American Beauty (American Psycho)

by TimmyJaybird

Summary

A chance meeting leads Jason into Tim's car, one night outside a club. And what could have been a one-off leaves Tim far too intrigued in his latest find. And to a man who is used to getting everything he wants, wanting Jason just means negotiating the right price.

Notes

It's been quite a while since I actually worked on a lengthy fic! This idea has been bugging me for a few days, so I finally decided to dive in.

As the tags say, I'd like to point out, this fic is not going to portray a healthy dom/sub relationship. While I normally write the healthy stuff, I just... can't get this out of my head. So please keep that in mind while reading! (And remember, fiction is fiction! This sort of thing in real life needs negotiation and lots of communication!)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

The music pulsed inside Tim’s skull, seemed to rattle around, envelope his mind and squeeze. He carefully tilted the small glass in his hand, the shot lolling around the glass, not quite hitting his fingers. The lights were harsh, neons that flashed and might have caused a headache to some.

Tim liked clubs. He really did. Even when he was simply watching, as he was, seated at the booth, alone. He was scanning the room for possible toys for the night- someone to take home and fuck and forget. But as it was, no one was catching his interest very much.

He sighed, lifted the shot and tipped his head back. He downed it, grimacing over the burn before he set it down. He stood up, sauntering away, not worried about losing his spot among the VIP section. He owned this club after all- that spot was always left vacant for him. He nodded to the bouncer guarding the roped off section, sliding down the stairs and heading for one of the dance floors. He could lose himself for an hour or two, maybe someone would catch his fancy if they pressed right up to his body. His taste was picky, he knew, but usually he found someone to take him for a night.

He maneuvered around people, eyeing them. He took in details quickly, was good at picking people apart with a single glance. He’d been doing it all his life, silently, from the time he was a child and could memorize the ticks of his instructors, of the headmasters and mistresses he encountered during his studies. Of his parents and the staff and then his new family, after their deaths.

Tim paused when he caught sight of someone not moving. Somehow he didn’t seem out of place, despite that he seemed dressed more than anyone else. The well worn leather of his jacket was an extra layer most patrons weren’t wearing. He had his head tipped down, seemed to be speaking with the couple in front of him- and then he was reaching into his jacket, passing off a tiny bag without even a glance around, and accepted a few folded bills. He stuffed them into his jacket as the couple walked away, before turning and moving around a few people.

Tim’s lips quirked into a smile. He had nothing against drugs being sold in his club- hell, if it brought more customers, let the guy. As long as the law didn’t get involved- but he could handle the GCPD. Money talked in Gotham- and he had plenty of that.

What he didn’t have plenty of were people who looked like that stranger. Licking his lips, Tim moved after him, making a point to not look desperate, to move with purpose but not hurriedly. He didn’t lose sight of the man, as he stopped at some steps leading up to a fenced off area near one of the bars, littered with small tables. He turned, leaning against it, hands in his pockets as he looked around the room. Tim stayed within the crowd, took the moment to study him before moving in for his claim. The harsh lights made it hard to really take in too much- but he liked the build of his face, the dark tan to his skin. There was a tuft of white in his fringe, and his build was something Tim liked. Far bigger than him. Full of fight, he hoped.
He squared his shoulders, walking with his chin held high. Walking like a *queen*, as he always did when he was after something. He paused right in front of the man, who glanced at him, offered a toothy smirk that was everything Tim had hoped it’d be.

“Looking for something?” the guy asked, and Tim folded his arms, inclining his head ever so slightly. His dark hair dusted his cheeks, free and longer than it had been in years. He was thinking he might let it continue to grow.

“Yeah.”

The smirk remained. “Name your poison.”

“You.” Tim didn’t hesitate to say it, and the smirk fell away for a moment. The guy seemed a little taken aback, but that didn’t bother Tim. “How much would you make selling here tonight? I’ll pay you twice that.”

“To do what?” The guy wasn’t running away, which was a good sign. Tim had no qualms paying for what he wanted, if that was how they night went.

“Have a drink with me,” Tim said, “or a few. Keep me company for a few hours. Fuck me.” He never danced around what he wanted, not when he wasn’t *denied* anything.

The guy still wasn’t running away. He pushed himself off the railing, leaning a little closer, and Tim could see his eyes were gray, this sort of gunmetal that he was sure went black, when he was *hungry*. “Mhm. Pretty thing like you probably doesn’t need to pay someone.”

Oh, Tim *liked* his game. He reached up, gripped the guy’s chin without hesitation, leaning a little closer. “I don’t have to,” he admitted, “but you’re nice on my eyes. So, how about it?”

“Buy a guy a drink first and let me think about it.”

Tim could agree to that. He let go of the man’s chin, reaching for his wrist. He grasped it, turning and leading him back through the crowds of people. Never once did he pull away, in fact he followed pretty damn well, back towards the VIP section. Tim flashed a smile as the bouncer moved
to the side, and Tim guided his visitor back to his own private booth. He let go of his wrist, just so the man could look at it, before sitting down. “What are you drinking?”

“Whiskey,” the guy said, stretching his arms out over the back of the booth, inclining his head and studying Tim. “Top shelf.” Tim gave a final flash of his teeth, before turning, moving on light feet towards the bar. He barely sauntered up when the bartender was leaving the guest he was talking to, leaning against the counter and flashing her gorgeous smile at him.

Tim ordered, three shots, and watched her take the bottle off the top shelf. She poured them, passing them to him, and Tim nodded his thanks. He held two in one hand, his own separate, and walked back across the dark-lit section, towards his booth.

His guest was where he had left him, one arm down now. He was scrolling through his phone, and Tim didn’t doubt if this was what he did, he was either setting up a deal for later, or working out a possible absence, if he was going to go along with what Tim said. Tim set the two shot glasses in front of him, before sliding into the booth opposite him, leaning against it.

The guy set his phone down, leaning forward and picking up one of the glasses. He turned it, seemed to study the whiskey, before he threw the entire shot back. Tim watched his throat work as he swallowed, shifting and squeezing his thighs tighter together. He’d love to sink his teeth into the meat of this guy’s neck, to be in his lap that very instant.

He settled for resting his chin on his palm, watching as he set the glass down, the man licking his lips. Those eyes flashed towards him, and he leaned forward, folding his arms on the table. “You have my attention.”

That had Tim smiling more. He toyed with his own shot glass. “I meant it. You tell me what you’d make tonight, and I’ll give you twice that. Cash, for a few hours of your time.” The guy was silent, and Tim took it as another point in his favor. “Do you have a name?”

“Jason,” he admitted, picking up his second shot. He threw it back, and Tim told himself not to watch him swallow like that.

“Well Jason,” he offered, sitting up properly and lifting his shot. “I’m Tim. Here’s to an enthralling evening.” He lifted his own shot then threw it back, and when he glanced back, Jason was staring.

Tim assumed he was putting the name and the offer together, because- “As in Tim Wayne?”
Tim clicked his tongue. “Some people call me that. But, sure.” He settled his elbows on the table. “That put you off?” Jason shook his head, and Tim smirked. “Good. You know I’m good on my word then. Now, do you dance?”

“Oh-”

“Because I think I’d like you pressed right up against my ass.” He stood up, leaving the shot glasses, and began heading back for the dance floor. He didn’t check to see if Jason was following, because he didn’t doubt he would. Tim had enough faith in his own charms, figured that even without the allure of his money, he might have seduced this man. It just would have taken longer-

And Tim was impatient tonight.

Once on the floor he took a moment to slowly sway, his hips and shoulders beginning to find the rhythm. Only then did he look behind him, and Jason was there, a step back. Tim smirked, reaching up and curling his fingers, beckoning Jason closer. After a moment he moved in, sliding up behind Tim, who took it upon himself to press right back to him. Jason seemed a little tense, and Tim reached back, got his hands on his hips beneath his jacket. “Relax,” Tim breathed, tipping his head back, resting against Jason’s shoulder. “Trust me, my ass is worth it.”

Jason swallowed, and Tim let his eyes fall shut. Jason reached out, got his hands on his hips, his body beginning to mirror Tim’s. It felt good, coupled with the alcohol buzzing in his system. He wasn’t drunk, but the buzz was nice, made it easier for Tim to move like this. He let his hands release Jason’s hips, reaching up to wind behind his neck, keeping himself close. He didn’t think Jason did this much, but that was okay. His hands on Tim’s hips were promising, and Tim liked how they fit together.

Eventually, Tim turned around, against a change in beat. He slid along Jason’s body, keeping himself close. And when he pushed up on his toes, closed in for a kiss, Jason seemed more than willing. He pulled Tim closer, kept an arm hooked around him and bucked his hips slightly, making Tim sigh. He was hard in his leggings, could blame it on the lack of sex in his life over the past week- but there was something about this guy that made him feel even better. And when he traced Jason’s lips with his tongue, Jason opened, sucked on the muscle and had Tim shivering.

When he couldn’t stand it any longer, Tim grasped his hand. He pulled away, tangled their fingers together and dragged him across the floor, heading for the exit. Outside the air was cool, bit at Tim’s face and exposed arms and brought goosebumps up to the back of his neck. He nodded at the valet, who seemed about ready to go for his car, but Tim beckoned him over quickly.
“I feel like a walk,” he admitted, as the valet handed over his keys. “Where is it?”

“The parking garage, sir. The second to top level.” Tim nodded, hurrying for the corner. He didn’t look back at Jason, focused instead of on his warm hand on the feel of his keys in his hand. The metal was growing hot, pressed to his palm. At this rate, a few hours was going to be an hour, max.

Tim didn’t care. It would still be a good investment.

The parking garage had an elevator, which Tim was grateful for. It was old, creaked and groaned as the door opened- but the moment the door was shut and a button hit, Tim was shoving Jason against the wall. He didn’t fight back, only got his arms around Tim when he pushed up against him, kissed him almost violently. It was tongues and teeth, the sort of rush that Tim needed, as he whined when Jason bit at the muscle, pinching it between shockingly sharp teeth.

“Naughty boy,” Tim mused, one hand fisted in Jason’s jacket, the other in a fist against his chest, still holding his keys. He ground into him as Jason’s hands slid down his back, cupped his ass through his leggings and squeezed, and Tim groaned. “You know what you want.”

“Did I say I wanted you?” Jason asked, as the elevator stopped and the door slid open. Tim giggled, got his teeth on Jason’s bottom lip and tugged.

“Your mouth did,” he whispered, before pulling back. He walked off, pleased to hear Jason’s feet echoing behind him. This level was mostly empty, the cars spaced out- and Tim’s sleek black car stood out to him instantly. He headed for it, hitting the unlock button. The lights blinked, and Tim tugged open one of the back doors, holding it open. Jason paused a few steps back, staring.

