How it Could Be, How it Should Be

by mudandstars

Summary

Stranded in the midst of a snowstorm, Dio and Jonathan find the course of their fate entirely altered. An unpremeditated touch huddled under a blanket marks the beginning of the rest of their lives, together.

Please see author's note at the end of Chapter 99. Thank you for a wonderful year and a half!

Chapter 3 Art by wasabu@tumblr!

Chapter 21 Art also by wasabu

Chapter 132 Art by Skullkitt @twitter

Notes

A canon divergent fic that develops in the fifth year of the seven year pb gap, following their lives and relationship from university through adulthood. Sections are split into parts, but all directly lead on from each other. This has every intention of being a long series.

Originally written in a novel style roleplay format, there are point of view shifts between Dio and Jonathan, as indicated by tilde (‘~’) line breaks up to chapter 99. From then on there are no breaks, but the read is the same.
PART 1 - Winter's Beginnings Chapter 1

Jonathan's boots trudged through the snow. He had been grateful for the rabbit fur that lined the inside of them, but by now the snow had managed to creep inside, and with each passing step he felt colder than ever. When he had suggested that they attempt to make the walk back to the mansion, he had never imagined they would still be out here the better part of an hour later. His eyes fell on his adoptive brother, whose blond head he could not even see under the layers of snow and clothing.

"Are you alright, Dio? This is all my fault, I'm the one who suggested that we try to walk it." Guilt was building up inside him; it was one thing if he got himself in trouble with his own foolishness. It was quite another when someone else was suffering the consequences as well, even when that someone was Dio Brando. Truth be told, the other boy had often left a bad taste in his mouth with some of his foul play, but that did not mean he wished him ill. Certainly not in a storm like this.

"I wish this blasted snowfall would let up a bit… might make it a bit easier to see where we are going." He continued to trudge on, even as the snow grew deeper.

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Despite hands shoved deeply in his warm coat pockets, Dio could still feel the chill of winter’s air on every part of his body, face more so than anywhere else, in the gaps between the scarf wrapped around his head, hiding blond locks. He had always been a little susceptible to the cold, and attempting to make his way through ever-heaving snow heightened that tremendously.

But as his brother called out, gait wider than his own and thus a few paces ahead, asking if he was all right, a twinge of irritation spurred through him, though the warm feeling from it was actually quite welcome. He didn't need Jonathan’s worry-- he, Dio could deal with much worse. His eyes narrowed, though Jonathan did not seem to pick up on the glare, and he took a deep breath, visible in front of him before replying.

“Yes, Jojo. I’m fine.” The tone was undeniably bitter, but understandably so. Feeling slightly inferior for lagging behind he upped his pace until he was two, perhaps three steps ahead of Jonathan as he lamented at the heavy snowfall.

Noting the strike of guilt now on his face, Dio couldn’t help but add in a comment, smirk hidden only by the fact he was in front. “If we had waited for the snow to lift like I had suggested, or stayed in the dormitories for the night, we would not be in this predicament, Jojo.” He scanned their surroundings from left to right; all looked the same.

“Do you even know which way we're supposed to be heading? I won’t have you getting us any more lost.”

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Jonathan bit his lip. "I know, Dio, you are right. We should have stayed! But the dormitories are so cold, and the cooking is never that good on the weekends! And I miss father so much, I was hoping we would be with him in time for dinner by now."

He followed Dio’s gaze across the white expanse, hating how the snow made grounds that should have looked familiar to him all seem like an endless sheet of white, with the exception of a few scattered trees, and… he squinted his eyes, starting to move in the direction he was gazing off into. He became so distracted he never did answer Dio's question about if he knew the way.
“Always food with you, isn’t it, Jojo?” Dio said with a scoff, crossing his arms, tucking hands into armpits. How he cursed himself for leaving his gloves at the dorms (of course it was really Jonathan’s fault). And though Jonathan complained about the lack of warmth, there were fires that could be lit, and it was warmer than this frigid expanse of frozen rain.

He ignored the mention of Lord Joestar, he did not have the strength to pretend he enjoyed that old fool’s company. At least there was one benefit to this slow trail in the land of white, soon to become a dark grey, soon to become nothing but night’s darkness.

When Jonathan suddenly perked up, noticing something in the distance Dio glanced upwards towards his direction.

"What is that?" Jonathan murmured as he moved towards a dark shadow between some trees, quickly showing itself to be some sort of building as his speed increased. It was too small to be a house, but it was still something, and anything was better than seeing nothing but snow stretching out in every direction.

Jonathan did eventually stop for a moment, allowing Dio to catch up to his pace, before continuing towards the grey shape. When they were finally closer, the shadow turned out to be nothing more than an old wooden shed.

"...This might be a hunter's shelter, left from the hunting season. Sometimes they sleep or store tools out here, though off season it should be empty." He frowned, and grew silent as he looked up at the sky, and then back to his brother. The snow was still falling, but what was worse was that they were losing light.

"...Dio, I am so sorry, and I promise, you can box my ears once we are safe and sound. But if we are finding a hunter's shelter, it means we are still a good distance from the mansion, more than we can hope to cover in the dark. We… may need to take refuge for the night and try to stay warm.” Jonathan was frowning, not the least bit happy about this idea, but he knew what had to be done.

Jonathan blathered on about it being a hunter shack (as if Dio was some imbecile that did not know of such things), saying in a shy tone and that they should seek haven there. Dio raised a solitary eyebrow while noting the Jonathan’s promise to let him box his ears.

“Oh, you would ransack this shelter, for the sake of your own needs? I’m surprised you of all people would think of something so ungentlemanly.” Of course, Dio did not care one way or another about that, and in truth agreed it was their best option, but in this pseudo friendship he was forced to partake in, he had only managed to keep himself from pulling at hair by making snide remarks at any possible interval. Besides, it was nice to see Jonathan’s expressions, how many he could make.

Dio smiled to himself at Jonathan’s flustered response before looking at the door, shaking the bolted clasp with one hand, a decision he immediately regretted as the cold steel stuck to his skin. That was only increased as his efforts proved fruitless.

“It’s locked.”
Much as he had predicted, Jonathan was quite flustered. "Please, Dio, do be reasonable! It is the middle of winter, and it isn’t as if we are trying to rob the poor chap!" Sometimes Jonathan took Dio’s jibes far more seriously than he should, this time being no exception. However, this line of thought was interrupted by the discovery that the door was bolted. The flustered expression immediately turned into one of despair, and he found himself pulling mittened hands out of his pocket and pounding the against the door.

"Damn it!" he cried, and stared at the wood grain. He certainly knew nothing of picking locks, and as for Dio… deep, deep down, it would not have shocked him if Dio had known how to do such things. He had often kept unsavoury company, and his life prior to living with the Joestars was mostly a mystery. Anything was possible, but it would have been terribly rude to ask, and particularly now, when Dio’s hands were bare and freezing. Taking in this fact, he hastily removed his mittens and handed them to the other boy.

"You've been walking all this way without your gloves?! Here, put these on, before your fingers turn to icicles!" Not giving him a chance to object, Jonathan turned back towards the door, examining the edges. He tapped a finger to his chin thoughtfully. It was locked, yes, but the hinges were crude things, each held in by a few nails that appeared to have been hastily hammered.

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Dio watched as Jonathan slammed at the door with a gloved fist. Whether it was just his imagination he couldn’t tell, but that hit alone made the whole shelter quiver. He might have been able to do something about the lock (picking it should have been easy enough, though he’d need to find a pin of some sorts), but it was something he’d rather not display unless the situation grew dire enough for it.

He shot Jonathan a glance as their eyes met, before his hands were suddenly heavied with two soft mittens and an insistence from Jonathan that he wear them. Dio felt flushed for reasons unbeknownst, making a perturbed face at his own palms.

“Jojo, I don’t--” he began, but Jonathan had long set his mind on a new train of thought, glancing closely at the edges of the door. What was he planning? Dio found himself slipping on Jonathan’s gloves as he watched him attempt to yank the door open with brute strength alone. He raised both eyebrows, interested to see if he’d manage.

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Before Jonathan’s fingers could completely take to the cold, he gave the metal hinge a good hard pull. It did not budge. He gave it another, and another, adding a second hand to the grip. There was a tiny bit of movement. Jonathan was as stubborn as an ox, and as strong as one too. He did not give up until he had succeeded in pulling the hinge off the door. Then he started on the second. By the time he was finished, his fingers were bloody and frigid, but the door could now be pried open.

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Dio was forced to close his mouth, it having dropped in his long stare of Jonathan’s ferocious barrage at the door. Body tense, hands bloodied with effort, the man’s muscles would have been bulging out his shirt, if not for the large coat he donned minimised the sight. A pity.

He had to admit Jonathan’s strength was something to be enamoured, and when the door finally budged, Dio bid himself enter first, the brunet holding the gap open for him. If he was going to insist on being an upstanding gentlemen, might as well take full advantage of it.
Winter's Beginnings Chapter 2

The shelter was small and could be considered cosy if not for the hardness of the wood and the few hunting tools hung on the walls, not to mention the coldness, though at least the wind was no longer a problem.

It seemed both Dio and Jonathan’s gazes were quite quickly drawn the only source of warmth this humble abode had to offer: a tartan red blanket, woollen and incredibly warm looking. As his brother set down the bag he carried on his back, Dio lowered his scarf from his face, dusting off the clingy snow as best he could before picking up the blanket in both hands, shaking it out to check the width. It seemed to be able to cover two people, but considering that Jonathan was the size of an ox and he, while notably smaller, was still quite tall and well built, it would be quite a snug fit if they were to share, which seemed to be the impending scenario at hand. He frowned, looking up at Jonathan who stared back with a similar expression.

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Jonathan shook out his hands, a few droplets of blood falling on the wood floor. The soreness and scrapes were worth it -- at least now they would not freeze to death outside. He closed the door so that the snow would not enter, but allowing for a crack so that the last of the day's light could creep in as they looked around the shelter.

Now that they were in a slightly warmer space, he was able to realise just how wet, cold, and miserable he really was. His wool coat had started to soak through in places, and his socks were damp inside his boots. If he did not want to freeze, the wet clothing was going to need to come off, and he was going to need to get warm. He imagined it was the same for Dio, possibly worse considering that he had not even brought gloves with him. The blanket would certainly help, as would the body heat created by sharing it, but there was still something immensely awkward about being that close to Dio. They were raised as brothers, certainly, and they had developed a hesitant friendship in the last five years, but there was always a tension between them that made Jonathan hesitant about getting too close, for more reasons than one.

"...I know it is not proper in the least, but I'm afraid we are going to need to shed our wet clothing and share the blanket for the night. If you are half as cold as I am, you must be feeling numb from your fingertips to your toes by now." He looked Dio over with concern in his eyes. If anything happened to the other boy, it would be his fault. Now that they had shelter, he was determined to make sure he was as safe and warm as possible.

So Jonathan made quick work of removing his coat, scarf, boots, and drenched socks. His pants were soaked to the knee, and he knew they needed to come off as well, though he hesitated, turning his back to Dio as he shed them.

"Sorry..." he muttered. "...But it is necessary." There was a faint blush on his cheeks that was not simply from the cold. They may have seen each other's bodies before while changing for rugby practice, but somehow, this still felt strange and different in a way he could not yet place.

Soon enough, Jonathan was down to his drawers and a button up shirt. Once Dio had done the same, Jonathan picked up the blanket and wrapped it around the other boy. He then closed the door to the shelter completely; at this point the light had faded to almost nothing anyway.

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Though enjoying a good book at the fireplace in his university dorm with a glass of wine would have been his first choice, their situation was becoming progressively more worthwhile as Jonathan began to strip down, accessories first, coat, boots and socks to follow. Though he turned away to remove the rest, Dio saw no reason not to stare.

While not as warm as it could have been, the blanket Jonathan had quickly wrapped around him was dry and woolly and was most certainly welcome on his exposed and chilly body. In the seconds he had before Jonathan came to claim his half, he wrapped himself up fully, indulging the blanket’s embrace. Having his brother so indecently dressed and close to him was also acceptable, however, so he gave up the cover quite easily, despite its cosiness. Hard to tell really, but he was sure Jonathan was blushing.

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"Give me your hands." Jonathan demanded, ignoring Dio’s reluctance to comply. He smiled and closed his own fingers around them, bringing them to his lips and blowing on them, doing his best to create warmth.

"They are like ice… Dio, I'm so sorry. I promise I'll listen to you next time you say we should wait out a storm."

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“Yes well, if you hadn’t been in such a hurry to head home, I would have had time to bring them.” Dio said with a frown. He could feel the roughness in Jonathan’s otherwise soft hands from his bout with the door against his own, finally becoming something other than frigidly numb. In any other circumstance he would have pulled away, but the toasty breaths were begrudgingly pleasant, so he benevolently allowed Jonathan to continue.

Soon it was going to be incredibly difficult to see much of anything; there were no lanterns nearby and they had no candles on hand.

Jonathan seemed fixated on the task at hand, and so they stayed silent for a time, the sound of steady heaves filling up the room alone, with the faint howl of wind in the background. Wrapped together, so close to Jonathan, barely dressed and already touching an idea came to Dio’s head, and his signature smirk carved its way onto his lips, tone of voice following suit.

“My hands aren’t the only chilled parts of me, Jojo. Will you be warming the rest of me too? You seem to have taken responsibility after all, and who am I to stop you?"

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Jonathan’s hands were still firmly locked around Dio’s own, doing his best to make up for the chill that had set into his brother’s skin. There was something oddly intimate about the act, and he wasn’t sure how to feel about it. There had always been an invisible barrier between Dio and himself, despite his best efforts; he was never sure that Dio actually trusted him, or even liked him for that matter, and Jonathan himself had not forgotten the past. Forgiven, perhaps, but not forgotten. Yet here they were now, vulnerable, and forced together by a need for warmth.

He did not dare admit it out loud, but he was rather enjoying the closeness.

At Dio’s request, however, Jonathan stuttered. “I, ah, um…” He could feel his face flush. Was Dio serious about wanting him to warm him? It was always hard to tell with him. Jonathan did know one thing, though, and that was that the idea of shielding his brother from the cold appealed to him. He
decided to take it seriously.

Two strong arms soon came up around Dio from behind and under the blanket, pulling the blond flush against his body. Jonathan tugged the blanket around them further, creating a woolly cocoon around them both. He rested his chin on Dio’s shoulder, smiling in the dark. Though Dio couldn’t see it, he could hear Jonathan’s good naturedness coming through in his voice.

“Here, is that any better?” He asked, his hands once again taking Dio’s into his own, rubbing them lightly to create more heat. “Let’s stay like this for a bit, and then if you like, I will try to do something about your feet. I’m sure they are like blocks of ice, too.”

Jonathan gave Dio a tiny squeeze, adjusting quite well to the intimacies. There was something sweet and pleasant about it, though he wasn’t sure exactly why. Perhaps he enjoyed holding his brother like this after all. It made him feel truly strong, in a way beyond physical strength.

“Dio, you know I wouldn’t let anything happen to you, right?” The words were out of his lips before he even knew it.

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In truth Dio hadn’t expected such a response from the Joestar, wrapping his arms around him tightly and scooping him up until their bodies could hardly be closer. It had been another attempt to rile him, of course, but while there was a hint of frustration in being taken up in this way-- by Jonathan no less, Dio softened in his would-be struggle at the unanticipated action very quickly, settling himself comfortably in the other’s lap.

He could no longer see his face, but that hardly mattered when he could feel a chin gently place itself on his shoulder, nuzzling slightly in the crevice. Dio did wonder what expression he held, but did not bother to check. Instead, he tilted his head back ever so slightly, canting it so they fit together like a jigsaw.

“This will suffice, I suppose,” he replied to Jonathan as his hands were again taken, this time rubbed against, friction keeping them warm. Though he made mention of his feet -- which were indeed quite chilly -- he lacked a real desire to budge from this position any time soon.

Dio did not usually allow such things to happen, he held a preference for his own personal space, didn’t want, didn’t need anyone to hug him, not since his mother, if he thought about it. But there was something about Jojo that felt inherently… safe. A part of his personality. This wasn’t something he planned on frequenting on, but he allowed himself to fall into the moment, into the quick but tight squeezes Jonathan gave him.

When his brother suddenly let out a caring proclamation, he blinked twice, silently processing the words. Sighing, he replied with a small hmph, lacking the condescension it normally would. Perhaps it was because he knew Jonathan meant the words he said with true earnest, or maybe because the words were so foolish they were beyond mockery.

Yes, that was it.

Jojo was a fool, but a fool he was willing to let embrace him in this way. Wanted to be held in this way by him even. It was not weakness; he was using Jonathan for his own gain like he had been for the past five years. And use him, he, Dio would.

With hands still entwined, Dio brought them to his lips as if to mimic the blowing technique, but instead he pressed them against Jonathan hands that coated his own, kissing them softly once, twice,
Holding Dio like this not only the other man, but Jonathan as well. The feel of their bodies pressed together was a necessity, something for their own safety in these harsh conditions. And yet, at the same time, there was something he liked about it, beyond the fact that it kept them from freezing. There was a need to be closer, and with that Jonathan found his hands sinking down onto the skin of Dio’s thigh, though as if he had touched a flame, they reflexively retracted back to his hand. That was simply not done, even in a circumstance this dire. Holding Dio like this was much like holding a wild tiger, beautiful and calm, with the knowledge that at any moment it could bare its fangs.

But what if Jonathan could keep the tiger at bay?

It was a thought that he realised had always been in the back of his mind, right from when he first met Dio those five years ago. If he could remove the cruelty and suspicion, and replace it with something else, something healthier, he knew that he would be doing a great deal of good for his brother. In fact, it would be doing a great deal of good for himself and for everyone else who had to cross Dio’s path.

The kisses to his hand at first threw him off guard. Dio was almost never affectionate, not like this. Once he had gotten past that part, however, he realised it was just further proof that Dio was capable of being affectionate, and that perhaps the animosity that had always existed between the two could be set aside. He actually rather liked that idea.

Within all of this, however, Jonathan felt his body responding to the new closeness in ways beyond that of a brother. Being the well brought up gentleman that he was, the idea was immediately shoved aside, knowing it would do him no good, and would probably disgust Dio if he even knew the thought had crossed his mind. He tilted his head up and pressed a chaste kiss to Dio’s brow.

Dio accepted the vestal kiss with closed eyes and an audible breath. Such gentle touches were almost alien to him, and outside of this location he doubted the same reaction would hold. But he felt so peculiarly lulled and mild, and he could not deny that it was a more relaxing demeanour to his typical attitude. The denial of warmth made him seek it out in other ways, and today, Jonathan was his way.

Unable to see his expression -- Dio was very good at reading the face -- he could only guess what Jonathan was feeling. Gaining this level of intimacy between the two of them so quickly was odd with their friendship so tentative and laced with animosity on his side, and likely wariness on Jonathan’s, but at the same time quite fitting. The two fell into a strange silence, laced with a cesspit of mixed emotions.

“Dio…?” Jonathan’s voice rang out. The tension had become thick enough to cut with a knife, and he needed to fill it with something, anything… He paused and spoke the first question that came to mind.

“Have you ever been this cold before?” He thought conversing would help take his mind off everything else, and also, it would give him a chance to speak to Dio, perhaps now the other boy was more willing to open up to him.
Dio’s body tensed at Jonathan’s query, for the answer to that question was, of course, a yes. “N--” he started, immediately feeling a pang from the memories that sprung to mind.

Dio had done his best to rid himself of the London slum image, but the past had its way of clinging to the recesses of his subconscious, and he was brought back to a time where he must have been around eight years old. Maybe younger. His father, if you could call him that, Dario, had thrown him and his mother out of their pathetic room they called home after they returned without booze for him that night. The bar had been looted, and while salvageable they had nothing to offer. He did not take kindly to that.

If they couldn’t provide, he said, they could suffer the consequences of what a penniless life without him -- he had the disgusting gall to add -- would feel like.

That night had been one of the coldest he’d ever experienced, thrown out without a single place to go, frost sticking to dirty streets. He remembered his mother taking him in her arms, promising it would be alright, she’d keep him warm.

Like Jonathan was now.

“No… for a long time,” Dio said finally, awkwardly, feet adjusting ever so slightly. While he was very much unclothed for the most part, he suddenly felt incredibly exposed.

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It was very seldom that Dio sounded awkward, Jonathan could hear it in his voice. And he had to wonder, what could possibly make Dio uncomfortable in that way? The answer, of course, was something which Jonathan knew little about: Dio’s life before the Joestars. Jonathan had always wondered about it, and suspected that it was not something with which Dio looked back fondly of. There were never any friends he wrote to, never any requests to visit old childhood haunts, as Jonathan might have wanted to do, if he had been in Dio’s position. There was far too much that he did not know, but perhaps now might be a time to ask. If done carefully and with sensitivity.

“I have been myself… colder, in fact, though only for a few minutes. When I was seven, I was learning to ice skate with some friends at the pond. I fell through a sheet of thin ice. If it had not been for a friend’s older brother, I might have drowned. That water felt like needles puncturing my skin, getting down to my very core.” The memory gave him a chill, and he found himself holding Dio a little closer as a result. “The memory is so vivid, even though it was so long ago now.”

He wished he could see Dio, wished that the light had not faded away. The snow was still falling heavy enough that the moon was hidden behind the clouds. All he could do was guess in the dark how he was feeling. Guess, and touch. One hand stayed in Dio’s, the other lightly moved to comb through his blond hair. After a moment or two of silence, he finally asked the question.

“…Yours had to have happened in childhood too, because I know you haven’t been cold since living with us. What was it that left you so cold…?” Immediately after asking, Jonathan let his face fall against Dio’s neck, his lips pressed against it, unintentional, but still so like a kiss. He gave him another soft squeeze, before adding in a whisper. “You don’t have to tell me if you are not ready.”

Jonathan realised however that he was ready. He was ready to know the real Dio, the one which the world did not see.

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‘If you are not ready?!’ What did Jonathan take him for?! If not for the comforting warmth of his
body, and his lips on his shoulder, Dio would have thrown him off then and there in an angered rage. Instead he swallowed air, a glare crossing over his face, free hand balling into a tight fist.

Fine, if Jonathan wanted a story, Dio would give him one. But not the one of his thoughts, there were plenty other times he was left to freeze. He could retell one of those.

“Unlike you I am not such a clumsy oaf to walk fall into freezing water. I… found myself in a location I was not familiar with,” Dio began tentatively at first, before relaying the tale in a much smoother fashion, abstained from emotion bonds. "There was no snow, but the streets were iced over, and I found myself unable to locate the direction to my home in the dark; similar to tonight I suppose.” His tone dropped. “But I did not have any hunter shelters to break into, so I spend my night outside. It was a cold number of hours, I thought my hands might turn to ice and break away, but I managed to make my way back, just as the sun began to rise again.” Once the story passed, he immediately fell back into silence.

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Jonathan was clumsy, yes. And often his good nature landed him in trouble, at least until he learned to be somewhat more guarded with himself. But what he lacked in social graces he made up for in empathy. Jonathan sensed that this story was difficult for Dio to tell. He also thought that perhaps there might be more to it, particularly when he did not mention anything about a worried father or mother looking for him. It turned Jonathan’s stomach to think that maybe Dio had a parent who did not care where he was or if he froze, despite all the glorifying stories his own father had told.

His one hand continued to hold Dio’s, while the other gently combed through his hair. Without really thinking or knowing that he was doing it, his motions were quite tender, and almost motherly.

“I’m sorry that happened to you,” he finally said. “I’m sorry that you were out in the cold all alone like that. It must have been terrifying. But I promise, it won’t ever happen to you again. I’m here now!” Jonathan chuckled a little, the hand that had been in Dio’s hair moved down his shoulder and over his side, to sit comfortably around Dio’s waist.

“…I know that doesn’t sound like much, and I know I do stupid things sometimes like hit my head on door frames, or bumbling up mathematical equations, or, ah… leading us out in the middle of a snow storm!” More nervous chuckles escaped his lips, before his voice became serious again. “…But I’ll always watch over you now. No matter what. I’m your family, and if you were ever lost in the cold, I would be out there in the streets searching for you until you were found.” Jonathan nodded firmly, not that Dio could see it in the dark.

“Besides…without you, the rugby team would be down an excellent player. And I would be down a person I can ask to correct my mathematics mistakes.” He lightened the note, thinking that despite the fact that he and Dio had tension, there was still good in him. Jonathan wanted to see more of that good.

Of course, Jonathan would be able to see the good in the devil himself.

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Familial bonds had proven themselves to be meaningless if not non-existent in Dio’s eyes. He and Dario were family after all, and he shared no closeness to that. His mother, yes, he loved her, but for all her goodness she had wound up dead at the hands of her marital partner, and thus family member. What was family?

Oh, if only Jonathan knew what Dio had in store in the upcoming year, he doubted these words
would leave his lips then. Promising that he’d always be there, would search for him deep into the
night, that they were family. But though he would never admit it, to himself or another, that was
likely a part of the reason Jonathan -- so long as he kept blissfully ignorant -- would not find himself
falling into the same line of fate as his father.

Dio told himself that these words were void, that they laid no connection to the young, boy
wandering in snow, freezing and fearful that his own father would harm him because his son could
not provide; truly a twisted notion.

But then why did tears begin to prick the corners of his eyes as Jonathan said these things with such
warm conviction and sweet caresses. As Jonathan’s hands made their way down Dio’s form, from
hair, to shoulders, to waist, he blinked profusely, not letting the tears slide down his face; he would
not show that weakness again, especially not in front of the one person above all he hated feeling
pited by. Hated in all ways, he had to remind himself.

Dio tried to chuckle at the little joking gestures about schoolwork and rugby Jonathan threw into his
speech, play along with the pleasantries like he had been doing all these years, but he couldn’t bring
himself to do anything but listen and stifle his ridiculous emotions. He had to concentrate on keeping
his face dry without touching it; bringing a hand to wipe the drops away would be much too
obvious.

“You sound like my mother, Jojo.” Dio was surprised to hear himself say such a thing, throwing a
disturbed expression at himself with wide eyes and a dropped jaw. While he did not move
completely, he sat up a little straighter, so their bodies were not completely enveloped together, and
removed his hand from Jonathan’s grasp. Even in idiom, he never made mention of parental figures,
and cursed himself for it.

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“Like your mother, eh?” Jonathan did not notice the tears, which was lucky for Dio. “I suppose I am
right now. Someone has to, though. Someone needs to keep you warm.” Jonathan was smiling
softly, and even if Dio could not see it, his voice radiated that same bright and sunny nature.

Jonathan shifted slightly, and brought them back against the wall of the shed, so that he could rest his
broad and muscular back against the wood. They were both getting warmer, thanks to the close
contact, so he did not let up on the embrace. It was definitely late by now, all traces of daylight gone,
night having totally set in. He found himself picking his next words carefully. The topic of his past
seemed to not be a favourite for Dio to begin with, and this was an even more sensitive topic.

“My mother died in the accident your father helped save us from. I was only a baby so I don’t
remember her. I still miss her though -- she had an interest in Ancient Mesoamerican culture, and I
study it in her memory.” Indeed, the Stone Mask was locked away in his study, along with all his
extensive notes and research. “I want to make her proud.”

The thought occurred to Jonathan that making his mother proud would probably not include
behaving improperly with his brother. And yet the feel of Dio’s warmth and closeness felt so right
and so intimate, after so many years of having barriers between them, both physical and mental.
Surely this was not wrong now?

“What was your mother like, Dio? Not the sad parts, or the hard parts, I know there must have been
many. But tell me about all the good things you remember. Was she pretty? Did you get your blond
hair from her?” Jonathan’s fingers once again lightly combed through Dio’s hair.

~
“My mother was…” Dio started, trying to picture her face. It was nearing a decade since he last laid fresh eyes upon her, and the image was no longer starkly clear to him.

Unlike Jonathan he had no daguerreotypes or lithographs of his mother he could hold in his hand. And thanks to his father, he had no memorabilia, nothing to remind him of her existence except slowly fading memories. Three swigs of beer was much more important to Dario than her dress, something Dio had kept well-hidden for years, not wanting to lose the last item he had left of hers.

There was a taste of bitterness in his mouth when he first saw that image of Mary on Jonathan's bed frame. He always felt for Jonathan never suffered the loss of her, and yet he had more to remember her by than Dio had of his own. At times he almost wished to have never met his mother -- not if she was just going to disappear from his life and leave him with that pig of a man. He hated the temporary lives people led, so meaningless. Dio wasn’t going to be like that. At least with wealth and power, his name would be remembered for years to come. He was going to last.

“My mother was kind and charitable, perhaps overly so,” Dio began a voice distant, as if he were retelling someone’s story other than his own. “She’d always share what she earned with those surrounding her, looking to be kind to those in all walks of life. I was told I look like her, though her eyes were blue. Like yours.” He’d always noticed that little feature. “Yes, she was indeed blonde.”

In truth he was told that he held a striking reminiscence to Dario during the days of his youth, combined his mother’s prettiness, but Dio did not believe that at all. His father was ugly, pot-bellied and repulsive. Dio knew he looked nothing like that.

~

"She sounds lovely… " Jonathan commented as he continued to run his fingers through Dio's hair. He had always found blond hair quite attractive, and Dio’s was no exception to this. It was not lost on Jonathan, however, that the qualities which Dio described as belonging to his mother were not qualities to which he himself seemed to strive for. Something truly terrible must have happened to his mother, for Dio to forsake her legacy. But that was something to which it was far too soon to pry into. Perhaps Jonathan would learn why in time. For the moment, he grew quiet as the wind raged on outside.

~

“She was,” Dio replied with a hostile inflection. Too lovely, it was the reason for her end. She had never struck back against Dario, stayed with him till the bitter end. Once she was gone, Dio realised he could never do that, never be like that. Though he knew he would not make her proud by this, he would not be ground into nothing.

But despite the distasteful conversation, he found himself approving of Jonathan’s physical gestures. He felt reminiscent of a feline as Jonathan stroked his hair over and over in steady motions; he was almost compelled to purr. While strong and looming features he was very much attracted to in the other, Jonathan could be incredibly gentle, and there was no denial that Dio’s adjustments had not just been for comfort alone, and more so to peruse over the chiselled yet still soft body he lay against.

“You certainly take after your mother in appearance, Jojo. The interest in such niche, non profitable fields must have been from her too. For you to have chosen archaeology still baffles me. Though I suppose in that regard at least, she may have been proud.”

~
"I'm glad to hear you think my mother might be proud of me! But Dio… forgive me, you are so naive yourself sometimes. Profit is not something nobility strives for in their occupation, aside from the running of the estate, and making sure that any affairs under the family name are kept solid. That is our true occupation, and anything else is more of a hobby than a career." Jonathan closed his eyes, remembering the very things that his father had taught him from his knee as a young child.

"We live off the interest of our fortune, as we have for generations. We do not need to worry about something as sordid as money." Fingers trailed from Dio's hair back to his hands, which were much warmer now than they had been. "Of course, I realise that for you, this must seem quite strange, but really, Dio, we are rich!"

Oh, there were so many things Dio could have said in response, but frankly listening to this rich brat prattle gave him nothing more than a face of utter exasperation. He let out a sigh, loud and far longer than necessary, shuffling in his position, eyes rolling as he spoke.

"Of course you would think that way, Jojo." He talked just how someone born into the lap of luxury would. Dio's distaste for nobles still held true, how they felt they could spend all their time on frivolities and knew nothing of struggle, using their charity balls for the 'poor underprivileged children,' as a means of easing their consciences.

Wasting his entire life away on hobbies and theories, Jonathan would not know what it meant to wonder where his next meal would come from, or if he had enough to pay the rent, should the tax man unfairly charge them. He knew nothing at all. And despite his ignorance amounting in nothing but acrimony in the blond, Dio envied that.

"Nevertheless one always should strive for more."

"I suppose I that's true, and I do understand your interest in law." Jonathan replied cheerfully, the darkness making him unaware of just how vexed Dio really was. "I am sure you will be rather good at it, too, once you are practicing! But… managing the estate is a large job. And I worry about being able to do it on my own." His voice sounded sheepish. "...I don't wish to let father down, and I don’t feel as comfortable with the running of it all by myself. Perhaps… you might help me. One day. If you'd like."

Jonathan spoke those words with a slight nervousness. In part, it was because of his own apprehensions, but more so the fact that he did not fully trust Dio. But he wanted to, just as his father did.

One day.

Despite prior resentments, Jonathan’s words caused Dio’s ears to perk up with interest. He had always planned to somehow gain leadership in all the management details once George was dead -- he was sure he manipulated Jonathan much like a puppeteer controlled a marionette -- especially with these law skills he now had --but it seemed like the boy was playing into that without him even lifting a finger. He smiled with darkened eyes.

“Yes, Jojo. I, Dio would be happy to lend a hand in the affairs of the business. It’s the least I could do.” He stifled a laugh at the irony of it all.
Jonathan, while suspicious of Dio, had no clue about Dio’s plans for patricide and take over. And he would be thrilled to have assistance in the running of the estate. He did not want to be the Joestar who brought his family’s fortune to ruin, all because of poor decision making. It was his plan to continue the family legacy, and keep the estate in top order. If Dio was properly motivated, he knew that his brother could help him do just that.

“I am glad to hear it.” Jonathan’s hand gave Dio’s a small squeeze. “You have worked so hard and you are just so naturally talented when it comes to the complexities of the law…by God, if you weren’t already a part of our family, you would have certainly worked your way up to the top of the social ladder! A famous lawyer with a good salary could potentially marry well and become a noble in his own right.” The thought of how talented Dio was in school did make Jonathan’s head spin. When he applied himself, Jonathan could perform passably well, but Dio was on a different level entirely, and that was definitely the sort of person he would like backing him up when it came to managing the estate.

While some day control might be an issue, in the meantime, Jonathan simply took relief in the fact that he would not be alone in it all. And that did make him quite happy.

“…I would very much love to have you at my side.” The words came out perhaps a bit more affectionate than he had intended, particularly when coupled with the fact that Jonathan’s head was tilted slightly to rest against Dio’s. But what did it hurt, really?

“I am sure with my assistance the estate at the very least shan’t be burned to the ground,” Dio said in jest, nestling against Jonathan in turn, the friction creating a pleasing warmth.

And quietly, he considered the idea, the notion of running the mansion along with Jonathan. Though he had always looked to take over alone, the thought of Jojo as his partner was not…repulsive.

Just he and Jojo.

“...I would like that.”
“Have you given much thought to marriage, Dio?” Jonathan began, once the silence between them, filled only by the sounds of the wind howling outside, had become too deafening.

“You don’t seem much interested, but marriages can help strengthen estates, not to mention create heirs.” Jonathan grinned unseen. “…Between you and I, somehow I feel more confident in my fathering abilities than in my management skills. Perhaps I should just leave the hard work to you while I play nursemaid to the children!” And with that, Jonathan let out a hearty laugh. He was mostly kidding. Mostly.

~

Dio’s eyes rolled at Jonathan’s words, how tedious. “I, Dio, have little time to consider such things. I have my education to concern myself with for now. Marriage can wait.”

He and Jonathan had been to many a ball where eligible young ladies from all walks of nobility were present. To marry one of the Joestar boys would be something, and he noticed in the corner of his eye girls tittering on about him, and sometimes Jojo, smiling and laughing coyly when they noticed his glances. Of course he’d dance with a few them, keep up appearances, but none he met piqued his interest, and he doubted any of them would.

Jonathan stating he’d love him by his side had been the closest thing to a proposal he actually somewhat enjoyed the idea of. He laughed at his brother’s nursemaid jest. “Yes, Jojo, you stay and care to the needs of the children, while I earn our way, the next years of our life are set.”

But when the laughter faded, Dio’s tone turned serious once more, turning the marriage question back to his brother, certainly for reasons other than genuine interest in Jonathan’s love life. “And what of you, Jojo? You’re eighteen now, and still no mention of a bride to be… Not interested in girls, perhaps…?” he asked, hoping for that to be the case more than he was willing to admit.

~

Jonathan seemed perfectly jovial as he thought of the idea of his responsibilities being that of caring for the children, while the estate was left in capable hands. Jonathan felt confident he could handle children, as well as managing the staff, but certain aspects were nerve wracking for him. He knew he would learn to handle it well enough, but it was not what he looked forward to. Fatherhood was a different story completely.

Of course, fatherhood required motherhood, and motherhood required a wife. Dio’s innocent question caused him to tense up, and for a moment, Jonathan’s hold loosened, and he leaned back and away from Dio. There were two topics that would dim Jonathan’s optimism concerning his relationship with his brother. One was Danny. The other…

"There is only one girl I’ve ever fancied. She has not spoken to me in years, so that does not bode well for wedding bells, now does it?” His voice was bitter, not at all like Jonathan’s typical upbeat self. He did not bring up what had passed between the three, but the tension hung in the air heavily.

"I… I wrote to her. Many letters, in fact. I have them all saved, but they all went unsent.” Jonathan sighed deeply. "Perhaps it is time I burned them, and along with it, my hope for a happy marriage.”
Dio blanched as Jonathan made mention of his first fancy, knowing without her name mentioned who he referred. Dio had hoped to stamp it out, but as he felt their bodies disconnect a little, and the grip around him loosen, it was made clear that she had made quite the lasting impression on the boy.

He cursed his twelve-year-old self for acting so irrationally, though he was glad the actions proved effective. Jonathan had now lost almost all interest in girls, and he was sure it would stay that way now. The suffering he caused him was not in vain.

The fact that Jonathan did not send these apparent letters was more satisfying that he thought it would be to hear, but the fact he wrote her letters at all sent an irksome pang to his gut. Despite all Dio had done to regain Jonathan’s trust, he had caused a rift, and the atmosphere was suddenly thick as it was brought up again.

Dio tried lifting the mood, purposely brightening his tone to compensate for Jonathan’s darkening. “But we are still young, Jojo, are we not? And now that we have finally attained our adulthood, the world is at our fingertips! Such things as settling down and marriage can be thought of later, there is plenty to do before that.”

~

“I know Dio, I know.” Jonathan sighed, and with it, he released some of the tension that had come up between them. It was instead related to worries of a different nature. “It is true indeed, we are still young, and we have much ahead of us. But don’t forget that as the Joestar heir, part of my responsibility is to ensure that there is a next in line. Eventually, father will start pressuring me to take a wife, and then for a grandson or two... or three. The more the merrier when it comes to nobility.”

Jonathan’s grip tightened around Dio once again, his face resting against the other boy’s shoulder. "It is a great deal of pressure, being the heir of the family. Running an estate, having the right marriage, having children… sometimes I think I would have been happier if I had been born to a simpler life.” His tone suddenly became lighter again, as his hands reached to clasp Dio’s tightly.

~

Oh how Jonathan’s words could sand against the grain. "I am sure you would not say such things if you were truly born into such a predicament, Jojo.” For as much as those in nobility irked him to no end, Dio admitted that a life without financial struggle was much more to his liking. He enjoyed the culture and access to education and no worry as whether he would be eating that night, or whether he would wake up with disease ridden rats nipping at him like vultures. Complications they faced were petty compared to that.

But the idea of Jonathan having children, descendants with some strange woman was not one Dio pictured fondly. But being the only biological son Lord Joestar had, it was not unlikely this would have to occur at some point, should their lives progress as they had been so far. However, this was all the more reason why George would have to be taken out of the picture; with him gone there would be no one to pressure him into any sort of arranged marriage.

Dio had done a very good job of keeping himself as Jonathan’s closest friend, keeping him isolated by convincing him he was not, and no wife was about to come and change that. Like the estate, Jonathan was his to own.

~

“No matter where we are born and into what station, there will always be challenges.” Jonathan’s voice rang out through the cold. The wheels in his head had been turning, contemplating their
situation, and how best to remedy it. A thought crossed his mind, and the words slipped out
excitedly, without any filter or second guessing.

“We should run away together!” Jonathan began. “I mean it, Dio, after graduation… we should take
a trip with just the two of us. Get away from all the hubbub of the upper class, see the world. You’ve
probably seen more things than I have, having grown up in the city. Let’s visit other cities, Rome,
Paris, Berlin… We can visit their museums, polish our foreign languages, see their night life…”
Jonathan allowed his cheek to rest against Dio’s, and nuzzled him softly. The idea seemed blissful,
particularly with Dio to himself, away from his lackeys at school. As this very situation was proving,
Dio could be somewhat likeable when they were alone together like this. Maybe even more than
somewhat.

“Getting to know a wife right now… it would be so very difficult. If I cannot have the girl of my
dreams, I cannot possibly consider marriage. I would much rather spend time with you, getting to
know you better. After all, you are my brother, and will be my partner in life as well…” He began to
lace his fingers through Dio’s own.

~

“Run away together…” Dio repeated the words as Jonathan threw them out in his excited flurry. He
shot a glance at Jonathan, wondering if he knew how he sounded, before letting out a quiet sigh,
thinking.

“…I suppose a year of travel would not hurt, a small sabbatical before beginning our full time
professions. Or hobbies, as the case may be.” Dio gave Jonathan a look. “Forming relationships with
those in foreign law firms would prove very useful in future too. This… isn’t the worst idea you’ve
even had, Jojo.”

“But…” Dio said, tongue skirting on his lips. “The way you phrased it almost sounds if you wish to
elope with I, Dio, oh ‘partner in life.’” And like before, he brought their entwined fingers to his
mouth, angling it so Jonathan would feel his breath against his skin before he finally pressed down,
puckering his lips as they made contact.

~

If Dio could have seen Jonathan's face clearly, it would have been beat red. He did not know why,
but the feel of Dio's lips against his skin was oddly pleasant. The two had had very little physical
contact off the rugby field prior to this night, but now that they were close, he found himself wanting
more. He wasn't sure how to feel about that, if it was proper, or if he should just be grateful that the
two of them were finally making a connection.

"Don't be silly, Dio, we could never elope. Besides… we both know that I get on your nerves at
times. Though perhaps traveling together would teach us how to get along." Jonathan found himself
craving that with Dio, he wanted the two of them to set aside their differences and be able to work
together. He also found himself craving more of Dio's touch… and before he even knew what he
was doing, he tilted his head, letting his lips brush lightly against the skin which they landed on. It
happened to be Dio's neck, creating a more intimate kiss than he had anticipated.

"...Dio..." Jonathan began. "I always wanted you to like me. And somehow it never seemed to
happen. Even now, I feel I always wind up frustrating you, and we end up with this odd tension that
I am never sure how to fix." He gave Dio a squeeze. "But I'd like that to change. If we travelled
together, perhaps we could put aside our youthful problems, and grow… learn how to be partners in
life, just as we should be…” His lips pressed to Dio's skin again, only this time the intimacy was
painfully apparent. He found himself pulling back with a frown, shaking his head.
"I'm sorry, I went too far… I did not mean anything improper by that at all, we are brothers after all." He attempted to laugh it off, and tried to leave his grip less cuddly than it had been. "The cold and everything must be muddling my brain…"

Despite Dio's own kisses, Jonathan feared that his actions would only serve to push Dio away, just when they were starting to get along.

~

It was strange, how strangely perceptive Jonathan could be sometimes. All this time he had been playing along with, had everyone convinced he was the perfect son, brother and friend, kind, talented and intelligent. But even to this day, Jonathan could sense the falsity, even if he had no reason for it.

Dio pondered for a moment, as Jonathan’s lips made contact with his neck, canting his head slightly for the kiss to be best received. He couldn’t let even a fragment of suspicion continue, and with this sudden intimacy between them that Jonathan seemed to desire, he thought of a way to use that to sate his brother’s anxieties about their relationship.

“The cold, hm? Well we can’t have that…”

For the first time since they’d entered the little shed, Dio made a large change in their position. He lifted himself off Jonathan’s lap for a moment, turning himself around so they were now face to face, and sat back down on his legs.

His pride would not allow him to simply say he liked Jonathan. He did not, he hated him. And despite being a master of deception, there were some things that were too much for him to say with sincerity. But it did not matter, he didn’t need words right now. To Jojo, actions often spoke much louder. He gently cupped Jonathan’s cheeks in both hands.

“You’ve been keeping me so warm, it’s only fair I return the favour, partner…”

It was the opportune moment to do this, Jonathan was clearly wanting, and the privateness of the shed seemed like the perfect place to do it, after the long talks and bosom touches. They’d already shared multiple affections of alternate varieties throughout the night, it only seemed fitting that their lips would lock eventually.

And so Dio kissed him.

And just as he thought, Jonathan’s face already felt much hotter.
Jonathan's face was indeed hot. When Dio had pulled away from him, he thought that was it. He had gone and ruined any chance of making things better with him. But then instead, Dio did the exact opposite of what he expected. His first instinctive reaction was to lean into the kiss, his lips pressed right back against Dio's own. A hand was raised and gently stroked Dio's cheek.

But soon enough Jonathan's mind caught up with his body. He was kissing Dio -- his first kiss at that! He pulled away in a sudden rush of shock and fear.

"D-Dio!" He stuttered, hands moving to the other boy's shoulders, keeping him an arm's length away. "Dio what was that?! I... I... you are only supposed to kiss a girl like that! And a girl that you are fond of! I am not a girl and you are not fond of me...why would you kiss me?!

And yet, Jonathan could not deny how much he had liked it, how good it felt to be close to the other boy. Instead of exchanging punches or harsh words, they exchanged body heat and the touch of lips. He wanted things between him and Dio to be as peaceful and pleasant as this… There was nothing not to like.

Except for the fact that he had been taught it was wrong.

~

Of course Dio had expected a reaction none other than this from self-proclaimed gentleman Jonathan.

He was a novice, that much could be told from the kiss alone, if he didn’t already know this was his first. But nevertheless Dio had liked it, very much in fact. As he was pushed back before it reached a natural conclusion he frowned, slightly peeved at being denied the full extent of Jonathan’s lips upon his. But Dio’s face relaxed, and he turned on his manipulative charm.

“Did you not just claim wished for us to truly get along, Jojo?” His finger traced along Jonathan’s cheek when his hands no longer gripped onto his shoulders. “Would you not say that was accomplished? You certainly didn’t seem aghast by the action, dare I say you even enjoyed it?”

“Is this not better?” he continued after letting Jonathan ponder and stutter, wishing more than anything he could see his face in the dark. “You say I’m not fond of you, yet here we are.” Dio pushed forward, closing the distance between them little by little until their lips were almost together once more. "I, Dio would not allow anyone to touch lips with me if I did not want them to.” There were perhaps one or two exceptions, but that was for the sought of future gain; a suitable sacrifice.

~

Jonathan was definitely distressed now, caught in a battle between what he wanted and what he thought he should want. He had been told it was wrong, and yet here he was, feeling the most relaxed he had ever felt in front of him, almost as if their years of animosity towards each other had all been leading up to this. They had somehow found a connection tonight… a very different connection than expected.

"I suppose you must have… some semblance of appreciation for me, yes… I just… I did not realise
it was like this ... " Jonathan's finger found its way back to Dio's as Dio’s did his cheek, tracing along it carefully. His touch was drenched in tender affection, and he leaned forward slightly so that their foreheads were touching.

"I am sorry; I am so unfamiliar with this sort of thing. But, can I kiss you again? I.... know I must have done a poor job, and I want to make up for it, in case we never get to do it again, and I--" Jonathan cut himself off by simply doing the action he had been vacillating over. A door had been unlocked, and there was no closing it again. The kiss was more aggressive this time, more eager to claim his partner, yet at the same time, still hesitant and unsure. He was learning, though.

~

Though it often irked him, in this case Dio was grateful for Jonathan’s near over-willingness to please as he -- with a strange combination of vigour and dubiety -- took Dio into their second kiss.

What Jonathan lacked in experience, he made up for in enthusiasm and quick adaptability. Not wanting to lose his dominance however, Dio grabbed the back of Jonathan’s head with both hands, fingers caressing through soft dark hair as he pulled him closer into the embrace, jutting his tongue into the other's mouth. The noises he made at that were simply delectable, and Dio’s smirk couldn’t help but skirt on Jonathan’s lips.

~

The tongue that slipped through his parted lips took Jonathan by surprise, and yet, instead of being intimidated and backing down, he rose to the challenge. He returned the gesture in kind, and began to press his body back up against Dio's own. His arms began to wrap around Dio's waist and pulled him in close again.

This time, Jonathan allowed the kiss to continue to its natural end, and as their lips parted, he allowed his tongue to trace one last time across Dio's lips. There was a tenderness to his touch that was distinctively Jonathan -- ever the gentleman, he made sure to mix passion with affection. Once they were apart, he let his forehead rest against Dio’s, taking his now warmed hands into his own.

"Dio…” It was all he could do to say his name. So many thoughts were running through his head, so many questions. This was quite possibly the most confusing moment of his life to date.

And yet at the same time, it felt so right.

"Is that it then?" Jonathan asked. "Should we just pretend now that this never happened? That is probably the safest idea, we are both men, and this is wrong, it shouldn’t be... and yet…” Jonathan's hands let go of Dio's for a moment to run them over his sides softly.

~

“We could…” Dio felt Jonathan’s hands tracing along his body. He looked down at the Joestar -- a rare occurrence given the height difference, but on his lap their vantages were slightly misaligned. Although too dark to see anything, he was sure Jonathan was looking at him with wide eyed wonder and a newfound lust.

Oh how he wished to see it, that step into the world of concupiscence plastered on Jonathan’s visage for the first time. But he would have to make do with words and touches, and so Dio brought their hands together once more, swinging them about in little semi circles, Jonathan mimicking his movements like a mirror image to himself.

“...But do you really wish to give this up, Jojo? Do you think you could go around as if this--” he
quickly pecked Jonathan’s lips, not giving him enough time to reciprocate. “--never happened?”

Dio happened to know full well he provided a more than satisfactory service in this regard.

“It would not be so difficult to keep this little… bonding time to ourselves, now would it? I’m sure there are plenty of places where no one would disturb us.”

~

Dio did his job well, tantalising Jonathan just enough to leave him wanting more. Despite the fact that he had been raised to believe that this sort of relationship was wrong, Jonathan could not help but desire more of the forbidden fruit. But in his mind, he could justify it. If he was this close to Dio, perhaps he could help keep him out of trouble, or help him work through whatever demons from his childhood that were plaguing him.

Maybe there could be good in this sin.

With that, Jonathan's hands rose to Dio's cheeks. He pulled him in for another kiss, and proved that he was quite a fast learner. At the same time, Jonathan pressed him down back against the floor, one arm encompassing him, the other supporting his weight so that he did not crush him.

~

It was not until Dio’s back hit the floor that he realised Jonathan was now planted on top of him, pushing him down and domineering the kiss with too much ease for his liking. He tried to bring himself back up, but Jonathan was far stronger and heavier than he was, and his mind was somewhat preoccupied. So instead he adjusted his legs to a more comfortable position, and allowed it the kiss to run its course, enjoying it despite being in a position he did not usually take.

Even in this short time, Jonathan had much improved in his technique, always so eager to please, though he was a little too gentle for Dio’s preference. They could work on that later.

~

Novice though he was, Jonathan was able to follow suit, adding his own distinct flavour to the amorous pursuit. He was excited and tender, but also quite strong; Dio would not have an easy time escaping his grasp, not because of any intentional attempt at dominance, but simply because Jonathan did not know his own strength. When the kiss ended, he reached out to stroke Dio's hair, smiling broadly in the darkness.

"...I would not mind doing this again…” he spoke with a panting breath. “But I refuse to treat you the same as if this had never happened. If we are to continue down this road, Dio, things will be different. We may not be able to court like a man and a woman, but I will be your protector. I will care for you and see to it that you are never alone.” He pulled back slightly, looking at him in the pitch darkness, unable to read his expression.

"The question is: do you want me like that? Or am I just a diversion?"

~

Dio’s face faltered at Jonathan’s words, and he formed something of a frown. Of course Jojo would not let the moment be as it was, he had to open his mouth and ruin it.

Sighing, Dio brought his gaze to Jonathan’s direction, staring up at where his eyes would be, voice stern. “We are both men, Jojo. I do not require your protection.” Did Jonathan think him unable to
take care of himself? Did he pity him? The underlying animosity he held towards Jonathan bubbled, and he glared with an unseen menace. Already in a position he deemed too submissive, he felt the urge to emphasise he was anything but.

In all his previous endeavours, Dio had kept his partners at arm’s length. Once he was gratified and all parities got what they desired, there was no need to stay. Yet here he was, unable to do such a thing… he was literally stuck here.

“...We cannot do anything to arouse suspicions, Jojo,” Dio said, freely rolling his eyes in the pitch blackness, making a face juxtaposed to the softer tone he was trying to convey. "To everyone else, our relationship should stay the way it is, that is simply the way it has to be.”

~

"I know that we must be discreet, Dio, I am not a total fool. But if we pledged ourselves to each other, that can be shown in other ways. It does not necessarily mean it will give anything away.”

Jonathan should have known that Dio would be more concerned with discretion than with any non-sexual benefits the relationship might have, and thus not take kindly to any sort of protection. His actual ploy was to protect him from himself, but Jonathan knew that would not go over well. He had to think of a better way to put it.

"You may not think you need protection, Dio, but I want to provide it all the same." He leaned in and started to press feather light kisses to his neck, his movements full of passion. "And I refuse to treat you the same, either. How could I? I would be yours and you would be mine...”

Experimentally, Jonathan suckled and very lightly nipped at the skin on Dio's neck. He did not realise it, but it would leave a mark.

The problem was that Jonathan at heart was a romantic, and Dio… far from it. For Jonathan to be that close to someone, he craved intimacy. Still, Dio did have a good reason to be cautious. There had to be a way to compromise the two, a way to make sure they both got what they wanted. Sitting up with his arms still around the other, he leaned in close to his ear. "But you need to be committed.”

Memories of whispers in the hallways and in the rugby changing room came to mind. 'Brando will help you ace your exam… for a price." No one said these things terribly loud around Jonathan, but they still caught his ears none the less. Once a green first year, eager for help with a history paper, had assumed Jonathan might offer the same terms. The lad had learned quickly that the loose morals of one boy under the Joestar roof did not hold for the other. It had disgusted Jonathan to no end, but what Dio did was his business and his alone. Until now.

"In other words… you are not to use me as you have used the others that have been in and out of your dormitory door.” His breath was warm and hot against his ear. "I am not your plaything.”

~

Dio’s eyes snapped open, mouth letting out the tiniest breath, brow furrowing as Jonathan’s words hit him. He didn’t think Jojo was aware of his… escapades. Those useless idiots knew nothing of prudence, clearly.

“What is this sudden accusation, Jojo?!” Best to deny it at any rate.

He pulled away from Jonathan’s embrace to stare at him head on, not that there was anything to see in the darkness. “It’s true people come to my room, but it is nothing like you’re insinuating. I, Dio am top of the class, and a model student. It is expected people will come to me for assistance. I’ve helped
you with studies plenty of times.” When Jonathan did not seem convinced he brought his hand up with a sigh, waving it as one would a white flag.

“But I concede,” Dio said, holding in vomit at the idea of ‘conceding’ to Jonathan. “So long as we are together, there will be no other but you.”

Perhaps with this little promise it would wane off any of this talk of pledging and caring. This was not what it was about, not in the slightest, and it was not what Dio wanted. Besides, if Jonathan was able to sate all his desires and let him to do him as he willed he didn’t need anyone else anyway. Dio could admit that Jonathan’s body, and even his visage was a cut above the rest, and certain the physical attraction was always present, for it was the only thing that made him worth being around.

~

Jonathan knew this was not the first time Dio had lied to him. And under normal circumstances, he would be unable to call him out. Dio was after all very good at covering his tracks. But this was one area where Jonathan had the higher ground -- both physically and mentally. This time he wouldn't be bullied into stepping back.

"Yes, I am aware that students come and go from your room. I have heard of the help you give..." Jonathan took a deep breath, before pushing Dio back down and pinning him to the floor, his body even closer and more menacing than before. "And that in return, you drop your trousers and they pleasure you. Dio… you are better than all that." His mouth went to Dio's neck leaving a trail of kisses that slowly turned into nips. "You don't need to barter for sex, you are far too handsome." He felt the urge to be more aggressive rising in him, years of Dio getting away with things he shouldn't have. One of his nips turned into an outright bite.

~

“What could you possibly know of this, Jojo?! Unhand me!” Dio was no longer able to keep the lid on his composure. Forced down to the ground again, he thrashed, trying to release Jonathan’s grip on him, his fingers wrapping around his arms to pry them off him, but the man held tight. Dio attempted to wriggle his way out, but again, to no avail.

Normally enamoured by that strength, it only made Dio feel all the more riled, and he slammed his fist on the wooden floor as hard as he could from his restricted position. How dare he? How dare this naive worm look down on him this way?! Dio would not stand for it.

Dio had learned a long time ago that, like most things, his body could be an incredibly useful tool to get what he wanted. Information, favours, money, or even just simple pleasure, and he was not above using it to his advantage. In the past he had to adhere to the wills of others, he was making up for it, taking back the control he craved. And here, Jonathan was, acting as if he had a right to speak on the subject.

“Fine! So what?!” he yelled as Jonathan still refused to budge. "If both parties receive something they desire, what is the problem?! What right have you to judge?! Who are you to tell me what I’m better for, what I should and should not do?! The world is not so black and white; your idealism is senseless. And how are you different, can you truly say this is not for your own benefit?"

~

"I know it is for my benefit too!” Jonathan shouted before stopping himself and taking a deep, calming breath. This was not the time to argue. “But from now on, there will be no more. Whatever you need I will provide." His response was firm, but even as he said this he only hoped he would
find himself able to live up to his own words, still being just a virgin himself. But the thought of
being this close to Dio, and having the power to change him, possibly for good, made it worth the
attempt. He eased up on him, allowing the other man more room to breathe.

It still felt like something was missing. It still seemed as if there would be more battles to come. But
he wanted this, the desire was there, and he needed to give it a try. Furthermore, he needed to see if
he was the key to getting Dio out of whatever caused him to be cruel.

"I want to please you." Jonathan added, with a few kisses to Dio's cheeks. This was more like him.

~

Dio’s body was tense and taut, prepared to throw himself into the full swing of argument, knock
heads and perhaps even exchange fists with Jonathan by the end of the debate. But Jonathan slowed,
his tone turning soft, his voice light in a way that made Dio’s entire body quake and shudder. His
own breath grew hitched and heavy, and for once he was glad for the dark, for it masked the
weakness that covered his face.

His body was oddly adherent to Jojo as he accepted the kisses and gentle nips with utter compliance
and a small whimper, despite his mind screaming at him to place himself atop of the other and show
him who was truly in charge. A stuttering breath followed before Dio sank, body relaxing on the
hard ground.

“...Please me then," he said, beside himself.

Chapter End Notes

Check back tomorrow as we plan to post the next chapter, as the events from the first
through fifth follow on directly from each other, but from then on out it will be on a
more weekly/biweekly basis.

Next time smut actually happens, we promise
Jonathan was grateful for the lack of light, for he was nervous and he knew it had to be showing on his face. The truth was, Jonathan had been raised as a gentleman, and a gentleman waited for his wife. As the years had gone by, however, he learned how little this actually meant in the grand scheme of things. Many gentlemen had sexual relations outside of wedlock. Rumour had it, in recent years, even his father had been known to, though he had never been able to find out for certain. The laws that society presented were often not what was followed, which Jonathan had mixed feelings about. But no situation had presented itself where Jonathan might even try… until now.

He was not a complete innocent little lamb-- he had heard things and seen images, as well as having explored his own body in the privacy of his room. But that was it, and when it came to Dio, he had no idea what would satisfy him. Well… perhaps he did have an idea. When he had been kissing the other boy, he had been able to feel and hear how his body reacted, and he had done so the most strongly when he had been nipped and bitten. Coupled with his general history with Dio, and how he had always seemed to enjoy fighting with him… perhaps there was something to that. Of course, the idea of enjoying pain was rather foreign to Jonathan, but if coupled with the right amount of affection…

“If I am hurting you, tell me. And if you want me to do something, tell me. It will be done.” He hoped that the waver in his voice was not too obvious, Jonathan was reluctant to show any signs of weakness to Dio in all this. To hide it, his lips returned to Dio’s neck, nipping and biting as he had done before. He was being careful, not wishing to overdo it, and with each hard bite, there was immediately a soft kiss that followed it.

~

“I dou-- aah…” Dio’s attempt to retort was stifled quickly as Jonathan’s hands and lips got to work in pleasing him. His technique seemed to consist of entwining harshness and softness in the barrage of kisses that he was given, each painfully enjoyable bite was met with a gentle peck as if to make them better.

Dio could feel himself getting firm under Jonathan’s touch, inexperienced hands doing the best they could, and succeeding, grabbing at his balls and feeling them. Their constant touching in the last hours they had been trapped in the snowstorm had made him awfully susceptible, it seemed, for his arousal had already begun to tent through underwear, pressing tight and straining.

~

One of his hands slid down between Dio’s thighs, and began to lightly massage his cock through the fabric. He was uncertain and afraid, and he knew that Dio could be easily frustrated, but at the same time, he was capable of some measure of patience when it came to tutoring. Hopefully it would be the same when it came to his body.

“How is that?” He asked, feeling the outline of his balls through the fabric, thinking of what he would have enjoyed. The hand slowly began to move towards the waistband, though he was too hesitant to touch him directly without Dio saying it was all right. One thing that wasn’t hesitating however, was Jonathan’s own cock, which Dio would feel hardening against his leg through the fabric.
“It’s… good… Jojo… you need not stop,” Dio said as a prompt before he leaned upwards, pulling himself close enough to Jonathan to engage in a kiss, harsh and needing. Wet tongues met each other in the heated embrace, and his cock twitched all the more.

Dio extended his arm in the darkness, grabbing Jonathan’s nervously unmoving hand and coaxing him to touch him further. In their tutoring sessions, Jonathan tended to respond better to direct methods and light praise when he was doing something right, and he saw no reason why that would not extend to more carnal activities.

Jonathan was pleased that Dio seemed to be responding well to his actions, and that only encouraged him to go further. His hand sank under his waistband, and fingers grasped his organ for the very first time. It was strange feeling the cock of another man, he had never imagined himself in this situation, but in some ways, it was almost better than dealing with a woman. He would have no idea what places were most satisfying for the fairer sex, nor how to begin to touch them. For a man, he at least knew what made his own body work.

In the meantime, his lips were returning the kiss hungrily. Jonathan found himself enjoying kissing more and more. He was able to push aside the thought of Dio kissing Erina, not completely, but at least for the moment. In a strange way, it felt as if perhaps he was stealing the kiss back. Either way, the clash of lips, tongues, and teeth was pleasurable, and he would definitely like to plan one day to just explore the art of kissing further.

But right now, Jonathan’s focus was Dio’s erection. His fingers had begun to grasp and stroke at it, exploring his length and the way Dio took to his touch. Finally, he broke their lips apart, beginning to focus fully on the task at hand. He tugged the fabric down, using one hand to gently tease his sacks, the other still working the shaft of his cock. Dio seemed to be enjoying himself, but Jonathan was not ignorant of the fact that typically this was not done with hands alone. The very idea had always disgusted him, but now that he was in the moment, it was very different. He found himself wanting to learn, and craving the satisfaction of making Dio finish.

His actions were still laden with a tentative caution, but Jonathan positioned himself so that his head could comfortably slip between Dio’s legs. Taking a deep breath, pushing down his more debilitating nerves, he guided Dio’s cock into his mouth. He was very careful not to use his teeth, and instead let his lips slide down over the organ slowly, and back up again. Thinking once again of what he would like, he found a basis for his motions, gradually, quickening his pace, all combined with the movements of his hands, hoping that it would be satisfactory.

“Well… Aren’t we full of surprises today, Jojo?” Dio said with a haughty inflection as he felt his undergarments dragged down past his knees, and Jonathan’s head begin to make its way in between his thighs. “Who would have thought you could be so debauched, I had not even asked you for this.”

He let Jonathan move then, quietly, and intently staring as he felt the tip of his cock enveloped in a warmth, followed by the rest of it, and panted loudly as the sweet realisation took hold.

Jonathan was sucking him off.

He’d imagined this scenario before (sometimes while another individual was actually in the process of doing such an action) but never did he think it’d happen now, in a shed and without all that much
persuasion on his part in the grand scheme of things. He was sure he’d have to go through the whole
rigmarole of convincing him, lulling him into submission and teasing the coy, gentle man into
bringing himself to such depravities. It was funny how unplanned things had their way of turning out
for the better.

In between his widened lips, letting out long guttural moans as Jonathan reached the base of his
length, Dio could not help but smile wide, a chuckle escaping. *Oh how the mighty have fallen,* he
thought to himself as experimental sucks made his member twitch and throb, salted precome leaking
within the confines of Jonathan’s mouth.

Dio wondered what the Jonathan’s expression held; likely nervousness… or was he so overcome by
a lust filled sensation, face showing earnest diligence as his lips bobbed up and down his cock with a
fervent consistency? Was he touching himself with his spare hand, or was he fully concentrating on
Dio right now? At that moment Jonathan did something with his tongue and he gave out an
 uncontrollably loud noise, bucking his hips, thrusting deep in his mouth.

Jonathan was still a beginner, and it was perhaps not the best experience he’d ever had, but the fact it
was Jojo certainly had an impact, and Dio could feel himself coming close to orgasm in these few
minutes alone.

And so Dio raised his hand, bringing it to back on Jonathan’s unsuspecting head, pushing down on it
harshly, forcing him to take the entire length at once, keeping him locked at the base, as fingers
pressed against the messy mop of curls.

~

For a beginner, Jonathan was doing exceptionally well, particularly considering his original dislike of
fellatio. So it only made sense that he would bumble up somewhere. When Dio thrust his cock into
his mouth all at once, Jonathan made muffled gasping noises and nearly fell back. He did manage to
hold it together, allowing Dio to finish in his mouth, but once that was done, Jonathan immediately
pulled away and started to cough. Still, what could he say? For all Jonathan knew, that could be an
ordinary part of the process.

He wanted to make sure that Dio realised he was not simply one of his student fucks, who were most
likely immediately sent on their way the minute he had finished, and Jonathan could only imagine
being pushed out after a finish like that had been. So he pulled himself up, and crushed his lips back
against Dio’s own, returning to the activity of kissing which he was ever so fond of. Dio was forced
to taste himself in the kiss, whether he wanted to, or not.

~

Dio was about to tell Jonathan he’d done a satisfactory job -- for even he was not above praising
someone for their accomplishments -- as a sort of finale to their previous engagement, but while he
was straightening out with a stretch of his arms, he found himself touching lips with Jojo again, eyes
wide and bewildered at the unexpected sentiment.

‘What are you doing?!’ Dio wanted to ask but could not, for Jonathan would not let up. He could
indeed taste the remnants of his come in the kiss, slightly salty, but it wasn’t too much of a bother in
comparison to actually being kissed in this moment. He did not do this, once the act was complete
there would be nothing left to offer. But despite that, tongue and drool and the flavour of his seed
were found in the sloppy affections, and Dio accepted it with full fervency, hands tracing through
Jonathan’s hair until they finally broke, a trail of saliva breaking as the brunet slipped back.

~
Once the kiss reached its end, Jonathan moved himself away and settled back into the blanket, pulling Dio on top of him. He was still hard, and yet seemed unconcerned at all with that little issue. At least not at the moment, anyway.

“…I hope you enjoyed that.” Jonathan said with honesty. “But I bid you to remember that if we are to continue, I wish for it to be in a relationship. And relationships are about give and take.” He rolled over on top of Dio, body crushed against his own, his erection digging into his leg. Their lips were tantalisingly close, but Jonathan held back.

“What I want from you right now…” Jonathan began, an arm slipping about Dio. “…has nothing to do with the physical. I have waited eighteen years, I can wait little longer before…” Losing the last of his innocence. Which Dio clearly had already. “…Tell me the story of how you lost your virginity. And don’t you dare lie to me.” The last sentence was said with a threatening inflection, paired with a good hard bite placed on Dio’s neck. After that, however, he sat up and pulled Dio into his arms, softness returning.

~

"Give and take, hm?” Dio looked sternly at Jonathan, wiping his mouth with more vigour than needed. “Exactly. You gave and I took, are we done?” He knew Jonathan was frowning, and his little comment was ignored.

“Come now, Jojo, do you really want to hear such a boring story like that?” he asked with slight irritation and flippancy. “I don’t latch on so dearly to your overly romantic ideals, I couldn’t even recall if I wanted to.” Dio quickly attempted to change the subject.

“Look here, it seems you’re still hard, why don’t I…” his hand began to palm at Jonathan’s clothed crotch.

~

Feeling Dio's hand on him was tempting and he let out a soft moan, but even though Dio could not really see it all too well, he was shaking his head. Jonathan took a moment to think, and then suddenly, Dio was back on the floor, Jonathan’s hands pinning his shoulders while his lips pinned his mouth. He was straddling Dio, legs on both sides, his erection still apparent.

“I am not a child anymore, Dio. I’ve grown bigger and stronger than you…” He captured his lips for another moment, lightly sucking on the lower one. Soon enough, the kiss was broken.

Gently, he reached out and took Dio’s hand, choosing to lace his fingers with his own. Yes, he was still aroused, but he was not going to act on it now. He pulled himself off Dio and moved back.

“No.” He said softly. “No, you don’t need to do that… not yet, anyway. I know you remember, Dio. I want you to open up to me, I want to know you, know all about you. I need that more than I need gratification.” He moved himself so that he was sitting beside Dio, rather than having his erection poke into his body. He then took his other arm and draped it around him, pulling him in so that he would still be warm against his body under the blanket.

“I am not a toy for your pleasure and I will never be. If we are doing this, it will be as sweethearts. Sweethearts talk to each other as well as please each other…” He leaned in lightly, nuzzling his cheek to Dio’s, letting his lips linger near his skin. “I want you to open up to me, and I will in turn open up to you, in almost any way you could wish for.”
Dio had been pinned to the ground one too many times that night and it was growing rather aggravating. Yes, Jonathan was strong and yes he liked that strength, but what Di did not like was feeling subject to that strength and unable to act because of it. Sure enough, he hated Jonathan, hated how he'd somehow become the more domineering of the two in this little circumstance, how every attempt to turn that around had failed.

Jonathan had made him talk about his mother -- and truthfully at that -- how dare he?! They had opened up more than enough for a lifetime.

Dio remained quiet for a while, Jonathan too. From the sound of the things, the blizzard had ended, the wind no longer howled in the background, and could no longer feel the blow from the crack in the door from when Jonathan had opened it with such gusto. He’d hazard a guess that the snow had stopped completely, but he had no way of knowing for sure without getting up and checking.

“Why do you wish to know such a thing in the first place?” he asked accusatory and quiet. “What good would it do you to know about any past partner of mine, first or fifth?” Dio’s eyes narrowed, and he smirked.

"Hmph, you’re jealous, aren’t you, Jojo? Envy is a green-eyed monster, as they say…” He shrugged. "Well, if it makes you feel any more secure in yourself, you did a better job than they.”

That much was true, but then his first time was less about his own pleasure and more about getting money so he would not starve or get beaten half to death by a fast sobering man who could only be appeased by an offering of alcohol. No matter how deep Jonathan pried, he would never tell.

~

It had been a long, long night for Jonathan, and he was left feeling drained on so many levels. He realised that Dio was a tough nut to crack, and he had strained his teeth on him enough for one night. He reminded himself that Dio would not open up all at once, that just because he was clamming up now did not mean that he would clam up always. It would take time… and Jonathan had to wonder which of the two of them would break first.

“Fine then. Don’t talk to me. I am exhausted anyway.” There was definitely a bit of a pout in his voice. He laid down on the floor and curled up, pulling his arms and hands away from Dio but leaving him a good chunk of the blanket. His eyes were closed shut, and for a moment, it might have seemed as if he fell asleep. But after another bout of silence, he spoke again.

“I know you say you have had many partners… and I suppose your first one doesn’t matter anymore. Because if we are going to do this, I am determined to be the last one.” He knew that was a serious statement to make, but at the moment he did not care. He was too involved to simply back out of this now, and he did not wish to abandon Dio to the trouble that he was certain his ‘brother’ would get into without him.

It was indeed quieter outside, and in a few more hours, there would be light enough to continue their trudge through the snow. They would need to pile on their damp clothing and make their way back to the mansion. Jonathan wanted to attempt to sleep before then, though it would be hard. He had never slept in such conditions before in all his life. At the very least, he would rest, and try to block out thinking of Dio and all that lay before them.
Dio raised a solitary eyebrow at Jonathan’s proclamation, but gave no immediate response. To be his last, hmm? While they seemed to be ending the night on a more bitter note, he had enjoyed himself and Jonathan had a knack for fellatio. Dio touched one of the many bites on his neck tentatively, smiling lightly as he recalled the feeling of receiving them. He wouldn’t mind being exclusive if the boy continued to progress, and be willing to devote himself to him in every way, like a little sex slave.

Of course Jojo wanted a relationship, a mutual bond between them filled with equality and affection. But that didn’t suit Dio much at all…

“Well if that’s what you want, then you’d best make it worth my time,” he said, finally, seconds away from slumber.

…But he could play along and pretend. He was very good at pretending.

~

"Dio..." Jonathan almost whimpered his name. His brother, for whatever reason, did not know or understand what it was to care for another person. And that, Jonathan knew, sooner or later it would be his downfall. He was going to find out why, and he would set it right, no matter what the cost.

Chapter End Notes

Chapters will be coming out on a more weekly basis from now on
Jonathan's sleep was restless, and without meaning to, his arms had tangled around Dio, his body gravitating towards his warmth. When light poured into the shelter, the realisation of what he had done the night before came back to him, and Jonathan began to blush profusely.

"G-Good morning..." he muttered as he peeled himself away from the other man, though not before he gave him a quick peck on the cheek. It just seemed like the proper way to greet a lover when they woke up, though he had no frame of reference.

Jonathan had morning wood, and it was incredibly difficult to hide. He turned his back to Dio as he started to pull on his clothing. Not that he had any reason to be shy at this point, but he was still feeling tired and a bit defeated from the night before.

"The snow seems to have stopped..." he said in as much of an upbeat voice as he could handle. "And it is light out. I am sure we will be able to find our way back now." He found his gloves on the floor and tossed them onto Dio's pile. "Wear those."

~

Dio had not slept well, waking up worse than how he had started the night before. His back and neck were stiff, his body was heavy and his head felt hot. Not to mention the uncomfortable fact he had woken up tangled in a splay of Jonathan’s oversized limbs and a foreign arousal prodding into him.

He lay still for a little while, adjusting to the newness of day and let Jonathan withdraw himself and kiss him on the cheek with nothing but a minimal grouse for a response. He’d never been fond of mornings, and unable to wash his face or have his paramount coffee on top of this irksome lethargy, it was going to be all the more worse.

Eventually, with a great deal of mind over body, he got up, wiping the sleep from his eyes and moving over to the pile of his -- still damp -- clothes Jonathan had brought closer to him. He wondered how his hair was looking as he slid on his trousers and socks; bad probably. No mirror available, he used his hands as a comb and tried to make himself at least somewhat decent.

Dio made his way over to the brunet who was currently turned away from him, picking up the mittens but not yet putting them on. He walked round so they were face to face, to which Jonathan immediately coloured himself red and turned away again, fumbling with his fastenings.

"Having trouble buttoning your trousers, Jojo? Must be ‘hard’"

~

Jonathan grumbled. Dio was not the only one feeling off from the morning pleasantries. On cold days like this Jonathan almost always had cocoa, and to not wake up to a large breakfast with at least one or more kinds of pastries, making this morning a rather sparse one indeed. The boy was blessed with the metabolism of a Greek god. He looked like a statue, but he ate like chubby child who could never get enough sweets. He would be having hunger pangs all morning.

Swinging around, he gave Dio a pouty glare. “Do you plan on doing something about it?” he found himself asking despite himself, before immediately turning red. No, he had not wanted to go there, not yet, anyway…or had he? Jonathan bit his lip. Dio was supposed to be his lover, and this was indeed something a lover would do… but he would never actually ask for it.
Jonathan pulled on his trousers and managed to button them. He picked up his coat, looking a bit disgusted by how wet it was. “…Ugh. It is almost worse putting it back on than it was taking it off.” He looked towards the door and frowned, not looking forward to their trek back at all.

Jonathan’s stomach growled, only adding more to the misery that was this morning.

~

Jonathan’s stomach grumble echoed through the shed, Dio was almost surprised the snow on the roof didn’t fall down. It had been some time since they’d ate and the last few activities they’d done from last night’s rugby practice had taken up a lot of energy. He could use something to eat too, thinking about it, even if he tended not to intake much breakfast.

"I did offer last night, you know.” Dio said, crossing his arms. “You would likely not be in this situation should you have taken up the offer then, though if you want to ask me this time, perhaps I will granted you a second opportunity.”

He narrowed his eyes and flashed a closed lip smile. “Though I suppose you could probably get off on words and feelings alone, couldn’t you Jojo?” Dio was a still a little sour from last night, and since today was not going to be a good day, might as well bring Jonathan down with him.

~

“Nothing is about getting off, Dio!” Jonathan snapped back at him, his mood starting to bleed into his voice. The last thing he wanted to do was wade out into the snow with this tension between them. The problem was Dio did not respond well to words or sweet affection. He was like some kind of finicky cat, unless you touched him just right, he would hiss at you.

There was a reason that Jonathan was more of a dog person.

Sighing deeply, he looked down at his erection, and then over at Dio. The other boy’s hair, despite his best efforts, was mushed up, and he looked grumpy in an almost cute way. There was no denying that he found Dio Brando attractive… and maybe sex was the way to reach him right now.

Either way, there was really nothing to lose. If Dio mocked him, it wouldn’t be any worse than usual.

“…If you are offering right now, I shall take you up on it. Perhaps I will learn a few things that you like.” He could not deny he was rather curious as to how it would feel with Dio’s mouth and tongue on his most sensitive organ.

~

“I thought you just said not everything is about getting off,” Dio replied dryly before lifting his hand and pointing a finger to a gap between a few hanging tools and a table.

“Lean against the wall and drop your trousers and underwear, Jojo. I haven’t had anything to drink in half a day and so we’re going to make this quick. Not that you’ll last very long, anyway.”

This wasn’t like last night, where they were close and cuddling and Jonathan was oddly domineering and the kisses and affection outweighed all else. This was for the purpose of sexual gratification alone. As Jonathan made his way back, adhering to Dio instructions without a smile, he licked his lips until they were wet enough to be getting along with.

Dio dropped down on his knees, staring at Jonathan’s morning wood, deciding the best course of
action. Jonathan was well endowed, though he wouldn’t have imagined anything less from one with a body such as his (not to mention the sneak peeks he had made over the years). Taking it all was going to be a lot to handle even for him, but he would make do.

Dio licked his thumb, rubbing it against his forefinger before placing a solid grip on base, pumping up to stimulate his cock a little before getting to the main event. He knew his way around one well, and switched between fast and short tugs, timing it roughly to Jonathan’s moans, seeing what he liked best.

When he reached the tip, Dio played around with the cockhead and foreskin in his previously wetted fingers until Jonathan began leaking precome. A few more long strokes he made, gripping tightly before he moved his hand down and teased his balls, mouth edging closer to his member.

Dio’s lips were originally shut, and widened only when they touched Jonathan’s length, opening slowly as more and more width came into his mouth. It was quite the strain actually, he felt rather full with not all that much in. Jonathan’s was probably the largest cock he’d ever come across, but of course Dio wasn’t going to show that on his face. Eyes staring up at the Joestar, he began to move his head forward and back steadily, taking more and more of his erection each time, until he was able to feel the head at the back of his throat. He should be close now.

Dio pulled out for a second in order to breathe, then in one smooth motion fit the entire thing into his mouth, moving forward, back, forward back and… he felt Jonathan’s sack contract in his grip, hips bucking upwards as he released with a loud cry. Dio swallowed the semen, removing his mouth and hands from Jonathan’s cock and wiped his lips as he stood, dusting his knees.

“Satisfied?”

~

This was definitely one of the strangest experiences of Jonathan’s life, there was no doubt about that. The way Dio worked, it was all so… methodical and mechanical, as if this were something he had done many times before. And that only made Jonathan wonder how he had become this way. Had it happened before he came to live with them? How old had he been? But of course, these were questions Dio would never answer, so Jonathan was just left to let his imagination run wild.

Whatever the reason, and whatever he had done in the past, it was done, and he was with Jonathan now, for whatever that was worth. And as Dio handled his cock, he could not deny that this felt good. Amazing, even. Dio knew almost exactly when his body needed more of a certain touch, and he moaned and cried out loudly with each little squeeze and lick.

It did not take Jonathan long at all to come, and unlike with himself last night, Dio was not forced to take him all. Instead, he did it on his own. When it was all finished, Jonathan nodded his head.

“Mmm… thank you,” he murmured. He wanted to kiss and hug the other man but it felt inappropriate. As if he had just had a business transaction, and any affection would be foolish. So instead, he pulled up his trousers and put on his boots and coat, pushing open the door to step outside.

~

Dio’s mind had completely moved on from the fellatio the second his lips had parted from Jonathan’s cock, and he went to put on his remaining outdoor accessories, deciding to accept the previous offer of mittens after recalling just how cold his fingers had gotten last night. Ignoring the unsettling fact he had no water, nor (preferably) wine to wash Jonathan’s seed down with once the routine was
completed, he watched as Jonathan pushed away the block of snow that barricaded the entrance, before making his way outside.

While it was not snowing upon their emergence, the sky was still grey and Dio silently worried that more was yet to come. They would have to be quick, there was no chance he was getting himself stuck with Jonathan for another night, and he missed his bed and he was really quite famished. Hunger was something he dealt with a lot in the past, he didn’t want to remember what such a thing felt like.

~

While Dio’s first thought was of impending snow and doom, Jonathan saw a lovely and peaceful expanse. The landscape was untouched for miles around, even their own tracks were covered by a fresh sheet of white. He took one step, and then another. It was deep, but his height, plus the boots, helped make it easier for him. Turning back to Dio, he looked at the other boy curiously.

“…You know, I could carry you home on my back,” he suggested. “I wouldn’t mind at all.”

~

Dio just looked at Jonathan with bewilderment, he probably would have laughed at his joke if he didn’t feel so miserable. Wait… he looked genuine. He rolled his eyes, it was far too early for Jonathan to be so… Jonathan.

“Do I look like I need carrying, Jojo? I’ll answer that for you. I don’t. All it will do is slow us both down, and I told you before I’m not some damsel you need to cater to and protect, so stop treating me as such.”

Like yesterday, Dio felt a twinge of inferiority, and began to walk forward, footsteps wide and arms swinging until he was a good few metres ahead of his brother. Some snow got into his shoes as he kicked upwards, melting freezing water in his boot, and he was forced to stifle a yelp.

“I don’t want to get caught in another blizzard because of you again, Jojo, and from the looks of it it will snow again before the day is done. Hurry up.”

~

Jonathan was not usually one to be cheered up by the grumpiness of others, but something about the way Dio insisted that he did not need to be carried, and then took off through the snow with a huff, made Jonathan smile. It did not take long for Jonathan to catch up to Dio’s stride, and he held himself back in order to keep pace with the other boy. As they trudged along, they eventually came to an odd looking split tree, which even when covered with snow, had a distinctive ‘V’ shape.

“I recognise this spot! I have been riding past here before! We still have a ways to go, but perhaps we will be home in time for brunch.” The thought of food cheered Jonathan on all the more, and he started to move quicker. Soon enough, Dio was trailing behind again as Jonathan with his added height managed to take the lead. He glanced back at Dio, who was still looking utterly miserable, and smiled a bit. “You had best pick up the pace, Dio, we want to be home as soon as possible, right? Perhaps I should carry you after all! Unless of course, you are still fine. I know that you are not a damsel in distress, after all.” Jonathan was smiling innocently. Perhaps there was something to poking fun at Dio.

~

Dio did not take kindly to Jonathan’s oh-so-innocent jabs at his pace, and he was seeing red when he
made reference to his own prior comments. He kept himself from replying with a series of curses by biting his lip and focusing on the pleasant thought of lounging in his chambers, his wine drawer abundant and his glass full, in pure Jojo-less bliss after he knocked him out and left him to die in the freezing tundra. Nobody would suspect, they’d all just assume he’d collapsed in the snow. A perfect crime.

But despite all his thoughts of cold blooded fratricide, a weak, “Shut up, Jojo,” was all he ended up saying in a grumbling huff. Couldn’t he just let him walk in the little peace he had? As they continued on, more and more landmarks could be recognised, and they even passed a few people on the way. They were finally reaching the edges of civilisation.

“Shut up!” he said again, yelling this time when Jonathan decided to start humming a tune to match his cheery stroll. “Do not speak to me, do not make a single noise, do not even breathe.” Dio stuffed his hands in his pockets. “I haven’t forgotten your promise to let me box your ears. Don’t think I won’t. Not that I need your permission.”

~

“Yes, I am aware, I know I deserve it.” Jonathan replied, slowing his pace a bit to keep besides Dio, and stopping his cheery hum. He felt slightly guilty about tormenting him when he looked so cold and miserable, but now that they were out of harm’s way, it did not seem nearly as bad. There was almost something cute about his grumpiness, and he was absolutely itching to get his hands on the boy, cuddle him and throw him over his shoulder for the rest of the trip. But he managed to restrain himself, letting his mind wander to other, more amicable places.

“Mmm… I hope that there are some cinnamon buns at breakfast, those are my favorite. I think I shall be heaping some extra cream on top too…” he said a little while later, slowing himself for what felt like the hundredth time so that Dio was not left behind. A sudden thought occurred to him, and a bit of a blush came to his cheeks that was not from the cold.

“Perhaps sometime I could sneak some cream up to one of our bedrooms, and… and well…” Jonathan’s blush deepened. He did not have the words for this, and became flustered as he searched for them. “Use it to, ah…lick off certain parts of your body… If that is alright, of course.” He glanced about, as if nervous that someone might have overheard him. Thankfully, the road was still rather quiet.

~

Of course Dio was not surprised to hear Jonathan wanted something sweet for breakfast-- or brunch as the case may have been, but what came from his the boy’s lips was a quite a surprise indeed, and Dio’s eyes shot open, a smile paving its way across his forlorn face.

“Well aren’t you the dark horse, Jojo?!” he said in a half laugh. “To think you would imagine up such a thing, I never thought you could be so kinky.” The humour of it all gave him a small burst of energy. “Then again you’ve always had a bit of a thing for the sacchariferous, it is no wonder you would want to incorporate it in.” Dio saw no reason not to accept, he was always eager to try new things.

“I’m sure there could be fun in that, yes.” He nodded tiredly before his head drooped, and his eyes flickered shut, his legs taking full responsibility of his movements as if he were sleepwalking. He could not even enjoy Jonathan’s little deviances to their full extent; something must have been truly wrong with him. He buried that notion immediately; nothing was wrong with him. But while he wasn’t about to admit it, and he’d certainly protest if it happened, the idea of Jonathan carrying him seemed slightly more appealing than before.
Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief. When it came to anything related to sex, he had no way of knowing if it was considered typical or absurd. Thankfully, Dio seemed to be impressed with the idea, and Jonathan almost felt himself growing excited at the thought of licking the sweet, white cream off of the blond's nude body. Almost, except that Dio had more than satisfied him earlier, and he was already quite spent.

He was not too spent however to keep on trudging, and trudge he did. However, as they approached a particularly steep hill, Jonathan looked back at Dio and saw just how drained the other boy appeared.

“Are you certain that you are all right, Dio? You look a bit fatigued. Please don’t collapse on me now.” This time, he was not poking fun.

It was strange, Dio thought, some more way down. He really shouldn’t have been this tired. While he was lacking a few nutrients, Jonathan seemed to be doing a good enough job on his walk, and in the end it had been less that twenty four hours. This was simply pathetic, this weak feeling.

During one of the times Jonathan walked multiple paces ahead of Dio, he slapped his face, trying to snap himself out of whatever was going on with him. It did little but give him a sore cheek.

And then, while he knew it was certainly cold out, he was beginning to feel quite hot, ridiculously so. No, scratch that it was... freezing. Dio rubbed at his skin with mitted hands, trying to warm himself up some, but to no avail. He was beginning to feel positively awful, his head throbbed even more than when he was subjected to Jonathan’s god-awful humming, which was saying something.

At the next change in terrain, Dio stopped for a moment, preparing himself for the tough climb ahead with mild apprehension. About to reply to Jonathan with a condescension, his mouth suddenly reminded him of how parched he was, and no words escaped him.

Jonathan stopped and frowned when Dio drew to a halt. Pulling a hand out of his pocket, he put it against it forehead, then against his own. He was not usually one to check for fevers, so used to having others fussing over him when ever he was sick (which was thankfully not terribly often.) He may not have been the best judge, but Dio was hot to the touch in comparison.

"Dio, I don’t know for sure, but you do not look well, and you might have a fever. I can’t let you walk on like this.” Kneeling down in front of him, Jonathan pulled Dio's arms over his shoulders. "Here. Hold onto me, alright?" Once Dio had his arms snuggly around his neck, Jonathan looped his arms under his knees, and started to carry him piggyback style, not caring about any protests on the way.

Dio, with a very slow reaction time, smacked Jonathan’s hand away as he felt it on his head, insisting he was fine.

“Wait,” he said, holding up a finger and immediately growing still, as if playing a game of statues. His head was spinning, he just needed to wait it out for a moment.

Of course Jonathan didn’t give him a moment, and he found himself latched onto the boy and being
carried like an infant… he hated him.

“I don’t… require any assistance, Jojo,” he said completely unconvincingly. In honestly he was just about keeping himself on his brother, that task alone was arduous. He was starting to have to accept the fact he was not feeling well in the slightest, and probably wouldn’t have made it up that hill if not for his ox of a brother.

~

It was not easygoing, carrying Dio through the remainder of the snow uphill, and then down hill in the direction of the estate. But he managed to do it, and there was even still the occasional bit of a tune on his lips, though much quieter and softer. Jonathan was blessed with a great deal of strength, and despite his own exhaustion, after nearly another half hour of trudging, the manor could be seen in the distance.

"Look Dio! We are almost home!" He exclaimed, glancing with concern to Dio on his back. "How are you feeling?"

~

Ah, home. Wasn’t that a sight for sore eyes, just a little while more now. But now Dio was so close to those he knew, he wasn’t about to let himself be seen on Jonathan’s back. He slid off, placing a hand on the other’s shoulder so he would not drop instantly before bringing himself to a poised stand, preening himself and pushing Jonathan away.

“I can… walk from… here,” he said.

He didn’t remember saying anything else.
“Master Joestar!” one of the servants exclaimed as Jonathan opened the door. “We thought you were still in school, your father was in the city on business and he was not able to return due to the weather.”

Jonathan stumbled into the mansion, panting heavily, an unconscious Dio held close against his chest after his sudden collapse. “We were caught in the storm in the woods. Dio is sick, and I am to blame. Have someone bring up ice water, a few damp rags, and extra blankets to his room immediately. I will tend to him myself.” The servant nodded with confusion as Jonathan hurried up the stairs with Dio, not even taking the time to take off his coat first. If there had ever been a need for Dio to be tended to, it would always be done by a maid or doctor, never by his adopted brother. Still, his request was filled and the necessary items provided.

Jonathan took it upon himself to change Dio into his night clothes, and he did so without even a second glance to the same places he was fondling just the night before. He tucked him into bed, making sure he had several warm blankets on top of him. A cold, damp rag was placed on his forehead, and replaced by Jonathan whenever it went warm. Only once Dio was settled did Jonathan ask the servants to fetch him a change of clothes, as well as a tray with sandwiches for himself, and broth for Dio, for when he woke up.

Jonathan did not leave his side once after he had everything he needed. He watched, waited, and tended to his temperature.

~

Dio was not in his right mind during any of this, and thus did not remember one thing that occurred after the pair laid eyes on the mansion back in the snow, his own head filled with plaguing dreams, nightmares.

*He was caught in a blizzard, harsher than the one of reality and he was completely alone in it, disoriented and tired, could barely see his own hand in front of his face. He could hear voices calling out to him… trying to help him. Kind voices… his mother… she was there… who else … Jojo… Jojo… Jojo… Dio collapsed in the snow and the voices got louder and louder, turning into cackles until suddenly all he could hear was the deep slurs of… his father…! The snow began to build up… he could see a hand reaching out for him… Dio tried to run, but it was too late he was going to…!*

~

Jonathan was worried sick about Dio, so much so that he had only eaten one of the small crustless sandwiches which had been left on the tray for him. His mind was plagued with doubt and blameful thoughts as Dio tossed and turned in his restless slumber. Had he pushed him too hard? Should they have done the things they had done in the shed? Should he have carried him sooner? Most likely none of it would have made a difference, but guilt took over reason.

In his sleep, Dio was calling out for his mother, which made him wonder if he should call for the doctor. Did that mean he was near death? But then he was calling his name.

“*Dio! I’m here, please… I’m sorry. I swear I did not mean for you to fall ill…”* Jonathan took his hand and held to it tightly, continuing to listen to his words. His speech now sounded jumbled and fearful, but he was able to make out the word ‘father,’ and somehow, Jonathan knew that he was not
referring to Lord Joestar. While he could not tell for certain, Jonathan gleaned that perhaps his father was not the hero figure that they had all thought he was. The sound of Dio’s voice, and the way he called for help, it was unlike anything Jonathan had ever heard before from the other boy, and it left him wanting to know more.

But that all could wait. Dio’s health came first. A tonic was given to help lower the fever, and Jonathan’s kept watch over him like a guard dog, holding his hand when he finally did awaken.

~

Dio’s eyes shot open with a scared start, awake.

He gasped after finding out he was not back in the snow, or buried under it. He tried to get up in an instant, but it was a meagre attempt indeed, and he fell back immediately, weak and groggy. He scanned his location with his eyes alone.

Oh. He was back in his bedroom, he could recognise it now. When did that happen? He felt the dampness of something on his head, but otherwise he was surrounded by warmth, which was welcome as in this moment he was shivering dearly. Of course that may have changed at any second.

There was somebody here with him. Dio managed to turn his head to face them, probably a servant given that it looked like he’d been treated. Had they given him medicine of some kind? He couldn’t tell, though it was likely, for an unpleasant and slightly alcoholic taste was left in his mouth.

It was not a servant as it seemed, but Jonathan. He might have guessed as such from the symphony of his name being called he’d heard once waking, but he was having a little trouble processing things fast.

“Jojo…? When did--?” He was interrupted.

~

“Dio… thank God! You’ve been out for hours!” Jonathan stood and rushed over to the table, bringing back a fresh cloth, and a bowl of soup. Setting the soup on the nightstand, he gently wiped Dio’s brow, and then began to prop his head up with pillows.

“Here. You need to eat something, you’ve had nothing all day.” He brought a spoon of broth to Dio’s lips.

~

Dio’s eyes were open by the time Jonathan returned with a bowl of something. He noticed a seemingly uneaten plate of sandwiches there too, he guessed they were for Jojo. Strange of him not to scarf down anything in sight, but he paid the thought no heed.

Dio was starting to forget the dream, little by little, but the impact stood firm and he certainly remembered the ending. He squeezed his eyes shut as Jonathan moved to the table, as if to block it out, but it was more vivid that way. His usual method of coping with nightmares -- heading straight for the the bottle-- was not granted to him, and he was forced to simply linger there, having it fade naturally.

This was partially the fever’s fault, but Dio blamed Jonathan for it. He was the one who made him relive the memories he’d been working so hard to bury. It was sickening how easy it was to conjure them back up in his mind, he thought he had moved past them long ago. He groaned.
A warm metal spoon was pushed to his lips, and he could taste and smell that it was broth. Now that food was actually available to him, he suddenly felt a large drop in appetite, and somewhat like a child he turned his head away from the bowl and kept his lips shut with a low grumble.

~

Jonathan frowned and pulled the spoon away. He felt Dio’s forehead, and reached for a new cloth to dip in the ice water. The fever had gone down, but not completely broken and he could only hope that it would keep sinking. He was concerned for Dio -- his imperative was getting him to eat and making him better. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran a hand across Dio’s pale cheek, the contrast in their skin tones stark when beside each other. He pulled it away and took a deep breath.

“Dio, I don’t know if you heard me before, but I’m sorry. I pulled you into the storm, and I tempted you into doing those things with me. One or both of those probably made you sick, and I would take it away if I could. I’m trying to make you better!” He reached out and brushed a few bangs from his face, before pulling his hand away again.

“...But I will leave you in the hands of the servants if that would help. And I will leave you be if that is what you want. You scared me half to death, Dio, and you have every right to be angry with me. Tell me what you want and it shall be granted, but please, get well!”

~

Dio chuckled weakly. “I highly doubt what we did last night would result in this, Jojo. And believe me when I say you did not tempt me. I wanted you long before tha--” He stopped mid sentence, coughing gently before growing quiet. It seemed whatever tincture he’d been given was making his tongue a little loose.

But to the matter at hand, what did he want? Despite Jonathan being the one to get him into this predicament, there was something oddly comforting about having him waiting on his hand and foot, the notions of disgust from being pitied more of a dull ache, rather than their usual dominant rage.

He thought dimly of the hickeys and bites on his neck and upper body; if subject to the servants, he would be unable to hide them in this state. Though he doubted they would say anything, he didn’t wish for word to spread around and outside of the manor. It may have actually been better that Jonathan saw to take care of him from the get go.

“Of course I’ll get better, Jojo. What do you take me for? This…” Dio mustered some strength and sat up on his bed a little straighter. “This is a minor hiccup and no more. You needn’t stay.”

Jonathan nodded and began to excuse himself, but at that moment Dio’s pale fingers reached out to touch his brother’s hand.

“...But do as you like.”

~

Something in Jonathan’s heart ached as Dio touched his hand. He had not wished to leave, but knew that Dio’s wishes came before his own in this case. When he was not sent away, Jonathan’s fingers closed around Dio’s, and he mustered a grateful sort of smile.

“...I’ll be happy to watch over you, my prince.” He brought the tips of Dio’s fingers to his lips, kissing them lightly. Some of his typical optimism and desire to be Dio’s knight in shining armor was returning, although the concern still stayed with him. He pulled up his chair and sat back down
beside Dio, lightly holding his hand.

“Are you sure you do not need anything?” Jonathan asked. “Because you have not eaten anything since yesterday, and you need your strength. Your fever is still burning, which may be why you cannot eat yet and why you were having such wild dreams, but hopefully within the hour the medicine and cold compresses will bring it down.”

And then there were the dreams, as well as the questions they left Jonathan with. He frowned, not wishing to press the issue too hard. Instead, he squeezed his hand lightly. “Just remember that you are safe now, all right? I know those dreams are disturbing, but it was all part of the fever. Nothing will happen to you here.”

~

‘My prince?!’ Dio wanted to gag, or perhaps burst into a fit of laughter. Jonathan’s overbearing desire to protect and be a sort of hero really was something wasn’t it? Still, he allowed the naive boy to kiss his hand and hold it.

Dio began to slink down back into the comfort of the bed, growing more and more horizontal in position, almost falling asleep to the other’s words before Jonathan mentioned his nightmare. Had his lips been so open he was even talking in his sleep now? How much did Jonathan hear, what did he know?! The nightmare was still fading, but if Jonathan had received a live dictation he was sure to remember more than Dio did now. His heart rate began to elevate, he mustn’t know, he mustn't.

“How do you know of any dreams? I do not dream, Jojo,” Dio said defensively, trying to remove his hand from the other, but even the light squeeze from Jonathan was too much for him to separate from. He shook his head, aggravated.

~

“Dio, you were crying for your mother in your sleep.” Jonathan frowned, giving him a serious look. “I was afraid for a moment that it meant you were near death, and then you called for me. You didn’t seem to know I was there, though, and you kept crying my name, and then--” Jonathan cut himself off. Dio did not need this stress right now, particularly if he did not remember what he had even been dreaming about. “--And then you continued to ramble, you were so sick, Dio. Believe me, I know, for you to call for the dead, and call for me without good reason… you had to be burning up like the fires of hell.

Jonathan stood to bring Dio the broth on the tray now that he seemed to be regaining more strength. He would have offered to feed him again, but he knew how touchy Dio would be about that. So he placed the tray in his lap, and stayed close by to help him.

~

“You are surely mistaken, Jojo. I, Dio would never do such a thing. I don’t talk in my sleep.” Dio adjusted, suddenly very uncomfortable. But at least he did not seem to relay the last part out loud. He thanked whatever god might have been listening. “It wasn’t I, it was only the fever making up words, you likely just wanted to hear your name. He did not listen or let Jonathan try to convince him otherwise, this was the scenario he had accepted as truth, non negotiable.

"And I am not quite at death’s door yet, though you seem to always think I am; you’d probably assume a slight sniffle or solitary sneeze was a sign of the next Great Plague. I’m not so weak, Jojo.” And of course, just as he said that he felt a surge of dizziness, causing him to rest his head back. He hated this.
“I was supposed to complete an assignment this weekend. I need to rid myself of this blasted fever,” Dio muttered angrily to himself as he took a spoonful of broth.

~

“You are a top student, Dio, your teachers will excuse you without a problem for a legitimate illness. Besides, the weather is still poor. Father is currently stuck in the city, the trains are not even running yet. School may not open on Monday. So use the time to rest and recover.” Jonathan nodded his head, hoping that Dio would not push himself too far too fast.

In regards to the dreams, of course Dio would deny calling for him, deny dreaming at all. So he decided to remain quiet, not wishing to cause an argument, as he quietly realised that that deep down inside, Dio truly did see Jonathan as someone he could trust. He just wouldn't admit it yet.

But someday perhaps. Someday.

~

“How do you think I became a top student, Jojo? By slacking off the second I was feeling a little under the weather? I’ve never asked for additional time and I have no plans to start now.” No, Dio would get better, and if he didn’t, he would work through the sickness; he didn’t care what mediocre archaeology student Jonathan Joestar had to say. It wouldn’t even matter if he was coughing up blood, he had to be the best. Always.

And so despite not feeling hungry, Dio shoved another spoonful in his mouth. He could barely taste it, but the broth was warm as it ran down his throat, and his stomach would thank him for it. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that it was snowing again and rolled his eyes.

~

Jonathan watched in relief as Dio finally began to eat the broth. “If you are going to work, at least do so from your bed.” He smoothed out the blanket, blue eyes catching amber. “But in the meantime… is there anything else you need? Anything at all?” Jonathan wished to make himself useful to Dio, but it was almost easier when he had been asleep.

~

Dio ignored Jonathan’s words for the most part, deciding to take a hasty approach and inhale as much soup as possible in a quick burst of energy, ignoring the non existent flavour granted to him. This was sustenance, nothing more.

But when asked what more he could do, Dio sighed, before a low smirk crept over his face. “Well you could always pleasure me with your body.”

~

"No." Jonathan said immediately. “I am not laying a finger on you in that way until you are all better.” He nodded his head. While Jonathan would not say this, there was absolutely nothing sexy about trying to please a boy who only just hours before been crying for his mother.

~

Though he rarely passed up a chance for such things, Dio really was feeling rather disgusting, hot and sweaty and not in the mood. He must really have been sick.
So instead he thought of what he truly wanted of Jonathan, as he ran his fingers through his hair, grimacing at the dirty, greasy feeling against his skin.

“Get a handheld mirror and a brush, if you would.” Dio might have been sick, but that didn’t mean he had to look it. When Jonathan came back with the aforementioned items, he had scooted forward, leaving just enough room between him and the bed frame for Jonathan to squeeze in.

“I am sure you can work it out from here.”

The hair request was more manageable, and Jonathan actually did one better. He left the room briefly to retrieve the brush, comb, and a jar of powder. “It’s dry shampoo, apparently it is popular with the ladies, but we have had some from times the manor has hosted guests. I know how meticulous you are about your appearance.” Indeed, Dio’s hair was an absolute mess after their trip, but as Jonathan added the powder and began to brush it through, it helped a great deal. Jonathan was quite gentle with the brush, making sure that any tangles were taken care of without hurting his scalp.

Jonathan himself was a mess. His own hair was greasy and barely so much as had a hand run over it to keep it down, so it spiked up in random places. He had changed his clothes quickly with the clothes the servants had brought him, but other wise, he had not washed. Jonathan looked around, as if to make sure no one was listening, and then turned back to Dio.

“…When you are feeling strong enough, if you like, I could run a warm bath with bubbles… for us both. Not for anything quite like that, not yet in any rate. But it might relax you, and I could wash your back…”

Dio let himself lean back on Jonathan’s body as the other brushed his hair, mixing in the powdered shampoo with his fingers. He didn’t really care one way or another what supposed gender the product -- or any product at that -- was prescribed to, he did as he liked and nobody dared question it, should they have questioned it at all. They certainly had little to say of the expensive perfumes that littered his vanity and coated his body each day.

Looking at himself in the mirror at frequent intervals as Jonathan carded gently through his locks, Dio was glad to see he looked more like himself again. There was an overcast of sickness that could not be ignored, but unfortunately there wasn’t much he could do about it at this point.

As time went on, and Dio’s strength slowly returned to him once the broth had settled in his stomach, he began to notice his scent a little more. He had managed to squeeze in a quick shower after rugby - - though shorter than normal since Jonathan wished to speed home as quickly as possible -- but the walking and now sweating had made that all null and void, and he could feel the dirt and grime on himself. It wouldn’t do at all, he needed to be clean, he was very particular about that.

So when Jonathan brought up the notion of the two of them washing together, he sprung at the chance, pretending to ponder, then nodding. He was more concerned for his own self of course, but it had not gone unnoticed that Jonathan, while in a new set of clothing, was not at his freshest either.

When his hair was completely brushed, he was feeling an awful lot better. He pointed to his en-suite bathroom. “Go fill it up then, ensure it’s neither scalding nor freezing. You may not touch any of my bath oils on the sill, retrieve one from the guest room something generic so it does not arouse any suspicion if we share a scent hence.”
“Hmm…” Jonathan reached out and felt Dio’s forehead, before standing up. “Finish your broth, I shall run the water.” His voice was firm as he set the brush and mirror aside, pulling himself off the bed to do as Dio asked. The water was run, the salts retrieved from the guest bedroom and added, and the temperature monitored to make sure that it was neither too hot, nor too cold. Soon enough, the bath was sweet smelling and full of bubbles. He turned off the water and stepped back out to Dio, moving up to the edge of the bed.

“Everything is ready. Now I do not want to hear a word of complaint, because I am going to carry you.” He leaned down to scoop him up and into his arms.

“Surely you are not.” Dio said as Jonathan approached. He was not going to be carried like some newborn, he was sure he could manage a few steps, this was hardly a climb to Everest. Dio weakly pushed the man aside and whipped off his covers, making a slow attempt to stand on his own.

This task turned out to be much more difficult than Dio had anticipated, and the second he was up straight, a surge of dizziness ran through him, and he was forced by his own body to seat himself on the side of the bed once more. He tried again only to achieve the same result. Oh how he hated such illness, he’d better recover soon.
In the end Dio had no choice but to let Jonathan carry him to the bath.

Jonathan’s movements were all soft and tender, like a mother to a child. But when it came time to remove his own clothing, he quite unceremoniously yanked it off and threw it into a corner. Dio had just had a high fever, and once he was bare, it was important to get him into the water as quickly as possible.

“Are you feeling any better now? Let me know if you think the fever is coming back.” Jonathan helped him settle into the water, and then carefully stepped into it himself. He breathed a sigh of pleasure at the feel, closing his eyes for a moment. He had not realised just how taxing this all had been on his own body until now. It felt good to finally be able to relax, now that Dio was out of harm’s way.

“This feels heavenly,” he murmured as he stretched out his large muscular limbs in the tub. “I should take baths more often, I forgot how pleasant this could be…” He looked over to Dio, who seemed to be comfortable. Thoughts drifted back to earlier, when Dio was calling out aimlessly for himself and his mother. He wanted to ask him questions, but he also did not want to ruin the peaceful atmosphere. Instead, he opted for a different kind of question.

“…Dio, what kind of woman would you fancy?”

~

“...What kind of woman would I fancy?” Dio repeated, dryly. Hadn’t they already made mention of such a thing last night? They talked a lot, too much, and Dio was such useless drivel had cropped up at least once. All he wanted to do was ignore the messy pile of clothes in the corner and relax, but Jonathan had to start up one of his dearly beloved conversations. Too tired to argue, and the tonic still at work, Dio sighed, giving him the quickest response he could think of in that moment.

“...One with assets I suppose. She would obviously have to come with land or wealth of some sort, or what be the point?”

~

“Uh, perhaps because you love her? Come now, Dio, as someone who came from a background of limited means, you should know better than anyone that a person’s worth, women are more than their dowries!” Jonathan gave Dio a quizzical look, and then ran his fingers through his hair, chuckling slightly.

Somehow it didn’t surprise him, and he also could suppose that after having such limited means, Dio would want a safety net to make sure it would never happen again.

~

“Love is for children and fools, Jojo. No one with any sense of pragmatism would marry for love.” Dio said this rather bitterly, for he did not enjoy Jonathan mentioning his life of squalor atop of the unnecessary mention of women in the slightest.

But he believed what he said to be true. Marriage for love was an idealistic and idiotic idea, and never had positive results. In this sorry instance, he also meant his own mother. However much he may have loved her, he could not understand her devotion to that disgusting man she called husband.
and he called father.

His mother was educated, could read and write fluently, she talked as a noble would both accent and graces, and taught him the same. Without her he would have had quite a difficult time assimilating into the Joestar lifestyle. For all intents and purposes, she was a very intelligent woman, except for the choosing of her spouse which drove her to ruin and death. Dio could only conclude that love made one lose their wits.

~

“Dio…” Jonathan said with a frown as he spoke of love. He could not understand how could he be so opposed to the very thing which Jonathan believed to make the world go around. People were born for love, and they died for love. Yes, arranged marriages did happen, but one always hoped for a love match. Or at the very least, an amicable pairing that could grow into love as the years wore on.

Jonathan opened his mouth to object, but Dio gave him a look that told him the subject was not up for debate. So Jonathan backed down, at least for this time. “All right, but I more meant what you like in a lady as far as temperament, and figure goes.” Jonathan scratched his chin in thought. “I enjoy the company of a lady who is quiet, but still kind, and knows the right things to say at the right time. Long blond hair with a nice curved figure is my favourite, and I love it when they have the scent of lavender. It is so pretty and soothing.” Jonathan sank back against the side of the tub and sighed happily.

“So, do you prefer curvy women, or lithe ones? Perhaps darker hair is more your fashion? Or… are… ladies not really your preference?” The last thought only occurred to him just then, he had not given it much thought before. Men usually married, regardless of their preference, but perhaps Dio truly did not care for the company of women at all. It certainly would put their relationship in a different light.

~

As Jonathan described his ‘perfect girl’ Dio was frowning. Heavily. Was it really the place for a conversation such as this, while sitting nude in a bath with a man he’d recently proclaimed to be his partner in life? He thought not. Was Jojo intentionally trying to make him angry or was he this much of a naive fool who didn’t realise what he was doing?

There were some things however, that somewhat correlated to him, most notably the blond hair. He inadvertently stroked at it as Jonathan made mention. His body shape matched too, he was quite curved, for a man at least. “Lavender hmm?” Dio murmured, glancing over to the lavender oil on his window sill. It wasn’t exactly his favourite scent to wear, but he did like the smell… perhaps he could put it on a little more often now.

But now he had to think of some sort of reply. In truth he didn’t think about these things long enough to have such a formulated opinion, he liked who he was attracted to, it didn’t go much further than that, but there was one thing he was quite aware of, at least in the vast majority of cases: he preferred men.

“Women are…” he paused for a moment. “Not really my area. Not that this is the best time to be talking of them, Jojo. So let’s not talk.” He brought himself closer to Jonathan as he said this, holding strong implication.

~

“Oh-oh!!” Jonathan said with a blush as Dio moved closer. Their relationship was so strange and
Jonathan still was not completely sure what to make of it. He had been wondering about Dio’s preferences in bed partners, which was part of why he asked that question. Well, now he had his answer, and he must have looked like a coquettish devil in the process. Perhaps it hadn’t been the best of times to bring it up, especially as they were both naked…

Jonathan’s hand reached out for Dio’s and squeezed it, considering his words before speaking, which was something he knew that he should generally do more often. “Dio… if you don’t wish me to talk of marriage and women, that is fair enough. And, if you wish for me to treat you more like a suitor, well…” He took Dio’s fingers and raised them to his lips. His blue eyes met amber, unabashedly gazing into them. “Before last night I would have thought it impossible, but now, things are different.”

“Still,” Jonathan continued. “I confess, I said something in the heat of passion which I cannot promise to be true. I told you I’d be your last partner. Will I be? That is going to depend on you, because you see, I do not think love is foolish. I think it is necessary.”

Jonathan gave Dio’s hand a good strong squeeze. “Can you learn to love me, Dio?”

~

Given that Dio could hardly stand Jonathan most of the time there was little chance in his mind he could ever grow to love him. Certainly not in the way he wished to be loved. But, he could admit there was desire, and exclusivity was not something he had qualms over, if it was to be with the prize that was Jonathan Joestar. In fact, he was quite looking forward to turning down those who pined over him once they returned back to university. There was a little enjoyable schadenfreude in that.

But how to answer this question. He couldn’t possibly say ‘No, Jojo, I am simply using you for your body just as I am using your father for his fortune,’ now could he?

Dio smiled as innocently as he could and took Jonathan’s other hand in his own. “You will be mine and mine alone.” Yes, that sounded good, Dio thought as the words slipped off his tongue. He meant that more in a literal sense, but he’d heard lovers spout such nonsense words before, and he hoped the overly romantic Jonathan would feel so overwhelmed by such a declaration, he would not to pry into its double meaning.

“But what of you, Jojo? Seconds ago you were -- however inappropriately -- spurting on about wives and the like. Am I to be a placeholder before you marry? Or will you remain a bachelor, and manage the estate with your ‘partner in life’?”

~

Jonathan frowned and averted his eyes as Dio made the ‘mine and mine alone’ remark. It wasn’t the same thing as being loved, and Jonathan was fairly sure Dio knew it. However, now wasn’t the time to argue. It was obvious that Dio had many misconceptions about love, and Jonathan saw it as his job to fix this. Even if the two did not wind up as lovers in the long run, it would do Dio a great deal of good.

“There is more to love than that, and I want to teach you. You just need to decide if you want to learn.” His hand pulled from Dio’s so that he could drape an arm around his shoulder, tilting his head slightly and letting it rest atop the blond’s. His hair was soft and sweet smelling from the recent washing, and held a sense of femininity. Jonathan’s hands rolled down Dio’s body, pulling him against him.

~
"Hmmm." Dio disagreed completely with Jonathan, for he had nothing more he needed to learn from a boy who knew nothing of the world and its tribulations, but he was more than ready to cease this conversation, so he let Jonathan say as he would with little retort. Instead he picked up a bar of soap and began to wash at his arms before being pulled closer.

New to these soft acts of intimacy he was slightly perturbed that all Jonathan wanted was an embrace of bodies; he expected something more, everyone always wanted more. The view of Jojo’s body from where Dio was placed certainly was not bad though maybe a little too soapy, so he allowed it to continue. He could hear Jonathan sniff and found himself wondering if his scent pleased the other, lavender regardless. It mattered not who or how beneath him they were, Dio liked to impress.

~

The slightly smaller man fit nicely, and while he did not have the curves of a woman, Dio’s body was still pleasant and warm. Dio himself was turning out to be far more pleasant and warm than Jonathan had ever given him credit for, and he could see himself being happy with his company for a long time to come. At least, so long as Dio truly learned to care for him in return. But there was still one small problem, and Jonathan was not sure what the answer would be.

"Should this relationship grow from the seeds of lust into love, I would be satisfied running the estate with you at my side. But, there is one very real problem to which I do not yet have an answer.‘’ Jonathan’s hands moved down Dio’s sides and rested against his hips. “As pretty as you are, you cannot give me a son. And an heir is necessary to continue the Joestar line and pass down the estate.” Jonathan frowned and leaned in against Dio, nuzzling a cheek to his hair. “I know that once I am finished with school, father will be expecting me to take a wife…” It was a difficult truth to think of, even without the weight of their relationship.

“But I promise you this, Dio. If you love me, and I love you, I will go to hell and back again to make this work. I would never, ever abandon you.” And with that, he placed a light kiss to the top of Dio’s head.

~

What Lord Joestar had to say about Jonathan’s marital requirements was of little consequence and Dio knew this. For in a year’s time Lord Joestar would be six feet under and his influence would be all for naught. Still, Jonathan was one who would desire children, if not for himself (and certainly he would want them for himself), but to continue on the Joestar line. But Dio had little wish to see him with some woman, especially one he “loved” which seemed to be Jonathan’s ideal.

If Dio was going to allow Jonathan to live alongside him while he ran the estate, it could not be Jonathan’s biological child that came about, for even if he claimed they would raise it together, it would be him and whatever woman he impregnated, with him some feature on the side. That was not going to do at all. There was the option of adoption, he supposed, a little like himself. Feigning infertility, perhaps, to ward off suspicious eyes. Or perhaps he could just let him bear a son then dispose of the wife. It mattered not in the end. He’d have his way.

For now, however, he would just continue as he had been for the last five years: playing along and biding his time. He had plenty of time to plan the details later.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it, won’t we, Jojo?” And with that, he cupped Jonathan’s cheeks and brought their lips together, and getting him to shut up was definitely embedded in its intentions.

~
It would indeed be a bridge they would need to cross in time. Dio was right in assuming children were important to Jonathan. It was not just a matter of fulfilling a duty, or even a matter of needing a wife. Jonathan knew in his heart that he was meant to be a father. He had the patience, as well as the heart of a child himself. He knew that he could take good care of them and raise them to be a proper lady or gentleman, and he would take great satisfaction in that fact.

Dio was being rather quiet and pleasant, which Jonathan had to wonder if it was the fever, or if there was some other reason for his calm, like the calm before a storm. But then suddenly there were his hands on his face, and they were kissing, and Jonathan thought felt his chest swell. Dio could be gentle and tender when he wanted to be, and Jonathan hoped that he could continue to soften his heart. He leaned in and returned the kiss, after which he brought a damp hand to Dio’s face and traced it over his cheek.

“That bridge is still a ways off. No need to worry about it now. And there are options! Father wouldn’t like it, but perhaps I could adopt. Heaven knows there are orphans enough for want of a home.” He looked down into Dio’s eyes, his expression soft and tender, fingers on his cheek drifting to the blond’s hair once again. He was becoming very fond of Dio’s hair, taking any excuse to run his hands through it. “Though I know it is not possible, I would love to raise a child of yours… they would have such lovely hair and pale skin. And maybe I would be able to raise them to be a bit more sentimental than their father.”

Jonathan chuckled, and shifted slightly in the water. Looking at Dio and admiring his physique had made his body respond in kind with an erection. His cheeks were starting to flush red, Dio was sick right now and they were discussing serious matters. It was no time for a hard on, and yet, there it was. He shifted his legs uncomfortably in an attempt to disguise it.

~

The likelihood of Dio ever having his own child was very slim indeed, but in honesty the premise of Jonathan and he raising one of his own he found more pleasant than the biological alternative. And he agreed, any child of his would likely be one of exquisite beauty, not unlike himself. There was some bad blood in him, but he was sure it wouldn’t pass along. But again, procreation wasn’t a part of Dio’s plan.

Subsequent to the kiss, their conversation ended in smiles, unlike yesterday’s air of bitterness, and it seemed an appropriate close to it for now. Besides, there was something else to focus. From the looks of things -- and there was much to look at -- Jonathan was growing a little aroused by this situation as he weaved his fingers through Dio’s locks. The poor boy was trying to hide it too, and poorly at that. Granted, he was rather exposed and the soap bubbles were slowly starting to dissipate, but Jonathan was no expert at acting covert, and the redness in his cheeks were telling enough, as well as the quick drawback from their prior embrace, moving to the other side of the tub.

Dio sighed and decided to play around a little bit. Pretending he didn’t see such an obvious protrusion he leaned back with an obnoxiously loud yawn. Extending his legs, he placed his feet neatly on Jonathan’s lap, shifting them around to get ‘comfortable’. Jonathan snapped up, asking what he was doing, growing even more plum.

“I’m just stretching, Jojo. Why? Is there a problem?”

~

Jonathan had never felt so content and yet at the same time so frustrated before. He was contented in the fact that his new lover was safe and relaxed in the water, and that talk of the future did not seem quite as impossible as he had initially thought. Jonathan was mentally making plans for adoption, and
ways to convince his father that it would be necessary. Then he and Dio could live happily on the estate, and the Joestar line could still be continued. It was really just a fantasy right now, but one that he could work towards making a reality. Each little touch of Dio's, the little hints of tenderness, they made Jonathan feel as if something was warming up within the other boy. The thought of breaking through Dio's walls and helping him open up was possibly one of the most satisfying thoughts Jonathan could think of.

Dio’s lips around his cock again was a pretty damn satisfying thought too. And therein lay the frustration.

"O-Of course you can stretch!" Jonathan replied with a nervous chuckle, his face growing even redder. He knew he should be ashamed of himself -- Dio was sick and in no shape for any kind of sexual activity! But now his feet were nearly touching his cock, and Jonathan felt himself starting to sweat, despite the fact that the bath was a rather comfortable temperature. When Dio's shifting finally caused his feet to brush against his erection, Jonathan cried out loudly, his swollen, overly sensitive organ hardly able to take the sensation. He immediately shifted his body so that Dio's feet were on his knees rather than his lap, and gave his partner an adorably pathetic look.

"Dio, I am so sorry!" He exclaimed as he tried to mentally will himself to stop being so excited. It was not working very well. "I am so ashamed… you aren't well, and it is obscene of me to feel so aroused at a time like this! I… I just can't control it. I never really stopped to think about how beautiful your hair and your body are… and all this talk of us making a life together, and getting to wake up beside you every morning, your hair in disarray, your body curled into mine in the large bed of the master bedroom…” Jonathan bit his lip.

"I can get out of the bath if you wish. You are still so unwell; you should not be subjected to this sort of obscenity right now." Jonathan looked away, face flushed. The boy had so little experience with sex, and coupled with the views of such things by society, he really was ashamed.

~

In truth Dio was still quite unwell, and didn’t think he had nearly enough energy to become aroused like he knew he would be in any other circumstance. Jonathan was naked before him, chiselled body exposed and wet, the water droplets on his skin hitting the light just in the right way. Moreover he was erect before him, and all because his thoughts were consumed with nothing but, he, Dio. And he looked so flustered and ashamed, it was less sickening and almost leaning on cute. Who wouldn’t be hard at that premise? He was surprised his body didn’t react regardless of the fever, and it was a little disappointing, he might even have been able to coax Jonathan into going further than fellatio if his body wasn’t working against him.

But it wasn’t all bad. There was a sense of satisfaction to be had here, and Dio was revelling in it. He grudgingly admitted that he had likely thought of Jonathan more than Jonathan had thought of him, so in the end it was only fair that Jonathan should find himself in this predicament first.

Doing his best to make his movements seem effortless, as Jonathan began to babble on about the obscenity of his uncontrollable action, Dio rose so he was stood on his knees and (again) shut Jonathan up with a harsh kiss. He needed to use him as a brace just to keep himself upright, but took the opportunity to lean in further, pushing one hand into Jonathan’s shoulders as the other grabbed at his hair. Dio nested one of his legs right at Jonathan’s crotch, and he could hear the moan that came out in their kiss. He was so close already, just by looking, he could probably get him off with a little more grinding in that particular spot.

“...And yet you cannot resist the urge,” Dio said a somewhat breathless after pulling away. He hated how weak he felt, but was going to push through it, and finish off Jojo with his mouth. He bid
Jonathan to sit on the edge of the tub, and the boy obeyed.

Dio made his way down Jonathan’s body slowly, planting the man with kisses, smelling the fragrances of he’d been soaked in as he went with tamed delight. The more sensitive areas he made sure to nip at, just enough to leave marks and make Jonathan squirm. Jonathan’s eyes were closed, indulging in his actions, and as he neared the tip of his cock, it was practically one stroke away from spilling already.

~

When Dio chose to worship Jonathan’s body instead of berating it for his sexual desires, not only was he shocked, but also overcome. No one in his entire life had ever shown him these kinds of attentions before, and furthermore, Dio had pegged so well just what kinds of touches would turn him on, at least to start. The mixture of tender kisses and little bites showed just enough aggressiveness to leave Jonathan on edge, while also mixing in that hint of affection which he so craved from Dio. Was this how Dio kissed all his lovers? Or was it something more, after all, could he really kiss him so passionately and fiercely, and then treat his body like this, if he didn’t have some seeds of love for him growing?

He chose to think about the latter, and focused on it. Maybe that fantasy of waking up beside Dio would come to be reality. That beautiful blond head of hair, resting against his chest, his slightly smaller physique pressed against his body. They could please each other all through the night if they wanted to --

~

Dio began to put his mouth at the cockhead, but just as his lips made contact, he stopped to speak.

“Now, Jojo, since I, Dio am being so giving to you in a time where I am not at my best, it’s only just I receive something in return is it not?” Jonathan looked down at Dio’s still sadly flaccid member with questioning and slightly concerned expressions and sounds, whining from the tease Dio had just given him.

"Not now, I’ll have to think about it for a little while, but you have do whatever I say…” He squeezed lightly at the base of Jonathan’s erection. “Anything.”

~

Jonathan’s little fantasy was unfortunately interrupted by Dio’s pause in his motions, as well as his request. “Yes…” Was Jonathan’s immediate reply. “I promise…” He continued when prompted, though he stopped Dio for one moment to look into his eyes. “But not in payment. I will do it for you gladly because you are my partner, and I want to please you.” He offered him a soft smile, before his face contorted back into expressions of pleasure.

~

At Jonathan’s agreement, Dio set to work on his member, bobbing his head, licking and hand pumping the base. As imagined, it did not take long at all for the salty white stream to emerge and once done, Jonathan slipped back into the tub with a cry.

Dio pulled back, watching Jonathan catch his breath with a smirk on his lips. “I will keep you to your word,” he said with a wink and took little time to indulge further, standing up completely. But as he did so, he was suddenly very warm -- likely too much activity for his current state -- and he was forced to catch himself from falling from dizziness as he stepped out of the tub.
Dio wrapped himself up in a bathrobe, bidding Jonathan adieu, only just making it to his bed before collapsing on soft sheets and falling into unconsciousness.
When Dio was to awake next, it would be morning again. He would find a comfortable looking Jonathan lying in bed beside him, so close that their bodies were touching, holding a magazine and reading through the pages. There was a tray with some tea and biscuits on it to the side, a few missing from where Jonathan had dug in earlier. Upon seeing Dio rise, Jonathan looked over to him and reached out to run a thumb along his cheek.

“How are you feeling, Dio?” he asked softly. The name rolled off his lips like one might say the word ‘love’ or ‘darling’. ~

Dio flinched a little at the sudden unexpected touch, going to grab at the stranger with a strong hand on instinct, but after realising it was just Jonathan, he relaxed with a roll of his eyes. He supposed he should get used to him frequenting his bedroom all throughout the night, but he was sure it was going to be a slightly difficult if not just simply irksome transition period.

In all this time, he had never, not once, had a bedfellow. He’d learned to compartmentalise, create distance between what would otherwise be an intimate moment, but with Jonathan all that came crashing down. It seemed he would be waking to the touch of a hand, a leg, a body…

But looking at the positives, his fever had gone down considerably, and he felt miles better than before. Jonathan didn’t look worried, so he must have had a sound night this time, no loose tongue to speak of. He was glad the brunt of it all was taken yesterday; being incapacitated did not suit him fondly, but he knew the servants and more forcefully Jojo would ensure he took it easy for the next few days. But that was fine, he could work on his assignments without feeling on the cusp of death and that was good enough for him.

Dio noted the unnecessary way his name was said, but truth be told he… rather enjoyed it. The way Jonathan talked was always so soft, even when he was angry, it was simply the way he sounded. Dio, while not so much interested in what he had to say most of the time, very much enjoyed the way Jonathan said things, his name especially. Feeling pleased by morning’s wellness, and rarely having trouble admitting when he liked something, he saw no harm in confessing that now.

“Mmm, say my name again, Jojo… yes like that.” ~

“Dio, Dio, Dio…” Jonathan spoke sweetly, bringing his lips to the other’s ear. He noticed the three moles there and playfully nipped on his earlobe. Jonathan himself seemed quite cheerful this morning, and reaching out to wrap his arms about Dio’s form, pulling him in close.

Dio’s ear had never been nipped like that before and it sent a sudden quiver through his body that he most certainly took to with tremendous pleasure, his voice growing light and airy as he gasped out loud, following by a quiet whimper with small words of “Jojo, yes,” as the boy had his way with the lobes.

He had been told once, long ago, that there was luck attached to those moles of his, and whether or not that was true, there was definitely something special about that spot.
Jonathan’s lips curled up into a tiny smirk as he took note of the sensitivity of Dio’s birthmarks. It seemed appropriate that he, too, had a unique mark on his body, something which he had not noticed very often in the past. He intended to make use of their delicacy in the future.

“I am glad that you are feeling better. You had me so worried yesterday.” Closing his eyes, Jonathan lightly nuzzled his cheek to Dio’s own, full of affection as per usual. Seeing Dio in better spirits, along with the fact that they both finally had some proper rest, was making Jonathan’s mood as light as the snow which fell outside their window. With a contented sigh, he looked back down at his magazine, searching for the place he had left off.

Jonathan was granted a hum as response, as Dio brought himself upwards to lean on the bed frame next to his brother, gladly without the instant dizziness of yesterday. Deciding to let the fact Jonathan had gotten himself tea and biscuits when there was no coffee for him slide over for the sake of the good mood he currently had, Dio peered over to look at the magazine Jonathan was currently reading.

As he looked closer it seemed it was more of an event brochure, really, relaying information on the up and coming gatherings nobles such as the Joestar family would be invited to, as well as tales of the successes of past events. Dio faintly recalled having it neatly in a pile on his bedroom desk, Jonathan must have picked it up. He looked to the page Jonathan was currently on.

“The Somersby Charity Ball, hm? That’s not too far off now, is it Jojo?”

“Mmm… that ball is coming up soon.” Jonathan commented as he left the magazine to Dio, standing and stepping over to the table with the tea pot. He poured a cup, and placed a few biscuits on a plate, bringing it over to him. “We will both be expected to attend of course, father will be there too.” Eligible bachelors were always quite popular at such events, as they were both fully aware.

Jonathan smirked a bit, leaning in closer as if to whisper a secret. “…Rumor has it that they will be auctioning off dances to help raise money for underprivileged children. We should both volunteer, it is a noble cause.” Somehow, the idea of seeing Dio dance with someone else did not seem to faze Jonathan in the slightest. Particularly not when it was for charity.

“So you would sell yourself to some common wenches for money?” A twinge of possessiveness hit Dio like a ton of bricks. To hear that someone would purchase Jonathan’s services made it seem all the worse. And just when Jonathan had been ragging on his alleged acts of bartering. The hypocrisy.

The only positive to the upcoming ball was an obligatory visit from the tailor in Dio’s opinion. Heaven knew he enjoyed his social gatherings -- so long as he had a drink in his hand and a chance to slink off on his own should he require recharging -- but the major purpose of these events for youths such as he and Jonathan were to locate potential brides, and he would be forced by societal pressure to dance with at least one or two, something Dio had less than no desire to do otherwise.

He was rather popular, given his good looks and connection to the Joestars, and even those girls he did not approach would titter away behind his back, it was all very useless.
Jonathan was not the biggest fan of balls himself, with the exception of the food. Dancing was pleasant enough now that he had the hang of it, but in general, he found socialising with women to be awkward. They either hung on his every word because they were interested in his fortune, or they looked so bored with him they could scarcely keep from yawning. Jonathan mostly kept near the hors d’oeuvres tables that were closest to the musicians. That way, he was able to eat and enjoy the music, the two best parts about being there. Speaking of which, he brought his attention to the still untouched plate of biscuits, and offered one to him.

“Now, take a few bites of the biscuit, tell me how you feel. If your stomach takes to it all right, I will go and fetch you a proper breakfast from the cook. You need your strength back, but I don’t wish to make you sick in the process!” Jonathan nodded firmly, and reached out to brush a piece of Dio’s hair from his eyes.

“You need to eat more in general, you are too thin! I know you skip meals some time at school, no more of that now!” Jonathan could resemble a doting mother at times, that was for certain.

~

Dio looked down at the biscuits and tea, then back at Jonathan with the most unimpressed expression. “You expect I, Dio to eat this?” After Jonathan answered with a solitary nod Dio glared back at him.

“First of all, Jojo, I do not particularly favour tea, especially with sugar which I know you added. And I don’t eat sweets before noon at the earliest. Go and have one of the maids get me some coffee. Black. If you’re so set on me eating something, which I rarely do so early, you can get me a couple of crackers on the side.”

He sighed, setting the tray down on the bedside table. “Besides, I do not ‘skip meals’ I simply eat when I am hungry. Unlike you I don’t need six square meals with eight chocolate bars on the side to get me through the day.” Dio happened to like his body, though in the back of his mind he slightly envied just how large Jonathan was, and pushed himself often beyond his limit to rival it.

~

Jonathan tch’d his tongue against the roof of his mouth with a frown as Dio continued to complain. “You are far too fussy, Dio, tea is much better for you when you have been ill, and the sugar would give you a burst of energy that I am certain you need right about now.” Still, Jonathan was not about to deny Dio anything, particularly not when his stomach was asking for normal things that he usually craved. He kissed the top of Dio’s head.

“Very well then,” he added, scurrying out of the room for a spell. When he came back, he not only had a freshly brewed pot of coffee and crackers, but also some eggs and bacon prepared exactly as the cook knew Dio enjoyed them. Setting the tray on Dio’s lap, Jonathan reached for a biscuit on the tea tray, and then took a seat beside him.

“Just try it slowly, what you do not eat, I will, I haven’t had any breakfast since two hours ago.” Jonathan really could eat six meals a day if given the option. He was blessed with such a high metabolism that coupled with his exercise, his body remained large and firm. Long gone was the baby fat he had had in his younger days. Dio on the other hand was more slender, but still fantastically built, and Jonathan had only just started to come to appreciate how lovely his form really was. Still, he would have preferred to see Dio eating more regularly, particularly after their difficult night in the woods.

“As for the auction, Dio, the money would be going to charity! It would aid poor orphan children as
you once were, surely you can not deny the opportunity to help such a noble cause! You should certainly put yourself up for auction as well!"

~

“Well if it’s for the children,” Dio said with obvious flippancy. Poor orphan children did not particularly concern Dio, a self made one, really. Without the Joestars he would have made his way somehow, he believed that completely, and the street urchins that remained should have to do the same. Dio took a small sip from his cup of coffee. The smell of his favourite breakfast from the chef had begun to bring forth his appetite ever so slightly, and with his free hand he picked up the fork and stabbed it into the egg, subsequently taking a bite. And then a couple more.

Though he had made heavy comments against it, Dio was admittedly curious to know just how much he’d be sold for -- certainly more than any of the other guests, and Jojo at that. It simply would not do for him to have anything but the highest bid.

But agreeing meant he would have to dance with some woman by the end of it, and that still did not hold any real joy. He’d need to have a drink before, just to lift his spirits of course, he had to keep his wits about him for such a public event.

~

Once Dio was settled with his food, Jonathan made himself comfy in the bed beside him again, picking up the magazine and flipping back to the article about the ball. Jonathan gave him a look as he thought about the auction, slight blush appearing on his cheeks. “...Perhaps I will place a bid on you myself.” Just before Dio took another bite, he leaned in and kissed him on the lips, his mouth sugary sweet from the biscuit while Dio’s was bitter from the coffee. Somehow, Jonathan did not seem to mind the contrast.

“I would very much love to share a waltz with you… it is a pity that it isn’t considered proper. Remember when our dance master would put us together as children and force us to dance? I would always step on your toes back then, and you most likely wanted to cut off my own toes!” He chuckled, and then leaned back into the pillows after stealing yet another biscuit, while eyeing his main meal. “My, how times have changed.”

~

“I certainly remember, Jojo, you were quite the oaf, always mixing up your feet even with a simple box step. And you had better bid a lot on me, I, Dio am not cheap.” He took another mouthful of his meal and noticed Jonathan’s longing gaze, not at him, but at his eggs. The biscuits had been long demolished.

Rolling his eyes and cutting off a piece of bacon, Dio prepared a bite on the fork and brought it to Jonathan’s mouth. A smile grew on his brother’s face and he accepted the offering with gladness. Dio saw it as opportunity to bring something he had been thinking about to light.

“We’ll need a trip to the tailor, you in particular Jojo. All your clothes are so unbelievably dull. You should really let me pick out something for you.”

~

Being the bottomless pit that he was, Jonathan did indeed stare a bit as Dio ate his breakfast. He was most pleased that he was eating again as he should be, but was even more pleased when the fork was offered. Jonathan opened his mouth and accepted the piece, smiling as he chewed. This was the sort
of thing he had envisioned a wife doing, feeding him in bed. He was starting accept the idea that perhaps instead of a wife, he would have Dio at his side.

Though the prospect of Dio picking something out for him at the tailor was just a bit terrifying.

“Dio, I don’t know about that… I know that my clothes tend to be on the dull side, but they are neat and clean, is that not all that matters? You like such flamboyant clothing, which looks wonderful on you with your lean physique and light coloured hair, but I feel as if I would look foolish in such things…” He pouted and met Dio’s eyes. “Still, should it make you happy, I suppose you can assist me in the new selection. But nothing too fancy, all right? I don’t care to attract attention!” He sighed lightly and reached out to toy with Dio’s hair, which was quickly becoming a new favourite pastime of his.

~

“Well if you wish not to attract attention, it might be best for you to choose your own outfits in your signature various shades of brown with a red dickie bow. Stand with your arms out stretched and one might mistake you for a particularly bulky coat hanger.” Dio, despite not wanting to intermingle as one would in these events, dually desired to be the complete centre of attention, seen and noticed by all. He’d have to think about what he wanted, but he knew was that he was going to look wonderful.

“If you allow me to dress you, Jojo, I’m sure you would make for quite a catch, raising plenty of funds for the poor, orphan children.” Dio jutted out his bottom lip in the form of an overpronounced pout, looking up at Jonathan with pathetically whimpering eyes, at least as much as Dio’s eyes could be seen as pathetic.

~

“A-Ah, I don’t know about me, but as for bidding on you… mmm. If I were a lady, I would spend a fortune on a dance with Dio Brando!” He laughed and leaned in to kiss his cheek. "You have no idea how much I wish you were a lady for this ball, though. I could keep you by my side for the entire night, I would not need to say anything but simple pleasantries to anyone else, we could dance the night away… you would probably be wearing some rich silk frock that costs twice as much as anything the other ladies have on and make them all jealous!” Jonathan chuckled, letting his head rest on Dio’s shoulder. “Your hair would look lovely, done up in curls, I could touch it without anyone being suspicious, though I’d imagine you’d pinch me for it… Best of all, I could buy you a sinfully expensive diamond ring, and propose to you, and father would be thrilled.”

Jonathan pouted his lips and his eyes met Dio’s. “Oh how I wish things could be that simple for us…”

~

Jonathan was so quick to dedicate himself. The pair of them had only joined in partnership a day ago, and already he was proclaiming thoughts of marriage, even if not in the traditional sense. They hadn’t even gone all the way in their sexual endeavours and he was already pledging that he was to be Dio’s last. The diamond ring sounded quite fanciful however, so Dio could play along if it meant having a gift such as that. He opened a hand up, gazing at his ring finger, imagining such a jewel on it with a raised eyebrow.

Dio was not sure he liked about Jonathan’s endless talk of women, but he had to admit he looked rather fanciful in a dress. This time, he would let it slide. “If I were to have curled my hair, nobody would touch it, not after I, Dio spent so much time on it,” he said, continuing on with Jonathan’s tale. “A stamp to the foot would be a suitable punishment.”
Dio sipped his coffee in contemplation. "Perhaps the money you would have bid should go towards this ring, Jojo." Dio said, feeding the man another bite of his eggs and bacon. He was starting to get a little full, so it was no trouble.

“But as much as you may wish for such a reality, Jonathan, it simply will not be the case. You won’t be able to leisurely stroll into my room and stay when I am no longer sick, or questions will be asked, even if not to our faces. Discretion is an imperative to our circumstance, let me reiterate. The same goes for our university lodgings.” Dio was not risking his education or fortune on Jonathan that was for sure. “You simply cannot sleep and wake with me, and the fact remains we are both men, and you are the ‘dear brother’ of mine.”

~

As much as Jonathan had been enjoying the chatter about Dio with curled locks and a diamond ring, if Dio had kicked a puppy right in front of Jonathan’s face, Jonathan could not have looked more upset.

“But Dio, surely there must be…” As Jonathan ran through the scenarios in his mind, he realised just how right Dio was. He loved waking up beside him; this morning had been so utterly peaceful, Dio sleeping soundly and so close. Furthermore, Jonathan wished to be there for him, should he ever have any more sick dreams like the ones from yesterday. The thought of Dio calling his name alone in the dark, while he was unable to answer, was unbearable to Jonathan. Yes, he had only just decided to commit himself to the other boy, but he took it incredibly seriously. He could feel himself falling in love with Dio with each and every little touch and laugh that passed between the two, and even if it was not true love yet, Jonathan would give it everything he had.

“I want to wake up beside you, it is important to me.” His arms drifted about Dio's waist, and he pulled himself against the other boy, being wary of the breakfast tray and hot coffee still on Dio’s lap. “That way, should you ever need me for anything at all, I would be just within arm’s reach. Perhaps we can arrange for something? There must be a reason for us to share a room. I know you are going to say that you don’t like me fussing over you, but isn’t my fussing nice sometimes?” And with that, Jonathan leaned in and nipped Dio’s marked ear lobe, before moving down to the neck. “And you are supposed to ask me to return your favour from last night… doesn’t that require having me near, mmm?”

Jonathan was not pushing the sex card yet, more like teasing it a bit with his words and lips. One thing was clear, though. In a short amount of time, Dio had truly claimed Jonathan as his own. Like a loyal dog, he would wish to be near Dio, desiring nothing but his happiness. This has happened after only minimal emotional connection and sexual acts. Once they had gone further, Jonathan would most likely try to move mountains to be with Dio.

~

Quite frankly, it would prove to benefit Dio if he and Jonathan did not spend their entire nights together.

Though not so frequently in more recent years, Dio did receive the odd nightmare, he always had. They tended to disrupt his sleeping pattern, not that he slept all that much in the night at any rate. Nobody knew of such things for he had always at the very least been in his own bed if not his own room, and preferred to keep it that way. There were also times he liked to go out to town during the dead of night, to places he knew Jonathan would disagree with.

“Well, if you can find a suitable reason for a law and archaeology student in different school houses who have never felt a need to share a bedroom until now for some inexplicable reason find
themselves in a dire instance to do so, then by all means, enlighten me,” Dio said in a single breath, another swig of coffee falling down his throat.

“But I do enjoy my space and we needn’t be together all hours of the day and night, now do we? I’m sure I won’t require your services so much I cannot make it through the--” He had to set his coffee down when Jonathan began to bite at his ear, and he sunk into himself with a pleased shiver. Very good spot, possibly the best, he noted as Jonathan moved down to kiss his neck in between his words.

“I don’t plan to throw away that favour just yet, Jojo. I’m saving it…” He moved the tray completely aside and positioned himself on top of Jonathan, a leg on either side of the other’s before leaning in for a full frontal kiss.

~

Dio climbing on top was a new experience for Jonathan, one of which he found himself enjoying more than he would have anticipated. He lifted his hands to cup Dio’s cheeks, holding the kiss out for as long as possible. When he pulled away, he was looking at him with his crystal blue eyes, the affection shining within them. “Hold on to the favour for as long as you like. There will be another waiting for you when it is done, because heaven knows I am coming to enjoy seeing you smile.” Fingers reached up to trail through his hair, resting back into the pillows, and gazing up at his partner.

“One day we will share a room. I understand that it might be difficult now, but one day…” Jonathan pulled Dio down into another passionate kiss.

***

For the rest of the day, Jonathan tended to Dio, who was recovering quickly. The worst had surely passed, and by the time evening fell, Dio was able to have dinner in the dining room as always. Of course, this meant that Jonathan could not spend another night in his room, and when Dio kicked him out for the evening, Jonathan looked as sad as when they had no more treacle tart for dessert. Sadder, even.

“I know I will see you in the morning, but try to sleep soundly, all right? I shall leave the door to my room unlocked if you need me. I mean that, Dio. Please do not hesitate to come to me for anything.” He pressed a light kiss to the slightly smaller boy’s forehead, and then, not being able to resist, tilted his chin up to kiss him on the lips.

“Sweet dreams, Dio.” As was becoming usual these days, the word Dio on his lips had the taste of an affectionate nickname.
Of course Dio did not need Jonathan that night, as he knew he wouldn’t. He had quite a peaceful slumber, the remnants of any illness disappearing with its depth.

He woke at a reasonable hour the next morning, standing with complete ease and no dizziness to show for. He did not remember the last time he had slept as much as he had in the last day or two. Dio wasn’t all that fond of the act, felt it to be a waste of time in most instances, but he supposed it was worth it if it meant he was no longer sick. He performed his usual personal grooming routine; washing his face, brushing his hair and teeth, applying the perfume he desired and probably using too much. Today he decided to go with the lavender scent…

He wasn’t really sure why he did it, he really had no need to, but still dressed in last night’s bathrobe, Dio made his way down to Jonathan’s room in a deliberate saunter, throwing open the door in a dramatic fashion only he, Dio, knew how, striking a subtly unsubtle pose.

But like the log he was, Jonathan did not even stir. Dio coughed a few times, but there was still no response. He shook his head with a glare and stormed out, robe swaying behind him as he slammed the door.

Still Jonathan did not wake.

Given that he was still in the privacy of his own home, Dio decided to put on something comfortable -- but still stylish -- for he had no plans to do anything but busy himself with his assignment for the hours forthcoming. Hearing his stomach growl, an unusual occurrence for a time so early, but sickness did make the body do strange things, he decided to add a small savoury muffin to his breakfast coffee. He bit into imagining it was Jonathan’s head.

‘Don’t hesitate to come’ Dio said, mimicking Jonathan’s voice with a whiny inflection, yet when Dio made the effort to grace him with his presence he couldn’t even rise from his idiotic slumber. That was the last time he was ever going to do that.

~

Jonathan slept like the dead, not waking until late the next morning. He came down for breakfast to be informed that Dio had already eaten without him, taking only a muffin from the tray so that he could start on his schoolwork as soon as possible. Well, that wouldn’t do. They had an entire two days off from school, why was Dio in such a rush?

Putting on his warmest jacket, woollen breeches, boots, and gloves, he trudged through the freshly fallen snow, which was light and fluffy and untouched. Unlike the heavy snows they had pushed through the other night, he was quite happy to wade through it, all the way round to the side of the manor where Dio’s bedroom lay. Making a snow ball, he hurled it up at Dio’s window, followed by another, until an annoyed blond head poked its way out, glaring.

“Dio!!! Stop pouring over your books, and come out and play with me! We can build a snowman, or go riding, or have a snowball fight! Unless you still think your constitution is low… in which case you should have waited for me and eaten a proper and hot breakfast!” He stared up at Dio, and the real reason for his snowball interruption became apparent -- he was jealous that Dio had abandoned him for his books.

~

Dio managed to get quite a lot done in the first stretch of the morn; there was something about his
own room that made him work extremely efficiently. He wondered if he’d be able to have someone drop his work off at the university for him, but he doubted it. With the snow still quite thick on the ground it didn’t look like anyone would be going anywhere far for the next couple of days. Dio sighed, slightly distressed by the notion when he heard a strange noise against his window. Presuming it to be some unintelligent bird he ignored it, but again the noise came. He turned around to see a large snowball slipping down from the outside glass of his window. He did not even need to think a second to know who it was.

"Jojo! What the hell do you think you’re doing?!" He finally got up and yelled down at the brunet four snowballs later. At Jonathan’s demand to come play he frowned. So now he was worth his time was he? “Jojo, while I may be well, we are not children, and I told you I have a lot of work to do. I hardly think it’s--” his words were cut short by a sudden mass of frozen wet smacking the window just beside him. Did he just try to hit him…?! Jonathan stared up at Dio, impudent cheek plastered on his face.

And that was all it took. Dio immediately charged to his wardrobe, donning his most flexible coat, stuffing his feet in fur lined boots and shoving on gloves in what felt like five seconds before charging outside, scooping up a snowball in each hand before he reached Jonathan and striking the second their eyes made contact in the most extravagant fashion. He was going to pay.

~

That certainly pulled him out of his chair! Jonathan smugly stood back, admiring the snow. It always took Dio at least ten years to get dressed for anything, it would take him quite some time to dress for the cold and then make his way through the mansion to the door that would lead him outside.

So when he saw Dio coming straight for him just a few minutes later like a bat out of hell, it completely caught him off guard.

“W-whoa, Dio, what are you doing, hey, wait!!” he protested, about to ask him if he was wearing enough layers under that coat, before he was completely pummeled by snowballs.

“Ow!” Now that strike had genuinely hurt, but still his lips turned up in a grin. Jonathan formed a snowball with his own hands, and threw it in his direction. “I suppose this is war!” he declared, cackling as he moved back a few paces, creating some more space between them.

This was one area where Jonathan and Dio were fairly evenly matched in skill. Dio’s aim was a bit better, and his strike true, but Jonathan’s aim was not terrible, and his throw powerful. Dio, on the other hand, seemed to be much more eager to hurt, while Jonathan was much more playful.

Finally, Jonathan created a large snowball, held it over his head, only to have a barrage of Dio’s break the ball so that it shattered into snow over his eyes, and then the second one nailed him right in the head. He immediately fell over into the snow with a flop, groaning slightly as he tried to brush the white from his eyes.

~

Jonathan had put up a decent enough fight, but in the end his own attack had been his downfall. At his collapse, Dio acknowledged his own clear victory with a mighty laugh, head facing the sky as he bellowed. Ah, how he did like to win, the urge to celebrate himself was almost uncontrollable. That would teach Jonathan not to sleep through his arrival, Dio thought, ignoring the fact that Jonathan had no way of knowing what he was being paid back for.

“Oi, Jojo, get up!” Dio called out to the floored Jonathan, wiping the snow from his coat. He was
glad he decided not to go for the one that could only be dry-cleaned, for the snow had begun to melt, heavily dampening it. When Jonathan did not respond he called again, this time louder and more forcefully. Still no response.

His final attack hadn’t been enough to knock the boy out had it? Was Jojo truly that weak? Scooping up a pile of snow Dio threw it just beside Jonathan’s head. He tutted. If he was dead or unconscious Dio would feel no guilt, it was his fault after all. And who dies after getting hit by a small pile of snow? Jonathan deserved it if that was indeed the case. Dio marched forward up to his brother with crossed arms.

He seemed very still, eyes shut and body unmoving when Dio was close enough to see. Still alive however, his stomach was visibly going up and down as it should. Well, if a crashing of snow could put him out, maybe another would make him rise. Dio collected another large gathering of white in both hands, and brought his arms up above Jonathan’s face, a smirk plastered on his own.

~

On the ground Jonathan stayed perfectly still, waiting for Dio to check and see if he was still alive or not. When he finally did, Jonathan would playfully roar up at him, grabbing him into a bear hug, and pulling him down into the snow. His plan was to give the angry, thrashing Brando a soft kiss on the lips, after which Jonathan would sweetly add, ‘...Why Dio, you are wearing my favourite scent.’

Set to act on his plan, when Dio approached, Jonathan suddenly sprang forward, his arms outstretched to grab the man in a fierce and sudden motion.

~

Rather than respond with a surprised yelp as one might expect, Dio’s attack instincts immediately set into motion, and while his legs were not tree trunks like Jonathan’s, he gave quite a strong kick right into the stomach of the young Joestar, who fell back into the snow before he could even up himself to a stand, writhing and clinging to his stomach in a breathless pant. The snow in his hands flew about everywhere as the collision occurred.

“Do not jump out at me!” Dio exclaimed, not even thinking of apologies. He did not take well to surprises.

~

Jonathan wasn’t surprised at all by the fact that Dio played rough. He would never have expected anything less. However, the way he reacted to the surprise jump was down right brutal. He rubbed his stomach and whimpered, giving Dio a hurt and almost betrayed look.

“You had to know I was not actually killed by a snowball, right?” He frowned and brushed himself off. The throbbing pain in his gut had soured his good mood. “I am sorry that I startled you, but really, that is no reason to kick me as if you were kicking a rugby ball!” Jonathan kicked a bit of the snow in front of him, a very childish move, but it was better than kicking Dio, or at least he figured.

Folding his arms over his chest, he turned away in a huff and started to trudge towards the snow covered steps of the mansion, pondering Dio. It was not just his reaction to this, but how thorny he was towards Jonathan in general. Jonathan had been thinking of him before he fell asleep, and he had been more than a little disappointed to wake up alone. The fact that Dio had not even fetched him for breakfast was also grating. Was Jonathan simply a passing fancy? Did he actually intend to court him?
That was Jonathan’s problem and biggest fear. He felt himself falling and falling hard for the other man, and yet as always, it seemed like Dio had the upper hand. And he hated that feeling, particularly since all his life prior with him, Dio had managed to one up him. The last thing he wanted to add to Dio’s resume was breaking his heart.

~

Dio didn’t see what Jonathan had to be angry about at all, in this instance it was not as if he intended to kick him in the stomach, it was a natural reaction to be had and he had no reason to feel hurt by such a thing. Not when it was his fault. Dio had much more to be angry about anyway, he’d been rudely ignored and then dragged out from his work.

But given that Jonathan was little more than a huffy twelve year old when he got upset, Dio rolled his eyes and decided he would do something. Not apologise of course, but do something to elevate his mood. If they were going to be involved it would not do for Jojo to be like this, but the boy always needed prompting to get out of a rut. After that, however, he seemed to get over things with much ease. He supposed there was a bonus to becoming his all these years ‘friend,’ he knew what he responded well with. Much easier to have his way when he knew the ins and outs of Jonathan’s being.

But not yet, for now Dio let the man brood and be upset. In the end, Dio firmly believed he deserved that. In the meantime he finish off his work assignment by mid afternoon, then Jonathan would be worth his time again.

~

Jonathan felt himself thrusted into the throes of rejection. Was this it? Did this mean that Dio did not care for him, and was giving up? Or perhaps maybe, and more likely, he had never really cared at all, and was just using Jonathan for the physical. Being that Jonathan had so little experience in this area, he was not sure how matters like this typically went. As far as Dio was concerned, the man confused him, just as he had every single day since the day that they met.

He was not sure what to do with himself from there. No longer in the mood to horse around in the snow, he dragged himself inside, tugged off his coat, mittens, and boots, and pondered where to go. The answer came to him quickly -- he would use this time to study the stone mask. His research had gotten him through many a time when he was younger, ever since his first fight with Dio, he had wanted to know what caused the spikes that sprang out from the sides, and what purpose they served. Somehow, his research always made him feel closer to his mother, after all, she had been the reason it came into their home in the first place. Jonathan liked to think that he was continuing her own work as he researched, perhaps completing a dream of hers that she had never seen through in life. He had no way of knowing for certain, of course, but it was a nice thought.

Page after page of notes about ritual sacrifice were copied into his notebook, yet some how, Jonathan did not feel satisfied by mere words today. A dagger was pulled from his pocket, and a prick on his palm was made, bleeding and bringing forth the mysterious spikes. Jonathan smiled, never tiring of the sight.

“What purpose are you here for, really…” he spoke out loud, jotting down more notes as he continued to study, slowly starting to get absorbed in his work, plaguing thoughts of Dio slipping away as intellectual intrigue took over.
As the hours went by, Dio couldn’t deny he was slightly peeved that Jonathan had not come to him, but was not exactly surprised. Dio wondered if he was on his mind right now -- not wishing to admit it, Jojo had popped up once or twice in his own, though it actually prompted him to work faster and harder. Compartmentalising work from pleasure (not that Jonathan could quite be considered that) was something Dio had always been proficient at and it was not going to stop now.

And so late afternoon hit. As expected, Dio was finished with the first draft of his assignment. Obviously revisions were to be made, but he was certain he’d achieve the highest marks even without a second look over it. After a change in clothes he made his way to Jonathan’s bedroom, only to find he was not there. This was the second time this day his attempt had been foiled and Dio was not happy about it.

The kitchen, then, he essentially lived there. Apparently the cook hadn’t seen him since lunch -- though he had gathered enough food after to last him two fortnights by the sound of it. There were a good seventy rooms in the estate, he was not about to go trudging through the entire building, so he asked a maid.

“His study?” Of course, he was working on that silly little stone mask project he thought nobody else knew about. Jonathan was not a secretive man, but this was the one thing he wanted nobody to know of. So of course Dio knew about it. He burst open the doors to Jonathan’s study once he’d silently picked at the locks, speaking in a voice loud and enthused.

“Come to dinner with me, Jojo!”

~

When Jonathan heard Dio’s voice, booming and entirely unexpected he nearly hit the ceiling. His already cut hand sliced against one of the mask’s spikes, making the injury deeper. With everything he could muster, he shoved the mask and his notes into the bottom drawer and kicked it shut, hiding his injured hand behind his back.

“That door was locked…” he insisted, but he knew that sometimes he was clumsy with keys. Instead, he focused on the question, which baffled him even more.

“You want to go to dinner… with me? Just the two of us?” He blinked several times, and ran his fingers nervously through his hair. This unfortunately left a trail of blood in his dark locks. “Dio, be straight with me -- are we a couple, or not? Because after you ignored me the entire night and morning, and then kicked me in the stomach leaving me to writhe in agony on my own, that seems rather like a rejection to me.”

~

“Yes, Jojo. I wish to go to dinner with you. You said you wished to ride, and that little Corinthian restaurant isn’t too far from here, even with the snow. It has that dish you enjoy and the wine I like, so I see no reason why we should not go down. I already told the cook not to prepare anything tonight. You do wish to join me, do you not?” Dio raised a challenging eyebrow.

"If I recall correctly, it was you who left me out in the snow, not the other way around. And I only kicked you as a natural reflex it was not my intent in that moment.” Dio frowned. “As it goes for my so-called ignoring, if you were not the equivalent to a hibernating bear when you sleep you might
think otherwise.” Dio hadn’t planned to let that slip out, but even now he was bitter about the morning. He sighed, pointing a finger to the blood trickling down Jonathan’s hair and forehead. “At any rate, you may wish to do something about that wound on your hand, it looks quite deep.”

"I sleep like a hibernating bear...?" Jonathan looked at Dio confused as he tried to ponder what this meant. And then it hit him, and his face flushed red with embarrassment. "Dio, I -"

When Jonathan realised the extent to which he was bleeding, he snapped off his train of thought and looked down at the gash in a slight panic. He had had worse injuries in rugby, of course, but this was no small paper cut, and Jonathan had to wonder if there was a chance that Dio saw more of what he had been researching than he was letting on at the moment. He did not, however, seem to be bringing it up, so instead, he listened to his words and followed his instructions as Dio went to retrieve the first aid kit. He used the time to hide away the last of his study materials, and then allowed Dio to continue his nursing.

When Dio returned he was equipped with one bandage in hand, and moved immediately to Jonathan’s side. He quickly grabbed the man’s wrist, wrapping the fabric around the injured area and tying it up with a tight pull. Jonathan winced at the applied pressure, but otherwise accepted the gesture.

While Dio would have been happy to leave Jonathan to his own devices, this was what couples did, wasn’t it? Cared for each other and noticed when the other was hurt.

“It is as I said, Jojo, you are mine and mine alone. So, yes, that would mean we are… as you say… a couple. And as a couple, it is only fitting that we should go out together, even if all others may see us solely as brothers. So will you not join me?” After the bandaging was complete, he took Jonathan’s hand in his, interlocking their fingers.

While he was not the most tender of caregivers, there was still something rather nice about having Dio try to fix a wound rather than cause it. He felt the anger and frustration he had been feeling start to slip away, and he considered that perhaps he had been mistaken in his early assumptions that they were finished with their romance already.

"Thank you..." he finally said as Dio tied off the bandage. "Of course I will accompany you to dinner. I apologise for my words earlier, and also for my sleeping habits. If I had known you were in the room I surely would not have wanted to sleep through it! You have my permission to pour cold water over my head should that ever happen again… just don't kick me in the stomach, please.” He laughed nervously and rubbed it at the memory. "That hurt a great deal!"

Looking down at their laced fingers, he sighed and leaned in. A light and sweet kiss was placed to his lips. "I am glad that you have not tired of me yet,” he confessed.

Dio smiled, mood lifted at Jonathan’s apology and invitation acceptance. He used his free hand to stroke his face.

“It has only been three days, Jojo, I’m not quite that insatiable, and there’s still such fun left to be hand…” He removed himself from the desk to straddle on Jonathan’s lap and kiss him deeper, and in
return he felt a soft hand and bandaged hand tug at his hair, pulling them closer still. Yes, indeed he could have some fun with Jonathan, even if the entire day he’d been left with bubbling animosity for him.

~

The feel of Dio in his lap was intoxicating, and Jonathan immediately felt himself falling back into that sweet infatuation that had been developing for his brother the past few days. It was a relief to know that Dio had not tired of him after all. The self doubt had been extremely unpleasant, and he was glad to have it resolved. Jonathan’s arms slipped about Dio, and he leaned in to return the kiss eagerly, very much liking that there was so little space between them after the day which they had had.

~

Once the kiss had come to its natural end, Dio abruptly stood, glancing at the study room clock. “We can leave two hours hence, that should give you time to finish up whatever it is you do here and for the both of us to prepare and change. You will be changing, right?” Dio said with slight condescension, eyeing up Jonathan’s clothing with raised eyebrows.

“I shall come to your bedroom when I’m ready. Don’t be asleep this time, or your stomach may find itself having quite a rough time again, and we wouldn’t want that before dinner, now would we?” Dio wasn’t sure whether he meant that or not, and his tone suggested as much.

~

“I will change for you, promise. And I will never, ever give you any reasons to kick me in the stomach ever again! That is certainly something I should like to avoid…though…having you like this is not.” Jonathan pressed a kiss to Dio’s forehead, before reluctantly letting him go. Finding a suitable outfit would probably take him the full two hours as is.

~

"Do tell the stable boy to prepare the horses and some lanterns, Jojo.” Dio poked his head round the door as a final word before leaving for his bedroom to dress for the third time that day. Or was it fourth?

He would have had a bath, though he really didn’t need one, but that would mean adding at least an additional hour to the time, and the Corinthian was not open all night. So instead he doused himself in an extra few spritzes of lavender and set to work on addressing his outfit.

As purple was the colour of the night, suiting his smell, Dio chose a mulberry suit jacket and trousers laced with golden threading and large cufflinks of the same colour, placed on a pale violet shirt. A golden ascot tie finished off the look nicely, he thought. Often regarded as royal colours, Dio felt a sense of elevation.

“So, Jojo!” Dio said as he stepped into the unlocked room of Jonathan’s with a dramatic burst. “Are you ready to go?”

~

When Dio did enter Jonathan’s room, he would find him dressed rather simply and perhaps a bit boringly. This was, however, tremendously better than having him dressed embarrassingly. Unfortunately for Dio, fashion sense was not something Jonathan had been blessed with. Right now, he wore a simple blue jack and blue pants, with a (thankfully clean and pressed) white button up shirt.
and blue tie. He had made an effort to coordinate, and it showed, even if Dio would most likely have his own ideas on what would be acceptable for Jonathan to wear in his presence.

Jonathan appeared to be in a good mood. He immediately stepped over to Dio and stole a kiss from his lips, lingering near his face once their lips parted. “…You smell lovely, Dio.”

~

“It is simply my natural musk,” Dio replied with a grin. He patted Jonathan’s chest twice after, glancing over the outfit he donned. Dio supposed it was suitable enough, at least it had some colour to it, and indeed, the fact he tried did show. It was very blue.

Straightening out the tie he wore, and ensuring the smaller trail of fabric at the back could not be seen, they made their way down to the coat room, just outside of the main exit to the manor.

~

Walking to the front of the mansion, Jonathan picked out two warm coats of theirs from the closet near the door, recently laundered and pressed after their little adventure in the woods. Jonathan made sure Dio had his own gloves, and even tied a scarf about his neck himself. To the servant, he would have seemed a concerned brother, but Dio would know better, especially as his thumb lightly brushed his cheek after.

Once they were properly bundled, they were able to mount their horses and begin the relatively short ride to the restaurant. Jonathan was quite a good rider, the animals rather seemed to like him. He was sure to not go too far ahead of Dio, and kept a proper hold on his lantern as they rode. “Are you warm enough back there, Dio?”

~

“Yes, Jojo, I am warm enough,” Dio replied with a rather monotonous tone. He might have been more amenable to the boy’s mother henning, but after being asked question and question regarding his health, it was growing incredibly tiresome.

The path leading up to the restaurant was mostly cleared, but given the weather, the town was notably more empty than it would have been on a usual evening like this. Still, there were a few people dotted around, and Dio could hear life inside the Corinthian, and live music playing. A slightly orange hue from the fireplaces made the eatery seem very homely, as well as the escaped smells of food. It was a nice place.

~

After dismounting their horses, Jonathan took Dio’s arm on their short, but private walk to the main entrance, grinning sheepishly at Dio’s glance. “I’ve never had the chance to stroll like sweethearts before.” When he thought about it, if Dio was to be the one great love of his life, he would have precious few opportunities to stroll through the streets arm in arm with his beloved.

Before reaching the door, Jonathan leaned in to press a kiss to Dio’s cold cheek. He lingered near his hair for a moment, savouring both the closeness and the other’s scent. But, with much reluctance, he did eventually let go, as he knew he would have to do.
Once in the restaurant, Jonathan reminded himself that Dio was not his lady. He could not pull out the chair for him, or hold his hand, or do any such things that would raise suspicion. But he could, however, order his favourite wine immediately upon being seated, and smile at him knowingly from across the table for two. Jonathan may smile for everyone, but his smile for Dio was much more rare.

“This wine is rather good.” Jonathan commented after the waiter had poured them each a glass, and then left the bottle in a cooler on the table. “Although Dio, please eat something substantial, I don’t wish for you to be wibbly wobbly on your horse on the way home!” The small chide was well meant, and immediately after he chuckled, looking through the menu. Jonathan of course, adored food, and if they were eating out, no small deal would do. He ordered a plate of hor d’oeuvres for them to share, as well as a salad that most would have considered a meal in and of itself, and the roast lamb. Dio would of course not rival Jonathan’s appetite however, few humans did, and he certainly moved to take the lion’s share.

~

“I am surprised you are so attentive to my tastes.” Jonathan had even gotten the year of preference correct, perhaps he had a good memory, or maybe Dio had mentioned it specifically. Either way he was tickled impressed and rather flattered by this little action.

Jonathan flashed him endearing smile by that Dio had not really seen before. Somehow it made the pit of his stomach twist, though the feeling was not all that bad.

~

Once he had placed his order and the waiter left them be, Jonathan snuck a small touch of his hand in. They were seated in a slightly closed off area, private enough for the more discreet actions to go unnoticed, but still quite open to the rest of the restaurant, and so Jonathan moved with as much stealth as he could.

“The servants are dismissed early tonight… come to my room,” he said in a quiet voice. “…I will make up for keeping you waiting last night. And… there is still so much you need to teach me!” Jonathan might not have known completely what he was getting into, but he was, indeed, eager.

~

“Well then you are lucky I am such a good teacher.” Dio upped his eyebrows in a quick motion at Jonathan’s quiet invitation, inadvertently licking his lips at the notion.

He finished off the last gulp of his drink (deciding to ignore Jonathan’s little chide), before pouring himself another glass, the chilled red filling it almost to the brim. The light buzz of the alcohol, was putting Dio in a good mood, and with the ambience, gentle piano music playing, as well as Jonathan’s promise to make up for the morning he was quite glad to be here.

Underneath the table Dio found his way to Jonathan’s leg and wrapped it around his own, gazing out towards the rest of the restaurant above the surface. They did not separate until the waiter arrived with the food, hot and ready to be eaten.

~

Jonathan did make a fine lover, once he had the hang of things. It helped that he had known Dio for
years now and had had the opportunity to observe, sometimes hoping and wondering that their uneasy peace would turn into something more genuine. Their current situation was certainly not what he had imagined in the slightest, but still, he was pleased that it turned out that way. He felt less lonely with Dio around, and he finally had someone to shower affection on, which Jonathan absolutely loved doing.

Still, at the feel of Dio’s legs wrapped about his own, it almost made him lose his appetite as the blush rose to his face and the butterflies filled his stomach. Dio knew so many things that Jonathan did not regarding the sexual nature of their courting, and sometimes he was nervous that he would not be able to measure up. But he would certainly do his best, as satisfying Dio was also oddly satisfying to himself.

“You have always been a rather good teacher to me, though often rather stern. I do hope that perhaps I will be able to see a lighter side of you. I’ve already begun to see it, and it is absolutely lovely! Your eyes, their colour lights up when you smile, it is almost like watching light shine through a piece of amber.” The food arrived, and Jonathan of course dove into his rack of lamb quite happily. Nerves or not, the boy seldom forgot about his stomach! Once the waiter stepped away, he continued his previous chain of thought. “They are so lovely, beautiful even. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a man’s eyes like yours.” Jonathan was uncertain how Dio would take the compliment so he paused to eat, taking a few sips from his own wine glass to wash it down.

~

At Jonathan’s compliment Dio found himself flushing almost without control. There was something about his so earnest honey coated words, soft expression and that smile that would make a weaker man feel weak at the knees. But not he, Dio, of course.

Given that Jonathan was unable, he stroked at his own hair for a moment, before taking another sip of wine. “There are no men like me, Jojo,” he said with confidence and certainty, but with a flattered softness. He was more than happy to hear more of these gushing adulations.

~

Jonathan chuckled lightly. “No, I should think not. You truly are one of a kind, and your eyes are just one small part of that.” His knife cut into a tender piece of lamb, pausing to eat.

“I don’t know what makes them as unique as they are…but I imagine it has to do with everything you overcame in your childhood. They say eyes are the windows to someone’s soul. Do you believe that, Dio? I do..and your soul has many stories to tell.”

~

Dio stabbed a fork hard into his chicken as Jonathan again brought up his childhood, just stopping his forcefulness enough to save the table from shaking and causing a scene. Why did he always feel the need to bring up that time, talk as if he knew Dio’s hard and terrible plight and that it was oh-so soul changing. It was not something Dio liked to think about at all, yet Jonathan seemed to have no problem mentioning it at every interval with a dopey smile plastered on his face during casual conversation.

He wished to simply tell Jonathan to shut up about it, but he also did not wish for Jonathan to believe it was an issue -- that it was haunting. No. It wasn’t haunting, he’d moved past that years ago. It shouldn’t even bother him. It didn’t bother him.

“I don’t know about that, Jojo…” Dio five year plan in the works would never have worked if his
eyes told the true intentions of his soul.

Not wanting to ruin his good mood he took another swig of wine, clicking his fingers for the waiter to bring another bottle of the same. His amber eyes were tempted to gaze away from Jonathan’s striking blue but he refused to back down. “I am not sure one’s whole life can be told through their eyes, such a thing would be awfully exposing, and I doubt people can read each other so openly and easily.” He took another bite of his meal. “Most, at least.”

~

“You might be right…” Jonathan admitted reluctantly. “But I would like to think that in your case, I am correct!” The Joestar smiled sweetly across the table, that hopeful look ever present in his blue eyes. Jonathan knew better than anyone that Dio had a mean streak in him, to say the least. But he also liked to think that the reason for this is because of what he had suffered, and that there was good in him as well. Jonathan had no greater wish than to bring out the best in his sibling, and he thought that being his lover would only help to do this.

“You have so much potential, Dio…you are talented and shrewd, good with numbers, perhaps with a strong temper, but when you exercise restraint, it certainly shows. There is so much good you could do for others, for those who are perhaps young and living as you once lived… You could potentially change their lives! I envy you… my skills are not in areas that can directly make huge differences in the lives of others. Unless of course you include handling children. That is one area I dare say I think I would excel over you in. Not that I think you would be bad at it, of course!”

~

While Jonathan was undeniably fanciful to look at and Dio was sure he’d much enjoy him in bed once he finally got him in there, when he began to open his mouth that was where Dio’s distaste for the boy began to resurrect in those moments where he forgot to do so. Even with his soft intoxicating voice that drove him next to mad when he said his name, the words were grating against his skin, and almost made him forget all that.

As Jonathan blathered on about his ‘potential’ and whatnot, Dio simply looked at him, only half listening and certainly not absorbing any of the words he had to say. Why on earth should it be his responsibility to go out into the world and help the orphans?

“Those who lived like me, Jojo… those like me… is this all you think of me? I do not take charity and I do not give it,” he said once Jonathan finally paused in his wordy spurt to eat. “I would have survived and reached the same level just as well without Lord Joestar, and ‘those who are living’ as I once lived should do the same…” Dio paused for a moment and breathed in deeply. He had not meant to be quite so forward and honest; he was beginning to lose a little of his silver tongued graces.

“Being a lawyer is quite enough for me, that is how I can make my difference… I do not believe one should feel obligated to help others at all times, and everyone who does is simply seeking some sort of gratification. Be it guilt, or desire to be thanked or--” Dio gestured to Jonathan with his wine glass “--some sort of need to be a hero. It’s all selfish in the end, and is that truly so wrong?”

~

Jonathan was still all smiles even as he spoke of his envy for something that Dio would never, and could never understand. But to Jonathan, being able to help others was a top priority. He did enjoy being the hero, though he did not always get the opportunity to do so as much as he liked. The fact that Dio was so self interested confused him so. Although, there were times when it did play to his
advantage as of late, in terms of their recent endeavours. He took the last few bites from his plate and had a sip of wine to wash it down with.

Jonathan could admit that he was selfish, that was for certain. And at the moment, he felt more selfish than ever. He wanted to understand Dio, and he wanted Dio to understand him. Because at the end of the day, despite the fact that their relationship was taboo and would never yield children, being with Dio felt incredibly right. It would mean that Jonathan would never have to fear bringing the estate to ruin, because Dio had a mind for such things and would never let that happen. It would mean Jonathan could focus on what he loved rather than worry about living up to the Joestar legacy. And, if Dio was at his side rather than tormenting him as he did when they were children, he would never be lonely again.

“I suppose I would be lying if I did not admit that I selfishly am pleased with having you to myself at times. You were always such a help in school, and now you are a help with… those other things too.” It was not his most eloquent description. He blushed and had more of the wine, adding a bit more from the bottle to his own glass, and then to Dio’s, who had been drinking like a fish.

There was not a waiter in sight, so he leaned over the table slightly and rested his hand on Dio’s, whispering in a quiet tone, “…Love, do be careful with the wine. You have had quite a bit.” He had never called Dio ‘love’ before, it just slipped out, perhaps because of Jonathan’s own wine consumption.

~

Love?! Dio stared up at Jonathan’s eyes, his own wide and shocked at this three day made nickname. He shook his head in small waves, swallowing air, then swallowing wine. This wasn’t… love… don’t call him… love…

“…I shall drink as I please, Jojo,” he said with distant despondence, quickly moving his arm away only to pour another glass. “Just… order your desserts.” Dio moved his legs out of reach and crossed them. It was a strange feeling, to be called that by the one he had so adamantly despised within for so long.

~

Jonathan knew right away he had made a mistake using the word ‘love’. It had just naturally rolled off his tongue. Calling Dio pet names like ‘darling’ or ‘dearest’ just seemed plain silly. But love…it tasted pleasant in his mouth, a bit sweet and tangy, yet still right. Obviously, Dio felt quite the contrary, from how he pulled away. Jonathan frowned and watched Dio down even more of drink. Well… two could play at that game. He took another sip from his own glass and then set it down, folding his arms over his chest.

“I shan’t be ordering dessert.” This was rather like Jonathan saying he shan’t be breathing. ”Perhaps I shall have a few things wrapped to bring home, but Dio, I do not wish to wait any longer.” He glanced around to be sure no one was eavesdropping. “Let’s go home and head straight for my bed. You will be my dessert tonight.” There was a certain degree of forcefulness in both his voice and eyes, and it would be safe to assume that Jonathan planned to apply those feelings to their bed romps that evening.

~

At Jonathan’s strong words a small shiver went through Dio and he raised his brow. Lust ridden, forceful blue eyes stared back at him and he felt a small twitch at his crotch. This was better than any love declarations. The blond leaned in a little closer.
“Well, if that’s what you wish… though I doubt I’ll taste as sweet.” If Jonathan wanted to romp, Dio likely did more so. As a waiter walked by, Dio called to him snappily.

“My brother and I have urgent business to attend to, so have three of your chef’s finest desserts prepared in a box for us to depart with, as well as two more bottles of wine. And have your stable boy bring our horses round.” The waiter nodded politely, excusing himself to the kitchen.

“Now, if you would excuse me, Jojo.” Dio stood up, feeling a little wobbly, but still in his right mind enough to move. He had always quite a stable hold on himself even when drinking a lot, and his words hadn’t even begun to slur as far as he knew. “I’m going to the lavatory. You can pay the bill.”

While Dio was away from the table, Jonathan took his own time to dwell on their circumstances, as he watched the hustle and bustle of the waiters go by. Dio responded best to physical affection and sex, Jonathan had certainly learned as much in their three day dalliance. He wasn't entirely sure how to feel about it all. Jonathan yearned for the physical as well. He knew that he lusted for Dio's body, but he wanted so much more than that. Dio's reaction to such a simple word as 'love', said as a pet name and not even as a declaration showed him just how uncomfortable the notion of loving another person was to the other.

Could Dio be persuaded to give in, or would Jonathan find himself one day hurt by his brother again, this time with a broken heart?

There was only one way to find out, and that was trial by fire. Needless to say, Jonathan looked forward to the burn.

~

Once in the bathroom Dio slumped his head over the sink and and ran some water. He had no real need for the lavatory, he just needed a few minutes away from Jonathan. Fortunately the room was empty upon his entrance, so he could dwell as he liked.

Dio brought his now wet hands to his face, the cold juxtaposing with his skin nicely, and he breathed deeply. Part of him wanted to simply use and be used to rid any notions of ‘love’ from the equation that night, but another wished to simply be engulfed in Jonathan’s embraces and sweet nips and kisses. It was quite a disorienting thought process; he wondered which would find dominance by the time they returned home.

Perhaps Jonathan had something planned, he’d been awfully forceful back in the shed and while being pushed down at the hands of Jojo was somewhat infuriating, there was also a sense of exhilaration. Whenever it came to Jonathan Joestar Dio’s emotions always went awry.

~

Jonathan had just finished tipping the waiter when he saw Dio emerge. His blue stared intently at Dio, expression mixed with a lust that had never been present on Jonathan’s face before, until now.

As soon as they were alone by the horses it began, Jonathan clutching his hair and kissing him brutally. He held him snugly against him, the dim light of the moon and the flicker of firelight from the restaurant making Dio’s hair appear gilded. After giving Dio's lip a final playful nip, he pulled away to look down at him with a sly smile.

"You are gorgeous… and tipsy. Your lips taste of wine..." He leaned in to steal another light kiss, before brushing some hair from Dio's eyes. "Will you be able to ride home safely?" Dio of course insisted that he could, and Jonathan kept a careful eye on the other as he mounted his horse.
Normally Jonathan enjoyed galloping ahead of Dio every now and then, testing the power of his stead. But not tonight. He stayed close to his side, just to be sure that Dio was safe and sound.
Winter's Beginnings Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Shout out to the jonadioweek, the content has been great! This chapter would fit into the 'First Time' prompt, so we're dedicating it to that!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The manor was dark when they arrived home, the only light from their lanterns. The servants had all since gone to bed, and the two brothers were free from watchful eyes. Upon stepping into the large, empty reception room, Jonathan stripped off his coats and gloves, laying them on a table for a maid to attend to in the morning. He set his lantern down and used it to light a candle which he would bring up to his room. Candle in one hand, package of sweets in the other, Jonathan’s light guided them through the manor, flame light flickering off the walls as they walked. Jonathan’s eyes fell on the walls, and the floors, and the ceiling, and the beautiful furniture, and a vision of a possible future flashed through his mind. One where Jonathan felt safe and loved, and the manor was treated much the same.

“Dio…” he whispered through the darkness. “One day, this could be ours, yours and mine. We could make such a marvellous life together, if you’d just…”

Jonathan’s voice trailed off. They stopped at the entrance to Dio’s bedroom, and he carefully opened the door, kicking it shut as soon as they walked through. The candle, desserts, and wine were placed on a nearby table, and once their hands were empty, Jonathan was upon Dio. He kissed him hungrily, and lifted him into his arms as he did so, carrying him to the bed. A servant had turned down the covers already, and Dio was placed gently onto the sheets, after which Jonathan wasted no time in climbing atop the other and straddling him.

“You just need to let me in, Dio… life could be splendid, truly…” His face sank against his neck, kissing and biting, while hips began to grind against the other boy’s. His cock was already hard through his pants, and a hand began to move between Dio’s thighs to check if he was the same.

Jonathan likely meant ‘let him in’ in the more emotional sense, but there were other ways to do such a thing, physically, and while Dio never did as such – not for a long time at least – there was something about Jonathan that made him want to. Was it weakness? He was a little too tipsy to form a fully cognitive train of thought and so he simply lay back, feeling Jonathan’s hand edge closer, skirting up his thigh and Dio moaned at the soft touches. When he finally reached his crotch it grew harder still, and he could feel Jonathan’s do the same.

“Let you in, you say.” Dio’s voice was airy as he reached out towards Jonathan’s belt and undid it with a slight fumble of intoxicated fingers. “I suppose that could be arranged, Jojo.” He lay back for a moment, letting his entire body fall on the bed and gazed up at the brunet illuminated by candlelight, scanning his body shamelessly.

“But first take off you shirt.”
Jonathan's knowledge of intercourse between men was crude at best, much as the practice itself had always seemed. Being forbidden and taboo, it was not something spoken about, yet when one attends a school full of rowdy upper class boys, even the most unsavoury of topics get approached at one point or another. He knew enough to understand what he was supposed to put where, and he knew it would be painful unless a slippery oil was used. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt Dio right now, although, he would not mind if he cried out and thrashed, so long as it was with pleasure.

He obeyed Dio’s request to remove his shirt, and while he was at it, began to wriggle out of his pants as well. Such a change from the other night when they lay nearly naked with each other, now rather than being out of necessity, it was out of lust. Except, in Jonathan’s case, lust was not the only look in his eyes.

“Dio…” he murmured again, his hands yanking eagerly at the other boy’s own trousers. Once he was free of those, his thighs went back to either side of his hips, and his hands moved to cup his face. “Dio, you are precious to me. If I take you, please help me…” Lips moved to lightly kiss his forehead, cheeks, chin, anywhere they could touch. “I want you to enjoy it, I want you to desire me as I desire you.” Jonathan’s hand crept down to between Dio’s thighs, shamelessly grasping his cock.

~

While seconds before Dio had been ready and wanting Jonathan to take him, at hearing Jonathan say it from his own two lips the crippling inferiority at the current situation began to slap him like a leather glove. He, Dio was about to allow Jonathan to take him!

And first of all things. That was not his right, he did not deserve to do as such. Curse this hazy drunken mist that had made him so… susceptible.

Jonathan had stripped him down, teased and pulled at his his cock to the point of it leaking a little precome already with a devilish grin that somehow looked angelic, and now was issuing himself to have his way with him. He couldn’t just let this happen, he wouldn’t…

“Who says I want you to take me?” Dio said that weakly, unconvincingly, but really who could blame him when Jonathan’s hand was round his cock? Mind over body never seemed to work when it came to Jonathan, and there was no denying that in Dio past he had… imagined similar scenarios where Jonathan was pinned atop of him, taking him. He wondered what Jonathan would feel like inside, thrusting and moaning and staring down at Dio below. And now here it was happening. It was getting more and more difficult to resist him.

~

If there was one thing about Jonathan, and Dio should have know this from his experiences with him in school, it is that he was very trainable, particularly when it came to his body. His performance on the rugby team and in boxing matches spoke volumes for his physical prowess, and he learned from both his victories and failures. Besides being built like god of old, he was positively quick with the uptake. Gone was the hesitance in his grasp, and he sat up, giving Dio a full view of his well sculpted chest as he skillfully began to tug his organ up and down.

“If you want me inside you, you shall have to play the role of my teacher as well as my lover. Do you think you can manage that? If not, I shall have to have my fun teasing you until you are sober.” With a mischievous look on his face, Jonathan pulled back from straddling him just enough so that he could lean in and ever so lightly mouth the tip of his cock. Someone had learned to be a tease.

~
Dio panted with a high pitched gasp, toes curling and fingers clenching as Jonathan’s lips made their way to his member. Gentle sucks and quick laps of his tongue sent the blond into writhing shudder, his cock, leaking, his defiance dissipating, the overwhelming urge for Jonathan to be plant himself within him and bring him to sweet climax was too much to pull away from.

Dio already knew this was the only way the night was was going to go from this point; he simply did not have it in him to deny this.

Fine. But if this was going to happen, he was going to be in complete control of the situation, despite the position. If Jonathan wanted a teacher he was going to have one. One who sought nothing but perfection from his students.

“There’s some oil in the bottom drawer of my desk. Get it.” Dio’s tone was suddenly snappy and imperative, and when Jonathan moved to obey Dio positioned himself a little better, watching the nude man walk over and bend down to the drawer with a bite of his lower lip, anticipation hitting him fast.

Jonathan returned promptly with a small bottle in hand, and had already begun to uncap it. “Now, slather it over your cock. And make it a show.” While Jonathan had touched Dio before, and was growing less and less coy by the minute, he wondered if touching himself would turn him into the blushing boy he always way. Whether it did or not, he Dio still wanted to enjoy Jonathan covering himself in oil for as long as he could.

~

When Jonathan retrieved the bottle of oil, he looked at it curiously. Of course Dio would have such a thing handy in his room, it shouldn’t really surprise him. Yet some how, he had to wonder, just how often did Dio engage in these sorts of sexual activities? He pushed that thought aside as he poured a generous amount into the palm of his hands, and rubbed it across his fingers. Setting the bottle aside, he grasped his own cock and began to slowly pump it up and down.

Jonathan quickly learned why Dio kept this oil nearby. “O-ooh...” he moaned slightly in surprise, not expecting the silky feel against his skin. His eyes closed and he leaned back, mouth open and fingers wound tight around his shaft. He had touched himself in the past, and as a child, he had felt guilty about it, fearing the hellfire that the preachers spoke of in the pulpit. As a young adult, however, he had come to decide that there were much worse crimes than this sort of pleasure, and if he would be condemned, he would have the company of his entire dormitory with him. Occasional masturbation was not completely unusual for Jonathan, however, using a lubricant was new, and heavenly.

If Dio wanted a show, he got one, quite unintentionally on Jonathan’s part. Jonathan’s shaft was thick and long and hard in his hand, the oil slick and shiny on his skin. With each motion, he let out a little moan, experimenting with the new feel on his cock. Once a few moments had passed however, his eyes opened to Dio. He wasn’t here to just pleasure himself, he wanted the other to enjoy it as well.

~

This was better than anything Dio had imagined in the confines of his bedroom before. His eyes flicked up between the oil covered member pulsing and hard and handled by Jonathan’s tan fingers, and the simply delicious look on the boy’s face as he discovered the wonders of lubrication for the first time. The little moans and wails of pleasure at his own touch seemed so loud in the large room, and deliriously rousing.
Dio’s hand moved to his own throbbing cock, wishing to relieve the sensations building up every
second, but he refrained from acting -- that was Jojo’s job, and he wanted him to make him burst. He
did, however, pour a little bit of the oil Jonathan had placed down on the bed at his entrance, just as
an extra precaution… Jonathan was incredibly large in that area after all, and while Dio wanted the
intercourse to be rough, it was to be pleasantly so. Less was not more in this instance.

A few moments later his waiting paid off, as Jonathan let go of his own erection and went for Dio’s
without a single prompt. The man’s desire to please was never amiss here and the blond responded
with a needing moan, leaning in when Jonathan aimed for his left ear and revelling in his embraces.
He wouldn’t come just yet though, not before the main attraction.

~
“I think it is ready,” Jonathan managed to say, inching back closer to Dio. “What should I do next?”
He did not particularly feel like waiting for instruction, so he wrapped his hand around Dio’s cock,
his fingers still slick and slippery from the lubricant. “I want so very much to please you, Dio…” He
pulled the slightly smaller man into his lap, his erection prodding against his rear. Leaning in, he
nipped slightly at his ear, right where his moles were. “…my Dio. My love.”

The words slipped out in true, affectionate Jonathan fashion, too late for him to take back. So instead,
he ended up pulling Dio into a kiss, one arm holding him firmly, while the other pumped his cock.
He would deal with Dio’s fear of his feelings later, right now, he just wanted him, exactly as he was.

~
Once the kiss broke and Dio was able to speak once more, his tone altered again into something
more demanding and strict. The words had jarred him, and he quickly recalled his wish to instruct
Jonathan with a stickling meticulousness. And so he brought a firm wrist around the arm Jonathan
had wrapped around his member and pulled it away.

“I do not remember telling you to do that, Jojo. Now shut up and listen to me.” The mood did not
quite suit an argument, and he was so close to having Jonathan fully inside him. Let him spurt out his
nonsense confession for now. He wouldn’t let it bother him.

“Move yourself back a little, I am going to hook my leg around your shoulder,” Dio said and did
once Jonathan obeyed. Grabbing a couple of pillows to prop up his back, the pair adjusted
themselves until they were both in stable positions. “Now move your cock to my entrance, but do not
put it in all at once, begin around the hole and slowly make your way in.” Before doing so Jonathan
leaned in for another kiss but Dio turned away.

“Did I say you should kiss me?” There was one scenario Dio was picturing in his orders, a prevalent
one from his imagination and he wished it to be acted out properly. And it was to be a loveless affair,
no sloppy affections and especially no “my dear, my love, my Dio” were found in its inclusion.

~
Jonathan looked rather like a scolded puppy when Dio became strict with him, but he obeyed. The
positioning of their bodies was strange, but he quickly adjusted. He did as he was told, but by his
instincts, it did not feel right. He wanted to show him affection, show him tenderness, but Dio did not
seem to wish to hear anything besides the sounds of their bodies attempting to work as one. He tried
instead to focus on the task at hand.

Despite the positioning being easier for penetration, Jonathan, in his unfamiliarity, had difficulty
finding his entrance. Rather than waste time or risk another scolding, he took one hand and slipped it
down over Dio’s tail bone until he found the opening. Soon enough, he had a finger slipped inside him, then two, then three. He used his hand to guide the tip of his length to the entrance, removed his digits, and pushed in ever so slightly.

~

Dio’s body almost contorted when Jonathan’s fingers made their way inside. Despite not telling the him to do this, he called out a good few ‘yesses’ along with Jonathan’s nickname as the the brunet’s digit became trebled, all three wriggling about inside. One skirted across his prostate enough to make Dio back arch and lean towards Jonathan with a hearty moan and Dio’s eyes were forced shut. They were soon opened again however, as he wanted to watch the entire time; he wouldn’t miss a second of Jonathan right now.

“Like that… Jojo, yes --ahh--” When the fingers were extracted and Jonathan had brought to his cock towards Dio’s entrance now the blond could feel how large and full it would make him with just the tip… and he wanted it all. There weren’t too many instructions to give here, and Jonathan seemed quite aware of what he was meant to do, pushing himself slowly and further in.

Dio’s hole took to Jonathan well, he could feel every inch of his large member as the oil eased the passage and the tightness felt so good it sent his body into quivers. The pace remained steady and a little tentative at first, but Jonathan seemed to notice this and his reactions to each little thrust told him whether or not he should push harder. Finally, when he was about halfway inside, Dio commanded him to give it all, and Jonathan heeded.

“Dio!” He cried out his name, breaking the quiet of the room. There was no keeping silent as he found himself completely encased inside his tight lover. Having never been inside a woman before, Jonathan had no point of comparison, but to him, this type of pleasure felt divine. He began to pull out, and push back in, and pull out, and push back in… the rhythm was not hard to get into, and instinct definitely served him well.

His eyes were closed, and his face contorted by the waves of pleasure he was feeling. He did eventually open them to look down at Dio, blue meeting amber, trying to gauge his reaction and his thoughts at this intimate moment. A hand went down to caress his hair, knowing that affectionate words would be lost on Dio right now, yet still wanting to show it in some way. His eyes were a mix of love and lust, and his body kept thrusting as he focused on his lover’s eyes. With each passing moment, it was becoming harder and harder not to spill his seed right then and there.

~

“Again,” Dio cried, though at this point commands were not really required; Jonathan had fully gotten into the groove and rhythm, ramming in and out in and out over and over, and it was no quiet event. A blur of “Jojo” and “Dio” and copious moans of pleasure filled his bedroom in echoing shouts. On the times Dio’s prostate was hit he was all the louder, and his arms wrapped round to clutch at Jonathan’s back, digging in deeply, as he bucked his hips aligned with the other’s motions.

“Right there, right there, Jojo, yes! Faster!” the blond called out breathily, still focussed on taking in every expression Jonathan made as his cock pushed itself into Dio with strength and gusto and
endless passionate force. Jonathan suddenly opened his eyes and they met, neither one of them breaking the stare as their joined bodies jerked and felt each other most intimately.

If Jonathan was close there, Dio was closer still, for his past imaginations were pushing him further. A couple more thrusts and Dio could not hold it another second, and a stream of white plastered itself mostly on Dio’s own chest. Again Jonathan’s nickname was cried out, the loudest of the night. He gazed up at the brunet who’s hard member was still inside, slowed down a little because of Dio’s spilling.

“Don’t stop.”

Jonathan was inwardly relieved by each cry, moan, and sigh Dio made. He was enjoying it, which meant that he had to be doing something right. Once assured that Dio was pleased, so much that the physical evidence of which was visible on his chest, Jonathan was able to lose himself a little, and not be quite so worried that Dio would either be hurt or be bored with his love making.

Jonathan’s fingers stayed buried in Dio’s hair, but after Dio had finished, the grip grew tighter. He was nearing his own climax, and it was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. His cock pumped harder and faster into Dio, the sweat beginning to run down his face and his chest as he did so.

While he still took care, it was less so than before, having lost some of the fear that he might break the other man in the process. He fell into a rough rhythm in which his hips smacked hard against Dio’s rear, and the grip on his blond hair turned into a more painful clench. Jonathan was quite capable of getting rough and dirty, it was just necessary to get him to forget himself first. Dio would take note for future that his protege was quite trainable and had great potential.

With every thrust, every ram Jonathan made, losing himself in patternless rhythm as his hips moved about with the true force of a Joestar, Dio was seeing stars and the noises he made surely proved that. The fact it was Jonathan certainly helped, but the boy had a spark and talent to these sexual acts despite it being his first time at any of this. The candlelight flickered on his oily, sweating body, illuminating the taut expressions on his face as he pumped his cock so diligently into Dio’s tightness, and Dio let out a breathy chuckle as the grip to his hair was increased tenfold, jerking his head back.

He was becoming a little more than just flaccid though his own orgasm was complete. To see Jonathan like this… to hear him howl his name as a spurt of come was released inside was almost enough to bring him past the brink again. His leg slid off the other and they both let out many heave after their exertion, Dio barely having the strength to grip onto the bed covers once his hands slipped off Jonathan’s back, and definitely not enough to rise from his splayed position.

Caught in the tiredness and heat of the moment he did nothing when he felt Jonathan’s warm body make full contact with his own as he collapsed on top of him. Granted in this position it was a little more difficult to perform his impersonal routine, but at this point Dio wasn’t sure he wanted to.

When Jonathan finished inside of Dio, it was a glorious sight. His head was thrown back, his muscles taut, Dio’s name on his lips as if it were a prayer. Once it finally happened he slumped, panting to catch his breath, slowly pulling his long length from its sheath. His erection was fading and their physical connection was through, but Jonathan, being Jonathan, felt as if he had left a part
of himself in Dio. Technically speaking, he had, but this was more than that. Dio had just taken his
virginity, or in a better way to phrase it, Jonathan had given it willingly. In Jonathan’s good nature
and naivety, he could not imagine being capable of having such a glorious explosion of pleasure
without the other person being his one true love.

Oh how he longed to confess! He longed to say many things to Dio and make many promises, he
longed to start laying the foundation of the future with him, he wanted to shower him with gifts and
affection and everything he could ever want. But perhaps above all, he longed to explore his body,
and learn it so fully and completely that he could make love to him with a satisfying result each time.

Jonathan was an idiot and a dreamer, but at least he knew he was as much. He was aware that he
was overwrought with the emotion of his first time, and that if he pushed Dio too hard, he would get
severely hurt. So instead, he kept his mouth shut. He rested his head against Dio’s chest and closed
his eyes, catching his breath. His hands slowly pulled away from his hair, and he realised that he had
pulled out several golden strands in the process, as he had been gripping it so tightly. Finally, he
allowed his tongue to move.

“Did you like it, Dio?” He asked with great curiosity.

~

Dio felt the balled fists gripping his hair release as Jonathan made himself comfortable, and only then
realised how hard the other had been holding onto him. He may have lost a few hairs, but he cared
not; the roughness was most welcome. His rear twitched a little, come-stained and raw from
Jonathan’s large member pushed inside of it not minutes. He was sure he would be feeling the after
effects for a time yet.

Despite Dio’s belief that he was quite frankly the best, he was not averse to giving credit where
credit was due. So at Jonathan’s question he let out a steady breath, a closed lip smile rising from his
mouth. “Yes, Jojo, you did very well, especially for your first time.” Having said that, glorifying
himself in the compliment was something he could not resist. “I, Dio am a very good teacher.”

Warm and buzzing from the afterglow of orgasm, Dio brought his hand to Jonathan’s hair and
stroked it with dainty fingers. His other arm took to embracing the brunet, and he closed his eyes.
Almost inaudibly he whispered, “my Jojo.”

Chapter End Notes

Finally
Being praised by Dio felt almost as wonderful as the touch of his sweat covered skin against his cheek. He felt immense satisfaction from having pleased the other man, which in some ways was even better than having been pleased and satisfied himself. Dio's little declaration of 'my Jojo', quiet though it may have been, made his heart jump a bit. He would take any affection he could get from Dio at this point.

Jonathan remained quiet against Dio's chest, enjoying the gentle petting of his hair. But after they had both had a chance to catch their breath and enjoy the afterglow, Jonathan pulled himself up, looking down at Dio. "That was absolute bliss… but we are both in a dire need of washing up." He leaned in to press a light kiss against Dio's cheek, before picking up the candle and leaving the bedside for the bathroom. Only just the other night he had filled the same tub for a sickly Dio, now he was filling it to wash away the sweat and dirt from their love making. He made sure the water was warm and filled with luscious, soapy bubbles. He then retrieved the wine bottles and box of sweets that they had brought back from the restaurant, setting them on the edge of the tub. The night's pleasures were not over yet, at least not where he was concerned.

~

Dio was reluctant to let Jonathan go just yet, it was rare for him to engage in such soft intimacies for long periods of time, but he greatly enjoyed it when he found someone worthy of his embrace. Not that Jonathan was worthy, but there was something about having his body so close that felt right. But in the end Jonathan was correct, they needed to clean themselves up. While Jonathan did this, Dio kept himself still on the bed, calmly listening to the running water and letting his slightly aching rear relax some more. It had been an awfully long time since he’d allowed anyone to enter him that way, and for the first one to be Jonathan… well it was bound to sting a bit, even with the slathering of oil to ease passage.

~

Returning to the bedside, Jonathan looked down at Dio's nude, sweat covered form, and immediately leaned over, starting with a simple press of their lips, but winding up running his hands across his body, exploring it as he was wont to do. A light nip to his lip preceded a question, "Would you join me in the bath? Your wine is waiting..." He leaned in and nipped at his ear slightly. "If you are too sore, I will gladly carry you."

~

Not quite willing to admit he wished to be carried, Dio let his actions speak, and kissed Jonathan’s lips again, arms wrapping around his neck, and let out subtle moans as tongue met tongue.

Jonathan got the message it seemed, and scooped Dio’s nude body up from the bed and into his arms, daring not break the kiss. They remained like that for a some time, Dio wondering if Jonathan could even feel him, if he weighed so much as a feather to the young Joestar -- he certainly didn’t seem to be struggling in his hold. This was a passing thought however, and his mind was filled again with the sensation of their lips touching.

Given that Jonathan could still be a little clumsy, but still wanting his taste on his mouth, Dio moved to nip at his neck while Jonathan walked them to the bathroom and set him in gently after Dio made sure the temperature was suitable. Before the other made his way in, Dio issued him to get a bottle
opener and two glasses -- again already in his room -- and Jonathan obeyed, additionally carrying a
plate and a couple of spoons, likely for the desserts.

He then placed himself into the bath facing Dio and smiled at him with what must have been
lovestruck eyes. He leaned into what seemed to be an embrace, but instead grabbed the now open
wine bottle and glass, pouring Dio a cup and then himself, saying he must be thirsty, for he was too.
Dio accepted with a raised eyebrow and took a quick few sips. The cool wine was just what he
needed, surrounded by warmth from the bath and his sweating form, but what he really wanted was
to have Jonathan coat him in silky bath oils and water, hands feeling everywhere they could to make
him clean.

~

Jonathan did not drink terribly often. He enjoyed the occasional glass of wine, particularly if it was
sweet, but in general, he stayed away from alcohol, as he knew all too well what it was capable of
doing to people. Tonight felt a bit different, though. Tonight he gladly drank the glass of cool wine,
enjoying the tingling feel it left down in the bottom of his stomach. He watched Dio for a few
minutes, letting the haze of the alcohol and of the evening in general properly sink in. Before he even
realised, the glass was empty, and without even thinking, he refilled it.

Carrying Dio and kissing Dio while he held him in his arms was fodder for Jonathan’s own wet
dreams. He loved being protective, and savoured each tiny moment he was given to do so with Dio.
He respected that Dio was a man who could take care of himself, but there was something about
being able to play the knight in shining armour Jonathan always enjoyed, as well as the affection that
went right along with it. He appreciated Dio gifting him with this flash of a more vulnerable side, and
was determined to make sure he would never regret doing so.

Once he finished his current glass, he made sure that Dio’s own glass was full, and reached for a
bottle of a sweet smelling lotion. Pouring some onto his hands, he slid up behind Dio, pulling him
into his lap so that he could start to massage the fragrant cream into his shoulders. Of course, his
hands were not just simply content to stay above the waist. They slid down over his hips and sides,
and while still gentle, teasingly ran a hand over swell of his rear.

~

Dio made noises of approval once he felt the sweet smelling oils on Jonathan’s fingers dig into his
shoulders in a circular fashion. It seemed Jojo was a man of many talents, his massaging was quite
ample. The boy made his way down Dio’s back hardly missing a single patch of his skin with his
touches.

Dio began to moan as Jonathan sunk lower and lower, past his waist and onto his outer thighs,
inner, back round his rear, passing by his pelvis and back to the hole his cock had been planted in
only a few minutes ago. Dio squirmed in the tub, creating little waves and ripples in the soapy water,
clenching instinctively and throwing his head back ever so slightly. He could feel Jonathan’s face
with the back of his head, but more so the fingers that teased at his entrance. A throbbing sensation
went straight to his crotch and he muttered Jonathan’s nickname as he wriggled about.

~

“You felt soooo good inside, Dio…” Jonathan purred as he pulled the boy against his chest, nuzzling
his face to the crook of his neck. His own cheeks were a bit flushed from the wine, and he was
perhaps starting to feel the affects. “So damned good… Have I ever told you how good you make me
feel? Most likely not, as you used to make me feel like a flea, but now… now times have changed.”
Jonathan was tipsy, but not tipsy enough to push things in a direction which would make Dio
uneasy.

“Please, Dio…” Jojo spoke in his sweetest voice, nipping at his ear the whole while. “Please don’t ever send me away. I’ll treat you like royalty if you let me…”

~

At Jonathan’s declarations Dio couldn’t help but smile to himself while the other could not see his curving lips. Drunken Jonathan was quite a sight to behold, Dio had never quite seen him in such a state, downing glass after glass without thought for amount. At gatherings with drunken rugby team mates, he would always be the one to grab a bucket for anyone who needed it, or be a shoulder to the unstable walkers. Dio doubted he’d gone past a little tipsy in his time, if that.

His words did ring true however, Jonathan had never said any of those things until very recently. Though a long time ago now, and in retrospect a terrible and childish plan to go with, he felt a little nostalgic at the first few months when he tormented Jonathan. How times had changed indeed.

“You realise I will have to return to my room before morning breaks,” Dio replied to Jonathan’s plea to never send him away. “But the night is still young, Jojo. And there is plenty we can fill it with. You treating me like royalty for a start…” Dio brought Jonathan’s hand over to his torso, letting him feel his body from the front, stroking past his chest, nipples, and down still as Jonathan bit at his sensitive ear. “What would you do?”

~

“Dio~oo…” Jonathan’s voice had a slight whine to it at the mention of the other boy leaving for his room. “I want to wake up beside you, you look so lovely in the morning, before you are fully awake to look grumpy.” Jonathan spoke teasingly, his fingers trailing playfully up and down Dio’s chest, circling his nipples in an enticing manner. His tipsiness was definite, but could not quite be called drunkenness -- not yet, in any event.

“What would I do?” Jonathan repeated, his fingers moving from his chest to his thigh, slipping it down over the sensitive skin, before letting it trail into the water past his knee and to his foot. As he did so, Jonathan reached for Dio’s hips, lifting him up and setting him on the edge of the tub. He then leaned over before the other man, as if he were in an awkward bow of sorts. “I would worship you from head to toe, just as you deserve.” And at that moment, Jonathan’s head ducked under the water, so that he could trail some light kisses across the skin of his foot and upwards. When his head emerged, his hair was soaked and his bangs were in his eyes, but he was grinning like an idiot, and continued the kissing trail. “I would give you anything you desired, so long as you chose to keep me by your side as your loyal knight. And I would slaughter anyone else who touched you… I’d kill for you, my prince. My Dio.”

Despite the fact that Jonathan was still quite sloshy, and that some of his overbearing romantic nature was leaking through into his speech, the way he spoke of slaughtering those who touched him, there was a certain brutality there, one that hinted at a side of Jonathan Dio had not seen often. One that was willing to fight to the death if necessary, and would do so for the sake of his lover. Jonathan had a gentle soul, but even a gentle soul could be pushed with the right motivation.

“I would also stay with you in bed and please you with my my hands, my mouth, my cock… whatever part of me you so desire.” Jonathan was kneeling before Dio now in the water, his hands on Dio’s thighs, staring straight up at him. His eyes were full of tipsy love and lust, and his cock was starting to show signs of coming to life once again. “Please let me be yours, Dio…let me be your knight. I promise that I will be oh so good…” He took Dio’s hand into his own and began to kiss it, before starting to lightly suck his middle finger.
Dio enjoyed the words of praise and adoration Jonathan uttered to him as he placed soft kisses all the way up his body. Even without the additional stimulation, what he said alone would have caused his cock to tingle and rise. The blond loved to be worshipped, to have fanfares blown in his name and people recognise how wondrous he was... and Jonathan was doing so brilliantly. To go so far as to kill for him, he truly had brought Jonathan to the very brink of his ferocious endearments, and Dio thought it fitting, to have him seem so servile. Truly at his place. He egged the boy to go on, skirting fingers through his hair while Jonathan prostrated, kissing his prince with amorous passion in every press.

A pale hand was brought to Jonathan’s mouth, and Dio moved himself closer to the brunet as he began to suck on his middle finger. After all that exaltation, the words ‘my Dio’ did not even faze him any longer, not if Dio was to take it as if Jonathan were saying Master, King, Liege, Lord. His name fit nicely with those titles, and so he leaned in as Jonathan continued to suck, placing his lips by his ear.

“I will hold you to that, Jojo. You best not disappoint.” Dio sank himself back into the bath, bringing them to equal ground once more, circling his hand around their hardening lengths. Dio began to rub them together, grinding his hips to build up a steady friction. He was sure, adjacent to Jojo’s last declaration, he would pick up, but Dio did not mind instigating in the slightest.

“Never, ever,” Jonathan murmured. “I live to keep my prince happy.” The feel of their members touching was quite tantalising, as were Dio’s fingers. But he knew that the greatest pleasure would come from pleasing Dio right now. And Jonathan had a few ideas on how to properly do that.

While Dio was focusing on their bodies below the waist, Jonathan opted for another place he knew would be enjoyed - Dio’s ear. He leaned in and kissed the moles lightly, before suddenly and without warning, outright biting the lobe. It was harder than he would have done while sober, the alcohol taking the edge off his inhibitions, but thankfully, Dio did not seem to mind. Wet kisses and bites were then placed to his neck and collarbone, experimenting with the pressure and strength of his suckles along the way. Quickly he learned that the bolder he was, the louder Dio’s response would be.

Teasing above the belt would only get them so far, as Dio’s hands were reminding him. Once again he lifted the blond so that he was strung on the edge of the tub, elevated above while Jonathan still was sitting in the water. He gazed up at the other man, still looking tipsy, and still looking like a lovesick puppy. Finally, he leaned in, and took Dio’s shaft into his mouth, using one hand to support it, while the other toyed with his sacks. The alcohol had removed much of the hesitation which he had had the other night in the shed. Having it no longer be the first time also helped. Now he knew more about Dio’s tastes, he was more able to match them.

Dio’s grip as Jonathan sucked his cock began on the side of the tub before moving to Jonathan’s shoulders, digging in deeply, fingers squeezing around him tight. Unlike the time in the shed he did not have to push himself into the man, but he couldn’t help but thrust in a few intervals, just to release some of the friction within. He muttered Jonathan’s nickname between gasps, and with the last orgasm happening not too long ago, his cock was feeling quite milked and over stimulated.
When Dio came, there was some hesitation, and Jonathan did not look thrilled about it, but he swallowed all the same. Immediately, he reached for the glass of wine, and took a good long sip, before passing it back over. Jonathan’s cheeks were red, the alcohol was definitely hitting him now, as would a hangover in the morning. But for the moment, he rested his head against Dio’s pale thigh and closed his eyes.

~

The dissipating soap bubbles gave Dio a clearer view of the bath water beneath him, and so without abashment, he looked down, hand carding through the wet mop of Jonathan’s locks. Though not doing anything about it, Jonathan’s member was standing erect in the water, reddened and just itching to be touched and handled and relieved. And yet Jonathan’s attentions were clearly on Dio, his Dio, his prince. His allegiances certainly showed themselves, even more so when drunk.

Dio, while utterly satisfied, could not help but wish for both parties to be gratified. It spoke less of his own prowess if Jonathan were left twitching and non catered to, and so his foot skirted against the sensitive organ, pressing in with a nudge. Even with such a light act, he could feel Jonathan shudder against his leg, cock throbbing at the touch.

“As much as I am sure a little loyal knight such as yourself would get off all the same on sating me alone, would you like me to relieve you, Jojo?” Dio asked, voice airy with clear nodes of seduction as he looked down at the Joestar below him. “Or perhaps you’d rather do it yourself and have me watch. I’m sure that would please your royal highness.” Dio’s eyes narrowed and he licked his lips with a smirk. He did rather enjoy looking at Jonathan this way, especially when was doing things to gratify he, Dio. He supposed he and Jojo were quite a fit; Jonathan eager to perform actions akin to Dio’s desire, and Dio eager to have his desires sated by him.

~

"D-do it myself with you watching?” He stuttered slightly, his stuffy Victorian upbringing certainly coming through. After all, he typically did not masturbate more than once a day if that, always with the doors closed and shades pulled down, certainly with no one else watching. But that was before spending a night like this with a lover like Dio Brando. At Dio's suggestion of touching himself, Jonathan lifted his head and flushed a bright pink.

"That's so… improper… but I suppose this is all improper now, is it not? And I suppose... it might be nice to touch it..." From the grin Dio cast, he seemed to very much agree.
Drunk Jonathan was an interesting creature. His protectiveness and desire to please were higher than ever, and it certainly assisted in lowering his inhibitions and loosening his tongue. But it also, in some cases, heightened his feelings of embarrassment. Regardless, in this state, he was very much Dio’s creature, and lived to please his prince.

His hand moved down and wrapped his fingers about his sensitive organ, crying out as he did so. He still looked embarrassed, but he boldly began to jerk his sizeable member, the soap from the water making it smooth and slick. He made little groans and moans as he squeezed and tugged at his own cock. He was certainly putting forth a valiant effort, but when he met Dio's eyes, watching him so closely, he flushed harder.

“Dio, please, may I have some more wine? And… would you help me? I-I need you to finish, please!” The truth was, the alcohol may have even been contributing to the issue, coupled with his extreme timidity when it came to this particular sex act. Somehow, the idea of Dio’s fingers on him, along with the pleasant lull of the wine, seemed more appealing than trying to do it himself, not to mention, feeling the pressure of Dio’s eyes on him.

~

Dio’s gaze did not avert for a second as he stared down at the red flushed boy begin to handle his own cock, pumping at it with his hands. A commonly private affair, done in the confines of one’s bedroom, Dio was very pleased to be invading it, to see what Jonathan would do in the lateness of night when he was alone and aroused, tucked under his bed.

Jonathan up until now, while sometimes a little hesitant at first, had been rather forward; pinning him down multiple times in the shed, to sucking his cock, to taking him in bed, smacking their hips together in his powerful thrusts pulling at his hair… it was nice to see him so coy and shy, it was almost cute, almost adorable. The smile on Dio’s face was never lost, the glint in his eye he could not hide for a second.

Though his attentions were near solely on Jonathan, There was a tingle in Dio’s own crotch, and he absent-mindedly felt at it, hands gently skirting the area. When Jojo looked up again, Dio leaned forward, eyes piercing right into the brunet’s timorous blue. When Jonathan asked for another glass, Dio’s brow raise, smirk increasing all the more.

“

Oh, what’s this, Jojo? You’re backing out of your promise already?” Dio grabbed the wine bottle and a flute, filling it halfway. When Jonathan went out to take it, Dio pulled back, tutting before taking a sip of it himself. He was going to enjoy this embarrassment of Jojo for a little while longer.

“Did you not just declare you would please me in any way you could, with your hands, with your cock? You do wish to do that, do you not, Jojo?” He stretched out his nickname, saying it slowly and deliberately, shaking his head as he feigned disappointment. “Though it brings me no joy to do this, I suppose if you are not up to the task, I, Dio, will finish you off…” The following expression on Jonathan’s face was simply to die for.

~

Jonathan’s flushed face looked absolutely humiliated. When Jonathan had been a young, chubby little boy, who was sometimes pushed around by the other children, that look would have been a more common occurrence. On the face of the older and more well adjusted Jonathan, it was not seen
as often, but right now, he might as well have been the little boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He strived to never disappoint those he cared for, and with the added sexual expectations, he felt positively awful.

“I… I’ll try…” he staggered, and his hands grasped his cock harder than before, giving it a good and hard two handed jerk. He cried out, the organ sensitive and eager for release, but it was not yielding. He tried bringing a hand back to fondle his two sacks, rubbing and squeezing with the hope of bringing himself over the edge. Instead, it only made him cry out louder, helping with the build up but not giving him the sweet release he so desperately wanted. At this point, it wasn’t even for himself so much as it was that he did not want Dio to think the less of him.

~

“Yes, Jojo. Try.” Dio, still sat at the edge of the tub, slinked down back into the warm surroundings of the water with a happy sigh and a new view of Jonathan. Though he’d never imagined this particular scenario in his past nightly thoughts, the embarrassment and blushing at being subjected to him certainly served a stimulant. He wanted to laugh loudly at the poor suffering Jonathan unable to bring himself to climax, but held in his sniggers and kept himself haughty.

Jonathan’s cock almost looked like it was growing more than its already large size, building itself up ready to burst at any given second. But his own body was denying him orgasm; Jonathan must have truly been going through quite an ordeal, and his face told Dio that more than words ever could. It was all he could have wished for out of this situation, and despite his unimpressed glances and words, there was no disappointment to be had. In fact, Dio wished he could have picture of it taken to keep with him.

~

Jonathan eyes had been closed, focusing hard on his task at hand. When he cracked them open, Dio’s amber stare were on him, watching him struggle. It was more than Jonathan could take. He continued to stroke his cock, but the frustration was so immense, and Dio’s half amused, half judgmental stares were making finishing damn near impossible.

“Dio…” He murmured in a weak voice. He almost seemed on the verge of tears. “I am trying so hard, b-but it’s just no use! I am so sorry, Dio, I would never want to disappoint you… Punish me any way you choose, but please… please help me finish! I need you!”

~

Dio considered obliging, but his ears pricked up at the word ‘punish’. He was still having fun, might as well draw it out a little longer. Drunk Jonathan was almost as easy to reign supreme over as the twelve year old boy he met five years ago. “Would not the most suitable punishment be to leave you like this, Jojo?”

Dio paused for a moment, moving his index finger towards Jonathan’s needing member and tracing upwards slowly and deliberately. “A knight should always serve his prince, there are no such words as ‘I cannot’ in a knight’s vocabulary.” Jonathan panted and moaned as Dio touched him, so very sensitive. Dio ensured it was not enough to make him come however, and once he reached the head of his cock, he placed his digit on top of his hole, closing off access to release.

"And then you expect your prince to do it for you?! For shame, Jojo.” Dio grabbed his wine with a free hand, taking another slow sip, finger still pressed on his cock. "You should just… stay like this for a while.”
When Jonathan had been young, he had often been brought to tears by the teasing. Right now, he was nearly in tears again, but not just because of how humiliated and upset he felt from not being able to perform. No, it was because the erection was damn near painful at this point. His cock was like stone, hard and swollen with blood, and Dio’s teasing touches had made it all the more maddeningly so. He needed release, and Dio was denying it to him.

“I am so sorry, my prince… I want to oblige you, truly I do, but it just… won’t…” Jonathan gave himself another good hard stroke, but still, it wasn’t enough to finish himself off, and he cried out in frustration, before he gave Dio a pleading look. “It’s not my choice, I swear it! The problem is that you feel so good, and the memory of your hands, your lips, your ass… everything about you was sublime, and I… just… can’t…” He whimpered and looked down at his cock in his hands, closing his eyes and grasping it again.

“You… you truly are amazing. And to think that my body should be the only one you touch… I… Dio, your mouth and tongue, the way you know just how to use them, the way you felt beneath me, screaming my name… your lips swollen from our kissing, my cock smacking into your ass -- I -- it’s too much! You are too much for me!”

The memory of Dio’s previous touches, coupled with the final jerks and caresses with his own hand, as well as keeping his eyes firmly shut, finally did yield Jonathan spilling his seed into the water of the tub, several long white strands that were long overdue. As he climaxed, he cried out in a mixture of pain and ecstasy, before sinking down into the tub, utterly spent and exhausted. After taking a moment to catch his breath, he opened his eyes and smiled at Dio.

“Look… I was able to after all. Only for you, love. Only for you.” His eyelids were drooping slightly, still needing time for his body to settle after the strength of his orgasm. Watching his language was clearly not on the top of his list.

There was a twisted smirk at the corners of Dio mouth as Jonathan finally managed to come, only when he began to praise Dio, recall their sexual endeavours. Dio felt overcome with control over the young Joestar; he ruled one of his most primal urges. To have Jonathan so wrapped and enamoured with Dio’s skills that he could no longer perform without thinking of him was incredibly satisfying.

“See, was that so difficult?” Dio said to the air as Jonathan was too wrapped up in riding out his long overdue orgasm to pay attention. The words were laden in sarcastic irony and he continued to watch Jonathan recover from it, pouring himself a little more wine, as well as finally fulfilling a request from Jonathan and serving him a glass too. He also took one of the deserts from the box, a rich chocolate cake with a small helping of whipped cream atop chocolate icing. It’d be much too sweet for his personal palette after a bite or two, but it was exactly what Jojo would have scarfed down like a small pig in his youth. At least now he would use a spoon instead of simply grabbing a slice with his hand and munching on it as if it were a piece of toast.

Jonathan turned his head up to face Dio, tired, but smiling, and finally flaccid. Dio winced upon the term love and narrowed his eyes at the recovering Jonathan, though this time without the accompanied smirk. Still, the pros of the night and all that Jonathan had done moments before outweighed this little affectionate word giving. It was still a little irksome however.

“Open your mouth,” Dio said with a ordering tone and Jonathan obeyed. He took the spoon, scooping up some cake with it and let it touch Jonathan’s tongue.
Once Jonathan’s muscles were less like jelly and more able to support himself, he sat up straight. He was terribly drained, but also terribly satisfied. And being greeted by a spoonful of chocolate cake only made the moment all the more sweet, in more ways than one. He very much enjoyed having Dio feed him, sitting back and relaxing in the warm water after all the strenuous sexual exercise. The wine was as sweet on his lips as the cake, and was leaving him with the most pleasant buzz. He had never had a night like this in his entire life.

Dio pondered the term ‘love’ in reference as he continued to feed Jonathan the dessert. Rather than have it spoil his mood, he needed a way for it not to bother him. He doubted Jonathan would ever cease from saying it, the fool, and if Dio made him stop, a whole rigmarole conversation about love in their relationship would spring up again if he knew Jojo -- and he did.

Fine. He would let the him say it, let it be an addition to the showering of praise he had been receiving. Let him believe in the possibility that Dio could ever love him beyond loving the feel of his cock in his ass or Jonathan’s lips on his own cock.

The last bite of the cake was laden with whip cream, and Jonathan took the spoon from Dio, licked off the fluffy, rich white, and then pressed his lips to Dio’s, kissing him deeply so that he took the last bite. The kiss tasted of chocolate and wine. When the kiss was through, Jonathan pulled back and looked at Dio with a soft smile. “That was sublime, but my sweetest dessert was still you.”

Once they were done in the bath, Jonathan stood. As he did, the alcohol hit, and everything felt a bit fuzzy. But it was not so terrible that he could not reach for his pale pink bathrobe, which had the initials ‘D.B.’ monogramed over the right breast, and draped it over Dio’s shoulders. He grabbed a small towel, placing it over Dio’s hair and gently drying it. Only once Dio was more comfortable did he grab a towel for himself, lightly scruffing his hair under it for a few moments, before tying it around his waist. He definitely fussed more over Dio than himself.

Leaving the bath to drain, he held Dio’s hand in one hand, and the wine bottle and two empty glasses in the other. If he had been more sober, he would have carried Dio back to the bed, but right now, he did not think he could handle it. Jonathan took a sip of the wine, and shed his towel before crawling into bed, more concerned with Dio catching a chill than anything else. He poured a glass and offered it to him.

“Dio, this night has been unlike any other.”

Accepting the wine, for it was his favourite, Dio sat in the bed next to Jonathan and indulged in the red liquid for the last time that night. He had picked up the brush from the bathroom and groomed his hair, not wishing for the wetness to tangle it, while Jonathan sat happy and buzzing beside him, just glad to be next to Dio by the sound of it. His hair was a mess, as per usual; Jojo did not particularly care for its neatness. But somehow that suited him.

At Jonathan’s declaration he hummed in a major key and reclined back on the head frame of the bed. Jonathan lay his whole body down and snuggled up beside him, wrapping strong arms around his waist, head buried at his thigh, as if Dio were a human shaped teddy bear. Jonathan was warm and comfortable, and so they remained for quite some time that way, light conversation made, though
both of them were really quite tired from the day and night's activities.

~

Jonathan was thoroughly enjoying the feel of Dio’s cool, smooth skin against his body. The other boy was pale in comparison to him, and the difference was pleasing to Jonathan’s eye. It was so warm and comfortable with the two of them together, and Jonathan felt content. Extraordinarily content, in fact. He never thought he would be able to feel this way with another man, let alone Dio, yet the night brought about great surprises. Even when Dio was teasing him in the tub, he found himself enjoying it. Making himself comfortable in the other’s bed, he felt his eyes start to droop and sleep begin to wash over him.

~

When Dio felt his own eyes begin to flutter shut he caught himself, bringing his attention to the man still wrapped around his waist and nestling himself down as if he planned to stay. That certainly would not do.

“Jojo...” Dio said far lighter than usual, speaking for his own fatigue. On the the cusp of sleep, Jonathan only made an almost inaudible noise of recognition. “You need to go.” Of course, the drunk and affectionate Jonathan complained and clung to Dio as he tried to pry him off, but really there was nothing that could be said to change his mind.

They hadn’t worried about the noise they made during sex, given that the servants quarters was two floors below on the other side of the estate, but when morning came they would be bustling about performing duties; leaving without detection would prove risky. Not to mention Lord Joestar may be coming home, and while he was an oblivious dolt, even he could put two and two together if he caught his two sons in the same room and bed. Probably.

~

When Dio said that he needed to leave, Jonathan tensed up. He knew that there would be trouble if the two were found tangled together in the morning, but that did not make it any easier to have to go, particularly when they were curled up so snugly together, and when Jonathan’s head was still buzzing with wine. Lifting his head to look at Dio, his blue eyes were brimming with tears, although thankfully, they did not start to fall.

“Dio... you feel so right beside me. Please... kiss me goodnight and let me stay until you are asleep, at least.” One look from Dio told him that the answer was a firm ‘no’, and reluctantly admitting defeat, Jonathan forced himself out of bed. Leaning down, he pressed a chaste kiss to Dio’s lips, before creeping back into his own bedroom. Dio would hear the sounds of Jonathan bumping into things, and the shattering of something that sounded expensive somewhere down the hall, but eventually, there was silence.

Upon arriving back in his room, slightly battered but none the worse for wear, Jonathan curled up into the warm sheets, and closed his eyes. Needless to say, he was sound asleep within minutes, hugging his pillow as if it were a certain blond.
The next morning, when Dio would arrive at Jonathan’s room, he would find a very worried maid standing outside the door.

“Master Joestar is not well, Sir. He won’t get out of bed or take his breakfast, though his favorite tray is waiting for him. At first I thought perhaps he might have overeaten as he used to do when he was younger, but this seems different. I do hope he will be well.” The maid frowned and once Dio assured her that he would look after Jonathan, continued on her way.

In bed, Jonathan had deep circles under his eyes. He groaned as he rolled over, his lips dry and eyelids droopy.

“Dioooo, I feel as if my head might split in two. Is this a divine punishment for our sins? And if so, why am I the only one being punished…?” With another groan, he rolled over. Jonathan had never experienced a hangover before.

~

Dio chuckled quietly and Jonathan’s little exclamation. “No, Jojo, it’s not God’s curse upon us I can assure you.” And Dio was told he could be dramatic. “You’re simply suffering the after effects of your drinking. You’ll survive.” At that he perched on the side of the bed next to his crapulent brother, crossing his legs. “I, Dio have a higher tolerance than you. That is why I do not have to deal with this.” He leaned his head back, looking at nothing in particular and facing away from Jonathan. “I suppose this means it is a pass on breakfast, the chef even cooked your favourite today.” Jonathan groaned and lamented that he could not think of food when he felt to be on the cusp of death.

“You will get over it shortly. Well, perhaps not… there’s no way to tell, really.” At Dio’s flippancy Jonathan groaned again, burying his face in a pillow. His beating head did not seem to stop him from feeling around for Dio’s hand and bringing it to his back, beckoning for him to comfort him. Dio decided to oblige for he seemed to be in quite the ordeal, and there they sat and lay.

“I hear peppermint water with a sprig of nutmeg can help,” Dio commented, remembering something a classmate of his had once claimed. Whether it would work or not was another story. He issued the maid to have something of the sort prepared.

While waiting, Dio moved to a chair, not wanting to be caught stroking his brother on a bed when she returned. “It appears as if the knight has fallen, doesn’t it Jojo? I hope this does not become a pattern.” There was something about Jonathan suffering in ways like last night and now that still made Dio feel giddy inside.

~

Jonathan knew very little of hangovers on a personal level, but he had known plenty of people who had suffered from them. One boy had told him once that water would help decrease the nasty effects. Another had said that heavy, greasy foods like one had in a pub would also help. Jonathan would love to eat his french toast, but was uncertain if he would actually be able to handle it. Perhaps after the water and tea.

Jonathan pulled himself from bed, still nude and with messy hair. He groaned as he walked over to a pitcher of water, poured himself a glass, and then down it all as quickly as he could. It actually did help a smidgen, and he poured himself another to sip at while waiting for the tea.
At Dio’s words, Jonathan gave him a very grumpy look. He was digging through his dresser for some pyjamas, as he had never bothered to put them on the night before. “You do remember that just a few days ago you were so sick and delirious that you were calling for me and your mother? Or have you forgotten that already?” Jonathan pulled on the pyjama pants, and then started to button his top. “If this is merely a hangover, I’m sure I’ll be sorted out soon enough.”

~

Dio returned Jonathan’s grumpy look, his own far more menacing, though that may have just been his face. “I did nothing of the sort, Jojo, stop talking such rubbish.” He had chosen to deny that dream ever happened, and was holding firm to that. He barely remembered it now anyway, and he thanked whoever was there to hear him for that.

Instead, Dio let himself enjoy the view of Jonathan clumsily walk around nude in while getting himself some pyjamas. The bed hair he currently fashioned worked very well with this look. Jonathan had always been a little messy, but he always liked the ruggedness of the boy.

Dio reclined some further in the chair he claimed as Jonathan attempt to cure himself of his splitting headache. He started to look a little less pained as time went on and he drank copious amounts of water, but Jonathan always had a rather strong constitution.

~

That did not make Jonathan look any less miserable as he climbed back into bed and waited for his tea to be delivered. Once it was, he sipped at it periodically, switching between it and the water. It helped, slowly but surely, however, in the meantime, so did the pillows.

With the delivery of the tea, Jonathan told the maid he and his brother were not to be disturbed, as Dio had so kindly offered to read to him as he lay in bed and recovered. He locked the door behind her, and then stepped up to Dio, who was sitting in the chair. Scooping him up, with or without consent, he pulled him into the bed and cuddled up against him. With a small smile, gazing through messy hair to meet his eyes, Jonathan beamed down at Dio.

“You mean a great deal to me, Dio. I think I feel better from just being close to you.” He chuckled a bit, though he still reached over to take a sip from his tea cup, before letting his head rest against Dio’s shoulder.

~

Jonathan’s affectionate words tasted like honey in Dio’s mouth, and he found himself scoffing, sarcastic return unpreventable. “Yes, I’m sure my presence alone could cure all ails.” He sighed and wrapped his arms around Jonathan’s neck. He was comfortable, that was all. Dio could feel gentle presses against his body where Jonathan’s lips were-- it was not enough to stir him into arousal, but he welcomed the feeling, and ran his fingers through Jonathan’s thick jungle of locks.

“How is your memory?” Dio asked while they continued to remain in position. He couldn’t deny on some heavily drunken nights there had been a bit of a lapse, and he wondered if Jonathan was the same.

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“I remember how good your body felt last night, if that is what you are asking,” Jonathan said coyly, as he continued to sip at the tea. The headache was still there, but the edge was taken off, leaving him more capable of enjoying Dio’s body curled against his. “And I remember how badly you teased
me… and how good it felt.” Sighing happily, Jonathan’s arms curled around Dio’s body a little snugger, pulling him in closer. Jonathan was still new to physical intimacy, and he was enjoying even the smaller things, like the warmth that their bodies created by being pressed together.

“You can be so cruel, Dio, but in the end, you are warm, and sweet… I love that about you.” Jonathan pressed a light kiss to the top of Dio’s head, and then brushed some of the hair out of his face. “I feel privileged to see a side of you that you seldom show. And yes…” He nuzzled his cheek, a bit rough as he had not yet shaved that morning, against Dio’s, before pressing a fleeting kiss to his chin. “…You are my prince and I am your knight, and I serve you gladly… but your majesty had best prove to be a benevolent ruler, lest there be mutiny.”

There was a mischievous look in Jonathan’s eyes, as he suddenly reached out and started to playfully tickle Dio, fingers running up his shirt and over the bare skin of his belly, hips, and chest. Other children who had grown up together would likely be aware of sensitive places on the other’s body for such activities, but Jonathan and Dio had been older when they met, and more likely to punch each other than play. Jonathan enjoyed using this moment to touch and explore Dio’s skin, in a way that gave him an edge after having spent the latter half of the evening being under Dio’s thumb.

~

At Jonathan’s tickling Dio almost convulsed. Most knew well enough not to touch him, for the consequences would be dire, so the fact that he really was quite ticklish was a secret he had kept very well hidden until now. He couldn’t help but burst into a fit of laughter as fingers ran under his shirt and touched his skin so playfully, tears pricked the corners of his eyes and he tried to move himself away. The larger boy’s hold however was something he could not escape and Dio was subjected to the full tickling extent of Jonathan Joestar.

In-between his giggles he ordered him to stop immediately, to which Jonathan obeyed -- after some more prodding, and he was pulled back into their hug and he once again rest on Dio’s chest.

“Do not do that again,” Dio said sternly once comfortable, pushing Jonathan away for his level of trust had greatly declined. Jonathan cheekily said he seemed to like it, given all that laughter and Dio glared down at him. “That counts for nothing. I could not help that. It doesn’t mean I enjoyed it.” He formed a pout with his lips, miffed that he’d been completely at the mercy at Jonathan, especially after gaining ‘the lead’ last night. Still, he one upped the other since at least he could come without thinking about Jonathan. Granted most times he pleasured himself in his bedroom, Jojo was on his mind. He ignored that little detail.

"It is a little late for breakfast now, but if you are up to it we could have the cook prepare a little brunch.” Even Dio was starting to feel a bit peckish at this point.

~

Jonathan was absolutely delighted to find that Dio was ticklish. Yes, it was fun to have that sort of control over him on occasion, but what was more important to Jonathan was to actually see the other boy smiling and laughing. It was such a rare occurrence that he had to wonder if this boy was the same Dio. Clearly, he was capable of seeming happy, he just so rarely did it. He hoped that perhaps in their relationship together, Jonathan could get him to do so more often, without resorting to tickling.

“Brunch? Well, my stomach is feeling better with every sip, and most likely by the time the chef is finished, I am sure I can manage a few bites or more! But for now, I just want to lie here with you, as
I should have been allowed to do last night.” Jonathan’s fingers ran lightly across Dio’s chest, this time in a much more soothing and sweet motion. “One day we will find a way..” Jonathan was already thinking ahead, and was quite determined for their couple hood to last.

Unfortunately, their time alone did not. The maid knocked on the door to tell them that their father was home and wished to see them in the parlour as soon as they were ready. Jonathan groaned and hastily dressed. On the positive side, this would mean brunch would be put together without asking, in order to greet their lord as he came home. But on the negative, Jonathan, still somewhat hungover and tired, would need to greet his father in something other than his pyjamas.

Still, he managed to pull on some clothing, as well as pull Dio into a passionate kiss before they left the confines of the room. When he greeted Lord Joestar, he seemed genuinely pleased to see his father, and they exchanged the usual pleasantries. Lord Joestar reminded them that the next time they returned from school, there would be guests staying in their home for the winter gala that would be held at a neighbouring mansion.

“Of course Dio and I shall do our best to make your guests feel at home! Oh, and Father, I have one request: Dio has been so wonderful in helping me study for my next mathematics test. We have been working late into the night, and it would be such a bother for him to walk all the way back to his room. May I ask a maid to set out a cot for him? That way, he will not be punished for his kindness towards me.”

Lord Joestar seemed pleasantly surprised, and obliged. Jonathan proved himself to be quite a good liar when he wanted to be.

~

At Jonathan’s fib, Dio could not help but form a smile; who knew the honest Jonathan could lie so smoothly? He must have really wanted to sleep with Dio overnight for him to go that far. Then again he did have that stone mask he believed to have kept hidden up until now and had caused himself injury the night before in order for things to stay that way. There was a wound left, but hardly one Jonathan was concerned about, at some point the bandage had come off and he did not bat an eye.

If it were just while they remained at home, Dio didn’t really mind staying with Jonathan for the night, but when they returned to university, well that was a different story. Like Jonathan and his little artefact, Dio did not exactly wish for the other to know of his nightly exploits. That bridge would have to be crossed later, should it ever happen.

However, at the prospect of entertaining Lord Joestar’s guests and the upcoming ball he had to stop himself from rolling his eyes too deliberately. He instead closed his eyes for a slightly too long blink, and smiled the smile he had almost exclusively saved for the Joestar elder, fake but believable enough for him as he began to speak.

“Who are the guests?” Dio then asked. Lord Joestar listed a couple of Lords and their wives, but they were more than easy to avoid. The guests that made Dio’s jaw want to drop were Lord and Lady Floris. More specifically Lord and Lady Floris and their five young children. All under the age of thirteen. Jonathan looked simply ecstatic to hear that they were coming, while Dio felt like someone had just dropped an anvil on his head.

“Oh!” Jonathan exclaimed with a bright smile. “They have such lovely children! Quite a rowdy bunch, but they are… fairly good. I was told there was minimal damage when they visited the Harold’s for their autumn party! Oh dear… they will probably be even more wound up this time of year.” Jonathan clapped his hands together. “I suppose I shall just have to do my best to keep them occupied! If they don’t occupy themselves with tromping through the garden first, eh heh.” Lord
Joestar seemed to approve of Jonathan’s volunteering, and excused himself to prepare for brunch.

~

"Fairly good?!" Dio exclaimed the minute the moment he and Jonathan were out of Lord Joestar’s hearing range. “Children are one thing, Jojo, but the Floris children are something of a different species.” Dramatic as ever, Dio slouched into a chair, placing a weary hand upon his head.

“You’d best ensure they don’t come anywhere near me and ruin my possessions.” He still felt a longstanding bitterness for the one time he had forgotten to lock the door to his room and returned to find it ransacked, three of them jumping on his bed while the other two were playing dress up with his clothes. Rather than Christmas spirit, Dio was feeling preemptive Christmas dread.

~

“They won’t be so bad, really. I’ll keep them out of your hair, I promise.” Jonathan chuckled and ran his fingers through his dark, still slightly messy locks. “I do love children. They are energetic, and far more accepting than adults, not to mention less jaded. But as things stand, I may never be having one of my own, so I suppose that I shall have to enjoy whatever time I can get around them.” He frowned and averted his eyes from Dio for a moment. This was something that truly bothered him about their situation.

“But it is all right.” He gave Dio a smile, reaching out to briefly touch his hand. He did not want to make a bigger display with the servants about and father not far. “For you, Dio…” He leaned in to whisper. “For you, it will be worth it.”

~

Dio folded his arms with a slight frown on his face. They had talked of adoption not too long ago, but he likely meant having children on a biological basis. In the days of their youth, Jonathan had made mention of children and weddings and marrying the girl of his dreams many aggravating times; it was something he very much meant to do, and now Dio was going to steal any chances of that. When it came to love and Jonathan, he had always gotten in the way; before with that childhood country girl, and now with the future he laid out for himself. Funny, that.

The smile the other gave however was bittersweet, and Dio pouted. If Jonathan was going to be with him, he should be anything but sad. He was much more worthwhile than any child would be. And children were everywhere, there was only one Dio. He agreed with Jonathan. He was worth it. “Best not to think of these things now, Jojo.” He stood up and placed a fleeting hand on the man’s shoulder. “The world is full of possibilities.”

~

Jonathan sighed and folded his arms over his chest. Children had indeed always been in the back of his mind. They were something he yearned for, something that would leave his mark on the world. He cared about it a great deal.

But he also cared for Dio, possibly more than anything he had ever cared for before in his life. When he thought about it, it all seemed rather crazy, as if he were under a spell, however, Jonathan knew that he had allowed himself to fall for Dio, and fall hard. In the end, if he could break through his rock like exterior, he would consider himself blessed.

As Jonathan imagined what Dio might have been like as a child, he looked over to him as he was now, looking grown, and stern. No part of him seemed innocent. But at one point, he had to have
been. The room was empty, everyone was preparing for brunch. It was only a moment, but Jonathan took it. He stepped up to Dio, lightly cupping his cheeks. “My problem is I want your child some day so badly. Your blood… a little girl or boy like you… But of course it is impossible. So I shall just have to shower all my affections on you instead. Which will not be hard tonight.” He smiled down at him, and then pulled away, drawing himself through the double doors into the dining room.

For once, Dio showed more of an appetite than Jonathan, something which may have seemed odd to Lord Joestar, but otherwise, the brunch went well. By the end of it, Jonathan did steal a few pastries to bring up to his room and eat later.

***

That night, Jonathan was quite well and thrilled to have Dio in his bed. He was the first to offer to please Dio, and Dio returned the favour. They chatted on about this and that, but even as they did so, Jonathan’s attentions seemed to be elsewhere, in darker places. As Jonathan wore his heart on his sleeve, it was impossible for his shift in mood to go unnoticed, and Dio would eventually feel the need to ask about it, turning to look him in the eye. He was met with Jonathan frowning and averting his gaze.

“I never imagined when we set off from school in the snow that we would wind up courting each other before the weekend is through.” His fingers slowly moved across Dio’s bare side, eyes fixed on the sheets. It was the first time he had referred to their arrangement as such, and yet the words did not feel as strange on Jonathan’s lips as he thought they might. Indeed, he was finding his true concerns lay elsewhere.

“We go back to school in a few days, where we will need to hide even more than we do here. What if you forget about me?” This seemed to be a genuine worry in Jonathan’s mind.

~

“We do still have rugby training a few times a week, Jojo. We’re partners, I cannot so easily forget you, unless I wished to lose the game of course.” It was not quite a joke, but Dio had meant to ease Jonathan’s spirits ever so slightly. Like this, insecure and worrying he could be rather irksome. Dio sat up straight, removing himself from Jonathan’s warm embrace and folded his hands together, fingers interlocking.

“Didn’t you yourself say you were my dutiful knight? As long as you continue the way you have been--” Dio went to straddle Jonathan, leaning down to kiss him on the lips, tongue pushing in deep as his hands cupped the man’s face, granting him one of the many affections that had exhibited in their unexpected respite. “--then I see no reason to replace you.”

And though it would have been more than easy to go back on his word… Dio meant it.

PART 1 FIN
Part 2 - Holidays Have Been Merrier: Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

With the Yuletide season approaching, balls and events and a flocks unwanted guests (not to mention a herd of rowdy children) seem to provide a bounty of those who would have Jonathan in their clutches. Still in the early stages of their newfound relationship, Dio is not so privy to that notion.

But then Dio has his own concerns to worry about.

The Joestar Carriage pulled up to the gates of Hugh Hudson University, for the first time since the end of the blizzard. Melting snowmen and gray slush paved the way to entrance, where the two were left, spilled back into the very place that only a few days hence they had left as reluctant brothers. It felt strange to Jonathan, having everything look the same as it always did, when he himself was so different.

“So, I will see you at dinner then?” Jonathan suggested with a smile, clutching the small suitcase he had brought back with him so hard his knuckles appeared white.

“Perhaps.” Jonathan watched the blond turn without a second glance, and walk in the direction of the law dormitories, his own eyes fixated on the way his body moved, both elegant and masculine at the same time. Despite himself he felt his breath hitch, wishing for a last touch, a word, a glance, anything. But it was not to come, and Jonathan had to learn to accept Dio’s cooler manner and school friends. He knew that if he was too overbearing he would be a nuisance. And the last thing he wanted to do was become like a clingy fiancé, as he had seen in the future wives of some of his friends and cousins. He did not wish to loom overhead, and he did not want to stare at every other boy who might come near Dio with suspicion. Dio had his school friends, as did Jonathan. There was nothing wrong with that.

Except Jonathan did not trust Dio’s crowd. He had always worried for him in a distant kind of way, they had never seemed like healthy individuals, coupled with their sexual bartering activities. But now that he and Dio were together, it was even more on his mind. Was Dio truly safe with those kinds of folks? And further more, would he remain faithful to Jonathan? After their long rivalry, Jonathan had to wonder if perhaps this was some plan of Dio’s, to make him fall in love and then crush his heart while he had it in the palm of his hand. God, he hoped not.

Jonathan went through the next few days organising his assignments for the close of the term, keeping track of what he needed to work on and what was already done. Each night at dinner he had eaten with a chair across from him and each night, that chair remained empty, no sign of Dio anywhere. Still, Jonathan was not about to let that harm his spirits. On the fourth night, he met up with one of his friends and fellow archaeology students, Matthew Addison, accompanying him to pick up a book from the library, and then into the dining hall.

~

Dio too had spent the last half week settling his school affairs. Missing seminars were rectified with visit to the lecturers, and the taking of notes from other students -- avoiding the ones he once went to
for his prior brand of bartering. He was truly making good on his word to have no other than Jonathan, but that did not mean he had to eat dinner with him that night… or any since they returned. He had been busy, Jojo would understand that, and he had made clear their relationship could not suddenly become too familiar, lest people suspect. There had to be a reason for the two of them to go off together.

With plans to go to the library until dinner on the fourth day back, Dio set off down the halls, nodding at the students who greeted him along the way until he was drawn to a halt by one of his fellow law students and someone Dio did not actually hate the company of, Roger Stanbury, just before he reached the doors. He could be a little persistent in his want for Dio, but really, who could blame him? Dio widened then narrowed his eyes in mild surprise.

“I thought you’d been expelled,” he said, formalities thrown away. Roger simply grinned.

“They can’t get rid of me that easily, Brando. Besides, you’d miss me too much.” Dio scoffed, shaking his head, and before he knew it he was walking away from the library, caught in not completely unpleasant conversation.

“But enough about me, I heard you got caught in the snowstorm. Anything interesting happen while you were off?” Roger asked with a curious glint.

“…Nothing worth telling,” Dio replied with a gentle shrug.

“I know that that look. Come now, Brando, usually you have plenty to talk about.”

“I was trapped in a blizzard, Stanbury, what did you expect me to get up to in that time?”

“You always find something to do.” Dio hummed. Somehow they had continued talking for quite some time and found themselves in the dining hall without Dio being able to do any work at all. Typical.

~

“Jonathan, you should know that my cousin Violet is very eager to meet you at the upcoming gala. She is quite eligible, you see, and she comes from a good, wealthy family.” Jonathan barely seemed to be listening to Matthew, his eyes were on another boy on the other side of the hallway, walking in with a familiar blond.

“Is that Roger Stanbury from Dio’s law program? I thought he had been expelled.” Matthew shook his head.

“No, he hasn’t. But he has the worst reputation around the school. I heard that he is almost never sober when he is off the school grounds, and has a reputation for using illicit substances to get others into bed, whether they want to, or not. He will be expelled before long if he doesn’t stop it.” Jonathan filed these facts away and continued listening to Matthew’s banter over dinner, though he was distracted by the familiarity he could see that Dio had with the Stanbury boy, even from a distance. Without noticing what he was doing, Jonathan’s hand curled into a fist, as Matthew watched him in confusion.

~

“So… shall we meet at the usual time tonight, I don’t believe I have anything on, and after a week of supposed ‘nothing’ I am presuming you wish to get off.” Roger leaned in, speaking in a low voice to Dio as they made their way to the queue for dinner. Dio put a finger to his chin as if to contemplate.
“I’m busy.”

“Oh, come on. I know you, there’s no need to play hard to get.”

Dio took another few steps in line, picking up a plate with the entree he desired. “I told you I was busy. Jojo and I have been scheduled to clean up the rugby shed and check inventory, in preparation for the winter.”

“Jojo?” Roger had to take a moment to recall who Dio was talking about. “You mean your brother, Jojo?”

“The very one.” Dio had caught Jonathan in the corner of his eye and once he had given coin for the meal, began making his way towards him. Roger sped up to half whisper half shout in his ear, not bothering with getting his own food.

“You would pass me up for your brother?! Look I need this, I have a redo on my exam, and I am trying to fulfill my end of the deal here, it’s what you want isn’t it?” Dio stopped in his tracks and faced Roger, a dark smile on his face.

“Deals end.” He turned again planting himself down on the empty seat at Jonathan’s table. “Jojo, I hope you haven’t forgotten about clean up tonight!”

~

“You mean rugby clean up? Dio, I didn’t think that started until--oh! Right! Yes! That clean up!” It took Jonathan a moment to catch on to what Dio was actually talking about -- or at any rate, what he assumed he was talking about. Just a few moments before he appeared to have been talking rather closely with the possible opium addict, and Jonathan saw the way the boy looked at Dio. Now that he had properly felt lust himself, it was easier to spot it in others. But for the time being, there was no way to do anything about it, or even so much as ask. Not until later, in any case.

“We should meet on the field at half past seven, that should give us ample time to enjoy dinner first. Don’t be late, Dio! There is so much to go over!” He waved merrily as Dio walked off into another part of the dining room, opting to sit with a group of law students. Matthew turned to him and quirked a brow.

“Jonathan, you look as flustered as chicken in the fox’s den. Are you alright?” he asked with concern.

“Yes, yes, of course, I am fine! Dinner looks great, I think I shall have seconds!” The truth was, Jonathan was not used to lying as of yet. The lie he told his father had been given much thought before it crossed his lips, rehearsing it a few times and allowing him to get used to the idea. This was a lie off the cuff, and more challenging to pull off. He knew he would need to, though, if this was ever to work.

For the rest of dinner, Jonathan was so nervously excited he stuffed himself like a pig. He chatted and ate over enthusiastically, to hide his nerves. By the time it was half past seven, he not only had a belly ache, but he had Matthew thinking that he was genuinely interested in meeting his cousin Violet. In reality, his mind was on another blond, and how quickly he could get him alone in the rugby shower rooms.
Once on the cold, snowy field, Jonathan stuck his hands in his pockets and waited. When he saw him, he gave the blond a goofy grin. “Ah, Dio, that was a rather good excuse you thought of back there, no one would ever suspect. I… I miss you, by the way!” Looking around first to make sure no one was watching, he then gave Dio a peck on the cheek.

~

“It has only been a few days, Jojo, don’t go getting too clingy now.” Affection and the like could come later, for the moment Dio wanted to set some things straight. “I saw how you were glaring at Stanbury and I. Jealousy is an unattractive trait, Jojo, it does not suit.” It was better to cut to this conversation now, than have Jonathan mull over it for days or even weeks. It was going to happen at some point, Dio knew his brother well enough for that, so he decided to start it for him.

“Surely you do not expect me to keep in your eye line at all times so you can ‘check up’ to see what I am doing. I am aware of the exclusivity of our relationship and I already said I agree to it. Do not test me.”

~

Jonathan blinked and gave Dio a funny look as he lectured him about jealousy. He immediately held up his hands in a defensive gesture. “Dio, really! I don’t expect any of that. Yes, I would like for us to be able to live in the same residence, but that is different from needing to see you every waking moment!” Jonathan folded his arms over his chest, and gave him a serious look.

“Furthermore, I am not jealous. I am concerned for your wellbeing. From what my friend Matthew was telling me, Stanbury is a devil of a character, it is a wonder that he is still in school, and he probably won’t be for long.” A look of annoyance spread across Jonathan’s face. “I’m surprised at you, Dio. You are so concerned for appearances, not wishing for us to seem so friendly in public, lest we be discovered and expelled, yet you freely fraternise with riff raff who could bring you down to far worse places I could ever take you!”

~

“I did not realise you were so quick to jump to conclusions from the words of one.” What Jonathan’s friend said about Roger was all true, but Jonathan did not know that for certain. Beside, Stanbury would not lay a finger on Dio without express permission. “Not jealous but ‘concerned,’ Jojo? What book did you retrieve that line from?”

Dio glared in return at Jonathan’s assumption of his susceptibility to his friends. As if he could be brought down by them. What an insult! Aside from the occasional drink he steered clear of narcotics or anything of the sort.

“And I suppose you’d want me to socialise with your type of friends, who sit around and do little to naught, just what is it you do all day with them? You have no right to act superior, Jojo, especially not now. If you wish to talk about low places we could go I’d assume fucking your brother would be quite high on the list.” Dio continued to stare when Jonathan averted his eyes, he refused to back down from contact in any circumstance.
Jonathan felt Dio’s words hit him like daggers, but he hardened his heart and took the brunt of it. He huffed and glared at him, before averting his eyes. Perhaps he was a bit jealous too. That other boy, Roger, he supposed he was handsome, although nowhere near as lovely as Dio. Dio was the only man Jonathan had ever found sexually alluring, so it was hard to make a comparison, but Roger was not hard on the eyes and had loose morals. He supposed that was all that mattered in the long run.

“I just want you to keep you safe. That’s my job as your knight, is it not?” Jonathan said in a softer tone, turning back to look at Dio. “If you choose to spend time with him, it is not my place to stop you. All the same, I do not wish to see it backfire in your face. I lo-- I care for you very much.” He held himself back from saying ‘love’ in that way. It was too soon for either of them, though the words were itching to pass from his lips.

“You need not keep me safe from the likes of Roger. He is harmless and mindless, he is simply entertaining. I couldn’t possibly get into trouble from him, if anything I, Dio should be commended for helping such a wreck of a man. He is fortunate he will inherit riches, for he would be dead in a ditch somewhere if not for that.” In all his years of being surrounded by them, Dio had not lost his animosity for nobles for being born into wealth and power when so few of them deserved it.

It was fortunate that Dio did not quite register Jonathan’s stutter over words, or their conversation may have been quite different.

Jonathan shook his head before taking Dio’s hands and encasing them in the warmth of his own. “Come now, let’s not argue like this in the cold, it accomplishes nothing.” The shower rooms and changing rooms of the rugby team were empty, and would be for many weeks yet. Still, Jonathan locked the door behind them, not wanting any unwanted visitors at the moment.

Once they were inside, Jonathan took a seat on a bench, and motioned for Dio to do the same. Lightly, he let a hand rest on top of Dio’s own, thumb making circles across the skin. He was perfectly calm, and it showed in his voice as well as in his usual optimistic demeanor.

“Dio, let’s not let Roger get between us when there are so many other things in this world that will do that for us. I am truly concerned for you, but if you say that there’s nothing to fear, I will trust you on that. And... as for jealousy...” Jonathan’s cheeks flushed a bit. “Yes. Perhaps I felt a few hints of it, but truly, Dio, you are my prince, and can you really blame me? The boy is handsome and has a reputation, so he is probably much more experienced than I am in bed..maybe someone like that would hold your interest for longer than myself.”

Jonathan turned his bright blue eyes to meet Dio’s, smiling softly. “But once more, I trust you! My beloved prince...” He leaned in and pressed his lips to the tips of Dio’s hand, face bowed. “Even if our life together is a crime, I’d never let something happen to you, ever. Which is the main difference I believe between myself and Stanbury.”

With all of this out of the way, he reached over and pulled Dio into his lap, nuzzling affectionately against his neck.

Stopping to think about it for a moment, it really was not all bad for Jonathan to feel jealousy towards
Roger or any other boy Dio interacted with, for it showed how much of a hold he had on his brother. Was that not what he wanted? Dio needed to remember that.

But they had moved on from this little argument and Dio felt as if he had won it, so with an elevated mood, he gladly accepted the respectful kiss his knight offered and chuckled lightly as he was brought onto Jonathan’s lap in the shelter of the changing room. The wooden bench creaked a little, the only other sound that could be heard.

As Jonathan nuzzled against him, Dio’s hands lingered on his back feeling his admirable muscles through shirt fabric, tracing them with his palms and fingers and making his way to the front, upper arms and chest.

“It is a pity you aren’t in the rugby uniform right now,” Dio sighed, hands continuing as they were. “It would rather set the mood of location after all, and they were never able to find a size big enough for you. It was practically ripping at the seams by the end of last year, not that that was ever a problem.” He unfastened the first two buttons on Jonathan’s shirt, and slipped his hands in to feel at skin.

~

Dio had a strange way of making Jonathan feel nervous and aroused all at the same time. As the other boy spoke of the ill fitting rugby uniform, a bright crimson spread across Jonathan’s cheeks. “Dio, must you really remind me of such things? It was rather embarrassing.” His arms tightened about the other, and yet there he went, unbuttoning his top and making a jolt pass through his body like no other. “Personally, I don’t find them terribly attractive, though that may have something to do with the war I have raged to find one that fits. But taking it off… that is something I very much enjoy.”

As if returning the favour, Jonathan slowly began to unbutton Dio’s shirt as well, though he went a few further, and instead of touching, he pulled back to observe Dio’s bare chest. In their time together they had been nude, but he felt as if he had never truly appreciated it as much as he should.

“Your body is a work of art, Dio, and that is not simple flattery.” Jonathan admitted slowly. “You do have some delicate, beautiful features, like a woman, but at the same time your body is sculpted like that of a pagan god. Normally it is the form of voluptuous women that brings out the lust in me, but you…” He let out a little sigh as he felt Dio’s hands over the bare skin of his own chest. “You bring it out in me worst of all!”

Jonathan leaned in and pressed a crushing kiss to Dio’s lips. He knew that tonight would have been about lust. What else would it be, meeting in a place like this? Still, as sexual in nature as this affair was for them both. Jonathan wished to demonstrate that his feelings for the other were above and beyond simple carnal needs.

“My prince deserves nothing but the best…” He whispered as he leaned in close to his ear. “And as your knight I must learn how you wish to be pleased.” Even if some of those ways might involve ripped rugby uniforms or other things he would not think about right now. He was prepared to learn.

~

“A work of art you say, Jojo? Well if you believe that to be so, it is only right you treat it as such.” Not yet explaining what he meant by that, and completely ignoring Jonathan’s comment of women he was attracted to that were not him, Dio went to disrobe the rest of Jonathan from the waist up, undoing the remaining buttons of his shirt and pulling it off his arms, letting it float to the ground silently. It would be expected to get dirty, so it was no matter. When Jonathan went to do the same to
him, Dio batted his hand away and tutted. “Art is meant to be looked at, not touched, Jojo.” He removed himself from Jonathan’s lap and stood up, pondering exactly how he was going to fulfil the plan he had in store.

“Put your legs up on the bench,” Dio said, removing the tie from his collar and undoing it. “Now put your hands behind your back.” Jonathan of course was confused, and more than a little nervous by the looks of it, but obeyed. Dio smiled with narrowed eyes before tying the other boy’s wrists together where they were now situated. Jonathan turned his head around quickly at the feel of it, and asked with a stutter what he was doing.

“I’m simply ensuring that you don’t touch this art piece of course. I think that knot will hold, try and break free of it.” As Dio walked to the Jonathan’s front, straddling the bench he was sat on, Jonathan tried and failed to do so. “Don’t worry, Jojo, I’m not going to do anything bad to you, I promise it will be most enjoyable.” Dio skirted a finger up Jonathan’s bare chest, making him shiver, and ended the trail on his chin. “Today it is my turn to have you.”

He then lay a deep kiss upon Jonathan’s lips who reciprocated, automatically trying to lift his arms in order to cup and hold his partner. Of course bound, he was unable to do so. To see him like this was already bringing Dio to arousal.

~

Jonathan was truly starting to panic. To not have use of his arms, to not be able to touch or hold his lover, it was beyond very uncomfortable, it was frightening. And Dio was quite visibly enjoying it. He made another futile yank at the bindings, Dio really had tied him well.

Jonathan lifted his head and came eye to eye with Dio. He could see the lust burning within the amber, lust and that ever underlying hint of sadism, and it startled him. Dio took pleasure in watching Jonathan struggle. It made him feel like a little boy again, unable to stop the relentless torments of his foster brother. He twisted against the bindings, and once again they would not yield.

“Dio…” The panic echoed in his voice. “…Please. I feel better if I can touch you.” But Dio just tsked and shook his head, his hands continuing to travel across Jonathan’s body. Jonathan had to admit, it was not all bad. He was not hurting him -- yet. But at the same time, there was still that doubt in the back of his mind, wondering if Dio would harm him rather than bring him to the brink of pleasure.

He just had to trust him.

The fear was still there, but Jonathan forced his body to relax, instead putting his energies into returning Dio’s kiss. The feel of their tongues entwined together was pleasant as ever, and Dio had never once disappointed him during any of their romps. Even when he was being cruel, in the end, it brought an even sweeter release. Obediently, Jonathan finally stopped fighting with the bindings. His nerves were still on edge, but he looked up at Dio and forced a smile.

“You are driving me mad, Dio. I want to touch you so bad. But if this is what you wish…”

~

“It is,” Dio said in turn before canting his head and pressing his lips on Jonathan’s neck, nipping and kissing enough to leave a mark or three.

But truthfully Dio had no plans to harm Jonathan, except perhaps with the force of of cock up his rear. Jonathan could take a hit just fine, but Dio did indeed wish to make him feel good. He
considered blindfolding Jonathan too, but that may have been a little too much for the man to take just yet. There could be quite some fun to have with that later at any rate, and their relationship was not even two weeks old. He had to keep some things up his sleeve, keep Jojo squirming.

Dio went to unbuckle Jonathan’s belt, and pulled his trousers down to his knees. Despite the obvious fear, Jonathan’s member could not deny that he had not completely disliked the sensation. Still covered by his undergarments, Dio touched it through the fabric, squeezing ever so slightly, making it rise all the more and was rewarding with Jonathan’s moan. It did not take long for Dio’s hands to creep under the elastic and let flesh touch flesh.

While pumping and stroking his growing erection, Dio spoke, leaning his body in so the whispered words would tickle against Jonathan’s ear in a hot breath. “You see, Jojo, there is nothing to worry about, nothing at all.” Once his cock began to leak a little precome, Dio’s mouth lowered to it. “I told you this would feel good, you have no reason to doubt.”

~

The truth was, Dio did feel good. He always felt good -- even if he was tormenting or teasing Jonathan, denying him what he wanted and tying him up. In the end, the other man knew exactly how to touch him and exactly how to make his cock twitch with desire. That was something he could not even imagine Erina doing, she was so sweet, and loving, and innocent… how does a girl like that ever succumb to sexual desires, anyway? While she would always have a place in his heart, now Dio was a part of him. A strong part of him that he could not deny, he was falling fast in love with.

He watched Dio, standing cruelly over him, making remarks about trust, reaching out and pulling down his trousers to tease his erection with. He was falling in love with that too. As if on cue, Dio began to stroke him and tend to him just as he knew how, causing Jonathan to cry out. Dio was an expert on physical love, but the rest? So much as hearing the word bothered him.

“I know you won’t hurt me.” Jonathan breathed, his cock rock hard and eager for more. “You care for me.” He let those words sink in, before adding, “I care for you too, and I feel I need practice sucking your cock, because I am sure that my tongue is not half as good at it as your own… but… that is, unless you had something else in mind?”

At least they had one thing in common: they were both eager to please in bed.

~

“I’m happy you desire me so, Jojo, but my cock is going to be a little preoccupied. You will have plenty of time to practice in the future, I assure you.” Dio reached down, tucking under Jonathan’s crotch and cupping his balls with a firm hand. “First things first however.” Dio’s lips curved over Jonathan’s cock, beginning to lick and bob at the head. He could hear Jonathan’s moans and the bench creaked a little as his body arched upwards and taut already at the slight action, bound hands gripping at the gaps in the bench.

Dio made his way down Jonathan’s member slowly and consistently, rather than his usual method of harder and fuller swallowing, he went inch by inch, a definite tease in his tactic. He could hear in Jonathan’s voice that he wished for something deeper, harder, so that was exactly what he wasn’t going to do. All of this was preparation, he couldn’t have Jonathan all worn out before he took him, but he wanted him needing and craving and desperate before that.
Once he had made his way to the base, Dio followed the same technique going upwards, not listening to Jonathan’s requests. He reached the top again and removed his lips with a salacious pop. As planned, from that alone Jonathan was certainly brought close to the brink, but it was not enough to take him over the edge.

“That was only the appetiser,” Dio said with a wink, before pulling away and standing upright. Still clothed but quite hard, he made his way to the cupboard where they kept oils and lotions for after game injuries and retrieved a bottle, returning to the bench where Jonathan sat, member twitching in red, hard anticipation. Dio pulled down his own trousers and pants to reveal his own cock, and began pouring the oil on it, stroking himself to full length before adding the silky liquid to Jonathan’s rear, prepping his ass thoroughly with two fingers, then three, before pitting his cock at the now exposed entrance.

~

Dio intended to enter him. He shouldn’t be surprised, in all honesty he should be more surprised that this hadn’t happened sooner. In a way, it would be the final crossing over, the last shred of his virginity gone and given to Dio. He was alright with that, but it still made him as skittish as a startled horse. He nearly jumped when Dio put the oil on his entrance, and cried out loudly as Dio moved to enter.

"I… I want this, Dio… you are my prince. But please… you are also my first. And… and…” He was scared. He didn’t know how to express that without sounding horribly unmanly and childish. So he bit his lip and gave Dio a look. "Please be gentle, and tell me what to do.”

~

There was something about Jonathan saying he was his first that made him feel twelve again, under the reddened sunset stealing that girl’s first kiss from Jonathan’s lips. He was almost tempted to shout out that it was he, Dio with a large grin. He had taken Jonathan’s first kiss too, and now he was going to take the rest of him. But it would not be something of force; Jonathan wanted him, and that in itself brought him tremendous satisfaction. Dio wanted people to want him.

“Less tense, Jojo,” Dio whispered in Jonathan’s ear. “It will be better if you just relax.” He elongated the last word and drew his head back, guiding the back of his fingers over the boy’s face before gently beginning to push his cock into Jonathan’s previously untouched hole.

~

Jonathan was grateful for Dio’s instructions, as well as how smoothly and calmly he spoke to him. He very well knew that if Dio had wanted to, he could have bent him over, shoved his cock in without a thought or care to his pleasure, and fucked him raw. In the back of Jonathan’s mind, he supposed that was half how he was expecting this to go. He feared that this would be a turning point in the relationship, where his prince turned into a tyrant, and used him with cruelty behind it.

Instead, Dio’s cock slowly pushed inside him, first the thick head, and then little by little the rest. Low, guttural moans escaped Jonathan’s lips, trying to focus on Dio’s face and expression rather than what was happening. It helped him to relax. This was uncomfortable, the sensation of his entrance being stretched for the very first time was jarring. But it was not cruel. Dio’s voice soothed him, making him feel more sure of himself. He did relax and spread his legs a little wider, and when Dio pushed in further, Jonathan cried out loudly, but not only in pain-- it was also in encompassing pleasure.

~
“Ah, Jojo, you’re so tight, you seem so full already.” Dio placed his hands on Jonathan’s shoulders, bringing the two of them closer still as he began to slowly make his way further inside, listening to Jonathan’s breathy requests this time, on how far to go in, just what he wanted.

It was not all like Dio to put the needs of anyone above himself, but this was something he wished Jonathan to remember for a long time yet. His first memory should be nothing but overwhelming bliss brought about by Dio’s own glorious hand, or rather, his glorious cock. The oil felt slick against his member and helped him guide through Jonathan’s clenching and puckering rear, the tightness bringing low moans to Dio’s own lips, and his grip around Jonathan’s shoulders grew tight and hard, near enough to bruise.

“I’m going put the rest in now,” Dio said when he was a few inches past half way, his voice airy and shaking, his need as large as his pupils. He was ready to begin thrusting, to find Jonathan’s most sensitive spot and hit against him, sending him into a wave of unbridled pleasure. “Are you ready?”

Dio’s cock slid into Jonathan’s body further and further, each push bringing a sharp breath from his lips. Little by little, however, he grew used to it. He expected it. And he started to crave it, too. Dio had been right, this was extremely pleasurable and he had nothing to be afraid of.

"Dio..." Jonathan struggled with the binding at his hands, and found himself unable to to break hold. This time, instead of fear, his excitement surged. He began to rock his hips, trying to encourage Dio to do the same. "Keep going..." He was starting to wonder why they hadn't tried this sooner. Yes it was obscene, but it was also fantastic, and there was a sense of having Dio lay a claim on him in a way no one else ever could. The thought of belonging to Dio brought little twinges to Jonathan’s own cock, causing the blood to rush downwards and make him erect.

And Dio was enjoying it indeed, quickly finding a rhythm to work with, smacking his hips and pelvis against Jonathan’s rear, faster and faster, propelled by his desires to release the friction, and Jonathan’s moans and words of praise. Dio stared deep into Jonathan’s eyes, watching him being taken as he thrusted in and out, and found himself shouting out “Jojo” among other things, skirting on profanities and incomprehensible grunts very shortly in. A moment of such bliss, one he had dreamed about both at night and during the day was being played out in the shower room and it took everything Dio had not to come the moment his cock had entered Jonathan right at the start; he could not keep himself contained much longer.

A little embarrassingly, he did finish before Jonathan -- it was starting to become a trend -- but he immediately wrapped one arm around the man’s neck and brought him close again, his spare hand beginning to pump Jonathan’s member, his fingers wrapping round the red arousal with a solid grip despite being tired from his personal orgasm. He jerked Jonathan’s cock with a rough and riled intensity, definite pattern attributed, the oil on his hands still slippery and working wonderfully for this act. With a few more slides up and down in a repetitive motion, white spurted from Jonathan’s cock, splattering on both of them, leaving them sticky, panting messes.

Dio removed his limp member from Jonathan fully once his heartbeat returned to a manageable rate, his own seed covering it, remnants of semen leaking out of the tip. Seeing the remaining come dribble out of Jonathan’s used ass brought a happy sigh to his lips, satisfied that he had finally taken him in the way he should have long ago. He reached past Jonathan’s back, still wishing to feel his warm body near (just the afterglow talking) and untied him.
The second his hands were unbound, Jonathan kissed Dio with the ferocity of a starved animal. His arms took the other man firmly into his embrace, and when the kiss broke, he buried his face in Dio's neck. The experience of being taken was completely different than he had imagined, and Jonathan found that while he enjoyed having the control, he also very much enjoyed having someone else take the reigns, and that in such violent action there could also be pleasure. When he came, it had been a great deal, as if his orgasm had been an immensely strong one.

"Dio, I love you!" The words spilled from his lips without warning, and he pressed another kiss to his mouth. His face was flushed red, even more so as it suddenly occurred to him what he had said. "That is… I am falling in love with you. Falling very hard. And as it stands you are the one I think of when my mind wanders, and the one I dream of at night. I, I, Dio, you utterly overwhelm me!!"

~

This should be good, Dio should have been happy that he’d so completely taken in Jonathan, and in such a short time. The Joestar fortune was his with full certainty now, Jonathan had offered it to him on a silver platter… this was the ideal scenario for him, having Jonathan’s wealth, his body, everything. He told himself that Jonathan could spurt any nonsense he liked, if it got him what he wanted why should it be a problem?

And yet at the word love Dio pulled away yet again, for once uncertain of just want to say. Jonathan had said it as an affectionate pet name, that was one thing, even strangers said that to another, but for him to say the words “I love you,” there was no escape from it. Dio let a laugh as he tried and failed to move away from the other’s shoulder grip, but it was not a confident, conquering laugh, it was disjointed and jittery, very unlike himself. “Love, hmm?”

~

When Dio tried to pull away, Jonathan stopped him with his bear like hold. “Yes, love. I don’t know why that word sets you on edge, but I hope in time you’ll come to realise that you love me too.”

In Jonathan’s blue eyes was a desperateness and determination to which he rarely had together. His grip was firm. He was not about to let Dio go without a fight.

~

There was something very unsettling about that notion, and Dio’s mind immediately went back to his mother. She said she loved she loved his father, that monster of a man, the one who killed her… so what was love exactly? If that’s all he had to go by, then… he didn’t want it. Love like that was a death sentence.

"It’s a little soon for that, would you not say?” Dio finally spoke after a long moment of silence. He did not want to dwell on this, every inch of his body was calling for him to take flight, he did not have it in him to talk of such things and especially not with Jonathan. “Come now, we should shower, it is already dark and people will be wondering what we are up to at this rate.” Why was it always in a shed-like place such conversations about feelings seemed to crop up?

~

Hearing Dio be uncertain and almost flustered was so strange, and almost cute. It would have been more cute if it was not so concerning. There it was again, Dio’s fear of love. Jonathan had no way of knowing if it came from some animosity left over from their childhood rivalry, from an attempt at denying that Jonathan was something more than a fuck to him, or from something rooted in his childhood. Regardless, Jonathan would find out eventually, no matter what it took.
“Let’s get you cleaned up then.” Jonathan said with a sigh, although he was equally in need of showering, if not more so. If it were up to him, though, he would have lingered for a little while more, enjoying the musk and heat of their bodies together. But he complied and stood up, holding Dio’s hands and leading them to the shower stalls where they had both washed without a thought hundreds of times after games and practices. He turned on the water, making it hot but not scorching, and of course, allowed his prince to go in first.

As always, Jonathan was very attentive when it came to washing, spending much time lathering up Dio’s hair. He definitely enjoyed touching and feeling the blond locks very much. Leaning in, he kissed Dio in full on the lips. He was so tender, and affectionate, and absolutely enamored with the other man before him. At least for the moment, it seemed as if Dio had won, with Jonathan seeing Dio as he had at one point envisioned Erina.

~

Dio was glad their conversation ended at that note, he deeply wished not to have a repeat of over sharing his thoughts and emotions with a demanding Jonathan, and he was glad to get into the shower, wash all that ‘love’ off himself. He began to wash his own locks, but Jonathan soon began to commandeer the act, running and rubbing his fingers gently, almost as if he was giving him a head massage as he moved. Dio was never fond of the generic scentless soaps the university supplied and tended to bring his own, but of course just returning he had no choice in the matter.

When kissed, Dio returned the notion, but still felt a little unsettled by Jonathan’s prior declaration. He needed to snap out of this, it was good that Jonathan had fallen for him. He’d won. Remember that, Dio.

~

“Once we are clean, we are going to wait until your hair has dried a bit, so you do not catch another chill. It would be a pity if you were sick for the holidays. You would miss all the food, wine, people, and dancing…” He laughed a bit, and then brushed a soggy bang from Dio’s eyes. “Well, ah, you would miss the wine, at any rate, perhaps not the other things so much.” He sighed and ran a bar of soap across his own body. “I do wish we could dance together.

~

“You do not need to baby me, Jojo, I am quite capable of handling myself.” Dio scoffed at Jonathan’s mothering, not particularly interested in participating in what one might call a loving act. “Besides I would much rather be sick than have to be around the ninety Floris children,” Dio said under the water drops, rolling his eyes. “And yes, I do mean that.”

~

“Oh come now, the Florises only have five children. Er, uh, perhaps they have six now. I lost count!” Jonathan’s chuckled and rubbed the back of his head, before starting to hastily wash himself down. “I promise that I shall keep them far away from you and your room.” Jonathan’s chin rested on the top of Dio’s head, enjoying keeping his pampered prince in his grasp, despite the protests. “I am more concerned about not making a fool of myself at the ball than I am about the Florises, to be quite frank. You are rather good at dancing and needn’t worry. I have become passable, but I do wish I did not need to lead all the time.

~

“Well, given your height and the fact you are male I suppose there’s not much we can do about your
leading. But if you wish to dance… I am not averse to helping you practice beforehand. You claim to be passable, but I, Dio am not so sure. And I won’t have you embarrassing yourself when I have to watch.”

Dio was reminded of the days in their youth when they were made to spin and twirl with each other as practice, and how he tended to lead Jonathan -- being the taller one at the time. While balls appealed to him less the older he became, with the purpose of such events to find brides, debuted as eligible at these affairs, Dio did quite enjoy the elegance of the waltz and other popular movements. There was a beauty and appreciation to it and the clothing adorned the swishing dresses and tailored suits were both rather fanciful.

~

Jonathan remembered all too well what dance lessons had been like as a child. He had been shorter and plumper then, more interested in sweets and his ancient civilisation books than balls and dances. Dio had been his partner, and had suffered many a pinched toe for it, but he had always looked quite elegant on the dance floor, and his fluid movements would typically help the young Jonathan fall into place. They had worked rather well together, in fact, until their dance instructor had forced them to switch leads.

“If you are offering to help me polish up my technique, I am not going to object. Then again, I would not object to very many excuses for being able to touch you, even if it is only a light touch.” He leaned in and pressed a brief, fleeting kiss to Dio’s lips, and then returned to rinsing himself off.

~

“You may enjoy my touch all you like, Jojo, but do know I mean to teach you properly, so try not to get too distracted now. You may as well give whoever is buying you their money’s worth, do you not agree?” There was a slither of bitterness Dio felt towards whoever may purchase Jonathan for the charity ball, but he would be damned if Jojo would dance like a buffoon while doing it. It was quite a confusing feeling.

The two of them washed themselves down, and after a small round of heavy kisses in the shower, turned the water off and stepped out.

“Now, time for inventory,” Dio said once he had pulled up the final leg of his breeches and tied up his shoes. From his bag he pulled out a checklist and pen.

~

“Wait--what inventory?!” Jonathan exclaimed, glancing about at all the equipment. “I did not think you were actually serious!”

~

Where do you think I got the keys from? The coach just doesn’t hand them out for students in need of a quick fuck, Jojo.” Dio opened the cupboard, revealing the equipment packed away from last season. “You count the items, I'll mark them down. Let’s begin.”

***

The next couple of weeks seemed to fly by, to Dio’s dismay. At the very least he had completed all his assignments, so there was little to worry about during the holiday period, since in all other
regards, he would not have a shred of peace.

During their encounters he could see Jonathan growing more and more excited until the day finally came for the university to break up; Christmas was approaching.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who has read, commented, and left kudos of once second fic posted yesterday with these two chapters. We both appreciate it and hope you continue to enjoy!
Chapter Summary

Just wanted to give a quick thank you to saltplatinum, tenar_of_atuan, and MikiSpazz, who left comments on chapter 2 prior to our format switch. Sorry that we were unable to respond before switching over, but we appreciated them all the same!

Also updates will be Tuesdays and Fridays from now until indefinitely.

Hope you continue to enjoy! Happy reading!

“Oh, Dio, don’t be so ‘bah humbug’. This Yuletide season will be absolutely delightful! Just wait and see! The Floris family aren’t so bad” Jonathan was practically buzzing with excitement as the carriage approached the estate. On the entire ride from Hugh Hudson, Jonathan had tried to soothe Dio with kisses, squeezes, and hand holds, but for some reason, Dio was just as grumpy as ever.

~

Still rather new to these touches and affectionate gesture Jonathan was giving him, coupled with the dread of returning home, Dio was not in the mood for smiling right now, and likely did seem rather Scrooge-like in his demeanour. He sighed, shuffling out of the brunet’s reach for the nth time when he felt fingers try to interlock with his own.

“It is not the holidays I have qualms with, Jojo, I have little problem with gifts and festivity. It is the company I share it with that is unappealing.” From the yappy mouthed Jeremy who for some inexplicable reason would not leave Dio alone, holding the desire to spend time with him no matter how much he pushed him away, to the silent middle child Victoria who had this haunting ability to simply appear out of nowhere -- be it in his study, the kitchen, and once he even heard the bathroom doorknob being fiddled with -- Dio felt he had every right to be utterly unenthused.

The carriage stopped at the entrance gates and Dio stepped out, slowly trudging his way inside, look despairing and irked and tired all at the same time. He immediately went to the liquor cupboard; this was not a time he wished to spend sober.

~

Once home, Jonathan dashed up stairs ahead of Dio, grinning like an idiot as he did so. When Dio would arrive in his room, under his pillow he would find a tiny package, wrapped in red paper. Inside were a fine pair of silver cufflinks, an intricate and elegant ‘D’ stamped into them. They were highly polished, and looked to be quite expensive. On the inside of the paper was just a single letter, J. It was the first of many gifts Jonathan had selected specifically with Dio in mind.

~

Dio had been rather impressed by the cufflinks he later found after trying to lie down and his pillow being unusually hard in a singular spot. He lay them by his bedside that night, smiling at the surprise offering, quite unexpected, but a rather nice mood boost to end the day.

Dio had plans for Jonathan too, he would not be outmatched in the gift giving department without a
fight. Unlike his brother however, he was not going to litter trinkets under his pillow and miss out on any reaction from the other. He’d much rather see his face, and so he saved them, keeping all of Jonathan’s presents in doubly locked drawer so he would have no chance of finding then. Jojo was the type to make it his life’s work to locate his gifts before they were due, like a hunting dog, or overly eager child. Dio had learned quite early on to ensure his gifts could not be found.

***

The next day, despite having no real need for cufflinks at home, Dio slipped the new gift on his person as he made his way downstairs. There were a few guests littered around, aside from the Florises, so it was not odd that he should want to dress up a little more than he would normally.

He’d slept in rather late, the night spent heavily engrossed in a book in the happy quiet when all the children were sleeping, so it was already noon when he finally bathed and dressed and was done with his extensive hair grooming routine. Wishing for Jonathan to see what he donned, he set about looking for him.

~

It was still early in the day, and the deep snow meant that the gang of children were out to the side of the mansion, building a snow fort and whacking each other with snow balls. It appeared that this game would keep them quite occupied, in fact so much so that they would most likely protest coming in for dinner at all. Jonathan was also not to be seen amongst their ranks, although servants had said that he had gone outside.

When Dio would step out into the field to see where he had gone, a bundle of maroon wool and golden curls would plummet into him. The youngest of the Floris children was not quite four yet, and very small. The snow was too deep for her to manage in the place where the other children were playing, so she was staying towards the front of the house. She looked up at Dio and froze, her mouth dropping, and her expression melting into one of fear.

“Isabelle! Come here, I need to straighten your cap out.” Jonathan called. She immediately darted towards Jonathan and the man scooped her up, adjusting her hat with a smile. He held her against his chest as if she were his own.

~

Seeing Jonathan with the child in his hold for some reason felt fitting, as if one belonged there, placed against his chest and held in those arms of his. Isabelle likely the more docile of the Floris five (though it would soon be six, for the Mrs was pregnant yet again), for she tended to avoid him as if he were struck by the plague but give it a few years however, and Dio was sure she would go down the same path as her siblings.

“It has to be bordering the minus degrees and yet you are sweating, Jojo. These children--” He glanced at the girl “--have been wearing you out it seems.”

~

Isabelle looked to Dio nervously as he spoke, and then buried her face in Jonathan's shoulder. Jonathan smiled softly at her, rubbing her back lightly. "Can you say hello to Dio?" he asked in a coaxing voice, but she shook her head no. Jonathan chuckled a bit.

"Don't worry, sweetling, Dio is not so scary as he looks. His bark is worse than his bite, ah, usually!" More nervous laughter escaped Jonathan's lips. She was most likely remembering from a year earlier
when Dio exploded at her siblings for barging into his room. As always, Dio made an impression. Jonathan shrugged his shoulders and met Dio’s eye.

“She is actually quite a talker, once she gets used to you. Isn’t that right, Izzy?” He began to tickle her, and she burst into smiles and giggles, before crying “Uncle Jona!” The Floris family did not use Jonathan’s nickname of Jojo, yet Jonathan was still a mouth full for her to say. She had invented her own nickname for him. Jonathan did not seem to mind one bit.

“The other children are indeed a handful. The oldest boy just turned thirteen, and one of the boy’s uncles thought a rifle would be an appropriate gift. Thankfully it is locked away in the father’s room. Can you imagine the kind of trouble we would have gotten into if someone had given us both rifles at that age?” Jonathan actually did have a rather good idea of what that trouble would have involved -- most likely a loss of limb, or a homicide.

Dio silently shared the same idea, in his twelve year old mindset, and his despisal of Jonathan likely at its peak when they were that age, he probably would have found himself shooting the boy in a fit of rage. Fortunately he had gotten a lid over his anger… for the most part.

“Maybe it is for the best if Thomas has the rifle, he might accidentally shoot himself in the face,” Dio immediately laughed and patted Jonathan on the shoulder before his words sunk in and his suspicious concerns would return from hearing Dio’s morbid words.

“I’m joking, I’m joking, Jojo, you must know I have no real desire for him to die.” Honestly Thomas could fall in a ditch and drown for all Dio cared, he was the eldest, leader and worst of all the Floris children. Without him they likely would cause a lot less damage, and Dio was sure he had learned the art of lockpicking because for him to forget to seal off his room with these people over was a ridiculous notion.

~

Jonathan was ready to make a comment about Dio’s little joke -- Thomas was indeed a difficult child, but that did not mean he deserved to shot -- but he then took notice of a flash of silver near Dio’s wrist out of the corner of his eye. He drew in closer to Dio and took one of his hands, revealing the cufflinks. “Mmm, I see you found them.” Jonathan said fondly. “I hope you like them.” He set Isabelle down, and the peppy girl began to trot away from the pair, back towards the other children.

“I know that you have not been so interested in the holidays. but they can still be enjoyable. And, you still need to help me brush up on my dancing later. I do not want to disappoint the ladies any more than they will already be when they find out I am not interested in a bride.” Jonathan laughed, lost in Dio’s amber eyes.

~

“Of course, Jojo, I would not so easily forget about that. If you are going to offer yourself up to these women for sport, then you might as well be the best at it. After Dio, but that goes without saying.”

He was about to continue on with his words when a high pitched scream could be heard in the not so far distance. Jonathan immediately recognised the voice of that of the youngest Floris girl, and immediately began a chase, calling out her nickname in a desperate hurry to see what was wrong. Dio followed after him, for couldn’t exactly appear complacent when the cries of children and guests were involved. Besides, he was was curious to see what damage had been caused.

It seemed Thomas had found a way to get his rifle from his father’s room, and had been trying to
shoot some pigeons in the snow with it. Instead of a pigeon, however, he had hit his youngest sister.

Isabelle lay bleeding from her head in the snow, crying loudly, which was a good sign, considering the nature of most head injuries. But her ear was a bloody mess, and it was difficult to tell just how serious it was. One thing was for sure, the blood loss alone could kill her, and Jonathan was already taking off his coat and using the sleeve to blot the wound.

“S-Should I pick her up?” he asked in a frantic tone. His voice was betraying the panic that was already starting to set in. One moment, Izzy had been fine and clinging to him. The next, she was bleeding on the ground, looking as if she might be dead. It was more than Jonathan could fathom, and his adrenaline was running high as he attempted to assess what he should do. If she were to die, he would never be able to forgive himself.

“Best not to move her,” Dio replied, stood at Jonathan side as he watched the sheet of white become a pool of deep red, and Isabelle squirm and cry, calling for her ‘mama’. “Not until you know how bad the wound is. Her mother and father, as well as the maid should be coming soon.”

While Jonathan catered to the head wound with the little items he had on him, Dio marched towards the culprit and gave him a satisfying smack on the head. He was stood next to his younger brother Andrew, the second oldest of the Floris lot, both looking rather concerned but unsure of what to do. Dio ordered Andrew to fetch a maid and a precautionary first aid kit immediately, and the boy obeyed. Dio pointed at the dirty blond haired elder next.

“And you, go get your parents.” He snatched the rifle from Thomas's grasp, not heeding his complaints in the slightest.

Jonathan was not a natural born leader in a medical emergency such as this one, but it was also not in his nature to stand by idly while a child he had grown fond of bled to death from her brother’s foolishness. He did his best to use the sleeve of his jacket to blot the wound, being careful to heed Dio’s suggestion not to move her. He held the compress to her head until the maid and parents came, though most of what they contributed was useless screaming.

The maid, at least, had the sense to call an ambulance, and Jonathan stayed with Isabelle, holding the wound closed from gushing the whole time. Later the ambulance medic would say they had done the right thing, and that moving her would have hurt more than helped. He was unable to ask anymore questions about whether she would survive or not as she and her mother were whisked away to the hospital, and Jonathan was left, standing in the snow with nothing but his festering worries to keep him company.
After the incident, Jonathan did not know what to do with himself. He was worried for Isabelle, and they would not get word on how she was until the evening at the soonest. Jonathan was quite glad that Dio had taken it upon himself to deal with the boys; he was absolutely furious, but all his energy went towards helping Izzy, and there was none left for the other children. Jonathan’s actions were praised, but he took no pleasure in it. He asked to be excused for the rest of the night, and it was granted.

A few hours later, he heard the door open, and from the corner of his eye he noticed Dio stepping in, but he was too focused on the half empty bottle of scotch in his hand to care. No question, this bottle had been hit before, most likely by his father, or perhaps Dio, but Jonathan had still taken a healthy chunk of it, especially considering that he had rarely, if ever, hit hard liquor like this before.

~

Dio had not been expecting such a sight when he entered Jonathan’s bedroom at all. He anticipated tears, or moping, or an overindulgence in chocolate, but a drunk, depressed Jojo was a rather ill-fitting combination, and quite uncharacteristic.

Upon reaching Jonathan at the desk, Dio immediately snatched the bottle away, much to the man’s protest, and moved it to the other side of the room. To ensure he wouldn’t go after it, Dio pushed Jonathan back onto his chair, planting himself on top, straddling him and holding his cheeks firmly after giving them a quick slap, bringing Jonathan’s sad, bloodshot eyes to meet his own glare.

~

...I know this isn’t right,” Jonathan muttered as Dio sat atop of him. What would have often have been an amorous position felt utterly trapping, and despite his words he still wished to drown out his sorrows all the more.

“It’s just... the thought of that poor girl dying is making me horribly ill. Her blood will stain that coat forever; it is the same coat I wore when we were stuck in that shed.” Jonathan tried to pull himself up from the chair, eager to get the bottle back in his grasp, though the movement was unsuccessful.

~

“The blood can be removed from your coat; it is surprisingly easy to do so. And I am sure the girl... I am sure Isabelle will survive this. With a head wound like that she would have been knocked unconscious or killed immediately if it were something truly fatal. Lucky for her that brother is a poor shot.” Dio decided he would not be returning Thomas’s gun any time soon, if ever. It was quite a nifty little item; he might just keep it.

“I shall have the chef prepare something, and yes you will eat it. You are a fool to have drunk so much, and you had better not throw up on me. I will not forgive you if you do.” Dio sighed, and moved his hand upwards to card through Jonathan's hair a little.

~

“It’s not the coat that is bothering me, Dio. It’s... it’s... her...” Jonathan sniffled once, and buried his face in Dio’s chest. His body was literally shaking. “I’ve never known a child that young and healthy to come close to death. And I had been holding her! I was just holding her...” Unlike Dio, Jonathan had never experienced the death of a child before. Compared to the poor in the slums, death of the
young was not nearly as typical, and for it to happen in such a careless way made his emotions stir in ways he had never felt before. Jonathan was dealing with something for the first time now which to Dio was nothing out of the ordinary.

“I know she’s likely all right. But if she wasn’t, I could never forgive myself. Never.” Jonathan clung to Dio, tears staining his shirt. At least it was better than vomit.

~

Dio had never reacted well to the sight of others crying, particularly those he would likely have comfort in some way following the spurt of tears. He squirmed a little as Jonathan buried his face in his chest, and sobbing like a child.

He might have tried to push him off, but there was little chance of that happening with Jonathan’s arms wrapped around his body, his grip far too tight, but out of his sightline, Dio frowned, the feeling of wetness seeping through his shirt and onto his skin was unpleasantly vile. Dio just about managed to stifle a loud noise of repulsion, and instead opted for a comforting approach, whether or not he felt it necessary.

“There… there…” Dio said, slowly, stroking through deep brown curls. That was about the extent of his consoling ability.

~

When Jonathan finally looked up, he still had that drunken expression, but at least the despair had passed, the tears having helped somewhat in letting out some of his emotion. He raised a hand to Dio’s cheek, stroking it lightly.

"Why do they die so easily?" Jonathan’s voice rang through the awkwardness, hardly even noticing Dio’s discomfort. "Why? They don't deserve it... your mother, my mother, Izzy, none of them deserve it and yet they are all lost to us!" Jonathan sniffled loudly. "Will be… lost… if Izzy doesn't make it..." His mind was moving faster than he could process the information, as well as his common sense being blurred. It seemed that Jonathan was not a happy drunk, but instead an anxious one, making an already stressful situation even worse.

“I’ll… eat now if you’d like. But I think I’d enjoy more scotch, too.”

Most likely, Dio would never let him touch the stuff again.

~

Dio simply laughed forcefully at that, pulling himself from Jonathan’s lap and purposely grabbing the bottle with more gusto than necessary. That was enough of that; now Jonathan was simply moping and Dio did not have it in him to stick around for such useless drunken drivel.

After leaving Jonathan to stew for a while in his own despair, Dio returned to him. If Jonathan were in his full mind, he would have noticed Dio had changed his previous shirt; he had no desire to keep a salty teary item of clothing on his body for longer than necessary.

Upon entering the bedroom, Dio found Jonathan sunken from the chair to the floor, not bothering to have picked himself up off it, holding his hand to his head, either pensively or in pain. Dio did not even bother to move him, and sat on the now unused seat himself, placing a plate of some of Jonathan’s favourite comfort foods on it.

“Eat.”
Lifting his head slightly, Jonathan looked at Dio, and though the room was spinning, managed to pick himself up. He staggered to the table and began to eat, looking reminiscent of his childhood self who had forgotten his table manners, but at least it lead to food being in his system. And with food in his system, came some measure of sobriety.

Sitting back, he drank from a glass of water, the coolness settling against his throat where the scotch had burned it. It took time, but eventually, he looked back at Dio, who was staring at him so sternly. “I… I am sorry to cause you so much trouble.” He rubbed his temples slightly, his head was pounding inside his skull. The tipsiness was gone, and in its wake was the start of a hangover. “The thought of Izzy dying…” Jonathan felt the sting of tears once again, raising a balled fist to his eyes and rubbing. “I can’t bear it. I can’t.”

“Death is all around us, Jojo, there is little point in getting so caught up about it. Your pre-emptive fretting is not helping, and clearly you do not have a handle on drinking, so that is not helping either. The girl will either survive or she won’t, anything else is useless.”

Whether Isabelle died or not, it would not have mattered much to Dio. People died, that was a simple fact of life. Aside from holding a rather large disdain of the idea of his own demise, he was dulled to the rigmarole of other’s mortality. But Jonathan, Jonathan was not.

Dio’s words may have been harsh, but a harsh word was what he needed. But as Jonathan looked rather saddened by them, and almost once again on the verge of crying, and with no desire for another shirt ruined, he added again, “But the chances are she is alive. Permanently scarred, and rather shaken by the ordeal, but alive nevertheless.” Dio would not have said such if he did not believe it, for he saw no use in granting false hope.

Still looking utterly pathetic, Jonathan’s eyes locked on Dio as he spoke. He raised a sleeve to his face and wiped his mouth, everything about his motions sloppy. Finally, he lowered his gaze, unable to think of a proper response. Even in such a state, Jonathan knew that Dio would know more of death than he, and trying to argue about it seemed foolish. The fact that he was uncertain for how long he would be able to hold up his body in a sitting position also affected his desire to speak.

“I have some things I need to do, so take a nap, Jojo, sleep off your drunkenness. It really is not sightly for you to be in this state with so many guests about. I will ensure you will be awoken if word comes before that time.” Dio stood up and made an attempt to lift Jonathan off the ground and into his bed.

But after three tries and three failures he gave up on the task, and instead decided to bring the bed to him, dragging his pillow and duvet to the floor, and throwing them on top his body and under his head.

Closing the curtains and turning off the lights, Dio gave Jonathan’s hair a final stroke before making his way out.

“Dream of beating that Thomas to a pulp if it so suits you,” he said as a final word, though accounting to Jonathan’s loud snores and heavy breathed he doubted the man could hear him.
“Jojo?” Dio called out the next day in a loud whisper, poking his head around the door of his bedroom, looking at the spot on the floor where he left him last night. “Are you awake now?” He had been through this rigmarole three times before now, and both other times Jonathan had not even stirred from his drunken slumber.

Third time seemed to be the charm however, and he was granted a strangled groan from the Joestar, as he buried himself under his pillow, covering his head and pressing his hands to his ears, clearly suffering from his due hangover. Dio shook his head and made his way fully inside.

“Get up now, Jojo, it is almost noon, and you cannot sleep the day away.” Seating himself on the ground by Jonathan’s head, Dio nudged his shoulder in an attempt to bring him to a livelier state. It did not seem to be working very well. He frowned.

“I have something to show you,” Dio said in something of a lilt before returning to his usual, more forthright and plain manner of speaking. “Look alive and take a cold shower. Believe me, it shall be worth it.”

~

“Huh?” Jonathan’s head felt as if it was a boulder, he could scarcely lift it from the pillow with how heavy it felt. His body ached from the awkward position of having fallen asleep on the floor. However, he managed to eventually pry himself upwards, and drag himself to the bathroom, in order to make himself somewhat presentable. As he looked in the mirror at the dark circles under his eyes, he had to wonder just why so many men enjoyed drinking away their problems. In his case, it just seemed to make them worse.

Once he was dressed, Dio opened the door to Jonathan’s room, beckoning him to follow through the long hallways of the mansion, and into one of the guest bedrooms, where Mrs. Floris was standing watch over a small, blanket wrapped Isabelle. The child looked almost as drowsy as Jonathan felt, but upon seeing him, a smile spread across her tiny mouth, and she called his name. They had a few minutes where Jonathan was able to inquire how she was feeling, as well as pull her into a light embrace, not wishing to aggravate her injury with any clumsiness. When he was satisfied that she was not knocking on death’s door, Mrs. Floris gently tapped him on the shoulder, reminding him that she needed her rest.

And so Jonathan bid her farewell, turning to the door, where Dio had been leaning against the frame, staunchly keeping watch.

“Thank you…” Jonathan murmured as they walked back across the mansion to his own room. He felt the strong desire to take Dio’s hand into his own and squeeze, but as he could not, he simply walked at his side, not even so much as making eye contact until he was able to close the door to his room behind them both. Normally, this would be where one of the two jumped the other, craving the affection and sex which could only be shown in private. But instead he looked at Dio with a newfound respect. It was something that in the years of their uneasy friendship had never quite happened, despite the truce.

“Thank you for putting things in a different light for me earlier. We see things so differently, and your perspective was eye opening. It helped to balance me out, even in my drunken state.” Jonathan’s hands carded through his messy hair, brushing the bangs away so he could meet Dio’s eyes. “More and more I am coming to trust you as I never have before.” He put his hands into the
other man’s and squeezed them tightly. “What I am trying to say is I trust you as a friend, not just as a lover.”

With that bit of seriousness out of the way, Jonathan reached for a glass of water sitting on his night sill and took a sip. With the rise in his spirits, he was starting to feel better physically as well.

~

Dio raised a somewhat dismissive, humble hand at Jonathan’s words. “Your thanks is unnecessary, Jojo,” he replied lightly. But while he had not been trying to gain any trust or favour as he held Jonathan’s head last night, it was advantageous to his purpose that Jonathan regarded him in such a way. He smiled before bringing his hands together in a loud clap of palms, moving the subject along.

“Now let us get to the important matters. The ball is in two days and we have not gotten in a single minute of practice.” Dio moved to an open space in Jonathan’s bedroom, beckoning for him to finish his water and join.

“The problem with you, Jojo,” Dio began, “is while you the size of a large tree, you walk and move as if you were a man a good foot shorter than yourself, you need to stand up straighter, commandeer the room like I know you can.”

~

"I never asked to be so big and tall.” Jonathan lamented as Dio spoke of his unusual size. He hoped that he would be able to keep up, still feeling slightly woozy from the alcohol he had consumed the night before. Still, he was eager to please, and eager to not be an embarrassment at the upcoming ball. He finished his water and stepped over to Dio, letting his hands fall into the appropriate position for a dance. “This is nice,” he said with a cheeky grin, slipping his hand down low enough to give his rear a tight grab.

~

Dio’s readily positioned hand immediately went to slap Jonathan’s from his ass. “Jojo,” he said with a stern frown, as if he were a teacher and Jonathan was his young and impudent student. In this current time, that rather was the case in fact. “You asked me to teach you, and that I shall. Put your wandering hand back where it is supposed to be and let us get started. Unless of course you plan to be squeezing lady’s rears at the ball, which I certainly hope is not the case.” Jonathan pouted, but obeyed, and soon enough they were back in form.

“Now, obviously we do not have a phonograph or any musicians available in your bedroom, but the beat remains the same, so I, Dio, shall hum it out. As you know, the waltz comes down to a simple three steps in basic terms. I shall act as the man first, and then you shall mimic me.”

Just as a final precaution, Dio gave Jonathan a hardened stare. “Forewarning: I will take kindly to mistakes or distractions Jojo, fun can come later.” After the final adjustments were made, Dio nodded, ready.

“Allright, together now. One-two-three, two-two-three, three-two-three, four-two-ow! Jojo!” He gave Jonathan a slap on the cheek for stepping on his foot, glowering with sharp brows.

~

When Jonathan realised what he had done, he possibly cringed harder than Dio did. “I’m so sorry Dio! The movements, they are just so fast, and…and…” When Dio slapped him, Jonathan shut up.
As strict a teacher as Dio could be, it was rather motivating for Jonathan to avoid stepping on his toes. At first, Jonathan was quite choppy, but after a few moments, he began to pick up on the rhythm. Soon enough, he moved with Dio at a reasonable pace. He made a mistake every now and then, but did a decent job of covering for it rather than toe smashing. Finally, Dio began to show him some of the more advanced twirls and moves.

“One, two, three, two, two three, three, two, three, look! I did it!” he exclaimed after finishing twirling Dio about. In his excitement, however, he tripped over the edge of the carpet, and fell straight into Dio, both of them crashing to the floor. He grinned sheepishly down at his dance partner, before blushing. “I promise I won’t do this to any of the ladies! It would cause quite a scandal now wouldn’t it. Why, we are so close I could practically kiss you!”

And kiss is exactly what Jonathan did, leaning in to steal one from Dio’s lips.

~

“Yes, I indeed hope you won’t be doing any such thing with them at the ball. Public or private.” After the floored kiss Dio pinched Jonathan hard on the cheek. When Jonathan yelped, Dio simply shrugged.

“I warned you there would be consequences for mishaps. Though excusing this rather large blunder, you have improved some in this time. Of course we will need to practice more to get you to an acceptable level, but given that you were getting much too handsy near the end, I doubt you are in the right mind-set.”

~

Through their entire dance lesson Jonathan had been so eager for more contact than just the teasing little touches, and now that he had the chance, the lesson was all but forgotten. After rubbing his red cheek, he helped Dio off the floor, but instead of moving away from his and back into position, he wrapped his arms around him and pulled him into a strong embrace, kissing him once more.

“Dio…” Jonathan asked shyly, his fingers carding through the soft blond hair. “Could I ask one thing of you? Do… do you think that perhaps you could let your hair grow longer? I do so enjoy it!”

~

“There are perks to short hair, Jojo. It is much easier to manage this way…” Dio felt at the ends of his locks, holding the tips between this thumb and index finger with a thoughtful expression. It hardly went past his ears at the front now, the back being slightly longer. A couple of years ago it was past his neck, the longest parts falling to his upper back; he did quite like it at the time, and likely still would now, as Dio tended to suit most styles. Admittedly in recent days, he was also rather fond of Jonathan stroking through it, and it was almost disappointing when his fingers ran out of hair to card

“...But I suppose it would not hurt to grow it out a little more.” Dio broke the embrace and brought himself to the dressing table fit with vanity mirror, leaning against it while stood, just to have a better look at himself. Jonathan followed, not ready to give up the hug yet, and held him from behind, looking at Dio’s face from the mirror’s view.

But once Dio had started staring at himself, his mind wandered a little. “I wonder how I should have it for the ball… I suppose I could slick it back, though as is -- albeit a little tidier -- would also work.” Dio canted his head from left to right, sliding his fingers through it while still in Jonathan’s hold. "You, Jojo on the other hand need a trim, your hair is getting to be rather scraggly.” Dio did not
actually mind this personally, somehow messy always suited Jonathan, but for a ball, it simply would not do.

“Do not forget, we need to be up relatively early, the tailor will be doing the final fittings and additions to our suits tomorrow.” Dio surprisingly had not gone overboard with their outfits for the occasion, but the simple change from a two piece to a three-piece suit was enough for Jonathan to whine.

~

Jonathan had been thoroughly enjoying hugging Dio from behind as he admired himself in the mirror, every so often giving a kiss or a nuzzle to his cheek and neck. The thought of Dio having longer hair please him greatly. He was in quite a good mood, and an affectionate one at that.

Of course, that all changed at the mention of the tailor.

“Diiiooo,” Jonathan whined, a pout on his lips as he buried his face in his shoulder. “Dress attire is so uncomfortable as is, and somehow anything you pick out is even more so. You expect me to move gracefully when everything is so close fitting and the shoes are pinchy.” A mischievous look spread across the Joestar’s face, and he lowered his lips to Dio’s neck, lightly nipping at the skin. In the weeks since they had been together, Jonathan had been an extremely fast learner when it came to touching Dio. He knew just where to kiss the other boy to get the greatest reaction, and when and how hard to use his teeth, which he did right now, though being careful not to mark the flesh. Dio would kill him if he had to change his outfit.

“I much prefer to be taking clothes off you, rather than putting them on.” Jonathan boldly moved his hands to Dio’s shirt collar, and began to unbutton. Moving from behind to in front, he leaned down and captured Dio’s lips, kissing him softly and sweetly as he continued to work on the shirt.

There was a sound of a door closing. Jonathan stopped abruptly and looked towards the entrance to see Victoria Floris standing there, staring at the two with a look of confusion. Jonathan stopped abruptly and jumped back, hitting the vanity table and causing the mirror to crack.

“Victoria! W-what are you doing?” Jonathan managed to spit out.

“Looking for Izzy’s bunny.” She held up a stuffed animal. "What are you doing?” Her eyes were filled with shock and confusion at what she had just witnessed.

~

Dio didn’t even have time to worry over the mirror, and neither did the superstitious brother of his, they had much more pressing matters at hand.

Best not to jump to any conclusions as to what the girl saw yet, it may have been nothing. Dio did his best to quieten his eye on the verge of twitching and smiled. Victoria was only nine, how much trouble could she be? “What do you mean by that? Jojo was just helping me do up my shirt. You help your little sister with her clothes do you not?” She nodded as Dio did up the rest of his buttons that Jonathan had just undone. “Good, so you see--”

“But that’s not what you were doing. You weren’t. I… saw…” Ah this was not so easy after all. To think the first time he had been caught doing anything was by a nine-year child and a Floris at that. He’d always hated them. Dio’s eyes narrowed and he slowly approached Victoria, arms folded.

“Oh? And what is it you think you saw?”
“You were kissing… but… but not like siblings, like only man and a woman married should…” Victoria was a straightforward child, tended not to lie or stammer over words, beating around the bush, but as Dio drew nearer he could see she was beginning to shy away, likely still haunted by the ‘bedroom incident’. So she was scared of him, at least a little. Good, this would work to his advantage. Once he reached her he kneeled down, looking at her straight in the eye, speaking sternly and slowly, a definite threat laced in his tone.

“That is a heinous lie,” he said, tutting and shaking his head. “Do you know what happens to little girls who make up heinous lies about their hosts, Victoria?”

“But I wasn’t ly--”

“Just answer the question.” She tried to avert her eyes, but Dio’s gaze caught hold of her. He took Isabelle’s toy rabbit from her and held its neck in his hand.

“They get… punished? But I wa--” Dio interrupted her even sooner this time.

“Exactly. So I would think twice before you say such ridiculously untrue things, or they will be many consequences that I can assure you will not like.” At that, he began to squeeze at the toy’s neck, head of plush beginning to bulge out of place, eyes popping out, almost ready to burst. “Do you understand what I’m trying to say?”

Victoria stared at the bunny, then back at Dio and nodded. He caught her cheeks in-between his finger and thumb, pressing not too hard, but definitely enough to feel it.

“So then, what did you see Jojo and I doing?”

“…Nothing?” Victoria said in a muffled voice, breath heavy and body tight with fear. Dio smiled and nodded.

“I’m very glad to hear that. I’d hate for anything bad to happen to you because of silly little fibs” He handed her the toy after releasing her face. “Get this back to your sister now, and be sure not to tell any more lies.”

There was dead silent through Dio’s interrogation of Victoria. Under normal circumstances, he would have stepped in, thinking Dio was being way too harsh, that he was frightening the girl unnecessarily. But he realised, quite possibly for the first time, just how dangerous their relationship really was. So he remained quiet, and let Dio handle things as he wished. He was frowning the entire time.

Once the girl was gone, he stared into the cracked mirror, tracing a finger along the thin line. “Seven years of bad luck…” he muttered, before pushing the mirror around so that it was facing the opposite way. He would have to have it replaced as soon as possible, just looking at it was unsettling. But still, he knew there were bigger problems here than a broken mirror.

Pacing to the bed, Jonathan sat down and buried his head in his hands, elbows on his knees, as he contemplated the situation. He did not liking coercing a child. But he also would like even less being accused of buggery. Both their lives would be ruined. He had always known this, of course, but it had never made itself so clear until this moment.

He tilted his head up and looked at Dio. He was frightened, frightened for them both. But despite that fear, there was still a determination behind his eyes that would not be shaken.
“...Sometimes I’m afraid that I am being selfish, Dio. When I said that I loved you, I was not lying. I want us to be together, but I don’t want to risk ruining your life. You might be happier settling for some rich dark haired beauty.” He gave a weak smile. The idea of Dio being with someone else did not appeal to him very much at all.

~

“When have you ever known me to settle Jojo? I have what I want... not even you could stop me.” He smiled lightly at that. “We need just to be more careful. We were sloppy.” Though he spoke out loud, he was mainly talking to himself, slapping both his cheeks for making such a foolish move. This whole situation made him feel like grabbing the scotch bottle he’d hidden from Jonathan last night and downing the rest of in a swig or two. “Growing relaxed is not an option, especially with guests about.”

He cursed under his breath, original Londoner’s dialect slipping through a notch. Jonathan perched on the side of the bed, neither one of them touching each other -- likely too anxious to do so, even though they were certainly alone now.

“She’ll keep quiet. She will. You do not need to concern yourself with talking to her about that any more than has already been said, Jojo. If there is anything else that is cause for worry, let me do the talking.”

~

"Very well,” Jonathan replied with a deep sigh. "I will put my trust in you" He pulled himself up, and leaned over, pressing a kiss to Dio’s forehead. "Just know how much I want you to be happy, Dio. Now, I think it best if we did both settle in for the night. As you said, we need to be up early tomorrow.”

***

Dio kept himself mostly sober that night, despite the temptation to have a third glass after his two being quite pressing. It wouldn’t do for him to be out of himself the next morning with business beginning right from the crack of dawn. His night was not one of peace, but it wasn’t as if he wasn’t used to nightmares, so upon waking at the early hour of four, he chose to read, rather than make a futile effort of going back to sleep.

The pair were both rather quiet when the sun rose and tailor came the next day, though most of the work had already been done, there were just the final adjustments to be made. Dio chose a purple tie and pocket handkerchief to go with the black suit Jonathan bore, going for red on himself with a dark grey suit, and a cravat instead of tie. Jonathan also got himself a haircut. It was by no means bad, neat and appropriate, but the barber had cut it shorter than what the man usually went for. No matter, his hair grew fast.

~

The next day was possibly the quietest and the least hungry Dio would have seen Jonathan in quite some time. Granted, part of that could have been nerves for the following day’s ball, however, he did not make a peep of objection at the tailor’s fitting.

That evening, as some of the younger lads were practicing their dance steps, Dio and Jonathan were permitted to as well. Lord Joestar even encouraged it, knowing just how clumsy Jonathan could be. For the length of the dance, Jonathan did rather well, even taking the lead at one point himself. His eyes were locked with Dio’s, looking happy and sad all at the same time.
“I am so proud of how far you two have come as brothers.” Lord Joestar remarked. Jonathan smiled and nodded his head.

“We certainly have,” he responded neutrally, not even risking a look in Dio’s direction.
The day of the Somsersby ball was a flurry of activity, one in which Dio and Jonathan hardly had an opportunity to say hello to each other let alone anything else. And in the carriage ride to the manor where the ball was being held, Lord Joestar sat across from them, hardly giving them an opportunity to say anything of a personal nature.

Once they arrived, Jonathan was greeted by his school friend Matthew. Into the crowd Jonathan was drawn, and Lord Joestar pulled Dio aside to ask him a few questions about who was attending the ball from the school. By the time Dio was free to find Jonathan, he would see him with Matthew, an older couple who were presumably relatives, and a pretty young blonde.

The girl was on the short side while Jonathan was on the tall, and had a pleasantly full figure, with cascades of blonde curls flowing down her back. The music was starting and she was tugging a smiling Jonathan onto the dance floor. Jonathan was rather at ease, all things considered.

~

At the sight of the girl by Jonathan’s side, Dio couldn’t help but ball his fists so tight nail marks were embedded into his palm. He was about to approach when the music started and the hall became a maze of twirling dresses, heels and suits.

An auburn haired lady of average looks had been glancing at Dio often since the night began (as she did at every formal event they were at), so he decided to use her as a means to get closer to Jonathan, by requesting a dance. He likely sounded too forceful, given his currently lidded temper, but she blushed and happily accepted and they began to spin along with the others on the floor.

While Dio stepped along masterfully, his attention without a doubt was centred on Jojo and the mysterious wench he did not yet know the name of, glaring over the auburn’s head. Once the dance had ended, Dio made a quick getaway and moved himself over to the other side of the hall.

~

Jonathan had been quite cheerful through the dance, chatting away with the blonde on his arm as they moved. It appeared that the dancing practice with Dio had paid off, as he was moving to the music rather well, and hardly, if ever, made a mistake. He seemed more focused on the conversation than the dance itself, which may have actually helped him.

Once the music ended, he began to shuffle towards the hors d’oeuvre tray, not noticing Dio as he approached, leaving the blond no choice but to cross paths with Violet.

“Do I have the pleasure of addressing Jonathan’s brother, Dio Brando?” she began, before he could walk past her. “I am Violet Addison; Jonathan was just telling me all about you.” The girl smiled sweetly and put her hand forward for Dio to kiss.

~

“That you do, Mademoiselle.” As custom ordered, Dio bent down a little, taking Violet’s fingers in his own and bringing them to his lips, tasting bile as he did so. Standing up again he took a moment to bring his gaze up and down Violet’s stumpy form, arching a brow. She was no dainty girl, and with rainy day grey eyes, piggy looking pinked cheeks, and hair the colour and texture of old straw, he was quickly and utterly unimpressed. At least if Jonathan was going to be a lecherous cheat with wandering eyes, he might have picked someone who at least rivalled Dio’s wondrous form.
He would have liked to know what Jonathan said about him, but before he could ask, the man in question returned with three crab cakes in his hand, and the bell rang to announce the start of the next dance.

~

“The food has been delicious so far!” remarked Jonathan in true Jonathan fashion, thinking with his stomach. Much to his delight and Dio’s lament, Violet seemed to have a very similar mind track.

“Mmm, I agree, I look forward to the main course! But, Jonathan, you did promise me another dance, and I do so love this waltz! Would you be so kind as to excuse us for a few moments, Mister Brando?” Jonathan flashed Dio a little smile, before being swept back onto the dance floor.

~

“...By all means.” Dio gave a subtle bow at Violet’s request, almost snarling as he faced the ground, smile up and proper again once returning upright. Jonathan’s passing grin was met with a glare, but it did not land impact, for he had already turned around with this new belle.

Dio was truly feeling the urge to hit something right now. Perhaps could be break his out of this crowd and into the garden, fresh air might help. But first, he scooped up two glasses of champagne from a passing waiter and drank them without break.

For the seconds it took to inhale the alcohol, Lord Joestar had found his way to Dio’s side, also watching Jonathan and Violet in action. He asked who the young lady was, and when the last name was familiar, he sighed in relief.

“Oh, thank goodness,” George said. “A reputable family, with quite a lovely young eligible daughter. I was becoming concerned that our Jojo would never show an interest in a suitable lass. But they would make a fine pair, don’t you think?” The old man smiled from ear to ear and then patted Dio on the shoulder. “I do not wish to jump ahead, but the sooner that there is a Joestar heir in the nursery, the better.” Laughing in a deep tone, he gave Dio another nudge. “If we are luckily I’ll be a grandfather and you will be an uncle in a few years’ time!” Dio was having none of that.

“Well, that is to be expected, Lord Joestar,” he began, glaring at the man while his head was faced forward. “Jojo would hardly act rude to his greatest enemy, after all, let alone a lady at the ball.” If Dio could wane off any such talk before they became of age, George would be dead and none of this would matter.

“I do believe we should finish our studies firstly. Domestic life can rather swamp the mind, especially in Jojo’s case, you know how he can be after all. I hardly think he’d take a passing moment about school and managing the future of your business what with engagement and wedding and honeymoon plans, and children within the year.” George considered the thought, then nodded.

“You are right, as always Dio, but I would rather like to set plant the seed for future endeavours in order… I am sure my friend wouldn’t mind if we did a little seat swapping with her family and theirs. I did the same for his daughter after all, and look her now, engaged to be married in the spring!” He laughed, before setting off to make true on this matchmaking table plan.

Forget poison, Dio was going to kill the old man right here and now.

~

Jonathan did seem to be enjoying Violet’s company, happily chatting and dancing away. Soon it was
A time for the first course of the dinner, and being that the seating arrangements had been changed by family, Matthew was now to be sitting next to Dio. He looked to him with a sly smile and a wink.

"You can thank me later for making such a fine match for your brother!"

~

"Yes, Michael, I’m eternally grateful," Dio replied passively, not even looking at the man.

"Uh, it’s Matthew." This time Dio turned to look at him directly, a look of lightly feigned surprise on his face.

"Ah. So it is.” Not that he was going to remember that in the next five minutes.

"Chap, we’ve been in school together since we were fourteen, are you ever going to get my name right?” Matthew laughed, giving his shoulder a friendly rub. Dio gave no response to such an action, and eventually the unwanted conversation was brought to an end, Matthew moving his attentions elsewhere.

Dio’s focus returned to Jonathan, who had in all this time barely given him so much as a smile, which he would not stand for. Unfortunately, there was little he could do in at the time being, trapped between the Addison family’s and Lord Joestar’s desire to see Jonathan and Violet come together and begin something of a kinship that would spark into engagement. He would have thought Jonathan more loyal than this, but he was only adding fuel to their fire. Even his glares at Jojo went undetected, Dio might as well have been invisible.

~

Jonathan sat between Dio and Violet, and if he could pick up on the tension, he did not show it one bit. He was the perfect gentleman, of course, pulling out the chair for Violet, making the proper polite conversation with her family, even eating with impeccable table manners. Everyone at the table seemed to be perfectly happy and full of the joy of the season, with the exception of course of Dio, which no one seemed to notice.

"Have you given much thought to settling down and starting a family?” Violet’s mother asked, finally addressing the question that was very much on everyone’s mind. “Managing an estate like the Joestar’s is such a large job, surely having a wife to direct the domestic matters would be a help to you all.”

“Indeed! I have had marriage very much on my mind lately, but as I was discussing with Violet on the dance floor, I feel it would be irresponsible for me to marry yet. I am determined to finish my studies first.” Jonathan lifted a glass of wine to his lips and took a long sip. “I also feel that both for the sake of rounding off my studies, and to properly get a handle on the workings of the world in which we live, I wish to take a year after school to travel, explore, and learn. I will be in good company, as my brother Dio shall be accompanying me and keeping me on track, as he always does.” He looked to Dio with a smile.

“I would say that is a responsible choice,” Lord Joestar remarked, impressed that Jonathan was thinking so highly of his studies and of waiting to settle down rather than taking the lazy way out. “Though of course, that does not mean friendships cannot be tended in the meantime.” He eyed Violet and then her parents. They appeared a bit disappointed, but still pleased with the prospect. Violet herself looked perfectly happy as she cleaned her plate, every so often exchanging a few pleasant words with Jonathan. She seemed to have no qualms whatsoever about the lack of an immediate proposal.
Dio refrained from talking much that night, and did not eat much more than a starter’s worth of food, though his wine glass was long since empty, twice now. But tonight wasn’t really about him so it mattered not that he was quieter than usual. It was all about Jonathan. And that stupid tart next to him.

But Dio did not like that one bit. He had no interest in being ignored, not by anyone, and especially not by Jonathan, who talked of marriage being ‘very much on his mind.’ What was that supposed to mean?! He bid the waiter pour him another glass, and drank it in three quick sips, biting his lower lip enough for it to bleed a little.

Deciding that enough was enough, and that Jonathan should give him the due regard that he deserved, Dio slunk his hand under the table and gave the man’s thigh a hard pinch, right in the middle of his sentence.

Jonathan yelped when he felt the pinch, which of course caused Violet and the rest of the table to shoot him a strange look.

“Are you alright, Jonathan?” Violet asked, concerned.

“Aaah… yes, yes I am. If you will excuse me for a few moments, I believe I have a cramp in my leg. I think I shall get some air and stretch it. Dio, you are looking rather pale, why don’t you join me?”

Once the two were excused from the table, Jonathan lead the way to a set of lovely double doors that opened to a garden. It was beautiful and snow covered, as well as empty. However, it was also freezing cold. Jonathan closed the doors behind him, and crossed his arms over his chest, looking to Dio.

“Our first day as a pair at school, you gave me a lecture about jealousy. Must I really give you the same lecture, Dio?” Jonathan sighed and shook his head.

"Jojo, you were jealous over some stupid school nonsense that has no real effect on anyone. And I wasn’t spinning Roger around the dance floor not once but twice. We all know what that implies, Jojo. Once is courteous, any more and eyes start to raise and the wedding bells start to ring in the minds of all who look on.” Dio spat his words out bitterly, feeling the tipsiness come out of him now that they were stood and he was speaking.

“And while I am most certainly not jealous, you are talking so friendly and closely with some girl in front of her parents. At a ball no less. And I bet now she is going to go ahead and buy you like you are her property when you are not. You are mine, Jojo… mine.”

Jonathan found himself sighing once more, looking at Dio with a resigned expression. “Do you know what the first thing I told Violet was? That I would not be able to consider marriage for some time because of my studies and the fact that I wish to travel the world with you.” Jonathan glanced around, thankful that no one was about. Reaching out, he took one of Dio’s hands and squeezed it.

“Please Dio… I am doing my best. Don’t be cranky.”
“I am not cranky,” Dio snapped, refusing to squeeze back when his hand was taken, still holding jaundiced animosity. In the end he snatched it out of Jonathan grasp, folding his arms over his chest with a furrowed brow and scrunched nose.

“But fine. Enjoy your whore and enjoy this night. But know you owe me greatly for making sit through this.” Before Jonathan had a chance to reply, Dio pushed him against the wall, out of view of the glass doors, giving him a rather territorial kiss, much longer than it needed to be. He pushed his tongue in, letting Jonathan feel every inch before slowly pulling back, biting at his lower lip before he finally let him go.

"Don’t you dare enjoy yourself.”

Jonathan’s eyes widened at the kiss, enjoying it as they had had precious little physical contact since Victoria had burst in on them. However, it was still a shock to the system, so much so that words of reprimand for calling a lady a whore fell from his mind. It was also quite a risk, being so close to the ball, even if they were safely concealed by the dark and by the cold. Though Dio had said he was not jealous, Jonathan felt that this action spoke louder than words. And it did not sit well with him that Dio was feeling as if Jonathan was leaving him behind for Violet.

Once they returned to the table, Jonathan finished his food, firstly. Then, he turned to Violet, mentioning that before the auction began, she simply had to try the champagne. Before anyone could remind him that the champagne could easily be brought to the table, the two excused themselves, and Jonathan ushered Violet to the other side of the ballroom, out of Dio’s line of sight.

Dio recognised Jonathan’s awful lie, and quickly grew suspicious. But in his incredibly not jealous mood, he paid it as little heed as possible, only standing up and moving towards he and Violet in something of a casual saunter behind because he was concerned that girl would sink her harpy jaws into Jonathan’s naive clutches and, as his beau and darling brother, it was only right that he, Dio, save his dear Jojo from the teeth of harlot depravity.

Almost at the side of the hall the disgustingly mismatched pair had escaped to, his tracks were stopped with a grab to the shoulder, the stubby fingered grasp revealing an incredibly respectable lawyer, and owner of his own firm -- one Dio held great interest in making connections with.

Sighing loudly, and stealing another drink from the waiter’s tray, Dio, while still concerned for Jonathan’s wellbeing, brought himself into civil pleasantries. Opportunity waited for no man, after all. He was caught for fifteen minutes in admittedly profitable conversation, but his mind and gaze could not help but linger over to the direction of Jonathan and Violet, who were taking the sweet time doing whatever it was they were doing.

It was only the ring of the auction bell that brought Jonathan back from his hidden corner.

He was smiling. Dio was not.

Jonathan put a hand on Dio’s upper arm and squeezed it lightly, looking past his glower. “Time to do our duty… at least it is a silent auction! A stampede and shouting match for the most popular would be most unladylike.” Chuckling, Jonathan walked with Dio up to the stage, looking rather
uncomfortable as the ladies giggled, ooh’d, and ah’d at the lot. It felt like they were up there forever.

At last, the ballots with the auction prices were collected and totalled, and the men permitted to leave the stage.

“The top three gentlemen and the ladies who purchased them will start the dance, while the rest will join in halfway through. We thank you all for your generous contributions to London’s poor and downtrodden. Introducing, in third place, Jonathan Joestar dancing with the lady Bridgette Tate!”

The tall and slender Lady Tate was several years older than the young Joestar, and while still pretty, was certainly not the young woman he had been keeping company with for the night. Jonathan’s eyes looked surprise, but he showed no signs of distress about dancing with the woman before him.

“In second place, Hector Stoneshire, dancing with the lady Audrey Lancaster!” This was a well-known noble love match, the two were set to be married on New Year’s Day, and Audrey looked rather perturbed to see that she and her future bridegroom were not the ones to be leading the dance with the biggest donation.

~

Despite being heavily relieved this was the case, Dio was surprised when Jonathan and Violet were not set to dance with each other. With only the victor left to be called he did not lack any confidence that he would be picked as number one from the remaining crowd, if he had to guess it would be the auburn girl he had danced with earlier, Rose Bowden, he believed she was called, for she had been eyeing him up ever since, and certainly had written a bid on her ballot paper. He stood with shoulders straight and chest puffed pre-emptively proud as the announcer called out the last pair.

“And the greatest donation by far was given by the first place winner, Lady Violet Addison for Dio Brando!” For a moment, Dio was unable to hide his shocked expression, mouth dropping wide and open as the name slipped from the usher’s lips. Violet and he?! He could hear the Rose scoff in the background, taking comfort in the arm of her friend as she pouted and sobbed a little.

Applause were given to the three victors, before the crowd was silenced, and the music began. Violet smiled with a sickening sweetness at Dio as they began the opening steps.

“You have a kind hearted brother,” she whispered softly. “He told me to triple my auction amount, and have the bill sent to himself.”

“Oh, so it was Jojo’s idea.” Well, it seemed as if Jonathan found a way to bid on him after all, and by such an overarching amount. Admittedly that made him feel slightly less animosity towards the man, and he looked up at him dancing with Lady Tate. Their eyes met and Jonathan smiled at him sheepishly.

Violet continued. “Jonathan begged me to bid on you instead of he, for he knew that this cause is near and dear to your heart. How could I refuse such a noble request?” Dio could not stifle a scoff at that, but quickly recovered with a laugh. Near and dear to his heart, more like near and dear to his ass.

~

Jonathan swished around the floor nervously during the dance. His dance partner, Lady Tate, was adequate enough of a dancer, though he had absolutely no interest in her otherwise, something about her appearance just was not suitting his tastes.

The music was lively and fun, but he did not know the moves by heart, causing him to slip up once
or twice, thankfully without causing any permanent damage to his partner’s toes. And then there was the little fact that he literally had no idea what Dio would do or say to him once they were alone. It could be anything from the pleasurable to the painful, perhaps even both, and he had to admit it was a bit exciting not knowing which. Nerve wrecking, but exciting.

When the dance was over, he said the appropriate farewells to Lady Tate and immediately sought out Dio, unable to wait a moment more in finding out how much the other loved (or more likely, hated) him for his little lark.

~

“Near and dear to my heart, Jojo? Really?” Jonathan simply giggled sheepishly as a response. As Jonathan was approaching before, Dio truly had no idea how he was going to respond to him the mild inebriation, irritation from before, and his surprise at Jonathan bidding on him, but bidding on him with *Violet* as his partner made for a rather confusing mix of emotions. It would have to be left to the moment for him to decide how he felt for the man.

Violet had left his side to converse some friend or family member or someone Dio did not care about, leaving the two of them together in their little piece of the hall. After a quick glance around, Dio sighed, whispering into Jonathan’s ear, breath hot.

“We’ll need a separate carriage from Lord Joestar on the way back.” It seemed his feelings towards him were ones of amorous wanting.

~

Jonathan could not even breathe a word of response when Lord Joestar spotted the two, and began to walk in their direction.

“I am so proud of you both, looking out for each other. It is just how brothers should be, eh?” He patted them both on the shoulder, and turned to find a tray full glass of wine, when Jonathan’s voice spoke up.

“Father, Dio and I will take a separate carriage home tonight. I am concerned with how flushed my brother is looking, he may be in need of some rest after the excitement of the day.” Thankfully, Lord Joestar agreed without batting an eyelash.

Jonathan exchanged glances with Dio, a rather bold move considering all the thoughts that were running through his mind. Dio was instead, focused on their father.

~

“Yes, Jojo is a most considerate brother, Lord Joestar,” Dio looked George square on as he spoke, skirting on every suggestive line he could, knowing the old fool would not deduce a word of it. “He is attuned to my most every need, I am sure with him by my side in the carriage I shall be feeling most relaxed in no time at all.”
"So… I hope you found the evening satisfactory." Jonathan commented coolly, sitting across from Dio. He was practically shaking with anticipation, having no idea just what Dio had in mind. Perhaps he was hoping to get home early enough so that they might be able to have a romp in one of their bedrooms before the others arrived home? He could only wait, and wonder.

~

"I do not think you wish to know what I, Dio thought of the evening, Jojo," Dio replied in the flippant tone, removing his suit jacket, cravat, and unbuttoning his shirt to breathe a little more. “Let’s just say, the best part of it was leaving. But let us not dwell any more on that. We are alone, finally. Time to make use of it.”

The carriage was not exactly large, but it was built to seat four comfortably, so they had space to move around. Dio leaned over and pulled Jonathan’s tie harshly, the surprise of it causing Jonathan to fall off his seat and onto his knees. Dio grabbed his dark locks before giving him a chance to get up and kissed him just as hungrily as he did in the ballroom garden, if not more.

~

Jonathan floundered as Dio grabbed and kissed him. He had been expecting some form of petting and touching, but not the suddenness of it. Soon enough however, after a few ungraceful moments, Jonathan threw his arms around Dio and held him tightly, returning the kiss. He too was eager for touch and affection after having gone more than a day without it.

Jonathan managed to pull himself onto the seat besides Dio and return each and every hungry kiss. He then broke it when he realised that it was not going to naturally end any time soon, as he had other plans in mind. "Close your eyes, Dio!" Jonathan said playfully. Dio of course protested, but Jonathan would not have it any other way, though he promised that the kissing could resume after. While Dio's eyes were closed, Jonathan dug through his jacket pocket. He then took Dio's right hand, and slipped something over his pointer finger.

"You can open them now. I had this especially made for you."

~

Dio wasn’t all that fond of surprises, and had no desire not to see, but with the promise of more kisses coming his way, he might as well get this over with. Once the object in question was slipped onto his finger, Dio could obviously tell what it was, but upon opening his eyes, he blinked twice, mouth slightly ajar and eyebrows raised, impressed.

~

On Dio's finger was a very refined and very expensive man's ring, with a ruby so deep in colour it almost resembled blood. The ring was set in a dark gold with a subtle, but beautifully crafted design of twists and curved lines about it. "The inside is engraved with our initials. I hope it is to your liking."

Jonathan was not normally a huge money spender. He had simple tastes, and seldom felt the need to be as extravagant as Dio. But this holiday season alone, he had already spent a small fortune on him, between the cufflinks, the bidding, and ring. It wasn't even Christmas yet!
“Well it’s not a diamond…” Dio began, reminding Jonathan of what ring he said he would get him in the shed. “…But red and gold do have a sense of royalty to them. Yes, this will do nicely.” After admiring it for some time Dio took it off, to look at the detailed engraving. He would have to ask Jonathan where he got this from, the carver was quite something.

“You’ve been spoiling me rather greatly in gifts, Jojo, and while you shall be receiving your own present on Christmas day itself, allow me to give a premature thanks.” Not wanting the ring to get dirty or in the way, he put it into his trouser pocket, before straddling the young Joestar’s lap. Starting with a kiss to the lips, Dio was already unbuckling Jonathan’s trousers with his free hand, tossing the belt onto the floor. They may not have a chance to do much of anything upon their return to the mansion, but that was a few hours ride away -- plenty of time.

“I’m going to make you mine.”

Jonathan began to blush as Dio undid his belt. "I thought it might be too early in our relationship for a diamond ring. Perhaps once we are more settled…” Dio certainly was settled at the moment, settled on his cock. As the other man drew it from his pants, Jonathan inhaled sharply. He was feeling extremely sensitive, particularly as they had not been able to touch each other in days thanks to the visitors staying at the mansion. But he still felt odd about it. He could sense Dio’s territorial nature, and finally, he chose to just chuckle.

“You are so incredibly silly, Dio. Don’t you know that I am already yours?” He smiled softly and kissed Dio’s lips. “If you are looking to touch me and please me as a way of showing that my body is under your dominion, you do not have to. I already belong to you.” He leaned in so that their foreheads were touching. “No matter how many pretty girls I befriend and dance with. All right?”

Still, despite his words, Jonathan’s cock was standing at full attention, and with each and every touch he grew more sensitive. “Ah… I would not object to your making me yours in the physical sense though… not in the slightest.” He leaned in and captured Dio’s lips with his own, letting his hands wander down until they were cupping his ass cheeks through his trousers.

“I yearn for the day when we can sleep side by side, and not live waiting for the next moment alone.” His voice lamented, yet his hands continued to roam.

“Just imagine the days when we travel. No servants to fret over, all the hotel lodgings and inns to ransack, the world’s scenery outside our window.” Dio was rather pleased to hear the inhales and subtle pants of Jonathan as he placed his hands under his drawers and onto his soon to be erect cock. He teased it a little as it sprung out into view, still mainly focussed on the kiss. Dio’s hands finally began to move up and down Jonathan, once he had smeared a little precome over the head of his erection, and Jonathan, with his hands still on his cheeks squeezed in reaction, enough to straighten Dio’s back some.

Dio’s words about their future travel emitted a long sigh from Jonathan’s lips. “Yes! I want to explore the world with you… and we can fuck every night to our heart’s content.” It was not like Jonathan to speak so crudely, but he was quite wound up in his lust at the moment, Dio’s hand on
him making him wonder just how long he could hold off for.

“I want to be done with school, I want to be away from father… I love him, but I cannot stand the pressure to marry when I only have eyes for you--ooh!” He cried out as a little shiver of pleasure moved through his body at Dio’s touch.

~

“Ah… Well, Jojo, Lord Joestar shouldn’t be too much of a problem. We will find our way through this, of that I am certain…” Dio smirked knowingly as he continued to play with Jonathan’s erection, teasing and squeezing his cock with slow pumps, revelling in every sound his brother made in response.

“I see someone is enjoying their gift, it makes me wonder whether I should have bothered spending all that money and pulling those favours to get you yours, when this seems to be quite enough.” His pace was quickening now; this was not a time to drag things out with Jonathan. Though he adored bringing the man to near tears with his approach, having him beg for more, Dio decided to be generous now, after all, this was a present.

~

Dio had learned how to play Jonathan’s body like an instrument, and if there had been no driver to worry about, Jonathan would have most certainly been singing for him. Unfortunately, he needed to keep a certain amount of restraint, even though he very much did not want to. Hands began to move over Dio’s own belt, hastily removing it so that his fingers could sink in past the fabric and give his ass a proper squeeze.

“Just… having you touch me is a gift…” Jonathan murmured, his cock still twitching at all the attention Dio was giving it. He was returning each and every kiss with a hungry one of his own. Jonathan was just as starved for sex as Dio, and he wanted it just as much. Hands moved from Dio’s rear to his front, grasping his own cock firmly, and pumping it up to a full erection. They might as well both be consumed with lust, particularly as it would be difficult to do this at any other point until after the holidays. Jonathan had to bite his lip hard to keep from moaning or crying out too loudly, but one still managed to escape all the same.

~

Dio’s free hand he plastered itself around Jonathan’s mouth as he yelled out an unrestrained moan. “Hush now, brother mine, do you want us to get caught?!” Of course he was serious, but with Jonathan’s fingers around his member and rather hepped up on salaciousness, Dio’s smile did not fade. They were likely both still a little shaken by Victoria’s discovery of them, but here they were in another close to call situation, only the sound of the road and horse hooves covering them from detection.

Dio’s hand was soon replaced with his lips as he continued to work at Jonathan’s cock, now on his knees, moving from base to tip pumping up and down until he anticipated the orgasm, swallowing, both because of instinct, and a desire not to have any suspicious fluids covering their suits.

Now that Jonathan had finished with his own climax, the concentrated more on satisfying Dio, who returned to his lap, and the blond was thrown into his own waves of pleasure, clinging to Jonathan’s shoulders as he slowly moved about on top of him, hips gyrating against his thighs, holding himself back too last as long as possible, for who knew when next they’d be able to touch like this?
The rhythm of the carriage marked Jonathan's own rhythm, dead set on pleasing Dio in whatever way he could. He allowed the other man to stay in his lap for a few moments, building up the friction between them and using the chance to steal a few hot, wet kisses from his mouth. But before long, he pushed Dio from his lap and onto the seat beside him. This allowed him to slip down to the floor of the carriage into a kneel, and spread Dio's thighs. A hand grasped the base of his cock, and he began to alternate between using his mouth and hands on the fully erect organ. He had become quite good at this in the last month or so, he really was a fast learner when he set his mind to something. And he adored seeing Dio writhe in pleasure, knowing that Dio being satisfied was the best reward. Before long, the white, milky liquid was shot into Jonathan’s mouth, which he discreetly spat out into a handkerchief after.

Once they were both finished and cleaned up, Jonathan pulled Dio into his lap and rested his chin on his shoulder. His arms were snug around his waist, and he held to him tightly, enjoying the warmth and scent of the other man being so close. Jonathan himself was quite spent after the day, and the rhythm of the carriage was almost enough to lull him to sleep. Almost.

"Dio, have you been out of the country before? Did you ever travel with your parents?" he asked. He wanted to know everything about his mysterious lover, and the thought of traveling with him was very much on his mind after this evening. But he knew so little about his life before the Joestars, and there were only certain times he felt comfortable enough to ask.

~

‘Oh yes Jojo, I've been all across the globe. The Orient, Egypt, even trekked the Himalayas in my time,’ Dio wanted to say with a voice laden in sarcasm, but chose not to. His hand had been at Jonathan’s head, playing with the slightly too short hair in his fingers. He thought the man might have fallen asleep, but of course Jonathan felt it the perfect opportunity to pry into his past. It was almost predictable at this point.

“No, Jojo, I have not left the country before. But London is rather a mixed area, on the harbours and docks were those from all over the globe, come to trade. You do learn a thing or two about the world when you interact with those from it.” That happened to be where he found out about the poison seller. It was also where he found out how to make firecrackers, but that was a different story entirely.

~

"You have certainly made yourself appear quite travelled and experienced, even if it was only in London. As for myself, I visited Paris as a child, but my French was rather abysmal." And it still was. "I didn't care for it much, other than the pastries and desserts. But now I think I would be able to entertain myself much more. After all it is the city of love, or so they say.” Jonathan chuckled and leaned in to kiss Dio on the cheek lightly. “And there are Roman ruins under the city that would be fascinating to see, if not a bit rat infested…”

~

“Yes, rat infested ruins truly make for quite the perfect love nest,” Dio said with a monotonous edge, face straight and unwavering to Jonathan’s implicit comment.

“However, there is a prospective Law firm with a French branch I am looking into. That should make it a worthwhile stop, rather than your nonsensical reasons for going there. There is also that new building being built… the Eiffel Tower I believe it is called. It should be finished by the time we are done with our studies.” Dio let out a sigh, imagining what it would be like to be up so high. To stand on the world’s tallest building should be rather a treat, if not a little precarious, wouldn’t you
"Standing so high off the ground would be such a thrill. So long as you don’t push me off!” At that, Jonathan laughed heartily, and began to twirl strands of blond hair around his finger.

“I’m surprised father hasn’t asked us to travel with him more, now that we are older. When I was young, he used to offer.” Jonathan mentioned, before rubbing the back of his head. "But I was rather prone to seasickness and as a youth it deterred me enough to stay home. Now, I don't care how sick I get. I want to be able to see the world. Besides, one day I would like to travel to Central America, and study the remains of ancient civilisations there. There is no way that I would allow for an upset stomach to get between that and my dream."

Jonathan fingers were raised, stroking through Dio’s hair softly. He smiled a bit. “But before any of that, I want to travel Europe with you.”

“I would have thought you sturdier, Jojo. Let us hope the seasickness has faded before we travel.” Dio had less that no interest in bunking with Jonathan if he would be writhing about unable to keep down his lunch the entire time.

“But yes, yes, we can visit everywhere we desire, anywhere in the world, after all we can afford to do so. Just so long as it is the two of us and we do as we please in every bedroom or bathroom or anywhere we can access in between. Maybe even on the world’s tallest building, now wouldn’t that be fun? Worry not, Jojo. I will not push you off, I will just push myself onto you instead. At this point Dio’s hands were all over Jonathan’s upper body; it was too close to the mansion to do much, but they could still touch all they pleased until departure.

“I’d love to visit Greece and Italy. There are so many wonders of the ancient world I yearn to lay my eyes on and research.” Jonathan sighed deeply, breathing in the scent of Dio’s hair. It was so clean and lightly perfumed, he found it almost feminine, and loved it. “But I am afraid that the architecture I will always enjoy exploring the most is that of God.” He leaned in and pressed a kiss to Dio’s neck, right above his collar.

“So funny to think that we are forbidden from exploring the flesh of other men, when they preach how we are created in God’s own image.” Jonathan’s kiss turned into a nip. “I will always worship your body to the best of my ability.”

Dio could not hide his blushing grin at Jonathan’s words, his declaration almost poetic, the merge of kisses and praise sending a heavy flutter to his chest and swelling about his body, pooling in his stomach and rippling upwards to the very tips of his ears. After the ball, it was just the boost to Dio mood and ego that he needed, and he brought Jonathan’s lips up to his own, taking them in an enamoured press, tongue pushing in wet and needing, palms spreading across his form, looking for greater closeness.

“Your body, Jojo, too is rather splendid,” Dio admitted, once the kiss and many more in between had ended. As much as he adored having his own name worshipped, he had to grant credit where credit was due, and to this, Jonathan deserved a compliment in return.
“If there is a God, he must have sculpted you from the finest of his instruments. I imagine after I, Dio, was granted with the prime of materials, you must have come next.” Dio’s hands sunk down to Jonathan’s ass and squeezed with a tight clutch of his fingers. “Years must have gone into sculpting this alone, utterly marvellous.”

When Dio placed his hands on his rear, an idea shot through Jonathan that he could not shake, no matter how loudly the well-behaved, cautious side of him screamed to do so. Jonathan knew the estate like the back of his hand, and he was beginning to learn Dio’s body just as well. But if he wished to do this, he needed to act immediately.

In the blink of an eye, Jonathan shifted Dio across the seat and slid to the floor, kneeling before him. He made quick work of Dio’s recently buckled belt and trousers, and soon enough, he had Dio’s cock in his hand. He lowered his face between his thighs, using both his fingers and tongue to make him hard once again, showing off his skill for the second time that night. He was a bit sloppy with his sucking and quite on purpose, making sure the organ was slick and wet.

Turning hastily, Jonathan’s hands dealt with his own pants. He yanked them down, and slid into Dio’s lap, his erection hard against Jonathan’s rear. Looking over his shoulder, the burnet’s face was flushed red with embarrassment and perhaps even a little bit of shame. Still, he knew what he wanted, and he was not about to back out now.

“We don’t have long. I want you inside me… I need it.” There was a hint of begging in his voice, and Jonathan had to wonder if he had completely lost a grip on all his senses. At this point however, all he cared about was Dio’s cock getting inside him before the chance was lost.

“Joe… you are cutting it a little fine aren’t you?” Dio just about made out in heaving pants as Jonathan’s fingers and mouth worked their way around his cock. “We do need to look respectable once we leave the carriage you realise.” Of course actions spoke louder than words, and Dio was already at full hardness thanks to Jonathan’s slathering touches and licks.

He poked his head out the window while Jonathan continued; the mansion was definitely in view, though they could probably get through it and dressed to a somewhat reasonable state if they hurried. And Jonathan looked desperate enough to come right on the spot, eyes laced in dark lust and need. Dio did quite enjoy that look, and so he decided probably was good enough.

“Alright, fine.” Dio nodded. “But we shall have to work fast. I hope you are ready.” Jonathan nodded in return and a multitude of yesses escaped his lips as Dio guided his cock into the man’s hole. The saliva wasn’t quite as slick as the oil they tended to use, but Jonathan had Dio’s member rather coated in it, along with being used to the sensation before, so it went in without too much trouble. Dio took it a little slower, even with their time limit to compensate. He had no desire to explain why Jonathan couldn’t walk properly after a simple carriage ride.

Jonathan was completely overwhelmed with desire, so much so that even the awkwardness of the angle or the need for haste was not enough to diminish his lust. If anything, it only strengthened it. He fell into a rhythm, pushing and thrusting, pushing and thrusting, nothing else on his mind except the goal of making Dio come inside him. Jonathan had not been thinking much about his own pleasure in this, his craving was simply to have Dio fill him to the brim with his cock. But Dio’s cock coupled with the excitement of such a forbidden pleasure was enough to push Jonathan over the
edge, and he found his length, which had become hard on the motions of their actions alone, spouting his seed despite himself.

His own pleasure distracted him from his movements, but a few sharp thrusts on Dio’s part were enough of a reminder that he still had a job to do. He continued his thrusts as quickly as he could manage, the pain and pleasure mixed as he impaled himself on Dio’s cock.

~

Dio timed his own thrusts with the movement of the carriage as much as he could, though in this case Jonathan was doing most of the moving, up and down Dio’s cock, stopping only once and for a short period of time when his orgasm came. Dio could feel his tightness around him and it was glorious. They had been unable to do anything like this in what felt like so long, he’d almost forgotten the wondrous sensation. “Y-yes Jojo, you feel so good around me, faster.”

It did not take long for Dio to come to completion, clutching Jonathan’s short hair in one hand, the other on his rear, as a thick burst of seed entered the Jonathan’s hole, sending them both into too loud cries and moans. They had no time to enjoy the full extent of the orgasm afterglow, as they were but a few strides away from the estate. With a quick glance out of the window it seemed Lady Floris who had stayed behind to take care of Isabelle, as well as a couple of servants were stood at the door to meet them.

~

There was a need for haste unlike any they had ever experienced before. Dio had to quickly redo his belt, and Jonathan needed to pull up his trousers and make himself look as if he hadn’t just been mercilessly fucked in the ass by his own brother, by his own request. As the carriage came to a halt, Dio of course had managed to successfully pull himself together. Jonathan had also done so, but was terribly flushed, and his shirt sweaty, come covered, and dishevelled. He yanked on his coat, and gave a cough as the carriage was opened for them.

“Mrs. Floris, forgive me, I do believe the day has worn me out.” he murmured to the woman, who greeted them at the door, wishing to know how the ball went. “I may even have a fever, but Dio was kind enough to take care of me in the carriage. Please excuse my absence from breakfast tomorrow morning, and give Izzy my regards.”

Missing breakfast was a small price to pay.

~

Dio always found it rather funny when Jonathan would come up with lies about them, but enough practice had taught him how to stifle his smirk until they were out of view. They quickly made it to Jonathan’s bedroom, passing only one guest on their way, Jonathan’s walk a little off from normal given that Dio’s cock had just been rammed up it moments ago. Upon reaching the room the pair of them fell back onto the bed next to one another and laughed.

“We were… awfully loud at the end there. Let’s hope the carriage driver paid it no heed,” Dio commented, looking at the sweaty boy at his right. Still lying down, he removed his coat grimacing a little. “Thank you for getting your seed all over my shirt, by the way, much appreciated.” Though he supposed it was the same for Jonathan’s underwear, but then he was the one who asked for it so he could not be to blame for any of that.

After a while Dio rose from his bed. “I am going to my room now, before I fall asleep here. Get better soon.” His last words were mocking of course, as he exited the room, covering his stained suit.
with his jacket carried on one arm. It took much shorter than usual for him to fall asleep once he hit
his bed. It had been rather an exhausting day.

~

Jonathan had wished Dio had given him a goodnight kiss when he left his room. His foster brother
was so strange. They could laugh together now, they could do crazy intimate sexual activities, but
when it came to the simple things, like goodnight kisses and saying 'I love you' things of this nature
were completely foreign to Dio. Jonathan could only feel determined to find out why, and change it.
The next day thoughts of Christmas had finally hit the Joestar estate in full swing, the next big event of the year. Jonathan had made a miraculous recovery overnight, and even found himself able to manage breakfast. Given all the guests in the manor, Dio was made this entire time to sit and eat his meals together with the rest of the household. Talk of the Christmas pine being brought to the estate later this morning had set the Floris children and Jonathan into quite a chipper mood.

Jonathan’s worries around Dio were pushed aside for the happier thoughts of the holidays. Izzy was now gun shy around her older brothers, not that anyone could blame her for being as such. She was spending a great deal of time around Jonathan, and since she had hardly seen him the day before, right from the end of breakfast, she was clinging to his ankle. Jonathan picked her up and set her on his shoulders, humming carols as he walked into the great living room where the tree would soon be standing. Jonathan spent a jolly morning and early afternoon stringing glass beads and unpacking ornaments with the little girl's help.

He had of course wished to get Dio involved, though clearly he was not as into the spirit of the season as everyone else. And Izzy, though a fairly quiet and sweet girl, did have the habit of accidentally shattering ornaments every now and then. When noticing his grimace, Jonathan would whisper "Dio, dearest, she is three. Father won't mind… it's not as if they were expensive." Turning back to Izzy, they continued to go through the ornaments.

“Three or not, children who smash everything they touch should, oh I don’t know, not touch anything.” Dio slammed his current book shut, it was not as if he would be able to read at any rate.

Everyone was so incredibly loud no matter where he went, singing carols and yelling about the tree and the food and all the lark that came with Christmas. Dio didn’t really mind the holiday in and of itself, but having to be surrounded noise and overzealous attitudes made him rather like the Scrooge after about half an hour. And the periodic smashing of glass baubles and ornaments was getting to him some.

“Dio, be reasonable,” Jonathan replied with an exasperated sigh. But even as he said that he knew there would be no changing his mind on the matter.

When the tree arrived, the whole house watches as it was set up. Jonathan kept Izzy on his shoulders to place the star on the top, as more carols were sung and drinks consumed. He smiled at Dio and placed a hand on his shoulder, but soon excused himself from the festivities, claiming he had work to do. Before Dio could investigate, Lord Joestar pulled Dio and a few of the other men into a conversation about economics. A good amount of time had passed, time where Jonathan had not been seen.

It was odd that Jonathan should leave in the middle of nibbles and light jollities, especially for something like work, Dio thought. Yes, he rather got into his archaeology this and thats but not right now. He wasn’t that good of a liar either, but he managed his getaway before Dio caught up. And
now he was stuck in a conversation and unable to weasel out of it. Until he felt something tugging at his trouser leg.

“Ex-excuse me…” A small voice called out to Dio. It seemed it was the youngest Floris child, Isabelle, head still bandaged a little, but looking rather healthy in all other regards. Her eyes seemed a little fearful as she looked up at him, but she seemed to find her question important enough to approach him about. “Should Uncle Jona play with matches?” Dio raised an eye suspiciously and told her that no, no one should be ‘playing’ with matches in the house. It was enough to make him go upstairs and inspect what Jonathan was up to,excusing himself from the conversation.

Dio would smell the smoke as soon as he reached the hallway that lead to Jonathan’s room. Upon entering, he would see a rather sooty and messy Jonathan using a blanket to put out a dying fire upon the dressing table that had cracked the other night. He almost had it out, but the shock of having Dio walk in caused him to jump and turn, his sleeve catching a lick of the flame he had almost extinguished.

“Damn it Dio!! You weren’t supposed to be in here!”

“Um, Jojo… You missed a flame. On your sleeve.” What followed was a rather dramatic act of Jonathan flinging his arm about trying to put out the fire on his arm by ripping the shirt along the buttons off his body and he and Dio joining together to stamp out the final licks once it hit the floor. They almost breathed a sigh of relief before Dio noticed the burn on the other. “Jojo, your arm is… it looks awful.”

“It’s fine!” Jonathan spat, with an insistence that only he could muster. “It’s only a small burn, nothing to worry about.”

Dio narrowed his eyes. “Alright then,” he said, before reaching towards the injured area and aiming to squeeze. It was the lightest of touches, Dio’s finger barely scraped the flesh but Jonathan yelled out upon the contact, tears pricking his eyes at that alone. “Yes, quite dandy you are. Wait here.” Dio made his way to Jonathan’s bathroom, picking up one of the hand towels and dousing it in cold water.

“The runt of the Floris five said you were playing with matches,” Dio said, once the commotion was over and the wet towel was placed on Jonathan’s newly red arm. “So I came to see what she was going on about. And I find you doing… what exactly were you doing, Jojo? Don’t tell me it’s one of your superstitious rituals.”

It was now Jonathan’s turn to be cranky. After all, he had this whole situation completely under control until Dio walked in. Well, completely was perhaps a bit of an exaggeration, but he certainly felt that he could have handled it on his own! He winced as Dio placed the cool compress on his arm, though he knew it was probably necessary. The burn was a bit nastier than he had thought.

“You weren’t supposed to see this! It was supposed to be a Christmas surprise…” Dio gave him a very strange look at that one, and Jonathan had to suppose he deserved it. “No, really, this is something I had been planning since we arrived home. I do have a simple experiment regarding the wood burning speeds of materials which ancient nomadic cultures have used, and there is a paper about it due when we arrive back from break. Normally, I would have saved it for after the holiday,
but I thought what if the fire got a little out of hand? Just a little, mind you, but enough to create sufficient smoke and cleaning. I very well can’t sleep in here, and the servants won’t have time to properly clear it out until after the holiday, so a new room would need to be found… and with all the guests in the house, the next best room for me would be the room that adjourns with your own.” Jonathan chuckled sheepishly and rubbed the back of his head with his good hand. “And then I was going to give you your real present in the middle of the night when everyone else was asleep. But now the surprise is ruined.”

～

“I see… You are an odd one, Jojo.” Dio folded his arms over each other with a raised eyebrow. The boy’s timing was terrible and really so was this plan. He really didn’t have to involve burning the house down as well as himself to get his way, but it did seem rather Jonathan to do so. “You are that desperate for Dio, hmm? You know something like… breaking the bed might have been a little simpler and slightly less hazardous.” He rolled his eyes.

“I expect Lord Joestar will scold you for this. It really was quite a stupid plan, even if it will work.” Jonathan looked rather downcast at that comment, he never took well to being reprimanded, especially by his father, often looking like a kicked puppy when yelled at. Dio hardly knew the feeling, for the older Joestar never seemed to find fault with him.

～

Jonathan was pouting his lips now as he occasionally did, looking rather adorable despite the displeasure. “This was all a plan just so that I could be with you more over the holiday. We won’t be going back to school until we are into the new year, and I just couldn’t stand the thought of having to keep my distance from you until then.” He cringed as he adjusted the damp cloth on his arm. “...I suppose it will be worth it, though. Even being scolded by father is never enjoyable…”

Jonathan’s heart had been in the right place, so had his cock. But he still lacked Dio’s ability to plan and scheme and make things fall into exactly the right place. No, Jonathan’s strong point would always be in the physical, rather than in the crafty. He winced and looked down at his burned wrist. “Do you think it will leave a nasty scar? Would you not wish for me to touch you if I was too terribly scarred?” Occasionally however, Jonathan could share Dio’s penchant for drama.

～

“A simple burn to the arm is hardly means for me to deny you Jojo. Really you can be so dramatic I’ve no idea where you get it from.” Jonathan was still shirtless, so, after locking the door, Dio approached him, feeling at his chiselled body. “You may touch me anywhere it pleases me, and I shall do the same to you. You won’t get away from me that easily. But… from the looks of things, this one will fade eventually, it is not blistered. Just leave the towel on yourself for now, the cool will help.” He placed it back on Jonathan before continuing to touch and feel at his chest.

“We really… shouldn’t stay here too long… someone will come looking for us… and this room will have us smelling like smog.” At this point Dio’s lips had made their way onto Jonathan’s neck and collarbone.

～

Jonathan raised an eyebrow as Dio spoke of leaving the room, and yet his fingers and lips lingered on his body. This attraction between them seemed to draw them together, no matter what the circumstance. Forgetting about his injured arm for the moment, he embraced Dio snuggly, pulling him against his chest and murmuring as the lips nipped at the sensitive skin of his collar bone.
“Perhaps it is a good thing I did this, foolish though it might have been.” Jonathan spoke with fondness in his voice. “You are having trouble keeping your hands off of me, and I confess I have been very much the same, as demonstrated by our little carriage ride yesterday…” Jonathan flushed a bright red. He was still feeling sore, although it did not bother him in the least.

Jonathan’s hands moved down and captured Dio’s own, squeezing them. He tilted his face down and brushed a kiss across his forehead. “We can tend to each other’s needs a bit more easily this way, though I want to be careful. But…” he bit his lip and grew silent, as he looked for the words. “…you do have me concerned a bit, that perhaps the physical is all you care for.” Blue met amber, and his hold around the slightly smaller man tightened, despite the injury.

~

At that comment, Dio pulled his lips away, and balled his fists when Jonathan’s grip tightened on him, always feeling the need to hold him in place.

“If I cared only about the physical, why would I desire to travel cross country with you and you alone? I would obviously have to spend time with you in matters outside the bedroom. Besides, I am not so craving that I would put myself at such great risk when I co—” Dio did not finish his sentence there. He had meant to say, ‘could have anyone I wanted and already have.’ While this was somewhat true, there was always something about Jonathan that made it worth the risk for him.

“I was not the one who was begging for it right outside the estate, mind. Nor was I the one who kissed first when Victoria walked in. I could very well ask the same of you, but I shan’t. I, Dio, am not so doubtful.”

~

Jonathan frowned deeply as Dio spoke and loosened his grip a bit, accepting the harsh words as he knew he deserved them. "It is true; I desire you deeply. I won't deny it… you make me feel in a way I didn't think possible, and I could not see happening with anyone else, male or female."

He pressed his lips together, and met Dio's eyes. "But that is not all I see in you. I see a clever young man with enough sense for both of us, someone logical and grounded to my dreaming and aspiring. I see someone I would protect, no matter what hardships lie ahead."

Jonathan took a deep breath and continued to match Dio's stare. "When I look at you, I see someone I love. But when you look back, I don't know if you see the same." Jonathan lifted a finger to Dio's mouth, holding it to his lips.

~

"Well what do you wish to hear from me then? That you have an admirable strength and tenacity that is almost enviable, or perhaps your brash way of trying to solve problems is amusingly unique and enjoyable, especially since how in the most roundabout ways they tend to work.”

Dio removed himself from Jonathan’s hold to move about, rather theatrically. He spun around Jonathan, one hand on his shoulder the other lifted on high.

"Or maybe you would like me to say that your eyes are like oceans and it is fitting there should be a star shaped birthmark at the base of your neck for you are the brightest star I see.” Dio sniggered. “Is that what you’d like to hear, Jojo? No, no. Dear Jojo. My Jojo. Yes. Those are things you would like to hear I am sure.”

~
Jonathan narrowed his eyes and scowled, something he seldom did, and it looked odd on his usually soft and friendly features. Dio had a way of making him feel like a child again, insecure and small, trying to protect himself but always getting knocked down in the end. Dio's words brought up the memories of their old rivalry, which had never been properly laid to rest, even for as often as they had worked together as students, played together as teammates, and slept together as lovers.

"Why must you make a mockery of everything I care for -- even when it is you?" Jonathan clenched a fist as he stared back up at him. "Of course that isn't what I want to hear you say because you don't mean it as anything but a joke. And that's what I'm afraid of: that you're not able to mean it. That whatever was capable of feeling died with your mother, and I'll never break through your cruel, self-centred nature."

That was an awful lot of Jonathan's inner fears to spill in one swoop, and he frowned, turning to stare at the floor. How right that everything should smell like soot and embers right now.

~

Dio's already sharp features sharpened all the more as he matched Jonathan's glare. Why did he even feel the need to risk his inheritance like this when Jonathan was so, so insufferable? He hated him, why was he even worth this? Dio didn't know why, but at the same time he wasn't ready to give this up quite yet. And that angered him all the more. At any rate he wasn't about to back down from this argument.

“So then you wish to change me then? If it is as you say, and you wish to break through this dark cruel demeanour you believe makes up my character, then that is all I can presume. You wish me to be like you, soft like rice pudding and wear my heart on my sleeve and cry at any given moment as if I were a child again who seeks validation at every second.” Without a collar to be grabbed, Dio settled on pinching Jonathan on the cheek, hard.

“And do not talk of my mother in passing like that, you cur, I won’t warn you twice.”

~

And therein was the problem. What if Dio couldn't be changed? What if he was just naturally walking down the opposite road from Jonathan, and their natures would never mesh? They would be doomed to either walk away from each other forever, or fight it out. And somehow, Jonathan knew that a fight like that would not end with a simple bloody nose.

Knowing this angered him even more than Dio's words. And it did more than make him angry -- it broke his heart. Not being able to stand for any of it, when Dio called him a cur he clenched a fist, and sent it straight into his gut, with a force hard enough to knock him over.

~

Dio was winded at the impact of Jonathan’s fist into his stomach, and buckled over as he fell. He let out a breathless gasp before being able to regain his bearings, holding his stomach in pain. “You dare strike me, Jojo?!”

Before he was able to stand again, or even move to his hands and knees, Jonathan grabbed Dio by his collar, seemingly ready to throw another punch. Dio glared at the trembling Jonathan, who was shaking not with fear but with rage.

~

"How can you stand to fuck me if you truly think me nothing but a cur!” Jonathan cried, fist balled
and shaking. "How can you pretend to have fondness for me when you take every chance to put me down?!" He was no longer the small defenseless boy, but a man, and could have easily knocked Dio out or worse with his strength.

That thought was the only thought which kept him from striking again.

~

“I’m starting to wonder that myself. You try to force your ideals onto me, try to change those around you and when you don’t get your way, how do you respond? With yelling and a punch to the gut. Is screwing you worth having you?” It was lucky everyone was downstairs, for both forgot to be quiet.

Dio took the opportunity of Jonathan simply holding him without throwing another punch to his advantage and jerked back, swiping his leg under Jonathan’s with enough surprising force to make him stumble and let go. He kicked thrice, it being enough to knock the other to floor and stood in that time, for one final kick to Jonathan’s side.

“Well, how does it feel, Jojo? Are we resorting to brawling now?”

~

Jonathan was still running on the adrenaline of his anger, and despite his pulling of the punch, the rage had not quite passed. As he fell to the floor, it only made it stronger, and he scrambled to grab the other man’s leg, yanking him down to the floor with him. They groped and wrestled for a few moments, in which Dio was on top, but Jonathan still had a good grip on his wrist from the bottom.

"We can't keep going like this! I love you, but I hate you!” There was desperation in his voice mixed with the rage. "I want a life with you, but how can we ever do it?! One of us has to break, Dio. And it won't be me..."

He pushed with all his strength until he rolled on top of Dio, pinning him by the wrists, panting hard and staring into his eyes.

~

“Well I suppose we are at a bit of a stalemate then. If you think I, Dio would break for you then--” Dio brought his leg up to kick Jonathan in the groin, sending him doubling back in obvious agony. “You’ve learned nothing these past six years.” Of course, with a hit to a weak spot such as that, Jonathan was momentarily incapacitated, and Dio used that time to stand up and move far enough away to end the fight in victory. Without sneaky tactics, there was no way he could defeat Jonathan physically, best to leave on a high.

“Know I will not change for you, Jojo. You take me as I am or we can end it, but know it will all be on you. As you as you are, at least I have never demanded you alter yourself to match my preferences.” Dammit, Dio should have just left him there and then. There were plenty of others pining for him, Roger for a start. He could probably even work his way around Jonathan’s school friends, that would hurt him. He didn’t need Jonathan, even if he refused to come crawling back. Still...

“Come to my room tonight if you want me. Otherwise I’ll know all you are and all you have ever said is nothing but empty words.” He unlocked the door and left with a loud slam.
The physical pain and mental anguish were at odds with each other right now over which was worse. After Dio was good and gone, and all the pain had set in, tears came to his eyes. He took a few moments to weep, allowing himself to shed that weakness, before sitting himself up and brushing his tears away. He thought of his mother, and what she would have wanted him to do. And he considered the future he had had before him.

It was a very sombre evening at dinner that night. Jonathan had told his father about what had happened, and he already seemed so forlorn and dejected, as well as very unconcerned about his burn, that Lord Joestar was worried something serious had happened to the boy. He did scold him, but also ordered that he get his wrist taken care of and lie down, thinking perhaps smoke inhalation had gotten to him. He wasn’t at dinner that night, and much to Izzy’s dismay, he was not around that evening for play, either. She started crying hard enough for her mother to put her to bed.

~

Dio had decided to take a bath after retiring to his room for the evening, and once out clad himself in a bathrobe. Hours later he still wore it, not bothering to change into any sort of pyjamas or the like. He had called in unwell, due to the smoke and decided to skip out on dinner and general social interaction for the remainder of the night. His own company was plenty and anyone else around would be useless and irksome.

Despite not caring whether Jonathan came to his room or not, he kept a watchful eye on the clock, head turning to the door every time a new hour came about. By the time it turned twelve, the cupboard he had hidden the scotch from the Isabelle incident had been opened, and by one most of it had been downed. When it came to four forty-five, Dio was still drunk after finding another bottle to have his way with. He hadn’t been able to sleep however, and read the same page of a book over and over until he heard the door.

~

Jonathan had indeed been placed in the room next to Dio. And he left the door unlocked between the rooms. But he did not set foot into Dio’s. Midnight passed. Then one, two, three and four am all came and went, with no sign of Jonathan.

It was quarter to five when he finally gathered the courage to step into the room. “Dio…?” he whispered as he drew closer to the bed. He was wearing an old set of blue pyjamas that were a bit short on him in the wrist and legs, but very comfortable, and he had needed every comfort he could get.

~

“Ah! Look who appears! It’s the man of the hour, Jonathan Joestar first of his name. How do you do? Have you come to ask me back?” His words were slurred, Londoner’s accent mixing with the noble farce he’d mastered. “Well. After all those things you prattled on about, I suppose you didn’t want to be seen as a liar did you? Not the noble gentleman you so desperately want to be. He wouldn’t lie.”

Dio scanned Jonathan and down with hazy eyes. “Interesting choice of attire. Don’t you think they’re a little small?”

Holidays Have Been Merrier: Chapter 9
Jonathan raised an eyebrow as he heard Dio speak. He had never, ever heard him speak with that accent before. Not even when he first came to the house all those years ago. As he approached, he was able to see the empty bottles, and put two and two together.

“Dio, you’re drunk. Really, really drunk…” He sat on the edge of the bed, and chuckled a bit as he looked at his wrists. “I guess they are! But they feel good on!” He ran his fingers through his hair, and pulled himself onto the bed, looking the other boy over. He then took his book, closed it, and set it to the side, before pulling the blankets up and over him, starting to tuck him in, despite any protests.

“You need rest, Dio. How much did you drink? My god, it never occurred to me that you knew how to talk like a Londoner! Though it makes perfect sense considering where you are from. It’s… rather cute, actually.”

Dio cursed upon realising his accent had begun to slip, in front of Jonathan of all people. “Shut up, Jojo, I’m not talking like anything,” Dio slurred, denying the obvious, throwing a pillow with terrible aim at the boy after being called cute.

“And I’m not drunk, whyyyy would I be drunk… over you?” Dio whined when Jonathan took the book he’d been so intently reading for who knew how long and wrapped him up in his bedsheets and blankets. “I’ve barely even had a bit of a small sip soooo…” Despite his anger towards the other, he found himself growing pliant to the care, as Jonathan returned the pillow to him, fluffed and tucked under his head.

Once Jonathan finally got Dio settled, he stretched out beside him, rolled onto his side, and watched. He looked exhausted, and his eyes were bloodshot, dark circles below them. Still, in true Jonathan fashion, he kept a smile on, even if it was weak.

“Dio… I will probably have to say this all again once you are sober, but I am sorry. I shouldn’t try and change you. You are what you are, and I cannot pick and choose what parts of you I love… even when some of those parts try me to the point of wanting to hurt you.” He sighed and shifted his hands under his head.

“But I need someone who can love me back, Dio, And if you cannot… I am sorry. I don't know if I can take that.” Jonathan looked sadly on Dio’s drunken form, which was thoroughly covered in blankets by now.

At Jonathan next words, Dio felt himself growing more solemn than he would have imagined himself to be. It must have been the lingering grimness of the day, coupled with his mild inebriation. Despite his thoughts, his knowledge that he could easily have anyone he wanted at any time, Dio wasn’t sure he was quite ready to let Jonathan leave. And for Jonathan to reject Dio was all the more damning.

It was more than likely that if Jonathan had come to him sober first, none of the next words he Dio would have left his lips, and none of his actions would have been made, given his stubborn pride and desire almost above reason not to like Jonathan despite himself.
“W-Wait… Jojo. You shouldn’t just… Give up… I don’t want you to do that.” Dio swallowed the lump in his throat. “I wasn’t lying before when I said… things… the not so bad things… I want you to stay with me.” Dio whispered the next line. “Don’t leave me like my mother did. Don’t leave me like she did.” He rolled over to hold Jonathan’s waist in his arm’s grasp. “You can’t.”

~

Jonathan’s eyes widened and his mouth dropped open, staring down in shock as Dio clung to him. For a moment, he wondered if it was some sort of trick, but then he remembered, all those weeks ago, in this same bed, Dio had lay writhing deliriously with a fever. And he was crying for his mother, and for Jojo, even though later denied it up and down. Jonathan was certain the same would be said about this. Dio would never acknowledge loving his mother, and he would never acknowledge loving him, either.

Yet the fact still stood that when all the lies that Dio told were stripped away, when he was at his most vulnerable, the feelings were there.

Jonathan could pull away, a part of him still wondered if he was going to be hurt by him. Trust had been something he had struggled with for years, and though they had begun something new and embarked on their relationship, it could not disappear instantly.

Or he could stay with Dio. He may never be as openly affectionate or as sweet tempered as others, but they enjoyed each other’s bodies, they enjoyed each other’s company, and they were capable of setting aside their differences, even if they did not always want to. Jonathan could admit that having Dio help run the estate would make sense, and that making a life together could work. Not only work, but be enjoyable. He could not deny that he desired the other man, even in the times they fought. And he saw now how he could use the opportunity to keep Dio in line, push him towards good, or at least, push him away from trouble.

Jonathan sank a hand into his pocket, closing it around something which he seldom took out, except when he wanted to talk to his mother. And tonight he had been doing so, perhaps this was her way of giving him an answer. Yes, he was sure of it, and a smile spread across his lips as the realisation that this was the right path to take set in. He looked down at Dio, and tilted his chin up to look at him. “I am never leaving you, Dio.”

~

"Never…” Dio repeated with flickering eyes. For so long he’d wanted to have Jonathan, to be with him, he did not wish to lose that, and with a lack of sobriety, that was showing through. In a time of desperation Dio could not contain his true desires and wishes to Jonathan, no matter how much he may have wanted to.

~

Jonathan took one of Dio’s hands into his own, and dropped something into it. It was a diamond stud earring, even in candlelight, the stone had an impressive sparkle. In his own hand he held the match. “These were my mother’s. I don’t have many things of hers for my own, but I know how lucky I am to have what I do. I’m giving one to you.” He paused, before adding, “…These were meant to be a gift for my future wife. That…will not be so, now.”

~

Dio held the stud in his fingers, eyeing it closely. It was hard to see with the overarching tiredness and drunken state, but it was clearly a gesture of good faith and loyalty. For Jonathan to give
something away of his that belonged to his mother, his declaration not to leave him must have rung true. Dio, if he had anything at all to offer, would not have done the same. But then he actually knew his mother, and would value her mementos.

“So you are giving me a diamond then, aren’t you, Jojo? Your mother’s diamond?” Dio shakily put it in his bathrobe pocket, patting the breast lightly. “It’s funny isn’t it? You can give me a keepsake of a woman you never met, yet I have nothing of my own mother’s left. My father would not even let me keep her dress, made me sell it. Ha! It was barely even worth a few pennies… So very, very funny.” Dio let out an awkward sounding laugh before rolling on top of the young Jonathan, lying so they faced each other.

“What do you want in return then? For the staying and diamond? If you take off your trousers I can service you that way.” Perhaps the habit of past bartering was coming through now. He had been given a jewel, and so Dio would return the offering in the way he knew how, in the way he knew men liked.

~

“What… service?” Confusion and a hint of disgust rang through Jonathan’s face as he tried to think what in the world he had said to make Dio think he expected sexual gratification after such a gesture, and at a time like this... And then it hit him like a falling brick. There were all those rumours around school, of Dio exchanging his expertise for sexual favours, but when had that idea been planted in his mind? How had he become so knowledgeable about sex? Could it have begun even before he came to live with the Joestars?

The sick, sad answer was yes. Which left the question of ‘why’ echoing through his mind. The ‘why’ was not so difficult to fathom when Dio had just spoken of a father who had him sell his mother’s keepsakes for money. It made Jonathan so angry and so sick inside that he had to take in a deep breath and hold it before he could speak.

“No, Dio. Thank you, but no. That shall not be necessary.” Jonathan’s voice was loud and firm, very different than it usually was. He sat up, helping Dio to sit at his side. He wanted to be sure they were on the same level. And he had to say this in terms which Dio could understand. “From now on we are partners. Two parts in a well-oiled machine that work together because they are joined. I will do things for you and for your happiness as without you satisfied at my side, things would fall apart. You in turn, would do the same for me, but as I am rather easy to please I do not think you shall need to work as hard...” He cracked a smile here. “There will be a commitment and a respect between us, as well as mutual affection. We may still fight, good God, I know we will fight! But we will mend our differences in the end because we are one, and giving up on each other is not an option.

Jonathan met Dio’s hazy eyes. “Do you understand, Dio? Because what I just described, that is what actual love is. There is no cost, no exchange, no coercion.”

~

Dio simply looked at Jonathan, slightly pensive. “That was... what I was offering,” he replied. “The earring was your end, and this would’ve been mine. We both get what we want.” For someone highly intelligent, the concept Jonathan had been attempting to describe did not seem to compute in the fullest of terms.

The way Dio understood things, from experience, was that people always wished for something in return for what they gave, and for most he associated with, sex tended to sate them. After his mother died, that was a large portion of how he could even make money, especially since he had little to nothing else he could offer up. It had continued onto his school years. What else was he supposed to
gather from all this? And the way Jonathan had explained love, to work together and sate the other, to Dio it seemed the same.

“It’s hardly coercion, believe you me. I know you want it. You wanted it at the shed in the morning. And in the bath when I was sick. Those were exchanges, were they not? So if that was in love then… what makes it different?

~

Jonathan pursed his lips together and raised a hand to scratch at his hair. Teaching and explaining new concepts was Dio’s department. And the concept of love was one that embodied the entire human experience… how did one explain it?

“In the shed and when you were sick, that wasn’t in love, that was in lust. I cared for you as a friend and brother, but I was only beginning to consider the idea of being your partner in life. It was later in the week, after I realised how much it would hurt me to see you fall into a bad way, that I realised I was in love.” Jonathan’s hand moved through Dio’s hair, brushing the strands away from his face so that he could see him better. “If tomorrow something happened and you could never sleep with me again, I would still stay with you. I will care for you no matter what.”

