in the living room, okay?” she said, and John shouted something vaguely affirmative back at her, before trailing into the living room to the left of him, leaving his his bag by the door.

The living room looked like an odd mix of an Ikea living room and a house from the 80’s - John wasn’t sure if it was the old brown, almost green carpet, or the awful floral wallpaper that Mum and Dad had been thinking of changing ever since they had bought the house - which had been some 25 years ago. John himself had grown rather fond of the terrible colours and patterns, as that was just what “home” meant to him now, and he would surely mourn the day when they were torn off.

He sat down on the biggest couch, a white three-seater, with small pink flowers and numerous pillows to make it as comfortable as possible, which stood directly facing the fireplace, and looked around. It was apparent Jackie wasn’t there. She would’ve made herself audible at this point. Vic was definitely not there either, as expected, and John had to admit it was rather odd, being the only one to get an invitation for tea. Something had to be going on, because his parents just didn’t do this
kind of thing out of nowhere.

He grabbed one of the women’s magazines that was resting on the coffee table, and started flipping through it to get to the “Learn to love yourself as you are - Read our 6 tips on how to lose weight for the summer” -section. Strangely, it was completely quiet around him except for the ticking of the cuckoo clock his grandmother had left them before she had passed away. He couldn’t even hear his parents mucking about in the kitchen. Usually Mum would have at least something to say about her day and would be loud about it too, so everyone would be able to hear it and sympathise with her - she hated long silences, something that John had definitely inherited from her. Her chatting usually carried easily across the whole house.

Before John had managed to absorb the third tip on How To Love His Weight And Make It Drop, his mum and dad finally entered the living room, Julia carrying a tray filled with tea and biscuits.

“Hi, darling,” she said as she greeted John with a warm smile, while Alfred didn’t do as much as nod as he took his usual seat on the two-seater couch. John smiled at them both in return and Julia placed the tray onto the coffee table before taking a seat in one of the armchairs by the fireplace, leaving John in the middle.

“Sorry that took so long. I was just waiting for the water to boil. I swear that new kettle I bought takes longer for some reason…” Julia started casually when they were all settled, but John could tell there was something going on.

“What’s all this about, then?” he asked because he would have had to be a complete idiot not to notice something fishy was going on, with the chocolate biscuits his mum had laid out for them too, and… oh dear God, Mum was using the china. “Jackie’s not coming?”

“No, she has handball training all afternoon. And besides, your father and I thought it’d be nice for it to be just the three of us of for once. It’s been a while since that last happened,” his mum said as she began to pour out the tea. “Biscuit?” She nodded to the saucer of biscuits and handed John a cup.

“Last time - you mean before the girls were born? Because I honestly I don’t remember there being another instance,” he asked with a quick grin, and leaned forward to fix his tea in the exact way he liked it (two spoonfuls of milk, no more, no less, and just a small bit of sugar. No one could make his tea right). He grabbed a few biscuits from the saucer and settled back into the sofa with a content sigh, looking down at his tea cup.

So - Mum’s china. Okay, what on earth was going on?! John wasn’t even sure if he wanted to start analysing the situation.

“Exactly,” his mum replied with a wink and offered his dad a cup too, before she poured herself some tea as well and sat back in her chair. She blew lightly into her tea before taking a careful sip, and turned back to John. “So, how’s life treating you?”

“Um, fine, I guess?” John said through a mouthful of biscuit. He quickly swallowed it and offered a hesitant smile at his mother. “The same old same-o, as per usual. Really quite ordinary.”

“Good. That’s good. And er... work still fine, too? Aunt Mater told me the Scottish Parliament has apprenticeships available, if you are interested. It would mean you’d see a whole lot more of Vic as well. She says she misses you, you know. And you two always got on so well. And Mater says the pay is really good too-”

“Mum,” John shook his head slightly as he interrupted his mum, his grip on the tea cup tightening just slightly. “I’ve got a job already.”
The silence that followed was deafening - just like always, and John opted for taking a sip of his tea, trying his hardest to ignore the way his dad’s expression seemed to harden, and Mum’s mouth twisted unpleasantly.

“Yes, John, of course. We know, but... Mater and I thought you would like to know anyway. In case you were interested, is all,” she said in a tight voice, crossing her legs as she took another sip from her tea. Alfred huffed from the couch, but didn’t say anything. John waited, feeling like she hadn’t quite finished yet.

“It is a good opportunity…” his mum added, looking both hopeful and already defeated, already knowing what John’s answer would be.

“I don’t need to look for a new job for at least another five years,” he said, voice tight, trying his best to keep it under control, and, by extension, himself. “I have a good, steady income; flexible hours; own my own house and car, and I’m building up a pension. I don’t need another job,” he looked at his dad with freezing eyes, really not wanting to talk about this now.

“We know, John. But it’s good to keep an eye out for other opportunities. You never know what might pop up. We just thought it’d be good to tell you,” his mum said, shooting her husband a glance. Alfred simply muttered something to himself but it was too soft to hear - fortunately. John preferred not having to listen to him talk about the whole subject of jobs and “other opportunities”. They had been having the same discussion at least once every couple of weeks since the moment he had first started and nothing ever came of it. John really wished they’d shut up about it. He was fine. His job was his business, after all. Not theirs.

Annoyed, he stared into his cup in silence. Barely had they said a word to one another and already it looked like tea would end in absolute disaster. He wished Jackie was here. Handball practise… as if! He knew her schedule by heart.

“Anyway,” his mum continued as she reached out to take a biscuit from the saucer on the coffee table. “I ran into Cynthia at the cafe two days ago. She asked after you.”

“Oh! How was she?” John asked, raising an eyebrow to show at least some interest. They hadn’t even finished one painful topic or his mother was already moving on to the other. He didn’t want to talk about Cynthia - he’d rather smash his head through the wall.

Thinking about Cynthia was just too painful. Even if the breakup had been a necessity for them both wanted to be happy, he had loved her. They had had a good relationship, and she had been a great girlfriend - John could only hope she could say the same for him, even if she had ended it - but when she hadn’t been able to accept his job, no matter how many arguments they had had about it, so finally, she had given him an ultimatum and John hadn’t taken it. It was a matter of trust, after all, and if Cynthia couldn’t trust him…

He wished she had been able to trust him, that she could have seen how much he loved his job, however weird that might seem to her or most people who didn’t understand it wasn’t anything like how it was portrayed in the movies. He missed her. He missed her warmth, the small smile on her lips whenever he told a silly dirty joke that she secretly liked, her soft voice in his ear, laughing, whispering, moaning, and her arms wrapped tightly around him at night, bringing him safety, calmness, a sense that he belonged somewhere.

“She’s doing well,” his mum said, interrupting John’s thoughts, “apparently she got a job at a local publisher. Something with design, I think. And she’s living with a friend of hers now not far from the city centre... She said she missed you, though.”
“She was a good girl. Always polite and well-behaved. Not to mention pretty. She would have been good for you, John,” Dad added, being very helpful about the whole thing.

John forced a smile, nodding along, hoping that as long as he just agreed and didn’t say anything that could fuel the conversation, the subject would pass soon. He had decided long ago to ignore his dad’s words; there was no use arguing. And really, it was good to hear Cyn was doing well. (Even though he might have wished for some Norse god to strike her down when she had dumped him. He was over that now.)

(Kind of.)

“I told her you were doing well too. She asked if you were seeing anyone…” his mum said, looking at him hopefully.

John knew very well what Julia was thinking - she had always liked having his girlfriends and boyfriends over. His dad had struggled a bit more with the boys, but his mum had been excellent at making them feel at home. She had to miss the feeling of having someone like that over, meeting another potential candidate who could marry her only son. It had been almost four years since John and Cynthia had broken up, and John hadn’t been interested in anyone since then. Not that he had been actively looking, either… He just didn’t feel like it.

“No, not at the moment,” he said truthfully, almost bored with the question. He had already expected it. His mother was a hopeful woman. “Not really looking for anyone, either.”

He felt the need to add that. He had always feared the day his mother would try to set him up with someone. Or anyone really. George and Ringo certainly weren’t to be trusted.

“Yes... that is what I told her too,” his mum said, her smile too broad to be genuine. Feeling strangely stuffed in the chest, John took another sip from his tea, and once again thought about the china. He wished his mother would get to the point already, rather than talk about awkward topics such as his job and love life. The living room was starting to close in on him, and he could feel his parents staring at him. Even the chocolate biscuits tasted bitter rather than sweet.

For once, John had no idea what to say next, so he opted to say nothing. He crossed his legs at the ankles, took another biscuits and sat back in the couch.

His parents remained silent too, and merely sat drinking their tea. Eventually, it was Alfred who spoke, much to everyone’s surprise.

“Vic invited us over to Edinburgh in a few weeks,” he said and Julia nodded, before continuing to speak herself.

“Giles has a performance and she asked us to come see him play piano. She told us to ask you and Jackie to come as well. She has an entire week off uni then too,” she said.

Giles, Vic’s adored boyfriend and soon-to-be new addition to the family in their mother’s humble opinion, was a rather talented pianist and would occasionally play small concerts and for special occasions. John, of course, had known about the performance - Vic kept him more than well-informed - but he hadn’t thought of going. Vic hadn’t even invited him over. Most likely, it had probably been Mum’s idea to go, leaving Vic with no other option but to agree.

“When is it, then?” he asked, and found himself seriously considering it. Not just to see Giles play, but also just to get out of Liverpool. He hadn’t been up to Edinburgh much since Vic started university there, but he had enjoyed it when he had been there, so it would be nice to go back. He
 wouldn’t mind a trip with the family either, seeing as it had been years since they had all been away together, the last time having been during their holiday to Spain, which had included things like the car breaking down, running out of fuel, and having to walk 40 minutes to get to a gas station, and John had strongly refused to go on family holidays ever since. Maybe he was over that now.

“In three weeks I’ve got three days off, so I’m free from Wednesday to Sunday, but if it’s not then I don’t think I can make it,” he added and his mother tutted as she shook her head.

“Oh, John. You really should try to make more time for your sister,” she said. “You barely get to see her as it is. The performance is the very first week of May, right before the start of her exams. Surely, you can arrange something!”

“We’re fine as we are, Mum,” John said almost automatically. She was starting to get on his nerves, and he wondered how he ever could have thought that coming here without Jackie was a good idea. He should’ve checked on her before walking into the lion’s den. “Vic knows I’m busy, and I know she’s busy. We send each other memes on WhatsApp.”

“Alright, John. But Jackie is coming too and it would be nice for the five of us to go together. We haven’t been on holiday together since you were seventeen! It would be nice! Just think about it at least,” Julia said with a sigh, and John nodded for what felt like a millionth time as a he muttered an “if you say so”, under his breath, quiet enough so that his mother wouldn’t hear, not knowing why the last holiday would somehow make her think this one would be any better.

“So, um... Are you still going to tell me why you asked me to come here, exactly?” John asked after another long silence and sipped his tea from the suspicion-inducing china cup, his eyes drifting from his dad to his mum. “I know there’s something, so you might as well say it.”

His parents looked doubtfully at one another, both hesitant. John pressed his lips tightly together. Whatever it was, he could take it. He was twenty-six, for Christ’s sake!

“Well,” his mum started, stopping to pour herself some more tea, before she sat back in her chair, holding her cup with two hands. She was shaking slightly, and for a moment John feared someone had died, or something. But surely, they wouldn’t tell him something like that over tea?

“Your dad and I have been thinking…” Julia finally started and John tilted his head to listen closely, “and er... you know we love you and the girls more than anything or anyone else... but... well... We er... Alf?”

Alfred swallowed thickly but nodded, looking determined and he turned toward John.

“John, your mum and I... Well, simply put, we er... we are getting a divorce,” he said and Julia nodded.

“Yes. A divorce,” she repeated, and it took all of John’s willpower not to drop the cup of hot tea in his lap. His hand jerked dangerously, and a cold chill washed over his face as his mind seemed to turn over in his head. His thoughts disappeared, vanished all at once, leaving behind only cold blackness; all he could do was stare at his parents, unable to comprehend it.

“Wait... you two... what?”

He didn’t - didn’t understand what his parents were saying.

A- a div-

“B-but,” he said, voice faint and cracking, “but- you-”
You were happy! Not once had John noticed anything that would have suggested there were cracks in their relationships. They had had fights, like any other couple, but it had never been anything bad. At least not that he had been aware of. A small panic rose in his chest and tried his best to keep his breathing under control. His parents were… divorcing?!

“B-but… Weren’t- wasn’t- why??” he asked numbly as he glanced up at his parents, staring at them blankly, the china starting to shake in his hand.

He liked his world stable. He didn’t like major changes or sudden occurrences, and he liked things to stay mostly the same throughout his life, or at least as much as possible (aside from politics…). But now… his life was crumbling down right before his eyes, and it hit him like a speeding truck, right in the gut.

“John, we know this must be hard for you to process,” his dad started, and John turned to look at him, shaking his head as tried his best to hold onto his teacup, not wanting it to fall on the floor and break. “Hard to process”, yeah well, what did they expect?! He stared at his father as the man continued talking, while John’s mind was slowly but surely falling apart.

“Your mother and I have been discussing this for years now, John, and we feel this is the right time for us to go through with it.”

“Of course, we still love you, darling. Nothing will ever change that,” his mum hurried to say, her careful smile as forced as ever as she reached out for him, gently placing a hand on his knee. Usually the touch would have comforted John a bit, and that was undoubtedly for what it was meant for, but now it just made him want to throw the fancy china against the ugly wallpaper and scream.

“But what your father and I have… It’s not working anymore, John. It hasn’t been working for a long time, and now with Jackie also finally having moved out, this seems like the right time.”

His mother’s words floated in the air around him, one word getting sucked into his ears at a time. John never looked away from his dad, but despite his mind reeling, there was one particular thing that stuck in his head. Everything else just seemed to flow through his mind in irregular, jarring pieces, not making any sense whatsoever, neither separately nor together. But that one particular thing was painfully clear, and John understood it completely.

“For years?” he asked, voice full of disbelief, his stomach starting to churn. He saw his parents glance at each other, an unsure look passing between them, and that was enough to make his blood run cold. His parents had been thinking about this for years- had their lives just been a lie?!

“It’s not that we dislike or hate each other,” his mum began hesitantly. “Only, well… the love has gone out and things have been tense, so to speak, so we feel we would both be happier if we were to separate. We didn’t want to before because of you and the girls but now that you have all moved out and are enjoying your own lives, there is no real reason to continue this if it doesn’t make us happy.”

“Yes,” his dad added, “we first thought about doing this during your first year of university, but with the girls still being so young…”

John took a deep breath, his hands shaking as he still clung onto, rather miraculously, the teacup. He tried to calm himself down, knowing that if he didn’t, he would lash out. His wild teenage years when that had been a norm rather than an exception were far behind him now, and he had been doing fine for years. But now… with this…

Inhaling deeply, he took in the sight of his parents and tried his damn hardest to see the lie, to see that it had all been an act, that they hadn’t loved each other for years. He saw it, and it hurt, the fact that
they could still sit here together, drinking their fucking tea as if John’s perception of reality hadn’t just been fucking ripped to shreds! It made it all so much worse. If there had been fights and arguments, it would be much easier to... to justify the whole thing. If one of them had cheated, or if things had been violent... But there had been nothing.

He felt his anger rise and leaned forward to put his tea cup on the coffee table, not wanting to break it. He had to applaud his mother on that tactic, using the china to help him contain himself, as she had done many times before. It had been etched into the children’s consciousness not to break the china; it worked every time.

He ran a shaking hand over his face and took a couple more deep breaths, nodding to himself. It was his parents’ choice. It was their choice. If they would be happier this way, then... then... then fuck that! Everything John had known, everything his life consisted of was about to change, and it absolutely terrified him.

“Do-” he started, choking. He inhaled sharply to keep himself in check. “Do the girls know?”

His mum shook her head, something that John had already anticipated. He wasn’t sure how he felt about the news, though.

“We wanted to tell you first,” Julia said in a soft voice, which only served to increase John’s urge to smash something. He knew why they had told him first. He knew they expected him to be there for the girls when they would be told the news, act like the tough older brother and be someone for them to hold onto, for support. If he could stay calm, the girls could too, and if they could all stay calm, the entire divorce would go all the more smoothly. At least that was the idea.

His parents knew he would do that for his sisters, and that he preferred to do that, to be there and think about them so he didn’t have to think about himself.

He pressed his hands against his eyes, doing his best to keep his breathing in check, knowing as long as he could manage that, he would have his feelings under control as well. He wanted to cry, but couldn’t, and he felt angry with his parents for doing this to him. It was the easiest emotion for him to pick up on, it was easier to lash out and yell and let it all burst out of him than acknowledge the pain, knowing it would numb him. He tried to keep it down, though, squeezing his eyes firmly shut, knowing that it wouldn’t make the situation any better, and tried desperately to think about something else. Anything! Just anything to make this terrible feeling stop.

A smile flashed behind his eyelids. It was brief, but it was enough for John as another feeling spread through his chest, something much calmer and peaceful. He could feel someone’s leg lying across his lap and felt rough jeans scraping against the palm of his hand. It grounded him, and when Paul’s face from last night rose up in his mind, he managed to take another deep breath. He had been so happy then, so satisfied with the results of the session, the future for him and Paul looking good. Paul was definitely coming back - John had no doubts about it, and he was ready to try new things, ready to learn - and Paul had made him feel so... happy.

He held onto that thought, onto Paul’s laughter that was so wonderfully boyish, full of joy and excitement, and lowered his hand, looking up at his parents with a tired expression.

“It’s your choice,” he finally said, more and more exhausted as more moments passed. The anger was subduing, and thought it kept burning, ready to fire up again in time, what he mainly felt now was just plain exhaustion. Exhaustion at having too many feelings, too many thoughts. “I- I think I need a moment to think about this.”

His mother squeezed his knee gently, and he glanced up at her, finding her smiling at him. It felt like
his stomach was making somersaults inside of him, making him want to throw up, and he felt he was shaking as he looked at her with wide, terrified eyes.

“I know, John,” she said, voice still carrying the same, supposedly soothing tone. “I know it’s hard and I know you are going to need time to process this. Just remember you dad and I love you and if you ever need to talk, you can always call us, okay? We know it’s hard, and whatever it is you’re feeling now, it’s okay.”

John nodded, and his mother pulled her hand away, probably finally catching on to the fact that he was really not in the mood for that now. She looked apologetic, and John felt something bitter inside his chest. He didn’t want to think about it. He needed to get out of here.

“Just take your time, son,” his dad said in a comforting voice that did nothing but worsen the situation, and John nodded as he grabbed his stomach, his nausea intensifying.

“No. Yeah. Yeah, okay,” he said faintly, looking from his mother to his father, then at the china on the table, his hands balling into fists, his breathing quickening again. He needed. He needed out. Now.

He sprang to his feet, and looked at his parents, feeling his throat tighten as they stared up at him in surprise.

“I... I’m just gonna...” he started, voice cracking, and motioned towards the door. “Thanks for the tea,” he muttered. “I’ll- I’ll see you later.”

With those words, he rushed out. His parents had said enough, and now all John wanted was to get away from them. He couldn’t look at them anymore.

He needed out.

He hastily put on his shoes and threw his coat over his shoulder, and got out of the house that now seemed to be choking him. It was clear it hadn’t just been Jackie’s lively spirit that had left the moment she had moved out.

He closed the front door behind him, and stood on the doorstep for a moment, trying to stop his hands from shaking as they stared up at him in surprise.

“Let’s just gonna...” he started, voice cracking, and motioned towards the door. “Thanks for the tea,” he muttered. “I’ll- I’ll see you later.”

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He closed the front door behind him, and stood on the doorstep for a moment, trying to stop his hands from shaking as he tried his best to breathe, deep and slow. The house was looming over him and he could feel its presence even as he stood with his back to it. For years his parents’ love for one another had been a lie. For years they had been planning this, thinking about it, considering it, talking about it.

John wondered whether the worst cracks were his fault.

Sickened at the thought, he jumped away from the door and hurried to get into his car. He yanked the door close with more force than necessary and pressed his head against the wheel as he clutched at it with shaking hands, trying to control his breathing. His parents... They were divorcing.

Pulling back from the wheel, he scrambled into his bag for his phone and, after a few failed attempts, managed to unlock it. Bringing up his list of contacts, he scrolled through it a few times, searching for the only name he could think of, finally managing to select it after having accidentally scrolled past it a few times. His throat was closing up as he brought the phone to his ear. For what seemed like ages, he just heard the dialling tone and for a moment he thought he wouldn’t get an answer.

“Hello?”
He paused for a moment at the unexpected voice, his mind taking a while to switch over as he got the wrong person. It didn’t matter, though, in this case. George and Ringo were basically the same person these days.

“George, it’s me,” he said, sighing deeply as he threw his head back against the seat, squeezing his eyes shut so that he wouldn’t have to look at the house. A silence followed on the other side of the line and John knew George was already aware something was wrong.

“Yeah?”

“Y-you home?”

There was a moment’s silence, before George let out a confirming hum.

“Yeah. But we’ve got a friend over. D’you want me to kick him out?”

“Fuck- yes,” John breathed and leaned his forehead on the wheel again. It was a comforting feeling, the feeling of rough leather pressing against his skin; it reminded him of his work, and that, in turn, reminded him of Paul. Last night had been so good, he had felt so happy and proud of both Paul and himself that he had managed to get Paul as far as he had, and he tried to hold onto that, anchor his feelings into that memory, knowing that he would have to be able to drive somehow.

“Yeah, don’t worry. You’re coming from home?”

John shook his head, words stuck in his throat, but finally he managed to get them out.