“Are-""

“I’m not waiting,” Tim admitted. “What? Never fucked in a car before?” Jason was quiet, and Tim nodded towards it again. After another moment he walked over, slipping past Tim and climbing in. Tim smiled, getting in himself and tugging the door shut. He didn’t bother with the light, just dropped his keys in the seat and maneuvered himself into Jason’s lap, who had settled right in the middle of the back seat. “Trust,” Tim whispered, getting his hands in the man’s hair and tugging, forcing his head to tip back, “it’s good.”

He kissed at his neck, felt his pulse beneath his tongue as he sucked at it. Jason whined, tipped his
head back further, and Tim slid along his lap. He let go of his hair, getting his hands between them and working at Jason’s belt quickly. His nimble fingers had it open quickly, followed by the button. Tim was tugging his zipper down when he finally let go of Jason’s neck, pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

He pressed a hand in, squeezed the very obvious shape of his cock through his underwear. Jason groaned, and Tim’s eyes flashed. “Look how hard you are,” he whispered, narrowing his perfectly lined eyes. “Is it me that did that?”

In response, Jason reached up, tangled Tim’s long hair around his fingers and pulled him back in for a kiss. He shoved his tongue into Tim’s mouth, had Tim quaking in his lap with how badly he needed this. He let go of Jason, pushing himself up more and grasping his leggings. He tugged them down, his underwear as well, sighing when his cock bobbed free. He settled everything beneath the swell of his ass, and Jason’s other hand was grabbing a handful of flesh, squeezing. He groaned into Tim’s mouth- and that only had Tim’s cock twitching more.

Tim broke away, leaning back awkwardly, as Jason let go of him. He shrugged out of his jacket, tearing his tshirt off as Tim rummaged around behind one of the seats, coming back with a little black box. He popped it open, dropping it next to them on the seats and plucking free the small bottle of lube. “Open me up,” he whispered, popping the cap. Jason offered up one hand, and Tim poured lube onto his fingers. A moment later, and Jason was reaching around him, easing his fingers between flesh and teasing Tim’s hole. Tim dropped his forehead down onto Jason’s shoulder, as the man eased two fingers in. They were thick, larger than Tim’s own, but they moved slow enough that the initial push wasn’t unpleasant. Tim sighed, bucking slightly, his cock bumping Jason’s belly, as he pulled his fingers back, before slamming them forward.

Tim whined, mouth falling open. He panted against Jason’s bare skin as his fingers scissored and thrusted, working more to stretch Tim’s body than to hit his nerves. But even that was good, had Tim shivering and nearly drooling. He’d always liked getting fingered, and if he wasn’t so damn intent on getting a look at Jason’s cock and getting it inside him, he might have been tempted to ride him out just like this, head first into his own bliss.

“Fuckin’ hell,” Tim groaned, as Jason curled them and hit his nerves. He shivered all over, grasping at his biceps, enjoying the heavy feel of them in his hand. “Get your cock in me now.”

He could relax enough to take it, he was sure. Tim knew his own body, he was a master over it. So when Jason pulled his fingers out and Tim leaned back, he didn’t hesitate to reach for Jason’s underwear. A little tugging, and he had his cock free, heavy and hot in his hand. Tim squeezed, and Jason groaned, pretty mouth falling open.

Tim wanted to wrap his mouth around it, knew it would make his jaw ache. He could probably come
from that too— but it wasn’t what he needed now. He reached back into the box, grabbing a line of condoms. He tore one off, shoving it to Jason’s chest. “On,” he managed, and Jason was taking it, tearing it quickly and reaching down, rolling it onto him. Tim pushed himself higher, shoving his leggings down further, and the moment Jason’s hands fell from his own cock, Tim was slamming himself down onto it.

The thrust burned, mostly from the required stretch. But it didn’t hurt, as far as Tim was concerned. The condom was slick itself, and the lube now inside him made sure of that—and he was tossing his head back, yelling because it felt so damn good to have something inside him again. Jason had his hands on his hips, digging his fingers in with aching force, growling as Tim settled with him fully inside his body. He forced himself to stay like that, for a moment—to pant and let his body accommodate Jason’s thickness—

But he was not a patient man. Not tonight.

Tim pushed himself up, before slamming back down. He grasped at Jason’s shoulders, as the man pushed his face into Tim’s neck, kissed and dragged his tongue up along his pulse. Tim shivered, moaning as Jason nibbled up to his chin, before going right for his mouth. Tim let him kiss him like he was starving—let Jason push his tongue into his mouth and test the sharpness of Tim’s teeth. The hands on his hips were helping to lift him, to make each slam of Tim’s body harder, faster.

Tim was pent up— he knew. But that still didn’t explain how he was so damn close already, how his cock was leaking onto Jason’s belly and twitching with each hit to his prostate. He whined around Jason’s tongue, and when it finally pulled back gasped, “Make me—come already.”

Jason smirked, this smug sort of look that Tim wanted to keep forget. But it was gone as Tim tightened around him, as his eyes nearly shut and he moaned. Tim leaned back in, kissed him again, wet and opened mouthed. The sound of their kiss was nearly louder than the slam of skin on skin, of Tim’s weight forcing it’s way down onto Jason’s lap. It was the pure filth of that, the debauchery of the sound of that sort of kiss, that had Tim giving in, had him whining and coming against Jason’s tongue, and when it finally pulled back gasped, “Make me—come already.”

He knew the feeling of someone, when they came. Even if he couldn’t feel that delicious liquid heat, he knew the jerk of Jason’s hips as he emptied inside him, knew the pant of his breath and the way his kiss lost all sense of rhythm. Tim still drank it down, easing the kiss into something slower as Jason began to relax, as Tim settled in his lap and simple clung to him, dragging his nails along his shoulders as he rode out the aftershocks.

Untangling, when they regained their breath was a bit harder. Tim managed to pull his legging and underwear up, before throwing open the door and climbing out to properly adjust things. He didn’t
watch as Jason pulled the condom off, tying it off and shoving it into what remained of the foil- as he pulled his clothing into place. Eventually he slid forward, sat on the edge of the seat, feet planted firmly on the floor of the parking garage.

Tim didn’t say a word, was busy finger combing his hair, as Jason fumbled around his jacket. Behind him, Tim heard the distinct sound of a lighter. He closed his eyes, inhaled the smell of smoke, before turning, heading for the front door. He pulled it open, leaning in, fully aware that Jason was staring at the swell of his ass. It made him shiver, made him want to bend over the hood of his car and beg Jason to work him back up. To fuck him again, even though Tim didn’t think he could get off, quite yet.

That was okay. By the time he could, he’d be delirious and it’d be perfect.

When he stood back up, turning to face Jason, he found the man watching him. Those eyes weren’t black, seemed to have calmed- and Tim thought it was a shame the light hadn’t been better. He did so want to see every little detail of this man’s face.

Tim held his hand out, offering a few folded bills. “A promise is a promise,” he said, and Jason glanced at it, before looking back up at Tim. He held his cigarette between his lips, taking it and flipping through him, before he shook his head. “You said twice what I’d make here,” he said, and Tim leaned against the open door.

“Yeah, I did. If it’s more tell me.”

That Jason laughing bitterly. “This is closer to three times what I would’ve made.”

So he was honest, despite all this. That made Tim just want to rip him apart more. “You earned it.” Tim leaned forward, plucked the cigarette from Jason’s mouth and took a drag, turning his head and exhaling. “I needed that more than you can know.” He passed the cigarette back, and Jason took another drag, shoving the money into his jacket pocket. He stood up, and Tim felt small, in ways he normally did not. Despite not being tall, he’d always felt bigger than the world.

And anything that made him small- made him want to own. To drag down, to prove that he could have anything. He licked his lips, reached up and grasped Jason by his jacket, pulling him in. The kiss was flavored with smoke and nicotine, but Tim liked it all the more for that. Jason’s tongue was still warm, still willing, and Tim probably could have kept him for the whole night- and if Jason had had any reserves, Tim was sure he could have bought them out.
And yet- “I can take you somewhere,” Tim offered, as Jason dragged another kiss out. “Just… tell me…” the *where* that ended that sentence was lost. Tim gripped tighter, tried to chase Jason’s lips when he finally pulled away- but Jason turned, took a drag off his cigarette.

“S’fine,” he offered, tossing the cigarette away. “Night air’s good for me, *gatito*.” The word rolled off his tongue and Tim furrowed his brow. It sounded Spanish- but he could admit, he wasn’t sure. Jason smirked at that, leaned in and kissed his temple. “Kitten,” he whispered, “maybe because your tongue is pink like one.”

Tim felt color rising in his cheeks- and when had someone last made him blush? He couldn’t recall. But Jason was pulled back, brushing Tim’s hair back affectionately, before moving past him. Tim turned, leaned back against his car, ignoring the fact that two of the doors were open, watching Jason head back for the elevator.

And fighting every urge he had to drag him back into his car, to show him he was no *kitten*. In fact, if anything- he thought Jason might be the one to make a nice kitten.
Chapter 2

Jason sucked at his cigarette, dragging the nicotine and smoke deep into his lungs. He hadn’t turned a single light on in his dingy little apartment. His jacket was chucked onto the floor, on top of the jeans he’d worn two days ago, everything inside it let to exist on the floor, seemingly forgotten for a moment.

He reached for his ashtray by his bed, tapping his cigarette in it. He didn’t usually smoke in here, not when it was closed off. The place had been smoke stained when he’d first moved in, but what part of the Narrows wasn’t. He hadn’t given much of a shit as to what it looked like, so long as it was a roof and had a damn decent lock. That was all he needed.

He dropped down onto the bed, slumping forward. His mouth felt hot, like cotton, like static, moving and pulsing and it was driving him mad. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to pet his lips or tear them off.

He settled for gnawing at one, as he held his cigarette let it burn as his only light. His pack was almost empty, he figured he didn’t have anymore stashed. He was strapped for cash- or had been, before tonight. Rent had gone up and he hadn’t paid for the next week, and he had been thinking he’d end up with a pissed off landlord or his locks changed, if he hadn’t scored well tonight.

Which he had but- but…

It had been a while since he’d done anything like that for money.

He released his lip, sucked at his cigarette again. He used to, when he was younger. Only way to get by with dad in jail and mom strung out of her mind. Only way to make sure he had something to eat that wasn’t stolen. He’d always looked good, looked older than he was- and before he did, there were plenty of sick fucks who’d pay extra for him because he was young.

Jason sighed, setting his cigarette in his ashtray and moving that to his nightstand. He let it burn, stretched out on his bed in his tshirt and jeans, his boots still on. Thing was- he would have done that for free. That guy was gorgeous in ways Jason wasn’t used to, knew what he wanted and wasn’t afraid to take it. His body had felt like heaven - and Jason hadn’t been getting enough, lately. He knew that. He was distracted, spent more time worrying about surviving to the next day.