Jonathan’s typical sheepish look spread across his face. “I’m sorry Dio, I know I make a poor tutor for anything that doesn’t involve ancient rocks and long dead civilisations. If you don’t understand it now, it is all right. I have a life time to show you, if you’ll let me.” Jonathan’s blue eyes were bright despite the dimness of the room, as was the smile that spread across the corners of his lips.

“Will you let me, Dio?”

~

Dio let out a sigh, there was glow to Jonathan’s eyes and face in that moment, despite the sun being hours from rising and the lamp dim. His mind still a blur thanks to the alcohol, it was rather difficult to fathom the concept he was trying to explain, though even sober it may have been so too. Love was something Dio denied and denied profusely, claiming to himself to be above such things, that it slowed people down and made people soft. He wanted no part in that.

But the fact remained that he so dearly wanted Jonathan. For whatever reason the boy’s hold on him was strong, stronger than he wanted to admit. And so…

“You can… have all the time in the world, Jojo. Just… don’t leave me.” Those were his final words of the night, before Dio was lulled to sleep by Jonathan’s hands carding through his hair and the warmth of the blankets.
The next day Dio woke to quite the hangover. Even he wasn’t immune to the effects of hard liquor and an empty stomach at last night’s extreme. His face was covered in sleep and his hair was quite the mess but he simply didn’t have the strength to move. He remembered some things from earlier that morning, Jonathan coming to his room… apologising for something… something about love… him begging for Jonathan not to leave him?!

“Oh no.”

But he could not for the life of him remember what Jonathan’s reply was. He needed to know. After Dio finally dragged himself out of bed, and sloppily groomed himself, he made his way downstairs to where Jonathan and three of the Floris five, Andrew, Isabelle and the second youngest Jeremy were playing. He stood at the door, peeking round, the light irritating his eyes, making it seem as if he were glaring.

“Jojo, come with me.”

~

Jonathan was on the floor with the children, who were taking turns spinning a top. When Dio opened the door to the room, Jeremy looked up at him and pointed to Dio’s head, giggling. “Your hair looks funny!” he exclaimed. Jonathan shushed him and stood, stepping up to Dio and smoothing out a piece of blond hair that had popped up on the back of his head.

“You three keep playing without me. And if you don’t give your sister a turn, there will be trouble when I get back,” Jonathan lectured the three, who nodded in response. Jonathan turned to Dio and smiled nervously, following him away from the children and into the empty hall.

~

Dio was not used to this, the lack of certainty and control when it came to Jonathan. Jojo recalled last night’s conversation completely while Dio was left with gaps and lapses and confusion that had bubbled into a pit of anxiety. His face, red with dark circles under his eyes, hair messy and clothes dishevelled did not seek to comfort him in the slightest. So summoning up a large bout of false confidence he asked out and forthrightly.

“So where do we stand, Jojo? I am… drawing blanks in a couple of areas. Are we to continue as we have been?”

~

“Oh dear…” Jonathan said as he pinched his forehead. “I was wondering if this might happen.” The last thing Jonathan wanted to do was repeat his attempts at trying to explain love to Dio. He wasn’t so sure a sober (and badly hungover) Dio would be any more receptive than the drunken Dio who had fallen fast asleep in his arms the night before. But right now the important part was giving Dio his answer.

Eventually.

“Mmm, so you really don’t remember? And after giving you my mother’s diamond earring, too. Which, if you lost it, I should have to be very, very cross with you.” Jonathan glared down at Dio, but there was a hint of playfulness in his eyes. He reached up and smoothed Dio’s hair further.
“Your hair needs a good proper brushing; I don’t think I’ve ever seen you look this dishevelled.

~

“Earring?” That part of the night had completely escaped Dio’s memory, but he wasn’t about to let such a thing on. “Oh, yes, of course… that. No I have not lost it, I, Dio not so careless with possessions.” A search would need to be had as soon as he returned to his room. It was likely somewhere on his bed.

“I am not in the mood for games, Jojo, just tell me what I need to know so I can sort myself out. I really should not be down here looking like this, so just… answer me.” A fully functioning Dio probably would have guessed by Jonathan’s tone and talk of a gift what the answer was, but that was not currently the case. But before Jonathan could get another word out, one of the children stormed in and interrupted them.

Jeremy was rather an odd boy, for whatever reason he seemed to very much like Dio and often sought his company when he was around. Fortunately, unlike his older sister, he did not enter rooms in a silent blaze, and both he and Jonathan noticed his entrance. “Dio! Dio! Will you play tops with us?!”

Dio looked down with tired eyes at the six-year-old and frowned. “No, I won’t. You are much too loud. Leave us.” Upon his refusal, Jeremy clung to his leg like a little chimp on a vine and pleaded in a very loud voice.

“Pleeeeeease!! You never play with us and we’re going home soon! Please Dio!! Please!” Dio hardly called another week's time soon, for the Floris family were to be the last of the guests to leave.

‘Jojo. Get the child off me now.’ Dio did not say this out loud, but his eyes told more than enough.

~

Jonathan was greatly amused as he watched the child cling to Dio's leg. God only knew why Jeremy liked him so, Dio had certainly never done anything to encourage it. But he did and he was greatly determined to have his way. Jonathan chuckled and knelt down to the boy's level, looking him in the eye.

"Dio isn't feeling well right now, peanut." He tapped Jeremy on the nose. "But if you ask him nicely, perhaps he will play with you when he is feeling better. For a few minutes. Isn't that right?" Jonathan shot Dio a look.

"Pleeeeeease, Dio, pleeeeeease! It's Christmas!" The boy had long since mastered the fine art of puppy dog eyes, which he flashed at Dio now. Dio grumbled and reluctantly agreed, if only to get the child to detach from his leg.

"Now go along and play nicely, all right?" Once Jeremy had finally gone back to his siblings, after a little more prodding, Jonathan turned back to Dio, looking at him in a contemplative way, as if he were sizing him up. It was most likely an odd sensation for Dio, as typically he would be the one sizing up Jonathan.

"Last night, I gave you one of my mother's diamond earrings, something that was meant to be a gift for my fiancée. I promised to love you always and never leave you. And I am going to spend our lives together showing you what love actually means." He reached out and smoothed another stray piece of Dio's hair down. With a sly little smile, he added, "So essentially I asked you to be my bridegroom, and you said yes."
“I… see. Well then.” Dio turned around to leave for his room looking slightly perturbed by this, but not completely repulsed. At least Jonathan was back in his clutches now, even if he had to resort to ‘begging’ last night, though that was only Jonathan’s claim and he had no evidence for it. A loss in battle was a sacrifice he was apparently willing to make for the boy. Dio stopped, still facing away from Jonathan, but leaving him a final word.

“Tonight. I want you. Hard.” But for now, he had a long bath calling his name.

Jonathan had a smirk on his face as Dio made his way back to his room. “I look forward to it!” He called after the boy with a small wave. At this point, he knew Dio. He knew that he would never be completely comfortable admitting to his feelings, and that was all right with Jonathan. The important thing was that he knew they were there.

When Dio would come down from his bath, looking much more like himself, Jonathan greeted him at the doorway. After checking to see that no one was around on either end, he grinned at Dio.

“Look up.” Hanging right over their heads was a sprig of mistletoe, and Jonathan’s hands captured his face just long enough to pull him in for a kiss, teasing his mouth with his tongue.

It was quite some time before Dio finally came downstairs again, he’d spent even longer than he normally would have bathing and sorting himself out for the day, to compensate being seen in such a state before, even if it was just by some children. And Jonathan. But since it was enough for it to be commented on, he was feeling (even more) downtrodden.

Upon reaching the lower floor and having stood under a mistletoe and kiss he was feeling a little better about the day. He and Jonathan had regained their rough equilibrium which made him much easier to bear, and he was rather looking forward to screwing him into the bedsheets later that night.

All too soon the kiss was over and Jonathan had pulled away. “Ooooo~oooh, Jeremy, look who is back down stairs and ready to play with you!”

Like a tornado the six-year-old boy came running at him and crashed into Dio’s leg. “You don’t look funny now! Though your face is red!” Jeremy declared quite loudly. Jonathan chuckled and ushered the child and Dio into the other room, where the children were sitting around cutting up old Christmas cards to make new ones. Jonathan immediately took a seat by Izzy to help her cut and ensure she did not take off a finger in the process. Jeremy was roughly cutting out a picture of a teddy bear,

“Dio, what do you want for Christmas?” he asked. “A bear?”

“He has one already.” Jonathan replied for him, looking up for a moment to wink.

“Oh… then what?” He looked at Dio with bright and curious green eyes.

Dio repeated the question slowly, taking a sip of coffee he had the maid bring him. He decided since he had been dragged in to participate in this silly card making lark, he might as well do something.
Though he did have to wonder why they were making new cards out of the old when they were plenty rich enough to have some more bought. As he pondered he cut out an odd looking shape that was intended to be an angel, though he took the more biblical approach and granted them near hellish looking features, spending time to give his creature four faces, multiple wings and many, many eyes.

As for the gift, Dio could have said a special brand of wine, jewellery, or perhaps a new suit, but those things were likely lost on a six-year-old. “Books I suppose.” Reading was one of his favourite hobbies after all, and he was running out of recreational novels to fill his time with. He did not ask what Jeremy wanted in return, but he told him anyway

~

“Oh, I wanted a rifle like my brother, but Izzy got hurt. I want a dragon instead -- a real one!” Jeremy grinned and nodded. “But you want books?” The little boy asked with a few blinks of his eyes. “Do they have lots of pictures? I like books with pictures of dragons eating people!” Jeremy then roared in Izzy’s face, and Izzy screamed and buried her face in Jonathan’s chest. Jonathan patted her head and began to fold a blank piece of paper into a crane for Izzy.

“Oh me too, me too, make one for me too!”

~

“Well expect to be thoroughly disappointed come Christmas day,” Dio muttered just quiet enough for the dragon ranting Jeremy not to hear. “No, they don’t tend to have pictures, they have words, unbelievable as it is.” He chopped off the head of his once angel shaped figure with his scissors, giving up after he made an error and starting again with a new piece of card.

He watched Jonathan fold the paper cranes for the children as if it were like breathing and frowned a little. It seemed odd that something so intricate Jonathan could do and he could not, but then Jojo did spend time on the useless, and he, Dio had no time for such frivolities.

~

In the meantime, Andrew, who had just turned eleven, looked almost as amused as Dio to be making the cards. “Whenever we come here, there’s only ever my brothers and sisters, we hardly ever get to play with other children.” He pouted and began to make marks in the wooden table with his scissors, until Dio gave him a look that told him he had better stop. The boy obeyed, but boldly he looked from Jonathan and back to Dio. “Are you two going to have children soon? Maybe the next time we come?”

“Noooooo, silly!” Jeremy corrected his brother. “Mama told me you need to be married to have babies! So maybe Uncle Jonathan will get married soon… but not Dio.” He hugged Dio’s arm ridiculously tight. “If you get married you’ll move away and I don’t want you to go!”

Jonathan chuckled and handed a paper crane to Jeremy. “It’s true that people are usually married who have babies. But perhaps one day I will adopt a boy or girl. Dio was adopted, after all.” The children all seemed satisfied with this response and resumed their little projects. But Jeremy still looked confused, and he ended up whispering in Dio’s ear. “…Hey, Dio? How do grown-ups make a baby? Mama keeps telling me the stork but I think she is lying.”

~

“Storks?” Growing up in a city with dozens of brothels and corner girls outside his home, Dio had
never really experienced a life where he was ignorant to the world of sex, and did not know of a time where it existed without his knowledge. “Well your mother is lying about that. No, babies are--what?” Dio was stopped before he could even begin to explain by noticing a waving Jonathan signalling a head being chopped off while shaking his head profusely.

“Oh… I suppose you should… wait until you’re older before knowing such things…” Jonathan breathed out a sigh of relief that this truth was left undivulged. Dio didn’t really see the problem, but nobility were such sticklers when it came to public knowledge. In private they were worse than those in the slums.

~

Jonathan looked as though he might have a heart attack when Jeremy asked his question and Dio looked as if he were about to answer him seriously. He could have damn near slumped over in relief when Dio understood his miming to stop. Their mother was pregnant yet again and certainly the inquiring little minds wanted to know how. That would be up to their parents to handle, and Jonathan did not wish to incur their wrath by giving their children an education too soon. Although, in Jonathan’s personal opinion, it was silly to wait for so long, and it possibly did more harm than good.

“We should play hide and seek!” Jeremy said suddenly, thoughts jumping completely to a new topic after he’d coloured in his newly made crane.

“Hide and seek it is and you three can hide first, but remember that you need to stay on this floor and not interfere with the servants and be safe--” Before Jonathan could even finish his little speech, all three children had scurried out of the room, and Jonathan and Dio had a moment of quiet. Jonathan looked to Dio, smiled, and lifted his shoulders in a shrug. “These three are good apples, though they have quite a bit of energy.” He chuckled and pecked Dio on the cheek. “After this game it will be time for dinner, and then we will have the entire night to ourselves.”

~

“They may not be the worst alone, but put them with the eldest one and tell me again that they are ‘good apples,’” Was all Dio said in response, before Jonathan began to count. He did crack a smile when it was mentioned they would be alone for the rest of the evening, however, subconsciously licking his lips in anticipation.

When they set to look for the children, Dio dragged his feet, after all a little peace and quiet was not exactly unwelcome, but even with his hesitant approach so the first two children were found much too easily for his liking. When it came to Jeremy however, he had hidden himself so well even Dio took to searching and was unable to locate him. “Rather impressive, don’t you think?” Dio said to Jonathan

~

Rather than impressed, Jonathan was starting to get worried about Jeremy, concerned he was stuck or hurt or lost somewhere in the large expanse of the estate. It really was easy to lose one’s way if they did not know where they were going, and they had been looking for fifteen minutes now.

As they searched Jonathan grew more and more anxious, until suddenly, he spotted the boy’s jacket and shoes next to a chair. And near the chair was a seldom used fireplace.

“Bloody hell!” Jonathan cursed, setting Izzy down and walking over to investigate. Sure enough, coming from inside were the cries of a trapped Jeremy. He had not crawled up far, but had managed
to get himself thoroughly stuck.

~

Upon finding him stuck in the chimney, Dio could not help but laugh along with Andrew at his predicament, while Isabelle and Jonathan called up and fretted.

After a couple of failed attempts to pull the boy out, Jonathan asked if Dio could get the caretaker. He likely would have just been able to yank him, but Jonathan had no desire to hurt the boy.

“No!!! I want Dio to stay!” A muffled voice cried out from the fireplace. Dio shrugged as Jonathan decided to go instead, after all it saved him a wild goose chase. He took the available chair and sat on it, seeing Jeremy’s legs dangle out and waited. The boy made mild conversation to which Dio gave little responses. He wondered why Jeremy liked him so much, but honestly he didn’t care. He was liked by most people, so it wasn’t too odd, really.

Eventually Jonathan returned with the caretaker and a while later a very sooty Jeremy popped out of the chimney and ran straight into Dio’s arms, covering him in black coal too. He grimaced, this was one of his favourite shirts, now utterly ruined.

~

Jonathan’s face was also covered in soot and dirt, his clothes even more so than Dio’s. Still, he looked utterly relieved.

“Thank God we found him alive.” Dio’s face told him that he would have preferred the alternative.
Later that evening, Jonathan stepped into Dio’s bathroom carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses, after Dio had marched up to wash off the soot from the little hide and seek incident, despite already having done so immediately after it happened. He began to unbutton his shirt, shedding his clothing as quick as he could manage, wanting nothing more than to get in the warm water and feel Dio’s hands on his skin.

“I know you have your own ideas for tonight, but I did want to have a toast in honour of our ‘engagement’. You did find the diamond I gave you, right?” He settled into the water and met Dio’s eyes.  

“I can’t find something I never lost in the first place, Jojo.” As a matter of fact, however, Dio had only just found it upon running the tub and putting the bathrobe back on himself. It was still stuffed in the pocket from last night. He was fortunate his drunk self had enough sense not to simply place it anywhere, or he would have had quite a search on his hands. “It is safe, worry you not.”

He took the glass from Jonathan hand quickly, raising the flute with a small flick of his wrist. “Well then… toast.” Dio barely gave himself time to enjoy the champagne’s taste before his hands were all over Jonathan, so eager the water splashed over the edge of the bath.

“We will start here, Jojo. But I will have you on the bed. There just is not enough room in here.” Dio’s lips made impact with Jonathan’s and he lingered down to his neck, nipping right from the get go. He had been waiting all day for this.

Jonathan had been sitting innocently enough and enjoying his champagne when Dio practically jumped him. Jonathan’s arms flailed and he spilled the champagne all over his chest (not that Dio seemed to mind, as it gave him an excuse to use his tongue.) Setting the glass to the side, he brought his arms lightly around Dio, grinning.

“Mmm, someone is so, so eager…” he murmured, raising a hand to lightly stroke Dio’s hair, letting his fingers graze his cheek. “Yes, Dio, we can start here and continue on the bed after we have made a complete sloppy mess of your bathroom floor. But must you really move so quickly? We have all night, and that champagne is absolutely perfect.” Calmly and smoothly, Jonathan leans back to pour another drink, seeming to almost purposely move slow. It was as if he was teasing Dio.

“Who could care about the floor?” he said in between two kisses. Of course he would tomorrow, or as soon as they were done, and very much so, but right now he was rather amped up on lust and want that he’d almost forgotten his cleanly ways.

“Besides, Jojo… all night may not be enough time.” And at that moment Dio leaned forward as Jonathan fell back to get himself some more champagne. Now really was not the time for that. If Dio were standing upright he would have been tapping his feet fervently.

Jonathan seemed to take no note of Dio’s impatience, sipping at his champagne casually, arms
draped over the edge of the tub. He was in no hurry. “By the way, I am quite proud of you. You tolerated the children rather well. You really can be such a good boy when you want to be…” He flashed Dio a rather angelic smile, taking another drink as if the champagne were the only thing that had his attention, though beneath the water, his own erection was betraying itself. Jonathan was quite in the mood to get started, but he very much enjoyed pushing Dio’s buttons.

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“Yes, well… I have a lot of practice tolerating the irksome,” Dio replied not even hiding the fact he obviously meant Jonathan. “But do you really wish to be thinking of children at this moment? I would say not.” He moved in to squeeze the start of Jonathan’s erection under the water to get that irritatingly chaste smile off his face, and replaced it for a gasping moan.

“Now. Put down the champagne.”

~

While a small gasp did escape Jonathan’s lips, he managed to contain the bulk of his reaction, at least for the time being. "In reality a gentleman would never dream of taking his fiancée to bed before marriage. And since we are practically engaged now I feel as if it would be proper to make you wait before allowing for you to partake in the pleasures of the flesh again." Jonathan sipped his champagne, giving Dio a chance to paw at him further, steam practically ready to come out of his ears.

"Of course, you are not a lady and I do not need to worry about tarnishing your reputation," he said with an impish grin, turning his head to nuzzle his cheek slightly against Dio’s, showing his usual sweet innocent affection. "And if being with you tarnishes me… so be it."

Jonathan pulled Dio into his lap, and kissed him in a deep, almost possessive way. It was as if all the hesitation and all the boyish inhibitions had finally melted, and in its place was left a man. Once he released the kiss, he sank back into the water and gazed up at Dio, eyes eager. "I am yours to command, my prince."

~

Now that the lollygagging had ended on Jonathan’s part, it was Dio’s turn to do some teasing. He placed his knee in between Jonathan’s legs, touching his groin and pushing in enough to make him feel it. The time in the bathroom was simply the appetiser, so Dio was going to enjoy it and make Jonathan wait for the main course. He began at his neck, tongue lathering and teeth biting at him, hands on his upper body slowing moving down as his lips did, pinching the soft and sensitives spots on his tanned flesh.

A solid grip was made when Dio reached Jonathan’s nipples and he worked at them until they peaked. He continued to grind his knee at Jonathan’s crotch, feeling it growing in hardness and the boy squirmed at every new movement he made. Dio slid his fingers down Jonathan’s sides, occasionally hitting him in ticklish area, the sensation making him both laugh and moan, a fun duality that graced his ears.

Dio himself was growing hard too, cock throbbing under the waters, but he was going to give that time to grow fully sensitive to all touching, amplifying his own experience once he had Jonathan on the bed.

Dio’s hands reached Jonathan’s rear, and he squeezed at his cheeks firmly, fingers reaching his entrance. Though oil would be used later, it wouldn’t hurt to prep him a little now.
It was a testament to how well Dio was starting to know Jonathan’s body, because he was succeeding in making him writhe in lust. With each and every touch of Dio’s, Jonathan’s moans and cries grew more eager, more desperate. By the time he was touching his entrance, Jonathan wanted nothing more than to be taken. Not so long ago, things would have not been so easy.

Dio was also making it quite difficult for Jonathan to do much in return. He wanted to grope, squeeze, even suck on Dio’s cock as it grew underwater. And a few times he did try to fondle it, but it appeared that Dio was saving himself for when they were on the bed, and would take the majority of his pleasure then. That in and of itself was immensely frustrating for the brunet, who always preferred to please over being pleased. But for the moment, all he could do was comply with his ‘prince’s’ command.

“Dio…” Jonathan murmured Dio’s name, not for the first time since they had entered the bath. “Please, love… I’m ready for you now. I know that you want it.” Jonathan’s words and tone were such a mix of the sheer affection he had for Dio, while at the same time in it was lust and desire in its lowest form. He had no qualms with begging, either.

“I know exactly what I want, Jojo.” Dio’s cock had become almost completely erect, but he was going to give it a little more time before he took Jonathan. “But as you said… the night is young.” One finger slid underneath Jonathan’s rear, and began to push its way inside, probing his tight hole, wriggling and squirmed, earning himself some wondrous moans from Jojo’s lips, carved into a perfect circle as his entrance clenched around the digit, his hips bucking, desperate for more relief.

As Dio began to insert a second finger, he placed his other hand on the head of Jonathan’s cock and teased at it with his thumb and finger, refusing to slide any further, despite the oozing precome showing he was more than ready for it.

“All… night.” Dio own words alone sent another throbbing sensation to his member. At least Jonathan wasn’t the only one being held off and teased.

Jonathan moaned loudly as Dio probed him. By now, he was extremely used to this treatment, and it did not take him long to be ready. And with Dio's drawn out teasing, it was a combination of pleasure and torture. Jonathan wanted nothing more but to feel Dio inside him, hitting him in the spots which made his body spasm with pleasure. Yet he refused.

"Just because we have all night does not mean you must move so slow!" Jonathan whined over his shoulder. "Please Dio… you were so eager to get started, why are you tormenting me so?"

Despite the complaints, Jonathan was still taking what pleasure he could from Dio's carefully placed touches. And though he could have quite easily used his own strength to turn the tables, he didn't dare. A part of him immensely enjoyed the power which Dio had over him, and what it did to his body.

Dio couldn’t help but let out a laugh at Jonathan’s whining, it almost made the strain of holding off lighter, but no such fortune. “Perhaps I simply enjoy watching you squirm, Jojo. But worry not, you’ll be seeing stars soon enough.” They both would. Dio retracted one finger at a painstakingly
slow time, letting them linger and circle at the entrance a little while longer before pulling them all back and away completely.

He then repositioned himself and Jonathan so his entrance was more accessible. Dio moved his cock towards it, the head pushed in barely past the rim of his hole and Jonathan seemed desperate for it, at this point simply begging for Dio to put it inside. So in response, he stopped, placing a lone finger to his chin.

“A thought just occurred, Jojo. We might make rather a splash if I enter you here. And I really wouldn’t want to dirty the floors. Maybe we should stop…”

~

Jonathan was still whining, thrusting his hips back and begging to be entered. For someone who had been in such a hurry to fuck him, Dio was now moving far too slowly, And Jonathan knew he was doing it on purpose, just to make him flounder. But somehow, he couldn’t resist. He ended up playing right into Dio’s plan.

“It is just water, Dio, it will dry! Now please, put your cock in…it is so close…”

Jonathan turned his head to look back at him, blue eyes filled with both pleading and annoyance. If he had wanted to tilt the course of power a bit, things would have been different. However, after all that had transpired today, he wished to give Dio his chance to be in charge. The last thing he needed was a pent up frustrated Dio on his hands.

“Mmm… I would be so much kinder to you if my cock were in your place. I bet I could make you feel even better, too.”

~

Dio laughed again, Jonathan begging really was a treat. But now his cock was so close the sweet release, the temptation to start screwing him was outweighing the taunting delights. But after last night and Dio’s own weakness in his intoxicated state, it was only fair, only right this should happen. That loss of control needed to be returned.

“Yes… I have no doubt we already would have started long ago if it were left to you Jojo. You are kind like that. I, Dio, however am much less so.” Even with the six-year pretence of feigned kindness, it was undeniable that Jonathan was more benevolent that Dio and always would be. “But I would not be so sure about you being better than I…” And with those words spoken, without a hint of warning Dio pushed deep inside Jonathan’s rear, hitting his prostrate on the first impact and causing the boy to yelp. With the preparation done earlier, and Jonathan growing much more used to the act, he needed not worry about easing it in gently, not that he could once he had gotten a taste of that euphoric bliss.

His thrusts were deep and hard, water making waves underneath them. Once into it his speed quickened as he desperately sought for friction inside Jonathan, and both their moans grew louder in almost uncontrollable pleasure. “Still think you could do better?” Dio barely made out through his pants and grunts

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Jonathan was a strange one in that he was very capable of taking charge and being brutal at times. This had shown on the rugby field particularly, but also on occasion in their sexual encounters. He enjoyed control and took every advantage of it when he had it, however, he did not require it to be
satisfied. And he knew how much Dio enjoyed ruling the roost, which just made him all the more eager to serve. He did so love to please his ‘prince’.

Right from the very first thrust, Jonathan was being extremely loud. Dio, when he wanted to, knew exactly how to get him into such a frenzy he could hardly help himself. Right now. Jonathan was clinging to the side of the tub, his hands clenched over the smooth porcelain. His eyes were closed, his only focus on the delightful mixture of pleasure and pain going through his body -- and it was mostly pleasure by now.

“I-I don’t know…” Jonathan staggered out, Dio’s words forcing him to think. “I… I am sure that I could fuck you well… you’ve never been displeased with me, not that I know of, mmm? But… you are oh so very good!” And with that he broke into another string of moans.

~

“And I am sure… you could… very… well, and I expect you to…” Dio began, adjusting himself slightly before smacking his hips into Jonathan’s rear for another round. “But better than I, Dio… could do to you… that I doubt.”

Dio’s eyes were also closed, arms on Jonathan’s shoulders, grip tight enough to leave marks but he didn’t seem to mind in the slightest. His head threw itself back every time a new wave of pleasure was coursed through him, it was likely he was going to come very soon. For The first time. Jonathan’s word of praise along with the doubt he was the superior set Dio off even harder, his mission to make him orgasm within the following minute and certainly before he did.

Constantly aiming for the sweet spot within him, Dio rammed harder and harder, moans and movements getting more and more wild in action until finally Jonathan gave out a long cry and came in thick spurts. Of course, not done with his own pleasure, Dio did not give Jonathan time to rest of ride it out and continued to buck.

~

Once Jonathan had finished himself, he was more in control of his thoughts and reactions. Dio was no longer driving him mad with lust, and while he wholeheartedly enjoyed the feel of Dio's cock within him, even after finishing, the night was still young. He planned to show him that there was more than one way to enjoy themselves.

But first, Jonathan rocked hips back and forth with the rhythm of Dio’s movement, until he too finished while inside of him. He gave the blond time to savour and time to recover, before pulling his body away and off of him. Turning to face Dio, he raised a hand to his cheek, stroking it lightly. Fingers eventually reached up to stroke his hair. Jonathan never, ever grew tired of stroking Dio’s hair, or so it seemed. He definitely had a little obsession with it, and looked forward to when it might be longer. “Mmm, that was pleasant as ever, Dio…” Jonathan leaned back against the side of the tub, reaching for his champagne glass with one hand, while the other still toyed with his hair.

“You definitely are an expert at torment, Dio. You do so love to make me squirm under your touch, and you know how to make it enjoyable… but…” Jonathan stopped stroking his hair and brought two fingers to his chin. “Mmm. I am not so sure I would go so far to say that you are the best. That is a rather serious compliment to be paying, do you not agree?” Jonathan had a playful look in his eyes. He was not planning on simply lying back to take it all night, that was for certain.

~

Dio narrowed his eyes, it seemed Jonathan was being rather stubborn today. Usually he would fill
Dio to the brim with words of adoration and affection and Dio happened to like it that way. This would not do at all, especially if Jonathan was questioning how good he was at what he did. And he knew he was the best. “That is odd Jojo for I seem to recall somebody hardly being able to come on their own for the crave of my touch overwhelmed said person” He raised both eyebrows, staring deep into Jonathan’s eyes.

“You may be getting the hang of things relatively fast, but compared to me you may as well have never been with another, touched another in any way. You lack tact.” Dio moved his hand to trace along Jonathan thigh, poking and prodding and skirting a little close to the sensitive organ between the man’s legs.

“I, Dio, can play you like a fiddle. I know what you want and how to make you squirm and come at any given time, Jojo. I am sure I could push you over the edge more times than you could me. I’d be willing to bet on it in fact.” He ran his finger upward from Jonathan’s thigh, to his navel, to his chest and finally his chin, taking the champagne from his hand and drinking it himself.

~

“So we are wagering now are we?” Jonathan asked as his eyes followed the finger on his chest. As Dio reached for the champagne glass, he retrieved the bottle from the side, refilling it after Dio drank. “Now, let us look at this fairly. I am rather new to all this, and you are not. I am certain that in my clumsiness I shall make mistakes… however, I still think that I can give you a show.” Inwardly, Jonathan had never been the most confident of boys, and this time was no exception. But he did hold pride in his own skills, as well as willing to run head first into a challenge even if he knew he might lose.

Bottle still in hand, Jonathan leaned in and pressed a few champagne tinged kisses, first to Dio’s mouth, then moving towards his neck and collarbone. They were such soft, innocent, and sweet little gestures, the sort of thing Jonathan might do if Dio had been sitting in his lap trying to read. And then, suddenly, his teeth sank into the skin. Hard. Repeatedly. Enough to leave marks.

Lifting his head after having successfully left several bruises on Dio’s fair skin, he tilted it so that their foreheads touched. “I… love… you.” The words were spoken slowly and deliberately, eyes locked with Dio’s as he said it. He was beyond caring if it bothered Dio or not, at this point, he saw Dio as his fiancé, which awarded him certain rights in language, in his opinion.

Jonathan’s eyes were practically sick with passion, and he reached for the champagne glass, taking a gulp before setting it aside. His lips were then hastily pressed to Dio’s, letting him drink the champagne through the kiss. In the meantime, Jonathan brought Dio’s wrists to the side of the tub, pinning them there.

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As Dio was caught in the bubbly kiss, he quietly decided that this was a far better way to drink, and with an easy pliancy, he allowed himself to be taken, did not even struggle when Jonathan’s hands wrapped around and trapped him in position,

There was a quickened heart rate at those three particular words and Dio admittedly shuddered at the sound of them, but rather than turn the declaration of love into another argument or moment of weakness, Dio simply replied as unfazed as he could in a loud whisper once their lips split apart and the saliva trail broke.

“I know.”
“Fine then,” Dio said once a few more kisses had been shared and his need to compete was becoming more and more pressing, “Let us have ourselves a show.”

In the six years, rivalry had always been a large factor in their relationship. Dio had made a point to outdo Jonathan in all that they did, and he was sure the other felt the same, though he tended to doubt himself. Dio had no time for such a weakness.

“But... if this is to be a true wager, there should be a prize for the winner, should there not?” Dio did not do empty bets. “How about five pounds to the victor? Not a small sum, but it is a suitable reward for the best do you not agree? Unless you think you will lose, that is.” Though his hands were still pinned and he was more than likely about to be at Jonathan’s mercy or lack thereof, Dio’s dominance ran true.

~

"You truly wish to wager money on this?” Jonathan made a little face. "Dio… that is so vulgar. But oh, very well. As you wish.” He found the idea of wagering actual money to be rather low class, however, he would not say that to Dio. And it wasn’t as if gambling was uncommon among the nobility, it was just usually done in the way of a card game rather than orgasms. As much as Jonathan would prefer to defer to Dio in many instances regarding sex, he was just starting to come into his own with it. He wanted to prove to Dio that he was an adequate lover, even without his guidance.

~

“What is a bet if you gain nothing from it, Jojo? Call it what you will, I, Dio, do not play for nothing.” The satisfaction of winning of course was its own reward, but it was not enough when it came to betting. Besides, Jonathan was most certainly the type to judge on what he deemed outside of his class. He was a noble through and through after all and aside from their relationship, a rather straitlaced one at that.

“Show me what you can do, I won’t give you the slightest hint,” Even if Jonathan’s following action felt good, and Dio was sure they would, he had no intention of presenting his pleasure so eagerly, Jonathan would not have all his moans to figure out what brought him to climaxing bliss. Unless he couldn’t help it.

~

Jonathan held his hands pinned while his mouth began to work down his chest, kissing it slowly, taking the time to pay attention to each nipple. While he was suckling the second one, however, he became aggressive again, nipping and biting the sensitive flesh and the flesh around it, before suddenly turning Dio about and bending him over the edge of the tub.

“I often wonder if I treated you the exact way which you treated me, how you would feel,” Jonathan whispered into Dio’s ear, his breath hot against the skin. His fingers crept down his back and two pushed their way into Dio’s opening, probing lightly at first, but quickly picked up the pace to a harsher speed. “I sometimes wonder if you could handle it, and then it occurred to me, you most likely treat me as you have been treated all your life. I wish to treat you differently...” Jonathan did not specify beyond that last word, but his lips fell to Dio’s neck, continuing to leave marks as he inserted two more fingers inside of Dio, testingly.
“Ha! Someone is feeling rather feisty today, aren’t they?” Dio laughed, his cock throbbing in light anticipation as he was abruptly turned over and bent forward. He could work with this. He let out something of a whimper and gasp when two fingers invaded his entrance, but really who could blame him for such? Jonathan being Jonathan of course had to talk about caring for Dio unlike those who hurt and used and abused him in the past while his fingers were scissoring and pulling in and out of his ass.

“Well, right now Jojo… it feels rather good,” his voice was elated and slightly breathy. “Not the best, but still good.” At that, more fingers and more teeth were pushed inside his body and Dio adjusted himself accordingly, feeling rather full and cock hardening at quick pace. “Is that the best you can do?”

“We do have all night, Dio. It wouldn’t be wise to give you everything all at once, now would it?” Jonathan pushed him down across the tub further, gaining more confidence as he continued to work his fingers inside of his lover. Jonathan, as per his nature, was being very careful, making sure he was not going so fast that he might hurt him, but at the same time, being bold with his movements. As soon as he sensed that Dio was comfortable, he picked up his pace.

Jonathan was rather liking the feeling of having Dio under his control, it was something that did not happen often, as Dio was far from the type to ever relinquish dominance freely. But right now, Dio was trapped under his grasp, pushed hard against the porcelain rim, Jonathan’s fingers pressing into him just enough to get him used to it, but not quite hard enough to press against the spot that he knew would enjoy the most. It was fun, and something of which he took a mental note that he should do more often. Dio might have be more experienced, but that did not mean he always had to be in charge in the bedroom.

Biting his own lip for a moment out of nerves, Jonathan pressing his thumb into Dio’s opening as well, so that now his entire hand was inside him. He had never done this before and was a bit hesitant, particularly as he really did not wish to hurt his partner. But slowly he closed his hand into a fist, so it rubbed right against his prostate. Then, he began to slide his hand back and forth, hitting the spot repeatedly as he did so.

“You enjoy being mine, mm, Dio?” Jonathan whispered into his ear. The Joestar’s chest was pressed against Dio’s back, his free arm coming around to grab his cock and pump it.

Even with practice and easing, five fingers was still rather a strain to have on a person, and Dio felt it through his entire body, gasping and heaving as the hand balled into tight fist inside his tighter entrance, and he clung onto the edge of the tub to save himself from buckling completely. Both eyes closed for a while, slammed shut as Jonathan’s hand began to move about and suddenly “Aaah!” He hit his prostrate, no longer teasing, simply rubbing it right at his most sensitive spot over and over again before returning to thrusts.

“Oh, dear Jojo, no matter what the position… you will always be mine!” The last couple of words became mixed with something of a moan as Jonathan’s hand circled round his cock and began to tug at it, fist still hitting his prostate again and again.

Dio’s mouth was wide and open at this point, if he had been speaking it would have turned into intelligible blather, and he could not help but let out loud noises at every ram inside his rear and
many pumps on his cock driving him mad with the dual sensation. Unrelenting and solely seeking to pleasure Dio to the full extent, Jonathan gained the lead in their little competition and Dio came for the second time that night in a strong spurt, member still being worked at by the man, the whole hand still inserted. But Jonathan had not stopped just yet, seeming to enjoy the position he had Dio in greatly, and continued to tantalise him through the wave of his orgasm.

~

“Is that so?” spoke Jonathan in an unamused tone as Dio was falling over the brink of pleasure. Jonathan’s fist continued to move in the same quick rhythm over that delicate spot inside of him, wanting to milk it for every bit of bliss he could give the other man. ‘I disagree.’ Slowing the pace of his fist down, he opened his fingers and began to withdraw, while his other hand fondled his cock, holding it as he came. Jonathan used his weight to push Dio against the cold edge further, Jonathan’s own erection now hard against his rear.

Now that Dio had finished, both of Jonathan’s hands were free to roam. He grasped Dio’s own hands, before whispering into his ear. “I think that you are very much mine, even if you do not wish to admit it.” And with that he pressed a kiss to Dio’s cheek, suddenly pulling back from Dio’s body. He was now free to breathe and move, no more being crushed against the tub.

Jonathan began to hum as he picked up a bar of soap, and after washing his hands, slowly began to wash Dio’s figure. He started with his legs, lightly moved over his rear, and even washed around his cock as well. He continued to move up his body, seeming to be perfectly cheerful as he did so.

“You can say what you wish Dio, but you can’t deny what your body tells me.”

~

“And I shall have you pleasure this body of mine in every way.” Dio paused for a moment and enjoyed the pampering feel of the soap softly and slowly caressing his body after all the prior stimulation. Even when it brushed against his member, the sensation was entirely different than before, though it was still Jonathan’s touch. Once the brunet had almost finished he continued. “You dance your way around me, put your hands and your cock inside me because I allow and want you to. You, Jojo, are mine.”

And with that, he pushed himself forward, grabbing Jonathan’s sides with palms and fingers, lifting and seating him on the edge of the tub. It was only with the water’s assistance that he was able to do such a thing without trouble. While Jonathan could lift him as if he were a feather, Dio could not do the same to Jonathan for long at all, and though he could just about lift his feet off the ground if he tried, he was much too heavy to move about easily.

Dio would have liked to tease Jonathan with his actions, but he was already one orgasm behind and wished not for things to remain that way for long. To see Jonathan almost instantly fall into copious pleasure was a rather nice thought too. So this time, Dio used his mouth, circling the wet tip of Jonathan’s erection with his lips, one hand squeezing at his balls. He wasted little time in pushing forward, eyes never stopping to even look at the member, all fixed on the other boy’s eyes as he worked his way down the cock, further and further until his nose bristled against the pubic hair. Dio drew back around half way before repeating the action, rather used to it now. His pattern was fast from the get go, fingers fondling, mouth slipping up and down various parts of Jonathan’s length, set completely to pleasure, rather than torture. It was working rather well.

~

Jonathan’s lips pouted at Dio’s words. He had been rather enjoying the thought of Dio belonging to
him, and it was an idea he would like to continue to entertain, at least part of the time. Dio did not seem to like the idea as much, and he quickly came in and turned the tables. Jonathan’s lips were not left pouting for long as he locked eyes with Dio, watching him skillfully manipulate his body.

Dio in fact did not have a great deal of work to do as far as getting Jonathan aroused went. He had taken great pleasure in pleasing Dio, and had already fully hard by the time the other man was orgasming. So of course when Dio was actually starting to suck him, he was already quite sensitive, crying out at his touch.

“D--Dio…” Jonathan stammered. “It’s not fair, you know… I want you for my own!” His protests quickly drained away as his body drifted into the throws of passion, just as Dio had wanted.

~

If his mouth wasn’t busy sucking on Jonathan’s cock, Dio may have cooed at his words. Sometimes he really could be rather childish in the way he complained, Dio was almost tempted to give him the classic “Life’s not fair” in response. Instead he gently grated his teeth upon the next up and downward movement, not enough to hurt but definitely enough to make Jonathan writhe and wriggle and feel it.

But again, teasing could be saved for another night. It was surprising how quickly time could move, especially where there were no clocks to be found in the bathroom, who knew what time it was right now? Dio pace went faster and faster as he jerked Jonathan off with his lips and mouth until he felt his balls contract and tense, bringing warm, salty semen into his mouth, a little dripping down his chin.

Dio removed himself from around Jonathan and wiped off the dribbling seed with his finger as the other man slid back into the tub from the edge. Dio mimicked the Jonathan’s past actions and grabbed the soap, washing Jonathan body properly, spending time around the lower half, his rear and pelvis.

Once done he placed the bar to the side. “At any rate, let us move this along. I do not wish to prune. Although…” His hand went down to Jonathan’s cock again. “I could get my third orgasm from you before that…” Hand still holding the member he leaned forward to kiss Jonathan on the lips with a sweetness in the taking that may have seemed unfamiliar.

“My Jojo.”

~

All things considered Dio did not have to work hard for that second orgasm, bringing them to an equal number. Jonathan was none too happy about this. His competitive nature had been turned on and he did not like how Dio was not only pulling ahead, but claiming that he owned him. That would not do. He would pick him up and fling him over his shoulder, carrying him over to the bed and --

The kiss stopped him dead in his thoughts. Something about Dio's touch and the way he said his nickname was different just then. Sweeter and perhaps even warmer. That sort of affection from Dio was what Jonathan craved above all, and it was so hard to pull out of him. Jonathan froze, and allowed Dio to kiss him. His member was flaccid and tired, but at Dio's touch and affections it started to come back to life, despite the fact that Jonathan did not really wish to put Dio ahead before they were even on the bed.

"I..." Jonathan looked so frustrated as he gazed up into Dio's eyes. "My prince..." He finally breathed
with a sigh. He was like a reluctant puppy, there was no way he could say no to affection, even though it would cost him their tie after.

~

‘And you would look at that,’ Dio thought as Jonathan called him the princely title he had grown to very much enjoy. He always won in the end.

The softness that came with the kiss had not been a plot of any kind in that instance, simply a spur of the moment sparse hint of affection that took him over. But the following benefits did prove to give him the opportunity for lead, so there was a perk to it all.

Dio took the opportunity now that it was to be had immediately, his hand, already around the limp cock began, to pump it, teasing and easing and getting it to stand erect. They were both certainly going to feel drained after this night, both their members and the rears would be more than overworked, milked and aching from both ends, but it would be worth it for the night of overindulgence this night had to offer.

It took a little while longer than the first to times for the length to stand fully, but Dio knew how to manipulate Jonathan’s in particular extremely well, and with the boy buzzing from the gracious affection his prince had given him, it was soon as hard as ever. Dio brought himself closer to Jonathan so their bodies could make contact, free hand buried in Jonathan’s hair, chests touching, while he pulled and rubbed the foreskin and tip diligently.

He whispered the Jonathan nickname in his ear, a serene sound blessing his eardrums, mixed with “mms” and “ahs,” their softness juxtaposing with the moans that were beginning to leave Jonathan’s lips which were deeper and unbridled. When Dio could sense that he was about to take the lead, he smiled into his ear. “Come for me now, my dear Jojo.”

~

Despite Jonathan’s discomfort from having just come twice, he yielded to Dio’s attentions and eventually came for the third time, just as Dio pleaded with him so sweetly to do.

When he was finished however, he slumped over for a moment, completely spent. He was also suspicious of Dio -- was that affection all a ploy, just to get him to come so he could win the bet? Dio had a sharpness to him which Jonathan could never completely avoid, and in the end, he was usually nicked or sliced somewhere.

Thoughts running wild, he forced himself to stand. Grabbing a towel, he dried himself off, after which, he snatched up Dio’s bathrobe from where it hung on the wall. He opened it for Dio and allowed him to step into it, using it to lightly dry the other man off, being terribly silent as he did so. And then, in a flash, he threw Dio over his shoulder and carried him to the bed, tossing him down on it. He pinned his hands over his head, staring at him with fierceness.

“You were right, Dio, you can play me like a fiddle. But if I find that you are using me… that your affection is false, you will live to regret it.”

~

“Jojo! I am shocked. To think you’d even consider I would do something so heinous pains me to no end.” Dio batted his eyes and pouted. “And here I was thinking you were a loyal knight, not one who would resort to mutiny.” While pinned practically gift wrapped for the taking, Dio had every intention of continually showing Jonathan who would always hold the reigns.
“So are you going to continue looming over me like some hundred and five pound shelter, or are you going to see if you bring us to a draw before I have my way with you again... My dear Jojo.” This time the sweetness of the words had been zapped as Dio said them, licking his lips and biting the bottom one as he finished his sentence.

~

It was immensely frustrating for Jonathan, constantly having Dio assert dominance, and do it so well. Here he was, on top of the other, clearly the physically stronger of the two, and yet even in this position, Dio was still calling the shots.

He hated it. And yet he loved it.

Jonathan did not bother with foreplay this time. He only did so much as to spit on his hand and work his tired cock up into a stand. It was almost painful to do so, and he wouldn't be coming from it, but he didn't care. This wasn't about him. Only so much as two fingers were hastily pressed inside Dio, before he slid his cock inside.

"Damn you, Dio..." he murmured as he began the thrusts. It was painful and pleasurable at the same time, much like being with Dio. Jonathan did not unlock his eyes from Dio's as he moved in and out of him, aiming for his prostate as he did so. "How have you managed to claim me so fully? Why is it that no matter what I do..." His words became a pant between each painful thrust. "...I am always yours?"

~

“You set that in motion yourself, Jojo…” Dio began, before being halted by a quaking moan. He squirmed as Jonathan’s member made its way inside him, hitting his sweetest spot. Of course there was pleasure to it, but a tiredness and heaviness that came with these thrusts, his cock feeling milked and his rear feeling invaded and used.

His own erection worked its way up as Jonathan moved about inside him, growing harder and harder. At least they knew how to gratify each other, even if the process was becoming more and more strenuous. If not for being in a bath just before it would be likely that the pair of them would be covered in sweat and semen and stickiness. Dio continued his reply in between moans.

“…for what is a knight to a prince? You are practically my pet, a loyal dog, always so willing to do my bidding. But I wouldn’t make it out to be… such a bad thing… being mine is… quite the honour.” If he had the physical advantage at this point, Dio would have flipped them around so he could stare down at Jonathan. But his eyes told true enough.

~

With eyes locked on each other, Jonathan continued to thrust in the way he knew Dio would like best. It was a tiring endeavour, one born out of a desire for dominance rather than pleasure, but Jonathan did not waiver until Dio's cock spilled its seed across his stomach. Though he was ridiculously tired, Jonathan still reached across and grabbed a handkerchief, wiping them both clean before slumping, exhausted against Dio's chest. They were both quiet for a time, the only sound their breathing.

"Being your knight is a privilege." Jonathan finally spoke. "But it is also draining" He frowned, nuzzling his face slightly against Dio. "You take a great deal of time, effort, and patience, my love. Especially when you use words like ‘pet’ and dog’ to describe me.” Jonathan’s face wrinkled in distaste. “And sometimes I wish you would just yield to me, break in my arms.” He raised his eyes
to look up at Dio from where he lay across his chest.

"Perhaps someday you will." Jonathan considered with a smirk. "Maybe even tonight." He lifted his fingers and ran them across Dio’s chest, moving down towards the blond patch of hair. "But I am content with my lot. And besides..." Jonathan’s fingers seemed as if they might tease his cock again, but with a sudden sweeping motion, they were brought to his stomach. "There are other ways I can have you at my mercy." And with that he began to relentlessly tickle him.

Unable to control himself, Dio squirmed and giggled and rolled about as Jonathan tickled up and down his torso, even blowing raspberries on his stomach like one would a baby. “S-Stop Jojo! Stop!!” Dio said in between fits of laughter, feeling as if he might wet himself with the relentlessness of Jonathan’s attack.

He reached behind him trying to grab one of the pillows at the head of the bed. He felt one with the tip of his fingers and managed to slide in into a full grasp. Once he had it, Jonathan received strong smack to the side with the feathered cushion, more painful than one might expect, but Jonathan was rather sturdy.

“I yield to no man, Jojo,” Dio almost yelled, panting and heaving both with tiredness from the third orgasm, and the tickling.

Jonathan was enjoying this way too much. He cackled as he continued his barrage of tickles and raspberries and even managed to sneak in a few kisses and nips as well. Dio’s laughter was like music to his ears, and it was good to see that there was still one area where Jonathan would always come out on top.

The hit with the pillow was a bit of a surprise, a few feathers floating about after the smack, one sticking in Jonathan’s dark hair. “Hey!” Jonathan cried with a bit of a laugh. “No fighting back! This is the one time I get to lord over you for a change!” Jonathan snickered and attempted to continue his tickle assault, only to get another few pillow smacks in the face.

More feathers flying, Jonathan reached behind Dio and grabbed for a pillow of his own, giving him a good whack on the head with it. The strike caused Dio’s hair to become completely mushed, with several little feathers sticking out of it. Jonathan gave a hearty laugh and pounced on Dio, like a happy dog greeting his owner. He peppered his cheek with kisses, and locked his arms around him, squeezing him tightly.

“Most of the time when you are angry you frighten me, but right now, you are absolutely adorable.”

“I am hardly ‘adorable,’ Jojo.” Dio replied with a frown only to strike back with more pillow barrages, others Jonathan’s head, as if a bird decided to make a nest upon him. It was rather funny, so this time Dio’s laugh was of his own volition, until he was suddenly hit with a counterattack.

When Jonathan jumped him it took one shuffle for Dio to realise he was not going to get out of it any time soon, and so he lay down. Wonderful. Now he was even more tired, and the desire to do anything more of the sexual variety was wavering. If anything he just wanted to stay like this. But with the adrenaline and rush of fun gone, his glare returned.

“I told you never to tickle me again,” Dio grumbled under Jonathan’s hold. His lips were pouted and
his brow furrowed, and if he could he would have crossed his arms.

~

Jonathan's face was flushed, and there was a big dopey grin on it. He picked a few feathers from Dio's hair and dropped them off the side of the bed. "Adorable," he repeated, although at this point he was just being obstinate.

Still, the night's excursions were wearing on Jonathan as well, and he gave a bit of a yawn as he settled down against Dio, pulling the blanket around them both. He was reminded of the first time he held him like this, only now they were warm and comfortable and well fed, Jonathan's large, tanned body spooned around Dio's smaller and pale one, enjoying the feel of their bare skin touching.
When things had become more peaceful, and when Jonathan had plucked the last of the feathers from Dio's hair, he settled his head down on a pillow, just watching him.

"Dio..." he began in that almost childlike tone which Jonathan always took when he was about to ask a serious question. "When you first came here, why didn't you like me?"

Because I decided to hate you before I met you and when I did you looked like a pompous brat who was to inherit an entire fortune you didn’t deserve simply by being born into it. And your dog pissed me off.’ That was probably the most honest of answers Dio could have given.

Truth be told it was the sight of Danny that made him alter his initial plan of kindness from the get go. There was just something about that mutt Dio did not like. He felt no guilt over burning the thing, at least the manor stopped smelling like dog after that.

But of course he wasn’t going to tell Jonathan that in any way, and so Dio sighed, thinking of an alternative, or way to bypass the conversation.

"That was a long time ago, Jojo… why does the past matter? There is little point in focusing on such things that neither of us can really remember. Your love for the historical makes you look too far back in all regards. It is useless.” For the most part Dio was pretty sure Jonathan did not directly recall all the things he had done to him, it was more of an abstract ‘shaky beginnings that have now been resolved’. Given that Jonathan did not specify anything in particular – neither Danny nor Erina were talked of between them -- Dio brushed the conversation aside. He did not want to have it.

Jonathan remembered both Danny and Erina oh so well. Danny in particular, his death still haunted and hurt him to this day, and the only thing that had enabled him to completely set it aside was the thought that with him, Dio was a different person. One who had been abused as a child, but now that Jonathan was in his life, he would never need to resort to such cruelty again.

If he had actually been behind it in the first place. Jonathan would never know.

Still, they had just quarrelled the night before and Jonathan did not wish to make things uncomfortable. But he did find it unnerving how little Dio was willing to discuss the past. So he decided to change the topic to the present.

Sort of.

"Very well then. Christmas is almost here. You have been rather fun to shop for, although some might question the opulence of the gifts, and wonder if I was shopping for a man or a woman.” Jonathan chuckled. "I imagine I am not that easy to shop for. Though… I can tell you one thing I've always wanted is another dog.”

"Is that so…” Well that was one thing Dio had no intention of getting Jonathan, hadn’t even thought about it. “As it happens, I already have your presents well and sorted,” he said. “But if you really want a dog you could just get one. I’m sure you would want to pick it out yourself.”
He only added that last part to wane off any more talk about it. If Dio said he didn’t wish for one to be about, Jonathan may just start remembering his relationship with Danny all too freshly. Though there was no way to link his death back to him, Dio had even broken a window to make it seem like a true burglary, and kept himself far from the manor until the next day.

“At any rate, a new mutt might not be the best idea with the Florises running about with their guns. We did almost have a death on a hands not too long ago. We wouldn't like another accident would we?”

~

Dio had not taken the bait in any regards, for which Jonathan was quite glad. Having Dio seem neutral about Jonathan getting another dog was really all he could hope for, at least at the moment, anyway.

“It would not be fair to get a dog right now, I suppose. Not just because of the children about, but I would be at school for another few months, and then we plan on traveling together for a year, don’t we?” He smiled and nuzzled his face to Dio’s shoulder, before kissing a few spots on his neck and chin. “We shall take our honeymoon, and then come home to start our professions. Perhaps then I shall think of getting a dog, although I am sure father will be hoping for a wife and child for me by that point.” Jonathan grinned. “…But we shall make it work. We shall adopt, just as we adopted you. Surely father cannot fault me for wanting to do as he did.

Fingers continued to trail through Dio’s hair, and he looked oddly satisfied. “When I think about our future life together, it makes me more than happy. It makes me excited for the future.”

~

Dio let out a silent sigh of relief at the premise of any new pets in the house being waned off for a few years at least. That could be a problem for future him to resolve.

“A yearlong honeymoon…” Dio placed a finger to his chin, looking upwards. “That is quite something.” Thinking about it, it would be the only real time Dio and Jonathan were completely alone together, really. Lord Joestar travelled around so they were left at home rather frequently, but there were always maids and butlers and caretakers about, and university of course was filled with people. It would be quite interesting.

“Indeed, the future will be something of a wonder, I am sure things shall work out exactly how we wish.” With things going the way they were, Dio’s goal had practically been achieved, he had the entire estate at his fingertips and Jonathan Joestar to boot. Just get the father out of the way in a year or so and all would be right with the world. He was satisfied.

Speaking of satisfied, he’d almost forgotten their bet! Dio Brando did not do ties, so with the bit of energy he had left from the moment of realisation he pulled himself out of Jonathan’s hold. At this point he was too spent to use anything but his hand again, but a win was a win, so he turned to face Jonathan, sitting cross legged on the bed and moved his arm towards his cock. “With this, it will make four.”

~

At Dio’s touch Jonathan started to squirm uncomfortably under the blanket. “Dio… I’m so tired… and what if you break me from overuse?” Considering that Jonathan had never had three orgasms so close together before, it seemed like a valid fear, an extremely gruesome valid fear at that. “If it broke I should think we would both be quite unhappy. Most likely myself more than you.” Jonathan pulled
Jonathan was starting to feel rather sore and exhausted. It had been an immensely tiresome and emotional two days, although he could not be more than happy in how it was ending, besides losing five pounds. He did feel proud of himself for pleasing Dio as much as he had, and he knew even if he pushed it further. Dio would most likely rather one of them lose their cock than he lose the competition.

Oh, Jonathan could be so innocent and childish at times, it made Dio cackle, tears pricking the corners of his eyes and even running down them. "I can assure you a bit of overstimulation will not result in any broken cock, Jojo," he said, once he finally stopped laughing. "Though soreness and feeling rather milked may be a following side effect, that I can’t deny."

At the prospect of Jonathan simply giving up Dio pulled back the hand that was again lingering towards his lower half. "Fine. I accept your yield," Dio said, somewhat glad he didn’t have to go through with it. "But the victory tastes less sweet this way." But in the end, he did not care about that. He’d won simply by having the resolve to start with Jonathan again, to the point the boy was simply too tired to have any more. Granted he did not know if he would have wanted or even could take another round if the situations were switched. But this was not a bout of the hypothetical.

With a loud yawn he tugged Dio back close to him, cuddling him as one might cuddle a stuffed animal. "Besides, there are still plenty of things I can beat you at. I am fairly sure I could win in an eating competition. And we know that I can lift more weight than you, in fact, I could (and have) lift you if I wanted too." His fingers playfully ran down Dio’s sides. "But for tonight you shall be the victor, and I shall be your loyal knight." A kiss was given to his cheek as he closed his eyes.

"Well… perhaps you might be slightly better in those things…” Dio didn’t care much for the eating, but it was true indeed that Jonathan could lift him up and then some, while if the situation were flipped, Dio would have a rather difficult time of it. He wouldn’t have gone so far to say he was jealous, he did rather enjoy his figure, but Jonathan’s was something else. But Dio could never be such, even if he tried building more muscle, he’d never have a body like that.

"No eye closing yet Jojo! You need to go back to your own room.” Odds were they were going to both be taking lie ins after all of the night’s endeavours. There was little chance of them slipping in the early hours of the morning before anyone else awoke and once they did it would be almost impossible for someone not to spot them, especially since there may be children bursting in at any given moment. Who knew how many times Jonathan had woken with at least one child yelling into his ear? Dio had not had that pleasure (horror). “Come now, stop whining, off you go.” Dio was only glad they chose his room that night.

Jonathan did whine, quite longly and quite loudly, as he always did whenever he had to return to his quarters. It would seem rather ridiculous to Dio, but Jonathan detested that moment of separation so much, it was as if he feared that they would be apart forever rather than just a few hours. As he left, Jonathan murmured something about not being able to wait until their travel days began. Indeed, once he began to grow used to sleeping in Dio’s embrace he could never go back.
The next few days were filled with much of the same holiday preparatory activities which Jonathan had known his whole life, and Dio would have become accustomed to in the last years. Decorating, singing, social calls, church, it was all there. Jonathan kept quite busy with the children, particularly with Izzy, but he still was certain to pay Dio attention where he could, and nights where he was able to, he slipped beside him in bed, pleasing him and warming him, until Dio threw him out to his own quarters.

Soon enough, Christmas morning came. Jonathan was content to wake up at the crack of dawn with the children and watch them open their presents excitedly. There was a kind of excitement and fondness in Jonathan’s eyes as they did, thoroughly enjoying each and every moment. Izzy had received a white teddy bear with a red bow, something that Jonathan had picked out, despite the gift being from Father Christmas. The little girl seemed to know, and sat on Jonathan’s lap for a good part of the morning, bear in one hand, cocoa in the other.

When Dio finally did make his appearance, Jonathan smiled warmly at him. He pressed a kiss to the top of Izzy’s head, before letting her go and clasping his arm like a good brother should. “Happy Christmas,” he whispered softly. His eyes said the words that were in his heart, even if they could not be spoken aloud.

The presents for Dio were mostly practical with hints of elegance, leather bound books, a new fountain pen set, several silk shirts, a pair of sleek, black leather gloves. These were gifts from both the older and younger Joestar, useful but typical. Two gifts stood out in particular from those. One was a highly tailored black jacket with feathers on the shoulders. It had an extra lining that could be added ‘for those cold snowy nights when your stupid brother chooses to walk home,’ Jonathan had said with a blush as he looked at the new garment. It had been made specifically with Dio’s measurements, and fit him like a glove. The other gift was a cologne, it had a similar scent to something Dio already wore, but also carried a hint of lavender.

“Happy Christmas...” Jonathan spoke as Dio finished opening the gifts. He was blushing despite himself.

~

"Merry Christmas, Jojo,” Dio said in return, noticing the blush on his face. “Thank you for the gifts, they are much appreciated.” He gave a spritz of cologne to each of his wrists, bringing them to his nose to sniff. “And how are yours?”

Jonathan was a little less easy to get things for in any creative means; despite being a noble he was not that materialistic, all things considered. Give him food and archaeology and the boy was completely sated. And that is essentially what Lord Joestar had done, along with some general items, notebooks, and pencils and a scarf.

Dio had also had some rather expensive chocolates imported from Brussels, said to be something of a delectable treat for all lovers of the stuff, a fully updated globe of the world to put in his study, and some texts and novels Jonathan very much wanted a time ago, but for whatever reason never ended up buying. He also got him a wrist watch, something that had been growing in popularity over the pocket sort. It was a little flashy, but with the additional practicality of it was more suited for Jonathan. Besides, if he did not like it Dio would just keep it for himself.
But that was not the final gift to be had, Dio had kept that one in particular on his person, away from the mass of others so he could give it to Jonathan personally.

But it seemed there wasn’t enough time to do it right now, as everyone went to eat before dressing and heading off to church. Dio wore the new feathered coat he was given. The visit to the hallowed building was the only thing reminiscent of Dio’s Christmases before the Joestars, as his mother used to take him without fail each year. She would play the piano or sing a hymn sometimes, and Dio would sit by her and listen intently, singing along. He sometimes wondered if she was noble, given the fact she could read and speak so eloquently, and had a manner one did not see in the slums, but he never looked into it.

~

On the way, Jonathan was very chipper, humming the hymns played during the service. The pair of them had managed to get into their own carriage, but unlike the ball it was not a lust driven event. Dio fumbled in his pocket, taking out a gold coloured envelope with Jonathan’s name on it. Since it was likely the only time they would have time fully alone, now was a good time to do it. “Your final present,” he said, handing him the gift.

Inside were two pieces of thick paper, tickets to be exact. “You remember that archaeological convention with the guest speakers and such in London you lamented so greatly about not getting the tickets in time for…” Dio began as Jonathan opened it. “Well, I, Dio was able to acquire two, one for you and a friend to go with,” He sat back, ready to hear and see Jonathan’s reaction.

~

Jonathan stared at the tickets for a few moments, absorbing what they actually were. When the reality finally set in, Dio would find himself with an arm full of Jonathan, the boy practically throwing himself on Dio. Sometimes he did not know his own strength.

"Oh Dio, this is truly a Christmas miracle! I don't know how you managed it, but this is the best present I could have ever received!" He pressed a quick soft kiss to Dio’s lips, might as well enjoy the privacy while they had it. Jonathan was as giddy as the children had been that morning as he took Dio's hand and squeezed it tightly.

"You must come with me. I know it does not interest you as it interests me, but we could make a trip of it. We could spend a few days in London, get a hotel room to ourselves. Perhaps we could go to a museum or an opera when I am not at the lecture..." Jonathan gave him a sly look. "Although I must say, I imagine we may spend quite a bit of time in our room..." Jonathan's cheeks flushed red, it was clear his mind was wandering to all the possibilities of what they could do when they were free of the confines of the mansion.

~

Dio simply hummed at Jonathan’s thanks, happy that his gift had gone down so well, as he knew it would. He did, however, pulled a face at the initial prospect of coming along, but it was quickly swayed into something of a smirk at the mention of the hotel room and perhaps some theatre thrown in the mix. Dio did enjoy his sex and culture.

“Fine, if that is what you really want, I, Dio, shall attend. Though do not expect me to come to all the lectures. As beneficial as education was to him, his brain only had so much space and he’d rather cram it with useful things.

As they came to a final agreement and began idle chatter about this and that, Dio and Jonathan found
themselves back at the estate. Making their way in, they were passed by a plethora of children looking continue on with playing with their new toys. Dio begrudgingly joined Jonathan in the playroom to engage with them.

Jeremy had been given a model train set, and had practically begged Dio to help him build it. Surprisingly it turned out to be a lot more fun than the blond expected, fitting all the pieces together until it started to form the basic shape was rather fulfilling. It would take some time to finish however. In the same room, Jonathan was playing something more lively with some of the remaining children, though Dio did catch him staring and smiling in his direction on many occasion.

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~

Jonathan was feeling ridiculously contented as he sat with the children, playing a dice game and making sure that the other did not take advantage of their youngest sister. His concerns weren't particularly necessary, however, as Izzy had curled up in his arms, clutching her new teddy bear, and fallen asleep. Her mother had tried to have her brought to a loveseat to nap on, but Jonathan insisted that he was more than happy to watch after the little girl.

In the meantime, Jonathan was quite amused by watching Dio and Jeremy assemble the model train set. While Dio did not have any talent for children as Jonathan did, his logical mind and ability to give clear directions did assist greatly in the building. Both Jeremy and Dio were so absorbed that before either of them knew it, it was time for luncheon. Hungry, all the children rushed into the dining room, with the exception of Jeremy, who agreed to go only after Dio promised to finish it with him after. Izzy awoke in Jonathan's arms at the sound of the bell, and he allowed her to scurry with her siblings.

Luncheon was a rather opulent affair with sandwiches and biscuits and meats piled high. This was only the start of the feast they would have later that night.

~

Dio only gave a half-hearted groan when Jeremy asked to continue. But truth be told he was hoping the boy might ask him, he was having quite a lot of fun with the model train and he didn’t like to leave things unfinished, even if it was just a toy. Maybe he should invest in some of these things himself, everyone could use a hobby after all.

By the end of luncheon Dio knew everyone would be wearing the loosest fitting pyjamas they had this night coming. It was only a Christmas luncheon and there was enough to feed an entire city it seemed; even Dio knew he would be eating quite a bit. Yuletide was no small affair, especially when it came to the meals. Jonathan had grown greatly in muscle, but he still ate like a chubby child and was one at heart. Still, a bit of softness suited him.

~

Once they were finished, Jonathan pulled Dio aside and up the stairs into an empty hallway. His mouth was stuffed with biscuits and Dio had to impatiently wait for Jonathan to finish chewing and swallowing in order for him to speak.

"Mm! Delicious..." he said as he wiped the crumbs away hastily. "I brought you here for two reasons. One--" He tilted Dio's head up towards his, and kisses him gently on the lips. "Merry Christmas, my dearest." Smiling, he ran a finger over Dio's cheek, before his expression turned more sombre. "Two... I thought it might be fitting if we took a moment to wish our mothers a blessed holiday in heaven, and ask for their blessing on us in the coming year. I... usually do it alone, but I thought perhaps..." His voice trailed off and he looked into Dio's eyes.
“You could actually finish eating before adjourning the table you realise, Jojo,” Dio said with a frown, tapping his foot impatiently while the crumb covered boy finished his mouthful. When Jonathan kissed him he could taste biscuit on his lips. Chocolate covered shortbread, at a good guess.

At the second reason being brought to light, Dio clammed up in posture ever so slightly. “Yes I know you do, Jojo. I’ve seen you stand before her picture often enough. But I am not going to join you in that.” He was blunt, but not cruel in the way he said those words. Dio did not wish to loiter around with Jonathan and be reminded that he had memorabilia of his mother who he never met, while Dio had none. He already had to see her framed image dotted around the house every day, and he thought it better not to spend much time dwelling on the past, it caused more… distraction than what was worth.

Jonathan nodded his head in response, pleased that Dio was not sharp in his refusal. “All right. I merely wanted to extend the offer. It is something… important to me. Just as you are.” Jonathan’s cheeks turned pink, and he pressed another sweet tasting kiss to his lips before scurrying off to the privacy of his room, where he said his prayers, and then fell into a pre-dinner nap.

While the interlude between luncheon and dinner was present, and Jonathan had excused himself for too many hours just to be giving blessings to his mother -- must have fallen asleep -- Dio spent half his time continuing to building with Jeremy and the other reading one of the books he had received for Christmas, though the young boy insisted he sit by him. Luckily for Dio, Jeremy was not a particularly boisterous child, and focussed on one of his other gifts, a set of playing cards. He was trying to teach himself how to shuffle cards, which resulted in many impromptu games of fifty-two pickup. In the end Dio couldn’t stand another series of mess, and spent a while teaching Jeremy how to perform the task properly.

“Gosh, Dio, you’re so talented!” Dio smirked down at the six year old.

“I am, rather.” Even if it was by a child, it felt good to have his talents recognised. He decided that out of the five Floris children, though he was glad that Izzy was quiet and stayed away from him for the most part -- good qualities in a child, Jeremy was the better of the five.

Jonathan’s gluttony around the holidays was rather notorious. The boy loved his food, and while his table manners and body type had changed greatly from childhood, his appetite had not. He might have some extra softness up until rugby season, after which his activity level would finally catch up with his love of food. Even Dio, who was the pickiest eating Jonathan had ever met, was eating his fair share of the Christmas feast, and it pleased him to see it.

After dinner, Thomas and Andrew up and began playing invisible guns around the house, but even they could not last long with all that food in the stomachs and they settled down to play with their tamer toys. Victoria was off being Victoria, meaning nobody knew where she was, and Jonathan and Izzy were slumped like two bears getting ready for hibernation, on a cushy chair near where Dio and Jeremy were at it once again with the model train. The other adults were likely in one of the conservatories with Lord Joestar. Jonathan’s fingers stroked through Izzy’s hair as he watched Dio work with Jeremy.
“You are both rather good at that. I should have gotten one for you for Christmas.” He yawned sleepily and smiled. “…It warms my heart to see you like this Dio.”

~

“I’m just b-- pass me that piece, no that one, yes--” Dio interrupted himself as Jeremy handed him the aforementioned item. “I’m just building a train, Jojo… although it is rather fun I must admit.” Dio knew what Jonathan meant by what he said of course, but chose to ignore it.

“Uncle Dio showed me how to shuffle cards too, I wish he was my brother! Can we swap Uncle Jonathan?! You can have Thomas if you like!” Jeremy chimed in with a voice too loud and eager at the premise of trading his brother.

~

“Ah, no, I don’t think that I shall be trading Dio away any time soon,” Jonathan said with a smile. He seemed rather amused by the entire situation, and was absolutely tickled that Dio was capable of coexisting with children. Well, certain children, when they weren’t too aggravating. “Though if we are to talk about Dio when he was Thomas’s age, hmm… I might have considered it back then. However, I most likely still would have chosen Dio in the end.” For all their troubles when they were younger, Dio had never fired shots at him, on purpose or by accident.

“Even if you don’t appreciate them now, you will appreciate all your siblings when you are older.” Jonathan attempted to say in his wisest of tones. He rather hoped that appreciation would not come to them all as it had come to him about Dio.

“I don’t think Izzy will ever appreciate Thomas, he is always tormenting her at home. He killed her kitten last month.” Jeremy stated this very matter of factly, as if it was already something long processed and forgiven. Isabelle had fallen asleep against Jonathan, so there was no way to gauge her reaction, but Jeremy’s words deeply upset him.

“Does he now?” he muttered, as he began to stroke Izzy’s hair while she slept. Jonathan had his thinking face on. And when Jonathan was thinking, it usually led to well intentioned, but over all bad ideas, like when he set his own vanity on fire. Yet still the wheels in his darling, dark haired head turned.

“Hmph. We shall see about that.”

~

Dio stifled his own reaction to the death of Isabelle’s kitten to a quiet neutral, continuing on with the building of the train while Jonathan and Jeremy continued on with their little conversation. Given that the mention of pets had only just come up with the pair of them recently, he did not wish for any expression to be given away regarding animal death.

Whatever Jonathan had begun to plan, Dio wanted no part in it. Though he did want to watch intently, it was always rather humorous when Jonathan tried to plot and scheme, given that nine times out of ten at least two things would go wrong, even if the plan only had one step.

“Don’t think too hard, you may just hurt something,” Dio couldn’t help but say, upon noticing the thought cogs running through Jonathan’s brain, showing very evidently on his face.

~

“Oh hush.” Jonathan replied looking up at Dio. “Go finish your trains. I am going to put this one to
bed. I think she is wiped out from the day’s excitement.” Jonathan picked Izzy up very carefully and delicately. For someone so large and prone to bumping into things, he could be surprisingly gentle when he wanted to be. Dio himself had experienced this first hand.

“After Boxing Day, they all go home,” Jonathan said a bit sadly. The children had been trouble at times, but he truly enjoyed having them around. With a sigh, he carried Izzy to her room and tucked her in, kissing her on the forehead before leaving her to sleep. The rest of the evening passed peacefully enough, and everyone, adults and children alike, were ready to turn in early.

~

“Finally the house will be at peace once more,” Dio commented. Only one more day and all the guests would have filed out and be out of his hair for a good while. Now that was something to be merry about.

Dio and Jeremy continued working on the craft until the boy was called to bed; they were not near done, and Dio feared they would not finish the intricate build by the time the Florises had gone home. He had left the train on table as it was, putting a note to the maids to leave it be, for losing a single piece would be detrimental.

He continued to read his book for a while longer, before deciding to return to his quarters where he was later joined by Jonathan, who entered his room claiming to have a final gift for him.

~

That gift turned out to be Jonathan’s lips skillfully moving up and down his cock, sucking it to perfection while the rest of the house slept. Once he was finished, he stretched out beside Dio and stroked the hair out of his face, looking at him fondly.

“Merry Christmas!” he said cheerfully, although the holiday was nearly over by now. Putting his arms behind his head, he laid back in Dio’s bed, looking quite relaxed, yet still thoughtful. By this point, Jonathan was comfortable enough with their arrangement to know that he would be kicked out before the two fell asleep, and while he did not like it, he was beyond arguing the point.

“So… Dio.” He began conversationally. “What is the best way to frighten a twelve year old half to death without causing him or others serious bodily harm?” Obviously Dio had a great deal of experience in this department.

~

”Whatever I say you will have disagreements with, because while you may be angry, I doubt you could actually go through with hurting a child in any way I would suggest.” Dio was not about to dismiss his brother’s impulsive reactions, he certainly knew first-hand how a riled Jonathan could be rather brutal, but he had never been one to hurt children.

“However it really depends on the boy. Boys like Thomas need to feel as if there are true consequences to his actions. He is a spoiled little brat who hardly receives consequence for shooting his own sister. You need to present him with something that would truly strike fear into his heart, and he must know the threat is not empty.” Dio glanced to the drawer his new gun was kept in. He had been approached by the young teen about getting it back one time, but was quickly shot down. More literally than Dio would ever tell Jonathan. But fortunately for Thomas the gun was out of bullets.

“Show him you are the boss, enough to make it stick.” Dio smirked. “Or you could just lock him in a darkened cupboard filled with bugs and rats and perhaps even something potentially poisonous. I’m
sure even Thomas would feel rather frightened over that.”

“…That is rather horrifying, Dio. Please tell me you would never do that to your own child… wait, perhaps don’t answer that.” Jonathan sighed deeply. “I am content not to know for the time being. Then again, no child brought up by us would dream of doing the things Thomas has done to Izzy. I would see to that early on. Although, I confess it gives me an idea…” Jonathan spent the remainder of their evening chatting about more light hearted topics, and being immensely affectionate. He still snuck off like a sad puppy at the end of the night, but he did so with little complaint.

The next day was a rather peaceful affair. Izzy, through some means that was a mystery to her and of course could be linked back to Jonathan, woke up with a brown striped kitten in her bed. Thomas seemed a bit on edge whenever he saw Jonathan and Dio, and was content to keep to himself, not going near Izzy or her new pet.

For the children, along with Dio and Jonathan things were rather calm, but for most the day was spent packing belongings away, maids and butlers were running about for the Floris family and other guests, trying to find all the items the children had strewn about the rooms of the mansion.

Dio was almost sad to see the model train go as it was packed away for the night, sadly uncompleted. These thing took more than two days it seemed, but it did not concern Jeremy much, and despite the half done project, Dio was ‘rewarded’ with a hug from the boy, who promised to bring another craft for them to build next time he came, even if he had to spend all his pocket money on it. Dio patted his head tentatively as the Jeremy’s arms wrapped as far as they could around his body.

“So, what did you ever do about the elder Floris, Jojo?” Dio asked when he once again noticed Thomas rushing past he and Jonathan, avoiding them at all costs.

The brunet laughed and rubbed the back of his head.

“Well, I told him if he hurt Izzy again, or if I heard about her kitten disappearing, that you were going to come and lock him in a chest full of scorpions that you keep in your bedroom. It worked quite well, he didn’t question it for an instant… and I don’t think he shall be sneaking into your room looking for that gun any time soon.” Jonathan had a sly smile on his face.

Dio gave out a single belt of laughter. “And just last night you were saying how horrifying the premise of such a thing was. Though it was a good move, saying I, Dio instead of yourself. You would never have gone through with it, everyone knows that.” Dio on the other hand, would have. And with pleasure.

“Unfortunately I do not have any scorpions, so it is rather an empty deal. Though I do have a gun, and the end result proves just as effective really.” He smirked with a wink. “Oh, have you told your father about the archaeology event yet?”

"Oh, yes indeed I spoke to him. He was going to reserve us two rooms for two nights at the hotel where he usually stays when he is in the city… I asked instead if he could book three nights with one
room, and use the savings to see more of the city. He had no qualms with that, and also understands if we would wish to stay longer for the New Year’s celebrations, as he will be away during the festivities." Jonathan grinned at Dio, very pleased with this suggestion it seemed.

"Two of those days I will have lectures, of which you really should attend a few. The topic of religion and human sacrifice in ancient Mesoamerica is most fascinating, even to a layman! But for the evenings, and the days following the convention, we could see and do whatever you wish. I am not fussy. There is the theatre, restaurants, the parliament building, the palace...or the inside of our hotel room." Jonathan unfolded his arms and placed a hand on Dio's shoulder. "Whatever you wish! I am still simply impressed you were able to get those tickets in the first place!"

~

“Well, we shall see about the lectures, but the rest of it sounds rather good. I am sure something in the event brochure will have something of interest, though there are plenty of places to entertain ourselves with even without looking. And just know that sticking with me will have benefits, Jojo. Those tickets were no skin off my nose with my connections.” The carriages riding off into the distance had finally drifted out of sight, leaving the two of them alone. Dio took this moment to press his lips against Jonathan’s, lasting no longer and no shorter than it need to, looking forward to a pleasantly uneventful New Year’s.

PART 2 FIN
And so, with time heralding forth and the new year approaching, fresh starts and clean slates mark the holiday in an eruption of fireworks and cheer. But however much Dio tries to push ahead, the past has its way of catching up with him, and this time, Jonathan must face it with him.

Quiet days passed before the eve of the twenty eighth came, consisting of Jonathan spending some time reading up on archaeological this and thats and Dio starting on the new curriculum for the coming term. Never hurt to be ahead.

Late night, and sometimes afternoon and even one morning rendezvous crept their way in too. A lot of the staff were given time off since all the guests were gone, and without Victoria’s silent watchful eye, discretion became far less difficult.

Coming to the present, however, Dio was in the midst of choosing outfits for the upcoming journey. He’d over packed, he knew that with certainty, but there was no harm in doing it, and options were a plenty for him, which was a must. He ensured his purse was loaded with money, though after the five pound bet, he was rather set. That was when Jonathan slumped into his bedroom from the study, collapsing on the soft sheets. Dio looked at him. “You should be packing, Jojo, we have to leave early tomorrow.”

“I finished packing already, I just need to ensure that I have not left any of the corresponding texts for the lectures behind.” Jonathan made himself comfortable on Dio’s bed, as of late, he had become quite familiar with it. “I was coming in to see how you were doing, and wanted to see if I could borrow your old ledger to keep my notes in. I believe I left mine in school.” As Dio drew closer, he playfully pulled him down to the bed, and pressed a tender kiss to his lips before letting him go. “I also wanted to do that.”

In the days since Christmas Jonathan had chosen to be very affectionate to Dio, though he had done a much better job of being discrete when necessary, and not being overbearing. Dio returned his affections enough for Jonathan to be satisfied, and he was not finding himself worrying about Dio’s motivations as much as he used to. It would certainly make life with their relationship easier when they returned to school for the next term, and also would be helpful on their trip to the city and any subsequent trip they might make here after. It was as if the rocky start they had made had finally, for the moment, come to a halt, and a smoother path lie ahead.

Jonathan glanced around at the large pile of suitcases and bags that Dio had packed, and scratched his head. “Dio, are you certain you are not a woman? How much clothing do you need for one trip, anyway? It is not as if you wear ball gowns and petticoats and bodices…and even then you would only need one per day. You would think that you were packing for a fortnight!”

That all being said, Jonathan had lived with Dio for six years now, and he knew very well how he
was. There would be no arguing or unpacking to be done.

~

“Jojo, you and I have both seen my full anatomy quite intricately, so you can be assured that I am not a woman.” Dio folded another shirt into the suitcase. “I simply wish to give myself options, that is hardly so strange. Just because you are content in the same looking combination, even if the clothes themselves are different, does not mean everyone has to.” Dio didn't even bother with the ‘one per day’ comment. Ridiculous.

He tossed Jonathan the ledger when he made his way over to his shelves in an easy motion barely even needing to look at the other man to know he was going to catch.

~

Jonathan’s hands smoothly reached out and caught the ledger, the movement natural from years of rugby practice.

“I hope that you remembered to pack your gloves. The new ones, with the lining. It is going to be cold and I am certain that unless you are drunk, you won’t allow yourself to put your hands in my pockets.

~

“Yes, yes the gloves are brought, I would hardly miss the chance to wear new items of clothing by leaving them behind, Jojo. And no, I hardly think I shall be escapading around the city with my hands lodged in your pockets, sober or otherwise. Do not forget your scarf, yourself.”

Jonathan continued relaxing in Dio’s room until he was finally done with all the packing, setting his suitcases at the door for later pick up. He then changed into pyjamas, placing himself on the bed. “I am not really in the mood for anything more, Jojo. We can save all the action for the trip. Who knows, if we overwork ourselves now our cocks may just fall off!” Dio was still not quite through with the hilarity of Jonathan comment from the other week and laughed heartily about it.

~

Jonathan chucked a pillow at Dio’s head. Even if he was not in his typical athletic shape, rugby had still given him good aim. “Thank you for reminding me of my own naivety. I don’t know about what you were told growing up, but if you had been taken care of by my nanny, you would understand why I would consider such a thing possible.” If there was one advantage Dio had had over Jonathan in his upbringing, it was that he had the opportunity to be nurtured by his actual mother, and not by an old fashioned woman hired by Jonathan’s father.

Standing up, Jonathan tucked the ledger under his arm. “I was not expecting to do anything tonight in any event. You do realise it is possible for me to wish to see you just for the pleasure of your company, right?” Jonathan stepped up to Dio, two fingers from his free hand dancing under his chin. “That is, when your company is pleasurable and you are not being a prat.”

~

Dio continued to laugh even with the pillow on his face, until it finally ran its course. He had never really been given a chance not to know of sexual matters, it was rather hard to shield a child from it when a few strides down the road there were people doing it or about to do it at some corner alley. Naivety and innocence were not a luxury where Dio grew up, there were no storks and happy falsities, there was the truth, quite literally in front of his face. Maybe it was too much for a young
boy to learn so early, but at least he had no worries about anything happening to his own appendage.

“I am never a prat, Jojo, your words wound me. But yes I agree, my company is rather a pleasure.”

~

Jonathan smirked before leaning in to steal one last kiss and disappeared back into his room. “Sleep well, Dio.” Dio didn’t bother responding with more than a hum, settling himself under the sheets.

***

The morning was cold and foggy, and Jonathan did nearly forget his scarf, remembering it only once he stepped into the carriage. He had to run back into the mansion to fetch it, but once he had, they were ready to go. The ride was rather long, and the two were able to chat and eat the breakfast the cook had packed them. After a time, however, Jonathan fell into his books and note taking from them in preparation for the coming lectures. While not usually this studious, Jonathan did wish to be prepared. And so the carriage fell silent.

They made rather good time, but as they neared the city gates, there appeared to be the remnants of a rather nasty wagon accident. Thankfully Jonathan was absorbed in his books, as the sight would have haunted him for the trip. Nevertheless, the carriage instead made way to its destination through an alternate gate, one which would get them there almost as quick, but instead brought them through territory that might be familiar for Dio.

~

The journey was quiet, which Dio appreciated, as he could continue on with reading and perhaps a little nap in between, but he was certainly awake for the last stretch of their travel, including the passing by of the destroyed carriage. Which brought a rather panicked question when the horse suddenly started moving further, away from where they were supposed to enter.

“Wait, driver why are we going this way? Turn around!” Dio banged on the window. He did not wish to be here, not somewhere he recognised, far too close, far too close.

“Sorry, Sir, there’s no other way to get there, not without a good half hour’s ride around, maybe more. Don’t worry about the locals, they’re all harmless really, can’t do much to you while you’re in a carriage.” Dio made a loud noise of frustration, turning himself around and sitting with an angry thud and crossed arms. He cursed under his breath.

~

Jonathan blinked, looking up from his notes and books. It was not like Dio to behave like this over a simple change in direction. Hastily, he began to pack up his things, tucking them safely away into his bag, before moving to sit beside Dio. “Dio, really, what is the problem? It should not delay us more than a bit, and besides, my first lecture doesn’t start for--” Jonathan cut himself off as he looked out the window. “…oh.” He said quietly.

Jonathan might have seemed rather dim at times, but it was actually quite the contrary. It did not take him long to put together the scenes they passed outside the window, Dio’s reaction, and what the two together must mean. Jonathan himself had never been through the slums before. And it was a dreary sight indeed, children without shoes or coats, women huddling around a street fire, a public brawl. Jonathan had known full well of its existence, though that of course did not make the viewing of it any less awful.

And while he was not sure how intimately connected Dio was with this street or the people on it,
Jonathan did know one thing for sure - their plight used to have been his own. He remained silent and did not look at Dio, however, he slipped his hand on top of the other’s and squeezed lightly.

~

No, that was not the street Dio generally frequented, his territory lay elsewhere, but it was close enough and he knew of it well. He wasn’t paying much attention to the outside, turning his head away from it, but if he looked closely he would have been sure to have recognised a beggar or a thug of some kind, albeit older, just as he was.

When they finally made it out Dio suddenly remembered that humans needed to breathe in order to survive, and let out all that he’d be holding in. At least it was rather a short journey, or his face may have wound up rather blue. It was always so drastic how the scenery could change in London just a few streets or so away; when they reached the richer areas, one would hardly believe a slum wasn’t too far off by carriage.

~

Once they arrived, Jonathan took care of everything, from tipping the carriage driver to checking in and arranging for their bags to be brought up. He was given a key, and due to a good word from Jonathan’s father, they were able to go up to their room immediately.

Once there, Jonathan’s attentions shifted from the hotel to Dio. Immediately, whether he liked it or not, he helped Dio from his coat, murmuring something about the change in temperature making him sick. A wine bottle was chilling with two glasses on a table, and though it was still early, he opened it and poured a glass, offering it to Dio.

“I know better by now than to pry about your past. But if you wish to speak, I am all ears. And if you don’t… well you should know by now, love, that I am here for you in any capacity you need.”

~

“There really is nothing to talk about, Jojo,” Dio said, accepting the wine and taking all in three gulps, each one larger than the next. He sat at the available table, elbows on it, not caring about good graces. “I am unsure as to why you are even bringing it up.” Jonathan had better not try and claim that he knew exactly why, Dio would rather they just drop it. He required a distraction.

“So what time is this lecture of yours starting, hm? Since you begged me so fervently, I may as well oblige you at least once. You wouldn’t want to seem like some sort of lonesome aristocrat at what I am sure is the most popular event for those with friends.” Granted the tickets were sold out, that was probably not the most outlandish idea, but they could all be solo visitors, Dio supposed. It wasn’t that he thought archaeology was bad in and of itself, some of it could be fascinating in fact it just did not earn one much money, so to study it always felt so redundant to Dio. Those types of interests should remain light hobbies. And the amount Jonathan talked about it made him want to claw his ears off by the end of it.

~

Jonathan was in an exceptionally good mood right now. Dio showing even the slightest bit of interest in his love for archaeology was something that meant a great deal to him, and he was always more than happy to share his knowledge. The fact that Dio looked rather like a zombie at the end of it was irrelevant.

While the lecture was getting ready to begin, Jonathan scanned the crowd. He saw a few familiar
faces from his classes, even one of his professors. He would have to be sure that he said hello, perhaps leave out the fact that he burned down his vanity while working on a project for his class. But then his eyes fell on the familiar face of his friend Matthew. He threw a cheerful wave in his direction, though could do no more as the lecture was beginning.

The speaker was rather good. While it definitely contained jargon more familiar to those in the field he was a rather good story teller, and unlike Jonathan, he was not sickeningly cheerful as he described the process of removing the brain through the nose for the sake of mummification. Jonathan was quite studious through it all, taking notes and never letting his attention waver as he so often did in his other classes. Hours passed in an instant for him, absorbed in his work as he was.

For the next couple of hours Dio was subject to the wonders of the Ancient Egyptians, with their Gods and their rituals. He found he was rather interested by the Pharaoh’s of old during past history lessons, Dio had always enjoyed a good tale about emperors, kings, fearless and fearsome rulers and conquerors; all were admirable in his view, how they inspired such devotion. Though by unfortunate birthright he could never become king or anything like it, he would jump at the chance to rule. He would make a good ruler.

Since Jonathan and he no longer had any classes together, the last time he had seen him in one, the boy, while he tried, was never an overachiever in school. He passed, but it was hardly a thing worth celebrating. This was different however, he was diligently taking notes, drawing quick diagrams and sketches, listening intently; true passion was at work. It was rather nice to see Jonathan enthused and zealous, and he could not help but shine a quiet smile as he sat back and listened. Might as well learn something while he was here.

By the time that the lecture was over, Jonathan’s half empty notepad was covered with scrawling handwriting and hasty sketches. It was only once he had tucked them safely away that Jonathan went over to greet his classmate.

"I was wondering if I might run into you here! Let me guess, did your father get you the tickets for Christmas?" Matthew asked. Jonathan just grinned and clasped Dio’s shoulder.

"No! Dio did. It was certainly the best Christmas surprise of the season!"

“Since you are here, you should join me for lunch, my cousin Violet is going to be there.” Matthew elbowed Jonathan playfully in the ribs, looking over to Dio with a wink.

“I am not certain, Dio and I did have plans for the rest of the day...” Most of those plans involved being naked and their hotel room bed, but Matthew did not need to know the specifics.

If Jonathan were to look at Dio now, as he did, he would see a kindly smile and open gestures, suggesting that he was rather content with this circumstance, but of course he knew better than that.

“Yes. Jojo and I already have reservations, and the restaurant is fully booked, so we shan’t be able to squeeze you in I’m afraid.” A hitchless lie. Matthew was not so easily defeated, however.

“Then some lucky last minute sod will be pleased to know he and his lady friend can eat there. Come now, I know this spiffing place, it’s a little way further so not all know about it, but they always have room available. For me at least,” he laughed. “It will be fun, Dio, we can all get to know each other a
little more.” He nudged him lightly, leaning in to whisper. “And while Jonathan and my cousin get lost in each other’s eyes I can keep you company.”

“Oh joy.”

~

The truth was, Jonathan would love to have lunch with all four of them together. Though he could be awkward at times, Jonathan was a social creature who had known loneliness as a child. Being around those he cared for and had similar interests to was quite a thrill. But he also knew Dio could be quite the contrary, especially when the company did not interest him.

"Ah, that sounds lovely, Matthew, shall you give me the address and we shall meet you there? My notes are rather thick and I am prone to dropping them. I would hate for them to get ruined underfoot on the London streets." Matthew knew Jonathan all too well, and hastily scribbled the address down on a scrap of paper. Jonathan bid him farewell and tucked his notebook safely under his arm.

It was a brief walk back to the hotel, and Jonathan was in good spirits over all, but one glance at Dio put him on edge. Placing his thick stack of notes on the table, he began to sort through them. "You know, if you would rather be on your own for lunch I would understand. I know that you are not terribly fond of Matthew. If you wish, we could meet later for dinner with just us two.” It wasn’t as if it took Jonathan long to get hungry again, anyway.

Jonathan set aside the notes and started for the door. His eyes fell on Dio and his arms folded across his chest, considering him carefully. "You are of course still welcome to join us… but I just do not wish for you to sit there in a fit of unnecessary jealousy as we eat." He cracked a smile, and then leaned in to stroke Dio's cheek. "It is unbecoming on you.”

~

“No, I’ll go. I am hungry and I cannot exactly back out of it now.” There was no way Dio wanted, Jonathan, Violet and original matchmaker Matthew to all sit in a room eating a pleasant lunch together, allowing relationships to grow where they were most unneeded. One terrible luncheon with a man he did not care for, a wench he utterly despised, and… Jojo… he could probably deal with for an hour or two. Probably.

He pouted, holding Jonathan’s hand on his cheek and pressed it in deeper as he stood. “Nothing is unbecoming of me,” he said, and with that he moved in to kiss Jonathan in the same territorial manner as he had at the ball, hands lingering from his hair, to his neck all the way down to squeeze at his ass.

~

Jonathan looked Dio over from head to toe. He had to admit, Dio had a point. Even when annoyed, angry, or jealous Dio could be rather attractive. Which in and of itself was probably a good thing considering that Dio spent a great deal of time looking irritated. Smiling his usual sweet, affectionate smile, Jonathan lifted a hand and stroked Dio's cheek.

"Alright, love. I agree with you. You look beautiful even when you are pouting. And your kisses taste just as sweet even when they are tinged with jealousy. "Jonathan's fingers traced through Dio's blond hair, before placing a finger over his lips.

"Don't try and deny it. The only other time you kissed me so hungrily was after I had danced with Violet at the ball. And yes, she is beautiful, but looks aren’t everything, and she isn't you!” Jonathan
exclaimed. "You are the one I am committed to spending my life with. You have no need to fret!"
He draped his arms around Dio's waist. "I would never leave you."

~

"Oh she’s beautiful is she?" Dio said, brow creased. He pulled away from Jonathan. "And what am
I, Jojo? I will not forgive wandering eyes, you are mine, you do not get to call other people beautiful,
and then speak of your excitement to see them again. In front of me no less!" When Jonathan spoke
of it so lightly, it only increased his frustrations.

"Do not take a simple kiss as sign of me fretting. Look at your own actions and decide if they really
are the best course to take. If you want me, if you want this—" Dio quickly reached for the ruby ring
he had earlier placed on the desk after arriving at the hotel, flashing it right in Jonathan’s face as he
slipped back on his finger. He then pushed himself onto Jonathan once more, bringing their lips
together, stronger this time, tongues lapping over each other, pushing him down as he tugged dark
hair. "--then you are to be mine and mine alone. There is only me, Jojo. Nobody else. You are mine,
and so I should be yours."

Dio pulled back, shaking his head with narrowed eyes. He felt something in his gut (some might call
it insecurity, but Dio would never feel such a weak emotion) when Jonathan spoke of Violet, spoke
of women.

"But you have already promised us into this useless luncheon, so put on your stupid coat and let us
get this over with."


Once they arrived, of course the table was arranged with an empty seat beside both Violet and Matthew. Mathew immediately motioned for Dio to take the seat beside him. Unless he was trying to set himself up with Dio, his intentions were clear. Jonathan cheerfully accepted the seat next to the lovely young lady. The table was right up against the window, giving them a view of the bustling sidewalk.

The chatter was of course mostly about the conference, and Violet was extremely polite, despite having little knowledge on the subject herself. She smiled at Dio, looking from him to Jonathan warmly. "It is quite a pleasure to see you both again. It warms my heart to see two brothers so in touch with each other's needs.

~

“Oh, Jojo and I are very close,” Dio said in response to Violet. ‘Very in touch with each other’s needs, just the other day his cock was up my ass and it plans to make its way again when we reach our hotel.’ Of course the latter sentence was not spoken out loud, covered with a smile that he had mastered years ago for the sort he found disagreeable. It was one that to all would seem to exude politeness and muted glee, but it rather meant the opposite. Lord Joestar received it the most.

The three men at the table began discussing the lecture, and with Violet’s lack of presence at the affair, he was glad to see her side-lined from conversation. He kept Jonathan talking with mentions of the Egyptian culture, asking him question and using his own prior knowledge to impress, keeping his focus on him and him alone. Matthew said a few things too, but Dio did not care about him.

Whenever Jonathan’s glance would turn to the woman instead of his glorious self, Dio would interject with reference to something he had heard, taking what would appear to be a large interest in Jonathan’s passions. It was something he was forced to listen to often in their years, and one or two things had been picked up in the drivel. Today he would display to the fullest effect that his was the only ear Jonathan needed to lean on. Dio was more than enough.

~

Jonathan did not seem to notice Dio’s attempts to turn the spotlights back on him, instead, he was thrilled to be conversing about his favourite topic without it being deemed as inconsequential. Violet, while she did not know much about Egyptians, was more than happy to sit and listen, making remarks as a layperson would. When the first course came, Jonathan discovered that he and Violet had the same taste in appetisers, chatting cheerfully away about crab cakes.

Matthew was smiling like an idiot as he watched. Leaning in he whispered to Dio, "They look so sharp together do they not? Her mother is going to be so thrilled!” He smirked at Dio.

The conversation was flowing smoothly enough when there was a ruckus outside the window. Two uniformed police officers tackled a youth, only perhaps sixteen years of age, right in their view. A near brawl started to ensue.

~

When the fight began to commence, all eyes were on the window, the boy was likely being taken down for thievery, or perhaps attacking an officer. Dio quietly appreciated the commotion, for it brought the conversation between he and Matthew, and Jonathan and Violet to a halt.
A few of the customers had made their way over for a better look at the ruffian; for many of them it would have been quite shock to see such behaviour in the streets, especially during the daytime.

“What do you think’s going on there?!” Matthew asked, eyes glued to the fight.

“Nothing worth concerning ourselves over,” Dio said flippantly, taking a sip of his wine. He was likely the only one not absorbed with the scene.

~

Jonathan frowned as he stared out the window at the affair unfolding right before his eyes. He liked to believe there was good in everyone, and he wished to think that the ruffian’s intentions were not what they seemed. He was only a few years younger than they were, after all, and had clearly not had a very pleasant start at life. The way the officers were chasing him, you would think that he was wanted for grand theft.

What he could not understand was the lack of compassion from Dio. Dio, who must have had a terrible life, if his mother died and he had resorted to possibly selling his body, did not care an ounce for the struggle of those like himself, and Jonathan could not, for the life of him, see why.

“Ooh, how horrid!” Violet cried, her hands moving to her mouth. The two initial officers were joined by a third, and the street rat was being kicked to the ground in an extremely uneven fight. This very much offended every bit of honour within Jonathan’s body, and he found himself rising from the table and storming to the door before he even knew what he was doing.

To those that did not know him, Jonathan could be a large and foreboding figure. He was taller than most men, as well as strong and well-built for the noble class. It did not take much effort for him to yank one of the officers from the boy, nor was it hard to hold their attention long enough to stop the brutality.

“I realise you are doing your job, but for God’s sake, you don’t need to bludgeon the lad in front of women and children! If you even need to bludgeon him at all!” Jonathan was wicked angry, something that rarely happened and something that even Dio himself had only seen on a few occasions. The head officer, not wishing to further the scene, began to shuffle the policemen, with the lad in tote, away. Jonathan returned to his seat in the restaurant still fuming. Violet was speechless, but she reached out to cover Jonathan’s hand with her own.

~

It was only for the fact they were police officers that all three of them did not receive a good pummelling in return to what they did to the boy, Dio mused quietly as he decided watched the action now that Jonathan was involved.

But in the end, the damage had been done, the boy was now forced limp away to his imprisonment and inevitable death. Dio took another bite of his meal, washing it down with another sip of wine, and once the commotion had simmered down, so did the rest of the restaurant. Though it didn’t seem to stop Violet from draping herself over Jonathan upon his return.

“My, Jonathan, that was something. So… what did he do?” Matthew asked, tentatively, seeing how Jonathan was still filled with rage. “It’s rather awful how they treat those people. I understand they are ruffians and thugs, but no need to cudgel the chaps.” He also nudged Dio when he saw that Violet and Jonathan’s hands were touching, but received no response to that.
Jonathan was still enraged, dinner forgotten for the moment, a true rarity for him. “I don’t know what he did, but whatever it was, that certainly did not need to happen.” He nodded his head in the direction of the offending street corner, which had now gone back to normal. “It is just so frustrating to have no power to do something, no power to change injustice when I see it.” Violet’s hands were still over his, and surprisingly, Jonathan had not even taken notice of it.

“You were quite brave out there all the same. You stood up to the fact that they were beating him in the streets, and no one else was willing to do that!” Jonathan blinked and glanced to Violet, finally realising that she was holding his hand. He squeezed it once and then patted her hand lightly.

“It wasn’t bravery; it was just being a decent human being. Unfortunately there are not so many of those around anymore. If you would excuse me for a moment…” Jonathan stood to go to the restroom. Once there, he stared at himself in the mirror, and then splashed his face with water. He was incredibly frustrated and needed a moment to calm himself.

At the table, Violet was clutching a handkerchief, looking in the direction of where Jonathan had walked. “Oh dear…he is such an incredibly sweet soul. It is rare to find men among the noble class like him.” Matthew nodded his head in agreement.

“Jonathan is indeed a special one. Violet, I am sure that it would be permissible to leave you in the company of a gentleman such as Dio, so that I can check on Jonathan. Just don’t tell your mother!” Matthew quickly stood to check on the man he saw as a prospective fiancé for his cousin, leaving Dio and Violet alone for a few moments. Violet glanced to Dio from across the table, and soon enough she was reaching to grasp his own hand as well.

“Excuse my impertinence, but it is clear you know Jonathan better than anyone else. My cousin keeps pushing me towards him, and he is of course a wonderful man who I should be honoured to know regardless. But he… he also strikes me as a sad soul. One who wants something he can’t quite have. This incident was rather telling as to how he gets against impossible situations. Do you think perhaps a long term engagement would be something he wants, something that would alleviate society’s burden from his shoulders?”

~

Dio stared down at Violet and the hand she had place on top of his own. What did this mewling tart think she was talking about at any rate? Jonathan had everything he wanted, he had Dio. He stifled his scowl, carefully retracting his hand from underneath hers, pulling it out of reach.

“I can assure you, Miss, no engagement for my brother would relieve any ailments you claim to see. If anything that would create further grievances.” Put the whore off her ideas, Dio thought to himself. She’d marry Jonathan over his dead body. Or more preferably, hers.

“Jojo is an idealist, he will quite literally jump at any opportunity to impose his noble ideas upon others, all in an attempt to prove himself a gentleman and strive for a better world. But he tends to put copious amounts of pressure on himself, harbour blame for aspects completely outside his control. I would bet you anything he will comment on intervening too late, how he should have broken up the fight sooner, if not to us, then to…” His mind suddenly blanked on the ‘M’ boy’s actual name. “Your cousin in the lavatory.” He continued.

"Jojo has much on his plate in terms of education the future Joestar trade, living up to Lord Joestar’s expectations along with seeking to further his own career goals.” His face showed deep concern, and Violet seemed to buy into. “Now what I can say about the future is uncertain, but as it is at the current moment, Jonathan needs to overcome his issues in other areas before even considering the prospect of marriage. You needn’t concern yourself with my brother, he has I, Dio to get him
through the hardships, in a way a mere stranger, simply could not. I imagine that without me, he would buckle.”

Violet nodded at Dio’s words, taking them in with consideration. “You are such a good brother to him, it really is a joy to see you two so close and protective over each other. I mean not to offend in the slightest, you are rather charismatic and charming, but you have an iciness to you, perhaps part of your demeanour. Yet I sense a warmth when you are with Jonathan.” Dio didn’t get a chance to reply when the man in question returned to the table, a little calmer than before, but clearly not quite past it.

“Oh, Jonathan, how are you feeling?” Violet asked with sympathy in her tone.

~

"I am feeling better now, thank you, Violet, I just wish I could have done more for that poor lad..." Jonathan replied in his usual good natured way, but it was tinged bittersweet. And he did seem marginally improved, however, he was noticeably more subdued. He was friendly and polite, but not quite as quick to speak, and even left food on his plate at the end of the meal.

“It was lovely seeing you both,” Jonathan said once they were at the front of the restaurant, ready to part ways. “Perhaps we shall see you again before you leave London.” He took Violet’s hand and began to bring it to his lips for a gentlemanly peck, but before he could finish the gesture, Dio linked his arm through Jonathan’s own and gave him a harsh jerk forward, leading him away through the busy London streets, until Violet and Matthew were well out of sight.
Even once they left the restaurant, Jonathan’s quietness did not abate. He hastily picked up his notes from the table, gave Dio a brief peck on the lips in the privacy of the room, and proceeded to the next lecture without comment. Once there, he was as studious as ever, and seemed to fall into the professor’s words, oblivious to the world around him.

It was only after the lecture, when Jonathan told Dio that he wasn’t hungry, that real cause for concern would emerge. For Jonathan to say that, would mean that he had either eaten in the last ten minutes, or he was deathly ill. Dio would frown as Jonathan dramatically collapsed onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling, asking him once and for all what exactly was the problem. Jonathan reflected silently for a moment, blue eyes focused on a spot on the plaster, when he finally would speak up.

“The problem… Dio, the problem is there are too many wrongs in the world and I cannot fix them all.” From anyone else, this comment might have sounded humorous, but from Jonathan, he honestly meant it. “The boy today… his life is so miserable and unfair, and the most I could do was scare the officers off his back long enough to have them proceed with their injustice in private. A child like that has little chance of changing his own fate.” Jonathan rolled onto his side, and pursed his lips together, continuing to look forlorn.

~

Dio rolled his eyes. He had no interest in a holiday with a moody Jonathan, who had left him for lectures, only to return downcast and dejected. He had been wanting to get to much more enjoyable pleasures, and as he was now, Jonathan was not in the right state to get it up and sate his needs.

Dio sat himself by the flopped over Jonathan, crossing his legs on the side of the bed. “I did not come here to have you vacantly stare at the ceiling for three days. So if you truly wish to help the boy, go and help him, rather than sulking in our bedroom over your own uselessness. For if you are simply going to complain about it without doing anything you are wasting both of our time.”

Jonathan was heavy but Dio grabbed his slumped wrists, pulling the boy up to a seated position. “You are a noble, they will listen to you. Pay his bail. Hire him a lawyer. Get him out if you care so much.”

~

Jonathan stared at Dio as he spoke. An odd feeling fell over him, as if Dio were the devil, tempting him with a solution that seemed to be reasonable on the surface, but in reality would lead to his downfall. He loved Dio dearly, but the other man was truly his foil when it came to morality and Jonathan knew it.

“That is only a temporary and unfair fix. If I helped that boy, there would just be others, perhaps ones that deserve it even more, and I have no idea of the circumstances around his arrest. Freeing him just because those officers chose to attack him in front of my eyes is not a solution that will satisfy me.” Jonathan pursed his lips together, looking into Dio’s amber eyes. He could get lost there, and so often these days did just that. Sometimes he had to wonder if his relationship with Dio was making him a better, more honourable person (aside from all the hiding that went along with it) or if it was ultimately going to bring him down to a level he would have never seen himself stooping to before that night in the shed.

He would just have to make sure the latter never happened.
“I will stop being moody now, I promise.” Jonathan began, running a few fingers through his hair as he broke gaze with Dio. “I just hate knowing that there are people like that boy who need help, but if I tried to help them, I would most likely stretch myself too thin and snap. And perhaps my occupation is a poor choice for my inclinations… studying the remnants of long dead civilisations hardly improves the plight of the less fortunate today, although I might argue that learning from their mistakes can help us in the present…” He shook his head, not wishing to go into a tangent. Forcing a smile, he put his hands on Dio’s shoulders.

“You are the only soul I have to save, so I suppose I should make sure I do a good job of it!”

~

“There are far too many people in the world for you to be concerned about them all, Jojo. Caring for oneself is the imperative, then perhaps the ones close to you. A stranger?” Dio shook his head. “Worrying about the entire world when there is simply no way to save everyone is useless and counterproductive.” He waved his palm, as if to wipe away the subject.

“Now stop philosophising over would-be’s and should-be’s, and let us get to more important matters.” Dio leaned into Jonathan’s lips and took them, pushing him back onto the bed, hips beginning to grind against him. If Violet could drape herself over Jonathan, Dio would too, and all the more.

“Just how do you plan to save my soul, Jojo? Mine is not one that needs saving. But there is one thing you could do a good job of.”

~

Now Jonathan was actually second guessing if he should go back and try to do something for the boy, even if it wasn’t going to help the situation with society as a whole. He might not go so far as to go to court, but he could donate some of his own money towards his bail and legal defence. If nothing else, if the boy was justly accused but injured in the process, it could help balance out the repercussions. Perhaps he should go--

And then there was a Dio pushing him to the bed and kissing him, talking to him in that sultry way he did when he was yearning for his body. His desire for Jonathan was quite strong, and he had, once or twice, alluded to the fact that he had desired his body before their little interlude in the shed. Dio had quite possibly months, maybe even years to think about how good their bodies could feel when entwined together. And perhaps it was time Jonathan began to use that to his advantage.

“Mmm, darling, saving your soul will be a much longer and drawn out process as compared to what you desire right now.” Jonathan gazed at Dio with his bedroom eyes, and reached forward, looping his hands beneath Dio’s legs, and pulling him up into his lap, their chests flush against each other. Jonathan’s hands then began to move up and across Dio’s thighs, pressing firmly through the fabric, until they met at the centre. No matter what kind of poker face Dio gave him, his erection would never lie. “And… I do plan on letting you have each and every bit of me...” Jonathan’s fingers began to tease at his cock through the fabric. He then lightly kissed the tip of Dio’s nose in a playful gesture. “Eventually!”

In a sudden, sweeping movement, Jonathan gently pushed Dio aside and stood to reach for his coat and hat. “Since I was moved to the room beside yours, I feel perhaps that my affections have become a bit old hat. And we have four entire days to fill, what if you tire of my presence? So I think I shall take your advice, I am going to walk up to the police headquarters and see if I can do anything for the boy!” He smiled and reached out to pat Dio on the cheek, who was most likely fuming. “Come now, Dio, you were just commenting that you do not want me moody over this and that I am far too
altruistic. You will be just fine for a little while!”

Jonathan turned with a smile towards the door. Teasing Dio was more fun than he had imagined!

~

To have Jonathan’s hands against his thighs, to have their chests pressed together, to have his cock squeezed and played with was something that would never grow old to Dio. He had years of yearning, and finally he could indulge in all that was Jojo.

But as Jonathan pushed Dio off his lap and quickly grabbed his outside attire and headed quickly for the door, he realised the burning animosity, the true hatred, loathing despisal for the one named Jonathan Joestar still ran through him like a gushing ravine splashing over the edges and drowning everything in its path.

Dio stood up, cock hard in his trousers as he reached out for Jonathan’s arm, trying to lure him back into the bed. “You cannot be serious, Jojo.”

~

Oh but Jonathan was serious! At least, he was serious enough to leave him writhing for the moment and not answer his pleas. Dio would be able to survive for a half an hour without him, and after all, absence was supposed to make the heart grow fonder. Dio himself had done his fair share of tormenting in the bedroom, it would build character to have him try a little of his own medicine… or so Jonathan told himself.

~

Dio yelled Jonathan’s nickname repeatedly, head poking round the door at the boy who refused to look back, practically skipping away. He was certainly going to pay for this later, but right now Dio had the pressing issue of relieving his cock from the blasted hardness that refused to return down its softer self.

With a curse, Dio slammed the door, undoing his buttons and pulling down his lower clothes in order to access the member, seating himself on the bed. As soon as it was in his hand he began to pump it after a few spits into his palm. He had brought oil for the trip, could not be bothered to get it, he just wanted rid of the damn erection since there was no Jojo to relieve it for him. He pulled and tugged and fingered the tip of his cock until white mess sprouted, subsequently laying down on the sheets, just as angry as he was before.

This was unacceptable.

~

When Jonathan arrived at the police station several roads away, he was able to express his concerns for the boy’s treatment, as well as inquire more about his crimes. Being of the noble class, as Dio had mention, meant that he was regarded with a certain degree of seriousness, something to which any other class would not have received.

He found out the boy’s name was Arthur Black, and his crime had been theft from a tavern, in the way of cheating in a dice game. The tavern’s name meant nothing to Jonathan, though Dio would have remembered it well from his days as a street child himself. He was only bruised and owed bail plus the fifteen shillings he owed the tavern, but the officer advised that Arthur would more than likely scoff at the idea of a nobleman paying his bail. Jonathan did not care, and made the donation all the same, saying it could be considered anonymous. He left the jail not realising the walls had
ears, and Jonathan’s own name, as well as the hotel where he was residing, would eventually be carried back to Arthur through word of mouth.

On his way back, Jonathan was feeling rather cheerful and almost looking forward to the fit that was surely awaiting him when he came back to the room. Sure, the fit itself would not be fun at first, but once Jonathan started to lure him into bed, he was sure their night together would be fantastic. He was even starting to get hungry, perhaps they could order in.

A woman selling flowers stopped Jonathan and asked if he would like a bouquet ‘for his lady.’ Amused, Jonathan bought a dozen red roses, and carried them up to the room to present to his partner. If Dio scoffed at them, he would enjoy their scent himself.
When Jonathan entered the door he was immediately met with a hardcover textbook to the head from the shorter blond before he stormed back onto the bed and lay down, giving the other the silent treatment, flicking through that very same book, used more as a prop than anything else. Each time Jonathan tried to say something, Dio would scoff, loudly, or turn the page; when he tried to touch him he was pushed away.

He watched Jonathan finally removed his hat, coat and shoes, undoing the top button of his dress shirt, allowing him a little room to breathe. At least this time he did not look ready to escape.

Though Dio still ignored him, Jonathan covered his endeavour from start to finish. Though it was not the most interesting story to one like Dio, especially not after he had abandoned him in the middle of intimacies, but he was sure anyone else might have applauded him for such nobility.

“Well, I am glad your journey was fruitful.” The sarcasm was thick in his voice, Dio was never able to keep himself quiet for long. “But do not think you shall receive any favours from me this night. Your chance has been missed.” They both knew that was not true, but all the same, he returned to ignoring soon after.

~

"Oh, of course, I wouldn't dream of it." Jonathan said cheerfully. "I am sure that you were able to satisfy yourself far more than I could, and that it may be a long time before you are interested again. I shall just be forced to suffer!" Jonathan for one did not sound like he was suffering at all.

Once he was comfortable, he decided to go about ordering dinner for two, a sure sign that Jonathan had fully recovered from the stresses of the day. When they had both decided, Jonathan rang for the maid, and when she arrived, asked not only for dinner and dessert but extra wine and a vase to be brought up. This trip was certainly not going to be a dry one if either of them had anything to do with it, with half a bottle still chilling in the room already and more to come with dinner.

As they waited, Jonathan looked at the roses. He had not had the opportunity to buy flowers in quite some time, not since he was a boy and had Erina at his side. He picked one up and looked over to Dio, who had snatched up a book on the Greek classics, in an effort to read and ignore him. Stepping up to Dio, he tucked the flower behind his ear, fingers tangling in his blond hair. His eyes were swimming with affection as they so often were.

"I know you are not a woman and this may be too delicate for your sensibilities, but you are beautiful. Absolutely beautiful..." He was much like a fool in love, and leaned in to steal a kiss from his lips.

~

Dio narrowed his eyes when the rose was placed in his hair, the thorns already having been cut away. Though he knew his own looks to be nothing but stunning, the way Jonathan laid compliments sent his cheeks a similar colour the flower. But his expression stayed firm, with perhaps The lightest of upward twitches to the corners of his mouth.

“Flattery and offerings will get you nowhere, Jojo,” Dio said with a hiss, covering for any lapse. Truth be told, they were his favourite, and while Jonathan enjoyed the lavender scent, Dio preference lay with rose. And aggravatingly, with the flower in his hair and the kiss stolen from his lips, Dio
grew weak.

“Fine…” He began a few minutes later. “Since you are so wanton, I, Dio shall grant you the honour of a second chance. Do not test me again.” And with that he jumped on Jonathan.

~

Seeing Dio smile even slightly, as well as the traces of the blush on his cheeks was reward enough in and of itself. His own smile widened as Dio cracked, expected a kiss, or a hair tussle, or something of that nature. Instead Dio was on top of him and pinning him to the bed, looking like he was ready to go.

“D-Dio! I didn’t think we were doing that tonight… weren’t you just fuming about how you needed to make me suffer and all of that nonsense? You barely lasted five minutes! Can you at least wait until after dinner?” Jonathan chuckles nervously up at Dio until he was allowed to sit again. This of course lead to more of Dio looking positively sour, and yet, Jonathan still found it alluring.

"If I did not like it when you pouted I should think I would not like you at all. You are so often cross with me, Dio." He lifted a hand and adjusted the flower behind his ear, fingers exploring his hair once more. "But I have come to love it so, the way you ride me when you are angry..." Jonathan's grip around Dio grew firmer. So did something else in his trousers.

~

“Well you give me great license to be cross, Jojo. And I was planning to ride you in fact. However…” He pushed a finger to the growing bulge on in between Jonathan’s legs. “You wish for dinner more than you wish for me, and there are only so many chances my benevolent self can give out.”

He removed himself from Jonathan’s lap and stood up. “And it was much longer than five minutes.” The flower remained in his hair as he went to remove the books that covered the table, so a place to eat would be granted. Following, he poured himself a glass of wine and seated himself down.

“But you are right, I shouldn’t be so compassionate, and I am rather hungry in fact. You are a bore.” Dio was hoping the room service would appear right at that second, but unfortunately no such grand timing. He took another sip of his drink and glared down at Jonathan.

~

Jonathan gave a nervous chuckle, knowing that if they had begun any type of bedroom play, they would be in for some extremely awkward moments when there was a knock at the door. So he contented himself with falling back on the bed, feeling Dio’s eyes upon him as he put his arms behind his head and lazily stretched out.

"I know that I am a bore." He remarked with a yawn. "But I am your bore, and doesn't that make all the difference?” He tilted his head slightly in Dio's direction, a silly grin spread across his lips. With the opportunity for them to be truly alone and undisturbed came a side of Jonathan Dio had not yet seen much of, but certainly would in the coming years should they remain together. He was a romantic and could be unapologetically sappy, even with someone as prickly as his current partner. Yet at the same time, he was developing a distinct love of ruffling Dio’s feathers in a way he probably would not have done with a female lover. And right now, by seeming more interested in lounging than in Dio, he was doing just that.
Dio did not respond to Jonathan’s cliché remarks and additional teases, instead raising an eyebrow high, before turning away, focussing on his wine until the food arrived.

Dio remained seated while the maid served their table, and the moment she left dug into a creamy risotto, continuing to ignore the brunet on the opposite side. He was a little more relaxed while eating, though it only extended to placing one elbow on the table, resting his on his palm, while the meal eating itself, only requiring a fork, was at the same neatness as he would always give.

When they were both nearing the end of their respective dinners, Dio finally spoke to Jonathan. “You may be my bore, but I’d much rather you were interesting, I lose interest in dull things, Jojo. You are telling me you are one of them? I should hope not.”

“Mmm?” Jonathan’s mouth was full of a bite of prime rib as Dio spoke to him, and he found himself rather perplexed by how to respond. Truth be told, Jonathan was not sure if he was an ‘interesting person’. He found himself and his knowledge of obscure facts about ancient civilisations, rugby techniques, and the sweetness of different kinds of chocolate to be quite interesting. Dio…most likely would not agree. He chewed slowly and swallowed hard, contemplating how to reply.

“Uh, if you wanted to be practically engaged to someone interesting, perhaps you should have chosen someone who is not majoring in digging through the dirt for broken pottery…” Jonathan chortled and put down his fork and knife for a moment. “…But I am very interested in keeping you happy. And considering that you seem to find yourself to be the most important and the most fascinating thing on the planet, I would say that should set me rather high on your list.”

And it was rather true. Jonathan had been an incredibly attentive lover, and he felt fairly confident that there were not many others out there who could handle Dio’s needs. Then again, no one else had been forced to live with him since the start of puberty. Jonathan knew Dio in a way no living person ever would, which would ultimately make him the best choice for Dio’s companion, no matter how eccentric he might be at times.

Dio gave a noise of sated acceptance, a hum in a major key. “Not a bad answer, Jojo.” Dio was, after all number one in his own mind, so having Jonathan feel the same way was a suitable response. He continued eating the last remnants of his meal, finishing first only because Jonathan had copious amounts more.

He had gotten himself a dessert too, though it was only fruit with a small dollop of cream on the side, no match for a large slice of rhubarb and apple pie with a large jug of piping custard by its side Jonathan had been eyeing up even as he scarfed through the main course. Once they had eaten and given an ample time aside for digestion, Dio stood up.

“Time for you to make good on your word. I am anything but happy with you as of now, so you have plenty of work to do, and I am not easy to impress.” Two almost opportunities had happened that day, Dio was not looking to lose out on the third.

“Dio, I should think that the royal family would be easier to impress than you.” There was a reason that Jonathan’s little nickname for him at times was ‘my prince.’ Dio practically thought himself royalty, and Jonathan still had yet to wrap his brain around how and when that had happened. He might never achieve it.
Yawning and stretching as he stood from the table, he considered Dio carefully. And then suddenly, he stepped over and scooped him up into his arms, carrying him to the bed with great care and gentleness. He placed him down, leaving his hands on either side of his head, leaning over him. His face began to lower, their foreheads touching, as he captured his mouth with his own. His kiss was hungry, and if Dio kept his eyes open, he would see that Jonathan was looking at him with yearning. But it was not entirely lustful.

“You are divine, and I love you. However, I am a ‘bore’ as you so put it. I worry that perhaps you are a god, where as I am a mere human, with human tastes and desires. I am inclined to a simple, ordinary life, and wonder if perhaps I am meant to have a wife and live respectably. Women… still appeal to me greatly, you see.” Jonathan’s eyes averted Dio’s, his face flushing with his own guilt.

“I need you to tell me that I am worthy of you.” A hand ran up and down Dio’s thigh smoothly. “And then I will take you to heaven, where you belong.”

~

Dio let out a silent breath of air in the form of a sigh, tilting Jonathan’s chin back so their eyes once again locked and met in the centre. “You have never been simple, Jojo. You sell yourself short. You see only the life society has picked out for you, when you are so much more than that.” Dio’s voice was laced in sincerity, lacking in all practiced pretence and charm. As Jonathan came to be with him, as the stitches of animosity that had marked their last six years had in this time begun to fray, Dio saw Jonathan for who he was, and he was anything but ordinary. He had never been ordinary, not from the moment he jumped out of the carriage and saw Jonathan standing there, greeting him a smile that Dio could not stand back then. But his smile had not changed in those years, yet Dio’s heart felt itself tighten in ways that were no longer plain, easy despisal. It was warmer than that, something warm that Dio had not felt in a very long time.

“You do not wish for the mundane and the life you will lead should you take some respectable woman and have her your wife. Are you really looking for something, someone respectable, Jojo? Proper and prim and utterly dull? I think not. You want someone to drive you to the point of ecstasy, you want someone with spirit, a breed of wildness that cannot be found in the merely respectable. A woman may take your eye, she may drape her hand in your vicinity, you may see her chest, her thighs and thoughts may come to mind…” The words were bitter on Dio’s tongue as he thought of their earlier luncheon, how much he hated it, hated any gaze Jonathan made at Violet, but he continued. “But it is but a passing fancy, the small glint of attraction is nothing compared to true yearning, to love. And… you, Jojo… you love… me. Only me.” Dio’s ears felt hot, face flushed as he said Jonathan’s words out loud, brought them to light of his own volition. He blinked, slow, taking another breath before amber burst open and firmness returned.

“You need me…” Dio began. “Simply because there is no one else like me. None can send you over the edge the way I, Dio can.” His gaze upon the Jonathan stayed true. “Whatever your body desires, whatever your eyes have once gazed upon… none of that matters now. To be with me is to be with no one else, to see no one else.” He brought a hand to Jonathan’s cheek, holding it in his palm, feeling the man lean into it, his smooth face soft against him. “I see no one else, Jojo. Not when I look at you.”

~

The look Dio gave him right now took Jonathan’s breath away, and he thought he might drown in the wave of emotions that swept over him. Dio was so rarely sentimental, and he hardly ever mentioned love, except when it was to downplay and degrade it. But not now. He would normally take any mention of Jonathan so much as looking at someone else (especially a woman) as a call to
arms.

But not now. Now, he was accepting.

"I was blind." The words left his lips, like the actions of his fingers, without first being bid. "But now
you have opened my eyes. And now they only see you as well. Not that I did not see you before, I
have always..." Jonathan's hands began to instinctively skirt to the waistband on Dio's trousers,
fingers starting to undo the clasps before he even realised. They were yanked down, and he started
undoing the buttons of his shirt, one by one by one. Had he always known he liked Dio? No. That
couldn't be. Before that night in the shed, his attractions had been strictly reserved for the opposite
sex. Hadn't they? He pushed the thought aside, for now. Dio's words had washed all that away.
None of that mattered anymore. "I had feared that my inclinations and desires would someday cause
you pain. That perhaps being with you was wrong, loving you was selfish." He pulled the shirt open,
and began to kiss his chest, right over where his beating heart was, before moving to dance a tongue
along his nipple. “Now I see.”

The last article was removed and tossed to the side. Jonathan began to stroke him long and
tantalisingly. "I want you and I need you. And you do as well." He met his eyes, his own bright and
full of tenderness. “I know it can be scary, Dio, to open up your heart. But believe me when I tell
you that love is not a weakness, it is a strength.”

~

Dio stared up, biting his lower lip in for a pensive moment as Jonathan spoke. He could not say he
was ready to admit any such thing in turn, but the way Jonathan touched him with that added love he
had never received — not with his school partners and certainly not in his days in the slums — had
some way of sating him better than any other, making him feel more than he had with any other. And
while he was weak for the sweetened affections, it filled him with a strength never known before.

That feeling was particularly potent now, as Jonathan's fingers pressed against his erection, teasing
and squeezing and driving him mad already. That was what hours of missed opportunity did to Dio.
Though he had brought himself to orgasm by his own hand, that was only to bring down the
hardness Jonathan had given him in the first place. And so only Jonathan could relieve him, to
completion.

“I do want you, Jojo. I want you on top of me, beneath me, inside me, in every way. I want you to
make me see heaven, only you. I want you to be with no other, and want to be with no other than
you. Don’t you think it was meant to be? You fit so well, after all.”

~

While it was not everything he wanted to hear, it was enough for Jonathan. It was how they worked,
after all, with Jonathan saying too much and Dio saying not enough. He also found himself getting
lost in Dio’s body and in the talk of being in it. There was no question he wanted it too, and his
errection was quite visible by now through his clothes. But for the time being, he showered Dio’s
body with kisses and caresses, starting from his neck and working his way down his chest and across
his belly, stopping just shy of the blond hair. His hand grasped and pumped at his cock, before
pulling away briefly.

Dio had packed the oil as they both knew it would be getting a lot of use over the next few days.
Jonathan hastily undressed himself while he retrieved it from the nearby bag, and actually had a
moment of clumsiness, tripping over his own pants while he pulled them off his feet. But he did not
waste any time getting back up and rushing to Dio. The bottle was opened and a bit of the liquid
smeared on the other man's cock. He also put some at his own entrance before setting the bottle
Jonathan was typically more of a giver than a receiver in their relationship in general. Not entirely in the sexual sense, as they both took equal pleasure in enjoying their bodies in all ways. But at heart, Jonathan took the greatest pleasure in making Dio happy, and Dio was always happiest being in control. So that was why Jonathan guided Dio’s cock to his opening, and practically impaled himself on him. He cried out as he did, it had probably been too soon, but he didn’t care. He pulled Dio in close and pressed their foreheads together, building a rhythm with their bodies that was pleasurable to them both, but allowing Dio to set a faster pace if he wished.

“I love you.” He murmured into Dio’s ear, before nipping at the most sensitive bit with the moles.

~

This time, upon the love declaration, Dio did not fall back, but instead hummed, leaning into the ear bites and letting out soft moans and gasps as light nips were applied to his lobes.

Dio turned, pushing Jonathan fully onto the bed with a small bounce, arms gripping onto his shoulders as he fell after sweeping his blond locks off his brow. Positioning himself properly he began to give deeper, faster thrusts within Jonathan, unrestrained in his expressions and noises as his hips smacked against Jonathan’s rear, oil coated cock sliding in and out of him.

“Y-You’re so tight Jojo, I can feel all of you around me, wanting, needing, loving.” The last word was a bit of a surprise for Dio to hear out of his own lips again and he fell quiet in speech, though the groans as he bucked did not cease.

He lowered himself down so their chests were touching, continuing to move his cock in and out, rubbing against the other as he did so, and they tried to find a rhythm they could both fall into. Yes, Jonathan was a thousand times better than anyone else, not because he was a master at sex (though he certainly had an incredible talent), but because it was Jonathan.

~

The word surprised Jonathan too but he wouldn’t question it now. Not now that they were in the throes of passion. The discomfort had subsided and for this particular encounter, he would have masked it, if only to make a point. But no, he was starting to enjoy himself. Dio was no stranger to how his body worked anymore. He was reminded, however, that he was no stranger to the act in general.

No matter how much he did not wish to think about it, and no matter how deep Dio would bury the skeletons in his closet, he could not help but imagine a young Dio, forced to do these sort of things just to live. Perhaps the boy he helped today had to do the same. Jonathan wrapped his arms around Dio’s waist, holding him loosely so that he would not disrupt the thrusting rhythm. His hands were large and warm as they held firmly to Dio’s lower back.

"I’ll protect you.” The words slipped out much as Dio’s own must have. ”My body is your sheath, I’ll never be far from you, always be right here… Dio, ah, harder for me, please!” And when Dio complied, Jonathan finished, his eyes closed tight as he saw a quick flash of stars. He had to remind himself to not lose the rhythm for long, as Dio still needed to come.

~

It didn’t take long for Dio to finish after, and he picked up the slack from Jonathan’s lapse by returning to the upright position and using his arms to hold himself firm. The last thrust was the
hardest, his cock shoved all the way inside Jonathan, pelvises touching as he came inside the other, a loud noise of deep pleasure spilling from his lip, back arching, head tipped back. He removed his come and oil covered cock from Jonathan’s entrance and returned to laying on his chest, panting and breathing as the larger man wrapped his arms around him tightly.

“I’m not sure I require protection, Jojo, but I’ll be happy to place my cock inside you any time, so by all means be my sheath,” Dio said through stilted breaths.

~

Jonathan gave Dio a half smile and a chuckle, lifting a hand to cup Dio’s cheek. “I know you don’t need protection. I… just feel very strongly about keeping you that way.” It was the best way he could think to put it that would not make Dio feel diminished or weak. After a moment or two he added, “…I suppose I feel strongly about having your cock in my ass as well, but that is a different matter entirely.” With another chuckle, he moved his hand up through Dio’s hair, enjoying the soft feel between his fingers.

Jonathan took a few moments to catch his breath. He realised that if they chose to, they could stay like this all night and into the morning. It was an exciting revelation, one they had so seldom had the opportunity for in their relationship.

“Dio…” Jonathan began, figuring it was not a terrible time to bring this up. “Someday, when I am running the estate, father will wish for me to take the master bedroom. It is tradition, after all. When I do, we should find a way to make it so you sleep in that bed with me. It would only be right. You would be running the estate as well -- and probably doing a far better job at it than I -- and you would be my wife, ah, husband, err…whatever you are.” He waved a hand in uncertainty. “Anyway, what I am saying is you deserve your place… as well as the title to go with it.”

~

“I don’t think wife is quite the title I would go with, Jojo, but you are saying you wish me to officially take the name Joestar for my own?” Dio breathed. Truth be told he would not have minded taking another name, for the one he had currently tied him to that disgusting man he called father, binding him to it. He would have taken his mother’s maiden name if he knew it, and besides, Brando was undoubtedly a commoners’ name, while Joestar was most noble. The latter would suit his status.

Lord Joestar could have changed it years ago, but in respect for his father (who deserved none of it, none of it) he had it kept. He’d probably have Dio buried next to the damn man too, should he ever die early. How he would loathe such a thing.

~

“Yes, I want you to take the name. It is only fitting. You are part of my family now, in a way more than that of an adopted child or ward. And you will be managing the estate and fortune, you should have all the benefits befitting a noble.” Jonathan leaned in and took a quick kiss from his lips.

"Even if we cannot marry, I want to see that you are treated with all the respect due to you if we were.” Jonathan’s fingers carded through Dio’s hair thoughtfully. "I should also have father take care of the wills as well. If, God forbid, anything were to happen to me, I should want to make sure that you are taken care of, without any strings attached." Jonathan scratched his chin. "Unlike my wife, you would be able to inherit directly so long as things are spelled out, so it shouldn't be hard to fix."

Little did Jonathan know that he was giving Dio everything he could ever want. Jonathan of course, was naive to this fact. He gave Dio a squeeze and smiled. "I said I would protect you, and I mean it.
Even if it is just in small insignificant ways like titles and wills.”

~

While Dio could not exactly call himself fond of Jonathan saying his near decade long ambitions were insignificant, the premise of gaining everything he desired at the scribe of a pen caused a wide smile to appear on his face, and a deep, deep kiss to be pressed on Jonathan’s lips.

He would be able to keep Jonathan, as well as hold the entire estate at the tip of his fingers. Everything had worked out more than perfectly.

“Yes…” he said after the extended kiss ran its course. “I should like that very much. What a loyal knight you are, Jojo, you have made me very, very happy.” Dio would take it all from George it seemed. His life, his son, his estate, his wealth; it was all so splendid really. A celebratory cock sucking was very much in order, Dio thought, and he slipped down and did the deed, teasing and torturing aside. This was to make Jonathan feel as good as he did.

~

Jonathan had no way of realising what Dio was actually thinking. To Jonathan, wealth and influence were useful, but he would give them up in a heartbeat if it meant helping those he loved. He just knew that Dio was smiling, which was a rare and precious gem when it came to the other man. The kiss was returned, and when Dio began to pleasure him he responded quite well, moaning his name and clutching the sheets, letting himself fall into the throws of ecstasy.

Once he was finished, he pulled Dio under the covers, bodies tangled together. "That was splendid, dearest." He said affectionately, pressing a kiss to Dio's cheek. "But it is my pleasure… you are my prince after all. My very hard to satisfy prince."

Lazily, he buried his face in Dio's shoulder. He was quite content to lounge about, sweat covered though they may have been, and just savour not needing to leave for his own bed.

And together they lounged, sweaty and sticky and happy and nude, simply enjoying the comfort of their bed and the warmth of each other. Given it was winter, the darkness set in rather early, and the lights of London could be seen outside their window, the city still alive and buzzing, in fact the nightlife was just beginning.
Eventually Dio did get up to enjoy a bath, Jonathan joining him soon after, pampering his body with rose scented soaps, before moving back to bed and reading archaeology texts with one hand, Dio in the other. Today would be lazy for the both of them, but tomorrow the night should be filled with something fun, now that he had money in London, Dio could afford to do things he could not even dream of doing before. Perhaps the opera.

But thinking about it, Dio found himself wanting to do something tonight, unplanned. He was tempted to visit one of his old gambling rings where he bested men of all ages, despite being a ‘mere child.’ There was hardly a chance of being recognised the way he looked now, so tall and matured and rich. Yes, what would be the harm in it? The area wasn’t too far from here, Dio liked this place since the upper class would drop in from time to time, and he’d always make more off them.

Jonathan might frown upon it, but Dio didn’t care what he thought. He would go alone if the boy rejected him, but he asked anyway.

~

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. “Ah… no, Dio. Gambling isn’t for me.” He wanted to say more, but the evening had just turned so warm and affectionate after the sex, he could not stand to lose it now. And he knew that Dio could be a night owl, as well as the fact that he had hobbies and interests which were outside of what Jonathan found savoury. If he was going love Dio, he had to love all of Dio. He refused to start a fight and break the peace over this.

“I will want to get an early start tomorrow, there is a morning lecture I do not want to miss. If you go yourself I would not be offended, but please be back by a reasonable hour and don’t tire yourself too much. The lectures are over by three, which leaves us with an afternoon and evening to explore the city ourselves.” Jonathan forced a smile. “That, and I am looking forward to waking up and seeing you by my side.” It was actually that which he was looking forward to most of all.

Still, this did not sit well with Jonathan. Gambling in the city in a place of questionable repute, even if some nobles went there (in some cases, especially because they go there) did not seem wise to the Joestar boy. Part of him considered going if only to make sure Dio stayed out of trouble, but… no, that would most likely cause more problems and he would be falling asleep at his early morning lecture.

“Please just be safe, all right, love?” Jonathan raised a hand to Dio’s cheek and kissed him, “You are precious to me.”

~

“Fine, your loss,” Dio said with a shrug, as he dressed himself to depart, though was not for a while that he left. He carried a good sum of money discreetly in his pocket, which he planned to at least double by the end of the night, along with a knife for reasons obvious. Though it had been a good six years since he had been to the gambling bar, he did not lose his way once and soon enough he arrived at the location.

It looked the same, smelled the same, and even though he could not recognise a single person, they all looked the same too. He stretched and ordered himself a bottle of scotch before finding an empty seat, waiting for an opponent to come to him.
While tall, taller than most men, his face was young, after all he was only a recent nineteen year old, and the bar was mostly filled with older not-so-gentlemen. They would go to him, prey on him because of how young he appeared to be, and then scowl and cuss and claim he cheated when we won their coin. While Dio was not above the act, he felt much more satisfied when he won simply due to talent and intelligence.

Soon enough a working class man -- going by his clothes -- approached him along with his friends and they played a game of poker, which of course Dio won. And the night continued as such, the odd person coming around to see if they could outplay this rich boy, and one by one they were proved that they most certainly could not.

The evening was going rather well, Dio was happily buzzed and had made quite a profit, apparently his edge rather sharp even among the city folk. But there was one thing that bugged him, some nagging thought in the back of his mind that someone was watching him. There were plenty of people looking at the games of chess and cards and poker, but this felt like a different kind of stare. One focused on Dio himself. It was rather unsettling, and he could not figure out where the gaze was coming from. If things came to the worst, he had a knife on him; taking a man out would not be difficult.

“Dio… Brando… that couldn’t be you could it?” A voice said from behind, deep. How does he know my name?!

Dio quickly furrowed his brow and kept his face forward.

“Never heard of him.”

“Still got the posh git accent I see, though at least there’s an outfit to match.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” The man ignored him, moving into his eye line and sitting down opposite. Dio’s eyes widened and his heart burst in his chest, but he quickly returned it to a neutral glare.

“It’s been ages, five years at least, it’s gotta be.” Dio stood up, deciding it was time to promptly take leave. But as he moved away he felt a grip on his wrist, pulling him back. “You remember me, right?”

“Why would I? I’ve never met you.”

“Oh, come on, baby, you know you have. You know me pretty well. And I know you.” The man took out a coin from his pocket and placed it on the table, middle finger pushing it towards Dio. Back then, that was the discreet sign that he was looking for a particular service Dio provided.

It had been stupid, so damn stupid for him to come back here, but he really hadn’t thought he’d be recognised. But still Dio would feign ignorance. “I don’t know what that’s supposed to mean, but I have no interest in your money, so--”

“Tell that to your twitchin’ eye.” Dio used his free hand, bringing it to the aforementioned feature. He hadn’t even noticed it moving, a clear tell of his panic. The man pushed the coin forward even more, and looked up at Dio with eyes he never wished to see again. “Come on, for old time’s sake. You’ve really blossomed into something of a beaut, now haven’t you?” Dio almost gagged at the thought. To think in order to survive he had let men like him have their way drove him to the point of retching. Ugly, sweaty, dirty, peasants who were no better dog shit on the road.

“Why do you think I’d ever go for the likes of you, you are nothing but a disgusting pig.”

“Oh, don’t be like that, baby, you’re gonna hurt my feelings.” The man frowned before putting his
coin back in his pocket, his grip around Dio’s wrist tighter. “But I suppose since you’re here you can help me out a little, after all, I know a few things about you that could get you into a whole bit of trouble.” He took a look at Dio’s hand he had held to, on it the ring Jonathan had gotten him as an early Christmas present. “This is nice. Give it to me and I’ll be quiet as a church mouse.”

Dio scoffed “There is nothing you can say that could hurt me. You are nothing but empty words, and nobody believes stinking pigs like you. Fuck off.” He freed himself from the grasp and turned to walk out the door.

“You kiss your mother with that mouth? My she’d be so disappoi--” When the man mentioned his mother Dio saw nothing but red and before he knew it the table was flipped over and his foot was stamping on the man’s stomach.

“Don’t you ever talk to me again. Don’t even breathe the same air as me, you sicken me. Come near me again and I will slaughter you and leave you for the rats to eat. Though they would likely be just as revolted as I.” The upper class accent he’d taught himself was completely gone as he spat on the writhing man.

Before the bar owner could kick him out, Dio was already past the door. Glancing back to see if he’d been followed, he quickly made his way back to the hotel, his head a bundle of mixed emotions and none of them were jovial.

He stripped off his clothes as he entered the lodgings, flopping down on the bed, not even noticing if Jonathan was there awake or not.

~

From the moment Dio had left, Jonathan had been worried. He pushed it from his mind, after all, Dio was a grown man, just as he was. And he was not stupid. Oh, he liked risks, but they were always risks that he was sure to come out on top of. He would be all right, and if Jonathan had gone with him, he would have just put a damper on his fun, and they would both end the night cranky.

But Jonathan couldn’t shake the image of a young Dio from the slums, at the same age where he was playing with Danny in the gardens of the mansion, Dio was performing fellatio and allowing men to sodomise him. It wasn’t fair, it made Jonathan queasy to think of it. Even more than the sickness though was an absolute rage. How could a human being do that to a child? Jonathan had never met such a person, and if he ever did come across them… A gentleman was supposed to act with restraint when they used force, but couldn’t it be said that one so vile deserved none? Jonathan certainly thought so.

Dio had been a part of that world and it shaped who he was. Now he was out, late at night, at a place not far from the messier parts of the city where the horror that was his childhood had occurred. Yes, he was older now, but why did he need to go back? Jonathan had just declared him a legal heir to a fortune tonight, or would as soon as they were home and he could discuss the matter with his father and the estate’s lawyer. He did not need to gamble, and in such a sketchy place! Why had Jonathan let him go at all?

When Dio arrived, Jonathan had been sitting up in bed, a book in his lap he had hardly looked at. The minute he heard the door open, he breathed in absolute relief. As soon as he fell on the bed, Jonathan’s large body was upon him, scooping him up against him and holding to him tightly. “Oh thank heavens you are back…I was starting to worry.” He looked down at Dio, noting that he was as tense and aggravated as a wet cat (which was not uncommon for Dio, but still cause for concern) “…Is everything alright?”
“Why wouldn’t it be?” Dio replied after an unusually long pause. “I made almost triple what I started out with, today was wonderful, I’m tired I need to sleep.” He spoke without pause and shuffled, uncomfortable with Jonathan’s hold, though he did not move to break it.

He’d grown too comfortable, he was losing his sharpness and care, it was an imbecilic move to go to a place he already knew, why had he even wanted to go in the first place? Perhaps it was because that was where he began, and he wanted to return the man he was now, rich with power at his fingertips. What he had always thought of when performing acts for those who paid for it, that this was just a stepping stone to all his future gain.

But to see an old customer, to be remembered by one, to remember what he really did made him feel awful, made him hate himself for stooping so low, for not even having the slightest standard. Desperation, that was the only reason this happened, it was not even satiable. Most times it hurt; they didn’t care what they did to Dio so long as they got their money’s worth. He remembered crying afterwards, not just the first time, in fact almost every time he was entered. He had no control there, he hated it, hated it.

“I thought you needed to wake up early. Go to sleep, Jojo.”

Jonathan could tell that something was not quite right with Dio. But he also knew that he was not going to get the full story out of him right now. And just him being safe and in the bed was enough to set Jonathan’s mind at ease. He pressed a kiss to his cheek, holding him close as his eyelids drooped shut. "I love you, Dio," he murmured sleepily, his arms remaining firm around him all through the night, as if wanting to shield him from harm.
Jonathan rose early the next morning, eyes immediately looking for Dio. Having him there when he woke made his heart leap, now this was how things should be all the time. He carefully pulled himself away from Dio, and began to wash and dress himself for the day. Before leaving for the lecture, he pressed a kiss to Dio's forehead, and let his fingers linger on the blond hair for a moment, before getting on his way.

Jonathan had a quite successful morning. The lecture was most interesting to him, and contained some facets he felt he could use when it came to his stone mask research. The morning went by quickly for him, and he only took a short break to eat something hot from a street vendor, scarfing it down so fast that it burned his mouth, but he didn't care. In this way he was able to arrive early enough to ask questions of one of the presenters. By the end of the lectures he was feeling exceptionally accomplished and ready to start a new branch of research on the mask when he came home.

When the lecture let out, before heading back to the hotel, he decided to make a few stops first. A reservation for two was made at a fancy (and expensive) restaurant known for its wines, which Jonathan knew Dio would appreciate. He also obtained two tickets for that night's performance of Aida at the Royal Opera House. Jonathan's Italian was rather horrid and he always found opera lyrics difficult to follow as they were sung so loudly and shrilly. But the opera took place in Ancient Egypt, and he knew that Dio would enjoy the ambiance and grandeur of the theatre if nothing else.

He arrived back at the hotel room in high spirits and told Dio of the plans he had made for the evening.

~

Dio that day has done little to nothing. He had woken up later than he would under normal circumstances, and moped around in bed for a good hour long. After ordering wine and an omelette for breakfast (only the former of which he finished), he spent the day reading and drinking and moping, not even bothering to put on trousers. He was still feeling rather low from yesterday, or earlier today, whatever the time may have been.

When Jonathan arrived he had hardly moved from his position, but was rather glad to hear of the events in store for tonight. He could use some distraction, and could definitely use some more wine. Jonathan of course asked if he was doing all right, and Dio shrugged, claiming he was bored. While he often valued solitude, he did enjoy suitable company, and Jonathan had taken rather a long time to get back to the hotel. There was only so much a person could do alone in a hotel room.

“Shall we?” he asked, almost forgetting that he was anything but dressed and ready. Dio turned to this suitcase, grabbing the first thing he could find out of it, and changed quickly, putting a spritz of the cologne he had received for Christmas, as well as the feathered coat.

~

“…That is the fastest that I’ve ever seen you get ready in your life.” Jonathan remarked suspiciously. Dio didn’t quite seem alright to him, but Jonathan assumed that perhaps it was jealousy again, maybe he thought that Jonathan was out meandering with Violet and Matthew, which of course had not been the case at all. So as they walked to dinner, he was sure to mention that fact in passing, after he spilled out a selection of his favourite facts from the lectures, of which he was so excited to share.
“So I will certainly be able to apply the study of burial shroud traditions in Mexico to my study of the Stone Mask. I believe that Matthew missed that part of the lecture, so I shall have to copy them for him later...” Jonathan stole a glance at Dio, as he held the door to the restaurant open for him. “I hardly was able to speak with him today, let alone have him attempt to set up another impromptu meeting with his cousin, but even if I had, tonight is meant for the two of us.”

~

The bottle and a half of wine Dio had gotten through earlier had been a start, but he required activity, diversion, something to set his mind aside from the plaguing thoughts of his dirty self and insecurities. The opera would likely do the job, even Jonathan’s archaeology talk help, and so he let the boy blather all the way to the restaurant he’d booked.

There was rather nice ambience to the place, once he stepped in, quiet voices piling on top of each other and soft music played by a small live orchestra, though out of Dio and Jonathan’s view. A candle arrangement was in the middle of the table, giving off a pleasant but generally neutral scent.

~

The restaurant was very posh and also very popular, a few were turned away from the door, it was fortunate that Jonathan had made the reservation when he had. The wine menu was presented before the food menu, something which Jonathan found most annoying, and he allowed Dio to make the choice.

“I barely ate today, if we do not have dinner soon I should think I will waste away into nothing!” Jonathan joked, knowing that Dio would rag on him for it after having finished his omelette. “It was quite a busy day for me, I’m sorry you were alone for most of it. You haven’t told me about last night. Did you have a good time?” As he spoke the waiter had arrived and poured them each a glass, which Jonathan took a sip from.

~

“I did tell you, Jojo. I made three times the amount I left with, it was rather grand, though not unexpected.” Dio took a drink. “There is little else to say about it either way, it was in the moment enjoyment, not something worth relaying.” Dio was feeling a little adventurous so he had the chef’s choice of wine, though he had never had that particular brand before. It never hurt to try new things. New was certainly better than old… like the old bar…

Shaking his head and distancing himself from such thoughts, Dio looked at the food menu once it had been brought over along with the drinks. He immediately took to the glass like a fish did to water, and downed half of it in one fell swoop.

~

Seeing Dio settle in made Jonathan settle as well. He was glad that he had chosen this place, as it was not only elegant, but the wine was extremely fine and meant to be savoured rather than guzzled. Jonathan knew of what could happen to Dio when drunk, and while he was not opposed to a pleasant tipsiness, anything more would be better left for a night at the hotel or at home, away from the prying eyes of the public. Jonathan ordered himself lobster and steak, a decadently expensive plate, but one he very much enjoyed.

Dinner was a rather calm and pleasant affair as a whole. Jonathan chatted about the lectures some more, and even went into details about his research on the stone mask, something he seldom spoke of with Dio. It was definitely a sign of the growing trust he had for the other man, possibly one of the
greatest signs yet.

When the bill came, Jonathan paid it without a blink, despite being a hefty sum and Dio recently bragging about money he had won. He did not even let Dio glance at it first. When they left, Jonathan held the door for him and as they walked, he stood towards the curb, as a gentleman does for a lady.

The opera was lively that night, and Jonathan felt a bit claustrophobic walking through the crowd to get to their seats. Both the crowd on the street and the crowd in the lobby were overwhelming, but it was a time of year for visiting London for pleasure. Everything grew dark and quiet when the opera began. Jonathan tried to follow along in the libretto, but ended up asking Dio a few times for translation. By the time the first act was over, he had quite a few remarks on historical inaccuracies as well.

~

Although knew Dio would do exactly the same as Jonathan when he complained of all the inaccuracies if it had been on a subject he was familiar with, Dio happened to be rather enjoying the performance, the music, the splendour, the culture, it was a little bit peevish for Jonathan to point them out, so he told him to get some food during the intermission, knowing the line at the front stalls was rather long.

Jonathan complained and Dio reclined a little in his seat. It was not a booth they were in, given he only bought the tickets for the show earlier today, but they had gotten themselves some rather good places for the lateness of it all. They were however, very crowded. People had to almost leave their seats entirely for Jonathan to squeeze into the row when he returned with peanuts and drinks.

~

During the second half, Jonathan almost placed his hand on Dio’s a good few times, but remembering they were surrounded, refrained. The odd squeeze or pat was still given whenever he could, however. Dio’s mood seemed to heavily increase as they sat through the opera, whatever it was that had been disturbing him cast from his mind. Jonathan was glad for that, and risked a stroke to his face using the pretence of wiping something off it.

Despite his impatience and lack of a grasp at the language, Jonathan had indeed enjoyed the show, finding the ending where the two lovers were sealed in the tomb alive to die rather than betray their love rather riveting. He was indeed in the mood to place his hands on Dio’s body, particularly as they had needed to be so restrained for the entire evening.

~

On their way back the town was still very much alive, even shops were open, some only just. It was different to the countryside entirely. Jonathan seemed rather caught up in the bustle, but Dio was still familiar with the workings of London, though no longer a resident. They made their way back to the hotel in good time and Jonathan seemed itching to get back inside and hold Dio.

Behind the scenes however, outside the pair’s eyes a man would see and recognise the young Joestar from the prison, who happened to be rather friendly with the old customer Dio had stamped on in the bar. Identifiable as they were, and knowing the customer held an interest in Dio, this individual would follow them back to the hotel they were staying at, keeping his distance, presence masked in shadows and crowd, later finding this friend of his and relaying the information on…
Once unleashed and comfortable with his lover, Jonathan could actually be quite eager for sex, and that was definitely the case tonight. Once undressed, he threw Dio back on the bed, reached for the oils, and slowly began to work the other man up into a frenzy, probing with one hand, and stroking with the other. It seemed as if his goal was to make Dio as loud as possible, and he would not rest until he had achieved that. When he was satisfied, he pushed himself deep inside, taking it slow not only for comfort, but to tease. Finally, he began to pick up the pace, his own cries of Dio’s name filling the room as he finished inside of him. He did, however, make sure to pleasure Dio until he was satisfied.

Jonathan was not always the initiator, but when he was, afterwards he was always particularly reluctant to detach. He lay on the bed for a good few moments with his arms around Dio, humming softly into his hair.

“The opera was rather beautiful, but so sad. To choose to die together rather than live without the other person… it is quite a notion.” Jonathan traced a finger softly down Dio’s thigh. “So many forbidden loves do not have happy endings… but I suppose if they did they would not write operas about it!” Jonathan’s blue eyes met Dio’s amber ones.

~

“It was rather impressive, the performance grand, but I could hardly agree with the final moments,” Dio said after the incredibly tantalising sex resulting in strong orgasm and a great deal of moaning. He doubted he could count the amount of times Jonathan’s nickname was cried out as he pleased and teased and drove him insane with his fingers and lips and his cock.

“Suicide was a foolish choice to make, and what they did, while not instant was just that. If Aida truly cared so much, why not exact revenge on those who pushed them to this point? I would never give my life for something so useless, I would find a way to live. I would live and destroy those who tried to prevent that.” Dio showed no signs of jest in his tone, but he settled, bringing a hand up to run through Jonathan’s frowzy locks.

“The stories of forbidden love in the operas may make for a dramatic tale and hold intrigue in the moment, but they are all rather stupid, the characters. But stupidity is entertaining, so long as it remains in the fictive realm.”

Dio removed himself from underneath Jonathan, placing himself on top. "But enough about the show… why focus on someone else’s love when we have our own?" Dio did not even realise what he had said, grabbing the oil and slathering it over his cock and Jonathan’s rear as he kissed the man, sucking and lightly biting his nipples, teasing his entrance with fingers and bringing him to hardness.

Soon enough they both came for the second time that night, Dio inserting himself inside Jonathan and screwing him hard and rough, hips smacking, moans wanton, until they collapsed on each other once more.

~

Jonathan was absolutely thrilled by Dio’s words, it was rather hard to wipe the grin off his face, even as their bodies were locked in passion. He did not comment on it, but instead just regarded it as a tiny victory. Little by little, he felt as if Dio was understanding the concept of love, or at least the fact that Jonathan cared for him in a way that was unlike anything he had dealt with before. And Jonathan
himself was growing more and more used to the idea. Dio was handsome and intelligent, offered him stability in parts of life Jonathan had always found challenging, and despite (or perhaps because of) their rivalry, they seemed to mesh tremendously well, physically and mentally. With each passing day, Jonathan became more and more confident that this was something that could last.

His confidence and happiness would have been abundantly obvious the next day. Having no more lectures and no solid plans, the morning was spent quite lazily in bed. Jonathan found himself getting lost in Dio’s body and loving every second of it. The two finally pulled themselves from the bed to the shower, where they may have been cleaner, but it was just as difficult to keep their hands to themselves. Once they had thoroughly tired themselves, brunch was had in the room, and Jonathan chose to pull Dio to bed soon after for cuddles and hair teasing… which did eventually turn into more sex despite his intentions to keep them from getting dirty again. Oh well.

~

After many more kisses and hair ruffles, Jonathan did up his shirt and grabbed a comb in order to brush it back to a more presentable manner; they were to leave the hotel in a few moments. “You know, Jojo, I think your hair rather suits you, all messy like that,” Dio said as he slipped on his shirt, deciding last minute to change his outfit. “You are always so conservative with your choices, are not archaeologists scruffy and unkempt, spending their days digging up bones and whatnot? Even if there is little money to be had in the profession, the attire would match you well. Tall, dark, rugged and handsome, rather fetching don’t you think?”

~

"Hm." Jonathan said thoughtfully, a finger to his chin, leaving the hair scruffy for the time being. "If you admire it so, you know I shall do it for you, although perhaps not all the time, as some might consider it quite sloppy." He reached for the brush and began to sweep it back. "As for the rugged look, I would have thought that the moment I came home with a trace of dirt on me, or if I let myself go without shaving for too long, you would throw me in the bath and under the knife so fast I wouldn't have time to think! But again… if you like me so that way...” He finished straightening his hair and turned to Dio.

"You do realise one day I would like to actually dig and study, as a proper archaeologist would, correct? Because… I am not sure you would wish to join me, yet I fear leaving you for any length of time.” Or rather, leaving him to his own devices for a time. That was the bigger fear, though he would not say it.

Dio stood. “Well then I suppose you’ll just have to stay won’t you? Or learn to face your fears.” He patted Jonathan’s cheek twice in a passing moment, before quickly pouring himself some of the wine that had been left. “And let’s not get ahead of ourselves. I said I enjoyed your appearance a little dishevelled, Jojo. Not unclean. That I will not stand for.” Though that was relative, he supposed, a dirty Jonathan, sweaty and hot after a few rounds of sex wasn’t someone he’d push away.

“I realise my company is rather a joy, but you sound a little paranoid throwing fear into the mix. Lord Joestar leaves us frequently after it, it is not something we are not used to doing in a manner of speaking.” Granted Dio and Jonathan had never been far from each other since they met.

“If you do truly wish to travel around the world, know that at least most of the time I shan’t be able to go with you. I do have my own professions to look to, you realise. Though your body will be missed.” Dio flashed Jonathan a wink before picking up the room keys from the table.

“Shall we go?”
"My father had a mostly grown son by the times he started traveling frequently. If his wife had still been with him, I am not so sure he would have travelled as much at all." It was hard for Jonathan to say for sure, but he did imagine having someone to come home to might have affected that decision. Jonathan had not really imagined his life with a wife he was deeply enamoured with enough to prevent his trips. He also had not expected to fall for a devil like Dio. Devilish in his nature and yet in other ways, absolutely divine.

But it was not worth concerning himself with now. When the time came, Jonathan figured Dio would have had to have proven some trust worthiness. He watched Dio pick up the key, and then Jonathan reached for his hat. It was time they left, but one little troublesome remark remained.

"We shall be off." Jonathan spoke, before suddenly shoving Dio against the door and holding him there with one hand, his other still leisurely holding his hat. He was showing off his strength right now, beneath the shirt and coat Jonathan's arm muscles were a work of art. Using his slight height over Dio to his advantage, he looked down at him and neared his lips to Dio's.

"Will my body be the only thing you miss?"

~

Dio met Jonathan eye to eye. He was used to being shorter than the man, it was not something that intimidated him. But his strength was still there. “Well I’ll also miss the head attached to that body,” he said, stealing a kiss too quickly for him to be denied it, then retracting, licking his lips. He smiled at Jonathan, though it was not returned.

“Learn to take a joke, Jojo. You, my dear, are far too serious in this regard. You will be missed, I assure you. Body and self. Now. Can we leave?”

It would be odd for Jonathan not to be around, Dio thought silently. They had been together for a very long time, and while Dio often was irritated beyond belief, sometimes hated the boy, an emptiness would be felt if he were to suddenly disappear for a while, something Dio would notice.

~

Something that Jonathan was both frustrated by and admired was the fact that Dio was so damn hard to intimidate. Jonathan's size and strength had put an end to his boyhood teasing with everyone else. Dio would never yield. Even in bed, when Jonathan thought he might have the upper hand, Dio would steal it on back. It drove Jonathan mad sometimes in a way that was both painful and pleasurable.

As Jonathan put on his hat and they made their way to the lobby, he too thought about what things would be like if Dio were not around. Part of the most advantageous thing about their relationship was the fact that Dio would be the one handling the estate, enabling Jonathan to pursue his archaeological ventures as he pleased. And there would not be a child in the picture, not until they chose for there to be one. Jonathan would miss Dio terribly, but that could be managed for the sake of his career.

"I would long for your company, but I suppose even I could learn to get along without you, for a little while." Jonathan mentioned as they walked. "Now, I certainly hope this museum has a large archaeological department.”
It was late afternoon by the time they made it from the room and into the city. Jonathan had no real plans and nothing he wanted to specifically do which he had not done already, except for a museum trip. So the two, figuring they would cross that off the list first. The stroll through was leisurely and filled with Jonathan's babble on occasion, but was overall not a painful trip. He seemed to at times get caught up in watching Dio, and when he noticed, would quickly turn away, trying to pretend otherwise.

It was already getting dark by the time that they left, and they took an exit that lead through a quiet park rather than the street. Jonathan liked the peace and quiet, and the privacy.

Unfortunately, the privacy also allowed for other unsavoury characters as well. Once or twice during the day, Jonathan had wondered if they were being followed, but he quickly pushed the thought aside. That was preposterous, who would follow them? But as this figure emerged from behind them, he wondered if he had been correct.

"If it isn't little miss Brando again, out for a stroll with his new brother." The accented voice spoke with a snicker. "Does he know where you came from? Perhaps maybe I should tell him… unless you want to pay."

Jonathan was too stunned immediately to react, turning his attention to Dio. "What… what is going on? Who is this man?"

~

Dio’s eyes widened and stomach clenched when the surly voice of the old customer reached his ears once again. He almost didn’t want to turn around, but of course he did and there he was, the scumbag ready to ruin everything. He was sure he’d lost him, even going so far as to take a detour through the park they stood in now, damn.”

“He is nobody, Jojo, just some stupid old fool that doesn’t know when to quit,” Dio snapped with a warning glare at the man. If he even uttered a word, he would see hell.

“I know exactly when to quit,” he replied, though no one prompted it. “I’ll leave you alone, baby, you’ll never see or hear from me again if you give me what I want. Though I know you still want me, I can see it in your eyes, them beautiful eyes.”

Dio turned, grabbing Jonathan’s coat to take him along, but the man continued to speak, angry now that Dio tried to walk away.

“All those fancy clothes and buckets money doesn’t change what you really are, can’t wipe it all clean. ‘Specially not you, I doubt you could ever get clean with all the stuff you’ve done.”

“Shut up--”

“But even if you had half of London up your ass, I’ll still--”

“Say another word, you fucking pissant, and I’ll cut out your tongue.” The man’s accent was mimicked in Dio’s own as he threatened, and he began to step forward, hand lingering towards the knife he kept on his person. Jojo may have known about the schoolboys he’d been with at university to an extent, but this was something else entirely. This was not Dio’s choice, this was weakness. Jonathan couldn’t know about it.

~

Oh but Jonathan did know. He knew from the moment Dio had drunkenly tried to offer sex as
payment for the diamond earring he had given him as a gesture of love. That, along with his
behaviour with the other school boys, his lack of trust of other people, his knowledge of sex, and his
fear of love… all of it had come together like a puzzle in the days before Christmas. And Jonathan
had been horrified and disgusted since, but not with Dio.

Jonathan's eye began to twitch, and he took a step between Dio and the man, reaching a hand out to
put on Dio's wrist before he could pull out the weapon. He noted the accent, and it only served to
further confirm that this was all part of Dio's past, the past Jonathan so very much wished he could
erase.

"I don't care if he fucked half of London." Jonathan finally spat. "He has never been anything less
than clean, he did what he had to do to survive, while vermin like you would fuck children." With
each of the three most emphasised words, Jonathan stepped closer to the man. Jonathan was not the
type to fly off the handle without reason. But given a reason, a fire and fury would fill his eyes that
would not burn out easily. In the dim light of the park, Dio could see the dark determination.

"You dare approach my brother, you dare threaten him for money?!!" He reached out and grabbed
the man by the collar of his jacket. Jonathan was taller and stronger, with every physical advantage
he could be blessed with. "You have taken more from him than money can buy and in turn, from me
as well." He roughly shoved the man to the ground, glaring down at him. "I don't take kindly to
those who hurt my kin."

~

Dio stood, mouth agape before remembering himself as Jonathan stormed ahead, cursing at the man
with rampant wrath in every step, his muscular form seeming even larger than usual, which spoke
greatly.

He released his hold on the knife when Jonathan began to push the man back with enough force for
him to hit the ground with an audible thud. He had to admit this was rather a sight to see, and
impressive at that, the rage, the fury, all his protective instincts manifesting at this moment,
gentlemanly class shot. Dio was wide eyed and did not think to intervene…

But it also meant Jonathan knew. The man had not been discreet in his words, but from the way he
spoke and instantly reacted, without shock and surprise, it meant he knew. He knew and accepted.
But how did he know? Did Jonathan figure it out? How? Jonathan wasn’t dense, but had Dio done
something to give it away, said something? He couldn’t know.

He looked on at his brother, who now stood above the man, eyes glued to him, narrowed. The man
quaked, tried to squirm away but it seemed the fall damaged his ankle some, for Dio heard and saw
him wince when he tried to stand, scared. But he was not quite ready to yield.

"Y-You know what happens if he doesn’t pay up? I-I’ll tell everyone, your reputation will be shot,
and that’s all you rich folk have isn’t it?"

~

Jonathan did not stand down, although his lips were curved into a frown as he thought. He was not a
good liar on the fly, and he also detested violence, though he would use it in a heartbeat for self-
defence if he had to, or to protect anyone he cared for. But this did not require violence. This
required cunning, which was always more Dio's department. Still, he would try his best.

Reaching into his pocket, he felt around -- he had his pocket watch. Even with the wristwatch Dio
had given him for Christmas, it was something he always kept on him out of habit. Drawing it out,
he dropped it without a care onto the sidewalk, and glared down at the man in a condescending way. For Dio, it would be like watching a dream. Jonathan, who went to extremes to take care of frogs when someone tormented them in the school pond, never looked this cruel.

"I will accuse you of stealing my watch. My brother went after you and you and he locked in a brawl until I stepped in. The police will lock you up for theft and assault, and they will not listen to the words of a thief over that of a noble bloodline. You will rot in jail. In fact, perhaps I shouldn't even let you walk. Perhaps I should just take you there right now, as you deserve."

“You wouldn’t…” But Jonathan’s expression told more than enough and the man looked down at the watch. It was expensive, something that could be pawned and leave him with enough to live a good life for a year on first glance. Jonathan was right, he would never be believed over a noble, especially not with his relationship with the police. And the punishment for stealing from the upper class oft meant death, not just imprisonment. That was a risk he’d be truly stupid to take.

“Fine. I’ll say nothing about your brother here or who he’s been with.” He almost tried to make a deal, get something out of it, but as he opened his mouth Jonathan warned him with his gaze alone, and the man fell silent while picking himself up and limping away. He turned, looking at Dio as if he wanted to say something more once again, but Jonathan stood between them, and the man did not dare.

~

Dio was coloured impressed, couldn’t deny it. Cunning and brutality looked rather nice on Jonathan. But his stomach lurched at the oncoming aftermath. He was sure Jonathan would say something. He was also rather concerned, the man knew where they were staying, and very easily could come back with company if he so desired. Should have killed him, that was the only true assurance. But was lowlife, a few friends here and there, but nothing like a leader, and sodomites were never popular. Regardless, he knew their London trip should not last much longer.

Dio turned to face Jonathan, the darkness masking his expression. For once he had little idea of what to say.

~

Jonathan watched the man leave, hearing his threats, but for the moment, his plan seemed to have worked. He sighed deeply in relief, his body visibly seemed to relax and sink down. He did not enjoy threatening others but he could be quite intimidating when he wanted to be. Snatching up the abandoned pocket watch, he slipped it back in his jacket and turned to Dio.

"Are you alright?" There was nothing but concern in his voice and eyes, all the anger and rage melted away. He reached out and put his hand on Dio's shoulder, wanting to make sure that he knew Jonathan was not angry at him in the slightest. At the same time, Jonathan wasn't sure what to say either.

"We can go back to the room if you want… or find a safer place to sit and talk. But I just want you to know, no matter what, I will be by your side. Nothing from your past will change that. Nothing."

~

“...I’m fine, Jojo.” The second Jonathan turned around to face Dio, the fire and fury completely dissipated, and he seemed like himself again. "If he is coming back, there is hardly a chance of it being any time soon. It’s cold. Let’s go back to the hotel."
As they walked, the light mood from the day grew heavy and damp upon the both of them, neither saying a word, and Dio dreading the moment Jonathan did. So he took the opportunity to do so first.

“Do me a favour, Jojo,” Dio began, suddenly recalling something from quite some time ago. “In fact, do me ‘the favour,’ the one you promised to obey in advance.” He stopped in his tracks for a moment, staring the Joestar deep in the face.

“I don’t want to talk about this. Whatever you think I may or may not have done, I do not wish to disclose it with you, and I do not want you prying into matters benign. I do not want you trying to sympathise, I don’t want your pity for there is *none* to be had. Do you understand?”

~

Jonathan frowned and thought back to the night he granted Dio that promise. He had been expecting Dio to use it in something related to sex, but soon after, their sex life had blossomed, and there was no need for a favour to be used at all. Jonathan was perfectly content to be compliant in that regard. This was something completely different, and Jonathan did not like the lack of room for discussion. But he did understand it, and he could hardly deny him his obedience.

"Very well." Jonathan said as they walked along. "But you must know that while yes, pity is an emotion that would come to my mind, I know better. I don't pity you, Dio, I admire you." He stopped and, once confirming that they were alone, raised his hands to cup Dio’s face. He met Dio's sharp look with a warm one, one that was positively melting with affection.

"Pity is something for the weak. You, my love, are quite possibly the bravest person I have ever met. Most would let themselves be crushed if they were in your shoes, but not you. You are cunning, and strong, and I am the luckiest man in the world to have you by my side." His hands pressed against Dio's cheeks, before reluctantly turning away to walk back to the hotel.

~

Dio didn’t like this one bit; the affirming words said with gentility and loving and lack of judgement, praising him for overcoming the adversities of his childhood. While it may have made another smile it made Dio feel all the worse. He did not think himself brave for this, it was not a matter of overcoming; it was just a part of life, a part he hated and wished to bury.

This wasn’t strength, it was weakness, and even for he, Dio, who was the best in all regards and should be viewed as such, weakness should *never* be celebrated.

“None of that either, Jojo,” he replied, pulling his hand down, tone still rather firm, no grin cracked. “It’s no better.” He felt like a child who’d lost a competition and needed consoling from their parents, someone to say ‘we’re still proud.’ Dio did not need that. He turned his head, eyes facing the ground as he took off ahead of Jonathan in quick steps, brushing a hand over his eyes to stifle anything that wanted to fall from them.
As they reached the hotel room, Dio dragged their suitcases from under the bed before placing himself on top of it. “We should leave tomorrow. Your lectures are done, so there is nothing keeping us here.”

~

Jonathan was confused, as Dio so often made him. He reacted so coldly to his heartfelt words, he wasn’t sure if he had done something wrong, or if this was just some part of Dio that he would not be able to understand. Even if it was the latter, it still hurt. He wanted Dio to trust him.

When Dio suggested they pack, he did not object, although he was not ready for their little trip to be done. He began to put away his notes and clothing, contemplating if they should simply go home tomorrow, or find another suitable place to ring in the New Years.

A glumness set in, and he found himself unable to properly think. Instead, he packed nearly everything up, changed into his pyjamas, and fell on the bed, his face buried in a pillow. A bunch of thoughts ran through his head, and they were all so loud he didn’t even know what to make of them. He felt like he should say something to Dio, but wasn’t sure what. Closing his eyes, he yanked up the blanket around him.

~

Dio changed too, though he did not fall into bed along with Jonathan, instead trying his hand at a little Chinese knickknack he’d picked up during their stroll around town. The aim was to unhook two metal rings entwined within each other and he’d been having a bit of a difficult time with it all day, despite his intelligence. It took his mind off the night and the childhood he’d so diligently kept out of his thoughts until they were forcibly reawakened. No event could have been called pleasant, despite the men often telling him he should be enjoying it. They tended not to care whether he seemed happy or not, so long as they got their money’s worth. And money’s worth was often left up to interpretation, to Dio, most got more than he wanted to offer and more than they paid for.

Angered, he threw the toy on the ground, it only sought to increase his frustration. He wondered if he should go and find the man, kill him, that was the truest form of silence after all, plus he just felt the inklings of bloodlust he did not know if he’d be able to sate without spilling some. But even that felt useless, Jonathan knew, he knew, he knew of Dio’s dirty past, his tainted past in ways that made him feel more exposed than he had ever felt before, as if the words ‘child whore’ were painted on his forehead for all to see, an ugly spread of ink upon his face.

Eventually he was ready for bed, and perched on the edge of the one he and Jonathan had taken to sleeping on. He looked at the sleeping boy, calm and gentle, light snores escaping his lips. He said he didn’t care, and Jonathan was not accustomed to lying, but that made Dio frown, shudder. He should not be able to accept something Dio could not accept in himself for years with such ease. He pinched Jonathan’s nose, not enough to wake him but enough to make him squirm before standing, planting himself in the unused bed a few metres away and hiding away under the covers.

Though part of him felt that need, craving, to embed himself in Jonathan’s hold, the dirt, that dirty side to him that fancy clothes and all the soap in the world could not wash away was something he needed to keep within. Jonathan should not touch him, nobody should.
Jonathan had not intended to fall asleep until they had a chance to clear the air of the odd tension that had engulfed them, ever since the encounter in the park. But exhaustion eventually got the better of him and he ended up dozing off. The next morning, he awoke to see Dio curled up on the other bed, and he frowned. They were so rarely able to awaken besides each other, and the last thing he wanted was for them to be so far apart, especially now.

Pulling himself out of bed, he hastily washed and dressed. It never took him long to get ready. Like the night before, he was extremely quiet. He stood to the side with his arms folded over his chest, seemingly lost in thought as Dio readied himself. He stood behind the other man as he brushed his hair out in the mirror, and finally met his eyes in the reflection.

"It is New Year's Eve," he said, leaning over against the counter. "We never decided how we were going to spend it. But before we can think about that..." Jonathan sighed, shaking his head slightly. "I can't live like this Dio. I need to know what it is I did wrong."

"If you can't live like this I suppose you'll have to die then, won't you, Jojo?" Dio sighed as Jonathan pulled a hurt face through the mirror, and met his gaze within it. "And what do you mean, 'what it is you did wrong'? why must you suppose everything is about you, Jojo, do not be so egocentric." Dio was unsure what he was angry about specifically at this point, but right now, with Jonathan refusing to conclude the conversation, his frustrations directed themselves at him.

"What exactly is it that you want? What would you like to talk about, pray tell? Since it seems you cannot hold true to your word, I assume it is about the menial events of last night. Well, since there is nothing to say in that regard, it seems our conversation is over, fancy that! If you want to know what you did wrong, you are in the midst of it right now."

Jonathan did look genuinely hurt, even though he was no stranger to harshness from Dio, the words still cut deep and he didn't know what to do. All he wanted to do was show Dio that he cared for him no matter what, but the more he tried to show it, the more he would push him away. Since Christmas, he had felt as if he had been making progress, that Dio had finally started to open his heart to him. Now, because of one incident with some old street rat from Dio's past, he was starting to shut himself away again, and he did not know what to do. Jonathan's fingers twitched, and then balled into tight fists. He stopped and turned around, his back to the mirror, so that Dio could no longer see his face. Every fibre of his being was longing to embrace the other man, but his fear of rejection was so strong he dared not try.

"Very well then. If my presence is that distasteful to you, and if my words will always be wrong... I shall let you be. Go home if you like. I am going to remain here in London for the holiday." He felt numb as he said the words. He did not wish to leave Dio on his own right now, but he saw no other choice if it was going to turn into an emotional scuffle.

"Fine! Act like a petulant child, you always were one, I suppose." Dio scowled as Jonathan turned his head and faced away. The same Jonathan who days before promised not to leave him was doing just that. The same Jonathan who always wished to hold him long into the hours of the night now pulled away. Of course he did, it was only testament to what he knew about himself...

Well, it wasn't as if Dio cared about him at all, he was always such an irritant. "By all means enjoy the holiday alone, start the new year alone, it is all you are going to be at this rate." As he said this,
Dio knew he was off to be alone himself, but at least he desired it, deserved it. Jonathan was just angry that Dio did not wish to talking about screwing men twice or triple or even over quadruple his age when he was a child. And he thought that gave him license to lash out. Dio scoffed at the thought.

Not having anywhere to go, they were caught in a silent stalemate as they finished up preparing and dressing for the day, but the tension and silence could be cut by a knife, and in it, Dio heard Jonathan's stomach rumble. Typical.

"Just go out. Eat something. By the time you get through your eight courses, I can assure you I'll be gone. I cannot concentrate when you're here."

~

Jonathan could feel tears pricking at his eyes. Dio was an expert at cruelty, he was good at twisting the knife when it was in. They were grown adults now, and here he was, about ready to make him cry once again.

He couldn't take it. He was too old for the tears, too old to let Dio get to him like this, when he had no right, none at all. How else should he have handled the disturbing incident from the night before? He lifted a hand, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him hard. He wanted to hit him so badly, but he managed to keep that shred of control.

"How dare you, I am trying to share my life with you! You call me the petulant child? Last night I protected you, I lied for you!" He gave him another hard shake and tightened his grip. His blue eyes were once again filled with rage, as well as tears.

~

Intent of yelling back as Jonathan grabbed and shook him hard enough to make his head spin, one look at the tears that glazed and sprang from his ducts and Dio ceased. Instead, he relaxed his expression and stared at him, eyes almost dead in the appearance. He spoke slowly, as if Jonathan was unable to comprehend simple sentences.

"Do not think for a second that because you stepped in I lacked control of the situation. I could have handled it much better than you, of that I have no doubts. Your height and your strength help intimidate and that I will never deny, but all you gave out were empty threats. You let the man go, I would not have been so stupid." A trickling of bloodlust usually kept well within Dio’s being oozed out in that moment, and he had no desire to recoil it back within.

"And now you expect me to, what, divulge my life story with you because a man happened to walk by while you were with me? Don't think yourself so entitled, Jojo. Do not kid yourself into believing you earned anything by that. It's a knight’s job to act without question," Dio said, bringing their little analogy into play. "I told you I did not want to talk about it, what makes you think that has changed in less than a day? You are a petulant child, complaining when he does not get what he wants. I, Dio, do not wish to deal with petulant children, especially one who thinks himself a gentleman.”

~

While Jonathan was not fond of the fact that the man roamed free, Dio's words about him were sobering, and he pulled back, hands letting go of Dio's collar. He knew exactly what Dio meant, but as much as a part of him would have taken satisfaction in the man being no longer able to hurt anyone, death was not an option. Jonathan would never let it be one.
"There was no other way to handle that situation." Jonathan said quickly, not wishing to dwell on the unstated fact that Dio was willing to kill. "And I never asked you to divulge anything at all. I am honouring that favour. However, as soon as it was over you started distancing yourself from me. You sulked for the rest of the night and morning, you slept in a different bed, and you are acting so miserable in my very presence I feel as if I have no choice but to make myself scarce. I did nothing, Dio, nothing except tell you that my feelings for you are constant and that I admire you. Should I have not?"

～

"There were many other ways, but I was not sulking, Jojo. Just because I do not always wish to be smothered by your overbearing presence does not equate to me to such." Dio brought his hand to Jonathan’s chest and had him step back a few paces, freeing himself from being pinned to the wall before his arms returned to a fold.

"I need time alone, you've known me for enough years to realise that, though I am giving you leeway as your densities often impair you from basic cognitive function. But you mistake wishing to be alone for pushing you away and invade, asking questions without relent anyway. It is you who needs to realise and accept this. I don't know what makes you truly think I would want to be coddled and held after..." Dio steered clear of the remainder of that sentence, not wishing to delve into that realm, one of insecurities and weaknesses Dio would not allow himself to possess.

～

“I am not trying to coddle you!” Jonathan spoke exasperatedly. “I did not touch you last night, and now you say you need space so I am leaving to give it to you!

Dio was a very peculiar man, Jonathan had known this from day one. And in recent months that peculiarity had been immensely attractive. But would it stay attractive forever, or would it just become toxic to him? He wanted to be with Dio to help him, but how could he even do that when Dio was making that damn near impossible? He didn't even want his help!

“What is it you want, Dio?”

～

What do I want…?” Dio’s hand instinctively made its way towards Jonathan’s palm in a clasping gesture, reaching forth to take it within his hold. But something, pride perhaps, or shame, or some strange amalgamation of the two forced it back to his side. He glanced down at the floor, refusing to meet Jonathan in the eye, something he rarely showed issue in doing.

“I want… you... " Dio might have wanted himself to stop at those words, but with a bitter taste he pushed forth. “To go. I need… time. You don’t have to understand, Jojo, but nevertheless… give me that." Dio gave out something of a sigh, bringing his arms into a tighter fold.

"It is clear we do not share the same methods in the way we resolve our problems, so why don't you just learn to accept that rather than have you screaming and shaking me like some sort of lunatic when I am not feeling partial to a hug in that moment. You do not have to fathom why, you may question it all you desire on your own, but know that to help me, to comfort me, the best you can do for now is to go, away. This, now, it was never about you, Jojo, and I do not say that to be cruel -- believe me you would know it if I did.” That much was for certain.

"My desires include getting what I want, that shall make me very happy indeed. I want you, Jojo, but… I need to rinse off the dirt, and I can’t do that with you looking at me with those eyes of
yours…” A hand made its way to Dio’s own eyes, brushing away all the unfallen wetness before it had a chance to brim.

~

“But you’re not dirty, Dio…” Jonathan reached out a hand towards the other man, before pulling it back sharply as if he had touched something very hot. Dio had said he did not want to be coddled right now, and Jonathan was not about to break that request. But hearing him say he was dirty, those words sunk claws deep into Jonathan’s heart, making him want to take Dio up into his arms and kiss each and every inch of him, until he felt clean again.

“I want you too. I want this to work, Dio. But I--” He stared into Dio’s amber eyes, pursed his lips, and looked away, as if defeated by his gaze. Bringing a hand to his brow, he shook his head and sighed deeply. The conflict going on within him was written all over his face, posture, and body language, but in the end, he resigned himself to what he knew must be done.

“I shall stay. You go home, it will be quiet, Father is away. I will see you tomorrow in the new year.” Bravely, he leaned in and pressed a kiss to Dio’s lips, just a soft brush. “That is your kiss for midnight.” Jonathan paused, there was so much he wished to say, do, and convey, but he realised that none of that would help. All he could do was leave.

“Take care of yourself, since I can’t take care of you.” He hurried himself out the door, barely remembering to take his coat and hat on the way.

~

Once Jonathan had left the room, Dio found himself gasping for a breath, forgetting to do so for almost the entirety of their exchange. His hands clawed at his shirt, tearing it off despite only dressing a little while prior, trousers and shoes following until he was bare. For a moment he paused, staring at himself in the mirror in front, fingers skirting and dancing along his pale skin. Most of the childhood scars had faded, he had been lucky Dario and whoever else may have felt like hitting him preferred using their fists, for bruises could heal, but nevertheless a few light scratches had etched and later faded on his skin. They were unnoticeable to most, but to Dio they were practically incandescent.

Dio shook his head, turning away from the looking glass and hurrying himself into the bathroom, running it hot and high, draining the most expensive of his soaps, filling the tub with a plethora of bubbles before stepping in himself, grabbing the sponge and scrubbing his body raw.

It was only now, when he was truly alone and left with no more distractions that tears began to shed fully and freely. It was a moment of pathetic weakness, Dio knew that better than anyone, but in the private confines, his voice quivered and he let out quiet, then loud sobs, bringing his knees to his chest, crying out for anyone, someone…

“Jojo…”
The rest of the morning was a blur for Jonathan. He ate breakfast, doubting himself and his decision to leave Dio alone with each and every bite. He had spoken of needing to rinse off the dirt, and those words haunted Jonathan, no matter how hard he tried to push them away. Dio had never spoken of himself as dirty before, in fact, he was most likely the cleanest and sweetest smelling man he had ever met.

But by the time Jonathan got up the courage to go back to the room and check on him, it was too late. The room had been cleaned and the beds had been made.

Dio was gone.

Jonathan fell on top of one of the overstuffed pillows, and allowed himself to shed the tears he had been holding onto since that morning. He hated crying, and he hated the fact that even as a grown man he still sometimes felt the hot prick of tears. At least he wasn’t doing it in front of Dio.

~

Dio made his way down the cobbled streets of London with only one thought in mind. Jonathan would likely think him on his way back to the estate and he would be, soon enough, but there was one thing he had to do before he could think to return home. There was one way he knew he could slake the trembling disturbance that brought him to weak tears that wouldn’t include curling up in Jonathan’s arms and being told it would all be all right, that he still loved him. No, he couldn’t do that, no matter how much he may or may not have wanted it.

It did not take long for Dio to find his target, loitering in the same bar he found him in that foolish night he gambled. He was coming down the stairs, alone of course, but in five minutes, maybe ten, he knew some boy would make his way down too, pocket filled with coins and ass with something else.

Dio made no grand entrance, held no desire to command the room as he often did, purposely trying not to draw attention to himself, simply leaning against the wall by the door and watching, waiting. He had even worn a mask, inky black in colour on the way there but removed upon entrance to the bar, for his face needed to be recognised.

And it was eventually, and Dio’s eyes locked onto his target and they met. The man seemed surprised to see him, but Dio gave him a wink and a wave, flashing the ring in his direction, finger in his mouth before turning around with an unceremonious exit.

He’d follow, Dio knew he would, follow him all the way down to an empty street where all was dark and quiet, save for a single lamppost at the side of the road. Only five in the afternoon and already black as midnight; winter season the perfect cover. He had put the mask back on in that time, though once again it was lifted when he turned to face the man behind him.

“You put me through quite a bit of aggravation today, disclosed some information about myself that I would much rather have kept quiet.” Dio’s voice was controlled, calm. One might have even called it playful if it weren’t so ominously laced.

“What? Don’t want’cha new fancies finding out you were little more than a cocksucking whore?” Dio ignored the comment.

“You wanted my ring, right?” Dio presented his left hand forward, the ruby shining in the light of the
lantern. “Take it off me, then. You always liked to do the undressing, after all.”

“So… you do remember me.” The man’s eyes flickered between Dio and his hand as he moved forward. He sounded relieved, happy at that, his suspicious defensiveness and insulting tone from before dissipating with almost shocking immediacy. Dio’s sounded quite the opposite.

“I remember everyone.”

“No… you remember me. You were always the best, you know. I missed you when you were gone, I even looked for you.” He had reached Dio’s hand now, but before taking the ring off he fell to his knees before him, a sight not unfamiliar. The puckering lips pressed against his digits, slobbering and plentiful, were also something he remembered, and Dio stared down keeping his arm as steady as possible as the man lay his need all over his hands, just as he always did before. Disgusting.

“How sweet. You really must have missed me, but then you were always one of the more… persistent.”

“I loved you, Dio,” he whimpered in between kisses. “I still do. And I know why you came back, you came looking for me, didn’t you? Didn’t you?” The man received an echoing laugh in response, and an aghast expression.

“No.” Dio glared down at the grovelling man, looking at him with soured eyes now that the sickening hilarity of that notion had faded. “I did not come back for you, and I certainly did not come back to indulge in your sorry excuse for love when I have so much more waiting for me. A love with no cost, no exchange and no coercion. More than you ever gave me, or could ever give, even if you showered me in all the coin you had.” As he spoke, some of the words sounded familiar, as if he had heard them somewhere before. He could not remember where, but for now it was irrelevant.

Dio pulled his left hand away, the right, which had inconspicuously been kept behind his back replacing it, and within its clutches there lay a blade.

With a quick swipe of his wrist, the man’s neck became a torrent of red.

“You were nothing more than business,” Dio said as life left the man’s eyes in his choking gasp, crawling on the ground and clutching his neck in a futile effort to save himself. “But I think it is time to end the transaction once and for all.”

Dio took a moment to ensure there were no unsuspecting witnesses loitering about before spitting on the man’s form, looking down at his feet.

“Now look what you’ve done,” Dio said in a condescending tut to the dead body. “You’ve gone and messed up my shoes with your mess. They were rather expensive, you know.” That earned the corpse a kick to the gut, and the man rolled over, eyes wide open, blood running through the cracks in the cobbles. “I’ll let you off this time, though. Consider it my final gift to you.”

***

Once he had collected himself, Jonathan opted to walk the several streets to the grand ballroom where the New Year’s party was being held. He thought the cold air would help put his mind at ease. It didn’t. And questions of Dio’s whereabouts did nothing to help matters.

"He… he went home," Jonathan explained. "We had a bit of a row, and he felt it best to leave early."

"Well that is hardly anything new!" Matthew clapped Jonathan on the back, a chuckle in his voice. "You and your brother have had your share of disagreements, why when you were young you were
at each other's throats like a couple of stray alley tom cats! I am sure it will resolve itself in good
time." He took a glass of champagne from a tray, and passed it to his cousin Violet. "All the more the
pity for him, missing such marvellous company!" He gave Jonathan's shoulder another squeeze, and
spotted a face on the other side of the room. Before long he was gone, leaving he and Violet standing
along together by a tray of champagne.

“What did you quarrel about?” Violet asked, and Jonathan found that she looked far more
sympathetic than her cousin had. That, however, did not make answering her any easier. Jonathan’s
hand that was not holding the champagne moved to his pocket, fumbling with the pocket watch he
had used to create the lie last night.

“A pocket watch,” he replied without thinking, and then took a sip of champagne to cover for the
fact that his face was turning red with embarrassment. “It—it’s a long story.”

“I’m so sorry, I was only just saying to him the other day how close you two seem. It must be hard to
have parted with him on poor terms.” Jonathan gave her a weak smile in response, glancing down at
his watch. Violet sipped her own champagne as she continued to inspect him.

“It is a rather lovely watch. But the time is only going to keep ticking forward. Would it not be more
sensible to settle your dispute before the start of a new year?” With surprise, Jonathan pocketed the
watch and raised his head to meet her eye.

“Yes, but he is -- and I…”

“Family first, Mister Joestar.” She gave him a knowing smile, and held out her hand. “It is written on
your face that it is weighing heavily on you, so I shall bid you goodnight. Good luck with Dio and
your pocket watch.”

Jonathan watched as she strolled away, gave his watch another glance, and then ran like hell out of
the ballroom, not caring for the fancy dressed couples he knocked into on the way.

~

After settling his final affairs in London, Dio made his immediate way back to the estate in a pre-
ordered carriage, bags already in tow. It was late, perhaps twenty minutes to midnight by the time he
arrived home. There was the old caretaker left in the estate, but since there was a general lack of
Joestars, most of the staff had gone home to spend the New Year with those they loved. Dio could
not relate. He was greeted by the worker, surprised he returned early and alone, but he did not pry as
he would have with Jonathan, for he knew Dio well enough over the years, as well as the fact Dio
stormed up to his bedroom in an immediate flurry, no thought for pleasantries.

Somehow Dio thought killing that customer might have been more… satisfying. It was his first time
doing something like that, upfront, blade in his palm and slicing the throat, seeing it gush out and red
and warm. But he felt sour, after the burst of excitement and adrenaline had died down, and empty.
Lonely.

“I loved you, Dio,” he repeated the man’s words, twiddling the knife (now clean and evidence
free) on his index finger, the point perfectly sharp. “Disgusting.”

Still frustrated and wishing to let off steam, Dio found the gun he had taken from Thomas Floris and
brought it onto the outside grounds leading off into woodland.

An ample tree located, he began to shoot at it. Point blank range was difficult to miss, but Dio’s aim
was true and accurate all the same -- not even after the many shots of whiskey that intertwined with
his firing. The shots coincided with the fireworks that took to the skies from the townsfolk, marking the first of January.

Amongst each round Dio’s voice sang out a chime, a song to mark forth the New Year.

“Should old acquaintance be forgot,

and never brought to mind?

Should old acquaintance be forgot,

and old lang syne?”

The last few notes had no accompaniment, Dio’s instrument silenced into empty clicks, run out of bullets to shoot.

“They certainly should be forgot, fucking, fucking, fucking forgotten,” Dio spat with a bitter edge, dropping the gun onto the woodland floor.

“Don’t you dare, Dio,” he told himself sternly wet when he felt his eyes well. “Don’t you dare… not again, he doesn’t deserve it, nobody ever deserves your tears.”

Somehow, through sheer power of will and determination, Dio managed to keep himself together, picking up the cold metal of the gun before making his solemn way back to the estate.

~

Jonathan had left everything at the hotel, to be sorted out later. The entire carriage ride home he kept flicking glances at his watch, the minute hand moving closer and closer to midnight. He knew Dio needed space, he knew that he could do nothing to change his past, but he realised that he would never forgive himself if he allowed his lover to start the new year alone.

He didn’t make it.

The carriage pulled up a few minutes past midnight, fireworks and cheers still echoing through the night sky. They only made Jonathan feel worse. He barged out of the carriage with no grace what so ever, and no sooner had he done so, the driver hurried towards the stables, glad to be on his way. With a heavy heart, he raced towards the door, only to hear the familiar footfalls of a slender man in expensive shoes. Turning, his eyes fell on Dio, and he froze.

“…I’m sorry. I’m sorry, Dio, be mad if you must, banish me to my room, but I couldn’t leave you alone. Not tonight.”

~

“J-Jojo…” Quickly, Dio slipped the gun back and tucked it into his trousers, keeping it. “You’re here.” He spoke slowly, truly he had never anticipated Jonathan’s arrival here, but the minute his face appeared, illuminated by the burst of the fireworks all that emptiness, all the bitterness he felt swirling about him after killing that man was filled with something new, something bright.

Maybe it was the drinks, maybe it was because there was nothing else to lose, or maybe it was some other reason but Dio found his feet moving forward one step, two step until he was but an inch away from Jonathan. His expression was an inscrutable range of emotions from trembling lips to shaking eyes but soon Jonathan saw it no more as Dio’s arms wrapped around his form, head buried in the crook of his neck and silently, he hugged him.
Fingers curling round the back of Jonathan’s coat, Dio buried himself in his warmth, his entire body falling into the embrace, shuddering when he felt the man hug him back, but letting him. He wanted to say something, but no words left him, this was all he could do.

~

Jonathan’s arms wrapped around Dio’s shoulders with surprise, pulling him in tightly against his chest, and pressing kisses softly to the top of his head.

“Happy new year,” he murmured, also at a loss for words. Despite himself, a few hot wet tears were rolling down his face. “I’m sorry I missed midnight,” was added, before pulling back slightly to look down at him. Just having him there in his arms made all the shadows that had fallen over his heart lift. It had been well worth the trip, simply for this.
A gust of winter wind rushed through them as Dio and Jonathan stood outside in the cold, still hugging. Dio’s grip tight around him. We will catch our deaths out here.” Jonathan said as he began to usher him through the front door of the mansion. “Why were you outside?

~

Dio shook his head, raising up a passing hand. “No reason in particular. I just needed some air. It wasn’t for long, just a few minutes.” Closer to sixty, really, but who was counting? He allowed Jonathan to remove his coat once they stepped indoors, quickly tucking the gun into his boot as he kicked them off too, not really in the mood to answer questions about why he had that on his person right now.

They went up the stairs together, and into Dio’s bedroom. By the bed was a half glass of wine Dio had yet to finish. As he sat himself down on the soft mattress, the cup was collected into his grasp and he took slow sips, watching Jonathan carefully. For a while neither of them talked, the silence long and heavy despite what had happened outside. But finally, Dio broke the quiet.

“Why did you come back?” he asked plainly. And then, with a mild sarcastic edge to mask anything else he added, “Your party not all it was cracked up to be?”

~

“Without you, of course it wasn’t.” Jonathan’s coat had been deposited in a chair to the side, it having been the only thing from the London trip to have made it back from the hotel as of yet. As they sat, Jonathan fidgeted with the pocket watch, opening it and closing it mindlessly. Finally, as he stared down at the face, he spoke again.

“Violet, of all people, reminded me that it is best to not allow a quarrel to carry into a new day. Or, in this case, a new year.” He glanced in Dio’s direction. “I can go if you like.”

~

Dio looked at Jonathan, and then looked at the pocket watch. He ‘borrowed’ it once, years ago when still in the midst of tormenting the boy, a foolish plot in the long term, but at the time most fun. Dio had thought Jonathan a pretentious brat who did not deserve the silver spoon -- or golden watch -- life had given him. He’d returned it though, eventually, as means to wriggle his way back into Jonathan’s good books and have him trust him again. A calculated move.

“Do what you want,” Dio said after another long bout of quiet. This move was far less so, in fact he didn’t really know what he was doing right now. He just… he did not want to admit to the fact he needed him right now. Well, not needed, but… would not mind having in the general vicinity. Since he was here anyway.

“I’m cold.”

~

“Well then,” Jonathan spoke, as he kicked off his shoes, and pulled himself onto Dio’s bed. Reaching forward, he wrapped his arms about his waist, pulling him back against his chest. It was amazing to him just how well he fit there, as if he belonged. One of the blankets from the bed was draped about their shoulders, creating a cocoon of sorts. “Is that any better?”
“I…” Dio squirmed in Jonathan’s embrace. He was warm, that was for certain, and large and embracing. For all intents and purposes he should have been more than perfect source of comfort. But now, when the heated moment from outside had settled and Dio returned to his thoughts, having him wrapped around like this… suddenly Dio found himself unable to breathe, gasping, hot… no.

“No. I can’t. Not yet, I just…” He upped quickly, removing himself from underneath the covers and sitting on the bed, knees tucked into his chest, rocking slightly. “I can’t have you… like that. On me, not after…” He knew…

~

Jonathan’s face fell. He drew back, not wishing to startle him with another touch. His stomach began to turn, he knew what Dio must be referring to, yet he still had no idea how he could make it better.

“I don’t have to touch you, if you don’t want me to. Whatever you want is fine by me, Dio, you can set the rules. I… I am just happy to see you, and be with you.” His lips spread into a slight smile.

~

It was frustrating. Jonathan was frustrating. It wasn’t fair, how dare he just… accept all of this. As if it meant nothing, as if it did not make him look at Dio differently. It had to, so why was he pretending otherwise, it was infuriating. Dio’s hands ball into fists, his glum expression turning into that of a frown.

“You don’t understand, Jojo!” With an unnecessary amount of pent up energy, Dio pulled down his trousers, yanking and kicking them off until he was in a pair of underwear, but that did not matter, since all he needed was his leg on show. “You don’t know. You will never know what… what it is like to… be forced to offer yourself up to someone. Have them mark you, alter you, scar you.” He grabbed Jonathan’s arm harshly, taking his finger and tracing it across a pale long line across his leg. If one were not looking for it, it probably would go unnoticed, but that did not stop Dio from putting on a cover of makeup for it whenever he wore shorts.

“That was the first. I can’t… no matter what I do to hide it, mask it, heal it, it will never go away. You will never understand what that is like. And you can never say this won’t be on your mind every single time you look at me. I don’t want that… I am not that, but…” Dio squeezed his eyes shut, forcing back the choke in his throat. It took a while.

“It will never go away, Jojo… it just… I’m so much more than that and yet here it is, here it is.” Scratching deep into the back of his calf, Dio dragged sharp nails across his skin, enough to mark it red.

~

“Stop it.” Jonathan reached out and grabbed his wrist, pulling it back before he could actually hurt himself. “Stop, Dio, just stop.” Most often when Jonathan spoke to Dio, there was a gentleness in his tone that was simply a part of his nature. But right now, at least for those few words, he was stern and hard, with a calm determination behind it that did not leave room for argument.

“You are not what they did to you. You are not your scars. And I don’t need to know what it is like to know that.” The hand on his wrist moved to lace his fingers with Dio’s own, squeezing it tightly. His tone softened slightly, but his eyes showed his resolve.

“The clock only ticks forward from here, not backwards. That man, and all the others, Dio, they are
gone. I am what is ahead of you, if you will let me be.” He clutched his hand and stared deep into his eyes, barely even blinking.

~

A contest of stares began between them, and where Dio on any occasion would have won with his piercing leer, this time he was the first to pull away, unable to take that sheer brightness that emanated from Jonathan right now.

“You are just… too much.” Dio pulled further, unlatching their joined fingers with a shake of the wrists. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore. It is foolish and useless and you just cannot see it.” What Jonathan could not see Dio did not know anymore. Only that he could not.

Dio poured himself another glass of wine, drinking it in one easy swig. Then he drank another one for good measure before finally returning himself under the covers. “Stay if you like. But I do not want you touching me. I just… cannot have that from you.”

~

“As you wish.” Jonathan was exhausted, the day had been tiring from start to finish, and the night before had not been filled with much sleep either. He did not even care that he was still in his clothes. Slipping back against the mattress, he pulled a corner of the blanket up over his body and curled up. “But if you need me, all you need do is wake me.”

He closed his eyes, seeming as if he were falling straight into slumber. Instead, he fought the instinct to sleep and listened for Dio, staying awake for as long as his body would allow. Part of him wanted to hold Dio, but even in slumber he respected his wishes, only brushing a small piece of hair from his face, and wondering what he could do to make Dio feel… clean again.

***

“Ah, Dio, you are finally awake…” When Dio next opened his eyes, daylight was spilling in through the windows, clearly he had missed the first morning of the new year. Jonathan stepped forward and handed him a hot cup of coffee, which had been waiting for him on a tray along with some biscuits. “I figured you would want to take a bath, and the water is warm and ready.” He sat on the edge of the bed and watched over Dio carefully.

~

Dio said little, only one eye open as he stared a little slowly at the cup of coffee now in his hand, and Jonathan perched by his side. He felt groggy, tired still, and not particularly enthusiastic about rising this day, but he had never been what one could call a morning person. Not that it was morning.

It was a while before he spoke with anymore more than a hum or grunt, but the hot brew was brought to his lips and he sipped it, the strong bitter flavour giving him the required kick he needed to at least drag himself up to a seated position, back resting on the headframe of the bed.

“I’ll take a bath,” he said, only when the entire contents had been finished, his voice rather low in both spirit and volume. Turning, he placed his feet on the side of the bed and shuffled out of the clothes he slept in.

~

Eyes followed Dio’s movements as he groggily undressed himself. Fearing that he still might be wary about touch, Jonathan offered no assistance, however, he did begin to undress himself as well.
“I will join you,” he declared, though he did not attempt to pick him up and carry him or any of his usual antics. Instead, he stepped into the bathroom ahead of Dio, which gave him enough time to gaze at his own reflection in the mirror, considering it carefully. Soon, the figure of Dio appeared in the glass behind him, and he spun about.

“You know, I need a shave.” He ran a thumb and pointer finger across his prickly jawline. If Jonathan did not shave each morning promptly, Dio would certainly know it as soon as the man leaned in and kissed him. And he had not touched the razor since they had last been together at the hotel. Picking up the blade and flicking it open, he took a step towards Dio.

“Would you like to do the honours?”

~

Dio eyed up Jonathan’s almost fully bare body as he sat by the side of the tub, testing the water. Jonathan knew him well enough, and it was the perfect blend of hot but not scalding. Jonathan’s body too, was rather perfect. Used to it, Dio may have been, but it did not make it less of a sight to behold. Christmas trimmings lining his stomach or chiselled and refined after a hard rugby season, Dio rather liked them both.

“You want me to shave you?” Dio asked with a questioning brow. A few months ago, he was sure his brother would never let him this close with a knife out of residual fear he would be slaughtered where he stood. And now here he was asking for it. “Why?” Dio couldn’t deny the thought was appealing, a blade in his hand had always been pleasant, and he enjoyed the practiced techniques he could use with them, murder only being one of many. “Can’t do it yourself?”

~

“I suppose that I could, but I thought this might be fun.” Jonathan took another step forward, keeping the smile on his face as he did so, not showing any hints of nerves, though they were most assuredly there. “I thought it might be a lucky way to start the new year if you did it. And besides,” He pressed the open blade carefully into Dio’s hand. “I have a feeling that you could get a very close shave.”

~

“I have never heard of that tradition,” Dio said plainly, but nevertheless he closed his palm over the hilt of the knife and took it. “Go and get the cream from the drawer then, and you can lather up your face yourself.”

While Jonathan complied, Dio settled himself into the warmth of the tub and sighed. There was something about bath that relaxed him -- most of the time -- and even a small smile escaped from his lips. For the moments that passed, he closed his eyes and let himself be alone, a second of peace where he could forget the world around him and simply be.

~

Jonathan reached in the drawer for the ceramic container and brush, seeming somewhat distant as he wet the brush and began to lather his face up. Dio did not know it yet, but he was considering more than just a simple shave.

“Here,” he said once he had finished the job, and set the brush in the pot, pushing it to the side. Carefully, he slipped into the water beside Dio, turning to face him. “This should do.”
For a moment Dio wondered if he could do him like this, sitting down with an acceptable distance between them. But quickly that proved itself to be an inefficient means of shaving. With a sigh, he rose to his knees, taking Jonathan into a straddle, their thighs holding little choice in touching, pressed against the tub. Dio shuddered, gripping the edge, but after a moment recovered, settling himself in position.

When he felt Jonathan’s phantom hands wanting to circle round his hips like the would have without second thought on any other occasion, however, Dio nipped the gesture in the bud. “Just… don’t do that,” he said, hesitation lacing his tone. Jonathan nodded and it was left at that.

But as Dio brought the blade close to the side of his face and sliced away the risen stubble, confidence and his typical smirk once again began to brew. “How times have changed,” he mused. “I doubt you would have let me this close before; afraid I would cut you. But do not worry, I would never harm your face.” He would not want the man disfigured in such a potent place. "If I wanted to hurt you, it would be from the neck down."

~

Dio’s weight was welcome against his lap, and under any normal circumstance, he would have been highly aroused by the sensation. But there was too much tension, and too many nerves bubbling within him to make being turned on possible, so thankfully, Dio would feel no unwanted pressure from below the belt as he worked. Indeed, Jonathan appeared calm and at ease as the man skillfully ran the blade across his skin, though within he was silent and thoughtful.

This was going to be, in Jonathan’s own way, an attempt at making Dio happy again, as well as his never-ending quest to convince Dio to trust him fully. The events of the evening before last had shaken them both, and Jonathan wished to do something to show how serious he was. Words did not help. Nor did promises. Sex sometimes did, but sex meant something different to Dio than it did to Jonathan. It had to be something else, something drastic.

“You are doing a better job than I do at times.” Often tiny nicks and scabs could be found where Jonathan cut himself in a hurry, trying to get to class before he would be marked late. “So, only below my neck, eh?”

~

“I won’t deny my talent with a knife, and unlike you, Jojo…” Dio carefully worked at another section, rinsing off the soapy residue. ”...I do not rush the art. Scarring this face would be more than an insult, and I would not stand for it.” Nothing more than a punch would Dio land on Jonathan’s face, for bruises could heal. Scars… scars were something far more permanent, Dio knew that first hand.

Upon completion, Dio pressed a warm, damp towel to Jonathan visage. He gently wiped off any excess soap, and traced his hand across the man’s skin, ensuring no stray hairs had been left behind. Upon completion, Dio pressed his forehead to Jonathan’s own, holding it there steady, palms cupping his cheeks.

But it went no further than that, and following which he pulled away, returning to his side of the bath.

~

Jonathan stayed seated, which set him lower than Dio, a stature he had not had for years, but one that made his stomach flutter with nerves. Oh, how he had loathed Dio in those days! And he would
have never believed he would do what he was about to.

“Our little pact is at an end, Dio. I no longer owe you a favour. Why do we not start something new?” Jonathan looked down at the knife. “Leave your mark on me… and one day perhaps I shall ask you to wear my mark as well.” Blue met amber, and Jonathan kept his gaze strong.

~

Dio raised an eyebrow. "You want me to leave my mark on you…” He flashed the blade in Jonathan's direction. "With this?"

He was sceptical, and his face said it all. “If this is some sort of… I don’t know, some sort of tactic, Jojo…”

Jonathan shook his head. “No tactic, Dio.” He took a deep breath, knowing how easy it could be to turn Dio’s rage on him on a good day, let alone what had happened after New Year’s. This had to be handled delicately, lest it end in absolute disaster.

“Marks can remind of many things, good and bad. I want one that will remind me of you. And I want you to do it because… because I love you, Dio.” He met his eyes, trying to convey his meaning without pity, which he knew Dio would resent.

“I am not an idiot. It is a tactic, whatever you try to say and cover it with buttered up words and thoughts of… I know what you are trying to do.” Dio’s fist tightened round the knife, the wooden hilt smooth but deep into his palms, immediate instinct to be angry, enraged, to spit insult and inflict injury against debating whether or not to bubble and surface in all the intensity he knew how to summon.

“Empty words will get you nowhere, Jojo. You know me well enough to know that you should never make a promise you have every intention of keeping.” Dio grazed the blade upon Jonathan’s inner thigh, threatening to pierce the skin and spill blood, red and dripping, swirling into the bathwater. “You cannot take it back. You know not what the future will have in store, but that mark will be eternal as long as you live.” This time, without warning the Joestar of his actions Dio moved past threat and pushed in, the tip of the knife tearing through flesh, a sharp pain -- like a pinprick -- setting in. That was only the beginning.

“Last chance to turn back.”

~

“Though you may think me one, I am not an idiot, Dio,” Jonathan snapped back, sharper than intended. “I know that this is permanent.” He looked down at his thigh, where the prick had caused his blood to start to slowly drip. “You think me an ignorant rich brat, you always have. And I’ll admit there is much I don’t know and much I haven’t experienced.” The droplets started to drip down slowly into the bathtub, marking their spot in the water. Jonathan still had yet to flinch.

“But I know that I love you. And I will never regret loving you, no matter what happens. Even if you one day hurt me, or leave me, or stab me in the back, I will never regret trying to show you what it is like to be loved. Because I think you deserve to know.” He shifted his leg in the water and pulled it up so he had full access to his thigh. “Here you are. Do it, damn you.”

~

Dio felt something there, something tight and hot and it caused his face to crease into a glare. He pushed the knife in deeper, drawing a short, straight line across the tanned expanse of Jonathan’s leg,
watching it split open, the water dyed as the Nile turned to crimson, heart beating fast as he tore into him with precision.

There was a ferocity in Dio’s actions, the sharpness of his motions, but he did not join that with shoddy workmanship and slashing speed. No, as he curved around that first incision a semi-circle attached to both ends to create a ‘D,’ it was quickly becoming clear just what he ended to mar Jonathan with for the remainder of his days.

“You are a fool, Jojo,” Dio announced, suddenly compelled to thrust his head forward, tongue lapping up at the pool of blood that fell, a shudder slipping out of his throat before the ‘I’ began making his way onto the flesh. “A damn fool.”

~

“I know I am.” Jonathan held himself very still in the water, choosing to focus on the arch of Dio’s back, and the way his short locks of blond spilled down over his head as he worked. He did not look at the blood, though it was hard to ignore the traces of it left in the water as Dio continued to work. “I’m a fool, and you have me now. Isn’t this what you always wanted?”

Jonathan snuck a glance down just in time to see the start of the ‘O’. It was appropriate that the pricks of pain he was feeling right now were from Dio’s very name. An involuntary shiver rolled down his spine, as he struggled to remain calm. This was his chance to try and meet Dio in the middle, somewhere between his past, and their future, in the hopes that it might help them move on. Even if the trust was not as mutual as he would like it to be, Jonathan would put his life in Dio’s hands.

It was only when he stopped feeling the point of the knife, and was just left instead with the sting, that he looked down and beheld the letters that would now be forever upon his flesh.

“Dio…”

~

A thought flickered in his mind as he etched into the skin, and Dio thought of mimicking the carving on the tree from all those years ago, replacing that Erina girl’s name with his own. He shook it off quickly; he was no replacement. And this said more than enough.

Jonathan’s blood tasted like any other, but as it came from the soon to be DIO inscription, Dio could not think of anything sweeter as he reapplied his tongue and tasted copper once more. Jonathan did this for him… this cheap little tactic and he had swum into it like a fish to a lure. He caught his own pale marking in the clear spots of the water, remembering just how he got it, all the dirty, dark details he would never tell Jonathan. He remembered it all, like it was sewn into his mind on repeat. Heat bubbled within, a quiet rage unsure whether or not it would burst just yet.

Dio rose to his knees to stare Jonathan deep in the eyes. "There... you are now tainted too. And it is my mark that is with you eternally.” Dio’s mouth widened, and this time as he pressed his lips against his thigh. It was not his tongue that took herald, but his teeth, sinking deep into the skin around his name, biting hard, vampiric.

~

At the bite, Jonathan could no longer hold back, and he cried out in pain. He did not, however, pull back as instinct would have had him do, forcing him to hold the ground that his voice had betrayed. When Dio did lift his head, he would see that Jonathan’s face had grown pale, and he was breathing
quickly, as if in fear. Still, he forced a smile onto his lips.

“Does that please you now?”

~

“I… don’t know what to think.” Dio was caught a little by surprise at his own honesty in that moment, and he shook his head hard. “I do not want to think.” His eyes stared harshly into Jonathan’s, picking up his fear, picking up everything within them, and letting his mind go, body taking over he crashed his lips into the other man’s, kissing him deeply and painfully, biting hard on his lower lips as he stuffed his tongue inside.

When Jonathan’s hands still wavered, not taking the opportunity to strike and hold and grab as he would have, Dio’s prior words an inhibitor, making him unsure. And somehow that made Dio all the more raged, and he yanked on his hair hard, pulling the wet dark curls and Jonathan’s head along with them. “Touch me.”

~

Once Jonathan knew he could put his hands on Dio, they moved as with their own accord, clutching the pale, lean body against his much larger one. He had not realized just how much he had been holding back until their lips crushed together, the kissing that followed fierce and hungry. Now he was free to return it, and return it he did, flipping Dio over in the water and pressing his back against the porcelain tub. Hips began to buck and grind eagerly against Dio’s own, as if trying to make their two bodies into one.

Now Dio could feel the wet of the blood, smearing across his hip as Jonathan moved against him, along with the prod of his cock, which had become hard at their movements. Pulling back from his mouth for a moment, Jonathan met Dio’s eyes, a hand moving between Dio’s thighs to spread them. His look was a question, which Dio answered with another kiss, and soon Jonathan’s cock was pushed into Dio to the hilt.

~

Dio cried out as Jonathan entered him raw, the slick water doing little to ease the passing, but he took every inch with angry acceptance, feeling his walls spread wide, Jonathan attached to him again. There were still fleeting hints of repulsion, and Dio fought them with venomous bucks, fingers clawing into Jonathan’s skin, deep and nail marking, leaving red scratches down his back.

Dio’s back was pressed against the porcelain and Jonathan was pinned on top of him, cock still deeply thrust inside, connecting their bodies most intimately, before he began to piston in and out once, fingers wrapped around Dio’s hips, pushing in hard enough to bruise. And with each throb of pain, Dio was riled, and he let out a groan, spine curving.

~

Despite the fact that he had just been in pain and had his flesh permanently scarred, Jonathan felt his spirits rise as Dio accepted his cock and began to respond in kind to his fucking. Jonathan knew Dio well enough to tell that he was enjoying this, which drove him to continue. As he felt Dio’s arms move around his neck, he pulled him closer, and moved his lips to the sensitive shell of his throat, kissing, mouthing, and biting him encouragingly.

"I am going to fuck you until you come. And keep fucking you until you come again." As he spoke, he squeezed Dio’s own cock, while thrusting downwards into him long and hard.
Dio’s eyes widened at Jonathan’s crass words, not something that slipped from his lips on any typical occasion and he was struck dumb for fleeting seconds, save for the involuntary moans he received from Jonathan’s actions.

“G-Give it your best shot.” Dio was forced to grit his teeth so the entire mansion would not quake with yells as both his ass and his cock were tended too, rough, hard thrusts and jerks overstimulating every fibre of his core, cock practically fit to burst, sticky and wet and feeling every movement.

Dio was unsure if Jonathan would be able to accomplish the task, but he did feel rather full, perhaps full enough to give out two spurts, and Jonathan had been granted permission and grants to Dio’s splendorous form in more ways than any. He knew exactly what Dio liked, how to drive him mad with lust and desire from the roots of his splayed hair to the tips of his curling toes. And now that he was working at him from two ends, it may very well have been an achievable goal for one such as Jonathan Joestar.

Jonathan’s hand around Dio’s cock tightened into a fist, and his hips continued to pound relentlessly into Dio’s tight little asshole. The other man was starting to unravel, he could see it happening, and it was just what Jonathan wanted. It was exactly what Dio deserved.

In Jonathan’s eyes, there were many things he wished for his blond. He deserved a life not haunted by his past, and one where he felt comfortable and safe caring for others. He deserved a lover he trusted to the fullest and did not accidentally bumble things up for him. In the last few months and weeks, Jonathan had realised the complexities that made up Dio Brando and realised that he loved each and every one. And when Jonathan Joestar loved, he loved with a fire that could consume everything.

Jonathan removed his hands from Dio’s cock for just a moment. He brought the hand to his mouth, licking it so that he could apply the slippery saliva to Dio’s long and swollen member. His thrusts continued to be hard and strong, and did become faster in pace. He still did not reach the same kinds of speeds he would reach if he were about to finish himself, but it was a good strong rhythm, and coupled with the attention to his cock, and a few final nips to the shell of his ear, it would bring Dio to his climax. Jonathan was careful to keep his focus -- he wasn’t ready to settle just yet.

With three spots so sensitive to Dio, his cock, his ass, and his ear all touched and worked on at the same time, Dio was brought to the brink of pleasure and as predicted it Jonathan only a few more hits the man orgasm for the first time, white seed spilling over his rumpled shirt and a little on bare skin.

He panted heavily, releasing his hold on Jonathan, but his body wasn’t done being taken just yet, and the dark-haired boy still hard and deep inside of him continued on with his desire to make Dio come twice, not giving his twitching member a chance to become flaccid and soft. Dio was certainly going to be feeling milked and used after this, and he would not have it any other way.

With Jonathan's hips slamming into Dio's rear, hand still pumping his cock up and down in jolly movements, Dio came a second time, and very soon after the first. A few spurts of come, not as forceful as the first splattered over himself and the man over, but it was more than enough for Dio to arch his back and cry out.

He shut his eyes completely, letting his body relax and unclench, quick and heavy breaths coming
next. The words held no thought, mindless, base from whatever Dio was feeling deep within.

"Aaah, Jojo… I love you."

And then his face turned ashen.

~

Dio was not the only one who would feel milked and worn out after all this. Jonathan himself had to work exceptionally hard to keep up the harsh, grinding pace without finishing too soon. On top of that, the newly cut letters on his thigh were feeling sore, and the strong thrusts he was taking against Dio’s ass were not helping that any. But it wouldn’t be the first time he ignored pain, not in the slightest. And it would be worth it, just to prove that he was able to please so well he could finish him twice.

His efforts did pay off, with Jonathan coming only a thrust after, filling Dio with the warm, white liquid. He did not immediately pull himself out, but instead took a moment leaning over Dio to catch his breath.

What came out of his mouth in the moments following was a complete and utter shock to Jonathan. Forgetting his exhaustion, as well as the roughness that had defined this fornication, he pulled himself out and back to stare for a moment at the blond in shock. A hand reached up and fondly began to stroke pieces of Dio’s hair from his visage, as a wide, bright smile spread across Jonathan’s face. His sapphire eyes shone brightly, and perhaps even looked a touch watery.

“Oh, Dio, my darling, I love you too. And I will always be yours now.” He pressed a few soft kisses to his hair and face.

~

Dio was motionless when Jonathan lay fresh kisses upon his hair and face, staring at little to naught in particular, shell shocked.

When he finally came back to a fraction of clarity, Dio stuttered out "a-ah… You can pull out now, Jojo.” Jonathan complied, his large softening member sliding out of Dio along with the come that leaked from his rear. He shuffled in the tub, pushing until his back hit the edge, as far away as he could possibly get.

"What I may… have just said to you was spur of the moment. Try not to take it too much to heart, your cock was in my ass and you made me come twice, even Dio can become a little overwhelmed, you do realise.” With this completely accidental admittance, Dio could already see Jonathan growing all the more affectionate if that were even possible. He tried to sit straight, but his body was hardly ready to keep him propped upright, so he was forced to remain lying down, lower body completely exposed, face red and beading with sweat. Not the best position to be in for something such as this.

~

"And even Dio can admit his feelings sometimes,” Jonathan was both thrilled and amused, hugging Dio to his bare chest a little too tightly. Dio was much like a reluctant cat forced into a hug by an overzealous owner. He was pressing kisses fervently to the top of Dio’s head, chuckling as he did so. Jonathan was strong enough to keep him in place so even if he struggled, he was, for the moment, trapped in his embrace.

"Who would have thought that tasting my blood might have softened you!” he added with another laugh, finally realising that perhaps Dio needed air, and loosening the hold. "It actually was not so
bad... I would try it again if you liked." Jonathan’s fingers tangled through Dio’s hair gleefully, but his look turned serious.

"Dio, I am absolutely committed to you. I want you to trust me, I want you to love me... I understand these things do not come easily to you, but I will do whatever it takes." Jonathan nodded firmly, and began peel away from Dio, looking down at his now sweaty body, mixed with smears of white and red. The water itself, which had started so sweet smelling and clean, was now a mess of semen and blood. "...I am afraid we may need to rerun the bath water."

~

Dio was unsure of what to make of himself in this moment. He would certainly call himself rather perturbed by the words that came out of his mouth. Love Jojo? He couldn't love Jonathan, there was no chance of that in the slightest. Respect, perhaps. Maybe enjoy the company of when he was not being a complete trollop, but not...

And yet... rather than abhorred by his own admittance, or feeling sick that he had said such things, or even glad that he had manipulated Jonathan so far that he would believe such an outright lie, Dio was simply surprised at how easily the words left his lips. Even if he was tired and overworked, he would never call himself loose tongued. He did not reply to Jonathan until said he needed to use the bath.

And perhaps it did not feel so wrong, which in itself was completely and utterly wrong. But Dio knew himself well, and if it were not true, not something like this, he would not have said it. For if he did not know himself inside and out how could he strive towards greatness, harnessing his assets and scratching away the few cricks in his persona?

And so it came to be that Dio’s hand placed itself on his forehead and slid down, a groan leaving him, defeated.

I love Jojo. Damn it.
"...The cut stings a great deal, but I wouldn't change a thing," Jonathan said with a smile as he looked at Dio, trying to gauge his feelings. They had washed again, Dio leaving the bathroom first, dressed only in his bathrobe. Jonathan had followed on with a towel wrapped around his waist, perching himself on the bed.

~

Dio was still… recovering from words past spoke. Love. He never thought himself so susceptible to this sort of foolishness, letting these weak feels drip in like a leaking tap until he flooded over. He turned his head to face Jonathan, his form, his eyes, his smile. Sighing, he had little idea of how he was going to get around this one. Still, a small slip of the tongue was not enough to release the floodgates.

“You are a fool, Jojo, even by your standards this was a move too great. You are going to have to be more careful how you manage yourself now; doctor inspections and changing room incidents will hold far more gravity than they once did. Though I should nobody is staring at your inner thighs all too often.” A smile managed to creep on Dio’s face then, just a little.

“But still, let me take a look again.”

~

"Mm, very well, fool or no fool, I just hope that you appreciate it. Here.” Jonathan removed the towel and spread his legs, showing off the cuts, which were an irritated angry red by now.

"Most lovers do not usually shed blood, that I know of, anyway. Although, there was this one tradition in Ancient Greece..." Dio gave him a look, and he stopped before it turned into an outright ramble as it might usually. The fact remained though that the cut was uncomfortable enough where for the moment, he preferred being without underwear. Unfortunately for him, besides Dio, the rest of the world would require clothing on, so hopefully the cuts would heal quickly. “I do not typically spread my legs for anyone but you in the rugby changing rooms, so I am sure your little mark will go unnoticed.”

~

“I should certainly hope not,” Dio replied with a raise of brows and narrow of eyes, deliberately ignoring any such talk on the Greeks or Romans or whatever it was Jonathan would lose himself in conversation with this time. Not that it couldn’t be interesting, but Jonathan always had such painfully long and detailed monologues, not stopping until he dropped. And as sweet as his voice could be, Dio often felt like putting a sock in his mouth when he started on his seventy fifth tangent, somehow beginning in Greece and ended up in Mesoamerica. He reached for his thigh, touching the red flesh tenderly.

“My name looks good on you,” he said, continuing to stroke. He reclined himself on Jonathan’s form, head against his chest, before his hand absentmindedly drifted to his abdomen, only to take a solid grip on an extra layer he accumulated over the holidays.

“You need to start being stricter with your diet now that the new year has begun. No more midnight
mince pies and leftover chocolates throughout the day, it does nothing but soften your stomach, and I need you toned for the games. Not that I, Dio, have a problem with your body this way otherwise.” He pinched the loose flesh within his fingers.

~

At that idea, Jonathan formed a very grumpy look on his face, near a scowl. "Dio, you are too cruel. This is my typical shape at this time of year, you have just never examined it so closely before. I am always in top shape by our first game.” His expression softened somewhat as he felt Dio pinch his flesh.” Although, I am rather pleased to hear that you don't mind it. I enjoy not needing to pinch the corners on dinner.”

~

"Don't think your slight sluggishness isn't noticed at the start of each term, Jojo. But you are correct, you always tone up to almost extreme proportions. That body I like a lot too, mind. I like it a lot.” Times in the changing room had shown him such a body at its peak, and Dio revelled in it.

~

"You make it sound as if you have been watching and admiring my body for quite some time." Jonathan chuckled and beamed up at him. "You were falling for me long before the two of us were forced into that shed. You just couldn't admit it.” A hand trailed across Dio's cheek. "Silly Dio… who would have thought we were soulmates?” Now that was a new word Jonathan had not used before, even amidst all his love declarations and terms of endearment.

~

Upon Jonathan’s cheeky comment about his admittance, Dio scoffed. "I wouldn’t quite say that Jojo… I am simply observant; it is in my nature to notice all things around me. It makes sense that I should be aware of my teammates skillsets and physical attributes.” To a degree this was true, but there non admittedly was some deeper observation of Jonathan above the rest. In his defence their tag teaming often was the backbone of the entire game strategy. "And if I were… as you say… falling for you… I, Dio would be able to admit it. I would never shy away from what I want.”

For now, he chose not to respond to the soulmate comment, of course Jonathan had a new string of affectionate terms to throw at Dio the minute Dio spoke one of his own. How long had he been holding that one in, he wondered.

But it did not matter for now as the blond removed himself from Jonathan’s chest and began to slink down to Jonathan's groin, biting around the unmarked thigh and licking the one that was, greatly enjoying the moans he received from both.

"So… Jojo if you plan to stay naked on my bed, we may as well do something interesting with our time. If I recall correctly, you only came once… how about I make it a second? Worry not, I shan't make a mess of you.”

~

As Dio offered to bring him to come a second time, Jonathan raised a brow. "If it would please you to do so, I would not object.” He tensed up slightly as Dio sank his teeth into the sensitive flesh opposite where he had just been marked. It reminded him of the fact that one day, he would do the same to Dio. But truth be told, the brunet was unprepared for the responsibility. His penmanship was not nearly as elegant as Dio’s, and the pressure of leaving a permanent mark would probably make his hands shake. Still, it was only fair that eventually he have his chance.
"Do not forget that someday your flesh will be the one marked. I do have plans for you. But they won't be for quite some time yet, so you need not worry about it." He glanced down at his lover and sighed, his cock starting to harden at the thought of Dio’s mouth upon it.

~

Dio hummed, curious, but not enough to press further into it, after all, it was his day. "Well then, we shall just have to wait and see." The smell of honeysuckle was prevalent on Jonathan’s form from the bath, and Dio took a moment to enjoy the scent upon him, combined with a few more nips and suckles on his tanned flesh that would bring forth ovular splashes of purple and red in between his thighs. He was starting to feel rather sticky himself, and soon a wash would most certainly be required, but for now Dio’s attentions focussed themselves on Jonathan. He still remained surprisingly content for having allegedly just saying he loved the man.

He canted his head and brought his lips to the sacks below Jonathan’s cock, sucking them for sensitive minute before a tongue spilled out and ran its way upward, reaching the tip of the man’s member.
Dio made quick work once he had gotten to the cockhead, quickly working Jonathan’s erection with a fondling hand to assist, using spit over oil. No need to start messing up his bed again. Once he had brought his arousal to a full standing, Dio swallowed it whole with no difficulty whatsoever.

~

Jonathan watched as Dio began to work at his cock, and leaned back, sighing long and hard. Dio, right from the very beginning, had always been so skilled at figuring out just how to touch him. This time was no different. He allowed himself to close his eyes and just enjoy the pleasure as it swept him over. It may have taken a bit more time than usual, considering his recent exercise in endurance on the bedroom field, but soon enough, he had finished neatly and cleanly into Dio’s mouth.

“…You are amazing,” Jonathan said with a pleased little exhale of air escaping his lips. He meant it, too, and in more ways than was being suggested. He lifted his hand and began to card his fingers through Dio’s hair, feeling more satisfied than he had in quite some time. He tugged on one of Dio’s blankets and pulled it around both of them, reminding him of how they had curled up in the shed. Lightly he kissed the top of his head. He knew that eventually he would be sent into exile back to his own bedroom, but until then he was content to hold him.

~

"Amazing, yes, I would rather agree with you there," Dio replied, wiping the corners of his mouth and moving his head in circular motions once Jonathan's cock was removed from his lips. He had always been rather good at the act, but now it really nothing short of child's play to send Jonathan deep into the spurs of pleasure.

~

Jonathan reached for one of Dio’s many pillows, propping it behind his head to make himself more comfortable, as he looked over to the blond tucked under his arm. “When we are back in school and practice is in full swing, it will be much harder for us to find time for each other.” This thought made Jonathan frown. “Rare weekend visits home may be our only opportunity to actually be together.”

~

"Well, Jojo, you are growing rather attached to Dio, you wouldn't want me growing bored now would you?"
Jonathan had a way with his hands, the way he thumbed under his shirt and against his skin with an easy nonchalance that made him feel so pliant and lost to the touches. Speak not for how he indulged in his hair often and always.

"I am sure we will continue on fine, and we will always have the rugby shed."

~

"If you are going to get bored of me after only a few months together, I fear for what I would have to do to keep you entertained for a lifetime. I might end up losing some limbs…" Jonathan's fingers began to absentmindedly twirl through Dio's blond hair without even thinking about it. During these quiet moments, Jonathan always seemed to go right for his hair before anything else.

"I am not too concerned." Hands started to move down across Dio's body, tracing over his sides and down to his hips. "I have a great deal I need to work on once we are back at school. "Between that and rugby practice I am sure that it will be difficult finding time to miss you!" realising that this may have sounded a bit cold, he squeezed Dio tighter. "...Except every night. I miss you each and every night I do not wake up beside you." A few kisses were pressed to his crown, despite his golden hair being in disarray, he still enjoyed it.

"It is only for a little while longer. We will find ways..." Jonathan rested his chin on top of Dio's head, thoughtfully gazing off across the room. "Dio? Are there places where… men like us are welcome?" While Jonathan was almost surprised at how easily he had come to accept the notion of two men courting, he knew too well that this was not the way things were normally done, and had no reference base to go by for anything. It made an already challenging relationship that much harder.

~

Upon Jonathan's question, Dio hummed. "...Nowhere you would enjoy." Of course sleazier locations were much more accepting of their client's desires, but best not to dwell on such subjects, especially in regard to recent events. "But I would not be so sure that we are outliers even with those in our particular social circles. Like us, they would have no wish to share their interests and relations on a public basis."

Dio had first-hand experience with some of these people from the days of his youth, but there were certainly a number in their university and prior boarding school eager to dabble in what they called 'boys being boys.' They nestled it down to raging hormones and common school antics, but for Dio at least, the attraction to his own gender was not some silly childhood fancy he was going to grow out of and deny to himself. It was not he that was wrong in it, but the world.

"Though from what I hear of the French, they may be a little more lax. A lot, in fact."

~

"It is a shame that we must keep everything so low key. If you were a girl, I could announce our love to the world and publicly treat you as such. But because you are male, we cannot." Jonathan frowned deeply, pressing a few more fleeting kisses, this time to Dio's forehead, cheek, and chin. "It is all so disappointing, and you deserve to be flaunted like the beauty you are. In a masculine way of course. Mostly."

Secretly, many of Dio's softer features, his hair, his skin, his well-kept appearance, the slight curve to his hips when he held him from behind, were intoxicating for Jonathan, though he was always careful in the way that he praised these things, not wishing to offend Dio's masculinity in the process.
"But I am looking forward to France greatly! I am looking forward to oh so many things!"

"I needn't be treated like a girl, Jojo. I am a man after all, and wish to be nothing but." Granted, more than the average man, Dio had something of a penchant for classical displays of femininity, though in his opinion, smelling sweet and being interested in his clothing was not something that had to be connected to one side or the other.

He was aware and had been informed of his 'girl like' features, prettiness, which in some ways made him rather jealous of the clearly manly form Jonathan had taken, bulky and large in all regards. He himself was undeniably a tall gentleman too, but there was a definite lean towards the androgynous, even with the trained muscles gained through exerting himself in practice. But still, Dio would work with what he had and he was incredible in his own right, and had come to very much appreciate his given form.

"Of course not…" Jonathan said airily, giving Dio another squeeze. He found himself much more excited for the future and less anxious with Dio at his side. There was less pressure on him, as well as none of the dreary anxiety of a wedding night where he had been given no experience and little guidance in how to please his spouse. He would have instead a man with a sharp and capable mind running the estate, with his own help and input, of course. And they had already mastered pleasing each other so the only surprises yet to come were good ones. There was only one problem with their union. And it was one to which Jonathan had settled for a solution.

"Dio… you should know, it is important to me to adopt, as we cannot have a child of our own. And I want you to be a part of their upbringing, as well. That is a part of life I have always known I wanted, and as my other half you must play a role." He was at a point where he felt comfortable telling Dio that fatherhood was going to be thrust on him, like it or not.

"Adopt, hm..." Dio let out something of a sigh. He did know of Jonathan's pure adoration for children as well as a want for his own, and Dio doubted anything would change his mind. "Well I suppose that could be rather advantageous. With a biological child, there is no knowledge of how it may appear, with an adopted one you know exactly what you are buying, whether they are worthwhile to keep. I would never wish for something like a Floris child, uncouth vermin."

Although, a couple on their own were not the worst in the world, as a collective that litter of offspring were nothing but a disgrace.

"Dio!" Jonathan exclaimed. "You speak as if adopting a child would be like buying a new hat. And the Floris children were not entirely terrible. At least, Izzy was not in any case, and you seemed rather fond of Jeremy by the end." Jonathan had been pleased as a whole with how well behaved Dio had been around the children. Had he been crueler or unneedingly harsh, Jonathan might have been reconsidering the option. But with Dio capable of tolerance, it had solidified his plans.

"You do have a point, though. We can choose a child of an appropriate age and with a certain degree of sharpness to be able to handle our lifestyle. We may take them traveling when they are old enough, and they should be able to grasp the basics of trade and the estate. We could have an heir..." Jonathan seemed extremely pleased as he spoke of this, looking at Dio with a sense of excitement in his eyes, voice, and expression. "I should very much like a blond like you, and a boy, I would be
afraid that I would not know enough about girls to raise one."

"Exactly, we would be able to choose a child that was not completely disagreeable since they were already spawned. One or two out of a nonsensical five children being moderately ample is too high a risk if they are to be... live in." Jonathan likely would think Dio more acceptant given his own adoption into the Joestar family, but this was not how Dio viewed his own situation at all. And at any rate, he was nothing short of a perfect son in Lord Joestar's dull eyes, and no one could measure up to one such as he.

“But I agree, a boy is better suited, it simply makes life a great deal easier. Once married, the husband of would possess whatever the girl would earn, and I would not want some outsider coming in and taking what I so diligently…” Dio stopped himself mid spill, surprised again at his loose tongue.

In that moment he had almost let his plan slip out, or at least an inkling of it -- he really was growing soft around Jonathan. Time apart was more than needed, he should never have let himself reach this stage. He should have just stuck his cock in him once or maybe twice and been done with him. The man was just too tantalising, a weakness, really. He moved the subject forth, giving him little time to dwell.

"Jojo, I am starting to think you have too much a fondness for blond hair, would you even look at me twice if I were to say… dye it brown?"
"I do rather have that effect on people, don't I?" Dio grinned down at Jonathan, balling his hands in his hair as he pushed himself forth into the kiss, feeling rather swept by the motion. He had almost forgotten Jonathan was still completely naked, but the memory fast returned.

He let himself grow pliant and closed his eyes, simply allowing Jonathan to stroke through his locks and hold him closely. To think something such as this would ever happen was still rather ludicrous. He felt relaxed. Comfortable. Until Jonathan had to open his mouth and give him something far different from a kiss.

"Dio," Jonathan had asked, brushing against his earlobe, nibbling on the sensitive flesh. "How long have you loved me?"

It felt like a slap in a face, and quickly Dio’s eyes opened, and he frowned. Unfortunately for him, there was no denying that the words were said, he had already admitted to them, but quite frankly the question left him rather unnaturally stumped for words.

He wished he could have gone back to seconds before, that had been nothing but bliss, but now Dio had to contemplate love, and that made him feel nothing but a swirling ache in his stomach and parch for a drink, something far stronger than water.

If he was willing to admit to himself (and Dio being Dio certainly wasn't) that his hatred for Jonathan was more of a wish than a truth in the end, he may have known that he had been in love with for many a year, that the lust for his body attached to the affection of him and him wholly, but no. Dio did not connect these two in the slightest.

Even before one could call it love, a boyhood crush of sorts brewed, even when he was tormenting Jonathan as a pre-adolescent. In some ways it spurred Dio to go at him all the more, especially when he saw his interactions with that country wench. Wherever she had buggered off to Dio was glad for it.

Still, however, an answer was required yet Dio was not ready to give him one. And so even as he spoke he gave no true response. "I should hardly know that, Jojo, I had not meant to say such things when I did… it was unprompted and due to external circumstances." Dio shuffled in the bathtub slightly. Avert the subject. "But how about yourself? When did you come to realise your love for Dio?"

~

Unlike Dio, Jonathan had no trouble whatsoever discussing the topic, or even coming up with an answer. "If I were to be honest with you, Dio, it would be from the moment my father told me I was to have a brother. I had always wanted one, even though outside of adoption it wasn't possible." Jonathan smiled, although it was slightly bittersweet. Obviously Dio had not turned out to be the brother of his dreams, in any way, shape, or form.

"Even when we hated each other, I don't think I could have ever completely turned my back on you. But as for falling in love with you..." Jonathan's fingers paused as they worked their way through Dio's hair as he contemplated the answer. "I think it was when I sat by your bedside, when you were so sick. I realised then how much I wished to never leave your side." His fingers resumed their gentle motions. "You are so strong, Dio, and you don't wish to ever need to rely on anyone but yourself. I enjoy being that one person you can occasionally allow yourself to lean against in times of need."

Jonathan rolled, so it was now he on the flat of the bed, and Dio straddled atop of his lap. "I suppose when we fell in love is not so important as the fact that it happened."
"Of all the times to fall for me, it was while I was writhing about at my time of illness.” Dio’s voice sounded exasperated and he shook his head. “It seems to me, Jojo, that you tend to prefer Dio rather subdued. If that truly is the case, you should know I have less than no intention of getting sick again. That was in fact, your fault may I add, having us trek through the snow for Heaven knows how long.” He recalled the event and despite the warm bath felt a shudder. "Love my strength, not my -- albeit small -- weaknesses, if you would, Jojo."

Dio closed his eyes. “But... I suppose that night was not all so terrible in the end... I did receive fellatio from the whole situation after all. I did not expect that in the slightest, not from you.” He chuckled.

“I do like you subdued, but I am finding that I do not need you to be sick to enjoy taking care of you. Right now is a perfect example.” Jonathan smiled and traced a thumb lightly over Dio’s cheek. “When you allow me to do things for you and take care of you, even when you are of course very much capable of doing it yourself, it brings me joy. After all, you are my prince. As your knight, I serve you.” He pulled his face closer to Dio’s, nuzzling his cheek as he kissed it. “And only you.” He allowed his face, smooth from the recent shaving, to rest against Dio’s own.

"And now we have big plans for the future… it’s hard to be patient and wait for them to begin.”

“Their is no harm in waiting for things, Jojo. It oft makes it taste all the sweeter when it does come.” While Dio could very much be impatient, when it came to long term plans and goals, he had quite a lot of experience in biding his time. It took almost a year to kill his father using the slow poison method, and it would take the same length of time with the Lord Joestar, after all why change a plan when it was already so perfectly flawless the first time? He quietly mused and felt a hint a glee at the irony of it all.

“And for now we still have the means to act and be, just a little more discretely. Our time will come.” He beckoned Jonathan to lean down, before kissing him gently.

The kiss that Dio shared with Jonathan left him feeling light and warm, any time the other man showed him gentleness which he would not show many others made him feel as if all the trials and tribulations they had been through so far were worth it. “Our time will come indeed. One day… ***

It would be two weeks before Jonathan had the opportunity to shower Dio with this sort of sentimentality and affection again. By this time, they were safely tucked away in Dio’s Hugh Hudson dormitory, naked and lounging on Dio’s expensive silk sheets, lazy after a long night of bedroom play. Jonathan’s fingers were carding through Dio’s hair as they so often did, while in his other hand he held a book, doing some reading for class after their exploit.

In his and Jonathan’s time apart, Dio had been approached by some of his ‘study partners,’ Roger being particularly resistant to the point of pitiful desperation. But despite the inability to convene with his brother in the last fortnight, he had felt no temptation to expand his horizons and of sexual
exploits with other parties, in fact the idea had been something repugnant. Upon reaching the apex there was no going down, and Jonathan was Everest.

But this was strange -- he thought as his legs were spread across the bed, tangled in Jonathan’s own as they took each other in an embrace, quiet and peaceful, breaths finally synchronising and bone returning to his jellied limbs -- to feel this way. Jonathan was something, certainly, but Dio was feeling a pull so strong towards him that the advantages to his ambition in bedding others seemed abhorrent and worthless.

Was it the love part? Maybe. Dio tended to avoid thinking of something so bizarrely baffling. He shook his head in a gentle motion and rolled so he was splayed atop of Jonathan, taking the book out of his hand and looking down at him with a grin.

“So, was I worth the wait?”

~

Jonathan, who had been in the midst of reading a passage about the way cutting a human’s heart still beating from its chest was a path to godly redemption for the ancients of Mesoamerica, blinked twice as the book was pulled away, and instead, he was met with the eyes of his lover.

“Worth the wait?!” Jonathan repeated, and then a smile broke across his lips. “Dio, you are worth the world to me!” His book and human sacrifice being forgotten for the time being, his arms snaked about Dio’s neck and pulled the blond up against his chest, his skin feeling pleasantly warm to the touch. “Of course, this isn’t to say that being with you is without its own trials. But for you, my prince, I am willing to slay any dragon.” And with a cheerful chuckle, Jonathan rolled atop Dio’s body, pinning him to the bed with playful ease, ready to indulge in every moment they had to the fullest.

PART 3 FIN

Chapter End Notes

Wishing all our readers a happy new year! Thank you for all your support in 2016, we hope you’ll continue to read and enjoy!

As we go into Part 4, updates will continue twice weekly on Tuesdays and Fridays. The best is yet to come :3
Chapter Summary

Love blooms as leaves and flowers erupt in the start of new seasons, but the old is not forever forgotten. Despite recent, happy developments, tensions and strife marked Dio and Jonathan’s past, and to truly move forward, grievances cannot be ignored. But in their wake, they can only become stronger.

Time was precious in these first weeks back at Hugh Hudson, and Jonathan never seemed to have enough of it for all his class and work responsibilities, let alone for Dio. While the two made a ritual out of meeting for meals, finding time to be alone was difficult, and time alone to indulge in each other’s bodies even more rare. Dio would find Jonathan nothing short of a ball of stress underneath those hellos and breakfast/dinner greetings, and he had gauged that while school was a large part of the issue, there were additional external factors included.

"If you are too tired to listen to your roommate’s laments, just tell him you have better things to do and sleep. It is not your responsibility to listen to his whines all night.” Dio buried his knife into a piece of slightly too tough steak, rather feeling the urge to take his own advice.

~

“I try to tell him that politely, and give him the odd piece of advice, but he keeps going, and going, and I don’t know how to tell him to bugger off without seeming like a total prat!” Jonathan stabbed a carrot on his plate in frustration. The boy was too kindly and he did have the potential to be taken advantage of in some matters, this being one of them. “But Rufus I could handle, if it wasn’t for all the work that just kept piling up…”

Jonathan quickly swallowed the carrot on his fork and opened two notebooks to the side. One was his notes from the conference, the other was a notebook he was transcribing the wealth of information into. “Matthew is going home next weekend, so I need to finish copying these by then. Rufus asked me to assist him with an experimental study tomorrow evening, since he is no longer on speaking terms with his friend he would not stop talking about last term, for a hundred reasons which I am unfortunately privy to all. And I still need to find time when my brain is not buzzing to do mathematical equations, and then perhaps to start exercising. Practice resumes in a few weeks.” Jonathan sighed and hung his head, having taken on more than he could chew.

“…But Dio…you seem to be faring well, as usual. I am not sure how you do it.” He looked up and smiled a bit, not wanting their meal together to be a complete wash. “…I very much miss you, and think of you often, you should know.”

~

Dio sighed, this was always how it seemed to go. He had certainly made the appeal for more than just dinner chats and the occasional wave if they spotted each other through the halls, but Jonathan always seemed to be so busy, busy, busy. Not that Dio did not have more than plenty to do himself, but he would have been able to spare a couple of hours, or even a fifteen minute quickie if they were stretched. Summoning up the willpower to speak after Jonathan’s drivel, he sighed.
"Perhaps seeming like a 'total prat' as you call it, would be the best solution to the situation. Sometimes people need to learn to shut up rather than spiral into a sea of their own laments. You telling him as such might just resolve his case." Jonathan was far too nice about these things, Dio had always thought so, and clearly now it was starting to get to him, leaving him practically fraying around the edges as if he were an old piece of cloth.

"Your fault is carrying the weight of everyone on your shoulders when you do not need to do so. And you seem to do it more when you have personal stresses to handle, it is beyond me, your overzealous altruism."

He shook his head. "I, Dio, am faring well because I have my priorities aligned correctly, Jojo. If you had too, you would not need to miss me, as we would have had more time to… convene."

~

"Don't I know it!" Jonathan replied rather quickly. Dio's definition of 'convene' was no mystery to him, and his desire was certainly there. "I will be honest with you, last night at dinner I almost suggested we find an empty classroom for ten or fifteen minutes… but it seemed rather unsavoury to suggest. No, we will find proper time and a more comfortable place. It will be better that way." Other than the time in the carriage, which had been after a carriage ride full of other sexual delights, Jonathan had never suggested something quite so quick, dirty, and totally focused solely relief before.

~

"My, Jojo, how lewd of you… most ungentlemanly a thought. I am pleased." Dio was rather satisfied in how debauched he had made Jonathan, at least in the private sector. Rather a contrast to his past attitudes about all this sort. "Though I must say, I am not so much bothered about 'better' at this point, and much more concerned about having any of it at all. There is a limit to my patience." And his frustrations he might have added.

No, the thought of engaging with another was not present, but the thought of having Jonathan up his ass or vice versa had gotten to be something of a distraction, especially in the less interesting of classes as it happened.

~

"Oh, don't be like that, Dio! It won't be so bad after next week is over. Or so I hope. I will need to be done with the notes by then, my one paper will be done, and after early next week my mathematics exam will be finished. I will need a break from maths or I should go mad." Jonathan sighed deeply, lifting a hand to run it through his hair in frustration. But he met Dio's eyes and forced a smile.

"Next weekend we should do something together, you and I. Perhaps we could go to a restaurant, or… something. You know the night life better than I do."

~

"I should hope it will be over soon, for both our sakes." Despite being a little more of an open ear than before to his partner's struggles, Dio really did not enjoy hearing or listening to such plights, especially when it could be easily resolved if Jonathan weren't so sickeningly nice. "But I will hold you to your word, next weekend we shall be spend doing something or other. But a restaurant is too tame, and you need to watch what you eat. You need something to help you let loose, and I, Dio have a few things in mind. And I forbid you from saying no to it."
Jonathan had a feeling that the restaurant idea was not going to impress Dio, but he was a bit nervous as to what exactly he had in mind. He was not one for the drinking and carousing scene, but he did very much want to spend time with Dio, no matter what. Dio was his prince, after all, and a knight always went where his prince bade him to go.

"Very well then... We will do as you wish. Ah, keep it a surprise though, yes that would be best." If he really did object to it, he did not wish to spend a week trying to plan a way out of it rather than do the things he needed to do. "But if we are to arrive back to your room late, I am staying there. There shall be no kicking me out." He nodded firmly. It was an innocent enough thing, two brothers spending the night together after a late night out. So long as it was not every night, no one would question it.

"That is more than fine with me. For one night that will be fine indeed." Dio was already making a mental note of the date, he really was keen for this. "Well then… I shall keep you no more," he said rising from his chair and picking up his now at least mostly empty dinner plate. A surprising turn of events clearly demonstrating Jonathan's distraction was the fact he had finished his meal before him.

"If you do find yourself in need of some mild relief today, I shall be in the library for the rest of the evening. As always, my room is available, though you shall be kicked out after all is said and done should you take me up on my offer." Dio doubted Jonathan would come, but best to comment at any rate. Plant the seeds of lust in his mind.

"Adieu, Jojo."

Jonathan watched Dio walk away, eyes fixated on the movements of his body as he left the room. All he could think of was the fact that only a few weeks earlier, the two of them had been hard pressed to stay dressed in their hotel room. How Jonathan wished to chase after him, grab him, kiss and tear his clothes off... but their holiday was over, and now he needed to be patient. At least in a week he would be able to spend a night beside Dio. He would not spoil that by stopping by for fellatio like some sort of horny fool.

And so, Jonathan dove head first into the week, keeping exceptionally busy and spending a great deal of time himself in the library, or in empty archaeology classrooms. Rufus was acting strangely melancholy since his fight with his friend, and while he had stopped the ranting (at least for the moment) he seemed now as if he would rather be left alone, often sitting in the common room with a sketchbook in hand, scrawling away furiously.

It was mildly disappointing when Jonathan did not come for him later, but nothing Dio did not expect. This did not stop him from staying up a good couple hours longer than he would have otherwise, and in the end reliving his own frustrations with his own hand, pretending it was Jonathan in some way shape or form. He was reminded of his days before their relationship began, definitely a familiar scenario, though back then he had no idea the fantasies would become real.

The week following, he spent managing his workload efficiently, unlike Jonathan he had no extra duties he needed to do in order to get into the course he wanted, for he was already doing them. There was a comparatively light amount of assignments all things considered, nothing he couldn’t
handle at least. Jonathan and he met up once or twice for breakfast or dinner, but parted within the
hour, and the brunet's head tended to be face down in his work notes, it was a miracle he did not spill
his soup onto the pages at times.

~

By midweek, Jonathan at least felt as if he was keeping his head above water, and he could start
thinking about things other than his assignments. And by Thursday evening, he took a jog to Dio’s
dormitory -- in the pouring rain. When he arrived, he was soaked through and smiling, dark hair
dripping wet, his skin unintentionally showing through the button up white shirt he had on.

“I am not staying.” He spoke right away, waiting for Dio to close the door. Once he did, he pulled
brown paper off a parcel he was carrying, revealing a dozen roses, a bit damp, but still sweet
smelling. There was also a jar containing bath salts with the same rose scent. “I just wanted to drop
these off quickly… I miss you.” He pressed his lips to Dio’s, claiming a sweet kiss.

~

Dio had certainly not been expecting Jonathan to knock on his door this rainy night, but had to admit
his heart leapt when his soaked form burst in as soon as he opened it. Maybe it was just the quickly
toning body his shirt clung to that caused that little reaction, he may as well have been naked for he
could see it all.

"You know questions will be asked of me if I have a bunch of roses in my dorm and no lady friend
to speak of who could have delivered," he said once the long kiss was parted. He did not have a vase
on him, so for now he set them at an empty space on his desk along with the salts. They did smell
rather lovely.

"You can stay you know, Jojo. This does not have to be a passing visit. I am not busy and..." Dio
eyes flickered to the window where the downpour was still going strong. "Why not wait out the rain,
it is quite the trek back to your dormitory and we wouldn't want you catching a cold." If he could
help it, there was no way Jonathan was going to leave his room without Dio getting something other
than flowers. Not when he looked like that, hair wet, body taut from running, dripping and just
mentioning how much he missed him.

~

“Dio, I do have work to do still, I only barely managed to fit this in, and only because I could not
wait to see you.” Jonathan pulled away from him and moved towards the door, but looked back in
Dio’s direction. He could go out in the rain, hurry back to his dorm to be greeted by Rufus’s
melancholy and his paper revisions. Or he could stay here, and dry a little, in the warm arms of his
blond.

In the end, it was not a difficult choice.

“If it isn’t troubling you, I suppose I can stay for a little while. I am afraid that I am drenched
though,” he stated as he kicked off his shoes and started to unbutton his shirt so that he might wring it
out in the doorway. In the process, he was, quite unintentionally, showing off his arm muscles.
Shutting the door again, he turned back to Dio.

~

"N-No trouble at all, believe you me." Dio very likely would have dragged Jonathan in by the ear if
he hadn’t changed his mind in the last moments. Jonathan may have been thinking of being in his
blond's arms, but Dio wished to get down and dirty as soon as he possibly could.

The man was practically drooling when Jonathan removed his shirt and began to squeeze out it out, showing off his taut, wet body and back muscles as his arms worked in getting as much water out as possible, dripping onto the floor outside of his bedroom. No point in playing hard to get with him right now.

~

“I am certain that I am too messy and unkempt right now for your tastes, but you, my love, are always a sight to behold.” Grinning broadly, he stepped up to Dio and took his hands into his own, raising them to his lips to kiss each knuckle softly. “At least we can spend a bit of time together, oh it is good to see you.” While there were the hints of desire buried deep within the surface, Jonathan was being quite sincere with his affections.

~

"You aren't so bad yourself, might I add," Dio replied, accepting the kisses, but really his hands were the last thing he wanted Jonathan's lips on. He sat himself down on his bed quickly, pulling at Jonathan's wrist as he moved along so he was stood before him.

"I am sure I can survive the mess at the moment, Jojo. A bit of rain water never hurt anybody, now did it? Though if you don't get yourself out of those trousers soon, that might just change." If he hadn't been so horny for the past week he might have been embarrassed to already be this hard.

~

Jonathan looked down at Dio and blinked. Well, that had escalated quickly. "Dio… I, ah… I had not been planning to take those off, you see." Jonathan rubbed the back of his neck and chuckled nervously. Dio did not look very pleased by this declaration at all.

"I just thought it would be more meaningful if we did it tomorrow night, when we have more time to be leisurely about it and properly enjoy the act… I really only meant to stop by for a few moments just now, to leave the roses and bath salts. I know I haven't been paying as much attention to you as I should and all..." And somehow these words did not seem to make Dio any happier.

"Come now, Dio, aren't you glad at least that your lover thinks about things other than your cock? Wouldn't you enjoy spending a bit of time just being together?” His eyes fell on the angry, lustful blond and his own body betrayed him, signs of an erection showing through his pants.

~

There is a small twitch in Dio’s eye, and thoughts of murder did come to mind as Jonathan spilled this utter drivel. But right now, murder could not give him what he wanted. “Time together is all well and good, Jojo, but there are other things, more specific things that you haven’t been paying attention to that I would rather have sated right now…” Dio was not in the mood for any coyness on Jonathan’s part today, any other time he might have enjoyed the coaxing game, but he had gone a good few weeks without having any after a holiday chock full and he was getting to the end of his rope. If not for Jonathan’s roommate, he would have burst in and demanded he get what he wanted long ago. One time he almost didn’t care who was watching, but sadly better judgement took hold.

“… and I am not going to let you leave without doing so.” Dio may not have had the upper body strength Jonathan did, but he was strong enough to pull the boy down and onto the bed, pinning himself on top of him. “If you do not have long we can make this quick.” The night may have started...
out romantic, with a gift of roses and bath salts and a rainy setting straight out of some fanciful romance text, but Dio wished to skip all that. “Meaning is useless,” he said, hands already on Jonathan’s bare chest.

~

Jonathan did not have to be convinced too much more. Having Dio on top of him and eager to go was all the motivation he needed. Arms reached up and around the other man, a sly smile on his face as he pressed his forehead against Dio’s. "You win. As you nearly always do… I truly spoil you, Dio. You get your way oh so often."

Jonathan moved his hands to the waist of his trousers, undoing the clasps and pulling out his cock, already fully erect. Since Dio already seemed to have a clear idea of what he wanted, Jonathan decided to lie back and allow the blond to have his fun. He did however wriggle from the remainder of his trousers until they were at his ankles.

"I belong to you, my prince.” He stated as he ran a finger across the healing name in his thigh.

~

“Call it spoiling all you like, the evidence of your own states otherwise.” Dio wasted no time in removing his own shirt and trousers, cock like Jonathan’s fully erect in his pants. They came off quickly too. “You’ll be getting plenty out of it yourself, and you are just as eager. I’ve barely touched you and you’re already as rock.” Dio wasn’t saying this to be contrary (well no more than usual), just pointing out the facts.

Bedside table just a stretch away, he leaned over Jonathan so their bodies slid across one another and grabbed the oil out of the upper drawer. It had been used quite a lot over the last half month, but there was plenty left for today. He quickly got to work on lathering his already leaking cock, spilling a little around Jonathan’s entrance so there would be no need to start off slow.

Arranging Jonathan’s thighs so he could see the engraving, and moving his member to Jonathan’s rear, he held onto the man tightly before thrusting in hard and fast, enough to elicit a cry from Jonathan in the first movement, and hitting his prostate, teasing aside. This was going to be a quick ride for the both of them. But Jonathan had grown too used to making noise in the generally empty Joestar mansion. Here would require more cautiousness.

“Shh! There are people just behind that wall, Jojo,” Dio said, already picking up a speedy rhythm.

~

“Dio-ah-I know I said that I cannot stay long, but it isn’t a race-ooooh!” He cried out, as Dio wasted no time thrusting his cock right into the spot that would make him feel the most pleasure. Of course, right away, he was scolded for his loudness, and he immediately bit his tongue. Focusing on the bliss of having Dio inside him, he began to move his hips back and forth with the other man’s movement.

Jonathan knew how Dio’s body worked by now, and he knew what pleased him. He pulled him down low so that he could nibble on his ear, tongue running across the three moles. His fingers became lost in his hair, glad to feel the softness once again. With the two of them being as familiar as they were by now, and being that it had been awhile since either had had a good fucking, it was not long before Jonathan’s cock spit its seed, making a mess on their bare chests.

“You know that just the rhythm of the bed shaking makes noise, mm?” he added cheekily, now that he was done and could focus once again.
"Well next time I suppose we'll just have to do it on the floor then won't we Jojo?" Dio continued to move about with a definite ferocity that only went to show how much he had missed the sensation of having Jonathan's ass swallowing his cock so needily, how he missed Jonathan's (albeit muffled) whines and moans, how he missed their two bodies coming together as one. Ever since he had a taste for it, he knew it was something he could never let go now, a practical addiction.

And with Jonathan's nibbling of his ear, a sensation going through him as the moles were licked and nipped coupled with the obvious pleasure from his throbbing, moving member, it really did not take long for his own come to be released inside the brunet. He covered his mouth as the noise made would have been unbridled in any other situation, and collapsed on top of Jonathan moments later, panting heavily, not yet removing his cock from within.

"I needed this."

"I needed it too," Jonathan whispered as he laid back, running fingers through Dio's hair, which was slightly longer than the last time he had had the opportunity to do so, soon it would fit neatly into a small ponytail. Leaning down, he kissed the top of Dio's head.

"Thank you for making me drop my trousers," he said with a slight hint of mischief in his voice. "Even if it wasn't my intention to do so." He too was addicted to Dio in a way, not so much the sex, although he craved it deeply. Dio's very presence and approval had become something he yearned for, and there was nothing better to him than seeing the other man lie contented and spent in his arms.

"This is why I hesitated to come and see you. Even though I only meant to stay for a few brief moments, now I can't stand the thought of letting you go." Jonathan rolled them over so that now he was pinning Dio to the bed, lifting his hands over his head and holding them there. Leaning in he began to kiss his neck, before nipping on his earlobe and whispering "I adore you."

The afterglow of orgasm still in effect, Dio felt rather content in remaining in the position he was currently placed, head tucked in the crevice of Jonathan's neck, bare skins touching comfortably, a little sweaty and sticky but warm and comfortable all the same.

"I'm am sure you knew it would only ever end up this way, Jojo. You could not resist one more day apart from me."

"No… I suppose that I could not..." Jonathan admitted begrudgingly. He didn't want this moment to end and to have to walk (well, he should probably run) back to his dormitory. And that was on top of having work to finish and Rufus waiting for him with his latest woes.

Jonathan's fingers continued to move through Dio's hair softly. He was glad that Dio had not tried to shoo him out once he finished, which knowing his brother was most likely how it had worked for anyone else who had been in his bed. It meant a great deal, but still, he wanted more.

"Dio… I want something of yours." At Dio's confused expression, Jonathan quickly added, "Nothing big. A token… it could be anything. I want to carry your favour on me just as a knight might carry the favour of the one for whom he fights and loves." Perhaps there was a trace of a blush on his cheeks. "I am aware that I am a foolish romantic… just humour me in this."
Dio almost let out a snort if it weren’t so uncouth, but a snigger did escape him. “You do take this little analogy of ours quite seriously don’t you, Jojo? You think we are a mediaeval pair in a book of fairy tales. I do wonder when the dragon of our story shall appear and you will put it upon yourself to fight it off with a mighty sword enhanced by a humble druid.” A hand moved to Jonathan’s face and gave his cheek a pinch.

“But… if it should mean so much to you, I may have something in mind.” And with that, Dio took a breath and removed himself from the warm form of Jonathan, and moved to his chest of drawers, atop of which his jewellery box stood. Beside it, though not too close stood a scented candle with matches beside. He lit it, simply because, before continuing the search.

“Ah, here it is.” He returned to Jonathan on the bed, who had now unfortunately pulled up his trousers and underwear.

“My Lord Dio, I humbly await your offering.”

Jonathan sat on the bed, fixing his trousers and waiting, curious as to just what exactly Dio would give him. Jonathan had to admit himself, it was a rather silly idea, and yet still, it was one that meant something to him. They were separated now, and there would be quite a while until they had another holiday together. It felt strange to not have Dio near, and to not be able to see him as often as they could when they were at home in the mansion. Having a trinket which he could hold on to would be a pleasant reminder, not that he could easily forget.

Dio’s hand held the object tightly in his grasp, so Jonathan was unable to see it before the reveal, standing with chest puffed and stance firm. “I have not worn this in a time, but I find it befitting. You may take it as my favour,” he said, getting into the role of Prince. No matter how theatrical the whole premise may have been, Dio in the end had no qualms with performing in a dramatic way.

“And so, Jonathan Joestar, I bestow my token onto you.” He opened his hand and Jonathan looked down to see a small silver brooch in the shape of an oval laced in a winding pattern, a blade of sorts as the central attraction, encrusted with two diamonds on each side.

“I know a handkerchief is oft given, but I Dio, am better than any handkerchief and certainly would not want something people blow their noses on in the height of illness to symbolise me.”

Taking the brooch Jonathan turned it around in his hand, impressed that Dio gave him something so lovely and with precious stones in it. “My prince is most generous; I did not think that you would be bestowing diamonds upon me any time soon.” He took the brooch and slipped it into his pocket, before turning back to face the other man. “Thank you. I will treasure it and keep it safe.” Smiling sadly, he stood up. He knew he should leave, but he did not want to in the slightest. His arms wound about Dio, lips brushing against cheek.

"You expected anything less? Not to mention you offered me a diamond, it was only correct that you should have one in return, do you not agree?" Dio took Jonathan’s lips, already nestled in the embrace, hands snaking up into hair and tugging lightly, bringing them closer, as if he did not want
them to ever part.

But unfortunately, life rather got in the way of that, and Jonathan was beginning to pull away to leave. Sighing he went to grab Jonathan’s shirt, debating whether to give it to him or not… he could not leave if he had no shirt, right? Looking at the dull garb, he pouted.

"Tomorrow you should wear something better than this. Not too fancy, but not too shabby… though I should hope you own nothing that could be construed as shabby." He prodded Jonathan's side, already much less squishy as it had been during Christmas.

~

“Sometimes I feel we are so mismatched,” Jonathan began, taking the shirt after a small tugging match between he and Dio for it. You are so elegant and refined, you have a sense of style and fashion (albeit a bit flamboyant at times) and you also show grace in your every movement. I, on the other hand, feel large, clumsy, and dull at your side. How you became interested in me, I do not think I shall ever know.” Jonathan leaned in and pressed a kiss to Dio’s lips, shaking his shirt out to slide back into it, damp though it may have been. “Regardless, I look forward to tomorrow night.

~

"Well they do say opposites attract, perhaps that has something to do with it. Your dress sense may be rather tame, but there is nothing wrong with your largeness. Your form is rather admirable, I must admit." Credit where credit was due, and it was most certainly due with Jonathan. He had thought it before, but to have a body like Jonathan's would be entirely pleasing to Dio. He was sure it would suit him well, that manly figure he could never possess of his own volition. Oh well, he owned it in every other way that mattered, and it did not bother him greatly. He would always look good, no matter what body was attached to his neck.

He accepted the goodbye kiss and sighed as Jonathan put his shirt back on. At least it would only be a day before he would lay eyes on that sight once more, these weeks were more than he could take. “Tomorrow then, and thank you very much for stopping by, it was much appreciated."
The next evening, Jonathan was quite pleased with himself. His recent archaeological paper had come back with a top grade, and he had finished all the math work that was required of him for the weekend. He was ready for whatever Dio had in store, or so he thought. More than anything, he was ready to fall asleep beside Dio, hopefully after a pleasant and drawn out bed romp.

Jonathan showed up at Dio’s door dressed simply but neatly. He was in an unremarkable blue trouser suit and white shirt, though rather than the bows he was so fond of, he wore a red cravat. He held a bottle of red wine of a brand he knew Dio enjoyed, though he still looked a bit nervous.

“So, where exactly are we going tonight, eh?”

"Where we are going, dear Jojo," Dio’s began, scanning the opposite man’s form. He did not bother to comment on Jonathan's outfit, solely because there was nothing to comment about. Dio was dressed in a deep burgundy suit jacket with a peachy orange waistcoat and black trousers, brought to life with a patterned green cravat, rather striking in its brightness. The cufflinks he had been given for Christmas by Jonathan were also put on, freshly shined, and of course he had all his shoes buffed before returning to the school. It was still very cold out most days, so semi-long boots were the choice for tonight. He did accept the wine and placed it down on the desk. Turning to grab his feathered coat from the wardrobe and adorning it, he continued.

"Where we are going is rather a popular social ground for those at Hugh Hudson: The Redson Bar. I hope you brought money, I should hardly think they'll let you leave without gambling at least half of it." He frowned at Jonathan's clearly reluctant expression.

"Oh don't make that face, this is no seedy betters' lodge, it is fully esteemed. You did say you would go and without your word what are you? If you'd prefer we could crack into this bottle first and loosen you up some before we set off."

Jonathan tsked his tongue and shook his head. He had suspected something like this, and although it was reputable enough, by far it was not a place he would go on a regular basis.

"I do have money with me, and I expect to lose most of it. But if it makes you happy… Very well. I suppose it could be worse.” He had a feeling that this night would be full of many glasses, with substances stronger than wine. He was worried for Dio, afraid that he would deteriorate into a drunken mess if given the chance.

Then again, he thought back to Dio's tipsiness in the past. While he in no way endorsed that sort of behaviour, he also knew that Dio could hold his liquor rather well. And when he didn’t, it typically resulted in things slipping that normally would not. Jonathan had to wonder, if not for Dio's drunken state the night he gifted him the diamond, they might not be together. So he pushed his reservations aside, although vowing to himself that he would take it easy so that he could take care of Dio if need be, and so he said “though I should probably not start drinking until we get there… unless it pleases you to have a glass now, of course.”

"No, no, since you seem amenable will shall partake when we get there. This wine can be saved for
later, or perhaps when we return to the campus, should the mood take us..." A hand was glossed over Jonathan's cheek and down past his neck to the centre of his upper chest. Dio looked down at the body as if it were not clad and fully exposed, breathing in sharply. Soon enough, soon enough.

"But for now!" he said, tone suddenly hit with an edge of sharpness and urgency, "We shall go! Time waits for no man, after all." It had been quite some time, two weeks in fact since Dio had done anything of interest or major social interaction, and while he generally enjoyed time alone and in peace, he very much relished these few moments, they certainly had a fancy and liveliness to them, and he liked being surrounded by people who wanted him and his company.

It was a brisk walk to the bar, not too far off the campus, and the pair had been able to link arms for some of the journey at Jonathan's request, but once more people were about they took to walking side by side until they arrived at the Redson's entrance.

"Can't come in without a shot at the door!" A young man who Dio recognised as one of the bartenders said as Dio and Jonathan attempted to make their way in. He was holding a bottle of gin, with many small glasses on a table by his side, as well as a box that was likely filled with money from the shot quota. "First one's on the house, since it's Brando." The pair exchanged light pleasantries about the holidays, and Dio introduced Jonathan; an unfamiliar face was not a common happening so far into the year.

"He's a little new to all this, so go easy on him, would you?" He gave Jonathan a wink then turned to see the man shaking his head.

"No can do, I'm afraid. Newcomers are the best pickings; you should know after all." Dio shone a wry grin before accepting the drinks, passing one to Jonathan.

"Down the hatch, Jojo!"

~

Jonathan sighed, but it was an accepting sort of sigh. He did very much enjoy the company of others, and could even at times be considered a social butterfly when amongst school friends, but prior to his relationship with Dio, he had never been much of a drinker, and his circle of friends tended to be the tamer of sorts. They would debate theory, play cards, take hikes when the weather permitted… drinking might happen occasionally, but it was not a sport. And Jonathan could see that in a place like this it was going to be difficult to stay sober, especially when he had not built much of a tolerance.

Still, there was no hesitation as Jonathan took the glass and drank down the contents in a gulp, though he did show signs of distaste after, it had been quite strong. His size would be to his advantage, as he was sure Dio’s was in comparison to the other boys. It could have been part of why he did so well.

“Ah, well, I am certain there will be worse than that before the night is done, eh?" He said with a light chuckle and followed him inside. Jonathan did not plan on leaving Dio’s side tonight for two reasons. One, in case the other man drank himself into a stupor, which he supposed was in the realm of possibility, although he hoped that it didn’t happen. And the other was that he wasn’t as friendly with this group of students. It was more than a bit intimidating.

“Is drinking the only game you play here, Dio? I was expecting more.”
"Of course not," Dio replied, taking the now empty glasses and returning them to the table. "Drinking is just one factor of the night, though there shall be quite a lot of that by the end of it admittedly. It is part of all the fun, Jojo, practically ingrained within strategizing for the additional activities. So, drink, drink and be merry!"

Once fully inside, Dio guided Jonathan to the main bar and ordered two Irish Whiskeys for them to be getting on with. Jonathan also got himself some mixed nuts since they were on easy display. As they waited for the order to be fulfilled Dio turned to the crowd in search.

"Let us start ourselves off with something easy, shall we?" Dio suggested as he scoured the room for something the pair of them could have a hand in. Ah, a few lads on the far end were playing with cards, perfect. "Come on Jojo, you can carry the drinks. Be sure not to spill them."

It seemed perfect timing as the duo arrived to the table. Of course the group knew Dio and in their already tipsy state greeted him by name in a slurry cheer of sorts, dragging out a chair for him to sit. "Make that two, my brother Jojo, Joestar is joining to me today, and he has plenty of money to waste." The boys pulled out another for Jonathan with a deep "ooo" from the mention of money before the dealer took the pile of cards from the centre and began to reshuffle before handing them out to the selection.

"We're playing cheat, at least for now," the dealer said. "And the going fee is a pound per person, winner takes all of course." Dio rummaged in his pockets for the money and placed it on the counter, Jonathan mimicking the action soon after. Dio enjoyed this game, it required the need to think fast and lie, both skills he was rather ample in.

"So Joestar, you know how to play cheat? If not I'll explain, but it's pretty simple once you get the hang of it…"

~

"I know how to play." Jonathan responded smoothly. It was not the usual game of choice, but he had played on occasion. And the last thing he wanted to do was appear incompetent in front of Dio's… friends. If you could call them that.

After sitting down at the table and taking a good look at the other players there, Jonathan decided two things. One, he would simply consider his money gone, already spent on Dio. Two, he would not allow himself to get as intoxicated at as the fellows already at the table. It just seemed like they were just ripe for getting their money taken, which he was certain was what Dio loved most of all about them. Jonathan sipped at his whiskey every so often, but did his best to keep the sips small.

As several rounds of the game went by, Jonathan studied the other players, trying to get the gist of their play style. Dio's play style was of course flawless. He had a marvellous poker face and was a master at hiding his tensions or victories, so no one really knew when he was in a good place or a bad place. It was something he admired in the other man, even if he used it against him.

Jonathan himself was a careful player, but he did not share Dio's skill for hiding his feelings. Soon enough, there were extra cards in Jonathan's hand.

~

Dio did not take such little sips as Jonathan, but he had no intention of losing his edge while in the midst of a gamble, the light buzz of intoxicants could come later in the night when he had won and was done with gaming in cases where money was involved. There was no chance in hell that he was going to lose to these… well insects would be an appropriate term, really.
He played well, of course, keeping his face inscrutable, but knowing the right moment to curl his lip upward a little, have someone recognise this moment and call the bluff, only to have them pick up a large load of cards in return. He had made a great deal of living off of this once, and he was quite the professional.

Jonathan was not exempt from this rule; Dio was going to take all his money eventually, this was simply an early instalment. It was a fast moving game, and after an hour a good seven rounds had gone by, Dio winning five and Jonathan one (surprisingly), but the losses meant nothing so long as he could win them back before the final. And he was looking to do just that in their eighth and final game, already pre-set, though losers had the opportunity to drop out if they so desired; three of the ten had done as such.

Quite a fortune had been gathered as the game went on, in the days of his early childhood this would have lasted him years (if his pig of a father would not have drunk it away in a month), but to the rich this was little more than petty change in the grand scheme of things. Dio was left with the smallest number of cards, and a rather large pile was stacking up. Currently the money was held by one of the other players, neither Dio nor Jonathan, but he had plans to change that quite quickly. Jonathan had just picked up large sum of cards and was currently sorting through them, there was hardly a chance of his victory to take place.

Dio was left with four cards, if played right it would take but a couple rounds to secure his win. It helped that the other boys were practically drunk out of their minds at this point, he could likely say any number and still succeed. But though Jonathan stood at a disadvantage, with the numerous cards in hand it would be easy for him to detect any liars, since the likelihood of him holding it was high. Perhaps he was not out of the game after all.

"Four!" "Two fives!" "One six..." "Cheat!!" "Damn it!" Oh, seems it did not matter about strategy, Dio had already won, his seating position and the last call had already assured his triumph. It was his turn, and with that...

"Three sevens, and that, gentlemen, means Dio has won!" The obligatory check was given, but for once Dio was not lying (he had been saving these particular cards for the end), and the money was handed to him. Their vanquished groans made his smile grow wide, and with a large gulp of his current drink, he cheered himself on with a laugh. "Ah, it feels good to win Jojo, not that you would know, after all, it was I, Dio!!"

~

Even as the soberest person at the table, Jonathan didn't really stand a chance. Dio was ruthless as well as more experienced, and it was no surprise at all when he took the lot. Jonathan could see the pleasure Dio took in winning, and he had to admit, winning was a sweet sensation. But there was something else behind his glee, something darker, and it left Jonathan with a pit in his stomach. He would think about that later.

"Well, my brother is quite skilled." He commented as Dio happily collected the lot, the drunken faces looking enviously at his winnings. Jonathan took a sip from his drink, which was only half empty, as compared to the multiple empty glasses scattered about the table. Once Dio had safely tucked the bills away, he insisted on going to the bar, and for Jonathan to finish what was left of his whiskey. Sighing, Jonathan did so.

"Your talents often appear endless." Jonathan spoke as he sat at the bar, munching on some nuts. "I almost feel I do not need to add you to the Joestar will. You could easily make the fortune yourself, between this and your upcoming legal career." He was not serious of course, but Dio's abilities and how he used them were something heavily on his mind.
Upon Jonathan's comment Dio cast him an iron glare, momentarily lapsing in his heightened mood. "Things like that should never be joked about, Jojo." But it was short lived, and with another gulp of scotch he returned to more neutral expression, but the impression had made its mark. "Though I agree, my talents are likely without limit, what can I say, I am number one." He grinned before ordering himself another couple of drinks; top shelf. And though he had just made quite the killing, he had Jonathan buy it for him, he would after all. “Such a good little pet you are, Jojo, always at my beck and call.”

Jonathan was pulling out his wallet to pay for the drinks, when Dio’s remark at being like a pet hit his ears. He grimaced and threw Dio a look, but decided to just let it go for the time being. Yes, he enjoyed lavishing his money and affections on Dio, and he would do it gladly, but to be likened to a pet was demeaning. He silently passed Dio his new drink and took his own, taking small sips without so much as a glance in Dio’s direction.

Jonathan’s sudden sour pout did not go amiss by Dio, and in his happy tipsy state, he decided none should be sad around he. "Say Jojo, are you enjoying yourself? Is there anything you want? I'm in rather a giving mood tonight, which you will surely reap the benefits of later, after all, a prince's duty is to his subjects as they say." He whispered the last part of his sentence before laughing once more.

Frankly he would not be averse to going back to his dorm room and giving Jonathan's cock some work around his lips among other things, but they had only been out for an hour and a half, perhaps two if they counted the journey, and the night still felt too young to head to bed.

"But for now I mean here, these places do tend to get a little stuffy for a while. We could go around the town, should you prefer."

Despite his aggravation at the previous remark, it was almost sweet to see Dio concerned for his wellbeing, and if they had been in more privacy he would have held his hand, squeezed his sides, or softly kissed his lips. When Dio had alcohol in him he had the potential to be a far more docile creature in the bedroom, and it was tempting to suggest they go back to the dorms and play as they had been unable to for weeks, and yesterday had brought him back into wanting. Jonathan almost felt himself start to rise at the thought, but he willed himself not to.

"Dio, don't be silly. This is your night, you wanted to take me here… let us stay a little while longer before we find entertainment elsewhere." He leaned in before whispering. "You can reward me for being your most loyal knight later." After all, a knight was held in far higher esteem than a pet.

After the sultry whisper, Jonathan had taken himself upstairs to the restroom, leaving Dio alone for the first real moment of the night. With people and loudness abound, he was admittedly grateful for the minute of calm solitude, and had settled himself at the bar, reclining back and watching the scene before shutting his eyes for a short moment to breathe and tune all out. Of course the second he did, he felt himself invaded, a warm pressure against him, long hair brushing against his form.

Opening his eyes revealed a woman with long black hair that fell in waves, red lips and a little too
much blush on her cheeks. She posed a practiced smile, seduction in the way she moved her body about, and Dio knew exactly what she was here for.

"Looks like you will be scoring big tonight if Rosa's got her eye on you," a boy next to him Dio deemed to irrelevant to grant a name said. He laughed, but it was not returned, Dio already feeling the slithers of irritation for this harlot impeding on his vicinity. All here were all too aware he was untouchable; she must have been new.

“Your friend has that right,” Rosa said, twiddling with the growing locks of Dio’s hair, leaning against him with a clear attempt to display her breasts in that bodice that clearly was not her colour.

"I am neither pathetic nor desperate enough to pay for sex." His eyebrows began to furrow as Rosa leaned a little closer, hand hovering just by his hips.

“Come on, love, you can’t knock it until you’ve tried it… just let me do all the work.” Her breath was hot against his neck, hand slipping to his upper leg with one place in mind.

“I would like to be a gentleman about this, but if you don’t get your dirty paws off my thigh in the next second or two we may be coming to quite a disagreement about whether or not you will be keeping it.” He kept his gaze forward, not even spending a moment to give her the courtesy of eye contact. Slowly, but immediately Rosa withdrew.

“Your loss, honey,” she said with a slightly bitter edge masked in that lilt of hers before making her way over to a new table where another large winner of the night was being made.

~

This night was full of firsts for Jonathan, and one of those firsts was seeing a true prostitute up close and personal -- and hanging off his brother’s arm at that. He returned from the bathroom just in time to see Rosa in full force, being dismissed by Dio. Her figure was lovely, he had to admit, outside of photographs he had not seen a woman done up in such a provocative get up, everything from the feather in her raven hair down to the silk stockings on her shapely legs. On a primal, instinctive level, he found her attractive, but to see her by Dio, and to know her profession, made a pit form in his stomach.

Once upon a time, Dio had sold his own body just as this woman sold hers. Visions of a young Dio giving himself to disgusting, perverted men such as the one they had met just before the new year filled Jonathan’s mind, and he felt his stomach lurch.

“I am surprised at you, Dio,” Jonathan spoke once he was beside him, making sure that he and only he could hear. “I did not think that you would wish to patronise a place that supports such… occupations.”

~

“And what occupations might that be, Jojo?” Dio asked with a raised brow. The smell of her perfume still lingered in the air about him for the hot minute Jonathan returned. His eyes lingered towards Rosa again.

Apparently she had made quite fast work this time, for not only one, but two of the men at the betting table had risen, her claiming them both and leading them up the stairs. Well, most were easier than Dio to snare, and winner’s high made that all the more prevalent. “I am not sure I know what you mean.”
"You know full well what I mean, Dio." Jonathan said with a frown. "You are no fool, but sometimes you make me wonder..." Jonathan watched Rosa's hair sweep away, her hips sauntering from side to side up the stairs, the men and their full purses in tow.

He had made a promise to Dio not to bring up the events of New Year's again, and he would stay true to that promise. However, he could not understand how Dio could brush off this woman so easily, when she and he had more in common than most people might think.

~

Dio let out an exasperated sigh and turned to face the brunet head on, a crease in his temple, summoning up his voice to begin retaliation. Jonathan was correct, he knew all too well what he had been insinuating, but such a thing did not sit well at all.

So it was true, this was all Jonathan thought of him now that he knew, even after six long years, he would never escape this taint. A breath away from a yell a familiar voice to Dio but not Jonathan called out distracting them both.

"Brando!" It was a young man by the name of Harold, they shared a few lectures in law, and Dio had 'helped him out' once or twice in their first year, but now he was engaged and 'past' his boyhood fancies. He greeted him accordingly.

Harold recognised Jonathan from rugby game immediately and shot him a hello too; once you had seen Jojo he was rather difficult to forget. Once the pleasantries were settled, Harold bought himself a drink and began to get to his point.

"Well I was going to ask if you wished to join in on a little arm wrestling tournament my buddies were planning, Brando, and of course your brother would be free to join... but now that I think about it that might put us all on a bit of a disadvantage." He laughed, taking another swig of beer. "But what the hell, want to try your hand? Maybe there's someone here who could extraordinarily outmatch you, Joestar."

Dio turned his head to Jonathan and hummed. Perhaps rather than words, a bit of a brawling match would let out the pent up frustration accumulating within. "What do you think, Jojo. Wish to test your strength?"

~

Jonathan was finished buying Dio drinks for the night, only taking small sips of his own. At this point, he knew the less alcohol he partook in the better, particularly in his current jumbled emotional state. The last thing he needed was a repeat of the New Year's dilemma, and the engraving on Jonathan’s thigh had only just healed over. It was much too soon for another one, and Jonathan was eager for anything to change the conversation. Arm wrestling was a harmless enough way to do so.

When Harold approached, Jonathan considered him carefully. He had never seen him before so he was definitely not near any of Jonathan's circles, but he had to wonder what kind of history Dio had with the other student. Had they merely been in the same class, or had Dio 'helped' him with his homework? There was no way to tell for sure, either, so Jonathan pushed the thought aside and instead, considered the challenge presented.

"Hmm..." He rubbed his chin, giving the establishment another glance, and then shrugged his shoulders. "I am willing to try," he replied modestly. However, he was not really expecting any challenges. Arm strength came naturally to him, and since arriving back at school and preparing for the rugby season, he had been back to doing push ups. These drunks could try.
Jonathan opted to go first, a line of challengers readying themselves to take on the Joestar boy, finishing their drinks and stretching their biceps. Harold did none of that, opting instead to eye Jonathan up and down.

“So, you are Brando’s brother, eh?” Jonathan quirked an eyebrow, nodding his head. “You both have the brute strength for competitions like this. Should be interesting to see…” Jonathan did not like the leer on Harold’s face as he spoke, but did not comment, instead taking his place at the table, arm out and ready. And so they began. A line of five boys went down with ease, no match for Jonathan’s strength. The sixth was Harold himself, and as he sat down across from Jonathan he smirked, seeming unintimidated.

Just as they linked arms, Harold looked at him and muttered in a low voice so that only Jonathan could actually make out the words, “I bet you spread as easy as your whore brother,” before immediately slamming Jonathan’s arm down while he was still processing the crass remark.

"And finally, someone takes down Joestar!” The boy who had been refereeing lifted Harold’s arm. While he was still being held, Jonathan pummelled him and knocked both him and the referee over.

“What did you say?!” Jonathan practically growled into Harold’s face, pinning him to the ground and holding a fist high and ready to strike. Harold, stunned by the blow, was quick to strike back, making a jab to Jonathan’s kidney. Though he cried out, this did not stop the Joestar from landing another hit to the other man’s face, which would most assuredly lead to a black eye later on. To all the onlookers, it seemed as if bitterness over losing had started the brawl, but in actuality, it was over the words that had been whispered.

~

If anyone knew Jonathan from over the age of fifteen, this would have been more than unexpected, he was known to be mild mannered, the one to stop a fight not instigate it. All eyes were immediately drawn to the loud thud as the trio hit the ground and Jonathan began to punch Harold with tightly balled fists, yelling something that clearly required context not to sound like mindless drivel. A few eager parties began to chant “fight, fight, fight” and jump into the mix, and in seconds it turned into something Dio would have recognised back in London. But instead of intervene, he took to watching Jonathan in the midst of the brawl, face reddened, lips curled into a snarl. Who knew he was such a sore loser, it did seem awfully uncharacteristic. But it did not lack a certain fiery appeal.

"Alright break it up, break it up!” The voice of an older man, the owner, called out, grabbing the necks of a few of the smaller men in the fight and lugging them out of the scrimmage. Jonathan and Harold continued going at it, despite the attempt to have them separated, and had to be smacked over the head with a solid tray before they finally ceased.

"You know the rules, boys, no fights inside the bar! This is not some lower class roughhouse, if you have a quarrel you take it outside or handle it like the proper English gentlemen your parents raised you to be." The owner of the bar pointed a finger. "That's a warning a warning for you, Harold, but you -- Joestar -- get out.”

When the quick crowd began to dissipate, Dio finally approached, first grabbing his and Jonathan’s coats from the rack. "Time for us to go, I think Jojo," he said crouching down, throwing his jacket on top of him, hooking his arm in between Jonathan’s own and dragging the pair of them out with a twirl of his heel, bringing them into the coldness of the night.

Once they had made some distance between themselves and the bar, Dio stopped and pinched
Jonathan’s ear, tugging it down as if he were attempting to tear it off. "What the hell is wrong with you Jojo?! Do not tell me you've gotten into that much of a stupor that you've lost control of yourself."

~

Jonathan hissed as Dio grabbed his ear. "Oooooowwww! Dio, let go!" he cried as he smacked Dio's hand away. "I am not in a stupor! Harold deserved what came to him, though why you would let me fight against someone who you... you... " His voice trailed off as they walked on, and Jonathan rubbed his knuckles lightly, small bleeding cuts now on each one. He reached out and touched his forehead gingerly, there would be a few bruises as well. But he was not unaccustomed to such things, just the manner in which they were received. Frowning, he continued to walk on, every so often glancing over at Dio.

"He said something highly inappropriate. And I could not stand to hear words spoken against... against someone I care for." He bit his lip. He doubted that Dio wished to be reminded of his past, and Jonathan sure as hell did not wish it either. "I’m sorry I made a scene, but there are some things to which I cannot simply let go.”

~

“You acted like some sort of rabid dog there, Jojo, I thought you were tamer than that. There's a time and a place for fighting to such a degree, and that was not the place.” Dio rolled his eyes before shoving his hands into pockets and pulling out a pair of glove which were subsequently put on. From their little blizzard incident, he had taken to ensuring all his coats had gloves in or attached to them. He did not expect that situation to occur again, but better to prepare for all trials that may come.

“But it was regarding someone you care about, hmm, I wonder who that could have been.” Dio gave open handed shrug, clearly the person in question was he and frankly Harold could say nothing against him to even waver a response. Though he did tend to be something of a judgemental hypocrite now that he had gotten himself a bride to be and antics between men were now somehow beneath him.

Though Dio was not too impressed that the man he had personally brought in caused such a scene, there was not too much disdain in his voice. “Perhaps I should have called my pet to heel, it seems he gets so aggressive when his master’s name is sullied. But I suppose that is worthy of a treat, what a loyal boy you are.” He spoke with a coo, as one might a baby or domestic animal.

~

Jonathan clenched a fist at his side, feeling the anger rise within him as Dio once again made a reference to him being nothing more than a pet. By now, he had lost track of the number of times this had happened. Dio also neglected to acknowledge any past relationship with Harold, completely glossing over the shadowy portions of his past, just as he usually did.

He could have called him out on it. He could have started a fight. But he was tired, and all he wanted to do was get back to Dio’s room, bury himself in his body, and then go to sleep. They so rarely were able to spend an entire night with each other, the last thing he wanted to do was ruin it.

“I am not your dog, Dio. Perhaps I shall have to remind you of what I am once we are alone.”
When they finally arrived at Dio’s dormitory, Jonathan watched as he lit the candle beside the bed, keeping silent as the flame threw their shadows against the wall. Once there was light, Dio poured them each a glass of wine, offering one to the brunet. Jonathan took his glass and several gulps along with it, but caught Dio’s own before it could reach his lips.

“You’ve drunk enough.”

Setting both glasses aside, Jonathan roughly pressed a hand to Dio’s chest, pushing him back onto the bed. Jonathan made quick work of the buttons on his shirt, yanking it apart so that he could bite Dio’s nipple, kissing and suckling it before moving to the other. Lips traced down to his navel, hands moving ahead to make short work of any clothing that got in his way. Only then did his blue eyes look up to meet Dio’s amber ones, as he unbuttoned the fly on his own pants, revealing his already firm member.

Under normal circumstances, Dio’s cock was Jonathan’s main concern, but right now, he was more interested slipping two fingers up his thigh, tracing Dio’s puckered entrance, and daring to start to enter him.

"Mine," he murmured, in a tone dripping with possessiveness.

~

“Am I now?” Dio replied with a playful lilt, but received no response to his rhetorical, Jonathan silencing himself and beginning to work his way down his body, hand still teasing his hole without pushing in for penetration. Dio let out pleasured moans as his nipples were sucked and bitten, hard enough to leave a purple ring in the morning, with indents of teeth on his areola. His cock actively responded to the touches, growing quickly in hardness and beginning to leak onto his stomach the further Jonathan descended.

Stretching some first, Dio ran his fingers through Jonathan's dark locks, feeling his arms lower as Jonathan came closer and closer to his twitching erection, bare and exposed.

Initially thinking his cock would be sucked, continuing on with the mouth movements, Dio was surprised to be flipped over with little to no warning by Jonathan, and with such ease. Granted, the ease of it all was less of a shock, Jojo would likely be able to lift Dio's entire form with one arm if he so wished, and he had certainly been picked up and carried by the man numerous times, whether it was to the bath or simply because Jonathan felt like swinging him about.

"Want to try something new I see," Dio said in a breathy gasp as Jonathan's hands and cock were upon his chest and ass, pushing and squeezing with the strength only he possessed. He was now on his hands and knees, body brought close to Jonathan's, rear entrance twitching at the contact with his member, while his own arousal leaked and began to crave the release from the soon to happen fucking he would receive. It was never a bore when Jonathan decided to take some initiative of his own, and certainly this near possessive approach would be interesting to be subjected to. He would allow it.

"If you want me to be yours, you best perform well for me, Jojo."
"Have I ever disappointed you in bed, Dio?" His hand finally reached around and grabbed Dio's cock, giving it a firm squeeze and jerk. If Jonathan had learned nothing else, he knew he had a knack for making Dio writhe. As unfamiliar as he was with it when he first started, instinct had served him well. And right now, instinct was telling him to claim what was his.

Letting go of Dio's cock, he brought his hand to his mouth, spitting on it. He did not feel like stopping his hold to get their usual oils, so saliva would have to do. Several fingers were inserted back into Dio's entrance, readying him for what was to come. His other hand explored Dio's chest, kneading and scratching at the skin, as he buried his face in Dio's neck and nipped.

Jonathan's cock was throbbing with the need to penetrate, and he decided that for once he would place his needs before Dio's. First, however, he gave Dio's ass a firm squeeze, letting his fingernails sink into the flesh as he did so. A bit more saliva was applied to his shaft, before pushing it inside of him with one hard thrust. Jonathan moaned in pleasure, it felt amazing to go from nothing to balls deep in just a matter of seconds.

Dio's neck was given a few more sucks and nips, leaving a trail of marks in his wake. Then he pulled back and positioned his hands on Dio's hips, thrusting against his ass long and hard, without any hesitation. His hips smacked hard against the flesh mercilessly, choosing roughness over gentleness. Only once he had gotten a good rhythm going did he reach around and grab Dio's cock, jerking it off as he continued to pound into his rear.

Fingers out and cock in, Dio hardly had a chance to breathe before he felt Jonathan immediately begin with a hard thrust, slamming against his prostrate on the first insert. The use of saliva felt completely different to oil, Dio could feel the rawness of the action, Jonathan's large member forcing its way into his ass, warm and throbbing and fervent. Exactly the way he liked it.

His eyes were made to bulge and mouth to hang open in grunts as Jonathan rammed and smacked and dug into his rear without restraint, each time hitting his sweetest spot and practically sending him over the edge.

“So this is what you meant by making me yours, hmm? Perhaps you should do it like this more often,” Dio panted, heaves taken in every few words. This approach certainly was a breath of fresh air to the usual softer manner they had grown accustomed to, filled with foreplay. Not that that was bad, he enjoyed Jonathan marking his body with those lips of his, but this way made Dio feel. There was excitement and ferocity he utterly adored.

It took Dio a very short space of time to come during this rough movements, how he loved it dearly, the rawness of it all. It didn't even seem that Jonathan noticed his orgasm, lost in his own ministrations as he continued with the pumping and jerking, as well as his own thrusts, leaving Dio a mess of moans and wails, tired and drooling throughout.

Jonathan was more focused on himself now, or at the very least, his own orgasm. His speed was fast and hard, any other person would have most likely had difficulty bearing the fierceness of his blows. But Dio's body was firm and strong, and it was a good match for the strength that Jonathan put behind each of his thrusts. Soon enough, Jonathan reached his own peak, filling Dio to the brim with his seed, before pulling out and rolling off of him. Only then did he notice the red splotches on Dio's ass from how hard his hips had been smacking against him. Slowly he forced Dio to roll on his side,
giving him a good look over.

"Oh good God..." he muttered in curse as he noticed the red marks on his chest. "Dio, why didn't you tell me that I was hurting you?" Frowning, he pulled away and folded his arms over his chest, head hunched. Fucking Dio like that had felt immensely satisfying, subjecting him to the roughness helped him vent his frustrations while still worshiping Dio's body at the same time... but he had never meant to do damage.

~

"What, this?" Dio asked, touching at a few of the crimson splotches laid upon his form before rolling back onto his front, ass still quite sore, Jonathan's spillage running down and out of his rear. "This is nothing Jojo, I mark a little easily, but I'd hardly say they were something to complain about." He smiled. "In fact, I have to commend you on your efforts, they were rather splendid. One of your best attempts yet." He stretched, almost as a cat would, extending his body out, pointing both arms and legs as far as they could reach, lifting slightly off the bed before collapsing once more, patting the area beside him for Jonathan to lie down.

"You're usually so gentle and tender in your actions when you have the potential to go all out if you would just let loose for once. It's nice to see you putting all that body and strength to full usage." Dio smiled, reaching and arm towards Jonathan's shoulder and pinching it just enough for the boy to let it kick in. "And a little pain never hurt anybody, spices things up in fact. You'd be surprised how many enjoy such a thing, Jojo, and going by the way you were acting, I have no doubts you quite enjoyed it all too." He moved himself forward to lay a long kiss upon the brunet's lips. "My pet appeals to me when so fervent."

~

Jonathan had been eager to accept the kiss, but when Dio made yet another reference to him being a pet, he frowned and pulled back, stopping it short. In aggravation he rolled over on top of Dio, pinning him down to the mattress. "I am your knight, not your pet. And I will only serve a benevolent ruler, not a spoiled brat prince." Pressing a bit harder, he leaned in close to his left ear, nipping on it before whispering, "Do you understand, Dio?"

~

Dio let Jonathan say his speech, barely acknowledging it with any expression. He winced when his shoulders were dug into, but did his best not to let on too much.

"Do you know how animals often respond to acts they do not enjoy? They use physicality to assert power over others. They push and scratch and bite." Dio lay emphasis on the latter term as Jonathan nipped at his ear. "Does that sound familiar to you, Jojo?" When Jonathan head returned upwards Dio smirked before continuing.

"So to answer your question: yes. I understand perfectly. But you act like a pet, so what could you possibly expect? If you conditioned yourself to obey my every command that is hardly Dio's fault... Now if you would excuse yourself, I really need to bathe." Dio gestured for Jonathan to scoot over and release him.

~

It was no secret that Jonathan was bad at hiding emotion, and the anger could be seen rising behind his eyes as Dio spoke. When he was finished, he pushed himself back from the other man, biting the inside of his lip hard and holding back any aggression he may have felt like using.
"You don’t understand anything, Dio, but very well.” Jonathan stood and found his trousers, which had been discarded in a heap on the floor. Pulling them on, he started to button up the fly, working as quickly as possible. “You can go and enjoy your bath, I shall bid you an early good night.” Soon enough, his shirt, though wrinkled, was put on as well. “I will see you at the team meeting the day after tomorrow.” There was a frigid tone to his voice, one of finality to it, and he also did not give Dio a chance to respond. Before long he had grabbed his jacket and was out the door.

~

Ah, yes. Jonathan always knew how to turn and overall good day on its head and leave in a strop at every minor comment. Dio was not even being completely serious in his words. Six years of maturing and Jojo was still a spoiled brat who ran away any time he did not have his way. It would be useless to chase him now, and Dio had no desire to either way. Let the petulant child mope all he liked, he would come back eventually, he always did.

***

The next day Jonathan purposely ate breakfast at a time he knew Dio would be in class, and later that night at dinner, Dio would find him with a group of his classmates, including Matthew and Rufus, not that the latter had exactly been invited to the table. He did not take note of his brother, though Rufus did. He nudged Jonathan and glanced in Dio's direction, informing him of his presence, but Jonathan just shook his head and kept eating, yet not before noticing the scowl that marked his brother’s face upon his doing so.

~

Dio managed to meet Jonathan’s gaze at the final moment his brother turned away and glowered deeply, shaking his head and stabbing a fork into his meal in contained frustration.

Fine. If Jonathan did not want to speak to him, his wish would be granted. It would take the man crawling back him on all fours like the dog he was, kissing Dio's feet for him to be regarded once more. When it came to carrying a grudge, Dio had Jonathan far outmatched.

"What's with the scowl, Brando?” a classmate of his own queried with a furrowed brow.

"It's nothing worth mentioning."

***

And so came the first team meeting of the rugby season. Their captain, a third year by the name of Avery, along with their official coach led the discussion. It was nothing they had not heard before, they were given their timetables, told about their extra exercises, general strategy, all very normal. Jonathan and Dio sat at opposite ends of the room, still not having talked for the last day and a half or so. Of course that would prove difficult to avoid soon with Avery’s following words.

"Brando, Joestar, given your unbeatable combined play, we will need to schedule in some time for the pair of you to practice together. I know you second years feel like you're busy enough already, but you can spare an extra hour once or twice a week for the team. Of course you may feel free make your own time off the rota. You can stay afterwards to arrange all that and get back to me once you have it sorted. We shall need it by the end of the day, you know where to find me. As for you other lads, meeting adjourned.”

~

At Avery's words Jonathan scowled. He was not ready to speak to Dio, not yet, anyway. He knew
that the odds of Dio coming to him first were rather slim, but he did not feel ready to give Dio the satisfaction of giving in. Dio had a cruel streak that he knew would always be a part of him. He had been hoping that with their relationship perhaps he could learn to respect and care for another person, and save the cruelty for the courtroom. Still, he jibed at Jonathan again and again, which he could tolerate to an extent. But having it insinuated multiple times that he was a pet… even if he was joking, he had enough, and if Dio could not respect him, Jonathan would keep his distance until he did.

If he was capable of it, at all. The thought that he wasn't was what scared Jonathan the most.

Once they were alone, Jonathan folded his arms across his chest, giving Dio a neutral look, or as much of one as he could stand. "We have been discussing the plan for this season since Christmas. I am fine with working on some new layouts while keeping with what was tried and true last year. You continue to want to be faster, and that is a fair goal." He reached for his bag. "There is nothing else I feel the need to discuss, unless you have any plans to add." He slung it over his shoulder and glanced at Dio. "Or if you are ready to start respecting me and cease acting like a prat."

~

He may not have been running back to Dio just yet, but Jonathan had spoken to him first, which Dio regarded as a win. But the nerve of that insect to try and walk out with his snide comments, unable to face him properly -- Dio would not stand for such a feeble insult. "Or perhaps you can stop acting like an oversensitive little brat who cannot take the lightest of jests and would seek to ruin a night after I, Dio, so kindly forgave you for all your transgressions earlier. I would say insinuating that I am nothing but a three penny whore is far worse than calling you a pet, but apparently the great and mighty Jonathan Joestar can do no wrong. So you can save your comments about respect unless you wish to be recognised as the hypocrite you are."

Dio crossed his leg over the other in his seat and folded his arms, watching Jonathan as he stood in position. "You claim you want respect and yet you storm off in a childish huff and refuse to speak to me for two days, purposely ignoring me. Clearly your growing went straight to your body and bypassed your brain, since you continue to act like a twelve year old."

~

Jonathan had been prepared for Dio to be his usual abrasive self. And he had also expected to be called too sensitive as well. But calling Dio a whore? He had never, ever said anything remotely close to as such. He would have loved to have shaken Dio in the hopes that it would bring him to his senses. Instead however, he laughed, although it was not a happy laugh. "Three penny whore? Dio, you are mad."

Shaking his head, he looked Dio over, listening to his complaints. He was angry, but he knew acting on such would do him no good. Taking a step forward he closed the gap between them, showing that height difference. After a quick glance about to ensure that they were indeed alone, Jonathan stood and straddled Dio’s lap, hands on his shoulders, preventing him from standing. "So you dislike it when I pin you now." He made sure the hot breath was tickling against his ear lobe. "I shall have to remember that. I shall also remember that in your mind two wrongs make a right, so that if I choose the wrong way to approach you with a valid concern, that concern is immediately made invalid." He frowned, remaining firm against the other man.

~

"And ah yes, right on cue, the display of height and strength to assert dominance, very good, Jojo." Dio gave three slow claps just for an added emphasis. "Circumstance provided, no I do not dislike
it." There was no chance Dio wanted to miss out on future experiences when Jonathan got over himself and they returned to their newfound status quo. Even now, angered and in the midst of facing off Jonathan, his hot breath sent a tingle through him.

"But when you only use your physicality to get your way it becomes very cheap, and only goes to prove my point all the more."

~

"Dio, you may think otherwise, but I am no longer twelve, and neither are you. I enjoy spoiling you and giving you your way, when you are happy you are such a joy to me. But I will not be disrespected and underappreciated by my lover. I am past allowing that of anyone. So until you can learn a little humility, I am afraid I shall need to keep my distance."

~

Dio scoffed loud, with an imposing chortle that held little humour. "Do not throw all your insecurities at me just because it is easier than facing them on your own. Perhaps you should learn to respect yourself before demanding I, Dio do as such. You may claim to all you like, but it would not hurt you so much if you believed us to be equals in the first place. Treat yourself as my equal and perhaps you will be treated as such by me." He kept his gaze strong, eyes sharp and piercing through Jonathan’s own, unbreaking and near unblinking.

“Do not ask me to change when you are the only one who struggles in this way between us. So by all means keep your distance. Perhaps you will come back as someone worthy of my respect.”

~

Jonathan's eyes narrowed at Dio. He would confess that in his love sickness he did often put Dio first, it was just in his nature. Jonathan lived to please, and Dio enjoyed being pleased. Perhaps he would have been better off with a princess rather than his brat prince. He thought back to his youth, his only other point of comparison in matters of the heart. But Dio and Erina were worlds apart, no matter what it would not have been the same. Pulling back from him into a stand, he looked down at Dio sadly, it dawning on him for the very first time that Dio had acted back then not on pure hatred, but on jealousy.

"Are you even capable of love?" Jonathan found himself blurring out. He did not wish to know the answer. "Are you capable of caring for another person? Because if someone cherished me the way I cherished you, I don't think I could ever disrespect them as you have I. Unless of course, you loathe yourself, so why should anyone who tends to your whims be worth respect?" Jonathan shook his head, no longer angry, but deeply saddened.

~

"I could never loathe myself, Jojo. There is nothing to hate, and I do not have the self-esteem of a peanut or the need to be constantly validated like you do." Dio did not take kindly to the comments thrown his way, let out by a saddened Jonathan. He was number one to all including himself, how dare he even accuse him of such a thing?

"It is no wonder Lord Joestar prefers me over his biological son." He knew it would hurt Jonathan to have those words said to him, and that was exactly why Dio said them.

~

Jonathan's eye began to twitch as Dio spoke. He did not respond, but he could feel his heart being
squeezed to the breaking point. To bring his father's love into this, to bring it back to what the six years had been about prior to the night in the woods... he truly felt as if the last few months had been a lie.

"I wanted to mend your heart, Dio. I'm sorry... I have let us both down."

~

"You wanted to mend my heart, how noble of you. You think cutting your leg with my name would save me? Heal me? I know what you were doing, Jojo, trying to take on the 'burden.' But it is not the same, it will never be the same." Dio’s fingers caught in his fist, cursing himself for being swept up in the moment, letting Jonathan think he had done a single thing to help.

“It is like I said, you always wish to fix others, but never look inside yourself. You lash out at me, claiming I cannot love or care for anything or anyone and disrespect you, but at least I don't try so hard to please other people that I feel like a failure because of somebody else's meaningless, useless, useless comments. Frankly I am surprised you are not in tears at this point, perhaps you are growing a thicker skin. This just proves miracles can happen, incredible!" Dio turned the corner of his lips up in a sarcastic smirk before noticing a wetness start to run down Jonathan’s cheek.

“Oh did I speak too soon? Well, I shouldn't care any which way, this meeting is over. I shall tell the coach the arrangements." And with that Dio departed.

~

And there they were, without Jonathan even knowing it, a few tears fell from the corner of his eyes.

He watched Dio leave, and sat there like a ghost for a time, still taking in the reality of what had been said. A million thoughts ran through Jonathan’s mind, but the two that came forth the most loudly were, 'It is over,' and 'Dio is lost to me forever.'

Chapter End Notes

Yeah... Dio is still an ass
The next day, Jonathan made himself scarce during meals. He was nowhere to be seen in the mess hall. Rufus on the other hand, spotted Dio in the crowd, and approached him right away. "Got a few minutes, Brando? I'm wondering about your brother." Once he had Dio in a spot further away from prying ears, the light brunet scratched the side of his stubby nose, and looked at Dio with concern.

"Jonathan didn't turn up at a big important mathematics examination today. He came back late last night, and sat at his desk, going through all these old letters or something. They were all addressed to "E. Pendleton." In India. He wouldn't say who they were for, does he have an uncle in the army? He never mentioned anyone out there before, and to miss an exam for that." Rufus shook his head.

"I'm worried about the chap. Did he lose a family member or something? He seems so distant and he won't talk to me. I wish he would… but I can't seem to get him to open up to me." Rufus seemed so concerned with this matter one might wonder just what exactly was he looking to open.

"E. Pendleton..." Dio began stifling a growl with a tightly clenched fist. If his fingernails had been any longer he would have drawn blood. "She was… an old acquaintance of Jojo's but she..." Dio decided to relay a slight alteration to the truth, one more preferable to the scenario that befell Miss Erina Pendleton. "Fell off a cliff. It was a terrible accident, her guts spilled everywhere when they found the body, it was all very tragic. But do not bring it up, it is a subject Jojo would prefer not to speak of, and believe me he will take great offense that you know such a thing."

The story may have been true, it was not as if anyone could refute it, but Jonathan would be rather angry if he knew Dio was going about telling this. Angry enough to pummel him like when they were twelve. That did not seem like an enjoyable experience.

"But with regards to the mathematics exam, tell him if he still wishes to do something about it, I am quite happy to help him receive an opportunity for a retake, the faculty can be bent if you know how, and I can sure I can pull a few favours. But tell him he needs to come to me first and ask personally. That is my only condition. I will not waste my time helping someone who has signed himself up for failure and would mope about over such useless concerns enough to jeopardise his education. Feel free to tell him that too, if you so wish." Dio made his leave with a quick adieu after that, quietly wondering why Rufus was using Jonathan’s first name with such familiarity.

Rufus was left to digest the mixture of lies and truth Dio had just fed him. He was horrified about the story of Erina, though true to his word he did not reveal what he had been told to Jonathan. He did, however, relay Dio's message about the possibility of an exam retake, along with the insistence that he go and see him personally. Jonathan was not happy about this, but the other option was to risk failing the course, and potentially graduating later because of it. Of course, it was still early in the term, but that risk did not appeal to him at all.

He also wanted to believe Dio was not entirely cruel, despite the cruel things he had said and done. There was only one way to find out. The evening after Rufus had given him Dio's message, he showed up at Dio's dormitory door. His eyes had dark circles under them, but he had otherwise made himself presentable, hair brushed and clothes neat. When Dio opened the door, he bit his lip, remaining silent for a moment, looking away and getting his bearings straight. Finally he met Dio's
"Rufus gave me your message. I would appreciate your help, but I have a feeling it will come at a cost."

~

"You look tired," Dio said plainly, restraining from smiling too wide. It was always nice to know he still had the capacity to drive someone to this point crossing over days. With Jonathan, along with the six years of playing nice he feared he had grown soft and docile, but cruelty still remained, much to his relief.

"Skipping important examinations now, Jojo? What would your Father say if he found out? I doubt he would be pleased, he may very well be furious, nay disappointed, sinking back into your old schooling habits before you found your solace in archaeology. You and I both know mathematics is not your strong suit, you simply cannot afford to be missing important tests." Jonathan's face showed angered signs of wavering.

"Do not think I say this to be cruel, Jojo." A lie. "I am only trying to make things clear to you that you cannot let your emotions consume you enough to avoid situations you do not find favourable, especially when it comes to your education. You won't always have someone as benevolent as your brother to bail you out when you come with your tail between your legs, not in the real world." Dio perched himself on the desk chair, looking up at Jonathan with slanted eyes and interlocked fingers, legs crossed over themselves.

"But to answer your implied question, no, I do not have a cost, per se, but there is something I want in return. I want you to admit you were wrong and I was right. It shouldn't be too difficult for you, unless you wish to graduate a year later, or take the alternative archaeology course. Which is seventy percent timed examinations. And believe me, you will not succeed with those conditions, you do not work very well under the pressure and it would be a shame for you to lose all your hair at age eighteen. Again I do not say this to be cruel, just to let you know the gravity of your decision. It is a kindness."

~

Jonathan took a seat in a chair opposite Dio, listening to what he had to say with a long face, and an occasional clench of his fist, but nothing more. He was fairly composed all things considered, and he did not immediately object or even speak as Dio finished his speech. Instead he remained quiet, glancing about Dio's room. He wondered if he already rid himself of the roses, or if they were in the bath along with the bath salt gift. Perhaps they were already wilting, it had been about a week since he had made that night time visit in the rain.

"I will confess I made mistakes. I have a short temper sometimes, you know this. And I have used my height and strength to intimidate you, which is wrong. I also am aware that being dominated by me is highly attractive to you... and I should not use that to cloud your judgement either. For that, I am sorry and have no qualms admitting it. I am no angel, but neither are you..." Jonathan turned to look Dio back in the eye.

"But you are wrong to belittle me, and when I brought my concern to you, albeit, in the wrong fashion, you proceeded to make it worse. Saying you could not respect me and that I am like your trained animal..." He clicked his tongue. "Even in jest, that is cruel. And you were not jesting when you made the remarks about my father either. You told me to have a thicker skin." Jonathan leaned back in his chair and folded his arms over his chest. "Well, I do have one, Dio. I am not going to let you or Father for that matter dictate my life with your words, because, what did you say? They were
useless? And I agree with you, for once."

Jonathan took a deep breath and continued. "So I will live up to my mistakes. But I will not deal with yours any longer, not unless you understand them and pledge to change as I have. And if that means I need to accept this failure and Father's disappointment..." Jonathan raised a hand. "...I hope you will enjoy Father's love and your solo trip to Europe, as much as I will enjoy living my own life."

~

"You would not relinquish a chance for Lord Joestar's love even if it meant selling your soul for it. Do not make threats you cannot hold yourself to, Jojo that is the first rule." In all the years Dio knew Jonathan, a desire to please his father had always been a pressing need for him, it was plain as day how he thrived off his praise and felt diminished at every insult. It was not possible, not as far as Dio could see.

"And as you said, you made it your goal to mend my poor broken heart and teach me how to love because clearly I lack the capacity for it. When I... said it to you obviously that was a convenient lie. Because I definitely go about telling everyone and their mother that I love them, that is very like me." There was a bitter sarcasm to his voice, and Dio momentarily averted his gaze before quickly returning it. He thought to the letters, how Jonathan had turned to some forgotten country wench the second he had a qualm. It cut him deeper than he would have preferred to let known.

"You promised you would never leave me. It is nice to know you are not a man of your word. But it's not all bad, I suppose. Even if you managed to keep away, end our current relationship, that would forever weigh you down, the fact you gave up. And so easily at that. It would haunt you, brother mine. And besides, it is not as if you can avoid me after this, we are brothers, we are on the same rugby team, we live together, you will forever be witness to your failure.” Dio talked blasé, as if his gut was not churning.

"But I do not particularly want that to happen, I happen to enjoy our relationship and I do not want any family member of mine giving the line a bad name by dropping out or failing the course. So... I will admit that while the moments are few and far between, I, Dio, am aware of my shortcomings, and I do not wish to remain the same if they hold me back. It was not as if I gave you the title of pet to hurt you, Jojo. It was just a jest, a nickname, perhaps even an affectionate nickname. But if it offends you so greatly, I will no longer call you a that. You are taking a stand. I like that.” Dio uncrossed his legs before speaking again.

"But my opinion still stands. If you wish to be regarded as equal, you treat yourself as such. By all means, continue to want to please me, I certainly enjoy it, but you should be the one you devote yourself to above all others. How can you expect to move forward if you put others before yourself? Even as a knight?" This was not just Dio putting down Jonathan on a personal level, this was something he believed to be true for all people.

~

"Dio, I am not sure you realise that you are digging the grave of this relationship yourself." Jonathan brought a hand to his forehead and shook his head. "Perhaps I should have just kissed you when I came in and not let you speak at all, but this needed to be said…” Sighing deeply, he lowered his hand and looked him in the eye.

"Do you not understand that putting yourself first means making yourself happy? Yes, I love Father with all my heart and want to please him more than anything, but I realise now that I would rather
risk his disappointment than choose a path that will lead to my unhappiness. And Father will always love me, even if he is angry with me, because that is what good fathers do.” He did not add that he suspected this was greatly different than what Dio had grown up knowing in his life before the Joestars, though it was on his mind.

"And as for you… god, Dio, I've fallen so in love with you." Jonathan's look softened as he gazed at Dio, a hint of a smile on his lips. "You are beautiful and terrible and I never wanted to leave you, but sometimes loving you is like loving an open flame. You constantly burn me. Even now, you take such pleasure in the thought of me suffering… you enjoy tormenting me, as much as you will justify everything and pull the wool over my eyes, you know it is true." His face had melted into a frown and he shook his head.

"I love you and I will never stop loving you, but that doesn't mean I have to accept everything about you and like what you do. And I won't let my own disappointment in being unable to change you force me to spend my life with someone who does not treat me the way I wish to be treated. I might have made that decision at one point, but you, my love, are responsible for making me see just how important it is to make your own path and put yourself first. And if that means finding my own way in life alone, or even with someone else, I will do it. In fact, you mention the importance of pleasing Father -- do not forget that nothing would please him more than a grandson of his blood."

Jonathan could see the rage growing behind Dio's eyes, and he put a hand over Dio's lightly. "I want to be with you, Dio. You know I do. But I need a reason that isn’t a jibe or threat or promise of misery."

~

Jonathan was pulling away and that was not supposed to be happening. Dio surely had said far worse than this, and yet now he pulling back?! "No… Jojo… don’t…” Dio whispered near inaudible. Jonathan was meant to crawl back into his lap, not the other way around, he would not stand for it…

But Dio, beside himself, beside that strong part of him that could bring him to flipping tables and pulling knives and not caring for consequence, could somehow not stop looking at Jonathan’s hand atop of his own and noticing just how well it fit. How it belonged there. How he did not want to see it slip out of his grasp forever. And so… he would give the man reason.

"Stay with me, Jojo…” Dio began with a definite tentativeness in his tone, still staring at the tanned hand coating his pale with warmth and firmness. “Stay with me and I will give you a life of wonder and excitement you so desperately desire. I have said it before, the prim and proper life never suited you, and that is all that would be left for you without me. You wish to travel and dig up old pots in Mexico and investigate tombs in Egypt, and by my side you would be able to do that without a qualm. My own thoughts on it aside, I can see your passion, your excitement and I would never stifle such a glow in those eyes of yours. I would never let you grow stagnated, I would have you thrive.” His gaze returned upwards, falling into the pool that was Jonathan’s eyes.

"I can run the estate without flaw, something you yourself admitted you are highly concerned over. And with my profession as a lawyer, I would not hold you back like a wife would with her limited education, leeching off your resources but adding nothing beyond a petty dowry." Jonathan with a wife was something Dio could never attune to.

"Stay with me and you will always be satisfied in bed." This Dio said with a confident smirk. "You will find nobody better to please and be pleased by. Nobody as creative and alluring and able to take your… rougher tastes." Most of the bruises were gone now, and Dio could sit comfortably, but there were still faint marks on some areas of his body, mostly his rear. Perhaps he needn’t have said that,
but this was Dio, and it was not as if he was lying.

“You want, you need me, someone with vigour and intensity. And you cannot deny it. I know this because I desire it too… and one who has it finds themselves attracted to it in others. Why else would we be here, now? Why else would you yearn for me, I you, when the world would decide that it should not be? We were bound to happen eventually.” Dio moved forward, taking his hand to stroke gently across Jonathan’s face, the most intimate they had been since this rigmarole started.

"Stay with me and I will push you to be the best, to stand alongside, I, Dio, proudly. I won't let you grow stationary.” He leaned forward. “Neither of us can deny how well we are suited to each other. I have come to see that the positives of our relationship tend to outweigh the negatives. You need me to keep you balanced…” Dio took a breath, the next words did not come lightly to him. ”...as I need you. I wish to make myself better. You… as aggravating as it is to admit that Dio could use it… help.” His mind battled with himself, but in the end he was compelled to blurt out. “You make me who I want to be, even before I know I want to be it.”

~

Jonathan had been worried, and Dio could have told by how sweaty his palms were, that this would end badly. Dio’s pride could be the end of this, and truth be told, that was not at all what he had wanted.

The night they had last parted he did not sleep a wink. Instead he had roamed the grounds of the campus, pondering Dio and everything that had crossed between them in their years together. Erina came to mind, as she sometimes did, and he spent hours rereading the unsent letters to her, letters which spoke of his hopes and dreams. Some of these letters did express the wish for a family, and the desire for companionship as in their younger days. But more often than not they spoke of his wish for exploration and adventure, and the need to satisfy a curiosity that had been born in him from the moment the stone mask had fallen off the wall. He wanted to know about it, and about what other mysteries lay waiting for him to unearth.

Ultimately, the letters were not for Erina. They were for himself. They showed the faces of what he wanted. More than a lover, he needed someone who understood him and his lifestyle. Would Erina have been able to? He had a feeling she would have. But Dio… there would never be another like him. Dio, who could drive him to love and rage harder than he ever had before in his entire life. Dio was his other half, and they did complete each other in ways he did not even fully understand.

When Dio was done he rose from his seat, and stepped around the desks, still grasping his hands. “You cannot understand how overjoyed I am to not have to walk back through that door alone.” His free hand lightly stroked Dio’s cheek.

~

"I wouldn’t quite say that, Jojo. This is my room and I have no plans to leave it, so yes, you would be walking through it alone.” Relaying these reasons to Jonathan certainly did not put Dio in what anyone could call an affectionate mood. “And at least wipe your hands first before you touch me, they are sweaty and clammy.” While he was pleased they could continue as they were, this overemotional hiccup could be put past them and they would return to this equilibrium he had made peace with over the holiday season, he would rather Jonathan left now. That was enough exhausting an interaction for one day. Dio stood, wiping his own hands on his trousers, cheek following.

"At any rate, I will talk to the department sometime in the next day or two. I am sure you will be able to retake your examination, but they will most likely give you an alternative paper and certainly no third chance, so I suggest you spend the next forty eight hours studying without relent.” Quickly
jotting down a reminder note in his scheduling diary, Dio turned away from Jonathan.

"I hate to be so abrupt, but I really am quite busy at the moment, Jojo. I will inform you when the deed is done, so you are free to show yourself out now. I do not have much else to say to you, but we may reconvene later." Dio might as well have been naked, he felt so completely exposed before the other man. He did not even feel in the mood to jump into bed with him, something that always lingered at the back of his mind in varying degrees of intensity.

~

Jonathan began to flush a bright red, wiping his hands on his slacks and taking a few steps back. Dio was quite possibly the absolute strangest creature on the face of the earth, and even now that he felt confident in their relationship lasting, he still did not understand how he ticked. Most likely he never would, but the important thing was he felt as if they were on equal footing.

"Ah, yes…" Jonathan's fingers combed awkwardly through his hair. "I will, just be going then… I think." He began to back towards the door way, only to smack his head on the door frame. "Ow! Ah… have a good night, Dio." Rubbing the sore spot on his head, he turned and left the room before there was a chance for anything else to go wrong.

~

When Jonathan left the room, Dio felt all the pressure built up fall heavy on his shoulders, physically causing him to hunch.

You make me who I want to be, even before I know I want to be it.

Did he really say that? Did he mean that? That was not something planned, something intentional. It just slipped out, and worst of all he meant it. Even now when all was right and good, or would be good again. Dio locked the door behind him before dropping onto his bed with what would have been a thud if the mattress was not so soft.

Under the bed lay a few dregs of whiskey he had yet to finish, and now seemed like an opportune time to do so. He couldn't say for sure, but in the bottle was about enough to fill two glasses, but he did not have time to pour it into a cup. He would fix Jonathan's problem tomorrow, for now he would drink and sleep and keep to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Dio is... less of an asshole. Or at least he's trying to be
The next day was quite busy for Jonathan. He was not at breakfast, opting to have Rufus bring him something so that he could spend the morning studying. His other classes could not be neglected either, so the day was spent being a meticulous student. It was only that evening where Dio would find him at their usual spot for dinner, eating over a maths textbook. He was surprisingly so focused on it (or perhaps on his first decent meal in a day) that he did not notice Dio approaching.

"You are lucky to have me," Dio announced sitting opposite Jonathan whose head only turned up when he began to speak. "For the last two hours I spent trying to convince the department to give you a second chance when you have no extenuating circumstances is not the easiest task, Jojo. But of course it was not something I, Dio, could not achieve, so you have another opportunity. Anyone else would have owed me greatly." There was a bowl of fruit at the side of Jonathan's plate, yet to be indulged in. Dio picked up a grape and popped it in his mouth before dragging the bowl to his side of the table along with the fork beside it. "For now I will claim your fruit." He paused to take another couple bites.

"There will be a standard readmission fee, but it is nothing you cannot afford. The test will be on the upcoming Friday at five o'clock. Don't be late, I cannot save you twice."

Jonathan did not object to Dio taking his fruit, marking the page in his textbook and closing it so that he could stab his knife into a piece of pork, creatively using it as a fork as well. "Thank you… I won't need a third chance." He took a bite and then pushed the book to the side. "I was… otherwise distracted, or else I would not have missed it in the first place." Otherwise distracted was a mild way of putting questioning his life choices, but he did not wish to bring up the topic again.

"Be that as it may, 'distracted' is not an excuse the board would take as reason. Unless you mean distracted by the fact you broke all your bones while being hit by a stray carriage. Distracted by a death would also be reason enough." Dio sighed and took a bite of apple next. If all went according to his plans, that just might be the case…

"This will be on your record. It should not affect your overall grade this time, but they will know it happened. My helping you is also something they shan't forget; I have spent one of my own opportunities on you. So you cannot let your emotions get the better of you, at least in school, again, this year or next for both our sakes. I would recommend going to the staff and thanking them for this chance if you can squeeze it into your busy schedule. This is just more paperwork for them, I'm sure they would appreciate the sentiment."

Jonathan continued to eat his meat with his knife, despite the fact that it may have appeared odd to anyone watching. But when one was over six foot tall and built like Jonathan, one tended to look odd no matter what. "I do appreciate what you did. At least it is over for you now. And it will be over for me soon enough." Jonathan might have at one point told Dio he would make it up to him or some other such offer, but there was none of that. Gratitude, and sharing his fruit and fork, but nothing more.
"Our first practice is tonight, and if I work right up to it, and study for an hour after it… I will be able to manage. I think." Jonathan sighed deeply and took a large bite of the meat. He really did not do well under pressure, but there was not another choice in the matter. "I will not be able to practice with you after, however, so perhaps we can find time over the weekend."

~

Though their argument had ceased, the dust had yet to settle, and there would be a clear discomfort around being near each other for a time. After all that confessing Dio had felt like vomiting ever since. It was a sacrifice, a small dent to his pride to have Jonathan in his grasp once more. But even the smallest of dents had lasting impressions. Jonathan, yet again, had seen him in a weakened state. It was becoming far too frequent.

"Don't think about being able to manage, Jojo. Manage. You know how coach hates slacking. He'll make you suffer for it later, and it does not seem you can handle the extra strain. I will be free this weekend, I plan to study, but an exercise break was already in my schedule. You can inform me of the time later." Dio stood. There were a few pieces of fruit left, but Jonathan could have them back. "If that is all…"

~

"Yes I will thank the staff, yes I will do well on the exam, and yes I am managing." Jonathan took back his fork and started to eat the pork like a normal person again. "I had been meaning to mention to you that I would rather this not happen again during the school year. Ever, to be quite honest with you. But we are both so stubborn and different I know that is about as likely as wishing for the moon." Jonathan glanced at the fruit Dio had left him and impaled a strawberry on his fork.

"What you need to understand is that I have different... emotional needs than you." His eyes flicked up to look at Dio’s. "I truly am starting to realise what a fool I have been, and I won't let it happen again. If a man eats strawberries and they make him sick once, he may eat them again. But if they make him sick twice, he will become wary. I don't want to have to change anything Dio, so please don't make me have to." He reached out for his glass of water and took a sip. "And that is that. I'll see you at practice then?"

~

Dio sighed, he could have gone into Jonathan’s words, but that probably wasn’t for the best, not now, and while he was never one to stand back from confrontation, he was too tired to go through all this again.

"Yes, you will see me later. Study hard now, and try not to think about me changing into my uniform too much. That would be rather distracting to you now wouldn't it?" Dio smiled with slanted eyes and departed, returning to his bedroom. He would need to start eating more if rugby was beginning again, but he really was not in the mood for anything except quiet.

He changed into the appropriate kit upon arrival, though it would be a few hours before he had to leave. He had barely slept that night, and the lingering tiredness was beginning to settle in, and who could resist sleep with the silk sheets and the greyness of the day surrounding him. Just a few winks would not hurt…

~

For Jonathan, dinner, studying, and practice was timed rather well. Practice, though physically tiring, gave his mind a much needed break from number crunching. He was indeed tired, however,
unlike Dio he had slept well following their conversation, if not for as long as he would have liked, thanks to the studying and school work that needed to be done. But the first practice was mostly exercise and mindless drills, just what his body needed to shock it awake for a last study surge, and put it to sleep once he was done.

Dio was not there when he arrived, so he began by running laps about the track. By the time he was done, despite the still chilly temperature, he was already beginning to sweat. He shed the light jacket he wore to practice, leaving him in just the uniform, which was as always just slightly snug around his large body. He hardly had time to glance about for Dio, when exercise drills began. Those were exhausting but felt good, and soon enough, he was breaking quite a sweat. During a break he lifted his head to check for Dio, only to have Rufus stick a towel and a bottle of water right under his nose.

"Here you are Jojo, you look wiped. Are you feeling any better now?"

"Much, ah… thank you," he replied, wiping his face on the towel. "What are you doing here, Rufus? I've never seen you at practice before."

"I told you, you can call me Alan, Jojo.” Jonathan decided he was not going to do that. “I know you have been studying hard so I suspected you might work yourself hard as well. And you did not remember your water bottle.” His eyes fell on Jonathan's sweat drenched form. "I thought I might walk you back after practice, and help drill your maths exam work?”

~

Dio awoke only to curse himself after checking the time. Practice would be in the final stages by now. How could he have been late, he had never missed anything in his life… Except from the time Jonathan had them caught in a blizzard. And this time his schedule had been altered because of Jonathan's emotional mishap. Which only went to prove that everything was Jonathan's fault.

He wiped away the sleep in his eyes and rose from the bed, deciding the best approach. Dio had no wish to walk in late among all the other members, it would be best if he thought of a suitable excuse and explained to the coach at a later time. Obviously he could not admit to oversleeping, perhaps there would be an ailed student he took to the infirmary. That would have to do it for now, it was highly unlikely the coach would check up on the oh-so-trustworthy student Dio had made himself out to be.

Still in uniform, he waited out the remaining time before making his way to the sporting office. On his way he saw Jonathan with his roommate going over what sounded like maths equations. He was the last person Dio wanted to see right now, but there was little to be done about it, now that their eyes had met.

"I was held up. External factors, nothing to concern yourself with," Dio pre-emptively replied to Jonathan's unasked question. "How was practice?"

~

When Dio had not shown up, Jonathan had been extremely worried about him. Jonathan was the one who missed things, like practice, class, and once or twice even exams. But Dio… for him to miss something required near death. Had he pushed the other boy too far? Was he ill or hurt now because of him? Most likely not, but Jonathan could not get the worry from his mind, all through the rest of practice.

Rufus was there, much like a cheerleader of sorts, watching the game and holding on to Jonathan's things for him as he practiced. Jonathan should have found it helpful and pleasant, yet there was
always something about Rufus's friendship which made Jonathan uncomfortable.

When practice ended, Rufus had been eager to get back to the room they shared, but Jonathan wished to wait a little longer to see if Dio would show. He thought this might discourage Rufus from sticking around, but no. The other boy decided to wait as well, and why not start the maths review? Sighing and shaking his head, Jonathan reluctantly agreed.

When Dio showed up, Jonathan was quite visibly relieved. "Oh thank god. I was worried you were unwell." Before he could even get into how practice was, Rufus was tugging at his arm, almost a bit possessively.

"Jojo, your brother is fine. We should be getting back to our room now, you desperately need to change out of those clothes." Now that may have sounded harmless enough, but the look on Rufus's face as his eyes ran across Jonathan's body had more than simple admiration.

~

Dio had been distracted by the mention of certain wenches, but thinking back to their first and only prior encounter when Rufus had expressed a desire to have Jonathan 'open up to him,' he sounded almost love-struck. That and Jonathan's tales about him (which admittedly he had tuned out of almost completely) often had to do with some… issue with a 'friend' of his, but sounded too much like a lover's quarrel for Dio to find interest in… That had been his initial assumption, but he had thought little of it because frankly he did not care. But now Rufus had his sights set on Jonathan and Dio was in something of a mood, this would be the perfect opportunity to let off some steam without punching anybody.

"He desperately needs to change out those clothes now does he? I hardly think there is any desperation about that. So tell me, Rufus, what makes it so urgent that you would cling to my brother's arm like a maiden and drag him away from conversing from his own brother, and go about referring to him by his nickname? Because I fail to see any particular reason for something so very rude. This is a practice game, you have no need to be here in the first place, I do not see anyone else about, and it is too late for you to be going to class. And then you go about saying you want him out of his clothes. Not that you need to return to your room for any reason other than that, how awfully specific." Dio folded his arms over and peered down at the rat faced man below. Jonathan aside, Dio really did have quite the height on himself, and Rufus was of an average if not short standing, which made the intimidation all the easier.

"He should have changed along with the other teammates in the changing room, especially if the matter is so desperately urgent. So why is it so important that he changes in his bedroom?" Rufus attempted to speak but Dio hushed him with patronising words and a sharp glare. "No, no, let me guess. Because you can go in there? But why would that matter? Is it that you like looking at other boys undressing? At Jojo undressing? Hmm, that is interesting, I wonder what your peers would have to say about such a notion."

Ah yes, it felt nice to go up against someone who could barely get a word in edgeways against Dio, and hardly had the backbone to stand up against the truth. It was incredibly satisfying.

"Nothing to add, hmm? Oh dear, oh dear me looks like there is a case of buggery infecting the hallowed halls of Hugh Hudson. But don't worry, your secret is safe so long as you request a move to an alternative dormitory by the end of the day. I don't really care how you go about it, but I want you out of my brother's bedroom by the end of the week or it may become known that you are you're a bit of a Nancy boy." Dio's attention quickly changed to Jonathan.

"Jojo! You're awfully quiet too, have nothing to chime in about?"
Rufus, unlike Jonathan, did not have the guts to stand up to Dio, especially not when he had hit right on the truth of the matter. The idea of being discovered absolutely terrified him, and he was ready to slink away with his tail between his legs, an obvious tremor in his hands. He pressed the maths book into Jonathan's hands, giving him a pathetic look.

"Uh… perhaps it is for the best, Rufus." Jonathan was rather stunned and uncertain what to say, but he also knew that Rufus had indeed been making him feel uneasy since the term began. While the fact that Dio could tear the other boy apart for the same crime he committed on a regular basis with Jonathan was a bit disturbing, he also would not be sad to see Rufus go. Dio had most likely just saved him from a very awkward conversation. "I don't think I am really the best fit for… your needs." With a hurt and slightly angry look on his face, Rufus turned on his heel and left as quickly as his legs could carry him.

Finally being alone with Dio, Jonathan pinched his brow and shook his head. "That was the biggest display of the pot calling the kettle black I have ever seen. Dio, you are going to be a fantastic lawyer, it is rather frightening, really." He sighed and glanced over his shoulder in the direction Dio had just left in. "I don't know whether to scold you or thank you. You frightened the man half to death, I thought he might wet himself. But at the same time, he had been rather… clingy, as of late. The more distance between us, the better."

Dio shrugged openly at Jonathan's comment, expression neutral. "I would hardly compare myself to someone like him. That rat-faced insect was anything but discreet with his interests, he should count himself lucky I am the one who gave him warning. Someone would have found out eventually and he would have had much greater troubles than having to move out of his bedroom…" He paused to think for a moment. "... of course should he fail to do so those troubles will come to light. I do not give empty threats. He got off lightly for laying fingers on one who is already claimed, especially on one so above him." Though the same result would carry for anyone in this school while Dio was involved with him, there was nobody who could ever measure up to Jonathan, or be worthy of having he as a partner. Especially not that clingy nervous rat boy.

"This turned out quite advantageous for the both of us. You did mention how he was taking up all your time with his dull chitchat, now that will no longer be a problem for you. And now we will have two bedrooms to ourselves, changes in location tend to keep things from growing stagnant and will throw off suspicions. It is only fair that I make the effort once in awhile to come to you." Dio did not mention that with their actions, his sheets, silk and expensive, were dirtying and rumpling quite quickly.

For once, Jonathan had to admit that Dio was right. With the exception of himself (for except for Dio there was no other man he could imagine himself being attracted to, at least, that he knew so far) most students he could think of who did not feel the same way would have reported him. It still would have gotten the boy out of his room regardless.

That did not change the fact that the words Dio had been saying were words from the back of his nightmares, the type of thing he never let himself think about happening. The possibility that they would be caught would always loom but Dio was right. They were far more discrete than Rufus, even Jonathan, who could be rather thick headed about someone liking him, had picked up on something being odd.
He turned his full attention back to Dio. "Now, are you alright? You have never missed a practice in your life."

~

Dio’s cheeks flushed a slight tint of cherry and his gaze averted momentarily, forming an embarrassed pout. "As I said, I am fine, there was just a pressing matter I had to get to first, it is nothing to be concerned over. I will tell the coach myself, but if you would like, you can come over to my room later." While Rufus still remained in the same abode as Jonathan, keeping them apart was something that interested Dio quite greatly.

~

"I am glad you are well… if you do not mind helping me review equations, I will be over. But I won't stay late… and…" His eyes ran over Dio's body. He sighed deeply. He had been wanting to hold, kiss, and pleasure him since the other day's confessions, though the way Dio had turned to ice immediately after made him not even contemplate the idea. Tonight Dio might be more receptive, but to do so would only serve as a distraction. "... and I will of course remain focused on my task at hand." He gave Dio his best 'stern and serious' look.

~

Though Dio's forte lay more in linguistics and humanities, he had no problems with mathematics and sciences, keeping himself top of the class back in the days of mandatory fields. Even if it had been over a year since he had intensely studied maths, he was sure he would be an ample tutor for Jonathan.

"Yes… There will be nothing but studying to be done, worry not, Jojo. We shall keep things strictly professional." To think that was all they would be doing was a naïve mistake from Jonathan, especially after witnessing someone have their paws on him like they had the slightest right to touch him. Dio needed to prove what was his. But for now, he could play along, even if he had noticed his body being eyed up by the brunet. At least this would be an easy task to achieve.

"Come around after dinner, and be careful not to slam your head on my doorframe like last time. Bring your books and whatever else you may need to study with, and I will ensure you are an expert by night's end. Or at the very least passable, it is only one evening after all and even with my talents there are some things outside of my reach. For now I would suggest… showering." Dio smiled before going on his way, explaining to the coach his unintentional missing of practice before visiting the library in the few hours that remained before supper and Jonathan's arrival.

~

Jonathan was honestly doing his best to behave himself and present as a proper gentleman right now. The situation, though resolved, had been stressful on them both. And while he had been doing his best not to show it, he was endlessly frustrated with himself for getting so caught up in his old letters and melancholy that he missed his exam. It had been good for him in the end, and he had come to some important realisations because of it, but that did not make it any less exhausting. He was very much looking forward to putting the last few stressful weeks behind him, and moving forward with a much more stable relationship.

So he did shower, and change into a fresh shirt and trousers, very grateful for the fact that Rufus was not around when he did so. He gathered his books, pencils, and a few apples, making his way across campus to Dio. Unfortunately, by the time he made it there, all but one of the apples was eaten. The boy was insatiable and even though he had eaten dinner not long before, he couldn’t resist nibbling
as he walked.
When Dio opened the door, Jonathan was careful to duck his head this time. “I should be fine, really, I know I make careless errors, but I do know most of the formulas. I would just like your help on two of the equations, if you don’t mind. But... but first...” His face started to flush red. “Dio… may I… may I kiss you?” For Jonathan to ask for such a thing was to show how much he wished to play by Dio’s rules and not offset their awkward peace. “I just... I promise I shall focus on my exam, but I have not kissed you since our fight, and I would feel better if I did.”

~

Jonathan needn't have asked permission to kiss Dio, but the flustered expression and tentative wording brought a smile to his lips, one corner rising into something of a sly smirk. "Always about you isn't it, Jojo?" he said with a sarcastic ring. "But very well, I shall indulge you since you asked so nicely"

Dio approached Jonathan with a definite saunter, eyes glued to the brunet's lips. Skirting his fingers under his chin, he brought him in for the requested affection. But rather than grab his hair and pull him in for something long and amorous as he might have, he chose to let their lips part after a simple peck, enough for Jonathan to taste but hardly indulge in the wonder that was he, Dio. Leave him wanting more, make him more susceptible to later advances. But for now...

"That should satisfy you, Jojo. Now sit."

~

Dio's little kiss at the beginning of their session was certainly a tease. Jonathan wished to do more than simply kiss him, if he was to be honest with himself, but he would accept whatever affection Dio would give him. Tonight was after all about studying and nothing more.

“Ah, this is for you.” He said as he held out the apple. He made his way inside, removing his coat and setting his satchel down.

~

"Thank you... for this kind offering,” Dio replied, accepting the apple with a slightly perturbed expression. He was not one for eating in his bedroom usually, but he placed it on the desk. Apples were as good a fruit as any. Besides if his plan to keep Jonathan for the evening for activities other than studying succeeded, perhaps the exertion would work up an appetite.

***

The next two hours or so were indeed filled with nothing but studying, however. Dio took his tutelage seriously, and had no desire to see his brother fail a simple mathematics exam, especially after working so hard to grant him the privilege of a retake. Over the years the two had studied together often, so he was rather adept at teaching Jonathan, knowing when to criticise and when to praise. Though the apple had apparently been for Dio, it had eventually been eaten up by Jonathan about an hour in, not that he particularly minded.

"Let's take a break here," Dio said once Jonathan had finished a few pages of sums from the second equation. "You’re finally improving, we can take half an hour or so to relax… we don't want you exhausting your brain." Under the desk, Jonathan would feel a hand resting on his thigh, fingers gripping at the taut muscles, though Dio's face showed no signs of change just yet.
Dio made a much better tutor than Rufus ever could have dreamed of being. While Jonathan had been studying enough in the past day to ensure that he would pass the examination, Dio's extra tutelage ensured him that he would also do well. By the time they were finished with the first two hours, Jonathan let out a loud yawn and sank his head down on the table. "I am exhausted," he murmured. "I can't wait for this week to be over so that I can sleep." He felt Dio's hand over his thigh, and the blush slowly crept into his cheeks. "And do... other things not related to school and rugby."

Jonathan could never be sure of Dio's intentions. But he was going to find out either way. His hand fell over Dio's hand, squeezing it lightly. "I have missed you," he spoke as he straightened himself back up. "If we are taking a break... perhaps I could show you just how much I've missed you, mm?" Now his hand moved onto Dio's own thigh, giving it a much harder squeeze.

Dio's eyes widened a little when Jonathan's hand reached over and touched his thigh in a similar way, but otherwise there was little change in expression or any notable reaction. Placing his pen down in its given spot with a free hand, he turned to Jonathan and sighed.

"Very well, if you insist, Jojo. It is your break after all, you are free to do whatever you wish in that time. If you have missed me so much, I can only presume a simple kiss was not enough to sate you... but it is always a start." Dio once again brought their lips together, but rather than hold back as he had earlier, he made it a kiss to remember. His hand remained on Jonathan's thigh, pressing deeper as he further approached, sliding it into the crevice between his legs inch by inch.

Meanwhile, their tongues began to overlap within the kiss, and Dio's remaining hand ruffled the back of Jonathan's hair, fingers combing through and reaching the neck. Opening his eyes he could see the red flush glaze Jonathan's face as if it permanently belonged there. His eyes were closed but nevertheless his passion could be seen. It brought a smile to Dio's lips.

Jonathan was blushing indeed as Dio kissed him and his hand travelled up his thigh. He was amazed by the fact that Dio could simply shift from the teacher role into a ready to be seduced role (or was he really the seducer himself?) within moments. Either way, he was thrilled with the idea of doing as he pleased for the first time in days regarding Dio.

Without wasting a moment's time, he scooped up Dio into his arms, carrying him to the bed. His motions were affectionate, yet possessive, dropping him down onto the feather mattress and immediately pushing up his shirt so that he could trail kisses down his navel. He made short work of Dio's waistband and pulled out his cock, immediately lowering his mouth onto it and giving it a long, slow suck. He raised his eyes to meet Dio's, wordlessly expressing how much he craved this, before returning right to the task at hand.

Jonathan had become quite good at fellatio, not that he had ever attempted it on another man. He had a knack for reading his partner's body language as well as his ever present desire to please, so it did not take him long to bring Dio to the point of driving his nails into his expensive sheets, as well as into his scalp.

"Jumping right in there, aren't we Jojo?" Dio asked as Jonathan's gaze met his own, cock already in
his mouth. "It has only been a few days... you missed me that much already?" Dio's sentence strains grew shorter as the brunet's lips worked around his member, bringing it to life with licks and sucks, playing with tongue rolls that were sure to stimulate. "Well... I could hardly blame you..." Dio bit his lip following that, fingers starting to curl into themselves, legs rising so his feet were firmly placed straight on the bed, toes curling too.

As he lay there, Jonathan's mouth bobbing up and down around his cock, knowing it was all he wished to do for days, when this was likely what that rat Rufus desired too had an effect. Jonathan was his and would always be his, this display a good a declaration as any. And it would be the same for any future suitresses that may desire him for marriage, anyone who eyed him would never measure up to he, Dio, the one who had taken all from Jonathan including his heart.

"You always know... just the right way to do it, Jojo," Dio complimented the Joestar with a wink the man would not have been able to see. His arousal had grown to full length now, and he held himself back, relishing in the act rather than spilling seed too early on. He was going to enjoy this.

"Of course I do." Jonathan finally answered, pulling himself up and leaning over the other man, bringing his lips close to Dio's, but not touching. "Because I know how to please my Dio." He leaned in and let their noses lightly touch in an affectionate way, before pulling back and moving down his body once more. He gave his shaft a good long lick, and pulled back again, bringing a finger to his chin thoughtfully.

"Hm. It has been days since I have been inside you and I would love to change that... but there is also the option of having you finish inside of me. Hmm." As he pondered, one hand reached out and continued to tease his cock, playing with the tip lightly. After a few moments of this, Dio was suddenly pulled forward roughly by the sides of his pants, serving to both bring him closer to Jonathan and make his rear more accessible. Jonathan made quick work of yanking down his own trousers, his cock already long and hard and ready to go.

"I don't think I can resist the idea of coming inside you... You feel like heaven." And with that said, he wasted no time in spitting on his hand, giving his shaft a few strokes to make it slick, and pressing a few fingers into Dio, readying him for what was to come. There was something in Jonathan's movements that was a little different, he was distinctly rougher while still having that tenderness he always did. When he slipped inside him it was without warning, and he gave several hard long thrusts.

"It is as I said... this is your break. Do whatever you may please, a reward for being such a good student under my tutelage..." Dio, despite having cock teased and stimulated was rather quiet in his responses, enjoying the waves of pleasure, Jonathan's nips and sucks and licks and thrusts without letting out loud moans in reaction. Of course, that was not to say he was not thoroughly raptured by the experience, simply that he would not overexert himself with his usual gusto. It was rather nice at times to watch calmly, letting Jonathan bring him to the brink and beyond without missing a detail on that marvellous face of his.

Even when he felt digits work their way inside of him, occasionally hitting his prostate, opening him up for the entirety of Jonathan's length he remained low in volume, only little hums leaving his lips and a smile on his face unwavering. "Yes... Jojo, like that..." he said happily, pulling at his own hair with clenched fists.

Taken by surprise at the sudden extraction of his fingers and insertion of his cock, Dio could not help
but exclaim as he immediately hit against his sweet spot, quickly finding a rhythm where he could feel every movement Jonathan made. As Jonathan continued, the speed escalated, and Dio found himself wrapping his legs against the other, hands grabbing the bed sheets to keep himself in position. Glancing down, he could see the brunet's leg muscles taut and moving constantly, bucking forward and backwards inside of him, his own cock moving along with it. But Dio wanted more, more, more. "Faster, Jojo, I know you can do better than that."

~

The words 'you can do better’ were just the bit of motivation that Jonathan needed to start to pound his cock into Dio as if it were his last chance to ever do so. He was going so quickly that it was causing an ache in his own thighs and hips, both from the smacking sensation and from Jonathan having only recently done his first full rugby workout just a few hours before. Despite this, however, he kept going at full force and speed, beads of sweat showing in the corners of his brow from his efforts.

A hand finally reached down to find Dio’s own cock, not being willing to stop until Dio himself had come, no matter how exhausted he might make himself in the process. Doing his best to not slow his rhythm, he toyed with him as he moved in and out, the entrance not as slick as it usually was and requiring more effort.

He nearly finished at the same time as Dio as it was so close to when his partner finally came. Upon letting go he slowed his pace and caught his breath, before pulling out. That had felt marvellous, and was a tremendous relief… but it was also a huge drain on his already exhausted body, which had only gotten a few more hours of sleep in the last day than Dio had. He felt tired, tired enough to…

~

Dio too, needed to catch his breath for a minute, but he was much faster to recover than Jonathan, and grinned patting him on the back to have his shuffle off and pull out. "See what you can do when--" Dio stopped mid-sentence when he heard light snores coming from the brunet.

“Jojo… are you?” He was, he was sleeping. Had he really worked himself that hard that he had passed out the minute after they had completed? A couple more nudges confirmed that with certainty.

Dio chuckled, at least he knew Jonathan's all had gone into that session, and it was quite profitable. He pushed the log weight off of him, sitting up beside Jonathan as the man fell deeper into slumber.

Though Dio's cock had returned to a more flaccid state, the residual tingles could still be felt, and it would take only a few touches to bring himself back to arousal. Well… if their studying session was taking an unexpected extended break, there was no harm in it. Jonathan did look rather cute sleeping like that, and the sheets were already filthy.
Jonathan snoozed against Dio for a good twenty minutes or so, every so often curling into his body, and nuzzling against his leg. He seemed to be sleeping rather peacefully, something that had been eluding him the last few days. When his eyes finally did open, however, he sat up with a nervous jolt.

"Oh my god, did I actually fall asleep?! You did finish, right?" Jonathan, with a blush on his face, began to yank up his pants, which had, quite embarrassingly, stayed around his ankles as he had dozed off.

~

"Not to worry, Jojo, I finished. Once or twice." Dio chuckled to himself adjusting now that he was fully free from Jonathan's dead weight. It had been comfortable enough, him on his thigh and snuggling tight, but nearing the latter part of the twenty minutes a feeling of numbness began to cross over him. He would have moved, but he was not yet done watching Jonathan rest, the man warm and large and peaceful. "I am glad to know that you put all your effort into pleasing me, so much so that you tired yourself out. I can hardly fault you for that."

~

"Still, I am so sorry… it has been a long and tiring day, and that little exercise just now was quite exhausting, although as always, satisfying." Jonathan smiled and pressed a kiss to Dio's cheek.

"I do feel prepared for the exam now, you did a much better job than Rufus would have done helping me review." In truth, Jonathan knew that he should go back to his room now, but he did not particularly want to. He was quite comfy in Dio's silk sheets and with having his lover so close, but he knew outright asking to stay left the possibility of Dio saying no. So he decided, for once, to do something he had seen Dio do on many an occasion - manipulate the situation to get his way.

"I should probably be going. I want to make sure I am well rested for class and the exam tomorrow, which once again, I am in your debt for getting me that second chance." He smiled sweetly at Dio. "...Rufus will most likely still be in the room tonight, I do not think he could have moved that fast. You did scare him quite well… but he has indeed been rather clingy as of late. I hope he does not try some last ditch effort like, oh, kissing me, or sneaking into my bed at night in an attempt to rouse me into his affections…" Jonathan knew Rufus would do no such thing, but the suggestion alone would not make for a happy Dio.

~

I know what you are trying to do, Jojo, do not try to goad me into your will, it won't work." Having said that, Dio formed a pout, arms folding over. "Though -- through none of your guilt tripping methods -- yes, you may stay the night." Regardless of whether Rufus had it in him or not, Dio did not wish for the boy to spend any more time around his Jojo. He would have had Jonathan stay the night either way.

"But I suggest you refraining from mentioning kissing and that rat-faced soon to be ex-roommate of yours in the same sentence again, let alone him crawling into your bed. You say I scared him well, but there is plenty more I could do. I, Dio do not take kindly to those who take what is mine, and the thought alone may trigger a response, a pre-emptive measure of sorts. You would not want that weighing on your conscience now would you? Now pass me some pyjamas. You may use the ones
you did last time, they should be where you last found them. And really, Jojo, I'm sure I mentioned bringing your own clothes if you plan on frequenting my boudoir so often.”

~

Jonathan smiled sheepishly, kissing Dio's cheek as he stood and went to find the sleepwear he had worn. He was not as good at manipulating things as Dio was, but a victory was still a victory. Waking up at Dio's side was one of his favourite parts of their relationship, even if it did not happen as often as he would like. His own clothes were shed hastily and replaced by the soft fabric of Dio's pyjamas, and he rejoined his partner in bed.

"I will bring my own over soon, I was not planning on staying, but you are just so warm and inviting tonight." Those two words were not words that would normally be used to describe Dio, yet Jonathan meant it as he reached forward and snaked his arms about Dio's waist as he pulled him against him. "Thank you for letting me stay to bask in your presence." The last sentence may have had a bit of a jibe to it, but he added a few kisses to his hair to sweeten it.

"And if it makes you feel any better, I would not dream of kissing Rufus. He is not my type at all. Skinny, mousy brown hair, lacking in confidence… none of that is attractive to me." He nuzzled his face against Dio's head, burying his nose in his hair.

~

Dio put on his own pyjamas following, the fabric newly washed and gentle on the skin, putting his own clothes in the laundry before settling down. Since Jonathan was still something of a pig after all these years, he removed the other boy's clothes off the floor and hung them over a chair, casting a mild glare in his direction.

"It should be a given that you have no desire to kiss that boy. Especially when you have I, Dio, around your arms. That should not even be a thought that crosses your mind.” Dio allowed the affection and praise to be set upon him, he had grown much more amenable to it ever since Jonathan came along. It seemed that he was the exception to many rules, and unlike most, there was a comfort in having him by his side. When he wasn't fussing over useless nonsense and ruining what started out as good nights, that was. But Dio was kind enough to forgive such transgressions.

~

Jonathan leaned in and took in the scent of Dio’s hair, always clean and sweet smelling. "No man is, really… but that could be because you are the only person I desire, man or woman.” he added with a grin.

~

"No man, nor woman but me, hmm?" Dio rested himself fully against Jonathan, warm in his hold. "Those do seem like favourable odds. And I hardly think waning off that small feeble boy would be a problem for you, even if he were to have made advances, so unless he approached you in your dead man's sleep, I have nothing to worry about. But as you said… he lacks the confidence to do so."

Smirking a little, Dio placed a finger to his chin. "Maybe you have talked yourself out of staying. Maybe you should just go back, since there is clearly no issue to be had. But then..." Dio turned planting a kiss that sunk no further than the lips on Jonathan. "You would not be able to bask in my
presence, and who am I to deny anyone such an honour? Especially one who works so hard he falls asleep after orgasm." Jibe it may have been, but Dio preferred not to see it that way, it only being a testament of Jonathan's true feelings.

~

"I am not leaving!" Jonathan said with the insistence of a child who had been asked to give up their favourite toy. "Yes... I do wish to bask in your presence so to speak." Jonathan's hands moved softly up Dio's sides, looking down at the other boy. "I know you shall think me overly sentimental, but having you by my side, particularly when I sleep... I wake up feeling as if all is right with the world." Jonathan's hands came down over Dio's, lacing their fingers together.

"We belong together. And all I want now is to do everything I can to ensure our happiness."

Jonathan's cheeks flushed red. "Even if I dozed off after... but can you blame me? I've done nothing today but study and practice!" Jonathan was glad that Dio had not taken his snooze as an offense. Though if he had, he would have most likely been subject to a rude awakening.

Settling back into the pillows and blankets with Dio in his arms, Jonathan looked incredibly content. "I am so glad that we made our peace. And that you are all right... when I first realised you were missing practice, I thought you must be deathly ill or bleeding out somewhere. Should anything have ever happened to you..." He gave his lover a slight squeeze. "I would be a mess. So make sure you take care of yourself... you and Father are the only family I have in the world."

~

"You are correct, you are overly sentimental, it is almost suffocating how sentimental you are, Jojo. But..." Dio closed their laced fingers around each other. "It is part of what makes you you and I suppose one of us has to be something of a sap. Opposites attract and all that romantic palaver." Though not nearly as much as Jonathan, Dio did quite enjoy waking up to find the other by his side, arms surrounding him, even if it resulted in waking up hot and sweaty and occasionally crushed. He found his inconvenient nightmares tended to occur far less often when Jonathan was around too, though that was probably just a coincidence.

But at Jonathan's mention of practice yet again, Dio rolled his eyes, he was getting rather tired of it all. It might have been easier to simply admit he had overslept, but there was no chance of him doing it now.

"Listen to me, Jojo. Stop bringing up practice as if was an event of the century. It was not and you jumping to wild conclusions does nothing. You yourself missed multiple last year and nobody batted an eyelid. I was busy, a small matter that overtook the necessity of rugby training and that is all. I was not abducted or attacked or suddenly struck with the black plague and for you to think that I was is completely outlandish and insulting that you think someone could lay a hit on me and they be the one to walk away from it. Life, Jojo, is far more boring that." It may have been forward, but Dio wished to nip this in the bud and he really did not like people repeating themselves over useless things. "I have told you before I do not need protecting or you worrying about me every minute of the day. So let us drop the subject entirely and either study, sleep or... play around a little more. Of course the latter may end up with you falling asleep either way."

~

Jonathan had in reality not been so focused on what had kept Dio from practice, than expressing the fact that the thought alone of something happening to him was enough to tie his stomach in knots. He had lost interest in what had actually kept him from practice, but Dio's firm insistence about it made him curious again.
"I was just trying to be sentimental, declaring you something as important to me in my life as my own father. I had not cared what the actual reason was so long as you were safe, but... now that you mention it, I am the one who misses practices, classes, and exams, not you. I do not think you have ever missed a day of class in your life." Jonathan's hands slipped under the fabric and began to trail over Dio's sides once more, tracing small circles on the skin beneath his night shirt.

"I should think that we are both in need of rest, although you are alluring as ever. But I do have to wonder... just why are you so insistent on dropping the topic of why you missed practice, hmmm? Are you hiding something from me?" His tone was playful rather than accusatory, and his fingers suddenly began to gently tickle the other boy, a sly grin on his face as he did so.

~

"Is someone thinking themselves a detective? Well, Jojo, there are far more interesting subjects than why I missed a single practice. As I said, it is not worth discussing and thus I shall not discuss it." Dio turned his head to the window as Jonathan felt down his night shirt, stifling any ticklish reactions that were beginning to spur -- rather badly. Curse his skin, it always showed bruises and scratches so plainly, and was highly sensitive to touches.

"I am insistent because you keep boring me with it, and it was so menial it is too tiresome to even mention. Now if you wish to rest, roll over and lie down, otherwise stop touching me like that. I do not enjoy it." Dio frowned before noticing Jonathan's smirk darken as his fingers began to dance against his skin at rapidly increasing paces, his stomach subjected to this laughing torture. As Jonathan knew by now, Dio could not resist and squirming and contorting if there was relentless tickling, despite his series of calls and orders for the other to do so.

"If you refuse... to stop you shan't be staying in my bedroom tonight or any other, I assure you!" Dio point was made in between a series of giggles, but the message was delivered with as stern a warning Dio could muster given the circumstance. "I'm not going to tell you so you may as well quit before I cause you great and partially involuntary damage." It was not like he was in complete control of his movements at the current time. Jonathan may just find himself with a kick in the face.

~

A look of extreme amusement was on Jonathan's face as he slowed the tickles, choosing instead to move back to smooth, sweet motions. "Oh it is boring, eh? And uninteresting? And you are going to cause me physical harm?" Slowly he began to unbutton Dio's shirt, leaving a trail of nips as the flesh became exposed. They gradually became harder and harder as Jonathan moved lower and lower.

~

"I am glad that we have come to an understanding... Jojo..." Dio said lightly as the tickling ceased and the lifting of his shirt began. This form of touching, yes, he could certainly enjoy. "But do not think for a second that I would not send you out into the cold. I already got what I wanted from you tonight, and this, if you recall was meant to be a study session alone. Study sessions do not tend to result in me waking up with a man in my bed the next morning." This was in fact true, any of his past visitors certainly would not be sharing his boudoir for the night, they would have left as soon as the 'revision' was complete.

~

"You wouldn't make me leave..." He whispered, removing Dio's shirt and moving up so that he could nibble on his left ear lobe. "You like me too much. Or at least you like what I do to you." Suddenly Dio's arms were yanked behind him, and he used the night shirt to tie his wrist together in
Before Dio could say a word in protest, Jonathan pinned him down belly up, straddled him, and covered his mouth with his own. His kiss was fierce and rough, just as he knew Dio liked it.

"You taste so sweet for someone so bitter." Jonathan murmured as he broke the kiss, hands slipping down to the waistline of Dio's pants, feeling his cock through the fabric, teasing it into an erection. "But that is part of your charm." Once he was thoroughly hard, Jonathan sat up, looking down at the blond beneath him, red marks from his nips visible over his pale skin. "Now... tell me why you missed practice!" And the tickles began again, more teasing than ever. Jonathan was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Lulled into a false sense of security and weakness from the ear biting, it was only in the last second Dio realised he was being tied up, and by then it was too late to do anything about it, his hands restrained and body sat on. "Jojo! What do you think you are do--" His words were silenced with a kiss he refused to return. "Release me you imbecile." But oh, no, Jonathan did not do such a thing, instead the tickling began even more than before, and Dio was sent into a stream of loud uncontrollable laughter. And yet he still managed to frown through it.

"Do you really want to suffer the consequences of the aftermath of all this, Jojo?! I have told you time and time again I hate being tickled so st--oo--p."

The knot was not anything Dio could not undo, but it was tight, and would take time with his hands just out of reach of his wrists in their position. Which left time enough for Jonathan's fingers to torture his skin. The man bore the flailing and angered giggles and demands to stop and Dio was barely able to do a thing about it. With Jonathan in this position his ability to kick was made benign, and he was far too heavy and firmly placed for him to simply push away with only his torso accessible. And so all he had were words.

"Fine, fine, Jojo, I will tell you! Stop tickling me, untie me and I will tell you, not a second sooner." It took a few moments, but Jonathan eventually called his bluff and rose ever so slightly, releasing his pelvis from all that weight, though he still seemed to be considering untieing him. But it did not matter. Right now Dio did not require his hands, and with that small leeway he was able to drag his leg under the gap Jonathan had created and give him a solid kick to the stomach, enough to drive him off the bed with a thud. Ha! As if he would ever tell Jonathan at all, let alone after that, so naïve.

Dio's tone was haughty as he looked down at Jonathan sprawled below him, thick dark brows furrowed and eyes piercing.

"Hmph. You say I like what you do to me. Believe me, Jojo, contrary to the laughter I did not enjoy what you just did and I never will. I told you I was not going to tell you and after all that waste of time the fact still remains. Now I am not one to make empty threats, so get out of my bedroom." He made a shooing motion with his fingers.

Jonathan let out a cry as he was kicked in the stomach and off the bed. He knew he shouldn't have trusted Dio to tell, but by the time he realised, it was too late. Such a pity... binding his wrists was a little something he had wanted to try, tickling aside. If Dio had just simply given in, it could have been some bedroom play they both might have enjoyed. Now instead there was a raging Dio hovering over him, demanding that he leave the room.

"Was whatever happened really so embarrassing that you feel the need to go to such high lengths to
keep the secret? Dio, you are speaking to a person who missed an exam because he was so love sick over you!" Jonathan stood and brushed himself off. "Very well then. I shall not speak of it, but I am not planning to leave of my own accord."

~

"What you call high lengths are menial, Jojo. You tickle me. I tell you to cease. I kick you off. You are the only one who wishes to make this any size of 'deal' and unlike you a Shakespearean level of woe was not the reason I was absent and you are looking for something of that proportion and I cannot supply. And so I will not. It was not embarrassing, it was inconsequential so cease your clamour and get out of my room. You may return tomorrow or any later date when the subject is well and truly dropped."

It was trivial and petty, Dio knew that. But he could hardly let Jonathan win this argument however small it may have been. It was not in his nature to lose anything and no matter how hard the other would press he would press harder because losing against Jonathan would be the worst loss of them all.

~

Jonathan ignored him, flopping down onto the bed, and grabbing all of the silk covered pillows save one. He nestled his head into the pile and gave Dio a sly little smile. "You are welcome to try and make me leave, if you like. But I do not think you shall be very successful!" He grabbed the blanket and wrapped it around himself - Jonathan was a fantastic blanket hog when he was not cuddling.

~

Though the blanket would unfortunately serve as a protective shield, Dio once again kicked Jonathan, rolling him off the bed for a second time. "Fine. If you are so intent on staying, you can do so on the floor and away from me." He omitted from saying 'like a dog' for that was an argument he was too tired to get into again, and Jonathan was oh-so-sensitive about that issue, so much so that he would miss exams over it.

"Or if you prefer I should just tie you up to the bedpost, keep your hands from wandering where they are unwanted. I should gag you too, stop you from spewing the same repetitive useless rubbish you have been for the past few hours." Actually, that might make for something rather fun, he was planning on doing a little more with ropes and chains and ribbons since the rugby shed, but was swept into the vanilla caresses of Jonathan and forgot over the holiday season. Well, no harm in picking up where they left off. Jonathan had proven himself to be rather gung-ho about their sexual acts, why not play with it? But for now...

"No, no. I recant that. However satisfying those options may be, I told you to leave and you will leave. For what am I without my word?" Dio smirked. "Worry not, Jojo, this is hardly out of spite, you just need to go!" And with that, he leapt off the bed, grabbed Jonathan's feet that stuck out of the blanket, and began to drag him, covers and all towards the door.

~

Wriggling and squirming for a few seconds, Jonathan emerged from the covers, and quite annoyed, curling up and reached for his ankles, hands covering Dio's. "You do not want to play this game with me, Dio, for you shall lose. Just admit defeat now." Of course it was not that simple with Dio, and he was not ready to give up, continuing to yank his heavy form by the ankles.

Jonathan was nothing if he was not strong. He let his hands travel up Dio's arms, and once he was
holding firmly, he threw his weight forward, using his body to knock into Dio and throw him off
balance enough to let go of his ankles. When he was finally free he grabbed Dio's squirming form,
threw it over his shoulders for a few paces to the bed, and then proceeded to throw him back onto it.

Soon enough Dio was straddled once again, with hands pinned above his head, using his strength to
his advantage as they had only just discussed. But with the glint in Dio’s eye, he knew he could get
away with being playful. "Now stop fighting me and go to sleep, spoiled brat. I’ve let you had your
way far too many times. Now you are willingly keeping a secret from me, and I am ready to let it go!
But I will not be leaving your room and if I must stay like this all night so be it."

~

Dio sighed, trying to appear angrier than he was at Jonathan’s display, rolling his wrists within the
man’s tight hold. Though he was never given enough credit for it, Dio was indeed strong, strong and
fast enough to tear apart that tight grip with the taut of his muscles and a strong pull, combined with
the element of surprise. He wasn’t about to let Jonathan think he could ever use that move again, it
was time to put it to an end. Immediately sitting up, he pushed Jonathan off his lap, almost hard
enough to make him fall over a third time.

"Obviously you are making it difficult for me to drag you out, so here." Dio threw a pillow onto the
ground at the bottom end of his bed. "A compromise. You sleep on the floor at my feet and I will let
you stay. But you shall not share a bed with me tonight I promise you." If it came down to it Dio
would spend the whole night up and reading or working to ensure that did not come to pass.
Ridiculous as he knew it was, he was not going to lose.

~

"I am not sleeping on the floor." Jonathan sighed and pulled back from Dio, pinching his brow.
"Unlike some people I know, I went to practice today. My muscles are extremely sore, and I also
may have over exerted myself while trying to please a certain lovely yet stringent blond. I am
exhausted and I will sleep in a bed and it will be your bed. There is no reason it shouldn't be, just
because I had some fun tickling you."

Jonathan rolled off of Dio and stretched out on the bed, lying on his side, head propped up with his
hand. "You must be exhausted too. I know that neither of us have had a restful few days, and you
look as if you need a good night's rest. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if you missed practice because
you were catching up on sleep. My muscles certainly wish I had done that."

~

Dio flushed red at Jonathan’s stumbling across the reason like that, stammering over his next words.
"W-What?! Me? Fall asleep?! No! How could you possibly insinuate such a thing?! "In all the time
Dio was giving off retorts, Jonathan seemed to be happily nestling himself within the silk of his bed.
Dio scowled.

"You know what, Jojo? Yes I am tired, and arguing with you after I so graciously saved your
education and assisted in your studying has made me all the more. I asked you to leave and you
refused, I would force you out but that would probably end up with you crying and missing yet
another examination.” He folded his arms over and pouted.
Rolling onto his back, Jonathan let out a very loud yawn. "Dio, just lie down and rest already. Think, if we both get a good night's sleep, perhaps in the morning we can pick up where I left off before... without the tickling. I promise." The Joestar heir flashed Dio a sincere smile, his eyelids drooping. He was exhausted and ready to settle in for the night.

"Fine! Take the bed if that is your dearest heart's desire, but stick to your side and keep your hands to themselves because I do not trust you." Dio slumped down into the warmth of his sheets still glowering. A scoff could be heard before Dio turned to face the direction Jonathan would not be in. No, no matter how hard he tried, the temper of his never faded, ever since he was a child. Stupid, useless, trivial things got him riled and he couldn't help but fall into it every time. But what could he do about it, especially when it came to Jonathan? He made it so easy for Dio to feel irked. And yet...

"...We can pick up tomorrow, but for tonight I do not want you near me. So again, at least stay on your side," Dio said after a few minutes of silence. Damn Jojo. Even when angered by the other it just sent adrenaline rushing through him and frankly turned him on. But he was tired and being tired made him cranky and want to be alone. So any action he may have taken had he been a little more energised was halted. "Turn off the light."

"I have no problem staying on my side." Jonathan replied cheerfully. "I would kiss you goodnight, but since that would violate your personal space, I shall refrain." Still, ever the romantic, Jonathan blew him a kiss, before turning off the light, and curling up on the side of the bed. It did not take him long at all to be snoring.
Early the next morning, Jonathan would wake, for once before Dio. He had been eager for the next morning to come, wanting to be able to run his hands across Dio without repercussion. With the sunlight pouring through the window, he figured that it was as good a time as any. His arms crept about Dio, pulling him against his chest, while he buried his face in his blond hair. Nuzzling slightly, he felt immensely content, even though he expected Dio to become sharp with him the moment he opened his eyes.

"Good morning," he murmured into his ear, before nipping it lightly. "Am I forgiven yet for my trespasses from last night?"

~

Dio, still drowsy and barely awake replied with closed eyes and a quiet voice that would only ever be heard in the early hours of the morning upon his rising. "Forgiven is a strong word, Jojo, especially when I told you not to touch me before tomorrow. I did not think I had to spell out that meant when I wake up, but you always were a little dense, or maybe you just wanted to test the waters, see how far you could push it, push me..." The softer voice did not decrease his word count, that much could be said.

"...So I suggest you make this continuation extra special for me because I was not done sleeping yet now I am awake. And once I am awake I can never get back to sleep and I have a lecture in a few hours, one in which I will need to be alert for."

Wiping the corners of his eyes, Dio stretched against Jonathan's body elongating his form from head to toe, with the noises that followed suit. Neither of them had a shirt to speak of, and he could feel skin against his back, warm and firm. "You should listen to me in future Jojo, or you will find yourself freshly out of favours. When someone tells you to go--" He turned, facing Jonathan before bringing him into a harsh kiss, biting his lower lip almost enough to break through the skin -- he could taste copper. "--you go. It is a simple matter of the respect you love so dearly."

~

Jonathan's contentment did not end with Dio's awakening, in fact, seeing Dio in such a groggy state was an exceptionally rare treat for him. Even on the few occasions they had shared a bed through the night, Dio always rose first. It was wonderful to see that he, too was a human being capable of needing more sleep.

The kiss was a sharp reminder that he still needed to tread carefully where Dio was concerned. "Alright, next time you ask me to leave I shall leave, although I very much hope that you will seldom wish such a thing." A few light pecks were given to his cheek, hands starting to roam across Dio's body, as he had been doing the night before. "But as you wish... you are still my prince, of course."

~

"If you are not irksome and irritating, you will find that I will not cast you out. Otherwise, you best get used to finding yourself on the other side of my door and nobody answering your knocks no matter how much of a scene you make." Dio pushed the stray hairs away from his face and blinked, humming tiredly as he forced himself out of this groggy state.

While he did not require much sleep all things considered, and it would likely be within the hour that
he woke of his own volition, he never did well with unprompted awakenings, and leaving his bed to
wash his face or relieve himself were still out of his capacity, not when there was no urgency for it
and Jonathan's wandering hands had begun to do just that, picking up where was left off as
promised. Of course should he dare be tickled again all that would change and there would only be
hell to bring.

~

Jonathan ran his thumb across Dio’s cheek line, and looked down at him thoughtfully. "Normally I
enjoy doing whatever comes to mind, and have fun playing it out, experimenting with discovering
what you enjoy most... but being that I am trying to make this an extra special occasion, I need to
ask... shall I tie you up, or would you like to be the one doing the tying?" He traced a finger under
Dio's chin.

~

"If I recall correctly -- and I do -- the last time I tied you up, while you accepted, you were incredibly
cry about the matter, practically crying over it. My, how things change," Dio smirked for the first
time that morning. "Since this is you trying to impress me, it is only right that you should do the
work. So I give you permission to tie me up, Jojo. I want to see what a novice like yourself can come
up with. But do not use my nightshirts to do it like an imbecile. You'll wear the fabric and while you
could afford to replace them, it would take quite a chunk out of your monthly allowance. Find
something else."

~

"I did not cry!" Jonathan protested. "Though it was... quite an education." Jonathan had never
considered the idea of binding his lover, and if it had been anyone but Dio, he might not have seen
the appeal. But something about rendering Dio unable to move... he liked the idea and his fingers
were itching to explore the other man, putting him at his mercy (for something besides tickling of
course.) "Fair enough, I will not use your expensive nightwear. " It wasn't as if he had a long list of
other things to use, and he did not feel like taking a scolding if he used the wrong item.

~

“Practically crying, Jojo. There was all but the liquid flowing from your eyes. And when I let you go
you clung to me like a monkey clings to a tree. It was funny. Cute. But funny. Do not expect the
same result from me. I, Dio, am no clingy monkey.” Dio watched as Jonathan searched around the
room, curious as to what he might pick. If he looked in one of the drawers he would have found a
ball of string, another his ties but it seemed he had something in mind of his own.

~

Jonathan stood and walked to the chair where Dio had draped his clothes, pulling out the long red
ribbon of his bow tie. Better that it be something of his, anyway. He also took the moment to
unceremoniously strip his (or rather Dio's) night trousers off, he would not be needing them any time
soon.

