A SLOW-BURNING FUSE

by Th_Esaurus

Summary

“That's how it feels to fuck you,” Oliver said.

Notes

A coda I always intended to write for Dynamite, and never in a million years thought I would.

It was a sullen, indecisive day; the air thick and unmoving, the sky pregnant with rain half the afternoon and then, obnoxious bursts of brilliant sunshine, an hour at a time. As soon as the grey clouds skulked out of view - not gone, but brooding - we all vacated the living room, arms full of books and blankets, and set up camp by the pool. Oliver in his Heaven and me, by his side, in mine.

It was not that our love-making was a distraction from everyday life; everything else was the interruption. How rude, I thought it, that chores must still be undertaken, small talk attempted with my parents, time wasted three times a day on languorous meals. Our bikes had gone untouched for days; we barely left the house. If I could have spent the day naked, in bed, with an intravenous drip that meant I had nothing to do except breathe to stay alive, all the better to accommodate Oliver’s lust whenever it struck, I would have been delirious with it. Test me, I thought, like Daniel; I would subsist not on pulses and water but on nothing but Oliver’s viscous come.

In fact, to keep up my energy, I ate ravenously at every meal. Oliver, the morning after we were first
bound, tried to make himself scarce at breakfast but the smell of sweet brioche and espresso tempted
him down to the table. He took the seat furthest from me. I didn’t feel slighted in the least. After all
that passed between us, I found his penchant for self-preservation quaint, a loveable foible. Let him
make a show of distance; he would knit his cock to my insides within hours.

My parents politely ignored the stench of us. It was not an unpleasant smell, that of claimed couples:
from late spring until almost winter, it wafted around B. like a perfume, wafting through open third-
storey windows and out from cozy alleyways. I had never had the boy scout campfire experiences of
Oliver’s youth, but he told me that it reminded him of the smell of burning sugar, marshmallows on
fire around the rim, blown out and eaten too hot. To me it was more like the kitchen whenever
Mafalda went mad with preserves, the smell of jam and chutney boiling on the stove for hours at a
time, days on end.

We smelled as delectable as breakfast, and my parents decided rather petulantly not to comment. My
father licked his thumb like a sailor tasting the salt on the breeze, and then turned his newspaper page
slowly, feigning that his only purpose was to continue reading when in fact he was eavesdropping on
our conspicuous silence. Waiting for my telltale shaky breath, like Poe’s doomed antithero listens for
the ragged heartbeat under the floorboards.

I had always been childishly bold with my parents, and wanted to jump upon the table, one foot
planted on the crepes, and proclaim that yes, last night Oliver had knotted me! In the bed I had slept
in since my youth, the same sheets under which I had shivered with feverish pneumonia at seven;
where my mother curled up with me after pubescent nightmares and whispered stories of gentle
ghosts and watchful ancestry; where I had wept on my father’s thigh at the onset of my first heat,
without shame or comprehension. In this same bed I had become a man!

Oliver, under the table, clamped his bare foot over mine, calm as a mallard on the surface and frantic
below. He could read my thoughts as easily as pulp fiction. Don’t, his touch warned. The arch of his
foot, kept soft by his espadrilles, atop mine sunk me into a dreamy bliss. I was so wet!

Today, my parents kept their distance, deck chairs under the orchard shade, sunglasses and white
wine. There was an open bottle of red in the lounge, I knew - my mother insisted on red wine in
damp weather, and white for the sun - and I would swipe it surreptitiously before the afternoon was
over, take it to mine and Oliver’s bedside and pour it from my mouth to his. I had an obsessive streak
about getting my spit inside his body any way I could. It made him roll his eyes, and once, he had
simply opened his mouth and indulged me.

“Have you always been this vile?” he asked.

“Only in secret,” I sighed.

“Oh, I’m to blame?”

“For everything,” I told him. He rolled his eyes again, wry, and then broke into a grin, and then we
were kissing.