He reached up, pressed his fingertips to his lips. They still felt alive and burning, and he realized it was like a lasting effect from Tim’s kisses. He groaned, dragged his fingertips hard over his mouth,
his other hand reaching down, fumbling with his jeans. The button and zipper gave, and he shoved his hand into them, arching as his fingers slipped into his mouth, pushed at his tongue like Tim’s own tongue had. He sucked at them, stifled a noise as he fisted his cock, stretched his briefs as he stroked, let the cotton rub against his cockhead.

His cheeks began to burn, the callouses of his fingers catching the points of his teeth, He huffed, inhaling sharply and still smelling smoke. It was embarrassingly fast- how quickly he came into his own briefs, how he whined around his fingers. But it was good, because even one release inside Tim’s body hadn’t felt like enough. He could have stayed, he could have bent him over that car and fucked him again -

Jason pulled his fingers free, wiped the saliva on his tshirt. He pulled his hand from his briefs, grimaced because they were wet now, before deciding it didn’t matter. He left his pants open and rolled over on his tiny bed, laying out on his belly and burying his face into his pillows.

He didn’t have the kind of luck in life to get a second round. He should take tonight as it was- life, for once, giving him a damn break, and move on.

There wasn’t anything else to do, anyway.

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Tim leaned back in his chair, crossing his legs and looking at his computer screen. The strongly worded email he’d just sent to one of his overseas trade partners stared back at him, but made him smirk. The man was a bumbling idiot, and Tim was only in this partnership because he knew one day Wayne Enterprises would swallow up his entire company- and having that little extra tilt in his favor, versus Bruce’s or Damian’s, was always a plus.

He lifted his hand, pushing his sleeve back and looking at his watch. Small, dainty-feminine, Bruce had gotten it for him three years ago as a gift. At least the guy had always been good about not forcing Tim to conform to any sort of businessman binary.

He pushed his chair back, stood up. His heels clicked on the floor as he headed for his door. He’d had a meeting that morning, and whenever he addressed the board he liked to feel of a heel beneath him. There was something it did to his stance, the way it made him hold his body, that just seethed and teemed with power. He knew they saw it too.
He waved a hand at his secretary, the silent signal that he was going out for lunch. He had another meeting later, and then a dinner arrangement, but he figured he could step out. He was thinking of taking a ride out for sushi, maybe. That sounded good.

The elevator ride was quiet. He leaned against the polished railing, so different from the elevator from the night prior, in the parking garage. He ran his hands along it, swallowing a sigh as he closed his eyes.

He’d dreamt about Jason, all night long. He’d woken up achingly hard and rutted against his bed, whining and biting his pillow as he wished Jason had been able to pin him down. He should have brought him home. He should have canceled everything today and kept him locked in his penthouse.

What a treat that would have been.

Tim shook his head, pushing off the railing when the elevator opened. He slipped past the inward moving crowds, heading for the doors and out into the cool day. Autumn in Gotham could be gorgeous, if one knew where to look- and when it wasn’t raining and didn’t leave the city smelling dank and damp, it was pleasant. He paused to inhale, debating if he should get the valet to get his car or simply take a cab- but the thoughts died away, as he examined the moving crowd.

One person was stagnant. Not moving, looking up at the giant tower that was Wayne Enterprises, like he was mesmerized. And maybe Tim thought it was fate, that he could notice him in the endless stream of people moving about the streets- but he didn’t exactly believe in fate.

At least, not the kind he couldn’t manipulate.

He took a deep breath, before he moved against the grain, heading for what had to be Jason. This light brought out the gorgeous color to his skin, the stark white streak against his dark brown hair. Same leather jacket, and Tim could remember how it crumpled in his hands when he grasped at it.

“What stranger,” he offered, a few steps back. Jason’s head jerked, looked away from the building at him, and those gorgeous grey eyes went wide. Tim could see faint freckles in the daylight, dotting his nose and the rise of his cheeks. It was cute. “Come here often?”
Jason opened his mouth, then promptly closed it, whatever words he had seeming unimportant. Tim kept his smile over that, closing the gap and reaching out, taking his hand without hesitation. It was as warm as he remembered, larger than his own, and it made his pulse hammer so hard his wrists ached.

“Come keep my company,” Tim offered, giving his hand a squeeze before he turned Jason, wrapping his arms around one of Jason’s and clinging. “I was about to get lunch.”

“I- I couldn’t-”

“My treat,” Tim continued, not giving Jason to chance to say no as they walked. “Eating alone is a real shame.”

A taxi ride and a dazzling smile later, and Tim had Jason all to himself at his favorite sushi bar. Huddled away in the corner where the world couldn’t bother him, where they could be alone in a city where no one was ever truly alone.

“I didn’t expect to run into you again,” Tim admitted, moving his straw around in his drink. Jason glanced away, and there was something going on in that head of his, Tim was sure. He was used to watching people, to picking them apart. Learning how they tick so he could learn what they needed, in order to give him what he wanted.

Learning someone new always made his life interesting.

“I just needed some air,” Jason admitted, “it’s a nice day.”

“No drugs to sell?” Jason’s head snapped up at that, and Tim waved him off. “Relax. I can say whatever I want- Gotham adores me. And anyone who doesn’t adores my checking account.” He took a zip of his drink. “I figured you wouldn’t be up and alive before four in the evening.”

Jason frowned at that. “I don’t just… I do a lot of things. Whatever I have to, to get by.” He reached for his own drink, wrapped his hands around the cool glass but didn’t touch it. So far, he hadn’t actually consumed a single thing.

Tim pushed his drink away, folding his arms on the table. “Let me guess,” he offered, inclining his head slightly, his hair falling against one cheek. “You make ends meet however you can and always
have. No mommy or daddy to hold your hand. I’m betting you’re afraid to touch the lunch I ordered you because it cost more than you usually spend on food in a week. I’m betting you feel out of place here because you’re not used to nice things. And,” Tim leaned a little closer, “I’m betting you're wondering what the hell you’re even doing here.”

Jason frowned. And that sort of frown told Tim he was right. He was too smart to be wrong. But, as if in defiance, Jason reached for the small tray of sushi in front of him, picking one up and popping it into his mouth. Tim’s eyes flashed over that- because defiance was fun.

“I’m not wrong,” Tim added, watching Jason swallow- and god even the movement of his throat was perfect. “I never am.”

“You’re pretty damn full of yourself,” Jason admitted, but he was looking at Tim like he was still interested.

“I’ve earned that right.” Tim picked up his own piece of sushi, carefully placing it in his mouth. He’d only eaten a few pieces, but his hunger was quickly changing into a craving for something else entirely. He swallowed, before he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket. He reached for it, frowning when he saw Damian’s name flashing, before looking up at Jason. “Sorry,” he said, and Jason only nodded, as Tim answered. “What?”

“Where are you?”

“Lunch.” One word answers were best with his brother. Short and to the point.

“Come back. Father has moved up the afternoon meeting. He requires your presence.”

Oh, of course Bruce did. Tim sighed, rolling his eyes, caught the sight of Jason popping another piece of sushi into his mouth. “Alright. Tell him to relax.” He curled one hand against his thigh, under the table- cursed how damn tight his pants were, because he was aching now. He hung up, setting the phone on the table. He drummed his fingers from his free hand on the table for a moment, before shifting so he could pull his wallet out. “I have a proposition.”

Jason paused, was about to grab another piece of sushi. His hand dropped to the table, as Tim flipped it open, pulling out one of his cards. He flipped it over, grabbing a pen left specifically for him on the table. He often did work in this corner during his lunch, and the staff knew to leave one for him.
“Let me take care of you.” Tim began to scribble something on the back. “Like no one else has. I promise, I can be good to you.” He glanced up, flashed a seductive smile. “Show me a good time like you did last night, and I’ll make sure you never want anything.”

“What?” Jason was staring at him— but the single word was more shock than confusion. Tim figured he knew the sort of thing Tim was offering.

“Fuck me every which way I want,” Tim said, plainly, “and I’ll make sure you never need anything again.” He pushed the card towards Jason, as he stood up. “Take this. That number is my private cell number. Think about it and get back to me.” Tim slid his wallet and phone back into their respective pockets, straightening his slim, fitted jacket. “I’d like to stay, but the world falls apart when I’m gone for more than five minutes.”

Jason was quiet, looking at the card on the table. Tim smiled, leaning over and grasping Jason’s chin, turning him. Jason didn’t resist, and Tim pressed a warm kiss to his mouth, wanting to sigh into it. His lips felt the same as they had the night prior- and it was so good to know he hadn’t dreamt up how perfect this mouth was.

“You can have anything you want,” Tim added, pulling away and dragging his thumb along Jason’s lower lip. “The staff will put it on my tab. Thanks for the company.”

Tim pulled away then, walking away from the table. He made a point to not look back, because he didn’t feel he needed to. Jason would call him. Given time, he’d be his.

Tim was sure of it.

*

Jason stayed longer than he’d like to admit. He finished his lunch, then he simply enjoyed the silence, staring at the spot across from him, where Tim had sat.

He should have been furious, he figured. To have someone think they knew him, that they could generalize his existence with a few stupid ideas. Except that they weren’t wrong, and somehow he couldn’t hate Tim for the truth.

When he did leave, it was with that card in hand. He shoved it into his jacket, once he got outside,
began to long walk towards the next bus stop. It’d be a decent ride back to the Narrows, but it’d give him time to sort things out. To figure out what he was thinking, even coming out like he had.

Truth be told, he’d woken up thinking about Tim. He’d woken up thinking that the night before had been a dream- and only finding the folded hundreds in his leather jacket had told him otherwise. It had felt good to pay off his room for the next two weeks he couldn’t remember a time where he made rent more than a week at a time in the past few months. Not only that, he’d grabbed a few things at the corner store- mostly he’d stocked up his cigarettes and a few things he could throw together and call dinner real fast. But…

It still felt oddly secure, to think the next two weeks he’d have his roof and he wouldn’t starve.

Jason sighed, climbing up onto the bus when it came. He stood, reaching up and grasping onto the handle. He swore Tim’s business card was burning a hole into his jacket.

He’d take care of him. He wouldn’t worry about a thing . It… it wasn’t a bad deal. Jason had done a lot to survive, he still did . The drugs simply sold when he had the money to buy the stock, but he did odd jobs for anyone who asked it of him- he’d worked with plenty of underlings for different mob families in Gotham. He had blood under his nails plenty of nights and that was okay.

So how was this any worse?

Besides, Tim was… attractive. To say the least. Fuck, Jason felt like he should be paying just to get to look at him. A part of him had wanted to grab him and pull him across the table, to lick into his mouth and kiss him the night before.

Sex with what was probably one of the most attractive men Jason had ever seen, and in exchange he also was paid? It should be a dream.