With those two issues taken care of he dove back onto the bed. It was so tempting to sweep Dio up
into his arms and be his usual affectionate self. Today, however, he needed to impress, and he was
becoming better and better at knowing what Dio needed. So once he was ready, he patted Dio’s side
and guided him to lie on his stomach. From here he could properly bind his wrists, which was far
easier when not using a night shirt. Once finished his fingers began to trail across his back, creating
red swirls in the pale skin as he did so.
“Ah, your bow tie ribbon. How quaint. Red too, a suitable colour. Come then, Jojo. Show me something special.” Dio compiled with Jonathan turning him onto his stomach and skirting a finger against his back before digging in. It wasn’t quite laughable, but there was a slight tickle to the action, and while his head was facing away, his eyes did their best to glance at the Joestar heir behind him, to watch his act. Where Jonathan loved to use his sense of touch in their engagements, Dio’s preferences lay with sight. Surprises, the unknown were not things Dio could say he enjoyed, but his heart and his cock did pound and throb some with the anticipation, and unknowingly he licked his lips.

“So… Do you have anything planned in particular, or are you just going to see what works? I am curious, Jojo. What are you going to do?” At that word, Jonathan dug his nails in hard, leaving marks in his flesh even though his nails were quite short. An unintentional yelp escaped Dio lips before he chuckled, an unseen smile on his face as he felt weight fall atop of him and his shoulder began to be peppered with nips, some light some harder. He could feel the start of Jonathan’s erection, already quite prominent rubbing against his ass. “Someone seems excited. Careful now, you don’t want to come too soon or fall asleep again. You always do prefer finishing after, especially when you are the one penetrating.”

There was one thing that Jonathan had liked quite a bit about the tickling. And that was the fact that it at the very least made it much more difficult for Dio to get a word in edgewise. It was almost tempting to start it now, but as that would be much like declaring war, he opted for another idea. Pulling away from Dio for a moment, he began to look through his own drawers. He found a drawer of clean handkerchiefs. Perfect. Balling them up, he stepped back over to Dio, tilting his head up by the chin, and then proceeded to shove them into his mouth.

“You chose to have me taking charge of how I please you here. This is not a time for commentary, Dio dearest, this is a time for you to lie back and enjoy.” He half-grinned as he pulled away, and reproached Dio from behind, clutching him at the hips. “And if you do not enjoy… mm, oh well.” Without the distraction of Dio’s sharp tongue, it made things far, far easier for Jonathan to concentrate. “You shall just have to teach me to do better next time.”

The unfortunate thing about gagging Dio was the fact that he could not kiss him, one of his absolute favourite activities. He made a mental note to remove the gag later, but for now, it stayed. Instead, Jonathan busied himself with yanking down Dio’s trousers fully, so that he could properly grope the flesh of his ass. His lips returned to his neck, shoulders, and finally back, leaving a trail of red bruising marks as he went along. He was going a bit harder than usual, as if trying to vent frustration in the process, yet still be in some measure of control.

Gagged and silenced, all Dio could do was lie and let whatever was going to happen happen. He was not going to give Jonathan the satisfaction of having quieted him by retaliating or trying to speak through the handkerchief. At least for now. What Jonathan failed to realise was that though still bound on his upper half, Dio still had the use of his legs and he would most certainly not refrain from using them in due course. Letting Jonathan tie him up hardly meant he was in charge of this show. But in this moment, he would let him continue to think such a thing, see what he had to offer. Enjoy. It was not as if Jonathan had it in him to not give Dio anything but satisfaction, despite his words.

And so Dio let the man work. Of course, even when keeping him roped Jonathan had to be affectionate, kissing and tonguing him. There may have been an added roughness and speed thrown
into the mix, and he may be left with hickey and bruises by the end of the morning but lips were still pressed against his body and hands smoothly followed his curves. Dio could see, could feel Jonathan’s desires, intentions all the while, oh if only he could speak right now the things he would say. But without that ability his mind wandered slightly, letting his sensors work alone for awhile.

He thought of the things he would do to Jonathan when it would eventually come to his turn, the way he would leave Jonathan begging, wanton, desiring him, desiring more and oh how Dio would drag it out, drag it out until Jonathan was fraying round the edges splitting at the seams, completely undone. With Jonathan’s actions and his thoughts combined his cock had reached quite a state of arousal.

~

Jonathan had not quite mastered the art of the tease just yet. So many years had been spent with the upper class belief that he would save himself for the woman he married. Being with Dio had made him discover just how much he craved release, and so the thought of withholding it did not particularly appeal to him just yet. Perhaps some day Dio would teach him, but until then, he would always be thirsty for more.

It was never difficult to get Dio aroused, and often he had to wonder if that was because of his own efforts, or because of Dio enjoying most sexual acts. Then again, he could wonder the same of himself. If things continued in the way that they were going, he would never have the opportunity to truly find out.

Nails ran down his back with frustration at the realisation that Dio would always have experience over him and there was nothing to be done about it. He rolled Dio over so that he was now facing him, and grabbed the other man’s cock, giving it a quick and sloppy sucking. Pleasing him was not the idea behind it, although Jonathan’s tongue lashing across his sensitive organ was sure to do something.

~

Dio would have smiled when Jonathan turned him around, but he was sure his eyes were telling enough. A muffled moan could be heard when Jonathan quickly got to working on his cock, tonguing over the precome, mixing with saliva and sending pulses of a wondrous sensation throughout his body. When Jonathan was messy at the dinner table Dio had always been disgusted, but right now, when he was licking his member and sloppily and dishevelled there could not be anything better.

He still wondered whether Jonathan was planning at all, but planning had never been the man’s style. He did what felt good, felt right to him, something Dio did share, at least pragmatically. But if it got the job done, he could not fault him for that. Not here. And it was made clear by the sudden glint in Jonathan’s eye when a new idea stirred when he stopped sucking Dio’s cock -- to which Dio was mildly irked by, he was about to strike a sensitive spot -- but he watched, to see what Jonathan would do

~

Jonathan decided on a different course of action than the usual. He spit on his hand, and brought several fingers to his own rear, probing lightly. He did not take too much time doing so, which he might come to regret later. Climbing on top, Jonathan mounted Dio and guided his cock to his entrance. With Dio’s hands bound, this was all up to Jonathan, and he cried out loudly as he impaled himself.
Eventually, a rhythm began, and Jonathan closed his eyes, letting his hands rest on Dio’s chest, riding him in long, slow motions. He was not so much focused on Dio, but on his own pleasure. However, Dio had quite the front row seat for it all.

~

Dio let out a loud groan when Jonathan placed himself on his cock. Working himself like that on top of him was certainly rousing, but Dio did not give him even the slightest hand, not bucking or swaying or even adjusting his lower half much at all. No, Jonathan was going to do all the work himself, that was the fun in it.

Dio had no problem holding out a little on his own pleasures, after all he was set on ensuring Jonathan came before he did. But could watching Jonathan’s mouth open, taut, naked and riding his cock be called anything but pleasure? His head tilted back momentarily, before he locked eyes with Jonathan and refused to look away.

~

The position was quite different and a little awkward for Jonathan at first, particularly without Dio’s hands to help guide him. But ever the fast learner when it came to anything physical, Jonathan soon had the hang of it. He became absorbed in the mixture of pleasure and pain as he moved himself up and down on Dio’s cock, eyes shut tight. But finally he opened them, and met Dio’s piercing gaze. Their eyes locked and Jonathan continued to thrust, getting steadily louder and sweatier.

~

Jonathan looking like this was quite a sight to behold for Dio, sweaty and moaning and hair beginning to stick to his face. It was only made better when their eyes met and were on each other all throughout. Feeling Jonathan’s rear around his cock, tight muscles clenching and unclenching as he travelled up and down, feeling his sweet spot being hit on each new movement was wondrous. It mattered not that the attention wasn’t on him, the show was too good to miss.

The corners of Dio’s bound mouth curled upwards when the man finally reached his limit, just one more thrust, maybe two and he would be lost and spent.

~

It was certainly a work out, and a test of endurance. Jonathan's muscles were quite the display, thighs form and slick with sweat as his ass continued to bounce atop Dio's hips. With each movement, he continued to hit just the right spot. His own cock had long since become hard and was a sight to behold, plump and throbbing from his own efforts. Before long, with a deep moan, Jonathan came, seed spilling across Dio's chest. He tried not to slow to a halt, but his body definitely needed a moment to catch his breath.

Reaching up he pulled out the gag, and let his lips fall on Dio's, kissing him hungrily. Between the desperate kisses, he murmured the words that meant such different things to each of them. "I love you." More kisses were left to Dio’s neck and shoulder, along with sucks and nips... he would be quite bruised up before long.

~

Of course Jonathan had the energy to kiss him with a ravenous hunger, Dio thought to himself. It was funny, he had been the one to deny Dio the use of his mouth, yet he was the one who craved it most. The kiss was sloppy, wanton, he could taste himself in it. And then he had the audacity to say
those three words.

"You gagged me. You *gagged* me. You shoved my handkerchiefs in my mouth and *gagged* me. You do not get to say that.” Cock still hard within Jonathan, the lack of movement, stimulation, was beginning to irritate Dio. Kisses and bites were all well and good, but they certainly were not the priority.

“Now sit up and let me finish, you are not done yet, Jojo.”

~

"You liked it," Jonathan said coyly. "And you like this, too…” He thurst his hips down, taking Dio into him deeper. It did not take him long to pick up his momentum again, and he kept his gaze locked tightly with Dio’s. "You don't just like this, you love it. And you need it." Now that he was not in the throes of pleasure himself he was able to focus fully on picking up his speed, as well as the force behind each thrust.

"You also love me. And you need me.” Fingers danced over Dio's hip, moving up and over his back and shoulders. They came back down again in hard scratches soon following. As much as he might have preferred the gag being in because of his sharp tongue, Dio's sounds of ecstasy were music to his ears.

~

“You give yourself too much credit, Jojo. Pride comes before a fall, as they say,” Dio replied between moans as Jonathan fell to concentrating on his lower half, bouncing up and down atop his cock, now focussing on Dio’s pleasure, since he had achieved his own relief. “But I do admit you certainly know how to ride, not everyone has your stamina.”

Few more words were spoken, the occasional instruction to speed up, go deeper, but the room otherwise was only long moans and laughs as Dio was brought to orgasm, releasing inside of Jonathan, arching his back high before sinking back into the mattress with a panting sigh. Dio often spoke of Jonathan needing to impress him in bed, but when it came down to it, as long as he came it was rather difficult for Jonathan to fail given his talents, and Dio suspected he would not grow bored of being the man any time soon, if ever.

Still, he could not give all that away, and so he said, “Not bad for your first time, Jojo. There is some potential there.”

~

"It was... interesting." Jonathan spoke as he caught his breath, pulled himself off of Dio's erection, and began to unbind Dio's wrists from the red bow tie. "I am rather exhausted though, it was quite a bit of work… especially after rugby practice." Normally Jonathan wanted nothing more but to touch Dio’s body and wash him affectionately after sex. Right now, he put his arms behind his head and stared at the ceiling. The sheets were disgusting beneath him, though he did not seem to care.

~

Upon being released, Dio wrung his hands a little, stretching his wrists out until the joints clicked and movement felt easy once again. Feeling sticky on his front with Jonathan’s seed on him, as well as on his back from the bedsheets, he took himself into a bath, Jonathan joining him later, settling himself between his legs. Since he was there, Dio grabbed some oils and began rubbing them into Jonathan’s back for an impromptu massage.
"You are very tense, Jojo, you should learn to relax," Dio said calmly into his ear, letting his words tickle. Switching his technique, he began to hack at Jonathan's back with the side of his hands, tapping rhythmically against him, followed by kneading with his fists. The patterned motions repeated in loops, Dio occasionally pressing kisses on his neck and sliding his hand down Jonathan's side and down to his hips.

~

"I think you may need to do this more often." Jonathan commented as he closed his eyes, savouring the blond's kisses. "But then I am happy with anything that might require your hands on my body." Tilting his head, he kissed him softly on the mouth.

"I will be able to relax after my exam this evening… but you are certainly helping in the meantime." Having Dio run his hands across his body, combined with the warm water and the sweet scent of the oils was nothing short of heavenly for Jonathan. Their roles were usually rather reversed here, but today, being taken care was welcome.

~

"Why don’t we do something once your exam is complete, hm?" Dio suggested. "I tend to give myself a treat after all that studying, let loose. It can be whatever you like, whatever it is you do on campus all day."

~

"I will be honest with you, Dio, I was planning on sleeping after the exam," Jonathan replied with a shrug, not mentioning the slice of pie he had saved from the other night he very much planned to eat. "After that, however, I was planning on doing some reading connected to the stone mask. And I was also going to go riding tomorrow morning after breakfast. You are welcome to join me for both, although I know neither are your favourite pastime." Anything involving animals never seemed to interest Dio, though Jonathan was quite the contrary. The sport would allow for time for the two of them to be alone, however, and away from the hustle and bustle of campus.

"I was actually supposed to go riding with Rufus and a few other chaps, but that will not be happening now. I am sure that Rufus will be doing his best to stay clear of me for the time being, and the other lads are more interested in horseback when hunting is involved. So it could be just the two of us." He nodded his head and pressed another kiss to Dio's cheek. "It would be a pleasant exercise, if you choose to go."

~

Dio began to coat his own body in soap, picking up the sponge at the side of the tub and washing himself. His legs were closer to Jonathan’s vicinity, so he had him do those for him, draping his arms over the man’s shoulders as he did so. "Well I suppose catching up on your sleep is important. You wouldn’t want to make a habit of last night, now would you?" Dio grinned widely, he was going to be amused by this for quite a while yet. It only went on to remind him of the time Jonathan thought his cock might fall off from overworking, now that had been amusing.

But none of the later options seemed like things Dio would normally do; the Stone Mask study was unfruitful -- nothing more than an ugly torture weapon -- and watching Jonathan pour his head into archaeology and completely ignore him or worse, discuss it with him seemed like something Dio would prefer to miss. Jonathan may have told him of his studying of it, but the blood trigger would still have remained a mystery if he did not know already.
As for horses, Dio could ride one, obviously, but it was out necessity that he ever did so; he had no fondness for the creatures. The occasional hunt could be fun, but Dio had always preferred the intimacy of knives than shooting with long range guns at any rate. But if it meant getting Jonathan off the campus and alone… “I am not sure it could be called pleasant, but I suppose I will join you. So long as nobody else is in attendance.” He would only go for Jojo.

~

“It being just the two of us will not be difficult. I was not terribly close to Rufus’s friends, anyway… and thank goodness for that! Things will be awkward enough as is.” Jonathan stretched his arms over his head, their bath having been incredibly satisfying for him today. He wrapped a towel about his waist and stepped out, before offering Dio a towel of his own. “We shall have a pleasant enough afternoon, I will pack us something to eat, and I can assure you, I shall be quite well rested. I will not allow myself to doze off in your company again!” Jonathan was determined on that one.

Before long, Jonathan had dried and dressed himself, stealing a kiss for luck from Dio’s lips before leaving his dormitory, and setting out to start his day. His examination was later in the afternoon, and much as Dio had predicted, he did fairly well. He knew that he had passed with points to spare, and he was glad to be approaching a time in his life where mathematics would not play a part in his school work.

The evening was spent grabbing a quick bite and then sleeping, finally catching up once and for all on any missing rest.
The next morning had a quick walk off campus to purchase breakfast and two sandwiches for the two to eat later that day (plus several cream filled pastries, as Jonathan could not resist.) The morning was then devoted solely to the mask. Feeling a desire for comfort after the last days of studying, he spread out his books across his bed, reading and copying notes.

Jonathan had told Dio to come by anytime past noon. He would arrive to find Jonathan absorbed in the books messily spread out, and Rufus hastily packing. At least at the moment, there was no room for anyone to squeeze into Jonathan’s bed, even if they had wanted to. At Dio’s appearance at the door, Rufus grabbed a suitcase and darted from the dorm, leaving the two alone.

“Good afternoon, my dearest,” Jonathan said affectionately as he shut one of the books.

~

“Hello, Jojo,” Dio replied after shutting the door behind the speedily exiting Rufus. “You roommate seemed to be in rather a hurry, I wonder what has him in such a rush.” It was nice to see the boy was wasting no time in removing himself from Jonathan’s bedroom, he may have been a rat, but at least he was not an idiot. “How did your exam go? I presume you went this time.” At Jonathan’s reply he nodded approvingly before removing his coat and placing it over the desk chair along with a green scarf he currently wore.

Clambering over the books that scattered over Jonathan’s bed in a semi-circle round him, he met the brunet in the centre, straddling him with a closed lip smile. “Working hard on your little project I see. I am glad you are enjoying yourself.” He quickly added, “Feel free to keep the details to yourself,” to save himself an unwanted lecture.

Without wasting a moment, Dio cupped his hands around Jonathan’s jaw line, sinking his head slightly below, placing numerous kisses and nips on the other’s neck, speaking in between. “You know… we could just skip the horses… I’m sure we can find plenty of satisfying things to do right here in your bedroom. Perhaps without even leaving the bed…”

~

"Mmph! Dio! You do realise that Rufus still had another suitcase to fetch! He could walk in at any second to you succeeding at the sin he failed to commit." Jonathan ran his fingers across Dio’s hair, pushing a few locks from his face. He was never able to resist touching it, but once he had done so, he started to collect the notebooks, texts, pencils, and mask itself from the bed, leaving much more room for Dio to spread out. Jonathan placed the things away, and then rejoined Dio, sitting on the bed.

"Mmm, I suppose I could understand why you wish to skip the horses. You want to get acquainted with my bed, I see. And also… you are not the best rider.” There. Jonathan had said it. He stretched out leisurely across his own bed, giving him a cheeky smile.

"I know how much you despise me being better than you at anything, except perhaps archaeology. So if it would wound your incredibly fragile ego to go, I suppose we can stay here." Jonathan moved his arms behind his head, being quite matter of fact. He did not seem too worried or shocked by any of this. In fact he was mentally counting off to when Dio would complain next.
“What do you mean I am not the best rider?!” Dio exclaimed, eyes widened and face clearly abhorred by this insult. “I, Dio, am highly adept at riding those mangy creatures, good as any jockey and certainly better than you.” He scoffed loudly, pinching Jonathan’s nose hard with no reserved strength, smirking at the boy’s pained reaction with his eyebrows still furrowed in irritation. He deserved it.

“I do not have a fragile ego Jojo, how dare you say such things.” Dio was stuck in a perpetual frown, so much so that he was quite unaware that he had been well and truly baited. Jonathan’s smugly reclined expression had been the last push.

“Fine then! Just to prove how much of a fool you truly are, we are going to be riding horses, and I shall be beating you in a race while we are at it.” Dio flicked Jonathan’s forehead before abruptly removing himself from the bed. “Come on, Jojo, don’t dawdle now, get up and race me. Or are you simply talk, for you know there is no way you could truly beat me.”

~

"Ow, ow, ow!” Jonathan whined as Dio pinched his nose. He should have expected something painful out of his little bait. "Fine, fine, let us go then. My only fear in racing you is that you will push the animal too hard and end up hurt. Remember, you may think the horse to be a ’mangy animal’ but it outweighs you by quite a bit, and is stronger than both of us put together.” Jonathan pulled himself off the bed, secretly pleased with himself. While manipulation was not his forte, he was well versed in things Dio would not let go -- not being the very best was one of them.

~

“Don’t patronise me, Jojo. If I must go out in some way, being crushed by a horse is the last way I am going to do it. As you soon will realise I, Dio am no novice rider, in need of so called helpful tips, so perhaps you should keep your advice to yourself.” Dio made his way over to the desk, once again putting on his coat and scarf, as well as his shoes he had kicked off before he had gotten on the bed.

Dio had only ridden the school horses once, maybe twice during his university, but unlike Jonathan’s lies and slander he was quite able to ride, learning some time during ago during his first year at the Joestar manor. It did not make his disdain for horses any less prevalent, but they were quite a useful means of transportation, and besides, he was not about to give Jonathan the satisfaction of outmatching him in anything, even with his twelve year advantage when it came to experience.

~

The stable was a short walk from Jonathan’s dormitory, horses belonging to the school as well as the students and staff were kept and cared for there. There were two horses from the Joestar stables, more for status and convenience reasons than for sport. Neither Dio nor Jonathan rode with the regularity of an equestrian, but Jonathan did enjoy to ride from time to time.

The stable boys were at work when they arrived, and brought the two Joestar horses out to be readied for the ride. "I can handle Chocolate’s tack, boys, thank you, just finish Star for my brother.” The odds of Dio wanting to do servant's work were slim to none, but Jonathan enjoyed being able to touch and pet the animal before the ride, occasionally cooing or saying soft praises as he did so.

~

Jonathan was right, Dio did not want to ready his own horse, now that he could enjoy the lap of luxury, he oft reaped the benefits and had no interest in doing menial things he could have others do.
for him. Once he had mounted he bent down, whispering in the horse’s ear. “You had better not lose this for me, donkey.” Did the horse understand? Dio didn’t think so, but his tone could at least be recognised.

~

There was no denying that Jonathan's gentle disposition, as well as the occasional slip of a sugar cube into the mouth of the animal made them receptive to his touch.

"I believe I am all set." Jonathan stated as he checked the saddle and pulled himself up. "Once we ride off campus we can start our race, but I mean it when I say be careful, Dio." His voice was full of concern, this was not a bait this time.

~

Jonathan may have meant well by his wariness, but it only served to irk Dio all the more. “Stop treating me like a child, brother. I know what I am doing, and I shan’t be going easy on you or this horse. This is a race after all, who has time for care?” And with a kick of his heel and a whip of the crop, hands around the reins he set his horse off into a trot.

~

Jonathan frowned as Dio took off ahead. Of course concern would be taken the wrong way. So would friendly advice, like not pushing his horse too hard and too soon. Tsking to himself, he grasped the reins firmly and urged the horse onwards.

Jonathan had always had a way with animals and horses were no exception. Coupled with the fact that he grew up in the saddle, Jonathan and the horse moved easily as a unit, Jonathan's muscle memory for the positioning having been ingrained into him as a child. If he had been of smaller stature, his father might have suggested he try riding as a sport. But being that Jonathan grew to be tall and huge, rugby was much better suited for him.

It did not take long for Jonathan to catch up to Dio, trotting along beside him as they made their way off campus. He gave his brother a nervous smile. "Come on now, even rivals can wish each other well. Relax and try to enjoy the weather! I have lunch packed and once we are done I know a place we can be alone." He kept his tone upbeat, fearing that Dio would get too caught up in the race portion of their afternoon. But a look to Dio told him that there was no chance of that happening until it was all over. So Jonathan accepted things as such, and readied himself. "I suppose here is as good as any to start. We can race to where the river begins. There are several spots where you can jump over log piles and old fence beams if you so wish."

~

"If you wanted me to ‘enjoy the weather’ you should not have insulted my riding. Now I only plan to crush you,” Dio said matter-of-factly with a straight face and eyes glittering with thoughts of winning and winning alone. He brought his horse into a quicker speed, moving ahead of Jonathan once again.

Dio did not speak to Jonathan, the enemy, following that exchange until they had reached the starting point. “River, fine. Are those the only rules?” When Jonathan mentioned the possibility of using natural hurdles Dio rolled his eyes. “If you want to waste time, by all means do so.” Dio’s tactic involved finding the clearest, straightest path; he had no time to waste on little jumps when this was a matter of speed.
Though he would not admit something so unspeakable, while he could ride amply, he had never bothered to learn tricks outside of what he was taught in classes all those years ago, and he had often seen Jonathan galloping around the acres of land the Joestars owned, jumping over the hurdles and barrels that had been set up for him. There may have been a small chance that the man may outclass him in that area. Small.

“Usually I would bet something before going into any challenge, but in this case the satisfaction of destroying you should be enough.” And with that, Dio set off, hitting Star hard with the riding crop, she immediately charging forward into a gallop.

~

Jonathan sighed deeply at Dio’s words about crushing him, raising a finger as if to protest, but he stopped himself just in time. He knew there was no sense in arguing with Dio when he was like this, but at the same time it was rather silly in his eyes. He hadn't even insulted his riding, he just said that he was better.

Oh well. It had gotten Dio onto the horse, which was slightly less tiring than Dio getting on top of him... though he had been rather hoping for some of that later on the day. Who was to say what kind of mood this would leave him in?

With a swish of the riding crop, Jonathan took off from a trot into a gallop, encouraging the horse on with ease. Although it may have seemed a bit show offy, Jonathan wasted no time leaping over the first hurdle, a pile of wood, and making for the river.

As they raced on, Jonathan held himself and Chocolate back a bit. He knew Chocolate, and he knew the route. Driving him too hard too soon would not help anything. Little by little, it looked as if Jonathan was slowing down, giving Dio the lead. It would certainly make Dio feel more sure of himself and his animal. What Dio would not know was that Chocolate was not at his fastest speed.

As the river came into view in the distance, things changed dramatically. Jonathan whistled and gave the horse a quick smack, and with a firm grasp on the reigns, he sent the horse on harder and faster than before. Not only was he gaining in speed, but he was also revving to make a jump over an old, decrepit fence in his way. The jump would save him time, but was also not an easy one to make. Yet Jonathan did so, taking great pleasure in it as he landed.

"Good boy! Almost there!" he said with a grin, nearing the finish. He took a quick glance to see where Dio was.

~

It was highly unfair, really, Jonathan likely knew these routes like the back of his hand, while Dio as rolling with the punches on a horse he had only ridden with once or twice. Plus Jonathan’s horse was larger with a far wider gait, which was an automatic disadvantage.

But to win with the odds stacked against him in this manner would make it even more of an accomplishment, something Dio would be sure to gloat about once crossing the finish line first. Jonathan was slowing down fast, so Dio took the opportunity to edge himself further ahead, creating a further gap between them, darting past obstacles in his way, forcing the horse forward with a whip of his crop. He would keep Star charging ahead without relent in a sprint, rather than reserving energy, the distance was not so far.

As the river came into view, Dio smirked, Jonathan was a good distance behind him and he looked to be the clear victor. But at that same moment a whistle could be heard from behind amongst the
sound of hooves against grass, and suddenly the speed of Jonathan’s horse began to pick up, dashing forward at greater speeds. So he had a trick up his sleeve did he? Well, Dio wasn’t about to let him take the lead, he whipped Star again and she more picked up speed as much as she could, but once Jonathan had made it over the fence an unfavourable distance had been made. Dio scowled, yelling insults at his horse and demanding she ride.

The gap between them was beginning to close once again, but with the finish line only a few metres away, the chance of Dio winning were growing slim. Losing to Jonathan was quite possibly the worst thing Dio could imagine.

~

Jonathan was having a grand old time. Not because of anything to do with beating Dio, but because he genuinely loved riding, and he had not reached that kind of speed in quite a while. It was a close race with Dio driving Star as hard as he could, but Jonathan reached the river just before the other. He came to a halt and dismounted, giving Chocolate a pat on the nose. "Good boy!" Turning to Dio, he grinned. "That was a good race! You did well considering you haven't ridden sin-eh?"

Jonathan could see that Dio was furious at the fact that he did not win, which caused Jonathan's happy look to turn into a frown. "Dio... It was just a race. And I have more experience than you do. Is it that much of a crisis that I am able to do something a little bit better than you? You don't even like horses!"

Jonathan sighed and tethered Chocolate's reins to a nearby tree. "Come on, love. We should just relax and enjoy the afternoon!" He pulled the satchel down from his saddle, meeting Dio's eyes. "Don't give me that face... If it means that much to you, I could help you ride just as you tutor me…” Jonathan knew that probably would not help, so he took out a blanket from his satchel and began to set up for lunch on his own, allowing Dio time to cool down if he needed it.

~

Dio dismounted from his horse, kicking the ground with his boot, digging into the grass with the heel until dirt was uprooted. Loud whispers of curses could be heard as he did so, and with aimless frustration he ran his fingers through his hair in quick motions. Damn it! This was not the outcome he had desired. To Jonathan’s praise of Chocolate, Star only received a smack with the riding crop and berating words.

“Liking horses has nothing to do with it, Jojo! I should have beaten you, I should have won!” His voice faltered for a moment, choking on words and a mass of the realisation that Jonathan had beaten him. Jonathan.

Dio’s scowl only increased when Jonathan tried to comfort, hands turning into a tightly held fist. Who was Jonathan to tell him to relax?! “I don’t need to relax Jojo I am perfectly calm, even given the fact you cheated. Honestly what makes you think I would ever require your help in riding? The only reason you beat me at all is because you are more familiar with the route and clearly chose the faster of the horses. So with that taken into consideration I clearly would have been the true victor, I was but a few strides behind you.”

Dio was anything but ready to sit down and enjoy a friendly lunch just yet, and so as the other began to set up, Dio stormed into the near distance, not really sure what he was looking to do. But there had to be something here to vent his frustrations on, and with Jonathan around the horse was not an option. A tree would have to do, he thought upon spotting one that was just asking to be kicked.

~
Jonathan frowned as Dio had his fit. It was troublesome but not completely unexpected. He was a bit offended when Dio suggested that he had cheated, but he decided to let it slide for the moment. Instead, he tended to Star himself, who had Dio not been watching his step, might have wound up kicking or darting unexpectedly at the extra hits. Once the other horse was settled and hooked to the tree, he plopped onto the blanket and started eating his sandwich.

There was so much about Dio that frustrated him, so much he wished to change, but he also realized that was the way he was, and there were times he would just have to let him go and pout.

When Jonathan had finished his sandwich, however, he decided that Dio had had enough time to take his frustrations out on nature. He approached the blond and spoke in a calm voice, no hints of frustration or anger at Dio's outburst.

"I have your sandwich, and if you don't want it, I will eat it. It is very good, from that little cafe you like off campus..." Of course food was not the way to soothe Dio's temper. With a sigh he slumped down at the foot of the tree Dio was currently ganging up on, and looked up at the other.

"Why does it bother you that I am stronger than you at this? You are stronger than me in a great many areas, and instead of being angry I am grateful for it. I don't understand... and please spare me the cheating jibes, you and I both know that is not true." Jonathan relaxed back against the tree, opening the sandwich that was for Dio.

～

"I don't want my sandwich right now, Jojo, do you have the capacity to think of anything outside of food for more than a minute?!" It was true that Dio did quite enjoy that cafe, and from the look of it he had chosen a desirable filling. But now was not the time.

"If the race had been fair, I would have won." Dio crossed his arms, looking down at Jonathan seated below him. Perhaps ‘accidentally’ missing the tree and kicking Jojo hard with his foot might make him feel a little better. Best not, battles were to be picked wisely, momentary satisfaction would not outweigh the costs in this case. And so Dio ceased his physical venting and simply stood.

"You are perfectly happy being mediocre, Jojo, but I, Dio, am most certainly not. I am number one in everything I do, otherwise what is the point in doing anything at all?!" Upon seeing Jonathan take his sandwich, Dio quickly snatched it out of his hand. The man was done taking anything that belonged to Dio.

"Give me that!" he said taking an obligatory bite. Unlike for Jonathan, food was not something Dio turned to for comfort, and so the taste with his foul mood felt bland.

～

Jonathan was glad to see him take the sandwich, and with his arms and hands now free, he began to climb the trunk of the tree. "The race was fair. You lost because you are not, and never will be, a horseman." Jonathan grunted slightly as he reached for a low branch, starting to pull himself on to it. "And that is all well and good! Because I am!"

Jonathan had been quite adept at climbing when he was a child, and he still was. His strong arms and core helped him steady his body onto the branch, until he could pull a leg over it, and sit comfortably mounted on top. "You are good with formulas, accounts, and logic. I am not, but you are. We balance each other out, we are a team, remember? It's like rugby... we are both good at it, but we are better when we use my strength with your speed."
Now Jonathan attempted something risky. He shifted a leg until he was sitting on the branch, and then he slowly lowered his upper body, so that he was hanging upside down, dangling from the limb. His hair was now falling straight down, and there was a grin on his face. "Come on Dio, I love you! Stop worrying so much, you are going to get wrinkles!"

While Dio was not fond of being told he could not do something and never could, Jonathan wasn’t completely incorrect in saying like likelihood of him being a horseman was slim. It was not as if he ever even wanted to be, for if he did, there was no chance Jonathan would have beaten him.

Dio watched as Jonathan scrambled up the tree like he often had as a child, easily making his way up the branches and onto a stable segment above where he sat. He chose not to follow his brother, instead remaining on the ground, still slightly brooding, though Jonathan’s words did have a point. Why should he care about being the best rider? In fact, why would he want to be?

"Horse riding is a useless activity at any rate, why would you place yourself upon a dirty animal when riding in a carriage is a far more comfortable and sanitary alternative.” Suddenly, realising that being the best at something so meaningless was hardly worth his time, Dio’s mood began to rapidly improve. “Take your win, Jojo, what does it matter anyway? It is only riding.” He shrugged, taking another bite of his sandwich, taste already better before patting Jonathan’s cheek while he swung upside down. His grin was wide and weighed down by gravity, he looked rather funny.

“If you make silly faces like that the wind will change and you shall be stuck this way,” Dio said before leaning in, lips only millimetres away from the other. “I hardly think I would be interested in you if you suddenly became unappealing.”

"How about you smile more so you don’t get wrinkles, and I will make less silly faces?" Still upside down and thus looking silly regardless, with his hair hanging wild about his face, Jonathan reached out and cupped Dio’s cheek, before pulling him in for a kiss. It was a different and strange angle for them, but he enjoyed it, nipping lightly at his lip once he was done. His hand lingered on Dio’s face.

“I will never wrinkle,” Dio said matter-of-factly, as if the simple principles of life did not apply to him. He returned the strange feeling kiss, Jonathan’s lips flipped from their normal position he had grown very used to meshing together with. Of course that did not make it any less pleasant.

Subsequently, Dio decided to join Jonathan on the higher plain, and began climbing up the tree himself. But while nimble and quite capable of making his way up, he did not have the affinity with nature Jonathan had, thus finding the rough bark anything but a comfortable seating arrangement. Still, the branch was thick and strong enough to support the both of them, and making do, Dio managed to lean himself against Jonathan’s body as Jonathan did the tree. At least he would always be a comfort.

Jonathan was pleased when Dio decided to join him in the tree, and immediately pulled him up against his chest, wrapping his arms around him and resting his chin on top of Dio’s head. Other than the dangling feet, he would hardly feel as if he were even in a tree, as Jonathan would not have him sit anywhere but against him.
"A knight should always be a stronger rider than his prince, anyway." He commented as he pulled himself back onto the branch, letting the blood rush back from his head. "How else am I supposed to joust in your favour or rescue you from a dragon?" He gave him a playful grin before settling back against the tree, arms behind his head. He seemed quite relaxed and at ease as he gazed up into the branches, always very at home with nature.

~

“I suppose even I, Dio, should not do everything myself,” Dio said with a hum of prior consideration. “Utilising those around me, my knight, is only right for one such as me.” Human beings were limited after all, perhaps being the best without consideration as to whether it was worth his time was a bit of a useless effort. And he knew in a foot race Jonathan would have been left at the starting line.

~

Jonathan right now was immensely happy. The end of the exam, beginning of the rugby season, horseback riding, and having a (mostly) contented Dio in his arms while he sat and enjoyed nature was a little slice of heaven he did not want to end.
Dio relaxed upon Jonathan’s chest, closing his eyes and allowing himself to simply enjoy the calmness of the moment, the residual trickles of water from the river a few strides away, Jonathan’s soft kisses and gentle breaths, the way his body moved in and out with each intake of breath. While being seated in a tree was not his favourite position, he had to admit the location choice was rather nice.

~

Jonathan's hand began to creep under the waistband of Dio's underwear, teasing the skin underneath. He buried his face in Dio's hair, eyes closed and hand reaching further into his pants, closing a hand around his cock. "Dio, I have no idea what you have done to me, but your body is absolutely intoxicating. I can never get enough of it." Kisses were pressed to his neck as he began to squeeze his member, making it hard within.

~

Dio chuckled at the touches. One thing he could say about the situation was that he had never fooled about in a tree before, and for support he shuffled himself, one hand grasping the branch they were placed upon, the other Jonathan’s thigh.

“Well I am glad you cannot get enough, I have come to enjoy your touch. Softness, sentimentality and all.” Dio tensed and relaxed his thigh muscles, rolling his hips in a rhythm that matched Jonathan’s actions to his cock.

~

Jonathan quickly unbuttoned Dio's waistband, allowing him further access to the other man's cock. He was thoroughly enjoying teasing and toying with the other man, and he had to agree - staying away from Dio's bed for two whole weeks without a good reason was not something he planned to follow through with. He pressed his lips to Dio's neck as he toyed with him, breathing in his scent and loving the fact that he could, in this spot, appreciate both Dio, and nature.

He pressed him against the upper trunk of the tree, and wriggled his pants down so that he could properly reach his cock. Finally he leaned over and began to suck him off, as only Jonathan knew how.

~

Dio’s lower half stirred upon these touches, his length growing fully erect as Jonathan fondled and teased under the waistband of his trousers and underwear with squeezes and tugs and rubbing. He could hear Jonathan breathing in, nose close to his neck and hair, taking in his aroma as he peppered kisses along the back of his nape. Dio’s shoulders rolled with the motions, and he let out small, sated, pleasured hums all the while.

Deciding to please Dio with his mouth had been a good idea on Jonathan’s part, the blond had no intention of having his clothing become dirty and sticky when he had no means to change them. But even though he planted himself with care, Dio couldn’t help but consider what might happen if Jonathan had fallen out of the tree while his mouth was still wrapped around his cock for a fleeting moment. Strangely enough the thought was not one that remotely stopped any arousal, though that may have just been due to Jonathan’s ever-growing skill with his tongue. Shortly enough he released
in his mouth, a strong spurt matched with a moan.

~

Jonathan was so happy and eager to please, he took almost as much pleasure in making Dio come as he did in coming himself. Once he had finished him off, he pulled the other man back against him, resuming the soft and sweet hold he had had on him earlier.

"I want to marry you, Dio." Jonathan said the words without intending to. They were one of those sentimental things he could not always keep in, because he was Jonathan after all. These things did slip. But there was a sincerity behind it as well. "I truly would, if I could." A thumb was raised to stroke the corner of Dio's mouth.

~

"You always tend to say such things after one or both of us has finished, Jojo, are you sure you are not thinking with your cock instead of your brain?" Dio replied with far more dryness. As if it were even remotely a possibility. Now back in their original position, Dio could feel the beginnings of arousal forming in Jonathan, likely brought to a hardness by his prior actions. The man did love to have Dio inside him. He shuffled his hand behind his back and gave the Jonathan a quick squeeze and fondling as he spoke.

"I doubt marriage would be a favourable option for us. Even if we were not to go to prison for our actions, any reputation or prestige the Joestar name has would be lost. But I know you know that just as well as I. There is little point in wishing for the impossible. Let us just enjoy what we have."

~

Dio did not have to work very hard to bring Jonathan to arousal. He had been correct in assuming the act of having Dio inside of him had started his arousal, and now his sizable cock was making quite a bulge in his trousers. Still, he had a point to make, and he was not about to let the fact that Dio had just fondled him change things.

"I mean it, Dio. I know that it is impossible, but..." He lifted a hand and cupped Dio's cheek. "You are my one and only. I love you so much, and I wish it were possible to let the world know." He kissed Dio on the lips and pulled back to look at him fondly. Jonathan could be sickeningly sweet, but it was just part of his nature, and that was not going to ever change.

"If I could take you as my husband, you realise that you would be the envy of most women. I would spoil you beyond measure... though I suppose I already do..." Dio's teasing of his cock was certainly distracting, but still, he pressed on with stroking his hair and peppering his forehead with kisses. "You are such a gorgeous creature, and you deserve to be worshipped and adored like a bride on her wedding day."

~

It had only been a few months, but Jonathan had fallen completely head over heels for Dio. In all his fantasies he had not pictured it leading down to this route, mostly because the thought of love had thoroughly disgusted him up until very recently. When had that changed? Everything seemed to be happened within a blink of an eye. But perhaps it only seemed that way, they had known each other for years after all. There was little need for extended courtships.

"Who would have thought it was not a buxom woman that won your affections, but I, Dio? The world may never know, but you and I shall. And you shall be the unattainable bachelor no lady can
get her claws into. Nobody will know that it is me that fills your heart. In its own way, is that not quite favourable?" Our little secret." He kissed Jonathan in return, practically tasting the sugary words that came from his tongue upon his lips. Mentioning the fact he should be treated like a bride he raised an eyebrow.

"Speaking of which, Jojo, you still owe me a diamond ring, don't think I have forgotten about that my dear. If you wish to spoil me you are beginning to fall behind. I did quite like that feathered coat you got for me... perhaps a hat or scarf to match would suit," he so subtly hinted. To soften the edge, or perhaps in this case harden, Jonathan's cock was returned to his hand, and he began to mimic the action of creeping below his waistband.

~

"I suppose there is something poetic about you holding my heart and no one will ever suspect." Jonathan mused. "The concept of forbidden love is very romantic, even if it means that no one will ever know except for us. Though I still wish I could walk into a ball with you on my arm. You are worthy of showing off, after all-oooh..." The words were interrupted by Dio's continued teasing of his cock through his slacks, though he would not give in just yet.

"As for that diamond ring, I am waiting for just the right moment. You shall have one, I promise, but I wish for it to be given at the right time... that moment when I know you love me as much as I love you, and that you can't live without me." Another few kisses to Dio's cheeks and lips, suppressing his moans, but in reality, his cock was completely hard. Still, he held back.

~

Dio did not answer, but only continued to squeeze and fondle through Jonathan’s words, enjoying the strained yelps and shuffles the man made in response. He was debating whether to grant Jonathan a sweet release, or leave him there, hard and aroused and wanting. Both scenarios had their perks, though the latter had a cruel amusement to it Dio always relished.

But would it even be possible for Dio to ever love more than the all-encompassing Jonathan? It seemed rather futile, Dio would never end up with that ring at this rate. “Come now, Jojo, do you truly need confirmation of that? How could I possibly show that I could not live without you? You are so clingy I barely have a moment to be apart from you.”

~

“Words and demonstrations of your affections are something I shall never tire of, Dio, I can promise you that.” Jonathan said with a playful kiss to the tip of Dio’s nose. "As for the rest... your birthday isn’t too far off, is it? You know I love to spoil you, but you would tire of it if I bought you everything you wanted all the time." Most likely, Dio would beg to differ on this one. "But I shall keep that in mind... and you are making it increasingly difficult for me to be able to ride home properly. If you had done this before the race perhaps the outcome would have been different.”

~

“October... could you truly call that soon, Jojo? Your birthday is before that.” Dio shook his head. “You still have plenty of time to get me something in between.” But Jonathan was right, Dio certainly did not agree he could ever be over saturated when it came to gifts. “Well if you plan to wait, I expect more than just a hat.”

~
"Valentine's day is in between now and then as well. And besides from myself, I am sure you shall get plenty favours from poor young girls trying to win your heart.” Despite the uncomfortable predicament going on in his pants, he had to chuckle at that one as well. At this point, he felt sorry for anyone who had their heart set on Dio. He couldn’t even imagine a lady attempting to woo him now, they probably would not survive it. "Just don't throw out the chocolates, I will make sure they do not go to waste."

~

“I should hope I receive many a gift, both from you and ladies, despite my never returning the affections. I would be insulted otherwise; I Dio am a most desirable and eligible bachelor, I expect nothing less.” He gave the tip of Jonathan’s cock a pinch, enough to elicit a loud reaction from his painful arousal.

"And do not think I am letting you get your hands on any extra chocolate, we don’t need you carrying any unnecessary weight during the season. You are big enough as is… not that I am complaining.”

~

After a loud cry from the pinch, Jonathan’s arms snaked around Dio and pulled him up against him firmly, despite any squirming that might have happened as a result. “You like me large. I believe that is one of the reasons why you are so attracted to me, after all, there are not many men bigger than you.” Even with his arms around Dio constricting his movement, he was continuing to turn him on, Jonathan’s cock still hard against his thigh. Instinctively his hips began to grind against him, not able to help himself.

~

“Oh, Jojo, I would never deny for a second your size is nothing short of gorgeous, your physique quite aspirational,” Dio said in full honesty. Even during the years he had despised Jonathan, his large body had been something of an enamoured feature Dio could not stop himself from glancing at whenever he had the chance. It was incredibly satisfying being able to touch it now, whether it was soft stomached and overfed during the holiday season, or at its peak during rugby days. “But right now, I need you in top form, so no extra chocolate for you. I would say no sweets at all, but we both know that has less than no possibility of happening and I would be wasting my breath.”

Changing the subject a little, Dio started with a smile. “But if you are finding it so difficult to control yourself under my touch, perhaps we should have another race to see how well you fare riding. But the path is rather bumpy, all that movement might lead to an… unfortunate accident.”

~

Dio’s teasing was certainly driving Jonathan insane. He was aroused to a painful point, yet at the same time he was not so sure that Dio had the balance to take care of him in a tree as he had. They might both end up falling… or worse. Of course, the minute he suggested that there was something Dio could not do, that put a nail in the coffin.

"Ah… I am sure I can make it back, Dio. That is pleasant and all, but it is not so urgent that it can't wait.” It certainly looked urgent. "I am sure if I focus hard enough on things that are not you, I shall be able to make it back to my room unharmed.”
“Ah, but Jojo, I think it would be quite impossible for you to think of anything but me, especially when I have you in such a state. Do you really want to take that risk… although I am debating whether or not to even give you a choice in the matter.” While Dio knew quite well how to bring Jonathan to orgasm in mere moments, he also knew how to drag it out. For a very long time.

All of this only served to frustrate Jonathan more, and he buried his face in Dio’s neck, giving him a good strong bite. “You need to stop this. I was kind enough to finish you off, and I would have been perfectly satisfied waiting until we were back in my room. But then you just had to…” Jonathan let out a little moan, hips still moving against Dio.

The truth was Dio had not needed to do much to arouse him. And that just made Jonathan all the more frustrated.

“I don’t think you would like it very much if I stopped.” Dio barely flinched at the bite to his neck. “Don’t try to fool me, Jojo, as much as you enjoy the release, you love it when I play around with you. don’t try to deny it.” He grinned upon feeling Jonathan beginning to rut against his leg, the man was starting to get desperate and losing control of his calm demeanour.

With a grumble, Jonathan pushed Dio away from him and scooted back, so that he was at arm’s length. Of course, there was not exactly much room on the branch, so it wasn’t as if he could get very far. “Sometimes I wonder why I put up with you when you seem to take pleasure in the very act of driving me to madness.” Jonathan pouted his lips, he was still quite hard and his body was not happy with the fact that he had pushed Dio back.

“Oh come now, you’re trying to run away from me? Just admit you love me driving you mad, I could go on like this for another hour, never pushing you beyond the brink and you would still crave more.” Carefully, Dio mimicked Jonathan and scooted back, fingers reaching out and creeping towards the throbbing member, red and beading within his underwear. “I can give you what you want, and you love it.”

“I love it sometimes!” Jonathan admitted, though it was through a scowl. “You are positively frustrating and I don’t know what to do with you at others.” Actually, he knew exactly what he wanted to do with him, it was just immensely difficult when they were in a tree, outside in the open, and had two horses nearby. And there went Dio’s hand again. For a moment, he considered climbing higher up the tree where Dio couldn’t reach him, however, that would be no fun, as well as possibly risky. So instead he decided to slide down from the branch and climb to the ground, being careful of his erection as he did so.

“Fine. Have it your way. You drive me mad, and I love it when you do. But now you have me all wound up, and we are completely out in the open.”
“See, was that so difficult?” Dio said with a satisfied nonchalance upon Jonathan’s admittance. His brow, however, furrowed when Jonathan started to clamber down the tree, freeing himself from Dio’s grasp, arousal still very much intact.

“If you love it so much, why do you run away from it? A little frustration,” (or in this case a lot) “is hardly enough for you to deny the things you so love and desire. Which of course is I, Dio.” The blond remained above Jonathan, watching the aroused boy dig his hand into his trousers and underwear, beginning to tug at his own cock with wide eyes.

“W-What are you doing?” he asked with a half laugh.

Jonathan stared up at Dio from the ground, as if he were ready to challenge him rather than fuck him. “You have a choice. You can come down here and help me, or you can stay up there and watch me.”

Jonathan’s hand slipped down below the waistline of his pants, his own hand wrapping around his member. The ‘gentleman’ inside him was slightly appalled. Only a few months ago, he would have never even dreamed of doing such a thing anywhere outside the privacy of his own chambers, when closed and locked. However, things were certainly different now, and Dio had made Jonathan quite bold, in other ways than he had been before.

“Well?” he said up to Dio, as he gave himself a good long stroke.

Now this was certainly a surprise Dio did not expect from Jonathan, and it showed in his expression. Humoured, he considered climbing down, but he wished to see if the man was more than just talk. “Hmmm, well in that case I think I will stay and enjoy the show, Jojo.” There was something awfully debauched about pleasuring oneself in public, let alone engaging with another, and to see Jonathan partake so willingly was certainly something he would enjoy.

“Take it out completely, I would not want to miss a single moment.”

Jonathan had been rather hoping that Dio might decide to join him, the urge to shove the other boy against the tree and pound his cock mercilessly into him was certainly high at the moment, as it tended to be whenever Dio was being frustrating and attractive at the same time.

He shot a glare up at Dio, and then glanced around the field. Despite being willing to do it, he wasn’t particularly comfortable with exposing himself to the world. That made it all a bit more enticing, he had to admit. And having Dio’s eyes on him from above…well he had best give his ‘prince’ a good show.

He pulled out his cock, facing the tree, and gave it a good hard stroke. He would not know such things, having nothing to compare it to, but many men would be quite jealous of his size. For Jonathan however, none of that matter. All that mattered was Dio enjoyed his cock, which he did -- very much. His hand began to move smoothly across the shaft, back and forth, every so often lifting his eyes to look up at Dio.

“Enjoying the view?” he called up to the blond, before winking and continuing his movements, his
attention now fully on what he was trying to do. It did not take him long to be near the brink.

~

Dio would have been quite happy to join, but he had gone through quite a round of having his rear used and ravaged by Jonathan the last few times of their encounters, and while that could never be called boring, a little change in pace might do him well. He did always love to watch.

A smirk grew on Dio’s lips as Jonathan removed his shaft from the confines of his underwear, exposing it to the open field and Dio sat above. Another twinge in his own pants began to stir, but for now he would ignore it and simply let himself be entertained by his loyal knight, who was willing to give up his gentlemanly demeanour for him so easily. Having said that, Dio did unknowingly place a palm over his own crotch and form light circular motions, just to keep himself in check.

“Oh yes, Jojo, you are quite splendid,” Dio called down in reply to Jonathan whose large hands wrapped around his cock like that was nothing short of tantalisingly stellar. “But you do seem a little quiet, I can hardly tell what you’re feeling.” Dio began to shuffle across the branch, nearing the trunk in order to climb down himself. How could he possibly miss out on the action -- his own cock barely touched was already starting to become quite a prevalent sensation -- when it looked such fun?

~

Jonathan had been actually trying on purpose to keep things down. If anyone were to come near, his moans would cut them off before anything else. Still, at least he was nearing the end, and there was no one in the immediate vicinity. He let out a throaty moan, spilling his seed across the grass, which definitely spared him the embarrassing stain on his pants. Taking out a handkerchief and wiping himself off, he soon tucked his cock back into his pants and straightened himself out.

By the standards of their society, they were both already committing a great crime while being together, just because they were both men, and then top that off with being unmarried. Jonathan couldn’t picture their love as a crime, however, not when he genuinely wished to share his life with Dio. But this…

“Are you happy now?” Jonathan said with a slightly disgruntled look, and a blush upon his cheeks. “You have turned me into an absolute sexual deviant! Though I suppose you had done that to me all those months ago back in the shed in the woods.”

~

“You always had it in you Jojo, I may have made the first move, but if I recall correctly you did not seem so averse to it all. And you were the one who suggested we strip off and huddle in the first place, I barely had my shoes off before your lips were around my cock.” With that, Dio hopped off the branch and tree, placing his feet back on solid ground. Much better.

“But that is quite fine with me, I like this side of you. You were far too much of a stickler for the rules and ‘proper manner’ before you came to bed with I, Dio. Now you can splatter your seed all over the grass in a public location and not even blink. You should be proud of how far you have come.”

Dio cupped his hands around Jonathan’s neck, bringing their bodies close enough for him to rub his budding erection against the other’s groin in slow motions before pulling their lips together to form a slightly sloppy kiss.

~
“I am not so sure it is something to be proud of—mmph!” Jonathan was silenced by Dio’s mouth on his, and soon his hands found their way back to Dio’s sides. He returned the kiss, taking note of the growing hardness, although he did not comment on it. Instead, he pulled Dio in closer, looking down at him with a half smile.

“And as for back then, I was concerned for my dear brother’s warmth! Your constitution has never been as hearty as mine, and I simply wanted to make sure that you were safe.” He clasped Dio’s hands as if he were trying to warm them, and then brought them to his lips. “I can hardly be blamed for being overcome by just how good your body felt when pressed against my own.” The kiss to his fingers became a suckle, a playful little grin dancing on his lips as he did so.

“Dio, you make me so happy when you are not making me furious, or overcome with desire.” He smiled and raised a finger to lightly chase across his cheek. “I am honestly grateful for that storm, for without it, I am not sure how we would have wound up like this.

Oh, you warmed me up, all right, you went above and beyond anything a ‘brother’ would do.” Dio grinned up at Jonathan, sharp eyes looking into his bright. “But then you were trapped in a room with me, our bodies clinging together. I would have been insulted if you had not reacted to such a situation.”

As Jonathan began to suckle at his fingers, Dio raised a brow, allowing him to do so, feeling the other’s tongue skate across his digits. “As for my constitution, it is quite sufficient, thank you, you just felt guilty for having us walk through a damn blizzard instead of postponing the trip to see Lord Joestar.” Despite all the benefits that came from that night, Dio could not help but hold animosity towards it. It did result in him getting sick and missing a deadline after all.

“I am sure we would have found a way at some point, as you’ve said many sentimental a time…” Dio kissed him again, leading a trail of peppers down to his jaw and neck, the odd bite thrown in just to get that sweet gasp of pain before finishing his sentence. “…it was always meant to be… our destiny if you will.”

Jonathan enjoyed those rare occasions when Dio said sentimental things, even if they were simply echoes of things he had said to him in the past. The kisses and bite were also welcome, he had become used to the rougher things Dio enjoyed, and had started to come to want them himself. So much had changed in their time together, but Jonathan found himself not regretting a thing.

"We would have found a way, but it would have been difficult. I was not so prone to putting my hands on the body of other men until I felt for myself how well you fit." Jonathan's hands ran down to Dio's hips and stopped. “But I like you for much more than your body, Dio.” Jonathan lifted a hand and brought it to Dio's hair, stroking it gently.

"In any event, if this is going to turn into an afternoon of lovemaking, wouldn't you prefer to be comfortable in a bed rather than out here on the grass? Besides, after finishing you off in a tree, I am not sure anything else can be as exciting." Jonathan smiled and continued to toy with Dio's hair, bright blue eyes locked on him.

"But you say 'if' as if you did not presume love making would end up occurring at any point. And I did say I had no qualms leaving your bedroom, even with the ominous threat of Rufus hanging about
over our heads.” Of course, while he would never let that happen, it would have been most entertaining to see the look on that snivelling rat’s face if he were to walk in on Jonathan in the midst of orgasm after ravaged by Dio’s cock in his ass or (more often and likely) vice versa.

“But do you expect me saddle up on a horse in this state when you were just complaining about me sending you into such a tizzy you splattered the ground with your frustrated seed? I am sure you did not think it was just something in my pocket pressing into you all this time. And if you think the most exciting of situations happened in that tree then I am thoroughly disappointed in your creative range.”

~

Jonathan sighed and shook his head. “Mmm… you are never satisfied, are you? You realise that one day we are going to get in some very serious trouble should anyone spot us… but very well. I shall spoil you and let you finish yet again.”

Without warning Jonathan went from his tender touches and caresses to shoving Dio hard against the tree grabbing his wrists and pinning them above his head with one hand, while the other slipped between his thighs, feeling his cock through the fabric.

~

“I could never be satisfied, Jojo, I want it all… I want all of you, and when I want something I, Dio get it. I would never get caught.” The pinning to the tree was very much expected, a typical move from Jonathan, but the impact was nonetheless hard.

With hands indisposed, Dio leapt up, wrapping his legs against Jonathan, using him and the tree for support in keeping him in position, bringing his head forward to kiss the man fervently.

~

Jonathan was indeed fiercely loyal to his lover, and would never betray someone he had committed himself to. No matter what his desires might be, he would find a way to make things work with Dio. Despite the fact that his relationship might make some think otherwise, Jonathan still very much saw himself as a gentleman and would never do anything as questionable as be with another.

Still, as Jonathan moved his hands to the waistband of his own pants and let them drop, one might wonder just how far he was pushing the limits of a gentleman. He continued to kiss Dio as he moved his hands to Dio’s own belt, and once his cock was free, he dropped to his knees to give him a quick, tantalising suck, just enough to make it slick.

~

Dio shuddered as Jonathan lips circled round his cock, giving a long and slow throating, made stronger by the fact it had only been minutes since its last relief. He tightly pulled on his dark locks as Jonathan kneeled before him, tilting his own head up and letting out strangled moan.

~

"You do not take me nearly as much as you should.” Jonathan commented, shifting positions so now he was against the tree. He put his hands up, almost in a sign of surrender, although the grin on his face was not really what one would expect from one giving himself up. "I think it is time we changed that, mm?" He was a bit nervous, knowing it might be painful, but that was not about to stop him.
“You are right,” Dio agreed. “I have been taking things far too easy on you for a while now, and I think it is time that changed.” He took Jonathan in for another kiss, tasting himself within it. “You are going to be so tight now, Jojo, I hope you’re prepared for the throes.”

Dio’s cock may not have been as large as Jonathan’s, but it certainly could do its job most amply. Before Jonathan he always preferred to take the reins, be the one in control, but somehow with Jojo he could allow himself to… relinquish… only slightly, he was always the one truly domineering. But then with a cock such as his, it would be a waste not to have it used in every which way, and there weren’t many who could make Dio see stars.

Member already exposed, he guided it to Jonathan’s entrance, thrusting upwards upon reaching the hole, giving no verbal warning of doing so. With one hand he supported the movements, and with the other he grasped at Jonathan’s length, teasing it with tugs and pinches.

It hurt when Dio first entered, and Jonathan could not help but let out a moan. He had been spoiled by their bedroom play and by the oils they used as well as the time they took to prep each other. But despite the discomfort, Jonathan held himself rather well. Past the initial moan he bit on his lip, and muffling some (but not all) of his other cries.

It certainly took himself longer than usual to get fully hard. He was distracted by the pounding, as well as by the ache from Dio’s length being shoved within him. He had also quite recently finished himself off, and his cock was not completely ready just yet. However, as always, Dio’s touch did eventually yield arousal, though by that time he had quite possibly come closer to finishing.

“D-Dio~!” Jonathan cried, breathing hard. He did enjoy taking the lead, and being able to do everything from shower Dio with love and affection to exploring a darker and more rough side of his desires. But as much as he liked that, having Dio take him over completely, and being the commanding prince not just with his words, but with his actions, was something he absolutely adored as well.

Dio would have preferred Jonathan unleash every moan he had to offer, but that did have inherent risk, and it was rather cute to see him try and stifle what he so desperately wanted to let out. Thick walls had likely saved their skins a number of times during their more private acts, outside in the open, it was best to keep things to a low volume.

He worked hard, bringing Jonathan to even the beginnings of arousal, his refractory period and tenderness from his last orgasm causing things to go much slower, but Dio knew his way around a cock, and Jonathan’s he was practically a master of working, and he grinned through his harsh thrusts when it finally began to spring to life. It felt good having himself inside Jonathan, it had been all too long and despite new enjoyments of being taken returned to him, he had almost forgotten the satisfaction it brought.

He responded to Jonathan calling his name by whispering his nickname in return, sucking and nipping the crevice of his neck subsequently, sloppy and wet. Now that his length had grown fully erect, Dio slunk his hand under the brunet’s shirt, feeling at his stomach and leading up to his chest, squeeze the firm pectorals as his lips still lingered on his flesh. Adjusting himself, he gave a good few consecutive hits to Jonathan’s prostate, finding himself growing close to coming from feeling him wrapped around so tightly.
Eventually, the discomfort passed to an extent, and Jonathan was able to focus on something besides the aches and pains caused by the roughness and lack of lubrication. He instead focused on the feel of Dio's fingers around his thick cock, and the sensation of his prostate being pounded against.

Though he did not like to admit it, being beneath Dio like this was also a turn on in and of itself. Some of his moans and cries were indeed rather cute, as they were filled with desire and longing for more.

Finally, Jonathan felt his body quiver with release for the second time that day. He slumped over against the tree, and caught his breath. He did not bother to adjust himself just yet so Dio was left with a lovely view of his rear end.

Dio covered the tip of Jonathan’s cock upon his release, dirtying his hand in the process. He could wipe it on the grass or wash it in the river later, but for now it saved their clothes from being spattered with semen.

Still not complete himself, for he had been holding out for Jonathan to come, while admiring the roundness of his rear for a moment, Dio turned Jonathan around completely while the man was still recovering from his orgasm, and thrusted in deeply, this time concentrating solely on having his way and releasing inside the other, filling him with his seed. It seemed Dio only cared about his clothes after all.

Once he had finished, Dio pulled up the back of his trousers and underwear up enough for his bare buttocks not to touch grass as he sat down, letting his shaft grow soft and less tender in the air for a moment before putting his belt on fully. He breathed out loudly, smiling as he turned his head to Jonathan. “I had missed that.”

Dio’s smile was something that Jonathan treasured. Since the beginning of their relationship it is what he strived for, knowing that happiness for Dio was a much bigger challenge to obtain. And having sex bare in the open as they just did was certainly not easy. He would be quite sore as they rode back, and messy as well. Yet despite all that...

"Actually Dio... I had as well." Jonathan smiled back at him, and started to adjust his clothing. He spoke the truth, and not just simply because Dio had enjoyed it. Having the man on top of him like that, in control, filling him with his seed... he enjoyed the position very much. "I adore having your cock inside me, you know. Perhaps we could try it again once we get back to my room." And once there was more lubrication -- there was no denying that that helped things greatly.

“Mmm, I am more than happy to continue on, Jojo, but simply taking you doesn’t quite feel like enough to me.”

Oh, Dio had plans for Jonathan, he had not taken kindly to being gagged, and it was time Jojo learned the consequences of trying to silence Dio, no matter how good he was making him feel in between.
The return to Jonathan’s bedroom was brisk and filled with anticipation, and once the males were behind closed doors Dio practically pounced on Jonathan, lips kissing wet and hot and desperately, as if they had been apart for so long. He could not quite explain why, but he was suddenly swept with the desire to do so. He would get to teasing and cruelty later, right now he simply wished to be entangled in the other’s hold.

When Dio was upon him in the bedroom, Jonathan nearly fell over at first, but soon matched his ferocity with his own. “My, darling, you act as if it has been a month since you kissed me last. rather than less than hour.” He murmured between kisses, before pressing his mouth eagerly onto Dio’s once more. All of Dio’s desires and vigour was matched within Jonathan’s, and fingers began to run through the blond’s hair, while his hand began to squeeze at his rear. He wanted him just as eagerly.

While in the midst of their kissing and heavy petting, there was the sound of a key being put in the door, and then it being twisted. Jonathan stopped and pried himself away from Dio, giving him a panic stricken look. He sat on the bed, still quite dishevelled. He reached for the nearest book, which was a mathematical textbook, opened it, and tried very hard not to look like he had just been shoving his tongue down the throat of his adoptive brother.

“O-Oh! Jo-Jonathan… I wasn’t expecting you to be here. You are usually out riding for hours. And…” Rufus’s eyes fell on Dio, and then immediately looked away. He began to rummage through his desk drawer, taking out some books and papers.

Jonathan’s shove had not intended to be harsh, but nevertheless it was only Dio’s balance and sturdiness that kept him from landing rather harshly on the floor. His recovery did not leave enough time to seat himself down, so he was stood upon Rufus’s entrance. He was not impressed when his presence was ignored.

“Aren’t you going to say hello to me?” Rufus seemed flustered, but spoke not, continuing to collect his things. Dio frowned. “Say hello to me,” he said, this time leaving no room for consideration on the topic. A muffled greeting with very minimal eye contact was given in turn.

“Good. It is rude to not address another upon seeing them, didn’t your mother teach you manners? A word to the wise, those without manners -- especially to the ones saving their dirty little secrets -- are unfit for anything. They don’t deserve anything.” And with that, Dio shuffled closer to Jonathan, peering over to see what book he had grabbed.

“It is so nice to see you keeping up with your studies, brother mine.” Dio’s voice was loud and obnoxious, obviously trying to draw attention to himself, no matter what wording he chose. His eyes flickered towards Rufus, who saw him wrap an arm around the shoulders of Jonathan, leaning close enough that their faces were practically touching. He stifled too much of a grin at the expression the rat boy made in turn before redirecting his attentions back to Jonathan.

“We are definitely going to be doing it on his bed.” Dio whispered out of earshot to all but Jojo, sliding his hand up the other’s thigh, though not far enough to seem much more than a little intimate for close brothers such as themselves. Well at least that was the attempt, but since Dio had accused Rufus of committing the same sin in his heart that he had been executing near daily for years he
could push the boundaries with this one.

~

Jonathan did his best to act casual as Rufus made his way in. And he could not blame him for ignoring Dio, after all, Dio had threatened him into moving rooms. But he really couldn't feel too bad for Rufus, he had unwittingly interrupted an intimate moment which he had been very much been enjoying.

However, when Dio started to turn his attention on him, touching his thigh as Rufus watched, Jonathan brought the notebook up to his nose to cover his blush. He could not believe that Dio was risking so much right now, all just to make this pathetic boy feel even worse than he already did.

Being nasty was not in Jonathan's nature, while standing up to bullies was. However, this was one of the few cases where he decided to let things be. He would not add to the cruelty, but he certainly was not going to defend the bloke who had been taking advantage of his good nature since the start of term.

"My darling brother and I are studying tonight, Rufus." Jonathan offered kindly, his eyes not looking up from the notebook. "Please, take what you need tonight and if anything else is left I will bring it to you myself in the morning. The interruptions are distracting, you see."

"But I thought that your exam was over!" Rufus cried, hints of a whine in his voice. "Why are you still stu--"

"Rufus, please. I wish you well but I feel we established that we want very different things." The last words were said kindly still, but with a firmness to them as he lowered his notebook. "I shall worry about my education! It needn't trouble you anymore."

Rufus definitely got the hint that Jonathan wanted him gone, and began to hastily pick his things up.

~

Dio grinned when Jonathan finally decided to take his side of argument, rather than jump in on his incessant need to protect those who appeared at all victimised. He must have found Rufus truly irritating.

In the midst of Rufus's packing, he kept turning around to the pair who still sat on the bed, Dio whispering things in Jonathan’s ear and Jonathan doing his best to keep his poker face straight, and failing miserably at it, thus keeping the book high up to his nose. When he was finally done, he stood, looking coyly with bags in hand wondering what move to make next so he would not tread on Dio’s proverbial foot.

“You are done? Good. Leave your key behind, you hardly require it anymore, this no longer being your bedroom.” Rufus fumbled about in his pocket for a moment and placed his former key on the desk before departing. It seemed he quickly learned obeying without argument was the best way to go about things, and now they would have no rude interruptions.

“Goodbye,” Dio said with an odd leer to his voice just as the door shut. Immediately he stood, took the aforementioned item and used it to lock the door. “Now…” he continued, turning back to Jonathan, breathing out a sigh, the thought of Rufus practically disappearing as swiftly as the boy had left the room. ”...where were we?” And with that, Dio pounced back on the bed and into Jonathan’s arms, lips already puckered.

~
As Dio leaped back into his arms, Jonathan could not stifle a laugh, one hand moving to stroke Dio's hair, the other resting on his hip. "You are so terrible, Dio, touching me like that as Rufus watched! He could have suspected something!"

But even as he said that, the smile on Jonathan's face was as sweet as ever, and he was eager to return to the touches they had been stopped from sharing just minutes before. He enjoyed Dio being so eager to caress and kiss him, the other man was so rarely satisfied, but at the very least, right now he seemed pleased with their affections. And Jonathan would always strive to make him even more pleased. "The look on his face was rather priceless though. I wonder if he was jealous..."

~

“He was too stupid to notice anything out of the ordinary from me, the only thing that would have given it away was your face,” Dio replied in between kisses and heavy pettings while already beginning to undo the first few buttons of Jonathan’s shirt. “Remind me to play you at poker one day, I would make a fortune.” He was unsure what quite came over him in the moment, usually it was Jonathan who was the first to advance in the more tender affections, but all of a sudden Dio was overcome with the wish to touch and kiss him in every which way. Perhaps it was giving Jonathan what he wanted before he got to his true plan for the afternoon. That was to be far less affectionate. “And I am certain he was jealous.”

More unbuttoning was done next, and with each button, Dio sank lower and lower down Jonathan’s body, biting around the chest and nipple, sucking and kissing and practically licking him. Glancing down for a moment, he saw his work beginning to bear fruit already, Jonathan’s trousers beginning to tent.

~

"I am glad you thought to ask for his key. I will bring him his odds and ends tomorrow but at this point it feels as if he is just testing me with his presence." Jonathan's hands inched down to Dio's hips, thumbs lightly pressed between the fabric and skin of his waistband, just waiting for the opportunity to start stripping him down.

At that moment, Jonathan tugged Dio forward and against his body, taking him into his lap. He met Dio's eyes, leaning back against the headboard of the bed, allowing Dio to have more height while mounting him. Jonathan's eyes were filled with the usual love and desire, but there was also hints of mischief and the inkling for the forbidden. Rarely was he this willing to break with proprietary to the extremes, but today he was feeling adventurous.

"Perhaps Rufus was hoping to see me undressing again… little does he know that pleasure is reserved for you."

~

“You should stop talking about Rufus now, Jojo,” Dio said mid peck. It only took him rising for a second to be pulled onto Jonathan’s lap. In turn, Dio began to shift his hips in circular motions, grinding against the Joestar beneath him, eyes not averting for a second.

~

“I had already forgotten him. You are the only one on my mind.” Jonathan said sweetly, before letting out a moan as Dio grabbed at his crotch. He felt as if their bodies were in sync with each
other, desiring the same things, at least, for this moment. He pulled off his shirt and pushed it to the side, before starting to work on peeling off Dio’s own clothing, draping his arms about his now bare shoulders and pulling him against him. Their warm, bare flesh touched, and Jonathan enjoyed the sensation, savouring it.

“You feel so damned right, it is as if our bodies were made to fit together.” His hips ground eagerly against Dio’s own, and his hands lowered once again to toy with Dio’s waistband, only this time he worked on opening it, belt and all. Jonathan’s fingers dipped inside to grab at Dio’s cock, stroking it and squeezing it, a look of absolute pleasure on his own face as he did so.

~

Having Jonathan close like this made all Dio want to forget they were ever two separate beings, and he hummed in a happy key to Jonathan comment, hugging the boy in return, digging his forehead into his shoulder when Jonathan managed to wriggle his way into Dio’s underwear, squeezing at the growing length that hid within.

“Jojo…” Dio began with a notion of regret just as his brother just touched upon a very sensitive spot. “You will have plenty of time for all this later I assure you, but how about we get started on the main event…” Having said that, Dio’s conviction was weak, head still buried in Jonathan’s shoulder, whispering into his ear with hot breath.

~

Jonathan continued to tease Dio’s cock with his hand, between working to remove the rest of his clothing. Soon enough, they were both down to nothing. Jonathan pressed Dio’s bare body against his own, erection poking firmly into his thigh as arms wrapped around Dio’s warm, smooth back. He placed a hand in Dio’s hair, shivering as the hot breath danced over his ear. Fingers began to lightly pet through the blond’s locks, eager to join their bodies together, yet at the same time, also loving the feel of the simple warmth that came from their skin touching.

“Gladly, dearest…” Jonathan murmured back. “But Dio, this is your show. You need to lead the way…” Jonathan tilted his head slightly so that his cheek brushed against Dio’s own, a slight roughness to it since he had not shaved that morning, as Dio undoubtedly had. Jonathan’s hands drifted downwards to give his rear a squeeze, but soon enough, returned to draping over his hips.

~

“I am perfectly aware of what I need to do, you are not the one dictating tonight, I, Dio am,” Dio said in turn, snapping his head up immediately, feeling the ticklish brush of Jonathan’s cheek lingering seconds after. He had to say he preferred the man clean shaven, at least when they were touching, but it was not all bad.

Dio sighed when Jonathan’s hand finally left his cock, and remained in the same position atop his lap for a few moments before rising off the bed, eyes loitering around the room, hands on hips, rather not caring about the bold arousal he stood with for the time being. “Say, Jojo. Where do you keep your ties in this sty of a room?” He need not have answered that, as quickly Dio noticed one lopping out of a drawer. He went to it, picking up a clump in his hands, as well a balled pair of socks in a lower chest. He held it up to Jonathan distinctly.
“Now unlike you, I’d prefer not to use this, you know how I love to hear you scream, but if I find you becoming too clingy and whiny don’t think I will not force you into silence.” Dio smirked before returning to the bed, placing the tools down excluding one tie. “Sit on your knees, Jojo. Hands behind your back.” After his brother had obeyed the order Dio first tied his feet together around the ankles, following the same technique with his hands and wrists. Finally, using the third tie joined the prior two knots together, tightly ensuring there would be no easy escape from that hold. Dio returned to Jonathan’s front, smiling as sweetly as he could, though it likely still held a usual cruelty in its curves.

“Don’t you look a treat, like a gift wrapped up and simply waiting for my use. He leaned in to kiss Jonathan on the lips, comparably quite chaste to the ones before, his mouth closed throughout. He gave the man’s cock a squeeze too, tight but short. “Now, I shall give you a choice: blindfold on or off?”

~

Jonathan suppressed a small whimper as Dio began to tie him. It was rather nerve wracking not to have control over his own body, but he supposed that was the point. And oh, how Dio ever loved to have control! He had had his turn, so it was only fair that Dio now had one of his own. Their little escapade in the rugby changing room early on their relationship hardly counted for anything.

When given the choice regarding the blindfold, Jonathan closed his eyes and weighed his options. If his eyes were covered it would certainly add another layer of mystery to all this, but it also meant Dio would have yet another advantage. “I don’t wish to have to take my eyes off you,” Jonathan finally replied.

~

“How quaint, though hardly adventurous.” Dio shrugged, putting the tie back on the bed after folding it. “But I, Dio am a man of my word, and this time I shall grant you the honour of gazing upon my form.” Despite Jonathan being strung up and unable to move of his own volition, Dio did not feel there was quite the power imbalance between them he would have preferred. So before acting, he threw his shirt back on (leaving it unbuttoned), as well as his trousers, though the undergarments remained off. Jonathan should be the one exposed before Dio, not the other way around.

Once partially dressed he returned his attentions to the stationary Jonathan, planting his hands on his shoulders and lips upon his neck, giving him the first of many marks he knew would remain for the next few days before biting down hard to solidify the action. Now was no longer the time for affections and gentle behaviour, but Dio did not want to deny himself the pleasure of having Jonathan’s body touching his. Rather than Jonathan’s cock, Dio would pay attention to everything but for the time being, and grant satisfaction to his own needs before even thinking about Jonathan’s.

Fingers taut and clawing, he began to slide his nails down Jonathan’s back, while biting and sucking and licking, paying extra attention to each nipple as he reached there, leaving harsh teeth marks and remnants of saliva in his wake. Looking down, he could see Jonathan beginning to leak precum, member throbbing and red and untouched, delectable moans growing in volume. His own cock could use some attending, but he would get to that later.

~

Jonathan smiled sheepishly, and did not add any words, even compliments. At this point he thought
it best to stay quiet, and do whatever he could to please Dio.

He was finding that both things were quite difficult. For one, he could not move his hands or legs freely to touch and caress Dio as he usually did. And for another, it was hard to keep silent with all the kisses, suckles, and bites covering the various parts of his body. His cries were somewhere between pleasure and pain, enjoying the contact, while at the same time feeling the added roughness.

On top of it all, Jonathan had been quite spoiled by Dio. With a few exceptions, he had always had his cock toyed with almost immediately. Who could blame Dio, really? It was an impressive organ, not that Jonathan had any clue just how impressive it really was. Right now, however, it was being severely neglected and that made each and every other touch all the more frustrating. Still, at least he did not beg for it -- yet.

~

Once his trail of bites and suckles had made their way down to Jonathan’s stomach, Dio returned to a straight seating position, admiring his work thus far. The other was covered in his markings quite nicely, reds and even the faintest of purples painting his tanned body in the most complimentary way. Cock erect and upright, arms and legs bound, it was almost a challenge not to touch it right then and there, as he so often did, but the timing was far too short to give him any semblance of satisfaction. Instead, Dio focussed on his own member, throbbing within his trousers. It was time for that to be relieved.

The beds provided were more than sturdy enough to stand on, and using balance as well as Jonathan’s shoulders, Dio did just that, positioning him crotch right in front of the seated man’s face. Removing his shaft from the confines, he presented it to Jonathan, staring down at him with a perfectly neutral expression. He was glad he had thought to keep the gag off as he gave a one worded order. “Suck.”

~

Jonathan’s eyes stared up at Dio, blue and bright, meeting the deep coloured amber and Dio’s even gaze. He was like a god to him at this point, the centre of Jonathan’s life, everything that he revered. And there were no regrets there, either. For whatever his life might have been and for whatever it would be, Dio was always someone he would worship and adore.

Jonathan gave a nervous little nod and brought the shaft into his mouth. He was not used to doing this with his hands bound, and found it to be a bit of a challenge, however, he still had use of his tongue. And did he ever make use of it! He ran it down the sides of Dio’s cock extra hard to make up for the lack of his grip, making it slick with his saliva.

~

Dio did his best not to give Jonathan the satisfaction of an outright response, unlike his usual exclamations, he let the moans exceed little more than stifled closed lipped hums. This was a difficult feat, however, Jonathan, despite the lack of movement he normally had, focussed on creating sensations with his tongue, licking at the tip, lapping the sides, darting around his member then suddenly decreasing in speed.
Dio moved his hands up to the brown locks on the man's head and scrunched his fingers tightly, a similar act done with his toes and the bed sheet. It was all he could do not to grow weak at the knees. He let out a steady breath with his nose, closing his eye just for a moment before giving Jonathan a quick word of praise; he always tended to act better when his efforts were appreciated.

But even with the tonguing, there was not nearly enough speed to it all, however Dio had a way of fixing all that. Similar to the first time Jonathan had ever sucked his cock which seemed so awfully long ago now, he grabbed a ball of the Jonathan’s hair in both hands and used them to thrust his head forward while pushing his cock fully into his mouth so his nose reached the base of his length. He couldn’t help but let out a loud cry there, and he felt himself close to coming.

“Ooh, very good, Jojo, you took that like quite the champion.” Almost forgetting how amazing making someone move just the way he wanted them to in this act felt, Dio repeated the gesture over and over, fucking Jonathan’s mouth with eager buck and jaunts, each time granting Jonathan some form of complimentary comment despite him being little more than a puppet.

~

Jonathan let out a muffled gag as Dio’s cock was forced into his mouth past the point of comfort. He remembered when it had happened in the shed, and how much he had disliked it then. Well, now it took all his strength just to keep from choking. The last thing he wanted was to spit up in front of Dio because he couldn’t handle it.

The good thing about Dio’s prompting was it let Jonathan know exactly how deep and fast Dio wanted him to go, and soon enough, he was doing it on his own, keeping the pace and the depth from his own movements and not just Dio’s pushing. His eyes were closed now, fully focused on his task.

~

Dio could see the strained expression on Jonathan’s face every time he looked up at him, if the strangled noises coming from his clogged up throat were not enough. Frankly, however, it did not faze him in the slightest, this was not about making Jonathan feel good this was all for Dio. It was not as if he could not handle it all. A little while later when Jonathan seemed able to do the task himself, he released his tight grip and let the man get on with little physical guidance.

“Open your eyes, Jojo. Look at me,” Dio commanded. It was all well and good to know that Jonathan’s concentrations were in the right place, but eye contact was half the fun. He grinned down when obeyed before returning to neutral. It did not take long for Dio to finish subsequently, and he released a thick stream into Jonathan mouth, tugging at his hair harshly once more as brunet was made to deepthroat.

Dropping to his knees he watched Jonathan swallow his seed with a closed eyed gulp. As a reward, Dio offered him a few long tugs to his own member, graciously thumbing the tip. It was hardly enough for him to orgasm from it -- he had learned Jonathan’s limits quite well -- but it would give his aching cock some relief for the time being. His actions were followed by pressing a soft kiss to Jonathan’s lips. He did enjoy giving him a quick sense of gentleness before moving on to far harsher things.

~
At Dio’s command Jonathan’s eyes opened, looking straight up at him as he requested, though they
did shut again briefly as he swallowed Dio’s seed. He supposed he had not chosen the blindfold, and
thus he had best use his eyes for what Dio wanted him to do -- admire him.

And oh, Jonathan did admire Dio’s body so. When Dio touched him, he moaned louder than he had
intended, but it was such a relief, and all he wanted right now was for Dio to continue the
movements, every so often kissing him sweetly, before finally spilling his seed.

~

Bu Dio did not give Jonathan what he wanted, and a few lingering moments later Jonathan found
himself face on the bed without a word of warning. He undid the tie joining his hands and feet
together, letting him fall flat on the mattress and immediately straddling him, seating himself just
behind Jonathan’s buttocks.

Giving his cock time to recover and rise once again, Dio simply sat for a while feeling the skin of
Jonathan’s back and rear with a lone finger, swirling and twirling while he made slow circular
motions with his hips; Jonathan’s hardness would be pressed against the bed, he might as well grant
him some friction. He stayed like this for a while before speaking.

“There is something I want to try, Jojo, though I am not so sure how much you will enjoy it.” Not
that Dio cared much about that. Minutes later he decided to act on his words. “Brace yourself.”

And with that, his gentle traces ceased and with a firm palm he gave Jonathan’s ass a good, hard
spank.

~

“Oooww!” Jonathan yelped in shock and surprise, having not been prepared for such an act. Instead
of being taken, he felt the sting of Dio’s hand against his round, fleshy rear. “D-Dio...” he began to
murmur his name in protest, but he knew that it was futile and stopped himself from saying anything
more in protest. “Do what you will, my prince, but I want you to take me.”

~

“All in good time, my wantful knight,” Dio said in response to Jonathan’s pleading whisper a few
hits down the line. I told you you would be begging for such from me by the time I am through.” He
gave him another slap. “And I don’t think you are desperate enough right now.” He hummed before
repeating the act, ignoring Jonathan’s outcries.

Dio could feel the residual tingles coursing through his hands and fingers, seconds after the deed was
done and grinned to himself slowly, admiring his prints on Jonathan’s rear, red against his plush
bronze skin. This was rather fun.

The spanking, coupled with the gentle grinding motions he was making against Jonathan’s bare flesh
began bringing Dio’s cock back to life, the early stages of arousal pressing rather close to the
entrance of Jonathan’s hole, which would surely make him all the more needing. While intending to
hurt, Dio had no wish to permanently damage the man, so he held out on using his full strength.

When yelps began to turn into half moans, he knew he had achieved just that. Every so often he
would coo sweet words, complimenting Jonathan’s gasps, his rear as he slid his hardening cock
closer to his entrance with each potent slap.
Being with Dio had always been a mixture of pleasure and pain, and that had never been more apparent than now. At first, the spanks were merely painful and uncomfortable, but once Jonathan realised that there were good things to come as well, he was able to accept it and embrace it, moaning and murmuring Dio’s name.

Jonathan’s own body wanted release. He dared not attempt to touch himself, and even still, he had already brought himself to orgasm once already that way. What he wanted right now was for Dio to ride him and ride him hard, he did not do that nearly often enough for his taste. Having Dio in control was tantalising, and often drove him near mad with desire, yet in the end he always enjoyed it, and now was no different, even with the force of the smacks making him wonder if he would be able to sit.

As Dio’s cock drew closer to his entrance, he cried out louder, his own cock hard and prepared. “Please Dio… I am ready,” he begged, by now, with each slap, there were only cries of desire rather than of pain.

“Are you now, hm?” Dio smirked, placing a finger to his chin, using the other to press into a particularly crimson spot on Jonathan’s ass. The moans that Jonathan cried out were simply delightful. He himself was now fully erect, and it was tempting not to just shove his throbbing cock in without warning for his own sake. But not yet, he could hold out if it made Jonathan suffer a little more. “I am not so sure you have begged enough. I need you to show me how ready you are.” A quick series of slaps followed his wording.

In this moment Dio wished to be flattered with words of adoration and want from the Joestar beneath him, such praises aroused him greatly, and he never felt like he heard them enough, princely mentions aside. Driving Jonathan to desperation often warranted such words.

“Tell me how much you want me, Jojo. How much you need me inside of you, to take you, how much you cannot bear to go without me.” Dio could not help but up his grinding as he demanded these things, feeling his member twitch and leak and throb as he rutted against, almost but not quite forgetting to redden Jonathan rear all the while. “I am not so sure you have begged enough. I need you to show me how ready you are.” A quick series of slaps followed his wording.

Dio’s teasing was so cruel and perfect, just when Jonathan thought that he was going to enter him at long last, he would pull away. This only made Jonathan crave it even more, despite the fact that his plush rear was already pink from the spanking, and despite the fact that he knew entering him with so little preparation would hurt him greatly. Right now, none of that mattered. He needed release, and he needed it from Dio.

“Dio… please. I don’t know how much more I can bear.” He whined, shifting uncomfortably, his swollen shaft dangling, yearning to be touched. “You know that you are the only one for me, oh god, I need you inside me!” He wriggled his hips, thrusting his ass back towards Dio in the process. “I’m sorry… I have been so greedy, I’ve taken you so many times, ridden you and relished the pleasure of having you beneath me, when in reality, you are the one who should be on top of me.”

Truth be told, Jonathan knew that Dio still loved it when Jonathan took him. He dared to think that perhaps he had become quite good at it, too. But there was something thrilling about having Dio in control like this, and he was so desperate for release he would have probably done anything he had
“You are my prince, the only one I will ever serve...you’ve given me so much, but please... I just want you inside me now. You know you crave it too...” Jonathan continued to writhe beneath Dio.

~

Yes, this was exactly what Dio wanted, Jonathan begging for him, throwing every which compliment his way, degrading himself whilst amplifying Dio, while giving cheeky attempts to grant himself some release by wriggling against Dio’s own hardened cock. He was unable to see Jonathan’s cock from this angle, but he could be certain it was practically fit to burst at this point.

“You are correct, Jojo. You have grown far too complacent, you need to learn your place.” A slap was earned for that, followed by a gentle rub of his buttocks, lulling him into a sense of gentle comfort. “But perhaps it is not all your fault, I, after all have let you become this way. You might think it cruel, me leaving you like this for so long, but you need to understand that it is Dio who holds the reigns.”

Though his tone was flat and apathetic as he could make it, Dio was grinning wildly. He gave Jonathan a pinch the pinkest area of his rear and was rewarded with a high pitched yelp. “But you have been very good, so I shan’t leave you waiting for too long now.” Dio had to admit he was slightly tempted to up and leave Jonathan in this state, tied up, cock hard on Rufus’s bed, but with his own arousal becoming more and more potent he was unsure who would suffer more in that instance. In fact listening to Jonathan’s words caused him to almost without realising move a hand towards that very needing member, caressing it, giving himself long pumps against Jonathan’s ass. Upon reaching the tip, he gave the man an inkling of preparation, sticking a solitary finger into his entrance and only half way at that, wriggling it about. That only served to drive him all the madder, and if his feet were not still bound, Jonathan might have kicked him. And there was the moment.

Spreading those sore cheeks, Dio thrusted in hard and fast, immediately hitting Jonathan’s sweet spot. The pair both let out a harmony of moans as Dio pushed his cock in and out of Jonathan in a relentless barrage, the sound of his hips smashing into him loud. In the midst of all this, he managed to turn Jonathan around so the two were facing each other. He looked down at him, and then his cock. As Dio thought, swollen, red and twitching as it jerked around to his lunges.

“How does it feel, Jojo? Am I everything you desired?”

~

“D-Dio!!” Jonathan screamed his name, involuntary tears of pain coming to his eyes at the initial thrust. In the back of his mind he had been saying to himself that he would not shed a single tear during this encounter, that was the only satisfaction he did not wish to grant Dio. That being said, it was quite painful to have just been teased, spanked, and then have a cock thrusted into his rear with hardly any preparation. Most men would have probably done more than shed a few tears.

The beginning was agony, as Jonathan’s body adjusted to the sting and burning sensation. But as Dio continued, little by little he grew used to it, if it was not better, it was tolerable. And he was hitting just the right spot with each painful thrust, finally building up to some of the relief he had been craving since they started.

“D-Damn it, Dio... I need you... I’ll never be complete without you.” He cried, his own hips thrusting backwards to meet each of his movements. “Please don’t stop, I need more!” He clutched the sheet that was still on the bed, not realising at the moment that it probably belonged to Rufus and
he would eventually need to give it back.

~

Dio could feel Jonathan’s tightness surrounding him, he must have been going through quite a painful ordeal. He noticed the tears immediately, but said nothing for the time being, he could gloat later, and oh how he would gloat. This was far better than any horse race victory (that he still knowingly deserved despite the fact he no longer cared).

But the pained expression did not cause Dio to stop, for he knew Jonathan could take it, and soon enough would start to enjoy all the rough treatment. The thought of him having to explain why he had such trouble sitting among classmates popped into Dio’s mind, bringing a smile to his face that was quickly overtaken by a heavy moan.

“Yes... I am the only one who can make you this way, the only one who can bring you such pleasure, no one else but me,” Dio said disjointedly between thrusts. Being one with Jonathan this way, planting himself inside his... lover, was one of the few things that brought Dio true joy. He could not imagine Jonathan being with any but he, and even the thought of himself being with another was beginning to feel quite alien.

He could feel himself close to coming, but given that he had already released once, he decided he would hold himself back and let Jonathan finish before, he was sure he was already at the brink, it would take but a few more decided motions to push him all the way.

Upon Jonathan’s beg for him not to stop, Dio upped his pace, slamming his cock harder and faster, grunting with each motion. The neutral expression and tone he had tried to don was all but vanquished, and he was left open mouthed, practically drooling, beads of sweat on his forehead with hair sticking to it. His fingers gripped Jonathan’s sides tightly, nails digging into flesh. It wouldn’t be long now.

~

Jonathan had many uncomfortable feats ahead of him. Returning Rufus’s sheets, sitting without feeling like his bottom was on fire, dealing with Dio’s gloating over his tears, it was not going to be an incredibly fun day for him. Perhaps he would skip class, he might have to.

Each thrust brought him closer and closer to release. Even as it was painful, his body craved each and every movement from Dio, and at this point, that even included the painful ones.

When he finally did finish, spilling his seed into the sheets, he cried out loud enough that anyone else nearby might have heard. Crumpling over onto the bed, he tried to catch his breath, though of course, he could not do much of either for long, as Dio was not yet finished. It was all he could do to steady his hips as Dio took his final thrusts.

~

Dio did not give Jonathan even a second’s break after his orgasm, continuing to buck his hips and push them into Jonathan over and over, likely sending the other into the realms of overstimulation as his cock felt at his prostate multiple times. He was incredibly hot at this point, and would have appreciated the cool winter’s air, Jonathan’s ass likely would have enjoyed it greatly too. His heart was beating fast, his movements giving him quite the workout, but it would all be worth it when he filled Jonathan with his seed, crumpling on top of him in a happy heap.

But just before he was able to finally release, there was a knock on the door that sent a spike through
his entire core and froze his body to complete stillness.

“Hey, Joestar, are you alright in there chap?!” a voice Dio didn’t recognise called out behind the door. “I heard you shouting just a second ago while passing your chambers. Sounded rather peculiar…”
With the knock on the door, everything between Dio and Jonathan came to a screeching halt. Not recognising the voice, Jonathan cursed under his breath. "Damn it!" In a louder voice he called out, "Oh! Everything is just fine!"

"Are you sure, Joestar?" The voice called back with concern.

"Give me a moment, I... was just about to take a shower and I am not decent." Jonathan pulled himself up, cringing as he did so, and looked to Dio to help him undo the bindings quicker. "Get in the bathroom, or under the bed, quickly." Jonathan hastily reached for his bathrobe, which was thrown over the door to his closet. He put it on, hastily tied sash, and made his way to the door, opening it just a crack.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, this is rather embarrassing," Jonathan began. His face was at least flushed to match the story. "But I-I--" Jonathan staggered. He had had a story on the tip of his tongue about how he had fallen and that was why he yelled, but now that he was here, it seemed inadequate, and he had no idea what to say. He began to stammer, and the boy’s eyes grew wide, before flashing him a smarmy grin.

"You got a girl in there, don’t you, Joestar?"

"I, well, you see--"

"It’s about bloody time! No one understood why you were always so strait-laced!" the lad said, his grin growing broader. "I'll let you get back to your wench, but watch yourself, we need you if you plan to win the rugby finals this year!" he said with a laugh. Dumbly, Jonathan nodded his head and waved his hand.

"...I promise we’ll be quieter and you’ll never see her leave. Ah, have a nice day!"

Once the door closed Jonathan's expression changed to one of absolute exhaustion, and he sank to the floor by the door. "It is safe now," he called out.

~

In the hurry, Dio had chosen to crawl under the bed, he was not quite ready to be darting to the other end of the room in his current state.

Underneath Rufus’s bed was mostly empty. There were a few odds and ends left there likely for a while now, as well as a sticky copy of the university newsletter. The front page had a picture of Dio and Jonathan, as well as the rest of the rugby team taken after their last season’s win. Dio scoffed and tossed it aside, to think this boy shared a room with him for this long.

Within the time they were interrupted to Jonathan finally closing the door, the remains of his arousal had sadly dissipated, leaving him rather unsatisfied and achy around the crotch. But the mood was gone, Jonathan was untied and frankly he was too exhausted to work himself up and bury himself in Jonathan’s rear once again.

“Having a lot of fun with your girl I am sure,” Dio said once the unwanted guest finally decided to leave. “Oh how I cannot wait for the rumours to fly, Jojo and his lady.” He wriggled his way out from his hiding spot and stood, making his way over to Jonathan while putting his flaccid cock back
inside the confines of his trousers and sat himself beside him, resting on the door. “You are going to have to be more careful and far more quiet with your girl next time.”

~

“Wench was the term he used, and technically, she needs to be quiet as well.” Jonathan gave Dio a side long glance, along with a slight poke with his finger, none too happy at the moment. “At least this way so long as no one sees you leave, there will be little room for suspicion between us.” Jonathan pinched his brow and shook his head, eyes fixed on the floor.

“We do need to be more careful,” Jonathan conceded, shifting his feet slightly. “I… that was a close call. And as much as I detest hiding our relationship, we may need to save things like this for when we are some place more secluded.”

Jonathan grew quiet again for a few minutes. He was sore, very sore, and he knew that Dio was too, if only from the lack of orgasm. But beyond that, he was shaken. He eventually turned to Dio and grasped his hands, his own wrists still had the marks from where he had been bound.

“I don’t think I could give you up, if I had to. And I never want to have to.”

~

Perhaps Dio had grown a too incautious these last few months, this was the second time something like this had happened in such a short span. Jonathan’s bedroom, unlike his own was surrounded by others on every side, of course he should have known to take that into high consideration. Granted, it was Jonathan’s fault for moaning so loudly, but it very well could have been his own that pushed it.

“Perhaps I should have put the gag around your mouth after all,” he said in light jest, before the pair returned to a cautious silence, Jonathan staring at the floor, Dio at the window.

When Jonathan gripped his hands he eased them both down. “Now, now, Jojo, there is no need for that sort of talk. We may have dangled close to the edge, but really, the door was locked and you covered yourself well. It is rather premature to think anyone may be catching on about us.”

Readjusting Jonathan to a more malleable position, Dio rested his head on the boy’s lap, letting out a sigh.

~

"I know..." whispered Jonathan as Dio’s head came down into his lap. Fingers immediately began to strike through his hair, always taking the greatest of pleasure in touching his blond locks. “It has been in the back of my mind for some time now. Our love is considered both illegal and immoral. And you know that hold myself to a rigorous code of ethics, yet I fail to subscribe to the notion that love is ever wrong. So essentially, the world is against us, and will work to see that we fail.”

Fingers danced across the skin of his brow lightly, a sad expression on his face. “Not that I would ever give up, just because of a few obstacles in our way. And I don’t think I would ever love anyone as I love you… but is this how you wish to live?” The locks were pushed away from Dio’s eyes so that he could look straight into them.

“I can give you so much. I can give you my body, my wealth, I can share my life with you… yet every day we run the risk of being torn apart and thrown down the road of ruin. I want to protect you, Dio, and I feel selfish putting your life at risk.” Jonathan’s eyes were filled with their usual passion and determination, but there was also something else. Not quite fear, but more of an emptiness, at the thought of doing what he had just suggested.
Dio returned Jonathan’s stare, noting the saddened gaze it held. He himself had decided a long time ago that what he wanted transcended law and typical moral standings, but Jonathan, Jonathan was new to this world, and truly in direct conflict with the upstanding guidelines he had lived by for so long. It was no wonder the premise of capture would trigger such concerns from him.

“It is not as if you pressured me into anything I did not wish to do, Jojo,” Dio began with slight haughtiness in his voice. As if that were possible. “I am perfectly aware of the risks that come with the things we do, and your life is just as at risk as mine is, should we be caught.” That was not so true a comment, Jonathan was a biological son born to a prestigious line of Joestars, Dio was the son of a known crook, taken in by this family. If he were to be caught they would likely spin the tale that he corrupted Jonathan, that he was no good like his deadbeat father. He had to wonder what Lord Joestar’s thoughts would be if he ever found out. Knowing that old fool he would likely blame himself for being an insufficient father figure, allowing Dio to enter this dark path. A laughable idea really, as if that man could influence anything Dio did.

“I, Dio plan to live a life in which I get everything I want, cost be damned. If that means I do not abide to a foolish law I’m sure even those implementing are breaking, then so be it. If we were all penalised for not following every rule and guideline I am sure each and every person would have reason to be arrested at some point or another.” He reached an arm up and touched Jonathan face. “Stop your fretting, all you need to do is keep your voice down and all risk shall be evaded.”

"I would prefer it if it were only I taking the risk." Of course Jonathan's hero complex was at full force, wishing he could protect his 'prince' from all harm. As Dio's fingers touched his face, however, he did manage a bit of a smile. His own hand reached up and clasped Dio's.

"But I shall keep my voice down in the future. It is just so difficult when..." He started to blush profusely, and then gingerly raised his other hand to caress a near forming bruise on his chest near his nipple. "I am in a great deal of pain right now, you should know! And it is all your fault!" It was all said with a touch of whimsy, that blush still on his cheeks as he stood and held a hand out to Dio.

"Well, unless you find some way to have sex with me without my presence I do not think you shall be getting your wish.” Dio did not mention it, but he had far more experience in hiding his actions from others, if anything, he should be the one covering Jonathan, at least for the time being.

Dio watched Jonathan as he touched the new bruises forming on his skin with a tentative finger, admiring his handiwork. “It is all my fault,” he said, grinning widely. The bite marks around his nipple were still there, as well as various other mars of red and purple dotted around the shown skin. Once he removed the bathrobe, he planned to look at them for a good long time. If only he could take a photograph of the sight. But alas, he would just have to make them again once they faded. That worked well for him too. Dio ungraciously chuckled at Jonathan’s twinge of pain, proud of a job well done on his part. “Careful, Jojo. You wouldn’t want to start crying again now would you?”

"I… might have enjoyed it. Just a bit.” His ears were flushed now too. ”Now let me clean you up-ow!” He cried as he stood, the slightest brush of the wall against his sore skin causing him more discomfort. As they made their way to the bath, Jonathan began to run the water. "We truly need to be careful of how we carry on. Even at the mansion, in our own quarters there are servants who
would love to make a few shillings off a good story. I wonder if perhaps we could go away somewhere.”

~

“I know you enjoyed it, Jojo, no need to be coy with me. All that pain you’re complaining about now you were just begging for moments ago. It is fine to admit it, nothing you say would abhor me.” Jonathan was still rather new to this lark, but Dio was certain there were still more unholy desires locked inside him, just waiting to come out. He looked forward to that day.

Sitting at the bathtub, waiting for it to rise with warm, soothing water, Jonathan voiced his concerns, to which Dio refuted. “The servants, whether they know or not would likely not say much of anything. We pay them and accommodate them with a home that pays far better than any money they would get of a quick tabloid story.” Dio, back in the days of his youth would have killed for a job such as this. Of course his desires reached far higher than that of a lowly servant, but to live in quarters in the Joestar mansion was far better than his prior conditions.

“Having said that, I would not like to be the topic of gossip and private conversation, and I suppose there is a chance our tale would spread should they find out…” Dio paused to think for a moment. “In terms of places, however, the main estate is not the only location we have at our disposal. But I imagine servants would be around the second houses too.” Dio shrugged, this did not bother him nearly as much as it did Jonathan.

“But you know… since you are in oh-so-much pain, just this once, Jojo. I shall be the one to pamper you. It is only fair, don’t you agree?” He stood, making his way to the cupboards in Jonathan’s bathroom. “I doubt you have any decent soaps and oils, but perhaps you will surprise me…”

~

Jonathan had been so caught up in the nearly getting caught incident, as well as handling the pain from the bruises and bites, that he had completely forgotten about the fact that tears had fallen from his face. It was humiliating to admit, and he did not look happy about being reminded, even more so than the physical pain of what he had endured.

Still, it did not take him long to brighten again, and the thought of having Dio’s hands running sweetly across his body made everything seem even better. Dio would not find much besides very generic soaps and lotions, although there was a bar of lavender scented soap, most likely given to him by someone else who knew he liked the scent, as he was not the kind of person to buy those things on his own.

“The servants are loyal, yes. Some have worked in the family since before my birth. But they are not all open minded and many are God-fearing. It is a not a secret I think could be trusted with most of them. No, I would feel safest if we were away from both my father and the servants…” Jonathan contemplated it for a few moments, before a thought occurred to him. “Not more than half an hour’s journey away is a cottage on the shore of a lake. It is used for hunting and fishing, and could be a secluded little place for us to spend some time. Being that we are brothers, no one would be the wiser.”

Jonathan had to ease his way into the tub because of the soreness, cringing as the water hit. Still, he eventually managed to find a comfortable position.

~

“Perhaps,” Dio shrugged once again, more set on finding some usable soap than the loyalty of the
servants. Fortunately he located an untouched bar with a strong lavender scent. This would have to suffice for the time being, he thought, making a mental note to bring along something more palatable in future. One would think for an expensive school such as Hugh Hudson they could afford some non-generic concoctions.

Dio recalled the cottage; he, Jonathan and Lord Joestar had been there in the earlier years of their adolescence. At the time, being trapped with the pair of them with little place to escape to was nothing short of a fresh hell, but now it could have a better use. “We could spend the upcoming summer there, I’m sure we can find some excuse to not have servants brought along for the duration.”

Though he was the one meant to be taking care of Jonathan, Dio had grown quite used to his embraces within the bathtub, and even now he was not quite ready to sacrifice the treatment he had come to enjoy. “We may wash later,” he said, stepping into after Jonathan, sitting in-between his legs, pulling the man’s arms in a cross over his shoulders and leaning back to rest on his sore chest. For a few simple minutes he could indulge in simple relaxation.

~

While Jonathan was tender all over and had more than a few winces as they settled into the bath, once Dio was resting against him he didn’t seem to mind so much. Lips were lowered to kiss the top of his head, before fingers began to comb lightly through his hair. Despite looking like he had come out of some kind of brutal brawl he seemed fairly happy and content, as he so often was when Dio was in his arms and being receptive to affections.

"I very much like the idea of spending the summer away from the manor with no servants. It would be relaxing, to be able to do as we like without a worry of someone hearing or finding out." Jonathan continued to stroke Dio's hair, the thought providing a distraction from his many bruises. "And if we are going to spend the following summer abroad, it would be peaceful to stay close to home. As much as I hate to work over the summer, I will probably want to get started on my thesis early, and that cottage is the perfect spot for study and reading."

~

“A summer away from the mansion might not be the worst idea you have had, Jojo.” With balls and social events quite frequent during the summer months more than a dozen guests often stayed around the estate at some point or another. It would make things quite difficult for Dio and Jonathan, not to mention he would barely have a minute to himself. Of course they would have to be in attendance of such things, but that did not mean they needed to be smothered by it in their own home. Christmas with the Floris children was more than enough of that to last him the next century.

The pair remained rather quiet and still for the next few minutes. After all the prior exertion and the rude interruption, a little peace and tranquillity was just what the doctor ordered. If he wasn’t careful Dio may have fallen asleep in the warm of the tub, Jonathan’s strong arms wrapped around him, carding through his hair.

~

Whenever Dio stated that one of his ideas was not the worst, it usually meant that Dio liked it, or at least so much as Dio was capable of liking anything. Jonathan was pleased, and found himself looking forward to their summer retreat away from high society.

“It is in a rather comfortable location, and it is not as if we would need to be absent from the mansion completely. Unlike when we travel abroad, we can still visit father from time to time. It will be
perfect…” And though he did not say it at the risk of sounding too eager, they would be able to thoroughly explore their sexual desires without fear of being caught or heard. There was also the fact that Jonathan would be able to sleep next to him on a regular basis at last, something he had always yearned for.

Jonathan continued to ponder, liking the idea more and more. Then an important thought occurred to him. "Dio, if we don't bring the servants, how will we eat?" He was dead serious. The boy did not know a thing about cooking, it was below his station, and even overseeing others who did the cooking was considered a job for a wife, not the future owner of the estate and title.

Dio saw that coming from a mile away. But it was a valid concern, so he would save any jokes on his eating habits for another time. "The town is not a far walk away from the cottage if my memory serves me well, there are plenty of restaurants about. And besides…” Dio shuffled in his position a little, water rippling as he moved. “I, Dio am rather adept at cooking."

Having said that, it had been over a good half decade since he had worked a stove. Even stepping into the kitchen was a rarity, he only entered that side of the house if he needed sustenance after hours and a maid could not be called to hand. But in the days of his youth his mother had taught him well, how to utilise the few ingredients they had available to cook up quite a variety of meals, though they could hardly be compared to the exquisite platters served to the rich. Not even the menu at the bar had anything remotely similar. He might have to take a glance at one or two recipe books to cater.

"You can cook?" Jonathan asked with a quirk of his brow at Dio’s declaration. “I did not know that… it seems peculiar. Not in a bad way, of course!” He was quick to add, not wishing to offend Dio in the slightest. “Cooking is a very practical skill and considering how much I enjoy food it is not one I would object to learning myself. It is simply unusual to see men who do so, outside of the kitchens of upscale restaurants. “Fingers continued to run through Dio’s hair and a cheeky smile spread across his lips, leaning forward to nip at Dio’s ear. “You would make a fine wife."

“I, Dio, am a man of many talents,” he began with a haughty tone. “It is only natural I have various skills at my disposal, just because I need not use them all, does not mean I do not possess them. But perhaps I will teach you how, I am sure you will benefit from learning far more than I.”

Jonathan’s mention of he being an ample wife earned him a pinch to the thigh. “Oi, Jojo, enough of that talk, I am no bride.” He often mentioned how good a wife he would make, but in the way he doted and always needed emotional satisfactions, Jonathan seemed far more womanly than Dio ever could be.

Deciding it was about time they began to wash, Dio picked up the bar of soap, parting himself from Jonathan slightly, in order to move about. As promised, he washed the other, coating him in the warm water, and scrubbing him within an inch of his life so the lavender scent would linger on his body. He was not nearly as gentle as Jonathan was with him.

“Oooww, Dio, that is a sore spot! I take it back, you would be a terrible wife.” There was a slight whine to Jonathan’s voice, his body was indeed covered with sore spots right now. No doubt a wife
who did that to her husband was a rarity, at least in the eyes of the public. Still, the feel of the water and scent of the soap were pleasurable enough. He sighed happily and settled back into the warm liquid.

“I don’t care what you are. You are mine and you are beautiful. And painful… but beautiful.” His eyes settled on Dio, and then he gingerly rested back against the tub, closing them and letting his body fully relax. “I could not ask for more.” There was indeed a great deal Jonathan might have asked for, but it did not occur to him to do so when he was so happy with Dio, and more importantly, Dio seemed happy, content, and not bullying anyone. Except for Rufus, but even Jonathan had to confess the boy had set himself up for it.

“Our first game is only a few weeks away. We should try to keep things a bit gentler for now, there will be plenty of opportunities to get roughed up on the field.”

“Painful and beautiful, hm?” Dio put down the soap bar once he had gotten to washing the two of them. “I suppose that is an acceptable blend. I do like to keep you on your toes after all.” Being admired was an obvious given.

As Jonathan leaned back on the tub, Dio straddled him, sitting on his lap, head on chest. The water now swirled with lavender soapy residue on the top, a purple impression cast on the clear liquid, quite serene. He could stay here for a while yet.

“Ah, but Jojo, getting roughed up on the field and getting roughed up in bed are hardly similar. One is a by-product and the other… he pressed his finger against one of Jonathan’s chest bruises. “…fully intentional.” Dio sighed. Back to the lighter acts. Not that he could complain so long as he got what he desired, but he was starting to enjoy how rough things were getting. Speaking of which… “Say, Jojo. That rude friend of yours prevented me from finishing… aren’t you going to do something about that?”

Jonathan had almost forgotten in the midst of that frightening little encounter Dio had not been able to finish. He was surprised that had not been brought up sooner. “Ah… that is right,” he said softly, hands lightly tracing over Dio’s sides. “Well, at least it was not my fault, but I am perfectly capable of taking care of that problem.” Strong hands soon lifted Dio and placed him on the ledge, and his hands and mouth began to work at his cock.

Once he was finished, Jonathan stepped out of the tub, and handed Dio his own fluffy bathrobe, taking the towel for himself. “Here you go, love. Why don’t we make ourselves comfortable out of the water, I know you hate pruning, and perhaps we should discuss some of our rugby strategies before dinner? …I hope these bruises will have faded before the next practice. I am not sure what my excuse should be if anyone notices the marks.”

Dio agreed to Jonathan’s offer, wrapping himself in the bathrobe as he stepped out onto the tiles, grabbing a spare towel to dry off his hair. The pair of them, once dried sat on Jonathan’s bed this time while beginning to discuss sporting strategy. But as Jojo removed his robe to change into something warmer, Dio noticed a little mark on his thigh that had surprisingly escaped his memory and pulled him back onto the bed.

“Ah, it is healing quite nicely I see,” he said, skirting a finger over the engraving he had carved in
between Jonathan’s legs not so long ago now. “My name does look so beautiful on your skin, Jojo, I should like to do it again.” He pressed a kiss onto the precious mark, admiring it fondly.

~

The letters so neatly etched into his flesh were yet another thing which Jonathan had almost forgotten about. Almost. Having it on his body like a tattoo made it impossible to forget completely. Nor did he want to. He had been the one who had made the choice for Dio to do so. In fact, it had been his very idea. And it was one which Dio had absolutely delighted in, perhaps to a point beyond what Jonathan had originally envisioned.

“Perhaps I will give you your chance, but do not forget, you owe me for that.” Jonathan spoke coolly as Dio admired his handiwork. “Do not forget it. Or that my name is longer than yours, even if I go by Jojo.” Jonathan chuckled slightly at that. Truth be told, he did not think there would ever come a day where he would find the need to carve his name into Dio’s flesh, although there were certainly times where the other boy tested his patience to a point where causing great discomfort was rather appealing… but no. Jonathan was old fashioned. He would rather see a diamond ring on Dio’s finger than a carving of his name into the flesh, and he was certain that Dio felt the same.

~

“If you wish to make use of my owing you a favour, you had best do it fast, Jojo. I am not fond of being indebted to anyone, much less you. Eventually your time to act may expire.” Despite finding immense pleasure in carving his name in Jonathan’s thigh, the thought of having the same to him was not one that sparked joy in his heart. In truth he could not even imagine the boy doing something like that, he seemed far too soft for it. But maybe there was a darker side to Jonathan Joestar he had yet to see. Probably not.

~

“We shall just have to wait and see when the right time presents itself,” Jonathan replied coolly. “At least you did it neatly and in a discreet enough place that the odd peeping tom in the locker room would not see. Imagine if Rufus’s eyes had fallen on it…” Jonathan thought Dio’s jealousy of the boy even setting eyes on him was rather humorous, yet he did not realise it could result in his death if Dio had been pushed too far and had the opportunity…

~

“Why you would be flaunting your body to Rufus giving him opportunity to see is beyond me, Jojo.” Dio pulled away with a newly formed scowl. The insistence Jonathan had on bringing him up was becoming something of an irritant.

“Your body is mine to possess, I shan’t allow you to be exposing it to every and all people like some cheap corner girl, especially not to Rufus.” He slumped onto the bed, fingers locked together under his head, gazing up into the nothingness of the ceiling. “I won’t have anyone looking at you. Not when you are mine.”

~

Jonathan reached out and swept Dio into his arms on the bed, laughing and nuzzling his face against Dio’s hair. “I am just teasing you, Dio. You know I am hardly one to flaunt my body! It would not be something I would show on purpose. Not for anyone but you. And even then, I do not think I am very good at showing it off…” Jonathan’s fingers ran down Dio’s sides, not quite in a tickle, but definitely playful. “However, if anyone on the team chooses to look while I’m changing, I can’t
exactly help that, now can I?

He chuckled playfully and pulled Dio down into an embrace on the bed. “Hush now, don’t act like an angry wet cat. You know I am yours. Only yours.” And he spent the rest of the evening stroking Dio’s ego just as he knew how to stroke his cock, peppering him with kisses and affections in just the right amounts, and overall, making him feel like a prince.
The next few weeks were busy, not just with school work, which Jonathan was managing to keep up with, but with practice. Practice, practice, and more practice. Despite the fact that Dio was confident that they would crush the competition this year, the coach drove them as hard as if they had lost every single game. There were nights where Jonathan would have Dio over after practice and would fall asleep the moments his body touched the sheets.

The first game went splendidly. The team as a whole worked well, no one better than Jonathan and Dio. The other team was also very good and provided a challenge, but they were not good enough to get past the Hugh Hudson boys. They had to work for it, but victory was theirs.

After the game, the entire team went out to celebrate at a local pub. Many of the students and locals came by to celebrate with them, and someone paid for rounds for them all. The atmosphere was quite jolly, and while Jonathan was happy, he was also exhausted.

“I’m afraid if I drink I’ll start to doze off!” he complained to Dio.

Enjoying the high of winning was one of Dio’s favourite activities, and he was not one to hold back on celebrations. He, in fact, had been the one to suggest they all head to the pub immediately after their win in a large cheer, only a congratulatory drink could match the occasion of winning their first game. It was a good omen, speaking for future successes. The team they had beaten had made it quite far last year, which only went to treble his enthusiasm.

Jonathan’s tiredness was not enough to stop his mood, not in the slightest. “Come on, Jojo, don’t be such a stick in the mud.” Dio passed him a beer, one of the lighter brews the bar had to offer, wrapping an arm around his brother, jolting him slightly. “One drink would do you some good~!” Dio, at this point was already starting to feel a little tipsy from his earlier shots at the door, coupled with the other swigs of harder liquors he had already ingested, and the latter end of his words had turned into more of a song than a straight sentence, and his voice had clearly started to slur, the ends of his words starting to lose their Ts and Hs, in ways a sober Dio would never allow.

“We won~ Jo~jo, it's time to~ celll~abra~te.”

"All right, all right, I will have a drink!” Dio's happiness was contagious. This year was different than victories in years past. The celebrations afterwards had always been uncertain affairs, Jonathan and Dio sharing pleasantries and praises, but still having an underlying tension between them. Now, Jonathan felt, their teamwork was flawless. The other side effect of being lovers was that it also caused the two to become closer allies than ever before. Jonathan felt much more at ease discussing strategies with Dio, and Dio could more freely give him feedback without any hesitation. It made practices and the games themselves all the more enjoyable.

Grinning as Jonathan took him up on the offer, Dio continued on his own with a continuous hum and chuckle. “Don’t doze off just yet, Jo~jo. Once we are done here… we have some other celebrating to do.” He leant in to whisper the latter sentence in Jonathan's ear, using his shoulder as a brace. “Your aim has gotten better since last, practice. I, Diooo~ noticed.” If one were listening
carefully, they would hear Dio’s accent begin to alter, even beyond the simple slurring of words. Dio happily accepted another mug of beer, pushing aside his near empty prior glass to start on the new, barely even registering the arm put around him, the room slowly starting to spin despite not standing. But that only meant the night had just begun to get interesting.

~

"Oy, Joestar, there's a pretty girl over here begging to be danced with!" one of his teammates said with a laugh as he passed out a few more mugs of beer to his teammates, Dio included. Jonathan politely refused, sipping on the one that Dio had handed him moments before. "I'd ask your brother here but he is far more interested in his drink, and you look like the most sober of us lot!" The boy threw an arm around Dio, chugging his own drink as he did so. The alcohol and the victory made him far more affectionate than he might normally have been to his amber eyed teammate.

"Ah, the offer is tempting and I would hate to see a lady get beer spilled on her by the likes of this lot, but I am enjoying a drink with my brother!" he replied with a cheerful smile. "Perhaps later, if you scoundrels don't scare all the pretty ones away." Jonathan laughed and looked fondly at Dio.

~

“Mmm~ Jojo and I are having some brotherly bonding. Why don’t you go dance with her? Maybe your dancing skills will exceed your rugby skills… not that it would be a difficult feat to accomplish.”

“All, right Brando, no need to rub it in,” the teammate replied. Dio spoke for an easy tackle he had missed in the earlier game in his insult. “But I might just have to take you up on your offer. Who knows, she might be the next Mrs… or at the very least fun for tonight if you catch my drift…” Dio doubted that very much.

“I bet you would like to dance with me~ Jojo, like when we were boys in lessons.” Dio said once the area was clear from prying eyes and ears. “You were far too clumsy, but I taught you well, mm?”

~

Jonathan may have been concerned by how much Dio was drinking, but the happiness and playful nature of the evening was addictive, and it was not often that Jonathan could resist such a jolly time. Although, he did have to hope that Dio would not slip up in an incriminating way. At least all the other boys were just as drunk if not more so, and if anyone saw them... well, they were brothers, after all.

Perhaps it was a night where Jonathan could simply allow himself to be happy - within reason.

"Well now…" Jonathan began, smiling at Dio. He let a single finger trace across the top of Dio's hand, in a teasing manner and slightly daring, though no one was close enough to notice or care. "You have taught me to dance, as both a boy and a man, mm? It is a shame for that girl, I left her to Tommy's fumbling, when I could have shown her a much more elegant dance." He leaned in close and whispered into Dio's ear, "but I would rather be with you," allowing his warm breath to flutter across his ear lobe.

No sooner had he murmured that, as he could hear a roar of laughter from across the room. Someone had found a fiddle and there was dancing, and Tommy and the girl he had spoken of nearly crashed into a table. Everyone seemed too jolly to care too much.
Despite being drunk and a less cautious than usual, Dio knew well enough not to slip up in unsalvageable ways, sober or drunk he was quite the expert at deceit. The winner’s high however did increase his affection, as Jonathan was sure to find out once they were in a more private location. But for now, company and festivity were on the table.

Because of their relationship, it was becoming rather difficult to tell if their actions came across as simply familial and brotherly in their closeness, or implied something other. The lines likely blurred for the two, but it was not something one would automatically suspect unless given good reason. The pair would need to find a manageable medium.

“Do not give yourself too much credit, Jojo. I have learned to handle your dancing, but without me balancing you out, it could hardly be deemed as elegant.”

Their conversation was cut off by the sound of new music and rambunctious laughter at the clumsy movements of Tommy. Some more girls had entered, seemed to be friends of the first, and a line had formed of men and women, readying themselves for a lively dancing. “Come on, Jojo… we should join them.” Group dances were the closest they had to dancing together outside of their bedroom, and Dio was in the mood to move about.

~

Nights like this were an absolute rarity outside the rugby season. Jonathan and Dio, while each had their own sense of fun and their own social groups who had subsequent parties, had not yet been to an event they could both enjoy. The balls, where one or both of them would be forced onto the dance floor with possible suitors, did not count in Jonathan’s eyes.

This was different. Their teammates surrounded them both, and in their eyes, saw the two as heroes. The crowd was rowdy, and the two lines of dancers had more boys than girls. Boys dancing with boys would occur, and no one gave it a thought. After all, it was just a reel in a pub, not a dance at a ball.

Jonathan rather enjoyed music and dancing when the two were not being shoved down his throat like mathematics equations, and the turns were taken in the reel, there were more than a few flubs and laughs. One teammate, in a show of strength during his turn, picked up his partner right off her feet, and twirled about with her before they returned to their place in line. Jonathan gave Dio a mischievous stare and Dio would know what was coming, with no way to stop it. When the time came for Jonathan and Dio to do their part in the dance, Jonathan would pick Dio up and twirl him about with as much ease as his teammate had with the petite girl. It was quite an impressive show of strength and no one need know that he had an ungodly amount of practice with picking Dio up.

“Don’t be too angry with me, my prince.” Jonathan whispered before setting him gently down. There was actually a bit of excited applause, but the dance continued on.

~

Dio flashed Jonathan a scowl, but given the stupor that followed, it was a little difficult for the piercing qualities of his usual glare to seep through. If he were one to get embarrassed, the cheer that followed might have made him shy away, but he Dio, was not fazed by such an act. In the end, it was only Jonathan’s strength that was glorified, and that was one of the things Dio had to appreciate in the man.

The dance quickly picked up where it left off, jolly and hearty and rather clumsy, as a good chunk of the participants were certainly not in full sobriety. But it ended with a grand cheer and a sweeping laughter, the music fading into a gentler tune as the crowd dissipated into smaller groups, a couple
men and ladies running off outside or to the upstairs inn suites arm in arm. It seemed Tommy and the
girl he had met hit it off after all.

“You have quite nerve…” Dio said after seating himself down with yet another drink. Standing was
becoming less and less of an option, that dance really had done a number on his balance. “I didn’t let
you, pick me up.” He gave up on any ranting quickly, and instead reclined back in his seat. It was
not all that late in the night, but Dio felt the peak of the evening here would wean off from here. “My
room… soon.”

~

Jonathan enjoyed himself during the dance, and on his way back to the seat a girl and perhaps even
one of the lads had caught his eye, though he did not return the glances, he only had eyes for Dio.
Though at this point, even if his affections for Dio had only been brotherly, he most likely would
have not taken his eyes off of him. The liquor had left him in quite a state.

“Oh, very well.” Jonathan responded, as he picked up his beer to finish it. “I had told you that I was
tired anyway. Though I presume that once we get to your room, sleep will not be happening.”
Jonathan said the last bit in a low voice, taking the final gulps from his beer and setting the tankard
on the table. “We should go, it will take us a bit to walk back.”

For Jonathan to put an arm around Dio now as they said their goodbyes and left the party did not
seem odd at all, he looked as if he was just being a good brother. Once they were outside and on
their way back, Jonathan held to him a bit tighter.

“It is all in good fun of course, but you should really be careful about what you drink, Dio. I was
afraid you might walk into a wall. And you are slurring… for a moment I thought you were talking
like a common street ruffian.” He chuckled it off and continued to help him on the way.

~

Dio waved a clumsy goodbye as they left, which was met with a saddened outburst from many,
where would the fun be if the two heroes of the game left so soon? He did enjoy the idea of being so
greatly missed, but it was not enough to keep him there.

“I, Dio, is perfectly able to handle my drink, Jojo… I just need a moment to…” Dio’s voiced trailed,
the rest of his sentence forgotten as they walked. He could feel Jonathan’s grip grow tighter around
him.

“And I certainly do not talk like a ruffian, you need to clean out those ears of yours,” he said, rather
contrarily, clicking his tongue. “Maybe it is you who are drunk.” In an effort to cover up any such
language, he doubled the attempt on his voice. Damn alcohol ruining his vocal patterns, it had been
six years and his old accent still seeped through.

~

“Oh Dio, just hush. You are drunk, silly.” Jonathan said in his fondest voice as they walked back,
Jonathan’s arm serving as a support the entire way. “I do not mind if you enjoy your liquor, I only
mind if it makes you ill, and if I am not there to help you home.” His hand lightly rubbed along Dio’s
back. He was in an amazingly good mood, despite the fact that he had not seen Dio this drunk since
the night he gave him his mother’s earring, and then had to explain to him the next day what had
happened between them. With a deep sigh he pulled Dio in a little closer. He actually rather hoped
he wasn’t that drunk.
The steadyng continued as they reached the door to Dio’s room, and rather than having Dio fumble around for the key, Jonathan shifted his own hand down into his brother’s pocket, pulling it out slowly, so that his hand lingered slightly on Dio’s thigh through the fabric. “Mmm, let us get inside and get warm. Aren’t you glad that I have my own night clothes here now?”

~

“You are insatiable,” Dio slurred before stumbling into the bedroom, finding the bed as soon as possible when Jonathan let him go. Insatiable as he might have been, Dio matched if not outdid him in that regard. All the way home he had been sneaking in suckles and nips to his neck whenever possible. And with the streets quite empty, there were many chances to do just that. “And it’s only because of my constant telling you to bring your clothes that they are here t’all”

~

“At the moment, you rather seem like the insatiable one.” Jonathan lit a candle and closed the door behind him. Setting it on the table, he turned to face Dio, grinning ever so slightly.

“Truth be told, I like it when you talk to me like a ruffian.”

~

Dio looked back at Jonathan strangely. “You are an odd one, Jojo… there’s nothing to like about that drivel.” He beckoned him join on the bed with a single finger. “I am not some common street rat, you misheard me.”

~

Jonathan would have in his own chambers bathe and gone to bed, but he knew that a bath would be meaningless, because he would not be sleeping until he had become good and dirty once again. So he settled for taking off his shoes and making himself comfortable instead. Dio was in a good mood, and they were celebrating a victory, after all.

“Mmm, that is right, remember that little parcel I brought by earlier and would not let you open before the game?” Jonathan opened a paper bag that had been sitting on Dio’s table. “I did not wish to jinx anything, but I bought some champagne and strawberries to celebrate our victory. And if we had lost, well…” Jonathan opened the bottle with a pop of the cork, and carefully poured two flutes. “I would instead toast the fact that we have been together for three months now. That is a quarter of a year, we have made it through the most difficult of seasons, winter. I would say that is reason to celebrate.” He carries the flutes along with the basket of strawberries over to the bed, carefully placing one in Dio’s hand.

~

Dio too, kicked off his shoes, and undid the first two buttons on his shirt, as well as the ones around the cuffs. His face was an all-around pinkish hue due to the consumption, hair more dishevelled than how he tended to keep it. Longer always made it more difficult to manage, but Jonathan was fond of it, and he could accommodate his partner every so often.

If they had lost, by no means would the pair of them been sharing champagne and strawberries in Dio’s candlelit bedroom after a night of tomfoolery and drunken cheer, that was more than certain. But given that they won, he would oblige the over sentimentality of it all and clinked his flute against the other’s. “But anniversaries are meant to be celebrated after a year. A little soon, don’t you think, Jojo? Winter or not.” In ways, their relationship felt far longer, and yet far shorter than the time they
had been together.


“Nonsense, it is never too soon to celebrate. Now careful, love, don’t spill, although there is plenty more. To us…” He clinked their glasses together and took a sip, before settling his glass aside and plopping a strawberry into his mouth. “And yes, you are not a common street rat… you are my prince. But it is still rather… alluring in a way. I can’t explain it. It’s like seeing another side of you.”


“Another side? But Jojo, there are no other sides to me. I, Dio am an open~ book.” Dio chuckled, taking another sip of his drink after telling a lie they both knew to be false. He bit into his strawberry with a slow tease of his teeth, swallowing it down with a lick of his lips, eyes fixed on Jonathan.


Jonathan sipped slowly at the champagne. It had a habit of going right to his head. And right now, a bit of that was okay, after all, they were home safe and sound. But someone had to be sober enough to look after Dio.

As Dio stated that he was an open book, while toying with the piece of fruit, it was all Jonathan could do to not immediately call him out. The glass was placed to the side immediately, and he placed a hand on either side of Dio’s lap. “Oh are you now? The only thing you open are your legs…” And with that Jonathan’s hand slipped right between his thighs, feeling him through the fabric of his trouser leg.

“Dio, Dio, Dio, what shall I do with my spoiled, drunken prince?” Jonathan murmured as his hands slid up his thighs and over his sides. Once they reached his shoulders, he pressed him back onto the bed. Capturing his lips for a kiss, he made it last for quite some time before finally pulling up and allowing Dio to speak.

Jonathan knew Dio well enough to know there were things he could get away with, and things he couldn’t. Despite knowing this fact, when it came to Dio under the influence, all bets were off. He had yet to fully learn what he enjoyed when his inhibitions were down… perhaps tonight he would.


Dio took a sudden intake of breath when Jonathan intruded his thighs, squeezing through the trousers and teasing more sensitive regions. The cheek of Jojo’s words, he was coming far too close to the boundaries, he would need to be taught a lesson or two, couldn’t have the boy growing complacent now. But before he was given a chance to answer, his lips were caught in Jonathan’s own, tongue pushing into his mouth, shoulders pushing him down to the surface of the bed after sneaking their way up there, travelling up his thighs, stomach and chest sides.

Not wanting to seem passive to Jonathan’s actions, Dio clumsily pulled at the other’s hair, yanking and tugging and wrapping it around his fingers, bringing him in closer. He could taste the alcohol on his breath, as well as his own, the sweet champagne lingering in the kiss.

Once their lips finally separated Dio stared up at Jonathan for a moment, edging up a leg so his knee pushed hard against his groin. “The question, Jojo is: what should I do with my unruly knight?” In a quick, but slightly messy bout of strength, Dio took the opportunity to flip Jonathan over so it was he who lay on the bed, with Dio on top. His knee still dug in hard, and he circled the area with slow rolling motions. “You are not the one who order me around, remember well.” For Jonathan’s words,
he earned himself a tight pinch to the nipple, resulting it in poking through his shirt.

~

Jonathan breathed in sharply as Dio turned the tables and pinned him, not minding it one bit. Even in Dio’s less than sober state, every move he made was exhilarating (if not a bit painful) from the tugs in his hair to the knee at his groin. In the weeks leading up to the game, there had been little time for fooling around. Once or twice the two had managed to hastily exchange some bodily fluids in the changing room, but at this busy time of year, being caught was far easier. And the last time, when Dio had spanked him and made sitting quite uncomfortable after, had never truly been complete. Jonathan yearned for more, and he knew the feeling was mutual.

“Your unruly knight only wishes to please you. You should know that well by now, your highness -- ow!” He winced as his nipple was pinched, inhaling sharply. Dio certainly knew how to be rough, he needed no guidance with that. Soon however, the pained look turned to a grin, and he raised a hand to lightly stroke Dio’s cheek.

“I love you so,” he said fondly. That was Jonathan. Dio could do any number of things to him, and he would still murmur those same three words. On the same token, Jonathan himself had a bit of a darker side, and yet he would still declare his love for Dio at the end, no matter how unconventional. For right now, however, he seemed content with Dio on top. “My prince, I am still yours to command. Yours to do with as you please…” His hand sank down to Dio’s hip, lightly resting there.

~

Jonathan’s little, often oddly timed loved confessions were never returned by Dio, and only occasionally acknowledged. This time the boy got a quick, “I know” in response, followed by Dio stroking his chest lightly, making circular motions in his skin.

“Well then, your Prince commands you to remove all your clothes.” Not wanting to have to remove himself from Jonathan’s lap, Dio unbuttoned the other’s trousers himself, pulling them past his thighs, while Jonathan worked on removing his shirt. “Ah, on second thought, leave your bow in place. Everything else can go.”

~

Jonathan quirked an eyebrow at the request, but he was not about to complain, especially not when he had his favourite blond in his lap asking. Buttons were most likely a difficult exercise for Dio right now, so he allowed Dio to have his fun taking down his trousers. His erection was already visible, Jonathan did not even try to hide it. It was already an established fact that Dio drove him mad with desire.

The beauty of that, however, was the fact that Jonathan knew Dio felt the same way towards him. He had a confident little smirk on his face, as he took his sweet time with the shirt, wanting to make Dio wait to see his chest beneath. It was something he saw now on a regular basis, along with the rest of him, but Jonathan knew how badly he craved his body.

The shirt was soon dropped to the floor, and Jonathan tantalisingly began to remove the last articles of clothing - all except the bow. Jonathan folded his arms over his chest and looked to Dio with a smirk - yes, Dio was his prince and had control, but he was not without his own influence, and he knew it.

“Mmm, Dio, you want me badly now, do you not? The question is how would you like to take me tonight, hm?” He casually reached for his glass of champagne and took a sip.
It took a little longer than normal, but eventually all the lower clothing was removed, and Dio was sat atop a bare Jonathan, hard and still slowly taking off his shirt.

When he was finally stark, hands covering his chest, bow still in place Dio smirked. "You see now, Jojo~ you look like a gift, wrapped and prepped just for I, Dio. He poked the man’s thigh, just where his mark lay. “You even have a tag with my name written on. How thoughtful you are to give me this body to do with as I wish.”

Pondering for a moment he wondered just how he would use this offering to seek pleasure. “This will do,” he stated after a moment of deliberation. Seated atop of Jonathan’s lap, it he was already in the perfect position to ride his cock. He was feeling a little dizzy still, so this would be an easy position to mark his own pace, still holding the control he desired. He took the champagne glass from Jonathan’s hand and gestured he undo his trousers for him.

Jonathan found drunk Dio quite amusing. There was something almost cute about seeing Dio struggle with clothing that would normally give him no problem what so ever. Of course, it would not be so cute in the morning if he was sick, nor if he hurt himself. But this, this Jonathan could manage. So he sat obediently, sipping his champagne and enjoying the show, his own head slightly tipsy at this point as well.

“I do aim to please, your highness.” Jonathan replied, though there was perhaps a bit of cheek in his voice as he did so. “If you find my body such a beautifully wrapped present in and of itself, it may save me a few pounds when it comes to your birthday gift.” Of course, he was kidding on this one. Dio would expect something lavish, and Jonathan was nothing if not generous. Spending money meant nothing to him, particularly when it came to making those he loves happy.

But soon his mind turned from teasing and focused instead on Dio. He rather liked the thought of Dio riding him, and once the champagne glass was set aside, he hastily undid his trousers and tugged them down. Suckling on his own two fingers for a moment or two, he reached between his legs and lightly slipped them inside his entrance. Eager to please, he wanted to make sure Dio was comfortable when he mounted him.

“Enough with your cheek,” Dio replied strictly, slapping Jonathan’s face. It would sting, but not cause injury. “I expect the most lavish of gifts on my birthday. As nice as your body may be, I already have~ you~” He began to bob up and down on Jonathan’s lap, clenching his ass cheeks.

He winced when Jonathan inserted the fingers, body taut and cock throbbing when he began to scissor, wriggle and probe inside of him, opening up his entrance for an impalement without oils. It was more painful, rougher without, but Dio and Jonathan in time together had grown used to being stretched out in this way, and there was something he enjoyed about the rawness of Jonathan’s sizeable member uncoated inside of him.

Moans finally began to leave his voice as Jonathan slipped in another digit, teasing at the prostate. “You’re so good Jojo~ Jo~jo,” he sang. “My Jojo~”

“Now ease into it, that is it, mm, Dio, you are such a pleasure to watch.” Jonathan’s words were all
soft and encouraging, him wanting nothing more but to make him enjoy his ride as much as possible.

In their months together, Jonathan had learned a great deal about Dio’s body. And what he did not know, he was rather good at predicting. Dio himself was more experienced, of course, but by now Jonathan knew just about how long it would take to make Dio ready for his cock, as well as how to find the spot that would drive him the wildest.

“Yes, I am your Jojo… and only yours.”

Once he thought that Dio’s opening had been thoroughly stretched and worked up, he moved his cock under it, and pulled his fingers away, allowing Dio to take his time pressing himself down onto his length. From here, it was up to Dio to move, Jonathan could only do so much. He was very happy to get the chance to fully watch (and hear) Dio as he was reaching the brink.

~

Rather than fast and hard, Dio chose to press himself onto Jonathan’s cock slowly, feeling his length to completion as it entered his rear. He moaned and groaned through the pain, pleasure soon mixing itself within until it was completely taken in.

Pausing for a moment to adjust himself, Dio once again began to rise, finding a slow, comfortable pace to move himself up and down, up and down, crying and moaning in-between each adjustment. His hips circled as he moved, hands travelling from Jonathan’s shoulders to waist, lower lip bitten, eyes closed. The brunet’s nickname was whispered every so often, with words of praise about just how good he felt inside of him this way, how Dio wished to have him, take him, be taken by him in all known ways. With a lack of sobriety, coupled with his good, pleasured mood, Dio felt no need to spare him the compliments he so deserved in this moment.

Pace quickening, Dio tossed his head back, slamming himself harder and harder onto Jonathan’s lap, ensuring his prostate was hit with every smack, sending him into a wild state of arousal and desire. It was fortunate they were in his room tonight, for the noises he made might have warranted an unwanted guest once again.

“Jojo… Jojo” he panted, opening up his eyes for a moment. Grabbing Jonathan’s hand, he guided it towards his untended cock, leaking and throbbing and bobbing as he moved. Jonathan would know what to do with that.

~

It was not often that Dio was so free with his praise for Jonathan, and it was something that made him ridiculously happy. He always found it rewarding when his lover was satisfied, and considering that his only lover had been Dio, he had learned to please someone who was not at all easy to please.

He also found the action a very reward in and of itself. Dio’s movements over his hips were slow and to be savoured at first, only to have him start to speed up at just the right time. He could not imagine anyone else whose body could so easily match the rhythm and desire of his own.

Before long, Dio’s actions caused Jonathan to come, filling his rear with the sticky white liquid. He did not need to even be directed by Dio upon completion, instead, he simply began to stroke and pump at his cock, all the while leaning in to place light nips and kisses at his neck. Every so often, he would whisper affectionate phrases into his ear, including those three words Dio would never return.

~

Dio began to slow once more when Jonathan came, but while his cock began to grow flaccid, he did
not remove himself from atop of it just yet, instead he allowed Jonathan to whisper the sweet words in his ear while he played and handled his cock in ways only Jonathan knew how.

Barely any direction was needed from Dio, he could allow himself to wrap his arms around Jonathan’s neck, nipping and kissing and sucking the skin around it, leading up to his jaw while his throbbing member was cared for splendidly. His hips continued to stir all the while, and he brought their bodies as close as he could, which hardly seemed close enough. For the moments they were like this, Dio half forgot they were two separate beings entirely, he and Jojo were one, meant to be in this state.

With a final few tugs, Dio’s own seed was spilled, covering their torsos in a splatter of white. He lowered himself on top of Jonathan so they were both pressed on the bed, breathing heavily, disjointed. A smile crossed his face as he nestled in Jonathan’s bare chest, pulling out gently. If there was to be a time Dio said those three words, this would have been it, but instead he remained silent, warm and comfortable.

~

Resting back on the soft pillows of Dio’s bed, Jonathan brought a hand to the back of Dio’s head and lightly stroked the blond hair. It had been getting longer lately, which only made Jonathan want to stroke it even more. He was looking forward to the day where he could properly tie it back. At least if he would never be with a woman, his lover still had hair as soft and sweet smelling as one.

Jonathan’s arm drew protectively around Dio as the other man rested against him. They were both dirty now, but he was in no rush to move from this comfortable position, and instead reached for the blanket, pulling it over them both.

“Today was so lucky. We won the game, I was able to dance with you after, and you just graced me with that lovely performance. Dio Brando, if you have not made me the happiest man in the world I do not know what else to call this.” Jonathan lightly nuzzled his nose to Dio’s before giving him a quick peck on the mouth. He was being absolutely saccharine at the moment, but he also knew in his drunken state Dio was less likely to fight him on it.

“And one day I will mark you as my own, just you wait and see.” He smirked and yawned, his eyes starting to droop, although he would not let himself fall asleep before Dio.

~

With the candlelight creating the perfect semi light ambience, the blanket wrapped around him, Jonathan’s chest feeling soft as his feathered pillows, and enough alcohol inside of him to make him quite slow and far less reactive now tired, Dio was only moments away from slumber, barely registering his sugary words. Definitely not filled with enough will to debate. He would let Jonathan have his say tonight.

Closing his eyes completely, Dio was encased in a soothing darkness, Jonathan’s heartbeat now steady and consistent beating in his ear, a comfort. He only hummed in any response to what the boy had to say, quieting and quieting with each word until he drifted off into a deep dream.

Tomorrow he would likely wake with an aching head and sticky body, but for now, he was in total bliss.

~

Jonathan waited until Dio’s breathing moved in a steady rhythm, watching the blond head against his
chest gently rise up and down with his own breath. He could not have been happier at the moment. Well, perhaps a few things would have made him a bit happier, if he really wished to dwell on it. But he was able to look at the positive, his blond headed prince was safe and warm in his arms, they had a satisfying night together, and no sharp words had been exchanged, by their standard. It was quite a bit to be thankful for.

So Jonathan dozed off soon after Dio. He slept rather contentedly, arms protectively wrapped about his lover through the night.
In the week that followed their first rugby match, Dio would open his door one morning, most likely getting ready to get breakfast or attend a lecture, only to find Jonathan waiting there for him. Jonathan smiled, one hand behind his back, the other pressing Dio into the safety of his room and closing the door.

“Happy Valentine’s Day!” he said cheerfully, before pressing a kiss to his lips and pulling from behind his back a large bouquet of roses, and a heart shaped box tied with a pink ribbon, a box of chocolates.

~

Dio stared down at the flowers and chocolate, then back up at Jonathan, face almost purely neutral, a solitary eyebrow raised. Jojo was the last thing he expected to appear at his door, they knew each other’s schedules by now, and he was about to head out.

“You realise people will start to ask questions if you go about carrying heart shaped boxes and flowers to your brother’s bedroom, Jojo. Especially when the university is free of women.” Dio sighed, taking them off his hands and placing the bouquet on the desk. They were rather beautiful, he had always been fond of roses, but the fact remained.

“Must you really celebrate this day, it serves no use or function, and you are already far too affectionate, you do not need an excuse to do more.” He could only imagine what Jonathan had in store for him, the day had only just begun and he was already welcomed with gifts.

~

“I bought the flowers on the way here and no one was watching me walk to your door. I know that you enjoy them and their scent, don’t try to pretend you do not. They are much like you, beautiful with prickly thorns that will make you bleed if you are not careful.” He grinned and pressed another sweet little kiss to his cheek.

“Now Dio, I have never in my life had a sweetheart to give things to on Valentine’s days. I have received favours since joining the rugby team, of course, but it is not the same, and unless you wish for me to find someone else to lavish my attentions on, I suggest that you appreciate them rather than begrudge them.”

Jonathan’s eyes fell on the heart shaped box, pushing it into his hands. “Now… you should really open that up!” He seemed extremely eager, but then again, when chocolate was involved, Jonathan usually was.

~

“Fine. Thank you very much for smothering me, Jojo, words cannot express how much I appreciate it.” Dio’s sarcasm caused the young Joestar’s eyes to roll, and Dio smirked. Deep down, he enjoyed having all of Jonathan’s adoration, and he would never pass up a gift. Having said that…

“It is a little early for chocolate, wouldn’t you say?” It was still morning, and Dio had yet to even take a first sip of coffee, now really was not a fitting time to be eating sweet treats. But apparently for Jonathan time did not matter, he could gorge from dusk till dawn. Might as well let him have his way.
“I know you just want a piece for yourself, I am sure you bought these more for you than for I. By all means, take one, there is no need to act sly about it.” Rather than take the box, he pushed it back into Jonathan’s hands. Before the day was through, Dio expected he would find himself interacting with many more chocolates and other treats. He was quite popular with the ladies, and men for that matter.

~

“Dio… you should really open the box now! It’s dark chocolate, I know how much you like dark chocolate.” Jonathan attempted to coax Dio into it. His real present was hidden inside the box, and he wanted nothing more than for Dio to open it now. He liked to see Dio’s face first hand when he gave him shiny, expensive things, and the brooch inside was mother of pearl and quite lovely.

As for the chocolate, Jonathan had gotten some himself already, and had perhaps started to indulge early, but he was not about to tell Dio that. He too, was quite popular, and if Dio realised just how popular he was, most likely he would fall into a bad mood.

“I do need to be getting to my own classes you know! I had a big breakfast so I won’t be trying one, but you should~!” Dio was too stubborn for his own good at times.

~

Jonathan was fully aware of Dio’s general lack of interest for sugary treats, there had to be another reason he wished him to open the box at this very instant. But he could drag it out a little longer, it was cute to see the man try and persuade him.

“Yes, well I need to be off too. I shall just open it in my own time, you caught me at rather a bad moment. We should really both get going. Just put the box down.” And now for the final push. Dio made his way towards the door, slowly twisting the knob around.

~

“Dio…” he said in a voice that was perhaps a little bit on the whiny side. “You should really open the box nooooow.” Unfortunately for Jonathan, whining seldom got him very far where Dio was concerned. Jonathan pouted, which was rather adorable on his round face, but it was to no avail.

“Fine, fine, but I am coming over later to give you the rest of your gift and you should wait until then! Unless of course, you want it now.” He reached out and placed one hand over Dio’s, preventing him from opening the door. His other hand moved down to lightly cup his ass, before swiftly pulling away. “But no, that would be horribly irresponsible of me, wouldn’t it? Keeping us from our academics!”

~

For once, the lure of Jonathan’s body did not stop Dio in his tracks. It only… stilted him for a moment as strong hands lingered towards his ass, a solid grip placed around him.

“As much as I…” Dio stared at Jonathan’s slightly parted lips, the allure of his large form really was quite difficult to deny. “…would enjoy that, I have never been late or absent to a class, and you are not going to be the reason my record is tampered with. Again. So kindly remove your hand, Jojo.” The was a relaxed, but mildly stern tone to his voice.

~

“I am certain you would enjoy it. I would make you enjoy it.” Jonathan spoke softly and leaned in
close to Dio’s face, their lips almost touching, but he pulled away before that could happen. His body relaxed, and he slung his bag over his shoulder and flashed Dio a grin, as if it were so easy to go from seducer and back to ordinary, cheerful Jonathan. “Have a nice day, Dio!” he called before heading out.

Jonathan’s day was busy enough with a lecture to attend, as well as some research that needed to be done at the library. Everything went by quickly enough, he wasn’t even so focused on Dio or the fact that it was Valentine’s day, as he had a great deal on his plate. He was reminded of it again as he stopped at his room, where a collection of cards and gifts had gathered. Smiling he picked them up and brought them into his room, dropping them on his desk, before heading to the dining hall for dinner.

“Oi, Joestar!” called an unfamiliar male voice. He turned to see a boy holding a small but fluffy black and white stuffed dog, and a card. “From my sister, she made me promise to give it to you!” Jonathan took the toy, looking a bit stunned, this was quite a sweet gift. He told the boy thank you, and was very caught up in reading the card with it when Dio would find him sitting outside the hall.

~

Dio also had quite the abundance of gifts from many a female suitor. A few letters even cropped up in his postal box. As much as Dio believed himself to deserve the attention, at the receiving of gift after gift of practically the same thing, cheap and meaningless, it made him want to roll his eyes. He would likely throw them away when given the chance. After reading and opening the cards and presents, seeing what was worthy and what admiring words they had to say about him that was.

Of course while having his own gifts was no problem in his eyes, for Jonathan to be receiving affections was far less suitable. Approaching him in the hallway there was a small stuffed dog in his lap and highly decorated card in his hand. Dio’s eyes narrowed as he approached, and with Jonathan so engrossed in whatever the harlot that sent the card wrote, he snatched the toy from him before Jonathan even had time to react.

“Well… isn’t this sweet?” he said, holding the dog with two fingers around the decorated collar. “You seem rather engrossed in that card, an ample suitress is she? She must like you a lot, this toy is brand bought.”

~

Dio had snuck up on him by surprise, as Jonathan had been reading the card eagerly and trying to see if he could put a face to a name. So often, girls would wave and smile to him at their games, and Jonathan was sometimes rather scatter-brained when it came to remembering faces.

When Dio snatched the toy and taunted him, Jonathan was a bit stunned. He snatched the small toy back, narrowing his eyes at Dio.

“This girl says I pet her dog once after a game. I remember the dog, but not much about the girl.” He frowned, looking down at the card. “I think she was rather shy. It must have taken a great deal of courage for her to send a gift like this with her brother. I admired that.”

He looked down at the toy sadly and sighed, and then looked over to Dio. “Amazing how with only having seen me once, she was able to find such a meaningful gift.” He picked up the toy along with the card, and placed it in his bag.

~
“Well in the end none of that even matters, now does it?” Dio barely even looked at the names of those who signed their cards, and he certainly had no time to sit and contemplate who they were. “It is not as if you will return these affections, and within a week this toy will be shoved in the back of a closet and completely forgotten about. She would have done better giving you chocolate.”

Dio sighed as Jonathan tucked the toy into his bag, shaking his head. “This day is so useless, I wind up with more gifts than I can count and for what? Do these girls believe a pleated card or a box of chocolates will win my heart? Though I did get quite a splendid pocket watch once, that I did appreciate.” Seeing Jonathan have a present in hand sent Dio’s competitive edge into play. Stupid as he thought February the fourteenth was, he still wished to outmatch Jonathan in how much he received.

“Perhaps I should place my chocolate in the common room. It is not as if I’m going to eat it myself, and there are so many this year. I suppose we are of marrying age now, it is to be expected.”

“Well, I rather like the toy. I may keep it on my desk or at my bed side. I am rather fond of dogs after all, even if I no longer have one.” An icy coolness settled about Jonathan like a frost, although his expression did not change. He shifted the bag back over his shoulder before Dio’s comment made him snap out of it.

“You are going to what? No! Dio, you must open the chocolate box! And you must do it yourself! If you do not, you will be upset later on, and I…” His voice trailed off. “…I like a piece of dark chocolate every now and then.”

Grumbling, Jonathan folded his arms across his chest. Leave it to Dio to put him in a sour mood over something as sweet as an innocent little Valentine’s day gift, as well as refusing to open the gift which Jonathan had brought for him. It was frustrating and he wished the boy would stop being so stubborn. He had almost given the surprise away on accident.

“Fine then.” Jonathan finally said, opting for reverse psychology. “Put it in your common room, I am sure the other boys will appreciate my fine taste in chocolates, even if you do not.”

Well, Dio smirked. Jonathan’s skills at keeping surprises hidden were undoubtedly poor at best, but that was Jojo after all. “All this for a box of dark chocolate, something tells me that is not all I will find if I open the gift…” He shrugged openly. “…but who can say, after all you did just say it was fine for me to share out the treats. Perhaps I am wrong.”

Jonathan pouted and with frustration ran his hands through his brown locks, which had grown out since Christmas and were now much easier to be made messy. “I suppose you shall just have to find out,” he muttered, trying to contain his irritation. Most likely Dio had figured out his surprise, and that ruined quite a bit of the fun.

As Jonathan made his way into the dining hall and sat with his food to eat, he made an off handed remark. “Hmmm. I counted twenty-two cards this year. It was terribly sweet of all these girls to think of me, I feel bad that I cannot return their affections. I may send a thank you note to the girl who sent me the toy.” As Jonathan’s fork stabbed into some vegetables, he glanced up at Dio.

“I am missing one very important Valentine, however.” The stare in Dio’s direction was enough to
give him the hint on who he might mean.

~

Dio was hungry enough to grab himself a sandwich, and sat to join Jonathan in the food hall. “Twenty two, hm?” He drummed his fingers on the table. That was quite a large number, rivalling his own, perhaps even exceeding. But Jonathan did not need to know that little detail. “Reasonable. Not as many as I, Dio of course, but not a bad number all things considered.” He took a quick bite of his bread, chewing quickly.

“You shouldn’t waste your time thanking her, you would just give the girl false hope, and your attention should not be wavering when you are no longer available for them to be received. It is a mere toy dog, not the crown jewels, just forget about it. Besides, the rumours of your wench have settled in. Won’t she be jealous?” Nothing would come of it, Dio was sure, but he could not help but be offended by Jonathan’s pleasure at the small gift. Did he love dogs that much?

As for the obvious implication that Jonathan was waiting for a gift in return from Dio, he scoffed. “And you will continue to miss it. You may enjoy this holiday, Jojo, but I do not see the point in it. A frivolous waste of time. But I will throw you a bone. Tonight, we shall do as you please, how does that sound?”

~

Jonathan continued to eat as Dio spoke, he took no particular interest in how many Valentines Dio received, and him getting more did not bother him in the slightest. He did know, however, just how possessive Dio could be at times. The topic of others was best left alone, including that of the girl he was apparently sleeping with. Dio had admitted it was a decent cover, but he had been a little cranky about the hypothetical maiden whenever she was brought up.

“That is very kind of you… but you should know there is really only one thing I would enjoy from you, more than anything else.” If they had been alone he might have leaned in and touched his cheek or something equally as sweet. But instead they were in public, and so Jonathan was limited in what he could do.

“All I wish is for my loved one to express his love for me. Being that it is not something he is used to doing, you would think he might take advantage of such a holiday to humour his partner and make them happy… but alas. I suppose I am not so lucky.” Jonathan gave a dramatic sight, before lowering his voice.

“I suppose I shall just have to content myself with fucking you instead.”

~

Trapping Dio in thoughts of guilt or heavy suggestion was not an easy task, and unfortunately for Jonathan, when it came to declarations of the heart, Dio was rather a locked door. For matters of the flesh, however, he was far more compliant. Crossing his legs after feeling a sudden twinge of excitement run through him at Jonathan’s unusually crass language, Dio leaned forward towards eyebrow raised.

“Oh, is that so, Jojo? Well that on the other hand, can be arranged. And my offer still stands. You may decide what we do today.”

~

Since sex was all Dio responded to, sex Jonathan would give him. It wasn't as if he did not enjoy it.
He enjoyed it very much. But truth be told, he would have exchanged a night of pleasure for a few choice words from Dio any day. For the rest of the meal he was rather quiet, seeming to have his mind elsewhere, although he responded attentively enough when Dio spoke to him.

Jonathan had taken a chocolate mousse pudding for dessert, not that he needed it with all the chocolates he had waiting in his room. He almost started to eat it, bringing the fork to his mouth, and then he laid eyes on Dio across the table, all smug and blond and handsome. He looked good enough to spank… or good enough to eat.

Stopping mid forkful, Jonathan stood up. "I am just going to get a box for this! And after that we can go back to your room." At least Dio had left things up to him tonight.

~

“Must you really bring such a messy thing to my room, you can’t just finish it now?” Dio sighed as he watched Jonathan stand with the moose in hand. “Well, as long as you don’t dirty up the place with it, I suppose you can leave it on my desk.” He sent a dismissive hand in Jonathan’s direction before standing himself, dusting off any crumbs that may have fallen on his clothes from the food (not that he was an indelicate eater, it served more as a precaution than anything else).

Noticing Jonathan had left his bag at the table, checking to see if he was facing the opposite direction, Dio quickly stuck his hand in, pulling out the little dog toy. Frowning at its face, he tossed it over his shoulder with an underarm swing, it landing on the opposite side of the room, rolling behind a stack of tray. By the time Jonathan realised, it would be far too late.
The walk back to Dio's room was uneventful. As soon as the door closed behind them, though, Jonathan was on Dio within moments. It was not a show of force or dominance this time around, it was more of a hunger for his lips, a desperation for the affection he was so often denied. One hand carded through his hair, while the other pressed him up against the door, holding him there so that he could kiss his mouth and neck. His own hips ground against Dio, and he was already quite aroused, just from his nearness.

After a few moments he pulled back, locking eyes with Dio. This would normally be one of the times where he would spew his affections, devotions, or even praise about Dio's beauty. But instead, he gazed at him softly, thumbing his cheek. He was so locked in his gaze that it might have taken Dio by surprise when he scooped him up and threw him on the bed, starting to undress him hastily.

"I would like to do something a tiny bit different with you."

Dio canted his head, happily accepting the deep affections and returning them with the same want and need, kissing and bit lightly on his lower lip. It always felt good when Jonathan craved his body, his mouth, not just in words worshipped him and Dio could feel it in every suck, every nip. Feeling Jonathan's erection rubbing he chuckled lightly, already so eager.

Dio raised an eyebrow at Jonathan’s comment, curious. “Oh, and what might that be, Jojo?” He was rather amenable to Jonathan’s endeavours in this realm, and quite open to any new explorations that may await him. A little adventure never hurt anybody.

Jonathan continued to strip Dio down, pressing kisses to his neck and chest as the fabric was tugged off. He was incredibly passionate and tender with his touches, making Dio sit on the edge of the bed, while he sat on the floor. Carefully, he tugged off each shoe and sock, one at a time, before tugging at his pants, which he had already undone at the waistband.

Once his feet and legs were bare, Jonathan trailed kisses over one foot, up his leg, and to his underwear. With a smirk, Jonathan started to pull these off as well. He teased Dio’s cock a bit, lightly licking the tip while looking up at him with a mischievous smile. If nothing else, Dio had accomplished helping make Jonathan quite adept at the physical side of their relationship.

But tonight that appeared as if it would not be all. Stepping away from the bed for a moment, he retrieved the box that they had brought back from dinner. Opening it, he took a generous helping of the chocolate paste, and began to spread it across Dio’s cock. Smirking a bit, he first licked his fingers clean, making quite a show of it, before finally starting to run his tongue along the shaft.

The texture was strange against his cock, Dio couldn’t figure out whether he enjoyed it or not, but he could not deny the stimulation Jonathan’s fingers served as the paste was spread over his length, coated from tip to base. While the sensation in and of itself left more of a question mark, the idea of having this messy substance on him was enough to cause a grimace.

“I thought I told you to leave you dessert in the box.” At that moment Jonathan’s tongue lapped up against his member with a strong lick, causing Dio to grab the sheets of the bed with a strangled
"Back on our first night together, I mentioned wanting to do something like this." Jonathan murmured, after his tongue was done licking the chocolate off the tip of his cock, taking a bit of extra time to properly tease and toy with the sensitive spot. "I was fearful back then, so naive and afraid I might offend your sensibilities… how silly that seems now."

Jonathan had been a product of the society to which he had been born, as much as Dio was a product of the slums. Sleeping with a man period had been drilled into his head as being sinful, and sexual acts that expanded on pleasure were things a gentleman did not think about. Ideas, questions, and desires which Jonathan might have had were all suppressed until Dio had kissed him that night. And then an entirely new world had been opened to him, all because of Dio Brando.

Jonathan knew his way around Dio's cock by now. He had had lots of practice. But the addition of licking the creamy dessert off him definitely added a new element to his technique, making his tongue and mouth move differently across the familiar shaft. And once he was finished, he took his entire cock into his mouth, teasing his sacks, all the while giving him a few glances up. Despite the initial discomfort, Jonathan was determined to make Dio enjoy this.

Dio had to think back, which was a little difficult given the circumstances and the obvious distraction Jonathan was giving him, but he did seem to recall something or other about this. Or perhaps it just seemed suited to his interests. “It is just like you to want to incorporate food into every activity,” he replied, staring down at the man licking his messy cock with a darting tongue. “But one thing about me, Jojo, which I am sure you know well by now, is little can daunt I, Dio. Especially not in this realm.”

Dio bit his lower lip as Jonathan continued to work at him, sliding his tongue up his shaft, before taking it all in his mouth. He looked down at Jonathan, meeting his gaze with a furrowed expression that turned to a smirk. Closing his eyes and leaning his head back, Dio allowed Jonathan to pleasure him as he knew how.

Jonathan continued to suck, tease, and toy with Dio’s cock, not responding to his teasing about his enjoyment of food, even if Dio did have a point. His mouth sucked the shaft long and hard, moving up and down quicker and quicker, until Dio finally drifted over the edge of release. Jonathan, if he had a choice (which was not always presented to him) did not like to swallow, but today he did without question, keeping his lips on Dio’s cock until the very end.

Once he was finished, he smiled and raised a wrist to his mouth, lightly wiping it off, before crawling up onto Dio and resting his head against the other’s chest. Usually, it was the other way around, but today, he was content with allowing Dio to hold him, tracing circles along the bare skin of his chest.

“You taste delicious.” He finally said with a cheeky smile.

“I expect anything lathered in chocolate would be delicious to you, but the sentiment is appreciated,” Dio said wryly, a thought coming to mind. “Speaking of chocolate… I will open that box of yours now if you would like. That is of course if you don’t want me to take care of you first.”
If Jonathan had been more like Dio, this might have been a difficult choice, or more likely an easy choice going in the other direction. And Jonathan did feel the twinges in his cock, eager to have his turn to be pleasured as well. But he had been waiting like an excited puppy all day for Dio to open that box, he could not stand to wait any longer.

“Yes! Open the box now,” he encouraged him, pulling himself up and off Dio for the sake of picking the heart shaped box up off the table and handing it to him.

Inside, besides the chocolate, was a simple brooch, silver and mother of pearl. It was highly polished and in the candle light would show its iridescent colour. Jonathan snuck one of the chocolates into his mouth while Dio was examining it.

“It’s just a trifle, really. But I saw it and thought it was pretty. As are you.”

Holding up the broach to the light, Dio eyed the gift with a squinted wink, mouth parted slightly with curved corners. “Not a diamond… but rather nice I must say. It will look good on, I, Dio.” The words “thank you” were not ones that came to the blond so often, but from his tone and phrasing, as well as the smile he donned, Jonathan could tell he appreciated the present. To prove it all the more, he picked up a piece of chocolate from the box, popping one into his mouth, chewing it slowly, letting his tongue slither out for quick moments.

Not quite done with the chocolate piece, Jonathan found his lips glued to Dio’s, falling back into his kiss, Dio grinding a knee against him. It tasted sweet.

"You are my prince after all, nothing is too good for you, even if you are not so keen on Valentine’s Day,” Jonathan said, despite the fact that he wished otherwise.

"I have already used every word and every expression to describe you, but still, I will use one more.” His hands lightly ran across Dio's hips. "Powerful. The power you have over me sometimes is a bit… well, let's just say I dislike being on your bad side. But I should be lucky to have you supporting me in life and hereafter."

Dio grinned. He liked that word, powerful. In all his years, Jonathan was one of the few people who had ever made him feel something other than complete superiority. That made him worthy of being Dio’s companion, but it also gave him a strange feeling of inferiority. Jonathan’s words were just what he needed.

“Well then, Jojo…” Dio began, moving his hand down to stroke the carved mark on his thigh, his name forever engraved in his skin. “...let me show you just how powerful I can be.” Leaning forward, he pulled Jonathan up roughly by the back his hair, bringing him into a biting kiss on the neck, yanking hard.

“Dio, I--” Jonathan hardly had a chance to respond when Dio’s teeth went sinking down into his flesh. This was definitely one of the roughest Dio had ever been with him when it came to kissing, and he cried out loudly, yet at the same time, his cock grew ever harder and he most definitely
enjoyed it.

He knew that if he called Dio beautiful, or talented, or lovely… all these things would be the normal words that would please a lover. But Dio was not ordinary lover. He already knew he was all of those things, the narcissist that he was, and Jonathan saying them again and again would be boring. So in order to properly show his affections, Jonathan had to think about both what was true, and what Dio would appreciate.

This man really and truly had power over him. Jonathan Joestar was strong and bold, and he did not back off from a fight easily, but Dio… Dio made him question everything about himself. He made him feel small, even if that were anything but the truth. Yet still, he loved and enjoyed it.

There would be a mark on his neck later, it was a good thing that the weather was still cold enough for scarves. Jonathan laid back and moaned, hands tenderly and eagerly moving along Dio’s hips, neck stretched to give him more access, and legs spread in desperation for more.

~

Dio was hit with the sudden urge to be rough, fervent, dominating and powerful. He bit hard enough to draw blood and elicit moans from Jonathan, laughing at his cries and even more so as he felt his cock twitch and grow underneath. He was finding himself to be quite aroused too. Quickly, he got to work ripping the buttons off Jonathan’s shirt, unbuckling his trousers while he continued to nip, suck and bite around the brunet’s face with loud pants.

As the clothes tore off, he worked on Jonathan’s body, carrying on the actions he had done on his neck, leaving him with the beginnings of hiccups and bruises that would be sure to sting the next day, but he cared not for gentility now. Dio himself was in but his underwear, and he ordered Jonathan to finish off removing his own clothes while Dio wriggled off his pants, revealing a firm, hard member.

One more kiss was given to Jonathan, harsh to the lips, pulling his cheek with his thumb and forefinger. “Turn around, on your knees,” he said once the kiss was broken in a tone that might have sent a twinge of fear down anyone’s spine.

~

Jonathan did not realise what he had started to unleash when he said those words. But he did not stop him, despite the fact that he could have if he really and truly wanted to. No, they were too far gone now, Dio had already left a multitude of marks, and besides, his body was already responding, cock hard and ready.

The irony of it all was not lost to Jonathan, however. It was Valentine’s day, a day where people were supposed to express their love for each other. And as he always did, Jonathan had showered Dio in his usual bouts of affection and gifts. How did Dio return his love? With a ferocity that left Jonathan’s head spinning, and heart aching, but his body wanting more.

Jonathan did not argue, and once the last of his clothes were shaken off, he slipped down without question onto his hands and knees. He glanced back over his shoulder at Dio, his hips thrusting back and his legs spread open wide. He did not say a word, but everything about his stance showed lust.

~

Once Jonathan placed himself in the demanded position, Dio stood on his knees, angling himself towards Jonathan’s rear, cock pressing and teasing against his hole, waiting for the perfect moment to
thrust inside. His actions now were fuelled by lust and desire, rather than loving and doting affection. It was almost as if Jonathan were a tool in Dio’s eyes at this moment. Almost. After all, this was Jojo, he could never be a simple tool.

Dio could have reached for the oil but chose not to, wanting Jonathan to feel him in every capacity, painful or otherwise. He wanted to display his power to him, after all, he did just admit to loving it.

Instead, after a quick coating of saliva and precome he used as a light lubricant, Dio he bucked his hips and pushed deep into Jonathan, moaning and sighing as he did. An immediate rhythm was found, fast and harsh, hips smacking and fingers digging.

“Tell me how powerful I am, Jojo,” he said, using one hand to yank his hair, pulling Jonathan’s head back with it.

~

When Dio thrust inside him, Jonathan cried out, the sheer brutality of the actions enough to make him whimper with pain. Dio’s pounding against his ass was equally as brutal, although in doing so, he hit that sweet spot within him, which made his cock twitch and start to leak with its own precome. His body rocked with his, hips moving in time with Dio, doing his best to keep up.

As Dio yanked his hair, Jonathan burst into tears. The shock and pain (as well as the pleasure) was overwhelming, and it happened so fast he couldn’t even force himself to hold it back.

“You… you have me… you own me…” He said the words not with delight, but with despair.

~

Not acknowledging the tone or the tears, Dio continued to pound into Jonathan’s ass over and over, revelling in the words spoken. Yes, he had Jojo, he owned him, Jonathan was all his. A chorus of yesses and goods were said as Dio cock hit at the brunet’s sweet spot with brutal, painful force, ordering Jonathan to sing his praises and grinning at every response.

It did not take long for Dio to come after, white seed filling Jonathan with a thick burst and a loud groan. The boy still had yet to finish himself, so Dio, benevolent as he was, leaned over, tugging and pulling at Jonathan’s cock until he too reached orgasm, grinding his hips around his rear all the while.

Slumping to the bed, he turned to face Jonathan, his sated grin wavering to one of confusion as he saw his expression and the tear stains that painted his cheeks. “You’re crying…”

~

“I’m not!!” Jonathan instantly snapped at him, in a tone that was unusual for the boy. He was covered with sweat, bruises, and spots of his own come, evidence of the fact that his body had physically enjoyed the act. Yet he felt emotionally drained, and a pit of dread in his stomach had grown into a knot.

He pulled himself up and onto the edge of the bed, a frown on his lips, as he rubbed at his eyes and cheeks with an open hand. “I wasn’t crying.” If he had been, neither he, nor Dio, would ever forget it, so it was easier to simply pretend those tears had not existed.

“Do you love me, Dio?” Jonathan asked softly, his tone barely loud enough for Dio to hear.
“Wh-what?” The question caught Dio off guard, it was fortunate he was not drinking at that moment, or he very well may have choked.

It had been months since that day, since he said those three words in a heat and tangle of emotions, hot and cold when his dark, tainted past had been revealed, and not by his own wishes.

“Love you…” he said, suddenly nervous, heart twittering flighty and fast. “You think what I did was a matter of hate? There was no such hatred in my actions.”

~

Jonathan shook his head before locking on Dio’s gaze. He knew how the other man was about love, and truthfully he did not expect a straight yes or no answer. Even if he would have liked one. One day.

“No, I don’t, and usually I enjoy our bedroom time together very much, but… it threw me off guard. Coupled with all the things you said today, as well as your usual icy demeanour, one might think that you actually enjoyed inflicting pain and having me helpless beneath you…more than just in bed. Frankly, you worried me.” Jonathan sighed.

“I enjoy rough play quite a bit. But I also need affection in more ways than just sex, especially sex meant to hurt and demean. That is how I am.”

~

“If you hated it so much, why did you not request I stop? All I received from you were pleasured moans and seed, that rather implies you enjoyed it. I am many things, Jojo, but I cannot tell what someone is thinking if all the signs point the other way.” Dio was still left unsure of Jonathan’s reaction to this. Wasn’t this what they did? Wasn’t this fun? He knew Jonathan enjoyed this, so what was so different about it now?

“It is easy enough to complain about it once the deed is done, but do not try to make me feel guilty that perhaps you crave something a little more than sweet tasting affection. That maybe, somewhere deep inside you want to feel that burn and rush of pain, that you enjoy it.”

~

Jonathan’s face began to flush red despite himself. Dio had hit on a point that even he did not like to admit…he did enjoy the feel of their rougher encounters, in fact, his body had craved the release almost as much as he was disturbed by it. But Dio in general had that effect on him. It almost did not matter what the act was, to some degree. If Dio was involved, Jonathan would desire him.

“I did not tell you no because I wished to please you… and…I confess, I wanted to come.” He would not lie about that, and could not lie. They both knew how desperately Jonathan’s body had wanted it. “You’ve broadened my horizons and brought me to places I never thought I would go, and even more so, made me enjoy them.” Jonathan turned to face Dio head on, hand gently stroking against his cheek, deep blue eyes staring into amber.

“But I need other forms of affection. I need your words, Dio. I need your approval. And yes, I do need to occasionally coddle you and hold you. And you to hold me. But what just happened…” He shook his head. It was partly his own fear of giving in to Dio to a dangerous degree. But also, the incident had drained him emotionally, when normally such an act would have excited him. “It scared me.”

~
For all of Dio’s cruelty and so called sadistic nature, he did not enjoy engaging in intercourse with those who did not desire it or him in return. Where would be the fun in that, sex was for pleasure (and his need to control), even the pain was meant to be revelled in. If he truly wished to hurt someone, there were far more entertaining ways to achieve that that did not intervene in his arousal. It had been rather unsettling to think Jonathan did not enjoy himself fully.

“Scared you,” he repeated slowly, swallowing his Adam’s apple with a small quirk of his lip. “You told me, outrightly, that you deem me as powerful, that you enjoy that which I hold. I only wished to show you how I could be.

~

Ghosts of times long since passed haunted Jonathan, for he knew of Dio’s darker side, but he wanted to believe that was all behind him now. Dio was family, and more than that, his lover. He had a cruelty within him, yes, but it was understandable considering his background, and that was part of why Jonathan was so determined to stay with him. He would balance out Dio’s darkness with his own light and they would live happily ever after. He hoped.

Jonathan reached over and patted Dio’s lap. “I know, of course, of course you would not ever truly hurt me. But you were intense. And as much as you may disapprove of the holiday, it would not kill you to express your affections to me once in awhile. It ways other than biting…” Jonathan rubbed a particularly tender spot on his neck, wincing as he did so. It would certainly leave a mark.

“You mean so much to me, Dio, sometimes I have to remind myself that love is a two way street. We need to both be moving in time with each other, lest we collide.” And that collision was something Jonathan was very much afraid of.

~

Dio brought his gaze down, considering. More than simply not wishing displeasure on his partners, he did not want Jonathan to feel hurt, to feel harmed, or strange with him. Not Jojo, not anymore.

With gentility more suited to Jonathan’s motions, Dio brought his lips to Jojo’s own, kissing them softly. He brushed his nose smoothly against the other’s before taking him into an embrace.

“If you wish for me to ease up then all you need to do is tell me. As much as my own satisfaction means to me, it is all for naught if you do not get something out of it too. Other than tears of course.”

~

Jonathan seemed to perk up a bit at Dio's words, visibly brightening. Dio knew him well and knew how to soothe him. With fears of Dio's nature abated for the time being, Jonathan was able to slip back into Dio’s bed, and spend the night at ease nestled in the silk sheets within the blond’s arms. The calmness in which they were able to discuss their differences was enough to make him set aside his doubts, and the two were able to carry on their relationship in relative normalcy for the next few weeks, between school, practice, and rugby games.
Springtime Progressions: Chapter 16

One day after practice, Jonathan behaved quite queer. He left immediately following the practice, not waiting for Dio as he so often did. He had performed well today, but had perhaps seemed slightly strained, as if he had been working extra hard to perform as normal. After practice, times in the changing room had been everything from affectionate to downright dirty. Tonight, they would be neither.

If Dio were to knock on the door to Jonathan's room, he would find the man in bed, the little stuffed dog toy (which had been rescued from the dining room floor and left with the custodian, who Jonathan had no shame asking for it from) sitting on the bedside table. He looked very pale, and was sipping at a cup of tea.

"I am sorry I did not wait for you Dio… I must have a virus of some nature. I felt I had to hurry out." Jonathan feeling sick was unusual, unless it was connected to injury or overeating.

~

Dio had ventured to Jonathan's room rather annoyed. He might have physically been at the practice, but clearly his mind was not invested in the sport, easy tackles, passes, and goals had been missed by him, it was clear as day how sluggish he had been.

Dio took his time to shower before visiting Jonathan. He would go by eventually to see how he was doing, it was not often they left practice first or alone, and Jonathan had seemed rather peculiar during their hours together. But he was peeved nonetheless at his performance, especially when a few members from the next team they were to play had been around for the equestrian competition that day, hosted by Hugh Hudson. He had recognised a few of the opposing rugby players loitering around, likely trying to get a taste of their opponents' style.

“If you were sick you could have at least said something. If you are not at your best, there is really no point in you being there.” Dio had gone to Jonathan room ready to lecture him, but seeing his state, hunched over and looking as if he were about to vomit he allowed some leniency. Dio sighed, perching on the edge of the bed, close enough to feel Jonathan’s forehead, but far enough that his arm would need to stretch, and any coughs and splutters would not reach him. Dio had no time to be falling prey to a potentially contagious illness.

Jonathan felt hot to his touch, clammy and his skin was an off colour. Definitely sick. “Have you been to the nurse? She would likely have something for you. You need to improve, our next game is this weekend, and we need you.”

~

"I haven't seen the nurse yet." Jonathan protested. "I will if this continues, but perhaps by morning it will pass. I only started to feel ill at practice, after all, and I am seldom sick for long." The tea was starting to taste bitter, and he stood to fetch himself some water, also eager to demonstrate that he would be just fine, and there was no need for him to go to a nurse that would prod and poke him, as well as probably give him something foul tasting to drink. Quite the contrary to his goal, when his head felt the rush of blood from the movement, his vision became blurry, and all of a sudden, everything went black.

~
As soon as Jonathan fell, Dio followed in an attempt to catch him. He was a second too late, and Jonathan hit the ground with a hardened thud. Dio’s eyes widened as he straddled the passed out brunet after turning him onto his back, holding up his head in his hands, shaking him with the hope of waking him up.

“Jojo! Jojo!” he shouted, voice strained. Unbuttoning the first few fastenings of his shirt, Dio pressed two fingers at Jonathan neck, checking the pulse. He wasn’t dead, that was fortunate, but his heart rate seemed faster than normal, a cause for concern.

When Jonathan refused to wake, or even respond to his callings with a hazy grunt, Dio stood, running to the door. “My brother has fainted. Go get the nurse!” he called out to a couple of unfamiliar faces loitering in the dormitory hallway. After no reaction Dio’s voice grew darker. “Now!” One of the boys sped off after that, and Dio returned to Jonathan’s side, patting his cheeks and calling out his nickname while cradling the boy on his lap.

~

Jonathan did not move or react to Dio’s voice or touch, and it was far stronger than a sleeping spell. He opened his eyes to Dio’s panicked expression and hands wrapped around his body.

"Did I just… faint?" Jonathan questioned as he rubbed his head, which was even more sore than before. "How utterly embarrassing… I have never fainted in my life. Perhaps I really should see the nurse tomorrow." Jonathan frowned, extremely confused as to why his usually hearty body was suddenly failing on him, and at such an unlucky time.

~

“You were out for five minutes, Jojo. The nurse is already on her way.” A little more relaxed, Dio was still rather shaken by the event. “What on earth have you done to yourself to get in such a state?”

~

"I-I don’t know!" Jonathan stuttered at the question, distressed by both his physical state and by not having an answer for Dio. "I ate the same dinner most of the team had, including you, and I drank plenty of water -- I always do! There was nothing different about today.” He looked at Dio in the eye. Jonathan was not a good liar, and if there had been anything else, he would have most likely betrayed it now. Whatever was making him sick was something he was unaware of, be it a virus, or anything else.

When the nurse arrived, she was very calm, gently feeling Jonathan’s forehead, taking his pulse, and asking him questions about how he was feeling. When he did not seem as if he would faint again, she helped guide him back to the bed. Thankfully, Jonathan was able to pull himself up of his own power, or the woman would have had a difficult time of it.

"Have you been drinking any teas or supplements lately?” she asked, noting the tea by the bedside.

"No, I only drank plain tea once I felt ill. I don’t drink a great deal of tea..." Jonathan answered, confusion in his voice. The nurse looked unconvinced.

"It could be a virus, though I find it rather suspect that a boy as healthy and active as you would catch it before some of our younger, more susceptible students. But there are also any manner of things boys are adding to their tea in the hopes of increasing energy, or dulling nerves, or whatever their fancy is. And it is dangerous.” She looked to both Dio and Jonathan as she spoke, having most likely dealt with this in the recent past.
"You should rest. Stay in bed tomorrow. Someone will be in to check on you in the morning, in the meantime drink plenty of fluids and do not stress yourself." Once her instructions were given, she took her leave, leaving a baffled Jonathan.

"Before you ask, you know I am not foolish enough to try those things. I have enough energy on my own on a normal day, and besides, I bet they taste horrendous." He pulled the blanket up over himself and sighed.

~

“No, it does not sound like you to choose a method so stupid. But nonetheless, you are showing the same symptoms, and for you to reach this state only during training, I doubt it is a virus.” Sitting himself down atop of the covers, Dio looked over Jonathan's form. He seemed so small, weak and vulnerable like this. And the timing could not be worse.

Dio had unnaturally quiet during Jonathan’s examination, allowing the nurse to do her job without interference. It was strange to see him like this, for as long as he’d known him he had hardly suffered anything more than a seasonal cold, and certainly not reached a state to be subdued by a long fainting spell. It was rather off-putting to see him shivering, barely being able to stand on his own, even to such a short distance as the bed; he was always so strong, nothing ever seemed to keep him down for long. That, in fact had been one of the things that Dio hated about him in the past, as well as simultaneously and beside himself adored, or at the very least respected. In any case, he did not like seeing him this way, it felt wrong.

“You must have ingested something without warrant. You did not share someone’s drink or taste something off in yours did you?”

~

“I don’t really think that much about my water when I drink it,” Jonathan began as he tugged another pillow to prop his head up. He was not used to his body not responding the way he wanted it to, and it made him immensely uncomfortable, piled right on top of the unpleasantness of being sick. “Still, maybe it tasted a bit funny today? Metallic, perhaps. I just assumed that the water was from a pipe rather than a well.” Jonathan frowned, still finding the entire idea hard to believe.

"But really Dio, would someone purposely try to poison me? Over a rugby game? I know that everyone wants to see their team win but threatening someone’s health is a serious measure to take to do so!” Jonathan preferred to believe in the best in people, though unfortunately, even he would admit that the competitive nature of sports sometimes got out of hand.

“If that is the case, I should very much like to wring the neck of the person who did this to me… Poisoning is illegal and cowardly after all, and I suspect the police could get involved.” He groaned and rubbed his head, rolling onto his side. “Although unfortunately, I am not in a position to do so at the moment…”

~

“People resort to such methods for far less than rugby games, Jojo.” If this were the case, Dio was mildly insulted by the fact it was only Jonathan who had been targeted. Of course he did not wish to be ill, but he was more than a worthy advisory, enough to be wanted out of the picture.

“But you shan’t have to worry. If it is true that someone made an attempt on you, they will get what is coming to them, rest assured.”
Jonathan’s eyes moved up to meet Dio’s. “You do not need to stay, if you do not wish to. It is rather embarrassing to have you see me like this… though your presence is also a bit comforting.”

“No, I think I will stay.” Dio said immediately, crossing his legs over themselves and nestling his back against the bed frame. “Someone needs to ensure you do not take a turn for the worse and I suppose, I, Dio, will do for such a task. The best thing you can do now is recover and appear at the game, wiping it in faces of those who would dare try to harm you. So do as the nurse tells you and rest. I shall be here.”

“Thank you,” he said weakly, pulling the blanket up over his large form, trying to make himself comfortable.

Jonathan would have preferred it if he had just been able to sleep it all away. But instead, he spent the night riddled with fever, vomiting worse than he ever had before. Somewhere in the early hours of the morning, he tossed and turned, feeling more weak and miserable than he ever had before. He reached for Dio’s hand, his own cold and clammy as the rest of him was feverish. He held to it as tightly as he could manage. Normally he might have said something terribly mushy, perhaps mentioning watching after his father in case of his death, but he was neither in the body nor in the head space to do so.

“Thank you for staying.” Was all he chose to say, his voice cracking a bit as he did so.

There was little Dio could do for Jonathan during his tribulation, it was the type of illness that the body simply needed to dispose of on its own accord, through vomit and other excretory processes. He did supply Jonathan with a bucket and cold and wet towel for his brow, glasses of cool water, as well as a firm back rub in a gesture of comfort, but truly there was nothing else that could be done for the boy and Dio found himself concerned and saddened by his own uselessness.

Seeing Jonathan in such a way was almost wrong, unnatural. He was mere mortal as anyone else, but he had always had something in him that made it hard for Dio to imagine a world in which he no longer existed. Even if he were to be killed somehow he would cling on. It was a silly thought, of course and inactive, but still present. Today challenged that.

Opening the windows to allow the room to breathe, Dio sat awake all through the night, too distracted by Jonathan’s movements and rushes to the bathroom or bucket to sleep even if he wanted to. Comfort was not Dio’s strong suit, but he offered Jonathan calm soothing words, masking his own worry and panic.

When Jonathan grabbed his hand he could feel how weak the grip was, along with the strange damp touch, different to his usual hold. “I will always be here, Jojo,” he replied to the weakly worded thanks offered to him, before giving him another sip of water. Interlocking his fingers with Jonathan’s, they lay.

Jonathan took Dio’s hand and brought it to his lips, kissing his fingers lightly. His body was not fond of movements right now, but he thought it necessary. What Dio had just said was possibly one of the
most beautiful things to cross his ears in a long time. When you were Jonathan Joestar and longed for assurance from your mate, only to find him to be quite prickly about it, sometimes it was necessary to go without, and move on. Dio would never be an openly affectionate person, that was simply the way which things were to be.

Between being damn near delirious with fever and nausea, Jonathan had taken note of how Dio had tended to him. Nursing was obviously not on Dio’s list of things he’d enjoy doing, even be good at doing. And yet, he did not leave his side or complain, he simply watched over him, just as a brother should. Just as someone who loves him should.

Soon after, Jonathan fell asleep, exhausted.

~

Truthfully Dio could not say for a second that he enjoyed the act of taking care of Jonathan as he vomited and tossed around in bed, sweaty and panting and in a permanent state of unrest, but dually he had no wish to leave, wanting to see him through it. But despite feeling rather disgusting doing so, it was not foreign for Dio to tend to sick relatives; his mother often had spells of infection, due to the hard life and the harder fist that Dario brought upon her, and while he was poisoning the man for those very transgressions, he had been required to feed and tend to him when he was no longer able to leave his bed.

When Jonathan finally dozed off, likely just too exhausted and drained of fluids to remain awake any longer, Dio breathed out heavily, relieved. He made strained noises in his rest, but Jonathan’s movements were far less erratic, his grip on their interlocked hands keeping even in slumber. Dio held on a little longer, before returning a chaste kiss to his clammy fingers and standing, staring out into the darkness of the open window surveying the campus.

The air was chill, small gusts of wind welcome. Even Dio, who often slept far less than most was starting to have the day drag him down, and his eyes began to droop. Applying a final wet cloth atop Jonathan’s head, Dio nestled himself in Jonathan’s armchair, dragging it right next to his bed, his last thoughts genuinely hoping he would recover from his ails.

~

Jonathan awoke hours later with the sound of a knock to the door. It was the nurse, calling to check in on him. By this time, Jonathan realised his fever had broken, and he sat up in the bed, something that was greatly difficult the night before.

“You appear much better, though you should be on strict bed rest for the rest of the day, and do not strain yourself too much. Eat as your appetite returns. Hopefully this will be the last of it.”

Jonathan was glad at this prognosis. There were four days including this one until the match. He could make it.

~

Relief washed over Dio’s expression as the good news was granted. The nurse seemed impressed how Dio had stayed with Jonathan through the night, to which Dio simply said it was what a good brother should do. Once she departed Dio recalled the time, remembering he had a lecture within the hour.

“I need to get going, Jojo, but once I return we shall see about running you a bath, getting yesterday’s filth off of you.” He himself could also use a cleaning up, he would have to rush back to
his dormitory and change. “Try and rest more, a few hours is not enough. Do not even think of leaving your bed, there will be no one to catch you if you fall.”
A mild concern for Jonathan’s wellbeing was inescapable from Dio’s thoughts throughout the day, but nevertheless he ensured it did not distract him from his work more than the tiredness of yesterday and feelings of dirtiness already were. An extra few spritz of perfume were used to mask any scents upon him, certainly filling the noses of those who sat by him in the lecture halls.

As soon as the day was clear, wasting no time on frivolities and social graces among his other peers, he rushed back to Jonathan’s room, walking at a pace notably fast. He noticed it, feeling strange about his concern for the man. He certainly had never felt this way since… his mother, if he recalled. He brushed the thought aside as he opened the door to Jonathan’s room, forgetting to knock.

When Dio returned, Jonathan was in a much better place, sitting up in bed and sipping careful at the liquid. He did not seem hungry, but at least he was eating.

"I am doing much better than before." Jonathan began, setting his spoon down for the time being. "I wouldn't say that I am terribly hungry, but at least I can hold down the broth. It is such a strange feeling to not crave food, I certainly have very seldom had that problem." He looked back up at Dio and tapped his fingers against the tray.

"I know that I am in a worse condition than you are, but the team does not need you getting ill as well. What would they do without us both?" he asked, blue eyes full of concern. "I know you have had very little rest yourself. Perhaps you should go and try to catch up. I am sorry that you had to spend your night tending to my needs." Jonathan had clearly needed looking after, but he could not help but feel guilty that Dio had been the one to do it, even if his attentions had helped renew his faith in Dio’s feelings.

To see Jonathan sitting, the stench of vomit all but dissipated with a bowl of broth on his lap was a welcome sight indeed, and Dio caught himself smiling, genuine. The colour was beginning to return to his cheeks, though he did not look quite his plucky self yet. But compared to how he left him, he seemed a different man completely.

“It is just like you to show concern towards another in such a time, even as you clearly are suffering more than I,” Dio said, perching on the side of the bed near Jonathan’s covered feet, stroking at his legs under the duvet. “But you needn’t worry about me, a warm bath and an early night will cure any minor fatigue yesterday brought. Speaking of which, are you ready for your own? I do remember promising such.”

"Dio, I adore you forever," Jonathan spoke between spoons of broth, very much aware of the fact that he was filthy, and wanting to remedy it quickly. His appetite was still not back yet, something of a testament to how sick he truly was. After about half the bowl, he set it aside and held out his hand to Dio, ready to be helped to the bath.

He was better, but still quite weak, and he staggered once under his own weight on the way to the bath. But with Dio’s help, he managed to steady himself. He was still not ready to get up on his own, and if he had tried as Dio had warned him not to do, he really might have hurt himself. Even
undressing was a slow process, and Jonathan found himself getting frustrated.

"I cannot believe that someone could so easily take all my strength away. I don't believe in revenge but I refuse to let them get away with this. What if they target someone else, like you? I hope I can recover fast." He reached for one of Dio’s hands and squeezed it tightly.

~

“Oh, Jojo,” Dio began returning the squeeze, clasping fingers around Jonathan’s hand. “They will get what is coming to them.”

Dio finished stripping off Jonathan’s clothes, assisting in placing him inside the warm splash of bubbles. Often they would share the tub, but this time he thought it be best Jonathan bathe alone, allow his limbs to stretch and the dirt to come off him soundly. He took a sponge and lathered it with soap, carefully caressing Jonathan’s body with gentle rubs and runs of water.

“I know you do not recall anything strange, but you wouldn’t happen to remember anyone loitering around your equipment during practice, perhaps not seeming suspicious at the time, would you? Remember their appearance?”

~

Despite the fact that he was very ill, Jonathan felt something of a sense of peace. Dio was being gentle with him, in a way he had not seen before. He had never known Dio to be one to look after another, certainly not him. And while they had become closer in the last few months, Dio had never been quite so gentle with him before, treating him as if he were fragile. He supposed at the moment he was, and while he did not like the idea of it, he did indeed enjoy the difference in Dio’s demeanour.

“I truly do not remember anything out of the ordinary. It was a rather unexceptional practice, other than my feeling so ill. Even the water taste was only slightly off.” He pursed his lips as he tried to think of more details, though none were standing out to his point of view.

“All I can think of is that Leo handed me my water, as he has usually done.” Leo was a younger boy from a local family, not old enough to be in the school or try out for the team, but he still had an interest, and enjoyed watching practices and helping where he could.

“Leo is only twelve or thirteen. I doubt he would try to poison anyone.”

~

Scooping up a pool of water in his hands, Dio covered Jonathan’s greasy hair with warm liquid, grabbing some bath oil he had kept in Jonathan’s bathroom and rubbing his hair with it. The mention of the boy hit his ears.

“That brat?” Unlike Jonathan, Dio was not so ready to brush aside the thought that the boy could be behind all this or at least have a part to play. Jonathan always tried to see the best in people, Dio was not so naive.

“I wouldn’t put it past him to be a buggering spy for the opposing team. Probably wanted to sabotage the game for us. Little bastard.” Dio sighed with a bitter huff, unintentionally rubbing at Jonathan’s head harder as his frustrations began to bubble.

~
“Dio! Ouch, stop being so rough!” Jonathan exclaimed, although he had to admit that Dio’s suspicion may have had some merit. “I don’t like to think that a lad such as Leo would resort to poison, but I also did not fall ill on my own, I know that much.” Jonathan looked up at Dio, a strange sort of position for him. Usually he was the one hovering about the other, tending to him like the prince that he was. But right now, Dio was the one in that role.

He started to rise from the tub, only to feel vertigo set in from moving too quickly, as well as discomfort from the rush of cold air. Frowning he hugged himself in the water, he was not used to feeling this weak.

~

Dio let his fingers relax at Jonathan’s exclamation, unaware at the force he had been using. His irritation however, did not simmer. “It is the only likely scenario, Jojo, do not let your trust in others misguide you, people rarely measure up to expectations.” His tone softened. “But it is as I said, you need not focus on such matters. All you need to do is let me rinse you off.”

~

“Alright, thank you,” he said as Dio ran the warm water over his body once more. When he was clean, the blond helped wrap him in a towel and bring him back to the bed. He had wished to start discussing tactics, but found indeed, even with the filth of sickness washed away, he was still not himself, and he needed all his strength just to get back into the bed and pull the covers over him. It was quite frustrating, and with each passing moment Jonathan was starting to feel less and less sympathy towards Leo.

~

Dio had to wonder what may have happened if all the team had been given water by Leo, the entirety of them falling to sickness. Was that his goal, or did he just wish to take out Jonathan? It was silly to feel jealous of the fact he was targeted, but if he was deemed the largest threat then it would stand to reason they went after him. Dio frowned as he placed Jonathan on the bed, flopping down beside him.

“As much as I would want you to play, I think it is best you sit this one out. The team has I, Dio to pick up the slack, and if they have to resort to poisoning our players, they cannot be particularly confident in their own abilities now can they?”

~

“Of course your skill would be able to hold the rest of the team together.” Jonathan was a master at stroking Dio’s ego, among other things, and right now he was feeling incredibly warm towards his lover, so he did not feel any inclination to hold back. “You may not have my strength, but you are certainly stronger than many of the players on both our and rival teams. You have a head for tactic, and you are right -- if they are so worried they need to resort to taking down other players they must have plenty of other weaknesses in their defence.” Jonathan sighed and nestled down into his pillows, a pout on his lips. The thought of sitting out did not appeal to him at all, and while Jonathan did not have a taste for vengeance, he certainly wished to see justice done.

“Even if I cannot play this weekend, the team will manage. But one thing is for certain, my love, that I could never manage without you.” Sweetly he began to kiss Dio’s fingertips, letting his lips and tongue brush against them.

~
Dio turned to look at Jonathan with a twinge of strange lust he had not felt since the beginning of his illness, the man’s fragility taking place in his mind first. Edging closer to Jonathan, he planted a soft kiss to his cheek, before commenting. “Are you trying to tempt me, Jojo. You are too sick for that.”

“I am not trying to tempt you. If you mounted me right now I think I should faint… but oh, you would be a beautiful sight.” Jonathan grinned and tugged Dio closer to him. Even though he was in no shape for intercourse, he enjoyed having Dio near, and his hands began to softly move up and down over Dio’s hips.

“You are beautiful, and strong, and I am just overwhelmed at how lucky I am. It is like having the perfect wife.” Jonathan smirked and reached up to stroke Dio’s hair which had been becoming longer with each passing week. He knew that Dio would enjoy those first two compliments, but most likely want to pinch him for the third. “I look forward to the summer. I am sure that Father will have no problem or suspicion about loaning us the cottage. It will give me a chance to… explore your charms more.”

“I am not your wife, Jojo.” The frown that covered Dio’s face quickly dissipated however, and he relaxed in their hold once more, allowing him to stroke his growing hair, now able to fit in a small ponytail should he wish.

“However… I do quite look forward to the cottage. A summer alone without any distractions is long overdue.” Though it would not lead to more, Dio began to kiss at Jonathan’s exposed neck, smelling the sweet oil on his skin from the bath, with his body no longer stinking of sickness, appeal was returning.

“The summer will be bliss.” Jonathan murmured as a shiver rolled down his spine at Dio’s kisses. He tilted his neck slightly and closed his eyes. “I will be able to catch up on some of my pet research, and I can sleep at your side as if it were natural. Perhaps it will give us a taste of what life will be life after we inherit the mansion.” He said the word ‘we’ so easily, as if there were no doubt that it was anything else but the two of them together.

“I am a bit concerned about your cooking… however, I am willing to try it.” He groaned slightly and shifted in the bed. “Although the thought of any food right now is enough to turn my stomach, not just food prepared by your hands.” Jonathan was not used to a lack of appetite, and he had to hope that it would start to return quickly.

“I do not appreciate my ability being questioned, Jojo. When have I ever failed at anything I have done before? Never.” Dio scoffed, before cheekily adding, “And since you managed to ingest poison without noting any bad taste, I am sure whatever I prepare will be just fine in comparison.”

It had been a long time, closer to a decade than anything else that Dio had cooked a meal for himself or for others. But he had no doubt this was something he could perform perfectly again; and with Jonathan’s wariness, his desire to prove as such was all the more heightened.

Dio moved his hand towards the Jonathan’s stomach, gently massaging it with his fingers. “I am sure you will get back to your gluttonous habits soon enough, but despite that you need to eat. Keep up
your strength. I will have the nurse bring up some more broth for you, and perhaps some bread to keep your stomach settled.”

~

At the light touches to his stomach Jonathan moaned slightly, and rolled onto his side. “I shall try. But my body is certainly not what it usually is.” He curled up, lightly tugging Dio’s arms around him. Most of the time, he was the one doing this to Dio, but the reverse was rather nice as well, and he would have to remember that he did not always need to be the one aggressively giving affection. With a yawn his eyes started to droop again. “I think I should rest more before trying to eat again. I feel much better now that I am clean. Hopefully I can improve enough to at least attend the game this weekend.”
Jonathan did his best over the next few days to recover quickly, eating as much as his meagre appetite would allow, listening to the nurse’s instruction, and not pushing himself too hard. Still, to participate in a rugby match would have been far too much for him by the weekend, and with Dio’s encouragement, he accepted that he needed to sit this one out.

Just because he was not attending the game did not mean he needed to stay in bed, however, and the morning of, he decided to take a walk to the locker room early, curious if Leo would be there as he so often had been before other games. Jonathan thought he might catch him in the act, and as luck would have it, he did -- the boy was adding a suspicious looking powder to a jug of water right as Jonathan walked in. Furious, Jonathan stepped up to him, snatched the envelope full of the powder away, and stared down at the lad.

“I was hoping I would be wrong, yet here you are! Give me one good reason why I should not report you to the authorities right now! Poisoning is a crime, after all, and the dose you gave me might have killed another.”

Unfortunately for Jonathan, Leo immediately did the one thing that threw him completely off balance -- he burst into tears, clung to Jonathan’s shirt, and immediately began to apologise, saying the other team had *made* him do it. When faced with a crying child who might have been coerced into a crime, Jonathan was far less equipped to punish them.

~

Dio made his way to the rugby shed too, holding the same idea as Jonathan to catch Leo in the act, arriving but a couple of minutes late, and thus subject to voices. One was clearly Jonathan’s, and the other a child, sobbing. Dio burst in to find Leo grabbing hold of his shirt with tears streaming down his face, begging for forgiveness. But where Jonathan's weakness for children came into play, Dio did not feel such sympathy. Tearing Leo off of Jonathan, he pushed the boy onto the ground with a harsh shove.

“You think you can just get away with poisoning my brother do you?! Stand up!” The shocked child obeyed Dio with a frightened jump, only to have his neck grabbed. “I ought to kill you right now you little bastard!”

~

Jonathan froze as Dio knocked the boy to the ground, looking as if he might kill. So many emotions were rushing through his mind and it was hard to process them all. On one hand, Dio was physically attacking a boy several years his junior and quite possibly half his weight. Despite any accusations, if the authorities found a twelve year old injured or worse at Dio’s hand, it would not bode well for Dio, Joestar line backing him or not. And Jonathan did feel for the boy. He was frightened and alone, possibly forced by the other team into doing this, and now looked like he was going to get a whipping from Dio as well.

But at the same time, Dio was fighting for him. Dio cared enough about his wellbeing, was affected enough by seeing him sick, to lose himself to anger. Jonathan’s heart twisted in his chest, he knew that he should *not* be pleased to see such a thing. But these last few days, he had felt as if he had seen a new side to Dio. A side that was tender, without meaning to be, and a side that needed him. Dio might not have given him the words he wished to hear often, but he showed his love in other ways.
This violent act was one of them, but it was not a way Jonathan could condone.

“Dio, stop it right now!” Jonathan cried, grabbing him by the shoulder. “…If you hurt him, it will do no good.” His eyes fell on the boy. “I want you to tell the authorities what happened, it is the right thing to do. The game today will most likely be forfeited to us, but my dearest brother here will not take your throat. And I will not press charges so long as you do as I say.” Jonathan pulled back and folded his arms across his chest. Dio would still think he was too soft, but at least he would not be in jail.

~

The boy was more of a patsy, than anything else. He was there, and the direct contact, but Dio knew he was just a pawn. But forced or not, Dio did not take kindly to deeds done against him. And hurting Jonathan was a personal insult.

But Jonathan’s firm grip on his shoulder stopped him from doing anything too rash, and his head snapped back to see the brunet try and rationalise why he should not go through with his actions.

Dio snarled, fingers still wrapped tight around Leo’s neck, blocking him from breathing properly and turning his face red. But after tightening his hold for a few more painful seconds, he let go, and Leo fell to the ground once more, coughing and spluttering and rubbing his sore throat, tears in his eyes and running down his cheeks.

“There’s no need to bring the authorities into this, Jojo,” Dio said with furrowed brows and a dark leer. “I don’t want us winning this match by default, what would that say about Hugh Hudson? We are perfectly able to settle the score on the field. Rugby is a rough sport after all. Any number of accidents can happen out. Fatal injuries…”

~

“Dio, no! I will not stand for it!” Jonathan pushed himself between Dio and Leo, holding his arms out as the boy rubbed at his throat from the ground. “Do not stoop to the level of those who hold a game in more regard than another person’s wellbeing!”

Jonathan’s expression quickly melted to one of disgust. He understood by now that Dio came from a different world, and a cruel one at that. And he knew better than anyone the effects of the poison; he had, after all, lived through them, and was still recovering.

~

“Why are you defending them?!” Dio shouted at Jonathan. “If this boy is able enough to poison you, if the entire team is wanting to wish you harm, then they deserve what is coming to them.” He turned to the Leo, still on the floor. “Who put you up to this? There had to be someone specific, the group leader.”

“I-I…” Leo started, too slow and stuttering for Dio’s liking.

“Ha, I bet it was that bastard who talked big, then threw a fit after losing last season, what was his name? Oh I had wanted to smash his face in. Looks like I will be getting a second chance.”

~

“Leave it be, Dio. I do not have the energy to fight you right now. But I can promise you that if I were to watch you hurt him, I would wind up right back in bed again. And were you to be caught…” Jonathan shook his head. “I was the one poisoned, and I say let it go.” Jonathan’s blue
eyes stared relentlessly into Dio’s amber.

~

Dio shook his head at Jonathan’s words, despite being poisoned he would stand up against Dio, stop him from taking action. “Jojo, it’s only your strong constitution that keeps you up now, if you were a smaller man, a weaker man that dosage would have killed you, or at least kept you bedridden for far longer than you were. Can’t you see I’m doing this for you?!”

At that comment, Leo began to sob again, claiming he did not realise that amount would kill Jonathan, he only intended to put him out of the game like the team wanted. Dio felt no sympathy, barking at him to immediately shut up before he made him.

~

"I know you are doing it out of love for me, but I don't want you to!" Jonathan spat, not even thinking that he had just used the word love. They were after all brothers, so there should be no harm in it, and even if there was, he would not care. "I don't care if they tried to kill me, I don't want the blood of anyone on my hands!!"

There was a hint of desperation in his voice and in his eyes as he looked at Dio. He could see the bloodlust in his gaze, he knew that Dio wanted to protect his own like a wolf defending his mate, but they were humans, not animals. And Jonathan could see nothing good coming from this. Even if he let the boy go, if that blood lust came up on the field, it would be far worse than a game being forfeit. Dio could get the team in trouble, or worse, land himself in jail.

Taking Leo by the hand and snatching the envelope from him, he gently but firmly led him from the shed, keeping his body between the boy and Dio as he did so. The referee would be on his way to the field, and once everything was explained, the proper authorities would be notified.

Jonathan would have a furious Dio on his hands, but at least not a jailed one. Or one whom he could never look in the eye again for he watched him strangle another for his own sake.

~

Of course, given the circumstances, Hugh Hudson were granted an automatic win, but all it left was a bitter taste in Dio’s mouth. He was not even able to serve revenge on the field, but his hands were all but tied. At least for now.

His day wasted, Dio returned to his bedroom, slumping down on his bed in an angered huff. He had planned to spend the rest of his day with Jonathan, after winning the match and showing those fools who tried to harm he and Jojo a thing or two, but now the last thing he wished to see was Jonathan’s face.

~

Once the hubbub of hearing the confessions and seeing that the evidence was given to the proper authorities, Jonathan felt even more drained than if he had actually played in a normal game. His body was only just starting to feel like its old self again, and his appetite was beginning to return. But right now, he did not have much of an appetite for anything. Once it was all over, he slumped down against a tree on the edge of the field and closed his eyes, trying to clear his head.

Dio meant to hurt, to maim, there was no doubt about it, and it weighed heavily on Jonathan’s mind. Dio had it in him to hurt others (Jonathan knew this quite well) but also to bring himself down in spite of himself. If he had been the one to discover Leo first, if Jonathan had not been there in time…
Suddenly, he could not stand it any longer. He stood and rushed in the direction of Dio’s dorm. By the time he arrived he was winded and out of breath, he had probably over exerted himself, but he didn’t care. As soon as Dio opened the door, he stepped inside, shoved the door closed behind him, and pulled him into a fierce kiss, not letting up until Dio pushed him off.

“Dio…” Jonathan caught his breath and wiped the sweat from his brow. “I know you are mad at me right now, but I shall take it…you can be mad at me every day for the rest of our lives. Please… don’t bring yourself to a place where I cannot follow.”

~

A kiss was the last thing Dio expected of Jonathan. He expected the man to come charging in, accusing him of heinous acts with that extreme sense of justice he had, even to the detriment of himself. He expected them to yell and debate until one of them left in a rage, or alternatively tears.

But instead he was met with fervent affection, disallowing him from speaking until their lips parted. And despite his weakness, Jonathan held on for as long as he could as their lips locked.

Irritation aside, after being starved of such affection for the majority of the week, Dio could not help but reciprocate, darting his tongue within Jonathan’s mouth, before finally recalling himself.

“You said yourself you wished to wring the neck of whoever did this to you, yet when I make true on your desires, I am the one met with your anger!”

~

Jonathan cupped Dio's face in his hands, meeting his expression of anger and frustration with exhaustion. He was too tired to fight with his usual fervour, but that did not make him any less determined to drive his point home.

"And there are times, my love, when I have said I wished to wring your own neck. It doesn't mean I actually would." Jonathan sighed and raised a hand to lightly touch Dio's hair, as if relieved that he was able to do so. "I understand that in life there are times where violence is necessary in self-defence. And I know that your desire to cause pain was caused by your anger over what had happened to me. But you cannot do that! You cannot beat a child in vengeance Dio, you cannot plot to beat others to a pulp on the field.”

Jonathan tilted Dio's chin up to look him in the eye. "You are not in the slums anymore. The world is no longer quite as ‘dog eats the dog’. If you hurt someone when the law could have sufficed… I cannot help you down that road. Which is why I am trying to steer you away from it.”

~

Dio took Jonathan’s wrist in one hand, though did not pull it away from his cupped face. “There is no need to bring my childhood into this, one has nothing to do with the other. You are still so naive about the world, Jojo. That idealistic trust in people and the law will get you killed someday if you are not careful.”

Sighing, he shook his head, closing his eyes over before facing him directly.

“But fine. You got what you wished for, the team won by a meagre forfeit and all is jolly good. Seems rather anticlimactic, I cannot say I agree with this leniency.”

~
Jonathan frowned, knowing that there was no point in arguing about this. He kicked off his shoes and walked over to Dio’s bed, flopping down on it, staring up at the ceiling.

“Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I am too naive. And perhaps I am right, perhaps you are too quick to use force. Isn’t it fortunate that we have each other to balance ourselves out?” Jonathan tilted his head in Dio’s direction with a smile, motioning with a finger for Dio to join him on the bed. Once the two were comfier, and Jonathan’s arms were wrapped about Dio, he began to whisper.

“I must confess, the last few days, you have made me the happiest in my darkest hour. And today, when you were so angry that you were willing to hurt others for me…” Jonathan shook his head. “Of course I did not like it, but part of me could not help but see it as a sign of your love and affection.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s cheek. “You give me so few of those, I suppose anything makes me happy.”

~

“I am right,” Dio said without a moment’s pause. “And one day you will learn first-hand I am sure of it.” But in some ways Jonathan had a point, they truly were opposites in many of their mindsets, perhaps a compromising equilibrium could be found in the centre. It would not stop Dio from believing his views were the smarter, logical and more practical, of course.

Upon the kiss and affectionate words, Dio rolled his eyes and pouted. “You were poisoned, and I was about to hold the same fate. I was attempting to execute justice, don’t take it too much to heart.” Though he brushed his hair over his ears, the tips were turned a deeper shade of red.

~

Jonathan noticed the hints of the blush, but wisely chose not to say anything about it. Instead, he nuzzled his cheek to Dio’s and then playfully nipped at his ear. “I am certain you are, it must have nothing to do with your feelings for me at all.” Another nip was given as he pulled Dio down onto the bed, seeming very content right now.

“You should be happy. No one else was poisoned, our team is still in first place, and your darling brother has recovered fully. Nearly, at any rate.”

His arm around Dio began to slacken as he shifted on the bed, raising a hand to stifle his yawn. “I am rather exhausted though. Almost too exhausted to antagonise you, or even to beg you to come to dinner with me. So, if you do not mind. I shall make myself comfortable, and you can resume whatever brooding or reading or school work you were hard at work on before I interrupted you.

Lips lightly grazed over Dio’s cheek before Jonathan curled up and started to snooze. He was still weak, and the fact that he chose rest over dinner showed that his body had not recovered fully yet. But he was far better than he had been, and was content at Dio’s side.
It took a few more days, but Jonathan soon made a full and complete recovery, and it could not have come sooner. Final exams were leering, but first came the Easter break, and Jonathan’s birthday thrown right in the middle.

The pair had returned to the Joestar estate for the holiday period, but still Dio had yet to get Jonathan a present. He knew the general gist of what he wanted to get the other -- something archaeological, something Mesoamerican based, something of value, but what, he did not know.

He had already told the older, more foolish Joestar that he planned to take a trip to London, and unfortunately he suspected Jonathan knew of the reason, but it did not matter, he was not aware of what he would be getting, mainly because Dio did not know either.

He left and arrived early and quickly made his way to the specialist stores that would sell something that matched his criteria; after asking and walking and being incredibly bored. But lo and behold, there it was: a first edition, handwritten text on ancient South American artefacts. With only fifty odd copies ever created -- three sold in this store -- it was perfect.

And incredibly out of Dio’s price range.

But that was not nearly enough to deter him.

Dio had stolen before, plenty of times. It was a necessary tool in childhood, and he had gotten rather good at it. The need was far less pressing in his current life, but he supposed old habits died hard, and pinching was a proclivity not entirely lost to him. He had stolen books before, for the sake of his education back when he presumed schooling was no option. Never in a store such as this, but the action hardly differed, all it took was a sleight of hand and a swap of one outer cover for another. Actually, he was rather surprised how easy it was, but decided to let that speak for his own prowess.

With the intention of hop, skipping and jumping into the nearest carriage and carrying himself back home scot free, several streets away from the book store Dio was distracted by a small jewellery store, the glow of sparkling accessories catching his eye. Jonathan had never been much of a man for gemstones, but it did remind him of the gifts he had gotten him in the past, mostly cuff links and rings and brooches.

Stepping close, the display on the shop window displayed a row of earrings. Studs, dangling pairs and hoops all called to him with temptation, and Dio found himself stroking at his lobe with an absent minded finger.

Jonathan had given him an earring too, just one; his mother’s. He had never been able to wear it, for one very obvious reason. Perhaps it was time he changed that.

***

On the morning of his birthday, Jonathan woke to find a pot of coffee and hot chocolate on his table with cream and sugar on the side, as well as a rather sweet breakfast of cinnamon buns, croissants, scones and jam. There were also well as some luncheon meats in case he was feeling remotely savoury.

More importantly however, Dio was by his side, waking him up gently with a stroke through his dark locks. “Many happy returns, Jojo,” he said with a smile, giving the still groggy man a kiss. “How does some morning birthday fellatio sound?”
On prior birthdays, Dio would have exchanged pleasantries with him, along with a present, they may have shared a few laughs at a family dinner with George, but there was always that underlying unresolved tension. Jonathan had never expected to wake up on the morning of his nineteenth birthday and find not only Dio, not only breakfast in bed, but Dio gladly offering to suck his cock. Stranger things had happened in the course of history, he supposed. But not by much.

“Good morning to you too.” Jonathan replied as he sat up in his pyjamas, running his fingers over his bed head hair, which had grown out nicely since Christmas, and was perhaps even in need of a trim soon. His cheeks were flushing red from Dio’s suggestion, but that did not mean he disliked the idea.

“I… that is kind of you to offer,” Jonathan began, cheeks still pink. “I had planned on asking you later in the day if we could… but that would be hours from now and in the meantime, I would not object.” Jonathan could still be oddly shy about sex acts from time to time, though he had come a long way in the months since they first began as lovers. Sweeping away the blanket without a care for the morning chill, he wriggled out of his pyjama bottoms, revealing an already hard phallus for Dio to toy with.

“Consider it your first gift of the day, along with breakfast,” Dio said wetting his lips. “And while I realise my talents may lead you to believe this is as good as it can get, I think I may just have something better.” He paused. “Well, it will likely be a close call.”

And with that, he lowered his head.

Dio centred his attentions on the hardened member first and foremost, licking the head and fondling Jonathan’s balls to a full state of arousal before slowly taking the entire length in his mouth, nose nestling at the pubic hairs of the base. He pulled up in the same slow fashion, enjoying the moans he was already being granted, and earning himself more as he picked up the pace, bobbing his head about, creating a rhythm in his movements that he felt Jonathan match in his thrusts, looking for more friction.

Jonathan’s hands went to his sides as Dio worked, clutching his bed sheets tightly. He had always, right from the beginning, had great skill with his mouth and lips, and could bring Jonathan to an orgasm with great ease. Today was no different, and he reached his climax quickly, glad they could finally do this again after his recovery.

Once Jonathan’s seed had spilled in Dio’s mouth, he took a moment to kiss Dio and then wash himself up hastily, as the breakfast was waiting. Picking up a cinnamon bun he took a large bite, before washing it back with some hot chocolate. “You know exactly what I enjoy waking up to, Dio. No wife could do better.” He enjoyed the breakfast, gazing at Dio with a smile every so often, perhaps the traces of a blush still being there.

In truth, Dio made him incredibly happy, for all the hard work that he was to deal with at times. And in recent days, he had started to truly feel as if Dio was also, in his own way, trying to make Jonathan happy as well. “I am lucky to have you, Dio. If there was nothing else for my birthday this year, I would still be content.”
Of course a maid and the chef had done the cooking, but Dio had preparing and organised the continental morning feast provided. A year ago he never would consider something like this, never would have even recalled Jonathan’s particular love for specific foods, only that he was a glutton in all areas. How things could change in less than a year.

“I’m sure you would be content with, I, Dio, for who wouldn’t be?” Dio said with the same arrogant confidence as always. “But I do have something else for you, which of course, would only go to increase your adoration and satiation for having a profound lover such as myself. Now, come join me and tell me how you wish to spend your day. For once I will be almost completely accommodating with your desires. There is no surprise party waiting for you like last year, however, I thought you would enjoy something more… intimate.”

~

Jonathan cheerfully took hearty bites of the breakfast, eating eagerly, though perhaps not as sloppily as he used to. He was nineteen now, after all, and he was not without some measure of refinement. Perhaps this was because of Dio’s presence, the other boy had a way of making him think about his appearance as he never had before.

Jonathan eventually settled next to Dio on the bed, smelling of chocolate, cinnamon, and lavender. There was even a smear of the cinnamon on the corner of Jonathan’s lip, despite his efforts to be refined. He looked happy as sin, positively delighted and relaxed.

“Let’s go riding, and then lounge somewhere out of sight, away from father and any other prying eyes. No race this time, my prince can gallop ahead of me if he so pleases.” Jonathan grinned. "And should the ground be muddy you can sit on my jacket, I do not care. Let us simply enjoy some peace together.”

~

“Riding…” Dio was immediately beginning to regret his promise to do as Jonathan wanted, but today he was going to be a man of his word, and follow through. “Fine, as you wish, my dear knight, I shall oblige you.” Taking the familiar position they had grown accustomed to, Dio nestled himself in Jonathan’s hold, head rested on his chest, Jonathan’s arms wrapped around him warmly. The combination of scents was pleasant.

As much as Jonathan could be accommodating, sometimes it was not necessary. “We could just bring a picnic blanket, there really is no need to ruin your jacket.” For a while they lay, little adjustment required, but as Dio moved to stretch, it was only then he noticed the cinnamon smear.

“Hold on, Jojo,” he said abruptly. “There is something on your face.” Cupping it, Dio brought his head forward to lick his lover clean. A completely unnecessary move, but after pulling back for a moment to explain what it was, they found themselves locking lips for reasons other than cleanliness.

~

The kiss, though sudden, was extremely warm and welcome, Jonathan finding himself resting his hands on Dio’s hips and drawing him in closer, holding it until he felt satisfied. In truth, they had all day for such things, and that was all Jonathan had wanted.

The ride was only about half an hour or so, when they came to a spot beside a lake. The area was picturesque and in full bloom for spring time. It was an ideal spot to relax with a little privacy, and so he stopped, tying the horses off to a tree. He offered his hand to Dio to help him down, and spread out an old blanket on the ground, setting out a bottle and two glasses. With the way Jonathan looked
after Dio, one might think he was taking his role as knight a bit too seriously. But Jonathan did not mind.

“…To my first birthday with you at my side.” Jonathan spoke as he handed Dio a glass of champagne. “First of many, I hope.”

~

“I am sure we have plenty yet,” Dio replied with a smile, taking the champagne in hand, and clinking the flutes together.

Once a substantial amount had been drunk, Dio made his way onto Jonathan’s lap in the form of a straddle, and once again kissed him. It was always nice to do such things out in the open; they could pretend had no need to hide.

“So… tell me, Jojo…” he started with a playful lilt. “What are you thinking of doing in this quiet, secluded location? Anything interesting?” After a while the kiss broke and Dio in his ear with hot breaths, taking in his scent and warmth.

~

Jonathan, with his lower tolerance, knew champagne would go right to his head. So he sipped at it a bit slower than Dio, taking some care to not become tipsy too fast. But it was his birthday after all, and he did feel the need to celebrate. Dio in his lap and kissing him certainly helped the celebratory mood. Once his head had a light and pleasant buzz, he stretched back on the blanket lazily, bringing Dio down with him.

“‘Interesting’ in your definition usually involves one or both of our cocks.” Jonathan replied with a smirk, reaching a hand up to card through Dio’s hair. “Can I not just simply enjoy your presence without feeling the need to take pleasure in your body?” Even as he spoke, however, his free hand moved over Dio’s hip, and began to slip beneath the waistband of his breeches, not so much to grope him, but just to feel the warmth of his skin, hidden beneath the fabric.

~

“Well you cannot deny that your cock, my cock, both our cocks can serve to be so. And it is not as if you won’t be getting anything out of it.” Dio moaned slightly when Jonathan stuck his hand inside, pouting however, when there little movement beside it.

“While I am all for you revelling in my presence, you are sending rather mixed messages with your hand down my trousers, Jojo.”

~

“It is lovely out here. And taking you would be lovelier, but I can be patient. We are so close to home after all…I wouldn’t want to be recognised.” He sighed deeply, and buried his face in Dio’s shoulder. “If I could have one thing, that would be it. To be able to show the world that I love you.”

~

“Well… even with my vast capabilities I doubt I could do that. At least not without us being sent to a nice prison for committing acts of gross indecency.” Dio did not like to think of anything he did as grossly indecent, but that was not going to stop the world from believing it was. He kept the mood light, deciding it was the perfect time to bring out Jonathan’s present.
So abruptly he stood. “While it may not be absolution from the law, I do have something I’m sure you will be pleased with.”

Though it would surely be torn to shreds momentarily, Dio had wrapped up Jonathan’s gift rather splendidly in a decorative gold paper, with a mix of blue, purple and red ribbon tied together to make an extravagant bow. The tag on the side said “Yours, Dio,” the ‘I’ dotted with a heart, and the penmanship ever so cursive.

“Happy birthday once again.” Dio was smiling, excited. He did not usually feel this way about giving, but he did not dislike it.

~

Jonathan was excited to see what Dio had bought for his birthday. While in the past presents exchanged between them had been simple formalities, Christmas had shown Jonathan just how thoughtful Dio could be when he felt the need to be generous. The paper was torn from the package, though he was very careful to save the tag, finding it amusing and almost feminine how he dotted his ‘i’ with a heart. He eagerly tore through the rest to find what was inside.

When Jonathan’s eyes fell on the book, his touch became delicate and careful. He carefully cracked the binding open, running his fingers across the page, and spotted the publishing date. His eyes grew and he turned the pages, flipping through the Spanish text carefully, his mouth dropping open in utter shock.

“D-Dio….” Jonathan staggered. “This is…a first edition. It’s priceless in the archaeological community.” Not priceless, per say, it had a price, but that price was more than most could afford. Even Lord Joestar himself would have thought twice about spending that much money on a “frivolity’. To Jonathan, it was not frivolous, it was his research, but he still would have never expected a gift such as this one. He would have been content with borrowing it under supervision for a few hours.

Dio did not pay for this. He had money, yes, their father was quite generous with their spending allowance, but not this generous. And Dio himself was far more frugal than to spend a fortune on a gift. A rush of emotions flowed through Jonathan, but he only let the most overwhelming one show - gratitude.

“You did not have to do this for me.” He set the book aside and took Dio’s hands into his own. “You do not ever have to do anything like this for me, ever.” He gave them a squeeze and looked into his eyes, trying to convey some of his suspicions without words. “But thank you from the bottom of my heart. You know me so well, I-I…” He did not wish to get emotional, so instead he pulled Dio into a strong embrace. “…Thank you.”

~

“I wished to get you something you would truly appreciate. Do you like it?” Dio returned the hug, letting his grip tighten around Jonathan’s form, proud of the reaction he received. “There is little I would not do for you.”

~

There was something slightly odd about Dio right now in Jonathan’s eyes, and he had trouble putting his finger on it at first. It was not entirely a bad thing, no. But when Jonathan actually thought about it, he realised that this was such a drastic change from the Dio who had been trudging behind him in the snow, angry that Jonathan had chosen to leave school in the middle of a storm.
Before then, Dio had never cared about his happiness before. Oh, he paid him lip service. They ate together, studied together, played rugby together. There was a certain amount of friendliness there, but never warmth. And now as he held Dio in his embrace, he felt warmer than ever. Yes, Dio was still rigid, and egotistical, and had a sharp mean streak in him which Jonathan would forever be on his guard for. But he was more than that, he was intelligent, he was quick on his feet and with his words, and while he did not love easily, Jonathan knew he loved fiercely.

Dio loved Jonathan with his own brand of fervour, and now Jonathan could see it beyond a shadow of a doubt.

He pulled back slightly from the embrace, and looked into Dio’s eyes, an incredibly soft and tender look in his own blue ones. “I know there is. There is little I would not do for you as well.” Jonathan pulled him back in, and rested his head on his shoulder, whispering words he never thought he’d say to Dio. “Don’t ever change.”

~

“I wasn’t planning on doing so, but I will be sure not to, now that you’ve asked.” There was a gentle humour to his response, but it warmed Dio a little. He had always felt Jonathan try to -- fix him, make him ‘better’ or change him ever since their relationship began. He often wondered what Jonathan’s motives were, if he was just trying to keep Dio in check. It was the first time he had ever been told not to change, at least by him. It was… pleasant.

And so was the rest of their time at the lake. Surprisingly, they managed to evade sinking down to the lower areas of their bodies for enjoyment, but there were kisses and touches aplenty, merged with happy conversation and Jonathan beginning to read the first chapter of his new gift -- Dio assisting with the Spanish while resting his head on Jonathan’s lap, for Jonathan was rather terrible at rolling his Rs.

Upon returning to the Joestar Estate, though for every other moment since the day Jonathan had woken up, they had spent it together, Dio took about an hour before dinner to himself. Jonathan would not know at the time, but he was preparing his final gift of the night. But for now… a feast of Jonathan’s favourite meals with he and George.

~

Jonathan enjoyed their time by the lake immensely, and it made him hopeful for the coming summer, as well as everything else that lay before them. He felt at peace with Dio in a way he never had before. In the previous months, there had always been intense attraction mixed with violent clashes. While he was sure there would be plenty more where that came from, this felt like a nice, calm middle ground, where he could take simple pleasure in Dio’s company and conversation.

Jonathan was in a good mood during dinner, which George attributed to it being his birthday. He ate heartily as he normally did, and took a large slice of cake for dessert. The day was coming to an end, and he was content with it. It had quite possibly been one of his best birthdays in memory, only coming second to his eighteenth, which had been a huge affair. It was a close call, but the day was almost over, and Jonathan did not think there would be anything else to happen to change his mind.

Of course, he knew that Dio was going to come to his bed that night. They had burned the midnight oil with each other quite a few times over the course of this break, perhaps making up for the fact that Jonathan’s recovery, school, and rugby had been coming between such intimacies for a while. He looked forward to it and would enjoy it, but he was not expecting anything different.

When the evening’s activities came to a close, Jonathan walked up the stairs with Dio, content. “…
This has been a lovely day. Pity it is already over… I cannot thank you enough for everything.”
Jonathan smiled brightly at him, completely ignorant to the fact that Dio did have one last surprise in store.
Dio took Jonathan’s hand, guiding him up the stairs in a quick but seductive saunter, walking backwards with expert motions until they reached his bedroom. Opening the door, he pulled Jonathan in quickly, locking it behind with a flick of the key.

“I want you to undress me,” Dio announced once they were inside, his voice demanding and of course utterly flirtatious. He added, “Slowly. You’re going to want to savour each and every second of this, let me assure you.”

Dio had been sure to wear a number of layers on top, wrapped up rather like a present really. He even had a bow around his neck.

~

Jonathan was smiling, but he quirked his head slightly, looking at Dio with confusion. Of course, he enjoyed stripping Dio, there was no question. But why was there a need to do so slowly? Jonathan's heart started pounding in his chest, from both nerves and anticipation. Dio's bedroom endeavours almost always ended with Jonathan feeling satisfied, but that did not mean that he felt immediately comfortable.

"Dio, surely you are just attempting to draw things out," Jonathan said with a nervous chuckle. "I undress you all the time when we are able." And it was true. Sometimes Jonathan undressed him before bed without any intention of sexual acts after, he just enjoyed the act itself, and getting to admire his lover in the process.

He untied the bow, which was typically more a clothing article he would wear rather than Dio, and began to pull off his jacket, and unbutton his shirt, only to be greeted by another layer. "Was this truly necessary?" Jonathan murmured as he continued to work, when suddenly, a bit of lace showed from under his second layer. Jonathan stopped, his mouth dropping open, staring in shock at the other man. "D-Dio."

He continued to work at a slow and careful pace, his mind still absorbing what he was seeing. His body, however was not so slow on the uptake, and a noticeable bulge could be seen in his trouser straight away.

~

Dio was wearing a corset.

A very lacy, tight, corset, patterned with small white bows, with a pale blue colour as the base. With the intricate back with criss crossing ribbons, it took Dio a criminal amount of time to do on his own. The piece stopped just below the chest, reveal pink, pert nipples as the shirt slipped from his shoulders, landing on the floor below.

His breeches came next, and Jonathan pulled them off slowly to present Dio in skimpy undergarments, belonging to the same set as the corset. Attached with clips were plain white stockings that travelled from his upper thighs to his feet, leaving but a small gap to show the milky flesh of his thighs.
Once his body was completely exposed, Dio placed his hands around his tightly tucked waist, flipping his blond hair out in a shameless display. “What do you think?” he asked with confidence despite (or more appropriately, because of) the scantily clad attire. He could see the protrusion of Jonathan’s cock evidently already, and glanced down at it, proud that in these short moments, he was already in such a state.

~

Deep down, Jonathan knew that he would never lose his attraction to the female form, even if he was happily involved with Dio. But there were times when Jonathan would see a pretty woman on the streets (usually a blonde) swinging her hips and moving in that feminine way, and find his head turned to admire without thinking about it. Guilt would follow after. Commitment was important to Jonathan, and he did not wish to be untrue to Dio in any way, shape or form.

The idea of a man dressing in a woman’s attire was foreign to Jonathan, unless it was done in jest or for theatre. Men did not wear those things, any more than the sky would turn green. And yet, here was Dio, not only wearing it, but wearing it well. The other man had always been on the leaner side, particularly when compared to Jonathan. His features could also have been defined as ‘pretty’. And with the feminine details, along with his longer hair, that showed even more.

Eventually Jonathan wound up on his knees, half because they had become unsteady, and half because he wanted to fall to the floor. He knelt before Dio, lightly touching one of his stocking encased feet, and pressed a kiss to his toe, then his ankle, then his calf, then his thigh, working his way up his chest. When he reached his collarbone, Jonathan suddenly pinned Dio to the bed by his shoulders and pushed him into a heavy kiss, not letting up for quite a while. In the meantime, his lower body straddled Dio, the erection now prodding into him noticeably.

“…I can’t believe you did this.” Was his response when the kiss did break.

~

Dio had explored the realm of corsetry and other attire not usually meant for males his own bedroom privacies, pinching in his waist in, and slipping himself into old dresses he found in storage, but had never thought to reveal it to another. Not until Jojo.

With Jonathan’s kisses to his near naked form, Dio found himself hardening too, cock making the lacy underwear bulge out; it would have been easy as day to simply slip off the fabric from the tip while still keeping it on. Jonathan would like that he thought, to suck him off with the lingerie still on… but right now he seemed to have other intentions, and Dio could only assume after being thrown on the bed and straddled there was a hundred percent chance the other man was going to take him.

“You still haven’t answered my question, Jojo,” Dio said after catching his breath. “What do you think?”

~

What did Jonathan think? It was hard to put into words, as it felt as if Dio had broken his mind. He never expected Dio to wear this attire, and he never expected to ever truly be able to enjoy his admiration for the feminine in the bedroom. But Dio had turned those nevers upside down, and Jonathan wasn’t sure what to think.

He did however know how he felt.
With a swift movement, his hands yanked his belt open, and started to shimmy out of his pants. Shoes and socks were kicked off hastily, not wishing to waste a moment where he could be admiring and fondling Dio’s body. He managed to half unbutton his shirt before he could not hold back anymore. His mouth went to Dio’s neck, biting and sucking hard. It was unintentional, but there would be marks left. His hand travelled to Dio’s own bulge and dipped a hand beneath the rim of the silky fabric, fingers wrapping about his cock and giving it several long, hard strokes.

“I think… that I need to fuck you. Now.” And with that slightly cruder choice of words than Jonathan usually used, he rolled Dio onto his stomach and reached in his bedside drawer for the bottle of oil he usually kept there. He tugged down the undergarment, just enough to free his cock and give him access to his rear, straight away inserting two oil soaked fingers to prepare him.

~

“Oh Jojo, how crass you sound… Do I, Dio truly affect you that much?” He gasped as oil slicked fingers invaded his hole, pushing in with little word of warning or notification, slamming into him hard and spreading him wide. This was no slow process -- Jonathan was simply prepping him for the full usage as fast as a possibly could.

“So eager,” Dio said, moving his legs up with Jonathan still inside so rather than lying flat he was ass up. “Would you like me like this, or perhaps you’d prefer to gaze upon my perfect visage. Since it’s your birthday, feel free to do as you please.”

~

There was no answer to Dio’s question, as Jonathan was far too concerned with getting Dio prepped and ready as quickly as possible. Even in this heightened, frenzied state of arousal, Jonathan would never dream of entering Dio without at least some preparation. Rather hastily two fingers became three, and three became four, moving more rapidly than he might have normally done.

Dio’s answer came in the form of Jonathan withdrawing his fingers, a hand at his hips guiding them forward, and the sudden thrust of Jonathan’s cock into Dio’s ass. Jonathan exhaled loudly as he did so, as if finally entering him was a relief from a tension he had long been holding. He began to thrust, giving only the smallest amount of time for Dio to adjust before pounding harder, and harder, and harder. Right now, Jonathan was being ruthlessly selfish, which was very unusual for him. All he cared about was finding sweet released within Dio, and getting it as quickly as possible.

At this sort of eager pace, it was no surprise when he came before Dio could finish, but once he had caught his breath, he set right to work at rectifying his own selfishness. After he withdrew, he gently rolled Dio onto his back, starting with a kiss, and then trailing downward, taking a few moments to tease and suckle his nipples. Before long, those lips were being put to use on Dio’s cock, giving it the attention that it had not been getting while Jonathan took his fill.

With all the bed play they had been having in the course of the week, it would not having been surprising for Jonathan to have felt satisfied after one round. After all, he had just come that morning in Dio’s mouth, and had exerted himself in finishing right now, which showed in the way his body glistened with sweat. But while he was sucking, his own cock eventually came back to life, and this time, he would use it with Dio’s pleasure in mind.

“Are you ready, Dio?” This time he thought to ask, giving his already slick hole a gentle probe with a few fingers.
Dio was surprised to feel the other’s warm seed spill before his own -- that was rare. It didn’t last long either, he must have truly been roused.

Dio let himself enjoy the actions, his nipples hardening from the sucks, cock and body feeling the throbs deeply, especially as he found himself own in Jonathan’s mouth, sucked in the way he had learned so adeptly. Again however, he was unable to finish as Jonathan pulled out too soon, though the probe in his hole was appreciated with a moan and taut of his body.

“That is a question you will always know the answer to,” Dio replied to Jonathan “But I want you to look at me this time.”

~

“You needn’t ask, I had planned on it.” Jonathan declared as he pressed his length inside of Dio for the second time in less than an hour. His blue eyes were fixated on Dio’s amber ones, as his hips moved against him in a more refined manner than before. In their months together Jonathan had learned a great deal in how Dio’s body worked, what he liked best, and how to make him come in a variety of positions. He knew that Dio liked it hard and deep, and so he gave it to him, hands in the meantime resting on Dio’s sides to guide his hips along.

This second time was about Dio’s pleasure, and so Jonathan focused on him in full, kissing and nipping his ear as he knew he liked, marking his neck with rough bites, hips pounding relentlessly. A hand moved to grab Dio’s cock, pumping it smoothly to help him along. Only once Dio’s seed was spilled, sticky and hot on Jonathan’s stomach, did Jonathan finally release once again.

And promptly, Jonathan fell over.

It took him a few minutes of lying next to Dio, covered in come and sweat, to catch his breath. And once he was done, he tilted his head to look at Dio, his face flushed, his hair a mess, his eyes a mixture between happiness and stunned.

“…You realise that you are going to have an awfully hard time topping this birthday, especially if you plan on being with me for the rest of my days.”

~

After recovering from his orgasm, Dio rolled over, facing Jonathan with a light smile. “I still have a few tricks up my sleeve, I am sure of it.” His finger skirted across Jonathan’s chest, circling round, slicking the wide, tanned expanse, making it glisten in the light. “After all, this is not the only outfit I bought.”

~

“You have…more?” Jonathan asked, as he let that statement sink in. His cheeks turned bright red, and he found himself feeling as if he was back to square one, as he had felt in the early days of his relationship with Dio. “Dio…I…” Jonathan buried his face in his pillow, looking completely flushed and embarrassed. Beyond that, if Dio checked the sheets between his legs, he would see the start of a bulge. It would not take a mind reader to tell that the thought of Dio and those other outfits was taking over his imagination.

“Dio, I don’t know if I can stand this! It’s…it’s…is it even decent for me to be this bloody aroused?! Jonathan was holding the pillow over his face, looking absolutely flustered in an almost adorable way.
“It’s funny, seeing you like this,” Dio said with a laugh taking Jonathan’s hand in his own, unable to see his face behind the pillow. “You were not even this red for our first time, I would have imagined that far more daunting and embarrassing an endeavour.”

Smirking, he reached down and he fondled Jonathan’s hardening crotch, surprising the man, who had been blinded by the pillow. “Now, let’s see about this now shall we?”

“D-Dio!!” Jonathan had not expected him to just dive into more teasing and toying. By now, however, he should have expected as much. “Dio… I… I don’t deserve this. You are too good to me, too accepting of my shortcomings.” Jonathan was being generous right now, but generosity was in his nature. He legitimately felt sorry that his attractions were not for Dio alone, but since Dio was accepting him anyway…

“How can I return the favour?” Jonathan set the pillow aside and pulled off the sheet, revealing his hardened cock. “Would you like me inside you again? Or perhaps you wish to ride me? Tell me what you want.” Hands moved over Dio’s hips and guided him into a straddle, eyes fixed on him in admiration.

There was a shuffle and adjustment and a few gasping moans made by the two of them as Dio impaled himself with Jonathan’s cock, letting it slip in, no lubricant required when the prior loads come and oil were already inside him.

“Why don’t you just lie back and watch?” Dio suggested with a grin; this time he intended to draw out the process. He felt Jonathan throb deep within him as he lifted his arms up above his head, letting them slowly sink down to touch his own body, hands skating and pressing and skirting his corseted waist, feeling up every single tuck and curve, and bidding Jonathan gaze. His hips rocked back and forth slowly as he moved, and all the while he stare deep into Jonathan’s blue.

Having Dio mount him in such a wickedly gorgeous attire was absolute bliss for Jonathan. His loins were starting to ache from overuse, this would definitely be the last he could manage tonight, but the slow smoothness of Dio’s motions eased him into it. Jonathan gazed up at Dio, in almost a drunken stupor, completely taken by him.

Dio would be in complete charge this time around, as well as being able to take his sweet time. Jonathan would take a great deal of work to get to come, and he was willing to move with the orders that Dio’s body gave him, thrusting in time with each motion of his hips. He savoured the feel of being deep inside the other man, wanting no more but to hit his sweet spot and make him begin to lose himself to his peak, with Jonathan having a perfect view to watch.

Once Dio had ridden him to his content, and that he had climaxed and sprayed his seed once again across Jonathan’s chest, Jonathan began the quick, wild thrusts that would bring him to his own finish. He cried out particularly loudly this time, the pleasure was mixed with pain from overuse, but he would not have traded it for anything.

Jonathan was having trouble staying away once he was finished. Sleepily, he lifted a hand to brush the by now ruffled and sweat coated hair from Dio’s face. “I adore you.”
Seed happily spilled, Dio himself collapse onto the bed beside Jonathan, content in his adoring words. “Happy birthday, Jojo,” was all he said in turn, giving the man a sweet kiss on the lips, and curling up into his arms, talking of sweet nothings until they fell into slumber, a tangle of peaceful limbs.

***

The final days of term had been filled with exams and assignments, but finally summer approached, and their trip to the lakeside cottage had not been forgotten. As soon as they broke up for the year, Dio and Jonathan were readily packing for their upcoming sabbatical, a home away from home.

“Don’t forget undergarments Jojo, they’re always important,” Dio said while splayed nonchalantly on Jonathan’s bed, tossing up and catching a cricket ball in one hand, before tossing it up again.

“Yes, yes, I’ve packed all that. Ah… I think.” Jonathan rummaged through a drawer, before shoving a few more items into an open suitcase. He had a stack of books on his desk, mulling if he should take some or all of the texts with him. “Do you imagine I will have time for research and note writing, Dio? I suppose it does not hurt to be prepared…” He proceeded to stack all of the volumes into his suitcase, and then threw a few shirts which had been haphazardly thrown over a chair on top. Finally, the suitcase was snapped shut. He was not being the neatest packer in the world, and things were going to need to be pressed once they arrived.

“We will have time to do anything and everything we want, Jojo, that is why were are going.” Dio himself had brought some books and texts, just in case. “But that does not mean you need to bring the entire library with you.” At this rate Jonathan would be just as engrossed in studying as he had been during the last couple of months. He understood it, education was important, and soon they would be starting into a world of careers, but while he would never admit it, he really quite missed the man.

“Now…are you certain about no servants, Dio? Not even a cook? While I am entirely for the privacy, and of course do not mind an effort to live more simply, is that really necessary?”

“You know, Jojo, most of the general populous do not have maids and butlers and chefs to cook their little meals for them each and every day of the week. They are a luxury item you have simply grown up with as commonplace. It’s about time you learned not to be so dependant on anyone else.”

Dio sat up then, and made his way over to Jonathan, planting a kiss on his lips, quick, but with a little tongue. “We’ll be fine, I keep telling you I am perfectly adept at cooking, and you’ve seen the state of my room. I would never let the cottage become a sty. Now, the carriage is waiting for us, are you ready?”

“Yes, yes, I am ready.” The kiss made Jonathan feel a little better, and reminded him of what was to come. In the last few weeks he had not been able to enjoy Dio’s company (and body) nearly enough as he should. Their last year of school was going to be exceptionally busy, so he liked the idea of taking advantage of the summer months while they could. He picked up the suitcase, others having
already been brought to the carriage, and made his way down the stairs to the front door. Summer awaited.

PART 4 FIN

Chapter End Notes

There will be a week of hiatus before part 5 begins
PART 5 - A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

A lakeside cottage away from private eyes brings Jonathan and Dio a taste of freedom unlike any they have known before. Something akin to a dream, their final holiday marks fun of every variety; sexual delights, playful entertainments, and domestic bliss. Before graduation marches forward and dictates their future, while shadows of the past still loom overhead, summer provides a taste of a life they both want to know.

Chapter Notes

For the foreseeable future we will be posting once a week rather than twice. Hope you enjoy the latest instalment!

The ride to the cottage was uneventful, though Jonathan did spend a portion of it wondering if he had packed this thing or that. Once they arrived, he began to loosen up. Thanks to Dio’s preparations, the carriage only had a few suitcases, mostly Jonathan’s things. Once the suitcases had been unloaded, he told the driver that he would handle the rest. The driver, not about to complain about less work for himself, bid them farewell. The carriage had no sooner disappeared then he turned to Dio, mischief in his eyes.

“Alone at last.” Instead of the suitcases, Jonathan reached for Dio himself, picking him up in his arms as if he was carrying a bride over the threshold, and brought him inside. He did not stop there, bringing Dio up the stairs and into the bedroom, where he had every intention of throwing him down and stripping him, except there was one problem.

“…Mattresses don’t come with sheets?” Jonathan asked naively.

~

Dio laughed in a bursting “Ha!” from Jonathan’s doe eyed comment. “No, Jojo, mattresses do not come with sheets. That is just one of the many things servants do for us. But fear not, while I am servant to none, I, Dio, can handle bed making.”

It didn’t take long for Dio to find what he needed and after taking a moment decide whether he wanted blue, white or red sheets, he chose the latter and shook out the large spread of fabric while making his way to the top right edge of the bed. “I’d have you assist me but right now I’d rather like to get back to what we are doing and have no wish to spend an age instructing you,” Dio said, beginning to tuck the first corner under the mattress, swiftly moving on to the second. “You will be taught eventually however, I have less than no desire to be the only one doing the necessary chores around here. Especially not ones that really require little to no difficulty.”

No more than ten minutes later he had covered the bed, as well as the four pillows and duvet in the matching set. Jonathan had done little more than stare. Satisfied with his work he turned to face him.
“Now, where were we?”

~

Jonathan watched Dio switch from giving him bedroom eyes to doing menial housework in a matter of seconds, and it was pretty shocking. While he knew Dio had grown up in a life outside of privilege, you would not have known it from the way he conducted himself. Seeing Dio doing something so… servant like was very odd. But he supposed he would get used to it, this summer was going to be full of tasks normally left to others being up to them. And he knew that expecting Dio to do most of the work was akin to expecting to be skinned alive.

“…It is so strange seeing you do such a task,” Jonathan said as he loosened the tie around his neck, draping it over a chair. The buttons on his shirt were quickly undone as well. “This is quite a different side to be seeing of you.” Once his own shirt was open, he stepped over to Dio and began to undress him as well, eyes fixed on his face as his fingers worked. “It is good to know that if we ever decided to elope to some far corner of the world, you would be able to keep my house like a good wife.”

He chuckled, knowing that would most likely earn him a few pinches, but he didn’t care. He pushed Dio back on the bed and pressed their lips together, happy at the fact that they were finally free to do as they please. Hands began to eagerly tug at the rest of his clothing.

“I can promise you that I will do my share of the work. Just as I do with… other things.” Lightly, he began to kiss Dio’s neck.

~

“I shall hold you to that,” Dio replied with a smirk, allowing himself to be taken in by the sensations of having his neck kissed. He wrapped his arms around Jonathan, pulling them both flat on the surface of the freshly made bed, hooking his legs around the other and gladly accepting his cock inside him.

It was the first time since their relationship began that they need not have worried about locking the door or even shutting it; completely and utterly alone. It was quite a nice feeling.

“But don’t let any bed making trick you into thinking I am anything but a man, Jojo.”

~

Jonathan pulled back from Dio for a moment, once he had fully parted the other man's shirt and pushed it from his shoulders. He touched Dio's cheek and met his eyes.

"It's important for you to know, I do not wish for you to be a woman." He pressed a light kiss to Dio's forehead, smiling down at him. "I know full well that you are a man and though I love it when you toy with me, I would not change it for anything." Another kiss was pressed to his lips, and then those lips trailed on down over his chest and towards his cock.

"I have come to love that you are a man, aside from the social inconveniences. But none of those matter right now. We are finally truly, truly alone." And on that note Jonathan leaned in and began to suck Dio's cock, long and hard, his hand supporting the base and fondling his sack along with it.

~

Dio said little in response to Jonathan, accepting the kiss with a matched gaze, but of course being himself, he managed to give a teasing comment. “Quite frankly, Jojo, I think you could accept
anyone so long as the colour of their hair was the oh so fanciful blond.” He smiled wryly, as Jonathan lowered himself towards his member.

Dio held Jonathan by the hair as he bobbed up and down his cock, sucking and tonguing the hard length, moaning when he felt his balls grabbed and fondled. It was in but a few minutes when Dio spilled inside his mouth, watching Jonathan swallow the seed in one strong gulp and a lick of his lips. Given that he now could, he let his mewls become unbridled and it filled the room as he rode out the waves of pleasure.

“Let me return the favour, my dear Jojo,” he said subsequently, pulling the man onto the bed, before lying down at his crotch and opening his mouth.

~

Dio certainly had it right when it came to Jonathan’s preference for blond. The shade of hair caught his eye and kept it. And when Dio offered to return the gesture, Jonathan buried his fingers in his light coloured hair, clenching tightly at first, but eventually releasing his grip in favour of falling back on the bed, sinking into the pillows, and closing his eyes.

This was absolute paradise, being able to have Dio without worry or restraint, without needing to be concerned for being caught. They could finally simply enjoy each other’s company, and perhaps get to know each other in a way they did not have the opportunity to before.

It did not take Jonathan long to finish, and once he did, he hooked his arms around Dio and pulled him up against him. Fingers trailed through his hair much more gently this time, and Jonathan smiled and leaned in to nuzzle his cheek against Dio’s. “…I do not think I will want to leave by the end of the summer.”

~

“There can always be too much of a good thing, Jojo,” Dio said, but in truth, with how he felt now he was inclined to agree with Jonathan’s soft words. But this was akin to the honeymoon period, filled with time alone and wonder and excitement and novelty. He was not wrong in thinking this would wear off, Dio could not live a life in some little cottage being domestic with Jonathan without work, or venturing off into the world, or living his life outside of the other’s hold.

But he could for a summer.

Dio circled a finger on Jonathan’s exposed chest, tracing an abstract pattern against him. “What would you like to do tonight then? We can do anything we like, whenever we like.”

Before, however, Jonathan could give any answer Dio thought of one of his own. “We should unpack our bags and fetch them from outside. It really isn’t appropriate to leave them out there, but of course you could not wait a second to get me into bed. Not that I can blame you for the urges.”

~

“How could I resist? It is our first time together in a place that is truly our own. Well, for the summer, at least.” Jonathan was truly excited for this, and it showed. All the same, he dragged himself up and off the bed, pulling up his breeches and buckling his belt again. “I have to remind myself, there is no need to pull you into a corner or lock a door every chance I get, so that I do not miss an opportunity. We can do all these things at our own pace for the next few months.” He flashed Dio a grin, before kissing his cheek, and walking to the door, as reluctant as he was to leave.

The suitcases were not too heavy for Jonathan, and he managed to carry several in at once. They
were brought up into the master bedroom, and while Jonathan began to unpack his messy suitcases, he thought about what they could do with the rest of their first day. There were many things Jonathan could think of, a portion of that list certainly included Dio, as well as other activities, including outdoor hiking and swimming. Unfortunately, he knew before asking that neither of these would appeal to his blond.

Before he could come up with an actual idea, his stomach betrayed itself with a loud growl. “Eh heh, ah… perhaps we should think about dinner!” They had only just had lunch before they left, but they had been rather busy, and had yet to step foot into the cottage kitchen. “You were going to show me how to cook, were you not?” Jonathan was far more interested in eating what was cooked than cooking itself, but he had meant it when he said he wished to share the work.

~

“Of course food would be the first thing on your agenda,” Dio said, though after some hours of work and incidental play in between even Dio was growing rather peckish.

“We have basic goods, the non-perishable items, spices and whatnot, but when it comes to the very basis of the meals, we must buy them for ourselves in the town market. Or I suppose we could try our hand at some fishing… but let’s save that for another day.” He went the desk and took Jonathan’s purse, recently filled with cash. Returning to his side, Dio linked arms with Jonathan. “Shall we?”

~

“We shall.” Jonathan held out his arm for Dio and enjoyed the portion of the walk to the village where they could remain linked. Their summer together was just that, a summer, and it was important to remember that though they had more of an escape from it for now, the world would still treat them as unfairly as it always would beyond those walls. But instead of letting that discourage him, he planned to enjoy the season for all it was worth.
Jonathan had not wandered through the town in quite some time, though it was much as he remembered it to be. Simple, and quieter than the city, but still bustling with the people who made their day to day lives there. As a child he had visited the bookstore and any place that sold sweets the most. But real food? He had never picked out a cut of meat or a soup vegetable in his life. So instead, he decided to hang back and allow Dio to make the proper selections.

~

Given his attire and demeanour, Dio, received a few looks when entering the butcher’s store, usually only the common folk and servants would appear inside. It had been a long time since he had bought raw food to cook of his own volition, and back in the days of his youth he certainly did not have the choices granted to him now. Choosing large slabs of the best cuts, Dio wondered if his younger self ever thought -- with arrogance and determination of will -- that he would ever be able to choose something other than scraps.

He was half certain he had been overcharged for his meats because of it, but truthfully he had no way of telling and might have just been paranoid.

~

While loitering outside the store, Jonathan caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of his eye. He followed the shadow into an alleyway, where he spotted something grey and fluffy, sitting on a crate. Two yellow eyes stared out at Jonathan.

“A cat! You must be hungry, is that why you are over here?” Jonathan smiled and started to approach it, only to have the animal hiss loudly, jump up on a fence, and stare at him. It was not beyond Jonathan to continue to pursue beautiful but nasty creatures, however, Dio by this time had finished buying what they needed for dinner. Jonathan chuckled and gave the cat a glance before stepping out of the alley. “…I wonder if I gave that cat some of our dinner if it might follow us home…”

~

Dio had left Jonathan right outside the butchers, but upon leaving with a bag in hand, there was no Jojo to be seen. He was rather like a child that way, always running off after something new and shiny. Or, as Dio discovered him in the alleyway -- something grey and mangy.

“Are you some sort of dolt, Jojo?!” Dio barked as he spotted the cat running off. “You have no idea what that ratty thing could be carrying, could be the next black plague for all you know and you wish to take it home with you?! No. Our house shall be an animal free zone, do I make myself clear?” Dio paused. “Unless of course…” he shook the bag, handing to Jonathan to carry. “It is dead, plucked of its feathers, had its skin removed, and on the menu for dinner.”

As they began their walk home after purchasing the remainder of their ingredients, Dio said, still referencing the cat, “I thought you were more of a dog person anyway.”

~

Jonathan whimpered slightly as Dio smacked him, though that did not deter him from seeing if he could catch a glimpse of grey fur when he looked over his shoulder. “His eyes were far too bright, I doubt he is ill. Just… angry.”
Jonathan grew unusually quiet at the mention of dogs. “I prefer dogs, but I like most animals,” he responded in a quiet voice, and then did not speak for the rest of the walk. Dio seldom brought up the topic of dogs around Jonathan, and for good reason. Jonathan did not like to be reminded of past events.

While he had never been able to prove it, nor had he ever managed to get Dio to confess it, Jonathan knew that Dio was responsible for the death of his beloved childhood companion. It was the most unpleasant memory of his life so far, coming home to that grave, and his hand clenched into a fist unintentionally as they walked. He had forgiven him now. He knew that Dio had been through horrors he could not begin to imagine as a child, and that had contributed to the quarrels of their youth. It made sense, and Dio was grown now, as well as more stable (or so he hoped.)

But the pain had been so great, and Dio meant so much to him now, that he dare not test fate a second time, no matter how much he might wish for another dog.

When they arrived home, Jonathan refused to let memories of the past intrude long into his summer. He followed Dio to the kitchen and rolled up his sleeves, becoming a bit more like his usual self. “You said you would teach me how to cook. Well…what do I do first?” He began to peel off his tie, draping it over a chair.

~

Dio cursed himself the second the word dog had escaped his lips. That was on the high list of things never to discuss with Jonathan; had been since they were twelve. He gave Jonathan a look out of the corner of his eye, and when he did not see him smile for the remainder of their journey, he kept himself quiet, sighing with relief when the subject was changed back at home.

Dio thought for a moment, before handing him the vegetables and potatoes. “First of all, these shall need a thorough wash. We will keep it simple for today, an easy roast with boiled and salted vegetables. I am sure not even you could mess that up.” Dio whipped on an apron before taking out the necessary utensils for the task, handing Jonathan a large bowl to wash the side dishes, taking the role of chopping the meat himself. He grinned slightly, he’d always enjoyed playing and using knives in whatever capacity he could. His mind wandered to Jonathan’s thigh engraving… now that had been fun.

“You’ll need to peel the carrots and potatoes like so:” Dio stopped his actions for a moment to demonstrate. “I bought extra, since I am sure you will end up slicing of half the vegetable itself along with the skin.”

~

Dio wasn’t wrong. Washing the vegetables was not so hard, but Jonathan was rather miserable at slicing them. The first few definitely saw more vegetable than peel get thrown away, although as he went along, he improved, bit by bit. It really caused Jonathan to think about things, this sort of work was what servants had done for him all of his life. And not just him, but his family, as well, dating back for generations. It had most likely been a long time since a Joestar had peeled a potato.

Dio, on the other hand, did indeed know his way around a knife, and he seemed to know what he was doing. They would not be starving this summer after all, not that he had thought they would. Jonathan had never known real hunger.

~

Dio rolled his eyes at the sight of Jonathan’s lack of knife skills. It was expected, but nonetheless
irksome. Wasting food was perfectly fine at the Joestar household, they always had more than enough, but there was something about cooking himself again that brought memories back.

He never wasted a drop then, eating everything edible, lest it be the last meal he would have in days. Sometimes he would skip over his own meals, giving them to his mother instead, during the final days where she was unable to work.

“Try to think of it like cutting snowflake patterns out, like we did at Christmas,” Dio suggested. “Make careful cuts, think of the potato as a delicate butterfly.”

~

“Potatoes do not seem very butterfly like, but I shall try,” Jonathan replied as he made another stroke, his large hands doing their best to be more delicate. Once he had begun to get the hang of things, he glanced over his shoulder to Dio. “Is… cooking something you did with your mother?” The topic of his mother was a sensitive one, but it did not seem so out of place to ask right now. “It seems so simple, just following a recipe or directions, but it is a great deal of work -- ow!”

Just then, Jonathan’s blade slipped, leaving a gash on his index finger. It was not large, but deep enough to bleed. Hastily, Jonathan moved his hand from the vegetables and over the sink.

~

The mention of his mother stopped Dio in his tracks, and he looked at Jonathan with wide eyes. But before he decided whether or not he would answer, Jonathan cut himself.

Dio eight months ago would have left him to deal with such a problem on his own (unless he was up-playing the good brother act), but now -- though he did not make anything of a sprint to assist him -- Dio approached Jonathan turning on the tap for him and running it under.

“You are fine,” he said after inspecting the wound and seeing the blood flow. It was a decent amount, but would not last long. Knowing there would be kitchen disasters, Dio was prepared and quickly took a small bandage from one of the drawers and wrapped it around his finger.

“That should tide you over, now shall we get back to it?” Dio was feeling rather peckish now, and with preparations plus cooking time it would be a while before dinner would be served, and he did not want to fall into snacking. Summer or not he wished to remain lean.

~

Jonathan looked at him with a bit of mischief. “It will hold me, but I would rather that you kissed it and made it better.” He put his hands on either side of Dio’s waist and pulled him in. “Or, I will just help myself to your lips.” Leaning in, Jonathan kissed him, only intending for a peck, but found himself unable to resist. He lightly suckled on his bottom lip, and pressed his tongue between the two, giving him a teasing taste, and then pulling away. “...I will get back to work now, those vegetables are not peeling themselves!” Jonathan grinned and set back to the task at hand.

Jonathan was always peckish and often snacked, but he also did not let snacking interfere with his appetite, either. While they were in town he had bought a pastry from the bakery and eaten it without a second thought. He continued to peel the vegetables, a bit more carefully this time, but still moving as quickly as he could. Despite the snack, he did not wish to delay dinner either.

“All right, they are all finished. What do we do next? He set the bowls of peeled vegetables down on the counter in front of Dio, and then slipped behind him. Arms started to entwine around his waist from behind, and Jonathan let his chin rest on the top of Dio’s head. He gave him a little squeeze,
and tilted his own head slightly to kiss his hair. He may have had a few other ideas about ‘do’ than just the cooking.

~

Though he had bought extra for it, Dio could not stand to see so much food go to waste like that, and while Jonathan snuggled, he decided that the thought was too unbearable and began to salvage as much as he could from the would be discarded peel. “You are going to have to improve your craft, Jojo,” he said, concentrating. “I told you it was like a snowflake. It is not a brutish task, it requires at least a semblance of delicacy.”

Eventually he was done and Jonathan had yet to move from his position around Dio. “Now we need to cut the vegetables into chunks,” he said, putting the knife down after feeling something dig into his backside. “But something tells me you have other plans for the next stage of events…”

~

"It's my first time, Dio." Jonathan replied as his hands travelled up and down Dio's hips. "You know that I can be clumsy with my efforts at first, but I do learn quickly, all things considered.” He leaned in and rested his chin on Dio's shoulder, and let his lips graze the shell of his ear, tongue slipping between them. He was moving very slowly, and while normally his hands might have wandered below the belt, right now they were content staying at the curve of his hip.

"One thing I have learned is that good things come to those who wait. And in our new home, we have weeks ahead of us." With a sly look on his face, he pulled away and picked up the blade, as if nothing intimate had ever happened, as if there wasn't a magnetic force practically begging their bodies to be drawn back together.

"Now you said I lacked delicacy. Fair enough..." He picked up a carrot and began to chop it. "How is this?" He spoke matter of factly as he continued to work, eyes fixed on his task where moments ago they had been worshipping Dio. Surely he did not mean to draw this out for weeks… or did he?

~

"Y-You need not the same delicacy to chop as you do to peel, Jojo, it is hardly comparable." Dio shuddered a little after Jonathan withdrew, admittedly expecting something more than gentle touches. But in these months the man had learned to be quite a tease, knew just how he liked things, how to rile him; it would have been irking, someone knowing all his weaknesses if it didn’t feel so damn good.

Still, Jonathan was right, they had weeks to enjoy each other’s bodies, explore and return to what they already knew, it was to be one of pure freedom and enjoyment, how life should have always been for them. But alas, it was but a summer du jour, at least for the pair of them. Since he was now untouched, however, Dio picked up his own knife and reached for a potato.

“Chop them up to about the size you see on your dinner plate each night,” he instructed, giving the spud a hard slice across the vertical, then horizontal middle before repeating the action until they were all complete. In that time, he also stoked the stove, making it hot enough for oven and hob use, placing a pot of water on top of it. He then took the spuds and plopped them in the water before draining and spreading them on a dish.

“We can get to the carrots later, Jojo, they won’t take long and would taste better hot. Leave them in a bowl of water for now,” Dio said, pushing the meat into the oven and shutting it. The Joestars truly had the finest of utensils, the kitchen was newly refurbished and rather spotless.
“And now we wait.”

Jonathan had a bit of a child like fascination with all of this, being his first time preparing his own meal. He did just as Dio instructed, and once he was finished, stood back to watch the other man work. There was something peaceful about this all. Perhaps it was more work, but because they were doing it themselves, they were able to enjoy privacy as they've never had before, and temporary though it may be, Jonathan enjoyed it.

"Is it going to take long? I am rather hungry." He probably sounded like a child, but at this point he was comfortable enough around Dio to not watch his words or his tone as much. A hand reached out and took Dio's hand into his own, squeezing it lightly. He did not wish to end the teasing, but it was hard to have him so close and available, and not be touching him.

Glancing from the pot and back to Dio, he took his free hand to pull up a chair, and then after sitting, pulling Dio into his lap. Despite the intimate position, his hands stayed on his hips, behaving themselves. "I may never be a fine cook but I am sure that I can be of some use this summer. Perhaps I can be of some use outside. Chopping wood, or something else that is not quite so delicate." He tilted his head to press a kiss to Dio's hair.

Dio’s eyebrows raised. Just the thought of Jonathan stood outside the cottage at a tree stump, chopping up logs into chunks in the summer heat, shirtless and sweating and flexing taut muscles with an axe was enough to make Dio lick his lips.

“Yes…” he said slowly, thinking. “We would require a lot of wood, you know Jojo… fires burns it all rather quickly. You might need to make that a daily task.” That was a lie, but it was highly unlikely Jonathan knew that and he certainly was not going to miss out on that frequent opportunity if he could help it.

“We need that much wood? Aren't you lucky that I have the arm strength to handle that, or you would be quite sore." Dio was not without his own upper body strength, but between the two of them, that was more Jonathan's strong point. And Jonathan, other than putting the occasional log on the fire for Christmas, knew nothing of how much a cooking flame would need. "But I do not mind. It will keep me from getting too lazy."

“And we would not want that, now would we?” Dio said in a lilt, chuckling quietly to himself. Sometimes Jonathan’s naivety was quite enjoyable, perceptive as he sometimes could be, he was very ignorant to the ways of the world. All nobles were, really.

After standing to sort out the potatoes he returned to Jonathan’s lap. “Apart from a few turns of the dishes it’ll be a good hour before everything is cooked and placed on the table. Shall we find something to entertain ourselves in the meantime?”

Jonathan's mind immediately jumped to stripping Dio down and worshipping his body. He was certain that Dio’s mind was probably jumping to a similar conclusion. Still, he was determined to make him wait.
"Mm, there are many things we can do to occupy ourselves. Many things indeed..." Jonathan's fingers traced over his waist. "There is a lake nearby, I would rather like to go swimming in it. We used to when we were boys... though you tended to keep somewhat of a distance from me in the water then. My, how things have changed..."

Jonathan's lips began to trail over Dio's neck. "I don't want the roast to burn, though, if we get a bit... occupied. Is there anything you wish to do?" He was now slightly nipping at his ear, tongue running across the three moles. He was curious if Dio would explode like a powder keg, or if he would be able to hold back his desires.

~

Jonathan probably wanted Dio to succumb first, draw him into a kiss before tearing his clothes off and having him take him on the counter. That would have been rather enjoyable he had to admit, and he very easily could have done that, but now his stubborn attitude kicked in and that was certainly not going to be the case.

And so with a close of his eyes and long breath Dio pulled away from Jonathan's sweet touches, storming upstairs for a moment without a word. He returned a couple of minutes later with a board game in hand.

“Let’s play draughts, I’ll be black.”
Now this was not what Jonathan had expected at all. He figured teasing Dio once again but not giving in himself would have caused him to have given in by now, particularly after the toying with his ear. That normally had quite a reaction. While Jonathan did not wish to be the first to yield, he had thought for certain Dio would have tugged down his clothes by now and greedily started to use his body in whichever way he happened to fancy at that particular moment. All the while, Jonathan would have enjoyed himself immensely, yet still could have been satisfied that he had ‘won’. Not that winning meant as much to Jonathan as it did to Dio, but it would still be nice.

Dio asking to play a board game was also not what Jonathan had anticipated. He supposed it made more sense than swimming, and there was less chance of dinner being burned. But swimming would have been lovely, as he would have had the opportunity to gaze at Dio’s body in the nude. As Dio set out the board an idea occurred to him, and Jonathan sat down at table, picking up one of the round white pieces and setting it into place.

“Very well then, draughts it is. But let’s make it a little more interesting, shall we? Every time you capture one of my pieces, I shall take off a piece of clothing. When I capture yours, you do the same. We shall see who can stay clothed the longest.” He smirked over the table at Dio, quite satisfied with his idea. Normally, Dio would be the one to suggest such a thing, but perhaps he was rubbing off on him a bit.

Due to their earlier entanglements, Dio and Jonathan were not really clad in all that much clothing; a shirt, trousers as well as undergarments were all they had -- unless the watch and earrings Dio wore counted too. He pondered the request a little while setting up the board, but he already knew his answer.

“All right, then. I am always up for a challenge.” The game was put in place, and having the black meant Dio went first. He placed a piece forward on the board and Jonathan did the same, and so they ensued.

“You do realise games of the mind are far more my forte than yours, Jojo. I hope you enjoy being stripped bare in a mere few moves.” At that comment too he jumped over Jonathan’s piece and smirked. “Strip.”

Jonathan kicked off a shoe and gave Dio a playful look. “Mmm. My turn.” He moved his piece, almost seeming to set himself up to have Dio capture yet another piece immediately. It seemed that Jonathan was in a playful mood, and not so much for the game at hand, but for the teasing of his lover.

“You have always been better than me at this sort of game,” Jonathan commented, another piece being claimed, leading to another shoe being kicked off. “When we were younger I would not have even bothered to play with you.” And yet here they were now, with Dio so far having more claimed pieces. and Jonathan not seeming to mind this fact in the slightest.

“But we are grown now, and there are other games to be played.” Jonathan smiled at him sweetly, and managed to claim his first piece from Dio’s side of the board. “Your turn to strip, my dear.”
“It is just as well we did not play as boys,” Dio said, he too removing a shoe. “It would have been the equivalent of playing with an infant. Now I suppose it is like playing with a child entering the first stages of pubescence, at least by comparison.”

Dio stood quickly to check the food, walking in a half hobble with the loss of one of his heeled boots. He turned the potatoes a little, but he knew they had plenty of time before they would be ready. But it had been a while since he cooked and he did not wish to prove himself shoddy by burning the meal on the first try in over half a decade, making himself look bad in front of Jonathan who already had his doubts. He returned to the table and made a move.

“If you wanted me out of my clothes so badly, Jojo, you could have gone through an easier method than this. I can tell when you want me, you are simply dripping with lust right now,” Dio stared into the blue swirl that made up Jonathan’s eyes. “Why tease and play with cheek, our time waiting could have gone very differently.”

After a little while of playing, Jonathan was in his but his underpants, shirt and one sock (he could have kept his trousers but likely made the active choice not to), and Dio had lost his watch, socks and shoes. His next move would see to a little more of the brunet’s skin being revealed.

“King me.”

The piece was added to the top of Dio’s, and he pulled off the second sock. A few more plays lead to another lost piece, after which Jonathan began to unbutton his shirt. He was making quite a slow time of it, each button being pulled from the hole, revealing the tanned flesh underneath little by little.

“I don’t know, Dio. I am rather enjoying making you wait. After all, you are going to be seeing more of me in the coming weeks than you most likely ever have before in your life. The last thing I want is for you to tire of me. No, I want this to last.”

Jonathan did sometimes wonder, particularly in the early days of their relationship, if he was merely a passing fancy for Dio, something he would eventually tire of. He had never known Dio to carry on with anyone for any length of time, but then again, he had never seen Dio in a true courtship before. They had been together now for more than half a year. Hopefully, that meant he had Dio’s attention.

Jonathan stood and shrugged his shoulders, the shirt falling back onto his chair, and his chest and arms now completely bare. His eyes stayed on Dio, still full of lust. He did however, manage to make a move to claim one of the blond’s pieces, not that it would help him very much in the long run.

“My, Jojo, is your self-esteem so low, or do you really think me so fickle I cannot get a little more out of you than that? There are so many things we have left to embark on, and I should like to see you succumb.”

Dio did not know if he would tire of Jonathan. He had… admittedly looked on and rather admired the other man’s form for a few years now, it simply just happened, completely unintentional. But then perhaps it was the novelty of having Jojo, someone he never thought he would ever claim that caused the thoughts to dwell over such a long period of time.

But, in truth, he could not see himself being dulled, sharing something far more stable and
monogamous than Dio had ever experienced before had not even been a challenge with him. He felt… satisfied with him alone. It was strange. Dio did not think about that anymore, simply let himself enjoy whatever this was. It was better.

Jonathan was shirtless now, one piece of clothing away from being utterly nude. Dio was in his shirt and underwear with a couple of buttons undone. “What happens when the game is still in play and you have no clothes left to discard?” he asked, making a move forward but it amounting to Jonathan keeping his outfitting on.

~

Jonathan was enjoying draughts more than he would normally enjoy playing -- and losing -- such a game. He sat across from Dio, taking in the sights of his form becoming less and less clothed while he sat almost bare.

If Jonathan had brought out Dio’s ability to care and perhaps even to love another person, then Dio had brought out in Jonathan his ability to lust after another. Jonathan’s eyes were fixed on Dio as they would a meal, and there was no doubt that he wanted to ravish him, none at all. If he had felt the need, he might have bent him over and taken him on the table, right there and then, but he was enjoying the game, and not so much the one played with pieces.

“Mmm, that is an excellent question.” Jonathan pondered as he made a move, which neither gained him nor lost him anything. “I should like to think that once my clothing is off, you could command me to do as you please.” Jonathan folded his hands on top of the table, blue eyes glistening over at him. “…Not that that is entirely different from our usual arrangement, my prince.” The nickname fell from his lips smoothly, without any hint of jest or sarcasm. Jonathan always had taken their little arrangement quite seriously.

~

“Command you as I like, hm?” Dio repeated the words with a slightly mischievous smirk. He had an idea in mind already, one that could keep the game in place but make Jonathan squirm as he played. They had done it only once before if he recalled, very early in the relationship, and he should have liked to see what difference these months had made to Jonathan’s coyness.

Dio could see the hunger in Jonathan gaze, the yearning, it was not a look he would have seen on the man a year ago, at least not to this sheer shameless extent. He rather liked it. That stare alone was rousing for Dio, not to mention the near naked display. And with his next move, “Strip, Jojo,” he was in a complete state of undress.

“When in my next take I shall order you to do my bidding,” he said smiling while removing another couple of his buttons due to Jonathan’s play. An easy sacrifice, and it would help in his order at any rate.

When the time came for Jonathan to lose a piece while in the nude Dio simply ordered him in plain terms to grab at his cock and stroke it. So he could see. He’d always liked a show.

~

Once, Jonathan had been so shy when it came to touching himself, particularly where an audience was concerned. But that had been months ago, and he was, at least in some ways, quite a different person now. After shedding the last bit of his clothing, he looked to Dio with an amused smile. Somehow, if the game had truly been a game to see who could hold out on giving in to their desires the longest, Dio had forced him out of the winner space by making him do this to himself. He had to
admire it.

If he was going to do it, he might as well do it right. Jonathan sat back in the chair and grasped his cock, giving it a good hard jerk. It still felt strange, doing this in front of Dio, with his eyes practically burning holes into his skin. Even though he was far more used to Dio seeing every part of him now, he still blushed, the redness stretching from his cheeks to his ears. To help ease the embarrassment of it all, he closed his eyes, focusing instead on his own thoughts. Dio’s lips on his cock, Dio’s tongue sliding across it, Dio’s eyes looking up at him in lust as he did so…

“D-Dio…” The name slipped from his lips unintentionally as he continued to jerk, which only caused him to flush harder. Opening his eyes, he looked across the table at his lover. “Is this what you wanted?”

~

Dio smiled in return to Jonathan’s question, leaning forward to stroke his cheek almost chastely.

It was rather cute seeing Jonathan flush at the act, though it was not nearly as much as the last time. Dio liked it when Jonathan was shy, it added a whole new layer of enjoyment to the process. The game took something of a pause once he began stroking, Jonathan forgetting it was his turn, Dio forgetting to remind him, rather occupied by more interesting things.

“Next move,” Dio said eventually, foot tapping and cock now straining his underwear. The urge to toss the game aside and jump onto Jonathan’s lap was strong indeed, but alas, Dio was still so very stubborn and wanted to win before claiming his prize. “Keep going, but don’t make yourself come just yet. But just as forewarning, on my next take you shall remove your hand until I say otherwise.”

~

Jonathan did not need to be Dio’s lover to know how much he thought of himself. That had been abundantly clear in their years together at the Joestar estate. And he knew enough by now that he enjoyed it when Jonathan was lost in lust to him.

So why not give him a bit of what he wanted while dinner cooked?

Jonathan’s fingers grazed his own cock as he glanced at the draughts board, oh, that was right, they had a game going. Not wanting to keep Dio waiting he finally reached over and moved a piece. It was a wonder that he did not lose another to Dio, but instead took one of his own. Jonathan’s eyes were bright as he looked to the other man and said “It is your turn to king me.”

~

“Not the role you usually take, but there, you are kinged,” Dio said, placing his checker atop of Jonathan’s and subsequently removing the final two buttons of his shirt. Dinner would be needing observation soon, but Dio found himself rather engrossed in their gaming activities, and hoped the minutes would turn slowly, prolonging the event.

It was almost sad to stop Jonathan from performing, he had looked so marvelous doing so. Dio could only enjoy the fact the man would be suffering after starting to grant himself relief, only to have it taken away moments later. He soon imagined himself being the one on that abandoned cock and his own hardened as he watched it leak and stand erect, practically calling his name.

~

Of course, that concluded his turn, and also meant Jonathan needed to remove his hand from his
member. By now, he was incredibly aroused, and watching Dio finish undoing the buttons on his shirt only made him more so. How wonderful it was to see that Dio was wanting him as well, the bulge in his pants was more than obvious. But neither of them wished to give in, and in some ways, that made it all the more fun.

Still, Jonathan was pouting as he removed his hand. “…You are still in the lead. What do you wish next?”

~

“What do I wish?” Dio pondered for a second, wondering what he could make Jonathan do now, then grinned upon finding his answer, along with making a move that would provide him with the opportunity to be kinged and implement it. “How about you forfeit our little match and get on with what we both know you want to do. I think that would be a suitable next move for you, Jojo.” He picked up the discarded watch from the table and looked at it.

“Time is ticking before dinner, and I fear after eating, digesting and having to clear the table and wash the plates my mood will have dissipated for the night. Best take the opportunity now, while it is available to you. Of course, you must first accept your inevitable loss. It makes no difference, really you were never going to beat me.”

~

Jonathan knew what he wanted to do, and what Dio wanted him to do. He rose from his seat and strolled over to stand behind Dio’s chair, placing his hands on his shoulders. His cock was still hard and begging to be touched again, but instead he ignored it, and focused on leaning in close to Dio’s ear, letting his warm breath dance against his skin as he knew he had enjoyed in the past.

“Winning has never mattered to me. Forfeiting the game would be nothing. You know, Dio, that your happiness is what makes me truly happy.” His tongue dashed out across the moles on Dio’s ear, sometimes he wondered if such a thing was natural. Some might consider it a devil’s mark. But he did know that Dio was quite sensitive there, and Jonathan did not mind taking advantage.

Just as suddenly as he had begun, he pulled away, moving to sit back in his place across from him, surveying the board. “Mmm, it is true that we only have so much time before dinner. And it is true that you will most likely win. But I hate to quit so easily, don’t you?” Jonathan flashed Dio an almost too cheerful smile. “Perhaps we should play until the end… Unless, that is, you are ordering me to quit, as per our agreement.

Somehow, if Dio was the one ordering it, it did not feel as if he was truly ‘losing.’

~

“Ah, but I would not be the one quitting here, Jojo. That would be you.” Dio did not look back at the Jonathan, only talked forward, trying not to give off how stimulating this all was. He held his breath as Jonathan left, saving himself from making a rather loud moan. It seemed both of them were hoping this whole game rigmarole to be put aside so they could get to having each other, but neither of them wanted to be the one to admit their desires and relinquish. Jonathan was more willing to give up than Dio, but even he was holding out, edging Dio to order him to forfeit, making it he who ended the game; essentially his loss.

“But you shall have to give up on your own, I shan’t be ordering such. Give up of your own volition and you may have me any which way. Continue and… well you may never get a taste of me, at least not tonight. It is so easy to ruin a mood, and I grow softer every second.” That was truly an
incredible lie, Dio was completely and utterly erect with no signs of losing that, but still, he managed to look at Jonathan with certainty in his eyes and if one were not looking down it would be hard to tell that he was aroused.

“So what will it be?”

Jonathan could only suppress a chuckle with Dio’s threats of not being able to have him tonight. Jonathan knew full well that Dio would be ready to take him at any time. In fact, there were no times in their relationship that he could remember where Dio had refused sex. He was not worried at all about having a cold bed tonight, particularly not on their first night of freedom.

"Mm, I am sorry to hear that you may not be up for it later, Dio. It has been a long day for both of us, perhaps it tired you out." He brought a finger thoughtfully to his lip as he surveyed the board. After a moment, he smiled and picked up one of his pieces, moving and capturing one of Dio's. His expression was so genuine, without even a hint of malice, despite knowing that it would drive Dio insane.

"Perhaps the game is not a complete loss after all! I suppose I should see it through to the end." He beamed at Dio, waiting for him to remove his next piece of clothing. "Dinner is smelling delicious." Jonathan commented, as if to remind him that time was short before they would need to attend to dinner. If Dio wanted to make use of Jonathan's extremely nude and ready body, he would have to do it himself.

Dio frowned as Jonathan refused to waver in the game, taking one of his pieces with it. As he stripped off his final piece of clothing, it was clear as day to anyone that he was lusting and craving Jonathan, and yet here he was, sat, playing a petty game he did not care about in the slightest, waiting for Jonathan to concede so he could subsequently jump on his cock and have him fast and victoriously before dinner.

“One small move does not make a victor, Jojo. Just look at the board and admit you lose.” Dio’s voice was sharper, more cutting, implying heavily his desperation. It wouldn’t be long before he would have to check on the meal, Jonathan’s reminder kept his mind on it for a second and he turned to the oven. The smell of roast was filling the kitchen, and soon the carrots would need to be boiled.

“The game will have to stop in the next few minutes at any rate… do you really want to spend that time drawing out your defeat?” He wanted Jonathan. Badly. But he did not want to give him the satisfaction. They were not playing checkers at all, they were playing a game of self-restraint.

“Oh my dearest Dio, you were the one who started this game. What kind of brother would I be if I just let you quit because you were getting frustrated?” Jonathan gazed across the table at him with bright eyes, looking extremely amused. He was of course dying for things to end as well, however, his greater pleasure was coming from seeing Dio desire him, but having too much pride to give in.

Jonathan considered the board, perhaps a bit harder than Dio was at the moment, as Dio was too busy being hard in other areas. "You certainly have me backed against a wall here. But, perhaps I can still draw the battle out for a little bit longer." Jonathan made yet another move that managed to capture one of Dio's pieces. And yet the Joestar just continued to smile his angelic smile, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.
“You could end this yourself, of course, Dio. There is nothing wrong with conceding.” He was teasing him now, that much was certain. "Or you could just beat me and fuck me.” He had a way making those words sound sweet and affectionate, not to mention, as if that was all he wanted in the world.

“I am perfectly fine with either. But we should not let our first dinner burn, of course.”

~

“It was not I who decided to make this a game where we would both end up unclothed.” Dio folded his legs over, pushing his cock between his thighs, restraining it. He glared deeper at Jonathan, not knowing if he had ever hated him as much as he did in this very moment. It was hard to say…

Dio had never been able to resist Jonathan, not once. He thought back to the times the man had made advances and they had all been reciprocated. Just how weak had he become in these past months?! Jonathan must have thought him more than utterly susceptible; he must have thought Dio would crack first in this useless game because he had never proven otherwise.

Well Dio would show him. He’d show him for the rest of the day.

They continued to play, making quick moves until Dio saw his path to victory. Using one of his kings he hopped over the remainder of Jonathan pieces and chuckled. “Looks like I win Jojo.”

Any other time Dio would have swept the board off the table and had Jonathan on it, but despite all his urge practically screaming at him, he resisted.

“Now that that’s over…” Dio said as blunt and nonchalantly as he could manage in his state he, stood, still naked, making his way over to the stove. “I need to boil the carrots and turn over the meat. After all, we wouldn’t want it burning. You can just sit there with your cock in your hand, this task is easy enough for one. Though if you wouldn’t mind, the table needs setting, you will find the plates in one of the upper cupboards, cutlery in the drawer underneath.”

~

“That was an amusing game, Dio, we should definitely try it again sometime. Perhaps I will learn from you and improve.” Jonathan grinned in Dio’s direction, cock still hard, but otherwise unfazed by the situation. He began to immediately, as Dio suggested, set the table. The dishes and silverware rattled loudly as he worked, not making any attempt to be delicate. He did not make any attempts to get dressed, either.

The table was soon set. Jonathan had never set a table before in his life, but it was an easy enough task and he was beaming with his good mood. When he was done, he stood behind Dio, fingers dancing lightly over hips, moving over the curve of his waist, and then back down again.

“That smells delicious. I cannot wait to eat.” As he spoke, his erection prodded lightly into Dio’s rear, a fact which Jonathan was for the most part utterly unashamed about. There was perhaps a slight flush in his cheeks, but it was difficult to tell if that was from standing too near the stove.

Jonathan’s arms moved up to hug Dio’s shoulders, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Do I make you as happy as you make me, my darling?” He was teasing now, knowing full well that the poke in Dio’s rear was most likely driving him up a wall.

~

“No, Jojo, you do not,” Dio said with a gripe. You really should not bother me too greatly. We are in
a secluded area and there are no witnesses. It is far too easy to make your death look like an
accident.” In the days of their past Dio might have thought this with all manner of seriousness; now
he could say it in some sort of semi jest. Of course his words stood true, it would be incredibly easy
to do away with him in this moment.

“Rather than push my temper to its brink, you should locate some serving dishes to place the food in.
Dinner is ready.”

~

Jonathan chuckled at Dio’s little ‘jest’. “But Dio, if you killed me, who would keep you warm at
night?” He pulled the man in closer for one more squeeze, which he was aware would probably not
make him too happy. But soon enough, he let him go, turning to get the serving bowls for their meal.
The day was not yet over, and there was still an entire night ahead of them.
Once dinner was Jonathan’s objective, all thought of seduction was off. He did not bother getting dressed, what was the point, after all, they were alone in the cottage, and the ability to do such scandalous things was part of the charm. So Dio was able to enjoy a glorious view of Jonathan’s well-toned body as he sat himself at the table, and once the serving bowls were set, helped himself to a large portion.

While Jonathan's table manners did not revert back to what they had been in their youth, he did begin to eat more hastily than he would have done in polite company. "Mmm, it came out well," he commented between bites. "This is fantastic, I am relieved. I must say I was a little worried but you have proven yourself, as you always do." He continued to eat cheerfully, acting unaware of any annoyance on Dio's part.

~

Dio accepted the compliment with a smirk. He was admittedly proud of himself, the meal had been simple but it had been a long time since he had cooked one and it had come out as an all-around success. But his mind was still in the mode of the game, and just to spite Jonathan, Dio had slipped his trousers back on, though he forwent the underwear. He did leave his chest exposed at least, in a way to show the man he could look but could not touch. At least not today, if all went according to plan.

Upon completion, there were some leftovers of the food -- they really had bought quite a lot -- and so they were covered, plates stacked and put in the sink to be washed. Dio for the time being did them, not wishing to nit-pick and the shoddy workmanship he knew Jonathan would provide, before running upstairs to grab a book, and back down to read it in the lounge, legs crossed over one another.

There was a loveseat available, but Dio purposely chose a single one so that it could not be shared. He shone Jonathan an arrogant, challenging glance before delving into the read.

~

Once dinner was finished, Jonathan collected the remains of his clothes and went back up to the master bedroom, where he had unpacked most of his things. He changed into a pair of pyjama bottoms, but nothing else. The freedom that the privacy gave them was something he wished to take full advantage of while they were here.

Jonathan had a book of his own to read, an interesting one which he planned to use for his classes. But he had other things on his mind besides reading, and when he came down stairs, he had fully intended to do so with a Dio either in his lap or at his side. Instead, he found him in an armchair and being standoffish. Frowning, Jonathan sank to the floor at Dio’s feet.

“Why are you being so cold, Dio? There is no need for that now, not when we can finally do as we please.” Jonathan put his book down, and turned to face Dio on his knees. His lips moved to brush over Dio’s trouser leg, sinking lower and lower, until he kissed his foot. Looking up at him, he began to lightly massage the soles.

“Wouldn’t this evening be nicer with you in my lap?”

“I told you that you had your chance with me and you decided to squander it. Do not blame me
when you are the fool that did not heed my words,” Dio replied with an icy voice that suited his stance, not giving Jonathan a first, let alone second glance, head still buried in his oh so interesting book. It was very interesting truth be told, but on most occasions with Jonathan alone in a room with him it would have been no challenge to tear himself away from it. Dio turned the page with a deliberate slide of his finger, the noise of paper loud.

The kisses felt good, even when they were not directly on his skin, and Dio’s leg remained slack as Jonathan took it, just as a subject would a king. Or maybe more affectionately than that. But despite all this he would not let himself budge from his quest to deny Jonathan any amount of pleasure tonight.

He did allow himself to look down at Jonathan though, still massaging his feet like a good little… his first thought was knight, as it usually was, but at the current moment he appeared more like a servant or slave. He liked that too.

“But since I, Dio, am so generous and giving a lover, you may do as you please up to my calf.” He moved his leg around in a circular fashion, tensing his tight calves just to make emphasis. He returned to his book soon after. Even if Jonathan would not gain pleasure tonight, that should not have to extend to Dio, he quickly decided.

Jonathan huffed as he looked up to Dio. “Did you really mean that? Come now, you are being ridiculous…” Jonathan reached for Dio’s other foot, and began to squeeze and rub in a delicate manner not quite reflected by the frustrated look on his face. He leaned in to kiss the foot, and then began to leave kisses up his ankle, stopping at his calf.

“You know that I am not one who would press myself on you if you were unwilling. But not that long ago, you were incredibly hard. You did not say so much, but your body was begging for attention. Your entire body.” In a risky gesture, Jonathan placed his hands on Dio’s knees. He was still kneeling before him, though now he drew himself in closer.

“If I stop at your calf, Dio, whatever am I to do? However am I to please the rest of you…?” Before Dio could stop him, Jonathan slid a hand between Dio’s thighs, squeezing his cock through the fabric of his pants. “You want this far more than you want me at your feet.”

In their months together, Jonathan had grown far bolder where Dio was concerned. Whereas he had always, for the sake of keeping the peace, not tried to push things too hard, now he was not so afraid. Furthermore, confidence shone in his eyes. He had no doubt that he could break Dio, if he tried.

Jonathan’s hand slinking through in between his crotch was expected, but none the less fast and sudden, too sudden for Dio to knock it away before it was fondled and his breath hitched. “What was that about not pressing yourself on me if I did not want it?” he said calmly as he could. “I meant it. Just as I mean everything I say, when have you known me to make a direct threat and not follow through with it?” Dio held the book in one hand now, laying it between his fingers, other resting on the arm rest.

“It is as I said, Jojo. I was perfectly happy for you to forfeit the match and have me before, but you have lost the opportunity. I do not require you to please the rest of me.” And with that he gave Jonathan’s hand a good long pinch, painful and sharp, and after a little resistance enough for Jonathan to remove his hand in a small yelp.
“You are not going to break me, Jojo,” Dio said, replying to Jonathan’s unspoken said words the glowed in the blue that made up his eyes. “Be fortunate you have my calves. It could just as easily have been nothing.” Just to prove a point he shoved Jonathan’s shoulder with his foot, pushing him away some.

“Ouch!” Jonathan cried as Dio pinched him, pouting and rubbing at the skin. “You did not need to hurt me, Dio! And I think you are behaving rather foolishly. Just a few short hours ago your cock was hard and you wanted my body. But you had started a game, and I made you finish it. I fail to see why anything should be different now. You are truly denying yourself, Dio, why ever would you do that?”

~

“A lot can change in a few hours, dear Jojo. The state of my arousal one of them. You see?” Dio glanced down at his crotch bidding Jonathan look, but not touch. It was soft enough for him to get away with it. “It strikes me as odd that you have not yet realised that the game was never checkers. Not since the moment you turned it into a stripping match.”

This endurance test had started a perhaps even before, but now they had begun a new round, a round where Jonathan was desperately attempting to make Dio succumb and Dio was doing all he could to resist. Dio would win, no one could ever doubt his resilience when it was put to the test.

~

Jonathan sulked for a moment, before sinking back down towards Dio’s feet. With an eager look on his face he began to lick, suckle. and nip lightly at Dio’s toes, in a similar manner to how he might have handled his cock. His eyes made contact with Dio’s, not saying anything, but making sure that hint of lust showed through. Once he was done with the right foot, he began a similar treatment to the left. If nothing else it was going to be terribly distracting for Dio as he read.

~

Dio’s felt Jonathan’s mouth against his toes, teeth skirting lightly on the skin as he nipped, lips pinching the softer parts of his flesh. It felt good, and Dio suppressed a sound that would have given that away, tensing and adjusting in his seat, which creaked a little. He attempted, best he could to read his book but found himself having to go over the same page thrice before he absorbed what was on it.

“My, is there some secret fetish you have not told me about before? Are you one of those, Jojo?”

~

“Only when it is you, my dear.” Without getting the reaction he wanted, Jonathan decided to take matters into his own hands -- quite literally. He pulled his cock from his pyjama bottoms and began stroking it slowly, and it did not take much effort to bring it to life.

“What a pity that you plan on wasting our precious time together… as well as my seed that should be inside you, or at the very least on you…”

~

“I would not have taken you for that.” It was easier to manage when Jonathan let his feet go, and Dio wiped the remaining saliva on Jonathan’s trouser legs one foot at a time with an unimpressed huff. Unimpressed quickly changed to something else, when that thick cock was exposed. He felt himself salivate a little, swallowing subtly.
"If you wish to masturbate in front of me, be my guest. It shall be the only relief your cock receives tonight, I am perfectly happy without it." A lie. But given the fact Dio had dreamt of having Jonathan when he believed it impossible for many years, he had learned the art of suppressing his desires in front of the man, even if he was a little out of practice.

~

Despite Dio's words, Jonathan recognised the look in his eyes and the way his body tensed. He knew that Dio wanted him, and since there was no risk of being caught, he decided to make this as difficult as humanly possible for Dio.

"I suppose I shall simply take care of myself. Pity… I was so looking forward to breaking in the new bed. " Jonathan's hand continued to stroke his cock, moving closer to Dio as he did so. "I wanted to see how firm it is, see how your body sinks down into it as I come into you from behind…"

He moved behind Dio now and leaned in close to his neck, not touching, but enough to allow him to feel his hot breath on his skin. "I very much wanted to take you rough, too. Your hair is newly long and I wished to grab it while I ride you. Mmm..." At this point Jonathan's hand was moving faster and harder, he would not be far from finishing.

Moving in front of Dio, he leaned in so that his lips were close to his own, his breaths deep and long as he touched himself. Dio would know a thing or two about what Jonathan looked like before he came. And this was it.

"Are you certain you do not want me to finish inside you...?"

~

Dio glared at Jonathan as he approached him. He was up in his face, the proximity a hot and irksome close, but he never once made contact with his skin, playing dangerously near the edge. The man was acting like a child who could proclaim he was not doing anything wrong by doing everything but the thing he had been instructed not to do. It was aggravating, and Dio felt like yelling, but of course he would be met with the aforementioned reasoning with an annoyingly chipper voice and that would only serve to make his anger worse.

He finally put the book down, letting it rest on his lap, just in front of the small bulge in his underwear, which was currently, but not for long covered by relatively baggy trousers. They used to fit well, he’d lost weight he realised. Unintentional, but Dio did not really care. Before he had worked hard, ridiculously hard, to gain a body that could rival Jonathan’s natural bulk; he’d been jealous -- not that he would admit it. Now that he had the original, he’d relaxed on that front, and was happily appreciating the slender form he was granted from birth, that attracted Jonathan unendingly.

Dio stared at Jonathan, lust in his head, but eyes as cold as stone as amber gazed forward, meeting blue. Jonathan was acting without the slightest hint of shame, touching himself, his words and deeds bringing him to the brink of coming, he could see it on his face.

“I’m certain.” Dio gaze intensified at that, and there was a glint of victory. Jonathan was finally going to lose.

~

Jonathan had considered not finishing if Dio would not give in to him, but at the point where he was, there was no going back. A few final strokes, and Dio would be able to watch his face contort into
that expression which looked halfway between pain and pleasure, as he spilled his seed into his hand. Once he was done, he pouted, and flashed Dio a glare.

“I suppose that I am finished for the night, too.” With a huff, he strolled off to wash up, yanking up his pyjamas as he did, but not before Dio caught a generous view of his rear.

~

“I suppose you are,” Dio replied with slanted eyes and a smirk of pure accomplishment. It had been a sacrifice, they likely would have been all over each other and starting their second round of sexual exploits over their cottage bed, but Dio had to prove to both Jonathan and himself that he could resist the man if need be. Of course tomorrow he had every plan to make up for what he lost, but tonight he would sleep soundly (and mildly achy in his crotch) knowing that he had won.

But it was not even close to bedtime yet, the sun had not even fully set, though it was starting to get darker, and soon the lamps and lights would need to be turned on, and perhaps a fire stoked. Jonathan had left the room for a good while now and Dio half suspected he had gone upstairs in a stroppy sulk for the rest of the night. What a child.

~

When Jonathan disappeared upstairs, Dio might have expected him to turn in for bed, but it was not the case. Eventually, he made his way back down the stairs, now in his full pyjamas. He still looked pouty, and had his book under his arm.

He did not say a word to Dio, but instead sat himself at his feet, leaning against his leg as he opened his book. His head tilted slightly to the side to kiss his knee, before he began to read, a drowsy look in his eyes. It was almost something a small child might do, except Jonathan was a grown man, and a large one at that. Still, there was a tenderness and innocent trusting as he leaned back against Dio, a side of himself which he was not afraid to show.

Jonathan had satisfied himself with sitting at the foot of Dio’s chair. After all, what more was there to do? He would not be doing Dio, much to his chagrin. While winning the game had not been the be all and end all to Jonathan, he had wanted to win. After all, it meant a night of intimacy and pleasure with the man he loved.

But there were small pleasures too, as well as intimacy of a different kind. He still felt warm and content reading at Dio’s feet, knowing no one could disturb them in this place, and knowing that Dio would be there beside him when he awoke the next morning.

~

For a while there was little movement from Dio, and a silence, comfortable, but nevertheless quiet fell over the room. But eventually he felt himself softening, and as one might cross their arms over another’s shoulders, Dio’s legs angled themselves towards Jonathan and draped over him, one on either side. He tightened his grip to have Jonathan's head lodged in place. One foot rest over the other atop of the other man’s large chest, and they remained like that for a little while longer too before Dio, after a bit of thought and consideration spoke.

“If you place yourself on the loveseat I might consider joining you. Your lap makes for quite a suitable pillow.”

~

Jonathan beamed, not hesitating for a moment to pull himself up and stretch himself out over the
plush cushions, much more comfortable than the floor. He allowed Dio to rest against him, and, true to his command, did not attempt to touch or caress him directly. He did, however, lightly stroke the ends of Dio’s blond hair, and smile softly as he leaned in ever so close to his lips, just a breath away.

“I love you dearly,” he whispered, before pulling back and returning to his book.

~

It took a great deal of self-restraint once again on Dio’s part not to pull Jonathan down, drop his book and kiss him with endless fervour before stripping his clothes of and making their bodies one on the loveseat — a fitting place, considering. He imagined the scenario in his head, but did not move, letting Jonathan’s lips draw close without ever touching, respecting his irritatingly stubborn wishes. There was a light blush painted on his cheeks as Jonathan declared his love, but rather than repulsion, Dio almost lost himself, fingers twitching upwards. He refrained. He was angry that he did.

He let himself slip a little later, taking Jonathan’s hand and kissing the back of it, rather chastely, given that it was Dio doing it, but not so light that it did not leave a wetness from his lips. He replied to Jonathan’s declaration with a warm confidence. “I know you do.”

Dio would be unaware of when exactly it happened, but soon he was sleeping quite soundly on Jonathan’s lap, one arm hanging over the side of the couch, breathing in and out just loud enough to hear.

~

Despite things having not quite gone the way which Jonathan had wanted them to, he was still satisfied with the day overall. They were moved in and settled for the summer, they had managed to make their own dinner, and had had an amusing night, even if the ending had been less physical than expected. As Dio fell asleep in his lap, Jonathan lifted him up carefully into his arms, and carried him up to the master bedroom. In this sleepy state, he would not notice the kisses left to his forehead.

Jonathan, after having carefully and lovingly draped a blanket across Dio’s form, chose to lay beside him. He did not feel the need to curl up close and put his arms around him, as Dio would disapprove when he woke. But he did sleep soundly, knowing that Dio was close and safe.
By the next morning, Jonathan decided that Dio’s demands must have reset, because as soon as he woke and saw the other man sleeping close in the bed, he damn near tackled him, arms wrapping about his chest, and burying his face happily against him.

“Good morning!” he greeted him far more cheerfully than anyone should be at that time. “I bought some pastries yesterday for our breakfast…why don’t we row out onto the lake and eat them there? ~

Dio did not do well being woken up abruptly and the second he felt himself attacked his eyes burst open and he took a defensive stance, hands shielding his face. His shock turned into a harsh snip within the blink of an eye. “What the hell do you think you’re doing, Jojo?!” In the seconds he formed his position and quickly turned to yelling at Jonathan he had a bearing on his surroundings -- not home, not university, not where he remembered falling asleep. A bedroom, the cottage, Jojo, safe -- and squeezed Jonathan’s nostrils shut with two pinching fingers, before immediately dropping back down onto the bed.

“Don’t… wake me up like that.” Dio frowned. “Don’t wake me up at all. What time is it?” Whatever time it might have been it was too early if Dio had to be forced awake, rather than do so of his own volition. He was no longer at university, where he worked on a schedule. Summer was for relaxing and he planned to do just that. He did not know why he expected such with a lover like Jonathan, who was chipper as a bird right from the moment he rose.

“I think I’d rather take breakfast in bed,” Dio said. “And by breakfast I mean coffee and by in bed I mean make and bring me some. You can do that much alone, can’t you?” Now awake, he knew he would be unable to get back to sleep, so he might as perk up a bit, and without coffee, that was impossible. “Rowing can come later… there’s a few things I need to do before we step outside today, Jojo.” Or outside his bed for that matter. Last night was won, but now he had some serious catching up to do.

~

“Ow! Yes, yes, I can make you coffee. I shall have it soon…” Jonathan leaned in and pressed a kiss to Dio’s cheek. “But first I just wanted to tell you how lucky I am to have you. I’d never let anyone or anything hurt you, Dio. Alright?” Another kiss was pressed to his opposite cheek, and Jonathan scurried out of the room, stumbling over the stool by the room’s vanity as he did so. He did not yet know the house’s layout, and Jonathan could be clumsy when he was excited and not paying attention.

~

“Al…right…” Dio was a little confused at the protective words of affection Jonathan spilled about not hurting him. Oh well, it didn’t matter.

Though he had said he was not leaving the bed, Dio could not help but pop to the bathroom to give his face a quick wash and clear out his mouth with water, as well as use the lavatory. Feeling refreshed he slipped back into bed and acted as if he had never gotten out from under it as Jonathan returned, black coffee passed to him. The pleasantly bitter heat felt good as he took the first sip, smiling and making small noises of approval as Jonathan slipped back into bed. “Well, at least your coffee making skills are adequate. It can be your job to make them, from now on.”
Dio remained quiet until his cup was completely emptied, practically feeling his spirits rise as he reached the bottom.

He set it aside and immediately looked to Jonathan, still not quite done with his own. That did not matter to him as he found his way onto the man’s lap, straddling him, legs pressed against those large thighs of his. He placed his hands around Jonathan’s mug and pulled, detaching it from his grip and placing it on bedside table, replacing the next sip of undoubtedly sweet coffee for his open mouthed kiss, lips puckered and wet. It took time for them to pull up, and when they did, it was three times more they found themselves together before Dio finally spoke.

“Now… would you prefer it like this, or are you going to flip me over? Given the fact you lost it should be my choice, but you were so desperate last night I’m feeling benevolent.” He quietly hoped for the latter option, but did not say so.

~

“O-oh…” Jonathan’s cheeks started to burn, despite being far more used to these advances, this one still took him by surprise. Dio was hardly awake, and yet he was now ready for action, the only preface to which was finishing a cup of coffee. “I, ah, well now!” Jonathan rubbed the back his head and looked at the blond in his lap, considering what his wishes were. Once composure had been regained, a hand began to unbutton Dio’s night shirt, slowly but surely.

“Last night I had wanted to do a great many things.” Jonathan pushed open the shirt with each passing button, and his lips moved to his nipple, sucking it lightly. “Perhaps it is best that you stopped me. We have this entire glorious summer alone together, and I would not wish to burn through our desires too quickly.” Jonathan’s lips sank lower and lower, before finally scooting back so he could properly kiss his now bare belly. Fingers tugged at the waistline of the pants, though he did not pull them down completely, just enough to see the top of a patch of blond.

“You know they say absence makes the heart grow fonder. I wonder if that applies to other organs as well.”

~

“My cock grows fonder for you every second, Jojo. Or perhaps harder is a better word.” At this point the evidence spoke for itself, Dio almost completely erect, his pants bulging.

He began to move himself about Jonathan, hands around his waist, feeling the muscle under the fabric, still toned from rugby training. Quickly those hands slipped under his nightshirt and felt at the bare skin, and Dio almost without noticing himself began to grind against him in circular motions. Of course once he realised his actions they only went to increase, and small sounds escaped him. His arousal rose all the more as the sucks and nips and Jonathan’s tongue on lips on his torso began and quickly made their way lower down his body.

“Even if you managed to get through everything last night, we’d just have to make more. There’s a whole world of possibilities out there, Jojo. You’ll see.” The ambiguity of his words caused Dio to smile all the more, and he quickly pulled Jonathan up for another long wet kiss on the lips, his ruts and grinds harder as he wrapped his arms around his neck to bring them closer.

“But you still haven’t answered my question. Which way do you want me?”

~

When it came to sex, Dio would always be the more creative of the two of them, that was for certain.
Jonathan would have his bursts of imaginativeness, of course. But nothing would compare to Dio’s lust for Jonathan’s body, and Jonathan had no issues with going along for the ride. However, there was the little dilemma of how to take him. Jonathan’s first instinct was always for the slow and intimate, facing Dio so that he could look into his eyes and kiss his lips. But after last night, he was feeling a bit more lascivious than usual.

Instead of answering Dio’s question with words, he tugged down the pyjama bottoms, the erection that had been tenting the fabric now out in the open. With little effort, Jonathan flipped the other man onto his stomach, hands grabbing at his hips and yanking him forward, so his now bare ass could be pressed against his own groin. Jonathan almost sighed in relief at the sensation, though he would of course not be content to stop there. The waistband of his pants were soon around his knees, his bare and hard cock prodding against Dio’s rear.

“You were so difficult last night. If I wasn’t so eager myself I would make you wait.” A small peck was pressed to Dio’s cheek as he reached into the drawer of their bedroom table. A vial of oil had been placed there; they had both been well aware that it would be needed frequently this summer. Quickly it was opened, and Jonathan began the familiar process of preparing Dio’s entrance.

~

“Well, Jojo, you only have yourself to blame for all that. Last night there was reason for it, I, Dio am not going to back down from a challenge. But today is a new day and we are free to do as we so desire without restraints.” Dio gasped lightly as he felt thick fingers press against him and rutted with zealous anticipation against Jonathan’s fingers, egging him on to go in deeper and faster, moaning out his nickname and words of approval, wanting those fingers replaced by his length as soon as possible.

His own cock began to dribble and leak precome, and his hand instinctively began to reach for it, increasing the intensity of the ministrations. Profanities and curses began to slip out of Dio’s mouth as he ordered him to put it inside already, that was enough.

~

Jonathan was usually a careful lover but with Dio there was no need. He had no need for extended preparation, and in fact with the eagerness Dio was showing, he was most likely needing things to be made faster rather than longer. Dio’s strings of curses amused him, and it was tempting to prolong his agony, but instead, he pressed himself inside.

A loud, satisfied cry escaped his lips, as Dio’s warmth encompassed him. There was something absolutely freeing about doing this in their own little cottage, far from the prying eyes and ears of the outside world. It made every little inconvenience worth it, just for this moment. “Dio, you feel amazing.” He could not help but murmur, even though he knew that Dio did not need to be told.

From this angle, Jonathan had a fantastic view of Dio’s hair, now long enough to dangle over his shoulders. He grabbed a hand full and tugged it, pleased with the length that it had gained across the last few months. The rest of him looked lovely as well, his lean back muscles giving way to his hips, and his rear pointed upwards with Jonathan’s cock inside it. It was such a fantastic view that he was taking his sweet time, but with a little encouragement, Jonathan gave his hair a hard yank, and then began to thrust harder.

“Dio… Dio, damn it, I want more…” Jonathan whined as he continued to pound his rear. Noise was no longer an issue for them.
“Give me more then, you know I can take it…” Dio said, turning his head just enough to catch a glimpse of Jonathan from behind. His hair was a mess, beads of sweat dripped from forehead, causing them to stick a little, cheeks flushed red with the heat of arousal as he continued to pump. Dio might have grown accustomed to feeling stretched, but by no means did that lessen the sheer pleasure that came from Jonathan’s cock. “Or is that all you have to offer me, Jojo?” He spoke the last words with a challenging edge to his tone, smirking in between his grunts and gasps.

Dio’s back grew taut as Jonathan pulled his hair towards him, and his body tensed and quivered as his cock deepened inside. He felt his roots strain, the mild pain of it exhilarating. Jonathan began to increase speed and Dio bucked himself, angling his sweetest spot in the direct path of the length within him, moaning unabashed and unrestrained each time contact was made, mouth hanging open, curse words still spilling from his lips.

~

While Jonathan loved a contented lover praising him for just how good he was inside them, there was still something appealing about Dio cursing in frustration, unable to get enough to be satisfied as he craved Jonathan so greatly. The challenge in his words was enough to spur him on, lifting Dio’s hips slightly to bring them closer to his own, and continuing his pounding at an even closer angle.

“Of course it’s not all I have…” Jonathan panted, beads of sweat rolling down his face. As if to prove it he gave him a particularly hard thrust, followed by another, and another, all while holding Dio’s hips up with his own two hands. Jonathan’s well sculpted body was certainly being pushed hard right now, and it showed.

Pent up desire and frustration were unleashed on Dio, Jonathan’s motions causing the bed to shake and the headboard to hit the wall loudly. If not for the fact that they were so well removed from others, everyone in the surrounding area would have known just what they had been up to.

Finally, with a cry nearly as loud as a roar, Jonathan finished inside Dio, immediately slumping forward onto the other, catching his breath and wiping the sweat from his brow.

~

With the relentless thrusts put upon him, Dio would have usually had to grit his teeth or bury his face in a pillow, muffling his moans from any unwanted ears in fear they might hear his loud wails. But here he had the complete freedom to be as loud as he wanted and made great use of it, crying out with every slam to his prostate, mouth open wide, cursing as if he were a sailor, completely insatiable. He cried out for more, for harder impact, for Jonathan to give him everything he had and more…. he was close, his body tensed as he bucked into Jonathan’s hips, his rear feeling the pangs of red stains upon him, which only drove him all the crazier.

Before he was finished however, he felt the warm, strong shooting of fluid deep inside him. He gasped suddenly, as Jonathan collapsed. Dio was strong enough to keep himself a little upright, but manoeuvring became far more difficult.

“You came before me, how incredibly rude of you,” Dio said from underneath the larger man, panting heavily, cock just a few bucks, tugs and sucks away from releasing. “I hope you will rectify that wrong in the next few seconds.” Dio let himself drop completely, his hips still raised some from their previous position and turned around on his back so he and Jonathan lay face to face. He slapped him, gently enough all things considered, but could not resist granting him a quick peck on the lips as a sort of recompense.

~
The sting on his cheek was a reminder of his own carelessness. Normally Jonathan's first priority was Dio's pleasure, but with having been driven to such fierce love making, he had forgotten himself and finished without a thought for the other man. Still, Jonathan could be rather virile, and though he had grown soft inside Dio it would not be long before he would be able to start anew.

“Accept my apologies,” Jonathan said with sincerity, as he kissed Dio's lips, and then hastily moved down to use those lips on his still hard member. While Jonathan had become good at giving head, and knew just the technique to make Dio come, he opted instead to simply maintain his hard on, giving his own cock time to recover.

~

“I suppose I can forgive you, just this once, I could hardly blame you for being brought to climax so soon with me,” Dio said a little while later, when Jonathan’s mouth was well and truly occupied, in a flushed voice that matched his heated cheeks, the feeling of warmth travelling all the way across his body. He was tempted to keep his eyes closed, but forced them to remain open, watching Jonathan act only turned him on all the more.

~

As soon as Jonathan felt himself capable, he reached down and gave himself a good hard jerk, feeling the cock come back to full hardness bit by bit. It was sore, doing so soon, but he did not care. His goal was to bring Dio over the edge while inside him, that was what he wanted more than anything.

With his cock hard again, Jonathan sat up, taking only a minute to grin down at Dio, before flipping him back over. He pushed himself back inside without ceremony, grunting slightly as he did so. Long but hard thrusts were soon smacking against Dio's rear.

~

Dio grinned back with a raised eyebrow and a glint in his eye before rolling over with Jonathan’s flip, gripping the mattress as he felt his cock push in without a second of hesitation, rubbing in on his prostate right from the moment of entrance. He moaned out, just as loud as before, and the pair quickly found a rhythm.

Soon enough Dio felt himself release in-between the hard thrusts, body arching back as his chest and the outer sheets were coated in his come. He had managed to find his way onto his hands and knees, but once he came that did not last, and he slumped just as Jonathan had upon his orgasm, panting heavily. He did not need to tell Jonathan to keep going, he would know well enough.

~

Jonathan’s body was slick with sweat by now, having pushed it to the brink to please Dio twice in a very short period of time. Once Dio finally reached his peak, Jonathan continued, each thrust a mixture of pleasure and pain. Reaching his second climax was even more work than the first, and by the end of it, he groaned and gasped, before rolling off Dio and catching his breath while staring up at the ceiling of the room.

“I hope… that… sufficed.” Jonathan finally sputtered out, beads of sweat rolling down his face into the pillow, chest rising and falling. He had worn himself out, although the contented smile on his face showed that despite the exhaustion, he did not mind. For a few moments he simply laid there and savoured the freedom they had, to not have to worry about scurrying into another room and redressing before they were discovered.
“It will do for now,” Dio said, attempting to sound mildly unimpressed, but still not able to catch his breath completely he supposed it did not quite come out that way. He remained flat on his stomach, draping an arm across Jonathan’s chest as he lay beside him, both remaining in their respective positions for a good few minutes, happily sated, last night’s rejections very much taken care of. For now he was quite happy, despite his sticky body and need to clean. But that could come in a little while.
“I know I suggested that we take a boat ride, but perhaps we could simply go into the water instead.” Jonathan wiped off the sweat of their recent sexual exploits from his brow and looked at Dio. “We are far enough removed, no one will bother us at the lake. We are free to do as we please… including bathing outside in the nude.”

~

“Bathe in the lake?” Dio asked, turning his head to face Jonathan, body remaining flat. “You want us to freeze to death acting like barbarians?” Truth be told the water would not be freezing, the summer was rather hot, but it would be cooler than a regular bath, Dio liking them almost scalding hot. But Dio and nature were not the most compatible of entities. Give him a city and he could manoeuvre like an expert, but a forest or woodland terrain was unexplored territory and he was happy leaving it that way.

He had not even been in a proper bathtub until he had joined the Joestar estate, much less knew how to swim. He had grudgingly allowed Jonathan to teach him as a sort of gesture of goodwill during the days of their pseudo friendship. It had not gone too well, but at least now he would not drown if thrown into the sea. It was a useful thing to learn, which was why he allowed it.

“Frogs live in lakes, Jojo, you want us to bathe with frogs?”

~

"It isn't that cold, it will be refreshing. And the frogs will not bother you unless you bother them first," Jonathan said with a little grin. He was still exhausted, head on the pillow turned to look at Dio. His blue eyes were as bright as sapphires, a reflection of his exceptionally good mood. It was in part why he was trying to press an idea that Dio might not favour at all.

"We could bring soap." He sat up finally and stretched his arms over his head, followed by a roll of his shoulders. "I will make sure you get thoroughly washed. After all, a knight would never neglect his prince, particularly not one as handsome as you." Jonathan peppered Dio's cheeks with kisses, before sweeping a hand over Dio's blond hair. Both their locks were thoroughly messy, but Dio had far more to be in disarray.

"Besides, your skin is so pale, a few licks of summer sunlight would not hurt." The kisses continued, followed by a kiss to Dio's lips. "Not that there is anything wrong with how your skin looks now, of course.”

~

“A few licks of summer sunlight would hurt,” Dio said grudgingly. “Unlike your heavy tan my skin only burns in the sun, it is really quite uncomfortable.” Dio had always been an indoor type, preferring to remain within the walls of the estate or indoor locations outside of it during his summers and free time, while Jonathan relished in the outdoors. It had kept them separate excluding meals and times they would deliberately interact, which likely made them both rather happy, but now, Dio was finding himself thrown outdoors far more often, given their relationship and did not think he was fond of it.

He supposed, however, he was growing soft, for Jonathan’s bright blue gaze and cheek peppers seemed to be having an effect, and with a loud groan he conceded to Jonathan’s request, rolling his
eyes at himself for being so amenable.

“But you’ll have to carry me there. And you best not be thinking of throwing me in, Jojo. I won’t take kindly to that.”

~

“We do not need to stay outside long enough for you to burn!” Jonathan was already pulling himself up and starting to go through a box he had brought with him, filled with scented soaps that he knew Dio would enjoy. Jonathan had never been one to fuss much over washing, but since his relationship with Dio had begun, he had come to appreciate relaxing in sweet scented water. And there was definitely something pleasant about traces of such being left on their bodies afterwards. He selected a bar that was lavender in both scent and colour, being his favourite.

When Dio suggested Jonathan carry him, he shrugged and leaned in to pick him up, the distance from the bedroom and out the front door not very far at all. Once at the edge of the lake, Jonathan began to wade in. “It would be fun to drop you, but I am enjoying being able to kiss you and spread your legs.” Like a true knight, Jonathan ever so gently lowered him into the water, sighing with relief as his own muscles felt the coolness.

“This is so lovely, Dio. Being away from everything else, not having to restrain ourselves. I feel free with you, for the very first time.

~

“Believe you me it would not be fun to drop me,” Dio said. “More on your side than my own, though my reaction would not be pleasant for either of us.” Dropping him, thankfully, did not happen and Dio was softly submerged in the depths, after he forced Jonathan to pause for a moment, giving his body time to adjust. He had to admit however that once placed inside the cool water it felt rather good, refreshing.

Where they currently stood, near enough to the edge of the lake, was shallow enough for the rather tall men to stand with their feet firmly placed on the ground. It felt a little strange, being out in the open like this, completely exposed, Jonathan by him. Dio enjoyed the risqué as much as any man and probably more, but with it he had a level of self-propriety in public locations. This, here, with only a couple of towels on the bank left them rather unable to cover themselves or hide if anyone came by. But while it was odd, it was happily freeing, and Dio smiled, agreeing with Jonathan. He liked this.

He stood properly after treading the water for a few seconds, growing used to it before pressing his wet chest on Jonathan’s, hands planting themselves in the dishevelled curls and drawing him in for a long, open kiss, rather scenic with the sky blue above and the grass green below, birds chirping and singing, as if they were part of some fairy tale ending story. Utterly cliché but Dio found himself grinning into the kiss regardless.

“I can think of a few worse things,” he said in response, voice dripping in sarcastic affection.

~

“I can think of few better things.” Jonathan pressed a small and soft kiss to Dio’s mouth, for the moment not lingering, but only because he wanted his hands to start moving across Dio’s body. He began to lather the bar of soap, and then raising his hands, started from Dio’s shoulders and began to work his way downwards, taking his time as he did so.
“I always found nature to be very soothing, preferring being outside to being indoors on most days.” This would not be news to Dio, their relationship having begun when Jonathan decided that a storm was nothing he could not handle on foot. “This in particular is wonderful, as I get to enjoy it with you. Thank you for humouring me. I promise we will not let your nose get too sun kissed.” With a smile, he kissed the tip of his nose, his starting to work the bar of soap around Dio’s hips and stomach beneath the surface.

~

“Nature is dirty and filled with mud and vermin,” Dio said, enjoying Jonathan’s hands pressed against his body, followed by the bar of soap. It smelled of lavender he quickly discovered, of course it did, it was Jonathan’s favourite. “But this, I suppose is decent enough, if only thanks to the gardener and maintenance staff cutting the grass and removing the pond scum from the top of the lake.” That was the only reason he agreed to bathe in such a place.

~

“But the water is lovely, is it not? The weather is warm, but not sticky, and the water feels quite nice. Plus, there is no rush. We can take as long as we like…we could stay out here all day even. No one would bother us.” Jonathan’s hands squeezed his sides lightly. “I adore having you like this. All to myself.” There was a hint of a possessive tone there, and Jonathan was seldom as possessive as Dio.

~

“Mm, who knew you were the jealous type, Jojo?” Dio lifted his arms up to cup Jonathan’s cheeks, the man’s hands still on his hips, their bodies near touching at many other points. “Worry not, I am all yours this summer, no need to share. Just, of course, as you are mine.” A kiss followed, not dissimilar to the light peck Jonathan gave him earlier. He smiled, happy and Jonathan returned it. Who knew something so primitive as washing in a lake could be so enjoyable?

All seemed to be going rather nicely and Dio was beginning to think this bathing outside could become regular occurrence, until a slimy, foreign creature brushed against his foot. Perhaps a frog, or a fish maybe, frankly it did not matter for Dio had already reacted, eyes and mouth widening as he let out a yelp, making a splash in the water. Latching himself to Jonathan in a sudden, rather rough and undignified jerk of movement he clung to the brunet, pushing them both back a good few feet. “Something touched me!”

~

Having Dio jump to a point where he actually clung to him was something that took Jonathan a moment to comprehend. This was Dio Brando, who never showed weakness and vulnerability, and certainly never yelped. He stared at him, blinking once, twice, and then pulled Dio into a tight embrace, kissing the top and side of his head. He was laughing heartily.

"Dio, my darling, dearest, Dio, I would have never thought you would be scared of a fish! It is not so very deep over here, it would have to be something small.” He kept Dio in the tight embrace despite his amusement. An arm draped around him as if he were comforting a child, chuckles still escaping his lips. "You are safe from both fish and frog I promise you. Although if it was a frog, I am curious to try and catch it. As a child I found one once as big as my shoe, I wonder if this one could compare.” With a look of mischief on his face he began to pull away from Dio. "I could go and fetch it and bring it to you if you like. Then you shouldn't have to worry about it under your feet!" He was grinning from ear to ear.
“I wasn’t scared of anything,” Dio snapped, rather peeved once Jonathan began laughing at his action, though it did not stop him from holding onto him tightly. “It just… came as a mild surprise, that is all. And who knows what it might have been, what if it was a poisonous water snake or…” Jonathan was still laughing and Dio stopped in his fast paced rant, letting go of Jonathan’s shoulders and standing on his own strength. “I wasn’t scared.”

But when Jonathan pulled away, threatening to bring him the frog, Dio’s face blanched paler than it may have ever been. “No! Don’t you dare bring whatever that thing was near me, Jojo. You will not like the consequences if you do.” He had already taken three steps back from the suspected direction the creature. Dio would not have reacted this way if he’d seen the fish-frog coming, but it had snuck up on him, under the depths he did not enjoy being in much in the first place, and Dio did not take well to being surprised.

Body still a little soapy and only his top half clean, Dio quickly dipped himself in the water (after observing the lower surroundings thoroughly), getting rid of the suds before stepping out of the lake and to the safety of dry grass.

“I think that’s quite enough of that,” he said, wrapping the towel around his waist. “I’m going inside to have a proper bath liked a civilised being. Have fun with your disgusting frogs, Jojo.”

~

“Oh, Dio, don’t ruin the fun.” Jonathan followed him out of the water and wrapped his arms around him from behind. He kept a gentle but firm hold on him, not being rough, but not letting him storm off. To help soothe him, a few kisses were pressed to his cheek and neck. “Do you really think I would be more interested in a frog than you? Even if they were a frog prince like in the fairy tale, you are the only prince I have eyes for.” Jonathan’s own eyes were bright as they gazed down at Dio. “And besides, there is nothing poisonous here. Not in the lake, at any rate. If there was, father would have never let us swim here. So stop your fuss, I was only joking with you. You know I would never let anything disturb my royal highness…” At that he swept Dio up into his arms and began to nip at his earlobe. Between his words and his actions, he felt he had Dio thoroughly distracted enough to step back into the lake.

“It’s not so bad. Just stay close to me.” Jonathan spoke as he slowly set Dio down, so close to him that their legs were nearly tangled. He began to run the soap down his back, starting to focus on the lower half of his body this time.

~

“As if you would know if anything is poisonous in here. You are an archaeologist, what do you know about underwater life? Little, I’d imagine, despite your floundering with the lake vermin all throughout our adolescence.” Frustrated and mildly embarrassed at his own outburst, Dio was feeling argumentative, and folded his arms in Jonathan’s hold, scowling though he allowed himself to be guided back, his sensitive ear nibbled on.

Dio pre-emptively flinched when he touched water again, holding onto Jonathan tightly when he attempted to let him go, thoroughly analysing the location he was to be set on before carefully placing one foot, then the other back inside. “If I find myself bitten or poisoned, I promise nobody will be able to tell your death was not an accident.” Dio was sure he said this recently already, but he did not care, Jonathan would hear the warning as many times as it was necessary.
“Let’s just get this over with,” he said, granting Jonathan access and closeness to wash the rest of his body. “Better do a second scrub of the top too, since you went about holding me with your unwashed, sweaty body.” He slid a finger down the middle of Jonathan’s chest, as if he were checking for dust and dirt on a countertop.

As Jonathan was washing him Dio felt a rumble in his stomach, the area quiet enough, and the other man close enough to hear it. “What do you want for breakfast? We’ll have to go into town for it, unless you want leftovers.”

~

“You like my unwashed, sweaty body. In fact, I recall you being a rather big part of the reason I became unwashed and sweaty.” Jonathan continued to soap up his lower body, but also took the time to wash his chest again, and this time, lingering around his shoulders, rubbing them gently under the cool water.

Of course his stomach would growl. Jonathan was blessed with a very high metabolism, at least for this part of his life. Because of it, he was often hungry, and ate more frequently than others do, Dio himself included. “Oh, I will be fine. I ate a pastry while I was carrying up your coffee, but a large breakfast would be nice, perhaps at a restaurant in town. We can eat the leftovers later.”

Food was the only thing that could make Jonathan think of leaving the little paradise of their cottage. He was so enjoying the fact that they could move about freely, and be as affectionate as he wished… or as Dio would let him. He continued to wash him, humming lightly as he did so. “As much as I would like to eat, I am enjoying this far too much to cut it short.”

~

“You eat too much, Jojo, I could survive on that sole pastry alone, and just the coffee if need be.” Dio, in his past had actually survived on far less than any of that.

“But we can go out, find a little cafe in town, there’s one I like and it’s been awhile. We should also get ourselves some bread and eggs, as well as the ingredients for dinner tonight to place in the icebox. No point in going out twice unnecessarily. Leftovers can be for lunch I suppose.” He was only half talking to Jonathan now, more making a checklist for himself, deciding what was needed.

Absorbed in his thoughts, it was only the sound of a splash, followed by a croak that brought him back to reality. Dio glanced over to see a frog jumping out from the lake and onto the bank, dangerously close to where he left his towel.

“Jojo…” he said in a whisper, holding his breath. “It’s there.” Dio was pointing.

~

“What is there? Oh!” Jonathan's eyes fell on the frog, and without hesitation he swooped down and picked it up, before it could leap away. “It’s actually not terribly big, I’ve seen far worse.” He was all too cheerful about holding a wild amphibian, and he could clearly see that Dio did not share the same feelings.

“Since I doubt you want to examine him further, I will just let him get home to his family.” And with a certain amount of gentleness, he knelt by the water and let the creature leap from his hands and swim away. “See? Harmless.” He grabbed their towels and tossed one to Dio. “Now let us get something to eat so that we can enjoy more of this beautiful day.”

~
“It is big enough,” Dio said, his voice back to its unimpressed normality now that the frog was out of reach and not touching any of his body by surprise. “Just get rid of it, Jojo.” And soon enough it was gone, far away somewhere he would preferably never see it again. It was not even that Dio was squeamish or afraid, he was rather fond of the grotesque in fact, but that particular frog had caused him to embarrass himself, and thus he held a resentment for it.

He caught the towel with one handed ease and stepped out of the lake quickly after, running the drying fabric down his body quickly before wrapping it around his waist as they made for the house. He bid Jonathan put some creams and lotions onto body before they left, just because he had him available to do so, and spent a good long time changing and sorting out his hair before they actually went.
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 7

After breakfast the day was spent in lounging and romping and casual enjoyment of nothing in particular, simply because Dio and Jonathan could. A number of baths had been taken since (though these times Dio had steered clear of the lake and the frogs that inhabited them), and eventually the blond had drifted off into a calm slumber while Jonathan had gone out to fetch the ice they had forgotten earlier that day, greeted to his exposed body, peacefully resting over the covers, legs gently parted, ass up and all too inviting.

Jonathan inhaled sharply at the sight, Dio was truly a sight to behold. He spread himself out beside his lover very carefully, not wishing to disturb him. But the temptation to reach out, stroke, and fondle his soft and sweet smelling body was great… too great.

A hand slid down his spine, over his tailbone, and between the cheeks of his ass, giving him a light and playful probing. When Dio started to stir, Jonathan gave his rear a pat, rolling him over and spreading his thighs. "You look so lovely, my dearest." Leaning in, Jonathan wrapped a hand around his shaft and pressed his lips to the head, urging it to life.

~

“Don’t I always?” Dio only awoke to the feeling of something pressing on and in his body. It did not take the man much to be stirred and drowsily he groaned, stretching himself out, blinking as he adjusting to the light. After realising it was Jonathan, he let out a small hum and pliantly allowed himself to be rolled onto his back.

Tossing his hair to side to show himself off all the more, a pout grew on Dio’s lips, a gleam in his eye. His thighs opened in Jonathan’s grasp and he immediately felt a throb, which only served to increase as a hand was placed around his cock. “Aren’t you the insatiable one.”

~

“I'll admit your ass looked… most inviting.” Jonathan paused in his sucking in order to slip his hands beneath Dio, and give his rear a proper squeeze. “You are always so soft and smooth…..” Those hands began to run back up and between the smooth skin of his thighs. “You keep yourself so supple and sweet smelling. And with your hair as it is now…” Despite himself, Jonathan could feel his cock starting to swell. “You are just perfect, simply perfect, in each and every way.”

***

It was Jonathan’s turn to take a nap once he had finished off with Dio. He slept peacefully and deeply, a smile warm on his face. It had been quite an active day and his body was sore and needed rest, particularly if Dio would want another go… he wasn’t sure how he would handle it, but he would find a way if necessary. Having the freedom to literally fuck all day with no need to hide was still a novel concept, and while his body might tire of it, he did not think anything else would.

When he finally did wake, he was not surprised to find Dio gone. Normally this would leave him with a sense of disappointment, as if he had missed something that he could not get back. But Dio would be sleeping beside him tonight, and they had an entire summer together like this. Jonathan sighed happily as he stood up and stretched. He could not have asked for anything better than this, he was so glad that they had decided to come here.

Jonathan pulled himself out of bed, and went to the bathroom to hastily rinse off the sweat and
secretions from their latest bed romp, after which he pulled on a fresh pair of pants and a short sleeved button up shirt. He found Dio downstairs looking cozy on the loveseat with a book, and leaned in to steal a kiss.

“You look quite comfortable.” Jonathan remarked. He did not wish to make Dio move, so instead, he sat on the floor and let a hand rest on Dio’s thigh, looking up at him in admiration. “I hate to disturb you… so I think I shall sit right here.” He sighed happily and rested his head against the side of the loveseat, enjoying the quiet calm of the moment.

“I think I could handle rowing us onto the lake to watch the sunset. So long as I eat first.” Jonathan’s stomach was already getting grumbly.

~

“I am quite comfortable,” Dio replied, returning the quick kiss as Jonathan entered the room. There was a half empty bottle of wine on the coffee table near him and a glass with a few dregs left inside of it. A plate of crumbs which was once bread was also on the table. As much as Dio had enjoyed Jonathan’s company this day, he had revelled in these few hours of alone time that granted him chance to read and relax and be on his own. He needed that from time to time.

“There are leftovers, bread and fruit today, don’t expect me to cook for you this time, not after what you put my ass through… not that I would refuse or complain if you were say…. up for another round.” An eyebrow raised, and a smirk took Dio’s mouth. He gestured to table. “There is also wine, but get your own bottle.”

Dio likely could have survived without the boat ride but he shrugged. “So long as I don’t get wet or touched again, I don’t see why you can’t haul out the rowboat if you are so adamant about it.” Sunsets could be rather lovely to gaze upon after all, and they marked the start of night -- Dio’s favourite time of day.

~

The bottle was nearing empty even with Dio being the only one to touch it. It was enough for Jonathan to look at it with mild concern. “A whole bottle to yourself, Dio? Do you not find that just a bit excessive? I shall skip the wine tonight, if I am going to be rowing us out into the middle of the lake.” With that he retreated to the kitchen, and came back with a plate heaping with bread, cheese, and fruit. He was happy to sit on the floor at Dio’s feet with his plate on his knee, an open archaeological publication on the other, flipping through it as he read.

~

Dio shrugged off the wine comment. “No more than usual,” he said with a nonchalance in his voice, this was not something he would have considered large in quantity, at least not anymore.

There was something nice, comfortable about lounging about with Jonathan in a way that had never been during their youth. They had socialised often, especially in their adolescent boarding school days, trained and studied and played and laughed together but there was never that easy relaxed feeling that swept over him now, and far less touches to personal parts.

Granted Dio did try giving him the occasional touch, but never quite pushed himself to go beyond mild suggestiveness that could have been played off as something brotherly if Jonathan rejected them, instead seeking out others. There was something daunting about Jonathan rejecting his advances that Dio did not enjoy, and the risks that may have come.
But looking at Jonathan now, he kicked his younger self for being so cautious. It was a shame he did not do all this sooner, and he had to wonder just what about the shed made him throw caution to the wind -- likely the part where they were cuddling undressed and hunting for warmth in whatever way they could find it.

~

Once Jonathan had eaten, he collected their dishes and Dio’s by then empty glass, washing them carefully. Of course, Jonathan had seldom had a need to do such a thing for himself, but this summer would be different, and he did not expect Dio to clean up after him. If he had, he was sure he would have paid for it dearly.

Once everything was cleaned and dried, Jonathan walked out to the boat shed, and inspected the old rowboat for signs of disrepair. When he was satisfied, he dragged it out to the lake edge, pushed it in, and tied it off with a rope to the small dock. Thoroughly sweaty and dirty again, with a wide smile on his face, he ran inside. “Dio, it’s almost sunset and everything is ready.” He called out to the other man from the doorway.

~

There was still some wine left in the bottle, though Jonathan had irksomely taken the cup away, so he just drank from the source. Picking it up Dio stood to join him, slipping on shoes and stepping outside.

Looking up, he felt the warm air on him, even with the sun setting, the sky beginning to turn a nice sort of pink-orange as they made their way to the boat. Standing at it he bid Jonathan go in first, so his knight could escort him into it properly, taking his hand.

~

Jonathan stepped onto the boat and readied the oars into their slots. He then held out his hand to Dio, helping him step in safely, and guiding him to his seat across from him. “Ready?” he asked softly. “Here we go.”

Jonathan’s strong arms were put to use as he began the long, intensive motions required to row the boat. But he did it with ease, and bit by bit, they moved through the water towards the centre of the lake. It was noisy out, but a peaceful kind of noise, several choirs of crickets, a few frogs, some shuffling leaves and splashes of water, all mixed with the steady sound of the oars driving onwards. Thankfully, though the wildlife was audible, none was in sight. There was just water, grass, trees, and sky for as far as the eye can see.

When they reached the middle of the lake, Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief, and wiped some sweat off his brow. He leaned back and marvelled at the world around them, before marveling at the man across from him.

“If there is a paradise, I would want it to be filled with days like today. And I’d want you with me. Without you, it would be a little pointless, wouldn’t it?” He smiled and took Dio’s hand into his, weaving their fingers together.

~

While nature and sunset beauties had their place, and own earthy charms, Dio supposed, the sight in front of him was taking up his time and attention far more. Jonathan, arms strong, rowing them into the centre of the lake, a little sweat forming on his brow from the exertion, chest breathing in and out
in his short sleeved shirt… that was a sight that deserved to be admired extensively. Dio lay back to enjoy the view without shame, licking his lips and sipping on his wine suggestively.

“You need not consider dying to have this, to have me, Jojo. I’m already here, living, and have no plans on entering paradise any time soon.” Dio turned their entwined fingers so Jonathan’s were on top, leaning down to give his hand a gentleman’s kiss with a slightly dramatic bow. “Heaven can wait.”

~

Jonathan beamed at his lover, squeezing his hand and letting the peaceful chorus of nature take over for a time. Then carefully, he reached his arms around Dio and pulled him into his lap, being sure not to rock the boat as he did so. His head rested in the crook of Dio’s shoulder, lips lightly pressed to his neck.

“There was a time when I thought we would never make peace. Things between us had been so strained. And now here we are… I think the reason we did not always get along so well in our youth is because this is how we were meant to be, but neither of us was able to fully accept it.”

With a pleased sigh, Jonathan pressed some light kisses to the top of Dio’s head, enjoying how pale his hair looked in the dimmer light. “I fought it longer than you, didn’t I?” It was only now that he had been with Dio for a time, now that he knew his mannerisms so well, and knew more about the subtleties of his actions that he could reflect on past experiences, viewing them in a different light.

“I am sorry I made you wait.” Fingers lightly ran over the tops of his hand, staying quiet. He did not know exactly how long Dio had been waiting. But he had to wonder if some of his early cruelty had been misguided jealousy, and an inability to deal with it in a healthy manner. After what he had been through in the slums, he could see why.

~

“Maybe…” Dio said at Jonathan’s words, wondering if perhaps there was some truth to them. That they could never have been the comfortable, simply fraternal brothers they were seen to be, because that had never been what they could ever truly be. So discomfit set in when they hazarded being as such, animosities and uncomfortable tensions for more, and only now had they taken that plunge. They were an all or nothing pair, always had been.

“I’ll forgive you, since you got there eventually.” Dio replied, nestling himself softly into Jonathan’s arm hold, taking him and wrapping themselves around his torso. It was nice, he never thought he would like something like this so much… being held, that was. It always repulsed him so, before, how things could change. He took another swig from his bottle.

Happily tipsy and feeling terribly safe in this position, Jonathan pressed against him like this he couldn’t help but ask. “Jojo, if I had come at you sooner, made my advances, do you think you would have accepted them?” And then. “Did you ever think of me like this? At night, in the back of your mind, when I looked at you, somewhere?”

~

Dio was tipsy, which Jonathan supposed that he did not mind. If there was ever a time for it, it would be now, while they were alone with each other, and while they had no responsibilities. He would choose another time to have a serious discussion with him about the need to cut back. But not tonight. Tonight, they were both in too good a place.
At Dio’s question, Jonathan stopped and thought, pondering on it for a moment. But he knew the answer almost immediately, only searching his thoughts just in case. “I am making up for the fact that I did not think about you prior to that winter’s night, because now you never leave my mind.” Jonathan lifted a hand and ran his fingers through Dio’s hair, lightly combing the strands. “While it is plain as day to me now that we belong together, back then, I...” Hesitation drew across Jonathan’s face, and he shook his head, as if the thoughts were too difficult to piece together. “I honestly don’t know.”

Jonathan’s gaze turned to the water, watching how it spread under and around them, creating a dark mirrored surface. “I was like a child until recently, Dio. If you ask a young boy about the loveliness of a woman, he doesn’t have the full understanding. That night in the shed...you needed to be near me. It was for our own protection, that was why I drew you close. But when it was there, right there in my face, when I had you in my arms and had your mouth on my lips, how could I mistake it for anything than what it was?” Jonathan smiled and kissed him.

“We were meant to be. I just needed a little help getting there first. Lucky for that blizzard, eh?” He laughed and then leaned back with Dio in the boat, staring up at the stars.

~

“That is not the answer I was looking for, Jojo. You always put on a kindly face and all would call you sweet, but you are so very insensitive.” Another gulp of wine went down Dio’s throat and he slipped slightly lower in Jonathan’s grasp.

He had never liked the fact he was the only one who held any sort of inclination for the other in the years simply as a matter of course. It was a weakness, and his past self-hated himself for even considering the Joestar brat he was forced to entertain with kindness as someone worth looking at twice, worth having in his bed.

It might have been fine if Jonathan was unaware of it, but now he held a trump card that could be used at any time, and Dio, as much as he could have denied it with such adamance he would likely come to believe it, could not stop the fact that deep down, he had pined, wanted, needed. He sought the bodies of others to curb that need and it worked, for years it worked, but it always came back the moment he had to look at the boy’s irksome face and acknowledge he saw beauty in it.

“Oh yes, isn’t it just lucky that it took the near cusp of death to have you suck my cock, Jojo... at least I could die of hypothermia knowing that I finally had the opportunity to see such a sight.” He wouldn’t have said that if he weren’t so tipsy. Actually, there was a good chance that he may have.

~

Jonathan pouted slightly, fingers still combing through Dio's hair. "I am just being honest with you. I never thought much about the attractiveness of men. Why would I, when it is so looked down on, and women seemed beautiful? But then my eyes opened and I saw you." Jonathan tipped his head so that he could lightly kiss the top of Dio's, slightly concerned with Dio's tipsiness, but it wasn't as if he would hurt himself on Jonathan's watch.

"If anything, you should feel flattered. You were alluring enough to change everything." He adjusted his hold on Dio, sighing as he returned his gaze to the sky. "And I apologised for making you wait for me. I hope I make it worth it for you." His eyes searched the sky, stars now starting to peek out of the dark blue.

"Have I made you happy, Dio? Is this the life you envisioned for yourself, for us?" Jonathan's hands clasped over the top of Dio's chest, gently holding him against his own. "Because I am happier than I
ever could have imagined, and it is all because of you. I no longer fear what will come after
graduation, because no matter what, you shall be with me.” He stopped and chuckled a bit. "I am
probably being far too saccharine for you right now, I am sure.”

~

“Well you were rather quick to press your lips upon my neck and sink down to grant me head with
far less guidance than I ever thought you may have. I have less than no doubt it was always there,
you simply refused to see it. I would hazard that you would discover some things about your past
memories and inclinations that may appear different now that you’ve entered the ‘so shunned’
world.” Dio pulled up some, severing some of their closeness. “I’m surprised you managed to escape
such things back in boarding school… or perhaps I am not, who can say, maybe you are just that
blasé.” Dio had never enjoyed the thought of others having Jonathan, even then he did not allow
himself or others to entertain it.

“Did I picture the pair of us lodged away in a little cottage with only each other for company,
together as lovers? No. This was never my plan, Jojo, I never would have thought that… with
you?!” Dio laughed and shook his head a little too enthusiastically while taking another swig, bottle
almost complete. “You always get in the way of my plans, Jojo, you always have, from all~~~ the
way back at the beginning.” He elongated the word ‘all’ with a drunken slur, and waved his arms
about for emphasis, drawing a backwards pattern with his fingers.

“But I suppose now, that doesn’t matter, does it? The more you plan the more things can go askew.”
He turned a little so Jonathan was in his eye line. “I would say… yes. I am happy. I got what I
wanted in ways in which I would not have dreamt.” Jonathan would have no idea how much he
meant by that.

~

"So sorry to thwart your plans, my dear prince," Jonathan said with a bit of a chuckle. Dio could be
rather adorable when he was tipsy and enthusiastic. "Regardless of whether or not this is what you
expected, the important thing is that you are happy. Unexpected happiness can be even sweeter,
mm?” He made no more comments about any prior feelings he might have had regarding men.
Perhaps there had been something there, but he did not feel the need to dwell on it, just to satisfy
Dio’s curiosity and possible insecurity.

~

“I don’t know, I like to know how things will proceed, far easier to manage the expected and bend it
all to my complete will. Surprises are…” Dio groaned tried to find the right word he would have
easily been able to locate in a better state. He couldn’t find it. “…I have to improvis. Fortunately, I
can take all in stride, I had to be adaptable, it is a good trait to have.”

After his next take of wine there was about one, maybe two swigs left before the bottle would be
empty. Dio might have pressed Jonathan about past interests, but the subject changed and he didn’t
really care to bring it back as Jonathan’s hands slipped down to lower regions of his form.

~

"You are lucky that I am such a gentleman." Jonathan hands moved to Dio's hips. "At least with me
you know I shall get you safely into bed tonight." While he did not outright say it, he was starting to
wonder if Dio would be able to walk in a straight line when he stepped out of the boat. At least the
bottle was mostly finished.
Jonathan grew quiet for a time, just savouring the absolute tranquillity of the moment. He enjoyed the ambiance of nature, coupled with the soft movements of the boat on the water, and the warmth of Dio against his body. Once the sun had completely set, and the stars were bright, Jonathan gave Dio a pat, urging him to sit up. Soon he began to row them back to shore, humming a tune as he did so.

"I'll sleep well tonight. Probably through part of tomorrow too. With what you drank I should think you would as well."

~

"Maybe I don’t want to get back to bed safely," Dio replied with a suggestive tone held in his voice, placing his own hands atop of Jonathan’s and pressing them in with an added strength. He chuckled a little and slipped them further down before matching Jonathan’s tranquillity and laying back. There was an undeniable beauty to the scene, even he could not deny it, and with the warm buzz of alcohol in his stomach and Jonathan’s arms around him, he could enjoy it well. Even the gentle rock of the boat was rather comfortable.

Dio moved eventually after feeling the pat on his shoulder, finishing the bottle, and clumsily slipping into the middle of the boat before reaching his seat and deciding to remain there for the short row back to shore. Jonathan gave him a helping hand back onto land and to their bedroom, where he slumped onto the bed.

Jonathan subsequently had popped to the bathroom and upon returning he would see Dio sitting up with spread legs on the mattress, utterly naked. “You still have lots of making up to do for forcing me to wait, you know.”

~

Once Dio had been put to bed, Jonathan figured that was that for the evening. They had had a busy day of sex, sex, and more sex, and Jonathan was starting to feel wiped out, but in the best kind of way. He went to the bathroom to wash up for the night, expecting to come back to a sleeping Dio. Instead he came back to a naked one. It was surprising, but he could work with this.

"One would think that I had been doing that all along, but I am sure that I have a long way to go." Jonathan slipped up onto the foot of the bed and gazed down at Dio. "I am more than happy to oblige." With that, Jonathan slid between Dio's legs and grasped his cock, sinking down to begin to suck, ensuring that Dio would be crying his nickname.

~

And Dio did cry out, coupled with moans and pants and a spray of white seed that Jonathan swallowed without a hint of displeasure, licking around his mouth upon completion. Dio returned to a sprawled state, lying on his back, soft cock freshly sated and still enjoying the after effects of its orgasm. He chuckled and rolled over without much of his sober grace when Jonathan joined him in the bed.

“I think… I shall sleep like this tonight,” Dio said, scooting his naked form under the soft sheets of the bed, hugging a pillow before deciding to use Jonathan as his night’s body cushion. It was hard to tell which was softer to his hold. “It’s hot tonight.” Head on his chest, one leg wrapped over his thigh Dio spooned Jonathan, pressing his nose and lips on whatever skin he could find.

He was tired, and it showed on his body, the idle conversation they had been having thus far he was starting to fade, the words just uttered from his mouth as he said them, and his eyes could no longer keep themselves open. It would not be long now before he fell into a warm slumber.
“Jojo…” Dio began quietly. “I didn’t… think… to plan to fall so…” Sleepy, drunken, disjointed, honest thoughts came out. “I mean… in love with you… that wasn’t… but I am…” An unnoticed confession, a final neck kiss and then Dio was asleep, breathing into the crevice of Jonathan’s shoulder.

~

Jonathan knew that Dio was drunk. It showed in everything. He was never the type to stay naked in bed, and he usually required washing after even the slightest hint of sex. His arms looped softly about the other man, holding him tenderly, letting his head tilt lightly against the top of Dio’s. He sighed happily, ready to drift off into a peaceful slumber.

And then Dio spoke.

His eyes opened wide, falling on the now sleeping Dio. He rarely ever spoke words like this, only once before, in the midst bliss, spoke of love. On one hand, Jonathan was overjoyed. On the other, the fact that Dio had to be so intoxicated just to admit it left a pit in Jonathan's stomach. Lightly, he kissed Dio's golden brow. "I didn't expect to fall so in love with you, either," he spoke, even though he knew Dio would be unable to hear.

His arms tightened about Dio and squeezed him. He knew in his heart that Dio loved and adored him, but he hoped that one day he would be able to say it more freely. For now, his drunken confessions would have to do.

"You are so very dear to me," Jonathan murmured, letting his words trail off as sleep finally took a hold of him.
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 8

Dio woke up naked, unusual, and his cock felt a little sticky, and he recalled Jonathan sucking him off the night before, though after a while things became foggy, and he held no real memory of the loving declaration. Perhaps if he had just been drunk, or just been tired he would have recalled, but the combination of both took it too far. Dio sat up on the bed and looked at the clock. It was a little past ten now, and he shook his head; almost the entire morning had been wasted on sleep.

Dio gave Jonathan’s hair a quick ruffle before standing and making his way to the bathroom. He was already bare, so it seemed logical to get himself into the tub now, didn’t it? He closed the door behind him, but did not bother locking it, if Jonathan happened to wake up he could by all means join him inside.

~

Jonathan enjoyed a peaceful slumber that night, his body exhausted from the physical exertions that he had put himself through the day before. Of course, he had no regrets. He enjoyed it greatly, and knew that there would be more to come. Dio would hopefully give his body a little time to recover today.

When he finally did awaken, he noticed his lover was in the bath, but the needs of his stomach came first. Into the ice box he went, digging out leftovers from the day before, Jonathan was not fussy at all when it came to food. While he ate at the kitchen table, he flipped through a day old newspaper Dio had grabbed when they had been in town the day before, idly looking through it.

Soon enough, breakfast was finished, and he knocked on the bathroom door, in time to find a lounging Dio covered in bubbles. Jonathan had not been intending on getting in, but when he realised Dio used his favourite scent, he grinned and began to carefully strip his clothing off to join him.

"How are you feeling?" Jonathan asked, curious if he was hungover. He reached out and brushed a few suds from side of Dio's cheek. "Do you remember last night at all?" he asked quietly. It had been on the back of his mind since he had woken up.

~

"I'm fine" Dio replied with a smile as Jonathan entered the bath. He put his soapy leg on the man, bidding him give him a foot massage. “Though I have yet to have a coffee, so there is that.” The bath was suitable compensation he supposed, and he wasn’t too up for breakfast just yet at any rate.

“I remember enough,” Dio said with a shrug. “We went out on the boat, you sucked my cock and then we went to sleep, I don’t think there was much else to it.” Dio then gave Jonathan a hardened stare. “Should I remember any more?” No, there definitely wasn’t anything he felt strange about, usually there would be a gap, some sort of lapse in memory but tonight Dio wasn’t feeling that. Did he do something strange?

~

Jonathan was disappointed, but not surprised. Dio would never be the type to confess his feelings openly and he needed to get used to this fact. "No, you just said a few things. Nothing serious, you fell asleep quickly after.” Jonathan knew that pushing the issue was pointless, so instead he focused on Dio’s feet, massaging the soles softly with his fingertips.
“When you are tipsy, sometimes you are just…a bit more affectionate than usual.” Jonathan further
explained, without going into it. “I like it when you are affectionate, so it isn’t a problem for me.”
That was not completely honest. He did enjoy Dio being affectionate, but he wanted to hear him use
the word love in a context that does not involve alcohol or being in the throes of passion. Still, he
opted to not go into it right now. Dio loved him. That was what mattered.

Dio gave Jonathan a questioning look, but as far as he could tell it did not look to be anything too
damning, which he was grateful for. Who knows what he might have let slip when it came to
Jonathan Joestar? Even in all their time together Dio still felt himself in quite the wild stir of emotions
when it came to that man, he made him… feel things that not even he could quite make sense of at
times. But for tonight, he was safe.

“Affectionate, hm?” He supposed that made a little sense, however weak. “Hopefully not too much.”

Jonathan sighed and rolled his eyes. “Mmm, yes. Too much affection, now that would be a
problem.” Still. Jonathan worked on Dio’s feet, rubbing and massaging them, before his fingers and
hands began to move slowly up his legs, feeling the shape of them beneath the water and bubbles.
Even now, when he knew Dio’s body so well, he still enjoyed exploring it, and memorizing each
and every edge and curve. “You are getting a bit thin.” Jonathan commented as he ran his hands over
Dio’s hips, stopping at his stomach. “You don’t eat enough, Dio.” Jonathan fussed, before he gently
pulled the man around into his lap.

“Stop with your fretting, Jojo,” Dio said, moving Jonathan’s hands away from his stomach and
letting them rest on his hips. “I’m just not making any attempt to gain and maintain more bulk and
muscle, it makes a difference.” He sighed. “Not all of us can do it without thinking, and I’ve recently
found myself less inclined to keep up with such things. I’d rather focus on my speed at any rate, a
leaner figure is better suited. And while I did enjoy the sport, it’s our final year and I do not have
plans to continue on with rugby once we leave the Hugh Hudson, there is no reason to force myself
to eat more than necessary.”

“Fine, fine, but you should still at least eat breakfast.” By now his hands had run their course over his
chest and shoulders and had reached his hair. Sighing happily, he reached for a glass vial with
shampoo and began to lather his blond strands. This was always a pleasant chore.

Deciding to change the subject, Jonathan thought to an ad he had seen in the newspaper while he
had been eating his own breakfast. “If you are up for it, there is a carnival just outside town. Oliver
from the team had mentioned it a while ago, he might be there. It could be fun. We have not seen
anyone from the team since the last practice. Perhaps Benjamin will be there too. Those two are
rarely apart it seems.” It was an offhanded comment, but when he thought about it, the same could
really be said of himself and Dio.

Dio replied with closed eyes, letting himself relax once more. “It will make for a decent source of
entertainment, I suppose.” He had enjoyed yesterday, for the most part lazing about within the house
and screwing each other silly, and being honest with himself he could rather get into doing such
again, but there would be time for that, and there could be fun in the festivities of a travelling
carnival.
“You can win me something.”

“I shall do my best.” Jonathan laughed and began to rinse the soap from Dio’s hair, moving gently as he always did. “I have not been to a carnival in a few years. It should be amusing. And if it’s not, well…” Jonathan leaned down and kissed Dio’s neck. “We can always come home and make our own amusement.” There was a gleam of lust and mischief in his blue eyes, as well as joy. A year ago, Jonathan never would have looked at Dio like this.

“I think I visited a carnival last year, with a few members of the team,” Dio said, trying to remember the events. Admittedly they had all gotten rather drunk, so the details were hazy, but he was sure he went at least. Yes, he remembered waking up missing a shoe, that had been an interesting walk back to campus. Aggravating at the time, but he could laugh at it now. “I think you were busy on a field trip, a dig of some sort? Regardless you were unable to attend.” At the time Dio was happy about that.

“I’m sure we can find a way to entertain ourselves, should the booths and rides and stalls not be enough for us…” Dio, deciding his hair had been sufficiently washed dunked under the depths of the tub, turning as he did so to face Jonathan, straddling his lap. A slightly lavender scented kiss was pressed against his lips.

“Oh, that is right. I was in Wales with one of my professors and a group of my classmates. It was an educational trip and I enjoyed it, it gave me a feel for what a true archaeological dig would be like.” Only Jonathan could have enjoyed a trip like that really, it had been raining and disgusting the entire time, but they had found a few shards of pottery and other artefacts from times gone by, which in his eyes had made the entire trip extremely worthwhile. “But this summer is giving me a feel for…other things.” A hand reached out to grab at Dio’s rear, giving it a squeeze.

It did not take Jonathan long to dry and dress himself. Dio on the other hand, would keep him waiting as he picked the perfect outfit and made sure his blond hair looked impeccable. Jonathan was used to this by now. He sat on the stoop of the apartment, reading a book as he waited. The weather was warm, and Jonathan found himself rolling up his sleeves, slightly loosening the red tie around his neck.

Dio tied his hair up into a low ponytail after a copious amount of brushing took place, ensuring it was all smooth and silky without a single knot to be found. The ribbon he used to tie match the outfit he adorned, a rather stylishly fitting crimson waistcoat with dark breeches, a white shirt with detailed patterning and stitches up to the collar.

In the glance around his jewellery he found the ruby ring Jonathan had gotten him, as well as the silver cufflinks, both engraved in some way. He put on both, slipping the band of gold around his right ring finger, of course unable to put it on his left. It was a rather nice ring, and it had been quite some time since he’d worn it. It was still no diamond, but he really was quite fond of it.

The walk to the carnival grounds was pleasant enough, even if they did need to unlink arms before
they reached the town. They could hear and smell the carnival long before they could see it, the music loud and smell of fried foods and sweets strong. Jonathan was in a jovial mood, and even without being able to show physical affection to Dio, he enjoyed their chatter and banter as they stepped onto the faire grounds.

Once they arrived, Jonathan could not wait, and bought a giant cone of pink candy floss. He offered some to Dio as he scanned the grounds, only to spot a tall brunet waving back at him.

“Joestar!” the young man said with a grin. “You came. And you even brought Brando with you. Benjamin and I were about to get a drink, care to join us?”

“Oliver, I was wondering if we would see you here. I don’t mind so long as Dio doesn’t…” Jonathan very much doubted Dio would object to anything with alcohol.

~

Jonathan was certainly correct, and Dio’s ears perked up at the sound of an early afternoon beverage, it sounding all the better when he was not the one who had to suggest it.

He happily got himself a double whiskey to begin his day, watered down with ice given the heat. They two pairs engaged in some light conversation and talk over their common rugby interests, laughing about some of the better times until the subject of the summer camping trip was brought up.

“Come now, you two, won’t you join us all?” Oliver asked as he had at the end of the term, when it was decided that the team should all take a few days to camp out in woodland. Given their cottage plans, Dio and Jonathan had both denied the offer, though Jonathan did seem a little reluctant to at the time. “You’re still in town, can’t spare us a little of your time? It’ll be pure gaiety, I can assure you! And what is rugby week away without our star players?” Dio frowned a little, taking a sip of his whiskey.

“Jojo and I really are quite busy…” he said, hoping Jonathan would agree, the idea of camping did not sound any better than it did at the time.

~

“We are indeed very busy…” Jonathan began, seeing the look on Dio’s face. By busy, he clearly meant busy have sex and being lazy, as that was the greater part of their plans at the cottage. But camping was quite appealing to Jonathan and particularly now that they were being asked again, he really wanted to say yes. Jonathan was rather adept at camping, having done it before on his archaeological dig, and he imagined he would be doing it again in the future. In some ways, this would be even more fun than that; a trip entirely for pleasure.

“We probably could spare a few days, couldn’t we, Dio? It wouldn’t be so bad. It would give us a chance to see our teammates and increase our sense of unity going into our last year. And… it would be a fun change of scenery.” He almost added that there would be wildlife as well, but that to Dio might include frogs, and frogs would be a deal breaker for certain.

Jonathan had ordered himself spiced rum, taking small sips of the drink as he considered Dio. “And if you are not enjoying it, we can always leave early. What do you say, Dio? There is no harm in trying!” He looked hopefully towards Oliver and Benjamin, still getting the oddest feeling that the two were closer than they seemed.

~

Dio felt betrayed, his smooth sailing holiday of boundless sex in the free comfort of a bed with four
legs, encased in four sturdy walls and with soft pillows and sheets surrounding him all but lost. He’d spent enough of his life sleeping on the ground and close to it, it wasn’t something he was jumping to go back to, even if it was all deemed as something recreational.

“Are you sure, Jojo?” he asked with a certain inflection in his tone. “We really do have a great deal to be getting on with after all…”

“Come now, Brando,” Benjamin interjected, leaning forward. “It’s just for a few days, and there is nothing better than some bonding activities with a group of men’s men.” Well, Dio couldn’t exactly deny that, though perhaps he meant it in a different way. “This is our final year before we all go off our separate ways and likely turn into our fathers.”

*Perish the thought*, Dio did not say.

“Let’s enjoy our freedom while we still have a shot at it!” His enthusiasm was strong, and met with agreement with by the trio surrounding him and Dio, while his ability to say no was rather incredible, found himself mildly cajoled.

He gave Jonathan a look that told him he would be owing him a great deal for this before agreeing with a look of begrudgement so intense it could send shivers down one’s spine.

~

Jonathan chuckled nervously, he could tell that Dio was less than thrilled with this idea, but for now it stood as it was. They would be joining their teammates and friends for the camp out, unless of course Dio thought of some excuse to get them out of it. He took another swig of the rum. He, for one, was looking forward to it, but he had very little problem falling asleep anywhere and always had enjoyed nature.

“While I shall probably end up camping as an archaeologist from time to time, after this year there will never be another chance for all of us to have such an experience. It is a fine idea, I am sure we shall all enjoy it very much.” He did his best to ignore Dio’s death glare. Drinking the rum surprisingly seemed to help.

Deciding that a change of topic would probably be best, Jonathan glanced about the carnival grounds, noting the happy families and couples all around them. One girl he caught sight of, blonde curls tucked beneath a bonnet. The hair caught his eye first, but more notably there was a man with her, handing her a stuffed toy from one of the carnival games. Downing the remainder of his rum and slamming down his glass, he stood up.

“I am going to go win one of the games!” He did his best to ignore the hazy feeling from drinking the rum rather quickly.

“Joestar, you know the games are rigged. Save your money for drinks.” Benjamin spoke as he raised an eyebrow. But Jonathan was already out of his chair and storming over to a booth.

~

Sighing, Dio stood too. Not that Oliver and Benjamin were the worst company he could be left with, but they were the reason he was roped into this mess of a trip, so right now they were less than his favourite people.

Jonathan was not either, but at least he could pound him into the mattress later, or make Jonathan grant him ceaseless pleasure until he whined that his cock might fall off as punishment. He wondered which would take precedence when the moment came, both had an appeal.
Jonathan was in the line for the coconut shy when Dio caught up to him. He glowered, folding his arms. “It’s going to take more than a couple of stuffed animals to win back my approval over this, Jojo. “

~

Jonathan was beginning to feel a bit warm around the collar, and tugged lightly at the neck of his shirt, loosening the bow. “Oh Dio really. You act like it is some kind of unnatural form of torture. It is actually quite pleasant. The sounds of nature are lovely, you can curl up in our tent with a lantern and read. It will be peaceful. And when you are sick of reading, you can always join the drinking and carousing by the fire. I am sure it will be a jolly time.” Jonathan’s smile, which he had been attempting to keep up for the sake of appearances began to falter.

“It will also help break up the summer a bit. We have weeks and weeks ahead of us where it will be only you and I in that cottage. Getting out to socialise a bit will not harm anything, we will still come back with plenty of time to continue enjoying…” He motioned with his hands. “…our arrangement.” They were in public, and there were people in front of and behind them. The last thing they needed was for Jonathan to say something incriminating.

“It’s not the socialising that is the problem, Jojo.” The rugby team were, all in all, not that bad a company, though they could be a little rowdy at times. But since Dio tended to fraternise with them after a game, he often felt amped up himself.

“If we were staying in a hotel while attending a resort of some sort, then by all means I could attend without a problem. It’s… camping,” he said the word with all the disgust he felt regarding it. The frog in the lake had been all the nature and wildlife Dio needed. “How it appeals to you is far beyond my vast understanding, but somehow you manage to remain an enigma to the greatness of my, Dio’s intellect.” He shook his head.

~

Jonathan shook his head and chuckled, deciding it was best not to answer. By now it was his turn, with three chances to play. He took the first ball, and missed dreadfully, the rum and thoughts of the upcoming camping trip having their toll on his aim. Regaining his focus, the second and third ball both hit. He grinned over at Dio.

~

“Could have done better,” Dio said to Jonathan’s grin, arms folded over and refusing to smile back. “Go get me my subpar, lower shelf prize, then, since that’s all you were able to manage.”

~

Jonathan grimaced, grinding his teeth together. Being Dio’s lover had done little to nothing to change their rivalry, and Jonathan knew a challenge when he was being presented with one. Between that and his sharp comment from just before he threw his balls, he was feeling a bit prickly towards the other man, and it was going to show. Jonathan looked at the prize shelf for two hits, and when he saw a small frog plush, he grabbed it immediately.

“Oh but Dio, I missed on purpose because I know just how much you love frogs.” Jonathan smirked and stepped back on line, placing the frog plush on his head and folding his arms across his chest. He
waited his turn once again, all the while the frog on his head, lost in the mess of his brown locks.

“Three more balls, please.” He did not look at Dio, but instead threw each ball, one after the other, each hitting their intended mark. The little frog remained perfectly balanced on the top of his head as he did so, a cheerful look on its little green face.

“I hope that this will suffice, your majesty.” Jonathan selected a black and white patched cat plush. thrusting it into Dio’s arms.

~

There was a quick surprised widen, then heavy narrowing of eyes coupled with a dark frown as Jonathan took the frog. The fold around Dio’s arms tightened all the more and he scoffed as Jonathan took more balls from the stall owner and threw them all with perfect precision, balancing the ugly little creature on his head the whole while.

What made matters worse was that, given the stall keeper’s expression, it should not have been so easy to strike and win the game; as Benjamin had said, it was likely a rigged set.

“Hmph,” was all Dio responded as he found a cat pushed into his arms. Admittedly, it was not the worst thing on the top shelf of large fluffy toys really meant for children. He looked at its face, stitched with a small smile on its three shaped mouth that led up to its nose, big button eyes and soft fur. For the time being he held onto it, holding it under his arm as he began to walk away, his irritating lover following behind, quickly meeting his pace.

“Let’s try something else. Three good shots are hardly something out of your capacity, Jojo, I want to see how you fare in something a little more challenging.” Dio scanned the area before laying eyes on a tall contraption he had not seen before. He approached it.

“Step right up, step right up! Come test your strength on the high striker!” The man in charge was calling out challenging phrases, holding a hammer in his hand. Dio was curious.

“What is this?” he asked with a canted head, Jonathan stood beside him.

“Aye, milords, this is the high striker, the strongman test. Hit the hammer onto the platform ‘ere--” He tapped his hand to where he referred. “And the higher the puck ‘ere rises, the stronger you are. If you can hit the bell on the top, you’re a true man. Nobody has managed it yet. Care to try?” Dio smiled.

“This will work, Jojo.”

~

Jonathan raised an eyebrow at the contraption, before looking just as sceptically at the man. This had an even greater chance of being rigged than the last game, and he was not particularly in the mood to pay money just to be humiliated. But Dio was not about to let him pass it up that easily, not after he had sealed his fate into a camping trip. No, he would have no choice but to give it a try.

“Three chances, correct?” Jonathan confirmed as he took the mallet from the man, after handing over the appropriate amount of money. He considered it for a moment, before raising it and slamming it down. It went more than half way, but not quite three quarters. This would of course not do, and he did not even bother looking back at Dio.

“I was just testing it out.” he remarked, and raised the mallet again. This time it rose three quarters, and not a bit higher. It was extremely hard after all.
“Last one…” Jonathan said as he ground his teeth together. He lifted the mallet above his head, and brought it down with a fierce blow. It just missed hitting the bell by a hair.

“…Don’t even open your mouth unless you think you can do better.” he immediately said to Dio.

The brunet’s head was turned away and thus he did not see the snigger on Dio’s face at him hitting so lowly The chance of this high riser being completely and utterly rigged was practically certain, but still it was rather humorous to see Jonathan, who was likely the one of the strongest men in this entire park, and almost undoubtedly the tallest only reach something so mid-tier.

But despite Jonathan’s warning he was Dio, and Dio could not help being himself. “Hmm, not as strong as you think you are, Jojo? This poor kitten shan’t be finding a friend it seems.” He wiggled the dotted cat in front of Jonathan’s face, making a mockingly sad expression of his own.

“Oh, but he already has a friend!” Jonathan responded sarcastically, reaching up to pull the frog off his head. It had somehow managed to stay put through Jonathan’s futile attempts, although his hair had paid the price for it, now completely dishevelled, not that this was particularly different for Jonathan. “I would hand him over except I have a feeling he would mysteriously disappear. Now, I am getting peckish.” Jonathan slipped the little frog into his pocket, before glancing around. “Where did Oliver and Benjamin go off to?”

At a stall a short walk away, Benjamin had gotten a large sugar coated danish, which certainly appealed to Jonathan right now. He began to walk into that direction, planning on buying one for himself, when he noticed his teammate breaking off a piece of the pastry, and bringing it to Oliver’s lips, who ate it with a gleam in his eye at the other boy. Jonathan stopped, and glanced over to Dio.

“I… do you get the feeling that we would be interrupting something?” Jonathan scratched the back of his head. Aside from Dio, he had very few dealings with boys who had relationships with other boys. Of course, it had always been distantly around him as a part of the boarding school culture, but he had paid it little attention and little mind. Now he had to wonder if his relationship with Dio was not quite as rare as he might have initially thought.

Dio simply smirked upon seeing Oliver and Benjamin. He supposed it could be seen as friendly male closeness, the pair like brothers, in some ways not unlike Dio and Jonathan… in fact in many ways like Dio and Jonathan. He leaned against Jojo’s large arm, crossing his own along with his legs as he watched the pair indulge in their little feeding.

“Perhaps. But it is quite alright, there are plenty of things we can do too, and they would be intruding on our little affair. Let’s do something alone, that was the plan at any rate. And there’s something I’m looking to buy while we’re here, if we happen to pass by one.”

“Very well.” Jonathan turned his attention away from the other two boys, but not from his thoughts. Besides Dio, he had not spoken to anyone about their relationship, or even about the very idea of relationships between two men. It was too taboo a subject to even risk it. Watching the other two, he had to wonder…

They approached another stand, this time with ice cream, which to be honest was just as good as
Danish and in addition, was cold. He bought a cone, took a generous lick, and then offered some to Dio. Even though he knew that sweets were not generally his thing, the weather was hot. And Jonathan rather enjoyed watching Dio’s tongue at work.

“Do you get the feeling that perhaps… Oliver and Benjamin are like us? I suppose there is no way to know for sure, it isn’t as if we can ask. But it would be…interesting to know of another pair.” Jonathan was fairly certain Dio disagreed on that part, so he did not push the issue further.

~

“If you believe something such as that to be the case, Jojo, nine times out of a possible ten it is,” Dio answered plainly. He had engaged with many in his time, though not all would admit to it being more than boyhood hormones, but there was something rather nice about that solidarity. Roger, though they had not really spoken in a while, was something like that.

~

“I suppose so…” Jonathan turned back to look into the crowd and stalls, not pressing the subject any further. “But what are you looking to buy?” He wasn’t so sure what Dio would want from a carnival like this.

~

“Well, given that it is the holiday, and we find ourselves with quite a bit of free time I thought I might… take up that model train building lark the fourth Floris child had back at Christmas.” Dio had put such a thought aside for his studies, but now seemed like as good a time as any to pick up something recreational. Jonathan’s cock needed to rest at some point, after all.

“I imagine they would have something like that here. You can buy it for me. You still owe a great deal for this camping trip, my dear.”

~

“Oh that is right, you did find Jeremy’s gift to be most amusing. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you tolerate being around a child so much before or since. I am sure they sell knickknacks like that around here somewhere, we shall just have to look.” Jonathan began to eat the ice cream faster to keep it from melting, cringing when the headache struck.

As they wandered through the faire grounds, he took notice of the wide variety of children that were around. In part, it was because the booths occupied by children were most likely occupied by toys that children liked, which would include Dio’s model. But it was also because he simply liked them. Usually. When they weren’t like Thomas, or like Dio when he had been young.

“I would very much like to see you around a child for more than a day, without being able to rely on their parents… just to decide if you can handle one long term.” Jonathan chuckled and patted him on the shoulder, his fingers slightly sticky from the ice cream.

~

Jonathan’s comment was met with a roll of eyes. “That will never be the case, Jojo. Even if we were ever to father a child, there are nannies and governesses and you for tasks such as caring for them.” There was something strangely appealing about having a family with Jonathan (only Jonathan), but the idea only worked in the basis of theory, a tangible child was something else entirely, and Dio could not be more overjoyed that they were both men. “And boarding schools.” That worked too.
“Let us just get my set, and be out this area as soon as possible.” They could find a bar to sit down for a while, somewhere alcohol abundant and child free, a perfect combination.

~

“Boarding school? I…I suppose so.” Jonathan frowned, looking very reluctant at the idea. “I know it is common and even tradition, I went to one myself. But the idea of sending my own child off just seems so… so… cruel. Aren’t we missing the best years of their lives?” For as much as Jonathan harped on Dio being feminine, when it came to children, Jonathan was a stereotypical mother, there was no doubt about it. “But when the time comes I am sure we will make the right decision. I would just like to see you be more than a mere figurehead to the boy.”

“Ah, look over here.” Jonathan motioned towards a booth where a few boys were lingering about. “You are in luck, they have a few.” Jonathan leaned over to examine one of the model trains, when a small boy bumped into him. He began to walk through the crowd of other children, hands deep in his pockets.

~

His skills were rather slick and easy, Dio had to admit he was impressed, but Dio could spot a pickpocket anywhere. Quick on his feet, quicker than the young boy, he followed. A mess of light brown curls, just like a multitude of the other children, Dio took note of the colour and make of his shirt, identifying him from the back. Silently manoeuvring his way through the mass of high pitched, voices it was little effort to grab the boy by the collar.

“While I must proclaim you on your efforts, I’m going to need that purse back. Unfortunately for you it belongs to someone I’m rather close to.” Dio smiled, grabbing the clutch while pulling the boy back and bringing him to Jonathan’s feet while he kicked and yelled. He handed him his money back.

“You see, Jojo, this is what you have to expect of children.”

~

Jonathan’s head shot up from the display of toys with surprise when Dio turned to him, holding the squirming, unhappy child, who had been caught red handed. His usually cheerful expression turned into a frown, as he looked him over from head to toe. Despite of it all, he could not help but to pity him. Most likely he had very little of his own, and Jonathan’s purse would have given him more money than he would see in a year or more. But nor could he condone theft.

“Thank you, Dio.” He glared at the boy even as he said the words. “Now go, if I see your face around here again I will consider turning you in. This is your only warning.” He watched the child scurry off, along with most of the other young scrappy looking boys around the booth. Much to Dio’s delight, it was now almost empty.

“That was lucky that you spotted him, Dio. If you hadn’t, I wouldn’t be able to pay for your models!” Several of the kits were purchased, and while the stall keeper would have preferred more business, he was glad the riffraff were gone for the time being. Once a parcel was made, Jonathan stepped out of the stall, turning to look at Dio.

“Our son would never be like that! Not if we raise him properly and not just count on others to do it for us. Besides… why would he steal when we could give him anything he could possibly need?” Jonathan glanced about at the fairgrounds. “In any event, what would you like to do next?”
“There are always reasons to steal.” Though the boy ran, with that look in his eye Dio was certain he was simply off to find another to pinch from. While Jonathan presumed it was poverty that guided his motion, Dio was not so naive. But Dio did not care about the boy, in fact part of him wished him well, so long it was not he or Jonathan he was stealing from.

With the large cat still under his arm, and Jonathan now holding three boxes in one hand, they were soon going to find themselves out of hands if they kept acquiring items. But for now all was well, and he was still enjoying himself at this carnival; the day was plenty young and there was the wondrous night to look forward to.

“Hmm,” Dio began, glancing around the new area they had found themselves in to look for somewhere for them to continue their fun. “Let’s try that,” he said with a slightly dark grin. The place in reference was a house of horrors. Pulling Jonathan along he noticed that at some point he had interlocked their fingers. Quickly he rectified this error, praying the blush on his cheeks could not be spotted, instead taking hold of his wrist in a firm grasp, dragging the man along whether he wanted to enter or not.
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 10

It seemed very like Dio to find something as dark and mischievous as a house of horrors. Of course Jonathan knew the horrors inside were all man made illusions, but he knew himself. He would not be able to help but feel at least a bit frightened by whatever lay inside. Still, hearing Dio’s voice ask eagerly, feeling his fingers lace through his own, and noticing the hint of a blush on Dio’s pale cheeks was enough to make him not even hesitate.

“Let’s go inside, I am certain it is all child’s play! It probably won’t even startle us!” he said in as brave a voice as he could muster. The truth was as they got closer, the building became more and more ominous. This only seemed to make Dio more and more pleased.

Once Jonathan had paid their admission, the boxes and cat were left up front, lest they get lost in the darkness of the exhibit. Upon entering the musty looking house, all was pitch black, which unsettled Jonathan. On the positive side, he had good reason to reach out and grab Dio’s hand, holding it tight.

“Well. This isn’t so terrible.” Jonathan began, only to be interrupted by a loud crashing sound behind him, and a cackle with some flashing lights ahead of him. He cried out and clutched Dio’s hand hard enough to make Dio regret bringing him in here.

~

Despite the tight squeeze that may have broken a weaker man’s fingers, Dio burst into laughter at Jonathan’s untimely leap and cry, thoroughly amused.

“I’m sorry, what was that, Jojo? It isn’t so terrible? Of course not.” He ceased his laughter with a cool breath. “You’re over a good foot taller than most of the actors here, and could pummel them without even blinking.” Dio thought for a moment. “Slap on a bit of ghostly white makeup and fake blood and you would make for the scariest exhibit here. At least until they realise what a milksop you are.”

~

Jonathan’s face contorted into a scowl, despite the darkness masking most of the impression. “Now Dio, you are making it seem as if the thought of me being utterly terrified makes you happy.” Jonathan knew damn well that it did, and because of it, he dropped Dio’s hand for a moment. It was still dark in the room, and that hand slipped down beneath the waistband of Dio’s pants, past any undergarments he was wearing underneath, and gave him a good hard pinch on the ass.

“There will be more where that came from later if you don’t watch it.” Jonathan was not terribly good at being threatening, but also, he knew that Dio would enjoy it. “Or perhaps less. We’ll see.” His hand went back into Dio’s as they continued through the attraction.

~

Dio let out his first squeak in the house of horrors for reasons nothing to do with their location. The pinch was hard, but nothing he did not like. Teasing Jonathan in this way was rather grand, he found, though it did not come from that malicious source it did in the days of their youth. In fact, it was strangely affectionate.