He kept his Heraclitus by the pool with him. My father, I knew, had pulled him aside and chastised
him in his gentle way that he was beginning to neglect his duties. His translator, in fact, had
telephoned my father to complain about the uncollected stack of pages Oliver had left at her desk for
days on end. Over the years I had grown immune to that certain gaze of my father’s, whereby he
instilled a sense of serious grief and self-disappointment, that it was not he who felt let down, no, of
course, he could collate his own letters, index his own slides, of course, but on principle, on
principle; Oliver’s stubborn guilt was delightful, though. He doubled down on his work at the same
time he doubled down on me. He would read over my shoulder while his come wended up inside
my ass and we waited for his knot to subside, or dictate notes to me and complain about my postcoital scrawl after the fact, as though it were easy for me to remember my shorthand when his cock was still softly pulsing inside me.

Once, even, when we were in the throes of it, fucking on the noisy floorboards outside our twinned bedrooms while the french door at the end of the hall clattered in time with his thrusts - my family was at a colleague’s for lunch, and we had not quite made it to the bed - then, I began to whisper in his ear about a point I knew he was trying to decipher, the meaning of Heraclitus’ river, the truth of change.

He stopped, abruptly, his fingers clinging to mine, and pushed himself up above me. His sweat dripped on my collarbone.

“Why do you say it like that?” he asked, snappy but curious.

“Oh, it seems obvious, doesn’t it?” I was coy, as if the thought had just occurred to me, but of course I had studied his author for weeks to try and gain some intellectual upper hand. If he refused to lust over my body, then I would catch his interest with my mind (for so many days, I assumed fiercely that we could be friends. Even when I believed he loathed me, I thought with enough effort, I could force my kinship on him; in lieu, I suppose, of everything else I wanted thrust upon him). He trotted off to his poker early one evening, in late June, and I had jumped on my bicycle at once, rode like a devil to the library in northern B. to catch the doors before they were locked for the night. I raided the classics section and hid the resultant tomes in the very back of my closet, like a schoolboy’s top shelf magazines.

I ogled Heraclitus by lamplight.

“And this popped into your head just now?” he asked, wry, “of all times?”

He pulled out, let me keen for it, and turned me over, my dick and mouth both pressed into the unforgiving hardwood floor, and fucked me face down. I found I did not mind him shutting me up so thoroughly.

I loved that, when we were dozing in the garden like this, me with my headphones on and he writing on his familiar yellow notepad, we seemed like such a facsimile of our past selves - a week ago! Forever ago! Before I was his! - that any houseguest ambling through, up towards the house, might have mistaken us for just as cool as we were back then. Friendly, yes, comfortable in each other’s company, but neither here nor there about one another, a chasm of years and experience separating us. And then, within minutes, as soon as we were alone again, I could roll over and push my cheek against the grass until it stained, thrust my ass skyward, and beg for him to mount me.

A cluster of rainclouds threatened the sky, late afternoon, and my parents finally retreated back to the kitchen, to pick at the remains of lunch; we, the staunch settlers, were rewarded with another burst of sun.

I too was voracious. “Oliver,” I whined. “Oliver--”


“Elio…” I murmured.

“Too bold,” he said, but he sounded deep and lusty, just as I wanted. I was almost rolling around in the grass, shirking out of my shorts immediately, the cord of my headphones tangling around my neck until I shook it off, impatient. I got to my knees and let my cock hang heavy between my legs,
rocking back and forth on my thighs as though rutting against some invisible form below me. All this theatricality while he made his way over to me, clucking his tongue.

“Don’t chide,” I told him. “You want it too.”

“I do,” he muttered, brutally honest. His truthful moments still managed to cut me, a tiny glass shard swallowed and felt only at times, pricking my insides and, without my even noticing, making me bleed. I liked the reminder of pain. I liked that he had such power over me.

I had to suck him off before we began.

He asked me often what was on my mind, now that he did not have to feign indifference towards me. Almost always, the answer was: his cock.

“What do you want me?” he asked, half amused. My body was a broken radio, sending too many signals at once: my canted ass, dribbling milky slick, my hands grasping the grass until clumps of it wrenched and broke off in my fists, and my open lips, a silent siren, calling for him in a pitch not even dogs could hear.