When Jason finally climbed off the bus, he shoved his hands into his pockets, walking against the uplifting cool wind, towards his apartment complex. He’d sold himself for less, he still reasoned, when he let himself in. He headed for his bedroom, pulling the card from his pocket as he sat on the edge of his bed. He looked at the neatly printed front, before flipping it over. Tim’s writing was pretty , flowing and curving. Well practiced.

Jason got a glimpse of this pretty boy when he was younger, sitting at a large, heavy wooden table in one of many dining rooms, practicing his penmanship. It felt like something out of a movie, not at all
the life he knew. But if Tim could make so many assumptions about his life and be right, Jason was going to make a few about him as well.

Like the fact that he could have anyone in this entire city, and yet he was reaching for Jason. Jason didn’t seem the appeal, but it made him feel oddly good to think that someone that pretty saw something in him. Something he wanted badly enough to put this sort of offer on the table, after only one night.

But hadn’t Jason wanted a second chance? Why else had he dragged himself across the city. Why else had he planted himself outside Wayne Tower? He’d been hoping that maybe life would cut him another break, give him just a glimpse at the man who he swore was unattainable now.

He reached towards his nightstand, sliding the card onto it. He’d think about it. He’d go about his day, his night- he’d live for another day or two, and then he’d call him.

Even if he knew what the answer would be.
Chapter 3

Tim dropped down into the large, plush chair, heaving a sigh as he felt his body slowly going lax. He hadn’t bothered turning on the lights in his penthouse, and let his head drop back, closing his eyes. That dinner had been _exhausting_ - if only because he had been forced to sit through two hours of Bruce flirting with not only the two women he brought with him, but _also_ the dates the lawyers brought as well.

Beyond that, lawyers _tired_ Tim. Maybe because the ones Bruce employed thought they knew better, when Tim was sure he could think circles around them. The fact that Damian was the most pleasant company was proof that the night had been deplorable.

He reached up, rubbing the bridge of his nose. Maybe he’d take a bath. Pop open a bottle of wine and lose himself in that sort of quiet heaven. He was half tempted to go out- to find himself company for the evening, but the thought of putting energy into making himself up for that, and then finding someone who fit his taste- he didn’t have it.

His phone began to buzz in his pocket, and he nearly ignored it. It could be Bruce, and Tim was not in the mood to talk. Granted, he should be entertaining his _dates_ -

There was a reason Tim’s own sexual escapades weren’t shocking to the family or the media.

He pulled it out, one hand resting over his eyes as he unlocked it blind and held it up. “Hello?”

There was a moment of silence, and then, “I thought about it.”

Tim’s hand fell away and he was sitting up instantly. “Oh?” He didn’t need any sort of introduction for that voice.

Jason was quiet again, and Tim could almost fall into the sound of his breathing. Without thought, his free hand slid up his thigh, pressing between them tightly and rubbing at his cock. He bit at his tongue, couldn’t remember the last time he’d _waited_ for something so eagerly. “I’m down,” Jason finally said.

Tim grinned. “Excellent.” He leaned back again, spreading his legs and trailing his fingers up now, pressing right next to his fly. “You kept me waiting.”
It had been *days*.

“Yeah well, I had to think about it.”

Tim didn’t think he really did. He was fairly sure Jason’s mind had been made up when Tim slipped him his card- and that those days had simply been him not wanting to seem so eager. More to himself than to Tim. “I hope they were all good thoughts. We should celebrate.”

“I uh… have some work to do tonight.”

*Shame*. “Pity. But I had a taxing night anyway. Tomorrow then. We’ll start this off right. Where can I pick you up? I have a late afternoon meeting but my schedule is free after.”

“Uh…” Jason audibly swallowed. “I can… you know, come out to Wayne Towers.”

“Is that’s what you want. I will let my secretary know I am expecting you.” Tim paused, humming softly, before- “You will not regret this, Jason.”

Jason’s silence made Tim smile, but he knew he wouldn’t.

Tim would be *oh so* good to him.

*

Jason adjusted his sunglasses, the plastic slipping down his nose. His other hand was stuffed in the pocket of his leather jacket, as he stepped into the building, heading right for the elevators. He felt out of place- his jeans were too worn out to even *exist* in the same building as all the expensive suits walking past him one knee was completely rubbed out, and there was a belt loop missing, visible when his tshirt rode up on occasion. He stayed hidden behind his sunglasses, crammed in the elevator with various busy bodies, until it *dinged* on his floor. He followed a few people off, heading for one of the secretaries there- hoping he was actually in the right place. Tim had texted him instructions that morning, but he still *doubted*. The tower was huge.
“Uh, excuse me.” The woman glanced up, pausing her typing, looking at Jason with eyes that showed a mix of *intrigue* and *disbelief*. “I’m here to see Tim.”

Was he supposed to just use his first name? He really didn’t know-

“You’re Jason, aren’t you?” He swallowed thickly, nodding, and the woman took a longer look, before her lips quirked into the smallest of smiles. She glanced at her computer, moving her mouse and clicking on something, before glancing at the phone next to her. “His meeting ended and he’s not on his office phone, so it should be alright for you to head in. Here, I’ll take you.” She stood up, moving around the desk and motioning for Jason to follow. Her heels clicked and seemed to echo despite the noises of the building, and Jason felt like his own footsteps were clumsy, heavy.

She paused at a door, knocking once. She leaned close, and Jason didn’t *hear* the response, but she must have. She turned the handle, popping her head in and offering a sweet smile.

“Mr. Wayne, your guest is here.” She leaned back out, stepping aside, and Jason looked at her for a moment, before slowly moving past her. He stepped into the office, and she pulled the door shut, the click of it resonating in his skull.

Tim was sitting at his desk, leaning back in his chair, talking on his cellphone. His legs were crossed, his jacket tossed up on his desk- and there was something about it that had Jason’s heart beating faster. He looked *good*, like he’d survived a long day and Jason could just pull him apart-

Those were dangerous thoughts- but thoughts that made this decision all the easier.

Tim’s eyes flicked up to him, before he glanced away. “Send me the contract via email. I will review it. If you have documents for me to sign, have them delivered to my office. I am stepping out for the remainder of the day- yes, I have a very important business deal to attend to.” He nodded, before pulling the phone away and clicking the screen. He set it on his desk, turning those eyes back to Jason and simply *staring*.

And Jason felt like his damn thighs were quaking.

Finally, Tim offered a tiny smirk, reaching up to brush his long hair back. “It’s good to see you.” He inclined his head, obviously studying Jason, before he pushed himself up, slowly walking around his desk. He cocked his hip, leaning it against the desk, and reached a hand up, motioning Jason closer with a curl of his fingers.
And silently, Jason repeated that this was a business deal, as he crossed the room. He expected Tim to grab at his jacket, as he had the night before. Expected a kiss from a hungry and glorious mouth, the pull of Tim’s teeth against his lip-

Instead, Tim smoothed his hands along his leather jacket. “This has seen a lot of years,” he mused, and Jason shrugged.

“I don’t really get the money to replace ‘em every time they get a little old.” Tim nodded, his hands finding the curves of Jason’s broad shoulders. Jason expected—waited for—Tim’s arms to encircle his neck, but instead they roamed lightly down his biceps, his arms. After a moment, Tim was pulling back, grabbing his jacket off his desk and pulling it on. “Come with me,” he said, shaking out his hair and heading for his door. A little confused, Jason followed silently, back out into the hallway.

Tim paused at the desk, flashing a smile at his secretary. “I’m leaving for the day. Do not forward anyone to my cell phone.”

“Yes Mr. Wayne.”

Tim turned back to Jason, kept that smile for him, before continuing for the elevators. He didn’t say a word on the ride down, or to Jason still as he sent the valet out to get his car. All Jason could do was watch, wondering what he was thinking—

And mostly, why Tim hadn’t kissed him yet? Why Tim hadn’t stayed in his chair and beckoned Jason beneath his desk. He would have, if Tim had asked. Probably. Not that he wanted to— that badly— but if he was going to get paid for all this…

“Thank you,” Tim said, as the valet left his car running and stepped back towards the building. “Get in.” He nodded towards the passenger door, and Jason listened, pulling it open and dropping in as Tim situated himself in the driver seat. He was still fastening his seatbelt as Tim was pulling off into traffic.

“Where are we goin’?” Jason asked, turning to look out the window at the rush hour traffic. Tim didn’t seem phased by it, weaving around cars easily. Jason was mildly impressed, considering he would have thought Tim had a driver ninety percent of the time.

“Shopping,” Tim said, and he flashed a rather happy looking smile. “I said you wouldn’t want for
anything- it seems like the perfect way to start this.”

Jason turned, staring at Tim, mouth agape. He was joking, right? Jason figured he might just get some money for whatever Tim had him do, he didn’t think he’d really just… start buying him things.

Hell, when had anyone last bought Jason something just because?

Tim pulled into one of the parking garages on the far nicer side of the city. The shopping district was bustling at this time, and the high-end shops boasted the kind of clientele Jason wasn’t used to ever seeing. It was easy to forget just how different parts of the city were.

Tim walked a step in front of Jason- obviously with him but not holding on in anyway. It was strange, not what Jason expected- but it gave him room to watch when an employee greeted Tim by name at the first shop, shaking his hand and offering a huge smile. The man was older but attractive, made a point to hold Tim’s arm by his elbow after the shake.

That little touch burned into Jason’s mind.

“What are you shopping for today? We have a beautiful line of tailored suits that just arrived- of course, cut to fit your specifications. Or are you taking a different approach for an upcoming gala?”

Tim finally took his arm back. “None of the above. We’re going much more casual- Jason.” He turned, jerked his head. “Come here.”

And Jason went.

“He needs everything,” Tim said, still not touching Jason in any way. The employee looked Jason over, but didn’t seem to take long enough to judge. He only nodded.

“Would you like assistance?”

“Not yet,” Tim said, patting the man on the shoulder. His smile was too warm. “But I know who to come to when I do.” When the man finally left them, Jason thought to ask what that was, how Tim was so calmly affectionate but- well, it sounded crazy, in his head. Because Tim didn’t need to be
affectionate with him. He got to do as he pleased.

It just felt strange that he wasn’t touching in some way…

He followed Tim around the store, trying to take in the well fanned out displays of clothing. He didn’t really pay much attention to what he wore, he never had that luxury. So when Tim started leafing through things, glancing at the items and then at Jason, he didn’t bother to disagree. After all, if Tim was paying for it, he may as well choose it as well.

Jason didn’t mind someone dressing him up.

At one point, Jason began to hold the articles of clothing, so Tim’s hands were free. He took a peek at a button down that was tossed into his arms, seeing the price tag, and suddenly breathing, “¡Hostia!” Tim glanced up at that, holding a v-neck shirt that looked soft enough that Jason might want to wrap himself up in it- if he could get his eyes off the price tag.