At the prospect of more… then less, he sighed, still very entertained. “I for one would be utterly distraught if you were ever to pinch my ass again, Jojo,” Dio said out of earshot. “I think I would hate it even more if you were to spank me, that would be… utterly horrendous, Jojo.”
“Oh, hush, you,” Jonathan scolded, pulling him along through the maze. There were screams heard ahead of a few women, and Jonathan himself did gasp the next time something popped out at them. But much to Dio’s chagrin he managed to hold in most of his audible reactions, instead choosing to clamp his hand into Dio’s tighter. “I hope you are satisfied,” he muttered as they neared the end.

As they were a hall or two away from the exit they were brought into a room of mazes, mirrors and dead ends with doors and paths that hid actors should they go through the incorrect path. Dio felt Jonathan close his hand tighten once more, and yes, he was very satisfied.

“Come now, Jojo, after this it shall all be over,” Dio said pulling them along. It took two turns before they found a correct passageway, free from any boos and screamers, and the blond took that opportunity to press his lips against Jonathan’s in the empty darkness, before anyone else could follow them.

A light blush painted Jonathan’s lips after Dio’s grazed them. He had to admit, he liked being able to touch and kiss and hold his hand while they were on this little date. Besides Dio’s mischievous intentions, this outing into the house of horrors had proven a grand reprieve from needing to hide their affections. Dio’s words had also brought images of Dio’s rear, slightly red and warm from being slapped to mind. He frowned, the image being more enticing than he could handle at the moment, and he had to push away, perhaps it would be something for later that night.

Jonathan was still red in the face by the time they were back in daylight, which most would expect was from the ‘horrors’ he had just been through. “I suppose that wasn’t so bad after all,” Jonathan commented as they looked around. He spotted in the distance the umbrella topped structure of the merry-go-round, music drifting to his ears from over the sounds of the crowd. The brightly painted and beautifully sculpted attraction, the horses and images around it were all works of art in their own right, and Jonathan found himself grabbing Dio by the wrist and pulling him in for a closer look.

“It really is quite lovely. A great deal of effort must have gone into the artwork. But now children and even adults can enjoy it…” His eyes fell on a father with a daughter in a lavender dress, helping her up onto one of the painted white horses. Behind them were three rowdy schoolboys, not far in age from Dio and Jonathan, laughing and hopefully not saying anything too unseemly within earshot of the little girl.

“We should take a ride. It has been… gosh, maybe ten years since I was on one?” Jonathan didn’t ask if Dio had ever been on one, or even to a carnival as a boy. He knew he probably wouldn’t like the answer.

“A merry-go-round? Don’t you think we are a little old for that, Jojo?” The line and horses were mostly dotted with children and younger adolescents. Anyone older from Dio’s view seemed to be women, causing reluctance.

Despite complaint, however, Dio felt himself dragged along by the eager Jonathan until they were in the queue to pay. It did seem, the second two tall men placed themselves in for the ride, men who might have had the same discouragement as Dio slowly began to edge towards it, and by the time they put their coin down, a near even split of the genders was behind them.
Jonathan might have been surprised to know that Dio in fact had been to a carnival as a boy. Not often, but on some occasions. They tended to happen rather frequently in London during holidays, and Dio, a street child, knew how to slip in undetected and dually without paying for it. But since he did not ask Dio did not feel the need to divulge this little fact about his life.

As the queue filled up, Jonathan folded his arms across his chest, watching the merry-go-round spin around slowly, the pleasant, cheerful music drifting about them as they did. His eyes moved over Dio, who was reluctant for not the first time at Jonathan’s suggestion for fun. But he did it all the same, and Jonathan was grateful for it.

The ride was very much in the public view, so Jonathan was careful to not even so much as brush against Dio, lest someone guess his feelings for what they were. When they were finally given the opportunity to step on and choose their horses, Jonathan allowed Dio to go ahead of him and decide where they would sit. “Royalty first,” he spoke with a smirk.

The ride was pleasant enough, and Jonathan spent most of it examining the craftsmanship of the horses and the paintings. It helped him keep his eyes off Dio, who he would inevitably look to in the end, and look affectionately at. He made for quite an elegant picture on the horse, and Jonathan wanted to remember it.

When the ride was over and they finally stepped off, Jonathan looked back at the merry-go-round. “I admire the artists who put so much effort into a carnival ride. It is lovely…perhaps in a few hundred years, it will tell some archaeologist something nice about our culture. That is… if it does not decay first, which is quite likely considering the wood…” Jonathan was on the verge of going off on an archaeological spiel if Dio did not look out.

Deciding the best way to stop Jonathan from talking any more, Dio marched forward, coming across a brightly coloured advertisement glued to the wall.

“Circus, hm?” Dio said, peering in closer and doubly away from Jonathan to get a closer look. “Human cannonball, sword jugglers, fire swallowers, snake charmers… sounds rather like something I, Dio, would greatly enjoy.”

There was a time in his life Dio had considering running away to the circus. A foolish thought he quickly suppressed, he was not some paint wearing fool who acted even more foolish for entertainment, he was just having a particularly bad time then which led to ridiculous fanciful thoughts. But the spectacle and tricks he was still rather fond of. “Acrobats, clowns, the whole rigmarole.” He was talking to Jonathan, who had eventually noticed Dio had moved away.

“It begins in an hour, Jojo, how about we find a bar close by and wait.” He had not forgotten about that drink of his.

Jonathan looked at the poster. He had not seen a circus performance since the days of his youth either, and it did look like it might be entertaining. “Very well then. You get a drink, and I will get that danish I had my eyes on earlier. I will meet you at the bar.” It did not take long for Jonathan to find Dio, large sugary pastry in his hands. He took a seat beside him, watching the crowd go by.

“When I was a child I saw a circus act with a lion once. It was amazing how they could have such a
large animal obey every command with the crack of a whip…but it also just did not seem right. I am sure the lion would have been much happier free in the jungle.” He took another bite of the pastry. “This show sounds rather exotic. Fire eating, eh? I wonder how they pull that off.”

“A lion, hm?” Dio raised an eyebrow at Jonathan’s past circus. “Of course it’s like you to care about the creature’s civil rights, even as a child; some things, Jojo, you should simply enjoy. I am sure it would be most happy in its little jungle savanna, but since it is not there and will likely never return there, you might as well enjoy the show. It is not as if you were the one who dragged it away.”

Dio shrugged. “And I am rather fond of the idea of man taming such beasts, such is the natural hierarchy put into fullest effect. Think of it like a large trained house cat if you bothers you so much, you don’t seem to have a problem with those not living in the jungle.”

“Dio, there is a big difference between a lion and a house cat. I think you would be far angrier with me if I brought a lion home as opposed to a simple old tabby.” He chuckled, and began to lick his fingers clean of the powdered sugar.

By now Jonathan’s mouth was completely covered in the white powdered sugar. It would have been an excellent time for Dio to lick it off, except for the fact that they were in public. It was an unfortunate wasted opportunity. Jonathan’s mind was on other such missed pleasures, namely Dio’s rear being bright red from a spanking, right before he sticks it in.

“We should definitely not stay out too late…I wouldn’t want you to exhaust yourself, after all.” At least not before they returned home and Jonathan could do so himself.

“Oh you needn’t worry, Jojo, I’ll make sure you are the one to exhaust me, not this little side show,” Dio said with a nonchalance in all but the subsequent glance he gave, taking a sip of his scotch. “We can go back to the cottage after this, at this point I am sure there are no more treats we can find here that cannot be outmatched by more private entertainment.” He grinned wryly.

“But at any rate, we should line up early, I imagine this event is anticipated, and I would rather get in and get a seat I can actually view the event from. Unlike the theatre we cannot have ourselves a private booth, we must intermingle.”

Before waiting in line to get into the big top tent, Jonathan bought himself a glass of wine. It was sweet, just like his palette usually was, but it was alcohol none the less, and if he had even so much as looked to Dio’s own glass for a sip, he would have been met with hissing and spitting. Sipping lightly at the glass, he brushed a finger over Dio’s cheek with his free hand.

“You look a bit warm, brother mine. That fair skin of yours was certainly not made for the sun. When we go camping, we may want to pack a parasol for you!” He chuckled, but it actually made sense. A sunburned Dio would be hell to deal with.

Soon enough they were stepping into the tent, making their way onto the benches that circled the stage. Once they were comfortable, Jonathan leaned back and sipped his wine. He smiled to Dio, granting all the affection he could.
Dio sat himself by Jonathan and sighed. They managed to get a decent place in the circus ring, not the best, but still good, and it did rather help that they were taller than the majority of those in front or around them. If he were a nicer person he might have felt sorry for those behind, but, he was not. The stage was empty, for now, but held many ropes and boxes for props on the side that Dio hoped would be fully utilised.

Before the festivity began, two women, a ginger and a brunette, came along, hoping to sit themselves down beside Dio and Jonathan, asking if their places were occupied. They had clearly taken notice of their expensive attire, their attractive, youthful faces and ringless fingers, looking to do more by the end of the night than just sit. Dio gave Jonathan a glance with a roll of his eyes.

~

Jonathan did have the courtesy to make sure that there were no small children sitting behind them before they took their places. Nestling down, he made himself comfortable, excited for the show to begin, and perhaps moreso for what would happen when they arrived back home. His hand was practically itching to connect with Dio’s rear end… but of course, that would need to wait for the confines of their little cottage.

The two ladies that chose to seat themselves in the empty seat beside Dio, and Jonathan could only chuckle nervously. Dio did not take well to Jonathan even so much as breathing in the same direction as a woman, so he was careful to keep his eye on other things. In his opinion, neither of the ladies were as lovely as Dio.

Unfortunately for Dio, it seemed that the ginger haired girl must have had a penchant for blonds that rivalled Jonathan’s. Or perhaps it was simply a penchant for Dio. Her cheeks were tinted pink as she sat, whispering something to her companion with a titter. A fan was in front of her face, and she flicked it quickly, eyes peering over the top towards Dio.

“…Mr. Brando? I believe we were introduced at the Somersby Christmas ball this past winter. How lovely to see you again!” Her gaze was coquettish as she spoke, intentions clear to even the least flirtatious of individuals. Dio had been introduced to many young women, and the odds of him remembering the name when his eyes had been so fixed on Jonathan and Violet was extremely unlikely.

Jonathan himself attempted to stifle a smile, curious how Dio would handle this.

~

Dio was immediately starting to regret taking the circus over Jonathan’s cock when he had the chance. He had been savouring his wine in slow enough sips, but at this point decided finishing off the entire glass in one quick swig was a far better option.

It was made all the worse when he realised they were already apparently acquainted, not that the memory of her even touched Dio’s mind until she proclaimed as such. When she did, however, Dio took a moment to find the area where he stored the useless information of names of such of people he would never marry for times such as these.

“Miss Bowden, is it not? Rose?” Rose nodded, cheeks glowing as red as her hair from behind the fan that she had been recalled by both first and surname. “A fitting name, for there are few as sweet
as thee.” Dio sighed, flashing a charming grin, locking himself upon her widening green eyes. At that she turned to her brunette friend in an excited swish of movement. Dio, gender aside knew how to impress, woo, and exude charisma. Only Jonathan, knowing Dio the way he did, might have been able to pick up the heavy laden sarcasm that came with his words, but he really did quite a splendid job of hiding it. Years of practice.

“So, what brings you out to the faire on a day such as this?” she asked with a kittenish lilt to her voice. Dio would have thought that was obvious, given that, well, it was travelling faire here only for a few short days, and found himself peeved at her for asking such a stupid question atop of ruining his time with Jonathan, but such feelings did not show on his face.

“My darling brother and I were looking to enjoy the spectacles of the carnival, but I see now that nothing could compare to the sight I am seeing now.” She giggled at the response, flattered. If only she knew Dio was referring to the clown.

~

Jonathan felt rather sorry for the girl, as he might feel sorry for a mouse that had run into a cat which chose to play with its prey prior to devouring. Dio had no patience for women, particularly not those who were hunting for husbands. While it was always bad when one of them set their sights on Jonathan, he had little tolerance for women trifling with himself as well. Unlike Dio, Jonathan did not get jealous, more… concerned. For the girl.

“Lovely to see you again Ms. Bowden, I remember that winter ball fondly.” Mostly for the pleasant acquaintances he made, but also for a memorable carriage ride home that involved Dio’s cock in his ass. “I hope you are enjoying the carnival so far. It is such a pity, though, my brother is making us leave after the circus acts. He just has to meet his fiancée for dinner. The man is utterly insatiable when it comes to that woman, isn’t that right, Dio?” Jonathan draped a hand over Dio’s shoulder with a pseudo sense of good-nature a grin on his face, that showed far less.

“Oh… Oh I see! Congratulations on your engagement, what is the lucky woman’s name?” But before they could answer, several performers spilled onto the stage, and the show began.

~

Dio’s eyes grew three times in size as Jonathan gave this announcement that he was close to hearing wedding bells. He admittedly did enjoy the look on the Rose’s face as the realisation hit, but it only lasted for a second, and the issues that would arise hence were not quite worth it.

“What the hell, Jojo?!” Dio said in a harsh whisper as the ringmaster introduced the acts and trapeze artists brought themselves up and ready in the darkness, outside of the spotlight. “I had a perfect handle of the situation, and now… How, pray tell, am I supposed to conjure a fiancé out of nowhere? It is not as if these things ever keep under wraps for long, just look at her face, this news will spread by the time the sun comes down, and your father will hear about it and oh, I do not know, perhaps ask to meet this elusive fiancé of mine.” He gave his thigh a hard pinch, which was far less than he deserved, but unfortunately his hands were tied by social convention and the fact the woman was still sitting right next to him, likely still glancing in his very direction while he angrily whispered to Jonathan.

“How could you be so stupid, are you really so jealous that you think I, Dio, would ever… with her? Really, Jojo? I do have standards.” He brought a tense hand to his forehead, inhaling a sharp breath of air, irritated. “Well, congratulations, I hope you are satisfied.”
Jonathan thought he was doing the poor girl a favour, letting her off easy as oppose to having Dio lead her on cruelly, playing with her and then dropping her off a cliff. In this way, her heart would need not be broken, she would just assume that Dio’s heart was already taken by another.

He had not thought ahead to their father finding out.

“Oh dear…” Jonathan murmured as he pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe the sweat off his brow. “Ah… I hadn’t thought it would get back to father.” He felt his concern rising as he watched the trapeze act on the stage, one woman elegantly swinging over to be caught by a man on the opposite side. “Perhaps it won’t. And if it does we can say it was a misunderstanding. Don’t worry yourself too much.” Jonathan’s attention stayed on the duo’s act, joining in the applause.

“And really Dio, I am not jealous at all. I just did not wish for you to break any hearts today…” It was starting to seem as if Dio might choose to break some bones instead, but that would have to wait until after the show at the very soonest. In the meantime, Jonathan did his best to enjoy the next act, the fire eater.

~

In truth, gossip was abounding in the upper societies of English nobility, some true, most not, but Dio had done his best not to fall into the petty drama of it all, for he found such talk useless. It would easy enough to debunk with a simple fact that it was a lie, but the fact it would ever exist at all did not bring joy to his heart.

Dio pouted. “I am not fond of anyone thinking I am engaged to a woman, Jojo.” A scoff followed as he brought his attentions to the stage. The trapeze artists were dazzling, and for the time being he allowed himself to engage in the entertainment. He clapped with earnest upon completion of the act, tickled impressed, and feeling the slight boyhood wonder of it all as they sprung away into the back of the stage, making way for the fire eater.

But as the torch was burned and the fire was set in a blaze of orange swirls, a thought came to mind about this whole debacle that did have a degree of satisfaction. He nudged Jonathan and leaned in.

“If you did not wish for me to break any hearts, you should have allowed me to let her down the way I had planned. Eventually she is going to realise there was no fiancé, and now she will know that I had my brother make up such a large excuse to avoid her advances.” He gave him a wink. “Who knew you were so craftily cruel, Jojo? I could call myself proud.”

~

Even though fire light was reflecting off every corner of the big top tent, Jonathan’s face grew dark at the realisation. He looked to Dio and then snuck a glance to Rose, feeling awful as he did so. “I… I hadn’t thought of it that way,” he muttered, before frowning and turning his attention back to the show.

Jonathan did still enjoy the performances, seeming particularly impressed when the man was able to put the obviously lit flame in his mouth. He had been expecting some kind of trick or sleight of hand, but there had to be another explanation for it. The whispering of the women beside them revealed the secret to be in the technique and endurance of the performer.

The other performances were equally as impressive, and certainly required a great deal of training and expertise. Jonathan had attempted juggling once or twice with the local boys in his youth, and had often dropped the balls. Now on stage there was a man juggling knives. Jonathan’s palms would have been sliced to ribbons within minutes.
Dio’s eyes were practically lit the same colour as the bursts of flames when they were swallowed, before making way to the knives. This would have been what he wanted to do if he had ever made good on that silly six-year-old dream of joining the circus: using the blades in a series of exciting ways.

Back in those days he liked to picture his father placed on the spinning wheel in the midst of his impalement arts, an apple in his mouth like the pig he was. He would throw and skirt just around his skin, cuttingly close. And then he would throw one at his head striking the apple and searing right through it, bringing Dario to his timely and wonderful end. He had gone so far as to practice with darts in bar they used to own before it was repossessed. He had actually gotten quite good, and used it as a means to gamble and earn money, starting him off down that path. But he digressed.

There was in fact less entertainment pieces than the circus poster had said, no snake charmers, lions or human cannonballs, which was rather disappointing, but nevertheless Dio had a good time of it all, and was left satisfied.

As they stood to leave, Jonathan saw Rose and her companion rise. “Best wishes on your upcoming nuptials, Mr. Brando. I am sure your brother will be right behind you.” She spoke in a voice that seemed almost sure of the opposite. Jonathan gulped, if she found him to be the bearer of bad news now, he could only imagine what she would think of him in the weeks to come.

“Ah ha… enjoy the rest of the carnival,” Jonathan spoke with a nervous little wave.

“Oh, yes, my dear brother will be right behind me, Miss Bowden, in every way possible.” He glanced back at Jonathan with his prepared smile as the women made their leave.

Once gone, Dio picked up the stuffed cat, purposely bending it over far more than what was required, keeping its legs straight and snapping upwards, ass facing Jonathan. “Now, let us see about all the things you can do with my behind, Jojo.”

Dio may have opened up Jonathan to a whole new world of perversities, but all and all he was still restrained when by comparison. As Dio showed him the plush cat in a suggestive position, he turned as pink as a beets and bit his lip.

“Dio! That is positively crass!” He picked up the boxes which he had been carrying, as well as his empty wine glass, which may have also contributed to the blush in his cheeks. He did not give Dio another look as they left the carnival grounds, more for fear of the lustful looks the other man would be giving him than anything else. Even if he had been allowed to declare his love for Dio to the world, his lust was still a different story.

“It is just a stuffed toy cat, Jojo,” Dio replied with innocence laced in his voice unaligned to the smirking grin on his lips. He shook it again, as Jonathan picked up his parcel models, flushed face obvious, even in the dark of the room. “You need not glow like a schoolgirl because of an innocent plush.”
Jonathan was walking faster than normal as they headed out of the tent and out of the carnival home; Dio was forced into a power strut to catch up and whisper in his ear, stopping him in his tracks with a strong pull of the shoulder. “It is not as if you are not going to do all those things to my behind the minute we walk through the door, so really it is quite sanctimonious and hypocritical to get all gun-shy about my voicing it.” He was not wrong.

~

Dio’s words and time made Jonathan’s blush fade a hint or two, though a glance in his direction made it flare up again, cheeks hot as the carnival fire. Ever since the house of horrors, he had a tiny little idea that could not get out of his head. While he doubted Dio would hold any such objection, it was not usually he that dictated their bedroom acts, especially the sort untried before.

~

There was an animated step in Dio’s pace as they walked, and he found himself highly anticipating all the implied things Jonathan was set to do to him. He had planted a few seeds in his mind, and by now he was fully aware how to tickle the buds of Jonathan’s prurience and have them bloom.
Once they were home safe and sound, Jonathan set aside the boxes and ducked into the kitchen, to retrieve a bottle of wine. It was a sweet pink brew, one of Jonathan’s favourites, and he poured a single glass, before sitting down in the large armchair in their sitting room. He patted on his thigh, beckoning for Dio to sit on his lap, who had slipped off his shoes and waistcoat, removing the brooch on his shirt and undoing the top two buttons, in that time. Just the new hints of skin were already creating a reaction.

“I am not sure what to do with you.” Jonathan began, offering him his glass. Once he had taken his drink, Jonathan finished off the glass himself. His cheeks returned as rosy as the wine, heart beating with a rapid thrum as his plan began to initiate.

“You infuriate me, Dio, and allure me, all at the same time.” Jonathan hands sank into Dio’s sides, slipping beneath the waistband of his pants. His lips captured Dio’s for a moment -- just a sweet, single moment. After which, Jonathan yanked down his trousers, pulled him over his lap, and gave Dio’s exposed rear a stinging slap. He paused briefly, as if gauging Dio’s level of shock, and then did it again.

~

There was no hesitation as Dio made his way over to the armchair wrapping his legs around Jonathan’s he perched on his knees, bringing his hands to the man’s broad chest as his brother touched his sides.

He could taste the sweet wine as they kissed, leaning further in to reciprocate, cock starting to harden at the touches to his ass and the excitement for upcoming events.

His time of confusion when Jonathan ceased his motions did not last long and he was flipped onto Jonathan’s lap and spanked hard across his ass. Eyes widening at the sudden impact, he looked up at the brunet who in the same moment did it again. Dio let out a noise somewhere between a cry and a moan as he felt his rear red, body growing taut. But once the shock subsided, all he could do was let out a chuckle.

“Is that all you’ve got, Jojo?” He wriggled. “I barely felt that.”

~

Jonathan stopped and looked at Dio, hesitating. On one hand he didn’t want to seem as if he was being too cautious or afraid. But there was always that fine line of acceptability which Jonathan never wished to cross. He knew where his own line might be, but Dio was a very different creature. With that in mind, he hit him again, this strike harder than the last, leaving a red impression on Dio’s plush rear end. The strike was followed by another and another, each one gaining strength and momentum.

"Still can't feel it, Dio?" he asked with a smirk, sometimes it felt surprisingly good to stretch his comfort levels. And it wasn't as if this little fantasy or some variation of it had never occurred to him before. Another slap was made to Dio's ass, and this time Jonathan stopped to feel the smooth warm flesh, now a bright pink colour. A pinch was given, leaving a red splotch in its wake, and despite himself Jonathan felt his cock grow hard.

"Dio, you've been absolutely wicked," Jonathan crooned in a tone that implied he really did not find
anything at all wrong with this wickedness. Several final smacks were added until his cheeks
glowed, and the skin was warm and tender to the touch. Lightly, Jonathan pressed his lips to each
buttocks, and then pushed him off as he stood. The bulge in Jonathan’s trousers spoke volumes and
he pulled Dio up against him.

"Bend over, please." Always courteous, Jonathan was.

~

Dio laughed within his gasping moans, the hit of Jonathan’s large palm was strong, and though he
would actively proclaim otherwise, he could feel each and every slap with a quaking intensity. Dio
too found himself hardening as the spanks and pinches against his rear continued, tenting his trousers
that had only been pulled down from the back.

“I wonder what people will have to say when they realise that the burly Jonathan Joestar is nothing
more than a weakling…” Dio’s mocking words there earned him another strike that brought tears to
the corners of his eyes, his entire body arching as he cried out loud in the blissful emptiness of the
cottage. Not soon after his ass was kissed in quite the literal sense, he was brought to the floor, told to
arch over, and subject himself to more.

“Oh, but Jojo, there are so many ways to bend, and I really am quite flexible.” Dio gave a wide,
closed mouth smile. “How would you like me? Stood with my hands wrapped around my ankles like
a naughty schoolboy and you are my reprimanding headmaster? Or perhaps on my hands and knees,
if you are feeling more carnal.” Dio stretched, ensuring his buttocks was on complete display in all its
bright red glory. “How would you have me?"

~

"On your knees, and face me,” Jonathan finally said, a stutter of deliberation at Dio’s shameless
provocations. He began to undo the buttons on his own trousers, dropping them down to the floor,
revealing his own hardening cock. “I trust you know what to do.” As Dio leaned in to suck his cock,
Jonathan’s fingers buried themselves in the long locks of blond hair. He would have been satisfied
with this, in all honesty, content with letting Dio push him over the edge using his mouth alone, but
he knew Dio expected more than that. Jonathan himself wanted more.

~

Dio tilted his head in response before complacently settling himself down on the floor, hands and
knees moving themselves towards Jonathan. He opened his mouth wide, accepting the member and
in two pushes he had swallowed it whole, nose brushing against the base of his hairs as he felt
Jonathan leaking and throbbing within him, the skin of his cock beginning to stretch as it thickened.

Dio pulled back, using a scrape of his teeth just to daunt the man, before his expert prowess kicked
in, and he set a pace, bobbing up and down the shaft in a way he knew Jonathan would lull into
without a moment’s hesitation. He felt the cock growing all the tauter inside him, reaching a state of
full hardness as he worked. It would not have taken much longer to feel the familiar warm spill.

~

Once Dio had successfully worked him up, Jonathan wordlessly stopped him. He motioned with a
twirl of his hand for him to turn around, and soon enough, Dio felt two slick, wet fingers slipping
between his cheeks. Normally, Jonathan very carefully spread Dio open before entering, but this
time, he was only given a few prods and twists, before the fingers were replaced with the length of
his cock.
“Dio, you feel so tight…” There was no need to hold back his moans or his words, so Jonathan did neither. A wet smacking sound could also be heard as Jonathan resumed his pounding against Dio’s flesh, this time using his hips to do so.

~

As Dio turned himself around, a sarcastically courteous bow of his head accompanying it. He dipped his back so the curve of his ass was on full display, complimentary. He also kicked off his trousers, granting Jonathan access to probe and insert himself inside without hindrance.

When Jonathan’s hands placed themselves on Dio’s ass he could feel the sting of the spanks, which increased all the more when the smacks to his hips became fervent and fast, cock inserted. He moaned and cried out upon every painful impact, his cock dribbling and leaking wanton precome body sensitive at every pore.

“M-More, Jojo,” he said, voice strained and loud. “Spread me out wide, harder, harder…” He felt himself close, the merge of throes in his pleasure bringing him to a sooner brink.

~

Dio was shameless. Completely and utterly shameless. And his cries of desire, begging him to spread him wider and take him harder boosted Jonathan’s resolve. He paused for one brief moment, to admire the crimson on Dio’s cheeks. A hard tweak was given to each side, watching the colour spread darker across the skin.

And then he slammed against him again.

Jonathan’s body was like that of a god, and sometimes, he did not know his own strength. Now there was no holding back. This was what Dio wanted, after all, for Jonathan to have him at full force, the two becoming one for the blissful moments of their love making. Each thrust was hard and deep, and though Jonathan did not touch Dio’s cock he knew that he was on the brink, just as he himself was. He listened to the signs Dio’s voice and body gave, fully intending to do his best to time their peaks as one.

~

Dio, who had so far managed to keep himself straight and aloft, now buried his forehead into the floor below, wrists balled into tight circles it was fortunate he had buffed his nails the day before, or he may have found his palms cut into. The lowered position did not bridle his moans or needy cries however, and he called out in brazen whines for Jonathan to give him all he had, “Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop.”

His ass was sore, and with Jonathan’s length lodged so far within, it was practically the only part of his body he could feel, the throbbing and stretching so intense he could not stop the tears from falling from his eyes, and salvation falling from his mouth as he was pounded. Jonathan was utterly lost in his thrusts; it was difficult to tell if anything could stop him even if he wanted to.

The early evening summer was still light, and the sun still shone lower in the sky as Dio came, thick and hard and over his chest and shirt, splattering on his thighs and the floor below him. He wailed in a rampant cry out ecstasy, calling out Jonathan’s nickname in a disjointed splay of words, his legs feeling like jelly as climax spread over him.

From the way Jonathan clenched inside him, though he was a little absorbed, Dio could tell the man was seconds away from coming himself.
Dio had come undone, which was exactly what Jonathan had wanted. His wails only made Jonathan go harder, until he was finally over the edge, spilling his seed inside of Dio’s sore, red rear end. Cries of Dio’s name filled the room just as the twilight light, their ecstasy bringing forth the end of another summer day.

When he was finished, Jonathan slumped on top of Dio as he so often did, though he did so a bit more to the side, not wishing to make Dio’s soreness any worse. After a few moments of catching his breath, Jonathan’s large hand reached out and began to gently massage one of the crimson mounds of flesh.

“Are you alright?” he murmured, pressing a kiss to Dio’s cheek and brushing away a bit of the sweat and tears. “I am so inexperienced that sometimes I fear I shall make a beginner’s mistake, and hurt you. But, you are quite resilient.” His hand moved to the other ass cheek and continued massaging. “Would my prince like to be washed off? Or was there something else you desired?”

Jonathan smiled at Dio, all his softness returning with that alone, so different from his actions moments before.

Dio laughed as Jonathan now found concern for his wellbeing after being the one to put him through it all in the first place. Not that he would have had it any other way. “I am more than all right, Jojo,” he said with a lilt in his voice. “Though I do not have any desire to up from this spot for a while.” His legs felt utterly boneless, and speak not for his buttocks.

“Blow on it, Jojo, I need something cold on my ass, it’s… hot all over.” The massage would have been wonderful in any other circumstance, but it was reminiscent of the pinches he had been subject to, and Dio deemed their play over for the time being, or the red might have turned to purple.

He turned his head, looking to see the extent of Jonathan’s actions revealed. It really was as red as it felt, perhaps even more so, glowing bright, starkly different to the rest of his pale skin. How long it would take for sitting to be an easy task only time would tell.

“Or get some ice from the icebox.” Now he had the thought, there was nothing he wanted more than Jonathan rubbing the freezing water on his rear until it completely melted. As Jonathan stood to comply he turned to look at him. “And you needn’t worry about feeling like a beginner, Jojo, I’d hardly call you such anymore. And you should know by now that I love it when you go all out like that.”

Jonathan was blushing again. Even if he was not a novice anymore, his mind still had difficulty wrapping around the idea that pain and borderline humiliation could be pleasurable. But at the same time, Dio’s pinkish red rear end looked absolutely delightful, almost adorable. As a youth he would have enjoyed this in quite a different way, but for now…

“Here.” Jonathan grabbed two plush pillows from the love seat. There was no need for him to get up if he was comfortable. They were home. There were no servants or other people to catch them. Hastily, Jonathan made his way to the icebox and took out a sizable piece that fit into the palm of his hand. Soon enough, he was back at Dio’s side rubbing the ice into his flesh, in slow, circular movements.
“You… you feel so good, Dio. You look cute like this, bottom up and offered to me. And you always take me in you so well… I… I love your body so much!” Jonathan was still flushed as he continued to rub the ice in, pressing a kiss to the flesh of his lower back.

“This was a lovely day…” he commented as the ice melted, and his rear faded to a peachier shade.

~

Dio moaned as if he was in the midst of being pleasured when the ice hit his skin. He was half surprised his rear didn’t steam and sizzle with the sudden coolness applied to heat, but all it did was create an incredibly satisfying middle ground. Jonathan was thorough in his careful ministrations, guiding the ice across him in gentle skirts while they remained on the floor.

Dio scoffed lightly “Well don’t get any thoughts about putting an apple in my mouth, Jojo, my ass may be the colour of one but I am no prized pig.” He nestled himself on the surface nicely, resting on his forearms as he thought back on the day.

“It was rather pleasant,” Dio said, feeling much better after the ice, the throb becoming something like a dull buzzing feeling that was rather pleasant in its own, slight masochistic way. “Though I will not enjoy having engagement rumours spread. Thank you, again, for that.”

~

“Oh hush, Dio, rumours like this spread around all the time. One might have even already made the rounds about each of us in the inner circles of ladies, they do so love to chatter about who might wed who.” As he spoke, Jonathan carefully continued to slip the frozen water across the tender skin. When it was all melted, Jonathan retreated to start running a warm bath, being conscientious of the temperature and making it a little cooler than he might have usually done, knowing that Dio would still be sore. He fetched Dio’s bathrobe and returned to his side.

“You needn’t worry. It will be forgotten, and if nothing else it will alleviate suspicions that you are uninterested in women.” Gently, Jonathan finished undressing Dio, leaving his clothing in a pile to be dealt with later. Soon he slipped the bathrobe onto him, being as careful and gentle as he was rough and hard not ten minutes before.

“No one need know that you are actually betrothed to me.” The grin spread on Jonathan’s lips as he gathered Dio up into his arms and began to carry him into the bathroom. The tub was half full, so he held Dio happily, burying his nose in his hair and holding him snugly against his body in the big fluffy bathrobe.

“We are so fortunate to be a love match. My parents were not, though they learned to love each other in time.” Curiously, he looked down at Dio. “Were your parents betrothed, or a love match?”

~

It was quite literally visible in the next moments, Dio’s deflation. He edged away from Jonathan until they were no longer making physical contact, sighing through the air in his nose. “My parents…”

He rolled his head back, closing his eyes. His stomach felt that instant churning sensation that came whenever he was forced to recall his past in any way. Still not looking at him, Dio found himself answering, something he very rarely did. “That is what my mother told me, though how one could…” He shook his head.

Part of him wished to talk more about it with Jonathan, a sudden yearning to unveil the truth, but he was forced to keep the illusion of decency within his father’s image, for he was the very reason he
was living with the Joestars after Dario 'saved their lives.' “Love is difficult. It is… idiotic, at least that is what I always thought. It makes people so weak.” There was emphasis on that final word as his palm covered his face.

“It is unfathomable that I ever found myself wrapped up in the situation I am in now. With you. I don’t…” He stood up. “Wait.” Dio moved himself to their bedroom, shutting the door behind him. There should have been a half bottle of wine lying around -- ah, there it was. More like a third of a bottle, but it would suffice. He finished it before returning to the now full tub, a good seven minutes later.

“But never mind all that, I need to wash.”

~

The question of how his parents had married had seemed innocent enough to Jonathan, and he wasn’t sure what had made things turn dark. In their time together, Jonathan had gathered precious little about Dio’s life before the Joestar’s. For one, he loved his mother. For another, he had sold himself on the streets as a child. And Dario Brando… Dio spoke even less of him than he did of his mother. Now Jonathan was rather sharp and good at piecing together clues, it was a part of archaeology after all. And he had always had a suspicion that Dario was not the same kind of father that George was. After all, what kind of man would let his son sell himself?

Dio’s constant denial of love was another piece in this equation, but he was not yet sure how it fit in. Dio from the very start of things, had been opposed to the word ‘love’. And even now that he was more open to it, there were still times like this where he said puzzling things. Love making people weak?

When Dio came back into the bathroom, Jonathan helped him out of his robe and into the bathtub. As he did so, he could smell the wine on his breath. Why on earth would Dio have drunk wine behind his back?

Unless this was simply a topic that drove Dio to the bottle.

Jonathan was quiet as he began to remove his own clothes. He stepped into the tub and positioned himself behind Dio, placing his hands on his shoulders.

“I am stronger because I love you, Dio. It is difficult, yes, but I am a better person for it. And I think perhaps you might find the same, if you really thought about it.”

~

“Change the subject, Jojo,” Dio said with a shake of his head. The wine had helped, for about twenty seconds, but now all he was left with was a hungering for more, and irritating thoughts of his mother, his mother with her face red and covered in purple telling him that father just did not have enough to drink that night, so he had gotten a little angry. But whether he was stone cold sober (which he never was) or drenched in alcohol, nothing seemed to make a difference. He would find a reason to be angry even if everything had been done right.

How could she have put up with him? She loved him? Even after he ruined her life and made her miserable until the day she died? In Jonathan’s hold Dio found himself bringing his knees to his chin, and huddled himself closely, eyes closed.

“I don’t want to talk about any of that. Ever.” Dio could see it in himself too, his weakness after falling for Jonathan. Something he never wanted to do. He had lost his edge, he was soft. So why
did he love the sensation so much, the warmth that seemed to near cancel out the pit of dread that
loomed over him in all other circumstances when that idea was brought into play?

Though already closed, squeezed his eyes shut, refused to let anything that might have fallen out of
them fall.

“If you are going to talk, talk about something else.”

~

Jonathan grew very still. It was still an unfinished puzzle, Dio’s refusal to admit that love was a good
thing, the way talk of his family always lead to a brick wall, his heavy drinking… A dark picture of
Dio’s past was being painted, yet Jonathan did not know what to do with the picture. There was
nothing he could do to change the past, only work towards making Dio’s future as bright as possible.

Instead of filling the air with words, he filled it with kisses. Light ones, peppered all over Dio’s
shoulders and neck, as Jonathan reached for the soap to begin their ritual washing. As always,
Jonathan’s touches were tender, as if Dio were a precious child he did not wish to make
uncomfortable. The bath had no perfume or bubbles, not wishing to irritate the skin of Dio’s behind.
He worked quickly, and quicker still to dry him. Before long, Jonathan had Dio wrapped back up in
the fluffy bathrobe. He took a minute to rinse himself off, and then carried Dio to the bedroom.

“It’s been a long day. A long and lovely day,” Jonathan said as his lips brushed against Dio’s
forehead. He was standing in only a towel, as he went through the drawers of the dresser in search of
a set of comfortable sleep clothes for Dio. There was so little he could do for him at times like this,
and it frustrated him to no end. Dio did not wish to talk, and Jonathan did not know what to say.

“Why don’t we settle in for the night? Tomorrow we can stay in bed all day if you like.” His face
leaned in close, and he nuzzled his nose against Dio’s.

~

Where the kisses to his shoulder and neck might have turned to reciprocation, which might have
turned to coital relations within the tub, Dio remained as still and quiet as rock, eyes still shut, only
opening to bat away the water that was poured onto his head.

He did not feel much like speaking, or doing anything now, but he supposed it was only testament to
his newfound softness that he did not bat Jonathan away the second he mentioned such drivel of
love, or forced him to remember his past.

While he knew his way was to seek solitude, and in some ways now he still wanted that, he found
himself finding a semblance of peace as Jonathan brushed his hands against his skin, brought his lips
to his flesh, treated him with the utmost reverence, as if he were truly bathing royalty.

Finally done, they moved to the bedroom and Dio put on what was given to him, little more than one
of Jonathan’s shirts, far too big for him, that ran down to the upper thigh. He agreed when Jonathan
said they should settle, despite it not yet being completely dark. A shut of the curtains resolved that.

“Fine.” Dio moved himself down to the bed. There was still the throb caused by the spanking but he
did not care. “Get me some water from the kitchen.” He did not want water. He just had no desire for
Jonathan’s judgmental eyes when he pulled a flask out from his side of the drawer.

~

Even when things seemed to be going well with Dio, there was always a black cloud that fell over
them. Dio had a very sharp nature, and Jonathan had learned to adapt. But even so, there were still things that did not sit right with him. Once Jonathan thought that Dio shunned the idea of love simply because he found it unmanly and weak. Now he was starting to see that there was a deeper reason behind that, a darker reason… but what?

The water was brought back to Dio, and Jonathan settled into the bed, wearing only a pair of old sleep pants. He felt comfortable and satisfied with this, reaching for a book that had been waiting for him on their bedside table for days. He buried his nose in it, catching up on some of the lighter side of his research as he had planned on doing all summer. Relaxing like this was like a dream, after having a long pleasant day with Dio.

So why was it ending with Dio looking so glum, and smelling of whiskey?
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 13

Jonathan read for a good long time, before eventually marking his page, and putting his book to the side. He dozed off, not expecting to wake before morning’s light, after all, he was a sound sleeper, and very little could disturb him once he was at rest.

Dio thrashing, screaming, and crying certainly could. And it did, Jonathan being whacked several times by the other man, once in the face before he opened his eyes. The sounds of Dio’s voice filled the room, and Jonathan seized him by the shoulders, giving him a firm shake.

“Dio! Dio, wake up! For heaven’s sake, Dio, you’re dreaming!”

But Dio did not wake up, not until a good ten minutes later when the episode of horror and terror that struck him in sleep had subsided. It was a dreamless night, but one laced with fear caused by unwanted memories and likely far too much alcohol before bed.

“No, no, no, no!!” Dio repeated as he thrashed about, Jonathan’s hands on him only serving to worsen the panic, seeping into his subconscious and manifesting as something, someone entirely different…

Then suddenly, it was over.

Dio’s eyes shot open, and he glared, panting. “What?! Jojo why did you wake me?!” The moment reality struck back at Dio, all that had happened within his deep sleep subsided, and the memories dissipated as if they were never there. There was a lingering sense of… something upon Dio’s wake, but the longer he remained so it began to fade. And soon it was completely gone. “I shan’t be able to sleep now.”

It was not a nightmare, though Dio did get them often enough, but these, his terrors, he was quite unaware of. Their testament lay only in the sweat on his brow and his risen heartbeat.

“Dio!!” Jonathan cried, what felt like a thousand times within those ten minutes. If he had been a less educated man, he might have thought that he was possessed by the devil. In centuries past, it would have been a guarantee. There was no snapping him out of it, not by calling his name, grabbing his face, or shaking him. In the process, Jonathan took another fist to the face, causing him to cry out and fall back, stunned.

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan pushed himself in, grabbing Dio’s flailing arms and holding them down until the fit passed. When he opened his eyes, he would see that Jonathan was also panting hard, sweat rolling down his brow. The side of his face was swelling with the start of a fresh bruise, and Jonathan was staring at Dio as if he had just seen something far more horrifying than his lover.

“You… you were out of control, Dio! Screaming and hitting as if someone were hurting you, but they weren’t! I was right here! You wouldn’t wake up, I tried…” Jonathan caught his own breath, drawing back to run his fingers through his hair. “…I don’t understand. You have no memory of this?”
Dio stared at Jonathan as he relayed the last few moments, utterly nonplussed. He truly had no recollection of the events told to him, and the thought of him being so out of control seemed ridiculous. He shook his head, it was too unbelievable.

“You must be mistaken, Jojo. Or dreaming. I think I would have remembered screaming in the midst of slumber, and yet the only agitation I feel is due to your waking me up.”

He threw himself back down on the bed in a slump, lying on his back, brushing a hand through his head and up to his locks just as Jonathan had done. It was sweaty. “Perhaps it was this blasted heat that is making you have such strange thoughts and dreams, it is sweltering in here.” Dio removed the covers off his lower body, before rolling onto his stomach, the throb in his ass returning as he grew more and more conscious. “Go dunk your face in some cold water, rid yourself of these delusions.”

“No!” Jonathan’s voice pierced the darkness of the room and the tension in the air, with a harshness and sense of anger that so rarely left the brunet’s lips, it would have been instantly startling. “No, I am not letting you pretend this didn’t happen, Dio. You are not getting that luxury this time.” He stepped over to the window, opening it wide and leaving the curtains spread when he did so, moonlight shining in along with a light breeze. He took a deep breath, calming himself, before folding his arms across his chest and stepping back over to the bed.

“You woke me up, which you know from experience is no easy feat. You punched me in the face, twice, which I can only hope the bruise will be gone before camping, or I will need to make up a story. And you were at this for ten minutes, Dio! Ten! If this were back in the middle ages, I would think there was a demon inside you that needed to be burned out! Lucky for you in the modern era we know that there are other causes.”

Jonathan paced across the room and back again, frowning. He then stood at the foot of the bed and stared down at Dio. “You are ill. Something is wrong, and you have to tell me what.”

Dio’s eyes widened at Jonathan’s sudden outburst, and he turned to look at him, face showing all signs of surprise before it became something of a glower. Why couldn’t Jonathan simply just let this go, there was nothing to talk about?

“Well perhaps you should not have gotten in my way, maybe then you would have saved yourself a punching.” It was hard to see in this light, but already there was a redness on the side of his face. “I am not ill, Jojo, do not insinuate such a thing.” Dio scoffed, sitting himself up properly, lying down just did not have the impact he desired. He then stood, at least somewhat levelling their positions, he did not want to be looking up at Jonathan any more than absolutely necessary. “I do not even know what you are talking about, nothing is wrong I feel fine!”

His voice fell quieter for a moment; while it was true he had no recollection, he was aware that on occasion he was met with restless nights filled with not so pleasant dreams. But he never forgot the sensation or elements of the content while he had them. This was entirely new. “D-Did I say anything…? Or, well, do you think I said anything, since I cannot be sure this is not some delusion on your end.”

"No, you just punched me in the face!” Jonathan snapped. His patience was thinner than it might
usually be, not in the mood to deal with Dio’s denial, nor in the mood to try to argue with him. With a scowl on his face, he stormed out of the room and down to the icebox, where he grabbed a piece of ice and pressed it to his cheek. He then sat himself down on the couch, trying to let the ice cool both his injury and his temper.

That had been no dream or illusion. That was for certain. Dio had been in some kind of strange hysteria, and he did not remember it. Prior to falling asleep, he had been moody, something about love. What had made him think of love? Jonathan worried for a moment that it was because of some affection he had spoken, but no.

He had asked if his parents had married for love.

The night that everything had started, the night in the shed, they had spoken of his mother. The next day he had fevered dreams calling out to her, dreams he later denied. Now there had been this. Walking to the front door, and stepping out onto the porch, Jonathan took a seat on a step and looked up at the sky. Whatever this was, had to do with his life before the Joestars. And whatever it was, he wasn’t going to open up. Closing his eyes, he leaned back and tried to think what the best course of action should be.

He had the strong suspicion that no matter what he did, he wouldn’t win.

~

Dio found himself automatically filling with a familiar anger that so easily took hold. He cursed at Jonathan as he accused him before storming out.

This was not something he could even pretend to deny, there was not a hint of remembrance here. It was… disconcerting to say the least, and once the other man had left the room his own concerns began to manifest, blanching his pale face all the paler. He remained in his bed, bringing his knees once again to his chest and holding himself there once he had drained the sparse remains of his flask, making a quiet mental note to fill it again. Had he really done all that? For what cause? And why now?

He sorted through every thought in his head except the one he knew was blatantly obvious, shaking his head whenever the idea came to mind.

Eventually, when Jonathan was taking too long to return, Dio stood, making his way around the house until he found him sitting outside on the porch. The air outside was warm, a little stifling but otherwise not unpleasant. He sat beside him.

After a good five minutes of utter silence, “I… don’t remember,” was all Dio said.

~

Jonathan did not look to Dio when he sat down. He was busy staring off into the distance, lost in thought, anger and frustration mixed into his expression. This was so unlike him, Jonathan’s eyes were always on Dio, always watching him, even when they were younger and at odds with each other. He seldom purposely blocked out his presence.

When Dio finally spoke, Jonathan glanced to him. He sighed deeply, seeming to deflate slightly with the breath, “I know,” he said softly. “I believe you.” More silence ensued. Normally Jonathan would have reached out and touched Dio by now, holding his hand, or pulling him into his lap. He would have kissed him at least once, if only on the cheek or forehead, though most likely more. Finally, he turned to look at Dio.
“I just want to take away your pain. Make you forget it. That’s all…” Suddenly, Jonathan felt exhausted. It was as if all the effort of being with Dio and trying to break through his walls came down on him at once. He leaned slightly, resting his head on Dio’s shoulder and closing his eyes.

“I want to make it better. But I don’t know how.”

~

While Jonathan did not look at Dio, Dio was certainly looking at him, stern amber gaze wordless but pressing. Dually, there were a multitude of emotions painted onto his sharp visage, words he wished to say but fizzled out like shaken lemonade in the form of long closed lipped breaths. Crickets and the sound of lake water could be heard in the close distance, as neither of them moved from position for what felt far longer than a simple five, ten minutes.

But Jonathan did turn eventually, and their eyes met. His looked like the starry night above them, cast with the sky’s deep indigo, his face covered with the same dark cast.

“Ever the hero complex, Jojo,” Dio said after giving yet another pause in their slow conversation. “You cannot think to fix me, my problems, if there were any at all. It was likely just a hint of sunstroke or something else brought about by the heat of the day, I told you the sun does me little good.” He was unsure if he was trying to reassure Jonathan or himself about this, in truth.

He remained still for the most part, only bringing his hand up to Jonathan’s head but ruffled the bed hair in gentle movements, taking his gaze to the crescent moon. It looked rather small in the sky today, the night they were out on the boat it seemed like he could reach up and grab it. Strange.

“I already feel fine, Jojo, there is nothing to make better. I do not even remember it, as I have said plenty of times already. Forget it ever happened.”

~

Dio’s fingers in his hair felt good, better than he cared to admit. He wanted to push. He wanted to make Dio break down and tell him everything, so that perhaps Jonathan could pick up the pieces and put him back together. But as he heard Dio’s voice, finally reluctantly admitting that perhaps something was not right (even if he did blame it on the sun), he did not have the heart to press further. He continued to lean into Dio, closing his eyes rather than watching the world around him.

“I won’t forget. But I love you all the same.” Jonathan let his eyes open to meet amber. He was not smiling as he normally did. Jonathan’s expression was almost always so bright and cheery, such a polar opposite from Dio. Now, most of that brightness was diminished, save for small twinges in the corners of his mouth as he leaned his head in further on to his shoulder.

“I am just so… so tired, Dio. Tired of worry, tired of uncertainty, tired of… everything really.” He was unable to stifle a yawn. He rarely woke up in the middle of the night, and if he did, he returned to sleep immediately after. “All I want is for us to live happily ever after and run the estate together. Both of us content…” His eyes were closed again, his face nuzzling to the crevice between Dio’s neck and shoulder.

~

“Perhaps it is the cottage,” Dio said after another moment of pause, allowing Jonathan to bury himself within him. “It grants us the illusion of freedom, there is no need to be careful here, apprehensive. It is an escape to a world we can never know. Not unless we choose to live it out in solitude for the remainder of our days.” And Dio had little intention of losing the high life he had
been granted six years ago now. He had come too far for that.

“But within the estate, we will find a way to maintain the way we are, without such pretences.” Of course the murder of George Joestar was something Dio could not simply disclose to Jonathan, but with him out of the picture, they, he, would be in full control of what happened within in. They could create a place for themselves.

“While I would certainly advocate pragmatism and planning above all else, admittedly, sometimes things simply have a way of working their way out. And if they do not…” Dio breathed out. “I will make it so, Jojo.”

Jonathan was very still as he listened to Dio’s words, and one might have thought that perhaps he was ready to start to doze off. But no. “Dio…” Jonathan’s voice was thin and tired, not full of its usual enthusiasm and hope. “Will you promise me that you will put your all into making this work?”

The brunet began to lift his head drowsily, looking up to the moonlit sky. It was so easy to see the stars here, clear and bright, away from all other artificial light sources that might distract from them. “It is just…I want this, Dio.” A hand reached out, grabbing Dio’s and squeezing it tightly. “And…maybe I’ve wanted it for longer than I thought. Perhaps even before that snowy night.” Though it would have been hard to judge in the moonlight, Jonathan had a faint blush in his cheeks.

“We have many challenges before us, and I know that losing an hour’s sleep over some flailing is only the start. After this peaceful summer, school will become serious, and then we will be spilled out into the world.” Jonathan finally met Dio’s eyes, his own just slightly glazed.

“Promise you won’t give up?”

Dio’s eyes widened as Jonathan disclosed his thought. This was something he was not willing to let go of just yet, but there were things to be said that preceded hammering Jonathan on the moment he fell for him. The thought of having desires, unrequited, no matter how simply carnal they might have been was never something that sat well with Dio. But first.

“You are what I want, Jojo,” Dio said, looking at him with pure sincerity, he could always admit that much. He had turned himself to face the other man, properly now, and he swallowed the lump that had been brought to throat, continuing. “There is nothing I will not do to get what I want, and I shan’t let anyone else take it away.” Perhaps it was the tiredness that swept over his being, or the fact the stars were simply aligned in right place that he went on. “I have waited too long to have you. I cannot, I will not lose you due to someone else getting in the way.” Their interlaced fingers were tightened in Dio’s grip as he squeezed hard, solidifying his words.

Dio brought his free hand up to Jonathan’s cheek, stroking it with a solitary thumb. “I… promise.” He brought their lips together there, pressing into Jonathan’s tired mouth, tongue lathering about within.

Jonathan accepted the kiss and returned it in kind, lightly sucking on his tongue before drawing back. A hand was brought up to cover the one touching Jonathan’s cheek, and he held to it tightly. “I am very glad to hear it. Because I have also waited for this.” A smile crossed his lips, and a bit of Jonathan’s usual sweetness returned. The stars must have indeed been in alignment, for as open as
Jonathan could be, this topic was not one he had dared voice. In all this time, he had insisted that until that one night, he had never given Dio a thought. But the more he looked back, and the more he examined his feelings…

“You were the older brother I had always wanted. I had been so excited in the weeks before you arrived I could hardly sleep. And then you came, and then, we clashed in our differences. You cannot understand the bone crushing disappointment I felt at that time. For years after, I hated you, for what else could I do? You would never be that brother, friendship was always strained, as if there were secrets being kept between us, and I never considered that I might have feelings for you. It never occurred to me as an option, until you made it one. And then something came together, as if I always felt something. But I did not know it. You were always in my mind, but only now the pieces are coming together of what I thought. At the time they were so confusing, I wanted nothing to with them.”

Jonathan pressed their foreheads together, giving his hands a soft squeeze. “All that frustration and passion, you gave me an outlet for it. And now, I simply want peace. For us both.” The crickets were still chirping, and a breeze had set in, breaking up the warmth. Jonathan leaned in to kiss Dio’s lips lightly once more.

~

Dio was stunned in the kiss, only reciprocating a few late seconds later, staring with a parted mouth upon completion. “I… always knew you were too eager in the shed for it simply have been a spur of the moment. I had pictured you… far coyer in that aspect, yet you took me into your arms, into your mouth with little more than a slight cajole on my part. I realise we were cold, but not all who are cold immediately go to such a length. Or one particular length, to be precise.”

Dio felt a surge of satisfaction, and it showed on his face in the form of a smile, hand still planted on Jonathan’s cheek. “But you have always been a little slow on the uptake when it comes to these things; it is no wonder you did not realise yourself sooner, my dear late bloomer.” He brought their lips together again, and then three light pecks more. He did not voice it, but he could not deny his feelings for Jonathan merged from hate to lust to more hate to something else abound and around all throughout their years together. He had been unable to describe, process it. It was… easier to hate him than to consider alternatives. It was still hard to admit anything now sometimes, at least not in those deliberate words. He smiled again.

“Let’s go back to bed, Jojo. You’ll be asleep until four in the afternoon if you don’t get some rest now.” Dio stood, taking Jonathan’s hand in his and not letting go until they had brought themselves back to the bedroom.

But while he had said that, the overwhelming happiness that had come with Jonathan’s new confession had manifested throughout him, and once the brunet was settled on the mattress, Dio settled himself on him in the form of a straddle. He began to grind his hips, gently, in circles, staring deep into his eyes, his own dilated and wanting.

“But maybe I would not mind if you slept in until four…”

~

Jonathan’s mind was buzzing with so many things. Dio’s fit was still heavy in his thoughts, as was all the trials and tribulations he knew lay on the road ahead of them. The fact that he had just confessed to his feelings stretching back beyond the start of their relationship was also a bit stunning. But now it was out in the open. And it had seemed to make Dio very, very, happy.
Holding tightly to Dio’s hand, he gladly made his way back in and through the cottage. The bedroom was a welcome sight, Jonathan was feeling the time of night that it was (or more likely, morning) and Dio’s comment about sleeping in did not seem to stray far from the truth. As he felt the cool sheets touch his back, he hoped that Dio would be all right if he opted to sleep late enough to have a nice brunch…

…And then suddenly, he felt the pressure on his hips and the grinding against his cock. Cracking an eye open he looked up to see a bright eyed and horny Dio, looking as if he did not plan on sleeping for quite a while yet.

“D-Dio…are you sure we should be… you were just… perhaps your body needs to rest more…” Jonathan’s cock had other ideas, growing hard and forming a tent in Jonathan’s pyjamas.

~

“I told you there is nothing to worry about there, Jojo. If it was anything strange it has passed, and I feel fit as a fiddle.” Dio cracked a grin. It was difficult to connect to something he had no memory of, and his mind was far past such things as sleeping tribulations. “And I told you, once I am up I can never get back to bed for at least another few hours. Not unless I am tired out beforehand.”

Dio upped his rhythm, focussing on bringing Jonathan’s cock up to a full state of hardness, his own already well on the way, a spur of hunger and arousal taking him over that required its satiation.

“Lie back and let me ride you, if you are too tired to do anything else,” Dio said, shuffling himself up a little to pull down and reveal the large, swollen cock from his own trousers, as well as pull Jonathan’s out from the tented pants, pinging the elastic band over the girth in a sharp release.

His head began to sink lower, his mouth rolling over the tip of the cock in the final attempts to rouse it completely, which took but a few sucks and licks of his tongue. Once done he returned upwards, planting a long kiss on Jonathan’s lips, pressing in with depth and vigour, his smile upon discovery that Jonathan held long time regard for him still unfaded. The oil was easy to reach and Dio grabbed it without the need to break their sloppy affections. He might have been willing to go in without preparation, but his ass would not thank him for it after the earlier spanking.

~

Jonathan’s eyes widened, he had only just lain down in these sheets a minute or two ago. Now within the blink of an eye, both their cocks were out, and Dio was cheerfully shoving his tongue down his throat, while reaching for lubrication. He could only lie back and watch as Dio prepped himself, mouth gaping wide open.

“Ah…you seem like you are in a good mood right now!” Jonathan managed to remark between kisses, watching Dio hastily prep himself. While this had gone from zero to one-hundred in a matter of seconds, Jonathan really could not remain completely idle. “Here, let me help. I don’t want you any sorer than you already are.” Always the one to fuss, even over something like this, Jonathan sat up and took the vial from Dio, coating his fingers and lightly starting to work him up, trying to avoid being abrasive to the pink sensitive flesh of his rear.

“I am in a good mood, Jojo,” Dio replied honestly. “This unexpected wake up has proven to be rather satisfying. I --ahh--” Dio let out a high gasp as his hole was invaded by Jonathan’s fingers, gently spreading him open and wide in scissoring motions and slow wriggles.

He adjusted himself atop of the other man, squirming and writhing about him, hands snaking up his bed shirt, feeling at his toned stomach, leaning down to reach his chest, taking the nipples within his
digits and bringing them to their peak.

~

“There are times when you are utterly insatiable, Dio. Really, it must be past two in the morning…” Despite Jonathan’s words, he was still eager enough with his hands, and once Dio seemed properly prepared, he laid back against the pillows with his arms behind his head. “However by all means, have fun!”

~

“I shall certainly take you up on that offer, and of course, please enjoy the show and feel free to show your appreciation deep inside of me.” Dio took his time pressing his rear atop Jonathan’s shaft, enjoying the slow and filling sensation that took him over as he nestled down, beginning to build up a rhythm, a steady pace he could control with ease once he had settled himself.

“Give me your hand,” he told Jonathan, reaching out for it with closed eyes. When contact was made, he took it, bringing it to his own cock, seeking to rectify the fact it had currently gone utterly untouched. He could have come to Jonathan’s length alone, but today, now, he felt the urge to feel his lover in every way.

Jonathan, despite the moans and whines that left his lips, was still rather tired, but Dio did not mind, his sleepy visage was a warm sight too, and he was utterly pliant and accepting of every move he made. He brought Jonathan’s palm to his member, circling it round and guiding it as he would a utensil up and down him. “Oh… Jojo… yes…”

~

Dio’s joviality and eagerness to ride Jonathan’s cock were a winning combination in Jonathan’s book. Dio could be difficult to please, and even at the best of times, he always seemed to have a snide comment to say about something. But not right now. Now he was happy enough to go from frustration about being woken up, to gleefully moving his hips atop of his own, crying out in delight even as his poor ass made contact with flesh.

When Jonathan was shown what to do, he did not need to be shown twice. He knew his way around Dio’s neglected cock, and knew just how to tease his sacks with a good hard squeeze, right when their hips were colliding. He knew the firmness to use on his grip, and just how hard to jerk, depending on his rhythm. He also knew that Dio loved to be worshipped and adored, and so he pulled himself up into a sit, kissing him on the mouth, and lightly running his free hand down over his body.

“God, you are so beautiful,” Jonathan murmured. He was still tired, and it showed in his eyes, but he was getting wrapped up in the heat of the moment. He began to thrust harder with his hips, and gave Dio’s shaft a tight squeeze. “You are gorgeous and mine.” At those words, both his arms came to wrap about him, clutching him tightly against his body as he gave the last strong thrusts leading up to his release…

~

Dio’s pace increased all the more when Jonathan sat up, showering him in sweet compliments, hinted with the possessive flair that cropped up in Jonathan’s tone from spare time to time.

“If I am yours, Jojo, then you are mine, mine, mine.” Dio’s own hands wrapped around Jonathan not a moment later and they clung to each other in their final moments to orgasm, Dio’s fingers pressed
into Jonathan’s back, scratching as his fervency was heightened, slamming himself harder against his cock, with trembling thighs.

Dio buried himself in Jonathan’s neck, forehead pressed in the crevice with eyes squeezed shut, focusing solely on the climax. His voice was muffled, but he continued to spout words of possessive adoration, how he wanted him, to feel him, every inch.

They came together a cry out of unison, the night’s quiet broken by their conjoined moan and splatters of seed. Into the tired panting breaths they made, Dio could not resist kissing Jonathan’s lips, taking his mouth in his own. “I knew you loved me, Jojo… just as I…”

~

The word hung in the air like a torpedo shell ready to drop. Jonathan wanted to hear him say it, wanted to coax it out of him, but he couldn’t. His lips immediately covered Dio’s again, kissing him sweetly, as if capturing the words himself. “I know,” he whispered once their lips parted for air. “I know, it’s all right.” Fingers reached up to card through the long blond locks. He had never felt so exhausted and yet so awake, all at the same time.

He pulled them back to rest against the sheets, not breaking their embrace as he did so. Never before had he realised that this was so important for Dio to hear, important enough to nearly make him confess himself. And yet, just hours before, Dio had been riled by the word ‘love’. It made him like a wet cat, irritated and ready to strike. Jonathan still did not know the full reason why, but he at least knew it was difficult.

“It took my heart time to make the journey, but in the end it came home to you, and that is all that matters, right?” A few kisses were pressed to the side of Dio’s head, tugging the blankets up around them into a cocoon like bundle. “We are going to be together for a very, very long time. Someday it will be longer than the years that came before.” Jonathan let his head sink back into the pillows, his eyes starting to droop. He almost had to wonder if this was all just a dream.

“When morning comes, don’t disappear.”

~

“I will be here, Jojo.”

Dio spoke not for the remainder of the night, communicating in hums and sighs and nuzzles until Jonathan fell asleep, and finally, he did too. He was smiling.
When morning did come, and Dio rose, Jonathan was still out of commission, and it likely would not even take another supposed punching fit to bring him to consciousness. His face was a little red in the place where it had been hit, but it did not look like it would bruise. The man was rather tough, it would take decisive action with the intent to injure to really hurt him, it was as if his entire body was calloused. Dio, of course knew first-hand how soft Jonathan’s touched could be.

Given that he was unable to wash the night before, and there was no chance of Jonathan waking before noon at the earliest, Dio did disappear into the bathroom, cleaning his body off with a rose scented flavour that felt good on his skin, making himself a pot of hot black coffee. As usual, he was not particularly hungry, but he took a jar of crackers for the future, as well as a large box he intended to use momentarily.

When Jonathan would rise he would find Dio’s half of the bed looking like some sort of construction field, little pieces of wood and metal bringing themselves together.

“Finally up, Jojo?” Dio asked, bending down tentatively to give Jonathan a kiss on the forehead.

“Do not get up too fast, I might have to kill you if you disturb the arrangement. It does not look it yet, but soon it shall become a train. It is far more intricate than the Floris child’s, but I am happy for the challenge.”

~

Rubbing his eyes, Jonathan awoke, wondering if the events of the night before had merely been a dream. However, the sore spot on his face told him it wasn’t, and he found himself turning in Dio’s direction, surprised by the new mess. "Ah, I will try…” He very carefully pulled himself out of bed, and pulled up his pyjama bottoms, left in place after their romp. Jonathan imagined that Dio probably cleaned off the minute he woke up. But there were other priorities on his mind, and he reached for a handful of crackers, looking over Dio’s shoulders at what he was working on.

"That would take me until next Christmas to finish," he said with his mouth full. "And as a child, even longer. Jonathan's gaze fell on the small pieces, the thought of trying to put them all together dizzying. "Good luck to you. I am going to wash up and eat." And with that, Jonathan disappeared into the bathroom, though not before brushing his lips against Dio's forehead. He spent far less time in the bathtub than Dio, just a quick wash and a spritz of cologne. Retrieving his book from the bedside stand, he stepped out onto the porch and began to read, leaving Dio to his work.

Perhaps he had been left alone too long, because a few hours later, Dio would hear Jonathan’s voice cooing at something like he might a baby, and the definite sounds of a high pitched ‘meow’.

~

This piece was quite an intricate challenge, Dio had maybe overestimated himself upon saying it would ‘soon’ form a proper shape, but this would give him a sense of accomplishment upon its eventual completion. He read the instructions with careful consideration; not something that could be left to simple guesswork, and upon Jonathan’s leave he was once again engrossed in his works, forgetting that time was even something to be considered.

Of course then the house began meowing.

Dio wanted to ignore it, he truly did, but that high pitched squeak hit his ears over and over again
and it was beginning to bug him. If Jonathan had picked up a stray feral cat, it better have not been inside.

“Jojo…” Dio asked as he approached him from behind, seeing him out on the foyer, clearly playing with something. “What might that be in your hands?” The answer was presented to him in the form of a small and arguably adorable, ginger and white kitten, but he wanted to hear him say it.

The kitten was immediately set down, and Jonathan spun around, throwing his hands up to show that they were empty. “Ah, nothing! Nothing at all!” He wasn’t lying, but the small animal in question set its green eyes on Dio, walking up to his feet, and meowing loudly. It was as if the cat actually owned the cottage, and was wondering why he wasn’t being attended to immediately. He stared up at Dio with a superiority that probably rivalled most humans who had met his eye in recent months, and when Dio wasn’t impressed, he returned to Jonathan’s side, purring and rubbing against him.

“Aw, Dio, he seems rather friendly,” Jonathan said as he picked him up, and started scratching him between the ears. The cat seemed to approve, but was still making the occasional meows as if he wanted something beyond attention. “I am sure there is some milk in the ice box. Maybe a few pieces of leftover meat…” Jonathan began hesitantly, already expecting a rebuttal from Dio.

“…You know. Cats are good at keeping pests out of a home. They can catch mice, rats, crickets… maybe even frogs.” The cat had settled into Jonathan’s arms quite comfortably, its eyes now narrowed into slit, which could either look cute and sleepy, or sinister, depending on one’s perspective. “I think perhaps we should let him stay around. He wouldn’t be a bother I’m sure!”

Dio looked down at the cat, standing firmly in place as it nestled against his leg, staring up with those demanding green eyes of its. Dio could stand up to men ten times this creature’s size, it was no match for him, and soon enough it learned that facing Dio was not for the weak hearted. Still it gave him a glare of superiority, as if it was not through with him, and somehow Dio found himself smirking at that, brow raised.

“Are we going to be in charge of catering to its needs? Cats and pets are essentially freeloaders, Jojo, and people make them so. An animal such as this has no value, they are not even part of the standard food chain, they simply mill about and deem themselves superior to all others.” Though admittedly, to get by with such an easy life, accommodation, food and an owner that adored them for doing little to nothing was a stroke of genius.

Dio folded his arms as he watched Jonathan make his way to the icebox, grabbing scraps of meat that they could have eaten, and milk that they could have drunk be given to the small fluffed feline who took to it without a word or even regard for the man that granted it he.

“How much whining will I have to endure from you if I say no?”

“Dio, animals give us companionship!” Jonathan declared as he continued to pet the cat. “I find their presence both soothing and amusing. That is payment enough for their ‘services.’” The small fuzzy creature was busy greedily eating and drinking all that it could. It looked rather scrawny, and had most likely not been fed regularly, though they were not afraid of humans and had certainly learned what to do that might yield food and drink.
“If you say no, I shall just need to find myself a nice pet frog from the lake.” He gave Dio an impish grin, very rarely did Dio show a weakness to Jonathan, and even rarer still would Jonathan use such a thing against him, after all, he was a gentleman. But this was an exception, and Jonathan found it all very amusing. “He could live in our bathtub; I am sure he would be the sweetest smelling frog in the countryside.”

By now the cat had finished eating and was sprawling out sleepily on the porch. Jonathan scooped it up into his large hands and held it out towards Dio. Needless to say, the cat did not appear too happy about being disturbed, but was compliant as he dangled in front of the blond. “See, cats are much cuter than frogs. I think this one would be the better choice.”

~

“As I said, they do little do nothing and people, you allow it because you find them oh so soothing and amusing. We have a stuffed cat, do we need a live one?”

At the mention of frogs Dio faced only soured.

“Must you ceaselessly bring up those creatures, Jojo? It caught me by surprise once, you needn’t keep mentioning it occurrence over and over again, it is getting very old very fast, and you will find that provocation is the least effective means of persuasion.” Dio pouted, folded his arms over with a furrowed set of sharp brows. He did not like this little display of weakness he had shown, nor did he enjoy the insolence that covered Jonathan over when he brought it up. He made a mental note to have the collection of cooking knives find the stuffed amphibian and leave it somewhere for Jonathan to find.

“But fine, do what you want, Jojo, but do not think I will be partaking in any of the activities involved in caring for the thing. You will feed it, wash it -- not in our bathtub -- clean up after it (though you had best not let it do its business on the floor), care for it, and most importantly keep it away from me and the bedroom at any and all times. Yes, that includes while you are asleep.” Dio relayed his words in snapping sentences before turning on his heel. “Now I am going back to something I find soothing and amusing, and it is gloriously inanimate.”

~

“Dio, oh thank you so much!” Jonathan exclaimed in relief as Dio did not put up much more of a fight. “I’ll even let you pick the name!” After a quick check he added, "It’s a boy." Overjoyed, Jonathan set the kitten down, stroking him from head to tail. It had been a long time since Jonathan had an animal in his care… six years, in fact. A chill ran over him as he considered this, and considered the person who he knew in his heart had been behind the death of his dog.

That wasn’t going to happen again.

Jonathan kept himself very busy for the rest of the day. Dio would scarcely see him until supper. In that time he had gone to the village and bought extra fish and meat, had set up a box with sand under the porch, and had designated two bowls in the kitchen just for the kitten. An obnoxiously large red bow, one of Jonathan’s own, was tied around the kitten’s neck, and when Dio emerged from the bedroom, he would find Jonathan sitting on the couch with the animal sleeping in his lap. Upon seeing him walk in he jumped slightly, and looked over at him. He looked almost nervously at Dio, but smiled all the same.

“Did you finish your model yet?” He asked cheerily as he closed his book. The cat yawned and looked up at Dio, but seemed too lazy to get out of Jonathan’s lap. “Also… did you decide on a name?”
The cat had truly made itself at home by the time Dio re-emerged to the living room and Jonathan had let it so, even giving it one of his bows. “So that is what you were rummaging around your drawers for…” Dio said dryly, making his way to the kitchen. There was wine on the counter, and he took a sip before digging through the icebox for something to make. He had already decided he wished for pasta, but it required a little more substance than that. When Jonathan asked him if he was done he sighed.

“It will take me a day or two, perhaps, to finish the construction.” An underestimation. Dio man was efficient, quick and adept with nimble fingers to work on the intricate make, but it would take time and there were an awful lot of pieces.

Dio had not even considered a name, utterly engrossed in his work, and honestly had not realised Jonathan actually intended for him to pick with any real seriousness. He frowned, thinking quickly.

“Feral little beast. There’s your name. Fitting, no?”

Jonathan quirked an eyebrow at Dio. “Uh…” He looked down at the cat, who was starting to doze off once again. “I don’t think he really likes it.” The kitten was scooped up and held before him. He was so tiny that Jonathan could have held him in one large hand, if he really wanted to, but he gave the little creature extra support just to be safe. “I think the name Gingersnaps is more appropriate…oh look, he is starting to purr! I think he likes it!” Jonathan ran a gentle finger under the kitten’s chin. Most likely, he did not care what he was called one way or anything, but he did like to be pet.

“The bow is a handsome touch, perhaps when I go into London in two weeks, I will find him a fancy little collar. I think that would look even more handsome!” A trip to London was not something he had mentioned prior.

“That reminds me. My classmate Neil had some texts on loan from overseas. They will be shipped back soon, so I arranged to have a day in the city for us to meet and take notes. It will just be one teeny over night, I will be back before supper time the next day.” He scratched the kitten’s head. “…Please be kind to Gingersnaps while I am in London, mm?”

“I thought you said I was granted the name giving. Is Feral little beast not good enough for you now?” Dio narrowed his eyes, really cared not either way, frankly the less association he had with the creature the better.

At the mention of London, Dio’s ears twitch, this being new information entirely. He folded his arms over and furrowed his brow as Jonathan squeezed it into conversation.

“You did not tell me about this, Jojo. Were you just planning on grabbing an overnight bag and shouting adios as you made your way out of the door with your good friend Neil? And now you expect me to just take care of the pet when I explicitly stated that it is to be your sole responsibility if it is to remain within our household?” Dio scoffed loudly, running a hand through long blond locks, and rolling his eyes at the bow that seemed larger than the cat itself. He pouring himself a glass of wine as he went to locate the matches in order to start up the stove flame. He was still hungry, after all, and nobody else was going to do it.

“Whatever, I suppose that is fine, go on your little London trip, I could do with a couple days to
myself. You are so awfully stifling, after all.” He gave Jonathan a pout. “Besides, I have planned to visit a few court cases myself in the upcoming weeks. I’ve a contact in one of my prospective future firms set to alert me of any interesting cases.” Murder and other such criminal acts were top of the list.

~

“I truly did not think you would mind, Dio,” Jonathan said with a small frown, as he set the cat down on the ground for possibly the first time since coming back from the village. “You do so like your solitude.” Following after Dio into the kitchen, he wrapped his arms around him from behind as he began to prepare the stove. “Are you, dare I say it, going to miss me, Dio?” A playful little smile played across his lips, and he pressed a few kisses to the side of Dio’s head, purposely trying to be irritating. “Why, I didn’t know you cared!”

Before Dio could box his ears, Jonathan drew back and chuckled. “I am sorry, I should have told you about it sooner. But it won’t be for long, and I promise I will be home to you as quickly as I can. You know that I will be lonely at night without you, even when we are at home or at school you are never more than a short walk away. No, I won’t be dallying in London, I can promise you that.”

~

“You think I care? Hmph! Don’t flatter yourself, you are tolerable at best, I will rest easy knowing that you are away and I have the house to myself.” Dio brought his hair over his ears to hide the redness that took over the tips. He could do little for what painted his face, only turn his head away from Jonathan and form a stance that showed utter absorption in his meal preparations, filling water in a bowl to boil the pasta.

Dio liked to be alone, often. By all means he indulged in many a social activity and enjoyed himself and attention as much as, if not more, than anybody, but at the end of the day when all was said and done, coming home to the sweet emptiness of his room, locking and blocking out all others from intervening brought tremendous satisfaction.

But Jonathan… it seemed… in his times of withdrawal could slip in with a quiet smile and gentle strokes of his body as he kipped beside him and Dio did not feel as if his space had been invaded. Though he still needed simple time for Dio to be Dio, being alone together had its appeal. Just another testament to his weak softness since their courtship.

“But can’t you take the whatever-the-cat-is-named with you?”

~

Jonathan smiled slyly, noting the hints of red, but choosing not to comment on them. He was enjoying the fact that Dio would show even a small sign of irritation at being left without him. He made a mental note to come back with flowers, and perhaps a bottle of that perfume he liked. He might be missing Dio far more than Dio missed him, but it was still rather nice to know he would notice his presence gone from their small cottage.

Jonathan gave his hands and face a splash of water, and then began to set the table for dinner, leaving the actual food preparation to Dio. When the subject of the kitten came up, he froze in his spot and frowned.

“I don’t want to… if he somehow got out, there would be no way for him to find his way back home. If I leave extra food and water for him in the morning before I leave, and give him extra food and water the next evening, I am sure he will be fine, he is a hunting creature, after all.”
Turning to face Dio, his expression betrayed signs of worry.

“You would not hurt him while I am gone…would you?”

~

Dio shook any thoughts of missing Jonathan away, sighing.

“It will not have a hair out of place, Jojo,” Dio said honestly, but dryly. He knew why he asked. “Or if it does, it shan’t be from my intervention. I have little plans to even be in its general vicinity, much less seek to injure or maim it somehow. It will not feel loved by me, but it not endangered.”

~

Gingersnaps had wandered into the kitchen by now, rubbing against Jonathan’s leg under the table where he sat. Jonathan leaned down to pet him, listening carefully to Dio. “You do not need to do anything for him at all. Just leave him be in peace.” Jonathan could not help but feel worried and concerned that Dio would lose patience in the creature, but he reminded himself that Dio was no longer a twelve-year-old boy, and that a great deal of the tension between them had been resolved, or at least put in a truce.

“I understand if you need to go into London yourself. There is plenty of time for you to do so, the summer has only just begun.” He picked the kitten up into his lap and stroked his fur gently. “How long until supper is ready? I am starving and the table is already set.”

~

“Just because you set up the table for it, Jojo, does not mean dinner will magically appear. The water needs to boil first, and then the dried pasta must be put in and cooked” Dio was moving about the kitchen, grabbing the this and that’s that were required.

“Did you want something specific on top? I was thinking of making some sort of tomato sauce like the Italians, with garlic, a few herbs and cheese dotted on top. And the fruit left over is getting ripe, so perhaps that for desert.” Dio smiled; he had never made tomato sauce before, but there were recipe books he had acquired from the Joestar chefs before their visit, and it was only a matter of following instructions and having taste buds that would be necessary for cooking.

“If you want the process to go faster, grate some cheese for me, Jojo, and perhaps chop the fruit up into a salad. We can place them into the ice box if you wish afterwards, to keep them cool. That would do some good, for the summer heat is rather…” Dio simply made a groaning noise to voice his opinions on that, before taking a sip of wine. It had been put in the cooler before, just what he needed.

“I could add meat too, perhaps bacon if the creature has not taken claim of all our supplies.”

~

“All those things sound good to me, Dio…” Jonathan was practically salivating at the dinner description. “If you add it to the pasta I will eat it.” Jonathan had no idea how a recipe worked, other than the bare basics of boiling water and making tea. Even those things were rarely done by his own two hands. “But I can help with the chopping if you like.” With that, Jonathan stepped over to the icebox and pulled out the fruit.

“Gingersnaps has not eaten all our meat, by the way. I did buy him his own food. So everything you need is there!” Jonathan began to slice the fruit up bit by bit. His technique had improved since the
last time, and it appeared that he actually had watched Dio, learning from him how to do it.

~

“Of course you would like it, I imagine I could put down all but workhouse gruel and you would find yourself asking for more. But no matter, I am happy to have someone enjoy my efforts with such zeal and earnest.” Dio’s fingers traced along the recipe book for the tomato base, and he set to work on preparing the ingredients, opposite of Jonathan who had set to work on the fruit.

It was quite a domestically pleasing affair, the two cooking away in casual garb, laughing about little in particular when private jokes were made mention. Dio silently noted that Jonathan had greatly increased his skills, and it brought a crooked smile to his lips.

~

Before long and with no lost fingers or spilled blood, Jonathan had the fruit sliced and ready, and put back into the icebox in a large bowl to be kept cool. Dio was still hard at work cooking, and Jonathan came up behind him, arms snaking around his waist.

“It smells good.” He reached for the wine bottle which was still on the counter, poured a bit into Dio’s glass, and then took a sip. “Is… this what you drank last night, by any chance?” He asked as a simple, seemingly innocent question.

~

By the time Jonathan was done, Dio had moved to the stove, placing the food onto the heat, the water beside it close to boiling point. Salt, pepper and basil were added as he stirred, the bacon he decided to include on the counter beside them. He grinned as the brunet’s hands found their way round his waist, holding him in a gentle grip, but his brow quickly furrowed when asked about the wine.

“No, it is a new bottle, did you not see me collect it before?” Dio took Jonathan’s hand which still held the glass and brought the liquid to his lips, taking a hearty few sips. “Why?” he asked, before bidding Jonathan to cut up the bacon since he was available.

~

“I was wondering if perhaps you had drunk it last night, and maybe it left you unwell. But obviously not.” Jonathan smiled and took the glass back, sipping from it again before setting it down on the counter. In truth, Jonathan had to wonder if perhaps Dio had been drinking far too much, and that was part of why he had the fit last night. But things were so pleasant right now, so peaceful, he simply did not want to disturb it. A kiss was pressed to Dio’s cheek, and Jonathan pulled away to retrieve a glass from the cupboard, pouring his own.

“It was… probably from the heat.” He doubted it, but for now, he would pretend to entertain the notion. “I am glad that you are feeling better today, so that way you can make us this delicious dinner.” He sipped at his wine glass and smiled to Dio. The sun would be setting soon, but right now it beamed brightly in through the windows of the kitchen.

~

“As I said, Jojo, heat and Dio are not the strongest combination.” Dio was still finding it rather difficult to consider the idea he had been loudly screaming in the night. No memory of it, he simply could not form an attachment. Still it was admittedly disconcerting, if it were true.
“We should acquire ourselves one of those new electrically powered fans. I saw one advertised in a magazine somewhere, it really would serve to cool us down some, without having to flap about one handheld.” Dio sighed, such electrical items were all so new, but entirely intriguing inventions. He supposed soon they would be moving into a new millennium, it was only fitting that the world should progress in such a manner.

“But for now, I suppose stripping off some layers would not be averse.” He gave Jonathan a wink before draining the pasta and pouring it in a serving dish.

~

“We could certainly look into them. We are lucky to live in a time of great changes. I am sure when we travel next year onto the continent there will be even more to see.” Jonathan was curious about new electric technologies, and what they could do for the world. But at the same time, he would always enjoy, and most likely prefer, the old fashioned, particularly when it came to transportation, horse and carriage. Trying on the new technologies on for size would be enjoyable all the same.
Once dinner was ready, Jonathan was practically drooling. He helped carry the plates to the table but instead of rushing to his seat and immediately digging in, he pulled out Dio’s chair and waited for him to sit first. After he had, he leaned in and pressed his lips to Dio’s, softly and sweetly. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

~

Dio accepted the gesture, sitting himself down with a gracious nod of his head, and returning his lips to the other man’s.

“You are very lucky,” he noted with a grin, pouring the pair of them a top up of wine. “Now, dig in.”

~

Jonathan grew quiet as he ate, though he did mumble a “This is delicious.” in between chews. The fact that he was so quiet was a compliment in and of itself. Once he was done, he immediately looked for seconds and filled his plate again.

“I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised that you turned out to be such a good cook after all. You tend to succeed at anything you put your mind to. Well… almost anything.” Jonathan was teasing him with affection laced in the cheeky tone, smiling from ear to ear as he did so. Jonathan continued to eat, even going so far as to take a third helping. Once he was finished, despite the desire to be lethargic in the bedroom, preferably with his lover in arm, he collected the dishes and bring them to the sink, starting to wash them. He knew that there were responsibilities to be kept in their little home and was not about to neglect them.

~

Dio himself only took to one helping of his meal, finishing it around the time Jonathan was done with his second, but nevertheless was rather proud of what he managed to concoct; it made for quite a substantial and enjoyable dinner. Coupled with the wine and Jonathan’s enthused reaction to it, he was satisfied.

Given that he had finished before, his attentions during Jonathan’s final serving had centred around the other man’s mouth, tonguing the pasta, opening wide and licking sauce off his lips. It was only natural that his mind wandered to other things he could lick…

Dio stood, making his way to the back of Jonathan who had begun humming a happy tune as he spilled suds over the plates, and rested his head against his upper back, arms finding their way round to his chest, and down to his stomach, rubbing it.

“Dessert still remains in the icebox.” Dio’s hands slipped down Jonathan’s trousers, palming gently what he found there as he sighed against his nape. “Still hungry, Jojo?”

~

Aside from the incident last night, which would do neither of them any good to dwell on, everything about this summer had been peaceful, and it left Jonathan peppy. It was exactly what he had wanted, getting away from the world, and having a chance to see how he and Dio would get along when they were alone with each other. And Jonathan was finding more and more that they were able to
exist on agreeable terms; that a life together without being at each other’s throats day and night was truly a possibility.

The water was splashing across his hands as Dio approached him from behind and moved his arms around him. When Dio’s hand fell on his full stomach, he breathed in sharply. Jonathan was no stranger to overeating, since childhood he had been inclined towards the motto of more is more, and youthful years before rugby had kept him rather soft stomached.

During the discomfort that followed a large meal, he had never felt anyone else’s hands upon him but his own, and it was a strange and embarrassing sensation. The blush that started in his cheeks over this only grew further as Dio’s hand moved on to an even more sensitive spot.

“D-D-Dio!” He was so surprised he actually stuttered, hands still soapy in the water, and unable to rise to his defence. “I…am quite full…” And he was, as Dio could see and feel. However, the mention of dessert was never one which Jonathan passed up, no matter how uncomfortable the waistband of his pants might be feeling. “B-B-But… I suppose I can have a little… if you insist.”

“Well I did spend all this time cooking for you, who else is there to appreciate it?” Dio’s right hand worked on Jonathan’s cock, only simple presses to set his senses tingling with the first few strings of pleasure, while the left continued on with his stomach, feeling the stretch of his skin, rounder than it had been before, rubbing that too with an open hand, squeezing ever so gently.

Dio himself was starting to feel quite turned on by the very event, but right now he paid that little heed, and there were some things he wanted to see Jonathan do, that would only serve to rouse him more.

“Why don’t you make yourself comfortable on the loveseat, Jojo, dear, and I, Dio, shall prepare you a dish. We can save the washing until later.” Jonathan complied, and so Dio took out the bowl of fruit. He popped a strawberry into his mouth, as well as a couple of grapes, but that would sate his own needs. He did not bother spooning out a smaller, portion, why give Jonathan a limit on what he could eat? Another plate of pasta too was made, a healthy portion, after all the brunet could rival anyone in his love of food.

He brought them down to the sofa where Jonathan waited, placing them down at a close distance, before sitting on his lap in the form of a straddle. Bringing a forkful of pasta to Jonathan lips he smiled, his other hand teasing the outside of his crotch, slowly.

“Open up, Jojo.”

Jonathan had seldom allowed himself to think of crossing food and sex, even though they were two of his favourite things, despite the fact that it was one of the earliest ideas he had ever had when it came to bed play with Dio. Innocently licking chocolate from Dio’s cock only seemed slightly obscene in his eyes, as compared to this. He was not sure what to make of Dio’s latest idea, and nerves tickled him over. But dually it was also exhilarating and new, and Jonathan trusted that this was a sexual exercise they might both enjoy.

When Dio straddled him and brought the fork to his lips, Jonathan’s face was bright red. He was starting to wish he had not taken that third portion after all. But he did love food and more importantly, he loved Dio, so he did as he was told, and ate. Each forkful thereafter he accepted, becoming more and more aware of how stuffed his belly was, and how hard his cock grew. The
embarrassment was almost unbearable.

“…Have I proven that I love your cooking enough yet?”

~

Dio took a moment to touch Jonathan’s stomach, stuffed and round and certainly full of food; he rather liked the look on him, a little lethargic, unable to move with ease. He could do just about anything he wanted to him right now, he mused quietly as he continued to caress, eyes flickering between the lower torso and the bright glow that spread over Jonathan’s cheek. He found it irresistible not to kiss his full lips, tongue darting and pushing inside. But when Jonathan asked if it was enough he tutted.

“But Jojo, we have not even gotten to dessert. We cannot possibly let all this food go to waste, that would prove such a shame.” He placed the fork down on the empty dish of pasta, taking the large bowl of chopped fruit and bringing it into reach, grabbing a strawberry piece as he did so, this time with his own fingers.

“You like strawberries, don’t you, Jojo?” He pushed the fruit to his closed lips, prising them open and bidding he accept. His fingers pushed in too, and he began grinding softly atop of the man’s thighs as his berry scented digits were sucked. “How about a grape this time?”

~

Ever obedient and compliant, Jonathan did eat the strawberry, and the grapes that followed after. In some ways, it was all very nice, having Dio pay so much attention to him, feeding him food that he liked, and allowing him to sit back and relax. Yet, Jonathan could not relax at all, in fact his entire body was tense. The fullness was getting more and more uncomfortable with each bite, his belly still trapped within the confines of his trousers. And all the while, Dio continued to play and tease him.

“D-D-Dio!” It was difficult for Jonathan not to stutter by now. His face was still bright red, and he was starting to shift uncomfortably in his seat. “I…. it’s delicious! But I am so full, it hurts!” He felt like a child again, although there was nothing childish about what Dio was doing to him below the belt. Jonathan was fairly certain that was his primary goal in all this, but it was such a peculiar way to get there.

“If you keep making me eat, I shall hardly have the energy left after to do anything else.” He gave another uncomfortable shift, Dio’s hand down his pants was not helping with anything either. “…unless that is the entire point, and you just want to torment me.” He would not have put it past Dio.

~

“Oh, no, no, Jojo. I am not trying to torment you at all.” Dio smiled sweetly, too saccharine for his face, practically dripping in honey as he pushed a clementine segment upon the Joestar’s lips. “I am simply feeding you.” He squeezed Jonathan’s cock tight then, earning him a strangled moan, and he could see the man’s stomach move, in and out, that wonderful roundness he had brought to achieve so evident.

“But how about we make things a little easier for you, hmm?” Dio’s hands were taken away from the bowl of fruit, as he snaked them up to Jonathan’s buttons, undoing them slowly from the top, down his chest and finally over his stomach. The fastenings were rather strained, coming off with pings and pops, grateful for being freed. Dio took the shirt off his arms, leaving him bare.

“My, Jojo, you really are quite stuffed aren’t you?” He poked his jutting belly, before giving it a
comforting rub, leaning in to kiss his neck. “You must be so very full of my, Dio’s cooking by now, but you looked to enjoy it so much, the thought rather pleased me, excited me.” Still on his lap, Jonathan would be able to feel the bulge of Dio’s excitement quite present in his underwear.

“But it’s quite alright, I can make you feel good in many ways, not just with food.” His hand moved down to Jonathan’s trousers, feeling under both the fabric of his slacks, and his pants, finding and revealing the thick cock, twitching and throbbing within his hold as it was introduced to the air.

“Already leaking, I see, you grant me the highest of honours; my food makes you so roused, Jojo.” Of course it may not have just been the food that did that, but nevertheless, Dio continued, fork once again in hand, stabbing multiple pieces of fruit slices at once. His mind was set on stroking the open length too, thumbing and rubbing in the ways he knew Jonathan adored.

“Have some more.”

~

When the buttons popped open, some of Jonathan’s discomfort was finally relieved, and Dio’s hand over his rounded stomach felt divine. He sighed happily and stretched back into the love seat, before focusing his attentions back on Dio. By now there was no pretending that he wasn’t aroused, his cock completely hard and responding to every touch and caress Dio gave to it. All he wanted was to lie back, close his eyes, have Dio suck him off, and take a nice long nap.

On a good day that was not likely to happen. And today, while a good day, was far too peculiar to let him off that easy. Dio was still encouraging him to eat, and with his pants no longer troubling him, it became little easier to take the bites, he even did so with more eagerness and relish then he had before. The tangy sweetness of the fruit was delicious, and gluttony was definitely Jonathan’s sin of choice. But before long it caught up with him, and after a third bite he gave the hint of a whimper.

"Dio… I am too full. I enjoy having you feed me, but this is too much… couldn't we stop? And do… something else?" Jonathan tried to sit up, but found that difficult to do with Dio in his lap and his swollen belly. A hand fell over it, pouting his lips in discomfort. "It even looks like I have had enough, I feel so full I could burst!"

~

“Giving up already, Jojo? But I had barely gotten started.” Dio’s tone displayed sarcastic disappointed, but all the same he leaned in to plant another long kiss to Jonathan’s lips, hand still pumping slowly at his long arousal, feeling Jonathan’s bare and full stomach against his own as he pushed against him.

He domineered the kiss while pushing and rutting his own erection against Jonathan’s thighs. If he released it from the confines of his trousers, it would have hit against Jonathan’s belly without a single shuffle, but he kept it encased, still enjoying the current events far too much. He did not quite understand it, he used to find Jonathan’s greed repulsive, but here he was, filling up to brim.

“But if you cannot take any more, I suppose that is fair enough, I think you have shown your appreciation, to a substantial level.” Having said that, a final two forkfuls made their way into Jonathan’s mouth before Dio finally sank down onto his knees, lips pressed around his cock.

He glanced upwards, smirking, hands laid flat on the expanse of Jonathan’s stomach, tonguing the head as if it was ice cream, tasting the beads of leaking salt that spilled out of him.

“Once I am done, there is one more thing I want you to put in your mouth. Alright?” When Jonathan
agreed with a whine and a nod of his head, Dio set to work.

~

Everything about this was utterly satisfying to Jonathan. Though uncomfortable, he did not mind being full, and it appeared as if Dio did not mind it either. So much so that he was gladly sinking down between his legs and sucking him, without even waiting until he had swallowed the last of his dessert. Jonathan let a hand rest on the swell of his stomach, eyes fixed on the blond head bobbing up and down on his cock, feeling both lazy and quite content.

Jonathan knew that during certain less active points in his life, he would be inclined towards plumpness. He would not always be as active as he was while a busy student on the rugby team, and he personally would rather be a bit rounder than give up his favourite things to eat. It appeared that Dio would not mind this, and might even, perhaps encourage it. But only time would tell, and for now, he found himself so surprisingly physically excited by all this that it threw him off guard. Soon enough, he was coming into Dio’s mouth, crying out his name as he did so.

Jonathan knew he needed to return the favour, and he had no qualms doing so, but he was still feeling so stuffed and lethargic that he did not feel like changing position much. “Mind my stomach, and sit here on my chest.” Jonathan directed, which brought Dio right in front of him. From here, he was easily able to pull the shaft from his breeches, and start to lick it lightly. If it wasn’t completely hard before, it was now. Jonathan sucked long and slow, with every intention of making his seed the last thing he swallowed for dessert.

~

Dio moved himself up as Jonathan bid him, passing over his stomach and sitting on his softly firm pectorals, smiling as his lover got to work.

Soft at Christmas, or chiselled during rugby term, he had no aversion to Jonathan’s body, endlessly attracted to it in ways that almost shocked himself at times.

But this was new, filling Jonathan up with food until he was fit to burst was something that had never ventured into his mind until he felt how satisfying it was to watch him eat something he had made. Admittedly, Dio tended to have an all or nothing personality, and if Jonathan liked his food, he was suddenly swept with the urge to make him eat all of it. Every bite. But as his stomach grew before his eyes, and he reclined back on the sofa, unable to move he was that full, it rather turned him on. Dio did not bother thinking too deeply about his pleasure, much preferring to act.

Dio came at Jonathan’s sucks, burst thick and cry loud, calling out the man’s nickname, hand blindly grabbing at his stomach and palming, wanting to feel it rise with the new seed inside him.

Overcoming his orgasm, Dio slid down, kissing Jonathan’s lips and tasting himself within it, merged with citrus and strawberry.

“You should sit up for a while, it helps with the digestion,” he said, kneeling once again by his feet. His pressed his head against the round belly and kissed over and over, simply indulging in its size.

~

That had been an experience unlike any he had ever had, and it left Jonathan feeling confused, though oddly satisfied. If there was one thing he could say with certainty, it was that he had thoroughly enjoyed it. Sitting up a bit straighter, he stroked Dio’s hair as he rested against him, growing very quiet. It was so calm and peaceful, combined with the heaviness of his stomach, that
Jonathan could have easily fallen asleep.

And so he did, for at least a few minutes. After this, he leaned down and kissed the top of Dio’s head. “I think that even when we are old, you will still be coming up with ways to shock me. Now… You’ve made me rather sleepy. I am going to finish the dishes, and then make myself cosy in bed with a book. You are, of course, welcome to join me.” Another kiss was pressed to Dio’s cheek, and he took the remaining dishes and fork to be washed.

~

Dio continued to gently kiss Jonathan’s filled stomach as he slept, stroking and patting it with easy rubs to help with his passing. As much as he enjoyed himself, he did not want his dear Jojo to get indigestion.

When Jonathan awoke, he was still there, something that only happened half the time. When Jonathan spoke of their future however, Dio could only give a half smile.

“Let’s not talk about getting old yet, Jojo, we still have plenty of years left of youth to consider.” As much as Jonathan would have deemed the sentiment of growing old together warm and loving, it still made mention that Dio, in fact, would do just that. It was not something he liked to consider often, if ever. Part of him believed he could somehow maintain his vitality for all eternity. If only that were possible.

~

“You are right about that,” he called from the kitchen, as he felt the warm soapy water rush across his hands.

True to his word, once the dishes were put away, Jonathan made his way to the bedroom with his book, changing into his more comfortable (and roomy) sleepwear before crawling into bed. He started to read, and then suddenly, felt the sheets start to shift. Gingersnaps had crawled up onto the bed.

“You are not supposed to be in here, you know…” But Jonathan could not resist grabbing and coddling the kitten until he was caught red handed by Dio.

~

Dio did not join Jonathan in bed for a while, taking to eating some of the leftover fruit, while flipping through a quiet chapter of his book in peace. When he decided to join, he was anything but impressed, folding his arms over each other as he leaned on the door.

“No.”

~

Jonathan almost hit the ceiling with fright when Dio spoke. He had been so absorbed in playing with the kitten, he had not noticed when the blond snuck up on him. He knew full well that Dio would not tolerate an animal where he slept. The fact that he was allowing it in his presence at all was a large step up, and one which Jonathan was still brimming with appreciation for.

“I know Dio, I know! But you weren’t here, and he was keeping me company.” Jonathan rose, kitten snug in his arms and rather enjoying the head scratches he was getting. He actually had more
in common with Dio than the man might think.

“He is just so cute and tiny… I worry that he might be afraid in the dark all by himself…” Dio was giving him a look, and sadly, Jonathan set the kitten down at the door. “Goodnight, Gingersnaps. I’ll see you in the morning…” He looked in him as a mother who had to leave her child alone for the first time.

~

Dio did shut the door behind him, the second the cat’s tail was behind the separating line, leaning back against for a spare few extra seconds so Jonathan would not have second thoughts about taking care of it.

“You should feel fortunate that I even permitted that creature to stay with us after you picked it up off the streets at all, Jojo. I would not try testing such a boundary again.” Dio shook his head with a glower, pushing Jonathan back onto the bed before beginning to strip off his clothing to replace with pyjamas after a bath.

“I am not having fur and cat stench up in my bed where I try to relax, to sleep. You best not let it in here again, I will know if you do, even if I am not with you to see it.” The way he said it made that statement seem rather convincing.

~

“I didn’t bring him in here, Dio! He came in of his own accord! How could I kick him out once he was all comfortable and purring in my lap…” Jonathan was sure that Dio could come up with several quite effective ways to do just that. “And cats are actually quite clean Dio, they bathe almost as spontaneously as you do. But very well. I shall make sure that he is comfortable in other parts of the house.” With a pout, Jonathan tugged a sheet up over his large form.

~

Dio did not care for Jonathan’s excuses, nor did he entertain them, only sighing as other qualms came to mind.

“You are forcing me into many a situation I am not fond of,” Dio said, tying his hair into an easy ponytail and splaying on the bed unabashedly naked for a calm moment. “This camping trip you’ve roped me into shall be nothing short of disastrous.” He touched his face, pout on his lips. “I am going to come out of this redder than the pasta sauce. I hope you are happy with yourself.”

~

When Dio settled into bed, Jonathan scooted over, closing the gap between their bodies. “I would like you even with scorched skin!” he said cheerfully, leaning in to kiss his cheek. “Although I suppose it would be preferable for you to not be any more uncomfortable than you already will be.” Reaching up, Jonathan stroked his hair, twirling a piece of blond around his finger. “We shall keep you safely tucked away under a tree. I am sure you will be all right.”

Jonathan stretched and leaned back into the pillows on the bed. He still felt the same lethargy and contentment he had felt down on the loveseat, only now, he was slightly more comfortable, digestion having set in, the bed a far more ideal place for lounging. A hand started to run over Dio’s side, his actions somewhere between chaste and sensual, enjoying the intimacy and touch above all.

“It will be difficult going back to pretending we are merely brothers while camping. I am going to have to be careful not to grab or touch you within the view of anyone else. I suppose in the tent,
anything goes…but I might need to gag you to keep you from getting too loud.” Jonathan’s fingers lightly danced over Dio’s side, brushing knowingly the start of tickles. Teasing aside, he knew he would need the gag just as much.

~

“The things I do for you, Jojo. Utterly abysmal. Forcing me to harm my godly visage in a useless event that so easily could have been avoided.” Dio recanted a little, thinking. “Not, of course, that Dio could be forced into anything. I suppose I just enjoy treating you.” He cracked a grin and brought his lips to Jonathan’s, kissing him with a slow passion, thumb at his cheek stroking gently.

"Always so eager to gag me, Jojo, don’t you like to hear my voice?” Dio said, rising and making his way to the washroom. "Besides, at least I can hold myself back when necessary, you always sing like a canary. Not that that isn't most enjoyable." He slipped away at that, flashing a wink.

When Dio emerged from the bath, Jonathan was nearing the cusp of sleep. His stomach was still rather rounded from the multiple meals, but notably deflated since then. He returned to the bed, throwing on a long airy nightshirt that reached halfway down his thighs, and grabbed his book from the counter, resting his head against Jonathan’s soft belly.

“We should do that again some time,” he mused, nuzzling against the man quietly. “Though of course, it cannot be too often a habit; this body of yours still needs to remain healthy, and next rugby season is not far away enough for you to completely let yourself go. But I am sure we shall find one or two things for you to do to keep your figure.” He kissed the stomach softly, before moving up to Jonathan’s chest and holding him close.

~

“You always keep me on my toes. I don’t foresee a problem there. Perhaps around Christmas time. If I am to overindulge anyway, you may as well help me do it.” He chuckled a bit, and as Dio shifted positions, moved a hand down over his belly, giving it a pat. “Knowing you, you will work extra hard to stuff me and plump me up, just so you can torment me later and make me work even harder to make myself lean again before rugby season.” It was something of a dilemma Jonathan had every year, but somehow he foresaw this one being the worst ever. Yet at the same time, he also imagined both sides of it ending in sexual gratification.

“It couldn’t please me more that you enjoy my body so much either way. Just as I enjoy your own.” He was awake enough now to read again, but with Dio so close, he decided instead just to savour the warmth of his body. Drowsiness would set in soon enough, and hopefully this would be a much more peaceful night. After a meal like what he had just eaten, he imagined he would.

~

They remained like that, quietly comfortable until Jonathan fell asleep, and some hours and three quarters of a book later, Dio, to wake up to a days of lounging and walking and a bit of light studying thrown in between. But camping loomed like a dark cloud, just around the corner.
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 16

And so the dreaded day of the camping trip came, and Dio woke up with a dark glower. The team were not set to meet until later that afternoon, leaving them time to return to the Joestar estate and drop off laundry and the cat, as well as pick up a few recreational items.

“I hate you, Jojo,” Dio said plainly as the carriage pulled up at the door.

~

“Funny you should say that Dio, you didn’t seem to hate me yesterday when I had my head between your thighs.” Jonathan chuckled, but not for long. Dio wasn’t the only grumpy creature in the carriage. Gingersnaps did not seem thrilled with the bumpy ride, nor was he happy to be confined to Jonathan’s lap for the length of the trip. Sighing, Jonathan held the kitten firmly and peered out the window, hoping to catch signs of the estate soon.

The ride was short, and once they arrived, Jonathan greeted the servants cheerfully, explaining about how his new 'friend' Gingersnaps would be with them while they were away. Even the servants seemed surprised about the idea of Dio on a camping trip.

It did not take long for Jonathan to gather up what he needed, as well put aside what he would want to take back to the cottage with them. There were a few extra books and clothes, most of which were not really necessary, but Dio often liked to go out to eat and dress accordingly. It was almost impossible to keep up with his sense of style and fashion, but Jonathan was making an attempt to at least not look embarrassing beside his brother.

There was also his trip to London to be attended to. A letter was written and posted to his friend Neil, and all materials and clothing for that set aside, to be picked up after their return. He was concerned for his brother being left to his own devices while he was gone, however, he knew that he had to trust Dio. And trust Dio he would, considering that he would be bestowed with the care of the cat. Or as he liked to put it, the 'not harm of the cat'.

"Dio! I am ready to go!" he called to him as soon as his things were in order. Jonathan found himself looking through the doorway that connected their rooms, smirking. "Don't tell me you are stalling!"

~

“Of course I am not stalling, Jojo,” Dio said without the remotest attempt to make it seem like that statement was anything but a lie. “It is simply imperative I take my shabbiest garments with me, so I do not find my best shirts and suits covered in mud and grass stains.” He sighed loud and dramatic as Dio ever could be; truthfully an awful lot.

“But this task is really quite impossible to accomplish when I, Dio, would not be caught dead in an outfit I deemed ‘shabby.’ Perhaps I will have to borrow yours, the baggy, loose fitting look I’m sure would suit such a trip.”

Dio sat himself down on the bed, his wonderful, soft bed that he had never appreciated more until this day. “Jojo…” he said in a slight whimper, huffing loudly. “Could we not just stay here and fuck the next four days away? I’ll even wear you-know-what…”

~

Jonathan sighed hard, folding his arms over his chest and standing before the other man. “I think you
are being outright childish, Dio. It is not going to be nearly as bad as you think. We will go fishing, roast marshmallows, have a few drinks, and talk about rugby. You won’t even notice that we are outside!” Now that last one was somewhere between a stretch and a lie, but he was not about to take it back.

“No, you cannot tempt me into cancelling a trip with our teammates. They will wonder why we were gone. And don’t forget that back here we do not have as much freedom as at the cottage. Come now, I would rather not have to find the campsite in the dark.

~

Dio gave Jonathan a hard glare at that comment, not taking well to the fact he’d been named childish, whether or not it may have been warranted. Which of course, to Dio, it had not. “I could buy a fish, I don’t particularly enjoy marshmallows…” The other two admittedly were rather enjoyable sounding, but he could easily have done them at home, or somewhere not outside.

“The sun does not set for hours now, Jojo, have you no recognition for the season?” Dio said with a bitterness as he pulled out a suitcase he had grudgingly already packed, cursing himself for being so organised. “We can get by just fine without all your rushing.”

~

Jonathan walked over to the door, and put his hand on the door knob. He stopped before opening, looking over his shoulder at Dio.

“…You could always…wear the you-know-what when we get home…” He was blushing a bit at the thought. Dio had not treated him to that kind of attention in a while, at least by his standards. And while he refused to put the camping trip on hold, he did not mind reminding Dio of just how much he enjoyed it…

~

“I am not sure you deserve me in that, Jojo. Maybe I will never grant it to you again, as punishment. Though I suppose there are other ways to punish you where that can still be involved…” He brought himself up to stand like a risen creature from the dead, thoughts of retribution on his mind.

But all the same, Dio made his way over, giving his bed a final look before reaching the door. On his way out, he snagged a flash he had kept in the drawer, smiling as it still had a good three quarters left of whiskey inside.

~

Jonathan managed to get himself into the carriage with only minimal thinking about Dio in a corset and silk undergarments. It was impossible to eliminate such a thought completely from his mind, not once he was started, however, he did so enough that he was able to bid farewell to the servants without showing signs of arousal. It did almost seem appealing, the thought of going home and having Dio play dress up. But that was not for now…

Truth be told, Jonathan was not sure how much sex they would have while on this camping trip at all. The prospect of making love in a tent seemed rather risky, when they were surrounded by so many other boys. And what if someone heard? So while he did not say so, he was not expecting this trip to be very amorous in nature.

The carriage left them at the starting point of a trail which lead to the camp ground. Of course Jonathan carried nearly all of their things, including the bedrolls and the pieces that would become
their tent on his back in a knapsack. It was heavy, but Jonathan was thankfully able to manage. He noted that Dio hardly carried anything at all.

It seemed that, most likely thanks to Dio, they had arrived a bit late. Many of the boys had already pitched their tents, one was setting up a makeshift fire pit, and still others were at the side of the lake. There were spots of algae on the surface, and fishing rods could be seen lining the bank, as well as a bucket showing that some had already been caught. To Jonathan the lake looked fine and alive, to Dio… he most likely would not wish to put a toe in.

First things first, Jonathan opened his book bag and began to put together the pieces of the tent. He squinted at a list of instructions and a small diagram, doing his best to figure it out on his own. He knew better than to look to Dio for help.

“Oi, Brando, why aren’t you helping your brother?” asked one of his teammates. He rightfully had perceived that Dio did not look as if he intended to lift a finger. “Or now that you’re the engaged one, you’re leaving all the manual labour for Jojo, eh?”

~

About to give an easy response, Dio found himself choking on his own words, not a usual occurrence for his smooth tongue, but, “Engaged?!?” An exasperated sigh followed a wide eyed stare and mouth drop. News travelled fast, but already it had reached his schoolmates. How many people knew of Jonathan’s jealous lie? Shaking his head, with a running hand that swept through his hair, he returned his gaze to the teammate.

“A silly rumour, I assure you, likely made by some woman when I rejected her advance as a way to save face. Nothing more than that, believe you me.” Dio took a breath, pressing down his own distaste for the entire situation in lieu of a pretended smile for the sake of present company, but in a moment where no other could see, he released his most vicious glare for Jonathan who seemed to have busied himself with the tent after overhearing their conversation.

~

Jonathan’s ears turned bright red -- how had that woman managed to spread the rumour so quickly? Though when he thought about how popular gossip could be, he supposed he could understand. Either way, he was sure it would only add to Dio’s aggravation.

"Come to think of it, Brando, I've never seen you take much of a fancy to girls. Never seen you around many, though they like you a plenty," the boy went on to say. His name was Frederick Anthony, a first year student on the team, with a promising talent that could only be flourished. He had always been paying careful attention to Dio any time they had gone out to a pub after practice, rubbing Jonathan up the wrong way.

"By the way, I heard you used to tutor some of the students after class hours. I’m doing law too, you know, and I could always use the help.” That was enough. Jonathan finished tugging on the canvas, pulling it down so that the basic frame and cover for the tent were done. Brushing off his hands, he marched over to Anthony.

"My brother does not need commentary about his romantic endeavors," Jonathan found himself saying, perhaps harsher than intended. He did his best to step back his aggravation, but his face had little ability to conceal his emotions, and his size held a natural intimidation. "He is not the type for giving a lady the wrong impression and is never anything but polite. That is all there is to it.” He cast a glance in Dio’s direction, before adding, “And he has not had time to tutor since before Christmas.” At least, not the kind of tutoring he was certain Anthony had in mind.
“Excuse me, I thought Brando could speak for himself.” Anthony puffed out his chest, lips turning into a pout of would be retaliation. He too turned to Dio, who gave an apathetic roll of his eyes, and faltered at the response. “...Nevermind,” he said, expression something bitter, before he turned and went to join his friends at the lake, whose heads turned in Jonathan’s direction upon a few mutterings, clearly discussing their momentary exchange.

Dio silently allowed Jonathan to speak against Anthony, folding his arms over each other as he watched. It had been a good nine months or so since he had even done anything with either man or woman, at least in the more free loving way he had taken to before. He must have been thought celibate by Roger and some of those he frequented with his little studying routine. That, however, was far from the truth, and Jonathan stood testament to that.

“Not that I am averse to such treatments, Jojo, but was that really necessary? You’re the one who wanted to come here, aren’t you, presumably to enjoy this place, not antagonise a first year. I would think you perfectly aware that I am no longer interested in the fleeting affections of the remaining student body. But I cannot help it if I am gorgeous.”

“I wasn’t trying to be harsh with the lad, but at his age he should be worried about his books and the team. Not what maidens may or may not be interested in the older and soon to be graduating Dio Brando, or his private ‘study sessions’.” Jonathan worked as he spoke, adjusting the canvas of the tent and making sure the poles were sturdy. His ears were still red and so was his face by now, knowing that he was making a mountain out of a mole hill with Anthony. Yet he did not like the boy being nosey, nor did he appreciate his interest in Dio.

“But at any rate, the tent is just about set.” Jonathan grabbed their things, most of which had been carried by himself, and pulled them inside the tent, rolling out their bedrolls side by side. They should be comfortable and snug enough, and Jonathan looked forward to pulling him close in the cold of the night.

Sticking his head back out he looked to Dio, calling a simple “It’s done,” before glancing in the direction Anthony had walked. Frowning, he looked at Dio and asked, “Do you think I should apologise?” Jonathan wasn’t used to lashing out at others. He wasn’t used to being jealous, either.

“Well, Jojo, I, Dio, cannot exactly turn off my allure, simply because you are the only one who profits from it.” He leaned his weight against Jonathan, for that was all he could do, rather than take his lips or other parts. Already he had begun to miss it, their easy afternoon romps, able to do it anywhere, any time, and as loud as they wished in their little cottage of escape.

Dio crouched down a little to look inside the tent. Small, crowded, and just as terrible as he expected it to be. He shook his head. “You really do not deserve me, after putting me through this, Jojo.” He turned, seeing Anthony talking to a few of the first year boys, likely the ones he was sharing a tent with, noting Jonathan’s expression and question. He shrugged.

“I don’t particularly care one way or the other if you apologise, Jojo, but don’t come lamenting to me if you don’t, like you always do.” A guilty Jonathan was certainly not the most pleasant company, best to nip the issues in the bud before they came irksomely useless.
Deciding that he would rather not make a mountain out of a molehill, Jonathan left Anthony be with his friends. What he had said was only the truth, after all. He looked to Dio, and he too was starting to miss the intimacy of their cottage. Going back to having to watch himself in public was positively jarring, and it made him long for the night, when he could curl up against him and no one would know.

Since he did not wish to stay idle, he stepped over to the group of boys fishing, asking for an extra rod. Fishing was something he had been wanting to do on the lake, however he had not had the chance, not when he was so wrapped up in Dio almost every free second they had. Before he could get a rod set up however, a few boys ran through and jumped in the lake, stark naked. This did not make the fishers happy, and they cursed at the group. But in response, they were splashed, and in the true spirit of ‘if you can't beat them, join them,’ some started to throw off their now wet clothes and cast their rods aside, splashing back at their assailants.

"Oi, Joestar! What are you waiting for! Get in here, we need your arm muscle!" one boy cried, and Jonathan, who could not resist the fun, stripped off everything he was wearing and threw it to the side. He definitely had one of the most impressive bodies on the team though his demeanour did not suggest that he agreed with this sentiment.

~

Dio slipped onto an available chair with his current novel in hand, watching in his own little corner the other men play about, most of them streaking and throwing themselves into the lake, just like his brother, while a couple were dotted around doing final set ups and socialising.

When he had first joined the world of nobility, such exposed bodily displays on public ground had been something of a culture shock. Yes, Dio was used to the human body in all its forms, but there had been a certain level of seediness attached, that made the whole thing quite taboo unless he was getting paid for it. Dio, a boy who wore long sleeves and high socks to ensure no bruises or scars of the past could ever be seen or shunned, near had an aneurism when Jonathan first stripped bare as a babe right in front of his eyes when teaching him how to swim.

But now, years later, Dio -- while he may not have participated -- could enjoy the sight of it, casually finding some interest in eyeing up the remainder of the rugby team along with Jonathan, for how could he be averse to a practical orgy of well built men, bumping against each other with no hint of shame? When his mind started to linger, imagining an entire lake filled with multiple Jojos, however, he was forced to cross his legs over and press them tight a little tighter than normal, head sinking back down into his book as a distraction.

Eventually, he, like Jonathan was called in to join, to which he gave a very certified “No,” with little room for negotiation.

~

Jonathan knew that the boys’ attempts at asking Dio to join them would be futile, which was a shame. The water was nice and not (too) murky, and the weather was hot. Jonathan decided that for his own good, Dio needed to get in the water. If not, he might overheat, and what kind of lover or brother would he be if he allowed for that to happen? He had to think of his health.

Whispering to a few boys, he looked towards Dio and then back at the water. The conversation could not be heard, except perhaps a small snippet about ‘making sure the book stays dry.’ Before Dio knew it, he was surrounded by three naked teammates, one whom plucked the book from his hands while the other two slipped their arms under his. Finally, the three hoisted him up, marched to the lake, and tossed Dio in. Jonathan stood a safe distance away, stifling some chuckles.
"How is the water, Dio?"

~

Dio certainly did not make this ambush easy on the assistants as he was forcibly dragged from his comfortable chair and completely upheaved. Nasty kicks and thrashes with the intention of doing as much damage as possible were made as he shouted and writhed and cursed loudly. That only seemed to serve as motivation for the boys, as well as bring about a cheer from those not directly involved.

When Dio emerged from the inevitable submerge, his face was cast with the darkest of glares. He was seeing red, so much so he was not even sure what he was doing as he waded after Jonathan first, catching up to him despite the head start he had gained upon seeing Dio’s enraged scowl and hawk-like expression, prey in sight.

“I hate you, Jojo! Don’t think you’re going to get away with this! That goes for all of you!” Dio yelled in his chase at all the other parties involved, from those who attacked to those who laughed, and were continuing to laugh now.

~

"Now Dio, what makes you think I had anything to do with this? I have been here in the water the entire time!" Jonathan was laughing and backing away at the same time. The closer Dio drew, the more the laughter melted into something far more nervous. He had done this completely on a whim, and knowing that Dio would be less than pleased. A year ago, the thought would have never even occurred to him. It would have seemed as fun as whacking a hornet hive with a stick. The look in Dio’s eyes made him wonder if that was maybe exactly what he had unleashed.

"D-Dio, there is really no need to--" Before he could finish the sentence, Dio was upon him and they were both underwater. Jonathan’s arms and legs flailed, opening his mouth to cry out, but of course he was unable to do so without air. Dio did not seem as if he had any intention of stopping and he had to wonder if they were both about to meet a watery grave.

Well, if he was going to die anyway, Jonathan let his arms, which had been unable to get past Dio, drift to his rear end giving it a very firm and cheeky squeeze. Using a momentary distraction he might have gained to pull away and rise to the surface, he inhaled sharply.

"You might want to take off those wet trousers and shirt, Dio, they might be holding you back from giving me the bludgeoning I truly deserve," Jonathan spoke with a grin as he continued to back away. He looked as if he was enjoying himself just a little too much.

~

The squeeze to his ass was not taken well, and Dio writhed and kicked and fumed in response, blows softened by the slowness of his movements under the lake’s depths. This was a terrible day for Dio to have worn fitted clothing. His shirt and breeches now clung to him, dragging his body down and keeping him weighted, feeling sticky and completely uncomfortable.

“Shut up, Jojo,” Dio said, not caring for the lack of eloquence in his reply, too absorbed with fording across the lake and bringing his fingers around Jonathan’s neck as he strangled him under the water, watching the life drain out of his eyes, slowly, painfully. All others would follow after Jonathan was dealt with, but the perpetrator had to be taken down first.

But his actions were thwarted by the inclusion of others, the remaining players of the team still about in the water, taking and lifting Dio up once more, readying themselves to lob him to the other end of
the lake as if he were nothing but a ball. There were few opportunities Dio was revealed in such a state or seemed remotely touchable, and it seemed all the boys were making the most of the opportunity while it was granted to them.

"Get. Me. Down!" he ordered Jonathan, his stare wide and piercing as daggers, and Jonathan would know the consequences he would suffer should he fail.

~

The sight of Dio being unwilling heaved up by the crowd of boys, utterly soaked to the bone and looking as angry as a wet cat was not one that Jonathan would forget any time soon. Nor would any of the other boys, for that matter. But the expression on Dio’s face told him that even if they weren’t sleeping in a tent with thin walls, he would probably not be having intimate relations with his lover any time soon. Indeed, Dio looked mad enough to maim and kill.

“Ah, lads, I think he has had enough, he is in the water after all!” Jonathan called out, though the others did not seem to hear him. “Hey, I don’t think that is a good--damn it!” Realising that his words were futile, he began to tread water out into the middle of the lake as quickly as he could manage, spinning around in time for Dio to be propelled straight in his direction.

The plan had been to try and catch him, but unfortunately for Jonathan, these were not his best laid plans. Instead of catching him, Dio ended up plummeting into him, knocking him back and under the water. At least he broke the man’s fall, if nothing else.

Jonathan was spitting water and sputtering by the time he emerged. When it subsided, he looked to Dio with a nervous chuckle. “Ah… I’m sorry?” he said sheepishly, for lack of a better response. “I didn’t know they would throw you, I just thought they would dunk you…”

~

“I hope you die…” Dio said in between seething, panting heaves as he coughed up water and whatever else had fallen into his mouth upon his second submerge of the past five minutes. “…a very, painful, excruciating death.”

But while the urge to chase and break the bones of everyone here, the cacklers and and the instigators and and the participants alike, his main objective now was getting himself the hell out of the water as fast as physically possible. Which, unfortunately was not very fast. When Jonathan tried to help him he batted the man away. "Don't touch me. Don't follow me," he spoke with a tone that Jonathan would do well to obey.

“Just you wait,” Dio said once he emerged, ungracefully dragging himself out from under the depths. He grabbed one of his unpacked suitcases -- a smaller handheld one with additional clothes and extra items he had collected from the estate -- out of he and Jonathan’s tent. “None of you are getting away with this. Don't you think for a second any of you are getting off lightly.”

He marched, making his way through a series of trees and slight uphill climb of trees, hair soaked, clothes sticking and movement slow and sloshing despite this wild flinging of limbs. He could not be around people right now. For their sakes, more than his own.

But Dio’s words were marked and earnest; he was going to get them all back for this.
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The water fun and festivities continued long after Dio stormed off. Jonathan found himself in the middle of it, smiling and laughing and splashing as anyone would expect, but his mind was elsewhere. It had not been the first time Dio had threatened to kill him. Most likely it would not be the last. Still, the look in Dio’s eyes had been pure red. Perhaps it had not been the best idea in the world to get a chunk of the team involved with his little ploy to get Dio in the water…

“Oh, Joestar! Catch!”

Jonathan spun around just in time to be smacked in the face with a ball, his teammate Benjamin cringing at the sight.

“Sorry about that…” the other rugby player spoke as he approached. Jonathan rubbed the sore spot on his face, but flashed a smile, picking up the ball from the water and tossing it back over.

“It is my fault, you caught me off guard. I think I am going to dry off now,” Jonathan spoke as he started to move towards the mix of sand and tufts of grass that made up the lake’s shore. Benjamin tossed the ball up once and caught it.

“Worried about Brando, are you?” Jonathan looked over his shoulder and nodded, stepping from the water, his muscular body dripping wet, as he traipsed over to their tent. He was trying not to trail too much dirt and water as he looked for a towel and a change of clothes, although it was inevitable. They were camping, after all, but he was sure Dio would not see it that way. Once changed, he used the towel to mop up his footprints from the floor.

‘Dio, where could you have gone…’ he thought to himself as he hurried past the crowd of happy campers and into the woods. He could only hope that he had not gotten himself lost in a fit of anger.

~

For a while Dio simply needed to be alone, give himself time to cool down his rage, it was blinding and feral and he knew if anyone came across his path right now, he might have done something they would regret. Anger had always been his most susceptible vice, at least the one he was most willing to accept as a fault.

But once the more prevalent vexation subsided and Dio had stripped out of his wet clothes and changed into dry ones, taking out his frustrations on an unsuspecting tree, he was able to return to mostly clear-headed thoughts. Of course, clearheaded would have to depend on one’s point of view, for Dio’s mind had set itself upon the fervent goal to indeed strike back on every last person who wronged him, who dared lift him up and throw him as if he were nothing but a tool be used in a game of catch.

The sun dried his hair quick enough, although it still felt damp against his skin, occasional droplets running down his face, as he stood to begin his plan.

His task, however, required preparation and utensils he did not have on easy access, so he was forced to root around for natural products to build his little concoction, which took up a good deal of time. It had been a while since he had made such things, childish really, but easy to use on a multitude of people at once; and mostly non-harmful, it was perfect.
Hearing Jonathan call out to him in search brought Dio out of his absorbed building stare. He was glad he overpacked, for the bag he grabbed had a series of knickknacks he thought he may need on this hell trip, and it turned out many served toward his purpose. But not wanting his brother to see what was in store, he lodged it away in the suitcase.

“I’m here, Jojo!” he said as cheerfully as he could, wanting the man to believe he had simmered and forgotten. It would make the revenge all the sweeter.

~

“Dio!” Jonathan shouted as he finally heard his voice, and began to rush towards it. “Dio, oh thank god!” By the time he reached him, he was out of breath. Jonathan was hastily dressed, and his hair was still damp and an absolute mess. “I know you weren’t gone for all that long, but I was starting to worry. What if you had gotten yourself lost, or eaten by a bear, or something equally as horrid? And it would have been all my fault!”

Jonathan’s arms wrapped about Dio, squeezing him tightly. He was in a short-sleeved shirt that fit him a year ago, now too snug, gripping tightly around soft yet muscled arms. Currently those arms had a clamminess to them, cool to the touch from the lake water. “I am so, so sorry. I only wanted a bit of fun, and perhaps an excuse to touch your body from under the water.” He lifted a hand to run it through Dio’s own blond locks.

“Can you forgive me?” Blue eyes looked adoringly down on Dio, practically begging with expression alone. “I’ll get on my knees and beg if I have to!” And with that, Jonathan fell to his knees, hands resting on Dio’s hips as he gazed up at him. His expression was lightly playful, but still, as ever, eager to please.

~

Dio was given little opportunity to answer as he was quickly toppled over by Jonathan’s hug and barrage of words, apologising profusely. He kept his expression as neutral as he could when Jonathan prostrated on the ground, though a quirk in the corner of his mouth could not help but raise itself upwards.

“I like you on your knees, Jojo,” Dio said, bringing his hand to Jonathan’s cheek and downwards, skirting along the chin with a single finger before he beckoned him to rise.

“I did not think I was away for as long as I was, it is simply… peaceful here. I was taking a little time to recline and enjoy it.” Dio lay on his back, eyes up towards the blue expanse of the sky, a few clouds that looked soft to the touch littered over it, the hints of purple orange dictating it had been some hours. He turned to face Jonathan, expression far calmer than the last time he saw it, all bunched up and red and practically letting off steam.

“Worry not Jojo, let us just count that little… fiasco as that, and move on.” Dio patted the ground beside him. “Come, sit with me for a little while.” When Jonathan moved as accordingly, Dio shuffled his head onto the man’s lap, curled up against him. Biding his time was one of Dio’s better strengths, and so for the moment he’d have Jonathan believe all was settled. And he knew just the way to make him think all was well.

After a few comfortable minutes of silence, he moved himself upwards, lips making their way to Jonathan’s neck, planting kisses upon the granted skin. “We’re alone…”

~
A rosiness became apparent in Jonathan’s cheeks as Dio took advantage of the fact that he was lying outstretched beside him, not a soul in sight. He had been shocked enough by the fact that Dio forgave him so easily, and now he was in the mood to be amorous? It was unexpected enough for Jonathan to be slightly suspicious, but he quickly pushed all thought of that aside. Dio had been alone for long enough for his temper to be soothed, and Jonathan had given him a heartfelt apology. Perhaps Dio was learning to control his temper, and the thought made Jonathan’s heart swell with pride.

Something else was also swelling.

“My prince is ever the benevolent and forgiving one. And… generous.” He let out a small moan as Dio’s lips continued to graze the sensitive skin of his neck. “But, ah, is this really the best idea? We are not that far from camp. What if someone missed us and went looking?”

Jonathan’s body seemed to be disagreeing with his words now, his loose breeches were already starting to tent obviously, and hands came to rest comfortably on Dio’s hips. In an attempt to take mind of matter, Jonathan met Dio’s eyes and gave him a hesitant look.

“Maybe we should stop.”

~

“Maybe we should…” Dio repeated, voice slow, sultry and utterly unconvinced as he was brought to notice Jonathan’s already prominent arousal. “But there are hardly going to be many opportunities for us to be alone at all, and we should most certainly take advantage of the moments given to us.”

Dio began taking the quick opportunity then to roll atop of Jonathan, straddling him as he pulled them together for a full frontal kiss, wasting no time. “And besides, it doesn’t look like you’ll last very long, and you can hardly go back to camp with that not-so-little guest sticking out like a ruler’s been lodged in your under garbs. Miss me that much already?” He smirked, of course he did, he came looking for him after all, Jojo was an eager pup who could never be apart from Dio for long.

As much as his mind was pressed on revenge, Jonathan’s body, and the opportunity to have him all to himself was not something Dio was about to pass up, and he could feel his own length twitching. And he supposed this was one way Jonathan could start his recompense for his many transgressions.

~

“Well, I did miss you.” Jonathan offered, cheeks still rosy as they so often were in Dio’s presence. “And I suppose I cannot go back to camp like this…” Convincing Jonathan to drop his trousers in front of Dio had become less and less of a challenge, and more of the norm, whenever the man should ask.

“But really, Dio, we should be quick about it. I don’t like the idea of being caught.” Jonathan’s fingers deftly undid the front of his breeches, tugging them down with Dio still on top. Nothing was underneath, a sign of just how hastily Jonathan had left camp, but it certainly helped their predicament now. Once his erection sprang free, he helped Dio wiggle down his own garments, taking a chance to admire the beautiful blond on top.

“Here…” He started after he had suckled on two of his fingers, moistness glistening as he brought them between Dio’s thighs. He pressed one, and then the other into his opening, prepping him as best he could under the circumstances. “You are much better at doing this hastily than I am. Perhaps I need more practice.” His last words were said with a bit of a curl, lips forming a grin as he watched Dio’s face. “But for now, I shall just enjoy your skill.”
“Then enjoy my skill you shall, my dear inamorato,” Dio said with a smile and a lift of his brows, taking Jonathan’s lips once more. Strangely, his anger towards Jojo had found itself simmering down -- and not just in the form of pretence -- from the moment he appeared searching for him and brought himself to his knees. Still, the rest of the team deserved full punishment, and Dio’s threats were not light and in vain.

Outside was never Dio’s first preference, their acts were messy enough without having the threat of grass and leaves and dirt going up his ass, but as he was placed atop of Jonathan, it was an escapable feat. And right now, he didn’t particularly care one way or the other, not when his hole was prepped with hasty fingers and Jonathan’s hardened cock was right there in front of him, just waiting to be jumped on.

And so, with a speedy entrance, Dio plunged himself onto Jonathan’s member, muffling his cries with a necessary hand to his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut as he was made to feel every inch with the sparse lubrication granted. But Dio had never let such things get in the way of his pleasure before, and he immediately began to move on top of Jonathan in quick bounces, wrapping his arms around his neck.

“Make me come, Jojo,” he said in his ear, breath hot and panting. “Rectify your misdeeds with this, and all shall be forgotten.”

~

“Yes…” Jonathan managed to pant the single word in response, pulling himself up from the somewhat relaxed stance on the ground, and into a sit, arms supportively wrapping about Dio. This position had become quite familiar to him, and he had little trouble finding the best angle to start thrusting. He knew what Dio enjoyed.

Strong hands supported Dio’s back, helping to guide him along. As always, Jonathan started with long and slow movements, moving up, and then easing him down with care. But this slow pace did not last tremendously long, Jonathan knew Dio did not need much to ease him into love making, his body having a penchant for the rougher side of intimacy. So his motions soon became faster and stronger, fingernails digging down into Dio’s back as he did so.

They were completely exposed, out in the middle of the woods. He would not have even started this, if it hadn’t been for Dio, too afraid that they might be caught off guard. But once started, there would be no stopping what had been set into motion, and Jonathan unleashed his full strength with every stroke. His eyes were mostly closed as he worked, but about halfway through, he forced them open. In part because he wanted to see Dio’s face, and in part he wanted to see his erection. While it was not necessary from the skill of Jonathan’s thrusts, he reached out and gave it a squeeze and a jerk.

Mercifully, he finished sooner rather than later, but only once he was sure Dio was satisfied. That always came first, and particularly today. Jonathan finished with a muffled cry, burying his face in Dio’s shoulder and panting. Only after he tilted his head up did he look worrliedly at Dio.

“Do… you think they will know?” he asked nervously.

~

“That we were fucking in the woods?” Dio replied in a panting breath as he slipped off Jonathan’s cock, wiping himself with his old wet shirt -- a necessary sacrifice, as he had brought no towel in his huff, and walking around with seed in his ass and on his chest was a bit of a giveaway. “No, Jojo,
for some reason I doubt that will be their first thought.” He slumped Jonathan off his shoulder to take
his mouth, his smirk skirting within the kiss as he nipped lightly on his lower lip.

Once his felt himself able, Dio stood, tucking his cock back into his trousers, making himself look as
presentable as possible without a mirror to hand, and wearing rumpled clothes he had shoved onto
his damp body from earlier. “We were a little dishevelled to start with, which is actually beneficial in
this case, though admittedly we should not make such a habit of doing such acts in such open
locations.” Dio offered his hand out to Jonathan, helping him to a stand and wiping him down a little,
brushing off any remnants of ground from his ass and breeches.

Picking up his suitcase laid with his future revenge plot, he began in the direction of the camp. “I
suppose we’ve milled about for as long as we should, come on, Jojo.”

~

“I suppose you are right.” Jonathan admitted with a sigh, brushing himself off as best he could. “It is
not as if we are the most likely candidates to be sodomites.” Though when Jonathan thought about it,
he was not sure who would be a likely candidate. Surely no one in their circles, or at least not
seriously so, right?

He allowed Dio to help him up and brush him off with a quick word of thanks, and then started to
slip back into his already damp and dirty clothing. “You know, the lake isn’t really that bad, Dio. It is
rather hot out, and being naked and in cool water is pleasant.” A hand slipped about his waist,
fingers drifting low to give his ass a nice hard squeeze. “Plus, the water is murky enough that no one
will see just where I am touching you, or how my body chooses to respond.” Grinning, he tilted
Dio’s grumpy face in his direction and kissed him on the lips. “But if you don’t want to, I won’t
force you to. I just thought you should understand the benefits.”

The two began to walk back to camp, and kept a careful eye out for wildlife as they did so. A few
colourful birds were chirping away, and there was even a scurry of deer in the brush ahead. “It is so
lovely out here. I am not sure what there is not to like.”

~

“Oh yes, murky water and deer, you truly are selling this camping lark all too well, Jojo,” Dio shook
his head, running a hand through his hair. Oh, how he missed the cottage already, he doubted he was
going to get a semi decent wash for the next four days. Oh, the things he did for love…

Upon returning to the camp there was a cheer as Dio and Jonathan made their way over, the smell of
fish cooking over the fireplace wafting about, growing stronger as they approached.

“Had enough of your hissy fit, Brando?” A rambunctious jostle of laughter was met with the former
captain and newly graduated, Avery’s words. Dio skirted his teeth across his lower lip as he formed
a smile, bringing his suitcase of revenge a little closer.

“Oh, I’m perfectly fine. All is well and forgiven.”

“Doesn’t sound much like you to let go of a grudge.”

“I think you’ll find I, Dio, am incredibly merciful.” Dio sat down on a log, Jonathan coming beside
him. For now, he would play the innocent role, it was not time to exact vengeance. Of course now
that campfire songs had begun being sung, he was very eager for night to fall and all to sleep so he
could strike.

~
"No, thankfully my brother was not being eaten by a bear when I found him. I should have been very angry if he had been," Jonathan spoke, conversing with Oliver as he came to settle down onto the log beside Dio.

"At the bear, or at your brother for making you wrestle a bear?" Oliver asked, leading to laughter from the surrounding boys. "Lord knows you could take on a bear at your size, Joestar!" Jonathan chuckled good-naturedly along with the rest, rubbing the back of his neck.

"I don't know about that, but if a bear was attacking Dio, I wouldn't have much choice. After all, where would I get another brother?"

"London's east end, supposedly." The laughter ceased, and all stopped to stare at Charles, a teammate from the same year as Jonathan and Dio, and a friend of Anthony.

"Surely you are joking," Benjamin said, looking from Charles to Dio incredulously.

"No, he is a ward of the Joestars. My father was told by George Joestar himself, how Dio's father saved--"

"That's enough!" Jonathan was standing now, a fist clenched at his side, staring at Charles. "Where Dio came from is none of your concern." It happened so quickly, but rage was sweeping through Jonathan from head to toe. Who was Charles to bring up Dio's roots, in front of the entire team at that? Jonathan balled his fist even tighter.

~

Now that was certainly surprising. For Jonathan to end the conversation about Dio’s childhood, rather than instigate it as he so often and aggravatingly had for years brought a rise to Dio’s eyebrows. Inadvertently he stroked at Jonathan’s leg in a beckon for him to sit down once again.

It had raised quite the talk, when Dio was first taken in by Lord Joestar, and all had been expecting some sort of uneducated street urchin, not a poised young boy who spoke with more eloquence than half the people in the room. Eventually most tended to forget Dio’s ‘humble upbringing’ and simply regarded him as Lord Joestar’s son, despite not holding the equivalent legal requirements to be deemed as such in a court of law. Which served, of course, as one of the many reasons Dio saw fit to put an end to the old fool, for making him little more than a ward and charity case for the past six years of his life. He, Dio was not charity.

While talk of his past was something Dio never enjoyed being brought to light, in some cases it was a simple inescapable issue, and over the years he had been able to manoeuvre through such conversation as lightly as possible, reducing such topics to a minimum. It did not, however, stop him from having to bite the inside of his cheek.

“Come now, Charles, you really think you’d be able to find someone like me anywhere else, no matter how hard you may attempt it?”

“That may be true, Brando, you’re certainly one of a kind, but London orphans are a dime a dozen.”

“I suppose the same thing could be said about mothers. Maybe you should try the docks, dear Charles. Seeing how, well, your mater ran off with a sailor.” That shut him up.

~

Jonathan found himself sitting, though the anger on Dio's behalf was still clear on his face. Since the start of their relationship, he had been suspicious about the kind of person Dario Brando had been in
actuality, and New Year’s had, in Jonathan’s mind, solidified those suspicions. The last thing he wanted right now was to hear one of their pig-headed classmates go off about something he shouldn’t be privy too anyway, never mind the falsities.

When Dio made the comment regarding Charles’ mother, that brought everything to a halt, but Jonathan continued to remain in quiet thought, at least until Oliver pushed a plate of fish into his hands for dinner. Once he did so, he snapped out of it, and began to eat. The fish was not bad for camp fare, and he felt his mood raise with it. Along with dinner, a bottle of whiskey was passed around, which he took a few sips of. Jonathan was pleased to see that while Dio of course accepted the bottle, he did not appear to be drinking to excess. Perhaps this could be a pleasant trip yet.

“Marshmallow?” Jonathan offered later in the evening. The fire was crackling and he had at least three separate sticks with the sugary blobs at the end, starting to brown over the flames. He took one and ate it himself, before turning his attention back to Dio.

“It’s been a long day, and I am not sure I need to listen to the scary stories they are going to start to tell. Perhaps we should turn in soon.”

~

Dio had no problem with the odd ghostly tale, and tomorrow, he might be more amenable to listening and telling a few of his own. But today he had plans. He did not eat much of the fish, for it was not particularly pleasant to his rather picky palette, and revenge and tipsiness were not the most compatible bedfellows, so tonight he was keeping his wits about him with only a shot’s worth of liquor to get him through.

Nodding his head, he accepted Jonathan’s notion to head to their tent, even partaking in the marshmallow, fed to him on the stick. A little sweet, but one bite was acceptable, as well as the fact it was feeding well into the innocent role. Oh, they all would not know what hit them.

“Yes, today has been quite the day, and I think it’s quite time we settled down, Jojo.” There was a sudden loud noise of disapproval (from all except Charles and Anthony) at the notion of the two top players leaving, but still the pair stood, making their way into the tent. Their lumpy, uncomfortable flimsy tent that forced Dio into a crawl to nestle in properly. He frowned. While the team were getting their own punishment, Dio had something else in mind for Jonathan, to be exacted later. For practical reasons, as well as personal.

Now just to bide his time.

~

Despite a few uncomfortable moments, Jonathan was rather pleased in how their day had gone. They had, if nothing else, come out alive, and Dio did not seem too bothered by it all, which he had to admit, was a bit surprising. But he supposed even Dio was capable of relaxing and enjoying himself, at least once in a while. Once they were safe inside the tent, Jonathan hung up the lanterns, and began to undress, casting his silhouette on the canvas wall behind him. For anyone watching from the outside, it would have been impressive, but no one had chosen to retreat to their tents yet.

“Even though it is summer, it gets very cold at night,” Jonathan said with a small smirk. He was still shirtless, and seemed to have every intention of staying that way. “We shall have to keep each other warm, just like old times, mm?” With that Jonathan sat on his bedroll, and pulled out a blanket, beckoning Dio to sit down beside him.

“Of course, we should not do anything that might get us caught.” Jonathan whispered. “We have
already taken one foolish risk today, why add another? But that doesn’t mean I can’t hold you…” Holding Dio apparently also meant squeezing Dio’s ass, because once he had him in his arms, that was the first thing he did.

~

Jonathan was getting tired, by the sounds of things. That was good, once he was out there would be no getting him up again, nobody to wonder where he was going in the dead of night and stop him. Turning his back from Jonathan as he too changed, Dio put on a light bed shirt and checked that his bag had everything he required. He had popped off earlier to put everything in final order, but it was never harmful to be extra meticulous.

Not wishing for a silhouette of Jonathan grabbing his ass to be cast for all the other boys to see, he blew out the light and lay down, allowing for the embrace. It was a bumpy floor, at least compared to that the cottage bed, so Jonathan’s embrace found itself to be rather welcome, and Dio would have to pinch himself a few times to ensure he simply did not fall into a warm slumber over the hours he’d need to wait.

“It seems like only yesterday we were huddled for warmth out of pure necessity when you decided to attempt murdering me with hypothermia after sucking my cock, Jojo,” Dio said lightly, nestling himself all the more.

~

“It was never intentional, Dio. I thought the walk would just be a stroll through the snow, a bit uncomfortable but not fatal. I never claimed to be good at judging the weather…” Jonathan tilted his head, burying his nose in Dio’s hair. Despite having just been in the lake, the hair still held remnants of the last fragrant shampoo Dio had used in it, and Jonathan sighed happily. He would never tire of Dio’s hair, ever.

“I have to admit I am grateful for the storm. While I am sure we would have come together eventually, it did force things along.” Jonathan’s hands moved under the blanket, teasingly slipping between his thighs. His mouth neared his ear, breathing the words quietly, as if afraid of being overheard, even now, “Little did I know how much I would come to enjoy sucking you off.”

Dio could feel the smile pressed into his face, Jonathan lazily resting against him. The days exertions made him more tired than usual, but getting to sleep next to Dio had not yet lost its newness. Despite his desire to tease his body further, and perhaps do a repeat of his actions from the snowy night in the shed, he instead let his arms come to lay comfortably around the man.

“Thank you for being such a good sport about this camping trip, Dio. It means a great deal to me. The weekend will fly by, and soon we will be on our way back to our cosy little cottage, where you can screw me whatever which way your little heart desires.” He yawned once, shifting slightly and closing his eyes.

~

“Oh, I most certainly intend to, Jojo,” Dio said with a grin, biting his lip in anticipation for what he planned to come.

It did not take long for Jonathan to fall to sleep, and after twenty minutes he was utterly out, only a cold dousing of water would wake him up now. There was still a good deal of chit chat and laughter from the remaining outdoor boys for perhaps another hour and a half until, finally, all were asleep and quiet.
And Dio’s time finally came.

Removing himself from Jonathan’s hold, Dio wriggled out of the tent. Having to work in the dark was not the easiest feat, but all had been prior arranged for the smoothest course of action to be achieved. He poked his head out from the tent and scoured the area-- completely empty and soundless, not counting the cricket. Dio slipped on his shoes and grabbed his case, opening it to reveal seven homemade firecrackers, one for each tent at the camp. Of course, not wishing to disturb his own tent, Jonathan would have to be let off, but the remaining six were set and ready.

Measuring the length of the string to light the match, along with how long it would take for him to plant one at the front of each tent, Dio estimated he had about a minute in total to light, throw and get back to his own. He was lucky he was a sprinter.

And so, a minute passed and the crackers were lit, and Dio returned to the edge of his tent, just before the explosions were set off and the flailing screams could be heard. He smiled as he hid behind it, watching his plan finally come to fruition with a bright orange bang.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to take a moment to let all our loyal readers know how grateful we are for their comments. As of late, both of us have been extremely busy in real life, and have not been able to reply to everyone as we used to, but please know that we still read every single one, and we are always delighted to see your reactions as life unfolds for our boys!

The 16th of July will mark one year since we published the first few chapters. Thank you to everyone that has been here for the ride from the beginning, and to those who joined us along the way! Editing and polishing this fic has not always been easy, but having readers connect emotionally to Jonathan and Dio through our story has made it all worth it. We hope you'll stay with us, because there is certainly more to come! :3 -J
Pleasant dreams of Dio in some very silky and slinky attire danced through Jonathan’s head during the night, and when he did finally rise the next morning, he was in a very cheerful mood indeed. The sun was high in the sky, and Dio was already gone from the tent. This was not alarming, however, Dio was often up before Jonathan.

The sight that greeted him outside was nothing like he had expected. Avery was storming by, holding a pile of tattered remnants of… well, he couldn’t see. Only then did he notice the smell of gunpowder in the air.

“What in the world happened?” Jonathan asked, looking around as if to find the answer. Avery stopped and stared at him.

“Don’t tell me you only just woke up now? How did you sleep through the firecrackers going off?”

“What?!” Jonathan caught glimpses of other annoyed looking teammates, stomping through camp and cleaning up a mess of random belongs, that were either scorched or thrown in the wake of the mini explosions. No one looked as if they had gotten any rest.

Except for Dio, who was sitting calmly near the lake, sipping at his coffee, and looking perfectly content. Jonathan knew this look well.

“Dio…” he began, crossing his arms over his chest as he stepped forward. “What happened while I was asleep?”

~

“It seems, Jojo, that there was a little incident with some firecrackers of some sort that caused quite the havoc among the members of the team while we were all sleeping.” Dio stifled his laugh as he looked up at Jonathan with the biggest eyes Dio’s sharp amber could make. There was no point in hiding the grin that covered his face, it was far too stark, and it was not so strange to find amusement in such an event, at the sight of other’s misfortune. They had all seemed rather amused when they thought of Dio as a ball after all.

“But we are fortunate, they must not have had had enough to hit all seven tents, and we are the lucky pair who went away unscathed. Isn’t that lucky?”

He stood, making his way towards Jonathan with a smile on his face, the only smile out of the entire campsite. “Want to help me with breakfast, Jojo? Looks like everyone else has their hands a little full of… well I suppose that is rather evident isn’t it? We can at least be so kind as to make them all some tea or coffee, and I think someone brought eggs… let’s hope they are not blown to smithereens by now.” He patted Jonathan’s shoulder lightly before moving towards the fire pit, still burning and hot from his own brew.

~

Jonathan’s jaw dropped and he stared at Dio. He had to admit, there was something about seeing the other man look so utterly pleased and cheerful that he absolutely enjoyed. Why couldn’t Dio get happy over normal things, like fuzzy animals, sunsets, or dessert? Why did it always have to be over misery that he potentially inflicted onto others himself?

“How interesting that our tent was not hit. I wonder how ever that happened?” Jonathan spoke flatly,
giving Dio a good hard stare. Throwing his hands up, he sighed and started to help a few of the other boys, using the opportunity to ask them where the food was, so that he could start on breakfast.

Jonathan spent the rest of the morning feeling quite sheepish. He felt sorry for what had happened and did his best to help clean. He also managed to cook breakfast himself, not stopping to even ask Dio for help. It was in part because he was cross, but also because during their time in the cottage, Dio had succeeded in teaching his other half about some of the easier parts of cooking. Even in his distaste for Dio’s smug attitude, there was simply no escaping the other man.

Realising that this was not something which he could make a scene over, once the campsite was clear and the others had eaten, he brought Dio a plate of eggs. “Try not to be too overwhelmingly upset, but we shall need to leave tomorrow. The icebox with food was ruined in the explosion.” His eyes still held that glare, but he was at least not pursuing the matter.

~

“What? Leave? Early?!” Dio gasped, lips curved into a perfect circle as he placed a hand to his chest; utterly shocked and horrified. Of course, none of those statements, nor his reaction were true, but in honesty he did not expect his little ploy to result in ending the trip early. What a wonderful bonus surprise that was.

“Well, Jojo,” Dio said taking the eggs from Jonathan’s hand and stabbing his fork into the first bite, not yet bringing it to his mouth. “As much as I love camping, I understand completely. It is quite a shame it has all been ruined like this, I wonder who could have done such a thing?” He took the first bite. “These eggs are rather good by the way, you are improving, my dear.” There was the urge to take Jonathan’s lips then, as he would have done back at the cottage. But of course, in public Dio kept his ground, crossing his legs over to dig in.

“So if we are leaving tomorrow, that still gives us one more day of fun filled activities to contend with,” Dio said, looking at Jonathan with a blithe expression that directly contrasted with his brother’s. “Best enjoy it, Jojo, I have a feeling all shall get what is coming to them sooner or later. We were lucky to escape the tent, but luck has a way of running out…” His expression darkened before turning into a bright grin.

~

“Coming to them?” Jonathan echoed, feeling his stomach twist and turn, the thought suddenly occurring to him that this was all some kind of revenge plot regarding the lake episode from the day before. And he, being the ring leader, would not be spared on the basis of being his beloved knight, or being good in bed. No, he would be punished as well, and most likely, far, far worse than the others. He gulped, and took a seat down beside Dio.

“…Just remember, without me, you would be rather cold at night.” He gave Dio a small, nervous grin. He was beyond thinking he would ever hurt him as he had when they were younger, or so he hoped. But he had to wonder exactly how he planned to exact his revenge.

~

“Oh, Jojo, while I will not deny for a second that you make a rather comfortable pillow and often a blanket whether I want you rolling on top of me in your sleep or not, there are these rather magical inventions known as fireplaces and blankets.” Dio paused a moment to put a forkful of eggs in his mouth, chewing them slowly. “But I have some strange feeling that I will be sleeping rather warmly tonight and for the nights to come, no matter what your status. Just a feeling.”
He let Jonathan ponder without giving him much of any hint to go on, and of course without for a second admitting that he planned to seek revenge. But at this point, he was not fool enough to be unaware.

~

The day went on rather pleasantly once breakfast was done, if not without a bit of tension. Once all was cleaned up, the boys set to enjoy their day, if it was to be the only one they had. Some went swimming again. Jonathan sat with a few men on the other end of the lake, fishing pole in hand, attempting to catch something that might be added to their dinner.

“When we were younger, you would always seem to catch more fish than me,” Jonathan recalled, glancing back to Dio. “I used to think the fish didn’t like me… now I realise that it was probably because I moved my rod too much.”

~

“You are far too fidgety, Jojo, hold yourself steady.” Without thinking, Dio reached out to take Jonathan’s hands from atop of his pole, calming them to a stillness. The gesture lasted a little longer than necessary, but everyone else seemed a little too absorbed in their own actions to mind. He pulled back as soon as he noticed, however, coughing lightly.

~

Dio’s hands atop his, guiding them to a calmer, proper position, was becoming a more common place occurrence as of late. As Dio’s affection had grown for Jonathan, and Jonathan had become more and more comfortable around him, there was more room for Dio to teach him things. Living at the cottage itself had been a learning experience for Jonathan, Dio showing him how to do many domestic chores he had not known before. When the two were not at odds with each other, Dio could be a good teacher.

The touch of their hands together made Jonathan’s skin tingle. He wanted more of it, but it would have to wait until tonight, or until they were back at the cottage. That was if Dio didn’t have other plans in store, as he had been so kind to remind him of earlier. It was best not to think of it, lest he worry himself sick.

~

Dio was no true fan of fishing as it meant being surrounded by slimy water creatures and nature, but he did value the peacefulness of it all, as well as gladly indulging in the competitive nature of the sport, always attempting to catch the largest fish over both Jonathan and Lord Joestar, for it was he who took ‘his boys’ out on expeditions to large lakes during their earlier adolescent years.

“Hmm… how about the one who catches the largest fish gets… a pound from all the remaining competitors?” Ears perked up at the sound of a prize, and a few members of the team dotted around playing ballgames and swimming moved over to join in on the fun. If all played, the winner would receive fourteen pounds; it was not something people wanted to miss.

“Perhaps there is some fun to have here after all, Jojo.”

~

The wager on the fishing seemed to excite the other boys. Jonathan, however, was not as enthused. He agreed, but he somehow doubted his luck would yield anything of size. Sighing, he hunched over his poll and waited, watching the quiet ripples in the water.
Suddenly, there was a pull on his string. His head perked up, and he began to reel it in.

“Look! I think I have the first catch, it’s definitely something. I--” He had indeed caught a fish. A very minuscule one, wriggling on the end of hook. “…I’ll just throw him back in. So tiny, not worth taking his life.”

~

A loud burst of laughter was made out from the other boys as they looked upon Jonathan’s sad excuse for a fish, Dio included.

“I think I have something!” Anthony said next, after the laughter died down and all were back to concentrating on their prize fishes. He reeled it in, it seemed large, large enough to knock him out of his chair and force him onto the ground with an ass aching thud.

“Woah, what a whopper!” It was indeed, certainly a decent catch to anyone’s standard, big and floundering on the grass. But with the final surge of its strength it hopped back into the lake, taking Anthony’s pole with it.

“Looks like it’s still up for grabs, boys, that’s certainly the prize catch everyone will be looking for.” With the ideal set, all were determined.

“Come on, Jojo, don’t you want to at least try?” Dio asked, noticing Jonathan’s clearly comparative lethargy for current events. “You can always give the money to me should you win -- which we all know you will not -- but you might as well try. You are the one who wanted to come here, after all, didn’t you?”

~

Jonathan had never been thrilled with hunting and fishing. He much preferred to watch animals rather than kill them. But, at the very least, if they were being used for food, rather than being wasted on sport, he could respect it. And fish were rather tasty when fried up nicely…

“I will give it a try, though any that are not big enough to eat will be going right back in with the others.” Jonathan swung his line, which had been floating near the water’s edge, back out further, to where the fish would be more likely to bite. “But as for the fourteen pounds, if I win it, I am keeping it. You would likely waste it on whiskey, I for one have not tried nearly enough of the cakes and pastries at the bakery in the village.”

And so the afternoon wore on, pleasantly enough with light chatter between team mates. There were a few bites, and Dio even caught a reasonably sized fish that looked like it might wind up being the biggest catch of the day. Jonathan did not seem phased, and was wondering if perhaps a lemon had survived the explosion to squeeze on their dinner, when suddenly there was a sharp tug on his rod. It took him by surprise and jerked him towards the water, but he held firm. Using his upper body strength to help keep balance, he stood and began to reel it in.

“Anthony, it looks like I may have gotten your fish,” he said with a grin as the large silvery creature flip flopped in his arms. “And it looks like my desserts are paid for the rest of the summer.” He looked in Dio’s direction, a mirthful expression on his face.

~

Dio had never been a good sport, not for one second did he feel joy at being anything but the number one, the victor, the successor. And today was no different. Most of the boys were not particularly enthused to lose out on fourteen pounds, but there was a cheer and clap and a surprised exclaim that
“Joestar’s the winner?! Who would have thought. Suppose that first fish was nothing more than a warmup for you, eh?” He received a few pats on the back as money was handed to him, the other boys looking for new endeavours.

On a more private day Dio would have lashed out, gotten angry and stormed off somewhere. His reactions were not quite pretty, but he knew himself, and anger was a flaw he was still trying to work on. Not extremely successfully but nevertheless. But with an act of a reasonable gentleman to keep up, he was forced into little more than low gripes and comments.

“Clearly it must have been some sort of fluke,” Dio said with a pouting frown, shaking his head. “I shouldn’t have told you how to hold yourself steady, obviously that was too much of a giveaway.” He threw his pole on the ground, fishing out the pound from his trouser pocket and throwing it in Jonathan’s direction, the coin hitting him in the thigh before he managed to catch it.

“Suddenly, Jojo, I have a feeling your luck will take a great turn for the worse when it decides to alter itself.” Dio’s legs crossed over each other in the form of a straight tight pose and he sighed, head still shaking. “You should be careful, you never know what might happen to you, or in just what form that terrible change of fate might come in. I doubt you shall be expecting it.” The lake was quickly dispersing into something rather empty, save a few boys who decided they wished to swim with the fishes they were moments ago trying to catch, so Dio decided to make himself scarce too.

“Well, since you are the grand victor tonight, you might as well be in charge in gutting your glorious fish and preparing dinner then. I’m going to read the tent, don’t bother joining me.”

~

Frying up fish was a little above Jonathan’s skill set at this point, but with help from the others, a tasty dinner was made and served. The other boys were all eating and laughing, the mood quite jovial over all. Jonathan himself wanted to feel that infectious good mood as well, but with Dio still moping, it was hard to fully enjoy anything. Deciding to bite the bullet, Jonathan made his way to their tent, plate of fish in hand.

"Dio? I have your dinner, it turned out well. Avery helped me cook it just right." Once Dio started to eat, he said thoughtfully, "When we get home, perhaps we could open one of those bottles of wine Father has been keeping in the cellar for so long. We could enjoy it one evening, just the two of us… perhaps with a dessert” Rather than dwell on awful things that might happen, Jonathan preferred to think about the pleasant instead, and bring them to fruition.

~

“I am not one to pass up wine,” Dio said with only a mild grumble, taking the plate in his hand, stabbing into the meal. Dio knew it was a weakness, hated himself for falling into his rage so often, like a habit he simply could not give up, but while it was not a trait he loved, at least in his competitiveness it showed his unwillingness to be anything but the best.

“The fish is adequate. It could use a little more flavour, but--” He took another bite, thoughtful, “…it is adequate.” He set it down for the moment, reclining back in the tent, leg bent up and upper body down flat on the surface. It was rather warm inside of it, the sun beating down, and so Dio had put on one of Jonathan’s shirts, larger on him and serving as an airy piece of blue attire with short sleeves. He would not exit the tent dead in it, but it served its purpose while within.

“I hope you know with fourteen extra pounds to your name, I have little to no intention spending my own money on anything for the remainder of our trip.”
“Were you planning on spending it before I caught that fish? I feel like the answer is no,” Jonathan said with a sigh as he slunk down beside Dio, taking the time to look him over from head to toe. It was so rare to see him casual, and in one of Jonathan’s shirts at that. It brought hints of a smile to his lips.

“I don’t mind paying for our expenses for the rest of summer. We aren’t even doing anything extravagant, our little cottage does not require a great deal.” Jonathan grinned, and leaned in giving Dio a quick kiss to the cheek. “Just clean sheets, to be frank.” He pushed the plate back towards Dio, encouraging him to eat more.

“I don’t know why you are still pouting, to be honest. Even if it is my coin, you still benefit from it. And soon enough we will be going home, to return to the carnal state we’ve been in since arriving. Not that I mind, of course. But I would think that you might be a little more… amorous towards me.” Jonathan let a hand drift to Dio’s ankle, his fingers sliding up and up, closer to his thigh.

When Dio felt Jonathan touch upon his leg in a way that held only suggestiveness, the final dregs of resentment finally began to dissipate.

“Jojo…” Dio said, still lying flat on the ground, feet shuffling. “You want me to be amorous with you now? While the entire team is just a sheet of fabric away. What happened to panicking in the woods when we were all alone?” Dio smiled, and brought Jonathan’s hand further upwards, until their joined fingers centred in between Dio’s thighs. “Not that I am complaining.” He pushed in, giving himself a hint of friction. A handkerchief was grabbed with his spare arm to serve as a future easy clean up.

“I can be very quiet you know… and there’s something about the precariousness of it all that’s rather… exhilarating, would you not say?”

Jonathan’s tanned face began to flush, and while the heat was not helping, it was mostly from Dio’s boldness. “Being amorous does not mean I am saying we should do it right here and now!” he said in a voice hardly above a whisper. “We could be affectionate in other ways, safer ways, ways that would not make anyone raise any eyebrow if they saw.”

Still, Dio’s thighs did look damned good under his shirt, and one of his hands began to tread higher, just under the fabric. His pale skin was milk white and the muscle firm, if he kept going he knew that his cock would soon harden under his touch, leaving an undeniable show of arousal that would need to be taken care of before anyone else could see. Jonathan knew that the wisest decision would be to pull his hand away, take a deep breath, and go to take a nice cool dip in the lake.

Instead he grabbed at Dio’s cock and brought it to full hardness.

Dio gasped at the first piece of contact, but quickly stifled his noises to an unsuspicious low moan, the back of his hand coming forth to his mouth and closing over it, biting at the flesh tighter and tighter as Jonathan continued with his strokes, his hands well attuned to Dio’s favourite motions and movements in the way he used them. Bite marks would likely remain on his flesh for a while after, but that was more than worth the sight.
There was something about the way that Jonathan lifted the edge of his shirt and spread Dio’s legs that appeared almost thirsty for him. The way he ran a hand across the trimmed carpet of blond before boldly grabbing his balls and squeezing, the way his mouth eagerly took in almost his entire shaft and sucked, the way his blue eyes stared up at amber - it was all with a craving that needed to be satisfied.

In case Dio had forgotten, Jonathan gave him a firm reminder that he had become very skilled at giving him head.

It sounded like some of the boys had grabbed a ball and begun playing catch, not too far from them, but far enough out of reach from the tents so no more crashes would happen today. Water splashes were also in earshot, and Dio smiled into his hand as he watched Jonathan move his lips close to his erection when they were indeed surrounded.

“Ahh, yess, Jojo,” Dio said in a quiet but passionate whine, bucking his hips into Jonathan’s mouth slowly, grinding and arching. His head tipped back, and his spare hand founds its way to his grown out hair, carding through it over and over. “And you thought this weekend would be without any such activities. We haven’t gone a day without.” Dio couldn’t help but chuckle at that.

Jonathan tried not to think of the noises of their team mates outside their tent. They were all far enough away that any stray sounds would not travel, and Jonathan himself was doing everything he could to not be excessively noisy.

Still, he was determined. Just looking at how Dio reacted to his sucking, back arched and hips moving towards him was enough to drive him on. His technique was more focused on speed rather than making him last. His motions were more drastic and held nothing back, sucking him relentlessly while his hand pinched and teased at his testicles, not enough to be outright painful, but with the intent of getting his seed to flow sooner.

His efforts paid off eventually, the milky liquid filling his mouth. Not wishing to leave any evidence he swallowed, and then rested his head on Dio’s flat stomach, taking a minute or two to listen to the sound of his breathing. The sounds of the distant splashes and chatter hit his ears as well. For the time being, they seemed safe.

“I am not sure what you do to me, Dio. But whatever it is… it’s hard for me to resist whenever you should open your thighs.” He sighed and nuzzled his cheek to his chest.

“Then I shall be sure to keep my legs spread wide at all times. Regardless of whether it is the proper manner to sit or not, I think the benefits far outweigh the costs.” Dio brought the handkerchief to his cock and cleaned up the saliva and remnants of seed, before tucking it back into his underwear and pulling them up as if he had not just been sucked off moments before.

The camp outside seemed nothing more than white noise; all was quiet and peaceful when Jonathan encased him like this, kissing his chest gently, lips brushing against his skin, tickling in a pleasant way.

“I am glad to be returning home tomorrow,” he said after a few minutes of content silence, nothing
but breathing to fill the air of the tent. “But I’ll admit, once the bugs and lumps underneath the surface of the mats are tuned out and ignored, there is a quiet peacefulness to this camping lark.” He quickly added, “Not that I would ever find myself enthused to do such a thing again, and will adamantly protest against it.”

~

Jonathan was satisfied to lay beside Dio for quite some time, giving them both a chance to relax and take some quiet time to themselves. He was pleasantly surprised to hear Dio admit that camping was not a total waste, quiring his head slightly to look at the blond. Sure, the fact that he just had a blow job probably helped, along with the sick pleasure he took in terrorising his teammates last night. But confessing to an appreciation for nature was definitely new.

“It is lovely out here. You might like this more if we were alone, and perhaps in a cabin or lodge of sorts as oppose to a tent. There is something about being away from the rest of the world. It is especially nice for reading and studying.” There was a light hum in his voice as he sat up and glanced about. It was starting to get dark and the others would be roasting the remainders of the marshmallows soon.

Jonathan stood and stretched, glancing over his shoulder to Dio. “You should make an attempt at being social with your teammates. Night is starting to fall already.”

~

Dio shrugged without care. “I suppose it could not hurt to. A new captain will be chosen next year now that Avery has graduated, and it does me no harm to rustle up some support from the voters. And I could do with a drink, hopefully the bottles were not destroyed in the… strange explosion from last night.” He stifled a grin.

“But first I need to change out of your shirt. Comfortable as it is, it is really not something Dio would wear outside where public eyes may see me.” He whipped it off in a swift motion, buttoning up a replacement before the pair of them made their way up, a final kiss in the tent to mark their exit.

~

The rest of the evening was calm, filled with chatter and laughter, as well as some talk about next year’s rugby season. It would be the last for some of them, including Jonathan and Dio. Little by little, they started to excuse themselves for bed. Once back in his tent, Jonathan made himself incredibly cosy in their nest of blankets and pillows, pulling Dio into him like a teddy bear. Lanterns were blown out and everything was encased in darkness. Jonathan was ready to slip peacefully off to sleep, when he heard a moaning sound.

“…Wh-what’s that? Did you hear that Dio?” It continued, growing even louder, and a chill rolled down Jonathan’s spine. “Is it a ghost?”

~

Dio was almost asleep when Jonathan began jostling him, asking what was out there. Eyes still closed, he sighed. “I strongly doubt it is a ghost, whatever it is, Jojo. What sound are you even talking about?” He was using that voice he made when he was curious and Dio knew he’d be receiving no rest until it was slaked. Rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck, Dio rose, shaking off the tiredness in lieu listening in to this mysterious noise.

And once he heard it, a grin appeared on his lips, mouth agape and eyes widening.
“Well, it sounds like the two in the tent next to us are having quite a good time.” When Jonathan did not quite understand what he was saying in a moment of adorable naivety, his hand grabbed at Jonathan’s crotch, palming a little. “A Very. Good. Time.”

~

The feel of Dio’s hand was enough to send the message home for certain. “Wh-what?!” Jonathan exclaimed, a bit louder than he had intended. Purposely, he brought his voice down to a whisper. “No, that can’t be. The tent is Oliver and Benjamin’s in that direction, and they…” When he thought about it, the two of them had been rather close when they met at the carnival, almost unusually so for two boys who weren’t family.

“B-but…they are doing it here?! In their tent?!” Jonathan sputtered out. “I know we did it in our tent, but everyone was away at this point, and… and…” The moans were getting louder now, and while Jonathan’s face could not be seen but he was clearly scandalised. He had never heard the sounds of sex outside his own with Dio, let alone two of his own teammates. It was rather a jarring moment for him.

“The least they could do is keep it down. I have half a mind to go and tell them to stop, except… I know what that is like, and it wouldn’t be nice.” Jonathan frowned and nestled his head against Dio’s shoulder, Dio’s skin feeling cool against the warmth of his cheeks.

“So, we are not the only ones on the team who… but… it isn’t proper…” Even as he said the words, his face burned a brighter red. He knew he was being hypocritical, but it did not make it any easier to accept, when it had been so difficult to accept in himself.

~

“Jojo, you are at least twice as loud as they are on one of your quieter days,” Dio could practically feel the heat in Jonathan’s face against his shoulder. His hand moved to stroke Jonathan’s locks, patronisingly comforting as the pure hypocrisy of his words was clear as day. They had not only done it in the tent, but outside, and during the carnival, and in a tree, and on his old roommate’s bed… he could go on.

“I am sure Oliver and Benjamin are not the only other people we know who engage in such ‘improper behaviours,’ Jojo,” he said, kissing Jonathan’s forehead, a smirk on his lips. He was actually rather certain of that fact.

While Dio had no fond memories of such a time, the noises reminded him rather greatly of his childhood, or at least the general ambience that could be heard from the shabby room he called home to his strolls around the streets, especially passing by darker alleys and hidden street corners. Not something one could call comforting per se, but it did have an odd familiarity about it.

Shaking his head, Dio nestled back into his sleeping bag, shuffling against the pillow in an attempt to get snug once again. “Go to sleep, Jojo, just let them do their business. By the sound of it they’re rather close to finishing already, so just close your eyes and block your ears and don’t be such a little plaster saint.” Dio sighed. “At least they aren’t doing it with their own brother, adopted or otherwise.”

~

“Dio!” Jonathan exclaimed in a startled tone. "It isn’t as if we ever truly had the same bond that brother would have! You make us sound far more sinful than we actually are…” Although Jonathan had to wonder, their relationship as brother had served as a cover on countless occasions. Perhaps in
some ways that was just as bad.

But all the same Jonathan was properly scandalised, and part of the reason why was because he knew of his own folly in feeling so embarrassed by the fact that others were enjoying the very act which he had taken pleasure in himself, time and time again. He knew it was just residual shock from his upbringing, and that he would do best to set it aside. But for right now, the blush was not stopping.

He nuzzled into Dio’s embrace, doing his best to block out the sound of the smacking skin and throaty moans. Unfortunately, instead of growing quieter, it only grew louder.

“Dio, do I really sound anything like that? I never intend to be loud, but sometimes I just cannot help it, and I need to--” At that moment, the cries hit their crescendo, and soon fell back down into the silence of the night. “Perhaps now we shall be able to get some rest.”

~

“Of course, everyone has their own brand of tone, but as it goes, yes, you do generally hold the same essence of noise. You sound a little like this, I’d say…” Quietly, Dio mimicked the way Jonathan sounded during their own times together, turning so he could whisper the moans into the shell of Jonathan’s ear, nipping and lightly tugging as the skin of his lobe with pinched lips upon completion.

“And sometimes you sound like--” He repeated his prior act, with a higher pitch this time, his body grinding into Jonathan, as he started to get rather into copying his lover’s noises. When Jonathan squirmed, that just made Dio grow even more in intensity, mewling and whining and calling out in ways to send Jonathan both into utter abashment and likely trickles of arousal at the suggestiveness of it all.

Sniggering a little he brought his mouth to the side of Jonathan’s face that wasn’t buried in his hands and kissed him before asking in quiet jest, “Want to see if we can outmatch them?”

~

Dio could feel Jonathan’s face grow warmer as he listened to his other half imitate how he sounded in bed. He had never thought much about it, other than the fact that at certain times, he needed to keep his tone lower. Dio’s passionate impersonation was not just embarrassing, however. It also made his cock start to twitch, hoping to be able to hear similar sounds coming from Dio, thanks to his own body at work.

When Dio made the joking suggestion, he tensed up, though he grew hard enough for his erection to prod Dio in the thigh. Shifting slightly, he chuckled, trying to disguise just how eager he was to do so, even if the idea of others hearing at such proximity haunted him.

“I would love to, but I am not feeling as foolhardy as Oliver and Benjamin now… besides, we shall be home soon. I am sure there will be plenty of chances for us use our vocal cords, with the added delight of not being heard.” He pressed a wet kiss to Dio’s cheek, attempting to calm his erection, which he was having trouble getting under control, especially with the thoughts of their homecoming.

“When we arrive back at the cottage, would you like to christen the kitchen? I do not believe we have done it in there yet…”

~

“The kitchen…” Dio chuckled and licked his lips, thinking of all the counters and table tops the
would have at their disposal; they were even in direct reach of oil. “…That sounds like an excellent idea, my dear, Jojo. And we needn’t even prepare dinner, I know exactly what I plan to be eating tomorrow.”
The next early morning was spent packing and preparing everything to leave. Dio happily sat on a reclining chair as Jonathan dismantled the tent. Once everything was stored, the boys took one final nude dip in the lake, and Dio, this time, decided to join of his own volition.

And for some strange reason, nobody seemed to want to pick him up and throw him about this time. He could not imagine why.

~

Jonathan was glad to be going home, where he did not have to worry about Dio clashing with his teammates, or hearing others fornicating in the middle of the night. He also was eager to fornicate himself… in the safety of their cottage.

Jonathan stripped off his clothing for the last dip, enjoying the cool feel of the water, particularly as they were going to have a hot ride back in the carriage. When Dio came into the water too, he raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure there aren’t any frogs about, Dio?” he asked in a teasing tone, but otherwise, enjoyed their morning greatly, without a worry in the world.

Once all was packed into the carriage, they made their way mansion to pick up Gingersnaps, along with their laundry. On the ride back, Jonathan seemed very excited about this, as if he was going to be greeting his own child. “Oh, I wonder if he missed me! I hope he is not angry that we left him with strangers… and then I need to leave for London again so soon. Oh dear.”

~

“Jojo, we are practically strangers to the cat. How long was it since you picked it up from the gutter or dirty alley, or wherever it was? No more than a few days. I am sure the creature has not quite formed any attachment to you.” Dio did not see why they could just not leave the cat at the estate and enjoy the cottage feline free as they had been before. Three was a crowd, after all.

Still, it was useless getting into an argument about it, and so long as there were no more visits into their bedroom, and it did not mess with his things, cats were not particularly bothersome. And when it came to animals and pets, he knew he had to tread lightly -- there were still some rather sore spots in that regard.

Arriving at the mansion, they were greeted by the usual band of servants, though they were surprised to find them back so soon, given the early appearance. One of the butlers, spoke forth with a chipper tone.

“Lord Joestar is due to arrive home this evening, the chef would be happy to have plates prepared for the three of you should you like to remain until his arrival. He is off on business for a week and a half tomorrow, and I am sure he would love to see you, Master Dio, Jonathan.” Dio forced himself to withhold an exasperated sigh.

~

While Jonathan did love his father, he had not expected having dinner with him tonight. It would get them back to the cottage much later than they intended. He had been very much looking forward to an evening alone with Dio, fucking the night away in every part of the cottage that they pleased. But still, he knew it would be rude to not take the time to eat with him, and so he told the servants to make the places for them at the table.
“It will only be a few hours, Dio. Then we shall head home and have our fun, mm?”

That evening at dinner, Lord Joestar, who had not been expecting to see the boys, was very pleasantly surprised by their company. The conversation was mostly polite, asking about the camping trip and their summer thus far.

“I had heard a rumour that Dio was engaged, but being that there was no proposal in your summer tales I am going to assume that is merely a rumour.” As Jonathan watched his father speak, he gave Dio a nervous smile, stuffing extra into his mouth so that he might not say anything.

“Rumour or not, the summer masquerade ball is at the Harold’s the Sunday after next. The ride from the summer cottage you two are staying at is manageable. I should like to see you both in attendance.”

At this, Jonathan’s mouth was still full, and he turned to look at Dio, uncertain how to react.

~

So, the news had gotten to Lord Joestar’s ears. Dio’s eyebrows raised up high, staring at him with an unimpressed gaze before glaring. This was certainly added fodder in the desire to punish Jonathan for all acts against him. Adopting a stray cat also fit under that list.

“I assure you, Sir, there is no such engagement,” Dio said with a smoothness he had mastered around the old man, despite his wish for him to drop dead at any given moment. “Jojo and I should be happy to attend the ball, of course, and we would want to look our best for such an event. A trip to the tailor ought to be organised, the two of us should be able to manage all the details regarding that ourselves, once the funds are provided.” Unable to deny a single request from Dio, George accepted.

“I am glad to see your enthusiasm, my boy,” Lord Joestar said in a jolly tone, and Dio forced down a third glass of wine at that. He was not ‘his boy.’ “You two are coming to the age where eligible brides must be picked out, and I hear quite a number of ladies are making their grand debut this season. I am sure you will have quite a few to choose from, and full dance cards after they all see just how handsome and successful the pair of you are.” He laughed, hearty and loud, before continuing with his meal.

~

The thought of dealing with both a ball and a trip to the tailor with Dio was depressing for Jonathan. He supposed this was how Dio felt when it came to camping, but he had no choice but to grit his teeth and bear it.

“The ball will be sweltering hot, just as it was last year, hopefully the tailor will keep that in mind when it comes to our attire.” Jonathan mumbled, taking a sip of his wine. With a sigh, he listened to his father go on about brides. Oh, this was Dio’s favourite topic. It was going to put him into an awful funk, and he could only hope he would be in a better mood once they were alone in the cottage, able to do as they pleased.

“Yes, I am sure there will be many lovely ladies vying for our hand, but do remember father, Dio and I have no immediate plans to settle down. We still want to take that trip through Europe after we graduate, and our focus is on our final year of school.” He cut a slice of his meat and ate, hoping that would be enough to set his father talking about something else.

“True enough, Jojo, my boy, and doing so, you are making yourself appear an even more favourable match. A well educated and well travelled man at your ages would make you both even more
eligible than you already are. And as for Dio…” He beamed over in the direction of the blond.
“Considering his humble beginnings and all he has accomplished, I am sure that a family would
come to see the ‘Brando’ name as a sign of integrity.”

Jonathan swallowed his meat hard. So much for that.

~

Dio closed his eyes and let out an audible breath of air, a smile on his lips that held no joy or
 gladness. Of course, when one Joestar finally began to stop harping on about his past, the other
would pick it up in the fullest of motions. Still, there was little he could do, unlike with Jojo he could
not simply tell Lord Joestar to shut the hell up, at least not to his face, so when he opened his eyes the
practiced grin laced in unseen malice was still there and he nodded in the old man’s direction.

“I am glad you think me able to elevate the commoners name I was bore with from my youth. And
not a day goes by where I not grateful that you have granted me the opportunity to do so.” His voice
was clear, almost glassy and he spoke with a seamlessness that ended in another breath and a sip of
wine.

George smiled back, nodding. “I am sure your father, may he rest in peace, would have been very
pleased of where you have come, Dio. He would have been proud to have a son like you, living out
his gentlemanly ways despite the hand life initially dealt you.”

“…Thank… you, Sir,” Dio replied with an awkwardness the man did not pick up on, though the
words “I hate you and I want you dead,” felt more appropriate. This was the part that was never
easy, when Lord Joestar brought up his father’s name with fondness and Dio was forced to stomach
it and pretend Dario Brando was anything more than a dirty swill pig lying in its own faeces.

Oh, how Dio longed for the day he would finally kill him. At this point he was so determined to do
it, it did not matter whether or not it was objectively advantageous to do so, now that he had all he
could want practically gift wrapped for him. George Joestar had to die. And it would be by Dio’s
hand.

~

Jonathan inwardly cringed at the sound of his father prattling on about Dio’s. While Dio had never
spoken about it directly, he suspected that Dario Brando was not someone to be proud of. He could
practically feel the tension rising from Dio, now that he knew more about how the man ticked.
George Joestar, on the other hand, was absolutely oblivious. Jonathan sighed and shoved more food
in his mouth.

Once dinner was over and dessert was to be served, Jonathan felt himself itching for the privacy of
their cottage. Even food was not free of thoughts of Dio, as he remembered how the man had stuffed
him and then sucked him off him, as well as how he had once licked delicious chocolate off his
body. Nothing was sacred with Dio, and… he liked it that way.

"Father, Dio and I should really be getting back before dark. We have some unpacking to do…” He
slipped a forkful of pudding into his mouth. "But we will see you at the ball of course, we are both
very much looking forward to it.” It was probably the quickest Dio had ever seen Jonathan eat
pudding in his life.

~

As soon as they were done and George bid them leave, Dio stood, maybe a little too abruptly,
marching off to his bedroom to collect a final few things alone before they made departure. He took the needed moment to scream into his pillow and punch the soft cushion as a means of venting, before issuing a servant take his luggage down and moving to Jonathan’s room.

Meows could be heard as Dio made his way across the hall, and he was quickly made witness to Jonathan holding the ginger kitten in his arms, while the cat seemed to have rather mixed view on that subject. Upon his entrance, the feline jumped out of his arms and moved over to Dio’s side, brushing up against his leg. He frowned and moved away, only to be followed. In the end, his gave up and let it do as it wanted.

“Must we really take it back with us, Jojo? I am sure it will be much happier at the estate, and it will give the maids something to coo over.”

~

Jonathan gave Dio a hard stare. “Gingersnaps is coming back with us, or else I will be staying with him at the mansion.” He sighed deeply and shook his head. “I am sure Father would not object to my presence, he might have asked me to join him on the trip as an introduction to the trade business. I’d rather not.”

Collecting the cat into his arms, he made his way down the stairs and into the carriage. Gingersnaps did not seem terribly thrilled with the idea of another carriage ride, and wriggled in Jonathan’s hold the minute they were in the carriage. However, the protests of a kitten were not enough to stop the cart from moving, and Jonathan felt a great rush of relief as they departed the Joestar manor for their cosy summer home.

“Sometimes Father frustrates me with his talk of the future. I know that he married my mother in his late twenties, so he really should not start bugging myself, or you for that matter, for many years yet.”

Jonathan’s fingers stroked the orange fur of the cat’s head. “It isn’t fair, there is no need for it, and I know that I know for certain I will never marry, there is no need to be at these balls either. Except for public appearance, of course.”

Look straight across the carriage at where Dio sat, noting his careful attention to his appearance, even for something like a simple ride home, he added, “I won’t be happy if you dress me in anything too hot for this. I sweat enough from nerves at these functions as is.”

~

Dio was relatively quiet on the journey back, speaking of his father in a positive light, and having to hear praises, or accept the notion that he would be proud, even under false pretences took the energy from him that one might have lost after a round of marathons. He kept his gaze towards the window, looking out and watching the scenery change and the mansion fade from view.

Admittedly it was rather nice to hear Jonathan talk of his frustrations with George, and he gave a note of agreement, though did not give any loud outward response, if he began to list his own vexations regarding Lord Joestar he would never stop. His eyes did flicker to Jonathan’s direction upon mention of the outfitting, but it quickly returned to the outside.

“You needn’t worry, Jojo, I am quite attuned to your body and its needs both aesthetically and practically. I will dress you in the perfect attire for the ball, and you shall look almost as wondrous as I, Dio.” Even the thought of picking out clothes, which always put him in quite the chipper mood, was not quite enough to snap Dio out of his low spirit, his voice saying the words but without the emphasis and feeling he would have had any other time.
“Oh, I don’t doubt it. I am not sure I am ready to look as ‘wondrous’ as you,” Jonathan replied with a quirk of his lips. Dio had a penchant for the outlandish and he did enjoy his fashion sense, when he was watching from a safe distance. On his own body was an entirely different matter.

Jonathan could see that Dio was not quite himself, and had his suspicions that it was to do with the conversation at dinner. On the bright side, at least he wasn’t angry at him, but it was still not the expression he wanted to see on his other half. He knew deep down that this all had to do with discussing Dio’s background and the mention of his father. Dio would never talk about it, but he did not have to. Jonathan knew a thing or two about putting together clues.

Moving from the seat across from him to the seat beside him, Jonathan leaned over to nuzzle his cheek to Dio’s. The gesture was affectionate, but might have been better if Jonathan was about a foot shorter and not holding an angry squirming cat. “Cheer up, Dio, we are almost home. And we have so much to do once we get there! Starting in the kitchen.” He winked and grinned down at him lustfully. His mind settled into one place and one place alone.

Dio could feel the bristle of Jonathan’s stubble against his skin when they touch. After two days of the not so great outdoors, the man had not really thought to shave, and his hair tended to grow rather fast. Dio groaned, preferring the smooth, but there was a sort of rugged appeal to it he could not deny was fanciful in its own way, and the mention of the return to the cottage, and their planned little kitchen christening was starting to lift his mood. And further still, the inevitable punishment he had planned for Jonathan that night brought his spirits even higher.

There was no point in moping about, neither George, nor Dario deserve Dio’s attention, and he certainly would not let them affect his evening, which had he had every intention of enjoying to the fullest. So shaking his head and rolling his shoulders about to dust of any lingering disdain, Dio smiled and grabbed Jonathan’s cheeks in his hands, clutching tight and pushing in to kiss him, stubble and all. The cat made a quick getaway before it got itself squished in their embrace.
Once inside the two almost didn't make it to the kitchen. Jonathan was so eager that he nearly crushed Dio against the door when it was closed behind them; kissing him deeply. All he wanted was for their lips to collide along with their bodies, minimising the space between them as quickly as possible. Jonathan's cock was fully hard and tenting through the fabric; his trousers were going to have to go as quickly as possible.

And so he pulled himself away from Dio long enough to drop his trousers along with Dio's own, his cock springing to life and resting between Dio's thighs. The friction between their two bodies was not enough, he knew that neither would be satisfied until one of them was balls deep in the other.

In a stunning display of strength, Jonathan lifted Dio under his thighs, pulling him against his chest as he carried him to the kitchen. There were a few stumbles along the way, and one where Jonathan bumped the top of Dio's head into a door frame, but eventually, they made it inside. Dio was all but dropped onto the kitchen table, as Jonathan rummaged to find some cooking oil. A bottle was procured and he pulled out the cork.

"Scoot up!" Jonathan cheerfully commanded, guiding Dio's rear to the edge of the table and starting to slather oil around his opening.

The bump to his head was nothing but a small mishap to Dio, and in fact, rather than chastise Jonathan for it, he simply burst into laughter before planting his lips onto the man once again, chuckles and moans continuing as he was placed on the table. Obeying most agreeably, Dio shuffled along the surface and spread his legs wide, granting Jonathan all the access he needed to probe him, feeling the fingers become one, two, three, then a sliding four, bringing his back up taut and whines to his lips, calling out Jonathan's nickname in a loud gasp.

Ah, it felt good to be unbridled once again, without threat of discovery, or having leaves twigs, and whatever else nature had to offer closer to his ass than he could ever truly want or need.

"Put it in, Jojo," Dio panted loudly, bringing himself upwards and taking Jonathan’s lips in quick pecks, telling him over and over to do so, feeling the fingers skirt against his prostate, causing his hole to clench and clasp around them. But it wasn’t enough, he wanted more.

Dio lay back, wriggling his rear as best he could in his position, hand moving over to stroke his throbbing member, eyeing Jonathan’s that was just as red and pulsing, beads of precome already leaking out despite going untouched. “Hurry, I want to feel you inside.”

"You are so eager for me tonight, my love," Jonathan cooed into his ear, nipping on the lobe that had the three little spots. "And I feel just as eager as you." Jonathan was not in the mood to play a teasing game. He too had been aching for Dio's touch, after several days of not being able to do as he pleased so openly. He hated to think what it would be like going back to the mansion and to school after living like this. He wanted their life to be as free as this summer, full of sex and more sex, no fear or panic attached.

His arms looped under Dio's knees and pulled him in closer so that he could sink his cock deep within his ass, using the table for thrusting leverage. And thrust he did, repeatedly and hard, aiming
to hit Dio's pleasure spot repeatedly, wanting to see his face as he came. The man was so ready and so turned on that it wasn't even necessary to toy with his cock, just fucking him was enough to bring him to his peak.

Even when Dio finished, there was no mercy. Jonathan thrusted without missing a beat. His eyes were closed, his mouth an 'o' shape, his face contorted with pleasure. Soon, Jonathan's load was shot deep within him, filling Dio up with his seed, Dio's name on his lips as he did so.

~

Dio forced himself to keep his eyes open once he came, though the urge to squeeze them shut as Jonathan slammed inside of him was quite prevalent. He watched Jonathan with a glinting amber as his face showed that pleased, tight expression when he released his seed.

“You were rather eager for me too, Jojo,” Dio said into the crook of Jonathan’s neck. He chuckled, looping his arms around Jonathan, keeping them close together. Remaining that way until they recovered, and then for a while longer Dio finally released his grip.

“Let us take a bath, a proper one that consists of more than a quick wash of the face and a naked jump in a dirty, fish flavoured lake.” Dio had dearly missed his oils and soaps, and was looking most forward to planting himself inside and never emerging again.

~

When Jonathan was done he needed to catch his breath, that having been a fierce session. The passion that had overtaken them had been addictive, and once it started, there was no stopping until they had finally coupled just as they had planned. But now Jonathan was thoroughly a mess, and Dio’s suggestion of a bath was not just an excuse for foreplay, it was necessary.

Jonathan did do a quick wipe down of the countertop before hurrying upstairs to the bathroom. There he found Dio, already placing all the nice perfumed salts and soap in the running water. A shaving cream pot, brush, and blade were also ready.

“It has been a few days since I shaved. I’ve seen your face when my stubble annoys you… go ahead, just be careful with the blade. He thought back to a time he never would have let Dio this close with a sharp item in hand; how things had changed

Jonathan settled down into the scented water, relieved to be home, and to have a happy Dio at his side. A happy Dio certainly made for a happy Jonathan.

~

Dio slipped into the bath a few seconds after Jonathan, resting on his lap in a comfortable slip. It was tight, the bath at the cottage was smaller than their ones at home, but Dio liked the closeness he was forced into.

Wet hands made their way to Jonathan’s prickling cheeks, holding them in position. A kiss Dio was unable to resist was given before he picked up brush, giving it a healthy lather within the cream. He spent time, as if Jonathan’s face were a canvas and he were a great painter, covering his chin and jaw completely.

Then came Dio’s favourite part, the blade. “Don’t move, my dear Jojo, you don’t want to get a cut now do you? As I have said before, I could never bring myself to scar that beautiful face of yours.” Dio brought the straight razor midway up Jonathan’s cheek and pushed in just hard enough to slice away the facial hair, moving in deft, precise motion before repeating the act once again, and again,
until Jonathan was smooth and supple to the touch.

“Perfect.”

~

Jonathan touched his cheek, feeling clean and refreshed after the two nights of not having a proper shave. The fact that Dio had done it only made it all the more satisfying. With a final brush of a finger along his jawline, he reached for the soap, and began to lather the sweet-scented bubbles across Dio’s chest and shoulders.

“I’m so proud of you for getting through the weekend smoothly! Well… uh…” Jonathan’s hands stopped for a moment as he recalled the explosions that had happened in the middle of the night, and how upon losing the fishing contest he had pouted for several hours in his tent. “…getting through the weekend, in any event.” He continued his lather up and down Dio’s form, taking extra time to wash and massage his feet once he was low enough.

“But I am grateful you came, even though I know that being outdoors is not your cup of tea. And normally, you would lord something like this over my head until the end of time, but instead, we are home and happy, just as we should be.” Jonathan leaned in and pressed a kiss to Dio’s lips, hands still on the balls of his feet, rubbing them tenderly. “I promise you, the rest of your summer nights shall be spent in the greatest of comfort.”

~

Dio raised a brow as Jonathan relayed his proudness, stifling the pressing urge to leave him with a vaguely threatening word with an air of suspiciousness in his smile. It was rather difficult not to do so, so Dio pressed his lips onto Jonathan’s cheek, then his lips to keep himself quiet, and disguise his smirk. Oh, Jojo, he thought silently. You won’t be saying that once tonight hits and you think yourself in for a sweet slumber.

But for now, the blond would happily indulge in the foot rub and the touches his proud Jonathan had to offer him, and do with the greatest of sincerity. Jonathan really did know his body all too well, just the right places to let out pleasured noises, even when his cock was not lodged up his rear, or his mouth was not wrapped around his member, granting him deliberate gratifications. This was nice too, this was wonderful in fact, Dio adored it.

“So then… how long is this archaeology trip of yours with your good friend Neil?” Dio asked once they were done with what turned out to be a very long bath after a round of riding was involved, resulting in a slow, but rippling orgasm that sent him into boneless pliancy for a while.

~

“It will only be a night, though I shall need to leave early in the morning,” Jonathan said with a contented stretch. In the last few months bath time had started to become one of his favourite times, being that it usually resulted in a blow job or a riding session, or any other variety of sexual pleasures. He stepped out of the bath and always the gentleman, reached for Dio’s bathrobe, holding it out for him to slip into.

“I do plan on being back in time for dinner the next day. Really, Dio, you won’t have time to miss me at all. In fact, I would not be surprised if you wind up wishing for me to stay longer!” He chuckled and towelled himself dry, not bothering with a bathrobe. He was content to be as naked as a newborn, and fell into the soft bed with a smile on his lips. He was so comfortable, his eyelids drooping half shut. He could have fallen asleep immediately if he had wanted to. But there was one
little detail about the trip that he needed to go over first.

“By the way, Dio, I am leaving Gingersnaps’ bowl filled with what I think shall be enough food to last until I am home, but if it is empty, I’d like you to refill it.” He forced himself to look up in Dio’s direction, despite the urge to sleep starting to take over. “Now, you promised that you would be nice to him. I’m not expecting you two to be best of friends, but at least give him a chance, mm? Look at the bright side, he isn’t a frog!” And at that, he burst into chuckles.

~

The frog comment earned Jonathan a hard slap to the top of his head, and a dark frown from Dio. Was he ever going to let him live that down? One look at Jonathan, who was still in his fit of laughter despite the attack heavily implied that was not going to be the case. He pouted, rolling his eyes as he chose a lotion to coat his body in, starting with his legs, silky to the touch after all his extensive routines, and a few strokes of the razor.

“I told you, Jojo, the cat is your responsibility. You feed it, wash it, clean after it… I’ve said this all before. Just leave it a bowl of milk or whatever it is cats eat and drink and it will survive, and there is a lake should he need more than that. It is a predator and survived this far on the streets, it does not need my help.” Almost as if Gingersnaps heard what was being said, a meow came from just outside the door.

“No, the cat does not come into the bedroom. Shoo,” Dio said with a flick of his wrists, brushing the furry feline away.

~

Upon seeing the kitten step foot into the bedroom, Jonathan, who moments before was ready to fall asleep, stood and scooped up the ginger coloured animal, holding it like someone might a baby. “Oh, if you insist Dio, but isn’t he adorable? Even you would have to admit that.” He began to rub the cat’s stomach, which in turn caused Gingersnaps to bat at his hand with his claws.

“He should be fine, but it would mean a lot to me if you checked on him. After all, if I come home and find him anything but happy and healthy, I will be quite upset.” He gave Dio a sharp glance, perhaps a little more than necessary.

“It isn’t a terrible lot to ask for, Dio, and you don’t even have to touch him if you don’t want. Isn’t that right Gingersnaps? Ow!” His belly rubbing had reached the point where the cat was using teeth to tell him to stop. Sighing, Jonathan placed the cat down and closed the door behind him.

~

“And Dio, we’ve eaten supper back at the estate, but I imagine we will need to take the morning to stock up on supplies from after the trip.” Dio started making an outward checklist as he slumped onto the bed now that his body was nicely pampered and smooth. He had yet to put any clothes on, enjoying the warm evening breeze from the open window, with the day still pleasantly warm.

“We also need to unpack the luggage from the trip. Oh yes, we are also running low on firewood.” There was an old tree stump around the back of the house, as well as an axe parked by the fireplace
for such usage. Dio took a moment to picture Jonathan shirtless and chopping up logs with a strong arm, swinging about in the hot sun, sweat dripping down his chest, hair following his movements as he worked. He grinned. “That can be your job.”

~

“Oh, I have no problem chopping firewood. And tomorrow we can take another trip into the village to pick up what we need…” Jonathan too was content to lie back with nothing on, draping an arm over Dio. He did not even feel the need to be squeezing Dio uncontrollably. He was simply enjoying the quiet intimacy of the moment.

“So tomorrow…food shopping, firewood, and perhaps sex in the drawing room? I don’t think we have done that yet.” He smiled lazily at Dio, and leaned in to kiss his lips. “I’ve been so happy, these last few weeks. Possibly the happiest I’ve ever been. This summer is so lovely.”

Jonathan’s eyes began to droop closed, arm still over Dio, nuzzling to him just slightly. “I love you.” left his lips, hardly louder than a whisper. Before long, he was fast asleep, practically dead to the world.

~

It was only when Dio was certain Jonathan was asleep did he reply. “…And I, you.” It was quiet, and hesitant, but it was there. It made Dio tingle within, and for a moment he almost forgot about his plans for the night.

But not quite.

Now that Jonathan was resting, Dio set to work on making good on his promise of punishment. It would take some time to get himself prepared, but they had all night. Jonathan was in for quite the ride.
Wake up, Jojo,” Dio whispered lightly in Jonathan’s ear, nipping lightly at the shell and down to the lobe. After that did nothing to stir his log of a brother, Dio picked up a glass of water he’d placed to the side, and with an effortless tip, Jonathan would find his face coated with splash of ice cold water. “Ah, good, you are awake.” Dio grinned down at Jonathan once he recovered, wiping his face with a towel before tossing it aside.

Jonathan’s sleep had been very deep and pleasant. Their day had been long and full of activity, between packing up camp, traveling to and from the mansion, and their excursions once they arrived home. He was happily exhausted, and ready for a good night’s rest.

So it came as surprise when the water was splashed on him. Why in the world was it raining on his face? Were they still camping? Quickly his eyes fluttered opened, narrowing at first, and then widening in shock at red and black satin, beautifully encasing Dio’s waist as he sat on top of him. Bold, striking and admittedly intimidating, immediately, he felt his cock start to stir.

“Dio--” he began, attempting to lift his arms so that he could drape them around him, but found instead that he was tied. Struggling, he pulled at them harder and harder, and they were not budging. “Dio, this must be a dream. Yes.” He nodded his head once. “It is fairly often that I see you in my dreams looking so utterly… provocative. Though never quite like this.

“This is no dream, Jojo, you are very much awake. And you will be awake for quite a while to come.” When Jonathan tried to move, Dio tutted. “Don’t try to get up, my dear, the ropes around your wrists and ankles will only tighten when you struggle against them.” And some called the art of knot tying boring. What could be boring about this?

“I told you I would get you back for what you did to me. The rugby team suffered for it… what, did you think you would get off scot-free? You are so cute.” A dark grin crossed Dio’s face as he picked up a riding crop he had taken from the estate before their departure, and gently let it stroke across Jonathan’s cheek. “So very cute.”

A stinging slap came next and hard in a quick swishing motion, leaving a pretty red splotch on Jonathan’s cheek, not enough to bruise but it would last a good few minutes before fading.

“I bet dream Dio never did this, now did he?” he asked, leaning down to kiss at the tender patch of skin.

Jonathan cried out as the crop struck his cheek, looking even more frightened than before. He had always been nervous when it came to pain in the bedroom, and in the beginning, he had not cared for it. But Dio had shown him there could be pleasure in pain as well. And the feel of the blond’s smooth lips against his reddened skin felt so nice after the smack.

Dio was the one who enjoyed pain more, so normally it was Jonathan who peppered him with little bites and bruises. But now, the roles were very much reversed, and there was nothing that Jonathan could do about it. Though he had great size and strength, none of that mattered right now, and Dio could simply do as he pleased without a bit of retaliation from Jonathan. It was a bit frightening, but
Jonathan’s cock seemed to be quite enthused, fully hard once again, despite earlier use.

“D-Dio…” He stammered the name from his mouth, having given up on struggling, and braced himself for what would come next. “Dio, you didn’t have to go through all this! Surely I could have… have found some way to please you myself—ooh!” He cried out loudly as another nip went into sensitive skin. A year ago, had Dio tied him up he would have assumed it was for torture. Now, he could not decide if this was torture or heaven. Maybe both.

~

Dio sank further and further down Jonathan’s body, moving and grinding in ways he knew would make the man come to a quick and full state of arousal, leaking, oozing precome, his cock throbbing in desperate need to be relieved. And Dio had not even gotten past his chest yet. He moved to his nape first, his shoulder, biting harshly around the star shaped birthmark, sending Jonathan into wanton wails and moans, his body instantly bucking.

“Don’t move, Jojo,” Dio ordered in a stern, but supple voice. “Don’t move, and do not dare to spill your seed until I allow it.” He continued down the path Jonathan’s form laid out for him, down the column of his throat and to his nipples, spending ample time biting and teasing them to their peak prior to lowering further still. Dio bit at his stomach, under the cage of his ribs, across his navel until he was but an inch away from that one place in particular.

And then he stopped.

He repeated his action all over again, playing and toying with him all too much. Then, in a sudden movement, Dio’s hand slunk back and grabbed at Jonathan’s cock in a tight fist, immediately beginning to pump and jerk the member as if he held every intention of making the man come.

“Remember, don’t spill now,” Dio repeated before letting his fist go and replacing it for his lips, bobbing up and down, taking it all in his mouth and back up again right from the start. This was not a task Dio expected Jonathan to accomplish. And that was exactly what he wanted.

~

This wasn’t fair. There was not one thing fair about this. Those were the thoughts running through Jonathan’s mind as his bright blue eyes watched Dio move across his body, the bright scarlet colour of the corset impossible to ignore.

Another thing impossible to ignore was Jonathan’s own erection. Everything about this had unsettled him, from being woken up, to being tied up, and now being unable to come unless Dio told him to. And right now, his cock had ideas of its own, practically throbbing to the touch as Dio started to handle him.

Jonathan put forth a valiant effort. He held off for as long as he could, which considering how well Dio knew his body, was rather impressive. Jonathan being spent worked in his favour for once.

But he could not hold off forever, and with a loud cry of Dio’s name he finished. When the white liquid had all escaped, his blue eyes opened to look at Dio, filled with both fear and curiosity, as he wondered what his ‘punishment’ would be for the trespass of finishing first.

“Dio, I’m sorry, I couldn’t hold back! Please be… merciful.”

~

“Merciful?” Dio pulled up from Jonathan’s spent length after swallowing the seed with an effortless
gulp and a lick of his lips. He sighed with a loudness, tutting and shaking his head, disappointed. “I
gave you one simple instruction and you did not obey. If I was considering granting you some
semblance of compassion, it is long since gone, my dear Jojo. But, truthfully, mercy left the equation
the minute you decided to humiliate me for your personal pleasures. I, Dio, do not take such things
lightly, and am a strong believer in retribution.”

 Barely giving time for Jonathan to recover from his orgasm, Dio had already begun stroking his cock
again, all while he was speaking. It was slow, painfully slow and Jonathan squirmed and writhed
under his touch as he was sent into the throes of overstimulation, unable to do anything about it. The
power he had right now was making Dio feel giddy with glee and dominance, oh how he missed
lording over Jojo.

It took a little bit of time, but soon enough Jonathan’s cock began to spring upright again, and Dio
had no doubts his attire was helping greatly in that. Jonathan just could not resist the corset. Not that
Dio could blame him, he could barely resist himself in this dress. He bent down again, picking up a
few things brought for his little activity, and placed them onto the bed. A candle. A box of matches,
and a bowl of ice cubes. Striking the thin piece of wood against the box, it burst into flame, which
Dio used to light the candle.

“I think should apologise more to me, Jojo. Beg me for forgiveness. Perhaps then I shall consider
granting you mercy.” Dio hovered the candle over Jonathan’s form watching intently as the wax
slipped, slipped and finally dripped onto Jonathan’s chest, grinning wildly as he soaked up the
reaction of the newfound heat. He picked up the ice cube next, and placed on the same spot, infusing
the temperatures and sending Jonathan’s senses into a tizzy.

“Beg me, Jojo,” Dio said as he began to repeat the action, and not for the last time.

~

Despite Dio having opened so many new doors for the brunet when it came to the pleasures of the
flesh, everything from the corset play to their risky endeavours outdoors, he could still be naive. And
when he saw Dio coming towards him with the ice and candle, he had no idea what it was there for.
He began to grow even more nervous -- Dio had always been unpredictable. He had set off
firecrackers by his teammate’s tent, just what did he have in mind now? The feeling of his poor,
overworked cock being brought to another hard on was painful enough as is.

When the wax finally dripped across his chest, Jonathan let out a high-pitched whine, the burning
sensation unfamiliar and causing a jolt to his system. He tried to sit up, but he couldn’t, so all he
could do was lie there and writhe… eventually finding that the wax was, much like Dio, painful to
the touch at first, and then once the initial fear was overcome, actually somewhat enjoyable.

“Dio…” Jonathan began, uncertain if he should be begging the blond to continue, or begging him to
stop. “Dio, I would have gladly played with you, all you needed to do was ask. There is no need to
tie me up and bring up that silly lake incident!” He chuckled nervously, though it was broken up by
more cries as the wax hit his skin.

“Please Dio… just untie me. Let me touch you, I could make this all the sweeter for you.”

~

“Thank you for the kind consideration, Jojo, but I am feeling rather sated already. Your touch would
make it far too sacchariferous and I, Dio, do not share your sweet tooth.” He pressed the ice in on
Jonathan’s skin, hard enough for the freezing cube to feel near like burning. Dio lowered himself
down to lick away the melted water from his skin, before biting into the cold flesh, marking Jonathan
yet again. “Besides, this is a punishment, don’t think for a second I am going to give you what you want. I am not playing a game with you, and calling the ‘lake incident’ silly shows me you have not remotely learned your lesson.”

After a good few more wax drops and ice presses that brought screams and moans to Jonathan’s tongue, Dio once again situated himself at Jonathan lips, kissing them with juxtaposing chaste affection given all he had done so far. In between such acts he had tugged at Jonathan’s cock, ensuring it was kept aptly stimulated, painfully so before pulling away and leaving it to throb and practically cry out on its own volition.

“Seeing me like this, given past evidence, I imagine your first thought, your initial instinct was to pounce upon me, throw me onto my back and take me hard and fuck me well, fill me to the brim with your seed and plant your hands all over my chest, my waist, my lace covered ass, pulling the garment down just enough to stick your cock into. That is how this night would have gone if you had your way, isn’t it?” When Jonathan only whimpered, not giving him any real response, Dio frowned and picked up the crop, striking Jonathan’s cheek again.

“Isn’t it, Jojo?”

~

Jonathan was still whimpering hard at Dio’s words, his length swollen and red as Dio described accurately just what he would have done if he had been free to have his way. Indeed, any time Dio had worn a corset or any feminine garb in Jonathan’s presence, it was hard to get his cock inside him fast enough. The sight of Dio taking on the cloak of femininity, yet still being ever so much himself would always drive him to the strongest and wildest waves of lust he had ever felt in his life.

In moments like this, even without the bonds, Dio truly had power over him. And now, he spread ice and hot wax across his skin in a tantalizing combination, even so far as to hit him with a riding crop when he did not answer fast enough.

“I-it is!! It absolutely is…” Dio had brought his cock to life when it was out of his control, and all he could do was stare pathetically up at him, admitting defeat behind his blue eyes.

“I… you look like an angel right now. Or a devil. I cannot decide which.” Most likely the latter, considering how Jonathan’s overworked membered was begging for a release he would not be getting any time soon. “Please, Dio… I am sorry I upset you. You know I live for you, my prince. Now… will you let me go? Please?” He was begging now, ready to do whatever it took to appease his prince, and let him get out of this (mostly) unscathed.

~

“No.” There was not even the playful hum and finger to Dio’s chin in faux consideration as he answered with a quick brashness before moving the subject along. The riding crop skirting across Jonathan’s skin, threatening more quick snaps and painful slaps, but for now Dio refrained from giving any too harshly.

“While I shall never deny the feeling of your cock inside me is undoubtedly wonderful, I think I have been letting you off rather easy. So, now, it is my turn to take you.”

With a slow trail down his body Dio, ensuring Jonathan’s eyes were solidly fixed on him, brought his left index finger to the front of his crotch, touching his prominent erection, barely covered by the black, laced, skimpy undergarments. He did not pull it down, all it took was a small push of the frontal fabric to expose his cock to the open, and for all intents and purposes the garment remained
“Oh, Jojo, you’re going to be so tight when I enter you, you shall feel every sweet inch of me as if it were your first time all over again. You were tied up then too, in the rugby shed, if I remember... it was rather a long time ago now.” Dio remembered perfectly, in fact, he had etched that day into his mind as he had etched his name in Jonathan’s thigh, and it would remain there happy and permanent.

Dio exchanged the riding crop from his right hand to his left, offering it up to Jonathan’s mouth as a lady might offer her hand to be kissed by a gentleman.

“You best lather my fingers up well and good Jojo, it is all the preparation you are going to get.”

~

Jonathan’s eyes were fixed on the black lace, unable to look anywhere but at Dio’s lower body, his cock revealed to be hard and ready. Jonathan’s own cock was twitching painfully, the sight of Dio’s lace encased skin was making him feel warm and dizzy. In all their months together, he realised just how spoiled he had been. Practically whenever he wanted it, Dio would allow him the pleasure of taking him, even, as he recalled, in the middle of the woods. He could think of no time he had been denied, up until now, and of course the time he was denied was the time he wanted it more than ever.

Dio’s fingers were brought to his mouth, and Jonathan had no choice but to suck them, lathering them with saliva as well as he could. He remembered the first time Dio had taken him well, and since then he knew that he enjoyed having the other inside him, but somehow it always seemed appropriate to take Dio himself. His stomach bubbled with excitement and fear, knowing that Dio was going to be endlessly rough, and hoping for the sweet release that would come with the pain.

"Dio…” He breathed as he drew back, the blond’s fingers now slick and shiny. "...Do as it pleases you." Not that Dio would do anything less. To show his submission, he spread his thighs further, ready to accept what was coming to him. He also bit his lip, in a futile attempt to suppress any embarrassing cries.

~

“Good, Jojo, you are learning your place.” Dio, who had been sitting on Jonathan moved off the larger man in a graceful swivel of limbs and relocated himself so he was situated at an ample location to access Jonathan’s entrance.

His fingers danced and made a small wiggle into the tight hole, which was already clenching in pre-emptive need and wanting. The index finger reached the puckering skin first, and Dio made it move in slow circular motions, barely pushing in, but giving Jonathan just enough to feel it, want it. He continued with the teasing for a while, adding the middle and right finger to the movements before, without a word of warning or even a flicker of expression changes on his face, he shoved all three in, fast and hard, slamming against the prostate in the first attempt, causing Jonathan to scream and writhe, his ass clutching round the digits tight, locking them inside.

Dio pressed against that sweet spot, rubbing against it endless, fingers practically glued to that singular place within. A smile made its way to Dio’s lips as he saw tears prick the edge of Jonathan’s eyes and run down his face, the overstimulation too much for him to take without weeping.

“Now this please me greatly.”

~

Tears were starting to roll down Jonathan’s face, in sheer overwhelming desire to climax. Never had
he wanted it so badly before, as this was not just simply about Dio, but also about relieving the extreme hard on he had, blood rushing so freely to his cock that it ached. This was the most aroused he had ever been in his life without wanting to be aroused, and it was more than he could tolerate. But he had no choice except to lie back and allow Dio wreak havoc on his poor, underused hole.

“Please, Dio… if you are going to enter me, do it! I am ready!” And he was ready, for despite having not had sex with Dio in this way for quite some time, his body had become more used to the act since that first experience.

On the other hand, when it came to this Dio, right in this moment, he did not know what to expect. After all, he had never imagined waking with his body tied to the bed and Dio dressed like a dream right before his eyes. It added fear, but it was a titillating brand. He was both eager and afraid to see what he would do next.

Jonathan pressed his hips up and towards Dio, as best as he could manage, encouraging him onwards.

~

“You really are adorable, Jojo. Tears rolling down your face, cheeks flushed, moaning and hiccups and begging, and yet somehow you still manage to look endearing, I almost want to forgive you, I almost want to give you all you desire.” Dio hummed, still playing with his hole.

“But almost is not completely, and you still need to pay.” Dio let out a faux sigh, shrugged before impaling against the prostate hard, sending Jonathan into a floundering writhe so hard the bed creaked and the binds around his body stretched and began to fray.

Dio, after a jaw dropped pause laughed, loud at that. “Jojo, you really are amazing, aren’t you? Maybe next time I shall have to use chains instead of rope.” He pulled out his three fingers all at once enjoying Jonathan’s hole shudder at the sudden emptiness, wide and craving and perfectly shaped for his cock.

“But, you are fortunate, this little demonstration of your impossible strength makes me think I should get to taking you before they tear off completely.” And with a quick readjustment and a fast, unceremoniously push, Dio forced himself inside, sliding into the well prepped entrance of Jonathan’s ass in one fell swoop, thrusting hard and relentlessly right from the get go. His fingers pressed deep into Jonathan’s hips with a grasp tight enough to bruise the man beneath him, though at this point it was just another few splotches of purple-red to add to the collection.

~

If Dio thought Jonathan was loud when he was simply using his hands to probe and touch him, once his cock entered his puckered hole, he let out a cry that was louder than any he had uttered that night thus far. His eyes were clenched shut tight, and his hips moved forward. He was struggling with the binds, but this time it was not due to wanting to get up, but instead due to wanting a greater range of movement, so that he could rock forwards and backwards with the force of Dio’s thrusts. Despite the fray of the rope, he was still bound tightly enough to restrict his movement.

"Dio!!" His name was never far from his lips, crying it loudly and repeatedly as the blond entered him. "Oh Dio. Please… I am so sorry. I will do everything you say. I will never play a prank like that on you ever again. Please let me come!!"

Jonathan's cock was still rock hard between them, looking as painfully swollen as ever. This time, he did not seem as if he was going to be coming prematurely, however his erection did look as if it was
"Please Dio… I need you. Let me finish, I'll do anything!" More cries escaped his lips in between words.

Dio’s own momentum was powered by Jonathan screams, as well as the buck of his own hips, and the wordless grunts that came from him. He focussed on his own pleasure, wrapped up in the bliss of taking Jonathan, feeling the clench around his member, encasing and engulfing it wondrously.

He did not respond to Jonathan’s pleas and begs, there was nothing the man could do now but suck it up and accept his punishment. With rough jerks and deep pumps Dio came first, which was, admittedly, not a rare occurrence for the pair of them, but he had set it upon himself to relieve before him this time. With a loud cry he spilled, arching his back, giving Jonathan quite the view of his lithe form and the prominent tuck in his waist from the silky black and red garment.

Dio paused, catching his breath, lowering himself so his hands were planted on Jonathan’s chest, the softness there much like a pillow for his palms. Sweat covered and breathless, he managed to open his eyes and grin at Jonathan, a mischievous glint in his gaze. And once his shuddering orgasm was complete, seed stuffed into Jonathan’s tightness, Dio let out a final exhale and moved himself back up to a straight position.

Still smiling at the still hard Jonathan, he wriggled his shoulders and promptly… pulled out.

“You know, all that exertion tonight has made me rather thirsty,” Dio said with a causal voice, tilting his head up in the air as if he were thinking out loud before standing, making his way to the door. “I think I am going to get myself a glass of water. You didn’t need anything, did you? No, didn’t think so.”

“Dio… no… please” Jonathan indeed was sweating it out, beads rolling down his forehead from the summer heat, coupled with the friction recently created from their bodies joining as one. Of course, that joining had ended far too early, but instead of cooling down, Jonathan was left to writhe in his bonds, not knowing when Dio would bother to return.

When he did grace the room with his presence once again, Dio almost seemed like an angel of mercy, gently wiping away his perspiration and inquiring after his state. Of course, he was no such angel, if he had been, he would not have been left in this situation in the first place.

“I am feeling confused.” Jonathan admitted with a grumpy look on his face. “Because if I had the opportunity to tell my past self what would happen if I helped to throw you in the lake, I am not sure if I would have never done at all, or done it sooner.”

Bright blue eyes stared with longing at Dio’s red and black encased torso, fingers twitching with the urge to touch. “How long do you plan on leaving me like this? Until I die?”

There was a twitch in Dio’s eye as Jonathan spoke, and he was unable to get the word in until Jonathan had finished his question. He let out a breath he did not realise he was holding, shaking his head with a smile that held no joy. “Well aren’t you cheeky, Jojo?” he said, eyes flickering towards the riding crop. He picked it up. “So very, very cheeky. Impudence will get you nowhere, you do realise, and here I was just considering relieving your cock of all that seed it clearly wishes to spill.”
Still looking into Jonathan’s eyes, Dio blindly reached for the aforementioned member, giving it a hardened grip, thumb pressing down over the tip and pushing in. His lips became straight, eyes cold, not even quirking a little at the cries he brought to Jojo’s lips and he once again brought the crop to Jonathan’s left cheek and struck him hard, marking him a wonderful show of red not so different to that on his attire. Just to match, he slapped the right.

“I do not know what to do with you, Jojo,” Dio admitted with a pout. “I had hoped to have taught you a lesson, but you don’t seem to hold any capacity for understanding. Maybe I should just leave you until you rot, or maybe I should speed up the process.”

Dio’s hands set themselves free of the items, and their grip found themselves coming to Jonathan’s neck, clutching and squeezing. His hips inadvertently found a grinding motion and his cock began to twitch and rise as he moved in, pressing a little harder. “This might be enough to show you that there are no games to be played with, I, Dio.”

~

Teasing his cock was not at all unexpected. He knew that it would happen, and he knew that the next touch would not be the last. Dio wanted to make him wait before he got his sweet release, and there was nothing else he could do about it. It was not as if the situation was completely unfamiliar. Right from the start their sexual encounters had been marked with teasing and with making him wait. While this was extreme, it was not unusual at all.

The hands to his throat was another thing entirely, and Jonathan’s eyes grew wide at the sight. He was reminded of the firecrackers that had caused such havoc in camp. They had not hurt anyone, but they easily could have. And right now, Dio, if he wanted to, could seriously hurt or even kill Jonathan.

Less than a year ago he would have fought back with everything he had, but now… now there was an established trust between them.

“You’re not a game to me, Dio. You are my life,” he spoke honestly, purposely fighting back all other immediate reactions.

~

“Am I, now?” Dio squeezed tighter, and while Jonathan attempted to reply (likely with a yes), his pathway was no longer giving him more than strangled gasps when he spoke. Dio smiled, he liked this, and the hint of sadism within their play brought him to full arousal.

Perhaps a year ago, should Dio have ever had his hands wrapped around Jonathan’s neck, it would be in the midst of a fight, or him holding the intention to truly end the other man. But now, while he wanted Jonathan to feel the fear and pain of punishment, there was still the intent to please. He doubted Jonathan knew this, but Dio had read that asphyxiation in fact could send one into even greater pleasure, and after a few solo attempts he came to see the truth in it. And so, with hands glued to Jonathan’s neck, he was still looking for that pleasure cusp.

Giving one final, hard push against Jonathan’s throat Dio moved himself right above Jonathan’s cock and impaled himself hard, riding him as he choked him, bringing him to perfect completion.

“There,” Dio said. “I, your life, have decided to let you keep yours. Thank me.”

~

This was it, Jonathan thought. This was the end. Dio had finally snapped, and was killing him,
although he could not for the life of him understand why he waited until they came back home. Perhaps it was easier to hide the body this way. Perhaps he had just wanted to screw him one last time. But he was going to die here and now, at Dio’s hand, just as he had always imagined when he was younger…

Except, while killing him, Dio managed to give him the best orgasm of his life. It was hard to completely understand his words, after, but he said something about thanking him.

“Thank you…” Jonathan muttered, before passing out into a strange, strange sleep, filled with odd dreams of Dio and lace and riding crops.

***

The next morning, he woke up late. The sun was shining bright in the empty room, and Dio was not in bed with him. This was not unusual for this late in the day. Nor was it usual for Jonathan to feel sore after vigorous sex, which they had had before bed. But the corset… that had all been a dream, right? It had to have been a dream.

He stood to walk to the bathroom, and splash water on his face. As he did so, he saw the red ring around his throat, and he stared long and hard.

Dio had tried to kill him last night.
Dio woke before Jonathan that next morning, and decided to head out to the village market alone. Experience told him the best buys were always in the early day, where food was fresh and first and plentiful. Meats, fruits, vegetables and breads were picked out, as well as a few cinnamon buns he knew Jonathan would enjoy from the bakery.

Once home he decided to slip into something more comfortable -- Jonathan’s shirt, actually, and shorts too short since his final growth spurt last year, exposing long silky legs. He knew it was a good decision to keep them.

“You’re already up?” Dio asked a little disappointed, when he found Jonathan stood in the ensuite bathroom. He hoisted up a tray, presented with hot chocolate, pastries, fruits and eggs for himself. “A shame, I had brought you breakfast in bed and everything. But I suppose if you get back in it we can always pretend.”

~

“Uh… in that case I guess I shall get back into bed…” Jonathan stared with almost more shock than he had at looking at the red marks around his neck. Dio was seldom, if ever, thoughtful in this sort of way, and he had certainly never brought him breakfast in bed before. He lifted the blankets, and climbed back in, the tray of delicious food managing to distract him for at least a few moments.

“Dio…” he finally began, after a few bites of a pastry and a gulp of hot chocolate. “Last night… I had a strange dream.” He stopped and glanced at Dio, who was looking so relaxed, and pleasant, and was wearing some shorts that did not cover as much of his legs as they should have. It was distracting, as was the ache in his loins from overuse. He forced himself to look up straight into his amber eyes and continue.

“You looked gorgeous in this red and black corset. I couldn’t resist you in it, even though we had just done it before bed. And… then you tried to strangle me, I came, and fell back asleep.” He placed down his mug and touched his neck.

“…Did that actually happen?”

~

“I think you would remember quite vividly if I came out in a red and black corset, Jojo, there would be no question about it.” So it seemed Jonathan’s fades in and out of consciousness and brought him into confusion. Dio spoke smoothly, with ease, well practiced in the art of lying and avoiding questions he did not feel the need to answer. His punishment had been granted, now he would have some fun in tangling with Jonathan’s memory.

He had put away the candle, crop, and all other tools and utensils he had used in a safe location, somewhere Jonathan would not stumble across them, and he had never seen him adorn the attire otherwise. For all he knew it could have been a dream. There were the marks on his body, as well as the red of his neck that Jonathan already seemed to notice, but it was not as if they ever went without at least a bruising hickey or two whenever they romped. “Well, I don’t recall such a thing, though I imagine if you came at the thought of being strangled, it can’t have been so bad. Maybe we could try it sometime…” Dio crossed his legs over themselves, rubbing the pair together a means of light distraction.
“So you dream about me, hmm, Jojo?” A grin crossed Dio’s lips as he took another sip of coffee. It was a nice thought, him invading both Jonathan’s days and entering his nights.

~

Jonathan lifted a hand to his neck, wondering if the red marks he had seen in the mirror had been a figment of his imagination. Or perhaps they had come because of his tossing and turning? Then again, there was always the chance Dio was playing a trick, Jonathan wouldn’t put it past him. He would get to the bottom of the mystery eventually, for now, there was delicious food in front of him, made by the man he loved (and who might have tied him up the night before.)

“I do dream of you quite often now,” Jonathan said quietly, sipping his cocoa as he glanced to the window, morning light pouring in around the blinds. “Occasionally in the spring, I had dreams of you, but now in the summer, it is often. They are not usually about anything in particular, but I see you, sometimes with longer hair, sometimes draped in colours flowing about you, and sometimes you are as naked as the day you were born and staring at me as if you knew a secret.” He raised a fork to mouth, taking a bite of the food, before glancing back to Dio.

“It is rather like the look you have on your face right now, in fact.” Jonathan pointed the fork in his direction, a hint of suspicion in his eyes. The pinkish rope mark on Jonathan’s wrist became more apparent as his hand crossed through a sunbeam from the window. Despite this, Jonathan’s gaze fell town over Dio’s body. How could he be unhappy when he was extraordinarily well fucked, well fed, and had a sight like those two smooth legs crossed right in front of him? He sighed deeply and buried himself in his breakfast until it was all gone. Then, with the tray set aside, he grabbed Dio and pulled him into the bed, curling up with him as if he were a stuffed bear.

“I don’t know what games you have been playing, Dio,” he whispered into his ear. “But I’m finding you irresistible. Even when you attempted to murder me, God only knows how you made that to be ravishing.”

~

“There were no games, Jojo,” Dio said honestly, closing his eyes and indulging in Jonathan’s tight hold around him. He felt warm from hearing about the dreams regarding him that the smile that came to his lips was genuine and he felt it throughout his entire body, rippling and lapping contently.

“But I imagine if anyone could make murder appealing it would be Dio. Especially if I am clad in this red and black piece of corsetry you made mention of.” He rolled over so they were now facing each other, lowering himself to Jonathan’s neck and kissing around the fading mark, a testament to the life he had allowed Jonathan to keep.

***

The next few days passed without hitch, or much need for the pair of them to leave the house, they had their studies, a supply of food, recreational activities, and most importantly their own bodies and a plethora of rooms to christen within the cottage, which they did so with great haste and fervency.

But Jonathan was off on his trip to London now, with a boy Dio had not seen within the university, expect from occasionally hearing his name pop up in conversation with him.

“Just one night, then?” Dio asked a final time as Jonathan stuffed a shirt in his handheld case of minimal luggage, made his way to front door. “Sure you won’t miss me too much?”

~
Jonathan flipped through a ledger, double checking that he had all the appropriate notes he wanted for his meeting with Neil. He was clad in a suit and tie, far more formal than anything he had worn since arriving in the cottage, his hair neatly combed and slicked back. He cleaned up quite well, but considering that the two had been rather busy bumping and grinding, a fully dressed and clean Jonathan was a rare sight this summer.

“I will do my best. I know I shall be lonely tonight, without you beside me.” Jonathan pressed a kiss to the side of Dio’s head. “But I will manage somehow. And then I shall be back here tomorrow, in time for dinner.” He picked up his suitcase, lips twitching up into a tiny smile. “I hope that you will not be too cold without me tonight. You have grown so used to falling asleep with me as a pillow. But alas, you shall persevere.” He patted Dio’s cheek with his free hand, and turned to the door.

“Take care of yourself! Make sure you eat!” His eyes were so fixed on Dio as he made his way through the door that he bumped his head on the frame, and Dio’s last sight of him would be Jonathan rubbing the new red spot on his forehead as he stepped into the carriage.

***

“Neil! It is good to see you, mate!” On the steps of the London library, Jonathan’s eyes fell on the slender figure of his archaeology classmate. Neil turned to look at Jonathan, pressing his glasses up to the bridge of his nose and smiling.

“If it isn’t Jonathan Joestar! How has your summer been? Not too busy, I hope?”

“It has been blessedly relaxing. Shall we begin? I brought the notes from my previous paper on human sacrifice.” Jonathan walked up a few of the steps, pulling his eyes away from the attractive glint in Neil’s hair. With its sandy coloured shade, when caught in the light of sun, it looked golden. Something about its hue reminded Jonathan of Dio, and gave him a twinge of homesickness for the other man. Shaking it off, he held the door open for Neil.

“I need to pick up an envelope for my mother at the front desk, before I forget it,” Neil said as he stepped through the entrance to the library. “And then, I will show you the most fascinating article I found while looking through a journal my professor loaned me.”

The afternoon went by quickly for Jonathan, as afternoons spent buried in archaeological research always did. Neil was a pleasant companion, in both demeanour and in looks, and Jonathan found himself enjoying the time they spent together very much. Going into his final year of school, he was glad to have a chunk of research already done, and the appropriate notes taken.

Neil and Jonathan went to dinner that evening, and as they sat waiting, Neil opened the envelope that he had retrieved from the front desk. “What were you getting for your mother?” Jonathan asked curiously, as Neil held out a fist full of pictures.

“Family lithographs, she had thought they had been lost, but a friend of hers found them and left them for me to recover.” He grinned and smiled, holding them out for Jonathan to look through. “Look how stuffy the ladies’ gowns are. It was only a quarter of a century ago, and neck lines have plummeted! Thank goodness for that, eh?”

Jonathan was not looking at the gowns. Upon glancing at the first image, his eyes had fallen on a petite, light haired woman with intense eyes and a small, secretive smile. “Who is this?”

“Oh, that is my aunt Viviana. She died a long time ago, I never met her. Some sort of family scandal happened around her but nobody likes to talk about. Now, shall we order red wine, or white?”

“Whichever,” Jonathan replied hastily. He felt as if the woman in the photograph was staring at him.
Carefully, he passed them back and turned his attention to the menu. But for the rest of the night, and for the entire carriage ride back the next day, the image of the woman remained burned in his mind.

She looked like Dio.

~

Dio was bored, achingly so, his eyes drooping low as he placed another piece of his model boat to the main frame, it finally coming together. He had enjoyed doing as such for a good few hours now, but the novelty of the day was wearing off.

Dio liked to be alone, often. By all means he indulged in many a social activity and enjoyed attention as much as (if not more than) anybody, but at the end of the day when all was said and done, coming home to the sweet solitude of his room, locking and blocking out all others from intervening brought tremendous satisfaction.

But Jonathan… it seemed… in his times of withdrawal could slip in with a quiet smile and gentle strokes of his body as he kipped beside him and Dio did not feel as if his space had been invaded. He still required moments of pure isolation, but being alone together had its appeal. Just another testament to his softness since their courtship. He shook the thought of missing Jonathan after a few measly hours, just as the cat crawled into the room, sitting itself on the sofa beside Dio. It approached closer, stretching so its paws brushed against Dio’s thighs, clawing gently at him.

“Away,” Dio ordered with a flip of his wrists, eventually forced to push the cat off completely when it would not comply. Gingersnaps seemed to take this at a challenge, leaping back on and nestling all the more. And so Dio pushed him off again.

Four, perhaps five rounds of this later and Dio grew tired of the cat’s game, letting it recline on his thigh with a grumble. He did not want to admit it, but the feel of the soft fur against him, the light nuzzles and brushes was not the worst sensation he ever had.

But eventually he grew tired of that too, and decided to look about the cottage for some activity to enjoy. There was a locked storage cupboard he had noticed in one of the rooms, and with a quick twist of a pin it was open, and Dio stepped inside.

Mostly he found a whole lot of nothing, some lithographs and daguerreotypes of past Joestars, files of dull trading this and thats, candle holders and other small furniture items. There was a phonograph inside which seemed interesting enough, and he pulled it out along for later use, but other than that…

Something caught his eye in the next moment. It was an old box with the name of woman inscribed on the side. Mary. Lord Joestar’s wife.

He found Mary’s designs to be quite compatible with his own interests, he had doodled creations of a similar variety. He may have enjoyed this woman, she seemed far more interesting than her husband, too bad he was the one to live. She far greater seemed to share Jonathan’s essence, even in the small glimpses; she was the one who procured the stone mask he obsessed over after all.
Moving further back in the closest he saw a store of attire that must have also belonged to her… this might not be such a boring day after all…

~

The picture of Neil’s dead aunt haunted Jonathan the entire way home. She bore a striking resemblance to Dio. In fact, when he dwelled on Neil’s appearance, there were some similarities, in the shade of their hair and the shape of their face. It was all so strange. Neil was from a noble family, much like the Joestars. Dio’s mother could not have a connection to them… could she?

The only way to find out would be to ask Dio, but the topic was a touchy one. Jonathan knew that Dio’s mother had meant the world to him, and her death still hurt him as if it were yesterday. He didn’t want to bring it up, not when they were having such a lovely, peaceful summer. Perhaps the similarity was just a coincidence, not even worth dwelling on.

As the carriage pulled up to the summer home, Jonathan picked up his suitcase, which had the cuff of a dirty shirt hanging out the back, and eagerly stepped out and through the front door. There was a hum on his lips, as he noticed a bit of orange fur out of the corner of his eye.

“Gingersnaps! You are looking well!” Kneeling. Jonathan set aside the suitcase and began to scratch the cat under the chin. Smells of something delicious were coming from the dining room. “Dio! I am home, and it seems as if you have been busy with cook—” Jonathan’s voice fell off as he spotted a figure seated in a chair in their living room, nose in a book. She was almost turned away, but the chair was positioned that he had a hint of her profile, as well as a glimpse of the long brocaded blue skirt and delicate black slippers on her feet.

“…Miss?” He asked in a delicate voice, wondering if he was seeing a ghost. She resembled the woman in the photo Neil had shown him, her light hair done up in a careful bun, a few wavy tendrils covering the delicate curve of her cheek. As if in a dream, he moved closer, and her head turned, amber eyes meeting his own.

“Dio…”

~

Dio turned around upon hearing his name, he was tightly suppressing the laugh from his lips when Jonathan mistook him for a lady, though he supposed in this attire who could blame him? While a little dated, Mary had some rather attractive outfits locked away in the cupboard, and Dio, while never making such a fact known, found the garb of ladies rather charming.

He had tried a few things on here and there in the privacy of his bedroom, and the recent corset play had certainly been enjoyable, but he had never gone to such an extent in front of another, not even Jonathan. But there was a first time for everything, and he could imagine Jonathan thinking rather fondly of this.

And so he set the book aside and stood, making his way towards Jonathan, walking lightly and spry, waves of long hair at the side of face bouncing along in his step. “Hello, Jojo, dear. Welcome home.” His voice was lighter than normal, purposely so, and he batted his eyelashes before leaning in to plant a kiss on Jonathan’s lips, as if it were their daily routine.

“Dinner is ready, I imagine you must be hungry.” Dio was playing house, and somehow, he was finding it all rather fun.

~
Jonathan was staring, as if a spell had been cast, not allowing him to look away. The picture he had seen of Neil's aunt, she had to be a relation, most likely his mother. They looked so similar here, he had almost wondered if the woman from the photograph was sitting in his cottage.

But he could think about that later. Right now he could not allow himself to think of anything except how beautiful Dio looked with pieces of his blond hair curled and framing his face. A hand reached out to touch a tendril, only to find himself touching the skin of Dio's cheek, and then his lips, and before he knew it they were locked at the mouth, hands slipping down to the accentuated curve of Dio's hips. He could not believe just how authentic and natural Dio appeared in this clothing, though he supposed Dio would refuse to be anything short of perfect in all that he did.

"You look stunning. I missed you so, even if it was only a night." His hands remained on Dio's hips, as he sniffed once, glancing towards the dining room. "It seems perhaps maybe you missed me too?" A sly smile fell across Jonathan's mouth, he knew that his lover was normally above admitting such things, however, perhaps this Dio would be a little more forgiving.

~

"Your lack of presence was noted," Dio offered with a quirk of his lips, before turning around, allowing the dress's skirt to spin in a flurry of blue fabric (not the first time he had tried that). Mary, as most women were, was shorter than him, making the dress reach around his mid legs, brushing the shin, rather than sinking down to his feet as was the original intention. But he rather liked it like that.

"I do look rather wondrous, no? While you were on your little trip I took to seeing what was interesting about this house that exceeded further than the bed, or in lieu of that, the nearest flat surface.” He smoothed the black waist cincher around the centre of the dress, and adjusted the large brooch that kept the white collar connected. “And I suppose now here we are.” He moved to Jonathan’s back and slowly slipped his outer jacket off his person, neatly folding it and setting it aside, subsequently returning to the front of him and undoing a couple of buttons, sneaking in a peck.

"But as I said, my dear Jojo, dinner is ready.” Pie was the meal of the night, filled with choice cuts of meat, gravy, with cabbage and carrots to enjoy on the side. A collection of summer fruits with whipped cream on made of for a light dessert to finish. Jonathan’s hand was taken in Dio’s own as he guided him slowly across the room to the table and sat him down. Dio took a final opportunity to sit on Jonathan’s lap, running hands through the dark curls of Jonathan’s hair. It was not nearly as long as Dio’s own, but there was more than enough to enjoy. He had missed it.

~

Everything about this was like a strange sort of dream to Jonathan. Dio had toyed with women's undergarments in the bedroom before, but to wear the rest of their attire so well, he almost couldn't be sure about what he was looking at. It was as if he had a wife, as if the two of them were just living out their days like any two would. He knew of course that it was an illusion, but he planned on enjoying it, everything from having his coat removed and having Dio stroke his hair to having dinner prepared by his loved one. A moment as lovely as this one needed to be treasured, like the rare gift that it was.

Dinner was delicious, Jonathan was not typically hard to please, but in true Dio fashion, he did nothing less than perfect. He ate with a small smiling gaze over to the quite feminine looking man, sometimes having trouble focusing on his plate. It did not take Jonathan long to finish, and when he did, he set it aside, resting his chin in his hands and leaning over the table, in both a lazy gesture and just a need to be closer to the other. Blue eyes were shining with absolute adoration.

"I take it that is my mother's dress. It looks lovely on you… I didn't even realise things of hers were
still here. Did you find anything else?” Jonathan's mind was still on Dio's mother, but seeing a reminder of his own made him oddly nostalgic for something he had never known, other than in photos and word of mouth. Dio right now was a strange combination of both their mothers, and he wanted to drink in as much of it as possible.

~

“A few things. I managed to open that locked cupboard in the far end room. She had a few items of clothing, a little dated for the modern age, but I rather liked her style. And without you, I was rather given some time on my hands.” Dio returned Jonathan’s enamoured gaze with a stare of his own, the complete lack of judgement was warming. “There was a chest of items that belong to her, in fact. I shall fetch it.” On his journey Gingersnaps passed him by, and Dio took a moment to pet behind his ear, quickly turning into a thoughtless gesture.

Dio placed the box down in centre of the room, motioning for Jonathan to join him on the loveseat. He picked out the first item: a framed image with the date 1868, written in the lower left corner.

“I presume this is you in the image along with your mother,” Dio said, pointing to the round looking baby draped in white frills in Mary’s arms before handing the picture to Jonathan for closer inspection. “Your cheeks are exactly the same, aren’t they, Jojo?” Dio gave a coo, pinching the sides of Jonathan’s face, feeling the squish of soft flesh.

~

Delicately, Jonathan ran his thumb across the frame of the photograph. He knew what his mother looked like of course, having his own portrait of her that he kept in his room at home. But this was a photo that he had not seen before, the picture most likely having been put away by his father during his time of mourning, and then not taken out again until Dio found it. Having never known his mother, pictures were all he had, and having a new one was quite a treat, especially when he himself was in the image.

"I should think they are not exactly the same.” Jonathan commented as he rubbed his cheek where Dio had pinched. "But perhaps there are still some similarities.” Jonathan's attentions turned finally from the photo to looking again at Dio, smoothing a hand over the soft fabric of the skirt. That, too was a reflection of his mother. She had worn this, and he realised that logically speaking, this should have seemed wrong, yet he couldn't bring himself to see it as such. It was no mockery of his mother, Dio looked perfect.

"It's strange to think that there was a time where she actually held me, yet I cannot remember.” Arms draped around Dio, his mind going back to the photograph he had seen today. Dio had lost his mother too, and he had always imagined he looked like her quite a bit. It was a bizarre coincidence with the photograph and Dio’s dress up falling on the same day. Jonathan took it as a sign, perhaps Neil's picture was something he needed to consider.

But not today. Today was for he and Dio.
"I imagine you look very much like your mother right now." Jonathan raised a hand and fingered a
tendril of hair. "You look lovely, this dress suits you." A sly smile spread across his lips. "...behaving
as if you were my wife suits you too."

~

"Of course you would say that, Jojo," Dio replied dryly. “But I suppose so long as you know the
truth, a little game of pretend could not hurt anyone. And you are correct. I do look rather splendid.”
Dio pecked at Jonathan’s lips before reaching in and pulling out the sketchbook. “Your mother must
have had quite the interest in the ancient and occult,” Dio said, offering Jonathan the pad. He nuzzled
himself back in his hold and found himself in a giving mood.

“My mother used to tell me stories of the angels of heaven and their strange depictions. Before I
came to the Joestar household I often would spend spare time drawing such depictions. The fiery six
winged Seraphim, four faced Cherubim with their ox, eagle, lion and man heads atop of one body.”
He did not disclose the fact Dario was often subject to their wrath in his drawings. “Quite
extraordinary, what a mind to create such beasts… in fact…” In a quick upward movement Dio
made his way to the spare chair he had been sat in earlier, grabbing his own notebook.

“It rather inspired my own creative side while you were away.” Dio opened the page to display
illustrations of his own, human heads atop of dogs, a bird’s body attached to the head of a cat that
had clearly been based on Gingersnaps.

“I thought such a combination of heads and appendages might be beautiful, but perhaps it is more of
an acquired taste.” Dio tilted his head to look closer at his artwork, pouting slightly.

~

Jonathan began to flip through the pages of the old sketchbook, smiling with pride at the talent of his
mother. He himself had been inspired to sketch from her work, though he knew his skills were
meagre at best, being that he only practiced when he needed to copy something for his notes. His
mother on the other hand, had gift for sketching, as well as unique interests for a woman of her
station. He admired her greatly, and it made him ache to think that he had never been able to speak
with her.

Dio, like his mother, had a talent with the pencil. There was no denying that he could do a great
many creative things, he just seemed to have trouble settling on an idea, so instead he meshed them
all together.

“These are rather… striking, Dio,” Jonathan said politely. “But perhaps you could try drawing just
one creature at a time? Multiple heads just seems a bit… redundant.” And creepy.

Jonathan set the sketchbook aside, and brought Dio back down into his lap, very much enjoying the
feel of his skirt across his legs, and his hair beneath his chin. The bun was a bit uncomfortable to rest
against, so he tugged at the pins, and a wave of blond hair cascaded down over his shoulders.
Having Dio so utterly feminine and in his grasp without any torture or bindings was a dream come
ture.

“Perhaps… perhaps if we have a child, we could show them how to draw. You might be the better
tutor for that. I could stick to the stories that inspire the images, as your mother used to.”
“Are my stories not good enough for our child, Jojo?” Dio asked in a pseudo insulted tone, hand to his heart. He frowned a little when his hair was released, but the pins stuck into his head uncomfortably, so just this once, he did not harp on Jonathan for letting it out without a second thought or word.

“But fine, give them sugar coated fairy tales and have them draw bunny rabbits and rainbows if it so suits you. Art is just many a skill they shall be learning under Dio’s grand tutelage. I was taught to read and write and play the piano by my mother, as well as a whole host of additional skills. I remember she spent hours ensuring I knew how to sterilise a needle to stitch a wound for… well…” Dio touched at his lips, surprised at how loose his tongue had gotten. He was not even drunk. He shook his head, backtracking.

“She would sit by my side and have me mimic her movements on the piano an octave higher when she performed, quite the duo.” Dio found himself smiling at the thought, a strike of bittersweet nostalgia following as he remembered this was all in the past. A decade had gone since then, and he sighed, pressing against Jonathan’s body and hugging it tighter.

“And our child shall be no different, he will know each and everything and excel in them all. He will be born of you and I, after all, what more perfect a combination could there be?” This was all hypothetical, Dio was not having any child, let alone one of his own blood.

Dio did not usually so freely talk about his mother, so this was very strange for Jonathan to hear. Very strange, but not at all unwelcome. While he did not like to think why she might have taught him about sterilising a needle, the fact that she sang with him was a lovely thought. He could just imagine the two side by side at a piano, hearing the sweet shrill of Dio’s voice, as of yet unchanged with age. And the woman… well of course, all he could see was the woman in the photograph Neil had shown him. A tiny part of him wanted to ask more questions, but then Dio spoke of their child, and his heart simply melted.

“Yours and mine…” he repeated, lips pressed to the top of Dio’s head, eyes closing. “Dio, I want that so badly. I want a child with your hair and my eyes, I want them to have all your wits, and all my curiosity. They would keep us on our toes, wouldn’t they?” He smiled softly, squeezing Dio a bit tighter at the thought. He knew it was impossible, but as the moment was here, he was determined to keep the illusion.

“Most of all, I want to make them happy. Show them how wonderful life is, with two parents who love them.” Jonathan’s eyes opened, and he lifted his head off of Dio’s, tilting his chin so that the other man was looking straight into the piercing blue. “You are going to be a wonderful parent, Dio. Just as your mother was. Our son will be lucky.”

“Is that what you think?” Dio let out an incomplete scoff, sighing with a visible deflate of his shoulders. He broke Jonathan’s gaze and pulled back. Not away, simply planted his head on his chest once more, free from that captivating glance. Jonathan’s eyes shared his mother’s own hue, and beautiful intensity, as if her stare had been embodied within the man upon her passing.

“I, Dio, have never had such fondness for children, Jojo. I never have, not even when I was a child myself. But here I am, talking of one with you and half enjoying it? Why are you always my anomaly, Jojo? For moments I am with you I forget that my blood is impure, that with all my wonder
and excellence I hold something within myself… something dirty and staining.”

Dio was arrogant, of that anyone could be certain. He was vastly and immensely aware of his, and was proud of it, in fact. But dually that attentiveness to himself, that indulgence in his own being made him all to knowing to his own faults, his flaws. There were rarely vocalised, none should know that Dio had any such misgivings, but Dio himself saw them just as he saw his radiant beauty, unspeakable intelligence and grand ability. He saw the dirt. The anger, the irrational emotional displays despite all he did to try and quell it. He always saw it.

He saw his father in the mirror in those times, ugly, disgusting blood that no amounts of baths could wash away. Drinking… it helped but that only made him more like that man, a never-ending cycle.

“My child, Jojo. Our child… should never be cursed with a Brando for a father.”

~

In their time together as a couple, Jonathan had seen sides of Dio that even in their years of living in the same house and attending the same school, Dio had never let a hint of show through. The concept of him being ‘dirty’ or ‘tainted’ was one of them. The very idea of it was ludicrous to Jonathan, and now he was finally in a position to tell him so. Slipping Dio off his lap and onto the loveseat, he moved downward, taking to his knees on the floor before him. He could gaze up into his eyes, the blue of the dress reflecting in the amber along with the waves in his hair giving his lover’s visage a feminine look.

“You are not unclean, Dio. You never have been.” Jonathan took Dio’s hands into his own and lightly kissed each of his knuckles, one by one. “It’s not your blood that defines you but your choices. And you have chosen to love rather than hate.” His lips trailed over his fingertips, now lightly kissing each nail. “Your child would be beautiful and perfect, inside and out. I promise you that.” He gave the hands a squeeze, before breaking his grasp to lean down and kiss the flesh of Dio’s exposed ankles.

“I know that you cannot bear me a son, but if you could, nothing in the world would make me happier.” Sapphire met amber in a fierce stare, before lips travelled upwards, lifting the skirt to move further along his smooth, pale calf.

“He would be perfect, not in spite of you but because of you.” His voice became a whisper, words melting into kisses on his skin.

~

“It is funny how you say that, Jojo,” Dio said with an air to his voice, gaze slightly averted. “When you say things like that, with that voice of yours, you almost make me believe them.” Once his hands had been freed, he let them clench at the loveseat pillowing, feeling the soft presses of pecks and kisses upon his legs.

Slowly, those fingers made their way up Jonathan’s hair, clenching at the tangle of locks, dark and thick and ever so enveloping. Jonathan might have had a deep adoration for his own blond waves, but the man’s own hair was certainly appealing to Dio. Even the things he hated, hated about Jonathan once, somehow, in the time of their courtship, engagement, practical elopement at times, Dio was coming to find these aspects endearing. He was getting soft, too soft -- Jonathan was a plague of mush and Dio was finding himself with the worst of the infection.

And it was strange, for it only brought a smile to his lips, and he wanted to indulge in that weakness. But he couldn’t do that… he could never be weak.
“He would be perfect because of you, Jojo… you are nothing if not that. You would make for a grand father.” And then with an arrogance strikingly different from prior exposed insecurities, Dio added, “I told you that with me you would rise above all, to be a man worthy of respect. And here he is. Though you are bent before me, it is as if you are standing at all your height.”

~

Everything felt as if it had come full circle. When all this had begun in that snowstorm, Jonathan had knelt before Dio the first time, taking him in the shed, scared and uncertain about was to come. Now here they were, on the verge of a marvellous future together, and Jonathan found himself delicately lifting the skirt up by the hem. Other than a petticoat to make it fuller, he was surprised to find absolutely no undergarment blocking the path to his cock. And so Jonathan brought his lips around the long shaft, sucking and licking until the white, hot liquid shot into his mouth. Also unlike their first time, he swallowed without hesitation. Once he was certain his lover was satisfied and the dress had been put back in place, Jonathan pulled himself back onto the loveseat and tugged Dio into his arms, holding him there in a quiet embrace.

“We’ve made each other become better, stronger individuals. We will do the same for our child.” Jonathan’s hand moved from the neckline of the brooch, down over his chest, stopping at the middle of his flat abdomen. “If you were a woman, we would have that child already, I’ve filled you with enough seed.” He smirked a bit, and then kissed Dio’s brow. “No matter their blood, they will be raised right, by both of us. Our mothers will be proud.”

~

Dio sighed wordlessly, but said nothing in response, for he doubted the statement was true.

Despite loving his mother, Dio knew he was not living by her ideals. She had taught him that kindness, compassion and forgiveness were some of the most important traits one could possess, and Dio did not take to any of them. Nobility and pride were also factors she included that Dio adopted, but he did not imagine his own brand of interpretation of the two was quite what she had meant.

Still, he had come to terms with that a long time ago. For all his mother was, she had been weak. Dio could not follow in those footsteps.

His softened under the torrent of blue that was Mary's skirt, resting once more, flaccid against his exposed thighs. There was something very freeing about the lack of undergarments beneath him, the dress breezy under his legs, and he was taking full advantage of it.

“How long has it been since all this began? Nine months? A full term, or there about, I would be fit to bursting right now.” Dio moved their joined hands across his abdomen, stroking it. “I am not sure the ‘glow’ of pregnancy would suit me, but still…”

~

The thought of Dio as a woman was one Jonathan had allowed himself to indulge in, particularly as Dio openly encouraged it with his corset play in the bedroom, and now this. And there was a certain appeal to imagining a female Dio, plump as a partridge and ready to give birth to the next Joestar heir. It seemed picturesque and pleasant, until he thought about the reality of it all.

“Dio, I have never been more relieved that you are a man.” This declaration may have come as a surprise, and not wishing to take away from his current attire, Jonathan rested his hands on Dio’s hips, giving them a squeeze. “You would look divine, especially if your body was pleasantly
rounded with my own child. But no, I am not sure I would survive to meet my first born.” Jonathan shook his head, as if he were trying to shake the happy fantasy from his mind, reality being far more frightening.

"Our old classmate Matthew, he has three younger siblings, born in recent years. He has told me horror stories about the cravings and mood swings his mother has been through…” Jonathan felt himself starting to sweat, thinking about how demanding and moody Dio was as a man. If he were a pregnant woman, he would be nothing short of a monster. “Add to that the risks of childbirth, and the pain you would need go through…” Which he imagined, even in the safety of another part of the mansion, he would hear Dio cursing his name in labour. “…as well as the fact that I fill you with enough of my seed that we would probably have a horde to rival the Floris’s. No. No, Dio, we shall adopt a son when we are ready. Perhaps we can find one with blond hair…” He grinned, and reached out to tease a lock of Dio’s hair.

“I am satisfied with our bedroom play. As much as I might have enjoyed it in the beginning… yes, I am quite pleased that you are a man who will never, ever become pregnant!”

~

“Hell hath no fury like a woman in labour.” Dio chuckled, turning himself around to press a quick kiss against Jonathan’s neck before reclining once more against his chest. He himself had heard plenty a woman in such states, his mother often assisted in midwifery, and babies came out of corner girls like rain came from the sky.

And Jonathan was correct, it would be nothing but travesty, the sweetest souls could become raging behemoths, and Dio already had something of an inkling of bloodlust, who knew how it would manifest?

~

Taking a few more quiet moments to relax, Jonathan reached in to grab the wad of letters in the box. The letters, as expected, were nothing exciting. His mother and father had been cordial to each other, mixed with some sentiment as the time for their wedding grew closer, and as they knew each other better. Still, it was pleasant seeing his mother’s smooth hand, seeing her penmanship was the closest he could get to hearing her voice. Stopping and smiling, he looked to Dio.

“My mother had fine taste in poetry, it seemed.” He spoke as he took Dio’s hand into his own and lightly kissed his fingertips, glancing down to the prose on the sheet.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand’ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.”

As he finished reading, Jonathan smiled down at the sheet, and then set it aside. His gaze once more fell on the blond, only now this time, there was no distraction, all he saw was Dio. “Shakespeare had it right,” he spoke softly, leaning in closer. “Love is true love when it can stand the tests of hardship and time. And I am determined to pass that test with you.” Jonathan’s lips touched Dio’s, kissing him eagerly.

~

“I shall hold to your determination, Jojo,” Dio said once the kiss had broken before planting another one on his lips, adjusting so one leg was either side of Jonathan’s own, straddling, the dress covering over his body, bare thighs and crotch, ass pressed onto the other man. “So kiss my rosy lips and cup my cheeks and think not of time, Jojo, for we have it all.”

Hair fell over Jonathan’s face as Dio brought their kiss into a deeper push, his tongue making its easy way inside with Jonathan’s open mouth and closed eyes, reciprocating immediately.

He removed Jonathan’s shirt and his trousers came next, Dio tugging them as far as he could before revealing Jonathan’s cock from the confines, a throb going to his own that he could certainly feel. He stroked the exposed member, bringing it to a quick hardness, not taking long at all, before, in a tumbling motion Dio planted himself on the sofa, lying mostly flat, Jonathan pinned above, staring down at him.

“Take me as a man would take his wife… and a man takes a man. But fear not for pregnancy, fill me with all the seed you have.”

~

Jonathan inhaled deeply, as if trying to take in the essence that was this moment. Dio lay below him, beautiful and feminine and willing. It was so unlike anything he was expecting to come home to, he wondered, not for the first time, if this was all a dream. Many aspects of his relationship with Dio had begun to seem more and more dreamlike, particularly as they passed their time in this little summer cottage.

But Jonathan’s hard cock was real, and it brushed against the inside of Dio’s thigh as he smoothly moved his body to straddle the other man. Jonathan pressed two of his fingers into his mouth, before bringing them to Dio’s ass, giving him some preparation before slipping his cock deep inside. Though he did not spend quite as long stretching and toying with him as he might have, Jonathan’s motions were slow and smooth, opting for a much gentler love making session.

There were so many things about this illusion he loved; how Dio allowed him to call him a wife, the smooth shape of Dio’s hips beneath the bodice of the dress, and the pleasant way Dio had done up his hair. Jonathan could have focused on any one of these things, however instead, his eyes remained fixed on amber, his hips dutifully pumping away, as if he were attempting to put an heir in him.
“If I could have anyone in the world I would only have you.” He dared not look at anything else, not wishing to lose a moment of this.

~

“Then I suppose all your dreams have been fulfilled, my dear Jojo.” A smile crept its way to Dio’s lips, earnest and without his usual smirk. He brought his gaze to Jonathan’s eyes in return, and the sun and sea met within the centre as he felt the man move inside him, thick cock stretching his tight walls, slow, deep and causing him to feel every inch.

Dio’s hands snaked round to take Jonathan’s neck, and his arms locked around it, legs mimicking the same act, hoisted and holding the holding his hips with squishing strength of his thighs, skirt dressing falling, material brushing as he bucked and matched Jonathan’s rhythm. Their eye contact never broke except in the quick flicker of blinks and enthralled moans when he felt a quivering wave that brought him to the brink of pleasure and finally, finally, over with a taut of back and a cry of Jonathan’s nickname.

And soon, Jonathan came too, a warm filling sensation reached Dio’s rear, filling him with seed and they slumped together, panting and kissing everywhere they could.

“Jojo…” Dio began when their breathing returned to normal and Jonathan was beaming down at Dio in the way he always did, the way that made him tingle from head to toe and his stomach swirl with encompassing warmth. He chuckled. “Oh, Jojo… I think you provided plenty of seed for our child. Twins, even.”

~

Jonathan lingered over top of Dio, panting lightly, his mind racing with the images of what had just happened. Sometimes he wondered if Dio was a witch who had cast a powerful spell on him, each time the illusion’s power growing stronger. He had, not so long ago, been struggling with the fact that he adored the feminine but loved Dio. And when he finally accepted it, Dio gave him tastes of both. This was the most powerful one of all, and it was intoxicating.

“You would murder me if we had twins. Absolutely murder me, repeatedly,” Jonathan finally murmured, though he was smiling. “But it wouldn’t stop me from filling you up again, and again, and again.” He jutted his hips forward slightly to demonstrate, but stopped himself. Despite having just finished, he could feel himself growing excited and he needed to save that for later.

“Despite what I said, if you had our child, or children… I would love them so much and I would love you all the more for it. I would treasure them and raise them, and they would never want for anything. Oh, Dio…” He cupped his face and kissed him softly. “We are going to be so happy, you and I.”

After a few moments of taking him in, he stood, leaving the room to fetch a warm cloth to wipe themselves clean. It was inevitable that they would bathe, but he wasn’t ready for the illusion to end just yet. And as he passed the study, he saw something which he knew they had to do.

“Come with me,” he spoke, after he had lightly run the cloth between Dio’s legs, in a gentle manner. “I want to show you something.”

~

An arched brow came, but Dio nodded without question, following Jonathan across to one of the rooms of the cottage he had been exploring. When Jonathan made his way towards the object in
question Dio could quickly put two and two together and let out a breath of amusement.

“I found that phonograph while looking about in the storage, I thought you would like it,” he said. “I got a little distracted with the dress to try it out, but all the pieces seem to be in order, and I see no reason why it would not work…” He moved to the piece and cranked the winding box a few times, waiting for a sound to play. A few seconds passed and the wait was rewarding, music beginning to play, a classical tune, slightly upbeat in nature, enough to spur tapping feet and swaying hips along.

“This is rather perfect, actually, the masquerade event your father is having us attend will be about soon. There has not been any such prevalent ball since the Somersby Charity Gala… I imagine you must have gotten rusty by now. And while I have no wish for your dancing feet to lift any woman off hers and send a beat to her heart, we cannot have you embarrassing yourself, now can we? What do you say we try ourselves another practice run? No Florises to intrude on us this time, and it is admittedly rather enjoyable to spin around in such a skirt.” Dio gave a twirl, the dress lifting and exposing bare legs, just to prove his point.

~

"Ah yes, a masquerade ball," Jonathan commented as the sound of the music hit his ears. He had known of the phonograph being somewhere in the cottage and the thought of dancing with Dio while he was in such beautiful attire was too lovely to resist. It was a pleasant surprise to find Dio had already discovered its whereabouts, and that it was in working order. “I must say I always found the concept of wearing masks rather fun. Not that anyone is ever trying particularly hard not to be recognised. And I would recognise you no matter what the mask you wear." Jonathan grinned and held out his hand to Dio, before drawing him in close and placing his hands in the proper position for a dance.

"One, two three, two, two three, three two three… look, I have it!” Jonathan cried out happily, though possibly a bit too soon as Dio's poor toes took a hit. Flushing red he stopped and rubbed the back of his head. "Perhaps you should lead to start."

He let Dio instruct him, enjoying every second of it, even when he was being scolded, it was an absolute pleasure. The swirl of Dio's skirt was lovely and it encouraged Jonathan to guide him with more elegance across the floor. Eventually, Jonathan's memory clicked and he started to mess up less, and spin Dio as the music allowed more.

"I wish that it was acceptable for you to be my mysterious masked suitor at this ball. I would look forward to it even more.”

~

“It would be quite the spectacle, the masked one by your side. I think if I were to be marking my first debut, it would be at a masquerade ball,” Dio nodded, stepping back slightly and upping the pace of their movements along with the change of song. He pressed his chest against Jonathan’s form, taking them into something of a tango.

“All eyes would be on me, including yours, most prevalently, shining through the mask. The men and women alike would gasp, some would lift their masks to have a better look at me, walking down the entrance stairs. Even the music would be drawn to a halt, all eyes would be on Dio. But my eyes would only be fixed on one place: you in the centre.” Jonathan had begun leading this time, and in an upswing of music, leaned Dio back so he was nearing the floor, stopped by a strong hand, before raising Dio up once more, his feet skating off the ground. Quite a move, Dio was impressed.

“I would make my way down the stairs, and meet you in the middle, bypassing all those who wanted
to take my hand right there and then… and you would ask me for a dance. I would accept, and here we would be.” The skirt about Dio’s waist twisted and lifted, the moves growing more complex and a little improvised, but Jonathan seemed to be tackling all quite well, very good at making up things in the moment of impact.

“You would want to remove my mask, it having stayed on my face the entire night… I would take you away, whisk you outside so it is only us, you would be the first to look upon Dio’s visage, and Jojo, you would say…”

~

"I would say you are the one. That I had been waiting for you, and that I loved you more than anything, and that I needed to make you my wife. No, my husband.” Jonathan dipped Dio once again, bringing their lips close together without letting them touch. He gazed into the amber eyes of his lover, before drawing him back into the smooth motions of the dance.

All things considered, he was moving in time to the music well, and even better with moving in time to Dio’s body rhythm. Years of rugby practice had readied them to being in sync with each other, but the comfort they had found in each other’s arms made the beauty of the dance possible. With great care and precision, he brought Dio into the dance that they would never get to show the world.

"I would then ask your name, for I suppose that would only be proper to know." He smirked and twirled him about. "And after that… well, I suppose we would live happily ever after. That is how all fairy tales should end, mm?” Finally, Jonathan planted their lips together in a deep kiss, just as he had been teasing moments before.
A few days had passed and Dio, waking up early in the morning with the summer sun already up was tidying the house after the pair of them had knocked over a good few things in their last night exploits, and been too tired to go and fix, opting to pass out in a collective heap on the bed, tangle of naked limbs.

He had made a list of things required; more ice, food, nothing unusual, but one little necessity brought a grin to his mouth and lick to his lips. He had been waiting for this.

"Jojo, we seem to be out of wood for the fires," he said when Jonathan made his way down into the living room, glancing up from his model boat set, coming together quite nicely in the time they had. "I seem to recall you signed yourself up for the task, those strong arms of yours and all." Dio took a sip of his drink, suddenly feeling thirsty. "Don’t bother with your shirt for it, it is a rather hot day and you are starting to run out of them as is. No need to soak it through with sweat and exertion…"

~

Jonathan adored every minute they spent in the cottage, no matter how domestic or simple it might be. So at the suggestion of cutting wood, he was more than happy to comply, and thought nothing of doing so without a shirt. It was hot and it seemed unnecessary to have a shirt on as is. In only an old pair of slacks, which were worn through and only appropriate for working in, he found the axe in the cottage's tool box and began to hack away.

Jonathan's body was a regular work of art. It was tanned, and quickly became coated in sweat, bulging muscles flexing with each motion of the axe. It took Jonathan a bit to get the proper hang of it, but once he had, he was demonstrating a great deal of strength, as well as the splendour of his form. After nearly an hour of slow but steady chopping, he accumulated a reasonable pile.

"Dio? How is this, does it look all right?" he asked as he placed his hands on his shoulders and lightly kissed his cheeks. "Here, I am such a sweaty mess, or else I would embrace you." Little did Jonathan know just how much he enjoyed that sweaty mess.

~

Dio, as Jonathan had taken to chopping up the wood had settled himself with a glass of ice cold wine and a chair with a nice recline to it outside, watching with folded legs as Jonathan did his work. A book was nestled in his fingers, though reading it was the last thing on his mind as another piece of wood was broken in two, and more beads of sweat trickled off Jonathan’s nose and chest.

When Jonathan approached, Dio took a moment to avert his gaze to the collection of broken wood. Truth be told it was more than enough, but to stop the show so early would be nothing short of criminal. With a shake of his head he returned his eye to the splendour that was Jonathan before him.

“Not even close, Jojo, we shall need far more than that. And a better strategy to cutting wood is to
truly taut your back and raise your arms high, the technique is more efficient.” The opposite of the truth, but it would make for a far more impressive display. Today was looking to be rather splendid. Even Gingersnaps came to take in the view, nesting himself on Dio’s lap. Though on top of Dio’s crotch might have not been the more comfortable and flat surface to be placed on.

~

Jonathan, not knowing any better, wiped the sweat off his brow and set back to work. He attempted Dio’s technique of holding his arms higher several times, before discovering that it was tiring him more, and making him hit his mark less. Another half hour of chopping went by, after which Jonathan was panting hard and sweating harder. He stepped up to Dio, and leaned over on the axe for support, catching his breath.

“I… hope that is enough… at least for now.” He wiped the sweat off his brow, before meeting Dio’s eye. “If not, you are simply going to have to wait for tomorrow. I am too hot and tired for any more of this.” Huffing slightly, he set the axe away, watching how calm and relaxed and cheerful Dio was out of the corner of his eye. This seemed rather unfair.

“So I am aware that we are no longer playing the game where you are my wife. However, as my generous, kind, and loving husband-to-be, I feel as if you should be rubbing out my poor sore shoulders, and fetching me a glass of lemonade.” With a smirk on his lips, Jonathan took it upon himself to sit down in Dio’s lap, his both sexy and sweaty body suddenly in very close range.

~

Dio made quite the large oofing sound; Jonathan certainly carried a weight to him. Fortunately for Gingersnaps, he had already jumped off before Jonathan came on, or he would have found himself to be quite the squashed feline.

“There is not much I can do about getting you lemonade when you are planted on top of me, Jojo,” Dio griped, though all the same his hands moved to the man’s bare form and he ran his fingers across it, caring not for the sweatiness as he usually might, but finding it all the more enticing. His body was truly a spectacle, natural tanned skin all the darker given the sun, quite unlike his own, large and broad with a perfect balance of muscle and softness -- a perfect specimen in every right.

Once he had taken the opportunity to feel and grope, indulging in every ripple of muscle from arms to back, to chest and torso, Dio finally responded to his desire. “Quench yourself with cool wine or water for the moment since they are readily here, and slide off my lap and onto the floor and I shall give you the massage you wish for.” As Jonathan moved to obey, Dio pressed his fingers into his shoulders, beginning to knead into the knots felt in his upper body and grind them away in strong motions that had Jonathan letting out happy, contented and rather pleasured moans.

“The pile looks decent, but you may have to continue on tomorrow. Just to be safe, of course.” If Dio was honest Jonathan had chopped so much wood it would last them the entire summer if not far more, but an encore was most certainly in order.

~

“Tomorrow I will chop more wood, but only if you promise to rub my shoulders again afterwards.” Jonathan sat down on the ground in front of Dio, allowing the man to use his deft fingers on the knots in his sore muscles. As Dio worked, along with gulping down a glass of water he had taken from beside Dio’s wine glass, he slowly began to feel better. In fact, he almost fell asleep as the relaxation set in.
Unfortunately, not everything about their summer days was relaxing, and after a few moments of savouring the peace, Jonathan felt the need to bring one such topic up. “Father had a message delivered regarding the summer ball just yesterday, by the way. It is nothing urgent, but he suggests we get our attire straightened out as per your request.” This was said with the utmost reluctance, as Jonathan never enjoyed tailor visits. But as the ball was fast approaching, the visit was becoming more and more of a necessity.

“Now, I know I said you could dress me, Dio, but nothing too opulent, all right? And nothing scratchy. I cannot stand scratchy clothing even for an instant, no matter how expensive and lovely they may be.” He pouted his lips.

~

“Worry not, Jojo, I shall be your Fairy God Dio and have you liking nothing shorting short of stellar by the time we are done,” Was Dio’s easy response. “As well as most cool, unstuffy, not too opulent nor too scratchy, all shall be catered to your every need, as if it were indeed magic. All shall want you, and yet none but I will have you. Which is rather fitting, since I shall be looking most splendid too.” Bringing his hands further down further, he went to massage further, pushing deeper into his form.

~

Jonathan sighed and reluctantly nodded his head. “If you say so. At least we get to pick out masks, too. That should be rather fun, eh?”

~

“Oh, but Jojo, you already have a mask readily available, don’t you? Upping quickly, Dio moved away from Jonathan and into the sitting room, opening the drawer Jonathan kept one specific artefact safe within. In their time together he had rather opened up about the stone mask, or at least about its existence and the fact he held an interest in studying it. Some details had been left out, but Dio already knew them.

Emerging back outside he stood, holding the mask to his face, a Machiavellian laugh escaping. “Perfect, no?” he said in jest.

~

When Dio returned with the mask over his face, a chill ran through Jonathan. To see Dio’s eyes from behind the stone was beyond creepy, and he immediately stepped forward and put his hand out. “Dio, give me that. It is nothing to fool around with, and besides… it can be sharp.

Jonathan had been studying the mask for years in honour of his mother, ever since that fateful day where he and Dio had fought as children. He had discovered many things about the society it had come from, and the effect blood had on the stone, but an explanation for its exact use was still a mystery. He had his theories, however, as well as clues from other cultures.

“I don’t like to see that mask on you, Dio. I can’t say for certain what it was for but my suspicion is that it was a funeral mask, quite possibly for victims of human sacrifice.” Jonathan’s lips pouted, and he pulled the cold stone object away from Dio. “You, however, are quite alive.”

~

“Fine, fine, there is really no need for you to fret, Jojo, it’s not as if I am going to break your precious heirloom. You would think for all your studying you could find little more humour in the whole
thing.” Dio stared at the object and reached out to feel its face. “Sharp you say? Save for these odd little frontal fangs it all seems rather smooth to me.”

But Dio most certainly knew what he meant, should he have spilled a single drop of blood and he would find himself regretting playing with the mask as he was impaled and led to an easy death by archaic torture device.

“But it is quite alright, my dear Jojo, it is really an ugly looking thing I doubt I would sacrifice my life for so repulsive a mask. Our masquerade wear will be far more appealing, of that there is no doubt.” Taking a final look, Dio let go. “There, safe and sound and all too alive.”

~

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief as the mask was back in his hands. In part it was because it was an important relic and he did not wish to see it chipped or broken. But he also knew of the spikes and seeing it so close to Dio’s head left him with a sick feeling deep in the pit of his stomach. There was no need to play with sharp objects, though he imagined Dio might disagree on that one.

“Thank you Dio. I’m sure whatever masks we wear to the masquerade will be far more attractive and easier on the skin.” Hastily, Jonathan moved to wrap the mask up in a piece of fabric, before tucking it safely away once again.

***

The next morning on the carriage ride to the tailors, Jonathan was falling asleep against Dio’s shoulder, drooling slightly as he did so. He had risen early that morning, and had succeeded in chopping a great deal more wood, which by the end of it had left him hungry and sweaty. Dio had been more than happy to assist him with both little matters, cooking him a nice large breakfast of bacon and eggs, followed by a shower. Of course, the shower had led to sex, which both parties, particularly Dio, had been eager for, but by the time they were in the carriage, Jonathan was thoroughly wiped out.

Once they arrived and the carriage stopped, he woke with a jolt, looking around until his eyes fell on Dio. “Oh… are we there?” He ran his fingers through unruly hair, yawning and stretching before stepping out. “I wish that I could sleep through this appointment… but then who knows what I would wake up in.”

~

“Probably something stupendously stellar, Jojo. Perhaps it would be better if you slept, it would save me a whole mess of trouble trying to get you into clothing that looks even remotely decent. I am not here to make you look outlandish, you realise. What I do is a kindness.”

Dio was eager the second they were in tailor shop, perusing the items with intent and interest.

“Oh, this is quite exquisite,” Dio declared with forward gusto, picking up a deep violet cloth with inky black patterning to it, swirling and slightly textured. He held it up to Jonathan’s chest, squinting before giving it the nod of approval. “This would make for an excellent waistcoat with… silver buttons I think, to stand out. Purple suits you, Jojo, I have always said it.”

~

“Purple…?” Jonathan asked as he looked at the fabric. It was difficult to imagine the bolt of cloth in front of him transformed into a waistcoat, it seemed rather like spinning gold from straw in his eyes. But he knew that it could be done by the talented nimble fingers of the tailors (who always seemed to
find a way to prick him in places he didn’t even know he had). “I… I suppose purple isn’t terrible. No feathers though, please, Dio.”

Jonathan ran his fingers across the slick surface of fabric, before his eyes scanned the room, a messy rainbow of rolls of expensive and exquisite designs, bound to peak the eye of the wide variety of ladies (and gentleman) who shopped there. Some were rather garish and far too shiny, others were subtle and looked as if they had light woven into them. Out of the corner of his eye, Jonathan saw a deep blue shade, with the same black patterning that ran through the purple Dio had chosen.

“I’ve always liked you in blue.” he suggested as he traced a finger across the black parts embroidered over the blue. “This shade is rather lovely, don’t you think? And as… brothers, it wouldn’t hurt to match.” He caught Dio’s eye and winked. If Dio could make suggestions, there was nothing wrong with him making them as well.

~

“Well I, Dio would suit any colour.” He took the material from Jonathan and stood by the mirror. He made a face, a few faces, but eventually nodded. “As brothers, yes, I think a complimentary set would look rather dashing. We shall be the talk of the night, of that I am certain.” With a snap of his finger a tailor came to Dio’s side.

“Silver buttons upon Jojo’s -- the purple waistcoat, and gold with blue.” A moment of thought. “Black shirts, to go, perhaps with a pinstripe down the middle, just to bring an accentuation to it. Fitted trousers, black too… Jojo we shall have to stop at the shoe store along with the mask shop before we return home.” Dio looked again to the tailor, who had called on some of his staff taking the pair into separate changing rooms to get them measured properly.

Once out, Dio asked to have a look at the patterning of the coats the tailor had planned. It took a good long while, and frankly Jonathan’s very existence slipped from his mind, utterly absorbed in the fashion

“It will be a few minutes before the initial coats are prepared for you to try on,” the tailor said as Dio gave the final tick of approval. “Please, would you like to wait in the tearoom, we can have a pot and a few light snacks provided. We always have the comfort and interest of our customers in mind.”

~

Listening to Dio talk about designs and cuts of coats was rather like when Jonathan began to go on and on about his ancient cultures. Jonathan’s face became rather like the dead as Dio droned on and on, having no idea what any of the cuts and styles meant, or if they would even make a difference. When he heard the word ‘tea’ his ears perked slightly, and when he heard the word ‘snacks,’ he seemed to come back to life completely.

“That sounds splendid!” Jonathan was all too eager to move into the next room and talk about something that did not bore him to pieces. Once they were alone, Jonathan devoured at least three finger sandwiches and a cup of tea before he even attempted conversation.

“The jackets will be nice, I guess,” he commented as he licked his fingers. “I don’t know why you had to make it so complicated, it would have gone so much faster if you settled for a standard shape. Besides…” His eyes met Dio’s playfully. “You look ravishing in everything you put on, and no matter what, by the end of the night these lovely new clothes will all be in a heap at the foot of our bed anyway.” Jonathan sighed happily at the thought.

“Picking out masks should be rather fun. I imagine there are a great many to choose from with the
upcoming ball. Though it will be such a shame that I will not be able to gaze on your lovely visage until we are home that night.”

~

“Pity indeed,” Dio concurred, though his mind was already buzzing with new ideas. “Venetian style I think would be fitting… and dare I say feathers would not be so strange, though you prevented me from having them on your suit.” Dio rolled his eyes, after all it was Jonathan who had gotten him the feather coat for Christmas, and while he wore it often and enjoyed it tenfold, that was all Jojo’s doing.

Enjoying comfortable conversation, the tailor called them back, having made the first preparations of the suits.

“My, they do look rather grand, Jojo, even you have to admit,” Dio said smoothing over the fabric around his own waist, ensuring the pins did not prod him. “Purple really is good on you.”

~

“Ow!” Jonathan cried out, a pout on his face almost the entire time he was being fitted. “I am not a pincushion, you know.” Despite his displeasure, looking down at the fabric in the mirror, he had to admit the purple was a lovely tone. “It does look rather fine…”

“Yes sir, both of you will be standing out in this crowd, there is no mistake about that.” The tailor said as his assistants continued with the pinning. “You are searching for a suitable wife, are you not? I am sure Lord Joestar will be most pleased.” He threw a glance at Jonathan. “I know he must especially want to see young master Jonathan married, that fine estate needs an heir, after all.

Jonathan responded with a nervous chuckle. “Well, I don’t know, really. But I am sure I shall look lovely! As will my dearest brother.”

“Ah, from what I hear your dearest brother is ahead of you in that area. Let me take this chance to offer my congratulations on your engagement, Mr. Brando, sir. Your lady will be most welcome here.

Jonathan met Dio’s eyes, smiling a bit and shrugging, before crying out from the feel of another pin prick.

~

Oh and the day had been going so well, of course that stupid rumour had to sneak its way back in, no matter where he was. But it was not the tailor’s fault his brother made up such an irksome lie. He had given him too many wonderful pieces of garb for Dio to be too angry, and that was no common occurrence.

So instead he smiled, shaking his head. “I am afraid that is nothing more than hearsay and widespread rumour and what I imagine is very wishful thinking on one woman’s part.” He chuckled lightly, moving a pin on his waistcoat upwards, preferring that positioning.

“Perhaps marriage will one day be in the cards, but I have my career to look to, and there is no rush.” The tailor simply apologised for the misunderstanding before bringing out range of gloves, hats, ties and other accessories for he and Jonathan to choose from, should any take their fancy. Dio took a nice range of them, and not just for the ball. After all, it was Lord Joestar’s money.

Stepping out of the clothes once they had been measured and positioned, Dio bid the tailor adieu,
arranging to pick up their suits a few days hence.

~

Hats and ties and gloves were all very well and good, but Jonathan did not fancy them as Dio did. When it came time to pick out the masks, however, Jonathan was far more inclined. Around masquerade time, the city’s finest artisans laboured to create works of art that would be covering the faces of the nobility at the upcoming ball, all working to outdo each other. Jonathan and Dio were able to browse through a few shops before finding one that specialized in dark, rich colours.

“Oh, Dio, I am rather fond of this one.” Jonathan held a mask, black with purple embellishments up to his face for size. The deep blue of Jonathan’s eyes seemed to stand out even more when highlighted by the other colours, and it was very becoming. “I think it will match the purple you found for me. Do you see anything that catches your fancy?”

~

“Oh, the man has taste,” Dio said for once impressed with Jonathan’s choices, giving it the nod of approval. He himself had two in hands and was looking at them with a quirked brow decisively. The first was of black patterning, with very fine details, but required one to look close upon it to notice. Simple, elegant, rather mysterious, he thought, it had a quiet charm.

The alternative mask was far bolder, exciting, a deep royal blue on one side, gold on the other, swirling painted patterns that glittered in the light. Encrusted with jewels, precious golden stones abundant, a pale blue, very long feather stood high on the gilded half.

In the end there really was no competition.

“This one,” he announced, holding the second mask up to his face, giving Jonathan a grin behind it. “Though I may buy the other just for the fun of it… could be something—” he leaned in close so only Jonathan could hear “—fun for our nightly play. Imagine a black ‘you-know-what’ to match.” Dio pulled back, a mischievous glint in his eye.

~

It took Jonathan a moment to get the gist of what Dio had meant by ‘you-know-what’, and when he did, he turned such a bright shade of red that the flush would have been visible on the uncovered parts of his face, had he been wearing the mask. “If you wish it,” he said in a tone that attempted to not sound too eager. He mostly failed.

Once the masks were purchased and everything was packed away safely, the two stopped for lunch at an elegant little cafe, as Jonathan could not bear to leave the city without a good meal. On outings like this, it was his favourite part.

“So, are you pleased with everything you purchased today? I certainly hope so, as it cost father a small fortune, between the suits and the accessories and all the other things you picked out. Not that he would ever begrudge you a thing.” Jonathan picked up a piece of bread with butter and munched on it.

“So… am sorry that this engagement rumour has gotten so out of hand. Believe me, it was never my intention for it to spread.” He sighed and sipped at his tea. “But surely father and everyone will understand that we have more important things to do than hunt for wives right now. Even if we weren’t in our current arrangement, I am sure we would both be far too busy.”
“I had never any intention of marrying, Jojo,” Dio said with an easy shrug. “That was never in the
cards of my life, there is no need for me to do so after all… I am not the official heir the estate, that
would have been your job.” He sipped on a glass of wine, a slight air in his voice, knowingly.

“But yes, Jojo, I had quite the time out, a very productive afternoon, wouldn’t you say? And you
were very amenable to the outfitting for once, you will look most handsome. Maybe too
handsome…” Dio frowned for a moment, thinking on that as he took a longer sip of his drink,
finishing it before he intended and having to call the waiter for a refill.

Perhaps he had gotten carried away, he did not want Jonathan to be swamped by women abound
after all. “Just ensure your dance card is kept to the very minimum, and do not dare dance twice with
anyone, no matter how much they might want you to. One engagement rumour between the two of
us is quite enough, don’t you think?”

~

“Yes, yes, I shall only dance with a girl once, Dio, I am not even that fond of dancing! Unless of
course it is with you.” When Jonathan’s food arrived, he picked up his fork and knife. “You needn’t
worry about a thing at this ball. I hear ladies prefer shorter gentlemen. I am sure they won’t even give
me a second glance, and father will lament over his lack of a future daughter-in-law.” He brought a
bite of meat to his mouth, and looked back to Dio.

“It will be a splendid night, I promise.”
A Summer of Bliss: Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Double chapter this week (chapter 85 + 86 out), enjoy!

The day of the ball, Dio started to get ready early, as he normally did. Jonathan, on the other hand, used the time to relax and catch up on his reading. But eventually, the daunting task of getting dressed took over, and he was forced to set the book aside, and begin to pull on his dress clothes. Before he could even button the fly of his trousers, his eyes fell on Dio, currently examining the fit of the new outfit, sans the jacket and mask, in the mirror.

Jonathan stopped dead in his tracks and stared.

“Dio…” He began slowly, taking a few steps towards him. He felt the pressure of his cock growing hard against the fly he had not finished fastening. “Dio, that… that vest is very becoming on your figure. And with your hair tied back…” Jonathan drew up to him from behind and began to unbutton the vest buttons, one by one.

~

“As much as I may appreciate the compliment, Jojo, I have spent the last three hours preparing myself, washing, dressing, doing my hair and I have every intention of standing as still as a statue and not even having a pre-drink lest anything spill.” The last part was a lie, but nevertheless. Dio put his hand to Jonathan’s chest and pushed him back, noticing the bulge with only the subtlest of flicker downs.

“Besides, you are a mess, and have plenty to do. We do not have time for fraternising before the night. Didn’t you get enough yesterday? I imagine passing out before pulling out had you too spent for any more for at least twelve hours.” Dio sighed, shaking his head and doing up his button safely, so as not to allure any more than he already was.

“I mean it, Jojo… tonight I am untouchable.”

~

“B-B-But Dio… I want you,” Jonathan stammered. After two months of near nonstop Dio throwing himself at Jonathan, the concept of Dio putting himself as off limits just seemed absurd. Particularly over clothing.

“I can be neat! And fast…” he mentioned as Dio continued to primp in the mirror, practically drooling over the silhouette the vest created with his figure. Jonathan’s eyes skimmed down from head to toe, falling over his perfectly shaped rear, encased in the close-fitting breeches. The bulge in Jonathan’s own trousers grew larger still, and he bit his lip.

“Please?” he asked politely, coming up behind him and lightly running a hand over his rear. “If we don’t now, it will be past midnight by the time we are able to do it again, and then we would have technically not had sex tonight at all, and that is simply a crime with how lovely you look.” Jonathan’s caress turned into a hint of a pinch.
“Jojo…” Dio warned in a slow voice, feeling strong and desperate hands sneak to his well pressed and kink free trousers. “Begging will get you nowhere, nor will flattery, or anything.” Any other day, moment, and Dio would have long since clung to Jonathan and clothes would be flying, but not today.

He turned so he and Jonathan were facing each other, arms folded and look most certainly unimpressed.

“Besides, we are only a few short weeks away from having to return to university. A little practice in self-restraint is better for you. I have been far too kind in spreading my legs whenever you may wish for it, but that shall be no more.” Even with that said, Jonathan’s hands brought themselves to Dio’s hips and began grinding, and for all Dio’s words he found himself not pulling away nearly as much as he should have been. “As difficult as it may be… resist.”

Jonathan frowned at the thought of leaving their little summer paradise. “Are we really going back to university so soon?! Oh, Dio…” The slight whine in his voice became all the louder. “That is all the more reason for us to take advantage of every possible moment we have!”

While he was aware that it would succeed in making Dio angry at him, Jonathan pushed him down onto the bed and pinned him with a straddle. His hands began to reach out over the smooth fabric of the vest, wanting nothing more but to take it off, so much so that he was practically ready to rip.

“You look so gorgeous, and I know that you want me, too.” He leaned in so his that his forehead was against Dio’s, the smell of Jonathan’s aftershave strong. If Dio touched it, he would find Jonathan’s skin smooth to the touch, just as he enjoyed it best.

“So what do you say, mm? May we have a go?”

“Jojo…” Dio formed a pout. Those eyes, the big blue eyes that shone through him like summer’s sun, blinding. They were wanting, pupils dilated and engulfing, his need presented in their alone. not to mention his cock and the way his body moved in their closeness. Dio let out a breath of air… tempted.

So he gave man a little taste, just enough to keep him going, granting him a kiss, palms moving to feel the newly shaved cheeks, perfectly soft in his grasp and cupping him. He pushed in his tongue and rolled it about Jonathan’s mouth, hips grinding, setting off his erection all it more, feeling it dig in his thigh.

And then he pulled back.

“That’s all you’re getting, Jojo,” Dio said knowing the kiss had not come to its natural commence. “I told you: tonight I am untouchable.” And with that, Dio grabbed Jonathan’s shoulders, one in in hand and pushed him away, causing him to land on his side, off Dio onto the soft press of the mattress. Dio immediately stood, softly feeling over the back of his head, checking for any stray hairs that may have fallen.

“Think of it like Cinderella. At the final stroke of midnight when the ball is set to commence, I shall become myself again, and you may touch me all you like. Right now, I am a masked fancy, only fit for balls and dancing and perhaps a little bit of flirting in between, my dear.” With a final wink Dio
made his way to the door. “I will see you when you are completely dressed and ready. Best not follow me out until you are.”

~

Jonathan looked as if he had been rejected for all time as Dio pulled away and retreated, midnight feeling as if it was just too far away, how would he ever survive it?

But eventually he did change, and by the time he was ready, even Jonathan could admit the clothes were comely indeed. Purple truly was a shade he did well in, and he jacket’s cut flattered his larger form. His hair was combed back, with the exception of a few soft pieces of brown, hanging over his forehead. He held the mask in his hand and looked to Dio, twirling about once.

“What do you think, eh? Shall I need to beat the ladies off with sticks?”

~

“Feel free to beat them off with barbed clubs should they get too close to you, or perhaps I will myself, for this--” Dio leaned in, resisting a true kiss but brushing against Jonathan’s lips and letting his hands run down the man’s form just for a slither of taste of what could come after midnight. “--is all mine, and I am not fond of sharing.” He pulled back, taking another look at the man before him, nodding with approval. “Perfect,” he said, and it encompassed all.

“Our carriage awaits us, Jojo.” Dio gave himself a final glance in the mirror assuring he was nothing less than perfect, before he turned on his tail and opened the door, leading forth to the cart.

~

The carriage ride was uneventful, and Jonathan kept the window open to allow the cool air to float inside. Every so often Jonathan flashed Dio a grin. looking his attractive form over from top to bottom, but true to Dio’s request, he did not attempt to ravish or even touch him, admiring him from afar.

When they arrived, their masks were put on, and they quickly entered the fray. Gowns and masks and suits of every colour of the rainbow were to be seen, it seemed that the nobility had truly been out doing itself for this ball, the splendour of the garb apparent across the ballroom floor.

They had hardly had a chance to sit, when Jonathan was pulled into a dance. Being sure to give Dio a small look before he was pulled off, as if to say, ‘I wish I was dancing with you’ with his eyes, Jonathan accepted, and the music swelled in the air around them.

“Dio, my boy, you have done such a fine job of making Jojo stand out!” He patted Dio on the shoulder with a grin. “I suppose you are as eager for nieces and nephews as I am for grandchildren, eh?”

Quietly Dio had to wonder if this mask would be enough of a disguise to murder George at the ball and not be caught, lost in a sea of covered faces where any person could have pulled out a knife and bludgeoned and impaled him at least ten times. Dio couldn't have been the only one more than exasperatedly holding grievance towards him. His eyes flickered to Jonathan as the man drivelled on.

He really did look dashing, didn’t he? Even amongst the rainbow spectrum that crossed the dance floor, Jonathan shone, and not just due to his superior height. Dio had done great work with him, too great, there were several eyes on him and he heard the titter of women behind him, speaking of the grand appearance of the young sons of Lord Joestar. Of course some cast their gaze towards Dio’s wondrous visage, but Jonathan had the advantage of biological son and true heir of the estate. It was
always like this. If he were a woman he would have been seeking his hand too. But as a man he already had it in his hold.

“Lord Joestar, you know of Jojo’s intentions to study and focus on career before settling. You agreed upon it at the last ball.” Dio faked a chuckle. “Not allowing him to spread his proverbial wings may see him stagnated.” George hummed.

“I know, Dio, but each time I see him at these events I am reminded of just how well Jojo would suit a wife. And how much an early retirement and grandchildren would suit me… I have been considering finding him possible suitresses over the coming year, in between his studies, just a few meetings here and there with the ladies and their mothers.”

“Have you?” Dio had to force his voice to calmness. George nodded with a stupid grin on his moustached face

“There are a few in particular, as I hope to expand and combine some factors of the business with a few gentlemen with some very lovely daughters. Jojo is dancing with one of them now.”

“Is he…?” Dio’s tone darkened and he stole himself some white wine from a passing waiter’s tray.

“I should ask him what he thinks of her when we sit down for the dinner. He should have at least some interest in the woman, would not wish for him to have a bride that would be difficult for him to form a certain… connection with.” A year for Jonathan to find a fiancée.

A year for Lord Joestar to die. Perfect timing.

~

Jonathan was practically dizzy from dancing by the time he sat down. He picked up his ice water and sipped eagerly, needing the chance to cool down. Sitting down, he smiled at Dio, and then his father, seeming to be glad to be able to sit and eat finally.

“Why Jojo, you have been quite popular tonight!” George began as the first course was started. Jonathan had learned from the last ball, the best way to keep Dio happy was to keep his attention on him as much as possible. So he took a bite of pasta, and glanced in Dio’s direction.

“Mm, it is all thanks to Dio, Father, he helped pick out my suit. I don’t think anyone would notice me if it wasn’t for him!”

“Oh, don’t be so modest! You should know that your brother and I were just talking about how the ladies cannot resist you. What did you think Lady Alexandra Williamson, the one you were just dancing with?” Jonathan froze with his fork in his mouth, trying to think of just the right compliment that would also not anger Dio.

“Uh… she was very… clean.”

“Perhaps you could see her again some time, outside of the ball. Dio and I both agree it would be good for you, isn’t that right, Dio?” Jonathan’s eyes widened for a moment, before realising how this was most likely his father being… his father.

“Dio is very interested in seeing me finish my studies, father. So we can travel after we graduate together.”

~
“I am afraid, sir I must agree with Jojo on this part,” Dio said, taking long sip of wine. He and Dio this, he and Dio that, what absolute bull that was, Dio had explicitly stated he had no desire to have Jonathan marry off, stupid old man, he would dance on his grave.

“We have already made plans to travel to Europe, this is why we are spending time at the cottage, after all, it is good practice for our independence, a life without servants and parent. We are men now, men who should be dictating our own lives and seeking to educate and travel.”

“You boys, Jojo, you especially will have plenty of opportunity to travel, the business takes you all the way to India, I am sure you would appreciate the culture there, so very different.” As George spoke, Dio’s grip around his fork tightened, and his nails dug into skin, near cutting.

“Lord Joestar, won’t you reconsider? You had already agreed, might I remind you--”

“Dio, my boy. I do realise that you and Jojo were looking forward to your trip, but matters and transactions are in the midst of occurring, and to wed the heir of the Joestar company with the daughter of another would greatly assist with expanding. It's quite a deal, would you not agree? And I should hope the chimes of wedding bells can be heard after graduation, perhaps you could combine the social gatherings.” Dio felt his eye twitch at the old man’s words and chortling laugh that brought him to sickness.

“You would use your son to further bring you gain to the already flourishing business, treat him and trade him as if he were property, like some common t--”

“Now, Dio…” He blanched, surprised at his own spill, he usually had enough sense to keep in check until he was outside of public proximity at least. He shook his head, relaxing his fist.

“I’m sorry, Sir, the heat and busyness of the hall and all the dancing must be getting to me. I should… take… a few moments to respite. Please excuse me.” Eyes flickering to Jonathan, Dio up and left the room, just as the table were being served their second courses, but not before finishing his glass of champagne and reaching to grab Jonathan’s too.

Dio was going to kill George Joestar dead.
All Jonathan wanted to do was eat. Was that so much to ask? The food was really the only thing he had been looking forward to about the evening, yet he could not enjoy it because of his father’s insistence on turning this into a conversation about marriage, and Dio’s insistence in talking him down. When Dio rose from the table, Jonathan frowned and set down his fork.

“Excuse me, Father, I just want to see that he is all right. Please do not hold this against him, he is just--”

“It is probably the air and the wine getting to him, I understand. It is charming to see how protective he has become of you, Jojo. Your summer together has really solidified your bond as brothers.” George lifted his own wine glass to his lips. “In time he will realise what is best.”

When Jonathan found Dio, he was deep into the outdoor courtyard, perhaps further than guests were supposed to go, but he could not blame him for wanting the distance. A small fountain trickled, over the low sounds of the ball back in the manor. Jonathan pursed his lips together, his gaze filled with sympathy.

“Dio…” His voice was soft, almost like a mother’s. “I… I know this is hard for you. But Father, he just goes on tangents, you simply need to yes him to death. We will go to Europe after we are done with school, and I will not be marrying someone of his choosing.” Jonathan stepped closer, a small smile breaking across his lips. “Father knows nothing of my tastes. She wasn’t even blond.” He reached out and ran a hand over Dio’s hair.

~

“Your father knows very little, Jojo,” Dio said, honestly, a mix of the bottle he had grabbed prior to exit and his own animosities towards the old fool.

“Balls and galas are a dime a dozen, you dance with a girl and then you go home and forget about her. But these… arranged meetings…” Dio took a swig straight from the bottle -- scotch it seemed, strong enough. “If he has his way he would have you marry. In a year. I would have thought you had more time than that before… prospects began appearing. Real, tangible, types I could get my hands around and…” Dio’s hands clasped together, fingers interlocking and squeezing tight as if to mimic something darker than he would usually let on. He shook his head, releasing them.

“I should have had you dress drably, you are far too handsome for such a place as this… far too radiant.” The now free hand moved to Jonathan’s chin, gazing at his form, angling him to the perfect position where the light coming from inside reflected on his face in a ripple. “Beautiful. My, beautiful Jojo. I don’t want to say yes, I do not want to appease and watch you pretend that this is all fine, that you are not taken with Dio and Dio alone. I wish for the devil and God and all in between to know that you are selfishly mine. And that I too, am yours.”

There was a tremble in Dio’s lips and he gulped down another three swigs, staring up at the crescent
of the moon. "Can’t I have that?"

~

The first thing Jonathan did was take the bottle from Dio’s hands. “Here… let me have a taste of that,” he said, so as not to have it seem as drastic. He took a sip and made a face, the liquor strong, but quickly shook it off and looked back to Dio, who somewhere in between his anger and despair was saying some rather beautiful things.

“Dio, Dio, Dio…” Jonathan spoke softly, draping an arm over his shoulder and bringing him to a seat on the edge of the fountain. “Don’t you see? It does not matter who is aware that I am yours, and you are mine, for we both know.” He lightly pressed a kiss to Dio’s forehead. “Even if no one else knows besides you and I, in the end, we have each other, which is the most important thing. So stop your fretting. Father cannot force me to marry, and I swear to you, Dio Brando, I shall marry you, or I shall not marry at all.” Jonathan nodded firmly, and then stared off into the garden, allowing his eyes to get lost in the fragrant colour of the flowers.

Soon enough, however, he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. Firmly, he kept his arm around Dio. Particularly right now, he did not want Dio to think he would flinch away easily. Thankful for the excuse that they are ‘brothers,’ Jonathan looked towards the oncoming person.

“Oh… Miss Bowden. How nice to see you again.” Jonathan managed to force himself to say.

“My… my brother is taking a moment to himself, perhaps we could convene with you later this evening…"

~

“Mister Joestar,” Rose gave a polite curtsey and seemed to hold no interest in leaving until she said what she had to say. Dio suddenly felt the urge not to push Jonathan away before midnight, and draw him in closer. How she was a thorn. “It is nice to see you, I believe the last time was at the carnival, the circus event. Quite splendid, wasn’t it…” She did not seem convinced, and her tone held a bitterness. She clearly was one of the few who were not enamoured with Jonathan this night. As she turned to Dio, her face immediately softened, and nothing could stop Dio from rolling his eyes from behind the mask

“Mister Brando, I have heard some rather… conflicting tales regarding your engagement. I am… sorry to hear it been called off.” Her voice and manner certainly did not give off that impression.

“Called off, is it? And how would you know of such a thing?”

“Well… I saw no woman upon your arm, and so upon further asking--"

“Oh you asked about me, did you?” Perhaps the amalgamation of drinks were getting to Dio’s head, but all thoughts of sugar coating his words for the nauseous women were ceased.

“I, yes… and it appears you are not wedding. Which I suppose may open you back to more romantic endeavours… And it would not at all seem inappropriate for the opportunity for us to dance again. Should you wish to.” Dio sighed, giving Jonathan a look before returning to the ginger woman clad in a dress that simply was not made for her flat plank of a body.

“You wish to dance, Miss Bowden?"

“There is the final waltz beginning once the remaining courses have been served… should it be of interest to you Mister Brando…”
“I should think with the combination of a conjured engagement and overwhelming lack of interest you would have given up by now…” Dio said in a voice too quiet for anyone but Jonathan to hear before speaking up.

“Fine. If it so suits you, then by all means let us dance. I need to get at least one and you’re as good as anyone.” Rose did not seem to know how to respond to that and so Dio responded for her, emulating her voice though far more nasally and nearing a caricature. “Oh thank you, Mister Brando, I am so grateful that someone has finally requested a dance with me even though I am the one who instigated it. Now I will go back to my family and leave you and your brother alone as I should have done from the start.” With a brush of his fingers Dio bid her away, and rather flustered and wordless indeed she nodded and did so.

Leaning in before he stood, Dio met Jonathan ear. “When I stand to leave, Jojo, exactly two minutes follow after and meet me in the lavatory. Knock four times so I know it is you. For all intents and purposes, consider it midnight.”

~

Jonathan inhaled sharply as he listened to Dio. If he could have sent the girl away somehow, before she began to talk to Dio, he would have. He had known this wouldn’t end well. Dio after half a bottle of scotch was a lot to deal with, never mind by a woman he did not like to begin with.

If Dio had been in a better mood, or perhaps if the scotch had not flowed so freely, his tongue might have been less poisoned. As it stood, he felt sorry for Rose. She had no way of knowing that Dio was well out of her league. Perhaps because of her family’s money, and seeing Dio as only an adoptive son, she had seen herself as someone more than worthy, but that would never be the case.

Jonathan watched her slip away back into the ballroom, only to do a double take as Dio whispered in his ear.

“B-B-But, Dio, you…that is, of course! Yes! Hurry on now!” Suddenly the night had gotten a little brighter.

A few minutes later, Jonathan knocked the appropriate four times, stepped into the small lavatory, only to have Dio practically crash against him once the door was shut and locked. Jonathan kissed him fiercely and let his hands trail over Dio’s hips, which he had been having difficulty taking his eyes off all night long. “D-Dio….” He breathed heavily, resting his forehead against the other’s.

“Are you sure you do not want to wait until we are home? It might be more comfortable for you than this...”

~

“Right now, Jojo,” Dio began, pulling back for a short second. “The only thing that could make me comfortable is…” He cut himself off short, crashing his lips, tongue, and teeth into Jonathan’s mouth. Messy, sloppy kisses that gave no care towards the pleasant attire and desire to keep it that way he held at the start of the night were granted in full.

“Your father can’t take you from me, Jojo,” Dio said with affirmation and certainly in between kisses, unbuckling Jonathan’s belt and his own, drunk words spilling out a little too freely. “I won’t let him take you away, you’re mine, you’re mine, you’re mine.” Revealing Jonathan’s member, Dio immediately bent down, wasting no time at all in slathering it up with saliva, fondling his balls and bringing him to hardness. He sucked Jonathan’s cock like he would never have the chance again.

Once it was at a suitable, full arousal, Dio once again returned upright, looking about the room. It
was a modest sized area, fitting with a rather modern looking toilet and sink beside it. Dio moved towards the latter object, bending over, hands wrapped around the taps for support.

“Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, Jojo,” he said wriggling his ass and inciting Jonathan forth.

~

So much for waiting. Dio seemed incapable of delicate actions at the moment, kissing and touching him most desperately. For Jonathan, it was overwhelming. Having been holding back his desires for Dio all night, he was finally able to let them loose, though it was abundantly clear that this was about more than simple lust. Jonathan grabbed hold of his hips, thrusted inside his ass, and leaned in close so that he could whisper in Dio’s ear.

“I love you, Dio. I am yours… that will never ever change. You marked me as your own, remember?” He nibbled at Dio’s earlobe and continued to murmur sweet nothings into it, until his panting overtook his words, thrusting hard and quick, reaching around to squeeze Dio’s cock as he did so. One of them had to be aware of the time.

When they both finally finished, Jonathan caught his breath, hunched over Dio for a moment, before prying himself off and immediately setting to work to straightening them out. A hand towel was dampened and he lightly rinsed Dio’s groin and rear, tenderly and carefully, as if he was a child, before hastily taking care of his own.

“You need to drink water after this and sober up, Dio. You can’t go through the rest of the night so unstrung.”

~

“What I need, Jojo, is nothing water could quench. I want another drink, wine or… where’s the bottle I took, you took, did you leave it?” Of course Jonathan left it, a perfectly good bottle outside all alone. Dio grumbled, sinking his way onto the floor now that Jonathan had cleaned his rear and pulled up his trousers. Looking to his left he saw, “Aha! I took it, good.” He brought the bottle to his lips and drank, and drank, and drank until Jonathan snatched it away.

“And I am not unstrung, just being honest for once in this pathetic sham we call societal life. We return to university soon, Jojo, back to the bliss of hiding and weeks without fucking and it all seems rather dull and meaningless. I have studied and attended a couple of magistrate courts in these weeks but other than that there has only been you. And I loved every second of it. Why must I lose that?” His voice was something of a whine and he hiccupped slightly, leaning on Jonathan’s shoulder before falling to his lap, where Jonathan had sat next to him. He sighed, turning to lie on his back, eyes gazing up at a rather concerned looking Jonathan above him

“We should elope,” Dio said, then louder, as if striking a eureka moment. “We should elope! You’ve got money, I’ve got money and we can sell a few odd ends from the estate and we’d be set. Move to Spain, or France, or jump over to America, Jojo, let us elope together! It would be grand, don’t you think?”

~

Jonathan’s jaw dropped open in shock as Dio rambled on about his affection. Despite the closeness they had earned in the last few weeks, Dio had never been one to gush, always more interested in subtlety and remaining slightly aloof. Missing the other and dwelling on their time apart had been more Jonathan’s department. In a way, this was a wonderful thing to hear. But he knew what needed to be done.
"I will miss you terribly when we are at university, and I cannot just roll over to find you under my arm. And the thought of running away with you sounds oh so romantic." Jonathan had to crack a smile. "We will elope Dio. When we run off to Europe after graduation, it will be like an elopement. And as we shall both have our degrees and have had more time to plan, it will go much more smoothly than if we tried to run tonight."

Jonathan carded his fingers through Dio's hair, staring down at him with an affectionate gaze. "I love you so much, Dio. You shall be the only bride I ever need, there will be no other, no matter what father may say or do. So please, Dio… pull yourself together so we can finish this evening on a positive note."

~

"Planning just winds up with more error, Jojo, but fine, fine, after graduation we will elope together and follow nobody’s rules but our own. It shall be… perfect, just as you…” Dio pulled Jonathan down into a kiss, presenting his want, his desire in fervency, lasting far longer than a kiss need do. Not that he would ever say a kiss could hold a limit. “I could be a bride if I were yours.” But eventually he had to rise, and though he would not say it, pulling himself together would probably be for the best. But to end it on a positive note when…

“I have to dance with Rose Bowden… I think…” Dio scoffed and chuckled, sitting up from Jonathan’s lap, still rather slumped and sighing. “Of all the women in all the world to dance with as a Jojo proxy it had to be--” Dio’s eyes widened as he felt a stirring in his throat, and he immediately lunged forward, hands around the lavatory seat, head and mouth open within the swirl of it.

He felt Jonathan grabbing at his hair, holding it back while he spilled mostly liquid into the basin, coughing and making noises in any other circumstance Dio would not make. He could only be thankful a packet of mints were provided at the dinner tables.

“See, Jojo, the very idea of her brings me to utter repulsion.”

~

Jonathan’s thoughts of Dio as a bride, complete with veil and white lace trimmed lingerie beneath a dress was rudely interrupted by retching. Still, he held his hair up and rubbed his back.

“Dio, you seem rather under the weather. Perhaps we should call for the carriage. Father will be disappointed, but your health is most important.” He stroked Dio’s hair lightly, offering his arm to help him up. At the very least they had a fool proof excuse as to why they were in the bathroom so long.

Around then, there was a knock on the door. Jonathan called out “Just a moment, my dear brother has taken ill.” He looked to Dio, double checking him for incriminating evidence. “Shall I break the news to Rose? Hopefully she won’t be getting any ideas about me, next.”

~

“No. I do not need a carriage, I am fine. Let it not be said that Dio Brando goes against his word.” After Dio took another spew into the lavatory, he stood, slightly wobbly, and requiring Jonathan’s help. “If Rose wants a dance, then that is what she will have.” Truth be told Dio did not care one way or another about her but the idea of her moving attentions to Jonathan was not one he was about to entertain. So he drank from the fancy running tap water in the bathroom before slipping his mask back on and exiting to the main hall.
Apparently they had spent more time inside than Dio might have thought, for the final dessert course
was coming onto the table. Dio ate from it, just enough to get his bearings. Beer, wine, scotch and
something else he forgot were not the best combination to keep one stable.

Eventually the waltz did come, a group event and the men and women lined up in opposite lines
across the hall, and Dio was anything but up for it. “You should probably stop me, Jojo…” Dio said
just as the music came to life and it was too late to do much of anything. Rose was coming towards
him, expecting to be lifted up and twirled, when the room was already spinning and all seemed out of
proportion. This had no chance of ending well.

~

Jonathan just wanted dessert. That was all. Not conversation with his father, not dances with endless
girls… even the rough and quick sex in the bathroom, while pleasant, was not what he needed while
in the middle of the ball. Dessert was all he asked for, and the cake would be served immediately
following the dance.

All Dio had to do was get through one little dance, right? He could surely manage it now that he had
food in his stomach…

No, it appeared that he could not. Dio was completely amiss during the dance, missing the first spin,
which caused Rose to trip, after which, Dio vomited gloriously over the front of her dress. Jonathan
was not sure if he should laugh or cry, though Rose quickly chose the latter, sobbing as she looked
down at the remains of her gown.

“Oh no, I am most sorry, Ms. Bowden. You see, my brother has not been himself this evening, but
he wanted so badly to dance with you, that he held on to the end all the same.” Jonathan wrapped an
arm around Dio’s shoulder and helped support him off the floor. “Please send me the cleaning bill, I
will take care of it.” And with that, Jonathan carried Dio out to a chorus of ‘oohs’ and “aaahs”, and
“brotherly love’s” from watching ladies. When they reached the carriage, Lord Joestar was waiting.
Surprisingly enough, he was smiling.

“Oh I do hope Dio feels better, but Jojo, my boy, he may have just increased your chances tenfold!
Everyone loves gallantry, particularly women.” Jonathan tried his best to look happy as he lifted Dio
in the carriage seat. Once they were all alone, Jonathan glared at him.

“You owe me a cake.”

~

“I’ll get you a cake then. But really, I told you to stop me, so this is all your fault,” Dio said in a
slight slur of words that were slipping into a dialect he did not usually take. His situation was not
ample, not in the slightest, such a public display of foolery, at an established location at that. There
were potential employers there, and various numbers of eyes. Oh, he had looked so good too, he was
not doing his outfit the remotest hint of justice.

Though all knew who he was, somehow wearing the mask made it better, and he kept it on his
person since the incident, and well into the carriage ride home. He let himself sprawl into an
ungraceful recline, bringing a forlorn hand to the top of his head.


He groaned, holding his stomach and grabbing a stolen mint from his pocket and popping it into his
mouth. He doubted he had anything left in his stomach to rid of at this point, the vast majority of it
falling upon Rose’s shoes and clothes.

“But at least one thing good came out of this… I was probably doing Miss Bowden a favour, that dress was nothing short of hideous.” And despite the personal embarrassment he had brought, Dio burst into laughter.

~

“How was I supposed to stop you with the music already starting? Really, Dio, you need to perhaps take it easy when it comes to liquor sampling next time. No one particularly wants to see the contents of your stomach… although I will agree, Rose’s dress was rather horrid.” Jonathan cracked a small smile, resting back in the carriage seat. “The little brown roses littering the bodice were positively hideous.”

Jonathan smirked and looked over at Dio with a hint of mischief in his eyes. “If her masquerade ball gown looked that terrible, imagine what her wedding dress would look like.” Noting Dio’s distressed expression, he continued on unabashedly. “Oh, don’t worry, I am sure that her overjoyed expression at her husband-to-be at the end of the altar would overshadow the tackiness of the dress. And if not, as your best man I would be certain to keep a bucket nearby, so that this time your vomit does not spoil the lady’s special day!” Jonathan chortled as Dio looked as if he might be sick again. “Head out the window, my dear, I have seen enough of your stomach interior for one night.”

The carriage brought them closer and closer to the cottage with every passing moment, and once they arrived, Jonathan was quick to help Dio through the door and up to their bedroom, pyjamas were laid out, and Jonathan left him for a few minutes to return with a cup of tea.

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“Now, get under the covers and sip this. It will help you get to sleep.”

~

Dio eyed the sleepwear with a frowning leer as he began to pull off his waistcoat with clumsy tugs, shirt and trousers no more graceful. He had gotten around to being naked, but did not bother putting the rest on; it was not as if he had any intention of being clothed right now.

“I don’t want tea, Jojo,” Dio said upon Jonathan’s return, batting it away when he approached, Jonathan’s reflexes alone keeping the hot brew from spilling. Dio, still very nude, grinned when Jonathan was aware of it, looking at the clock. Eleven… fifty something, it looked like from the blurry vision he held. Close enough.

“Cinderella, Jojo~” he said in a lilt, almost like a song. “Midnight is close and the bathroom was only a taste of the night. I am yours for the taking, or should you like me to take you? I don’t mind, I don’t mind, I just want to--” He interrupted himself with a tug of Jonathan’s arms, pulling him down with a great deal of force and bringing him on top of him onto the bed, immediately latching on with a kiss.

Tongue wet, and hands grabbing, Dio presented his want with utter shamelessness, his cock already beginning to harden underneath Jonathan, his legs wrapping round the man’s hips and waist, beginning a fervent grind.

~

"Dio, you are not getting any more sex tonight," Jonathan said as he practically had to pry himself off of Dio. "And please, if you must kiss me do wash out your mouth first. My cock in it is one thing, vomit is another entirely.” Jonathan reached over and grabbed Dio’s sleep shirt, pulling it around him.
"You caused quite a stir tonight Dio, and you are still not entirely sober. It would be irresponsible of me to give into carnal urges when you are in such a state." Gently, he began to do the buttons up of the shirt, one by one. "Furthermore, I don’t think you deserve it. Quite honestly I think you deserve a spanking… but that will wait until a later time."

Jonathan smirked and pressed a perfectly chaste kiss to Dio’s forehead, as he began to pull on the pyjama bottoms, right over Dio’s hard on. “For now, be a good boy, drink your tea, and go to sleep. I shall be along shortly.”

~

“Perhaps I do not want to be a good boy,” Dio said in a chuckle, using his foot to push at Jonathan’s groin, the easiest appendage in reach. “I have been so very bad, Jojo, so very bad, I think a spanking is all that will set me back into my good, good ways.” He shuffled back, before rolling onto his front on the bed, ass up and on full rounded display.

“I deserve very hard spans, right here--” He reached back with his arms, grabbing and squeezing his own rear with tight clutches of his palms.

“I think you should, spank me, Jojo, spank me very hard,” He laughed into the mattress, wriggling his hips. “The very soft mattress…” And suddenly Dio was very tired. “…Actually, Jojo, you can spank me tomorrow.”

And five seconds later did heavy sleeping breaths escape Dio Brando, ass up right in the centre of the bed.
The next morning when Dio awoke, he would find that his ass had been covered by a blanket, rather than spending the entire night exposed. Jonathan had left a tray of coffee and a few crackers waiting for him. Eventually, he would notice a shirtless Jonathan standing against the door frame, arms folded and watching as he ate.

“Are you feeling any better, Dio?” Jonathan asked sweetly. When Dio responded affirmatively, he nodded his head once. “Good. All right, now, finish your coffee and set the tray aside. I want you to get on the bed, on your knees, with your back to me.” He was met with a confused look.

“Dio, now, just do as I say, really.” Stepping further into the room, Jonathan opened the top drawer of his bureau, and pulled out a thick piece of rope, considering it for a moment, before adding, “You know, Dio, perhaps you should take your shirt off first. You see, if I am to tie you up, it might be awkward to try and get that off later, and I do so know how you love those blue silk ones, you might be upset if I had to cut them off. There, that’s it…take it off, and then set your wrists behind your back, good!”

Never had a person been spoken to so encouragingly as they were about to be tied up. And never had a person doing the tying been so hesitant as they twisted the knot together. “…Ah…damn it, I think this is the wrong knot…”

~

Well this was not the how Dio expected to greet the morning. Perhaps the coffee and breakfast in bed was rather in the Jojo fashion, but ordering him to strip, get on his knees and prepare himself for being tied up was not quite part of his usual routine…

But life was full of surprises and since he did not wake feeling like death itself after a little too much mixing of alcohol he was comfortable to join in on the fun. Jonathan taking some initiative was always quaint; this was going to prove to be quite an interesting day.

And of course, right from the get go Jonathan made a blunder in his attempt of dominancy. Dio turned his head behind him and watched the poor man struggle. All it took was a couple of tugs on Dio’s part for the entire rope to untangle from him, leaving arms quite free.

“Oh, dear Jojo, you should use the handcuff knot I taught you that one time,” Dio said with a tut. “And don’t be so friendly, I imagine you are trying to punish me right now -- I seem to recall you saying something about that last night. Remind me though, a few things are foggy… did I really throw up on Rose Bowden’s dress?”

~

“You did, during a dance. It is a pity you don’t remember her face. Even with the mask on she looked completely aghast. And while it was amusing, it really isn’t becoming of a gentleman, and so…” Jonathan fumbled with the ropes, before finally getting them right. “Ah, there we go! Now you should be completely in my grasp!” Jonathan grinned and admired his handiwork for a few moments, before sitting himself down on the bed, and pulling him into his lap.

Jonathan’s arms wrapped about the man, and buried his face in his shoulder with a smile. “You were so very bad last night, drinking so much that you simply had to have me in a tiny bathroom, getting sick, and then insisting you dance with a woman you hate anyway -- I bet you did it on purpose, just
to throw up on her, didn’t you? Oh, Dio, you are such a naughty boy!” Jonathan’s hand moved
down to Dio’s bottom and gave it a pinch.

“After the way you acted last night, you really deserve to be punished, wouldn’t you say? So!”
Jonathan lightly pushed Dio down across his lap, realising that his punishment had been rather like a
cuddle session so far, and that probably wasn’t what he should be going for. Tugging down Dio’s
sleep trousers, he gave his rear a hard pinch. “I am going to spank you so hard you’ll never forget it!”

~

Dio was shocked at his own actions, he usually had at least enough sense of propriety and self-
standing not to act out, especially at such a public event, but even the thought of himself, or anyone
spewing on that brown mush that Rose called a dress was too much of an amusing thought for him to
regret it. Perhaps that would be the final straw in her regards for Dio, the embarrassment of it all
enough to draw her away for good.

“I do remember the tiny bathroom… or at least what you did to me in the tiny bathroom.” Dio let out
a breath of amusement. “You did not seem so opposed to that action when offered, practically chased
me there once the prospect was made, and you planted such seeds in my head.” Checking his binds it
did seem Jonathan did a well enough job with the knot work -- perhaps too good, they may require
scissors upon getting Dio out, but that could come later.

“As much as I would like to take full credit for Rose’s little dressing malefaction, Jojo, this time I do
not think I can do so… but by all means spank me as hard as you can, spank my naughty boy ass.
Perhaps the so-called punishment itself can make up for the fact you are terrible at acting the
superior.” And despite this being the opposite of what Dio could imagine Jonathan wanted right
now, he sniggered into the mattress, turning his head so he could be heard all the louder.

~

Jonathan’s face turned red and he inhaled sharply, biting his lip. “I am perfectly well equipped to act
the superior, Dio!” He gave the blond’s ass another pinch to each cheek, looking positively
scandalized. “Just because I decided to let you sleep in and give you breakfast first does not make me
any less adept at punishing you!”

Dio seemed inclined to disagree, however, as his sniggering inferred. So Jonathan smacked his rear
once again, and harder this time. Dio did not seem to mind this one bit, and so his hand came down
on him, again, and again, and again. Soon enough, Jonathan’s large hand print was visible on the
previously pale flesh, now a bright red from the spanking. After one particularly large smack, his
own hand was stinging, and he brought it back with a wince.

“Dio, are you all right? I don’t wish to actually hurt you. I just want to make you…well, a bit
uncomfortable is all!” He gave his sore rear a gentle pat. “If you think that is enough, I can untie you,
but of course…if you would like more…” He leaned down and nipped the back of Dio’s neck with a
grin.

~

“Jojo, please you are truly killing me here,” Dio groaned, not in the throes of pleasure, but in the
sheer aggravation of Jonathan behaviour while doing all this. “My well-being should be the last thing
on your mind, and you have barely given me more than a gentle tap. You should only be asking me
if I have had enough when I am nothing but a babbering mess and tears streak from my eyes after
you have brought me past the brink and I have fallen into wanton begging” Admittedly Dio’s ass
was rather tingling after that last hit, but that was when things were just starting to get interesting. He
wanted more.

“Tell you what, Jojo, if one word ever leaves my lips you will know you have passed my limits and I wish for you to go easier on me. A safe word of sorts.” Dio had no intention of ever using that word, and would more than likely forget it within the next hour, but Dio was going to find himself rather soft and flaccid and very unsatisfied if he had no way of making him keep going.

“A word we would never use while in bed…” Dio thought for a moment, letting the first word come to mind leave his lips “Pomegranate. That shall do. If I say pomegranate, you may stop. If I do not, I expect you to exact all your hardest efforts upon me. Are we clear?” It rather seemed that despite positions, Jonathan was not the one dictating this session.

~

"Pomegranate… all right. If you insist, Dio… don't be afraid to use it, now." Jonathan gave his ass another good hard whack, having to remind himself just how much Dio enjoyed pushing things to the limits. The last thing Jonathan would ever want is for Dio to be bored of him in the bedroom. Causing pain directly was not really Jonathan’s forte… but perhaps he could try another approach.

“Crouch on the bed, ass up,” he said with a pat to his side. He took a few moments to admire his work. Dio’s ass did look glorious when it was bright red. He had to wonder if his younger self might have gotten off on Dio in this position. If it had ever come to be, perhaps he would have realised his sexual taste for the other man much sooner. Alas, he had never seen Dio whipped.

Once in place, Jonathan spit on his hand and coated his cock. If Dio wanted to be boneless and sore by the end of this, he would make it so. Without warning he slipped his cock into the other man’s ass, knowing that it would not be as smooth as usual, and much less comfortable for Dio. But this was, of course, supposed to be punishment after all.

“Mmm… I love how I fit so nicely inside you, don’t you, Dio?” He gave a good hard thrust, knocking hips against his sore rear.

~

Dio’s teeth clenched as Jonathan pushed himself in almost completely dry, forcing him to feel every sweet, thick inch impale inside of him He let out a loud noise between his grit jaw, and squeezed his eyes shut, hole widening, spread to Jonathan’s girth. And oh it was utterly glorious, that hint of pain that was pronounced with a slam to his prostate, eliciting a cry from Dio.

Dio sunk his head underneath him, revealing an upside-down view of Jonathan lower half behind his leaking cock, his thighs large and strong, the softness of them quaking as he brought another slam into his rear. Dio groaned but chuckled into it as he watched the view, quite splendid it from down here.

“I rather enjoy it too, it is as if your cock was made for me alone, a perfect jigsaw match.” Hands and position notwithstanding, Dio was not about to let Jonathan subdue him so easily; he would have to be far better than this.

~

At this point Jonathan was not thinking about punishment or pleasure, he simply wanted to empty his seed into Dio’s body. Without lubrication, it was more work to move in and out, but Jonathan did not seem to mind, enjoying the pleasant exercise, and holding firm to Dio’s hips.

“We do fit so very well together. Now hush, I am trying to focus on filling you to the brim.”
Jonathan attempted to scold, but if anything, it came out eager, as he always was in the bedroom. Despite a certain reserve that came along with attempting to be a gentleman, Jonathan was a lusty young man, who could hold on for quite a time when he wanted to.

And so he did. Jonathan thrusted long and hard into Dio, making sure to hit his prostate from just the right angle each and every time. He could hear and feel Dio’s reactions, could tell when he was close to reaching that blissful climax... and then he withdrew, smirking as he did so.

“Hmm, it has been a rather tiring morning, perhaps I will stop here and take a bath now. You wouldn’t mind, would you, Dio darling?” He pressed kisses to the back of Dio’s neck.

~

“Ah, Jojo, aren’t you forgetting something?” Dio asked in a similar voice, the threat and darkness in his tone coated over with a cheery lilt. He chuckled, false, as the seed slipped down to his thighs. When Jonathan simply shrugged and said he had no idea what Dio was talking about, he frowned, forcing himself into a flummoxing roll until he was on his back, facing Jonathan with narrowed eyes.

“I think you are, and I think you know me well enough to know your life would be better off remembering.” He hooked legs around Jonathan’s body, using the strength that he had in them to grind and rut against the other man, fast, letting out mewls and gasps and moans in a desperate attempt for friction before Jonathan broke free.

~

"Now, now, Dio, you are being very, very naughty," Jonathan said with a gleam in his eye, as he pushed the desperate man back so that he could not touch him. He folded his arms over his chest, staring down at the blond.

"I don't think you have been a good enough to finish yet." Jonathan's hand wrapped about Dio's hard cock, giving it a squeeze. "Here you are questioning my judgement, which is incredibly rude considering that you are the one down there while I am up here.” He then took the tip of his cock and pinched it with a good firm grip. "What a pity, your cock is so thick and firm. But it shall have to wait.”

And with that Jonathan stepped to the adjoining bathroom, leaving the door wide open, but only after ensuring Dio's feet were tied too, stopping him from moving about. He allowed Dio to see him carefully-soaping up his magnificent body and washing it, all while he hummed a sickeningly sweet tune. When he was done, he trailed water across the floor (which he knew Dio hated) as he sloppily dried himself off. Stepping back to the bedside, he took a seat on the edge.

"Are we doing any better, hmmm?"

~

“Congratulations, Jojo, you have gone and made me soft,” Dio said, spite laced in every word he choose. And it was true. Dio was sat there, unable to tend to himself and stuck in place. Fiddling with the tight ropes did nothing, and he could not even turn to grant himself additional friction now that Jonathan had tied his feet up.

“This is your idea of a punishment, I see. Well fine, it is done and completed and I am left unsatisfied. Untie me now you have had you little flicker of fun.”

~
“Ah, I see how it is, Dio,” Jonathan said with a small frown, still sitting on the edge of the bed, but making sure no part of him came into contact with Dio. “You must not be ready yet. What a pity. The feel of the hot water on my skin was rejuvenating.” Jonathan’s large hand moved over his cock, gripping it and pumping it, bringing it back to life with minimal effort.

“I don’t think your heart is really in this right now. If you wanted me so bad, I am sure you would be much nicer about it, or at least say please!” Jonathan’s hand continued to move across the long organ, as his body began to scoot forward on the bed.

“Here, you can start by sucking me off. If I like what you do, I may consider reclaiming your ass before I come, but if not, you might just have to wait until later for the chance. Much later.” Jonathan smirked at Dio, while it was not as intense as the ‘punishment’ he had been put through, it was still enjoyable. To him.

~

There was a twitch in Dio’s eye as Jonathan said these words to him with such ease it was aggravating. How was Jonathan allowed to act and seem so adorable when he was truly the most irritating person Dio ever had the displeasure of knowing?

And yet he found his unspent cock beginning to move at his words, his actions, his body and how he so unabashedly stroked and brought it to hardness yet again, that teasing, his body so close and yet so far away and out of reach to him was painfully arousing.

Still, he could hold up a challenge. “Are you sure having me suck you off is the safest bet my dear? I might just bite it off.” Dio gave the leaking tip a lick, tasting the salted want on his tongue.

~

"If you bit it off, how am supposed to fuck you with it once you show me that you are ready to be polite? No Dio, I won’t be fearing for my cock right now.” Jonathan's fingers reached out and grasped Dio's hair, firmly yet gently guiding his mouth over the shaft. As always, he enjoyed the texture of the light coloured hair, particularly when the head it was attached to was pleasuring him.

Jonathan watched as Dio went to work, sighing happily as he did so. It was satisfying, not only to feel his cock getting so expertly sucked, but to have Dio be under his control (as much as the blond was able to be.) This was not his normal flavour of sex, but it was fun to try it on for size.

Jonathan was not about ready to come so he just enjoyed the act. Having just finished, Jonathan was not about to spill his seed again anytime soon, but that was fine for their purposes.

"Mm, Dio, you are so talented with your tongue. Now if only you could learn to be sweeter with it, and perhaps I would be more inclined towards finishing inside you.”

~

“If you wished for one with a sweet tongue to spill sugared words of near sickly affections, Jojo, you made a mistake in falling for me.” Dio gave the tip of his cockhead a bite, just to send a quiver to Jonathan heart, and know that, if Dio so wished it, in that moment he could very well have lost his member.

But that would be a tragedy beyond compare, even if Jonathan were to die, Dio would hope his cock could live on; it was far too grand to burn to ashes or be buried under gravel and earth, so immediately following, he kissed it as if it were a cheek of a maiden. Not that Dio was known for kissing many maiden’s cheeks, but all the same.
“I know you, Jojo, if you are going to finish inside you shall do it, if not, then…” Dio chuckled. “Well all I know is that you are going to finish inside me, and you are going to come. So put me through your little waiting game, make me hard and make me soft and send me into writhes if that is what it takes. My ass will find itself fucked by you soon enough, I wonder which one will break first.” In Dio’s mind he needn’t wonder a moment.

~

Jonathan’s lips turned down into a scowl. Somehow, he would never achieve the same level of control that Dio had when he was in this position. He supposed it was just a part of the natural way the two worked as lovers — Jonathan loved to give, and Dio enjoyed taking. There would be no changing it. But, he could, in his own way, find ways to make Dio suffer. And he did, of course, deserve it after his behaviour the night before.

Once Dio had brought Jonathan close to his peak, but not over, Jonathan decided enough is enough. He jerked Dio around, pulled his hips up towards him with one hand, pressed his back and the rest of his body down with the other, and pushed his cock inside. Within two or three thrusts, he was finished. Pulling out and stretching, he curled up beside Dio, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

"Mm, that was most enjoyable, but tiring as well. I think I'll be taking a nap…” He looked to Dio, noted the annoyed look, and then snapped his fingers. "Oh, but how could I forget, before I can do that…” Smirking, he stood and went into one of his drawers, pulling out a red neck tie. Carefully, he used it to gag Dio, before curling up beside him and closing his eyes. Soon, soft snoring could be heard.

~

Dio cursed Jonathan’s name. Or at least he would have if he was not gagged and tied to the point where he could only let out mumbles, but they still held very angry inflections.

Jonathan was a log. He could sleep through anything. While a pinprick could rise Dio up from the light blink of slumber, thundering elephants, wild hurricanes and the devil himself could not get Jojo up. And it took but a look away for Jonathan to sleep. It was almost a gift if it weren’t so aggravating.

Of course, Dio was forced to soften again, the come from Jonathan’s cock dripping out of his ass and coating his thighs sticky, then dry. Frustration and complete dissatisfaction were taking hold, not to mention Dio had an itch on his nose and no amount of wriggling it seemed to do good.

“You best never wake up again, Jojo,” Dio said in his muffled tone. “For if you do I will be forced to kill you.” Another wild shimmying did not seem to do the trick, only made Jonathan snore louder.

~

Jonathan slept on peacefully for the better part of an hour. It was a lovely little nap after his excursions into the strange world of domination. He wasn’t sure he would ever get the hang of it, but he did think that he was finally at least making an impression on Dio… although it was not necessarily one Dio wanted. That was written all over his face as Jonathan removed the gag.

"I had a restful nap, pity that you do not look quite the same!” Jonathan grinned as he reached out, pushing some of the blond hair behind Dio’s ear. "Now stop looking so sour, would it be right for me to fuck you silly just as you want, when I am trying to teach you to behave? As humorous as it was to see the look on Rose’s face, should I really be rewarding you?” Jonathan curled up beside Dio and pulled the man in close, despite any protests.
"I do so enjoy spanking your rear," Jonathan said as he brought a hand to pinch the flesh of Dio's bottom. "Particularly when it turns bright pink. The problem is, you seem to like it too, and that has me in quite a dilemma."

~

Dio was fuming. An hour. An hour. And no amount of moving and thrashing did anything to wake him. At some point Dio truly thought Jonathan was faking the entire thing, but he truly was just a bear in infuriating hibernation.

When Jonathan rose he was not much better, that sweetness was mixed with his actions, and the crass language he was coming to use far more often when regarding Dio might have been utterly come inducing, but the barrier had been far too pushed.

But to be quite frank, Dio had spent all his angered energy while Jonathan was in his humble slumber, and now we was left feeling rather passive, not sure he had the remaining strength to yell and struggle as he might have forty five minutes ago. He sighed, looking up at Jonathan with eyes only dilated due to his arousal, but far less fearsome as one might expect.

“Do whatever you like, Jojo.”

~

“Do as I like, Dio?” Jonathan met Dio’s eyes, knowing that he had been properly frustrated and maybe even brought to a point of wanting to murder him. Lightly, Jonathan kissed Dio on the forehead and withdrew for a moment, to reach for the oils that were kept on hand in a bedside drawer. “You know all too well what it is I like.”

Jonathan coated his fingers with a thick layer of the oil and brought himself face to face with Dio, pressing their foreheads together as one arm snaked around him. “I like you.” A playful kiss was pressed to the tip of Dio’s nose. “I like you so much that even when you’ve been bad, I find it hard to punish you. I just don’t enjoy it very much. I’d rather be making you feel good.”

Without warning, two slick, cool fingers pressed inside Dio’s ass, and Jonathan began to slowly work up his opening. “You are my prince, and it is not a knight’s job to punish his royal highness, but to please him.” The fingers pressed in deeper and harder, aiming to tease his prostate. “And I know a thing or two about pleasing you by now,” Jonathan’s lips drew into a smile, his own cock starting to harden against Dio’s leg.

~

“You seemed to have little qualm in all this prior ‘punishment’ of yours,” Dio said with a raised brow, feeling Jonathan’s third hardness against his leg, turning him on.

But right now, he deemed it best to not complain, for the press inside of him was more than Dio ever could have hoped for, Jonathan’s long, thick fingers pushing inside him and finally bringing forth a semblance of craved stimulation. Hex cried out loud, free to do so now that the gag had been removed from his mouth, and his stiff cock began to leak, so soon, he doubted he would last long once Jonathan really began thrusting about inside.

Still, Dio felt himself rather limited in motion, and found while he liked seeing Jojo bound, and could even see the pleasure in having himself in such a state, he had his limit on what he could take.

“If you like me so much, maybe you should untie the rest of me. While your knot tying skills are shoddy in technique, it has been over an hour and they really are quite tight around me, my wrists
may be raw and red once you undo it all.”

~

“Oh hush, Dio, you are not as delicate a flower as you are making yourself out to be.” Jonathan chuckled and removed the last of the bindings, but all the same leaned in to lightly kiss Dio’s wrists, and then ankles, as if trying to erase any mark that might have been left.

“You are so dear to me, Dio.” Jonathan cooed lightly as he began to tease Dio’s prostate again. “Looking back on it, I don’t know how I went all those years without once kissing your lips. I can’t even imagine life now without these lips in them.” Leaning in, Jonathan claimed a kiss, using the chance to pull their bodies closer together. “You are just perfection, Dio, absolute perfection. I don’t deserve you in the slightest…”

Despite his undeserving nature, Jonathan was reaching for the oils once more. He withdrew his fingers so that he could properly coat his own cock, as well as dap some about Dio’s entrance for good measure. Soon, Jonathan pressed the tip inside, just barely, hands on Dio’s hips, not quite ready to thrust yet.

“Tell me I am the only one you’ll ever love, Dio. I want to hear it.”

~

The sweet words of praise would have once made Dio feel repulsed, but as the months had gone by, he had found himself relishing in Jonathan’s glory, the fanfare he made of his name in words of raptured enamour, and rather than be pushed away by Jonathan’s love, he would submerge himself in it.

But Dio himself, to say it back was unable.

“Jojo…” Dio said with a strain in his voice, panting a little, hips moving, pushing against the tip of Jonathan’s cock in an attempt to gain friction. He brought his hand to his face and stroked it lightly.

“Do we really need words now? Any answer you seek can be found in my eyes, you told me once that they could tell a person’s soul. Why not look for it all yourself?”

~

Jonathan’s forehead met Dio’s, his eyes fixed on the amber ones before him. Part of him wanted to urge him forward, get him to say those three words he knew that he had in him. But Dio was right in that his eyes said it all. And so Jonathan slid himself inside, a tender expression on his face as he did so.

”Dio…” The name slipped off his lips, despite the fact that Dio had said it was not a good time for words. He said it several more times, before silencing himself with a kiss. His movements were slow and smooth, almost too slow, as if he were trying to savour every little bit of Dio's body that he could get. Soon enough, they would be back at school, and their coupling would most likely be frenzied and hurried. He wanted to take his time right now, enjoy it while they had the chance.

Opening his eyes, Jonathan gazed about the room. It was their room, this bedroom they had shared all summer, both of their clothes and books and trinkets scattered about, marking it as a personal place for the two of them together. Smiling, he closed his eyes, and thrust in a bit harder and longer, just because. They would be leaving soon, but one day, they would have a home like this again.
Dio’s legs hooked around Jonathan’s lower body, grabbing it in a solid clutch, feet crossing each other and locking together as he moved to match their movements, indulging in the slow pace, cock bobbing about and dripping onto his stomach. His hands and arms mimicked the act around Jonathan’s neck and he reached up to kiss him, once, twice, thrice, over and over until it was hard to tell when their lips were not together and when they were, a blissful blur wrapped in sensual pleasure.

Dio came first, as he so often did, Jonathan’s endurance had always been greater, even in his first time, his stamina had been remarkable. He reminisced about the thought in his hazy minded climax, the pounding into his rear unceasing, but supple, slow, gentle, and relishing.

“There is only a week more of this,” Dio said once their breaths had been caught and Jonathan fell into a heap beside him, splayed on his back and staring at the ceiling. Aimlessly Dio reached out, locking Jonathan’s hand in his own, thick tanned fingers laced with his own pale and slender. It seemed they had both been contemplating the same scenario. “And then we return to the real world. A world where your father would have you marry at the end of next year.” The clasp around Jonathan’s hand suddenly grew far tighter.

Once they had both finished, Jonathan lay on his side, his head propped up with his hand. He gazed at Dio, taking in the sight of him naked and enjoying every second. He kissed the knuckles of the hand entwined with his own, giving it a squeeze back.

"Yes, we will return to reality. But my father cannot make me marry, and will not make me marry. I shall put a stop to any of that very quickly, I'll have you know." He met Dio's eyes and stared into them deeply. "I love you, and only you. I do not care what anyone else thinks, they can think me impotent if they wish. I refuse to marry for anything but love, and so, I shall not marry at all."

Jonathan leaned in and pressed his mouth to Dio's. “I need you, Dio. You centre me. You challenge me. You complete me as a person. If anyone is to be my wife, it would be you, and no one my father could possibly find for me would ever compliment me as you do. Dio Brando, you are my everything. And we will be together. I promise.” A few more kisses were pressed to Dio's hand, and Jonathan scooted closer to him. He knew that his declarations were bold and gushing, but he could not say a word less.

“That is a nice sentiment, Jojo, but you are still maintaining the summer mindset. Reality will not be so quick to appease, to say ‘Of course, I, your father George have no qualms in letting you live a single life despite already serving your marriage silver platter of shit.” Dio bit his crass tongue, glaring at Lord Joestar’s mental image as he mimicked his foolish old voice.

“No, Jojo, words and belief will not get you far, as strong as your conviction is. Action will. Action I doubt you would be able to take, you love him too much to deny him. Not, of course, meaning that I do not hold great regard towards Lord Joestar, only that I do not have the pressure to marry nearly as young, nor as urgently as you. If I were to remain a bachelor, given all my circumstances it would not be so odd.” Dio, still splayed on his back turned his head to side, meeting Jonathan’s ocean gaze.

“But that is where I, Dio, come in. And I shall not let any external factors be the cause of our end. I swear to you now, Jojo. And I do not make promises lightly. There is nothing I would not do.”
“Dio…” Jonathan began, nerves sneaking into his voice. He moved his hand over Dio’s pale one, somehow, his skin never took colour as well as his, knowing from their childhood how red he would turn in the sun. “There is no action to take, though of course I am happy that you would go to such lengths for me. I love my father, yes, but I would never go so far as to marry for his happiness. I have come to realise that my own happiness must come first. And you…” He pressed his lips to Dio’s. “…make me happy. “

Something about Dio’s words were strange. Action? What could he mean by action? He almost opened his mouth to ask, but stopped himself. He didn’t need to know, didn’t want to know. This time was for them, after all, and they could worry about the issue with marriage at another date. And surely any ideas Dio had wouldn’t be harmful… would they?”

“The only action you need to take is to continue to love me,” Jonathan said with another kiss. “And I will make sure Father knows that he will never see me walk down an aisle. I’ll… I’ll get a doctor to say I’m impotent, if I must. You needn’t worry yourself. And certainly not now, in our final days of bliss…” He brought a finger down over Dio’s chest, guiding it between his legs.

“Let me distract you from your worries, mm?”

Dio let himself grow quiet, he had already spilled too much of his intentions, growing soft in Jonathan’s hold, his vicinity. But that did not make his convictions any less potent, if anything, with his new reasons to have Lord Joestar die, they were increased tenfold. Now he was not just doing it to take, he was going it to give; give Jojo a life he wanted, a life with him.

But as he felt Jonathan’s hand slither down, finding its way to the fork path in his legs, he was happy to be distracted.

“That would have to be the quack-est of quack doctors to ever mistake what you have for impotence, Jojo. If anything there is an excessive amount of virility. I am certainly no woman but even I hold concerns at times.”

Jonathan laughed and gave Dio a playful look. “I suppose that my virility has seldom been a problem.” He spoke as his hand continued to tease between Dio’s legs. “But I cannot help it, as I won’t be able to have you for so long, I wanted to make sure that I am able to make up for it now.”

Pulling himself over to Dio, Jonathan rested his head on his chest, and nuzzled his cheek there. “I will miss more than just your body of course. I won’t even be able to sleep next to you, and that is just so utterly miserable for me… I will have to drink you in while I can.”

Jonathan closed his eyes, though his fingers still continued to gently grip at Dio’s cock, lightly teasing him and slowly easing him back into arousal. After a few lazy minutes, his eyes reopened and looked to Dio with a sense of curiosity.

“Is there something you want, love? That we have not had a chance to do yet this summer? There is little I can think of, we have been very busy.”

“There is one thing we have had yet to try… though I wonder how you may take it, even with your
eagerness to try new things.” Dio sat up from his position, pushing Jonathan off his chest, guiding him to an alternative.

Jonathan’s spilled seed filling his hole was never a sensation he would be averse from, Dio had even clenched rear to keep the spill inside him, which was rather fitting for what he had planned.

Dio splayed himself stomach down on the bed, knees crouched upwards, putting his ass on display for all of Jonathan’s viewing pleasure. His hole, recently spread and used twitched, pink and anticipating. “You said you wished to drink me all in, did you not?” he asked, grin laced in his tone of voice. “I wonder how literally you are willing to take your words.” A hand went to his still cheeks, and Dio trailed up it, head thrown back to shine Jonathan a beam.

~

Jonathan looked at Dio’s ass with both pleasure and confusion. Pleasure, because there was nothing sexier than the sight of Dio’s ass, pink after a spanking he had very well deserved. Confusion because what possibly could they not have done yet? He had his cock in there, what else could possibly--

Oh.

The realisation hit him like an egg being cracked on the top of his head. It left him feeling cool and vaguely uncomfortable. Of all the things he ever imagined doing to Dio throughout his life, that was most likely on the bottom of the list -- even below fucking and being fucked by.

But once in the throes of lust, his disinclination began to slowly evaporate, lips touching the warm pink flesh of Dio’s rear, before giving the opposite cheek a pinch. He closed his eyes and spread the cheeks, tongue lightly running across the puckered surface. He tasted the seed and oil, as well as leaving a trail of saliva across the skin. Dio’s sounds of pleasure as well as the hardening of his own cock encouraged him on, until suddenly, he withdrew. One moment, his tongue was there, and the next, it was replaced by his long, thick cock.

~

The feeling of Jonathan tongue was warm and wet and wriggling, the light dotted texture brought a near squeak upon the first impact, and he pushed his rear back. Admittedly he had never tried this either -- at least not any time of his own mutual volition he decided to no longer count -- and the feeling was a little strange, damp and far different to a cock or even fingers.

But that did not remotely mean it was unpleasant, and he let out low moans upon feeling the heat, the slippery seed lapped up and replaced with salivations, before, those too were taken in by Jonathan’s tongue. Dio’s cock leaked and throbbing underneath, and he stroked himself to amplify the sensations.

And when the switch of tongue for cock was made, it truly proved that the sensations were different entirely. It was a surprise, the sudden slip in of his shaft, wide and spreading his hole all over again, and Dio let out a cry, almost stumbling and falling completely on the bed, losing composure.

He panted and bucked against Jonathan, feeling the weight of him press down, and he was forced keep both hands pinned to the bed as Jonathan kissed against his nape, neck, and back, whispering sweet nothings in his ear that brought Dio to tremble.

“M-Make love to me… Jojo… Like it’s the last time we…”

~
The way Dio asked for him to make love made Jonathan’s heart twist in his chest. It was a beautiful request, but also a sad one. The end of the summer was starting to feel like the end of the world. And it was, in some ways, the end of this blissful, perfect happiness that the two had found in the solitude of this quiet little place.

“Dio…” Jonathan said turning him so he was now splayed on his back. He met his eyes and cupped his cheek, looking down into them and feeling a wave of both desperation and melancholy fall over him, as his hips moved against Dio’s in another long, hard thrust. “I shall never stop loving you. Ever.” He pressed the hungry kisses to Dio’s collarbone and neck, his thrusts still slow, but stronger, as if trying to be fully surrounded by Dio in every way that he could.

“No matter what fate has in store, I love you, Dio Brando.” He brought his brow down to Dio’s, keeping their gaze locked firm. The heat was building and he moved harder and faster against Dio, desire overtaking everything else. Finally their lips locked, and Dio could taste the musky flavour of himself mixed with Jonathan. Slipping a hand between them, Jonathan grasped Dio’s cock, squeezing and encouraging it to come, as he was on the verge himself. He wanted their climaxes to be in unison.

~

And Jonathan’s wish was granted.

Dio felt himself encompassed by Jonathan’s love, as if with every thrust he was granting him pieces of his heart, with every kiss he was granting him soul, adoration, affection, all such terrifying things to offer.

Yet Dio, though he said nothing, found himself wishing to return every last one of them, almost found himself wanting to admit his own affections…

Almost.

Still, he took every ounce of love Jonathan offered him, legs wrapping round, accepting his thrusts, voice doing so too.

“Yes, yes, Jojo, don’t stop, don’t stop. Give it all to me!” he chanted, bucking and kissing and feeling himself draw closer, closer, closer until barely a split second apart the two of them came, loud and desperate. The faintest of tears pricked Dio’s eyes for reasons more than the spreading and pummelling his hole and the overstimulating of his cock could bring.

“I promise… no one will keep us apart… my dear, dear, Jojo…”
"The boy with the birthmark has returned," the Asian man said as Dio entered the poison store. There was a small pause in his step and he eyed the man twice before continuing to the front. He was surprised to be remembered, but then again how many blonds with masks and three moles on their ear would the man see? Not many, he presumed. "And now he has become a young man."

"You’ve redecorated," Dio replied, glancing about the humble sized abode.

He perused the store for a while, casting his gaze to the ancient Chinese artefacts that decorated the shelves and walls. Though masked with sweet incense, there was a foul stench to the place that could not be truly hidden away, not for those who took more than a deep breath, and knew the scent; the scent of poison and vermin and death. Another sniff and he could pick up the coated smell of rotting flesh, his eyes lingered to the locked room opposite.

But beside the odour, the Asian man’s shop was well decorated, lit with dozens of candles, adorned with red and gold curtains. There was a pattern on the carpet he stood upon, geometric and detailed.

"Tell me," Dio said as he made his way toward the owner. He leaned forward a little, circling the bowl of differently labelled liquids and powders in front of the seller, picking up and observing a bottle labelled in a language he could not speak. "With that grand memory of yours, you would not happen to recall my previous order? I am looking for a repeat investment." The Asian man smiled, and with a nod and a bow, disappeared back into his storing room, a shuffle in his step.

Upon his re-emergence, a package was placed on the countertop, and Dio’s grin proved he had been given what he wanted.

"Give them all to me now, I no longer need to pay in instalments."

The man raised a grey overgrown brow, staring up at Dio, seemingly impressed. "It appears since the last time, your fortune has greatly increased, young man."

"That is the point, isn’t it? I would not seek your shop and hope my life would remain the same." Dio took his concealed purse from his pocket, exchanging the coin for poison and tucking it soundly away. It was no small charge, but as he said he could afford it. It was Lord Joestar’s own money after all. There was no shortage of amusement that the old fool would be paying for his own demise.

"So you are looking for your life to change once again. You wish for more than you already have?" Dio eyes flickered in the candlelight, their deep amber reflecting something far darker, and yet within them his motivations, his desires were not all for money and success. They were for something else, something warm, a promise to never let anyone keep them apart.

"I always want more."

PART 5 FIN
Since it's a pretty short chapter, check back on Tuesday for an early new instalment of book 6!
PART 6 - Autumn's Anxieties: Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

After their summer of bliss, a return to university brings about new challenges for Dio and Jonathan. As they end their first year together as a couple, they find their troubles are only just beginning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jonathan sat at the Hugh Hudson dinner table with a rack of lamb, complete with mint jelly, fresh vegetables, and a slice of cake for dessert, yet he never looked more distressed.

“Dio…” Jonathan was clutching his fork as he gazed across the table at the blond. “Dio, please, it has been four whole days! I can’t remember the last time we went four days without doing it! I know we decided to wait until this weekend, but I am dying Dio! Dying!” Jonathan set down his fork, and clutched his napkin in a display of utter anguish, before setting it down on his lap where it belonged.

Since they had left the cottage, life had been hard for Jonathan Joestar. Very hard. And the worst part was, there was nothing he could do about it. They had made a pact not to spill any seed until they were able to spill it in or on each other. But after having a summer where they hardly went a few hours without, let alone a day, four felt like torture.

"I have a few hours this afternoon that was supposed to be for studying. Please, come and see me? If you don't, I might die!"

~

“Hmm, this afternoon?” Dio shook his head with a shrug, stabbing a fork into a piece of lean chicken. “No can do, brother dear. My day, excluding these twenty minutes I have for luncheon, is chock full and I am afraid I cannot squeeze you in at all. The weekend is only a couple of days away now, I’m sure neither your cock nor you in the more general sense is anywhere close to death.”

To Dio, this entire situation was amusing. This was the first time he and Jonathan had gotten back together since the start of term, the year beginning in full swing with schedules never seeming to align, even for meals. It had been a surprise to see him in the lunch hall at the same time even today, and of course one of the first things Jonathan had to announce was how much he missed being up
Dio’s ass. Not that he could blame him.

“Besides, was it not you who came about with this whole romantic intention of waiting without touching ourselves in the first place? Clearly someone underestimated their urges.” Dio raised his brows.

“You cannot have your cake and eat it too, and the promise and decision has already been made. And I, Dio am sticking to it well. It is refreshing, even, after all our time over summer I am content with a week off.” With a chuckle he added, “Perhaps there is a joy and satisfaction to this celibacy lark, I can see what monks and nuns have to benefit. There is so much time to do other things now.”

~

Jonathan stared at Dio from across the table, looking as if all his hopes and dreams had just been crushed. “H-How can you think that way, Dio? After living with you for a summer, I don't think I could ever consider a celibate life!” Jonathan stuck his fork into the lamb and began to cut, taking out some of his frustration on the meat. "It really is a good thing you aren't a woman, we would have had to get married in a hurry to hide your 'condition' by now." Shoving the meat into his mouth, he looked a bit like the pouty boy of his youth who ate too much.

"We had better make the most of this weekend, you know." Jonathan said after he had managed to swallow a large bite. "I am going away for an archaeological field experience about an hour south of here. Normally I wouldn't do that until later in the year, but things being what they are with rugby, I wanted to get it out of the way first term." He stabbed several vegetables before bringing his fork to his mouth.

"I'll be away for three whole weeks, camping near the site. I do hope that you will not miss me too much in that time." Jonathan spoke, carefully studying Dio's face. He knew as for himself, he would miss Dio dreadfully. But he doubted that Dio would admit it.

~

“Three weeks…” Dio repeated the words carefully, considering them. As much as he might have enjoyed holding the upper hand on Jonathan in their little celibacy pact (which in truth was very easy to keep up when he touched himself every night anyway), that would be quite a great deal of not having him around.
He made a face, lips elongating for a moment before he decided to continue on with his smug attitude. “Perfect. How about we make another promise not to to sate ourselves until your return, then?” He grinned, tongue skirting out against his lower lip as he popped a cherry tomato inside his mouth. How in that moment he wished he had a banana to bite into instead.

“By the way, Jojo, you should give me the spare key to your room,” Dio said for ambiguous reasons. “Can’t have you losing it and being locked out. No more ratty faced roommates to let you in and ogle you dress, unfortunately.”

~

“Eh? My spare key?” Jonathan scratched his head and then began to dig around in his pockets. “I suppose you can have it. I do occasionally lock myself out, and it gives me an excuse to come over and visit you if I do.” Jonathan was tempted to lock himself out tonight. Handing the key over, he hurried through his dinner so that he could start on his cake.

“I can’t believe that you are enjoying abstinence. You don’t seem to ever like it much when I have withheld from you in the past.” Sighing deeply, Jonathan took a large fork full of the dessert. “This weekend, you shall need to be prepared to… spend a great deal of time with me.” he finished, as another pair of boys sat down at a nearby table. But despite what Dio said, he already knew that Dio was well and fully ready for the weekend to come.

***

Later that evening, Jonathan sat in his room and tried to read. The book was interesting and pertained to his research, but mating customs of the natives of Mesoamerica was not particularly putting him in a good mood. Setting the book aside, he did something he rarely did - he poured himself a glass of wine, and went to settle into bed early.

Wine was something he had been used to drinking more over the summer, when Dio had been with him nearly every night. As he sipped the cool red, he remembered the red of Dio’s corset the night he had come to him without warning. He had looked so gorgeous, his hips, and waist, and thighs, all perfect and positively sexy when accented with silk and lace…

Jonathan grew hard at the thought, and he found himself sinking into the pillows in despair. Why did his mind always return to Dio?! Perhaps his lover was a witch after all…
If he was to be true, all he needed to do was not finish, right? But of course he could play around a bit, couldn’t he? There was no harm, and he would just stop himself before he went over the edge. He would be completely in control.

Thoughts of Dio in the red and black corset filled his mind, and he stroked himself underneath the sheets, murmuring Dio’s name as if he were near again.

~

While words of happy celibacy were nice enough to tease Jonathan with, a cancelled and thus end to Dio’s lecture meant extra time on his hands, and with it he decided he might as well pay his dear troubled Jojo a visit. He had said he’d be studying in the library, so Dio thought to surprise him, splayed bare as the day he was born on his bed, or perhaps in some lacy undergarments he had yet to treat Jonathan to. Well, he could decide what was better while waiting, he thought, turning the key into the lock and pushing open the door to Jonathan’s room.

But it appeared that Jonathan was not studying. He was tucked up nicely in his bed, eyes squeezed shut, hand making fervent movements lower down in one place in particular, calling out Dio’s name upon timely orgasm.

Jonathan was completely wrapped up in his own blossoming climax that he did not even recognise the quiet Dio’s entrance. Dio, out of the kindness of his heart, allowed him a moment of afterglow and recovery before making himself known with a series of claps.

“Well, well, well, well, well, well, look at what we have here.” Dio moved himself up from the wall he was leaned against, brows raised so high they almost hit the top of of his forehead. “It appears someone is breaking their side of the abstinence pact, and it certainly is not Dio.” Oh the amount of leverage he had with this little discovery was bringing the grandest grin to his smug face.

~

Jonathan had intended to stop. Really, he had. But thinking about Dio was too much for him, especially when he was in that corset. In no time, the sticky white seed was in his palm, and he felt the guilt run through him almost as much as he felt relief.

When he heard the voice and clapping, he audibly shrieked.
“D-D-Dio!!” Jonathan shot up in bed, looking absolutely horrified. “Bloody hell, you scared me! I had forgotten that I had given you the key to my room, I-I wasn’t expecting you!” He looked down at his messy hand, almost appearing as if he might cry, hurrying to grab a handkerchief and wipe it off with it.

“Dio! I really didn’t mean to finish! I was just reminiscing about our summer, and I happened to think of that lovely red and black outfit you wore that one time, you know, when you nearly killed me but it felt so good..I couldn’t help it! I went over the edge without thinking about it!”

Frowning, he stepped up to Dio, dropping on one knee. “I failed you, my prince… allow me to make it up to you by taking you to my bed.” Hopeful eyes fell on Dio as he took his hand and kissed his fingertips.

~

“So the way to solve this in your mind, Jojo is to do what? Have more sex?” Dio brought a finger to his chin, glancing down at the knelt, shameful knight by his feet in pondering thought. “It does not seem like you are making much up to me at all, only seeking more self gratification.” He shook his head, eyebrow raised high and suspicious.

“But… since you are already in the right position for it--” Dio moved to his belt, undoing the buckle and pulling it out in a quick tug, the speed fast enough to create a zipping sound through the air, “--you may as well make it up by settling the score between us and sucking me off.”

Dio sighed, as if he were disappointed. “And here I was happily living the life of abstinence made out for me. You really have put a damper on my spirits, dear Jojo.”

It seemed the silken undergarments tucked in his bag would be remaining hidden for a while now. A pity. But this was rather fun too, and the satisfaction more than made up for it.

~

“Come now, Dio, abstinence doesn’t suit you…” Jonathan’s voice was like soft, melting butter as he slipped his hand down into Dio’s trousers, reaching to fondle the two sacks of flesh. He toyed with them expertly, giving them just enough of a squeeze to be pleasant and borderline painful, but not enough to be anything less than enjoyable. “You must be practically aching with desire yourself, it has been so long since you’ve had me!”
The rest of Dio’s trousers were tugged down, and Jonathan sighed in happiness as he took Dio’s length into his hands. It was as if he had feared never seeing it again. Lightly, he kissed the top of the head, and then gave the entire shaft a lick. Finally, he began to take him into his mouth, bit by bit.

Jonathan was taking great pleasure in each and every movement he made. He might have sated his own desires, but he had yet to lay a hand on Dio and that to him was inexcusable.

“We are meant to have our bodies as one. It is a crime against man and God not to.” Jonathan spoke in between a few odd licks to his cock, before taking him all in once more.

~

“I am not sure most would agree with you about that Jojo,” Dio said the most unwavering voice he could muster while his cock was being sucked and licked by the most eager of participants. His hands moved into the thickness of Jonathan’s dark locks, soft to the touch and recently washed, albeit a little messy, but Dio always liked that. “But then I have never cared about most people’s opinion before, so why start now?”

Dio’s bag, still on his shoulder, he allowed to slip off, hitting the floor with a hard thud given all the text and library books within it. Letting go, he decided to fall into Jonathan’s motions, relishing in the warm hole provided, the hums and bobs and gentle scrapes against his length making him feel more than he had this entire week. He was going to lose himself fast, satiated and enraptured.

But not too enraptured.

Seconds away from coming hot and heavily into Jonathan’s sweet, rounded mouth Dio ordered him to “p-pull out, Jojo. Let me--” Dio’s hand centred around his own cock, letting it slip out of Jonathan’s grasp, immediately starting to pump and jerk it himself. The confusion that brought a quirk to Jonathan’s expression was quickly covered when Dio cried out, back arching and knees bending with eyes ever wide as he aimed and sprayed his seed right onto Jonathan’s face.

~

Jonathan was surprised by the splatter of seed, although he had to admit it was better than things Dio had done without warning in the past. Standing up, he stepped to his dresser for a handkerchief, wiping the come from his nose and cheeks without comment. After practically worshipping the other
man's cock, how could he complain?

"Dio, you can stop the abstinence act now." Jonathan commented smoothly as he set the handkerchiefs aside. He stepped up to him, so that they were standing face to face, leaning in close so that their noses were touching. He had his typical good natured Jonathan smile on, but with a glint of mischief in his eyes.

Without warning, he grabbed Dio and pulled him into a bold kiss, tongue pressing through his mouth to taste him completely. His arms were brought about him, picking him up and damn near throwing him on the bed.

"I need to be inside you." Jonathan had a measure of command in his voice, though of course, he would never take Dio against his will.

~

Dio hummed, considering Jonathan’s need and fervent desires. Admittedly the sight was more appealing to him that he would ever let him know, and even with that word alone he found himself shuddering at the thought of being taken, and how much he had missed it.

But Dio was nothing if not a master of outward denial and the ability to tease. Not to mention condescension.

“My, Jojo, I am very disappointed in you,” Dio said, closing his legs together, recently spent cock safely tucked away. “I would have thought you could show more understanding towards the walks of life others would choose to lead. And here you are, going about and calling it little more than an act, fakery?” Dio shook his head with two solemn eyes closed shut “I am disappointed beyond comprehend.”

And then for a final word, which he could not help but smirk about.

“Besides, you and your own hand seem to be having a rather excellent time together as it is, and I would not like to get in the way of the happy couple.”

~
Jonathan raised a brow at him, staring down at Dio as he lay in his bed, the room new to them both and having never been ‘christened’ yet. They had just spent an entire summer lustrating each and every corner of their little summer cottage, and he had been eager to get to work on their dormitories.

But Dio seemed to have other ideas.

Jonathan sighed deeply and pressed a little kiss to Dio’s forehead, before pulling back and rubbing his hand under his chin. “Of course, I want to respect your wishes, so if you are really against it, I suppose I shall need to accept the fact. He gave Dio’s knee a small tap before stepping over to his desk.

“You do know that in marriage, a wife is supposed to go to her husband’s bed? If she doesn’t, it would be grounds for divorce. But, as we are not married yet, that won’t be a problem. I can write to father and let him know that I am open to the idea of a wife now… particularly one interested in the creation of little Joestar heirs!”

Jonathan prepared for the explosion.

~

Dio knew what Jonathan was doing, but that did not stop his brows from creasing, folding into a crinkle nosed pouting frown, eye twitching. There were plenty of ways Jonathan would expect him to react; anger, despondency, enraged jealousy that wound up with the man getting exactly what he wanted from this situation. And Dio’s first instinct and inclination was to act upon all three of those at once.

But, with a long breath taken to cool himself down and unfold his newly clenched wrist, he returned to the superior nonchalance he should have had over this situation. It was not often the moral high ground was in his favour (deserved or otherwise).

“If you were trying to turn me or, or give me a reason to be with you, it is lost. Had I known you were going to jump into the nearest bosom the second things do not go your way, I would have reconsidered our very relationship. What am I to you, Jojo--” Dio placed a hand to his chest, aghast, continuing on to say “--nothing more than a piece of meat? A hole for your cock to push itself into? I am far more than that, but it seems you only desire me for my body. How very superficial of you, how ungentlemanly.”
Jojo would have to do better than that.

~

Jonathan’s face melted into a frown, and eventually his lips pursed with a deep grumble in his throat. His eyes locked with Dio, but there was no way that Dio would be able to stare him down on this. None. Not when his reputation as a gentleman was at stake, at least in Dio’s eyes.

Resigning himself to the fact that he needed to put trousers on (a very sad fact indeed) and also that if he tried to retaliate, Dio would most likely leave, Jonathan did the only thing he could. He found a pair of pyjama bottoms, tugged them on, and then curled up in the bed beside Dio.

“You know full well that I adore every last bit of you, my prince, not just your rear.” Jonathan’s arms slipped around him and pulled Dio up against his chest, sighing deeply as he did so. “Every. Last. Bit.” The last three words had little nips made to the shell of his left ear after each one. He then pulled back and reached for a book from his bedside table, leaving a space between them.

“But since my presence is violating your sanctity I suppose it is my duty to give you your space.”

~

“It is your duty,” Dio said in a voice not holding the same certainty he had a few seconds before, quietly cursing that sensitive spot on his lobe for being such an active weakness. He sat up again once Jonathan had let him go, watching him for about two minutes in silence before speaking once again, missing the attention and wanting from his horny brother.

“You know, Jojo, your strategy here is a little off centre. You are trying to lure me into the throes of desire when you have already sucked me off, leaving me spent. And your own cock has had its pleasure too.” He sighed when Jonathan started humming, flipping the book over to the next page. This game was not as fun as he had hoped it would be. Jonathan was far too smug for this all to give him the desired satisfaction.

“Fine then. You know what? You have already brought me to damnation, so you might as well get it over with.” Dio tugged his suspenders off his arms, letting them hang at the sides, attached to his trousers which were taken off promptly after the removal of his shirt, thrown away with his undergarments, leaving him naked and bare.
“Happy now? Couldn’t even last four days, pitiful.”

~

Jonathan did his best to appear thoroughly humbled as Dio began to undress before him, though in reality he had to keep himself from snorting in laughter. He tilted his book down and looked straight at him.

“Oh I am aware of how awful I am, I have practically handed you the keys to hell!” The corners of Jonathan’s lips began to turn up slightly. “And I am yielding completely, you have absolutely ‘won’ your game… whatever game that may be.” Jonathan was not keeping score. At the moment the only thing he cared about was getting his own clothes off fast enough so that Dio did not have a chance to change his mind. Thankfully, as he was wearing even less than Dio, that was none too difficult.

Crawling across the bed towards him, ass in the air, Jonathan looked bright eyed and not even one drop of neglectful. He leaned in and captured Dio’s lips, before pulling the other man against him, their bodies feeling warm to the touch when pressed together.

“Don’t lie to me Dio… I was on your mind these past few days, was I not?”

~

“Of course you were on my mind, Jojo.” Dio licked away the wetness on his lips from Jonathan’s overly eager kiss; not that he didn’t enjoy it. “I’ll admit a double bed seems incredibly large now that your giant oaf of a body isn’t taking up three quarters of it. And your mess no longer clutters up my room; I had almost started to forget what tidiness was.” A lie, since Dio kept the cottage quite clean and Jonathan did his best to keep his own things in order, but all the same.

Dio could already feel Jonathan’s hardness poking into him when they had done little more than splay upon each other and exchange a long kiss. Utterly insatiable, to think he managed nineteen years without bodily embraces until Dio had come along.

Then again from the looks of it he actually had not touched himself once these four days. What a foolish man Jojo was.
“You realise, Jojo, that we are going to have to schedule ourselves like this for the remainder of the year, withholding holidays. The only reason we are here now was because there was a holdup with my lecture otherwise we would be meeting on the weekend as planned. So really there is no point in making celibacy pacts you cannot keep if you are pulling out hairs on the first week.”

“I never want to be celibate again,” Jonathan stated firmly. “Never, ever, ever.” He pulled Dio against him in a way that was a bit more snug than comfortable for the blond in his arms, though he eventually loosened it, pressing some light kisses to the back of his neck, as his cock pressed into his rear end.

“It is terrible enough that I will need to be away for three weeks.” Jonathan’s lips began to suckle on the pale skin, leaving a mark that would become a bruise later on. “I don’t think that I will last if I cannot at least relieve myself. Dio, how is it you went through four days?” One of Jonathan’s hands started to move up the front of Dio’s thigh, brushing against his cock, and moving over and upwards onto his stomach.

“As for me, you’ve left me rather sick with fever at night. I was tossing and turning, wishing you were beside me, and then I would fall asleep and dream of you, only to wake up to nothing. And yet, I would be as hard as a rock.” An exasperated sigh escaped his lips. “Is this what true love is always like, or have you drugged me?”

“The only drug I, Dio, have given you is me. I hate to break it to you, Jojo, but I am addictive and you will never get over me.” Dio shone the man an arrogant grin, enjoying the tender touches for the few moments Jonathan could manage not plunging himself deep within his rear, likely trying to show that he did indeed see him as more than that, after he had questioned his gentleman’s honour.

“But to answer you question, my ability to control over urges I may or may not have is impeccable. Besides, these first four days have been hectic, I could not even find the time to stroke myself off if I wanted to.” Lies, lies and more lies. One day Dio would tell Jonathan that he was anything but abstinent in these last days, but he did not want to lose this happy feeling just yet.

So instead he turned his head just enough to find Jonathan’s lips, kissing them quickly and smiling once more. “But if it makes it better, then we need not keep to this promise any longer. I do not really care either way what you do, so long as you are thinking of Dio and Dio alone while you do it.” He paused. “Speaking of which, what black and red ensemble would you be referring to? I don’t recall
ever going about in such a combination.” Determined to keep his punishment silent, he kept to his word.

~

“You were wearing red and black that night you tied me to the bed and… ah… did things to me.” Jonathan began as he searched Dio’s face for recognition, but was given none. He lifted a hand to scratch it through his brown hair, chuckling nervously. “I suppose it is possible I dreamed it up, but the next day I had the marks on my skin and everything. Come now Dio, you looked absolutely amazing, why would you not wish to own up to such beauty?”

Dio gave nothing more than a shrug in response to that and so deciding that the denial did not really matter, Jonathan resumed kissing Dio on the corners of his mouth, and then moving to his ear, neck, shoulders… Jonathan had a map of all the most sensitive places on Dio’s body memorised, and he was making sure he visited each and every one.

“Right now, I am just as glad to have you before me in nothing. After all, it is all I need. When Jonathan had reached Dio’s tailbone, he carefully pressed him onto his back, and spread his legs with a knee. Reaching between his thighs, he toyed with his entrance, and slipped a finger in dry, just to test.

“The oils are so very far away in the bottom of my drawer…” Jonathan complained.

~

“Ow! Jojo, stop that.” Dio batted him away, though the exclaim was less about pain and more regarding his discomfort. “I have not been entered in four days, at least use your spit if you are too lazy to grab the oil you dolt.”

Dio grumbled as Jonathan pulled out with an apologetic look on his face, before starting to lather up his fingers with a healthy coating of saliva, as he should have done in the first place. With a roll of his eyes, Dio settled himself in a better position, craning his rear upwards, pointing forth and shaking just a little to incite him. The anticipation had started making him eager, and he felt the throbs of arousal hit his cock once more, the length hardening beneath his legs, sensation and desire increased all more when he felt the hot erection Jonathan had to offer slide up against his ass, slick and readying itself for entrance.
“Maybe… just maybe I have missed you terribly, Jojo,” Dio admitted as he grabbed a pillow and brought it forward. He had every expectation that it’d be only thing that could remotely muzzle his loud and wanton cries. That was proven quite definitely when Jonathan shoved three wet fingers in his ass all at once.

~

Jonathan was uncertain how long Dio had planned on staying, but he knew that he planned on having him more than once tonight. The oils could come later, now was time for their flesh coming together with nothing but saliva to ease it in. At the start of their relationship, Jonathan may have been nervous about trying this, but now he knew better.

Jonathan moved his three fingers around inside him, not quite hitting the spot he wanted directly, but enough to give him a bit of a taste. He started a rhythm, and contemplated how best to pay homage to Dio’s body next.

“I missed you terribly as well. Every part of you.” With that, Jonathan’s head sank between Dio’s thighs, withdrawing the fingers so that his tongue could run across the puckered entrance. He had done it already, and while he might not have enjoyed the act itself, Dio’s reaction to it was payment enough. His tongue slipped in, just a bit further this time, before it was replaced by his cock. His first thrust was a powerful one, hitting his prostrate in a not so gentle way, eyes fixed on Dio’s face so that he could savour his reaction.

~

Dio wriggled and writhed and cried out just as Jonathan expected and wanted him to, clenching his hole tight around his tongue and soon after, his cock. The mix of sensations was staggering, and he felt himself falter immediately, coming to the quick conclusion that like this, even from the start. he was not going to last very long.

“Tell me what you missed about me, Jojo,” Dio said, breath already light when he recovered from the first slam, bringing Jonathan down and himself up so they met in the middle, taking the form of a kiss, trail of saliva breaking as they parted.

“I missed your scent, my room has nothing of you in it, not a single garment. I have grown quite accustomed to having you about, it is as if something is missing, wrong, when your presence is vacant to all my senses.” Dio’s leg hooked around Jonathan’s hips and he thrusted upwards, bidding the man continue in his bucks, setting the course to delivering the pleasure he had been craving and missing for days.
Jonathan moved smoothly in and out of Dio, wrapping his arms around him so that he could encompass him whole, like a blanket. The feel of their bare chests, sticky and wet with sweat, was a welcome, if not overly warm sensation. His voice was slow, speaking as he withdrew, and grunting as he pressed inside.

"I missed your hair." Jonathan's nose pressed down into Dio's silky mane. "I miss it all the time. I find myself daydreaming about running my fingers through it..." One of Jonathan's hands reached up to lightly run his fingers through the length on his neck and shoulders.

"But I missed you. I missed our talks. I even missed our squabbles." There was a pause as he took a particularly long thrust, and then leaned in to kiss his forehead. "I miss everything about you, Dio. Because I love you."

Of course the mention of his hair would come first, Jonathan was insatiably horny his mind was jumping fast to the physical. Wasn’t he supposed to be the romantic one?

The recovery was fast enough, however, as Jonathan began to pick up the pace, thrusts deep but steady, and Dio found himself able to maintain longer than he originally anticipated. He presumed Jonathan was going to flip him on his stomach and use his rear as cock target practice. But as they were now, with words and caresses and kisses... it was nice too.

“I miss them too,” Dio once again admitted, his mood and feelings rather open today, for there was barely a hitch as he spilled the truth. “Though I doubt whenever we fight next that you will think fondly of them.” He did know of his temper after all. “I used to enjoy riling you, you made the greatest reactions.” Dio sniggered.

“I suppose I still do, in a way, though I’d rather rile you up in the throes of pleasure and divine ecstasy. Now those faces are satisfying.” Just to prove it, he clenched hard around Jonathan’s length, walls tightly closing and giving the man a surge of hot bliss as he upped his bucking and jaunting.
Jonathan’s cries did seem almost comparable to pain, he was so loud, his eyes growing wider as Dio sank deeper onto his cock. “I… much prefer this way myself.” Jonathan said with a pant.

Fingers began to trace over Dio’s hips, as if remembering the curve of them. It had not been all that long, everything considered, but it felt like forever, being so far away from Dio. He couldn’t stand it. They were young and in the prime of their lives, they should be able to enjoy each other.

“Just one more year… less, even.” Jonathan gasped out between thrusts. “Once we graduate, nothing will keep us apart. Not even father. And then we will--” His final thoughts were cut off by his climax. He came hard and deep within Dio’s body, and bit his lip to quiet his screams. Still, the intention behind his words remained.

~

It was one of those unusual circumstances where Jonathan spilled his seed in a hot push of white before Dio was able to achieve his own orgasm. It tended to come out in times Jonathan was particularly riled, spurred about with his own fervent lust, and today was certainly adjacent to that rule.

Still, it was nice to be filled up by Jonathan, his walls paving way for the warm come inside, lining him with a insulant and he moaned along with Jojo. He hooked his arms around the larger man and clawed in, scratching red against that sun tanned back of his, not yet faded to its usual complexion, which in the end, compared to Dio was especially, didn’t make too much difference.

“One more year, and then we are eloping to Europe,” Dio said as Jonathan rode out his pleasure within him, still recovering. “But in thirty more seconds, you shall be attending to my needs, I should very much hope.”

~

Jonathan lifted a head of curly, mushed up hair and grinned down at Dio. “But of course, my love.” He pulled himself out, and slipped a hand back, giving Dio’s rear a sharp squeeze. He knew that Dio enjoyed being filled most of all, and being that he had already come by his mouth once already, this would probably be more welcome. Several fingers pressed inside him, thrusting in and out, while he locked their lips together.
Jonathan was no stranger to making Dio come, and soon enough, his efforts would be rewarded with a stream of silver. Smiling, he kissed his forehead, before hoisting Dio up into his arms.

“Happy now? Before you ask, yes I will run your bath. And I will wash every inch of you.” Jonathan seemed set on doing so whether Dio wished it or not. However, a jar of rose scented bath salts showed that the brunet had been thinking ahead.

~

Dio waved a slightly weak but nonetheless accepting hand. “By all means then, Jojo.” They made their way over to the bathroom, Dio draping himself about Jonathan’s form, being carried akin to breathing as of late days.

When the short walk over had been made, Jonathan would have found it rather difficult to set Dio down when his arms wrapped around and threatened never to let go, head nestling within the crook of his neck, enjoying the warm invitation it held. From this angle he could see the star shaped birthmark poking round his shoulder, he gave it a lazy series of kisses.

“Four days since I have had you in my arms like this,” Dio said taking a great deal of thought about that time. He was growing dependant, he could see that with the highest sense of forthright. Weak. He knew it was, and the back of his mind that fought any trace of weakness screamed at him. Dio knew he had been growing soft. Somewhere along the line he just knew.

~

Jonathan did not see the man in his arms as soft in the slightest. He only saw him as a beautiful and often prickly creature, who happened to be his. As the warm bath water filled the tub, he sat on the edge and admired Dio, still draped over his lap.

"Four day since we were torn apart. It seems almost cruel does it not?” He said with a frown. "I don't like not being as free to love you as I was in the summer time, and how close we were through all of it. Having you be so far.." He shook his head and opted to change the subject instead.

"Let's not think of how unfair the world is. Let us think instead of something happier." He turned the water off as it filled the tub, and then helped Dio step inside delicately. "If we were to be married, if it were allowed, what kind of wedding would you want? I am curious, even if it is out of the question in a traditional sense."
“Large, grand, I’d want myself a fanfare for a wedding, with all to see the Jojo they would be missing out on, because he is dearly, dearly mine.” Dio nestled himself in the warmth of the tub, enjoying the rosy fragrance and sighed, happy and content, legs crossing over themselves in a comfortable recline.

“Roses. Red, obviously, but we should have ourselves some purple -- since it suits you so well -- and white thrown in. Perhaps a splash of pink, but I would have to take far more thought into the arrangement of flowers with a practiced florist. Violins, an array of strings and a church organ would play the song as I enter the room. I would walk down the aisle, as I would wish for all to see my outfit, gloriously shining and as radiant as I, and you would be there, smiling… and probably crying since that is the sort of sap you are.” Dio hummed.

“The ceremony would not drivel and last too long, for standing about and listening to old hymns is rather dull, but the reception would be spectacular, as well as the doves that flutter upon our kiss, trained to fly in a perfect array, and all about us would cheer, jealous that they will never share what we have, no matter how hard they try.” Soap lathered his body and still Dio continued.

“But again, to the reception. I would allow you to choose the food, admittedly that is more your area, but I, naturally, would be in charge of the beverages. All wines and champagnes and liquor, there shan’t be any children at my wedding, that is more than certain. We would enjoy it well, but I imagine we would depart early, for the honeymoon would await us.”

As Jonathan moved into the tub Dio rolled forward so he was pressing his head against his chest, lying in a curve against him, torso to torso. “Not that I have thought about it.”

