The Problem of Mirabeau.

by Rabbit

Summary

Max requires inspiration in figuring out what to do about Mirabeau. Camille helps.

Notes

I'm sorry, Maxime just slipped in and took over, but Camille is there! And Mirabeau is there... in spirit, anyway. Please forgive me, and I hope you like it anyway.

He trusts Camille, he always has. He remembers well enough the weight of him, atop his body, the way his hands worked, all familiar, pleasant. He warms to them readily, and he even feels a little bit of stirring, from the root of him. Camille, as always, works quickly, letting hands do what lips do, to invert an Englishman. The phrase amuses him, but he does not giggle. He feels like he is going into a pleasant sleep. He dreams about policy and progress. Camille pushes him back on the sofa, slips to the floor, undoes the buckles on his shoes and pulls them off, pulls off his culottes and his hose and his linens. It is like preparing for bed, he thinks-- and realises that that is true, so very true, in ways he had not before considered. He smiles and lets Camille do it. He is thinking of Mirabeau, and the best way to get around him, catch him, get him out of the way. Without violence, of course. He can think of nothing, but that is only a temporary setback. Camille is kneeling between his legs now, the white crest of him disappeared between lips doing what before only hands did, and that is something completely different. But not unpleasant. He was thinking about Mirabeau-- wasn't he? He ought not to think of Mirabeau, perhaps, even destroying... he does not want to /destroy/Mirabeau! He just wants...
It's all so much sometimes. He sighs deeply, in frustration and something that might be comfort. And then he is cold and alone, because Camille is looking up at him and his mouth is smirking instead of sucking him, and he is-- well, cold. He whimpers. Camille comforts him with a murmured word and the touch of warm fingers, but there's still a bit of the cold because Camille's got that dark look in his eyes and Max does not know what to do about it, just like Mirabeau, dammit. Damn Mirabeau. Damn him to hell.

Camille has drawn up onto the sofa and brought Max's legs with him, now he is kneeling between Max's legs and Max wonders when Camille had opened his trousers, and he marvels at the object that springs forth from them, and he hopes he does not look as stupid as he feels-- he feels very thick and stupid--but he supposes it doesn't matter when Camille kisses him, presses his tongue between Max's lips and it doesn't matter if he has looked or is looking stupid or not. At least, so he supposes. He is not prepared for the sudden pain of penetration, but it only occurs to him that this is something new! He wraps his legs about Camille's waist-- he seems to want that. He closes his eyes and lets his head drop back. He can finally think clearly, for he is safe. This occurs to him, in-between the way his ideas-- his plans-- line up like little soldiers and present arms. He takes their weapons in disgust. He detests violence. It occurs to him that he would never allow Danton to do this to him, for that same reason. Danton is brutal, he is cruel-- Max wonders if Camille has ever allowed Danton to do this to him. He doesn't want to know. Danton probably would have told him about it if Camille had, in a fit of cruelty. Max does not want to look too closely. One gets burned that way. The candle of Arras keeps its little flame covered, in the house of Eros.

Danton is probably jealous, because of Camille. The thought is unbidden. He doesn't want to think it. He mouths upon Camille's neck, which is smooth and tastes of milk and lavender scent. His body is bent in an odd way. He wonders if he should look to it, and decides not to bother. It is in Camille's hands now, and Camille will take good care of it. He seems to know better what to do with it, anyway. He smiles-- he lets Camille see him smile-- and he thinks of other things again.

He thinks that maybe, he may just know what to do about Mirabeau after all.

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