“...Mum and Dad’s,” he said, choking on the words that tasted so bitter in his mouth.

“Right. We’ll put the kettle on, then.”

John hummed in response, the sound small and strangled, unable to form any proper words. Without so much as a goodbye, he hung up and dropped the phone into his lap, his hands shaking terribly. The initial shock was slowly fading and John tried his best to breathe, deep, slow and calm. The last thing he needed now was to start hyperventilating.

It was a strange experience. He had always been able to control his body, seeing as that was one of his job’s basic requirements, but now it was different. He would just have to - he would just have to take it easy, and keep his calm, or at least try to until he made it to George and Ringo’s.

With trembling fingers, he grasped his car keys and switched on the ignition. The car purred softly under him, which was slightly comforting. It would be a 15 minute drive at most, and John would take it slow, staying away from big roads, both for his own safety and that of others.

As he drove down the driveway, he glanced at the house through his rearview mirror, and saw his parents standing behind the living room window, two feet apart from each other, watching him back out of the yard, and it took all of his willpower not to start crying right there and then. He turned on the radio, hoping the music would drown out his thoughts, and drove.

He wasn’t sure how he made it to George and Ringo’s without crashing. The music helped, giving him something to focus on, but still his parents remained in the back of his head, constantly pushing for attention, and the more he thought of them, the hazier his mind became. He couldn’t believe it.

He just couldn’t believe it. Everything he had ever believed in was crumbling down and he couldn’t do anything to stop it.

He had forced himself to think about Paul again, and how the man had looked at John as the
reassuring feeling of the cold, metal handcuffs kept him in place. It had helped a bit - not much, but a bit. John would’ve been ready to bury himself into Paul’s body just to keep himself calm and to keep his mind away from his personal life. If only he could.

Sex always enabled John to regain some sort of control in situations where his life was going downhill. It helped him get into a specific mindset and helped him put all his other feelings aside: personal issues weren’t allowed inside the brothel, where all that mattered were the clients. He had made it through the break-up with Cyn like that. He had just thrown himself into his work until he had got over her. He would do the same now, but today was his day off, and John had to keep himself sane one way or another. Going to George and Ringo’s was a safe bet - something which he had done four years prior as well, right after Cynthia had walked out on him.

There was a free parking space just three houses away from George and Ringo’s. He parked there and locked the doors with trembling fingers, nearly dropping his keys in the process, before making his way to the front door to knock. He only had to wait for a few seconds before the door was pulled open, and Ringo’s worried, deep blue eyes met his, and it took all of John’s willpower not to break down right there and then.

“John! What happened? Oh, come in!” he said almost immediately as he took in John’s state, and reached out with both arms to pull him into the house. John didn’t need to be told twice; he stumbled inside and nearly got the last of his breath knocked out of him as Ringo pulled him into a tight embrace.

For a moment John was unable to do anything but stand there, taking deep, shaky breaths, before he was overcome with the need to push Ringo away, suddenly needing space more than anything else. He bit his tongue, trying to hold himself together, but he couldn’t anymore and his gaze blurred as tears began to fill his eyes.

He could see Ringo trying to reach for him again, but he stepped away and shook his head, the first sob tearing through his throat, deep and hoarse. He didn’t understand why he felt like he was being ripped apart from the inside out, why this hurt so much. He didn’t want to start crying, but he couldn’t help himself.

“Oh... John,” Ringo whispered, his voice faint, and there was a soft sighing sound that John identified as coming from George. Looking up he could see him hovering behind Ringo, unsure of what to do.

“Come on, John. Let’s go sit down, yeah? You’re not hurt are you? Physically, I mean?” Ringo asked and John shook his head, tears drizzling down his cheeks as he cried. Ringo gently wrapped an arm around his shoulder and guided him inside, moving past George and directing him onto the couch. George sat down next to him, a few inches away to give him some space, and Ringo knelt on the floor in front of them.

Gently, he reached out for his hands, wanting to take them, but John pulled them away.

“I’m going to get us some tea,” Ringo said in a quiet voice, and George nodded as the man got up again and went to the kitchen, looking unnaturally subdued as he looked for tea mugs. John spotted three used mugs on the table and felt guilt creeping up inside his chest. He had ruined his friends’ perfect Sunday afternoon with his stupid problems and had even made them kick out their friend, whoever it was.

His own misery, however, quickly caught up with him, and to be honest, he couldn’t care less about anyone else right now than himself. He had enough reason to be upset, dammit.
“John? What happened?” George asked. John broke out into another heart-wrenching sob as he shook his head and buried his face in his hands. He tried to stop crying, but it was no use, and ironically that frustration only made him cry more. He hated, hated crying. He hated looking weak like this, like he had lost all control.

“I-I’m… I-I don’t-”

“It’s okay… you don’t have to say anything if you can’t- or don’t want to. We can just sit here and watch some telly, and you can tell us when you’re ready. Look, look- here’s Ringo with the tea!” George said hurriedly, looking up at Ringo with an uncertain look in his eyes, and Ringo gently handed John his teacup.

John had thought that it would have soothed him, but instead the sight of a teacup reminded of his mother’s china, and that only brought back the entire ordeal, his hands starting to shake again.

Ringo, having caught up on the fact that the cup didn’t seem to be making things any easier, quickly took it back and placed it on the coffee table.

“You know you can tell us anything, right?” he said, sounding both sweet and yet unsure, and John didn’t blame him. He hadn’t had any issues for years, but now he felt the urge again to scream and yell and smash whatever he could get his hands on. But he couldn’t- he had to control it.

He nodded and took a couple of deep breaths as he wiped the tears from his eyes and leaned back against the couch. For some reason, its unnaturally hard surface grounded him, acting as a reminder that not everything had changed, that somethings were still the same, and it calmed him. If only a little.

“My p-p-,” he started, but he couldn’t get the words out. Ringo gave him an encouraging smile and John tried again, taking a deep breath and focusing on one word at the time, taking it slow, “My p-parents… they’re- they’re d-divorcing.”

For a moment he was quiet, but then, when he realised he had actually said those words, he broke down again. It was all real. He wasn’t dreaming. God, he wished he was dreaming, but it was all too real. The couch was too hard, Ringo’s eyes too vividly blue to not be real, and his heart was hurting so bad it felt like it was bleeding.

“Oh God, they’re divorcing,” he said again, voice high, breaking at the last word, and then the tears started falling again and- Fuck, dammit! Dammit all!

In a moment of sudden rage, he punched the couch as hard as he could, wincing at the pain right afterwards. George and Ringo both jumped, taking him in with wide eyes as he tried to hold his body still, which was shaking from head to toe as he tried to control the pain, his anger seeping through the cracks.

“Divorcing?” George repeated as he glanced at Ringo, but his husband only responded in kind, his expression even more confused. “But I-I thought... I didn’t know they were having problems?”

“Is that why you were at their house?” Ringo asked and John shook his head, before nodding, before shaking his head again. He didn’t know what was going on anymore, or why he had visited his parents in the first place. Nothing was making sense anymore.

“John, calm down, love. Just breathe,” George said and John tried his best to comply, focusing to the man’s gentle voice as he spoke. He thought about Paul again, and how it had calmed him down quite a few times now. Why couldn’t he just do the same to himself?!
Exhausted and desperate, he leaned towards George and let his forehead rest on the man’s shoulder, burying his face into his friend’s shirt. George’s arms automatically curled around him, holding him in place, and John breathed in deeply through his nose, taking in the man’s familiar scent. It did help a little. At least for now.

“Mmty-” he mumbled against George’s shoulder, but the rest of the words got cut off on their way out.

“What?” Ringo asked, leaning forward and gently squeezed John’s knee now that touching was allowed again and clearly what he needed.

John sighed and turned his head so his mouth was free to speak, eyes still pressed against George’s shirt.

“Monty Python,” he mumbled, still almost inaudible, but it was enough for Ringo to understand him.

“Put it on. Whatever you’ve got.”

There was a pause where he imagined his friends looking at each other in confusion, not having expected anything like that. “I need something. Distraction. I- I don’t want to think about it,” John explained with a sigh, and the silence continued for a moment before he could hear ruffling and the gentle sound of socks sweeping over the wooden floor.

George kept rubbing John’s back, and John wrapped his fingers tightly into George’s jumper, wishing the man wasn’t as skinny and bony as he was. He would’ve much preferred someone like Paul, who was soft in all the right places.

With a soft sigh he turned his head and focused his eyes on the television. Ringo had already selected one episode of the tv show and the familiar sight of Michael Palin, dressed up as if he came straight out of Robinson Crusoe, who was struggling to make his way across a vast space of land. Once he had finally made it and reached the camera, he croaked out “it’s”, before he was rudely cut off by the theme tune. Ringo glanced back at him, and gave him a comforting smile before he crawled back over the floor to the couch, pulling himself up onto it. It was good that he had chosen a compilation dvd instead of an entire movie, because John wasn’t sure he could have concentrated on such a thing in his current state-of-mind.

For the first time ever, he couldn’t laugh at the jokes he was seeing. He loved Monty Python with all his heart - really, there weren’t many things he respected more than the classic comedy group - but now the familiar jokes he knew by heart didn’t induce any laughter. Not even a chuckle. Occasionally, the corner of his lips twitched, or he felt his stomach jump, but other than that, there was no real amusement to be found. A real fucking pity, it was, and John cursed his parents for destroying Monty Python too.

It had been his dad who introduced him to the comedy group, and Mum loved them as well. They had used to watch the sketches over and over again, the whole family howling with laughter on the couch - the last time had been only a couple of years earlier. And never, ever had John witnessed any sort of turbulence between his parents, so...

...Well, except that time when he had...

Maybe watching Monty Python hadn’t been the best choice.

Chewing his bottom lip, he grasped George’s shirt a little tighter as he stared at the screen where John Cleese was trying to rob a lingerie shop, having mistaken it for a bank. He couldn’t truly focus though, his mind thinking back on that one fight he had witnessed, and not matter how hard he tried,
he couldn’t take his mind of it. The fact that the next sketch was about a vocational guidance counselor just seemed like a sick joke to him.

What if it was his fault?

His parents had never agreed with his job. It had been tough telling them about it when he had first started, but John hadn’t wanted to lie about it, not even when he had started it as a temporary thing, just something to make a bit of money till he had found something better. His parents had been the first ones to hear about it, apart from a couple of friends who had encouraged him to take the job, and since then their relationship had always been strained. His father especially had taken it hard, and at first John had been afraid he’d get kicked out of their house because of it.

At first his mother had stood up for him. She hadn’t in any way approved of it and neither would she ever accept it, but her approach to leading John onto a more “respectable” career path was a more sympathetic one. The fight she and her husband had had on the issue had been long and unsparing, after which John had finally moved out as quickly as possible. He had already planned on doing so, but had just needed the final kick - which, thanks to his Mum, had only been a figurative one.

Initially, and simply because he had nowhere else to go, he had moved in with Ringo back then, before he and George had got married. Originally he had thought about it as a temporary solution, seeing as his departure from his home had been rather sudden, and had never meant to stay there as long as he had. In the end it had taken him three years before he finally moved out, having managed to save up enough to buy his own house at that point.

Not soon after he had left, George had taken his place as Ringo’s roommate, and even more than that, as they had finally got married as well - in secret, mind you, the bastards. John had to find out over some postcard from southern Italy that said ‘By the time you’re reading this, we’re on our honeymoon! Cheers, mate!’ with a few badly drawn hearts surrounding the words. John had hated them. (And he was STILL bitter.)

But that fight… it had been the only time John had seen his parents fight. Truly fight. The memory seemed to take on a completely different meaning now, and John’s throat felt like it was being squeezed shut again. Numerous questions started to fill his mind, most of them being a variant of the same burning question; because maybe, maybe, if he hadn’t taken this job, his parents would have stayed together?

As the episode ended, John inhaled deeply and stared down at his trembling hands. He had no idea how he was going to make it through the night. All he wanted was to forget about all this, to just push it as far away in the back of his mind as possible and find some peace, but he couldn’t.

Ringo was still beside him, playing with the remote, his thumb hovering above the button that would select the next episode. When he turned to John, as if to ask if he wanted to see another one or not, John couldn’t hold it in any longer.

“They’ve been thinking about it for years,” he said, the words hurting as he said them, as if spikes were coming out of the sides them, scraping the inside of his throat as he forced them out.

Ringo and George didn’t say anything in response and merely listened in silence to what he had to say, allowing him all the time he needed, probably fearing he would break down again if they said so much as a single syllable. George was still holding him, his arm wrapped around his shoulder, and John relished the contact; it helped him think, kept him grounded, if only a little.

As he spoke, Ringo reached into the back pocket of his jeans to retrieve an old handkerchief, which he handed to John to dry his tears with. John took it with a faint “thanks”, and wiped away the few
tears that had begun to roll down his cheeks. Both his friends seemed unsure what to do with the situation; John had rarely cried in front of them; the last time had been when they had watched the film Marley and Me a couple of weeks ago against John’s will. But apart from movies, the only time he had truly cried had been when Cynthia had left him. Which had not only been years ago, but even then it hadn’t been like this... This was a completely different situation, which made it all the more terrifying.

“They haven’t told the girls yet,” he sniffed, his voice breaking from the lump that had formed in his throat, and he coughed a few times to help clear it, but it didn’t work. “They’ve been faking for years. At least ever since I—” he choked, his hand jerking against George’s shirt, “—since my first year of uni…”

It was so easy to bend the truth a bit, and John knew it - it would be so easy for his parents to be unclear about when their troubles had started exactly in an attempt to protect John from the truth… John wished they didn’t, wished they would just tell him, rather than have him keep on guessing and fearing, never being able to know for certain what had happened, what had caused this.

“John, I’m so sorry…” Ringo said, “I know how hard it is.”

John nodded, trying to speak, but no sound would leave his mouth. Ringo’s parents had got divorced when he had been a kid, just six years old, and right now he probably understood John’s feeling better than John did himself.

“I know,” he finally managed, squeezing the handkerchief in his hand. “They said that things have been tense. And I haven’t-I haven’t noticed anything,” he said, sounding and feeling completely lost.

“And what if,” he continued as the thought occurred to him, knowing that it was a possibility, “what if I’m gonna have to take sides- Oh, Christ—” A new sob broke through him, and he pressed the handkerchief against his mouth to stop more from coming.

“They- they’re divorcing-” he gasped, and wondered what the hell had happened to his sensible mind. He was an utter mess!

“Well… Maybe… Maybe that’s a good thing? Maybe things will turn out for the best?” Ringo suggested carefully. He looked uncomfortable saying it, and John guessed it was something the man had heard plenty of times himself, without it necessarily helping him either. John understood the general sentiment, though, and appreciated it, knowing that it couldn’t be easy to figure out what to say in a situation like this.

“If they’ve been thinking about this for so long, maybe things will be easier? Less messy? At least they’re not breaking up in the midst of a major fight. That would’ve been way worse, so they must value you and your sisters’ happiness higher than their own petty disputes, right? Not that it doesn’t suck! But... Maybe it’ll be for the best? Once this is all over, I mean,” Ringo rambled on, searching for the right words. John let out a small noise through his nose. He didn’t know what to say to that - he couldn’t see how it could be better. He didn’t see how a divorce would do any good. Not to mention that they had been fine over the last six years… couldn’t they just… continue on like that? He knew the thought was silly and selfish, but he didn’t care.

His parents had been happy, and he just... he just couldn’t understand how they had got here, or how it had been like this for years between them, unless it had been his fault. Or rather, his job’s. And he would - dear God, he would have to hold it together for the girls, who, granted, weren’t wimps by all means (they were true Lennon girls, alright), but they were younger. Their lives were a lot less stable than John’s: Vic was still attending uni and Jackie had only just finished secondary school and was
trying to decide what to do with the rest of her life. The divorce wasn’t going to be easy for either of
them, especially as John knew they were going to take this just as harshly as he had. They were
going to need someone they could count on, someone to make sense of the whole messed up
situation, and John knew he was going to be that person. They counted on him.

When he thought about it - the future - he couldn’t imagine it at all. But he knew it was going to be
hell, trying to juggle his life between his two parents, trying not to take sides in case things got ugly.
It didn’t matter that Mum had said that all was good between the two of them, and that it was a
mutual agreement, eventually all the nasty things would come out, intentionally or not, and John
would have to make sure he stayed out of it as much as possible. He didn’t want to get involved in it.
He didn’t want to have to choose, but...

And then he hadn’t even considered what would happen if either of his parents got a new partner.
John wasn’t sure he would be able to accept that, nor did he know whether that new partner accepted
John. What if they managed to tear the relationship John had with his parents apart? He doubted it
would take much, considering the issues they already had. Just a few well-chosen words at the right
moments, a couple of “I don’t want to see such filth” when John wasn’t there, and it would be over.

Or what if John did it himself, unable to hold back his frustrations, not wanting to bend to the will of
either one?

“Let’s watch the rest of the dvd,” he muttered. “I don’t want to think right now.”

Nodding, Ringo went to put on the next episode, and they watched the show in uncharacteristic
silence until it was George and Ringo’s time to sleep, seeing as both had work in the morning.
Slowly they went through their evening routines, taking turns in the bathroom (John had a toothbrush
at their place), before they all climbed in George and Ringo’s enormous bed, John settling in the
middle.

He stared at the ceiling, heaved a sigh, and, Jesus, here he went again, tears rolling down over the
sides of his face. He let out a small, broken sound, bringing his hands to his eyes trying to be as silent
as possible as he forced himself to stop. George and Ringo both moved a little closer, pressing their
sides up against John to offer a sense of comfort, and slowly but surely John felt himself relax, the
tears disappearing as the sound of his friends’ breathing gradually deepened.

*~**~*

He woke up the following afternoon with something that resembled a hangover. His head was
pounding and the light that shone through the window hurt his eyes. For a moment he didn’t even
know where he was, but as he got more and more used to the light that crept in from behind the
curtains, he began to recognise the room around him. George and Ringo had both already gotten up,
their sides of the bed empty.

John squinted in an attempt to block out some of the irritating light and rolled on his side with a
groan, pulling his pillow closer to him. He hadn’t taken off his wrist watch last night, and he groaned
as he noticed it was barely 8am, which mean that John was up six hours earlier than usually, and had
got only about five hours of sleep, which was just great. The day was going to be hell - there was no
way he could survive on less than 8 hours minimum - and the looming doom of his parents’ divorce
only made it worse. He had at least three regulars coming today (how on earth were Mondays so
popular anyway?!), and there was always the chance of getting a couple of random people as well,
meaning it was going to be a busy day.

Closing his eyes, he buried his face into his pillow and held his breath, eyes pressed shut against the
blackness that the pillow provided. His body felt heavy, and his mind was a mess, but John knew it
wasn’t because of the lack of sleep - he barely even felt tired, though he logically knew he should be.

He lay in bed a little while longer, thoughts of his parents coming back to him without mercy, no matter what he tried to make it stop.

‘It’s all I’ve ever known,’ he thought with a small sigh. Knowing that trying to catch more sleep right now would be futile, he forced himself to get up, despite his body’s protestations. First, he headed for the house’s pain killer stash in the medicine cabinet above the bathroom sink. He needed something to stop his head from beating so much, the pain being intense to the point it was sickening and the last thing he wanted to do now was to throw up.

Taking two, he swallowed them down with some water and leaned with both hands on the sink as he tried to get his body under control. As he looked up again, he noticed a gift card behind some lotion bottles. He wished he had some on him now, seeing as hiding them would at least offer him some kind of enjoyment, but of course he had left them all at home.

‘Next time,’ he thought hazily and closed to cabinet as he began to brush his teeth, after which he decided to check his friends’ gift card stash - Ringo kept all they had found neatly together in a shoebox in their closet. It was empty, meaning they had probably given them to that one friend they had mentioned. He chuckled faintly at the thought, but was glad they were at least being used.

For a moment, John wondered who that friend could be, but aside from his own regulars, he didn’t really know any of the other clients, and it was entirely possible that he had always been in a session when the man came over. Maybe he’d have to ask around a bit; find out if there was anyone who was paying with gift cards all the time. The only person he knew who did that was Paul, but other than that...

His mind made up, he went downstairs and caught sight of a family photo of George with his parents and siblings on holiday a few years ago, hanging on the wall. He stood staring at it for a while, his gloomy disposition quickly coming back to him again. He had no idea how to go on. When Cyn had left him, he had always known that he would eventually find someone else, and that thought had helped him through the break-up... But he would never get his loving, idyllic family back to what it used to be. No more family holidays - there was definitely no way they were going to Edinburgh now.

He knew it would be useless to try to get his parents to stay together. Even quitting his job now wouldn’t help, he knew that. And if they had really thought about this for years, and had stayed together only for him and his sisters, it definitely couldn’t be just about John’s job anymore, even though that might have started it.

Sighing, he looked away and went into the kitchen to get himself some tea and something to eat. Passing the kitchen table, his eyes fell on a strange yet familiar black woolen coat. He was quite certain it didn’t belong to either George or Ringo, though, as George had never had a coat like that and Ringo was far too small for it to fit him. Yet, there was something about familiar about it, but no matter how hard he thought about it he couldn’t place it. Maybe the friend that had been kicked out yesterday had forgotten it.

That didn’t explain why John thought he recognised it, though.

Picking it up, he held it out in front of him and stared at it, bothered by the strange familiarity. He was certain he had seen that coat before, and it felt like a memory was hanging nearby, but just out of reach. Maybe he was imagining it, though, and had perhaps seen someone sport a similar coat on the street... or maybe a client or colleague had worn one.
Unsatisfied with those explanations, he hesitantly brought the coat closer and sniffed the inside of it.