~

Jonathan’s hands ran across Dio’s body, the soap lathering beneath his fingertips. "Roses…” he murmured, which matches the scent in the soap. "Roses, and violins, and champagne...yes. That would be a perfect, perfect day.” Jonathan’s fingers traced circles on Dio’s shoulder, leaving a trail of soapy water. He had spent his life thinking that he would someday be married, it was after all expected of him. And an heir to a fortune would be expected to have a decadent affair.

There was to be none. But there would still be a marriage.
"You know what else is perfect? Having you against me like this, soaked in sweet smelling warmth."
A kiss was pressed to the top of Dio's head. "For our honeymoon, it would not matter where we went. We would need a large bedroom, and a large bathroom as well. As you know, that is where we will be spending the vast majority of our time." Jonathan's arms draped over his chest, and he gave him a squeeze.

"A honeymoon is supposed to be about exploring your lover's body for the very first time. We won't be doing that...but it never hurts to try and relearn it, now does it?"

~

“When it comes to our honeymoon, we can bypass the uncomfortable learning curb that the wedded couple must endure, since we know our own bodies so well. It is better this way, would you not agree?”

Dio sighed, the thought of bubbly and roses and dressing up in white taking over his mind. He closed his eyes, letting the soothing light voice of Jonathan amass, snuggling and kissing his wet pectorals.

“But I would not mind if you were to search and learn and gain a masters degree in this body of mine. I think I could be a rather accommodating professor and examiner, happy to give you the most extensive of critique.” Dio chuckled. “I remember when you were just a virgin, couldn’t even find my hole on the first try. Though I admit you were a quick study.”

~

Jonathan scratched behind his ear, a half smile on his lips. “Yes, I was clumsy and naive at first. I didn’t know what I was doing, as I’ve never had anyone like that before.” He looked down at Dio so snug on his chest, and pushed a few stray strands of blond from his eyes. “It is not unlike how you were when it came to someone caring for you.” Leaning down, he lightly kissed Dio’s forehead.

“You have taught me a great deal about many things in our time together.” Jonathan knew he should reach for the soap and washcloth, but he was so content sitting where they were, he did not even wish to move, happily carding his fingers through Dio’s hair. “I will never be the same, nor will you.” His eyes lazily drifted up to the plaster white ceiling, staring off into nothing.
“This three week trip to Wales has me anxious.” Jonathan brought up, not looking at Dio directly. “Here I am, barely able to function without you around, my head buzzing with thoughts of a happier time, and yet I soon need to leave. I don’t know if I’ve ever had three weeks away from you since you arrived at the estate. Heaven knows I might have liked it when you were younger.” He gave Dio’s rear a pinch.

~

“While in boarding school there were two different school trips we could have attended together, and you chose the one I did not,” Dio said, thinking back to their early adolescence a time of tension and strife under the false pretence of friendship. But that was only for two days, and I suspected you chose that purposefully.” Dio made a face.

Jonathan was supposed to have been wrapped around his little finger back then; he had been confident to erase the boy who kissed his girl and killed his dog from Jonathan’s mind. But he supposed that had never truly escaped his memory, even if details became foggy, he never felt as if he had ever truly won Jonathan. He supposed it took true genuineness to do that.

~

“Those days are over.” Jonathan said softly as he kissed the top of Dio’s head. “Now, I will never choose to go somewhere based on the lack of your company.” He began to gently spill water across Dio’s shoulders. “I hope that makes you happy.”

Chapter End Notes

Apologies that the chapter promised for Tuesday is up a bit late. Both D and I are very busy with IRL matters, but updates will continue every Friday. Thank you again for reading, and for all your comments and encouragement! <3 - J
No longer under his vow of chastity, Jonathan was not in as much anguish as he had been, however, the preparation for the impending trip did bring worries to his mind. Being apart from Dio for so long, would it be beneficial? Would absence make the heart grow fonder, or just forget?

“I am going to miss you,” Jonathan said on their last meeting, the morning of his departure. The previous night had been filled with lustrous farewell, but he simply had to see him one more time. Leaning down, Jonathan gave him a kiss on the mouth. “Now don’t you miss me too much, mm?” A hand cupped Dio’s cheek for a moment, before slowly pulling away. “Take care of yourself. I will see you soon.” And with that, Jonathan grabbed his bags to leave.

~

If Dio was honest, the lack of Jonathan did have its effects, but with a great deal of work to be done, he did not let it bother him, for there simply was no time for it. At least he would have liked to think so, especially after the time he wound up stood in front of Jonathan’s dorm before realising he was not there to greet him. That night, he had taken to Jonathan’s bed anyway, convincing himself he was too tired to make the long walk back to his own room at this hour.

The sheets still held his scent.

***

Two nights before Jonathan’s return home, Dio, after a stare in the vanity, grumbling over split ends, decided a trip to the hairdresser would do him some good. A quick snip off the ends would see the end of his troubles, and he could welcome Jojo back looking dashing from head to toe.

But apparently the barber heard ‘take it all’ and before Dio could cry out in opposition, nine months’ worth of growing made its way onto the tiled floor in a blond heap. Wide eyes flipped between the mirror and the ground, turning into sharp narrowed amber, as the barber, quite vividly was told where he could stick his scissors, profanities impure as a sailor.

Marching out, all Dio could do was twiddle the ends of his locks, now reaching barely past his ears. Jonathan was not going to be happy about this.

~

The three weeks went by quickly for Jonathan. There was so much to do, and so little time to do it in, that he did not have much time to wallow in the severe lack of Dio. Jonathan’s days were spent in the sun and dirt, digging, examining, and documenting every little fragment he could find.

So busy he was that by the time he was on the train home, he realised he was sporting three week’s worth of beard growth on his face. ‘Maybe I’ll leave it as a surprise.’ He thought with a smirk.

The trip home was swift, swifter than he had intended. Due to weather, they had left the dig site two days early, and he had made excellent time on all his trains since. He arrived at Hugh Hudson late on a Sunday evening, and Jonathan knew Dio would be settling in to study. He did not wish to disturb him… well, actually, he did. And disturb him he would. Still in his travel clothes, worn through rain and muddy trudges, with a hooded cloak that covered half his face, gone was the gentlemanly presentation, replaced with something far more scraggly.
Moping over an abandoned head of hair, Dio sat at the vanity mirror once more, still twizzling the shortened waves between two fingers. His head felt bobbed, light and airy. It was not that he did not like his hair short, on the contrary, a plethora of styles would suit him, but it was not at all what he wanted and it was perfectly reasonable to be pissed. Not to mention Jonathan adored it long, and how Dio loved to be adored.

The only thing to bring him out of his pout, was a twist of his door, and the stray sound of an unlocking handle. With no one around who held the key to his room, suspicion took over and he twirled in a quick swivel of limbs as it opened, greeted by a gigantic behemoth of a man, cloaked and menacing with large steps, overgrown beard and tattered clothes tracking mud into his room.

Picking up the nearest sharp item, Dio posed himself threatening, pair of eyebrow tweezers ready to strike and jab without remorse.

“Who the hell are you?! How did you even get in here?” The surprise and offensive stance was aborted as Jonathan removed his hood, hands up to present himself.

“Jojo?! What the hell do you look like?” He took in a whiff. “What the hell do you smell like?! You look like a homeless man…” Dio leaned in, holding his nose and squinting his eyes. “And that beard… I didn’t even recognise you!” Carefully, he pocketed the impromptu weapon; no need to tell Jonathan he was about to be stabbed. “You were supposed to be back two days from now. What happened?”

Jonathan leaped back, eyes widening in shock; an angry Dio had not been the greeting he’d been expecting. Pulling back the hood and smoothing out a few of his messy brown curls, it finally dawned on Jonathan that perhaps maybe, just maybe, he should have at least showered and put on a fresh set of clothes before coming over. But that would have taken precious moments away from time that could be spent in Dio’s room, and all that entailed.

“The trip ended earlier than expected, heavy rain made the last two days impossible to dig in,” said Jonathan as he took off the cloak and hung it on a hook near the door, being careful to not let it touch Dio’s own jacket, lest the mud rub off onto it. “I thought I would surprise you, it seems I went a little too far!” Chuckling, Jonathan kicked off his shoes and looked Dio over from head, to toe, and then back to head.

“...You cut your hair?” he asked with a confused lilt in his voice.

Caught in a moment he expected, but nonetheless dreaded with little time to accept the fact himself, Dio sighed. “Some pissant of a barber directly misheard me and decided a trim to him meant chop all my hair off.” He groaned, loud, mostly at the shop worker than anyone else. “I’ll see him fired for his misdeeds, rest assured.” But all the same he had to live with it now, and some much needed reassurance from his lover would have been all too appreciated.

“It isn’t so bad though, is it?” A bat of long, dark lashes was given, as Dio looked on at Jonathan, expectant.

“No, it isn’t bad,” Jonathan said as he rubbed a finger under his chin. “You look lovely no matter
what.” It was true, Jonathan had enjoyed the longer length on Dio’s head, but hair would grow back. And Dio was full of charm, when he wanted to be. “As long as you don’t dye it, I don’t mind how short you cut it!” Jonathan cackled at his own joke, stepping forward with arms wide open, ready to take the blond into a tight embrace.

～

Better than nothing, Dio supposed, relieved that it had not gone too detrimentally. “No, I had no intentions of dying it. I wouldn’t want your heart to explode, now would I?” he teased, small smirk on his lips.

As Jonathan took intentional steps forward, Dio took intentional steps back. “What exactly do you think you are doing, Jojo?” He pointed a finger over the entire expanse of Jonathan’s mud caked body. “You are not touching me looking and smelling like that. Go and take a bath. A long one.”

～

Being reminded of just how long a trip it had been home, as well as how long it had been since he had bathed, Jonathan’s fingers began to undo the buttons of his shirt. Once in the bathroom, the mud and sweat coated attire was abandoned on the floor, and he began to rigorously scrub. Perhaps next time it would be more beneficial to shower rather than be condemned without so much as a kiss to the bathroom.

Still, it did not take long for all the grime to flow down the drain, Jonathan’s damp skin smelling like whatever scent Dio had decided to use this week. He was just finishing rinsing the shampoo from his hair when he heard the door crack open.

～

When fifteen odd minutes had passed and the scent of honeysuckle wafted in sweet scents into the next room, Dio too began to remove his clothing, slipping into pale nudity and stepping the bathroom to join Jonathan.

“That is much better,” he said, nodding in approval at the near clean form he saw sitting comfortably in the tub. One leg over the other, Dio straddled him, feeling the warm depths pool over him, newly filled with new water, saving him from entering murky brown. Not that he ever would do such a thing.

“Except for the beard.” Dio played with it between his fingers, the amount far more than the scruffy stubble Jonathan had on occasional days he forgot to shave. “Did you even pick up a razor while you were away?”

～

“Ah, it slipped my mind.” Jonathan said, reaching up to feel the weeks’ worth of growth on his cheek. “I thought you might find it charmingly rustic.” A look from Dio was enough to make him smile sheepishly and shrug. “I can shave it off, don’t worry.” He would have reached for the razor right away, however with the blond straddling his lap, his hands were more occupied with Dio’s hips and ass than with his own face.

～

After going three weeks without a solitary touch, Dio was more than content in letting him remain there. Even with the beard, he planted his lips on Jonathan’s mouth and kissed him with enthusiasm. “Welcome back, my charmingly rustic homeless man.” He grinned, cheeky, before they kissed and
touched once again. And again. And a few times more.

***

“We should go out tonight,” Dio said forthrightly, while watching Jonathan finally remove the beard as if it were a dinner show. “I had seen a sign for a wine tasting event in town while I was out, and thought it might be fun to attend, though I had no partner. But since you are here now, I see no reason why not.” He smoothed his palm over the now clear patch of skin on one side of Jonathan’s face, smiling as he leaned in to give it a peck. Much better.

~

“Wine tasting, eh?” Jonathan met Dio’s eyes in the mirror, rinsing off the razor in the sink. The event itself was not one Jonathan would have gone to by his own choice, always preferring desserts to alcoholic beverages, but one need only know Jonathan for five minutes to know that.

But he did enjoy the lighter, sweeter wines, and he enjoyed pleasing Dio even more. An evening out together after their three week separation was most appropriate, and sounded like fun. “All right, so long as you can still walk home by the end of the night! After all, we do not want a repeat of the summer ball.” But despite that unpleasant incident, he was sure Dio could handle his liquor by now.

***

He may have been too optimistic

"Ah, you know Dio,” he started while were sat in the hall, dim lighting and relaxed music creating subtle ambience in the decorated hall, “You don't have to swallow every one..."

~

Dio, in the midst of inhaling two swigs did not quite agree with Jonathan’s comments. He was happily buzzed now, cheeks pink and smile wide, he could not help but chuckle and giggle like a tittering schoolgirl at the smallest of nothings he found humorous. The perfect balance, where he loved to be in his consumption.

“Jojo~” he said voice in a singsong, and then he laughed for reasons unknown before saying his name again. “I want wine, Jojo~ I want wine and I want…” His hand travelled to Jonathan’s nose, streaming it down the tip and travelling across his plump lips that were unfortunately not on his own. “Yooooo~ Now~”

~

Jonathan's cheeks turned bright red, as he glanced about the parlour of the restaurant. No one was paying them any mind, and they were after all brothers, so a certain measure of intimacy was acceptable. Not quite the intimacy Dio had in mind, however.

"Do you now? Well, you shall have both.” He chuckled and let his fingers run along Dio's cheek lightly, before taking the empty glasses from his hands. "I am pleased that you are enjoying yourself… and even more pleased that you will be going home with me. I've missed waking up beside you."

~

“I have missed things too,” Dio said, bringing himself to a stand, making his way over to Jonathan’s side of the table. He leaned into his ear in a hot, intoxicated breath. “I have missed your cock. And
how full it makes me when lodged inside.” He laughed again, before moving further still. There were rows of wine glasses to sample, but Dio had no more interest in them. Instead he reached back and took four bottles, two in each hand, stealthy and subtle as one drunk ever could be, returning to Jonathan’s side.

“These will suffice,” he proclaimed, handing Jonathan a couple to hold himself. “Let us go now, I am done with being unable to have my hands all over you.”

~

Jonathan was both delighted and embarrassed by Dio’s declarations. "We had best be going then, if that is how you feel!” Quickly he paid for the extra bottles, not wishing to cause a scene with Dio’s unruly behaviour. Soon enough they were on the road back to school and Jonathan’s dormitory.

"Dearest, are you sure you’ll be up for such activities tonight? I don't want to take advantage of you after all, and I want you to remember every last moment of when I touch your body next.”

~

“Oh, Jojo, even if I were not conscious right now my ass would still be rearing itself towards your cock, so now I say to you take advantage of me, for it is what I want most truly.” It was fortunate that the halls were barren, for Dio was speaking far too loudly. “But I am conscious and awake and I want it all.”

The third year Hugh Hudson dormitories was located up three flights of stairs. Normally a non-issue, after an attempt or four it came to be clear that Dio was not going to be making his way up them without tripping multiple times.

So it came to be that Dio was hoisted up in a fireman’s lift on Jonathan’s shoulder, carried up the stairs in a clumsy crawl (for Jonathan was not completely sober either), and eventually they made their way to the top.

“Throw me on the bed and rip off my clothes, I want you the second we enter,” Dio said, pulling up the back of Jonathan’s shirt and leaving sloppy kisses.

~

"We shall see how far we make it.” Jonathan said with a small smile, as he kicked open the door and carried Dio inside. The moment the door slammed behind them, Jonathan had Dio pinned to the floor, stripping him of his jacket and hastily pulling open his shirt. Jonathan’s lips leaned down and suckled lightly at each nipple, letting his tongue linger about the sensitive flesh.

Hands fumbled with Dio’s belt, working to get him out of his trousers as quickly as possible. Once he did, lips closed around the shaft, and he murmured softly, as if doing so was a relief.

"You are so delicious and I have no idea how I lasted without you.”

~

Dio laughed as they hit the floor, the giddy inebriation still circling warmly through his system. The bottles make a clinking noise, landing with them and fortunately not breaking as Jonathan took to removing his garments.

“Fingers, fingers. Use them instead, I want--” Dio cut off his words as he pulled Jonathan’s hand up and brought it to his lips, wet as he licked and sucked on the digits, lathering them up well with his
spit, the bedside table where they kept the oil too far for him to even consider reaching for it. Dio spread his legs wide and open, pink hole revealing itself in all the puckered glory it possessed.

“Inside, inside,” he repeated, need swelling over his body like pox; far less itchy, but no less intense, for all that washed over him now was that urge to have Jonathan’s cock inside him hard and heavy and back where it belonged.

~

"Yes, yes, I am getting there, I just had to taste you first." His face was flushed from the exercise, and the strands of his hair were wildly astray. But there was a look of pure joy as he watched Dio’s expression, so lovely and happy and tipsy, wanting more and more, as he gave Dio a quick spreading, as eager to get inside as he.

“You are so greedy tonight.” Leaning in he pressed a peck to Dio’s lips. "You want everything, don’t you? If you had the world you would ask for the moon and stars to match." As he spoke, his fingers moved within him, pressing the spot he knew that would drive Dio wild.

"I would give them all to you like a fool." Fingers were suddenly taken out, and Jonathan enjoyed watching Dio’s disappointed and frustrated expression rise, before replacing it with his thick cock, coated in a quick slather of spit.

~

“What is the point of having anything if you cannot have everythin--aaaah!!” Dio clenched and widened his hole, the curve of his back arched high as Jonathan impaled himself inside, laughter and a grin wild and wanton appearing moments after as the ecstasy and bliss took hold.

“Give it to me, give it to me, yes, yes, yes,” Dio chanted, legs hooking round Jonathan’s hips in a tight hold, bucking and thrusting upwards in a pattern less bound, trying his best to match the other’s movements, but not caring for anything expect increasing this feeling tenfold, twentyfold. He had not felt this good since the summer and their time away; Dio had no qualms about working hard and achieving greatness for scholarly, career, and aspirational purposes, but oh to lounge and relax and fuck without a care -- pleasure without compare.

Dio brought his hands to snake around Jonathan’s neck, hoisting himself up with that as support and kissing him with wet affections, slipping down to his jaw and neck, moaning in between each gesture. “Deeper, deeper…”

~

Jonathan smiled the entire time, how could he not? They were reunited again, together as they should be. Becoming one with Dio had become just another part of nature, and it was all he needed right now, to remind him that everything was okay. Despite the family obligations that always loomed over head, he was determined to dispel the cloud and continue exactly as he saw fit. And Dio, in his opinion, was a most perfect fit indeed.

With a powerful thrust, one after the other, he pounded into Dio, going long at first, wanting each motion to be complete, but the closer he came to completion, the shorter and harder the thrusts became. Before long, his own body began to tremble, and his seed filled him to the brim. Once finished, perhaps a bit sooner than he had liked, he ran his fingers through what was left of Dio’s hair, and kissed him sloppily.

"We should probably get off the floor," he joked.
“Oh, but the floor is just so comfortable, Jojo,” Dio said in response, wriggling about on the surface just to prove it.

Dio had come too, happily so, Jonathan’s own later burst sending him into the starting realms of overstimulation, coursing through his body, making him tender, but he would have it no other way. Tired, his leg grip around Jonathan started to slack, but with every intention of keeping him close he forced them to remain around him, panting and heaving and accepting the wet affection pressed against his lips.

With a chuckle, Jonathan scooped him up despite Dio’s words, tossing him gently onto the bed. He admired the blond for a moment, but did not stay for long, stepping back to retrieve the wine bottles and two glasses.

"We should have a toast. To us." Jonathan spoke as he liberally poured a sparkling wine into each cup.

"Oh yes, indeed to us," Dio proclaimed, gladly accepting the wine with a grin that had not seemed to fade all this evening, leaving him with painful cheeks, but a nice sort of pain that he had no desire to do away with. He swallowed the drink in three easy gulps before clumsily pouring himself another.

Before the third came about an idea hit. "Jooojooo," he sang. "Why don't we play ourselves a game with all this wine? It makes drinking all the more enjoyable does it not?" He sloshed the bottle around in emphasis.

"Truth or dare. We each take turns, nothing is off limits tonight."

Jonathan loved Dio in any flavour, but right now, giddy and slightly tipsy was his absolute favourite. He sipped at his own wine, knowing that he was slightly drunk as well. But he didn't care. It was wonderful and freeing, and they were both safe in the confines of Jonathan's room. What could go wrong?

"A game?" he asked curiously. "I haven't ever played truth or dare to be honest," Jonathan replied with a sheepish smile. "But I am willing to try." He stole another kiss before asking, "Truth or dare, my dearest, darling blond."

Dio was surprised that Jonathan had never played. He himself had spent many a boarding school night in a circle of boys past curfew, it was a customary experience in his book. Of course his truths tended to be in half forms, or complete lies if he had no wish to answer. And dares… well Dio had no problem with fooling about and kissing the same members of his sex, and that tended to be the general case if they did not consist of eating something disgusting, or sneaking out after dark. Perhaps he should have had Jonathan participate in them, but he was such a goody two shoes and they tended to drift apart in school circles.

"Give me a truth."
Jonathan grabbed the bottle from Dio and took a nice long swig, contemplating what he could ask. The bubbling wine was sharp in his mouth, as his eyes stayed fixed on Dio.

“I know that you realised your feelings for me early on, but… hmm…” Jonathan tapped his chin contemplatively. “When did you first realise that you were attracted to me?” He grinned like the Cheshire cat, moving in close to Dio, hands creeping along his thighs.

“When did you first realise that I made you hard?” Jonathan drew little circles on Dio’s thigh with his fingers, a slight blush on his cheek. He actually thought he was being crass.

~

“Ohh, Jojo, why do you wish to delve into the stray fleeting cesspool of a mind that belongs to a thirteen year old boy?” Dio watched Jonathan play with his thigh with keen attention. “No… twelve. And I would say it was far the less mind and far more… other organs.

Jonathan, as said, was aware of his attraction prior, so there was little hiding point in hiding it. And since tonight was free reign, and he was too drunk to deny himself, he began his truths with nothing but the truth.

“It was a little like this, if I recall correctly:” Dio brought his hand and wrapped it around his recently spent cock, the touches Jonathan giving him bringing it to a quicker stir as, slowly, he began to stroke it. “I could not keep you out of my head for half the night; but believe you me I didn’t want you there.” How he had cursed himself, perish the thought of Jojo being anything but the uncouth disgusting mess of a boy Dio wished to crush.

But then he would think of his boyish form, the sight of him playing in the river by the estate. Sometimes he would have that striped swimsuit that showed him off in all the right places, clinging to his skin, the white material practically see through. But sometimes it would be an impromptu event and all clothes would be banished from his body as he splashed about freely like some sort of wild child. Dio, not accustomed to such indecent public exposure nearly blew his hidden cover from the yelp he gave at the sight.

“I played a lot with the base, wondered how it would be if your hands were touching. Soft or calloused, fondling or smooth strokes? I thought you’d be clumsy and eager it would take a lifetime for me to spill at your inexperienced hands.” It had been embarrassingly quick for the young Dio Brando to come at those wanton thoughts of the boy Jonathan he hated so greatly, but stirred him to no end. As he spoke, he acted, playing with his length as he had back then, leaning on Jonathan’s chest and rubbing against it as he got himself into the groove.

Part of the story Dio decidedly kept himself, however, was the fact that his first orgasm to Jonathan might have been first blissful experience he had as a boy. Such was his life that he was well accustomed to how a cock worked, how it stirred men into lust and dizzying desire, but when he had started delving into such realms he had been too young to see the true appeal. Yes, sometimes it could bring about a physical reaction, but it was never something he wished to do on his own; his prick had yet to find its own reason to rise.

And then Jonathan came along. And disgusting as it was, Dio came to understand a little more why men would pay for such acts to be fulfilled.

~

At first Jonathan was amused by Dio’s bawdy show, watching him stroke himself back to life, rather surprised at how quickly he was able to do it, after all, he had only just finished. But this was Dio
and he was always ready to surprise, particularly when it came to anything in the bedroom.

In the midst of this however, the part of this being Dio’s fantasy as a twelve year old sank into his skull, which left him shocked and startled. Dio’s first longing glances at him dated all the way back to when he first arrived at the mansion, and even back then there had been sexual desire involved. Either that, or Dio was fooling him right now, just attempting to tell a saucy tale during their little game.

Jonathan stored this fact away in the back of his head, something to be dwelled on later. For now he preferred other distractions, and despite it having not been long since he finished, he too was starting to feel his body stir once again. “Mmm, it did not take me long at all to figure out how you worked.” He grinned broadly, leaning in close, before adding hastily “Physically speaking that is. Everything else, I am not sure I ever will.” He whispered low into Dio’s ear, breath hot against the shell. “Dare me.”

~

Dio chuckled to himself, feeling rather like a young school juvenile with the conjured ideas that came to his mind, but that only seemed to make them more humorous.

“Run one lap around the dormitory campus. Stark. Naked.”
Autumn's Anxieties: Chapter 3

Jonathan’s face glowed at the thought of having himself exposed outside his bedroom, running naked on the campus grounds. It brought a stutter to his lips. “D-D-Dio! That is absolutely absurd! W-what if some poor, unsuspecting lady were to be passing by and saw me?!” His face was as red as a cherry, and he reached for his wine glass to have another sip. “I… I am not sure I should do this, Dio, it simply isn’t gentlemanly…” Finding his glass now empty, he grabbed for the bottle of wine, and took several long gulps of the golden liquid, letting the fizzy bubbles settle into his stomach and the liquor rise to his head.

~

“You have never had a problem stripping off into next to nothing before, I do not see why anything should be changed about that now. Rugby changing rooms, swimming in the lake, running about the campus, it is all the same, isn’t it?” Dio was perfectly nonchalant and calm, excluding his obvious smirk.

“Besides, the world should be honoured that I am granting them a spare opportunity to see you like this; you are mine after all, the only one who shall ever do more than look upon that glorious body of yours is me. I am giving them a taste of heaven. And you certainly have nothing to be ashamed of down below.”

~

Jonathan blushed harder at the truth in the comments, as well as the implicit compliment about the size of his cock. He sighed and took a final swig of the bubbly for a final dosing of liquid courage.

“I… I will do it. If I can make a good speed, hopefully no one will see.” He made his way through his suite to the doorway, giving his head a clap against the edge as he did so. Down the flights of stairs he went, somehow without stumbling, and once he reached the bottom, his underwear was shed, the last shred of clothing gone. Taking a deep breath, he took off into a run.

~

When Jonathan took off, Dio removed himself from the bed. He would have a minute or two before he got round to this side of the building to pass by the window’s view, which was perfect timing to set up for the next time Jonathan asked for a dare.

A minute later, however, he poked his head outside that gave a perfect nice view of downstairs, waiting for Jonathan, wolf whistling loudly when the patter of feet came his way, and in the darkness, something rather distinct could be seen.

“Hello, Jojo!” he yelled with every intention of being heard.

~

Impressive time had been made in Jonathan’s round of the dormitory, and things were thankfully quiet outside. It was late, and Jonathan had been lucky in managing to avoid any of the few people who may have still been out and about. It was dark, and perhaps no one would catch a glimpse if he was lucky.

Then of course, Dio had to go waving and yelling out the window. This only made Jonathan’s face grow hotter, and his feet began to move even faster than before, hoping he could escape without
“Joestar, is that you? Oi!! I never realised the full extent of your blessings!” A window not far from the window of his own dormitory was opened, and out popped two heads of other students in the archaeology department, the year below Jonathan.

One, a ginger covered in freckles couldn’t stop laughing, while the other, a blond, continued to heckle. “Rugby training starting early this year?!”

Jonathan felt like both his face and his lungs were on fire, and he pushed himself even harder to arrive back at the dormitory door as quickly as possible.

~

Dio looked around, spotting the few series of heads that had made their way out of their comfortable glass panes and couldn’t help but burst into childlike chuckles, clapping as Jonathan suddenly upped his pace further.

“Oh come on now, we were just starting to enjoy the show!” How he wished he could see Jonathan’s face the moment others began to notice his emergence, it would have been a thing to mark down in history. Still, he imagined the horror would not subside by the time the man stumbled back into the bedroom, and he was going to enjoy teasing him endlessly until the joke had well and truly died, and Dio knew exactly how to milk it.

Dio had the perfect line set up to say when Jonathan returned, but upon seeing his glowing red mien and very naked body, all he could do was contort in tear streaking laughter.

~

Jonathan’s head and body drooped down on his return, hands on his knees while he caught his breath. Finally, once he regained himself, he stepped up to his nightstand, picking up a pitcher and pouring himself a glass of water.

“I hate you,” he murmured before downing the entire glass, and slamming it back onto the nightstand. “Though not as much as you will hate yourself when I am propositioned by the fellow in the hallway who lives a few doors down. He seemed quite impressed by certain parts of my anatomy.” Glass set aside, Jonathan collapsed into the sheets.

~

“Well isn’t that too bad?” Dio said upon recovering himself from unadulterated giggles, settling back on the bed, pulling Jonathan into his arms.

It was comfortable like this, Jonathan akin to a teddy bear, though perhaps with a few more pounds and a lot more muscle than the average plush. “But alas, you are mine. I should not tolerate anything less than your undivided devotion.” He pushed back brown locks from Jonathan’s slightly sweaty head.

“I think I shall go again for a truth,” Dio decided with a nod. “I am in an honest mood, and it is rather telling and intriguing what you may ask of me.”

~

Jonathan considered his question carefully. He had no desire what so ever to delve into anything pertaining to Dio’s past, the week before had touched far too close on that. So what did that leave?
Jonathan had plenty of curiosity, but there was one topic in particular that he had always wished to know about, but it would have been highly inappropriate to ask. Now, however, things were different between them.

“Dio, what is it like being with a woman? How is it different from being with a man?” Before Dio could do more than raise an eyebrow, he wrapped his arms about the blond and pulled him in close. “Don’t get the wrong idea, I have no plans of being with anyone but you. But… since I’ll never know for myself, I thought it would be a good question to ask.”

~

“Would it now?” Dio sighed. It was not that he was averse to the touch of women, but he did have a preference that tended to lean towards men, not to mention his own sex was in no short supply in an all boy’s school.

He had not been with a woman in his young past, though given his trade it was not so uncommon for him to meet upon a few harlots clad in tight, short garments, loitering about the same bars and streets. He found they could teach him a few things, in his nervous starting days; on how to touch and incite a potential customer, how to use his mouth and position and prepare his rear so it would hurt far less, how to act in front of men who touched too much. It was useful.

Personal exploration came later, experimenting with what he enjoyed for himself, money aside, breasts in his clutches compared to a cock in his hand. There was never any argument on who would be sticking it in when it came to women, which, for a boy trying to reclaim all he lost in assertions of dominance, he appreciated.

There was one night in his second year (before Jonathan) where he tasted the best of both worlds in a tangle of six limbs in a drunken and rather fun night. And the time before that had been at a ball when he was perhaps seventeen years old. Jonathan was being annoying, chatting the night away with some irrelevant nobody and he needed to vent, and this girl would not stop eyeing him, and so he deemed her good enough.

Oh god was that Rose Bowden?! No wonder she was so obsessed with him now.

At any rate, Dio shook that thought off as quickly as it came, sighing again as he came to grant Jonathan the truth he sought.

“I mean… it is… different. Softer, I suppose, though I tend to find stronger gentlemen more suited to my tastes.” Dio stroked across the line of Jonathan’s abdominals. Not at their rugby peak, but still most certainly present, and the layer of food that had come from all Dio’s summer cooking was rather nice, he found. “Less prepare time, the woman tends to--” he gesticulated “--provide the lubricant simply as a matter of rousing. Which is admittedly convenient.”

Something about all this felt a little awkward to Dio, who usually had no issue revealing every unabashed detail of sexuality without filter. But he had never really considered the comparison of men and women like this, and he certainly did not want to sell it too much to Jonathan. “They have their upper half, breasts and all, which are not unpleasant, though you, Jojo, could rival any with that grand chest of yours.” He squeezed the pectorals, just to prove it. “Is that enough?”

~

“I like soft,” Jonathan commented, as he ran a finger down Dio’s cheek. “And I like breasts. But I like you above all.” Jonathan’s finger moved to Dio’s lips, plump from all the kissing they had been doing that evening. He let the finger fall down to his chest, and kissed him again. “Thank you for
sharing that. I do not plan on ever having the experience. But you give me the best of both worlds, do you not?” He captured his lips and pressed his tongue in between them deeply. “You are all I need.”

Jonathan’s hands traced down Dio’s hips, not quite as shapely as a woman’s, but still close, particularly when put in more feminine clothing. He adored him no matter what he was in, and especially when he was wearing nothing at all.

~

Their games continued for another round, laughing and drinking and kissing along the way, until Dio’s turn ran once again. Taking some more wine, the pair sipping from the bottle now, Dio decided. “Dare me.”

~

Jonathan took a swig of the bottle once Dio was finished, thoughtfully considering what his dare should be.

“So I have used my mouth around your hole, more than once if I am remembering correctly.” Jonathan nodded his head as he raised the bottle once again to his lips. Upon lowering, he looked to Dio with a smirk. “I dare you to do the same.”

~

Dio thought back for a moment. Jonathan had washed himself before they had set off on their trip, and while he had visited the lavatory, it was only to relieve his cock, leaving his ass substantially clean. With that confirmed, Dio nodded. “Alright then, I suppose it is only fair I get a chance at your rear and further inside. On your hands and knees.”

After a lazy moment the duo actually started to move into action, Jonathan positioning himself like Dio had ordered, Dio parking himself behind Jonathan, lowering his head down, hands spreading apart the mooning cheeks. Oh how he had wished to grab at them when he was a boy, before Jonathan had become so muscled, and his ass was round like moon. It was still incredibly pleasant now, though firm, he could never be much less than perfectly circular.

Sticking out his tongue, Dio took a good poking lick inside Jonathan’s hole, wet already with a lot of his own spit conjured before he had begun. He had not performed this act in a good many years, Jonathan’s ass was the finest return, as he tended to be with anything, and quickly Dio began to feel the groove for it, slathering him up well, enjoying the puckers and clenches.

~

Jonathan was curious how Dio’s lips would feel down there, and he was not disappointed in the slightest with the results. Everything which Dio did was perfection, and Jonathan felt his body stirring with desire at each swish of Dio’s tongue.

“You are a treasure,” Jonathan murmured, before kissing him on the lips, caring not where they had just been. “I suppose I will ask you for a truth next…” Jonathan then spread out across the bed, belly down, rear up, and looking to Dio over his shoulder, batting blue eyes with every attempt to be flirtatious.

“But wouldn’t you care to take me first? You did all this work after all, it would be a shame to let it go to waste.” He scooted back towards Dio, showing off his rear end further.
“Oh, well if you insist, Jojo, who am I to deny you?” Dio formed a large wry smile, standing on his knees and giving Jonathan’s ass a squeeze. He reached for his own length, stroking and rubbing himself to a rise, before squishing it between Jonathan’s cheeks and moaning as he thrusted up against him.

Soon enough he was hard and leaking fully onto Jonathan’s lower back, perfect and ready to shove in with one hard buck and taut of his thighs, groaning blissful and loud upon the insertion. He may have had a grand enjoyment for Jojo’s cock in him, but there was no denying that this felt grand too.

Having Dio inside him was not as common an occurrence as Jonathan would have liked, but there were just too many other positions they enjoyed trying. Sometimes certain ones fell by the wayside, and Dio taking him like this was one. However, when they did join, it was always quite an experience, especially tonight, as Jonathan was feeling less inhibited than usual.

“Dio, please fuck me harder!” he begged as he spread his wide thighs open further, hips jutting forward and begging for more. “You are being far too gentle! I know you can go harder than this.” Jonathan frowned and clenched his ass tight, as if trying to create more friction.

Dio worked at Jonathan as if he were a dog in heat, cock pushing and pounding against his prostate, aiming to reach every time. The sound of flesh against flesh merged with his long groans and Jonathan’s higher moans and desperate cries out, debauched and lost in any inhibitions.

“You like it when I fuck you, Jojo?” Dio asked, grin glued to his face wild and fervent, doing all he could to increase the pace, hands on Jonathan’s hips, pulling all the way out to the tip before slamming back in again at full throttle.

“Beg me for more, then. Come on, Jojo, you are going to show me just how much you need my cock, need to come for me.”

Jonathan grunted and groaned as Dio teased him, giving him what he wanted, but taking it away and making him work for it.

“You don’t take me nearly as much as you should, Dio! I want my rear to be sore tomorrow from this pummelling, so sore I can’t sit straight--oooh!” His words were interrupted by yet another thrust to his prostate. Spreading his thighs as far as they could go, and pushing his rear out and back to meet each of Dio’s thrusts was all that Jonathan could do to give himself some measure of control in this situation.

“Please, Dio, I know you want this too, you need it. Now do me as you should, nice and deep with no holding back--aaah!” Jonathan was unable to hold back himself, his cock spurting seed across the bed sheets, slumping to catch his breath.

Dio was not done, and since Jonathan demanded he give him his all, he saw no reason to pause and refrain. He continued to fuck Jonathan without mercy, smacking and tainting him red with the fervency, spilling out words and curses, revelling in the bliss that was his ass, surrounding him like the perfect sheath.
He came with a cry he did not care who could hear, taking time to enjoy it before flummoxing over Jonathan, spent and happy and tired, his pale chest leaning over Jonathan’s tanned back, kissing his nape since his lips were smooshed against it anyway, their pants loud and unsynchronised.

“Alright then, Jojo, you asked for a truth… What is your favourite position?”

~

Jonathan was not difficult to please when your name was Dio and your cock was in his ass. He was perfectly satisfied to lie splayed with his lover, lazily lounging about in their bed, Dio's seed warm deep within him as well as his own spilled about him. There was absolutely no better way to spend an evening.

When he was asked about his favourite position, he had to consider it for a few minutes. Scratching his chin, he pursed his lips together thoughtfully.

“I like being on top, but riding you. I feel we both get something good out of that.”

~

“Riding me?” Dio said with a hint of surprise. Jonathan took to the position well as he did any, but it was not one they often did; usually if anyone were to ride it would be Dio, who adored it just as much. But who could blame him when Jonathan’s thick cock, bigger than any he had been exposed to before was just itching and oozing and asking to be sat on?

“I am rather fond of it too. But then I am quite fond of anything when it comes to you, Jojo, I suppose there is no need for a favourite when we may endeavour to have each other in every which way.” He bit down on the uncanny star birthmark on Jonathan’s skin, smiling at the ovular indent of teeth made upon his release.

“Since I have no intention of removing myself from your rear any time soon, I suppose you shall ask me a truth this round.”

~

Having Dio inside him was bliss, and if Dio thought he could become hard again so soon, Jonathan was not about to stop him. He lay lazily on the bed, smiling and glancing over his shoulder at his lover.

“Another truth? Pity… so many things I could have asked you to do from here.” And all of them Dio would probably do on his own, without any prompting. There was nothing more for Jonathan to do but sit back and enjoy the show.

“Well then…” Another curious tap of his chin. “Hmmm.” He contemplated for a moment, before giving Dio a mischievous look, not one Jonathan’s baby blue eyes held very often.

“Dio my dear, would you ever consider a threesome if I were in it?”

~

Dio almost snorted. “Threesome?!” There was a silent shock before a new chorus of laughter left Dio’s throat, him chuckling hard into Jonathan’s nape. “I certainly did not expect that question from you.” A quick pout followed, suddenly concerned over that very notion.

“I would not overly be averse to the idea, but really, Jojo, I find you quite satisfactory. Have you
been thinking about other people? Is that why you are asking my view on a threesome and how
women feel?"

Jonathan laughed, a shiver going down his spine as he felt Dio nuzzle into the nape of his neck. The
sore spot on his shoulder also felt good, from where Dio had bitten him before. Feeling him against
him like that was intimate and sweet, and even without the sensation of Dio pounding into his ass, he
enjoyed it greatly.

“You needn’t worry… as much as it might be nice to feel a female silhouette beneath my hands, you
are all I need right now. I was just curious if you would find the idea aversive or not.” Jonathan
raised his hips slightly and began to thrust them back towards Dio.

“And I would not be averse if you filled me with more of your come right now.” Jonathan smiled
back at him, giving his hips another rock.

“Fine, fine, since you are so eager, I might as well show you that all you require is Dio’s touch over
anyone. Man or woman.” Dio returned to a kneeling stand, fondling his balls in order to rouse his
cock while still lodged inside of Jonathan’s seeping hole.

It was strange, the feeling of himself returning to hardness while still within, Jonathan’s walls
melding and aligning to his erection, the space around growing tighter and tighter. He moved and
adjusted Jonathan so he was laid on his side, leg up so Dio could grab onto his lower thigh, starting
to piston in and out of him, thrusts intensifying in speed.

Moans and mewls filled the room as he took Jonathan for the second time, disjointed and drunken
slides in and out came smacking against his still red rear. “How’s that, Jojo?”

“You are the only one I need, Dio. The only one I’ll ever need.” This was demonstrated by the loud
moan Jonathan gave as Dio became hard while within him once again. Rearing his hips back he
began to thrust along with Dio’s pace, slowly at first. There was no need to rush, after all. They had
just done this for one, and they had all night to do more for another.

“No matter where you are you feel amazing. Be it you in me, or me in you.” His own thrusts became
stronger now, and he began to pick up the pace.

“Dio, I love it when you fill me,” he murmured with need. “Please…do it again.”

“You are forgetting about the game, Jojo. This is truth or dare and it is my turn. It should be me
making all the demands.” Dio gave a strong buck, pushing hard and into Jonathan’s prostate, earning
himself a cry that sounded like an angel’s chorus but all the more sensuous. Quickly, however, he
too forgot.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Dio chanted, releasing Jonathan’s thigh and letting him sink on the bed flat on his
back, legs parted. Placing his hands on the bronzed hips, Dio tugged and fucked into Jonathan’s ass,
head rolled back and concentrating solely on seeking that final climax, heart beating loud in his ears,
beads of sweat and fluid running down his chest due to the exertion.
Dio knew exactly what he was doing, he knew Jonathan’s body inside and out, and he knew how to play it like an instrument. By this point in his life, Jonathan was willing to admit that no matter what baggage the man might carry, Dio Brando was the one he was meant to be with. No one else could ever fit so well.

“Anything you want… just make me come again.” Jonathan pleaded. As Dio thrust in and out of his rear he moaned and groaned, chewing on his lip at the pleasure that was slowly building, stubborn as he had just finished not so long ago, but thanks to Dio’s skilled body, was rising once again.

Once the hot and sticky thrusts had yielded an ass full of come and a very satisfied Jonathan, he slumped over on the bed sheets, catching his breath, before looking to Dio with a tired, but content look. “I hope what you have planned for me will not involve much movement, love. Because you truly did a number on me…”

~

After recovering from the post orgasm haze, Dio let out a long hum. “I’ll admit you may have to move a little for this one.” A grin crept upon his face as he snaked his hand underneath the pillow, searching blindly for what he had hidden there during Jonathan’s little exhibitionist run.

In his fingers he held a corset, one of Dio’s own. Striped red and black with inky patterning across the entire piece, it was the same he had used that night he so happily denied during their summer. He had been saving it to wear on a suitable occasion, but right now he saw another fitting use, and Dio was nothing if not an opportunist.

“Put this on for me, Jojo,” he ordered. “And then I want you to give me a lap dance.”
In front of the mirror a terrified Jonathan stood, Dio standing behind him with the cords, ready to tighten. When Dio had proposed the idea, he had thought it must have been a joke. There was no way he could actually mean it, was there? After all, Jonathan’s muscular body was not made for such things, he wouldn’t even look good in one. And would it even fit?

But soon enough it became clear that this was no joke, and that Dio had every intention of seeing it through, laces loosened to accommodate his bulkier form. As Dio stood behind him pulling the laces one by one, Jonathan began to gasp, as if he were being pinched.

“Dio, this looks far better on you. My waist is not meant to be small. By doing this, you are denying nature and that is -- bloody hell! Must it really be so tight?!” He spun around and looked at Dio, shaking his head. “I do not know how a human being could stand it! How does one eat? Or move? Or breath… Dio, you must make it looser!”

~

“You never seem to complain too much about it when I am the one wearing it. Is the concern for my breathing ever a factor when you pound yourself senselessly and really quite roughly into me?” Dio was grinning, shown from the view in the mirror as he wrapped the laces about his fingers in order to gain more momentum for the tugs and pulls he was forcing upon Jonathan. “And I happen to think you look nice like this, Jojo, very comely.” He peppered his shoulder with a nipping kiss, tongue skating inside the indents he had created before with the bite, fading but still prominent, a shade of red not dissimilar to the corset's embroidery.

“Now stop being such a milksop and suck in more, I require enough ribbon to tie up the back.” Dio yanked hard and expectedly Jonathan cried out, a curse slipping from his lips as his large body was squeezed into the fitting undergarment. Before he could breathe out, Dio quickly made a pleasant looking double bow about the back of the corset, leaving Jonathan quite trapped inside.

He clapped in accomplishment before sitting himself on the davenport, legs spread apart most welcoming, beckoning Jonathan over with a curling finger. “Now, dance for me, Jojo.” Jonathan wore the matching lacy underwear as well, but there was almost no point; even if he wasn’t hard just yet, his cock clearly protruded and Dio could see a great deal of it poking outside of the panties. He licked his lips. “Don’t be shy, come on now.”

~

“But how am I supposed to move?!” Jonathan asked desperately. He looked really uncomfortable, in a way that he had not appeared since childhood. These days Jonathan was much more self-assured, but all that went away with the red and black silk and lace, the red neatly matching the red in his cheeks.

Still Dio was beckoning him and he could not just stand there all night, so putting one foot in front of the other he stepped over to Dio, shoulders square and back straight, as there was no room to slouch. "I… ah… I’ve never given a lap dance before,” he said nervously. This of course was stating the obvious. “Dio…” His voice was attempting to have a sensual edge to it, but it mostly just sounded desperate.

Sitting in Dio's lap did nothing to improve the situation. The boning was stiff and Jonathan found himself even more uncomfortable than standing. "Dio, it can’t be right, it must be too small, how do
women eat in these things? I am sorry, I will do anything else for you… anything but this!”

~

Dio’s hand reached up to Jonathan’s flush cheek, cupping it gently as if to show he were sympathetic to poor Jonathan’s trials. He was not. “Oh, Jojo, women have it at least five times tighter than this. I make it looser on myself than them, and still it is a good deal tighter than I made it for you.” That soothing hand quickly changed its tune when Dio pulled back, hardened and locked his fingers together, and promptly slapped Jonathan on the cheek.

“Now stop being such a baby about all this. I asked for a lap dance, and a lap dance is what I shall receive, whether you like it or not. This is my demand and you are not going to pass your dare.”

~

It was horrifying to think that women were subjected to this on a regular basis, how they did it Jonathan would never know, and on this night, he was most glad to have been born a man.

And man Jonathan remained. Aside from the discomfort with the corset, Jonathan did not feel in any way, shape, or form suited to the feminine fashion himself. Dio was, which he both enjoyed and treasured. It suited him well, and he had a good sense for it, despite going overboard. But Jonathan was not Dio, and he felt like a fish out of water, ready to be fried.

~

“Relax, Jojo, I should like to enjoy this. If it makes you feel any better how about I hum out a song for you to dance to?” Dio made good on the suggestion, a slow song, sultry came from his throat.

He placed his hands on Jonathan’s torso, sliding down his well-built form, noting the dip in his waist now that he was adorned in the corset with amusement and attraction. He continued down the path of Jonathan’s body before slipping round to give his ass a nice squeeze, only to find it had been clenched within an inch of its life, firm and difficult to get a nice grip on like this. Clearly someone was not relaxing.

~

Jonathan looked down at Dio, if his breath had not already been lost by the tightness of the garment, he would have lost it then. The blond was beautiful and bold, looking at him with expectant eyes, the tune falling from his lips. He spread his own legs and began to sway forward and backwards in an attempt at rhythm. He met Dio’s eyes, and leaned in to kiss him softly.

While pulling up from the kiss, however, he lost his balance, thrown off by his inability to bend his torso. Jonathan went crashing to the floor with a loud thud.

“…Oooouuuuch.”

~

“Jojo, that was just pathetic,” Dio frowned, unimpressed and unsympathetic. Though Jonathan was no expert, Dio was enjoying the dance, and as much as Jonathan did not think he suited the clothing, Dio was nevertheless quite fond of his bulky form all accentuated and contrasting with the more delicate piece of attire. But he was just being dramatic; it was a little constricting, yes, but nothing anyone couldn’t handle.

He took another swig of the wine, before sighing. Jonathan had not even yet come up from his
crippled position of the floor, moping. The lack of sympathy persisted. “You can handle running across a rugby field with three men on top of you dragging you down, but a small piece of fabric has you incapacitated.” Dio stood, stumbling just a little from the intoxication, before unceremoniously pulling off the strings of the corset and setting Jonathan free.

“Keep the undergarments on, at least,” he said, pushing him over further with his foot before slinking back into the large comforts of Jonathan’s bed, cradling the wine as one would a doll.

~

Having the corset off was such a relief that Jonathan gave a dramatic sigh. “That piece of fabric contains whale bone if I am not mistaken.” He watched Dio flop down with his wine bottle, and with the lack of constriction on his chest, he was able to focus more on the needs of his lover.

“Don’t look so pouty, my love.” Jonathan purred in a sugary sweet voice, crawling up the bed slowly, purposely making a show of it. “If I can move, we can have more fun.” He pulled himself into Dio’s lap, removing the wine bottle so that he might instead claim the in those arms. Remaining low, Jonathan gazed up at Dio with large, sultry eyes. Movements slow and deliberate, he straddled the blond.

“Here… this is nice, isn’t it?” The lacy undergarments were not doing a very good job of concealing Jonathan’s cock beneath the fabric, which was growing harder by the minute. Slowly, Jonathan began to rotate his hips, rubbing against Dio’s lap eagerly, doing a better job at being a temptress than he was just a few minutes ago.

~

Dio only pouted more when told not to, but he had to admit with Jonathan unrestrained he was doing a far better task at the dare, and the frotting dance was beginning to stir up a few reactions within himself. In the end he couldn’t resist cracking a smile with his inhibitions nullified, and his own hips began to sway and grind back against Jonathan’s erection, pushing against the lace and wetting the front with a damp leak.

“It was still pathetic, and you clearly did not complete the challenge, so while it is my turn you must continue to dance upon me to make up for the transgression.” He adjusted, taking Jonathan’s hands in his own and weaving them together, moving them about in small circles as Jonathan danced for him.

“Ask me a question,” Dio said, taking their interlocked fingers close to his mouth and kissing their hands with a wet press one at a time.

~

Jonathan, while no professional lap dancer, was definitely better at this when he focused solely on Dio. He was also humping more than he was dancing, but the rhythmic motions were still enjoyable enough for them both. So much so, that he almost forgot to ask a question.

“Oh, hmmm… I should ask you how you are so beautiful, or where did you learn witchcraft… because you have truly bewitched me, Dio.” Jonathan’s face leaned in close, ready to kiss him, though his lips stopped short. Instead, he reached a hand up and gently caressed his cheek.

“If I had been born poor, would you still love me?” Jonathan asked smoothly, his hips continuing to gyrate against Dio’s own, his cock’s tip poking out of the side of the silk undergarment.

~
“What kind of a question is that?” Dio asked with half his face quirked, Jonathan still moving against him. “Our circumstances would be entirely different, I would not have even known you if you were a pauper.” He did not imagine Dario would stumble across and aim to loot Lord Joestar’s carriage if he were a poor man. It was a silly inquiry, and so Dio felt no need to answer further, swiftly moving the subject forward with a grin returning to his face, thinking of a question to ask Jonathan, no longer bothering with deciphering truth or dare.

“Now, riddle me this… what would it take you to…” Dio pursed his lips together, the glint in his eyes holding darker something within. “…Murder?”

~

Jonathan’s eyes widened, that was not something he had expected to think about tonight. Looking Dio in the eye he shook his head. “I would never commit murder in cold blood. Fights are one thing, but ending someone’s life is quite another.” Still, Jonathan did not seem to be completely done with the subject, eyes looking off to the side as he continued to speak. “But self-defence, or during times of war… that is another story.” That was not all, and he considered changing the subject. But instead, he let out a deep sigh, hands falling on Dio’s hips.

“If I had to, I would kill to keep you safe. But only, only, only as a last resort.”

~

“How very noble of you,” Dio answered, tilting Jonathan’s head down so he could lay upon it a kiss between his brow and his mop of hair, a little salty from all the night’s activities, but not remotely aversive. “My loyal knight.” Dio returned to his enjoyment of Jonathan’s mostly bare body on top of him, though his expression was pensive.

“Still, it is curious that those in war are celebrated as heroes for killing, and there certainly is a fair share of what would seem to be brutal acts in the expansion of our dear beloved British Empire, and yet domestic murders are deemed to be most atrocious.”

~

“Man is a complicated creature, my dear.” Jonathan’s hands moved up and down over Dio’s hips, still straddled in his lap. This was a bit unusual for them, typically it would be Dio’s more lithe form that would be against his chest. But he liked this, and found his hands moving from his hips to around his neck, draping them there haphazardly.

“I think that we are both done with dares for the evening, but how about one more truth?” Jonathan began to nibble on Dio’s ear, tongue running across the shell. He wasn’t sure what to ask, only that he was enjoying being this close to Dio, and there was very little else he needed to know, because he had all the answers.

Well, except perhaps one.

“Dio, you have always been so confident… but what makes you feel insecure, hmm? There has to be something.”

~

“Does there really have to be something, Jojo?” Dio asked, canting his head to the side to allow Jonathan easier access to his sensitive lobe. “Perhaps I am simply free from insecurity as there is nothing for me to feel insecure about.”
There was silence between them both then, Dio’s arms falling back limp by his sides as he truly began to open his mouth to answer.

“I do not want to… amount to nothing in life. To be marked off without making my mark in the world. If I must someday meet my end, something of me should be there to be remembered for the rest of time. Dio’s name to fall into dust and never again uttered in the swirling helix that we call time… that is a fate worse than death.”

~

"I can understand that. Most men wish for it..." Certainly the ones Jonathan studied did, though he found the unintentional remains to be far more intriguing at times. His forehead came down to meet Dio’s own, eyes still beaming.

"But I don't think you will be unremembered." Jonathan continued, taking Dio’s hands and lacing his fingers through them. "That is why we are going to have a family, silly. Our son will remember you, in a way no one else can." He gave Dio’s hand a hard, reassuring squeeze.

~

“Just family?” Dio pulled a face. “A son, if we do have one, will perhaps hold me in his mind for a time, and perhaps the child after his -- should he be that way inclined for marriage. But what comes after that? Do you recall your grandfather? Your great grandfather, or one before he, and your long line of Joestar ancestors? I doubt very much that you do.” Dio shook his head.

“No, family remembrance is just as meaningless as anything else. I need to be held in the minds of all. Shakespearean proportions, Alexander the Great, William the Conqueror, Jesus himself; that is the scale I search for, someday. If not that, then what is the point of it all? I cannot be a meaningless speck of nothing like everyone else. I will not allow it.” His fists balled tight, brow creasing in a wrinkling furrow.

“I’m tired of this game now. Let us to bed.” That was enough honesty for one night.

~

“Be as famous as Shakespeare… or Jesus? Dio, that is a bit much…” Dio’s desires left Jonathan feeling more than a bit unsettled, but what could he say? He knew what Dio was like when he wanted something, and he often did not stop until he had it. Frowning, he pushed it from his mind, and instead pulled Dio down into the sheets of the bed.

“I am tired too.” He remarked with a yawn. He did not seem nearly as cranky as Dio as he slipped his arms around the blond and held him up against him as if he were a teddy bear. “But I had fun with you tonight. I am glad that all is well between us once again. With a light kiss to Dio’s cheek, Jonathan murmured “I love you, Dio Brando.” before he began to drift off to sleep.
5 DIO’S BIRTHDAY
“Good morning, Jojo,” Dio said with a chipper grin one cold October dawn. October the thirty first, in fact. They were back in the mansion for the special weekend, frosted windows making for natural decorum under the cosy covers they shared in Dio’s bedroom. “Today is quite a marvellous occasion, don’t you think?”

~

“Of course it is,” Jonathan replied with a cheeky edge to his voice. “It is All Hallow’s Eve, after all, such a fun and frightful day.” Jonathan’s fingertips danced up Dio’s arm, attempting to imitate the touch of a ghost or spider. “But, I would say that it is also a day to be thankful for, being the one you were born on.” A light peck was pressed to his cheek. “Happy birthday, my dear. And many more.”

~

Dio grinned, near youthful excitement exposed on his face.

“You know,” he started, spinning circles on Jonathan’s chest with a finger. “You could always give me my birthday present now,” Dio not so subtly suggested. Some holidays could make him roll his eyes, but there was something special about a birthday, a time dedicated to him and him alone, that he could not help but adore.

His mother had always done her best to give him at least one thing each year, a special meal and a present. The Joestars did that too, and twenty times more with their endless money, and this year he had decided he wanted something lavish, where the last had been much quieter. Landing on the day of Halloween, it seems fitting to having a costumed event; the perfect opportunity to adorn himself in outfits not socially suitable for everyday wear.

~

“That would be cheating,” Jonathan replied, secretly nervous that Dio would press him for it when he did not know what he would be getting him besides what Jonathan saw as just a few trinkets. He pressed a couple of light kisses to Dio’s cheek.

“Perhaps you have already received my present last night.” Jonathan kidded as a few fingers slipped between the cheeks of Dio’s buttocks, playfully probing at his hole. “After all, you do so love it when my seed is inside you, I can hardly think of anything better.” He chuckled, knowing that despite Dio enjoying the sensation, there were certainly other earthly things Dio would enjoy just as much.

“I will need to go into town this morning, I still have a few little things I need to get for my costume.” And to find the missing present, though Dio need not know about that part.

~

“As much as your come is pleasant, Jojo, I would be rather disappointed if that were to be a present on a yearly basis. I receive you in one way or another multiple times a week if I can help it, and as you said, abstinence does not suit me well.” That joke had had its day, but a life celibacy was not a
life Dio had any intention of enduring; if there was a god, he was not calling for him to join the
order, and if he was, Dio had every intention of ignoring the chime.

“As for town visits, I suppose you will do as you must, but you really should have had this sorted out
weeks or at the very least days ago, the invitations have been out for quite some time and you knew
that I was throwing a party before that.” Dio tutted.

“Just don’t be out too long. It is my birthday after all, I deserve and expect the fullest of pampering
and attention on the most important day of the year.”

~

“I spoil you with my seed. Perhaps I need to be less generous…” They both knew that the odds of
this happening were slim indeed. It was difficult for Jonathan to go a few days, the idea of an entire
year was absolutely laughable. But the truth was it left Jonathan in quite a difficult position. What
was he supposed to give to Dio, who had almost everything, both in physical possessions, and in
having had his way with Jonathan’s own body?

He hoped that later in morning it would hit him like a bolt of lightning while he walked through the
village. But no such luck about, the only thing hitting him was a stray ball thrown by a group of
village youths. When he left, he had the main things he had come for -- a new feathered hat that
matched the coat he bought Dio last Christmas picked up from the post office, a piece of white silk
with threads of gold interwoven through it for the remainder of his own costume, and a locket
engraved with their initials. Despite these successes, it did not feel like enough. Dio needed
something special, something worthy of his prince. But what?

That afternoon when Jonathan was getting into his costume, he had still not managed to think of
anything appropriate. His lack of luck with these issues seemed to be leaking into his costume, as
well. The laurel leaf crown, heavy gold jewellery, and even the subtlest touch of lip makeup made
for quite a noble sight, but the fabric Jonathan had bought for his Grecian prince costume had been
just a bit shorter than he would have liked, stopping right above the knee. He fussed and tugged and
straightened it, but the chiton was not getting any longer, for all his best efforts.

“...I suppose that father has worn kilts this length before,” he justified to himself in the mirror,
turning about. “And if it is like a kilt, there would be no need for anything else underneath.”
Relieved that the ordeal of putting the costume on was behind him, Jonathan knocked on the door to
Dio’s room. “Dio, do you need any help before we go down stairs?”

~

“Ah, Jojo,” Dio called out from within his bedroom, predictably stood in front of the vanity,
performing the final touches of his face and hair, outfit for the most part complete, save for one piece.
“I suppose I could use your help in a minute, so by all means enter.” An eye pencil in hand, he shot
Jonathan a noted glance without paying too much attention in the view of the looking glass, carefully
drawing round and giving the edge of his sharp eyes even more prominence with a flick to the edges
near Egyptian in his precision.

Only upon completion did he allow himself to turn and face Jonathan properly; and his jaw almost
dropped when he did. “Well… aren’t you a sight.”

Dio stared down at his legs, his thighs thick and really quite exposed, sculpted calves fully on
displayed upon sandaled feet, noticing how his strong arms seemed to bulge all the more with the
golden armband around it; even regarding touch of red on his lips that made them pop all the more.
“You would almost steal the limelight.” Almost was a word, however, that Dio did not take lightly.
For he himself, dressed more conservatively with little skin exposed, but more elaborately to compensate, wore a white-gold outfit coincidentally matching his brother. His clothes were a sea of intricate laces, fitting his form in the most flattering of ways, an outside corseted piece to accentuate to his already defined waist.

Boots ran up high on his long legs, with heels that made he and Jonathan stand at just about the same height. He oozed regality, which was only proven moreso with the crown resting on his desk, just one of the many accessories he wore in catching colours of iridescence; emerald, sapphire, amethyst, ruby.

“But enough about you.” Dio turned to his bed, picking up a long crimson fabric encrusted with jewelled adornments. “Come place the cloak on your prince’s shoulders, my Grecian knight.”

~

Jonathan had to smile, as his Dio always managed to awe and stun with fashion. He had not known what his costume would be ahead of time, but it did not come as a surprise to him that he had selected something of a royal nature. Fetching the cape, he put it over Dio's shoulders and fastened it to stay, stepping back to admire his brother's beauty.

"You will be unrivalled tonight in attention to detail, for that I am sure." He pressed a kiss to Dio's cheek, knowing that to disturb his makeup would be a crime punishable by death. "It is only fitting seeing as it is your birthday.” Jonathan tugged at the hem of his chiton, frowning as it would not get much longer than it already was. “As for me, I underestimated the fabric I would need for this outfit… it is a bit short. Hopefully no one will notice.”

As Dio would be opening other presents later, Jonathan unclasped a gold chain that had been hidden beneath the Grecian jewellery. “This is part of your gift… I had a locket made and engraved for you.” Inside was a tiny photo of Jonathan, one taken fairly recently from the looks of it. “For you. So if I go away you can keep my photo near.” Being that he did not wish to ruin any jewellery, he reached out and put a hand on his shoulder. “Not that I plan on leaving again any time soon… and when I do, I want you to be with me.”

~

“I should hope you wouldn’t.” Dio took the locket in his palm, the chain running down past the long wrists of his sleeves, edges frilled and decorated. “You look rather nice here,” he complimented before setting the necklace down as it did not go with his current outfit.

“You look rather nice here too,” he continued, pointing to the real Jonathan, “though I will not imagine for a second that the length will go unnoticed.” He smirked, linking his arm with Jonathan’s own. “Shall we?”

The collection of party attendants gave a large clap and cheer as Dio stepped into the decorated grand hall of the Joestar Estate, everyone dressed in a wide array of elaborate costumes. Dio quickly scanned and decided and deciding none were even close to the grandeur of his own, and settled in that fact, the music of the night played, musicians booked long before. A stack of presents high as sky were placed on a display table, very obvious, and Dio knew he would like to open those later.

As Dio had planned the event to a tee, everything was perfectly presented, and so with a genuine smile he stepped in, raising a humble hand which too took with a queenly wave, nodding and appreciating the chorus of ‘happy birthdays’ that came about.

Wanting never to be without a drink in his grasp, one was already pressed into it by the dressed up
servants. “This is going to be an enjoyable night,” Dio said, toasting.

~

Jonathan was never far from Dio’s side that night, playing the part of a proper co-host and greeting each and every guest as they entered the mansion. He made all the proper rounds, and many of the faces were quite familiar to Jonathan as well, being members of the rugby team or other classmates from their year. It was definitely the party of choice amongst their circles.

Knowing that it was Dio’s birthday, and that he should be free to enjoy his liquor, he grabbed a glass of wine with the intention of bringing it to him. However, he found himself drinking it before he could even pass it on to his brother. The liquid was sweet and smooth down his throat, and it gave him a surge of warmth and confidence, allowing him to feel better about his current attire. It helped get his mind off what things would be like later that night, when he was going to attempt to give Dio his third and final birthday present.

“Jonathan! You are looking well!” Matthew, who was dressed in a long black suit and cloak, coupled with a black velvet pointed hat, the tip flopping down with a star on it. “Have you tried the red wine yet? It might be to your tastes, it is very sweet.” He motioned to a servant holding a tray a few paces away.

“No, I have not! Here, hold these empty glasses for me!” Pressing one into each of Matthew’s hands, Jonathan spun about, only to trip on a chair leg. Gravity sent him flying forward and down, resulting in the chiton’s short length and inability to completely cover what was necessary very apparent. Matthew and a few other students were witness to a full moon.

~

While waiting for Jonathan’s to give him a drink, Dio had spotted Benjamin and Oliver in the crowd, and smoothly reminiscing over the camping trip, and how they missed the long stretches of days and freedom they had over the happy summer holidays.

But when the duo in their matching outfits taking a joint toilet break, Dio in his benevolence referred them a bathroom where no ears would hear the moaning he knew would take place, he began to grow impatient, waiting for his wayward knight to return. Eyes wide, he caught Jonathan right in the midst of his all, and while angled in the wrong direction for it, he knew that ass well enough to know when it was exposed. He caught himself laughing from a distance, before making his way over, amused by the tumble. Matthew, of course, was the first to speak upon his entrance to the small circle.

“Your brother just took quite the tumble; the ground practically shook!” He laughed before adding, “Happy birthday, by the way.”

“Oh, I saw,” Dio said with a thanks.

~

Dio was not the only one who noticed. Not far from the gaggle of students, Lord Joestar stood talking to two guests that were present at his own personal invite, Lord Williamson and his daughter, the Lady Alexandra. Thankfully, their eyes had been fixed on George during the mishap, but he had still caught a glimpse of what happened. Casting a disapproving look in Jonathan’s direction as the two sipped their wine, he called their attention to the gardens.

“A marriage to my son would enable the Joestar line to continue, in a very fine direction might I add,
considering your own family’s lineage.” George went on to say, Alexandra shyly looking in Jonathan’s direction. Even without his rear exposed, the red cheeked, laughing boy looked quite unruly.

~

Where humour had first taken Dio’s expression, George’s presence quickly turned it sour. The Williamson wench certainly had not made it onto any guest list he had created, and to bring the topic of Jonathan’s nonsensical marriage at his birthday party was unforgivable. He shot daggers into his back as they turned away, stealing himself a champagne and drinking it all in one go.

As he pulled Jonathan up and guided them across the hall, the cheers and claps from the apple bobbing sector was heard, announcing a new victor. A classic game of mischief may have seemed a little childish, but given Hallows eve was meant for such frivolities, Dio could make the exception for a moment minor silliness. And he liked games. Two buckets filled with cool water held apples inside, bobbing and turning.

“What do you say, Jojo? Fancy a challenge? You had best not forget last year’s victory, I, Dio, have every intention of remaining champion.”

~

Jonathan hastily finished the glass of wine he had been holding during their walk and glanced to the buckets filled with water and apples. As a child he had felt quite the champion of these games, but right now, his balance did not agree. The wine had been to his taste, just as Matthew had suggested, but it had gone to his head far quicker than he expected.

“Of course, how could I forget?” Dio had won last year, no one dared beat him on his own birthday, not even Jonathan. He remembered how haughtily his brother had looked at him, before turning around and bending over… come to think of it, Jonathan had not thought to admire the view back then. It was a shame Dio had a cape on this year, he would not be able to see anything at his turn.

A thought about his own attire struck him at the same moment as a hiccup, and he felt the heat rise to his face. He glanced back at Matthew and an unfamiliar redhead, who seemed to be watching expectantly, green eyes on Jonathan as if he were a piece of meat. Matthew had his face in his hand, shaking his head. Neither seemed to bode well for his fear.

“Ah, Dio…” He draped an arm around his brother’s shoulders, doing his best to suppress another hiccup. “…Is my chiton ah… a bit short in the back?”

~

Dio’s long look was answer enough to that question, and he hummed loud and audible in thought before an idea came to mind. Quickly unclipping the cape around his shoulders, Dio tied it round Jonathan’s neck, flattening it down the back of him. It was rather grand, he had to admit, making him look like some sort of ancient chariot racer.

“That sight of you bent over is one only Dio should be privy to,” Dio whispered, giving the now covered rear a spank; one which would seem a brotherly challenge to others, but Jonathan would know its true meaning. “Underwear, you know, also might have worked as an option.”

Despite the lack of a cape, Dio still knew he looked just as regal; the view of his back despite being covered had artful lacing that showed him off in just the right ways. “Now we can begin without any issues.”
The cape was a welcome addition to his attire, Jonathan was sorry he had not thought of it himself. As to Dio's comment about his underwear Jonathan could only chuckle nervously. That indeed would have been a good idea as well, but it could not be remedied in the middle of a game. He also liked the feel of nothing below the belt, and should he ever have the opportunity to wear a kilt again, would make the same undergarment-free decision.

Only, of course, if the length was appropriate. That was a mistake he would not be repeating.

When it came to the bobbing, Jonathan's reflexes were rather dull, and Dio would have no trouble defeating him, which he did. Overwhelming and with a resounding applause that was worth the crushing defeat.

Instead of leaving the apple to be counted, he began to eat it, which lead to a chastisement from his teammates, already doing another round with the rest of the party. Turning to admire Dio’s attire, he took another bite of the apple, eyes roaming up and down the grandeur that was his brother.

"Dio, don’t you think those laces are a bit excessive? I am sure they will be difficult to get out of.” His eyes were fixated on Dio's waist and hips, which the tailored corset accentuated all too well.

“I’m sure you can find a way to get them off if you try. Your determination can be something quite vigorous when you want it to be.” Dio smirked, staying in close vicinity, speaking in a hushed voice. “Maybe I just like making you work for it. Think of me as a present you get to unwrap; I have plenty of my own to get through tonight, and I would never wish for you to be left out.”

The tips of Jonathan’s hair were wet, dripping down onto his nose and Dio wiped them away with a stroke. He could not help but feel his mood severely elevated in their intimate moments, and a confident surge came with that, along with the happy joy of winning his round in the apple bobbing. He had a very practiced mouth when it came to latching onto large objects.

“Oh, but today should be all about you opening pretty packages with lovely bows tied on to them.” Jonathan said, though he felt some nerves growing in his stomach. He had already given Dio the hat, which he had asked for a while back, as well as the locket. He wanted a third and final present to cap off the night to be given in private and be extra special, but so far, he was afraid he would fall short.

“I think we should have switched costume ideas,” Jonathan said with a tiny smile as he reached for another wine glass off a tray, taking a sip. He was hoping the liquor would make him feel less nervous about what he intended on doing, though it seemed to be having the opposite effect. Still, he drank on, enjoying the sweet flavour of the wine.

“I would have enjoyed the view of you bending over in a short little chiton a great deal,” he whispered, and then pulled away with a chuckle. For all intents and purposes they looked like two loving brothers, so thankfully the whispers, chuckles, and touches looked like they belonged. But all in all it was quite a different display from last year at Dio’s birthday.

“Ah, ah, ah, the treats shall be all mine tonight, Jojo, and once there a few less eyes about, I shall very much have you bend over for me. And bend in a variety of other ways too, I am sure.”
Dio took another drink for himself, though he could not help but see Jonathan inhale one after the other, almost leaving himself no chance to taste the selections before grabbing himself another sweet red.

~

The rest of the evening passed in a blur of dark colours for Jonathan. But he smiled often with Dio beside him. He contented himself with a collection of desserts as Dio opened his gifts, watching from a spot near a table set with sweets and wine. Catching his eye, George motioned for Jonathan to join him on the other side of the grand hall. He stood with the Williamson, Lady Alexandra’s eyes shyly fixed on her potential husband-to-be. Suppressing a frown, Jonathan strolled over and greeted his father with a wave.

“Jojo, shall we step into the conservatory? This is Lord Williamson and his daughter, the Lady Alexandra, you met them at the summer ball. I would very much like for the two of you to become better acquainted.” George was eager to leave of the buzz where more intimate (and business like) conversations could occur. Jonathan gave him a strained smile.

“I am not sure that would be appropriate right now, father. Besides, my brother is still opening his gifts.” Jonathan nervously began to fumble with his glass of wine and it slipped, the red liquid spilling over the white of Alexandra’s long angel gown.

“Oh, I am so, so sorry! The servants will help clean you up!” While he could, a tipsy Jonathan made his escape back into the party, grabbing an apple tart on the way.

~

A torrent of gifts were sent about Dio’s way; books and trinkets and pens and clothes came unhiden from the array of presents, and Dio smiled, enjoying the undivided attention granted to him, the claps and ‘oohs’ and ‘aahs’ as all looked upon him, wishing to see his reactions.

Jonathan’s present came along the pile; a top hat to match the coat he had gotten at Christmas. The note within it held a flirtatious few words, and Dio looked up to bid him thanks. And with that, he was just in time to catch wine being spilled on Alexandra’s dress.

This… this was a gift in itself, and Dio grinned wider than he need to at the sight of a feathered hat.

Chapter End Notes

The costumes in this chapter just might be inspired by another fandom we are into.. :3
The party had begun to wind down. Alexandra and her father left shortly after her wardrobe malfunction sponsored by Jonathan, and little by little, the others did as well. Some had other plans of debauchery and mischief for this night. Others simply went home. As the last horse drawn carriage left the Joestar estate, and the servants had begun to clear away the decorations and mess, Jonathan and Dio made their way up to their adjourned room. Jonathan grew more and more nervous, knowing what he wanted to do, but not feeling he had the confidence to do it with.

Once the door to Jonathan’s chambers was closed behind them both, he looked to Dio, moonlight shining in from his window. He cupped Dio’s chin in his hand, and looked at him with a soft sigh.

“You deserve only the very best, and I am afraid I will fall short.”

~

“My expectations are incredibly high, Jojo, so I expect you shall never be able to do everything I desire.” Dio chuckled, enjoying the look of worry that crossed over Jonathan’s face at that. He returned the chin cup with his own hands, clutching Jonathan’s tanned face and leaning to kiss him with lips puckered, eyes closed, and leaning into a gentle, almost chaste embrace. “But I had fun, and you may have done things tonight that you do not know could bring me joy. Sometimes it is the little gestures that make all the difference.”

He kissed him again, because he could and because he wanted to, and in their kisses Dio began to unfasten the cape that had been placed on Jonathan’s shoulders, letting the red sky drop to the floor at his sandaled feet.

“Now… why don't you show me all the practicalities a chiton skirt with no underwear underneath can bring; the sight is finally mine alone to behold.”

~

So caught up in everything else, Jonathan did not think about the fact that Dio may have simply enjoyed the way he looked at him, or how attentive he seemed to him and only him. Certainly he did not think of spilling an entire glass of wine on Alexandra as a particularly positive feat. He only felt nervous that he would leave Dio feeling unfilled and unhappy on his birthday.

Once the cape slipped off, Jonathan sighed, looking at himself in the mirror over his bureau, and picking at the gold clasp which held the knot to his chiton in place at the shoulder. He let it drop, the fabric hanging about his waist held by his golden rope belt. His chest was completely visible, and his arms accentuated by the golden cuffs about them. Walking across the room, he turned on a phonograph, which had only been carried in this morning. A soft violin piece filled with drama swept across their ears.

“I know I disappointed you before, with my lap dance.” Jonathan’s cheeks were burning, as he stepped up to Dio and backed him into the bed, pushing down on his shoulders to get him to sit. “So I wanted to try to make it up to you, although I do not think I will ever be making a living off this.” He was uncomfortable, and it showed, but all the same he pulled himself into Dio’s lap, threw up his arms, and began to move against him, in time with the music, as well as in time with his growing
“What you gave me before, Jojo, was not something I would even call a lap dance. I think it was closer to the sight of a floundering fish. A floundering fish who complains at the tiniest hint of a cinched waist and yet has no objection whatsoever when it is his brother’s waist all tucked in.” Still, Dio complied, sitting himself down on the bed and spreading his legs a little, allowing Jonathan to do as he so bid.

“At least I will not have to hum the tune this time,” he said, hands reaching for Jonathan’s plush rear and squeezing it as the man grinded against his clothed crotch, Jonathan’s still entirely bare. The feeling of his cock (currently limp, but they both knew that wouldn’t last) rubbing and rutting was potent as he swayed about to the music.

“Turn around for me, Jojo, hands on the floor and ass up high.” Dio bit his lower lip as Jonathan obeyed, his leg muscles tensing as he propped himself up. “Shake it.”

It was a good thing that Jonathan’s face was pointed downwards, as it helped to not have to disguise just how absolutely embarrassed he was. He did, however, shake his rear end as hard as he could, enjoying any touches, pinches, or even smacks that Dio might bestow upon it in the process. Once Dio had his fill, he sat back up again, and placed his hands on Dio’s shoulders, staring down at him. His cheeks were red, though that was not as apparent in the dim candlelight.

“I… want to please you so badly, Dio. I had to make myself drunk for this.” He continued to gyrate against Dio’s hips, half in time to the music, and half in absolute lust. Jonathan’s hands moved down and over the silk fabric of Dio’s own attire, eager to tear it off, however, he restrained himself.

“Let me give you the rest of your present.” The tented fabric of his dangling chiton would show what that was.

“I had noticed you drinking more than you might usually,” Dio said. Even he was not quite as drunk as all that, and it was his own birthday. Still, the night was young.

“By all means, Jojo, give me everything you have to offer.” He readjusted himself to a better position, eyes glued to the cock that swayed and stood tall and thick as it ever was along with Jonathan’s hip movements.

With a grin he brought his hand over and squeezed the member through the thin chiton fabric, adoring the already unbridled cry his brother gave out in response, Dio’s own cock twitching and stirring in his tighter garments. “What did you have in mind?”

Dio knew how to be oh so distracting sometimes. Jonathan cried out as his cock was fingered, the silky fabric creating an interesting texture around his sensitive organ. “I… well… I…” Jonathan’s face turned a brighter shade. This was all wrong. He didn’t want to have Dio making him flustered. That was his job tonight. More than anything, Jonathan wished to impress him, but was reminded of how challenging that fact actually was -- particularly when his own cock was involved.

Forcing himself up from Dio’s lap, he stepped over to his dresser, and opened the top drawer. Hidden
carefully beneath some delicate articles of clothing that the servants would never dare touch, was a gold necklace, with a long, golden chain attached to it. It fit snug around his neck, and complemented the other gold jewellery that he had on. Taking a deep breath, he turned around to Dio and sauntered towards where he sat on the bed. Once there, he dropped to his knees and bowed his head.

"Your majesty," he murmured, and lifted the gold chain to place in his hands. He darted his eyes up at Dio from where he knelt, his face red and nerves obvious in his visage. "How may I serve you?"

~

Dio could only let out a breath of surprise, yet amusement, and his expression held the same exterior, brow quirked high and lips curved into an open mouthed smile, bemusement in its look.

"Is… is this some sort of joke, Jojo?" he asked, a laugh slipping out with it. Dio’s fingers trailed against the golden chain, feeling the warmth of it from being buried under his clothes, and he clasped a fist around it.

With more confidence after the sceptically tentative start, he tugged on the metal string, slightly rough which caused Jonathan to fall along with it, completely at his beck and call. He pulled again, bringing the gap between him and Jonathan closer, so their faces were mere inches apart. He still sat poised on the bed and Jonathan stood on his knees, chin craned up. “I certainly hope it is not…”

~

Jonathan recovered from the stagger caused by Dio’s experimental tug, and soon they were face to face.

"Would I joke about such a thing? On your birthday, nonetheless?" Jonathan's cheeks were painted crimson. He wanted to lean in and kiss him, but in his current position that seemed unwise and inappropriate. So he stayed, just a breath away from Dio.

"Tonight I am yours to command. Whatever you want of me… well, I don't have a choice, do I?" He chuckled slightly and shifted nervously, wondering if maybe he should have gone a different route with Dios present this year…

~

“No I suppose you do not. I suppose it is only right for a prince to have servants at their full disposal. A… pleasure slave, if you will.” Dio’s cheeks would go sore for how grandly he was grinning, yanking the chain again just because he could, and granting Jonathan’s desire of a kiss, for how could he not with a gift such as this?

Pushing Jonathan back upon completion, Dio crossed his legs over each other and adorned a pose most regal and poised, getting into his princely character. “First of all, however, you are wearing far too many clothes for your role.” That was seen to quickly as Dio ordered Jonathan to ‘strip’ and the minimal sheet of a chiton was slipped off down his legs, revealing strong thighs, an ass round, and a fully erect cock that Dio had every intention of using with his slave of the night.

“I do like the jewellery, however. You can keep that on, my painted pet.” Speaking of, Dio stood, Jonathan still knelt and waiting for his commands.

With his room just across the hall, Dio popped out and returned very shortly after a rummage in his drawers, returning with a few pieces of makeup, eyeliner and lipstick, red as Jonathan’s face. It not something he wore in too much abundance for more reasons than one, but tonight he saw a very
good use for it.

“I should like to see how you look with a little colour. You don’t mind, do you? Well, I suppose that doesn’t matter much does it?”

~

Seeing Dio grin so widely was strange and almost unsettling, although Jonathan felt a sense of triumph in the fact that he had succeeded in giving Dio the most memorable present of this year’s birthday. He would have quite a lot to live up to in later years. The kiss was savoured, there was no matter that a chain was involved, he still enjoyed the affection, as well as Dio being so pleased with him.

As he was stripped down and had his fine, muscular body inspected, Jonathan braced himself for the pleasure and pain he assumed were to follow. Dio had opened the doors to a wide variety of bedroom activities, some of which he enjoyed far more than he had ever anticipated. He was ready to take and to give whatever Dio desired.

And then it appeared Dio desired he be more made up.

Jonathan seldom wore the stuff. Tonight had been an exception, not the rule. It suited Dio well enough, but he was happy with his face as is. By the time Dio was done, and he looked up into the mirror, he did not fully recognize who was looking back. The liner on his eyelids and gold shimmer made his blue eyes look far more feminine, as did the blush and red lipstick. While Dio was skilled enough, and did not over do the application, it was rather shocking. Touching a lip lightly, he looked to Dio.

“Does it please you, your majesty?” Personally, he thought he looked like a harlot.

~

“Oh, my dear slave, I am most pleased. You fit your role perfectly now.” Dio rubbed his hands together, admiring the handiwork, not remotely afraid to declare how brilliant he was. If there was money and repute in it, he would have quite enjoyed going into such an industry, styling the world with his keen sense of artistry and fashion prowess. But he supposed a lawyer would have to do, and even that raised some eyebrows in this hoity society.

“Hmmmm, all this power and yet you already obey my every whim, it is almost difficult to decide what you will do for me.” Dio shook his head with a not so solemn slowness, eyeing up his makeup laden lover with a keen stare that would make anyone feel objectified and coy. His tongue glazed over and wet his lips.

“Well, while I give it a little thought, why don’t you come over here now and grant me your pretty red mouth on my cock. Frankly, as my servant of pleasure I should have you punished for not catering to my needs with more immediacy.” Now that was something that made his cock twitch.

~

Jonathan knew Dio’s ideas of punishment when it came to the bedroom, and he was ashamed of how quickly his own hardened prick started to leak, remembering the night when Dio had donned the red and black corset, making him ache in ways that felt so good.

But right now he did not wish to incite Dio’s wrath, good or otherwise, so he immediately dropped to his knees, and carefully pulled down the silken fabric of Dio’s trousers. His long, erect organ was brought to his lips, and he gave it a light suckle, finding the trail of red left behind from his mouth
rather peculiar. Still, he continued to suck.

Jonathan liked to please, and he knew that Dio liked to be pleased. So despite being a mere ‘slave’ at the moment, he could not help but tilt his head up and give him a coquettish look, licking the tip of his cock. “Is this what you wanted, your majesty?”

“I don’t remember giving you permission to speak.” Dio narrowed his eyes, hand moving upwards to grab Jonathan’s hair with a hard grip, shoving his mouth back onto his cock, pushing him downwards and further until he could feel himself in the back of Jonathan’s throat. The tight clench of surprise around him that came next was utter bliss.

Without leaving much time for recovery Dio began to thrust and buck his hips, taking ownership, using Jonathan’s mouth as he would his rear, pounding and fucking into it with grunts loud and gratified, yanking him up to the tip before repeating the rigmarole again.

“This should be the only use for your mouth right now, Jojo, yes?” Dio pulled him back, giving Jonathan a short gateway to answer before pushing him down once more.

The harshness of Dio’s actions did not surprise Jonathan much, and his large body braced itself as Dio roughly took him by the mouth. While Jonathan was not the biggest fan of rough fellatio, he had learned to take it like a champ. And the fingers in his hair, though they were anything but gentle, were still pleasant.

In response to Dio, Jonathan only gave the slightest nod of his head, deciding that now was not the time for words. Dio was doing a good job pleasing himself, so he remained obediently on his knees and took the mouth fucking as if it were an everyday occurrence. He really did have a knack for being a slave, though he would never admit it.

When Dio finally did finish, it was very hard not to gag, and he started to a little. It was Jonathan’s usual preference to spit where it was possible, but he knew how much it would please Dio to swallow, so he did so with as much grace as he could manage, before waiting for his ‘master’s’ next command.

Letting out a satisfied cry and watching Jonathan with enlivened eyes, Dio happily rode out his orgasm, cock coloured red and white from the residual seed and lipstick that came off from Jonathan’s smudged lips.

“Did I tell you to stop granting me pleasure, Jojo?” He tsked disapproving. “Come now I am completely soft all over again. Use your hand to get me back up, and next time be more pre-emptive about it.” Moving without permission would likely be another thing worth reprimanding, but Dio was enjoying his little power trip, and with permission to do and treat Jonathan completely how he liked for the evening, it was best he make the most of it.

“Now, slave, I am feeling rather thirsty. Go fetch me a drink, I brought up a bottle from the party, glasses are in the lower drawer over there.” Dio flicked his head over to the general direction.

When it came to making Dio hard again so soon after he had finished, Jonathan had a few ideas,
though it was not just with his hands. Despite the servitude position that he had put himself in tonight, he was feeling tipsy and cheeky. Using his hand at first, he began to grasp his cock, squeezing it carefully. Then he spun around, lifting his toned but well-rounded rear up and pointed in Dio’s direction. His movements were smooth and repetitive, letting his ass rub against the limp organ until it started to regain some life.

Just before rising to fulfil his next duty, Jonathan looked at Dio over his shoulder. He was revelling in the fact that he knew Dio was turned on by this, and it showed in his expression. A slave to pleasure, indeed.

Finally, he stood and walked over to the drawer where the glasses were, body swaying, chain dangling behind him. He poured one for Dio and brought it to him, holding it out with a suggestive smile.

~

“You are looking far too smug for your role, slave,” Dio said with a brow arched high, but he allowed Jonathan to come forward and carefully place the glass upon his lips, and tilt it upwards so he could drink to his heart was content. Upon completion Dio jerked down on the collar, forcing Jonathan to a clumsy stumble to his knees, chuckling at how under his control he was.

Oh, Dio would have made such a grand king, and Jojo would be the most perfect of slaves. Dressed up like this each night and day, at Dio’s beck and call, there was little to compare. Mind beginning to wander into the fantastical realm, Dio found his cock throbbing harder, leaking wet with precome as he used Jonathan’s arm as a handkerchief to wipe his mouth.

“I see no reason why I should have to work for it this night,” Dio said, tapping his lap twice. “Come and sit, Jojo, and use that ass of yours the way it should be, a perfect sleeve for my cock. Face away.”

~

Jonathan was prepared for this, in fact he had been prepared all night. In case Dio had decided he wanted a quickie at his birthday party, or that he was in the middle of the lap dance and things were starting to heat up to a point where stopping would have ruined it, he had made certain… arrangements. Alone in his bedroom, he had applied the smooth, slick substance to his anus. There would still be discomfort, but it would certainly help.

So Jonathan graciously spun around and presented Dio with his lovely ass, for the third time that evening. He sat on his lap and teased his cock a bit, before reaching and skilfully guiding the head to the entrance. Slowly, he began to take him in, as he had done many times before, but perhaps with a bit more swiftness than usual. He was, after all, playing a pleasure slave.

He cried out as he worked, even with the preparation, Dio was large enough to make it no easy feat. But soon enough, he had taken all of him, and began the smooth bouncing up and down against his lap.

~

Dio let out a long hum of satisfaction and stirs of pleasure, resting his head back against the bed, lying flat as he watched Jonathan above him, bouncing with his back muscles flexing about, a sight he could stare at for days on end. He upped himself to bite on the star mark he was so greatly fond of, fondling Jonathan’s chest with every amount of shamelessness he had in him, feeling the hardness of his nipples pressed between his fingers.
“You prepared yourself before… and you went the night without underwear. What a perfect little harlot you are, Jojo, always catering yourself to Dio’s needs.” He sank back down on the bed, returning to simple admiration, giving Jonathan the occasional hard buck just to hear him scream.

Tugging yet again on the metal chain he got himself Jonathan’s attention, issuing a few new orders. “Face me now. And praise your king, tell me how grand I am, how much I make you feel, how you would serve me until the end of your days, my dear slave.”

~

Jonathan smirked and continued to buck his hips. His cheeks were flushed red and the wine was still affecting him. While normally he might feel a little shy about something this extreme, tonight he was enjoying it. Perhaps a few glasses of wine had not been such a bad idea after all.

And so Jonathan rode Dio, crying out at each and every touch to his body, he seemed overly sensitive tonight. Dio’s pale hands felt like fire against his smooth skin. Obeying the command to turn over and face him, Jonathan looked into Dio’s amber eyes, with nothing but pure admiration in his own.

“My prince… my king,” he panted as he continued his strenuous exercise. “You are all I could ever ask for, all I could ever want. I will be yours until my dying day, I am yours… all yours… my beautiful, unmatched, god-like ruler…” His hands were on Dio’s hips, and he could not bear to look anywhere but straight at him. “I was made to serve you… it is what I live for.”

~

Revelling in the glory he was showered in, Dio felt himself nearing the edge. He would have shut his eyes if it did not mean missing out on the sight of his painted slave, prettied up and singing his worship and praise with such earnest.

With a yell and the tight thrust and contraction of muscles Dio came thick and heavy inside Jonathan’s rear, filling him up with plentiful seed, orgasm stronger than his first, his back arched and fingers pushed into the bed, digging in deep.

“All mine, Jojo… all mine,” Dio chanted in his orgasmic wave. “But pull yourself off now, my dear slave, for your master has felt pleasure, and that should be more than enough for you.” He licked his lips and smirked as he noted Jonathan’s hardness still present. But that was not his remote concern, and he did so love to see him writhe, deny him pleasure while being the only source for it.

~

It was no surprise that Jonathan was being called to stop before he was finished, but the night was still young, and he did not mind. Still, he did so with the greatest of reluctance, missing the feel of Dio’s cock in his tight ass.

Dio was a delight to behold spread out on the bed, contented and tired from his exertion, but Jonathan knew the tiredness would not last for long. He noted Dio’s silken tunic, and the intricate laces that ran down the back. He reached for the glass of wine, and held it out to him, so he might refresh himself, and then settled on his knees beside the bed.

“May I finish undressing you, my prince? It would make you much more comfortable, I am sure…” Jonathan was also eager to behold his ‘master’s’ bare pale flesh.

~
“For my benefit, is it?” Dio asked sceptically, knowing Jonathan true intentions for the expression and inflection could not be hidden on that face. “But very well, you may do so; you should be honoured to bask in the presence of your master’s radiance, a privilege without compare.”

After taking a breath and a minute more to recover, Dio upped himself to a stand, turning around so the decoration on his back would be in Jonathan’s reach, keeping the chain in hand just in case.

“I suppose a massage would do me some good right about now, once you have removed my clothes. I recently acquired some soothing oils just for this sort of thing but have had yet to try them out. Who better than my slave to do so on me first?” Dio was not going to grow tired of using that name for Jonathan, and with granted permission to call him such without getting a long arduous debate about respect and quality in their relationship, Dio would milk it for all it was worth.

~

Unwrapping Dio was a treat unto itself, or so Jonathan thought. But when he started to tug at the lacing going down his back, he found the cords very stubborn and difficult to get through. He huffed a bit as he pulled at them, wondering if real royalty wore clothing this extensively hard to get in and out of. He could not imagine the time involved just to dress every single day.

“Finally,” he declared as the back strings were undone, and he was able to slip it off of him slowly and carefully, not wishing to harm the expensive fabric. Only then was he able to fetch the oils that Dio had mentioned. In addition, he came back with a basin and washcloth of perfumed water, and began to slowly wash his body up and down, knowing that Dio was not fond of feeling even the slightest bit dirty. Once clean, he started to rub the oils into his skin, his large, thick hands rubbing the muscles and soothing them in the process.

~

Dio had returned to the bed, lying flat on his stomach with Jonathan seated atop his tailbone, his heavy weight actually creating quite a pleasant pressure on his back. His body was warm as it almost always was, his hands wet and slick, fingers kneading into his flesh, working out knots that had found their way plentiful into his neck, smoothing across his shoulders and sinking along the length of his spine.

He moaned, unable and holding no desire to restrain how wonderful this felt, he could have used this.

“We should make this a weekly thing, Jojo, don’t you agree? Being my slave suits you so well, and being a ruler is clearly the role Dio was practically made for, mm?” Dio smiled in his pillow, running a quick hand through his golden locks, slowly growing in length.

“Mmm, push in deeper, I think you can -- aah~” A popping noise came that made him grow taut, then immediately relax, a particularly pesky crick no stretching had been able to resolve finally relieved itself from Dio’s side. “Perfect.”

~

“Ah, but it wouldn’t be special if it was every week. I am sure that you would grow bored…” Actually, Jonathan was certain that Dio would enjoy being treated as royalty for quite some time to come, but he was not about to spoil him so much. He also knew that he himself would eventually enjoy going back to normal. But for special occasions, it was actually pleasant. Jonathan did so love to give Dio his all.
Once the oils were worked into his flesh and all his knots and cricks smoothed out and relaxed,
Jonathan drew back for a moment to admire his handy work, a smile playing on his lips. He reached
down and brushed a few fingers through his blond hair, moving the locks aside to kiss the porcelain
like skin of his cheek. “Beautiful,” he whispered, scarcely even audible to be heard.


Dio smiled, and slipped into silence, save for his mewls of relief as Jonathan continued, closing his
eyes and listening to the sound phonograph music playing, as well as Jonathan hum along until he
felt himself able to sleep like this if he weren’t careful.

“As reward, Jojo, I give you permission to massage the insides of my ass. Nice and slow and deep,
really get into the nooks and crannies.” Dio chuckled, drowsily.


At the permission to begin to toy with his rear, Jonathan let out a hearty chuckle. “Oh, as you
command, my prince.” He slumped down over Dio, lazily kissing down over each and every spine
bump and over his tail bone, before spreading the cheeks apart. He kissed his puckered hole lightly,
eteasing it a bit with his tongue. As of late, he had been less shy about doing so, and a slave should
have no qualms whatsoever. Still, there were larger pleasures to be had. Much larger, in fact.

The oils that had been used for massage were now drizzled generously over his fingers and Dio’s
entrance, slipping inside him and slowly, gently, preparing him. Only when he could slip several
thick fingers in without a qualm did he give his cock a good slather, entering him deeply.

“Oooh…” Jonathan could not help but exclaim as he nearly melted into the other. “You feel like
heaven, my prince.”


Dio’s cock throbbed underneath him, rear moving about in rolling motions, matching Jonathan’s
slow pace as he took him deep within, the walls of his ass opening wide to accept the thick girth
inside.

“I could never… never grow bored of this, my dear slave… my dearest Jojo… how could I for one
moment think to tire?” Dio’s voice was a spin of hazy euphoria and sleepy amusement, the buzz of
alcohol warm in his stomach was swirling as Jonathan’s cock invaded the very same place, filling
him up in the most satisfactory of ways.

Long and drawn out the pair engaged with pants and breaths and Jojo’s glorified declarations. There
was no need to hurry, no need to make him stream out fast, they had the night and they had each
other. Letting go of the chain, Dio reached back blindly until he found Jonathan’s hand, sliding the
fingers with his own in a clasping interlock.


Fingers entwined with Dio's, his tanned skin dark against Dio's pale. He had always enjoyed how
their flesh looked when it was pressed against the other. The contrast served as a reminder of how
different they were when apart, but put together, they could make something beautiful.

Dio was so rarely this relaxed and this content, though during their bedroom exploits he had certainly
come close on several occasions. Jonathan took pride on being the one who could make him feel as
he did right now. A few stray kisses were pressed to the back of his golden head, somehow
Jonathan's mouth always found its way there, as if by a magnetic pull. Lips travelled to his left ear,
lightly licking the three dark moles.

"Lucky..." Jonathan spoke between the slow, sweet thrusts of his body. "I am so lucky... to serve you... oh!" Hands moved to Dio's hips and stayed firm, starting to make his pace a faster one.

~

"Then serve me, Jojo, and serve me well." Instinctively Dio threw his hips and rear back, bucking into Jonathan’s cock and upping his own pace to bring forth the drawn out relief. He panted and curled his fingers and toes as his prostate was hit, his newly massaged and knot free back growing all the more flexible as he arched it high, crying out as he found that final moment.

His cock could not take any more, spilling for the third time, coating his stomach a shade even whiter than his own milky dermis and far stickier. Jonathan came not too long after, digging into Dio’s waist before flopping on top of him, finally sated.

Dio rolled onto his back with a little bit of a struggle, kissing his slave lover on the mouth, his eyes droopy with post coital happiness, tiredness certainly settling in. “Wipe me down, Jojo, and then we will to bed. Such a grand master, I, Dio am, that I will allow you to sleep by my side.”

~

When Jonathan finally did come, it was with a loud cry and with a great deal of his seed spilling forth. He had not been distressed by Dio's earlier treatment and teasing, as he knew that Dio could hardly resist Jonathan coming in his rear. The night would inevitably end with Jonathan being pleased as well, and pleased in the fact that Dio was satisfied.

"Of course, my prince, as you say." A bit of a grin played on his lips as he leaned over and kissed Dio's head, before moving to wipe down his now come streaked body. He made quick work of cleaning him, as well as himself. Before he would settle down, however, he made sure both their rooms were locked from the inside. The last thing they needed was discovery. Thankfully, all the servants would have their hands full with cleaning up from the party, and he had already allowed them to know that he and his brother would both be exhausted and sleeping in the next morning. It was understandable, with such a big affair the night before.

Once all was settled, Jonathan lifted the silk sheets and moved in close to the already spent Dio. A light kiss was pressed to his lips, before resting his own head against a pillow. The smile seemed ever fixed on his lips. Leaning in close to his ear he whispered into it.

"Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said, "I hate"
To me that languished for his sake;
But when he saw my woeful state,
Straight in his heart did mercy come
Fingers traced through Dio’s hair as he continued to recite.

"Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:

‘I hate’ he altered with an end,

That followed it as gentle day,

Doth follow night, who like a fiend

From heaven to hell - is flown away.

‘I hate’ from hate away he threw,

And saved my life, saying ‘not you.’”

Pressing one final kiss to his Dio’s sleeping forehead, Jonathan let himself fall into sleep soon after. “Happy birthday, my prince. My love.”

Chapter End Notes

Everyone have a happy Halloween! :3
The November air was crisp around Jonathan as he strolled through the garden, the servants having miraculously managed to clean up from the evening before. Jonathan's 'royal highness' was still nestled between the silken sheets, enjoying a lazy morning with breakfast in bed. The day was calm, with no plans except whatever the two wished, be it a walk through the estate to see the colour changed leaves, or a slow and smooth love making session that lasted until dinner. Jonathan tried to imagine what would please Dio more, but found his thoughts interrupted by the sound of his own nickname.

"Yes, father?" Jonathan turned to meet George's gaze, which was unexpectedly hard. The older man beckoned Jonathan closer with a wave of his hand, and he had no choice but to comply.

"I am very disappointed in your demeanour last night, Jojo," George spoke, disapproving gaze boring straight into his soul. "It was careless and unbecoming. You made a mockery of yourself, even when in Scotland I have never seen a noble wear a kilt as short as that thing you had on last night!"

"Father, please," Jonathan put his hands up defensively. "It was only a costume. There was no real harm." If his father had only known what he had done in said costume later, that would have been the true cause for concern.

"The attire was only the half of it! You embarrassed yourself in front of the Lady Alexandra, drinking to excess and then losing control of yourself over her very gown!" The tone in George's voice was reminiscent of the early days, where Lord Joestar chose to see how well the boys had been learning their lessons. If it wasn't history, Jonathan performed terribly under the pressure. Right now, he was a man grown, yet his father's voice still made him feel small.

"It was an accident, father. Dio had not intended for there to be newcomers here for his birthday, and the introduction took me by surprise--"

"Dio would never embarrass me as you have! If you had a quarter of his sense and charm you would have wooed the lady Alexandra last night, and we would be announcing your engagement by Christina's!"

"Father, I am not--" But with a raise of his hand George would hear no more.
"Go. Make amends to your brother. After your folly last night you owe him that at least."

Jonathan found himself unable to say anything more, his fist clenched hard at his side as he stormed back into the mansion and up the stairs. The door to Dio's room was opened, and he saw his prince sitting propped up in bed with a book, looking quite comfortable and refreshed. Jonathan's expression could have soured milk.

"I am here, my dear brother, to apologise," Jonathan began in a mocking voice, "As my loving father was kind enough to point out, I am sure my behaviour last night was an offense to your sensibilities. After all, it isn't as if you have ever thrown up on a woman before." Sarcasm dripped through his voice, but he was holding back tears.

~

Dio’s head turned up from the page in a glance, not too focussed on any expression Jonathan had just yet. He shot him a wry smile at his comment, chuckling. “Well, it truly was something of an event last night, so I think I shall do you the courtesy of forgiveness. You are absolved.” When the response he received was anything but jovial, and he noted the distress painted on Jonathan’s face, he dog tagged this book before setting the text aside, attention turning to the Jonathan before him with full attention.

“Come, sit,” he said, voice more welcoming this time, a touch of care accompanying it and Dio patted the bed. The mention of Lord Joestar and Jonathan’s face was enough to join the easy dots of Jonathan’s reason for affliction. He couldn’t blame him, Dio had a hard time keeping any warm expressions towards that sop of a man at any rate.

“He is the way he is, Jojo,” he said once Jonathan had reached the bed, pulling him into his hold. “But you need not take his words to heart. He is nothing to worry about.” Eyes flickering to a painting on his wall, he bore behind it, thoughtful of the coyly installed safe that held an oriental powder he had bought but a few months ago. “Trust me.”

***

Some weeks passed and life returned to normality, and on this particular day, Dio found himself quite excited. More excited than he would have expected to be for something he used to deem so trivial like a one year anniversary. But here it was, and here he was, quietly tapping his feet in anticipation for Jonathan’s arrival to his room this fine Saturday November morning.

The sky was grey outside, but unlike last year snow did not litter the air and ground in heavy falls, in fact the day only really required a light coat to manage, which suited Dio’s plans nicely. He had less than no intention of having a repeat of the cursed beginning, despite the fruitful outcome their illicit relationship resulted from; almost dying of hypothermia thanks to Jonathan’s idiocy was not on Dio’s bucket list.

It was all well planned and imagined, Jonathan would come in and Dio would act perfectly nonchalant as if he had forgotten the day -- which he had pretended to do every day this week, much to the obvious frustration written on Jojo’s face -- casually guiding him to ‘find’ the present he had spent so long picking out for him. That would earn him quite the happy response, he was certain of it.
Jonathan, much like a young puppy, was typically very upbeat and happy, eager for affection and to be affectionate. When it came to Dio in the last year, this was even more the case. But instead, this week, he found himself feeling hurt and let down. Every time Jonathan had suggested something special for the day of their anniversary, he had seemed aloof and uninterested. It was starting to grate on his nerves.

“Good morning, my dearest brother!” Jonathan exclaimed with a very light tone of irritation as he looked to the blond, wondering how in the world he could forget that it had been one year since fate had thrown them together. He folded his arms over his chest and paced towards him.

“Do you know what day it is, Dio?” he finally asked point blank.

“It is Saturday, my dearest brother,” Dio said in turn, lifting up an airy palm in response, stifling his chuckling smirk as Jonathan met him head on, truly acting as if he had no idea what was going on. Swiftly wishing to see Jonathan’s oncoming reaction, however, he continued.

“Since you are here, however, won’t you grab me some socks, you know the drawer.” Pointing in the general direction, Dio slithered back onto the bed, his bare feet hanging off the edge. He had purposely gone without in order to have Jonathan fetch them for him, but now he was actually feeling rather cold and would appreciate them anyway.

“Oh yes, Saturday.” The irritableness was starting to permeate Jonathan’s being, and he stalked into the room with a great dramatic huff. Folding his arms over his chest, he flopped down into Dio’s favourite cosy armchair, and sat there, looking absolutely rebellious.

“You know, Dio, while I often enjoy doing things for you, I am not your personal servant. I am sure you can muster the energy to get them yourself.” He glared out towards the window, noting the lack of snow.

“Oh come now, is it really that much of a bother to you, Jojo? Just get them for me, it is not a lot to ask and I did ask nicely.” Nicely enough in Dio’s books at least. “It isn’t hard, and you are closer.” Dio sighed, it should have been far easier to get him to do this, why was Jonathan deciding to act all obstinate now, he really did know how to pick his moments didn’t he?

“And it is Saturday, so there is no need to be the Grinch all of a sudden. Besides, you may never know what might lie in the drawer…” Rather implicit but Jonathan needed the push.

Jonathan turned his head to Dio and looked at him closely, as if examining him through and through. For a moment it seemed as if he might concede, getting himself to his feet, but when Jonathan opened his mouth it was quite the opposite.

“Dio, I know very well what you keep in your top drawers, I rummage through them in the dark often enough. If you are expecting me to go through them now, retrieve the oils, and give you a foot rub with cock, you are sadly mistaken! I am not in the mood to be amorous with you at the moment, in fact I am very cross!”
Down into the chair Jonathan flopped again, looking madder than ever.

~

"Why must you choose the worst times to be such an impertinent grouch, Jojo?!" Dio asked in a quickly fired yell, voicing his prior thoughts angrier than he perhaps should have been, but he could not let Jonathan’s go without retaliation. "Just open the damn drawer, Jojo, I don’t want a foot rub, just open it already!" He folded his arms over in a huff.

"You have nothing to even be cross about, I have done nothing wrong and here I am trying to lighten your day and you are acting like nothing but a child who refuses to do what he is asked and told!"

~

"Fine!" Jonathan cried out as he pulled himself up, this time harshly shoving the heavy arm chair back as he did. "Fine! I’ll get you your socks, but you should know that I have absolutely spoiled you rotten! It’s one thing to ask for favours, but it is another completely when…"

Jonathan stopped mid tirade when he opened the drawer, and saw a box sitting there, the name tag having ‘Jojo’ on it in an elegant hand. Blinking a few times, he looked up to Dio, and then down to the box, picking it up into his large hand.

~

"Oh yes, that is me! Dio, the completely and utterly spoiled rotten. Yes, congratulations, Jonathan Joestar, you have nailed it directly on the head. I am nothing but that.” Dio was still yelling while Jonathan had fallen into stillness, glaring away on the bed, yelling at the back of his irritatingly stupid head.

"Just give me the thing back since I am so terrible and awful to you at all times, surely this is something I could never do since I, Dio, am so spoiled. I also got you these spoiled brat tickets to the Winter faire you mentioned, but I suppose I will just rip them up too!"

~

"Dio…” A week worth of tensions in Jonathan’s voice melted away, and he became much lighter and more like himself. “Oh Dio…” He set the box on top of the dresser, and without bothering to close it, stepped over to the other man, wrapping his arms around him.

"Why must you insist on being so mysterious?” he asked, as he took a seat on the edge of the bed, pulling Dio down into his lap. “I thought that you had forgotten our first anniversary… you let me believe it for a week! Can you really blame me for being cross with you? After all, that night was rather unforgettable…”

~

"Oh yes that unforgettable night where I almost died thanks to you. Unforgettable, truly.” Dio was still feeling rather moody after Jonathan’s insults, but it was hard to stay too angry when a large warm bear was hugging him and holding him dear.

"And have you never heard of things called surprises, Jojo? They are concepts that require at least a small hint of mystery.” Dio sighed, loud, deciding to quell his anger with a quick kiss, though he did give Jonathan's face a slap first as a final vent. “But you have not even opened the gift yet. Go on.”
Jonathan rolled his hand small circles up and down Dio’s back, feeling absolutely awful about his words now that he could see that he had not forgotten. “I didn’t realise that is what you were going for. Really, I didn’t.” Jonathan slowly stood up, but not before giving Dio another squeeze.

“And you know that the hypothermia was unintentional.” He chuckled as he reached onto the dresser for the box, opening it up and saving the note with his name. He did so like the way Dio wrote it.

Inside was a thick gold band with some lovely etching within it, creating what looked like two threads running through the centre. It was quite elegant, and inside Jonathan saw that their initials were etched, just as he had done for Dio at Christmas. Slipping it from finger to finger to see where it sat the most comfortably, he looked to Dio. “Oh dearest. Thank you.”

“Yes. Thank me.” Dio spoke with a voice a little flat, but slightly cheerier than they had been a few minutes before. “And I did mean it when I told you to pass me some socks.”

For a while now Dio had taken to wearing the ruby ring around his finger than Jonathan had gotten him, so much so that it had rather embedded itself onto him and felt strange when the glistening jewel did not sit neatly there, catching the light. It was about time Jonathan got to wear something similar in return.

“So… where is my gift?”

“Oh! Here you go!” Jonathan practically stumbled over to the drawer to fetch Dio’s socks, once the ring was securely on his finger. After that, he dug into the large pockets of his coat, lifting out a box that was perhaps not wrapped perfectly, but still had a big lovely red bow on it.

“I wasn’t sure when I would give it to you, but…” He placed the box in Dio’s lap, looking down at him happily.

Inside was a heavy and expensive designer scarf, with a pair of lambskin gloves, all in the deepest black. The scarf had several red strands woven throughout it, and would definitely match practically any of Dio’s attire. “I figured it would be wise to get you something… warm.”

“Well, thank you, Jojo, they are quite nice. I shall definitely wear them when we are out this evening. I hear the park has implemented an ice skating rink.” Dio flashed a haughty grin. “With my grace practically that of a ballerina I am sure I shall wow the crowds with my manoeuvres.”

“I also made us reservations for luncheon at that dreadfully expensive little cafe you like so much in town.” Jonathan smiled broadly, as expense had never bothered him, and Dio wouldn’t have it any other way. “I figured that we would be coming back here for the evening, perhaps huddled together
“for warmth…” He smiled fondly at the memory.

“The winter fair sounds delightful, though.” With an excited spring in his step he took Dio up in his arms, hugged him tightly, and swung him around fiercely. “I love you so much! I can’t believe we have been together an entire year!”

~

Dio let out a small yelp upon the unexpected swivel, stumbling a little when he hit the ground again, clasping a dizzy hand round Jonathan’s shoulder for the simple sake of balance. “Yes… a year is quite a while. Somehow it feels like far, far longer, and yet much shorter. Oddly oxymoronic, but all the same.”

It was strange, though not terrible, their relationship, and Dio wondered just how it had all come to this -- though of course logically he knew. He had never imagined them to be together, not in this way at the very least, never expected himself to live a life where he not only did not hate Jonathan but… well… held affectionate regard for him, really.

Wry smile lacing over his lips he brought his and Jonathan’s mouths together in a gentle clash, hand slipping down to his ass and giving it a firm squeeze. “I do love that cafe… but there is still plenty of time before that to…” The end of that sentence was better left to action over words and together they toppled, falling onto Dio’s bed, clothes falling off not long after.
Autumn's Anxieties: Chapter 8

The morning’s bedroom romp had been delightful. Jonathan found it hard to believe only a year ago he had touched no other cock than his own. My how times had changed, and he would have never imagined himself feeling happy and settled with Dio, yet that was exactly what he was. Happy beyond words, and ready to start a life with him, as soon as they graduated.

As they walked into the fairgrounds, Jonathan kept his hands in his pockets, digging around for his mittens. Unlike Dio, he often lost gloves, and preferred for an inexpensive variety that would not be missed as much. Once they were on, he stepped up to a vendor and purchased a hot chocolate, and a coffee, knowing full well Dio cared little for the sweets.

“So you would like to ice skate, eh?” he asked as he glanced towards the frozen pond that had been converted to a rink for the winter. “Have you ever been before?”

~

“I hardly think that should matter, really, it is a slightly more slippery piece of ground,” Dio immediately said with slight defensiveness, mostly given the fact that he really had not. He had seen ice skaters often enough, there were fairgrounds aplenty back in London and in the town by the Joestar estate too, but he had just never gotten round to doing it. There was an admiration for the sport, how graceful one could look skirting across the ice like something of a dancer, and Dio thought it beautiful.

Taking a sip of his coffee he looked around the place. It was not for a couple of weeks until advent began, and already there was a clear Christmas theme about, with twinkling lights and the scent of pine and chestnuts laden thick in the air. Dio was not unfestive, exactly, he liked presents and parties and decor, but still.

“At any rate, I imagine I would at least be better than you, I don’t imagine you being the most graceful on the floor.”

~

“I’m not.” Jonathan proclaimed as he took a sip from his hot chocolate, taking a few steps closer to the ice rink. “It is not as easy as you would think it might be. I fell quite a bit when I first skated as a child. Now I can hold my balance, but I am not about to do anything fancy.”

He looked to Dio with a grin and placed a hand on his shoulder. “If you were to hold to my hand and arm, I do not think anyone would have a problem with it. You are my brother after all. And there is no harm from guiding you along and keeping you from breaking your neck!”

Jonathan chuckled and found a bench for the two to sit on and finish their drinks. “We don’t have to skate, you know. I am happy to just be here with you.”

~

“I want to skate.” Dio said firmly. And now that he had been so heavily and rudely underestimated there was little choice in the matter; it was a simple principle of pride at stake now, Jonathan would surely see him in all his wondrous elegance and be wowed into awe and silence. “And I need not hold onto you like some novice. I, Dio, am a fast learner, it will be no time at all before I am up there with the greatest skaters of our time.” The way he spoke might have had anyone convinced, he was so firm in belief.
Swallowing the final dregs of his coffee, Dio made a stand, tossing the cup away. “Come on then, there is growing queue and I do so hate waiting in line for long.”

Once they had made their way to the front, tickets bought and shoes laced up in pretty bows, Dio took his first tentative steps onto the ice rink, suddenly a little more nervous than he had been prior. With these thin slides that made for the blades, and not much of anything to support him, he wondered if he had perhaps overestimated his ability. But even when Jonathan offered up his arm, Dio immediately batted it away, claiming he need not for such things. Instead, the railing would have to do, and he clung to it like a limpet with one arm, muscles bulging under his feathered coat.

It certainly was slippery, however, Dio was naturally blessed with a decent sense of balance, and made his way around a third of the rink without too much trouble -- still holding onto the edge. He had to get his bearings after all.

He took himself another third around and he finally summoned the courage to let go. “Ha! You see!” he yelled out to Jonathan when he managed to unbend his knees and stand up straight without falling.

~

It had been a few years since Jonathan had last been on the ice, and it took him a few moments to feel comfortable again on the slippery surface. He was a large man who sometimes underestimated his own size, but on the ice, he was extra cautious about being aware. After a few steps while holding to the rail at the edge of the rink, he felt comfortable again.

“Yes, yes, you’re doing fine.” Jonathan frowned at Dio’s insistence on moving on his own. Of course, the one time they were out in public and could hold hands or link arms, Dio would have to stubbornly choose not to.

“Dio, just be careful, you still need to keep your knees bent a bit. And don’t try to take off so quickly.” Jonathan slid across the ice to catch up with him. “Today is about us, isn’t it?” He said in a low voice once he was near. “And wouldn’t you rather if I was near to break your fall?”

~

“Stay close to me all you like, if you can keep up.” Dio’s voice was haughty, perhaps more than it should have been, but he truly was beginning to get his bearings, moving about the ice with not-quite finesse, but certainly a semblance of balance that anyone should have been impressed at in their first attempt. “Besides, tonight may be about us, but right now this is about me, Jojo. I shall impress you and all about us with my movements before the time runs out.” And with that he pushed himself further into the centre, managing to slip past a couple or two. Amateurs.

Time went on and Dio’s confidence ever increased, turning into something not so different from arrogance, noted fully when Dio lifted one leg up in an attempt to balance on the other alone, taking long strides with a flamingo’s poise and grace, toes and fingers pointed in the confines of his mittens and skates.

Humming to himself he attempted his first jump, just a small one, and landed rather successfully. The second achieved the same result, higher this time, and he even earned himself a clap.

The third… didn’t.

“Aaaagh,” he cried out, “Ffuck--Jojo!!!” he cried, voice strained and pained because he was certain his leg was not supposed to be bent in that direction.
Jonathan had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach as Dio took off on the ice, leaving him behind. Dio was indeed talented, as well as a fast learner. But ice skating was a tricky sport, and to slip off on his own like that was not only irritating, but potentially dangerous. He did his best to move through the crowd upon on the ice towards the middle, watching Dio show off, as per usual in typical Dio fashion. The elegant motions were quite impressive for a novice, but at the jumps, Jonathan felt his heart move into his throat.

“Dio, you really shouldn’t—” And then, before he could even finish the sentence, he saw his brother fall to the ice, his leg striking down in a most unfortunate direction.

Within a second, Jonathan was at his side, as well as a few of the other skaters, concerned for his safety. Jonathan looked down at the leg, and shook his head.

“Now you’ve gone and done it… that leg looks broken.” Another man on the ice called for first aid, and Jonathan helped hastily move Dio off the ice, hearing him cry out in pain as they did so. “Yes… definitely broken. We need to get that splinted as soon as possible, and probably go to the hospital, as well.” He frowned and shook his head.

“Dio, you are a fool. But I take it you realise that right now.”

~

“Shut up, Jojo,” Dio grouched, shuffling himself slowly onto the bench he had hopped over to with Jonathan’s assistance, making every attempt not to move his leg too much, though it seemed it simply being attached to his body was enough to make it hurt.

He was almost surprised he had never broken a bone up until now, but it certainly hurt. Still, Dio was not so unaccustomed to past pain that he could not take it, though he was forced to wipe away a few tears.

Turning his head around to the multiple stalls he caught the whiff of mulled wine and hot mince pies being brewed and baked not too far off. In an ordering tone he pointed over there.

“Get me a drink. No, get me three drinks. Then we can see about doing something about all this.” Dio folded his arms over in a huff. “This is all your fault, Jojo. You placed a dark omen upon this day for me and now I am forced to endure it.”

~

“Mmm…” Jonathan took a sip from one glass of wine, and then held it just out of his reach. “Oh, this is my fault, is it? I suppose I am the one who told you to go into the centre and show off like a peacock proud of his feathers.” Jonathan withheld the wine for another moment, before finally letting him gulp it down eagerly, followed by the second glass.

“You will probably be in a cast for a while, and you’ll need help getting around. You should be oh-so-grateful to your darling brother who happens to reside in the room next to your own.” Jonathan spoke as he oversaw the first aid attendant doing up Dio’s leg in a splint.

“We will need to get you in a carriage to the hospital, Sir. Try not to disturb the leg.”

~

“Yes, I am not a complete imbecile,” Dio snapped at the attendant, far more rudely than he might
have usually shown himself to be to most people, any image of decency in that moment lost. He stood up too quickly and on his own from the bench, forcing his scream to little more than a cry from the back of his throat. Snatching the third and final glass of wine, Dio wished he had forced Jonathan to get him five.

“I will have crutches, Jojo, I don’t need your unnecessary and overbearing help for this, you have certainly done enough and played your part in this issue. Now, until I get myself some crutches just give me your shoulder.” Jonathan did so immediately, and Dio hooked himself around, hobbling over to the carriage until he clumsily managed to get inside.

“And if you think you are calling me off as bedridden and sending me home before term ends, Jojo, you have another thing coming. I’m no invalid.”

~

With a hearty sigh, Jonathan helped Dio into the carriage, removing his mittens and putting them into his jacket pocket, once he did so the golden band Dio had just given him becoming more visible on his finger. He allowed Dio to put his leg up on one side of the carriage, while he sat opposite him on the other side.

“You’ve really done it now, Dio. You realise your leg is going to need time to mend. You live on the third floor of your dormitory, you are going to have an impossible time getting up and down.” He met Dio’s amber eyes with an almost motherly gaze, his tone as stern as a mother’s as well. “What you should be doing is going home for the week so I can attend to you until Monday, and then the servants can attend to you after.”

Jonathan was starting to wish that he had had some wine while he had the chance. “You are going to be on crutches, you need to be realistic.”

~

Dio’s expression at even the notion of skipping classes for an entire week might have had one think Jonathan had insulted his mother and spat on his face just to boot, and he gasped before glaring with hawkish intensity.

“If you seriously think I am for one second going to be sent home, on this very week, again, and miss deadlines and classes again, then you have several other things coming, Jojo. Crutches aren’t going to stop me. Nothing will. I, Dio, will not let this cursed week hinder me ever again.” Strong words for a man who was already rather hindered, but nevertheless.

“So it is going to be a little more difficult to walk about than normal. I could work on toning up my arms, and this is the perfect opportunity for me to do so. I thought you were supposed to be the optimist between us, Jojo, live up to your destined role.”

~

“Dio, you are on the third floor! That is three flights of stairs to walk up and down with your things!” Jonathan’s mouth was wide open in shock as he spoke, knowing the way to Dio’s living quarters well. He could not imagine going up and down them as rigorously as Dio would need to for his busy class schedule.

Before he could protest more, they arrived at the hospital, and Dio was taken to be seen by a doctor and have the cast applied. Jonathan was mostly quiet, watching and making sure Dio was no more uncomfortable than was to be expected in all of this. Although truly, he did deserve some measure of
discomfort. This was, after all, his own doing.

Once they were finally alone, the plaster drying around Dio’s leg, he reached out and placed a hand over his. “Why don’t you come and stay in my room for a few weeks, until your leg is mended? I am on the bottom floor, so there is no worry of stairs…and I could be there to help you!” Jonathan’s eyes were shining with sympathy, despite his opinions on how this had happened.

~

“Stay with you,” Dio repeated as something without the inflection of a question in its tone. He groaned, nose scrunching a bit as he stared at the cast, attempting to wriggle his toes that poked out the edge of it before deciding that was a very bad idea and not to try it again unless he was somehow a masochist and not in the enjoyable way. “My dormitory may be a little higher up but yours is further away, by quite a while really, so in the end it all equates to the same. Roughly.”

Still staring at his foot, Dio quietly mused whether he should paint the nails, they looked so awfully bland sticking out like that, but alas, the world was not ready for such a display just yet. “And frankly, Jojo, I don’t know if I can deal with you in such close quarters when I know you far too well enough that for the next six weeks you are going to be a doting thorn in my side.”

The cottage in summer was one thing, but with this, Jonathan would have an active reason to spend every second he could be tending to Dio. And while he could not say he was averse to extensive pampering when he wanted it, having his brother on his case, telling him not to move, to stay in bed, asking if he was alright every waking (and likely sleeping) moment was already bringing Dio a great deal of dread.

“I can manage, and that is the last we are speaking about it.”
Three days after the pair returned to Hugh Hudson, Jonathan received a thudding knock on his door. “I’m moving in with you for the next few weeks,” Dio said, voice flat and demanding, hopping his way in, crutches tucked under his arms. “Stairs are the devil.”

~

Jonathan had been sitting and reading when Dio opened the door, and he could only stop and stare at his brother, before bursting out in laughter. “Oh are they now? I suppose you have discovered for yourself.”

Jonathan pulled out his comfy desk chair, turning it for Dio to slip down into it. He took the crutches, leaned them against the wall, and then began to slowly rub Dio’s shoulders.

“Of course you can stay here. I do not know how you managed to go as long as you did on those crutches.” He leaned in and pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I will make sure you are comfortable. I will even go and get your things for you.”

~

“Well aren’t you just the perfect little gentleman?” Dio would have batted Jonathan away for his insolence, but he could have really done with a nice massage right about now and Jonathan’s fingers had to be dripping in some sort of magic for the way they made him feel was certainly nothing a mere mortal could do. He noted the band of gold that still ran around Jonathan's finger, him having yet to take it off. The almost matching ruby one of his own had not done so either, for quite a long time.

Any amounts of sentimental affection did not replace Dio’s bitter tongue, however. “Those are strong words from the one who caused this to happen to me in the first place. I’ve said it before, this day was monumentally cursed by you, Jojo, and all the effects of it have been placed upon me.” Dio pursed his lips still angry about being laughed at.

“I have already had everything packed and ready for you to collect, simply make it an in and out job. Next anniversary I am not leaving my bed, not for anything or anyone.”

~

"You have such a large knot here in your right shoulder." Jonathan commented as he began to slowly knead it out, little by little. Feather light kisses were pressed to his forehead, and Jonathan seemed prepared to simple serve him like this for the rest of the night.

Until the words about fault hit his ears.

"Dio, I think I have set things straight since last year, have I not? I did nothing to you, except warn you not to go too far ahead of me!" Still, despite his chiding, Jonathan picked Dio up and placed him on the bed. Carrying him over, he covered him in a blanket, and leaned over to kiss his cheek.

"My poor little prince. But now I am lucky you have to be with me each and every night for the next few nights." He moved in to kiss his lips.

~
Dio groaned, loudly and dramatically enough to proclaim his distaste for the situation. This was the last thing he wanted, an overbearing Jonathan not allowing him to do much of anything, but if Dio had to slug his way up another three flights of stairs ever again he may have ended up stabbing multiple people with the godforsaken crutches he was saddled to.

But if Jonathan was going to be overbearing no matter what Dio did, he might as well have put him in full use. “Well I suppose since while I am here you might as well run me a bath before you go.” Dio said. “Ah, but first, you can suck me off, it is so much more difficult now.” His hands were not remotely indisposed or broken… but he could make an excuse of it.

~

Jonathan tucked the blankets around him a little further, chuckling as he did so. He pressed a kiss to his forehead, before pulling back with his arms crossed over his chest.

“So difficult for you to pleasure yourself, eh? Did you break those pale fingers of yours along with your leg?” Jonathan brought his left hand up flush against Dio’s, and then laced their fingers together. “I am not so sure it would be so difficult…” His right hand in turn guided Dio’s own free hand beneath the sheets and between his legs.

“After all, this seems to be in working order, is it not?” Jonathan leaned in close so that he could whisper into Dio’s ear, while his own hand, along with Dio’s, was slipping into the waistband of his pants, reaching for his limp cock, and guiding the blond’s fingers to wrap around the growing shaft.

“I think, if you wanted to, you could manage just fine… you just want an excuse to have my lips do it, mmm?” Despite his words, Jonathan’s tone was still very good natured. “Am I right?”

~

“But what if you are in agony, my dearest prince? I am so sorry, perhaps this exertion is too much for you to take. After all if you cannot handle doing it yourself… Let me run your bath, and then I will tuck you back into bed once you are clean.” Jonathan smirked at him. “I’ll even read you a
bedtime story.”

~

“Jojo...” Dio said in a stern warning voice, the syllables of Jonathan’s nickname elongated, lips flat and straight, eyes piercing in an almost glare. “We are not playing this game. Not today. Not when I have bounded up and down three flights of stairs, crossed campus and finally been able to sit myself down for a semblance of relaxation. Do not test me with teases and drawn out sessions when we both know that it will end up with your lips against my cock.”

A little bout of words was one thing, but Jonathan not giving him this was not something Dio was even close to in the mood for.

“So just skip the foreplay and make me come, or you will find that even in this cast I can do plenty to make your life a misery. Perhaps I shall get you one to match my own, if you catch my meaning.”

~

Jonathan did not answer, just simply walked into the bathroom humming, and filling his bathtub with warm water. He made sure that the temperature was just right, before he came back out to Dio, rolling up his sleeves.

“You will need to keep your bad leg propped up on the side of the tub as I wash you, isn’t it lucky that you broke your leg on the side with the most room!” As per usual, Jonathan was cheerful as he removed the rest of Dio’s clothing, though he seemed to be purposely ignoring the hard cock between Dio’s legs.

“I don’t have any of your favourite soaps over here yet, so you will just have to do with smelling like ordinary soap!” Picking Dio up as if he were nothing was one of Jonathan’s favourite pastimes, so picking him up right now and carrying him over to the bath was a pleasant affair for him. “You feel heavier than usual, Dio.” This was said with the utmost cheer in his voice, knowing it was a jab, and furthermore, ignoring his ever hard and lonely cock.

~

“I will get you back, you know, Jojo. Eventually. You know people call you nice and mild mannered and gentlemanly but I know the real you and the real you is diabolically Machiavellian.” The submerge into hot water admittedly was pleasant, especially after the long walk on one foot, but Jonathan was being quite the ass and it was souring things. Was Dio not treated badly enough already?

“Since you are clearly useless to me, however, you can get out of my bathroom and leave me in a small bit of peace for a while. I will just get myself off, for all the pain it will cause me.” Dio pouted, the water splashing and rippling in the tub as Dio flicked it in Jonathan's face before twisting his upper body as away from the other as he could.

~

“Now Dio, I am behaving the perfect gentleman right now, and helping my poor injured brother take a bath, in my bathroom, might I add,” Jonathan’s hands began to run up and down his body, lathering him until he was covered with soapy bubbles. Gently, he began to rinse, his hands seeming to touch everywhere but the cock between his thighs. Putting the washcloth he had been using aside for a moment, he shrugged off his shirt, already damp, and leaned in so their lips were nearly touching.
“I promised I wouldn’t leave you, remember?” he whispered, before his head sank down and lips wrapped about a nipple, teasing and sucking it with his teeth.

~

“Feel free to break that promise at any time. Now would… be a good start,” Dio’s breath irksomely hitched in the midst of his bitter response, and he reached his hands up to grab and squeeze Jonathan’s head, wetting the dark brush of hair and making for quite a strong grip. Nobody could say his arms had any cause for injury.

“If you are going to continue to be insufferable then your being here is counterproductive.” Dio managed to pry Jonathan off him, meeting him square in the eye, expression deflated, shoulders hunched.

“Jojo… please. It has been a very long day; a very long trio of days and I have weeks more of them. Can’t you cease with antics until after? Have I, Dio not suffered enough?”

~

Jonathan’s shining blue eyes met Dio’s, a few chocolate curls falling across his face, his smile bright and true. "But Dio, it isn’t suffering if you like it." With that, he forcefully pressed his mouth onto Dio's, kissing him hungrily. As he kissed him, his hand moved to Dio's cock, pumping it up several times, and giving it some of the attention he craved.

"I have wanted you for days you know. But I have gotten better at waiting. You, my love, my spoiled blond prince, seem to have gotten worse." The hand that had been on his cock crept down between his legs and began to spread his ass cheeks.

"You could not wait for my lips around your charming little prig, isn't that right?" He grinned pressed two fingers in further. "I shouldn't say little. It's actually a nice size, I would know. But not as big as mine." He inserted a third and moved them, searching for just the right spot. "That is what you really want right now. I know it."

~

“The only reason you’re not as impatient is because you have been stroking your own cock or shoving your fingers up your own ass every possible moment just to compensate for it. Or does someone not remember comparing four measly days without me to death?” Dio raised a competitive brow high, despite the digits pushed up his rear and against his prostate just right.

“And it is not prig, it is prick, Jojo. If anything you yourself are a prig. Not that third arm that you call a cock; you have no right to even put that beside anyone else, it is a genetic mutation of some sort, clearly.” Dio, even in his irked relay recanted, just a little. “Although… it is rather cute when you say that, in a sort of… rousing way. You sound like a green schoolboy.”

Hot memories of Jonathan as the picture of youth, shorts always growing too small as he grew big in growth spurts making his already large rear appear all the larger, long socks high and body still soft, only in the early stages of building muscle, tempting Dio in his uniform however unintentionally. Boarding school was quite a challenge for Dio to get through for that reason alone; never had he touched himself under the sheets with more vigour. But he digressed.

Jonathan’s actions were starting to take a great effect, and Dio’s eyes fluttered shut, head lolling back and gasping. It was all he could do not to let his leg slip and fall into the bath and cause a whole mess of trouble that really would be Jonathan's fault. “If I slip, Jojo…” he warned.
“I won’t let you slip.” Jonathan continued to move his fingers in and out, a determined grin on his face as he locked eyes with Dio. It was as if every fibre of his being was dedicated solely to bringing Dio very slowly and carefully over the edge. “Unless it is to slip into pleasure.”

A fourth finger was shoved in fiercely and suddenly, pressing against his prostate. The thoughts of Jonathan’s youthful figure, coupled with the sight of him now would have surely made Dio writhe. He was close, but Jonathan wouldn’t have that, the fun had only just started.

“Mmm, my darling blond, the night is too young, I don’t want you to finish just yet.” He leaned down to give the head of his cock a tiny suck, pulling away… and promptly slipping on a puddle on the floor, causing him to fall back ungraciously onto his rear. “Oooooowwww….” At least he did not bring Dio down with him.

“You’re an idiot and you got what you deserved,” Dio said without even the slightest amount of sympathy, staring down at the floored Jonathan with eyes amused, nose turned upward. “And since you do not want me to finish so badly, that is exactly what I will do now.” Quickly, Dio grabbed his leaking cock and began to pump it. Thanks to Jonathan he was rather close to the brink of pleasure, and it wouldn’t take more than a few strong jerks with hardened intent to finish. And with a high pitched mewl of pleasure, Dio found himself a contented release.

The bath turned milky, Dio’s seed floating about and he sighed, sinking down just enough so his chin was touching the water, wiping the exertion from his brow. Looking to Jonathan upon recovery Dio was smug indeed.

“Now that that is over, go get my things and let me relax in peace.” Flicking his fingers twice Dio shooed Jonathan off and away, closing his eyes and leaning back to relax in the warmth of the tub.

Jonathan frowned and rubbed his back end, which despite being toned still had not lost all of the bubble roundness of his youth. He was grateful for it, however, as it broke his fall, but despite that, there was still considerable pain. He watched Dio finish himself off, the biggest pout on his face possible. That too was probably reminiscent of Jonathan’s school years.

"I wanted to make you come. That isn't fair," Jonathan whined, pulling himself up. "But I am not getting your things until my cock is inside you." Standing and showing off his full on erection, he moved to the tubs edge, giving him a fierce look, followed by a not so fierce word.

"Please?"

“Not fair? Aww, the baby wishes to talk about what is and what is not fair,” Dio cooed with the highest intent to mock and ridicule Jonathan, sighing and shaking his head with a tut. “Well, boo hoo to you, Jojo. If you will not take my bags I suppose I shall have to endure the sheer horror of asking one of the staff to do it for me.”

He shuffled in the water, making himself even more comfortable, staring up at Jonathan’s erection with a blasé look about him, now his own had faded. “So beg all you like, it will not bear fruit. It is a pity, if you had not been so stingy before I would have been all too eager. But now I get to pay you back for it.
Dio blew him a kiss, winking subsequently. “I did promise after all.”

~

With the biggest pout on his face, Jonathan pulled himself up in a huff.

“You are lucky that I love you.” He grumbled as he began to reluctantly get dressed, although he did need to wait until his substantial erection subsided before doing anything else. “My love for you is why I am walking across campus to get your things.

And with another huff and puff, Jonathan finished doing up his breeches and buckling his belt, leaving Dio to get out of the tub all on his own.
Dio thought he would never be able to survive Jonathan’s doting for the final weeks they spent up until the Christmas holidays, and in some cases he was unsure whether or not he was actually alive. But somehow, despite all the blankets and soup and ‘Dio don’t get up,’ and the ‘Your lecture hall is so far, are you sure you wish to attend?’ and the ‘Here let me sort that out for you’ -- and proceeding to completely mess up Dio’s files, it was finally Christmastide once more, and he could be free.

And on the splendid day before Christmas eve, he was finally able to have his cast removed, and Jonathan would have no claim over him. Dio practically cheered as the ugly white plaster was stripped off and he stood without having to bend his leg upwards and practice the art of hopping. Though his arms really had benefited from it all; how toned they were.

He had expected to walk with immediate ease, but after six weeks of no use of his leg, it was rather difficult to up and stand again, almost as if it had forgotten how to be a useful appendage. Dio, while happy beyond compare that he could go about without that clumpy looking cast; he could tell immediately that while his leg regained strength he could use a little assistance. The doctor only reiterated that.

So before heading back to the estate, Dio had the carriage take he and Jonathan to a store that sold canes and other such items. After a long, long peruse that had Jonathan acting like a bored child, leaning against the walls and dragging his feet, Dio’s eyes locked on a wonderful looking stick. With the head of a silver snake placed on top, the cane itself an inky black wood with purple and emerald in embroidery around, Dio took that one into his hand, admiring it with a grin.

“What do you think, Jojo? The snake or the lion?” The lion was gold, the cane long and black with grand gilded decor in a swivelling pattern around, presenting as much grandeur as Dio took in every step. How could either one compete when they were both so perfect?

“Well, no matter, I shall just get both.” Eyes immediately drawn to a third, a brilliant gloss shone from the white cane, the head no animal shape, but nevertheless fancy and most attractive in its own right, encrusted with jewels, Dio was sold. “Make that three.”

Jonathan’s eyelids were droopy, arms folded across his chest. He was staring out the window of the shop, when Dio presented him with the not one, not two, but three walking sticks. “Dio, um, the doctor told you that you should be walking normally again by January. Why do you need three walking sticks?” It was probably the same reason that Dio needed a dozen different bath soaps and five different winter coats. He did enjoy spending money on lavish things ever so much. Knowing that there was no fighting it, Jonathan sighed deeply. “If they make you happy, get them, but I do think it is rather a waste to have three. Unless of course, you are intending to show me your skills in the skating rink once again.” He flashed Dio a small little smirk.

Dio’s expression faded into something of a glower at Jonathan’s comment, before it returned far more neutral, brow raising up as he used the unbought cane as a crutch, placing the second in his free hand and the other on the counter. In a slightly limping saunter he made his way over to Jonathan,
gently swaying the walking stick with every step.

“You know, Jojo: canes have many a purpose. Of course they are mostly assisting in terms of keeping me upright, but--” Dio swung the cane with forceful purpose, letting it just sweep past Jonathan’s nose, making for what would have been a terrible hit with a few teeth broken surely, the moment so fast the sound of swishing could be heard. “--they also make for quite magnificent weapons.”

He pressed the cane under Jonathan’s chin, forcing it to rise up slowly. “As well as being most stylish for simple aesthetic purposes.” That little smirk Jonathan had given him was matched tenfold in Dio’s visage.

~

The sweep that narrowly missed his nose caused Jonathan’s eyes to widen, and he stepped back, holding his hands up defensively.

“Now, now, Dio, I should hope that you would not find the need to be using a weapon on your dear brother!” He winked at him, even as the cane dug into his chin. “It has been a long time since I fenced. Shall I need to start practicing again, just to stave you off?”

Interrupting their conversation came Jonathan’s stomach, grumbling quite loudly. Turning to Dio, Jonathan shook his head. “Well, if you are going to buy them, buy them! I for one would really like to get lunch, which is the entire reason I came along in the first place.” Jonathan looked innocent enough, though when Dio turned around, and he was certain no eyes were on them, he playfully pinched Dio’s rear through his trousers.

~

Surprised, Dio swung round again, almost clocking Jonathan right on the head after the pinch; it was fortunate both their reflexes were fast enough not to meet with an unfortunate collision. “Do you learn nothing, Jojo? One should never aim for one armed with a weapon, lest they wish to find themselves with a hard battering.” He rolled his eyes, picking up the third cane and making his way over to purchase.

“Clearly your fencing skills have gone to the dust, I doubt you would be able to beat me in such a refined sport.” Having said that, Jonathan had always been rather adept with the sword, it was something he took to like a fish took to water, almost natural.

Upon hearing the prices of the items as the store owner spoke out the charge, Dio’s eyes -- that had not been looking at the labels -- widened large and he quickly turned over to Jonathan, sweet smile on his face. “Jojo… since it is Christmas, you might see to getting me these as an early present for your dearest brother.”

~

It was true that Jonathan shouldn’t have risked pinching Dio. He should have known that instead of taking it for the flirtatious gesture that it was, he would see it as an incoming attack. But Jonathan’s reflexes were true, and he dived back just in the nick of time.

“We should fence at some point when we have the chance. Once your leg is healed, of course, although I am sure that you would insist you could win even with your leg on the mend. I very much enjoyed having a sword in my hand…” And he was rather adept at it as well. This of course went hand in hand with the problem of Dio losing, but it might still be fun to try.
Jonathan was ready to leave the shop, when Dio called to him about making the purchase a present. Stepping over to the counter and hearing the price for himself, Jonathan’s mouth fell wide open. He quirked a brow, and forced a crooked smile at his brother as he paid.

“You are entirely too spoiled,” he murmured as he held open the door for Dio to leave.

~

“You say spoiled, I say opportunistic and encouraging my beloved sibling to harness his Christmas spirit,” Dio replied smoothly. He chose the snake headed stick to walk with, for it matched his current outfit quite pleasantly, and he gave Jonathan a flick of his hair, now reaching past his ears and ever growing as they headed their way down to a polite cafe for luncheon.

***

And so within the next two days Christmas came with a rather fitting shower of snow, falling in light flutters outside the estate close enough to midnight for everyone to consider it as such. It was far quieter a gathering this year, the Floris family taking themselves over to America to spend time with the Lady’s family for the year, and Dio could not have wished them better riddance.

There was to be a small feast in store nevertheless, Lord Joestar having invited a small collection of people far more age appropriate to enjoy the festivities of the grand estate, but that night it was just the three of them, a tray of mince pies and mulled wine over the fire, playing themselves a game of cards. Dio would have preferred to do some other things so late at night, but such was life.

~

The lack of children from the year before was something which Jonathan did miss, but there was something calm, quiet, and peaceful about celebrating the occasion with only his father and Dio. Everything about the day had been splendid, from the gifts to the feast, and now he enjoyed basking in the presence of his two loved ones.

In some ways, his relationship with Dio had been nothing short of a Christmas miracle the year before. Despite their differences, they had managed to create a lasting peace (among other things) which was not lost on George himself. As Jonathan laid down his next card, he took a sip from his wine and met Jonathan’s eye.

“It has been a splendid Christmas, and I am certain that the new year of 1888 will bring a good many things as well, Jojo,” George began. “In the days following the New Year, I’ve arranged for you to have another meeting with the Lady Alexandra and her family. Quite generous considering how you bumbled it last time.”

The feeling of peace was washed away with just a matter of words, and Jonathan’s face fell.

“But father, I have told you, I--”

“There will be no buts, Jojo. It is your duty.” There was something in the old man’s tone that told he should not be argued with on this. The look in Jonathan’s blue eyes was nothing short of anger and devastation.

~

Dio kept his voice still, simply observing the exchange between Jonathan and his father with balanced silence. He may have been more worked up over the matter of Jonathan’s would be marriage, but for a few reasons, he was rather calm about it all. And the look on Jonathan’s face, the
horror of marrying someone who was not Dio was satisfying in its own right.

He remembered the early days when Jojo could seemingly not stop talking about future brides and who they would marry in the future and was glad that had fizzled out into nothingness. Dio was the only bride for Jonathan now, and they both knew it well.

“It is just a meeting, Jojo, let it not sully the pleasantries,” Dio mentioned after noticing the hard fist Jonathan had balled. “Come, perhaps we should finish off our glasses and then off to bed. It is rather late and tomorrow shall be a day full of hosting and festivity, and we do not want to be worked up and tired over it.” George nodded and smiled, coughing a little -- the starts of a cold seemed to be brewing within him; this was not the first time this evening he had been gruff in the throat.

“As always, Dio, you are a voice of reason in Jojo’s outbursts. Sometimes I do wish I knew how your father raised you to be such a grand specimen, for even when you first came to the household you were this way.”

Dio closed his eyes slowly. Very, very slowly. And then he smiled. Sickeningly sweet. “Yes, Sir. I am sure my father would have had many methods of parenting he’d have been more than happy to share with you.” Blindly he grabbed at his warm glass, bringing it to his lips and downing the remaining contents in one easy motion. Taking his lion headed cane, he rose. “Well, I think that will mark bedtime for me. Merry Christmas.”

Dio could not wait to kill him.

~

Jonathan remained quiet with the exception of a small 'merry Christmas' to his father as they rose to retire to their rooms for the night. Growing up, he had always lived for his father's approval, and when Dio arrived, stealing the spotlight, he had been devastated and jealous. Now, there was only bitterness and a sense irony as he sang the praises of Dio’s father, a man Jonathan now knew as someone who was anything but a man of honour.

Once in his room, Jonathan settled into his armchair, not ready to try and sleep just yet. When Dio entered, he would see that all of Jonathan's Christmas cheer was still missing. He motioned for Dio to join him on the chair, immediately wrapping his arms around him as if he needed him for comfort.

"I'm so scared… I am scared of a life where I cannot reach for you when I need you." Jonathan's arms reached around Dio, and he buried his face in his hair, closing his eyes. "I don't want to marry anyone but you."

~

Dio momentarily removed himself from of Jonathan’s hold, turning around so they were now facing each other, his legs straddling the man either side, rear placed soundly on his legs. He felt a strong hold reach around him not a second later, Jonathan looking for closeness, a need to hold onto him. And so Dio allowed it, taking Jonathan’s cheeks and neck in his hold and placing a kiss upon the top of his mop of dark curls.

“And that is the only life you will see to have, my dear Jojo. No matter what it takes, we are to be together. Nobody, not your father, not the Lady Alexandra, not society, nor God himself will ever force us apart.” Dio kissed him again, and together they remained, quiet and tight in their silent hold as snow fell white outside a grey sky, and the fire crackled, making the room toasty and warm.

“I am not going to say it shall be an easy endeavour, mind. I am not saying there will not be
oppositions that will meet us along the way, and expectations. But they can all be damned. Because I am willing to fight for this, Jojo. And I should expect you are too.”

~

“Of course I would fight for you.” Jonathan murmured, lips pressed against his crown and eyes clenched tightly shut. He held Dio in his embrace firmly, as if he were holding on for his very life. “You are the other half of my soul, without you… without you I am incomplete.”

Jonathan’s firm hold began to soften, and he opened his eyes, the blue reflected with deep orange from the flames flickering across the room. “It is just difficult when my father reminds me of my duty to marriage. I think of taking a bride, and living with her, and sleeping in her bed… but it would all be false. You are my bride. I can be bound to no other.”

He leaned in and captured Dio’s lips, before drawing back and lifting a hand to cup his cheek. “But I shall try my best to not let this spoil an otherwise lovely holiday.”

Jonathan held Dio close to him, pressing small kisses to his head. “When the time comes, I shall put on a brave face for you, my love, but for now, you are mine.

***

Nearly two weeks later, Jonathan left the house early for the luncheon with Lady Alexandra and her family. He looked pleasant enough, dressed in his usual browns and blues, a smile on his face, but in his eyes, there was no sparkle, and no sign of excitement.

George Joestar thought his son would be meeting his match, little did he know that his son already had met him.

~

George had invited Dio into the drawing room for a game of cards at the fire after the rather quiet dinner they engaged in, and Dio had accepted, for what else could he do? He knew well enough that this was going to result in some dull conversation with the doddery old man, and so he took to his room first, just to mentally prepare for the ordeal.

Still, this might have proved rather fruitful, there had not been many private moments between them this holiday, and so just in case, he located the hidden key that led to a safe he kept well hidden behind the wall, taking out a small oriental packet he had acquired quite a while ago now, slipping it into his waistcoat pocket before making his way back to the smaller living room.

***

“So Jojo is moving to the next stage in his life, should all go well on his outing tonight,” George could not help but mention after a couple of rounds, Dio winning both without even needing to try or cheat, really.

“It seems that may be one possible outcome, Sir,” Dio replied with an aloof vagueness to his voice obviously not picked up on by the other.

“But I should never wish for you to feel forgotten about in all this. Jojo is the title heir, as you know, but you are ever as much entitled to your share, and I will support until and far long after I am gone.” Dio nodded.

“Thank you, Sir. You are most generous.” George raised up a humble hand before covering his
mouth with it, clearing his throat for a second time in a short window.

“Despite your prior upbringing--” Dio quelled his quick summoned rage in a quiet ball of his fist, remaining quiet. “--I am sure there are plenty of young ladies who would be most fortunate to marry someone like you. I can see to getting you your own connections, perhaps at the Spring debut.”

“That won’t be necessary. At least for now.”

“Of course you are free to pick any who would have you. And of a ranking suitable. Perhaps you already have a young lady in mind. I know you and Miss Davenport despite last summer’s debacle have often been on each other’s dance cards.” God, Lord Joestar was a fool of a man. Closing his eyes and replacing a bark of irritation for a polite and subdued chuckle, Dio shook his head.

“I am not quite sure about that, Sir. I have mostly been humouring her wishes, but, no, I do not think she is quite the right person for me.”

“Well, there’s still tim--” George was forced to draw his words to a halt, an overbearing hack taking hold of his throat, chesty and sounding rather unpleasant.

“That is quite a nasty cough you have there, Sir,” Dio commented, as much concern as he could hold in his voice spilled.

“Yes, I’m afraid I must have caught a bug from one of the guests, I suppose it is cold season.” With a glint of his eye, Dio saw opportunity and took it.

“Let me fetch you a cup of tea, that may ease the sinuses a little at the very least.”

“Oh, Dio, please let the servants tend to something trivial as that.”

“It is quite alright, Sir, I really need to get used to walking around properly at any rate.” Dio smiled his practiced smile and rose, leaving his elaborate cane by the chair as he made his way forth the tea set, intentionally standing in between George’s view and the table. His walking had improved, though there was something of a limp in his step.

Pouring out the rich brown brew, Dio popped in the milk and sugar just the way he knew both Jonathan and George liked them. Then, far more subtly he dug into his waistcoat breast pocket, pulling out a triangular slip of paper, gently shaking the powder inside in as if it were sugar, and stirring it into the tea.

He returned with two cups in hand, one of tea of his own, carefully ensuring he did not mistake one for the other. As a spur of incentive he sipped at his mug, George doing so not too long after, a warm, irksome smile on his moustachioed face.

“Thank you, Dio.”

“Really, this is the least I can do. You are far too good to me, I can never be more grateful for all you’ve done Lord J…” Dio interrupted himself, taking a slow sip of his tea, amber eyes burning with something fierce and dark, not that George would have noticed. “…Father.”

The beam of affection and warmth that came to George’s lips was everything Dio was looking for. “Drink your tea now, and do get better soon.”

PART 6 FIN
This chapter is out a bit early, as unfortunately, it is the last chapter that Dio’s writer and I edited together. The journey to the end has been a long one, and we accomplished writing eleven novel length pieces together, with six of them fully edited. We are both tremendously proud of all of this and thankful for the experience, but our lives outside of the fic have taken off at full speed, and she can no longer devote the time to edit. I completely understand and I am supportive of this decision, as all things must end.

Speaking solely for myself, it is hard to find the right words to express what this experience has done for me. Before it, I never had any faith in myself or in my writing, but working with wryyda changed all of that. She made me look forward to writing every day, and pushed me to get better at it. With her help, I realized that I loved crafting the kind of character dynamic found within Dio and Jonathan, and I realized I wanted to do it myself. Nearly a year ago, I started to develop my own characters and write my own novel. The person I was before all of this would have NEVER, EVER had the skill or confidence to attempt such an endeavor. Now I am over halfway through a first draft and while there is a lot left to do, the end is in sight, and I will be going for the gold, publication will happen if it is the last thing I do. No matter what happens, whether I go on to be a great success and can quit my job, or if I need to continue my current career and write in between, I have found what makes me happy to wake up in the morning and greet the day. I found what I want to do for the rest of my life.

So….that being said, this end, while good and necessary, is a very emotional one for me. And with my partner ready to move on, I do not feel I could edit this on my own, or with anyone else. The last five books are going to be released without editing beyond running through spell check. There will be mistakes and sentences that don’t make sense, and it won’t be as polished as it has been so far. But those of you who have been reading this for over a year will be able to see how it all turns out - and speaking as someone who has read these unedited books over several times just for the sheer delight it gives me to see these boys together, I think it is still enjoyable.

I am going to be unloading the last five books in bulk over the course of the next few days or so, as I feel emotionally prepared to do it. This is subject to change, but I promise it will be done, and the story completed, if nothing else. We look forward greatly to reading everyone’s comments - please! They mean so much, and we have been waiting so long to see reactions to what we have in these next few books!

After the last chapter, I am going to put a little preview of my novel. You reading this right now are exactly who my target audience is, and if gay werewolves are cool with you, I’d love if you were willing to give it try.

If this is it, and if my writing alone falls short, I understand. What happened here was something special. Thanks for being a part of it.
The start of the new term also marked the start of the new rugby season, and this year, the Hugh Hudson team would have a challenge to meet before they even began to practice.

“Avery has been captain for the last two years and he did his job well,” the coach explained as they all sat down for the first meeting of the season. “Whoever takes his place will have big shoes to fill. Only those in their second and third year need apply.”

“Benjamin would be an ideal candidate!” third year Oliver suggested eagerly. Jonathan knew that Oliver’s fondness for Benjamin stretched beyond the rugby field, as he had heard first hand during a summer camping excursion. The two had been quite loud in their tent, and it had been an education for Jonathan.

“I personally feel my brother Dio would be the right one for the position. He is stern and no nonsense, and has a head for tactics and technique. He would be a fine follow up to Avery in leadership.” Jonathan realised that he, too would be as biased as Oliver, but he really meant it. And several others seemed to agree. Standing, Jonathan began to collect his things.

“I have a meeting with my thesis advisor I cannot be late for, but I will be here for the vote tomorrow.” The coach nodded at him, and Jonathan moved towards the door, giving some of his more familiar mates a wave and a smile, as well as a wink in Dio’s direction. He left the room without a second thought as to who he would vote for captain.

“Ugh, I’m glad Joestar didn’t suggest himself,” groaned the second year Anthony. “The big oaf is a monster on the field, but have you seen how clumsy he is with his own things? The other day I saw him bump his head on a door frame and drop his books!”

“Don’t be unkind, Tony. To be honest with you, I think he’d do a better job than I would,” Benjamin said, giving the younger boy a frown.

“He’s only good for muscle and for a laugh!” exclaimed another team member, Charles. “I’d rather see his brother Brando in charge, don’t you agree, Dio?” All eyes now fell on the blond.

“I, Dio, have no doubt I would be a suitable candidate,” Dio said with honesty, his snake headed cane in hand, fingers toying with the indented crust of its eye while his leg was still healing. Truth be told he had grown quite fond of having it at his disposal, even when he could walk without a limp or lagging leg he might just keep them on hand, for the grandeur of it all.

“But I should not ever wish to see insult to my brother. Large as he may be, and perhaps clumsy from time to time, he is without a shadow of a doubt a most worthy candidate for your consideration as a captain.” Though Dio had intended to become captain, he could find himself simply sitting by and allowing Jonathan’s name to be tarnished behind his back. Not anymore.

“Fair, strong and with a mind for strategy, he possesses leadership qualities in understated ways, he would see all assets and know how to put them forth in the most manageable ways. I would have every confidence with him as a leader, so do not glorify my name by putting his down in future, for I shall not tolerate it.” Dio’s eyes sharpened at Anthony and Charles, his cane pointed in their direction.

“I should take that as a nomination then,” the coach said upon Dio’s marked words, nodding at the
responses, all seeming to take the influencing speech to heart.

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The next day when the vote commenced, Jonathan wrote Dio’s name on the ballot without a second thought in the world. He glanced at Dio with a smile as he folded his paper up, and put it in the basket the coach had placed on his desk. Once done, Jonathan took a seat beside Dio and patted his leg.

“I am fairly sure I know who the next captain will be,” he said to Dio, winking. When the coach announced the name ‘Jonathan Joestar’ after counting all the ballots, no one was more surprised than Jonathan. He had not known after all, it appeared. “I… I am honoured!” Jonathan finally found the words to say.

“I promise that I shall give this season my all, and lead us to another successful year.” There were cheers and shoulder pats from the other team members and passing comments of congratulations, even from Anthony and Charles.

As they walked from the meeting towards the dining hall for their evening meal, Jonathan looked surprised but delighted. “I never thought I would win, which is why I was hoping you would! The team needs to be in capable hands. I am truly going to have my work cut out for me this term!”

~

Despite Dio’s testimony as to Jonathan’s ability to lead, he had wanted to win, so enthusiasm was not quite as high as it might have been in any other circumstance. It was a loss and Dio did not like to lose. Even if he was proud of Jonathan, even though he had voted for Jonathan (which he now was regretting, for what if that had been the differing vote between a win and defeat), there was a bitter note in his voice that would take a little time to dissipate.

“I am sure, with me, Dio, as your deputy everything will surely be whipped into shape amply enough,” he said with all the gusto he could muster which was not much at all, while slipping in the comment of his attaining at least some leadership in the process. If he was not the victor, he knew he would have to at least have been second. It was probably very close. Extremely. Perhaps even a miscount.

~

This time around, Jonathan did not seem to notice that Dio seemed less than completely enthusiastic about his win. He threw an arm around Dio, giving him a tight squeeze as they walked, one that could be interpreted as brotherly love as well as anything further, although being from Jonathan it was much stronger than normal.

“This season shall be our very best! And I cannot go wrong with my dearest brother at my side.” He gazed at Dio fondly, in a way only Jonathan could. “I am in an exceptionally good mood, and I would like to celebrate.” Letting go of his shoulders, he held open the door to the dining hall, stepping inside.

“But now I have so much to do. Creating team schedules, working on tactics, organising the equipment… I hardly know when I will be able to spend five minutes alone with you.” Jonathan frowned as he sat down at an empty table.

~

“Well I hope you have fun with that,” Dio replied giving off more bitterness than perhaps intended,
but with Jonathan being so peppy over the win it was just making Dio all the more peeved at his review of the man, for that he knew was what must have pushed him over the line. No, Dio was just not in the mood for cheering him on, nor celebrating any such victories. Not yet.

“If you cannot even manage making a small slither time for me then I suppose you being captain was not the best idea after all, now was it?” He stabbed into his chicken with too much force, biting into it, though it tasted bland and plain in his mouth, matching the sourness of his current state.

“I suppose even now you cannot hope to want to spend a moment with me, oh grand captain. I can leave if you like, the chef clearly squandered this meal and my appetite is shot.”

～

“Oh, do stay Dio! I did not mean to make you sad, of course I shall find time to spend with you!” Lowering his voice, Jonathan added, ”How could I not? We already know how badly we do when we are apart for long.” Despite his distress, Jonathan's appetite did not seem obstructed at all by the situation, and he shoveled forkfuls of chicken into his mouth, thinking about the possibilities.

”Mmm, Dio, last year you did take me once in the changing rooms. I would never forget it… it was my first time like that.” His cheeks turned scarlet at the recollection, though he did not avert his gaze. “Perhaps we shall find time to do that again. And, after a game everyone is so quick to shower, if we were to wait, and make sure to step behind one of the shower curtains…”

Jonathan's mind became filled with Dio's slender body, glistening with sweat, would stand beneath the current of water, blond hair soaking wet, the outline of each muscle just waiting to be caressed after an exhausting game. Suddenly, he did not seem so interested in dinner any more, and found himself crossing his legs at the thigh in order to suppress his rising hard on.

”We will find time, so don’t you worry about a thing.”

～

”Worry has nothing to do it with, Jojo,” Dio griped, arms folded over each other, brows narrowed to the point he could not even enjoy the idea of slipping into the changing rooms to the extent he might have otherwise. But even he could not help but crack an involuntary smirk at their first time inside their, his first take of Jonathan.

“I remember you crying like an infant, begging me to be gentle with you, if that is what you mean.” There might have been some amusement to that. “Though it does not sound like something a captain would do, now does it? Sneaking into the locker rooms to fornicate with secret accesses to the keys, what would they think of you?”

～

”They need not know.” Jonathan resumed his eating, now that his mind was taken off the lovely vision of Dio's body. ”And besides, as long as we are tidy and discreet it does no one any harm. It isn't as if I am breaking a rule and bringing some stranger to desecrate our sacred space. I suppose that is one benefit to our relationship.”

Noting Dio's mood, Jonathan decided that he was not going to let it affect his own. ”Now, if you don’t like the idea of doing it in the rugby shed, I am sure we shall find time somewhere in our busy schedules.” Jonathan took a sip from a glass of water. ”It is just something I thought you might enjoy, but if you have grown bored of such encounters…” Jonathan shrugged and resumed eating.

～
Dio scoffed, rolling his eyes at Jonathan’s obvious goading play. “Obviously I have not, but really, Jojo, if you had even the slightest ability to read a room you would realise with immediacy that I do not have the patience for that right now.” Dio took his glass of wine in hand and drank the remaining contents in three large gulps, slamming the glass back on the table, fist balled.

“I am going to take my leave. I am sure you have plenty of things to do, for I certainly do, so you needn’t bother me with your presence tonight.” Dio stood abruptly, leaving his plate practically full, not much more than a nibble taken in. Before he departed completely, with a shake of his head he noted. “...We can talk about what you mentioned later...” But for now (though he would not admit to it if Jonathan asked), he was bitter.

~

When Dio left the table, he left behind a very confused Jonathan. The brunet was too excited by his own success to truly dwell on what his brother was moody about today. After all, Dio could be quite moody about many things, and they had been together long enough now for Jonathan to learn not to dwell on it. And so he focused on his dinner, as well mentally preparing a list of tasks he would want to complete before their first game of the season.
A Dastardly Decline: Chapter 2

That first game came quicker than Jonathan could have ever imagined, especially with the responsibilities of captain added to his plate. But the team had been well prepared, in part thanks to Jonathan’s tactics, ideas, and pep talks, and in part because of Dio’s organisation and input as a deputy. The two worked well together, both on and off the field. The game was a win, and the team was eager to head to their usual pub to celebrate afterwards.

“I will catch up to you later,” Jonathan spoke casually, as he brushed some of the dirt off his uniform shorts. “The equipment needs to be put away and the shed locked up, there is quite a lot to do… Dio, would you be a good brother and stay behind to help me out?” Jonathan’s voice was as sweet and as innocent as vanilla pudding, nothing about his tone suspicious in the slightest. His eyes, however, were fixed intently on Dio.

Eventually Dio managed to get over the aggro that came with his loss in the run for captain, and with the deputy power he was granted, he made great use of it. Truthfully, with Jonathan the only one the rank above him, it might as well have been him in charge; he had the man wrapped around his little finger after all, and a master of persuasion he was. Though often it came to be that their opinions with regard to the field coincided, they truly did make for quite the duo.

So upon being asked to help Jonathan with the ‘clean up,’ he was more than happy now to oblige. “Of course, Jojo, someone has to do it after all.”

“Sure you don’t require any assistance?” a couple of the teammates asked, to which Dio raised a humble hand up.

“We should not be long, and you all deserve the time off to celebrate. Jojo grinds you rather hard during practice, after all. Take the break since while the opportunity is granted.”

“More so you that Joestar!” they laughed, but seemed to accept Dio’s comment, soon enough leaving the two of them quite alone.

It did not take long for their bodies to meet in a hot tangle after that, Dio already pulling up the green striped rugby shirt and yanking it from Jonathan’s thick arms, placing his hands on the tan muscular abdominal, lips crashing into wet sloppy affections.

“First win as captain, Jojo. How does it feel?”

“Glorious.” Jonathan wriggled free of the shirt, the fabric always clinging tightly to his large and well sculpted body. Soon enough, however, it landed on the floor. “Simply glorious.”

No other words were said, as Jonathan was eagerly joining their mouths together, hands slipping down under the white shorts of Dio’s uniform, giving his firm ass a good hard squeeze. His fingers already started to sneak their way between the mounds of flesh and tease his opening, so eager was he to take him.

“I want you so badly, I might burst!” Desperation tinged his words, and lust his breath, as he exhaled sharply over his ear. “The team made me proud, but you were a magnificent creature out there on the field today, and while you ran all I could think of was how every inch of your body, every last muscle and hair, I have been blessed with the privilege of loving.” A few wet kisses were placed to his neck. He wanted to pull off Dio’s own striped uniform shirt, but the problem was, he did not care to disconnect long enough to do so. And so he continued to suckle, bite, and nip, every action
Need and want in the hot entanglements began to take over Dio’s mind just as strongly, and he grabbed Jonathan closer, pulling him into kisses and touches all the deeper. “Then by all means, love them well and all over... my body wishes to feel every drop of adoration you have to give.” He cracked a smile into the kisses, his rear clenching when Jonathan slipped within, before relaxing, accepting his strong warm hands on his pale flesh with eagerness.

Eventually they managed to pry off for a few short seconds, just enough time for Dio to wriggle out of his own top and allow skin to press on skin, his pink nipples already pert and peaking, chest to chest with Jonathan.

While one hand maneuvered through his dark locks, Dio blindly got to work on pulling down Jonathan’s white shorts, just enough for his pelvis to reveal, and his hand to slip inside and grab at the erection that hid beneath. He did the same to himself, pulling his hardness from the pesky confines, and with a guiding fist he brought them to full stiffness together, rubbing and grinding and frotting the members while the continued to kiss each other wetly, moaning with salacious need. “I want you, Jojo... have me...”

“Gladly.” Jonathan’s mouth had hardly left Dio’s, so hungry was he for the other’s affection. Fingers drifted from Dio’s rear to touch his pert, pink nipples, and he was ever so fond of teasing and playing with them. When their mouths did part, it was to give each a hard bite, just as he knew Dio enjoyed it, before traveling down and falling on his knees, gazing up at his lover above him.

Dio’s shorts were quickly pulled down and discarded, along with his own. He could now focus fully on his cock, sucking the tip lightly, fingers squeezing his sacks and teasing them in his hand. With a glance up, he pushed him back onto a bench, and spread his legs wide.

“Let me hear you, Dio. We are all alone now, I want you to sing my name.” Jonathan then sank down between his thighs, his tongue darting against the puckered hole. Fingers entered him soon after, prodding and probing and making him good and ready. “I’ve been waiting for this.”

“If you want to hear my voice, you had best earn it, I shan’t be giving you even a whisper if you make me feel less than absolute pleasure.” And so Dio was surely going to give Jonathan quite the performance, for he was well suited to playing Dio’s body like a fiddle, knowing every sharp and flat to press to elicit the sweetest melodies from his lips.

Bucking his hips, Dio presented his own passions and desires in attempts to seek friction and relief with Jonathan’s thick fingers penetrating within him, aiming down for his prostate, hoping to slam against that sweet, sweet spot, massaging and pounding there abundantly. But digits could only do so much, only grant Jonathan so many moans of pleasure, and Dio was growing desperate.

“I’m ready, Jojo... put it inside, make me feel it raw and ready.” Already a little tired and well exerted from the rugby match, this would likely leave them both aching the next morning, but that was the last thing they cared about now.

Jonathan did not need to be told twice. He soon lifted himself onto the bench, spread his own legs, and impaled Dio’s rear on his thick and hard cock. Relentlessly, he began to thrust into him, the look on his face intense, brows furrowed, and eyes closed. Every so often, a loud grunt or gasp would escape his lips, but he seemed more intent on listening to Dio than on making noise himself.

“Is that what you want?” Jonathan began to whisper into his ear, letting his tongue tease the shell. “To have me fill you up?” Dio would feel a hard nip against his ear, tugging it roughly, as his hands roamed down to his sides, guiding him into a deeper thrust.
“Because this is all I want.” Jonathan’s legs slowly came up and wrapped around Dio, just enough to draw him in closer, while still loose enough as to not inhibit the strength of his impact. “Being inside of you.”

“If you have not figured that out for yourself yet, Jojo…” Dio said in between pants, his inner walls spread wide as Jonathan’s length pushed inside him deep and long and pulsing at it ever was, sending him into rolls of writhing shudders, hands and fingers clinging to Jonathan’s thighs in a tight grip, hips trying to gain a rhythm, though to any other eyes it would have seen disjointed and patternless, driven by pleasure alone. “Then you are certainly slow in mind… for this is all I want and ever could.” Dio wondered if one could subsist on this feeling alone, for it filled him up greater than anything else in the world and beyond.

The bench creaked underneath them and the pace increased, moans and groans a cacophony of noise, Dio grabbing his own cock with one fist and stroking it as Jonathan had his way inside, amplifying the already heavy sensations amassing all over his body.

Pulling his hands off Jonathan’s thighs Dio slid them up his chiseled from, taking a squeeze of the bouncing pectorals before finding Jonathan’s dark hair and yanking hard, rough, inciting more. “Give me it all, Jojo… go hard. Think of me as one from the opposing rugby team and tackle.” With a crash, Dio locked hot lips with Jonathan once more, pulling his hair again, hips floundering and bouncing up and down the man’s cock.

Jonathan’s hands stayed firmly on Dio’s sides, mouth to mouth with the blond. To truly go at him with the fury he knew that Dio savored, Jonathan would typically turn him around, and take him from behind. But right now, he did not want to lose the ease of capturing his lips, and how it felt to stare into his eyes as he thrust up and down within him.

So instead of taking it the easy way, he guided Dio’s hips up and down on his cock, thrusting deeply as he did. His motions were fast and strong, but controlled. He knew what he was doing, and he knew how to unravel Dio. Victory was assured, just as it was on the rugby field.

Placing one of his hands over Dio’s sacks, he toyed with them in time to his movements, smiling and grinning as he did so. Soon enough, Dio’s seed spilled across both their hands, which was the only sign Jonathan needed to spill his own, deep and warm inside his blond.

In the moments of panting that followed, Jonathan pressed a kiss to Dio’s forehead and looked down at him. “A bit more than a year ago I hastily declared that I love you in this same place.” He pressed a finger to Dio’s chin and tilted his face up so that they were looking at each other. “Now I say it with absolute certainty: I love you. Dio Brando, as I shall love no other.”

Dio, slick with sweat and come and fluid shook his head with a grin than ran all the way up to his amber gaze at Jonathan. “You are cliche like no other, I imagine you have been cooking up a line like that for a great deal of time now, and brought us and kept us here just to say it.” He brought their faces together and hooked his hands on Jonathan’s neck, holding and grabbing him into the sloppy wet affection, pecking three times more once they split before continuing with a wry, “Fucking me so I stumble upon walking was just an added bonus.” And he kissed him again.

Keeping the cheeks of his rear clenched Dio kept himself sat on top of Jonathan, his softening cock still lodged inside, for Dio adored the full feeling it gave him, not wanting to lose it until the very last second it could be.

But eventually, when come spilled down and out of his slick ass and their bodies practically stuck together, it was best decided they take a shower. It took another ten minutes after making that decision for them to actually up from their position and head to the shower room adjacent, closing the
parting door behind so no water would spill through the rooms.

Turning on the showers, Dio noticed Jonathan heading off into one of his own, rectifying that immediately with a kiss and a stumble backwards into one alone to share, throwing his hand around to turn up the heat knob, surrounding them with steam just as hot as they were. It was no surprise erections once again began to sprout.

Jonathan never liked the parting moment either. When he and Dio were one, it felt like something in the world had finally been set right, as if he had come home after a long time away. It was also one of the few times that Dio felt soft and gentle and vulnerable, a side that he was fairly certain no living human being had ever seen beside himself, and he coveted these moments.

Once it was time to shower, Jonathan was so used to just simply going into his own shower stall and washing as quickly as he could, but soon his blond was upon him, turning the water to a scalding temperature, and causing him to gasp at the heat, before backing up against the wall and pulling Dio to him. He was half hard now, fingers tracing over the curve of Dio’s hips, a lazy smile on his face.

“I nearly forgot that we are alone,” Jonathan whispered, as if they weren’t. “This is such a rare treat, getting to have you here, fresh off the field, still on your victory high.’ One of Jonathan’s hands moved to rest on Dio’s cheek, steam starting to rise about them. “The question is, are you ready to join the victory party yet, or shall we continue to make ourselves even more dirty before we clean?” Duty and commitment to the team said one thing, but his cock, growing harder and longer just by looking at the lovely blond before him said quite another.

“This is a party, Jojo… I cannot imagine greater festivity,” Dio replied, answering Jonathan’s question with those words and a tight grab of the brunet’s ass, digging into the flesh and bringing their hot bodies closer, feeling the press of Jonathan’s erection on his thigh, sending a reaction to his own, twitching and throbbing in a way that travelled across his entire body. It had to be released in the form of a wet, moaning kiss, water making it wetter still, their bodies grinding, not caring about any prior exhaustion.

Already Dio could imagine the tomorrow weekend morning, Jonathan bringing him coffee, complaining about sore muscles, though of course when Dio asked if he regretted pushing for this very last round of sex Jonathan would say he wanted nothing more in the world, how could he even for a moment regret. And that would lead to smooches and slow fucks in the bed, and the coffee would become cold before Dio could get even a few substantial sips in, but who could think of coffee at a time like that?

But they were still in the moment, and Dio lived in it. He walked backwards, taking Jonathan with him until his own pale back hit the wall, and with leap he jumped up, wrapping his legs around Jonathan’s waist, grinning into another kiss. “Make me dirty, Jojo.”

The muscles of Jonathan’s massive thighs and arms were already quite sore from the brutal game they had just played, the fact that Jonathan was captain having driven him to the brink. His desire for Dio and to please his love in all the ways which he had been holding back on only brought him closer to that edge where simple walking would be pained, but it did not matter in those first glorious moments alone. And it did not matter now, as spun about and pushed his lover back against the cool wall of the shower, arms hooked around his thighs, leaning in to capture his lips.

He had every intention of capturing his cock, too, which he did once he was able to make a proper balance of things. Dio’s pale, long prick was becoming hard at his touch, jerking and stroking it with an eagerness that would have made one think it had been ages since they fucked, rather than minutes. Once he was in a proper state of arousal, a shift in position was made, pushing Dio’s front against the shower wall so that his rear was prime for the taking, and take him Jonathan did. Before long, Dio
was full with a second load of seed, and Jonathan wondered if he would even have the energy to lock up the equipment.

Washing was a lazy and slow affair, and when the two finally left the showers, Jonathan’s arm was draped firmly around Dio’s shoulders, half leaning into him. He reached out and opened the door. “I may need to take a nap before we lock up, and not sure how you will be able to sit down at the pub.” He reached down to give Dio’s ass a playful pinch with one hand, as he continued through the door to the changing room.

As he did so, another couple of sweaty, naked rugby players holding hands stood at the other side, caught mid kiss. The four stopped and stared.

“O-Oliver? And Benjamin?! What the devil are you two doing here?!”

A yell came from Oliver immediately after, flustered, he pulled himself off of Benjamin in a hurried motion, looking like quite the startled deer. Benjamin, like Dio held the same expression, but kept himself a lot more still than the jittery Oliver who reached over to his left and grabbed bundled up stripy shirt, draping it over his crotch as if that would do anything.

“I-I could say the same thing.” Benjamin said first.

“What? Coming out of the shower?” Dio replied smoothly as he could after the initial surprise simmered down, turning on his immediate lawyer face, removing any sense of red handedness from his expression. They weren’t doing anything, really… not at the moment they were caught at least. “It is a changing room and Jojo and I were in the showers. There is little to be said about that.” He pointed. “You two however… Not much escaping that one.”

Oliver’s spare hand covered his face and he whimpered, a clear admission of guilt. Benjamin, though not quite a master like Dio, maintained his composure.

“Joestar, was pinching your ass as you came out. Looking awfully close.”

“A friendly gesture, nothing more.”

“And I suppose I suppose your neck covered in love bites you didn’t have before was just another ‘friendly gesture.’” Dio bit his lower lip, flushing ever so slightly… less easy to explain. But fortunately there was a quick go to. “Rugby bruises, of course.”

Benjamin shook his head, gaining confidence. “Since I doubt there is much getting around the fact we were caught, you should know well enough that we are quite aware of what a hickey looks like.” Fair enough. “So it seems were are at a bit of a stalemate. But… solidarity, in the same crime…” There was a tentative hopefulness in his stare.

“Well there is only one thing that can be done then.” Dio folded his arms over each other, giving way for a dramatic pause. “Foursome?”

A dropped jaw and awkward silence were the best that Jonathan could offer. His skin was bright red, and not just from the heat of the shower that they had just been fooling around in. Jonathan and Dio had both been aware of Benjamin and Oliver’s relationship for months, indeed, they had heard evidence of it first hand. But he had never expected to see evidence, nor expected to have them interrupt them while coming out of the shower.

He watched as Dio tried in vain to defend their position. Jonathan would not have even bothered, knowing as well as any that he certainly had not just given Dio a friendly clap on the ass. But when Dio said the word foursome, it was hard for Jonathan to hold back the gasp of shock, or for him to
stop the way the blood rushed to his cheeks, making him as bright as a cherry.

“Ahaahaha! Dio, really!” He glanced back and forth between Benjamin and Oliver, the former of whom did not not seem to mind the idea. The latter, however, was a bit more reserved, as well as having a strong blush on his face. “Foursomes aside, I have no problem keeping your secret so long as you keep ours. Frankly, it would be nice to have friends with whom we did not have to hide our relationship with.”

“We are not the only ones in our class, not by a long shot,” Oliver commented, as he let his hands drop and fold over his chest. “There are even clubs for people like us. Safe places where we can go.”

“Clearly, the rugby shed is not one of them.” Jonathan sighed deeply and shook his head. “Lucky for us, it was only each other. But perhaps… this should not happen again. For any of us.”

“Why are you here, at any rate?” Dio asked with furrowed brows. “You knew Jojo and I might be here, clearing up equipment. Not exactly the most intelligent of times to jump in for a fuck.” He moved to his bag, grabbing the towel. Early February was not the best time to be standing around in a birthday suit alone, and the shower being near scalding in heat only made the temperature cooler. “Unless of course you really were looking for a foursome” He tossed Jonathan his own towel too, and Benjamin and Oliver began slipping their own clothes back on too.

“I left my pocket watch,” Oliver admitted, a flush painting his cheeks as he continue. “We presumed it was empty since neither of you were in the room. What happened was not exactly… planned.” Dio could have said something, but it would have been the largest display of hypocrisy he might have come up with. Still.

“The walls between the shower and the changing rooms are surprisingly thick then, it is quite commendable.” Dio and Jonathan certainly had been anything but quiet. “Or perhaps you two were just too preoccupied to keep your ears open.” Probably a combination of both.

“But still… you two are… brothers…” Dio raised a hand up before that irksome train could start a course.

“Adopted. And ‘fraternal’ is not a word I ever might have used to describe how Jojo and I have been. Makes for a good cover though, that cannot be denied.”

“You are rather close,” Benjamin shrugged. “I had thought it was a little odd, all of a sudden you two became far friendlier since… second year, perhaps, Ollie?” He looked to his own lover, who confirmed that with a nod. Seemed they had been discussed. “It was rather advantageous for the team, your teamwork improved.”

“Whereas you two have been peas in a pod since before we knew you I am sure.”

“We were roommates in public school,” Oliver said.

“Ah… Well that tells me everything I need to know.” A small collective chuckle between the three excluding Jonathan who clearly had their share of boarding school fraternisations brought the tenseness of the room down a few notches.

Fingers pinched Jonathan’s brow, the stress at being caught starting to finally dissipate. Still, that did not make him less tired, or the fact that they needed to clean and lock up any less pressing. Clearing his throat, Jonathan spoke up in his best captain’s voice.

“This is all very well and good, but it seems that we all would look suspicious unless we get this place straightened out and cleaned up as soon as possible. As tempting as the notion of a foursome
might be to some…” Jonathan glanced over at Dio and Benjamin, “...I think it may be best if we work together and then make an appearance at the pub, don’t you?”

As Jonathan spoke, he began to finish toweling off, reaching for his extra clothes. “I will admit that I am curious.”

“About the foursome?” Benjamin asked slyly.

“No,” Jonathan replied with some of the blush returning to his cheeks. “About the… clubs, you mentioned. Places where we can be social and not hide.” Jonathan finished buttoning up his shirt, and buckling his trousers. Stepping over to Dio, he placed a hand on his shoulder. “I love Dio with all my heart, and I wish I could tell the world, but…” He frowned. “Of course I can’t do that. It would be nice to be somewhere I could hold his hand without raising brows.”

“I doubt very much a collection of drunk university students celebrating a rugby win are even going to notice our lack of presence when they are too busy buying the next round of shots,” Dio commented dryly. He could see Jonathan was still rather gawkish about this situation, having never openly been around those who too delved into the taboo realms, but while getting caught out was not usually how Dio did things -- though with Jonathan it had counted up to three which clearly meant it was all the Joestar’s fault -- it was not unfamiliar territory.

But along his dry response, there was also a flush against the tips of Dio’s ears… for it was the first time Jonathan had ever been able to say that… that he loved him. To somebody that was not Dio himself. He felt a tightness in his chest from how quick he was to admit that… just like that. He stepped a pace away from Jonathan so they were no longer touching, playing the gesture casually, as he went to grab the lion headed cane that he no longer needed but still used, and slipped into his other shoe.

Benjamin moved on to reply to Jonathan’s question after taking a quick moment to whisper deliberations in Oliver’s ear. “...If you like we could take you to a place some time. It is up in London, members only for reasons obvious. It requires a passcode too, but if you come with us you will be allowed in, and I have no problem vouching for you. Though I am not sure handholding is what most people get up to there.”

“Hmm.” Jonathan considered this carefully. Not all social situations were truly to his taste, but this one could be potentially interesting. He was not opposed to giving it a try, at least once. Perhaps it would prove to be a mutual pleasure, where Jonathan and Dio could be at liberty to express their attraction.

“If Dio would like to, I would be willing to try it,” he spoke with a nod. “But for now, let’s clean up before it gets terribly late.”
By the next morning, Jonathan was beyond wiped out. They had made it to the pub the night before, Jonathan managing to knock back a beer and a half before staggering back to his bedroom with Dio. When he awoke, it was early, and he was aching all over. The only thing that could overcome his desire to not move a muscle was the grumbles of his stomach, and he pulled himself from bed for what he planned to be the only time that day.

When Dio would awake, he would find a huge plate of pastries (with the evidence of several more being smeared on Jonathan’s upper lip) and two cups of coffee (both of which could be safely assumed were for Dio) Jonathan stirred slightly beside him, mumbling incoherently as hands slid across Dio’s hips, and two lazy blue eyes creaked open.

“Mmm… good morning, beautiful,” he crooned in a low voice, not even bothering to lift his head from the pillow.

Dio’s body too was aching, and having a quite few more drinks than Jonathan, he was either not completely sober yet, or on the downward low of escaping drunkenness, adding to the tired feeling that swept over his entire body.

Though he was awake, could feel Jonathan’s hands touch and caress his body, he only opened his eyes once, taking in the direct sight in front of him before closing them again, groaning loudly as he adjusted to the land of the living.

“Oh, you can do better than that, Jojo.” Dio brought a sluggish, lazy hand across Jonathan’s face while his eyes still remained closed over, stroking the ever so lightly bristled cheek against his own pale fingers. “True as it may be, beautiful is a lazy, lackluster way to describe me. Try your hand again.”

"But I am lazy." As if to prove it, a loud yawn escaped Jonathan's lips and he shifted beneath the sheets. "And thinking is hard when I am sore in places I did not even know that I had." Arms pulled Dio in close to him like a teddy bear, spooning against his body, eyes drooping shut. His nose buried itself in Dio's hair, nuzzling against it, as he attempted to summon a bit of creativity.
"You are like a medusa. One look from you, and I am frozen forever in fear and wonder." He inhaled deeply, taking in the scent of Dio's hair. "But I think your hair is much nicer." With a chuckle, he squeezed Dio's sides, fingers tracing across his skin, with no actual goal in mind. All he wanted to do was to touch.

Settling against his pillow further, Jonathan let himself drift into that comfortable spot between sleep and wakefulness.

“The ugly cursed snake woman cursed forever to be alone by sealing all she gazes upon in an eternal lock of stone, horror plastered on their faces, staring because the idea of seeing her terrifies them. Never losing that expression for the rest of time. Well…” Dio opened his eyes, giving Jonathan an up and downward glance, slowly, assessing if he truly thought that was the best comparison one could be made of him. He gave Jonathan’s nose a pinch when he realised he was serious.

“I am not averse to some intimidating features associated with myself, but to put me in the same page as a explicitly repulsive monster of a woman. Jojo, that is rather rude. Perhaps if you had said Medusa before she was turned into that thing, for she was so beautiful a goddess grew jealous I might have been more accepting.” He shook his head.

“Just stick to beautiful. A little uncreative but clearly you do not know how to pay an original compliment. Next you will be saying I am matched to that uncomely stone mask face in appearance, fangs and all.” He let out a scoff of amusement, tongue skirting on the tips of his teeth. “Though fangs would not be the worst addition.”

"I was going to compare you to the sleeping beauty of fairy tale legend,” Jonathan murmured, face still buried in Dio's blond hair, now a reasonable length for carding his fingers through, though that would require an energy he had to muster. "And tell you how when I fetched breakfast and your coffee this morning, how I wished to awaken you with a kiss."

Jonathan groaned as he shifted, truly hating the thought of doing anything but sleeping, however, Dio's hair was tempting him too strongly. Still, arms moved up and fingers began to stroke the blond locks with great fondness, finding himself waking more and more as he did so.
"But I feared that you would scold me for a lack of originality, so Medusa it was." He yawned obnoxiously loud. "Next time, be satisfied with my sugary words, or ask when I am more awake… something I fear I am becoming right now."

“You can be original without calling me a monster, Jojo, it is not one or the other. And I am not sure I am too much like sleeping beauty either. Why must you relate me to people cursed by witches and deities? Should I find myself concerned by these comparisons. Are you trying to tell me something?” Dio rolled his eyes, but smiled all the same, pulling Jonathan in for a kiss despite the morning breath and the fact he still needed to wash his face.

Summoning up a great deal of tired effort in one fell swoop Dio shuffled himself up to a seated position on the bed, stuffing his pillows behind him as a prop up. He took one of the mugs of coffee in his hand, bringing the hot brew to his lips and sipping it slowly, helping him to wake up. Moving his spare palm to Jonathan’s head he took a turn of stroking through the dark lock.

“Yesterday was… interesting,” Dio said, referring to the events within the shed. There had not been much time to discuss anything at the pub, and by the time they got back home it was not much more than slipping into bed and dozing off as soon as the covers swaddled over them. “You really need to stop me getting caught. Before you I was quite excellent at maneuvering.”

“I did not invite Benjamin and Oliver to have an impromptu tryst in the rugby shed.” Jonathan frowned and met Dio’s eye, as he pulled one of the fluffy blankets up and around the two of them as they sat up. It also helped in keeping them close together, something Jonathan seemed absolutely determined to do.

“It was a rather foolish risk they took, knowing that we were both still somewhere within. But I suppose in the end it is nice to share a secret with someone. And I am interested in this club they mentioned.” Jonathan was tired enough to reach for Dio’s coffee mug, pluck it from his hands for a sip, and then hand it back, his face turned up with disgust.

“How do you drink coffee without sugar? It tastes awful.” Pulling the blanket further around them, he let his arm snake around Dio’s waist. “But I am excited to perhaps kiss you in public.” As if to demonstrate, he leaned down and captured his lips.
“You are bastardising and corrupting the delectable taste of the coffee with your milk and cream and sugar. Why even have coffee at all if it is not pure?” Dio accept the kiss, tasting more of the wonderful bitter against his mouth and licking across his lips, playfully.

“If you want to go to the club then I suppose there is no harm in it. Who knows it could serve to be a decent time, and admittedly not having to hide for once might be enjoyable. I should get to show off that you are mine and mine alone to the world. Explicitly.” Dio grinned.

Dio had been to the odd club in the past, though that was less out of a want for it and more to cater to a specific brand of clientele, and a few took him to such locations -- paying for the time. Of course not all were in the habit of hosting to men with penchants for children, but it had deterred Dio enough to not frequent any such location since. But he could not let silly trivialities like that get in the way of a bit of fun, and it was not as if he were looking for anyone to service him. He had Jonathan all there prepped to do it for him.

Still, Dio decided keeping this information to himself would best fit the time, not that there was any time he needed to disclose such things with Jonathan.

“Explicitly yours and yours alone,” Jonathan agreed, leaning in to nuzzle his cheek to Dio’s, unaware of the dark thoughts that were crossing his mind. Jonathan’s face seemed more prone to stubble than Dio’s own. And the fact that he was not as obsessed with smooth skin as his lover certainly contributed to the roughness of his cheeks. He had not yet shaved today, and did not seem to plan to anytime soon.

“The idea of having you on my arm is one that I have fantasized about repeatedly. It is a shame, we have made such a fine love match, and yet we are unable to show it off. So having a place where we can would be lovely.” He escaped the comfort of the sheets for just a few moments, picking up a croissant and napkin to help stave off his monstrous appetite.

“My fear is that it will turn into an orgy.” Jonathan spoke with his mouth full of pastry, chewing and swallowing hastily. His lax in table manners only served to show his comfort with Dio, as well as his sheer laziness at the moment. “…I am not so sure I am ready to handle more than one lover at a time.”
“Is someone getting cold feet now that the premise is growing closer to reality?” Dio teased, wiping a few crumbs from off around Jonathan’s mouth, taking half a pastry for himself and biting into it with active care, not wanting to mess the grand mess the brunet was making on his own side. “I cannot remember when, but I am sure you have mentioned participating in acts with more than one partner before.” Dio wracked his brain for the time, but it did not hit him. But he knew it happened, that much was certain.

“Still, I do not expect it to be anything close to a nunnery. Frankly it will be more like a brothel, expect to see escorts there, my dear. It comes with the territory. But it shan’t be a problem, for the only one to be escorting you shall be I, Dio, and far better than any other servicer could provide.”

Jonathan’s face turned red. "You think me so innocent, but I am sure I can handle the sights well enough, so long as they are not being forced on me." He swallowed the last of his pastry hard, tempted to reach for another, but there was of course no rush, and Dio felt so warm pressed against him under the blanket. "Besides, no one else could be as beautiful as you, my darling medusa.” He laughed as he pressed a few kisses into Dio's hair.

"But in all seriousness, a foursome with Benjamin and Oliver might be interesting, yet awkward. I can't imagine dealing with bodily fluids from someone who is not you. And while Benjamin has a lovely complexion, and both are nicely shaped, there is nothing that really, eh, draws me to them, so to speak. Even if there was, however, the encounter might be strange, and not worth risking our friendship with them for." Jonathan nodded firmly as his fingers began to twirl through Dio’s hair, finally long enough to tie back.

“You mean neither of them are blond. That is what you are so delicately trying not to say.” Benjamin a dark haired man with quite a pale face, and Oliver a mousey brown, neither matched Jonathan’s highly selective criteria of preference and Dio could see through all that waffle without even thinking about it. He cast Jonathan a high arched brow, knowing.

“Admittedly the lines can blur for some, but Jojo you have never experience a casual fling. Often sex is just sex, and friendships maintain the same as they were before, despite it. There is something quite liberating about such events.” But then there was something that sparked in Dio when he engaged with Jonathan too, some connection with him in the intimate realms that amassed his body warm and hot, made his heart glow. That was something a casual endeavour had never brought about.

“And though you are really quite naive at times, I stopped thinking you as something quite innocent
when I found those ‘magazines’ you used to keep in a very inconspicuous looking ledger in your bedroom back at the estate.” He smirked wide catching the look on Jonathan’s face, clearly someone did not think Dio knew about those. “You left it out once. Dirty boy.”

Jonathan’s face turned red at these reflections to which Dio was bringing to his mind. The first of which was casual sex, which just seemed impossibly odd in Jonathan’s mind, but he could take Dio’s word that it was fun. He, for one, would neither have the opportunity, nor the desire, to attempt it.

The magazines, oh, he had almost forgotten about those! There had been a bit of a debate within himself as to whether or not a gentleman should keep such things, but in the end, he decided that there would be no harm in it. That was back when only fantasy filled his bed, along with his own hand, and he thought that his first sexual experience would involve deflowering a girl in a white dress on her wedding night.

Things had changed slightly since then.

“Leave it to you to sneak through my personal effects as a child. But yes, I am no innocent lamb, and certainly not after everything you’ve done to me!” He gave a look of mock offense, and plucked the mug from Dio’s hands, setting it aside.

“…now you have expanded my tastes beyond what I thought of as a child, you are the true ‘dirty boy’ here.” Jonathan’s fingers lightly tickled across Dio’s stomach, though stopped before he could protest. “And I would not have it any other way.”

Dio brushed Jonathan’s hands off his stomach, giving him a strong warning look against doing anything he might regret. “You always had these tastes, Jojo. It simply took a little unlocking. You were too obsessed with being upstanding, when being upstanding is really quite impossible. So why let yourself be held back by impossible goals when they are not even enjoyable in the first place?”

Speaking of such things only served to give Dio ideas, and he stretched, readying himself for a little morning sex to wake himself up completely.
Dio snuck his hand under the bundle of covers, slipping pale fingers to the waistband of Jonathan’s sleeping trousers. “Why don’t you show me just how dirty you have gotten then, Jojo~”

"You do have a point. I have always been very concerned with being the epitome of a gentleman, but it is not always so black and white as I had one perceived it to be.” He rolled onto his side so he was facing Dio. "And perhaps maybe being 'dirty' isn't as 'dirty' as one would think… well, except for the sweat and fluids, of course."

This served as a reminder of all they had done in the rugby shed the night before, and Dio seemed to be thinking along similar lines, as his hands traveled down below the belt. Jonathan caught his wrist, and instead laced his fingers with the other man's. "Dio, I can hardly stand to move, let alone fornicate. There is more we can do in bed, you know..."

Sleep was definitely one of the options on his mind, but instead, he rolled Dio so that his back was facing him, and brought his hands to his shoulders, giving them gentle squeezes and rubs. "We make love all the time. But we rarely just... enjoy each other's company in other ways. I like that too." He nuzzled his nose to the back of Dio's neck, and speckled a few kisses across it.

“What else is there to do in a bed? Fucking and sleeping… not much else to do, really.” Dio rolled his eyes and furrowed his brow, never one for enjoying being denied. “You would not need to do anything else except let me take the reigns if you are really that tired. And clearly you are awake enough to grant me a massage, so what is a little more?”

Admittedly, however, the massage was really quite pleasant and Dio could not help but lean into it, stretching his back, feeling the spine bend and the joints fall into place with a crack, which amassed even more smooth relief, and he sighed with a shake of his head, pulling off his nightshirt so his hands could do even greater work.

“Lower then, if you’re going to. And harder, not need to be soft.”

"Hush. Just relax." Jonathan continued to knead the palms of his hands into Dio's shoulders, while continuing to intersperse small kisses along the way.
"There are other parts of your body besides your cock. Like your shoulders." He began to squeeze and press his thumbs down deep into his shoulder blades, seeing to relieving any tension he was left feeling. "And your arms... and your hands." As he spoke, his own hands traveled across each part, before reaching the front and taking Dio's opposite hands, his arms neatly crossed over his body. Jonathan had not slept in a shirt at all, and the tan flesh of his biceps contrasted deeply with the pale flesh of Dio's chest.

"There is a lot of you I enjoy." He kissed Dio's neck up to his earlobe, hot breath against it. "That is why I love you, I appreciate all of you."

“Oh my shoulders, how grand indeed,” Dio said in a voice flat, allowing Jonathan to touch as he pleased though, pliant but dually pouty from the rejection. “I suppose they are lovely enough, moderately, but I would not say there are the most engaging parts of my wondrous physique.” He took Jonathan’s hands in his own, and this time attempted to slip them under his own trousers in a sly, smooth motion. Upon feeling the struggle and refusal to comply yet again, Dio scoffed.

“If we are not going to do anything of value in here, I might as well up and bathe and make this day productive. It is not summer, I have a plethora of other things I could be doing, assignments due in and essays to write.”

“Dio, please.” Pleading filled Jonathan’s tone, as he pulled him back down onto the bed, so they were lying back against the pillows. Now his lips trailed to his shoulder, while his hands traveled to his hips. His touch was feather light and slow, in a way that was similar to how he made love, and yet at the same time, more precise, and not tainted with need.

“Let me be close to you without sticking my cock in you, mm? I like this type of peaceful coexisting, in fact, there are times where I crave it.” Kisses ran up to the nape of his neck and across his chin.

“If you have readings to do, do them here. But first…” He gave Dio an affectionate squeeze.

“You crave doing nothing?” Dio made a groaning noise as he tried to wriggle free of the bear hold.
There was a certain level of uselessness to this. Not that Dio was averse to lounging and relaxing when the time fitted, or after a round of sex, but to do that and nothing alone did not have much productiveness to it. It was closing in on the intimate acts of intercourse, but not pushing into that, simply living idly.

But he did not win the struggle and so he allowed Jonathan to do as he would, giving him a gaze and a couple of pats on the cheek before taking to staring at the ceiling above, counting the sea of dots while kisses were pressed against his neck.

“Is this all?”

Jonathan pulled away, giving Dio a glum look. “B-But… I like touching you and kissing you, without sex being involved? Don’t you ever look at me and just wish you could hold me quietly, running your fingers through my hair?” Even after he said it, something told him that the answer was not going to be yes.

“Very well.” Jonathan murmured dejectedly, pulling away from the blond and curling up into the sheet. “I see how it is, if I am not making your toes curl in ecstasy, I am not worth your Saturday morning time.”

Jonathan huffed and grabbed a pastry, chewing it and swallowing hard, before offering a bit of a compromise. “Why don’t you get your readings for the weekend, I will get the latest book I am taking notations from, and we can work side by side in bed.” After a moment, he added, “You can even open a bottle, if you want.”

“I don’t need your permission to do that,” Dio replied as he flung the covers off his legs and turned to stand, making his way into the bathroom, washing his face and brushing his teeth, feeling far fresher for doing so. Going back to Jonathan’s grumpy comment before, Dio replied after a pause in time as he went to collect his books and grab a half bottle of wine from the cupboard.

“It is not that I dislike you touching me, it is simply that it did not seem particularly productive, when we could have been doing something else at the same time. I am quite fond of you touching me when there is an orgasm to achieve out of it. We were not even having a conversation.”
Dio returned to the bed, sitting himself back in and arranging his belongings on the soft collection of sheets. “It just does not seem like the best spent time.”

Jonathan watched with his mouth open as Dio opened the bottle. He had been referring to later in the day, after they had had hours of studying under their belts, and after Dio had eaten more than a few bites of breakfast. Yet here he was, just after brushing his teeth first thing in the morning, already opening a bottle.

He forced the thought away. Dio could handle his liquor, right? It wasn’t affecting his school work, or his rugby, so there was no reason to worry on it. Pulling himself out of bed with a groan, he made a quick sojourn to the bathroom to wash up for the morning, and then grabbed the thick nonfiction book on his desk, along with a notebook.

“The purpose is relaxation. I enjoy your caresses, when you see fit to bestow them.

“If you say so, my dear,” Dio replied a little distantly, giving Jonathan’s thigh a rub from under the covers, granting him the caress he apparently desired so much with one hand.

The other began blotching ink to paper as he scrawled down notes, continuing on from prior study, a pensive expression as he slipped into something of a working mode, concentrating on the task at hand. Dio, despite an advantageous natural intelligence, was too a hard worker; none could say in the scholarly regard he did not earn his top status in all attempted fields.

Time began to slip between the seams and cracks until late afternoon came and with it the darkness of winter days. “I think that should suffice for now,” Dio announced, closing his book shut and sighing. “Is that peaceful coexistence sufficient?”

While not quite having the same studious reputation as Dio, Jonathan was devoted to his research. Sitting by Dio’s side, he devoured the historical text, pulling out quotations and notations as he saw fit. He would copy them into his notebook, and then lean over, pressing a kiss to Dio’s head or cheek, as if to remind him he had not forgotten that he was blessed by his presence.
By the time Dio was read to call it a day, Jonathan had collected a fair amount of information for his thesis, and he felt proud of his work. He glanced to Dio’s bottle, empty, and now another one ready to join it. And then he glanced to Dio himself, and reached a hand to cup his cheek. “Quite sufficient.” A peck to his lips was given, and his own work was set aside.

“The one disadvantage, I would say, is that I am feeling a bit… stiff. In many places.” He sprawled out across the sheets, lying on his side, propping his head up on his hand. “Would you be a kindly brother and help me rub it out?” He batted his eyelashes up at Dio, completely unabashed.

“Well, Jojo, that is what happens when you spend the entire day sat in bed without making any meaningful exertions,” Dio said, feeling the need to stretch out a bit himself after a rather stationary day where he was not even perched on a seat by a desk, simply lounging. He had to admit though, it had been quite relaxing, but was relaxing really the best emotion to hold while attempting to study? He probably would have done more in a more rigid environment. Oh well, he could afford a less intense day.

“But fine, lie on your front and I shall ‘rub you out’ as you say.” After some adjustments, Jonathan sprawling onto his stomach, and Dio perching himself on the man’s plush rear, wriggling a cheeky amount he began, pressing his palms in deep to Jonathan’s tailbone, sliding them upwards and massaging his back.

“You do not deserve such kindness, when you have done absolutely nothing strenuous today.” But still, if Dio was giving a massage, he was going to give Jonathan a good one.

”Now, now Dio, I did rub your shoulders just a few hours ago. And I worked oh so hard in our game yesterday, I believe my muscles deserve a proper massage." Jonathan sighed happily as Dio’s hands moved skillfully up and down his tanned body. "...you my darling are such an angel when you choose to be!"

Jonathan thoroughly savoured and enjoyed Dio’s attentions, knowing that the man might be begrudging, but was still aiming for his pleasure. Once he had had his fill, he rolled over so that Dio was now straddling his hips from the front, and gazed up at him fondly.
"I love you," he proclaimed simply, no fancy words or analogies this time. "You and my father are my world… which reminds me. I was thinking we should pay him a visit, just to see how he is doing. I know that cold had turned nasty."

Normally Dio would have found any form of reason to escape an encounter with Lord Joestar, seeing him during the holiday period was agonising enough, adding to it with impromptu, unnecessary visits was almost unbearable. He had been this close to not attending with Jonathan that fateful November in during the blizzard they first became what they were; if one were to ask him why he agreed to it, Dio would not have been able to say for the very life of him.

But now he had reason to return and see him, after all the poison was requiring the next dosage right about now. Leaning himself down to press kisses on Jonathan's neck and trail down the snake of his spine, he agreed. “Alright then, we shall visit him next weekend, if you wish.” More kisses came about, and Dio sank lower, enjoying the chest to back contact -- Jonathan was always so warm.

“For a man of his age… sickness tends to hit harder, Jojo.” Dio spoke in a voice, gentle, quiet, as if he were preparing Jonathan with a tender guidance to accept what was to come. He supposed he was, really, though nothing too damning just yet. “I doubt it will come to that, but you should remember, just in case.”

“I think that father would appreciate it. We could have dinner, say hello to Gingersnaps…” Jonathan thought fondly of the cat that had become their pet over the summer. He would always look at him, though now he had gone from a scrawny kitten to a large orange tabby, as a memento of that summer. That one, magical summer where everything had been as it should be and Dio’s love had been as clear to him as daylight.

It still was clear to Jonathan that Dio loved him, but clouds had set in, and around Dio, sometimes they were thick. He pulled himself up into a sit, and twisted so he could drape an arm about his lover, mind still pondering the summer.

When his father’s mortality came up, that completely snapped him out of it, turning at an almost jolt to look at Dio. “What… what are you talking about? He isn’t that old, Dio. And he has always been healthy before…” Jonathan’s large form seemed to visibly cringe. “He might even be better by the time we see him next.”
“I am just saying,” Dio began, raising up a surrendering hand, wordlessly telling Jonathan there was no need to blow his words up and out of proportion (though really, he should have). “I have seen symptoms light as a common cold turn into something far worse at the drop of a hat before. And optimism often leads to problems. Realistically, Jojo, that is how you should think. Hopeful realism.” Dio touched Jonathan’s thigh lightly, as if trying to settle a skittish horse.

“But as I said, it may not even come to that.” It would. “And at any rate it shan’t be before next week, so we will go and see him and give him our warmest wishes well, alright?” He kissed the side of Jonathan’s head, letting the other man lean on him.

“How about we have ourselves some dinner? I am sure you’re starving.”

Jonathan gave Dio a sidelong glance, gaze fixed on him in this way for quite a while. There was something odd about this. For Dio to bring something up, and then immediately back down was exceptionally unlike him. He much preferred to preach to Jonathan why he was right, and why it was in his best interest to listen.

Dio backing off was… highly unusual. And strange, how he immediately touched him, offered food, and all the things he knew Jonathan would find soothing. Perhaps it was just because it was a pressing matter. That had to be it. “I… suppose we should get something to eat. And I would like very much to see him next week.” Jonathan stood to dress, considering carefully what had just been presented before him.

“I know I should be ready for anything, Dio. I am just not ready to consider being an orphan yet.”

“Not just yet,” Dio affirmed, slipping himself off the bed and beginning to change as a prompt for Jonathan to follow. If all went to plan there should have been about another six months for the poison to slowly break George from the inside and eventually reduce him to a shadow of his former self. A dead shadow.

Jonathan, while sappy and sentimental, was rather adaptable and adept at moving on from things. This would simply be an unfortunate sickness where nothing could be done, and he would have time
to process the events, rather than some sudden shocking accident. There would be grief, yes, but “besides, you will have me,” he said as a final word before slipping the topic into alternate conversation, making their way down to the cafe a little off the campus, and spending the rest of the night talking and doing far more enjoyable things.
“You boys did not have to visit your old man,” George said in a gruff voice in between coughs when Jonathan and Dio arrived at the Joestar manor without forewarning. Jonathan had thought it would be a pleasant surprise for him, and he did seem to be correct about the notion, for a smile grew on Lord Joestar’s withered face.

“We wanted to, Father,” Dio said, placing a hand on the bedridden man’s shoulder, smiling that practiced smile laced with a tinge of faux care. “You are not looking well as you should, I should hope those doctors of yours are doing the best they can.”

“The doctors recommended I be admitted to the hospital today, actually,” George said. Dio’s breath hitched and he immediately shook his head, a forward outburst, though contained.

“Hospital?! That’s a terrible idea!” Jonathan gave him a look out of the corner of his eye, but Dio took to staring at George alone, commenting with a hand to his heart that “The level of care at a hospital is atrocious, their only concern is how much money they make!”

George seemed to match Dio’s own motivations for ones of his own, nodding in turn. “I turned them down. I feel more at ease in my own home.” He gave out a little splutter, but beamed a little through it. He was far more subtle about how he was handling it all; if Dio’s memory served well, with the current dosage he would have a heavy cough and swollen fingers, painful. He recalled how his own monster of a father complained about them for days on end. Dio would have found it annoying (he did, in fact), but to see him suffer was a treat beyond measure.

Seeing his father in the current state he was in made foreign rising fear that had begun when Dio had brought up the possibility. Of course, Jonathan knew George would die eventually. Mortality was a part of life, even for the rich. But he was only just now starting to really understand what that meant, and far sooner than he anticipated. In the bedroom, Jonathan held a hopeful face, but once he and Dio had privacy again in the dining room for dinner, he let that face fall.

At dinner that evening, he ate the first course sparingly, and without his usual gusto. Normally Jonathan was quite cheerful during their dinners at home, but with their father’s missing presence, the formality of it all was unsettling. Once the main course had been served, he excused the servants.

“I am afraid father is not looking well, Dio. I don’t know how this could happen so fast… it is making me nervous.”

“People always think there is so much time left in the world, that they needn’t worry about sickness and old age, for they have plenty of life left to live. But death does not care about that, Jojo, it does not care about anything except its next victim.” Dio put down his fork and glass of wine, reaching an arm across to stroke Jonathan’s balled fist, attempting to comfort Jonathan in the best way he knew how.

“But whatever happens, you will get through this. You have me, Dio, after all, and Father would not want us to wallow too greatly.” A look into the deep blue gaze of Jonathan showed he was not too uplifted by the words. Comfort was never Dio’s strongest suit.

“He is not in the grave yet, so enjoy the time you have. We shall get the very best doctors to attend to him too, and hire a carer to make him as comfortable as he can be.” All the doctors here would not be able to decipher ancient Chinese medicines, so there was no harm in suggesting it, though it would be a waste of money.
“I know that we will provide him with the best care possible, but I cannot help but worry.” Jonathan looked into Dio’s amber eyes, all the turmoil and confusion from the day’s visit evident in them. He turned his attention back to his plate, starting to pick at the meat with little interest. “Father is the only family I ever knew. My mother died when I was so young, and my grandparents were already gone. I had an uncle who squandered his fortune in Italy on wine and women and died. It leaves only my father, and the thought of not having him to turn to is a grim thought indeed.”

Despite the melancholy, Jonathan was not one to skip meals, nor did he wish to overlook the support his lover was giving him right now. He forced a smile and took another bite of the dinner.

“I know that no matter what, I shall be fine. I have my studies, the estate, and of course you to occupy my time. But… I wish there was something more I could do.” He looked to Dio with a sad smile. “Perhaps I should have studied something more useful after all, such as being a doctor.”

“Don’t talk such silliness, Jojo,” Dio chastised lightly. “Working yourself up in the should haves and what you could do is useless. You would have been at best the same level and likely far less proficient than any doctor we might find, so there is little point in wishing for that. Besides, you are far too clumsy to be a suitable doctor, you would probably end up killing him faster.” Dio pulled a face. Too morbid? No, it was probably fine.

“As for family -- as I have already said, I am here. Perhaps I was not born into it, and perhaps we did not have the most fraternal of relationships, but I should think that we have found ourselves a different sort of relation, now. I do not plan to go anywhere anytime soon. So you may turn to me.” George Joestar was a fool of a man who favoured his adopted son over the biological; Dio was unsure why Jonathan would even wish to turn to him.

Jonathan cringed visibly at Dio’s words about his imaginary medical career. He was right in that it was an area where he would have trouble excelling, though the idea of him hastening death was ludicrous. However, it was neither here nor there, as such a choice had long since been made. No, at this point his father’s life was out of his hands. All he could do was support, and look to support from the only family he had left -- Dio.

“When the time comes, whenever that is, I will of course turn to you. And I am grateful to have you.” He reached for Dio’s hand and squeezed it. “Come what may, you and I shall be together for many years to come.”

Dio smiled, resting a lax arm on his chin, fingers stroking the cheek. This was what it was all for, wasn’t it? With George dead there would be nothing and no one to stand in their way. Part of Dio wanted to tell Jonathan that, but even he knew that would be a crossing the line a little too far over the edge. Best save pointing out the benefits that until he was dead.

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Over the course of the following week, returning back to Hugh Hudson and classes, Jonathan did not seem to return to his generally plucky mood. He tried to cover it as best he could, but Jojo had never been particularly adept at concealing his emotions, and Dio could see right through him. Especially since it made him far less amorous than usual, and Dio was forced to suffer the consequences of it.

“We are going out this weekend,” Dio said without and room for debate, marching into Jonathan’s bedroom one evening since Jonathan did not have the courtesy to come to him. “It is Valentine’s day and I have taken Benjamin up on his offer to grant us guest entries to their little gentlemen’s club. And you will have fun.”
Jonathan had filled his week with school and research, which for him were the best remedies to keeping his mind from wandering too far in regards to his father. Being his senior year, there was much to be done in regards to his thesis, it felt almost never ending. His meals were as usual with Dio, though his mind was locked away elsewhere, even as he sat and ate.

Dio’s visit to his room was a pleasant surprise, as well as a break from the rigorous research. He looked up curiously at him, tapping his against the edge of his desk as the ink dried on his latest page of notes. “Oh will I now?” He gave Dio an amused look.

“Not that I am against the idea, when Benjamin brought it up, I was eager to go. And this weekend is just as good as any to give it a try. But…” Jonathan stood and stepped over to Dio, meeting his eyes, hands on his hips. “...didn’t you hate the idea of Valentine’s day and think it is stupid?”

“I do hate the idea of Valentine’s day and think it is stupid,” Dio repeated matter of factly, as if it were perfectly sensible to suggest doing something for it despite that. “But you don’t. And right now, try as you might to deny or distract yourself from it, you are clearly not experiencing the grandest of emotion right now, and this timely event is just the sort of sappy nonsense filled with chocolate and hearts and all of those things you seem to love so much to raise your spirits.” And preferably his libido, though the current positioning of Jonathan’s hand was promising already.

“Besides, last year you were so whiny about the whole thing I was afraid you would burst into tears if I had the same lack of enthusiasm as then.” Him walking out in while sobbing after what Dio had thought was an excellent round of rough sex the last Valentines had been something confusing and disturbing, Dio finding for the first time Jonathan’s suffering did not amount to a great deal of enjoyment for him.

“While I do love to see tears well in those pretty blue eyes of yours, I would rather they were not done when unintentional.” Smirking, he brought his thumb to Jonathan’s cheek, wiping at it with cheek.

The thought of last Valentine's Day was not a pleasant one, and the memory was enough to make Jonathan frown, even as Dio's thumb caressed his cheek. "If you are worried about my 'tears' or 'whining' I shan't be troubling you with them this year." Jonathan gave Dio a cold look, something not often mustered from the friendly and warm Joestar heir. Turning away, he stepped back over to his desk, and began to blow on the ink of his last note page.

"If you do not like the holiday you do not need to celebrate it on my account. I am fortunate enough to receive chocolates and gifts from admirers of the team. You need not over exert your generosity.” His eyes fell on the little stuffed dog sitting on his desk side, a gift from last year.

"I will still indulge you, however. I do wish to see this club Benjamin and Oliver were speaking of in action." The notebook was closed, and Jonathan turned to face Dio. "But you need not patronise me in the process."

“It was not patronising, it was a joke Jojo. Have you not heard of them?” Dio immediately retaliated to Jonathan’s bitter tone, not one to feel automatic guilt or slink back with scowled at, far more likely to fight back. “I did not do anything more to upset you like that time have I? You said you wanted me to show more affection, words and gestures -- so I give them to you, as best as I am able.” He balled his fists, frowning, this was not how it was supposed to go. Jonathan kept getting upset over the smallest things, he could not understand it.

“Though it does cause me to raise my brows, I make plans for Valentine's day, I even had a special treat prepared specifically for the day, and one light jest that accentuates my lack of want to have you upset and you complain. Why can you not make up your damn mind about what you want?!” Dio
wondered what was even the point, if this was what he was going to receive from all the efforts. Shaking his head he picked up his bag and leaned against the wall by the door, readying himself to exit.

“I will see you tomorrow at lunch, let your bad mood simmer down a fraction.”

Jonathan sighed deeply and shook his head, listening to the sounds of Dio's displeasure at the workings of his heart. This had been the background hum of his life for the last year and several months, and while Jonathan did not like it, he had learned that trying to argue anymore than he already had would do neither of them good.

So instead, he stepped over to the door, bringing himself close to Dio, just a breath between them. His height was slightly over that of the blond, though not by a lot. Tilting Dio's face up, he pressed a kiss to his lips.

“I know we differ, and we are both trying,” he spoke as their lips parted. "I love you despite it.”

“Tsk, a kiss shan’t do you much good, now that you’ve gone and soured it,” Dio grouched, rolling his eyes, despite having let the kiss occur, he did not push his lips back against Jonathan’s own in response. Part of him had been looking for a further fight, it was not fair for Jonathan to turn limp after being the one to grow snarky in the first place, and Dio had been preparing himself for at least a small bout of words, and now he was filled with energy to expel but nowhere to send it to.

“You can try harder tomorrow, until then adieu and good day.” Backing away blindly he reached for the door, slipping out of grasp and shutting it behind him, snake headed cane in hand as he marched with a grand poise and loud clip of the heels on his shoes. No one had better come in his way or they may have found themselves with an unwarranted rage from the blond.

“That’s what I get for being nice.”

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The bad mood Dio had been waiting to simmer had indeed dissipated by the next day, though the lack of reminders of last year’s incidents did indeed help that situation. Jonathan, while he did not make as much of a fuss over Dio’s benevolence as the blond would have liked, was still warm to the idea of visiting the club, and warm to Dio in general. He worked hard to be sure all his school deadlines for the following week would be met, and then met Dio on Saturday for the carriage ride into London.

“I know you don’t like Valentine’s day,” Jonathan spoke as he sat opposite him in the carriage, reaching into a paper shopping bag by his side. “But, I bought you this anyway.” He reached in to pull out a very fine bottle of sparkling wine, which had a shiny bauble tied to the cork that looked suspiciously like a ruby.

“You can open it now if you like.” Jonathan produced two glasses from the bag, and passed one to Dio. He liked to think that Dio’s enjoyment of liquor was like his own enjoyment of sweets, where he would indulge and over indulge, but he also knew when to stop.

Dio knew… didn’t he?

Benjamin and Oliver had arranged to meet them later, the pair beginning their Valentine’s weekend on the Friday evening, heading down to London the night before, but Dio and Jonathan had been given the address and time, so there was little bother about it.

When handed the glass, Dio immediately put the flute back down and threw the bauble aside, far too
inconvenient to remove the cork with it attached, a purely ornamental feature.

“If you try pouring out the wine in a bumpy carriage you will just end up spilling the lot and ruining our clothes.” With a twist of his arm bubbles burst and foam began to spring from the head of the bottle, Dio bringing it to his lips immediately catching all before it would fall and even spill a drop on his suit of choice, a vibrant red in colour, with the silver ‘DIO’ engraved cufflinks attached that Jonathan had gotten him last Christmas. Throwing his head back, Dio drank a substantial third of the contents before his lips were finally parted, and he nodded, approving.

“It’s good. You want some?”

While he masked his concerns as best he could, Jonathan could not help but notice just how eagerly Dio drank down the wine, without a second thought in the world. Perhaps he should have thought of a different gift, but even if he had, he knew it would do nothing to slow Dio’s drinking.

“Ah, I’ll try a sip,” he said as he held out a hand for the bottle. If nothing else, it would prevent him from finishing the entire bottle himself before they even arrived at the club.

“Mm, it is nice. But I have to wonder, Dio,” Jonathan began as he held the bottle just out of reach of the blond. “What do you love more? Me, or wine?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” Dio answered with a playful wink and a lick of his lips, reaching his hand out to grab at the liquor, only to have Jonathan take another sip, denying him the brew. Frowning without malice he shifted himself over to the other side of the carriage, straddling Jonathan’s lap and filling his lips with a kiss.

“If you do not know the answer to that already, then you do not deserve to know it at all.” Ambiguous he left the response, just as he wanted to. Discussing things he loved was always something Dio preferred not doing.

“We still have a little ways to go before we reach London, Jojo,” Dio said with a grin. “Shall we get ourselves… in the mood?” It had been over a week now and still they had not once found their way into a tangle, and Dio was feeling rather impatient.

Pink tinged Jonathan’s cheeks as he looked down at the slim blond sitting in his lap. He took another long drink from the bottle, while drinking was not a pastime for him as it was for Dio, indulging once in awhile was a pleasure he would allow himself. One hand moved over Dio’s hip, eyes fixed on Dio’s own amber.

“I would like that very much. It has been a long and busy week.” Jonathan’s lip took another sip of wine, as his fingers began to fumble with the buckle of his belt. “There were times where I woke up at night and wished could roll over and…” Fingers began to slip beneath the waistband of his pants, just barely touching the base of his cock.

“Unfortunately, you were not there, so I needed to take care of myself.” The bottled was pushed into Dio’s hands, and Jonathan’s attention now fully fell below Dio’s belt. “I miss being able to roll over and find you there. Among other reasons, I could do this.” Without a care to the state of his suit trousers, Jonathan fell to his knees, and after tugging the trousers down to reveal his length, gave it a good, hard suck.

“I could have been there. Or you in my room,” Dio said, spreading his legs and grinding his teeth together with closed eyes as Jonathan finally granted him the pleasure of his mouth. “But you were just… off the entire time. Never picked up on suggestions and seemed really quite out of the mood for it. So really it was unfortunate for me more than anything else.” Dio had suffered greatly, it was
tragic, really.

“Still, you are here now, and better late than never, though you will have some catching up to do, I assure you.” His pale hands slid into the dark tumble of Jonathan’s hair, sinking in and squeezing against his head as Dio relaxed back into the carriage seat, hips slowly beginning to move about in round motions, finding a natural rhythm as the world outside blurred with the trotting of horse hooves and spinning of wheels.

“This is a good start,” he admitted, watching as Jonathan licked around the tip and suckled on the head. No teasing now, you have done enough Just get me off, my dear.”

“It’s not my fault that the mood would strike me at two in the morning,” Jonathan replied with a pout. He did not let that take away from the task he had set his mind to, putting his pouty lips to work, running them over Dio’s long, hard shaft with skillful ease. Jonathan’s own trousers were feeling uncomfortable, his own arousal becoming fuller and harder with each suck. But always being selfless, Jonathan put his own needs aside for those of his lover.

“Shift slight,” he suggested, as a hand slipped between Dio’s thighs, reaching back to his rear. While he had no intentions of riding him in the carriage (this time), Dio had asked that he not be kept waiting. Jonathan’s blue eyes gleaned up at Dio, observing him carefully, not wanting to miss one fragment of his lover’s pleasure.

Two saliva coated fingers pressed inside of Dio, as Jonathan’s mouth gallantly held his entire cock, right to the hilt. The fingers flicked against just the right spot as the curly brown head rocked backwards, knowing that Dio’s spill was inevitable. And Jonathan knew just how to make it as quick and pleasurable as possible.

Dio kept his volume to a minimum as much as he was able, but frustration and neediness had their way of getting his volume up, and getting touched and sucked off by Jonathan was far more enjoyable than what he could accomplish alone with his hand perhaps a tool or two to help.

His refractory period and ability to hold back was also a little stilted, or perhaps it was simple testament to Jonathan’s talents to hit him in the spots that made him feel the most that got him feeling near the edge after a relatively short time. The licks to his member and pushes against his prostate, using the bump of the carriage road as a pattern to find. “Aah,” Dio called out, panting, one forearm landing on his forehead and pushing back, the other balling tight in Jonathan’s locks, guiding him passively up and down, while moaning out a “f-faster, Jojo, good,” closing his eyes over though he was certain he was being watched by the other man.

With a buck and a cry he eventually came straight into Jonathan’s mouth in a hot burst of while, swallowed seamlessly. “K-Keep going for a while,” he whimpered, wriggling his ass around the digits, clenching to lock him inside while he rode out the orgasm.

Jonathan obliged, his fingers deftly massaging the spot that prior to his encounter with Dio, he had no idea existed. Now, however, he was a master at manipulating it, as his lips deftly worked the prick, in this instance swallowing the liquid that spilled and letting him ride out the last of his pleasure. He took his time, remaining on his knees for quite a few minutes, and even once he withdrew his mouth, he let his cheek rest against Dio's thigh, blue eyes quietly taking in the glorious sight of him.

Once they had passed a few moments of this, quiet for the exception of the clack of the wheels, Jonathan lifted his head and brought himself to a stand, pulling a handkerchief from his pockets. Carefully he wiped Dio's cock clean, before attending to himself.
"Are you satisfied, love? If not, don't worry, there will be more to come tonight." Jonathan grinned and then spread himself across the seat, propping his feet up on the opposite. The tented fabric between his legs spoke for itself.

“I can get myself by for now, much obliged, Jojo,” Dio replied smoothly, tucking himself back in properly, and returning to an upright position on his seat, legs crossed over themselves as he absentmindedly stroked Jonathan’s legs that sat beside him, pulling his sock up straight where there had become a little crumpled, just a slight peeve from the disorder of it all.

What he did not focus on, however, was Jonathan’s own bulge, which was rather hard to ignore really, given the size of Jonathan’s cock in the fitted trousers he wore (Dio had helped him choose those, as if Jonathan would ever buy such tailored, perfectly fitting garments of his own fashion accord), but that was the exact reason he was doing so. Instead he turned the subject to the outdoors.

"Would you look at that, Jojo, we are in London, I can see Big Ben from here. Shouldn’t be long now.”

Reaching into a satchel he had brought along, Dio picked up a book, a current novel he was reading and began to flick to the most current page. “You should borrow this once I am done with it. It’s a new enough Conan Doyle read: A Study in Scarlet. It is quite the mystery, I think you would enjoy it.”

No one had ever taught Jonathan how a gentleman asked his lover for a blowjob. There was most likely no protocol for as such, since a man was not supposed to be getting such things in the first place. But Jonathan still fancied himself a gentleman, and did not want to come on too strongly to Dio, particularly after the events of the last few weeks.

And so instead, Jonathan writhed in agony, his cock hard as a rock, as he gazed over at his handsome lover. The memory of Dio’s face from moments ago, brows furrowed in pleasure, mouth open and ‘o’ shaped, body tense, danced through his head, only adding to his misfortune.

"Ah, that sounds interesting, Dio. Perhaps the next holiday I will read it." It was hard to even speak the words, so badly did Jonathan wish to grab him and push his blond head down against his crotch. The idea was vulgar despite the satisfaction it might bring, and Jonathan couldn't bring himself to do it.

So instead he smiled and looked away from blond haired vixen, focusing on the view of the clock tower that did nothing to satiate the need in his trousers. "We should be arriving soon. I… am torn, you see. I would enjoy being social, but I also would not mind a few moments alone, if you catch my meaning."

“Dio kept the current page open with the book slid between his fingers, amused amber gaze peering up at Jonathan, the novel covered his smirk as he held it over his mouth. Reading the pained expression in Jonathan’s sweetly aroused face was becoming far more interesting than whatever Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson were currently up to in their fun little escapades.

“I am afraid my mind simply is not working at its current speeds today, my dear Jojo, for I do not catch your meaning.” Dio would never insult his own intelligence with any amount of seriousness, and that displayed itself most outrightly in his tone of voice, flighty with teasing lilts in the patterning. “You shall have to elaborate a little as to what your drift might be.”

"Well, you see, I should like it very much if we.." Jonathan gulped, the carriage hitting a hard bump, and he pulled his feet down from the opposite seat, straightening up. “Er, found a few moments together to ah,” The ride was becoming more and more bumpy the deeper into London they rode, as well as the hustle and bustle from the city around them making it extraordinarily clear that a few
moments alone would be no easy feat.

“Oh, bloody hell!” Throwing his sense of calm to the wind, Jonathan was on Dio within moments, lip to lip, mouth to mouth, hand to hand. A certain obtrusion dug itself obviously into Dio’s thigh.

“Dio Brando, I should like the pleasure of my cock in your mouth before the end of the evening.”

“Oh would you now?” Dio asked with a beam, it was always a pleasure when Jonathan was so abrupt in his desire, pushing past that gentleman’s drivel. “Well since you declared your desire so forthrightly I see no reason not to give you the pleasure you so desire.” Smiling innocently as Dio could ever be, he kissed the other man deep and long and wet, tongue merging in with Jonathan’s own, who reciprocated with a great deal of fervency Dio’s hands snaked up to Jonathan’s shoulders and gripped onto the tightly, allowing him to bring them close together.

And also, pull them apart.

With a spin and a turn, Dio left Jonathan on the side he was sitting on before in a slump, himself twisting with grace for a carriage he could not stand up straight in, reclining himself down on the opposite bench, crossing his legs over once more, book still entwined between his fingers.

“But you see, Jojo, I am in the middle of this fantastic read. But you needn’t worry. There is plenty of evening yet, and your wish will be granted I assure you.” Dio flashed a wide grin before turning back to the novel. Specifics were everything, after all.

The look on Jonathan’s face went from lustful desire to dejected puppy dog in all of five seconds. His mouth dropped open, and he stared at Dio, whose nose was firmly stuck in the book. The carriage rolled on.

“B-b-but, Dio… if you started now I am sure I could finish quickly! We have perhaps fifteen minutes before we arrive, and I know that I will not take very long!” He looked at Dio hopefully from across the carriage, with big, pleading eyes.

“Please?”

“Oh my!” Dio exclaimed, both hands gripping round the hardcover, face practically buried inside the text. “I did not see that coming at all -- Jojo you must read this!” Admittedly it was a worthy twist, but Dio was certainly playing up his responses for the simple reason that it was driving Jonathan mad. He did not even make eye contact with him, so very engrossed in what was going on. Eventually he did give him a glance.

“I’m doing you a favour, you know. In fifteen minutes you would likely have gotten soft if I left you alone, but we may find ourselves caught out by the carriage driver with my lips around you budding erection, and I have been caught out with you one too many times. And beside, being close the edge but not coming until a few rounds later I hear is a very effective way to make the final spill even better. And would you not prefer double the pleasure?” He turned the page.

“There is also the fact I have no intention of dirtying my trousers by moving to my knees on his floor, not even for you, my sweet. Be patient, it’s a virtue.”

Devastated, Jonathan dramatically fell back against the carriage seat, lying in agony as he awaited for his substantial erection to subside. He should have known Dio would not risk dirtying himself, even though just moments ago Jonathan had done the very same for him. It was the epitome of unfair, and Jonathan wished to bemoan it further. But instead, he took the higher road, quietly waiting for the erection to subside.
There was an undeniable pout on his plump lips, which had not so long before been around Dio’s own cock, but as the blond was so intent in his reading, he would have been hard pressed to notice.

Soon enough, the carriage pulled a street or two away from their true destination, Jonathan and Dio walking the rest of the way themselves, just to be on the safe side, until they were stood at the building which housed the gentleman’s club. Oliver met them once they stepped out, and thankfully, by this time, Jonathan had made a miraculous recovery, fabric no longer tented at the crotch, and a smile on his face.

“You two are just in time, Benjamin is already inside finalising the arrangements.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Dio said, casting a hand to the door. “Lead the way.”

There were a few pieces of puzzles to get through before they could be permitted into the main entrance. First a vouch, which they had in Benjamin and Oliver, to ensure there were no undercover officers ready to dismantle the humble abode and arrest or scandalise those inside. Then there was a payment, which Dio and Jonathan (well, Jonathan paid for both of them), doled out their purses to grant. But it all went about smoothly enough, and they were allowed inside.

“Now, Jojo,” Dio whispered lightly in his ear just before they stepped through the doors. “Do not find yourself to scandalise to see other couples together in various states. ‘I remember how you were when we overheard Benjamin and Oliver in the tents, and that was only with your ears. ‘Not proper,’ is what I seem to recall you saying about it.” Dio raised a brow letting out a breath of amusement. “Know that all that occurs is nothing you have not done yourself.” He marked the end of his sentence with a peck to the cheek and a smirk before straightening out his waistcoat.

“I am prepared, Dio, and so long as someone is not interrupting my own slumber with their unabashedly loud love making, I think I shall be fine. And I don’t think I will be slumbering for quite some time.” A smile slipped over Jonathan’s lips, though Dio could tell that despite the words, Jonathan was covering for his own nerves.

Still, he offered Dio his arm, something he had been unable to do in public as anything more than a brother until now, and stepped through the double doors held open by two footmen after Benjamin and Oliver.
The sight that greeted Jonathan’s eyes beyond the doors was both exceptionally familiar, and bizarrely different from the world which Jonathan knew. It resembled any high class club, with a bar, live music, and a dance floor. However, there were no ladies in sight, or at least, none in the traditional sense. Men unabashedly touched and showed affection, while others solicited themselves for said affection. There was also a red carpeted staircase leading to an upstairs that Jonathan very much doubted was for games of cards and darts.

Dio scanned the room from left to right and back again, taking in the sight around him. It was familiar, not just in the way Jonathan saw it as a club, but for the specific reason for its origin and creation. He remembered himself as a boy, his wrist gripped around tightly as he was taken out for the night by some rich someone or other have a more lavish night to the beer scented dirty pubs he usually serviced at. Disassociating from the reason he was there, it was somewhat pleasant to have a taste of the lavish once in awhile in the poor boy’s mind, but already he was preferring being on the opposite side of the industry for once, and he formed a smile on his lips. This place would do just fine.

“Nice, isn’t it?” Benjamin said, turning around to face them.

“It’s not bad,” Dio responded, though he nodded, impressed.

“There’s a casino in the other room if that tickles your fancy,” Oliver chimed. “Upstairs you can order yourself a room for… well what you get up to is your business.” There was a nervous chuckle then from him and Oliver turned about three shades of red. Clearly he was not used to discussing such topics to anyone he actually knew. Understandable, Dio supposed.

“If there isn’t anything…” Benjamin began, looking like he was ready to depart for his own personal indulgences.

“By all means, we can take it from here,” Dio said with a brush of his hands, and the two pairs split in their separate ways. Dio turned to Jonathan, dancing a finger along his jaw, leaning against him unabashed as he could be. “Why don’t you go and get me a drink from the bar, and then we can begin our night properly.”

Jonathan watched Benjamin and Oliver head off in the direction of the upstairs. He had to imagine that for the two of them, time alone was even harder to come by than it was for he and Dio. The fact that they were brothers was something that came in handy, even if the two had always been anything but fraternal towards each other.

A soft smile spread over Jonathan’s lips as Dio ran a finger across his skin. In a way, it brought the reality of their love to another level, and he could not help but feel elated by the fact.

“Of course!” He replied cheerily, not even thinking about the fact that he had already downed the better part of a bottle of wine in the carriage. “I shall just be a minute, don’t you run off on me now.” Jonathan nearly tripped over his own to feet as he hurried to the bar.

Dio would not have walked off on him, standing in the spot as he waited for Jonathan to return, tapping his feet along to the music and humming a quiet tune to himself, observing the surrounding parties, the single men, the callboys and escorts, the couples looking for somewhere to enjoy freedom the world did not give them, just like he and Jonathan.
But after seven minutes waiting in the same place got rather dull and Dio’s eyes narrowed, for Jojo
was nowhere in sight. Marching his way to the bar to demand why he was made to mill around like
some sort of lemon for days on end, Jonathan did not appear to be there either, which certainly did
not prove to up Dio’s mood to any degree.

“Don’t run off he said,” Dio mimicked his Jonathan’s voice in a high and rather mocking
interpretation, sitting himself onto a high stood and lifting his hand up for the attention of the bar
tender. “Can I--”

“Let me get that for you,” a voice said next to him, and with furrowed brows Dio turned, scanning
the newly revealed man beside him.

Not bad looking in the slightest, though nothing compared to his wayward lover, bit shorter than Dio
though that was nothing new, wavy hair a sort of mousy colour, newly cut, and a outfit so stylish it
made Dio want to ask for the name of his tailor he shrugged, no harm in a free drink. “Alright then.
A whiskey. Top shelf?”

“Of course.” Dio smirked as he ordered the same for himself too.

“I couldn’t just let a handsome piece like you sit alone at a bar on Valentine’s day. That is worthy of
Greek tragedy.” Dio scoffed, the line was so pitiful it was amusing.

“Who says I am alone?” The drink was poured out and so Dio brought it to his lips, sipping it
slowly.

“Then whoever let you slip through their fingers is a fool.” Agreed. “I’ve never minded a little
competition.”

“You’d lose.” The other name sat himself up a little, straighter, puffing out his chest like some sort of
feathered peacock trying to impress a potential mate.

“You haven’t even given me a chance.” Since he was waiting for Jonathan to return from his
misadventures, while Dio’s eyes were not quite wandering yet, but he was a this seemed like a good
enough distraction.

“Go on then, try and prove yourself as remotely worthy of my time. But first--” Dio downed the
remaining contents of his whiskey in an easy motion. “Get me another drink.” A lucrative distraction
too.

The bar was large and sprawling, and Dio had not specified what exactly he wanted. Of course, Dio
would be happy with anything, but Jonathan did not want to make a hasty decision. It was
Valentine’s day, their first night at an establishment where they could be together, and the horniest
Jonathan had felt in weeks. Everything needed to be perfect.

A flash of green caught Jonathan’s eyes, as the bartender brought a man a few stools away a glass of
emerald liquid. A butter knife was placed across the glass and a sugar cube balanced on top. The
bartender poured some water from a pitcher over the drink, washing the sugar away into the drink.
The customer, a raven haired, bearded man, looked towards Jonathan and tipped his glass, now with
the knife removed, in Jonathan’s direction.

“Would ya like to meet the green fairy tonight, lad?” His mouth moved into a simper, and Jonathan
stepped back from the bar quickly.

“Ah, no thank you, not tonight!” The last thing Jonathan needed was for Dio to find him drinking
with another man, especially a drink with a reputation for being strong and causing hallucinations. It
did look rather pretty though, and with the sugar added, perhaps the flavor was pleasant. He would have to ask Dio about it later.

Dio! That’s right. He needed to get him a drink. Jonathan started for the other end of the bar, away from the man with his absinthe, still wondering just what he should get, when he nearly fell into a table set adjacent to the bar. “Oh, I am sorry, I hope I didn’t--” Jonathan was shocked into silence, as his eyes beheld a variety of black metal objects, phallic and conical in shape. Jonathan’s mouth must have dropped open, because the small, effeminate man from behind the table pressed a finger to his chin to close it.

“Interested in some fun on your own? Or maybe with a friend?” The green eyes of the salesman were intimidating, even if he was a foot lower than Jonathan. “Uh… you don’t mean to say these are for-good God, they make items for this?!” Jonathan stared down at the collection in various shapes and sizes. Part of him was horrified, but the other part intrigued, and vaguely curious. With each passing moment, that vagueness became more and more definitive.

“Is there any chance I could… have this held for me?”

~

Ten minutes later, Jonathan had completed the transaction. His ears were red and his imagination had been expanded. He imagined that it wouldn’t be the only thing once he was alone with his new toys.

Turning back to the bar, his eyes fell on Dio, sitting next to another man, and he blanched. No, this would not do at all. Without a word he stepped up behind them, placing a large hand on Dio’s shoulder.

“I apologise, I became… distracted. I see you have as well.” His eyes flickered from Dio to the other, much smaller man, and though his voice was calm, his eyes spoke otherwise.

The surge of immediate shock that sent itself through Dio’s body at the unexpected touch was plastered into a wide eyed readiness to immediately retaliate, but upon hearing Jonathan’s voice, and the night continued on without a stabbing, for there was no way in hell and above Dio was ever going to visit London without a knife. Without turning around he voiced a response, loosening his grip around his third glass of whiskey to sip at it slowly, nonchalant.

“Well you were taking so long I had thought you’d disappeared into a chasm of endless void, for that could be the only reason you left me waiting for the better part of an hour.” Give or take. Dio turned himself around slowly to meet Jonathan’s deep stare with narrowed bushy brows. “You can hardly blame me for taking advantage of a free drink at the bar with someone who actually desires my attention.” He was jesting, and the amused grin he often got grew upon his face. It was rather nice to see Jonathan a little fired up at the premise of him palavering with other specimens.

“So when you said you were not alone… you were serious.” Dio and the general circle of Hugh Hudson were used to it by now, but a man of Jonathan’s size both in height and weight were certainly something the average citizen did not see on their daily rounds, and with eyes on the man Dio still had not learned the name of being stared at with quite the frown, he could be rather the intimidating sight.

“You have only just met me and you already think I am a liar,” Dio feigned hurt. “I told you you would lose against him. Thank you for the whiskey, however. Delightful stuff.”

Jonathan watched the man go with relief. Sometimes, he felt rather ill at ease with his large size, but there were certainly times where it came to his advantage. This was one of them. The last thing he
"I am glad that I did not need to spill blood to get you back, my prince." Jonathan smiled as he draped his arms about Dio from behind, pull him in tight, definitely a bit possessive tonight. "I was distracted as I tried to figure out what drink to get you." Jonathan waved a hand to the bartender. "Two whiskeys."

Being able to do so in public was strange but soon enough, he found himself falling into it, resting his head on top of Dio's and pressing little kisses to it. "Mm, I am the luckiest man here, you are a treasure." He whispered, still holding him even when the drink had arrived and Dio had started sipping it.

"I am," Dio agreed immediately. "But trying to figure out what kind of drink would be to my tastes somewhere that is not the bar does not seem like the most convincing of excuses." He raised a brow high. "I think someone has a secret they are trying to keep from Dio. What is it?" He stared deep into the azure of Jonathan’s eyes, trying to decipher, but pulled back quickly, letting out a small chortle. "Or maybe I’ve just been reading too many detective stories."

Dio took another sip of his drink, turning his head around to see if his short time admirer had found another beau to woo just yet. Seemed he was currently looking for someone; well, after Dio really anything else would be simply not up to par. Jonathan truly was a lucky one, taking him off the proverbial market.

“You know, Jojo, rather than blood spilled, it could have gone quite different if you have not shone menace into his eyes. This place is fit for exploration, and you have been so worked up over engaging with multiple partners. I could call him back and we could have ourselves a mindless threesome.” Dio’s expression made it more than impossible to tell if he was joking about the matter or not.

It was tempting to inform Dio of his little purchase just now, but that thought made Jonathan nervous. The idea of placing something inside of his rear that was not already a part of himself or a part of Dio had him curious, but he wanted to try it out on his own, at his own pace. Most likely, Dio would be a little too happy to jump on the idea...

“I was just distracted. Men here come in all flavours, I have never seen that like this before.” Jonathan nodded his head, it was not a lie. He reached out and took his glass of whiskey, taking a sip… which was promptly spit out when Dio mentioned a threesome.

“W-with that man?!" Jonathan sputtered. “For one, Dio, it is Valentine’s day, which is a day for appreciating your loved one -- alone. For another… we could both do better. He is not my type.” Jonathan huffed, his face bright red.

“He wasn’t bad on the eyes, I will give him that. You, Jojo, need to open up your horizons.” Dio pressed a stern finger to the centre of Jonathan’s chest, poking it a couple of times, enough for him to feel it. “The world is full of ‘all flavours’ as you so put it, yet you are only dipping your toe into the blondest sectors.” He tilted his head, lips pouted in mild contemplation. “Not that I have anything against pale hair, I have it myself and it suits me very well, but I see no limit to the beauties life has to offer me.”

The hand on Jonathan’s chest slipped upwards to his cheek and Dio reached up, pressing his lips against his lover in the breadth and publicity they were surrounded by, satisfied he could do such things without anyone batting an eyelid. “Though you are now the only beauty for me, of course. Anyone else would be little more than a sex toy for us to play with.” Another kiss marked the end of his sentence, longer this time, arms draping themselves around Jonathan’s neck.
“But perhaps three is a crowd tonight. Besides, I have a treat just for you later, and I deserve all eyes on me when it is granted.”

Jonathan’s eyes widened for just a moment at Dio’s words and kiss, but he soon closed them, ready to move with the flow of the evening, so long as that flow swept him up with Dio, and only Dio. He reached out and took another sip from his whiskey glass, knowing he would be having a headache in the morning. But right now he was having fun, and enjoying the rare opportunity to be out and about with his love.

“Pale hair appeals to me the most,” Jonathan spoke, stating the obvious. “Just as you appeal to me the most.” The drink was finished and set aside. He glanced over to the small dance floor towards the center of the room. There were only a few couples, but Jonathan gave Dio a tug, wanting to twirl him while he had the chance.

“Have you with me is a treat in and of itself.” Jonathan’s words right now were smoother than his feet, and soon enough he had stepped on a toe. “Ah ha… sorry.” He backed off just enough to give Dio’s toes some space.

“I doubt we are in the most sober state for dancing,” Dio said with a shake of his head, his own usual poise and elegance as he walked mildly stilted from the many free drinks he had been receiving this young night already. But with the dissipation of inhibitions and need to be at the utmost best, along with Jonathan’s desire to do so he began to step along to the light-hearted and quick-paced song that currently played, folding his fingers in between Jonathan’s own, with one hand on his hip as they maneuvered the dance floor like a pair one would not have expected to have had dance classes for years, slightly off time and clumsy.

Despite that, however, Dio was smiling. It really was quite pleasant, he decided having him close like this was nice change from the usual sneaking and forced privacy. Showing off to the world that Jojo was his and his alone without having to go to prison for it was quite enjoyable, it would be a shame to have to return to that world upon the night’s end. So best make the most of it now, he supposed.

He kissed Jonathan again because he could, and his hands slipped down to pinch Jonathan’s splendid rear as they made their way around the floor, and Dio leaned into the crook of Jonathan’s neck, forehead resting within the crevice, eyes closed just in time for a slower, more gentle song to be played with the live musician’s instruments.

While Jonathan was well aware of the other people around them, and while that was the entire purpose of this evening, to be seen, his eyes were only on Dio right now. It felt so rare that he saw his blond truly happy, but now was indeed one of those times, and he needed to drink in every moment that he could.

As they slowed for the next dance, the hand on Dio’s waist glided across his back, pressing him closer into more of an embrace, his hand moving in a circular motion over his lower back. He closed his eyes, letting himself take in the scent of Dio’s hair, and how it felt to slide him across the smooth marble floor without a care in the world for who might see them.

“This is all I’ve wanted, you know,” Jonathan whispered into his ear. “To see you as happy as you are right now.” He pressed a few ticklish kisses to the the shell of his ear. “Now to keep you this way forever.”

“For ever is a long time, Jojo,” Dio said softly into Jonathan’s shoulder, taking in light breaths as they continued to indulge in the song, the moment. “Let us focus on the tangible now, and see the to rest of time little later. Sometimes there is no need to think about the future or the past. Live in the
moment."

As the song drifted through the soft tones, soon enough a new one came into play, one often used in the joined dances during balls and such events, Dio knew it well enough and all the step to it. With a grin he parted their tight hold, but still his hands were on Jonathan’s body. Around them, pairs were splitting into the rows and men alone were lining up to join the linked arm merriment. Soon it would be Dio and Jonathan quite in the way of the floor if they did not participate.

“Shall we?”

So often had Jonathan heard this same tune, and danced with at least a dozen other partners, yet none of them had ever been his partner until now. A wide grin spread over his lips, beaming at Dio with absolute delight. Besides dance lessons as a child, and drunken groups of post rugby merriment, the two never had a chance to dance in the company of others.

Linking their arms, Jonathan joined into the dance with delight, and despite his less than sober state, did fairly well with the steps, having done them so many times already. Dio seemed to be just as happy as he, and Jonathan found himself gazing at the other man throughout the steps, remembering how just a few hours earlier he had looked pleased in a different way - writhing in ecstasy in the carriage. A happy Dio was one of Jonathan’s favourite things, but no more so than when Jonathan was the one directly responsible for it.

Leaning in to Dio’s ear as the dance allowed them to draw closer, Jonathan whispered, “I want to watch you come while riding me.” Immediately, he resumed the dance, winking cheerfully at Dio as they continued to spin through the music.

The tips of Dio’s ears grow pink, not out of coyness, but he had not been expecting those words to leave his lips at the moment, and the surprise was enough to cast a soft blush on his cheeks and an uncontrollable smile spread across his face, wider than one would usually see on a more sober Dio’s face. He made his way back in line, stepping along to the tune as best as he could, stumbling ever so slightly but mostly matching it fine enough, waiting for the moment he and Jonathan could be joined again.

“I think that can be arranged,” he whispered back when they finally were given a moment in the centre. They were meant to have joined hands and the ‘woman’ spun under the man’s arm in a swivel of floaty dresses, but instead, Dio took the opportunity to grab at Jonathan’s rear, slipping his fingers under the waistband of his underwear and squeeze the tanned flesh, pressing his pelvis against his front and grinding a little, just a taste of what was to soon occur.

They were meant to pull back now, repeat the pattern of steps a few more times, but suddenly Dio was surged with impatience, and he took Jonathan’s wrist in grasp, dragging him through the crowd of dancers, not caring for disrupting the rhythm, only laughing when an irked chorus came about when he dragged them through, almost knocking on couple over.

Quickly they made their way to the bar, Dio taking a demanding role as he shoved his way to the front, ordering, “Your finest room, if you would,” grin still plastered. “And two bottles of your finest wine.” As soon as the exchange was made, Dio grabbed Jonathan and the bottles again, and marched his way up the crimson staircase, grabbing one of the roses that decorated the banister, gripping it between his teeth and giving Jonathan a most sensual glance.

It was always lovely when Jonathan and Dio’s minds were in the same place, and right now, they certainly were. Jonathan could have waited for the end of the dance, however, rather than having Dio rush through the annoyed crowd clutching his hand. Jonathan could only chuckle, allowing Dio to make the arrangements, and follow along quite happily behind.
“Someone is in a good mood,” Jonathan commented as he watched Dio take the rose, returning his sensual gaze with one of his own. Hurrying up the stairs to catch up to him, he placed a hand softly on Dio’s waist, guiding him towards the room number they had been given.

“I’ll admit, the thought has crossed my mind to start to read that book of yours, and tease you endlessly until you are on the verge of murdering me for my cock. But…” Jonathan glanced about the hall, and then suddenly grabbed Dio, thrusting him against a wall so hard that the portrait hanging on it shook. “I’ve waited long enough, don’t you think?”

“Is that what you think?” Dio asked with a brow arched high and a smirk, removing the rose from between his teeth and taking a moment to indulge in its sweet scent as Jonathan pressed his large body against him, the weight and pressure of it pleasant, a bulge already growing in the man’s trousers -- clearly someone was desperate. “I doubt very much that you could tease me even if you wanted to. Not when you are already like this and all we have done is wander up a flight of stairs.”

The room was large in size, the theme of Valentine’s day clearly taken with the decor, red and pink in overall hue, more flowers in a tall vase, and the lighting low and perfect for setting a sultry ambience.

“Fortunately for you I am no longer in mood for reading, and… as promised I shall indulge your wishes.” Dio’s hands began setting themselves to work on Jonathan’s belt buckle while his amber gaze paid close attention to Jonathan’s blue, not needing to look down for a moment to undo the buckle -- though there was a clumsy fumble or two -- pulling it off with a dramatic tug, discarding it to the hard wooden floor with a clunk. Buttons were also set loose, and slowly, Dio kissing Jonathan’s neck, sloppy and marking and wet, sinking to his chest, then dropping quick and far until the blond was placed on his knees.

“Now, would you like the pleasure of your cock in my mouth?” he asked, parroting Jonathan’s own heated declaration in the carriage.

“Yes, yes, oooh yes!” was the answer which Jonathan gave Dio. Dio was right in the fact that this was not a day where Jonathan could have easily teased his lover, playing hard to get and making it seem as if he cared nothing for bodily pleasure. The tremendous bulge that grew between Jonathan’s legs made that exceptionally clear, as well as the way to which Jonathan responded to each of Dio’s wet kisses. His senses were heightened, and Dio’s touch seemed more powerful than usual.

Jonathan would have normally taken in more of the ambiance of the room. It was lovely and sensual, the sort of place he would have dreamed about taking Dio last year, when things did not seem to go their way. Now that he had the romance and passion he wanted, he could pay little mind to anything but his cock.

“Please suck it, Dio…” He murmured as he pulled down his trousers and revealed his organ in full. The tip was swollen pink, peeking out from Jonathan’s shirt tails, and like the rest of him, begging to be touched.

“As you wish.” There was no teasing this time as Dio immediately set to work on granting Jonathan exactly what he wanted, swallowing him whole right from the start.

Jonathan’s cock, thick and hot and pulsing red was always a treat to have, a specimen most would never be able to experience, for there must have been few in the world with a girth like his. Though Jonathan was often the one to take Dio in his warm mouth, Dio was more than certainly happy to oblige his lover the other way, in fact he rather reveled in stuffing his mouth full of Jonathan’s member, pushing it to the back of his throat to the point there was barely any space to breathe with his lips open wide and his mind and nose taken with the musky scent, brushing against the dark
pubic hair that lay at the base.

Dio’s hands got to work on fondling Jonathan’s balls, adding to the stimulus he was already giving, happy when the man above started panting and whining, hands balling into his blond locks and tugging it tightly, trying to grant himself even more. Dio was content in obliging, humming vibrations around the thick member, drawing himself in a rhythm of base to tip and back again, slurping wet and often, tongue laving as much as he could, adding saliva to the salty precome taste in his mouth.

“No need to be shy, Jojo,” Dio said as he pulled up to the top, licking his moist lips and smacking. “You can be as loud as you want here, there is nothing to hold back.”

Jonathan obliged Dio, closing his eyes, opening his mouth, and moaning with absolute delight as Dio set to work. Jonathan strived to be as pleasing as Dio could be at sucking cock. Right from his early, first attempts at it, Jonathan had wanted nothing more but to please the other, and Dio seemed to be able to do so easily, without exuding any effort at all. It was all rather impressive.

Throwing himself back against the wall, Jonathan jutted his hips forward, his thick member filling Dio’s mouth, the rest of his firm, large body tensed as he tried to contain himself from finishing too quickly. There was a long night ahead of him, and he still had plans to fill Dio’s rear to the brim with his hot, sticky liquid.

“Dio!” The name was so loudly proclaimed, it was almost difficult to tell the difference between a cry of bliss and a cry of fury. With no danger of being discovered by any who would not keep their secret, Jonathan did not care if anyone heard. All he cared about was the sweet blond between his legs.

Fingers tangled in Dio’s hair, encouraging his pace, not that he needed much help with that. Dio was intuitive to the needs of his body.

Try as Jonathan might, however, Dio had every intention of making Jonathan come with his mouth as his appetiser of the night, and the moans and mewls only incited Dio to give his lover the best of his cock sucking efforts, something he had mastered long ago and none could ever see to complain about what that tongue of his had to offer.

Bobbing up and down in repeated, motions, Dio caught every buck and thrust Jonathan pushed inside of him, not faltering once despite some of the motions being rather ferocious, however intentional or unintentional they might have been. He carefully skated his teeth across the cock, not to bruise or maim Jonathan of course, only to send his sensitive areas most alive, put in that small hint of trepidation that he very well could do whatever he wanted right now, but chose to give him bliss beyond all things.

“Come for me, Jojo,” he whispered, suckling on the tip with deep amber eyes making all the contact he could, deep and pressing, continuing to do so as he engulfed Jonathan entirely, making the feat look like the easiest thing in the world.

For all the luxuries that this room held, Jonathan could not be bothered to take advantage of any of them right now. Knees bent slightly and back still hard against the wall, Jonathan closed his eyes and moaned, it taking all of his strength just to remain standing.

When Dio commanded that he come, he had no choice but to obey. His body was relieved, knees shaking, hips jutting slightly before relaxing, hands releasing the tight grip they had held on his golden hair. His hot spend filled Dio’s mouth, and it was only sheer will that kept his body upright as Dio finished licking his cock of any last bit of seed. Once the blond drew back, Jonathan fell to the
floor with a painful thud onto his rear.

“Ow…” He brought a hand to his rear and lightly rubbed, but made no attempt to get up, instead just gazing up at Dio as if he were looking at the face of God himself. “Have I told you lately that you are utterly amazing?”

“Probably, but you can say it again if you like, I don’t mind at all.” Dio gave his lips a wipe of any residual seed still around them before nestling himself in a comfortable straddle atop of the splayed Jonathan’s lap, bringing those very same lips into a crash on his mouth, mixing come and saliva into a long, messy kiss, smile tinting the edges of his mouth.

“Best recover from that fast, Jojo,” Dio said, continuing to press sweet affections against the smoothly shaved cheeks and against Jonathan’s neck, undoing the first few buttons of his shirt for more access, and laving his tongue on the broad chest found underneath. “The night is only just beginning and I have much in store for you. I need your cock to be on its best and most efficient behaviour.”

For a while they simply rested against that spot, Jonathan panting and letting himself be kissing practice for Dio, while Dio carded softly through his hair and whispered sweet nothings in his ear. But eventually Dio moved himself to a stand -- time to get ready for the main course.

“Go get yourself on the bed, while I take a moment in the lavatory. Trust me, you will want to be sitting down for what I have to show you.” Stepping back he found the door to the ensuite bathroom presented, giving Jonathan a wink. “Might as well undress yourself completely too.”

“Mmm.” Still in a daze from the afterglow of his orgasm, Jonathan pulled himself into a complete stand, eyes still fixed on Dio. The man was such an enigma, even now. Just earlier this week, his tongue had been sharp in his reminders of their last Valentine’s together. And now, he has used the same tongue to bring him to heaven and back. He watched the back of him disappear into the bathroom, curious as what this next surprise would entail.
Now that he was no longer in the throws of passion, Jonathan was able to fully appreciate the luxury of the room. It was clear that this room was reserved for the extraordinarily wealthy, with the lush velour pillows, velvet drapes, and silken sheets. Carefully, Jonathan began to unbutton his shirt, now stained with sweat and a few droplets of semen, throwing it haphazardly over the large arm chair near the window. It looked out of place there and would doubtlessly wind up wrinkled, but he did not take the same care as Dio did with his clothing.

The rest of Jonathan’s clothing was draped in the same manner, and then he took a seat on the center of the bed, leaning back on his hands, legs stretched and spread before him. With his eyes on the door, he had to wonder what Dio had planned. As it was, his cock was already feeling fairly tired and satisfied.

Dio took his sweet time getting ready, carefully removing the outer layers of clothes to reveal what was hidden within. He wondered if Jonathan could guess what was in store, but in the end it did not really matter, for this he knew would set the man ablaze every single time without fail.

“Are you ready, Jojo?” Dio called out from behind the door once he was fully prepared. After receiving the confirming word that he was, Dio scoffed a chuckle. “Oh I doubt you are.” And slowly he opened the door.

Leaning against the entrance, one arm draped over his head, showing off the toned of the slender appendage, the other placed on his hip, jutting out to draw attention, Dio flashed Jonathan a subtle smile with a dashing flutter of his lashes, which had been given a few strokes of mascara to increase the length, and eyeliner in a tight wing to make his gaze appear all the sharper. His lips were tinted a pink, glistening sort of colour, and he had dotted a small beauty spot underneath his left eye, just because he thought it looked rather good on him.

But that was nothing, for it was what he wore that was sure to catch Jonathan’s utmost attention in every part of his body. For he adorned a newly acquired corset, a deep, royal purple hue with a black lace overlay, the lace also sewn to the top and bottom of the piece, making for a bustle just around his nipples. Tied up at the back with a criss cross of ribbons, tightly tucking in his already defined waist, he knew he looked more than flawless.

Deciding to take it further, Dio had slipped on a pair of long black stocking that ran up to his mid thighs, almost opaque, but his pale legs could be seen just little. They were clipped to the corset, the garter hooking itself over the skimpy undergarments, lacy and also black too, with a little bow on the front that would have been quite cute if it were so sensual.

“Well?” he asked, expectant.

Jonathan’s mouth dropped open at the sight, he sat up straighter, and something else started to become straight as well as the blood rushed back into his already tired cock. Dio, as always, looked glorious, and this new corset brought out yet another personality in him. But what Jonathan adored most of all was the fact that Dio took the time and effort to do this, all for him. Clearly he must get some pleasure out of it, or he would not do it in the first place, but the gesture was meaningful all the same.

Dio was harsh, rough tongued, and pessimistic. He often came at Jonathan sharply, and there were times where they seemed to endlessly clash. But then at the same time, Dio would let his hair grow long. He would reach out to Jonathan when it mattered, and he would give him what he knew that
he craved the most. As a man, he strove to give Jonathan the feminine softness he craved, and, in his own bizarre way, he succeeded.

Jonathan pulled himself to the edge of the bed and sat, beckoning Dio to move closer. Once he was in arm’s reach, he rested his hands on his hips, and gazed up at him.

“I think that I should have to work very hard to find myself worthy of you, my prince.” And with that, he tugged on a black ruffle on the corset to pull him down into a kiss.

“Well we both knew that already,” Dio replied once the hot tangle of tongues and mouths had drawn to its first close, but soon Dio was pulled back in for another and another. It was clear from sight alone that his cock had already stiffened so greatly, and Dio could feel the member rutting against the unexposed part of his thigh, Jonathan moaning softly into his mouth -- just how quickly he could become roused by all this was amusing. Still, Dio had no problem with that whatsoever, and slowly his own length began to bud and grow in the confines of his lacy underwear.

Once he deemed the exchange enough for now, but too early to quite get to business, he decided to grant Jonathan a treat. Though placing his hand on Jonathan’s chest and pushing him down on the bed so his body bounced slightly on the pillowy mattress likely did not seem like much of a treat for him right now.

“Lie back, Jojo,” he ordered before Jonathan could reach back up and take him into his tight grip once more. The music from downstairs could be heard through the floors and wall, a little muted, but loud enough for the tune to permeate and serve for Dio’s requirements. Carding his fingers through his growing hair in a slower, noticeable motion with close eyes, as if he were utterly absorbed by the gesture,

“Now I am going to show you how to do a lap dance properly. Keep your eyes on me and study every motion.” And with that he made his motions smooth and rhythmic, body shifting against Jonathan’s own, toned armed dancing along his form, twisting in the air and stroking Jonathan’s face while his pelvis rocked against the man’s stomach, timed perfectly to the offered music.

Blue eyes locked on Dio’s lithe form as it moved up and down against his lap in time to the music that drifted up from the club below. His heart pounded within his chest, no matter how many times he saw Dio in such attire, it would never cease to set him on fire. Dio was always meticulous about it, never wearing the items too much or too often, always leaving it for a surprise or special occasion, and never looking anything less than ravishing. “I am uncertain if my body is capable of moving like this, but believe me, it shall be forever engraved in my memory.” Jonathan’s hands reached out and delicately touched Dio’s hips, which were adorned in lace and satin. He was painfully hard now, and grateful he had come recently, lest he would have spurt on sight.

Lifting one hand to cup Dio’s cheek, Jonathan gazed up at him, and started to rock his hips without even realising the motion. “You look splendid, my dear… need I remind you of my little request from the dance floor, mm?” He knew that good things came to those who waited, but waiting was difficult when you had Dio Brando on your lap in a corset.

“All in good time,” Dio whispered in a hot breath, leaning in so his lips grazed Jonathan’s ear, blowing inside to send shivers down the other man’s spine before pulling up again and bending back, back and further still so his body was shaped in a near perfect arch, the corset riding up just a little to reveal his navel and midriff, hands holding onto Jonathan to ensure he would not overexert and end up falling clumsily. No, tonight he was as elegant as a prima ballerina, the swan queen, the belle of the ball.

Returning upright his hair fell about his face in a sweep of blond, and he smirked at Jonathan, giving
him another signature wink before he rose to a stand, slowly, and precisely, toes in a perfect point
until he was stood above Jonathan, swaying from left to right rhythmically, taking his hand to sit him
up straight.

Making note of his underwear by tugging on end, the elastic twanging against his hips, Dio stared
down at the awestruck brunet. “Take them off now me now, so that I may ride you.” With a chuckle
he added. “And use your teeth.”

With Dio's lace covered groin right before his face, there was little Jonathan could do to avert his
gaze or focus on anything except the task at hand. And it was a task Jonathan would take with
pleasure. His cheek lightly brushed across a thigh as he moved closer to the dark purple string which
kept the undergarment on Dio's shapely hips. It almost seemed a shame to take it off so soon, but his
own body was practically crying for Dio's, and he would not be able to resist for long.

A few kisses brushed across the skin, and then Jonathan closed his teeth about the seemingly flimsy
string, tugging it back and downwards. There was little struggle with the fabric before Dio's own
pale cock was revealed, surrounded by the soft, trimmed blond hair. Reaching to do the same for the
other side, the small little undergarment was soon left around Dio's deft ankles, and Jonathan was
face to face with Dio's prick.

"I adore how you can give me the soft, sweet flavor of a woman, and yet still remain stiff as a man." The word 'stiff' seemed quite appropriate as he ran his tongue across the hardening member.

Dio let out a breath of amusement, hitching a little as Jonathan’s warm tongue made contact, but for
all intents and purposes he was as poised as ever. “I am just Dio, Jojo. That is all there is to it.
Everything I do, everything I wear and say and touch is without flaw simply because it is I who
adorns, speaks and touches it.” It was never so grey for Dio, he did not wear these clothes in an
attempt to become a woman, he wore them because they looked absolutely grand on him, and as a
bonus drove Jonathan utterly intoxicatedly mad. He did not care who they were made for, now that
he owned them they were his and it was as simple as that.

Dio’s cock at Jonathan’s mouth was soon replaced with his stomach, then his chest, his neck and
finally his lips as he sank down on his lap, sitting with his legs bent on either side of the large bare
thighs Jonathan possessed. Making every effort to make even coating his fingers with saliva seem
sensual, he brought them to Jonathan’s lips and pushed them within, allowing him to take the helm of
that action before licking them himself, giving him a wet kiss while they still remained within.

Once fully coated he brought them down to Jonathan’s thick cock and laved it with a healthy lather,
finally ready to grant the man his next desire. Raising up and guiding his member to his tight
puckered entrance, Dio impaled himself on top, taking the journey down slowly, clenching and
releasing to grant Jonathan all the more stimulus. His moans were unabashed, but controlled.

“So big, Jojo… I adore how you make me feel,” he mewled, praises cried out as he made sloppy
work on marking Jonathan’s neck with hickies.

Watching Dio at work was a pleasure in and of itself. The man skillfully slid himself onto Jonathan’s
cock, as if he were a tailor fit glove sliding onto Jonathan’s hand. Dio’s lips and teeth were an added
bonus, the tanned skin becoming red with the bruises that were forming. He would always need to
carefully hide them the next day, but it was worth it.

“I adore filling you, Dio. I adore filling you to the brim.” As if to demonstrate, he flicked his hips
upwards, his cock pressing even further inside, just enough to tease Dio’s prostrate and make him
feel the beginnings of the pleasure his body was capable of creating. “This is how we were meant to
be, I know this now, from the moment I saw you leap from that carriage, until that night in the shed,
this is how we belong.”

Jonathan let his body relax, focusing only on bringing their two bodies together as one.

Dio chuckled in between his whining moans, his hands wrapping round Jonathan’s back and digging his nails in scratches, clinging to him as if he were a tree and Dio was itching to climb. He had always adored the feeling of Jonathan’s nickname on his lips, and now he was certain it was the last name he would ever sigh with such ecstasy and revelry; no one else was good enough, Dio had found the ultimate peak with Jonathan, how could he ever go back?

And so he threw his head back, grinding and riding and fucking himself on Jonathan's stiff cock, calling out his name like a banshee of sex, telling him to go “harder, harder, give it all to me, Jojo… I want it all.”

Grabbing his own member in his right hand he began to jerk himself off, precome sputtering out and making his fingers clear and sticky with briny liquid, his rhythm off as he lost himself in the ministrations, eyes squeeze shut focused only on pleasure, pleasure, pleasure.

Their previous endeavors of the day and evening served them both well, making it possible to thoroughly enjoy the carnal act without worrying about one or the other finishing too soon. Jonathan was working up quite a sweat now, hips thrusting upwards and into Dio’s rear harder and faster, in time with Dio’s own movements. His own hands stayed fixed on Dio’s shapely hips. while he savoured the feel of the blond clinging to him, as if for dear life.

“Dio, Dio, Dio, Dio!” The name was the only intelligible thing that fell off Jonathan’s lips right now, grunts and groans also mixed in with their cries and the sounds of skin slapping against skin. He too was lost in the moment, only thinking of their two bodies becoming one.

The sight of Dio touching himself, the shiny precise visible on the tip of his cock, sent a thrill through Jonathan’s spine, and he jutted even harder against the man. When it was clear Dio was about to fall over the edge of his own climax, Jonathan let go, crying his name and spilling inside of Dio, hot, sticky come filling the other man’s rear.

Dio adored this, adored the way he felt stuffed to the brim he was practically fit for hot bursting when Jonathan spurted inside him, the warmth of his come lining the walls of his ass all he could hope for in the world, a taste of heaven on earth and he clenched himself tight, locking it inside, subsequently shuddering all over as the tightness increased, and he pressed himself into a deep embrace with mouth hanging ajar as he felt Jonathan offer a residual burst, still so much to give after coming not too long ago -- he always had so much come, it was utter bliss.

He held himself there for a while, but he had not yet given Jonathan what he wanted, so before that cock inside him could grow soft and useless, he Dio sent Jonathan into the realms of overstimulating rapture as he continued to bounce up and down the shaft, slamming it into his prostate over and over, crying out, screaming every time, pulling from tip to base to middle to base and all again, relentless in his need for climax while pumping his own cock ever fervently.

Eventually the fruits of labour were revealed in a splatter of semen, directed at Jonathan’s stomach and chest, Dio bending over dexterously, head facing the ceiling as he milked himself as well as he ever could, body trembling as the final pearls slipped down his cock.

“How does that suit you?” he panted, smile appearing on his worn face, dripping with sweat, but nonetheless beautiful.

“It suits me perfectly, love. Just as you do.” As he caught his breath, Jonathan brought a hand to
Dio’s cheek, smiling as he caressed it lightly. They were both glistening with sweat by now, and Dio’s seed had slathered across Jonathan’s chest, yet he did not seem concerned.

Rolling onto his side, Jonathan happily watched Dio, his eyes slightly droopy, yet he was not ready to fall asleep just yet. There was far too much of Dio to be admired.

“You look lovely,” he commented in a lazy voice, motioning for him to turn around. “Front and back. I can’t stop looking at you, Dio, I am fairly certain you could make anything look attractive.

“Only fairly certain?” Dio queried with a brow arched, pouting. “I am offended you would even marginally doubt I would look good in absolutely anything. I could make rags look couture, Jojo, and you had best not forget that.” He gave Jonathan’s nose a cheeky prod, smirking as he lay on his side the opposite way so the pair were now facing each other. His finger traced along Jonathan’s cheeks, lost in their baby fat but still a bit rounded, stroking along the shell and lobe of his ear.

“These would look good pierced, Jojo. I have been thinking about getting my own done, then those earrings you got me from your mother could have a better use than simply sitting in my jewelry drawer all day. It is a waste of a perfectly good diamond, really.” Plus he could have Jonathan get him a number of other encrusted jewels to pretty up his ears. “You would suit gold, I think, simple, but elegant. Like your ring.”

“I don’t doubt it.” Jonathan was learning that he liked Dio in everything and anything, as well as nothing at all. Fondly, his big blue eyes gazed at Dio as the other man caressed him. Moments like this were treasured, Dio’s soft and tender touches affirming that his feelings were more than mere lust, even if his lips were still unable to fully express it.

At the mention of the ear pierce, Jonathan’s mouth gaped open with surprise. “B-but wouldn’t that hurt, Dio?” Jonathan’s voice trembled just slightly as he spoke. “Though, it couldn’t hurt any more than this did.” He guided one of Dio’s hands down to the scar on his inner thigh, now over a year old, but still visible if one knew where to look. “I would love to have something of my mother’s always on me, though it may seem odd if you are wearing the matching one.” He hoped that perhaps that might discourage Dio, but he knew better.

“…Perhaps gold would be acceptable.”

“Oh don’t be such a milksop,” Dio chided with mirth, it would be not much worse than having a small bee sting, I imagine, you are right…” Dio patted and caressed the tan inner leg with a smile so warm one might have thought he was looking at a newborn child (if one did not know how Dio took to most children) “If you could sit through me carving my name into your thigh and host quite the erection while it is happening, then a small prick to the ears should be quite enjoyable for you. Maybe you like pain more than you are letting on.” A chuckle came, as gave the intentionally scarred flesh a pinch, just enough to make Jonathan yelp.

“What you wore on my birthday was rather fanciful, my Grecian slave of the night, all dolled up with golden chains and pretty makeup, you make a good servant.” That night had proven to be quite the enjoyable once, and Dio remembered it fondly.

“The only thing missing were a couple of clamps here--” Dio pinched one of Jonathan nipples between his thumb and forefinger. “--and here.” He did the same to the other. “Add a string to attach them together and you would have looked most splendid indeed.”

Jonathan’s face visibly twisted in distress at the thought of his dark pink nipples being clamped with anything, let alone gold and with ornamental chains drooping off. As an archeologist, Jonathan was familiar with the styles of times long past, and he admitted that they must have been a splendid sight.
That same sight did not translate into the same impressiveness when he imagined it on himself.

“One piercing. In the ear. Maybe.” He added the maybe with emphasis. “I have no qualms about playing dress up with you again, that night was actually surprisingly mutually enjoyable…” His face turned pink as he remembered Dio taking command over him. A few years ago it would have been terrifying, but now that they had established trust between them, it was a different story indeed.

“My nipples are off limits to all sharp things, except perhaps your mouth.” He was very firm about this. Reaching out, he touched one, the sensitive flesh immediately becoming hard. A shiver rolled down his spine.

“Oh that is a pity indeed,” Dio said with a dramatically forlorn sigh. “They really would look grand on you. Maybe I will just have to get you drunk and do it anyway, you won’t regret it and more importantly I will enjoy it wholeheartedly.” Dio snickered, rolling onto Jonathan’s front, pushing him so his back was pressed against the mattress flat, and Dio was safely nestled on his slightly dirty chest.

He lowered himself down a little further to nipple at Jonathan’s nipple, the only thing he had been grated permission to be sharp with in that particular area, licking around the large areola and tugging on the peaked tip.

“Oh that is a pity indeed,” Dio said with a dramatically forlorn sigh. “They really would look grand on you. Maybe I will just have to get you drunk and do it anyway, you won’t regret it and more importantly I will enjoy it wholeheartedly.” Dio snickered, rolling onto Jonathan’s front, pushing him so his back was pressed against the mattress flat, and Dio was safely nestled on his slightly dirty chest.

“Or maybe I will command you, my slave, and you will have no choice in the matter. Would you really deny a direct order from your sovereign lord and most beautiful prince, my knight?” Dio’s voice was laced with a strong, authoritative tone as he questioned Jonathan’s loyalties.

Jonathan could recognise the look in Dio’s eyes when he wanted something, and he knew he wanted this. And Dio Brando was an absolutely gorgeous creature when he was happy. If he could have, he would have given into each and every little whim of Dio’s, just to see the pleased expression on the blond’s face.

But he knew for the good of them both, and their relationship, it would be best if he did not give Dio all. No, a proper balance needed to be kept.

“Mmm, my dearest, I never said I was your slave, I only played as one, for a night.” He reached for Dio’s hand, brought the fingertips to his lips, and lightly kissed them. “And perhaps I will play with you again. But what I am is your knight. And this knight serves a magnanimous prince, who would never selfishly maim his loyal retainer against his will.” Blue eyes met amber, not backing down.

“Or perhaps you underestimate your esteemed ruler,” Dio suggested, allowing his hand to be kissed, enjoying the sight of the ruby ring he had gotten him on his finger, hitting the lamp shade just right to sparkle against Jonathan’s tanned face. He matched Jonathan’s stare with one of his own, sharp and unblinking, never one to step away from such a contest.

“You have no idea what I am truly capable of. And so long as you obey my every demand and desire, you shall never have to see that dark side of me, I assure you.” Seriousness mixed with jest made for a perfectly ambiguous speech, just the way Dio liked to phrase his sentences, giving all he spoke to a fearing trickle of trepidation, as if Dio were ready to pounce and destroy at any given moment, only choosing not to. And that was certainly true.

“But if you shall not appease me this way, you best find some other way to sate my wishes, lest you find me impatient and utterly disappointed with you.” He stroked Jonathan’s cheek lightly, before giving it a harder strike in the form of a quick slap. “And you wouldn’t want that now would you, Jojo?”
Jonathan frowned at the little slap. His hand reached up, wrapping his fingers around Dio’s wrist, firmly, but gently. “Let’s be serious for a moment. You know that I can sate your wishes the desires. I have been doing it for over a year now.” Jonathan suddenly pushed on the blond’s chest, rolling him again, but this time flat onto his belly against the soft sheets.

“If I gave you every little thing that you desired, eventually you would tire of me. I do not plan to fall into that hole,” Jonathan whispered into his ear, his large body looming over Dio’s pale one. “Not when there are other, far more attractive holes for me to explore.

With that, Jonathan’s large, tanned hand slipped down over the arch of Dio’s spine, and stroked the curve of his ass. Two fingers started to slip inside his puckered little entrance, which was slick with the semen from their earlier activities. “This one, for instance. I think you could hold more of my seed.” Two fingers turned to three, and Jonathan began to shift his body to bring his cock nearer.

“No need for something as tedious as seriousness now, Jojo,” Dio said with a roll of his eyes as the playful action was taken with a clutch around the wrist and a pause in fun, however quickly rectified it was. “You know I was simply jesting with you.” Jonathan really did need to learn how to take a joke better; despite his thoughts, Dio did not think it even a possibility that Jonathan would ever be something tiresome to him. At least now when he was like this.

“But I do agree. I could very much be filled with far more of that lovely seed of yours, feel free to fill me fit for bursting.” Dio wriggled his ass, bucking his hips and attempting to push Jonathan’s thick fingers deeper and deeper inside, allowing him complete wide and open access within.

As Jonathan nestled within, and pushed against his prostate, Dio responded with something almost akin to a high squeak, a noise someone with a voice long since broken should not have been able to achieve. Already his cock began to spring back to the starts of life, soon to be leaking precome between his stocking covered legs.

Deciding that now was less a time for talk, and more a time for action, Jonathan’s thick cock once again made its home inside Dio. Every little squeak and moan he made just encouraged him to go all the harder, pounding against the other man’s prostate until he came. Only once he had watched Dio squirm beneath him in bliss did he finally allow himself to finish, just as he promised, filling him to the brim once again.

When finished he stretched out beside him, arms behind his head, looking extremely satisfied and drowsy, before curling up beside him, and eventually drifting into a peaceful slumber.

As lovely as Valentine’s day weekend had been, Jonathan’s mind looked ahead to the following weekend, when he would see his father yet again. He had asked one of the servants to keep him updated on his father’s conditions, and so far, the reports had not been favourable. As the week drew on, he could only hope that perhaps by the time he arrived home, his illness will have started to clear, the medicines and doctors starting to work.

They hadn’t.
On Saturday night, Jonathan sat in the armchair by his window in the Joestar manor, Gingersnaps in his lap. The sunlight had long since faded and the cold was starting to set in. There was a pile of books on the circular table to his right, as well as an old piece of paper, writing faded but still legible, sitting unfolded on the top of the pile. His eyes were fixed on the night sky, and he seemed lost in thought.

Dio had come along for the trip to see Lord Joestar too, with Jonathan’s desire to see him more often it actually made things far easier for him, having a reason to come down each week or so and top up on the poison. Going at it alone may not have been all that suspicious, after all he played the part of a doting son well for years, but how tedious it would be seeing that man without Jonathan to distract him after. George was the one supposed to be drained and dying, but a conversation with him alone and their roles would be quite switched.

And so, after a rather dull conversation where George just had to mention Dio’s ever wonderful father, he was looking for something to ease his irritation, and Jonathan’s mouth wrapped around many places seemed like a good a start as any. It took two attempts to find him -- the kitchen and the library -- before Dio located his prize, Jonathan gazing at nothing with a cat on his lap.

“Sorry, Gingersnaps,” Dio said without any remorse, picking the feline up by his neck and plopping him down on the floor. “That is my spot.” He shone Jonathan a grin, leaning in to give him a long peck, straddling him on the chair, it creaking as he pushed.

When Jonathan did not kiss him back, Dio’s brows creased into a half frown and he pulled back, giving him a look. “Something the matter?” he asked, though clearly there was. Presumptuously he continued. “I took you out last week so you would not be so moody. He seems a little better than he did before, perhaps things are looking up for Father.” A lie, but a kind one… at least for the time being, but there was no escaping the end result.

Never one to be cold, even in his worst moods, Jonathan may as well have been a throne made of ice. When Dio slipped into his lap, he tensed, and made no move to rest his hands on his hips, or to stroke his cheek, or even to touch his long, blond hair, all of which were commonplace activities. Instead, he sat very still, and did not yet meet Dio's gaze.

"Father, eh? I never noticed when you started calling him that." Jonathan's voice was dripping with emotion that was barely restrained. He flicked a finger towards the paper at his table side, jabbing it down into the center, eyes fixated on Dio as the blond's attention turned and was drawn to the paper. Every fragment of Dio's expression was studied under the greatest of scrutiny.

"In early 1880, Dario Brando wrote this letter to my father, describing an illness he was suffering from which no one seemed to know what it was exactly," Jonathan spoke in a soft tone, the words reluctant to leave his lips. "Now 'father' as you and I both call him is experiencing the same symptoms, and… Dio, I have seen you bring the tray to his room, I--" Like a leak in a dam, the emotion started to rush into his voice, cracking it and filling his eyes with horror and disgust.

"I don't want to believe it. I don't. I love you, I want to share my life with you. I wanted to burn the letter as soon as I found it, but It wouldn't change a damn thing." He locked Dio's gaze, and now did his hands rise to grab the edges of his shirt collar, gripping them tightly. Never had Dio ever seen this kind of sheer despair and rage in his usually friendly gaze.

Dio’s pupils blew large, heart started to race and he stepped back onto the floor, standing. Now did
not seem the time for intimacies. “What exactly do you think you are insinuating here?” Dio said, playing up the sound of his voice to appear hurt and confused, though all was quite clear. “A letter from my father? Let me see.” He reached out and lunged for the letter, too fast and sudden for Jonathan to stop him prying it from the table and taking it into his grasp.

For a few moments there was nothing but silence, sheer and haunting as Dio read the single page over and over again, processing his response to Jonathan’s implications. He thought he’d poisoned George. How dare he think that?!

“I have fallen gravely ill… I’m going to die soon, I can tell. I don’t recognise this disease, but my chest aches, my hands are swollen, and I can’t stop coughing…” Dio read out the missive through the riddled spelling errors and Dario’s near illegible handwriting with a shaking hand he could not completely quell despite best efforts. But that only made it seem like he was hurt, shaken. He used it to his advantage.

“T-This… this means nothing, Jojo,” Dio spat out the words, he had to, his throat felt locked, but he spoke with practiced smoothness needed in dire circumstances. “Do you know how many sicknesses align with these symptoms?! Far too many to count.” He shook his head, the parchment creasing in his balled fist.

“You would doubt me, you would find me calling the man who took me in and raised me father suspicious, you would think that everything we have been through this year means less than dirt. You doubt what we are. Our very relationship. Is some minor alignments in an illness worth risking all that?!” Dio lifted his head from the pages and cast Jonathan a stare ferocious, an entanglement of emotions all laced together; anger, fear, hurt.

Facing Dio was no easy task. Jonathan knew it from the moment he read the letter and made the connection. Dio was a lawyer, and it showed in every bit of him. Facing him down over an opinion about a book or his selection in a rugby strategy, Dio knew how to make himself seem right in any circumstance. He also had experienced Dio’s dark side when he first arrived, and in the last year had a glimpse at what had created that dark side.

“Yes. I am doubting you.” Jonathan spoke the words as firmly as he could, but there was still a crack in his voice. “And if you think that is easy for me to do, you are wrong.” Jonathan’s own emotional rollercoaster was going on at the moment, and as always, was on display in the way his hand trembled, the way his eyes burned, and the way he would not break Dio’s gaze.

“It could be a coincidence. Or maybe it is not. We have shared a great deal across the years, as siblings, and then as lovers. For what that is worth, Dio, I will give you this one chance.” He inhaled deeply, and stood from the chair as he spoke, filling in the gap between them and letting his height over Dio show.

“How dare he think that?!” Dio’s voice caught his throat, taken aback by Jonathan’s words so much so that he even made a stumbling step backwards, away from him, eyes wide and shaking with lips spread, ajar.

For a long time, there was a deliberating silence, Jonathan’s gaze piercing into him not so short of a dagger, Dio returning it with all the intensity, but eventually it drifted to the floor, his stiff shoulders dropping as he thought back to her, to his mother, in all her goodness, the soft pink of her cheeks, the rose scent she sometimes wore, sweet. It was Dio’s favourite scent.
In the quiet of Dio’s mind he wondered if she would forgive him. No, even if she did, and she probably would have, he did not want, deserve that forgiveness. But Dio had decided a long, long time ago that the life of morality and goodness his mother always wished upon him was a useless endeavour, and he would not make the same mistakes she did; he would not let himself drown by weakness.

“I… swear it. Upon her grave.” He spoke slowly, letting the words permeate through the room and settle within Jonathan’s ears, loud and clear. His fist opened just enough to take the letter in hand and crumple it entirely, and with a scowl Dio tossed it at Jonathan’s chest, the paper hitting the broad expanse before dropping and rolling on the ground at his feet.

“It’s nice to know everything you have ever said about love, respect and trust has been nothing but a lie. How very reassuring.”

Dio's words hit him to the core, just as they were intended to. But Jonathan did not allow himself to waver.

Dio had hesitated.

There were many reasons, of course, to which he could have hesitated. His mother was not an everyday topic of conversation, after all. The gravity of the situation could have thrown him off guard certainly. Yet, Jonathan could not rule out guilt, anymore than he could rule out facts. He wanted to, though.

"Let us hope then that this is a mere coincidence, and he will recover quickly." Jonathan knew that was not going to happen. George had been sick and getting sicker for weeks. Recovery would not be impossible, he supposed, but he very much doubted his father would ever be his old self again.

He stepped over to the fireplace on the other side of the room, and threw the letter on it, watching it crumble and burn.

"I will never bring this up again," he said without apology and without looking in his direction. "But now, leave me Dio. I need time.” Time to forgive himself for not looking further, and time to forgive himself for not trusting his lover.

“You think I would want to stay after that? After what you did? Acting so morally superior and distant, who the hell do you think you are?!” Dio threw those words out with spit and venom, glaring hard at Jonathan's back as the letter burned into the fire and disappeared to the depths where it belonged.

“If this is all it takes for you to turn against me, a stupid letter written by a sick man who was out of his mind by the end of it, again I say whatever love you thought you had, whatever heart and kindness, gentlemanly nature you believe you possess, it it for naught!” Dio stamped his foot on hard wood, shouting now. “You think you need time? You?! Don’t make me laugh with that pissworthy drivel, I am the one who needs time; time to consider everything you have ever done, time to figure out how great a liar you are, Jojo!” A quick wipe across Dio’s eyes removed whatever had begun to shed; he had worked himself up some, and his tear ducts had never had the greatest lid.

“If you dare, if you, ever dare to use my mother’s name, her honour, for you own personal qualms again I will never forgive you. Don’t you ever speak to me about her, you are not worthy of that, not anymore.” He turned, marching backwards toward the door, no desire to lay eyes on Jonathan, his throat suddenly parched from all the shouting, and only one thing could quench it.
That night was one of the toughest Jonathan had ever faced. Thoughts of his father’s mortality and of how he and Dio would move on from this weighed so heavily on his mind, that he even found himself pacing the length of his room, not even able to lie still. The very fabric of his life was coming unraveled around him, and it felt as if there was nothing he could do.

Eventually, he settled into his cold bed, warmed only by Gingersnaps, and laid down to steal whatever bits of sleep he could get. Come morning, he told the servants that he wasn’t well, and to bring his breakfast to his room. Sympathetically, they did, and when he did not eat more than a few bites, it was assumed that George’s turn for the worse had made him depressed, but they only knew the half of it.

By mid day, Jonathan had choked down enough food and captured enough minutes of sleep that he felt ready to face what he knew he would have to sooner or later -- Dio. He knocked on the door between their rooms, but regardless of the answer, he entered. He had not even gotten dressed, sleepwear still covering his bulky form.

“Dio… I… I’m so sorry, Dio. I didn’t want to doubt you, or make you swear, I truly didn’t. But I couldn’t ignore the facts, and I wouldn’t have been able to live with myself if I didn’t ask.” He hesitantly started to draw closer to him.

“Oh, I see, because you did not want to, that makes everything perfectly right and dandy now, of course, how silly of me.” There was a half cup of wine on the table where Dio sat, and three bottles surrounding him; except the small amount of time he slept there had not been much of a gap in the intake of the brews that lay within.

He had been arrogant, so damn arrogant it had lead to stupidity and clumsiness and carelessness. What kind of imbecile would use the same murder scheme twice, what kind of fool would not check to see if that pig Dario’s letter had not been destroyed? Dio had though it beautifully ironic to kill the same way twice, truth be told, he chose that method for its first time flawlessness, but he should have known such pride would be his downfall. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Jonathan had certainly not come in at the best time of Dio’s moods, though of course it was his fault he was like this, snooping his nose in other people’s business, what right did he have to open that damn letter in the first place? It was not his to see.

“I am surprised you even thought to look for me here, I would have suspected you to go to the nearest orphanage just in case I felt like burning a bunch of children alive because you saw me holding a matchstick once. You can just make those dramatic leaps can’t you? The first opportunity you have to turn on me and you take it,” Dio said with a bitter edge.

Clutching the glass in his hand Dio downed the rest of the bottle and rose to stand, all that self loathing anger now targeted towards Jonathan. How dare he think to even step in the room, how dare he walk in with that soft voice and try to justify everything he had done. ‘I need time,’ he had said, but oh, clearly he was a hypocrite since he had not given Dio a minute of it.

“And you did not ask. You jumped to a conclusion and interrogated me, deciding I was guilty without even consulting me first, with no consideration for me. Looking at me as if I were some sort of monster, when everything I ever do is for you.” Dio bit down hard on his lip. “And then you spoke of my mother, you brought her into your disgusting accusations. And you think you can talk to me peacefully now? Do not think yourself so just and innocent, you are nothing but a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

Never before had Jonathan felt the kind of pain he was feeling now as he listened to Dio. His heart, which had been slowly crumbling all night long, seemed to have found places he didn’t know he had
left to break. Still, he knew what had been done had been necessary, and he knew that if the choice was his to make again, he would do it again. Doing the right thing came before all, even heartbreak.

"Dio, I'm sorry, I truly am. The clues have all been there, even you have to admit it is an odd coincidence. And then last Christmas, when Father talked to me about Lady Alexandra and marriage, I was distraught. You held me and told me you would do anything to keep us together… anything." Jonathan shook his head. Tears were starting to form in the back of his eyes, and the last thing he needed was for Dio to see them.

"I am sorry I brought up your mother, I know that the memories still hurt you so. But I admire her, Dio. I know what she did for you while she was alive. I know she is the good that is left in you." Up until this point, Jonathan had been averting Dio's gaze, but now he met it straight on. "I trust you, Dio. I trust your word because I know what a kind woman she was, and I know that you loved her." He looked at him with every bit of truth that was within him, because Jonathan did believe Dio loved his mother. He could not lie in her name. He couldn't. He wouldn't.

"Regardless, Father will probably never be well again. And when he is gone--" Jonathan's voice broke into a sob, not being able to hold it back anymore. "--I will need you. Please, Dio. Don't let me lose you over this." Tears streamed down his face, the one thing he had not wanted to do.

"You don't know anything about her, Jojo. Not a thing." Dio stared Jonathan down, watching the tears streak his cheeks and patter on the floor directly below. "She was… I am not…” Dio shook his head, cutting off that train of thought, Jonathan did not need to, did not deserve any more words from him about her. "Don't talk about her.” Instead, he moved to what else Jonathan said, folded his arms over and rolling his eyes. Tears had never been the most fazing things for Dio, he could be just as cutting when one blubbered before him, and in this situation especially it brought him a mild case of satisfaction, seeing Jonathan so sorry for his words.

"Have you ever heard of a figure of speech? I was attempting to comfort you back at Christmas, and you think it license for me to commit murder." He was right, of course, but it still rather abhorred Dio that was Jonathan’s instant leap, after all these years of quelling and hiding that part of him so well, Jonathan seeing through it with a small scrap of paper? What was it all for?

“But fine. So long as you acknowledge how wrong you were, we shall forget this business ever happened. Right now, however, I do not want to even look at your face, so leave me.” There was a bottle of wine calling him, and Jonathan had rudely interrupted.

Now with tears streaming down his face, Jonathan could not bear to be in front of Dio any more than Dio could bear to see him. He spun around and walked to the door as quickly as his legs could carry him, shutting the door behind him.

Once alone in his room, Jonathan collapsed onto the bed, burying his face in his pillow. Later that day, he would arise, and start to read in a frenzy for his thesis, as working on it was his only escape from the world around him. But for now, he wept.
The next few weeks were a blur of class, meeting with his thesis advisors, and feverish writings. Jonathan was so close to reaching the end of his academic career, and his research regarding the stone mask was nearing its end. It felt surreal, and his father’s illness and Dio’s distance only made it more so.

It was a good thing that he was so busy, as it allowed his mind to focus on other things besides the other issues in his life. It was a needed distraction. Letters from the Joestar Manor’s butler only confirmed that George was continuously on the decline. Dio saw him on a few occasions at meals, but there was little talk, and even less warmth when they did. Jonathan resigned himself to the fact that he may be about to face some very major life changes on his own, not feeling as if he could confide in Dio, and not wishing to add more stress to his father.

An invitation to a luncheon at the Lady Alexandra’s estate had arrived for Jonathan at school. He had refused, sending the appropriate note of regret as society dictated. A few days later, Jonathan received a note from his father, in his own, shaky hand, demanding that he come home at once.

And so, on a windy day towards the end of March, Jonathan boarded a carriage with Dio heading back to the Joestar estate. Awkward conversation was not a problem on the ride, Jonathan had been up the night before writing the final chapter of his thesis. He could not even feel good about doing so, his body exhausted and his mind worried about the reason he was being summoned. In the carriage, he fell into an uneasy sleep, head resting against the velvet lined door. Jonathan wasted no time in seeing his father, which he did alone. And once he was behind closed doors, it was not long before the shouting started.

“Father, you are too ill for this! I refuse to speak of marriage to you right now!” Jonathan’s face was puffy and his eyes were red. The last month had not treated him well, and the last night had caused his patience to be much shorter than usual. He slammed the door behind him, and started down the hallway that lead to the main stairwell. Behind him came the sound of protests from the servants, and the off beat steps of a weakened man fueled by rage, using a cane for support.

“Jojo, it is your duty to marry. You must do it for the estate, there is no choice! You are the heir to the title!” George Joestar may have been sick and dying, but he could still be loud and authoritative. Jonathan spun at the top of stairs, watching him in shock. “Father, you need to get back to bed, you are too sick for this, I--”

“I won’t be told by own son who would let his father die without securing the Joestar line!” George grabbed Jonathan’s shirt, futilely attempting to shake him, but instead only managing to throw himself off balance.

“Father--” Jonathan lifted an arm to steady him. “I told you, I can’t marry right now. It isn’t the right time.”

“Can’t marry, or won’t? Your selfishness, Jojo, when I am so ill is beyond what I imagined--”

“Father!”

“--possible of you. Do you know what your mother must be thinking right now?”

“Father, I--”

“Do you know how disappointed she would be, to see that you are ignoring the needs of your
family? She would--"

But Jonathan would never find out what George assumed that Mary Joestar would do in response, for his legs gave out beneath him. He fell backwards, plummeting down the staircase, an awful, sickening crack filling the room. By the time his body reached the bottom, it was clear that only a corpse remained.

The scream that left Jonathan’s mouth, coupled with the word ‘father’ was so filled with agony, it did not even sound like him.

Dio had only come to the main hall because of all the shouting, George screaming at Jonathan, calling him a disappointment, Jonathan yelling back. He and Jonathan had been civil at best, Dio, after his accusation did not feel in the most kindly of moods towards his brother, often curt in his tone whenever the other tried to speak with him, though he would have denied it all, claiming he was fine when Jonathan asked over his state of wellbeing.

But that did not mean he wanted this to last forever, after all he was poisoning the old man for the very sake of them staying together, without anyone getting in the way. And so when the complaints of marriage were brought up once again, knowing Lord Joestar’s favour for him, and his own persuasive prowess, he thought to step into this little debacle.

They had been far too absorbed in their own argument to notice him at first, and so Dio was about to make his way upstairs before unwittingly becoming a witness to it all; the fall, the crack, and the scream that followed.

“Jojo… you…” he spoke slowly, the entirety of it all still sinking in, unexpected. His eyes were wide, first staring at the ground where George’s limbs had collapsed over themselves in an unnatural splay, his neck bent into an angle that would have made a weaker man squeamish. Lowering to his knees, Dio placed two fingers against it, checking for a pulse both knew he wouldn’t find. “He’s dead.”

Jonathan barely even noticed Dio’s presence. His eyes were fixed on the body, lying there so distorted and lifeless, when only moments before he had been standing and talking to him. “Father… father, father!” Jonathan took the man’s lifeless body into his arms and cradled it, tears streaming down his face, not even attempting to stop or hide them. Society’s view of masculinity was not in question at the moment, and he sobbed quite openly.

The servants, some of whom had witnessed the incident, looked mostly shellshocked. One had ordered that a doctor be called for. George’s death had been anticipated, but no one was expecting this. Another moved towards Jonathan, wishing to pull him away, but not knowing how to handle it. Instead, he stepped over to Dio, opting to whisper in his ear.

“Perhaps you could help bring Master Jonathan to his room? We can take care of the rest.”

“Right,” Dio replied to the servant, a little absentmindedly, still in the midst of staring at Jonathan, swaddling the dead man’s body in his arms. The scene was something out of a Greek tragedy, spluttering tears and wails rang round the large hall, a truly unfortunate accident led about with the final words filled with strife, no true closure to be found between the Joestar elder and his son.

It took everything in Dio’s power not to smile wide and laugh like a madman crazed into lunacy by the full moon.

This was perfect, this was better than any plan he created, for he could no longer be attached to the murder of Lord Joestar, in fact he had nothing to do with it at all; he was free, and clear and George
was still dead.

“Jojo,” Dio began, composing himself as he placed a compassionate arm on the man’s shoulders. “Let him go... he’s gone. Come, you don’t need to see this.”

Jonathan did not want to budge at first, and it took a certain amount of coaxing from Dio to get him to leave the body alone. Once he did, he had to be guided up the stairs by his brother, weeping into his hands the entire time. When the door shut behind him, he still was not ready to pull himself together. If anything, he fell apart further.

“Please don’t leave me,” he managed to gasp out between sobs. He had to be lead to the bed and forced to sit, otherwise, he might have crumbled right onto the floor. “Please Dio. I never wanted to lose you. And now I am the one who killed father.” These words just brought about more sob, his vision clouded with tears.

“I wouldn’t blame you if you hated me, now that I’ve done the very thing I accused you of doing. But please,” Jonathan latched onto Dio’s arm, managing to look up at him desperately. “Please don’t leave me. N-n-not now...”

Dio stared at Jonathan, where they had made contact, his sleeve already given a wet coating of tears from the inconsolable man, watching him with narrowed eyes -- it had been quite some time since they had been in real physical contact with each other, not since the day Jonathan had found that letter.

“I... I don’t hate you, Jojo,” Dio said after the pause and silence, save for Jonathan’s blubbering, had lasted too long. Slowly he moved himself forward and allowed Jonathan to stain his shirt as he pressed his head against his chest, wrapping his arms around him in a gentle hold, easily broken, the tips of Dio’s fingers brushing ever so lightly against Jonathan’s back.

“It was not your fault. Just as his sickness was an unfortunate situation, this was an unfortunate accident. It is all just... unfortunate.” The grip became a little tighter as Dio continued, pulling him in closer. “You needn’t go down the path of looking for someone to pin fault on for this -- be it me, or be it you. Neither of us did this.”

Jonathan had never been like this before in Dio's presence. Never, ever. He was more like a lost soul than a man, a lost, inconsolable soul leaving large wet tear and snot stains on Dio's shirt. In some ways, it was almost comparable to a fit of madness.

Eventually, however, the sobbing subsided. The brunet’s arms tightened around Dio, at first in a hold that might have cut off air, but eventually, it loosened to something more tolerable. The sniffles continued, but he pulled away and brought a balled fist to his eyes, rubbing them dry.

"I didn't get to show him my thesis,” he said with a frown. "I didn't get to even tell him I finished. All we did was argue." Bitter disappointment filled Jonathan's voice, and more tears started to form in his eyes. He closes them, and let his head rest on Dio's shoulder, mind still trying to make sense of things.

“Do not waste time thinking about the harshities that befell you, Jojo, that only adds to the sadness that will undoubtedly be felt. You should think back to the good times, and the good you saw in your father... that is what matters now, isn’t it?” Personally Dio was unsure there was much to be said on the better aspects of the newly late Lord Joestar, but this what people did when trying to console, wasn’t it? Well, Dio knew that, at least in part, over his mother and father’s deaths. His mother, well if he were honest he was likely in a worse state than Jonathan -- if he were allowed to be. Tears shed over her were time unwisely spent with Dario about, selling off her things the second she was put in
the ground, that disgusting monster. And when he died, Dio needed no consoling, it took all he had not to dance the jig at his funeral.

Speaking of, Dio patted at Jonathan’s head, carding through the tangle of dark locks before shuffling the man into bed, covering Jonathan up with swaddles of blankets, perching himself on the edge.

“Let me handle everything, from here alright? I will take care of the funeral arrangement, and see to the issues surrounding the will and inheritance.” Which of course meant signing his name to own every piece of it. “Leave it all to Dio, alright my dear? You just… why don’t you rest for now? It has been quite a day, and sleep can heal many a wound.”

Jonathan was in no state to even start to contemplate anything more than the fact that his father had ceased to breathe. The fact that the title and estate were now technically his did not even cross his mind. He did not want them. He did not care. Those would not bring his father back. So Jonathan nodded to Dio's words, and rested his head against the pillow. He tossed and turned at first, but after a strong cup of tea made for him by a sympathetic servant, he was able to get some much needed rest.

The state Dio had witnessed Jonathan in was a state to which he would never witness again. In the days they come, Jonathan remained mostly composed, with occasional tears, but never the kind of break down that had happened directly after George's death. If nothing else, Jonathan was despondent, uninterested in anything, moving through the day as if he were merely a wraith. Even food held no interest.

The day of the funeral was appropriately a rainy April afternoon, the weather creating mud that stuck to the black boots and skirt hems of the funeral goers, and made the carriage wheels get stuck, slowing the entire funeral procession. At the grave site, many came to wish Jonathan and Dio well, including Matthew, most of the rugby team, and other friends from school. Jonathan would force a smile and a wave, before turning his attention to the casket, which after some prayers, would be lowered into the ground.

Dio had gotten everything he could have wished for now, the estate in full ownership, Jonathan, money, and the demise of Lord Joestar. But standing on that cold wet day, black umbrella overhead, donned in black with his brother practically despondent, it was not the fanfare and wondrous spectacle he hd thought it would be. For seven years he had been building up for this, so what did it all seem as dull as the grey skies above.

Perhaps it was because he never expected to have Jonathan in his life, not in this way. He never expected the man to hold a place in his heart of wherever it was. Or perhaps it was because he already claimed what he wanted, he had his claim to the manor… whatever the answer, Dio was only left with a sour frown.

But he could seek satisfaction in the fact that now there would be nothing in their way, he and Jojo would be together, and nobody would stop them. But then Jojo was not exactly himself. It had been an age and he was still grieving. Perhaps that was it, once Jonathan was himself again, all would be well. But how long was that supposed to take?

“Jojo… did you have any words prepared?” Dio asked as they made their way to the six foot grave, ready to be covered over with dirt, truly erasing Lord Joestar from this world.

Standing over the grave, Jonathan reached into his pocket for a piece of paper, which was full of scribbles, cross outs, and more scribbles. Jonathan had made a valiant attempt at writing a speech that encapsulated the essence of George’s life, but nothing seemed to fit. He could speak about his love for life, love for his family, his good hearted nature that brought a poor orphan boy into their house…
Except none of it was that simple.

It was not something which Jonathan felt completely comfortable dwelling on just yet, but his father had made choices which in retrospect, he had to wonder if they had been with his own son’s best interests in mind. Bringing Dio in, praising him while putting down his own son, always regarding Dario as some kind of saint and remaining blind to the damage he had caused, attempting to force marriage on Jonathan… George had been no saint. He was not ready to speak of him as one right now.

“My father was a good, but complicated man. I hope he finds peace with my mother now.” He nodded for the undertaker to begin to lower the casket, reaching for the dirt that was to be thrown in with it. When the time came for him to do so, his page of notes speaking of all of George’s virtues fell in with it.

Complicated was never a word Dio would have associated with Lord Joestar, not in a thousand years, but he did appreciate the brevity of the notes, some long arduous discussion about how grand a man he was would have been far too much for Dio to sit through without bursting into rather abrupt and uncontrollable laughter, or at the very least would have him rolling his eyes and scoffing in contempt. George may not have been a Dario Brando, but certainly he was not the best man in this world. But he was simple and dimwitted and twisted around Dio’s little finger. He could appreciate that.

Dio took a sprig of dirt too, tossing it inside the grave. Rather than words, he took a moment of silence, head tilted low. To all others it would have looked as if he were taking a moment to grieve and process, a final goodbye, but Dio was shining a grin like no other. The statue still expression returned as he faced the congregation, taking his place beside Jonathan once again.

The remainder of the funeral went slowly in Dio’s mind, there were a few speeches from old friends as they sat and ate, Jonathan really quite sparingly -- he was looking rather sullen, really, but the man had no appetite as much as Dio told him to take something in -- but eventually it was time to depart.

“It will be fine, Jojo. We shall get through this,” Dio said once they had saddled themselves into the carriage, making their way home in the falling light of evening, the sky painted indigo grey, rain still pattering. “You have me. Lord Joestar was our father, of course, but… well you cannot grieve forever over a man who had his own deal of faults, can you? You have to admit he was never the most favourable towards you.” It had been over a week since the accident itself, and Dio had allowed his brother to deal with it all; he was patient and understanding as anyone could be. But Lord Joestar was a fool who did not deserve the time of day and Dio was getting rather bored of all the melancholy.

Jonathan had moved through the rest of the ceremony as if in a daze, barely able to comprehend the fact that his father was now being put in the ground forever. Though he had lost his mother, he had no memory of her funeral, and had never lost anyone else who he was close to before. None of this felt real, and yet the pain he felt within his heart was as real as any other he had experienced.

Dio’s words moved across him like a gentle tide in the ocean. He felt them, and they left his skin feeling salty and cold, but they pulled away and left him just as he was before. Nodding his head, he continued to stare forlorn out the window of the carriage. After a few more minutes of silence, he reached out and grabbed Dio’s hand, squeezing it.

“I am most grateful to have you at this difficult time. I do not know what I would do without you, and if nothing else, our lives will move forward as they are meant to.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s knuckles. “Once we are home, I would like an hour or two of quiet to myself. But tonight, I do not wish to sleep alone.”
“Really?” Dio asked, surprised at Jonathan’s proclamation. It had been weeks since they had slept in the same bed for reasons many, and with Jonathan’s words seemingly like a polite statement more than their usual talk only moments before, he had not expected to receive an invitation to his chambers. Still, it was a very nice unexpected event, and so Dio nodded, with a light smirk curling up on the right side of his face.

“That can be arranged, Jojo,” he said. It was about time this happened. “This is the end of one chapter, but the start of a new. You are right, we are free now, free to be however we want… the estate is ours, we are nearing graduation, and soon we will embark on our European trip, won’t we? Things are looking up in the world.”

Carriage wheels turned and rounded to the Joestar estate. Jonathan had wanted him in his bed, and so Dio had quite the preparing to do. It was fortunate he had wanted a few hours to himself, Dio was going to take a while for this.

The positives of the moment were challenging for Jonathan to grasp right now, and he found it rather strange how easily Dio was able to turn and look to the future cheerfully. But the two of them had always been complete opposites in terms of emotions, and instead of condemning it, he tried to consider it a blessing. They would forever be able to balance each other out.
Jonathan spent his time alone in quiet reflection and prayer, the portrait of Mary Joestar he had always kept in his drawer placed on the table by his window. Now that his father was buried, he did feel the need to move on, but it was not so simple as Dio made it seem. The weight of grief, guilt, regret, and anger was on his soul, and while it was still there, his steps would be slow and sluggish. But perhaps now, with a little help from his mother, he would be able to lighten the load.

By the time evening fell over the estate, he felt a bit more at peace, as he usually did on the occasions where Mary’s portrait sat out and Jonathan’s mind looked to her memory for guidance. There was still much on his mind, and there would be for a while, but perhaps things would start to become easier, bit by bit.

Death was a stark reminder of one’s own mortality, and that night, when Dio knocked on his door, Jonathan was already in bed, sipping on a tea meant to help put him to sleep. In the last week, he had needed the assistance, but he hoped that now his head would start to lie easier on the pillow. He did not waste time with words, but beckoned him to join him, and no sooner had Dio reached the mattress did their lips lock. There was a primal need in his motions, as if an act of life was the only way to move past his loss.

Dio had spruced himself up rather dashingly, but he imagined with Jonathan in this state, he could have come in rags and dishevelment and he would receive the same treatment as the hours he spent in the bath, smoothing his face and legs and prettifying his hair with extensive brushes and soaping, spritzing himself with a healthy dose of Jonathan’s favourite lavender scented perfume.

But right now, being taken into a deep, wet kiss with a grabbing dominance was all he could have asked for, and Dio returned with similar intensity, clambering onto Jonathan’s lap, one thigh on each side, tugging into his dark locks and bringing them ever closer.

“Welcome back, Jojo,” he began already undoing the man’s buttons in between pecks. He spoke both for Jonathan’s amour and drive, but also for the start of a beautiful, budding erection that stood between his legs. He planted a sloppy smooch on the exposed neck, sucking on it and marking him red. He had missed that shade on Jonathan’s skin, and took a moment to admire it before pushing in again, hips rocking against his groin, neither of them wanting to waste much time.

The night stand by Jonathan’s bed was reached into, and he pulled out a vial of oil. He wasted no time in applying a generous amount to his fingers, beginning the familiar routine of feeling Dio up and readying his entrance. While there was desire in his movements, he was slower and more sensual than usual, each of his motions purposeful. His blue eyes were tired, but delighted in the sight of his lover, and in his ability to please.

The foreplay lasted long, Jonathan pressing Dio back into the sheets and using one hand to become reacquainted with his chest, and the other to stretch his puckered hole. Once he knew that it would be a comfortable fit, his large, thick member was pressed into him, bit by bit, taking it slow and steady. When he was in to the hilt, Jonathan let out a long and low sigh of relief.

“You feel like home, Dio,” he whispered, his hand now moving to the paler man’s own hard cock, giving it the attention it deserved. His hips began to rock back and forth, much like his foreplay, opting for a slow and gentle love making session.

By the time Jonathan was finally ready to slip inside properly, Dio was almost set to come, the desperation and need taking over his body in a heavy storm of want. He could have been content
with him shoving his way inside and using every inch, but he would let Jonathan do whatever he liked, so long as it was on him, with him, granting him this pleasure he so craved.

Dio let himself relax and spread open for Jonathan to sink himself into, a perfect sleeve, tight and puckering and every inch of his walls were for Jonathan's use. Oh, it was far better than a hand could ever be and Dio's body grew taut as he nestled his way inside, so deep and thick, and finally where he belonged, underneath Jonathan’s heavy, hot, exposed body… there was nowhere else he ever wished to be. This was it, this was what he had been missing.

“Oh, Jojo…” Dio mewled in a voice desperate, immediately hooking his legs around the other man's waist, clinging to him with no intention of letting go, rocking his hips and inciting Jonathan to plunge into the darkest depths of his rear, aiming for that sweet spot that hid inside. “Take me, Jojo… you feel so good, hurry, hurry, go faster, please.” The beg was not even needed to be pried out of Dio’s lips, he was way past that point.

All the animosities and hardships this time came with fell apart, Dio didn’t care about those trivial things, didn’t even care that Jonathan accused him anymore -- he just needed him, wanted him, he could never see himself losing this again. He couldn’t lose this again.

Once inside of Dio, Jonathan felt complete. There was no other word for it. The other man was eager and writhing below him, and Jonathan knew how ready he was to come. It had not occurred to him until this point that it had been such a long time since they had made love. But when the realisation hit, the need to drive himself onwards overcame him, and Dio’s encouragements weren’t even needed. Hard, long thrusts were taken into Dio’s rear, becoming faster and faster. He felt warm, wet, and inviting, lubricant and precum already starting to drip from his entrance. Dio’s own cock was hard to the touch, and Jonathan began to pull and jerk it in a most ungentle way, eager to have Dio’s seed spill between them, making them both warm and sticky with it.

Only when Dio was finished did Jonathan let go. And as he did, he thought he saw stars, crying out loudly, body trembling, cock stuffed tightly inside Dio, and filling him with the hot seed. After, he collapsed upon the other man, unable to hold himself up any longer.

Dio didn’t mind the pressure, Jonathan was heavy and almost crushing but it was pleasant, in its strange way, the mild struggle it took to take full and long breaths as he rode out the orgasm Jonathan roughly brought about in him. Dio’s hands and legs continued to circle round the other’s large form, not ready, never ready to let him leave or even move far. He kept his ass clenched tight, locking Jonathan inside him, that warm filling cock and the viscous seed he was not even close to ready to dispose of yet.

So together they lay, panting but wordless, a few stray strokes of hair and skin coming along with it, kisses to shoulders and necks and wherever else could be touched granted too. From under Jonathan, Dio formed a smile, wide but tired as he peered into Jonathan’s blue gaze.

“I think we should have done with that weeks ago…” he said, half laughing.

A weak smile crossed Jonathan's lips. He was not yet ready to laugh, but at the same time, he could not deny how wonderful it felt to be lying here with Dio again. A hand reached out and started to card through Dio's soft blond locks, having missed the small moments like this as well.

"I dismissed the servants. I told them we did not wish to be bothered until tomorrow afternoon." A finger softly traced over Dio's jawline, and slowly began to unlock their bodies. No sooner had he done so than he buried his face in Dio's chest, his eyes closed. "I do not want us disturbed."

A few peaceful quiet moments passed, and Jonathan's hands moved to Dio's hips. "I need you. You
are all I have left. I need to feel you, I need to hold you. I need to have you…” His head was lifted from Dio’s chest, a hand reaching down to feel between his thighs, dripping with the bodily secretions of their last round of sex.

"Please. Please let me have you again."

“You can have me as many times as you like, Jojo.” Dio said with every piece of seriousness, ready to grant him his entire self, let him indulge in every way possible. “We only have each other now, it is only right that we be together this way, in every way.”

Dio spread his legs once more, giving Jonathan complete access to his form, from his head to his chest, to his thighs and legs and feet, he could do with as he pleased, in fact, Dio would have it no other way. Unhooking himself for a moment, Dio rolled flat onto his stomach, shuffling his knees just enough to provide Jonathan with a splendid view of his ass, which he wriggled forth most enticingly, giving pulling his ass cheeks apart, slick with the last spill inside and leaking out Jonathan’s come.

“Like this, Jojo,” he said, craning his neck around so their gazes met. I want to feel you all the way inside.”

Lust began to take over, and Jonathan simply went along with the urges of his body. When faced with Dio’s rear, dripping and spread and willing, there was nothing more he could do.

He made love to him feverishly, sweat rolling down the sides of his face, tanned hands digging into the pale flesh of Dio’s hips, holding to him like he was the last thing in the world. Because he was the last thing in his world, the only person left alive who cared for him. And while their union would not create children, his body still craved the comfort of his mate.

When they were both spent to exhaustion, he began to lightly kiss Dio’s face, hungry for touches and affections. He twined their fingers together and pulled him against his chest. “I never want to be apart from you again. I just want to stay like this for the rest of my days.”

Snuggling up close against Jonathan’s chest, Dio nodded and hummed warmly, thinking he could drown in the large expanse and be rather content doing so. “I think… if you keep fucking me like that Jojo, I will have less than no interest in leaving you, or this.” He planted a few pecks against his collarbone, down the centre and wherever his lips could access until the felt red and swollen but still he continued.

“I’m glad you are feeling more like yourself, Jojo… I thought you were lost for a while, but you will always pull yourself together again, my dear. It’s just like you to overcome any and all things. I admire that strength -- of course I too possess such grand a quality.” Dio gave a mildly arrogant chuckle.

“I think we shall be just fine now, what could go wrong from here? You trust me, don’t you? And I trust you and have you--” and the estate in his name. “--I am content.”

“I suppose that I am myself, but Dio, I do not want to mislead you into thinking that I am fine. Father’s death has truly shaken me, and I am still working through it.” Jonathan sighed deeply, warm breath spilling out into Dio’s hair. “I do not wish for you to worry about me unnecessarily, of course… just understand that I may wish for time alone.”

Jonathan’s fingers coursed through Dio’s hair, enjoying the length that it had grown over the last few months. “But I do wish to share moments like this with you. I would be lying if I said I did not miss you dearly at night. I’ve missed you every night since the end of the summer, and I long for when we
are traveling and sleep in the same bed.”

He stared up at the ceiling, candle light flickering and creating shadows that danced against the faded paint. “I should like some time away from home. Perhaps we both need it.”

Dio formed a pout against Jonathan’s pectorals, but shrugged it off with a “fine, I suppose it is understandable, to grieve over a loved parent.” He chose his words carefully, for love certainly was not lost between two thirds of the parental figures that had nestled their way into Dio’s life. “But do not let it swallow you whole, life still must go on. But of course, I will take care of everything with the estate, you needn’t even think about such things, I, Dio was always better suited for the task.” He gave Jonathan a reassuring pat.

“But I do agree, once graduation is past, we should make plans for a trip abroad. We did say a long time ago now that we should embark around the continent together for a year. There is no better time: freshly into the career world, free to to as we please. It shall be good for us, for you.” With all the excitement that would come to pass, Dio was certain Jonathan would barely even remember his fool of a father.

The future was looking bright… but right now, all Dio was looking to do was lose himself in Jonathan, and slowly he slipped down, nipping at his chest and stomach until his lips wrapped around his cock, sucking it with expertise. A short term fix, but he certainly would not be thinking of Lord Joestar right now.
Before the two could take off for their extended trip across the expanse of the main continent, there were still a few weeks left of study that needed to be completed. They were both granted bereavement time for the loss of George, but they could not (or more specifically, Jonathan could not) dwell forever in grief. There was work to be done.

For Jonathan, it was both a blessing and a curse that he had finished his thesis early. Oh, there was editing to be done, yes. But once that was complete, he found himself wishing that he had something else to occupy his grieving mind. While Jonathan appreciated a bit of solitude as he grew used to the idea of his father having passed away, he wished for quite possibly the first and last time in his academic career that he had more to do. Research helped soothe his heart, it made him feel useful, it made him accomplished.

Thankfully, he received a social call that would help solve that problem.

Jonathan’s old friend Neil showed up at his dormitory, holding a box of chocolates, his dirty blond hair tied back in a neat pony tail.

“Jojo, my friend. I wanted to give you this, I was very sorry to hear about your father, but thought congratulations were in order! You finished your thesis before me, lucky bastard.” Jonathan found himself staring at the way the light hit Neil’s hair, and how similar it was to Dio’s. His mind flashed back to that day when he had seen the photo of Neil’s aunt, only to come home to the cottage, and see a spitting image of her awaiting his arrival.

“Jojo? Are you alright?” Jonathan blinked himself back into the present, and looked to Neil with a smile, graciously accepting the chocolates. “Neil, I am fine. But I was wondering…would I be able to ask you a few questions?”

Graduation day had happened at long last. George had not lived to see either of his boys receive their diplomas, but he was, if nothing else, on Jonathan’s mind, among other things. “If only father could have seen us today.” Jonathan began, watching Dio as he brushed his hair in front of his vanity, primping before bed. He waited for Dio to give the cursory response, and then stepped forward.

“Dio… I,” he began, his voice hesitant. In his hands he held a notebook. “The last few weeks, I have been researching something that I discovered quite by chance. It fell into my lap, well, really, it fell there over the summer, and I was reminded…” He shook his head as if in an attempt to keep his mind on track. “No matter. I found it out, I researched it, put together everything I could find, and now… here it is.” He presented him with the notebook.

“It’s about Viviana. Your mother.”

Dio had left Hugh Hudson feeling more than proud of his accomplishments. Top of his class with high honours and already discussions of placement in future lay firms, the world truly was his oyster. He did not think anything could put a damper on this day, he was feather light and giddy with cheer.

That was, of course, until Jonathan mentioned…

“Viviana.” Dio repeated the name back slowly, one he had not heard from any lips in many a year. “My… mother.” He placed the hairbrush down in a steady motion, his body suddenly feeling heavy as lead, unable to turn and face Jonathan head on, watching him from through the mirror, eyes
flickering between his stare and the book that was held between his fingers.

“Surely I misheard you. Yes. You did not say what I think you said. No, no, you could not have said that, that would be… Researching? Me? My… No, definitely not.” He was trapped in a loop, mind caught in a spin of Jonathan’s proclamation, unable to know just how to process it. Denial was better, far, far better.

Jonathan knew that this was going to be no easy subject for Dio. He had not even been certain if he should have given this to him now, or saved it for some time in the future. However, there was no way he could have kept this secret from Dio. Now that it was said and done, he had to pass it on.

“You did not mishear me, Dio. I know your mother’s name, despite you having never told me. It was fate, and I followed the threads, and this is what I found at the other end.” Jonathan motioned to the book in Dio’s hands.

“If you open it, there is a picture. I know you didn’t have one, and I… if nothing else, Dio, please take that.”

There was a pause, Dio staring down at the vanity flat table with his fists balls and body quivering, unsure what to do with himself. He felt his breath become light, impossible to take a real breath. He barely gave Jonathan a glance, only enough for him to reach out and snatch the notebook from his brother’s clutches and slam it against the desk, slipping his hand into the first page to stare at the image he claimed to be there.

Dio’s throat locked and all he could give let out was a strangled choking sound as he held the lithograph in his shaking fingers, trembling so much he dropped it the first time, and was forced to hold it for a second. “It’s…” It was her… it was the face, the face he had forced himself to remember but could not help but lose details after the a decade had passed since he last laid true eyes on his… his…

“Mother.”

But she didn’t look like herself. At least not in the way he was used to seeing her. Her beauty was undeniable, but there was little one could do when living in the slums of London to escape the look. But here, her clothes looked expensive, her hair looked extensively done and the surroundings were something Dio only knew from the world after he had joined the Joestar household. Noble, rich surroundings… but she had never…

“Where did you… why…? I-I…” Dio stuttered, eyes glued to the picture, stroking his mother’s face within it.

“It started with Neil.” Jonathan pulled up a chair from Dio’s desk and brought it to the vanity, having a seat so that he was on the same level as Dio. “I don’t know if you ever noticed, but he has some similarities to you. Nothing major, but his hair, though darker, and the shape of his jaw drew my eye.” Jonathan watched Dio carefully, uncertain if he was happy, angry, or somewhere in between.

“Last summer, when I met him for that study session, he was going through some family photos. I put it aside at the time, but after father died, and my thesis was done, I asked Neil for help. And I found out about your mother, Dio. And her family. You have family on her side, did you know that?” Jonathan was fairly sure he did not.

“But what you want with the notebook. If you wish to meet them, I can happily arrange it. But if you would rather not, I will support you on that as well.” Jonathan nodded his head. “They think you are dead.”
“I did not notice your friend why would I notice a nothing and nobody like that?” Dio started, staring down at the book, which somehow started to blur and spin around despite it being locked in the same position all this time on the vanity; Dio felt his knees weaken as Jonathan mentioned that word.

“Family… you mean she…” His mother, his… Viviana… had family, people in her life. Family still alive. Family that would have known about her life, about Dario?! And then those devils just… let her live with that atrocity. What? Did they disown her, disown his mother, the most wonderful… and him too. They abandoned him, who would have been nothing more than an innocent baby at the time to the jaws of that monstrosity he called father.

They weren’t family, no, no, no, they were scum, they were trash, they were nothing. Happily meet them?! As if that would ever be the case, Dio wanted to do with those pigs.

No, maybe he should meet, them, exact some justice upon the people who would throw his mother aside like cheap shoes on the road. They thought he was dead; it was the perfect cover. No… he should… what should he do?!

“You had no right to do this, Jojo,” Dio spat, his anger beginning to fester and spark, and so he turned a glare in Jonathan’s direction. “You had… no right to… Why would you do this?!” In all this time, however, Dio had not for one second let go of the picture.

Dio was a firecracker, unpredictable and brilliant. Jonathan could never be sure how he would react. Putting his hands up defensively, he leaned back in the chair, eyes not leaving Dio.

“I’m sorry. I know it must be a waterfall of emotions for you. If you aren’t ready for it, you don’t have to read it. In fact, you don’t ever have to read it.” Jonathan bit his lip, knowing that he might have to ready himself to put out a fire.

“Just… take the picture at least.”

“You don’t get to tell me what to do. You don’t get to say anything to me right now, Jojo.” Dio’s voice was white hot, erratic, words simply fell out of his mouth without much prior thought to what they would be. Everything was happening a lot, too much, he was not calm now, spinning, spinning. He needed to calm down, he needed a drink.

“I told you. _I told you_ you do not get to talk about my mother to me. I told you that, Jojo or are you deaf as well as insolent?! And what do you do, you research her, you dig into affairs that have _nothing_ to do with you, what made you think this was at all acceptable. Nosing your way into other people’s affairs like some… some…” Dio once again choked, his eyes starting to well as barely gave himself a chance to breathe between sentences. He stared down at the picture once more, then picked up the notebook, slamming the latter onto the floor in a harsh thwack, the only thing he could think to do that saved Jonathan a punch in the face.

“Just because you lost your last biological family does not mean you _ever_ get to root around into mine. You did not even have the curtesy to _ask_ me if, if I wanted them. Well, know that I don’t want them! They -- they… you don’t get to…” And then Dio buckled, his hand closing over his face, and he was forced to turn… he wouldn’t let himself cry. Not in front of Jonathan. Never again.

“Dio, darling, please, it is all right. You don’t need to read it. I…” This was of course not what he had wanted to happen. Working reflexively, he reached over and pulled Dio into a tight embrace, pulling him against his soft chest, and cradling his head.

“I’m so sorry this upset you, my darling. My dearest, dearest Dio.” He murmured the affections, along with tracing his fingers through his hair, holding him close. He kept his hold firm, trying to
keep him from immediately breaking out. “I did it with the best of intentions, your mother is part of my family now, if we are to consider ourselves as a single unit. I wanted to know more about her, and I wanted you to have more than just memories.”

A few hasty kisses were pressed to the top of Dio’s head. “I am sorry. I love you so much. I am sorry I over stepped my bounds, we can bury it now forever, if you like.”

“Get off me, Jojo, just get off!” Dio said, struggling his way out of Jonathan’s clingy hold. He did not want to be touched, did not want to be held, not now, not like this. Today was supposed to be a day of celebration, nothing was supposed to have gotten him down. Now there was what, some bundle of people who abandoned him still walking the earth and Jonathan expected him to be in happy cheers that he had snuck behind his back and delved into history he never needed to have known. He thought that was alright?!

Jonathan was strong, stronger than Dio, but Dio eventually managed to pry himself free, taking a good few steps backwards before Jonathan could strike for him again. “I don’t… you cannot just _bury_ it now and pretend what you did was alright. How did you expect me to react?” He shook his head, Dio didn’t want the answer to that, he didn’t want anything, he did not know what he wanted and that was something that terrified him.

“I don’t want to think about this. I _can’t_ think with you in here. Get out of my room.” Dio pointed in a sharp stretch of his index finger towards the door. “Just leave.”

Jonathan was beside himself, not knowing how to sooth Dio, as he was finding himself more and more unable to do. It made him feel absolutely helpless, particularly when they were so close to leaving the mansion for their trip abroad.

If Jonathan did not learn how to manage Dio now, how were they ever going to survive the trip? How were they going to survive their lives together?

Standing and straightening himself out, Jonathan left the room, gently closing the door behind him. He began to mindlessly start to sort through his books and materials, recently brought home from his dormitory. The work kept his hands busy and his mind free, as he contemplated his actions. Should he have left Viviana buried forever? Even if he could understand the whirlpool of Dio’s emotions, the thought of doing so felt wrong.

For now, there was nothing he could do except ride out the storm.

Dio did not waste any time upon Jonathan’s departure in plunging into the liquor drawer he kept and taking out the strongest concentration of his collection he could find, not caring about something as trivial as a glass, for he knew he would not be using it any time tonight.

The notebook still lay alone on the otherwise tidy floor, but as Dio splayed himself on the bed he could not stop himself from staring at the photograph, letting the paper smooth against his finger as he brushed through the woman’s soft blonde locks within it, a dreadful pit in his stomach as he was once again reminded he could never do that. He could never stroke her face or cling to her warmth. He could never see her smile, never do anything ever again.

“Mother…” Dio whimpered, pressing the image close to his chest as if attempting a hug. He kissed the photograph then, and a few more times for good measure. He remembered her kisses, how she pushed against his brow and cheeks and tickled him too, with all the familial affection a boy could want. He smiled, nostalgic. And thought maybe it was not so bad, Jonathan had only meant to give him something he craved for so long. How could he not be grateful for this, seeing her again?
And then he remembered how he would never have that again too. Because of Dario. Because of that stupid family in that stupid notebook Jonathan had no business in locating.

There was a turbulence running through Dio right now, and he knew without doubt he was angry. Angry with Jonathan, for “how dare… how… how dare he do this, how dare he make me lose you all over again?” Dio choked out another series of sobs, the alcohol not doing its job to quell his mind, only making feel as if he were drowning all the more. But he could not stop, perhaps at the end of the bottle there would be some relief.

And then there was the bottle itself. He had just grabbed for it, hadn’t he? It was a solace, he did it so often he almost forgot… but wasn’t he just like his father now. Like his father that drove dearest mother into the grave? It was disgusting, he was disgusting, how could he think of her and do this… and yet that only made Dio consume another swig in a repulsive cycle.

He should stop… yes, tomorrow he would stop. For her. Seeing her again, that just reminded him. Tomorrow.

That night, Jonathan slept uneasily, waking every so often to check and see if perhaps Dio had joined him in bed. Of course he had not. Looking over to the door that separated their rooms, he longed to cross over, even just a peek, just to make sure that everything was alright. But that would have been an invasion of Dio’s privacy, and after all that had happened in the last few weeks, he dared not risk it now.

He rose as normal for breakfast, though nothing seemed normal about it. Father would normally have been sitting at the head of the table, waiting for them. There would have been summer holidays waiting for him, or school and school books. Both those parts of his life were over now. George’s place at the table was empty, Jonathan not being ready to take its place yet. There would be a holiday, yes, but a long one, followed by life settling into what it was meant to be for the remainder of his adult working days.

It was a lot to swallow. Instead, he started to swallow his orange juice.

When Dio joined him, he started to rise from the table, wanting to go over and greet him immediately. But he stopped and sat himself back down. “Good morning, Dio,” he spoke as cheerfully as he could manage. “Are… you feeling any better than last night?”

“Don’t… speak.” Dio walked into the room with his eyes closed shut, hand on his head. He knew his way around the Joestar estate well by now, and managed to sit himself down on a chair without having to open them on. When they did open they were bloodshot and red with a mixture of tears and alcohol.

“Peppermint water,” he ordered the servant to bring him with a grumble, forgetting polite nature to rest his head on the table for a few woeful movements before finally slumping back up, giving his brother a constant look, though he did not utter a word the entire time.

“The picture...” he said finally after Jonathan was almost done with his meal. “It was perhaps not the worst thing… you could have ever done in your sorry excuse for a--” Dio put up a hand, retracting that for something a little softer. “It was just… not the worst. But you should not have delved into my affairs. Privacy is important to me, do not think you can do such things. You should at the very least have told me.”

"I should have told you," Jonathan conceded to say to Dio. "I am sorry that I did not." Dio’s state was unusual for home. It almost seemed as he did the morning after a rugby victory party, where he had drunk himself into an absolute stupor. But last night had been no party, not with the way things
were left off. If Dio was drinking when he was upset as well as when he was happy, that was a sign
that something was very, very wrong. And Jonathan had no idea how to even begin to approach the
topic. He couldn't do it now, not when Dio was upset with him, at least in part.

"If I may suggest… I feel that the topic would have been painful even if I had asked -- which I
should have. But it is of course of a sensitive nature, and no one would expect you to take anything
like that without a show of emotion." The maid brought the water and left it before Dio, and
Jonathan watched him take a sip.

"All I am saying is that your feelings are valid. And I am here for you no matter what. You… you
don't need to make yourself ill over this." In other words, he didn't need to make himself drunk.
Wanting to change the subject, he forced a smile. "Since however, I am in part responsible for your
state of unwellness today, how about I offer you my humble assistance? I could help you pack your
crate for our trip..." Which would of course result in all of Dio's clothing being crushed into a
wrinkly mess.

“You are talking as if you are trying to manage me, Jojo,” Dio said with a knowing, unimpressed
leer. “Oh, Dio, your feelings are valid, la la la. Oh, Dio, it is an oh so sensitive topic of course you
can have your feelings, I am in part to blame for this too, so sensitive. Oh Dio, I am trying to
patronise you and treat you as if you are some sort of child, though now I will certainly deny it,
won't I?” Dio’s voice went higher as he mimicked Jonathan's own with every hint of exaggeration
and sarcasm within the tone. He took a sip of his water -- which was not really helping, but anything
was better -- and gave Jonathan a glare, as if to challenge.

“Do not try and weasel out of what you did, do not think that because I am not holding a knife to
your throat you do not deserve one there for it. In part to blame? Don’t make me laugh, Jojo, you are
completely to blame for every last bit of it. Don’t make excuses, you nosed into my affairs without
permission. If you do not think that is wrong, then your father taught you even worse than I could
have ever imagined.” He flipped his head and hair around in a sweeping motion, downing the
remainder of the drink without a single breath between, slamming the glass down in a way that made
his head ring. That was Jonathan’s fault too.

“Your humble assistance is never required, Jojo. Don’t touch my things. Any of my things.”

Jonathan sat across the table clutching his fork as Dio unleashed his tirade upon him. His blue eyes
stared ahead without a true focus, the sound of the anger hitting him like a gust of wind. It wasn’t
unexpected. Nothing Jonathan could say would ever be enough for Dio, unless they were words of
complete submission. It was a tension that had existed between the two from the moment Dio had
stepped foot into the mansion. It continued on at an awkward truce during their friendly yet cold
years as brothers, and as lovers, Jonathan had seen seen it reignited. He imagined it would always be
a part of their lives, their personalities were both too strong for it not to be. But he did wish he knew
how to handle him at times like this.

There was no easy way to say ‘Dio, you are being haunted by your past and it’s making you a drunk
like your father.’

Maybe one day he would have to. But for now he had come as close as he could, received the
tongue lashing expected, as well as a low blow about his father, Dio always did know how to rub
salt into an open wound. With a neutral expression on his face, Jonathan set down his silverware and
rose, a small and fake smile on his lips.

“Well then, I shall get to packing my own trunk. I do hope you recover from your hangover soon.”
He left the room posthaste, not bothering to look back to see the nasty expression Dio was most
likely giving him.
“And there it is again: patronising, falseness.” Dio did not take well to Jonathan’s attempts to walk out like that, and despite the ache to his head he followed him in a march, grabbing his shoulder and forcing him to turn and meet that gaze he so wanted to avoid, seething now.

“You want to make me feel better and then you go about with a tone of condescending superciliousness. Much as you would like to believe it, Jojo, you are not right all the time. Don’t treat me as if I am always so, so terrible when you are the one who did this.” Dio’s hold tightened and his body grew tight with frustration. Everything about Jonathan made him want to pummel him this very second.

“Don’t you dare just walk away because you cannot face the consequences of your actions. Because I was not over the moon at your faults. Answer me like a human being, Jojo! You are not some transcendent creature, above it all, so speak to me!”

Jonathan’s eyes met Dio’s gaze as firmly as ever. He clenched a fist at his side, the words that he had just been thinking so close to the edge of his tongue than ever before. But saying them would ignite a war, and that was not something to which Jonathan was ready to plunge into just now.

“I already apologised. If you don’t like the rest of what I said, then don’t take it to heart.” He glared back at Dio, and then pulled away from him, turning his back once again. This time, he glanced back over his shoulder.

“We are about to embark on a year long trip together. I am not going to fight with you right now. If you’ll excuse me, I have a trunk to pack.”

“Oh go and fuck yourself, Jojo,” Dio shouted round at his back. “If you can’t face me like a man then go wriggle off like a worm in the dirt, coward. I thought you were better than that, but thank you for proving me wrong, it is such a relief.”

Smashing a vase that stood in the hall on his opposite way round, Dio stormed back into his bedroom in a flurry of movements, crushing flowers and splashing water on his path.

He hated it, he hated Jonathan’s lordly attitude and half apologies where he still made himself look to be the one above it all, made Dio the one to be irrational. It was Jonathan that invaded his personal life, and he wasn’t even sorry for it. He might have said it but every other action and word he spoke showed the truth.

He held Dio back, all he ever did was hold Dio back. And after he, Dio had done so much for him. Had this past year and a half even been worth it? He had been content in his life before Jonathan, satisfied and gratified without this pesky nuisance of a brother thwarting and making him feel. He had been a good screw, a great screw in fact, but god did that inherent part of him grind Dio up every single wrong way possible.

Dio returned to his chambers, slamming the door so hard the hanging pictures on the wall shook and swayed behind it, and in a bout of rage Dio began to pack, dumping his clothes into the stupid suitcase he was packing to go on a stupid trip with stupid, stupid, foolish Jojo.

The bottles of alcohol he had left had been tossed in the waste paper basket last night, Dio’s attempt to make good on his hazy promise to stop going down that path. But Dio no longer remembered that promise – he had been drunk, after all.

Jonathan had to remind himself when he was packing that he was a student no longer. His degree was finished, his thesis graded and ready for publication within the academic community. Any books would be read for his own pleasure or future project ambitions.
Clothing was never really a main concern for Jonathan. He would be traveling for a long time, so it was necessary to pack a great deal. Thankfully, some things had never even left his trunk from school, saving him a great deal of effort. Once a few books had been thrown in, he shut it and slumped to the floor, staring at the ceiling.

He liked to think that a year away from everything would solve all of Dio’s problems. That he would come back a new man who did not drink when he was overwhelmed. That the memory of his mother could be looked on peacefully, without the other aspects of his past coming out to haunt him. Jonathan wanted nothing more but to hug him, and hold him, let him know everything would be all right.

Things didn’t work that way. Even with his optimism, Jonathan knew that the road that lay ahead was not going to be an easy one. But he would see it through to the very end.

PART 7 FIN
Dio settled himself down on the deck of the ship, choosing a comfortable chair he could cross his legs over and watch the waves fall over each other in heaps and bounds. He let his mind relax some, caught in the repetitive trance of the motions. The day was warm, though the movement of the ship gave a perfectly ample addition of wind and he sighed, contented.

It had been a long time coming, but finally they were set a course for Europe, and France was to be their first embarkment, just a hop skip and jump over the channel.

He still had a few concerns over Jonathan from their last bout -- or more appropriately, Jonathan being something of a pretentious ass who would never own up to his mistakes -- but time and more importantly sex had healed the superficial wounds, and he was not ready to have Jojo sour his holiday trip. Contrary to popular belief, Dio rather enjoyed being happy and mellow, it was not his fault everyone in the world was just out to disrupt his enjoyment and peace and force him into retaliation.

With a glass of sparkling white in one hand and a book written entirely in French in the other (just to brush up on his language skills, while enjoying a novel) Dio sighed, smiling. It was a new day in a new chapter of his life and nothing was going to hold him back.

It was easy enough for Jonathan to bounce back. As soon as Dio was even the slightest bit amicable towards him, Jonathan returned to being the doting lover, in bed and out of bed. And it was a good thing too, as their trip was drawing closer, and they would need to be in each other’s company again, constantly. Jonathan looked back on their summer days fondly. Dio had not seemed so out of control with his drinking then, and they had both been happy and content. Perhaps this trip would make that possible once more, and set up for happier days when they arrived home.

While Dio was sipping his wine, Dio would feel the brush of something soft and curly against his leg. He would look up to see two standard poodles, one black, and one white, their leashed held by Jonathan. He looked positively thrilled, though the dogs did not seem interested in Dio or his wine what so ever, and after a moment were pulling Jonathan in the opposite direction.

“Aren’t these fabulous creatures, Dio? They’re named Jacque and Lulu, some poor scrawny man servant twisted an ankle trying to walk them, so I offered to do it for him!” Next to Jonathan, they did not look like much, but besides a normal man they were rather large dogs, made even larger by their curly furl.

Dio visibly shuddered at the foreign feeling of fur that brushed his skin, never one for any remote enjoyment of unwanted touches, his first instinct still to head for a knife, or ball his fists at the contact.

Upon realising it was Jonathan, the tension in his face relaxed ever so slightly, but the sour expression certainly did not. He looked the mangy beasts over one at a time, the curled his lips, repulsed.

“Fabulous? No. That is not the word that first comes to mind with those oversized, frizzy, rat looking mutts. I came here, Jojo, on this boat, on this peaceful deck to marvel at the view and relish in my holiday. Not to visit a zoo and catch rabies, so keep those things away from me, or we will see that two men -- no -- two mongrels find themselves overboard for reasons nobody will be able to prove.” He was skirting close to the edges of their past, but Dio really did not like dogs.
Looking rather liked a kick puppy himself, Jonathan forced himself to keep a positive face. “Oh come now, Dio, they aren’t anything like rats! And they are far more useful.” But Jonathan knew better than to push the issue with Dio, so he began to walk them in the opposite direction.

Half an hour later, Jonathan took a seat beside Dio, looking immensely cheerful, cheeks flushed with exercise, but perhaps not smelling the best he had ever smelled. He didn’t seem to notice, though Dio most likely would.

“Dio, perhaps you don’t like dogs, but I would like to visit a zoo at some point during our stay. I am sure even you might find it interesting.” His hand lightly swept over Dio’s own, longing to do more, but they were out in the open on the deck, and he dared not risk it.

Dio did notice the smell. Jonathan’s musk was not really a deterrent, and he was quite used to the other man slick with sweat from exertions of various activities, most certainly, but the stink of dog was not a befitting addition. He would have to take a long and thorough wash of himself before Dio allowed any proper touching later tonight.

Regarding his desire however, Dio did little more than hand him a shrug, really quite blasé about the whole idea. “Other than the jungle, I suppose, a cage in a zoo seems like the perfect place for animals to be kept. Save for, of course, on the dinner table.” Dio smirked at that. “Fine, I shall allow it if you are that interested, though there are surely better things to be done.”

For how reclined and relaxed he was, however, Dio could not help but be at least a little excited. It was the first time out of the country, save for a couple of trips within the British Isles, and the world seemed just that little bit more wide. A grin, genuine, was granted, unsuppressed, and after a scan of the surroundings, Dio risked a kiss to Jonathan’s knuckles, a quick brush, but never the less the affection was there. It, however was quickly regretted, and Dio spat with a grimace. “You taste of dog.”

"I heard they have elephants!" Jonathan voice rang with excitement. He too was jittery with the realisation that they were on their own, and freer than they had ever been before in their lives. "I should like to see an elephant. And maybe a lion. I heard they sleep just like house cats do." He lowered his voice, and plopped himself down on the ground beside Dio's chair, not finding need to find one of his own.

"I am looking forward to everything, Dio. Because it is with you. Look, I know the last few weeks have been difficult, but I see this endeavour as our chance to really find each other. Like we did last summer.” His eyes still shone with the innocence of his youth at times, and this was one of them.

"And if you do not like how I smell, perhaps bathing me should be first on our list." Jonathan liked the idea of a bath. He also liked the idea of sex in the bath. Most likely, Dio would as well.

“There was meant to be a lion at the circus last year, but that was falsely advertised,” Dio recalled. He supposed he would not mind seeing one, though he imagined it would be far less interesting seeing it prowl around an exhibit than jumping through flaming hoops and performing tricks. Still, it could be fun.

Dio looked down at Jonathan, frowning some when he mentioned the current few weeks. He would rather not be brought back to them, unless of course Jonathan wished for him to grow angry, but the subject was quickly dropped, and perhaps this was truly what they both required. Life in England was driving them both stir crazy, a breath of air in another land would do some good. And if that meant beginning their endeavour with a fuck in the tub, then so be it.

“I think that can be arranged, Jojo. Though sharing dirty dog water with you is not my strongest
desire. You can scrub yourself clean first, then I shall join you.” The baths in the ship were as good
as they could come for the upper classes, but that did not compare to one in the privacy of home and
stability. “You can start, if you like. I’ll join you forthrightly.”

“Ha! I don’t care how much we paid to have access to first class accommodations, I am not
squeezing into one of those tiny little bath stalls, not when the crossing will be over before you know
it, and we have a charming seaside suite waiting for us in Calais, which will of course have a more
spacious bath, suitable for our purposes.” Jonathan grinned and leaned in close to Dio. “So you shall
have to deal with my scent for just a little while longer.” He pressed a kiss to the scowling man’s
cheek and then returned to enjoy the sights of the sea.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 2

Once they made landfall, Jonathan saw to having their luggage transferred and a carriage to their hotel obtained. The place was modern and cozy, but simple, and served as a seaside getaway for families. They would only be there for a night before they traveled on to Paris, but Jonathan found the place charming.

“These will do nicely,” Jonathan said as he stepped into the room. There were two beds, as well as a balcony that overlooked the sea, large windows which filled the room with light, and, of course, a spacious bathroom. Before long, Jonathan’s clothes were thrown on the second bed, which would remain unused that night.

Dio would not have minded a bit of close proxemics within the bath, personally, but then he was thinking in the theoretical, and no bath, let alone a conservative one made for boat trips, really had a six foot four giant in mind during creation. Still he had made him wait, so Dio was not in the mood for milling around. Scanning Jonathan’s naked form up and down, he gave the man an approving nod. His body was at its peak, rippled abdomen and thighs that could crush watermelons (or perhaps Dio’s own head) between them. But not all was in order, and Dio he pointed to the mess of clothes, tossed without a care.

“Try not to make the room look like a sty after being in here for less than five minutes while you are at it,” he said, almost sounding like a scolding mother. “You were rather good at keeping your things in order during the summer, let us keep up with that tidy tradition.” A flash of a grin was granted before Dio turned to take a better look out of the balcony view.

“But for now, go and wash, my filthy little mutt.” If anything, really, Jonathan was a rather large pedigree, but Dio found preferred calling him the former.

“I am just keeping my things on the bed we won’t be using tonight. Everything else will be perfectly in place.” Jonathan was completely naked by now, and coming up from behind Dio, his erection already prodding into Dio’s still clothed rear. “But if I am really such a smelly mutt, perhaps I need a careful hand to make sure I don’t miss a spot.”

Jonathan then turned Dio so that they were facing one another, and brought Dio’s hand to his own brown curls, craving the sensation of Dio’s hair through them. Knowing however that his lover would not tolerate this for long, he reached out and lifted him up, carrying him into the bathroom where he had already left the hot water running for a bath, with probably more bubbles added than necessary.

“Mmm… remember when we were freezing and I suggested we travel the world together?” Jonathan whispered into Dio’s ear as they slipped down into the warm bath water, already feeling the wonderful, relaxing sensation of being enveloped in the sweet white foam. “It is finally happening. And I am beyond thrilled to have made it this far.”

“Yes, you never do seem to like to forget the time you almost gave me hypothermia, do you, Jojo?” Dio motioned, unimpressed. He had not wanted to enter the bath until the nasty scent of dog had been thoroughly washed off Jonathan first, he had even avoided touching the man beforehand. He took his cleanliness very seriously. There had been a scramble and struggle, but Jonathan had gotten him into the bath, and there was little more he could do about it now he was sopping wet.

But superficial soap bubbles were not the deep cleanse he required of Jonathan, so quickly Dio slipped to the other side of the bath once Jonathan had loosened his grip and slid over a bottle of
liquid soap the hotel provided. The feeling of his erection was missed, Dio always loved the thick girth pressed against and inside him, but grubbiness was the opposite of a turn on. Unless of course it was the dirtiness of a mixture of sweat and seed and fluids, however that was another story entirely.

“But nothing is happening until you wash yourself. And your hair too. My hand just got heavier from all the grease within it. I shall observe, but I have no intention of touching you until you are sparkling.”

"You are ridiculous." Jonathan said with a smirk as he picked up the washcloth and lathered the soap into it. He stood before Dio in the large, porcelain tub, humming slightly to himself as he ran the cloth across his tanned skin, working slow, as if to show off every inch of his well formed body. Jonathan was not typically one for brandishing his charms, but he knew that Dio was taken with him, even when he did not wish to show it.

“It’s just a little dirt. It won’t hurt you. And it’s easy enough to clean, see?” Jonathan grinned at him, having just finished each arm, and was now tracing the cloth about his pectoral muscles, the dark nipples perking under the touch.

“Just to be sure I am cleaning enough to your liking, you should help me out…” He moved forward, soapy to his waist, a hand moving the foam across his hard cock. “I am sure you expect this part of me to be impeccable. Best that you see to it yourself.

“It is not the dirt that bothers me primarily, Jojo. Dio said with a roll of his eyes, sighing at just how shameless and flaunting Jonathan could be with his body. “It is the fact that you smell like an animal that was most likely riddled in its own feces and hairs.” Pointing to his cock in particular, Dio presented a finger and pushed it up to the slit of his cockhead, pushing and grinding it in enough for Jonathan to feel it. “I should hope for many reasons you have not allowed those mutts access to that particular region.” Dio hoped his brother’s love for animals did not quite tread into that territory.

Pouring some soap onto his palms, Dio began to wash Jonathan’s cock in stroking motions, the act doubling for a rather sufficient handjob in the process, still sat at Jonathan stood, looking up at him. “But believe it or not, I am rather fond of your natural musk. It is very… manly. I suppose.” He chuckled a little at the description, continuing. “But I also adore you smelling like a spring field of flowers, rosy and delicious, I could practically eat you.” Pumping Jonathan’s thick shaft, soon it was slick with soap and bubbles, and likely a few drips of precome by now, and undeniably clean. Dio cupped his hands and dipped them under the water, cleaning off the sweet smelling but rather terrible tasting liquids. When sufficiently achieved, he shone Jonathan a grin.

“In fact…” he started, scooting forward so his lips were but a spread and swallow away. “I just might.” And with that Dio opened his mouth wide, taking Jonathan’s cock inside it, the scent of vanilla and passion fruit (perhaps, something like that at least), filling his nostrils as he sucked him off.

“No one gets near this particular spot except for you.” The grin on Jonathan’s face spread wide, he could never be sure if Dio would choose to pleasure him, or leave him hanging. Right now, luck seemed to be on his side, and he watched Dio work his magic on his thick shaft, first with his hand, then with his mouth.

“Dio, you are divine!” Jonathan cried between moaning. He was glad that they were free of the mansion, a place that had not been terribly happy for either of them as of late, and were able to find more time for intimacies such as this. “You know, as much as I love the various things we do in bed… your tongue has always been one of my favourites.”

Jonathan allowed Dio to continue pleasing him for a bit, but before he could come, he had him back
“Mmm, not just yet.” There was a bit of a whine in his voice. He did indeed want more, but knew that good things came to those who waited. “Dio, would you wash my hair?”

“You want me to cease prematurely?” Dio asked with a mildly surprised raise of his brow and a pout on his lips as he wiped away the wetness and spit from around his mouth, pulling back. “That must be a first.” He had answered Jonathan’s words of praise with a smile and increased fortitude in his abilities of fellatio, looking to impress Jonathan with all his remarkable skills in the bedroom field. His tongue had many a talent, and he had no trouble in putting them to the best use possible. And here Jonathan was opting for something quite different.

“I am not opposed, my fingers are as grand as my mouth, after all.” With an open hand gesture, Dio beckoned him to sit, spreading his legs so Jonathan could squeeze in between them, back resting against Dio’s chest in a lower recline. Taking more soap he carefully rubbed and massaged it into Jonathan’s head, turning the dark (mildly greasy) curls white with lathering, humming an empty but melodic tune as he gave him a thorough cleansing.

“You know, Jojo, you may have your fondness for my hair -- and I cannot blame you for that -- but yours is rather lovely too. When clean,” Dio commented as he stroked through it. “Thick and bold in its dark brown colouring, it is quite lovely.”

Right now Jonathan was left in a state of perpetual arousal, by his own making. But after over a year of knowing all the pleasure that Dio could give, there was no rush. Like last summer, Dio would be his to take whenever they pleased, and he intended to make the most of it.

"I do so love it when you run your fingers through my hair." Jonathan purred. His own hair was a bit longer than usual for him, the brown waves reaching the back of his neck, his bangs needing to be pushed from his eyes. His hair, while dark, was rich and full, with plenty to hold on to. "And whenever you wash me like this, it smells of you for a good day or so. Or smells like whatever flowery scent you are into at the moment."

Jonathan spun around in Dio's lap and faced him, his cock still hard and aching between his thighs. He leaned in and kissed him boldly on the lips, before letting his face rest against Dio’s neck and shoulder, letting his body push against him. "I want all of you,” he murmured, lying contentedly against him, craving the closeness.

“Well aren’t you a selfish one,” Dio jested, giving Jonathan a couple of pats on the back before resting his palms against the large expanse, giving the man gentle caresses, the scene almost like a mother with her child, though Jonathan’s bulky frame as well as the erection poking into his leg did not quite fit that analogy.

“You should smell like me, Jojo, and let everyone one in a quiet, but distinct way that you are well and truly my own to have and to hold.” Dio pressed a kiss to Jonathan’s temple, pressing his face in further to indulge in the warmth and scent of the now very clean lover who had latched to him tightly.

“Tell me,” Dio said after a few more moments of quiet, the ripples of water and pecks of kisses the only noise that came out, a peace surrounding them, after the turbulent weeks and months there had been, the uneasy friction that reminded Dio of their shaky past. “What would you like to do on our trip? I know you wished to leave it open to exploration, but there must be some structure or we will likely remain in the hotels the entire time.” Not that Dio was by any means against that but. “We should at least see some sights while globe trotting.”

The calm of the moment was what Jonathan had craved, even more than sexual desire. Of course, he knew that before the night's end they would be a tangle of arms and legs, thrusting against each
other’s forms. But there were things more important than intercourse, and this was preferable at the moment, as well as important. Up until now, there had been a few remaining shreds of stress between them, and he wanted to properly sever them before they embarked on the rest of their adventure, as much as possible.

"Mmm, well, we shall be in France for a good month or two, there is no need to rush." Jonathan's lips pressed a few kisses to Dio's neck and collarbone. "We can take our time, I for one would not mind enjoying the room service of our hotel in Paris. They are said to have a world renowned pastry chef." Jonathan's tongue flicked playfully across Dio's skin. "But otherwise… I very much would enjoy seeing the place where King Louis's head was chopped off, and there is supposed to be an entire Roman ruin underneath the Paris Opera house!" He spoke of these places with the greatest of interest, though he soon realised that Dio's own enthusiasm on any place dirty might not be anywhere near as high as his own.

"We could see an opera… I know that you enjoy that." Jonathan offered a smile and reached to squeezed Dio's hand. "And I know you might like to browse the shops, as well as spend our money." He chuckled, not minding it in the slightest.

"On the contrary, Jojo, I like spending your money." There was no point in being coy about it, besides Jonathan never minded opening up his purse and paying for all Dio’s desires. Though he supposed if the money was coming from estate business, and Dio now was in full ownership of the estate it was in fact his money. But it felt rather nice it not coming out of his own physical pocket, and Dio would take what he would from that small dose of happiness.

"But really, Jojo, zoos are all well and good, but have you really paid so much mind to the room service that you checked the pastry chef by name? They all serve high quality food -- we are certainly paying enough for it -- though I suppose I can understand wanting the best of the best in whatever realm it may be." Dio’s gut simply did not quite share the same gusto as Jonathan’s. He enjoyed food on a level of standard and taste, but it did not drive him nearly as much as it did his lover. Still, he would enjoy and indulge in what there was to offer, he, Dio, deserved it.

"I do enjoy an opera, the cultured does suit my tastes." Dio pondered the idea, before approving. "Though I believe Italy shall serve that purpose all the more. La Scala in particular I have heard the most raving reviews, but all in good time." Jonathan had mentioned his little archeological pursuits too, the lover of history in him always reared its head in.

"We… needn’t do absolutely everything together, however. It is important we indulge in our own endeavours. I am sure you do not want to come to my law connection meetings I have planned over the months… you may go out and do your little King Louis hunt or whatever it was in your own time too." Dio truly would not have minded, the world and its past held intrigue undoubtedly, but hearing about miscellaneous topics every single day had created something of an instant recoil and aversion to it all.

"Of course we will spend time apart on this trip. We did even last summer, and that was only for a few months, whereas this will be much longer." Jonathan nodded his head, a little frown forming on his lips. "But Dio really, we only just arrived, and our time together has just begun. Are you already thinking of getting rid of me?"

Pink lips were pressed together in a perfect pout, Jonathan’s head tilted up and looking at from where he rested against his chest. The idea of them being parted had him looking glum, and he pressed his body possessively against his Dio’s own, erection still hard against him.

"We should be looking forward to our time together. Isn’t this supposed to be our honeymoon of sorts?" Arms closed around the blond, although for once, Jonathan seemed very content to stay in his
lap, curling into him, rather than the other way around.

“Trying to get rid of you?” Dio patted Jonathan once more on the head, running his fingers through the wet dark locks, removing a few long stray strands from the man’s eyes, matching Jonathan’s sad pout with a mocking one of his own, turning into a wry grin. “What gave me away? Well, since you are now onto my plans, you should know this is my elaborate and highly expensive scheme to toss you aside in the midst of our trip. As grand a screw you are, I am simply tired of you now. Sorry, Jojo, that is just the way it is.” An open palm and a shrug presented Dio’s cheery rejection, smile still plastered onto his lips.

“And it seems rather backwards to have a honeymoon before you have even gotten me a wedding ring. We are not married by any means, not even a ceremony! No wonder I wish to leave you, you know nothing of treating your lover right, I feel sorry for any and all who have to suffer with you. And since I am the only one subject to it, that is heightened all the more. You should feel incredibly bad.” Dio pinched Jonathan’s nose in between his thumb and index finger, tutting. Then, with casual nonchalance he sighed.

“I suppose you shall just have to fuck me to make up for it.”

Jonathan raised an eyebrow at Dio, his train of thought making circles around his head. He lifted their laced fingers from the water, allowing the ring on each of their hands to be made visible.

“I know it was two Christmases ago now, but I did give you a ring, and now I have one of my own. They make a handsome set, don’t you think?” He admired their two fingers, entwined together. “And I did give you a diamond, in fact one that belonged to my mother. Someday we will have a ceremony, but we are still young, and you, my dearest, are ready to abandon me to the wilds of Europe!” By now, Jonathan had sat up completely and was straddling Dio, their two cocks brushing against one another.

“I think I shall fuck you,” Jonathan spoke, free hand already traveling between Dio’s legs. “If only to give you something to remember me by. No one…” Two fingers slipped into his hole, and began to scissor. “No one will fill you as I can.”

“A-aah,” Dio stuttered as the fingers made a quick entrance without much warning on Jonathan’s part. “Well that is rather unfair on the rest of the world, Jojo. You are something like a horse down there, the rest of the world -- not even I can compete with you in that regard.”

Dio actually wore Jonathan’s ring rather often now, adorning it around his finger most days, only taking it off to bathe and when his outfit did not suit the glowing ruby red that ran around the band of many karats of gold. It was just something that felt right on his finger, and more often than not brought a smile to his face whenever he caught it in his absent minded gazes.

“That does remind me, however, I mean to pierce my ears on this trip.” Dio adjusted himself in the tub, allowing Jonathan better access into his spread hole, and allowing himself to easily manoeuvre himself up and down the thick digits. He pushed them further within him, against the prostate, massaging the sensitive area and in good time bringing his cock up to life, using his hand for assistance, urgency quickly taking over in his arousal. As Jonathan prodded deeper, Dio lolled and bucked, his back in an arch against the porcelain tub.

“Maybe I could stick around a little longer… if you tire me out and make it so I am unable to walk, I won’t be able to escape you, shall I?”

"You won't be leaving," Jonathan said with a chuckle as he slipped another finger deep inside. "No one will match what I can give you because of the fact that I am meant for you, Dio.” He continued
to tease his prostate, watching Dio's own arousal grow. "My body is a perfect for yours." The hand withdrew and he reached for the liquid soap, coating his cock in it, and smearing the last bits back around Dio's puckered hole.

"You see, my body and yours fit so very well together. It is like a custom fit." Jonathan finagled with their position so that his slippery shaft could slide into Dio's entrance at the easiest angle possible, resulting in a pleasurable, smooth transition from two to one. "No one else will ever make you feel as good as I do." He pumped his hips slowly into him, making Dio feel the slow sensation of his cock filling him up.

"You are mine," He whispered, brushing some blond hair away from his ear and licking the mole covered shell. “And you love me as I love you, even if you won’t say it.”

"If a fuck is all you can offer me, Jojo, I may have to expand my horizons. After all, I am a catch to all and everyone.” Having said that however, Dio’s thighs were trembling with pleasure, his fingers gripping tightly around the sides of the tub, the tone of his arms defined and taut, simply keeping himself from slipping into the water and drowning in the depths due to Jonathan’s motions.

“You presume so much…” Dio paused, thrusting himself against the girth of Jonathan’s length, panting as the cock seemed to climb up into his stomach and shuffle its way into the deepest parts of Dio’s body. He considered responding to Jonathan’s possessive words and mention of love with a few choice words of his own, but that thought was quickly put aside.

"But then after all I have taught you in this time, you had better be the best custom fit cock inside me, or what was it all for?” Sarcasm and jesting was always a better option, it was easy for him. Other things… they were not.

"You might be a catch, but you are a prickly one." Jonathan muttered between grinding teeth, thighs and hips smacking faster and harder against Dio, longing for nothing more than sweet release, yet at the same time, seeking to punish Dio for his cheekiness. Although Jonathan's idea of punishment was a bit distorted, as he wanted to give the man a mind blowing orgasm.

Water spilled over the edge of the tub as Jonathan continued his relentless pounding. And then, finally, with a loud cry, he finished deep inside of Dio, shooting his hot, wet seed up inside him. He withdrew immediately, hearing the expected whimper from Dio, knowing how much his loved enjoyed having his cock inside him until the last possible second.

Instead, he lifted him onto the tub edged and gave his cock a good hard suck, knowing just the right amount of teeth, lip, and tongue to use to make it irresistible. Jonathan took his fellatio seriously, staring up at Dio to see his reactions.

“Well I wouldn’t want to make it easy for you,” Dio was sure he said somewhere along the way, though he was quickly taken over by Jonathan’s hard pummels and pounds into his ass, eyes squeezed shut as he let himself be completely taken by pleasure, expecting to be filled with seed, preferably as he shot hot and wet come onto his own stomach, to be quickly washed away by the rippled bathwater that surrounded them.

So Jonathan did get what he expected, a grumbling whine as Jonathan came and pulled out far too soon, when he had not tasted his own brink yet. There was little Dio could do against Jonathan’s strength in times such as this, and so rather pliantly he let himself be put upon his side, though the pouting frown on his face was leering. It did not last, however, as his lips parted into a circle, moaning out loud as Jonathan wrapped his mouth around him. He supposed this would suffice.

“Now you are the one sucking my cock.” Not that Dio minded, but they had rather swapped since
Jonathan had always been on to want to indulge in Dio’s pleasure often before his own, and Dio was happy to receive the doting affection. “You had better do a good job, since you so rudely came before me.”

“I always do a good job, my dear. I’d never give you anything less.” The tip of his tongue played with the head of his cock, before taking him in long and deep again. By now, Jonathan could read the signs of Dio’s body. He knew when he was enjoying it, and he knew when he was about to come. Slowly he sucked, long and hard, keeping him from going over the edge too quickly.

This gave Jonathan just enough time to pull Dio back down into the tub, and thrust his now recovered cock back inside him. The additional pressure on Dio’s prostate made him spurt into the warm water, and Jonathan would just hold him tightly, stroking his back as he let him ride out his orgasm with a few gentle thrusts.

Once Dio was finished, Jonathan removed himself, still hard, from Dio’s rear, and reached for a towel to wrap his lover in. “Here. Let’s dry you off and get you in bed with a glass of champagne, and if you’d like, I will continue to fuck you all night long to your heart’s content.”

“Well aren’t you just the perfect gentleman. At least you know how to treat me right. I guess I can stay for a little while longer.” Dio’s eyes were closed in a gentle shut of lids, his chest and stomach heaving as the heat of afterglow ran through him, and he wished to let himself enjoy every last second of it, trusting Jonathan to do whatever he liked, knowing that it was all with Dio’s interests at heart.

When he felt himself lifting out of the water, cradled in Jonathan’s arms this was continued, and he allowed the man complete access to him, no resistance. The prod of Jonathan’s erection against his body was welcome, and though he was still flaccid, Dio felt his own cock throb a little in response as a towel rubbed against his body, drying it off.

When they reached the bed, neither one of them started to change into their bedclothes, but Dio grabbed the lotion he kept in an easy accessible satchel from the confines and handed it to Jonathan, stretching and revealing his body, silently bidding him to lather him up and keep his body supple with the moisturizer.

“We can order room service from here if too if you’d like,” Dio offered, small moan escaping at the cold lotion first made contact, quickly warmed by Jonathan’s warm hands. “Today I am feeling lazy and I have no intention of leaving this bed for the remainder of the night.”

"I feel the same." Jonathan purred as he began to rub the smooth lotion across Dio's skin, starting from his toes and working his way up across his body. The room was luxurious in every way, there was no need to leave it. Their adventure abroad was only just beginning, and they could afford to take their time.

Once Dio had been thoroughly lathered with lotion, he ran for the maid to bring them a light dinner and a heavy dessert. When it arrived, Jonathan had made himself comfortable in the second bed, nose in a book, to keep up the appearance of two brothers on vacation. But the moment the food was laid out and the servants gone, Jonathan grabbed the plate of shrimp and salmon, bringing it to the bedside and dangling one over Dio's lips.

"Tonight, and for as long as we like, we can be lazy and lustful. And whenever we yearn for more, onward through the country we shall go."
Before they continued their way to Paris, Jonathan, noticing the large beach that lay by their comfortable Calais hotel, decided that with the sun beating high in the sky, it was the perfect opportunity to take to a day at the seaside, and so of course he dragged Dio along with him.

“Fine,” Dio said with a huff, pulling on his stripy red swimsuit that stopped halfway down his upper arms and thighs, and stuffing a few odds and ends in a carry bag. “But do not expect me to come in the water with you, or frankly out of the parasol.”

Pale skin was something to be admired within the times, and Dio was very happy with the supple smooth expanse that covered him, but it was also very attuned to burning even after very minimal exposure. Jonathan, who tanned brown as a nut in the summer months had never suffered this issue, and the bronze look suited him rather nicely. Dio, however, did not think red and splotchy was quite the colour he was looking for.

The year had been a trying one for Jonathan, and he had not had the chance to swim to his heart's content since the precious summer at their cottage side lake. He was happy to get the chance now, and in the English Channel of all places. His own white and blue striped swim suit was tight across his skin. He did not have the same tan he would have had by this time of year already, his father's illness and death had impaired his leisure time to spend outdoors. But he would be making up for that now.

Splashing widely about in the water with a few cheers, Jonathan seemed like a child, though it did not take him long to settle into a nice, long backstroke, enjoying the sun on his belly and face as he paddles along. The beach was occupied, but only by the very wealthy, so it was not uncomfortable.

"Dio!! Dio, look what I found!" He called, and with sandy hands and feet treded onto Dio's towel and held out a creature. "Look at this starfish I found! Don't worry, I am going to throw him back in… it'd be cruel to keep him as a souvenir.

"Off the mat, Jojo!" Dio griped, more concerned over that than the wellbeing of the slimy looking creatures, regardless of whatever its true texture may have been. He looked up at Jonathan once he had shuffled off with squinted eyes and an L shaped hand moved over his forehead as an additional shield.

“Yes, yes, that is very nice, I’m sure. Really though, getting enthused about such a meagre creature makes you seem no different than those children playing in the rock pools.” Dio’s eyes pointed in the aforementioned location, the sound of their laughter occasionally sweeping through the wind, along with the noises of chatter and general beach enjoyment.

“Still, it is not the worst creature you have reveled in. It reminds me of your birthmark.”

“It does look like it, doesn’t it!” Jonathan tried in vain to glance over his shoulder at the mark, but of course his neck could not turn enough to catch a glimpse, and his bathing suit covered most of the pink birthmark anyway.

“I think it is exciting to get to see animals in their natural habitat. But this little one should be tossed back in now.” Jonathan began to look over at Dio, mischief glinting in his eyes.

“Perhaps you should consider taking a dip too, mmmm?” Jonathan looked at him with a grin. “Or are you still too sore and aching from last night?”
“If I was sore from last night do you really think I would be capable of sitting right on my ass like this, Jojo.” Dio gave him a smirk in return, flipping a lock of his hair out of the way in a purposely nonchalant way. “You will have to give me far more than that to leave me out of commission.”

Dio was not the most fond of the ocean; he could spend his entire life inside the gentle warmth of the tub, surrounded by sweet smelling oils and soaps, able to indulge in quiet time with a nice book, or simply his own thoughts if Jonathan was not with him, but large bodies of unchartered water had never been his favourite. Perhaps growing up next to the brown, most likely contaminated river Thames had something to do with it. It was no wonder he had only learned to swim at age fifteen, with Jonathan -- much to his chagrin -- as a tutor.

“Go and play by yourself and the starfish, you have all the company you need, see?”

Jonathan sighed deeply and looked down at the starfish in his hands. “I suppose he shall have to do, though I will be letting him go back to his home in the sea soon.” Jonathan stood and brought the starfish to the water, gently placing it down, before watching a wave sweep it off into the sea foam.

Jonathan took a few more playful laps, like a large dog trying to release energy, but soon he tired of this, making his way up to the shrine to which Dio has erected for himself beneath the parasol.

“Dio, love, you should join me in the water. You won’t get burned. It is rather overcast. And besides,” A mischievous look glowed in Jonathan’s blue eyes. “You might outrun me on the rugby field, but I bet that I could beat you in the water.”

Once again, Dio peered up from his calm and shady recline, placing down the book he had on hand to acknowledge Jonathan above him, quietly admiring the outline of… well everything really. With the swimsuit soaked though, the white of Jonathan’s attire might as well have not been there, for it stuck to his skin and gave off a most transparent view of his body underneath. His nipples poked through from upper half, large pectorals dotted with water and sand; his cock though flaccid never failed to be large in size, practically slipping out of the tight material, straining the fabric in the most pleasant of ways.

“You could not beat me, but I needn’t prove myself to you. I know I can win, and that is enough for me.” Having said that, Dio did feel the beginning sparks of competitive nature run through in almost like a charge of lightning.

He knew, somewhere in the back of his mind he was being goaded, this was not a technique Jonathan newly introduced at all. But still, to prove himself the best was a tragic weakness in Dio, who despised being underestimated and had something of a need to crush any who believed him subpar.

But even so… “I told you before I did not want to go in the sea. And I would not want to break your heart and crush that spirit of yours by defeating you so obscenely.”

“I would never dream of making you go into the sea against your wishes, my dearest, darling brother.” Jonathan smiled brightly and took a seat beside Dio on his blanket, which would of course leave a wet print in the shape of his rear end on the very spot.

“And it is so kind of you to spare me the humiliation of defeat. I just have to wonder how you would do it. Your legs and arms are strong, yes. You carry yourself like the wind on the rugby field. But the water, well, it is a truly different place.” Jonathan propped one leg up, resting his hands and face on the knee, while the other stayed down. Inadvertently, this made the fabric stretch in such a way that showed off the impressive girth of his length. Even flaccid, it was a sight to behold.
“Of course, you do not wish to swim, so we shall never know. I suppose in the meantime, were anyone to ask, I could rightfully say that I am the stronger swimmer of the two Joestar brothers. After all, I was just able to do ten laps in almost as many minutes.”

“Only ten?” Dio made a face most unimpressed. “Well I suppose that is alright for you, you are fit enough to be called decent. But it is still only ten laps. And I saw you out there, the lengths could not really be considered long at all. But again, it is alright.” Dio traced the lines of his nails with a thumb, as if he were more concerned with the state of them than Jonathan’s supposed prowess.

“If you think you can goad me with those weak attempt, Jojo, you are wrong. It takes more than a few misconstrued opinions from you of all people to have me budge.” Dio rolled his eyes and scoffed.

“But I am glad you finally decided my wishes are more important. I have not forgotten the camping trip, and what you did to me then.” And after the explosion within the tents he had created and the lacy covered punishment he had given Jonathan, he doubted he did either. “But maybe different bodies of water have different effects on you.”

It was disappointing that Dio could not be goaded into the water so easily, but he supposed that swimming really wasn’t one of Dio’s favourite activities. And he did indeed remember last summer’s actions. That had been quite the explosion, in more ways than one.

So Jonathan resorted to returning to his exercise. He knew that in the coming week there would be a great deal of eating and lounging in bed, so there was nothing wrong with getting some extra exertions now. But before long, he was thoroughly tired out, and for a third time, flopped beside Dio, this time throwing the parasol off balance.

“Diooo~o,” he began in a tired, and slightly whiny voice. “I want you near me. Actually, I want you on me, but since I cannot have that in the open, I’ll settle for what I can get.” The boy was craving attention from his lover in the worst kind of way.

“It was completely and utterly your choice to come to the beach, Jojo,” Dio replied unsympathetically, lazily attempting to steady the parasol back to where it was suitably placed, without getting up. In the end the task was given up, and half of Dio’s body was now exposed to the beating sun. He knew there was a great percentage of chance he would regret this, but moving seemed more effort than it was worth.

“We had the opportunity to be well on our way to the city right now. And the journey would have included lots of time in private carriages, and you could be on me the entirety of the way. But here we are now, in the public domain, and we must act the fraternal way we both know we aren’t.” Dio gazed out into the sparkling blue of the ocean waves washing over in gentle sweeps as the sun beat down hot. Below the surfaces lay the hidden world, where few delved beyond a few metres. There was plenty to hide down there.

“You know what, Jojo. I do want to go in the water now.” Tucking his book away into the bag, Dio sat himself up, pulling the nagging tightness of his own swimsuit and standing. “Let’s go. I think there may be some fun in there after all.”

No sooner had Dio given his okay to go into the water than Jonathan had him flung over his shoulder, racing towards the edge of the beach, and plunging into the water at great speeds. Once they were both sopping wet, Jonathan grinned at him, soggy bangs in his eyes.

“Heh, heh, heh, well I very well couldn’t have carried you delicately like a lady.” Jonathan said with a grin, arms moving about Dio’s hips under water. “And this way you get the shock of the cold out
of the way, rather than hesitating about it. I am such a kind brother, am I not?"

Rather than take a hand and brush the sopping wet hair from his face, Jonathan used his hands to take a very nice hold on Dio’s rear end, and squeeze it firmly.

Dio had expected as much from Jonathan, predictable as ever, but that did not stop him from gasping as he was hoisted up as if he were no heavier than a paper weight, and crying out as he was tossed in the depths of the sea water. The freezing cold sea water.

“Jojo!” Dio yelled in a snap once he had emerged, hair growing a dark shade of blond immediately, the now long strands falling over his own face, flinging them back over and squeezing them together in a group behind his head. “I wanted to tie it up first. And this water is a frigid as a nun, I thought you had learned your lesson about flinging me into large bodies.” As he got used to the temperature, however, that frown began to dissipate, and he could not help but bite his lip once Jonathan got a little handsy under the water.

“Or maybe you are just a glutton for punishment.” Unfortunately they had to be discreet, or Dio would have pressed his lips against the other man, if Jonathan had not done so already. So instead he gave his mouth a sultry lick, pressing and grinding his hips in time with the ripples of the ocean, pressed against Jonathan’s form. “Hard already?”

Jonathan flicked his head back, letting his damp hair fly from his eyes. He was now able to properly behold Dio, and the sight of his sea soaked hair and trembling body was enough for him to let out a guffaw, before letting his fingers sink in deeper to the flesh of his rear.