“What?” Tim stepped over, and Jason tried to shove the price tag towards him, but it was hard with his arms full of clothing. Tim tipped up onto his toes, glancing at it, before frowning. “If you are unhappy I will find you a more expensive brand. I thought the material was nice and the color might compliment your complexion.”


“I quite like this brand. I have many.” Tim shrugged, before tossing the shirt he was holding onto the pile. “Come now, let’s have you try things on.” Jason followed, still glancing down at all the items, thinking this was absurd and that Tim couldn’t be serious about all of these.

But it became quickly obvious that he was. Each item that Jason put on that Tim approved of he gathered up- beckoning with just his hand, so that once Jason had it off it was handed right to him. The stack of folded clothing was rather large, and to Jason, by the end, it felt like his entire wardrobe.

He held the bags, following Tim out of the store- and promptly over to another. Jason couldn’t fathom how they weren’t done - but the evening melted away, until He was settling bags into the back of Tim’s car, as Tim was taking a call.

Jason glanced through one. There was a new leather jacket folded on top, fresh black and so smooth
beneath his fingers. And yet… he couldn’t really see himself in it yet. He liked the one he had, it had been the one real investment he’d made for himself over the years. He loved it. Each worn out patch told a story. There’d been blood spilled in this thing.

Jason glanced up when he heard Tim sigh, speaking low but sounding angry. He closed the door, folding his arms and leaning against the roof, glancing over the trunk as Tim hung up. “Everything okay?”

“Idiot brother of mine,” Tim said, frowning deeply. So much so there were tiny lines in his too-young face, by his eyes. “Cannot handle a business dinner on his on, and Bruce decided he’d rather take an impromptu trip to Europe with some aspiring actress.” Tim sighed again, reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose. “I am afraid our night has to end here.”

Jason stared at him for a moment. “But…we uh… really?” All they’d done was shop, and all of it as for Jason. Tim nodded, however, heading right for the driver’s side. Jason was quick to get in, as Tim brought the engine to life, taking them out of the parking garage and into the traffic.

“Tell me where home is,” Tim said, not looking at Jason. Jason licked his lips, thinking on it for a moment-

And then saying, instead of an address, “Just take me to the Narrows. I can manage home.” Tim glanced at him over that- but if he had any sort of fear about Jason navigating on his own, or the fact that he’d be carrying all those expensive looking bags looped around his wrists- he didn’t speak a word.

In fact, the whole drive was short, until Tim was pulling his far-too gorgeous car up to the curb, and throwing it in park. “I apologize,” he said, turning as Jason unbuckled his seatbelt. “I’d meant to take you to dinner as well.”

“S’okay. I mean… you uh… spent a lot of money today.” Jason glanced away, and Tim smiled. He leaned closer, reaching out and gripping Jason’s chin, forcing him to look right at him.

“I told you, you’ll want for nothing when you’re with me.” He gave him a little squeeze, but then was pulling his hand back. “I’ll call you.”

Jason nodded, slowly climbing out of the car. It took a moment to get the handles for all the bags carefully in his hands, but once he had the door shut he waited, while Tim pulled away, speeding
down the streets probably a little too fast.

The walk wasn’t far, was fairly peaceful. It was early enough that trouble wasn’t starting on the streets yet, and Jason made it up to his apartment without incident. Getting his key from his pocket proved to be a little difficult, but eventually he managed to get inside. He shut the door with his foot, fumbling with the lock before heading straight for his bedroom, dropping the bags down on his bed.

He’d have to go through them. To hang everything up- god, did he have enough hangers? He didn’t put much in his closet, most of his clothes were crumpled up and shoved into his beat-up dresser…

Instead of starting he flopped back, staring up at the ceiling. He could have saved himself a little trouble and time and had Tim drive him directly here- but thinking about the smoke stained closet he called home and Tim… they just didn’t meld. If he was honest, he was embarrassed to show Tim this side of him, like maybe he’d realize just how street-trash Jason felt he was, would lose interest. If he knew exactly how Jason had always lived his life…

But *god* why did he really care so much? He was set for the next two weeks with rent and food, and Tim had already made his afternoon more than worth his while. Even if it ended, Jason was ahead from where he had been.

… But it was strange… He reached up, pressed his fingers to his lips. Strange how Tim had barely touched him, how he hadn’t kissed him once. Memories of Tim’s greedy mouth and hands and the way he kissed like he was dying made Jason think he would have held onto Jason at every possible second. And the fact that he wasn’t- was it Tim showing a lack of interest?

And why did Jason *care* so damn much? Why did he want to be touched? More than anything, why had he wanted Tim’s fingers to entangle with his? Why had he wanted Tim to shove him up against his office door and kiss him, desperate and wanton? Why did his stomach *churn* seeing Tim with that one store’s employee, when all the man had done was touch his elbow?

He groaned, digging the heels of both his hands into his eyes now. He didn’t understand what had really happened that afternoon or his own feelings on them- but all he knew was that he wanted Tim to call him.

He wanted Tim to call him very *badly*. 
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Bless all of you guys stickin' with me through this mess of a fic.

Tim pushed the suds from his hair, the hot water hitting him in a heavy stream. His shower was spacious, the large glass door fogged up completely from the steam as his skin turned pink from the heat. He sighed, turning to let the water splash over his chest again, before he began working conditioner into his hair.

It was late morning, much later than his usual shower. But he’d made a point to keep today *light*. A brief appearance in his office for a few hours, a few phone calls and emails, but that was it. He had plans for his afternoon, after all. Even if the other party involved didn’t know, just yet.

It had been days since he last saw Jason. There had been no contact since- but Tim had played it that way. He’d purposefully kept himself tactful and brief, during their visit. Had kept his hands off Jason, no matter how badly he’d wanted to shove him into the back of his ar and relive their first night together.

Tim needed to have Jason miss him, needed Jason desperate. It’d work better like that- he knew. Hide his own desire and make the other party want, when it was all for Tim’s benefit. He used the same strategy in business. It worked fine there.

He reached forward, shutting off the water. He pulled the shower door open, stepping out and grabbing a large towel. He ran it over his hair, tussling and getting the initial wetness from it, before working it over his body. When he was mostly satisfied, he headed for the bathroom door, still rubbing at his shoulders and completely naked.

Tim dressed slowly, spent time making sure he was pleased with his look. He hadn’t been exactly sure what he felt like, that morning, until he’d been in his shower- but the gray dress he was zipping up felt definitely *right*. Full feminine sounded ideal, and it made Tim shiver, because those days were always *fun*.

The drive across Gotham was slow. Traffic was heavy even for late morning, but Tim didn’t mind. He let his mind wander, let himself hope for the evening.
When he arrived, there were a number of things waiting for him on his desk. Tim sighed, set down the handbag he had brought with him, shrugged out of the sapphire blazer and left it over the back of his chair. He sat down, reaching first for the coffee that his secretary had had waiting for him—exactly how he liked it and still hot. Tim sighed, sipping as he sifted through the papers with his other hand. Various contracts he’d glance over and sign again, deals he was sure he’d submit for rewrites—or do himself. Nothing terrible exciting.

Except the sealed manilla folder, waiting at the bottom. Tim set his coffee down, pulling open a drawer and retrieving his letter opener. A quick slice, and he was pulling the files from within, glancing over them. A smile crossed his glossed lips, and he leaned back, sighing and looking at the ceiling. Everything he had been waiting for—and more. Everything he needed on his dear little Jason.

Money could buy anything, in this city.

*

Jason was asleep, when his phone began buzzing. It vibrated along his nightstand, beeping at him as well, and he groaned, pushing his face into his pillow and thinking he’d ignore it. But after a moment he blindly reached for it, rolling over as he unlocked it, not opening his eyes, and offered up a hoarse, “Yello?”

“My my, were you sleeping?”

That voice had Jason’s eyes cracking open. “Tim?”

“Who else would it be?” Jason didn’t answer that—because honestly, there wasn’t anyone. Maybe that was why he’d made himself reach for the phone, without realizing it. His silence seemed to be the answer Tim wanted, however. “I want to see you tonight.”

Jason sat up then, raking his free hand back through his hair. “Yeah?” His eagerness showed in his voice, he knew. But days without contact had been maddening—and the fact that Tim hadn’t even kissed him, before.

He’d been dreaming about that single night, in the back of his car, like he was some love-struck teenager, wishing for release. And Jason couldn’t hide or deny that.
“Yes. I made dinner reservations. I’ll have a car pick you up.”

Jason gnawed at his lip, looked around his room. No, no, he couldn’t have even someone associated with Tim seeing the hole he lived in. Even if Tim knew Jason lived in the Narrows, seeing it was different. “I can meet you.”

“No. There is no need when I can easily have a driver pick you up. It will be more comfortable.”

Jason glanced around nervously. “I have a deal to make,” he lied, “so I won’t be home later. I can change the times around if I need to, but can your driver get me somewhere else?”

Tim was silent, and for a moment Jason wondered if he’d let his wounded pride and embarrassment get the better of him- if he’d made Tim mad, but after agonizingly long seconds, Tim spoke. “Alright. The reservation is for seven. I prefer late dinners, I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, of course not.”

“Good. Wear one of the salmon shirts I bought you, the color is good on your skin. Whichever one is your choice.” Jason didn’t get another word in, the call simply ended. He pulled his phone away, glancing at it, before he let it flop to his lap and hung his head. Tim didn’t need to tell him to text him the address of where he’d be, it was a silent command. Jason got that.

He just couldn’t get why he cared so much if this guy saw him, as he was then. After all, Tim seemed to have gleaned enough about him from just a few meetings- he hadn’t been wrong in the assumptions he’d made about Jason’s life. Jason’s parents had been gone way too long, no one had held his hand or given him help in so long. And even when they were alive, he was as good as on his own- or worse, taking care of his mother in between her drug-induced highs. Welcoming dad home every time he got out of a jail cell as a fresh meat punching bag, until he went back in.

Until the day he didn’t come out. And then the day his mother never came back from her high. It was easier than, and Jason hated to admit that.

He stood up, leaving his phone on the bed and walking across the room. He pulled open one of his drawers, moving an old tshirt and looking through the various little baggies there, pre-packed and ready to sell. He liked to think it was spite, that drove him down this road. Liked to think that all the hell his mom’s addiction put him through- he could use it to his advantage now. The drugs. They could help him make ends meet.
Truth be told, if he admitted it- it was because now he had control over who took them. Even if he was just one dealer, and if he turned anyone down there were plenty waiting. It was still something.

Maybe he wanted to do some good, and he just didn’t know how, with the hand he was dealt.

Jason shoved the drawer shut, deciding on a shower. He hoped the hot water was working- he felt like he needed to burn off a layer of grimy skin, anytime he entertained memories of his childhood.