Almost immediately John felt a strange calmness come over him, although why, he didn’t know. His mind seemed to cool down somewhat, and John sniffed the coat for a second time, pressing his face against the rough fabric. Aside from the regular scent of wool, he could smell a heavy whiff of aftershave - nothing too special, in fact it was almost generic - as well as something else, something that he could only vaguely recognise and yet made his heart jump in a positive way, and he noticed his thoughts falling into the same spiral as they did when he was at work.

He lowered the coat back to the chair, looking at it questioningly for a moment, raking his mind once again what it was about that particular coat that was so familiar and comforting to him, before he turned away again, his mind much clearer now than before.

Hazily wondering about the coat in the back of his mind, he made himself some light breakfast - still feeling a little nauseous from the headache which was slowly subsiding as the paracetamol started to work - and sat down at the table, where he saw George and Ringo had left a small note for him that said “we love you”, accompanied by many wobbly hearts that seemed to be drawn with somebody’s left hand. Whether it was George, or Ringo, who was in fact left-handed, was unclear, but the hearts still looked like the artist had gone through some severe pain trying to get them down onto paper. It was sweet, though, and John appreciated the sentiment as he pocketed it. He considered sticking it on his fridge, and even though that would be sappy and overly sentimental, at the moment he hardly cared.

He took his time that morning, listening to the radio as he ate his breakfast and sipped his tea leisurely. He desperately tried to think of something to do during the day before he would have to go to work, and decided on going back home to grab his sketchbook and pen and head to the park to draw for a bit. The weather was nice, the sun shining for once with only the occasional cloud blocking it from the view, and it hadn’t rained during the night either, meaning that the park benches would be dry. The longer he stayed at George and Ringo’s place, the more convinced he became that drawing was exactly what he needed to do right now.

Around 10am he was all showered and ready to go. Before he left, he looked at his phone for the first time since yesterday afternoon to check his notifications. Although he had expected it, his stomach lurched as he saw five messages from his mum, and one from his dad, as well as one missed call. He swiped them all away, having neither the energy, nor the strength to deal with that now.

There was a notification about a few emails he had received, all of which related to his work, and he threw himself into the huge bean bag to go through them. Unlike Klaus, John actually didn’t sink all the way down into another dimension, his body being more substantial and less like a twig for which he was very thankful. It was a wonder how George and Ringo could have the most comfortable bean bag in the world, and have the worst couch ever known to history standing right next to it in the very same room. John doubted George and Ringo were even aware of how awful their couch actually was, though, seeing as they could never been seen sitting on anything else when they were at home.

Sighing contentedly at the comfortableness of the bean bag, John went through the emails one by one, all of them from regulars talking about changes to their usual visiting times. Mrs Marsh had to postpone their meeting as she had her grandchildren coming over, which John thought was great, as he was already looking forward to the leftover homemade biscuits that she would surely bring for their next session; Steve had a bunch of exams coming up, and so he would like to move their meetings from Thursday to Saturday, if possible (thanks a lot, mate); and Clara had found a boyfriend, so she was on pause. John rolled his eyes at that and huffed, giving them about three weeks this time.
He clicked on the next email, and nearly dropped his phone as he saw who it was from.

John,

Thanks for last Saturday and for giving me this email address. I had a good time, even if you were less than kind about my first, very much inexperienced attempt at a blowjob, but we’ll try to forget about that, won’t we? Could we see each other again this Thursday evening, so I can try to do better and make up for last time? I’d like to learn more.

I’ll wait for your response. If you’re too busy, Friday or Saturday would be fine too.

Paul.

John scrambled up into a sitting position, staring at his phone, and smiled, which he hadn’t done since yesterday. After rereading the email for another two times, he laughed and made a fist bump in the air, falling back into the bean bag with an excited snicker.

“Yes! Way to go, Paul!” he exclaimed, feeling like he needed to voice his sudden giddiness. Although he had counted on the fact that Paul would come back to him, he certainly hadn’t expected the man to email him so soon, and he couldn’t help but feel a little proud at that. He had succeeded! Paul seemed to be fine and open for learning new things, which was good. A part of John had worried whether rimming had been too much; after all, quite a lot of men seemed to find it somewhat disgusting. (Then again, after the orgasm Paul had had, it would’ve been a miracle if he had somehow not wanted to see John again.) But he was glad that hadn’t been the case with Paul.

With the happiness that Paul’s email gave him, came relief as well, and he sighed deeply as he let himself sink a little deeper into the bean bag. His job always helped him deal with unpleasant things in his life, and as always it seemed to work this time as well. Paul was the newest of his regulars, and as such would receive some special attention, the sessions with him being the most interesting, full of progress and fun.

He couldn’t wait.

Feeling how the bean bag started to slowly digest him now that he wasn’t actively trying to keep that from happening, his back digging deeper and deeper into it, he typed a swift response right away with a gleeful grin.

‘Suck it, Mum and Dad,’ he thought as he pressed the “sent” button. It would take much more to break John’s spirit.

Dearest Paul,

Thursday, 10 pm. I’ll be more than happy to give you another crushing review. Don’t bother wearing any underwear...

Yours, John xxx

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully you guys enjoyed the drama and didn’t mind John’s creepy coat-smelling too much ;) He’s just so oblivious.
Also, there's going to plenty of smut in the next chapter, so look forward to that.

Till next time, Beatle People!
John Is Doing His Best

Chapter Notes

Getting this chapter out was full of exciting plot twists - for us. CJD took and flew to the UK to hang out with Puck, and we did a very resourceful expedition to Liverpool that was AMAZING. Then, on the day of CJD's designated departure, a red alert for snow came over Scotland, and all flights were cancelled. Meanwhile Puck got a nasty stomach bug, and the chapter was edited through reorganising travelling schedules and throwing up. And now that Puck feels better, the bug might have transferred over to CJD, who flies tomorrow. We'll see if she is still alive by the time the next chapter rolls by.

Editing this chapter side by side has been fun despite all the obstacles, and this time we managed to publish it together, too! A quick word about the... erm, utility used in this chapter: we know what we're talking about. Believe us.

(And it doesn't cost much!!!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can’t believe they decided to tell us separately,” Jackie sniveled into the phone, her words coming out in separate shocks as she tried to control her breathing, anger pouring out from her voice. John sighed, resting his head against the wall. The bench in the changing room felt harder than before, the air was cold and his body felt tense; everything, at the moment, seemed worse than what it usually was. At one point, he had even suspected that the lights in the room had been dimmed. It all just looked so... bleak.

“I don’t think they had the courage to have us all in one place,” John said, doing his best to keep his voice as calm as possible. He glanced at a clock on the wall. It was five minutes to ten, and seeing as Paul didn’t strike him as someone who was ever late for an appointment, he was sure the man was already at the bar, waiting... It hadn’t been the best decision to take Jackie’s call right now, but she had just come home from their parents’ place, her 19-year-old life completely turned upside down. He had had to take her call - she was too young for this!

Hell, he was too young for this, for God’s sake!

“I can’t b-believe it,” Jackie stammered, soft sobs coming through between words, and John pressed a hand against his eyes. He could not afford to lose it now. He had a session starting! A session with Paul, of all people, and John had to be as sharp as possible for that. It was his job, after all, and he needed to perform well. He couldn’t just let his mind wander.

“Sometimes things just don’t work out,” he said quietly, the words tasting bitter and wrong in his mouth. He wanted to scream and shout as well, punch a hole in the wall if he could, but he’d never do that in front of his sister. She relied on him, she needed him right now, and he had to remain calm. She had to know everything was going to be fine, even if he hardly believed it himself. “Maybe things will be better for it in the long run. And at least they’re not fighting, which is good.”

“They have been, recently,” Jackie said, her voice small. “During the last few years.”
John was quiet for a moment, a frown on his forehead, and leaned forward on the bench, hands between his legs to support the weight of his body. His heart beat high up in his throat, making it hard to speak.

“About anything in - anything in particular?” he asked, his voice barely more than a soft murmur. He could hear Jackie swallowing down her cries as she caught her breath.

“W-well,” she said, “nothing m-major... Just o-ordinary things, ’s all.”

John struggled to believe her, but knew better than to press it, not wanting to provoke another outburst of emotion. He sighed deeply. The hand of the clock inched closer and closer to 10pm, and John knew that he couldn’t continue the call much longer.

“Listen, Jackie, I’m sorry, but I’ve gotta go,” he said in an apologetic voice. “I’ve got a session starting.”

“Oh, o-okay,” Jackie murmured in reply. The silence that followed nearly made John want to cancel the session, but he knew he couldn’t. Finally, she cleared her throat before continuing.

“C-could I.. Could y-you, when you get off?”

“Come over? Yeah, of course. It’ll be late, though,” John said, as he got up and walked over to his opened locker.

“That’s fine. I won’t be sleeping anyway,” Jackie said with her voice still wavering, but it sounded a lot more stable now than at the beginning of the call. John had barely been able to understand a word of what she had been saying, it having been more of a combination of sobbing, crying, and screaming, with some occasional English words thrown in. It made John feel a bit better, glad to have been able to help Jackie at least a little.

“Okay, well, I’ll walk there once I’m done. I’ll be there around 3.”

“Okay,” Jackie said, and John could almost hear her nodding. “Thanks.”

“Any time,” John said, and let himself smile. “See you soon. Don’t do anything stupid.”

“Might open a bottle, but other than that... I’ll try,” Jackie finished with a somewhat amused chuckle, and with that she hung up.

Well, at least she tried.

For minute or two, John just stood there, staring at nothing in particular, before he finally threw his phone inside his locker. He splashed some cold water on his face in an attempt to revive himself, hoping the coolness of the water would bring him back to his former self.

Ever since last Sunday his life and sanity felt like they had been hanging from a thread. It was only at work that he was able to let go of all those thoughts in his head, and he hoped the same would happen this time as well. During the first session everything had gone splendidly, but by the end of his one-hour break Jackie had called, and John had no way of closing off the… everyday side of his mind this quickly, especially when it came to his sisters crying alone.

He had to, though. Especially with Paul, who still needed him to push him into the right direction, to get the man out of his shell. Paul needed John to be pushy and confident, something he certainly wasn’t at the moment.
He would have to try his best, having no other option. It frustrated him - he had finally started to make progress with Paul: the man was becoming more comfortable, more assertive, more curious, and above all, he now finally allowed himself to be all those things without feeling ashamed. And now John had been reduced to this pathetic, lame creature, who would never get laid if he was to enter a club or bar right now…

Not that he had any need for that, though, since he was a whore, and his parents hated that, and now they were divorcing, and Jackie was crying at home and alone.

He took a deep breath to calm himself before he exited the changing room. He had a quick glance inside the room he and Paul would be using today to make sure everything was clean and ready for use. He took a moment to absorb the room’s energy, taking in the sex that seemed to ooze from the walls, and it did help a little. If he focused, he would probably be able to get through the session without Paul noticing anything was off, and then for the final session of the night (which would start at half past twelve) John would have had enough time to get into the right mindset.

For now, though, he would just have to brace himself for the battle, and try to fake his way through the session until he got his head in the game.

He closed the door and made his way across the hall to the wooden doors. He rested his head against the red wood and breathed deeply in and out a couple of times, before he pushed one of the doors open and walked into the dimly lit bar area.

With his contact lenses in, it wasn’t a problem at all to spot the familiar figure sitting at the bar, and John shook himself, wringing his mind over what to say first. His head felt empty, Jackie’s sobs still echoing in his ears, and so he decided to go by the book - Paul wouldn’t notice and John could have an improvisation-free night.

With calculated moves and a soft smile on his lips, he slid between two barstools so that he was standing right next to Paul, and grinned as he rested his elbow on the bar. Inner turmoil had to be pushed aside - this was his job, and right now, the client was all that mattered.

Paul turned his head sharply as he caught sight of John from the corner of his eye, body tensing for a moment before he relaxed, his expression melting into a smile that somehow made John’s stomach jump weirdly.

“Well, hello there gorgeous,” he said with a wink, drinking in the sight of his stunning client - honestly, Paul’s face caught him by surprise every time with its blatant beauty - and he noticed that there was something different this time. Was Paul wearing a new coat?

“Come here often?” he continued, letting his eyes rake over Paul’s body, repeating the words “sex, you’re a whore, sex, you’re a whore” in his mind to get rid of any other possible thoughts.

“Just sometimes…” Paul replied easily with a flirtatious smile of his own, and John’s smile faltered for a second as he desperately tried to find something to do or say - anything to keep the mask up - before he reached out for Paul’s hand, running his fingers over Paul’s seductively, forcing them apart, and intertwining them with his own.

“You’re looking very handsome yourself tonight. Expecting anyone special?” Paul asked, his breath already sounding faint as he watched their fingers, eyes following John’s movements, gaze dark but playful, with just a hint of lust.

“I might,” John said, humming thoughtfully at Paul’s question. His reaction came just a tad too late to be authentic, though, but he didn’t let it get to him. “Depends on your definition of ‘special.’”
He leaned closer, letting his lips ghost over Paul’s ear as he spoke, satisfied with the resulting shudder. For now it seemed he was managing just fine, despite the mess his mind was in. Everything he was about to say or do felt forced and dull, and he knew he needed at least another ten minutes or so to get over it. It was a bit like acting; you couldn’t just switch the character on and off.

“Hmm... What’s your definition of special, then?” Paul replied, thankfully looking pretty much cooked already, his eyes still on their joined hands. He glanced up at John through hooded eyelids, and John felt his cock twitch at the look. Paul seemed so ready for tonight, and John was nowhere near that-

“Well, let me think,” he said thoughtfully, eyeing Paul with a grin he just knew wasn’t bright enough. “Someone with a stunning face... maybe dark hair, hazel eyes, and definitely with a mouth made for using...” he trailed off, licking his lips as he stared at Paul’s face with something he hoped was a hungry expression. He wanted Paul - really, at the moment there was not much else in the world he wanted than the man in front of him - but his flirting was definitely off, his acting was phony, and no words came easily, his brain turning over and over while trying to find the correct way of acting.

Usually being out of character wasn’t this hard, and John would probably be able to fake his way naturally and easily all the way through the night, but now Jackie was alone in her flat, crying, and John knew that during the weekend Vic was coming to visit, because Mum and Dad had asked her to do so, and then John would have both girls relying on him, and-

He leaned back slightly too abruptly, his wide grin frozen in place. He was seriously going to have to stick himself into a penis pump to get into the mood, wasn’t he?

“Someone does come to mind,” Paul said, his adam apple bobbing as he swallowed. “I am certain this man will appreciate the effort. More perhaps than he would be comfortable with saying. But I think he would be more than happy to come with you. If you were to ask him nicely, that is.”

John licked his lips slowly, not sure at all whether it was the right move for the situation - Paul’s eyes fell down on his mouth, lust visible on his face. Okay, John knew how to do this. He had been doing this for six years, after all! He got this. He was at work-

(And Jackie was still alone)

Fuck it-

“And what does ‘asking nicely’ cover exactly?” He raised an eyebrow, gazing at Paul chuckling slyly with half-lidded eyes, and thought of their last time together, trying to find the same John that had been present then. He would have to do it soon, or this would end catastrophically. He could sense it in the air; one wrong word, and Paul would know something wasn’t right, and after that there was no coming back.

“Oh, I’m sure you can think of something,” Paul said and coyly pulled his hand away from John. “You’re a clever enough guy.”

“Huh,” John said, hoping Paul didn’t notice his smile wavering slightly. The man was clearly finally playing along, flirting back and pulling him in - which was a pity, actually, because had he been more timid, it would’ve been easier for John to push, and with pushing would eventually come the role and the right mindset.

This wouldn’t really do - he had to get to the sex as fast as possible or the night’s performance would be ruined, and John couldn’t let his clients down, no matter what he was going through personally. They came in, paid generously, and trusted John to bring them an unforgettable night (a bad
decision, had they known John outside the brothel), waiting for an experience that satisfied them while making them yearn for more, and John was not going to get that result with Paul if this continued. The man was finally out of his shell, something that John had been waiting for ever since their first session together, and he couldn’t ruin that now, not by his own incapability...

Like a snake attacking, his hand shot out and his fingers curled around Paul’s wrist. The fastest way to sex was being pushy, and if John knew something, it was how to be pushy. He would have to roll with that until he had regained his usual mindset.

“Well,” he said with what he imagined was his most charming smile, slowly slithering away from the bar, his eyes firmly fixed onto Paul’s, “how about... this?”

He pulled Paul from his bar stool and started dragging him towards the doors at the other end of the room, chuckling when the man grabbed his arm to steady himself with a cry of surprise. He seemed to be following John easily, though, with a blinding, excited smile, which briefly made John smile genuinely.

Once they had reached the correct room, John flung him inside with such force that Paul ended up falling onto the bed without so much as a struggle, grinning softly as he watched John step inside too.

“Not sure I would qualify that as ‘asking nicely’, you know,” he said, still grinning, as John closed the door behind them. He moved to sit on the edge of the bed and crossed his legs, starting to take off his scarf with quick, seductive pulls, eyeing at John with an inviting expression.

John licked his lips as he watched Paul for a moment, taking in the sight, and then moved to kneel at his feet, swatting Paul’s hands away to take off the scarf himself. Paul didn’t do anything to stop him, but simply sat back, looking pleased with the way things were progressing, his eyes locked on John’s face.

John was sure that his expression had been right when he slid the scarf from Paul’s neck and threw it aside with a wink, before moving on to finger the buttons of his coat, and that there had been nothing that could have given away his miserable feelings. He was so sure of it, and yet Paul’s brow furrowed slightly as uncertainty passed over his face.

“Everything alright? I... I’m not doing something wrong, am I?” he asked, voice soft and uncertain.

John looked up rapidly, a second passing where he just stared at Paul, and then a wide smile spread across his lips.

“No as in ‘no, you’re doing nothing wrong’ or no as in ‘no, everything’s not alright’?” he asked, helping John by shrugging off his coat, which was then discarded onto the floor next to his scarf.

“No as in, ‘no, you’re doing nothing wrong’,“ John replied with a lighthearted chuckle, knowing he had to put a stop to this now, that he had to flip that switch in his brain that seemed so far away,
because if this went on for longer, Paul would definitely notice that something was wrong, and he could not let that happen.

‘Never let them see inside,’ he thought hazily as he cupped Paul’s chin with his left hand, standing up and tilting the man’s head up towards him. He leaned closer, and felt Paul’s breathing on his face, smelling again that soft and fresh scent he had learnt to associate with Paul, knowing the man always took a shower before coming here.

For some reason, Paul’s scent had a soothing effect on him, just like that coat at George and Ringo’s place. The way Paul smelled was simply intoxicating, and John wanted nothing more than to bury his head into the man’s neck and just breathe, to forget about everything that was going outside this room. In his search for the scent he leaned closer and closer, watching Paul’s eyes widen before his gaze dropped down to John’s mouth.

Stopping his lips just inches from Paul’s, he smiled, stroking Paul’s rough jaw with his thumb, feeling the man’s adam’s apple jump as he swallowed - from nerves, or lust, John wasn’t sure. Maybe it was both. An instinct to kiss Paul tugged at his spine stronger than ever with any other client - he would not only be able to smell Paul everywhere around him, but also taste him, get to feel those soft lips against his own, and he was sure that Paul was a terrific kisser. A man looking like him with lips like that could be nothing less.

“Say, you wanted to learn,” he said huskily, and Paul shuddered, his eyelids now half-lidded and looking heavier with every passing moment, his eyes glazed over. John’s right hand pressed against his chest again, and now he rubbed Paul’s nipple softly through the man’s shirt, emitting a small exhale that passed straight into John’s lungs through the air they shared. “Why not start with what I got inside the drawer?” he continued, tasting Paul’s breath in the air between them, and then suddenly something snapped into place, and before he knew it, he was leaning forward, his lips brushing against the corner of Paul’s mouth softly.

Paul inhaled sharply at the touch, his lips trembling as if he, too, had waited for a kiss, and John smiled before he continued downwards, turning Paul’s head backwards and to the side, attaching his mouth to his throat. The moment was exhilarating - he knew what to do, he knew how to do it, and John was ready to leave all those bothersome thoughts behind; all that mattered for now was Paul and only Paul. He felt victorious and euphoric about having managed to get his head to where it was supposed to be - soon between Paul’s legs. Now all he had to do was just follow the plan, that is, have Paul coming hard.

As he waited for an answer, he licked and nibbled at Paul’s throat, leaving hot, open-mouth kisses in his wake, his lips dragging over the man’s soft skin, his tongue leaving a trail of saliva. Paul’s breathing was getting heavier with every passing second, his body unmoving under John’s touch, until something seemed to melt in him and he pressed himself against John, hands gently touching his waist.

John’s lips trailed up until they found Paul’s earlobe, making the man gasp, a gentle hum escaping his throat as John started lapping at it. He could feel Paul shudder and a smile tugged at his lips as he felt Paul’s hands coming up to grab at his biceps, holding onto him firmly, keeping him close.

Encouraged by the man’s erratic breathing, John nibbled at his earlobe, pulling a soft moan from Paul’s throat. The sound was incredibly intoxicating, and, letting out a deep growl that would have Paul trembling, John swiftly climbed into his lap, lips never leaving his heated skin.

“John... Paul breathed, voice soft and almost non-existent. John curled one hand around Paul’s neck with a small grin, holding him in place, and gently guided the man’s gaze towards the drawer that contained pretty much everything that one could want when it came to sex. He pressed his head
against Paul’s shoulder, deeply breathing in his scent as he reached out for the drawer, which was
thankfully just within reach, and pulled it open.