“I am sorry I did not think to warn you to tie your hair back first.” He reached out to push some behind his ear, his other hand not loosening his grip on his behind. “But you still look absolutely adorable.” Leaning in closer, he whispered, “And of course I am hard already. You in that tight little swimsuit and all.”

Jonathan’s hips grinned against Dio in a most unbrotherly way, as a wave tossed them about in the sea.

The rush of water was enough to throw them both off balance, and Dio found himself swirling in the blue, hair running above him almost comically as the wave smacked against the shore and sand, making children scream and run from the encroaching splash. Reemerging, Dio looked around to find Jonathan lift up but a second later, but rather than swim towards his lover, Dio began a casual kick away.

“Come, come, Jojo,” Dio said, beckoning Jonathan to follow him allow with a few curls of his fingers before turning with elegance (as much as he could muster, at least) and performing a front crawl a little further afield from the crowds. He sunk himself underwater, taking a large breath, and after an attempt or three managed to open his eyes within it, seeing the blurred outline of Jonathan’s body treading towards him.

Once in proximity he lunged himself forward, holding onto Jonathan’s hips and sucking on the dangling sacks of flesh that sat under his cock, taking one in his mouth through the fabric.

When the wave hit, Jonathan was worried that Dio might have some difficulty. He was better now than he used to be, but he had never been the best swimmer in the world, and he was unused to swimming in a body of water as large and as rough as the one they were in now. But Dio, eager as ever, took to swimming underwater and sucking on his balls.

Perhaps he was a more skilled swimmer than he thought.
Jonathan’s legs spread and his arms thrashed for a moment, doing his best to stay afloat with the sensitive action going on between his legs. Once Dio rose to take a breath, Jonathan closed the gap between them and cupped his face in his hands.

“Oh, you are truly something else, my love. By the end of this trip I am not sure there will be a place in Europe we haven’t spilled our seed.”

“But of course,” Dio answered with a wide grin, licking his lips as if he had tasted the most delicious of delicacies. In truth, really, he just tasted a lot of salt. “We shall make the entire continent our romping bed, I consider it our solemn duty.”

When Jonathan pulled them close, Dio, while not averse, was aware their surroundings. They had been caught a couple of times, though the situations were not detrimental, but while skirting the boundaries was always fun, Dio preferred not to endanger himself.

“Careful now, Jojo, discretion is advised.” Dio separated them a little, though was still close enough touch hold onto him for any necessary support. They were in deep enough for even their heights to be unable to touch the surface properly, and it had been a while since Dio had swum for long distances. While adept enough, he could not deny (actually, he very much could deny) that it was not his forte. “Anything we wish to do here must be performed under the water, yes?” He punctuated his words with a squeeze to Jonathan’s hard cock under the waves, hands slipping past the suit to touch the wet member.

Sex in the water was something Jonathan had experienced quite frequently in the bathtub, but when it came to a body of water much bigger, it was a new experience. The two bobbed with the waves, which did give them a certain amount of cover. Everyone else was so busy swimming and having fun that they would not take note of the two brothers having their own sort of fun.

Intercourse in the ocean, particularly with the waves and secrecy needing to be kept, did not seem particularly doable. So instead, Jonathan let go of Dio’s ass and reached for his cock, by passing the red and white fabric completely and squeezing the organ, just as Dio squeezed his own.

“I suppose we can see who can make who finish first… hands only.” Jonathan did have the advantage of height, his feet able to touch the ground before Dio’s. This was perfectly all right, as Jonathan moved a hand back to Dio’s behind to support him… and two fingers up his ass as he did so.

Dio cried out a little whine at the invasion, but it only made his grip around Jonathan tighten, and with even with the added pressure of the water, he picked up the pace fast with his slender fingers, managing to ride up the mid thigh length fabric of Jonathan’s swimsuit and expose the thick shaft to the depths completely. The clear dribbling precome instantly mixed with the sea, carried off along with the rippling tides.

“Hands only, hmm?” Dio gave Jonathan a challenging glance. “Alright then, that sounds like a competition I could win in my sleep.” Dio’s second hand smoothed against Jonathan’s chiseled abdominals, past the navel and pack of muscles until he reached his chest. Circling round the areola, he brought the man’s nipples to a hard pert, twisting the pointed teat with his fingers before his mouth took over, teething and nipping on the sensitive area, hand refusing to cease.

He knew Jonathan’s cock better than he knew the back of his hand, and while Jonathan had learned a great deal in a year, Dio was a veteran master. This would be easy.

Jonathan's nipples were a sensitive spot, and Dio's efforts made the blood flow downward towards his cock. His artful touch made him cry out, and while the expression on his face could have been
from a gust of cold water, Dio would know better.

All the same, Jonathan continues his own endeavors full throttle, slipping another finger into Dio's plush rear beneath the safety of the water. He knew Dio's body well by now, and soon enough he was prodding relentlessly against his prostate, aiming to make him finish first.

"Come now, my darling, it is alright to lose sometimes." He whispered into his ear when he inevitably came up for air.

"Exactly. If is alright, as you say, you should have no problem in giving up yourself then, won’t you, Jojo?" The very idea of Dio admitting defeat was the opposite of what he would ever do, and Jonathan telling him to do so only upped his competitive spirit.

Pulling back, he forced himself out of Jonathan’s grasp, only for a moment missing the feeling of those strong hands fondling his cock in the most pleasant of ways before he sank himself further deep, taking a breath of air to get him, his mouth once again finding Jonathan’s crotch.

This time he took to the main attraction, swallowing the tip, shaft and base in one motion, immediately setting to work before he required a breath on the surface. He squeezed Jonathan’s ass tight, pushing his finger up by his hole in the same way Jonathan had done him, unable to resist the tease. Mouths were close enough to hands, it was hardly cheating.

"Dio!" he cried out, though his body could not really object, Dio's lips were always a pleasure, and he knew how to use them. But hands had been the agreement and Dio was crossing a line. Despite the pleasurable assault on his own anus, he continued to plunge fingers into Dio, teasing his prostate further.

"Let me take your pleasure first my love, then the sooner we can get you out of the water and back under your Princely parasol. Perhaps even to our room." Of course, their room would be a better place for playing over all, but there was always something fun in a risk.

"What do you say, Dio?" he said when the boy was above water to be heard "Your nose is starting to look red."

“Well how about you come already and let us get this over with then, mm?” Dio still raised a brow and had no intention of letting up yet. It was silly, but there was a mild attempt to look at his nose though he knew anywhere past a blurry outline of the tip would be impossible for him to see. He brushed against it, with the back of his thumb. While it did not really affect him this second, he was acutely aware this was going to hurt later, even with the copious amounts of protective balms he had fortified his suitcase with. “You can hardly waddle back to shore with you cock standing up like a beanpole, now can you.”

Dio’s hand quickly returned to Jonathan’s cock, taking the masturbatory route in stroking it once again, his resolve further deepened as he grabbed Jonathan’s wrist to prevent his fingers from pushing him to the brink he knew he was close to. It was far more common for Jonathan, with his stamina, to spill his seed after, but that did not mean that was always the case. And Dio was more than aware of Jonathan’s weaknesses.

“If you come for me first, Jojo, later, I may just have to show you what lacy undergarments I bought new for the trip,” Dio said in a hot breath against his ear, letting the vibrations of his voice send shivers up Jonathan’s spine for more reasons than one. “If not… well I suppose they will sit lonely at the bottom of my luggage. And we wouldn’t want that now would we?”

If Jonathan had not already been soaked to the bone, he would have started to sweat. The thought of
Dio in lacy undergarments was his absolute weakness. The sight of the man stepping into a room in them could almost make him finish without a touch, and the imagery of it was quite potent as well.

“D-Dio…” He froze in his own motions, water rockin them back and forth, Dio continuing to work his skilled magic. “Did-did you really pack a lot?” Of course he did. They would be gone for months, a year even, and Dio did enjoy teasing him and being fucked by him in such attire.

Soon enough, he let go, finishing into Dio’s hand unceremoniously. He gave him a pout all the same. “Dio, it’s not fair that you know me so well…”

Dio gave three cackling laughs at his victory, the viscous seed quickly slipping through his fingers, washed away by the rippling waves, but that did not matter, for he was victorious.

At Jonathan’s complaint, Dio had an immediate response. “If I did not know you by now, know what you liked I would deem that quite the failure on my part. You see I, Dio, enjoy everything and wide varieties of range, but I shall never let you onto something that has me on my knees at first glimpse. I have no weaknesses.” Not that Jonathan did not enjoy an abundance of their activities, but Dio would hazard he had a certain favouritism towards Dio in more silky, feminine garb. Dio looked ravishing in it, so he could not be blamed, really, and he appreciated someone other than his reflection admiring these tastes. It was not something he could really show off on a regular night on the town, and it was such a waste for nobody to see him.

“Although maybe if you were not such a milksoppy baby about strapping on a pair of garters and thigh highs I would have trouble resisting you too. Enough that I would throw a match on the threat of missing out.” Dio shrugged, haughty and condescending cheeky. His lower half had started to rut and rub against Jonathan’s hand and fingers, letting himself indulge in the pleasure. Now he had won he was really quite eager to come.

“But I would not wear it half as well as you do, my dear.” Jonathan began to pick up his pace again, now that the battle had already been lost, and that he knew he had something to look forward to when he arrived back at the hotel room. ”Why should I bother at all when I know I would always be beat out by your perfection?” Jonathan knew what Dio enjoyed just as well as Dio knew his own tastes. Being painted as the greatest would always make him happy.

Once Dio had come, Jonathan withdrew his hand, and gave Dio’s rear a good hard pinch. ”You are the more gorgeous of the two of us, and I dare say the more handsome too. Although, I suppose I must not be so bad if my appearance pleases you.” He chuckled and straightened Dio’s swimsuit, then his own, starting for the shore. The suit clung to Jonathan’s body as he walked, showing off his muscular physique.

Jonathan glanced behind him at Dio, noticing as the waves turned a bit harder. Children were toppling over, though he managed to stay as planted as an old tree in the sand beneath him. He turned and held a hand to Dio, just as a knight would to his prince.

“So just because I am supreme in beauty and desirability you think I don’t deserve some effort from your end?” Dio gave Jonathan a leer and gave the presented hand a harsh squeeze between his fingernails before he took it, shaking his head with disapproval. “If you expect me to spend my money, doll myself up and please your little desires, it hardly seems fair that I get nothing in return, mm? I thought you were one who longed for equality in our relationship, and here I stand alone while you lie back and gorge on me like a glutton.”

Dio used Jonathan’s strength to push himself a few metres forward, letting go of his hand and only mildly getting turned by the water. But it was close enough for him to make it without much of a struggle. Upon reaching the shore he immediately went for his towel and shade, attempting to
remove the sand from his feet to little avail, leaving his hands dotted with grains. He used Jonathan’s body to wipe them against, cleaning them off that way.

“Well, since you are not willing to do anything for me, I think I may have to rethink a few things myself. After all, I would not want you to think I outrank you so much you cannot even try.” Dio liked to believe and very much did believe he was rather the ultimate -- but Jonathan, Jonathan was a specimen and Dio had no shame in admitting he found the man horrendously attractive in practically every regard. “I’ll stop wearing the corsets. For your sake.”

Jonathan sighed deeply. Oh how he despised it when Dio was in one of his moods, particularly when he had been looking forward to bringing him back to the room and fucking him silly. But if he was to behave this way there would be no fun in it. Jonathan took a towel and stretched it across the sand.

"If that makes you happy, then fine. Wear what you please, you know I would do you even if you wore a paper sack. But I do hope your mood will improve or this trip will not."

Jonathan stretched out on his stomach and buried his face in his arms, enjoying the sun's rays on his back.

Dio, who in fact was not in a mood at all, only playing with Jonathan and enjoying the tease immediately felt that change as a clock would strike midnight and herald forth a new day. He expected Jonathan to give him a cheeky remark back, or become boyishly whiny, either would have worked fine, but now of course he had to go and spoil it.

“Oh do forgive me for forgetting you do not know how to take a joke, Jojo. I suppose it is presumptuous of me to think you know what one is.” Dio pulled away with a scowl. “And what do you mean my mood needs to improve? It is you who needs to get that chip off your shoulder, or you will very well find yourself ruining this holiday more than you already will simply by being yourself.” Dio sighed hard and sharp, why did Jonathan have to be such a...

“I’m going back to the hotel. I did not even want to come here in the first place and now you go and sour the day.” He picked up his bag, slipping into his sandals, grimacing at the sand that now invaded the shoes. Not so accidentally he kicked the sand in front him, hoping it would cause Jonathan discomfort.

Another deep sigh left Jonathan’s lips as Dio slipped away crankily back to the hotel. He closed his eyes and dozed in the warm sunlight, taking rest as well as basking in the rays that would turn his body a golden brown. Once he had taken in enough, he made his way back to their hotel room. On his way however, he noted a flower peddler, and bought a bouquet.
"Dio this isn't how this trip should have started. Forgive me." He handed the flowers over, although some sand was trailed with it.

Dio set down his French novel and looked at Jonathan, allowing the gesture of flowers to quell and yells that might have come, though he was still rather peeved at Jonathan for immediately jumping to the worst conclusions of him. It was happening far too often as of late, and it was starting to grate him the wrong way. He accepted them, admiring the colourful arrangement, something different from the usual red roses this time, setting them down on the bedside table after giving them a shake to remove all the sand he possibly could, not wanting to make the bed grainy.

"Is it so much to desire you looking nice for me too, Jojo? That is all I was saying. I'd like that." Dio spoke softly, all things considered, and put his book away too, granting eye contact.

"You would look good, you know. I know you think yourself too large for the 'delicate items,' but find the right one and you would dare I say rival my own charms." There was a flash of a smirk there, and a raise of Dio’s sharp eyebrows. "There are a thousand boutiques and stores around Paris. I was going to go into a few, I saw one also had a spa treatment centre attached in a brochure. Perhaps you would join me." Dio was trying, truly.

"I think I would look strange in lacy things." Jonathan commented, as he began to peel off the sandy, wet swimsuit, revealing his body in all its glory, although Jonathan did not seem to treat it as such. The sandy swimwear was left to hang on a towel rack in the bathroom, and Jonathan began to run a damp towel across his physique to wash away the salt. There was no sense going further, as they would be in the bath before long.

"I... just never thought it was right for a man to wear those things once he is past childhood. But, I suppose I never thought it was right to put my cock in another man's rear either." Jonathan smiled wryly. "If it makes you happy, I am not opposed to trying on a few things discreetly, for your pleasure. There will be opportunities in Paris, and you know nothing makes me happier than your own happiness." Throwing the towel aside, he stretched himself out on the bed.

"Though, I am not keen on a corset that will restrict my stomach and lungs. It looks beautiful on you, but seriously, my darling, if you felt half as badly as I did I would say you never wear it again."

"I am a man too, you know, Jojo," Dio felt keen to remind him in that moment, as he mentioned believing it was wrong, while feeling more than eager for Dio to keep on wearing them. "Is it wrong for me to wear them now too? Or did you forget?" Enjoying the feel of typically feminine attire upon his splendid form did not mean he wished for that part of himself to be completely disregarded.

Dio nodded when Jonathan offered to try. That was all he wanted. It was not like he asked him for a great deal, but Dio often took initiatives, slipping on outfits he knew Jonathan adored, attempting new things to keep their bedroom endeavours alive, making sound judgements on what he thought would bring not only himself, but Jonathan pleasure. He had adored his birthday treat, Jonathan presenting himself as a slave in chains was a treat he had never considered, but that was a long time ago now, and there had not been much else since. Dio liked it when an effort was made to go the extra mile.

"And I am perfectly aware of what it feels like to lace up in a corset, I know how tight and restricting they can be, and somehow I still manage,” Dio shrugged. “Still, not everyone can be perfect I suppose, and there is more than just that."
"Dio, my love, you realise how much you have changed my worldview. Why, if this had not happened I would probably be married already, struggling with the estate, and not know anything of the pleasures that life holds." Jonathan stood and wrapped his arms around Dio, pulling him into an embrace against his muscular chest. "You opened the door to many new things to me. Women's undergarments around your very shapely rear being just one of many." Jonathan's hands moved over his hips with a smile.

"But we can try a great many things. I dare say I could use a few new suits, and you do have an eye for style." Jonathan grinned and kissed his forehead.

"My perfect husband to be. A man of many talents. Why he chose me when he could have anyone else in the world, I do not know."

“I wonder the same thing,” Dio teased, tracing a finger across Jonathan’s exposed form. “Maybe I feel sorry for you, or perhaps you just managed to do enough things right with that cock of yours to win me over. You will never know.”

The premise of new clothes was an exciting one, and for Jonathan to be the one to suggest it brought about surprise and enthusiasm. “Once we get to Paris I shall take a good long look through your luggage, Jojo. Since we are in the city of not only love, but fashion wonders, I think it is finally time I gave you a complete and utter wardrobe exchange. I imagine the poor shall be rather happy, do not expect to keep at least eighty five percent of your clothes. Though really, most of them should be burned as a matter of public health.” Now the idea had settled in his head, Dio had perked up entirely, and with Jonathan as a naked, sandy blank canvas right now, he was already imagining all the attire that he required.

“Shoes, obviously, we will need at least a day on those alone. And your wardrobe needs colour. I’ve said it once and I shall say again purple is perfect for your complexion. Blue would look rather nice too. I am almost jealous, now that I think of it, I doubt there is anything you would not look grand in.” Dio’s fair complexion had societal advantages, but certain colours simply did not suit him. But then he had a figure that took well to all, while Jonathan had to be far more careful with that stocky frame – which he was not. He gave him a kiss on the lips, smiling at the fact he got to play designer on someone that was not himself. “This is going to be rather fun.”

Jonathan ran his fingers through his hair, chuckling a bit nervously. Dio tended to get a bit wild when it came to fashion, and he was not completely sure what he had unleashed.

“Eighty five percent, Dio? Wouldn’t you say that is a bit much? Really, my clothes can’t be all that bad…” Still, he liked the look of happiness on Dio’s face, and returned the kiss. “I think my clothes are suitable enough. They are comfortable and they keep me warm, and they usually match.”

‘Usually’ was a generous word. “But I admit that you know how to make a man look sharp. So long as we can also browse for food and other things in Paris, I have no qualms with you attempting to tweak my attire.

Jonathan plopped his large body down onto the bed, the mattress giving way beneath him. “Now tell me, Dio. Should I bother putting on pyjamas, or are you going to enjoy the things you can do with my body sans clothing?”

“You might as well stay naked, I may find some use for you yet. Besides, I doubt you would be able to decipher which fifteen percent of your clothing would not make me want to gag, so best save yourself and myself the aggravation.”

Dio was dressed in little himself, only a creamy coloured bathrobe with his initials sewn into the breast pocket, hair tied up into a ponytail, subsequent to the shower he had upon arrival back at the
hotel. An essential must for a time after the beach with all that salt and minerals making his body sticky. And the same went for his brother. “But before you lay any body part past your face upon me you will rise yourself off. I am not having sand on my cock or in my ass, Jojo. Not even for you.”

Looking eagerly back at Dio, Jonathan contemplated how long it would take to get clean enough for Dio’s oh so particular taste, versus how long it would take Jonathan to soothe an angry Dio. He weighed his choices, looked Dio up and down, and then a cheeky smile spread across his lips. He scooped Dio over his shoulder and carried him flailing several feet to their second bed, full of Jonathan’s discarded clothes. Pressing him down into the soft comforter he embraced him tightly, running his cheek against Dio’s own (which could use a shave.) His eyes were full of love and admiration and he showered Dio with kisses.

"I'm not that sandy. Now give me a kiss, my beautiful bride-groom to be." Jonathan puckered his lips a breath away from Dio's.

Dio gave him a kiss alright. If a kiss was punch to the back, attempting to break free from the too tight hold before kicking Jonathan back with a harsh foot to the stomach. Dio was not playing around, not when it came to cleanliness, and the brush of stubble was anything but a happy addition to it all, and all throughout the face rub he had grimaced.

“Jojo! One bed is bad enough get off, get off, I am not sleeping, nor fucking on a grainy uncomfortable mess! Right now Dio was not thinking about the fact they could call the hotel service to change the sheets at any time, though it did not look like Jonathan was willing to wait that long.

“Shower and shave, and no I am not joining you.“ Dio rose to his feet, dusting of his body, and already feeling granules of sand fall off his bathrobe, the salt making Jonathan’s body uncomfortably sticky. No, this would not do.

Like a kicked puppy, Jonathan backed off, frown on his lips. "I just wanted a kiss." From the looks of his stiffening cock he wanted more than a kiss, but there was little else he could say or do at the moment except to march himself to the bathroom and start scrubbing.

Just under twenty minutes later he emerged, smelling of aftershave and hotel soap, towel sweeping through his chocolate curls. He met Dio’s eye shyly, sitting down on the edge of the good bed once he was thoroughly dry. "Look, all clean, just for you. I would have thought a towel wash was enough, especially since we are just about to get dirty anyway. It is rather a waste of soap, water, and scrubbing!" Still, the back of Jonathan's hand brushed smoothly across Dio's thigh.

“It is a completely different kind of dirt,” Dio said as if that was the most obvious thing in the world, this time far more accepting of the touches, now that Jonathan’s face was smooth and his hands and body were free from beachy evidence. “I told you, Jojo, I don’t want sand up my ass. For reasons I hope would be obvious.”

With one easy hand motion, Dio undid the fancy bow around his waist, letting the bathrobe open and reveal hints of skin, one peach pink nipple revealed in the way it fell, a teasing hint of flesh. He removed the ponytail from his hair and let it wave out, just brushing past his shoulders, a mild wave in the middle from where it had been cinched. Upon achieving all this, he flashed Jonathan a sultry look.

“If you would like your kiss now, come and claim it.”

Dio would find himself nearly crushed by Jonathan's bulk as he practically jumped him, pressing him to his body now that he had the required permission. Cheek nuzzled against his own, though this
time the skin was smooth and had a sharp clean scent. Arms wrapped around his upper body in a
tight squeeze, but he soon let go and rolled to the side, his own bulky form curving in towards the
smaller man. He contented instead to reach for his hands and squeeze them.

"I love you with all my heart, Dio. And I am glad we went away. It was so difficult to heal at home,
so hard to grow in the confines of the responsibilities laid out for us. But if we are able to indulge like
this for a time, I will be very content to return home and be a good husband to you." He brought
Dio's fingers to his lips, kissing them lightly. "As I am sure you will be to me."

Dio stared into Jonathan’s eyes, taking in his warmth and smile and holding embrace. He felt the
squeezes and kisses to his knuckles and pliantly let them be taken in that way, the spat from earlier
falling into the realm of forgotten memory of what he was really angry about anymore.

“If you want me to be your husband, Jojo, I expect a proper request,” he said, though the voice was
gentle. “If it is to be done I want the knee, I want the ring and I want the profession. I think I am
worthy of that at minimum. Since the world would not have me flaunt myself and you in public, I
suppose you will just have to work seven times as hard.”

"Of course. When the time is right, I will ask you the question properly." Of course, Dio already had
a diamond from Jonathan. And he had promised to never leave him. But a marriage proposal, a true
marriage proposal, that would be different, and Jonathan fully intended to have all the pomp and
circumstance such an event required.

He was thinking perhaps when they reached Italy, towards the end of their journey, he would do it.
By then, he would have been to the best jewelry stores in Europe, and could find the perfect ring,
worthy of his prince. Perhaps they would take a gondola ride in Venice, after which he would drop
to his knee and ask Dio the question to which he already knew the answer - would he share his life
with him?

More kisses were pressed to Dio's knuckles. One hand was lifted to brush a bang from Dio's face,
and he leaned in to kiss Dio on the lips. "I am so blessed to have you. I thank whatever God might
be watching for that snowstorm, every day." He added with a cheeky smile, "For the warm things
that happened. Not the cold."

“Let’s not talk about the snowstorm now, Jojo.” For all it changed in the course of their fates, it still
brought an uncomfortable shiver to Dio’s spine, remembering the chill. In the almost two years since
then he had not had anything worse than a twenty four hour cold, and being ill was not something he
took well to.

So instead he silenced Jonathan with another kiss, rolling them about so Jonathan was placed flat on
his back, Dio towering over in a straddle, legs either side. He decided to leave the bathrobe on, there
was something seductively charming about the pretty drape of the silky material, and he liked the
way he looked in the tall mirror on the side of the room, taking a moment to give his reflection a
smile.

From their underwater game, Dio’s hole still felt stretched enough to do little more than stick a
couple wet fingers inside to give it a nice slick feeling before he slowly impaled himself on
Jonathan’s hard erection, giving that a few strokes to get it up fully -- not that it needed a lot of work.

Closing his eyes and letting out a long, deep moan, Dio settled himself soundly on top of the thick
member, feeling a sense of fullness he had grown happily accustomed to, but never tired on. He took
a while just sitting there, indulging in that feeling before hips began to rock and he raised himself
high to the tip, slamming himself back down again.
Jonathan sighed happily as soon he was lying beneath Dio, the blond slowly and smoothly mounting him. His mouth elicited small moans as Dio took on most of the work, but he was indeed much quieter than he had been moments before.

He watched with pleasure as Dio swept up and down over his form, bouncing slightly on his cock, just as he had done on many occasions. But it was a sight he could not ever tire of, ever, and as he watched Dio move, there was that ever present affection in his eyes.

This time around, he let Dio finish first, his white seed spilling out across his tanned chest. When he was finished, Jonathan too finally let go, seed spurting deep inside Dio, filling him with the warm liquid. He reached up and pulled Dio down to him, kissing him deeply on the lips.

Dio smiled, brushing his nose against Jonathan, content and lazy for the rest of the evening, falling into a happy slumber, splayed before a perfect summer view.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 5

The next day however, Dio’s nose was not brushing against anything except a tub of aloe vera and whatever else would cool and soothe. Since he had not been feeling particular in pain last night he had thought he escaped the cruelty of the sun’s rays. He had not.

“This is all your fault,” Dio spat at Jonathan. Though he had wished to begin their day early, catch a train and later a carriage to the city of Paris they were still in the bedroom. Dio had not felt up to moving, not when all but the his torso and upper arms and thighs -- which had uncannily been the areas of his form that had been safely covered by a swimsuit -- were a very painful looking red colour, and felt rather similar to being on fire, or at least that was how Dio was going to describe it to Jonathan who had only gone and bronzed like some sort of Grecian demigod.

"Dio.." Jonathan felt rather helpless in dealing with Dio's pink skin. His own rarely burned, and yesterday's outing had only left him more tan and handsome than ever. He rubbed ice and then lotion over the sore spots, followed by pouring him a nice tall glass of lemonade. "I did not conspire with the sun to burn you, you know."

He frowned and looked at the splotches, before settling back in the room's comfy armchair. "If I could take it away, I would. But unfortunately I cannot, and it does not look all that serious. I am sure by tomorrow it will be peeling and you will be well enough to travel." Jonathan grinned and smiled, bringing a soft kiss to the top of Dio's head, choosing to brush against his hair rather than skin.

"Think about the shopping we will do when we get there, and all the money you will spend on intimate apparel that I dare say you shall be putting me in."

“I do not want to think about the shopping, Jojo. I want to do the shopping.” Dio batted Jonathan’s hand away with an angry swat, even a chaste kiss was enough to irritate. “And I would be doing the shopping, or at least be very close to it if you had not dragged me out to the beach and my parasol to fuck about in the open sun.” Someone needed to invent a way to prevent the sun rays from burning Dio to a crisp and fast.

“And what makes you think I want all my skin to be peeling like some snake shedding its skin.” Dio groaned and almost brought a weary, dramatic back of his hand to his head to lament before remembering he knew far better than that right now. All those pampers, long baths, moisturising his dermis to keep it supple and smooth and beautiful and for what? For it to betray him and peel.

“Ugh. I hate this. And I hate you too. I hope you enjoyed the beach because I am not setting foot on one again.”

Jonathan frowned and sat back in his chair, reaching for a book he had been reading during their journey, though he had been so busy with dogs, and beaming over Dio, he had not gone further than a few pages. Still, an angry, sore Dio was not good company, and was furthermore, very distracting.

“We just need to be more careful next time. We were, ah… a bit distracted in the water! Which I will assume responsibility for.” One more look at Dio’s expression, and Jonathan knew he was not easily going to let this go. Sighing deeply, he pulled back from his seat, his poor book would need to wait for another time. Pushing it aside, he stepped to the bed, and knelt down.

“My poor, injured prince. What can I do to make you feel better?” He took his hand and kissed his knuckles, which unfortunately would showcase Jonathan’s rich, tan skin that the sun had treated so
“Stop touching me for starters,” Dio griped, pulling his dark pink hand away from Jonathan’s lips, not even risking the opportunity for slapping him for it. Did he not see they were unnaturally coloured and incredibly sore? “And for seconds you can throw yourself on the pyre too, that way you may understand a fraction more that I want you to stop touching me! ”

Dio shuffled back against the bed, gentle propping up a pillow behind his head, a task he would have usually gotten Jonathan to do for him, only he did not trust him enough for that.

“I just want to sleep this day away.” Only Dio was not usually partial to naps, his body not usually requiring much sleep to get him by. “You can fetch me something to drink. Whiskey, maybe. That will help.”

By now Jonathan knew that he had a cactus for a significant other, even when he was not covered in mild sun burn. So he accepted the fact that he was grumpy, knowing that there was little else he could do about it other than wait out the storm. He nodded his head and rose, leaving the room for a few moments. When he stepped back inside he was carrying a tray, no doubt taken by an insistent servant, but Jonathan knew that neither of them were up for any kind of company at the moment.

“Here. I had them fix you a tea, it contains something that will help with the pain, and put you to sleep. And… there is a shot of whiskey,” he added reluctantly. Somehow, the idea of Dio wanting alcohol to make him sleep left him uneasy.

“If you need anything else, I shall be right here. When we are married, I fully intend to follow through with the ‘in sickness and in health’ line.” With that, Jonathan settled back down into his chair and picked up his book once more.

“Should have made it a double,” Dio commented, but it did not stop him from taking the tea and drinking it rather quickly, only refraining from scarfing it down in one easy swig or two because of the heat. Collapsing back onto the pillows, he quickly found himself drifting off into a long and deep sleep.

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Deciding it was too late to go by the time Dio woke up, it was now the next day. Dio was feeling better, somewhat, still a bit sore in places but he had been well stocked with after care supplies and practically bathed in them continually for the past twenty four plus hours.

As they sat in the train on their way to Paris, he was doing his best not to pick at the shriveling skin, and trying not cry at the fact it was peeling in the first place. Though they were indoors, a large sunhat sat upon his head, tilted down so no one could see his beetroot coloured complexion.

Jonathan sat across from Dio in the train car, his book open and his nose buried in it. His eyes flicked up to Dio, and if it wasn’t for the fact that he would probably lose his life for doing so, he would have chuckled. In his sunhat on board the train, Dio looked positively ridiculous. The train would be arriving in Paris shortly, and from there they would take carriage to their hotel.

“I am excited that we are finally arriving in the city. I cannot wait to start exploring,” Jonathan remarked conversationally, putting a bookmark in his book to mark the page. “There is so much I would like to see and do.”

“But…” He reached across to Dio and flicked the hat up so that he could properly meet his eye and look into his slightly peeling face. “I should think if you walk around the city in this ridiculous hat
you would draw more attention to yourself than if you went without. Really, Dio, you look fine.” He
gave him his most sincere smile, indeed, he was being sincere.

“Don’t patronise me, Jojo,” Dio said with a pout, pulling the hat down again at an angle as a staff
member with a trolley of drinks and snacking foods. Behind the large headpiece he ordered himself a
glass of Calvados and granted the waiter his arm for it to be handed to.

“Besides,” he continued, bringing the rich brandy to his lips and sipping. “Hats are all the rage in
French fashion right now, some far fancier than this one, so I shall fit in like a glove. If anything, it is
you with your drab wardrobe that will stick out like a sore thumb, I am almost embarrassed to be
seen with you.”

A little unpoised, Dio propped his legs up and rested them on the opposite seat, putting him in a more
comfortable recline. “But no matter, that will be fixed soon enough. I am going to make you look
splendid, Jojo. Almost as splendid as me.”

Jonathan pinched his forehead and shook his head, not surprised that Dio turned the tables around at
him. When the waiter asked if he would have anything, he declined, instead watching Dio take the
glass. That nagging feeling of his drinking being an unpleasant habit was eating at the back of mind,
but he pushed it aside. On a good day he was not going to get very far with that argument, and
certainly not on a day when he was sunburned and cranky. He watched the waiter make his exit, and
looked back to Dio.

“If my wardrobe is so drab, my love, then we shall work to remedy it while we are here. But,” Jonathan
pressed a finger on the brim of the hat and pushed it down, covering Dio’s eyes. “But it is
still silly to wear a hat so wide while we are in doors.” Sitting back into the soft cushions, Jonathan
spread his arms out, draping them lazily over the sides of the seat.

“I do adore the colour blue, if you are going to insist on decking me out from head to toe. But I may
enjoy how it looks more on yourself than on me.”

“Blue is fine, I think that can be arranged. I do wish for you to enjoy the clothes you wear, I simply
want them to look decent while you are wearing them.” While Dio held no thought of fault towards
his wonderful garb, he did know his preference for standing out with bold choices, colours and styles
may not have always been his lover’s first choice. He would always have a subtle preference, and
admittedly there was nothing wrong with the understated, in fact it would suit Jonathan well. That
bulky frame and overwhelming height was as much boldness as he needed.

Hours went by until finally they arrived, landing themselves at the Champ de Mars station where
they took their bags and stepped out. For a while now a large, lattice structure had been in view,
causing ‘oohs’ and ‘aahs’ from many members of the crowd from within the train, but now that they
were sat on solid ground, even with it being some walking distance away, it still seemed even taller.
And it had not even finished construction yet.

For this sight, even Dio had to lift up his hat and give himself a better look at the towering Eiffel.
“My, that is something,” he admitted, mildly awed by the grandness of it all. “I wonder if they would
give us an exclusive pass to get up there before the official opening.” There was something
exhilarating and mildly nerve wracking about standing on a building so high. Which was exactly
why Dio wanted to do it.

The enormous metal structure was larger than life, even now in its uncompleted stage, and Jonathan
felt his breath leave him at the sight. “Indeed, it is marvelous. Though I would prefer to climb it only
when it is finished and safe for visitors. That is one place I would not wish to fall from.” Jonathan
had grown up climbing enough trees for heights to not be so terrible for him, however, the height of
the as yet unfinished Eiffel Tower was dizzying.

The excitement as they entered the station was infectious, and extended beyond the sight of the
tower. Jonathan had never visited Paris before, and he was excited to see it with Dio, although he
knew he would be seeing the inside of shops more than anything else for the first few days. But it
was still a glorious feel, to be exploring new places with Dio at his side.

Soon enough, their luggage had been loaded onto a carriage (Dio’s taking up most of the overhead
space) and they were off riding to the hotel. For the first bit of the ride Jonathan stared out the
window like a wide eyed child, but eventually he took a hold of himself and turned to Dio. “So,
where is it you would like to go first? Or should I say which shop?”

Dio pulled a face. If it had been any other time he would have dragged Jonathan to the nearest
shopping district and likely spent well into the late summer nights relishing in the world of fashion
across the pond. But right now, with a red face that -- while not very painful anymore -- was still
slightly sore and evidently peeling, presenting himself to the world was not on the top of his list of
desires; frankly he felt a little embarrassed. But Jonathan did not need to know about that little
insecurity.

“How about we save the shopping until a later day. I wish to be fresh and start early, I imagine all the
stores are flocked and busy, and I am sure you are feeling quite tired.” Given the fact they had been
in the first class section of a luxury train for multiple hours, Jonathan sleeping for at least half of it,
that probably was not the case, but nevertheless.

“Let us find something else to do. Something private. And dark.” Where none needed to look at his
face in any close detail. “A play perhaps.”

"It is short notice, and I am uncertain if we could get tickets to something as glamourous as an opera,
but perhaps we could see one of those can can shows." Jonathan pinched his chin in thought, another
light going off in his head. "A dinner theater would do. I am starving, I did not really care for
anything they were serving on the train. It will be a pleasant way to start our night."

And so, once they arrived at the hotel, Jonathan made the arrangements for tickets and a carriage,
while Dio saw that there room was in order and all the crates and suitcases were up there safely.
Unlike their last stop, they planned to spend a good deal of time in Paris, and needed to make
themselves comfortable.

Everything had gone smoothly, and Jonathan was starting to feel himself relax as they entered the
venue. Dio’s mood would surely lift as he continued to heal. The venue was very brightly decorated
with red drapes and marble floors. There was a buffet, to which Jonathan filled his plate to the top,
and sat down, only to glimpse at the stage to see ladies kicking their skirts up so high he could see
what was underneath. He nearly choked.

Though he had picked out a few interesting looking pieces from the buffet table, Dio’s plate was
notably less full than Jonathan’s, but that was no big surprise. He had never been one for getting
hungry, probably something learned from youth if he thought about it, but he never did. What was
far larger in size however was the bottle of wine he had snitched for himself, the contents actually
meant to be poured out into glasses and cups, but that would mean getting up again once sat down,
more effort than what it was worth when he did in fact want to enjoy the play.

Dio gave Jonathan a side eye, immediately knowing the reason for his splutter, blinking twice as
stripy coloured knickerbockers and pantaloons showed themselves on full, quite unabashed display.
“Don’t have a coronary now,” he said, though the men surrounding them cheered with rambunctious
enthusiasm as they shook their shirts and kicked their legs high. And even Dio himself had to blink
twice -- yes he was quite showy with his body in the private intimacies of the bedroom, but to have them up on stage was something different entirely, not what one saw everyday in what did not seem a location of ill repute.

Still, he decided to enjoy the performance, and after the bottle saw near completion, even clapped along with happy cheer, forgetting to keep his hat tilted down.

“I know, it is just so… so… different.” Different was one way to put it. Obviously such entertainments happened, but it was surprising from a place where gentlemen were welcome. Dio had been right when he had mentioned some months earlier that the French were different from the British in regards to what was appropriate. This was only one such example.

Jonathan clapped politely, and continued to eat, little by little making it through the large meal he had taken for himself, just as Dio worked through the bottle. Another performer came on stage in a short skirt, and blond curls draped over the shoulders of cute yet revealing little dress. Jonathan choked again, and required Dio to pat him on the back. Jonathan’s face grew so red that he decided this performance was one to listen to, not to watch, and instead focused on shoving as much food into his mouth as he could.

He did catch a glimpse of her as she left the stage. “Well, she had a pretty voice.”

“Oh yes I bet it was certainly her voice you were listening to,” Dio said with a slur of the voice, leaning over to get closer to Jonathan, finger pushing up against his lip, dragging down his chin and chest and further still. “All that French and I bet you did not catch a single word of what she was saying, did you, Jojo?”

He took another drink from the bottle, waiting eagerly for the next performer to come along. After the cheers and encores, the full show group came along once again, with some extra high throw of their legs.

“Can-can, can you do the can-can Jojo?” he lulled, kicking up his own leg under the table, accidentally causing it shake before he pulled “Would you like me, Dio, to can-can for you Jojo?~” I bet I could rustle up something even more revealing that that pretty little number, and you even get to fuck me afterwards.” A belt of laughter fell from his lips and in a moment of forgetfulness of his surroundings up and sat right on Jonathan’s lap, hands on his shoulder starting to grind.

The feel of Dio grinding against him in public set off immediate warning bells in Jonathan’s head. No matter how different this country was, there was no way this would be allowed. Two firm hands immediately pushed him off and back into his seat.

“My darling brother, you must have drunk more than I thought to think you could just hop into my lap. Are you mistaking me for one of the pretty dancers?” He spoke loud enough so that any waiters or patrons in earshot might hear, and then leaned in closer for a whisper. “Dio, have you gone mad?!” His tone was far sharper than usual, legitimately afraid for their well being.

He heard some snickering coming from the table behind them, but chose to ignore it, instead focusing on the pretty dancers finishing their run on the stage.

Dio shrugged openly at Jonathan’s remark, the back of his mind told him to be more aware, but inhibitions were low and his mood was high -- discretion was not quite on the top of his agenda. The snickers however, pricked his ears, and unlike Jonathan Dio chose not to ignore it.

“Oh, je désolé is something particularly funny?” Dio asked with a snap, craning his head round with a sharp eyebrow arched high, waiting for a reply. Now met with confrontation, the men at the table
grew quieter, attempting to ignore Dio. Which he did not take to with any particular amount of kindness.

Standing up, and taking another swig of, Dio manoeuvred his way around the table until he was head to head with the culprits. “Quiet now are we, not so funny anymore? Oh come on, I want to know what the joke is, so why not tell me?” He grabbed one of the men’s ties and yanked it upwards, causing him to struggle and choke. “Come on… won’t you tell me. Please? S'il vous plaît?”

The show was ending, and the dancers were doing their curtain call. Many of the people from the audience were collecting their things and ready to go. Jonathan wanted nothing more but to go with them, and retreat back to the hotel. In the safety of their room, Dio could can can on his lap all he liked, and no one would be the wiser. He could also drink as much as he pleased, and Jonathan would not care, so long as he stayed safe.

This was not looking to be very safe at the moment.

“Dio!” Jonathan cried and tugged him back from the man, looking utterly horrified. He put himself between the two and turned to the unsuspecting target of Dio’s drunkenness. He apologised hastily in his heavily accented French, before looking back to his brother.

“We’re leaving,” he hissed. “Now!”

“No?” Dio said in an almost whine, but full of far more aggressive mirth. “But the fun is just getting started, Jojo. Isn’t it?” Craning his head round he sported a challenging glare at the Frenchmen, the one he attacked pulling his tie back in place before glaring back.

An attempt was made to act further, but he felt the heavy pull of Jonathan dragging him out of the theatre. He gave them a shameless digitus impudicus before they escaped from view, and Jonathan had lead him into the streets.

“Oh come on, Jojo, now they will think I was running away from a fight. I just wanted to know what was funny, no need to ruin the party for it.” Dio poked the centre of Jonathan chest playfully, before pulling away with dramatism, spinning on his heel.

Jonathan took in a deep breath and darted after Dio, grabbing him by the shoulder. “No, the night out is over. We are going home.” He began to tug him in the direction of the hotel, no matter how much he fought and protested. Of course, Dio was not ready to do any such thing, and Jonathan had to use the better part of his strength in the struggle.

“Listen to me.” He pulled Dio in close, holding tight to the collar of his shirt. “You are drunk and reckless right now. It is one thing if you do it with me in the comfort of your own home, but we are out and about in a country that isn’t our own.” He frowned and turned his hold into a firm arm draped over his shoulder.

“I don’t want you arrested for fighting, and I don’t want anyone to have any reason to think you or I might be sodomites. You are too drunk to control yourself now, so we. Are. Going.” He moved his hand to the small of his back and pushed him forward.

Dio frowned, pouted at Jonathan’s dominant stand, then chuckled with a roll of his eyes. “I… Dio… am fine. I’m fine. You know I would neeeeeever do anything to make the world think you are a dirty little sodomite my dear, Jojo, myself neither. I am not even that drunk, just… enough to enjoy myself. I am always in control.” He felt another shove against his back when he drew to a halt, and so ran a few paces forward, turning to face Jonathan while walking backwards.
“Maybe it is you who needs more to drink, then you would be less of a stick in the mud.” He shrugged openly, just suggesting. “We’re brothers, aren’t we. Brothers close as any ‘brothers’ could be. It is only right that I act brotherly.”

There was a bridge they needed to cross, passing over a river. Dio, in a moment of daring and acrobatics leapt onto the edge, walking with shaky steadiness, one leg in front of the other with arms outstretched. “Come now, Jojo, we are in a country that is not our own, where no one knows us. We can do as we please, take advantage of the world!”

"Dio!” He shouted the name in a panic, feeling his heart leap out of his chest and begin to race. Eyes did not blink as Jonathan watched his brother pull a drunken balancing act, one that could end not only with him getting wet or hurt, but dead, if he fell the wrong way. Jonathan had learned from his experience with the sickly George how easily that could happen, without any intention behind him.

"Dio, you need to get down now!” There was a tinge of panic and desperation in his voice, not knowing if he should move closer, or if he should attempt to jump up and grab him himself. Balance was more Dio's skill, along with speed. Jonathan had been the strong one.

"I don't want you to wind up like Father!” he cried.

Dio stopped in his tracks immediately, lip trembling with a sudden shock that stirred him to statue stillness.

He jumped down, one foot following the other in a movement surprisingly graceful, though there was no theatrics about it. The heels of his boots clicked as he stood up to Jonathan, his shorter stature making no difference for the puff of his shoulders and way he carried himself knew nothing of feeling small. “

I am not Father.” His voice was cutting, sharp, the previous playfulness that laced his voice thrown away to dust. “Do not compare me to him. Never compare me to that man.” A menacing glare was given, hawk like in its intensity, and just as angry. A shaking fist quaked at his side, and for a long moment there was debate as to whether he would use it.

“Wh-what? I know Father had his faults, but….”” The hawkish look from Dio was not what Jonathan expected, although he was glad it brought him down from his impromptu balancing act. He was uncertain as to why Dio's reaction would be so cold, the sting of George's fall and death was not so far removed, but he also knew that he was drunk. Jonathan shot forward, catching up to Dio's stride and placing another hand on his shoulder, this time more gently.

“I just… I don't want to bring you back to Britain in a coffin. You are too dear to me.” Jonathan frowned, pulled Dio in a bit closer, and risked a kiss to the top of his head. He continued on towards the hotel, the lamplight of the Paris streets guiding their way.

"I really don't mind if you drink, dear. But I do mind if you start fights or hurt yourself in the process. We can still have fun, Dio. You only need to tone it down when we are out and about, all right?” He stopped in his steps to turn Dio in his direction and look into his eyes.

Dio caught himself in a moment of shock. Of course Jonathan had meant George, why would he mean anything, anyone else?

Not that he would want to be compared to that imbecile, but as he said those words, a flash of a disgusting, hairy, paunchy pig of a man flashed before his eyes and he saw own father in Jonathan’s inflection, just for a second. A second was enough.
But he didn’t mean that, and the hard fist flattened, Dio’s breath jolty and unsteady. He forced himself to calm.

“It is not your job to tell me what to do. I, Dio can do what I want. I am in control, I am tame, I am calm.” Dio’s shoulders were hunched and tensed, his cheeks red from the brew of alcohol but dually the rage he felt, the repulsion. He hated thinking about that man, his father, not that he deserved the title.

For a moment Dio thought to the book, the notes that Jonathan accumulated of his mother and her past still sat in a locked drawer back at the estate. He had not been able to bring himself to read them.

“I’m doing no such thing, merely looking out for your welfare.” Jonathan’s fingers moved to caress the fabric of his scarf, longing to embrace him, to make whatever troubles were on his mind disappear. But he knew that he had no such power to do so. All he could do was try to walk side by side with him back to the hotel, and hope that as quickly as it had come on, the dark mood would pass.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 6

By the next morning, it was Jonathan who was dragging his feet, having barely finished breakfast when Dio presented him with a list a mile long of shops they needed to stop and look through. He took a swallow of pastry and moaned.

"Really Dio? All these places? Do we really need everything on this list? Why, at this rate we will barely have time for lunch and I am going to waste away to nothing!"

“The list is just a guide, Jojo, the essentials. They speak nothing for all the little treats we will find ourselves along the way.” Yesterday was passed and Dio in truth had forgotten about that conversation, part of the blurry mix the wine gave. His mind was far more occupied with more exciting things, finally he could begin his trip into the stylistic capital. And not even Jonathan’s complaining was going to ruin it for him.

“You don’t know what hunger is, and you never will.” Dio gave Jonathan’s cheeks a pinch, as if he were a chubby baby in its cot. “You’ll survive, my dear, don’t you fret. France has plenty a market stall selling croissants and crepes covered in sugar and lemon and chocolate. Not to mention the copious amount of cheese this country churns out, and then there are all the cafes and restaurants on offer. We can eat on the go, you will need to keep up your strength after all. Today has every intention of keeping us busy.”

Dragging out Jonathan’s suitcase, purposely kept packed, Dio began to root his way through the outfits, already pulling a face upon seeing what Jonathan had to offer. “Jojo… this might as well have been from eighteen twenty, it is positively archaic.” Vintage was one thing, that vest was another. “Scratch eighty five percent we may be going right to ninety plus. You are so lucky to have me to save you from yourself.” Without remorse, Dio tossed the garb into what would soon become a large disposal pile.

“Are they really that bad? Those breeches are some of the most comfortable I have, come on, give them back!” Jonathan knew that Dio would be picking things out based completely on style, and that would have nothing to do with comfort at all. He hated things that clung to his body or pinched his flesh, but those always seemed to be the very things Dio valued.

But then Jonathan realised that Dio was a folded shirt away from a black box -- the same black box he had purchased the night at the gentleman’s club with Benjamin and Oliver. He had never gotten around to showing Dio, mostly out of embarrassment, and the last thing he needed was chiding about the fact that he had bought sex toys at all.

“Ah, Dio, maybe you should put that suitcase aside. I have more in my other one. Why don’t we put that one away for now?”

Jonathan looked defensive all of a sudden, causing Dio to pause and grant him a curious leer. “Why stop now? Something to hide, Jojo?” His voice went high as he tossed yet another ensemble onto the removal pile. There were some worthy pieces of attire, but the majority were atrocities. It was almost cleansing to do this, but now his curiosity had been piqued.

As he felt the next shirt something hard caught his attention. Pulling away the fabric, that very same black box Jonathan was reluctant for him to see made itself known. “Oh… and what might this be?” he asked with a grin and a brow raised up high. Taking it out with careful consideration, shaking it a little by his ear. “A little heavy. Solid. Truth be told I have no clue.” Dio pulled a pouting face before it once again turned into a smile. Abandoning the suitcase, he moved to where Jonathan was seated
and parked himself by him.

“Shall we open it together?”

When Jonathan’s eyes fell on the black box, his face turned a bright shade of red that Dio very seldom saw on his tan complexion. He knew that there would be no convincing Dio not to open it, now that he had actually laid eyes on. With a hand pinching his brow Jonathan shook his head. There would be no explaining or getting out of this one.

"D-Dio, I--they’re not what you think! That is, they are what you think, but I didn't mean to keep them a secret from you!" Jonathan brought his hands in front of him and began to twiddle his thumbs. "I just thought they might be fun to try on my own, when you are busy studying, but I still wanted the feel of your cock inside me." Jonathan's face was a tomato by now, and he fell on his knees before Dio.

"Please, I can make up for the fact that I was selfish! You can play with them on me right now, see?" Jonathan began to hastily undo his belt and drop his trousers, turning around on all fours so Dio could see his rear.

"It could be fun… and so much more fun than shopping."

“Oh put your trousers back on, Jojo, you aren’t getting out of it that easily.” Dio kicked Jonathan’s backside, causing a small flummox. "I am disappointed in you, really. You must have had these for months now, and you refused to share them with me. You seem so eager to use them now, why pretend you have an ounce of shame left in you?"

He took the long thick dildo in hand, squeezing and getting a taste for the weight and size of it. But more so I am impressed. Not even I own any such toys.” A smile grew to his lips, proud. How Jonathan had blossomed into such a depraved little minx, Dio could tear up. The offer of play was tempting, he had to admit, sticking that thing thick and deep inside Jonathan’s ass, having him fuck himself, having him fuck Dio with it, the possibilities were only just beginning to surface. Very tempting indeed.

“We will have our fun with these, I assure you, Jojo. But now… now it is time to shop, Jojo, and the day is growing older by the second. ” Dio stood, setting the object back in the box, casting his mind to more important matters.

Jonathan tumbled over, face hitting the carpet unceremoniously. He frowned and quickly pulled himself up, buckling his trousers. There was a pout on his lips as he turned to look at Dio inspecting the dildos.

“It was just a suggestion, I thought you might like to.” His cheeks were still red, and he fussed with the waistband. “And I did mean to show you, as a surprise, I just had not gotten a chance to yet. But… if you say we must be going…”

Jonathan sighed deeply, as if he were about to walk straight into his doom.

“We must. Don’t look to it as if we are heading into the jaws of death, this is going to be fun, Jojo. For both of us, I assure you.”

And if it was only fun for Dio, he did not mind that, either. Jonathan would still come, and if he griped along the way that was not nearly enough to sour him, he would just stuff a cream pie in his mouth and the boy would be satisfied anyway. Today was going to be a good day.
Shops littered the Parisian streets in a flock of boutiques, shoe stores and clothing marts aplenty, and Dio’s grin was ceaseless. He felt as a child would in a sweet shop, so many options it was hard to choose just one to start with, his mind was giddy and gleeful, ready to throw himself in at full throttle.

“Come on, Jojo, don’t dawdle now,” he said chipper, practically skipping into the first shop.

Jonathan followed behind Dio, rather impressed by just how gleeful the man actually looked. In their time together, Jonathan had seen Dio happy on many an occasion, particularly during their summer alone in the cottage. But a good half of those times, if not more, were while he was riding his cock. It was rather amazing that the dildos did not tempt him to spend their first full day in France entwined in bed, playing with the toys Jonathan had selfishly kept to himself.

But he supposed this was good as well, although he was certain his feet would be regretting it by the end of the day.

“I’m coming, slow down.” Jonathan said with a pant as he hurried into the shop behind Dio. He was greeted by the sight of bright colored fabrics in every shade, gentlemen’s coats and suit sets far more extravagant than he usually saw at home… except in Dio’s own closet. Resigning himself, he smiled at Dio and folded his arms over his chest. “Well, before you start shoving my arms into things, why don’t you try something on and do a twirl for me? Bright colors always did suit you better.” Jonathan really did enjoy watching Dio, particularly when he was smiling.

As exciting and fun as the prospect of making Jonathan dress half decently was, Dio first and foremost was there for his own brilliant self. Just by stepping into the store he imagined himself in almost every piece of attire. Quietly he put a reminder in the back of his head to buy himself a new empty suitcase; he would not be able to fit it all with the ones he had currently.

Taking a range of outfits, Dio guided himself into the changing rooms, slipping behind the blue curtain, Jonathan waiting outside as he tried on the first piece.

Red from head to toe, Dio stepped out in a crimson suit, a flower pattern on the inner jacket. With a salmon coloured shirt buttoned to the top, Dio fastened a brooch -- just one of the accessories he had packed in an over the shoulder bag for this very reason -- to the centre of his collar before striking a posing, one arm over his head, back against the door frame, one leg pushing on the other side with a head canted forward, staring.

“So, what do you think? Ravishing, aren’t I?” He regretted not bringing one of his canes for the trip, but he simply could not spare the extra hand to carry it.

Jonathan had been sitting on a stool in the dressing room which was velvet cushioned, but far too small for Jonathan’s large body to be comfortable on. He waited for Dio to step out, a bored expression on his face, having examined everything in the room already several times over as Dio changed into the ensemble.

But when Dio stepped out of the dressing room in the crimson attire, Jonathan’s jaw dropped and his eyes widened. He was lower than Dio on the stool, and he found himself gazing up in wonder. Slowly, he rose, drawing closer to him, before unfortunately remembering himself. He found his face hovering several breaths away from Dio, and unable to do anything about it. Instead, he lifted a hand and fixed a stray piece of hair, pushing it to the back of his head.

“You… you look perfect,” he said. There were no other appropriate words he could think of.

A smile grew on Dio lips as he felt the heat of Jonathan’s breath fray inches away from, and he
battled with his own instinct to lean in and close the gap. “You’ll be saying that a low. Might want to pick up a thesaurus while I change next; don’t let your compliments grow stale and repetitive now.” He gave Jonathan a wink, fingers skating across his chin a fleeting moment of dear affection before anyone else could see, whisking himself back behind the blinds.

Blue, green, pink, black, white, there were few colours on and off the rainbow Jonathan did not find himself exposed to on Dio’s form. Each were just as splendid as the next, and Dio felt the need to present himself with every ounce of fanfare he could manage to his humble, bored beau -- who at some point must have slipped away, for upon a reveal he had smuggled in a pastry. He chuckled at that, how very Jonathan indeed.

There was this one predominately yellow outfit, with emerald trimmings and a black shirt underneath that caught his eye, but now that he put it on, it seemed rather… garish, even for Dio’s taste. Still, he did feel a charming draw towards it, but not enough that it met Jonathan’s eye. Maybe in another life.

While the monotony of seeing outfit after outfit weighed on Jonathan, the looks of glee and delight on Dio's face made it all worth it. This was the kind of simple contentment Jonathan wished he could bring to his lover each and every day of his life. When Dio could simply relax and be himself, Jonathan felt he was succeeding as a lover, and perhaps one day, as a husband.

Still, he needed to stop, eat, and stretch his legs, although he did so as quickly as he could manage between changing.

By the time Dio had finished, there was a tall stack of outfits, taller than the stool Jonathan had been sitting on. He looked from it, back to Dio, and then to the stack again. "Ah, are you certain that you need them all, my dear?” Laughter from Dio told him what a stupid question that had been, and he resigned himself to the fact that they would be spending a fortune in attire and accessories on this trip. At least money was not an issue.

"I think you've bought enough to last you through the year, at least, Jonathan said as he picked up shopping bags the outfits had all been packed in. They were heavier than they looked.

“Admittedly, I do feel rather content. In this store at least.” Dio assisted Jonathan in picking the next, leaving his own hands quite empty from all his shopping. “But the world is my oyster! Or, well, Europe, as the case may be. Regardless, this is not even remotely close to the last time we do this my dear, Jojo. Not even close.”

They stepped back out into the fresh air of Paris, Dio drank in the foreign architecture and culture. Jonathan may have been the one who studied this sort of ancient thing, but that did not mean Dio couldn’t appreciate the sights himself. If the man wanted to visit a museum, he would not be disinclined a all -- save for the endless tangent rants he would go on, that he could probably miss.

They stepped further. Many of the stores were suited more for the female persuasion, not usually a problem for Dio, but there was only so much he could get away with. Besides, “It is your turn now, Jojo. I am going to make you the second envy of the city!” Carting himself town the streets with a spring in his step, he landed in front of a rather large sized clothing department store. “’Gentilhomme.’ Oh look, this store is perfect, for you,” Dio said with a chuckle or three.

Paris was indeed a beautiful and captivating city. As the two made their way through the streets, Jonathan took every inch of it in, fascinated by both the history, as well as the differences between France and Britain. The amount of cleavage women found proper to show was one, and Jonathan found himself averting his eyes with nearly everyone who walked past.

Soon enough, the pile of boxes and bags in his arms was much to block most of his sight, and it look
quite a bit of effort just to keep moving. When Dio stopped at the shop for larger men, it took him a moment to rearrange the packages so he could fully read the sign.

"Well, I suppose it was going to happen sooner or later." Jonathan shifted the packages back into place and looked over to Dio. "All right, I will let you have your way, but after this we are going back to the hotel and having a real meal. Your clothes are heavier than they look."

“Well, I suppose it was going to happen sooner or later.” Jonathan shifted the packages back into place and looked over to Dio. "All right, I will let you have your way, but after this we are going back to the hotel and having a real meal. Your clothes are heavier than they look."

“Whatever you say,” Dio replied airily, only about half accepting of that ultimatum, but he certainly held no ties to it.

Within the store, Dio had to quickly remind himself he was here for Jojo now, but once he had it was rather easy to settle into that frame of mind, and soon coats and shirts and trousers aplenty began falling into his arms, Dio pressing them against Jonathan’s form, quickly deciding whether or not the garb would suit him well.

With a shove, Jonathan was bustled into the changing rooms himself, this time Dio waiting with tapping feet to see him out in something worth wearing. “Come now, Jojo, hurry up! I did not take nearly this long.”

Jonathan stood awkwardly half dressed in the small curtained changing room. Dio had been in and out of the room in minutes, making it seem easy, like shedding a skin and growing a new one. Jonathan however was not skilled as slipping his fingers around slippery delicate buttons, nor had he ever dealt with any measure of ruffle or lace as they had in this country.

“I, uh, I’m trying Dio! But this shirt is a bit odd. Uh…” He paused for another moment, and there was some shuffling about. Finally, admitting defeat, he stuck his head out the curtain and gave Dio a pathetic look. “Perhaps you can help me?”

Dio would find Jonathan with a shirt on backwards, lacy collar falling at his chin. If he was trying to seduce him, he was doing it badly.

Dio gave Jonathan a curled lipped stare, half not believing Jonathan could have gone so wrong. “It is a shirt, Jojo, not the blueprints to some sort of elusive contraption written in foreign language.” Pulling the top up and over Jonathan’s neck and twisting it forth, Dio manoeuvred Jonathan’s body like a china doll though far rougher, slipping him properly into the frilled garb, patting down a creased section from Jonathan’s blunders.

“There we are,” he said with two gentle pats to the shoulder. “Looks just as good as I thought it would. Might need a tweak around the waist, but that is of no consequence.” Smiling Dio moved himself out of the way of the presented mirror, hands on Jonathan’s shoulders as he peered from behind him.

“So… what do you think? It is objectively better than anything I tossed out of your drawers, so there should only be glowing reports from you.”

“Ah…” Jonathan stood before the mirror, raising a hand to smooth out his brown curls. The shirt was close fitting, the frills more than usual, and the colour, well perhaps the colour wasn’t bad. But Jonathan was not sure he found it as spectacular as Dio did. Wordless for a few moments, he cracked and smile and shrugged his shoulders.

“It…it is a bit frilly. And close fitting. But I suppose it might be nice to wear on special occasions.” Jonathan nodded to Dio, and began to unbutton the shirt, immediately starting to fumble once again with the slippery things.
“Isn’t there anything a bit more… simple?”

Dio frowned, lips pursed. “Simple… Simple is your problem, Jojo. You like to be boring. Yes, before you say it I know that you are my bore, but nevertheless.” Sighing he removed himself from the jaws of the changing booth. “Stay here, it will be quicker if I go alone.”

Upon returning, Jonathan was bombarded with a new pile, Dio shoving the first outfit into his arms and having him wear it. The design was as plain as he would allow it, but it stood out in a more vibrant pattern and hue, a burgundy base with swirls of hickory and deep blues they almost seemed black. A low cut allowed the outfit to be paired with a shirt of coloured choice -- Dio chose white, since Jonathan wanted his things plain, and white was acceptable for, buttoned up with a signature bow tie to finish it off. As much as Dio wanted him to change, there were some things that looked odd, and Jonathan without a red bow in such dress was one of them.

“How about attire of this variety? Believe it or not, my dear Jojo, I want you to feel comfortable in what I put you in. Just as I feel comfortable in my own clothes.” Comfort was relative in Dio’s case; he had no qualms in a little prodding for beauty. Cinches and male corsets done up tight had no bearing if they looked good. “But you do yourself as disservice by hiding away in browns and baggy breeches.”

Knowing that they were simply going to have to meet in the middle somewhere, Dio looked at his reflection in the mirror and lifted his chin. He did feel a bit more like himself with these allowances, particularly the bow tie. And the cut was not so terrible, at least in these he would not be drawing as much attention as Dio did with his clothing.

"These are very nice, Dio, they will do." Jonathan adjusted the bow tie and smiles kindly at Dio in the reflection, turning on the little platform before the mirrors. "I do trust your eye. But I do not wish to draw the eye as you do. I also prefer looser fitting clothes, it leaves more room for dinner." He chuckled as he patted his stomach, and then stepped off the platform, starting to unbutton the new shirt, this one a bit easier.

"I don't mind wearing closer fitting things on special occasions, though. Particularly if it makes you happy. Now, let me see that next pair of breeches--"

Suddenly Jonathan cut himself off, spotting something bright under a stack of discarded clothing. He reached into the pile and pulled out a jumper, with a pattern of variously coloured triangles spread across it. He held it up to his chest and grinned.

"Say! This reminds me of the scarf I had as a boy! And it looks to be just my size. Dio, add it to the stack, I simply must take it." Very seldom were those words said by Jonathan about something that was not a pastry or an archeological book.

Dio shook his head, giving Jonathan a look that almost seemed terrified, if not abhorred. “Jojo… you were so close. Must you truly ruin this now? With that?!”

It reminded Dio of something old grandfathers wore on Christmas, the material thick and likely incredibly soft, but that was where its assets stayed. “You cannot be serious. Put it back.”

Jonathan began to hug the jumper to his chest, shaking his head stubbornly. "I will wear your pinchy clothes and shoes, Dio, but I shall have this, or nothing at all."

He cheerfully slipped it on over his current shirt, and the jumper could have probably lit the room of its own accord. "It is brilliant! I simply adore it!"
“You look like a circus performer!” Dio yelled, forgetting momentarily to keep his voice hushed and quiet for their surroundings. “I am all for standing out in a crowd, but not while dressed as a singing monkey or a clown!”

Lunging forward, Dio moved with force, trying to strip Jonathan of the jumper all together. “Off, Jojo!"

“Over my dead body!” Jonathan declared, and wrapped his arms about his midsection in a crisscross, making it impossible to yank the thing off of him.

“It’s not fair that you get to buy everything you want, and I cannot have this one silly jumper. Besides, you are the one who said I should be less boring.”

“Jojo…” Dio’s voice was deflated, and he took to looking at Jonathan again in that dreadful thing he called a jumper. No, this was not going to grow on him, not now, not ever. Leaning in close, he pressed his lips to Jonathan’s ear.

“If you want to see your precious dildos alive again you will discard that atrocity immediately.”

Jonathan scowled, still holding fast to the jumper.

“And if you deny me this so help me Dio, you will not get so much as a blowjob from me until long after we’ve left Paris. Now that I have found alternatives, do not tempt me to show you the extent of my celibacy.”

“You have no extent of celibacy,” Dio harped, but taking one look into Jonathan’s eyes, they held a dark determination about them he was not sure how much he wanted to test. He let go.

“Fine! But only in the house, you do not step out the door with that thing hanging off your back. My unmovable condition.” Dio prodded a hard finger into Jonathan’s chest.

Jonathan sighed deeply, and then reluctantly nodded. “All right, fine.” Secretly, he had his hand behind his back and fingers crossed.

“But it better never go missing. In fact, I think I want to wear it tonight in the hotel room! It looks comfortable.”

“Oh, if there was ever a way to make me go soft, Jojo, you have discovered it. Congratulations.” Raising a flippant hand, Dio began to take the bags the had already purchased, as well as the pile they had yet to buy, heading for the till.

“Pay for these before you see anything else,” he ordered. “Then we will to lunch.”

Sighing in relief, Jonathan collected all the clothing that was going to be his, including his new jumper, and brought it to the front of the story for purchase. He felt quite victorious -- at least he would have one item of clothing he could wear to torment Dio.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 7

Unfortunately shopping was not all the pair could spend their time doing, and while they took to enjoying a well deserved holiday during their time abroad, responsibilities and career furthering -- starting, really -- were more than definitely on Dio’s agenda.

He had long since gotten in touch with a well known Law firm in France, looking to meet, attend interviews and generally slip his way into the global ranks of the best lawyers the continent had to offer. He may have been green, but he was determined, and with the top marks in Hugh Hudson as well as being somewhere among the top ten in Great Britain (third, to be exact, though he did not like to think of himself as losing to anyone), his prospects were grand, and he was wanted by many. And Dio did so enjoy being wanted.

But tonight he was home, well, their home away from home -- decidedly keeping their cheque books open for a hotel they both preferred the most in the city -- and it was a quiet night in for Dio and Jonathan, too spent from their round of sex, and too clean to get dirty again, they simply nestled within each other’s hold, and indulged in the subtle contentments.

But though scented candles were lit and Jonathan took him softly in his arms, stroking through his hair as they made forgettable but enjoyable conversation, Dio’s mind had long drifted to his own recesses.

He thought of his mother.

He thought of her often enough, truth be told, in fleeting memories and the thought of lullabies, but recently it had been more than that. It was that damn book, those notes Jonathan had accumulated. He picture them, sealed shut and locked away in a drawer back at the Joestar estate.

He kept the picture, he had it on hand now, tucked away in his purse for whenever he… he needed to look at it. But that book, that book he never did. It sent goosebumps to his chest and breathlessness to his lungs, it made him panic, and Dio did not like to feel panicked. It brought up memories, unsavoury and dark and cruel -- a slap on his face, a fist to his gut, her gut… enough to send his mother into miscarriage. Enough for him to lose a little brother. Enough for him to lose her, in the end.

Jonathan had said she was of noble blood. His mother, had been one with a life he always dreamt of. How could she abandon that? Abandon that life for Dario? Make Dio suffer because of some sick love she could not snap her foolish mind from. How could that family let her go? How could they subject her to her death?!

Dio’s fist curled, near deep enough to pierce his flesh, his breathing growing jagged just at the thought. He did not notice Jonathan was waiting for an answer to a question he was not listening to.

The month for Jonathan flew by in a flurry of pleasure. Despite their differences in the clothing department, Jonathan very much liked exploring the city and shopping, watching the glee on Dio’s face as they did so. The two of them were always quite a pair on the streets, occasionally seen with Dio looking slightly irritated at Jonathan for something, and Jonathan shrugging and laughing, or Dio straightening out his brother’s neck tie while Jonathan brushed some of Dio’s long hair out of his face. To the rest of the world they looked like two brothers on a marvelous holiday, and for all intensive purposes, it was.

As Jonathan was not actively seeking an archeological position straight out of college, he was free to
do his own research, take his time, and explore the city and museums as Dio went through the law firms. Little by little, the loss of his father, which was painful and he would always feel his absence, was healing naturally as Jonathan worked without the pressure of school or a deadline.

“You know, Dio, I think you would like some of the sea food at this little place where I collected my notes. You enjoy shrimp, don’t you?” Jonathan asked as he rolled onto his side, looking fondly at his partner. “If you aren’t busy tomorrow, we could sit by the water and… Dio? Are you alright?” He noticed that Dio seemed to be lost in thought.

It took two more calls of his name before Dio picked up he was being referred to. “W-What?” he asked, a little more dazed and tentative than he normally sounded, shuffling himself against Jonathan’s form, suddenly feeling incredibly uncomfortable.

“Tsk, I’m fine, Jojo,” Dio said a node or two more defensively than needed to. “Just… tired.” He removed himself from Jonathan’s hold, moving over to his side of the bed leaving an unusual amount of distance between them and blowing out the candle, and lamp granting them one source of light left on Jonathan’s side, creating mildly ominous shadows if one were afraid of that dark. The dark was one thing Dio was not afraid of.

“I’m going to sleep.” He could shake off the stress in a dreamless slumber.

Jonathan blinked as the darkness fell over the room they called home. It was extremely strange, the way Dio just suddenly pulled away and ended the night abruptly, but he also knew that Dio was a strange one, and his need for space was nothing new. He accepted it for what it was, and knew better to push or pry on the matter.

Still, he leaned over and pressed a light kiss to Dio’s forehead. “Sleep well, Dio. I love you.” Not a day went by where Jonathan did not declare his love for the other, even if he did not hear it in return. Nor did he expect to. As with everything else, Jonathan was giving Dio his time.

Rolling over, Jonathan yawned loudly and pulled the soft blankets over his large body. It was not long before the sounds of his soft snores filled the room.

Dio was up a good twenty minutes after Jonathan fell into the lulls of slumber. His snores were moderate, but not so loud it was discomforting. Dio had long grown used to the noises and movements Jonathan made in the night, it was just how he slept. Trying to find a better position, Dio ended up rolling onto his side, facing Jonathan.

Peaceful, blissful life both awake and asleep. Jonathan was privilege incarnate, and naive too. Was this what his mother had been like, was this why she could even consider running into the sunset with that man he was forced to call father? Dio’s brows creased and he gave Jonathan a hard glare, met only with a snore in return

“Jojo… why did you have you…” Meddle in his affairs. Why did he have to bring forth the past he had buried and left for good. This was his fault… all his fault.

Dio fell asleep with a bitter taste upon his tongue, and something cracking in his heart.

And where he thought sleep would save him, it did not. His dream was abstract, but haunting, the shadows that flickered in the bedroom seeped their way into his mind, taking on ghastly forms, all charging for him. His mother cradled him in her arms, only to be ripped apart by the shadows, leaving him alone, alone, they were going to get him, they were going to get him…

Jonathan slept on soundly, as he usually did, his peaceful Parisian days making for equally as
peaceful Parisian nights. It took a lot to wake Jonathan from a restful slumber, he had a tendency to be a deep sleeper, but perhaps the way Dio had not quite been right at bedtime kept him from slipping as deeply as usual. And, even if he had, the flailing would have made it hard to remain so.

"Eh?" Jonathan found himself smacked several times, and groggily he raised his head up. The sound of Dio crying and screaming hastily brought him back to wakefulness, and he immediately reaches over and began to shake the other man, trying to snap him out of whatever nightmare he was caught in.

"Dio! Wake up, it's all right!" He grabbed him by the shoulders and shook, staring into his face, hoping to see his eyes open and show recognition. "You are just having a nightmare, you are with me, you are safe!" The night lantern flickered behind him, creating a halo of light around his head.

Something was grabbing him, taking him by the arm ready to hit, to strike. They had already taken his mother they wouldn't take him.

Within his nightmare, Dio kicked, he bit, and he yelled, thrashing without thought, moving in pure desperation as the shadows attempted to do the same as they had done to her. Dio’s terror, his fear grew into anger. No, he was not weak, he would not let them take him, not without a fight.

"Let me go, let me go! I’ll kill you, I’ll kill you!!" With ferocity, Dio lunged forth, fingers in claws at the shadows, lashing out in snarls, making contact with one. “You can’t have me!”

Jonathan cried out as Dio’s fingernails unexpectedly clawed into his left arm. Immediately, he grabbed him by his wrist and pinned it down to his side, still feeling the tingle of pain on his skin. Realising that this was not going to be as simple a wake up as he had initially thought, he reached for Dio’s other wrist, bringing it down as well.

“Dio, it’s me, it’s Jonathan!” He cried out in vain, but Dio’s flailing did not seem to stop, in fact, if anything, it was worsened by the restraint. “It’s your Jojo, Dio! You don’t need to fight me.”

Desperate, Jonathan used all his strength to pull Dio against his chest, back to his chest. He criss crossed his arms over himself so that they could not flail, and held him in place. He tucked his chin in the space between Dio’s shoulder and neck, not only to prevent head butting, but to try and speak into his ear.

“Please wake up, Dio, everything is all right, you are safe.”

“Constrained and tied, Dio could do nothing against the dark shadow’s claws, no matter how much he fought. His body was caught with a force tight and compressing, and his breathing was erratic. This was it. No matter what he did he would always fall into the jaws. Letting his eyes close, he did not allow himself to watch as he was swallowed alive.

Jolting with a sudden force that smacked the back of his head against Jonathan’s chin, Dio woke up. He was ripping in cold sweat, and his eyes shot open to reveal him back, safe in the flickering candlelight of their Paris hotel room, though it took a few more moments to register. This place was still foreign, not his Joestar bedroom, or his past university dorm, he had yet to feel totally secure after situations like this.

“Wh-what… where… I…” he stuttered, mindfully removing himself from the grasp, bounding away from Jonathan to the other side of the bed. “Jojo? What… I…” There was a loss for words. The dream was still lingering, haunting shadows suddenly held far more gravity than before. As he recalled his mother torn to pieces, hands fell over Dio’s mouth and he choked out a cry.
It was audible in Dio’s voice when he was starting to take his roots in reality again, and Jonathan loosened his hold slightly. It was enough for Dio to bound away from him, and he held out an empty hand, watching with confusion and despair as Dio cried out.

Turning from him for a moment, Jonathan opened the lantern, and used it to light a bedside candle, filling the room with a bright, orangey light, fighting away from the darkness. He made sure it was secure, and then slowly started to approach Dio.

“You were having a nightmare. You’re safe now. Everything is fine,” Jonathan repeated, wanting to reassure him. He moved a tiny bit closer, and held out his hand.

“A nightmare,” Dio repeated, a long and heavy sigh following a broken chuckle that held no amusement. Still the memory swirled in his head, unable to turn away, causing his body to shudder. “Isn’t that something.” He did not accept Jonathan’s open hand, instead upping off the bed, swirling a newly bought robe, silken and airy with frills at the base and a semi transparent flower material, shuffling it onto his shoulders.

Slipping his purse into his hand with discretion, Dio stepped out onto the open balcony, taking in a long breath of the summer air, taking advantage of every gust of wind that came his way. He took the picture of his mother out, unfolding and straightening out any creases, before admiring her face. Her face untouched by a bruise or injury, and younger than he remembered her as in the final days. Of course.

Perhaps they were the same age in this picture, probably no more than a few years apart. She reminded him of himself in many a way, his hair was not much shorter than hers, though she had it done up in a neatly braided bun. Her clothes were fine and rich; he had only seen her in pauper’s attire.

“Why…” Dio asked out to the night sky, only to be met with the city’s nightlife for a reply. Empty in words. He pictured her, he pictured the shadows taking her in his dream, and then he pictured what really took her, and the shadows seemed harmless. No, a shadow could do nothing. Man was far crueler.

Jonathan watched Dio spin about in a flurry of lace and flowers, uncertain as to if he should follow. He knew that Dio had bad nightmares before, it had happened last summer. But this one seemed even worse, and Jonathan did not know if the right thing to do was to follow, or give him time on his own.

He opted to compromise. An unfinished pot of tea sat on tray, and he poured some. In the warm weather, hot tea would have not been suitable anyway. After giving Dio a few minutes alone, he knocked on the balcony door, and stepped out.

“Dio,” he spoke in his gentlest tone. “I have some cooled tea. Perhaps you should try sipping it?”

Quickly, Dio slipped the picture into his pocket, hiding it away from Jonathan’s view. He did not turn to face him, still staring out at the open view, undeniably beautiful to even a blind eye. He did not feel much like talking now, and Jonathan’s presence was not the desired company.

It was petty, he knew it, but he also knew he did not care; Dio accepted the cup of tea, but upon having it in his hands, without even trying the brew he turned the mug upside down, pouring it out, a watching it fall and splatter onto the ground below.

This was Jonathan’s fault, he had gone (more or less) free from nightmare for months now, certainly never having anything on this scale, and yet as soon as he brought up those stupid, useless memories
here he was. Weak. Pathetic.

“I don’t want tea, Jojo.” He wanted something stronger.

Jonathan watched Dio spill the tea and felt absolutely helpless as he did so. This was the puzzle that was Dio. There were so many times where he wished to help him, wished to make everything better, and yet he could not. All he could do was hope that the storm would pass quickly, and that they both would be left unscathed in the process.

“Tell me what I can do to help you, Dio, please. It frightens me to see you in such a state, you should never have to feel so unsafe.” He stepped up beside him on the balcony. He was wearing only his pyjama bottoms, and nothing more, his chest on display for all the world to see.

“I love you, and I just want to help you.”

“Oh, believe me, Jojo, you have helped more than enough, any more and it would be me toppling from the balcony, with your empty words the last thing left ringing in my ears.” Rolling his eyes, Dio stepped back inside the suite.

“There’s no point in us both staying up. Go back to sleep, Jojo. I’m… I’m going to the downstairs pool for a while. I could use a dip.” Slipping on his shoes Dio left the room quickly with a swing of the door.

His towel, bathing suit, and all other necessary items for the tub remained inside. But then Dio wasn’t going to swim.

Jonathan was left with his mouth gaping open as Dio stormed out. This was unusually cruel and nonsensical, even for Dio, and he had no idea what he should do. For a few minutes, he sat on the bed, staring at the spot where Dio had been not so long ago. The look of horror on his face was embedded in his mind, the nail marks still on his skin.

There was no way he was going back to sleep.

It did not take Jonathan long to dress. He hurried down to the pool, not being surprised to find it empty. Unless he had planned to go skinny dipping, that would have been difficult without so much as a bathing suit.

“Have you seen a blond man walk through here? Tall and slender?” Jonathan asked a staff member in the elegant lobby of the hotel, and then repeated it in his accented French. The man nodded once, pointing in the direction of the bar.

Jonathan approached Dio quietly from behind, and stood in silence.

By the time Jonathan had found him, Dio was already downing his second scotch and had no inclination of stopping until the store ran out or the nightmarish memories disappeared, whichever came first. He was tolerant, but not immune, and the effects of his consumption had already began to bubble up as he chimed to the bartender for another drink.

“Thought ‘told you to go to sleep,” Dio eventually slurred after Jonathan was stood there for too long and too quiet. Part of him just wanted to ignore him, but by saying nothing he was being all the louder. “What?! I said I din’t want tea… doesn’t mean I didn’t wanna drink.” His accent slipped, causing Dio to grimace, and another shot fell down the hatch.

Still uncertain of what to say, Jonathan sat down beside him. The words hit his ears, remembering how he had once found it cute. But there was nothing attractive about this situation, and how Dio,
almost two years into their relationship, was still hurting in a way Jonathan could not help.

Alcohol was not going to help either. After more silence had passed between them, filled only by the steps of the bartender as he tidied up his shelves, Jonathan reached out and put a hand on Dio’s shoulders.

“Come back to bed, Dio,” he spoke once he was certain no one could hear. “I will not leave my brother alone like this.”

“No. I don’t wanna go back wit’ you, Jojo. I’m fine here. It’s all fine right here. You’ve done more than enough for me for a long while yet.” Dio brushed Jonathan off with a rough shoulder, frowning.

“You… you always meddling with my business, my affairs, and for what?! You always act up so nice and kind and best interests in you heart, heart, heart.” Dio poked Jonathan’s chest thrice, punctuating his repeated words.

“But all you really wanna do is be a nosy little bugger who can’t mind his own business. So. Maybe alcohol i’dnt gonna help me. But you aren’t doing much either.”

Jonathan brought a hand to his brow and pinched his forehead. There was no reasoning with a drunk Dio, he knew this from experience. But short of hitting him on the back of the head and carrying him back to the room, there was little else he could do. He had to try.

“Dio, I hate to tell you this, but I am your brother, as well as your lover,” he spoke in a smooth, calm, and quiet voice. “If you wished for me to be out of your business, you picked the wrong person to become entangled with. We are bound twice over.”

When Dio reached for his glass, Jonathan put a hand over the rim. “Come back to the room, Dio. If it will make you happy, I will sleep on the porch, but just come back to the room.”

“So that gives you a reason to root around in my family, does it?” Dio had less than no intention of heading back with Jonathan, porch or no porch. He was happy and content here with the bartender and solitude for company, and Jonathan was not a face he looked to with the usual affection.

“It’s your fault. I… didn’t need to know. And now I know but I don’t know ‘cos the book is in the drawer and you know and you don’t deserve to know!” He slammed the drink down with force, the brown brew spilling over his hands and growled at the mess. “Just go, Jojo! Stop trying to fix what you broke when you already broke it!”

“Wait… this is about everything I found out about your mother?” Jonathan had not expected that. The nightmare had been so violent and terrible, he assumed it was because of some dark piece of his childhood, not from something recent and involving himself.

“Dio, we’ve been through this already. It shouldn’t be giving you graphic nightmares.” And Jonathan knew it wasn’t. There had to be something else behind this, but he wasn’t going to find it out unless Dio chose to tell him.

“What can I tell you that will make you put down the alcohol and come back to bed?”

“What can I tell you that will make you leave me in peace and go back alone? That is the question y’should be asking yourself.” Dio’s fingers thrummed on the table.

“If I go to sleep, it’ll come back. If it comes back it’ll start all over again so the solution I so smartly, intelligently, have decided on is that I will not sleep. It’s not hard, Jojo. I’m used to it, long before you came into the picture so just leave me to it.” At this point there was no point in asking for refills,
Dio just retrieved the entire bottle and took to that instead. It was disgusting, he probably looked like some drunken fool, but something inside him was not allowing him to stop. “Don’t worry. I’ll be the happy chipper Dio you know and love by tomorrow.” A few flicks of the finger had Dio shooing Jonathan off.

He did not like to be seen like this. This, solemn, unable to stop, nightmare drinking was something he always did alone.

If this had been a less serious time, Jonathan might have laughed at the ‘happy chipper Dio’ remark. But the entire situation was too horrific to be joked about. Ever since their relationship started, Jonathan yearned to show Dio that he was loved, and that the past was behind him. Clearly it wasn’t. And there was no way he would allow Dio to deal with it the way he always did.

“Fine then.” Jonathan motioned for the bartender to bring him a glass. “Then I will stay here. And for every drink you take, I’ll take one too. Fill me up.” He held up the glass to Dio’s eye level.

Dio scanned Jonathan from top to bottom before repeating himself. “Why can’t understand a very simple instruction when it is given to you?” Dio did not want Jonathan here, he did not want anyone of value here to see him. But as Jonathan settled himself at the bar, Dio was forced to either leave -- and be followed -- or let him participate. Rolling his eyes, he slid the bottle over.

“Fill your own cup. If you want to be my equal, take five now. Or four. Best do five.”

Snatching the bottle, Jonathan filled his glass. He drank one, and shuddered hard. He then drank another, though only drank half of the glass, set it down, and refilled. A third gulp was taken, and he met Dio’s eye with a determined glare.

“So what does this drinking accomplish? Keeping you warm?” he asked, conversationally. He was not going to let this go easily. Nor did he seem to have any real plans to ‘catch up’ to Dio.

Dio gave Jonathan a look, then a frown, stealing the bottle back to fill his own class, with almost childish defensiveness as he brought the scotch to his lips and sipped on it this time, rather than taking it all in one go. The first answer to his question was a shrug.

“It just… it is is what it is, Jojo. Don’t ask me such a question. It makes me feel… better, I’spose.” Not always, but. “Liquid amnesia,” he admitted, bitterly.

Jonathan took another gulp, keeping his face forward, watching Dio out of the corners of his eyes.

“So it helps you forget. I know you have a lot you want to forget.” Jonathan slammed his glass down, reaching to snatch the bottle back and refill. “Perhaps that is a better reason than the reason I am drinking right now -- love for you. I don’t know, which do you think is better, Dio?”

“I don’t care which one is better, Jojo. It just is.” The drink smacked hard on the table, causing the unstable objects in the near vicinity to rattle with the gesture.

Dio did not like this. He did not want to talk about drinking. He did not want to talk about why, or what, or who made him drink. That was exactly what drinking was supposed to prevent. “This isn’t an interesting topic.”

“All right, then why don’t we talk about a more interesting topic?” Jonathan took another gulp, feeling his face grow warm.

“Your mother loved you. A great deal. And she had a cousin who loved her, too. I could tell you all about them if you wish. You were right, it isn’t fair that only I know. But then again… this is what
you chose, isn’t it, Dio?”

Dio closed his eyes. Squeezed them tightly. His hand shook, the glass now back in his hand quavering he feared another spillage. This was exactly what he did not want to hear about. This just sent his stomach into a pit of dread and flashes of images he did not want to see, both in memory, clear and dark as blood, and in abstract shadow. It was territory Dio never explored, never wanted to explore because it hurt, it hurt so much he could choke.

“I did not choose anything, Jojo. You took away my liberty to choose. If… if I wanted to know more, I could have done it myself. I could have scoured the country for history and information. But you did it for me, and now I may never know what I would do.” Dio rubbed at his temple a headache of stress joining the stomach pangs.

“A cousin… a cousin who betrayed her. The only reason I would want to know of them is to hunt them down and give them every pain she suffered. Every pain they could have prevented.”

Jonathan’s fingers snatched the bottle, his head starting to feel light, and his frustration feel heavier in his chest. The golden liquid spilled down into his glass, and he snatched it up and downed it, barely feeling the burn in his throat.

“Actually, you couldn’t have, because you don’t know them. You’d never have known them, not in your entire life! It was I, Jonathan who made the connections, and without me, you wouldn’t get so far as their front door.” He turned the glass over, shaking it in a drunken attempt to see if it was really empty, and grabbed the bottle again. His original goal of keeping Dio from drinking it all by drinking it himself was working, at least.

“And if you must know, it’s not the cousin who betrayed her, it’s her own father. If you are going to go on a murderous streak into self destruction, Dio, you could at least learn your facts first.” A gulp was mindlessly taken from the glass, a bit sloshing down the side. Jonathan took no notice.

At that, Dio laughed. It was a loud, bitter belt that echoed. He shook his head, the chuckles leaving as he poured himself another “Of course. Of course it would be a father. No, Brandos, or whatever she was before -- you know I never knew, Jojo. Never knew her maiden name. And she was far too dead for me to ask later. I would have taken it if I knew.” Dio digressed.

“Brandos… Brandos don’t have very good history with their fathers, do they? Guess it runs in the family. Still, might take you up on that murderous streak into self destruction, put it on the bucket list for this holiday won’t you?”

"Perhaps you do have bad luck with fathers. That luck might have been passed from mother to son.” Jonathan sighed and looked down at his glass, not even wanting to take another drink.

"I would tell you what her name was if you asked nicely. But you don't know how to ask nicely now do you Dio? You just know how to take." Jonathan shook his head. "She wouldn't be happy to see you like, not at all. So I don't know if you will be learning it tonight."

"Besides, you are so stinking drunk right now, you probably won't even remember it."

Snapping his head around, Dio pulled Jonathan by his loose shirt collar. “Jojo… It is my information to know, you are not allowed to withhold that which I wish.” He scowled, pushing Jonathan back. The fight was not in him, and something he had said struck a chord.

“I… gave up a long time ago on making her proud. She was proud, look what happened to her.” With uninhibited honesty from the alcohol, Dio relayed the information he held deep in his heart. “I
know… I know she would hate looking at me now. Looking like… like him.”

That was enough.

“Shut up about all this. I don’t want to hear anymore. Stupid, Jojo. Take me to bed before you become first on my murder list.”

“Close our tab,” Jonathan snapped to the bartender, though his eyes were still fixed on Dio. Nor did they leave him as they walked through the elegant halls of the hotel, back to the cozy, two bedded room they shared, sleeping in one bed.

But once they were inside, once the door was shut and locked behind them, Jonathan cupped Dio’s face, and pressed a long, wet kiss to his lips. Once he pulled away, his hands remained on his cheeks.

“Dio, you are such an amazing, talented, and beautiful individual. Your mother loved you as a child, and I love you now. I don’t know why you feel so worthless that you have to drink through it, but please, please, please know you don’t have to! I’d go through hell to save you, Dio. Really, I would.” His eyes were slightly glazed over, but honest as always.

“I said I was done talking, Jojo. I said you were done too. I meant it.” Dio had still been dressed in the flowery robe at the bar, only now shuffling it off his body as he parted from Jonathan’s tongue and hand to cheek and lying down flat on the bed, facing the sky.

“I don’t want to sleep,” he said once again. The threat of nightmares haunted him. He did not tend to go back to bed the same night when left to his own devices.

Jonathan frowned and followed after Dio, sitting on the edge of the bed beside him.

“The best way to stay awake would be either to talk or to fuck until dawn. The latter neither of us are up to, which only leaves the former…”

A sigh left Jonathan’s lips and his head sank back, falling into Dio’s lap. “I’ll stay awake with you, however you choose.”

“I do not want to fuck.” Words that never left Dio’s lips. “And I do not want to talk. I do not want to do anything. I want peace, and quiet, and to forget this night ever happened, but you just never do as you’re told, striving to do the exact opposite.”

With summer hot and sunrises early, it would not be long until the break of dawn, the dark indigo skies giving gentle hints of yellow and orange as early as four in the morning.

“I just…” No. Whatever Dio was about to say, he chose to pull back. Instead silence fell, and Dio spoke no more.

Large, tanned, and warm body slipped up to the head of the bed, spreading out besides Dio and curling slightly. He reached out and took his hand, squeezing it and then holding it softly.

Jonathan fought off sleep valiantly, but within twenty minutes, his snoring could be heard.

It was better this way, Dio quickly decided, standing up and leaving Jonathan in a heap on the bed. He returned to the outdoors balcony, stepped out in bare feet onto the decorated extension.

He wondered if his mother could see him from down here. She was in heaven, any thoughts, questions and theories aside, there was nowhere else Dio thought she lay to rest. She would not be
happy with many of the paths he had taken in life. He did not like to think about it. Looting around his pocket, he took the picture of her from the confines, staring at it with both swirling tribulation, and hurt filled nostalgia, his eyes glued to her, even as the glorious sunrise was brought into view.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 8

Jonathan awoke the next afternoon with a pounding headache. It took him a few moments to remember why he would be feeling so miserable, but once he did, he felt even sicker than before.

Sitting up, he rubbed the back of his head, pulled himself from the bed, and poured himself a glass of water. What was he supposed to say to Dio about last night? Part of him regretted the things he said while the liquor was in his system, and part of him wished he had said even more.

Looking as miserable as he felt, he stepped out onto the balcony to find Dio.

Dio, through all his efforts had dropped off for about an hour or so, far later in the day, only rising when Jonathan made enough noise to stir him. Every sign of lack of sleep showed themselves in cruel ways; eyes heavy, fluttering between wake and slumber with bags hanging underneath spoke not for the droopy way he held himself, lips curled into a frown, unable to spend all that muscle energy on neither a smile nor a frown even if he wanted to.

He had drunk enough to forget a few things, most things. He recalled leaving for the bar, he recalled Jonathan at the bar. Something about murder. Not much more than that, and something told him this was not a problem for him at all. Some things did not need remembering, that was the point after all.

"Morning, sunshine," Dio said looking anything like happy chipper self he claimed he would be. In his defense he had forgotten about that.

"It's afternoon by now." Jonathan stepped up beside Dio, noting how his usual pristine appearance was anything but. Sighing deeply, he stared out at the gorgeous view of the hustling and bustling city, wishing that they could just enjoy the simple pleasures as they had been able to in the weeks prior.

"How much do you remember about last night?" Even as Jonathan asked, he found himself softening, feeling sympathy for his partner as much as he was angry at him. He truly did look a fright.

"Either way you should consider lying down for a bit. Your eyes look much heavier than usual, it's not like you."

“I don’t know,” Dio replied an honest, but nevertheless flippant shrug. “I would say the forgetfulness exceeds the recollection, but I do remember you being incessant. Jojo, won’t you leave me to my own devices in future? I do not like... just.” Shame and embarrassment caused a twinge on Dio’s face and he ran a hand down his face in a crawling slide. “Just leave me alone should I ask to be left alone.” He did not want to be seen like that. It was not a sight for others to see. Dio felt no pride, no joy in the act it was just... habit? Something worse than a habit. He didn’t like to think about it.

Mentally, Dio began preparing himself to stand, though the prospect was not looking all too fine right now. It took about five minutes before he summoned the willpower to drag off the floor. He smelled like booze and something close to must. “I’m going to take a bath,” he said. Brushing his teeth would also be a necessary requirement.

It was painful to watch Dio like this. Jonathan knew better than to try and argue, but he also knew he could never agree to leave Dio to his own devices when those devices might hurt him. So he remained silent, and slumped down into a chair on the balcony.

“I will be out here, if you need me.” Jonathan doubted that he would.
The weather was starting to grow cool as the two left Paris. Together they ventured quickly through Austria, the Czech Republic and Poland, before looping back to Germany, where they would be residing until the end of the year. Already on the train, Jonathan was indulging in a box of chocolates he had collected at the last stop. Licking his fingers, he looked up at Dio.

“Now, I know that Germany is well known for their liquor, Dio, but perhaps you could take it easy while we are there? We will be there for the whole season, you will have plenty of time to try everything.”

“As enjoyable as Oktoberfest sounds, I was never a beer man, that was more…” Dio’s stature slouched, and he contemplated letting the sentence run out and die without following it to completion. But for whatever reason he found himself grumbling out in a vague, distant voice “...my father’s brew.” He quickly pushed the subject forward, physically shaking his body out, dusting away that little dark thought he did not have any intention of letting simmer.

“You, Jojo, should watch yourself too. I hear Belgian chocolate is some of the best of the bunch, and we all know how much you love to gorge on your sweets. I got you something from their a couple Christmases ago. Or was it your birthday?” He shrugged, the details weren’t so relevant. “Either way I saw the box and the day was not even done before you had guzzled the lot.” He gave Jonathan’s stomach a small poke.

“We are on holiday, and leniencies are permitted, but do take care my dear, we do not want your breadth to be the same as your height now do we?”

Dio seldom brought up his father, and doing so made Jonathan instantly regret his own choice of words. He knew Dio’s drinking was far from healthy and would yield no good, yet every time he tried to bring it up, he found he was unable to properly broach the subject.

Doing so when his face was full of chocolate was probably not the wisest idea either.

“Alright, fair enough, we are on holiday after all. I suppose there is nothing wrong with indulging, as long as it is done in moderation.” He offered Dio a chocolate, though he knew he would not accept. “We shall both need to keep each other in check, now won’t we?”

“Yes, yes, fine,” Dio answered with a roll of his eyes, surprising Jonathan as he actually decided to indulge in a bite of dark chocolate, letting it melt on his tongue. He did enjoy the more bitter kinds in small and infrequent doses.

Stopping off in the capital of Berlin, their first mission was tucking away their suitcases within a hotel, before they could set off to business. Dio was growing quite used to lobbies, foreign neighbours, and enjoying a new piece of scenery out of his bedroom window. He thought back to their time in the summer cottage by the lake, a different sort of holiday, peaceful and the same. For all the excitement and culture traveling the world was giving him, part of him missed that. He wondered if he had ever been as happy as he had there -- there was something… off about this current travel. Too many nagging insecurities and anxieties. He had not had a fit of a nightmare since that night, but he could not say his slumber had been at all very restful, waking up multiple times a night if he was not given unwanted insomnia.

He had kept those little details from Jonathan, who would probably want to talk to him about his mother, or his drinking, and frankly Dio didn’t know which would be worse.

Heading into lobby of their new abode, the pair stood in line to receive a room. Dio knew a more
than a tourist amount, but German had never been a subject of language study in their schools, French and Latin taking far superior precedence. Fortunately the staff seemed eloquent in English for them to carry out a full conversation, and arranged the suite with little hassle.

“Call on the telephone for room service,” the lady chimed in a thick accent as she handed Dio and Jonathan their keys.

As they turned away, heading to the stairs, Dio gave Jonathan a look, brow raised high.

“Telephone?”

Everything about every new place they traveled was bright and new for Jonathan, and Berlin was no exception. His ears perked at the word telephone, and his eyes shone with enthusiasm.

“Oh, Dio, I read about them in the newspaper, they really are a marvelous invention. They allow people speak to each other through a wire system, even when they are far away. Almost like a telegraph, but with voice instead of letters.” Jonathan’s fingers closed around the keys, and they stepped onto the elevator, a hotel staff member shutting the ornate gates behind them. “We should try it when we get up stairs, I’m feeling peckish.”

Once they had unlocked the door to the room, Jonathan spotted the device hanging on the wall. He had yet to actually use one in person, and picked up the earpiece, speaking into it in a shout, “HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE?”

Dio wasn’t sure how he felt about the new contraption. He was never one for denying the growth and development, but being able to talk in person while they are in a completely different place? That was something entirely different.

Still, that did not for a second quell his curiosity, and so with his cheek practically attached to Jonathan’s own, he leaned in to listen to the supposed voice at the end of the line.

And almost got his ears blown off in the process.

“Ow! Jojo! Don’t scream into my ear, you practically burst my eardrums, you fool!” Dio rubbed the side of his head, pulling a disgruntled face. But as a sort of metallic chatter spoke through the telephone, he was immediately back at the device, wide eyed and curious as a child.

“There is no need to shout Sir, I can hear you quite clearly,” the German, a man this time, spoke back. “Good afternoon, what service will you be requiring today?” Dio looked at Jonathan, then back at the phone, then back at Jonathan with a mouth ajar.

“It really works!”

Jonathan was equally delighted and astounded as he heard the voice on the other side of the phone, finding himself in awe of the power of technology. He was still speaking louder than he should, but had managed to lower his voice from a shout, much to the relief of the man on the other side of the line, and to Dio.

“Ah! This is so exciting! I’ve never used a telephone before! Oh! That’s right. We wanted room service. One steak dinner, cooked rare, and a roast chicken breast over rice, oh and a bottle of champagne!” Jonathan knew Dio well enough to be able to order for him without an issue, and decided that champagne was appropriate for their first night in a new place.

“Yes sir, right away sir,” responded the accented voice. After a moment, he added, “You can hang up now, sir.”
“O-oh, yes, of course. Danke!” Jonathan hung up the earpiece, beaming. “What a fantastic device!”

“Quite something,” Dio admitted quite enthusiastically. “We should have them installed in the Joestar estate upon our return; I imagine they would be quite the splendid addition, and quite popular in the future, should these contraptions sell.” Dio picked up the telephone this time, listening to the holding ring, unable to resist taking a crack at it himself.

“Hello, sir, how can I help you?” the German man spoke, and Dio had to hold back a giddy chuckle. “We will take a melon sorbet with the prior order too.” The man accepted, and Dio hung up, feeling something ahead of the world, diving into a new era. “The dawn of a new age, who knows what they will come up with next.” He smiled, flopping down onto the bed, choosing the left one for them to sleep in for this time, and beckoning Jonathan recline with him.

“I am in a good mood, Jojo,” he said quite forthrightly after a series of kisses and pettings before slipping his hand into his satchel and pulling out a brochure for the Berlin Zoological Garden, pointing it in front of Jonathan’s face. “I know you wished to visit the zoo, and we never found opportunity before. How about it? I’m feeling generous.”

“It is amazing, just how far we’ve come in the modern world!” Jonathan was equally as impressed, and joined Dio on the bed he had chosen. Dio’s good mood was contagious; when Dio was happy, Jonathan was happy. The gentle touches and cuddles that were exchanged were a part of their relationship which had grown in the last year or so, allowing for intimacies that stretched well beyond love making. It pleased Jonathan to no end.

“Oh, the zoo would be splendid! You dragged your feet so hard in Paris, I went one day while you were visiting law offices. I would love to be able to do this one together.” Jonathan stole a kiss from his lips.

“We also have been spending a great deal of time out and about lately. Now that we have a new hotel room to christen.” He flashed Dio a sly look.

“Oh, you are correct, Jojo. We must continue on this tradition poste haste.” It hadn’t been, considering, but it felt like an age since they had felt the hot rush of sex, bodies melding together as one, with sweat, drool and hot white coating their bodies in rippling orgasms. Now that the opportunity had struck, Dio was hard and ready to take it, already feeling the first few hints of arousal, brought about all the more as he felt Jonathan squeeze his crotch through the fabric.

Partly because he did not think this would be a quickie, and partly because Dio wanted to use the telephone again, Dio rang the staff, asking them to hold their order for a couple of hours. That would do it. Probably.

Before returning to the bed, Dio rooted around in Jonathan’s suitcase, pulling out a nifty little box with some nifty items lodged inside, grin appearing on his face as the dildos made their German debut, along with a bottle of oil that would likely need refilling soon. “Hmmm, Jojo, as much as I love your cock inside me, I sometimes wonder if it is enough to get me by. Why not see if you can stuff me twice as full?” Dio licked his lips, kicking off his trousers and undergarments, showing off long legs and twitching cock, quickly giving him a close and personal view as he landed on Jonathan, granting him a long sloppy kiss.

There was a pout on Jonathan’s face as Dio delayed dinner, and he almost opened his mouth in protest, but decided against it. He could wait a few more hours for dinner if it meant having a good time in bed. And with Dio, he was reminded as the man undressed, it was always a good time in bed.

The dildos were still something that made Jonathan blush, despite having been the one to purchase
them himself. They had yet had an opportunity to properly play with them, and the chance to use them on Dio was one he had only been able to imagine. "With pleasure," he replied in between the sloppy kisses. A large (but not the largest) phallus was selected from among the collection, and he coated it with oil. Then, he started to work up Dio's puckered hole, bit by bit with his fingers.

"How is that, my dearest?" he asked, taking enjoyment in the view of Dio's rear. He started to press the head of the dildo in slowly.

It felt different from a typical cock, Jonathan’s cock inside him. The head was thick, shapely, but it didn’t not pulse and throb and leak precome as it invaded Dio’s entrance, instead it held itself firm, forcing Dio to wriggle and adjust himself as the hard length got in further. “It… it’s good. Strange. But good.”

Dio stood on his hands and knees, peering back to stare at Jonathan, whose eyes were solely concentrated on other features of him. His own member feeling ache, the process slow and perhaps unintentionally, but nevertheless agonising in that fact, Dio slipped a fist under his form and stroked his length, smearing himself, thumbing the head and pumping the middle, moaning out as he did, hips stirring in circles, grinding and rutting against the dildo.

“More,” he panted, voice growing shaky and erratic as need took over. Dio discarded his shirt, letting his face squish against the mattress while his second hand tweaked his perking nipples, only added to the stimulus. “Give me more.”

Jonathan tapped his chin as he stared down at the extremely worked up Dio. The dildo he chose had been only slightly bigger than his own cock, and if they were going to do this, it might as well be exciting. Selecting the dildo the next size up, he removed the small one, and slowly started to replace it with the new.

"Mm, do you like that? It is quite large, even larger than me. Do you think you can handle that, my love?"

Another push was given, and soon the dildo was in up to the end, filling Dio’s little asshole to the brim.

A strangled moan came out from Dio’s lips, muffled by the bedsheets, and he squeezed his cock a little too tightly as the next toy shoved its way in. Dio was used to large girths, he had Jonathan’s near third arm to contend with, and it was only with that extensive practice that he could even stomach taking this next one with being brought to streaking tears and his entire rear breaking open.

It was grand though, the sensation of being stuffed to the brim, so much that it made his slender stomach bulge, his walls melding to the shape of this new force inside.

“Ooooh,” he mewled, fingers curling and body trembling. Unable to hold himself back, his cock gave a spurt and suddenly his stomach was splattered with semen. But he was not done, and he remained firm, the orgasm given no time to simmer and settle before Dio was chiming for Jonathan to start fucking him with the thing already, craving friction and pushes into his sweetest spot.

"Mm, I am not sure I should use these too often on you, my dear. I would be afraid that you would never be satisfied with my cock again." With that said, Jonathan chose a third toy, even bigger and thicker than the one prior. He let Dio take a glance at what was going to be inside him next, rubbing it with oil, before yanking out the last toy and starting to replace it with the larger one.

"You take it so well, you truly do love to be stuffed, don't you?" Jonathan murmured, the length slowly but surely working its way inside of Dio. His walls were forced to stretch wider, the dildo
hard, thick, and unyielding. Finally, the entire length was inside.

"Look at your own cock, you just came but it is still hard as a rock." Jonathan reached around and stroked it softly, before running a hand over Dio's slightly extended belly. "You look good like this."

Dio chuckled weakly at Jonathan’s words, truly, while virile as the summer days were long, it took at least a few minutes before his cock grew back to life after orgasm. And while Jonathan’s cock would forever satiate him, his favourite among all the flavours and shapes in the world, he did love to be crammed full, and he never objected to something new and exciting -- and big.

“I-I love it,” he said, and he meant it with earnest. Though he felt brimming over, he shuffled himself against the thick dildo, crying out and adoring every second of it. “But what I love most is your come inside me. Sticky and warm and oozing in every nook and cranny. Only something real, something like you can give me that, Jo- joooo.” Dio’s voice grew high and hot, he second orgasm streaming through, sending his body into lolling flummox.

Another stream of seed, almost as thick as the first came shooting out, dribbling from the slit of his member, but still he needed more.

Jonathan nodded his head in understanding, although Dio would not notice. He loved watching how Dio’s body reacted to the feel of the foreign objects inside him. But, even with having never tried them before, he knew how to make it even better.

Withdrawing the third dildo, Jonathan would leave Dio feeling empty, but not for long. Several thick, round, black beads were placed inside him, after which in slid his own cock. Now as Jonathan fucked him, Dio would feel his body stimulated as it had never been before, the beads, along with his cock, pressing against his prostate, creating a wonderful new sensation.

Jonathan finally came inside him, filling him to the brim with his hot sticky come, and then slumped over top of him, pressing kisses to his hair and head. He did not withdraw just yet, knowing how much Dio liked the sensation.

Eyes rolling to the back of his head, mind growing blank, body simply compliant to every thrust and buck and push, Dio was sent into hot throes of ecstasy as the new beads popped their way inside him, Jonathan’s cock following suit and stuffing him with an oozing load. Composure lost, even drool began to leak from the side of Dio’s mouth, and he quivered up a storm as a third orgasm ruptured, spilling pearly weak drops from his swollen, red prick.

“Jojo, Jojo, Jojo,” he chanted, whimpered. “You feel… I… ooh, Jojo, there is nothing like you. Nowhere. I adore you, stay inside me forever.”

"If only, my love. If only," Jonathan whispered as he rested atop him, not bothering to pull out or move just yet. It was only when his cock was completely soft did he finally pull out, fingers reaching in to retrieve the beads. He started to hum a happy tune as he collected all the well used toys, and brought them to the sink to be washed.

"Who would have thought you would enjoy this so much? We shall have to do this again, I love the look on your face when you are so lost to your own pleasures." Once his hands were clean, he stepped over and brushed some hair from his brow and pressed a kiss to it. "But you must be feeling quite sore right now."

“I have little qualm with sore, Jojo. Sore means success, and after coming three times without even growing soft, I would say it was really very successful indeed.” Dio rubbed his red ass, his hole still
gaping, having yet to shrink back to its unstretched size, his ass filled with slick seed, some slipping out down his thighs and making them rub and slide; a feeling he too relished in -- at least until he felt the urge to bath.

“I could definitely use that melon sorbet now,” Dio said with a small laugh. “My entire body is hot all over.”

"It will do us no good to have the hotel staff come up and find you in such a state, so you will just have to wait patiently for that melon sorbet." Jonathan carded a few fingers through Dio's long and sweat covered hair. After setting another kiss to his forehead, Jonathan stood to fill the bathtub with water, in the meantime washing his own body with a rag.

By the time Dio was ready to move, Jonathan was there to lift him and carry to the bath. "You look good after you've come three times. A mess… but good."

“I always look good,” Dio agreed, closing his eyes and letting himself fall into Jonathan’s hold with utter acceptance, knowing those strong arms would always be able to carry him. “But looking good like this does have a charm to it; after all I only need to get fucked to do it.” Depending on the occasion, that could often take far less time than it did for Dio to dress himself up to the fullest look, including anything he pencilled around his eyes, or dabbed on his lips.

He sighed, content, as the warm bath water pooled around him. It didn’t matter how hot he could be, nothing could ever defeat the splendour and peace a warm, scented bath gave him. Dio smiled.

“I missed you,” he said, open and perhaps oddly, given that they had spent almost every single day together. When Jonathan entered the bath after him, Dio settled himself between his large thighs, snuggling his back against his chest. “The world, buzzing around with so many sights has its charms, but… I think to the cottage last year: lazy days and the same sight greeting me each morning and I think I was happy there, just as content. Strange… being stagnated never appealed to me before those months.”

"It's because the cottage was home. We were able to just simply live, without any fuss, and be with each other as we are meant to be." Jonathan cupped some of the water, bringing it to Dio's shoulders and letting the warmth wash over him. "Europe is stupendous, filled with wonders and histories and endless things to satiate our curiosity. But even still, it is not home."

Jonathan began to run a soapy cloth up and down Dio's back. "We will be back to the cottage some day. I enjoyed the peaceful rhythm our lives took on while we were there and without servants. But,” he tilted Dio's head in his direction and met his eye. "I want the mansion to be home for us too. Now with it only being us, it should be possible."

"And when I bring you back there next, it'll be to as my husband."

Dio hummed, supposing he agreed with that notion well enough. Home. Yes, that was it. He gave Jonathan a peck on the lips. “You still haven’t asked me properly, and I still have no diamond ring. I will listen to no such thing until both those tasks are complete.” A smirk slipped up, and Dio returned to an easy recline in the tub, humming a long ago lullaby, fingers making tiny ripples in the water.

“When we return, the master bedroom shall be ours. We will take our place as the heads of the estate, and there is no other place for us than there.”

“I wasn’t ready for such a move before this trip, but I believe that by the time we arrive home, the time will feel right.” Jonathan had not wished to take his father’s place immediately. It had felt too raw and soon after his passing. But now, things were different. He would always miss his father, but
he was ready to move on with his life, with he and Dio at the helm of a new era at the Joestar estate.

“I do miss home too, Dio, but really, anywhere with you is home to me. So let’s enjoy our year abroad and then return triumphantly to our home for life.” He kissed the top of his head.

“And I promise you, there will be a diamond and a proper proposal, I just haven’t decided when.”

Dio smiled, contently relaxed. “I shall be waiting.”
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 9

Dio had never liked animals. Not as a young boy, where dogs and rats and other rabies covered vermin tried to bite at him and steal his food; not as a pubescent, when that mutt Jonathan used to own just pissed him off and sent his entire plans into disarray; and not now when he had said in the midst of his happy mood that he wanted to go to the zoo.

But what Dio did like was alcohol, and though sometimes it could cause trouble and reminded him of things and people he would far more forget, it could also brighten up a day by tenfold. And so convincing Jonathan for a round of pre drinks before their carriage arrived to take them to the Berlin Zoological Gardens was the best idea he had in a long time.

"My, do their necks ever stop growing?" Dio asked in a tipsy, jovial tone as he first laid fresh eyes upon a giraffe, leaning against the bars and standing on his tip toes.

Jonathan had been trying to be careful about how much he drank, ever since the nightmarish night in Paris where he and Dio had their face off in the bar. He wanted to set the right example if he was going to be expecting Dio to cut back. However, cutting back during Oktoberfest in Germany did not seem to go hand in hand. Jonathan himself, while he had seldom drank more than wine in the past, was finding a charm in the variety of brews available for tasting.

"I must say these Germans do know how to brew beer," Jonathan remarked as he finished a glass, eyes wide as he stared up at the long neck of the giraffe. "I think I shall have another." His eyes sank from the fuzzy knobs at the top of the creature's head, over the spotted body, and down to Dio hanging off the bars.

"I wonder if they are rideable," he mused, as he stepped up closer. "Though it might be awkward with the neck. And it would be a long way to fall." Jonathan stepped behind Dio, placing a hand on the small of his back. "Speaking of falling, I hope that you can make it through the zoo without doing so."

"Speak for yourself, Jojo," Dio said with a roll of his eyes. "I am as graceful as a… graceful swan. Oh, I wonder if they have those. That would be rather dull, I suppose, you can get a swan anywhere in the world. What I would like to see is a lion, Jojo. I am still rather angry about the circus, I was looking forward to watching the creature perform. False advertisement, a true disappointment."

Dio jumped down from the railings, swirling his hand around Jonathan’s neck as he moved on, almost stepping on a young German toddler, but skipping and jumping about just in time to miss it. When his mother chastised him, Dio only granted her a shrug and a wink.

"Come along, come along, Jojo, grab another beer if you so desire."

"A lion wouldn't be all that different from Gingersnaps, they sleep all the time! They are just… big. Very, very big." Jonathan nodded his head, as he stopped at a booth to get another beer. The glasses were extremely large, Jonathan looked at it and wondered if he would be able to manage. Sipping it, he almost did a spit take as Dio nearly ran over the toddler. Laughing, he clapped Dio on the back.

"That mother sounded scary. Actually, everything sounds scary in German.” Another gulp was taken from his beer, as he continued to wander through the zoo. “Oh look Dio! A bird house! I was reading about it in the brochure, there is even a room you can go in with bird seed, and they eat it right from your hands! We should go and try that… though I had best finish this beer first.”
With that, Jonathan took a long, large chug, that left him blushing after. “I forgot that beer can go to your head.”

“I still prefer wine,” Dio said with a shrug, letting Jonathan down his drink before about turning and making their way to the bird house. He had not really participated in the beer much beside a sip, and decided once more that it was not quite for him. It was bitter in a way that simply did not sit well with the system, the scent alone near brought him to grimace and gag.

Squawks and flaps of wings met their ears as Dio and Jonathan entered the sanctuary. Birds of all shapes and sizes passed their way, parrots and swallows and ravens in their inky black, but Dio was far less interested in those, stepping lively towards the central attraction, a show of a well trained eagle, displaying its grandeur before a crowd.

While Dio was no fan of a typical animal, as he watched the bird of prey swoop through the sky, taking the small rodent in its beak with simply elegance before landing with grace and poise onto the outstretched arm of the zookeeper, he could not help but find himself smiling at the magnificent creature.

Jonathan, a bit tipsier than usual, had glanced about at some of the larger bird exhibits with interest. Birds always seemed intriguing, but temperamental, not that unlike Dio when he thought about it. He watched the eagle with interest for a few minutes, but then spotted the room where one could have the birds eat out of your hands. Thinking that would be a fun thing to try out, Jonathan stepped inside.

Less than ten minutes later, he came out panting, his hair a mess, looking as if he had just been in a large scuffle.

“Dio, they were trying to EAT ME ALIVE! There were so many of them! They were in my hair, on my arms, on my feet, I thought they were going to kill me! Their beaks are sharper than they look!” The room had been filled with little finches and parakeets, all of which were just a fraction of Jonathan’s size.

Dio scanned Jonathan from head to toe, and it seemed his story was true. His hair was messier than usual, his clothes -- dashing and fashionable as Dio had completely revamped his wardrobe -- were poking out in pecks, and looking rather messy, and his face and the exposed sections of his arms were dotted with marks.

“Well, it looks like someone bit you. Someone that was not Dio. Should I be jealous?” he asked with a laugh, patting down a few of the more noticeable stray hairs. “I am rather fond of these birds, and now I have more reason to be so.” Who would have thought Jonathan was complaining about animals while Dio took to enjoying them?

Jonathan pouted at Dio, having expected a bit more sympathy. But expecting sympathy from Dio at all was probably not the wisest thought that had ever gone through the brunet’s skull. And with the beer in his stomach and in his head, his thoughts showed no sign of getting any wiser.

“The big birds look rather mean. I saw a hawk take a weasel once as a child. I felt bad for the weasel.” They continued through the birdhouse, and eventually, there was a hawk demonstration, much as there had been with the eagle. This one was well trained. He flew out an open window and came back with a dead mouse, which he proceeded to exchange for a piece of meat from his trainer.

“The poor mouse.” Jonathan remarked, although he looked curiously at this smaller bird with his sharp claws.
“It is simply nature, Jojo. The mouse eats the flora, the bird eats the mouse, nothing to feel sad over, unless you start crying over your steaks and meats too.” Dio watched the display with far more appreciation for the kill than Jonathan did. He would not mind a pet so much if it were a pet such as that; grand, fastigum, and commanding in all that it did.

“I am going to hold one.” Dio decided, making his way forward. There was the mildest daunting sensation as the creature squawked and flew, but Dio held up a wriggling mouse by the tail, guiding the bird towards his arm, and letting it settle on him soundly.

“It seems they think of you as prey, and I, Dio as part of the apex, Jojo.” Dio flashed a wide smirk, giving the hawk a stroke.

Jonathan watched the bird curiously, although with some hesitation. "It is rather pretty, I suppose one might even call it majestic." Jonathan spoke as he reached out delicately, attempting to stroke the bird's head. It immediately hissed and spread its wings, glaring at Jonathan with curved beak ajar. The burnet jumped back, startled.

"Well this bird certainly seems more fond of you then me. I am amazed that it is even letting you hold them." Jonathan kept his eyes on the creature from a safe distance, who seemed to be doing the same for him. "Never thought I would see the day when an animal liked you more than me, but I suppose stranger things have happened.

Jonathan moved on to look at a display of colourful parrots, though one of which started to squawk ungodly loud when it saw him, or at least that was the impression he got. Pinching his brow and shaking his head, Jonathan sighed. "...I may need another beer."

“You obviously radiate something they hate, while I radiate nothing but power and superiority. I rule over both man and beast, of course they would prefer me.” Dio let the hawk fly off, releasing its grip from his arm in a shuffle. He clapped Jonathan on the back, the parrot immediately growing quiet and compliant when Dio approached. He was not sure really why they were calm around him, but he quite enjoyed it, especially when they treated Jonathan so poorly.

“Let us get you another beer then,” he said, voice still full of mirth. “The sea creature display shall not be far off now -- maybe fish will like you more than birds.”

Finding the entire bird room circumstance beyond strange, Jonathan left wandering towards the next pavilion, stopping to pick up a beer along the way. Dio had never been the type to attract any animals, but he supposed there was a first time for everything.

As they wandered into the ocean pavilion, Jonathan sipped his beer and draped an arm over Dio's shoulders. "Fish can't squawk so that is bound to be a plus." He resisted pressing a kiss to Dio's cheek, and moved into the exhibit, beer still in hand. He stopped to watch some colorful fish swim about the first tank they passed.

"Pretty, aren't they?"

"I suppose... though the look rather mindless." Dio stared at the gaping creatures, deciding without much deliberation that he far preferred the birds of prey to these would be servings of dinner on his plate.

A display of whales, jumping and leaping about, much like the eagles and hawks was set to commence, and the pair decided to take seats for the performance.

"Dinner and a show," Dio mused out loud, crossing his legs over themselves to watch. He had been
eager to get to a close seat, but suddenly was struck with a thought, just as it began. "This had better be a splash free zone."

Jonathan sat sipping his beer, and watching the large, impressive creatures, wondering how far they were from their home in the ocean. At Dio’s question, Jonathan lifted an eyebrow, continuing to watch the creature swim about.

“I see no reason why--” Just as he spoke, the trainer called out a command in german, and the whale’s movement caused water to splash over the rim of the tank, landing right on Jonathan an Dio, soaking them through. “--we would get wet.” He finished too late, bangs dripping over his eyes. Jonathan turned to look at Dio, flicking the hair out of his face, and bursting into good natured laughter.

“We can go home after this,” he said as he a took a sip from his beer, not realizing it was now half full of aquarium water. Making a face, he spilled it out to the side.

Drenched blinked twice, water dripping from his eyelashes, only to be met with more sopping wetness, falling from his hair and darkening his clothes with dense liquid. Mouth ajar, he was silenced, staring at little in particular, shuddering at the cold. October was not the time for taking a dip in seawater, that was for certain.

“This outfit… cost way too much to be soaked through…” Teeth clenched, Dio rose from his seat, caring not for the fact the show was continuing on, or the yells of those behind him, complaining they could not see.

“We are going, Jojo. I am not having a second round of that.” It had been fun while it lasted, but Dio would always, always hate animals that were not dead and roasted and served on his plate for dinner.

Jonathan was feeling contented with the day's escapades, and the splash had not even upset him much. He rose with Dio, putting a hand on his own to gently guide him through the crowd (though tipsiness made this maneuver quite clumsy). It was also an excuse to touch him, and he would never miss a chance to do that in public. Such opportunities did not always easily arise.

"It is getting chilly and I don't want you to catch cold." Jonathan said with a nod. "Let's take a coach back, but you direct them. With my accent they will wind up going in circles!" He flagged down one of the horses and carriages, allowing Dio to do the talking. Once they were cuddled up inside, he began to press kisses to the damp top of Dio's head.

"When we get back to our rooms, we can do whatever you like."

“What I would like is to order up some freshly sliced and carved fish for dinner tonight, and see if the hotel can do anything about salvaging my clothes.” Dio sighed heavily, he had gotten this as a limited edition offer all the way back in Paris. There would be no chance of finding the attire again by now; what a waste.

Without towels and or anything to dry themselves off -- even Dio’s handkerchief had gotten itself wet in the process, the rush of shock wore off, and Dio found himself shivering by the time they entered the coach, hands wrapping around himself in a failed attempt to keep warm. It was nothing near as extreme as the hunter’s shed, but right now it was certainly no picnic.

“H-H-How far?” Dio asked to nobody in particular, knowing they still had a good forty minutes to go. “If I catch hypothermia, again, Jojo, I am blaming you entirely.”

"Dio there is no need to be dramatic! As soon as we are back inside I will have you warmed up in no
time at all." He leaned in and draped two arms about Dio, though they were also covered in wet cloth. Hands moved to his hips and Jonathan grinned broadly. "You will be toasty warm beneath the sheets and my body, I can promise you that!" He laughed heartily, and even let his fingers start to creep beneath Dio's waistband, although they were too clumsy to get very far.

The hotel was not a far trip away, and the two strolled through the lobby and to the elevator, Jonathan grinning as much as Dio was pouting. As soon as they were back in the room, Jonathan haphazardly began to strip the damp clothing off.

"Do you still feel cold, my love?" Completely naked, Jonathan began to tug on Dio's own clothes, planning to discard of them as carelessly as he had his own. "Because there is something right between my legs that might warm you up!"

Normally incredibly receptive to any gesture Jonathan had to offer with regards to his cock, with the way he was feeling, his body always receptive to the slightest changes of temperature, this was not time for Jonathan's brand of warming up; there was minor fear his ass had gotten frostbite, it felt numb and there was certainly a loss of circulation.

"J-Jojo… unless you happen to have a warm bath for a cock you are not what I need right now. R-R-Run it for me already, you dolt, I am freezing here." How Jonathan was remotely fine was beyond Dio, but he had always been a sauna of a man, his body so hot it made cuddling in the summer a nightmare at times. Though in winter he was the perfect, hot water bottle.

Dio kicked off his shoe, the suede dark and wet as everything else, his socks heavy and if he squeezed, water dripped from them. His toes, pale in colour were practically blue. Or at least even whiter than normal. Grabbing the fluffiest robe he could find, once Dio was stripped that immediately fell on his body, and he tucked himself tightly under the newly made, snuggling up to the pillow.

"I am waiting."

"Fine, fine, I'll run the hot water," Jonathan spoke with an exasperated sigh. He was cold himself, but in much better spirits than Dio. All he wanted was for his cock to be inside his prickly lover and without delay. Still, like a good knight, he ran the bath, leaving the faucet run as he stepped back out to Dio, mindlessly reaching into the mini bar for one of the beer bottles that had been provided. He was finding the German brews enjoyable.

"The water will be ready shortly," he spoke as he opened the bottle and took a long swig. "But I think I have an idea to keep you warm in the meantime." The bottle was set aside, and Jonathan pounced on Dio, prying the robe from his shoulders and replacing the fabric with kisses. His lips traveled over his spine and down to his rear, where he stopped abruptly, placing a hand over each ass cheek, rubbing them lightly.

"Dio, how did your skin get to be so cold?! Are you certain you are a human?"

"I have always been attentive to the changes of weather, perhaps my body is simply more attuned than yours to the sensitivities of life." Saying that, however, Dio would far prefer to tan bronze than to pink and burn in the sun, and turn blue in the cold winters like Jonathan did. It would have saved him many cold night in youth, and frankly even in his richer years.
“Or perhaps I am a just a cold blooded reptilian, waiting for my moment to strike. You choose.”

“I had best not been courting a reptile all this time. I never did care for scales.” Jonathan’s lips reached Dio’s rear, and began to press over each cheek. “But you do warm up, eventually.” Jonathan’s hot, wet tongue slid between the crack, probing downwards until it hit the puckered hole.

“I want you so badly, Dio,” Jonathan murmured after pressing his tongue in and teasing him lightly. “Even if you are cold, I bet this will warm you up quickly enough.” Tongue was replaced by fingers, and he began to probe him, wanting to work him up hastily, so his hard and throbbing cock could be pressed inside.

“Mmm, are you ready for me, Dio?” he asked, rubbing his member between the cheeks, grinding his hips against Dio’s own. He was barely able to contain himself.

“It does not look like I have much choice in the matter one way or the other,” Dio chuckled, still cold but suddenly feeling a whole lot warmer. Of course Jonathan would stop if it were truly Dio’s demand, but when he got like this there was little stopping his vigour and desire; not that Dio at all minded being the reason Jonathan felt so enlivened at all. He did love to be admired, of that there was no doubt.

The moment he granted Jonathan a semblance of a yes, his cold, rear was invaded with his throbbing cock. As he moaned out loud, letting himself open, sprawled on the bed, Dio had to admit this was one rather proficient way of doing it.

He let Jonathan take the helm, only reaching an arm round so his body would press closer to his, chest against back and rub with every grinding movement, the friction just the heat he needed to thaw.

Pressing into Dio felt like pressing into heaven, and in the thick walls of the hotel, it was safe for Jonathan to cry out in pleasure. He thrusted hard, fast, and deep within Dio, in his tipsiness not considering his stamina and holding out until Dio’s pale prick spat out its own seed. So it was not long before Jonathan came, filling Dio’s hole to the brim with his spend, and collapsing atop the blond with sleepy hooded eyes.

“You see, you feel much warmer now!” Jonathan chuckled, letting his face press against Dio’s pale, cool back. “You really are gorgeous, you know that? Even if you are a bit cold at times.” With his cheek nuzzling to his skin, it was hard to tell if he meant literally, figuratively, or both.

After a few moments of lazy bliss, Jonathan suddenly shot off Dio and darted in the bathroom. A series of curses that did not ordinarily leave the brunet’s lips were heard. “I let the bath overflow! Damn it, we are going to need more towels!”

Dio rolled his eyes, then rolled his body over, sitting up and feeling the seed leak out from his rear as Jonathan darted into the bathroom, too wrapped up in his own pleasure to remember to shut it off. He returned his robe back onto his body as he upped from the bed, the lack of Jonathan warmth once again sending him to a frozen state.

Stepping and wading through the wetted tiles of the floor, Dio stood at the overflowing tub, staring for a moment before sticking his hand in and unplugging the drain. Normally he would have yelled, complained at Jonathan for being so absent minded, but feeling the steamy heat of the bathroom was sending him into some sort of lulled trance.

Once it had fallen to a manageable height, he removed his robe, letting it rest on a hanger, and without thought to the mess in the slightest, stepped into the bath, sighing with gratified relief as the
heat circled round his body. He slipped down, letting his shoulders and chin soak, smile growing on
his face, eyes closing.

“Go and get the towels then, Jojo. I, however, am going to enjoy my bath.”

Jonathan’s face flushed red as he watched Dio sink into the tub. He knew better than to expect
anything more from Dio at the moment. Cleaning up was going to be up to him in its entirety.

Jonathan collected every towel he could and used it to soak up the water on the floor. He then pulled
on enough clothing to look reasonable in the hallway of the hotel, slinking out to fetch a pile of
towels to finish drying the floor with. He was still tipsy and red faced as he worked, sloshing up all
the water and kicked the wet towels into a corner, to be retrieved by a member of staff later. Once he
was done, he grinned and plopped down into the tub across from Dio, without an ounce of regard for
the laws of space displacement. Soon enough, the floor was absolutely soaked once again.

“Oops,” Jonathan murmured, and shifted in the tub so that he could sink down further, not caring
about the new mess.

“How productive.” Dio said with a sigh, scooting over to accommodate the new mass that filled the
tub. “You didn’t have to do any of that, Jojo; with a simple ring of the fancy telephone we could call
a maid up and she would have done the job far better than you ever could. We are rich, remember --
we do not have to clean.” Maybe he had trained Jonathan a little too well back at their cottage abode
and the times they had spent together in his bedroom, he thought himself a servant now. Or perhaps
he was just drunk.

Dio closed his eyes again, letting himself settle on Jonathan’s lap, the waves and ripples washing
over him, letting him forget he was ever cold and wet in the first place. Moments like this he found
value in now, he could admit that. He needed moments like this.

He had been thinking, quite a lot. About things he buried down long ago and refused to recollect.
But that book, like a phantom haunted him and made his mind travel back to boyhood, to London,
even when he was in a country far away across the sea. He couldn’t talk to Jonathan about it, or
perhaps he just wouldn’t. It was his fault, anyway.

Stop it Dio, he said to himself, shaking off the thoughts with a physical shrug, leaning further into
Jonathan. He didn’t want to think about anything right now. Irrelevant memories were not going to
ruin his day.

Jonathan on the other hand was feeling quite relaxed, leaning back into the tub and smiling, his arms
draped about Dio’s shoulders and pulling him in tightly.

“Dio my love, you are the greatest thing that has ever happened to me,” Jonathan whispered as he
pressed a trail of kisses over his shoulder and up his neck. “You are beautiful, and intelligent, and
you have a marvelous ass!” He broke into a series of tipsy chuckles and reached down to squeeze
Dio’s bottom tightly.

“There is nothing I want in this world more than being your loyal knight, for all the rest of my days.”
Jonathan scooted down further in the tub, sloshing out even more water onto the already wet floor.

Normally, Dio would have accepted Jonathan’s sappy affection with a smile on his face, or, more
realistically, a pinch to his nose and scoff. But in the state he was in now, no matter how hard he
tried he could not get his mother from his mind, a haunting, beautiful curse he did not want to see.

‘I will always be with you, Dio.’ She had said that, once, something similar. She would protect him,
love him, cherish and care for him for the rest of her days. And Dio, like the naive fool of a child he was thought in all the adversity there was, she would be there.

‘I will always be with you, Dio.’

She lied.

Dio sat up straight, moving splitting their forms apart some centimetres. The cold around his shoulders made him huddle his arms, wrap them around his chest, and he hunched.

“Forever is a long time, Jojo. Want all you wish, but you have no idea what could happen.”

Feeling Dio pull away, Jonathan whimpered, his skin left feeling cold in the wake of no longer having the other man against him. Reaching forward, Jonathan snaked his arms back around him, not willing to take no for an answer.

"I will be here with you Dio. Unless you tell me not to be, or murder me. Otherwise, I will always be by your side, like it or not. " Jonathan kissed the top of Dio's head and gave him a squeeze.

Dio hummed, mildly melancholy. It was a nice thought, a decent sentiment, he may have even enjoyed the notion of it. But sentiment could only go so far.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 10

Cold, it was cold and Dio stood shuddering in the damp London streets. At least it looked like London. It seemed even more dank than usual, the buildings taller, the stench more potent. People surrounded him, blank faces, phantom faces. Some appeared every so often that held features -- maniacal smiles with teeth so white they blinded him. Eyes of crescent moons turned into more dark grins and the figures reached for him. Dio didn’t like that, not one bit, he shuffled away, tried to run, but his feet was so slow, so heavy. It was cold, so cold, and he was bare. He only just noticed, his body, small and frail had nothing to cover him.

The people turned, and suddenly they all had those faces, they whispered words to Dio, sweet, horrible nothings as their hands latched onto him, forcing his legs open, pinning his arms to the frozen floor, pushing themselves onto him.

No, no, stop! Stop!!!

Dio woke up drenched in cold sweat, chest heaving up a storm, eyes wide and shaken. Where was he?!

The hotel, still in Germany. Good. It was Christmas now, there abouts, December was here, and with that came the obligatory lights, pines and seasonal trimmings. Even their room had been decorated with a red, green and blue theme, a small tree placed with tinsel and baubles.

Dio didn’t scream in his nightmare this time, that was good. He was doing it less, which meant Jonathan stayed asleep. He still had them, most nights, but he could deal with them alone, which he far preferred.

With careful movements -- though Jonathan slept like a log -- he upped from his seat and went to the balcony, whipping on a warm robe, and pushing on some easy slippers. The first droplets of snow were beginning to fall, sticking to the ground. The forecast was looking to this for a while now, Jojo would be excited. For Dio, snow was an inconvenience, the beauty of it quickly wore off. It just meant freezing nights while Dario hogged the firewood and require even more beer to keep his fat belly warm.

A bottle of scotch was first on the agenda, and Dio drank a good third of it in a very short amount of time, settling himself on an armchair. Routine took him to staring at the picture of his mother, though all it did was make him feel worse and make him drink more. He stared at Jonathan, in the midst of peaceful slumber, blissfully unaware. Dio himself had no intention of going back to bed tonight. Once the bottle’s contents was near empty, he took to continuing his current book, legs crossed over themselves.

Just like everyday for the past three weeks.

Even if Jonathan was not waking with him at night, during the day Dio’s fatigue was evident, as was a certain listlessness about him, that no amount of praise and pampering would ever take care of, nor lavish gifts. Dio’s birthday had come and gone, and for it Jonathan had commissioned a portrait to be painted of the two of them, together, to be hung over the mantle of the Joestar manor upon their return. The commission was being done bit by bit over their stay in Germany, but even such a lavish sign of prosperity was not enough to bring Dio out of his spell.

Christmas did not seem to be doing the trick either. It was their first Christmas without Lord Joestar, as well as their first Christmas season away from home. As they traveled through the shops and busy
streets, Jonathan tried to wrap his brain around Dio's melancholy, and what he could do to improve it.

"I purchased presents for the Floris children, some of which can be sent to them, and some of which I will save for an opportunity to see them in person." He poked Dio's side playfully. "I have also picked up a few things here and there for you, too." He stopped as he felt a few snowflakes touching the top of his head, and pulled Dio under a market awning. "Look, it is starting to snow. Dio...

Jonathan looked down at him, chewing on his lip to keep the words he wanted to say from spilling out.

There was a diamond in Jonathan's pocket, and how he longed to place it on Dio's finger, but he knew this was neither the time nor place.

“It was snowing this morning,” Dio said dryly in return, not much energy to summon of any other accord. He tended not to need much sleep, but staying up for extended periods with highly active and exploratory days to follow were not exactly something coffee could get him through alone. There were bags under his eyes each morning as he stood himself in front of the mirror putting his face on. He dabbed newly bought foundation, covering the ugly, telling signs. His hands had gotten clumsier too, shakier, but a drink solved that quickly enough.

But he could pretend everything was fine. Everything was fine, there was no pretense about it. What were a few more nightmares than usual, Dio had dealt with worse. Dotting a snowflake off Jonathan’s nose he granted him a quick wink before the smell of mulled wine and mince pies fresh and hot caught his nose.

Dio purchased two of each, giving Jonathan the food, and taking the beverages for himself upon return, where an equal split would have been far more expected.

“I know how much you like them,” he said as some sort of excuse, sipping on the first glass.

Jonathan’s hand dipped into his pocket, playing around with the expensive hidden ring inside it. It would have been so easy to put it out and declare his intentions, though going down on his knees may have been a challenge considering all the people around them. But even if they had been completely alone, something did not seem right.

Dio looked incredibly tired, and there was that small fear in the back of his mind of Dio actually saying no. This was not the time, everything had to be perfect first. Too nervous to eat more than a nibble, Jonathan reached over and squeezed Dio's hand lightly.

"You've been drinking an awful lot lately…” He tried to say it casually, without creating an issue. "Do you miss home much? Because if you did, we could consider leaving before spring.” He did his best to keep his voice light, more trying to get to the bottom of Dio's melancholy than anything else.

Dio gave him a look, brow arched high as if Jonathan had asked if one could fly to the moon. Impossible. “While I do enjoy the comforts of home I do not miss them. Why would I? I know our estate like the back of my hand, here, everything is so vast, I am able to create connections and travel and do as I please. Why would I be homesick for that?” He scoffed, rolling his eyes and taking another sip of his wine -- the comment about his amountage was ignored. He was not in the mood to debate over that, not now.

“We will be returning home shortly, most of the trip has been done, and I have every intention of seeing it through till the end, with or without you.” Dio did not know why he felt so frustrated all of a sudden, mad at Jonathan for his concerns. He did not need his concerns.
Dispelling that away with a swig, he trudged forward. “Let us move on, you wanted to look for those books, didn’t you?”

Jonathan suddenly looked like a kicked puppy, and stood to continue on his way, nibbling on the pie as he did so. He did not wish to react hastily, Dio never liked that. But when he said with or without him… had Jonathan been too overbearing? He didn't think so. They had spent an entire summer together in close quarters with less travel, and Dio had seemed happier there.

But if it wasn't homesickness, what was it?

"Dio…" Jonathan began as he walked. "Do you know, if you need me to pull back, give you more space to work on whatever pleases you, just say the word. You seem so unhappy and tired."

Dio’s eyes flickered to Jonathan, and narrowed before returning to the streets ahead. “Duly noted, Jojo, but trust me, if and when I do not want you around that information shall be made very clear to you.” He finished off the second cup of wine, tossing it in the nearest bin before shoving his hands into his new winter coat pockets.

The snow had begun to increase in strength, before they had even stepped out a layer coated the ground, but now, even with the hustle and bustle of citizens and tourists alike the white sheets were growing all the thicker, fresh flakes spinning and dancing in the air, sending chills each time they touched at Dio’s exposed blond head. He should have brought a hat, really, but nothing fit the attire, and the snow had died down when they left the hotel.

Still, less than snow, Dio’s mind was far more set on Jonathan’s words. Upset and tired, he’d said -- and here Dio was thinking he had done a good job of hiding it. Not that there was anything to hide, of course, he was fine, he was dandy, and everything was sound. He would just need to step up his game a little, so Jonathan would stop harping at him every second.

And so they continued, Dio making attempts at more jovial conversation along the path, the precipitation overhead not quite a snowstorm, but enough for ladies to pull up their umbrellas, and children take to throwing snowballs and making angels and men from the blankets -- Dio barely missing one in the crossfires.

Dio grabbed Jonathan by the wrist, leading them off quickly through the winding streets of the market, dodged and picking up pace into a run, forcing out a laugh from exertion upon slipping into an alley on the other side.

He kissed him, then, in the privacy of that moment, letting his gloved fingers trace across Jonathan’s face, his cheeks, closing his eyes to allow himself to feel it all. Mary’s earring glistened in his ear as he felt Jonathan push a fray piece of hair from his face returning the gesture.

Their affection was marked with the sound of a chorus, a glorious melody faded by present ran past Dio’s ears. “Was the kiss truly so marvelous, or am I hearing angelic song?” he said in jest, turning his head to identify the location of the noise. Quickly it was discovered, in the form of a large Cathedral with all the architectural beauty one would expect from the german craft, with strong walls and high steeples, stain glass windows reflecting light and shining, near holy.

If Dio had been paying attention, he would have noticed that Jonathan’s hand was more concerned with the contents of his pocket as he stood, than with the mince pie he was leaving behind, only half eaten. He was so afraid that the ring in his pocket would slip away from him, that he continued through the streets, barely taking any note of the snow.

Suddenly, Dio had pulled him into an alley and was kissing him, and all was right in the world. The
hand that had been buried in his pocket was lifted to brush the snowflakes from the top of Dio’s head. The sounds of the church choir drifted over his ears, making for a heavenly back drop as he enjoyed the lips of his blond angel.

“It is cold.” Jonathan said as he nuzzled his face to Dio’s, giving him a couple of kisses to his chilly cheeks and forehead. “Perhaps we should step inside that church, I am sure it is as much a sight to be hold on the inside as it is on the outside.” A gloved hand reached to take Dio’s into his own. “Though it would be most improper to continue our affections within such a holy place.” He chuckled and stole another kiss. “We might burst into hellfire upon stepping inside.”

Dio shone a grin back at Jonathan, licking his lips before flickering back to the cathedral. "It is safe to say I have never done it in a church before, but there is a first time for everything. As for hellfire, well...” Dio lowered his head in faux prayer. "Forgive us, Father, for we are about to sin. There! That should cover us, aren't we lucky the Lord is such a forgiving being?” Dio kissed Jonathan again, their bodies grinding against each other, the warmth of friction welcome in this cold.

There was a small part of him that wondered if he was at all in the mood for it, as of recent days he had felt a severe drop in his levels of virility, but he was certain the spurs of lust and desire would rear their heads once Jonathan's hand slipped from his own into his underpants and started stroking him up with a masterful technique. How could he possibly resist?

So with a belt of laughter to help himself along, the pair made the sly way into the church.

The building was more or less empty, except for the choir who seemed to be practicing for the Sunday service, and a couple of people praying and doing what people who visit church during the week did. With quiet but impatient movements Dio and Jonathan slipped in, looking for the nearest place to… worship in private.

With the cold, the feel of Dio's body against his own was warm and inviting, even if he was inwardly shocked at such a bold and risky idea. “Forgiving though he may be, the idea is still utterly blasphemous.”

And yet something about that fact only made it all the more attractive. Jonathan’s gloved hands closed about Dio’s fingers and began to move towards the entrance to the large cathedral. It being so close to Christmas, the church was buzzing with people wishing to celebrate the days leading up to the grand holiday. No one noticed as the two crept in through the large doors, and moved into one of the darker corners at the foot of a spiral stairwell. Jonathan kissed him in shadow, feeling invigorated by the crime that they were committing with nothing more than their love for each other.

“You truly are my angel, Dio.” Jonathan whispered into his ear as he removed his gloves. His hands began to slip down beneath Dio’s coat, and into the back waistband of his trousers.

Dio didn’t know what was wrong with him, the touches were the same, Jonathan was the same, and the risqué, blasphemous element should have been sending him into the throes of arousal before Jonathan’s hands even began lifting him up, but Dio was still stood as limp as he ever could be.

He shook it off, kissing Jonathan again. He just needed a little more friction, maybe the cold was affecting him like it always did; rubbing against Jonathan would help warm him up fast he was sure, and so he did, leaving long sucks and nips against the brunet’s body, unbuttoning the front of his lower clothes and taking out Jojo’s thick member, already stiff to the touch, and began to stroke it.

When Dio felt little in his own, even at that, he took it out too, masturbating it against Jonathan’s prompting himself up with words, telling himself to “come on, come on, let’s do this, I want to do this...” Please.
It still wasn’t working, not even that. Dio stared down at himself, the comparison of their cocks blatant as day. He was wordless, fearing to look up at Jonathan at all. This had never happened to him, never, not when he wanted it for himself. And Dio had no idea what to do.

Dio did not usually lack desire, and so Jonathan could only imagine that the problem lay within himself. “Dearest, I am so sorry...perhaps this idea is too wicked for us after all.” Jonathan withdrew his hand, and pressed a kiss to Dio’s forehead.

“It is all right, when the snow lightens we can return to our lodgings and try again.” A finger lightly curled a piece of Dio’s blond hair about his finger, listening to the soft voices drifting about them. Arms slipped about Dio’s waist, pulling him up against him in the shadows of the stairwell.

“We don’t even need to try again. It isn’t important to me, all that matters is that you are with me. And happy.” But with each passing day, it was becoming more and more evident that Dio was anything but happy. Jonathan needed to get to the bottom of why.

Dio’s throat felt dry, clammed, like he was struggling to breathe and the whole world was flooding above him. It was nothing, really, but if Dio was anything he was virile and always in the mood for such things; Jonathan would surely know something wasn’t right.

Of course everything was fine, so that past thought was null and void. Frowning, Dio pulled himself away, out of Jonathan’s grasp, suddenly very aware of his body and its functions -- or lack thereof as the case currently stood.

“I…” Quick worded responses were suddenly lost, Dio broken on what it was he wanted to say, nothing coming to excuse or mind in any fast way. “It… doesn’t matter. This was a silly idea at any rate. This place… place… is freezing, and dull. Why would you even want to do anything here.” Confusion, stress and fear turned into a snap and Dio tucked himself back in, turning on his heel to the frigid outdoors. Jonathan followed, but he just wanted to be left alone, now, he didn’t want him here.

“Jojo, if you keep on loitering around me like some lost present I will not be able to get you a present,” Dio said, a decent enough reason for them to separate. “Go and do something else. I will meet you back at the hotel. Later.” The time was left open ended, for not even Dio knew how long he would need alone.

“I…” Jonathan could say little in response to that. It was the season, and Dio of course would need to shop on his own. But just moments before the blond had been daring, playful, and amorous, and now suddenly he was running away. “If that is what you wish, I just-”

Jonathan reached out and grabbed Dio by the wrist, staring deeply into his eyes, trying to read into Dio’s own amber ones. But it was all in vain, Dio would yield nothing right now, and he knew it. So instead he let go, and did his best impression of someone satisfied with the excuse.

“I suppose I could use the time to do some shopping for you as well. But make sure you stay warm, all right?” Jonathan took a scarf from around his own neck and wrapped it about Dio’s. “I will see you soon.” Jonathan watched Dio disappear into the crowd, and then stepped back into the church. This time, he went inside, taking a seat in one of the pews to the back, and slumping to listen to the music. He stared back at the broad, painted ceiling and found himself praying that Dio was well, and loved him still.

Dio said nothing to Jonathan upon his departure, simply left into the cold of the streets, snow still in full bloom but somehow that was nothing, barely even noticed his hair growing white in colour, covered flakes, his feet trudging through already growing piles.
Nothing was wrong, and yet it was getting far more difficult for Dio to keep convincing himself that was true, convincing anyone, really. It should have only affected him in the moment, but it was dragging down his everyday experiences, getting him too worked up to even fuck, one of his more carnal and favourite past times. Dio in angry flourish kicked in front of him, the reaction an outcry from a man who now had himself an ass full of snow. He turned back at Dio angrily, who only swore at him in crass German, then English, not keeping up any slim pretense.

The man spat before turning around and walking away, and Dio should coward in return. Part of him wanted the man to approach, start a fight, give Dio reason to punch him down and pummel him into nothing on the road. Not that violent urges were at all something new to the blond, but he had not felt this strong compulsion to lash out at anything, deserved or otherwise, since his childhood.

He quickly told himself not to slip down that route again, and continued onward through the stalls.

It was a tourist area, nothing substantial could be found as a gift, but Dio did end up getting Jonathan a few novelties. A large gingerbread man wrapped up in pretty packaging and laden with icing; a snow globe with some world landmarks within them -- he chose the pyramids of Egypt, though he was rather sure it would not be snowing somewhere so hot; and a new bowtie, always could use one.

Not feeling like going back to the hotel, and deciding eventually it was far too chilly to remain outdoors, Dio slipped his way into a bar, rather easy to find, and did not exit for many hours later.

The prayers did little to soothe Jonathan's worries once he arrived back at the hotel room, and they only grew as the hours passed without any sign of Dio. Jonathan did his best to keep busy, organizing his notes, writing some letters to Matthew and other school friends, and reading some book. But none of it was enough to drown out what really troubled him.

Dio in the course of their travels had seemed to grow more and more sour, looking to drink more than ever before. And that was saying something, considering that Dio had always fallen back on alcohol, far more than Jonathan ever cared for. The true mystery of it all was why now? They were supposed to be having the time of their lives, a honeymoon of sorts, everything they had been planning since that fateful night in the snow. Yet with each passing day, Dio seemed to be growing further and further apart from him, and Jonathan had to wonder what he had done for this to happen.

There was no sleeping that night, not while Dio was still out, only restless dosing as Jonathan read the same page in a book over and over again. When he finally did step in through the door, so late that it was early, Jonathan jolted awake and staggered to the door to help him with his coat.

"You were gone for so long, I was worried." He could smell the alcohol on his breath and with a deep sigh reached for Dio's hand. "Please, Dio… let me help you. Tell me what is wrong."

“Always, always, always something has to be wrong with you, doesn’t it, Jojo?” Dio slurred with a bitter roll of his eyes, starting to quickly pull away from Jonathan and strip off his clothes, not caring for tidiness. The snow had died down to barely a drizzle by the early morning, and a toasty fire kept their hotel room warm, and soon Dio was in nothing but his underwear, slumping onto the bed in an ungraceful flop.

“Nothing’s wrong, nothing’s wrong, I just wanted to go out to the bar so I went out to the bar, dunno why that makes you presume I need some sort of help.” He wrapped himself up in the covers, hogging the entirety of the blanket, caring little if Jonathan wanted to share or not. He did not feel in the mood for talking, in fact, he would have stayed at the bar for longer but he was booted out for something or other he couldn’t remember anymore. Attempting to start a fight, perhaps? It was likely deserved, but nevertheless.
“You didn’t have to stay up for me, you aren’t my mother.”

“But I’m your family, Dio. I love you all the same.” Jonathan sat on the edge of the bed and overlooked the lump of blanket that was Dio. He reached out and smoothed a hand over his leg, frowning and wondering how much the blond had consumed that night. He wondered how much, he consumed every night when Jonathan wasn’t looking.

“You need to realise, Dio, you aren’t alone anymore. We are a unit, a pair, a marriage. That is what this trip is supposed to be celebrating, isn’t it?” Lightly, Jonathan squeezed Dio’s calf through the blanket.

“You’re here and you’re safe, that is all that matters.”

“Your pain is my pain too. Let me share the burden.”

“We are not married, Jojo, and my so called pain is very content in being my own. Why should I share, why should I talk about what’s wrong?! What good will it do?!” Dio shouted far too loudly, grunting loud and throwing himself back down on the pillow from where he had taken to sitting up to stare and glare at Jonathan.

“I just want to sleep, stop asking me every second, it only makes it worse!” His words came out muffled from underneath the sheets, strained and hurt.

“If you cannot figure out what’s wrong you are a dolt. And if you can just shut up about it.”

Jonathan felt Dio’s words pierce him like a knife, not for the first time. But by now, he had managed to harden himself to it. It still hurt, but he knew better than to prod an angry tiger. So instead he curled up in the bed beside Dio, and slowly snaked his arms around his form.

“I love you,” he whispered, pressing kisses to the top of Dio’s head. “I love you no matter what you say or do, don’t you realise that?” His words and actions would most likely be met with anger, but he did not care. He closed his eyes, trying to block out the pain and agony of the last few hours of waiting.

“You’re here and you’re safe, that is all that matters.”

“Yes, yes, I have heard it all a thousand times before.” Dio attempted to wriggle out of the hold, but gave up in a grunt of displeasure. Despite everything, Jonathan was warm and cosy and he had grown used to the embraces. If he was silent, he could deal with him, but Jonathan never learned to keep his mouth shut.

“I just want to sleep. The day has been long.” They had planned to go out together the next day, planned to see a daytime Christmas theatre production, but Dio was feeling anything but eager. “You can go to the show tomorrow alone. I’m not going.” Emphasising, he repeated. “Go alone.”

Jonathan’s arms tightened around Dio, pulling him up against his chest. “If you need to sleep, just sleep.” He spoke with a few more light kisses to Dio’s brow. "Maybe once you've rested you'll have a change of heart.”

But there was no change of heart when morning came, and Jonathan found himself walking the cold German streets alone to the theater. Christmas Day felt no warmer. Oh, there were pleasantries and gifts exchanged, but something was strained inside Dio, and he was no closer to finding out what or why than he was to discovering how to raise the dead.

When they set off to Italy not long after the new year, Jonathan's eyes had dark circles under them, and he dozed on the train, catching up on missed sleep. Italy would be the highlight of his trip when it came to archeology, and he would have the opportunity to work on some important sites. But right
now, he was concerned about what Dio would do when he was left to his own devices, Jonathan more distracted than ever.
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 11

This trip was becoming less and less worthwhile by the second, but for reasons he was not even sure of anymore, Dio was determined to see it through until the end. Perhaps it was just to prove that he could, that he had the strength in him to push past the blocks and carry on like the world was dandy and normal and perfect as it so clearly wasn’t. He didn’t think he was fooling Jonathan any longer, he didn’t have the strength to half the time, but that would not stop him from saying all was well and fine, shutting the man down whenever he asked over Dio’s wellbeing. But then talking wasn’t going to help him, talking wouldn’t change anything.

He stepped off the transport into Italian soil, the cool wind blowing. Routine followed, and the pair found their hotel, but for the first time, they did not christen it with a healthy round of sex. They hadn’t done much of anything since the incident at the cathedral -- Dio had managed to get it up on Christmas, but did not bother to try much else and it was one of the least gratifying orgasms he ever experienced. He was in no mood to try again after that, and it did not seem like Jonathan was in the mood to try when Dio was like this either.

Dio slumped onto his chosen bed, resting his head after the long trip. “When is that meeting with the archaeologist meant to take place?” he asked Jonathan, less out of interest, and more to wonder when he would be leaving him alone.

Jonathan put a few things from his suitcase into the drawer, moving mechanically along. He didn’t feel as lively as he had at the beginning of the trip, they did not christen it with a healthy round of sex. They hadn’t done much of anything since the incident at the cathedral -- Dio had managed to get it up on Christmas, but did not bother to try much else and it was one of the least gratifying orgasms he ever experienced. He was in no mood to try again after that, and it did not seem like Jonathan was in the mood to try when Dio was like this either.

“I’m not leaving,” Jonathan spoke as he turned to face Dio. “I’m not leaving this room without knowing what in the hell is going on, Dio.” The short space between them was closed, and Jonathan grabbed the other man by the hands. He was not about to let him get away.

“I can’t do this anymore. Dio, you smell of alcohol all the time, you avoid me, you don’t even take solace in my body as you used to.” Thumbs ran over Dio’s knuckles, Jonathan’s eyes more than desperate as they stared into Dio’s. “If I am a dolt, so be it, but I am a dolt who loves you…and I feel as if you are slipping away from me!” He clenched Dio’s hands tightly. “Tell me what to do. Tell me, Dio. I want to save you… and save us.”

“And therein lies your problem.” Dio did not bother to try and pry himself out of Jonathan’s too tight grasp, “You try so hard to save, to be a hero, where there is no need or want for one. I do not require rescuing, Jojo, I do not need to be saved by you, nor anyone else. I am fine, as I have said a thousand times plus.” To be told he would not go because of Dio was jarring, he did not like the way it sounded. But then there were plenty of things he did not like hearing.

Yes, Dio knew he was drinking. Drinking too much. He wasn’t blind to it, he just…it made him feel… better. And worse, sometimes, but then he didn’t remember the next day and that was always for the best. He couldn’t stop it, so he might as well have taken the benefits of it. But he could stop Jonathan from making this mistake.

“No, Dio. I want to save you… and save us.”
going to thrive in the archaeological field. Do not dare use me as an excuse to hinder yourself, no matter what.”

“I don’t care about the damned apprenticeship!” Jonathan snapped, hands traveling to Dio’s shoulders and shaking him. Truth be told, he did care. A month of solid work here in Italy, a place rich in history and artifacts, would be exactly what Jonathan’s career needed. It would make his name known, and give him opportunities to expand his experience. But none of that seemed to matter now.

“Dio, damn it, do you know what I’ve been through these last few weeks?! I had done it!” He reached into his pocket, and pulled out the ring, gold, with a brilliant oval cut diamond in the center, flanked by two rubies. “I had bought the ring. Oh, I’ve imagined it for quite some time, but it was only in Paris that I found it.” He pressed it into Dio’s hand. “I kept waiting and waiting. I wanted to fall on one knee and ask you to be my husband, be the one I spend the rest of my life with, just as we have been speaking of and planning, for so, so long!” Jonathan’s fingers closed around the silk fabric of Dio’s shirt sleeves, and his eyes grew glassy.

“But it seemed that whenever I wanted to ask, you would turn away. You’d disappear and drink and crawl into bed late stinking of liquor. And you won’t even fuck me anymore!” Jonathan’s voice cracked on the last words, and he blinked his eyes several times, holding back tears.

“I want to share my life with you, Dio, and we were so happy for a time. What went wrong?” Dio stared at the ring with wide eyes and a soft drop of his jaw, and for a moment his heart was fluttering higher than it had been in a long time. It was beautiful, in shape and colour and cut, the diamond they had discussed shining bright among the other gemstones. It shone like Mary's earrings in his ear.

But it wasn’t the time for marriage proposals and fancy wedding rings. Not at all.

Dio’s voice grew colder, distant. “Nothing is wrong, Jojo. Everything is fine. If you think the world is ending because we are not fucking three times a day then you need rearrange your thought process on the matter, and get your priorities in order.” He turned away from the ring, the flash of light near blinding. He didn’t want to see it right now, not like this.

“Go to the apprenticeship meeting. I don’t care if you don’t care, you are going and that is final. You will thank me for it, and resent me if I let you stay.”

“Believe it or not, the sex isn’t what I miss. It is you, Dio.” His hands closed desperately around Dio’s own, clutching them tightly, speaking quickly, as if he had little time to express himself. “Many relationships can’t consummate physically… I have heard of men whose wives might die should they have a child, and they are still capable of love and affection. And if that was truly all it were, I would give it up gladly.”

Jonathan pressed his forehead to Dio’s own. “I know it’s more than that. And I know you loved me once. Please, Dio… love me again. I’d do anything to bring us back to how we were. Anything.”

With that, his lips crushed against Dio’s, kissing him desperately.

Dio did not accept nor reject the kiss, simply let Jonathan’s lips fall on his own in a push, wet and sad and pining. He should have felt the spur to respond, but he didn’t, it all just felt a little… he didn’t know. When Jonathan pulled back Dio sighed, wiping his mouth. “Ah, but I am not a woman, nor can I get pregnant with a child or die because of it.”
Jonathan wasn’t going to leave this alone, not unless he acted however, and so it was not long before they were kissing again, Dio taking the lead this time, opening his mouth and allowing his tongue to fill and be filled with Jonathan, moaning and whimpering into it, body pressed against him.

But the passion was not there. Dio’s spirit did not join together with his actions. He was mechanical, but no less pleasurable -- a skill he had learned a long time ago. Within the sloppy kiss he began to fiddle with Jonathan’s breech buttons, removing them enough to pull out his cock and stroke it hard.

When the kiss stopped, Dio did not, slipping down in between Jonathan’s legs and wordlessly moving his mouth over the head, taking the thick shaft into his mouth inch by inch, pulling up to repeat the process again. He licked the underside, swallowing him once more, servicing Jonathan for a price worth many a penny, but Dio no longer sold his body, never that. Still, it did not mean he didn’t know how to make a man come with complete neglect of emotional value.

The movements may have been the same, and Jonathan should have been satisfied by them. But he knew that something was off. This was not the Dio he knew, this was not the Dio he fell in love with so quickly and so hard. Dio would often catch his eye in the midst of activities like this, watching him with passion and with pleasure. Now, he didn’t even look.

Yet he let him continue. His body was starved for affection which had been bountiful at one point. And Dio still knew exactly what to do to make him moan and make him come. It did not take Jonathan long to finish, leaving him with the faintest feeling of physical relief. Not knowing what else to do, he kissed Dio, touching his hair lightly before doing up his breeches, murmuring sweet words of his love and devotion.

“I am going to leave for that meeting now, Dio. H-have a good day. I look forward to seeing you when I am through.” A chaste kiss was pressed his his lips, and he fled the Italian hotel room, running down the stairs so far that he hit the basement level, empty and devoid of decoration and people alike. Habitually, he reached into his pocket, as he had been doing for some weeks now. But the ring was no longer there, and it had not taken its place on Dio’s finger as it should.

Feeling more helpless than he had even felt as a lonely child, Jonathan burst into tears, and allowed them to fall in the privacy of the stairwell.

Dio didn’t really do much of anything for a while after, just lay there staring at the patterns of the walls, the tasting Jonathan’s come in his mouth and feeling really rather blank of anything. He could have cried, part of him felt like it may help, but tears didn’t seem to bother reaching his ducts. He sighed, eventually cleaning out his throat with a helping of complimentary champagne, staring out at the admittedly pleasant view that stood before him outside the the balcony, if not a little grey from the weather.

He knew he had felt something other than this before; happy contentment and joy. But it was like a lifetime since then, and this was the only emotion he knew now, a sort of never ending emptiness.

Jonathan had left the ring in the room, and so Dio picked it up, gaining himself a closer look at the specimen. He kept staring until he could no more, squeezing the band in his tight fist and cursing heavily at himself, at Jojo, at all of it. He was supposed to be strong he was supposed to have overcome every adversity in his young pathetic life. He had riches and the estate and a blossoming career and Jojo. He had everything! He could have had everything. But now all he wanted to do was tear down all those wonderful walls he had built out of nothing and go on some sort of mindless rampage, throwing away all sense of dignity, falling into mania. Perhaps then he would finally start feeling something that wasn’t sadness or anger.

Dio took the picture of his mother out of his pocket and glared at it. He wanted to tear it up, all this
started when her memory, her face had been brought into reality again. Evidence showed that he had already tried to do that, multiple times, but failed to rip past the white border that surrounded the photograph. All the same, he tried again, and did not get any further, not even after downing half the contents of the champagne and having no interest in stopping soon. He could not deface her, even if she had ruined him. He couldn’t do that, he could not see her ripped and torn away from him. Not again.

Jonathan did not know for how long the tears ran down his face, but he let them come. It may have been considered unmanly by his peers, but he knew that it could be cleansing and cathartic. Still, even once he had cried his tears until his eyes were dry, he felt empty, lost, and worried, with no idea of what to do next. So he did the only thing he knew how to do, the only thing he felt truly good at and like he had success with - his archeology.

He arrived at the library where he was to meet William Antonio Zeppeli, with whom he had been corresponding since his graduation. The man greeted him with a handshake, his lips crowned by a neatly trimmed mustache, turned up into a wide smile. The suit he was wearing stood out in the quiet, dim library, and his green eyes twinkled in a friendly way that set Jonathan at ease.

“So, you are Jonathan Joestar, eh? I read your thesis, it was very well researched.” He stroked his mustache and met Jonathan’s eye. “Are you ready to get your feet wet, boy?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Then let me brief you on the site rules and research.”

For several hours, Jonathan was able to forget the rest of the world and bury himself in the world in which he had waited his entire academic career to join. By the time he arrived back in the hotel suite, he almost felt normal again. He carried a bouquet of mixed flowers, hard to come by in the winter months, and set foot carefully into the room.

“Dio?” he called out quietly.

Three champagne bottles had done little for Dio’s head, and he had not moved much from his initial position, though plenty of thought had been taken into the hours Jonathan was away.

It was likely becoming an all too familiar sight for Jonathan now, Dio slumped, drunk and generally dismal and despondent, but Dio didn’t care. He wouldn’t have to deal with that much longer. He asked him how the archaeological meeting went, and when Jonathan replied well, and he had been accepted, he nodded his head, admittedly proud of him for achieving. But it did not stop what he was going to say next.

Usually taking to unpacking luggage immediately, it still sat in his suitcase, and perhaps his clothes would never be settling down into the drawers provided. Not if this conversation was going the way he knew it would be.

“No.” Jonathan replied as he set the flowers in an expensive looking vase. “You are in not state for going anywhere, but if you are to leave this room, it will be with me.” Folding his arms over his
chest, Jonathan stared at Dio, his beloved, confusing Dio, still uncertain of what to do, but he knew that he was not going to let him go on like this.

“It is your choice. Stay here, or go out, but regardless of what you choose, I will be with you.”

“I am not a child, Jojo, I am in a more than perfect state, and my mind has been settled. You have your apprenticeship, you will do perfectly fine without me. I just need to not be with you. I am sure you are not blind enough to have noticed something, and it cannot be solved with you here.” Dio’s flight instincts were settling, his need to tear down the walls, push himself away becoming more and more prevalent. Perhaps it had all been leading to this, since the start.

He did not wish Jonathan ill, truly, but he had let himself rely on another person too greatly. Jonathan had been a rock, a crutch, a shelter. Dio had let himself grow dependent. A mistake he never should have gotten to. He stood alone. He promised himself that at the age of ten, maybe younger. He needed to remember himself, remember that the world was dark as ice, and the only way to be was to be alone.

“I am leaving. You are staying. I was going to disappear into the night but I decided to give you a final goodbye.” Dio sighed, heavy, despite his conviction his stomach churned at the thought of leaving Jonathan, leaving the man he had come to admire, adore above all others behind. But he had to do this. “You deserve that much.”

“Final… goodbye?” Jonathan froze in his tracks. Dio had as of late gotten into the habit of staying out late and making himself scarce, but he always came back. The thought that he wouldn’t return had never even occurred to Jonathan. He and Dio had overcome so much already, and this was just another bump in the road.

“There is nothing final about us. We are a pair, aren’t we? Ever since that night in the storm, isn’t that right?” Jonathan’s eyes were full of shock, and his voice broke on the last words. Yes, they had there moments where things looked bleak, but they had worked through it, even on the occasions they were apart, Jonathan knew it would never be for long.

“You’re not leaving me, Dio. You can’t. You asked me to stay with you, and I’m not going back on my word. I’m your knight, aren’t I? Aren’t I?!” The more desperate he sounded, the more he realised Dio was not jesting.

Dio remained calm in Jonathan’s panic, though he could not help but bring his stare out of those hurt, tearing blue eyes. He didn’t want to see them like that, they would only cut him all the deeper. It wounded him, those sad eyes, those needing, pleading eyes, it tore at his heart, almost made him want to turn back.

But he wouldn’t.

“I asked you to stay. Yes, I cannot deny it, I asked you because I was weak. But I refuse to be so any longer. You are dismissed, as am I. It’s… I cannot stay here, Jojo. I need to find my own path, I have leaned on you for too long. I never should have in the first place, let you become my weakness. It has turned me into…” Dio gesticulated, covering his body over with phantom hands as if that were explanation enough. “This! I cannot even look at myself, Jojo. I do not know what I am… this is not what I wanted. I don’t want… you. Not like this.”

It was getting too messy, Dio’s words were spilling out wrong, he wished for this to be clean and cut, not hurting Jonathan in any way more than he had to. Standing quickly he grabbed his suitcase, making his way toward the door.
“Don’t try to stop me,” he ordered, his voice bitter and distant as he could make it, which was admittedly now not very at all. The second he had turned out of sight from Jonathan, his tear ducts began to well. “Take it as your final order from your prince, if you will.”

Without even thinking about what he was doing, Jonathan threw his arms around Dio from behind and pulled him against him in a tight hold. He thought that he had cried out all his tears in the morning, but now he found that there were more.

“No! I won’t let you go, Dio, you aren’t weak. I am. I can’t do this without you!” Sobs were starting to break into his voice, hot wet tears falling over Dio’s shoulders. “This isn’t how this was supposed to go, this trip was supposed to mark the beginning of our lives together, not the end!” Arms clutched Dio tighter, eyes closed tight as he buried his face in Dio’s long blond hair.

“Please… I will do anything you ask. Anything. Just don’t go. Stay with me, Dio. Please stay, I’m begging you.” Fingernails began to clutch desperately into Dio’s arms, enough to leave marks.

At that, Dio’s voice found itself cracking. He could not see Jonathan, still, but he could hear and feel every inch of him, every node of despair. Tears began to streak down his pale face, and with effort he attempted to pull away, opening the door. “Stop it, Jojo. Please, just stop. Do what I ask and let me go, I can’t do this, I cannot be here.”

Jonathan had always been stronger, but Dio was nimble and could remove himself from the other’s tight grasp. He managed to do so, and sped out of the door, walking quickly down the long halls and outward further, trying to ignore Jonathan calling from behind, attempting to catch up.

Out of the lobby and hotel Dio kept himself out of Jonathan’s grasp, but still heard and saw him coming out of the corner of his eye. A bridge stood across a wide river expanse, and Dio made way to cross it. He turned, just as Jonathan made his first step onto the bridge, himself stood in the middle.

“Don’t come any closer, Jojo! Leave me alone! Let it end, let me go!”

Jonathan followed behind, aware that he might be making a scene, but he did not care. He could not accept this as goodbye, would not accept it. They had been through too much for it to be over, there was no way Dio could be serious. They loved each other, even if Dio did not always admit it, he knew it to be true.

"How could I let you go, Dio? You are the only family I have left." He took a step closer, his brown hair in disarray and his face streaked with tears. "Let me help you. Just give me one more chance, we can make it right. I know you don't want to do this."

He took another step, closing in the space between them. Holding out his hand, as if he were approaching a skittish animal, he met his eyes, his own blue ones pleading with a desperation Dio had never seen from the Joestar before.

"Stay with me, Dio."

Dio looked at Jonathan’s hand, open and welcoming. Every instinct within him told him to reach out and take it. In that same moment, he imagined his mother, her sweet smile, reaching out and doing the same.

And that was exactly why he could not.

Stepping backwards, Dio shook his head. “I can’t, Jojo.” His voice sounded unconvincing, but he was filled with resolve. “You… for all you are to me… everything you are to me… Jojo.” His tears grew larger, and now Dio could not back sobs. “You make me weak, Jojo. I am weak for you. And
I-I cannot be that… I can’t do that again. So just let me go! Let me!”

Despair turned to anger in a predictable roll of dice. If Jonathan would not take tears and pleading, he would take Dio’s venom and wrath. Wiping the tears from his eyes, the amber grew dark.

“I do not want you anymore! Can’t you understand that through your dense skull?! All you ever do is hold me back, I don’t know why I humoured you for so long, latching myself to some useless fool of a man. Family? Ha, do not make me quiver with uncontrollable laughter. You are not my family, you were just a stepping stone. And you have outlived your usefulness. So go fuck off back to your pots and pans, that is all you are good for.”

“You don’t mean this, Dio, you don’t mean any of this! I don't know why you are trying so hard to push me away, but I won't let you!” Jonathan balled his hand into a fist and rubbed his eyes, doing his best to get rid of the tears. "You don't hate me, you never did, I know that now. You just did not know what to do when someone treats you with kindness, as you lost the only person who had ever done so.”

Jonathan knew he was treading on thin ice, but he did not care. He moved forward until they were only a few paces apart, holding his head up high and looking as proud as he could manage.

"I am not your mother, Dio. I am not going to let anyone take advantage of me - including you. And I am going to keep my vow. I won't let you go. I won't!" His words were practically bark, so determined was he to meet Dio's fangs with ones of his own.

There were a few people littered about the area some scuttling off after seeing the scene on the bridge, but Dio did not register them as anything but background. At the word of his mother, he snapped further, moving forward to Jonathan, only to shove him back with a harsh push.

“You do not get to talk about her! Do not say her name, do not speak of her in any way, I told you you did not deserve it. What do you know? Nothing that you have not snooped into. Family?! What family, family does not go behind one’s back and dig up things they never were meant to know in the first place. How dare you, Jojo?! How dare you!”

Panting and heaving, Dio remembered what sat on his ears, glistening lightly. Quickly he took to removing Mary’s earring from his ear, holding it up for Jonathan to see, then speeding to the side of the bridge, threatening it above the stream below them. “Fancy trinkets, mother’s heirlooms, you didn’t even know Mary Joestar, yet you give me her things like they mean the world to you, like they mean anything! You don’t need these, losing them won’t change anything in your life,” Dio spat looking out to the river, then back to Jonathan with a menacing leer.

The diamond in Dio’s ear had been given to him so long ago now, more than two years. It had been one of a pair that belonged to his mother, and it was supposed to have been passed down to his wife. Instead, he gave one of the set to Dio, to mark his love and commitment.

And Dio was ready to toss it in the river.

"Dio, no! I gave that to you in trust and love! You know that it means the world to me, or I wouldn't have given them to you in the first place!"

He stared at Dio, wondering if he would really go so far as to throw it in the river. The tears began to slide over his cheeks once more. "Please don't make me go. Please."

“Go, or I drop it,” Dio said with a voice almost peaceful if it weren’t so cutting and chopped. He didn’t really want to do this, he had wanted this to be as painless as possible, but Jonathan brought
him to it, and he supposed severing the ties with cruelty was the best way to remove himself from the sentimental Jojo. It was foolish to think he would let him leave without a fight. Always a fighter to the very end.

“I mean I had might as well drop it anyway, doesn’t make much difference, they are just a nice pair of old earrings really, and you will have the other one. I get nothing. Nothing, Jojo. And I knew my mother -- who you may not speak of.”

Dio pondered for a moment, theatrically, before shrugging. It was easier to get into the character of it the more he played about. “You know what? I don’t think you need it.” He balled his hand into a fist, and lobbed, overarm.

“There, now it’s gone. And so am I.”

Jonathan did not take his eyes off Dio’s cold amber ones, not even for a second. Deep down, he knew that this had to be an act, that Dio had to still love him, that they could still work this out. But he was an expert at cruelty, and the pain of having such an important item be thrown away was enough to make Jonathan’s determined look turn to one of despair.

“Dio…” He bit his lip, and stared at him, before frowning and turning his back to him. If Dio wanted him gone so badly, why should he continue to chase him? Throwing away his mother’s diamond was as big an insult as any, and he should not put up with it. He began to walk down the bridge the way he came, thinking that would be it.

This line of thinking did not last for long. No sooner than he reached the bottom, he spun around and looked for his blond.

But he was already gone.

“Dio…” he said to nothing in particular. “Please come back.”
Trouble In Paradise: Chapter 12

Dio wasn’t sure where he was going, only that it was far away from here, and fast. When opportunity struck, when his actions caused Jonathan to turn his back, he knew there would be nothing more to do than to leave his past behind.

He didn’t need Jonathan anymore, the estate was legally his own, he had money, and security to do whatever he pleased. But he would not leave Jonathan with nothing, no, he would allow him to continue on with his life. Only now it would be a life without Dio. It was better this way, Dio was meant to be alone. Meant to stand on his own two feet strong, and say he never needed anyone to rely on. He didn’t.

Hailing the closest Hansom cab, he drove himself away. For now he would remain in Italy, it was late and he had little idea of where exactly he would go from here. This time could be used to think, and drink. For the first time in years now he realised he could fuck whoever he wanted again, do whatever he desired, unbound by the rules of monogamy. That should have been a sweeter thought than it was, for all he wanted was to be caught in the sweet embrace of Jonathan’s arms.

Stop it, Dio, he said to himself with an angry shake of his head. This why he was doing it, why he was leaving. Cuddles and love and affection were the last thing he needed, they weakened him, Jonathan made him weak. He had to remind himself of that.

Slowly, and finally, he opened his fist. And there, there sat Mary Joestar’s earring. He made a laugh with no humour attached, he was even too weak to truly throw it into the river. With a shake of his head, Dio chuckled again… no, that wasn’t a laugh this time, but he only noticed when his cheeks were wet and his lap felt the hot splatter of tears, sobs drowned out with the carriage wheels as the cart took him into Rome, and far, far away from Jojo.

He should have never turned his back, he should have never taken his eyes off Dio, even for an instant. Now he was gone, and Jonathan frantically ran through the streets, trying to catch a glimpse of him.

“Dio? Dio! DIO!”

He was nowhere to be found. Hours Jonathan spent, hours looking up and down the river’s edge, which he thought now contained his mother’s earring. It was dark by the time he stopped, and the only thing that drove him back to the hotel room was the thought that perhaps Dio might be waiting there.

He wasn’t.

That night was a sleepless one for Jonathan. He gave Dio’s description to the hotel staff, as well as to several nearby restaurants and bars, hoping that he might be spotted. If he could just speak to him, and talk some sense into him, all would be well again, or so he thought. But with each passing day, there was no sign of his brother. Jonathan widened his search net within the city, but by now, Dio could have been anywhere. And soon, Jonathan’s apprenticeship would begin.

Dio had wanted him to take it on. He had been very stern about that fact, almost as stern as he was about leaving. By now, it had been a week, and Dio could have been anywhere, really, in Italy, or perhaps another country. But he would know where Jonathan was. He would know how to reach him.
All he could do was hope that he would.

The first thing Dio did the following day he left Jonathan was cut his hair. It trailed down to his back over the months he let it grow; Jonathan adored his hair long, and Dio enjoyed having it run through and adored by him. Part of the reason for cutting it was because of that very reason -- there was no need to keep it lengthy if there was no Jonathan to love it, but on a second note it was so any description of him would not lead back. He’d be sure to mention his locks, this way the identification process would be far more difficult.

It wasn’t all the way, just to above his shoulders, roughly, a style he had never kept before, but he was not displeased with it. He wondered what Jojo would think -- then quickly pushed that aside.

Still unsure what exactly he was going to do on his next step; sober Dio was no less resolved in his decision, but nevertheless a little lost, this sudden plan was a lot to stomach, he decided he to simply carry on with his holiday as he would have before.

An opera was in town, and so Dio decided to see it alone, a bottle of wine an accompanying companion. By the interval, he was in need of another. Upping himself, almost tripping over a lady’s dress in his stupor, the bartender caught his eye. Tall and dark haired, green eyes, but still pretty and a skin tone that looked like it bronzed well when the sun was out, Dio leaned in, drink in hand, tongue skirting on his lower lip, flashing eyes at him.

He missed the second half of the performance, but it was worth it for a fuck in one of the back rooms.

For the first time in a while, Dio smiled genuinely. It was working, wasn’t it? Jonathan really was holding him back all this time, all that love and affection and trying to pry into the depths of Dio’s mind was just asking for lost erection, and a mood sinking into nothing. What Dio needed was simple, easy, relying on no one, simply using people for their bodies or their worth. He didn’t even know the name of the bartender, and that was more than fine with him.

Yes. Things were looking up.

Jonathan was nothing if he wasn’t stubborn, and he refused to give up Dio. He spent his days in the library under the instruction of Signore Zeppeli, doing the research as he was bid. By night he wandered the city, sometimes aimlessly, sometimes to visit certain spots he thought Dio might like. Never did he actually find him, but search helped to soothe a restless part of him.

Soon, his work moved from the library to an actual dig site, and Jonathan spent his days in the sun, the weather cool but the sky bright, sifting through dirt and discovering the treasures that lay within. He was content with his work, and it exhausted his body beyond measure, making nightly searches less plausible than they had been before.

And so Jonathan stayed in the room and he wrote. The letters were all to Dio, though he had no where to send them, no way to reach him, no way to know if he would ever get them. But he believed that one day he would see him again, and perhaps then they would curl up in bed together as they used to, and Jonathan would read, with Dio scolding him for his bold, overbearingly romantic tone. Then they would laugh, and make love, and sleep, and all would be right in the world.

Tears stained the bottom of many of the sheets of paper, smudging the ink.

All good things come to an end, and it was no different for Dio.
It was fun, for a while, he filled the sadness and final strings of weakness where he missed Jonathan with copious amounts of one night stands, enjoying the freedom he had not felt for a long time now. It was refreshing, in a way, to find he was still more than certainly attractive, to see that people wanted him, and to act upon that want immediately. He still had his charisma, his charm, the taken life had not dulled his ability to be desired by many and all. He was virile, again, and enjoying every second of it, waking up with a strange partner (or partners as the case may have been and certainly was), draped across him, stinking of sex and clearly a fun night out even if he did not remember half of them.

But whatever high, adrenaline rush he was on found itself wearing off, in the weeks. Sometimes he would find a fuck partner -- large and strong and dark haired was his usual go to, but he enjoyed the bodies of many varieties -- however the novelty was wearing off faster and faster, and in its wake lay a static melancholy, and a craving to be held, to be loved and love in return. For…

Dio feared it, he feared that sinking emptiness perhaps more than he feared the sting of Dario’s belt on his flesh, or his fist in his face. And so he ran, deep and dark and the only way he knew how -- he ran to the bottle, because what it could not cure, it could make him forget.

One night he had been introduced to opium. He had never indulged in that substance before, avoiding all drugs, thinking himself above it.

“You seem down,” the man had said in Italian, kissing Dio’s neck, couldn’t remember his name if he told him at all. “Trust me, doll, this will make you feel like you are floating on air.” He was passed the smoking pipe, after the man had taken himself a long inhale, staring at it blankly.

What did he have to lose?

By day Jonathan toiled in the dirt and sun, the weather had slowly grown warmer and thus the work hours had grown warmer to match. By night, Jonathan toiled with loneliness, never even so much as taking the invitation of his fellow archeologists for dinner or drinks.

“Joestar, you work too hard. Are you sure you don’t want to join us today? The girls at this place are very pretty,” Zeppeli spoke encouragingly, but Jonathan just shook his head.

“I… I’m engaged, sir. And I would never do anything to dishonour her, never ever.” Jonathan shook his head so vehemently as he spoke that the Italian raised an eyebrow.

“If you say so. But life is short for missed chances, isn’t it?”

“H-she’s worth waiting for, I promise you.”

Dio still wore the ruby ring around his finger, though he had not touched Mary Joestar’s earring since keeping it, just stuffing it somewhere safe and trying to let himself forget about Jonathan with it. He supposed keeping the band of gold was counterproductive to that -- it served as an engagement ring more than anything else, and yet here he was shining it to every Tom, Dick and Harry he decided to screw that night. Maybe he’d get rid of it, give it to someone he did not care about, not making some scene of tossing it away as a final goodbye. He had said his goodbyes.

Opium made him feel euphoric. He coughed at first, not at all used to smoking, and almost gave up, but upon getting the hang of things he wondered why he had never taken his old school mate Roger up on the offer to join him at the dens.

He was back on a high, and never wanted to get off it, never wanted to sober up, for when he did he thought of Jonathan and his mother and spiraled into that sinking depressive emotion. This was far,
far better than that. He wanted to forget, forget, forget.

And then the woman with the star shaped birthmark on her neck came by.

He would not have noticed her, wouldn’t have cared at all, he was happy to lie naked, smoking and drinking whatever was available, but this place of needles and pipes he was currently dwelling was not really one where privacy was at all encouraged. He didn’t care, didn’t care when she sat on his prior partner’s lap and started grinding on him, he was done with his fucking anyway, and the view admittedly was not bad at all. The man did not have the largest cock in the world, not by a long shot (though it was really downhill from Jojo), but he knew how to use it, and his body was sculpted decently, maybe a bit lean.

The woman was pretty, Dio couldn’t argue that point, black hair done up in a messy bun, large chest, curvy form. If he was in the mood for a woman, which more times than not he could do without, she would have been a very easy pick. So he watched, fiddled with himself absent mindedly as they enjoyed themselves together beside him.

It was only when they rolled to the side that Dio caught a true glimpse. And his throat went dry.

“T-That birthmark…” he said with a stutter, eyes wide and voice shaky. “That’s…”

“Oh, this?” the Italian lady said in return, though perhaps there was a hint of something Eastern in her too. Her face did not give a clear place of descent, but it reminded him of someone Dio rather would not have remembered. But now it was all he could think about. In any case, she answered him breathily, the man still inside her. “Most think it’s a tattoo. How did you--”

“I know someone who shares the same mark.”

“Small world.” Presuming the conversation was done, she turned away and continued with her endeavour. But Dio, caught perhaps with far too much nonsense in his system and a want for a Joestar he could not admit found himself caught up with a sudden need for her in a way he had not felt for a woman in a long, long time.

For the moment, Jonathan lived for his work. He came early in the morning, and left the site last, after all the others had gone home. He always seemed cheerful and friendly enough when it came to handling other people, but as Zeppeli watched Jonathan leave each day, he could tell that beneath the surface, something was brewing.

One night, as he stepped on out, he watched as Jonathan walked past the box which the men placed their rings and other odds and ends in while working. He dipped inside, pulled out a ring, and slid it onto his finger slowly, as if he were lost in thought as he did so. Finally, he finished slipping it on, and moved towards the camp exit.

“Joestar?” Zeppeli called.

But Jonathan was lost in his own world, and continued on without stopping.

Her name was Jolanda Giovanna, Jojo, for short. Daughter of a whore, father, of course unknown, though her mother had said he was a rich Englishman. She would not have remembered or even known if not for the birthmark on her neck -- identical. Dio thought back in his riddled mind of Jonathan saying all the Joestars shared that mark, like a genetic seal to confirm they were truly of the same heritage. Unmistakable.

George Joestar, what a dirty boy, Dio thought at first. But he remembered an uncle of Jonathan’s who ran away to Italy too. He preferred to think it was George, just for the fact of the hilarity of it --
and finally he could give him some props. She was older than Jonathan, Mary still would have been alive, the minx. But then Jonathan would have some long lost sister. He was unsure what to make of that.

Either way, it was funny, wasn’t it: he could leave Jojo but somehow he would never find himself truly free from his grasp. As if there was some sort of tie, a string of fate that pulled him.

She was by no means a woman of high morality, but then Dio supposed he was not a man of such things either. She was enjoyable, always knew where the best places were to dance and drink and smoke that night were, as if it were instinct. And she certainly knew how to use her body, working Dio up in an expert manner, he quietly found himself taking notes on technique as she pushed herself inside him bare, loudly, as if Dio was the best she ever had. He was, admittedly, incredible, so it may very well have been the case.

He knew he shouldn't have, knew he should have moved away the second he saw that birthmark he found himself lost. He lost himself in her, for she was a Joestar, even if she did not know it, and that made it better. But he grew angry too, for she was a constant reminder of the man he… the man he…

She was not Jojo, not even close. But she was close, and so she became his proxy.

Their nights were hot like fire, biting and tugging and pushing in and out with endless ferocity, filling her over and over, using her until his cock grew sore and her hickey covered legs gave out in a weak tremble, and still he continued.

And then he would fall into her arm and she would hold him close. It was likely a false memory, but she even smelled a little like Jojo, his Jojo… his sweet, sweet Jonathan.

He looked to the ring still attached to his finger, and shimmied it off. Faint though it was, a ring of pale skin even lighter than his already light hands made a new band. He handed the ruby gold to her, told her to keep it, take it, do whatever she wanted to it. She accepted quickly, planting a kiss to his lips in thanks, before furrowing her brows at him. Jonathan’s gesture of that was practically the same.

“Why do you cry, Dio?” she asked him. Dio replied with denial, shaking his head before he moved her arms to cradle around him, and whimpered what she thought were her nickname.

Jojo always made him so weak.

Jonathan stepped into William Zeppeli’s office, hand still feeling the gold band around his finger. It was after dark, and he had just been getting ready to return to his hotel, when he was called inside. Jonathan had not even been aware the man was still here, and thought it was odd to be asked into the office - not that anything better was waiting for him at ‘home’.

“Sir? Have I done something wrong?”

“No, on the contrary. You’ve been doing a stellar job, Joestar. A stellar job…to the point where I feel like you spend more time on this sight than even I do.” Zeppeli sat at his desk, motioning for Jonathan to sit in a seat across from him. A ship in a bottle glimmered in the candlelight, and he picked it up and examined it, looking at Jonathan out of the corner of his eye. “Why do you go home so late every night, boy?”

“I…well, there isn’t much for me to go back to, sir,” He replied, fingers twitching nervously, averting his gaze.

“You said you have a fiancee. Hasn’t she ever come to visit you? Do you want to take some time off to see her?” Zeppeli placed down the bottle, the ship bouncing in the fake waves with the impact.
“Because you should know you are entitled to some time off, boy, family is import-are you all right?” Without even realizing it, tears had started to stream from Jonathan’s eyes. He balled a fist and started to immediately wipe them away.

“She’s gone,” Jonathan sobbed. “She...she left me, and she was very ill. I-I think she had trouble with drink, b-but...” The words tumbled out of Jonathan’s ungracefully and unthought out, though he knew enough to pretend Dio was a woman. It was easier that way. “She is gone, and I couldn’t find her, and I’m so scared for her right now. I don’t want her to be sick or worse.”

The older man sighed, stepping out from behind the desk and digging a handkerchief out of his pocket to hand to Jonathan.

“Well then, there’s only one thing you can do. Search for her, eh? I don’t know how you could have done a proper search since you started working here. Take some time off, you’ve earned it. Find your girl, or make your peace. Either way, things won’t get any better unless you work on it, and you’re not going to do that being here in the dirt twelve to fourteen hours a day.” Jonathan blew into the handkerchief and nodded his head softly.

“Thank you, sir. I will start to make my plans.”

Whatever fray composure Dio was hanging onto in these last couple of months was starting to slip away, replaced for anger and rage and frustration he could not seem to part from. He woke up mad, went about his day angered, not even the booze or the opium was giving him the sweet highs any longer. He was constantly, and endlessly angry.

In his youth, Dio had often found himself getting into fights. Most of them had a just cause, at least as he would put it. Loaf of bread stolen, disrespecting him, looking at him the wrong way; being a pompous brat of a boy who did not deserve the privilege he was entitled to. And that stupid dog.

His mother never liked it when he fought, told him it was not a way to go heaven, good boys never did fight, they were proud and noble and good. Dio tried to do what she said, but then there would be someone who simply needed to be taught a lesson in between his fists.

The man opposite him in the game of poker who clearly was holding cards in his sleeve was one of them. Grinning with a haughty chuckle, he scooped up the chips -- Dio had wagered a lot on this round -- winking at Dio as he said “Better luck next time, princess.” That was enough for Dio to strike, leaping over the table like some sort of wildcat, clawing and punching that man senseless. It didn’t matter that his muscles were larger than Dio’s, he knew how to dodge, evade, and strike where it truly hurt.

Jolanda stepped back as more and more men decided to get in on the action, beer glasses thrown, and kicks made in a pile of people, flipping over the poker table, but she was laughing and clapping, egging the fight on, enjoying the spectacle of the scene, ruby ring shining on her finger. Dio managed to break an arm, maybe two in that time, going himself without much more than a couple of bruises, and proving that the bastard did not deserve a penny, after finding an ace in his sleeve.

The first to start the fight, and the last to end it, Dio was dragged by three men, bodyguards, and tossed out of the better’s lodge, told not to return any time soon, or the police would have to be called. He spat and swore at them, attempting to make his way back in, but unable to get past the doors.

Scoffing, he turned on his heel and marched somewhere else. He was too good for that place, anyway, it was a piece of shit and so was everyone in it. Fingers trembled with a need to release his anger on something else. As he saw Jolanda follow after him, he decided she was better than
nothing. Pushing her into a back alley, he hoisted her skirt up and painted her ass red and purple with his vigour, face pressed harshly against the wall. It was lucky Jojo was into that sort of thing, but Dio wasn’t sure if he would have cared if she wasn’t.

Jonathan had been unable to properly extend his search for Dio into Italy at large, but now he was able to do so. Something in him told him that Dio had not left the country, he wasn’t sure what, but at this point, spreading it any further would only turn a needle in a haystack into a needle into a hay filled barn. So Jonathan traveled, from Venice, to Milan, and through Rome, stopping and inquiring about the amber eyed blond.

The trip itself held many breathtaking sights, and on the surface, Jonathan made note of them, particularly if they were of importance to his research. But to actually enjoy them? It was impossible for him right now. Many of the sights, the restaurants, the scenery, he could have imagined himself walking through with Dio, could hear his scolding for being too slow or for eating too much, but could also hear the admiration in his voice as they stopped to admire the architecture or the eagerness as they passed fashions on display in the window.

He could hear it so clearly, and yet he wasn’t there. And with each passing day, there was no further sign of him. Every reminder grew painful, and the search seemed hopeless. Maybe Dio did not wish to be found.

In a final bar he stopped in, a man lead him on, made him think he had information, only to prove to be false in the end. Jonathan had thrown him against the wall, ready to punch with a tightly bound fist, and even the man readied himself for a broken nose.

But instead, he shoved him into a table, and walked out.

“No more of this..” he murmured to himself. He would return to his original lodgings and to his work. What more was there left, except ghosts of what might have been?

“Let’s go back to the hotel, Dio, you’re almost too drunk to walk,” Jolanda said. Dio hadn’t been able to keep himself in one bar for long for a while now, kept getting into fight, and skirmishes, lashing out at anyone who even breathed wrong. Loitering through the streets in a stumble, drink in his hand, Dio shoved her over to the side, annoyed.

“Oh shut up, woman,” he said with a pissed off leer, only to stop in his tracks. Just then… he sounded exactly like his father. Like how his father used to talk to his mother.

“Fuck… no…” Dio swallowed hard, then took to another swig of the whiskey. That was like him too. He feared even looking at his reflection over the water as they made their way across a bridge. He even felt as his hair, ensuring all his blond locks were still on his head, not balding, disgusting just like Dario.

In his moment of crisis, the two old men who were walking in the opposite direction did not register in his view, and he stumbled with a thud into the shorter, fat one.

“Oi! Watch where you’re going, numbskull,” he shouted, turning his head over to Dio, who continued to walk as if they did not exist.

“Friend, check if that brat left a piss stain on my coat,” the man continued to jeer. Dio kept on ignoring.

The other man, a skinny, wrinkly faced worm laughed out loud, pointing his bony finger in Dio’s direction. “Are you deaf, you snot nosed punk?! Didn’t your mother teach you to listen,
Dio stopped ignoring them.

He turned, teeth clenched and eyes turned, smashing his bottle into the face of the fat bastard, only because he was nearer. It shattered on his mouth, causing him to lose teeth if they weren’t gone already, lips and tongue bleeding with shattered glass entwined, some poking through his teeth. Tears spilled from his eyes, and he made sounds of pain and anguish, backing away quickly.

But idiot as he was, he was not the one who insulted his mother. The beanpole who did gasped at the act, stuttering out a pathetic “Y-You won’t get away with that!” while reaching into his pocket to grab a knife.

Dio’s looked at him, the foolish imbecile, cruel smile appearing on his face as he imagined all the things he was about to do to him. “Oho? A disgusting insect like you has a lot of nerve to speak to me like that.” He licked his lips, almost seductive, waiting for his moment as the geezer ran forward, looking to avenge his friend.

He failed, even with the knife Dio was faster, socking him directly in the nose, hearing it break and feeling hot blood pour from his new wound. He squealed, the pig, and Dio floored him to the ground.

“Insects! Like! You! Do! Not! Talk! About! My! Mother!” Each word was punctuated with a brutal beating of his fists, his own knuckles growing sore, but he didn’t care. The man attempted retaliation, tried to slice him with the knife. He wasn’t going to use it, but insolence never suited Dio. He took it from the man, and jammed the blade right into his shoulder, causing him to scream out like a gutted animal. Blood splattered on Dio’s face, a terrifying addition to his envilended dark grin. He laughed, loud, grinding the blade deep inside him, twisting it round, making him feel it.

“Dio,” Jojo tried to say, her voice a little warning, though he did not register it at the time.

“Can’t you see I am busy here, Jojo? Try and keep up.” The old skinny man was crying, begging Dio to let him go, please, please, he was sorry. “Aw, he’s sorry!” Sorry was not enough. He was going to murder this man, he was going to punch him to death, squeeze the life from his throat, crushing it into nothing.

“Dio! Dietro di te!” she yelled, only this time it was too late. The fat man he thought was out of commission came behind him, a rock in his hand, his foot high and raised. With only a couple of seconds between them, the back of Dio’s foot was stamped on, his head knocked with the rock hard, causing him to stumble, collapsing onto the side of the road.

“Aah,” he said, grabbing his head, the world feeling dizzy around him. “W-What…” He felt a kick to his face, a boot smooshing into his cheek.

“Look at the little mummy’s boy,” the fat man said with a jeer. “Not so tough now, are you?” His words were broken with the glass and blood still in his mouth and he cursed through the pain, deciding to use action instead to punctuate his point. This time, the kick came to Dio’s groin, and he dug in deep, pushing into his foot.

“Little bastard, I’ll make ya pay for what you did to my face!”

Dio continued to glare, but the knock had affected him more than he thought, and trying to get up only made him all the more dizzy. Dammit, Dio knew he shouldn’t turn his back on an enemy, should have knocked him out and killed him with his friend’s blade first. He wondered, quietly, for a
moment, if this was the end. Closing his eyes, Dio turned his mind to Jonathan… his sweet Jojo. A tear began to trickle, not because of what the man was doing to him, but because he wasn’t going to be the last sight he saw. He wasn’t even here. He’d never even know he was dead.

Stupid, so, so stupid, Dio was an idiot. Why did he leave him? Why did he think he was better without him? He had wanted him back, he wanted to see him one last time…

“Jojo… I’m sorry.”

“The police!” Jolanda yelled, turning her head, and breaking up the scene for all of them. The incident must have been reported or the coppers patrolling the area, but in the distance two men in uniform were approaching the scene.

“Fuck! I can’t go to jail again!” the fat man removed himself from Dio, backing away into a wobbly run.

“Help me…” the scrawny one whimpered, mouth swollen and almost unintelligible. But with the police on their way, and him looking in no way to walk, he was left on the side of the road.

And so was Dio.

“Sorry…” Jolana said, though she did not mean a word of it. “It has been fun, Dio. But I…” She looked over, the police almost at the bridge. “You understand.” Dio did, though he yelled at her all the same.

Just to add insult to injury, she nabbed his purse, holding all his identification and money inside of it. Dio could not even struggle, more than crawling after her, unable to stand with his ankle swollen and what he presumed was concussion from the strike to the head.

“Jojo… you bitch!” he cursed with a broken tone as he felt his arms pulled behind his back, and his wrists cuffed in metal chains.

Jonathan still had time to continue his travels before returning to the apprenticeship. He could have taken a vacation for himself, perhaps even tried to socialize, start forming attachments, and consider what his father had always wanted for him - marriage.

But Jonathan was nowhere near ready for any of that. After the long and fruitless search, the best thing he could do for himself was bury himself in his work. At least it was the one thing he could feel successful at.

Jonathan had planned on taking a train that would get him home in the early morning of the next day. He could spend his last few hours browsing a bookstore and perhaps purchasing some new notebooks and pens, something he was in short supply of. But a train pulled into the station early. Part of him told him to forget it, to take his time, what reason was there to hurry back to the empty hotel room, anyway?

But a little voice in the back of his head said to board. And so he listened, making it back before dinner to the lonely little room.

The loud sound of a bell made Jonathan jump as he was setting down his suitcase. It was the phone, most likely the lobby calling to check and see if he was settling back in smoothly. He picked up the earpiece, expecting to hear an Italian greeting.

Instead, he heard his nickname, in a voice he had been imagining for weeks.
He froze, and stared at the mouth piece.

“Dio?”

“For the last time, my name is Dio Brando, of the Joestar estate in England. This is all just a large misunderstanding. No I had my identification stolen. Stolen by the woman you simply decided to let skip off into the sunset. That is a marvelous job on your part, I must say.”

Dio had managed to evade the clutches of prison back in England, but if they were anything like the system in Italy, they left even more to be desired than he initially thought. The process was slow, painfully so, and they treated he, Dio, like some sort of common criminal. He explained, numerous times the predicament, that he was only acting in self defense, but these idiots did not seem to want to listen to him, locking him up in a cell for processing amongst a bunch of others. A great part of him wanted to sleep, his head throbbing like a storm, but for more reasons than one he knew better than that.

“Aren’t you a pretty little bella boy?” an ugly cellmate said, leaning up next to him at the bars.

“What’s your name, sweetheart?”

“Unless you are deaf you would have already heard it.” Dio had no interest in conversation with these lowlifes. The man chuckled, attempting a closer approach. Dio decided to let him. Or at least for the moment not to punch him in the throat. He knew what this man was edging towards, had the same stare as so many he’d seen, though at least he was not looking at a young boy this time.

“Prison’s not so bad, once you know the ropes. This is my third time.”

“Third time. Well, catch you once shame on them. Catch you twice, shame on you. Three times and you are just an imbecile.” He turned away, calling out for the guards to return.

“But it can be a dangerous place, if you don’t have the right protection. You need someone to look after you in there, Dio.” A finger stroked across Dio’s mildly swollen cheek. “I could be that for you, and I wouldn’t ask for much in return.”

“I imagine not. Just to be your prison bitch, no?” The curt question caused the man to chuckle, surprised.

“Well when you put it like that—” And Dio had enough. Grabbing the wrist of the slimy cellmate, he squeezed it tightly, not stopping despite the pleas and screams and the swelling purple he was creating as he sprained it quite terribly if the technique was correct. The cries echoed through the dank chambers, and in a rush, a policeman, official looking, came running through. The second they entered Dio let the man go, him toppling to the floor in a state. He grinned, putting his hands up in the air as a sign of faux surrender.

“Thank you, I finally got your attention. Take me to your office, give me a glass of wine. And let us make this all go away with a very lucrative deal for you, officer. I promise it will be worth your time.”

Dio had money, plenty of it, he just was not quite able to access it right now, thanks to Jonathan’s cousin or sister or some kind of relative. But he knew how he could, it only took him convincing his captors it would be highly beneficial for them to believe him.

It was fortunate Dio was one of the top five law graduates then, wasn’t it?

Sipping wine in the main office, and acting as if he owned the entire place, despite the ragged clothes and bruised face, Dio stated his case, and ensured they listened. He imagined Jolanda had gone back
to the hotel by now and taken all his things, slipping away rich and happy to sell his belongings, so there was little point in going to her for help. Didn’t even know her last name if he thought she would be any help.

That left one.

One person who could help him out of this.

For a long minute, Dio wondered if it would just be better to do his time in jail.

With a grimace, he shook off his doubts, staring at the officer in the eye. “I saw a telephone on my way in, I believe. Give me one phone call, and everything I have said will be proven true.”

They gave him one.

Truth be told, Dio didn’t know if this was going to work. He had no idea if Jonathan was still in the country, if he would be in. If he would even pick up when he knew who it was from. It was a long shot at best, but something told him… something hoped that despite him leaving, Jonathan was looking for him.

He dialed the number to the hotel, asking if Jonathan Joestar was still in residence.

His entire body quaked as they confirmed he had just gone to his room. They would patch him now.

The line held, a long beep waiting as Jonathan was like going to answer. Suddenly Dio’s breath grew heavy, panic settling in fast.

“Hello?” the man on the other end asked. When he heard the voice he had not heard in three long months crackle through the line, his throat locked, hitching. Both hands clung to the telephone

“Jojo, is that you?” Dio asked in a voice soft, tentative, fearful.

“Dio…” Oh god, it was him, it was really, really him. He hadn’t heard his name said that way in so long. It was so sweet, beautiful, like an angel.

He thought back to the man punching him, when he was damaged and weakened and thought this might have been the end. How all he wanted in those final moments was to see Jonathan again, to hear him and have him hold him and love him again.

“Jojo. I…” Dio sighed loudly, closing his eyes.

Eyes welling, Dio attempted to regain a semblance of composure. It took a while.

“Jojo… I need you.”

PART 8 FIN
Jonathan's heart was practically pounding out of his chest as he drew closer to the jail where Dio was being held. He would finally be seeing him again, after all this time, right when he was ready to give up the search. There were so many thoughts running through his mind that he could not focus on any one, so instead, he simply worked on putting one foot in front of the other, and making sure that there was air in his lungs.

Upon entering the jail, he was greeted gruffly by an officer, to whom he explained his situation.

"Wait here. We'll have him out in a minute." The officer spoke in Italian, and Jonathan nodded, not even bothering to sit in the chair that had been offered, choosing instead to pace nervously back and forth. When Dio was brought in through the doors, wearing ragged clothing and with metal cuffs around his wrists, he froze in place and stared.

He was thin, oh god was he thin. His once long and thick mane of gold was shorter and messy, a bizarre sight as Dio had always been so meticulous about his appearance. But he was there, not a dream or a day dream, real flesh and blood. Overcome with emotion, he flew forward and embraced him tightly, though he had to remind himself that they were brothers, nothing more, nothing less.

"The prodigal brother returns at last." He pulled back from the embrace, not wishing for it to linger for too long. He did clasp Dio's shoulders and meet his eye, as if trying to convey his emotions in a glance alone. Turning to the officer, he reached into his pocket, pulling out documentation, along with several bank notes.

"I confirm that this is Dio Brando, and he will be leaving with me."

Dio didn't know what to say, there were no words to be offered. When Jonathan hugged him, his entire body quaked. He felt bigger, or maybe he was smaller, but nevertheless it was the same. With trembling fingers Dio returned the hug, his grip weak in comparison to Jonathan’s, as if he could not work up the strength to do more than close himself around the back of his shirt. He was real, his body his scent, his warmth, all there, all so Jojo. And for the first time in a long time, since perhaps even before the day he left, Dio felt whole again.

He almost brought him back into the hug when Jonathan left, not ready to depart yet, but Dio did not. He let his arms drop to his sides, and allowed Jonathan to confirm his identity and get him out of this godforsaken place. As he left, he managed a toodalo to the officer, snarky and haughty as he sauntered out of the petty penitentiary.

By the time they had made it out and into the world of happy freedom, Dio had sobered up those pesky emotional thoughts about Jonathan, his mind was clear.

Almost.

“I…” Dio looked at Jonathan, his blue eyes, his thick frame, his soft hair -- it had grown since he’d seen him last -- and sighed. He felt warm, so warm, like he was floating on air, even better than the opium highs. He felt right with Jonathan, like he was back where he belonged.

He felt weak.

This was wrong, this wasn’t how it was meant to be. How could Dio call himself strong, if Jonathan still gave him all these emotions? Made him want to crawl into his arms and be loved for evermore? That was the problem, that was why he left in the first place. He could not fall back into that, it
would just be hitting rock bottom all over again. He needed to live without him. Nothing had changed.

“Thank you, Jojo, for clearing up that misunderstanding. I appreciate you coming.” Dio made his form rigid, his voice straight and distant. “But that is all I can give you. Once again we shall make our separate ways. I shan’t require your assistance again, I assure you I do not make the same mistakes twice.”

Jonathan stopped in his tracks in the middle of the street as soon as Dio spoke those words. He grabbed the blond by the wrist in an uncomfortable grip, and glared at him. Several people in the street had stopped short and bumped into Jonathan's broad back, letting out Italian curses and sounds of irritation. The brunet did not even seem to notice.

"So that is it, eh? You get into trouble, use me to get yourself out, and then you think you can waltz right out of my life again?" Fury reflected in his blue eyes, before giving Dio's wrist a hard jerk and dragging him back into the crowd.

"If you think I am ever letting you leave my sight again, you are mad. Do you know how hard I have been trying to find you? Why, I have been searching for you right from the very minute you left!" He walked at a quick pace, dragging Dio along with him if necessary.

“I asked you to help me, you were the easiest, the best solution I had. You did not have to say yes, to me, I told you over the phone this was a favour, I told you, you did not have to do it. You chose, and I do not owe you for that choice, Jojo.” Dio jerked back, the way Jonathan held him was doing no good for his wrist, and his ankle made him walk in nothing better than a limp, still hurting.

“You cannot make me stay with you, that is not your decision, it is mine. Are you going to force me, drag me like some prisoner? In one cage and out the other, is that how you do things now? Let me go, I… I can’t have you again, and you cannot have me. We are better apart. I shouldn’t have called, I should have found another way out. I would have. Just…” Dio closed his eyes, wringing his wrist now out of Jonathan's grasp. He looked up at him again, taking him in.

“You see? You look well, so well, Jojo. You don’t need me. You never did.” Lips trembled at that, Dio’s amber stare glazed with salted water, but he did not let the would be tears fall.

“I’ve been searching for you almost nonstop! And when I was not searching, I had to work from morning until night just to get you from my mind!” Jonathan snapped back, frustrated that after all this Dio still dared to question the fact that they needed each other.

Taking notice of his ankle, Jonathan stopped and folded his arms over his chest, staring down at his feet in his worn-out shoes. “You do not look well. You look as if you have been scraping by to survive, and you can’t even keep up with my pace.” He sighed deeply and pinched his brow, the entire situation making his head spin as it never had before. Finally, realising that no good would come of them standing in the street, he placed a hand on Dio’s shoulder.

“Come back to my room. Our room, I should say. You need a meal and a hot bath, if nothing else. Once you are clean and fed, we can decide what to do next.” Though he said ‘we’, he had no intention of letting Dio leave again – no matter what it took.

Dio thought about it. He was saying all this, but what did he have now? No money -- at least not on hand, no formal identification, he was set back seven paces. There was still some of his possessions back at the hotel, he couldn’t carry all his bags after all, and he had left in a hurry. And frankly a bath sounded more than wonderful right now.
He would go... just to get his bearings. Not because he wanted to stay with Jonathan, of course. He just had to get his things and take a bath, rest his leg for a while.

But nothing had changed. He was not remaining with him.

“First. I need to go back to my current living place.” He doubted Jolanda had left much of anything valuable there, but it had not been too long since the incarceration, perhaps she did not have enough time to take it all. And even if everything else was gone, there was one item he had put into hiding, somewhere no one would look.

"Fine, let us go, but do not try and run off on me again." Jonathan at this point did not think that he would, at least, not yet. He hailed a cart and allowed Dio to direct, thinking it ironic that he had not been very far away all this time. But when they arrived at the slum that was Dio's most recent resident, he could see how he had overlooked this part of town.

Though Jonathan knew that Dio came from humble roots, he had long since put them behind him. Dio liked luxury and comfort, and this place had neither. The streets were full of drunkards and addicts, sallow faces glaring at Jonathan's neat and expensively tailored suit. He closed his jacket and tried to ignore the stares. In fact, he tried to ignore everything.

At the front door, Jonathan stopped. He did not think he could stand to see the squalor in which Dio had been living in, and keep a straight face. No, he had to be calm, lest Dio might flee again, and where would that leave them both?

"I'll wait in the cab. You should be quick." Normally Jonathan would offer to help, but right now there would be none of that. They needed to leave, and leave soon.

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Dio wasn’t sure he had ever been to this place sober, but now that he was, he was sure he never would have chosen this place at all. Jolanda had picked it, it was ample for smoking, really, that was why he agreed. The stench of it ran from way outside the abode, and Dio found himself embarrassed as Jonathan eyed the place, trying to keep his face as straight as possible. He had always been so bad at that, it would have been funny, if it was really, really not.

Dio stepped out and made his way inside. He was greeted by some of the residents, most of them surprised to see him without the dark haired belle by his side. One remembered seeing her earlier, but that was no reliable source, memories and days tended to turn into blurs in a place like this. He could have been talking about something happening weeks ago.
He found his room, turning open the door.

“Ha, that fucking bitch.”

She’d practically ransacked the place, Dio’s larger suitcase had been looted, as well as many of the objects he had about the room. For the location he was in, Dio still did appreciate decor and cleanliness, so compared to the rest of the place it was rather clean. Well, not anymore, it was a mess of the dregs she had left behind for Dio, most of the remaining belongings completely worthless. She had even taken his opium -- hidden from all these lowlifes but not from her. Truth be told he could have used a fix right about now, he was getting little twitchy.

For now he ignored it, dragging back the wardrobe and digging beneath the floorboard. A small box revealed itself, still there. He opened, just to be sure, and lo and behold, Mary’s earring was still inside, safe and sound. He shoved it in his pocket before turning back; there was nothing here he needed, she cleaned him well out.

Part of him was surprised he loyally returned to Jonathan after, didn’t run away again. But then, of course, he had absolutely nothing. Well, he could have sold the earring, a vintage diamond was worth a great deal. But he could not do that. He’d already proven to be too weak.

“We can go.”

When Dio was in the carriage again, Jonathan let out a breath he had been unaware he had been holding. The sooner they were away, the better. "Drive," he said to the cabbie, who did not need to be told twice.

One thing was painfully clear - Dio was not himself. If he had been, he would have never stayed in such a place, surrounded by people he would have normally shunned and had no pity for. He had been drinking, and most likely smoking too, something he had adamantly spoken against in their school days. Dio was not in a place where he could make good decisions, and so it would be up to Jonathan to make them for him.

The trip was silent, but Jonathan was mentally planning what to be done next. They would stay in the hotel tonight, but tomorrow, they would leave for the countryside. During his travels Jonathan had seen ads for luxury villas for rent, he would see to getting one secured. And once there… well, Jonathan did not know what would happen once they were there. But Dio needed to get better. And to do that, he needed to be far from tempting old habits.

"I shall order dinner, and then run you a bath." Once they were alone in the room, there was the awkward tension of what came next. They were no longer lovers, yet Jonathan loved him still, and longed to show it.

"Dio… I missed you.”

Dio was unsure how he was meant to respond to that. “I am sure you were fine alone,” he decided on, eventually. “You would have been fine, I know you would have. Even if it hurt at first, you are strong, Jojo, you would have managed.” He sat on the edge of the bed it was clear he was not sleeping in, feeling almost a sense of culture shock at it all. It had only been three months, but the difference in lifestyle was stark at day and night.

“Your archaeology apprenticeship. How is that?” he asked tentatively, trying to make some semblance of conversation. It was strange, not being at ease with Jonathan, it had been so long since they had been on lesser terms, he wasn’t sure how to act around him when they were no longer intimate or romantically involved.
“It is going splendidly.” Jonathan remarked, disappearing into the bathroom for a moment to turn on the water. It felt splendid to be doing such a simple thing as drawing Dio a bath. It had been far too long since he had done so, and such an action had at one point been a part of him every day routine. He had not even realised how much a menial task could mean to him.

“My mentor, William Zeppeli, has taught me a great deal. He has an interest in Mesoamerican culture as well, but he knows a great deal about Italy, as he is a native. The work has been long and hard, but rewarding.” The bath could be heard filling in the other room, and before it was done, Jonathan ordered them each dinner, in Italian that had somewhat improved since the last time Dio had heard him speak it.

“I assumed you would eat chicken… I can call and change it if that isn’t to your liking.” He did not know what Dio’s tastes were anymore.

“You know I eat chicken, Jojo,” Dio replied he had not changed that much in this time. He was not particularly hungry, but he thought it best not to comment on that right now. Jonathan was bad enough on a regular basis about how much he consumed, and Dio was aware he had slimmed down a great deal since they had last seen each other, his clothes baggier than they had been before.

“I am glad your excursion has been fruitful.” He was honest in that, the insistence he see his career move forward was important to Dio. Jonathan thrived in his passions, and Dio had always loved that glint in his eye, even if the subject matter was still something he thought more of as a hobby. “I told you that you were fine, that you should have taken it. And you did.”

The room fell quiet again with that, Dio couldn’t say his ambitions to be a lawyer had exactly blossomed in their time apart to match. But then he had settled all that back in France, this part of the career path was more for Jonathan’s sake. He still had every intention of being a lawyer, this was all just temporary. He was on holiday, after all.

“I’ll take a bath, Jojo. And have dinner. But tomorrow.” Dio didn’t finish the sentence.

“Tomorrow will come tomorrow. Let’s focus on tonight.” Jonathan was still drinking in the sight of Dio. As strange as Dio looked in his filthy clothing and messy hair, he was still a glorious sight, and the thought of him leaving again was more than his heart could bear.

He wouldn’t be leaving again. Jonathan didn’t care what he had to do to make him stay, he would not let him go back to that life of danger and filth.

“I am fine as far as work goes. But, there is more to a man’s life than just work.” Jonathan stepped into the bathroom, turning off the water and checking its temperature. It was all set for him. He added a bit of rose water, the scent of which had made Jonathan feel sick in the beginning, but eventually he has used it to help and ease a tiny bit of the loneliness that had been his life these past few months.

“It’s ready.” He stepped out of the bathroom to call to Dio. Before he knew what he was saying, he called out “May I… help you wash?” He hadn’t wanted to ask. They were not together at the moment, and it was inappropriate otherwise. But he longed to run his hands across his body, just as he used to.

“That is…I don’t have to.”

“You… I doubt that is for the best.” Dio’s stomach kicked him hard as he said those words. He wanted Jonathan’s touch, his sweet caress. Why was he doing this, why was he pulling away when he had him back again? He remembered being kicked by the man he failed to knock down, remembered thinking he was going to die, and in that moment he wanted Jonathan again.
And here he had him, and he was rejecting him. Why? Because he was weak? Yes. But maybe, just maybe he didn’t mind being weak, not with him.

Dio stood up to go to the bathroom, wincing with a small cry as he stepped on the wrong leg. The second attempt was better, and he began to hobble over, refusing Jonathan’s help when it was offered. Going to close the door behind him, Dio stopped himself at the last second.

“My foot. Hurts. A bit. You can assist me with the bath, just because of that.”

Jonathan’s heart sank when he was told not to help him, but he immediately backed away, not wanting Dio to feel crowded by him. He had to respect his wishes.

But when Dio winced and asked for help, Jonathan was there in a heartbeat. He carefully removed Dio’s worn out clothing, wanting to burn the whole outfit and force him to stay in bed, clad in nothing but fluffy robes and blankets. For the timing being, he settled on placing them into a corner. Rolling up his sleeves, he delicately lifted Dio and placed him into the water, reaching for the soap to wash him with.

He was so thin and covered with bruises, Jonathan’s heart broke just by looking at him. But he said nothing, just simply ran a wash cloth gently up and down each part of him.

“Your ankle seems badly sprained. Perhaps you should take some time to recover. It must be painful for you.”

It was different, the way Jonathan touched him, sitting outside of the tub in a complete state of dress while Dio looked as naked as he felt ever since they had seen each other again. He was holding himself back, Dio could sense that in the careful strokes that only served to clean, but not stroke in a way that felt romantic. Sometimes they came off that way, Jonathan could not help himself, and had never washed Dio without oozing with affection before.

“I can take some laudanum for that, and recover elsewhere, Jojo. You cannot make excuses for me to stay, my mind is made up.” Having said that, he was still going to enjoy this bath as much as he possibly could, and sank down into it, starting to relax under Jonathan’s touches. He had been in baths with others since then, but they were not remotely the same as ones with his brother, his ex. Baths with Jonathan were, despite often and plentiful, special. No one could ever match that.

“It feels odd, for you not to be inside here with me,” Dio noted, then gave his head a shake, wet hands running through his bob of hair quickly. “That did not need to be said.”

"I… you don't want me like that. I understand." Indeed, Jonathan did not understand, and he felt the hot wet sting of tears behind his eyes, though he controlled himself well. "That is fine, but I can still serve you." Jonathan lifted his fingers to his lips and kisses the tips lightly. "I can still be your knight."

Continuing his work, Jonathan took great pains to clean beneath Dio’s fingernails, which had become black with grime. He focused on his job, his duty, rather than dwelling on what he no longer had, and why he could not have it back as it used to be.

“You should let that go, the whole… knight prince thing. I am not saddling you with burden, I am setting you free.” Dio likely sounded far more convincing than he felt, but he had always been a grand liar when he needed to be. He allowed Jonathan to clean his body, grimacing at how unkempt he had allowed himself to become. It was probably the first time he had been sober in three solid months, and while high and drunk these things all seemed so much more trivial.
The grime came off him, and Dio already felt as if a load had been lifted, he turned his gaze to Jonathan, despondent and sad, though working ceaselessly to clean him well. He wanted to know something, it had been itching away at him for a while now.

He might as well ask this now, there was no good time to do it.

“Jojo, have you… been with anyone since I, since we moved on? A man… woman? I know you like them.” He had been with plenty himself, and he and Jonathan were no longer involved like that, he did not deserve to feel hypothetically jealous. That was not going to stop him from being so, however, not one bit.

A bottle of shampoo had been taken from the shelf, and Jonathan had poured some onto his hands, ready to lather it into Dio’s hair and carefully work at any tangle he had collected. But Dio’s question caused him to stop short.

“Been with… anyone?” That had been the last thing on his mind. He forced his hands to continue their job and massage the soap into Dio’s messy hair. “No, no I haven’t, Dio. I have no need.” Fingers began to press into his scalp, gently at first, but they grew a bit rougher with his next words.

“I am sure you have, though. And I would appreciate it if you spared me the details.” He felt the bile rise in his throat, the thought of someone else touching his Dio, how dare they?

But he wasn’t his anymore.

Jonathan’s fingers clenched Dio’s soapy locks tightly, before realising what he had done and pulling his hands away.

“I-I’m sorry. I just need a moment, and I’ll finish your hair.” Jonathan fled the bathroom, suppressing the need to vomit as best as he could.

Sinking deep into the tub that his mouth was covered, making bubbles as he breathed out, Dio could not help but spare a smile. Jonathan was still untouched by all but him. That was, he was happier about that than he perhaps should have been considering the reverse. Dio could not count how many he had been with, and for the ones he did remember there was at least another he did not. Jonathan filled his lack of Dio with work, Dio filled his lack of Jojo with sex, endless. He even resorted to one of his relatives, not that he would ever share that information with him, he needn’t know, just as he said.

Perhaps telling him of his experiences however would assist. He didn’t want to hurt Jonathan, but Dio could already tell it was going to be a task and a half to leave now that he had returned, Jonathan would not lose him easily a second time. This, telling him of the people he’d fucked and been fucked by, perhaps that would cause his head to turn away, allow Dio to slink off yet again.

But he did not want Jonathan to hate him for it, resent him anymore than he would by his choice to leave. So he would keep quiet, unless he had no other choice.

“Jojo? Are you still there?” Dio asked when he felt he had been alone for far too long. “It’s been ten minutes.”

When he finally stepped back inside, Dio could see that Jonathan had been crying. Oh, he tried to hide it, but his eyes were red, and he looked utterly miserable, like a dog who had been beaten by his master yet still came back and adored him all the same.

“Sorry to keep you waiting. This is all so… difficult.” He resumed running his fingers through Dio’s hair, very carefully untangling each and every knot. This was very time consuming, and not easy to
do in a gentle manner, so it took most of Jonathan’s attentions. Finally however, he spoke up again.

“You aren’t well, Dio. It isn’t like you to fall into this much disarray.”

“I did just come out of a cell, Jojo, hygiene isn’t exactly the first thing on the priority list now is it? I did not get a chance to bathe before I was unjustly taken from the street.” The grime under his nails had admittedly mostly been the dried blood from the fight, Dio had not completely gone to the dogs in all this time.

He let the defensive sarcasm act down, Jonathan was teary, and they could not share the same sort of dynamic they had before. Not anymore. Dio grew quiet again, and the room was filled with silence as he was bathed.

“...It wasn’t better. It was just… filler. All of that, I wouldn’t say it counted.” Jonathan would know what he meant.

“Was I just filler too?” Jonathan asked in a voice so quiet it was almost unrecognisable as his own. Still, he continued to massage the soap into Dio’s hair, and then slowly began to rinse it out, cupping his hands in the water and bringing it over his head bit by bit. Soon enough, the traces of the soap were gone, and he reached for a brush from the nearby sink, running it through his hair.

“Was I just something you used as a diversion through the end of our school years? To spice up having to work with me through rugby, perhaps?” The emotion was starting to break through in Jonathan’s voice in little cracks, and the teeth of the brush dragged through the knots mercilessly.

“Congratulations. You fooled me into thinking it was something more.”

“No! Jojo… what we are -- were, it was not that… not you- -ow!” Dio winced at the harsh tugs of the brush, head jerking back along with one of the knots cruelly yanked away.

But Jonathan had to know that, didn’t he? Out everyone, out of anyone, Jojo was real, Dio could admit that without any hint of hesitation. The times, the years they spent together, it was not fake, in fact it terrified Dio how real it all was. It still terrified him.

“I swear to you it was not a trick, a lie. But it is over, Jojo. Things end. Sometimes they just have to. Even if it’s not what I…” Dio cut himself short, staring at his knees in the water. “Things end.”

“Things do indeed end, don’t they?” One last rough yank of the brush got through the last of the tangles. “There. all better now.” Jonathan grabbed a bathrobe from the back of the door and held it out for Dio. Remembering his ankle and ever the gentleman, he put out his arm and guided Dio over the edge of the tub, so that he need not strain it too much.

“Even if you reject me as your lover, I am still your brother. And like it or not, I will still be a part of your life. Like it or not, I still care for you.” Jonathan wrapped the fluffy robe about him and tied the sash at the waist, ensuring that he be completely protected from any drafts.

“I… perhaps one day I will move on, and find a wife or lover. But for now, you ruined me, Dio. The least you could do is allow me to help you through your… convalescence.”

“Would that not just make things worse for you, Jojo? I am trying to ease this for you. Believe or not, I do not want to harm you any more than need be. Why do you insist on hurting yourself, I have said I will go, so let me.

Dio huddled himself against the warmth of the bathrobe, enjoying the comfort of the fluffy material, his ankle not much more than a dull ache he could ignore so long as he was not moving much.
“It will be easier the second time.”

“No it won’t.” He picked Dio up into his arms. He was lighter than ever, and Jonathan’s hard work at the dig site had kept his muscles strong and toned. He set Dio down into the bed, and then sat on the edge of it, staring down at his feet.

“I won’t let you go until I am sure you are better.” He finally said, slowly working up the courage to look at Dio. “There are villas to rent in the countryside, it’ll be quiet, no one will bother us. It will be like—” He stopped himself before finishing. Memories of happy times gone by were a bitter pill to swallow right now, and he had already taken more of his share. “It will be the perfect place for you to recover and pull yourself together, away from the noisy and busy city.”

It was a logical enough request.

“Convalescence, recover… Jojo, I have nothing to recover from more than a little broken ankle, and that does not require an entire villa to ensure I feel better.” Dio shook his head, Jonathan was just pulling for any reason to hang on to what he knew he no longer had. He stared at his profile, in all his beauty, his sadness. So much had changed, and yet Jonathan was still so Jonathan. His dear Jojo. But not his anymore.

“Besides, if you hightail me to some far away villa, I imagine you would concentrate far less on your apprenticeship. And I told you, I will never allow you to stifle yourself. Not even for me. So stop trying too hard to do so.”

Dio stood up, on the right foot this time, and made his way over to the chest of drawers, picking up a bottle of moisturiser. He remembered how much lotion he had left with, and it was far more than this. Was Jonathan using it on himself, mirroring Dio’s scent in his products? Dio felt his heart twist.

“I am more than capable of being alone, I have done in far worse circumstance. Yes, I had a little hiccup, but that was purely misunderstanding.” And the last time he even remotely saddled himself to a woman for more than the rare occasion he was in the mood for one during a bored night. Besides, he doubted Jonathan had any more relations he would just run into willy nilly. That could certainly only happen once in a lifetime.

“You’re already stifling me, Dio!” Jonathan roared in Dio’s direction, losing his temper and good graces at the same time. “You speak of my apprenticeship, and how important it is, do you know that my mentor tried to get me off the work site, spend a night out with girls and I-I couldn’t do it.”

He wanted to cry, but he had done so more than enough across the last few months. Fingers running through his messy brown locks, he shifted himself closer to Dio and glared.

“I started spending so much time at work that he began to worry for me, and he told me to take a few weeks off to search for my fiancée who had run astray.” He bit his lip. He had not liked lying to Zeppeli, it had left a bad taste in his mouth, but there had been no other choice. “And now I found ‘her’. And even if she doesn’t… even if our engagement is broken—” He caught the sob in his throat, ugly and interrupting, but did not let the tears come with it. “I am still a gentleman, and you are still not well, no matter what you say. And I am not leaving you until you are better, damn it!”

With emphasis, Jonathan swung his hand down onto the bed, hitting Dio’s sore ankle. Immediately his expression melted into one of concern, apologies slipping from his lips, although it did not seem to deter him from his cause.

Immediately a shot of pain seared through Dio’s leg and round about him, causing him to cry out loud. But the feeling turned to anger just as fast, and in a strong hit of retaliation, Dio swung back at
Jonathan, smacking him hard across the head, then again in the chest.

“So much for helping me then, foolish Jojo. Not that I can understand why you ever would in the first place. You just don’t know when to quit, do you? This is all so stupid, useless, why did I even call you I knew this would happen! God, Dio, such an idiot, dammit…”

He hadn’t meant for that last part to slip out, self-curses were certainly not something he was ever used to saying out loud. He turned away from Jonathan, as if not seeing him meant the same work in reverse. His fingers balled into a fist.

“Fine. I will stay for a week at this stupid little villa. That is enough time for my ankle to heal enough to be getting along with. Then I will go, and there shan’t be any debate over it.” Just as Dio confirmed it, the doorbell to the room rang for dinner.

“One week, Jojo,” Dio said Jonathan went to answer. “Those are my terms, and you will get nothing else from me. Accept, or I take my leave tonight.”

Jonathan’s gaze fixed on Dio’s as he cursed, noting how unusual it was for the other man to be self-deprecating. He rubbed his head where Dio had just smacked him, the pain not so much bothering him as the thought of Dio leaving. And furthermore, Dio leaving tonight would not even be an option.

Dio might not want to admit it, but he was in poor shape. He could see it in the way he moved, the way he spoke, even in the way he struck him. It was as if he was missing a spark, as if something inside him had dulled. The poor living space and the kinds of people he had been around were a further testament to that fact.

"I agree," he finally murmured, though he did not mean to Dio’s condition. "You need to be well again."

With a sigh, he brought the tray of food to Dio to the table, and then took a seat to attempt to eat himself. He was, for once, not very hungry himself.
Dinner had been an awkward affair at best, and even that was being rather generous. Neither Dio nor Jonathan spoke much at all during the affair, and Dio was not feeling much inclined towards the meal. It was not bad, in fact it was quite tasty, but his cravings were for something else, something more. Jonathan hadn’t ordered any wine, and water certainly wasn’t giving him any sort of gratification in its stead. The desire to smoke wasn’t helping either. Under the table, his good foot tapped without relent.

But he grit his teeth and acted as if all were fine. He did not need to have a conversation with Jonathan about his drinking and newly accumulated habits. Besides, he had no intention of actually staying like he ‘promised;’ the minute Jonathan fell asleep he would be out the door. He saw that his canes, the lion, the snake and the jewel encrusted one were all lined up together. Perfect. Those really were the perfect purchase.

He just had to wait it out a few more hours. Jonathan was like a log, and he doubted he’d ever pulled a full all-nighter -- maybe in an emergency in university, but that was a few months short of year ago -- he could slip away with ease.

When Jonathan had finally eaten as much of the meal as he could manage, he cleared their trays away to be collected by the hotel staff. They would not be disturbed for the remainder of the night.

Normally, time alone would have resulted in their clothing being removed and they would have had quite a good time between the sheets together. But those days had long since gone, and now there was only silence.

Finally before slipping into bed, Jonathan looked to Dio, mentally taking note that he would have everything he would need for the night. He brought him a set of his pyjamas from a drawer, Jonathan had stashed them away, not wanting to admit how he occasionally had slept with them over his pillowcase, in an effort to lull himself to sleep. When he was satisfied, he stepped to his own bed, ready to blow out the candle. But before he did so, he looked over to him.

“Why wasn’t I enough, Dio? What did I need to do differently?”

“It is not that you weren’t enough, Jojo…” Dio nestled himself into the blankets. He felt tired, truth be told he could fall asleep very easily if he let himself, but he had no intention of staying for long. “It was that… I needed to know, still need to know…” It was hard to put into words, and Dio sighed heavy as he put it together.

“You were just… too much. I felt like I was losing myself to you. As if I could not stand on my own two feet. I was becoming soft, weak, by having you by my side, with me. And I cannot allow that to happen. I must be strong, independent I will not let myself be lulled into weakness. Never again.”

He said all this, believed all this… but he could not help but wonder why he had not felt remotely stronger without him; Dio just felt adrift, as if his ground, his balance and sense of gravity had disappeared, sending him floating away, unable to pull himself back.

It must have been because he had not let him go yet, had gotten interrupted and saddled with that Jolanda, used her as a substitute. He needed to drop Jonathan completely this time. That was the only way.

“You weren’t weak…” Jonathan said in a whimper so pathetic that he couldn’t even allow himself to
continue, for fear of he himself sounding weak.

And then came the tears. And Jonathan couldn’t have that. He buried his nose in the pillow, clenching his eyes shut tightly, and forced the hot wet tears back. There was so much he wanted to say right now, but he couldn’t say it yet. There would be time later.

And so, he inhaled deeply and made himself relax. Dio was here, even if he was in the next bed over.

He was there to stay, if Jonathan had any say in the matter.

Too bad for Jonathan, Dio had other plans. He fought tiredness for a while, waiting for Jonathan to give out. It was far more difficult from one bed over, but he knew the sound of his gentle snores and deep breaths of slumber well, and could still recall them.

“Jojo?” he said carefully, just to be sure. He was granted no reply. Quickly, Dio set to work.

He hadn’t been able to pack before Jonathan had drifted off, obviously not wanting to arouse suspicion as to his true plan, but he had identified all the items he wanted to take with them, grabbing them and messily stuffing them into his suitcase, time paramount to neatness. As he packed, he noticed a mild trembling of his hands he had never seen before, shaking without any relent, though he was not remotely afraid. It was craving, this was the longest he’d been without a fix in he didn’t know how long. Just another piece of proof he had to get away fast, falling weak as soon as he was near Jonathan again.

Closing up his case, Dio grabbed the snake headed cane in his spare hand, and limping toward the door. Before he forgot, he turned around, just to place the box that held Mary’s ring he had kept in his pocket under the table.

“Goodbye, Jojo,” he said quietly. “This will be the last time.” Silently, the door was shut behind him.

And Dio walked away.

Through all of Dio’s movements, Jonathan did not seem to stir. And his trip through the doors of the hotel seemed smooth enough. It appeared as if he would be leaving without any questions asked, while Jonathan slept on peacefully.

There was a pub beside the hotel, and at this hour, only the bar was open. The perfect place to stop for a drink.

Or so it seemed.

“Dio!”

Jonathan stood in the doorway of the pub just as Dio settled into a bar stool with his things set comfortably to the side. While Dio knew Jonathan to be as soft and sweet as a stuffed bear, his large exterior looked fully intimidating at the moment. That was matched by a look of fury in his eyes

He stalked into the pub quietly, several customers glancing at him with fear, but he took no notice of them. He was dressed in trousers and a button up shirt, and did not look as if he had raced to beat him hear. No, he had heard him leave from the start, and chosen not to do confront him in the room.

“I wanted to see if you would do it, and by God, you did. You left me to return to being a piss filthy drunkard, just like Dario Brando.” He stood a pace or two away from Dio, arms folded across his chest, his tone low, but audible for Dio to hear.
That name.

That very name alone was enough to send Dio eyes widening, his fingers quaking, his entire body twitching.

He hadn’t meant to stop at the bar, he wanted to catch the nearest cart to the nearest port. He had his identification now, and money once more. Dio was all settled to return to the Joestar estate and make his way on from there. Staying in the depravities of Italy was never a long term endeavour, and it was about time he kicked himself back into the strong figure he was supposed to be. To be someone he could look in the mirror and be proud of. He hadn’t felt that way in a long time.

But his stomach had churned, and his fingers would damn stop their shaking, and though he had drunk plenty of water there was an unquenchable thirst he knew could only be solved by one thing.

So he had stopped off at the bar, sort of in a haze, more than anything, and sat himself down to have a quick drink or three before he continued his journey. Jonathan wouldn’t have woken up for an earthquake, it wasn’t a risk.

At least that was what he thought.

But right now, more than the shock of the whisper behind him, Dio was consumed by what that whisperer said.

“I am… nothing, nothing like him,” he said quietly, still facing forward. Then he turned, and repeated his words loud.

“I am nothing like him.”

Dio curled his hand into a tight fist, Jonathan right in front of him. Without a word of warning he kicked, straight into Jonathan’s gut, the impact enough to send the man stumbling back a few paces.

Regret came following immediately; he should not have put his weight solely on his bad foot. “Aaah!” Dio cried out in turn, crouching in sharp pain as his leg gave out. He teared up at the pain, but forced himself to glare up at Jonathan. “I am nothing like him, take it back, take it back!”

Jonathan’s body was solid and Dio’s movement highly predictable, and while he moved back, he was able to recover quickly. Dio, however, had succeeded in aggravating his injury, something which would not bode well for him, or for his goals of leaving.

Stepping past Dio, Jonathan whispered something to the bartender, and then slipped him a bill. The bartender nodded, and the drinks that Dio had ordered were set on the counter.

“I won’t take it back, until you show me it isn’t true,” Jonathan said in an oddly calm voice. “Show me you do not need to drink this right now. Prove it. Walk away, I already paid.” He motioned towards the glasses with a grand gesture.

Dio looked to the bar and instantly felt himself salivate. A line of his favourites, top shelf, top quality and exactly what he was in dire need for. He hadn’t managed to get more than one drink down, a small shot, not enough to quell the tremors in his hand before Jonathan had interrupted him.

“I don’t…” It was like he was being called, invited to indulge, to wine and dine on the spirits. Like his body was pulled towards them. Dio wanted to prove that he was stronger than that. But right now, he wasn’t sure he was.

He snapped back to Jonathan and glared, spittingly.
“I don’t have to prove myself to you, Jojo. We are no longer of any involvement, and I do not care what you think, what you say, you just don’t know when to quit. So I am telling you, it is now. Leave.” Dio was this close to drinking in front of him, but he did not want to do that. It was not a sight he wanted Jonathan to see, it felt shameful, dirty to do that, even.

“Why can’t you just let me be?” the voice came out close to a whimper.

“Because I know you are more than Dario Brando. And because I know Viviana wouldn’t want to see her son like this.” He responded very simply. One of his hands glided across the bar counter and pushed the glass towards him.

“Are you going to drink it? Or are you going to admit that perhaps your ankle is not the only problem you have, and you need help?” The liquid bounced in the glass as Jonathan moved it, the man continuing to speak in a soft, inviting tone.

“There is nothing… wrong with me…” Dio eyed the glass, it was almost erotic the way it looked like him, and while he would never admit, never, he wanted that drink, and he wanted it badly. “I don’t need help.”

He touched the shot with a stray finger, some of the liquid having spilled out on the side. He brought it to his lips and tasted just a little, to get the flavour. It tasted so good, so, so good.

If he didn’t have anything to prove, why hold back? What did it matter?

“Oh, fuck you, Jojo.” Dio picked up the drink, pretences aside, and took it all in one gulp. “So what?! I just wanted the drink, it is not a problem to enjoy some nice tasting drink. It doesn’t mean I have anything wrong, I just wanted it, okay?!”

“Mm, I’m sure,” Jonathan replied, watching him as he eagerly downed the contents of the glass. “All right then, have as much as you want. I am not stopping you.” The bartender had already left another, and Jonathan lifted it, ready to hand it right over to him.

But at the last second, he jerked it back, spilling a bit off the top and onto his own pants. He didn’t seem to care much about it.

“But, before you do… isn’t that the same thing Dario did? Didn’t he do it every night? Wasn’t he drinking when he did those unspeakable things to your mother?” He set the drink back down on the bar top.

“Do you still want it?”

“You don’t know anything about it, Jojo. I don’t talk to you about him, so you cannot know what he did, said, acted.” Dio reached forward, stealing the glass from the counter. He drank it, spitefully, though the taste was far coarser this time, as if Jonathan’s words somehow soured the taste.

“Besides, he could do them just as well sober.”

“You don’t know anything about it, Jojo. I don’t talk to you about him, so you cannot know what he did, said, acted.” Dio reached forward, stealing the glass from the counter. He drank it, spitefully, though the taste was far coarser this time, as if Jonathan’s words somehow soured the taste.

“Your aunt told me all about Dario’s drinking. She told me about his foul temper and what did to Viviana. She didn’t know much about what he did to you, but then again, she thought you died with your mother.” Jonathan frowned and tapped a finger against the counter of the bar.

“But I know the things you did as a child while he was drunk. And I know how you feared having children because of that. Which, by the way, Dio…” Jonathan glanced about the room, making sure the bartender was out of earshot. The other customers had been purposely keeping their distance. Hopefully you have been keeping to men in all these weeks since you left me. I’d hate to think that
while you’d been drinking and doing god knows what else you left an Italian bastard behind.”

The bitterness could be tasted in Jonathan’s words, and he did not even care. So what if Dio knew that he was bitter? There were things worse than being left and moved on from in the blink of an eye. Barely, but they were there.

“Enough about that, though. Drink on. It must be important to you, to forsake everything else for it.”

“Ah yes, of course, your little excursion to pry into my life, how on earth could I forget about that?” Dio’s voice became higher, sounding amused though of course he was anything but. He took another drink, now just to show Jonathan… something, he wasn’t even sure what he was proving at this point. But he took it anyway.

“Of course you could add that to the reason why I decided our lives were better apart. No privacy from you, snooping around behind my back, messing with things that needed to rest.” The entire reason for his problems in the first place.

Dio hadn’t had night terrors he was having recently until Jonathan accumulated that damn book of his mother’s history. Not even the opioids and alcohol and his time apart had quelled them; a rather large chunk of partners had been terrified when Dio’s assaults and screams became physical, Jolanda included. His heart sped up as Jonathan noted the idea of a bastard. That… wasn’t impossible, thinking about it. But she did not seem like the type who would keep a baby, and they certainly did not hold to any kind of monogamy. The chances of a hypothetical child being his was so slim there was no point in even thinking about it. And so Dio did not.

Instead, Dio’s concentration latched on elsewhere.

“She, this would be aunt of mine… thought I had died with her…?”

"Yes. I visited your grave, back in London. Did you know that? No, of course you didn't, because you never read my account." Jonathan sighed deeply. "Dario told your aunt that you had both died, because presumably, he took the money towards your mother's family gave him towards your burial and put it towards, well, I think you know what he put it towards." Jonathan glanced to an empty glass.

"You ever wonder why you never went to your mother's grave? Because you would have noticed the little stone next to it, a cherub carved into it, that read Dio Brando." The memory sent a chill over Jonathan's spine.

"Your father didn't deserve your mother, nor did he deserve you. So please, Dio, come with me. Leave this behind."

“I… was told she was taken away, that, that he couldn’t afford the stones -- wouldn’t spend money over some…” Dio gritted his teeth tight “...dead bitch, who didn’t need it anymore.” Disgusting as it was, and Dio begging aside, he had no reason not to believe Dario would do such a thing. He probably sold her body for parts, like he sold every one of her possessions. He was like a trained dog, sniffing out anything worth meagre value, even her dress, which Dio had hidden so well… even her dress.

When Jonathan passed him the next challenging glass, Dio took it in hand, but something was stopping him from letting it touch his lips. A flash, and he saw his father in the reflection, old and ugly and grey, scarfing down beer after beer after gin, messing up his hairy tattooed chest and scratchy beard.
Not giving Jonathan any visual glance, Dio admitted quietly, “I made my own grave, out of wood, and stone. Somewhere he would never go, somewhere nobody would find and overturn it.” Built up with long effort on the small bodied Dio at the time, Dio worked hard on creating her a tomb worthy. It wasn’t, really, but with no money and only the land to rely on, it was never going to be a stellar job. Still, it was better than nothing, and even if her body was rotting somewhere else, Dio now had a place to speak to her, symbolic, and place a flower on her grave as often as he could. He was sure she would receive the message in heaven.

It twisted Jonathan’s heart to think of a young Dio, having absolutely nothing to remember his mother by, not a photo, grave, or scrap of clothing. He imagined the young blond standing over the makeshift memorial, and it made him think of his own youth.

Mary Joestar had a grave. So had his beloved dog Danny. For all his father’s faults, he had supported him in his losses, and he had never been denied the ability to pay his respects to a lost loved one. With all that he had been through, it was no wonder that he had become as cruel as the world that had raised him. Dio’s actions when he first arrived at the Joestar estate could never be justified. But Jonathan had come to understand where they had come from, and he was determined to show Dio that though his mother had died, all the kindness and good in the world had not died with her.

“I am sure she would have been thankful. But now you can have a real grave to visit. I think, however, it would be best to visit it sober.” Jonathan place a hand over the top of the glass Dio was holding, and pressed it to the countertop. “Permanently sober.”

This time, Dio did not struggle or fight against Jonathan pulling away the drink from his hand, he accepted the gesture, a look of sheer despondency stark on his face. He still could not look at the other man face to face, he couldn’t really focus on anything now, for reasons other than the dizzying effects of alcohol.

“Sober,” he repeated carefully, remembering the trembling hand and the inability to even make it to the port, to escape without having a drink. He felt controlled, as if he were a puppet on a string, guided and tugged, and too ignorant to know he was such. And only now, in this moment, was he starting to gain awareness.

“I don’t want to be like him, Jojo… but I think… I don’t know if I can stop myself.” Admitting that felt worse than Dio ever thought it could. But somehow, in some small way it was as if letting it go, proclaiming that fear was the first step in changing it. A hot tear splattered onto Dio’s thigh, followed by another. And other. And then they just wouldn’t stop.

Jonathan draped an arm around Dio’s shoulders, much as a brother might do. He had already spoken to the bartender about having Dio’s things moved to the hotel, as well as paid for the bill. Ushering him out the door as quickly as he could, he lead him back to the hotel room, where Dio could safely cry without shame. With the door shut and locked behind them, Jonathan bit his lip, examining Dio carefully for a few moments. A part of him was still angry, and still worried that Dio, despite his admission, would try and manipulate himself away once again. But Jonathan also knew Dio’s tears were no lie.

“Dio,” Jonathan began, kneeling down before the man. He raised a large hand to the blond’s face and thumbed away some of the tears. “I know you can do this. You are one of the strongest and brightest men I have ever met. And I don’t plan to give up on you. Ever.” He rose to his feet, and looked down at him. How he longed to kiss away the tears! But instead, he pressed a kiss to his forehead, placing his hands on his shoulders.

“If we are never lovers again, so be it. But let me be your friend and brother. Let me help you through this.”
Dio did not speak for a while, only let out the occasional sob and snifflle in his red eyed cry. It was only when he ran out of tears to shed that he finally looked up at Jonathan, perhaps for the first time in hours, staring at those blue eyes that made him feel weak at the knees, sent him fluttering with all the feelings he swore to leave behind.

“I will hold to my promise this time,” he finally said. “I will go with you to the villa, and you can… try and help me.” He did not really think Jonathan could do much, not if he couldn’t do it himself…, but Dio would do anything to not be his father.
Once he had Dio’s approval, Jonathan began to move swiftly. He notified the hotel of their departure, and began to collect his things. He wrote a note to Zeppeli, saying that he hoped to return, but had to take leave for an undetermined amount of time. He knew the man would understand.

The night was a sleepless one for Jonathan, not only from the preparations, but in case Dio decided to go back on his word once more. He would not take any chances.

By the time that all was done, and they were in the carriage, traveling south to a private residence, Jonathan looked absolutely worn out. He had not intended it, but his head rested against Dio’s shoulder, falling asleep just as he might of on carriage rides in the old days, after they had tired themselves.

Dio thought to push Jonathan away, they were no longer together, no longer anything more than a past relationship, this was not something appropriate for them to be doing, lest Jonathan get the wrong idea.

But he did not push Jonathan away. Perhaps it was just for old times’ sake, or he had not quite gotten used to being apart from him -- not even three months away was doing the trick -- but Dio allowed him to snuggle up against him in his slumber. It didn’t matter, really, he was asleep and would not remember this.

Unknowingly, Dio was smiling, smiling for the first time since he had seen Jonathan again. He looked so peaceful, so quaint. His dear Jojo. Without thinking, Dio reached his free hand up to stroke through the soft dark locks, letting them curl in his fingers. He’d missed that. He’d missed, not even sex necessarily, but just having Jonathan close, just making contact.

He was still going to leave after all this, this was just… a detour. A detox. Dio was still going to go. Definitely. He’d decided it was better, and that held true. But letting him sleep on his shoulder wasn’t going to hurt anyone, was it?

It was rather lucky that the trip was a long one, it gave Jonathan a chance to catch up on some much needed sleep. By the time he started to stir, his head had already shifted, and he was never to know of the intimate, secret moments Dio had shared with him. There was not much of the ride remaining at that point, and it was over open, luscious landscapes, far, far away from the city and all the vices that it held.

The driver helped by carrying their bags into the vestibule of the villa that they would be occupying for the next few weeks. It was a small but lovely little place which they would be alone in, just as they had been in the summer cottage. Unfortunately, this trip would be nowhere near as peaceful, or a blissful.

Before the driver left, Jonathan handed him a letter to be posted. It was addressed to the Joestar estate, and contained the description of a very specific notebook, as well as instructions regarding the places it might be hidden in. Sooner or later, the servants would come across it, and it would be sent to this address.

But for now, the driver bid his farewells, and Dio and Jonathan were left alone, with nothing but a peaceful, charming villa, and each other.

The air was fresh and green, clouds blue up ahead with the late March sun giving way to the
beginnings of April and the spring that came with it. New beginnings, how fitting it was. Dio took his smallest in hand, finding the bedroom he wished to claim, using the cane to assist him up the stairs.

“I’m going to take this one,” he said after a gander (more like a limp, really, with his leg). He almost had to catch himself from saying this was the one they would have, but managed to evade that mishap. For now he dumped his belongings in the room without thought to sort them, and returned to Jonathan in the main hall.

“I still do not know what you plan on doing here. I am going to humour you, consider it repayment for bailing me out of incarceration. But what exactly do you think you are going to change? You are no doctor, no expert on the mind, can you really think yourself so superior to all that you can somehow save me, redeem me?”

Jonathan was doing his best to not think of the last time they had been dropped on the doorstep of an empty home to call their own indefinitely. It still broke his heart to think of the cottage, and all the happy times they had spent there together. This would be nothing like that, and Jonathan knew that there were many hardships to come. Many, many hardships.

But for now, a big, dopey grin passed over the Joestar’s face, and he shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t know how yet, I’ll figure it out along the way. Now, I’m going to make dinner, I had them stock us with enough for a week before we arrived.” Turning on his heel before Dio could protest much, Jonathan walked to the back of the house, where a rustic looking kitchen was set and waiting. “Start the fire, will you, Dio? I shall do the rest, you probably would like to change.”

Jonathan was tackling dinner on his own, a possibly terrifying thought, though the man had been on his own for several months now and worked late hours at the camp. He also loved food, and Italians had a good mind for it. Within a few hours’ time, he had several chicken breasts smothered in (too much) sauce and cheese, accompanied by (slightly over cooked) pasta. It was however, still edible.

Over dinner, Jonathan finally cut to the chase. “What have you been doing in Italy since we parted ways?”

The meal would have gone down far better with a nice glass of red wine, Dio thought to himself, but held his tongue, at least for the time being. He had not drunk since last night, and it seemed -- and he’d checked -- the cupboards were empty of any, any alcohol. Not even the vinegar had any alcohol in it. Not that Dio would be so desperate as to drink pure vinegar. At least he didn’t think so. He gripped his fist tighter around his fork in a weak attempt to end the trembling that had seen its return now that he was sober.

At Jonathan’s question, Dio pursed his lips for a long moment, recalling little more than an entwine of bodies, a swig of booze, a woman with a star tattoo, and being this close to committing murder on numerous occasions, one of which landed him in custody. It wasn’t exactly something he could be proud of.

“You really want to know, Jojo? I don’t think you’ll like it much, and I wouldn’t want you to get jealous with all the people I’ve been fucking since you were gone. I’ll spare you the details, like you asked, but there was this one man who could work wonders with his tongue.” He took a bite of chewy pasta, challenging glint in his eye.

Jonathan grew silent for a long, harsh moment. Dio did not wish to be with him anymore, he had to accept that fact. If he did not, they might as well leave right this moment. It was difficult and painful, but at least if Dio was in his life -- at least if he knew Dio had a life -- he would be satisfied.
"Better than myself?" Jonathan finally replied, and then burst out into laughter. "Well of course they were better than I, I hardly have any experience. To this day, you are the only one I have ever been with." Jonathan took another bite of his chicken. "I don't regret it, although I suppose I should be none too happy about the fact that I missed the opportunity to fulfil my father's wish of seeing me married before he died, but…" Jonathan shrugged and shovelled more food into his face, trying to not think much about it, lest he choke.

"Anyway, Dio, it is all in the past now. As is the last three months, I suppose."

Dio didn't think he liked that reaction much -- laughter, mild self-deprecation and the mention of Lord Joestar and that foolish man's wants for Jonathan's life. But it was funny now, he supposed, while Dio was unable to go through with the poisoning due to the premature accident, he had been meaning to kill him because he would see he and Jonathan separated, and Jonathan married off to some random, unwanted woman, disrupting their happiness. That seemed a little pointless now, they were no longer attached to those plans, no longer lover.

No. Nobody was better than Jonathan, nobody. Yes, some of those people he’d been with managed to blow Dio’s mind and his cock in ways that send his head rolling backwards and body unable to move for hours, showing him wonder and bliss in the hot spill of orgasm. But there was something he and Jonathan had that a one night stand, a person he felt nothing towards could ever match. That bond, that strength… nobody was better than Jonathan.

“Yes, the past. I suppose we are there now. Not that you seem to know how to let go of it, let go of me.” Dio shook his head. “It’s just like you to whisk me away to some deserted villa isn’t it?” Dio chuckled lightly, and for a second forgot they were strained. “I don’t think I saw a shop or person for miles, keeping me all to yourself.”

"It-it's not like that!" Jonathan declared in protest. "I just thought the further away from people, the better." He looked Dio in the eye and sighed deeply, shaking his head. "I'll be blunt with you Dio. I know this won't be easy. You want to be independent, right? Not have any crutches to fall back on?" His look grew dark and serious.

"If that is truly what you want for yourself, you need to stop drinking. And smoking. Or whatever other toxic things you've been doing to yourself. Because if you don't, Dio, you shall never be able to live without them. You will become more reliant on them than you ever have with me."

Jonathan lifted a glass of water to his lips and took a sip. "I will respect your wishes to separate and I promise to be the gentleman. I won't take advantage of you. But you must be ready to fight your own battles, too."

“I never thought you would be the type to ‘take advantage,’ Jojo. It was never your style.” Dio sighed deeply, thinking of the highs the opioids gave him, how wine and spirits had helped him forget moments, pass through nights he was unable to sleep due to terrors. They were, for all the negatives, something he had grown close to. They helped him.

But Jonathan was right, he couldn’t stop himself anymore. It was not a choice, they were becoming an addiction, something out of control, and that was what Dio hated more than anything.

“I can accept that. A cleanse might be something helpful for me. I don’t want to ever have to rely upon anything but my own strength. Not even on wine. Especially not on wine. I am strong, I don’t need you to tell me to fight my own battles, I’ve been doing that since the day I was born. I can handle it.”
But that night, lying awake with hands that wouldn’t stop their damn shaking, and a stomach that turned, making the insides of Dio’s cheeks feel flushed and hot, unable to sleep, he was finding himself a whole lot weaker than those brave words.

He reached over to Jonathan’s side of the bed. “Jojo… I…” Oh. That was right, he and Jonathan weren’t sleeping together anymore.

Curling into the foetal position, Dio trembling, stripping off his damp clothes, drenched with cold sweat.

The new place was unfamiliar and strange, and the bed cold and lonely. Dio was lying in the next room over, and he had yearned for his presence for so long, why couldn't they simply curl up together now, just as they used to? It was not to be however, and he resigned himself to that fact as he went to pour himself a glass of water.

On his way, he passed the door to Dio’s room, hearing the shuffling inside. Lightly, he knocked on the door. "Dio?" he asked softly. Concerned, he opened it a crack to find the man writhing on the bed. Rushing to his side, he offered him the glass of water he had poured for himself. "Try sipping this. I'll fetch you an extra blanket."

“I-I-It’s cold… and it is hot, Jojo… I can’t s-s-stop shaking,” Dio said between panicked breaths. He knew the reason for it. The tremor in his hand had only been the beginning, the withdrawal hitting him hard right from the first night he was going without. Even before the three months of debauchery, Dio had never gone long without a drink, it’d been years, even. He couldn’t just go cold turkey, what was he thinking, what was Jonathan thinking? Things couldn’t just work like that.

“I just… I just… need a sip. Only a sip and I can manage. Just one, I can’t, I can’t, Jojo, I just need a small amount, and--” Dio repeated something like those words on repeat, lost to what he was saying in nauseous delirium, clinging to Jonathan’s form tightly, huddled close to him, not caring that they were no longer meant to be intimate in such ways. He needed to be held almost as much as he needed a drink.

Jonathan shook his head as he took the trembling Dio into his arms, touching his forehead lightly.

"Dio, you are burning up. I can't give you a drink, there is none. That is part of why I wanted you to come out here, where there is no temptation. I know it's hard, I know you want it, but you're stronger than that." Jonathan held him tightly, lifting a hand to stroke through his blond locks gently. "Think of your mother. You can do it, Dio, really you can."

“No I can’t!” Dio shouted immediately. “I can’t! I’m weak, Jojo. I am weak and pathetic, and I cannot do this, just get me a drink! I need one, I’m fucking quaking like some sort of trapped hurricane and sweating like a disgusting pig, and I cannot do this! This is why I ran from you in the first place! This is why I gave up the best thing in my life, because this is who I am deep down without it, without you, and I can’t be like that! I cannot be this, Jojo… please… I cannot be weak I don’t want this to be who I am.” Tears once again streaked down Dio’s pale sullen cheeks, wetting Jonathan’s lap.

“I don’t want to think of my mother. She isn’t proud of me, she does not smile when she sees me from heaven. I gave that up a long time ago. Because she was weak, her way was weak. And I am weak.”

Jonathan’s heart was breaking for Dio, for not the first time, nor the last. He gathered him up in his large, strong arms and embraced him tightly.
“You are not weak. You aren’t. And I will stay here with you until your fever passes. All right?” Jonathan raised a hand, running it through Dio’s soft blond hair, trying his best to not think of how he used to do that each and every day, and trying even harder to not think about how much he adored doing it. His heart was still in love with the man, even if he told it not to be.

“Your mother might be gone, but your brother is here. Please trust me. You can do this, I know you can.”

Dio did not reply with anything more than whimpers and shudders, the effects of withdrawal hitting him all too hard. He did not know how many times that night he felt like he was going to fall into the very pit of hell before he clawed himself out of it, only trip and slip down another thirty paces.

But Jonathan was there, every pitiful second he was there to be a hand to hold, a shoulder to cry on, someone to hold his hair up as Dio coughed out uncooked pasta and chicken and cheese until all that was left was bile and dry heaving.

Even though Dio had abandoned him, he was still there, loyal and true in every step.

“T-Tell me a story… or something… I need a distraction.” Dio was exhausted, body doing all but fall asleep, forced awake with his shudders and need for an alcohol nowhere to be found.

Jonathan nursed Dio without a second thought. He remembered how when he had taken ill from poisoning, Dio had done the same for him. Now, years later he was returning the favour, and more. His mind chirped ‘until death do us part’, something to which made his own stomach turn. Neither of them needed that reminder right now.

Nor did any stories feel appropriate for Jonathan. Every story he could think of to tell would remind him in some way of he and Dio. All the happily ever afters, the familiar bedtime stories, none felt appropriate.

But remembering something, he left the room briefly to dig through his suitcase. Having found the book that he was searching for, he returned to the room with a candle to read by.

“Izzy sent this to me as a Christmas gift, knowing I liked books and far off places. Now, which story to choose…” The cover revealed the book to be A Thousand and One Arabian Night, and opening it up, Jonathan began to read.

“Oh, just hurry up and pick something, Jojo,” Dio’s fingers gripped round his stomach trying to massage it better.

He didn’t really care what Jonathan said, he just wanted his voice, soothing and sweet and beautiful even when he was talking absolute rubbish to ease him. Jonathan’s tone always calmed Dio, he liked to tune out and listen to it sometimes, just enjoying the rhythm against his ear.

Jonathan began to read the tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, keeping his voice pleasant, and flowing over the poetic text with ease. Every so often while reading, he would glance to Dio and touch his thigh. But he kept reading enthusiastically until the story was done.

“Dio… do you want me to make you a tea?” he whispered, in case he should disturb him.

Dio shook his head, and as perhaps muscle memory guided him he snuggled up closer to Jonathan. “Just keep reading, I think it is helping.” The strokes to his thigh were welcome, in Dio’s discomfort and haze he allowed them. Jonathan just fit his grasp, it was natural to be this way.

He was immediately swept in something calming, tranquil with Jonathan. But that was the point, that
was the problem. He needed strength without him, and Dio was no longer sure how much he possessed.

Jonathan continued with another story, this one about a genie that granted wishes from a magic lamp. While Dio was still ill, he thought that perhaps maybe he was starting to feel a bit more relaxed against him. Indeed, the pressure of their bodies snug together was most welcome, even to Jonathan.

A hand reached out and stroked Dio’s hair as he read, not able to help himself. It was a soothing gesture... just a brotherly one. Nothing more.

Dio was finally starting to feel tired, but then that could be said for the entirety of the night. Even if he wasn’t going to sleep -- which did not seem likely -- this was the second closest thing he could use. Jonathan’s body was warm, and his motions completely attuned to what Dio liked. Caressing his bob of blond, touching him in just the right places, it was all perfect.

“Jojo… you know…” Dio said quietly as the story came to an end, almost inaudible. “I really did miss you.” He shouldn't have said that, but nevertheless it came out. "And you... you were better than all of them."

Jonathan had turned to look at him, though at those words, he turned back to the book, a blush forming on his cheeks. It felt too good to hear those words, too sweet, and he wasn’t sure how to rectify it. Eventually, he placed the book to the side, tilting his head to look at Dio.

“You flatter me. I... I miss you too, Dio, more than anything. But this isn’t the time for that right now, mm?” He pressed a kiss to his forehead. “You need to focus on resting, and feeling better.”

Dejected, almost, Dio felt at that moment. He shouldn’t have, he was the one who pushed Jonathan away, was still pushing him away, sleeping with others, abandoning all they had become over these years.

“Not the time…” he repeated the words slowly, feeling something of a want to protest. But Jonathan was right, of course, it was different now. “Yes… rest.” He remembered himself once more, and unravelled from Jonathan’s grasp.

“You may go back to your bed now. I am fine from here.”

It would do no good to cling to him like old times. Dio needed to get through this alone.

Now it was Jonathan’s turn to feel dejected. He wanted to have a chance to sleep beside him one more time. But no, it was for the best if they separated.

“Sleep well, Dio. I will check on you, and don’t hesitate to wake me if you need me.” He left the book at Dio’s bedside and slumped over into his own bed, exhausted.
Dio continued not to sleep the remainder of the night, perhaps dozing off once or twice, but hardly enough to count towards a significant amount of slumber. The first nights were always meant to be the roughest, he supposed as he rolled himself out of bed. It had to past noon now, Jonathan had left around five or six in the morning, so it was doubtful the man was yet awake. He would have come and seen him if he was, it was just something he could not have avoided.

Dragging slow feet to the mirror, Dio looked at his reflection, shuffling off the minimal clothing he had left on by the end of the night, and taking in his appearance.

He had lost a lot of weight these past three months, turning to his side his collar bones protruded strongly, his stomach was toned, but far flatter and less worked than it had been during the peak of rugby. He was glad he did not take to beer much, his father had, and his gut was larger than the sun. But he also ate like a hog, and Dio did anything but, leaving his body without much fat. He gave a half laugh, all his teenage and early adult life he had strived to gain a body with a build and frame to Jonathan’s, he was jealous of his powerful muscles, found them endlessly alluring. But this, slim and thin was always his natural inclination. Now the stark difference was made that much clearer.

Bags sat under his eyes, showing the lack of sleep not only from tonight, but from many. When he slept he often had nightmares, and he feared them more than anything, more and more vivid each time. So he avoided it completely. But it did nothing for his looks.

The thirst remained. He needed a drink, the back of Dio’s mind was screaming at him to find some. His ankle still hurt, meaning he could not walk to the far away shops, and no telephone had been installed at the old villa to hire a cart or order some wine to him.

He was trapped here.

Jonathan was in fact up, though he did not look all too bright and sunny himself. His complexion was dark and his muscles well-toned, though possibly even more than usual between the hours in the hot Italian sun, and the manual labour of the work. But he did enjoy it. Even with all the exercise, Jonathan loved all the food Italy had to offer, and might have under other circumstances put some extra weight on him, if not for all the extra stress and worry.

Even now, he was not free from these worries as he made a tray to bring up to Dio’s room. There was dry toast and strong, sugary tea, both of which should help settle his stomach. He also placed a fresh cut rose in a vase, and carried it to the chambers.

“Good morning, were you able to get some sleep?” he asked in as cheerful a tone as he could manage. The problem was, seeing Dio both raised his hopes and shattered his heart at the same time.

“No.” The answer was as plain and curt as Dio currently felt. Jonathan had walked in on him naked, but Dio made no rush to cover himself for the sake of modesty. He had filled the sink with cool water, and bent over to dunk his head inside, letting it sit under the depths for a few long seconds, before pulling out, gasping with relief and refreshment, the ends of his locks darkened and dripping with the cool late start.

Drying off with a pale hand towel, Dio made his way back to the bed, opening his suitcase in search for something pleasant to wear. Now that the sickness for now had subsided, the irksome tremor stood as his main issue, and Dio could barely unfasten the case without vibrating his fingers against the lock, cursing at what should have been an easy task made difficult.
Jonathan set the tray down, and approached Dio from behind, leaning in to unlatch his case for him. “Let me help you.” He spoke, though indeed he had already acted. Being around Dio naked again made his cheeks turn red, yet he still acted the part of a gentleman.

“After you dress, you should eat something. It might help settle your stomach.” He had not been allowing himself to look so closely, and turned his back in some form of modesty. “Do you, ah, want help with your clothing?”

Dio looked at Jonathan’s back, then at his bare body he did not even notice before as something to be concerned over. At least there was some amusement to be had in Jonathan’s coyness. “Shy now, are we? That’s new.” He dug into the bag, locating a fresh pair of undergarments and easy breeches since there was no longer anyone to impress. Not that any of Dio’s outfits were anything but stellar, really.

“You can assist me with putting the clothes over my ankle if you so desire.” And he was sure Jonathan did. “I could of course do it alone, but since you are here anyway…”

There wasn’t a question of if he desired it at all. The only question was if he should. But Jonathan decided that if opportunity knocked, he would grab it. Falling to his knees before Dio, he leaned in and placed his undergarments over his toes, pulling them up and over his ankles.

Unable to resist, he pressed a few small kisses to Dio’s toes, and then looked up at him with eyes full of yearning.

In a voice barely audible, he murmured the words "...my prince." He immediately regretted it, and looked away, but there was no taking back what was already said.

Dio swallowed hard, knitting his brows into a fold. He took Jonathan’s chin in his grasp, lifting up slowly, so blue, despondent eyes with his own. Crazed and desperate with a great thirst they may have been, but he was sure the same expression was matched in his amber gaze.

He was so close, as he leaned in further, hair falling with him to brush the air in front of Jonathan’s nose they were brought nearer still. Why was he doing all this? Fighting so much to be apart from them. He and Jojo were like gloves, fitting, without him was like a lonely sock without its partner, turbulent and almost without match. He wanted to match again. But Dio had to live without equal.

Where Jonathan’s hands were, Dio reached down for them, covered the dark, slightly trembling hands with his own tremoring. “I… should take it from here, Jojo,” he said, their faces still a breath apart.

When their eyes met and locked, Jonathan knew that Dio still loved him. And yet still, he turned him away. Perhaps there was love, but not enough. And with everything else that he was going through...

Jonathan pulled away and turned towards the door, not allowing his face to be seen. "I understand. I… will be on the patio if you need me."

The villa had a beautiful patio, with a view of a field and gentle rolling hills outside it. He slumped into a chair and sighed deeply, losing himself in thought.

When Jonathan left the room, Dio felt a tremendous pressure about him suddenly burst and evaporate, leaving him near breathless. For a while he did not even move from position, his face still so close to where the phantom of Jonathan’s mouth, his lips had been, holding onto his undergarments, trapped in a statue still limbo.

Swallowing heavy, he slowly started to lift them up, just about getting them over his rear before he
fell flat on his back, collapsing into the soft sheets and fluffy mattress. It was a whole other world, not being with Jonathan. Any other occasion and that would have amounted to a wonderful early afternoon romp, no questions asked. The air was filled with a tension that could be sliced with a knife, it was almost arousing, if not for everything else surrounding it.

Eventually, Dio changed fully, putting his hair in a small, stylistically messy bun and took his cane to assist him downstairs, a slow journey, and irritating in its lack of pace. At least it wasn’t broken this time, maybe in a weak it would heal. But he made it, noting the open door. Jonathan was still sat there, mind out in a daze, Dio could tell. For a while he just watched him without making a noise, but soon enough he made himself known.

“Even if you have trapped me here, at least the place is rather appealing to look at. Picturesque.”

When Dio stepped outside, he would notice the melancholy in Jonathan's eyes as he gazed at the beautiful scenery. The two almost didn't go together -- anyone would have been thrilled with such a marvellous scene. But Jonathan was still feeling the sorrow from a lost love, wound now made fresh by Dio's presence.

Once he realised Dio was behind him however, he forced a smile onto his face and motioned to the view. "It truly is beautiful, isn't it? I do like Italy, even if it will always have some bad memories for me." As soon as he said that he regretted it, and did his best to change the topic.

"Is there anything you need? Besides of course, what you can't have."

“What is it that I cannot have?” There was more than one answer to that question. Dio didn’t push it much. “No, there is nothing in particular. But since we are here together, and it does not look like there’s any escaping that, we might as well find some common ground to step on, no?”

Dio didn’t really know what he was saying, doing. He had no problem being alone, taking time off from people for the stead of books and other material, sometimes just the happy recesses of his own mind. But with Jonathan here, he just did not know how to be around him.

“Tell me what you expect to happen here? Truthfully, Jojo. You abandoned your apprenticeship, something I told you not to do, and now you have near no contact with the outside world. So is it really just you and I? Can you bear that?”

“It is just you and I and I can and will bear it,” Jonathan snapped back, although he took a deep breath, not wishing to seem too frustrated this early on. “And I did not abandon my apprenticeship. My mentor is aware of my situation as much as he is able to be, and he approves. It will be waiting for me when I get back.” He sighed deeply and did his best to relax in the chair.

As for why I have you here, you have an addiction to alcohol and whatever else you picked up when you were on your own. If you expect to get on by yourself, you must cleanse yourself. And when you are done…” Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. “Would… you still live in the mansion?”

“I doubt it.” Dio said truthfully. “I would let you keep that. I think, moving forward for future plans, most of my business will be done in London, most of the better firms are within the city. I had already considered purchasing myself an apartment building within the location. Small enough two, but with comfortable room and living space, and a servant quarters. Maybe I would have just taken the hole rink of flats, but there is something appealing about living in such a place. I planned on doing so anyway, even without all the… newer developments.”

He would have talked to Jonathan about it, likely have found somewhere for the both of them to live, since London was simply an ample location to have property anywhere. The Joestar estate would be
the main home, but commuting each and every day would have been arduous at times.

But there was one thing Dio picked up he was not so keen on. “How much does this mentor know, exactly. Do not share the privacies of my affairs with random strangers, they are not your secrets to tell.”

“You can put your mind at ease, Dio.” Jonathan raised his hand, as if trying to soothe him “He thinks I have a female fiancée who was having difficulties with life and alcohol. No connection to my darling, dearest brother at all.”

Tapping the arm of the wooden chair beside him, he motioned for Dio to have a seat. “I hope you realised that though you can push me away as a lover, you can never push me away as a brother. We are bound by that. You cannot pretend we aren’t.”

Leaning back in his chair he stared forward into nature. “You shouldn’t feel the need to cut me out of your life completely after this. I won’t hurt you, I won’t interfere, so long as you are safe and healthy. I love you, that isn’t changing, even if now it is in a different capacity.

“So now you have a fake fiancée to contend with, that should certainly play in your favour. Well, I am sure you will figure your way around that when the time comes.” Dio sighed shaking his head. “Still, who is saying she, and thus I am having difficulties with life?” His eyes once again narrowed, and arms folded over each other displeased.

“Yes, perhaps I can admit the drinking may have been mildly exuberant, but that and my life -- which is fine, may I add -- are completely mutually exclusive. There is no connection one way or the other and you cannot say that there are any issues within it. I am fine.”

Jonathan pinched his brow and shook his head, looking at Dio out of the corner of his eye. “Well things were hard enough for you to decide that a relationship you initiated and seemed perfectly happy in was suddenly stifling your life!” The irritation was rising in him, and it was getting more and more difficult to hide it. Still, he took a deep breath, and counted to ten in his head. It helped.

“I’m sorry. This shouldn’t be about us. I just want for you to be able to go through the rest of your life without needing a crutch -- including me.” His fingers ran through his brown locks, and he forced a smile in Dio’s direction.

“Just… know that you don’t need to chase me away completely.”

“I thought that would make things easier for you.” And not just for Jonathan, but Dio himself. Temptation was all too near, even now he just felt like jumping on the man and letting everything said, those three months apart disappear into a tangle in the night. It would be the summer cottage all over again.

“And I am still sure I was right in doing that. Believe it or not, Jojo, hurting you is not something I want to do any more than need be.” Dio sighed, his ankle not doing him any good, nor the repetitive tremors that made holding his cane a tentative job. He sat down beside Jonathan, as far as the short bench would allow.

“Besides, chasing you away only makes you seem to run faster.”

"Faster towards you maybe. I just don't want you to forget me completely." It was all Jonathan could say at this point. He did not wish to argue, and he did not want for Dio to feel as if he was clinging unnecessarily, and demand to leave the little villa. That was the last thing that either of them needed.

"Just...come and visit me from time to time. I will always enjoy our chats, hearing what you have to
say about my research, sharing ideas and thoughts.." Instead of sharing kisses and bodily fluids, affections and caresses.

"If we each have our own families after this, I should like them to be close.

“Family?” Dio scoffed a laugh. “As if that would ever happen. You… well…” The taste in Dio’s mouth grew sour, for reasons other than the lack of sweet, delicious wine filling it. He did not like to think of Jonathan as belonging to anyone other than him, being with anyone else. Even now, the concept near made him retch. “Maybe you will find some sort of wench and live the boring life with seven boring children, but not I.” Dio shook his head.

“No, I, Dio, have no interest of making a family with anyone else. Career and my own name shall be my legacy, not some offspring made from my own seed.” He would never let his tainted blood pass, never let Dario’s breed further any more.

“If you do not wish to have children, of course I will not bother you on the matter. But it would be your duty to come and visit mine, and enjoy their company.”

Jonathan sighed and shook his head. “If I even have them at all.”

“My duty, is it?” Dio thought to a scene, a future Jonathan, some sort of ugly troll of a wife if he imagined her at all, and a collection of children, all blue eyes and dark hair just like him, the complete same looking as him, only smaller. It was not a scene he thought of fondly in the slightest. “I think I’ll pass.”

The notion of Jonathan not having kids was far nicer, endless bachelor, forever haunted by Dio. In a selfish way, Dio was fond of it far more. “Without children, life is far more freeing, no one can deny that.”

Jonathan wanted a child all right, he wanted Dio’s child, with his blond hair and quiet intelligence. It made him physically hurt to think about it. Glancing back at Dio, the realisation hit him that he was hurting himself in the process of trying to get Dio better, and it was important to tread lightly.

“Perhaps you are right. Perhaps we should mostly go our separate ways, rather than be reminded of how things could be. But, I still want to know you are safe.”

“I am safe, and I am fine. That will always be the case.” For a while, Dio and Jonathan just sat there, looking out into the gentle view beyond them, not a word to say in between. Occasionally the stray touch, natural and accidental would find their way around, the pair trying to figure out just how to be together at all. They had been enemies, they had been in a strained faux brother ship, and they had been intimate lovers. Whatever this was, neither of them knew how to approach it.

Needless to say, this was going to be a long week.
Dio had times where he seemed perfectly, fine, normal even -- his ankle was healing over nicely, and his walk was without it’s noticeable limp more often than not. But with craving, boredom, loss of control and Jonathan hanging over him, their history, and set upon inability to be when all else dictated they should had its way of making the bad spells far, far worse.

“I’m done! It’s practically been a week, Jojo, and you have no right to keep me here like some sort of enslaved prisoner! I’m leaving, and there is nothing you can do to stop me!” Dio had kicked his door in, screaming from the moment he saw Jonathan’s face, bag in hand and face red with fumes.

“I am not keeping you here,” Jonathan spoke with a calmness in his voice which he was not feeling. “You can leave any time you wish. But are you able to go into the world and make your mother proud yet? Would you be able to do it without taking a drink?”

Jonathan folded his arms over his chest and stared at Dio, knowing that unfortunately the answer to this question might be ‘no’, even if Dio did not wish to admit that.

“Oh shut the fuck up with that I am so high and mighty attitude, using my mother, you don’t know my mother, even with all your snooping and digging up things that needn’t concern you.” Dio was spitting, angry regurgitating things he had said more than once. He didn’t care, he’d say them as much as they liked, it was not like the lost their truth with number, and maybe one day they would get through to Jonathan’s thick and irritating skull.

“That’s always been something I’ve hated about you, Jojo, even before. You think you are so much better than me, think you stand on some moral high ground. Here is a flash of news you may not have heard before: you are just as faulted as the rest of the world. You are conceited and haughty and mask it under a thin veil of gentleman’s demeanour and calmness.” Dio stormed forward, laying hands on Jonathan, aggression and bitter hatred in his voice. “Well I see it, Jojo. I see it plain as day, and you are not better, you are far worse because you think yourself more than you ever will be!”

Jonathan's teeth were grinding together. He may like helping others and doing good, but he was no saint and Dio’s words were trying for him. The only fortunate thing was that he had a great deal of experience in dealing with them, and with arms still folded over his chest he glared at Dio, not caring if his irritation was showing through.

"Yes, Dio, I am a flawed and imperfect human being, thank you for noticing. And you are using lawyer tactics to get around the real issue -- can you go out into that world right now without leaning on alcohol? Can you get to sleep without trembling out of need for a smoke, or a drink, or god knows what else? If the answer is yes, then be gone with you already!” Jonathan made a dramatic flick of his hand in the direction of the door.

"And if it no, and you still wish to leave, I hope you will enjoy each and every drink you shall have - - they will only bring you closer and closer to becoming your father!"

It was thoughtless, rage blinding took over Dio and with fists clenched and head knocking forward, he slammed his forehead right into Jonathan’s face, butting him hard. Jonathan stumbled back a few paces, looking to retaliate, but Dio had always been faster. Care not for his leg, he jumped, crushing his weight onto Jonathan before he could stop him, those tight fists now making perfect strikes upon each side of his cheeks, over and over again, bringing forth blood and bruise.

“Shut up, shut up, shut up, you stinking piece of shit, you cur, stop saying I’m like him, I’m not, I’m
never like him!” Dio screamed so loud his throat felt it deep and croaked. Straddling the man, he continued with his pummels, wanting to tear him down to nothing, make those words disappear.

His fingers trembled with more than addiction now, sore and worn from the punches, feeling as if he would never stop. But he did. Just for a second.

And in the heat, the intensity of the shattering moment as he looked at Jonathan beneath him, Dio pulled him up by the open collar, knuckles clenched so tight the pale skin turned ivory under the purple and crimson.

“I hate you, Jojo!”

He stared, amber burning, piercing through his soul, travelled down past the straight and dip of his nose. Panting, he continued inches further, and then, unthinking he forced his lips upon Jonathan’s own, crashing them into a kiss.

That had not been completely unexpected. Jonathan had seen it coming. He knew that this was going to be a long and slow process. Dio did know how to handle his emotions, he never had, right from the very start. But the force of which was perhaps a bit much, and Jonathan fell to the floor with a loud thud.

The first few punches hurt. He would be sporting a new bruise around his eye. Blood from his nose would stain his shirt, and damn, this one had always been comfortable. An arm flew up to block the next few punches, which grew weaker and weaker as Dio’s stamina decreased. Finally Jonathan could go on the offensive himself, head butting the blond to get him to push him back.

Still, Dio’s fingers clamped with all their strength about the collar of his shirt. He had to free himself, he couldn’t let Dio get the upper hand, he wasn’t himself right now and if he managed to get him to pass out, there was a risk for death--

Words of hate filled his ears, and then lips pressed to his own. His mind went from life or death mode and melted into confusion. Logic told him to pull away, instinct told him to continue. And continue he did, with hands clenched on Dio’s shirt in case he should change his mind.

“I love you, but you disgust me!” Jonathan managed to spit out. “You are too egotistical, you don’t accept that you can make mistakes…” Tongue began to slip between Dio’s own as Jonathan began his own mistake.

Oh god, Jonathan’s lips on Dio’s felt so good, too good, it was as if melting on air. But Dio was mad, angry, he would not settle for being taken, he would take and destroy and fight back.

“I don’t accept, do I?! Perhaps you should stop trying to fix everyone else around you before you look at yourself! You disgust me, Jojo!” Dio’s fingers clawed into Jonathan’s shirt, marking moons on his skin, and pushing in further so the fabric ripped, and more blood trickled with sharp nails coming to a grand advantage. Dio took the wince of response as opportunity to bite Jonathan’s lip hard, before kissing him once more, wet and sloppy and harsh as ever, every animosity finding its way into the mix.

But Dio found himself, lulling, ushered in by Jonathan’s sweet tongue once again, no matter what words were spitting out of it. He yanked on his hair, hard, so much so that strands of thick curls came off when he centred his attention to Jonathan’s neck, squeezing round it tightly, still kissing.

Hands met Dio’s wrists at his throat and ripped them off, Dio was not going to get the joy of strangling Jonathan, at least not today. Using his strength, Jonathan rolled and forced Dio onto his
back, pinning his hands above his head, and gazing down at him with anger.

“I’ve spoiled you! I’ve allowed you to be selfish and manipulative for too long! Stop trying to blame your problems on everyone else, Dio! You brought yourself here…” Jonathan’s head lowered into Dio’s own throat, nipping at his harshly, just as he might have done during one of their rougher sessions. “You stole the best years of my life! Made me love you! Made my father go to his grave without seeing me married…” And yet Jonathan’s lips did not lie as they claimed Dio’s and kissed them roughly. This was all he wanted, his body even now was hoping to be as one.

“Please don’t let that all have been for nothing, Dio. Please. Forget me if you must but leave your vices behind you.” His voice was pleading, as was his flesh, except for something else.

“I stole your life?! Ha, don’t make me laugh! Stop talking about how I ruined you, took everything away, like you were truly looking at some eligible ladies, as if you have even touched, even spoken to a woman more than societal greetings and awkward hellos at balls in over a decade!” Dio felt Jonathan’s body, his heat on top of him, and could not help thrusting his hips upwards, feeling warmth swarm to his own, and he let out a small whine, mixed with a grunt of frustration at being pinned by the larger man’s heavy weight.

“You would have been lumped in a dull arranged marriage with a dull arranged bride and feigned some sort of pseudo happiness with your dull arranged children because that would have made your father happy! You would never have learned to grow, never have gotten out of that man’s shadow if it were not for me, and do not even pretend to deny it, Jojo! I did not make you do anything you were not dying to do yourself!”

Jonathan’s teeth ground together as he listened to Dio. He wanted to deny it all, pretend that it was all wrong and that he would have been happily married right now if it wasn’t for him. But he was right. He had wanted and craved Dio, before he even realised it himself, and those years together had been a culmination of everything he had ever wanted and everything he had ever needed all rolled into one.

It only made him angrier, while at the same time, made his body crave Dio’s even more. His teeth sank into Dio’s neck while his hands sank into his rear, feeling the flesh just as he used to.

“None of it matters anymore. You’d rather wallow in filth than have me inside you again, wouldn’t you?” A hand moved from Dio’s rear to between his legs, and squeezed at his erection.

Dio faltered at the grasp, his cock twitching heavily, growing thicker and harder at the gesture alone. He squeezed his thighs shut in retaliation, which only kept Jonathan’s hand inside, pushing against him and making Dio writhe. He’d missed that bliss, that ecstasy Jonathan could bring, and he fucked against him with a ruthlessness.

“I hate you so much it makes me want to choke,” Dio spat, pulling Jonathan in again for another full kiss, wrapped around his nape and pressing into the tan expanse of skin. “Fuck you, Jojo, fuck me,” he demanded, legs wrapping around his waist and pulling him closer. “If nothing matters, then fuck me.”

No, he shouldn’t be doing this. A few minutes of bliss will lead to endless hurt later. Jonathan should just pull away, lock himself in his room, masturbate, and forget about all of this.

But he couldn’t Dio was right there, his body warm even if his words hurt, and his flesh willing. This might be the last chance he ever had to feel him like this. How could he say no?

With as much haste as he could manage, Jonathan undid the front of his breeches and shoved them
down. After doing the same for Dio, he spit on his hand and pressed two fingers inside him, growing more and more excited by the second. This was it. He was finally going to be inside him again.

Mouth pressed on Dio’s, he pushed his cock into his tight hole, moaning through the kiss as he did so. It had been so long, and he was so warm.

Jonathan was so big, Dio had almost forgotten just how big he was, there was no comparison, not one to any. He crammed inside his walls, the small hint of preparation barely enough to ease the passage, and Dio felt every inch of his cock, spreading and nestling in so perfectly. They were meant to combine, Dio was meant to feel this full, feel it through his stomach and pulsing through every inch of his slender, tight body.

Dio’s back arched high, grip tight, forcing Jonathan in further and further inside until there was nothing more he could offer, and still Dio would need it. “Jojo… Jojo…” he mewed, still grabbing and clawing at the man above him, roughness not lost for a second. He cursed, and he spat insult, then to fuck him hard, to use him, to have him, he hated him how dare he?

Tears of pleasure and force pricked the corners of Dio’s eyes, tears of frustration and wrath, tears of every ounce of hostility, adoration and overwhelming sensation Jonathan gave Dio. “More, more, aaaaah! Jojo, please…”

Jonathan spared him nothing as he thrusted himself deep within Dio, using every bit of strength he had in him. It had been too long, and there was no way he would be able to hold out for more than a few minutes. Still he did his best, wanting to savour what very well might be the last time…

“Dio…” he nipped at the blond’s ear just as he used to, arms slipping about his slender body as he moved his hips against him in a fierce motion. He was so tight, his body filled him so nicely, he could not forget how well they fit. If he could have kept this up forever, he would have.

But soon enough his seed sprayed deep within him, filling him to the brim with the white sticky liquid. “I love you…” The words escaped his lips just as his spend did, there was no controlling it.

Dio’s body had also given out, spluttered hot pale seed onto his shirt, his cock throbbing and spent with orgasm, ass filled to the brim. “Jojo…” he whimpered once more in the midst of their haze. He brought his attention to Jonathan’s form, his arms, his chest, his face, his eyes, staring into him, filled with hurt and love. “I…”

Dio flickered down, swallowing the heavy lump in his throat, senses slowly returning. This was a mistake, it was everything he wanted to prevent from happening. Already he could feel himself wanting to tangle in Jonathan, be back to it all. And for the first time in days, his mind was not buzzing for alcohol, his hands not trembling with that mental, and physical craving. As if Jonathan made it easier, made him forget, filled that hole that he tried to keep undercover with drink and substances to numb the hurt.

The tears of exertion slipped down his face, running into his ears with the back of his head flat on the ground. Dio’s hair was a mess, his entire body was, really, but he didn’t care.

“Why, Jojo… why can you make me feel this way? Why can’t I do it alone?”

Despite knowing that this was a mistake, Jonathan found himself clinging to Dio, not wanting to pull out of him even though his cock was limp. His fingers carded through the man’s hair, taking in their feel, and wanting to vomit when he thought how it might be the last time.

“I am sorry Dio… I am so sorry. I should have held myself back. It is just that you complete me
much as I complete you. And the thought of living without you, I…” Jonathan finally pulled his limp cock from Dio’s tight hole, the white liquid spilling out and making a mess on the floor. Hands reached up and cupped Dio’s face, staring into his eyes, his own looking glassy with tears.

“You disgust me and, yet you complete me. Why must it be like this?” Leaning in, he kissed him against, this time with none of the anger behind it, only longing.

“Disgust you…” Dio repeated, finding himself liking that term less and less, not even in a way that made him angry, at this point it just hurt in a way that cut. Such a word, disgusted, a word that made him feel so dirty both outside and within was not one he wanted to hear from Jonathan’s lips. Not his. The splatter of salted wet that fell from Jonathan’s eyes onto his cheeks only made it that much worse.

“I’m not proud of this, you know. And I am not so arrogant to say I have not strayed from the standard I know I should be. But that is not the problem, I know I could return to normality eventually, I was just on a detour. I know I could do that.” And Dio believed it. Ambition drove him above all else, he would never let himself grow so stagnant he faltered with no ability to turn.

“But… I left to prove I could be. Better. Not in achievement, but within myself. Without you, I wanted to be better than him, than Dario.” More tears fell in cinders hot, mixing with Jonathan’s over his face, and Dio closed his eyes, head shaking in a solemn, silent chanting no “But I think I am only better when I am with you, Jojo. Why can’t I do it alone? Why do I look just like him now? Disgusting like him?”

“I don’t know, Dio. I wish I had the answers.” Jonathan was trying in vain to restrain his tears, but it was not working, and they began to fall even freer than before onto Dio’s face. He wanted to be the answer, he wanted to sound as if he knew it all. But he didn’t, he was just as confused as Dio, and he had not even been able to control his own body when it came to the other man.

“You need to learn to live without alcohol. I want to help you do that. And once you can, you… you can go and learn to live without me.” Jonathan ducked his head into his hands. He couldn’t stand this. Just saying that Dio was going to eventually leave brought tears to his eyes.

“Either way, I know you will do it in the end. Because you are smart and strong. You either don’t give yourself enough credit, or give yourself too much credit.” He let out a weak chuckle. “But you won’t become Dario, I won’t let you become him.”

“The only reason I left in the first place was because I thought I could do it alone. Be, alone, without you. Like you were holding me back, making me miserable.” Through the water works, Dio attempted a smile. It did not come across well, not in the slightest, and only served to make more wetness fall. He covered his eyes with his forearm, blocking the view.

“But clearly it seems I am weak with or without you, for reasons I cannot seem to understand. So what is the point of leaving, then, hm? I might as well stay. You make me better, Jojo, you always have. So much so that I do not know how to do it alone. Obviously.” Dio felt himself broken, given up, ha, whoever thought he would end up like this?

Without wanting to, a whimper escaped from Jonathan’s lips. To hear Dio admit that he actually needed him was not something he had expected to come to bluntly from the other man, and it was honestly impressive. So rarely did he admit to needing anything.

But it was a time of growth for Dio, that was for certain. And with it, Jonathan was growing too, just in different ways.
“You’ve made me better as well. You’ve taught me so much, not the least of which is to rely on myself rather than on my father, or what society says a gentleman should be. I’m afraid, my dear, we simply belong together.” Tears streamed down his face as he smiled a true smile. “So let me be with you as we go over the mountain together.”

Dio’s face was still covered, hiding from what he knew must have been some sort of smile on Jonathan’s face, he could hear it with clarity in the way that he spoke; he knew his Jojo all too well.

“This was your plan, wasn’t it? Get me in proximity, lock me away in a villa so I would not be able to escape your grasp, and I’d fall into your arms like a damsel? You must think I am so predictable.”

“I never planned this, all I wanted was to help you. I would never forgive myself if something happened to you, Dio, you are that precious to me.” He peppered a few kisses to the blond’s forehead. “And I need you just as much, you understand? Without you, I may not have the same vices, but my life would not be the same.”

Pulling him into a tight embrace, Jonathan added in a whisper, “What is wrong with being my damsel every now and then?”

“Far too much, but I suppose I should just get used to it.” Slowly, Dio’s forearm slipped away from his face, revealed puffy eyes, bloodshot and red underneath the amber. “But the question of the matter remains: what am I meant to do now? Even with you, I cannot decipher why I am the way I am, why I fall for these things. Tell me what is meant to be done from here.”

“I don’t have all the answers for you, Dio, but I would imagine that part of why you fall for them is because your father did.” Jonathan leaned in and pressed his lips to Dio’s forehead. “You are better than your father, though. You are smarter, and more resourceful, and you have your mother’s good in you… by God, Dio, you shall be all right. I know so.”

Frustrating. That was what it was, endlessly irritating. It always came back to that stupid, useless fool of a man. Why, even after letting him fall into the very darkest pits of hell did Dario Brando hang over Dio’s life like an endless phantom plague? With his blood running through Dio’s veins, Dio felt himself trapped, unable to escape him, clawing away at himself would do nothing to save him.

Sighing, Dio brought his hand upwards, letting it tenderly stroke at Jonathan’s swollen face, made of his own fists. He’d be bruising for a while, Dio knew how to throw a mean punch. But he looked beyond the purple-blue blemishes and stared deep into those swirls of azure he called eyes. Stark like his mother’s, and just as beautiful. He had given up on being like her a long time ago. Perhaps that was his mistake.

“For now, let us fix up your face, Jojo,” he decided to say, after a long pause of thought and a sigh. “You cannot be efficient as my knight when bloodied and teary and out of commission now can you?”

If it were possible Jonathan’s eyes seemed to shine all the brighter when Dio declared him his knight once more. His lips turned into the brightest of smiles and his hands covered Dio’s own, squeezing them lightly.

“Of course…” He brought them to his lips and kissed them over, and over, and over again.

“Now promise you’ll never run from me again.”

“Oh, well that would make things far too easy for you, Jojo,” Dio teased, returning the kisses and sitting back up more and more until his back was straight again.
And so that was it. A fight, a fuck, and many kisses, and he and Jonathan were back in each other’s lives, in the way they both truly wanted, the way knew how to be.

Of course, there was still a ways to go, as much Dio wished it would all disappear, life made things far more difficult, and the source of the problem had yet to be delved into. Dio knew, deep down, it all had to do with his youth, his father and mother, and life in the slums of London.

But he had kept that all down for so long, bottled it up and tried to forget, the thought of resurfacing it all brought bile and fear and quaking shakes to his body.

But he had to be better. And he would do anything for it.
From the Mud: Chapter 6

There was a light back in Jonathan’s eyes that had not been there in months after that fateful encounter. Nothing could seem quite as low again, not when Dio was back at his side.

Of course, it was still a challenge, each and every day Dio was affected by the nasty side effects of withdrawal. But Jonathan was there, holding his hand, pressing a cool cloth to his forehead, and otherwise being supportive in any small way he knew how. There were kisses, and caresses, and nuzzles, Jonathan was not one to overlook a chance for affection which he had been deprived of for months.

Still, there was only so much the brunet could do, waiting for the effects of addiction to pass his lover over. But what there was, he had it done in the blink of an eye. Dio wanted for very little.

It was almost shocking how easy it was to return to life with Jonathan. It wasn’t quite the same, there were still overhanging bearings and twinges of a shift in both of them, but to lean into a touch, to provide one of his own in return, Dio knew his way around Jonathan’s body, knew his personality, they had long since found a way that worked -- more or less -- and assimilating was no difficult feat.

Admittedly the swings of mood did not help Dio’s case. Bitter irritability took over, pots and vases thrown in bursts of the craving frustration -- not necessarily at Jonathan, but nevertheless. Most of the time however, it just included Dio throwing up over the toilet, on sweating up a cold storm, damping his clothes so much there was no real point in wearing them.

Jonathan, in all his inability to be subtle had mentioned on more than one occasion, when pathetic waves swept in and Dio felt weaker than ever before, that finding the root, and solving the root of his problems would make it easier for him to overcome them. Struggling out of addiction was one thing in an abandoned villa with no store for miles. It was something else entirely to go out into the world, where all the vices were just waiting for their attack.

Well, he knew the problem, so at least half of the issue was dealt with. But solving it… was far more daunting. Dio tapped his now healed foot in an endless rhythm on the bed, summoning up some sort of meagre courage from the depths. Had to be done. Had to be…

“Come on then, Jojo,” he said eventually, his throat dry and hoarse, not showing any of the enthusiasm he did not feel. “Let’s play a game.”

A cup of tea was brought to Dio’s bedside. He wished that he was more knowledgeable in treating addictions and fits, but one thing was for certain, and that was he did not trust the asylums or the doctors in them. He had heard absolute horror stories come out of such places, and very few ‘success’ stories. While many thought otherwise, the mysteries of the human psyche still had yet to be unlocked. When it came to Dio, Jonathan would never in a million years have risked his wellbeing on a mad doctor, so it was up to them to find the answer.

“Here, there is no sugar, just as you like it.” Jonathan sipped at his own sweeter glass, taking a seat in a cosy arm chair across from Dio’s bed. Though he was no doctor, he still insisted that Dio’s issues had to do with childhood, and if he could make peace with them, he would be better off. A package from the Joestar manor was on its way, and the sooner it arrived, the better.

“You are not always one for games, my dear. Particularly lately. What is it you would like to play?”

“I don’t mind games.” Though this one was not exactly one he would find a great deal of amusement
in. It took a while for Dio to respond again, instead he took comfort in the hot beverage provided. It wasn’t coffee, but it wasn’t bad, and he continued sipping slowly, until finally he sighed. Might as well say it.

“Let us play a game of truths. You… you…” He repeated the word again and again, rattling the mug of tea so much a small splash jumped out and onto his hand. Dio yelped, setting it aside, leaving only his thumbs to be twiddled, which he did, concentrating with a frown. “You ask me anything about my… childhood. And I shall… tell you. Cut to the chase of it all, and get it over with.”

Dio looked into Jonathan’s eye, trying to pick up on his expression, as well as mask the apprehension of his own.

“It is a onetime offer so make it good.”

This wasn't so much a game as it was Dio finding an excuse to talk things out, and Jonathan knew it. Still, he wasn't going to miss the opportunity to discuss what he had been trying to find out about since their first moments in the shed all those years ago.

But the real question was, what should he ask? He wasn't about to dive into the difficult subjects right away. That would do more harm than good. Yet, he needed to start somewhere.

"What is the earliest memory you have of your mother? I have none… but I would like to know what you have."

The earliest… Dio probably couldn’t pinpoint. A sort of vague swaddle of memories, sweet lullabies and gentle touches, a smile made their way into Dio’s mind, but no comprehensive stories could be made from the tangents. He looked to Jonathan, and sighed. There was still the hard fact he had pried into his history, and part of Dio would never forgive him for going behind his back in such a way. Lover, brother, or not, Jonathan had crossed a line. No matter what benefit it could bring in the future, Dio would never forget that.

But still, he had promised to answer any question, and Dio was not about to fall on the first hurdle.

“I suppose, it must be the first book she taught me to read from. It’s too long ago to remember the details or name, but it was a children’s tale of sorts, made of limericks and rhyme. She sat me down on her lap and described and associated each of the words and letters. She made a grand teacher, and I student, it did not take long for me to pick it up.” Dio gave a small half smile at the recollection, as he spoke more memories flooded and grew clearer, as if the world was bursting into bloom. “I am grateful to her for that.”

Jonathan nodded his head, imagining a bright eyed, innocent little Dio, sitting on his mother’s lap and listening to her intently as she read to him. He set his tea cup to the side, and moved slowly beside Dio into bed. He could never be sure if he was being overbearing with his affections or not, but he would rather give them. Dio could and would always push him away.

“I wish I could have seen you then.” Jonathan commented, an arm delicately slipping over Dio’s shoulder. “I am sure you were a precious child. After all, you are precious even now that you are grown.” Delicately, he pressed a kiss to his cheek.

“I am glad she taught you to read. I know that not all children in the slums are given the opportunity.” And if not for his mother, no one would have ever bothered to teach him. “Your mother… it seems she taught you many useful things. Reading, cooking… loving.” A hand lightly patted Dio’s knee.
“Yes, well, apparently she was some sort of noble woman, so it is not as if she had any particular difficulty in knowing herself.” Already sensitive prickles were running up Dio’s spine, and he pulled away from the touch. He had always admired his mother’s knowledge, her eloquence and poise despite living in a land of squalor. It seemed stupid, now, to think it was anything but how she was raised. She never mentioned her past life to him, nor her family outside of Dario Brando.

“Besides, my father could read and write too -- however shoddily -- and I am more than certain he had no such rich beginnings. And even if they were as illiterate as everyone around me, I would have learned myself.” Yes, his mother had given him the boost in life he had required, but there was something in Dio that always would have strived for such anyway. Bettering himself… she told him to do that. Not how Dario said in the final moments of his life and some sort of guilt for the years of torture he had put Dio through, or perhaps even just to extend his line and live through him symbolically, but in a gentle, guiding way, always supportive of his thirst for knowledge.

“Go on then, next question, hurry up.”

It was no surprise that this was an uncomfortable session for Dio, and while not equally so, it was a challenge for Jonathan as well. He knew that Dio did not like how Jonathan had researched his past, and that book from home could not come fast enough.

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan thought for a moment. He then asked, “Do you have any good memories of your father? Before he -- before things were bad?” Dio may have been too young to understand what was going on around him. But often children were more perceptive than they let on, and his blond was nothing if not exemplary.

“What do you mean, ‘before things were bad?!’ You seriously think that man could ever have had a decent bone in his pathetic, oversized body?!” Dio kicked himself under the covers, hiding his entire body under the dark silk surfaces, eyes squeezed shut and tight, fingers balled. He remained there, for minutes on end, shutting Jonathan up any time he attempted to speak or comfort him.

“I hate this game; this game is useless.”

Silence befell once more. Dio wanted a drink, he wanted one badly, doing this sober was worse than falling into a pit of pointed knives, and his body trembled from beneath the sheets.

But that was the point, wasn’t it?

So, still with his eyes closed, Dio emerged.

“There was a dancing night at the bar, a sort of promotional event. It was rather successful Mother and he were… dancing together in the centre. Music played, and people clapped. Everyone was smiling -- he wasn’t that drunk, considering. I remember he picked me up to join in with them, though quickly my mother took me into her arms. Even before… I always preferred her.”

Jonathan nodded his head, imagining what it must have been like to see his parents dancing and seeming happy. When he imagined that small Dio, he wished he could go back and take him into his arms just as his mother had, stroke his hair and tell him that everything would be all right. But of course, he could not. And of course, there were more happy times than sad times within this story.

He watched Dio bury himself in the blankets, his heart aching at the very sight of him. No amount of affection could help anything right now, though. He knew he had to keep Dio talking now, while he was willing, lest he change his mind and not want to bring it up ever again.

“What made your father start drinking heavily?” This was a question to which Jonathan already
knew the answer from his research, but he wanted to hear what Dio thought, through the eyes of a child.

A shaky looking shrug served as Dio’s initial response. “I don’t--I don’t know, how am I supposed to get into the mind of that man, Jojo? What? You think we had long talks and conversations about the qualms in his life? He drank because he was an ass with no true life and an angry disposition. What more is there to this story than that? And why should I care about that, that is not about me.”

Dio thought back, and all he saw with Dario was a scowl and the stench of beer, some of it spraying on his face when he yelled, followed by a hard fist to the cheek, or the gut if he was looking to be discreet. That was not often his first consideration. There was no reason Dario drank, he was just a terrible man.

“But why didn’t he have a true life? Why was he failing so badly?” Jonathan did not like this conversation any more than Dio did. It made him uncomfortable to know that he was pushing Dio’s boundaries so far. He had lost him once, he did not wish to lose him again.

“I am not saying your father has any bearing on your life now, but somewhere deep inside you, you think he does. So… perhaps if you understood your father more, you could properly put him behind you.” Jonathan shrugged his shoulders, carefully watching Dio and gauging his reaction.

“It is just a guess.”

“You want me to humanise him? Make him more than the pig he always has and will be?” Dio scoffed, sporting Jonathan a glare. “You want me to relate to him, turn him into just another troubled soul, well that is never going to happen, Jonathan Joestar, not over my, yours or anyone else’s dead body.”

Dio was forced to think, even if he did not want to. Dario had always been the same, ugly, hairy, disgusting… Although there may have been…

“…He was always complaining about some stupid knee injury. Said he couldn’t move the way he used to. I don’t know, he always had it, before I was born, or not long after. I was young, I don’t remember. It does not make a difference. You want me to forgive him because he was some limping cur instead of a just a regular one? Don’t make me laugh.”

Jonathan held up his hands defensively. “I am not trying to defend him or make you forgive him. I only thought new perspectives might help you.” Jonathan knew about the injury. And he knew, at least according to Dio’s aunt, that the injury made a shaky situation worse, causing things to spiral, and eventually leading to Viviana’s death.

Still, this was no easy topic to face. So he changed it to another one, one that had been on his mind for a long time.

“After your mother died, your father treated you horrid and you needed to do horrible things to feed his addiction to alcohol… but why? Why did you keep coming home to him? Was it because you knew about my father’s promise to him?” He never could understand why Dio did not simply run away with the first patron he could find.

“No… I didn’t know about the Joestars until the very end. I…” That question made Dio falter, it was one he had never delved into before, not like this. It was not for a good year and spare months after her death, that Dio had planned to poison the man, set off by the discovery and later selling of her dress -- and he’d kept it so well hidden for so long, stupid, stupid Dio for falling asleep nestled with it -- but before that… before that he had no excuse in staying.
“It has… he had… a way of just getting inside our head. Running away just felt… Well, I realise it must seem pathetic to you, it does more than certainly to me, but there was a fear, I suppose, that it would be far worse should he ever find me, catch me. Imagining the consequences of leaving, only to be caught again would.” Dio shook his head, bringing his knees up to his forehead and pressing it there, quaking, as if it were being relived all over again. He linked

“Besides, I had plans. If I ran away just like that I would have always been just some runaway, picked up by a workhouse or orphanage for loitering about the streets. I was not just going to be some other dull face, I was going to be great. What is another year or two of… that, in the scheme of greatness? I would go to hell and back to claw up from ruin. And so I chose hell.”

"I see.” Jonathan had been trying his best to keep a positive spin on things, as much as it could be done with such a terrible past to be delving into. But this was something Jonathan could not understand, or find good in it. Perhaps it was because as a child his biggest problem had been solitude rather than abuse and poverty, or perhaps he was just simply not able to relate to Dio's attitude. If he had been in such a hellacious situation, getting away would have been his first priority, even if meant sacrificing greatness.

But he would never know for certain.

"I will ask you one more, and then perhaps we should take a break.” He did not want to push Dio too hard, or make him feel too overwhelmed by all that they were discussing. Even for Jonathan himself, this was a lot. "Can you remember anything about other ladies who visited or were friends with your mother? Anything at all?"

Dio's aunt certainly remembered him, but as she thought him dead and buried, all her recollections were in the past tense. For all his prying, Jonathan had never revealed the truth to her. And he never would -- without Dio's consent.

“My mother did not have any friends, none that I recall. But I remember plenty of ladies,” Dio said with a sarcastic lilt to his voice, rolling his eyes as he did so. “I remember whores and barmaid and just some random wenches off the streets. Mostly after my mother's death, but Dario was not exactly loyal to his wedding vows.” He had to beat, hurt, and maim his wife, and he could not even stay loyal to her. There was some relief in that, at least his grimy hands and places Dio did not want to imagine were not on her.

“But if you are looking for me to recall someone specific, you are not going to have an answer out of me.”

“Mmm.” It was a sad, sad story, the ending to which Jonathan already knew the answer to. He slipped his arms around Dio, pulling him up against his broad chest. Being able to do such simple gestures like this made all the difference to Jonathan. With Dio back beside him, no matter how sick he was or how awful his past looked, Jonathan felt like he could conquer the world. If only he could conquer Dio’s mind.

“It’s behind you now. And no one will ever hurt you again. If they try, I will make them regret it.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s brow and rested his hands on his hips.

“I know that eventually, all of this will be nothing more than a memory to you. But for now, I am honoured to be your knight.”

Dio hummed. This hardly felt productive, simply regurgitating things he already knew, forcing him to remember. Forcing him to see Dario as something other than a monster, how was this supposed to help him?
Jonathan gulped as Dio brought up a question which indeed Jonathan had asked, once upon a time when he was still a virgin himself, and he had been innocent to Dio's past. Now, years later, he had the chance to hear the answer, and he wasn't sure he wanted to.

But he knew that in order to move past it, such recollections would be necessary. And these questions which were the hardest were quite possibly the most important of all.

"Very well Dio. If you should like to tell, go ahead." Jonathan felt his own palms grow sweaty.

Dio hadn’t been expecting Jonathan to agree. Not after knowing just how he had lost it, or at least having a very good idea about it all. It had just been a goad, a sort of frustrated burst, a way to make Jonathan feel at least half as uncomfortable as he was right now, answering all this despite being the one who came up with the ‘game’ at all. Suddenly the dryness in his throat returned with the fullest of intensities.

"Alright then. Saddle in, a story is to be told." Dio closed his eyes right from the start, lying down. It helped visualise, but more so it meant he did not have to look Jonathan in the eye.

The women of the business, the ones on the streets could be far more open about their practice, some had even given Dio a few tips -- to which he vehemently denied ever needing, he was not a pathetic slut like them -- but it was far easier for them. The legalities of prostitution were wobbly at best, but there was little shame in a man taking interest in a woman. A man taking interest in a boy, however, well, that was something else entirely, an extra coating of shame on top of all the degradation already about him. Still, it just meant Dio would have to be a few nodes sneakier than most. And that suited him just fine.

"Before I had gotten to… the main event, I had used my mouth on a few, my hands on others, but refused to offer any other forms of service. I made them wash their cocks before, and they had no permission to touch me.” Dio shuddered, the phantom memory of grubby hands around the back of his neck, his hair to guide him, between his thighs for the ones wanting more… dirty, repulsive…

"I got myself one of the less ugly kinds as my true first, so at least I had that to be grateful for,” Dio forced a breath of a laugh, though it was nothing so funny. “I remember his boots clicked, steel toed, and his clothes were at least that of a middle classman. The beard had a barber’s trim, though he could have done something about the hair in his ears and fingers, like some sort of wild bush was escaping from him. But all in all I had scored rather lucky, but then I suppose it was not luck when I knew what I was looking for.” Dio’s fingers made a staccato of taps against the bed before the middle one pointed out, sliding against the surface of the mattress. The latter had later become his
subtler symbol for knowing when a customer wanted his service, though they would have a coin or note attached to that push.

“He had sat down at a table to gamble or drink or whatever it is he wanted to do. I purposely lost a match against him -- I hated doing that -- but it was part of the act.” Dio remembered his younger, higher voice trying to turn on seductive charm. It would have been humorous and childish, except that was exactly what stirred these kinds of men. “Eventually it progressed enough and I knew he was the sort. You get a knowing for it, after a while, the looks and stares and shifts of their legs to rub their balls under the table. So I told him to buy us a room. He obeyed.”

Dio grabbed his mug from the bedside counter, grimacing at the taste of his tea. “Ugh, it is cold. Go and get me another,” he bid Jonathan. “Then you can hear the rest.”

As Dio spoke, Jonathan had been perfectly still, barely even breathing as he absorbed each and every word. Not long before, Jonathan had been imagining a small and innocent child learning his letters with his mother, and now he was faced with the same child, just a few years later, learning to suck cock. It made him sick.

“I will get you one right away,” he stammered as he left the room, hurrying to his own bedroom to grab a quilt from his bed. But before he left the room, he found that his stomach turned, and the contents of it spilled into a nearby waste bin. He rinsed his mouth out with some water, and then rejoined Dio, wrapping the quilt about him before adding his own arms for warmth.

“You don’t have to continue this story if you don’t want to.”

“Oh, no, why stop now, you haven’t even heard the best part yet.” Dio could see the paleness and reluctance in Jonathan’s voice and face, but he only had to hear the story. Dio had lived it, and lived it multiple times for multiple years, Jonathan would just have to grit his teeth and bear it.

“So then, where was I?” Still, the idea of being in Jonathan’s grasp right now was not one that suited Dio’s taste at all, and as sly as one could manage, he shuffled out of the quilt and his arms, much preferring not to be touched. “Ah, yes. We made our way up the stairs to the inn, he went first to clean himself, and I followed a couple of minutes later. I demanded half the pay first, and the other half upon completion, the general practice of these things. Not that you need that advice, but always get paid before beginning, lest they cheat you.” Dio had learned that the hard way, and as a child there was little ability to fight back.

“He wanted my mouth, and so it was provided, a standard job, I knew my way around one by then.” Dio remembered the first time he had seen another man’s length. Larger, hairier than his own sparse nothings of course, he had not even been aware they would look like that. Up close and personal was far different to seeing scandals performed on the roadside. And he certainly had never seen come before, salty and white and strange on his tongue. He’d spit the first few times, but most of the men were not fond of that. Acclimatise to the taste, that was what one whore advised him. Always swallow. He had heeded it.

“Now it’s… where it gets fun…” Under the covers Dio’s toes curled and rubbed against each other, that faux confidence and eagerness he was sharing with Jonathan quickly dissipating as the realities and memories and sensations hit him hard. Eye contact was with his slowly writhing legs, the quilt. If Jonathan were to touch him now, he was not sure how he would react to it.

“He was about to spill, I felt… the tell-tale throbbing, and readied myself for it. But… before he… he pulled my head up and forced me to stop. I was going to complain but… he kissed me, right when my mouth was open. He tasted of beer and beans and tongue. My first…” Dio’s eyes closed, only that made the visuals all the larger. “He started saying he wanted more… wanted that… slipped his
hand between my thighs.” Unknowingly Dio began to act out the gestures, his own pale, slender fingers played the part of the large ones against him at the time, squeezing tight. “I told him I was not for sale. Not there. But… but he said he would pay me. Pay me a lot for it. It would set me up for at least a month, just that. I would have had to suck at least twenty men for the same price. I couldn’t say no, that would be... foolish.” It hurt, the amount Dio’s eyes were slammed closed, bringing forth swirling colours behind his lids.

“So... I said I wanted to see the money. He had it all, just a promised. He got up to put it on the counter in the room, said I could claim it when I was done. So I started to undress.” Dio wore one of Jonathan’s shirts, too big for him and bigger still thanks to the recent and notable weight loss. He undid the buttons of it, just as he had done as a child, letting the clothes fall off his shoulders. His child self went further, removing the shorts he wore, and underwear beneath, leaving him in nothing but socks. The man said he could leave them on.

“I was lucky. He used his spit, pushed his fingers inside and ran them around inside first. I had never done such a thing before, but I learned most men were far too impatient for fingers. It was better to prepare myself beforehand. Ha, I thought his fingers were thick. They were nothing.” Dio shuddered, speaking small now, holding himself tight. “He wasn’t you, Jojo, but I had never so much as touched that hole, it was tighter than I have ever been. I felt like it would never end, like he would just keep pushing forever.” Dio had bled, cried, and screamed upon impact, but he kept those messier details out.

“Fortunately for me, he was already close when he put it in, he didn’t last long after that.” Dio did not either, not that he came, or even got more than a little stiff, but he felt like his entire body had been enflamed, his legs quavered, and he did not leave that bed for a good long hour after the man left. “Even managed to leave with every penny earned.” It was worth it. It had been, worth it. Truth be told his first was far from his worst experience, in fact it was all rather tame, really. A textbook experience. He probably would have done better with being raped and mugged from the start, it made him cocky about it all, which only made the times that happened far, far worse.

“So then, Jojo. That is the story. Now, if it is all the same to you, I think I shall go and take a bath now.” Dio suddenly felt dirty, very, very dirty.

As he expected it to, the story stunned Jonathan. Even knowing as much as he had about Dio’s past, there was just no way to prepare himself for the brutal details of Dio’s childhood prostitution. He stood up immediately, almost jumping, and stepped into the bright and decorative master bathroom of their little villa. He started to run the water, just as he was used to doing for Dio nearly all the time. The motions helped him, gave him something to do besides think, his mind racing faster than he could handle.

He had no idea what one said or did to comfort their lover after they had confessed such an awful occurrence, nor did he know if Dio would even want him around to help wash him. But he knew that he needed to do something. He watched the water fill the white marble tub, and then looked to Dio.

‘I’m sorry’ and ‘I will protect you’ seemed like such empty words now. So he stayed silent.

“Do you want me to help you wash? Even if you don’t, I will be right outside, should you change your mind.” He wanted to respect Dio’s choices, but like a guard dog, he did not feel comfortable leaving him.

“No.” Dio’s answer was quick and straightforward, any residual humour completely dissipated now that the story had been told. “And you need not stay here either.” In its place came the speeding race of his heart, pumping and beating faster and faster, his throat constricting like a boa, squeezing him to
the point he couldn’t breathe. He pushed past Jonathan, closing the door in his face the second his foot was out of the way, twisting it shut with a quick lock.

He touched the water, Jonathan had done well, made the bath a perfect warmth. But it was not what Dio needed today, and so he plunged his hand in, draining it till half full. He sat inside, turning the fancy tap round, giving himself only hot water to contend with. What started as manageable, soon became scalding, and Dio’s pale form, quick to mar and bruise was boiled a shade of harsh, bright red.

Dio didn’t care, this was good, sterilising. He picked up the scrubbing brush and let it settle on his skin because rubbing at his arms, his legs, his crotch, his ass raw with the bristles, wincing as a few trickles of blood came forth with the sheer intensity of his motions.

‘Don’t you dare cry, Dio,’ he told himself, when wetness pricked the corners of his eyes, threatening to spill. ‘Crying lets them know they’ve won. And they haven’t. They haven’t, they haven’t, they haven’t.’ Raw and aching, but clean, Dio continued about his whole body, not letting an inch go without being scrubbed. Everywhere their dirty hands had touched him, wiping his slate bare, starting over. It wasn’t like that anymore, not anymore.

He’d killed one of them now, slit his throat open and watched him bleed. He filled his mind with that thought, the cathartic sensation of taking back control — but it was all clouded by time and time and time again, when he opened himself up, spread himself on his hands and knees, nothing but a dirty whore who could have run away from his father, but was too weak, too scared to flee. And he had admitted all that to Jonathan, there was no getting away, no denying.

Dio had told the truth and the truth was sour.

Dio closed the door between them, and Jonathan felt himself start to crumble. He slumped against the wall outside the bathroom and buried his face in his hands, quietly starting to weep into them. He wished he could trade places with Dio, take away some of the pain he must be feeling, and shoulder some of his burden. Perhaps then he would be able to recover, and live a life without the addictions he had been falling back on when times became tough.

There was a knock at the door, and Jonathan’s head lifted, fists rubbing the tears out of his eyes quickly. No one should be disturbing them out here, who on earth could be knocking? With concern and confusion, he opened the door, only to see a courier holding a package.

“Lord Joestar?” the young boy asked, presenting him with the parcel. Jonathan associated the title with his father, but this was for him. And then he realised, this was it, this was what he had been waiting for. Suddenly feeling rejuvenated, he gave the lad a bill that was much too large a tip, and shut the door behind him. The paper was torn off, and inside was just the sight Jonathan wanted to see. Rushing to the bathroom door, he knocked loudly.

“Dio? It’s here… the notebook with your mother’s story in it has arrived from home.”
Dio’s backstory was something that had been crafted carefully by myself and Dio’s writer well before this chapter was written. However, when we got to the part within the writing, I was having a very tumultuous time IRL with my work and family, and I was struggling writing such a depressive story. So credit is due to my partner for picking it up and finishing this chapter on her own. I had planned to add more in the editing process, but as editing did not happen, it is what it is. I think it is still a good chapter, and I apologize for my failings. - J

“So, not only do you pry through my life, you pry through my things. By proxy, at least. I had hidden that rather well, you know, and you had the servants root through my belongings to find it.” Dio was wrapped in a long bathrobe that fell to his ankles when he finally came out the bathroom, a good forty minutes after Jonathan’s declaration, to which he was met with only silence at the time. Dio had nothing to say to him.

Normally quick to remove his clothes, pamper, moisturise without a second thought for his nudity, he kept himself dressed as he sat down on the bed, pulling the sleeves down as far as they could go. Jonathan would only fuss and worry if he saw the scratches and raw redness of his skin right now; he could just about get away with his face being a few shades pinker, as it was certainly not news Dio was quick to burn.

“I would have thought you’d learned your lesson about *telling me* when you do things that concern me.” Dio spoke flatly, sharp brows folded into a creased narrow, not at all impressed. “Where is it then?”

There was no question that Jonathan was worried about Dio. He knew his routines like he knew the back of his hand, in fact, his hands were often very much a part of that routine. Bathing alone and coming out hiding every inch of his skin the better part of an hour later was not typical for Dio. But he would pick and choose his battles, and right now, there were bigger ones to worry about.

“I think that we both know you need to see the contents of this book. You’ve needed to see it since I gave it to you, but you were too prideful at the time to admit it.” Jonathan stared into Dio’s amber eyes. “You and I are bound, Dio, and without you, I would not be whole. But the same goes for you… and without me, you would never have this account. Like it or not, I think you need to know the kind of woman your mother was.” He placed the notebook into Dio’s hands.

“Please… give her a chance. And give me a chance.”

“The kind of woman she was.” Dio held the book, it feeling far heavier than it truly was, carrying the weight of history in its bound pages. The same feeling that came when he first laid eyes on it returned, and his throat parched for a drink. He tried to ignore it, he was slowly getting better at that.

“I tried to open it before, read it, before… I couldn’t,” Dio said in a voice quiet. “It was as if the pages were glued shut and sealed tight. Couldn’t even open it.”

Jonathan lifted his hands and placed them over Dio’s own. “I know. This is hard. But this isn’t meant
Jonathan leaned in closer and pressed a quick kiss to Dio’s lips. “You won’t be alone ever again, remember that.” He gave his hand a squeeze, and then looked down at the notebook.

“Why don’t I make you a cup of coffee, and you make yourself comfortable, and we will do this together.” Jonathan pulled back, and watched Dio with a careful eye.

“I just had two cups of tea, Jojo, I think I am fully stocked on the hot beverage front.” Dio did not bother asking what he was truly parched for, there was no point, and he had a sense of determination to stick this out. At least until he had better control over it, so that the need to drink was no longer that, but only a desire for the taste and buzz in more jovial ways. Jonathan wanted him to quit completely, but Dio wasn’t so sure about that. Control was the issue. Moderation.

“Jojo…” Dio swallowed, still looking at the book. “I’m… sorry I left you. Sorry I disappeared for months on end, sorry I made you worry. I realise now that that was not the way I should have done things, and I wasted time we could have spent together. But perhaps part of me needed that, to see the world apart from you. To know that it was not you who made me feel the way I did, that… if anything it was you who lifted me out of the darkening spells.”

It hadn’t been enough, not at the time, Dio’s spiral was turning and losing balance all of its own volition, but Jonathan was a balance, a pillar. Yes, that made Dio weak, but perhaps gathering strength from others was not so bad. Dio would do anything to be strong, but strength did not have to come from adversity, suffering and hardship… not always.

“So then. Let’s get this over with. See who my mother was.” With arm tensing strength, Dio finally turned the page.

For as long as I could remember, I’ve always liked blond hair. It’s lovely and so different from my own. Light coloured hair has always caught my eye, from the sandy to the nearly silver toned. Right from the moment my brother Dio leapt from his carriage, I took note of it, secretly admiring its hue. His was a light blond with hints of yellow gold as the light hit it just the right way. While the world was full of blonds, there was something about the colour and quality of his hair which I never saw in anyone else’s.

Never, that is, until on the steps of the London Library, I saw the same glints in my friend Neil’s hair. It was a peculiar coincidence, one which stuck with me all through our summer study session and to luncheon at his house. And to add to this odd circumstance, I could see a similarity in his nose, cheekbones, and hairline. I figured that I was just missing my lover, and thus being reminded of him in anything I saw. But then, the photo turned up. The woman in the photograph, an aunt of Neil’s who had passed away some time before, was the spitting image of Dio. I could feign coincidence no longer, though I carried the secret with me for some time, uncertain how to proceed. After my father’s death and completing my thesis on the stone mask, I made the decision to speak with Neil’s mother, and see what I could learn.

Charlotte, as it turned out, had quite a story to tell.

Barely two paragraphs in, and Dio closed the book. "What the fuck is this?" he asked with complete stone for a tone.

"You give me this grand discussion about trusting you, trusting my mother and the first fucking words are 'I get an erection when I look a blond.' Are you serious, Jojo? You expect me to read your fetishist monologues?" Dio shook his head tossing it aside. "That is it. I give up, I don't want to know." It was probably for the best, this was too much to stomach alone, the pace of his heart so fast it was drumming, Jonathan's blather was just pushing him over the edge.
Dio, I said no such thing!” Jonathan nearly flailed as Dio made his declaration about his own writing. “Blond hair is important in all this - it is how I first noticed that you and Neil might be alike. You see?” He pushed the notebook back into his hands. “No mentions of erections.” Tugging Dio back to the bed, he turned to the first page.

“Now, keep reading.”

"It was sub textual, Jojo, what was not said spoke the loudest." Dio sighed with a heavy roll of his eyes, letting the material of the cover pass against his fingers. It took a few minutes before he opened it again, this time completely bypassing the first lines. It was scrawled with Jonathan's hand and thoughts, but Dio read past the lines, sinking for the first time, into his mother’s world…

Church bells were ringing loudly as the Sunday service let out, and Viviana Kingsland, along with dozens of other London church goers, crowded down the stone steps and into the bright morning sunlight. As she moved through the crowd, she felt herself bumped and brushed against by those spilling into the sidewalk, nothing unusual for that time of day. But it was only once they were on the steps of the church that Viviana realized something was missing. Something very important.

“Oh. Charlotte, I lost my mother’s bracelet! I can’t believe it!” Turning to look at her cousin, she began to frantically look on the ground and in the folds of her dress, much to her father’s annoyance. Lord Alexander Kingston turned from his daughter, ignoring her plight to speak to other men of the Parish.

“Perhaps you left it at home, dear, do not fret.” Charlotte leaned in to pat her hand, though it did little to soothe her, and she continued to look, her face appearing as if it might dissolve into tears. That bracelet was a meaningful relic in her dull life. Every Sunday was much like the Sunday before. She said her prayers, dressed with the help of a lady’s maid, and accompanied her father, the lord Alexander Kingston to the corner near their local church, where they awaited her cousin Charlotte. Viviana enjoyed Charlotte’s company and looked forward to it greatly, but there were still times where she felt lonely, as if there was something missing in her life, and something that would be hard to fill with the constant stream of upper class gentlemen that would come and go, leaving nothing but disappointment in their wake. Often, Viviana wished that she could have known her mother, but alas, she had died when she was very young. The bracelet was one thing she had to remember her by, and to have lost it…

“Ma’am? Did you drop this by some chance? I found it, y’see…” A man’s voice interrupted Viviana’s search, and she looked up to see a roguishly handsome man holding the very silver bracelet she had been looking for between his fingers.

“Oh my goodness!! You found it, bless you sir! I was afraid it was gone for good!” Viviana took the bracelet and squeezed it tightly in her hand. “I cannot ever thank you enough!” At this point, Charlotte made her way over to the two, not quite trusting this man who had ‘found’ the bracelet, but happy for her cousin all the same.

“Glad to be of service, ma’am.”

“Lady Kingsland,” Charlotte cut in, wanting to make her cousin’s place in society absolutely clear, if it wasn’t already. The man raised a brow, but did not seem intimidated in the slightest.

“Please, call me Viviana.”

“Dario Brando, at your service, Viviana,” he said with a little tip of his hat. Viviana giggled and blushed, looking down to the bracelet in her tiny hand.
“How can I ever repay you? This means the world to me.” Dario reached out and took the bracelet, opening the clasp and draping it over her delicate wrist. Amber eyes met her own blue, holding them spellbound.

“Well, I’ll be here again this time next week, perhaps you might grace me with a hello?” He winked at her before continuing on his way, leaving a starry eyed Viviana behind him, Charlotte quickly taking her by the arm.

With a smile on her lips and a new jump to her step, Viviana’s mind became dazzled with the gentleman of the streets. There was such a difference to Dario compared the world she knew, as if he was finally her chance to see it anew. She mulled over his words a thousand times, and had already picked out her dress for the coming Sunday, excited to see him again. For once, it could not come too soon.

He was older than she, maybe two decades, but perhaps that only added to the charm; a strong man who could take care of himself, yet still remain so kind despite his humble origins. It was a breath of fresh air to the stuffiness in her usual day to day, men, future suitors, proud of their estates and accomplishments, despite having the only due to their fathers and fathers before them. Dario was a true man, one with independence and chivalry. And his arms looked so strong, it brought her to blushing.

Charlotte did not agree, believed he was thinning at the hair and certainly would not age well, that it was only gratefulness that brought a glimmer to Vi’s eyes. She was only young, a few months away from eighteen, she would understand when she was older, that their lives would never rightly mix, and in the end he likely no more than a conman at the best, believing that he had stolen her bracelet in the first place.

“Well if he had stolen it, would he not have pawned it off?!?” Viviana argued back, voice enlivened. Never one for confrontation, in fact one might have called her a little too mild in manner, Viviana could not accept such injustice towards the unkindness in her cousin’s words. For all her love for her, prejudice laced her tone as she spoke, she had not even given him a chance. But Viviana knew Mister Brando, she knew Dario’s heart was sweet inside, no matter where he came from.

When the Sunday approached she shuffled in her seat, the long hymn and sermon seemed all the longer, and she fidgeted in her chair all throughout, praying Dario had not forgotten her. As the service concluded and Charlotte went up to the front to offer tithe, Viviana, who usually joined her, sped her way out of the door, practically a run.

“Mister… Brando?” She looked, but could not see him standing outside the church as promised, and with anxieties high, soon the thought of her young ignorance began to settle. He must have forgotten about her, she was only a passer-by…

“Pardon me, my lady,” a familiar gruff voice spoke. Viviana barely had time to react before he felt herself tugged around the side of the church. It was all so daring, so roguish and exciting, no man had ever acted like this with her before. It gave her a rush that sent her cheeks redder than strawberry, smile growing quickly on her cheeks. It only served to increase as he kissed her hand dearly and gave her a most charming wink, she felt it all throughout her.

“I… I cannot stay long,” she said with a flush of hastiness, looking about the alley, though she knew Charlotte would be preoccupied. “But I am so glad I could see you again.” Viviana turned to her purse, looking to pay him back, but he stopped her with a firm hand -- just as strong as she imagined -- and told her her smile was all the payment he needed. She knew he was a man to be trusted, and the beat of her heart became a flutter of drums.
And so began their love affair. It was quiet at first, weekly meetings on Sunday morns after church, Saturdays she could slip away from shopping, but soon she learned to manoeuvre herself better, the young, good girl becoming something rather sneaky, and soon fray meetings became all too often; she just could not stop falling for him.

"Vi, get over here and dance with me."

She was loving his nickname for her, as well as the roughness in his voice and in his hands as he touched her. He was so completely different from everything she had ever known, and it was all she could want. She stood from the table at the back of the pub that had become their meeting spot and took his hands, allowing herself to be swept up in his arms and into the dance.

"This music is so much faster than what I am used to. But I like it." She said with a giggle, noticing the strong scent of beer on his lips, yet she did not care. It was not unpleasant, and Dario was still always in a good humour, unlike her own father. Spending time with Dario gave her a sense of purpose, something to look forward to, rather than the endless, pointless hours of a lady of the upper class, just waiting to be sold into marriage. She allowed Dario to dip her and kiss her at the end of the song, savouring the feel of it.

"Oi, Vi, isn't that one of your lot?" A friend of Dario's asked with a glance towards the door. Viviana looked up from over Dario's shoulder to see Charlotte, looking more upset than she had ever seen her in her life. Pulling away from Dario, she rushed to her cousin and pulled her to the side.

"Charlotte, I can explain, please-"

"Viviana! If anyone knew you were here cavorting with that man, you would be ruined! How could you?!" Charlotte stared at her with anger and disbelief, but for once in her life, Viviana stood defiant.

"I will do as I choose and be with who I love, Charlotte! I refuse to stop 'cavorting' now. Please, if you have ever valued our friendship, keep my secret!" She stared up into Charlotte's eyes, blue gaze fiercer than it had ever been, and knew that no matter how much she might want to, she would be unable to refuse her cousin's request.

It wouldn't be for very long, after all. Soon enough, Viviana would be making her a debut, and her father would find a suitable match. This dalliance with a low class man would be nothing but a dream.

That was, of course, until with tear stricken eyes and three months of her bleed gone missing, Viviana had no choice but to fall into her cousin’s arms and confess to her the truth.

“I thought… we had been so careful,” Vi’s muffled voice made out. For over a year her and Dario had been a secret pair, she had been adamant about ensuring there would be no consequences. But Dario was a man who wanted what he wanted, and the wish to be inside her from beginning till end had been something he had wanted. Viviana could not refuse him, she didn’t like to think of him angry, it was always best to do what he desired, then his gruff, but earnest hands would not curl into fists and break tables, and make her shudder when they closed in on her.

“What am I to do, Charlotte?! I cannot hide a child forever, soon my little boy… or my little girl will be too large inside me and everyone will know. My father will never forgive me, you know how he is!” With a soothing hand Charlotte comforted her young, but oh so naive cousin, but knew there was little getting past the revelation, already as she brushed past her stomach Viviana was beginning to swell, hidden only by the style of her clothes.

Her father, three months later, when all was announced, and nothing could be kept, had no such
gentle words for his daughter. Names were called, harsh and depraved things spat from his mouth and brought her to tears, how could his daughter bring about such shame to their family?! What kind of man would want some sullied tart for a bride?!

“Please, Father! I love him, I want his child… if we were wed would that not make it right?” Alexander scoffed, loud and irked, told her the only way was to go away, get rid of the child, or she was no longer any daughter of his. She would be dead to him, she already was.

But Viviana knew how to fix it, knew how to make the marriage legitimate. If she could marry Dario, then it would not be a child of shame. He, or she -- but she was sure he was a beautiful boy -- would never be separated from her. Viviana swore that to the babe right there. She would not have a procedure, not give them away, everything she would do would be to keep him safe, protected, and with a family.

The ceremony was small, just Viviana, Dario, Charlotte, and a few of Dario’s mates. Viviana looked determinedly happy, Dario determinedly tipsy, and Charlotte was trying to not look upset. Her cousin was ruining her life. There was no question in her mind about it, but with an innocent child coming into the world, there was nothing more to be done about it.

Viviana herself seemed happier than one would expect a young girl to be in such a situation. While it was not how she had planned, she wanted this child, and wanted to bring him into a happy family. And so she said her vows with a smile on her face, and kissed her new husband eagerly as the priest declared them man and wife.

“Surely father will have to forever me eventually,” she said to Charlotte over the wedding dinner, a cheap affair at a local tavern, although all seemed in good spirits. “He will not be able to hold a grudge forever, especially when he meets his grandson.” Charlotte nodded her head, unable to answer before Dario had swept her up into a drunken embrace and started to dance with her, leaving Charlotte to ponder how Lord Kingston would look at this in a month, or several months for that matter. He was not a forgiving man, and she did not see him accepting his new ‘son in law’ easily.

Still, Viviana settled into her new life cheerfully. She enjoyed keeping the little home, cooking, and cleaning, as it gave her a sense of purpose she had never had before as a noble’s daughter. And Dario… he drank quite a bit, but he seemed happy enough. Eventually her father would come around and all would be well.

And so the months passed, and Viviana bided her time and contented herself with her lot, her body growing larger with the life within her. One cold day at the end of October, after hours of toiling in labour, she gave birth to a tiny blond boy, who she was excited to present to his father.

“Dario, you have a son, Dio.”

The promise of fortune, acceptance into the grand life of nobility -- but especially the fortune -- was the true reason of Dario acceptance to tie the knot. Subtly, subtly, playing at her heart, giving back her rich looking bracelet had only been the start. She was a long con, and walked into it like a rat to a trap. Not that he hadn’t enjoyed the time, at least at first; she was young, with a body fine and flexible, and a decent enough laugh around the mates. Plus she dished out the cash like nobody’s business. That was what Dario liked about Vi.

Fat with a baby was not quite in the books, but again, he was promised cash for it, and so he obliged his lady, continued acting his role.

But Lord Kingsland never took her back, not even when she brought him and this new babe Dio to the door, asked to see her father. He disowned her, as promised, he knew no daughter. To the rest of
the world she had gone away to France, felt the calling of the Lord and put herself in a convent. None knew of Dario, none but Charlotte, newly married with a noble husband, the course of life always destined for Vi.

The first few months continued in happiness. Perhaps Dario was a little more angry than usual, but it was nothing Viviana could not handle. And Dio, her beloved Dio brought her so much joy, it didn’t matter that she was forced to sell her expensive clothes and dresses, even her mother’s bracelet in order to keep their rent in the room of a house afloat.

After an injury to Dario’s knee, a lot of the funds went to his healing. The medicines didn’t help, and so he would take to booze to ease the pain. That was alright, even when his anger grew worse, and his fists grew harder. He never hurt Dio, and it wasn’t his fault things were not going well, unable to work for months. He could walk, but he told her too much strain would hurt him. That was alright, Viviana, while making new dresses for herself and baby clothes for Dio, found herself to be a rather accomplished seamstress. She could support them both with a small business.

On occasion, when she would take Dio out on strolls, Viviana would spot Dario with another woman on his arm, after not coming home for several days straight. It couldn't have been what it looked like, perhaps he was simply being gentlemanly. That had to be it.

The child was growing stronger and brighter with each day and Viviana found herself loving him more and more, if that were even possible. It only made her more determined to make life as comfortable as possible for him.

This was unfortunately meaning keeping him as far from his father as possible. Dario, with his injury not allowing him to steal as easily as he used to, had few ways to make money. Vi was supposed to have been his cash cow, and now, when she could not provide, she became his whipping boy. She did not care, however, so long as Dio remained safe, warm, and well fed.

Charlotte, though she had anticipated this sort of nightmarish existence from the beginning, could only pity her cousin. She was married now herself and hardly had time to slip away, but tried to see her when she could. The little blond bundle in her arms was a sharp contrast to the dark bruises on her arms, and the cough that was growing stronger in her throat.

“My darling, you need to get away, somehow. He is hurting you, look at your arm,” Charlotte spoke as she held the sleeping boy in her arms, Viviana busying herself with the tea pot.

“He doesn’t mean to. He just drank a bit too much because of his leg, he will eventually get over it.”

But Dario never did. And soon, Charlotte was banned from seeing her cousin, her husband not thinking it proper for her to make the trip into such a rough part of town. Viviana was left alone.

But soon, things began to look up again, Dario had come across a great deal of money helping a rich man after an accident (she knew he was still kind, she knew), and a bar was set up. For years she sang, and served, and Dario… well, he seemed happier now that money was coming forward. So happy he would often take the contents from the drawer, and go out with his friends to drink, leaving them with not quite enough to spare for rent and Dio, a growing boy with a mind that could not be stopped, such an intelligent boy, and beautiful too. Her pride and joy.

Viviana was no sneaky woman, but under one of the drawers she kept a box with money she did not tell Dario about. Just enough for the three of them to manage.

“Father will find it there,” a small, high voice said. Dio. “You need to be better at hiding, or he’ll hurt you.”
“Don’t say that, my dear.” Viviana leaned down, brushing against his cheek gently. She wanted to reassure him, tell him he wouldn’t, but even a child could see it. But it was only because of his knee and the drinking, he was so loving when he did not drink. She relented with a sigh “Where would you keep it safe?” Dio showed her, it was a perfect spot, no one would think to look. Such a smart boy he was, so wonderful, no matter what, she knew coming here, living with Dario was always the better choice, even if it meant estrangement from her father -- she could never have aborted him.

Viviana wished more than anything for the joy of true family life. With Dio, she was brought endless joy, but Dario’s heart had not fallen for the boy as hers did. And his interests wandered to other women, leaving her sore and hurt in the depths of her heart. But as Dio grew more perceptive, with a mouth that often ended him in trouble as much as it got him out of it, him being out of the house often assured his safety.

But it was not only Dario that tore threads at their joy. Viviana grew ill, a cough not so atypical, even Dio had the same for a while. But unlike her son, she did not recover in a week or two, and her body lost strength and weight, leaving her unable to carry the boxes of meat and fish and produce from the harbour to the bar. Dio took the job upon himself, but even cooking, cleaning and the sewing she continued to do for additional funds began a challenge difficult, and nearing impossible.

“Leave the task to me, mother. You need to rest.” Dio was but seven years old, but responsibility and necessity moved him to take on every role both mother and drunken father was meant to do. He could do it, support them, protect his mother.

“I’m fine, darling, it is just stew, there is no need to worry yourself like this.” Still, after just a few minutes of standing, her cough became so bad she was unable to continue, and Dio began to take over the task just as he had intended. Thankfully, did not know the difference between a stew made by his son and a stew made by his wife.

Nothing about Viviana’s illness concerned Dario in the slightest. He only found her lazy. Nor did Viviana’s father have a care for his daughter or grandson either. For all he cared, they were dead. Only Charlotte sent money when where she could, behind her husband’s back, and when she thought that Dario would not find it.

But Dario was something like a sniffer dog when it came the jangle of coins and notes; Dio overheard him screaming at mother once for it, and when he later removed himself from under the floorboard she kept him to ‘play hide and seek,’ he was met a fresh new bruise on her cheek -- the old one had barely healed. She tried to smile through it, tell him ‘mother had just been keeping a secret, and you know it is wrong to keep secrets, my dearest Dio,’ but Dio was past the point of excuses and games. Only rage filled his small fists, seeing his mother like this. Enduring this. Forcing him to…

Dio was smart, he knew the enthusiasm and aggression when a certain white envelope popped through the slot. Quickly, he would always check the notes -- it was becoming his job at any rate, mother was too sick, and Father did not care about bills; Dio put it upon himself to keep them all together. It was nothing too difficult, his mother had taught him to count and read, and filing taxes was little more than a cinch from there. It was simply a matter of keeping the money until the taxman came, but that in itself was a challenge. But this money, the money in the envelope was a help, when Dio could access it. It was unlabelled, but the paper did not feel poor, all textured and scented with rose perfume; he loved that scent. It was the scent that brought about hope. And Dio knew exactly how to use it.

“Let us run away, Mother,” he said one day when he was sure Dario was off with some whore. He knew because this time he had ordered her himself, ordered her to flirt and laugh and lead Dario
away. Keep him for at least five days, a week if she could manage it. He’d paid her for the trouble, though in his mind he was sure she deserved far more than that to last even a minute with him inside her.

Viviana could hardly get out of bed now, but Dario made her work through it. She was working so hard she had fainted on more than one occasion, but he wouldn’t let her stop. Today she was at the counter, holding onto the edge for dear life, so pale and weak and sickly, Dio wanted to cry. He did cry, when no one was looking, but more than that, Dio had plans.

He’d taken her to one of their inn rooms, told her he could manage everything downstairs, Dario would not be coming back tonight, he assured. Then, before he left he set his plan to action.

In his hand were tickets. Two one way tickets. He displayed them before her with a smile accomplished; he had done it; how could he suppress this joy? “We could run away, mother,” Dio said, “With these!” He had thought about taking her and himself away to the circus after sneaking away to a performance. but that was a childish thing to say (and even though he was a mere eight years old, he had no business being a child), only a fantasy where he could learn to throw knives and stab Dario in the chest. It was impractical.

“We could run away to America. Their medicine is far beyond ours, a man said the harbour when I was ordering for the bar. They could make you better, mother. Maybe they could even heal your arm better than I could alone.” It was one injury along with many, but it healed wrong, leaving Viviana in pain more even without sickness budding. Dio placed a reassuring, small hand on her, a burden too great, but he took it without thought.

But his mother’s next words sent a thundering halt to all his excited enthusiasm. “Don’t be silly, Dio,” she said, her voice so frail, so weak. “We cannot just run away.”

“W-What? Why not?!?” Dio didn’t like to think himself weak, but prone to outbursts and emotional hits, he already felt a hot sting to the backs of his eyes. He shook his head fast. “I promise I did not steal anything to pay for them!” Well, maybe a coin here or there, but he had performed odd jobs, played games of poker and chess with men too stupid to think a boy could beat them. “I earned every penny. I saved them. I kept the business afloat, stopped him taking the money without him suspecting.” He shoved the ticket into her hand, showing off the date. “Everything is ready There are only a few days until the boat leaves, but Father won’t get in our way, I made sure of it! It is all going to be fine. I promise. All you have to do is come with me.”

But Viviana would not have it. She told him Dario was just a little angry, that’s all. He still loved them. It was just his drinking, he was so kind, such a good man.

“Pigshit! That bastard doesn’t care about us! Doesn’t care about you! But I do, I’m trying to help! Why can’t you see that?!”

“Dio! Your language! I did not raise you to say such things, and about your father no less.”

“But…” Dio was lost. This was going to fix everything, and yet she was defending him, more concerned about Dio’s profanities to the man who deserved far worse. She had her escape, Dio had served months trying to free them, and for what? Tears streaked down his cheeks in burning cinders. “How could you do this to us?! To yourself? To me? You… you deserve what you get!” He didn’t mean that, but he screamed it none the less, hurling himself out of the door, out of the inn, somewhere far, far away where no one could find him.

It was frosty and cold that day, Dio got lost, found himself on a street gang led. He tried to fight them as best he could, but it didn’t make a difference. He lost the few coins he had left in his pockets, and
the tickets with them. Almost a year, and it was stolen in a second. But what did it matter? The dream was already lost.

Viviana’s condition only worsened as days passed. Dio tended to her as best he could, but there was a feeling of betrayal he could not shake from himself, a resentment he did not want to feel took him over. The love he felt for her was weak, but not blind. His mother’s love for Dario was both. Loving was weakness, this was all he could conclude.

But Viviana, unbeknownst to the boy had one final strive. With weak pen to paper, and a few spare coins for the delivery, she sent a letter, a last ditch effort to save her son, putting him above all. Even Dario.

“Dearest Charlotte,

It has been many I believe I am falling gravely ill. It is strange, for one to think himself dying, to know it. I have a son, his name is Dio and he is the light of my life. He has tried to help me so much, and I fear I have failed him in return. I regret so many of my decisions, but I shall never regret him.

I had not been permitted to write or see you, but I knew I had to take this final strive toward my dear child’s future, I will take any risk. This is a great deal to ask, but please, I beg of you, take him in after I am gone. Give him a good life.

It is only Dario’s drinking, I know he can be sweet… but I fear my husband’s fists, his anger will be put onto Dio. Please, protect him for me.

Yours, Viviana.”

Charlotte received the message late. Circumstance, and a move to a new estate years ago, and not to Viviana’s knowledge had gotten the note long lost, it was months until she finally received the post.

Months was too late.

Dario met Charlotte, told her the news, despite their past grievances. He told her both his wife, and his son had fallen to the sickness, it tragic day for him. Charlotte took the news the grave suspicion, but there was evidence of such she had no reason to deny. Vi had died first, he said, then Dio a few weeks later. Couldn’t even afford them a proper burial. Charlotte knew the man was a hound for money, but for Viviana, she would do this.

Two headstones were bought, decorated and beautifully crafted; Charlotte spared no expense for them. Few would know about Dio and Viviana, but they deserved this. Not even thirty, she lived, the boy not even a decade.

She only wished she could have saved her cousin from this tragic life of ruin and far too early a death.
Dio’s fingers no longer had the strength to turn the final page to a close. The scurried notes were blotted with a stream of unrelenting tears, though his form was silent, still as ice.

Not everything had been in Jonathan’s report, but Dio’s mind had filled the blanks where no one else could have known. The tickets to America, his mother’s arm, the cruel words he said when she denied him, all the memories flooded in an overload and left him drowning, choking for air though his body remained as statue. But there was so much there, so much he did not know. The origin of the rose scented letters -- the scent remaining his favourite to this day -- his mother’s entire past, the gravestones, the letter to send him away, and Dario’s thwarting, none of it. Silence turned to a sob, and once it began, Dio could not stop himself, wordlessly hunched, face red and lips wailing.

It had been months since Jonathan had done his research and filled his notebook with what he had found, and much had happened in the course of time since. He had never envisioned himself sitting with Dio as he was now, doing his best to fight his way out of addiction and his past. Nor had he expected their European adventure to wind up like this. But now that it had, there was not that detail that Jonathan did not recall, and he felt each and every horror and chill tenfold as he watched Dio.

When Dio began to cry, there was no way he could hold back the tears either.

“I did not wish to cause you pain, Dio,” He sobbed, a large fist rubbing his eyes. “But I thought you deserved to know it. You have family still alive, and Charlotte, I know she did her very best for both you and your mother, she really did. But she couldn’t…” Jonathan’s voice trailed off. She couldn’t stop Viviana’s own determination, nor could she stop Dario’s cruelty. It was out of her control. And it was out of Jonathan’s as well. Still..

The brunet hesitantly at first reached for Dio’s hands, grabbing them and holding them tightly. He longed to hold him, but he feared that he would pull away, so he settled for clutching his fingertips for dear life. “Please…tell me how I can help you.”

Dio did not pull away, but his fingers curled, and his head turned from Jonathan, a frown crossing his face, even as his face stung and ached, mouth curled downwards into an endless despondency, cheeks bathed in tears.

“You didn’t want to cause me pain, you say? What other reaction were you expecting out of me, exactly, tell me that first? Perhaps it was not what you wanted, but can you really say you could imagine me giving you anything less? You visited this woman, you complied notes, you wrote of every misfortune that happened in my youth, and only added to them, and you did not want to cause me pain?”

Within the notebook, Jonathan had enclosed a copy of the letter Viviana gave Charlotte in her final months. It was her hand, he could tell by the penmanship. Dio picked it up with trembling fingers. “She wanted me to be away from him. But even here… even here she kept making excuses for him. Why didn’t she run when she had the chance? I gave her the chance, and she didn’t take it. We could have been….” Jonathan didn’t know about the attempt of escape, but it was all Dio could think of. Dio thought he could not cry anymore, but a new influx surged, all the heavier.

Jonathan could not stand it any longer, he gathered the blond into his arms and held him close. He could no longer allow his fear of being pushed away hold him back, he needed to feel Dio’s weight, to know that he was there, and that he was safe and all right in his arms, even if at the moment he did not seem like it.
“Dio, Dio, Dio…” he murmured over and over, his own tears dripping into the light coloured hair. “My dearest, there was no escaping what happened to her. She was very ill, and even the best of doctors today have difficulty dealing with coughs like that. I know you loved her, but she was too weak to run, and from what Charlotte told me, she wanted to believe Dario could be the perfect husband he wasn’t.” He shook his head.

“I know it’s hard to accept…but your mother wasn’t perfect. Just like I am not. And just like you are not.”

“Stop patronising me, Jojo!” Dio shook his head, feeling bile come to his throat as Jonathan tried to say things as if he were a meek, pathetic child. Speaking with some sort of expertise, when he was nothing but a third party. He read the book, yes, but it did not wash away or make him forget that he had gone behind his back in the first place. This would never be forgotten; the slate would never be clean. Dio would remember this, with excuses, and not coating over with sugar and forgiveness. Jonathan perfect? After this, certainly not.

“You have no idea if she could have been saved. You don’t know, this Charlotte woman does not know, nobody knows because she never saw a doctor, and it was too late at the end.” He reread the notes of the letter over and over again, until his vision blurred, and he closed his eyes, feeling more wetness fall.

“I, I more than anyone know she wasn’t perfect. She was a fool of a woman who believed in hope and much worse my father being something more than the scum he was.” Dio glowered, the words, telling him she would not run still hurt, they hurt so badly he could choke. He hadn’t let himself think of that day, telling her she deserved the fate that came. He never apologised for that, not once in the final months she lived. “But…but I still loved her… I still wanted to save her.”

“Of course you did. Of course you did…”

Large arms closed tighter around Dio and suddenly, he no longer cared if it was too tight. He had just spent three long, lonely months without Dio. He did not wish him to lose him again, yet what could he say or do? Should he have just let this situation go to the grave along with Dio? And what should he say now?

“Dio…” The name was caught in a sob in his throat, he knew how important this moment was, and yet he felt that everything he could possibly choose to do would be the wrong choice. So instead, he closed his eyes along with his mouth, silently continuing to hold him.

“Don’t speak.” It was better that way, if Jonathan said one more cooing thing he might have found himself stabbed hard in the back seventeen times with a Dio feeling no ounce of remorse. He didn’t need babying, he did not need someone to try and soften any blows. He would face this with every hardness he had before, he had lived this, he would not let it take him down, not forever.

But right now, Dio cried. He didn’t even try to stop it, they were an endless flood, and he knew there was no dam large enough to hold them back. Everything was aching, everything was hurting, Dio’s stomach was in knots and falling over itself. He needed to feel something more, something else. Something good.

“Jojo…” Dio began when his tongue had unlocked from its ties, and finally his eyes had started to dry. “Don’t say anything. Not one word. Just kiss me.”

Jonathan’s eyes opened, tears spilling out onto Dio’s shoulders, making it even wetter than it had been already. But he dared not disobey, he leaned in and kissed him on the lips, and pulled Dio’s body into his lap so that they were properly pressed together. The kiss ended, and was followed by
another, and another, and another. Large hands cupped Dio’s cheeks, and stared down into his amber eyes. He was unable to smile at such a sombre time, instead, just drinking in his expression.

“I love you.” It was whispered, and a risk, as Dio had not wanted words, but Jonathan had been willing to take it. Once more his mouth sank over Dio’s, and he kissed him again, though this time his tongue slipped between his lips, and light started to tease him, working towards a much stronger passion than was intended. But once the ball was rolling, it was impossible to stop.

“Don’t speak,” Dio repeated. There was something of a lack of oomph in the declaration, he simply stated them with the air of despondency that came when the crippling sadness had eased up a little. He needed to fill it, and so he chose something he knew, something that took his whole body, filled it with heat, hot in the form of lips against lips, skin against skin. He did not allow Jonathan’s teases to last, instead he claimed his mouth with a roll of his tongue, wet and messy.

The robe that covered his heated skin slipped from Dio’s shoulders and he shimmied off the rest. Enough time had passed from the scalding hot bath for the pale colouring to return, and little redness showed, except in the flush of his cheeks and chest, as new sensations, sensual and lustful took over as natural responses. Dio tugged at Jonathan’s dark locks, pulling him in further.

“Don’t speak,” he said again, a slight pant joining his raw throat. “Take off your clothes.”

Closing his mouth so that his lips were pressed tight together, Jonathan’s fingers hastily began to work at unbuttoning his own shirt, fumbling along. He wasn’t really paying attention to what he was doing, as his eyes were fixed on Dio. It had been months since he had been properly able to take in the sight of him as a lover, and right now, between the reddish skin and the bonier form. None of that mattered to Jonathan. He barely even noticed those details, although they were filed away in the back of his mind, comments to be made about the temperature of his bath, and the amount of food that he ate. But right now… right now he was thirsty for the sight of him.

He was not allowed to speak how beautiful he was, so instead, he pressed him down onto the bed, and kissed the nape of his neck, trailing to his collar bone. Kissing over his limbs was not something that Jonathan normally did, but right now, he wished to explore every scrap of him, rediscover what had been lost. Once he reached his hand he lifted it and kissed the palm, then brought his own palm up against Dio’s, and turned his head sharply to meet his eye, seeing if this was satisfactory.

Dio shuddering and granted each touch to his skin, tender and loving in all the ways Jonathan knew how. The silence was wondrously deafening, only the noise of kisses, skin to skin contact, the brush of a nose against his clavicle, lips against his chest, light suckles, and deeper nips filled his ears. Dio was quiet, save for spare pants and gasps at particular junctures, sensitives areas. This feeling, it was warm, it was hot, not scalding like the washing water, but something else entirely.

But it was not enough, Dio wanted more, he wanted deeper and further and harder, clawing inside, prying away until he could feel nothing but this.

“Take them all off, Jojo. And fuck me.”

Having been given permission to do exactly what he had been yearning to do since setting eyes on Dio again, Jonathan peeled off the last vestiges of his clothes and stood completely bare before him. He was all rock hard muscle, like rugby season, where there had always been some soft flesh in between, now days in the sun had made him tan and firm.

Before Dio could take in the sight of him completely, Jonathan was on him, and spreading his legs without any shame, tongue plunging between his ass cheeks and to his puckered hole without
hesitations, leaving a slick coating of saliva. Once he felt he had done this enough, two fingers were pressed inside, and then a third, to ready him as quickly and comfortably as possible. Finally, Jonathan sat up. His cock was hard, there was no need to work it to a stand, and he was all ready to enter.

And enter he did. There was no need to wait, he had waited long enough already. Pressing inside, he moved swiftly, so that he was in him to the hilt within moments. It was too fast, but with how long they had waited, he knew they both would be fine.

Dio let his mind grow blank, let Jonathan nestle himself within his tight walls and move about, let himself clench tight, bringing him in all the further, closing his eyes.

But no matter what he did, flashes of his mother grew in his face. The sweet, gentle memories, her lullabies and melodies, her smile and manner and love. But in that, came the dark, the beatings, the weakness, the imperfections that marked their everyday, cursed him to the life of poverty, the hidden ‘family,’ who cast him aside before he was even born, Dario’s fist and a stolen boat ticket.

“More, more, give me more, Jojo… let me… let me—” he choked out a moaning sob, biting his lower lip to keep himself going. It wasn’t enough, it was never enough.

With a bout and a turn, Jonathan was thrust onto his back, Dio straddling his form. In the short seconds their bodies came undone, Dio sought to immediately change that, placing himself with fervour back onto the thick shaft, crying out as he impaled himself hard, right to the base. He rested not, fucking himself atop of Jonathan, over and over. New tears began to streak, pain, pleasure and tragedy a myriad of emotion came in tumbles and rolls of wetness, splattering onto Jonathan’s chest.

“More, more…”

Jonathan’s body was frankly overwhelmed. He hardly had time to touch himself in their months apart, and on the few occasions where he had, and where he had imagined Dio, an extraordinary and exhausting depression only followed. So masturbation had not been frequent, and there was no chance in the deepest pits that another came to his bed.

It wasn’t surprising when, despite his best efforts, he finished before Dio, filling his rear with the white liquid. This was much to Jonathan’s horror, who knew that Dio needed this right now, that he was relying on the sex for something that nothing else could give him, and even as the tears came it was still his job to provide it. Though he had just finished, he forced himself hard again and began to fuck him once more, this time slower, though with just as much fervour.

He continued to be silent, but his eyes fixed on Dio’s as he stared down at him. He did not smile, only watched, and yearned.

All things considered, Dio took his time to come, the confusion, the compensation and emotional exhaustion certainly did little to rouse and bring him over, and soon stamina began to wear. But despite it all he continued, bucking his hips, heaving and tearing with every ounce of strength, desperate to… he did not even know. Feel? Not feel? Cling to something while pushing away others?

Orgasm came in a dribble, most of his seed falling about his cock, rather than shooting onto Jonathan’s stomach and form, just as tired and drained as he was. Dio shuddered through it, nails pressed into the other man’s body until even his fingers gave out, and he fell into a slump, head pressed in the crook of Jonathan’s shoulder.

“Don’t speak.” Again the command was issued, and Dio’s hands limply snaked around him, a
childlike clinging. “Just… hold me, Jojo. That is what you can do.”

The two of them had in the past some strange and confusing sex before, but this was definitely the most. He knew that Dio was sad, he knew that he was mourning his mother, and he knew that he needed to be comforted, but doing it like this just seemed…

Ungentlemanly, or at least, in another life, that is what Jonathan would have called it. In the last few years his definition of what was gentlemanly and what wasn’t had been so far transformed he couldn’t even say that the word meant the same thing it did back then, any more than he could say that he was the same person. No, it was strange, but if it was what Dio wanted, what he needed, Jonathan would give it to him, propriety be damned.

As he was clung to, Jonathan nodded his head. There were a million things he wished to say, and it was frustrating to be unable to say even a simple ‘I love you.’ But he obeyed. He pulled the quilt from the bed and wrapped it around them, creating a shell of warmth, and he held him tightly. He wished he had memories of how his own mother had held him, but there were none. This was the best he could do, and together the merged as one, Jonathan with dearest affection being everything he could.

“You are wrong, Jojo,” Dio said after what felt like days silence sheer silence. “You missed the mark entirely.” He got up, sitting, though his shoulder hunched over like Notre Dame, his eyes seeing little more that the shuffle of his legs and the quilt above him. “I expect you wanted me to see that my mother had her own problems, somehow enlighten me to the fact that she saved me, rescued me from being sent away from her, that everything she did for me was out of love.” Dio gave a half chuckle, sombreness unbridled in its inflection. “As if you don’t think I already knew that. Drink might have been my father’s addiction, and perhaps a semblance of it may be my own, but her folly was that bastard of a man, and there was no mistaking it. And her draw to him was…” A fist tightened in Dio’s hand, denting the skin of his palm “…was more than her love for me, in the end. But she tried, I know she did, but trying is not enough.”

Forthright Dio was in the tangles of the moment, but anger had dissipated, in its wake left was honesty, no matter how. “I am not sure I will ever be able to fully forgive you into looking into my life behind my back, Jojo, and know there is no point in trying to earn it.” Forgiveness was not something that came to Dio with any amount of ease, and his words rang true. Perhaps he would not so grandly hold it against him, perhaps his heart would find pardon, but this grievance had hit him harder than the strongest of nails -- forgetting was impossible. “Dually, I do not think I can fully forgive my mother for abandoning me either. She may have saved me in the womb, but it changes nothing that for the first twelve years of my life I was saddled to that man and she did nothing to flee from him.”

“But that is not what I meant when I say you are wrong.” Dio turned his head up a little higher, still not looking at Jonathan, his eyes fixing on a portrait in the room, a picture of the villa they dwelled inside, the day sunny and bright, not unlike this one. “You said I still have a family, this… noble family. You say that this Charlotte woman still cares, that she and I share a connection. That the father that sentenced me before he knew me, that your friend Neil is still out there. No. They are not my family. Perhaps I have biological ties to these people, but they are nothing to me, and never shall be.”

Finally, Dio turned, his eyes still puffy and raw from tears, but the amber stare shone through, nonetheless piercing. In that, however, a newfound softness grew from them, and he scanned Jonathan in all his entirety, and smiled. “And though the mistakes I cannot forget, I know you did with all the intentions of goodness in your heart. And so I will not hold them against you. You are my family, Jojo. I tried to run from it, but you were the first one I called. It may make me weak,
but… maybe being weak for you is not so wrong.”

It was hard to keep his mouth shut, but Jonathan did so, for Dio’s sake. He had said everything he wished to say, had portrayed the side of the story he knew Dio had not seen. It was Dio’s choice and Dio’s right to not accept it. Jonathan could not blame him for that, as a child he had been born to Viviana, who thought like a child herself when it came to the world. Dio had to think like an adult when most children were still nursing scraped knees. Even if it was out of Charlotte’s control, Dio owed her nothing.

That was all right. He wanted Dio to have the choice, and he had. It did not matter to him one way or another what he chose to do with it. Jonathan’s role in all this was done, or would be, when they returned to England and he could show him Viviana’s actual grave stone, along with the false one for his own. But from there, Jonathan considered the notebook closed, and story finished.

So when Dio unexpectedly brought the focus of attention back to him, he found himself tensing. Though his eyes and tone were soft, what good could Dio possibly see in him right now, in this physically and emotionally raw state?

His initial pessimism was blown away by Dio’s next words, words that had never crossed his lips with same amount of emotional weight and sincerity. The two came together so easily and smoothly in the bedroom and on the rugby field, everywhere else felt like a battle. They were opposites who thought differently, and even when their goals were aligned, their ways of achieving them typically were not. Such an emotional eye to eye connection with Dio was nearly unheard of.

Tears formed in his eyes, and Jonathan’s grip on the other man tightened, pulling the blond up against him into a long embrace, a few hot fat tears falling into his hair.

Dio supposed he could only expect as much from Jonathan, and allowed himself to be wetted, though it certainly could not count as his more orthodox bathing experiences. The words said without the heat and throes of arousal, or a slip of the tongue in a tired drunk mist left him bare and open, a feeling he had endured all too much.

But with it came a release of himself. He had left, thought it weak to feel such emotions, and in truth he still believed it to be the case for many, himself included. Love, what a foolish feeling he could no longer deny. But it was warm, and it was tender, and in Jonathan he knew it was secure. Jonathan was not Dario, tricky and cruel, he was not his mother, unstable and excusing of fault, he was certainly not Dio, sceptical and wary. Jonathan was worthy of love.

“Not going to say anything then? My, Jojo, some would call that rude.”

The whirlpool of emotions slowed, and with Dio’s next words, a smile played at Jonathan’s lips. He was not ready to speak yet himself, in part because he was speechless, and in part because he did not wish to test Dio. Instead, he pushed him back onto the bed, the quilt still draped over them both. He began to kiss his neck and collarbone just as he had done earlier, but the language of his kisses was quite different. His motions were softer, his lips wetter, and the glean in his eye far more playful.

Blue eyes met Dio’s amber, and he still did not speak, only kiss, with the added addition of his fingers creeping between his thighs and teasing his entrance, still slick with fluids from earlier. His mouth glided from nipple to nipple, and then back up to his face, where he let his forehead rest against Dio’s own.

His eyes were a red and puffy mess, but they still had the brightness in them that made them Jonathan. He leaned up to Dio’s ear, and whispered the first words that he dared murmur, “I think you shall need another bath, my love.”
The symptoms of withdrawal disappeared, though temptation remained on Dio’s tongue. He missed alcohol, and perhaps he always would, but there was a newfound, undeniable freedom that came with cupboards bare from liquor and wine, as if he were one step further from his father.

There was little spoken about the notebook in the week that followed, but dust between them had begun to clear, and it was almost returning to normality once again. Jonathan nagging may have been a part of their before, but Dio was certain it had increased tenfold since his journey away.

“If you keep on serving me meals fit for ten thousand, Jojo, I fear it may have more adverse effects than you are so subtly trying to put upon me,” he said with a hint of tease, more playing with his pasta than eating it.

“You ate like a bird on the best of days and I imagine without me to nag you, you most likely ate like a bird twice a week while you were on your own. Just take a few more bites, you cannot deny that it is fantastic.” Jonathan had not forgotten the way Dio’s bones had seemed more visible than ever that first night he had been allowed to look at him from head to toe since their estrangement, and had been making sure his meals had been properly large and nutritious ever since.

Since Dio read the notebook, it felt as if a tension had broken between them, and Jonathan found himself imagining that life might actually be able to resume as before. But he was not about to rush things. Dio had just been several months of… well, Jonathan did not like to think about precisely what Dio had been up to. Clearly his health was not at its peak, and rest was in order. But after…

“Your leg certainly seems better, and your colour, what little you have, is starting to return to normal. Perhaps we might, if you are ready, think about resuming our tour in a few days’ time? Though, to be honest, save for another two weeks of research back at the dig site near Rome, I would be happy to start traveling home again, wouldn’t you? I am starting to miss it greatly.”

“Grand idea,” Dio agreed with enthusiasm. “I have been ready to leave for weeks now, Jojo, and one does get a little stir crazy when sentenced to the same location for weeks on end. It was not even as if this were a holiday, and frankly I could kiss all villas goodbye for life.” They certainly were not bringers of anything close to fond memories.

“I do not think this little trip of ours has gone near as well as it should, but perhaps the final days will be filled with something a little more enjoyable. Let us to Rome, to the real world once more, perhaps I will even go to one of your dig sites.” Probably not. “But I too have to admit England would be a sight for sore eyes, and I should like to look to the future, and not so much the past.” A small smile was given in Jonathan’s direction, knowingly. Dio had one last outlandish activity in store for Jonathan, but he need not fear him running anymore. He was done. And he was ready to nestle.

But first he needed somewhere near civilisation.

“Then it is settled. We shall pack our things and ready ourselves to return to the city!” Jonathan spoke with enthusiasm, but felt the butterflies in his stomach. Dio might feel that he was more than ready, but he would be surrounded by temptations for the first time since they left for the villa, and Jonathan could only hope that he would be strong enough to resist.

But despite any reservations, he had faith in him, for Dio was nothing if not resolved once his mind had been settled.
Very little had been brought with them from Rome, and so packing was an easy affair. Jonathan was still a mother hen over Dio in their last few days, making sure he ate enough, was well rested, had several glasses of water a day, and ensured he took a light walk to stretch his recovering leg. One would have thought he was Dio’s personal physician. All these actions helped Jonathan cover for his nerves, which showed in his sweaty palms as they sat on the train back to Rome.

“You lack tact, Jojo,” Dio said with a raised brow, looking up from his current read. “You needn’t be so concerned. Yes, there a minor slip, but I am fine, and I am going to be fine. And even if I was not going to be fine, you could not keep me trapped there forever, away from the world. Your little bird must eventually flee the nest and become a big boy all on his own.” A light chuckle followed, before Dio once again returned to his own attentions.

It was almost strange seeing people again, for weeks there had been no face but Jonathan’s. And as beautiful as it was, he was more than happy to be back.

Being back among people was strange indeed, as was seeing the little room that they had left behind in such misery. Jonathan was unusually quiet as he ate dinner that night, looking through some notes that he had not touched in weeks.

“Tomorrow I will be at the library for a few hours, doing some research before I return to the sight. I… trust you will be fine on your own. I am sure there is plenty to keep you occupied in the city.” Jonathan trusted Dio, but that did not mean he was not nervous. What if he came home to find him gone once more?

“I am sure there is.” Dio ate as much as would make Jonathan comfortable, appetite still not at its peak, though at least it was better than the over and occasionally undercooked dishes Jonathan had prepared for him in the villa. His skill had improved, but he had to be glad it was archaeology the man had taken to, and no dreams of becoming a chef were imminent.

The day followed on, and he bid Jonathan adieu immediately setting off his own direction. It was odd, Dio had never noticed just how many bars and stores that sold wondrous brews were about the world, watching, endlessly. As soon as gaze was lost from one, another came about. But Dio was not so quick to fall, and with purpose filled tunnel vision, and a small box in his pocket, he ventured forth to his destination.

The hours crept by at the library. Jonathan stopped for lunch, wondering if he should go to the hotel and check on Dio, but he reminded himself that he might not be there, and that it was perfectly acceptable for the man to be out and about on his own. There were many things he could be doing besides drinking, smoking, or sleeping with the scum of the streets.

Somehow, deep inside, Jonathan knew Dio was doing right by him, though he could not help but retire from his work a bit early, and pick up a bouquet of roses on his way home, as well as a few pastries from a bakery a simply could not walk past. Stepping into the hotel room he glanced about.

“Dio? Are you home yet?”

“In the bath,” a voice behind a door called out. “One minute, I shall be out momentarily.” Dio sighed before standing straight, letting the water fall from his hair and skin onto back into the tub beneath him. It was a typical bath today, perhaps a little warm, but enjoyably so. Towel wrapped about his waist, a blond head poked from the inside.

“You are back earlier than you said. I told you, you need not be on me every second. You already gave up weeks of your apprenticeship for me, and I have no intention of having you waste more time.”
Dio was a sight for sore eyes, and Jonathan was smiling from ear to ear upon seeing him. So relieved was he that the flowers were put aside, and he reached into the bakery box, pulling out a pastry to munch on as he waited for Dio to finish. It tasted twice as sweet.

“I did quite a bit, but the thought of coming home to you was too much to resist.” He smiled, and licked some cream off his fingers. “Can you blame me?”

“You have seen me every single day for the last three weeks, I am there is no one else to blame.” Dio exited the bath, planting a small kiss to Jonathan’s sugary lips. “Then again, it is Dio who you missed, so I suppose I shall give you a minor pardon.”

He removed the robe from his form and lay himself flat on the bed. “Come, Jojo, put some lotion on me. Rose scented, if you would.”

Jonathan did not need to be told twice. Within moments, his sleeves were rolled up, and a healthy lather of rose scented lotion was applied to his hands. Hungry eyes fell on Dio’s damp, nude form and he happily began to massage the alabaster flesh. His own breeches began to tent with an erection, though he made no sign of needed it tended to, simply enjoying the gentle motions over Dio’s back and shoulders.

“You have been looking so much better. Though you are still far to slender, you should eat one of the pastries I brought home, they are delicious.”

“Maybe I like being slender,” Dio answered with an easy sigh and a stretch of his arms and legs, letting his body stretch out before settling comfortably and idly, Jonathan’s fingers working magic.

“Besides, I had room service before you came in. Go and check if you like, the maid has yet to collect it. I even had dessert, though nothing quite as sugar laden.”

“I know, but a bit of softness would not hurt. I would rather not be able to count your ribs.” Fingers ran between the sheets and Dio’s chest, grazing over his bare nipples. The smell of roses was pleasant, and even more so was the fact that there was not even a hint of the scent of alcohol lingering about Dio, only soap, perfumes, and now the lotion. As he expected, he had been worried for nothing.

“Have I told you lately how lovely your hair is?” Jonathan took the opportunity to lean in and kiss the top of his blond head, still damp from the bath.

“Yes, actually you have. Just like you have said it every single day if not twice a day, in fact. You should start coming up with some new compliments, Jojo, you are starting to become quite the one trick pony.” Dio pushed some of the wet locks out from his eyes, shuffling them to the side, and shaking his head with dry amusement.

“Let me guess, you are going to say something along the lines of you cannot help it, you just love it so much etcetera, etcetera.”

"I can't help it. It is one of my favourite features about you, after all." Jonathan chuckled and reaches for the glass lotion bottle, shaking it until more of the sweet scented cream spread across his palm. "If you would like me to stop complimenting you on it you shall just simply have to shave your head!"

Jonathan began to chuckle, until he realized that that was indeed something to which Dio could do. His hands stopped, and his fingertips suddenly began to dig into Dio’s lower back harder than intended.

"That is of course not to be taken seriously."
“Oh, well now that you mention it, washing would become a whole lot easier without all this pesky hair to concern myself over. Maybe I shall just take you up on that suggestion.” Dio rolled onto his back, sitting up straight to give Jonathan a friendly tap on the head.

“Always coming to my aid when I need you, Jojo. Thank you.”

"Oh hush. You and I both know that you are too proud of your mane to give it up, be it short or long. Let us hope and pray that nature blesses you with a choice in the matter!" Jonathan pressed a kiss to the edge of Dio’s hairline, and then pushed him back down onto the bed so that he could finish his lower back. Although that was becoming more of a game, seeing how low he could move his fingers without actually touching his rear.

"You should know, Dio, even if you went bald or grey, I would still love you with all my heart. I…” His hands stopped, for his next words, he did not wish them on Dio’s body at all, and just let them rest on the sheets. "I want to grow old with you."

“You can grow old, Dio. I, Dio, for one have no intention of letting myself go to any point of grey hairs and creaking back. It is all about keeping oneself sanitised and moisturised. In thirty years, Jojo, there shall be no wrinkle upon this beautiful skin, I work far too hard for that.” Dio placed hands on his rear, sliding the up and down to his tailbone and lower back. “Mmm, so keep on, my dear.”

Dio returned to his recline, closing his eyes to let Jonathan smoothly work against him. A comfortable silence fell, and in it, Dio could not help but confess. “Still… I suppose that notion is not so… undesirable. I think I would be fond of it.”

“Mm, I am certain that you will age well.” Jonathan could only imagine that any grey hairs to appear on Dio’s head would be hastily plucked out before any prying eyes could fall on them.