*

Jason felt awkward, sitting in the back of the sleek black car that was carrying him through Gotham. The driver had barely said a word to him, and Jason was settled in the back, arms folded and legs crossed, watching the city through the window. The lights brought it to life against the black of night- and god, this part of Gotham was beautiful. It twinkled and breathed in ways Jason had never truly known. He was used to the seething movement of the Narrows, once dark hit.

He leaned his head back, inhaling slowly. He’d listened to Tim- he’d worn one of the salmon colored shirts he’d bought him. A slim fit button down, Jason had left the top handful undone, leaving slivers of his dark chest visible. He’d at first considered a tie- but Tim hadn’t specified to dress up, and Jason was trying to read his silent cues. Slim jeans and his old leather jacket evened out the look- even though Jason thought perhaps Tim would want him in new leather.

But the old was hard to part with.

The car came to a stop, and Jason blinked himself back from his thoughts. Before he could move, the driver was out, opening the door for him. Jason stepped out, glancing at him. “Uh, thanks.”

“Pleasure, sir. Please.” He gestured towards the rather tall building, and Jason walked around the car. “Mr. Drake is waiting for you. The staff can assist you.”

Jason nodded, heading for the glass door. Frosty, intricate details made it seem like something fine, and opened it gently, almost afraid to touch. He felt like this, concerning this entire new world. Afraid to touch.
Tim had been right about that too. Jason was out of his element, and he didn’t feel like he belonged, like he was worthy of being here.

The hostess smiled at him, a dazzling mix of black and shining gold making her stand out amongst everything else. “Hello sir, how can I help you?”

“Uhm, I’m meeting someone,” he said, before he cleared his throat and leaned in, speaking quietly. “Tim Drake is expecting me.”

Her eyes lit up that, and she clasped her hands together. “Mr. Todd then, yes. Please, follow me, I will take you straight to him.” She turned, and Jason dodged a couple being led back into one of the dining areas, trying to stay close. They wove towards the elevators, and she pressed the up arrow. “Mr. Drake has reserved the entire ninth floor for the evening,” she said, as they stepped in and she turned, hitting the button sporting a small black 9. “He said he wanted privacy. I am sure you’ll enjoy yourself.”

Jason swallowed thickly, not even wanting to know how much it took to rent out an entire floor. And how Tim probably didn’t even bat an eye, over the number. When the elevator dinged and opened, the woman stepped out, leading Jason into the large room. It was set with many tables, but only one was occupied- set towards the back, but by the large windows that lined the edge of the building, from floor to ceiling.

She paused a few tables back, bowing her head, and Jason thanked her. He took a breath, heard her turning away, and was so aware that Tim was watching, waiting. Waiting with skylit eyes that Jason figured could entire and terrify the best and worst of men alike.

He walked over slowly, and Tim pushed his chair back, standing up. The boots he was wearing gave him an added few inches in heel, but he still seemed so small and yet so completely empowered, to Jason. It was all in those eyes, the way he held his shoulders. The quirk to his glossed lips.

“Hello,” Tim offered. Jason paused, close now, and Tim extended his hand. Jason glanced at it, confused, but when he reached out Tim took his own, pulled it up to his mouth and pressed those warm lips to his knuckles. “I’ve missed you.”

Jason’s heart lurched, beat painfully in his chest. For a moment, he forgot to breathe, drowning in the glance Ti was giving him, from behind that long hair and thick lashes. His mouth moved over Jason’s knuckles again, and he could feel Tim’s perfectly manicured nails, the tips of them digging in just enough that Jason couldn’t pull away.
And before he could even think, “God I missed you too.”

It was honest, too honest - but it was so true.

Tim smiled more, finally let go of Jason’s hand. “Sit down,” he offered, as he settled in himself, crossing those pretty legs as his gray dress rode up slightly. The sheer black stockings he wore were giving Jason horrible ideas, and he almost hated himself for them. He’d never met anyone that could infect his brain so easily. “I ordered us dinner, it should arrive in about fifteen more minutes.”

He had this planned down to the minute, Jason was sure. And yet… it didn’t bother him.

“I trust your taste.”

That earned him a smirk. “I can tell. You listened.” He nodded towards the shirt, and Jason moved, carefully peeling his leather jacket off and settling it on the back of the chair. “I like that.”

Jason swallowed thickly, and Tim reached forward, grasping Jason’s empty wine glass, settled by his silverware. He plucked up the obviously open bottle resting in a silver bucket on the table, and poured a generous glass full. He pushed it towards Jason, before turning, refilling his own.

“Did your meetings today go well?” Tim asked, not glancing up. Jason paused, had been about to life his wine glass.

“Uh… yeah.” He glanced away, out the large window they were next to- could see Gotham twinkling at her brightest and best. “I’m sure you don’t want to hear about that.”

“But I do.” Tim had settled back now, lifted up his wine glass. “I like your voice, Jason. You could recite the weather to me, and I’d be amused. Possibly a little aroused.” He sipped at his glass, and Jason watched the delicate way he tipped his head back, the movement of his throat when he swallowed. He wanted his mouth there, and he hoped that was a hint that maybe Jason would at least get to touch, get a single kiss- even if he didn’t find relief that night. Jason was still staring when Tim eased his wine glass from his lips. “You’re staring.”

“Lo siento,” Jason mumbled, eyes moving to the table. “You’re just easy on the eyes.” Smooth Todd
. He wanted to smack himself but Tim was laughing.

“I’ll take the compliment.” Another sip of his wine, and Jason glanced back up. “Take a drink- you look like you need it.”

Tim was smiling while he said that, and Jason suppressed the shiver itching at his spine. He took a long sip, sighing after he did. “This is good.”

“As you said, you trust my taste. It’s quite good.” Tim leaned forward, rested his chin on his hand. “I think you are proof of that.”

Jason snorted, setting his glass down and reaching up to cover his mouth. “Don’t say that just yet. I’m pretty trashy.”

“That’s alright,” Tim offered, still smiling, “I’m filthier down in my soul than you can ever imagine.”

This time, Jason couldn’t fight the shiver- and it only made Tim smile harder.

*

Jason felt light, despite that anxiety in his belly, as the night went on. Maybe it was the wine, the good food- but mostly, it was probably Tim’s laugh.

But the wine was helping to make his tongue loose.

“How come here,” Tim said, holding up his fork. They were on dessert now, and the fork boasted a bit of cheesecake, a hunk of strawberry perched on top. Jason grinned, leaning forward, and got his mouth around it without getting up, and pulled back, smirking as Tim huffed. “Cheater,” he teased, setting the fork down and lifting up his own glass, finishing what was left in it. Jason didn’t know how much he’d had to drink- but if he had paid attention, he’d know Tim was constantly filling his cup, but not his own.

Jason swallowed, licking his lips, and knew Tim was watching that. It made his belly go tight. “And?”
Tim pushed his chair back then, but didn’t get up. “That’s not how a good boy acts.” He unfolded his legs for a moment, and Jason watched his dress shift again, riding higher as he recrossed them. “Don’t you want to be good, Jason?”

Jason made a little noise, couldn’t stop himself, and he pushed his own chair back. His inhibitions were deflating, knowing they were completely alone now. He walked around the table, dropping down to his knees in front of Tim and getting his hands on his knee. “Yes,” he admitted, and Tim leaned forward, gently stroked some of his hair back.

“I like you like this,” he admitted, and Jason’s heart was racing—racing by the confirmation that Tim was still interested, that he was being playful. Jason leaned forward, pressed his mouth to Tim’s knee, could feel the heat of his skin through his stockings. Tim twirled some of his hair round his finger, and Jason made another little noise, feeling comfortable on his knees, like this. “But perhaps this isn’t the place.” Tim pulled his hand from Jason’s hair, and Jason leaned back, just enough to let Tim stand up. “Come,” Tim said, stepping past Jason, and like a dog, he stood up and grabbed his jacket, following obediently.

The staff made a point to thank Tim, on their way out, and Jason watched him give this practiced smile, nodding to them and thanking them as well. Even though he felt light from the wine, he could tell Tim had had practice with that fake smile. More practice than Jason was sure he’d ever know.

Tim had the valet go get his car, as Jason slipped his jacket back on, standing close enough to Tim that their arms almost brushed. “Can you drive?” Jason asked, and Tim glanced up at him.

“Of course I can. You focus too much on how much you drink, Jason— and not how much others do.” His smile now was calculated, and it almost scared Jason, because he was so sure Tim’s mind was hundreds of steps in front of everyone else’s.

“Are you cold?” he asked, as if trying to distract himself from that thought. “I know my jacket's not nice but…”

“It would have been, had you worn the one I bought.” Still, Tim turned, smiling at him and getting one hand on his arm. “But what a gentleman you can be. I’m fine. Think a girl can’t handle the cold?” Jason licked his lips, bit at one, and then blurted out-

“So… can I call you a girl?”
Maybe it had been on his mind since that first day. Maybe it had bothered him that he was afraid he was doing something wrong but-

Tim laughed. Tipped his head back and laughed *honestly*. “You can call me anything you like,” Tim whispered, wrapping his arms around Jason’s neck and pressing right up to it. “What I am shifts. You can call me a boy or a girl, though. Call me anything you like, sugar. Just keep those eyes on me.” Jason nodded, his throat going tight. “I like to express what I feel through my clothes,” Tim admitted, not pulling away, “not that clothing should ever be gendered.”

“But tonight you’re just a pretty girl?”

Tim smiled more. “Catching on, Jason.” He leaned up, and Jason, for a moment, was so sure Tim was going to kiss him. His heart was in his throat waiting for it— but it never came. Tim breathed there, a warm puff against his mouth, then pulled away completely, as his car pulled up to the curb. He walked around it, taking his keys from the valet and thanking him, as Jason watched, his heart sinking down into his belly because he wanted that affection so damn badly. “Come on,” Tim said, opening his own door, and Jason shook his head, forcing the ache down and getting into the passenger side. “Will you let me drive you home tonight?” Tim asked, pulling away from the curb.

Jason fully turned to face him. “Wait, we’re done?” He didn’t hide his disappointment, and Tim only glanced from the corner of his eye.

“Well, dinner was late. I am sure you have evening plans, as you would. If you’re not working I am sure there’s company to be had.” Tim tapped his nails on the steering wheel, and Jason wanted those fingers in his hair again. Wanted the points of those nails dragging along his scalp.

“No,” he said, too quickly, too honestly. “There’s only you.”

“Oh?” Tim’s lips twitched, but the smile didn’t come. “Isn’t that darling.” He paused at a light. “Still, where am I taking you?”