“Come on, Paul. Anything that catches your interest?” he asked in a seductive, inviting voice, and
took one of Paul’s hands, guiding it into the drawer, letting him feel around as he continued kissing
the man’s neck.

Paul’s hand seemed to be touching all sort of different objects, but he was probably slightly too
scared to pull anything out. It was completely understandable, considering what was in the drawer,
and Paul didn’t even know what was in it, which would probably make it even scarier. Moreover,
Paul probably had some difficulties seeing inside the drawer, with John offering such a wonderful
distraction and all.

With that in mind he climbed out of the man’s lap, which was certainly sad. He would have another
chance of planting himself there again, though, so he didn’t wallow in it too much.

He sat on the bed with his legs crossed, his side still pressed against Paul’s, bouncing on his arse with
a wide grin, feeling rather giddy. Thanks to Paul’s calming scent, the more John managed to get a
whiff of it, the more he felt like he was meant to feel.

“Go on, take a look! Ask questions, don’t hesitate,” he grinned and waved towards the drawer,
trying not to laugh at the frustrated expression on his client’s face. Clearly, he hadn’t liked John
leaving either. “You’ll have a chance to try them all, I promise.”

Paul sat still for a moment, and then took a deep breath, eyeing at the drawer with uncertainty as he
leaned towards it to take a closer look. John could see his eyes widen as he took in everything that
was inside the wooden bedside table; from butt plugs to handcuffs, cock rings to vibrators, it was all
there. John couldn’t wait to see what Paul would pick first and wished he would get on with it
already. For now, the man just seemed to be slightly speechless, eyes sweeping over the toys.

After a while of Paul just staring at the contents and John staring at Paul, Paul picked up one of the
cock rings, a frown on his face as he held up the small, black rubber ring to John.

His expression of complete confusion made John chuckle, and he leaned forward, taking a hold of
his bare feet as he rested his elbows against his thighs, feeling a pleasant stretch in his leg muscles.

“It’s a cock ring,” he said, already enjoying this far more than he should. “You put it around your
dick, and it prevents you from coming. It can also make your erection harder and more intense.”

Paul nodded at that as he swallowed thickly, and gently placed it on the bedside table before
reaching in again. John hid a grin as he picked up the pink dildo from last time and put it on the table
as well - they had definitely covered the function of that toy thoroughly enough.

“What’s this?” Paul asked next, retrieving a very narrow, silver stick, barely longer than his hand and
as wide as a blade of glass.

“That’s... an urethral probe,” John said, now placing his chin on his hands. The position might have
looked impossible and uncomfortable, but for him and his double-joints it was a walk in the park. He
really felt the need to move, the want to get his hands on Paul growing - sitting still before sex wasn’t
his thing. And neither was the urethral probe.

“It’s used in urethral play. Basically you stick it in your pee hole and it feels good. It’s not for
everyone, though, and personally it’s not really my thing, but if a client wants it, I can go with it once
I get in the right mood.”
Paul stared at him for a moment, seemingly needing a moment to comprehend John’s words and growing more and more shocked as understanding began to dawn upon him. John didn’t blame him - personally he had never found any allure in sticking something up there, and could never come using only the probe - he would also need something to stimulate his prostate. Fortunately it wasn’t a very popular kink, and as such the probe existed more as an aesthetic thing than an actual, used toy.

He watched with silent amusement as Paul practically threw the toy away, and stuck his hand back inside the drawer with frenzy. Right, urethral play was out of possibilities, and John had to admit that he was relieved, even though his opinion hardly mattered when it came to sex with his clients. Of course, they all had their boundaries, but it wasn’t that John was completely against. He just… preferred not to, and he was glad Paul thought the same.

Next, Paul pulled out a black dildo that looked somewhat like a failed attempt at a balloon animal. His expression was worth looking at, and John tried his hardest not to laugh.

“That’s for anal massage,” he said, voice quivering as Paul turned the toy in his hand, looking torn between being intrigued and absolutely horrified. John figured it was the sheer size and shape of it, which he had to admit was a little peculiar. “You can bend it into any position, and you can also make it buzz with a power unit that I got under the bed. A pretty nice little combination. I have some other prostate stimulators in there too-” he craned his neck, and then pointed at a toy shaped like a fat, curvy L.

“That’s electric, too, and controlled with a remote, which is somewhere in the back of the drawer,” he smirked and winked.

Paul glanced into the drawer and took out that particular toy, laying the balloon animal one in his lap, and studied it, letting his hands slide over what John knew to be smooth and soft material. After looking at both with a torn expression he merely hummed noncommitedly and laid them aside, going through some smaller vibrators and butt plugs at the same time, and what John wouldn’t give at that moment to be able to read his thoughts, wishing he knew what went on inside the man’s pretty head.

Next Paul started emptying out the drawer, naming toys that he recognised, John grinning and nodding along.

“Vibrator… blindfold… mask… whip…” Paul trailed off as he pulled out something that looked like it could’ve come out of a Star Trek episode, or any other sci-fi film. It was small, see-through, and penis-shaped, with an unforgiving plastic cover on top. He turned to John with a frown, holding the object up.

“Erm…?” he said, and John chuckled, thinking hazily about putting that thing on Paul. It would be a sight to see, and definitely something worth trying.

“A cock cage,” he answered bluntly, and let himself lean forward until he flopped on his stomach, lifting his feet up like a teenage girl, keeping his chin on his hands, elbows against the mattress, ankles hooked together. He was slowly becoming impatient, wishing Paul would hurry up a little, so they could get to the good part of the evening. “You put it on and you can’t come or get any stimulation while you’re wearing it. It’s used during edging, or chastity play - you can lock it, so that the one who wears it can’t get it off, and as such can’t come without permission.”

Paul stared at him with an empty gaze before there was a small, visible blush high on his cheeks, before his eyes fell down on the cock cage again, which told John more than Paul probably thought it did.

The man really had a thing for dominating. Well, since that was the case, he should love the things he
hadn’t seen yet. He should also love John’s exceptional skills at playing the submissive.

John wondered how Paul himself would feel about submitting, and figured that would have to remain to be seen, as right now it took no genius to see he wasn’t ready for that yet. John would have to find a good moment to test the waters, flip their mental positions, and see how he would react. People in general were hesitant about submitting, but more often than not they enjoyed it more than they might have expected.

For now though, John would take on that role. And it wasn’t like John would be submissive mentally, no, it was all in the words… John acted the way people needed him to act, and Paul needed someone who was submissive, but who wouldn’t give him a chance to pull out at a moment’s hesitation, who would push back, and push him to go further. And it just so happened John was perfect for that role. Lucky Paul.

Amused by his thoughts, he brought his mind back to situation at hand, finding that the man was rummaging through all the different lubes (John wondered whether he’d like the strawberry flavoured one, which was John’s personal favourite), and he nearly jumped as the man suddenly started laughing, pulling out a butt plug that had a rainbow-coloured tail attached to it. He turned his head to John with a wide smile, lifting the plug up with raised eyebrows.

“Seriously?” he asked, and John merely shrugged, failing to suppress a grin at the look on Paul’s face, which made him look absolutely adorable. Paul chuckled and put it aside, only to then pick up a ball the size of a golf ball with two leather straps on either side. John felt his spirits rising up, imagining what would happen inside Paul’s trousers at his explanation for this particular toy, which he already knew was going to be a favourite of Paul’s - if the ordeal with the pink dildo was anything to go by.

“Now with that I have a love-hate relationship,” he said, a telling grin on his lips. “It’s a gag, which means that I definitely can’t talk with it, but oh my, it looks and feels delicious. Just imagine me in it…” he said in a lazy voice and looked at Paul with a knowing, lustful look. He could see the man twitching lightly, and then, as if to fuel John’s amusement, he crossed his legs, caressing the gag with his fingers for a moment too long to be subtle, before he put it aside and pulled out two other similar looking toys. One had a small dildo-like thing on the side that would be put into the person’s mouth (which John loved), and the other was a large metal ring, with long metal spikes sticking out from all sorts of directions, making it look almost spider-like.

John laughed at Paul’s face as he studied the contraption, and when he looked down on the man’s lap, he could see an erection forming in the lad’s trousers. He would’ve expected nothing else and felt so proud of his young padawan. Paul was really starting to get into the whole thing now and John couldn’t wait for them to discover everything; what you could do with gags, and dildos, vibrators, or handcuffs... And he couldn’t wait for Paul to tie him up and take him... and vice versa.

He started slowly moving on the bed, thinking it a pity if Paul’s little friend had to suffer through all this alone, without any kind of attention from anyone, while John was just wearing out his bum by sitting. Nay, good sir, John was here to work. (And he wanted to take another whiff of Paul, his mindset not yet set in stone, and no matter what he did, Jackie was still hovering in his consciousness.)

He moved quietly, and Paul seemed too engrossed with the spider gag to notice him until John’s hands folded over his shoulders, his chest pressed against his back, and John’s lips were right against Paul’s ear.

“It’s a spider gag…” he murmured seductively, and could feel Paul twitch against him, the man’s body leaning into his own, “it renders me unable to talk... but you can still use my mouth as you
please,” he continued in a sultry, lazy tone, letting his lips brush against Paul’s earlobe, grinning at the way the man shuddered almost violently at that. “Isn’t that a nice thing,” he said in a small, teasing voice that barely got above a whisper, and then tugged at Paul’s ear with his teeth, his hands running down to Paul’s biceps, before dropping down to his sides.

“That... that is nice,” Paul agreed, letting out a tiny moan as he leaned his warm body against John’s. John took the chance to trail his hands down, pausing to press them against Paul’s stomach before moving to push his legs apart, slipping his fingers between his thighs and easing them apart. The man was pliant in his hands and followed John’s body movements easily, offering no resistance.

With visibly trembling hands Paul put the gag aside and reached into the drawer again, pulling out something quickly, seemingly without thinking, and John felt his lips stretch into a smile.

It was a short, rather thin silver bar with a pink button at one of the ends. It was thicker than the urethral probe and much more pleasant, and John was so glad Paul had chosen to pull that particular toy out right now, just when things were starting to get more interesting.

“Oh, now that is nice,” he murmured huskily. “Very nice for all sorts of play—”

He reached out and took the small bullet vibrator from Paul, turned it over in his hand, and clicked it on. The soft sound of the vibrations filled every corner of the room, and with his other hand John worked Paul’s shirt up as he let the toy vibrate in the plam of his hand, hugging the man from behind to get maximum spread for his arm.

“It’s a bullet vibrator,” he murmured, inhaling Paul’s neck without a worry in the world. “And you use it like this.”

He pressed the vibrator against Paul’s naked stomach, as lightly as possible, tracing the bullet down, towards the tent that had formed in Paul’s trousers. He liked the toy a lot - it was great for both men and women, offered some real nice sensual experiences for the whole body, and could even bring one to an orgasm quite easily.

He wasn’t proved wrong of the small toy’s efficacy this time either, as Paul moaned at the feeling, body relaxing against John, his chest rising as he took in a deep breath. John pressed down slightly harder, and Paul buckled up, the bullet dragging down to the front of his jeans, pressing against the man’s covered erection, making him gasp with both pleasure and surprise. John knew exactly how it felt - the tremors that would be running through Paul’s body right now felt so surprisingly good that that in itself was already arousing.

He held the bullet against the front of Paul’s trousers a moment longer, enjoying the way the man’s body reacted to it, twitching, his eyes fluttering closed already. However, before Paul could really get going, he switched the toy off and laid it down on the bed next to them. There was still one thing in the drawer he wanted Paul to discover before they got on with the rest of this evening’s programme.

Paul’s hand hovered in the air for a moment before he took the last thing out of the drawer. It was black dildo with two rubber rings at the base of it on either side. John couldn’t help but chuckle into Paul’s ear, reaching out to take the toy from him.

“This, my dear sir…” John started, laughing silently. He turned the toy in his hand, and a shudder went through him as he thought about Paul using it on him. Fuck, that would be the best thing ever.

“This is for... double penetration,” he said, voice a little breathless as he thought about Paul tying him down and then using the dildo while penetrating him, maybe with a gag, too. Fuck, how many sessions would it take until they would get to that? Because John needed it. Fuck, he wanted it so
bad... “You tie it around yourself, and then—” he couldn’t help but let out a small moan, “-stick it inside with your dick….”

There was a moment’s silence as Paul stared at the toy with wide eyes while John idly twirled it around in a longing way, feeling his client tremble under his hands. Right, the fish was nearing the hook.

“And... and that fits?!” Paul gasped, gaping at the dildo. He glanced back at John, and after seeing the plain hunger in his eyes, appeared to come to the conclusion that John was telling the truth.

“Yup!” John said cheerfully, again fighting the urge to laugh. “Wanna try?!”

“Er... Maybe later,” Paul said after a moment’s pause. Damn it- but it had been a worth a shot.

He could see Paul’s eyes drifting towards the metal bullet vibrator, and he squirmed a little in John’s hold, his cheeks turning into a lovely shade of red. It didn’t take much for John to understand what was going through the man’s head - when it came to sex, John was pretty much telepathic.

He, too, was eager to get finally started, the toy rummaging having served as an excellent form of foreplay. He hummed against Paul’s ear, dropping the dildo on the floor before bringing both of his hands to Paul’s chest, starting to massage him again, knowing Paul enjoyed that.

“Say,” he said softly as he began to run his mouth down Paul’s neck again, not holding back, really starting to grow fond of the taste. “What if... I showed you... what more can be done with the bullet?”

He sucked at the skin, feeling the pulsation of Paul’s blood rushing under it, licking at the saltiness. He wouldn’t mind it if all his clients tasted like this - there was just something so addicting in everything Paul.

Paul nodded quickly as a reply to his question, making John grin against the crook of his neck.

“Y-yeah... sure,” Paul breathed, probably trying his best to keep his cool, and failing miserably, his voice betraying him. Amused, John pulled away for a moment to remove the man’s shirt, pulling it over his head before throwing it aside, only to return his mouth to Paul’s inviting skin as soon as he was done, mouthing and lapping at his shoulder as his hands travelled downwards to work on his belt buckle.

“The thing about bullet vibrators,” John muttered into Paul’s shoulder as he loosened the belt with a small clink, snapping the button of his trousers open before coming to a sudden halt, kneeling by Paul’s side, “is that they are quite a nifty little thing when you’re on your own.” He grinned, picked the bullet up again, twirling it around in his hand, fingers sliding against the cool metal teasingly.

“However,” he continued, voice low as he pressed his free hand against Paul’s chest, applying some light pressure, which Paul obeyed without thinking, moving down to lie wholly down on the bed. He looked just perfect, and John couldn’t wait to get his hands on him, “when someone else uses it on you...” He pushed down a little harder, keeping Paul down, exerting the slightest hint of dominance to see how the other man would react. He grinned at the way Paul’s chest heaved as the man waited obediently for what John would do next, eyes following John’s movements eagerly, ready for whatever was to come.

“...you never quite know what’s going to happen. I could give you an orgasm with this in less than ten minutes,” John said, still idly playing with the small toy, before finally pressing down the pink button at the top, and the look on Paul’s face was everything John could have hoped for.
The vibrations were quick and rapid, the toy twisting in the palm of John’s hand as he let it rest there, and a soft buzzing sound filled the thick air around them. Paul swallowed, his adam’s apple bobbing heavily at the sight, his mind probably filling with questions and thoughts of what it would feel like against his skin, eager to experience whatever John had to offer. John could read him like an open book, and the sight made him smile. He tilted his head to the side in feigned naivety, playing with the bullet between forefinger and thumb.

“So, what do you say? Shall we give it a try, then?” he asked, already knowing the answer, and pressed the vibrator against his cheek. From there he traced it to his lips, letting it buzz against his bottom lip, before pressing a small kiss to the shiny vibrating tip, holding Paul’s gaze all the while. Much to his satisfaction, Paul let out a strangled groan at the sight and let his head fall back onto the pillow, nodding as he bit down on his lower lip.

“Fucking go for it,” he breathed, already out of breath, clearly wanting everything John had to give. All the hesitation he had felt during earlier sessions was gone, and replaced by nothing but pure lust.

John’s lips spread into a true cheshire cat smile as he saw just how ready Paul was. He dropped his hand, gently tracing the vibrating bullet down Paul’s side as he watched the man closely for a reaction. No two clients reacted the same way when he used this particular toy on them, and he couldn’t wait to see what it would do for Paul.

Paul jerked and let out a small surprised hum at what John knew was a slightly ticklish feeling. Chuckling at his reaction, he pressed the toy more firmly against him, and he could practically feel the tremors travelling deep through Paul’s body, making him shake from the inside out. He was jerking and shivering deliciously, and John could only stare at the way Paul’s eyes fluttered closed for a moment before they opened again, his gaze - dark and heavy with lust - firmly fixed onto John’s.

John knew what Paul was feeling right now, the slightly odd sensation that at the same time felt so good, the anticipation of not knowing what was the coming only making every vibration so much better. He had used the toy on himself plenty of times, but nothing was better than having someone do it to you. Going at it alone wasn’t as strong, and it certainly didn’t make you twitch whenever it touched you where you hadn’t expected it. It was even better when you were blindfolded, when you couldn’t see what was happening and you could only feel, and John was more than pleased when Paul closed his eyes, enabling himself to do just that.

He chuckled and let the toy run freely over Paul’s skin, taking in the gorgeous sight beneath him as the man twitched, moaned and shivered under his ministrations. He looked delicious lying there and the fact that he was completely at John’s mercy for the moment, even if he wasn’t aware of it, only made it better. Right now, John could do whatever he wanted with and to Paul, and the man would have no choice but to take it - John had him in his grip, and he wasn’t letting go.

And right now he wanted to see what delicious noises Paul could make when he’d trace the bullet over his nipple.

Swinging one leg over Paul’s body, he straddled his lap, and automatically Paul’s hands raised themselves subconsciously to caress his thighs, making John shudder. Paul’s touch was warm and firm through the leather, and John let out a soft, pleased sigh in response, gently tracing the bullet over Paul’s ribs as he shifted his weight so he was barely an inch away from sitting on top of Paul’s crotch. He would only have to make the smallest of movements and he’d be right where not only Paul, but also John himself, wanted him most.

He moved the bullet further up towards the other’s chest, tracing it closer and closer to Paul’s nipple, and let it circle the skin around it as he watched the way Paul twitched and moaned at the feeling, his
breathing uneven as he wiggled under John. He let it stay there for a while, simply circling the same patch of skin over and over again, until John knew from experience it was about to become unpleasant, only to then drag it onto the little pink nub with calculated precision.

The reaction was immediate and exactly what John had hoped for: unable to stop himself, Paul’s hips buckled up into John as his eyebrows knitted together, his forehead creasing in a way that was both endearing and sexy at the same time. For a moment John was reminded of a joke about cowboys and bucking horses, and if it hadn’t been for the deep throaty groan Paul let out at that exact moment, he would have laughed.

“Christ…”

The half-breathed whine made his throat go dry, and the joke died on his lips. Letting out a mere hum instead, he let the bullet vibrate against Paul’s nipple languidly, trying to ignore the way his body responded to Paul’s reactions that were so devoid of shame and full of lust and pleasure. The man was now shuddering almost constantly, and his eyes had a bewildered glint in them as they found John’s, his hips jerking involuntarily against his arse, searching for contact, for some kind of friction, anything that would release some of the tension that was building up inside of him.

The sounds the man was making went straight to John’s stomach as a hot, white flash. It was fascinating to explore Paul’s reactions and expressions; to see what would make him moan or groan or jerk, what sounds he would let out if John touched him there, or to let the vibrator press against that little patch of skin, or to trace it all the way down, and how his face would twist if John held the bullet slightly too long in exactly the right place.

Tracing the toy sideways across Paul’s chest, John let it hover right above Paul’s left nipple for a moment, the tip just brushing against his erect nipples in a way John knew would drive Paul insane, before slowly lowering the toy. The sound Paul made in response was everything John had wanted, loud and deep and wanting, and he let the toy stay there for a while longer as he drank in the sight of Paul shuddering under him; he was even more sensitive than John could have hoped for.

“It’s quite something, isn’t it?” he breathed, his own voice hoarser than he had expected it to be. Paul’s blurry eyes found his after a bit of searching, and John needed to swallow down a lump in his throat before he could speak again. “Such a small thing, doesn’t even have any other speeds or patterns, and yet it reduces you to this in just two minutes.”

“Oh-huh,” Paul croaked out, unable to say more, and his adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed thickly, his body squirming under John’s. He made such a lovely sight, and John decided to reward him for that abandoned, wondrous look in his eyes. “It’s something.”

John grinned and slid slightly further backwards, moving his body so that his arse was right where it belonged, that is, right above Paul’s bulging crotch. Unsurprisingly, Paul gasped the sudden friction he received, his hands squeezing John’s thighs so hard John wondered whether his nails would break the material, and a needy sound broke the air between them.

“John,” Paul started, frowning, unable to speak without whining, and John gently shushed him, softly placing a finger on his plump, perfect lips as he rocked his hips backwards, pulling more of those lovely whines from the man’s throat.

“Just let me do my job, darling,” he coaxed, and Paul moaned, nodding, his body giving in under John’s as he submitted without even realising it. The sound turned into a groan when John started thrusting down into him, moving his arse over Paul’s crotch like a pro (which, granted, he was), and John almost let out a moan with him. He managed to keep it in though, and concentrated on the movement, as he went on to slide the bullet towards Paul’s navel.
Paul started twitching, probably both from pleasure and from being ticklish, and John grinned wickedly as he focussed on the skin around the man’s belly button for an extra long time just to be a nuisance, his hips rolling as he rubbed his leather-covered backside over Paul’s crotch with rapid, sharp thrusts. Paul twisted eagerly under him, and a jolt of satisfaction shot through John as he saw Paul holding back a laugh.