Jonathan fell into silence as well, letting his hands move smoothly across the skin. Finally, he felt satisfied that he had covered him properly, and sat back, wiping his hands on a rag.

“There are some roses on the table, they just need a vase. And I know you ate not too long ago, but I am starting to get hungry for dinner…” A few rumblings of his stomach confirmed that fact.

“There should be a vase in one of the drawers, or telephone a service to bring one.” Dio remained in position for a while yet, before finally standing and slipping into a few new pieces of clothing, loose on his skin and comfortable. He sat by the vanity, beginning an extensive routine of hair doing.

“Have dinner, then. I am not going to stop you, and even if I wanted to I doubt that task would even be possible. But if you wanted something in particular to do with me, better to ask rather than leave room for airy suggestion.”

Jonathan stood before Dio for a few moments with his mouth open. Dio was such an odd creature, created so differently from himself, in both the physical and mental, that sometimes he was left utterly uncertain in what the other man was thinking or feeling. Sighing deeply, he opened the drawer beneath the bedroom’s vanity, revealing a vase which he filled with water. The roses were soon snipped and added to it, though he did not take more than a second to admire his handiwork, for he had another prickly, sweet smelling creature to attend to.

“I shall order my dinner and eat here, since I am going to assume taking you out would be rather silly, but I should very much like to leave these walls and do something with you after. Even if it is just walk through the city’s great palazzos, admiring the view after dark… I simply want to be with you, Dio.”
Dio took Jonathan’s hand and kissed it, lightly. “I am right here, Jojo. This time, I promise I will never be going anywhere again. At least, not for three months.” Whether it was too soon or not, Dio did not know, but a small laugh left his lips before he turned once more to the mirror, brushing out his bob of hair.

“Good. Three months was far too long to go without a word. And if you were to ever leave like that again, I should just simply have to start chaining you to the bed.” Jonathan chuckled, though there was certainly a hint of seriousness in the jest.

Dio raised a brow, almost challenging, but let it simmer in to nothing, returning to a slightly more clothed recline on the bed. “You know what, Jojo. I do not feel much like going to any sort of exhibits. I am quite sustained here,” he said. “You want me, don’t you? Well, it is as I said. I am here. Come and have me.”
The last few weeks in Italy were everything Jonathan had hoped them to be. As difficult as the time in the villa had been, they had been well worth it to come home to a sober Dio. And what was even better than a sober Dio was a contented one, who was happy to be with him, pleased with their state of affairs, and did not seem to have any desire to go any further than the walls of the city.

Jonathan resumed his apprenticeship, spending his days under the hot Italian sun, which was only growing hotter as they entered the summer months. He came home each night thoroughly covered in dirt and sweat, his skin sun kissed, particularly on the tip of his nose and cheeks. Dio would wash away the grime, and they would speak of their days. It was a pleasant, simple existence, and Jonathan felt a happiness as he had not felt since their summer in the cottage.

“You have seemed better these last few weeks.” Mr. Zeppeli remarked on the last day of Jonathan’s apprenticeship. “It shows in your work as well.” He brushed a few droplets of sweat off his brow, glancing down at a vase that Jonathan had been so carefully working to uncover for the last few days. “Should you ever need a reference, you would of course have mine.” The brunet smiled from ear to ear as he stood and brushed his hands off on his pants, which were already an absolute mess.

“Grazie, sir. It means a great deal to me. I hope someday we can work together again.” Jonathan held out his hand to shake Zeppeli’s. before turning on his heel and making his way towards the little office, where his things were kept.

“Jonathan?” The older man’s voice called after him. “It might be none of my business, but humour an old man, did you work things out with your signora?”

Jonathan paused and smiled to himself, before glancing over his shoulder and giving his mentor a friendly wave. “I did! And I shall be seeing her soon enough!”

Dio did up the final buttons of his suit, sighing long and heavy. His hair had been freshly washed along with the rest of his form, and the newly bought outfit fit him to a dashing tee. He walked through half a dozen spritzes of perfume, and fastened himself with the silver personalised cufflinks Jonathan had got him. He would have worn the ruby ring, but there was no getting that back. There were butterflies, crawling and flying and jumping inside him, making him want to retch, but also giving him a sort of airy lightness, letting him flutter above the clothes. He was going to do it. Jonathan would be back soon, sweaty and dirty as ever, but oh so enthused. Dio complained, of course, but he admired and felt something strike his heart when Jonathan looked like that. Worn from the day, but so enlivened by his passion, it could never cease to bring a smile.

He had an outfit laid out for him too, Jonathan was not expecting it. Unlike the other man, Dio knew how to keep a secret under the tightest lock and key, his face hid all when wanted it to.

When Jonathan opened the door, Dio was stood prepared. “Welcome back, Jojo,” he said promptly, and warmly, giving his lips a peck, but not leaving enough time for the pale blue suit he wore to be sullied by grime. “Get dressed, we are going out.”

Jonathan could almost smell Dio before he saw him, though not in a bad way. The perfume scent was alluring, perhaps a bit stronger than it usually was by evening time. But, as Dio had said, they were going out.

"To where?" he asked as he stole another kiss and started to unbutton his sweaty shirt. Normally,
Dio would undress him like a present (a rather dirty one, but a present none the less) and enjoy riding him in a bubble filled bath tub. But today he seemed eager to get out, having been completely readying himself.

Jonathan found his suit waiting for him on the bed. He did not mind being deprived of the experience of picking out an outfit, usually leaving it up to Dio was all the better, and would make him change if he was not satisfied with his selection anyway. Hastily he jumped into the shower, lathering and rinsing in record time, not wishing to leave his prince waiting.

As Jonathan adjusted his own suit in the mirror, he looked behind him, meeting Dio's eyes in the reflection. "You look lovely tonight. Not that you don't every night but tonight I feel you may have put a little extra effort if that is even possible!" He let out a chuckle.

"I am glad you noticed, I would have been insulted if you didn’t.” Dio moved to adjust the red bow tie around Jonathan’s neck, doing it up pristinely. He debated ties, cravats, and other neck accessories, but it felt right for him to suit up in his signature look, and Dio had to admit it felt good to see him in it.

"I do not think I have seen you dress this smartly since the last ball we went to, whenever that was. I enjoy it. Not that the casual style isn’t good on you, the rugged sun kissed workman certainly makes for an attractive specimen, but… my tastes have always been attracted to refinery. And a suit is a sight for sore eyes.’”

A knock on the door interrupted what would have turned into a long drawn out kiss, biting lower lips and sucking flesh. Perhaps it was for the best, after Dio had spent so much time on his outfit, he was not quite ready to mess it up.

Turning on his pointed heel, Dio opened it, greeted by a staff member of the hotel “Your carriage has arrived, sir,” the man spoken in accented English.

“Ah! What perfect timing. Come, Jojo. Let us depart.” A theatrical show of hands was given, but Dio’s heart was racing like thunder as he grabbed his bag, and gave Jonathan a wink, bidding him out the door.

Jonathan had always been more casual than anything else, but he did clean up impeccably well. His slightly damp brown locks would dry quickly in the summer heat, and he ran his fingers through them as they stepped into the carriage, hoping that they did not look too out of sorts. It had been a long time since he had dressed up and as they had left in somewhat of a haste, he hoped he looked well enough for whatever Dio had planned.

"So, my dear," Jonathan began once they were alone in the carriage. "You still have not explained to me exactly why we are dressing up, and where we are going. Or is that the surprise?" He took one of Dio’s hands and kissed the fingertips lightly, letting his lips linger across the palm.

"I know, it must be to celebrate the end of my apprenticeship. You want me to dress up as oppose to being messy in the dirt, is that it?" Jonathan chuckled, despite his best efforts, he could sense a hint of nerves in Dio, and he was not sure why.

“Yes. That’s it, congratulations, Jojo, you hit the nail right on the head,” Dio replied with a mild air of sarcasm. "I imagine you are hungry, as you always are after the day, so I thought we might as well start off our evening with a meal.” A meal might have been one thing, but as the carriage landed itself at the destination, revealing it to be a location booked out often for months at a time, it was something far better than a simple room service delicacy.
“You do not know the trouble I went through to have us reservations here. And with a window view seat of the city, lights and scenic beauty abound.” Dio stepped out of the carriage, offering Jonathan the door as the carriage driver would have seen to.

“And every penny of it is on me, no need to pull out of your pocket this night.”

It was very odd to have Dio beat Jonathan to holding the door, particularly when there was a servant available to do so. He took one glance at the place, knowing immediately that it was one of the most sought after and expensive in the city. At Dio’s proposal to pay, the brunet’s expression turned to one of shock.

“Dio, are you feeling alright? I don’t believe you have ever offered to pay for a meal in the entire time that I’ve known you!” He flashed Dio smile, a little confused as to the extravagance, but willing to accept it all the same. He wished he could offer his arm to Dio so they could enter linked, as they were meant to, propriety be damned. But instead, he snuck a very brief kiss to his knuckle, and walked side by side with him into the extravagant restaurant.

The view would have been beautiful at any time of day, but the sun was starting to dwindle in the west, coating the city in a gentle mix of colours, all of which could be scene from their table. Jonathan found himself sitting up a little straighter and making sure his napkin was placed perfectly on his lap, not wanting to look the buffoon in a place such as this.

“Dio, I have to thank you for always being endlessly supportive of my archaeology. Coming home filthy every night is probably not what you imagined from your partner.” He gave a chuckle and a sheepish smile, still imagining that this was all due to the milestone in his career.

“I have known you for long enough to be more than aware how dirty you can. Before archaeology it was rugby, and before that climbing trees, and before that, just being yourself. With you, my dear Jojo, filth comes with the territory. And so long as you clean up afterwards, I accept it.” Dio gave a small smile as the waiter came, asking for their drinks.

He ordered a glass of wine, a very quick and thoughtless habit, but quickly recanted the request, frowning as he took to looking at the menu, instead ordering himself a virgin cocktail, sighing deeply. He missed the taste, his glands suddenly dripping for them. “I suppose I shall have to reconsider some options, but nothing does go quite as well with this sort of fish.” His fingers thrummed on the table, before he pushed the thought aside.

“At any rate, do not eat too much, the night is only young and I do not need you complaining about being full tonight. No complaints at all. Consider it a treat, and I expect you to be grateful, especially with how much this is costing me.” Jonathan may have been right, paying at a restaurant felt like a whole new experience, Dio had always found strategies to foot the bill to another.

“I’ll have the same.” was Jonathan’s response after Dio placed his drink order. His other half was clearly wasn’t happy with the idea, but Jonathan was beaming from ear to ear. The pride he was feeling was enough so that he did even mind Dio restraining his usual gluttony when it came to dinner.

“Oh, I guess I shall just have the shrimp parmigiana.” Normally he would have a hearty steak, especially after a long day. But Jonathan could eat almost anything smothered in cheese. When the waiter returned with their drinks, they gave their main order, Jonathan beaming across the table at him as he spoke, and continued to do so after he left.

“I am so proud of you,” he finally spoke, voice scarcely above a whisper, but reaching under the tablecloth to hold his hand. “Dio, you’ve come such a long way.”
“Yes, well.” Dio gave it a squeeze, but returned his hand to himself not long after. They were in no ample location for affection, surrounded by many tables, any of which could see. “Thanks to you, mostly, I suppose. Though in the end it was my resolve, no matter what said, so I suppose I shall take a sixty percent of the credit.” He smirked at the generosity, taking a sip of the drink when it came. It tasted pleasant, but lacked that final warmth that brewed happily in his chest. Better to forget it.

“But in all seriousness, I am appreciative. I am not sure how many would have stuck around, I doubt even I would have if the roles were reversed. It was not exactly my finest hour.” A grimace fell, Dio recalling nights and days hunched over the toilet, withdrawal kicking him harder than most had in their lives. No pretty sight. “But once we return to England I hope there shall be no more discussion of it. It is a time I wish to wholly forget.”

“Forget the experience, but not the lesson.” Jonathan said with a nod, taking sip from his own drink, still looking straight at Dio. “But I agree. The rest I do not wish to ever look back on either, it isn’t as if I enjoyed it myself. He sighed deeply, and then looked over to the lovely view of the city, burning lampposts now illuminating the streets.

“If I had to I would do it all again. I would follow you to hell and back if it meant helping you live a fuller, happier life. And that’s the life I am glad we have been able to continue. Soon our world tour will be over, and we can return back home, knowing that only happiness lies before us.”

“If I had to do it again, I would not be going to hell in the first place. I don’t make the same mistakes twice. Too messy, too foolish, I like to evolve into the new and the better. And I would toast and drink to that, but this fakery cannot really be toasted to without a terrible sense of lacklustre.” Dio sipped once more at the drink anyway, slowing turning the conversation to something lighter and calmer until their food arrived.

“Look, the sun is setting,” Dio said as they were midway through their meal. “Quite the beauty of one too. I chose well.” He smiled, though the latter sentence had more than one meaning as he stared at Jonathan, more than the outside, a smile on his face.

"It truly is a sight, I have to wonder how you managed to claim such a perfect table," Jonathan spoke once he had swallowed a large bite of his food. "At such an ideal time, too." He dabbed at his mouth with his napkin, eyes turning back to Dio. As much as I yearn for home, I am happy we are able to see so many wonders together. This is definitely one, if only photographs could do the glory of such a sight justice."

He turned back to his meal and cut off another bite, eyes curiously glancing over the blond. "You seem to have gone to great lengths to make tonight special!" Though he still could not guess the real reason why. "Tell me, where to after dinner?"

“I am a man of many talents and I get what I want when my mind is set.” He needn’t tell Jonathan the strategy, but for all things considered it was very innocent. Compared to most things Dio had done in his time at least. “As for where we are going, you leave that to Dio, and find out when we get there.” A wink ended his sentence, before Dio took to eating his food, impressively clearing his plate for perhaps the first time since he and Jonathan had met again. He could have done with less, could have gone without any really, but the meal was truthfully exquisite -- it better have been -- and he wished for the day to go without any hitch. Jonathan would have been all concerned if he left some, and that was not necessary.

Dessert came next, though Dio did not order for himself, he allowed Jonathan to have the choice eye likely right from the start. It was shovelled down quickly, and true to his word, Dio paid every last penny of the bill. And an expensive bill it was.
“Are you ready for part two of our endeavour?” he asked, anxiety and excitement blurring into what he did not know.

Desserts in Italy had rivalled desserts in France, it would be difficult to decide which he enjoyed the most. And this restaurant’s selection met Jonathan’s expectations and soared above them. He left feeling satisfied, if not his usual stuffed self.

“I am, Dio, and you are too kind, but really, you did not have to go through all this trouble for me!” He clasped his shoulder, it dawning on him that this was for more than the apprenticeship, most likely gratitude for his support in the villa.

“Enjoy, do not refute it,” Dio answered smoothly, standing to slip on the light jacket that really had to do more with the style of the outfit that the weather, for Italy’s summers were warm and splendidly so. At least with sleeves Dio would not catch himself burning, though the sun had set now, and danger was not quite as imminent.

Once Jonathan had done the same, they left the restaurant, and moved themselves back into the carriage. Dio shuffled a little in his seat, the anticipation heightening. “Let’s play a game, Jojo. Why don’t you try and guess where we are headed? I doubt you will get it.”

Jonathan tapped his chin for a moment. “Hmmm. Well…” He took his seat in the carriage, glancing out the window, and then glancing back to Dio. “My first guess would be the hotel, except I know you have plans. My second guess would be..” He paused in thought. “A bakery? The theatre?” He really hadn’t a clue.

“A bakery? Really? First of all, you just had a large slice of dessert with all dessert trimmings. And secondly what part of me in any remote sense would have you believing I would take you to a bakery? Come now, Jojo. You can do better than that.” Dio sighed, Jonathan could be quite the fool.

“You know that I could eat pastries far bigger than that dessert! And it would explain as to why you told me not to overdo it with dinner!” Jonathan replied defensively. “Now is it the theatre then?”

“No. Think outside your little box, Jojo.” The carriage grew closer, but there was still some time, taking them to a location they had not been. “The theatre is a tame guess at best.”

“Uh…” Dio could practically see the wheels in Jonathan’s head turning as he tapped his lip. “Outside my box, eh?” He glanced outside at the buildings as they passed, and then suddenly said, “Dio, you aren’t taking me to a burlesque show, are you?” Red began to tint his cheeks.

“Of course your mind would go there next, I’ve said it before, anyone who thinks you a gentleman is far from knowing anything about that thin veil of a mask you wear.” Dio rolled his eyes, scanning Jonathan’s instant and mildly roused reaction to his words. Typical. “No. I am the only burlesque show you need, and ten times better at giving a performance. Trust me on that.” There had been a great deal of things he wanted to try on Jonathan, but given their little separation, were put on hold. Ah, well. They had plenty of time now.

“You said it wasn’t the theatre and you said theatre was too tame! Where else was my mind supposed to go?” Although now that it was mentioned, his mind started to travel to thoughts of Dio in silk and lace, which only served to further his blush.

“If it is not any of those places, where are we headed?”

“I meant that we simply always attend the theatre, it is not uncommon or exactly unheard of, as told by your immediate guess. Not that I am taking you to a place where most are completely undressed, I
may as well have kept you in the hotel for that.” Dio shook his head. “I am not going to tell you, especially not after those three measly guesses. You will just have to wait and see.” He sat back, crossing his legs over.

“We aren’t far now, anyway.”

Knowing that he would not be able to get anything else out of Dio, and feeling as if he had stretched his own creativity to the max, Jonathan frowned and tilted his head, letting it rest against Dio’s shoulders, choosing to simply listen instead to the sounds of the wheels on the pavement.

As the carriage drew up to their destination Dio felt himself growing a little antsy. He had taken the route before, knew exactly where they were going, and the location took them out of the bustle of the city, world growing darker around them as an uphill climb marked the journey for the horses.

But they drew to a halt, eventually, and with a deep and heavy sigh of preparation, Dio took himself and Jonathan out.

Inside led into a large, mostly empty location, encased in darkness and large enough for a faint trail of echoes to follow along whenever they spoke. “An astronomical observatory,” Dio explained before Jonathan had chance to ask. I booked it out for the evening. For once, perhaps you could get out of the mud and look up into the stars, Jojo.” His palm gestured upwards to a flight of stairs, on top of which was the end of a telescope, huge in size.

“Go and look. The sight is… extraordinary, to say the least.”

Traveling to a deserted location in the dark was odd, and was even something his youthful self, ever wary of Dio, would have scoffed at, lest the young blond might be hiding a knife in the shadow. But those days were long behind them now, and Jonathan trusted Dio fully. Yet still, he could not fathom as to why Dio would bring him out to such a place devoid of people and activity, if not for the unseemly.

As they climbed the trail and Dio explained the purpose of the venue, Jonathan’s eyes widened and looked to the heavens. The night sky was spelled with bright whites and grey-blues, all of which too small for the blind eye to see. But with the right tool…

Jonathan gave Dio a glance, and then rushed up the flight of stairs, heavy footfalls sounding on the metal. Jonathan never had, and never would be, a master of stealth. But even in the dark, there was no one and nothing to hide from anymore.

“Oh!” His voice rang out in a startled gasp, the view of the stars above far closer now than they had ever been before. “Dio!” He abandoned the telescope momentarily, cupping his hands over his mouth to collar down the stairs. “Dio, they look incredible! Come here and see!”

“Yes, I did have a quick peruse of the place when I booked it.” Still, with careful grace and strategically leaving the lights off, Dio followed up the flight after Jonathan’s enthusiastic clamber, taking his turn to stare at the celestial realm above.

It was inspiring, wondrous, to see the heavens just that little bit closer was enough to bring awe even to Dio. The universe was wide and vast and seemingly endless, and splendid in its colourful array, glistening stars, bursting into bloom, shooting across the atmosphere, it was no wonder scholars studied it so greatly.

“I bet you would not have guessed I’d take you here, would you?”

"No, Dio, I would not. It is glorious!” There was a childish glee in his voice as he took another look
into the telescope. "Orion’s belt looks so much more brilliant close up! And the North Star--" he shifted the device to get a better look. "I truly can appreciate now how it brought many a sailor safely home." He continued to gaze for another few minutes, the sounds of the city settling in for the night could be heard at a distance, but otherwise, it was quiet.

"Remember when we were children, and we climbed up onto the roof of the mansion to stargaze? I thought that was the closest I would get to the heavens. It seemed enough at the time."

He pried his eye away from the telescope and gave Dio a quizzical look. "This is all rather extravagant, my dear."

“When you say those things, Jojo, it is like you do not know me at all.” Dio sighed with a smile. He allowed Jonathan to continue his gaze, speaking as he returned to the ground floor. “Yes, I recall the rooftop. I do not think I had ever thought to look up at the stars before then. In London there was far too much smoke and smog and pollution for much more than a sort of grey-brown mist to be seen amidst the sky, and on days it cleared, it still hardly seemed worth the time. Nothing like the large countryside estate of the Joestar mansion at all; I could see for miles out there, and the world looked that little bit brighter.”

An old location, but fitted with new modern technologies, Dio began to slowly turn on the lights within the room, creating something of a romantic table lit atmosphere around the place, glowing orange ambience filled the place around them, and newly seen was the interior of the observatory. It was filled with pictures abundant, charting stars, searching planets, the ceiling a painting of a cluster, as if they were stood under the galaxy right overhead. It compared little to reality, but still was something quite amazing.

“I brought you here to say something, Jojo. May I please regain your attention.” Dio removed his bag, placing it to the side after grabbing something inside of it. Jonathan was directly above him, Dio staring up with ceaseless eyes, but notably nervous.

Turning his attentions upwards, Jonathan looked to the ceiling, and then to the variety of plotted stars and planetary paintings that lined the walls of this peculiar but extraordinary room. Astronomy was not a field he had studied, but he respected it greatly and found it fascinating. On the step by the telescope, there were an abundance of wonders for him to absorb.

But then Dio spoke and his eyes turned downwards.

Dio was seldom, if ever, nervous in his demeanour. Unlike Jonathan, he was a master at hiding his emotions. To see him showing them now was odd, as was this entire endeavour. But Jonathan imagined this was merely Dio’s way of saying thank you for all he had done during his convalescence, and while no thanks was needed, he would of course allow Dio to express his gratitude.

“Go on,” Jonathan encouraged.

“I am going to make this as quick and painless for me as possible, but it is something I wish to have said. From the table, he picked up the bound text Jonathan had written, the story of his mother’s life. “Whatever else it was that you were doing with this, Jojo, you wanted me to discover love, and family.” He shook his head, tossing the book to the ground, letting the pages clatter and bend, careless. “And I doubt that I took it in the way you fancied me to. But I didn’t need a book for that, I don’t need the past for that. I need… I need you for that, Jojo. Because… because…”

Dio shuffled in his position, breaking eye contact and biting his lower lip. He could do this, just keep going. “You are the one here now, holding me, loving me, enduring me… yes, even I, Dio, know I
can at times be a great deal to contend with. When I left you, you searched for me, when I needed you after, you were there. I said you were my family, but… you are more than that. Beyond that. You are… my world.” He inwardly cringed, the whole premise of the observatory centred around that very thought. It was disgustingly corny, and something Jonathan would do… but here Dio was.

But as he came to the final words, suddenly it became hard to speak, as if something was trying to hold Dio back, keep onto his final strings of preservation, hide away openness, keep himself concealed. But he forced them aside, casting them away, let the anchors of his heart loose, with controlled, sober, and honest compulsion.

“And… I love you.”

Towards the middle of Dio’s speech, Jonathan had to remind himself to breath. It was true, Dio did give credit where credit was due, but affection that was not shown in the way of the physical was not his style. And while it was not the first time he had heard Dio issue the words I love you, nor was it the first time that Jonathan realized Dio felt so strongly for him.

But it was the first time the words had been said clearly and soberly, not mixed into pleasure or dreams. Despite himself, pinpricks of tears filled Jonathan’s eyes, and he moved down from the higher floor, closing the space between them.

“I love you too.” He spoke in a voice that felt smaller than it should.

“Yes. But I am not done.” Dio moved into his pocket, revealing a single, diamond earring. “I know you must think I threw it in the river, but I could not quite do that to you.” It was Mary’s, cleaned to a pristine state it had not been since the woman herself had gotten it.

“I kept it safe, the whole time, I know how much it meant, despite the fact you did not know the woman, the sentiment is not lost on me.” He pushed it forward, letting Jonathan take it back.

Jonathan’s mouth dropped wide open, it took him a moment to register what the small, yet sparkling object was in his hand, equally as sparkling as any of the stars they had seen through the telescope. Jonathan had the match tucked away safely in a trinket box, and had not looked at it in quite some time.

Now the tears were streaming down his face, without any regard to manliness or how they made him look. “T-This is a wonderful shock, but it is still yours. Keep it. I gave it to you because I love you so.”

“Alright.” Dio’s ears were already taken with earrings that went with his attire, and so he slipped it back safely into his pocket. “But that is not the only thing I have for you.” Further rummaging, and Dio’s hand was now placed with a small box, a perfect fit for a ring, which displayed itself in a band of decorated gold, not too different from the one he had gotten Jonathan in the past, but far more carats, and the patterning was something different.

“I always expected you to be the one to do all this. It seems more like you.” A blush covered Dio’s face unabashed, the tips of his ears hot and red. “I am not going to get down on one knee, but… the rest… I suppose is manageable.” He stepped closer, presenting the offering forward.

“Jojo… I… love you. And I wish to spend the remainder of my days with you.” Dio cursed under his breath, the nerves a force to be reckoned with. “So If you would have me… Take the ring.”

Before Dio’s downward spiral, proposing had been heavy on Jonathan’s mind. He had even had the ring picked out, the words he was going to say, and the declarations he would make. But once things
fell apart, all thoughts of such a proposal were put aside. Jonathan had figured it would happen, yes, but once they were settled back in England first.

He had never in a million years expected Dio to be the one to ask.

“Of course I will take it.” Despite the unorthodox proposal, Jonathan was glad for the lack of others around at this moment, as his face was streaked with tears and he felt himself choking back sobs. Still, he reached out and removed the ring from the box, holding it up to the light and examining it.

“It is beautiful. A perfect symbol to mark our engagement and eventual marriage.” He turned back to Dio. “I am fine if you are not on bended knee, but I will ask that you do the honours.” He held out his hand, his other outstretched to hand him the ring.

Dio returned the ring back into his own, but quickly saw it fitted on Jonathan’s hand. Though meant to be on the left, that would raise far too many a question, and so with a push, it was nestled onto his right ring finger, fitting without a hitch.

“And so the deed is done.” Dio breathed out, relieved. “I think now is the time you fall into my arms and kiss me.”

Letting out a tiny burst of laughter, Jonathan toppled into Dio’s arms, lips crashing against his own. He embraced him fiercely, his cheeks still bearing the tear marks, though for now they had mostly subsided. When the kiss broke, he kissed him again, and when that kiss broke, he claimed another, and another.

“You are my fiancé” Jonathan spoke the words, raising a hand to graze a thumb over his cheek. “At long last, I have wanted to use that word so often, but now it is actually true.” There was a tinge of excitement in Jonathan’s voice as well as a sparkle in his eyes, reserved only for the happiest of moments. He took Dio’s hands into his own and squeezed them tightly. “We are to be married. Married! Us! But… how…”

While Jonathan knew all too well how the ceremony in his dreams might go, the ceremony in reality was something very different. No church that he knew of would have them.

“We shall need to say our own vows, I suppose.”

“Well obviously we are going to have to be mildly more unorthodox, but I am sure you were quite aware of that right from the beginning. But in that, we can do whatever we may please, however we like. No stuffy wedding with guests we do not care about and a long session of hymns that has everyone wishing they would go home after twenty five minutes.”

Dio’s hands hung on Jonathan’s shoulders, slipping up to cup his neck and jaw, kissing him deeply. “We can make it fun, exciting. We could fuck through the entire vows if we so chose, nobody would stop us, nobody could. Perhaps I am unable to boast you off to all, but in that stead, we are going to enjoy ourselves.” He smiled, and flashed a wink.

Of course Dio would suggest fucking through his vows, and of course Jonathan would begin blushing ear to ear as he imagined such a thing. He brought their foreheads together, and laced their fingers, lifting their hands so he could admire the glisten of the new ring. “Perhaps we could leave fucking until after the ceremony. I want to have a proper wedding night, where I enjoy unwrapping you like a gift.”

Considering it for a moment, he tapped his chin with a free hand. “We could perhaps rent someplace special. A beach perhaps, or a castle… I am not particular, I just want it to be beautiful. Though it
will never be more beautiful than my gorgeous bridegroom, no matter what we pick.”

“We can decide that later, a great deal of perhaps far too cliched antics went into this proposal, I find myself too spent to think of anything more now.” Tone dry, however Dio was ceaselessly happy. Admittedly there had been a proportionate amount of confidence regarding Jonathan’s agreement to marriage, but the asking himself, and the gravity of the question was something Dio never considered upon himself, and such a gesture had him rolling about in nerves.

But all that was settled now, he and Jonathan were together again. Happy, and about to begin the newest chapter in their lives, marked by a wedding he was sure Jonathan would spare no amount of affection on. Everything was how it should be again.

Finally.
Completely in the nude, and sprawled out over a king sized bed covered in pamphlets, Jonathan lay idly, a hand roaming to explore the skin of the equally nude blond beside him. They were in France once again, this time in a small hotel outside the city. Their rooms were adjoining, though one of which had only been touched just enough to make it appear lived in.

“I just don’t know anymore! I want our vows to be special and unique, like us, but it is difficult to pick the proper location to hold them in. A beach would be lovely, but so would a chapel, or we could even go so far as to rent a castle for a night. Dio, I can’t decide, please ride me.”

With those words being said, Jonathan’s fingers hooked around the slender blond’s sides, and rolled onto his back, pulling Dio atop. The pamphlets were partially pushed to the side and partially crushed beneath Jonathan’s weight, yet he did not seem to mind. All eyes were on his betrothed.

“No point in going to a chapel, Jojo. That, my dear is thinking very much inside the box, and we are long since past that.” Dio shuffled his way onto Jonathan’s form, moving his ass against his hips, brushing against his cock in teasing rocky waves, staring down at the perplexed man below him. “Besides, the church clearly has no interest in hosting for people like us, so why on earth should we desire to go there in return? I am all for a bit of retribution and irony, but the world is our oyster and the most should be made of it.” He leaned down to kiss Jonathan sweetly on the lips.

“What you should be focussing on is finding me the perfect diamond ring to slip on my finger. I still most certainly expect it.”

Reaching for a vial of oil which was always at arm's reach these days, Jonathan coated his fingers and began to reach between Dio’s thighs, spreading his tight entrance and making it ready.

“No chapel, then. It is probably for the best, I had just always imagined myself standing with my bride before an altar, flower petals strewn about making an absolute mess.” Jonathan seemed more focused on making a mess of his own, pushing his fingers in further and harder. His own cock was fully stiff by now, and he withdrew his hand so that he could begin to ease himself inside of the other man.

“You shall have the perfect diamond, you need not worry about that. In fact, I may have an appointment for tomorrow—oh…” Dio’s lithe form sank down further, until he was completely filled. Jonathan’s eyes closed, his face contorting into an expression of ecstasy.

“Is that so?” Dio said with a growing smile, acting rather composed for one who had probed and subsequently went to sit on the thickness of Jonathan’s cock. Still, his body told the tales of pleasure in flushed cheeks and leaking cock, dribbling precome between his thighs and onto Jonathan’s taut stomach.
“Well, leave your dull arranged marriage fantasies out of the window, for now you have me, and there is no need for altars and priests and bore. If I am to wed, I expect it to be something exciting, something I truly would want.” He began to roll his hips in repeated motions, panting out a few soft gasps as his prostate was hit with brilliant fervour, and he took the helm of control, letting himself feel every inch.

“I never planned to marry at all. Unless somehow it became dire convenience, I was purely content on career. But being saddled to you, it is all I desire now.”

Jonathan seemed at a loss for words for the next few minutes, hips moving and down, cock rising and falling inside of Dio, it was an extraordinary feel, one he would never tire of for all his days, and he wished to celebrate his dedication in just the right way. Closed eyes opened to a slit, and a hand was lifted to toy with Dio’s dripping cock.

“We shall be joined now, as we were always meant to be. I told you long ago that there was an invisible thread binding us.” His thumb ran over the pale pink tip of the head of Dio’s cock, and then gave it a strong jerk, at the same moment he thrusted inside him. “While I know the ceremony and words do not matter, since they will change nothing, I want it all perfect.”

Jonathan let out a gasp of his own, taking a deep breath and slowing his pace, wanting to hold out until Dio spilled his seed. “You deserve the very best, my love.” he managed to finally breathe out. “Our vows should reflect that.”

“I already have the best,” Dio’s fingers brushed against Jonathan’s cheek, a final warm gesture before his attentions fell upon bringing them both to final climax, Dio bucking and riding, clenching his rear in hot bliss motions until relief came in the form of shooting white seed, onto stomach and chest, toppling on top of Jonathan and feeling the other’s leak out in a perfect ooze from his hole.

Kisses were pressed to his neck and face, wherever Dio could reach, craving intimate contact after his climax, a smile that was in itself genuine plastered wide and unrestrained on his face. He had said I love you, but it did not make it any less tricky now, the words still held a great deal of gravity for him. Jonathan to spurt out the words like they were silk, but it would never be something that would leave his lips with ease. But he was sure Jonathan knew that.

Still, “I feel for you deeply, Jojo. No matter what is done, I shall be happy with you.”

The seed dripped from Dio’s cock and hole, staining the sheets and Jonathan’s chest, but he could not be any more content. His droopy eyes gazed at his fair haired lover, lifting a hand to stroke the locks intently. “I am glad to hear you say that. There was a time when I thought I was a mere diversion for you, and when you tired of me, you would move on.”

Jonathan flexed his free arm, knocking several pamphlets onto the floor as he did so. He rested the hand behind his head and tilted it slightly, so he could press a kiss to Dio’s forehead. “The fact that you chose me to be your other half, when you could have had almost anyone, that still means something to me.” Closing his eyes, he savoured the feel of Dio’s warmth and lips pressed on his body.

“I would like to marry before we arrive home. I wish to return to the mansion with our vows said, if at all possible.”

“Then you had better think fast of where you would like to hold our small gathering. It is odd for you to be the more fastidious and picky of the two of us, but I suppose you are evolving, and I cannot deny I appreciate the effort you are going through.” Dio smiled and kiss Jonathan’s chest. “But nevertheless, I doubt it could defeat that display I put on at the observatory. That was truly a
spectacle, even grandiose in gesture to my level.”

He sighed with happy hum, before grabbing a collection of the leaflets Jonathan had collected. “In
the meantime, how about this?” He flashed one, displaying a printed image of one incredibly tall
building. “They have finished the Eiffel tower, and it seems tours are on display.” Reading through
it, Dio nodded approvingly. “We did say we wished to go up there, and it seems now we can. How
about it?”

Blinking several times, Jonathan forced himself out of drowsiness and into Dio’s full attention.
“Hmm?” He reached for the flyer and examined it carefully. “Oh, that is right, the Eiffel tower, how
extraordinary! I remember when they were building it upon our arrival…” It all seemed like another
lifetime ago now, and in a way, it was.

“Mm, I am sure it is very crowded with tourists trying to get a look.” Jonathan began as he sat up,
though he did not have the desire to move much further or push Dio from his lap just yet. “We can
see about booking an appointment for it tomorrow.” He glanced at the paper once more. “Oh dear, it
is quite high…”

"Oh really, Jojo? The Eiffel tower is quite high? Yes, now that you mention it is a bit tall. Almost as
if it is the tallest building in the world!” Sarcasm was laced thickly in Dio's voice, but it lacked any
sense of malice.

"But yes, tomorrow we shall see to it... tonight however?” Dio turned the pair around so he was
splayed at the bottom of the bed, Jonathan over him, faces close. "Let us just stay in, husband to be.”

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The next day after they had properly fucked and eaten, Dio and Jonathan arrived at a guest centre not
far from the Eiffel tower. The two could see the various options those fortunate enough to be wealthy
had when it came to climbing the tower and viewing the city from the observation deck. There were
special tours with small groups, which Jonathan would have found sufficient, but of course, there
was also an exorbitantly expensive thirty minute private viewing session. Right when Jonathan had
finished asking for the tour, he felt a sharp pinch from Dio.

"Ow! I mean! We'll take the private viewing!"

With the tickets safely tucked away, Jonathan stopped at the jeweller to see a ring he had them order
in Dio’s size. The other man was strictly forbidden from seeing, and he would not let him step foot
on the same side of the shop as Jonathan carefully inspected the piece. Dio would be wearing it for
the rest of his life, so it was a very serious purchase, and Dio would see his broad back and hunched
neck as he contemplated his choices carefully. After what seemed like forever, he exited the store
with a small bag.

“Finally.” His voice had a triumphant tone to it.

“Finally indeed. My precious diamond. Well, my other precious diamond.” Dio’s finger glazed
across the shimmer of Mary’s earring currently adorned on his lobe, just to make his point. “And it
only took you two entire years to get it to me.” With less subtly than he might have donned, Dio
peered into the bag, trying to catch himself a glimpse of what Jonathan had picked out.

He had received enough pieces and trinkets to know that Jonathan’s taste was not completely awful
when shopping with him in mind, but still, this was far more important than the brooches and
cufflinks and other small pieces he had been given in the past. This would be worn day in and out,
this was his wedding ring. And it meant a lot, it had to be perfect.
“Ah, Jojo, that bag looks rather irksome to carry. I would not mind giving you a hand in tending to it.” With a speedy lunge Dio tried to swipe it.

“How do you know the ring I chose contains just one diamond, hmm?” Jonathan’s voice had a cheeky tone to it, and he, being taller than Dio, was able to hold it just out of his beloved finance’s reach. It was not typical for Jonathan to be this aware of his possessions, but the purchase he had just made had tremendous weight to it, in emotion and in value, if not in actual mass.

“You are not to see until the wedding day. And that day will be. I am not even sure when at this point.” It was hard to pick out a ‘when’ when they did not have a ‘where’. Neither of the two seemed satisfied with any of the options the pamphlets and magazines offered. It was a relief to explore each other’s bodies, as well as the city. Jonathan was certain the right idea would come, perhaps they were simply thinking too hard about it.

Their appointment for the private viewing at the Eiffel tower was approaching, and Jonathan put a hand on Dio’s shoulder, leading him through the streets. He wished that he could have taken his hand and done so without catching any strange glances, but such was the life they had both chosen. He would live with it.

Once at the bottom of the tower, he threw his head back, and his jaw dropped in absolute awe (and perhaps a touch of nerves.) So shocked was he that he lost his tongue.

If the ring had no diamond Dio would have booted Jonathan right back into that jeweller and act with a great deal more sense in his next purchase. A pinch to the ear was deserved even for joking about such an idea, and Dio scoffed with a huff for a good few minutes hence.

But mood returned when they were stood at the foot of the tallest structure, notably awed himself. “To stand upon such a high point must make one feel like a god,” he said with regard. He smiled, taking in the sight with enthusiasm. “Come, Jojo, our lift awaits us.”

It was not typical for Jonathan to be skittish, but his nerves were definitely showing as he stepped onto the lift. Soon they were moving slowly upwards, passing those who were traveling by stairs to the lower levels. Jonathan was silent, and he reached out suddenly for Dio’s hand and squeezed it, his own feeling cold and clammy. Considering the circumstance, he did not think the lift operator would find it that strange.

“We are certainly high up…”

“Three hundred and twenty-four metres high from the top,” the lift operator responded cheerfully, the height not phasing him one bit. Jonathan audibly gulped.

Dio had to admit there was far more of a daunting feature the higher up they went. The facilities must have been stable, and no breaks, deaths or falls had been recorded since the grand opening, but there was a mild feeling of trepidation, for one misstep and it would rather be a quick and painful goodbye, no matter how pleasant the view. But he kept his face brave, and when Jonathan reached for his hand the gesture was returned. He looked at him, granting a half smile.

“Worry not, Jojo, do not think about the height, all is perfectly well. The view is already quite something.” Peering out from the glass openings, the world was growing smaller and small, the figures that were not so much smaller than himself or Jonathan were now little more than dots on the floor below, scurrying about like ants. Already, wariness aside, Dio felt grander, higher, as if he were claiming the world.

When they landed on their level, the pair stepped out, Dio giving Jonathan a tug, sensing the
reluctance. With a sigh, Dio edged forward into the centre.

“It is safe.” He stamped hard on the floor, and not a single feature was affected by the gesture. Still, it did not stop Dio from giving a quick scan, just to make sure it was all fine. “You see? We are completely secure, some come in and do not waste anymore of our time; it is precious.”

Once they were off the lift and alone at the top of the world, Jonathan's nerves began to subside slightly, and his eyes scanned across the view, taking it in across as he had not been able to during the dramatic climb. The sight that greeted his eyes made him gasp and gape, but in awe rather than in fear.

"Oh Dio! Look" Jonathan rushed to the edge and pointed. "There is the river, but it is so small from above, like the swirling blue snake on a map! And the buildings, they don't even look real. Everything is so small, from the people, to the trees.." He turned his head to look at Dio, his gaze softening.

"Nothing is real, except for you."

Dio joined him at the edge staring down in marvel. It was all Jonathan said and more, spectacular to view, the entire universe seemed that little more open. Like the telescope, all was exposed, and beauty stood there, right before his eyes. It was perfection, and it was shared with the love of Dio’s life.

“You know, Jojo,” he began still looking out. “You wanted a perfect location to wed, did you not? Not a church, but somewhere grand and fitting and just for the two of us…” He returned Jonathan’s glance, before taking his hand and guiding his vision to the worldly expanse. “You even have the ring ready.”

Jonathan’s eyes lit up at Dio’s words, looking down at the world below, and then at the one he was greeted with within Dio's eyes. "I… I was writing my vows still. They were not yet complete. But I agree." Jonathan's hand dipped inside the small shopping bag he had bought. "This is the perfect place, and we two are lucky to have this moment. It should not be wasted.”

Taking a deep breath, Jonathan turned to look out once again over the expanse of the city, taking in the splendour of it all. "In our youth, we clashed violently. We were two opposing forces that did not know how to reconcile our natures. But in the cold we were able to discover just how well we are capable of working together."

Jonathan took Dio's hand delicately into his own, and revealed the ring he was holding between his thumb and knuckle. It was a solid yellow gold, with delicately woven strands etching towards the top and bottom. Through the centre, circling the entire band, were identical circular cut diamonds, small, but beautiful and numerous. The ring was slipped onto the ring finger of his right hand.

"Now there is no one else on earth I want at my side. There is no one as clever, quick, elegant, as determined, and as utterly beautiful as you are. Inside and outside." He made sure that he was looking directly into Dio's eyes as he said that, wanting him to understand the weight of his words.

"And that is why I, Jonathan Joestar, take you, Dio Brando, from this moment and always, to be my husband, in this life and the next.

Dio’s smiled, small but carrying a gravity that fell to his entire core. It was fast, unprepared, likely the opposite of any occasion Jonathan would have considered, but there was no better place. What were they waiting for? All that they needed was the here and now.
“I did not write you a speech, Jojo, but… I think the one I said back in Italy encompassed my views. Still, let me say this:’ He took his hand, interlacing their fingers, staring into Jonathan’s eyes with a gaze adorned with the endless affection brewed inside. “You and I are as one. If there was ever a god who controls fate, I am certain without shadow of a doubt he knitted ours the tightest. Without you, I am incomplete. Weak or lesser as that makes me, I realise strength with you is better than all that. I do not need to be alone, and why would I want to? With you by my side, Jojo, I am better, I realise that in its fullest effect now, and what it means in its entirety. I think I always knew, but now I accept it.”

Dio’s spare hand brushed against Jonathan’s cheek, cupping it lightly. “So, Jonathan Joestar, I take you, to have and to hold, as my husband. In this life, and forever onward. Make me happy, and I shall do all to make you in return, rectify all I have done, and make you as strong as you make me.”

Despite the glorious sight that stretched out below them, Jonathan could not take his eyes off of Dio right now. His forehead tilted slightly until it was touching Dio’s own. “We are stronger together. And together we shall be, as I think this makes us wed. Of course, now that means I may now kiss the bridegroom.” With mouth open slightly, he leaned in and captured Dio’s mouth with his own, losing himself in these first few moments of marital bliss.

It had been the perfect decision. The day was right, the time right, they had everything they needed. And now, they could be as they were and as they felt, on top of the world.

“And now we are done with the pseudo legalities…” Dio’s arms draped over Jonathan’s shoulders, face remaining close even upon parting, noses brushing together in sweet nuzzles, breaths felt against each other’s lips. “I believe it is now time for the consummation.”

Dio kissed him again, deeper this time, a stronger ferocity in his step as he pushed Jonathan against one of the walls of their high enclosure, grinding with immediacy. “We have, what? Fifteen minutes? Best make it a quick one, but we can be rather good at that in a pinch, can’t we, husband mine?”

Jonathan felt high on love and life, eyes opening to gaze upon Dio happily. This was his love, and now, his husband, the thought made his giddy with excitement. He just wanted to embrace Dio and hold him and--

His thoughts of affection were harshly interrupted. “Consume?!?” he exclaimed, as Dio pushed him up against the wall. “Dio, you can’t be serious, that is for the bedroom, when we get home, you can wait another hour, can’t you?!” He looked in shock over his shoulder at Dio, and something told him the answer was ‘no.’

“We always have home, we have had more hotels than I can count, and comfortable as they are they are all the same. Let us do something special on our special day, I doubt we will reach any more apex that this.” Dio was already working on Jonathan’s belt, fast hands removing pulling out the buckle and fastening, tossing it on the floor at their feet, yanking down both breeches and undergarments in one easy tug.

Nerves must have been hitting Jonathan hard, perhaps it was the height, perhaps it was the location, but his cock was far too soft to be getting on with. But that task was easily reparable, and without a hitch Dio sank down to his knees, taking the member into his hand and mouth, giving the head a kiss, followed by a long suckle, working him the way he knew Jonathan adored.

“But I…This is…How can you, ah, Dio, be careful, I don’t want to-oh!” Jonathan was shocked, but he supposed that upon careful consideration he should be anything but. His husband had always enjoyed the risqué, and so had he at times, although this was not what he would have chosen himself.
Once Dio’s mouth was on him, there was no arguing, just staring out to the view to the side of him, and allow Dio to do as he pleased.

“We can’t be long,” he reminded him sharply.

“So I suggest you up the pace and let yourself enjoy it.” Dio continued to suck, working Jonathan on a double time speed, deepthroating without a hint of tease he usually enjoyed employing.

“Now, Jojo,” he said, returning to his slightly shorter stance at Jonathan’s eye level. “I shall let you decide our next fate: take me… or shall I take you on this momentous occasion?” Though he had hardly touched himself, Dio’s cock was straining hard, and he could not resist rubbing it against the tan of Jonathan’s revealed thigh. He spoke in a hot whisper, licking and nipping his neck in the seconds of interlude.

Feeling Dio’s protrusion stiff against his buttocks, Jonathan thought about it for a moment. In their normal bedroom play, they switched positions and tried different things, but Jonathan did prefer taking and Dio for being taken. However, for today’s affair, perhaps it would only be right if Dio were the one to enter first, as he was so eager he could not wait until they were home to do so.

“Go ahead, you take me, my dearest husband.” The sarcasm was there, only minutes into their marriage. “Your turn will come later.”

“A little unexpected, but by all means.” Dio grinned, yanking Jonathan’s trousers down further at the fact so all could be revealed, and turned him around, pressed against the wall as he pulled out his own cock enough to have him, and little else.

Spit was all he had, and thus all he used, no time for sweet foreplay and gentle insertions, Dio nestled his way inside Jonathan’s tight entrance, sighing in bliss as he felt him clench around, giving his cock more than a satisfactory introduction. Thrusts began soon after, excited, Dio was without much relent.

Jonathan braced himself against the wall and cried out, though he opened an eye to the side and caught a glance of the view that unfolded around them, the horizon and sky watching as Dio claimed his groom for the first time.

Eventually. Jonathan wrapped his fingers around his own cock. If Dio was going to come, he may as well come too. And with the help of a few well-placed thrusts, it did not take long.

Time was short, and the romance was little, it was simply the buzz of the moment that took Dio’s stride. Later, later they would lie in a bed of roses, hand in hand with sweet embraces and take it slowly, gently, embraced in every drop of love. Jonathan probably had that in mind for their first intercourse, but Dio was certainly not missing this heated opportunity.

He came inside Jonathan, seed warm and filling -- about three minutes read spare as he checked his watch -- no time to dizzily enjoy the afterglow, kiss and cuddle and hold each other close. “Come on, Jojo, tidy yourself up.” Dio was already tucking himself back in, combing fingers through the messier sections of his hair in the reflection of the glass.

Jonathan sighed deeply and straightened himself out hastily, he was no stranger to rushing so that he would not get caught. A few handkerchiefs were of use, and he was able to adjust his belt and fly nimbly, even with his oversized fingers.

“I shall never forget this for the rest of my life.” Once clean, Jonathan draped an arm around Dio, and pulled him against him, kissing the side of his head. “You shall be keeping me on my toes.”
“Jojo, you sound like you do not know me at all.” Dio accepted the gesture with a smile, leaning into the peck. “If you did not think I would take opportunity to fuck on the Eiffel tower, I question what you do know in all regards.” He took Jonathan’s hand in his own, grin wide, unable to stop himself, the glow of orgasm and marriage making his cheeks near ache.

“Now,” he said, opening the door of their room. “Our life together awaits.” Arm in arm they raced forth down the stairs, as if running out of a church building, confetti and cheer following them. They were together, forever, and all was right with the world.

PART 9 FIN

Chapter End Notes

If anyone is binge reading this while I am posting and the other two parts are not up yet, first off, WOOOOOW, second off, there is more, I just need a break.

These last two chapters are some of my favorites. I really and truly hope you enjoy. - J
For Jonathan, marriage had always been a stop he knew he would be making on the road of life. He was not one cut out for being alone, he was meant to have a companion to share the hardships and joys that a person’s experience would bring, as well as the children that such a union would someday create. And while perhaps he and Dio would not be creating their offspring in the traditional way, their marriage was no different in his eyes than the one he had imagined himself in when he was younger.

Well, other than the inconveniences presented by society, of course. But those Jonathan had long since made peace with that inconvenience. They were blessed to be brothers of wealth and status, enabling them to move through challenges easier than most.

Such wealth and status had enabled them not only to marry (and consummate) on the top of the tallest building in the world, but also to honeymoon in an old castle, with enough history to be mysterious and charming, and enough modern luxury to leave them wanting for nothing. A week was all they spent basking in the glory of the grand bedrooms, once used by nobles and royals, Jonathan weaving flowers into Dio’s hair while Dio lazily savoured the afterglow of hours of love making. But after so long away from home, even the greatest of luxuries grew tiresome. Their honeymoon came to an end, with the two happy, content, but ready to go home.

When they pulled up to the Joestar manor, Jonathan’s head was hanging out the window, the fall breeze messing his brown curls and blowing them in his face, though he did not seem to care. “We are almost there! Oh, I can see it in the distance!”

Sure enough, the Joestar manor stood, just as they had left it, with the staff waiting outside, ready to greet their masters as they arrived. Jonathan reluctantly let go of Dio’s hand, which he had been holding for most of the ride. “I can’t believe it has been an entire year…”

“Oh, somehow it seems longer, and yet…” All looked the same, the Joestar estate stood firm and tall, the windows freshly washed, garden plants clipped and nothing was out of sorts. Part of Dio had to wonder what the servants had gotten up to while they were away, likely some heavy mischief, but frankly he would have been disappointed if they had not taken advantage of the large, empty place for the entirety of the time.

“Our journey was rather a mix of sorts, many downs and many ups, but I am glad to see up embark upon the new. Careers are in need of beginning, and I for one and rather satisfied with our holiday coming to finish, there is only so much stagnation to be taken.” He took his leave from the carriage, nodding and allowing the flourish of servants to welcome him back inside, along with Jonathan who followed along.

As they entered, most looked the same. The dark pink of the entrance walls, the black and white squares of tile underfoot, knight figures lined up ready to up arms for their kings stood tall, and the statue of the goddess of love posed, polished and radiant against the stairs. Home.

Dio looked up, Mary’s picture was positioned large on the wall, as it always had been, but now two more joined it. The last Lord Joestar’s depiction had joined the display, and while Dio could well have done without it, he allowed Jonathan to commemorate his father. But newer still was a portrait he had near forgotten, painted so long ago, on his birthday in Germany. It was he and Jonathan sat and standing side by side, facing forward, looking flattering and regal.

That had been a trying time for Dio, but the picture was beautiful regardless, and a happy
introduction back home. But something was missing.

“I… would like to put my mother’s painting on the wall too. Joining them. I believe she deserves her place.”

Jonathan greeted each of the servants individually, having missed them just as he had missed so many things about home. Seeing them, as well as seeing the estate itself was almost like seeing them for the first time with a new set of eyes. Indeed, he was coming home a married man who had learned about himself and the world in his travels, but now was ready to start over new.

This was the first Jonathan had seen of the portrait, at the time the tensions between them could have been sliced with a knife. But none of that showed in the bold, beautiful painting, though the colour palette was certainly dramatic. Even more surprising than the painting itself was the idea of adding Viviana’s portrait. Turning to Dio, Jonathan’s face lit up with a smile.

"Of course we shall add her portrait. That is an excellent idea. We can have one made, if you like." He placed a hand on Dio’s shoulder, a supportive and accepted gesture of affection. "There is also the matter of changing your name legally, Mr. Joestar." He could not help but laugh after he said it. It was so strange and yet bizarrely wonderful.

“Dio Joestar,” Dio mused, tasting the way it sound on his lips. “It is odd, something to get used to I am certain. But I have no ties to Brando I desire to keep, nor am I quite willing to take the maiden family name of my mother. Joestar, it is right, it feels right to claim. Not to mention the prestige and title behind it will do wonders for my profession. It literally opens doors.”

They walked forward, making their way up the flights of red carpeted stairs, stopping however, once they reached the top, met with a new dilemma. “Another important matter I should add, is the taking of the bedroom. Of course, with you being the new head Lord Joestar,” Well, at least in title, Dio still had signed off himself as the true inheritor after the funeral, “it is only right you take the bedroom with your beloved spouse. But there is the matter of servants, and how they do so love to talk.”

Jonathan sighed deeply, the weight of the master bedroom being something he had known would come to him eventually. Dio aside, part of him wanted to simply move back into his old bedroom, but he knew he could not. His rightful place was in that room, and that was where he would sleep from this night forward.

“This house is very old, full of oddities in the architectures, although some may have been not so odd at other times in history.” He took Dio to a bedroom down the hall from the master bedroom, a bit smaller than his old room, although the view of the surrounding estate was far superior. “This bedroom here would be reserved for special guests, usually young and beautiful ones and in the middle of the night, the master of the house would have no trouble ravishing them without getting caught.” Jonathan opened the bedroom’s ornate closet door, and stepped into it. The back gave way to a straightforward, narrow passage, that lead right into the closet of the master bedroom.

As they stepped out, Jonathan shrugged his shoulders. “I have always known of its existence. Some older servants might. Many might not. But I think the key lies in giving them a livelihood so impressive, they could never even dream of turning us in… if they were to find out in the first place.”

“In all of my exploration of the estate, all its nooks and crannies this is one passageway I never did discover.” Dio’s eyes were wide, amused with the newest development. Almost a decade, and there were still new places to discover.

“I have little intention of making them known, but truthfully even at the detriment to myself, I would almost find myself unimpressed at their deductive skills if they were not aware that something was
going on with either one or both of us. Even if they did not believe we two be in romantic affairs
with each other, they must have presumed someone.” Now that Dio thought about it, they could
really be quite slapdash, at least in hiding it all from a servant. “Discretion as much as we have done
our best to keep hidden, cannot always be made. Not for the ones who clean our sheets every night.”

As he looked around the bedroom, Jonathan had to admit that hiding everything from all the staff
would be impossible. Stepping up to the window of the master bedroom, he stared out at the trees,
shrubbery, and flowers which lined the estate, and had been careful attended to in their absence.

“This secret hallway is more to be used for when company is in the house than when it is just you
and I. You are my husband and this is our home. We shall keep our behaviour to society’s standards
except behind closed doors. But to have a few of the servants be knowledgeable would be helpful.”
He frowned and tapped a finger beneath his chin.

“Dio, my dearest, I know my shortcomings, and I am afraid when it comes to the servants, my eye
might not be as critical enough to make such a vital decision. I leave it up to you.”

“You truly wish to trust others with our little secret. Bribery, essentially, keeping them happy, fed,
homed and rich so they need not have any reason or advantage in selling us out or telling our story.
And you wish me to vet who of our servants can best be trusted with such information, no
overbearing moral compass to deter them from all the wildest desires we can provide.” Dio’s thumb
and forefinger stroked neatly against his chin in repetitive motions, lips turned into a contemplative
pout.

It was a game of risk no matter how much one swung it. But after all they had been through, after
George, and the decline of their European holiday, after returning to each other’s arms and finally
together tying the knot, to hide in their own home was something Dio had little desire to do either.

“It can be done,” he said with a pause, then an affirming nod. “But you are correct, this shall be my
domain, and I should rather the discussion of methodology kept to a zero. Our lives could very well
be at stake here, Jojo, and if not that, and if death and imprisonment does not encroach, loss of
reputation, ties, all we have ever worked for, all the Joestar name has built could be sent into a
decline. And I, Dio, have no intention of losing what we have.” He approached Jonathan at the
window, draping his arms over his shoulders, pressed against his back and giving the side of his neck
a pepper of kisses. “But we will be fine, I will make sure of it.”

Though Dio could not see it, Jonathan’s eyes and expression grew dark as he overlooked the calm
beauty of the estate, their estate. As little as he wished to think about it, he knew that Dio was right,
this could be their very undoing. He trusted Dio to do what needed to be done, and to be ruthless in
it, although how ruthless was the question that remained.

For the sake of their safety, and for the sake of his own sanity, it was a question that Jonathan would
not ask.

“Spare no expense. Members of our household have always been treated well and it should be no
different now. And this circumstance…I shall leave it to you. Perhaps, if new hiring is to be in order,
you should interview for ones who might be sympathetic towards our needs. It could prove
beneficial for all.”

He spun in Dio’s arms, resting his hands on his hips and allowing his lips to turn up into a smile.
“But from here on in, I shall leave it to you, and ask no more of it, only trust that it shall be taken care
of.” A light kiss was pressed to his mouth. “My dearest husband.”

“My husband indeed.” Dio let their lips lock again, deeper this time, but with a softness not taken
with desperation. He did not mind the pace, let himself feel and touch and enjoy. They had forever, now, their life was finally beginning and they could spend every drawn out second indulging in his love, his Jojo.

But Dio felt Jonathan’s motions, felt the step back toward the centre back of the room, where the soft, large bed lay, sheets freshly dressed and made with perfect crispness. Dio was sat upon it first, looking up to Jonathan who held a hunger in his eyes Dio knew all too well.

Dio smiled, but placed a hand on Jonathan’s chest, just before his large form landed on him with a grinding fervour. “Not yet,” he said, a likely surprise to the brunet. “Tonight. When all is dark and we are settled back at home. To have our way in the master bedroom should be something to be remembered, no? And I have been travelling for a long while yet. Why not a bath first, and then I think I shall wear something very special for you.”

There was a sense of completion in their arrival home. When they had left, it had of course still been as lovers, but tensions and secrets had existed between them. Now, they were happily wed, and had come to terms with their differences. It almost seemed miraculous when compared to how things had been earlier in life. Things would be different now, surely. Challenging, and busy, but hopefully a more peaceful combination of their talents and skills that will lend to a successful life together.

“A bath would be lovely. I have never used the master bedroom bath before.” He stepped to the ornate doorknob and turned it, glancing into the bath that had belonged to his father, as well as every subsequent Joestar before him. It had been freshened up and modernized in Jonathan’s absence, as had many things around the manor, and the counter was a fresh cut slab of grey marble, and had been set with a little vase containing a rose, to denote his arrival home. The large tub being spacious and white porcelain, the faucets a high polished silver that looked untouched, with bottles of soaps and shampoos, all fresh and new, awaiting his use. Turning the knobs, he let the water run.

“It is going to take me a long time to get used to being in this room, as opposed to my old one. I feel… strange here. Like it isn’t actually mine, and someone will come and take it away.”

“There is no one to take this away from you. It has always been yours, ours, only waiting for our entrance. And now it is here, and we shall use it to our heart’s greatest content.” Dio unbuttoned his top collar, followed by every other below, letting his shirt drop quietly to the floor at his feet. A casual pose of sorts was made in Jonathan’s direction as he continued to go further, breeches and undergarments following along, socks and additional accessories coming off too.

All but two, that was, Mary’s earring and his newest diamond wedding ring remained, pieces that were far to authentic and strong to be eroded by water, and Dio had grown rather attached to the pieces, neither had come off for any extended length of time.

He walked over to Jonathan, fully bare, and began to assist in removing his outfitting. “Remember, we are waiting for tonight before we do anything. It is a bath, Jojo, no more and no less.”

“After all the erotic endeavours we have undertaken as of late, I am certain I can resist your charms.” Even as Jonathan spoke, his cock was rising. It was just what happened naturally when he was in the room with Dio naked. Choosing to ignore it, He stepped into the tub, stretching his legs out, something which he was actually able to do in this one. It impressed him greatly.

“We should be able to fit comfortably together in this tub, I rather like it.” He motioned for Dio to join him, and there was a generous amount of space on his lap, once of course, his cock was moved away. “This is going to be lovely, having this every single day…” He stretched back with his hands behind his back, eyelids slightly drooping.
"It is quite a grand tub, I am rather concerned the one my bedroom will never do again." Dio stepped in after, instantly sliding into Jonathan’s hold, for a while simply letting himself submerge in the bubbles, head pressed against the other man’s chest, slightly with a blissful expression he had no interest in hiding.

“You know, Jojo, much as I did miss and do enjoy the comfort of home, I wonder how manageable it will be pressing forward to have this as a sole domain.” Dio played circles with the sponge on the available skin Jonathan directly provided, musing.

“London will be a central hub for the both of us I would imagine, and perhaps it would be wiser to invest in a second, smaller home of sorts to keep there for our visit. I have had enough hotels for a lifetime, and it would save us a great deal of packing every time we have a trip down to the capital. And we should get ourselves a telephone for the estate, they will come and take the world by storm I am sure of it.”

“A telephone of our own? That would be quite the novelty!” His fingers began to run through Dio’s soft blond hair, enjoying the warmth of the tub mixed with Dio’s body all at the same time. “But if we were purchase a second home, it would be the perfect link, particularly if one of us needed to stay in the city while the other was at the manor.” Jonathan nodded

“Buying a second home there does seem a wise decision. We do not need much, but I think we could find ourselves a cozy place for two. Two offices, two bedrooms, and we can turn the second bedroom into a bedroom and library of sorts in case we were to have company over. But there may be reason for us both to be in London, so I do not see why not.”

Jonathan twirled some hair about his finger as he spoke again. “We shall have to go this week to see about your name, so perhaps we can start to look at suitable locations as well.”

“Perhaps indeed,” Dio smiled, glad of Jonathan’s easy acceptance. “But for now, let us simply enjoy our bath, our home, and each other.”

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When night fell, and all was dark and the servants were off to bed in the quarters, Dio opened the secretive passage that led to Jonathan’s chambers. He held a candle, the only source of light, the whole thing feeling rather like something out of a gothic romance tale, himself only clad in an airy robe and something sweeter underneath, and it gave him something of a racing heart, not from fear, but giddier excitement.

“Your secret beau has arrived,” Dio said as he stepped through the opening on Jonathan’s side, facing him on the bed, to find the room candlelit, the scent of lavender strong in the air, matching the flowers that stood over the fire, and the purple colour of the sheets. “Hello, lover, husband mine.”

The bed was so large, and the autumn chill beginning to set in, Jonathan was afraid that the cold would creep through his entire body. But soon enough, his lover had arrived and he pushed aside the purple sheets and blankets to make room.

"My beloved bridegroom," he whispered into the dark as arms reached out to received him, pulling him down into the cool sheets. "You have finally come. I was starting to worry that you wouldn't." The candlelight made attractive flickers, and the firelight's orange glow still kept much in shadow.

"But even moments without you feels like eternity now."

“It has only been about an hour,” Dio said wryly, but a smile was still crossed upon his face. “We
have a long time yet. Come, undress me.” He stood readily in position, ready for Jonathan to strip off
the robes and reveal his outfit.

He had worn it of their wedding night, after Paris, fitted with a veil to add a little more event, but the
white outfitting, the long stockings with pale blue bows on each side and the matching panties that
came with the attire certainly had not lost their singular charm. Dio wore no corset this time, showing
off the pale slender body he had been born with to Jonathan, nipples pert and pink, form all too
touchable.

His hair had grown in the weeks and months, now past its bob down to his shoulders, or maybe a
little higher. He tucked a stray piece behind his ear and batted long lashes that went on for weeks.
“Take me on our bed, Jojo.”

There was no greater pleasure than removing the bits of clothing and lace Dio was wearing until the
pale flesh was fully revealed, and Jonathan could run his lips over the smooth skin. By now, it was
not the new that fascinated him, they had been together for nearly two years. But now, Dio was open
to him in every way it was possible for a man to do, and there was no sweeter taste than that very
fact.

Jonathan took his time disrobing Dio, but when it came to himself he moved quickly, the cold air
hitting his body, and wanting the warm relief of the blankets as soon as possible, pulled them back
under cover. “You look as splendid as you always do.” He began to pepper light kisses over Dio’s
neck, as a hand reached for a jar of oil that had been set on the bedside table. “I will never tire of
how you look in stockings, it is as if your legs were made for them.” Two fingers were pressed into
his hole, slowly starting to stretch it open.

“Such a pity you cannot wear them every day, but I suppose I should be pleased that they are for my
eyes only.” Lips pressed against Dio’s as he kissed him deeply, inserting a third finger, containing to
tease and prepare him.

"I like to leave you with at least a little want for more, I cannot have you growing too used to even
the finest of my charms now can I?” Dio flashed a haughty grin, though the moans of echoing
pleasure sources by the wide spread of Jonathan's fingers rather hindered the expression from leaving
a potent mark as it would have in any other circumstance.

He rutted against the digits, squeezing and clenching the ring of muscle leading to his rear in order to
make the feeling ever increase, forgetting to hold much of anything back after weeks and months of
extended freedoms and no need to hide.

"It-it's enough, Jojo, put it inside now.” With his hole used plenty, there was little need for waiting,
and Dio pulled the covers away, exposing his body in all its splendour, utterly inviting.

The last times that they had been here and been making love, things had been immensely different.
The two had been in hiding, but now, after everything that had happened in Europe, good and bad,
that was going to change. The only reason he held back from entering Dio was to tease the other
man, to hold back and let Jonathan drink in the sight of him. And oh what a sight he was!

The teasing could only go on for so long, and Jonathan was not by nature a cruel man, so before
long he was inside Dio and giving him what he desired. Finding a rhythm was easy to do, the two of
them had found a perfect sync with each other, in bed, and in life, which only made this all the
sweeter. Droplets of sweat rolled down Jonathan’s forehead as he stared down at his husband,
waiting for his body to show the tell-tale signs of climax. Only then did Jonathan finish himself.

Catching his breath in the afterglow, he stared up at the ceiling the same ceiling that his father would
have gazed up at after he had been conceived. His own marriage, though different, was finally consummated in the Joestar home, and his unconventional bride was satisfied. He rolled onto his side and watched Dio, lightly reaching out to brush the hair from his face.

“I suppose one might say this is the start of the rest of our lives.”

“Some might have said that the moment we devoted our vows to each other up on the Eiffel tower too, but I suppose I will take it here also.” Dio, dripping with come both inside and out relaxed at Jonathan’s gaze, bringing his own hand to simply cup the other man’s cheek, gently stroking the face he found there, thumbing with ever endearment.

It was still never going to be often, it would still take a lot of him to say, but with a glow and buzz of climax, coupled with simple and unadulterated adoration, knowing the pair were both meant to last, he could say it now.

“I love you, Jojo.”
Being back in London again after visiting so many foreign cities was a similar feel to seeing the estate again; everything in the city was familiar and homelike, yet certain bits had been changed and modernized, making the first trip back unique. There was much to be done after being gone for so long, and furthermore, they each needed to start their post academic careers. Jonathan was determined to see them both working comfortably in their individual professions which they had spent their school careers hunched over books in preparation for.

But first things first, Dio needed to become Mr. Dio Joestar.

It was not going to be a hard matter, although there was paperwork to be collected and formally completed in order for the name to be legally recognised. Considering that Dio had been living with the family for so long, and that Jonathan, the only living relative remaining, was in full support, there would be no objections. A quick court visit, hastened by Dio’s legal counsel, made for a painless trip, and as they stepped out, Jonathan flashed him a sly little smile.

"Welcome to the family, my darling brother." He stopped on the steps of the courthouse to adjust his hat and button his jacket, as the autumn breeze was a bit biting. "Now, about that London home, I can work from anywhere really if I am doing research. So as to where in the city you want to move, that should be your choice." He glanced about, wondering if Dio would prefer being close to the courthouse, but knowing him, would most likely want to be in the most upscale part of the city possible.

Dio looked at the ring on his finger, and the paper in his hand, professing his new title. It banished the Brando, and brought forth the Joestar, the prestige and family and honour tied to it, as well as the tie he had with Jonathan, a bond that had never been stronger now.

“To buy a new house together, foraging our way into the world, it truly is as if we are newlyweds. And since we are, I see no reason like the present that we should not see to.” He linked arms with Jonathan, a brotherly gesture to all but them, and continued down the stairs.

It was not difficult finding themselves a realtor in the bustling thriving London city, and with that came a selection of houses to choose from, all in top range brackets, as Jonathan knew well Dio wanted nothing short of the best.

The first location was a house, large and terraced, with an echoing history to it, likely fitted with a thousand stories to tell, passages vast as the homes of old so often were.

“It is rather beautiful, no one can fault old century craftsmanship.” Dio glazed through the rooms, admiring the hardwood and delicate ornamentation. “But in a modern age, would not a modern home see us better? The Joestar estate has plenty of that, and it would be refreshing to change things up.” He turned to Jonathan, their opinions both mattered now.

Jonathan was impressed with the beauty of the first place they had been shown, but at this point in his life, he had seen so much like it, and in some cases, even more splendid in design. At the end of the day, the beauty of where he came home to did not matter so much as the comfort and convenience. And of course, the happiness of his very particular husband. If anything, that came first, because if Dio was not pleased, he would see to it that no one else was.

“I do not mind a modern style, particularly if it comes up to date with all the latest amenities.” He took another glance about the place, before turning to the realtor. “While this one is fitting, seeing the
other side of what style has to offer would be good before settling.” He allowed the man to paused to check his papers, as he started down the stairs ahead of him with Dio.

“You should know that if the home is warm and cosy, and you are in it, I shall be happy. But we both know that if you are dissatisfied you are capable of raising all hell, so I am certainly willing to bend on whatever style suits your fancy.”

“You needn’t set me up to antagonise, Jojo. Of course I search for perfect, that is undoubted, but I do in cases value your input. You are to be living here too, and since you are the only one in the world equal to I, and I am now sharing this mortal life I possess with you, it is not so wrong for me to seek your opinion on the matter, no matter how amicable it is.” Dio smiled risking a kiss to Jonathan’s lips in their moment of privacy, sweet and quick, with only the smallest lick of tongue thrown in just to add honey to his already happy mood. “Treasure my generosity, it does not happen often, my dearest.”

The second house was far more modern, but in terms of location, Dio was forced to frown. They could see the slums from here, not too close, but from high up in the bedroom and outside of the window, the sight of the world he had left behind shone. Perhaps that was why the cost was far lower than expected of such a place. Dio looked to it. “I don’t need a reminder of the past flashing forward at me every day,” he said with a solemn edge to his tone, but with far less than before, a sort of distance between him and that time he had never felt in a way before. As if he were finally released from it. “A pity, for all other intents and purposes this place was quite pleasant.” He shrugged, a smile crossing his lips the moment he turned from the window.

“Onwards and upwards, then.”

That tiny kiss of Dio’s was a taste of all the things he knew were to come later, when they were back in the privacy of the Joestar mansion, or perhaps even their new home. But for now, there was something frustrating about being newlyweds, and yet not being able to show it. The small hidden touches and tastes would have to do.

When Jonathan saw the view, he shook his head right away. Even a hint of the slums was too much for their new life, it had to be completely opposite of what he had seen in childhood in every way. While the realtor started to show Dio down a second staircase, Jonathan took a peek through his listing, considering the options that they had not seen yet.

“I see that there is a home on the other side of the city with three bedrooms, a bit on the small side, but it is only going to be the two of us, after all, so that would suffice.” He followed them down and handed the papers back to the man, glancing to Dio. “Provided that the style is to my brother’s liking, that he did not already have his heart set on an enormous home.”

“Well, size does matter to me, most certainly,” Dio said with a subtle hint of suggestiveness he presumed only Jonathan would pick up, “But it is not always the most damning. We already have our main home, this is simply a work location. And smaller in size means we can manage with far fewer servants, which has its benefits.” The Joestar estate even after Dio would be done with his vetting, would still require an amount of secrecy. This place, they needed a place where all was free.

“A chef, a maid or two, and we can have them live in their own accommodation, that would work just fine for us.” The pair were guided to the next home a journey away, with a view suitable, not too loud and something of a cosy appeal, despite modern technologies fitted.

“We would certainly have to shop about, make it our own, but I think… this would do, brother mine.” Dio grinned, sitting himself cross legged on the bed. That would need to be replaced for something with a far thicker mattress. “Can you see us living here?”
The neighbourhood appealed to Jonathan, it being bright and inviting, and nowhere near the shambles that made up Dio’s youth. A smaller size was actually another appeal for Jonathan, as it reminded him of their dear summer cottage, and meant there were few places they could go to hide from each other as compared to the expanse of a mansion. But while cozy, it did still offer the space and modern conveniences he knew his lively blond would be looking for. It seemed, to Jonathan, a solid choice.

“I could easily imagine us living here. Why, this room would be quite comfy with an arm charm or two in the corner, and a softer mattress on the bed.” He poked it slightly, and then turned to Dio, meeting his eyes with a look of excitement in his own. “This very well might be it, then. This could be our own, I need only go down those steps and tell the realtor.”

He paced across the room and examined the wall, considering it carefully. “I wonder if I should bring the stone mask to this new house, or perhaps some other piece of art like it. It might look nice hanging here.” Unfortunately, Jonathan had inherited some of George’s decorating tastes, it seemed.

“That stone mask is ugly, Jojo. Keep it locked in your little study in your little drawer like it’s one big secret. It may have historical heritage, and I am in complete support of beautiful antiques, but that such object is anything but appealing. If it had some sort of use other than a ritualistic torture weapon, maybe, but it doesn’t so keep it hidden.” Dio shook his head, a non-negotiable “Now, I do not always have an issue with the more grotesque elements of our world, don’t get me wrong, I enjoy the mystery and horror as much as the next, but in my humble abode, there should be an air of class and perhaps more traditional grandeur in our decor. Acceptably appealing, rather than open to the niche tastes. If you find any ancient Greek vases, they would certainly make a welcome addition, for example.”

Dio’s mind began to open, mapping out colours, patterns and layouts of the room as he scanned it over. He pictured his study, a crisp white. Bone, perhaps, something sleek and elegant that allowed him perfect focus. An indoor plant, a comfortable but straight chair, one that span. Jonathan could design his own however he liked. The kitchen would be clean too, with all the latest advancements. The living room a little homelier, fit with a fire and large love seat for him and his love to kiss and cuddle and use the sofa as the name suggested. The bed would be large, larger than king if they could locate such. “And the room adjacent would make a perfect wardrobe space,” Dio spoke aloud after a long pause and gander about the area, hardly aware if Jonathan was listening or even there beside him. “Yes, I am liking it more and more.”

Jonathan opened his lips to begin to speak in defence of the mask, and then stopped himself. When it came to anything regarding style, fashion, or decor, there was simply no arguing with Dio, unless he wished to see himself made a fool of. Shaking his head, he sighed and stepped to the window looking out, as Dio busied himself with thoughts of how he would arrange the rooms to his liking.

In the front of the house there were some ugly looking shrubs that would need to be taken care of, along with sad, long abandoned window sill planters long forgotten in each window. Jonathan could see himself carefully tending to these, perhaps planting some simple flowers like poppies and violets, along with greenery to make them look fresh again. And the shrubs, they could be neatened and trimmed, why, Jonathan could probably even do it himself. Perhaps for Dio's birthday he could have a new kind of bush brought in, one that would not bloom for many months, but if they had their way, Dio would be enjoying year after year after year in this new home.

"I want it," he spoke suddenly, turning to Dio. "I want this as ours. I can already tell it will be just right for us." Finding himself suddenly overwhelmed by emotion, he glance down the hall to be sure the realtor was not to be found on this level, and then collected Dio into his arms for a kiss. "This is
it, this is our marriage nest.” Using his own nose to push away a strand of hair from Dio’s face rather than remove them from his hips, he nuzzled across his cheek. ”Well, one of them.”

“I agree. And so we shall have it.” Dio smiled, his own fingers free to caress Jonathan’s cheek in their closeness. “Of course it cannot truly be ours until we have christened it in our own particular way.” He chuckled, brushing his hips and pelvis against Jonathan’s own, pecking his lips once more. “But for now let us settle ourselves with at least signing the papers off.”

And so it was done, and with Dio’s legal knowledge and known expenses to spare, they were able to settle on a quick, but workable deal and contract, Dio even bringing down the pricing simply because he could.

“We own a house. Truly, one of our own that no one but we chose for ourselves.” It was a warm feeling, as if it were the first real stretch of independence Dio had felt for a long time. There was no looming essences of past Joestars, only he and his husband, in complete control of their lives.

“So, I presume you are hungry now my dear, where to?” The house would be removed of its past furniture, and they would need to do a great deal of shopping of their own, but Dio was satisfied and hunting for homes had taken them later into the day than he’d realised. Planning was necessary, and his mind would be fresher later.

“However did you guess?” Jonathan laughed and looped arms with Dio, grateful for the family bonds that allowed for a greater amount of affection than propriety would normally allow for two men. His gaze stayed locked on his blond, so thrilled that he had found a mate who knew him so well, from the desires of his heart to the desires of his stomach. Overwhelmed as he was with admiration for the love of his life, he walked face first into a lamp post.

“Ow!” Unlocking arms with Dio to rub his now red nose, he still managed to smile through the pain. “Let us get something to eat, no doubt there will still be much to do before our carriage ride home this evening.” Lunch was a happy affair in a small cafe, Jonathan cheerfully eating a roast beef sandwich that would hold him off for at least a few more hours. Towards the end of the meal, however, he grew a more serious.

“Dio,” he began, reaching a hand across the table to cover his own. “I know that you would like to perhaps pick out some furnishings and new things for the home. But I was thinking, before we leave the city, perhaps we should make some time to… to… stop and visit your mother.”

Dio stopped cold in the midst of his meal. While he did not pull away from Jonathan’s touch, he flinched into it, fingers turning to rock and ice, a lump in his throat feeling something heavy, barely able to swallow at the dryness. Water was really not something he wanted right now, but he let the cool glass and slip of lemon touch his lips, easing his suddenly parched mouth.

“I thought we had just brought up moving away, not wanting to face such a life. I wanted to put it behind me upon our return, did I not? What would… what would seeing her grave do, seeing my own grave do but bring back memories I just started to get over?” He stared into Jonathan’s eyes, and it was not rage that reflected in his amber swirls, but dread and fear.

“I don’t know if I want to see my own grave.”

It broke Jonathan’s heart to see Dio’s eyes fill with such fear and dread, the same fear and dread he imagined that had been there so often when he had been a child in the slums. Still, he was certain that this was the right choice, even if it might initially seem scary. His other hand reached to grasp Dio’s firmly, making sure that his hold was strong and his gaze reassuring as he met Dio’s eye.
“I know, my dearest, I know. It is difficult, but I bring it up because it is not far from here. She was brought to rest in a place like she grew up in, and it is more like something you would have seen since living with my father and I than anything from your childhood.” He let his grip loosen slightly around Dio’s, so that he could lean in and brush a finger across Dio’s cheek. Their proximity to each other might have raised an eyebrow or two, but Dio looked distressed, and Jonathan was simply the comforting brother. “I just thought your mother would appreciate if her son and her son-in-law left her some flowers. You haven’t had the chance before now.” He gave his cheek a stroke as he brought his hand back down.

“Besides, it would not be your grave. For one, it’s empty. And for another, there is no more Dio Brando. Only my darling husband, Dio Joestar.” Jonathan held out his hand. “Do you think you can do it, if I am with you?”

“I am not child, Jojo, there is no need to coax me like some infant.” The snap could only come from the defensive trickles innate within him, but Dio frowned nevertheless. He did not like to see such signs in Jonathan, for they only presented forth his own weaknesses, that cooing and attempt to guide with a sympathetic voice. He did not want that, no matter how well intended.

“I could do it with or without you. It is not a matter of could, it is a matter of want. And I said I did not want to see my own.” Dio sighed, rolling his eyes before he granted Jonathan the privilege of holding his hand. “But I suppose I will introduce you to my mother all the same, though of course you already took the liberty of going there yourself.” A dry expression crossed over. “I hope you did not do anything embarrassing in front of her.” A small smile cracked.

Jonathan withdrew his hands and folded them over his chest, though one lingered by his brow, pinching it hard. This was not an unusual reaction in the slightest. Dio had always been quick to jump to the aggressive. But he could see that despite his reservations about it, Dio could understand the necessity.

“No, I was a perfect gentleman when I was there, I can assure you. I had also asked for her blessing if I was to eventually seek your hand in marriage, but someone else beat me to it.” Now Jonathan had a small smile of his own, and he picked at the last traces of his lunch.

“It needn’t take long, and then we can be about our business.”

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Dio did not speak much on the journey to his mother’s and his own pseudo grave, a tell-tale sign of his nerves acting up, and perhaps a bidding for Jonathan not to say much in return, lest those nerves turn to some far more bitter. Anger was easy, Dio and the emotion were old friends. Anger was safe. This, this was not safe at all. He had progressed, he had moved on, he wondered if going here would even help him. Overcome with that despondent feeling, a standing reminder, eternal, that his mother was dead. Wasn’t this going to set him back a thousand paces, linger in his mind and return those dread and emptiness he felt at the very worst of his times in Europe. He feared that feeling, that hollow nothing like little he had feared before.

He kept his hands in his pockets upon arrival, following a small distance behind Jonathan as he was guided to the plot, inhaling sharply as he caught glimpse of his mother’s engraved name, and his own beside it.

Overgrown it had become, and old in the decade plus she had lay to rest, the white stone had eroded some with rain and forestry, plants and moss on the base blending it into the ground below, grass sprouting. But as Dio looked at the large tomb before him, he knew that it had been beautiful, that it
was a grave she deserved, not that a grave was deserved at all.

“So… there it is then,” he managed to choke out after too long a pause. A bunch of roses sat in his hands, bought from a market stall in the city. He stepped forward two paces, and knelt, placing them down at the base, one hand touching the stone, stroking against the curve, tiny grains of pebble coming off in his hand.

“Hello, mother.”

Knowing that this needed to be something Dio did by himself, or at least, without feeling as if he was standing within Jonathan’s shadow, the brunet stood back and let him have his moment with his mother’s grave. Everything about it was elegant and graceful, just as it should have been, and if nothing else, Dio could take solace in that. But there was little about his story Jonathan could think of without his fingers turning into a fist at his side. Dio had been through a childhood of hell, and that hell had near cost them their future together.

Dio had come a long way, but a piece of him would never forgive him for finding this grave and its secrets first. It was the one forgiveness Jonathan would never seek, for he would do it all over again if he were given the chance to. Dio had been so out of control, and the is not convinced that if he had put what he had discovered into duo’s hands directly, things would have ended as happily as they had.

But they would never know, and it was for the best. Jonathan’s eyes flicked over to the child sized tombstone with ‘Dio Brando’ carved on it in a delicate script, surrounded by cherubs and angels. Little did anyone know no such precious child had ever been laid to rest. Once Dio had had his moment, Jonathan stepped forward, holding his own bouquet of daffodils and violets.

“Hello, Viviana. Your son is keeping me on my toes.” He placed the bouquet beside Dio’s, and glanced back at him. “But I promise I shall take care of him.”

“I think it is the other way around. I can take care of myself, and someone needs to keep Jojo in check, lest he run of and do far too much for his own good.” However light-hearted, there was a seriousness in Dio’s voice, and a hint of a glare went in Jonathan’s direction. “But still, somehow he weaselled his way into being my everything, and whatever paths I had to endure to come here, I am glad of it, for the sole reason that he was on the other end.”

There was a hot prickle coming to his eyes he knew he could not avoid if he stayed for any longer. “I miss you, mother, I wish you could have been stronger, could have saved yourself. I wish I could have been stronger too. But, I cannot change the past. So I will look to the future.” He stood, dusting his knees and turning.

“Let us leave, now.”

Jonathan gave a quick nod of his head and turned to the black wrought iron gate that marked the entrance to the cemetery. He put out his arm for Dio to take, and did not glance back until they were a good distance away, so that the bright colours of the flowers they had left on the grave site stood out all the more. Jonathan shut the gate behind them with a loud clap, the autumn day was lovely and visiting the dead did not seem to be on the minds of many, choosing instead to savour the weather.

He knew the trip may have been draining for his new husband, and at first, was uncertain if he should keep his distance, or come on stronger. He decided instead to take the middle path, continuing their day as they had planned from the very start. “We have furniture to choose, and things for our new home we must select. Normally, many of these things are decided by the new wife, but our case is, ah, well, unique.” They were back towards an array of shops now, and Jonathan was prepared to
let Dio choose how to spend their funds next.

“Frankly, Jojo, I would just like to go home. Tomorrow is a new day, and I am not in the mindset for
picking out decorations and garnishments. Too much thought, too much planning, and I do not want
to think right now.” Dio had forced any would-be tears to a grinding halt, it was easier the further
they walked away.

“I want you to take me home, and I want you to fuck me, and then I would like to sleep. Can we do
that?”

“Of course, my dear, of course.” And once they were tucked safely away in their carriage, Jonathan
gave Dio a good long kiss to his lips, a tide over until they reached the mansion and he could
properly spread his legs and make him feel so intensely that for a brief time, it would be the only
thing he thought of.

In the dim light of their bedroom after dark, he stroked and petted his husband until he was fast
asleep. Jonathan did not linger long behind.
The sun had clearly kissed Jonathan’s face by late afternoon, as he came inside their new home and sat in the kitchen. His hands were filth and sweaty, despite having used gloves, the task of pruning the shrubbery was no small one. The rest of his body was not exactly pristine either, and his stomach was growling. Eagerly, he poured himself a glass of iced tea from a white porcelain pitcher, without a thought for the fingerprints he might leave behind, nor for the dirt he may have tracked in.

“Jojo, you are ruining the floors!!” Dio exclaimed with disgruntled abhorrence for the actions taken. “Don’t you move. Not one step.” With white sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and his breeches pale in colour, this was not the right time for Dio to be handling his idiot of a lover, but he would not stand for one more misstep. He took the pitcher from his hands and placed it down on the counter steadily, hands on each of Jonathan’s upper arms, holding him steady, and disallowing him from making even the tiniest step.

“I appreciate wanting a nice looking garden, but two things: it is autumn and flowers die in this season, so planting them really is not the priority. And second, why in God’s name do you feel the need to do it yourself?! You trek dirt like some sort of street dog, no care in the world for the painstaking effort I put into making this place presentable, and we can pay any number of gardeners we like to likely do a job ten times better than yourself. Have you even gardened before?! Are the plants going to align, is the outside of our home going to look like some asymmetrical mess by the time spring comes?! Think, Jojo! And get back outside right this instant.”

Dio would have pushed him, but that would have made things worse, so instead he had Jonathan step backward, ensuring he landed in the messy footprints he already made until he was slowly and finally back in the garden. “And stay out!”

“But…” It was no use. There was no way for Jonathan to explain to Dio that the reason he was working so hard was to make room for several large rose bushes. They had already been ordered, and would be arriving during the week of Dio’s birthday, to be planted while he was busy at work. To say so now would spoil the surprise. And truth be told, Dio had a point. Jonathan was enjoying gardening, in fact, he may have even had a knack for it.

But he was not perfect at it yet, and if he had not made a mess out of the shrubbery, he had certainly made one out of himself. He had no choice but to be backed slowly away into the doorway, staring out at Dio like a sad puppy.

“Could I at least get a drink? Or perhaps a kiss?” He poked his head in the doorway as far as he could manage without stepping foot inside, flashing Dio a pathetic look he could only hope might garner an inkling of sympathy from his husband.

Most likely not.

Dio frowned, rolling his eyes before turning to the left behind jug of iced tea, bringing it outside for Jonathan, purposely avoiding the splats of mess. He granted it to him with a push, but Jonathan received no desired kisses.

“We did not hire the bare minimum of servants on part time for you to be making copious amounts of mess with only us to clean it up.” Dio would have made Jonathan do it, but “I do not trust you in here, so I shall fix your errors. As always.” Grabbing a cloth, Dio began to carefully wipe away the muck and dirt that littered their recently buffed floors, grimacing and muttering curses under his breath. “Take off your shoes upon entrance, Jojo. It is not that hard.”
Greedily Jonathan began to drink straight from the pitcher, the outdoor work had made him immensely thirsty. After several large gulps, he glanced to see Dio on his hands and knees, wiping up the muddy footprints which he had accidentally tramped into the house. A wave of guilt rushed over him, and kicking off his work boots, he stepped back inside. Unfortunately, his breeches were filthy as well, so with a shrug, he decided to shed them, leaving them on the floor.

“Here, let me help you.” Jonathan must have looked quite odd, with no shoes or pants, and only a filthy old button up shirt barely managing to cover his chest. Still, he picked up a rag from a bin and fell to his knees besides Dio, working to wipe up the muddy footprints.

“I didn’t mean to make a mess, I was just very thirsty.” Jonathan scraped some mud from a spot, eyes looking to Dio hopefully. “Let me help you.”

“You were helping to make the garden look pleasant too, and look how that turned out.” Dio tsked and clicked his tongue, pausing momentarily to tie up his ever growing locks in a ponytail, it is getting rather in the way of things as he was face down staring at the dirtied floor.

But aside from that, the house was beginning to feel more and more their own, more like a home. Jonathan had let Dio do most of the choosing as they journeyed round the stall and stores to pick out furniture and decoration, but even with an open attitude, clashes had ensued, tastes colliding. There was no denying their inherent styles were not quite aligned.

But eventually all had been chosen, vases and sofa and they more than happily spent hours choosing beds, they almost had a close call of forgetting others were in the shop. Fortunately nothing criminal occurred, but it very well could have.

“But fine, you may help clean your mess, scoop it up in vertical strokes, don’t rub in circles and let it blend,” Dio instructed, showing him the action as he spoke. When Jonathan showed he understood, burying himself in the work, Dio leaned in, pecking his cheek. “There is your kiss.”

“I want our home to be clean and pleasant just as much as you do.” Jonathan assured him as he continued to clean at his side, just as Dio had bid him to do. Eventually, he moved to the final footprint and began to scrub, getting up the last of his mess. While it was quite unintentional, Dio was also gifted with a fine view of Jonathan’s rear end in nothing but a flimsy undergarment that barely contained him.

“Did the sheets you picked out fit the mattress all right? It took us long enough to find the right one.” He glanced over his shoulder at the blond, looking more provocative than intended, before pulling himself up and throwing the rag into a dirty pile. “Of course, you were a bit fussy when it came to the colour and fabric.” Jonathan shrugged his shoulders, and pressed a kiss of his own to Dio’s cheek. “Whatever makes you happy.”

“Obviously they fit, do you really think I wouldn’t pay attention to a detail like that? Honestly, Jojo, this doubt of me really needs to come to an end. An excuse me for liking colours and wanting our home to be something beautiful.” Dio pouted, stretching out his limbs as he returned to a stand, the floor looking more or less faultless once again.

“If it makes you feel any better, why don’t you go and check? I already saw to the bedroom, everything is in perfect order.”

“Mmm, but if I step foot into the bedroom and brush against the sheets with my filthy hands, you will be cross with me, and I do not want my husband to have any reason to feel churlish.” Jonathan reached out and wrapped his arms about Dio, pulling him into a tight embrace. He smelled of sweat, dirt, and fresh cut branches, and he was well aware Dio would not be fond of this.
“Why don’t we properly christen our bathroom so that we can christen the bedroom, mm?” Jonathan’s lips began to move down Dio’s hips. He had been busy too, and then could both use some freshening up.

“There is such a thing a looking and not touching, and considering my clothes are paler than my skin at present, the same very much goes for me.” Lovely and happy to be touched by Jonathan’s strong hands as Dio usually was, there were cases where it was only decent in theory. He could smell him, and in all frankness, even without the dirt and grime is was a scent strong enough to put him off any prior fooling about.

And so Dio’s fingers pulled Jonathan away, and he stepped back a safe two paces. “You start the bath. I feel like lavender today, fill with that, the shelves are already stocked with a few of my favourites.”

Jonathan did not need to be told twice. He scurried to the bathroom and turned the brand new silver faucet handle, pouring in an unnecessarily large amount of lavender scented bubbles under the running water. Of course, the two of them had bathed together countless times, but this would be the first in their new home, in which was completely their own in every way.

By the time Dio would join him, the tub was nearly overflowing with bubbles, and Jonathan had stripped down naked. While waiting, he had washed his hands, and was itching to remove Dio’s own clothing.

“I shall never tire of the fact that you are my husband. Not for all my days. Now it is my marital right to remove your shirt and breeches.”

“Then see to your marital right and attend to me.” Scent aside, and covered with the exuberant amount of suds in the tub, Dio had to admit there was charm to the scruffy side of Jonathan. Digging had always been something he’d loved, and was well on his way to making a career out of. It was sweet, seeing him like this, happy and buzzing however thoughtless to the state of his surroundings. And the sweaty dishevelment was not something he could ever call unattractive.

Hastily Jonathan’s fingers worked their way down Dio’s shirt, unbuttoning it as quickly as he could, unable to contain the giddy grin on his face as he did so. Soon he fell to his knees, making short work of the breeches as well, so that his blond was before him in all his nude glory, and Jonathan could simply gaze up and admire the man he had vowed to spend the rest of his days with.

“You look so well now.” he remarked as a finger traced over his hip and across his belly. “In Europe you had become painfully thin, I had been so worried for you. But now here you are, Adonis before my very eyes.”

“Well, I am fine. And I shall be fine and as beautiful as a deity from here on out.” Dio’s hands pushed into Jonathan’s thick curls, playing with the hair.

“Take your time, Jojo, we have time. Kiss me. Kiss my thighs and my legs, and my stomach. Let me feel you, as you will feel me.”

There was no need to rush any more. They were not hiding from the servants, they were not attempting to keep their voices low in the dormitory, and they were not racing against the clock of the summer. This was their home, to do in as they wished. He lifted Dio up gently and sat him on the edge of the bubble filled tub, kneeling before him and starting at his toes, kissing them lightly, and slowly working his way up his thigh and over his stomach and chest. Just before he kissed his lips, however, he lightly pressed him back into the water, letting the bubbles envelope him.
“I sometimes cannot believe that you are actually mine.” He tilted Dio’s chin and met his eyes. “My own, my husband.” Leaning in, he kissed him in full on the lips, pulling himself into the tub as well so that he was straddling the other man.

“I cannot believe it either, but here you are. And here I am too.” Dio’s fingers brushed against Jonathan’s cheek, body positioning itself into something more comfortable. The bath had been an imperative, large sized, deep and sturdy, and thought it was not the size of the master bedroom back at the Joestar estate, it fit them well and comfortably.

Dio’s cock stood hard after the series of kisses and pecks, and his hands centred round Jonathan’s neck, pulling him down into something long and wet and tongue swirling, a smile plastered sweetly onto his face, unabashed. His ring was still on his finger, he often forgot to remove it and most of the time he did not want to. From behind Jonathan’s nape he could see it glistening, only bringing him to even greater joy. “This is our home. This is our life, Jojo… so take me here, and let it be true.”

A bit of water and lavender scented bubbles fell to the floor as Jonathan sank in further, but thankfully, were captured by a large, fluffy bath mat, making for an easy clean up with little to worry about. Such things were thought about when they set up the house, they knew their habits well. So prepared were they that along with the selections of soaps and shampoos was a bottle of oil, which Jonathan snatched to coat his fingers in and then press them inside of the writhing blond.

“You are so perfect in every way.” The praises fell from Jonathan’s lips as he finished preparing him, knowing by now that little was required, and what his lover craved above all was his thick cock inside him. “And there is no one on this earth who could suit me better than you. No one.” With those last two words spoken, Jonathan filled Dio’s rear with his thick, slick shaft, keeping his movements unhurried.

Dio shuddered, fingers gripping the edge of the tub before instead deciding once again to cling to Jonathan, shuffling his hips and spreading his hole, granting his lover access inside, deeper and deeper until he was at the hilt, that familiar but endlessly wonderful sensation taking him over. He bucked slowly, letting Jonathan drag himself out before pushing all the way back in, over and over again. Dio closed his eyes, allowed himself to simply feel and be happy. Because that’s exactly what he was.

“Good,” he said, jovial, and accepting. “Like that, Jojo, deep and long. And slower.”

The scent of purple flower was surrounding them both by now, the plentiful bubbles popping and dissipating around them. He joined their right hands together, lacing their fingers so that the wedding were touching. Bringing his forehead to Dio’s forehead, he let their bodies stay joined, his cock hard and throbbing within Dio’s tight puckered hole.

“Dio, Dio, Dio.” Somehow, the sound of his name on his lips was extra appealing today, and kisses were brushed against his cheek, nuzzling his nose to the pale skin. Every instinct was telling him to thrust and make love, but he held back, wanting instead the chance to savour the moment, something they almost never did.

“My Dio Joestar, I still cannot believe that name. It is strange, and yet, exactly as it should be…” Despite himself, his hips started to move back for another thrust, he could not help it, his partner was so warm and inviting.

Dio couldn’t blame his eagerness, despite his words, the need for more was coming to him too, craving the sweet release all over his chest, Jonathan’s own inside him, melting away in the warmth of the water, in between kisses and glides of their bodies.
“Make me come, Jonathan Joestar…” he whispered, gripping his back tighter, wanting nothing and no one to separate them. “Make me yours as if it were the first time. Make me Dio Joestar truly and wholly.”

A shiver ran through Jonathan as Dio said his full name, and he obeyed, Jonathan’s cock now sliding in and out at the very rhythm he knew would hit Dio’s spot and make him come. But just to be sure, he grasped the other man’s shaft firmly as he thrusted, making sure that his hot, sticky semen spit into his hand. Only then did he allow himself the pleasure of finishing, panting as he thrusted his hips against Dio’s own, moaning his name loudly at his peak, and collapsing on top of his chest, spent and content, at least for the moment.

“I never realised things could be better than our summer alone together. And then I married you.” He finally whispered, after several minutes of peaceful silence.

“Well, this is only the start. And I have no intention of being those couple in arranged weddings or too fast marriages that end up miserable and greying before they even turn thirty. We are going to thrive together, Jojo, not dwindle. Two are better than one, as the saying goes, but I suppose are two becoming one.” Dio pressed a kiss to Jonathan’s cheek, then to Jonathan’s lips and his jaw and wherever else he could access.

“We can only go up from here.”
Their new home fully furnished, and each and every room properly christened, before long it was time for things to go back to normal. The only problem, Jonathan had no semblance of what normal was, married to Dio and having a career of his own. Once their London home was complete, he returned to the mansion, seeing to certain estate affairs that had been put off for far too long, and inspecting the manor, deciding what, if any, changes he and Dio might decide to make to the grounds, landscaping, and house. There was plenty to keep him occupied, and that was before he even cracked open a book for research.

But he missed his husband. Dio was so often in his London office, and came home so late, that he felt as if he was barely seeing him. Jonathan would toss and turn in bed, frustrated that his husband was not taking up the other half of it. Of course, they had been apart plenty in their lives, and even in their relationship, but somehow now that they were married it seemed even more frustrating.

The telephone turned out to be a godsend. Jonathan had one installed in his office in the mansion, and one evening when he knew Dio would be home, he called him, speaking loudly (though thankfully not shouting this time) into the mouth piece. “Hello, Dio?! You must be there, right?”

The telephone rang and Dio looked to it. Such technology had not quite come to fruition in any impactful way to England yet, one of the more traditional workers calling the contraption ungodly when he heard it ring, so Dio could deduce before he even shuffled to pick up.

“Hello, Jojo, I am here. But to quite frank with you I am really quite busy at the moment.” With the phone pressed between his neck and his ear, hands too busy with paper and pen and to spare, he rather looked the part of it too.

It was not that Dio wanted to be away from Jonathan, not even that he was finding excuses to get away, but his comment was indeed quite true. He had certified himself a position early in his new firm, even had contacts in France and Germany to communicate with, broadening his horizons, and after a yearlong sabbatical they were finally being put to use. Holidays dio enjoyed and took full advantage of, but work was work and he put his all into it. Time, effort, life. It was his moment, and he would rise to the top. Still, it was nice to hear his husband’s voice, and a smile grew on his lips simply by the sound of his breathing as he waited for a reply.

“You wanted something? Best to be quick. I probably won’t be coming home tonight. Maybe not tomorrow either. But Dio, it will have been days since I last saw you…” Jonathan sighed and shook his head. Despite disappointment, he could not call it unexpected. Dio had not been top of his class for nothing, he strived to be the best in his profession, and would be nothing less. But there were other things in his life than his career as well.

“Everything is all right here, you needn’t worry. I finished that paperwork we went over before you left, and I am going through a list of updates and renovations I would like done to the manor -- mostly to the grounds, the staff has done a lovely job with the house while we were gone.” The management of the estate was something that had always haunted Jonathan from before Dio had even entered the picture. But now, with Dio’s help and a boost to his own confidence, all had been well. The only problem he could find was the empty spot in the master bedroom opposite his side of the mattress.
“But I miss you, Dio. The bed is too big for just one. You should be sharing it with me.” He was doing his best not to whine, but there was definitely a touch of the pathetic to Jonathan’s voice, as if he were truly uncomfortable in his father’s old bed without him.

“I know, I know, your lack of presence has been noted for me too. But duty calls and I must answer.” He scrawled his fancy signature again onto another sheet of paper, moving it to the seemingly endless pile of done, yet barely a dent had been made in his list to do. It was thankful that he actually quite enjoyed the job, or hairs would be falling and splitting.

“Tell you what, I will try and get for tomorrow, perhaps wake up a little earlier and have a head start. But I cannot promise things will work out that way, and the journey back to the country is long, and carriages are no good place to try and get anything accomplished, believe me I have tried.” Dio looked to the clock, it was seven thirty. The last time he’d eaten had been nine, eight perhaps. He didn’t tell Jonathan about that, the man would only complain, but really there was no time for it.

“Try… try and imagine me naked then. To ease the woes of missing me.” Dio spoke a little slower now, tongue rolling as his own mind crossed the scenario. “You come into our bedroom, I am sat on the mattress, in nothing but my ring and a dazzling pair of earrings, glistening just in the light of the lamps either side, a crimson lake underneath -- red sheets, and my skin smelling of rose, just emerged from a bath. What would you do?”

“I know that you are working hard, I am only concerned that without me to keep you in check, you will overdo it and forget to eat.” While Jonathan did not wish to spend an expensive phone conversation harping on such, he knew that Dio did not always look after his physical wellbeing like he should, often foregoing sleep and food in favour of study. His habits now that he had his own practice would be no different. "Don't overwork yourself, but I would love to see you sooner rather than later."

If Dio could have seen the way the blood rushed to Jonathan's face and how he clutched the earpiece tighter to his ear at the suggestion of the blond's nude, sweet smelling form, ready and waiting for him, he would have been pleased. Instead, he would have been pleased. Instead, he would have to make do with the loud, embarrassed stammer in his voice. "D-D-Dio! This isn't proper conversation for the telephone! It is one thing if I call to check in on you and see when you are coming home next but, but that, well, that is quite another!” Dio of course could not see, but Jonathan’s trousers had an uncomfortable tightness in the crotch, one he had not anticipated during this conversation.

"Of course, if you were in our bed, you know full well that I would lay down beside you, and run my hand over your side. You have the most shapely hips for a man, Dio, and your skin is so pale, I just want to run my tongue across it -- bloody hell Dio, now you have gotten me started thinking of you and I shall never stop!” Nor would he be able to set foot out of this room without all the servants knowing that there was something standing inside his trousers.

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“No need to stop, Jojo, none at all.” Dio smiled, biting his lip with a slow lick of the tongue, dampening his mouth. Without much free moments to spare, he kept his own erection under wraps, though a certain amount of heat began to spread around his own lower regions, and his legs shuffled together underneath the desk. The office, aside from cleaners and couple of diligent workers like he was empty, and there was little likelihood he would be disturbed without at least a knock to the door first.

“In that case… if you are to lick my body, I want you to do it with care. Lick from my mouth, lead down to my jaw and neck, leave marks redder than the sheets, Jojo, make me moan from your tongue alone. I would not touch you, but oh I would want to. My hands would bury into the duvet,
curling, hips moving all on their own as you start to pleasure me. Use your hand as you continue down my chest, stroking lightly, bringing me up. I would moan in your ear, make you hear it, loud, but slow, and call out for more, call out Jojo, Jojo, ohh, Jojo!”

Perhaps his own dictation was too potent, for Dio’s breeches were now met with an uncomfortable strain, his speech while confident, throaty and airy. Rolling his eyes at his own weakness, he put down his pen, right hand slipping under the table, cock revealed. He moaned out in truth when contact was made -- there hadn’t been much time for this in the last few days; it was only now he realised how frustrated he had been, how much he needed some release.

“W-What would you do next, Jojo… as my legs open and part? I want you…”

“I-I want you too, Dio, this is why you should come home. Then we could be doing this properly!” Jonathan almost started to laugh. As if there was anything proper about the marriage between two men in the eyes of society, though in their eyes it was true, and that was all that mattered. Jonathan bit his lower lip, knowing his embarrassment was silly considering the wide ensemble of sins he had committed with Dio across the years. Compared to sodomy on top of the Eiffel Tower this would seem like child’s play!

“Your thighs are always so smooth and delicate, if I nip them, your skin takes to the mark so easily.” He began quietly. “I love that about you. And I love how your cock looks once I have sucked on it properly, the head pink and fat and throbbing, your whole body is a masterpiece, Dio.” Jonathan could not contain himself. His office door was closed, there was no one to watch him but the eyes of the stone mask on the wall. Shamelessly, he dipped his hand into his trousers and withdrew his cock.

“I would roll you over and run my fingers down your spine, then spread your buttocks cheeks and start to oil your entrance. Oh how I love to watch you squirm, not even wanting to be prepared, all you want is my cock, that is why you are moaning my name. You want me to press it inside you, fill you with my seed, don’t you, mm?” By now, Jonathan was giving his own cock several long, hard strokes, imagining a frenzied Dio with his rear just begging for it before him.

“I do, oh, Jojo, I do…” Dio’s head lolled back, almost dropping the phone on the floor in his rapture, his mewls all too real, not giving himself any form of teasing, stroking his cock hard and tirelessly..

“I would demand it, put it inside me, Jojo, your stiff, leaking cock. It would be my body alone that gets you to this state, you did not even touch yourself first, saving every stroke, every thrust for when you enter me. You would not be able to resist, no teasing, you would push it all the way in hardly more than a couple of thrusts, practically screaming my name, clinging to my body. My legs would wrap around you, pulling you closer.”

There was a pause to clumsily squeeze some hand lotion onto his palm, easing the motions so Dio was not left sore upon the completion and his arousal faded. As soon as the task was completed he sighed loud, continuing the fantasy.

“You are so big, Jojo, so large and warm and deep and beautiful. And you are all over me, your body pressing and pushing, driving me to ecstasy. I want it, Jojo. Give it to me, give it to me!” Dio fucked heavily into his hand, on the verge of bringing himself to climax.

“You know that I’ve been waiting for you, my darling. I’ve been waiting to dive into your beautiful, round ass cheeks, I adore how they look when they are clenched together tight and my cock is between them. There is nothing I want to do more than slap my hips against you so hard that your porcelain skin turns an appealing shade of red. Oh, I would enjoy that…” Jonathan had nothing to slick his own cock with, but he was feeling extremely aroused and highly sensitive. He had not even so much as touched himself like this in months. Why would he, when he had a beautiful blond
husband to take care of his every sexual whim?

Jonathan had been badly spoiled on their honeymoon, and now in their working life he was coming to realize that. It only made the grip on his manhood tighter, jerking it in faster, firmer motions, all the while imagining Dio’s supple smooth body rocking beneath him. With very little effort, he was already hard as rock.

“I would press you down into the sheets, you would feel me pounding in and out of you, spanking you just as you deserve. One hand would hold to the sheets for grip, but the other, I would course my fingers through your beautiful long locks, grasping and tugging, before I fill you to the brim.” As he spoke, he grasped and tugged at his own organ, and even across the line, Dio could hear the gasp and moan as Jonathan struggled to not knock the entire telephone, nearing his own peak.

“Fuck me, Jojo, harder and harder… I would clench around you hard, keeping you inside every second I could and, aah~” Dio bit his lower lips hard, a weak attempt to suppress the throaty moan that joined him upon orgasm, shuddering throughout, thighs quaking. He dropped the phone on the desk in order to grab at a handkerchief; he had no interest in walking out of his stained with dried seed on his expensive attire.

Realising he had left him on hold for a few seconds too long, he returned to the call. “Jojo? Are you still there?” Dio’s breath was light panting from the afterglow.

By the time Dio asked, Jonathan had made an embarrassingly loud sound himself, his body trembling from a release that had been held back for days. His hand was soon covered in the milky white substance, along with a few specks on his trousers, but thankfully, he kept a handkerchief stuffed into his trouser pockets, just in case. Juggling the ear piece between his ear and shoulder for a moment as he fished it out with his one clean hand, he spoke as calmly as he could.

"Ah, yes Dio, I am still here. Give me a moment.." With the handkerchief retrieved, he began to scrub vigorously at the white spot on his trousers. "I take it you have not ruined your clothing badly? Really, Dio, this is why I need you here. I want to actually be touching and fondling your ass, perhaps even giving it a spanking for keeping me waiting for so long. Mm, now that would be grand, you bent over on my lap, ass up, my large hand striking down over it..." He began to feel his cock start to twitch again.

"Oh Dio, do come home soon."

“I will, I will, as soon as I am done with all this work.” Dio did not have time to think of washing the handkerchief, so into the waste paper basket it went, hidden under a few scrapped files out of notice and sight to the eventual cleaner. “My clothing is fine, no thanks to you, I appreciate the worry.” The pen he had discarded now returned to Dio’s palm, as if his switch had immediately returned to a mode of one track determination. Time had been wasted, it was more or less eight o’clock now. He sighed.

“But really, I do have to go now, the building will be closing for a couple of hours and I have little intention of being locked in if I can help it.” It already happened once -- though admittedly Dio had gotten a great deal done in that time.

“Two days, Jojo… tops. I… love you… goodbye.” Dio set down the phone before Jonathan could react or reply. Though there was a flush on his cheeks, saying those words was becoming easier every day.

It of course meant a great deal to Jonathan whenever Dio spoke the words ‘love you’ to him, so Jonathan was able to forgive the hasty send of a bit more than he might have without them.
However, the fact remained that he missed his husband dearly, and he knew that Dio missed him as well.

Two days later, when they were reunited, Jonathan brought him straight up to the bedroom, and did not let him leave until dinner time, after which they spent an hour or so going over a few details of the estate, Jonathan had practically thrown him over his shoulder and carried him back up to the bedroom again.

“As you can see, things are running quite smoothly. I would eventually like for you to take a look at certain details of the trade business before I tread heavily into the waters of the next venture, but I feel safe for now.” He spoke as he ran a hand over Dio’s pale, white flesh. “But things are fine. All that has been missing has been you, my dear, and now that my beautiful husband has returned to me, I think I shall be more at peace.” He pushed a piece of blond hair behind Dio’s ear. “Now, you shall be here for the rest of the week, correct? Because I have plans for every… last… moment.” He punctuated the last few syllables with kisses.

“The week?! Oh, Jojo, you can’t be serious.” Sweet as the kisses to his flesh were, Dio was not quite tempted enough to be lured into saying yes to that. “I am going back first thing on Monday morning. I was considering Sunday evening, but I will give you the full weekend to have me.”

Dio fingered the papers of the estate with a watchful eye. As Jonathan had said, all looked well, considering, and if he labelled this task a pro bono case, he could fit it into his work schedule just fine. Right now the business was not exactly what he was looking to spend his time on, indulging in his husband’s body while he had the chance was far more favourable.

“Once you find yourself a solid placement for your little archaeology projects, you too will discover throwing away weeks like we did as university boys and our year away is simply not possible. Even coming down for weekends is a hard choice to make.”

“But Dio..” Two bright blue eyes looked ever so sadly in his direction. “We are newlyweds still. And I know that means we have our entire lives together, but I am starting to feel like I need to fight you for your time…”

His dark head, full of lush curls, dipped down against the flesh of his belly and kissed him lightly. “Have I not been pleasing you, my prince? Do I need to work harder for your pleasure?” He glanced up at Dio, and then slid down until his face was between his thighs. Using his tongue, he slipped the moist, pink tip against the rim of Dio’s ass, already covered in come from prior fuckings. As he worked, he moved his eyes to meet Dio’s, his own holding a kind of intensity that was not normally there -- the fear of competition.

“Certainly not… when it comes to pleasure --aah--” Dio’s thighs instinctively closed around Jonathan’s head, squeezing him in as his cock once again began to rise. “--you have no rival. But newly as wedded we may be, we had our honeymoon, and we had an entire year off from any form of duty, aside from a couple of interviews and your apprenticeship.”

Dio’s back hit the mattress, fingers grabbing at the pillow, legs writhing under Jonathan’s licks. “No, our year away did not exactly go to plan, but it was an entire year, and at some point life has to go on. We have no one to rely on but ourselves, and frankly I want to work. I’m too far behind as it is--ohh right there, Jojo, fuck…” Dio cursed and moaned loud, his spare hand beginning to tug at his cock for additional stimulus.

Jonathan’s tongue delved into the puckered opening, and then slipped several fingers inside, mercilessly strumming against him, playing him like a harp. “I feel as if I am just starting to know how to truly satisfy you, and make you happy, just as you deserve.” The fingers were removed and
instantly replaced with his long, thick, and throbbing cock, pounding hard against him. Reaching forward Jonathan grabbed a handful of Dio’s hair, caressing it as he moved it behind his ear, so that he could lean in and kiss him with ease.

“But now I feel as if I am losing you to your work… don’t you want this each night? Don’t you need it?” A thrust was strategically placed on the word need, and before he could answer, Jonathan had his lips once more in a hungry kiss.

“Of course I want it every night,” Dio said in a pant one the kiss had broken, licking away the saliva that glossed his lips “But needs must and I cannot indulge you, or even indulge myself like we used to anymore. It is impractical, and you know it, and I am not going to repeat myself again.” He squirreled back and away from Jonathan, sat up at the head of the bed.

“Now, we can enjoy our nights together, the moments we do have, or we can stop and you can complain and mope the days away. Your choice.”

Jonathan’s face fell and he pulled himself up beside Dio, the last thing he wanted to do was anger him. “My dearest, please do not be like this.” He veered closer, though he looked wounded himself, and wanted to take comfort in the warmth and curves of his body. Knowing better than to try and resume their prior activities immediately, he reached out and draped his arms about Dio, pulling the other man against the broad expanse of his chest.

“I know we are no longer students, and things must be different. But I’d like to see my husband more than a few times a month, mm?” He nuzzled a cheek, freshly shaven for the visit to Dio’s own. “Perhaps I shall just have to come to London to do my research once my work is done here.”

“I’d like that,” Dio said, nodding without the need to hide it behind layers of propriety. “You coming down to see me. Right now, that makes more sense given our career standings, and truthfully I am very fond of the apartment. It is ours, completely, from head to toe. And I needn’t go through secret service passageways to come to the bedroom. Plus, we could go out to lunch together, pragmatically it makes far more sense.”

"Then it is settled. I shall come to our home as soon as I am able to be away from the mansion.” A reasonable enough compromise, Jonathan was certain he could be done with the bulk of the work in a week's time, and even if he took a carriage to the estate every third or fourth day, it would be worth it to see a tired but satisfied Dio falling asleep in his arms each night. "Now get on my cock and ride me,” he added playfully, pulling his lover back into his lap and resuming their activities.
Into the Stars: Chapter 5

Jonathan was as good as his word. He had worked hard all through the following week and weekend to make sure that everything he was required to do was done, and any projects that needed his attention had it so that they could begin in his absence. He rode to London early Monday, so that he could shop for their dinner and have enough time to make himself look presentable.

"Lad, would you like to earn a coin?" Jonathan shuffled a few groceries from one arm to the other as he pulled one from his pocket, along with a folded piece of paper. The child looked up at Jonathan's large form eagerly and nodded. He was given the address of Dio's law firm, and sent on his way, Jonathan smiling at his back. It was a small note, simply reading "I'm home, -J" but Dio would know.

Once Jonathan had washed, dressed, applied a bit of some cologne Dio had given him for Christmas, an apron was put on to protect his clean clothes from staining. He prepared the vegetables and meat, there was no need for the cook as it was a simple recipe that could be finished over a stove in a matter of minutes. He would just wait for Dio to come home first.

Jonathan waited. And waited. And waited.

Perhaps Jonathan’s plan to visit Dio would have proved itself successful if he had called first. When the boy arrived at the firm, relaying the note the present receptionist, its delivery was severely hilted by the fact Dio was not in the main firm at all.

He was in court, stood before the judge, jury and crowd, defending his client for a case of arson he was ninety percent certain he had done in order to collect the insurance. But that was no matter, if the man could pay his fee, Dio would do his utmost to keep his customers out of prison. He fought with a valiant effort, his tongue quicksilver, thriving off the debate, dodging every obstacle. None could say Dio Joestar was not born for a role such as this.

The day ran late, and the case was far from over, some so called new evidence had found its way into his opposition’s hands. No matter, it would not faze him, Dio was more than prepared. But once out of court, the sky was dark. He might have returned home then, but with an arm draped around him from fellow workers, he was invited for an afterhours trip, and how could he refuse? Making ties, gaining friendships and connections, they were all a part of the job, and Dio saw fit to take advantage of every opportunity.

The location was a bar, privately owned and oh so exclusive, girls in far too little clothing to be deemed as anything but the nightly women they were lingered and draped around drunk men with padded wallets. While Dio could skip on the ladies, god he missed drinking; the taste of cool red on his lips, the sharp tang of scotch, the warmth that swelled around his chest and brought him a happy swirl of tipsiness. A virgin concoction no matter what the taste simply did not compare to the feeling, and brought a raise of brows for he was the only one who denied himself.

It was difficult, genuinely, a few times he thought he might just snap and take it, but the ring on his finger and memories of worse times stopped him from making any sort of mistakes. One drink wouldn’t kill him, but one could quickly turn to two, and then six.

One new feature of sober life Dio discovered, was when people were intoxicated, it was easy to see where their weaknesses lay, for them to open up, to share details on cases, clients and other individuals in ways he would never had heard before. So Dio took to this task, collection nodes and splashes of information slipped out of slurried lips. Perhaps he could get used to this.
With his nose in a book, Jonathan did his best to distract himself from Dio’s obviously late night. An attempt at ringing the office proved futile, there was no answer, and it was getting past the time that even the custodian would be in the building. A grumble interrupted Jonathan’s worries, and rather than waste dinner, he made it for himself, putting what was left in the icebox. Dinner was a hasty, graceless affair, after which he plummeted himself back into his book, and began to copy some important passages that might aid him later in research.

But there was no stopping Jonathan’s mind from wandering. Where was Dio? It was possible he had not received his note, but why had he not come home? Was he safe? Had he fallen back into old vices, without Jonathan there to keep him check?

No, Jonathan did not believe that. It was of course a consideration, but he knew his husband and the willpower and determination he had shown during those weeks in Italy. He would not sacrifice them so easily. However, that knowledge did not help set Jonathan’s mind at ease, as there were many other dangers lurking in the heart of London after dark. Dio could look after himself, but Jonathan would still worry until he was safe at home.

When Dio would arrive, he would find Jonathan slumped over in an armchair in the foyer, facing the door. His pen had fallen to the floor, splattering ink, notes spread on his lap unfinished, and an uncomfortable crick in his neck to worry about when he awoke.

It was right into the early morning when Dio returned home, perhaps not drunk but extremely tired, with little desire to do much else than slump into bed and sleep for a week. Knowing he could not do that however, with half lidded eyes, he set his alarm a neat forty minutes early, plenty of time to add in a morning bath before heading out the courtroom the following day.

Jonathan’s presence was somewhat aware to him, the large figure and gentle snores coming from the armchair, messing up the floor -- of course he messed up the floor after being here two minutes -- with his texts and scrawling. Without much patience for dealing with that, and far too tired to manage Jonathan’s greetings for his unannounced visit, Dio simply threw a blanket over his husband before claiming the bed, drifting off in a matter of minutes.

Sometime, perhaps an hour or so after Dio’s arrival, Jonathan awoke with a start. He noticed the blanket, and raced to the bedroom, nearly tripping over his own two feet on the way there.

“Oh thank God you are all right.” He exclaimed, before collapsing hard onto the bed beside him, and pulling him in so that their bodies rested like spoons. He himself was very drowsy, and he started to doze off again almost immediately.

“What do you mean alright? Of course I am fine, you dolt.” Dio was always quick to awaken with very little stimulus provided, and Jonathan provided far more than a smidgen. He could not help but smile as warm arms surrounded him, knowing who they belonged to, but dually what on earth was that supposed to mean?

Dio’s voice brought Jonathan partially out of sleep, but it was still difficult to tell if he was awake or dreaming. “You weren’t home. I waited forever..” His hold around the other man tightened slightly, and his face slipped into the crook between his neck and shoulder.

“What if thieves had overcome you, robbed you, and left you for dead?” His whisper was low, breath grazing his ear more than the loudness of his voice. “What if you were hurt and alone and needed my help?” He nuzzled his face against his neck, before leaving a few soft kisses there. “Or what if a handsome man had seduced you away?”

“Stop being so paranoid, I was working. That is what people do, Jojo, they work. And it ran late.”
Dio gave Jonathan a pinch to his thigh, glad of the fact it had been a while since he’d cut his nails, digging them into the skin.

“Quite frankly I am offended you think some petty criminal could ever take me down, or that you think I cannot handle myself. As for any handsome man, do you not trust me? I am a lot of things, Jojo, but I take my promises, and my vows seriously. It’s your fault for showing up unannounced, it is not as if we had any plans to meet, I tell you time and time again how busy my schedule is, I am not home most nights until late.”

Now Jonathan was starting to wake, blinking the sleep from his eyes and shaking his brown curls after the pinch. "I sent you a note! And I arrived here not long after ten in the morning, the sun must have been nearly ready to come up when you came back." Jonathan leaned in and nipped his neck, in equal parts pleasure and pain. "That is at least seventeen hours, Dio."

Jonathan allowed the silence to set in, and then resumed the kisses and nips to his neck. "Of course I trust you and God help anyone who tries and attack you, but I thought you’d be responsible enough to check your messages. You knew the work the manor required as well as I. You knew I would be coming to you as soon as it was finished. You are a husband now, Dio. Your career is important, but so is your family.” He pulled him in tighter.

“I wasn’t in the firm! I was out all day at the courtroom, and in the night I had additional meeting with my peers. How am I supposed to know you sent me a stupid little note to the entirely wrong location?!" Dio was wide awake now, pulling his way out of Jonathan’s hold, frowning with arms folded for more reasons than one. He wouldn’t be able to sleep for a while now, and here he was being accused of not only overworking, but infidelity and neglect.

“Why didn’t you call me the night before? Why didn’t you come to the firm yourself? The receptionist would have told you my location if you came, so the likely answer is you couldn’t be bothered to come and see me, giving the note to a third party, your driver or something of the like. Stop blaming me when it is no fault of mine I did not align to a schedule you kept entirely to yourself.”

Jonathan’s lips turned to a frown and he pulled himself into a sit, pulling a blanket over his shoulders. "I sent a note because I was busy preparing dinner and making myself presentable for you. And yes, perhaps I should have called. I shall remember it next time. But if you are to be made ice because I was worried, I shall go back to sleep on the chair you found me on." He pulled himself off the bed.

Dio sighed, rolling his eyes at Jonathan. “You don’t have to leave, calm down.” His arm reached out, holding his husband by the wrist, tugging it gently back. “I am not ice, I am just very tired and don’t like to be thought of weak and wrong so early in the morning. I’m happy you’re here, so come to bed with me and let’s enjoy ourselves seventeen hours later, hm?”

With a loud thud, Jonathan flopped back down onto the bed beside Dio and yawned hard. “I am very tired as well. And if you were truly happy to see me, you should have woken me when you came in to join you in bed. Though you may have been afraid I would do this.” Jonathan’s lips captured Dio’s, arms wrapping about him as they sank back into the soft, expensive pillows. With his eyes only half open, he gazed down at his husband.

“I’ve been longing for you.”

“That is exactly what I was afraid of. As much as your company is something I enjoy, you can be a bit much for three in the morning or whatever godforsaken time it is.” Still, Dio could not help but crack a smile, pecking Jonathan lightly. “It is nice to see you.”
Jonathan began to make himself comfortable again, only this time with Dio tucked snugly against his chest, the other man able to hear the pounding of the brunet's heart if he listened closely. Large fingers ran through long blond hair, and he sighed deeply. "You aren't weak, my love. I am. Because the thought of losing you makes me feel as if all is lost in this world."

“You don’t need to worry about that. Nothing is going to happen to me.” Certainty was complete in Dio’s voice, belief and conviction in his words, for he knew them to be true. “Now hush with your dramatics and let me go back to sleep.”

Dio had hardly finished the sentences, when Jonathan was already starting to lightly snore. His arms remained wrapped about the other, fingers lost in his hair, which had grown longer in recent months. Peacefully, Jonathan slept on until later in the morning.

“Jojo, I need to go to work,” Dio said, shaking his shoulder awake. He’d gotten up before his alarm, turning it off so as to not prematurely disturb Jonathan and granting himself an early shower, changing into a sharp looking suit, hair tied up behind him, a growing ponytail. “Not at the firm, the likelihood is that I shall be in the courthouse all day. I’ll skip out on any after events, but I cannot tell you what time I will be home.” It was a courtesy, really, Dio had little time to chat, briefcase in hand he was ready to go out the door.

“Huh?” Jonathan pulled himself up awake, looking at his finely dressed husband “But that is really not fair, Dio, you look so good, oh, if I could just pull down your trousers a bit…” He lunged forward from the bed and gathered the man into an embrace, Dio certainly could feel the erection poking in his side.

“Oh well, I suppose I can wait for later. I shall see you when you get home, we shall have dinner together.” Jonathan released him, and offered as innocent a smile as he could muster. Truly, he wished he could strip him down.

After bidding Jonathan goodbye, Dio made his way to the courtroom, closing the case with a charge of not guilty to his clearly guilty defendant. It was heated nearing the end, but Dio’s assurance he would win proved its way to the end, and glowingly marched out with a smile on his face.

The victory was exhilarating, the buzz never lost itself for a moment. An invitation back to the bar was presented, but Dio had other thoughts in mind.

“Kiss me, Jojo, I am in a mood of celebration,” he said with a pose of dramatism.

Jonathan was in his personal office this time, notes spread over his desk, a pile of books haphazardly stacked to the side, looking as if they might be ready to fall over at any minute. When Dio stepped in, his eyes drifted up to the confident form of his beloved, glowing from his recent victory. There was no need to ask if he had succeeded, it was written all over him, from his expression to his posture.

With an air of calm about him, Jonathan placed his fountain pen back into its holder on the desk. He stepped up to Dio, and used his thumb and forefinger to delicately tilt his chin upwards, placing a slow, wet kiss on his lips, letting his tongue gradually slip into the other man’s mouth, exploring and building the passion.

“Congratulations, my dear.” Once they parted, fingers began to undo Dio’s tie from around his neck, before twirling it about haphazardly. “On your hands and knees, please. Right here on the floor will be fine.”

“That is not exactly the victory position I had in mind, Jojo. Neither the floor nor my hands and knees quite reflect my emotions right now.” Dio pouted, lips shiny from the prior exchange of kisses.
“And you are the one who complained about not seeing me, don’t you want to gaze upon my face?”
Slowly, he began removing Jonathan’s shirt, button by button, carefully kissing the skin revealed to
him, brushing his face against Jonathan’s broad chest.

The spots that Dio touched on his chest tingled, and as always, Jonathan found it hard to resist his
thorny lover. Still holding the tie, now crumpled, he leaned in and scooped Dio up into his arms,
carrying him off into the bedroom. with a loud sigh.

“I thought you might appreciate the roughness, and I’ll confess, I take a certain bit of pleasure in
making your lovely, expensive tailored suit in disarray, along with the rest of you. I also hope that
you were not planning on taking your lovely face anywhere after we’ve spilled our seed, because I
cannot be satisfied by just once.” Gently, he placed him down on the soft mattress of their bed, and
began to pull off his shoes and trousers socks, letting them sail to the other side of the room without a
thought. “You’ve left me hungry, Dio.”

“My lovely, tailored suit shall see no such harm come to it. Strip me down, and do so gently. Then
you can be as rough as you like with the rest of me, Jojo. I will never deny that I do not enjoy it to
the highest of extents.” Dio grinned, leaning up to kiss Jonathan sweetly, but nonetheless deeply on
the mouth, even such a light gesture filling his stomach with a satisfying warmth, his cock with a
familiar and wondrous tingle.

“I hunger for you too… sometimes I hardly realise it until you are here, and then I am left wondering
how I ever let it go.” Saving himself from the sappy words, Dio’s next lock was harder, biting on
Jonathan’s lower lip, tugging on the flesh before letting it go and crashing into him once more.

Jonathan had wanted to, despite Dio’s encouragement, tear the clothing from him, roll it into a ball,
and let it turn into such a pile of wrinkles it would take a great deal of effort to get it just right again.
Knowing Dio, he would most likely insist on doing it himself, and Jonathan would so enjoy
distracting him from that job as well.

Upon feeling Dio’s rough kiss against him, Jonathan fell back into the mattress, pulling Dio with
him. He continued to undress him, but now his focus was on the blond above him, the clothes just a
mere gauze between himself and his husband. “Don’t let me go, Dio.” There was a hint of
vulnerability in his tone which he had not intended, and he broke their gaze, nipping Dio’s neck and
shoulder as he wriggled him from his trousers.

Dio spread his legs open and wide, welcoming Jonathan’s touch. Oil was just a reach away, unused
for a while with plenty left to spare, and Dio handed the bottle over, clinging to Jonathan just as bid.
“I won’t let you go.”

With a lather, a cry and deep push inside, the pair were joined as one, and truly that declaration real,
connected in the most intimate of ways they could be. Dio’s limbs all centred on Jonathan’s,
wrapping round and squeezing tight, the round fast and sweet and hard, kisses and nips unending.
He panted, heavy, then light, finding Jonathan’s lips whenever he could, clinging to them as a limpet
would rock over and over again

“You know, Jojo… no matter what I am doing, you are the one my life is devoted to you. I care
about my career, you first handedly know that, but they are not the ones I said my vows to. It was
you, and you will always be the first, the one I want. We will find our balance, I promise.”

“I know we will. I know we--“Jonathan’s response was cut off by a loud moan, as he climaxed deep
inside of Dio, body trembling and face contorting from the pleasure, so much so that he temporarily
lost his train of thought. In the heavy panting that followed coitus, his arms encircled Dio and held
him in a comfortable embrace.
“In time, it will all work itself out. So long as you love me, and I love you, I feel there is nothing in this world we cannot accomplish.” Jonathan’s romantic and dramatic declaration was followed by kisses, and eventually more love making. After this, they would surely be able to make the time to see each other on a regular basis, with and without clothing.

But the next day was another long one for Dio, as was the day after that, and the day after that. Being the loyal and supportive husband he was, Jonathan tried to not dwell on it too much. At least Dio would have the courtesy of telling him if he expected to be late (which was always) and he no longer needed to worry about him. But he could not pretend he was happy with seeing his husband for only a few hours a week.
The day before Jonathan was set to leave for a weekend trip to visit the manor, he paid Dio a visit at his office. Stepping inside, he wore his longest wool coat, with a cloak over top of it, that managed to cover him from head to foot. The day had been windy, and when he stepped inside, he was clutching the edge shut tightly, his brown hair a windswept mess. Still, despite his strange appearance, he had a look in his eyes that Dio would not have seen for a long time. The kind of mischievous look he would give before slipping a frog in his shoe.

“Hello, brother dearest. Are you going to invite me into your office?”

The receptionist had showed Jonathan the way to Dio’s suite, and if not for the voice that called out being instantly recognised, he might have had a far coarser reaction that a pause, then a sigh inaudible from the other side. “It is open.”

When Jonathan stepped inside, Dio was already facing the flat of his desk, scribbling away at another endless sheet of paper, surrounded by books. If he was honest, and he was “Now is really not the best time for you to be here, Jojo. I have a hearing tomorrow and this case may just be my biggest yet. I need to be prepared for this Extensively. I have seen my opponent practice while in university and though I am sure I can defeat him, he is nothing to laugh at. I need to assure myself I know every rule, every loophole, every…” He looked up. And his nose curled.

“...Jojo, I know people here. You could have done a little more, scratch that, a great deal of a lot more to fix yourself up. It’s as if you simply rolled out of bed and grabbed the nearest coat. I know the season is changing, but it is hardly so cold you need all that wool.” He looked down at Jonathan’s feet, and was granted the full display of his ankles just above the length of his shoes. “And decided to sport some shorts? Really, Jojo, what on earth do you think you are wearing?”

Making sure the door was closed behind him first, Jonathan took a step forward. “I know that you will perform brilliantly, regardless of whether or not you have filled your mind with all the legalities you are already so well versed in.” Stepping around the desk, Jonathan stood beside Dio’s chair, only a pace or two away.

“You have been working so hard, Dio. Though in the process, you have been neglecting certain martial duties.” Jonathan’s lips remained up turned into the sly smile, his words very matter of fact. “I thought perhaps paying you a visit might be in order.” Jonathan pulled the cloak back, and began to unbutton his coat. With each button, the bare flesh of Jonathan’s chest became more and more visible, until finally, he was able to pull the fabric apart like a curtain, revealing the Joestar’s completely nude form underneath.

“You have not been fucked in three nights now, perhaps you could remedy this problem?” Jonathan was brimming with nervous energy, typically Dio would be the one to initiate such a thing. But he seemed very into the part right now, cock between his legs starting to twitch as he watched Dio’s reaction.

With a gaping mouth, Dio blinked once, then again just to make sure he was not somehow so overworked his imagination was playing tricks on him, or he was not caught up in some rather enjoyable however untimely dream. But lo and behold, Jonathan was stood naked and proud (though his expression nor his blush could be hidden) in front of him. Rather than answer with something that indicated his clear surprise, Dio’s lips curled into a wry smile, his finger and thumb pressed to his chin.
“Three days. Oh no, what has your poor cock been through, a tragedy really.” He gave a half scoff, half laugh “As if your own hand has not catered to it plenty a time between. I told you, Jojo, things cannot be the same as they were. And I told you we would find a balance. Three days is not time enough for that.”

But... the offer was tempting. Incredibly so. Painfully and daringly so. Dio looked to the clock. Then back at Jojo, then back at the clock now the next minute had passed. “Luckily for you I skipped my lunch break. That gives me a free forty five odd minutes or so, should I want to take it.. I suppose you will have to make do with that offering.” He loosened his cravat, suddenly feeling a great deal hotter than he was not too long ago. “Don’t mess up my clothes. And be quiet, like we were back in Hugh Hudson.” As if their voices were ever low.

A grin spread across Jonathan’s face as he watched Dio tug off his cravat, he let his coat and cloak hit the floor, before leaning in to help him.

“Why I would not be surprised if you kept an extra set of clothes around here in case of emergencies.” Jonathan deftly undid the buttons of his vest, while Dio worked above him on the dress shirt. Sliding him out of it, he draped it over a chair, and then fell to his knees, undoing the clasp of his trousers and letting them drop to the floor. “Although I would hope that emergencies such as this one are few and far between.”

He gave Dio’s cock a good hard suck, letting the saliva coat the shaft thickly, while his fingers playfully teased his sacks. Once he was certain that he was frenzied just enough, he stood and leaned over across Dio’s desk, sticking his ass in the air, and gazing at him longingly over his shoulder. Papers and books already on the top didn’t stand a chance. “Dio, please, fuck me!”

“No. Not yet.” They were no longer bumbling youths, messy and disorganised, and those papers were really quite necessary to be in order. Though his cock throbbed from the teasing and sucking, standing almost fully erect, Dio moved himself away, standing from his desk.

“Prepare yourself, I don’t need to be getting dirty any place but one,” Dio ordered, giving Jonathan’s rear a hard spank, smiling at the red imprint that quickly appeared on his flesh the moment he removed his palm.

Eyes flicking between Jonathan and the floor, he picked up the papers, placing them sturdily down on a filing cabinet, smoothing a couple of curled edges, pouting at the minor damage.

Jonathan flashed Dio a pouting face, shaking his ass shamelessly in his direction. "I will gladly do so, but Dio, don't you want me? I don't even know how you can stand waiting." He felt a bit offended that the blond was worrying about straightening books and paper when here he was ready and waiting for him.

Still, this only made him more determined to look irresistible. He pulled himself onto Dio's desk on all fours, and brought two fingers to his lip with a seductive look in those blue eyes. He suckled the fingers for a few moments, letting a bit of saliva drip from his lips as he did so and trickle down his hand. Then, with great care he pressed them into his tight hole, making soft little moans, never dropping his gaze from Dio.
While none could say Jonathan’s attempts of seduction were masterful, imitation took him a great deal of the way, though his mind centred a little too dearly on keeping himself from falling off the desk.

“I want you. But I was not prepared for you, Jojo. And when you leave there are still things I need to do, and I would prefer not to have to rifle through a mess of files you created but are unable to put back together.” It didn’t take too long for Dio to sort out the papers, and soon enough he returned to Jonathan’s rear, just in time to be greeted with the welcoming sight of his digits slipping out, hole ready and waiting for him. He had to admit it was plenty inviting, and the thought of organisation and propriety was quickly slipping from his mind. Better he had done it before.

Biting his lower lip, letting his teeth drag across, he placed his hands on Jonathan’s cheeks, spreading them open, grinning at the sight displayed before him. And once again, just as it had been the last time, he wondered how he could have gone without it, cock throbbing hard.

“Legs down,” he instructed. “This desk is too expensive to be broken.” Knowing themselves, that was a very likely possibility. When Jonathan obeyed, Dio slipped into a responsive angle, prodding against the puckering rim.

“Timing aside, for all that must be said and done, I must say your unexpected arrival is quite the treat.” He did not give Jonathan a chance to reply before thrusting hard inside him, cock ramming straight to the hilt in but a slam.

Doing something as bold as coming to Dio’s office stark naked beneath his coat was a leap for Jonathan, but desperate times called for desperate measures. While Dio may love him and desire him, he needed a not so subtle reminder of it.

As he was impaled by Dio's member, Jonathan bit his upper lip, doing his best to keep his moans subdued. Though it was a challenge, having been deprived of the sensation for days, longer still since Dio had taken him. His own cock was hard and leaking at the tip, and when one particularly forceful thrust brought him closer to his peak, he cried out louder than intended. Not enough to give them away, but it might have made his secretary raise her head.

Holding firm to the edge of the desk he glanced back over his shoulder at Dio, eager to see his reaction to the noise. Another smack would have even been welcome.

With Jonathan’s moans and cries were far too loud for their situation. They had been safe, most of the time, and caught others, and within the walls of his firm, where all would use anything they could to tear the next down, Dio had no intention of rumours being started regarding his private pleasures.

Cast aside was Dio’s cravat, placed on the chair away from the action, but he saw fit to grant it a new purpose. Ceasing his bucks and slams, he took the fabric into his grip, tightening it with a tug and letting it bend ride over to Jonathan’s lips. “Open up.” He slipped and fastened the tie inside, gagging Jonathan with a tight knot.

Dio smiled, brushing Jonathan’s cheek with a finger before bringing it back to grant his ass a spank, revelling in the now muffled cry let out. “There. That’s better. And I do like to see you like this.” As he cock pulled out right to the tip, he punctuated his next words with a forceful continuation. “I like
to see you come too. But don’t make a mess.”

Once, Jonathan had been shy to the harsher side of love making, but now, he revelled in it. The feel of Dio’s hand against his ass, sharp though it was, gave him the contact with his husband that he had been craving. Though the gag was not pleasant, he accepted it, and if nothing else it would lower the risk of being caught.

Knowing that he was nearing his finish, Jonathan’s hand clutched his own manhood, thick and swelling. A few more thrusts from Dio, and his hand was filled with his own seed, being careful not to let any drip, even as he slumped over on the desk.

There he remained until Dio finished, glancing over his shoulder to watch his lover’s own expression. He could not speak, but everything he wanted to say had been expressed in the motions of his body.

Dio came with a suppressed moan and an exerted pant. His hand immediately went to his length of hair, pushing it back, along with the droplets of light sweat that now brewed, sighing and pulling out.

“I would say put your clothes back on, but that does not seem to be a possibility for you.” The afterglow was sweet but short, and sensibility returned to Dio as he took his limping cock in his hand, a handkerchief in the other and wiped himself off, Jonathan’s rear following, tossing it in the waste paper basket near his feet. They hadn’t lasted long, since Jonathan entered and Dio had finished, around twenty minutes had passed. But though another round could have been weaselled in if they were quick, Dio tucked himself away, tidying.

He returned the files to his desk, thumping them down where Jonathan’s sprawled body had lay by moments ago, taking the opportunity to give him a kiss once the gag was removed, something not thought of by either, more lustful areas of the body reacting first. Still, in that moment of affection, Dio tapped Jonathan’s cheek, a little reprimand.

“Go and get a job, Jojo. It will save you from getting bored, and lonely, and coming to my office in nothing but… well, nothing. I enjoy it, don’t get me wrong I enjoy it dearly, but this cannot be a common occurrence. We’re no longer in the world of boys will be boys, we are men, and men cannot fuck in the middle of the day when the secretary is just outside.” He kissed him again “We have to grow up. Or at least wait until everyone has gone home.”

The kisses pleased Jonathan, and he returned them affectionately, although Dio’s words brought a pout to his lip. Knowing that he was now clean, but still nude, he slipped into Dio’s lap and wrapped his arms around his neck.

“I am working! I have some research that is sitting at my desk this very minute. And I had not told you this yet, but my mentor, Signore Zeppeli, has offered me a position at an upcoming dig. It would be in Italy, though, and I would be gone for a month.”

Jonathan’s lips trailed over Dio’s jawline, and down to his neck, though his collar prevented him from being as intimate as he would like. “I miss you a great deal, and I feel I hardly see you, with the pending problem that I may go away soon. We should at least try to have one meal together per day, should we not? And as for the rest…” Jonathan’s hand dropped between Dio’s thighs, giving him a squeeze. “I suppose I can be patient.”

“Oh, I see, Jojo, when I am a little busy for three days it is the end of all things and you must come in galivanting like a naked, horny babe, but when you go away for an entire month it is all well and dandy. It is all very clear now.” Dio moved Jonathan’s hand away, letting it rest only around his hips and not much further down.
“And in any case, I cannot say freely that I can spare every single lunchtime to eat with you, Jojo, my schedule simply is not so straightforward, I have papers and cases and meetings. Let’s call it two times a week. I can manage about two.”

“I am trying to savour every moment with you that I can, my dear. That is all.” He pressed another kiss to Dio’s lips, and then rested his head beneath Dio’s chin, a position less often taken, but one he enjoyed nonetheless.

“As for lunch I will settle for three times a week, nothing less.” He tilted his head to look up at him. “Plus being home for dinner once a week. That should not be too much to ask.” Jonathan’s cheek nuzzled to the soft fabric of his dress shirt, arms still firmly around the other man’s neck.

“Fine, if it will get you off my case each day, I will accept. But it is not set in stone, if I have something more important that needs doing, I will do it. And you cannot appear naked through the streets looking like some homeless man who happened upon a couple of expensive coats.”

Dio allowed Jonathan his after orgasm cuddles and softness, or he knew he would not hear the end of it. But time ticked and soon a lack of productivity was giving him mild agitation. “Now, you need to go. I will come home tonight, it may be late, but I need a comfortable bed and a decent night’s rest. Go home. Do your research.”

“Fine, fine.” Jonathan stood and slipped into his shoes, pulling the coat over his nude form. “I shall take some time to focus on my own work. But don’t be too late, all right?” The cloak was pulled over his shoulders, and he spun towards the door. “Don’t worry too hard.” Blowing a kiss in Dio’s direction, he managed to step into a coat rack and nearly knock both himself and the rack with him. Whatever grace he had was used up during their coitus. Still, he managed to leave the office without further problems, and their secret was safe.

True to his word, Jonathan was waiting up in bed for Dio that night, reading a book. When the man came in, he set the book aside, and began to carefully undress him, hands running over his body as he did so.

“Welcome home,” he whispered. “There is a bath waiting for you, it should still be hot. And I laid out some night clothes.” Dio’s hair had been tightly tied back, but he reached up and tugged the ribbon out of it, letting the hair fall about his face.

“I wanted you to know I am proud of you, and how hard you work. Even if there are times I miss your company.”

Dio smiled with tired eyes, shaking his hair out, a little bit wavy from the way it had been kept and tied all day. “I’ll take that bath.”

Easing out of his work clothes, letting them fall into the laundry basket, he took the journey ahead of Jonathan, resting himself in the warmth of the water -- a little cooler than usual, but it would suffice. He sighed, body relaxing under the depths, the weight of all his work hitting him like a bolt of thundering lightning. It was only a matter of minutes before deep breaths escaped, and sleep befell him.

When Dio would wake the next morning, he would find himself smelling faintly of flowers, remnants from a bath soap that Jonathan must have run over his skin while he slept. He was in silk pyjamas with blankets brought up around him. A faint smell of something burning was in the air.

Down in the kitchen, Jonathan was sitting and reading a paper, while munching on some burned toast with enough marmalade on them to disguise the flavour. Raising his eyes to Dio, he stood with
a smile, reaching for a paper sack.

“I know you don’t have time to sit and eat, so I made you something you can have quickly. And ah, don’t worry. I am eating the burned one.”

The scent of the room, thick with burn was enough for it to fill Dio’s nostrils before he even descended to the first floor. He made a slight pout at the veiled morsel, unsure of how safe it was at all. “I’m not very hungry,” he said. He took it all the same.

“You always used to call me the wife, Jojo, but I should say you are taking to it far more. Waiting for your husband to return home, preparing him lunch… the model housewife.”

“You need to eat, Dio, and you often forget it.” Jonathan chided and returned to his own seat, licking a bit of marmalade from the side of the toast.

“And I suppose I am. One of us must be.” His hands fell to the newspaper he had been reading. He folded it up and met Dio’s eyes. “I don’t think in terms of wife anymore. I think in terms of what you need.” A bit of a mischievous smile rolled over his lips at the next thought. “Occasionally, I may decide that you need to fuck me mercilessly.”

“So long as it stays occasional.” Dio’s mood was light with Jonathan, though he had never been one for mornings, and the weight of this case held a great deal in further proceedings to his career. Confidence was with him every step of the way, but perhaps a motivating sense of nerves was laced within it.

His hands went to Jonathan’s shoulders, slipping up to his neck, fingers just brushing into the thick locks of brown. He pressed a kiss to the man’s lips. “The courtroom is open, if you are too bored, why not come and see me dominate my field? In full dress attire, mind, but nevertheless.” Knowing Jonathan was there watching, supporting, something about that made Dio will him to say yes.

Jonathan’s lips tasted sweet from the jam, his eyes gazing up at Dio just as sweetly as he made his request. Dio had never, even in their school days, felt the need to have Jonathan have anything to do with his career. Really, he knew next to nothing about Dio’s legal work, except for the fact that he excelled in it. It warmed his heart for Dio to put forth such an invitation.

“I was planning on going to the library today, but I can always do so after.” There was a brightness in Jonathan’s eyes, spirits raised by the thought. “I know you have been working hard on this case, and it would be interesting to see what you do all day. I shall be there… fully clothed. This time.” He pecked Dio on the cheek.

“Then why don’t we leave together? You take about two minutes to change somehow, and I am a few minutes ahead of schedule.” Dio sat himself down at the table crossing his legs over themselves. A happiness befell him, as well as a desire to prove himself all the more.

Yes, with Jojo watching, there was no possible way he could fail.

Shoving the last bits of toast into his mouth and licking his fingers clean, Jonathan rose from his seat and disappeared into the bedroom. As Dio predicted, he emerged within a few minutes, his hair neatly combed, and a hint of cologne strategically placed behind his ears. His jacket and trousers were neat, except for the fact that the colours clashed horrifically. Jonathan took no notice, and turned to look at Dio.

"I am ready to go!"

One look at Jonathan and Dio’s expression dropped. “Oh no you are not, turn around and go back
from where you came from.” Abruptly standing, Dio prodded his finger into Jonathan’s back and forced him to march forward, up the stairs and to their dressing chambers.

“I would have thought after all these years living under the same roof, and the lesser of our romantic affairs, a little bit of my fashion sense would have leaked in. Just an eye that tells you that that shade of yellow with that shade of purple is an absolute travesty, practically criminal. I should have you thrown in jail and I would not defend you.”

Returning to the bedroom, Dio opened up Jonathan’s closet. He had completely redone his wardrobe back in France, though a few small bits and bobs continued on, ever upgrading. The wardrobe was a wonder anyone could gaze at in wonder, and here Jojo was, squandering all these wondrous items.

“One day, when I have time on my hands and you have worn one wrong outfit too many, I am going to pair each shirt with a waistcoat and trousers, or vest, or whatever compatible combination I can think of. That way you needn’t think at all, needn’t ruin all these beautiful French garments with your colour-blindness.” He scanned over the outfits, choosing a blue fitted waistcoat and a dark shirt to match. He did not have a problem with colours that stood out against each other, they simply had to align. “Choose the white breeches, or the black. The bow can stay.”

Jonathan pouted his lips. "I was trying to be creative, I thought you might appreciate that." There was no arguing with Dio on the best of days, and when it came to fashion, he knew better than to even try. Stripping off his trousers, he chose the black ones, and wriggled into them as he glanced at Dio over his shoulder.

"The clothes are all lovely, but I thought that a bit of experimentation might be healthy.” He turned to look at his reflection in the mirror. One of his brown curls had popped up, and he licked his palm, running it over the stubborn lock to smooth it back down. "But as you wish. Is this better now?"

He turned back to Dio and found himself grinning, looking at the blond’s own carefully chosen attire, admiring how it made his figure look even more stunning. "I feel part of the problem is I am not like you. You could make anything look beautiful.”

“Flattering as you are trying to be, Jojo, you have never seen me in an outfit that does not suit me. I know my strengths, as I know my weaknesses, and I do not allow myself to dally in what does not make me as good as I can possibly be and look.”

Adorned on his own body was a red suit, and with an awareness for how colouring worked, he knew eyes would be drawn to the bold crimson, the lacing of gold pattern thread almost making him sparkle. “And I would never deny experimentation, but as you have no awareness, best go for the tried and tested and knowingly splendid. I gave you an arsenal, use it to your highest advantage.”

As soon as Jonathan had dressed once again, they were off, the pair a bright additional to the dull grey skies that stood over them, and thought unneeded, Dio appreciated the titters of appreciation granted as they marched forth, proving his choices stellar to say the least.

"Isn’t it lucky that I married you, so that you can stop me from committing sins against fashion every day?” Jonathan flashed Dio a smile as they walked down the streets. He could see a few ladies and even some gentlemen flicking their eyes in their direction, and he too realised just how handsome they must appear walking through the streets together. That only made his smile broaden.

As they neared the courthouse, Jonathan reached and rested his hand on Dio’s shoulder. Of course they were in public, and being overly affectionate was not permitted, but still, husband or brother, the sentiment needed to be shared.
"I don't know if I have ever told you how proud I am of all your hard work." Jonathan began, once he caught Dio's amber eyes. "You laboured hard throughout school and even on our trip through Europe, and you are doing so each and every day. You have become a successful lawyer, and I know that you shall be successful today." He risked a light touch to Dio's cheek. "I look forward to seeing you speak before the court, my darling brother."

“Jojo, you told me exactly the same thing last night. Almost word for word though this time it held a few additions.” Dio rolled his eyes, but a wry smile came subsequent. “But nevertheless, the sentiment is regarded, and I thank you for it. I do realise I work at an exceeding level, and while I am afraid that will not change for you nor anyone, it is warming to know you are there to support and warm my bed should I not stay up past the eleventh hour.

He took Jonathan’s hand in his own, granting it a quick squeeze in lieu of a kiss. “And now you can bear witness to the product of all that hard work, and know I am not simply dawdling in overtime.” There was a call for the case to begin in the coming minutes. “Now, pick a seat, I need to have a few words with my client before we begin. Adieu, brother.”

"I cannot say it enough. Just as I can never say those three little words that were the bane of your existence for so long enough." The squeeze was returned with one of his own. "Take care, I shall see you when the trial is done."

Jonathan watched as Dio moved inside through a throng of people, disappearing among them and into the building. After a moment, he finished the climb up the steps himself, and walked through the high wooden doors.

Jonathan had never been in a courtroom before. The atmosphere was charged, like a theatre, only more severe. The wooden benches were cold and uncomfortable, and he could only imagine how much less comfortable it was for any family of the accused. Prison was no friendly place to go, no matter how much wealth one had. The only chance was for a good lawyer to work in their favour, which of course, was Dio's role in all this. Sitting back against the seat, Jonathan kept his eyes on the front, knowing his husband would be speaking soon.

Buzzing a little from the anticipation, Dio sorted his case files, demanding his little too chatty defendant say nothing within the case, allow him to do all the talking, unless of course jail was what he truly desired. The cocky bastard, but well respected and in both talk and trousers lawyer upon the opposing side did not seem hold any nerve, giving Dio a wink that made him want to claw his eyes out and toss him against the room, brutally.

Before, he would have settled this kick with a shot of whiskey or scotch, whatever was available in his well-stocked arsenal, but now he was forced to process without any additional stimulants. Decidedly, he used such to his advantage, and when his turn came, words spilled forth from his lips in an easy, persuasive tumble.

His eyes searched for Jonathan in the crowd, but did not dally on him alone, he already knew one person in the room adored him, now he simply had to woo the rest. Aggression turned to charm and wit, he made the court, the jury love him, and love his client equally. Sympathetic vices, rhetoric, throwing what truly was little more than his audience into the same shoes, he defended his case and brought forth a near tear jerking display.

Jonathan watched from his seat in the back row with his jaw ajar. This was Dio, his brother, lover, and husband, someone who had maybe three drops of sympathy for the human race buried somewhere within his soul. And yet here he was, bringing the audience, as well as the jury to the heights of emotion, several ladies pulling their lace handkerchiefs from their pockets in order to sob into them.
The proceedings continued, and Jonathan observed them with interest, though he knew he would never wish to trade places with Dio for anything. When the verdict was finally read, it was of no surprise to anyone that it was not guilty. Jonathan had a sneaking suspicion the verdict was wrong, but that was beside the point.

“The theatre lost quite a talent when you went into law, my dearest brother.” He finally said later, once Dio had been dismissed. “You put on an amazing show, you almost fooled me as well.” Smirking, he turned to climb the steps down from the courthouse. “You were nothing less than brilliant, but I of course expected nothing less.”

“What do you mean almost fooled you, there was no act on display, Jojo,” Smugness had taken over Dio’s expression, the high from a win utterly giddying, there was no hiding his beam nor the spring in his step.

With the rest of his day opened up, the pair were only just deciding how to spend the rest of it before their time alone together was squandered. A few of his law peers, and even a couple of higher ranking collections (who Dio was very aware could grant him raises and promotions) had gathered round him, surprised he had gone without much of a word.

“Dio, running off so soon, are you? This was a win for you, a big one, and the firm itself. How about lunch? I am certain we have a great deal to discuss.” Jonathan still stood beside him, they took a look at the larger man both in height and breadth, quite awed by the presence that befell them.

“Of course, your friend--”


“Brother, can join us, if he so chooses.” Dio looked to Jonathan, silently asking.

Though he did not show it, Jonathan was disappointed that he would not have the chance to have Dio to himself. He missed his husband, and his work had been devouring most of his recent life; why did these people have to come and steal him away for the little bit that he had him for?

Of course, none of those thoughts crossed his lips, and like a gentleman, he smiled graciously to them. He knew that his size and figure were intimidating. Dio himself was considered quite tall, and Jonathan was taller still. For once, he did not mind the intimidation. “I should be honoured to join you all. Today was the first day I saw my brother’s skills in action, and it is truly worthy of celebration.”

Of course, it depended on which skills one was thinking of, as there were plenty of other things Jonathan had seen which none of these men would have the faintest idea of. Still, there was no lie in the statement, and he looked to Dio, nodding slightly in his direction.

“It’s settled, then,” one of Dio’s bosses said, and off the gaggle went, stopping off into a fancy looking restaurant.

“Don’t worry, we shall depart quickly, but it is best I mingle with my colleagues, at least for a while. That is a large part of the job in and of itself,” Dio whispered as they made their way through. “I do intend to spend the large remaining chunk of my day with you, rest assured.”

Jonathan nodded his head, glad for Dio’s measurement. At the restaurant, he mostly kept quiet, ordering his food and eating it slowly, making sure his manners were up to snuff. For the most part he was ignored, though at one point, one of the group politely asked if he had a hobby or occupation.

“Archaeology,” Jonathan responded. “In fact, I shall be returning to Italy soon to work on an ancient
Roman ruin. I am sure that my darling brother will be glad to be rid of me for a time, as I tend to leave my notes everywhere.” He flashed Dio a playful grin.

“Ah yes, I remember Dio saying he lived with his sibling now. Of course that’s only when he’s not living in the office.” His boss laughed, patting Dio on the back. He hated when he did that, but smiled nonetheless, feigning like another was something Dio had mastered long ago. “Brothers and both bachelors. Must be the life not to have the wife at home.”

“No wives here,” Dio said quite honestly. As wine was poured he lifted his hand, rejecting the offer, mildly aggravated. “I like to keep my mind clear, you should try it some time,” was all he said to the looks.

“No woman would be able to tolerate Dio, not even for his handsome face.” Jonathan smirked. “He works far too hard for that.” Grinning he looked to Dio, so proud of him for refusing the wine, and knowing all too well that he must do this often. “He is also quite eccentric, but then again, so am I.”

Jonathan raised a glass of water to his lips, looking at Dio and the men around the table. “I suppose it just comes with the family name.”

Dio pouted. Even in jest he was not exactly looking to be called intolerable in front of his peers, be it true or false or somewhere in between.

“I wouldn’t quite say that,” one of his colleagues interrupted not just Dio, but you have not only the name as you said, but the looks to catch any dame. If you’re ever looking to settle a catch, there’d be girls lining up if there aren’t already. I’d be.” Dio flashed Jonathan a championing stare, at least someone could appreciate his splendour.

“Mm, I have no doubt of that,” Jonathan spoke with a hint of amusement in his voice. It was so strange seeing Dio like this, in another world completely. But as in any world Dio inhabited, he mastered it all.

“In a few days I shall be traveling home to the estate. There is paperwork that needs your attention, whenever you are able to get some time between cases.” There were other things that needed his attention too, though they weren’t appropriate conversation material.

Since Jonathan’s comment was not of much relevance to anyone but Dio -- who gave him a nod -- his words were largely ignored in lieu for business chatter, lawyer drivel and simple small talk and laughter over this that and the other, only half of which Dio thought genuinely humorous.

Their meals came, and their meals went, Dio allowed Jonathan to enjoy the rest of his parfait, dessert never something he often indulged in, but the boss would have it no other way, enjoying starter, main and pudding to boot.

But that was more than enough conversing for one day, and Dio stood to take his leave, shaking hands and smiling grandly when his boss told him to pencil in a meeting regarding his last case.

“That took longer than I thought, but needs must, and that meeting will profit me well. I expect a promotion and a much larger office to come in the near future,” he said to Jonathan, once they had made their ways back outside.

“Mmm, a bigger office, eh? All the more reason for me to come and visit you.” He elbowed Dio playfully in the ribs, and then turned the corner, heading in the direction of their apartment.

“It was a splendid display in the courtroom today, you deserve any raise you get.” Jonathan continued to walk, glancing to Dio beside him. “I am glad you asked me to come watch. It’s
“interesting seeing another side of you.” A gust of cold autumn wind blew through them, and Jonathan tugged his jacket closer around himself.

“I would invite you to observe me on a dig, but I am not so sure you would enjoy all the dirt.”

“You would not be wrong. There is a difference to our professions, Jojo, when I am in the courtroom, that is the climax, the display of all I have worked for. A practical performance. With your digging, it is a process, one that may not even prove itself to be fruitful. And very dirty.” Dio’s hair swirled at the wind, loose today, and dishevelling him a little. He flicked it from his face, for all the prettiness of its length, he had to admit short was far more convenient.

“Though I cannot deny seeing you sweaty and hot in rolled up sleeves would be a look I do not find appealing. There’s a charm in it.” He gave his hand a squeeze. “And the passion you show when you do what you love is never a sight I could ever want to miss.”

Jonathan beamed at Dio, feeling a rush of warmth spreading through him at the words. “That means a great deal. I shall settle for having you admire my work from a museum.” A gush of wind blew a few orange and red leaves past their feet, reminding Jonathan of how quickly the season had changed.

“It will be your birthday again soon.” He unlocked the door to their house, looking at the gaps in the front shrubbery where he planned to have rose bushes planted in honour of the occasion. “We shall both be needed at the manor before long, so perhaps we should plan to celebrate there.” Closing the door behind them, Jonathan pressed a quick kiss to Dio’s lips. “For now, let us celebrate your victory.”
Rose bushes were put into place a week prior to Dio’s birthday, though in the autumn weather they looked like thorny brown bramble. Still, come spring, they would be a bright and colourful addition.

Once at the mansion, there was work to be done and grounds to be surveyed, all of which Jonathan had become more adept at handling on his own. Still, having Dio at his side increased his confidence, and there were legal matters that could not be looked at without his input.

On the morning of his birthday, all work was put on hold. Dio would be drinking his coffee, when he heard a squawk and the sound of Jonathan crying out in pain from down the hallway.

Though he had called them a birthday present, Dio was not exactly gushing at the sight of brown prickles and soil for a gift, nor did he find them the most aesthetically pleasing addition to the front garden, and least not for a good six months. Autumn was not the season for planting and growing, but he let Jonathan play with his new little hobby, so long as no more mud was treded into the house -- but he had learned after the first time never to do such a thing again. He might have just preferred another brooch or pair of earrings.

Upon hearing the noise he sighed deeply, preparing himself both mentally and in simple physical strength for what else Jonathan had decided to grant him. The sound of anguish was not quite a promising start to his birthday, to the least.

“...A bird.” A falcon, to be precise. Beak curved and magnificent, feathers a deep brown, eyes piercing, the perfect predator’s stare, and it seemed its prey was his husband. “But this one does not exactly look like the tamest of creatures. He could not hide the amusement in his expression as Jonathan bled from more places than one, but a brow was raised high along with it. “You left me abandoned in bed this morning upon my wake to go find such a thing?”

“A friend of mine from school mentioned that he was trying to find a new home for the animal. He’s a gyrfalcon, like we saw in Germany, and trained to hunt. I thought that you might like him… but he seems to be more ill-tempered than I thought -- ow!” Jonathan’s arm received another peck from the bird’s sharp beak, causing him to let go of the little chain on his right foot, and fly across the room. He landed on a lamp shade near Dio, tilting his head and examining the blond.

“Oh do be careful, I don’t wish for him to bite you too.” The gyrfalcon however seemed much calmer once away from Jonathan, watching Dio closely as he began to preen his feathers. When Jonathan drew near to attempt to retrieve the avian predator, he hissed and spread his wings. Jonathan jumped back in shock.

“All I did was try to pet him, and he went ballistic. I am sorry, my dear, I suppose he won’t make for a good birthday gift after all.”

“You were awful with birds, even in Germany, did you expect them to like you now? You simply look like too much of a milksop for them to not think you are a mouse to snatch up in their jaws.” Dio teased with a smug grin, approached the bird closer, a breath of caution in his step, but otherwise moving with confidence.

The falcon responded, allowing Dio to take the chain in his grasp. “Yes, he knows who is the true apex, a fellow dominant of the world.” He took to the bird well, and quickly, now out of Jonathan’s sight, letting him perch on his outstretched arm, admiring the present with an appreciative nod of approval. Second gift’s the charm.
“I shall call him Horus, like the Egyptian god of sky and kingship. Fitting, no?”

“I would have called him Beelzebub.” Jonathan took a step closer to the animal, only to have it hiss at him again. Resigned, he stepped back and shook his head. “But yes, it is appropriate I suppose. It is just strange to have an animal hate me so. But birds are odd creatures.” He reached into his pocket, pulling out a few strips of dried meat and passing them over to Dio. Horus had his eye on him the entire time, ready to strike if Jonathan was too close.

“I am glad he is taking to you, though. The birds did seem to like you, even back at the zoo. Perhaps you can take him hunting so time, so long as he does not see me as the prey.”

Stepping over to the table where Dio had been drinking his coffee, he picked up a biscuit from a plate and took a bite. “Shall we take supper tonight in our room? Perhaps I can give you my final gift then.

“Oh? And what might your final gift to me be, pray tell?” Dio guided Horus back into his cage, for the time being, returning to Jonathan’s side at the table, legs crossed over “That is all well and good to me, supper in bed -- so long as you are not doing the cooking.” Not allowing his coffee to grow cold, he finished the rest of it.

Dio’s twenty second birthday was a quiet affair, he made no unnecessary spectacle with parties and wining and dining, in fact he planned to stop in at work for an hour or five during the day, if he could slip away.

“No, I shall not be cooking, I promise. Though my cooking is not that terrible and you know it.” Jonathan chuckled and raised a hand to brush over Dio’s cheek lightly. “But I feel that we are both in need of a quiet evening to ourselves. One where we are undisturbed by anything. Including your work.” A playful jab was given to the centre of Dio’s chest, and he leaned in, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“As for the rest, though, it wouldn’t be a surprise if I told you, now would it?” Winking, he took another biscuit and left the room, Horus squawking from his cage as Jonathan passed.

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Later that night, dinner was brought to the master bedroom and left for the two to enjoy on carts. Jonathan fed Dio a birthday cake daintily from a porcelain plate. “Happy birthday, my love. Are you ready for the main course?”

“Give me a moment to digest the actual main course, Jojo.” Dio stretched out his limbs, stomach protruding ever so slightly more than its usual slender dip, and he patted it lightly, a sort of massage. He was calm, the cake was sweet, but not too much so he did not enjoy it, and the meal had been of his favourite variety. He had managed to pop to work for a few hours, but before those turned into an entire spin of a clock, Jonathan had appeared to whisk him back home.

“There is no need for so much haste, why do we not just…” Dio sighed, resting his head against Jonathan’s shoulder, his arm loosely wrapping around his side. There was nothing more to it, simply the allowance of a gently recline, a moment between the two surrounded in comfort and relaxation. Dio enjoyed it, enjoyed the closeness without the hot intensity. Not that he did not adore the latter, but there was a value to quiet intimacy he found more and more value in as the days and years trickled on with Jonathan. Something was contenting about the very thing. He smiled, pressing a kiss to Jonathan’s shoulder, before resting upon it once more.

“I can take it slow, if you like,” Jonathan whispered, fingers reaching up to lightly card through
Dio’s hair. “I am enjoying this too, you know. These days you are always on the move, and it is lovely to be able to slow you down, and force you to eat, rest, even be lazy.” His hand trailed down across Dio’s body. He was never without admiration for his pale ivory flesh and subtle curves, and while he had each inch of him memorised, he would not dare miss a chance to take a fresh look.

So Jonathan allowed for some time to laze in the silky sheets, letting his hands and lips wander as they pleased. But eventually he rose, disappearing into the bathroom to change.

The sun had fully set by the time he had emerged, the room now only lit by the ornate, overhead gaslight, and a few candles. At first, in shadow, it was difficult to see what he was wearing; indeed, he could have just simply been naked. But as he drew closer, the tight black leather could be seen. Elbow length black leather gloves could be seen, along with thigh high leather stockings, held up by a garter set. Around his waist was a firmly fit corset that ended right below his pectoral muscles, as if supporting them. Jonathan had not eaten as much as usual at dinner, and the reason why was apparent with his waist, made smaller by the constricting garment. Everything fit him to a tee, the pieces were clearly custom made to fit his frame without the slightest of hitch.

“I know I disappointed you the last time I wore one of these. I hope this pleases you.” Though it was dark, a strong blush was still found in his cheeks.

“Pleased… that is one word for it.” Dio only replied after a long, jaw dropping pause, blinking once, then three times more to see if this was truly an actuality before his eyes. “You… my, Jojo. You indeed.”

He did not imagine Jonathan would do such a thing, the way in the past he had complained of the restraining. In their time of tribulation it had even been one of the meaningless arguments they’d encountered, though really it was never such an issue as that, not really. But now he stood there, dashing and gloriously black clad, Dio wasn’t quite sure if his cock had ever risen so much so quickly, legs parting at the display alone.

“Come over here. Right now.”

Despite knowing Dio’s tastes backwards and forwards by now, as well as having it tested time and time again that his husband found the utmost pleasure in his own body no matter what, Jonathan had been apprehensive about this gift. He was not as at ease with clothing and fashion as Dio was, and he feared making a dreadful mistake. That was on top of his own dread of the discomfort that such items brought, but having them made to fit his bulky form had helped a great deal. Slowly he stepped to the bed, and pulled himself onto it on his hands and knees.

“Take me however you like, as many times as you like,” he crooned softly. His own cock was concealed in a leather thong, the centre of which rode directly between his soft ass cheeks. It was uncomfortable and yet tantalising all at the same time. “The toys are in my top left drawer if you fancy them.”

“No, Jojo, not like that. You are the one who is going to be fucking me. Like that. In that. Turn around. I’m not going to waste taking you from behind when you are wearing that pretty little number all for me. Face me.” Dio spoke with a firm tone, dictating every instruction, but a lilted edge held to his voice, teeth dragging up his lower lip, admiring the craft of his grand ass before Jonathan obeyed his command.

“Undress me,” he ordered, though hindering Jonathan’s action by pressing a kiss harsh and long to his lip, tongue rolling about in his mouth, biting the lower lip harshly as he pulls himself against him.

Jonathan’s sizable form fell forward slightly, his hands clutching the silk of Dio’s nightshirt. Mouth
pressed against Dio’s, and he felt a few twinges of delightful satisfaction warming his chest. Dio was enjoying his gift, and that only made his confidence grow.

In the meantime, something else was growing inside the leather thong, restricted by the form fitting fabric. The feel of the tightness rubbing against his cock and rear only served to make him even more aroused. Dio’s pyjamas were discarded in no time.

“Do you want me to go slow?” Jonathan’s lips pressed against Dio’s neck, tongue trailing down over his collarbone to a nipple. “Or do you want me to fuck you so hard you don’t have time to think?” A sharp little bite was given to the pink, hard flesh.

Dio responded to the kisses with a longing fervent, desires and salaciousness increased tenfold as their bodies were pressed and erogenous zones were nipped. He grabbed Jonathan by the hair, pulling him in closer, letting his open mouth press and lathe around the areola of his nipple, sighing contentedly, noise becoming more of hiss when bitten.

“Ah--Surprise me,” he said, grinding hips and letting himself fall swiftly into the motions and ministrations, wrapping his legs around the other man and bringing them down flat on the bed, the heavy weight something of a comfortable pressure, the texture of Jonathan’s garb upon him.

Seduction laced in a dark blown gaze, Dio kissed his gloved knuckles and fingers, lips surely to follow.

Having Dio so charged with arousal and want with only the effort of dressing in the leather attire was both pleasant and a surprise, though Jonathan supposed he should not have been, given his own responses to Dio clad in sweet lacy bedroom wear. Even with the discomfort of the boned bodice around his middle, he was contented, the effort more than worth it. Dio had always made it known he appreciated creativity in bed, yet experimentation still made Jonathan hesitate. But each time he tried, he had succeeded, and all the prior nerves seemed to dissipate with every kiss.

A small bottle of oil was pulled from beneath a pillow, where Jonathan had hidden it earlier for safe keeping. The liquid felt cool to the touch at first, and then warm and tingly, as he pressed it into his opening, the feel of his leather coated hands adding another level of sensation to the mix. He allowed Dio to continue suckling on the other glove, until it was time to impale him, dipping his hand into the swollen pouch that held his cock and guiding it into his now slick hole.

Wordlessly, he locked eyes with Dio, making the choice to move painstakingly slow. Even if Dio did not care, he wished to savour the moment.

Dio’s body quivered with the motions, his entire form quaking, the muscles of his stomach in a circle of clenching and unclenching tightly as Jonathan invaded his walls. Ceaselessly, unable to stop even if he wanted, his voice cried out into the echoes of the bedroom, fingers balling, clawing into the mattress, grip harsh, and his hips pleaded for more, “Faster, Jojo… Jojo…”

The teasing was insufferable, unbearable, even, precome leaked onto Dio’s stomach like a dripping tap. He squeezed what was there of Jonathan’s cock inside him in a lock to incite him, arms looping up and linking with the tax expanse of his back, deciding to take refuge there instead.

“I changed my mind, fuck me silly, Jojo, do it now, do it fast!”

"Now you want it fast." Jonathan smirked, enjoying the desperation in Dio's voice and body. "I don't think you are ready for it yet." He grinned and took his sweet time with the next thrust, holding his cock deep inside of Dio, tantalising him with a lack of motion. "But I am enjoying being so deep inside you. I do not know if I ever want to move…"
He did eventually start to pull out, bit by bit, letting his head sink against Dio's neck and kissing the flesh of his neck tenderly. His movements were still slow, moving as if he were fragile and might break. The looks on his face was sly, knowing full well that Dio could handle a good hard pounding, and enjoying the denial of it.

"I am not sure you want it enough. In fact, if I pulled out of you right now, I am not convinced you would even notice."

"I-I thought this was my birthday treat, Jojo," Dio tried with a scowl, though its intensity was severely nullified by Jonathan’s pleasuring torture. To compensate for the lack of movement, his hand went to his own cock, and without much thought for pace or poise, he began stroking and jerking it, erratically attempting anything, anything at all that could satiate his increasing need. His hips still bucked, but Jonathan was stronger, his position far easier to keep Dio under his thumb.

“If you really think your cock is so ineffective that if you pulled out I would feel little to naught, why not try it?” The accompanied masturbation helped at least in giving Dio a clearer mind to retort to Jonathan's coos and taunts, and a half smirk was even managed in his “It must be a shame to think yourself so bad that it makes no difference either way. But I think you can give it a go, don’t you? Prove that that cock of yours has the power to make me ache, yearn, scream for more. Go on. I dare you. Pull out.”

Despite himself, a small laugh left Jonathan’s lips. He took great pleasure in seeing his husband so worked up into a frenzy that he needed to touch himself. But it would not do to have him feel sweet relief so soon. Jonathan took Dio’s wrists and pinned them above his head.

“Now, now, touching yourself is cheating.” Jonathan did withdraw, but set to kissing Dio’s neck, mouth leaving a slick trail of saliva across his pale skin as he ventured downward. When he reached his cock, he gave it a small lick, teasing the head relentlessly. “Do you want me, Dio Joestar? I want to hear you beg.” A gloved hand began to playfully probe Dio’s entrance.

“Beg?” Dio chuckled within his writhing desperation, struggling against Jonathan’s grip around his hands. He cursed that strength he so adored in all other circumstances, wringing his wrists and wriggling with utter futility. “I do not beg, Jojo, I demand. And I will give you one more chance before my humour dissipates.”

But actions spoke louder than any weak willed words, his rear greedily took any and all of Jonathan’s finger he was given, closing around him tightly, attempting to keep him lodged inside, though it paled in comparison to the wide girth of his member he had already experienced before. Pricks of hot tears formed in the corner of his eyes, but he shook his head, denying them. “Fuck me. I will not beg. And I will not ask again.”

Smirking, Jonathan pulled away completely, tongue leaving a thread of saliva on Dio’s cock as he sat, releasing Dio’s wrists. It was only a brief parting, as he retrieved the box of toys from a drawer. A sizable dildo was selected from the collection, though purposely thinner than Jonathan’s cock, no wish to give him everything he wanted just yet.

"Day in and day out you are always in control of everything. In the courtroom, in your office, even in the keeping of our estate and comfortable home. But now, you get to beg.” Little by little, the thick black shaft was pressed into Dio’s aching hole, giving him a slight sense of being filled, but not the kind he wanted.

Dio took to it as a man would water in the desert, crying out as his ass was impaled inside of him. Every muscle he had to spare went into taking it inside, using it, curling himself around to find that sweet, sweet spot inside of him, and his body trembled as it was finally brushed.
But it was not enough to make him come, not even close, but he needed to, he *needed* to, Jonathan’s words became something of a background drive in the back of his mind, let himself beg, let himself go… just here. It wouldn’t be so bad, would it? No one would know, no one but Jonathan would see his weakness, and Jonathan knew already how he could be.

“P--” The fray beginnings of the words became to tumble from his lips, but before the rest could spill, Dio bit his lip. Control was slipping away, always a cause of hitches and hindrance in Dio’s world. But even with the start of an utterance, something inside began to melt, as if the world and its pressures could be taken away here. Just here. Just now.

Dio squeezed his eyes shut, refusing to look Jonathan in the eyes as he spat it out. “Please. Please, Jojo… I need it. Please.”

"You need it?" Jonathan’s hand guided the false cock in and out of Dio, giving him a taste of harder thrusting as he did so. He knew that Dio wanted more than this, wanted to feel his cock deep inside him, and wanted the satisfaction of being fucked as if that were his job. As his husband, it was, but with the added responsibility of keeping things fresh.

"It is so hard to resist you when you ask me so sweetly." Jonathan withdrew the dildo, and gazed up at his love from between his thighs. With care, he positioned his body, and inched the head of his cock into the opening. Soon, he let it fall inside him, fast and sudden, filling him up completely, having to hold his own self back.

"You feel sublime. I don't even want to tease you anymore." Another thrust was given, faster and harder, the feeling just as sweet. "Happy birthday, my dear." A tiny peck of a kiss was pressed to Dio's nose, and he began to give the blond the harsh, rough, fast love making he craved.

“No more teasing…” Dio’s breath was shallow, light, words were the last thing he wished to let go of now, only moans and groans and cries out unbridled ecstasy as he felt his lover go into him with all the prowess he knew he possessed. Nothing could outmatch Jonathan’s cock, nothing could compare or even hope to match him in the smallest iota.

It took but a few hard thrusts to make him spill, a long time overdue, body rippling with a wondrous orgasm. “Don’t stop… don’t you dare…” He let Jonathan fuck him right through his orgasm, sending shuddering waves of overstimulation running in torrents, his entire form a mess and he adored it, hair a mess, lips wide, a slither of drool running down the corner of his mouth.

He came once more before the hot burst of seed filled his rear, and though he felt as if he could not move an inch, Dio clenched around his shaft, keeping him inside until he grew soft and further on.

“A gift, this was a gift, Jojo. I didn’t think you would dress in such attire. A surprise, but one all too pleasant.”

Jonathan allowed himself to let go, giving in to his primal desire to simply fuck without thought, his muscular hips and thighs doing the work. Even after Dio spilled his own seed, he continued at his implacable pace, filling Dio to his core with his cock. But eventually, all good things come to an end. Spilling inside of his husband, he slumped atop him, catching his breath and taking in the scent of their sweat and come, feeling the slickness of Dio’s pale skin beneath him.

“I am glad I am still able to surprise you.” It took him time to find the breath to speak, but once he did, he began to slowly peel himself off Dio’s form. “Do not expect it too often, I could hardly touch dinner so that I could wear this comfortably. But your expression was well worth it.” Jonathan’s finger traced along the bottom of Dio’s chin, and then tilted his head up for a light kiss.
“I adore you.” After the words were spoken, another kiss was given, followed by another. “And I adore you even more when you are completely undone for want of my cock.”

“No wonder you did not go for seconds this time, I had noticed the change.” Dio chuckled, enjoying each kiss presses upon him, reciprocating with a smile. “And I suppose if there was one thing in the world that deserved to be begged for, that cock of yours is the first.” He sighed. “Begging, an oddity. But I have to admit, somewhat relaxing. See how you have weakened me, Jojo? That I would think to plea.” There was none of the usual gravity that came with those words, only a light humour and a stroke to Jonathan’s cheek with a gentle thumb.

“But you needn’t do this all the time, I have to say I appreciate you doing it at all. The last time you wore a corset was so abysmal, I thought you would almost turn away from even I, Dio, in the sight of it. Of course, that could never happen, I simply am far too radiant.” Once more their lips locked together, Dio summoning just enough strength to roll onto Jonathan’s stomach and kiss him from above, smearing their bodies together.

“Leather suits you. Oh, Jojo, it suits you a great deal. I think I could content myself in just the though. I can see you on a leash and collar, gagged at the mouth. Now that would be a sight.” He bites into the kiss, pulling on Jonathan’s lower lip with a roused smirk.

“A leather leash and gag?” Jonathan raised a brow at the man above him, but resigned himself in a happy sigh. “Perhaps for your next birthday, or some other special occasion. You shall just have to wait and see.” Jonathan allowed Dio to lounge over his leather clad body for a bit longer, but eventually, the need to wash arose. The master bedroom’s sizable bath was well stocked with all the things that Dio used and enjoyed, making it no secret that the other man’s home was in the Joestar heir’s bed.

Soon the leather was carefully peeled off, Jonathan even allowed Dio to do the honours, before the two sank into a rose scented tub, a few petals sprinkled among the top for effect. With his usual tenderness and care, Jonathan lifted Dio into the bath, and began to massage his shoulders, running a soap bar across them in the process.

“Before you know it, we will be celebrating our first Christmas as a married couple. I was wondering if there might be anything you would like from Italy.” His hands paused for a moment, finally having found the time to bring this up. “Signore Zeppeli has invited me back for a few weeks, for some additional research work. You have been so busy, and I’ll be home before the holiday season begins, so I plan on accepting.”

“Italy…?” Dio’s face curled from his contented smile into something far more similar to a grimace. Though he did not pull away, instead he turned into Jonathan’s hold, wrapping slender arms around the larger form and holding him close. “No. There is nothing I want from that place, Jojo. Nothing at all.”

Italy held few fond memories for Dio; though it was a place where he grew, began to truly move on from the life he once knew, it was dually the place that marked that penultimate collision of his decline. Leaving Jonathan, his time alone, Jolanda, the woman who shared Jojo’s marked. He shook his head, most of it was admittedly a blur, but he remembered enough to have little regard for that place. There was no need for him to remember, no need for him to return.

“But I suppose it is good to see you with a job in place, Jojo, you have been a little stagnated for a while.” He kissed against his chest, though perhaps when it had just been covered in soap that was not the most intelligent of ideas. “I say take the opportunity, if you won’t miss me too much.” He gave a wry chuckle.
“Oh I shall miss you terribly.” Jonathan sank down and pressed a few fleeting kissing to the top of Dio’s head. “I will hardly sleep at night for want of you in my bed, and I’ll count the minutes until I see you again. In other words, just like any other day.” He laughed, his fingers brushing across Dio’s sides as he tightened his arms around him and gave him a gentle squeeze.

“It will be hard, you being so very far, but I enjoyed my work, and Signore Zeppeli has been everything I could ask for in a mentor. If I am going to advance in this profession, travel will be a necessity, just as your long hours are a necessity in your own. We shall manage.” Jonathan began to cup water in his hands, rinsing the soap from Dio’s pale skin.

“It shall only be for three weeks, and when I am home, we will begin to decorate for Christmas. And this year, it shall be ours more than ever before. So there will be that to look forward to.”

“You’ve been on university placements longer than three weeks, that is no trouble.” Dio closed his eyes and let the warm water fall over them, humming when the action was repeated, trusting Jonathan to cater to the needs of his hair without the slightest hint of doubt.

Upon the bath’s completion, the pair returned to bed, lying beside each other face to face. “Thank you for this birthday, Jojo. Quiet, but with a perfect end. Who needs a grand spectacle of a party when I get to see you in a bodice?” Tired, but humoured amber eyes met Jonathan’s blue and Dio let them close, falling into a contented slumber.
The weeks after Dio’s birthday, Jonathan was busy preparing himself for his trip, as well as putting in extra hours at the library to devote to research. By the time he was ready to leave in mid-November, it had grown cold, the leaves had all fallen from the trees, leaving their front garden looking like a bed of yellow and red. There was no time for Jonathan to toy with gardening and grounds keeping now, he had work to do.

Jonathan rose early on the morning of his departure, so early that Dio was still in bed. He dressed, his bags already waiting at the door, a coach would arrive any moment to take him to the train station. Sitting on the corner of the bed, he stroked Dio’s hair, leaning in to kiss his forehead.

“I will write to you, and telephone when I can,” he whispered, knowing that the other man would be roused by his touch.

Carefully Dio hummed, shuffling awake at the fray touches, blinking into the brightness of the morning “Mm? Are you leaving now?” he asked, still too groggy for much more than airy words. He adjusted quickly as he realised this was indeed the case, sitting up in a roll of his limbs to properly kiss him, caring not for the morning breath he would usually have meticulously ridded himself of beforehand.

“Do be safe, Jojo. And productive.” He smiled, still tired, with a good forty five minutes of his alarm left to spare. “Three weeks, wasn’t it? Tenth of December. I will see you then.” Sighing he took his face to Jonathan's chest and neck, unfastening the first few buttons of Jonathan’s shirt, taking a long inhale of his scent, etching it to memory in a long lasting moment until the driver rang the doorbell, bidding Jonathan leave.

“Call me when you arrive, if they have a long distance setup in the country. Goodbye, husband mine. Goodbye, Jojo.”

Jonathan felt emotion welling up in his chest. This would be the first time he had left Dio since their marriage, and his last trip to Italy had been the most challenging time in their relationship thus far. He felt himself fighting back a few tears, knowing that it was silly. Their parting now was the polar opposite of their last, and it would not be so very long. So he smiled and stole one last kiss, before he was on his way.

The weeks that followed were indeed some of the busiest Jonathan had ever been. While the Italian winter was milder than those back home, the ground was still harder for long term digging. Jonathan found himself examining the products of previous digs, joining his mentor in the library for intense research.

Dio would be privy to much of this research, as Jonathan would spend his evenings, where possible, penning letters to him, describing his analysis in great detail, along with words of adoration and longing. Phone calls were rarer, he only had the opportunity once when he arrived, and it was brief. So when the phone in Dio’s office rang a few days prior to Jonathan’s set arrival date, it would not have been expected.

“Dio, it is so good to hear your voice! I need to apologise, I shall be staying an extra week, Signore Zeppeli invited me to give a lecture to some of his colleagues, but they will not be in the city until the day after I was scheduled to leave.” Jonathan's voice was full of excitement on the other side of the line. “I sent a letter, but it may not reach you in time, and I’ve missed your voice dearly. Even when it is scolding me!”
Life without Jonathan… Dio noticed it more than he thought he would. Not that he did not think the man had made his mark on his existence, in fact he knew with a great deal of certainty the gravity his husband and brother held in it, turbulent yet steady, endless and ever present. But he was a busy man, with a busy schedule, and it was not as if three weeks apart was exactly a long time in the grand scheme of things.

But he missed the small talks, the brushes and touches and the times they woke up together. He missed their three time lunch dates Jonathan practically had to force him to keep, he missed the occasional moments he cooked and often burned dinner when he wanted to give Dio a treat and dismiss their temporary staff early in order to kiss him where he wanted in their London home. He missed him when he was acting the fool, being clumsy, or when he tried to feed Horus and resulted in being his prey. He missed the little thing, perhaps more than the large. He wanted him home.

So when he received the phone call that told him Jonathan would be later than expected, his heart fell, sinking to his gut. “Another week? I see…” Dio was quiet, his fingers tapped against his desk, still at work -- nothing unusual. “Well, I suppose I am grateful you are letting me know. I hope your lecture is fruitful, I shall see you on the seventeenth then, I presume?”

“Yes, that is my plan! Now, I can’t stay on long, but I hope that you are eating, and not working yourself too ragged. We will have a lovely holiday together once I am done here.” There was a male voice in the background, and Jonathan responded back in his accented Italian, before speaking into the mouthpiece again. “I miss you so much. Take care of yourself, all right?” With a quick ‘I love you’, Jonathan was off the line, and pulled back into his work.

As luck would have it, the next week was filled with some of the worst weather Italy had seen in years. His lecture was delayed by a day, and then his train by another. As if a cloud of bad luck were following him back across the continent, the weather drifted west ahead of him, leaving in its wake a string of delays, cancelled coaches, and telephone lines that were not working. By nature, Jonathan was a patient person, but with the holiday fast approaching and his yearning for his husband, he found his good humour stretched to its limits.

It had been days since he had been able to get a telegram through, and by the time he crossed the channel, there was a foot of snow to contend with. It wasn’t until Christmas Eve when Jonathan showed up at the door holding one suitcase, face flushed from exercise.

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“Merry Christmas!” He stomped his boots on the floor and started to peel off his coat. “The coach couldn’t get past the village, so I walked. My luggage will be brought later, but I had to get home.” He opened his arms once he was no longer wearing his coat, ready for a long embrace.

When the seventeenth came and went and Jonathan did not show up at the doorstep, Dio was caught a little worried. He had received no such news of a late arrival, he had even left work completely on time to ensure he would be home for Jonathan. But the corseted attire he donned went to waste, the first spritz of a new perfume went without sniff, and his night remained anxiously uneventful.

When the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth all sailed by too, Dio was even less glad. He attempted calling to no avail, something about the weather, and through no help of Jonathan’s discovered boating delays in Italy were likely the cause of his late returns. Admittedly this could at least quell the worry that something far worse had happened, but all the same, there had never been a
greater difference between three and five weeks until now.

They were supposed to host a Christmas party on the twenty third, back at the Joestar estate. It was traditional among their circle for someone to do it, and this year it fell upon them. The invitations were sent out a long time prior, and the servants had been prepped with all the instructions for decoration and spectacle; red, white and green littered the mansion in the form of baubles and tinsel and candy canes hooked onto a candelit tree. Pride and the amount of money spent told Dio he could not cancel such an event, and so it went by without any exterior hitches. Dio played the perfect host, smiles and cheer, supplying mulled wine for all but himself. But without Jonathan, and his life something rather monogamous these days that he could not fuck his way out of boredom at balls, it was yet another time that craving for alcohol kicked hard against his rear. He almost gave in this time.

When greeted with smiles and cheer and expectation for embrace on the twenty fourth by his wayward husband, Dio’s arms folded round each other, slinking just below his pits, his expression curled into something between an apathetic straight and an unimpressed glower. “You’re late. Seven days late. A week. Which on top of the weeks you were already late makes for three. More or less a month. No call, no telegraph, no letter. Just late. Dead for all I knew, but no, just late. Merry Christmas indeed.”

Jonathan’s face fell, and he let his arms drop with it. “It was the weather! It practically followed me home! Look how deep the snow is outside, the carriage could not even get through.” He leaned down to untie his boots, kicking them off and to the side. While still crouched, he gazed up at his husband, glaring forebodingly down at him. Even in this less than jolly state, Jonathan felt his heart warm. Dio had been worried for him, even if they each had their own way of showing it. That was worth everything, to know their hearts were beating at the same rhythm.

“Dio..” He stood to his full height and brushed a hand delicately over his cheek. It was as cold as ice. “I am sorry I worried you. Please forgive me. I made it home before Christmas, did I not?” He leaned in close, his lips almost touching Dio’s own, but they held back, despite the desire to throw him on the floor and start kissing and undressing him.

“I remember another snow storm like this. At least this time, I only dragged myself through it, eh?” Dio’s expression softened at that, against his desire. Truly, he understood well enough, but dragging out his irritation would not have been the worst punishment Jonathan could have received from him, after extending his travel time by a long two weeks. Often out of the pair of them, his own touch was the chillier, perhaps he finally gathered a taste of what Jonathan often felt. Still, his hand reached up to press Jonathan’s fingers against his cheek.

“You are freezing. Almost as much at that night, though compared to the rest of the world, you were warmer than the fire. They are all stoked, come you should warm up. Though it was not you who was sickened by that that little blizzard endeavour of ours. Closer to half a decade now, how the time flies.” Walking backwards, knowing the way round the Joestar estate like the back of his hand and better, Dio guided them into the lounge, sitting them down at a loveseat dragged right next to the boxed in flames. He sighed, contented, as Jonathan's cool form snuggled up to him, decoration surrounding them picturesque.

“You missed the Christmas gathering last night, it went well, but was a dull affair without you.”

Jonathan could not take his eyes off Dio, now that they were finally reunited. He kept his hands in Dio’s own, his skin growing warmer to the touch the longer he held on. Only once he had sunk into the love seat and melted against Dio so that the two became as close to one as possible with clothing on, did he lift his eyes to admire the decorations.
“I would have rather been here entertaining guests with you than stuck overnight in a train station, waiting for the first coach which could take me home.” He wished to comment on the tree, and the decorations, everything looked lovely, Dio had done a splendid job directing the servants, just a good spouse should be able to do. But none of those words could leave his lips, and indeed, despite the beauties and festivities surrounding him, his eyes were brought back to Dio.

“I have gone far too long without your kiss, and if you do not remedy this soon, well… I won’t be held responsible for my actions. A wry smile crossed his mouth, and his forehead pressed against Dio’s own, lips drifting closer together.

“As if me granting you a kiss would do anything but accelerate them tenfold.” Dio grinned back, and soon enough their lips were pressed together, the heat of their tongues swirling and joining together, sending ripples through their bodies, reacting in both noise and movement, shuffling atop and beneath one another, limbs tangling in friction and heat, the crackling of the fire tuned out, replaced with moans and slides and pops of pecking before once again their kisses deepened.

“I should really return those letters you sent to me. Excluding the mentions of what you wanted to do with and to my body, there was enough to fill at least another thesis or two,” Dio spoke between more affections, turning more and more lascivious at the growing seconds.

“As for myself, well, I was promoted. I am certain it the shortest time ever to jump up in rank since my last, soon they will run out new swanking offices to give. Oh, the amount of flirting the ladies and secretaries have given me is enough to make a head spin; it is a pity there is only one I want. Only one I need.” He crashed his face against Jonathan’s neck, sucking a hickey onto the every increasingly warming skin, but still cooler than normal.

It was liking coming home at last when their lips joined and tongues curled about each other’s. No matter how much Jonathan loved his work, and how busy he would keep when he was on a dig or in a library, Dio was always his first love, first in his heart, and would never be far from his mind. His tanned flesh grew warmer from the heat of the room and the heat of their motions, and a surge of peace and contentment fell over him, along with excitement for what the night might have in store.

“What a shame for those ladies. I cannot fault them for their excellent taste, you are everything one could want in a husband. Jonathan’s hand closed around Dio’s, bringing it to kiss his wedding ring. “But alas, you are already married, and unlike some of the cultures I have been studying, I do not practice bigamy.” He grinned up at Dio, feeling himself get lost in the other man’s amber eyes. At one point, he had wondered if perhaps he would long for the curves and gentle nature of a woman more than his prickly blond, but now he could never see himself with anyone besides Dio, nor did he want to.

“It appears we have both been successful in our time apart, and the trip was fine up until the weather from hell. I feared I would not make it home for Christmas, but thankfully I made it, if only by the skin on my teeth.” He tightened his embrace around Dio, taking in the splendour of the room. “I am sorry that we could not decorate together, but you did a wonderful job all the same. No wife could have done better.”

“It’s a good thing you do not have one then.” Dio beamed, pulling Jonathan on top of him fully, wrapping his legs around the larger man’s form, missing that bulk and size that came with the territory. It had been a long time since rugby, he did not expect that particular physique to ever make its way back to stellar and glistening peak, but he did not care. Jonathan was toned, but that soft edge that joined him made Dio feel heated deep within, a comfortable warmth that filled his stomach with domestic fondness. And with those few extra things to hold, it made him all the more comfortable to hold; no cushion could out measure that pillowy chest.
“I have a gift for you tomorrow,” he noted in the midst of their growing closeness, bulges in their undergarments growing larger by the second. “I think you will be very surprised. In fact, part of me, Dio, even feels a tumble of emotions regarding it, and I am not quite sure which one is the most present.”

He unbuttoned Jonathan’s shirt and sniffed him, now that they were back together, he no longer had to remember that scent, he had it all to himself. “But it means something. Something that truly will put everything in history to rest, my dear Jojo.”

Jonathan raised an eyebrow at Dio. “A gift for me? That means something?” Jonathan brought his hands to rest over Dio’s hips, feeling his slender body beneath his fingertips. He always enjoyed the contrast between their two forms, his tan skin on Dio’s pale, his short, dark hair full of curls beside Dio’s long light hair, and his large, bulky form to Dio’s slender. They were so incredibly different, in both looks and personality, but it made them work so well. Everything about them both had come together to complete an intricate puzzle, and in the end, their strengths and weaknesses always balanced each other out.

“I look forward to seeing this gift, though I haven’t the slightest clue what it could be. Our history is at rest, though I know some things will always be a challenge. But we put it all behind us the moment you placed the ring on my finger.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s mouth, admiring his form atop of his own. They should probably move to their bedroom, but he was enjoying this way too much.

“I bought you a few things in Italy. I made sure they were in the suitcase I brought with me tonight. Not just because I wanted to give them to you, but because I was not leaving anything that expensive in someone else’s hands.” He raised his fingers to card through Dio’s hair. “I love to spoil my prince.”

Dio’s lips curled into an O shaped circle. “You bought me something? What could it be? Preferably not another animal, I think we are going to be well stocked on pets. We are well stocked, and enough is enough.” Horus had been brought to the Joestar estate, kept in a very different corner to the realms Gingersnaps pounced and preyed and in truth mostly lazed. The small kitten found on the summer cottage porch had long since grown into a larger breed, quite accustomed to the luxuries rich life could give him.

Dio expected jewellery, or something of the like as gifts. Not a surprising choice, but not a difficult one, and a much appreciated present. There could never be enough jewels to decorate his skin, diamonds and sapphires and rubies to adorn his fingers wrists, litter his neck with jewels. “Do spoil me, Jojo. Spoil me well, my dear knight.”

“With pleasure.” Jonathan’s smiling face came down to Dio’s neck, pressing kiss after kiss to the bare skin, enjoying the scent of his lover that he had so long been without. He was already beginning to feel his body stir in response to their closeness, yet he did not wish to move from the spot, it was too comfortable. So he contented himself with the state of arousal, after all, it would not be long now before they could make love.

“Shopping for you was fun, but not as fun as being with you. Oh, it is good to be home…” Jonathan’s fingertips started to tease around the edge of Dio’s breeches, cool fingertips touching the warm skin beneath, before withdrawing. It was almost a game of how long he could go without tearing off his clothes. “Now please tell me you will not be rushing back to work the crack of dawn the day after Christmas. We have catching up to do, after all.”

“Well, you know, Jojo, I might have had time, but unfortunately someone decided to spend two weeks extra in Italy and across the sea, and I already take my holiday to come to the Joestar estate and organise the preparations and such for yesterday’s party.” Dio pouted, taking time off was bad
enough as it was, let alone taking time off to receive nothing but an empty bed. Of course his holiday would never go without hints of work taken home, but all the same, it had counted.

“Fortunately, you have me for until boxing day, then I must hurry back. Really, I shouldn’t have taken the last day off, but perhaps I was hoping that specific person would return just in time for Christmastide, and if not, I gave him an additional day.” He bit Jonathan’s lip a little harshly, then pecked him better. But the murderer of Whitechapel, Jojo… Jack the Ripper! They think they may be closing in on him, my police force connections say they will catch him, and I will be damned if I am locked up in the countryside for some two bit lawyer to steal this opportunity from me.” Dio’s eyes sparkled with ambition, his grip around Jonathan tightened as he spoke. But as Jonathan’s played around with teasing the waistband, Dio’s mind returned to other things.

“So…” Dio began to shimmy out of his breeches, revealing himself in skimpy laced panties, red as blood — which in fact were not for Jonathan’s viewing pleasure, and more for the fact he actually and quite simply enjoyed the way he looked and felt while wearing them -- and stockings, quite festive in fact, in their green and white striped, running the course up his leg and secured with sock garters.

“...You had best enjoy these two days you have with Dio and Dio alone, for I shall not be taking any extra time off for a very long time.”

“You act as if I was trying on purpose to stay away from you, when nothing could be further from the truth.” Eyes falling on Dio, his gaze moved to the peek of bright red that appeared from under Dio’s more gentlemanly clothing. And soon after, the garters clipped to silk peppermint stick striped stockings appeared with it. Without noticing, Jonathan’s tongue was out and wetting his lips.

“Oh, I will make use of every last minute.” Fingers began to clutch just above Dio’s hips, almost painfully so, as he was using more force than he realised. It had been far too long since he had fucked his husband, and even longer still since he had seen him in such a delicious looking set of undergarments.

“Everything be damned, this is my home, and you are my husband, and I shall take you wherever I damn please in it!” Abandoning the thought of making it up to the bedroom, Jonathan undid his own breeches, the bottoms of which still had spots of dampness from where snow had trickled into his boots, and began to pull them down as quickly as he could manage.

“Besides, we have never done it besides the tree before.”

“No we have not, and we are quick running out of places we have not entangled ourselves together. I would so hate for us to become stagnated.” Dio took in a sharp breath as Jonathan’s fingers buried that little bit too deep inside. He didn’t mind the pain, it was welcome, a testament to how much Jonathan wanted him, how fervent simply being with him.

They needed no mistletoe to guide them into a kiss and a dozen more to follow, blending into each other over and over into a blur where beginning and end lost all meaning. Dio slithered the undergarments down past his knees and spread his legs open, allowing Jonathan to probe inside.

“No need to spend too long with your fingers, Jojo, I already saw to that before I knew you would be home.” He bared teeth in his smile, licking his lips.

"And this is why I love you so," Jonathan pulled back for a moment, drinking in the sight of his husband, ripe and ready to be plucked, better than any bride he had imagined in his youth. His cock was painfully hard, yet he still licked his hand, coating it in a layer of saliva, and rubbed it across the surface of the skin, before leaning in between Dio's thighs. "You knew that I wouldn't have you all by yourself on Christmas Eve."
Slipping inside Dio was an easy task. They were experts by now, knowing exactly how to settle their bodies and the best shift, move, and settle into one another. Jonathan began the sweet repetition of thrusts and pulls, filling Dio and withdrawing, over and over, again and again. No words were spoken from Jonathan's lips, just the grunts and sighs mixed with the rubbing of skin.

Jonathan's eyes had been closed at first, but he pried them open, so that he might look into Dio's, seeing the way the candles on the tree reflected in his eyes, admiring the adoration that was in the amber and returned tenfold.

Dio did not speak much either, not even to direct his movements tell him to go faster, or deeper, or move that way or the other. Whenever he would begin to open his mouth, Jonathan had already changed, given him exactly what he wanted, and the only noise he made was a crescendo of moans from just how wonderful he felt.

“I missed you.” He offered him that, in the slip of passion, when his orgasm was fast encroaching. “I wanted you home, I wanted you to be here, with me. Fuck me…” If they were not already close, Dio still managed to pull him in closer, pausing in his bucks just to hug Jonathan, just to indulge in his face and feel his now warm body pressed together with his own.

“Make me come, Jojo. Make me come and don’t dare to think of letting me go.”

Years of memorising each and every movement, sound, and touch meant that even after weeks apart, Jonathan still knew exactly how to make Dio feel absolute bliss. The only problem was the need to hold himself back, having been so long without Dio’s touch. But even that was not so bad at. He knew they would have the holiday together. And even once Dio was back to work, they would still find time to be together.

There was no need to hide as they used to, no desperation in the uncertainty of their actions. Of course, the rules of society limited them in some places, but not in their own home. Marital bliss belonged to them.

Jonathan soon made Dio come, without so much as touching his cock. He didn’t have to, knowing how to fuck him with utter perfection. Once he felt the trembles of his blond beneath him, he let go himself, riding the waves of pleasure to their finish.

“Merry Christmas, my dear.”

Dio, spent and happy, sank into the softness of the loveseat with lidded eyes, staring up at his lover, his husband, unashamed to hide all in which he felt for him. “Merry Christmas, Jojo. Welcome home.”
Christmas itself began with a fresh coating of snow that truly had to match the weather they’d experienced on their first time together. Dio woke first, as usual, slipping out of the tight embrace Jonathan offered him with a tug.

A brisk bath and a change of clothes was made, comfortable and homey, but still presentable to any eyes that could cross him, and he stepped his way down from the main hall and into the servant quarters.

“Has my present been taken care of well?” he asked the servants, putting it under their care -- the last place Jonathan would look, or could see what it was.

“Yes, Lord Joestar.” Lord Joestar, sometimes the new title still seemed odd to him, but it filled him with something warm inside in a way Brando never could, or ever would. It felt good to abandon it, it felt good to take on Jonathan’s names and make it his own. Everything felt good, as if he were twelve again, and beside the bitterness he had exude toward what he thought was his brat of a brother, the world was looking up in ways he never thought it would for a very long time.

“Good. Give it to me.” The servant, vetted by Dio himself in order to accommodate their new lifestyle, nodded and made his way over to fetch it. Once retrieved, Dio took it into a careful hold with a very large arm’s length between himself and what he held.

“How did you find it?” he asked.

“Very good, my lord,” the male servant replied. “A treat, and perfectly easy to handle, no fuss. Lord Joestar will love it.”

“Yes, I expect he will.”

As he made his way back upstairs, Dio sighed. He was really doing this. He didn’t have to, perhaps it would have been easier to just let it be, but he really did know Jonathan would adore it, and for some reason, he felt as if this was a long time owed.

Just for today he allowed the present to do the honours of rousing his lover, placing it on the foot of their bed. Bounding over to Jonathan, the gift gave his face a series of licks that truthfully made Dio grimace, and the man kept his distance, claiming the armchair to the side as he watched, arms folded.

The warm, wet feel of a dog’s nose and tongue across his face was not something Jonathan had felt in many years. His first thought was that he was dreaming; dreams of his dead dog Danny were not unusual, as he had spent most of his childhood with him as his best friend. The pain of his loss still stung even after all these years, one never gets over the death of a loved one, and that was exactly what Danny had been.

Jonathan never found out for certain if Dio had been responsible, but in his heart, he knew the answer. Forgiveness had been unimaginable for many years; the cut had been too deep and deliberate. However, little by little, Jonathan allowed himself to imagine what had been running through Dio’s heart and mind. This boy, only a few months his elder, had lost his mother, been abused by his father, and forced to sell his body from the tender age of nine in order to survive. It did not excuse him; nothing would ever make his actions right. But Jonathan could show compassion. So much had happened, neither of them are who they were at twelve anymore, Dio could be forgiven.
Forgiveness is a funny thing when done properly, at first, there is a mixture of pain and relief, but before long the pain fades to quiet pangs, and all that is left peace, much like a well-tended grave. The topic of his lost companion had never been brought up by either of them, nor had Jonathan ever chosen to get another pet. Opening old wounds had always seemed foolish and unnecessary when weighed against how their relationship had evolved. For Dio, Jonathan could live without the comforting presence of a canine companion, even if a part of him missed it.

When Jonathan opened his eyes to see the small puppy, he realised the decision had been taken out of his hands. Jonathan need never ask; Dio had known and put Jonathan’s desires ahead of his own. The black nose started to sniff Jonathan’s large hand, two bright, intuitive eyes staring up at him from a white face and muzzle. He ran his hand across the short fur, the white interrupted intermittently by black spots. Tears fell onto his hand, which the puppy licked up. Jonathan’s arms gathered the small animal up and held it close to his chest, a few more fat droplets rolling down the sides of his face.

“…You never had to do this, you know,” he said quietly, shifting the puppy in his hands to take a closer look. “He’s a Dalmatian, isn’t he? A very different breed, yet the colouring...” He traced over a few spots, recalling the harlequin colouration of his long dead friend.

“Yes, a Dalmatian,” Dio replied simply, still remaining in the chair. “And I will not lie to you, I still hold very small regard for the creatures, if that. But a colleague's pet had recently given birth, and thinking on it, I thought you would appreciate such an animal, I am aware of your fondness for them, and it has been some years.” As he saw the tears slip from Jonathan’s eyes in large droplets, his face becoming red, lips trembling, Dio pursed his own, wondering if this had truly been a good idea after all. Perhaps not.

“If you do not want it, if it was an error on my part, then say the word and I shall return it. It is a purebred puppy, and many at the firm were already showing signs of interest towards the litter, my colleague wouldn’t mind. I imagine after... well, if you do not wish for the dog, I understand. Forgive my insensitivity.”

“No!” Jonathan brought the puppy to his chest, hugging it close. His grip being too snug, the pup let out a small yelp, and he immediately loosened it. “No, Dio, he is perfect, I love him.” His eyes fell on the small canine, wriggling out of his hold and taking to exploring the expanse of the bed. “I... never thought I would have another dog.” Jonathan’s large hand began to brush away the tears, having barely even realized they had started in the first place. Prying his gaze away from his new companion, he met Dio’s eyes.

“There are no words for how much this means to me, Dio. Thank you.” Carefully, he picked the squirming pup up and held it in his arms as one might hold a baby. He leaned down and kissed his wet nose, the smile on his face one of absolute joy. “This is truly the best gift you have ever given me. Aside from yourself, of course.” The pup, unaware of the high running emotions, continued to squirm in Jonathan’s grip, before resigning himself to look up at his new master with a small whimper.

“Well in that case, good. I am glad you like it, Jojo.” Dio smiled, struggling to hold back a grimace as Jonathan’s face and nose were slobbered in a long tongue and spit, reminding himself to remain free of kisses until Jonathan had washed his face.

“Bear in strong mind this is the first, last, and only time it will be allowed on our bed, no exceptions.” Not even Gingersnaps, who Dio had grown rather accustomed to was allowed upon the bed, especially not after the time he had started shedding, and did not seem to ever stop. There was no hiding that from Dio, no matter how hard Jonathan tried to deny he had allowed him onto the sheets.

“But aside from that, it has no name, I thought you would want to pick it, but a kennel has been
bought, along with food and all the necessities surrounding dogs. Merry Christmas.”

“I think I shall call him Percy.” Jonathan ruffled his ears and pulled himself out of bed, placing the puppy on the floor to explore the rest of the room. “He is a curious fellow, isn’t he?” Percy began to sniff the floor, exploring his new home. Soon enough, however, he came to be more interested in Jonathan than the rest of the room, and took to licking his bare toes. “That tickles!” Flopping down beside him, he stroked the fur and rolled him onto his back, rubbing his belly.

“I’m afraid none of my presents for you are as wonderful as this one. Although I promise, none of yours have paws.” He looked up at Dio, eyes full of adoration for both his new pet and his husband.

“I did not think I could love you anymore, but you made it happen.”

“Well, so as long as you enjoy him, I am contented.” But dogs really were not very pleasant creatures, were they? He supposed the animal was of a better breed than most mutts, and there was an intrinsic cuteness to the puppy, as one would find a baby, but all the same, a mongrel was a mongrel no matter the coat. Dio shook his head, it was too late for regrets, and Jonathan’s smile and joy was reason enough to him not to rue. Though nobody could prove he had done anything, that much was certain, Dio felt something was owed, and with gesture, the debt, and weight of past loss could be settled.

“Now, breakfast awaits, and so does our Christmas day. Tradition calls, and so do church bells, so at ten we will bear the brunt of the fallen snow and attend. I am sure it will be as dull as it always is, but needs must and all.” Dio rose from his chair, “We should both change and bathe, and…” He pouted, folding his arms over as Jonathan seemed newly engrossed in Percy, who had once again began licking his face. “Are you listening to me?”

“I’m listening, I’m listening!” Jonathan was still playing with Percy, who had taken to playing tug of war with the sleeve of his pyjamas. “Breakfast sounds wonderful. Going to church, a bit less wonderful, as it means getting dressed.” He sighed and pouted his lips, tapping Percy on the nose until he let go of the fabric. “Let us have breakfast before this little one tries to eat me.”

Down the expansive staircase of the mansion the two went, a set of little paws following behind Jonathan, where in the dining room they were met with a Christmas morning spread worthy of royalty. Before eating, Jonathan picked out some of the best looking pork sausages, and placed them on a plate for Percy to eat, before stacking his own plate high. As he ate, he kept glancing back and forth between Percy and Dio, absolute devotion to both reading in his expression.

“I know it is our duty, but it is a pity we must leave the confines of the mansion today. I would much rather spend time getting to know Percy, giving you your presents, as well as perhaps having a bit more of last night’s entertainments.” Jonathan did not forget that his time with his husband was limited, and soon he would be back to work.

Dio shrugged, his expression calm, mixed with a blasé gaze as he sipped on dilute cordial, poking at his pig in a blanket, a Christmas tradition that went to many, including the Joestar household. “Such is life, Jojo, it is only for a couple of hours, and I should think you would welcome a little interlude before we reconvene together once more. What was it in the end? Four rounds? Maybe five, though I have to say by the end things were all starting to blur into one.” He chuckled, small smirk appearing on his face, though in truth his rear was still a few shades redder than the rest of his skin. Not that he minded at all, it only meant their night had ended with complete success.

“I used to go to church today with my mother,” he admitted. He said it with a ginger touch to his voice, and a good five minutes of deliberation as to whether or not to speak at all. “I enjoy the carols.”
Realisation dawning on him, Jonathan nodded and gave him a reassuring smile. "If it reminds you of her, then we absolutely must go.” He took a large bite of egg, considering his own Christmas traditions. “I would always wish my mother a merry Christmas in heaven, so perhaps we can do that together this year, in church.” The droning from the aging priest was not particularly interesting to Jonathan, especially as the man would condemn his marriage as sinful, if he were to learn of it. But the carols and candlelight were lovely, and so the rest could be tolerated, so long as they need not walk there.

“We shall have time enough for our bedroom play later.” He reflected on last night with fondness, and was looking forward to more that evening, particularly after Dio received his gifts. But for now…

“Speaking of which, I have something for you. Wait here for a moment.” Jonathan rose from the table and left the room, Percy still enjoying a bone from the kitchen under the table. After Jonathan left, he walked over to Dio and stared up at him, asking for food with his eyes. When he received none, he let out a whimper, and returned to his bone.

Jonathan returned a few minutes later holding a small box, wrapped in green and tied with a red ribbon. “Just one of your gifts, my dear. Merry Christmas.”

Dio opened up his palm, allowing Jonathan to place the gift squarely in his hand, to which Dio clasped his fingers round, accepting it with an appreciative nod and the beginnings of a small. There was a weight to the box as he set it on the table, pulling away the lace ties to unravel it, carefully unfolding the paper until he only need pull away the lid to the original packaging.

Inside revealed a pocket watch, a new model, from the looks of things; Jonathan must have gotten it in Italy. Silver in colouring, it was a little plainer than Dio would have chosen for himself, not much to be spoken of in terms of outward engravings, but all the same, it was a lovely item. He picked it up carefully, pinging it open in order to check the time.

“Oh…” Dio’s expression wavered, blinking twice he came to see. Further within, on the left side of the watch where the time did not show was a picture. Blond hair done up in a neat and impressive do, blue eyes stark as Jonathan’s himself, and a face beautiful, and not so different from his own, a picture of his mother sat, painted, one he had not seen before, but clearly based on a photograph he kept in his wallet.

“I will treasure it.” Dio bit his lower lip, batting away the tear welling emotion that never ceased to arouse, no matter how much he had progressed. “Thank you, Jojo.” Through it, he smiled, small, but genuine.

"You are very welcome." Jonathan knew how much having an image of his mother meant to Dio, and he had the tiny image commissioned based on the one photograph they had, and the knowledge Jonathan had of the woman’s appearance. It was a small gift, possibly the least expensive of them all, but he knew that the meaning would be great. That was exactly what he had wanted.

"Now, you will get your other gifts once we return, I am afraid that if we do not leave soon, we shall have difficulty getting there in time.” Ruffling Percy's ears, he stood and pushed in his chair. Bathing would be a quick affair, but he would have the evening to look forward to.

The ride to the church was laden with snow, though no more fell from above, there was plenty to contend with on the ground, making for a quite the steady paced journey. Dio huddled himself inside his fur laced coat, rubbing his arms for additional warmth, it was all he could do to stop his teeth from chattering. Jonathan quickly sought to rectify that, huddling him close as they journeyed.
“Whoever is the first to provide central heating with carriages, will a man who is rich indeed,” Dio grumbled, falling tightly into Jonathan’s embrace until they finally landed on the steps the church, somehow managing to get the in time, a low organ melody playing as the community flocked for the service.

Before the pair could take their chosen seats, a voice called out to them. “Jonathan? Dio? Can that really be you?!” Both men turned to spot Matthew Addison from across the pews, waving and grinning, beckoning them over to sit, tapping the seat beside him. “Gosh, it must have been a couple years now since I last clapped eyes, Hugh Hudson graduation. How have you fellows been?”

"Matthew! It has been awhile, hasn’t it?” Jonathan greeted his old school friend cheerfully, glad that he had the opportunity to speak his name before Dio could bumble it up as he always did. He eagerly shook his friend’s hand, before taking note of the blond at his side, clad in her Sunday best. “Violet! Why, it has been ages, had it not?” Jonathan noted that a tall, skinny man with dark hair stood beside her, and furthermore, there was a lot more to Violet than he had remembered. The crimson dress she was wearing stretched out in front of her, showing that she was very much with child.

"It is a pleasure to see you both again, Jonathan, Dio,” she spoke to each man with a smile and a nod. "A very Merry Christmas to you both."

"And a Merry Christmas to you as well! Congratulations, it appears that life has been treating you kindly." Jonathan looked legitimately happy for her.

"She has been married for a year now, with a little one on the way next month! The entire family is excited. Jonathan, you really must write more, I never hear from you."

"It has been a busy year. But in the new year, I shall try to keep in touch." He looked towards Dio, knowing that the service would be starting soon.

Dio nodded and presented pleasantries as he always would, with elegance and grace, but given the fact he ranged from apathetic to disliking the surrounding crowd, he allowed Jonathan to do most of the talking and conversing this time. He had little interest in sitting by them, but there was little chance of escape in this time, so, with a sigh he sat at the end of the pew, Jonathan beside him, crossing his legs and folding his arms over, deciding to pay attention to the deep organ, rather than catch up with the irrelevants around him.

The service was the same as every year, most of what the preacher said could have been summed up within the first half hour, but nevertheless, all sat as due, listening or at least pretending to listen to what he had to say. Fortunately, an interlude of songs were frequent, hymns of deep voices and voices joined together, echoing in the hallowed halls, all stood to join. Dio did himself, letting his voice be heard, and in his mind he imagined his mother there, standing, their fingers locked together. He had learned to read from hymn books, among others, studying the words and finding that accompanied with music, it made the squiggles all the easier to correlate and piece together.

Now he knew the songs off by heart, there was no need to open the book, and instead, Dio closed his eyes and let the melodies swirl around his mind and come out in lilted notes, singing Noel, Noel, and God Rest ye Merry Gentlemen. What he thought of God was inconsequential, the worship he was given, to Dio, was beautiful.

It was very rare for Dio to sing, Christmas and piano lessons were one of the few times Jonathan was able to hear him raise his voice in song. It was so different for the blond, it was almost as if he were hearing another person’s voice entirely. But tone and delivery were beautiful, and Jonathan recalled a comment by Dio’s aunt Charlotte about how Viviana had been quite musically inclined. He imagined that she had passed the same gift on to her son, along with so many other traits. While his
tone was much less practiced and naturally lovely, Jonathan still sang along, eyes every so often darting over to Dio with the hints of a smile in them.

Though the service was made entrancing by the notes of the familiar hymns and his husband’s voice, he looked forward to the closing, when they could bid those around them a Merry Christmas and be on their way. Matthew, the expecting Violet, and her husband left the two sitting in an empty pew, church goers flocking down the centre to the exit. Jonathan turned his attention to Dio, who was listening to the last few notes of the organ. He reached out and gently touched his hand.

“Are you ready to go?”

Dio, whose eyes remained closed as he enjoyed the final strings of the piece kept them closed as he felt Jonathan’s fingers brush against him, sighing, something serene kept across his face. “Almost,” he said calmly, wanting to hear it all come to completion before he even thought to stand. Gracefully, as it ended, he did, only opening his eyes once the echoes ended and he allowed himself to indulge. With a nod, they started toward the exit.

The church’s vestibule remained half packed with dregs of the community not yet returning home in lieu of idle chatter about this and that, and so, impromptu, the organ player continued with a new song, a couple of young carollers standing upon the elevated floor and opening their voices to join together. Carol of the Bells, one of Dio’s favourites.

He stopped, taking Jonathan’s shoulder.

“Wait. Bathroom.”

He turned, beckoning Jonathan with him when the man said he would wait. He did not want him to wait.

The church was not the largest of buildings, but it did have an echoing size to it, and an upstairs, off limits as dictated by a red string for Christmas. Dio ignored it, and the bathroom, stepping over it, bringing Jonathan up with him, able to hold his hand now that they were alone. When they reached the second floor, the music could still be heard, fainter, but still evident. Dio pressed Jonathan against the wall gently, their faces but a breath apart.

“I seem to remember a time in Germany, when there was snow falling heavy like it is now, and we stumbled into a church, well, cathedral, really, with the sound of orchestral music playing. It’s been bugging for quite a long time now, that we were unable to do what was planned there… I think it has been too long, and we should waste no more seconds in rectifying that.”

And then, he kissed him.

Jonathan had no issues staying longer in the church if it pleased his husband, though it took him by surprise when he asked him to come down to the restroom with him. Once he knew what Dio’s intentions truly were, he shouldn’t have been surprised after all. Dio had always been pushing him to break the boundaries of their sex life, and there were, at this point in time, only a precious few places left which they had not fornicated in. A church was one, and what better time to remedy that than the present?

Jonathan’s lips sank against Dio like melted butter, and his arms draped about Dio’s hips, pulling him in by the belt loops on his pants. Before long, his belt was undone, and a hand was slipping down the back to tease at his rear end. A look at the tenting fabric in the front and Jonathan grinned.

“It appears that your problem from Germany is no longer one now. Oh, merry Christmas, my love!”
He pressed a few sloppy, wet kisses to his neck, hand continuing to grab and probe his ass.

“No problems here, I assure you. And that shall never be a problem from then on out if I have anything to say about it.” Dio embraced his sensuality, his sexuality, to even tolerate the notion that it might be stripped away from him, physically incapable of acting on his desires was a reality he never wished to experience again. And given the budding erection that already made his trousers that little bit tighter, it was certainly looking good from here.

He kissed Jonathan again, letting it last, shamelessly grabbing that splendid ass his husband possessed with some cheeky squeezes. He sighed, contented, when the smooches to his neck began, enjoying the music that accompanied them in a muted, background sort of way, his focus more than definitely on what Jonathan was doing poking around his hole.

“I doubt anyone will come around here, but all the same, Jojo, let’s get started.” A final fondle for good measure, and Dio pulled down his trousers, underwear with them in two easy tugs. Jonathan would know what do from here, as he turned them round, placing himself on the hard supporting surface of the wall, angling his rear in the perfect position for whatever Jonathan planned to shove inside first.

Jonathan did not hesitate. He fell to his knees before Dio, taking a moment to admire the two rounded globes of flesh, giving each one a firm enough squeeze for his fingernails to leave an impression in his skin. His lips then moved between them, taking a few moments to lick his opening, covering it in the slick saliva that would ease the passage of his large cock. He knew how much Dio enjoyed these acts, knew that his body would respond accordingly, and knew when he had had enough teasing and was ready for the real thing.

Rising to his feet, Jonathan fidgeted with his own belt long enough to set his own manhood free. No sooner had it been revealed, did Jonathan press himself inside, inhaling sharply, his breath scratching the back of his throat. He pounded into him hard, with no mercy, knowing that he wanted Dio to come, and come hard. Against that perfect spot he thrusted again and again, reaching around to toy with the head of his cock.

Dio almost fell into a buckle when Jonathan’s tongue did the work his fingers usually took. He knew it was not Jonathan’s most preferred method, but oh felt good, the hot, strange swirling sensations only a tongue could bring pressed against his hole made his legs quiver with weakness and his cock leak like a running tap. His hands reached for Jonathan’s hair for stability, gripping onto the dark mass of curls in a tight grip, humming and sighing, grinding his rear into Jonathan’s face until he pulled away, and even then.

The fullness of his cock was all too welcome the place they were, and the daring excitement of it all enlivening him all the more. Dio bucked and jaunted up and down Jonathan’s cock, clinging to him with kisses accompanied, closing his eyes to let himself feel it, feel his Jojo.

When he grew close to coming his mouth opened wide, Jonathan acted quickly, a hand clasping over Dio’s mouth, covering it to save any loud moans from escaping. And they surely would have, orgasm shuddering through him. Just as the song dictated, sweet silver bells filled his ears, and with them, all seemed to say, throw cares away. Hark, hark, hark indeed. And Dio did, slipping down from the wall, unable to catch his breath for a good minute, come leaking down his thighs as he panted, weight pushed against his husband.

And then he laughed. And laughed a lot. “Finally. Oh, that felt good, Jojo. Merry Christmas.”
There was something deeply satisfying about the sacrilege of sealing their desires and love in a church. Once they had adjusted their clothing and were facing each other within the small room, Jonathan gazed down into Dio’s face, stroking his cheek with the side of his hand. “You are truly the best gift I could have ever received.”
It did not take long for the two to be back in the carriage and on their way to the estate. For this ride, there was no need for further sexual teasing, but Jonathan chose to wrap his arms around his beloved and hold him close, burying his nose in his sweet smelling hair. At home, Percy was already waiting for them by the door, and the afternoon was spent before their tree, Jonathan giving Dio the remainder of his presents.

“This last gift,” Jonathan began, after the servants had cleared away the discarded paper, and would not be returning until it was time to announce dinner, “is something that I suppose you might consider a gift to myself as well. But I do hope you enjoy it.”

In a plain white box adorned only with a red ribbon, was a set that had been intended for a lady, a long sheer night dress that hung on spaghetti straps and opened in the middle, with a matching silk robe, delicate lace on the edge. It was deep crimson in colour, a lovely set that had been chosen with the blond in mind.

Dio held the fabric in a pinch of two fingers at each shoulder, letting the sleek fabric float down, exposing the dress in full form. Translucent and loose, it looked perfectly fitting to Dio's size. Distinctly feminine, but Dio didn’t mind that. In fact, he liked that about it. He remembered youth filled days, sneaking what must have been Mary’s old dresses from hidden drawers in the attic that Lord Joestar did not have the heart to throw away, and settling himself into the long dresses and skirts, letting the grip of the bodice and corsets tighten around his form as much as they could around a young boy. It’d been a long time since he’d dabbled for reasons other than enlivening Jonathan as a focal reason, and even then they had not exceeded outside of lingerie for years now. The last time he’d worn a dress had been the. He hadn’t really given it much thought, but now that he had, he missed it. The he felt in them. It was nothing like a crisis of identity, merely the fact he enjoyed the way they sat on him.

He gave it a long look, then brought his amber gaze back up to Jonathan. “Trust you to gain a semblance of a fashion sense when it comes to picking out silky undergarments, Jojo.” He huffed, humoured by his own words and the reality of them, before returning his attention to the gown as he gave it one last glance, placing it back in its box. “I would have picked it out myself, if I saw it. I like the shade.”

“I knew that you would,” Jonathan looked pleased at Dio’s reaction. “Crimson always looks so dramatic on you. Particularly with your eyes.” He had been slightly nervous about giving Dio something so delicate in nature, and not at all an appropriate gift for a man. But Dio was no ordinary man, and Jonathan had been observing his tastes for years, as well as knowing what suited his own desires in the bed chambers. This outfit, found in Italy, seemed to match both their likings quite nicely.

Reaching down to play with Percy on the floor, he continued to speak on that line of thought. “You’ve always looked gorgeous in crimson and silk. As well as in the more feminine. Not to say I want you to be a woman.” He raised his eyes to meet Dio’s. At one point, he had thought that his taste for women risked being the undoing of their relationship, but over time learned that Dio was everything he could ever want and need in a lover. “But you look so glorious in the things meant for the gentler sex. Be it for sex, or just to wear…” The memory of Dio in his mother’s dress had been ingrained heavily in his mind’s eye.

“In any event, I hope these will be comfortable to wear as well as beautiful. I will do my best not to
get them dirty right away.” Now that was a lie, though a well-intentioned one. Jonathan would of course want nothing more but to fuck him the minute he laid eyes on him in them. And Dio would doubtfully fight it.

“Didn’t anyone teach you that lies are bad, Jojo? I don’t think you are going to try at all.” Dio folded his arms over themselves, a smile smug across his face. Though it was true, he wouldn’t have minded whatever it was Jonathan wanted to do to him, there was something warming about his mind holding notions of his comfort in the choice to purchase the items.

Because while he had every intention in rousing his lover most of the time, in the end, more than that, first and foremost, he wore them because he liked them, just as he liked a well-tailored suit or a feathered coat. They were just clothes Dio liked on his body. They made him feel good. He was unsure if Jonathan quite understood it on that level, but it didn’t matter. Those simple words at the end of his sentence were appreciated.

“If that dog hadn’t been licking your face five minutes ago I would have you kiss me.”

“You could still kiss me anyway.” Jonathan laughed, knowing that there was no way that would happen. “But I am glad that I made a good choice.” He sat back in the love seat, tilting his head so that it came to rest on Dio’s shoulder. The candles on the tree flickered, wax slowly starting to drip down the sides, and Jonathan’s lids began to droop shut. Everything felt peaceful in a way he had never realised was possible.

“Dio,” he began, a hand coming to rest on his thigh, squeezing it lightly. It was an affectionate gesture, with no lust behind it. “Last Christmas, I was worried for you, but this year has brought much better things.” Nuzzling against him, he closed his eyes, Percy settling in at their feet. “I want this kind of peace for the rest of our lives. This is how I want to grow old, with you beside me.”

“Last Christmas was an anomaly. This one. This time, I feel myself more than I ever had before. I am content.” Dio kissed his own palm, then placed that against Jonathan’s cheek. Feeling affectionate did not trump kissing dog spit.

They were quiet for a while, simply warm in each other’s embrace, lazy in the mid-afternoon. He could have napped, at some point he was sure Jonathan slipped into dreams, but it was a light slumber that only a couple of nudges took to rouse him. When Jonathan was in deep sleep, there was nothing that could shake him.

When he felt Jonathan’s arms wrap back around him, Dio took the moment. “Jojo…” he began, breaking the calm ambience of crackling fire and the gentle jingles of Percy’s new collar. “That… tradition you have. Going to your mother’s portrait on the wall and praying for her happy Christmas in heaven. I might join you, if you still participate in the act. For my own, of course” There was a shuffle to his movements, mildly awkward for Dio as this topic still was sometimes. But it was getting easier.

Jonathan was roused softly from his slumber. The mood had been so unbelievably peaceful that it had been easy to slip off. While he had many happy memories of holidays spent with the Florises and his father, there was something to be said about the simplicity of it only being himself and Dio. The addition of Percy at his feet had been unexpected, but in Jonathan’s eyes enhanced their little family.

It was still surprising however when Dio suggested taking part in this little tradition. A surprise, but a pleasant one that was most welcome. Back during their first Christmas as a couple, Jonathan had made the offer, to which Dio had politely declined. But times were different now, and Dio had his own likeness of his mother to admire.
“Of course. I’m glad that you brought it up.” He pulled himself to a stand, and they left the confines of the living room, walking through one of the long corridors towards Jonathan’s personal office. Percy followed behind, already like a tiny spotted shadow behind Jonathan, just like another dog had once been.

Upon opening the door, Jonathan groaned. A maid had obviously been through, making the room look much tidier than it had before. However, in the process, Jonathan’s notes would not be where he left them. Ignoring this fact for the time being, he stepped over to his desk, where the framed picture of Mary Joestar sat. He stood before it, such a large, looming figure over the delicate frame. Turning to Dio, he reached into his pocket, tugging out the new pocket watch and opening it. If anyone else had dared to do such a thing, they would have been met with broken fingers, but Jonathan knew that he was exempt from such things. Opening it up, he placed it besides the portrait of his own mother.

“They are, in a way, both our mothers now. I am sorry that I never met either of them, but that doesn’t mean they are any further from my heart.”

Dio heard Jonathan speak, and listened in careful silence to the words. He returned his pocket watch back to his possession, staring at the painted lady within the confines of the circular accessory, concentrating on her above all.

“Merry Christmas, mother. I know this was your favourite holiday. If there is a heaven, I am certain you are there now, in a field of white snow with a smile on your face. Perhaps you have met Jojo’s mother, if she is anything like her son, I hope to everything you do.” He placed it down, the two women side by side. Something told Dio he took after her far more than the father he had grown up with. He wondered if his life might have gone differently if it were she who adopted him into the family.

His mind drifted to another world. A world where his mother was that little bit stronger, a world where she took Dio and fled that monstrous man he had to call father, taking him far, far away, out of London, way to the countryside, until they stumbled across a large estate with gargoyles on the outside and a fountain just before the entrance. George would not be there, but Mary would, and Jojo, and so their new life would begin. The thought was pleasant.

Jonathan tilted his head in Dio’s direction, gazing at him with admiration and pride, considering how far the man had come in accepting his past for what it was, and opening up to Jonathan about it. He reached over and covered Dio’s hand with his own, squeezing it gently.

“I hope our mothers are happy for us in heaven. I know that our relationship is… unusual, but they both were exceptionally kind and loving women. I think they would be pleased.” He pressed a kiss to the top of Dio’s head, careful not to touch his skin with his puppy kissed face.

“Now, it should be almost time for dinner, and then more importantly, dessert, and most importantly of all, retiring to our room for the night.” He beamed down at his husband as Percy began to scratch at the office door. “Are you ready?”

Dio once again took the pocket watch in hand, closing it over his fingers and kissing his knuckles. Tucking it away, he nodded. “To dinner.”

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Supper was a several course affair, but quiet, being that only the two of them were in residence. The servants had their own feast downstairs, and Percy his in a dog bowl by the side, but all in all it was tame, and Dio liked it that way. He ate more than usual, and only slightly missed having wine with
the selection served, and enjoyed the meals placed out for them. Jonathan of course scarfed down
half the table, but in fairness the food was delicious.

But eventually there was no more space to eat comfortably, and the pair took their leave, travelling
up to the lounge in order to digest their food by fire, and then to the master bedroom, preparing
themselves for slumber, with drowsy eyes.

Dio discarded his clothing into the laundry bin, opening the white box Jonathan had gotten him,
taking out the crimson silk. “Would you like to dress me, husband?” he asked, smirk on his lips.

Leaving Percy to sleep in his kennel and be attended to by the servants was hard for Jonathan. He
knew the puppy would be whining for his master. But eventually, he would get used to the routine,
so Jonathan bid him good night before moving upstairs to the master bedroom.

Being called ‘husband’ by Dio still sent a trickle of delight through his entire body, even though it
had been several months now since they had made their vows. He pulled the tie off from around his
neck and turned to face his husband, admiring his form in the nude as he had done so many times
before. And then he opened the box, pulling out the delicate sheer nightgown. Slipping it over the
blond’s head, he tugged gently at the sides, watching the sheer, silky fabric create an attractive veil
over his form. Jonathan then held the rope open for him to put his arms through, and he tied the sash
loosely about the waist, leaving the robe mostly open so that it did not hide all of the gown
underneath.

Stepping back to admire his present on his lover, he found himself biting his lip, not wanting to be
too excited too soon. They had just made love a few hours ago in a church of all places. But Dio
looked so positively relaxed and beautiful, wearing something that a wife might wear to bed, not
even with the intention of luring her husband in, but just simply for the softness and beauty of the
fabric.

Jonathan fell to his knees before Dio, his hands gently falling on the man’s hips, feeling them
through the silk. He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his tummy, covered by the sheer fabric, but
swelling out a bit more than it normally did, thanks to the good cooking of their kitchen staff. He
tilted his head up and showed Dio a mischievous smile. “I like you full, like this.” A finger began to
drag circles over Dio’s middle.

“Don’t do that,” Dio tsked, pulling away a step, then another, frowning. “I am not fond of it. I just
looked stuffed and bloated. I ate too much.” He sucked in his stomach, and not even then did it
return to its usual size, a definite roundness to it. He grimaced, turning away from the mirror, but if
not for that the outfit would have admittedly been splendid.

It fit on his skin to perfection, loose and airy and a dream to walk in. Unlike his corsets, this did not
have the tightness and slight discomfort to it; its qualities lay in it ease, and he span once, the material
trailing behind him.

Dio crawled into bed, escaping Jonathan’s grasp, at least until he was surely to be joined. “I feel
tired, perhaps I shall just sleep and wake up slender in the morning.”

Frowning, Jonathan’s eyes followed the silky, flowing figure of his husband from the mirror, and
then into the bed. He shook his head and kicked off his trousers, fingers deftly undoing the rest of the
buttons on his shirt. He chose not to wear anything to bed, at least not for the time being.

“I am fond of it; shouldn’t that count for something? I’d love you no matter what, but right now..”
He sat down on the edge of the bed, twisting himself so that he could properly view Dio’s silk
covered form. “You look like everything I ever imagined myself having, coupled with the alluring of
it being you rather than a typical wife.” Pulling himself onto the bed, he stretched out and rolled onto
his side, letting a hand out to trace over Dio’s shoulder, moving across a pectoral, and down over the
curve of his stomach.

“Right now, you look so cozy and feminine, that night set makes you look gorgeous and relaxed, I
couldn’t be more pleased.” The finger went to his chin, tilting it so that their eyes met. “I’m not
letting you go to sleep looking like this unfucked.”

“You did already fuck me today. This is exactly what I look like. And I thought you said you were
going to do your best not to dirty it or me. If this is your best, I worry for you, Jojo.” Dio brought that
finger to his lips giving the tip a gentle skirt of his tongue before kissing it, and subsequently pushing
it away, curling his legs up and hiding underneath the covers. Only his head and shoulders poked
out, providing the smallest flash of the red garb, and far more to be desired underneath.

He closed his eyes, smile suppressed, and let himself relax on the pillowy sheets. “Goodnight,
Jojo…”

“Oh no you don’t!” Jonathan yanked the sheet away so that his lover’s body was once again in his
full view, and before Dio could move out of his way, he was on his hands and knees, hovering over
top of him.

“You won’t be sleeping any time soon.” Jonathan smirked and nipped at Dio’s neck hungrily,
moving down his body to where the sheer fabric hid his skin from view. “I understand it may not be
to your liking, and once the holidays are over you shall go back to eating next to nothing, but I think
you look wonderful like this.” His hand ran across Dio’s stomach, moving down over the curve and
slipping between his thighs. “Soft and full, I can’t help it, it drives me made with desire!” His lips
followed his hand to his thighs, and after pushing the fine fabric up just a bit, he began to press a
string of kisses, though surprisingly, he avoided his cock.

“Let me enjoy it while I can. It isn’t as if you are a woman, your body won’t grow with my seed.
Not for lack of trying, mind you.” He grinned, fingers slipping back to brush against Dio’s opening.

“Well you would like it, wouldn’t you, Jojo? You stuff yourself to the brim every day, and you are
already the size of an ox. I, of course, appreciate your physique, but if you hadn’t noticed I’ve
slimmed down since endless training at Hugh Hudson practices, and I would much like to keep
myself that way.”

Dio did have an exercise regime, but it most consisted of sit up and stretches and jogs when he could
squeeze them into his schedules, far more laid back than the hard training pattern rugby training had
him work. A natural inclination towards leanness did assist with his body, but Dio wished for
perfection in all that he did, and his fitness was included in such.

“Fine. Fuck me like the greedy man you are, Jojo.” Though his voice held notions of disregard and
displeasure, Dio’s legs parted wide, his cock twitching to rise.

“Of course I’ve noticed. I know your body by heart.” The blankets of the bed were further pulled
back, so that Jonathan could spread kisses down his leg, right down to his toes. He gave the pad of
his foot a light kiss, before moving to the other one, and working his way up again. “And if that is
how you like yourself, that is how you should stay. Whatever makes you happy also makes me
happy.”

Jonathan’s hands moved up over the fabric of the night dress, teasing each of Dio’s nipples, and then
lightly squeezing the muscle. Tracing a path down to his hips, he cupped them, thumbs lightly
brushing over the fabric to feel the soft skin beneath.
“But yes, I am allowed to be greedy. And if I enjoy you like this, well…” He lifted the fabric that had been tenting over Dio’s cock, and leaned in to give it a good hard suck.

Dio moaned low, toes curling as Jonathan moved his mouth expertly, trained well in their years together for no one else but Dio. If he were one to feel guilt, he might have thought it a shame to have kept Jonathan all to himself, that his lips would never grace another but his own, but all that fact did was make him selfishly amused. Jojo belonged to him, branded as his own quite literally, and Dio crooked his neck round to spot the flash of faint, but still scars marked in the form of his name etched forever in the centre of Jonathan’s thighs, smiling content.

But as his gaze lingered upward, spotting the ring on Jonathan’s finger, and his own to be paired, it was more than simple ownership. It was giving, it was true and honest and equal. And that, perhaps that was even more satisfying. He did not have to make him his, Jonathan offered himself with glad tidings.

So Dio leaned back, his own thighs clenching around his husband’s head, one hand in the unruly curls to have press in deeper. “Sate your greed, Jojo. Put it inside me. Make love as if there is no one but me in the world.”

“Oh my dear, to me there is no one but you in the world,” Jonathan spoke once he had released Dio’s cock from his mouth. He did not seem to be in a rush to suck it again, in fact, though his own erection was visible thanks to his stark naked form, he seemed to have no intention of using it just yet. Instead, he pulled back, as if taking a photograph in his mind, memorising every detail of his husband in this one single moment.

“You forget that you are rather greedy yourself.” He lay back down on his side beside Dio, propping his head up with his hand. Their bodies were so close, the edges of the silk touching Jonathan’s bare skin, but otherwise, there was a tantalisingly small space between them. “You only want the best of everything, clothes, jewels, finery. On occasion you can be a glutton, though not so often as myself. But you definitely cannot get enough of my cock inside you.”

Jonathan reached out and gave his sizable organ a stroke, before letting it fall between them, poking into Dio’s thigh.

“I’d hardly call myself a glutton, Jojo. But I won’t deny I enjoy life’s fineries and I bear no shame in admitting such. And don’t I just look ravishing in all the greedy clothes I adorn myself in.” Dio turned to his own side, pulling back just enough for Jonathan to drink in the attire he currently wore, the strong red striking against his pale skin. He looked at Jonathan in return, that large form that made him want to lick his entire body up and down, those strong thighs and arms, those broad shoulders. Delicious.

“And since I am so greedy for this cock of yours--” Dio took it in his hand, guiding it with purpose to his hole, letting the head push against his puckered entrance, wrapping his leg over “--Don’t you think it is best you see fit to use it as soon as very well possible? Since you went through all the trouble of rousing me, it is only fair you see it through until the end.”

"Actually, I do not." Jonathan’s body remained propped on his side, gazing still at Dio’s luscious body. Though he let out a sharp little breath as his cock was pressed against the warm inviting opening, he otherwise did not respond to it. In fact, he pulled back further, the thick cock slipping away from his sheath and falling to rest in the sheets. "I told you that I would not rush to dirty these clothes, they are very fine and delicate after all. And you look so splendid."

Sitting up, he grabbed a few pillows for a more comfortable arrangement, reaching an arm across to brush a bit of the fabric away from his flesh, so that he could see more of his thighs and hips.
"Touch yourself, Dio. Show me how you want it."

Dio’s expression faltered, then fell into a pouting frown, looking at Jonathan wait a raised brow. “So you work me up, get your cock as hard as rock and do not wish to use it inside of me?” Dio hummed, before sitting up straight. Whatever tiredness he was feeling before, it was fast slipping away, and there was going to be little sleep with this throbbing between his legs. “Fine.” He sat up, pushing Jonathan onto his back and taking him into a straddle, the lacy garment falling with him, hair following the trail. He shook it over, subtle dishevelled waves landing past his shoulders.

He lifted up his palm slowly, giving Jonathan a sultry wave before sucking three fingers all at once, lathering them up well, letting swirling his tongue as if he were in the midst of fellatio. Those fingers slipped back wet, and Dio closed his eyes and aimed, pushing all inside of him at once, gasping upon impact, but immediately beginning to buck and grind in motion, riding himself.

“I would bet you wish this were you right about now, hm, Jojo? Your cock all hard and pulsing inside my tightness?” He clenched around his own fingers, moaning high and perhaps slightly more than he felt he need, but truth be told he was hitting his prostate in the most massaging and wonderful of ways one could do with only so much. He grabbed Jonathan’s chest with his spare hand to steady himself, squeezing the round pectoral, darker, peaking nipple pushing against his palm. “Seems a waste, but it is only your loss.”

The sight of Dio’s glorious body veiled by the flowy sheer silk, along with his mane of gold falling over his shoulders was almost enough to make Jonathan’s cock spurt seed. His tongue wet his lips, eyes locked on his lover almost unblinking, not wishing to miss a second of the beautiful display.

“I am sure I would feel splendid inside of you, but I am a man of my word, I said that I would not rush this, and dirty your new outfit.” At that point a few locks of Dio’s blond hair fell over his face, as his luscious hips moved up and down, his belly curved, and his thighs open and inviting. Jonathan bit down hard on his lip, finding it harder and harder to keep to his words.

“At this rate, I am not so sure you need my cock.” Jonathan’s voice might have had a waver in it, finding it harder and harder to hold back, but his resolve was strong. “You seem to be doing nicely on your own.”

“I am, rather. After all, who knows my own body better than Dio?” He did not tease himself, only added a hand to stroke his cock, upping the intensity and moaning loud.

“I’m… getting close, Jojo. And once I am done, my legs are closed for business.” His breath began to stilt, but his fingers worked inside faster and faster, looking and seeking that heat of orgasm. “I know you want me… I can see it. I can feel it.” Dio spoke both in the metaphysical, and in the very prominent erection poking against him. He grinned wide. “Ah… I’m going to come…”

Though he knew that there was every chance Dio was bluffing, instinct to fuck overtook his reason. Dio looked far too desirable for Jonathan to consider that he was most likely not ready to come so soon, and even if he was, he would rarely close those long, pale legs to his husband if he played all his cards right. But just the thought of not getting a taste was enough to make his thrust forward, grabbing Dio’s hand by the wrist to withdraw his fingers, and swiftly replacing them with his cock.

“Oh!” A loud and pleasurable cry escaped Jonathan’s lips. No matter how many times he made love to his husband, their joining was always absolute bliss, and this time in particular made Jonathan mad with lust. From the expression on his face, it would have seemed as if this were the very first time he was feeling such pleasure. Being married to Dio made everything feel new and fresh, and like a little piece of heaven.
Dio moaned deep and low at the fast replacement, even the thorough stretching he had given himself prior did not make Jonathan’s cock feel any smaller, any less thick. Or any less wonderful. Dio bucked and bounced, lifting himself up to the tip before slamming down again, clenching around the member as it struck perfectly at his sweetest spot.

And once he was inside, it truly did bring him close, and with a heave and an arch of his back, Dio came, aiming his spray at Jonathan’s chest, saving his own attire from sprinklings of white mess. Of course Jonathan had yet to come, and that would soon be for naught.

Jonathan’s hands came to rest on Dio’s hips, squeezing them firmly as he watched his blond prince move high and low on his cock. The warmth of his seed spattered across his chest was welcome, and he moved his own his up to meet Dio, his eyes, so often closed in pleasure were now left open. He was not going to miss a second of this.

Jonathan lasted quite a while all things considered, their previous love making helping to aide him. As he reached climax, if anyone who might have been that wing of the mansion had been unaware of his relationship with Dio, there was no doubt about it now. His seed was thick and filled Dio’s rear to the brim, not bothering to pull out right away even once he grew soft. Instead, he pulled his lover close to him, and pressed kisses to the side of his head.

“So much for keeping your word, Jojo, these undergarments are utterly ruined now.” Dio tutted, but let himself snuggle back into Jonathan’s warmth. He would need to get up and clean himself off soon, but for now, he let himself indulge in the comfortable afterglow that amassed him completely, the desire to be held and to hold in return taking prevalence in ways he had never indulged before Jonathan.

“Merry Christmas, Jojo,” Dio said, marking his words with a kiss to his neck, just as the day turned into the next. “And to many more with you.”
Christmas had been an absolute perfect celebration to mark the end of their tumultuous year, with New Year's celebrations being spent quietly at their London home. Both hardship and joy had marked 1888 as a year neither of the two would ever forget, and they were eager to continue building the active but pleasurable life they had worked so hard to forge.

While Dio went straight back to work following the festivities, Jonathan was spending more time in the capital. He had just finished a gruelling few weeks in Italy, and with a new puppy to train and look after, staying in their home and enjoying some quiet time with his husband and new pet was a welcome break. Percy, like most puppies, was extremely active and needed a great deal of exercise, and he and Jonathan would happily roam the streets and parks near their house. Some days, they would be gone for hours, and it was not unusual for Dio to be greeted by both a tired out dog and sweaty, dog hair covered Jonathan, to which he was always banished to the bath.

The pup was starting to learn basic commands as well, to which Jonathan had the utmost patience teaching. Indeed, one could see within Jonathan the qualities that would suit a father, in his gentleness and firm attitude. But for the time being, no mention of adoption was brought up. He seemed satisfied with Percy to look after, and Dio to lavish his attentions on.

Percy’s one vice was chewing, particularly as his adult teeth came in. Jonathan kept an assortment of things around for him to teeth on, his favourite being bones purchased from the butcher. But should he not have one, and another object were to come under his black, wet nose, it would soon meet its doom.

“Percy, I like that pair of shoes…” Jonathan lamented one evening with an exasperated sigh. The dog had already moved on to curling up by the fire, the remnants of the shoes on the floor where Jonathan had carelessly kicked them off.

Dio hadn’t expected the dog to stalk them back to London. When he chose the gift for him there had been a platitude of mixed feelings toward it, if it had even been worth getting the creature in the first place; but at least in the Joestar estate there would be a level of out of sight and out of mind he could happily consider, like Gingersnaps, who the servants had practically claimed as their own pet now. His love for the animal had not particularly changed in all these years, he was not fond of their nature, nor was he fond of their slobbering, or scent, or the hair that littered the floor now, or really anything about them. The look on Jonathan’s face when Percy was close was his only saving grace.

That, and his ability to ruin Jonathan’s ugly pieces of attire. Almost catching him going to mangle a very expensive pair of boots when Jojo was out of the house, Dio -- without killing the mutt -- taught him that his possessions were not to be touched very quickly in their distant relationship. But Jonathan’s things were perfectly fair game, and those shoes were getting old, he’d had them since his feet had stopped growing, and that had to be around about seventeen years old, maybe eighteen. They needed to go.

And Dio told him just that, a newspaper shielding his face as he read over the black and white pages, without a word of remorse. “At least someone else in this house acknowledges your subpar sense of style. Now we can go shoe shopping this weekend, if I am not busy.”

“Percy doesn’t hate my fashion style, do you, boy?” Jonathan ruffled the dog’s floppy ears, though he did not seem interested in what Jonathan had to say, content now that he had spent his energy playing with the shoes. “Those shoes had been with me through most of Hugh Hudson, I hate to see them go.” Jonathan did not seem to believe in things going out of style, as was evident by some of
the sweaters he had taken to wearing in the winter. Today’s selection was the most awful shade of pink, complimented by teal and blue argyle style diamonds. The dog was lucky to be colour blind.

“Shoe shopping is some of the most hideous shopping there is. It is so uncomfortable.” Getting Jonathan to shop for clothing which was not meant to go on Dio’s half naked form was a challenge. “But oh well, if that pair needs to be replaced, it needs to be replace.” Jonathan slipped into Dio’s lap, as if he did not know his own size, crushing the bottom half of Dio’s newspaper.

“Perhaps we could stop at that cafe I like, the one that serves the French pastries.” He leaned in close to Dio’s ear, tongue darting out against the shell of it. “And maybe I could bring something home with cream in it, to lick off your cock until I can taste your own sweetness.”

“We can stop there, fine. As long as we shop I am content to do as you like for the food. And whatever you plan in the bedroom… well, I am nothing if not accommodating there.” Dio, who usually had less than no issue with Jonathan’s lips against his ear, his face, and in fact that heavyweight Jonathan had to offer when sitting on him was comfortable for a while, at least before his legs began to grow numb. But there was one issue that could turn Dio’s nose into a crinkle, pulling away.

“But you haven’t bathed. I can tell. You smell of dog. Come to me once you have, and once you are out of that horrendous sweater. Didn’t I throw that one out?” He pouted, quickly making a mental note to leave it out once Jonathan had stripped himself out of it.

“But I like this sweater, it’s old and comfortable,” Jonathan protested. He did not seem at all willing to give it up, any more than the shoes. “I will take a bath if you wish, but first..” He tilted Dio’s chin in his direction and pressed a long kiss to his husband’s lips, tongue teasing his lips softly. “I need a kiss from my prince.” No matter what he was wearing, Jonathan would always be unnecessarily affectionate.

Percy seemed to be working ahead of Dio, and while was curled up in the chair, had found a loose pink strand of wool. Without Jonathan’s knowledge, he started to tug and pull, unwinding the bottom back of the sweater as he did so, having a grand old time of it. Jonathan did not notice until he was already up and off Dio’s lap, and frowned.

“Damn it, Percy! Stop plotting with Dio against all my favourite thing.” He tugged on the string, which only made Percy thing it was a game, and pull harder.

Dio hummed, chuckling as he straightened out his newspaper, though what was happening directly behind it seemed far more interesting than what appeared on the news. Tragically, the Ripper case he had been looking forward to handling had been quite the bust, as they had never caught the true killer, leaving him at large to strike at prostitutes whenever he so pleased. Maybe next time.

“Unless you have suddenly taken up knitting and can piece that abysmal piece back together, it seems you have no choice but to toss the jumper aside, Jojo, it has practically aligned with your upper chest.” It was a pity Jonathan had adorned a shirt underneath, otherwise the cropped sweater would have given Dio the most splendid view of his abdominals, but he would count this as a certified win. He even gave the dog a wink for his efforts.

Dio stood up, unfolding his legs and placing the paper down in a neat corner at the side. Approaching Jonathan smugly, he pressed his lips to his husband’s own. “There is your kiss. Now go and bathe.”

Though the kiss had been pleasant enough to receive, with a grumble Jonathan pulled the jumper over and off his head, tugging the strand from Percy’s teeth and tapping him on the nose. “No! Bad
“dog!” he scolded in a firm and hard voice, only reserved for Percy when he caught him in an act of wrongdoing. The eyesore was then deposited in the bin, never to be seen from again.

Jonathan did bathe, and that evening was as always a warm and sweet smelling figure in their marriage bed, though by the next day, it did not take him long to return to a happy state of sweat and animal fur, always enjoying his morning walks and strolls through the parks with his furry friend, always dirty by the time he came home for dinner with Dio (when Dio was actually home for the occasion.) But it did not take him long to wash, and Dio’s affection was more than enough of a motivator to convince him to be prompt.

When Saturday arrived, Jonathan made sure to get his exercise in with Percy early, so that he would be prepared for their shopping outing by the afternoon. He felt about shoes only slightly more affection than Dio felt about dogs, so his expression as they embarked into the shops was less than enthused. Still, he watched Dio examine things without complaint, only yawning a few times as he waited.

Dio, though getting Jonathan a pair of shoes or three was an important to his task, could not and never stop himself from acquiring more when there were so many grand feet attire to choose from, it would have been a criminal offence not to get himself some along with it, it had been too long since he’d even had time for a proper shopping trip, and after all the hard work he had constantly put himself through. So the decorated flats and the ankle length boots were simply a must have, and no one could change his mind, not that anyone was opposing, if anything it only gave Jonathan opportunity to doze off in the middle, until Dio was lifting his foot up and telling him to see how those felt walking.

But eventually (and it really was quite eventually), their mission was brought to completion and Dio, pushing the boxes and bags into Jonathan’s hands, was quite content with his purchases. “So, it was the pastry shop was it?” Now that he had gotten what he wanted, the blond was quite accommodating of Jonathan’s own desires, and frankly was feeling peckish for a croissant with savoury fillings inside himself, or perhaps a sandwich.

They took their meals outside upon choosing -- Jonathan’s request -- the local park was only across the street, and for so early on in the year it was a remarkably warm day and he wished to make the most of it. As they placed themselves down at a bench by the pond, Dio was glad to have chosen a sandwich instead, delicious as the French styled pastries were, they did not make for easy eating, given all flakes.

Shopping trips with Dio were always long, endlessly long, and picking out shoes was possibly the most boring shopping trip of them all. Not that he did not appreciate Dio’s feet, but if his husband was going to undress and try new fashions, he would much rather catch a glimpse of his nude torso or lower body in the dressing room. Feet may have been attractive for some men, but Jonathan needed a bit more to keep himself entertained. By the time they were stopping for lunch, Jonathan was carrying a large shopping bag full of shoe boxes, and only one pair was for himself.

“Mmm, I adore these pastries,” Jonathan spoke, his mouth half full. He was not bothered by things like making a mess and crumbs, and happily ate, enjoying the weather and the budding park around them. In a bag beside him, he had more pastries and a sandwich, but he could not resist taking a taste of the rich dessert first.

“Why Jonathan Joestar! It has been practically forever!” A voice interrupted him from behind, and Jonathan scarcely had a chance to swallow and wipe away a bit of cream on his lips, before turning to see his old friend, Neil Davenport, pushing a pram. “My wife Rachel and grandmother Charlotte are just a bit behind, oh, she will be pleased to see you! She often said what a nice lad you were,
interviewing her for all those hours back at the end of school. How have you been?” He stopped the pram, looking down at the pink clad baby within, the colour the denoting a strong young boy, and checking on him with fatherly instinct, before moving his gaze to Dio. “Oh, hello! Have I intruded on your lunch?” He and Dio had never met throughout school, always running in different circles and different places.

“Dio…” Jonathan’s voice was very quiet, scarcely above a whisper. “This is my friend and colleague, Neil.” There was not a doubt in Jonathan’s mind that Dio had forgotten the name of his own cousin.

“No, by all means, if you are just passing through it is no trouble.” So this was the Neil Davenport Jonathan had mentioned. The one who was allegedly his cousin on his mother’s side. And not far off lay Charlotte, the woman that Jonathan took to, stalking his way into Dio’s life, the act, while he had moved past, could never truly forgive for his deceptions, sneaking behind his back.

Dio felt his stomach churn. Yes, he had learned of his mother, and in that there were mixed feelings abundant, but he had never planned on meeting the side of his family that disowned his mother, left him and Dio to die on the street, abandoned her in the greatest hour of need, and inevitably brought her to ruin. If they had disowned her, he would disown them. Jonathan was the only family he would ever need.

But now Charlotte was here, she was encroaching. He looked to Neil, past the glasses perhaps there was a hint of a family resemblance, around the eyes and the shape of the chin, but Dio was clearly the more attractive, he had no doubt of that. He looked to the baby in the pram, his supposed nephew sat in the pram. He was a sweet looking child, Dio had no trouble declaring the truth, and most babies were not a grand sight until a good few months later. This young bundle was handsome; he supposed he had some good genes to work with.

But trouble did not lose itself from Dio’s expression, and he looked to Jonathan concerned. “...Perhaps we should take our leave about now, Jojo. There was that… activity we needed to do.”

Jonathan was still busy trying not to make himself presentable, while at the same time, gauge how to handle the situation. The happy family had appeared out of nowhere, and they were the last people Jonathan expected to run into, although when he considered it, Neil’s family had not lived too far a carriage ride from this park, and it was a lovely day. Perhaps even the first lovely day of his son's life. It made perfect sense for them to be here, and maybe Jonathan had always wondered if this day would come, deep, deep down. But certainly not today, not by surprise.

"Neil, it is lovely to see you. We really must be going, but--" Neil clasped a hand on his shoulder, a wide smile on his face.

"Of course, of course, you should be on your way. Do let Granny say hello to you, though, first, or she will never forgive me!"

"Never forgive what?" The older woman walked arm in arm with her daughter-in-law, now only a few paces behind her son and grandson. Her old eyes, with their light blue gaze fell on Jonathan, her lips turned up into a smile. "Oh, if it isn't young Jonathan Joestar, the one who visited me! Why, how lovely to see you again!"

"It is wonderful to see you as well, ma'am." Jonathan gave the old woman a warm smile, his palms growing sweaty with nerves. A glance to Dio and he could see that the man had his back to the group now, tilting his hat down to shadow his face. Jonathan took a deep, calming breath, and reached for his husband, gently grabbing his arm. "I am afraid my brother and I need to be going, but perhaps I could call on you sometimes?"
"Of course dear. Good day to you, Jonathan. And you..." Her gaze was now on Dio's back, and even now, seemed to have caught a glimpse of the familiar shade of blond.

"My brother." Raising an arm to drape protectively over Dio's shoulder, he gave him another look. It was so hard to read him, and he did not want him to face his aunt if he was not ready. "He is... please excuse him, ma'am, he--" Jonathan stopped short, reaching in his mind for an excuse. Lying had always been Dio's gift.

"--is busy." Curt and sharp and to the point, Dio as he made his voice clear in front of the woman, in front of his mother's cousin and supposed close friend, did not especially harbour any desire to keep even the slightest veil of pleasantness or legitimacy to his excuses.

Of course he was busy, far too busy to talk to the likes of those who abandoned his mother, no matter what web they try to pull after the fact, tugging on Jonathan’s manipulative heart strings. His eyes curled into a narrow at the brunet, even now as he expressed remote interest in seeing her again. Did he not understand?!

He turned to look at her. Though her hair was a tinted shade of fading red, the resemblance was clear to the panting he held in his pocket watch, the picture that stood on the Joestar walls -- she looked like her. His mother.

“And frankly ‘he’ does not require excuseing, if anything that is something you should be granting me. Forgiveness, is what you should be pleading me for. Not that I would ever grant it to you.” With the blond hair long, and three dots trailing up his ear, as well as Jonathan’s stories, there was little wonder in what Dio’s identity was, and Charlotte’s eyes grew wide.

So much for a quiet and peaceful retreat. Neil and his wife were exchanging looks, while Charlotte stared, wide eyed and mouth ajar, seeming as if she were frozen by the very sight of him. Jonathan could only look between them all, wishing that Dio had just walked away. His grip on Dio’s arm remained firm, and he glanced at Charlotte, the sweet old woman who he had spent an afternoon with, knowing that there was no way to protect either of them from the oncoming emotional explosion.

“Dio! Good lord in heaven, how?” She took a step forward, not seeming to be phased by Dio’s angry demeanor, or rather, not letting it stop her from gazing into the face of her cousin’s child. “How?! You were dead and buried, I have been laying flowers on your grave for more than a decade, I thought you had perished with Viviana!” The woman’s voice started to crack and tears filled her eyes, as she looked to Jonathan. “You knew he was alive, it all makes sense now. You should have told me! You should have--” A sob broke into Charlotte’s voice, and Neil stepped forward, putting a hand on his mother’s shoulder in an attempt to soothe her. He looked as if he might have some sharp words for his newfound cousin, but Jonathan broke in first.

“I wanted to tell you, I could see how much Viviana meant to you, and I know you loved her child as well, but it is Dio’s decision, and he…” Jonathan frowned and shook his head. “We should be going, I am sorry to have disturbed your walk.” He turned to attempt to lead Dio away from the group, but found a teary eyed Charlotte stepping forward, hands clutched together.

“Please don’t go. You are family. And furthermore, you are an heir. Did you even know that?”

Dio pulled himself away from Jonathan, his words did not help, only made his resentment higher. “Is love leaving flowers on a woman’s grave that you did next to nothing to protect?! Oh yes, leaving some flowers once a month and now your conscience is clear. Well no, I am not dead, surprise and no thanks to you.”
Dio had never passed up money. He had sunk to the very lowest of lows, to death and to selling his very body for it. So the words of being an heir led to thoughts of inheritance. But that had to be some sort of foolish lie. “Considering the fact I have been dead and buried to you until about two minutes prior, and my mother was evidently disowned by her own father and thrown onto the street like some sort of vermin for having me, I don’t really think I could be.” He laughed, though it held not a single shred of humour.

“Even if I were due, it seems your family has nothing to do with me anymore. You lost that right two decades ago. So don’t you dare let the words family leave your lips in reference to me again, or you will be sorry. I do not care if you are old, nor if you are a wench!” Dio spat out the words as hotly as he felt them, caring not for the location, the rest of the world was white noise.

Charlotte pursed her lips shut, considering what Dio had just said. The old woman was pained by the words, but did not feel the need to rebuke them immediately. Neil however, was growing visibly angrier, and looked to be as protective of his mother as Dio was of his own.

“Now see here. My mother loved Viviana, she spoke of her fondly when I was just child, referring to her as my ‘aunt’. But it isn’t her fault that your mother ran off and married a charlatan! And by God, I’ll be happier to see Uncle Alexander’s estate be forfeit to the crown than fall into the hands of someone walking in that same charlatan’s footsteps, if his manners are any indication!”

“Enough!” Jonathan did not get angry often, nor was he one to raise his voice and yell. But he knew that Neil’s words would only goad Dio to violence, and before that could happen, he stepped between the two with arms spread wide, ready to be a brick wall between the unlikely cousins if he had to be. Tilting his head in Neil’s direction, his eyes narrowed and his voice stayed sharp. “You do not know my brother, you do not know what his life was before he was a Joestar, and you have no right to judge him.” Blue eyes moved to Charlotte, his gaze softening slightly. “I know you loved them both. That is why I did not tell you. Please, just pretend we were never here.” Jonathan started to lower his arms, turning to leave for what he hoped would be the last time, when Charlotte darted past him, faster than he thought the older woman capable of moving. Her fingers sank into the fabric of Dio’s coat, and she looked up at him, tears running down her face.

“I deserve everything you just said to me! I should have forced her away from that monster, I should have taken you in sooner! It haunts me each and every day, thinking of the fact that I have a grandchild, while she missed so much of life because of a single, youthful mistake.” Sobs broke up her voice, and onlookers were starting to stare. “I deserve to be hated by you! Yet I am so glad to see you alive. I see her in you, so much of her..” Her glassy, tear filled eyes met Dio’s, and the resemblance to Viviana’s own anguished expression was uncanny, even with the age between them.

It stunned Dio, that expression, it had been over a decade since he had last seen his mother, and the portrait gave little more than a slight turn of her lips in an otherwise forward facing, straight position, leaving little for a range of facial features. But that glance, that look send memories flooding back. His own gaze faltered, lips giving a trembling waver, but he shook that aside, letting the pouring rage return in floods, brows creasing once more, his dark stare true.

“Yes, you deserve to be hated by me. And you can be as happy and jolly as you like, I suppose this means you only have one death on your hands now. How very fortunate for you!” He clapped his hands together sharply, mocking celebration, pulling himself away, not wanting to be touched by this woman, infected with her filthy attempts of apology.

She smelled of roses.

And suddenly Dio remember the letters she gave, the letters that offered money, rose scented letters that perhaps were the reason he adored that flower so.
“You don’t deserve me. You don’t deserve my mother,” he repeated, slower this time. “How could you do that to her? How could you let her go with that man? How could you let her live like that?! How could you let me?!” There was a crack in his own voice now, one he never meant to spill.

Neil was attempting to go to his mother’s side, but Jonathan held up a hand, urging him silently to wait. He knew Dio almost as well as he knew his own self. He had first-hand knowledge of how the memory of his mother affected him. Neil might not agree, but Jonathan felt that he deserved the chance to attempt to work things out with his aunt.

“I didn’t want her to go! Do you know how hard we fought over your father? First when she began to sneak out to see him, and then when she refused to leave him. She was such a kind soul, and she was blinded by her infatuation. No one could convince her to stop, and your grandfather wouldn’t stand for it. I wasn’t even supposed to see her after she married him.” The woman rubbed her eyes, brushing away her tears.

“If I had known you were still alive, I would have brought you into my home. No matter what Uncle Alexander would have said. No child should have ever been left in the hands of Dario Brando. No child…” Charlotte broke down into tears again, and Neil pushed past Jonathan to her.

Neil joined his mother’s side, glaring at Dio through rimmed glasses, holding her close and trying to ease her tears. Dio stepped back, swallowing hard. It was too easy to blame Charlotte, to pin this all on her, on their family for not doing more, for abandoning her, disowning her, forcing her into squalor and shame and leading her to her final demise.

But Dio himself, being seeing Charlotte again was reminded of himself. He stepped back, three paces more, head shaking.

God, he loved his mother. He loved her like he had loved no other -- except Jojo, but he was a different sort of love -- but he was not blind to her flaws, blind to how cruel a man Dario could be, yet she stayed, every day she stayed no matter what he did to her, to her own son. He had done the same as Charlotte, tried to take her away from this, tried to free her, free them both and sail to America, but she had refused him. Whatever net Dario Brando had weaved around her, it had been one she could not untangle from, not even to save her only child.

“I’ve had enough.” He turned his back to the crying woman before him, no longer able to bring himself to look. “We all make our choices and are forced to live with the consequences. My mother made hers, and you made yours. Fortunately for you, yours allowed you to live. But I don't need you, and you are no family of mine. Clearly I have made success of myself without you.”

“I am so sorry for all this,” he spoke to Charlotte and Neil, arm draping once again over Dio’s shoulder. “This is an emotional topic that should have never been broached in a park. We had best be on our way.” Grabbing the bags from their shopping endeavours, Jonathan began to usher Dio away from the bench, and away from the stunned eyes of his mother’s family.
The walk home was silent. Jonathan did not speak, lost in his own thoughts. When the door to their home was unlocked, Percy came rushing to greet them, but even he seemed to sense that something was not right, whining softly as Jonathan stroked his head, and then retreating to his favourite spot near the fireplace.

“Do you wish to discuss this, or would you prefer to forget it ever happened? I would understand if that is what you wanted.”

Dio did not let Jonathan’s arm stay over him for long, walking ahead, face turned away no wish to see him right now, no look at him. When they returned to the house, the dog’s presence only made him scoff, as Jonathan’s voice, irritating rang through. He scowled at it.

“‘I’m so sorry about all this,’” Dio repeated coldly as he pulled off his coat and hoisted it up on the hanger. “‘Please excuse my brother.’ ‘I’d like to see you again, Charlotte.’ Do you for one second think about me before you speak, Jojo? You take her side, you apologise for me like I am some sort of burden to you. Why don’t we start with discussing that, hm? You are my brother, you are my husband, you are supposed to be to my side, instead of making me feel like some sort of thing that needs hiding away and containing.”

Furrowing his brows and pinching his forehead, Jonathan shook his head. “Oh no you don’t. You can be mad at the situation, but I am not letting you take this out on me. We had our fight about my visit to Charlotte already, on several occasions. It is in the past.” He dropped his hand and looked straight at Dio. “I said I would visit her again as a polite response before she saw who you were, and don’t lie to me Dio, if I had not been there, you would have pummelled Neil for what he said.” Jonathan’s blue eyes pierced into those of his lover, his voice and gaze stern. Before long, however, it softened, and he spoke again, this time more gently.

“You know I am on your side, forever and always. Don’t try to make an enemy of someone who loves you.” There was a pregnant pause. “But if you don’t wish to have anything to do with your mother’s family, that is your right and your decision. I will support it.”

Dio folded his arms over, frowning. Long hair was certainly a sight to look at, but it made for something rather inconvenient at times. Picking up a ribbon, Dio tied up the locks behind his head in a neat tug of a bow.

“Why should I have something to do with them? I do not even know them, nor do they know me. If you would fondly recall as you so love to, my lineage was disowned, they made their stance quite clear a long time ago. And so this Charlotte woman regrets, why should I have to feed into clearing her marred conscience?”

“I don’t know Dio, why should you?” Jonathan pursed his lips together, folding his arms across his chest. “I’ve already told you, this is your decision, and I have no right to influence it, as I have not been in your shoes and experienced what you’ve experienced. All I can say is the facts: Charlotte did not disown you, her uncle did. And she did a great deal to help your mother through her difficult times. Was it enough? Your judgement needs to decide that, not mine.”

With an exasperated sigh, Jonathan turned from Dio, and sat down on the floor besides Percy, stroking his head. “I won’t call on her if you’d rather I not. I dare say Neil will probably not wish to see my face for quite some time, if ever. But I will not be outwardly rude to a woman I have great respect for, even if our feelings on that differ.”
Jonathan focused on Percy’s face, who seemed content to be getting scratched at this tense moment. “This world isn’t very fair to women,” he finally said, feeling the sorrow of the sad story of Viviana’s short life rushing over him again.

“I don’t see what that has to do with anything here, Jojo.” Dio rolled his eyes. He loved Jonathan, he really did and he could finally admit that to both himself and the other man at certain times. But it was times like these he found himself irked, Jonathan was all just and above it, even when he attempted to be understanding, there was that condescension and priggish that came with situations like this. Not everyone could forgive with such ease, not everyone could open their heart up and accept. Not that he had even a shred of experience of the life Dio lived.

It was easy enough to say Charlotte had done what she could, that it had not been her fault for his mother’s foolishness on paper and be done with it. But “you couldn’t understand Jojo! I lived this. I am more than just a page in your scrawl of notes. I am more than an interview of a woman reminiscing over some of life’s mistakes to a stranger who found a photograph. This was twelve real years of my life. This was poverty, indignity, bruises on my body. You have no right to judge me for not taking her by the hand and smiling because she is sorry for what she did. For being angry. So stop talking to me like I am a child, you know I cannot stand it when you patronise me!”

“Bloody hell, Dio, I am not judging you!” Jonathan snapped, temper starting to flare. He met Dio’s gaze and did not back down. “Have you listened to nothing that I just said?! You are the one who calls the verdict on this, not me! And just as you cannot have me live your life and see through your eyes how you feel, nor can you convince me to dislike this woman. You need to accept that, just as I accept your own problems with her.” Jonathan took a deep breath, and held it in, exhaling slowly. He turned to look back at Percy, who seemed to be very uncomfortable in a room with two angry masters.

“I am going to take Percy out for a walk. When we get back, I shall not be broaching this subject again with you, unless it is of your choosing, and by God, I will not have this argument again!” He sighed, shaking his head, his tone calmer, but sad when next he spoke. “Italy and our misgivings prior to it are behind us now. I don’t think either of us wants to return to that.” Grabbing Percy’s leash, and calling to the dog, he made his way to the front door.

Dio threw a curse after Jonathan closed the door behind him, sitting with a dark glower. Trust Jonathan to keep himself the morally superior by running away from any and all conversation that did not paint him in the perfect light.

But Dio was gone by the time Jonathan returned, and early winter sunsets left the sky dark all around. There was no note to where he had gone, only his lack of presence and a missing coat and shoes.

It had been a while since he had last visited, but Dio once again stood at his mother’s, and his own grave, looking bleakly at the faded white marble in the dark. A bouquet of flowers, large and red were placed at the front, bought from a flower girl in town on his way. That was what people did, wasn’t it? Put flowers on a grave? He spent time picking at the moss and overgrown grass from the base of the tombstone, dirtying the trousers of his knees and fingers with the effort. He sat down once he was done, saying little, at first, but once he had started to talk, it came out in streams.

It was about everything and nothing, about Jonathan and how frustrating he could be, about work, about Charlotte and past they had spent together, happy memories and sadder too. About Jonathan and how wonderful he could be.

He sighed. “I am sure I used to be able to be angry at him for longer periods of time. Even if I am still irritated. He wants me to find connections to you, mother, to forgive and grow closer to her.
How am I supposed to do that? She… she looks just like you. Though of course you were far more beautiful. But all the same.” Dio brought his knees to his chest, holding them deep. “I know… you were too deep in that man for reasons I can never understand. Even your own son, even his pain could not tear you from him. Maybe there was nothing she could do to save you either…”

Soft footsteps treading through the grass caused Dio’s back to stiffen. He did not turn to see, nor did the figure approaching speak, but the length of a dress and heels beneath it stood next to Dio, growing still. The figure bent down, greying red hair falling with it, and to his own bouquet, another was added to the base of his mother’s grave, the same exact shade and ribboning, Dio had to think they were purchased from the same place. On the empty, child sized grave for once thought dead Dio, had been a single rose. When Dio had arrived he had tossed the weathered flower aside, along with the larger collection based at his mother’s, snapping his own at the stem.

Charlotte knelt beside him in quiet prayer, her eyes closed, lost in her own private world. When she finally opened her eyes, they gazed down at the old bouquet, an arm’s length away and reached for it, placing it in her purse. Dio’s single rose was also lifted, and she held it in contemplation.

“I like to save the petals. They smell nice sprinkled in the bottom of my purse and drawers. I like to think of it as keeping a bit of Viviana’s spirit with me.” Charlotte turned to look at Dio, her eyes much calmer now than they had been when last they met.

“I know that my pain is nothing compared to your own. There is no pain greater than that of losing a mother.” Although she did not say as much, the tone in her voice implied it was a lesson she had learned first-hand. “But I do miss her. I miss her very much.”

“You are right. My pain is far greater than yours.” Dio’s voice was cold, but he no longer shouted and yelled. Perhaps the time here had mellowed him, but there were no warm feelings toward the woman at his side. He didn’t look at Charlotte, only kept his eyes forward, lips straight, slightly downturned, sharp eyes narrowed, though their hardened stare was something sadder.

They were silent, Charlotte chose to keep herself from speaking, and Dio had little to say. Part of him wondered whether he should shout, yell at her, curse the very ground in which she walked on, forbid her from calling upon this grave again, for what right did she have? A few years ago he would have done just that. Truth be told a few hours ago he might have.

But now he only sat, face covered with the dark veil of evening, his fur lined coat assisting, but not denying the cold from sinking in, and he had to wonder if the woman was feeling the chill too.

Frankly he could have gone on without saying a word to Charlotte, more than denying her right to see him again, disassociating himself from any and all of that part of his line. But instead, keeping his body forward, unable to read the words of the grave anymore it was so dark, he spoke.

“What was she like? In her youth? I know her as my mother, the woman who raised me, but she was something else to you.”

“She was as sweet as she was lovely. Very naive, and the only daughter of a noble family. They sheltered her too much, did nothing to teach her the darker side of the world, while still instilling her that goodness to all God’s creatures was a virtue.” Charlotte’s blue eyes darted to look at Dio, and then back to focus on the tombstones, regarding them with the same respect that one might regard an altar.

“There was one time, when we were young, I was perhaps twelve or thirteen and Viviana was eight, she found a baby bird that had fallen from a nest. She did her best for it, asking her governess about what such creatures might eat, and even going to far as to look for a book on the subject. Despite her
best efforts, the little bird passed away after a few days. She cried over it, and I suggested that she simply throw it away.” Sighing deeply, the corners of Charlotte’s mouth turned up into a sad little smile.

“Do you know she called me heartless for that? She insisted on burying it under the tree where she had found it, so that it could be close to home.” Charlotte looked to Dio. “She had more love than anyone I have ever known, and determination, too. And she always saw the best in everyone. I only wish…” She frowned and dropped her gaze, shaking her head.

“There is no time for wishing anymore.”

Dio couldn’t help but give out a half laugh, though it was kept small. His mother was nothing like him, truth be told that sounded not so different to a conversation he and Jonathan had as children. Though it was Jonathan who had been upset over the little animal, Dio didn’t give half a damn. “She was always too kind, I knew that well enough. We hardly had enough to put in our own pocket, yet she would always give to the beggars on the side of the road. She was ridiculed for it, yet she still did so. I never understood it.”

His body began to relax, and from the corner of his eye he glimpsed at Charlotte, though keeping himself forward. “I didn’t take after her, except in looks. She was never built for a life on the street, I always thought she deserved more than that. She walked and talked with the grace of nobility, yet she did not seem like many in the upper societies I know now. She never quite fit in either world, perhaps she was too good for the world, heaven took her back.” He shook his head. Foolish talk, he knew it, but somehow it eased the pain, just a little.

"Perhaps," Charlotte responded. "Perhaps you are right, though it is still cruel of heaven to have separated a mother and child." Her voice dropped, glancing to the smaller stone, before adding with a note of hesitance, "I always took some comfort in the fact that I thought you two were together. It… somehow brought me peace, to think that you were both in God's care, at peace." She bit her lip, and for a moment it appeared tears might fall from her eyes. But instead she stood.

"I should be going. My son will be worried." Charlotte looked to Dio and her fingers tightened around her purse handle. "I… I understand why you would rather our paths did not cross from here. But I do wish for you the very best." She turned quickly, as if expecting more stinging words, and started for the gate.

Dio wasn’t exactly keen on someone being glad to have thought him dead, but decided not to voice that particular gripe with more than a disgruntled sigh and a raise of his brows. He did not speak as Charlotte began her away, giving her no real answer one way or the other.

“Wait.” But one thing stopped him

“You said I was an heir. How is that possible? If I were disowned as a part of my mother’s womb, and thought to be dead I imagine it would go to… I don’t know, anyone else.”

Charlotte stopped and turned around, seeming not completely surprised that the matter had come up. Finances were everything in this world, after all.

"By birth, you only had one uncle, Edward. He was neither a remarkable man nor a terrible one, always caught in affairs of the family trade. He perished a year ago at sea, and your grandfather has fallen ill. The estate is entailed to a male heir, and with you alive, you, by right, could inherit the fortune." She sighed and met Dio's eyes. "He was cruel and unforgiving towards your mother in life, but I think after her death he saw the error of his ways. And now, his very fortune will be dissolved with him." She shrugged her shoulders.
"But that is only your affair if you wish it to be."

“I want the money, the estate, all of it.” Dio stood up, dusting away the twigs and grass on the back of his legs, stretching out his limbs after being stuck in one position for so long. He didn’t need it, he had the Joestar fortune, he had their trade, he had his lawyer business giving him a quickly increasing stream of money. But Dio would never pass up such a chance for more, he did not care who it was from, or where it was from, there could never be enough gold to line his pockets.

“I believe I am owed as much at the very least.”

"You are aware that means facing your grandfather, yes? Although these days there is very little to him.” Charlotte frowned. "As you wish, then. I can arrange for a meeting at my home. You… may wish to have your lawyer present."

“I am aware of that, and not to worry, I have a whole host of terrible men who happen to have father strapped to their title attached to me. What’s one more shell of an old man to me?” Dio folded his arms over staring at Charlotte, that arrogant confidence returning with ease. He welcomed it.

“And I am my own lawyer, thank you. And quite an excellent one at that.” A smirk could not escape his lips there, as he stood tall over his middle aged aunt.

"Oh!” She had not expected that, and Dio would be satisfied by the surprise in her eyes. "Well then, I am certain that you will not have a problem handling him at all.” She broke into a small smile. "Your charming brother knows where to call on me, if I believe. I shall bid you good day."

Dio departed a little while later, not wanting the awkward walk in the same direction with the woman now that they had gone separate ways, but made his way back home in good time. More hours had passed than he thought, but he felt light, lighter than he had expected after their encounter. It was odd, but he indulged it, stepping to the front door, opening it with the twist of the key.

"Jojo, I’m home."

When Dio stepped in, Jonathan barged out of his study, Percy following behind. The tone of Dio's voice told him the worst was over, and indeed, he was not out as late as Jonathan had feared. The man could have stayed out all night without a qualm, giving his poor Jojo a heart attack back home. Thankfully, that would not be the case tonight. Jonathan was soon at Dio's side, taking his jacket from him and hanging it on the rack.

"I am glad you came home. You sound like you are feeling better. Did you eat dinner yet?” Like a mother hen Jonathan fussed over his husband, guiding him to the sofa and sitting down beside him. Percy, knowing Dio well, steered clear, but watched curiously from his spot by the fire.

“It is my house, I am allowed to come home to it.” Dio pouted, feeling himself pushed about far too much, spun out of his outdoor wear and pushed into the living room without much ability to anything but follow.

“I’m not hungry. Yes I am feeling somewhat better. Circumstances befell and I spoke to Charlotte. It seems I am entitled to some money. So I am going to claim what is due to me.” Dio rested his head against Jonathan's lap, curling his legs up against the sofa, enjoying the crackling heat of the fire.

Jonathan raised a brow, tilting his head, although his fingers sank down and began to card through Dio’s hair. “Well now, that is certainly something worth considering, but Dio, taking the money means you need to deal with them in person. Civilly,” he added, after considering that for a moment. This was, after all, Dio.
“Are you certain it is worth it? We don’t need the money, my fortune is plenty for us both, and your legal career is as such that we have lived as we like, and have scarcely even touched the Joestar wealth.” He brushed some bangs from Dio’s face. “Why put yourself through all that, when you needn’t have to?”

“You are the one who wanted me to talk to them in the first place. Now that I have agreed to it, you second guess?” Dio sighed, sometimes Jonathan could be so difficult to decipher. “The money is mine by right and so I shall take it. There can never be enough. And if nothing else this shall be closure.”

“You haven’t agreed to talk to them, you’ve simply agreed to take their money. There is a difference, you know.” He touched the tip of Dio’s nose playfully. “But I do think closure would be good for you.” He looked down at Dio with a grin. “And then I shall be married to a handsome, rich noble.”

“The old man, my apparent grandfather, is a foot in grave from what I hear. That money would be going to waste without me, and that is something I cannot stand.” Dio turned, lying flat on his back, Jonathan’s large thighs a pleasant pillow as he looked up at him. “But I was already handsome. And noble. I shall simply be richer.”

Jonathan leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to Dio’s mouth. A hand lightly stroked his pale cheek, thumb dancing across the skin. “I have no objection, as long as you are happy.” His expression turned serious, hand resting on the side of his face. “You do know that is all I want for you. I just want your happiness and satisfaction.”

“Then satisfy me.” Dio slipped away from words, pulling Jonathan down the neck and pushing their lips together, sucking on his lower lip. Warm fires melted away all argument as they joined together, content as one. As family.
The day that Dio was expected at the Davenport home to meet Lord Alexander Kingsland, Jonathan appeared to be more nervous than Dio. For once, he carefully selected his outfit, going for a look that was boring, but acceptable. He also made sure a carriage was booked to pick them up, and brought flowers as a gift for Charlotte. Old nobility could be a peculiar sort, and considering that this man had disowned his own daughter, Jonathan was certain he was of the ilk he had met in his early childhood with his father during visits; the kind that disliked fraternizing with those under their station and found certain hobbies (archaeology included) unseemly. Once like that were painfully distasteful, and George had told Jonathan to take their opinions with a grain of salt, but do nothing to give them cause to complain. His father’s advice in mind, he picked out his shoes, grabbed his coat and hat, and stepped into the carriage with Dio.

Arrival was a much easier affair, as Charlotte greeted them in the receiving room with a tray of tea and biscuits. “It is lovely to see you again, Lady Davenport,” Jonathan spoke, holding out the flowers.

“Oh how lovely,” she replied, passing them off to a servant to be put in water. “And please, call me Charlotte. Jonathan, you may have a seat here if it pleases you, but Dio, you are to go up to see my uncle promptly. Alone.”

“But, what if--” Charlotte did not let Jonathan finish.

“It is best not to keep him waiting.”

“I had intended as such.” Drawn out priorly was a contract Dio had spent a great deal of time on. Over the last few weeks he had gotten himself attuned to the Kingsland family business. A different crop to the Joestar trade, but all the rich estate owners had a certain similarity to them, it was easy to assimilate. Well-oiled machine, the heads hardly did more than bat a finger while sub letters and workers took care of the rest. All Dio needed to do was have the old man sign. And they were rich. Very rich indeed.

Their conversation went about as well as one could expect of a man and his estranged, sickly grandfather on the cusp of death. Cancer was taking him, the cruel disease without much of anything as a cure was stripping his life away. Frankly, he looked like little more than a corpse, death would have him within the next month or two. Dio noted the full head of hair on his head, a quiet reassurance that not every man in his lineage lost their locks.

He could tell by the way that he held himself, the way he talked when he conversed with his own lawyer (a skinny spectacle wearing nothing), he had been a hard sort in the days of his youth, a stickler to every rule. There was the echo of a commanding presence to him. There were crosses on the walls and more than one bible at the desk -- religious and more than the typical church once a week goers the Joestar family used to be when George was alive, he was something devout. He was the sort who would curse Dio’s very name if he found out the relationship between he and Jonathan. More than scandal, he would be the sort that would still see men like him hang, beyond jail or fine or punishment. He was the sort that would deem his daughter a whore for sleeping with a man out of wedlock, disown her without even blinking an eye.

Dio took it all from him. Every last extensive penny he’d ever owned. It wasn’t enough, not for what he did, but this man was already on the edge and feeling it, his death would be lonely and painful, and he would not see the heaven he so likely believed him. Not if the god out there was just. Perhaps that was punishment enough.
Dio had planned to ask him how, how he could do that to his own flesh and blood, to such a sweet woman as his mother was. But Dio did not need to ask.

“Charlotte told me that in your old age you felt remorse for what you had done.” Dio said as just before he took leave, fingers circling round the gold coated doorknob. Not even the Joestar mansion had that. “Why is it that when fathers are on the cusp of death, grand or otherwise, it is only then they share a shred of decency? Not that I would credit you to that much.” His final talk with Dario, where he offered him the Joestar, called him a smart boy and told him to become the richest man in the world. He called even him my son, rather than boy, or little shit, or brat. It was nothing like the cretin of a man when he could walk and talk and be. “The regrets of a man almost dead mean nothing to me. If you were truly decent you would not have abandoned your own daughter. You would have saved her. So I will take your money, your estate, everything that you built up from the ground and use it to my own ends. And I will pray every day until you die that you suffer just as much as she did.”

He left. And once he stepped out, Dio never saw Alexander Kingsland again. He kept his promise.

Jonathan waited patiently with Charlotte, sipping at his tea, and munching nervously on the biscuits. He enjoyed chatting with the woman, just as he had enjoyed speaking with her the afternoon he had inquired about Viviana. But it was painfully obvious on his face that his thoughts were with Dio.

“You needn’t worry about your brother,” Charlotte commented, as a servant refilled both their tea cups. “It is obvious he can hold his own, and as tough as my uncle is, at this point in his life, he is not about to put up a fight.”

“I am not worried about that, per say. I more hope that he will come out of this satisfied, rather than having more ghosts of the past haunt him.” Charlotte nodded her head, just as Dio reappeared in the room, looking confident and satisfied.

“It is done?”

“It is done.” Jonathan possibly felt as much relief in those words as Dio had in the speaking of them. And when Dio slept peacefully through the night after, his worries and concerns for husband’s meeting with his grandfather were put to rest for good.

Dio’s status, while technically no different now than when he had taken on the Joestar name, was elevated. He was no longer a noble by adoption, but by birth, and he was an heir in his own right. Charlotte had been the first one to suggest marking the occasion with a ball, so that society had a chance to greet the new Lord Kingsland, although, much to Jonathan’s relief, Dio had no desire to change his name.

“You just became a Joestar, I would have been very upset if you casted off your husband’s name for a fortune,” Jonathan spoke, as Dio stood before a mirror in their London home, trying on his ball outfit fresh from the tailor.

“Why on earth would I do that? Although I suppose it would not be the worst thing to have the title of ‘King’ attached to my name. Dio Brando. Dio Joestar. Dio Kingsland. I am a man with three names now, but I have chosen one.” Dio smiled into the gaze of the mirror, his eyes finding Jonathan within the looking glass. He craned his neck and pulled Jonathan gently by the hair to kiss it, and then turning more so their lips could meet.

“All the same, I have to admit it feels… freeing, to be out from under the Joestars. Sometimes being a ward, an adoptee only made the world think me a charity case. Especially in our youth. I couldn’t stand the looks and stares when I was first brought under your household. The poor unfortunate dear
was never something I wanted to be. My profession eased that, but now I have my own estate, my own nobility, my own right. I don’t want to be a Kingsland, and though I suppose Charlotte is not the worst of women, I know who my true family is, but for that, I do not hate the discovery.”

Dio turned fully, fixing up Jonathan’s tie with a mirthful smirk on his face. “And now that I have my own fortune, one that outweighs your own, I am the most attractive, eligible bachelor. Oh how the ladies will flock to me. My dance card will be the fullest I am certain.”

“Now, now, I would not go that far, my dear.” Jonathan’s smile was soft as he gazed at his husband, so proud of how far he had come, and so thrilled to be at his side at this important moment. “Yes, the fortune you are inheriting is sizable, and yes, you are the most beautiful creature to grace the face of the earth.” That declaration was sealed with a kiss to his lips, his tongue unable to resist slipping between them and making it a longer affair.

“I am sure that you will have your fair share of ladies swooning after you, that I cannot deny. However… you are rather thin, and you can also be quite sharp.” Jonathan said this in a light, teasing way, not sounding at all serious. “Those things can make a fortune shine a bit less. Particularly when there is a handsome, charming, dark haired heir just to the right of him, who has a sweet tongue and a sweeter temper.” Jonathan laughed, draping his arms about Dio’s waist.

“Oh, Jojo, it did not occur to me that you could be so arrogant. Any man who has to call himself sweet must be taken with a good few spoonsful of salt. And you look like some sort of giant, over muscled behemoth, and while I am slim, I wouldn’t quite say I am thin. And I am toned, and fit, and a fair haired beauty, I meet every standard that a woman is looking for in our day and age.” Dio smirked, there was no lack of confidence in his tone. Plus it is my ball, and I am far richer than you, and the hottest of gossip. Everyone loves a happy reunion story.” Swaying from left to right, he began a music-less waltz.

“Tell you what, since we cannot dance together tonight, why not play a little game of sorts. The one who dances with the most women can be deemed the most eligible of us. I’ll win, but it will be fun to see you try and fail.”

“But I am sweet!” Jonathan insisted. “Everyone says as much.” He swayed gently along to the dance with Dio, and even twirled him about once. The few dances they had shared in private on their honeymoon had stuck with him, and he had become quite the adept dancer, so long as his partner was his husband, who knew his pacing well, and had learned to avoid getting his toes crushed since the age of twelve.

“And I do think that I am still very much what a well-bred lady would find appealing, although, this night does belong to you, my prince.” He lightly pecked his cheek. “Your dance card will of course be the fullest, but I wager I will still be twirling my share of girls around the ballroom.” Jonathan let go of his husband, so that he might examine his own reflection in the mirror, and smooth out his hair. “Regardless, it should be a night to remember.”

Later that evening, the two were standing at an open window on the second floor of the Kingsland estate, watching the guests start to pour in. They were very much in view of the public, and Jonathan’s lips spread into a smile, hand lifting to give a little wave. “Now see the blonde in the purple dress, she already cannot take her eyes off me!”

“Not every blonde in the world is fixated on you just because you are fixated on them.” Dio rolled his eyes, smirking. “No, her eyes are clearly on me, so watch, husband dear, as I prove it to you.” Dio span himself away, taking the delicately gloved fingers of the lady in question and kissing them gently.
“Mademoiselle, will you do me the honour of dancing with me first this night?” When she accepted with excitable haste, Dio shot Jonathan a wink, guiding her onto the floor. That was one.

Jonathan flashed Dio a pout, though it did not stay on his face for long, as it would have been ungentlemanly. “Of course she accepted,” he muttered under his breath. “It doesn’t mean that he was her intended prey.” The entire business of finding partners at balls was not too far off from a hunt, after all.

At that point, Jonathan was approached from behind by a redhead. She was pleasant looking enough, although it was not his favourite hair shade, she still approached him first. And so, he was able to join his brother on the dance floor, keeping up an admirable pace, his partner not suffering from any crushed toes this time around.

Well, someone had to dance with Jonathan, Dio supposed with a pout on his lips. In his own right he was still quite the signature bachelor, and well known for it. Dio had always been a looker, but even in his popularity at balls, Jonathan always succeeded, for he had the title, he had prestige. How Dio had despised him for that. Now, it was finally payback.

Five more ladies were added to his card in the interlude between the first and second dance, and that was only the beginning. Dio liked a dance, he enjoyed a spin and was talented at it, but never had there been that desire to actually seek out partners beyond the societal necessity. It had always been Jonathan that drove him, they had never competed in their youth, but it filled Dio with some quiet pride when he could attain more his brother. He supposed now was no different.

“Six on the card,” he said, flashing a toothy grin at Jonathan, holding up the punched paper. “You cannot say you have exceeded that, my Jojo.”

When Dio asked, Jonathan held his own card up. “I have four. To be perfectly honest with you, I’d rather be sitting and eating.” He sighed, though it was a happy sigh. He was pleased to see his brother and husband getting the kind of attention in society he always deserved -- the attention of an equal.

“And I believe your next dance is starting,” he said with a little pat on his shoulder as he pushed Dio towards an expectant partner. He began to move towards the dinner table, only to have a petite blonde tap him on the shoulder, asking for a dance. Taking her hand graciously, he mentally changed his tally to five.

As they danced, he did enjoy exchanging pleasantries with his partner. She seemed quite soft spoken and sweet, as well as lovely. Still, whenever he dared risk it, his eyes were on his husband from across the floor, admiring how he moved with ease. How things had changed, he thought to himself once the music picked up, and he needed to bring his eyes back to his partner. Only a few years ago he might have had doubts, and only a few years ago, there would have been bitter jealousy.

Times had certainly changed, and for the better.

As the next dance drew to a close, Dio stepped out into the large halls of the Kingsland party hall -- not even the Joestars had an establishment for celebratory events -- a need to relieve himself in order. The washroom stood in a series of stalls, though it seemed he was the only one inside. Upon exiting, there were two, a young dandy not unlike himself in consideration for attire and proper hair treatment was there, though it did not look as if he had any intention of using the facilities.

“Lord Kingsland.”

“Joestar,” Dio interrupted smoothly “But I can see how the error could be made.” When the dandy,
noted Dio’s mood was still jovial he continued, stepping forward, closer than a man looking only for conversation would feel no need to step.

“All the same, you are the talk of ball, everyone has their eye on you, every lady… every gentleman…” Dio continued to stand with an only mildly cautious glint in his eye as the dandy, not far off his height made a move, finger finding Dio’s own at his side, a gesture Dio was all too aware of.

It was nice to know married life had not sullied his undeniable allure. He allowed the man to continue, his hand skirting across the outer shell of his upper thigh, along the waist, their hips meeting tight in the centre. He felt his lower back pushed close, and the dandy’s lips pucker ever so slightly.

If only this had been three years ago, Dio would have adored an interaction like this. A man after his own heart, and other places if he was so fortunate. But for all Dio was, he knew what he wanted, and it was no longer the hot embraces of another man in his bed, or the nearest bathroom stall, it was the ugly sweater wearing beloved man he called husband.

So when their lips were but a breath away, Dio whispered, so low it was near inaudible. “You couldn’t handle me.” He bit his own lip, pulling away with the teeth in a seductive crawl, stepping back three paces, grin wide on his mouth. He offered the man a signature wink before twirling his way back to the main hall, only a few minutes spare until the next dance. He found Jonathan at the buffet table, and approached him with sauntering grace.

“I just had the most interesting conversation with a gentleman in the lavatory, brother mine,” Dio spoke carefully as he picked a small hordervise on a stick he could quickly pop in his mouth. “A very interesting conversation indeed.” To get his point across, a quick squeeze was given to Jonathan’s ass, and a gentle spank for good measure.

“Have you ever even been propositioned by another man, Jojo? Having a woman at your heels is no more common than Sunday roast, but a man, now that takes a little more spark.”

While he had managed to squeeze another dance onto his dance card, Jonathan’s second love was calling to him - food. Helping himself to the appetizers, he plopped two in his mouth at once, taking the time to observe the beauty of the ball, as well as the splendour of the room. This was the world Dio should have always been a part of, from birth, and he was glad it had been restored to him.

Selfishly, however, a tiny piece of him was glad that Dio had come to live with the Joestars. If he had not, there was no guarantee their paths would have ever crossed, and that was something to which Jonathan could no longer imagine life without. Perhaps love would have found a way, even in such circumstances.

He was reaching for the next morsel when Dio took it first. It took a moment for him to understand what Dio was saying, but the smack did it, and his eyes widened, his face turning red.

“How did… here?! At your coming out ball?! I never--” Frowning and shaking his head, he reached for a glass of champagne, taking a sip. “That does not count towards your dance card total, mind you.”

“Yes, Jojo, at my coming out ball. But from the way you are talking I am going to presume that it’s a no on the proposition front.” Dio’s throat swallowed as Jonathan took down the glass like it was nothing right of him, a twinge of pining for that sweet glass of bubbly filled his mind, but he quelled it with a sigh, putting it to rest. It’d been closing in on a year since he had tasted a drink and he missed it. Maybe he would always miss it.
“It may not count, but all the same I consider it. Frankly it baffles me that you have never had any more experience with our sex, we did go to the same public school, didn’t we?” Dio chuckled, clearly their adolescent circles were different entirely, but Jonathan was an attractive boy, who grew more so when puberty struck. Back when he was soft without much of any hard muscle to show for, and his shorts never seemed to fit right around his thighs. How Dio had wanted to bury his face in them. One of life’s missed opportunities.

“You are lucky I am such a faithful spouse, he was quite attractive, and very eager. Hardly any conversational foreplay, he wanted to get himself dirty.” Dio popped another horderve in his mouth, sniggering.

“No, I have never been propositioned by a man before, save for you,” Jonathan answered, a hint of grumpiness in his reply, reluctant and embarrassed to admit it. In truth, if he thought back on it, there may have been some, but he was too naive to take it as such at the time, and no one had ever been so bold around him as Dio had. Perhaps if Jonathan had realised sooner he had an interest in the same sex, though he was mostly content with having only ever been with one man.

Mostly. Except when Dio was lording it over him. While the fingers on one hand toyed with the stem of the glass, the other snagged a plate, which he began to pile with treats to bring back to his seat.

“That sounds rather charming, I am sorry that our union prevented you from having a mediocre romp with some scamp.” Jonathan’s tone was not charmed at all. He licked his lips, meeting his eye, his tone dropping to a whisper. “You know that I am probably better at pleasing you than many of these men are at pleasing their wives.”

“Well most men in dull arranged marriages with dull arranged wives think little past their own skinny, short cock when they stick it in. And unlike a man, a woman less often has the evidence of spoil, you would know if you disappointed me from the lack of seed, if my vocal dissatisfaction wasn’t enough.” Dio shrugged, taking a final cocktail stick.

“No, if you’ll excuse me, there’s a lady batting her fan at me, and I plan to win this contest of ours. Ciao.”

The night ended well, with Dio concluding with twelves dances to Jonathan’s eight, though they had to wonder if each taking a spin with Charlotte counted. She smiled at Dio, who nodded back, and she told him how his mother had loved to dance, and there was something warm and nice about that, for Dio had memories of spinning about the bar with her, and how she had always looked so graceful while doing it.

But as they took their leave back to the carriage, one thing was certain. They would prefer to be in no other’s arms but each other’s.
Dio’s coming out may have changed much in the eyes of society, but within the confines of their marriage, things remained very much the same. The main difference was they now had a second family to call on, Charlotte always welcoming both the Joestar boys into her home. But Dio remained busier than ever, and Jonathan still had his research, as well as his correspondence with his mentor, Signore Zeppeli. It appeared that there may be future opportunities for Jonathan to travel and dig, but for the time being, he was content to be home.

As spring started in full force, Jonathan’s birthday loomed closer. For this year, he was thrilled to have a family to spend it with, between his husband, and the Davenports, who were hosting a dinner for him the night of the occasion. Dio had even agreed to leave work early that night (which really meant on scheduled time) to accommodate.

The weekend before, as March turned into April, was a lazy affair. Jonathan slept in until late in the morning, his stomach growling for breakfast. He was hoping that they would be able to spend most of the day lounging in bed, since on the fourth that would not be possible. Pulling himself up, he stretched and yawned, not at all surprised to find Dio already up. Perhaps he was even changing into something teasing and sensual to greet him in right now…

Dio could be serious, that much was true. He was serious about money, and his work, and the clothes he spoiled himself with. But that did not mean he did not enjoy a little game. It was April Fool’s Day, and what better time to put a certain plan into action? Oh, this was going to be a trick indeed.

“Good morning, Jojo,” Dio said with a faux humble ease to his tone, stepping out the bathtub in a silken robe, fingers curling round his locks, special attention paid. For his signature blond waves he knew Jonathan loved so dearly was something far darker. His hair was coloured a rich, chestnut brown, and in the bathroom lay an empty bottle of hair dye. “Sleep well?”

When Jonathan saw Dio, he inhaled sharply and audibly through his nose, taking a step back. That sounded like Dio’s voice, but why was there a stranger in his bathroom?! As the realisation slowly sunk in, eyes wide and jaw dropped, Jonathan clasped his hand over his mouth.

“D-D-Dio!” Jonathan’s voice staggered. “Y-y-you…your hair!” Even now, Jonathan found it both ungentlemanly, as well as possibly detrimental to his life to criticize the way Dio looked. But this was such a drastic change, and Jonathan had always adored his blond locks, how could he consider doing such a thing?

“Why is it brown ?!” he finally blurted, a curl of disgust to his lip unable to keep itself hidden.

“Felt like a change,” Dio said with nonchalance. “Life is unfortunately far too short to remain stagnant and still, and I have seen this colour growing in popularity recently. I do like to keep up with the latest trends, not to mention create trends of my own and you know that all too well. I saw this as I was in the store purchasing some new perfumes and well…” He chuckled, flicking the brunet waves with a joined spin of his feet. “I think it quite becoming, don’t you Jojo? Besides, your hair is brown. Now we look even more like brothers.”

Dio walked in an easy saunter to Jonathan, pecking his lips in a good morning “What were you thinking for breakfast? I could have us an omelette whipped up in no time at all. Sound good?” He waited “I shall take that gaping pause for a yes.” Oh, this was all too amusing.
Jonathan was struggling to find words that adequately described how he felt while not insulting Dio’s sensibilities. Now he knew how Dio might have felt whenever he was disgusted by one of Jonathan’s outfits, but at least those were just clothes. This was something that could not simply be taken off and tossed in a laundry bin at the end of the day. It would be like this for months, even years.

“B-but I don’t want us to look more like brothers! Bloody hell, Dio, we are married!” Jonathan’s expression looked desperate, he was grasping at straws for a way to say he hated it, but the gentleman inside him would not allow for such language about his own husband’s appearance. Not to mention, he might lose his head.

“I-I-if you are happy, I am happy for you!” he spat out after too long a pause, though his expression looked anything but. “It… it is just very different, that is all…. I am sure in time that I will adjust to your new look…” Jonathan’s upper lip quivered and he averted his eyes from the sight before him.

“I am sure you will. And there is nothing wrong with a bit of change, I think it will do me some good. And you too, you are far too stuck in your ways, and I wouldn’t want to bore you.” Moving to the kitchen, Dio retrieved four eggs, cheese, ham, and herbs, cracking and chopping and mixing the collection together, grabbing a pan from the cupboard and setting the stove alight. Their chef only came to the house a couple of times a week, and Dio found he was rather fond of cooking when he had the time for it.

A quick meal to create with a short cooking time, Dio sliced the eggs in two and served them on plates, tucking into his own meal with a glass of water on the side. When Jonathan had hardly touched his meal, he looked up. “Is there a problem, Jojo? You’re staring. Ah, how silly of me, of course you are staring. You are mesmerised by my beauty, I cannot blame you for that.” He pointed to the omelette. “But if you do not eat, it will get cold.”

“I… I don’t think I am that hungry.” Jonathan murmured as he looked away from Dio and down at the floor. Loss of appetite was a rarity for Jonathan, but indeed, he began to poke at the eggs with his fork, only a smart bite making it into his mouth.

“What on earth would my work have to do with my hair?” Dio raised a brow high, looking over to Jonathan’s side of the table. “It is a colour change, I see no reason why it would affect anything at all. In fact, while stunning, there are certain attachments to the fairer shade. Looser morals and a looser mind, and all that. They might find the more serious brunet Dio to be all the more reliable.” Grasping at straws it seemed, Dio hummed, stabbing into his eggs again.

And those straws were slowly starting to fall out from between his fingers. Silence fell over the table, Jonathan staring down into his plate, taking one or two small, half-hearted bites. After a long, awkward silence, he lifted a finger, attempting once more to broach the topic sensitively.

“Dio, you truly are one of the loveliest creatures on the planet, there is no doubt. And I love you no matter how you look. But… but Dio…. I… always had a little fondness for your blond locks. Just a bit, mind you. It… it doesn’t bother me at all that you dyed it, no, not at all! Perhaps though…you might have asked what I thought first?”

“Don’t try to kid yourself, nor me, you are terrible at hiding your emotions. But really, Jojo, you are so serious and forlorn about this you would think that the bringer of death has come to your door.”
Dio shook his head, best end the jest before he starting leaking tears.

Folding his arms and leaning forward, Dio asked plainly, “What day is it, Jojo?”

“Almost my birthday! Which is why I would think that you would—” Stopping to stare at Dio, this time in contemplation, one could almost see the light going on in his head, as the fact that it was April first finally dawned on him.

“This…. this is a jest?”

“Yes, my dear Jojo, this is a jest.” Dio stood, quickly bounding up the stairs and returning back down to present a bottle. "Temporary hair dye, perfect for parties, acting and simply a change of pace. It washes out with soap and water. Really, Jojo, you thought I would make myself a brunet?" He laughed. "I love myself far too much for that."

Jonathan looked as if he had just been granted a reprieve on his life. “Oh thank heavens, you scared me so! Dio, you really look a fright with darker hair! I would have endured it out of love, but thank goodness you shall be going back to your beautiful blond. It is much better with your fair complexion anyway.” Suddenly, his appetite returned, miraculously restored by the revelation. “You could wash it out as I finish eating."

"No need to be that excited about it.” The amusement quickly turned into a frown, and Dio twiddled with his newly browned waves. "There is a fine line between preference and insult, Jojo, be sure not to cross it." He looked at the bottle, a pout on his lips. "I never really took you for the superficial type. To say I look a fright... I am still very much myself, no matter what shade I may don."

Setting down his fork, Jonathan stepped up to Dio. He had learned long ago that a happy wife meant happy life, or in his case, husband. Pressing a soft, tender kiss to his forehead, he gazed down into Dio’s eyes. “Of course you are. And you are beautiful to me, no matter what. But…. you are rather fair skinned for such dark hair. I won’t be sad to see it go.” Jonathan returned to his seat, and lifted his fork once again.

“Now really, Dio, aren’t you a bit old for pranks? And so close to my birthday. You could at least wash it out right away.”

"You've already said that, Jojo." Dio once again rose from his seat, taking both his own eggs, and Jonathan's away, tossing them away with the plates thrown into the sink, uncaring of whether or not he was still in the midst of eating. "You've made your opinion quite clear on the subject. I was only looking for a bit of fun, but there is no need to go on about it. I'll wash it out, since you despise it so much." He departed to the bathroom, the slam so loud it was heard from the first floor.

Jonathan sighed deeply. So much for happy wife, happy life. He could only hope that perhaps after a shower, Dio would regain his good humour (along with his blond locks) and perhaps maybe then, they could consider their bedroom play for Jonathan’s birthday. In the meantime, he scoured the kitchen for something else to eat.

Smothering too much soap in his hair, Dio stood in the shower, letting the hot water pour over his head, not even wasting time with a gentle submerge in the tub. He scrubbed hard, buffed nails running deep into his scalp, removing all history of his April joke. He should have known Jonathan only cared about him when he was fair and beautiful -- he should have never tempted fate, not even for a joke. He supposed it only proved what he knew to be true: looks were everything.

Turning off the water, Dio took his leave, wiping away the steam of the mirror, ready to see his old self again.
"J-Jojo..." A broken voice began, Dio stepping out too long after. Not even dressed in a robe, dripping wet onto the hard tile came a despondent, and still very brunet Dio. "It won't come out."

A very flat voice responded to Dio from the kitchen. “Dio, how foolish do you think I am? Really, I just wanted to enjoy a weekend at home with you before my birthday. When you are done with your pranks and are in a better humour, I shall be in my office.”

"This is not a joke!" Dio snapped, harsh and fast and spitting. He retracted, repeating the words again. "This is not a joke, Jojo... it's not... coming... out." His hands travelled up to his hair, pulling tight on the strands of too dark hair, voice quavering. "The bottle said it would take one rinse out! I did it thrice! Jojo!"

The sound of Jonathan’s office door closing behind him, and heavy footfalls as the large man climbed the stairs to the bathroom of their little home. Jonathan looked quite annoyed, ready to be greeted by an already blond Dio, who would then in turn mock him and call him gullible. It was a fine way indeed to start a weekend.

"Dio, I really--" His eyes fell on his husband, soaking wet and with dark hair and his lips turned into an ‘o’. “…Perhaps it is sticking to your hair longer because it is so thick and light. Let me see if I can help.” Rolling up his sleeves, Jonathan lead Dio back to the bath, dumped a third of a bottle of shampoo into his hair, and firmly began to lather.

“Just get it off me, Jojo. And do it fast.” Dio’s face went over his hands, for reasons far other than keeping the soap out his eyes. “Today has been something of a disaster, I shall have to wear hats for the remainder for my being.” Laments slipped out under muffled palms, and Dio lowered his head. “All I wanted was for a simple joke to be made, but what has it done? Brought you to realise I am but nothing to you without my hair, my looks. For all my achievements, all my intelligence, I already knew it -- beauty, that is the true value to every and all. Why would I risk my looks for a fool’s errand that did not even bring me satisfaction?” Fingers curled over and dug in hard into Dio’s skin. “This was useless and now I suppose the end.”

“Stop being so bloody dramatic, Dio. I already said I love you no matter what, do you really find me so shallow?” Jonathan’s fingers, which were normally so delicate and gentle in the bath, gave Dio’s hair several hard scrubs. At this point there were so many suds and bubbles that Dio’s hair looked more like a mound of white foam than anything else.

“It serves you right for playing pranks, though. If I had done such a thing on the weekend before your birthday, you probably would have had my head. Now close your eyes.” Jonathan turned on the faucet, letting the water run over Dio’s hair, washing away the soap. Jonathan looked at him for a moment, scratching his chin.

“…Well, now it looks like you went swimming in a murky lake.” And Jonathan had to bite down his lip hard to keep from laughing, the sight of the normally dignified Dio a soaked mess, hair slightly lighter now but the colour uneven and streaking.

“I refuse to look until it is done.” Dio shook his head, keeping his eyes covered, no need to tell him to shut them, they were long since closed. “And I can hear you laughing! Stop laughing! Is this some sort of joke to you?!” As the words came out Dio could feel them drenched in irony, which only made him groan all the more.

At that, a laugh did escape Jonathan’s lips. He couldn’t help it anymore; the sight was just far too comical. Clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, Jonathan raised a big hand to Dio’s
cheek, and wiped away the splotchy brown hair from his face, so they could meet their eyes. “Oh my darling. My beautiful, messy, silly darling.” Jonathan pressed his lips to Dio’s, kissing him deeply, before pulling back once again so Dio could see the true smile on his face. “I love you so, and there is something… endearing about seeing you with such silly hair.”

“It is not silly,” Dio grumbled, a pout unending on his lips, even when the kiss broke. He brought a strand of hair into his direct vision, gasping with an audible quiver as he noted the streaks. “This was far more amusing in theory. That blasted company is going to pay a great deal.” He pushed the liquid soap into Jonathan’s hands. “Again.”

“Well, I don’t know Dio, I think splotches look rather good on you. After all, I like them well enough on Percy!” He chuckled again, but as he enjoyed being among the living, put more of the soap into Dio’s hair, proceeding to scrub once again. “I am sure it will come out eventually…” Though this second time only lead to more splotches.

A bottle of rose scented soap fell to the floor, emptied. And with it, not much had changed. There was a semblance of lightness to his shade, but Dio’s hair was hardly better, something tragically caught in the middle. Once again, stepping out of the bath, a very clean, but disconsolate Dio flopped on the bed, wetting the duvet through.

“It is over. My life, ruined.”

Jonathan’s eyes grew wide. Not even during their stay in Italy would Dio have dreamed of having the slightest inch of his skin touch the bed without it being thoroughly dry. And he always pulled back the duvet, considering it a dust and animal hair collector. It would be concerning if it wasn’t hilarious.

Stepping into the room, Jonathan draped a towel over his collapsed form, patting him dry. “Your life isn’t ruined. You do have some lovely hats you can wear until it washes out. And it has been getting lighter, it won’t last forever.” Jonathan folded his arms over his chest. “There is no need to be so dramatic about this.”

“You think this is dramatic?! Oh, Jojo, you have seen nothing of the sort. I have to… see people! Tomorrow! I have to go out in the world looking like this sort of travesty. I am meeting a client, Jojo!” Dio rolled onto his back, lamenting at the ceiling.

“I need a drink. Just this once, Jojo. If it is to be my last day on earth, I might as well indulge in it.”

“You are seeing a client on Sunday? On the weekend of my birthday where I had assumed we would be eating cake in bed the whole time?” Jonathan shook his head, pulling himself onto the bed beside Dio.

“You are not getting a drink. A spanking would be more appropriate, I think.” Leaning in to Dio’s bare, damp chest, Jonathan’s tongue rolled about a nipple, before moving to his lips. “Or just a nice, deep fuck.” Reaching between his thighs, Jonathan teased his entrance.

Dio moaned, the reaction too fast for him to catch, and instinct taking over, he opened his legs and spread them. Immediately, however, they closed. “I know you do not want to fuck me, Jojo. I do not want to fuck me, and frankly the fact there are not two of me to do so has always been one of the world’s largest errors.” Dio looked to the side where the mirror stood tall, grimacing at his own very reflection -- though he had to silently admit his figure was really quite stellar. But never mind that.

“Not even I, Dio, would force you to endure this.”
“Stop moaning, or I will gag you.” Laughter was welling up in Jonathan’s throat once again, and he had to swallow it to maintain his composure. Giving his mouth something else to do, he knelt down between Dio’s thighs, and let his tongue roll over the puckered entrance. Once it was properly slick, two fingers slid inside and began to scissor back and forth.

“You are such a selfish, vain, beautiful creature,” Jonathan murmured, continuing his hand motions as he leaned over Dio, lips nearing his own. His free hand began to card through his wet, messy locks, just as affectionate as when they were their normal hue. “My silly, narcissistic, adorable Dio.” A kiss was pressed to the tip of his nose, and then to his lips.

Dio’s nose crinkled, but he could not stop himself from returning the kiss, a flush striking his cheeks, heat pooling at his crotch. He mewled out softly, fingers pressed into Jonathan’s back, grinding against each motion, cock slowly beginning to rise.

Quietly, and avoidant of eye contact, Dio asked, “Would you love me, Jojo… if I did not look like this. If I were no longer… beautiful. Being so… it has always been part of my reality. It is simple truth. I do not know who I would be if were not.”

Jonathan’s fingers gave one deeper probe, and then withdrew, his arms now both propping his large, muscular body up above his lover. He gazed down at him, his own short brown curls sweeping down over his ears and the sides of his face. "Your beauty is more than your face, or your body, or even your hair." Jonathan leaned in and pressed his lips to the tuck of Dio’s neck. "Your beauty is who you are, the fierce, determined man whose critical eye and sharp tongue have made me a better person on many an occasion. I love who you are. Everything else is just a nice addition."

And at that, Jonathan slipped his cock deep inside Dio, not stopping until he was in up to the hilt.

"Of course, I enjoy your body too."

From that, the slight twinge that pinked Dio’s cheeks grew three times darker, and upped, burying his face in Jonathan’s shoulder, arms looping round to latch on tight. The cry that came was matched with a smile and he hugged Jonathan with a solid grip.

“I suppose I will take that answer,” he spoke, tone far more aligned with his usual attitude. His legs joined his arms and he bucked hard into Jonathan’s cock, shuddering with delight as he was hit inside the sweetest spot.

“And you had best enjoy my nice additions to the utmost. It is not my glittering personality that can do this.” Dio clenched around Jonathan’s cock, the hot wrap of his hole just right to send the other man’s head rolling.

Sex was what Jonathan had expected as well as craved all morning, and now that he was getting it, he was indeed satisfied. Loud moans escaped his mouth as Dio moved his skilled body, letting himself succumb to the pleasure. At first, his eyes closed, but he did not want Dio to think that he was trying to block out his features, so he opened them and gazed down lovingly, hands tightening around the ends of his hair.

"You are the best at this...I am fortunate to have married someone who-" Jonathan's words were interrupted by another stroke of pleasure, which only drove him to plunge his cock in deeper and harder, leading to more cries from his husband's lips. Jonathan chose not to speak again until they were both lying satisfied and spent in the sheets.

"Perhaps you should keep your hair like this." He spoke with a sly look in his eyes. "It is starting to grow on me."
“Careful, don’t you start with that. I must just do it.” A resounding lie, but nevertheless, the slip of insecurity was beginning to fade, and in it, Dio’s sarcasm and confidence returned. His legs looped round Jonathan’s hips, and he rolled them round, upping himself into a straddle.

Dio grabbed Jonathan by the hair and kissed him, a clash of teeth and tongue in the sloppy affection, leaving him breathless when they finally were split apart. His streaking hair fell with him in every motion, before he slumped once more beside him.

“But really, Jojo… we are going to stop at nothing until this confounded brown off of me. I will go through all the soap in England if I must.” With a surge of determination he stood once again, the warm oozing of come leaking out of his ass as he headed to the bathroom once again.

Jonathan had to chuckled to himself as he watched his well fucked husband saunter into the bathroom and make demands for the continuation of his hair scrubbing. To the outside world, Dio maybe be a noble with connections to two well renowned families, but in his own home, he was a prince, and Jonathan would serve him always. So loyal a knight was he that he did not remind Dio again this was all of his own making, but simply helped scrub until the rest of the dye was out.
By the day of Jonathan’s birthday, Dio’s hair was back to normal, and the sight of him with streaky brown hair only a distant (but amusing) memory. At Charlotte’s dinner for Jonathan, he looked his usual flawless self, with Jonathan at his side, wearing a new suit in a deep blue that could have been selected by none other than his brother.

Cake had been served, and Jonathan sat eating a slice happily, when Charlotte walked up to him holding Charles, her baby grandson.

“I think the anniversary of your birth is a fine time to learn how to hold a baby!” said Charlotte, beaming as she presented him to Jonathan. He swallowed a bite of cake hard and set the plate aside.

“Children this small usually don’t care for me very much!” Jonathan said nervously. Still, he took the child into his arms, just in time for him to erupt into wails. Jonathan gave Charlotte a sheepish smile.

Dio could take the crying for a couple of minutes, well perhaps thirty seconds, but that certain amount of screeching was grating at the perfect way to drive him mad, high pitched and loud. As he watched Jonathan uncomfortably rock the child, and Charlotte telling him to give it time, let him settle in his arms, there was a flash of something that needed to put this to an end.

“Give it here,” he said abruptly, and possibly surprisingly, stealing the boy in long airy lace and taking in into each of his own hands, nestling him down softly into a secure hold, head propped up and steady, a perfect form.

“You need to hold it at an angle, you see,” he instructed, swaying his body along with the motions. Even his voice had shifted, turning into something more of a coo than the usual straight manner of speaking, elevated with a lilt. “Or baby will cry, won’t he?” Promptly the screams began to simmer, a small gurgle and laugh escaping the child’s lips. “You see?”

Everyone in the room’s jaw dropped at the sight of Dio taking the baby, but no one looked more surprised than Jonathan. He had never seen Dio that close to a baby in the course of their lives together, except for looking at whoever was the newest member of the Floris family with utter disdain and distaste. For a split second after he first took him, Jonathan had to wonder if Dio had the child’s best intentions at heart, but the fear was quickly overcome.

“I don’t know if it is all about position, Dio, though you do seem to be a natural at it,” Jonathan commented, watching the blue eyed baby stare up and Dio with a smile on his face. “He also seems to like you. Maybe he knows that you are true family.”

“You are family, Jonathan,” Charlotte chimed in, placing a hand on his shoulder, as she peered happily over at her grandchild in Dio’s arms. “But I know for a fact that being a good parent is in Dio’s blood. I am sure he would make a wonderful father.”

Jonathan knew that when it came to his own blood, Dio tended to think of his father rather than his mother. Still, he nodded his head. “I am inclined to agree.”

A broken laugh left Dio’s throat, shaking his head in direct objection to Jonathan. “I don’t know about all that, let none of you start gaining ideas.” There was a defensiveness to Dio’s tone, and he looked down at the chubby cheeked boy, lips tightened into a purse, letting out a small breath.

Dio had held children before, babies, usually when in the back of the bars and occasional brothels. For him, there was little chance of but for the prostitutes about him, having children simply was part
of the trade. Most men did not like the uncomfortable contraceptives, not that they were easy to retrieve. To bear a child was natural and good, why prevent such a thing? Dio could think of a multitude of reasons.

Still, he digressed, but he had taken care of babies in hour long intervals when the mothers had no one else to turn to and Dio was having a break himself. It did not make his fondness for most of the young any higher, but he’d learned to coo and cuddle, save them wail into his ear. Getting them to sleep became, well, child’s play.

But he had to admit, while fond memories were few and far between in his childhood, this had not been the worst of times, but with all that said, “I know how to hold a baby, that hardly equates to passing on my own genes to create one, nor raising one.”

Babies may have made Jonathan nervous, but he did have a fondness for children. One of his earliest musing about his life with Dio had been having a child of their own, even though the traditional avenues of doing so were not open to them. Adoption was still an option, but they were both so involved in their careers (and each other) at the moment that it was not a topic that had come up recently. Still, seeing Dio with the smiling child did bring a warmth to his chest.

“Well, that is certainly true. But still, your hidden talents never cease to amaze me, Dio.” Jonathan held a finger out to the baby, and a tiny hand reached out to grasp about it. The delicate miniature fingers contrasted greatly with Jonathan’s large hand, and despite his own nervousness about little ones this small, he could not help but be filled with wonder.

“Here, let me try again.” Jonathan reached slowly and carefully into Dio’s arms, and supported the child’s head more with the crook of his arm. He made some babbling sounds as Jonathan brought him closer against his chest, and was fussier than he had been in Dio’s arms, but at least he was not wailing this time.

“Better,” Dio offered, looking at Jonathan. Perhaps babies were one thing, but he always suited a child in his arms. He knew how much he had enjoyed the Floris visits, and often in old balls he would be found talking to the young in the other room; it was quaint, really.

But if Dio was honest, if they never had a child in their lives, he would be glad of it. To be a father, it was never a plan in the grand scheme of things. Dio had a rather terrible track record with such, on both sides of his family. A grandfather who abandoned his daughter, a father who beat his wife and son. There was Lord Joestar, but he would not call him a stellar man either. Though, he supposed, at least there would be no chance of the Brando line ever continuing. His line would end with him, and that was right.

They said their goodbyes to Charlotte that evening, a night of toe curling romps to cease their night, panting and kissing stroking once again perfect blond hair. “Happy early birthday, Jojo,” Dio said with a smile. He wondered if they were getting a little old for gifts, practices came first, archaeological text books and pens mostly made up what he had gotten Jonathan this year.

The night having been a success, Jonathan curled against his husband, a contentment running through him that was becoming more and more commonplace. His life with Dio was in full swing, and his career was on the up and up. He was not sure he could be any happier.

“Thank you, my dear.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s brow, glancing over at the stack of gifts that was on his table. “And the books you have chosen will be of great use to me in the coming months.” Of course, they were books that Jonathan himself had suggested, knowing he would need them, but his gratitude was still genuine.
“I had not had the chance to mention it yet, and the plans are still being finalized, but I may be going to Greece for a month or two with Signore Zeppeli. He has been put in charge of a new excavation site, and it should be a wonderful opportunity.” He nuzzled his cheek to the top of Dio’s head. “I promise I shall be home sooner than Christmas Eve this time.”

“Considering that is the vast majority of a year, I would certainly hope not.” Two months, that was certainly longer than the three-turned-five weeks. “These trips are increasing in length, Jojo, let’s hope you are not trying to get away from me.” He knew that wasn’t true, but all the same, these long trips always made him realise how much impact Jonathan had in his life. Being without him left a hole.

“You had better not complain about me coming late home ever again.” He pressed a small kiss to Jonathan’s nose.

“You are the best part of my life, Dio. I would never want to get away from you. Even if every hair on your head turned a murky, disgusting brown!” Jonathan let out a roaring laugh, and before Dio could respond, he was rolling atop him, mouth pressing over Dio’s own. His body, in an endless in its desire to join with his husband responded in kind, and soon only the sounds of muffled moans and skin against skin could be heard.

With the onset of spring, Jonathan found an official letter in the post from his mentor, sealing the invite to Greece, and asking him to set off at his earliest convenience. So once more, Jonathan packed his clothes and notes safely away in his luggage, preparing to leave.

“I know I will have Percy with me, but you could always take a holiday and come too,” Jonathan spoke as he continued to get ready. “Pack some of your lovely lingerie, we could have fun in the hotel room.” With a deep sigh of futility, he shut his suitcase.

“Yes, good thing you are taking the dog,” Dio said. He’d gotten used to it, didn’t even really smell him anymore, but dogs were never his fancy, and never would they be. “And there is little point in asking me that question, when you are all too aware of the answer. As much as some time in Greece would be nice in the season, there is simply too much to be done.”

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Greece looked like a pleasant country, Dio mused quietly as he stood against the long deck. He’d made it a month, and he could have borne the second, but something about the last letter Jonathan had sent caused him to snap. And with his boss harping on about Dio overworking himself -- even to the vast extent lawyers often worked, caught sleeping at his desk more often than not. But working the day away was far easier than coming home to an empty house with no Jonathan to fill it.

It had been more of a whim than any kind of planned thought, but he decided to throw away the majority of his leave and take time off. He even gave away a possible Ripper case, but something told him it was but another falsity. The mid May weather was warm and welcoming, and with each passing day of the trip the utter ridiculousness of just departing without a second thought was becoming easier to stomach. He did miss the work, the thrill of his job, but frankly he missed Jonathan more.

Finally landing on the shores of Greece, Dio hailed himself a carriage. He knew the name of Jonathan’s hotel, but that was about it. He could just wait in the lobby he supposed, Jojo was bound to turn up eventually, manipulate the clerk into giving him a room key, or failing just break in with a quick pick of lock, no trouble. But Dio had crossed a sea for Jonathan, just showing up wasn’t enough. He needed to make this impression count.
While the work in Greece was everything that Jonathan could ever hope for, with its grand weather, fruitful dig site, and exciting findings, exhaustion was starting to set in. Once involved in a project that he cared about, Jonathan shared Dio’s work ethic, finding it difficult to stop or slow himself down. He worked long hours on the site, as well as long hours in their work studio, examining and documenting the remains of an ancient temple. By light of candle, he would write to Dio, if he had not fallen into bed unconscious first, and then wake in the morning to do the same thing all over again.

That particular day, Percy had waited patiently for Jonathan in the studio to finish his work. An exhausted reached for his leash,

“You look worn out. I can take Percy if you like,” Zeppeli offered. By the wag of his tail, it was clear that Percy did not object to this idea. “I shall bring him back to the hotel this evening. Go and rest.”

“Thank you, Signore, perhaps that is a good idea.” He patted Percy on the head. “Be a good boy.”

Dio had spent time loitering about the town, looking for something to bring a spark to his arrival, but rather lost on what to do, he decided to consider it while splurges his expenses on a large dose of retail. If he was throwing himself into a spontaneous holiday, it was the least he could do. Little trinkets and hat and accessories were as good a start as any, but as Dio sat down for a Grecian lunch, his eyes practically sparkled at the boutique that stood in glorious display across the street, with a special sale on a certain item of dress…

In the end it hadn’t been difficult to access Jonathan’s room, just a quick saunter to the receptionist as he’d thought to do, and he was given a key. Just like that. Quietly he considered he could have been anyone, an axe murderer for all they knew, but fortunately for Jonathan it was simply he, Dio. And what a Dio he would be.

The comfortable hotel room Jonathan had been staying in was luxurious enough, with its silk sheets and ornate furniture, but it also was not terribly large, compared to their travels when Dio had insisted on the biggest and best each hotel had to offer. Because of this, when Jonathan stepped in and saw Dio, eyes fixating on his seemingly miraculous form, he wasn’t watching where he was going. His leg smacked straight into a beautifully carved wooden chest against the wall, and he cried out in pain, leaning over the bruised limb.

Still, his eyes remained glued to Dio, and even in his clumsiness, he pulled himself up, and made a few more limps towards where his husband was sprawled across the bed. The flash of pain made the whole thing more surreal than it already was. Perhaps he was actually dying, but if he was, it seemed he was going to the nicer of the two places after all.

“D-Dio…?” he stuttered as clumsily as he had stepped. “H-how… are you real? Am I dreaming?”

“I can assure you I am real, Jojo, and though I imagine you’ve dreamt of this, this time you get it all.”

It was Dio in all certainty, but considering that reaction, he was something far more tonight. His eyes were smoked in a gentle pink shadow, his lips smacked with a faint red tint. He would have preferred something brighter, bolder, but these were the times, and makeup was for only actors and whores. It was worn, of course it was, but muted tones and nude colourings were used to appear au naturale.

But what Dio knew Jonathan’s eyes saw first was the dress that spilled over his body, starting high and ending low, brushing against his feet, a pair of heeled shoes sat at the foot of the bed. Greece was a different world to England, the necklines were far lower, a half circle scooping a little above
his chest, flowerheads made of silky material with precious stones in the centre. There was a thin material from neck to chest, but practically transparent and showing all too much. The dress flowed with a trailing ease in every motion, the colour a deep red, the petals deeper still. Dio draped himself across the bed, propped up with his hand to his chin, staring at Jonathan with his piercing gaze, a lick to his lips.

He’d put his hair mostly down as Jonathan’s preferred, but curled into gentle ringlets. The outfit was new, all the way down his undergarments.

“Touch me and see.”

Staggering towards the bed, Jonathan fell into the sheets and pulled himself towards what seemed to be a mirage of his lover. Except when he reached out to touch the hem of the dress, he found the fabric to be real beneath his fingertips. Like a starving man he gathered Dio into his arms and pulled him close, his sweet scent contrasting sharply with his own sweat. Lips crushed against the other man’s, taking in his kiss.

“You are really here.” He whispered once their mouths parted, though his lips soon took to pressing little kisses over the sheer fabric on his neck, moving downwards towards the silk flowers. “And you are an absolute vision.” Pulling back, he scooted down so that he could begin his worship at the ankles, first running a finger over the skin, and then his tongue, marking him with a trail of saliva. The dress was delicately pushed aside so that he could properly dive between his thighs.

“Dio, I have been longing for you every night, you have no idea…” Most likely, he did have an idea, but Jonathan was too lost in the moment to consider it. His tongue slid across Dio’s cock, attempting to bring it to life.

“Well all your longing must have reached me. For now I am here, giving you exactly what you desired.” Dio let out a light breath, clasping his thighs around Jonathan’s head and squeezing him closer, locking Jonathan in perfect place, legs rubbing along his back as waves of pleasure only his husband could bring swept about him.

He didn’t complain, not about the dirt on Jonathan’s face and hands, nor the smell that really called for a bath, he indulged them, relished them, let him do as he liked and enjoyed them to the utmost, along with Jonathan’s praise over the splendour of his form. “Aaah, Jojo…” he mewled, hair mushed on the bed as he writhed with an arching back. “Come here, kiss me…”

Jonathan was not sure why Dio had travelled all this way, and for all he knew it was just to make love and then be on his way, but he did not care. His hand moved along the shaft of Dio’s cock, while he pushed himself up towards his face, pressing another long, wet kiss to his lips, just as he had demanded.

“My prince. My beautiful, beautiful, prince,” Jonathan murmured with fondness. “Or should I say queen.” The word was a slightly better fit for how Dio looked at the moment, feminine and regal. Jonathan’s fingers grasped at Dio’s cock tightly, before moving to make their way between his cheeks, spreading his tight hole and trying to make it ready.

“Have you missed me?” Following the question, his mouth sank onto Dio’s pale, long shaft, which under some circumstances, may have been distracting enough to yield a dishonest response.
“Well, considering the fact I am here, you can make you own deductions on that.” Admittance without the outright saying, Dio’s style through and through, a step up from what would have been denial and a flush on his cheeks in the past. He liked the word queen as Jonathan put it in, and he liked the word prince. Both were fitting, and both were said with no patronisation, only glorifying Dio’s name higher. Jonathan knew who he was, and took him in every manner. He loved him for that.

Dio once again let himself enjoy the sheets -- noted cotton not silk, but all the same they were soft, and Jonathan tend to him with utter regard, his own pleasure second to Dio’s, but “as much as I adore what you can do with your tongue…” Dio took hold of a vial of full oil, an essential part of his luggage and gave it a gentle shake. “Why not move to the main attraction? I wish to come by your cock deep inside me first. It has been far too long.”

The idea of plunging himself into Dio’s silky depths was not one Jonathan objected to, and in record time, he had the vial open and his cock slathered with the slick liquid. Extra was used to coat Dio’s puckered hole, and before long, he had himself buried deep inside of Dio, thrust in to the hilt.

It had been weeks since he had made love to his husband, and Jonathan did not even try to hold back his cries of delight, pounding into Dio faster and faster. Perhaps he had died and gone to heaven, this was absolute bliss.

The sound of a bark and several knocks on the door brought Jonathan back to earth. “Shit!” The curse came out in a panic, heart racing fast as he looked to the left, then back into Dio below him, eyes wide and mouth open, trembling. “That is Zeppeli with Percy…”

“Well tell him to leave!” Dio hissed back, his breath a pant, mind rolling his hips, far too close to find tangible thought, or letting this crisis go by with the gravity it may have well deserved. The door was locked from the inside, he was wearing a damn dress with Jonathan’s cock lodged too deep in his ass. It was all too perfect to let it all go to waste.

“Come on, come on, Jojo, I did not travel all this way only to be stopped in the middle of it all. This is a hotel room, you could be sleeping for all he knows, just shut up, or order him away, I am not having that dog or that man ruin this for me!” Dio decided for him, clasping a hand over Jonathan’s mouth. “Just pretend you are not here and he will go away.”

With a cry muffled by Dio’s hand, Jonathan resumed his thrusting, attempting to push aside the knowledge that his mentor was waiting on the other side of the door. Perhaps he had only imagined the knocks after all -- a silly thought, but nonetheless, it helped in forgetting. They waited a minute, or perhaps thirty seconds before starting up again, and with a few harder thrusts, the sound of Jonathan’s hips slamming against Dio’s ass filled the room, along with muffled grunts.

There was a sound of scratching and whining on the other side of the door, but it had to be just a figment of his imagination. After all, such a lovely moment reunion with his husband couldn’t be interrupted, could it? At that same moment, his seed shot into Dio’s ass, and he broke free of Dio’s hand enough to let out a musical moan, his own hand moving to Dio’s cock to make sure he finished as well.

“…Jojo? Should I bring Percy back later?” The voice with an Italian accent was complemented by a few more dog scratches to the door. With his orgasm finished, pretending they were not really there had just become a great deal harder.

“Shit,” whispered Jonathan.

“Don’t people know that a locked room with no answer means leave me alone? Italians clearly have
no sense of privacy.” Dio stood with a frown masking no amount of displeasure, pulling himself out from Jonathan’s softening cock far sooner than he would have. He wanted to indulge in the moment, with long embraces and increased adoration, not find it squandered and slowed, brought to a too soon end because of people who didn’t quite get the message.

Still, in the current circumstances they had a unique opportunity. Stood by the mirror and smoothing the rumples of his dress, a comb at the vanity was taken and brushed through blond locks. It had kept the curls well, Dio nodding pleased. Finally, he switched his ring from the right hand to the left, finding that rather satisfying, and bidding Jonathan do the same.

“Just follow my lead, Jojo,” Dio said carefully before turning the door handle.

“Good evening, Signore Zeppeli, and thank so much for taking good care of the dog. You probably shouldn’t let him scratch the door however, we wouldn’t want the door to become a hole now would we?” Irritation was masked in a faux smile, and Dio gave out a long sigh as Percy scampered in the room, brushing by his long skirt.

“Let me introduce myself. I am… Dia. Jonathan’s wife.”
Dia Joestar was no timid, docile lady, her charm and her wit were second to none, and it was not just her height and her looks that brought everyone’s eyes on her. Not, not so unlike the man behind her, Dio mused as he quickly took on the role.

She was young, and successful in her own right. The affairs of business were always such a man’s game, but then she supposed she was far more than just an ordinary woman. Jonathan would be lost without her, frankly she should be offended he hasn’t talked about her more, but Dia supposed Jonathan is far too invested in his little archaeological exploits.

She’d taken some time off from the estate since it was going so grandly, and was getting acquainted with her husband as wives should very well do, when Mister Zeppeli interrupted. After a moment for all to spruce up, they had headed down to dinner in the hotel. In his mind she was originally a drinker of cocktails, but for a few reasons she opted for virgin mixes; a clearer head was always best, after all. Slowly Dia sipped on it, giving Jonathan a wink.

Jonathan had been too much a ball of embarrassment and nerves to argue with Dio when he asked him to switch his ring. At that moment in time, with all the panic buzzing in his head, he hadn’t the slightest clue why, and all he could think was why was Dio answering the door instead of trying to hide?

And then ‘Dia’ made her appearance.

By this time, Signore Zeppeli knew Jonathan well enough to understand he was not the most open person in the world when it came to sex and relations. He always stuck to his work, and was never seen in the company of other women, high or low class. So being a sweaty, blushing mess who could scarcely speak did not seem out of character for him at all, particularly after being caught red handed making love to his... wife.

His wife. It had always been a fantasy of his, to be able to have Dio on his arm in public, just as he was always meant to be. And while Jonathan adored Dio in all that he wore, there was no denying that there was a special place in his heart for the lighter, more feminine side of his apparel. Seeing Dio as such was a dream come true, there was no doubt about it, but it took him some time snap himself out of his daze and get in line with the dream.

“I am sorry, Signore Zeppeli, sir. My wife…h-this was an unexpected visit.” Inwardly he cursed himself, afraid of messing up the one opportunity he had to do this. He stepped up to Dio, taking a hand into his own as they sat at the hotel dinner table.

“I can see that!” the man chortled, lighting a cigar and giving Jonathan highly amused look. “You have the most beautiful and talented wife, Jojo, it is no wonder I’ve never so much as seen your head turn in the direction of other ladies.” His eyes fell on Dio. “So charming and outgoing, how has he managed to keep your attention when he is away?” He exhaled a puff of smoke to the side, though the scent lingered in the air.

“I… would like to know that myself. She is…quite unique.” Jonathan flashed Dio a small smile.

“Well, Jojo has something of a quiet charm to himself. Or maybe he just makes me look good,” Dio chuckled lightly, taking a sip of his cocktail and running a finger through his hair.

It was rather fun, actually, adopting a new role. Dio wholeheartedly adored being himself, but the
exhilaration he felt about donning another personality, and in the complete switch of gender had something of a Shakespearean comedy written about it. Dio had never really dabbled in theatre, but he did enjoy a play, and to be on centre stage was never something that didn’t appeal. He was sure he’d be the star of the show, right now he certainly was. Dia was an opportunity, and he was going to use her.

“No, but in actuality I suppose things were running so smoothly back in London, and I had some time. His letters made Greece seem so marvellous, I thought I might try it out myself. A husband should be close to his wife, I didn’t only marry him for his money. Somehow he wooed me.” He offered Jonathan that, and took his fingers and brought them to his lips, kissing them warmly.

Jonathan felt a shiver of delight rush through his body, as if Dio’s touch were something new and exciting. In a way, it was. He had never been able to be this way with Dio in broad daylight, out in the open. Yes, there had been the time they accompanied Oliver and Benjamin to the club, but this was something altogether different. This was the life he spent his childhood thinking he would grow up to have; a wife on his arms, and a fortune to spoil her with.

Granted, Jonathan had had both in their own ways, but this was new and thrilling. As Dio seemed to be enjoying himself, there was no reason for him not to as well.

“Oh, Dia was a challenge to woo. At first I always made her angry, and there have been times I thought she might eat me alive.” He chuckled and squeezed his hand. “But when we decided to marry I was the happiest man in the world.” He leaned in to press a kiss to the side of Dio’s brow, nuzzling before he pulled away.

“You two seem quite suited for each other. Jojo, perhaps you should take tomorrow off to show her the city,” Zeppeli said. “You can come by and help me move the day’s findings into the studio and show her your work as well. Though I imagine the lady would be more interested in the shops of the city, mm?”

And so it was set. Picking up where they left off in the hotel suite the night remaining, Dio, as Dia, and Jonathan were given the entire next day to enjoy themselves without pesky interruptions or breaks in company. Zeppeli had even taken the liberty of bringing Percy along with him, there was nothing at all to distract.

Thinking this was only to last an evening, Dio’s first task was to buy himself a hoard of new dresses and accessories for the remainder of the trip. He’d abandoned Jonathan sleeping early that morning, his grumbles and complaints were not going to dampen his mood and fun It was as if there was a whole new world to explore -- men’s attire certainly had its charms with the right tailor, but oh there was so much range, Dio almost did not know where to start, eyes sparkling and wider than perhaps they had ever been.

He wasn’t exactly surprised over the looks he received, Dio always had his fair share of stares around town, and even in the hotel there were glances, but in the newness of light and without a husband attached to his arm as Dia, it was a complete territory to explore that he’d never quite felt, not even in the days his body was for sale. Don’t get him wrong, it was utterly exhilarating, but some of the looks and even a comment he was given would have brought a blush to his cheek if his Greek was a little more improved.

Still, soon he reached the boutique of his choosing and all that was pushed aside; he could shop alone, in fact he preferred it, it allowed him to completely absorb himself in the linens and fabrics and accessories.

While having the warm body of his lover rudely pulled out from his arms early in the morning was
not the choice Jonathan would have made, it ended up being just what he needed. A night of loving
making after weeks of hard work made Jonathan finally settle down and get the extra sleep he
needed. He was just beginning to rouse when Dio came in with a mountain of bags and boxes.
Stretching and yawning, Jonathan pulled himself from bed, inspecting Dio’s purchases.

“Is all this just for your trip? A bit extravagant, don’t you think?” There was a smile on his face as he
spoke, knowing full well that extravagant and Dio went hand in hand. Two arms laced around Dio’s
waist, and he lifted him up, spinning once with him snug in his embrace. “I wouldn’t see you settle
for any less.” A kiss was pressed to the top of his head, and gently, he set him down.

“I plan to return to London when you do, and if I am keeping up this charade for a month, I need
clothes. Frankly this is not enough.” Dio chuckled as he was thrown up in the air, holding Jonathan’s
shoulders to keep himself steady. A pale blue dress stood as his outfit for the day, quite befitting and
tucked in with a corset and bustle round the back, bows decorating.

“I suppose that’s true, and I am very glad you are staying,” Jonathan admitted, but his mind quickly
turned to other things. “I have always dreamed of walking arm in arm with you. I feel so light, I
cannot believe we finally have the chance!” Jonathan looked giddy, like a child on Christmas
morning. “It has been so long since I have accompanied a lady, I am afraid I will do something
wrong. But no matter, what would you like to see first?” Jonathan secretly prayed that Dio had
gotten all of his shopping out of his system.

“I am sure you will do fine, just keep on the right side of me and don’t step on my trail.” Heeled
shoes and long skirts weren’t exactly the easiest combination to walk in, but Dio’s keen sense of
balance kept him upright.

“I suppose you can give me a tour of the city. We find ourselves with a chance to flaunt, and I say
we should. Go out to breakfast and you could take me to some of the sights. I expect you to give Dia
the royal treatment, I would hope for nothing less.” Dio smoothed his hand across Jonathan’s cheek,
brushing a little sleep from his eye. “Or… we needn’t leave the hotel room at all. Entertain
ourselves.” A wide grin appeared on Dio’s lips and he licked them, wet and glossy.

Christmas truly had come early for Jonathan. In fact, this month would probably be enough to fill all
the Christmases, anniversaries, and birthdays for the rest of his life. It was so overwhelming, he
almost did not know where to start.

Between Dio’s legs was always a good place, and he found himself drawn to kiss those glossy lips.
But, no. Stopping himself, he instead lightly touched a ringlet of blond hair, not wishing to put it out
of place. “It is tempting, but there will be more than enough time for that later. Come with me, bring
a parasol, and perhaps change into some more comfortable shoes.” He looked into Dio’s eyes, before
adding, “I will say, it is amusing to have you on my eye level again. It has been so long, remember
when you used to be the taller one?” Jonathan reached for his jacket and hat, and once Dio was
ready, he held out his arm.

A carriage was summoned once they were in the lobby, and Jonathan enjoyed being able to exercise
the manners that had been ingrained in him as a child, helping Dio to climb up, and once sitting
beside him, took his hand and kissed it. As a pair they drew quite a bit of attention, between both
their heights, Dio’s beauty, and Jonathan’s own handsome, large physique, but what Jonathan
enjoyed most was being able to lean in and kiss his ‘bride’, as the carriage rode off.

The place they arrived was on the outskirts of the city and at the bottom of a steep hill. Many other
tourists of a rich persuasion were making the climb, both ladies and gentlemen alike. At the top was
the reason - a set of humongous columns, which had at one point been a part of a magnificent temple
stood at the top.
“Well, Dia, are you certain you can handle the climb?” he asked with a wink, offering his hand.

Dio batted Jonathan’s hand away, keeping his grip on the parasol he held and moving without assistance. “Dia needs no man to help her with something as simple as walking up a hill. I see no reason why I should feign to be some weak, clumsy maiden just because of the way I look. Dia manages the business, she can manage putting one foot in front of the other. I can handle anything.” And he could, though once he had proven himself halfway up the climb, Dio allowed Jonathan to link arms with him, not because he could not manage, but because he wanted to hold it. They were entirely different, and that separation of meaning meant a great deal.

Upon reaching the top of the hill stood before them a grand view, bringing even Dio to sigh at the awe of what once was and what still stood. There was a distant beauty to the ruin, “I can almost understand why you dedicate your passion to exploring these fallen lands.” A gentle breeze caught Dio’s hair and it blew back in the wind, cool and flowing.

“There are so many splendours, so much simplicity and beauty found in the worlds of the ancients. I enjoy being able to bring a part of that into our times.” His arm snaked about Dio’s waist, pulling him close, just as he might have done at home. He pressed a kiss to his forehead, before letting his brow rest against Dio’s own. For a few moments, he simply gazed up at the structure, other visitors walking past them to go further inwards.

“But the cost is high, I am not fond of being away from you, Dia. Dio” Jonathan’s head lifted, and he used two fingers to tilt his chin upwards to look at him. “I miss you very much when I am not able to see you for weeks on end. Quite frankly, I need to keep busy every second of the day, because otherwise, I am miserable with homesickness.” He sighed deeply. “I am so glad you came.”

“I think… yes, I am too, Jojo.” Dio decided with a final nod. “I never thought I would abandon my work and cross country for you, but these trips are long and you often extend them further, and frankly you caught me in a weakened moment without interesting work to keep me pinned. But a little spontaneity never hurt anyone, and I do miss the better days of when we travelled. The sights we saw. The shops. The hotel rooms…” He chuckled, pecking him lightly on the lips, but could not stop himself from looking about, in case anyone noticed.

Affection was acceptable between man and wife, but Greece was more open in that that England, but all the same. Not to mention they were so used to hiding, it was often simple instinct to be discreet.

“But I would never let you hold back your dream for the sake of I. I see how much you enjoy it, and I promised I would only raise you higher, not pull you back. If this is what brings you contentment, my Jojo, then what a little homesickness and missing you, mm?”

“This does bring me joy and satisfaction, yes. And I am glad that I am taking the chance now to explore. Especially with you here.” The dress that Dio wore hung low on the neck line, and the view of his pale skin was divine, not at all like what he might wear normally. He wished he could lean in and kiss his neck and collarbone, but best to save that for later. Instead, he treasured each touch, nuzzle, and light kiss that was acceptable for a man and wife in public.

“But I do not know if this is how I should like to spend my entire career. The travel will grow weary, and you have your own affairs, you will not always be able to accompany me.” He squeezed his hand, and began to lead him through the ruins, eyes looking up to the tops of the columns, which seemed to touch the heavens. With his free hand, he reached out and rested his fingers on the marble.

“Perhaps someday I shall settle down and teach. I could still do good work in the field, while being closer to home.”
The thought of Jonathan staying home was admittedly appealing, the days nights were always better knowing he would be there when he came back from long days of work. Jonathan’s morning smile and sometimes overly affectionate greetings had become a rock in Dio’s life he did not enjoy seeing drift. But he meant what he said, and would support his desires whatever they might have been.

“You would look good as a professor. They say slow learners always make the best teachers, and you might as well be a tortoise.” Dio teased him playfully, patting Jonathan's chest, but he did truly believe what he said. Jonathan, just the image of him in a class full of students, pouring out his passion to the young minds who chose to study under him was one that just felt right. “Though five years ago I never thought you would be itching to go back to school.”

“Oh hush, I wasn’t that slow. It is not my fault that you were always a prodigy.” Jonathan’s lips turned up into a pout. “And I would hope that I would do more than look good as a professor, I would actually like to be good. If others are to travel and search for these things, they will have to know what to do.” He stepped away from Dio, walking towards the next large column, which had some ancient graffiti carved into the hard rock.

“I am not done with these trips yet,” he said, tracing a finger through the shapes of the ancient defacement. “After all, I still have a great deal to offer. But when I am finished, I think I shall find a university job quite comfortable. It will also be a better job to take once we are ready to adopt... I mean, have children of our own.” Surely no one was listening, and no one would care, but one could never be too careful.

“Yes, well...” Dio did not give that question the mind Jonathan perhaps had been searching for, pulling away. He did not deem this a conversation worth having now, and certainly did not want to dampen his and their day with discussion, deciding on a swift “All that is in the future,” to end that talk there.

He turned with a swivel of his dress and looking out to the grand spectacle of which he had been taken. His finger brushed against the marked column, he supposed the people of the past were not so different from now really. Humans in all the development never lost their essence.

“Shall we move on?”

Jonathan noticed the tension within Dio when the subject of children came up, but chose to let it be. Fatherhood was always in the plan of his life, but they had time, and plenty of it before they need worry about that.

So he lead his ‘wife’ through the ruins, giving interesting facts as they went along. So enthusiastic was his speech that a few other tourists who understood stopped to listen. As the little crowd dispersed, one woman touched Dio’s arm with a smile.

“My, you have such a handsome husband! I hope he is as passionate with you as he is for the ancient Greeks!”

Once they were finished, Jonathan brought Dio to a small but pricy restaurant, overlooking the ruins. Though the view was picturesque, his eyes stayed fixed on Dio, enjoying his beauty most of all. A waiter held out a seat for him, one of the many differences in treatment as a lady versus a man.

Dio’s very nature was to commandeer, rise as something dominant. If there was one act he did not find favourable in this charade was the treatment that somehow he was an extension to Jonathan rather than his own individual. He was ‘the lady, his wife, his second,’ and Dio did not enjoy that notion. He and Jojo were equals, stood on the same stature. He hadn’t really given it much thought to women before, but posing as one certainly brought out a side in others he had never bore proper
He tried to ignore it, for the advantages of this were clear and really quite thrilling. Simply being able
to touch Jonathan in a public space, let their hands linger and cheeks brush in quick passing kisses no
matter where they were was a wonder, but nonetheless the subtle twinges were getting to him. When
they had small exchanges with other men, he might as well have not existed, unless it was for his
chest to be ogled. He did not even have a bosom, but that did not stop the staring! And Dio was fond
of being looked at, desired, but it did not feel the same, especially when his word

So when the waiter -- who in all trueness was just doing his job, Dio cast him a hard glare, casting
him out of the way. “I can pull a chair out for myself. Am I incapable of sitting. Are my arms so
dainty and weak that I cannot do this myself?!” He sat down with oomph, a frown on his face.

“I am still me, aren’t I, Jojo? Why should a simple change in dress change all that?!”

Immediately, a frown crossed Jonathan’s lips, and a look of concern across the rest of his face. He
reached across the table and took Dio’s hand into his own, squeezing it lightly.

“Dio, you could never be anything but/ you. No matter what attire you are in. And know that I love
and adore you for it!” He sighed deeply, glancing out at the beautiful view, and then back towards
the tables, where various other couples and families sat. Right that very moment, a chair was being
pulled out for yet another well-dressed woman, though this one did not object quite the same way as
Dio had.

“We are both lucky to have been born men, for it seems that within our world, a woman who does
not wish to be anything more than a mother would be very unhappy indeed.” Another squeeze was
given to Dio’s hands. “You are no different, but now the world sees you as some innocent, naive
flower who must be cherished and treated as such. I know it must be difficult for you, and if you
should like to stop the charade, and return to our room, I would understand completely.” He raised
his fingers to his lips, kissing them gently.

“I can handle myself just fine, Jojo, no need to end this just yet.” Dio let out a long breath and looked
him in the eye. “Sometimes I just need to vent my frustration, it is not a call for coddling and
cosseting. Yes, they irritated me, but I do not need to be soothed. Just call them fools like they are
and we shall move on.” Dio pulled back a hand to pick up the menu and flick through it.

“I am hungry so I will eat, and so are you I will gather. We shan’t be disturbed all too much in this
booth.” As he chose his options he cast Jonathan a quick gaze, speaking intently. “But you had best
be prepared to utterly submit to me once we return.” A perfect means regain the lost control.

“When will you learn, my dear, that it is in my very nature to seek to comfort you?” Jonathan sighed,
but resigned himself to the whims of his husband. He took a sip from the water glass, and nodded his
head. “But very well. You shall have whatever your heart desires. Just as a wife should.” He added
the last words with a wink, and opened the menu as one would a book, reading through it.

The luncheon was pleasant enough, Jonathan enjoyed both the view out the window, and of the
lovely creature beside him, who was perfect in his role as wife, despite his concerns and frustrations
about the charade. On their way back in the carriage, Jonathan kept his arms around Dio, resting his
chin against the top of his head, contented.

At the hotel, a flower seller was peddling their wares near the front, and he purchased a bouquet of
roses, for once, being able to hand them to their intended right away. “Lovely aren’t they?” The walk
to the hotel room was serene, and the closer they came to the door, the more Jonathan’s excitement
grew. He looked forward to whatever ideas Dio had in order to make him ‘submit’.
When the doors to their hotel room closed, Dio let out a long, audible sigh, closing his eyes and relaxing. He put the pretty, but predictable roses aside, and tugged off the earrings he had, the necklace that ran brushed against his clavicle, and kicked off the heels on his feet -- which warranted an orgasm simply by doing that alone. Oh the sacrifices one made for style.

“That’s better,” he said, voice deep as its usual tone held, elevated higher while out for while silky and given a lilt as he spoke, Dio’s tone was not exactly feminine. It was a relief to be come back in the free confines of their bedroom, where he could be nothing more than himself. He liked the dresses, he loved being out with Jonathan in the world, tasting that glimpse. But being a Victorian woman was a life he had underestimated.

Another month of this… another month.

Dio turned, displaying his back and the ribbons and clamps that sealed his outfit up, keeping him locked inside the charade.

“Take off the dress, Jojo.”

Slowly, Jonathan tugged and pulled at the ribbons, tugging them each gently so that the fabric would slip through the eyelets, until Dio was able to step out. With the dress finally off, Jonathan had to grin. He would never, ever tire of seeing his husband in little more than his undergarments. Head tilted upwards so that he could enjoy the view, Jonathan leaned over to pick up the discarded frock. Unlike his own clothes, it would be treated delicately and draped across a chair.

“You are gorgeous,” Jonathan spoke in a quiet voice, just a hum above a whisper. He began to unbutton his own shirt, shedding the tie first to the floor, not caring at all about his own things. The trousers would soon join it. “Though you probably tire of me saying it, I am sure. I must have told you at least once a day since we started our relationship.”

“You have.” Usually more. “But while your compliments could not be called creative, I like being told how beautiful I am. How handsome. How wondrous. Sometimes simple is best.” Dio kept his back turned away from Jonathan as removed the few pins that kept his hair in a half up do. “Even when you repetitively mention my hair six times a day.” Though since the hair dye fiasco, he had been far more accepting of them, he would certainly not be risking his locks for any kind of joke again.

Dio continued on with removing his clothing, though his undergarments were nothing special in lingerie, the corset that fitted under the dress was tight and gave his light curves all the more definition, and the bloomers gave his thighs a sort of softness to them. Both were discarded at his feet, leaving Dio naked, ass pert and on display.

“When I return, Jojo, I want your cock hard and you on the bed. Hands and knees.” And with that, Dio disappeared into the bathroom.

“I cannot help it if your hair is beautiful.” Jonathan said with a sly grin, sitting back and watching his husband continue to strip with the greatest of pleasure. Despite his fixation on Dio’s mane, he loved and adored every bit of him, his spruce ass an admirable shape and size, in perfect proportion to the rest of his slender body. He watched him retreat into the bathroom, and tossed his own trousers haphazardly to the side.
When Dio returned, Jonathan had done as bid, legs spread and rear pointed out, eager to be taken. A few strokes and the image of Dio undressing replaying in his mind was all that was needed for his initial arousal, though soft moans also left Jonathan lips as he tugged at his cock, thumbing the head and panting out in light breaths with calloused hands. The work and lifting of the field had brought muscle and strength, but gave him a roughness he’d never known back in the days of study; not even rugby had made his hands so firm. It was unfamiliar but pleasant, and quickly his cock grew in size.

Dio had showered, rather than bathed, the hot sprinkles felt like pleasant hail against his back, beating down against him almost as well as Jonathan’s deep massages. He sighed out peacefully, no intention to spend too long inside, his hand circling round his member and he too stroking it up in a slow, repetitive rhythm, preparing himself for getting started right away.

Spanking his ass and prodding his finger inside Jonathan’s hole, he tutted. “Still dry, Jojo, I would have thought you had some initiative. No matter.” Dio took the oil they’d used the night before, the bottle a little slippery, and uncapped it with a pop.

“Actually…” Change in plan. Setting down the oil he turned to his luggage, retrieving a bag of toys brought for the trip. A string of beads in varying sizes revealed themselves and Dio grinned at Jonathan. “This will do much better, don’t you think. And one more thing.” A blindfold too made its way out of the bag, and Dio tossed it on the bed by Jonathan’s palm. “Put that on.”

Once upon a time, the idea of shoving oddly shaped items up his rear end might have frightened Jonathan. But time with Dio had changed that, even to the point where he was exploring on his own, with toys. Things like this were out of the realm of his play, however, and a blindfold always made things far more unnerving. But Jonathan picked it up the mask all the same.

“What a shame that I won’t get to see you.” he said as he pulled the mask on, covering one eye. “Your rear has been looking absolutely irresistible.” Still, he did not argue, and the mask was soon fully covering both eyes. He splayed his legs and thrusted his hips back towards Dio.

Well, Dio could not deny the look of his ass even a little, his own hand smoothing against the curve in a moment of self appreciation, and his teeth slid over his lips, most approving. Back to the mattress, Dio sat on his knees, his focus now on Jonathan’s own, a splendid “But you need not see me to know who I am, what I can do…” With deft and slender fingers, Dio bathed the first bead in oil, pressing it around the hot pink rim of Jonathan’s hole, slicking it with a healthy lather.

“You need not see me, to feel my touch, it is all the same, for I am the same. I am Dio through and through, not clothes, not how I appear to be, nothing shall ever change that.” He pushed the ball inside with the force of his index finger, eyes wide and blazing with a hot intensity as he watched it suck into Jonathan with a stretch and a clench. “Don’t you think so, Jojo?” Already he was readying the second.

“I know your body by heart anyway, I--” Jonathan’s words were cut off, a wave of sensation washing over him as the first of the beads was inserted. The mix of discomfort followed by pleasure and longing was familiar, but there was always a difference in sound when being taken to taking, but nonetheless wonderful. Soft, throaty moans escaped his lips as he took a breath and forced his lower body to relax, waiting for the next bead to enter.

“Y-yes. I would know your touch anywhere…” The anticipation of Dio’s touch filled his gut with warmth, and he shifted his body in small movements from side to side, waiting impatiently in the dark for the next flood of stimulation.

And in little time it granted with another spread of Jonathan’s hole, delectably taking it in with barely a hitch. Dio’s cock leaked and throbbed at the sight of it all, and unable to resist, he caressed
Jonathan’s broad back, leaning over, pressing his chest against it and kissing the shoulder blades, sucking marks and licking down his spine.

The taste of salted sweat was brought to his mouth from the day, joined with cologne and the familiar taste of Jojo, and Dio indulged, rubbing and pecking and leaving wet marks over. Blindly, he shoved the next, grinding his length against the heat of Jonathan’s rear, between the cheeks while the toy dangled half in, half out.

Two more beads went in almost without pause between them, leaving one to go, “Oh, Jojo, you should see yourself right now.” Dio pushed the falling locks of hair out of Jonathan’s eyes, gleefully noting the irony in both word and deed and kissed his nape, trailing further to his jaw, and the corner of his lips. “You are something beautiful. Truly. And utterly at my demand. I do adore it so, I adore you.” He whispered the last words, his breath hot and deep against the shell of his ear, nuzzling.

In his mind, Jonathan was able to mark a map of where Dio was, the feel of Dio’s smooth skin leaving an imprint of what he could not see. The beads, however, were unpredictable. With each one, he gave a soft gasp, his body filled to the brim with this unusual and new sensation. Fingertips against his hair and face brought his head to a tilt in the direction of Dio’s lips, which only brought a visible shiver down his spine as the breath rolled unexpected over his ear.

“If you adore me, Dio, then fuck me,” Jonathan demanded. In other circumstances he might have been singing Dio’s praises to the high heaven, but here, on his knees and in the dark, there was only one thing he wanted.

“Well aren’t you demanding, not even a please. You rude, rude boy, Jojo.” The final, largest bead put into Jonathan with a satisfying push and Dio gave it oomph with a hand marking spank on his left cheek, retreating back to his ass to lay fresh kisses where he had just marred. “Still, you look so needy and wanton right now, I can barely resist you.”

A splendid view of Jonathan’s cock leaking from under him was presented and Dio could feel himself salivating. He tugged on the string that hung out of his ass, looping it around his finger for a better grip.

“Why don’t you touch yourself while I remove the beads, hm? Don’t come now, no. That’s my treat.”

As Dio began to pull on the string and remove the beads slowly, Jonathan was tantalized to the point of absolute hardness. His cock was throbbing, a swollen red, without even a single tug or caress since Dio had begun. No sooner was permission to stroke himself granted, then Jonathan’s hand wrapped about it and began to jerk.

“Dio!” he cried out loudly, never one to hold back, particularly in the midst of desperation. “Please fuck me soon… please.” He remembered his manners this time, as well as remembering that the ultimate rudeness would be to come before Dio told him. When the sensation of the beads being drawn from his body neared him to his edge, he dropped his hand to the mattress, hoping that sweet release would come.

Teasing Jonathan was always fun, but right now, looking the way he did and Dio feeling the way he was feeling, there was only so long man, a person could hold out and he was not one for waiting for pleasure. He let the beads drop on the bed beside them with an absent flick of the wrists.

Sensation was his focus, he wanted Jonathan to feel every part of him, every touch, every skim of his digits and shuffle of his body and know it was he who gave them. As his cock made its way within the hot tightness of Jonathan’s walls, he took his time, letting it sink in slowly, indulgent, moaning in
throaty, deep mewls, closing his own eyes to bask in the experience all the more, joining the two together as a single entity.

“Can you feel it, Jojo? Can you feel me? Do you know who I am?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Jonathan’s voice rang out with an embarrassing amount of enthusiasm. But after having been toyed with using the beads, as well as his own hand, it would have been more surprising for him to not be crying out for more. It had been far too long now since his husband’s cock had been buried deep inside, filling him up and making him feel whole.

“I would know you anywhere, Dio. Anywhere.” Jonathan’s voice broke through the heavily panting and moaning. With his sight still impaired, the sound of Dio’s voice and the feel of his body were his entire world. Hands clenching the sheets, he tensed as he felt himself near his climax, so used to needing to hold back for the sake of Dio’s pleasure. Even beneath him, Jonathan felt no different, and waited for the warm rush of seed before he would let himself go.

“I make you feel good, Jojo, don’t I?” Dio bucked hard into Jonathan’s rear with a hard, repetitive thrusts, hitting sweetly at his prostate, the teasing long since dissipated into the throes of hot pleasure. Jonathan’s hole was a perfect round sheath and Dio placed his length into with utmost enthusiasm, small beads of sweat on his forehead, the day’s heat mixing with exertion.

“Then prove it. Come for me, Jojo. Come hard and with my name on your lips.” He gave a resounding slam and sucked a biting hickey on the star marked shoulder, right around the uncanny points.

The star on his shoulder was one that in his travels across Jonathan’s body, Dio had always been drawn to. Often, Jonathan forgot that it was even there, and so his lover’s mouth served as a sharp reminder, sending a shiver down his spine and adding another level of sensation to his already sensitive body. With darkness encasing him, Dio’s words granting him permission were a welcome relief, and it did not take long for the hot, sticky liquid to spill from his thick member. It felt as if his lack of vision intensified the orgasm, forcing him to focus only on the sound and sensation passing over his large form.

Dio’s name bellowed from his lips, with no regard for any neighbouring hotel visitors or staff. When he finished, he slumped over onto his forearms, elbows giving out below him. It only served to raise his rear higher, pressing further up Dio’s hips as he tried to catch his breath.

Dio used Jonathan to grant his cock bliss, concentration solely on himself now, eyes closed and motions fast, reaching his own climax with a burst of seed head tilting back and hair following, gasping for air, only realising he’d forgotten to breathe in the last minutes of actions.

He rested against Jonathan until his legs could not hold, rolling back on the bed, member soft and coated with residual white, the pillows soft and sheets comfortable. “You can take off the blindfold now,” he allowed, cupping Jonathan’s face with an open palm. “Look at me.”

A hand was raised to slowly pull the blindfold off from around his forehead, letting it dangle off his fingers and then fall to the bed. Jonathan squinted, the light seeming bright after so much darkness, but soon, Dio came into his view, first hazy and with a pale glow around him, slowly fading into focus, the hand that provided the touch to the side of his face finally visible. Jonathan lips broke into a wide, gentle smile.

“If I were to die now, I should be happy to have this view be the last I ever see,” he whispered, letting his forehead rest against Dio’s, the tips of their noses gently brushing against each other. “I love you, Dio.”
“I would rather you did not die just yet. It’s a little too soon for that.” Dio blinked slowly, Jonathan just as close as he was when he closed them a second before, the look of him all the sweeter, and he smiled back, pecking his lips before deepening it further. “But to have you in my view, I will fight and claw at death to see it another day.”

“This view is yours by right now for the rest of my life,” said Jonathan, eyelids slightly drooping as he gazed fondly at the blond. “You are my husband, after all, my intended, my beloved.” The saccharine words left his lips with ease, as arms wrapped about Dio and pulled him down into the silk sheets and down pillows. For a time, he held him close and did not stir.

“Does this all please you, Dio? I know it must be tiring to play the part of my wife, even if it is one which you play well. If I have to, I can finish here sooner and then we travel home together.” A quick kiss was pressed to the tip of his nose. “If you haven’t noticed by now, I’d do anything for you. Even let you insert strange things up intimate places.” Jonathan winked.

“I do not know if I can take living as some sort of second class citizen for an entire month, Jojo. And like this, no matter how wondrous I may be, it is inherently disadvantageous in ways I never quite knew. And it has only been a day posed as a lady.” Dio was honest with his words and tender with his touches, stroking over Jonathan’s strong form with an easy sweep of his hands and fingers, simply enjoying the feel of him. “But I am not going to tell you to go home early.” He sighed, mulling over the predicament. “I don’t know, perhaps Dia can last for the remainder of the week, maybe less, then she will return to England. I did enjoy being out with you, able to walk the street without the need to hide, but I only have so much of a temper I can keep under wraps. Dio on the other hand…” He drummed his fingers on Jonathan’s chest and hummed. “I suppose I could stay a while longer. As myself.”

“I would like that.” Jonathan rolled onto his side and propped his head up with one hand, while the other reached out to card through Dio’s long hair. “I enjoy Dio’s company best of all. Though I will never tire of you being on my arm, or of how stunning you look in a dress, you as you are now and always is the only one for me.” He pressed a soft, chaste kiss to Dio’s mouth, and then drew back to look at him, drinking in the sight as if it were the first time all over again.

“Keep up the charade for as long as you like. And whenever you tire of it, we shall decide what to do from there.” A mischievous look fell over his eyes, and he smirked as a hand swept down over his chest. “Perhaps Dia’s twin brother Dio shall come to visit as well.” Fingers began to lightly tickle around Dio’s middle, just for a moment. “Imagine what we could do with two of you!”
The afternoon was warm, and Jonathan was wearing the lightest button up he owned, a cotton sky blue, along with his brown trousers and suspenders. His hand lodged deep in his pocket, there was something rectangular shaped which he was hiding from Dio, and doing a miserable job of it. Still, every so often, his hand patted the bulge, making sure it was there.

“Dio, my dearest, don’t forget your sun hat today. We are going to be outdoors, and I wouldn’t want you to roast to a crisp.”

“Don’t call me that until we are outside. And I am perfectly aware of the weather, trust me, I know more than you do the necessities of my skin. I do not need you to baby me and treat me like everyone else.” It was not really Jonathan Dio was griping at. Well, maybe a little. But frankly he’d thought of throwing in multiple towels every single outside second of this pretence.

It was fine for Jojo, he could simply be himself, Dio on the other hand had been automatically side-lined far too much. By no means and certainty did he sit idly and accept it, but clawing his way up simply to be part of a conversation, and talked to as if he did not understand ‘men’s things, my dear lady’ was enough for him to start carrying his knife again. So forgive him for being a little snappy.

“This is it. You had better enjoy this day to the fullest extent, Jojo, because I am done playing this role.” He picked up the hat and settled it on his person, the pale green ribbon around the headpiece complementary to his dress and accessories. Despite complaints, he still very much did enjoy the clothing he was allowed to adorn in this way.

Moving over to Jonathan’s side, he shoved a quick hand inside his pocket, feeling inside at the box. “What is this? We already have wedding rings, what small squarish box you could be hiding?”

“Now, now, you are so quick to assume it is for you,” Jonathan said with a knowing smile. It wasn’t as if he had scores of suitors to bestow boxes on that looked suspiciously like jewellery. “But this isn’t a ring, I can tell you that much.” Indeed, the shape in Jonathan’s pocket was far larger and more rectangular, but he deftly moved to the side before Dio could explore it further. He grabbed Dio’s exploring hand and laced his fingers with his own. “If this is to be the last time I ever have an audience for my affections towards you, I don’t plan on squandering it.” With that, he tugged him through the door and they were off.