Jason turned, slumping back in the seat. “Same place as before,” he said, and Tim clicked his tongue, but didn’t say a word. He drove in silence, and Jason sunk into himself, wondering why it had to end. Why he couldn’t just keep Tim a little longer…

What he had to do, to get more than a sliver of his affection. It had seemed so easy, that first night,
but now… Jason didn’t know what to do.

When the car finally pulled to a stop, against the curb, the street was quiet. The Narrows seemed to be sleeping here, but Jason was sure a few streets over it was alive, seething and yet thriving as it did. Jason unbuckled his seatbelt, glanced over at Tim, and then gathering his resolve, threw his door open. He walked around the front of the car before Tim reacted, grabbing the door and pulling it open, resting one arm on the top of the car as he leaned in.

“Come out,” Jason whispered, “if you’re leaving me now, at least let me give you a real goodbye.” Tim stared up at him, but he didn’t look displeased when he turned the engine off. Jason moved, watched Tim step out, leaving the keys in the ignition as the door shut behind him. The moment it did shut, Jason had him boxed in against it, one hand cupping Tim’s cheek, holding him still as he leaned down, pressed his mouth over Tim’s. Tim’s mouth responded after a moment, lips sliding along Jason’s. He was given a pleased little sound, when Jason swiped his tongue along Tim’s lower lip, and Tim reached up, gripped at his jacket. “Wanted.” Jason mumbled, inclining his head to kiss Tim deeper, forgetting his words for another moment. “To kiss you so bad.”

Tim hummed, pinched Jason’s lip between his teeth. Jason groaned, grinding right into him, and Tim chuckled. “That is more than a kiss,” he whispered, as Jason pulled off, dropped his head and nuzzled Tim’s exposed neck, kissing at his pulse. It was still strangely calm, as Jason ran his hot tongue over it, as Tim hooked one leg back behind his knees, keeping him close. He bucked his hips into Jason’s, and Jason groaned.

“I can’t help it,” he mumbled, nosing at the shell of Tim’s ear. “I keep thinking about you.”

“What about me?” Tim rubbed his hands along Jason’s chest now, lightly digging his nails in on one trail down, and Jason shivered.

“Pleasing you,” he admitted, because that was what every damn dream was. Tim smiling and tossing his head and feeling good, and when he felt good, Jason did too.

“Does it get you off?” Tim asked, “making me feel like a goddess?”

Jason whined, and he pulled away, dropping down. The movement forced Tim to get both feet properly on the ground, as Jason ran his hands over his thighs, pushing his dress up. “Yes,” he admitted, nosing at his thigh, inhaling and thinking Tim smelled like vanilla, beneath his stockings. He wondered if it was soap or lotion or both- and would have given so much to get to see him in the morning, making himself gorgeous like this.
Jason didn’t care that they were on the street, as he stopped pushing at Tim’s dress, reaching up beneath it now. Didn’t are that anyone could see. He needed this so damn badly, and Tim- god, he wasn’t stopping him. He was watching with those pretty eyes, as Jason snagged his fingers beneath the hem of his stockings and began pulling them down. He caught Tim’s underwear as well, much lower- and maybe if he was in his right mind, he’d want to ponder how they felt on Tim’s body. How they were snug to everything, what they looked like-

But in that moment, he had one goal, and he couldn’t see past it.

He left the fabric to rest halfway down Tim’s thighs, before moving back to shove his dress up. The moment he did, Tim hissed, the cool air hitting his cock- and Jason could only glance up, too pleased and shocked to actually smile.

“You’re hard.” He breathed it, and Tim bit at his lower lip, didn’t utter a damn word. Jason glanced back, leaned forward and flicked his tongue along the head, testing and teasing. He swirled it lazily around the head, gathering up precum, before his lips kissed just beneath it. Tim sighed, didn’t try to speed up Jason’s pace, as those wet kisses trailed down his shaft, until Jason was kissing at his pelvis. Tim tipped his head back, and Jason splayed his hands on his pelvis and hips, keeping his dress pushed up, as he moved back, sucked his cockhead into his mouth. Tim moaned, and Jason shivered over the noise, felt his cock giving a hefty twitch in his jeans.

He hummed, sucking him down deeper, moving agonizingly slowly until he had Tim completely in his mouth, his nose buried in the curls at the base. He felt Tim shake, and eased back slowly. The rhythm was deep, but the pace Jason thought must have been driving Tim mad.

It would have driven him mad, were they switched.

But Tim seemed calm, pressed back against the car, staring up at the sky. Jason could see his chest moving, heaving panted breaths, but his hips were still, letting Jason have his way. Jason shifted his hips, his fingertips flexing, and he groaned, easing back up. Tim finally lifted his head, reached down and dragged his nails through Jason’s hair, along his scalp.

“Am I turn you on?” he asked, as Jason pulled off, looked up with wet lips. Jason nodded, and Tim was almost tender, in the way he brushed his hair back. “Show me.”

Jason moved his hands, reaching down and fumbling with his jeans. He managed to get them open, to get the waistband of his underwear beneath his fingers and tugged down. His cock spilled free,
thick and flushed, and Tim gave a little moan, scratching his nails at Jason’s scalp again.

“Come with him,” he said, and Jason had him back in his mouth, before he could speak again. One of his hands fisted his own cock, jerking roughly and frantically, as he moved faster now. Tim sighed, lifted one of his legs and hooked it onto his back, so that Jason could feel the heat from his thigh right against his cheek. His other hand grasped Tim’s other calf, trying to steady himself as he forgot to breathe and didn’t even care.

Tim moaned, his breaths bringing out little noises now. His heel dug into Jason’s back as his hips finally bucked, canting towards Jason’s mouth- and Jason simply took it. His mind was spinning and blank except for Tim’s name, over and over again, against the static of his own building orgasm. He groaned around Tim’s cock, and was rewarded with another buck from his hips, and then the hot flood of cum over his tongue, when Tim came. He cried out loudly, unabashedly, and that had Jason shaking, his own orgasm a response to Tim’s freedom, despite the fact that they were out in the open.

Tim slumped back, still panting, and Jason pulled off, swallowing before sucking in a breath. He stared up, watched until Tim finally bowed his head to look at him, pulled his fingers from his hair.

“To me,” he whispered, curling his fingers and guiding Jason. Jason stood up, his legs feeling weak, not solid, and reached out, braced himself with a hand splayed on the car. Tim got his arms around him, leaning up to kiss at his jawline. “Good boy,” he mumbled, and before Jason could respond, could even think, Tim was kissing him just like Jason wanted.

* * *

Tim didn’t bother with the lights to his penthouse. He walked in, his heels clicking on the floor, heading straight for his room. He was grinning, couldn’t stop reaching up to touch his lips in pure joy.

It had worked. It had all worked, and much faster than he had anticipated. A little restraint, and Jason had been ready to burst for him, had been the one to make a move. That was what Tim wanted, what he knew was key here. Jason making the moves, thinking he was the one pushing for this.

When Tim wanted him just as badly, if not more. But soon, he’d be able to show that. Sooner than he’d first thought.
He tossed his purse onto his bed, pausing at his nightstand. There was a small wrapped package atop it, along with the file he’d received at his office earlier that day. He picked up the package, ignoring the shot of Jason that was pictured in the file, and kept his grin.

He was not one, but he swore ten steps closer to Jason needing him, and never being able to get away.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Have I mentioned lately that the relationship portrayed in this is unhealthy and should be avoided in the actual real world? No? Well, please don't forget that.

Jason was out when he got the text, the very next day. He’d been afraid he’d go days without hearing from Tim, but he was enjoying the shockingly warm autumn day- and secretly taking in the nicer side of Gotham- when he phone was buzzing.

*Come to my office.*

Nothing else, but Jason didn’t need it. The moment he read it he spun on his heel, heading for the next bus stop that would take him into the heart of Gotham’s business district. He didn’t think about how a single sentence from this man had him turning like a dog that had been called- didn’t bother to dwell on the fact that he had truthfully wondered around Gotham simply in the hopes he’d be closer if Tim summoned him at all.

The ride up the elevator was slightly more relaxing, this time. He wasn’t stopped by security or Tim’s secretary, and Jason felt so alive over that. Like he mattered enough that others had to see it.

Except that was a dangerous train of thought, and he could see that much. He didn’t *matter*, Tim had just been smart enough to inform his staff of Jason’s upcoming presence. He mattered in that he could bring Tim some satisfaction- but he didn’t *matter* in the way his pounding heart was starting to want.

Jason didn’t have the time or the mental energy to contemplate that today.

He paused at Tim’s door, knocked three times, then waited. There was silence for a long moment, before Tim’s voice was beckoning him in. Jason inhaled slowly, held the breath as he opened the door, pushing it open and stepping inside.

Tim was at his desk, coffee cup in one hand, the other on the mouse plugged into his laptop. He looked like he’d been busy, papers pushed around his desk. His hair was tugged back into this little ponytail, and his tie was tossed on the back of his chair, along with his jacket.
“Uh, hi,” Jason said, pushing the door shut and leaning against it. If Tim was busy, he didn’t understand why he’d texted him. Jason almost felt bad, like he was taking up his time—unless… “Did you need something?”

Maybe he just needed a little relief from his day.

Tim smiled, setting his mug down. He pushed his chair back a little, motioning Jason over. Jason hesitated a moment, before he moved, his boots feeling so heavy against the nice floor. He stopped at the corner of Tim’s desk, and Tim turned his chair, reaching up and curling his fingers. Jason bent over, until Tim could tip his head up, peck his lips softly. “I did,” he whispered, and Jason fought down a shiver, because god Tim’s voice did things to him.

“You seem busy,” Jason offered, straightening back up as Tim turned to his desk. Tim reached for his mouse, closing an email on his computer, before shrugging a shoulder.

“One of my brother’s dealings almost came to a bit of a disaster earlier. I’ve been attempting to clean up his mess.” Tim reached down, opening one of the drawers on his desk. “It’s not much concern. A few cups of coffee and polite emails will smooth things over. This is more important.” Tim reached in, grasped something in his hand, before straightening up and turning to face Jason again, holding it out.

It… was a phone. A few versions newer than Jason’s, sleek and brand new. Jason simply stared at it for a moment, before Tim jiggled it slightly.

“Take it.”

“Uh, but…” Jason cleared his throat. “I… I have a phone. You have my number. I don’t—”

“I run the risk of losing contact with you if your outdated model should sustain damage.” Tim pushed the phone a little closer. “This will be much more sufficient to ease my state of mind. I would hate to lose you, Jason.”

Jason’s heart rammed up painfully into his throat over that, and he reached out, took the phone. It was smooth and light in his hand, looked too damn good for him to be touching.
“I will also be paying for the service,” Tim added, “So there is no concern should you suddenly be short on… funds.” Jason opened his mouth to speak, but Tim raised his hand to stop him. “I expect you to transfer whatever you feel necessary from your current phone this evening and use this from now on. If you don’t feel comfortable disposing of your old one, I will do it for you.”