Paul’s moans got louder and louder the more time John spent on that bit of skin, his hips thrusting up against John, eyes firmly shut at the mixture of pleasure and the unceasing ticklish feeling around his stomach. Unable to hold back, his mouth spread into a smile, and John took in sight of it, getting half-lost in the way it lit up the man’s face, the way it made the already handsome man so much more stunning to the point where he looked almost angelic. It made John want to worship him forever as he long as he would be graced by that mesmerising smile - and he would do it without a second thought, if Paul asked him to.

Right now, though, John was quite deliberately not listening to the man’s demanding moans, having his own evil schemes. He let the vibrator rest against Paul’s stomach for a moment more before he grabbed the waistband of Paul’s jeans, roughly pulling it up only to then unceremoniously shove the bullet down Paul’s underwear without mercy.

“Oh fucking hell!” Paul cried out, back arching and hips twisting and stuttering against John as he moaned and parted his legs at the unexpected and surprisingly strong vibrations that came from the bullet, shooting thrills through his cock all the way down to his balls. For something that small, the vibrations the bullet provided were insanely powerful, and even John could feel them against his backside as he sat back down again. He moaned at the feeling, his head falling back, cock straining in his pouch that he had chosen to wear under his trousers this time as well - Paul’s reaction to it the first time had been strong enough for John to decide to wear it again, now knowing what the man liked to see him in.

“Christ, John,” Paul moaned, bringing John’s attention back to his client, and John looked down at him to find him lying there with his eyes screwed shut at the intense pleasure, his hand eagerly pulling John closer, making John groan at his forcefulness. Never ceasing the movements of his hips, he continued letting out moans and growls as he watched Paul shiver. Already, the man looked ridiculously far gone for someone who hadn’t even had the chance to get his dick out of his jeans, but the sight was so highly erotic and intoxicating that John didn’t mind it one bit. He moaned as Paul reached out for him, running a hand possessively over John’s chest.

The man jerked suddenly and whimpered, letting John know that something had happened with the bullet. Most likely, it had switched position, fallen between his legs or so. Whatever it had done, it must have been good for Paul, judging by the sounds he was letting out, John’s name breathless on his lips, making John’s stomach curl and his heart race madly inside his chest. He rolled his hips a few times, slowing down, and emitted a long, almost painful-sounding groan from Paul, which told him that the man was indeed getting close.

Deciding to move on to the next part of his plan, he suddenly stopped his movements and slid down to kneel between Paul’s legs, pushing them apart with ease. He idly ran his fingers over Paul’s jeans-covered erection, mouth watering at the thought of what was waiting for him under the rough fabric, and let his eyes travel upwards to take in the desperation on Paul’s face, common sense having left his mind a while ago.

He chuckled at the protesting sounds Paul made at him just continuing his feather-light touches, never giving enough or moving up to undo his offending trousers. The toy was still buzzing persistently and John could now feel it had definitely slipped down and lay nestled right under Paul’s balls. Pressing a hand down against it, he glanced up at Paul curiously, wondering how he would
react to the bullet pressing so strongly and directly against his perineum.

There was no way Paul could have let him down: the man’s eyes flew open and he cried out silently as he spread his legs a little wider, making a very inviting picture for John, the vibrations shooting violently through his body. Unable to hold back any longer - and John couldn’t help but be impressed by Paul’s ability to have held back as long as he had - Paul finally reached down to touch himself, pressing his palm down against his erection and rubbing firmly as he arched up into the feeling, his breath escaping in tiny whimpers.

However, John had plans, and those didn’t include Paul getting off by his own hand.

“Ahaha, no,” he laughed and easily took a hold of Paul’s wrist, guiding it away from his crotch, at which Paul let out a whine of complaint. Yet, he didn’t try to fight him, and in less than a second John’s brain had come up with a nice little addition to his original plan.

Smirking, he pulled Paul’s hand up and pressed it down onto the bed next to his head, before coming up to hover over him, his smile disappearing while Paul twitched under him at the sudden dominance, his eyes open wide and his gaze, though clearly blurred, focused directly on John.

John stared back at Paul with dark, flaming eyes, and leaned in closer, feeling the man’s harsh breathing on his face as his fingers curled tightly around his wrist, nails digging into his skin as a warning.

“You know,” he said, his voice low, raspy and calculating, and he could see a shudder go through Paul at the sound of it, “I could keep you here, begging, for the whole hour, without ever taking your jeans off.”

Much to his satisfaction, Paul moaned at his words, his gaze hot with need and want, and he gently tugged at his wrist, checking John’s hold on him and moaning feebly as he found himself locked in place. John’s hold was firm and unforgiving, and Paul wouldn’t be able to break free if he tried. Which he hardly did.

The sound of the toy vibrating against Paul continued, and his body twitched helplessly with the thrills of pleasure that were going through him almost constantly. There was a moment of tension where Paul looked almost lost, mouth open, lips trembling, letting out short gasps, and then his expression melted into something almost painful as he looked up at John with huge, pleading eyes.

“P-Please…” he moaned, whined almost, and John’s stomach turned at the sound, the feeling both unpleasant yet addictive. He was barely able to hold back a moan of his own, wanting nothing more in that moment than to hear that sound again, to tie Paul down and keep him on edge for hours.

To think that John would have only mastered ways of submitting himself to someone else was utterly false - he knew how to set himself to both sub and dom positions, and found pleasure in both, although personally he was more inclined to stay somewhere in the middle.

“Please…” Paul repeated and gasped as John cupped his crotch, pressing down just enough so that it would be almost painful, while he kept his other hand on Paul’s wrist for a moment longer as a firm reminder of how easy it would be for him to take control. It also seemed that Paul didn’t find it undesirable at all, and John filed that information away into a mental folder that contained all things that made Paul moan.

He kept still for a minute, and then moved, knowing that if he really wanted to go through with his plans, he’d have to get to work since Paul looked to be nearly there already, and there was no way he’d let himself miss this opportunity, not knowing if Paul would let him have it another time. He
moved back down, trailing his fingers down Paul’s chest, watching him twitch and jerk and shudder at his ministrations as he followed John’s movements with his eyes.

“Please…” Paul moaned again, arching into John’s touch, though there lay a hint of a self-satisfied smirk on his lips. He looked absolutely delicious; John could find no other way to describe him. His stomach was in knots, and he felt pleased at Paul knowing now who really had the upper hand - it was important to make the client know John submitted because he wanted to, and that whatever happened inside the room was voluntary.

Sliding himself easily between Paul’s legs, he didn’t waste another second and began unfastening the man’s jeans, making his movements deliberate and more forceful than necessary to make sure Paul felt every inch of his zipper being undone.

“I really could, you know,” he murmured with a large, teasing smile as he grabbed a hold of the rough material, making Paul groan. “Keep you like this… hot… bothered… moaning…”

He accentuated every word by yanking Paul’s jeans down further and further, taking his underwear with them, Paul groaning and shuddering with every violent jerk as John exposed more and more of his heated pink flesh. John’s insides curled at the sight, and he let his eyes travel over Paul’s body, naked and sprawled out before him. From the corner of his eyes, he could see the silver bullet, now vibrating on the mattress. It looked innocent enough now, but John could see it would have been buzzing against Paul’s perineum just a few seconds ago, unforgiving and unstoppable. No wonder the man looked like he was running a marathon.

“I wonder if I should,” John mused, leaning forward, and traced the nail of his forefinger over Paul’s throbbing dick, watching with amusement how it jumped at his touch, Paul’s face contorting into a pained grimace. He was on the verge of bursting, that much was clear, his skin flushed and cock straining against his stomach, but John was going to keep him on the edge for a little while longer before he would claim his triumph. He could have had Paul coming in five minutes if he had wanted to.

Picking up the bullet from the bed, John let his fingers trace it for a moment, before he laid down on this stomach between Paul’s slender legs that seemed to go on forever, admiring the glorious view he had of the man’s leaking erection.

“Hmm,” he said, lifting up a finger to stroke at the skin of Paul’s perineum, almost giving in to the urge to lean in and suckle on his balls that were hanging right in front of his nose, giving off such a strong, musky scent that John could barely refrain from burying his face against Paul’s skin and worship him with his mouth. The man in question squirmed at his touch, panting loudly at the feeling, and John was certain no one had never shown that part of him any attention before. Poor lad. Fortunately John was there to set things right.

“You look gorgeous like this, you know. Although flattery never seems to get me anywhere with you, so I might as well just continue,” he said, grinning lazily, and he raised himself up on his elbows to loom over Paul’s cock. The man’s scent was even stronger now as it filled his nostrils and his mouth watered, but unfortunately a blowjob or rimjob wasn’t part of the plan, so he would just have to control himself. No, now he was going to make Paul come, and then he would lick Paul’s stomach clean, and they would still have a glorious 40 minutes left for other fun things.

‘God bless good sex,’ he thought hazily as he brought the vibrator up, and lightly let it touch Paul’s dick, knowing that he had to be careful now if he didn’t want Paul to explode right there and then. Not yet.

Paul twisted violently as the vibrations shot through his cock, unforgiving and harsh, and in a less
than a second, he had his legs wrapped around John, ankles hooking at the small of his back, pulling him closer and refusing to let him go. The force of Paul’s sudden movement nearly caused John to fall face first into Paul’s dick, and while that wouldn’t have been too far from heaven and certainly would have done the job at making Paul come, John really wanted to try something else to get to that same result.

Besides, he really wanted to lick that come off.

He held the bullet in place and kept a close eye on the man, watching how his hands fisted the sheets and his head fell back on the bed as a string of nonsensical words spilled from his lips. He knew well what this sort of torture felt like, and was pleasantly surprised that Paul was lasting as long as he was - the man had more stamina than John had thought.

He seemed to be barely an inch away from coming, though, and John grinned as he looked at the man in the throes of pleasure. He could bet that after this, Paul would never underestimate even the smallest of toys. The bullet was a wonderful thing, one of John’s personal favourites, and he knew that many of his clients had purchased it for themselves as well - John too had one back home, even though he rarely, if ever, did anything outside work.

He slowly ran the bullet up and down Paul’s length, going at a torturous pace, and Paul’s legs trembled around his back. If John was to use his mouth anywhere, that would be it, but again, John had other plans. Wicked plans. Naughty plans.

Smirking, he gathered saliva in his mouth and pushed two fingers deep in his throat, drooling over them as he pressed the bullet against Paul’s balls. A loud, wanton yelp above him made him chuckle, and he rolled the vibrator up again, resting it against Paul’s cock in a horizontal position as he pulled his wet fingers from his mouth, and reached down.

With a feather-light touch that made Paul gasp, he traced his rim as a warning, and then slowly began pushing the first digit in, keeping his smouldering gaze fixed on Paul’s face to look for a reaction, unsure how the man was going to take this. You never could be too sure with things like this.

Paul, however, was squirming and groaning, but he remained relaxed and pliant in John’s hands, there being barely a trace of tension anywhere in his lower body. His legs were tense around John’s upper body, but Paul was unable to press his thighs together - a natural first reaction to an intrusion like this. Still, the man said or did nothing to get John to stop, and merely moaned at the strange feeling, so John pressed on a little further into the hotness that welcomed his finger.

Paul’s sounds kept getting louder and louder the deeper John went, gasping as his head rolled from side to side on the pillow, hips carefully rocking back into John’s touch with needy whines. He looked stunning, and John was glad to be able to think even when his own dick was so hard he could feel it pulsating between his legs, every movement Paul made cutting his breath short.

Being who he was, John knew what to do next, knew exactly what to do and what to look for, and naturally, went straight for Paul’s prostate, wanting it to be as good as possible for the other man so he wouldn’t be put off. Good first experiences were key with things like this.

With his forefinger almost wholly in, he could feel a spot of skin that felt rougher than Paul’s otherwise smooth insides, and he gently pulled his finger back half an inch, holding back for a moment as his grin widened. It was time for the most satisfying part of the evening - seeing Paul come, which the man did in a way that was almost intoxicating.

He rolled the bullet up towards the head of Paul’s member to get to the most sensitive part of the dick, and for a moment John feared it had been too much, but the man managed to put his orgasm off
a moment longer, though John knew now - now - was the time.

With an ever-present smirk on his face, he pushed his finger back inside and curled it against Paul’s prostate, rubbing the spot, as he pressed his thumb against his perineum, creating a subtle double-stimulation for the prostate, while the bullet remained firmly pressed against the head of Paul’s cock.

“Oh fucking Christ!” Paul cried out, his muscles pulling taught as he threw his head back and pressed his arse down against John’s hand, clamping down around his finger. Shuddering violently, spunk erupted from his cock and drizzled down in thick white ropes while the rest landed on his stomach.

John could barely breathe as he took in the look on Paul’s face as he came, rarely having seen anything as beautiful as that. He knew experiencing a orgasm through prostate stimulation could be intense, but Paul’s was as intense as it was gorgeous, and John’s heart thudded in his chest as his dick strained in his pouch, hoping that someday it might be able to bring Paul to a similar state, and he nearly came at the thought alone.

He let Paul ride out his orgasm, watching his hips stutter as the man chased that wonderful feeling, before finally switching off the vibrator. Almost immediately, Paul fell slack against the bed, feebly moaning out John’s name as he went, spent and turned into a nonsensical, mumbling puddle of mush, his body still twitching.

Sitting back on his heels with a loud exhale, John let his eyes rake over Paul’s flushed body, drinking in the sight.

“No, wasn’t that something!” he said with a self-satisfied smirk after a moment, only to then let out a pained hiss as he tried to get up, his dick being squeezed in its way too tight leather confines. Still, he managed and headed for the sink to clean himself.

“Any questions?” he called over his shoulder as he gave the bullet and his fingers a quick but thorough wash, before coming back to the bed. Paul looked as if a herd of cows had run over him, and yet somehow still managed to be stunning.

“Fucking... ugh... fucking give me a moment,” the man managed to croak out, weakly raising a finger to underline his point.

John laughed at that and merely stood watching him for a moment, his hands on his hips. Paul looked like he had melted against the bed, and John knew the feeling very well. He was glad the experience had been as good as this, because for some people prostate stimulation was too much or not pleasant at all, either because they were too scared and thus tensed up whenever John would try something, or simply because they didn’t like it. He was glad that wasn’t the case with Paul, though, especially considering how sensitive the man was in general, and John hoped he would be able to profit from that in the sessions to come.

“Glad you enjoyed it,” he said, because he couldn’t come up with anything else. And besides, it was the truth; John was just really fucking glad. Paul’s smile made him grin in return, and he couldn’t help but feel his heart skip a beat at the thought that they still had 40 minutes left of this session.

Maybe, who knew, someday Paul would want some cuddling as well? Once he was more comfortable with his sexuality and all.

Although... at the moment John would probably just start crying if someone were to pull him in for a hug, and that just wouldn’t do-
Fuck. Jackie-

Something else - he needed to think of something else - *anything else*. The night was still young, there were so many hours left before John could finally get to Jackie, and *fuck*, no, he *couldn’t-*

“You might wanna check out how the rest of the toys function as well,” he said, winking at Paul in the hope it would take his mind back to that wonderful place it had been not a minute before. His heart was thumping hard in his chest as his sister’s voice ghosted in his ears again. Shit - if Paul wasn’t going to distract him soon, John’s mood would shift, he could almost *feel* it, he could almost *feel* how he was falling back into that messy state of mind he had thought he had managed to shrug off during his time with Paul.

The man in question grinned at him and shook his head before reaching out for him, curling his fingers under the waistband of John’s leather trousers and pulling him towards the bed until John finally landed kneeling next to Paul, his eyes filled with slight wonder and confusion as he looked down at him-

-and Paul’s hand lowered to cup him through his trousers, giving him a promising squeeze. John couldn’t help the throaty moan that escaped his mouth in response, his cock so hard that he had to fight to keep his eyes open in the sudden wave of pleasure that shot through him.

“I wanna do something for you first,” Paul said in a voice that sounded way too innocent as he rubbed John through the leather. It was almost painful - John was hard as a rock, cock pressing eagerly against Paul’s palm, and he could see Paul glancing up at him with a smirk before the man reached for his zipper.

“Hmm... my dick’s all yours, love,” John answered in a slightly strangled voice. It felt like he had been hard for *hours* instead of just some fifteen minutes, and John relished the feeling as cool air reached his skin through the gap in his trousers, it almost felt like he had been wearing the trousers for hours, even if he had only put on his trousers just before Jackie had-

*Fuck-*

Gently and still smiling, Paul helped John lie down on the bed, and began to take off his trousers, throwing them carelessly aside, before crawling between his legs again like last time, parting them and letting them rest on his shoulders as he made himself comfortable. He began touching John again, feeling him up through the pouch, squeezing and rubbing him, and making John let out a breathy groan in response.

He tried to concentrate on Paul instead of Jackie, on Paul’s skinful fingers, his pretty eyes, his soft hair that lightly brushed his inner thighs, and he lifted himself up on his elbows to look down at him, getting an incredible feeling of gratitude for having someone that handsome ready to go down on him. Paul glanced up at him, and John answered his gaze daringly, taunting him to go further, knowing that was what Paul needed.

He had noticed it right away during their first meeting a few weeks back - that Paul needed John to act like he half believed the man would give up any second, which in turn would spur Paul on to get that final ounce of courage he needed. The man was eager to prove himself and certainly wasn’t one to back down from a challenge, John had noticed, and he only teased him to gently push him on, to get him to gather that last bit of courage he needed to do what he secretly wanted to do, and so far it had always worked.

It did this time as well, and Paul’s eyes drifted back to John’s bulging crotch. John, himself, was rather ready to tear the bloody pouch away and to just take care of his aching dick himself, but the
thought of getting Paul’s mouth on him stopped him from doing so. Besides, this was John’s *job*. He could do this.

(But Christ, Paul looked hot, and he was certainly *taking his bloody time!*)

Glancing up at John one last time, Paul finally - fucking *finally* - pulled the material of the pouch aside, and John’s member bounced up and down a few times almost comically as he was finally freed from his confines. He could see Paul swallow thickly at the sight of John’s aching cock that stood proud before him, red with a drop of precum gathered at the tip, and John hoped that he was right about Paul’s character, because it really would be a shame to not have-

Paul’s tongue flicking against the head of his cock cut off his thoughts, the man catching the drop of precum on his tongue before he leaned in again, his pink rubbery tongue swirling around the head. John let out a heated groan, his head falling back as his breathing accelerated. Christ, he couldn’t remember when he was last been this aroused before a blowjob. There was something about Paul that just made John *ache*.

Paul’s lips on his dick also proved useful in getting rid of any other thoughts. He managed to push the thought Jackie and the divorce aside, and concentrated only on the feeling of Paul’s tongue around his cock, rubbing against the skin in a surprisingly good way. It seemed that the man had taken John’s advice to heart, because he *had* improved.

He grinned down at Paul just because he felt so damn proud. His dick gave an extra twitch at the way Paul looked lying there between his legs, eyes black, drilling into John’s while he kissed up and down John’s shaft. This was a sight he could definitely get used to - Paul’s face was to die for. If only-

“A little tip-” he managed to say, his voice more of a moan than normal speech, “-use a hand at the base, give a handjob at the side- oh *Jesus-*” he groaned as Paul did *just that*.

*Fuck*, he had needed this.

He could just kiss Paul.

Chapter End Notes

That's all for now! Our heart goes out for John - we didn't mean to hurt him THIS much. We swear.

Anyway, please leave us a comment if you liked this, and wish luck for CJD - she's about to sleep a whole night at the airport tomorrow.
The Miserable Return Of CJD And Puck After Five Months Of Silence

Chapter Notes

We're back! Yes, we are actually back! So, life happened. And then we both moved back home after our exchange years abroad, after which we met up again with the intention of finishing this chapter and posting it, but... yeah... that didn't work out (instead we got to see Ringo live, which was AMAZING!! we're both still reeling and still can't believe that actually happened).

But now we're back! We've decided to try to make the chapters a little shorter, so they should be a somewhat normal length now. We both hope you're still enjoying this fic after so long, and we promise we won't make you wait another 5 months for the next part. At least neither of us is moving between countries again, so that will probably help ;)

Anyway, enjoy the chapter and please let us know what you think of it!

We love you and thanks for all the support, even through this awful silence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Letting the backdoor fall shut, John stumbled into the discreet alleyway at the back of the large Georgian building and pressed his forehead against the damp brick wall. Taking in a couple of deep breaths, he let the salty midnight air fill his lungs as he tried to stop his hands from shaking.

He could hardly believe that he had made it through the night. It was a bloody miracle, really. After Jackie's call, all those feelings he had been trying to suppress had come floating back up at the surface. Monday and Tuesday had gone by fine. He had been able to keep his emotions largely in check and whenever he had been snappish with clients, no one had really noticed, thinking it was “part of the act”. Even at Wednesday’s movie night he had been okay. That is, after George and Ringo had told everyone not to mention a thing regarding the divorce, allowing John to take his mind of it all and simply enjoy the movie like the did every week.

Today, though… Today had been... something else. The sound of Jackie - his little sister - crying had ripped through him and left him emotionally bleeding. He hadn’t been able to get to sound of her sobs out of his head, and pretending like everything was fine when things really weren’t... it wasn’t easy. Thankfully none of his clients had noticed something was off. Especially after Paul had left, it had been difficult to keep up appearances, wishing rather he could leave already, and with every minute it had become harder and harder not to break down. Divine intervention, John believed, had to be the only logical reason as to why that hadn’t happened.