“In my mouth,” I gasped. I was at my most honest when I was horny.

Of course, his fucking my mouth was as useless to him as masturbating. A waste, if a pleasurable one. Neither of us cared. The fever of my heat had broken the first night he knotted me: everything afterwards was gluttony.

He fed me his cock like it was the Eucharist. I, an Italian who had never in my life spent a day as a Catholic, loved to think of him biblically. I lay on my back with the grass tickling my skin, tilted my head back, and let him thrust into the chasm of my throat. I knew so much of my own strict biology, and yet I still wished that he could knot me here, like this, suffocating me to give his seed a better chance of navigating my insides, all the way down to my waiting womb.

(Why, Oliver asked me once, must my fantasies be so morbid? I replied very airily, was not all great art in some way a dissection of death?

“You certainly are a piece of work,” Oliver had replied bluntly.)

Although we had only broken the seal a few days prior, we were already so adept at love-making that we could take it at our leisure. Not the frantic, feral rut of two passing wolves; Oliver was more than mating me. My mind and body were singularly focused, as much as I wanted to romanticise every tryst; he ran his hands down my chest in long, languorous strokes, and though he could not quite reach my stomach, from his kneeling surrender at my throat, I could not help but think of his palms over my distended belly, some fathomless time in the near future when I was fat with his children.

I could feel the trembling of his thighs when he was close. I loved it. I loved his body shaking him apart; all the better for me to rebuild him.

To my great annoyance, he pulled out. I smacked his hands away from his aching cock. I was the only one allowed to finish him now, I did not even want to see him spill on his own palm. His every orgasm was mine alone. This is what I whispered to him as I took him in my fist, over the edge.

“You’ll ruin me—” he panted, and with a glottal noise in the back of his throat, he came, pulsing, over my nimble fingers.

Oliver too, it seemed, was made honest by lust.
We lay about for a long time, perfectly at ease. I washed my hands in the pool, at which he made a face. “We swim there,” he pointed out, not moving from him spot on the grass.

“We have fucked in there,” I reminded him.

Of course he could only shrug.

The clouds above spat a few raindrops, angry and dark, falling into the water beside us like the inept, heavy-fingered plucking of a guitar; but the rain was warm, and the clouds were passing fast. Cargo trains, not stopping to let passengers disembark; they had no interest in us, and moved on soon enough. We were only a little damp, but we had already been from sweat. It was no bother.

I burrowed into Oliver’s embrace. The afternoon was beginning to cool, but his body was warm as a furnace, and I was comfortable to lie there for hours. I wanted him to knot me like this, tenderly, side by side, the pathway made smooth by my slick and by the familiarity of his body. I had already been moulded to his shape, fired, and like hardened clay could only be changed by destruction.

The thought didn’t worry me. Why would it? I had Oliver right here.

He needed a little time to recover. “Old man,” I called him.

He did not bother to argue, and without his voice to distract me, I let my thoughts wander darkly.

“What would it feel like,” I asked lazily, half dozing in his warm arms, “to fuck an omega?”

It was barely a real question. The ramblings of a lust-hazed loon. It was verboten, of course, in polite society; but just as he had admitted once in the throes of ecstasy that he wanted my imaginary knot inside of him, I too wondered sometimes how it would feel to sink into Oliver’s wet, waiting ass, even if he was helpless to stop me.

He was silent. I wondered if I had offended him. The idea did not instill me with the same sense of panic as it used to; he’d come around to my way of seeing things.

But he was merely thoughtful. I could feel his chin brushing against my hair as he turned his head this way and that, looking about the garden. And then he rolled me of off his lap gracelessly, bounded up and across the grass, a hunting dog all of a sudden. He was so tall he barely needed to stretch to reach the neglected fruit at the top of the peach tree; almost overripe with how long it had been left lingering on the branch. I loved to see his calves straighten out as he reached up, the pale, taut stretch of his skin. I loved any part of him when it looked unfamiliar to me. I wanted, quite desperately, to discover new things about him every day, so that I could catalogue them, list them by time and date:

July 29th, the day I buried my nose in Oliver’s underarm hair the very first time. July 31st, the day I found the three-mole cluster on his inner left thigh. August 1st, the day I put my tongue against the crown on his molar.