As they moved through the city streets, Jonathan continued to hold Dio’s hand, taking note of those who glanced as they walked by. They made for a handsome couple, noticeably rich, and Dio’s beauty was undeniable. He turned heads in the crowd, from both the gentlemen and the ladies. Jonathan’s arm slipped about Dio’s neat, corset bound waist, savouring the feel of doing so before all the world.

Their stroll brought them to the edge of a beautiful lake, where many tourists mulled about, throwing bread to wild birds and enjoying the warm, fresh air. A dock towards one side had sailboat rides to a small island in the middle, to some sort of attraction. “Why don’t we give that a try? It looks like fun.”

“It couldn’t hurt,” Dio said and it was agreed. The ticket salesman, not much older or younger than Dio and Jonathan themselves was brought to a stammer and blush of cheeks upon seeing him, especially as he leaned over the desk, neck turned at the perfect cant and asked for a discount; “just for me?” He didn’t need to, but oh it was fun to toy with men so indulgently. He might miss that, about Dia, but perhaps it was even more rewarding when the same applied in his regular wear.
The sun hung high and the water was starkly blue, nothing like the brownish tinge that never seemed to leave the Thames no matter what anyone would do. Dio reclined back, one leg over the other as they pushed out to sea, only he, Jonathan, and the boatman along the subtle waves, and let himself enjoy the moment. It was different to the long sail here, and with Jonathan holding his hand, kissing his neck in spare moments and whispering sweet nothings, the forty minute journey felt both long and short and Dio relished each second of it. When it could be like this, Dia was everything.

He almost wanted to turn back as they reached the inward island, it was too soon for the bubble to burst. Dio let out a disheartened sigh, opening his eyes as they were called off. But as the loud squawks and chirps in varying pitches came into earshot, not to mention the bright coloured sign that hung over head, written both in Greek and English titled itself as a bird exhibit, the mysterious attraction was made clear. A wry smile appeared on Jonathan’s lips and he hummed, amused.

“Oh yes, fun indeed, Jojo.” Uncrossing his legs and standing, without accepting the offered assistance, Dio stepped his way off the boat and onto land. A clip of his heels followed after; graceful in every hoist of his dress and movement of his feet.

The boat ride had been bliss, it was sort of thing he would have loved to have shared with Dio when they had been in Italy. Venice’s gondola rides were well known excursions for happy couples, but masquerading as Dia aside, their trip to Italy had not been the time for such frivolities. While Greece may not have the famous street canals, the country still had its own beauty, and he was thrilled for the chance to share it with his lover, and in such a public way. Though he would never admit it, Jonathan was pleased with the looks Dio was given, knowing that many felt envy that he had been blessed with such a beautiful ‘wife’. His smile receded however when he saw what the attraction was.

“Birds?! Why did it have to be birds?” Grumbling, he followed after, already feeling the prick of their beaks and nails. Even Dio’s own pet, Horus, had never grown fond of Jonathan, taking any treats he might offer, and then trying to take a finger or two along with it. The first place that they were ushered into was a small netted enclosure, filled with small and colourful birds, not much bigger than canaries, that sat on low branches overhead. The two were given small sacks of seed, and the tiny creatures swooped down to eat from their hands.

“Oh, these don’t look so bad,” Jonathan remarked, opening his hand wider. Several more swooped into his unruly brown curls, a perfect nest, digging their tiny nails into his scalp. “Ow!”

Three birds of varying species sat calmly on Dio’s shoulders, one his forearm, practically nuzzling against him and sharing in the mockery of Jonathan. “Birds simply do not like you, Jojo. The sooner you come to accept that, the easier your life will be. You really should avoid them for your own sake.” One of the ones pecking Jonathan flew over and joined Dio’s arsenal, indulging in the bag of feed that sat neatly on his palm.

“There must be something else on this island, yes? Perhaps for your delicate sensibilities we should move along before they peck your eyes from their sockets.” Dio laughed, placing his sunhat on Jonathan’s head. “To protect you.”

Jonathan pulled down the large brim over his ears, the long silky ribbon keeping it in the silly position, just as the tiny creatures went to peck as him for it. “They really do not like me, I feel as if the avian race conspires against me.” He stared at Dio with narrowed eyes, who was actually quite a pretty picture in his elegant dress, hair, and now several prismatic birds perched atop his arms. “And somehow, they adore you. It is almost as if you are commanding them to do so.” Catching a glimpse of his form in a reflection as they passed through the small enclosure into a windowed room, he had to laugh, the smile back on his face. Even if Dio was silently willing birds against him, Jonathan
could not stay in ill humour for long.

There was an exhibit much like a tiny rainforest as they walked on further, a few other tourists ahead of them ‘oohing and ‘ah’ing at the sight of a crocodile, sleeping lazily on a beach with the backs of his brothers and sisters sticking out of the water behind him. The trees were tall, and a section of bats hung off to one side, much to the horror of several of the other ladies, who scurried on ahead.

“I have a feeling you can handle watching the bats without getting out your smelling salts,” Jonathan joked, placing Dio’s hat back on his head.

Dio only rolled his eyes with a disagreeable frown and continued forward. Birds were more acceptable, but really his interest in animals was not at all great enough to keep his interest for extended periods, and the last time he had been to a zoo he’d been considerably less sober. It had made the difference.

“Come on, let us find something else to do.” He took Jonathan’s arm and pulled him further along, past the varying wildlife kept in closed quarters, occasionally brought to a stop when he wished to admire them. When Jonathan did not want to budge, it was difficult to oppose -- quite the sturdy build he had on him, and heavy too.

Jonathan took his time, not letting Dio hurry him along. He enjoyed both wildlife and ‘Dia’, and as he would most likely never get the opportunity to enjoy them like this again, he was in no rush to leave. Though the exhibit was small, it did not take so long to go through as the zoo had.

Towards the end, there was another bird attraction, this one with large, colourful parrots that Jonathan was certain were staring at him with a death glare. Still, they were amusing, as they would swoop down over head and do little tricks and songs.

“They accept tips!” one of the trainers said with a wink, and a finely dressed lady reached into her purse, pulling out a coin. The parrot made a show of swooping to perch on her arm, and then taking the penny, before flying back and depositing it in the box. The audience applauded, even Jonathan looked impressed.

“Here,” he said to Dio, pressing a drachma coin into his hand. “You had better do this, lest I lose a finger.” Thoughtfully, Jonathan observed the birds swoop in to each visitor ahead of them who held out a coin, tapping a finger to his chin. “Wait here,” he spoke, pulling back and disappearing, speaking to one of the trainers in the back out of Dio’s ear shot.

Soon enough, Dio’s coin was taken and deposited with all the others, but then the bird, a brilliant red macaw with its rainbow tipped wings, was called back to the trainer, taking something from his hand. Instead of going to the next visitor with a coin, he swooped back to Dio, presenting him with a tear shaped diamond pendant on a delicate silver chain, held skilfully in his beak.

“I am not sure if the bird or your husband loves you more, Madam!” the trainer said with a laugh, in accented English.

“It certainly is a debate,” Dio said smoothly, before paying his attentions back to Jonathan, taking the necklace from the parrot’s beak with a small smile spread on his lips as he moved it about in his palm, admiring the sheen and glisten of the present in his hand.

“So it was for me then. And it was jewellery, just not a ring. Pretty.” Dio turned, pulling his hair onto the front of his shoulders in order to expose his nape, head tilted low for access. “Put it on me, would you, Jojo?”
Very carefully, Jonathan draped the chain about Dio’s neck, and hooked the clasp together. Once it was on, he stood back and watched as Dio turned to face him, admiring the sparkling diamond that now sat against the man’s pale skin. “It suits you. And it was expensive.” Not that Jonathan cared much himself, but he knew that Dio would appreciate the gift all the more for it.

The little Island tour coming to an end, they returned to the boat that brought them. Allowing Dio to sit first, he made himself comfortable in the seat beside him, and enjoyed the rush of cool air that sprayed across his face as the sail boat left. Only once they were some ways away did he reach into his pocket and pull out the long box.

"I don’t often get to spoil you like this," he explained, opening it to reveal matching earrings, and a bracelet dripping in diamonds that must have been worth a fortune.

“Oh, you’ve found your ways in the past.” Dio could not hide his grin, quickly removing the prior jewels he had attached and moving them to his bag. There was something stellar about diamonds that went with every outfit, and quickly he clasped the bracelet around himself, holding his arm up to give himself the perfect view of the shimmering additional to his arsenal of accessories.

A mirror was brought out of the handbag -- to be able to carry a small bag that could carry substantial items was something of a godsend to Dio, and he grinned as the earrings looked so dashing on his person. Mary’s earrings were nice enough, but these were far more coruscating, practically exuberant, and Dio was nothing if not flashy.

This was earned a kiss, and more than a chaste peck or press to his neck, a fully earned kiss with Dio’s body near draping itself on Jonathan’s own, flat chest against his, the fabric of his dress on Jonathan’s shirt, caring not for who saw -- and likely giving the boat driving quite the fodder for the mind and lower regions in his bed tonight. “Much appreciated, my dearest lover.”

Taken by surprise, Jonathan’s face turned red, and his hands had the hesitance that they had held in the early days, when their love had been newly discovered. Jonathan was not used to having Dio draped over him like this in the eyes of a total stranger, and it made him momentarily shy. But having such a beauty in his lap did wonders, and soon he had recovered, returning the kiss with just as much eagerness, hands firm on his hips.

“They were a matching set, but the bracelet is what caught my eye,” he explained once their public display of affection had died down. He held Dio’s hand, pleased to see how the bracelet shimmered on his wrist. Expensive, sparkling diamonds suited Dio quite well, though as a man, he was unable to show off his jewellery as much as he might like. Jonathan was grateful for the chance to see him do so now. “It is perfect. Just as you are.” And this time, with his thumb and his forefinger guiding Dio’s smooth chin upwards, it was his turn to initiate the kiss, followed by intimate cuddling as the boat continued its journey back to shore.

“That was a lovely ride,” Jonathan spoke, though he had eyes for nothing but Dio.

Today had been pleasant and Dio was contented, both with Jonathan at his side and the new accumulation of accessories to wear, he would call his final day as Dia a rounding success. But for all that was said and all that was done, he had no plans to extend the charade for longer, despite it all. It was alright, fine, really, he and Jonathan would just have to be a little quieter about their affections, and they had become something rather close to experts at that.

As they made their way back to land, stepping onto the shore and tipping the boatman, street musician played the string instrument zither, breathing a sweet melody through the Grecian streets, a
happy addition to the mood already filling Dio’s spirit.

In a surge of boldness and joviality, Dio pulled Jonathan by the hand into the open streets with a swish of his dress and dangle of his earrings, offering his hand to the other man.

“Will you have this dance with me?”

Jonathan’s fingers wrapped delicately around Dio’s own, the pale skin contrasting sharply to the light brown tan Jonathan had developed from weeks of working in the sun. The beaming expression on his face was more than genuine as he swept Dio into the crowd and twirled him to the music with a grace he had not even known he had. His movements were smooth, taking the lead far better than he had in the past, while not even so much as glancing down at his feet; far too fixated on Dio for any of that.

“You are the one who taught me to dance,” Jonathan spoke as they drew close. Perhaps that was not completely true, Jonathan had taken dance lessons even before Dio’s arrival at the Joestar manor, however, he had given him a reason to do it well. And from the way his lips leaned in to brush across his brow, his meaning appeared to stretch far beyond the dance itself. “Thank you, for letting me love you.”

The blush hit his cheeks more than the hint of makeup he already wore had shown and Dio clutched Jonathan’s hand a little tighter.

If he had been a shyer sort, no, if he had been himself perhaps a couple of years younger, he might have not said it. But he was no long Dio Brando, locked inside himself, fighting every feeling at each turn, pushing down love and fear and every emotion he did not feel himself equipped to deal with. He was Dio Joestar. And proud to be just that. So he did say, “I should be the one thanking you, Jojo. For loving me, for falling in love. For staying in love despite all I had done. Despite damage and pain and fear and reality of heartbreak, you loved me and love me still.” His words were low, only Jonathan deserved to hear them.

The song had changed into something slower, perhaps to match the mood of the first dancers -- now more had showed up to join Dio and Jonathan, couples in happy pairs and long stepping embraces. Dio buried his face in the crook of Jonathan’s neck, the matching height thanks to the high heel shoes not enough to stop him. “Thank you for letting me love you, Jojo.”

“It was worth all the pain and hardship, all the trials that we have been through,” Jonathan whispered into Dio’s ear. “You are my other half, I wouldn’t have us any other way.” One arm stayed about Dio’s waist, while the other continued to hold his hand, taking the smaller steps that a slower dance required. With only a tiny mishap during the change in speed, Dio’s toes were safe. “I think that fate planned for us to be together, once we had our minds set, nothing could keep us apart.”

The dancing continued, and Jonathan held Dio close to him with a smile, revelling in the affection that was normally left to themselves and no one else. It was wonderful that they had this chance, but when the music finally came to an end, Jonathan realised that all that mattered was he and Dio. The world could watch, or it could stay behind closed doors, so long as they were together, he needed nothing else.

Their stroll back to the hotel was casual, keeping their fingers laced together, arms lightly swaying between them. Opening the door, Jonathan allowed Dio to step in first, shutting it behind him without taking his eyes off his husband. Delicately, he began to remove the pieces of his ensemble, setting them to the side, the air charged with his intimacy. Before the dress could even be removed, their lips had joined once again.
“It is my last day as Dia,” Dio repeated once more once the kiss had parted. It didn’t last long, and but a second after he spoke they were latched on again, wet and salacious with tongues rolling deep into each other’s mouths. There was a certain hot bliss about it he could only receive by kissing Jonathan, and he indulged in it with utmost enthusiasm.

“Remove my lower garments,” he said when they split for a second time. “And take me.” He guided Jonathan to the bed, kissing between steps and through them too, until Jonathan was sat on the edge, Dio straddling on top him. “Leave the jewellery and the dress on.”

As Dio had requested, Jonathan did not remove the dress, and left the diamonds in their place of honour on Dio’s wrist, neck, and ears, every so often the stones catching the light in a movement and glistening. The brunet did not bother removing his own clothes, instead, he let down his trousers so that his cock was free. The vial of oil was still out and open on the nightstand, and he used it to coat his fingers.

“Let me in,” Jonathan said as he slipped his hand beneath the skirt and through his thighs, lightly stroking and pressing into his opening. Blue eyes did not leave Dio for an instant, but he knew the way inside him by heart.

Dio let out short gasping breaths as his walls were crammed with Jonathan’s fingers inside, his dress tenting at the crotch where his cock grew hard and pulsing. “It’s open. For you, Jojo… go inside.” His whispers were hot against Jonathan’s lips and they locked again, wet and heady, Dio’s own amber gaze doused in black pupil, wanting.

He mewled a pleasant whine as Jonathan pushed his way in, grinding against his fingers in a fast attempt to have him go deeper, further and faster. Dio sucked a hickey on his neck and rutted against Jonathan’s cock, taking it in his hand with a squeeze. “I want this.” His voice almost sounded demanding, but the hint of desperation took away from the superiority. “Now.”

“You are terribly needy today, my dear,” said Jonathan, voice low and steady as he spent a few precious extra moments stretching out his hole. It was unnecessary, but he enjoyed Dio’s desperate cries far too much. “I think perhaps I have found a new way to make you spread your legs wider to me.” Teasingly, he shoved his fingers far enough back to brush against his sweet spot. “All I need to do is shower you in diamonds.”

Still, as nice as it was to drive Dio out of his mind with lust, he had his own cravings. So without further ado, his fingers were withdrawn, and his thick cock was pushed inside in their place. He could not hide the breathy moan as his member was fully encased by Dio’s tight walls, taking a moment to savour their joining.

“Diamonds are a girl’s best friend, don’t you know?” Dio grinned and clenched his legs and thighs around Jonathan’s own, matching his pace and upping it, cheeks flush with arousal and accessories moving with every buck and jaunt. “Although I really don’t think women should have the monopoly on that. I have every intention of making use of these. They are too splendid not to show off no matter what.”

Words soon slipped away and replaced themselves with more cries of bliss, save for a longing few call outs of Jonathan’s nickname, telling him he wanted more, to go deeper and faster and “yes, yes, yes!”

Dio grew hot under the dress, pushing his hair back behind him, though a few seconds later it would fall over his face again, dishevelled and wavy, but still a dream. He sucked on Jonathan’s lower lip before kissing him sloppy, “Finish me.”
How could Jonathan do anything except grin like an idiot as he watched Dio’s luscious form respond to being fucked? Every last bit of this man was his, from the blond tresses to the shapely hips to his tight, shapely ass. He had married a man who could give him everything he could ever fantasize and more. Any hardships temporarily forgotten, Jonathan rocked his hips against Dio, feeling as if he were simply the luckiest man alive.

It did not take long for Jonathan’s thick, long cock to spurt his seed, filling Dio to the brim with the hot liquid, only seconds after Dio’s own pert cock spouted. He did not pull out immediately, and clung to him, both in their tousled, half-dressed states. Waiting until their breathing had slowed, he started to withdraw, lazily and without any intention of letting go.

“Perhaps the rest of the world has had their fill of Dia, but I certainly hope she shall visit our bed from time to time.” He lifted a hand to brush the hair from Dio’s face. “You are an absolute vision.”

“The world could never be done with Dia. It is Dia that has had her fill of the world.” Dio reached out and touched Jonathan’s cheek, something in the post glow of orgasm haze he had made something of a habit; his urge was simply to bask in the azure gaze and touch the smooth -- occasionally stubbly, but not today -- face of his husband dearly, and smile spread across his own. Who knew he could be this happy so often?

“It was fun while it lasted though, wasn’t it? And I’ll still be here. And I have no intention of letting all these dresses go to waste. You’ll be seeing more of me, don’t you worry, Jojo.”

“I know that you shall make use of the dresses, as well as the diamonds!” Chuckles escaped Jonathan’s lips, and he gave Dio a light squeeze. His body was worn out in the best of ways, reclining off his feet for the rest of the day would be a luxury. But for as exhausted as he was physically, his heart was soaring, soul feeling light from happiness. “The last few days have been a gift more priceless than any jewel I could buy you. Thank you, Dio.” A kiss sealed his words, and Jonathan stretched out, basking in the calm of having his lover within arm’s reach.
Jonathan’s trip to Greece finished successfully enough for him to go home with several thick notebooks full of data and sketches, ready to be compiled into a new thesis, and copied for use of other archaeologists and historians. While Dia herself had ‘left for home’ and no longer accompanied in his last weeks, he enjoyed a quieter time with Dio in the comfort of the room until the day came to leave. A few questions had to be asked over the uncanny resemblance, but Dio slipped by them with ease, where Jonathan stuttered.

He kept himself busy on the trip home sorting through and making corrections, squinting his eyes when the light in the carriages became too dim, and keeping his nose in his books. This was of course interrupted by nights tangled in his husband’s arms, making the travel seem not so long or hard.

Once home, they settled back into their routine with the greatest of ease, Dio going back to his law office, Jonathan switching between research and the Joestar estate management. When Jonathan was not away at a dig, the balance between their work and home lives had reached a comfortable place. Gone were the lusty days of their youth when they would spend every possible moment tangled in each other’s bodies, and in its place were afternoon lunches and evenings by the fire, Sundays strolls and weekends spent in each other’s company. While they would still make love and do so often, it was not uncommon for the two to spend a quiet evening cuddled together in bed, Jonathan squinting over a book more and more as the weeks went by.

And so they were tonight. Dio was scanning over the final notes for his upcoming case, while Jonathan read over Mesoamerican texts, his first passion of the stone mask never quite forgotten.

“You have been doing that for a while now,” Dio said beside him, smoothing his bushy brows along the grain. He noticed the squints and had for a while, as if Jonathan were straining over simple books, or things to him that were clear as day in Dio’s eye.

“Are you having trouble seeing, Jojo?”

“Mm?” Jonathan looked up from what he was reading, taking a moment to register Dio’s words and respond. “Trouble seeing? No, I am fine, this book is old and the print is very fine. It is interesting though, did you know that Aztec priests not only killed their sacrificial victims, but also ate them? Why, in here, there is one account of a man’s heart being cut out while he is roasting!” Jonathan’s eyes returned to the page, finger trailing along the tiny text. “It seems like such trouble to go through, but their gods were quite demanding of blood.”

“Sometimes I don’t think you know how happy you sound while saying such things.” Perhaps they were the perfect pair, for Dio had no such squeamishness over those matters. “Vicarious enjoyment of human sacrifice and deadly slaughter, is it?” He chuckled and patting his thigh, brushing his finger over the ever so slightly raised flesh in the inner, his name forever etched in his skin. How he did love it.

Though when his own gaze fell upon the book, there was no difficulty in reading, not even at a distance. He shrugged, and for now did not question it, instead leaning against Jonathan with a contented him.

“Oh come now Dio, you know that I would never condone such acts! I am not secretly Jack the Ripper, I assure you, although if I was, at least I would have the very best lawyer.” Jonathan chuckled and placed a red leather marker in his spot, closing the book and setting it to the stand on his side of the bed, which had a tall, messy stack of history and note books. “But such grotesque
displays are intriguing to study. One is forced to contemplate the very nature of humanity and how far they might go to achieve what they think will bring them power.” His voice trailed off as a hand travelled under the sheet, to very spot Dio had just brushed against, tracing over the scars.

“Though I cannot say I have never shed my own blood for the pursuit of love.” Drawing back the sheets, he wriggled his sleep trousers down just enough to reveal the scar, well concealed but still a very obvious sign of his ties to Dio. Whimsically, he reached out for Dio’s hand. “Remember when you did this? My, we were scarcely together a few months at that point!” He brought Dio’s fingers to his bare skin, warm beneath his touch.

“You told me you loved me barely a week or two after we had gotten together, considering your track record, I would ask what took you so long?” Dio gave a wry grin and offered him a kiss to the cheek. Then to the lips because he could not resist it, hand still in place.

“But no, I do not think I shall ever forget it. For all that happened that night, that made it all the better. I do so love my name, my mark on you. Forever.”

“Now, if you wanted to leave a lasting mark, you would need to strip down to the bone,” said Jonathan playfully, as he began to tug at the buttons on Dio’s nightshirt, opening them to reveal pale flesh. “That is the part someone might discover a thousand years from now, and spend a lifetime dreaming up why.” He pushed the fabric from his shoulders, and then tugged down the pants, drinking in the familiar sight of his husband’s nude body. “I do not think they would ever get to the truth.”

With his own sleepwear already in disarray, he wriggled out of the bottoms, and allowed Dio the pleasure of unwrapping his upper half. As he watched him do so, however, his blue eyes lost their delight, and seemed to become distant.

“My enigmatic charm is half of who I am. Let them wonder, they’ll be wondering for the rest of time.” Dio, happy to be touched and fondled began to grin and rub against Jonathan’s form until the change in expression caught him.

“Jojo? What is it?” He propped himself up with an elbow in the mattress and stared at him, concern veiled with a thin layer of curiosity.

“Dio…something has been on my mind lately. And I feel it only fair to ask you first before making any decisions.” Jonathan took a deep breath in, before finally allowing the question spill out. “How would you feel if I was away for a long time? Longer than a month or two, I mean.” His voice was low, and he spoke carefully, teetering around the root of the topic.

Dio raised a brow before his expression slipped into something flatter. He paused for a while, not saying anything, barely letting more than a blink move, though his chest still heaved and his throat visibly swallowed. He found discussing marks and perhaps moving into the hot tangles of sensual embrace a far more tantalising way to spend his night, but the moment had passed and his smile faded. “You know how I feel about it. I would not say I’d be happy to see you go. But I am not going to stop you if that is your desire.”

His eyes ever so slightly averted to Jonathan’s body, rather than his face, concentrating on his stomach, soft cock between his legs, and the tattoo of his name. “You are thinking of leaving for a long time, then.” It was not a question. “Six months? A year? You must enjoy an empty bed more than you like to let on.”
“I don’t enjoy it at all, and therein is the problem.” Jonathan’s voice betrayed hints of the worries and frustrations that were overtaking his mind. He too could not bring himself to look directly at Dio, and so he rolled onto his back, staring up at the intricate moulding on the Joestar master bedroom ceiling instead. “There is a chance that Signore Zeppeli will receive a commission to travel to central America, and explore the remains of their ancient civilisations. If he does, I would be asked to join him. You know my research, of the mask, and of how important that kind of assignment would be to me.” Jonathan pursed his lips together and closed his eyes. There was no question in his mind that such a trip would be the culmination of his life’s work, putting his research to practice.

“But the voyage would be hellishly long, sea travel to America, train travel across country, carriage and wagon riding in between, I feel the aches and pains just from speaking of it. Though that does not matter, except—” His eyes opened, though he kept them staring straight at the ceiling, lest the liquid forming behind them fall. “I don’t want to be apart from you for that long. I really and truly do not.” His voice was scarcely a whisper, and despite himself, a tear rolled down the side of his face.

“If you wish to go then there is little choice in the matter. The decision for me to go to Greece those months ago was rash enough, let alone the Americas. I could not travel that far, I have my own career to look to and the journey would take long enough, let alone staying.” Dio wiped away the falling tear before it hit Jonathan’s ear, looking him over with a solemn edge.

He could have been bitter, in fact there was a part of him that debated turning down that path. But this was Jonathan’s passion and he made his promise long ago. It did not make things any more joyous, but nonetheless. “You have made up your mind. Go.”

“Have I really made up my mind.” It was presented more as a thought than a true question. Jonathan tilted his head to look at Dio, eyes hard as stone, with no more tears for the moment. There was a long pause, and he finally spoke. “Part of me resents you, you know. If you were my wife, the very act of making love would give me reason enough to stay.” A hand moved across Dio’s chest down over his smooth, flat abdomen. to make his point.

“Even still,” he began, pulling himself up into a seat, hovering over Dio. “If you asked me to, I would stay. That is all it would take from you, Dio.” He lowered his face so that they were only a breath apart. “One word.” He locked their gazes and held it firm, but before Dio could answer, he had drawn away and was sitting up, hand pinching his brow in frustration.

“But you will never ask, I know you too well. And so, I will go. It is my life’s work, after all, my labour of love, and all I dreamed of as a boy.” He shook his head and his hand dropped into his bare lap, smacking against his thigh. “And along with it, I’ll face the fear and loneliness such a journey entails, even though the thought of it makes me feel sick.” A hint of a smile crossed over his lips “Because you, Dio, did not marry a coward.”

“No I did not. But you married a man. A man who cannot give you a child out of a womb that does not exist. And I am glad for it.” Dio touched his own stomach, filled with nothing inside and smiled. “That would only be an excuse.” He turned onto his side, facing away from Jonathan and brought himself on two feet, glancing back with a wink.

Dio walked naked across the room of the suite and opened the door of the balcony. He was met with a frigid, mildly uncomfortable breeze, and so slipped on the warm robe he adorned in mornings, stepping outside to view the countryside estate below, the acres of land and empty fields in the dark night, only a few distant streetlamps and stars to show the view. It was a sight he had seen a thousand times before, but in its tameness, there was beauty. “Go and see the world, Jojo. Go and dig up your pots and discover the secrets of your mask. Do not for a second think I do not want you home, but you are right. I will never hold you back, I am your push forward.”
“When I realised that you were truly the one I was going to spend the rest of my days with, I knew that our life was not going to be easy.” Admiring his husband’s body bathed in woollen robes and in the cool moonlight, Jonathan brought himself to a stand. He hastily pulled on the pair of sleep trousers that he had discarded, and wrapped his arms around his husband from behind. “I will miss you, but I will also know that you’ll be waiting for me, once my work is done, and that is all that matters. I still have a few more weeks before I would set sail, the weather is too unreliable right now.” Lifting his head, he surveyed the serene beauty of the Joestar estate as it stretched out before them. “I aim to be home by your birthday,” he added, pressing a light kiss to the side of his face.

“My birthday, hm? That is eight months from now, hardly something to smile about. But I suppose that will be quite the gift, won’t it?” The kiss was warm for the otherwise cool surroundings, but Dio still felt solemn. How could he not? A few weeks, even a couple of months was one thing, but the better part of a year was something else entirely. “Still, I will not stop you.” His fingers curled around the edge of the balcony and tightened, keeping his body from trembling for reasons other than the cold.

“I will miss you too. Your face, your touch, I doubt there is a single thing I will not want after that long. Not even the things that irritate me. I think I will find them fond after not having them for so long.” He let out a small, saddened chuckle, head drooping low.

Seeing Dio look so sad and not backing down was possibly the hardest thing he had ever done. It was so tempting and easy to refuse the position, allowing them to go on just as they had been. It was not as if Jonathan was unhappy, quite the contrary, their life together was wonderful, everything he could ever ask for. But traveling to explore the ruins of Mesoamerica had been a dream of his from childhood, and would let him put his research on the stone mask to practical use. It need only be once, but he wished to see the land in which it had been made. Still, leaving would be nothing short of melancholy.

“I will ache for you every day that I am gone. It is going to feel like a raw open wound on my heart, and nothing will mend it except seeing you again.” Jonathan’s hands slid up his hips and over his shoulders. “But perhaps I shall come back to you with a famous discovery behind my name. And you know that I will bring you home gifts. You would look stunning in a llama hair coat, mm, perhaps I’ll bring you home an entire llama!”

“Get me an entire llama and you can stay in Mesoamerica for the rest of your life.” The sharp crack of Dio’s voice despite lower spirits did not sink, and a side eyed glare was given to Jonathan’s words. “I do not need the natural materials and it was enough that I got you a dog. You have maximised your quota on pets, and while I have never eaten a llama, if you bring one along I have no doubts cook will make me an excellent meal out of it.”

Jonathan gave a small smirk, that idea actually still sounded like fun despite threats, and he filed it away in the back of his mind, before moving his hands down Dio’s arms.

“Still, there is something you must do before I go. An old debt that needs to be paid.” Jonathan’s large, tanned fingers wrapped about Dio’s pale, slender wrist. He lifted it to his lips and kissed the underside of his arm.

“You owe me a mark.”

Dio pointed to a hickey, bruising purple and red. He received a lot less of them nowadays, and never in easily identifiable places, but at the base of the neck few but Jojo would see, and Dio did so love the rougher treatments, the possessive sting of a long lasting blotch on perfect pale skin. “Is this not your mark?”
Then, slower. Dio held up his hand, the left, where the shining band of a ring lay around his fourth digit. He presented it easily in the line of Jonathan’s eye and waggled them for emphasis. He liked to wear it on the correct hand when they were alone together. “Or this, perhaps? I even have your name, a permanent etch on every parchment.”

The sight of the ring, particularly when worn as it was intended, always brought a smile to Jonathan’s lips. He tilted his head and pressed his lips against the diamond encrusted band. "It’s true. In the years we’ve been together, my mark has been left on you in many ways." His fingers gently wrapped around Dio's delicate wrist once more. "But I for one have never before used your skin as my parchment, as you did so long ago."

Jonathan's lips returned to the underside of Dio's arm, but this time, his kisses were deliberate, as if tracing out a five pointed shape on the smooth flesh. "Don't worry, I do not plan on signing my name in your blood, my handwriting is not as neat as yours. Still, I believe you are in need of a permanent mark. One you can look at and think of me when…” His voice trailed off, and his eyes were starting to glisten again.

“Yes…” Dio said quicker than he thought he would. Jonathan had been the one to offer that day, so long ago now. “It is about time you cash in for the five year debt. I never thought I would do that, not like that, but I would think it a privilege to bear your mark.” He bit his lip before turning around, Jonathan’s grip still on him. He looked at where their bodies were joined, then back at Jonathan.

“Though even if it is not in my blood, I think the word Jojo might be a little too obvious if you plan to take my wrist.” He smiled small, and wiped away Jonathan’s unshed tears with the back of his index finger, a gentle motion. “A star?” He could feel the trace, and found himself liking it. “It’s fitting.”

Swallowing any remaining tears, Jonathan nodded, lips turning into a tiny smile. "Yes, I know how you so enjoy the one on my shoulder. You have practically tried to bite it off on certain occasions." The smile deepened at the memory of Dio's teeth and skin sucking at his mark on oh so many occasions.

"It is only fitting that we both have such a mark, our fates and very lives entwined the way that they are. But I do not trust myself to do it, lest it wind up looking like an awkward splotch than a star.” He ran his thumb over the spot where it would one day be. "We shall have to take you to a professional. Don't worry, you can squeeze my hand if it hurts too much.” He winked, doubting that Dio would have any such problems.

“Oh, hush, you only tease because you know I can handle a thing like pain with far more ease than you can.” But Dio agreed, a specialist would be best, this was going to be staying on his body forever, after all.

He made his way round to Jonathan’s back and poked at the birthmark with a long prod. “It really is something, isn’t it? Joe-star. You think this is the origin of the name, or a happy coincidence?” He hummed contemplatively.

“I honestly do not know. But my father had the mark, and my grandfather before him, as I suspect many generations did,” Jonathan said, musing over the sentiment. “But hmm, you may have a point. Perhaps the name did derive from the mark originally.” It was an interesting thought; one which Jonathan had never pondered greatly over. Most of the time, he forgot the mark was even there, as it was not reflected in the mirror while he shaved, one of the only times he ever took notice to his appearance.

But Dio took notice. And soon he, too would be marked, in a different way.
“It is cold out here.” Jonathan’s arms scooped Dio up, grinning at the bundle of wool and blond that was now in his arms. “Let’s go to bed where I can properly warm you.”

“Oh yes, warm me up well, JoJo.” Dio looped his arms around Jonathan with pointed toes and pulled him in for a long kiss, refusing to part even when the hit the bed, only bringing their bodies closer. “You are going to have to warm me up to last seven months, so best get started, shall we?”
A little bit of Dio thought this tattoo notion was more of a romantic idea, one of the many loving, devoting things Jonathan said on many occasion. Quickly he discovered that was not the case, and in the closing weeks after his Mesoamerican trip was certified, Dio was sat in the tattoo parlour with his sleeve pulled back and Jonathan beside him.

Inking the skin common enough to be popular between men of his status, but not uncommon enough to appear tacky and gawkish on his body. Of course, tattoos had been popular among the military and sailors for a great deal of time, but a sudden boost in popularity among women and dandies -- which Dio had been labelled more than once in his time -- and he took other’s notice of his lavish and perhaps a little ‘unduly’ interest in his appearance as a compliment. For he was better looking than all the men and frankly all the women around him. Those who would criticise that were only jealous because they knew it too.

The needles pricked into him with little shots of pain, but it was nothing he could not handle and Dio barely flinched. “It’s looking good, isn’t it Jojo?”

"I suppose it is.” If anything, at first Jonathan seemed more uncomfortable than Dio, as he watched the small blade cut into his skin to leave the pinkish colour behind. He was glad that he was not the one getting it, though as the artist moved along, and as Dio’s expression remained calm, perhaps it was not so bad. And the knife Dio had used to cut into his thigh had been much, much bigger.

He looked about at images on the wall with the typical nautical marks and hearts that one might get. Glancing back to Dio, he grinned, pointing to one such image.

"Perhaps I will come back from my trip with one of those,” he said cheekily. He was definitely joking, with no intention of having a needle poke him unless absolutely necessary.

All the same Dio wasn’t too bothered by the notion, and gave an easy shrug. ”I wouldn't complain. It might be a nice contrast to that good boy image you like to give the world. That gentleman has a rough side to him.” He winked, held by social convention not to give him the kiss he would have.

The tattoo wasn't too big, and all in all didn’t take long to finish. The skin around was raw and red and a little itchy, but the artist assured that would go down in time without much fuss. He stood up and paid, his eyes adjusting to the change in his body, a body he knew every nook and cranny of with perfect detail. Now it had something new.

“What do you think?” Dio held up his wrist to Jonathan’s face and showed it off, In a low voice his muttered. “Just like yours. Does this make me a true Joestar now?”

As they stepped out of the parlour, Jonathan cupped Dio’s wrist with his hand and looked to the newly made pink mark. “Now, my dear, you have been a true Joestar since we spoke our vows, and in the eyes of the law since you signed the adoption papers.” Jonathan’s eyes darted upwards, to be certain no one was looking, and then pressed a kiss to the tips of his fingers. “But this is a fine addition. If anything, it shall make you more of one than I, as most of the time I forget I even have the mark!” Jonathan smiled in his direction, but quickly looked away as thoughts of his leaving flooded back, which was getting closer and closer with each passing day.

“It is something you may glance at from time to time, when you are working, or reading, or even
bathing, and I hope it will make you think of me fondly.” He let his wrist go as they walked towards their carriage, stepping inside and moving over so that there was room beside him for Dio to sit. “As for me, I do not think you shall ever be off my mind.”

“As for you, you have my name on my inner thigh, you mean,” Dio corrected, taking his place next to Jonathan. His hand skirted between his inner legs, just where the scar would be. “You can think about that when you, take a shower, or touch yourself in your tent and imagine me in all sorts of attire. Or none at all. Whatever you like.” Sealing the deal with a strong squeeze, he returned to smooth stroking only.

“But really, Jojo, you know I do not need a star, or any kind of symbol to think of you. You have a permanent etch in my mind and it will take more than distance and time to remove. We promised ourselves to each other in the not-so-legal sacrament of marriage. I took vows and I meant them seriously. This is just a nice addition.” Cupping his cheek, Dio pulled Jonathan in for a sweet kiss on the lips, staring at him with sincerity.

The look in Dio’s eyes was one that years ago, would have been unexpected. Trust between them had been a difficult seed to plant, and an even harder one to take root. But now that it had bloomed, it was the most true and exquisite thing in Jonathan’s world, and he knew that Dio was right. Distance would not affect their love, it would only leave them both lonely and alone at night. He returned this kiss, the carriage wheels bumping against the pavement as they continued on through the city. Dio’s tattoo was only a small part of the preparations that needed to be done.

A week passed, with Jonathan hardly having time to think. There was so much to be purchased, so much to be organised and put into a travel trunk that would contain his world for the next half year. Books, notes, and even the stone mask itself were safely packed away, along with clothes appropriate for a hotter climate, and other tools of the trade. Just the packing itself was exhausting, yet the night before he was due at the docks, he found himself unable to think about rest. He paced around the master bedroom like a madman, trying to think of any last minute items he might need. But there was nothing, only the knowledge that the most important thing of all would have to be left behind -- his husband.

Dio was sat on the bed, cross legged with one of the many pillows in hand, hugging it in the place of Jonathan’s warm body -- no comparison. He grabbed another pillow.

“You know you have everything sorted, you have gone over the list five times with me and another six alone. You are fully prepared, there is nothing left for you to do but saddle the cases up and leave them. Fretting will only give you stress, and there is enough of that already.” Pouting, he reclined on the thick mattress, showing off long legs and pointed toes with supreme elegance, hair thrown over his shoulder in a golden cascade.

“Since it is your last night here, let me treat you to a night of mind-blowing pleasure in a way you know only I can give you, and you can settle in my arms once it is done, and we can talk and kiss about nothing and all things until neither of us has the strength to stay awake any longer.” He beckoned him over with a crawling finger. “Anything you like. Any toys, any attire -- I could put on a tight little lacy number if you want. Or would you like Dia to return?” Though Dio had grown fond enough of the dresses to simply wear them about the house without fitting a role. He could keep the clothes casual, without the tight corset to tuck in his waist as they were made to be. He liked spinning around with no underwear on when no one was looking. And just the way they made him feel. “Or should you just have me nude with nothing to hide?”

“I just want my Dio.” Jonathan stopped mid step, and turned to look at the blond, offering him everything and finding he wanted next to none. “I just…want you.” He took the few paces required
to make it to the bed, and then collapsed into the mattress, resting his head in Dio’s lap. “It has always, always only been you. I have always loved you, even if I did not admit it.” Confessions that had long been put to rest spilled out of him like a summer rainstorm, quick and powerful.

“I don’t need mind-blowing pleasure.” Pulling himself into a sit, he drew his face up close to Dio’s. “I just need you to know how much you mean to me. I need you to know that you are first in my life.” His hands were cupping his cheeks now, and his eyes were starting to brim with tears. They did not fall as he pressed their mouths together and his arms wrapped around the other, smaller figure. “That is truly all I need, lest I not sleep now for the next six or seven months.”

“Yes… that is lovely.” Dio kissed him back, letting it linger and last, Jonathan. “And don’t at all get me wrong, the confessions are sweet and I know that I will always be first, as you are to me. I appreciate everything you say, and the feeling is all too mutual.” Though he was truly serious, all the words Jonathan said sent a flutter to his heart and a flush to his pale cheeks, there was something very important he needed to ensure was clarified.

“But even if you do not need mind blowing pleasure, I, Dio, need mind blowing sex of the greatest proportions. The longest I have gone without was perhaps three months since I was fifteen years old. I need this, Jojo. A hand can only go so far, and I have promised myself to you alone. I intend to keep that promise, but not if you do not do me well and good into the night here.”

This time, it was Dio who grabbed Jonathan by the face, speaking against his lips while he motioned to grab under his shirt and touch his skin, grabbing the mounds of wonderful pectorals he suddenly never wanted to let go of. “You need to fuck me. Do it for me, if not yourself. I need you.”

At Dio’s words, Jonathan’s jaw dropped open, suddenly faced with the thought of the countless others who came before him. Fifteen?! Had Dio truly had so many lovers so early on that the only time he was not having sex was when they were home for the summer? Dio had been a cantankerous youth, but his slender figure and delicate features had been as lovely as he was fierce. When he thought about it, along with his deceptive charm, the blond most likely had no difficulty finding partners, and Jonathan felt his hand curling up into a fist. All those years, if they had only reconciled sooner, they could have been lounging in each other’s arms, using those hot summer days for something other than juvenile pursuits. Jealousy welled up deep inside him towards the line of unknown school boys, how dare they touch his husband.

A turquoise sweater vest was tugged up over Jonathan’s head and dropped to the floor, fingers tugging open his shirt buttons and dropping his trousers. Dio scarcely had a moment to himself, because Jonathan was on him in seconds, pinning him to the bed with enough speed and force to make the other man involuntarily flail. Lips were on his neck as hands tore off his clothes, desperate to get him naked and beneath him.

“I hate the thought of anyone else touching you.” he confessed once clothing was no longer an issue, and he could run his fingers along the smooth skin, grinding his hips up against Dio’s own.

“Are you jealous?” Dio canted his neck, letting it elongate and stretch so Jonathan could press long, wet kisses upon all the more, sucking on the skin and leaving hickeys. He didn’t care if they would be a challenge to hide, he wanted Jonathan to mark him to last all seven months of his departure, keep his impression embedded on his flesh forever. “You needn’t be, I only know your touch now, only wish to feel your hot cock inside me, your lips against mine.” He crashed his mouth on Jonathan, long and wet and lasting, meeting every strong gesture Jonathan gave with three of his own.

“I already prepared myself for tonight, you see?” Dio guided Jonathan’s hand to his hole, and true as said, he was slick and wet and stretched for using. “I want to waste no time in having you inside me.
It’s so short now…” He glanced at the ticking clock; it was late in the hour, so his legs looped round
Jonathan’s waist and pulled him in closer, grinding their members together.

“Fuck me like it is the first and last time all wrapped in one. Show me why you’re worth waiting
for.”

Without saying another word, Jonathan’s lips set to work, kissing and nipping at his neck in a
rougher fashion, as he had done many times before, but drenched in a new, almost liberating
desperation in his movements, never quite seen. The two of them had never been apart for this long,
even in their younger years when they loathed one another, there would only be a week or two break
before they set eyes on their rival once again. It was hard to imagine life without Dio, now more so
than ever.

Limbs wrapped around the other as tight as possible, Jonathan’s cock slipping into slick, puckered
hole. While later that night he might choose to go slow, a primal urge deep inside had thrusting as
deep as he could, with a speed that might make one think he was in a race. But he was, in a way,
they were both in a race against time..

Before long, he grunted as his seed spilled within Dio, and within, a momentary release from the
stress that was plaguing him. But as he caught his breath, looking down at the blond beneath him, the
finality of it all washed over him harder than ever. Though his cock had softened inside Dio, he
reached down to pinch and stroke his own sacks, wishing to return his organ to life as quickly as
possible.

Dio’s moans along with Jonathan’s were loud, shameless and wanting. He was sure the entire estate
and neighbouring countryside around them could hear and he hoped they could. Let them all know,
let this moment last and reach every soul, dig more inside him, break him apart, let their bodies blend
together in the sweetest ecstasy. Dio wanted to come, his hand went between them and jerked off
something fierce, erratic and heady, like a boy who’d just discovered what his cock could do, and
was enthralled by its ability. He bit his lower lip, his eyes squeezed shut and hips rutting against
Jonathan, using that softness of his however he could, willing it back to life.

But he stopped, suddenly, and pulled his hand away. He would be having that for months, there was
less than no need to start with all that prematurely. Instead, he took Jonathan by the hair and guided
him down, pushing his face against his crotch, burying him in it.

“Suck me off, Jojo… I want your tongue, wet and licking every bit. I want every part of you now,
tell me you want me.”

Moving down across the expanse of Dio’s slender, pale skinned form, he tasted the salt and felt the
warmth of his flesh beneath his tongue. It was difficult to comprehend the fact that in less than a day,
all of his would be only memory for months on end. His beautiful, sylph like Dio, who scarcely had
an inch of his body untouched by Jonathan’s hands, would be out of his reach. It only made it all the
more important now to leave no speck of flesh without a kiss, a lick, or a caress.

“I want you,” he said, as Dio had implored him too. ‘I want you and no one else.” His tongue rolled
along the head of Dio’s cock, pressing between the slit. Soon his lips closed about the flesh, and he
took him in long and slow, letting his saliva properly coat the shaft, leaving it moist and shiny. Once
hand wrapped about the base to support the rest, he began to suck in earnest, listening for his moans,
wanting to hear him cry out, wanting to taste his seed.

A long sigh left Dio’s lips, and his toes curled at the provided contact. He shuffled and held
Jonathan’s curls in his fingers, digging deeper as wave after wave of sensational wonder hit him, and
he allowed every pleasure to be accepted at full throttle.
"Yes… yes… Jojo, please, make me come, say you want me." Desperation was evident, it couldn’t be hidden the second Dio allowed the throes to take him over, and suddenly his eyes felt wet.

It didn’t take him long to come, Jonathan knew exactly how to work his cock, and the previous pounding already set him on the edge of spilling. The spurt was hot in his mouth, Dio howled out and bucked hard, right into Jonathan’s throat, leaving him unable to do anything but take it all in, no drop spilled.

With a panting breath, the ripples of orgasm still hitting the shores, Dio brought their faces close, and trailed his finger against Jonathan’s shaved cheek, smooth to the touch, and perfect. He had to etch it in his mind, none of the photographs, nor paintings could capture his beauty like his eyes, and they would not see him for so long.

_Don’t go…_

The thought came, and smashed into him harder than a train wreck and Dio’s jaw dropped. Oh, it was so much easier when he was unabashedly selfish, he could just demand Jonathan stay and he knew he would. He had that power. But he wouldn’t use it.

Shaking his head, Dio pushed away the notion before he let it convince him into saying something that couldn’t be taken back.

“We… we can’t stop. Not yet. We need to leave each other raw and sore and aching because we shan’t feel this again for months.” He pushed Jonathan back, forcing his back to bounce on the mattress before climbing on top, straddling the brunet with a clench of his thighs and a raise of his rear. Come already filling him, he was even slicker to enter than the first time, and settled down fast on Jonathan’s cock, beginning a hasty ride.

“Dio..” Jonathan raised a hand to Dio’s cheek, always so smooth, his fair skin was not as inclined for stubble as his own. The mattress creaked with each and every raise and lower of Dio’s hips, the sheets sprawled about them in a whirlpool of silk. Everything, from the smoothness of his beloved’s skin to the way the moonlight poured in through the window seemed so much bolder and more vivid. Knowing something would be gone did bring about seeing things with new eyes.

The hand that was not memorizing the contours of his face rested on a hip, urging him along as he so eagerly rode him. Jonathan’s cock, tall and filling inside his husband, was nearing its second peak of the evening. A loud cry marked his climax, which he imagined would not be the last, not until Dio’s rear was overflowing with the sticky liquid. Still, while the spirit might be willing, the flesh grows weak, and his cock was soon soft, calling for a reluctant break in the love making. Lips began to desperately kiss and suck Dio’s mouth, not wishing to sacrifice the physicality of the moment.

“My beautiful prince, my Dio.” A smack of the lips left a mark just under his chin. “I can’t imagine a life without you. I do not even want tomorrow to come, because tomorrow night I will be alone. I…” Mouth and teeth smashed harder against the pale skin, hot wet tears rolling down Jonathan’s face.

No tears. Dio didn’t think he could take tears right now, and he reciprocated the kiss with heightened fervency, forcing other feeling, ones of sweet bliss and thundering ecstasy to take over, using Jonathan’s spare hand to stroke him to his own completion. He came sticky in Jonathan’s hand, white seed dripping down his knuckles, a slow journey ever increasing.

When he looked up at Jonathan, opening his eyes, Dio saw the streaks that proved he was crying and turned his head away. No, he couldn’t look at them, he wouldn’t let himself. Jonathan could not see.

Clumsy and fast he moved off Jonathan, lying on his stomach and facing the opposite direction. He
propped up his legs and shook his leaking rear, giving Jonathan a grand view of his slick thighs and gaping hole.

“T-This way… fuck me like this.” He bit his lip hard, this time he did not want Jonathan to hear the sound that would leave lips. The wails, the sobs that were teetering on the edge of his throat, threatening to bark. He couldn’t let him hear.

Dio with his legs spread wide and rear at the ready was a sight that would normally have Jonathan mounting him within seconds. But now, he found his cock, still soft from its recent use, was not ready to harden just yet. His mind kept wandering to the inevitable point of their parting, a self-inflicted pain upon them both, and he could not focus on anything else, not even the curves of Dio’s ass. He sank over top of him, his body covering Dio’s like a heavy blanket, arms encircling his sides, and face burying itself between his neck and shoulder.

“D-Dio… I don’t think I can do it. I don’t think I can leave you.” His voice was small in the large, expansive master bedroom, hot, wet tears falling onto Dio’s skin.

“Don’t you dare, Jojo,” Dio snapped back fast and biting, almost cruelly if not for the bitter lurch in his voice didn’t give him away. He did not turn around, only closed his hand over his eyes to hide anything that was starting to show, scrunching his face to keep it all at bay.

It didn’t help.

“Damn it, damn you,” he spoke to no one in particular, when his own cheeks grew unstoppable wet, unable to force them. He thought he’d grown out of crying years ago, a tell-tale sign of emotion, something that had always been difficult to quell in his youth, along with anger. He supposed he had never quite mastered his control over them.

With a frown and soaked face Dio finally turned around, facing Jonathan head on, his resolve unwavered despite all physical signs.

“You are going, Jojo. Don’t you dare weaken now. You are going to discover secrets, uncovered lands previously unknown and make your break there. Do not falter, do not grow weak on me now. I did not marry a coward, did I?”

Jonathan stared into Dio’s eyes, both their faces flushed and tearstained, both their expressions full of agony and anticipation. He sniffed once, doing his best to rid himself the tears, though that only succeeded in making them come all the stronger. He reached a hand up and pinched a piece of Dio’s blond hair between his thumb and forefinger, running them across the silky length, appreciating the delicacy of the strands, one of his favourite features on Dio’s beautiful form.

“I-I know that,” he stuttered. “I know that I should go. But I am your husband… I do not want to leave you alone in a cold empty bed. I should be caring for you, loving you, worshipping you every night of my waking existence.” Fingers moved from the strands up to his scalp, clutching the blond in as gentle a way as he could manage through his desperation. “My vow to you comes before all things. And the trip is so long and perilous. To speak of it is ill luck, I know, but what if I were never to make it back? What if something happened?” Jonathan’s voice was cracked and weak, it almost did not sound as if it were him speaking.

“Dio, I don’t want to be a coward, but I am afraid. Life without you does not feel like life at all.”

“You are not going to die.” Dio shot down that notion without giving pause, utterly convicted. “If you dare to even think about dying I will drag you back to life just to kill you myself.” And he meant that.
But his actions softened, and he too went to touch Jonathan’s face, slipping their bodies together so each part was touching something, craving the contact he knew he would be losing. “Yes, you are my husband, and you should praise my every move like the prince I am to you. The king. But I refuse to recycle the reasons why you must go, for you know them all. And you are going.” Dio pushed in and kissed him long and deeper, letting blackness fall over his lids as emotion fell out of his eyes all over again.

“You will write to me. About everything and nothing in letters as frequently as you can. You will have images of me in your purse and at your bed. And this.” Dio stood up, making a quick journey to the vanity table, removing a pair of scissors from the drawer. With careful precision and a trip to the barbers already scheduled into his calendar, he snipped a lock of his hair off with a smooth chop, tying it up in a pale blue ribbon. “A lock of my hair. A piece of me with you always.”

Jonathan reached out and took the lock of hair into his hands, and then stared down at it, frozen in contemplation. Dio was right, there was much on the line for him, so much he wished to do and accomplish. He might be Dio’s husband before all things, but that was not the only thing he was. This trip would define his career. And if he was lucky, if he found the temple where the stone mask came from, he would be satisfied. He could from there play out the rest of his days writing, lecturing, and passing on all that he had learned, right from their home, with Dio at his side.

They would have a happily ever after. But not yet.

Fingers closing around the lock of hair, he brought it to his lips before setting it aside. He then pressed Dio down onto the mattress, his tears giving his lips a salty taste as he kissed him. Yet he could not, would not draw away, even when his mouth began to feel slimy and uncomfortable from the saliva and gnashing teeth. His cock finally grew hard again against Dio’s thigh, and once it was completely firm he brought a hand down to guide it between Dio’s thighs and into his slick entrance. This time, his movements were slow and mournful, trying to make these last few moments longer and draw out their pleasure, as well as when it all would come to an end.

“I will write you every day. I will miss you every night,” he whispered into his ear. “I won’t feel complete until we are together again.”

“You had best make this trip worth your while. I shall never forgive you if you do not become a grand discoverer of worlds after leaving your own.” In which Dio meant himself, for who else could take that role? His legs once again looped round Jonathan’s waist, arms around his legs and pulling them so close their nipples rubbed and his cock splayed against the other man’s stomach.

“Kiss me… kiss me…” Dio whined while they had already long since begun, not caring for the fluids, nor the swollen, raw lips he received. It was worth it, it was all worth it for just that little bit more of Jonathan. But still, he pulled him in nearer, if that were even possible, digging his nails into his back and crawling down them, latching onto his neck and shoulder, sucking wet and deep hickeys, marking his territory.

“You’re mine, always. Always…”

“I am yours through and through. Always.” Reaching for Dio’s hand, Jonathan tugged his wrist up towards his mouth, so that he could kiss his star mark, the tattoo still not entirely healed, but far less itchy and red than it had been days earlier. “Just as you are mine.” At the word ‘mine’, a deep thrust of his hips pushed his thick cock up as far within Dio as it could possibly go, sending a burst of pleasure within him as his prostate was hit. These long, steady movements continued, Jonathan’s fingers lacing with Dio’s as his kisses grew softer and sweeter, trying to put every kind of affection possible into this one act of love making.
Even with all they had done prior, Jonathan could not hold out forever. But first, his free hand wrapped about Dio’s cock, giving it several long, hard strokes, wanting his seed to spill inside his fist. Only once he could feel the warm, slick seed against his palm did he throw his hips forwards, his own come filling his lover up to the brim. Motionless he lay, catching his breath and breathing hard, every so often throwing glances to the window, not ready to see any light but the light of the moon just yet.

“I love you.” They were such common words for Jonathan, he said them as often as he might eat a piece of chocolate, they were something sweet, saccharine, and melted away as quickly as they were said. But this time, their effect hung heavy in the air. The very state of his love affected everything; it controlled how he would live, and how he would choose to spend his life. The fact that Dio would not use it to make him stay only confirmed just how real his own love for Jonathan was.

“I know you do. Believe me, I know.” Dio sighed long and hard, the waves of orgasm not quite as delicious as they would be, not with the night slipping by and knowledge Jonathan was still going to leave taking over. Resolve did not make it any less disheartening.

He traced against the length of Jonathan’s thigh, drawing his name in swirling cursive over and over again, an elongated heart around it. “Two years ago I would have filled this night with more booze than I would know what to do with. Part of me still wants to. Not just to quell the churning in my stomach, but it seems fitting, no? A final toast together. A last supper -- though with preferably less betrayal, crucifixion and suicide to mark it.” He sighed. “You don’t have to worry about that, I shan’t be starting again while you’re not there to keep an eye on me.” He knew Jonathan did.

“Still, I do feel as if something is missing. Maybe there is no way to end that feeling, it simply is the way it is.”

“The problem is that something will be missing, from each of us, until we are reunited,” Jonathan said, lifting a hand to card it through Dio’s hair. “Even back when I thought you were a nasty piece of work, you were a part of my life I couldn’t escape. And now I would never even want to.” He twisted a piece of the long blond hair about his finger and held it tightly, before letting it go and watching it fall into a loose ringlet over his shoulder. “You have so ingrained yourself in my very existence that life without you seems almost unbearable..” He took a deep breath in.

“…but not impossible.”

And therein was the problem. Being apart would not kill them. But it would still ache every day, and how Jonathan dreaded to feel that ache. He buried his face in Dio’s chest and closed his eyes. He was tired, oh so tired, and tomorrow would be a long day. But sleep slowly began to pull him down into its grasp, until light snores could be heard, coming in gentle waves with his breathing.

Dio remained awake far longer, not yet taken by tiredness, always a night owl. But even when his lids grew heavy and body grew limp, he held on just a second, just one or two to keep himself risen, so he wouldn’t have to miss Jonathan for any longer than absolutely necessary. Once again his finger got to learning every bit of him that he already knew so well.

“Foolish, Jojo, it is just like you to make me do all the work in sending you away. Can’t you see how you wound me?” The tears had begun again, like an endless flood, though he barely sobbed, only let them streak his face, his chin, and hit the sheets beneath him. Jonathan gave no reply, lost in deep slumber. Dio kissed him all the same. “You can never complain about my staying at the firm late ever again, do you hear me?”

He relayed a few more bitter weak comments before slumping, too fatigued to do anything but pout and sigh. “I love you, Jojo. Make me proud.”
Sunlight trickled in the next morning, and Jonathan’s eyelids fluttered open, immediately raising a hand to block the beams as his vision adjusted. Dread filled the pit of his stomach. He knew that this was the start of the adventure of a lifetime for him, but right now, the only thing he could think of was Dio. Until that moment of separation had passed, nothing else would be accomplished. He knew what had to be done.

Pulling himself from the bed, he silently made his way to the bathroom, washing in front of the large oval mirror that had seen the faces of many a Joestar before him. He had to wonder, what would he see when next he looked in this mirror? Would he be successful? Would Dio have stayed true to him in all those months of loneliness? Doubting would get him nowhere, and so he turned to finish grooming and dress himself for travel.

Jonathan did not speak as he went through his closet, retrieving the simple shirt and trousers that he had selected for the voyage, a light jacket to go over top, it would be cool at sea. A shiver ran down his spine as he imagined the water surrounding the ship, nothing but waves for miles and miles. It filled him with a cold, empty feeling, one that he could not explain. Slipping his arms into his jacket, he kept his back to Dio.

“I don’t need breakfast. We should just have the groom ready the carriage and go.”

“Don’t be a dolt, of course you are going to have breakfast. This shall be the last time you eat on land, and you have a long trip ahead of you. You will regret not eating if you do not, so let us not consider any alternative.” Dio stood up slowly, pulling the covers away, his body his nude and exposed, body drenched in seed and fluid from last night’s endeavours. His routine would usually call for him to have cleaned up the night before, but that would have meant leaving Jonathan’s side. He wouldn’t do that.

Still, now there was an uncomfortable linger and his thighs felt as if they were sticking together, a grimace falling against his lips.

“I am going to bathe. Did you do so already? The bathrooms in boats are tragic at best, I would recommend it. I already told cook last night you would be having a full English with your favourite buns on the side to mark your leave; I expect a butler will be up shortly to alert you.”

Dio turned, making his way to the washroom. “Call the groom for the carriage, then join me, even if you do not get in the bath.” He did not want Jonathan out of his sight.

“Mmm.” Jonathan’s response was brief, barely a sound, he did not feel like eating, but was in no mood to argue. As Dio spoke of the sea voyage, he could feel that cold dread spilling over his insides, and he bit his lip hard to turn his attention to the pain instead. He rested his hand on the door knob, intent to send the message to the groom, but then the sound of running water hit his ears. Sighing deeply, he turned towards the bathroom. Rushing full speed towards the departure would not make it any less miserable, he might as well savour the last few moments he had at home. Besides, he had scarcely brought soap to his face.

And so Jonathan shed his clothing, leaving it draped on the bed, and stepped up to their grand, marble bathtub, big enough for them both to be warm and cozy in the water. Slipping in behind Dio, he reached for a bar of soap, and began to gently run it across the man’s body. His eyes closed, not needing to see where he was going; he knew Dio’s body by heart. His lips rested on the back of his neck, warm breath brushing against it.
“This is nice,” he finally whispered. “I am glad you convinced me to leave fresh and clean.” His fingers reached down between Dio’s thighs and teased his limp cock. Perhaps he was not planning on staying so clean after all.

“...One last time? For the road?” Dio asked, his voice low and soft. Part of him was content, as one could be, given the circumstance, just enjoying the sense of Jonathan, the lasting sensation simple touch, skin to skin, sensual but not teetering past it. The other side, however, wanted more, there could never be enough, and that hot spark to burst inside like new year fireworks, shooting up into the sky.

“Slowly,” he said finally. “Let it last.”

Though he did not respond, Jonathan’s hand formed a fist around Dio’s cock, pumping him up to an erection. The other continued to work a thin film of soap across his body, so that his skin was slick and sweet smelling to the touch. His tongue dashed out over the back of his neck, and soon, he began to nip and suck. He would have marks that would last for days, Dio would need to wear scarves and high collared shirts to disguise it.

“Come for me, love,” he whispered, only releasing his fist for a moment so that he could soap his hand up properly, making his next stroke silky and smooth when he closed his fingers around the member again. Still, he did not rush. This was to be the last pleasure he would give to his husband for months, and he wanted to savour it.

And Dio did, with every curl to his toes, every rub of his milky thighs, every gasp and mewl as Jonathan worked him with expertly thick fingers. He hoped that the long months apart would not bring him to forget how to please him so well, those digits losing that muscle memory gained from their long years together. He tried not to think about that, indulging in Jojo and Jojo alone.

Orgasm came slowly, then all at once, with a small cry and spill of white fluid, dissipating in the bath between Dio’s legs. He slumped against Jonathan’s chest, resting his head in the crook of his neck.

“Perhaps if I will it, I could make time stop. Just for a few more seconds.” Wouldn’t that be something?

“A few more seconds indeed. I feel as if I shall be living off the memory of right now for months to come.” A much hastier layer of soap was applied to his own body, and then he began to cup water over them both, rinsing away the soap and sweat and evidence of love making. While he enjoyed the extra opportunity to touch Dio that it gave, he was sad to see it all washed away.

A fluffy towel was snatched and wrapped about Dio’s body, slowly removing all the traces of water, from his ankles to his shoulders. It was yet another chance to drink in the sight of him, something else to add to that store of memories. “I did not tell them to call the carriage yet. If it pleases you, we shall eat together.” He feared that he might be sick with the way his stomach was churning, already acting as if he were at sea. But for Dio, he would swallow a few bites. He may not eat such a fine meal again for some time.

Dio agreed, and together they congregated in the dining hall for their meal. Dio had prescribed perhaps an overly large portion for Jonathan, allowing him to have his fill. It was not so odd an assumption to make, usually in moments of anxiety he had found Jonathan’s hunger to increase, not dwindle into nothing, so his brows furrowed when Jonathan seemed to only poke at the grand display.

“I’ll have cook bag a few of the buns for the journey. What is it they eat in South America? I doubt it is this lavish.”
“Spicy foods are common. They grow many types of peppers, along with corn and bean. There is the usual poultry and cattle, but I doubt any of it will taste like home.” Of course it wouldn’t, he would be an ocean away from everything he knew. He shovelled more food into his mouth, chewing and swallowing, following the order of things he had known for his entire life, but still, that roar of the sea loomed in the background, making him feel queasy. It took all his effort to not let it overcome him. He would need all his strength once he reached the docks.

“You had better remember to eat while I am away. The last time we were apart I found you looking like a skeleton. None of that when I come home this time, mm?” He reached out and lightly placed a hand over Dio’s, thumb caressing the skin.

Dio’s fingers curled, then laced themselves in Jonathan’s own, though he could not hold back a roll of his eyes. “Yes, yes, I will remember. I am dragged to enough business lunches and host so many client meals that it is practically impossible for me to miss a meal at any rate. And the last time is no testament.” For, to put it lightly, Dio was not in the best state. He didn’t like to think about it, it was behind him.

Just to prove it, he left his own plate of eggs bare and empty, drinking the fresh coffee down with a few easy sips. They tasted of nothing, food had never been his comfort.

He looked at the clock for far too long, eyes squinting as he will the clock to turn back. It didn’t. He turned to Jonathan. “Eat up. Time to leave.” He called for the valet, already the luggage had been taken down, the coach prepared outside, pre-emptively, “Ready when you are, my lords.”

Dio bit the inside of his cheek. “How efficient.”

Jonathan pushed a bit more of the breakfast into his mouth and swallowed. Standing from the table, he adjusted his jacket, and reached for a brown leather satchel, which held the items that were nearest and dearest to him. That included the stone mask, some key notebooks, and his collection of favours from Dio. It would never be far from his side. Walking through the front door, with his satchel slung over his shoulder, he nodded to the servant who held it for him. It was time to bid farewell to the Joestar estate. At least his parting from Dio would not be immediate.

In the carriage, Jonathan took the seat across from Dio, and turned his head towards the window. He whistled for Percy, the dog leaping in after him. Stroking the animal’s head, a small smile appeared on his lips. “At least I shall have you with me, boy,” he said softly, before he curled up at Jonathan’s feet, content to nap the ride away. Jonathan, despite was not so lucky.

The carriage soon pulled away from the estate, and the mansion grew smaller and smaller, until it was no longer visible. Still not looking at Dio, Jonathan sighed. “I remember leaving the mansion for our trip. I was so much more excited then. And happy. I should be happy now, I know I should, but…” His voice trailed off, and his eyes fell, staring down into his lap.

Dio looked at Jonathan, then Percy, a pout on his lips. This perhaps would be the one time in his life he felt jealous of a dog. “Our time of dwelling was last night, let’s not go back to that now, when there is nothing to be done about it.” What were more tears going to do? What was thinking about how lonely these months would be do when there was reality facing them? Dio decided he was done with acting the sap, it only hurt, and he needed no more of that.

He leaned forward and lifted Jonathan’s chin, forcing their eyes to meet. “If we are to speak, Jojo, we are going to talk of happy things, I refuse to remain in melancholy.” Brave words, but aside from a few moments where a private joke was uttered that left them both in chuckles, the carriage journey was quiet, there was little left to be said. Touches exchanged between them, but even those felt sore, and as they grew close to the London docks so did the decrease in words.
And then they arrived.

At the docks, a porter took the neat envelop with Jonathan’s first class ticket and cabin info. Immediately, his suitcases and chest trunk were unloaded, to be brought onto the ship and left in Jonathan’s room, just as they might at a hotel. Jonathan sat in the carriage and waited until all the things were unloaded, looking cold and stoic, as the early spring breeze blew across the water. Percy was getting agitated, he knew they were going somewhere, but could sense Jonathan’s odd mood, and he began to scratch at the door. Finally, the moment came for him to climb out. It could not be put off any longer. He threw open the door and smiled to the driver, who wished him well. Jonathan adjusted the straps of his satchel, and drew them over his shoulders like a knapsack.

The first class boarding zone was not a far walk away, and he began to take steps towards it, keeping as calm and collected as possible. They started to pass an old, abandoned brick building, that looked as if it were under construction to something new for the docks, perhaps a hotel, or some shops. But for the time being, it was deserted. Not wasting a second, Jonathan forcefully tugged Dio behind the building, into the safety of the shadows. He held to his wrists desperately, and stared down at him with wide, blue eyes. One might have thought that he was mad, if they did not know how fiercely he was fighting back tears.

“Write to me. Please, promise you will, it will be all that I have,” Jonathan said, voice slow and steady, each word forced from his throat to come out clearly. “And no waiting for the ship to leave. The moment I am through that gate you turn back to the carriage and ride home. Do you understand me?”

“I understand. And soon as you are stationed and relay your address I will write.” That still left a good couple of months without a lick of contact, but at least there was a means of communication, a line of hope. One thing Jonathan said, however, he did not oblige, and his finger looped round and gripped Jonathan’s in return.

“But understanding does not mean obeying. I am going to watch that ship leave, fall into the deepest horizon and onward, if only to catch the slightest glimpse more of you, Jojo.” Piercing amber under dark lashes and brows stared back at Jonathan without any room to argue.

He let of Jonathan’s wrists, pulling them apart and trailing up to cup the crooks of his neck, pressing against the jaw and cheeks. After a quick scan both left and right to assure no one was watching, he was back on blue. “Now you, my dear, wonderful Jojo. Kiss me, and make it count.”

Jonathan’s eyes began to water, and with trembling hands he cupped either side of Dio’s face, pulling him in for a long, sweet, and gentle kiss, his tongue lightly pressing into the other’s mouth. While he may have felt desperate, his actions were oozing in love and affection. The kiss was pushed past its natural end, Jonathan’s arms wrapping around Dio’s waist and holding him painfully tight.

“Everything I do from here and until I see you again, I do to be worthy of you.” Their foreheads were pressed firmly together, his fingers sinking into the soft velvet of Dio’s jacket, blue eyes fiercely determined. “To be the husband you want, your equal. I know that I am meant for more than simple domesticity, and I know that this trip is the culmination of my entire career. I will make something of myself, I will not let you down.” His hands softened and he began to draw back. As he looked down at his husband, tears began to crack through his determination, rolling hot and wet down his face.

“But by God, I wish I did not have to leave you behind to do it. Dio, you are my partner in all things, I just--” There was the sound of a horn in the distance from the ship, as well as distant shouting voices.

Dio kissed him again through the horn, partly in knowing the bustling meant they needed to go, and
dually to shut Jonathan up. “I know that. I know it all. Don’t waste time on words when you could be kissing me more.” And with that he forced their lips together, this time without any delay in seeing if anyone was near; let them look, he didn’t care.

When they broke, a trail of saliva fell between them. “Nothing you do could ever be unworthy of me, you are already perfect. Already the husband I want. My equal.” This time the kiss was softer, only a tiny slip of tongue, and Dio once again rested their foreheads together. “And I love you.”

“I love you too.” Jonathan did not want their last moments teary. He held Dio by the wrist gently, gazing into his amber, a smile somewhat forced on his lips. Finally, however, the moment to part had come. He raised Dio’s wrist to his lips and kissed the star mark, before pulling himself back further. The time had come to leave the shadow and move into the light again, where they were merely brothers.

Stepping backwards towards the entrance, he did not pry his eyes off Dio, until his head hit the frame. “Ow!” He rubbed at it frantically, and then turned to reach into his pocket, handing his ticket to the attendant. Looking over his shoulder, he waved to Dio. The pain in his head was matching the pain in his heart, but still, he met his eye. “Take care of yourself, Dio Joestar!” And then with Percy on his heels, he scurried inside and up the ramp. His feet would not touch land again until America.
It had been a few weeks since Jonathan had left, and life was back to normal for Dio. As he had said, he’d waited until the boat had disappeared on its voyage sat at a bench by the harbour and a proud melancholy taking place.

He was somewhat used to Jonathan being away for at least a month or two by now, perhaps they could be counted as practice rounds, all leading up to this long excursion, but the early stages were at least bearable. As usual, he buried himself in work, dually taking up the management of the estate singlehandedly, both for the Joestar, and the Kingsland companies, visiting Charlotte once or twice, their conversations mostly about his mother and her memory. It was nice to have someone who knew her to talk to.

Each day, though he knew it was too soon, he would look in the post for a letter from Jonathan. None came for a while, and disappointment came with that, but he was patient, and busied himself with the rest of his life. He knew would contact him as soon as he could.

Dearest Dio,

It is hard to believe that I have left. I can say that it was the hardest thing I have ever done, even harder than those awful days back in our Italian Villa where you were struggling so. And being in such a small bed without your body beside me is still so foreign. But I suppose I shall have to get used to it sooner or later.

I do not like being at sea. Of course, it isn't the first time I have travelled by ship, but never for weeks on end without the sight of land. It is miserable, and I find myself not caring to leave my cabin more than I have to. That is fine, for there is much I need to do in order to prepare for my arrivals. Books to finish, notes to be sorted, maps to be studied, and Spanish to be brushed up on. But know that as I do it all, you are on my mind.

I have a small notebook I am using for my general important notes once I get to the campsite. Right now, it is empty, save for three small dashes in the corner, marking the days since I have been away from you. When there are two-hundred and twelve of these tallies, it will be nearly my time to return to you. They cannot go by swiftly enough.

Love Always,

Jonathan Joestar

The first few days had been awful. As soon as Jonathan was on board the ship and shown to his quarters, he collapsed onto the bed in a giant heap, burying his face in a pillow and letting out all the sobs and wails he had been holding back for so long. Percy stared up at him in confusion, and eventually jumped onto the bed, his black wet nose nudging against his master’s face. Jonathan pulled himself up and threw his arms around the dog, taking a few deep breaths, and centring himself back to the world.

“I’ve done it,” he said to Percy. “I’ve left Dio alone for months while I undergo this hellish voyage.” Frowning, he scratched the dog behind his ears, balling up a fist to wipe away the rest of the tears. “But it is done, and there is nothing more for us to do except bide our time until we arrive.” He smiled a bit, and Percy licked the remaining salt off his face. Perhaps the hard part was done, and would only get easier from here.
Unfortunately, however, the nights in those early days were long and dark for Jonathan. He was plagued by strange dreams, dreams where he was on a ship, and there was fire and water closing in around him. Sometimes he would see Dio, looking elegant but fierce, and ungodly pale, and when he turned to look his way, his eyes shone with hatred. On one night, he dreamed he was holding a sword. The blade was raised, and he swung it with all his force through the air. When next he looked, there was blood dripping from the steel edge, and Dio’s head, removed from its body, held an agonized expression. That one woke him up, and Jonathan paced about the bedroom, doing his best to convince himself it was only a dream. It was only dream. It was only a dream.

The voyage was not a bad one as far as transatlantic voyages went, they were in port within eight days’ time, but Jonathan had never been happier to see land. Only waiting until touch base with Zeppeli at a port in Virginia to find where Dio should address his letters to in South America, Jonathan sent a stack off, sealed with kisses, hoping they would find his husband well. He could scarcely wait for a reply.

Dearest Dio,

Now that I have reached America and reunited with my mentor, things are going much better than they had gone while I was trapped at sea. America, much like home, has a mixture of cities and countryside, and I enjoy watching them pass me by as we travel towards the south. There is no time for sightseeing, nor do I care to stop even if there were. There is nothing here I could possibly want for myself, and I dare say that you would not care for the trinkets I could find you either. The dress does not seem as grand here as back home, and I do not think the fashion or jewellery would suit your very expensive tastes.

Zeppeli inquired after Dia, and I told him that she was doing well. He asked if you were expecting, and I told him no, of course not, lest I would not have left in the first place. He then stopped and looked at me solemnly, saying ‘You may nearly have a son by the time you are home again, if you did your job well enough before leaving!’ He then laughed as if he had told the best joke, and I laughed too. It was easier than explaining.

I do want to be a father, someday. Being apart from you has made me appreciate how much I enjoy having someone to cherish, to love, and to adore. Perhaps once I am home again, we might be able to consider adoption. I may be ready for that step in our life.

There are now over two weeks’ worth of marks on my notepad. Still so many more to go before I am home again.

Your faithful knight remains always yours,

Jonathan Joestar

It was a month later when the post came through and the familiar penmanship and a multitude of foreign stamps appeared on two letters at once. He supposed there weren’t all too many boats coming to the remote location of South America Jonathan, and from then on expected chunks at a time. As he read over the note six times each then a seventh for good measure, he had already retired to his desk and presented a fresh sheet of paper ready to write his reply. But even so, he had no wish to discuss adoption through a letter.

Jojo,

No, that wasn’t right. He scrunched the letter into a ball in his hand, tossing it in the waste paper basket at his skin, and made for a second attempt.
Dearest Jojo,

I am glad to receive your letters. Perhaps you should start dating them, these first two came at once, and I read them in the wrong order.

Life as good as can be expected. I recently gained what could be the largest case of my career so far. Not quite Jack the Ripper -- though I expect suspect shall never catch him at this rate, but another set of serial murders. Surprisingly I think this man very well may be not be the guilty party the world thinks he is; he has an earnest nature easily identified when in the business for long enough. Or maybe I just know enough about the darkness in people’s hearts to see it like a beacon in the night.

I am afraid no children await you, my dear, but I will admit I was feeling the lasting remains of our final night for many a day since you left. I think of it late in the night. Every night.

Think of me tonight. Perhaps there could be a charm with me in South American dress. Especially if you are taking it off me.

Your Prince, Dio

For Jonathan, his adventure truly began when his train pulled into the small, newly built Cuauhtla Station in Morelos, Mexico. By now, it was late April, and the weather was warm and beautiful. There was a spring in Jonathan’s step as he stepped off the platform, even Percy seemed to notice it, his tag wagging all the faster for his human’s good mood. Zeppeli was not far behind, his moustache behind a ledger, passing glances at the various faces in the crowd.

“Ah, here she is! Lita!” Zeppeli’s face beamed as his eyes fell on a girl, no more than twenty-five years old. Her skin was dark, and her curly brown hair tied back with a red bandana, which only drew more attention to her large, brown eyes. She waved to him, and then stopped and looked Jonathan over from head to toe, awed by his size. This was not that unusual for Jonathan, and he put out a hand to her offering to shake.

“Lita Perez, I assume? Mr. Zeppeli has told me much about you. He said that you knew this area well and are skilled with dialects. We will be most grateful for your help!” Jonathan’s kindly blue eyes and boyish smile were enough to put her at ease, and she waved for them to follow.

“El Tepozteco awaits you.”

Also awaiting Jonathan, once he arrived at the campsite that would be his home for the next few months, was a letter from overseas, written in a familiar hand, his ‘i’s dotted with elegant little hearts, and the paper smelling of lavender perfume. He opened it and read Dio’s note over, and over, and over again and then clutched it to his chest. “Dio…” He spoke the name softly, only Percy, lying in the corner of his rustic cabin could hear. “Oh, how I miss you so...”

My Dearest Husband,

Mexico is still becoming a part of the modern world, and some of the rail stations here are freshly built. We pulled in just this morning, and the weather could not be more perfect for digging! Our guide, Lita is a lovely girl, trying to learn about her ancestors, and she is able to guide us through some of the less known parts of the site.

There is a temple that has been partially explored at El Tepozteco, with a devotion to Tepozteco, a god of wine. But my research points to something more, possibly something older and more sinister, which a future dedication to a jolly deity would have covered.

My work begins tomorrow, but oh my darling, I do think of you each and every night. I wish for...
things I dare not put to paper. My hand has been writing about the bizarre turns of human nature throughout history, I regret that I have no pen for romance or lust. But know that I love you and miss you, and will write to you every day, and make sure my letters go to the post every week. Please write to me as well. I want to know everything I am missing!

Your Loyal Knight,
Jonathan Joestar

The letter Dio received came in a stack of others, all dated as he had bid Jonathan to do before. He sorted through them, reading each carefully, most detailing features of his exploration, coupled with longing and loving sentiments coated in sugar only Jonathan could bring.

Dearest Jojo

It seems my case will be in for a long stretch. I have spent a great deal of time at the office, though with a newfound pay rises comes the perks of a paralegal at my disposal. He’s a bright thing, actually, though of course I would never tell him that, and makes quite the splendid cup of coffee. I expect he will be quite the rising star should he ever pass the bar, though not as great as I.

I suppose such extensive workload is a welcome distraction, I am writing this between sorting through prior evidence, but you do remain on my mind. It is getting close to the longest you have been away, part me of me expects you to return, but I know you are quite in the midst of it all.

I should never think your suggestive words couldn’t be quite the read. Why not tell me what you think when you lie in bed in upcoming letters? As much as your talk of ancient Aztec civilisations are intriguing if not a little long winded, you have whetted my appetite for a different subject matter.

Won’t you oblige me?

Your Royal Sovereign, Dio

Dio pouted as he etched the letter, though he thought of Jonathan often, when it came to putting pen to paper, his did not think there was much to report. He knew Jonathan would be glad of all he had to say, but was this every he had? Work and sex? Actually, that summed up most of his priorities.

P.S. Charlotte tells me to wish you well, she is thinking of you, so now I can say that is done.

Jonathan's skin was a deep golden brown from all his work in the sun, though one would scarcely notice it beneath all dirt that had accumulated. He worked from dawn until dusk at the temple of El Tepozteco, scraping away at the build up dirt and vegetation which disguised history. There was much to be done, and the months that stretched out in front of him suddenly felt too long and too short at the same time. He wanted to go home, but could hardly think to do so with nothing to show.

My Dearest Dio,

In my last batches of letters I described how we were carefully uncovering the altar inside, and seeing a place where statues of Aztec gods might have once stood. I thought that when the rubble and filth had been cleared there would be more signs of my blood cult, something, anything, even an imprint resembling the mask would have been a start, but there was nothing. It is not the only place the signs could be, and I will not lose faith. But it is frustrating all the same.

I have been here for nearly two months now, and soon it will be three since I left your arms. I counted this morning. Eighty marks in my notebook. We are nearly halfway through with our separation, yet I feel no joy from it. If this continues, if I am unable to find what I want, what am I supposed to do? How can I return to you empty handed?
I know that you never give up, or give in when it comes to your legal career. It is how you have gained such prestige in your years since graduation. I must strive to be like you. I must not be broken.

Yours Forever and Always,
Jonathan Joestar

Jonathan set down his pen with frustration. He could not possibly think of staying any longer. Leaning down to scratch Percy’s ears, he contemplated the divide within himself. Though he missed home, there was much to be enjoyed in Mexico. And so much to be explored.

A few notes of music struck his ears. He poked his head out of the cabin to see a few of the labourers had gathered around the fire, and one had a guitar. He strummed the strings skilfully, as Lita danced before the fire in a red skirt dipped in black that flowed about her like flower petals. She smiled in his direction, and beckoned to him with a finger. Jonathan’s face turned warm, and he smiled but shook his head, retreating back inside. Percy was already asleep on the end of his cot; his candle was still burning at his desk.

Picking up a pen, he started a new letter.

My Dio,

There is a pain in my heart that won’t cease, nor has my body forgotten the shape of your own against mine. I long for you always, when I see a swish of a skirt and remember how skilfully you wore them, when I see the rare flash of blond and I think how lovely that hair would look spilled around you while you lie in bed. I wish I could see the sly look on your face as you lift your skirts and spread your legs, as I reach for you and take your body against my own.

We are made to be one. We were never meant to be this far. What I wouldn’t give for the simple touch of your flesh.

Yours,
Jojo

Dear Jojo,

I stumbled across Oliver at the mid Spring ball, frankly saving me from a horrendously dull hour of idle dancing and small talk with people I have far better things to do that talk to about my supposed bachelorhood. I asked after Benjamin, part of the general chit-chat, but it seems they have no spoken for a year now. He did not seem interested in going into the details, but he is far more cynical than I remember him back in the days of Hugh Hudson. I expect he was betrayed.

He invited me back to the gentleman’s club, and I decided to join him. I was soon abandoned, Oliver opting for the embrace of not three but four other men that night, and all at the same time. We never did have that threesome, did we…?

But being there, watching the dances and couple after couple head upstairs for more private indulges, more than the hot throes of passion we indulged in before, I was made aware of the absence of touch I have experienced these months. The odd handshake, clasp on my shoulder of course was given, but I find myself wanting more.

Look at me, Jojo. You’ve turned me into some sort of sad lovelorn sap who yearns for the stroke of your fingers against my cheek, caressing my hair, your lips touching the back of my neck, muttering sweet nothings when you believe me to be asleep.
But while I will welcome them upon your return, do not dare come home early. I refuse to let you give up, and if I see you on my door before the date is settled, I will pack your bags and boot you out without so much as a single hello.

Adamantly,
Dio Joestar

Dio wrapped himself up in one of Jonathan’s sweaters he would have called ugly should he have seen him wear it. Though he imagined the central Americas would be far hotter, it was certainly not the season to be wearing such heavy material. But it carried Jonathan’s scent, even after these long months, and adorning the warm fabric made Dio feel as if he were swaddled by his lover’s embrace. He lay on the bed, knees curled to his chest and inhaled deeply, pulling the jumper over his feet. He slept that way.

There was sweat on his face, and even a touch of sunburn on his shoulders as Jonathan read Dio’s latest letter, dirty fingernails seeming a blasphemy against the immaculate, sweet smelling page with its elegant handwriting. He had been working too hard again, just as had happened in Greece, but this time, there was no sweet visitation from Dia to break it up with. There was only this unyielding temple, and enough dirt and land to be searched through that made looking for the signs of his cult like looking for a needle in a haystack. Each day, his worry grew from fruitless efforts, and each night, he felt a different sort of frustration. He wanted his husband, yearned for his undying support and encouragement, longed to be able to ask for his advice and not wait weeks for an answer. And he missed the endless pleasures of his body, the way they could for nights on end make love and never grow tired.

He felt tired all the time now.

My Dearest Dio,

It is midnight here, and I was able to scratch off the hundred and sixth day of my absence. We are officially half way through. I only wish that I had more proud news to send to you, but alas, there is nothing. Oh, I suppose I should not say nothing; there are artefacts a plenty, and there are items enough to satisfy and support the research of other scholars. But I am not here to research what is already known, I wish to prove my thesis right and find proof of my cult.

I can promise you it is not for lack of trying on my part. I wish you were here, I value your counsel and judgement of character so much more than my own. Zeppeli has been absent these last two weeks, following a lead at another site which appears to be false, so I have been in charge. I do not trust all of my workers, and if not for Lita’s eagle eyes and quick thinking, we would have been robbed by a few with ill intentions.

With half my time gone and not a step closer to my goal, I have pondered extending my trip. But I know that I could not. As I read of you, speaking of home, and old friends, and the things we used to do and take for granted, oh Dio, I could weep. I have wept for want of you. There is no way that I could stay even a day longer than necessary.

Still, I hope you will accept me home a failure, if it comes to it. I think I might be able to endure it, should I be able to return to being your knight, and your husband.

Yours Always,
Jonathan Joestar

Curled up with Percy on his bed, he did his best to quiet his mind and find rest.
Oh, Jojo,

You are in charge of your troupe now, if your morale is low, they will follow suit. Do not waver.

Nobody said finding an ancient cult-like civilisation was going to be easy, or even moderately difficult. The reason you are gone for so long in the first place is for the distinct reason that this was going to require extensive time and effort. Nobody said being the best was going to require anything less than blood, sweat, tears, and frankly an excessive amount of patience. That notion is not always the most commonly heard, but believe me, it is the most important in all things.

I will not accept a failure back, because, Jojo, you will never be one in my eyes. I don’t need to have faith you will accomplish all that you have sought out to do, for I know that you shall do it and more. And if it helps, I believe in you, along with that knowledge.

You have always been an optimist, do not let weakness deter you. Besides, you are only half way through, who is to know what could happen in one hundred days?

Hold strong, and stand proud,

Your Dio

The first thing Jonathan did after reading the letter was read it again. And then he read it again. And again. Soon, the letters blurred from the tears in his eyes, and he had to put it back into the safety of his envelope, lest the ink would start to run. It was placed, with all the others, under his pillow. He was amassing quite the collection by now, but he enjoyed looking at them from time to time, when the loneliness became too much to bear. And as of late, it had been worse than ever.

He picked up a pen, determined to start writing a response, but found himself interrupted by one of his workers. With a deep sigh, he stood and stepped outside into the sun, feeling the warmth on his skin for the first time in days.

My Dearest Dio,

I apologise, our correspondence was interrupted for two weeks in a row, I have been unable to give my letters to the postman. I imagine that you are somewhere between mildly irritated and possibly concerned, as you should be. I wish I had better news to report, but alas, no evidence to support my thesis has been found - yet. However, we have discovered a new portion of the temple, that had as of yet been untouched, the entrance being underground. I am optimistic, though whether we are discovering signs of a cult, or merely a temple basement, remains to be seen.

It is a slow and much more dangerous undertaking than an above ground dig, so my time will be more precious than ever before. You should know that your last letter, and all your messages, mean the world to me. I love you dearly, and I look forward to the day when I shall take you in my arms again, and never need let go.

Your Devoted Knight,

Jonathan Joestar

It would be another three weeks before Dio would hear from him again.

Two weeks without a message wasn’t exactly a long stretch in time, and travel was dictated largely by weather, it was not abnormal for a later arrival. But all the same Dio was disappointed by the lack of the last instalment, expecting a bundle.

It had become routine for him to check the post at his door specifically for Jonathan’s letters, barely
flicking through the others he received by comparison, and he hummed satisfied when indeed they came, no worse for wear. He wished Jonathan well in hisendeavour, reminding him to take care in the ruins. There was a softness to the tone, brought about by notion of danger. But Jonathan was sturdy as rock and had always been a little dramatic; he was sure it would all be fine.

That night Jonathan was on his mind. Tirelessly. Making him unfocused as he read over the same lines over in his office, the desk lamp blaring warm on his skin, the ambience like a romantic dinner table, like the time Jonathan felt romantic and lit candles around their bed, setting Dio down and treating him to a night of boundless pleasure. His legs shuffled together, a thin attempt to lower the ache that had lasted hours.

He was on his mind when his paralegal walked in, asking if everything was alright, Mr Joestar. He was on his mind when the young assistant suggested he help. It was late, but that wasn’t anything unusual as they moved to the davenport sofa and sat together, scratching notes and sorting evidence.

He was on Dio’s mind when he felt his paralegal’s hand crawl up his thigh. When he heard the words, sultry compliments and innuendos and not Mr Joestar, but Dio leave his lips, the air between the paralegal’s lips and his neck palpable.

He was on his mind when Dio pushed him away, and refused him, standing up and leaving, walking fast and blurry minded out of the firm and back home. He must have left his assistant dazed, and a small inkling of him just wanted to let go. But he did not want a quick suck or a quick fuck by an eager dandy trying to get in favourably with his boss.

He wanted…

Jojo

I want you.

I want your body, hot, drenched in the sweat of hard labour and bronzed to hazelnut. I want you to storm into your tent, tearing your clothes off in only one rip, the fabric shredding between your fingers and exposing that chest carved by the gods. I will be there, in full dress, an elegant gown and pearls around my neck.

I shan’t care when you tear them from me, hungry as a beast in the throes of heat, ripping my own dress off, the beads scattering on the ground. I won’t even have the time to consider it, feeling you lips crash against mine, your cock, oh god, Jojo, your fat, beating cock push against my thigh, rutting and leaking like a broken tap as you grind yourself against me. Harder, harder, Jojo, I would cry out, demanding you claim your prize, take me, take me, take me.

You would flip me onto my stomach, throw my legs up high, spread my hole, slick and needy for you, and you would have no choice, no desire but to ram inside me with every powerful thrust I know you have to give, breaking me down and keeping me sustained only by your cock, your hot come filling me to bursting, and I would come a thousand times, body nothing but clay for you to shape to your motions.

Did I ever tell you, you were the largest I have ever had? Your cock is divine, Jojo, none could ever exceed. It is almost a crime I am the only one who has even felt it inside, but oh I will indulge in endless criminality. It is mine. And by god, I want it inside me.

Wantonly

Dio
Dio’s fingers were sticky with seed barely caught in the handkerchief as he scribbled desire with his right hand and tended to them with his left. His forehead hit the table and he panted out with drool almost running down his chin, as he stared at his once again hardening cock. This time he used his dominant hand around it.

***

When Jonathan did not respond, Dio was, as he predicted, concerned and really rather peeved. Especially considering the contents of his last piece.

Jojo

One letter in five weeks? You can do better than that.

Write me back immediately,
Dio

My dearest, patient, beautiful Dio,

I have found other masks.

Even as I write the words, I can barely contain my excitement. There are three others, so similar to my own, but with a few peculiarities, I’ve included some sketches, I have made many by now. There is no doubt in my mind that my thesis is correct, and I am on the verge of a discovery that will earn its own place in history.

But there is so much more to be done, and the work is exceedingly delicate. There are few hands besides my own and Signore Zeppeli’s that I trust with the unearthing. One wrong move, and priceless evidence could be lost. I know, my darling, I know you are waiting for me, and I know how your body hungers, mine does as well. I beseech you, my Dio, please, wait a little longer for me. My journey back was due to bring me home near your birthday, but I am afraid it may be later, closer to the anniversary of our first kiss in the snow.

Please hold on for me, my love. You shall have every part of me and more, soon.

With Deepest Affection,
Your Jojo

The sketches that Jonathan hastily shoved in the envelope showed the grotesque faces, some with different facial oddities and shapes, but all with the same eerie stone fangs and expression. The envelope had scarcely been sealed when he was obliged to chase the postman, lest it have to wait another week. He felt terrible for neglecting their correspondence, but there was much to be done, and decisions to be made.

Each day, the underground chamber’s wall were carefully cleaned, chisels and brushes revealing art and glyphs that had been hidden for thousands of years. And each night, Jonathan lay awake, not only with longing for Dio, but with a memory from deep in his youth, after the blond had stolen a kiss, and a vow had been made to beat him until he cried. A splatter of blood had yielded the strange spikes from behind the mask, with no mechanical or natural explanation to be found.

As the mural came back to life, horrific visions greeted Jonathan’s eyes, not only of stabbings and human sacrifice, but of gargantuan, fanged figures, god like and glorious. At their feet were corpses, and on each of their faces was depicted one of the same masks, piercing into the flesh of their skulls with the same spikes Jonathan knew the secret of unlocking.
Had his mother known? Perhaps, her interests had been known to be eccentric, but even so, she was dead, leaving he and perhaps Dio with the secret, one that even in all their years of intimacy, they had never discussed. The paintings on the wall disturbed Jonathan, both confirming his theory of the cult, and broadening his depth of their beliefs and bloodlust. If the other masks had the same ability, what did it mean? Would sharing such knowledge be wise? What if it fell into the wrong hands?

“Jojo, you are so tense.” Jonathan glanced at Lita, who stepped up behind him, resting her hands on his shoulders as he sat hunched over his desk, fresh sketches of the murals in hand. “You need to rest. You need to relax..” Her fingers began to squeeze and pinch his shoulder muscles, and Jonathan found himself sighing with relief.

“You are right. I am rather tense, I…” His voice stopped, as he felt her hot breath on his neck. The sensation sent a shiver down his spine, and before anything more could happen, he stood.

“Lie with me.” Her voice beckoned to him. “You need it, don’t you?” She lifted a hand behind her neck, unclasping the top, and letting the halter of her olive green dress spill down in a ripple of fabric across her body. Her full breasts, pert and round, sat invitingly before him, and she spread her arms, brown eyes fluttering up to meet his. “I had a husband once, he is with God now, but it is not my first time.” She lifted a finger to run down the middle of his chest. “I know how to please a man, I could--"

“Stop.” Jonathan had closed his eyes and pushed her back as gently as he could. “Lita, I… you are lovely. But I am married. I can’t.”

He did not watch as she collected herself, did not see her pull up the dress or brush away the tears, but he did hear her whimper. And he did hear her feet thumping with dejection against the floor as she left.

He knew then he had to be home. And not a moment later than planned.

My Love,

I have booked passage back to London. Contrary to my last letter, it shall be on the Valencia, leaving New York harbor on October 21st. I shall be home for your birthday. It will require me working day and night to do so as I have much to settle, but come hell or high water I will make it so.

I need you. I need your wit, your humour, your affection, and your smile. But by God, Dio I also need your mouth, your cock, your ass… your letter where you described your passion for me, it kept me awake for want of you. How many times I have pictured myself over your pale flesh, watching to writhe beneath me as I press inside you. I would want to ravage your poor rear, attempting to make up for lost time, but instead I would go slow, savouring every bit of your welcoming warmth. I want to worship every bit of you, make you feel like the god you are, and then and only then, spill my seed and start all over.

I will never, ever, leave your side again. I will be in your arms soon, and you shall need to take off from work because you will not be walking for quite a while when I am through with you.

Your Adoring and Eager Husband,

Jonathan Joestar

There was a date, and Dio marked it down, circling the twenty first on every calendar he owned, counting down each day until Jonathan had arrived. He had already marked the occasion as one to
take off, and given he had not missed any work since his Grecian escapade save Christmas and other such holidays, he decided to give himself a little over a week, at the very least.

He more or less worked to his own schedule now at any rate, the hours of a lawyer weren’t exactly fixed from nine till five, at any rate.

And why not throw a birthday party for himself at the same time? It could double as a welcome home event for Jonathan. And that gave them days both before and after to do nothing but stay in bed and relearn every inch of each other like a newly romanced couple. Perhaps they could go back to the lakeside cottage, or maybe the comforts of home were all Jonathan would need. It didn’t matter, so long as they were together. He smiled like a giddy child on Christmas morning, his grin ceaseless the entire day.

Correspondence was not quite as frequent from then on out, Jonathan mentioned passing out practically the second he hit the bed, long hours from dusk till dawn up and searching for his prize. Dio didn’t mind, it only meant he would be home without having to postpone his journey.

***

On the twenty eighth of October, Dio bustled down the stairs, his hearty cup of morning coffee somehow tasting sweet despite the bitter brew, for it was a glorious day. He had woken far too early, but who was complaining, Jojo was coming home! He was surprised to have gotten any sleep at all he had been so giddy, hardly knowing how to contain himself. He did not even let the cool air and nature he usually held reduce him; Dio hummed summery songs and fluttered around the house like some sort of sprite, unable to stop himself from shining pearly whites as he washed and dressed in flawless attire picked out days ago, and headed for the dock.

He was among many, some waiting for families and loved ones to arrive, some planning to head out when it sailed away. But they might as well have not existed, for Dio’s mind was on nothing but Jojo. The boat was set to arrive at noon, just a little while longer now.

When noon came, and no ship docked, there was gentle and peeved murmurs. The boatman assured it would be here soon.

When it turned to two, the complaints grew louder.

When it turned to three, and four and five, complaints turned into concern, and Dio saw worried faces in staff. Never a good sign.

“What is going on?”

“Please sir, if you could just--” Dio did not let the boatman finish his sentence.

“I am done waiting, where is the ship?” Towering tall and eyes piercing like hawks looking for prey, the boatman stuttered.

“I-I… We don’t know, sir.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Menacing.

“We… can’t get in contact with the crew. We cannot detect the boat. The Valencia, she’s… gone.”
The hurricane that hit the Atlantic Ocean was vast and still spreading even now, harsh waters, splashing seas and making it utterly unfit for any means of boating travel. The Valencia, god rest her soul and the hundreds of lives on it, had been at the heart when the tempest began. Communication line had been cut off in a great many parts of America, and Great Britain was one of them. But when the ship did not arrive that day, the people soon learned of the terrible fate that struck, making stellar news for many a paper, leaving a trail of unanswered questions along inked pages.

But it was a day of mourning for many, for the families and loved ones lost at sea, never to be returned.

It was a day of mourning for Dio.

No. No it wasn’t.

There was a certain unrealness to the situation, a bleary, shaking kind of falseness. Jojo? Gone? Don’t be so stupid, of course he isn’t. The Jonathan Joestar Dio knew wouldn’t just leave him like that. Not forever. He’d be back soon enough, with his boyish smile and overgrown curls and large body ready to sweep Dio off his feet and shower him in all the affection he’d been unable to these last months. He wasn’t… no he was coming home.

Don’t you dare say he isn’t. Jonathan was not dead, Jonathan was not allowed to be dead.

Was there a body? No, exactly, there was no proof. He would not be dead unless Dio saw himself with absolute evidence that he lived no longer.

The estate had been set with the funeral preparations accustomed. Black curtains draped over the windows, casting darkness throughout the halls, even in day. Candles and flowers were spread around the rooms in scented memory. The servants changed into deep mourning uniforms, every image of Jonathan was under turned so his soul would not possess any who passed it.

Dio tore them down. Lifted the photographs back up each time he saw them. Told the servants to dress in their proper clothes, there was no need for this.

“P-Please, Lord Joestar, we need to prepare for the funeral. His spirit needs to rest.”

“His spirit had better not be resting, you fucking…” A teacup smashed and the maid jumped back, the look in Dio’s eyes glazed in something unknown, his fist so tight and trembling he felt nail shaped pain in his palm. He breathed out long and deep, turning a glare to the maid who had “Jojo isn’t dead so none of this is necessary. Just take it down and return to normal. Jojo is coming home soon, and this is all rather drab, don’t you think?”

The maid pursed her lips and stepped back and away. Yes, Sir… Excuse me…” Quietly, deep and unheard in the servants’ quarters, a decision was made.

“Master Dio is stricken with grief. It’s sad, he can barely think of Master Jonathan being gone, he refuses to accept it.”

“You know it isn’t a brother he lost. You know what they were doing, we all~”

“Don’t say such things about the Lords of the house! Living or dead, god rest his soul, they are both respectable gentlemen. Brothers and brother only.”
“Yes, yes, of course they are.” Sarcastic.

“But really, come now, he cannot deny it all forever. He is disrespecting him more now, upturning his depiction, he could be possessed already!”

“Those are just old wives’ tales, these are the eighteen nineties for Pete’s sake! But still, traditions and processions should be set to order, and Master Jonathan deserves to be put to rest, even if there is no body.”

“Perhaps Lady Charlotte should be summoned to help him deal with the grief. The Davenports are the closest thing to family that Master Dio has.”

“Yes, Lady Charlotte must be notified!”

And so she was, but when she arrived, Dio refused to see her. His grief was to be dealt with on his own, and eventually the proper arrangements were made, but only with the greatest reluctance. Everyone knew better than to come near him at this trying time.

The day of the funeral was raining, the weather had still not looked anything better than dreary since the hurricane. Many had turned up for the service, as Jonathan was of noble birth and though mischievous in his youth, had been known for his kindness and good nature. As those who knew him wept and shared memories, Dio would find himself able to take some quiet moments to himself.

“Is that the new Lord Joestar?” a young, girlish voice asked, thinking herself out of Dio’s earshot.

“It is indeed, though he had the title before. But now he’s the only one left.” the perky voice of a teenage commoner answered her. “He looks glum, but what a lucky fellow. Adopted when he was an orphan, and outlived the old man and son! Now he’s got a fortune to himself, I tell ya, if that were me, I’d be dancing, not crying.”

“John, really, don’t be cruel!” The girl’s voice seemed more amused than upset. “Let’s not linger, it’s bad luck.

Funny, wasn’t it? Maybe six years ago this would have been more than ideal, in fact the situation had worked out marvellously. Dio had gained the entire Joestar fortune the way he had planned as a child, leaving both biological heirs unable to challenge him.

But he already had everything he wanted, two fortunes from both of his families, a surplus of money and a fruitful season pouring even more in.

This was some cruel joke the world was playing. For right now, he would be glad to exchange all of that for his Joestar, his Jojo back.

Despite there being no body to bury, a gravestone was unveiled in memory. Beloved son, friend, and brother. A true gentleman. Jonathan Joestar. 1868 - 1892. Dio bent down, and pressed a bouquet of fresh red roses by the flowers. Silent from the start of the service, he allowed that trend to continue, keeping his back away from the crowd as he walked forward, alone and away.

He let his umbrella down, arms suddenly too weary to keep upright, the cold, wet rain more than enough to drown his tears that seamlessly rolled. Body drained, he did not even have the strength to sob, nor care as his blond locks grew dark and dense, sticking to his face and neck. Maybe he should cut it. Jonathan liked it long. Jonathan wasn’t here.
He could hear, and see Charlotte out of corner of his eye. He spoke before she could.

“I have no intention of entertaining you now any more than I did when you last called. So do not bother to ask.” It was rude. Dio did not care.

Charlotte brushed a few tears from the corner of her eye with a handkerchief. Reaching out, she covered Dio’s hands with her own. “Take care of yourself.”

“I’m so sorry, Dio.” Neil murmured, wrapping an arm about his mother and leading her to his carriage under cover of his own umbrella. Dio was once again alone.

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The last days at El Tepozteco were some of the busiest of Jonathan’s entire life. He worked from dawn until late into the night, when the lantern’s flames began to sputter out from overuse. But by the end, he had enough sketches and notes to content his research, and the three new masks were safely packed away with his own. Signore Zeppeli would be able to do the last of the excavation, which included the measures to preserve the murals and samples taken for study.

“Give Dia my regards, Jojo.” he said with a wink and a tip of his hat, as Jonathan bid him farewell.

Jonathan’s Mexico adventure did not end there, however. As he travelled back towards the United States, he had scheduled one final detour into his trip, at the Mexico Museum of Art. The department there was awaiting his arrival eagerly, having been in communication with the excavation and partially responsible for its funding. An older gentleman and a young translator watched with awe as Jonathan uncovered each of the four masks.

“One has been in my family since before my birth. It is what inspired me to become an archaeologist. But I think it would be safer here in the museum, with the others I have found.”

“This is a wondrous addition to the museum!” the translator responded, both looking exceptionally delight with the new acquisition. “It is most generous of you to donate. The piece is priceless, worth a fortune on the black market.”

“I would rather see it behind glass, safely tucked away from prying hands.” As well as out of reach of anyone who might try and imitate a blood ritual with it. “As it was a family heirloom, I was wondering if perhaps there was another artefact from your collection of the same time period that I might be able to take in its place. If not, I understand, but…” The two looked at each other, and the old man lead Jonathan to a display case, full of precious stones and other artefacts. A red stone pendant caught his eye, set in gold and set with other smaller precious stones around it. “What is that one?”

“The Red Stone of Aja. We believe it once belonged to a high priestess, but we cannot know for sure.” Jonathan imagined it on a gold chain around Dio’s neck. It was perfect. He looked from the translator to the old man.

“That’s the one.”

With a priceless birthday present for Dio tucked safely into his backpack, and the satisfaction of knowing that the masks would be protected and visible for all the world to see, Jonathan set forth for home. His mind was filled with his husband, thinking of everything they would do when he arrived home, from fancy nights at the opera, to exquisite restaurants they would dine at, to all the comforts and luxuries of their master bedroom. He missed home so much, now that work was no longer on his mind, he could think of nothing else.
And Dio! Oh, how could he have known what their separation would be like? It was as if he was missing a limb. He longed to be back in his arms, both making love to him, or arguing with him about silly things like time spent at work and where they would go on the weekend. Once Dio was at his side again, he could truly enjoy all he had accomplished.

But fate seemed to be working against him once more. It was a terrible hurricane season, and Jonathan found himself two weeks away from New York harbour, the night before the Valencia was to set sail. Frantic, he stopped at a telegram office, sending the message “DELAYED - STOP - WILL TAKE THE NEXT BOAT I CAN - STOP”

It wouldn’t be long now, he told himself, stroking Percy’s head and stifling a cough in his private train car.

***

The trip to New York had been horrendous. Jonathan had to wonder how Americans managed to get anywhere with an unreliable railway system, and roads that flooded in heavy rain. Under normal circumstances, he would have been more logical and patient, this was a horrific storm and not the safest conditions for travel. But right now, Jonathan just wanted to go home, waiting at the depot for the next possible train, even if it meant sleeping curled up on a bench next to Percy.

Once he arrived in New York, checking into a comfortable hotel and sleeping on a real bed was only second to his desire to book his passage. His cough was nothing a good night’s rest couldn’t cure, and what he truly needed was home. The Joestar estate. The London apartment. Dio. The sooner he was snug in the arms of his husband, the better he would feel.

“I am grateful that a room is ready, but have you managed to-” His question was cut off by some loud coughing. “Book my passage to London yet?” He cleared his throat and stood up tall, as he had been slouching slightly over the counter. The man looked sympathetically up at him.

“You see, sir, the storm was very bad, and a ship sank-”

“Forgive me, but all I care about now is getting on the next ship that leaves.” He brought his handkerchief to his mouth to muffle yet another cough.

“There is one setting sail tomorrow morning, but excuse me for saying so, sir, would you like to maybe see a doctor before you depart?” The hotel employee’s eyes were full of sincere concern, but Jonathan simply shrugged it off.

“That will not be necessary. Just have the ticket and a hot meal sent up to my room, thank you.” Jonathan was smiling from ear to ear as he left the desk, and took the elevator up to his room, where Percy greeted him with a wagging tail. His face felt warm, and his head was heavy. It had to be from the lack of sleep, he told himself. He was perfectly fine to sail, all he needed was some rest. The room’s complimentary newspaper, headlining story detailing the breadth of the storm, was left untouched on the counter. So were unopened envelopes beneath it, with a notice about a telegram he recently sent having not been confirmed.

The next morning as he boarded the ship, the cough had not left him, and as with the last journey, seasickness came to join it. Jonathan kept to his cabin, only venturing out for short intervals to walk Percy and get some fresh air. He could be sick now, this was fine, so long as when he saw Dio again, he was at his best. His body did not seem to have the same goals, and by the time the ship pulled into port in London, he felt achy and sore all over, unable to decide if he felt too hot in his
jacket, or too cold without it. But not even a fever could stop his excitement and joy at finally being home. Slinging his knapsack over his shoulder, he made his way to the depot, humming as he looked to book a carriage.

“Well, I’m sorry to say this as you look as if you need to lie down,” a lad said from behind the wooden counter. “But there will be no carriages available until later this afternoon, if you don’t mind the wait. What might your name be?”

“Jonathan Joestar.” Jonathan replied, as he ruffled Percy’s ears.

“Joestar, eh? Sounds familiar…” The man drummed his fingers on the table in a short moment of pondering. “Ah yes, I remember! Are you a relation to the lord who died at sea a few weeks back?” Jonathan stopped and stood up at his full height.

“What did you say?”

“Oh yes. Lord Joestar, his ship the Valencia sank, real sad story. There was a newspaper about it, said he had a brother—” By now, Jonathan’s large hands slammed against the counter, panic on his face.

“I need a horse. The carriage can take my luggage later, but I need to set off immediately.” He glanced down at Percy, who was wagging his tail, looking far more up to a journey than his master did.

“But sir, you look a bit under the weather, are you certain you don’t want to lie down-”

“Now!” The force behind Jonathan’s voice made the lad jump, and he nodded his head quickly to see what the stables had, against his better judgement.

Jonathan needed to get home. If Dio thought him dead, it could not wait.

~

Dio stared blankly at the dotted ceiling, his fingers, with a cigarette slipped between them, every so often hitting his lips as he drew out a lifeless puff of smoke and watched it swirl and fade before his eyes. He wished he could do the same, dissipate into nothing, disappear into dust. How melancholic a thought, he was Dio, after all, and he could overcome all things, become the best, the greatest, the grandest with nothing to stand in his way. Find his contentment, find his world.

But he had already found it. And now it was lost. So really, what was the point of it all?

Dark thoughts warmed the cold that was his every day, the thought of burning the estate, burning the country, burning the world and watching all fall to chaos and ruin, leaving it a bleak wasteland. After all, with Jojo no longer in this world, wasn’t that what the world was? Devoid of all good, why not show it?

His head lolled over to the side. The maid -- despite his saying he had no interest in having dinner -- had brought it to his room, just as she had the night before, and before, and before. Gingersnaps was around somewhere. Or maybe he left. What did it matter? He let the meal grow cold.
There were voices outside his room; the servants, the spies. Charlotte must have sent them, her misplaced concern over his wellbeing. Frankly, he was reacting well to this, had not had one lick of a drink though his body was screaming for it. Jonathan wouldn’t like that. But then Jonathan was dead.

Turning to the door with only his head, he looked at the opaque wall, through to the muttering staff. He shouted, or really, spoke at a slightly elevated volume, that if they continued to report on him, they would lose their jobs, and it would be his great pleasure to ensure they never find another.

Next he heard the absence of noise. Scuttling away. That seemed to do the trick.

What felt like, and likely was a good number of hours later, Dio at least managed to drag himself off his feet to the vanity. Mostly to grab another packet of cigarettes -- his just went down too quickly.

He opened the balcony door, stepping out barefoot onto wet tile, wearing nothing but one of Jonathan’s shirts -- the scent of him almost gone, just like he was. How nice, the weather matched his mood, remnants of the hurricane that stole Jonathan away pattered dismally onto the countryside pastures, the fog misty and vague, as if Dio were in some old Gothic mansion on the forbidden hill. And given the dark curtains that still remained, it was not far off from the truth.

Interrupting the quiet of the countryside outside the Joestar front door was a muddy and tired looking dog, barking and whining as loud as he could. Peering down with squinted eyes revealed a spotted coat. Black and white. Just like.

Percy. Percy?

But he was with…

 Barely throwing on a long robe, his legs still bare, Dio charged down the hall and out to the front, crouching down to see the collar, fingers shaking.

It was… Percy. Belonging to Jonathan Joestar.

And that meant… and meant…

Dio looked up, staring out into the foggy distance.

“Jojo?! Where is he?” He grabbed the dog by the ears, staring deep into the round beading eyes. “Is he…?! Show me where he is!”

Though not human, there was an intensity within Percy’s eyes that connected with Dio’s desperation almost immediately. He may have spent most of his short life staying out of his way, but he knew his scent, and knew that it belonged intermingled with his master’s. This was his master’s mate, he would know what to do. With a small whimper he tugged away from Dio, and began to retrace his steps to where his master had stopped short of their long route home.

The sleek, white body, flecked with black spots, moved swiftly over the damp terrain of the Joestar estate. Percy enjoyed the exercise of riding alongside his master, just as many of his cousins were used running alongside the fire carriages. But the canine had been able to sense something was not right since the start of their ride; after an initial burst of speed, his master began to slow, and seemed uneasy in his seat. Then had come the thud, and the gallop of the unfamiliar horse as it darted off. This was so confusing, why would his master not get up? Even a few licks to his face had not roused him, and the flesh had been salty and hot.

Home had been a little less than a mile away, Percy had run in the area as a puppy, and it was not
difficult to find Jonathan again. He was right where he had fallen, breathing, but burning up with fever on the cold, wet ground.

Barely in more than a pain of winter boots and floaty sleepwear, Dio headed out like some sort of madman, chasing after the dog. He just about managed to jump bareback onto one of the stable horses in a flurry of movements he hardly remembered, but already he was charging through fields and fog, prompting the steed faster and faster…

“Jojo… I’m coming…”

What had happened? Had he waded the hurricane? Rescued himself from the sinking boat? Had he been adrift at sea all this time? Every scenario and every hope and every fear coursed through Dio like a lightning bolt, his heart so rapid he could hear it in his ears. Jojo wouldn’t leave him. He knew it. How dare he let himself doubt? How dare he let newspapers and Charlotte and measly servants persuade him against the intrinsic knowledge of Jonathan. He didn’t feel anything when he supposedly died. Not shudder or moment of dread. But he would have… he would have felt it happen.

That could only mean one thing.

When the image of a body came into view Dio pulled at the reigns so hard, jumped off the horse with such gusto he fell, scraping his bare knees and bringing them to bleed. It didn’t matter, he was already up and rushing forward.

“Jojo! Oh, god… it’s you… you’re alive…” He pulled his body up against his lap, pressing them close. He could see a glassy look in his eyes, and despite the cold his head was hot as fire. Dio saw his lips quiver, but no words came out, and his lids begun to flutter shut, slipping out of consciousness. He slapped his cheeks, patting him back to life. “Stay awake! Don’t you dare pass out on me, do not dare to die now, you just got home, you fool.”

With a long, deep heave and feet dragging across damp grass, Dio lifted Jonathan up, pushing him onto the back of the horse. He looked not much more than luggage as he hung over the mare with dead weighted limbs. Dio steadied him, before hoisting himself up after. “We’re getting you home.”

As they sped back to the Joestar estate, Percy quick after them, Dio could only now remember the date.

November twenty-third.

The day they had their first kiss.
Jonathan felt colder than he had ever been in his life.

He had been cold before, of course, and those memories danced through his mind. The time he fell through the ice as a child, the time he had taken a dare to walk through the snow without his shoes, and of course, the fateful blizzard that had trapped him with his brother in a hunter’s shed. He had been so cold then, too, but Dio’s body against his own had warmed him, so much so that by the end of the night it was all he could think of.

The fever that shook his body now ran deeper than any illness he had ever had. His entire being felt frozen and sore, and instead of his usual ox like strength, he felt as weak as a newborn kitten, helpless and unable to move. But then a hand fell against his cheek, and the sting of warmth forced him back. His voice still would not come, but he could see Dio above him, calling to him, no, ordering him to stay. He obeyed as best he could manage, though the ride back felt like a blur of hoof falls and jolts.

Once he was in the house, it was like an explosion had hit. Suddenly servants were crowding around him, voices were crying and shouting. A blanket was wrapped about him, and several strong arms were supporting him as he was carefully carried to the nearest sofa. Blue eyes cracked open and searched for the face he needed to see more than anything. When they fell on the blond, his lips turned into a smile.

“S-sorry I’m late. I m-missed the boat.” Shivers were still rolling through him even as a blanket was thrown over him and pillows pressed under his head. Still, he kept his eyes fixed on Dio. He felt he could hold on forever, if it meant having him in his view.

Dio’s fingers clasped round and laced them with Jonathan’s own. Cold and clammy, but hot and sweaty too, just like the rest of him. “Foolish Jojo, I thought…” A choke replaced his words as he stifled the tears. It wouldn’t last. “Just like you… always late…” That wasn’t even true, why did he say that? Frankly Jonathan had always been quite punctual. But how grateful Dio was that there was finally an exception to the rule.

With an expression that slipped from soft to cutting in a flash faster than the blink of an eye, Dio turned to the gaggle of servants who flocked like buzzards over a body. The spies, the ones who tried to tell him his Jojo was “What are you standing around here for?! Call the doctor! Or are you so in belief he is dead you are going to let the fever take him?!” They scattered fast, leaving Dio and Jonathan alone in the room, and once Dio turned back to him, all the rage dissipated.

“We will get you to a bed soon, but warm up here first. Oh, Jojo… why didn’t you tell me? It’s been weeks… I refused to believe it. But… they kept saying…” Before Dio could stop them, even acknowledge them, his face was streaking wet with tears. “But you’re home. You are home… You are alive.”

Jonathan’s eyes continued to stare up at Dio. He felt like an angel sent from heaven, he had found him and taken him all the way home when he was too weak to manage himself. But then the tears came, and the hand that was not entwined with Dio rose to brush away the tears. He was not sure if the ache he felt was from illness or from seeing Dio cry.

“I sent a telegram. Two of them, even. You didn’t get them?” Jonathan thought back to his last few weeks on the road, how ruinous the storm had been, and how the concierge in New York had tried to tell him about it. He had been too impatient and too ill to listen. “The carriage boy in London, he
told me. As soon as I heard I knew I couldn’t wait. I knew I had to—"

A heavy cough interrupted his words. His body was warming, but this illness was from more than a
hard ride and a fever. He slumped back against the pillows, but kept watching Dio.

“You are well? I was afraid you…” Jonathan did not finish that thought, but let the hand that had
brushed away his tears fall to his side weakly.

“Communication has been pitiful at best since the storm, but of course you would have tried. My
Jojo would not leave me.” Dio pressed his lips to Jonathan’s hands, long and wet with his eyes
squeezed shut. He had to wonder if he was dreaming. But he knew what dreams were, and this was
gloriously real. He was right.

“But I am all the better for seeing you.” His brows furrowed, looking at him in a curiosity that now
would not waver. “What did you think? What were you afraid of?

“Your Jojo is never leaving you again. Ever.” Jonathan’s eyes locked firmly onto Dio’s, tears starting
to form in his own. “I am glad that I went, it was my life’s work put to use. But you are my life, Dio.
I belong right here.” He began to cough again, shifting slightly against the pillows. “I was afraid that
you might have gone mad with grief. I know if I thought you gone, it would be a fate worse than
death.”

Something against his back was very uncomfortable, and he realised that the straps of his leather
backpack were still digging into his shoulders. Wriggling out of it, he unbuckled the flap and
dropped his hand inside.

“I missed your birthday… I’m so sorry.” He pressed the red stone of Aja into Dio’s hand, gold chain
dangling down.

The stone was certainly a beauty. A lofty weight to it in a colour more sparkling than ruby, deeper
than crimson, and brighter than scarlet, but Dio barely looked for more than a few seconds before
placing it on the coffee table behind, forgetting it almost as soon as it left his sight. “It was just a
simple birthday. Your return is far more important. Consider it your gift to me.”

When the doctor arrived a concoction of laudanum was given to Jonathan to quell his cough, along
with a tonic and prescribed bedrest. Overexertion while in the midst of a fever seemed to be his folly,
and rest along with hot soups and a warm pillow would eventually see him right as rain again.

The room was emptied, and all be he and Jonathan were left inside once more. He had ordered soup
to be made for him, but to knock upon the arrival. Dio could look after his own brother quite well,
thank you. He did not say thank you.

Squeezing a wet cloth out, Dio placed it gently on Jonathan’s forehead, dabbing it over him as he
carressed the overgrown curls. There were light hints to it, from the heat of the Mexican sun, natural
highlighting. Dio thought it looked rather charming.

“Now we both have tombstones with no bodies inside, and both of us alive. Though I intend to
promptly tear yours down.”

Jonathan sat up, the sofa in the living room having been made as comfortable as possible. With all
the pillows that had been put around him, in combination with the concoction he had been given for
his cough, he rather felt as if he was on a cloud. Once he was stronger, he would make the climb up
to the master bedroom with help and care. But for the time being, he was perfectly content just where
he was, because Dio was there as well.
“My own tombstone, eh? I hope you picked out a nice one.” Blue eyes were starting to look brighter, and were ever fixed on Dio as the cloth was laid on his forehead. “Oh dear, I suppose a great many people shall think I am gone. What a shock it will be when they see me still breathing.” His eyelids started to droop a bit, as the medication made him sleepy, but he fought to keep them open.

“My God, Dio, you are the most beautiful creature in the world. I think you even look more beautiful than when I left. You are radiant, practically glowing..” A lazy smile played on his lips, eyes shutting and then opening again. “I want to marry you. Again.”

Frankly, while Dio would not admit such a thing, he was without any shadow of doubt not looking his best. His clothing was damp and hung loose off his body, hair in a messy sort of half bun and there were bags dark around his eyes from a strange combination of too much and too little sleep, but the comment made him smile.

“Well, let’s say I am sight for sore eyes, and you have not seen me for the better part of a year. You yourself look really quite drab, but I could not care less.” He cupped Jonathan’s face and held it dear.

“Do not force yourself to stay awake, you have done far too much of that. Go to sleep, Jojo. I will be here. And then we can talk about marrying all over again.”

“I…don’t want to wake up and have you be an ocean away. Never again. Never, ever again.” He reached for one of Dio’s hands on his cheek, clutching it tightly, the desperation written on his face. But eventually, the medicine did its job, and he fell asleep, light snores filling the quiet of the room.

It was not until several hours later that he woke, and by then, the soup that had been brought was cold, a new bowl immediately being sent for from the kitchen. Though he had no appetite, he forced himself up, and with a bit of help from Dio began to sip at the broth. He was more concerned with the whereabouts of the blond than with food.

“…I am afraid I shall wake up and find you were just another dream.”

Dio, sat beside Jonathan turned to face him. “Should you ever wonder, I will give you a pinch, and you will know that it is true.” But quietly, he felt the same. Even in the time Jonathan was resting he stayed by his side; he bare risked the chance to heading to the lavatory for a sparse minute or two in the fear that he would slip away again.

But now the trepidation had begun to waver, and reality had sunk in. Jojo was alive. He was right to never consider otherwise. Everyone, from the eavesdropping servants, to the overbearing Charlotte who insisted and spoke words against his faith, his knowledge that Jonathan would not just leave him were wrong. And oh, that was satisfying indeed.

For now, however, he set that smugness aside, content with Jonathan simply there beside him again. “And if a pinch is not enough…” Dio turned Jonathan’s face with his hand in between sips, and brought their lips together. Just a peck. “Maybe this will do you better.” Once the cogs had started, there was no way of stopping them, and Dio kissed Jonathan again, longer, and deeper, a whimper escaping his throat as he prompted his mouth open and let their tongue swirl so wondrously together.

Jonathan’s face grew warm for reasons other than the fever. The kiss felt like heaven. Should he have kissed Lita when she had offered herself to him, it may have been pleasant, but with Dio, there was something beyond the physical; they were two sides to one coin, and without each other they could never be whole. He closed his eyes and returned the kiss, relishing the touch, the closeness, and the comfort that it brought.

However invigorating Dio’s appearance might have been, it was not enough to completely cure
Jonathan of his ailments. The kiss did need eventually break, with Jonathan’s face as red as beets, but his smile broad and unaltering. He began to sip the soup, feeling a slight return to his appetite.

“I want to write a book on my findings. And then perhaps teach close to home. I’ll never go so far away again, not unless you are by my side.” He set down the spoon. “The vows we spoke in France, they are truer now than ever before. Except I do not even wish for death to part us, I want to be with you always.”

Dio licked his lips, tasting Jonathan for the first time in what felt like decades. It was not at its fullest capacity no, but it felt that way now. Letting go felt near impossible, the urge to jump him swelled up like volcanic eruption.

But he forced himself to quell it. All in good time.

Instead, Dio took a cigarette from his pocket, setting the end aflame with a click of his lighter, and took a long puff, letting the smoke filter out into the air between them. He sighed, and breathed, before finally returning to Jonathan’s statement.

“A teaching position sounds favourable. You mentioned doing so before. And your findings, I am sure locating the cult with bring about quite a spectacle in your field. Home, with me, however is what really rings. While I did promise never to hold you back…” His head dropped, locks falling with it, and his voice grew quiet with shaking inflections. “…I do not think I could take your leave again. Not after what… could have been. What was life for me for those weeks I had no word. It… pained me, Jojo. To think you were gone.”

“I know my dearest, I know.” The bowl of soup was set aside, nearly all finished, and Jonathan held out his hands to him. “I am so sorry to have caused you pain. I feared the worst when I heard what had happened, I was afraid that maybe in your grief you might have tried to join me in death.” He squeezed his hands tightly, knowing that beneath the hair and the cigarette smoke, there would be tears.

“It seems you have just instead picked up a new habit,” he said, smiling a bit as he gestured to the cigarette. “And now that I am home, and know you are safe, we shall start again.” Letting his lips fall over Dio’s wrist, he kissed the star tattoo fondly. “You shall have to get used to me being near again, because I will have a much harder time letting you be. We may as well be newlyweds again.”

Newlyweds again. Dio wouldn’t mind that. He remembered the days spent tangled in bed, endlessly wrapped around Jonathan after they had wed, and remembered them fondly.

“I wasn’t going to kill myself, Jojo.” He could say that now. “My life is the one thing I have always had. Though I think if you had truly left me, I would have no reason to love again. Twice lost is twice too many, and I can only be fooled so many times before there is anyone to blame but me.”

Dio blinked sadness away, and took another puff, lifting his head. “I still think that it is weakness, loving you. But I made my peace with it, and am happy to do so. But not again. You are the last person I will ever love.” His heart could not take any more of it. It ached.

“Love can hurt. It takes someone strong to love, Dio, and stronger still to keep going when that love is not around.” Jonathan sighed deeply, and tested sitting up on the settee. He was not quite ready for the trip upstairs yet, but the fever was lower, and he was feeling stronger. Motioning for Dio to move beside him, he rested a hand on his thigh.

“I am proud of you for not giving in to grief. And I am proud of us for withstanding this separation. But…” He removed the cigarette from Dio’s mouth, and planted a kiss on his lips. “It does not
change the fact that we have a great deal of time to make up for. And I will be spending the rest of
my life devoted to your happiness.”

Jonathan’s mouth met Dio’s again, that soon a trail of ashes fell from the cigarette and began to burn
a hole through his blanket. Quickly he stamped it out with a few cries of pain, and even more
laughter.

“You are such a fool, Jojo,” Dio said with a chuckle, noting the perfectly good ashtray only but an
arm’s reach away. “But you are my fool, and I would have it no other way.” He took his lips in
again for another sweet kiss it quickly becoming like a drug, as Dio remembered with shocking
intensity that pooled in his crotch how long it had been since he had been given more than a grievous
-- but none the less piteous hug. That was not the contact he was looking for.

“Now. You had best get well as soon as possible. You said it yourself, we have a lot to make up for
in these lost months, and I want our first fuck to be with us both fit as fiddles.” And that want
presented itself now in lips hardly separating themselves from Jonathan’s face, arms wrapping round
him and prompting the same in return. Still, there was a definite urge to whip that long lost cock out
of Jonathan’s drawers and sit on it all at once, bouncing himself to orgasm. His fingers brushed the
crotch, and his eyes stared low, but Dio held back.

Patience…

“But I have longed for this too. Your touch. Embrace. Even not in the throes, you feel right.”

“I will recover as fast as I am able, but Dio, right now I can hardly walk, let alone fuck.” Still,
Jonathan’s arms remained wrapped around his blond, holding him as tight as he could deem
comfortable. His face dipped down, his nose brushing against the soft hair. He had truly missed it,
and he raised a hand to release the ribbon holding the locks in place, watching as they spilled across
his shoulders.

“But I am sure with a few days’ rest, and you nursing me as attentively as you have been, I shall be
right as rain.” He twirled a piece of his hair around his finger. It had been so long since he had done
that, a tiny gesture that he had at one point enjoyed every day. So much he had taken for granted, but
now he would appreciate it all the more.

“When I am well, we should run away together, just you and I.” Jonathan’s cheek rested against the
top of Dio’s head, his fingers still stroking and carding through his hair. “I don’t care where, it can be
near or far, elegant or sparse, but I want us to enjoy the few days with just ourselves and no servants
or anyone else about. Perhaps the old cottage, where we passed so many summer days fucking each
other silly.”

Dio nodded and agreed, content in the idea, having shared the very same thought himself. They
needed to be alone together. It was what they deserved after so long.

But as for recovering, “I seem to remember a certain someone propositioning me for a round of
fellatio when I was sick? It was years ago now, but I am sure you remember it well. It was the
weekend of when we first began all this. And your little blunder out into the blizzarding snow,
dragging me along with you was the cause of my spell it in the first place. I seemed to perform the
task quite well despite it.” Dio raised his brows and teased, prodding between Jonathan’s legs once
more.

“But since I am so kind and benevolent, I shall let you off the task.”

Jonathan scratched his head. “Now be fair, I was very ashamed of my arousal that night in the bath,
and it was your choice to put it between those luscious lips of yours.” Still, Jonathan tapped his chin fondly at the memory. “It was four years ago to this day, was it not? Four years since fate brought us together.” Jonathan’s head was starting to feel heavy, and he rested it back into Dio’s lap.

“You are not the easiest person to love, Dio, but you are, in the end, the most rewarding. I give thanks to that storm every day.” His eyes began to drift shut again, now that he could feel Dio’s body and was encased by his very presence. A crack of his eye revealed that Percy was lying close, a safe but watchful distance. He called him over and stroked behind the dog’s ear.

“Percy watched over me and chased away the worst of my loneliness while I was gone. I am grateful for him.”

"And since I am the one who got him for you," Dio began with a stretch and a new cigarette in hand, "What you are saying is that you are grateful to me. The very easily loveable Dio, thank you very much. So for that and for him, you are quite welcome."

He supposed, however there was an appreciation to be had for Percy tonight. If not with him when he fell, Jonathan might have been left out in the cold and wet for far longer, and his condition far worse than a high temperature. He’d line up a meaty bone for him, dogs liked that didn’t they?

As Jonathan grew heavy with sleep on his lap, Dio stroked through his mop of curls and smiled. All was right with the world. Jojo was home. Life was worth something again, and he knew he would never again lose him.
A week of rest had done Jonathan a world of good, yet even as the wheels of the carriage thumped against the familiar country road, a nasty cough was still wracking his body. His spirits, however, could not be any better. Once he had been well enough to sit up in bed, he wrote correspondence to those closest to him, assuring them that he had made it home alive despite what had been reported. Soon after, he began scratching notes into a fresh new notebook, eager to begin his next thesis.

But above anything else, Dio was the one who received the most attentions, which was in no small part related to the fact that they clung to each other like glue. While he was still very ill, Dio tended to him, and when his strength had returned, Dio stayed by his side, walking him with the greatest of care to the balcony where they could sit and take the fresh air. He was home at last, and he had no intention over ever leaving it again.

A hand slid into Dio's and squeezed, the other raising a handkerchief to his mouth to stifle a cough, watching out the window as the cottage grew closer.

Dio squeezed back, the warmth of calloused palms bringing more contentment than he ever knew possible, and he let a glad sigh. Where he might have avoided the touch in reluctance to gain his illness, a little cough was not near enough to deter him, and once it was clear, he rested his head against Jonathan’s shoulder, a lazy gaze upward filled with satisfaction.

The sight of the cottage in winter over summer was as different as night was to day. A thin coat of ice overlaid the lake where blue, cool water was refreshing in the hot sun of their carefree youth. Frost whitened the roof and grass, misting up the windows. And yet, shining familiarity stood before him, something rustically charming about the place. In a world of booming technologies and modern invention surrounding, the cottage was statue, in a way that brought a smile to Dio’s lips.

“This brings back memories, doesn’t it? Perhaps time has faded and nostalgia risen, but I have nothing but happy recollections of this place.”

“It does indeed. Our time here was only a few years ago, yet so much has changed since then.” Jonathan watched as the driver took their luggage inside, a job he would have normally done himself if not for his weakened condition. With the moment alone, he pressed a brief kiss to Dio’s lips.

“Though many things remain the same. Including the fact that I love you dearly.” He too had nothing but happy memories of that first summer they spent in each other’s arms.

Stepping into the house, Jonathan found the driver stoking the flames for them in the fireplace. A stack of blankets sat on the familiar love seat where he had once been left in agony at Dio’s feet, his lover not allowing him even so much of a taste of his body that night. Jonathan did not think Dio would be playing that game with him again this week.

“Please keep warm, sir, we are all so glad you are well again.” The driver stood and brushed off his hands, the embers beginning to encompass the log and give off heat. “Your bags are in your room. Good day to you both.” Knowing better than to stay around for very long, the driver tipped his hat and left, sounds of the carriage soon moving into the distance. Jonathan turned to Dio and gave him a playful smile.

“Alone at last.”

“At last,” Dio repeated with echoing intensity that ran hot through his body. Jonathan’s return had brought relief beyond measure, but coming home wrack with fever and the last days recovering left
his amour quiet. They had shared kisses aplenty, touches lingering, but never delved into the true bliss and Dio was craving it even more than when he was alone. Looking without being able to take all that he desired left him near foaming at the mouth, crotch hot and throbbing.

But now Jonathan was on the grand up, and more than healthy enough to oblige. No wasting time anymore, Dio had put in the time and now he would take his prize.

His arms snaked, wrapping themselves around Jonathan’s neck, hands joined together around the back. Dio approached so there was only a breath of air between their bodies, closing it between their lips and letting himself indulge. It grew wet with saliva, and he opened his mouth, tongue finding Jonathan’s with ease learned from knowing each other so well and so deeply.

As they broke, only one word came to his lips. Not a request. “Bed.”

“Yes, bed,” Jonathan replied, after running his tongue lightly across Dio’s wet, pink lips. He looked so inviting, and his own desires certainly were not lost. Instead, of sweeping Dio off his feet in a surge of strength not completely returned, he draped an arm over his shoulders, and pressed a string of kisses to the crown of his head, while ushering him into the master bedroom.

The bed had been made up by servants ahead of time, with thick heavy red sheets and a quilt over top, much warmer than what had been set here during their summer stay. Jonathan closed the door behind him, and as he started to unbutton his shirt, Dio’s fingers moved across his own to help. Despite wanting the blond more than anything on earth, Jonathan felt butterflies stirring in his stomach.

“I… I hope I still please you,” he finally admitted, right as Dio pushed him down into a sit on the bed, his now spread open, revealing the tanned flesh beneath. He was leaner and more toned than he had ever been in his life, the hard labour of his time in Mexico etched all over him. “It has been so long since we’ve done this, I hope I haven’t forgotten how!” He gave a nervous laugh, and then gazed up at the blond standing before him.

“Don’t go all coy on me now, Jojo.” Dio removed the first layer of his outfit, the waistcoat, letting it fall on the arm chair to the side. Socks and shoes were kicked off without him even bending down, his eyes fixed on Jonathan with a cool seduction only illuminated as something more by the anticipation that protruded in his trousers. Those were discarded soon enough, and Dio was left bare, shirt shimmying to the ground as his body was exposed in a glorious reveal. “You really think I believe you had not etched the memory of me into you for the remainder of your days? Let us not jest.”

He posed, dramatically subtle, offering Jonathan the opportunity to feast his eyes and delight in the sight of him before slowly he made his way forward. One hand touched the foot of the bed, and was joined by a knee as he crawled toward him, no eye contact lost. He removed Jonathan’s clothes from the base upward, tossing them away like the nuisance they were, unbuckling his belt removing the rest of his lower garments, buttoning unpopped from his shirt.

“And if you truly have forgotten… I am sure all will come flooding back as fast as the blood has rushed to your cock.” Dio glanced down to the untouched yet already half hard erection he spoke of, shamelessly taking it into his hand before sinking down. “I myself remember you all too well.” And with that, Dio covered it with his mouth and began to suck.

“You are right, I could never forget a thing about you.” Jonathan watched Dio remove his clothing memorised, and as he drew forward to do the same thing. Dio was on him like a predator, and before long his entire body was bare, his tanned skin pressed against Dio’s own. His eyes were half lidded, as if he were intoxicated, the feel of lips and tongue on his cock again almost too great a sensation to
handle. Soon enough, his sizable length grew full and pulsing in Dio’s mouth, and there was no denying that this was real. Their days of longing and nights of dreaming were long past

“Dio…” Jonathan pressed back on his shoulders and looked into his eyes. “I have wanted this so much, there were night when I thought I might burn up if I did not have a taste of you. But… I am still not quite myself yet. And I want to perform well, you deserve only the best.” Genuine concern laced his expression, his hand lifting to cup Dio’s cheek.

Dio leaned into the touch with a cant of his head, eyes closed to, just for a moment, revel in the fact it was there. Living and warm and so very there. Jojo was alive.

In a quiet, but confident voice he spoke through Jonathan’s trepidation. “Let me take the reins this time, my dear Jojo. Consider this ride a welcome gift to your return. Watch in splendour and rapturing pleasure as I bring us both to the brink of bliss and beyond.” He kissed Jonathan’s open hand against his face, amber stare arising over his now open lids with a bat of dark lashes. Then, with a lean forward and a suck of Jonathan’s lower lip he brought them together again, soft moans escaping as they kissed head on, fingers running through dark curls.

“I was prepared for this,” Dio admitted when they parted, and he shuffled himself into a straddling position, each leg on either side of Jonathan’s thighs. He whispered his words hotly against the shell of his ear. “I spread myself, so I need only have your cock.” With a lick of his lips and a raise of his hips, Dio guiding Jonathan’s member to his entrance. It wasn’t nervousness, but his heart beat fast with trembling anticipation, the climax just three inches, two inches, one and finally none away as the head of Jonathan’s cock found his hole in sweet unity. It was even bigger than he remembered.

“Yes… Jojo…” Dio took his time, moving down little by little, his walls spread far, clenching to intensify that feeling tenfold. He was becoming whole again, and nothing could be better.

Jonathan felt his arousal grow at the sweet whispers in his ear by Dio. He remembered how Dio on their last night together had also prepped himself, recalled that repeated desire not to waste a second. There were many things that his blond was adamant about having his way in life, and it amused Jonathan to no end that his thick manhood was one of them.

The joining of their bodies together again after so long was nothing short of paradise. There was no question in his mind that the two of them had been created to become one; how else would Dio’s smooth, pale rear end spread so welcomingly, and his cock slide in like a hand into a silken glove? It was a crime that they had been apart for so long, and even more of a crime that Jonathan was not able to mount him properly, the soft pale flesh would look lovely with a touch of pink from the hard thrusts and smacks he wished to give. There was an entire world of things he wished to do to Dio’s body, worshipping and adoring it as was proper for his prince, but for the time being, he would content himself with this ride.

Dio mounted him like he were a finely trained stallion; his back perfectly straight and his thighs squeezed skilfully enough to bring each thrust to fruition. A hand reached to delicately run along the perfect curve Dio’s hip, and a smile spread over his lips. “You are a sight to behold, Dio. Truly.”

“Oh, I know.” A wash of blond locks swept over Dio’s shoulder in an effortlessly attention demanding swivel as he began a rhythm up and down along Jonathan’s cock. “But how I love to hear you say it.”

And though the air in the cottage was only beginning to warm, and frost coated the world outside, Dio felt warmth, pooling warm that encompassed him from head to toe and centred where they met, groin and cock making him feel heady and giddy with a fulfilment nothing else could bring. Their bodies brushed tight, Dio pulled Jonathan against his chest, and rubbed against it, even more friction
created. His member leaked wet with precome, practically drenching his hand when he gave the head a tease.

“I want your praise, Jojo,” he mewled, voice now breathy and growing quickly unsteady. “Tell me all that you missed, and all that you craved. Don’t you dare hold back, I want it all.”

Jonathan exhaled sharply, finding it difficult to form words. The better part of a year had gone by since they last made love, and everything felt new again. Dio had always been beautiful and dramatic, each sigh, each gesture, each glance filled with lasciviousness. Now more than ever, he could see and feel just how lucky he was.

“Dio, what did I do to deserve you?” As a boy he had asked himself the very same thing; how different a question it was now. “To have such a beautiful and faithful husband, waiting for me for all those months - ooh.” As Dio’s body rose and fell against his own, his cock throbbed within him, so close to release. “I thought of you every night before I fell asleep, and every morning as soon as I woke. Some might call that worship.” A large, calloused hand rolled down Dio’s back, stopping just above his ass.

“God, how I longed for you!” He let out a deep and blissful sigh, holding onto the last of his will to keep his come from spilling. “I wanted to be inside you, to fill you, to fuck you.” His voice dissolved into breathy moans, eyes half lidded and gazing up at the blond above him, intoxicated by the pleasure.

Shuddering, the brink of orgasm but a stone’s throw away, Dio was enlivened by the songs of praise and moaned out as he heard them. “You are finally inside me. Filling me. Fucking.” He pulled to the tip of Jonathan’s cock and slammed back down on his own prostate, clenching tight just to emphasise his point, sending them both into writhes, gripping each other tightly.

Dio’s chest heaved and panted, and he crushed his lips on Jonathan’s, desperate for every touch and salacious affection he had to over. He knew he was going to release, and he was done restraining himself.

And bursting between them in hot sticky ropes, Dio mewled out a cry and coated their stomachs and chests with all he had to offer. Though his brow was coated with sweat and he knew his body was granted so much, he could barely take it, he continued to bounce, gripping Jonathan tightly. “Don’t stop.”

Though he knew they would both be covered in sweat and come, Jonathan sat up and pressed his chest up against Dio’s own, letting the warm stickiness coat their skin. He wrapped his arms, thick, and muscular about Dio’s shoulders, burying his face in his neck, and embracing him tightly as he thrusted upwards.

With a lover as skilful as Dio, along with having not made love in months, Jonathan was not going to be able to hold off much longer. He was barely able to keep from coughing and ruining the moment. Making a gallant effort, Jonathan made sure his last few strokes with his cock were hard and fast, before finally letting go, filling him to the brim with the silky liquid. Falling over, he brought Dio in his arms down with him.

"You are--" he tilted his head to the side to cough, before returning to look at him. "The best I have ever had." His smile was soft and genuine, though it turned sheepish as he added, "And the only I've
ever had. Still." As if there was ever a doubt.

“Still?” Dio raised a brow, though there was a beam that crossed over him he had not felt since long before Jonathan left. The post orgasm wave hit him like sun rays shining after a rainy day, rainbow poking out in iridescent colours. His cock softened between his legs, but throbbed with the memory of what just occurred, the feeling a palpable heat washing over and over.

“No days the loneliness took you over and you simply had to succumb?” He teased, knowing Jonathan’s loyalty was something above many things he could rely on. “You know, I had a few advances myself. My paralegal for one.” He danced his finger over the large canvas Jonathan’s thigh, drawing circles and stars and a whole constellation of shapes.

“But once your cock found its way inside of me, it is exceedingly difficult to go back.” He chuckled. “Still, all it did was make me think of you, and that left me unbelievably aroused. That’s when I wrote that one particular letter to you. You do remember that one, don’t you?”

“How could I forget?” Jonathan said with a grin. “I reread it many a time.” He lifted a hand and stroked a few stray locks of gold from Dio’s face, letting his fingers linger beneath his chin. The fact that advances had been made on his lover in his absence was no surprise, Dio was charming, charismatic, rich, and to the eyes of the rest of the world, an eligible bachelor. “I am pleased to know you put your lust to the page instead of your paralegal. Not that I doubted you would be anything less than faithful, but an open invitation is still hard to resist.” He pressed a kiss to Dio’s forehead, memories of his own brush with temptation flooding back to him.

“A woman offered herself to me in Mexico.” Now that Dio had confessed himself, the words spilled from Jonathan’s lips however unintentional. “She had let down her dress and was bare chested before me. Come to think of it, it was the first time I saw a woman that close.” Jonathan tilted Dio’s chin up to look him in the eye. “But I turned her away. And that was when I decided that I would come home to you as soon as possible, even if I needed to work day and night.” The blue of Jonathan’s eyes became blurred by liquid, and he rested his brow against Dio’s, the tips of their noses lightly brushing across each other.

“No one is you. No one makes me feel as happy or as fulfilled as you do. And,” He trailed his hand down Dio’s bare back, stopping at his come filled rear. “No one else could possibly ride my cock with your vigour and ravenousness.” He gave his ass firm squeeze.

“Oh, and don’t I know it.” Dio tensed his muscles in response, and lay a sweet kiss on Jonathan’s nose trailing over the philtrum and finally those perfect lips at the bottom. A kiss, a simple little thing could bring such joy to the grey of the world, and Dio would never tire.

“So you got your first and last exposure to a woman. Were you flustered? I can only imagine you acted as if you were a stammering schoolboy.” Not even a stroke of jealousy took over, in fact, Dio found the whole thing quite amusing, and he laughed, peppering Jonathan with more kisses to his cheek and jaw.

“Now Dio, don’t tease. I did not stammer, I simply told her I was married and turned away.” Jonathan’s cheeks did turn a rosier colour as they were covered in Dio’s kisses. “I am sure that Signore Zeppeli has made Dia’s beauty legendary enough by now, hopefully she did not feel too slighted.” He pulled Dio back down against him, carding his fingers through Dio’s hair, feeling the warmth of contentment roll over him as they warmed each other beneath the sheets.

“I think that perhaps in another life, I would have been content to marry a woman and have a large family. But a life where you are beside me, there is nothing else that I need.” He reached for Dio’s hand and laced their fingers together. “And now that I have had a chance to leave my mark on the
archaeological world, I am never, ever leaving home for such a long time again.” His eyes closed as his lips met Dio’s own, kissing him softly and letting his tongue explore his mouth deliberately, as if it were a first kiss.

Dio returned it with an open gesture, meeting Jonathan with every wet movement, letting himself enjoy the slowness, the tender affection palpable and all he could ever want. He did not speak up, but gladness covered his heart at Jonathan’s words -- never leave him again, he could not bear it.

As they broke apart, their bodies remained close and so dearly near. “Perhaps in another life, hm?” Dio let out a small hum, his hands on Jonathan’s cheeks, thumbing the darkened skin under his pale fingers. “But this is the only life you have. And it is mine. You chose me, to love me, no one else.” Any other Jojo could have their world; he had the real one, and he was perfect. And home.
When Giorno was born his hair was almost black as night, a thick coat of it spread over the top, wispy and soft. Fitted with eyes bright as day -- where Jolanda Giovanna, his mother, decided his name, in fact -- with a birthmark on the left shoulder, shaped oddly like a star just like her own, there was no denying he was hers; much as an inconvenience as that was. But where the father’s identity had been shady at best, three moles dotted along his left ear, quickly served as all the evidence she needed.

Dio Brando.

He’d made his mark certainly, and maybe if things hadn’t gone the way they did, she might have stuck by his side for more than those three months. But they had, and he was in jail, or out of it by now, he’d said he was a lawyer. He had said a lot of things.

But at any rate, just because Jolanda had a baby now, did not for a second mean she was going to just give up her life. She’d offered him nine months and brought him into the world -- fed him from her breast so much they lost some of their perk; he could take care of it from here.

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“Will you shut that fucking kid up!?” A smash of a bottle and a gruff current lover yelled, and she upped from her bed to the closet of a room Giorno was meant to be sleeping in.

He cried that night. And every night she left him for her temporary lovers temporary.

But Giorno Giovanna quickly learned crying never got him what he wanted. It was the same when some of those temporary lovers took to the silencing him themselves with a belt or fist if he was lucky.

And so, with trembles only to keep him through the fearsome lonely, painful nights, Giorno became a quiet child, with observant eyes that told him exactly how to act to keep himself barely seen and never heard.

But there was one drop of silver and he treasured it dearly. His padre’s. Dio Brando. Sometimes his mother would tell him the story, how he was a man with such presence -- a lawyer, of all things, fancy and rich with marks on his ears and hair just like his. Those black locks as a baby barely lasted a month, and in their stead grew hair woven like gold on a wheel. Without a mother concerned for giving him trims, he let it grow. His mother had told him his padre’s hair was down to his shoulders - Giorno wanted the same.

His padre didn’t know he existed, that was why he never came. Giorno imagined, he knew that if Dio knew about him, he would come save him from this life. But right now, Giorno only had himself rely on.

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When Giorno’s mother grew sick with a disease she would not tell him the name of, only that it began with a rash that spread both outside and in, and left her riddled with fever, he knew she was not long for this world.

While he was out in the street, picking pockets for bread, a skill he was quite good at by now, she took her last breath; it looked so close to sleeping, and worlds away. And perhaps it was because she
had never been more than a figure of neglect, Giorno was far less sad than he should have been. He did not even cry. A distance, fragile, he was reaching for something that would smash brittle as glass the moment he grabbed it, and long ago Giorno had stopped trying to bring them back together. He and Jolanda were hardly family. And he knew it.

Assimilating to the life of a street orphan was hardly difficult for a boy who had lived as such his entire life. Eyes keen, he read people liked he liked to read books -- or, well, newspapers, tossed to the ground he could pick up, studying the Italian script and teaching himself how to understand them, sounding out phonetics and piecing together the squiggles until he mastered the patterns. Newspapers told him of the world, he enjoyed them, knowledge growing wide.

His father had liked to read, Jolanda had told him once. When they weren’t busy doing what they did (and Giorno knew what they did, as she did was her other lovers), he was often nestled with some fancy book in his hand, thick and without picture.

Giorno thought of him, the man who liked to read just like he did, and wondered if he was reading too, as he opened the page of a gazette or a daily, or whatever he picked off the street.

**Suspected serial killer walks free!**

It piqued Giorno’s interest, this special piece of front page news. He liked these kinds of stories, the crime stories, but it was usually the criminals he preferred. There was something about that brought a light to his eye and a small smile on his lips. But it would have been a simply something to digest along with his stolen loaf if not for the name of the defence attorney that argued him to freedom.

Dio Joestar.

Dio. Well he knew that name, had it etched to heart.

But wasn’t Joestar the name of his father’s estate. Joestar… Brando… a lawyer… was it him?

Scouring the papers he searched for a picture. None in this paper, but it was big news, there had to be others. So he looked and looked and didn’t care about the killer, his innocence or otherwise, he cared for the black and white snap of a man with hair just like his and three moles on his ear.

And blurrily, just as a ladybird landed on his hand, spotted red and black and beautiful, he found it. “Padre…”

When his mother’s last breath was taken there was nothing to keep him tied to his home in Naples. And staring out to sea, with boats sailing back and forth all over the place, perhaps this was his chance.

Jonathan wiped the sweat off his brow. It was mid spring, and flowers in the Joestar mansion’s garden were finally starting to bloom. This year, he had sectioned off an area just for his working, allowing himself to experiment with different plants, flowers, and vegetables, some of which he had brought in seed form from overseas. Though he still kept the old gardener in his employ, who had once yelled at Jonathan as a child for stomping through his azaleas, he enjoyed tending to his own plot. The scent of dahlias and begonias intermingled with the fragrance of violets and daffodils, flowers from the new world coexisting beautifully beside flowers of the old. Jonathan adored his peculiar hobby. It allowed him to get some sun, in-between putting the finishing touches on his book.

Jonathan’s excavation had yielded him great fame and renown within the archaeological community. Over the last two years, he had given lectures at his alma mater and at several other universities across the country, all with standing room only. Just this last summer he had agreed to lecture in Paris
and Frankfurt, but only after he had cleared the time with Dio for an anniversary holiday to make the trip more pleasure than business. Besides those, however, Jonathan remained home, writing away about the cult of the vampires, and tending to his garden. Jonathan took great joy in his accomplishments, but he was not ready to travel or teach just yet. He had been too long away from the comforts of home and from the company of Dio, and he wanted to savour the domestic bliss for a little while longer.

So when a servant informed him that there was a foreign visitor in the receiving room, Jonathan stood and took off his gardening gloves, letting the straw sun hat fall off around his neck. Most likely, it was some colleague or another here to beg for a position. And he would tell them, just as he told the others, that he was more than happy to send them his thesis when it was ready for publication, but he would not be leaving England again, not for a queen’s ransom. Perhaps being in his work clothes and looking like a peasant would put them off.

Instead of seeing the expected visitor, his eyes instead fell on a child. A maid was fussing and had brought him a cookie, while other servants looked to Jonathan with wary eyes.

“Hello, I want to see Dio Brando.” The words came out in an Italian accent, and with a rehearsed tone to them, as if it were a phrase he learned rather than having full fluency behind the language. In his hand he held an old Italian newspaper clipping, with a photo Jonathan recognized as having been widely published of his husband after a successful case. Jonathan’s lips started to turn into a smile, and he almost made a joke about the boy being far too young to have done anything to require Dio’s services. But taking a better look at him, Jonathan’s mouth fell open.

His eyes were immediately drawn to his hair, golden and falling in some loose curls about his face. Even though it had clearly not seen a brush or soap in a long time, Jonathan could still see that the colour was his favourite shade, the same colour of Dio’s own tresses. After the hair, however, there was no escaping this child’s eyes. They were suspicious and oddly solemn for such a young boy; if he had been guessing his age from his stature alone he might have said three, but one look at his face and his age became harder to pinpoint. Jonathan thought perhaps four or five, though no child he had ever met seemed to be as cautious and considerate as this one.

Finally, there were the eyes. They were a bright blue, and lovely, the shade very close to Jonathan’s own. But an even closer match would have been his father’s eyes. How strange it was, to find another person with that hue. After all this time, Jonathan had never seen it again, not since that day George Joestar took the stumble down the stairs.

“I will have a servant run and fetch him, but sit down and eat.” Jonathan finally said when he shook off the shock, nodding to the man who had fetched him from the garden. The boy looked uncertainly at him, though he bit into his biscuit. Patting on the sofa, Jonathan sat himself down and motioned for the child to follow.

Dio was in his office, milling over a newfound case, despite the highs of his last leaving him with lasting smiles and contented humming. The man was no Jack the Ripper, but he was the dastardly man, or so the world thought. Surprisingly, not that it mattered either way, Dio believed his innocence (for the serial killings at least, this man was no saint) and perhaps was the push he needed to win. Still it reached international success, and Dio’s picture was in many a paper for his prestige. Perhaps it was coming to a time he’d finally start up his own practice. Next year perhaps, riding the waves of his high, many would be seeking his attention. He could use that to build a platform.

But the knock of the servant dissipated those thoughts, and he turned, brow raised. Jonathan wanted him, and they had a guest.

Standing, he made his way down to the lounge, curious as to who it might. Charlotte? She did like
her unsuspected visits. Maybe someone else. Oh, it could be another reporter looking for his story, that could be fun.

It was none of those.

“Jojo,” Dio began, a brow raised high as he spotted this ‘guest’. “Why is there a child in the house? I already got you a dog, and let you keep a cat, and you gave me a bird. I thought we’d talked about being through with pets.” He teased, but there was a seriousness to it. No parents around, there was no reason for the child to be here. If he was honest, from the face alone it was difficult to tell if it was a boy or a girl, long hair, but trousers. The child looked like an urchin; what on earth was it doing here?

“This isn’t my doing, Dio. He came on his own.” Jonathan’s gaze shifted from Dio back to the boy, finding it hard to pry his eyes off of him. His petite frame coupled with his piercing stare were so exceptional, and he found himself remembering the sunny day when Dio had leapt from the carriage and into his life. A difficult childhood had shaped his lover, and he could only imagine the gothic tale which lingered behind this boy. Dio’s presence in the room had caused the young blond to swallow the last lingering bite of biscuit, and scoot from his seat beside Jonathan on the sofa, standing at attention as if he were about to greet a king.

“Padre.” One single foreign word spoken in a hushed tone seemed to fill the entire room. Though his Italian was rusty, Jonathan knew it immediately. “You are my father,” he continued while stepping forward, presenting the picture from the newspaper to the taller blond, lifting his head so that their eyes would meet. “My name is Giorno Giovanna, and,” The sense of giving a rehearsed speech fell as he broke into Italian. “I’ve waited so long to meet you, padre.” The smile that crossed Giorno’s lips was the first show of childlike glee he had made since arriving.

“F-father?” Jonathan’s face grew pale, and his mouth dropped open. He felt as if someone had punched him hard in the gut, though he could not deny the charm and sweetness of the way Giorno stared up at Dio with utter adoration.

Dio folded his arms over themselves and stared. “Really?” His expression folded into something far different than Jonathan, pale face only because it was natural, and a laugh practically akin to a cackle as he shook his head with a long sigh, as if the entire thing was some amusing joke. And it was. “You’re going with that?! That’s the oldest scam in the book, and I’m afraid, dear boy, that is not going to work on me of all people.”

“Jojo, my dear brother, why are you making such a face? No need for that, the long lost father scheme has been used for generations.” Dio had seen child after child in the slums plot and scheme the very same, often with an adult to collect the reward of it. Find a rich man, usually one known for pursuing the scene behind his wife’s back than a bachelor, but he couldn’t blame the boy and the one who owned him for finding him a perfect target. They even looked similar, something in the way they stared if not the eye colour, and certainly the hair was something -- though the child’s was a few shades darker. And maybe the face shape too. Actually, it was a little disconcerting, he didn’t really like looking at this child.

But really, find a blond poor born boy anywhere and he’d be saying the same thing.

“No, that is not going to work on me, nor us. Whatever money you want, we are not paying it, you picked the wrong fool to trick. Try again next time.” When the boy only blinked, the fast pace of Dio’s words and spiel of English far beyond his comprehension, he repeated himself in Italian.
“I am not giving you money, you’ve wasted a trip. I suggest you leave now with that biscuit in your mouth before you are booted out of this home far less warmly than you were welcome.”

Could Dio have a son? He had been with none but Jonathan, save for their time apart in Italy, and his preference usually lay with men rather than those equipped with the ability to bear children. But low and behold, this child was Italian, and if he was indeed four as Jonathan had guessed…

Dio may have a son. A beautiful and clever one, it seemed, how could his progeny be anything less? No stork was responsible for bringing him into the world, Dio would have lain with a woman, and have done with someone else the very thing they could never do together, create a life.

“N-no,” Jonathan stammered, fighting down the bile he felt rising in the pit of his stomach, doing his best to keep his composure. Perhaps it was a scam, but even still, he could not in good conscience allow him to ignore the possibility. Standing quickly he placed himself between Dio and the boy, who surprisingly did not show the least bit of worry at Dio’s reaction. If anything, those pale blue eyes stared more determined than ever up at his husband.

“Dio, he can hardly speak English, we are not going to throw him out.” His words were calm, but there was a mixture of panic and hurt behind his eyes, the reality of the situation slowly coming to light. “Why don’t we have the cook prepare some lunch, and perhaps let him wash up.” He glanced back to the boy, his clothes dusty and tattered, distance he must have travelled to get here written all over the fabric alone. “We can discuss the rest later.”

“If you want to play into the this little con, Jojo, because you see a child with some bad dress and your instincts of care are kicking in, by all means, give him the lunch, I know there is not much stopping you there.” Dio removed a cigarette from his pocket and lit it, for two years now he’d had the habit, and honestly, he enjoyed it tremendously. It did leave the smell of tobacco around the place, but he didn’t mind it all too much, and it served as a grand stress reliever if there ever was one. Smoke filled the air in tendrils between them, and he took a long breath. “But, we are not indulging in this game, let’s make that clear right now.”

He put his hand on Jonathan’s shoulder, a firm clasp round declaring the dourness that would soon coat his expression if they were to allow in this nonsense for longer than was due. He looked up at him

“This child is not my son, Jojo. For many reasons, but the very fabric of his conception, is really quite impossible. Unless of course, you are the male not quite virgin Mary and that time you went to the doctor for a stomach ache something else entirely was happening to you.”

“Yes it really so impossible?” Jonathan looked his husband straight in the eye, refusing to pull any punches. While he had not thought about it in years, and had been content to bury it with the rest of Italy’s mishaps, he would never forget a second of it. Dio had been in the worst state Jonathan had ever seen him in, and had said things which would have made his twelve year old self proud. The thought of being told that they could never be together again, that Jonathan had made him weak and he had been better off sleeping with scum of the streets whose names he did not know had been some of the worst emotional anguish he had felt in his life. And yet, in order to see Dio through to recovery, he had to steel himself, and focus only on breaking his addictions.
It was true, he had never known Dio to crave the touch of a woman. The blond enjoyed having a cock inside him too much for that. But Jonathan knew that he had had them before. And there were certainly poor women aplenty in the slums of Italy. All it would have taken is once little tumble, and…

Jonathan’s stomach churned. He shook his head and looked back towards the child. If that was how he had been created, what kind of life had he known in his few short years?

“He shall have a bath and a meal, after which we can speak to him more.” Jonathan’s tone was firm, and he rang a bell for one of the younger, sweeter looking maids, addressing her as she quickly entered the room. “Rosa, please show our young friend to a guest room and have a hot bath drawn. The small one on the second floor should do. The girl, who was soft and as unthreatening as a person could get, gently took Giorno by the hand and guided him from the room. Reluctant, Giorno pulled his hand away, but did indeed follow after her, eyes on Dio until a wall was between them. Once the door was closed, Jonathan took Dio’s hand in his, lacing their fingers.

“I am not saying he is definitely your son. But you cannot pretend Italy did not happen.”

“Italy…?” Dio’s skin grew cold at the word of it alone, guise finally moving from that sardonic grinning leer to a twinge of something he had not felt in half a decade now.

“I hardly remember it.” And it was no lie, like some sort of block his mind both in genuine desire and subconscious filtration, the memories of those months of his life, really, the whole trip were foggy on the best of days, like mist over the country fields that glazed the moors on winter mornings. Dio never minded this, the absent feeling of it, utter detachment. It was no time he liked to associate with himself, he was not that same Dio, it was no wrong thing that he did not recall, but the general feeling of dread that hung around him then. Depressing.

The cigarette went to his lips and stayed there as Dio inhaled for what felt like an hour, eyes closed, trying to connect the fragment. Nothing was concrete, but nonetheless, he shook his head with an affirmative nod that would have anyone believe his adamance. “No, the child is not mine. I was not attached to anyone for long enough for that to even happen. Not to mention the usual preference.” And with those words spoken, a horrible hint of a memory long since buried flashed before him, just in broken pieces, barely connected; the wisps of a dream as it fades away. A woman that stood out, dark hair, Jojo? What did that mean? A star birthmark. Was his mind mixing those times with Jonathan? It only filled Dio with a heavy breath of anxiety, and he was forced to relinquish the cigarette, doing nothing for stress.

His amber stare met Jonathan’s, their bodies a close distance. But he needed to flee from this. He did not want to remember. “I know that time was… hard, not only for me, so do not try to dredge up all that was wrong for the sake of a well-timed scam.” Desperation and the starting trickles of doubting fear now threw itself his tone, and he cupped Jonathan’s cheeks with both hands.

“We’re better now, we are better… are we not happy, Jojo?” The gold band embedded with diamond on his right ring finger was warm and hard against the tan of Jonathan’s skin and the pale of his own, showing both of what was now. “So send the boy on his way, and let us keep life the way it has been.”

“Of course we are better. We are more than better.” Jonathan felt as if there were a vice around his heart, and it grew tighter as Dio’s face grew desperate. He knew that Dio had legitimately suffered
during their time apart, and it had brought him down to lows that he had not seen since childhood, possibly lower. His own callused hand covered Dio’s on his cheek, and he brought it to his lips, placing a few soft kisses on his palm. Having just come from the garden, there was some dirt under his fingernails, a sharp contrast to Dio’s well-manicured and lotion scented skin.

“I could not have asked for a better match than you. And I would go through all the hardships thrice over if it meant coming back to exactly where we are.” He closed his hand around Dio’s own, giving it a tight squeeze. “But if there is even the slightest possibility he is yours, I cannot bear the thought of him looking so ragged and ill fed for a second more. Frankly I cannot bear it no matter who his father is.”

One look into Dio’s eyes and he knew how upset he was getting. It was hard to deny Dio anything he wished at the best of times, let alone when he looked so anguished. But of course, Jonathan could not let this go.

“If he is yours, he cannot leave.” His voice was gentle, but firm.

“But he isn’t mine,” Dio repeated with adamance. “So we share a hair colour. Any boy could be blond, and it not as if it is a dominant colour.” Memories of genetics in boarding school’s biology studies did have their uses. “I don’t have nearly the same preferences as you, but I tend towards the darker shades over the light. If a child really were mine, it would probably have dark hair. Like yours.” And strangely that thought was not unappealing.

He parted from Jonathan’s touch, making his way to the davenport, sitting cross legged on the firm seat, back slouched far more than he’d ever let it on a usual day. “There is no proof of it. I know the scam, he is going to say his mother is dead, and he has no one else to take care of him. Out of fear and hope never to be seen again, I, the victim to this plot, will pay him off so I never need see him again, or possibly grant him lodgings. Either way he ends up rich and content in his scheme, and we are made to be fools.”

Dio shook his head. “I need something concrete to even begin to consider it. I will not take his word for it.”

Jonathan studied Dio’s face, looking more exhausted and downtrodden than usual. He knew it well, having spent years admiring his visage, and while he would need to study him again to be certain, the boy’s face had more similarities to Dio than just the hair. Coming up from behind the davenport, he rested his hands on Dio’s shoulders and began to knead his fingers into the flesh, not thinking much for the traces of gardening soil that might be left on them.

“I know this is a great deal of stress on you all at once, and is making you remember some days you would rather forget.” It seemed, in fact, that he had forgotten a large portion of it, though whether because of his lack of sobriety or a mental block, Jonathan was not certain. Regardless, he would never forget how thin, helpless, and wretched Dio had been when he arrived at the jail to retrieve him. He never wanted to witness that again.

“If you would like, I could speak to the boy first. Perhaps ask him some simple questions that would help rule out your parentage, so you need not see him unless it were necessary.” Something deep within Jonathan told him that this would not be so simple, as much as he might wish it to be.

“No.” The answer was immediate, and Dio snapped away from the massage to face Jonathan head on once more. “You are not going to speak to him alone. I see your face, Jojo, I see your inclinations. Your heart is too open, too quick to accept and you are too trusting.” He shook his head, and took Jonathan’s hand in his own, squeezing. “And those things are qualities I admire in you, truly. But they also make you the perfect target for a ploy like this. It’s almost strange the scam came
to me and not you.”

With the cigarette down to the bunt, Dio put it out on a nearby ashtray, crushing the cinders into the decorative glass dish. “He will make you want to believe, he will do and say what he thinks correlates to the truth. But that does not make it the truth, Jojo. And I will be there to prove that certain. We will see who this Giorno is once and for all.”
Blood is Thicker: Chapter 2

Mama had told Giorno how rich and fancy Dio Brando, his father was, but words and imagination paled in comparison to the size of the Joestar estate. With its deep red carpet trailing upstairs in a room larger than Giorno had ever stepped into, its statue of an elegant lady at the base, the decorated walls and floor and all that shouted the pinnacle of life, his quiet temperament and silence was largely choked up to simple awe. His eyes were wide, lips parted as he glued to

He supposed he should have expected this, his father would have no idea of his existence, but the giant man with eyes like his and hair dark like his mama’s seemed more welcoming than him. But then few men seemed happy when they discovered Jolanda had a child. Perhaps his father was the same. For the first time since he landed in England, the optimism and passion that fuelled the hard nights and the trials of travel that would wear a man down, let alone a boy of four, became to settle in the pit of Giorno’s stomach.

But he knew that Dio was his padre, the one he had hoped for in dream filled nights where the whip of belt or the absence of a mother grew almost too much to bear, and Giorno no longer let himself cry it out. When the smiling maid closed the door the bathroom after him, filling it with bubbles that smelled sweet like roses, he stripped of his clothes and settled into the warmth of the tub. It was almost too big, he may as well have been in the ocean, tiny limbs and short stature floating and bobbing in the marble when the last wash he’d had was in a battered tin bucket, water barely lukewarm.

Optimism aside, Giorno knew this would not be so easy. After all, his arrival had been brash, and the language difference was stark; more than just words would be needed to prove himself. But in a small satchel he had protected with his life held more than simple words. And as he tucked a strand of hair behind his left ear, three moles and a star on his shoulder would be utterly undeniable.

It was more than an hour later when Rosa brought Giorno, freshly cleaned and with several tea sandwiches in his belly back into the receiving room. Jonathan flashed him a warm smile, sitting at attention on the davenport beside a much more serious and intimidating Dio. He motioned to a large, fluffy armchair.

“Please, have a seat,” Jonathan said, and then remembering himself, repeated it in his heavily accented Italian. While he knew that this experience would be less than pleasant for Dio, he was glad he was there to fill in any language gaps. Dio had a knack for foreign tongues which Jonathan simply never grasped. “Giorno, we need to know why you think my brother Dio is your father. Did someone tell you to come here?”

“I came on my own,” Giorno began, as he rummaged through a battered linen satchel which had seen better days. “My mother died, but she told me about my father. This is her picture.” He pulled out an old photograph, the edges creased, the sepia faces frozen in time forever, gentle and serene. In it, a woman with dark hair tied back in a bun held an equally dark haired child. Jonathan’s mouth dropped open, and Giorno, anticipating objection, replied first. “I was born with dark hair that grew lighter. The woman is my mother, Jolanda.” There was little affection in his voice as he spoke of her, if any at all. It reminded him of the days Dio was forced to speak of Dario. That utter detachment of no lament for a parent.

Jonathan could not take his eyes off the image. The woman’s features looked oddly familiar, and for the second time that day he was reminded of his late father. But that was not where the eerie sense of Deja vu ended. The image of the mother with a round faced babe in her arms reminded him of yet another photograph he knew all too well.
It looked like the photo he kept on his desk of his own mother holding him.

“Give it here, Jojo.” Dio took the image from Jonathan’s hands, a small tug necessary to pry it out of his large fingers, seemingly so encapsulated by the depiction, he barely had a chance to look himself. Staring down at it, he blinked at the reveal, reaction far different from the one next to him.

“Is this supposed to mean something to me?” Dio asked, voice flat and unimpressed by this supposed ‘evidence.’

“Do you not remember her?”

Dio scoffed. “Why would I? One face in a thousand, you could not expect me to remember them all.” With a lackadaisical shrug, he returned the image to Jonathan, folding his legs over. “If that is all you have to offer, then I suggest--”

“You have three moles on your left ear. You told her once that they were lucky.” Giorno interrupted, then quickly drew back, posture small and flinching, as if foreseeing a strike for his insolence. Though wide eyes and a following glare came to pass on his face, Dio recognised that expression all too well.

But this was damning, Dio felt the churn of his stomach, hand brushing over his hair, pulling the golden strands to cover his ear. “Y-You could have just have easily noticed that before.” Already down, there was little chance of Giorno catching such a detail beforehand.

“I have it too, that is how she knew I was yours.” Determined eyes shone with a blue Dio had only seen in one other -- the man sitting beside him -- as Giorno, opposite tucked his hair away and canted his head, showing a trail of three up the left lobe. Lo and behold there they were, a godawful mirror. Dio turned his head away. “Coincidence…” His voice was small.

When Jonathan’s eyes fell on those three moles, he knew. Who else could have those, as well as his hair and the shape of his face? Who else, but Dio’s own son?

Jonathan snatched the picture back, staring at the woman in it closer. The woman herself was oddly familiar, although he was finding it difficult to focus on why as all he could think of was Dio’s body entwined with her own. After all, Dio had to have fucked her in order for a child to be conceived, it was just how nature worked, wasn’t it? His hand started to shake, and he placed the photo down onto the little table between their seats, next to a tray of untouched tea, and turned his back to both Giorno and Dio.

Dio, during their time apart, not only had to sleep around with other men. Skilled men, in fact, Dio had told him as much. But he had not stopped there, oh no, he had to do the one thing which Jonathan, despite his own inherent desires would never, ever do. Was it to spite him? Had he been so out of himself he did not care? It had been so many years ago now, and yet the pain was as fresh as if he had been stabbed through the heart.

“I have the three moles, and a birthmark on my back. She said it was what made you notice her. It looks like a star.” As further proof, Giorno tugged at the top of his shirt, and tugged it down at the collar. The small, familiar, pink mark was clear as day.

The star caused Dio to lurch back fast, back hitting the davenport, and he shook his head slow. “W-What? I…” Joining his gut came a throbbing headache, and he pressed his palm to his temple, one eye covered. Dusty, cloudy memories long since locked away uncovered. Not entirely, just in small droplets.
A woman with that very same mark. The face was still unclear, but he had to suppose it was the same as in that picture. A look to Jonathan was his first instinct, but that was the last thing Dio wanted to do. And so he kept his stare averted, blocking out the world. He needed a few more seconds, just a few more where reality was more than perfect, where he and Jojo were happy together, where he did not have the furthering notion that an illegitimate offspring was something very real in his life. Of all the scandals, the atrocities to fall into… this?!

Goddammit, goddammit!

He did not have to accept this. He didn’t want to, and so he would not. “No.” Spoken in English, it was a word universal to both. “No.” He rose to his feet, gaze glassy and unfocused as he turned away from them both, heading to the nearest door.

A butler passed his way on the journey, and Dio almost let him slip by. But chest heavy and hard to breathe, he stopped, choking out a small sentence before disappearing to his office, sealing himself inside.

“Get me a carriage.”

Jonathan heard Dio leave. He did not so much as move until the door shut behind him, and only then did he spin around to examine the child before him. Giorno’s shirt was still undone, and he could see the corner of the star peeking out of the corner. He did not ask for him to pull the fabric away to reveal it again, Dio’s reaction was a sufficient enough confirmation.

Beyond Dio having a son, which was unexpected and catastrophic by itself, there was the fact that the woman he lay with to do it must have had a connection to the Joestar line. No one else had that birthmark, and it would explain the blue eyes and peculiar sense of Deja vu he had looking at the photo. There was a blood connection on his side as assuredly as there was on Dio’s. But how?

The answer came to Jonathan as he met the child’s eyes, and he realized how frightening and confusing this must be for Giorno. His own attitude and demeanour were probably not helping; regardless of the mistakes Dio made and the shock of the discovery, this was not the child’s fault. He gave him a weak smile.

“You are safe here,” he said in as reassuring of a voice as he could muster. “You won’t be sent away. Please wait, I will return.” The words were clumsy in Jonathan’s mouth, but in no way threatening, and once they were spoken, he left the room, telling a servant in passing to keep an eye on the boy. He did not see the eyebrow the servant raised, unused to children being in the manor, as Jonathan walked up to Dio’s office, heavy footfalls denoting his arrival. He did not knock on the door, only leaned against the frame as he stared in at his husband.

“That woman… she had to be my uncle Harold’s bastard. That is the only explanation. It makes sense, I suppose, he did spend the last years of his life in Italy.” Jonathan folded his arms over his chest, observing Dio from a safe distance.

Dio was quiet for far too long, refusing to turn back to look at Jonathan, finding interest in staring at anything else other than he. The window was a nice enough distraction, what with Springtime blossoms casting summer-like sun over a field of blossoming flowers as he finally replied.

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“Uncle Harold? I don’t recall.” Jonathan’s garden could not be seen from the angle, but the river by the estate with the hanging tree over it was in full view, dotted buttercups and daisies surrounding the fields between. To think it could be such a bright day; so much for the dark and stormy nights of
pathetic fallacy to match the horror filled mood. “I don’t recall any of it. I don’t recall her…” Not much, at least.

“Dio…” The name had left Jonathan’s lips so many times before, sometimes angry, sometimes in pleasure, and sometimes like a prayer. Right now, his voice was so quiet a quality could not be held to it, the two syllables would have been lost completely if the room had not been so silent. After a pregnant pause he added delicately, “You truly do not remember her?” Jonathan tread closer to Dio, coming up beside him in front of the window. Less than an hour before he had been worried about how the chrysanthemums would grow in later that year, and now, there were much greater worries on his plate.

“I remember a level of decadence, and even that comes with distance I cannot quite associate myself with. Even during university, before you, I feel so different to how I did then, it is as if I am looking at someone else entirely. But those months in particular…” Dio shook his head. “It is the feeling. Dread, regret, and something akin to despondency. Feelings, that is all. Nothing I want to consider tangible. And certainly no people. I thought I was past this… I thought…” Weak voiced and laced in a multitude of emotions not even Dio could define collectively, he still refused to turn.

“What does it matter anyway.” The sound of a flicker of snapping light, and the sight of smoke came in a quick flash from Dio’s image. “Believe you me, there was no sense of attachment, nor monogamy in those situations? I know myself well enough for that, and there has only ever been you with that, I promise. He took a long break in between his next words, approaching the subject with careful consideration. “So… so the child may have some biological connection. But he is not my child, I did not even know he existed, and he may as well have been born of any of the men who stuck it in this Jolanda woman, she was certainly not waiting for marriage to take her.” He did not have to know her to know this.

“Why let some mistake of the past ruin everything we have. I am happy to give him money to set him up for life if it makes you feel better, but let us get on with on lives. That, Giorno Giovanna, is not our lives.

At first, Jonathan felt the waves of sympathy roll over him, as this was his husband. He knew how he had suffered during those days in the villa, curled up and sick with withdrawal, haunted by memories of his mother. He wanted to rest a hand on his shoulder, pull his slightly shorter figure against his chest, kiss his brow, and reassure him in a way that only a lover could.

But as Dio’s tone shifted, so did Jonathan’s. So easily did Dio brush off responsibility, playing off the promiscuity as if it were just a gamble, and the only thing he had lost was a large sum of money. Such a shame, such a tragedy, such a stress.

“We’ll set him up for life if it makes me feel better?” Jonathan spit the words right back at him. “And if I were not in the situation, would you merely see fit to push him back onto the streets, hoping no one will ever notice?” His usually loving and affectionate oceans of blue narrowed into a sharp stare. “You say you have changed so much since before me, but have you really changed at all? If not for me, would you even make the barest attempt at decency towards your own flesh and blood?” The emphasis was heavy on the last two words, and after a moment’s reflection he added, “You certainly were not terribly concerned with my flesh and blood, other than to fuck her.”

Dio let out a long, heavy sigh, rolling his eyes. “You know what I meant, Jojo. I would, of course, give the boy money if he were my real son…” Flesh and blood, what a choice of words. Jonathan’s ideals on family had never been the same as Dio’s. Family, to him, had nothing to do with biology. Of course, his mother was the dearest to his heart, and slowly he had allowed Charlotte into his life,
but Dario Brando -- the man he should have called father, was nothing more than a rat completely deserving to be stepped on and crushed in the trap Dio lay all those years ago.

But family was choice, not a biological attachment. It took time, and love, and respect. Jojo was family though they shared no blood. Six years ago, Jonathan, nor his father were anything close to family. This Giovanna boy fell under that same umbrella. They did not know each other, and while he may have grown up on stories on Dio, that did not connect them more than any other orphan dreaming of a better life.

“But what do you mean, concerned with your own?! How was I supposed to know… you did not even know! Where was the care with your so called uncle when he ran off to Italy, not taking responsibility?!” He bit his tongue, searching for the root of the problem between Jonathan’s words. Twinges of jealousy spoke in his tone, and Dio saw them, turning finally to face him. “Jojo… Everything that happened between anyone there was when we were separated. You know that, don’t you?”

“My uncle was the family black sheep who died young for a reason. You stumble on someone who is clearly my kin, and your reaction --” Jonathan inhaled sharply, fingers opening and closing into a fist at his side. “Your reaction is to fuck them. To fuck her.” The fist was clenched so tightly now that his nails left sharp red marks in his flesh, but he hardly even noticed. “And then bury the secret forever.”

When Jonathan felt, he felt strongly, be it love, admiration, embarrassment, or disgust. Rage did not overtake him often, particularly not now in their quiet, happy married life. But when it did, one could almost feel the heat of his anger. Images of Dio entwined with a dark haired woman, his pale hands clutching the curve of her hips, breasts smashed up against his chest, were all he could see.

“Tell me Dio, while we were separated as you say, what did you enjoy more, the fact that you were fucking my kin, or the fact that you were having a woman? Did it feel good, being inside her, staring at her birthmark while you selfishly claimed the one thing I would never have out of devotion for you?” The stare Jonathan gave him rivalled some of the ones from their tumultuous childhood years.

“Neither! Goddamn you, Jojo! Cussing me out like a sailor with that language, who do you think you are?!” Hurt mixed in with Dio’s outburst, trickling fast as he saw in Jonathan every ounce of hate and judgement he had never seen, not even in the first few months of their lives, where anger and strife was the very fabric of their relationship as pubescents. Not in the midst of their strife, when Dio was beginning to spiral and break right before him. When he broke them apart, hurt Jonathan, he helped him, never cursed him away.

“You know what I was like then. You were there! You… saw it all. You probably remember it more than I do… how I was…” Trembling lips met Jonathan’s angered stare, and so, Dio quelled them, and returned him the same look.

“I am not going to sit here and let you talk to me like that, Jojo. Not even you get to do that to me. I told you right at the start there had been others. If you think that time was completely about vindictive strikes against you, about selfishness and getting back at you, when I was in the midst of turmoil, and throwing myself into the arms of a forgettable woman, then fuck you, Jonathan Joestar,
and get off your high horse! Playing the victim in every aspect of your life, it sickens me!” Dio stood up, elevating himself. “Speaking like you gave up your entire life, your whole dream to have a woman pressed between your legs for the drab that is Dio. Just admit that you have always resented me for that, not being a woman, whether or not this child came along or not! Only now you have the opportunity to yell at me for it! Well, I will not have it!”

Barging past Jonathan and refusing to be knocked back, Dio sped down the stairs, and out of the main gates, where the horse and cart were ready. Good.

Nothing but himself to bring, Dio jumped into the carriage, ordering the driver to take him to the London home at quick speed.

As Dio swirled past him like a hurricane, Jonathan wanted to stop and grab him, prevent him from running away. But instead he chose to let him leave. Their anger was so great and their emotions running high, he knew that they would have come to blows for the first time in years. Now with him gone, however, Jonathan was left with unresolved outrage, and the fist that he had been clenching slammed into the wall thrice, until his knuckles were bleeding, and Dio’s office wall had a nasty hole that knocked through the plaster right down to the brick. Clenching the wrist of his bleeding hand, Jonathan fell to the floor shaking.

Their lives had been so marvellously sweet and peaceful, their turbulent past getting buried deeper with each and every year. But there was no hiding from it now. Facts could not be changed. Dio had slept with his kin as if she were a discardable replacement, and Jonathan had, truthfully, always wondered what sleeping with a woman would be like. He leaned up against the wall, watching the blood roll down each knuckle and drip onto the floor, the consequence of his outrage.

What was done was done, and what had been said could not be unsaid. Dio could not change what he had done in the past any more than Jonathan could control what he felt. All they could do is move forward. And from Jonathan’s point of view, he could not see them doing that any other way than together.

Using a handkerchief to stop the flow of blood, he pulled himself from the floor and out of the office. The air was stifling him, he needed to be outside in the sun, around nature. That would help ground him again. Through the house he walked like a ghost, avoiding servants and the room where Giorno had been left, wishing for solitude with his flowers. However, upon arrival in the garden, he would find that he was not alone.

Giorno sat kneeled on the corner of a stone path, beneath a spread of lithodora flowers that were now in full bloom. His eyes were fixed on a shrub, where a woodpecker sat perched on a branch, red head showing bright amongst the deep green foliage. He was so fixated he did not see Jonathan, and for fear of scaring the bird away, Jonathan did not move either.

From the very early days of their courtship, Jonathan had daydreamed about having a child with Dio. He wanted not just an adopted son, but one that was their flesh and blood, combining all that was good in Dio with all that was good in himself. What a strange twist of fate, to have exactly what he wished for, yet to feel so awful and betrayed by it all that he could not stand to look at the child.

But the child turned and looked at him instead. And he could not look away. Taking a few deep, calming breaths, Jonathan took a step forward. He moved slowly, as not to scare the bird, and came to crouch down beside the boy. It felt awkward, being so big next to a child so small, and the little blue flowers tickled the back of his neck. “That’s a spotted woodpecker.” Jonathan whispered, pointing to the creature as it flew to a higher branch.

“.Woodpecker.” Giorno repeated in hesitant English, the word unfamiliar on his lips. The two sat in
silence for a time, watching the bird preen and peck, before it finally decided to fly away. Blue eyes met blue.

“You like the garden, Giorno?”

He nodded his head.

“Good. Let me… show you around.” The last words were offered in broken Italian, but their meaning must have come through, because Giorno picked himself up with haste and looked to Jonathan with eagerness. Standing at his full height once more, Jonathan tapped his chin and looked around. “Now… where to begin.”

Dio willed himself asleep during the hours ride to the capital, but there was no such luck and he knew it. Too much buzzed through his mind, pecking like vultures on the recesses of his brain, hot, dark flashes of Jonathan’s words, Jonathan’s face, and memories of a time he did not want to relive creeping in with fuzzy recollection.

He smacked his hand into his head, and repeating the notion so many times a dull throb of a headache grew, and he let out a whimper.

Don’t cry, you fool… Dio told himself in vain, as the sting of tears fell in ugly splashes against his thighs.

He didn’t want to be a father. Not like this… not where… his own blood was passed down. Not when… Dario’s blood seeped into another like a. He was never meant to have his own son, to let his tainted genes spread beyond himself where he could contain them, suppress them, and finally die with them. He was to be the last Brando, that was always the way it was meant to be.

And now it was ruined, and for what? A child who crossed an ocean and a woman who died telling her son of him? For all the men this Jolanda must have fucked, was he really that memorable? Why? Why was he cursed?

Dio wanted a drink. Dio wanted ten drinks, and that was just for starters. But what would that do? Set him back five years all over again? No… he would not let this child ruin everything he had. Ruin his life, his love, his happiness. And whether Jonathan liked it or not, Dio thought as he flew out of the carriage and crashed into the second home, away from all eyes prying, he would just have to accept their lives were better without him.
It was three days later when Jonathan finally walked through the door of their London apartment. Normally, he would arrive with a bouquet of flowers, a bottle of sparkling cider, or some little trinket set to delight his husband, still seeing him as a prince even after all these years. This evening, however, was different. He still walked in the door, but holding bags of groceries, with which he started to prepare dinner with. Dio had more of a tendency to skip meals when Jonathan was not around, and he supposed that he may be even more inclined to do so considering the stress he was under.

He did not disturb him at first, but soon the smell of a savoury meat and vegetable stew would reach his nose, and Jonathan would lightly knock at his office door.

“Come downstairs and eat, Dio.” His tone was gentle, and offered no continuation (nor apology) for their quarrel. “We have much to discuss.” It was a good half hour later, but only once Dio was settled at the table did Jonathan look to him with a hint of a smile. He was quiet, as they began to eat, but after a few bites had been taken, the elephant in the room was brought to light.

“As I am sure you have guessed, I’ve been spending time with Giorno. And he is an exceptional child, Dio.”

Dio took too long to answer, playing with his food more than eating it, the ice in his glass of water melting somehow far more entertaining than looking at Jonathan, or even casting a short glance in his direction. He did not have any desire to talk about this, if it weren’t already clear.

The food did smell somewhat appetising -- five years of on and off cooking could make even a rich boy like Jonathan decent at it -- but hunger was the last thing on his mind, A diet of cigarettes, crackers, a handful of strawberries and a roll of bread was fine enough for him these past three days, and was fine enough for him now.

“I’m sure you would say that about any child,” he finally chose to say. “And how would you define ‘exceptional?’”

“He is different, Dio. If he was like any other child his age, he would have never made it from Italy to Europe.” Jonathan took a sip from his own water glass, bringing it down with a large clink before speaking again. “Most likely, he’d be dead.”

Another bite of the stew was taken, although Jonathan did not feel particularly hungry either. Across the last three days, he had done a great deal of thinking about what he would say to Dio once they were face to face again. But now that they were, he found himself unable to say a word of it. There was still so much anger, frustration, and guilt, all welled up into one big pit in the bottom of Jonathan’s stomach. And yet, when it came down to it, there was a far more important issue than any of his own feelings.

“Giorno likes the garden. He told me the names of a few of the flowers in Italian, and I told him what they were called in English. He learns fast,” Moving the stew around with his spoon, he added, “He already knows his letters and numbers. He can read in his native tongue, and a few words in English. If I were better at Italian, I am sure I would have discovered more.” Taking a deep breath, he finally came to the crux of the matter.

“Are you still as opposed to being a father as you were when we last spoke? And, if so… why?”
“I would have thought a decade and a half of knowing each other and over half a decade in courtship and marriage you would know me, but I suppose anyone can be proved wrong.” Dio caught Jonathan’s eye there, and cast him a glare with narrowed eyes and a scrunch of his nose. He put his spoon down and replaced it with a smoke, lighting it with haste and leaving them again in quiet.

“I am not father material. I never was. That had always been your dream, and perhaps I could stomach adoption in later years but…” Dio sighed, long and heavy, shoulders carrying weight of elephants. “Not my own. Not my seed and flesh and blood mixed with… a woman to make it so.” Disgust tinged his lips, not so different to how Jonathan had spoken to him.

Three days at least, had given him time to cool down. The reality was there, and it was more than a travesty, but at least he was to think about it now. And since a twelve year old’s pledge to work on his anger, slowly, it was improving. A quick temper would never leave Dio, but he had found happiness to be a far more jovial feeling. And fighting with Jonathan had long since lost its fun.

“I thought that time was over, Jojo… I never want to go back there. And yet now it returns, and brings conflict to our door, memories hard not only for me, but for you too. No matter how exceptional this child may or may not be, he is the very product of the worst times we have endured, both together and apart. I haven’t wanted to drink so much since I thought…” Dio choked on the words and took too long to say them. “Since I thought you were dead.”

The time when he appreciated the look on Dio’s face just before he was about to cry was one that had long since passed for Jonathan. No matter how frustrated or angry he might become with his husband, seeing him in pain would always leave him with the sensation of a metal vice being squeezed around his heart. The spoon clattered down into the bowl, and Jonathan’s mouth fell into an open frown.

“Oh, Dio…”

He had been right in the fact that the memories of their time apart and just after haunted Jonathan almost as strongly as they did himself. In the years of their domestic bliss since, those recollections had been few and far between, but Jonathan could still vividly recall every awful, lonely detail. Dio had hated him then, but had hated himself more, and for all the wrong reasons. Jonathan longed to reach out and embrace him, kiss him, offer what comfort he could, but this was something Dio needed to accept on his own, before he could accept Jonathan as part of the whole.

“I know that time was difficult, and I know you want to put it behind you. But perhaps this is a blessing in disguise.” Jonathan stood, tugging his chair until he was next to Dio. Plucking the cigarette from his fingers, he extinguished it in an ashtray, and covered Dio’s hands with his own.

“Just because you have the same blood as your father does not mean you will be a father like he was. You are your own man, and a self-made one at that. And you can make good from this, I know you can.”

Dio looked down at their joined hands. How, even in the midst of all of this mess could a simple touch of Jonathan’s make him feel as if calm ocean waves were lapping over him, creating a peace he simply could not know alone. He knew how.
“I can’t,” he started, concentrating on that feeling Jonathan gave him, the only thing he could hang onto, the only thing he did not fear. “And that is not humble, self-deprecating spiel. I know what I can do. I know my strengths and weaknesses better than anyone else in this world, and this… I do not think I can do it, Jojo. I don’t know what it means to be a parent. My mother loved, but I am not like her, and in the end she lost to the man who put scars on my skin and thought of me more as a punching bag slave than a son.” His hands began to shake, and he grabbed onto Jonathan tighter, squeezing.

“So what will that make me? I know I can get angry, I know I have a proneness for drinking… it is all too close. I do not want that side to rekindle, to show itself in the way that makes me hate myself. I cannot do this… not alone.”

“I promised I would never leave you alone again, did I not?” Jonathan held Dio’s hands in a fierce grip, leaning closer so that their heads were nearly touching. “You will never be alone, Dio, not so long as I have breath in my body. You are my husband. And I vowed that I would stay by your side, didn’t I?” Gentle, reassuring eyes looked into Dio’s own.

“But I need to disagree with you; you say you do not have it in you to be a father. I say you do.” He reached out and touched Dio’s chest, right over his heart. “You may not love as strongly or as easily as your mother, or me for that matter, but you can love. And more importantly, you have a good mind.” He lifted a finger and lightly tapped his head. “You have much to give, and… he needs it, Dio. He needs you.” Jonathan’s eyes turned serious, his brows furrowing.

“He hasn’t had it easy, and you are not to blame for that, but with his mother gone, he is your responsibility. You need not do this alone, if you wish me to be his parent too, but first and foremost, he needs his padre. And I will not do this until you have become one.

“Of course I--” Dio cut himself short, not pulling away completely, but jerking in his movements as Jonathan spoke. “If you were not there with me, Jojo, I could see no hope for it.” It was the truth, bittersweet as it was. “I do not ever think I would have raised a son, or daughter, or any of it alone, or with or with anyone else.” He met his stare hard “But with you, daunting as it is… it was never impossible.”

Dio swallowed hard, too much, too fast, but his time to contemplate at least had given him time to think. To calm. He knew Jonathan, knew there was no way he would abandon that child, no way he would not open up his arms and heart to him and hold him dear. And if this so called uncle of his that meant Jolanda was part Joestar, Giorno was related to Jonathan too. Those eyes told him that much, right from the start. And having more Jojo… that could never be bad.

“In some strange way, he is both of ours already. Perhaps the worst of my blood could be washed out by the best of yours.” He breathed deeply, pushing back pride he never would have admitted to years before. “So… please, Jojo… help me.”

“Dio, I’d” Hearing Dio speak of his blood as if it were something foul and polluted struck Jonathan down to his very core. He thought of Giorno, standing in the garden, blond hair scraggily over his ears, looking with such curiosity at the blooming lavender flowers. Watching him for those first few days brought an array of emotions Jonathan never realised himself capable of. “My blood is no better or worse. I have my share of sins, jealousies, and desires, just as you do.”

Resentment was one, and he despised himself for it. For years and years, he had buried any thought
and curiosity he might have towards relations with the opposite sex, content in his marriage and all the joy it brought him. But Giorno had shattered the glass wall, and now he was left dwelling on how Dio had years of having his way in bed with whoever suited his fancy. As a youth, Jonathan had remained celibate under the weak guise of being a gentleman, when in reality he was as ready to procreate as a young bull. Dio had changed all that, initiating him into the ways of the flesh, and from early on it was apparent that their romance was no passing fancy. Jonathan’s first serious relationship bloomed into his only relationship.

Giorno was a sharp reminder of Dio’s past. His existence alone showed just how low Dio had once sunk in the world, but also of how freely and without a care he had slept with a woman, his own kin. It was as if he knew a secret to which Jonathan never would be privy. And Jonathan felt the pangs of jealousy he had not felt towards Dio since he had stolen the affection of his own father.

But like most strong, harsh emotions, they passed. And he was left looking at the very image of his fanciful teenage dream of what a child might look like, should the two have been able to conceive. Only Jonathan wished he could see even more of his lover in those blue eyes.

“I love him more for being yours than for his connection to mine. But I love him already just the same, and of course I want to raise him with you.” Tears were rolling down his face that he hadn’t even known were there.

The tears caught Dio, like a quick spreading contagion, the hot pricks under his eyelids felt all the hotter, and began to spill out too. His fist trembled, and he tightened it. “Alright then.” How the words were said differed utterly to the words themselves, and Dio nodded slowly.

“But now that that is settled, there are a certain amount of issues that come, not only in raising, but in his existence in the first place.” Hands dragged over Dio’s face, and this time he sighed, returning to a far less emotional state, mind having to adjust to this new reality.

“I imagine the secret cannot be kept forever, so we need to quickly decide how we are going to manage the scandal that comes from an occurrence such as this.” Oh how people loved to talk, and while Dio had little qualm in being the centre of attention, he’d much rather it regarded his accomplishments than his dirty laundry and surprising dramatics. “You have not told anyone about him yet, have you?”

What other people thought of their new family member had not even occurred to Jonathan yet, his concerns having been so tangled with his emotions and Dio. But it was an important matter to consider; illegitimacy was not looked on with favour, and might greatly hinder his chances later in life. No, they had to avoid scandal as much as possible, though how to do so was a puzzle.

“He must be formally adopted into the family and given the Joestar name to start. That is one way we can protect him.” Jonathan leaned back in his chair, folding his arms across his chest as he pondered the problem of where Giorno came from. “As for me, it does not affect my occupation or standing if we let the rumour that he is my bastard grow. He does have a resemblance; the mark and the blue eyes are undeniably Joestar traits.” Jonathan smiled slightly, meeting Dio’s amber.

“By the time they realise how alike you two look, it will be too late. His place in society shall be secure, and he will have long since been brought into the family.” Jonathan lifted one of his hands and brushed it across Dio’s cheek. “Even if there were ever questions about your similarities, no one will ever know the story. And it can be put behind us once more, this time, for good.”

Dio considered it, brows furrowed and lips pursed. “Perhaps… but your title will only do you so good, my Jojo. No, I am not fond of that rumour, and people will think differently of you should they think you had a child yourself. You are too kindly, and it is how others see you. You are a reputable
and respectable man, I do not have any intention of darkening your name or sulllying your reputation.” An affirmative gesture was given, and he would not see it otherwise. “To be the bastard child is no way to start out in life.” Though not a bastard, Dio knew what life as a second class son was. Lord Joestar may have favoured him, but that did not stop the mutterings and talk behind his back from his peers. Dio hated it.

“However, I do believe we have an advantage that might as well be put to use. This uncle Harold you speak of, for all the world need know, he could be the father. He was estranged in Italy, nobody knows what his life has been for years, no? He could have easily had a child in his last days, and sent him to you, or your father, for a better life.” Dio folded his fingers together, contemplative. “It’s a believable tale, and only serves to elevate you and us for taking the boy in.”

Jonathan tapped a finger thoughtfully against his lip. “Few people know of Harold, and the only ones who could have truly could have known the details of his life are gone now themselves. So the tale is believable, and it is rooted in a bit of truth, as he most assuredly fathered at least one illegitimate sire, who knows, perhaps there are others…” A deep, exasperated sigh escaped his lips. He did not like the thought of there being other Joestars out there without his knowledge, but unless they had the wits about them Giorno had most assuredly inherited from Dio, most likely he would never be hearing from them. And that suited Jonathan just fine, his own family was enough as is.

“All right then. Giorno is the child of my long lost uncle, and we have decided to take him under our wing out of family duty and obligation.” He nodded firmly. “I can see few who would have a problem with such a thing. The fact that we are both, in most eyes, bachelors might make it a bit peculiar, but the nobility have been known to take wards for the strangest of reasons.” With a mischievous gleam in his eye, he gave Dio a playful poke, and then let his fingers brush over his chest, tracing down and around each button.

“And so it seems, my dear, that we have a son.” Eyes were raised to Dio, in a mixture of excitement and nerves.

“…So it does.” Not the most sensual line Jonathan had proposed Dio with for more reasons than one, but there was something warming about this tribulation no longer tearing them apart that made Dio smile all the same. And so, one of the buttons Jonathan was fiddling with, along with Dio’s assistance, came undone, revealing the first hint of pale skin, the second following soon after.

Dio stood, only for a second, and moved himself onto Jonathan’s lap, one leg either side, feet slightly tiptoed on the floor beneath them. He missed the easy touches the could share, even after three days. It was infrequent they would even go a couple of nights without at least some interaction since his return from the dead, Jonathan liked to stay close to Dio and Dio was more than content in letting him.

Arms wrapped around Dio as he melted into Jonathan’s lap, the hold familiar and warm. He too had no taste for testing the waters of distance ever again, and these last few nights without him had felt cold indeed.

“We should finish our dinner,” Jonathan said with a few light kisses being pressed to the top of Dio’s head. “And we can spend the evening here, perhaps you can begin to draw up the paperwork for the adoption. But tomorrow, I want us both to go back and speak to the boy, and let him know our arrangements for him. He is a good child, Dio, and very quiet, I am sure that he will suit your taste in children just fine.” That was of course, if Dio had a taste in them to begin with, besides ‘none at all.’
Blood is Thicker: Chapter 4

Early the next afternoon, the carriage pulled up in front of the Joestar manor with both masters inside, having spent a quiet but productive evening at their London home, falling into a contented sleep snug in each other’s arms. Refreshed and ready to start this new phase in his life, Jonathan stepped through the front door with the greatest of haste.

“Where is Giorno?” he asked a servant. He was directed to the living room that overlooked the garden. Sitting to make himself comfortable, he grinned at Dio. “I am excited to tell him, aren’t you?” Before Dio could reply, a small blond figure curiously stepped into the front parlour, covered from head to toe in dirt and grass stains. When he saw who it was, Giorno ducked back behind the door frame, and tilted his head so that he could stare nervously out at them.

Dio’s eyes widened at the sight of it. Looking more like Percy in his days as an untrained puppy, or Jonathan as an adolescent indulging in his love for rainy days and muddy puddles, the boy, his son was unkempt and trailing mess. Where nervousness had been throughout the journey back home, and even when they reached the estate at the prospect of taking in Giorno, a new emotion replaced it. Disapproval ran over his face quickly, and a high brow and low frown formed.

“Exceptional indeed,” he muttered to Jonathan’s side, out of earshot, not that Giorno could understand the words. “Exceptionally messy.” Hands on his hips, Dio let out a sigh.

“Have a servant clean him up before any discussions begin. Take him through the side entrance, I will not tolerate these white floors stained for good.” Could he really be his kin, to allow himself to get so filthy while outside presumably gardening; it seemed he picked up more genes from the other side.

While Jonathan cringed knowing that Dio would not approve of the dirt, it made him happy to see that Giorno had been playing like a normal child, most likely enjoying the garden that they had explored together just days prior. He doubted that the boy had much of a chance to do so in Italy, and it warmed him to think that perhaps now he could run and play, just as Jonathan had as a child.

The moment Dio walked into the room, Giorno’s eyes were fixed upon him, and when the disapproval came, his head dropped and his fingers began to nervously comb through his hair, in a vain attempt to look more presentable. Jonathan clicked his tongue, knowing that this was not a good start to breaking the ice between father and son. Stepping up to Giorno, he scooped the boy up into his arms and placed him on his shoulders. Dirt never bother him, anyway.

“No need to trouble the servants. You can take a bath in my room. Remember, I showed it to you the other day?” Jonathan repeated himself in his broken Italian, and a nod of the tiny head showed that he had understood, small hands coming to rest over Jonathan’s large tan ones. Still, his bright blue eyes kept glancing nervously to Dio, wondering what would happen next.

“Come, Dio, you can help run the bath water.” Jonathan’s tone of voice and glare in Dio’s direction left no room for argument.

Dio rolled his eyes at the glare, folding his arms over, quietly observing the interaction between Jonathan and Giorno. Why could he be his son instead, he was already looking the part? This was a bad idea.

But still, he had told Jonathan he’d at least try and act paternal with the boy -- though what did he expect when seeing him a mess like that? And the treatment would have been the same if Jonathan
were in the same state, frankly, he was doing quite a splendid job so far by not having him wash off with a hose before being allowed indoors. Jonathan hadn’t liked it when he came up with the idea last year, but installing one by the garden did make watering the plants far easier. Everything had a silver lining.

As for now, he supposed he could run a bath; it served as a start, and so he allowed it. “Don’t let him trail mud.” Swivelling on his heel, Dio made an about turn and headed promptly up the stairs and down the hall. He sighed, shaking his head as he continued on as soon as he was out of sight, that churning feeling in his stomach returning the minute eyes were off him.

Giorno and Jonathan had been off to a good start together in those first three days, so the young blond had little fear when it came to being carried upon Jonathan’s broad, bulky shoulders. It was in actuality a treat. And he had also seen Jonathan’s room before, where he had met Percy. Dogs he was wary of, but Percy was friendly enough, and he had shyly pet his spotted coat.

The bath tub, however, was not something to which he was acquainted with. In the master bedroom bathroom, which may have been lovely on its own, seemed all the more foreboding with its large filling porcelain tub, and Dio standing beside it, looking vexed.

“Now Giorno, we will make a pile with your dirty clothes here, see?” Jonathan took off his own tie, which was specked with mud. “I can help if you’d like.” Giorno, however, started to back away, wariness in his eye.

Hands on his hips, but quickly switching into a fold, a natural resting face of general disdain, coupled with nothing short of a plethora of conflicting emotions had Dio looking rather sour. He watched as Giorno moved away, sighing as imprints of mud were left on the once pristine floors. “Go on then, or are you going to continue dirtying up the place more than you already have?” he snipped in a quick spiel of Italian.

One look of disapproval from Jonathan had him pouting. He imagined he only got about half the words, but the tone was enough for him to know. “Or I can leave.” That was said in English. “I think you have things covered here, Jojo, and it is not really a task for two.” Instinct of flight kicking in hard, Dio looked to the door.

As Giorno with slow and careful movements removed each piece of his clothing, Jonathan flicked his eyes in Dio’s direction. If there was one benefit to having been married for a good amount of time, it was that they had an even better understanding of each other’s eye and body language, and right now Jonathan’s was saying ‘Don’t you dare.’

Once Giorno was undressed, he folded his arms over himself and hunched back, like a small, nervous animal afraid of crossing an unruly body of water. Jonathan gave him a gentle look, kneeling down to his level as he rolled up his sleeves.

“Here, I know it is a big bathtub. It’s for someone my size!” Well, in reality, it was for someone his side, plus his husband, plus room to have sex without making too much of a mess after, but Giorno did not need to know that. “I shall lift you up and put you in, all right?” He allowed Dio to translate, and then slowly wrapped his arms about the tiny figure, not caring if dirty fingerprints were to decorate the shirt after, it was the least of his problems. Giorno was placed into a pool of bubbles, that went up to his neck. Jonathan reached for a pink bar of soap and began to gently scrub.

“You are going to smell like roses by the time I’m done with you.”

Dio remained as silently bid, back leaned against the wall and legs folded over, observing with painful scrutiny. The mud separated from Giorno as he entered the suds, casting a browning tinge to
what was one a rather pleasant looking bath. It was sure to leave a rim of grime around the pristine porcelain.

Every so often Giorno’s stare would fall on Dio, long and deep, like he was boring into his soul ceaselessly. Then flicker away to elsewhere -- to Jonathan’s smile, to the ceiling tiles, to the soap suds and suddenly it would soften. Dio, never one to lose in a match of stares, found himself compelled to look away from this four year old boy. An advisory difficult indeed.

He felt awkward, gawkish, standing there like a lemon as Jonathan took to children like a fish to water, that instinct of maternal and dually paternal so intrinsic to him, something he was born to do. Dio had no shared inclination, no tender instinct toward him, a territory so far from his own nature and ability he was left nervous, manifested in rippling irritation at his own lack of ability. He did not like not knowing what he was doing, not at all.

“Dio, would you ask one of the servants to bring clothing up for the boy?” Jonathan could sense Dio’s internal flailing, and he was not without pity. This would be no easy transition for his husband, having to adjust to a paternal role and the last shreds of his darkest days all at once. But there was no choice in the matter, it must be done, and it must be done soon.

With Jonathan’s permission, the servants had gone through a collection of old clothing, relics from Jonathan’s own childhood that had never been thrown away or passed on to other children. At Jonathan’s age, he had only just started wearing breeches, his brown curls and round face making for an exceptionally feminine look. The clothing, which consisted of shorts and miniature suits was out of date and would be baggy on Giorno’s petit form, but it was far better than the rags he had arrived in.

By the time Giorno was clean, the servants had brought to the bedroom the chest of children’s clothing for Dio’s inspection. Jonathan carried the boy out in his arms, encased in the centre of a fluffy white towel, ringlets of damp blond curls peeking out around his face.

“Now, let’s get you something to wear, and then your padre has something important to tell you.” Jonathan’s eyes darted between Giorno and Dio hopefully, wishing that the tension between them would evaporate.

Wishes only got one so far, and there was no such easy dissipation of the thick air. Dio had to be glad for Jonathan as a mediator, he had no idea how he would even stomach to handle this alone. Part of him still wished none of it happened. Fear, trepidation, it was all still there, kicking and screaming and pulling him away, and perhaps some not so small part of him wished this was never true. It could be so much easier if it were not true.

But the matter of clothing choice, that was something no matter who the individual, Dio could delve into with an assured amount of ease. Sorting through outdated attire more than certainly a quarter century behind in the times, his expression bowed into a sceptical look at every piece. “He’ll need new clothes, these will not do for everyday life,” Dio said, holding up and comparing a pale blue centred clothing with an indigo shade with red trimming. Different to both his own and Jonathan's complexion, certainly not pale neither bronzed, a golden inbetweener. It did make for an entire new range of clothing colour options, and that was never something Dio could truly oppose.

He picked the indigo, moving close enough to Giorno to test the palette, keen eye already knowing it was well suited. “This will do, at least the shade is well fitting.” He handed the piece to Jonathan.

“He shall certainly need new clothes.” Jonathan said with a smile as he began to help Giorno into the shirt, but found the child tugging it down, fully capable of doing it himself. Most likely, he had been doing so for a long time. With the outfit on, Jonathan admired Giorno’s blue eyes, and noticed how
they looked particularly striking against the indigo colour of the fabric. He would have never thought to pick it out himself, Dio was the one who had an eye for fashion. He couldn’t help but smile, wondering if Giorno would be the same, or would he take after him and care only for comfort? Only time would tell.

A quick comb was run through Giorno’s soft, damp curls, taming them into some level of presentability, though most likely, it would not last long. Taking his hand, he lead him through the twists and turns of the mansion into the sitting room, where a servant would soon be serving tea and snacks. He let Giorno take one of the large, comfy arm chairs, and looked at him with nervous but exhilarated eyes.

Jonathan may have been more confident in his paternal abilities, and it was true, he had always wanted a child of his own. Yet he could not shake the gravity of the fact that it was happening, and so soon, with the weight of Dio’s baggage behind it all. Giving no thought to propriety, he took Dio’s hand into his own and gave it a squeeze.

“Giorno, we are going to adopt you into the Joestar family.” His gaze moved between the young blond and his husband, allowing Dio to translate.

After a pause, Dio recited the words, watching as the small hints of successful delight made Giorno’s shoulders that little bit broader, his lips to part and curve up into a hint of repressed smile. His stare also took him to the joined hands of Dio and Jonathan, and so promptly, Dio detached. His thoughts for propriety were still fully intact, perhaps more so in front of the child as he continued.

“The likelihood that you are related to my brother here through family roots is high. You share the same birthmark, after all, and he did have an uncle who moved to Italy, who, if correct would be your grandfather.” He allowed time for Giorno to absorb the information. “But the story we shall tell is not that. He will be your father, sending you here on the time of his end for Jojo to take care of. And so we shall accept you, and take you in.”

Giorno was quiet, pensive, mulling over the words between twiddling fingers, thumbs dipping and diving “But you are my padre, not…” He looked to Jonathan, regarding his uncle.

“Perhaps the evidence points that way, but simply coming out and declaring this to the entire world is not going to be taken well. It would cause trouble not only for me, but for you, and I am sure you do not want that. The life of an illegitimate child is no easy affair, is it?” Dio’s voice stood somewhere between charming persuasion, uncompromising insistence, and shared essence of experience, the last sentence holding a weight Giorno could fully understand. He shook his head, compliant.

“No…”

That was easy enough. Dio nodded. “No. This will give you the best start in life here.” Realising he had leaned forward a good few inches toward Giorno, he pulled back, resting once again on the sofa with arms folded over. Almost considering the case settled, a small voice chimed.

“May I… still call you padre?”

The question threw Dio a little, that unfriendly gut wrench back and he inhaled. “...Do as you will. I suppose you ought to call Jojo something similar, given that he will be considered your primary relation.”

Jonathan could sense how important his ‘padre’ was to Giorno. It was perhaps the only hope he had, so much so that it drove him to travel across Europe to find him. It touched him, in a way which he knew Dio was incapable of feeling, not with everything else that surrounded this controversy. But
perhaps one day, he would come to appreciate the love and admiration of his son, and returns it as such.

Everything was slow and steady when it came to Dio, as Jonathan knew all too well. But in the end, it would be worth it.

“Dio can be your padre. Perhaps I can be your papa? I don’t mind if you call me Jojo until you feel comfortable.” Jonathan was beaming at Giorno. He was in love, head over heels, but in a very different way than with his husband. Now that this boy was in his care, he would do anything and everything in his power to keep him healthy and happy. Giorno, who did look to him shyly and smile, still found his eyes drawn to his father by blood, seeking an approval from the man that he was not yet ready to give.

“Thank you,” said Giorno’s soft little voice in both languages. He fidgeted a bit from side to side in the armchair, his little feel dangling far from the floor in his second hand shoes. “I will be quiet and good.”

With a decisive nod, after all, to Dio a quiet obedient child was the least they could do, the matter was settled, and so began this certainly unexpected new chapter in their lives.
Blood is Thicker: Chapter 5

Plenty of rooms to choose from, Giorno for the time being kept to the one chosen prior. For most intents and purposes they were all alike, and everyone must have been akin to a palace in the young boy’s eyes. Dio recalled himself, despite the bravado of slipping in like a king to all else, the sheer size of the Joestar mansion throwing him. It was one thing to know how the rich live, and another to experience it first-hand. A world utterly different to the backends of slums.

“It went as well as it could have,” Dio said once they were safely within their own master suite, kicking off his shoes and discarding his waistcoat neatly on a hook. “No getting out of it now.” He sighed, falling into a recline on the bed and closing his eyes.

“Join me?”

‘Quiet and good’ did not sit well with Jonathan. What child wanted to be quiet and good? He supposed one who had grown up exceptionally talented but horribly neglected by his mother might fall into that category, but he did hope that in time, Giorno would open up more. He already enjoyed tending to the garden, perhaps there was more that they could do together, lessons that he could teach him outside as they both enjoyed nature; Jonathan’s mind was running wild with the possibilities.

But the day had been long, and no one was in the mood for a stuffy, formal dinner in the main dining room. The servants would tend to Giorno, while Dio and Jonathan took time to settle after their journey from the city, as well as from the gravity of the commitment they had just made. As he watched Dio stretch out across the bed looking tired, he realised that it had been far too long since they had a peaceful moment alone. Jonathan was Dio’s husband first, before anything else.

“I know this is taking a toll on you,” Jonathan began, removing his own shoes and stripping down to nothing but his trousers. “But I am proud of you.” Stretching out beside him, he pressed a few wet kisses to side of Dio’s face. “Oh so proud.”

“It is what it is.” Dio and another’s pride for him had always been a slope he found mixed in feelings at best; and with this particular subject, and the presses of sweet kisses, it was not something he wished to dwell on.

Catching Jonathan’s lips he kissed him back long and deeply, losing his mind in the kiss as if even after all these years it was the first time, a new indulgence, matched with the familiarity of lips studied and analysed more than his dissertation. This was home, this was family, this was safe and all he could ever want. It felt like it had been years since they could be intimate..

He pulled the large form that was Jonathan's body on top of himself, taking the opportunity to grab at his chest, feel the warmth and squeeze of his pectorals and the pressure of his weight comfortably sink him into mattress. He kissed the soft line of his jaw and down to his neck, nuzzling against the skin, and snaked up to smooth down his back, nails giving him a gentle scratch.

“Perhaps you should think to find ways to relieve this toll, hm?” Dio suggested, and soon enough his hands slipped down and took a solid grip of his ass, pushing into the cheeks. “I can think of one.”

Jonathan’s soft, saccharine kisses gave way to Dio’s more passionate ones without objection. In their years together, their marriage bed had been filled with satin pyjamas and soothing conversations, but also sweaty bodies and come stained sheets. It seemed that tonight would be the latter of the two.

Arms draped about Dio’s smaller but firm body, nuzzling his face in the space between his neck and
shoulder, savouring the feel of the smooth skin, fingers slipping between their chests to undo the buttons of Dio’s shirt. The nails down his back lead to a delightful prickle of warmth, and he lifted his head to look down at Dio, lips turned up in a playful little smile.

“Mmm, while I would have suggested that I rub your shoulders, I suppose an option involving your cock could be a possibility as well.” Jonathan’s pink, wet tongue slide down the pale flesh, hands working ahead to remove his belt.

“You can rub my shoulders after, no stopping you there.” Dio sighed with indisputable warmth and the beginnings of pleasure, throwing his arms up in a long stretch for emphasis, back arching up before settling the mounds of curls that made Jonathan’s hair.

Keeping them buried, he settled comfortably in position and watched Jonathan work. As involved and heady and energetic as Dio enjoyed getting no matter what position he lay, this time he wanted to be the princess -- or, to better fit their analogy -- prince of the pillow, gazing at Jonathan against the soft sheets as he brought about his bliss in any way he desired. A chance to simply react to others without personal stress, allow the waves to roll over him while he could nothing but enjoy them was a much needed phenomenon.

Eyes raising for a moment to assure that Dio was indeed beginning to relax and unwind, Jonathan turned his focus back to slipping the last remaining shreds of clothing from his husband’s lithe figure. A few kisses were pressed to the smooth, light skin of his belly, letting his tongue leave a slick trail of saliva to mark the path. Kisses were pressed to either side of his hips, and upon reaching the thatch of golden hair, drew up so that he could properly toy with Dio’s growing cock.

“First I’ll attend to some other places that are begging for release.” Jonathan’s lips parted, and he lightly sucked on the head of the organ, bringing it to a full erection. The hard, twitching length was taken into his mouth, quiet, wet sounds mixed with the sharp intakes of breath periodically breaking the silence of the room. A hand gently slipped between Dio’s thighs, taking his sacks into his large palm, giving them a squeeze. Jonathan knew how to mix tender, loving touches with a more unyielding flavour, the culmination of which would be Dio writhing in delight, sprawled out on the silk.

Humming content, Dio spread his legs all the wider, the warmth enveloping oh so familiar but nonetheless sweet. He could relish, bathe, live in the slurping and salacious noises Jonathan made, all too arousing; the sight of his lips around him, moving up and down only increased that tenfold. No one, truly no one could make him feel so grand in every way.

But as wonderful as his mouth could be, Dio wished for more, utter subjugation was what he desired, to lose himself completely in the throes. His life was about control, and recently it was slipping through his fingers. This way, even if it was, he could forget about it, just for a little while. “Take me, Jojo. Make me come with your cock.”

There were very few things about Dio that were predictable. By his very nature, he was continually surprising Jonathan, in both his tenacity and affection. In years of marriage, however, one did learn things and witness patterns. Dio’s taste for Jonathan’s cock inside him was most definitely one. Jonathan still preferred to give him other options, and indeed, there were few things the two hadn’t tried, everything from blindfolds to toys to sex in public places checked off an invisible list. But Dio’s favourite was the feel of Jonathan being encased deep within the warm folds of his body, and after a long, rough day, who was Jonathan to deny him?

It did not take long to kick off the last scraps of clothing, as well as to bring his own cock to full mast. But before anything else, he leaned back over between Dio’s thighs, as if bowing in worship. Sharp probes of his tongue lathered his entrance with saliva, as well as teasing the puckered flesh.
Only once he was satisfied with the moans from Dio’s lips did he draw away. Reaching to the ornately carved redwood side table, he opened a drawer and pulled out a jar of oil, generously lathering the cool liquid between Dio’s thighs. His own cock was given a few messy strokes to get off the last of the oil, before diving inside.

“Does that feel better?” Jonathan whispered into Dio’s ear, licking the three moles and giving it a nip just as he knew he liked. “It has been a few days since we’ve indulged, you poor dear.”

Toes already curling with the start of what he knew would be nothing but splendid, delightful, and frankly distracting contentment, Dio smiled, broad and giddy with the filling sensation of Jonathan’s cock blossoming inside him like spring. “Yes, Jojo… it really has been too long. It should never be too long.” Marriage had done little to cool his libido, as strong as it was in his earlier youth, and how he did relish the times they could come together and be.

His legs wrapped around Jonathan’s hips, pulling him in tight, the hot press of contact, so close in proxemics their chests brushed and he could feel Jonathan’s breath close. The hot whispers in his ear were tinged with after dinner mints, a delightful contrast that made him writhe with the bites to his ear -- ever sensitive.

Right now, right now he could put fatherhood away, he could put adoption and court, and law and all that absorbed his day by day, both in norm and unorthodox and give it to Jojo. Pulling him in for a sloppy wet kiss, he did just that. “Fuck me.”

“Gladly.” Jonathan’s hips began to rock in their familiar, steady rhythm, hands staying on the curve of Dio’s waist. He could only smile, and lightly kiss the top of Dio’s golden head. His husband never stopped being eager for his seed, and likely never would. He could only be thankful that he enjoyed it just as much as Dio did, if not more so.

Pressing his back down on the bed, Jonathan let himself go, closing his eyes and thrusting inside deep and hard. His hands stayed on Dio’s shoulders, forcing him down further into the soft mattress. They were both beginning to sweat, ready to mess up another set of expensive silk sheets, an expense that neither of them took issue with, not even Dio. Even if he had, he would have shrugged and simply told Jonathan to pound into him on the floor.

While he was fresh and eager to come, he knew that no quick fuck would do for tonight. So instead, he forced his body to move slow, wanting Dio to feel and savour each and every bit of his length that was being stuffed into his depths.

And Dio did, with wholeness and gratitude, walls flushed and stretched out wide, sweet spot found and hit with shuddering intensity that pooled over his boy in lustrous laps, sometimes shooting electric currents when he hit just the right spot at just the right time. Those were what made Dio truly scream, crying out in rapture, wrapping his arms around Jonathan’s neck, nails into his back, deep and gripping; a mere attempt to hold on for dear life.

“More, more,” he mewled, eyes closed, squeezing shut in the effort it took not to burst from his body too soon, all at once.

He turned then, forcing himself just for a moment to pull apart enough to land on his stomach. Growing tired, it was easier to maintain this way, and with his ass tilted up for perfect exposure, Jonathan could sink himself in all the deeper.

“He... like this. Put it back in.” Aimless grabbing behind him to take Jonathan’s cock and force it to return, Dio pushed his hair over his shoulder, neck displayed long and slender as the rest of his form, back in an elegant, but nonetheless raunchy display.
It was an irritating sensation, being ripped from the joining with his lover, but Jonathan was rewarded with a most sultry view of Dio’s magnificent form. His blond was the perfect embodiment of everything he could ever desire, both masculine and feminine, fervent and lustful. His cock slid in so smoothly that he could not resist increasing his pace, thrusting into him at greater speeds than before, body impatiently wanting to melt into Dio’s own.

He waited first for the familiar signs of Dio’s own release, the cries, the moans, the sounds that most likely echoed throughout the wing of the mansion, which the servants knew better than to stand around and listen. Only once he had that, and felt the trembles of the smaller body beneath him, shuddering as his seed leaked onto the sheets, did Jonathan let his restraint go. He plunged deeper into him, hitting his prostate over and over even while Dio was recovering, before filling him with his own seed.

Once he was done, he lay sprawled on top of him, catching his breath, knowing too well that Dio would not mind a few more moments beneath his weight.

Dio remained still, small thigh twitches and pants escaping his lips, the heaviness warm and as comfortable as the come inside his rear, one of the world’s most delicious sensations. His cock remained hard for a number of minutes after spilling, before finally settling nicely and soft between his legs, buzzing with the reminder of what had just happened.

Managing to shimmy around with Jonathan still planted on top, he returned to lying on his back, only so he could give him a long wet kiss, peppering his face and neck with affectionate presses, unable to keep himself from simply indulging in those gentle touches, desire for contact unending.

“I needed that.”

“You deserved it,” Jonathan said with a stroke of his hand over Dio’s long, blond hair. Carding fingers affectionately through his locks as he so often did, his own lips pressed a few light kisses to his brow. These were the moments that made everything worth it; all the years of tension and fighting followed by Dio’s descent and recovery were just rain droplets in the gutter by now. Their marriage was a happy one, their lives finally at the point where they had everything they wanted, and could enjoy it.

It may not have been planned, but perhaps Giorno was showing up at the right time after all.

Gazing down at Dio with his gentle smile, he allowed his hands to wander from his hair down over his sides. “I have never seen you fail at anything you set your mind to. Your determination and mastery are without question. And I know that fatherhood will be yet another thing you excel at.” Before Dio could make even the slightly sound of protest, he joined their lips in a long, wet kiss, tongue slipping into the other’s mouth and entwining with Dio’s own.

Dio’s lips were in that of a pout, the slight chap of Jonathan’s lips quickly faded into softness, damp and distracting from all other factors. The thought of fatherhood was not exactly comforting, whether Jonathan thought the best of him or not, and so he allowed himself to be kissed and forget a little longer. It was okay to forget.

But when more and more came, and finally their lips were puffy and red and the deep affections turned to gentle shoulder pecks and skin nuzzles, thought did return, and Dio could not let it escape forever.

“If Giorno had never shown up,” Dio began with a sigh. “What would you have said? About having a child of our own another way?”
The topic of children never had quite escaped them, though nothing quite demanding. Jonathan longed to adopt, he had known that from barely a day after the time in the shed. Maybe they would be now, if Dio had not done such a job of postponing, and their lives had not been so full of work and life. They were still young, still had plenty of time. But it slipped into their day to day all the same -- not always, just sometimes, keeping the small fire lit, visible, flickering.

During a stroll through the park when Jonathan spotted a couple of twins playing while mothers gossiped, Jonathan would sigh, almost nostalgic. When he held Neil’s offspring his cheeks would glow with warmth. It was infrequent that they saw the Floris children, but the times they did, Jonathan’s fondness for Isabelle in particular shone through like Christmas tinsel struck by light. Dio noticed. Dio always noticed.

“Come now, Dio,” Jonathan began, smile still on his plump and well kissed lips. “You know the answer.” It was true, Jonathan had yearned for fatherhood right from the start. It was something that he had grown up knowing it would be an expectation, to create an heir, someone to continue the Joestar line. But beyond that, he had looked forward to it more than any of the other expectations. Unlike running the estate or handling trade, Jonathan knew he would both enjoy and excel at fatherhood.

“I have always wanted a son or daughter. And had you been equipped to give me one, we would have most likely had a brood by now, you know this.” He reached his hand down playfully between his thighs, teasing his wet and sticky opening. “After all, you love having my seed inside you, mm?” His fingers pressed in deeper, just shy of his sweet spot, and then withdrew coated in the remnants of his come.

“But you are a man, you should know by now that I would not have you any other way.” Jonathan leaned in and pressed a kiss to his forehead, sealing his words that were spoken with the utmost sincerity. “I would have been satisfied taking a child in who had no parents. We would have come to some kind of an arrangement, I am sure. But now with Giorno, such a search is not even necessary. He is here, and he is perfect.” A few pecks were pressed to Dio’s cheeks. “Just as you are, my dear.”

“You know,” Dio said with a voice between flat and curiously telling, allowing his face to tilt into the kisses as tender speckles on his skin. “Where you get the idea it must only be I who is the wife if we were to have a child of us alone is beyond me, Jojo. Why should it always be me in your fantasies? I see no reason why I would have to endure nine months of swollen feet, strange food cravings and irreparable stretch marks when it could just as well be you?” He gave him a poke, prodding buffed nails into his upper arm with enough force to leave an impression of pain, but nothing lasting.

“By all accounts, I may leanings towards the outward beauty than you,” not that Dio did not deem his husband stunning beyond measure, “but it makes me no less a man. If you want a child so much, imagine your own self bearing it instead of me for once.” He pouted. “You like my seed inside you just as much and you cannot deny it. And you are just as, if not more emotional than most women on the best of days. Really, it would make no sense for it to be anyone but you.”

“I never said it made you any less a man!” Jonathan’s face flushed as red as a tomato, feeling completely off guard by Dio’s sudden suggestion. “I, well, it simply makes sense that you would be the one. After all, I…” His voice trailed off, unable to think of a good reason why Dio would be the wife that would not get him smacked upside the head. It was true, Dio looked the part, having managed to pass for his wife on a few occasions. His body was unique in how beautiful it was, and when matched with his talent for fashion, he could truly become anything he wished. In Dio, Jonathan felt he had the best of both worlds, a beautiful woman and a handsome man, all wrapped up in one ravishing blond package.
“You would look better than I would,” Jonathan finally said, choosing his words carefully. “As you look utterly splendid no matter what you wear, or what your condition. Alas, I do not share that gift.” Flattery was the only way to go with Dio, and sometimes, even that would not be enough.

“But you are right, I do enjoy your seed inside me. Sometimes you are just so eager for my cock that I have no choice but to settle for it elsewhere.” He traced a few white sticky spots on Dio’s belly, and then rolled onto his hands and knees, presenting his rear for Dio’s inspection. “But you always feel lovely inside me.”

“Oh?” Dio raised a brow wide, still lounging and lying, and now staring at the view before him. Two large cheeks and a hole between them, puckered and tight from lack of use today, but oh so stretchy. “Is that an invitation?” He brought his finger to his mouth, playfully licking the first segment of it with a lackadaisical energy.

“But I thought you were going to give me a massage afterwards. I was looking forward to it.” The hand pulled away just long enough to give Jonathan a hearty spank on the left side of his ass. It wasn’t strong enough to leave a perfect imprint of his palm, but it was a few shades redder, and it would do to make his point.

He returned to sucking on his finger a little while longer, chuckling at the yelp Jonathan gave at his movements. But before he could turn around, Dio stuffed the wet digit into his entrance and twisted it round. He curved it upwards so it grazed at that sweet spot they had both grown to know and adore inside of them, showing off that languid demeanour by crossing his legs over. It was a position more for reclining at the beach than fingering, but that was part of the fun. “How’s that, my dear?”

As Dio hit the right spot, Jonathan’s cock began to harden right between his thighs. The sensation was slightly uncomfortable, his cock having only just spilled its seed minutes before. But the direct contact was strong enough that there was no fighting it, and glancing back at the sultry blond behind him only made him want Dio’s cock even more. His large shaft soon swelled to full length, and Jonathan reached out and gave it a good, hard stroke.

“I do not think anyone else on this earth could make me hard again so soon,” said Jonathan, as he lifted his rear further up and back, silently begging for something other than fingers to be slipped inside him next.

Dio loved to tease, play games with Jonathan and whoever else was available, but there was something especially fun about the former, particular when it came to matters of the wanton flesh. The little gasps and moans he made were delightful at worst and glorious at best, and when Dio pushed a second finger inside, turning and scissoring, they were certainly closer to glory.

“I bet I could make you come like this, Jojo,” Dio said, unable to hide the joviality in his tone. “If I just…” He brought the two digits together and rubbed them hard into his prostate, spinning fast circles. “You seem rather content, mm?”

While it was an improvement from the single, slender digit, Jonathan whined audibly, craving more than Dio was giving. He squirmed impatiently, thrusting his hips backwards in an attempt to create more friction and thus greater pleasure.

“But I am not content, I thought this was about filling me with your seed” Jonathan peered over his shoulder at Dio, splaying his legs open wide, the two cheeks spreading further apart. His blue eyes were as gleeful as ever, but the craving for more was evident, his expression practically begging Dio to fuck him. “You shouldn’t waste time, I am plenty ready to take you in.”

As if to prove this point, Jonathan’s front sank down into the soft mattress, clutching the sheets and
burying his face in a pillow. This allowed for his sizable ass to jut up higher than before, making Jonathan look rather like a dog in heat. How he appeared was the least of his problems; he wanted Dio inside him, and soon.

Dio gave him a look, travelling from that sweetly pathetic stare to that raised rear and back, scanning Jonathan’s form up and down while doing little to respond to it. “Always about you, isn’t it, Jojo? But who said I am ready?” His hand brushed over his own come covered stomach, trailing to his cock, easing it up between two split fingers. It brought forth a comfortable degree of friction, sparks shooting right into his groin, and he sighed, not stopping until precome leaked from the tip and it stood erect between his legs, purposely taking far longer than need be, if only to toy with Jonathan for that little while longer.

But what must have felt like eons later to Jonathan, when it was in truth but a few extra minutes, Dio rose to his knees. The mattress bounced as he pulled his fingers from his rear, and gave him one more spank for good measure, guiding himself to his well stretched hole, sliding it between the cheeks.

“Hmm,” he began with an arched brow and a cruelly mirthful smirk. “I am still not sure if you are ready yet, Jojo. I would not want to hurt you after all.”

Watching Dio touch himself under other circumstances would have been something Jonathan would have delighted in. But right now he knew it was all for the benefit of making him wait on purpose. Somehow, even after all these years, they were still in competition with each other, but it was the best kind of competition, consisting of who could make the other scream the loudest, who had the honour of spilling their seed first, and who could drive the other absolutely mad with lust. Their marriage bed may have had more nights of cuddling and talking in recent years, but whenever the words ceased and their cocks were hard, it was always a pleasurable contest.

Right now, Dio was winning.

“Oh please, Dio, you have worked me up well enough. And besides, you know I can take it.” Jonathan could be a perfect wanton slut when he wanted to be, and he continued to offer his rear, tinged with the red from the smack of Dio’s hand. “Just put it in me and fuck me, as if I were your wife waiting for your seed.” Jonathan lifted his blue eyes slightly, looking back at Dio with a lick of his lips, horniness taking over any sense of embarrassment at his next words. “Fuck me as if I were your bitch.”

“Oh…” The lilt was clear in Dio’s voice, and he grinned wide, bearing teeth, unable to hold back a laugh. “How lewd of you, Jojo.” That deserved another spank, but he felt his cock throb hard at the offer. “How do you expect me to deny you after that?” He pouted, but only for show, grabbing the flush tan cheeks and spreading them wide, finally, finally pushing the head inside, to the relief of both of them.

A moan came out, and Dio gasped at the hot, gripping introduction he was given, unable to stop himself from going in deeper, and deeper still. He’d call it a pity, if it didn’t feel so good.

Jonathan did not hold back a single note, crying out in a voice so loud, any other household would be wracked with scandal. Each and every push of Dio’s cock into his tight little asshole made him squirm and moan, hands clutching the sheets tightly.

If Dio had not sunk in fully on his own efforts, several hard grinding motions on Jonathan’s part would have completed the task. “You feel so good inside, Dio, you don’t ride my ass half as much as you should.” There was something delightful about lying splayed before his lover, allowing Dio to thrust into him, ready to fill him up completely with his seed. “And I know that you enjoy it.”
Jonathan savoured the full sensation as Dio continued his deep, strong motions for several more turns. But before they were too near the end, he carefully manoeuvred himself onto his back, gazing upwards. So often did they make love like this, but not with Jonathan on the bottom.

“Fuck me, Dio.” It was not a suggestion.

Not that it was required; Dio was all too engrossed in his actions to stop himself now, the enveloping heat. To think this had been his tended position for the years of his youth, though he could certainly see why he enjoyed it so. To be above, to control the motions, part thighs and open hole, slamming in hard and soft and hard thrice more to make Jonathan wail like a maiden, who wouldn’t revel in such bliss?

He bucked and thrusted over and over, determined to make Jonathan spill, though his mind selfishly thought of his own pleasure first, enraptured and caught up, and he moaned too, low and high and over the place, uncaring of the world around him.

Catching Jonathan’s lips, he leaned forward to grant him a sloppy wet kiss, a twist of tongue and slide of saliva leaving a trail when they parted, only to repeat the act again. “Come for me, my bitch,” Dio spoke in a hot whisper, still smacking his lips in a repetitive motion. Predictable, but nonetheless enthusiastic.

Writhing and bucking beneath Dio, in control of nothing, even his own moans and cries, right now, in this moment, Jonathan the gentleman truly was a bitch. There was a perfect harmony of pleasure and pain; Dio’s harshness coupled well with the rise of his own peak. Even that was beyond his power, his body was still tired from their prior session and did not wish to yield so quickly. When his cock finally did spill its seed, Jonathan sank back into the pillows, hands relaxing and arms sprawling outwards. Despite doing little more than bearing the brunt of Dio’s efforts, he panted hard, tired, breath running miles ahead of him.

“I think I needed that as well,” Jonathan finally said, lifting hand to wipe some sweat from his brow. “Really, there is nothing quite as glorious as you on top of me.” A lazy grin spread over his lips, and he raised a hand to lightly cup Dio’s cheek. “I love you,” he spoke firmly, the words that had once been so hard for Dio to listen to, let alone say himself. Pulling Dio’s face to his own he canted his head up and opened his mouth, sealing the vow with a deep kiss.

Dio smiled, accepting it with full affection, snaking his arms around Jonathan to give his hair a muss, and leaking rear a squeeze, eager to touch wherever his hands desired. He too had come, somewhere in the midst of Jonathan’s moaning, the climax shocking and dazzling, unable to suppress his grin.

They slumped down together, fatigued and messy and in much need of a strip of sheets, long bath, and early sleep filled with easy dreams before the heaviness of tomorrow and reality were once again true.

But for now, right now, with sweet caresses and gentle strokes, Dio was more than content in letting it all slip away like water between his fingers. “I love you too, Jojo.”
There is so much we need to accomplish today, Dio,” Jonathan spoke as he made himself comfortable in the carriage, Giorno in his lap and staring out the window with wide eyes. “I really do not know if we can manage it all before Giorno should be in bed asleep.” All the appointments had been made, and the papers drawn up. Giorno would soon be legally adopted into the Joestar family, leaving his old life behind.

The boy, who seemed small and fragile in Jonathan’s thick, muscular arms had been very quiet throughout the morning. In fact, he had been very quiet in general, he seldom spoke much at all. It worried Jonathan, as he wondered if perhaps he was afraid. But right now, Giorno seemed quite content to watch the trees pass as the carriage driver drove them onwards. Jonathan lifted a hand, fingers running through Giorno’s blond locks, before lifting his eyes and looking to Dio with a small smile. His admiration of Dio’s shade was no secret, and seeing how lovely it looked on his son warmed his heart greatly. Dio, however, did not appear to be sharing in his sentimental cheer.

“We could stay at our London flat tonight, if we have to. I am sure Giorno would behave himself, and our guest bedroom has pillows and sheets enough for one so small.” He pressed a tiny little kiss to the top of Giorno’s head, and then met Dio’s gaze once more.

“There is plenty of time in the day for us to go back to the estate,” Dio said with only a small hitch between Jonathan’s words and his own. “No need to open up those doors.” The countryside home may be littered with servants, Giorno may share his lodging there from here on out, but there was something quiet, something precious about their London home Dio felt a tight clutch of possessiveness to keep. He was not ready to give up every sanctuary he had for the child; and there was nothing wrong with allowing himself that peace.

Shopping was the name of the agenda; they were hardly equipped with anything but dual decade old clothing, wrack with the scent of musty lofts and mothballs, and a few toys with missing pieces and sharp edge, none of which Jonathan deemed worthy of their son. And so today marked the first outing the three of them did united and public. Little point in arguing on his own attendance, Dio could at least enjoy the dabling in clothes and other such necessities, though his interests rarely extended to the younger clothing lines, not since he was twelve himself, and never four. At four there were much more pressing matters at hand than fashion -- he had to wonder what life was like growing up for a boy who dreamt and knew of a rich father, it had to be different to believing he was born and bred of the slums.

Caught in a moment of long thought, his stare drifted over to Giorno, looking over the petite form, face a resting grimace he couldn’t help no matter what the mood. It snapped quickly, when the boy’s expression was caught, a flush of cheeks and instinct of flight or still debated inside of him, those Jojo-like eyes peering into his soul. It made Dio uncomfortable, and he forfeited the round, turning to the window to instead lose focus in the everchanging view.

“I suppose we shall see…” Jonathan had been on enough shopping excursions with Dio to know that these trips were not typically brief. Even when shopping for something as simple as curtains he had insisted on examining them carefully for quality and colour. When it came to clothing his own son, his own sense of fashion would certainly override any lack of enthusiasm for fatherhood. Jonathan would be willing to bet money that they would be shopping well into the evening.

The carriage continued onwards, its rhythm and gentle clopping sound of the horses’ hooves soon lulling Giorno into sleep. Jonathan found his chest was used as a makeshift pillow, but he did not mind, looking down with tenderness and gratitude at the child who trusted him enough to doze off
against him. A hand lightly stroked the small shoulder, listening to the gentle sound of his breathing, feeling the rise and fall of his body with each tranquil breath. Jonathan was in love, as he had never been in his life.

“He’s so small. And he’s ours, Dio.” Jonathan’s voice was scarcely above a whisper, not wanting to disturb the slumbering boy. He looked to Dio from across the carriage, regretting how easily his enthusiasm and affection spilled out. “I am sure in time you will settle into your new role. You always do.”

Do not be so sure, Dio did not say, instead he sighed deeply, rolled his eyes and chose not to say anything at all. The sound of trots and horses’ whinnies, wind singing loudly came as welcome, anything to keep his mind occupied from realities he accepted with great levels of begrudgement. Every role he had settled in before was his own choice, this, this had been thrust upon him. Dio did not like having his choices taken away, and if that meant resenting a child, then that was simply what it was. Jonathan could sympathise all he liked, he could even understand Dio’s mind, but he could never feel the same way, never relate. For all the compatibilities, they differed.

The familiar sight of the capital did not bring about the same freedom he was used to as Dio stepped out of the carriage first, Jonathan taking the time to rise Giorno from his slumber and ease him out. With each person going about their daily lives, often with little consideration for others unless they wanted something from them -- something Dio was keenly fond of -- he felt as if a spotlight had shone down at him, all looking, all seeing he, Jonathan, and Giorno. Whether it was true of false was utterly beside the point.

“Are you coming or not?” he snipped, the embarrassment coming forth as bitterness, harshly. He shook his head and marched forth, the two could catch up if they wanted to so badly.

As Dio rushed ahead, Jonathan saw how Giorno did not take his eyes off of him, and how he tugged on Jonathan’s large hand, willing him forward. The boy had so much admiration for his father, and Jonathan knew that deep down, he wished that Dio were the one to keep him on his lap, to stroke his hair, and to kiss his brow. He supposed that he could relate to the desire to please one’s father, after all, Jonathan had spent a great deal of his childhood in competition with Dio for that very thing.

Giorno’s small feet would not be able to catch up with Dio on his own, not in this crowd. So, keeping with his typical good cheer, Jonathan hoisted Giorno up onto his shoulders and carried him, giving the boy a smile and a pat on the knee. Within a few quick strides, they had caught up. If only the problem were as simple as keeping pace! But matters of Dio’s heart took a great deal of time and patience. Jonathan had done it before; he could help Giorno do it again.

“Ah, Dio, always in a hurry to visit the tailor’s, eh?” he said with a grin, elbowing his side lightly. “Going there first makes the most sense, perhaps he can have something suitable ready for when we go to court to have Giorno’s adoption papers signed.”

“Good customised clothing takes more than a day, Jojo,” Dio answered dryly with another roll his eyes. He headed off faster down the streets, long legs letting his gait stay wide. Knowing central London like the back of his hand, it was but a short walk from where the carriage left them to his usual trusted tailors.

But Dio’s intentions of seeking his usuals were riddled with internal debate. People knew him there, and knew him well. The tailors knew him both by name and personality, he could even call himself on good terms with many of them. When you took the time to acknowledge birthdays or mention their wives in easy conversations between pinpricks and tea breaks, one tended to get the best line of fabrics, shipped from the most lavish of countries. There were other locations he could attend, plenty of haberdasheries and clothing stores more suited to women and children than his preferred
favourites, and no one would know him. That did sound ideal.

But to go to a place where he did not trust, especially for a matter as important as external attire was a travesty he could not stand. Perhaps it was his own eye alone, but he could tell when items were bought from second rate dealers, fabric too thin, unfitted, unsuitable. And if Giorno was going to be seen with him, a staple and reminder of Dio’s existence simply for living, it was paramount he look nothing but the best. He was his son after all, and he had no desire for him to look anything less than stellar. Even now, what he wore made him cringe, so old and drab. He’d have to get a rush order on one outfit at least, allow him to walk around the rest of the day in suitable garb.

And so, with a sigh, Dio turned, bell chiming to announce his entrance into his well-known favourite store.

Dio and Jonathan were greeted immediately by the shop attendants. At least twice a year Jonathan found himself dragged in, as Dio would not be caught dead with a husband (or brother, for that matter) who was not as impeccably dressed as he. Being left to his own devices in regard to fashion was something that Jonathan gave up upon marriage, it was far easier and caused less heart attacks on Dio’s part if he simply let him decide. The tailors were familiar with Jonathan and his measurements, but today there was a third member of the Joestar party, standing behind Jonathan with his head tilted upwards and mouth gaping open. The rolls of rich, colourful fabric all stacked neatly on shelves in the walls were unlike anything he had ever seen before, beyond on the skirts of rich women and through a dirty shop window.

“Good morning,” he said with a nod of his golden head. The tailors looked at Giorno, then to Jonathan, then finally to Dio. Yes, he resembled a Joestar, but that was not the only resemblance he had. Still, they made no comment, at least out loud, and one leaned down with a tape measure, ready to check his height.

“Shy,” Dio said, and if only for a second he saw himself. Not so submissive, but the jolt of memory at his first tailor visit, the touches and prods and pokes with hands he gave no permission to touch him in that way sent him back into darker memories a boy age twelve should never have had in the first place. Was this sympathy? Empathy? His lips curled down into troubled pout, self-questioning.

“But we have a lot to get through, and so it is best we start promptly. Perhaps after your specially brewed tea and a cordial for the boy to start?” Returning to composure, Dio shone a grin which the tailor matched, nodding his head.
assistants will fetch some beverages. And just so you know,” he continued with a wink, “We recently procured some new Indian fabrics, the quality astonishing.” Dio smiled, he may just feel the need to get something for himself. He deserved it.

As someone who never cared for the tailor much at any point in his life, Jonathan could sympathise with Giorno’s reaction, though he knew that there was a deeper meaning here. Dio’s troubled childhood had opened him up to the atrocities that affected so many children born in the slums, and Giorno’s had likely seen his own share of horrors. He glanced between father and son, wanting to will a connection between the two into existence, but binding people was not like binding cloth with a needle and thread. All he could do was observe, and give them each the delicate little pushes they might need, in the hopes they would eventually be like as father and son should.

“I know that having them measure and prod you is irritating,” Jonathan said, sipping at his tea as Giorno looked down at the cordial in his glass. “But once it is done it will be over for a time, and you will look stunning.”

“Stunning..?” Giorno asked, finally taking a sip from his cup. His face brightened, as if realizing the drink was indeed pleasant, and he looked back to Jonathan. “What does this mean?”

“You will look handsome! Like your padre,” Jonathan smiled at Dio, patting his husband on the leg. “Dio knows everything about how to make you look your best. You need clothes that fit, after all.” Jonathan had to wonder if Giorno had ever in his life had something new to wear.

Dio sipped on the tea, only sparing the corner of his eyes. Was it strange that he wished it were Jonathan that bore the child instead of him? Oddly enough he think he might have preferred it. Not that he was looking for his Jojo to find himself in the arms of another, but a son Though Jonathan had always wanted a blond child that looked like Dio, Dio himself, quietly had a desire for the opposite. To have Jonathan’s deep brown curls and dashing eyes like the colour of pure daylight skies and clear seas, like the time they spent in Greece. Well, Giorno had the latter, at least.

But he was a handsome youth, even he could not deny it, but a sound combination of genetics and well, it could not be anything other than expected. Though the image of Jolanda in his mind could not be connected, she had the looks of Joestar with a few foreign shadings, of which Giorno inherited just the right amount, if there was one. He had to admit, he was glad his offspring wasn’t an ugly breed.

Once the small talk and preparations were complete, Dio let Jonathan stand by Giorno while he obediently, and yet cautiously allowed himself to be measured, while Dio took to observing the fabrics. He had already settled on indigo as a fitting shade for the boy. But pinks fitted him well too, a strong colour, masculine, but with a touch of elegance to it Dio happened to enjoy. Blessed with a complexion that suited many shades, Dio quickly sank himself into what he loved, exploring what suited the soon to be Joestar with an enthusiasm previously unseen. Reds and greens and purples in silk, velvet and satin flew from shelves and tailors’ hands, as Dio observed books of designs, even pulling Giorno along, kneeling before him to test.

“Something should be done about his hair too, don’t you agree, Jojo?” Left loose and long, though a few notches darker, it reminded Dio of his own, but upon closer inspection it had frayed split ends and was in dire need of a trim. He ran his fingers against the edges, only remembering himself upon catching the flush in Giorno’s cheeks and what looked to be the beginnings of a repressed smile. He stood, backing away. “A... And shoes.” He called to the tailor, who nodded pre-emptive, already scuttling away to find something appropriate.

Jonathan took note of the blush and found himself holding back a smile of his own. The hair was in need of a barber, when Giorno had first arrived at the mansion he had been dealt a very strong
washing down by the servants. His locks had most likely very rarely been cleaned or brushed properly, and the thought broke Jonathan’s heart. But not anymore. He would have servants to tend to him, and should they ever not be available, Jonathan would do it himself.

“Yes, we should squeeze in a visit to the barber as well.” Jonathan leaned down and lightly brushed the overgrown bangs from Giorno’s eyes. Giorno, however, had his sights set on his feet, shuffling the old and slightly too big shoes nervously back and forth. “Mmm, Giorno?”

The boy lifted his head up, looking from Dio to Jonathan, a touch of shame in his eyes. Jonathan lowered himself to his knees and leaned down further, putting himself right on Giorno’s level. “Is everything alright?” he asked in a soft, gentle voice. Giorno lifted his gaze and bit his lip.

“I… only had shoes before when I took them.”

He spoke in Italian, likely only picking up on the word shoes itself, but it lead to a large enough conclusion that they regarded him. Dio turned, noting the despondency that took over Jonathan’s expression, and the flush of embarrassment merged with something grateful and shy that donned Giorno’s.

“There is no need for that any longer,” Dio replied in the same language, faster than what he realised he was doing. “You came all this way, your goal was achieved, and now you have want for none.” His phrasing might have been a little blunt and glazing of Giorno’s motivations, but he could not say it was untrue by any accounts. He himself had, while the circumstances were different, gone from rags to riches in span of days, he knew exactly how it felt. And again, he must have stolen at least one pair of shoes, though it was hard to recall just what he used pinch, both for necessity, and desire.

The shoes were revealed in a row of colours and bows, dark shades, mostly, black and brown and deep burgundy, in the size of tiny feet. The tailor approached Giorno, after Dio picked out a few apt choices. “Would you like to try them on, young sir?”

Jonathan’s mind took extra time to translate, although his Italian had been coming back to him little by little across the last few days, while Giorno learned to speak English. He found that Dio’s response had been frank, and without gentleness or sugar coating, yet it was still true, and it sufficed for Giorno’s purposes. He did not even bother to suppress his smile at the exchange, instead, he just observed as Giorno selected a pair of burgundy shoes, the flashiest of the choices presented to them. Giorno managed to put on the shoes by himself with only minor difficulty, but the laces were harder for him, thin and slippery for his little fingers to grasp. When Dio met his eyes, he flashed him a grin and nodded his head, and before long, Dio was the one tying the shoes, slowly, so that the boy could see what he was doing.

Jonathan stepped away and reached for his tea cup. He thought his heart might burst. It was such a small, simple action, but seeing Dio in a fatherly role pleased him to no end. If he could, he would have grabbed Dio by the waist and kissed him in full on the mouth, but of course that could not be done in the store. And even if he was able to, it would have probably been met with confusion. After all, the boy did need shoes.

“Next thing you know you shall be picking out things with feathers for him. I know how you adore them on your own clothing,” Jonathan finally said, placing the tea cup aside and kneeling once again besides Giorno, who was now trying on a second pair of shoes, this one black. “Your padre always likes clothing that makes him… stand out, to say the least.” He looked over the top of Giorno’s head at Dio, beaming with affection.

“You speak too much of feathers when you were the one who got me that coat,” Dio said dryly, giving Jonathan a raise of brows and a long look that spoke many volumes. Though it had been a
few years now, he still rather liked the coat, it had aged well in the realm of the half decade’s fashion developments. “Just because Jojo likes to look like a dying tree, it does not mean colour and flair should be treated as something so strange.” That earned a giggle out of Giorno, high voice and almost cheeky grin. Dio blinked, unsure how to feel about it.

“I like the colours best,” Giorno admitted quietly once the giggles had simmered down and he returned to his usual, kept expression. A strange superior pride swept over Dio and after consideration he smirked. Most likely because Jonathan is proved to be the minority in what made for good outfit choices.

“At least someone has good taste.”

Giorno’s giggles were a precious sound, particularly when they had been prompted by Dio. True, fashion was not a topic he was fond of, sometimes Jonathan had to wonder what Dio would do if he were left to his own devices, without the norms of society to hold him back. Perhaps he did not want to know. But so long as such flamboyant fashion tastes were kept off his own body, he would be able to live with two of them in the house. Probably.

“Your feathered coat looks marvellous on you, Dio, but feathers and myself are not quite so inclined.” Not unless Dio being clad in nothing but feathery lingerie and riding his cock counted as wearing. If so, he would admit that look was divine on him, but otherwise, not so much. “You should see some of the outfits your padre has put me in over the years. They are, ah, quite flashy.” He chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

“I suppose I shall get used to an additional closet that looks like a rainbow on the inside.” It was probably the least of his worries, all things considered. “But Dio, while we are here, we should consider having clothing made that is appropriate for his formal introduction into society. You know that Charlotte will insist that we host some kind of event so all can greet him, and it is only proper if he is going to be a Joestar.”

“S-society?” Giorno repeated. That word sounded frightening in any language.

Dio answered Jonathan first. “Yes, the works would include both formal and daywear alike.” The tailor heard too, already in the midst of calling his assistant to see to their needs. The thought of Charlotte’s wish to throw him a party was not lost from his own mind, honestly it was expected. She did tend to like those, and throw them for the smallest of things. He supposed a woman of her age had only so many things to do. But it spoke of making Giorno’s reveal less of a trickle and more of a bang. He sighed.

“I am sure Charlotte will have plenty of things to say about the boy.” Would she be able to tell? To see the birthmarks on his ear and connect the figurative and literal dots? Already he was considering hairstyles to keep them hidden, he’d had too many familial dramatics for one lifetime.

As the formalwear was set out and displayed, suits and accessories lined up in display cases and hangers. Giorno, with Jonathan’s encouragement, stepped forth to pick his favourites, after all, he should be allowed a little choice. “I like the bowtie,” Giorno said with a little point of his index finger. “The red one.” Now that sounded familiar.

“So simple,” Jonathan commented. “But a classic style. It will do nicely.” Having someone to shop for clothing for besides Dio and himself was actually making the process more fun. He found himself endlessly curious about what Giorno’s preferences would prove to be. The boy was definitely unique for a child his age, but he would expect nothing less of Dio’s own son. And still, there were times perhaps where he resembled the Joestar line, as well. Despite the pain and drama surrounding his arrival, Jonathan could not help but feel heaven blessed.
It took the better part of the morning, but the main selections were made, and all the important measurements were taken, although it was to be expected that a boy his age would grow. To Jonathan, Giorno, as he was now, was the closest he would get to a baby. He was not sorry to have skipped over such a delicate stage, thought he wished he had been there to protect him all the same.

“I suppose all that remains is to pick something that is already made to wear for today. Now that you’ve seen what proper clothes should look like, we won’t have you wearing those fossils again.” There was not a tremendous amount to choose from, but a simple pair of black breeches, navy socks, a white button up shirt, and suspenders made for a much better look than something twenty years out of style. Jonathan stood behind Giorno in the mirror, admiring the boy admire his new image. Already he was hard to recognise.

Assuring the finalities were done, Dio paid for the services, complimenting the tailors on their job, as always, well done. He took to looking at Giorno and Jonathan stood together. They did look a pair, blond hair aside, the Joestar features, especially when paired with another Joestar shone out in Giorno’s demeanour. It almost seemed made to be.

Not voicing any of these comments, he picked up his jacket, discarded from their entrance on a coat hanger, and returned it to his shoulders. “Let’s move on we can’t stay in the city all day can we.” Dio had every intention of getting back to the estate in quick time, and with all they had left to do, the clock was ticking.
Jonathan closed his hand around Giorno’s and walked through the busy city street. His heart was full, and he was enjoying these first moments as a true family, with his son and his husband at his side. Well, at least his son was there, Dio had taken off halfway down the pavement already. Jonathan had to pick up his pace, and little Giorno had to run to catch up.

As they continued along, Jonathan’s stomach began to rumble. Indeed, they almost always ate right after a tailor visit, usually used as bribery to get Jonathan through the session. He looked down to Giorno.

“Are you hungry?” The little boy nodded, and Jonathan gave Dio a tap on the shoulder. “I think we should have lunch now. Giorno is hungry, we cannot neglect a growing boy after all.” He grinned his boyishly charming grin, looking to his grumpy husband. “The cafe on the corner should be nice, and the weather is lovely enough to eat outside.” The larger, fancier restaurants that he and Dio often frequented were not places where children were typically brought, so something more casual would have to do.

It did have its own charm, small though it was. They were seated outside, the tables a fancy wrought iron painted white, with elegant place settings and on top. Jonathan saw Giorno take the napkin and start to examine it, while he picked up the menu and squinted.

“Is it just me or is this very small print?”

Dio raised a brow, sitting himself opposite Jonathan, Giorno on Jojo’s side. He picked the menu up himself, observing the letters. They seemed perfectly normal to him, the cursive print of the delectable selections readable without all the pulling and squinting Jonathan was doing. And it was not the first time this had happened; he’d seen him narrowing his eyes over his textbooks, struggling to decipher the words of things he could in his youth.

“That settles it, Jojo. You are going to get yourself an eye examination at the next available meeting with the optometrist. It’s we have been putting it off for too long, and I won’t have you going blind.” Who would look at him with such loving admiration otherwise?

Jonathan frowned, though he had been putting it off for a long time now, he knew that Dio was right. Far too many nights reading by candle light and slaving away over his notes was catching up to him. He most likely would need glasses for reading, an inconvenience, but there were far worst things in the world.

“Mmm, if we stayed in our flat tonight, I could visit the doctor first thing in the morning,” he commented, closing his menu and looking over to Giorno, casually starting to translate some of the sandwich choices for him into Italian. The food he remembered well enough.

The waiter soon returned to take their orders, and brought them glasses of lemonade, which Giorno sipped with cautious curiosity. The outdoor table was encompassed by the pleasant buzz of city life around them, with plenty of fodder for people watching passing them by, but Jonathan was content looking across at his family – because that is what they were now. He had the life he always dreamed of, despite unconventional origins.

Lunch arrived promptly, and Jonathan’s appetite reached its apex. The sandwiches would leave no man hungry in their size, with rich meats and fillings made for a delectable taste infusion. He took a bite, glancing to Giorno to see how he was enjoying it. Much to his shock, he saw that the boy had
wasted no time in taking apart the sandwich, squirreling the bread away in the large pockets of his breeches, and taking careful bites of the meats and cheese that remained.

“Giorno, just what are you doing?” The astonishment in his voice may have added a layer of sharpness which Jonathan normally did not have.

“I-I…” Giorno’s body flinched before freezing, lowering his head so his sweeps of blond hair fell over his face. “I just… I am sorry.” From there he chose silence over words, folding himself small in his chair, awaiting whatever punishment he was certain Jonathan was about to bring.

Dio looked on at the scene, the stuffed full pockets and purposeful rationing and sighed. He knew what Giorno was doing with no confusion. He’d seen himself do it a thousand times “You will always have food, Giorno, there shall no longer be a day you wonder when your next meal will be, there is no need to save in worry. I know it is… an adjustment, but you may eat all that is set before you.” Giorno looked up, sky blue eyes under long pale lashes breathed heavy for one so small, and his hand went to his breeches, pulling out the loaves. With a nod of approval from Dio, he returned the to the table, attempting to put the sandwich back the way he found it.

“I did not mean to offend you, Uncle Jojo…” Giorno said, still ashamed.

As a child, Jonathan had always had everything he needed, and more. There was never a time when he had been hungry, beyond a delayed dinner or a missed afternoon snack. He had always had more than enough food, and saving for a next meal, that had never been a piece of his youth.

But it had for Dio. And it had for Giorno as well.

Realisation hit Jonathan hard in the gut. Even without Dio’s explanation, it finally occurred to him what he had been doing, but not without giving him a good scare first. Giorno looked so sad and pathetic, like a kitten who was only used to being hit rather than stroked, expecting a blow.

“Oh no, Giorno, no, I’m sorry,” Jonathan let the words spill out, and Giorno quirked his head, giving him a confused look. More than likely, no adult had ever sincerely apologised to him before, either. “I didn’t realise you were -- it is all right.” He gave the boy a gentle smile, as only Jonathan could. “As your Padre said, there is no need to worry. Eat as you please, there is no need to fill your pockets with food.” He reached out and gave his shoulder a small rub, looking to Dio with gratitude.

For the first, and doubtfully the last time, Dio had proven to know more instinctively than Jonathan how to handle a child, and he was reminded once more of how they were partners in all things, the estate, in life, in love, and now finally, in parenting. ‘Thank you’ was mouthed silently to Dio across the table, as Giorno finally returned to eating.

Dio shook his head, deeming it as nothing before returning to his own meal. Mismatched from Jojo’s and Giorno’s, he opted for fish and steamed vegetables, a gentle taste in palette with a white sauce spilled on the plate, not especially hungry and in a want to leave quickly.

“Don’t take long, there is still much to do,” he said between bites. “What was next? All the clothes are settled, and the house is fully furnished. Toys?” Children played with them, didn’t they? Seemed a good way to keep the boy entertained and to his own devices. The idea of himself, a grown man walking through a children’s toy store however was less appealing, but something told Dio that Jonathan would find the whole thing rather fun.

“Oh yes certainly!” Jonathan’s voice rang out with excitement. Giorno glanced between Dio and
Jonathan, seeming more confused than excited, despite being the recipient. And for once, it was not because of the language barrier.

“Toys? From a store?” he repeated in slow English. “That seems like something for… for..” Giorno’s voice trailed off, and Jonathan looked at him expectantly. “For children other than me,” he finally finished, looking back down at his plate, still seeming in awe of the fact that everything on it was for him and him alone. Jonathan’s cheerful expression faltered, and not for the first time, he found himself wondering of the right way to approach someone who was used to a lack of love and affection finally being on the receiving end.

“Of course they are for children like you. And you can have anything you like.” A quick glance to Dio, he really couldn’t see the child wanting anything unreasonable, though he was sure Dio would have his say. Jonathan took another bite of his sandwich. The clock was ever turning, and he knew Dio still wished to get out of the city before the evening fell.

Bills paid upon completion of the meal, the newfound trio headed out. There was only one longer wait for dessert, chocolate a passion both Giorno and Jonathan seemed to share with rivalling enthusiasm, only the former’s reserved nature and the latter’s learned manners keeping them from excessive mess making, but at least Dio was used to it.

Harrods was a fitting location, none would think less of two men stepping into the exuberantly luxury department store, nor would any scowl at the presence of a child. Jaw dropping before he remembered himself, Giorno stared with eyes wide blue simply at the entrance door, marked by the Latin words Omnia Omnibus Ubique.

"All things for all people, everywhere,” Dio translated as he read. “See? For every and all people. Including you.” Why he felt the need to say that to Giorno, when Jonathan had always been the more reassuring of the two was beyond him.

Jonathan had stepped on ahead of the two of them to ask a store clerk the way to the children’s section. When he glanced over his shoulder at Giorno and Dio, still admiring the sign over the entrance door, he smiled and slipped one hand into his pocket, watching them closely, as if he were observing a rare species in the wild. He would never tire of seeing his Dio learning to be a father to his own progeny. Perhaps he would not be a doting, affectionate father (which was just fine, Jonathan could handle that role himself) but he would be a good one. All of Dio’s fears would prove to be unfounded.

“The children’s department is towards the back,” he said once they had re-joined him. Jonathan let his hand rest on Giorno’s shoulder, careful to move slowly so as not to startle. “You are free to choose whatever you like.” As they walked into the department, any child, let alone one who had never had much to call his own, would have been overwhelmed. There were shelves lined with everything imaginable for a child to play with and more, dolls and doll houses, rocking horses, tiny soldiers sculpted from tin, and stuffed animals of every shape and size. Giorno was dumbfounded at first, taking a moment to just stare. But eventually, he began to move his hand over the fur of a lion plush, and explore the rest of the shelves.

“Oh Dio, do you remember these things? I believe you had one or two when we were still in university.” In his hands, he held a metal puzzle that consisted of two pieces, which needed to be taken apart in just the right way. Tugging and pulling was doing good, though that did not stop Jonathan from trying.

“Uncle Jojo?” He glanced down at Giorno, who was holding a giant plush ladybird. His eyes were fixed on the puzzle. “May I try?” Jonathan placed the piece into his hands, and after a minute or two of fussing, he had it apart.
Dio knew himself, especially in times of tense irritation, to slave over that very same piece for a good fifteen minutes before either solving it, breaking it, or throwing it against the wall in a fit of ill-tempered frustration. He was better with his emotions now, and could solve it quick as a whistle when calm, but that toy could send the heads of grown men to hot red. But they were fun in the good moments, and required a mindfulness and stimulation of the brain Dio always thought necessary to maintain.

But with a clear head and nimble fingers it did not even seem to faze Giorno. Dio blinked twice at the sight of it, the speed and decisive motions he made to manoeuvre the knickknack were something impressive and far beyond his years.

“I finished.”

“Evidently,” Dio replied quickly, though it was not so much of a retort than a wide eyed observation. “You enjoy these, then? The puzzles?”

Giorno nodded. “I do. They are fun to play. To think of them is fun.” It came out oddly in English, but Dio understood enough to know he meant the thought provoking nature of solving was an enjoyable notion. A kindred sentiment.

Jonathan stared down at the pieces of the puzzle Giorno had handed back to him, his mouth open wide. He knew that any child with Dio’s blood was bound to be as quick witted as his blond, but this was truly exceptional for such a young boy. Once he had finally shaken off his shock, he glanced at the different games available.

“I suppose you will need some of the hardest ones to keep you busy, eh?” Jonathan said, taking a note of a few of the options. Giorno had already moved on to look at some of the other toys. He did not seem very interested in the board games that involved more than one person to play, passing by checkers or backgammon with little more than a glance, and Jonathan could understand why. Some day he would make friends among the school age children from the nearby town, and perhaps even children from society; there was at least one Floris child his age, and the Davenport’s own son was growing fast. For now, it was likely that the servants and Jonathan himself would be his only playmates. He did, however, stop at a selection of outdoor toys.

“Uncle Jojo? I like these…” Giorno said shyly, motioning to some child sized gardening tools, including a trowel, shovel, hoe, and even a small watering can. Jonathan beamed.

“That is a fine choice, Giorno.”

“So long as no mud trails into the house,” Dio said with a heavy degree of necessity, giving both the outdoorsy pair a look, a hobby he did not share beyond regarding the springtime aesthetics of the roses Jonathan liked to plant for him. But being involved in the process? Much too filthy, and he did not have neatly buffed nails only to fill them with grime.

But into the pile they joined, their basket filling with youthful playthings. Just as expected, Giorno was grateful for his lot and asked for little with few demands. He clung to the ladybug toy he newly acquired, a warm attachment to the toy. Bugs. Dio did not see the appeal, but at least its patterns were somewhat appealing.

“Anything else?” he asked as they drew to the end of the sector and all seemed satisfactory.

“I think that is everything,” Jonathan said as he took the shopping bags into his hands, and stepped out onto the street. The light was already starting to fade, it was now late afternoon. Giorno walked beside him, clutching the plush ladybird, and yawning loudly. Jonathan did some creative
manoeuvring of bags into one hand, just long enough that he could pick up Giorno with one arm, plopping him down onto his shoulders. Giorno rested his head sleepily against the top of Jonathan’s, closing his eyes.

“We still need to take him to the barber,” said Jonathan, as he rearranged the bags so that he could hold both them and Giorno’s legs at the same time. “It would be much easier to bring him home to our flat, have a light supper, spend the night, and go to the barber in the morning.” Giorno was starting to doze off, and the ladybird slipped from his hands, landing against Dio.

“There are barbers back home and he may sleep in the carriage.” Dio picked up the toy, squeezing it between his fingers, watching as the soft plush compressed and expanded, repeating the action in absent minded entertainment.

Under his breath he muttered with hint of a bitter edge. “Isn’t anywhere sacred? That place is ours, Jojo.”

The creases on either side of Jonathan’s lips, usually dimpled from laughing, turned down into a sharp frown. His hands made tight fists, holding onto the handles of the bags, while supporting Giorno atop his shoulders. The boy was already fast asleep.

“It is for that very reason we should not hesitate to bring him. He is ours, Dio.” Jonathan said, taking advantage of the fact that they had reached a corner, stopping to stare into Dio’s eyes.

“False equivalence,” Dio muttered, but he met Jonathan’s stare with one of his own, not filled with malice, but he was rare to back down. “You know what I meant, Jojo. Even your father had his own privacies we were not privy to, and I saw no error in that. We all need our space, and it is no crime to desire it.” He looked to Giorno, then to Jonathan’s fists. Such a juxtaposition, not even he could argue there were more things as innocent as a child in slumber, but Jonathan’s posture held for something much more fierce.

“But if it going to get you up in arms over a simple case of semantics, fine. We go. I have no wish to quarrel with you.” The days of finding joy in such things were long gone, to be on the right path with the one he called husband, called love, it was nothing so strange to him now. Did not mean he had to like it, but picking one's battles, especially when Jojo’s hands turned into knuckled balls was easier now. Much too old for brawling like rambunctious youths with no sense.

“I would also love to set these bags down, and our flat is not far from here,” Jonathan added, turning the corner in the direction of their London home. “I do hope that plush bug is not too heavy for his royal highness.” Though it was a slight quip, as Dio was not the type to carry the bag, even when they were things of his own, Jonathan’s expression had crept back into a smile. Dio was still his prince, even after all these years, and typically, he gave his prince what he wanted. This was an exception.

Jonathan allowed Dio to unlock the door to the flat, while Giorno stirred against his shoulders. Once inside, the boy sensed he was in a new place, and lifted his head, glancing around.

“Are we home?” he asked, reaching his small arms down to Dio for the ladybug.

“We are in a home, yes,” Dio reworded. He set the ladybird into Giorno’s arms promptly, before pulling his tie off to a laxer hang around his neck. “I shouldn’t get used to it however, this is simply a resting place thanks to unfit scheduling. Your home is the Joestar estate.” Unbuttoning his waistcoat and hanging it up on the mahogany stand, tall with branching segments, Dio stole an apple from the counter and bit into it hard. A cigarette joined it not long after.
“Not much point in unpacking, Jojo, just leave the bags there. And I suspect the boy is tired, should you want to take him to bed.”

No sooner had Jonathan leaned down to place the bags near the door than Giorno, in a sudden burst of energy, leaped from Jonathan’s shoulders and wandered into the main living room of the flat. He clutched the stuffed toy close to his chest, as if it could protect him, and then peeked into the first door he found. It happened to be Dio’s office.

“Padre?” he called to Dio, who now looked far less formal than he usually did. “Is this where you work? Can you show it to me?” While Giorno was a far less careless child than Jonathan had been, seeing Giorno looming at the entrance to Dio’s work sanctuary made his heart pound in his chest. The last thing any of them needed was Giorno to accidentally turn over a bottle of ink on one of Dio’s case files within his first five minutes in the apartment.

“Giorno, dear, why don’t I show you the rose bushes instead?” Much to his chagrin, Giorno had already made his way through the door, eyes transfixed on the human skull that sat on Dio’s desk.

“No.” Dio stood up immediately tracking down the hall in quick footsteps until he was stood at the door to his office. He sighed, of course now he would have to get himself a lock and key system from unwanted invasions. Even Jonathan knew how to knock when Dio was inside his office with the door closed – a silent statement he was in the midst of business and distraction even from him was unwanted. It was not cruel thing to agree to, the rule was implemented on both parties.

“You do not go in there.” He took his stand in front of Giorno with narrowed eyes, somewhat parental and somewhat as lethal as any grown adult before him. “Ever.” Giorno gulped, looking down at the floor with pigeon toed feet.

“I am sorry… I only wished to see the…” He looked to the skull. Dio turned to see what he meant and scoffed. Dio scoffed.

“There. You have seen it. Now out.” The snip to his tone was more than evident, but he had already lost personal access to his London home, and bitterness was not a foreign trait, and not nearly enough time had passed from him to be jovial.

“See what I meant, Jojo?” Dio said with a knowing shake of his head, a sharp whisper by his ear. “But no, it is wrong for Dio to want some privacy in his life, isn’t it?”

Jonathan cringed, after a lovely day where Giorno and Dio seemed to have found some common grounds, this was not how he would have liked to end it. He did not answer Dio’s comment, but flashed him a glare that told him he was more than displeased with him at the moment. His focus, however, was on Giorno, who looked as though he wished he could disappear into the very wall he leaned against.

“I brought your padre back that skull as a gift,” Jonathan said in a soft voice, bringing himself down to Giorno’s level. “It came from across the ocean in Mexico and probably belonged to an evil cult leader.” It said a great deal about how strong a relationship they had when Jonathan could present such a morbid object to his husband as an anniversary present and have him be delighted. “But Dio’s office is a place I do not even go much. Don’t feel bad.” Jonathan patted him on the head. “Why don’t we get you something to eat, and then tuck you into sleep?”

Later that evening, Jonathan stood in the sitting room, his arms folded over his chest, staring at Dio as he smoked and read a book. Giorno had fallen fast asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, the day’s events having worn him out. By this time, Jonathan was rather exhausted himself, and not in the mood to fight. He sighed deeply and brought a hand through his curled brown locks.
“I know this is hard for us all, Dio, but please… don’t look at this as losing anything. Think instead of what you are gaining in return.”

“Tell me, Jojo,” Dio said slowly, indulging in the last paragraph of his book with a flick of his finger to glide to the next page, reading that too. He placed the novel down, but not the cigarette, taking one extra exorbitant puff before finally finishing his sentence. “Is it wrong for me to want some piece of my life, some small semblance, my damned office to go without invasion? Because if so, why not tear every house down? Why have doors or blinds or curtains? Why have keys? Free for all domain, wouldn’t that be splendid?” He gave Jonathan a long look, threatening him both to answer and stay quiet over his extremity of a rhetoric. “No, it would not. And if you truly think I am so awful to want that, then perhaps you should think about what it would mean if we were to live in a world where you had no one would ever give you peace. At all. Those moments of solace you take, being alone in the garden, going out for a ride, or simply for a stroll to the park with Percy. You do many of those things by yourself, not even I am involved when sometimes I would enjoy your company, but no one calls you wrong for wanting that.”

Dio beat the cigarette down into the ashtray, embers and cinders flew and bounced as Dio took a stand, making his way to Jonathan, looking up with no thought for the few inches that divided them.

“I have accepted the boy, we have spent the entire day seeing to his desires. But be got this house to simply be us. To work and love and to fuck and present ourselves to no one else but us. Bare minimum of servants. No expectations. No limitations. Giorno can have entire domain over the Joestar estate should you wish, but do not think things are going to remain free if he can go wherever he wants here too. My office… our bedroom? Hardly the most arousing thing to have a four year old staring while your cock is buried inside me, and you are moaning my name with no thought for propriety.” He gazed at him with burning amber, a sombre lower of his head lasting but a second. No amusement laced his voice, only grim earnest. “We are going to have to be quiet, hidden, pretending. Like we are everywhere else in the world. And you curse me for wanting somewhere to be free, a wish I thought we both shared… once.”

Jonathan was quiet, allowing for Dio to go long his tirade, knowing all too well that he needed to get it out. By its end, he stood before Dio, a mirror of calm to his frustrated dynamism. Two large hands cupped his chin and cheeks, the callouses that had built up from years of working on archaeological digs brushing across Dio’s soft skin. He tilted Dio’s face up to look at him, saying in as soothing a voice as possible, “I know, I know. He shouldn’t be allowed in your office. I am hardly allowed in as is.” He pressed a breath of a kiss to Dio’s brow, and another to the bridge of his nose. “He was just curious, Dio, and didn’t know better.” Jonathan then captured Dio’s lips, kissing him deeply, enjoying the sweet and simple pleasure of a simple kiss.

“Please, my dearest, don’t be cross. You shall not lose this home or your privacy. He need not be here very often, and rules and limits shall be set. It is only proper, after all, he is but a child.” Jonathan thumbed Dio’s cheek with a little smile. We would be poor fathers indeed if we simply let him wander about wherever he pleased. But,” Jonathan’s voice grew firmer, and his hands slid down to his shoulders. “You must be patient with the boy. Children are curious by nature. It is only natural that they want to look at things, and we had not told him yet your office was off limits.”

Jonathan gave Dio’s shoulders a squeeze, before pulling him against him into a tight embrace, braced himself for squirms akin to a finicky cat. “We shall have servants and nannies who care for him most of the time, and his trips here will not be every week. But try to think of how much he looks at you in love and admiration. Don’t think that he is invading, think instead that he is a reflection of the potential in you. And in myself as well.” He lifted Dio’s wrist and pressed a kiss to the star there. “He is a Joestar, through and through.”
“If you say so.” Sometimes Dio wished he could go back to the way it was, where getting angry with Jojo was as easy and simply as breathing or taking a step forward or back. But these thoughts were fleeting and short lived, and with a roll of his eyes he did indeed wriggle from the hug -- only after allowed those large arms to surround him for a few more warming seconds. “But my point still stands, and I have no intention of having quiet sex within this house. Unless of course I happen to be gagging you.” That, however, was another story entirely.

But grandly accommodating and generous as Dio so clearly was, to be looked at with any kind. Even Dio, who believed everyone should see him as glorified, knew where to give credit where credit was due, and in fatherly credentials he fell short to non-existent. How was he supposed to live up to a standard he did not even see in himself?
Giorno was truly the best one could ask for in a child; he cleaned up like a dream with his freshly trimmed locks, and he never had to be told anything twice. The warning about Dio’s office had been sufficient enough to keep him from even drawing near to the room, so concerned was the little boy to not see the look of displeasure on Dio’s face again. Once back at the estate, he made good use of the toys, often close to Jonathan’s side, imitating his actions. Be it digging, clipping, or trimming, with his child sized tools, he adopted the prowess of gardening with a green thumb that could not be denied. In the evening, once he had been washed and put in his pyjamas, he would sit on the floor, not far from Dio’s feet, and work on one of the intricate metal puzzles. Every so often, he would glance to his padre, and when he was spotted, his face would flush and his eyes would fall back to his toy.

As the weeks went by and Giorno’s command of the English language grew both by nanny and conversation, the time to introduce him to society drew near. With Dio’s Aunt Charlotte’s encouragement, a party was to be held. After all, Giorno was a new Joestar, and like it or not, nobility would be attached to his name. A light affair was proposed, with the gardens of the Joestar estate open for all to explore. With the days warm and sunny, and the greenery a world Giorno felt most at home, Jonathan thought it all perfectly fitting.

The day before the party was to take place, there was a knock on the door to the Joestar manor. The visitor, middle class at best with his well-worn jacket and dirty shoes, had oily, slicked back hair and thin moustache. He had asked to see Dio, but Jonathan, being curious as to what his business was about, followed in as well.

“Dio Joestar, or should I say, Brando… I know that you are the brat’s father.” he said with a smirk, looking as smug as the cat who ate the canary.

Dio, whose only visible reaction was a widen of eyes met after with a raise of brow looked over the sorry excuse of a man. Middle class was generous, given the cheap tatters that only held the pretence of -- or at best, the only semi decent jacket he owned. No, he looked like some sort of failed industrial man, likely with a strange fetish and inability to pick up women he could not pay for. Or at the very least had very low standard.

“Oh look, an utter stranger trying to scam me with a blown scandal in the petty attempt to How original.” Frankly, after the unavoidable news article upon the new addition to the household, he was surprised there hadn’t been a line out the door.

The man refused a seat, even if Dio had not offered one, instead taking to traipsing about the room as if he owned the place like the self-satisfied bastard he was. “Giorno Giovanna, not a common name, is it?”
“Neither is Dio, but somehow we both get by just fine.” Narrowed eyes continued as the man toyed with an antique knickknack on the fireplace top,

“I knew a woman once, mighty pair of kettle drums on that chest, dark hair, Italian with a little something Oriental I thought, but I dunno, but with a body like that who has really got time to be staring upwards.” Oh look, a verbal piece of scum too. At least it suited the rest of his demeanour. Dio remained quiet as he continued. Let the man prattle, then act.

“Had a brat of a kid who stared too much. Not that I was asking, but she did like to brag about some rich handsome lawyer knocked her up and she’d get in touch someday for the money. Said the boy looked like him. Though not so sure I see what the big deal is in the handsome factor.” Dio scoffed, there was no world where he was unattractive. But with that, a quick thud of the heart came, for the man certainly wasn’t talking completely out of his ass. “But I digress, since lo and behold, here Giorno boy is, same name, same Italian origin, only he’s some long lost uncle’s kid and you so kindly take him in. And you call my methods unoriginal.”

Dio’s arms folded over each other. “What you failed to realise, sir, is you really are of so insignificant importance. Your stories are lies, but even if they weren’t, who are you, you have no impact, nor influence, and your drivel will get swept under the rug just like you have been your entire life.” That seemed to hit a nerve, and the man glared, swishing his greasy hair in a swivel so fast Dio thought he saw flecks of dandruff and oil hit the walls.

“If you don’t pay me in twenty four hours, you’ll see for yourself just how impactful I can be!”

Jonathan’s form loomed behind Dio, the gentle giant changing his position from silent observation to fist clenching heat. Giorno’s mother was no prize, nor had the company she kept. Now more than ever could Jonathan see why the child was so quiet and feared displeasure in the adults around him.

“We will not be giving in to your bribes.” Jonathan’s voice rang out for the first time, and he took a step towards him. The man’s gaze shot in Jonathan’s direction, having been so focused on Dio that Jonathan’s presence had not been a concern. An easy to presumption that a nobleman who had been born into money would rather pay than see his good name sullied was quickly found to be the opposite of truth.

“I would sooner claim Giorno as my own than have you spread stories about my brother for your own benefit.” Jonathan’s fist opened and closed, fingers itching to punch. “You will not get a penny from the Joestar estate.”

Intimidation, not uncommon, nor unfounded crossed the moustachioed man’s expression, and he could not help, more instinct than decided motion, but to take a step back. His mouth opened, threatening to oblige to the words, but reclosed, taking a moment of pensive thought.

“...Twenty four hours,” he repeated, getting over his initial blunder, shoulders growing broad and brash in an attempt to match Jonathan, and frankly Dio’s, impossible heights. “In the end I don’t care whose son it is, so long as I get what’s coming to me. Don’t think anything but money can save
you.” He tossed a card at their feet. “My address. Don’t take too long now. Got the amount I want on the there too. It ain’t cheap.” And with that, he made a quick hightail out of the estate and back to whatever pit he crawled under.

Dio did not pick up the card until the intruder was out of sight from even the window, watching in silence, and tutting as the man turned around. Pity Percy was the friendlier sort of dog, or Dio may have set him on him. But eventually he did bring it to hold, reading the number he had printed in shabby handwriting. “Fifty pounds. Well, he certainly overestimates his worth.” He stuffed it into his pocket, keeping it for later.

“Will you let me handle this, Jojo? I really do prefer to avoid a scandal. And brave as you are,” he continued, patting Jonathan’s shoulder, fingers slipping down to turn that fist into something far softer. Dio interlaced their fingers and kissed them. “I have no intention of having your name sullied either. I told you before, I will see no insult come to you. Especially not on my account.”

It would take a great deal to get Jonathan to unclench his fists after what had passed, but Dio’s lips were one of the few things that could do the trick. He allowed their hands to interlock, but still, the look on his face was far from happy.

“I do not normally condone the use of violence, unless it is necessary. But I wish I could have punched him through.” Jonathan shook his head, throwing a glance to the window, watching the man walk from the entrance to the manor with a rage seldom found in his expression. “How dare he think he can get anything from us! He is probably part of the reason Giorno was so desperate to get away once his mother passed! And now he comes here, threatening my husband…” Jonathan’s teeth were grinding together. He was truly angry enough to brawl.

But a look back to Dio grounded him. He squeezed his hand and sighed, before resting his forehead against Dio’s own, their interlaced hands between them. “If you are certain you wish to handle it on your own, I shall let it be.” A light touch of his cheek against Dio’s further helped to soothe. “But I would still take pleasure in knocking his lights out.”

“Do not worry, my dear Jojo,” Dio assured, pressing a gentle kiss to Jonathan’s lips, no need to slip in the tongue, a simple pucker and press sufficed for this moment. “You are so very protective, but let me assure you I have my moments too. You are my husband, and he is… my son. It is only fair I take care of this little hiccup.” In all these past weeks transgressions, though Dio could hope to be more vocal about it, he had the world to thank for Jonathan. Without him, he was not sure what would have happened now, or what sort of life he would have subject the boy to, if Dio thought to take him in at all. And despite the notion of having a son was addling at best, Giorno was something cut above most children, even he could see that. A life of ill prosperity for that child may have seen him crushed, or have him turn into a monster. And there were enough monsters in this world.

“You, on the other hand,” Dio continued, putting both hands on each of Jonathan’s cheeks and pushing in to enjoy their softness, “can see to the final details of tomorrow’s get together. I’ve told the servants what needs to be done, and you know what I like by now, all you need to do is make sure they do not make any mistakes I would not like.” Good luck with that, Jojo.

Departing from the room with one more peck to the lips, Dio took time to prepare all that he needed. He would be going to visit this man, and just like his own words dictated, he would be getting every last thing that was coming to him.

Now where did he keep that old knife of his…

There was certainly plenty for Jonathan to worry himself with concerning the party. Even as Dio’s lips lingered across his own, he was busy thinking about how the servants needed to make sure all
the outdoor tables for the luncheon were set in an aesthetically pleasing way to Dio’s very particular eye. It would probably not hurt to go over the plans with the servants one extra time. Still, what had just happened was so despicable that even as Jonathan watched the silhouette of his husband leave the room, there was no way he could completely push it from his mind. Not even Dio’s swaying hips had the power to do that.

As Jonathan stepped out of the seemingly empty room and turned in the direction of the servant’s quarters, he spotted a flash of gold hair out of the corner of his eye. Looking again, he saw Giorno’s little head poking out of the very room he had just left.

“Giorno! Were you hiding in that room the whole time?” Giorno’s guilty expression and the way he bowed his head was answer enough, and Jonathan was horrified. “Come, let’s go to your room and have a talk.”

The nursery that had been set up as Giorno’s room in the residence had been painted blue, with soft carpeting and an extra lamp to provide light at night. He had his own bed, as well as a child sized table and chairs, a bookcase against the wall lined with books and toys. Even without the servants, Giorno kept everything neat and clean, making his own bed in the morning, with his ladybird plush lovingly placed on top. Right now, Giorno had retrieved said plush and curled up on a comfy blue sofa, a vintage piece which Mary Joestar had most likely cradled a baby Jonathan on. Jonathan sat beside him and put a hand on his shoulder. “Giorno, Dio wouldn’t like it if he knew you were hiding like that while he was in the room.”

“Are you going to give me to that man?” Giorno asked. He had an accent, but his English had improved dramatically. Jonathan placed his hands on Giorno’s small, chubby cheeks, cupping his face gently.

“No, Giorno, of course not. We would never let him near you, ever.” Fingers began to card through Giorno’s blond curls, and he pulled him against his expansive, soft chest. Sometimes he felt as if Giorno were a small, young version of Dio, and he cherished the fact that he was able to show him all the love and affection that Dio should have had from a father figure. “No, your Padre will take care of that man. He will never hurt you again, nor will he get our money, either.”

Something told Jonathan perhaps he should not ask exactly how.

Some hours after their first encounter, Dio had ridden off into the city, hunting the address printed in smudged ink on the card. After some digging, his old black mask had been rediscovered, and as he approached the slippery working class settlement, he had placed it over his eyes; no need to be identified here.

The man was in the midst of dinner when Dio broke his way inside, twiddling with the lock and rather detached of outer clothing around his trouser. Well, at least he had the decency to keep on his long johns, the flap to undo his nethers covered, but unclasped. How very pleasant.

Unashamed of this however, though surprised upon the entry, the man settled into his chair a smirk on his greasy lips as Dio uncovered his face. “So, come to give what I asked?”

“You could say that.”

Stepping inconspicuously toward to the table, Dio took his time to look it over. Upon early inspection, the town appeared rather still, the sort of place where all kept to their own business, no matter what they heard. Odds were, trying to help would simply land them in their own messes of trouble. Perfect.
Dio lurched forward, a glint of metal flashing in quick moving light, pulled out to view. The moustachioed man screamed, tears welling in his eyes as the blade ran through the flat back of his hand and into the table, sealing him to it. “Now, now, there is no need for the noise, where is all that bravado you were strutting before?” In predictable response, all he received in return were cries and curses, as he made the shoddy attempt to

“What do you mind if I borrow this? I really should have brought two, but…” Dio huffed with an air of light-hearted sarcasm, rolling his eyes at himself like the forgettable scamp he most certainly wasn’t. Without waiting for response, he took the knife from the kitchen counter and sealed the man’s spare hand to the cheap wood.

Oh, it felt good to do this again.

“Now don’t you ever threaten me or my brother again. Don’t ever threaten my…”

Son…

Dio blinked, more at himself than anything else, the concentrated anger with its direct source at the thought of affecting Jonathan what drove him, suddenly took a turn. Giorno, all blond hair and rounded cheeks and calm, if not mildly nervous disposition matched with extraordinary potential ran into his mind and fuelled him to. Dio felt… protective of the boy. Personally. Perhaps, no certainly, for the first time. He swallowed hard, only siphoning off the very top of what that could even mean. But the look of him shocked his expression with too much

But attention was dwindling and with haste he turned it back the man, stern eyes of amber looking into pasty grey. It would be so easy to kill him now, slit his throat and watch the blood and life pour out in a glorious flood. No one would miss him, no one would even know who did it.

But a long time ago, he made a promise. And according to a very specific someone, killing was not the answer. So instead, he simply wriggled the knife in his left palm around, splatters of crimson staining his roast potatoes and chipped china plate.

“Are we in agreement?”

“Yes! Yes! Stop!”

“And you will never lay your filthy feet even within walking distance of the estate?”

“Yes!” the man wailed till his throat grew choked with sobs and pleas. That seemed to suffice.

“Consider this your final warning.”

Dio placed a gold sovereign onto the table, pushing it between the two stabbed hands. “Now, because I am a generous man, consider this coin the settlement of our little discussion. “That is, of course, if you can reach it.” Smirking at his own little jab, he stood, taking his leave, body buzzing with exhilaration for all too many reasons.
Jonathan closed his hand around Giorno’s and walked through the busy city street. His heart was full, and he was enjoying these first moments as a true family, with his son and his husband at his side. Well, at least his son was there, Dio had taken off halfway down the pavement already. Jonathan had to pick up his pace, and little Giorno had to run to catch up.

As they continued along, Jonathan’s stomach began to rumble. Indeed, they almost always ate right after a tailor visit, usually used as bribery to get Jonathan through the session. He looked down to Giorno.

“Are you hungry?” The little boy nodded, and Jonathan gave Dio a tap on the shoulder. “I think we should have lunch now. Giorno is hungry, we cannot neglect a growing boy after all.” He grinned his boyishly charming grin, looking to his grumpy husband. “The cafe on the corner should be nice, and the weather is lovely enough to eat outside.” The larger, fancier restaurants that he and Dio often frequented were not places where children were typically brought, so something more casual would have to do.

It did have its own charm, small though it was. They were seated outside, the tables a fancy wrought iron painted white, with elegant place settings and on top. Jonathan saw Giorno take the napkin and start to examine it, while he picked up the menu and squinted.

“Is it just me or is this very small print?”

Dio raised a brow, sitting himself opposite Jonathan, Giorno on Jojo’s side. He picked the menu up himself, observing the letters. They seemed perfectly normal to him, the cursive print of the delectable selections readable without all the pulling and squinting Jonathan was doing. And it was not the first time this had happened; he’d seen him narrowing his eyes over his textbooks, struggling to decipher the words of things he could in his youth.

“That settles it, Jojo. You are going to get yourself an eye examination at the next available meeting with the optometrist. It’s we have been putting it off for too long, and I won’t have you going blind.” Who would look at him with such loving admiration otherwise?

Jonathan frowned, though he had been putting it off for a long time now, he knew that Dio was right. Far too many nights reading by candle light and slaving away over his notes was catching up to him. He most likely would need glasses for reading, an inconvenience, but there were far worst things in the world.

“Mmm, if we stayed in our flat tonight, I could visit the doctor first thing in the morning,” he commented, closing his menu and looking over to Giorno, casually starting to translate some of the sandwich choices for him into Italian. The food he remembered well enough.

The waiter soon returned to take their orders, and brought them glasses of lemonade, which Giorno sipped with cautious curiosity. The outdoor table was encompassed by the pleasant buzz of city life around them, with plenty of fodder for people watching passing them by, but Jonathan was content looking across at his family – because that is what they were now. He had the life he always dreamed of, despite unconventional origins.

Lunch arrived promptly, and Jonathan’s appetite reached its apex. The sandwiches would leave no man hungry in their size, with rich meats and fillings made for a delectable taste infusion. He took a bite, glancing to Giorno to see how he was enjoying it. Much to his shock, he saw that the boy had
wasted no time in taking apart the sandwich, squirreling the bread away in the large pockets of his breeches, and taking careful bites of the meats and cheese that remained.

“Giorno, just what are you doing?” The astonishment in his voice may have added a layer of sharpness which Jonathan normally did not have.

“I-I…” Giorno’s body flinched before freezing, lowering his head so his sweeps of blond hair fell over his face. “I just… I am sorry.” From there he chose silence over words, folding himself small in his chair, awaiting whatever punishment he was certain Jonathan was about to bring.

Dio looked on at the scene, the stuffed full pockets and purposeful rationing and sighed. He knew what Giorno was doing with no confusion. He’d seen himself do it a thousand time “You will always have food, Giorno, there shall no longer be a day you wonder when your next meal will be, there is no need to save in worry. I know it is… an adjustment, but you may eat all that is set before you.” Giorno looked up, sky blue eyes under long pale lashes breathed heavy for one so small, and his hand went to his breeches, pulling out the loaves. With a nod of approval from Dio, he returned the to the table, attempting to put the sandwich back the way he found it.

“I did not mean to offend you, Uncle Jojo…” Giorno said, still ashamed.

As a child, Jonathan had always had everything he needed, and more. There was never a time when he had be hungry, beyond a delayed dinner or a missed afternoon snack. He had always had more than enough food, and saving for a next meal, that had never been a piece of his youth.

But it had for Dio. And it had for Giorno as well.

Realisation hit Jonathan hard in the gut. Even without Dio’s explanation, it finally occurred to him what he had been doing, but not without giving him a good scare first. Giorno looked so sad and pathetic, like a kitten who was only used to being hit rather than stroked, expecting a blow.

“Oh no, Giorno, no, I’m sorry,” Jonathan let the words spill out, and Giorno quirked his head, giving him a confused look. More than likely, no adult had ever sincerely apologised to him before, either. “I didn’t realise you were -- it is all right.” He gave the boy a gentle smile, as only Jonathan could. “As your Padre said, there is no need to worry. Eat as you please, there is no need to fill your pockets with food.” He reached out and gave his shoulder a small rub, looking to Dio with gratitude.

For the first, and doubtfully the last time, Dio had proven to know more instinctively than Jonathan how to handle a child, and he was reminded once more of how they were partners in all things, the estate, in life, in love, and now finally, in parenting. ‘Thank you’ was mouthed silently to Dio across the table, as Giorno finally returned to eating.

Dio shook his head, deeming it as nothing before returning to his own meal. Mismatched from Jojo’s and Giorno’s, he opted for fish and steamed vegetables, a gentle taste in palette with a white sauce spilled on the plate, not especially hungry and in a want to leave quickly.

“Don’t take long, there is still much to do,” he said between bites. “What was next? All the clothes are settled, and the house is fully furnished. Toys?” Children played with them, didn’t they? Seemed a good way to keep the boy entertained and to his own devices. The idea of himself, a grown man walking through a children’s toy store however was less appealing, but something told Dio that Jonathan would find the whole thing rather fun.

“Oh yes certainly!” Jonathan’s voice rang out with excitement. Giorno glanced between Dio and
Jonathan, seeming more confused than excited, despite being the recipient. And for once, it was not because of the language barrier.

“Toys? From a store?” he repeated in slow English. “That seems like something for... for..” Giorno’s voice trailed off, and Jonathan looked at him expectantly. “For children other than me,” he finally finished, looking back down at his plate, still seeming in awe of the fact that everything on it was for him and him alone. Jonathan’s cheerful expression faltered, and not for the first time, he found himself wondering of the right way to approach someone who was used to a lack of love and affection finally being on the receiving end.

“Of course they are for children like you. And you can have anything you like.” A quick glance to Dio, he really couldn’t see the child wanting anything unreasonable, though he was sure Dio would have his say. Jonathan took another bite of his sandwich. The clock was ever turning, and he knew Dio still wished to get out of the city before the evening fell.

Bills paid upon completion of the meal, the newfound trio headed out. There was only one longer wait for dessert, chocolate a passion both Giorno and Jonathan seemed to share with rivalling enthusiasm, only the former’s reserved nature and the latter’s learned manners keeping them from excessive mess making, but at least Dio was used to it.

Harrods was a fitting location, none would think less of two men stepping into the exuberantly luxury department store, nor would any scowl at the presence of a child. Jaw dropping before he remembered himself, Giorno stared with eyes wide blue simply at the entrance door, marked by the Latin words Omnia Omnibus Ubique.

"All things for all people, everywhere,” Dio translated as he read. “See? For every and all people. Including you.” Why he felt the need to say that to Giorno, when Jonathan had always been the more reassuring of the two was beyond him.

Jonathan had stepped on ahead of the two of them to ask a store clerk the way to the children’s section. When he glanced over his shoulder at Giorno and Dio, still admiring the sign over the entrance door, he smiled and slipped one hand into his pocket, watching them closely, as if he were observing a rare species in the wild. He would never tire of seeing his Dio learning to be a father to his own progeny. Perhaps he would not be a doting, affectionate father (which was just fine, Jonathan could handle that role himself) but he would be a good one. All of Dio’s fears would prove to be unfounded.

“The children’s department is towards the back,” he said once they had re-joined him. Jonathan let his hand rest on Giorno’s shoulder, careful to move slowly so as not to startle. “You are free to choose whatever you like.” As they walked into the department, any child, let alone one who had never had much to call his own, would have been overwhelmed. There were shelves lined with everything imaginable for a child to play with and more, dolls and doll houses, rocking horses, tiny soldiers sculpted from tin, and stuffed animals of every shape and size. Giorno was dumbfounded at first, taking a moment to just stare. But eventually, he began to move his hand over the fur of a lion plush, and explore the rest of the shelves.

“Oh Dio, do you remember these things? I believe you had one or two when we were still in university.” In his hands, he held a metal puzzle that consisted of two pieces, which needed to be taken apart in just the right way. Tugging and pulling was doing good, though that did not stop Jonathan from trying.

“Uncle Jojo?” He glanced down at Giorno, who was holding a giant plush ladybird. His eyes were fixed on the puzzle. “May I try?” Jonathan placed the piece into his hands, and after a minute or two of fussing, he had it apart.
Dio knew himself, especially in times of tense irritation, to slave over that very same piece for a good fifteen minutes before either solving it, breaking it, or throwing it against the wall in a fit of ill-tempered frustration. He was better with his emotions now, and could solve it quick as a whistle when calm, but that toy could send the heads of grown men to hot red. But they were fun in the good moments, and required a mindfulness and stimulation of the brain Dio always thought necessary to maintain.

But with a clear head and nimble fingers it did not even seem to faze Giorno. Dio blinked twice at the sight of it, the speed and decisive motions he made to manoeuvre the knickknack were something impressive and far beyond his years.

“I finished.”

“Evidently,” Dio replied quickly, though it was not so much of a retort than a wide eyed observation. “You enjoy these, then? The puzzles?”

Giorno nodded. “I do. They are fun to play. To think of them is fun.” It came out oddly in English, but Dio understood enough to know he meant the thought provoking nature of solving was an enjoyable notion. A kindred sentiment.

Jonathan stared down at the pieces of the puzzle Giorno had handed back to him, his mouth open wide. He knew that any child with Dio’s blood was bound to be as quick witted as his blond, but this was truly exceptional for such a young boy. Once he had finally shaken off his shock, he glanced at the different games available.

“I suppose you will need some of the hardest ones to keep you busy, eh?” Jonathan said, taking a note of a few of the options. Giorno had already moved on to look at some of the other toys. He did not seem very interested in the board games that involved more than one person to play, passing by checkers or backgammon with little more than a glance, and Jonathan could understand why. Some day he would make friends among the school age children from the nearby town, and perhaps even children from society; there was at least one Floris child his age, and the Davenport’s own son was growing fast. For now, it was likely that the servants and Jonathan himself would be his only playmates. He did, however, stop at a selection of outdoor toys.

“Uncle Jojo? I like these…” Giorno said shyly, motioning to some child sized gardening tools, including a trowel, shovel, hoe, and even a small watering can. Jonathan beamed.

“That is a fine choice, Giorno.”

“So long as no mud trails into the house,” Dio said with a heavy degree of necessity, giving both the outdoorsy pair a look, a hobby he did not share beyond regarding the springtime aesthetics of the roses Jonathan liked to plant for him. But being involved in the process? Much too filthy, and he did not have neatly buffed nails only to fill them with grime.

But into the pile they joined, their basket filling with youthful playthings. Just as expected, Giorno was grateful for his lot and asked for little with few demands. He clung to the ladybug toy he newly acquired, a warm attachment to the toy. Bugs. Dio did not see the appeal, but at least its patterns were somewhat appealing.

“What else?” he asked as they drew to the end of the sector and all seemed satisfactory.

“I think that is everything,” Jonathan said as he took the shopping bags into his hands, and stepped out onto the street. The light was already starting to fade, it was now late afternoon. Giorno walked beside him, clutching the plush ladybird, and yawning loudly. Jonathan did some creative
manoeuvring of bags into one hand, just long enough that he could pick up Giorno with one arm, plopping him down onto his shoulders. Giorno rested his head sleepy against the top of Jonathan’s, closing his eyes.

“We still need to take him to the barber,” said Jonathan, as he rearranged the bags so that he could hold both them and Giorno’s legs at the same time. “It would be much easier to bring him home to our flat, have a light supper, spend the night, and go to the barber in the morning.” Giorno was starting to doze off, and the ladybird slipped from his hands, landing against Dio.

“There are barbers back home and he may sleep in the carriage.” Dio picked up the toy, squeezing it between his fingers, watching as the soft plush compressed and expanded, repeating the action in absent minded entertainment.

Under his breath he muttered with hint of a bitter edge. “Isn’t anywhere sacred? That place is ours, Jojo.”

The creases on either side of Jonathan’s lips, usually dimpled from laughing, turned down into a sharp frown. His hands made tight fists, holding onto the handles of the bags, while supporting Giorno atop his shoulders. The boy was already fast asleep.

“It is for that very reason we should not hesitate to bring him. He is ours, Dio.” Jonathan said, taking advantage of the fact that they had reached a corner, stopping to stare into Dio’s eyes.

“False equivalence,” Dio muttered, but he met Jonathan’s stare with one of his own, not filled with malice, but he was rare to back down. “You know what I meant, Jojo. Even your father had his own privacies we were not privy to, and I saw no error in that. We all need our space, and it is no crime to desire it.” He looked to Giorno, then to Jonathan’s fists. Such a juxtaposition, not even he could argue there were more things as innocent as a child in slumber, but Jonathan’s posture held for something much more fierce.

“But if it going to get you up in arms over a simple case of semantics, fine. We go. I have no wish to quarrel with you.” The days of finding joy in such things were long gone, to be on the right path with the one he called husband, called love, it was nothing so strange to him now. Did not mean he had to like it, but picking one’s battles, especially when Jojo’s hands turned into knuckled balls was easier now. Much too old for brawling like rambunctious youths with no sense.

“I would also love to set these bags down, and our flat is not far from here,” Jonathan added, turning the corner in the direction of their London home. “I do hope that plush bug is not too heavy for his royal highness.” Though it was a slight quip, as Dio was not the type to carry the bag, even when they were things of his own, Jonathan’s expression had crept back into a smile. Dio was still his prince, even after all these years, and typically, he gave his prince what he wanted. This was an exception.

Jonathan allowed Dio to unlock the door to the flat, while Giorno stirred against his shoulders. Once inside, the boy sensed he was in a new place, and lifted his head, glancing around.

“Are we home?” he asked, reaching his small arms down to Dio for the ladybug.

“We are in a home, yes,” Dio reworded. He set the ladybird into Giorno’s arms promptly, before pulling his tie off to a laxer hang around his neck. “I shouldn’t get used to it however, this is simply a resting place thanks to unfit scheduling. Your home is the Joestar estate.” Unbuttoning his waistcoat and hanging it up on the mahogany stand, tall with branching segments, Dio stole an apple from the counter and bit into it hard. A cigarette joined it not long after.
“Not much point in unpacking, Jojo, just leave the bags there. And I suspect the boy is tired, should you want to take him to bed.”

No sooner had Jonathan leaned down to place the bags near the door than Giorno, in a sudden burst of energy, leaped from Jonathan’s shoulders and wandered into the main living room of the flat. He clutched the stuffed toy close to his chest, as if it could protect him, and then peaked into the first door he found. It happened to be Dio’s office.

“Padre?” he called to Dio, who now looked far less formal than he usually did. “Is this where you work? Can you show it to me?” While Giorno was a far less careless child than Jonathan had been, seeing Giorno looming at the entrance to Dio’s work sanctuary made his heart pound in his chest. The last thing any of them needed was Giorno to accidentally turn over a bottle of ink on one of Dio’s case files within his first five minutes in the apartment.

“Giorno, dear, why don’t I show you the rose bushes instead?” Much to his chagrin, Giorno had already made his way through the door, eyes transfixed on the human skull that sat on Dio’s desk.

“No.” Dio stood up immediately tracking down the hall in quick footsteps until he was stood at the door to his office. He sighed, of course now he would have to get himself a lock and key system from unwanted invasions. Even Jonathan knew how to knock when Dio was inside his office with the door closed – a silent statement he was in the midst of business and distraction even from him was unwanted. It was not cruel thing to agree to, the rule was implemented on both parties.

“You do not go in there.” He took his stand in front of Giorno with narrowed eyes, somewhat parental and somewhat as lethal as any grown adult before him. “Ever.” Giorno gulped, looking down at the floor with pigeon toed feet.

“I am sorry… I only wished to see the…” He looked to the skull. Dio turned to see what he meant and scoffed. Dio scoffed.

“There. You have seen it. Now out.” The snip to his tone was more than evident, but he had already lost personal access to his London home, and bitterness was not a foreign trait, and not nearly enough time had passed from him to be jovial.

“See what I meant, Jojo?” Dio said with a knowing shake of his head, a sharp whisper by his ear. “But no, it is wrong for Dio to want some privacy in his life, isn’t it?”

Jonathan cringed, after a lovely day where Giorno and Dio seemed to have found some common grounds, this was not how he would have liked to end it. He did not answer Dio’s comment, but flashed him a glare that told him he was more than displeased with him at the moment. His focus, however, was on Giorno, who looked as though he wished he could disappear into the very wall he leaned against.

“I brought your padre back that skull as a gift,” Jonathan said in a soft voice, bringing himself down to Giorno’s level. “It came from across the ocean in Mexico and probably belonged to an evil cult leader.” It said a great deal about how strong a relationship they had when Jonathan could present such a morbid object to his husband as an anniversary present and have him be delighted. “But Dio’s office is a place I do not even go much. Don’t feel bad.” Jonathan patted him on the head. “Why don’t we get you something to eat, and then tuck you into sleep?”

Later that evening, Jonathan stood in the sitting room, his arms folded over his chest, staring at Dio as he smoked and read a book. Giorno had fallen fast asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, the day’s events having worn him out. By this time, Jonathan was rather exhausted himself, and not in the mood to fight. He sighed deeply and brought a hand through his curled brown locks.
I know this is hard for us all, Dio, but please… don’t look at this as losing anything. Think instead of what you are gaining in return.”

“Tell me, Jojo,” Dio said slowly, indulging in the last paragraph of his book with a flick of his finger to glide to the next page, reading that too. He placed the novel down, but not the cigarette, taking one extra exorbitant puff before finally finishing his sentence. “Is it wrong for me to want some piece of my life, some small semblance, my damned office to go without invasion? Because if so, why not tear every house down? Why have doors or blinds or curtains? Why have keys? Free for all domain, wouldn’t that be splendid?” He gave Jonathan a long look, threatening him both to answer and stay quiet over his extremity of a rhetoric. “No, it would not. And if you truly think I am so awful to want that, then perhaps you should think about what it would mean if we were to live in a world where you had no one would ever give you peace. At all. Those moments of solace you take, being alone in the garden, going out for a ride, or simply for a stroll to the park with Percy. You do many of those things by yourself, not even I am involved when sometimes I would enjoy your company, but no one calls you wrong for wanting that.”

Dio beat the cigarette down into the ashtray, embers and cinders flew and bounced as Dio took a stand, making his way to Jonathan, looking up with no thought for the few inches that divided them.

“I have accepted the boy, we have spent the entire day seeing to his desires. But be got this house to simply be us. To work and love and to fuck and present ourselves to no one else but us. Bare minimum of servants. No expectations. No limitations. Giorno can have entire domain over the Joestar estate should you wish, but do not think things are going to remain free if he can go wherever he wants here too. My office… our bedroom? Hardly the most arousing thing to have a four year old staring while your cock is buried inside me, and you are moaning my name with no thought for propriety.” He gazed at him with burning amber, a sombre lower of his head lasting but a second. No amusement laced his voice, only grim earnest. “We are going to have to be quiet, hidden, pretending. Like we are everywhere else in the world. And you curse me for wanting somewhere to be free, a wish I thought we both shared… once.”

Jonathan was quiet, allowing for Dio to go long his tirade, knowing all too well that he needed to get it out. By its end, he stood before Dio, a mirror of calm to his frustrated dynamism. Two large hands cupped his chin and cheeks, the callouses that had built up from years of working on archaeological digs brushing across Dio’s soft skin. He tilted Dio’s face up to look at him, saying in as soothing a voice as possible, “I know, I know. He shouldn’t be allowed in your office. I am hardly allowed in as is.” He pressed a breath of a kiss to Dio’s brow, and another to the bridge of his nose. “He was just curious, Dio, and didn’t know better.” Jonathan then captured Dio’s lips, kissing him deeply, enjoying the sweet and simple pleasure of a simple kiss.

“Please, my dearest, don’t be cross. You shall not lose this home or your privacy. He need not be here very often, and rules and limits shall be set. It is only proper, after all, he is but a child.” Jonathan thumbed Dio’s cheek with a little smile. We would be poor fathers indeed if we simply let him wander about wherever he pleased. But,” Jonathan’s voice grew firmer, and his hands slid down to his shoulders. “You must be patient with the boy. Children are curious by nature. It is only natural that they want to look at things, and we had not told him yet your office was off limits.”

Jonathan gave Dio’s shoulders a squeeze, before pulling him against him into a tight embrace, braced himself for squirms akin to a finicky cat. “We shall have servants and nannies who care for him most of the time, and his trips here will not be every week. But try to think of how much he looks at you in love and admiration. Don’t think that he is invading, think instead that he is a reflection of the potential in you. And in myself as well.” He lifted Dio’s wrist and pressed a kiss to the star there. “He is a Joestar, through and through.”
“If you say so.” Sometimes Dio wished he could go back to the way it was, where getting angry with Jojo was as easy and simply as breathing or taking a step forward or back. But these thoughts were fleeting and short lived, and with a roll of his eyes he did indeed wriggle from the hug -- only after allowed those large arms to surround him for a few more warming seconds. “But my point still stands, and I have no intention of having quiet sex within this house. Unless of course I happen to be gagging you.” That, however, was another story entirely.

But grandly accommodating and generous as Dio so clearly was, to be looked at with any kind. Even Dio, who believed everyone should see him as glorified, knew where to give credit where credit was due, and in fatherly credentials he fell short to non-existent. How was he supposed to live up to a standard he did not even see in himself?
When Dio arrived back home it was late in the hour, Giorno had already been long asleep and the servants dismissed for the evening, resting in their chambers. His husband, on the other hand, was sitting in up in the master bedroom, reading glasses on the tip of his nose, head tilting downwards as he started to nod off. But as soon as the door opened, Jonathan’s eyes opened, and his hand snapped the book shut without marking the page.

“Well?” Jonathan asked softly, nerves ringing through his tone. He pulled aside some of the blanket, making space for Dio on the already large master bed. “Were you successful?” Jonathan seemed rather like a wife whose husband had been away on important business, though the situation was not quite so simple as all that. A nod from Dio was enough, and Jonathan did not ask questions. The specifics were not something he needed to know.

Rising from the bed, he helped Dio undress, wanting nothing more than for Dio to be covered in nothing but silk and his arms. “You must be so tired, here, why don’t you lie with me for a bit before washing up?”

“I’m the opposite of tired, Jojo,” Dio said surely, though after freeing himself from the binds of cravat, waistcoat, and shoes, he took up the offer of bed space. Pushing Jonathan back onto the soft sheet of the mattress, he claimed far more than sheets straddling over Jonathan’s lap and removing the circular spectacles that sat on his face. It had been a couple of weeks now, since he finally got himself some glasses, and while they contrasted deeply with the burly man they sat on, Dio found himself enjoying that juxtaposition, and they made him look quite the intellectual. And in their own way, they were really quite attractive.

But they did make kissing him rather distracting, and that was exactly what he wanted to do. Planting a long, wet affection onto slightly parted lips, the buzz of his past encounter had yet to dissolve, and he knew the exact way to mix, and stir it away.

“I do so adore you, Jojo,” he admitted, with no sense of apprehension or stammer of words. “I should never let anyone try to slight you. You are my world.” Dio kissed his neck next, pressing in gentle and heavy in an unpredictable myriad, before returning to his lips again. “I would never let anyone even try harm our family. Not even the boy.”

That was one way to wake Jonathan up. All traces of nodding off soon slipped away as his eager blond climbed on top, kissing him with hunger desperation that reminded Jonathan of how the two of them were truly two sides of a single coin. After a difficult day, Dio always took solace in sex, so this truly should not have come as a surprise. He was always more than happy to oblige.

“I am pleased that you see Giorno as family. And I know how deeply you love, once you allow your walls to yield.” Jonathan’s hands moved over Dio’s hips in slow circles, eyes locked on the amber of his own. “I adore you as well, and I know how far you would go to protect me, even if it is unnecessary.” Jonathan tried to push from his mind the thought of the kinds of lengths Dio might have gone to, for all their sakes. But for any apprehension, he trusted Dio to have respected the life of the man. He had, after all, made a promise to do so.

The belt around Dio’s waist was easy enough to come off, and the buttons of the breeches undone with it. A hand was dipped inside, reaching for his length, knowing exactly how to relieve some of his husband’s tensions. “Let me help you relax, tomorrow will be a long day of dealing with nobility, and I think you shall handle it better if you are well fucked first.”
“I told you, Jojo, I am not tired, and nor do I need to relax. I feel fine, rejuvenated, even, so I what I want is not relaxation and gentility from you, oh no.” Dio’s hand joined Jonathan’s beneath the waistband of his lower garments, squeezing and clasping round it to make himself moan. “Well fucked… yes, I think I would enjoy that very much, my dear.” He latched onto his neck once more, not too much to suck a lasting hickey, but it did leave fading dent marks of his teeth and lips on the tan expanse of skin. “But I want it rough, and hard, and exciting.”

With a strong push down and a smirk, Jonathan was laid flat on his back, Dio on top. With deft, nimble fingers, the buttons of his shirt were removed, exposing chest. It had been years since the chiselled, fully peaked body of near pure muscle and tone fit Jonathan’s body, but the size and rippling abdominals in shining glory were still there, with a padded softness Dio found most pleasing, especially when pressed against his lover’s body in a tightly held embrace.

He travelled across the score of a form, nuzzling and teasing his tongue and teeth on the flesh to bring Jonathan into enliven, show him exactly what he wanted. With his mouth he yanked down the pyjama bottoms, bringing forth the half hard erection Jonathan was sporting, taking it into his mouth with a long, slurping lick. He looked up, flashing a grin as he bobbed up and down from tip to base, determined to bring about the full erection with eager speed.

“I… hope that I can deliver!” Jonathan stuttered the words out; Dio’s foreplay rolling from a slow walk to a gallop within seconds. Though nothing surprised him when it came to his husband, it was still a shocking transition, and he only hoped that he would be able to keep up. He had to wonder just what Dio had been up to that made him so eager for rough love making, but perhaps some things were best left unsaid.

Jonathan’s cock was having a far easier time making the transition, and within moments of Dio’s attentions it had sprung to full hardness, slick with the saliva and glistening in the candle light. It did not take long to dispose of the remaining frustrating fabrics that lay between their flesh, and soon enough, Jonathan was able to gaze at his blond, slender and fervent. It would have been delightful to simply lie back, and enjoy the sweetness of slow, tender lovemaking, with Dio taking the lead. But that was not what his prince wanted, and like a god who was owed worship, Jonathan wanted to pay the appropriate homage.

With a sharp and sudden show of his strength, Jonathan rolled on top of Dio, grasping his wrists and pinning them against the silk sheets, over Dio’s head. The action caused his blond hair to spill out behind him, his head resting on the blanket of gold. Jonathan grinned down at him, taking a moment to show Dio that he was not allowing him up, no matter how he struggled. And once the was clear, he pushed himself to Dio’s legs, hooked his arms beneath his thighs and spread them wide. Though his cock was throbbing and hard, he left that be, choosing instead to let his tongue slip between his plush cheeks and tease his entrance.

With a heavy intake of gasping air and a clenching hole that puckered and stretched at the first hint of wet contact, Dio moaned loud and heady, body writhing from left to right. His toes, right from the start curled into the sheets, back arching in a taut bend as he felt the lapping sensations begin inside him.

“Yes…” he cried out, joined with a moan. Dio allowed, forced himself to relax and open, spreading his legs all the wider with flexible limbs and full knowledge of his form to present them in the most enticing of way. He tensed the muscles of his thighs under Jonathan’s touch just to show how his body quaked and ached and yearned for every gesture. His arms remained where they had been put,
allowing his knight to take the lead wherever it would. Dio had every faith that his Jojo would oblige him. And if not, Dio knew how to vocalise his desires in the seemliest of ways. “Don’t dawdle, Jojo. Give it all to me. Nothing held back.”

His violent acts had violent delights, and though just a second before he had been obliging in letting Jonathan move without intervention, Dio could not help but pull at the long mop of curls, perhaps in need of a haircut by means of propriety, but Dio liked them long and thick, for he could grab them hard and pull. The locks twisted round his fingers in his tugs, and with force and throttle he pushed Jonathan and his lathering tongue further, deeper, desperate to make good on his wishes. He moaned, for how could he not, and thrust his hips forward to greedily take what was his.

Jonathan’s eyes looked up at Dio, and he had to suppress a chuckle. If he wanted to right now, he could make Dio beg, possibly go so far as to get him on his knees before him, rear twitching with the desire to be bounded long and hard. But ever the generous soul, Jonathan decided instead to give Dio exactly what he wanted. Pulling away suddenly, he shifted his body over top of Dio’s, and pressed his entire length deep inside, like plunging a knife into flesh. And he wasted no time in thrusting hard, merciless and without a bit of gentility, just as Dio had craved.

And then he pulled out.

Smirking at his husband and knowing the curses that were going through his mind, he flipped Dio over onto his belly, taking a moment to savour the beauty of the arc of his back, the curve of his rear, and the way his long hair was tussled to and fro. With a raise of his palm, he smacked his rear, knowing just how hard Dio liked it, and not holding back.

“What do you want my cock back inside you?” Jonathan asked casually, giving him another good, hard spank.

Precome dripped onto his bedsheets in what felt like a burst tap, Dio’s thighs trembled and quaked from the quick onslaught of all too much at once. He nearly choked on air when the spank hit his rear, turning the pale flesh a deep red in the shape of a very distinct hand print. Fingers balled and clawed into the surface beneath him, and Dio mewled.

“You know what I want.” Ever the stubborn one, Dio knew exactly what Jonathan was wishing for. To, with outright politeness joined with a cry of unbridled desire, plead to be taken, plead to be filled with that taste of glorious cock too soon taken away. But as much as Dio adored the game, to be subjugated and dominated by Jojo (and Jojo alone, god forbid another try), he also liked to win. Loved to win. And he could even push past his body’s desperate cravings to fight for that grand high of victory.

“Don’t you want this? I know you do. I felt it… your want for me.” Wriggling his ass like a prize to be had, Dio pushed his dishevelled hair over one shoulder and tuned, planting a golden eyed stare at Jonathan, licking his lips with a bite of drawn teeth. Enticing, it had to be, he knew the man’s weaknesses.

So often would the sight of Dio’s rear make Jonathan lose sight of everything else, and his own cock twitched as he watched Dio attempt to lure him in, to give him quick, hard release.

Not today.

Sitting up with his legs dangling over the side of the bed, Jonathan grabbed Dio and pulled him over his knee. He remembered how in their younger days, he had been so timid and afraid of hurting him, his slaps would have left Dio in tears of laughter rather than pain. But he had learned. And perhaps maybe Dio would still feel a slight hint of the sting tomorrow as he greeted their guests, the two of
them such model bachelors, rich and of noble birth, serving their duty to their family by taking a child under their wing, but none would be the wiser.

Once Dio had been properly spanked, he pulled him up against his chest, teasing and toying with the rose coloured flesh of his nipples, giving one a twist and a squeeze. A free hand sank down to his cock and pinched the head, spreading the droplets of precome around with his finger.

“You look adorable like this, so desperate and lustful.” He kissed the tip of Dio’s nose.

“Adorable is a start… but I could be looking so much more, don’t you know, Jojo?” The nose kiss was nothing compared to what Dio brought, dragging Jonathan in for a salacious tonguing, sucking on his lower lip only to crash them together, burrowing into the very nooks and crannies of his mouth, a simple taste of that wanton need his was so ‘adorably’ presenting.

“Now, are you going to fuck me like you mean it? Or are we going to be playing games for the remainder of the night? We do have a lot to do tomorrow, can’t drag this out too long now can we?” Turning his hand into a circular fist, he moved it around the wide girth of Jonathan’s cock, a far cry from the true tight grip his hole could provide. “Fuck me, Jojo.”

Dio’s hungry kisses were met with ones of Jonathan’s own, their teeth gnashing together as Jonathan pulled Dio against his body, letting their flesh press together. It was so familiar, but always made new each evening they found the precious moments. And it always seemed right, the two of them in the master bedroom of the Joestar manor, just where they belonged.

“But you are so fond of games, Dio,” Jonathan purred softly into his ear, tongue dancing across the shell, giving the moles an extra bit of attention before moving to his neck. “And we hardly have time to play anymore, so of course when we do, I want it to be fun.” A finger teased his hole, knowing how much he was aching for his cock, and how he would not rest until he had it.

Jonathan was in a generous mood. He flipped Dio over and pulled his hips close, cock slipping back inside with brutal speed and intensity. The spanking resumed in this different manner, Dio’s body being ploughed across the sheets over and over, the cheeks of his rear bright red from the friction.

But just before Dio came, he stopped, bringing the motion to a tantalising slow pace, making him feel each and every centimetre as it entered and left his body. Once more, he turned Dio to face him, looking down at him in that way only Jonathan could. He brought their lips together, resuming their violent kiss from earlier, all the while still thrusting deep within him.

When the opportunity and blissful arrival of Jonathan’s length was sound inside him he latched on, tensing his cheeks and tightening the rim of his hole in a hot clench, refusing to let him go if it was the last thing he would do. Toned arms, slender and long gripped Jonathan’s back, polished nails pushing into bronzed skin and latching like a baby to a finger, legs circling round to hold the large man down, denying a chance to be teased any longer.

Dio smirked in his panting kiss when they parted, trail of connecting saliva joining them before breaking against Jonathan’s chin. For the sensual look in his gaze, a matched voraciousness Dio must have had in his own, that was jarringly adorable and Dio relished in it. He bucked his hips to barely match the stamina induced tirade Jonathan was blessing his rear (and cursing once he next awoke, but there was something satisfying in that too), moaning in total rapture.

“Make me come, Jojo -- fuck me, fuck me, fuck -- Jojo…” With his lover lodged so deep inside him, entwining and taking and so very wondrous, Dio almost forgot the earlier parts of his night, though he couldn’t suppress a laugh now that it came back to his mind. Did the man get out of the bladed shackles? Oh god, he left his favourite knife there -- nothing to identify him of course, but still, he’d
miss it. Oh well, it was worth it, and he had other focuses on hand, pulling Jonathan in for another kiss yet again.

Blissfully unaware of what was going on beneath the lovely mane of gold hair, Jonathan’s hips continued to crash against Dio’s, filling him with his thick organ, finding delight in both his lover’s expression and in the depths of his rear. He was determined to make this last, and he did his best to hold out, making his motions as long and deep as possible. But there came a point where he could not take it anymore, the smacks of flesh against flesh growing louder and closer together. Jonathan reached for Dio’s own cock, pumping it until his fingers were coated in the white, sticky liquid. Only then did he let out a loud cry echoing through the chamber and into the surrounding halls.

Catching his breath, he tumbled atop Dio with a smile, nuzzling his face to Dio’s chest, his hair a mop of brown and coated with sweat, his eyes glistening with playful affection at his husband. They did not always have the time to make love as often as they did in their youth, but when they found the time to do so, they made it count.

“Someone is in a good mood.” Jonathan lifted a finger to trace Dio’s jawline, lightly trailing over his lips. “I take it everything is fine, and that you will be the epitome of a cheerful host tomorrow?” He gave him a little grin. “I would not mind an encore, though it might make sitting a bit difficult tomorrow.”

“Encore, encore,” Dio chimed with cheering bravo and a matching smile to Jonathan’s, though greater in width and the bearing of teeth. “Yes, Jojo, you could call my mood quite chipper.” He pressed a kiss to Jonathan’s cheek, the post orgasm state filling him to the bring with affectionate desire to hold and be held in return. Tomorrow, and the events to come were a story for later, but with their story safe from threat, he was as content as he could be. In fact, if all went well and accordingly, they would find themselves praised for taking Giorno in, for orphan care was deemed so highly among the upper classes. Though how one may deem the orphan themselves was another story entirely.

But Giorno was not Dio, he was, for all intents and purposes both true and formulated, a child with high blood in his veins, and that made him worthy in their classist eyes. So long as Giorno, a mild mannered child, showed no signs of the slum life he lived in, all would be well.

“So if you are not done here, neither am I.” Rolling them around in a quick bout of strength, Dio sat himself on top of Jonathan, legs either side of his thick thighs. “Would you like me to tie you up this time? Perhaps bring out a toy? I do miss some of our more adventurous fun.”

“I miss those days too.” Jonathan said fondly as he gazed up at the blond above him. Seeing Dio so happy and contented made everything they had gone through worthwhile. Even the miserable days he had spent alone and worried in Italy, he would live through it all again if only to preserve that tooth grin. And with tomorrow marking Giorno’s acceptance into society, even their darkest days had worked themselves out in the end. Navigating Dio’s life and finding out how to keep him consistently satisfied had not been easy, but Jonathan liked to think that he had gotten rather good at it.

Which was why he rolled over and pulled himself out from beneath Dio, lifting his lower body so that his two large and muscular ass cheeks were directly in front of him. He gave his rear a saucy little shake, head tilted and looking over his shoulder.
“It has been a long time since we used any toys, I believe there is a set in the locked drawer beside the bed… but do be gentle Dio, you know I like it a bit slower than you do. Though of course, don’t hold back on the girth!” He gave a little chuckle and fell to his side on the bed, propping up his chin with his elbow. “If you wish you can tie me up as well. I think our rope is back in our London home, but my Dio is nothing if not creative!”

Dio gave Jonathan a slightly haughty look. “As if I don't know where every last thing in his room is, toys especially. What do you take me for?” A man who did not know his own dildo collection? Dio Joestar certainly was not that man.

There was an interlude of preparation, grabbing toys and ties and an easy fit number that had Dio laced up fast in an airy splay of black lace. It was not corset tight for that took time and effort he did not want to waste while the mood was so hot and heated, but as he slipped out of the bathroom, posing against the wall, toes pointed and arm bent with intention, he knew the exact reaction he would be receiving. Especially with the riding crop he had in a tight grasp, itching to make bronzed skin red and tender.

“Ready, Jojo?”

Jonathan sat up at attention as quickly as a dog who spotted a juicy steak. He should have expected as much from Dio, who would never waste an opportunity to show off his lithe form in all its splendour, adorning it with silks and lace. Jonathan licked his lips and sprawled back into the sheets, rolling over onto his stomach. “Even if I wasn’t ready, you think I would stop you?” Jonathan asked as he looked over his shoulder at his glorious husband. Though the sparks of riding crop pain still made his heart jump at the best of times, Dio knew his threshold, and how to exploit it so Jonathan would be on the hinge of begging for more before finally filling him to the brim. All these things together made for a perfect combination of carnal pleasure.

“Have I told you lately that I am so glad I married you?” Jonathan licked his lips and held up his rear.

“You could stomach to say it more often,” Dio said with a smirking, sauntering over to the bed in a swish of hips and hair. “After all, it is the best thing that has ever happened to you. The band of gold and diamond laced itself around Dio’s finger, now a permanent fixture he felt near lost without. It added a sparkle to his hands and a skip to his spirit, a private, yet simultaneously public display of perhaps the only bond and promise he was gladdened to be sworn to, and had less than no interest in breaking. He looked down at it and smiled, warm tender memories of Paris turned to fuel for his raunchy mindset, if Jonathan's rear wasn't enough.

Reaching the bed, he claimed Jonathan’s lips once more in a sprawl of new beginnings, wetting them fresh with saliva, catching his face between two hands and grabbing him by the cheeks.

Then, when they parted, panting and extending the kiss until far longer than necessary, Dio grabbed Jonathan by the mop of curls, pushing him down to eye his crotch head on.

“Suck.”

Jonathan sank down between Dio’s thighs with pleasure, taking his long cock between his lips, all the while watching him. Though his mouth was too full to speak, his eyes filled to the brim with admiration and love, just as they always were. Few men loved their partner as dearly as Jonathan did, and many wives in their circle of nobility would be jealous should they have been able to see the level of devotion he had towards his lover.

And though they might never, ever admit it, they might be jealous of the bed play as well.
Jonathan was good at sucking Dio’s cock, but he was also getting impatient for the main event. After Dio had been given a thorough sucking, he spun around and stuck his rear up high in the air.

“Mmm, my darling, are you forgetting something?”

Dio frowned, tutting with a shake of his head. Having dropped the crop on the mattress beside him, quaking legs and throbbing cock causing quite the distraction from all other senses, they quickly returned with Jonathan’s hasty retreat. Hasty, unwarranted, and undemanded retreated.

Picking up the riding crop, Jonathan received the first strike across his rear, a skin staining punishment from his “I don’t remember telling you to stop, nor to move. Forgetting your place already, Jojo?” Another strike for good measure smacked hard into his cheeks. “I wonder if you even deserve all I had planned for you now. Not when you are so greedy for it.”

A hiss of pain escaped Jonathan's lips as the crop struck his rear. He looked over his shoulder, eyes pleading and begging for more.

"Oh but I am thinking of your cock," Jonathan said with echoes of Dio's own pleading from not so long ago. "I know it would feel so nice, if only you would slide it in." Not letting the sting stop him, he drew back towards Dio with his ass up. "I am so nice and tight, am I not, my love?" The plump cheeks of Jonathan's ass were stained red, and made quite the inviting image, hips high, waiting for the inevitable strike and further teasing.

“You’re not doing yourself any favours, Jojo.” Dio saw his own tactics in operation. Which, while admittedly a promising strategy honed from many hours of drawn out sex with far too much waiting, were ones he knew all too well. But he did give him silent props for trying “I know exactly what you are talking about and that is exactly what I meant.” Another strike for misunderstanding yet again crossed itself over the entire width of Jonathan’s ass.

“But I am in charge here, and the sooner you learn that, the sooner you very well get something up that undeserving hole you are parading like a bordello girl.”

“Of course you are in charge,” Jonathan winced as he spun around, his rear sore. He knelt before Dio and pressed a few kisses to his toes, blue eyes darting back up to meet amber, impishness dancing in them. “You are my prince, after all. You rule me.” Bringing himself up to Dio’s groin, he licked the tip of his hard cock.

“This is nice,” he murmured, giving it another teasing suck, and then let his tongue trail along the length. “But it could be nicer…” Giving in, Jonathan brought his entire shaft back into his mouth, taking it long and deep.

Dio pushed down Jonathan’s head, forcing him to keep in position beyond his desired reached, fingers pressing into the dark curls and deep massaging the scalp. With Jonathan’s gaze fixed down, the wet noises accompanied by moans and tingling sensations to his cock, Dio mindfully took the dildo in his grasp. It was larger than the girth of his own erection, but he did not mind it.

“Stay down,” he demanded, before slowly removing his hand, needing both to coat the toy in oil and bend himself over Jonathan’s with his member still rightful taken care of. With a smirk and a push, the head went in, and he waited with enthusiasm for the mewling vibrations to hit.

Lord knows how they made it through university without getting caught, for Jonathan’s loud cry could be mistaken for nothing less that It would have been impossible for Jonathan to have been mistaken for anything but someone in the throes of violent pleasure with the cry that left his lips.
Unintentional loudness could not be helped, not when the push of varying dildos matched with Dio’s intensity and prowess was sending him to the edge, back and over it again in shuddering delight. Their collection did not start until many years later, perhaps that was the cause of his enthusiasm. There was nothing like having Dio’s cock impaling him, but there was a great deal of fun to be had with the different sizes and styles of the various dildos, and Dio knew how to use them oh so well. His cock hung erect and swollen between his legs, a droplet of precome falling from the tip to the sheets.

With vigour and attention, Dio pushed the toy inside, right to the middle and out once more, quickly finding a shaky, but consistent rhythm. Jonathan’s mewls and moans reverberated around his cock in thrilling rapture, and he could not suppress himself either, volume lofty. He always liked how they sounded in the echoes of the Joestar estate, as if the echoes gave them more grandeur, ringing in his ears like a chorus of gratification, only driving him to chime and make Jojo chime all the more.

Dio pulled Jonathan off his length for a brief moment, staring deep into his eyes. “Tell me how good it feels.” It was no request.

“It feels…amazing…oh, Dio, more, please!” Jonathan’s words could be made out between moans and groans, body shaking with the ripples of pleasure that were going through him. Because keeping his own cock hard was not as directly dependent on Dio’s pleasure, he let himself succumb, white come spilling out across the sheets in long sticky strings. He slumped down, not caring that the sticky liquid was getting all over his chest, already slick with sweat.

With gusto, Dio tugged the dildo from Jonathan's ass with a smile shining on his face. Jaunting round in a quick swivel he spread his struck cheeks with a shameless fondle, exposing his used hole in a glorious display.

Wasting no time in his efforts he lurched inside, speed fast and smacks loud as flesh hit flesh and Dio pounded inside. Wiping his brow with the exertion of all that came before, their noises, over stimulated and wanton joined in chorus as Dio took no time at all to spill, not with the warm grip of Jonathan's home surrounding him.

Tired and all too content he flummoxed beside him, giving Jonathan's neck and cheek sloppy kisses after a marvel at his dirtied rear. He smiled.

There were those few sweet moments of orgasm, followed by a contentment that was interrupted by the feel of Dio’s cock within his rear and the manic thrusting with it. He did not mind, grateful for the sensation, particularly as it was more often the other way around. The moans and sighs of gratification continued to escape his lips until Dio was good and finished.

“Mmm, that was a pleasant surprise. I did not think you would be in an amorous mood after today’s events.” Little did Jonathan know that the events had actually been the cause of the mood, but what he did not know would not hurt Dio. He spread out on the bed and grinned, rolling onto one side so that he could properly admire his husband.

“Of the many things I have to be grateful for, without you, I would have never discovered how much I enjoy, ah…” Instead of answering, he brought Dio’s hand to his rear own rear, letting him fondle the flesh. With a tiny grin, he kissed the tip of Dio’s nose. “Just one of many things to love you for.”

With the night growing late, and tiredness settling over, the pair finally migrated in a fatigued heap for a quick lavender induced bath, before settling into the realm of dreams, thoughts of parties and societies something for tomorrow to consider.
Decor was displayed, ribbons, music and flowers joined the patchworks of plant life both Jonathan and Giorno (not to mention the hired gardeners) had seen to, a theme of gold was accentuated, with a myriad of shades between. Aesthetically, none could fault the party appearance, every detail brought Dio’s head to nod in approval as he scoured the final set ups in the hours remaining before the party.

New clothes, freshly pressed, prim and proper and oh so grand were donned, Dio tying up his hair in a ponytail behind his back, brushed with the keen attentiveness of Jonathan, who adored it almost as much, if not more than Dio himself. As if that was something new to learn. He looked at himself in the vanity, stroking a finger down the line

Giorno was dressed by a servant, and Jonathan, in a not so subtle attempt of bonding Dio imagined, had sent him off to fetch him for lunch. Untraditional as it was, the former had made it a point that the family sit together for at least one meal when together, despite the boy being too young for the adult table, and Dio had decided to step back in that battle. It was not so bad, really, though they did have to act a little less intimate in front of the boy and Dio did enjoy his intimacies.

Fitted in Giorno did truly look the part of a society standing youth, and Dio, in a moment of wrenching gut could see his own visage behind the chubby young cheeks of a child, and quiet demeanour. He could only hope no other would see the resemblance and land it to stick, fun as a little power trip of torture might be from time to time, he could not be doing it to everyone -- he was a busy man.

“Come, Giorno. It is time for lunch.” Giorno, in the midst of a puzzle while waiting to be called looked up, and nodded.

“Yes padre.” He upped from the bed, setting the puzzle board on the sturdy davenport, and following Dio out the door.

Silence remained between the two on the walk, until a loud sigh in the small boy made itself heard and he spoke. A brave thing to do perhaps, alone with Dio, but he felt himself in need to speak out. “I am sorry about the man who came yesterday, padre.” Dio stopped, turning his head to face Giorno. “I did not mean to cause you more trouble.”

In the weeks before a sharp handed comment and roll of Dio’s eyes would have been the end of the subject, bitterness taking over, with just a dash of self-doubt and fear to amplify. But no thanks to Jonathan and personal growth, with a hint of self-awareness to counter, he could see that was going to do little. Strife only brought about inner conflict, and believe it or not, Dio did not like feeling bitter as much as it may have appeared.

“It was not your fault, and so there is no need to apologise.” He looked at him with an amber stare, deep into large, familiar blue eyes. “That man tried to go against me, Jojo, and my family. Ridding him of his insolence was the least of my troubles.”

Family…

Giorno felt a buzz of heat fill his chest and he nodded against, trying to suppress a smile. “Yes, padre.”
And with little more said, they headed to lunch.

This party was an exceptionally unique one for both the children and the adults attending. The luncheon was relaxed in nature, with guests and families gathered together, sitting on the high back velvet cushioned chairs united -- though some of the smaller sized youths required an extra prop in order to reach the tall table. Jonathan smiled as he entered the room, hearing the tittering of the children.

“Uncle Jojo, Uncle Jojo!” A bouncing little girl of eight, with blond pigtail curls bounded up to Jonathan and hugged him. “It’s so nice to see you!”

“It’s nice to see you too, Izzy.” Jonathan watched the girl take her seat with the rest of her family, the youngest being just a bit older than Giorno now. He remembered the first Christmas that he and Dio were in love, and spending time with them between sneaking kisses and copulations in their bedrooms. Now they all had grown, and he had a son of his own.

Giorno and Dio entered at the same time, and Jonathan met Dio’s eyes. He was proud, and thrilled to finally have the family he always wanted. Once they were seated, lunch began, and with the young additions, it was much noisier than usual. There were a few troubled expressions over the decision to throw sensibilities to the wind, but the Joestars had never been orthodox since George had be laid to rest.

But the courses were short in number, and dessert was an outdoor affair, biscuits and pastries served on trays throughout the garden with sips of champagne, wine and cordial to join them. Jonathan watched Giorno stay close to Dio, rather than introducing himself to the others.

But it was only a matter of time, and given the occasion was for this and this alone, the official declarations had to be done. Giorno was granted his moment of spotlight as necessary, declared and clapped with two fingers to the palm in the crowds, a gentle applause and greeting. Whispers and stares were a given, and Dio saw himself over a decade ago now feeling very much the same upon his first public appearance.

All things considered Giorno was stellar in his presentation, though a shyness took over for now, Dio suspected it would fade as he grew into himself, living in a home where keeping in the very dark corners and abandoned for days on end was no longer a necessity for simple survival. Something in the eyes, his almost darkly determined stare, was all the proof he needed.

Told to a tee what to say and do and act, he acted in accordance to all that was bid him. Fortunately, in front of the swelling crowd and their hawkish eyes, the child needn’t have said much of anything, simply display his presence for the people to gawk. Uncomfortable as it may have been, such was the life of society. It would fade in time.

The time came where the adults could mingle, sample wines, champagnes, and desserts, all while enjoying the ambiance of the well-kept Joestar garden. The children were given a chance to run, play, and be children, under the supervision of their nannies and governesses. Giorno, however, did not join right away. He clung to a large book of plants that Jonathan had gifted him that morning, eager to open its pages, but wary of who might disturb him.

“Can I see?” a small, shy voice asked. The girl had dark blonde curls, and was unmistakably part of the Floris horde, the youngest member who was just a year older than Giorno. Though suspicious at first, he eventually let the girl look at the book. Soon they were sitting on a bench, turning through pages together, and were approached by a third child, one a year younger than Giorno.

“They seem to be getting along nicely.” Neil said to Jonathan, a glass in his hands. “You have been
saying for years now that you’re not the marrying sort, Jojo, but you’ve always looked the kind who might enjoy fatherhood.”

“Mm, yes, that is true.” Jonathan pressed his right hand into his pocket, secretly feeling his wedding ring. “But now with Giorno, he just came along at the right time.” Neil turned to Dio, looking at him curiously.

“How about you, cousin? While my mother is absolutely thrilled, you never struck me as being fond of children… although when my boy was still in the cradle, I seem to remember you having a way with him.”

“Holding a baby in five minute intervals is different to having one,” Dio said quickly, his view switching between Jonathan and Neil, and the triage of youth sat on the oaken bench, eyeing up the plant book with the bright eyed wonders only a child could possess. And Jojo.

“It was certainly not something anticipated, but,” he continued, staying true to their fabricated story of a long lost relative, “Jojo’s uncle from what I heard was the wayward sort, and being that he is his only remaining kin, it was the only option we had to offer.” Giorno, for the first time around Jonathan and less so Dio, was flourishing about, displaying plant knowledge and almost laughing with the other children over funny sounding names of flora and fauna, while dually correcting their errors in pronunciation. The Italian lilt to his accent affected their own speech, making for more giggles. A picturesque que moment, and rather quaint, really.

Neil nodded, approval ringing in his gesture. “Not all would be as accepting as you two, it’s a good thing you are doing for the boy. I’ve heard horror tales of orphanages for those without suitable parentage, and the streets are no place for a brilliant child.” On that, Dio could agree. Few came out of a life in the slums as the person they could have been had privilege and fortune shone brightly on them. Assimilated as he was, those jagged twelve years had marked their way onto Dio’s existence forever.

Given no time to dwell, the Floris younger and Neil’s child screamed in both shock and delight, eyes glued to Giorno’s ear. “He’s stuffing it in his head!”

Giorno smirked, achieved as his ear folded completely into itself, before jutting back out as normal with a pop. “I told you I could.”

Watching Giorno play with the other children in such a whimsical and carefree way as Neil and Dio discussed the alternative made Jonathan all the more grateful for the opportunity to take him in. Had Giorno not been as resourceful as he was, and intelligent enough to find his way across the continent, he may have suffered the same fate as so many other abandoned children. But that was never to be Giorno’s fate, he was too much Dio’s son. And despite the bloodline not being direct, Jonathan truly felt that part of himself was in Giorno as well. The boy was truly heaven sent, and he took it as proof of the fact that his and Dio’s love was meant to be.

Though seeing his child shove things in his ear did prick on some over protective nerves, it took all his willpower not to go over and pull him aside to make sure he was okay. He had been a boy himself, after all. He would wait until the screaming started before getting too worried.

“It is good to see him doing well with others his age. We weren’t sure if the accent would make him stand out too much. He is actually very shy.”

“He appears quieter and observant to me than shy,” Charlotte said, approaching her son and nephew with a glass of sherry in her hand. “I am sure that he does not miss much.” Her eyes fell on Dio, and though she did not say so, unspoken, was the matched description of a familiar blond when he was
But Dio was not like Giorno, not in every facet at least. Where Giorno was soft spoken, Dio had been, and continued to be brash, declarant, not wishing to slip into the shadows and hide, he made himself known from the youngest of ages all throughout the lower life of London’s slums. Both pros and a multitude cons came from such an attitude, but few forgot his face when they saw it. But Dio supposed, in a different way, Giorno was not so easily forgotten either.

Dio took a water from the stand and sipped it slowly, lighting a cigarette. He could not help but feel the small inklings of something as he watched Giorno meld into the life he had crossed country for, looking for settled than he ever had since coming, and his smirk reminded of Jonathan in his more boyish moments.

The party sailed on for hours more, with small chit chat, hearty conversation and all in between Dio and Jonathan as hosts took to managing the event with all manner of graces until finally the sun turned to dusk and the party met its end.

“I think that went well,” Dio said, his eye kept out for any unwanted guests through the day. He’d given that seedy man quite the scare, but not killing him did leave the chance of a second arrival, laden in need for revenge.

Jonathan nodded in agreement. He was far more relaxed overall than Dio, the party having gone off better than he had even expected. Seeing Giorno with the other children had warmed his heart and helped ease some of his concerns about their son’s ability to blend into their society. As each guest left, he waved them off with a smile, looking to Giorno and ruffling his hair.

"You did so well today!" he declared proudly, kissing his forehead and passing the tuckered out boy onto the servants to be washed and put to bed.

As they travelled up the staircase, walking towards the master bedroom in the now silent mansion, Jonathan took Dio’s hand into his own and kissed the fingertips lightly. "You did well too. I am proud of you." Their fingers laced together and he gave them a squeeze. "For everything. You have really adjusted well to all of this."

Once they neared the door to the room, he stopped and pressed Dio up against the wall, candlelight from a nearby lamp flickering softly over both their faces. "I love you, and I love our family." A kiss was pressed to Dio’s lips, tongue slipping cheekily into his mouth, teasing him with the affection he couldn’t show all day.

Dio smiled into the kiss, returning and deepening it quickly now that all eyes had gone. Dio stroked Jonathan’s cheek, wordless, but he knew what he had to say. It left Dio and Jonathan once more in happy privacy, easily the best part of his days. As they parted with a slight breathlessness, Dio spoke.

“I will be returning to London tomorrow for a few days, it’s been too long since I have had stability in my work with all that has happened.” Still, despite all that happened, the shift in their lives that brought disarray, confusion, and perhaps a new glimmer of contentment, their new normality had almost been settled, and it was time Dio stepped into it with full swing.

But they still had one more night, and so, with a slither down of his hand, Dio undid the first three buttons of Jonathan’s shirt.

“Shall we to bed?”

“Of course,” said Jonathan, the glimmers of lust of and love clear in his eyes. Once the kiss had
subsided, he opened the door to the master bedroom, holding it for Dio like the gentleman he was. The moment the door shut behind them, arms were draped about Dio’s neck, allowing the blond to continue his work unbuttoning his shirt. Jonathan’s hand rose to cup his cheeks, leaning down to press a soft kiss to his lips.

“You shall be working hard at your office, as you always do, right after working hard in your home.” He thumbed his cheeks gently, before letting his hands sink down over Dio’s body. “Hopefully from this point on, you shall have more ease at home, but still, you deserve to relax.” Jonathan dropped to his knees, eyes fixed on Dio as hands unbuckled his belt.

“You should know by now, Jojo, I like to work in the courtroom. It is fulfilling.” Dio knew it was the way Jonathan always was, and always would be, and it was sweet that he cared for him so. Learning to distinguish that care for patronising condescension had been a challenge from the very day he stepped off from the carriage and Jonathan offered to take his bags, but most of the time he could tell the difference.

But staring down at Jonathan now, this sort of care could only insinuate one thing, and a smile rose to his lips, and gladly he said, “But take care of me now, Jojo. Make me relaxed.”

Tugging at the soft grey fabric of Dio’s pants, Jonathan listened to them fall to the plush carpeted floor, eyes still fixed on his prince. Dio’s cock was taken between his lips, first only the tip, little by little accepting the entire shaft. Jonathan’s practiced mouth knew just how to do it without gagging, and repeated the little show once, twice, thrice, each time his movements proving slower and more wet.

But Jonathan wasn’t planning to finish this with a quick and messy blowjob like the days of their youth. No, their marriage bed was for much more lavish pleasures when they wished it. Rising to help Dio shed the rest of his clothing, he guided him to the bed, stopping to dig through one of the side drawers. There was a small vial with scented lavender oil, and pouring a small amount on his hands, he began to rub it into Dio’s pale, smooth shoulders.

“If I am not to have you for several nights. I shall be making this slow, and long.” Jonathan’s large hands pressed him into the sheets, continuing his massage down between his shoulder blades to the small of back.

“Ohh…” While not the expected action, Dio was by no means opposed. Settling comfortably on his stomach, Dio propped his head up, leaning on his forearms and closing his eyes. “Yes, that is very nice indeed, Jojo,” he said with a wriggle and turn of his neck. “Now this is the kind of care I truly could get used to.”

Moans, not so dissimilar to the noises he made while in the midst of blissful throes escaped his lips as Jonathan’s calloused palms got to work on his body, thumbs pushing into pressure points, a moment of uneasy tending to knots quickly turning into echoes of rippling release. As if Dio were melting as ice melts into water, he never wished to leave the bed again once merged within it, Jonathan’s hands like a magician’s spells, potent and magical with every gesture.

“Deeper, deeper,” he chimed, voice sounding drunk and sluggish, suddenly every ounce of spirit within him lost to the talented fingers. “I need this every night, Jojo… I do not think I can go without this ever again.” Despite remaining on his back, sensual at most, Dio could feel his cock swell, only adding to the climaxing sensations amassing his entire form. How could he not feel roused by this?

The lavender oil may have been Jonathan’s preference over Dio’s, but it was still a lovely and soothing scent, perfect for massage. The man’s large, calloused hands kneaded into the pale flesh with expertise. Years of memorizing Dio’s body was not just useful for making him come, but for
getting him to wind down until he was as contented as fat cat sleeping in a sunny spot. Dio’s long blond hair was brushed out of the way, little kisses speckled across the back of his neck.

“You never will go without it, I promise.” Taking a moment to stroke Dio’s hair, Jonathan gently rolled Dio onto his back, gazing down at his luscious figure sprawled out before him. “The furthest we shall ever be again is a city or two apart.” Jonathan’s fingers crept up down his chest, cupping his cock.

“Those sweet, young boys who work in your office, I am certain that they would love to get a taste of you.” Jonathan smirked in amusement, his blue eyes brimming with roguishness. “But you don’t want them, you want me.” Dio’s loyalty, even after all these years, was unfaltering. So was Jonathan’s tongue.

“Go on… come in my mouth if you like,” Jonathan encouraged. “We have all night, it won’t be the last for either of us.”

A smirk grew on Dio’s lips, and through his moans as his cock was so grandly attended, he spoke. “Jealous, Jojo? Of all the boys in my office?” Really, the law firm was filled with the middle aged sorts with rounded bellies pushed into too tight waistcoats from overindulgence in wine and beers and delicious scotch. Dio, with his long term abstinence from the brews at least could be assured he’d have no pot belly like those men when he reached such an age. But there were some young, and some quite comely gentlemen among the ranks, marriage did not mean he did not have eyes.

“But you it all too well, my dear, I have no interest in boys.” Pausing, Dio pulled Jonathan up to grant him a sloppy wet kiss, tasting the salted beads of his own precome of Jonathan’s lips, the scent of purple flower wafting between them so sweetly. “It is a man I need. A man like. All you.” He gave his lip a teasing bite, before pushing Jonathan back down to his cock, forcing his mouth and tongue to once again pleasure him.

Happy to make good on Jonathan’s words, he built a rhythm that sent him into toe curling thrums and near desperate whines until he was spurting hot and sticky in his mouth, watching with glad amusement as Jonathan swallowed with a gulp, licking up what slipped down his chin. “A work of art.” Dio said, crawling into a sensual embrace filled with neck kisses and a hand on Jonathan’s budding length. “To see you each night like this… who could ever think of distracting me from it?

“Aren’t you a lucky prince?” Jonathan purred as Dio’s tongue slid over his chin, stubble just beginning to show on the chin, after a fresh close shave in the morning prior to the party. “I truly spoil you, far too much.” He allowed their brows to meet, the tips of their noses rubbing together in an affectionate gesture, before Jonathan placed two fingers under Dio’s chin and kissed him softly on the mouth. His cock was fully hard just from the few brief strokes, the erection warm and prodding against Dio’s thigh.

“I think that perhaps a reward is in order. After all, I have been such a loyal and faithful knight.” The candlelight flickered off Jonathan’s eyes, and Dio could see the corners of his lips turned up into a lust filled smile. He put his arms behind his head and rested back against the soft, silk covered pillows, watching as Dio took his time working his way down his soft yet finely sculpted figure, looking forward to being treated to a wide array of pleasure. His husband could not disappoint if he tried.

Jonathan closed his eyes, letting out a low, throaty moan as Dio’s skilled lips took his tip into his mouth. So absorbed was he in it that at first, he did not take note of the tiny rapping sound outside the door. It could just be a figment of his imagination, or a mouse, or even a ghost; he didn’t care so long as Dio kept sucking his cock. But soon, it came again, and louder. This time, it was accompanied by a tiny voice.
“Uncle Jojo? Padre?” Jonathan and Dio shared a look at each other, and then to the door.

Shit.

Hastily, and with the greatest of reluctance, Jonathan sat up and dug into a drawer for a pair of pyjama bottoms. They were pulled on, and once both he and Dio were at least covered from waist down, he cracked open the door.

“Giorno? It’s late, what is wrong?” Jonathan looked down at the blond haired child, standing before the large wood door as if he feared it might suddenly grow fangs and bite him.

“I had a dream and I was scared. Then I went to Padre’s room and he wasn’t there. I-I am so sorry to bother you, I know it is late.” Jonathan saw the boy shirk backwards, as if he were half expecting a blow and needed to put space between them. Making sure that his voice was soft, gentle, and betrayed no sign of frustration, Jonathan opened the door.

“It’s no bother, Giorno, come in.”

If his cock had not already been softened from orgasm, the intrusion certainly would have drawn him to a flaccid now, and Dio grimaced and frowned before retreating into suitable dress, hearing of Giorno’s troubles as he shuffled himself into a long silken robe.

It had been kept quiet, never spoken of, Dio and Jonathan’s relationship to Giorno, but with cocks and kisses intertwined, and not knowing how long the boy was standing there, it was difficult to know. Not to mention simply being in each other’s beds suggested something more than simple brotherly affection as they’d have the rest of the populous know. Still it was not as if Giorno’s mother was anything short of promiscuous, both in regard for her own interests, and while it was men she took favour with, she was certainly around those with a variety of desires, Dio himself included. But all the same, it had been a long time since they had been caught, or even close to it, and his heart beat fast with wide eyes.

He watched as Giorno with shaky trembles and a weak attempt at repressing any more emotions came forward, still a good few inches from the bed, and Dio knew their own night was over. He thought back to his own nightmares, how some left him screaming and kicking, how others lasted in mind for days on end, climaxing in the worst of ways during the trip in Europe. For his son to feel the same… even Dio was not completely heartless.

With a sigh, he settled back in the sheets, creating a gap between he and Jonathan -- a child sized fit. “What happened in your dream, Giorno?” He said, patting the bed. “Talking, in some cases, may help.”

Jonathan watched Giorno approach the bed slowly, timid as a mouse. The boy had made great strides in his time at the Joestar estate, but truth be told, he had never approached them after being tucked into bed. The long, dark hours of the night could be an unsettling time, and Jonathan had to wonder if this was not the first nightmare he had had, but simply the first he had felt brave enough to approach their bedroom door for. He crawled up between the two, his shoulders stiff, his legs hugged into his chest. He seemed afraid to lean back, and Jonathan put an encouraging hand on his shoulder.

“I… saw my mother,” Giorno began. “She was dead. Her body looked like the worms had been eating it. She wanted me to come with her, I… I did not want to go, and it made her mad.” He hugged his legs tighter into his body, as if trying to create a protective cocoon.

Jonathan shot Dio a glance, pleased with his husband’s patience thus far. If someone told him a child
would be interrupting sex for a nightmare just a year ago, he would have imagined Dio’s reaction being more frightening than any dream, regardless of parentage. Giorno was not the only one growing and changing, and it brought a quiet smile to his lips.

“That sounds awful. If I had a dream like that, I don’t think I would be able to fall asleep again, either.” Jonathan’s tone was quiet and soothing as his hands rubbed circles on the boy’s back.

Dio thought to his own nightmares, where he would never run from his mother, he could certainly relate with regards to Dario, the dark, ugly figures grasping out to drag him back to a life he never should have lived in the first place. He shook his head, pinching between his eyes; there was no need to think of his own tribulations, long since resolved.

Instead, Dio looked to Giorno, a child right in the midst of struggle behind that quiet attitude and piercing blue stare. Though he was young, and though despite great intelligence for one so small, he could not vocalise every word in the proficient ways he felt, Dio could simply feel, see what lay beneath the surface, and perhaps for the first time empathise with another person. Maybe it took a shared experience to do so, or perhaps he was just getting soft.

“Your mother is no longer here, Giorno.”

“…Yes, padre.” Giorno looked up, blinking under long pale lashes, small pout on his lips.

“And you no longer have to worry or fear, whether she wishes for you, or leaves you behind, you have us, and you shall have all you need. We are your family now.”

Giorno was quiet for a long few moments, twiddling his thumbs as he settled more into the bed. “I do not think she was… a very good mother. Not when I have Uncle Jojo and you, padre. I like it here. Naples was home, and sometimes I miss it… but I did not like how I felt before.” With a bout a quick bravery on the young boy’s part, he edged his hand close, then his arm, until he had pulled himself and Dio in an embrace, nuzzling against his chest. Even with that action, Dio could feel the trembles at such a gesture, and found himself wishing to quell it.

And so he put his arm back around, bringing Giorno in closer, holding him softly, and rubbing his back. “There… there…” he said with caution, looking up at Jonathan with warmth, yet his own apprehension and cautiousness caught in his gaze.

There was something about Dio that was often untouchable. From the very moment he arrived at the Joestar manor up until their first hesitant touches in the hunter’s shed, Dio had been like a wild animal, ready to snap at the slightest attempt of drawing near. And once they began courting, it was still months, even years before Dio was truly comfortable with all forms of affection. Giorno had similar difficulties, but he had been pulled out of his childhood hell far sooner, and had made Jonathan proud with how well he was getting on. Now Jonathan had yet another reason for pride.

“Dio is absolutely right, you need not worry any longer.” He said it as much for Dio’s sake as for Giorno’s. “The past is in the past, and you need not worry about the dead returning.” Jonathan grinned, and pulled himself closer to the two, draping an arm about Dio and letting his other settle on Giorno’s head, lightly ruffling his hair. “Your padre and I will always be here now to protect you.” He squeezed them both, and pulled them back against the pillows, finding this all quite nice. Even though their intimate evening had been interrupted, this was intimacy of another kind, and it did just as well.

“Would you like to stay here with us for a while?” Jonathan offered, raising his eyes to Dio. He was taking it well all things considered, with a child, activities such as love making were bound to be interrupted. Still, Giorno in their bed was a very large step, particularly consider that most would
consider their marriage false. But Giorno was their son, and it was a little piece of heaven having him here like this.

With a breath and sigh, Dio resigned himself, scooting slightly over to allow Giorno full and open access to the king bed. Arousal long since gone, and something strange allowing him to accept more than he thought possible, he gave Jonathan a shrug before dimming the lamp on his side of the bed and settling under the covers.

"Yes, please," Giorno said with happy eagerness hidden under the shy and fear of night-time phantoms. In its own inconvenient way it was sweet, quaint this little scene, even Dio could see that.

"I like it here, it does not seem so scary," the young boy said. "My mother did not like to be home so often, she had many friends and I would get in the way. I thought it was just what a Madre was meant to be, but perhaps it was not so good." He snuggled over to Dio, finding his arm under the touch of blankets, and Jonathan's with the other.

Looking once more to Jonathan, then his pale headed son, Dio saw, maybe, how life could be.

"Perhaps," he said quietly, under the dark and expression cast in darkness, but newfound warmth in his voice undeniable, "this is how it should be."

Chapter End Notes

If anyone actually makes it this far, I applaud your dedication. I realize a weekly release may have been best for a work this size, but without my partner, I just did not have the heart to do it anymore.

As I write this, a quote from the song Closing Time comes to mind: "Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end." Following this chapter is my new beginning.

Thank you for reading. - J
Tagline: George Washington’s Gay Werewolf Brigade

The year is 1778. David Wolston, the youngest son of an earl and the family black sheep, reluctantly arrives in the American colonies, serving as a soldier in the British army. Even a childhood full of studying folklore and mythology was not enough to prepare him for the wilds of New Jersey, where a devilish creature has been wreaking havoc. While trying to get to the bottom of the mystery, he meets Cyrus Leeds, a sharp tongued blond who turns into a white wolf. His werewolf pack is part of George Washington’s Continental Army, and the two are forced to set aside their differences in order to uncover the secrets of the Jersey Devil.

Wolves of Washington is a story about being forced past your limits and facing your demons - both internal and external. The cast includes characters of varying backgrounds, ability, and sexualities, and will combine familiar faces of history with folklore and fantasy.

It is still very much a work in progress, as I feel very strongly about the story and characters, and want to make them the best they can be. My intention is to develop David and Cyrus into a rivals turned lover pairing, one that fans of ships like Dio/Jonathan or CS Pacat’s Laurent/Damen from Captive Prince would enjoy. Though I am an amateur writer, I have been taking the writing of this novel VERY seriously. Wryyda, who has seen me through so much in our joint writing, has given me feedback and thoughts. I took a fantasy writing webinar with CS Pacat, and recieved feedback from her and from a group of talented peers. I’ve attended writing workshops and read books, done research in both the crafting and the history departments…

But I’ve never publicly shared excerpts, until now. You guys are the first, and quite possibly the most important. Constructive thoughts and feedback are very much needed, if you’d like to comment here. Or you can reach me through twitter, e-mail, or my personal AO3.

Thank you all, and see you around the Dio/Jonathan fandom!

Joestarlight
AO3 - wolfishscribbles
Twitter - Joestarlight_
Tumblr - Joestarlight (infrequently used)
E-mail - wolfishscribbles@gmail.com

The feel of a horse beneath David’s legs was like taking the first taste of fresh water after drinking for weeks from a barrel. He was alone at last, doing something he excelled at, with nothing but a forest path before him. Allowing his horse to slow to a walk, he took a moment to indulge in the beauty of the natural world around him.

Tall pine trees surrounded the path, dark and unyielding, but they were more welcoming than the
brick buildings and bumpy streets full of dirt and shit he had left behind in New York. A mission that allowed him to ride on horseback through deserted woods was far preferable than one that put him in a battalion line. Still, there was a sense of foreboding that David could not shake, not so different from how he had felt in the depths of the cellar. Why was he being offered this chance? Why couldn’t the body he was meant to retrieve simply be brought back by other soldiers passing through? And most importantly of all, what was a clawed up body doing in the basement of the tavern? David was no stranger to being picked for unwanted tasks, but he could not help but suspect that his reputation for being a clumsy soldier was not the only reason his superior officers were keeping him in the dark.

Even beneath the shadow of questions, being in the woods was like coming home again. Bringing his horse to a stop, he took out his water skin and drank, taking in the sound of chirping birds and the rustle of branches in the wind. Taking advantage of the peace and privacy of the moment, his hand dipped into his pocket, pulling out the silver locket that never left his person. Gazing down at the two petit portraits of his friends, nostalgic memories took hold as they so often did. Colin would run ahead and climb a tree, Elizabeth crying in frustration when her delicate, lacy shoes prevented her from finding a good foot hole in the bark. David would climb besides Colin and together they would help her up, and there they would sit, feet dangling and legs swaying. The pleasant echoes of the past kept company and soothed his worries, giving him a few moments of much needed peace. But before long, they passed, and reality ensued. His friends were an ocean away, he was alone in a strange country, and his assignment was suspicious. There was only so much escape a memory could give.

A cluster of three, large, black birds swooped overhead, David could not tell whether they were crows or ravens, but they made a loud ‘caw’ as they glided by. Attention caught with them, he blinked in discovery that he was no longer alone. Before him were green inquisitive eyes, staring straight at him, enveloped in a mass of gray fur. The pointed ears and snout told him he was looking at a wolf cub, and the corners of his mouth turned up in delight.

He had never seen a wolf before. Not a live one. Oh, there was the old pelt in Colin’s attic they toyed with during their play, and stories of how they would gobble up little children if they could, but David had never disliked them. If anything, they seemed like wild dogs, to which the human world had forgotten were once their best friend. Seeing one in the flesh would have been almost impossible back home, but here in America…

David fell steadily to one knee. He moved his hand out slowly, and then pulled back, shaking his head.

“I would love to make friends with you, little one, but I doubt your mum would appreciate a human scent,” he said in a gentle voice. His horse began to fidget impatiently, and the wolf cub took a cautious step backwards. “But I am glad I was able to see you. I shall take you as a good omen—”

No sooner did the final syllable pass David’s lips, than his horse reared up and squealed loud, ears flat against the head. David was scarcely able to move out of the way in time to avoid being knocked over. The large brown thoroughbred had been well behaved and not easily spooked, as most military grade horses were bred and trained to be. But when David’s eyes fell on the source of the disturbance, he knew no amount of breeding could have prevented such a reaction, for his own face was equally as shocked.

Before him was an ungodly creature the likes of which he had never seen. Taller than even David’s large height, it rivaled the horse in stature, its gray, beastly legs thick, muscular, and covered in fur. It stood on two legs like a human, and toned the coat of a British soldier, though the wool appeared stretched and damaged, torn with something far stronger than hands. Its arms were hardly different to
its legs, powerful and strong,

But what truly shook David to his core was its face. Wolfish, just like the cub, but with a long, snarling snout, and protruding fangs, ready to tear him apart. An unholy matrimony of man and beast, it snarled in David’s direction with terrifying ferocity. Grabbing the reigns of his horse, David pulled himself back up into the saddle. The beast had its glare set on the cub, those bright and inquisitive eyes now frozen in fear.

David did not waste a second. He reached into his saddle bag and drew a pistol. Firing rifles had been his forte, David had been doing so since he was a boy, but the pistol had the same general workings, if not the accuracy. Loading on a nervous horse, however, took every bit of his effort and concentration. David fired at the ground between the creature and the pup, causing both to startle. The pup disappeared into the trees, and the creature now turned his hardened glare on David, snarling and baring its long, pointed fangs.

The wolf cub was safe for the moment, but if David wished to be the same, he needed to move just as quickly. A tug at the reign, a sharp heel into the horse's side, and cry of “Yah!” were more than enough to make his mount obey, galloping full speed down the trail as if all the demons from hell were on their tail. A glance back confirmed there was only one - a shocking mixture of fur, fang, and blood red wool that jolted him with familiarity.

David felt his palms grow sweaty, that one, horrifying image replaying over and over in his mind’s eye. He recognize the tattered coat of a British officer, now doned by the vicious creature behind him. Having dedicated much of his life to the study of legends and folklore, David was no stranger to stories of men transformed into terrible animalistic monsters. Now, right before his eyes, such a wolfman stood, muscular limbs topped with claws filling the coat to the bursting point. It was as if an engraving from one of his old dusty volumes had been brought to life, and he felt his heart pound harder in horror.

What was worse, the coat was familiar beyond its function. The worn trim with sploches and stains, the buttons missing in the same places, a tear on the right cuff, all these details told him this coat belonged to none other than the bully of his regiment, Jack Hardy. Only a few days earlier the ill tempered man had held him in a headlock, and the damage ensued in their struggle matched the damage on this coat. David’s stomach twisted and turned, his heart racing so fast he feared it might give out.

The coat this creature was wearing belonged to Hardy.

The creature was Hardy.

There was no time to dwell on the bizarre revelation, not unless he wished to be caught by the snarling beast behind him, David galloped on. He struggled to reload his pistol, but already knew his aim would be even more horrendous at this speed. He spun about and spied over the top of the pistol, feeling the last shreds of his confidence melt away, and helplessness set in.

And then a shot fired that was not his own.

From several meters back, David saw a short, blond figure, pistol cocked and smoking at the tip. Slowing his horse and maneuvering him around, he watched the wolfman cry out in anguish and clutch his shoulder, now gushing red blood, monstrous gaze set on the newcomer.

Short blond hair stopped at the shoulder, tied back in a half pony tail, long bangs brushed to the side. Green eyes glared through the smoke, and the long white shirt and brown breeches he was wearing looked dirty and wrinkled, as if they had been thrown on in haste. Even at this distance, his
expression was clear. Seething teeth almost like the beast, and a shaking fist showed palpable rage as he stared up at what had once been Hardy.

“Filthy redcoat, you come where you are not wanted, and then get yourself cursed by beings you don’t understand.” Cyrus reached into his pocket, pulling out another round of ammunition and loading it into the pistol. Large footfalls marked the wolfman’s movement towards him, and while this would have been a perfect time for David to make a run for it, he found himself staring at the scene unfolding before him.

Like David and Goliath, the tall, threatening creature loomed over the blond’s head, yet the blond showed no fear or panic. He just looked enraged, and as skilled fingers finished loading the round, the lock clicked and the trigger was pulled once more, hitting the target in the neck.

It did not stop advancing. David felt the hairs rise on the back of his neck. Slipping down from his horse, he jerked his musket strap around and dipped into the pouch at his waist for ammunition. He hated the feel of the thing, heavy and clunky and less precise, longing for the hunting rifles from back home. But with that being said, the standard issue musket did have one credit: it could be loaded with far more speed. In less than half a minute, a shot was fired into the black fur of the creature’s shoulder.

“Aim for the head!” the blond called out with a slowed but still advancing Hardy nearly upon him. Though his hands shook and he almost drew blood with how hard he bit his lip, the almost torturous training regimes showed their use. Muscle memory took hold of his actions, as David went through the mechanical motions of the loading process. He raised the musket, knowing it would serve him better aim than his pistol, but still worrying that it might not be good enough. No time to think about that.

He pulled back the lock. The shot erupted across the woods. An explosion of red splattered from the back of the skull, some splashing onto the face and clothing of the blond as he deftly stepped out of the way of the collapsing body. David sighed in relief, lowering his musket and approaching the smaller figure.

“Are you all right?” David’s voice was flat, the relief of no longer being pursued was replaced with a mixture of cold shock and gratitude. “That creature was once a man I knew, I don’t know what on God’s green earth could have made him into a monster worthy of Odysseus’s travels,” David shook his head, trying in vain to rid himself of the unsettling reality. “…but are you hurt?” Hazel eyes were full of concern as he closed the space between himself and the blood splattered blond, though he was met only with a cool frown.

“I am fine, and though I did not need your assistance, your aim was not the worst I’ve seen,” the blond said calmly as he flicked a few specks of crimson from his cheek. “But I am afraid you shall be joining your comrade in death now.” David’s eyes nearly crossed as he found himself staring down the barrel of the pistol. “Goodbye.”

The lock snapped down. He was going to die. A whimper rang out to the side. Turning his head, David noticed the same gray pup he had been admiring earlier.

And then he saw him change.

The gray fur faded into smooth, dark skin; the four paws spreading into feet and hands; the long snout and pointed ears shifting down into a human face. Before him stood a boy no more than ten years old, deep brown skin and dark curls looking so opposite the blond’s fair features. But when their eyes met, David could feel the bonds of love and family between the two. He had that with Elizabeth and Colin, once.
“Cyrus, no! He could have run, but he saved me!”

“He’s a British soldier, George, have you lost your senses?!” Cyrus’s pistol did not waver, and David felt his body shake, though whether from the shock of all he had seen or fear of death, he could not tell. “He will become cursed and be yet another mess to clean up.”

“No he won’t. It’s a full moon tonight!” George’s young voice said eagerly. This reasoning, while it meant nothing to David, only served to make Cyrus angrier.

“All the more reason to kill him now! If the devil were to mark him tonight…”

“You don’t know that! And it is not quite nightfall! He may still make it out of the forest.” George grabbed Cyrus’s arms, tears spilling down his face. With a loud, exasperated sigh Cyrus shoved the pistol under David’s chin, and grabbed him by the collar of his red coat, yanking him downwards to his eye level. David could feel the sweat rolling beneath his collar.

“Listen to me, you overgrown fool. You are to run to your horse, mount, and ride as if that thing were still chasing you. Do you understand?” David nodded, the pressure of the metal biting into his skin hot from the last trigger.

“Good.” The pistol was pulled away, and with an elegant twirl, placed back in the brown holster at his side. “But in case you need some encouragement…” He began to unfasten his belt, holding it and the pistol out to the boy. “George, dear, watch these for a moment, won’t you?”

David could only stare in both wonder and horror as for the third time that day, he watched something which he could not explain. Cyrus’s features contorted and grew, only it happened so fast David could scarcely register the change, his jaw dropping at the sight of a white wolf, scowling and snarling in his direction.

David ran, moving his legs faster than he had ever moved them in his life. Only once the large and comforting figure of his horse was near did he even risk a look back.

The white wolf was gone, Cyrus once again in his place. He stood nude, with a large black bird perched on his finger, leaning into it as if they were sharing the most intimate of secrets. David put his foot in the stirrup and pulled himself up, digging his heels into the horse’s side, urging the animal on.

As David rode faster, he could hear the cry of a crow echoing in the distance.

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