During his session with Paul though, he hadn’t needed that. Paul had managed to give a truly masterful blowjob (at least considering it was only his second one ever), and had left with a rosy glow on his cheeks and a promise to come back soon. Not that John cared, of course, but it had been a relieve Paul hadn’t been put off by prostate stimulation. In fact, he had seemed to be rather into it. Even without words John had understood that much.

He clung onto the thought of Paul as he stood there, enjoying the silence and simply letting the chill of the air penetrate his clothes and nip at his skin. The feeling calmed him; his heartbeat slowed and
the thumping in his head lessened as his breathing returned to its normal rhythm. Once he felt he was ready, he pushed himself off the wall and pulled out his phone to text Jackie that he was on his way. He didn’t wait for a response, and instead put in his earphones as he began heading into the direction of Jackie’s flat. It was a bit of a walk, but the 30 minutes it would take to get there would allow him enough time to pull himself together. He had to be strong for his sister, and right now, she was all that mattered.

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Once he reached the flat, however, he still wasn’t doing much better. Unpleasant thoughts had continued to push their way into his mind, and all attempts to focus on anything else had only seemed to have made things worse. His mind was reeling and his hands were shaking, images of Jackie, broken and crying on her bed flashing before his eyes. He needed to remain calm - for Jackie’s sake. He knew how his sister could get, how violently she felt every emotion, good or bad. His parents knew too, but they didn’t even appear to care. They were such bastards, the both of them!! They simply counted on John being there to fix it all - they always did! He wasn’t surprised they did the same thing now.

Taking a deep breath in a faint attempt to calm himself, he knocked on Jackie’s door. He didn’t have to wait long before his sister pulled the door open, revealing her pale face, blotched with makeup smudges and red spots from crying. Her eyes were puffy and her red hair was a ruffled mess. She was still wearing her clothes; a baby pink oversized jumper, tucked into her high-waisted red jeans, floral socks, and earrings. The sleeves of her jumper covered her hands, revealing only the tips of her red-painted nails.

She looked as if she could burst out in tears at any moment, her bottom lip trembling, shoulders hunched forward, and her eyes downcast to avoid his stare. John’s heart ached at the sight of her, and couldn’t help but wonder if this is what he had looked like when he had shown up at George and Ringo’s doorstep last Sunday.

“Hey,” he said with a careful smile, letting some humour bleed through in the hope of lighting the mood, “Your makeup’s a little messy.”

“Piss off,” Jackie retorted, and at first she laughed, but then her laughter turned into whimpers and her whimpers into sobs, leaving John to wrap his arms around her as she rubbed her eyes with her sleeve.

“I-I don’t understand,” she said in a broken voice and John gently shushed her, rocking her back and forth in what he hoped was a soothing manner.

“It’s okay, Jackie. It’s okay,” he murmured in her ear, at which Jackie shook her head.

“No. No, it’s not okay. I- I just-”

“I know…” John said and held her a little tighter, letting her know he was there for her now. They stayed like that for a while, until Jackie’s shoulder had stopped jerking and she began untangling herself.

“Come,” she said, wiping the last of her tears away. She turned around and started heading to the kitchen. John followed closely behind her, closing the door behind him and kicking off his shoes as he went. His stomach was still churning, the sensation only having been made worse by his sister’s clear distress. He had never seen her like this, not even when she had broken up with her last boyfriend, and it worried him.
“Cait’s asleep so we have to be quiet, okay? You want a cuppa?” she asked, but by the time John had had time to answer she had already put the kettle on. He watched her quietly as she sat on the barstool, phone loosely in hand, tears still shimmering in her eyes.

Without a word, John pulled her in for another hug as she broke down crying again, letting her sob in his chest as she clutched at his shirt, her phone pressed against his stomach. John gently ran his fingers through her hair, combing it through as he simply held her.

He wanted to *strangle* his parents for doing this to Jackie.

Even after the water had finally boiled Jackie didn’t let go of him, almost as if she was afraid he would leave if she did. John let her, knowing how much he needed someone to hold him after he had learnt about the divorce. The thought of Jackie waiting for John all by herself (despite her flatmate being there) was unbearable.

“It’s just so *fucking unfair*, you know! I don’t- I don’t *get* why they’re doing this! I thought they were *fine*!” Jackie cried, every emotion she had been holding in now finally pouring out of her. “I-I thought they were happy! They were Mum and Dad, you know?! They love each other! They’ve been married for 27 years! But *now* that’s all suddenly a *lie*?!”

“I thought you said they’d been having arguments for years,” John said feebly, feeling rather helpless now that Jackie had voiced his exact thoughts. How could he make *her* feel better when he was feeling like shit himself?!

“Yeah - but- but fighting doesn’t mean their whole *fucking* married life was a goddamn *lie*! Everyone fights... But... but... *Six* years, John! How can you keep that up for *six years*?!” Jackie more or less yelled as she jerked herself free from her brother’s grip, leaning instead with her elbows on the breakfast bar as she took her head in her hands with a frustrated groan.

Unsure of what to say, John rubbed her shoulder, not knowing what else he could do. He hated this feeling of helplessness, but... what was there to say when everything that came out of Jackie’s mouth was exactly what John had thought himself?

Glancing at the ready kettle, he decided he might as well fall into stereotype. It would help her at least calm down a little, and so he gently squeezed her arm before getting up to get the tea mugs from one of the cupboards. As he made the tea, John could hear Jackie mumbling something inaudible against her palms, her voice hollow in a way that made John’s throat constrict. Jackie wasn’t supposed to sound like that.

“They just- it was always just about stupid stuff, you know? Dad forgetting something at the store, Mum not having called the bank, or having forgotten to tell him someone had called or she was going out, or Dad coming home drunk, or having missed whatever *fucking* sports game there was on the telly, because they had stood in traffic for over an hour. I never thought... they’re *Mum and Dad*, you know?!”

John hummed in agreement as he finished making the tea, pouring some extra milk into Jackie’s, knowing that was how she liked it, before pushing her mug into her hand and urging her to drink it. He was struck by how exhausted she looked, the dark circles under her eyes being not just smudged out eyeliner and mascara, he noticed.

“Did they sit you down and shoot you in the head like they did to me?” he asked, sliding onto a barstool next to Jackie.

“Kinda... I had the day off so I decided to visit Mum at work, you know. Drop by like a good
daughter and she... she just saw an opening and ran with it, I guess. As she always does. She invited me over for dinner and they told me while I was tucking into Mum’s homemade lasagna,” she spat. “I think they hoped doing it then would stop me from storming out on them. But hey! Guess what? It fucking didn’t.”

“You and me both, love,” John sighed, taking a sip from his tea as he felt anger boil up again. “They invited me over for tea and biscuits on Sunday, and after the general small talk just dropped it on me. I wouldn’t be surprised if they’re going to do the same to Vic on Saturday... Maybe Giles can keep her there for a moment longer, though.”

“I guess…”

She didn’t sound like she cared much for her sister at the moment, but John couldn’t really blame her - he too felt like being a self-centered bastard. If only he could.

“I just... I don’t know what to do... or think... or anything! It’s so... I can’t believe this is actually happening. It’s like, I keep expecting I’ll simply wake up in a few minutes be at home with Mum and Dad downstairs planning their yearly trip away.”

“It might be for the best, you know,” John said stiffly, repeating Ringo’s words. They tasted bitter in his mouth, but it was all he could say right now. He squeezed her hand, and slowly pulled the phone she had been squeezing from her death grip. “I mean, if they’ve decided to do this, that must mean they’re probably happier apart than together, right?” he continued, unable to dispel the bitterness from his voice. Jackie let out a doubtful hum in return before taking a sip from her tea.

“You know what I can’t help but wonder?” she asked after a long moment of silence, staring down into her mug. “What if this is normal? What if... we’re not meant to be with the same person for all our lives, but we’re all pretending that we are? What if you’re just happily in love with someone and then suddenly you wake up one day and it’s over? And you’re miserable and stuck together in your shitty marriage, with three annoying little shits running around your too expensive home, ridding you of all your hard earned money in a job you don’t even like! And we’re all just pretending like it’s all nice and good and perfect. ‘Cause frankly… I don’t see how it could be any other way. If Mum and Dad already can’t- If they can’t…” She shook her head and took another sip of her tea before pushing her mug away to let her head hang between her shoulders.

John, at a loss of words, stared at her for a moment. He didn’t want to admit it, but the same thought had crossed his own mind as well.

Sighing, he gave her hand another firm squeeze.

“You know it’s not like that for most people,” he said. Jackie scoffed, which he ignored. “Just because people get divorced more often doesn’t mean we’ll never meet the right person. I don’t think I’m really the right person to be talking about relationships, but personally I do believe there’s one special person out there for all of us, just waiting. Mum and Dad just weren’t that person for each other, I guess.”

“I suppose... Still fucking sucks a monkey’s ass, though,” Jackie said bitterly, drinking more of her tea, and John couldn’t help but agree. Still, he didn’t say anything, and for a while they just sat together, both lost in thought, occasionally sipping their tea. After a while, though, Jackie got up from her barstool and headed for the fridge.

“I need a fucking drink,” she huffed, but before she managed to grab anything, John had seized her by her arm and had gently yet unrelentingly pulled her back onto the barstool.
“Oh, come on, John! I thought you were the cool older brother. Just one beer!” Jackie tried again, but John stubbornly refused. Even her sad pout did nothing to change his mind.

“Maybe wait until Saturday evening. Then Vic will be here too, and I can take the evening off, so we can all drink ourselves to death together. Giles can even make sure that we don’t write anything stupid on Facebook, which will totally happen if I drink anything now.”

“You’re not fun when you’re trying to be responsible! Everything’s gone to shit and I can’t even get drunk!” Jackie groaned, rubbing her forehead.

“We should get some sleep,” John said as he began to get up, pulling Jackie with him by her arm. She complied easily, too exhausted to make any effort to refuse, and leaned her head on his shoulder. “C’mon, let’s take your terrifying battle paint off and hit the bed.”

“You’re staying, right?” Jackie asked, rubbing her forehead against him for comfort, probably leaving some of that battle paint on John’s shirt. John wrapped his arm around her again and pulled her closer, smiling humourlessly at the question.

“If you think that I’m gonna sleep anywhere else but here tonight, you’re mistaken,” he said. “Not for your sake, of course. It’s just that I’ve been kippin’ at George and Ringo’s these last few days and I think they need some time alone for a while,” he joked at which he managed to get a chuckle from Jackie, who pushed him away in return.

“No, why would you ever do anything for me, right?” she said, but John could hear she was relieved.

“I know right.”

“Could you lock the door? The key’s in my coat,” Jackie said, shaking her head slightly at some unwanted thoughts. She went to put away their mugs, rinsing them before leaving them standing in the sink for the morning.

John did as he was told, locking the door and putting the keys back into her pocket. Then he followed his sister into the bathroom, where he sat on the toilet lid and looked at her quietly as she took off her make-up, before they brushed their teeth and went to bed.

Jackie pulled on a t-shirt and a clean pair panties, while John stripped down to his briefs, keeping on the sleeveless top he was wearing under his jumper to block out the cold. They never minded sharing a bed, having been forced to sleep half on top of each other many times during holidays or during car rides, and John was glad they could be physical in that way with each other now at moments like this as well.

John had used to lie on their parents’ bed with baby Jackie, staring at her small face when he had been but a 7-year-old walking terror. There had been something so entrancing about the sight of her, so helpless and fragile. It had been almost unbelievable to think ‘this was his little sister’, and from that moment on John had sworn to be the best big brother he could be, something he still held himself to to this day.

She didn’t look that different now, John thought as he watched her quietly from his side of the bed. Her face somehow looked even more exhausted now without the smudged make-up hiding all those little imperfections. When she turned to look at him, worried frown on her forehead, John smiled at her.

“It’ll be fine,” he said as Jackie shuffled close to him, snuggling him against him as John laid a hand
over her side and began rubbing her back. “I promise it will.”

For a moment he almost believed it himself.

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‘Who would have thought that getting a gift card for a brothel would change your life this much,’ Paul mused as he walked through the halls of the school with a silly, shit-eating grin on his face that he could simply not wipe off. People stared at him as he passed them and even some of the children in his class had noticed something was different about him, but Paul had managed to dissuade any intrusive questions about his seemingly amazing private life with a soft shrug and a vague response about things being good.

Last night had been more than just good, though. It had been amazing, and Paul had been sporting that grin since the end of the session, after he had come a second time (as was becoming customary) in John’s hands... or... mouth, he supposed. The man had used that little bullet vibrator of his again, popping it inside his mouth alongside his tongue as he had gone down on Paul. Paul’s orgasm had left him feeling like he was high and he still felt like he would never be horny again - though he knew that would not be the case.

It was funny, really, seeing as how little they did, not going much further than a handjob and blowjob, and yet Paul felt he was having the best sex he’d had in years. Well... except that time John had eaten him out like a girl and had slid his fingers inside of him, and Paul had come like a helpless virgin on both occasions... Just thinking about it made Paul’s throat constrict and his chest tighten.

Looking back at it now, it felt absurd that he had let John do that to him... but the mind-blowing orgasms could not be brushed off, and - fuck - Paul would be lying if he said that hadn’t been thinking about them, and wondering how much more could John offer.

He made his way down to the sports hall. It was lunch break and one of his pupils had sprained her ankle and thus wouldn’t be making it to gym class that afternoon, so he figured he’d let Martin, the gym teacher, know that he would keep her in the classroom with him to help her with some of the material she was struggling with. Help her spend her time more wisely instead of making her sit on the sideline for nearly two hours.

The hallway down to the sport hall was quiet and deserted. All the children had already gone, rushing out of the dressing room as quickly as possible to get to lunch and have some time left to play outside (where these kids got their energy from, Paul didn’t know) and most teachers were upstairs in the teacher’s lounge or with the children to keep an eye out on them. Martin, however, hadn’t been in any of those places, so Paul figured he’d be here still, cleaning up stuff or getting things ready for his next class.

As he reached the sports hall, however, he could hear voices; quiet and dulled through the thick walls that were meant to keep the yelling of children out. At first Paul didn’t think anything of it, but then he heard something different, something... odd, and definitely unexpected. It was like a moan, broken, after which he heard another voice make a shushing sound.

Not able to think of anything but the soft sounds heard in the brothel’s hallway, and slightly terrified with the possibility that someone might be having sex on the school grounds, Paul frowned and held his breath as he knocked tentatively on the door. He didn’t wait before opening it, only to stop dead in his tracks as his eyes fell on two men entwined in a heated kiss.

“Paul!” Brian, the actual actual headmaster Brian, exclaimed as he hastily stepped away from the actual actual gym teacher Martin, his cheeks flushing. Martin, after jumping away from Brian, was
shyly looking down at the floor, refusing to meet Paul’s eyes.

Paul could only stare for a moment, never having seen his boss flustered like that before - nor having even thought of seeing him in a situation like this!

“I-I’m sorry,” Paul said, once he had found his voice, his eyes moving between Brian and Martin as his brain was still trying to process that not two seconds ago he had seen those two men sharing a passionate snog. “I was just... I just wanted to tell Martin that Lisa would not be there for gym class today as she’s, um, sprained her ankle… and… I’ll- um, I er... I’ll just, you know, go now… I guess. Yeah. Okay.”

He had been about to close the door and walk away, when Brian called him back.

“Paul, I er... I would appreciate it if you were to keep what you saw a secret. It’s just... Martin and I, we’re m-”

“Yeah! Yeah. It’s none of my business. You just do whatever - I, it’s fine with me. If you want to keep it a secret that’s okay -like I said, it’s none of my business. I’ll er... I’ll just see you two later. Don’t worry about it!” Paul babbled on hurriedly and Brian and Martin glanced at each other before nodding thankfully at him. Paul twitched his head stiffly in something that might have resembled a nod, and then dashed out of the room, shutting the door swiftly behind him.

Well. That had been unexpected.

*~**~*

On Friday John was at the Rusty Pipe at 5pm sharp, and greeted the other prostitutes who were already in the changing room with a quick “Hi!”, as he slipped in through the metallic backdoor. Usually he would’ve headed straight for his locker, but to everyone’s confusion he went past all of them, going straight for the door that lead into the hallway instead.

“John?” Meryl called after him with bewilderment in her voice, “you can’t go out there like that!”

John turned to look at the others, finding everyone looking at him with with wide eyes. It was sort of funny; only at a brothel would John’s jeans, a long-sleeved shirt and a coat be out of place.

“I just gotta talk to Larry about something,” he said, and the others raised their eyebrows in a silent question that John never answered. He shook his head faintly and exited the changing rooms without another word, then headed for the lift on the other end of the long corridor. Once in, he pressed a worn-down button to take him to the second floor, and leaned against the slightly dirty wall.

Crossing his arms over his chest, he sighed and let his head fall against the metal wall as the lift jerked into motion, dragging its weight up with some difficulties. The lift was probably the only thing in the whole brothel that didn’t work smoothly.

He had stayed awake for most of the night, and sleep deprivation was finally starting to get to him. Jackie had fallen asleep quickly, exhausted from crying and relieved that John was there with her. He would go to her place tonight as well, and they would be ready with alcohol when Vic came over tomorrow, if John managed to get a free evening. They knew Vic would be crashing through Jackie’s door at some point, because knowing her, she wouldn’t be able to stay at their parents’ place after hearing the news.

John shuddered at the thought. He had always had a bit of a soft spot for Jackie, and John didn’t remember a time when he would’ve been an arse towards her. But Vic, in John’s opinion, just had to “suck it” for most of the time, and that she did... John rarely saw her show any deep emotion
underneath her cool façade, but John didn’t think she’d be able to stay calm after hearing about the divorce. For some reason the thought hurt even more, seeing someone strong like her break down.

Not that speculating about how it was going to happen would’ve made things any easier... But John couldn’t help but think about the whole awful situation. A free day was definitely needed, as well as the alcohol.

And then there was also the fact that if he wasn’t going to get any sleep for the next two nights, he would quite literally **die**.

Of course, he thought as the lift let out a ping and jerked sideways to indicate the arrival to the second floor, if one drank enough, sleep would come. Or death. Whichever came first, John would welcome it with open arms.

He got out of the lift and faced another long corridor. A few of the doors were open, and the others had lists taped to them, showing what equipment was inside. To borrow or reserve any you had to write the name of the object on a separate list, as well as your name, date, time and signature. Now John walked past those doors, and even before he arrived to Larry’s open office door he heard the man’s cheerful voice call out.

“**Yes?**”

John stepped into the doorway, leaning against it with his hands in his pockets, and looked at his boss, who was sitting in his office chair with his feet lifted up on the desk, flipping through a catalogue of new fucking machines.

“**Now,**” Larry, the owner of the brothel, a former prostitute himself, and a genuinely great guy narrowed his eyes at him. “I know we haven’t exactly defined a dress code here, but that’s just way too covered up. Go change.”

“No, I was plannin’ on seducing the hell out of everyone in my baggy jeans... I’ll go change in a minute. You got a moment?” John asked, blinking a few extra times to ride fatigue from his eyes, without much success. It felt like it was pressing on him constantly, mashing up his mind. Fucking divorce, fucking with his mind.

Larry stared at him for a moment, and then lowered his gaze back on the magazine, making a show of turning a page.

“No. Get out.”

John rolled his eyes, and stepped inside as he saw Larry clearly repressing his laughter.

“Sorry, I know you love your machines but I **am** kinda more important that them, so...” John stated, crossing his arms over his chest as he leaned his left arm heavily against the doorway again, slumping slightly.

Larry rolled his eyes in fake annoyance and looked up at him with a look that said “get out”. However, after a brief moment of a shared eye contact, a frown broke through on his forehead and John could feel how his tired appearance was under thorough scrutinisation, especially by someone who was as good at reading people as one could be.

As expected, it didn’t take long for Larry to put the catalogue aside and sit up in his chair, his frown deepening as worry entered his expression.

“Are you alright? You look a little... You aren’t ill, are you? Or, there aren’t any clients causing
trouble, are there?” he asked, motioning John to come in and take a seat in one of the two chairs that stood before his desk. John took the needed few steps to slump into one of the them, immediately supporting his elbows against the wooden desk, rubbing his face with both hands.

“Oh, I wish it were clients,” he said with a tight voice. “Those are easier to get rid of.”

“What are you trying to get rid of?” Larry asked, sounding highly concerned as he leaned towards his employee. John could almost hear the wheels turn in his head, trying to think of anything that could be the matter. No doubt he was thinking of the results of this week’s STD test that John would’ve gotten back today. “You are not saying…”

“I’m not trying to get rid of anything,” John said, sighing, and cupped his face in his hands, hiding his eyes. Again he felt like his chest was tearing apart, and he wondered for what must have been the hundredth time why he felt so bad about the whole ordeal. “Rather my parents are trying to get rid of each other. They’re divorcing,” he said, feeling even more exhaustion wash over him as he said that last word.

Larry sat frozen for a moment before he reached out for John, gently squeezing his forearm. “Oh... Oh, John- I’m sorry to hear that,” he said, sounding unsure of what to do or say in this situation - and it was quite okay, since John had no clue how to deal with the situation either. “Are you alright?”

“Honestly?” John said with faint voice, then shook his head. “No. Haven’t slept at all really, since I heard,” his voice faded away as he lowered his hands, looking at his boss with a tired expression. Larry’s hand slid downwards, his fingers curling around John’s wrist gently.

“Right... well, if there is anything I can do- We wouldn’t want this to be affecting your performance after all... er... no pun intended.” Larry offered a careful smile.