He came back to me with a peach so soft it was almost giving in his palm. He handed it to me carefully. It still held a few quivering raindrops on its downy skin. “Here,” he said, “take out the pit-” and while I busied myself with the task - not as easy as he made it sound - he settled in behind me, his cock flush with my ass, his thighs bracketing my hips.

The poor peach was almost split in two after my heavy-handed thumbs had finished with it. The ants would lap up the juices from the drying grass later; nectar from heaven. Some of it had dribbled on my wrists and shins, and Oliver swept his thumb over the mess and sucked it off as easily as he had downed Mafalda’s apricot juice in those early days. I gave him a haughty look - yes? And now? -
and he kissed me quickly, his lips sticky and sweet.

His energy was back up, I supposed.

He took the peach from me and laid it carefully aside. Why all this ceremony if all he wanted was something to eat? I humoured him.

“Relax,” he said. I took it as easily as an order, slumped against his chest, let my legs fall open a little wider. As soon as there was room for him, his hand slunk down to my crotch, my softened cock, and he stroked me, firmly, oddly perfunctory. Of course I was hard in no time. Oliver was diligent when he wanted to be.

And then--

And then, he raised his other hand and gently, purposefully, put his palm and fingers across my eyes, so that I was quite blind. For a long time he stayed unmoving, keeping me hard and in the dark, and I began to feel oddly calm. I could hear the breeze threading through the orchard, the leaves just starting to crisp up for the end of summer, so that they sounded more like rustling paper than flora. My skin tingled warm and cool as the clouds, thickening in the sky, crept above us, as curious as I was. A fly buzzed past us, not far from my pricked ears. I could almost see its trail in the darkness.

Oliver’s right hand left my cock - immediately bereft - and I heard him pick up the peach. So ripe and bruised it squelched even in his gentle hand.

“Oh,” he murmured. All I could do was shiver. “Fuck me, will you.”

It was not a question, but before I could speak (I never could let rhetoric go unanswered), I felt him touching the oozing core of the peach against the tip of my cock. I went utterly still. I could not have moved to save myself from a lightning strike. Slowly, agonisingly, he slid that fruit down.

It was impossibly wet. Sticky in a wretched, licentious way, like nothing I had felt - not even Marzia. As soon as she came into my mind, she was banished. Marzia who? There was only Oliver, had only ever been.

I gripped his legs so hard my fingertips must have dug under the bones of his knees, but he didn’t flinch. Just carried on pulling the battered peach down over me, over the length of my cock, all of it; my hips began to cant up off the grass, helpless, and he shushed me, gentle. I felt his hand slow, the furry, damp skin of the peach sweating softly against my pelvis, the inside of it swallowing me whole.

“You’re all the way inside me now,” Oliver whispered.

There was poetry, thousands of years worth, of alpha laureates attempting to distill the ecstasy of this moment into mortal words. I remembered an awkward series of classes, where we had studied Byron’s flowery odes to his mistresses’ cunts, a ripple of recognition from the burgeoning alphas in the room, and me, with my huddle of like-minded omegas, wondering what all the fuss was about.

I could have disowned myself.

This was the only thing that mattered.

To be inside Oliver like this - for as soon as he said it, it was the only truth I knew. How had he possibly resisted me so long, knowing that this, this, is what he could have sunk into every time we were alone together?
He began to pump my cock with that wet fruit, and I could almost see him riding me.

I was delirious. I must have been babbling, strained madness, but he didn’t relent. Sweat was breaking out all over me - or had it begun to rain in earnest, at last? I could barely tell up from down, let alone decipher the state of the world - and I was grabbing at every part of him I could reach, his knees, his thighs, back behind me, above my head, to grasp roughly at his hair. I was speaking in tongues, but I also knew I was saying his name, my name, both of us having been named by our parents years ago, who had, quite unknowingly, bestowed twinned names upon us. I could not tell the difference between Elio and Oliver. They sounded the same.