“Yeah, I er… I was just wondering if I could have tomorrow off. My sisters and I… we decided to get together and talk it over and stuff. I mean, if it’s possible, that is. I could do an extra shift on Sunday if that’s necessary,” John asked, slotting his fingers tightly together in front of him as he looked up at his boss with a pitiful look in his eyes.

“Yes…” Larry nodded, offering him a compassionate look. “Yeah, no! No problem. I understand you need some time to… come to terms with everything. And it wouldn’t do to make you work if you’re not a hundred percent into it. Just let your clients know, and try to reschedule them if possible - client satisfaction comes first,” he said, smiling at his little pun, “but of course you already know that.”

John nodded again. Fortunately he only had two clients scheduled for tomorrow, and they would both be easy to move to another day.

“Yeah, of course. I wouldn’t have taken a day off, if it weren’t for the girls. I need the job to keep my head straight,” he said with a grimace.

Larry studied him for a moment, before pulling his hand back with a sigh, nodding.

“That is completely up to you, of course. But be careful you don’t overwork yourself. Are you certain you will be fine tonight?” he asked. John nodded.

“Yes…” Larry nodded, offering him a compassionate look. “Yeah, no! No problem. I understand you need some time to… come to terms with everything. And it wouldn’t do to make you work if you’re not a hundred percent into it. Just let your clients know, and try to reschedule them if possible - client satisfaction comes first,” he said, smiling at his little pun, “but of course you already know that.”

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“That is completely up to you, of course. But be careful you don’t overwork yourself. Are you certain you will be fine tonight?” he asked. John nodded.

“Yeah, don’t worry about that. I just need to get into the right mindset,” he said and pulled backwards now that his wrist was free, grinning faintly. He felt exhausted. “Haven’t had problems so far,” except when Paul had been there, but that had been Jackie’s fault, really, “-I’m a professional,
Larry.” He planted his hands on his hips, trying to look more confident than he was feeling at the moment.

“Right up there with the best of them,” Larry said, chuckling, though it sounded slightly strained. “Now, if you need anything, or just want to talk, you know where to find. For now, though, get to work and get rid of those hideous jeans before I start to get complaints,” Larry said, smiling kindly and shooting John a good-humoured wink. John chuckled at that and got on his feet, already feeling a bit better.

“Don’t worry, I don’t have anyone coming before seven,” he winked. “I’ll see you next Monday then... Thanks, Lar.” He forced on a grin and took a few steps backwards to get to the door.

“Oh and John!” Larry suddenly called out with a twinkle in his eye, stopping John in his tracks. “Just for future reference... I would prefer it if you didn’t bring clients into the dressing room, thank you. Although I appreciate you being sneaky about it, just keep in mind that we do have cameras installed.” He offered a wide, mischievous smile, before replacing it with a warning look. “It’s for your own safety.”

John almost started laughing right there and then, but managed to suppress it by giving a wide, real grin, his stomach jumping at holding a triumphant chortle back.

“Oops,” he said cheerfully, pointing towards the end of the corridor. “Gotta go! Session starting! Gotta hurry!”

With that, he sprung into a quick run, and was loudly snickering to himself even before the doors of the lift had closed in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

Seriously though, we both cannot believe the amount of love and attention this fic has been getting. We certainly didn't expect this when we decided to give RPing a try. Let's keep the positivity coming. We need more of that in the world.
That Saturday, at 4pm sharp, John was standing in front of Jackie’s door, a paper bag full of alcohol in hand. According to their calculations, Vic would be showing up at their parents’ place about now, which would leave them at least another thirty minutes before their parents would finally broach the subject, and then another twenty before Vic made it to Jackie’s place, which would undoubtedly be the first place she’d think of. They knew their sister well enough.

John was all nerves and stress. He hadn’t slept much the night before either, and knew he would have to drink himself to oblivion to be able to catch some sleep. He wasn’t sure whether Mum and Dad had realised just how big of an impact this would have on their children... and especially John, who, on top of it all, was also blaming himself. The words “we’ve been thinking about it for years” were playing constantly in his head, and so far nothing had worked to get rid of them.

He wouldn’t mention a word to the girls, though. It would be better if he kept his thoughts to himself, and presented himself as The Supportive, Albeit Rather Drunk Big Brother. He was sure wallowing in the painful subject wasn’t going to be doing any of them any good. No, they would simply get drunk and cry it out and that was it. Even if it wasn’t actually going to help him in the long run, it would at least help him sleep for now.

Which, he had to admit, was something already.

Mum and Dad could stick it up their arses.

The door opened to reveal Jackie standing behind it, looking just as tired as John was feeling, dark circles under her eyes, her lips in a twist that conveyed more emotions than John had ever believed possible, but he recognised all of them. He felt the same — it felt like his chest was being torn open and someone was happily cutting his heart into tiny pieces before setting them on fire. Seeing someone who knew exactly how he was feeling, though, made it all more real...

Apart from the dark circles, Jackie wasn’t wearing any make-up - which was unusual, considering how much money and time she usually spend on it - and was wearing a pair of loose sweatpants and an oversized jumper that covered her fingertips, making her look smaller and more blob-shaped than she actually was. Her hair was tied up in a messy bun, and John was momentarily pulled back to all those times when Jackie had been ill, very often sporting a similar outfit.

“Hi,” John said, not able to pull his face into a smile, and cursing himself mentally for it. “You ready for Vic to come bursting in, all tears and betrayed feelings?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” Jackie replied with a dull sigh. She took the bag of alcohol from him, before turning around and motioning him to follow her inside, which John did.

“Cait’s gone home for the weekend so we have the place to ourselves. No one to disturb us,” she
said as she placed the bag of alcohol on the breakfast bar in the kitchen and started rummaging through it to check its contents, before pulling out two bottles of beer, which she held up questioningly for John to see. “You up for some pre-drinks?”

“Definitely!” John said, taking his coat off and leaving it on a chair in the back of the small living room. “We’d better take it easy, though. Vic would murder us if shows up here we’re already pissed.”

He walked into the kitchen, sliding onto one of the barstools with a sigh. He ran a hand through his hair, unsure how to proceed.

“How’ve you been coping?” he finally asked as Jackie settled on the barstool next to him. The question was an obvious one, and the answer even more so, but John wanted to show he cared. Jackie would appreciate it.

“Fine, I guess... been trying to keep busy, you know. So I don’t have to think about it and all,” Jackie replied as she opened one beer with a bottle opener she had probably stolen from her work at the local pub — she worked there while she was trying to figure out what she wanted to do with the rest of her life. Not an easy decision to make, but she enjoyed the work, which made dealing with it a lot easier.

She slid the beer across the breakfast bar to her brother before uncapping her own and taking a large gulp. John fiddled with his bottle, uncomfortable with the momentary silence that spread through the kitchen. It was a rather rare thing in their family. Normally, you wouldn’t get them all quiet at the same time for longer than five seconds, which had given their Mum more headaches than she could count. He’d almost feel bad for her, that is, if it hadn’t been for the divorce.

Now, though, it seemed like silence was the only thing that made sense anymore.

“You think Vic is at Mum and Dad’s yet?” Jackie asked after a while, glancing at the clock on the wall.

John shrugged, taking a slow sip of his beer.

“Maybe? If not, she’ll be there soon anyway. I think we have at least... 40 minutes before she comes barging in? Maybe an hour if Giles can get her to calm down enough to make her stay for dessert.”

“What’d you wanna do ’till then? Besides drinking, that is. We must do something to pass the time…”

“I suppose… Though, to be honest, I’d really just like to cuddle on the couch for a while,” John confessed, grimacing at his words. They had never been truer, but fortunately Jackie couldn’t know that.

“Wow... I’m sorry, but you seriously need to get into some kind of relationship, you know. Bloody touch deprived, that’s what you are.” Jackie grinned at him, and nudged his side with a wink to let him know it was all in jest. John just gently shoved her back in return. “Come on, we can watch some Netflix while we’re at it. And I’ve got some crisps in the cupboard we can munch on if you’re hungry.”

John nodded and waited for Jackie to grab two bags of Walkers Cheese Onion crisps from the Secret Sweet Stash. She had to stand on tiptoes to reach the top shelve, which was probably why the Secret Sweet Stash was located there in the first place.

Turning back around, she paused for a moment, looking unsure and hesitant, as if she wanted to say
something else. John itched with the urge to wrap his arms around her, to make it all go away. But he knew his abilities were limited, even though he did make a swell brother in general.

“Come on, before the couch gets cold,” Jackie finally said, forcing a teasing grin that only worked to breaking John’s heart. “And all I’m saying is that maybe if you had somebody to fill the empty space in your bed at night… it could do you some good. Emotional support and all that.”

“I guess there’s simply no one pretty or handsome enough in this old town that I haven’t already slept with,” John said, trying to be witty, but the right tone just wasn’t there. Besides, it wasn’t like he was searching for anyone at the moment either. He had long decided would take relationships as they came, even though it was true that he wouldn’t have minded having one... It would certainly help him deal with this whole ordeal a bit better. Even if it would just allow him to take his mind of the whole thing. And do something that wasn’t crying or anything work-related.

Even just a cat would do if he was honest.

Actually, just a cat would do superbly. God, John wanted a cat.

(Or two.) (Or ten.)

(Maybe he should just get one?)

Sighing, Jackie wrapped an arm around his shoulder and together they made their way into the tiny living area. John let himself fall back into the couch, while Jackie knelt in front of the tv to turn it on and search for the remote control which seemed to have vanished into another dimension. When she finally found it — John had sat on it — she crawled onto the couch next to John, before she logged in on their Netflix account — that was actually John’s, seeing as he was the one paying for it, but he hadn’t been able to stop his sisters from guessing his password and putting up their own profiles — and started scrolling to the suggested section.

“What’d you wanna watch?” Jackie asked, skimming through the dozens and dozens of TV shows and films at such as speed that John could barely keep up. She grabbed her half-empty beer bottle from the coffee table to take a large swig as she waited for John to pick something.

“Oh, just whatever,” John shrugged, moving so that Jackie could easily cuddle up to him. “Nothing too serious, though... Put on How To Train Your Dragon or something. Haven’t seen that in ages.”

“We watched it two months ago,” Jackie muttered, but she selected the film anyway, adjusted the sound levels, and pulled up her feet onto the couch as she leant sideways to curl up against John, her head resting on his shoulder.

The film managed to go on for about an hour before a loud noise suddenly came from the door, causing both John and Jackie to jump in their seats. It resembled more or less someone banging at the door, and John and Jackie glanced at each other with tired eyes.

“Can you— could you get her?” Jackie asked, voice suddenly feeble. She gave John’s wrist a quick squeeze before letting go, allowing John to get up.

The phrase ‘I exist for the client’ was somehow playing in his head, and he felt horrified at it coming up now — they were his sisters, not clients! But he guessed the same mindset was now required, just to keep himself sane.

He walked through the small flat to the door, and, bracing himself, opened it carefully — just to meet Vic’s bloodshot eyes, her makeup running down her cheeks, a tissue held tightly in her fist. Behind her was Giles, looking bothered, annoyed, and sad... John definitely looked forward to some good
old man-to-man crying in the kitchen later.

“So,” he said, swallowing, “you’ve heard.”

Vic nodded, fist shaking, and as soon as John opened his arms, she stumbled forward and wrapped her arms tightly around him, hugging him close. John shared a look with Giles, raising an eyebrow in a silent question.

“We er... came right after dinner,” Giles started saying, but was interrupted by Vic, her trembling voice somehow overpowering Giles’s.

“Is this really happening? It— It can’t be, can it? It can’t be...” she said, voice full of disbelief, almost as if she was waiting for someone to tell her it was all a stupid joke and Mum and Dad were still happy and in love and were going to take a long holiday in Greece instead.

John, however, had no such thing to tell her, and the silence he offered in return told Vic everything she needed to know.

“I—I don’t...”

“This wasn’t really what we had expected when we decided to come here for the weekend...” Giles said, stepping closer and laying a gentle hand on his girlfriend’s shoulder.

“Yeah... well, neither did we,” a voice sounded and Jackie came to stand behind John. “You okay?” she asked, and Vic shrugged as she let go of John and went to hug her instead.

“Come on, let’s go inside,” Giles said, and gently started guiding them inside. Taking Vic’s hand in his, he held her back for a moment, pulling her against him as he let John and Jackie go in first. He kissed her temple, and Vic gave him a sad smile in return.

“You sure you don’t just want to go home? We can still catch a train if you want to-” Giles asked her gently, but Vic shook her head.

“No... no, I er... I need the distraction. To process.”

Giles nodded and kissed her sweetly on the lips before letting go of her and guiding her inside, closing the door behind himself.

“They told me last Sunday,” John said cautiously, watching the interaction between Vic and Giles with silent jealousy. “And Jackie last Thursday... they didn’t have the courage to tell us simultaneously,” he couldn’t help but let some of the bitterness he was feeling seep into his voice.

“I don’t blame them, really,” Vic muttered, shrugging her shoulders. “We all know that wouldn’t have gone well... Someone might have gotten murdered,” she joked in a faint attempt of lightening the mood, and Jackie gave a sad chuckle in response.

‘Like me,’ John couldn’t help the thought that entered his head. ‘Less fighting between them if that had been the case.’

He turned away from the others without saying anything and walked over to the kitchen, getting himself a new bottle of beer.

“Our plan was to get completely shitfaced,” he said, still without looking at the others. He felt sick to the stomach. “God knows I need it,” he sighed quietly, so that no one else could hear him.
“That... sounds like something I could use, to be honest,” Vic said and Giles let out a small hum of agreement.

“Oh and erm... well, before I forget,” Giles started, sounding hesitant. “Vic and I were supposed to stay with Julia and Alfred but... considering the circumstances... could we stay with one of you? Just for the night, if it’s not too much. We can find a hotel or something if necessary—”

“I’ve got a clean flat and even cleaner sheets waiting for you two, so don’t you worry about that,” John immediately interrupted him, masterfully taking three beer bottles into one hand, finally turning around to face the others when he was sure that his facial expression was holding. He wondered whether this took a bigger toll on him than on the others because he was the oldest, and as such had always had to do everything first... and he had always looked to his parents, whereas the girls had always looked to him.

“Are you staying till Monday, or leaving tomorrow evening? I don’t work this weekend anyway, so you won’t have to wake up in the middle of the night at me coming home,” he said and walked over to his sisters and Giles, offering beer bottles to them.

“Our train leaves Monday morning at eleven,” Giles said, taking the beer with a soft “thanks” as he wrapped his free arm around Vic. Together the two of them moved to sit in a large old battered armchair, seeing as the couch would be too small to fit all four of them. Vic toppled into Giles’s lap with a deep sigh, taking a large swig of her beer.

Jackie, meanwhile, also took her bottle and reclaimed her old spot on the couch and patted the spot next to her to tell John to do the same. As soon as he had taken his seat, Jackie curled against, resting her head against his side while his arm went around her shoulders.

“Giles, you also have the responsibility to stay somewhat sober. Sorry mate. I really fucking need this right now,” John decided, emphasising his words by downing half of his beer in one go.

“Right, of course. Well this is going to be a fun evening,” Giles rolled his eyes, handing his beer to Vic as he gently pushed her aside so he could get up. “I’m just going to get something alcohol free then.”

John watched as Giles headed towards the kitchen, and immediately felt bad. He was rather sure the man hadn’t expected to spend his weekend with his girlfriend in this way. He knew Giles understood, though, but it still couldn’t be a lot of fun getting stuck in the middle of this mess.

That in mind, John quickly got up as well and followed Giles towards the kitchen. The girls had started a tearful conversation, and didn’t even seem to notice him going.

Skipping over a fur carpet, John got into the kitchen, finding Giles digging through the fridge. Ugh, John should’ve thought about getting him a coke or something, just to make up for the bother.

“All right, mate?” he asked a bit carefully, leaning on the doorway. The best he could do was to try and socialise a bit before passing out on the fur carpet, which he planned to do in about a couple of hours.

“Oh yeah, sure... Really, I don’t think you should be the one asking me that, though, should you?” Giles said with a knowing voice as he straightened his back with a two litre bottle of coke.

“Granted, it’s not really how I thought I would be spending this weekend but... It’s not my parents who are divorcing...”

He offered John a careful smile before getting himself a large glass from one of the cupboards and
pouring himself a drink.

“It’s fine,” John said, swallowing a lump that had formed in his throat. He glanced back at the girls, who had now moved the tearful discussion onto the next stage — the tearful hugging. It hurt him in a way that was difficult to describe... mainly because he was not used to feeling like this. Anger he could deal with, but this...

“Probably should’ve seen it coming at some point... I mean, who does stay married for life in the modern world?” he said, but his smile was forced and he was sure Giles could catch onto the pain that shone through his light tone, no matter how hard he tried to hold it back.

Giles hummed, unsure whether to argue against that or not. That was fine with John as well — he wasn’t really up for a deeply philosophical discussion about modern day relationships at the moment — not that he honestly even cared how many people got divorced. They weren’t usually his parents.

Giles studied John carefully, as if John was a ticking time bomb waiting to go off at any moment.

John couldn’t even deny that he wasn’t that.

“I’m sure it still happens. Just... Sometimes it doesn’t work out, I suppose…” Giles finally said and turned to lean against the counter as he studied John with a scrutinising gaze that only served to make him feel more uncomfortable. He shifted on his feet, looking awkwardly around the kitchen, trying to think of anything to say, before simply taking a sip from his beer.

“How are you holding up anyway?”

John’s whole body stiffened at the question, and he stared at his beer with a frown. He wondered whether he should tell the truth or not; then again, Giles was somebody he trusted, and who wouldn’t break down if John showed signs of weakness.

Maybe he could... open up just a little? It might ease the suffocating feeling of anxiety in John’s chest, and if he felt better it could also be easier to make the girls feel better, so...

“Honestly? Not very well,” John said hesitantly, watching as Giles’s forehead creased into a worried frown. He went to close the door to the living room and leaned against it, taking a sip from his beer, needing the courage it provided, “Like, at all. But... if I don’t hold it together, the girls... they need someone to depend on.”

“You know, the girls already know this is affecting you as well... I’m sure they’d understand,” Giles tried but John stubbornly shook his head, making the man frown even deeper.

“You shouldn’t have to take responsibility for such things, John. And even so, you are still allowed to be upset...” he sighed, and John shook his head again, staring at his drink miserably. He wasn’t sure he could handle this discussion while looking into Giles’ sympathetic eyes that appeared to be coaxing him into a full break down.

“I’ll be upset in my own time,” he said. “But it’s... it’s a drag, really. That’s what it is. I never thought — I never thought this would happen! Couldn’t even begin to imagine it,” his voice faded away, his stomach starting to churn somewhat unpleasantly. Was it possible to become ill from the stress and misery he was currently feeling? He wouldn’t be too surprised.

“I know. When they told me and Vic... she didn’t react at first, you know? She just sat there. Then she started yelling. Or, at least until I managed to calm her down a little. It’s... It’s a hard thing to wrap your mind around,” Giles mused, shaking his head as he pressed his lips together, looking disapproving, which John could bet was aimed at Julia and Alfred.
“I can imagine her doing that,” he said quietly. “I just... I just walked out. I couldn’t — couldn’t really understand it. I’m feeling so—”

He choked suddenly, pressing a hand quickly against his mouth. For a moment he just stood in that position, his body tense, clutching at his beer in his hand, battling to swallow down the feelings that had been building up during the whole week.

“So... betrayed, and scared, and— ” he managed to say, his fingers around the beer starting to shake slightly.

“It’s not your fault,” Giles said immediately, his voice calm and sympathetic.

_It’s not your fault._

John looked up at the other man sharply with wide eyes, feeling like he had been caught. Giles stared back at him, looking sad and emphatic, before his eyebrows started rising slightly in silent comprehension. Fuck — he’d realised that was exactly what John was thinking.

Giles quickly took a few steps towards him and carefully pried the beer bottle from John’s suddenly numb fingers before gently guiding him onto a barstool, making him sit down.

“Listen, mate,” he sighed, grasping John’s shoulder tightly as he leaned over him, searching for his eyes. “This is _not_ your fault. Things like this... they happen. They happen sometimes. Whatever it is you think you may have done, it _isn’t_ that. It’s _not_ your fault. None of this is.”

John met Giles’ eyes hesitantly before lowering his gaze into his hands, playing with his fingers now that they were absent of beer.

“I wonder— I wonder if it would have happened if— if I had had a different job,” he said faintly, voice just a bare breath as his insides twisted at voicing the thought out loud, the thought that had bothered him ever since he learnt about the divorce.

“John. Your parents are _not_ getting a divorce because of _your_ job, okay?” Giles huffed, looking serious now. “I’m sorry, but that’s stupid. People don’t get _divorced_ because their son has a job they don’t like. Whatever the reason, if there even _is_ a clear one, it’s _not_ on _you_. It’s on _them_. Sometimes relationships just don’t work out. Marriage doesn’t magically make people be in love with each other for the rest of their lives! Like any other relationship, it sometimes works out and sometimes it doesn’t.”

“I know that!” John sighed, frustrated, and reached out to grab his beer back, feeling like he was going to need it in a few moments. He already started regretting telling Giles all of this. “I’ve been saying that to plenty of customers myself... But it’s just that, well, apparently the problems started six years years ago, around the same time I got the job, and it’s _always_ been something they despise. Mum’s tried to be a bit more understanding about it, and I can imagine that she’s been the only thing holding Dad back from saying some rather awful things. Not that I can’t guess...” he muttered, rolling the bottom of the bottle in circles on the table, watching the beer slosh inside.

“I- I just... really don’t _know_ anymore,” he continued in a quiet voice. “I can very well imagine _that_ being the thing that’s started the whole thing. They’ve only stayed together for us. For the girls.” _Not for me_.