He began to speed up. I think I howled out loud. He took this seriously, did not laugh at me.

I loved every part of him, and in doing so, I began to love myself. It was a strange, fleeting thought, that would vanish for years at a time, and resurface, least expected, like an old friend glimpsed in a crowd, even though embarrassment of being mistaken stops you from greeting them. But for the moment, it was all I could feel.

Without warning, I came. He cupped his hand above my cock and the peach, catching all of it. I was definitely howling now, and it was raining, for certain, because the noise of it streaming earthward sounded like God hushing me.

Oliver did not try to do the same. He let me keen. He knew—he knew.

I thought I would slump into his arms after, utterly listless, thoroughly spent, but a swell of panic came over me. I flung his hand from my eyes, and though the air was dull and the rain throwing up a fog across the whole garden, it all felt too sharp, too bright, and I could scarcely see for a moment. I fumbled blindly for his other hand and grabbed the sodden peach, thick with its juice and my come, and turning to straddle him, brandished it like a knife above him. If he would kill me with kindness, I could only do the same.

I was frantic, in the basest way I had ever felt, to get my come inside of him any way I could manage. I had to, in this moment where I was alpha and he omega, before the spell was broken.

“Eat it,” I gasped, holding him down with my trembling thighs.

“Elio—”

“Please,” I begged. If he did not say yes, I would force him. “Please, I need it in you.”

“Alright,” he relented, “alright—”

And he wrapped his hand around my wrist, sat up as much as I could bear to let him, and mouthful by mouthful, ate that pitiful fruit from my open palm. I could see the coat of my come on his tongue, and watched him swallow. Juice bubbled and oozed at the corner of his mouth, spilled down his chin. I darted in to lick it, and kissed him with my tongue, to make sure he didn’t miss a drop. I too took a bite of the ruined peach and thrust it into his mouth from mine, masticated and vile.

Soon enough, it was gone. And the rain came down harder to wash our hands and mouths clean of the dregs.

We were silent, save for our heavy breath, for a very long time. It was beginning to cool, and we were drenched, and we should have gone inside. Neither of us could move.

“That’s how it feels to fuck you,” Oliver said.
“How can you stand it?” I sobbed, very genuine.

“I barely can,” he shrugged. How could he admit that brutal truth so casually? He was stronger than I could ever fathom.

He let me weep in his arms for a while longer, stroking down my wet back. “Come on,” he said softly, nudging my temple with his chin. “You’ll catch cold and then your parents will have even more to hold against me.”

Of course, they adored him. But that was beside the point.

“Carry me?” I asked pitifully.

“Absolutely not.”

“I can barely stand.”

“You’ll manage,” he said, half laughing.

A moment ago we had journeyed together to purgatory, a space neither here-nor-there, unknowable, our tracks covered behind us that we might never find the way again. He was making fun of me now. And he accused me of being changeable!

“Let’s go to bed,” I told him.

“You’re serious?”

“Of course.”

He held my chin in his palms, tilted my face up, and looked at me, quite earnestly. His blonde hair looked dark in the rain, and his eyes had that cold, examining quality that he had stripped me bare with in our early days: he was trying to see something deep inside of me, and I kept my eyes open for him, even as it hurt to meet his gaze.

Oliver kissed me, then. I loved that moment before our lips touched, when everything about him softened; his look, his manner, even his skin seemed like velvet. He fed me the rain, and his spit, and whatever lingering taste was left of our peach.

“Come on,” he said again, quiet against my mouth, and I knew that I would do anything he asked of me; forever, for all time, whether he was by my side or not; if he telephoned at midnight from the East Coast, four years later, ten years, asking me sleepily to fetch him a glass of apricot juice, I would press the fruit under my bare feet, wrap a bottle-full of the stuff in brown paper, fly to America and hitch-hike my way to him, and, on finding him, in all his delicate surprise, hold his mouth open and tip the warm juice down his pliant throat. And then, if he asked me to leave, I would leave.

Not yet, of course.

But later, if he asked.

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