Giles remained silent for a moment, just watching him. John could feel a small air of awkwardness radiating from him — the man still wasn’t as comfortable with his job as the girls were, even after a good 2 and a half years of being in the family. It wasn’t that Giles judged him for it. The man tried to
be understanding. He tried to accept him as he was, but he always seemed uneasy when the subject of John’s work came up, as if he wasn’t quite sure how to talk about it.

“I hardly think so,” the man eventually said slowly, running a hand through his hair with a sigh.

“But... if you really think so, maybe you should talk to your parents about that. It’s hard, I know, but if you understand why they decided to get a divorce, you’ll know that your job wasn’t the problem,” he said. “It might... I mean I don’t know if you have anyone you are particularly close to, but it might help if you were to take someone with you. As support.”

John thought for a moment, thinking that the most probable person would be Ringo, since he had gone through a similar thing, although he had been a kid back then. George would be too aggressive, being almost too loyal to his friends, and thus quick to stare Alfred and Julia down with the Unibrow in full use. And the girls... there was no way John was going to take one of them into that kind of a situation.

Then there was the whole thing of talking to his parents... John didn’t have the slightest urge to talk with them. Preferably, he would stay out of their sight until the divorce was done, then wait for a couple of months more, and then maybe start carefully sending them a couple of very neutral, very short text messages. He wasn’t sure whether he would be able to control his feelings were he to confront them right now — he probably wouldn’t, and nothing good ever came from him lashing out.

“I’ll think about that,” he said, unconvinced. “I really don’t wanna talk to them right now... Gotta take care of us kids first. We have other things to do than think about our parents’ failed marriage. We just gotta get up and back to our normal lives.”

“Of course. You don’t have to go see them now. That hardly seems like a good idea... not with tensions being as they are, but... eventually just try and talk to them. It’ll ease your mind,” Giles tried for a smile, and John didn’t see any other way out of it than by nodding. So he did, and upon seeing Giles sighing, went to get up.

“For now, just take care of yourself,” the other man said gently, patting him on the shoulder. “And I do mean yourself. Not the girls. Yourself. And that includes acknowledging your feelings and taking your time processing them, okay?”

“Of course,” John snorted, lifting the bottle to his lips. His voice was slightly bitter, although it was not directed at Giles — heavens, no, the man was a straight up angel, and John couldn’t get mad at him for anything, really, he adored the lad — but to the situation overall, to his feelings that refused to work, and to his parents that had just managed to fuck up his life.

“I’ll be sure to forget all about this after a few bottles,” he sighed and pressed the wet, round head of the beer bottle against his forehead, his head hanging down as he closed his eyes, exhaustion lingering on the sides of his head.

“Good,” Giles answered with false cheer. “Come on, let’s get back to the girls, yeah? Before they start missing us too badly.”

John stayed seated for another moment, gathering his thoughts and feelings, before he pushed himself off the barstool with a sigh.

“Yeah,” he said quietly, rolling his shoulders to steel himself for the role of The Strong Big Brother. “We gotta stick together.”
Giles smiled at that and gave John a brotherly clap on the shoulder, and together they made their way back into the living room where the girls had turned on the movie again, eyes bloodshot and noses red, but a certain feeling of peaceful unity surrounding them.

John and Giles joined them, and together they spent the entire evening like that, curled up together, drinking, not saying more than was necessary.

Once the first movie ended, they mindlessly put on another one and another after that, until one by one they all fell asleep, exhaustion deep in their bones.

John was sure tomorrow would already be a better day.

*~**~*

**Miles, 26**
Less than a mile away

*I know this is a picture of Ryan Gosling, but if you drink enough, I might actually look like him.*

Left.

**Jack, 24**
2 miles away

*Looking for some casual fun. No strings attached. Unless you’re into that ;)*

Left.

**Alex, 20**
4 miles away

*University Student. Looking for a sexy tutor to help me—*

Left.

**Dennis, 25**
5 miles away

*picture says it all. ten inches*

Ugh. Left!

**Carter, 28**
5 miles away

*Living on the edge is the only way to live. Love sky-diving, bungee jumping and wakeboarding. Swipe right if you want to be taken on an adventure. Looking for someone with a good body and pretty eyes to keep me interested. So no fat guys.*

Most definitely left!

Paul had been looking through Tinder for about half an hour now and was starting to question his sanity. He had opened the app again out of boredom, not being able to sleep, and had not yet seen any profiles that would’ve caught his interest. Most guys were too self-absorbed, too arrogant, or just really not his type. He had gone through what felt like dozens of pictures and still he was swiping left
instead of just putting his phone away, meaning that there had to be something wrong with him.

The few guys who had seemed interesting had been looking for a quick hookup only, which was not what Paul was looking for. It wasn’t that he was hoping to find Prince Charming or whatever, but for him this wasn’t just about sex. He was more interested in the dating side of same-sex relationships, to see what that was like.

Really, if he wanted to just have a quick fuck, he could go see John and he would probably be in better hands too, seeing as John didn’t only know what he was doing, but he also knew Paul by now, knew his situation and clearly had some idea what he might like and what he was comfortable with. Frankly, just having a one-night stand with a stranger filled Paul more with dread than excitement.

Lying here, looking through these profiles, though, Paul began to rethink that more and more. It didn’t look like he was going to find what he was looking for and even if it was just sex, it was still sex with someone other than John. And wasn’t that what he wanted? Figure himself out? Experiment? See other people (who weren’t… prostitutes?).

So when the next picture turned out to be a handsome lad of 24 with bright green eyes, a strong jawline, light freckled skin and messy brown hair, looking for a nice, dominant guy to hook up with, his finger remained hovering above his phone for a moment as considered what to do.

Finally, though, he sighed and swiped left anyway. No, no, he really didn’t feel like settling for a quick hookup.

He looked through two more, both of which he wrote off straight away, one of them being another jerk — which could be seen by his picture alone — and the other was simply too old. He was about to give up when another profile popped up.

It was the profile picture that caught Paul’s attention.

It was a rather bland picture, just a young guy with short brown hair, some light freckles and dark eyes. The lighting wasn’t the best and it was clear that the guy wasn’t used to taking pictures of himself, but if anything it was slightly endearing, especially with the large smile that lay on his lips.

The most important thing that made him look twice, though, was that Paul thought he recognised the man.

He clicked on the man’s photo, and looking at his description, Paul’s suspicions were confirmed true.

**Ollie, 25**

7 miles away

*Hi, I’m Ollie. I’m a music and nature-loving ska-fan who sometimes likes to go to concerts. I also go on walks with my dog, a 4-years old terrier. He’s a right terror :) Work-wise I’m an accountant, so the papers in the house will always be in order!*  

*I’m looking for a handsome man that I could wake up next to in the morning, and who makes my heart beat a little faster. Hopefully I can give the same to you x*

Ollie... Ollie Ashworth. Paul knew him from school. They hadn’t been in the same class together, Ollie being one year older, but they had been friends at some point and they had always hit it off well. Once Ollie had left school, though, they had quickly lost contact, as was usual of school friends, and Paul was more than a little surprised to see him now after so many years.
“An accountant…” Paul murmured to himself. He wasn’t really surprised. Ollie had always been good with numbers and had actually taken a liking to maths (which, needless to say, was weird).

Seeing him on Tinder now, Paul couldn’t help but wonder how he was doing. Not to mention that it was one of the few profiles Paul had seen that was actually normal.

In fact, it was kinda... nice? And Ollie certainly had grown up well. He wasn’t strikingly beautiful or anything, but he was pleasant to look at, or at least Paul thought so.

Should he...?

Paul bit his lip as he thought it over. It would be nice to see him again, even if it wouldn’t result in anything more. Although Paul found himself kinda hoping it would. He knew Ollie, or at least, had known him, and they had always had fun together, and his profile was certainly something that would have interested Paul, had it been someone else’s. The guy was normal.

It was a nice change from the hell hole Paul had fallen into this evening...

And he had a dog! That was a major plus!

Paul swiped right, and he felt his heart pounding in his chest, nerves getting to him now.

It wasn’t long before a black screen popped up with his and Ollie’s profile pictures and “It’s a Match!” written above them in large white cursive letters. Paul stared at it all for a moment, not having expected that to happen so soon.

Then, after taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, he tapped at the pink “continue” box below their photos.

Almost as soon as he did, there was a notification telling him he had a new message on Tinder, and with his heart climbing up into his throat, Paul navigated to the chat section, clicking on the only message he’d ever received inside the app.

Hi Paul! Do you remember me? It’s Ollie from school :)

Paul smiled at that. Ollie was enthusiastic at least. He thought for a moment of what to reply with, feeling a little nervous now that this was actually happening. He wondered why Ollie had swiped right. Was it just to catch up or... was he actually interested?

For now he decided to just roll with it and see what would happen.
Paul chuckled at that, and thought for a second before he typed back.
Paul smashed his forehead against the screen of his phone at his failure at texting like a normal person and buried his head in his pillow as he waited for his phone to make another little “ping” sound, his heart in his throat.

God, for some reason he was better at flirting with someone he didn’t know in real life than with an old friend on the phone. It was easier when you could see the person, when you had to respond right away and couldn’t overthink it.

Not to mention he wasn’t completely sure what Ollie’s intentions were. God, what had possessed him to do this?!

A ping sounded and his whole body froze for a moment as he turned his head to look at his phone, holding his breath, hoping Ollie didn’t think he was weird.
Paul couldn’t help but gasp a little at that and his heart gave a little extra thump.

Ollie... *liked* him?! Had even then?! A faint blush crept on his cheeks and he grinned from ear to ear as he rolled over onto his belly, staring at his screen.

‘*You did?’* He typed back, trying to sound nonchalant, though his fingers slipped once or twice. Okay... so Ollie was definitely into him... That was... good?

Paul wasn’t sure what to think of that. Naturally he was flattered. But he had never thought Ollie or any of his old friends would have had a crush on him back then. He knew the girls had liked him, but he had never even suspected Ollie had... Neither had he known the guy had been attracted to guys in the first place.
Then again, Ollie probably hadn’t had much of a chance back then, seeing as Paul hadn’t known he had been bi back then himself.

Licking his lips, Paul decided to just go for it. It was more than clear Ollie liked him *that way* and... he was nice! Even somewhat handsome and it’d be easy to start with him. Even if it didn’t work out, it would be nice to see him again. He could give it a shot.

He took a deep breath before hitting “send”, at which a tiny yelp escaped his lips. He knew he didn’t have to be nervous as it was pretty clear the guy would agree, but... he was actually asking another man to go out on a date with him! He was actually doing this!

Throwing his phone aside, Paul rolled over onto his back with a deep sigh.
He was going on a date. An actual date! With another man. With Ollie.

No matter how this date would go, he was glad his first one was with Ollie, someone he knew and who he was certain wouldn’t mind his inexperience when he would tell him he had only realised he was bi a couple of weeks ago. He was a safe, sweet and overall nice guy and they had a history together.

Apparently even more so than he had ever realised.

He thought back on his schoolboy days and the fun he and Ollie had had with the rest of their friends. He was certain George would remember him.

Would George have known Ollie had had a crush on him then, something that apparently hadn’t gone away? Being gay himself he might have noticed something.

Paul certainly hadn’t noticed a thing. Though the guy had always been eager to hang out with him. Or was he looking into things too much?

It excited him, the idea that for years Ollie had been crushing on him, and he couldn’t help but wonder if there had been other guys who had liked him too, but also thought they didn’t have a chance. What missed opportunities he had had. The sex was certainly something he had been missing out on and thinking back on the story John had told him about snogging a guy behind the bins at school, he somewhat regretted not having been able to do something like that himself. Explore his sexuality that way rather than through an accidental meeting with a male prostitute.

Though, of course, finding out now did save him a lot of less pleasant experiences. At least now he wasn’t controlled by his hormones anymore and had a place of his own, meaning he at least didn’t have to hide. But... it would have been exciting.

Putting his phone away properly on his nightstand and plugging it into the charger, he made himself comfortable on the bed and closed his eyes as he tried to catch some sleep. He would have to work tomorrow after all.

A few minutes passed, the only thing he could hear being the occasional rustling of the sheets when he moved and the ticking of the clock, but he couldn’t find the peace of mind he needed to nod off.

He couldn’t help but think up scenarios of him and Ollie together when they had been younger, of Ollie finding the courage to finally say something and kiss him. Or other scenarios of him finding out he was bisexual sooner, for example in university, and him going home with a handsome guy after a party.

When he imagined the sex, though, the way the faceless guy would press him against a wall, snog him senseless before dropping on his knees in front of him, or pulling him down on the bed with him, legs wide apart and inviting, the man quickly morphed into John and the place into their room at the brothel. At first he tried to stop it, to go back to the faceless student, but John would still pop up, grinning smugly as he closed in on Paul, taking over his whole imagination.

Opening his eyes, Paul found himself semi-erect. John’s face was still in his mind, his nasal and teasing voice encouraging him on like he always would, offering himself up to him and yet still being in control.

“Come on, Paul. Touch yourself for me,” he whispered in Paul’s ear and Paul could practically feel his breath on the shell of his ear. Nodding — and feeling silly for doing so — he reached down under the covers and cupped himself through his boxers for a moment before sliding his hand
Catching his eyes, he imagined John with him, handcuffed again as he sat between Paul’s spread legs, rubbing his rough cheek against Paul’s hardness, lips brushing over his heated skin.

“John…” Paul moaned to himself and spread his legs a little wider, accommodating the man that wasn’t actually there. He thought back at what John had done to him last time, how it had felt, the vibrations of the small silver bullet shaking him to his core. For such a small thing, it sure was powerful.

He imagined those sensations again and shuddered as he remembered how John had gone lower and lower, and Paul found himself wanting to feel that again. He could almost hear John snickering, still whispering his taunts, but Paul tried to ignore them as he stroked himself, hand moving quicker and quicker as he remembered the sensations he had felt, especially when—

His hand stilled as he lay with his eyes wide open, his left hand trembling as it reached down to where John had guided the toy last, so far lower down, to a place he had given as little thought as possible.

He took a deep breath and continued stroking himself as he let his fingers hover above the spot, uncertain whether to do it or not. He had bought the bullet vibrator already — oh god... he had bought a vibrator! — so he might as well...

Whining in frustration Paul retreated his hand and closed his eyes. He was such a coward. He knew how good it had felt, both with the vibrator as well as John’s mouth. Oh god, his mouth. His tongue...

He canted his hips up, and stroked himself firmly with quick and easy strokes, doing little to hold anything back and not a few seconds later he came, spilling all over his hand while barely managing to bite back John’s name that felt so natural on his lips.

He lay in his bed, gasping for a while as he came down from the high, needing a moment. He was going to have to clean up and change now, but he was sure it could wait for a moment or two.

Disembodied John had vanished and he was alone again. The clock was still ticking and Paul faintly opened his eyes again, unsure what to think about what he had done, about what he had thought of, and what he had wanted to do. He didn’t really understand why that part of him felt so good when he was with John.

It was strange, but he wanted to know more. Because while it freaked him out a little, he was still curious. The sensations he had experienced during their last session were something unheard of, and Paul… Paul wanted to know more.

He would email John in the morning to set up another session. He wanted to learn.

And if things worked out with Ollie... it would be best he at least knew all about this.

*~**~*

John dragged his feet slowly into the kitchen, stopping to lean his forehead against the wall, hoping its coolness would help relieve his pounding headache. He could only open his eyes by a fraction and there was a familiar, terrible taste in his mouth, although he couldn’t remember it ever being this bad.

It had been a long time since he had drunk as much as he had last night. His graduation party was the
only one he could think of right now, but that hardly meant anything, with the state his mind was in right now. Besides, he didn’t like thinking too much right now. It hurt.

He turned his head, still staying leaning on the wall, and looked at the digital clock in the microwave. It was 11 am and he was the first one awake (beside Giles, who had went to the loo ten minutes before, and had then gone back to stare at Vic with a worried frown, or whatever it was that he did in situations like this).

Taking a deep breath, he pushed himself away from the wall and proceeded to scramble for a glass, which he filled with water so good and cool even Jesus wouldn’t have turned it into wine. His mind was blurry as he stared at it blankly, trying to make sense of who he was and what was happening.

His parents were divorcing. It was worrying just how quickly and often that thought popped back into his mind. Interestingly, though, it didn’t cause as much terror in him as before. He figured it was because all three of them were now in the same boat and had voiced all their thoughts and feelings about it last night, which had probably helped. That, or he was just too goddamn hungover to feel anything other than the constant urge to get all that poison back out the same way it had come in.

Taking a sip, John sighed as the cooling water ran down his throat, already relieving the burning sensation, and quickly downed the whole glass right after, before filling it again. Not once had water tasted this good. It was indescribable, really, and it took three glasses before he felt somewhat satisfied. Or, he guessed it was three. Though he couldn’t be sure.

Counting was difficult. He hated counting.

Glancing at the fruit bowl Jackie and her roommate kept well stocked — the roommate was currently on a health kick — John grabbed himself a banana, before attempting to make his way back to the living room, stumbling and knocking against every little thing as he went. How the others hadn’t woken up yet, John didn’t know.

Just as he had been about to push the door open, his phone (which apparently had somehow — miraculously — remained in his back pocket) let out a ping.

Email.

He knew that it was probably a client. He had set a special ringtone for work emails and even without that clue there was literally no one else to email him these days, except for a couple Nigerian princes who wanted to give him money if he helped them transfer it into a foreign account.

Letting out a large yawn, he pulled his phone out just to check it wasn’t anything serious, and let his head rest on the table — it was heavy — the phone in his right hand in a horizontal position on the cool, dark grey stone surface. He groaned at the light that erupted from his screen as unlocked his phone, and closed his eyes for a second or two, before slowly cracking one open.

John,

Last time was amazing. Can I see you again this Thursday evening? Same time as usual? I’d like to continue where we left off, if you know what I mean. Anyway... let me know if you’re available.

Paul.

John stared at the email for a minute before his lips started twitching up into a smile. His stomach turned into a bunch of small knots that loosened after clutching his insides for a few seconds. His mind, however, was working furiously.
What did Paul mean with “where we left off”? Did he mean the blowjob the man had given him that had gone far beyond John’s most generous expectations, and had almost left him in tears for being such a proud parent? Or did he mean their exploration of the drawer? Or—

...Could he mean John fingering him?

He swallowed, his excitement growing steadily inside him. For a moment he forgot everything about his hangover when he thought about it; if that was what Paul wanted then John was more than happy to oblige him, of course. More than happy. Especially if Paul wanted to go even further than that, which, by the sound of the email, really wasn’t unthinkable. Certainly not when he was in John’s skillful, caring hands.

Wow. John was going to make Paul want to stay forever.

Standing up, he continued to stare down at the email for a little while longer, fingers gently rubbing along the smooth sides of it as he considered Paul’s request. God, just the thought of doing anything with Paul gave him a strange, if pleasant feeling of butterflies in his stomach. The man was gorgeous and polite — and there was— there was just something in him that made John want more. Paul was... refreshing, which was getting increasingly clear by each session. John had so many clients, had had hundreds of them during the years, and for a while there hadn’t been anything new... But as soon as Paul had stumbled in, and John had taken his chance at wooing that beautiful man, things had been different. And John liked it.

He had missed this. Paul was something new — different, inexperienced, but good and something inside of John just made him want him more each time he laid his eyes on him. John couldn’t justify the utter enthusiasm he had regarding their sessions in any other way.

He had thought that Paul would be like any of his new regulars, and he definitely wasn’t the first one to discover a new side of his sexuality between John’s sheets, but... at the same time he was nothing like them, standing out thanks to the quickness with which he accepted all John had to offer, his considerateness and his eagerness to learn all John knew. Not many men like Paul had had those qualities and only a handful had become regulars, the rest never coming back out of fear, or shame, or just because the brothel wasn’t the right place for them.

But Paul... Paul was completely at home there now, curious and fearless.

And his.

And on top of that, he was funny as well, and that was something John always appreciated. He was sure that Paul would learn to love his jokes in time (although he suspected he already did secretly, but just didn’t want to admit it, because John’s jokes were obviously the best and there couldn’t possibly be any one on this earth who didn’t think so). Progress had already been made. John just had to keep on making them, and that was the thought that finally cheered him up.

After a week of emotional instability, his spirits that had finally been lifted at the thought of being able to tease Paul with his amazing sense of humour even more, poking at him in just the right places to get the man going... until finally he would break and show that other more dominant side of him that had been hidden away and kept creeping up, making him do all those delicious things the man had never even considered before — because that was what it was all about.

He wondered if he would be able to get something to snap in Paul again during their next session. Maybe that last and final string that kept the man from pushing his dick so far into John’s oh-so-willing body that he would still be feeling it during their next session.
It was a great, absolutely *marvellous* plan, he decided, and went on to answer to the man in his usual witty way, grinning slightly to himself.

*Paul and anal-sex* sure had a nice, albeit non-existent rhyme to it.

Half an hour later, when the others came into the kitchen for breakfast, they were met with a cheerful, smiling John, whose only response to their probing questions was “last night really did us all some good, didn’t it?”.

And if Paul’s email hadn’t been enough, John noticed that the girls started to cheer up as well at seeing their brother’s happy grin. Giles, on the other hand, looked suspicious at first, but after John threw a freshly scrambled egg straight into his face with a spatula, the suspicion was forgotten and laughter filled the room.

John turned back to cooking the eggs, smiling, and knew that this week was going to be so much better than the last now he had the next session with Paul to look forward too. The man had, after all, indirectly made their hangover day a *lot* better.

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