Jason glanced down at it again, before he shook his head. “I can toss it.” There wasn’t a question as to if he would, because Jason couldn’t bring himself to do something against what Tim said. “Thank you.”

That earned him a small smile. “You’re welcome, sweetheart.”

Jason’s heart moved from his throat and burst right into his damn skull.

“I… how can I thank you?” Jason set the phone down on the desk, reaching up to rake a hand through his hair. Tim leaned back, tilting his head and showing off the curve of his neck, from how his shirt was partially open now.

“You don’t need to,” Tim said, but Jason was shaking his head. He reached forward, pushed Tim’s chair back gently so he could slide between it and the desk. He got down on his knees, getting his hands on Tim’s and pushing them apart. Tim watched, head still inclined, reaching up to touch his lips in thought for a moment. “Or do you just want to?”

Jason said nothing, glancing down towards Tim’s stomach, focusing on the buttons of his shirt instead. He couldn’t admit what it had done to him, last night. How he’d never been so damn hot over having someone’s cock in his mouth. How he’d gone home and despite having gotten off there, on the damn street, he’d touched himself again.

Or how he dreamt about it, woke up in the middle of the night rutting into his sheets and coming with a whimper into his pillow, otherwise untouched.

He swallowed thickly, his hands sliding up Tim’s thighs. “Do you not want me to?” Jason asked. For a moment Tim just watched him, and Jason almost swore he could hear Tim’s brain churning, behind those eyes. Like he was contemplating his answer…

“I want you,” Tim finally said, reaching down and stroking back Jason’s hair. His curls were wild from the Autumn wind, and they twined easily around Tim’s fingers. “Do you want to please me, Jason?” Jason nodded, and Tim dragged his knuckles down his cheek, rubbing his thumb over his
lips. “Then make me come like you did last night.”

Jason’s hands fumbled for Tim’s belt and fly, as Tim dragged his thumb over his bottom lip again. Jason almost sucked it into his mouth, but it was pulled away from him before he could. He bowed his head instead, as Tim threaded his fingers into his hair, stroking so softly, so affectionately that Jason’s belly was full of butterflies. He managed to get his hands open, pulling at the waistband of his underwear until he could lift Tim’s cock free. He wasn’t hard yet, but Jason didn’t mind- he leaned in, sucked Tim’s entire cock into his mouth.

Tim’s hand tightened in his hair and his hips bucket up, a little groan escaping as he gritted his teeth. Jason squeezed his thighs reassuringly, swirling his tongue around his cockhead over and over again, making a little noise when he felt Tim’s cock twitch and swell. Tim sighed, leaning forward, his other hand reaching onto his desk-

And Jason heard a little click. “Can you make me feel good,” Tim started, glancing down, “no matter where my mind is?” Jason glanced up, and Tim held his stare for a moment, before turning back to his computer screen. Jason closed his eyes, trying to ignore the sound of Tim’s fingers on the keys, when he pulled his hand from Jason’s hair. He focused on the heat in his mouth instead, on his own pulse hammering in his veins.

Despite the distraction, Tim was still getting hard. Jason could feel each subtle movement, each pulse and swell. His own cock was mirroring it, in his pants- but he almost didn’t care. He could ignore it, because making Tim feel good was what he really wanted.

He eased back, pulled off to suck in a breath, and Tim didn’t even look down. His fingers continued to tap on the keys, and Jason frowned, before he ran his tongue over his cockhead, teasing his way then down his shaft. He sucked towards the base, felt it twitch and could see precome welling up- but Tim didn’t respond. Jason squeezed the man’s thighs, moving back up his cock and taking it in his mouth again. He moved quickly, his jaw beginning to ache from the constant stretch, but he didn’t care.

Jason squeezed his eyes shut, groaning and moving past it, taking Tim so far into his mouth he was lucky he could still breathe. But he couldn’t tune out the click of those keys, past the raging pulse in his own skull, echoed in the way his own cock was pulsing-

Until Tim’s fingers stilled, and he gave the smallest gasp. Jason felt cock pulse, and his mouth was flooded without warning. He pulled back, trying to suck in a breath through his nose as he swallowed once. He was just opening his eyes, glancing up, as Tim reached down, carded his fingers back through his hair.
“Don’t waste a drop,” he whispered- and there was color to his cheeks, sparkles and shimmers like stars in those eyes. Jason pulled off only when he was sure Tim had nothing left to give him, visibly swallowing a second time, and Tim offered him the sweetest smile. His other hand reached down, got under his chin to hold him up, before his thumb was moving up, wiping at the wetness in the corner of Jason’s eye, from how he had had them squeezed shut.

Jason tried to lift his head more, and Tim hummed.

“Do you want something?” he asked, his voice still soft.

“To kiss you,” Jason admitted, and Tim laughed, low and subtle from his chest.

“Come up here sweetheart. You’ve earned that.” Tim eased his chair back, taking his hands from Jason so he could fit his clothing, as Jason stood up. He got his hands on the arms of Tim’s chair and kept them there, his legs feeling almost numb, before he leaned over. Tim reached up, got his arms around his neck and tugged him down, pressing a warm kiss to his mouth.

Jason was so sure he’d never get over kissing Tim. Not the shape of his lips or their softness, not the perfect movements of his tongue or the points of his teeth. Everything was always perfect, like Tim had cracked his skull open and raided his mind, sifted through every bit of information on exactly what Jason wanted in a kiss and taken it for himself.

“Tim,” Jason whined, followed by an even needier babygirl, and Tim gasped, surging closer. His nails dug into Jason’s jacket, clinging as he dragged his teeth along his lower lip. Jason sucked in a breath as Tim pulled back, trembled when Tim ducked his head down and nuzzled his neck, bit at his pulse. He seemed about ready to push out his chair, to shove Jason onto his desk-

When there was a quick knock at the door. Jason froze, and Tim glanced towards it, frowning.

“Drake,” came the voice on the other side, “are you there?”

Tim huffed dropping back. He didn’t bother to tell Jason to move, or give him the chance, simply called, “What is it?”

The door knob turned, before it clicked open. Jason watched as another man walked in, a pout on his lips. His jade eyes darted from Tim to Jason, and then back again, and the pout turned into a smirk.
“Am I interrupting?”

“Not at all.” Tim eased his chair back further, stood up and walked around Jason, leaning his hand against his desk. “We were just having a conversation.”

The man hummed, and Jason was so sure he knew that face from somewhere. Before he could say anything though, Tim’s hand was sliding along his desk, grabbing his phone and then reaching behind him, to hand it to Jason.

“Do you need something?”

“Father wants you to bring me up to speed on your… corrections from my earlier mishap.” He looked down, and that was when it clicked, for Jason.

This was Damian Wayne. This was Tim’s brother.

Tim sighed, brushing his hair back. “Of course he does.” He turned then, as Jason slipped the phone into his pocket. Tim reached up, adjusted Jason’s jacket, before lifting on his toes and pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth. “I’ll talk to you later?” Jason nodded, and Tim turned, glancing over at Damian, who was watching. “Damian, this is Jason. Don’t give him that stare.” Tim turned back. “Jason, that’s my kid brother. Please ignore him.”

Jason only nodded, and Tim stepped aside, let Jason through. He walked towards the door, paused a step from Damian, as the younger man obviously looked him over. When he said nothing though, Jason continued, slipping right out the door. It hadn’t even shut when he heard Tim’s voice, addressing Damian now, as he made his way for the elevator.

Jason stepped inside it, and once the doors shut, and he was blissfully alone, sagged back against the wall. He grasped the railing, sighing, letting his eyes fall shut. Damian Wayne had walked in right after Jason had sucked his brother off. In his office.

This just sounded like a disaster. Not that Jason exactly believed Tim’s family had any sway over his sexual- Jason told himself that no matter the affection Tim showed him, he couldn’t say romantic-relationships, but it was still awkward. After all, these were two of the most influential men in the entire city.
The elevator dinged, and Jason stepped off. He felt his phone vibrating in his pocket as he did, and reached in. He pulled out the new one, saw a number that could only be Tim’s, with a message beneath.

*I'm sorry he interrupted*.

Jason paused, made sure he wasn’t in anyone’s way, and was about to respond, when Tim sent him another message.

*Are you still hard?*

Jason swallowed thickly. He hadn’t- Tim hadn’t touched him, and unless it had been *that* obvious in his jeans, how did Tim know? He hadn’t even really gotten a look, if Jason was sure.

But… he was, was the thing. Jason could ignore it, but his cock was throbbing. He typed out a quick *yes*, and glanced around him, feeling like somehow everyone could see the conversation.

A moment later, and the phone vibrated again.

*Touch yourself before you leave*.

Jason choked, simply stared at his phone for a moment. He thought to type out *where*, but Tim beat him again.

*Go to the bathrooms. Tell me when you’re there*.

Jason glanced around nervously again, before moving away from the elevators, but not towards the doors. He headed around the large first floor, until he found one of the restrooms. Another nervous glance and he pushed the door open, heading in. He swore it was nicer than his own apartment in there, polished, shining floors and porcelain sinks-

And not a soul.
Jason headed for one of the stalls, sliding inside and locking it quickly. He glanced down at his phone, texted out, *I'm here*, and bit at his lip. Tim wasn’t going to actually have him…

*Let me see your cock.*

God in heaven he was. *What about your brother?* Jason reached for his jeans with one hand anyway, popping the button open.

*Don’t worry about him.*

Jason sighed, resigned already, and pulled his zipper down. He palmed himself through his underwear, before carefully peeling them down. His cock bobbed free and he cupped it carefully, opening the camera on his phone and snapping a picture. He hesitated, however, when he went to attach it—thinking this was ridiculous…

But if Tim wanted it, how could he say no?

Jason attached it quickly and sent it, before he clutched the phone to his chest, wrapping his hand around his shaft and moving to stroke quickly. He tipped his head back, swallowing down a gasp and telling himself not to make a sound, to just *get off* before someone found him.

But then his phone was vibrating. He pulled it from his chest, glancing down. *Next time if you’re good, I’ll be the one to touch you.*

Jason couldn’t *stop* the whine that came from his mouth.

*Show me more.*

Jason bit his lip, stroking until his fist rested beneath his cockhead, a bead of precum rolling over his fingers. He snapped a picture, then another after he’d eased his hand back to the base, before sending them to Tim. He closed his eyes after he did, remembering the weight of Tim’s cock over his tongue, the fact that his cum tasted *good*, to Jason. Bitter but not overly salted, and somehow he’d wanted more than Tim could give him.
He started panted, letting go of his lip and groaning as he fucked his fist. Tim promised to touch him—Tim promised to be the one to bring him off. The only time he had had been in the back of his car, their first night. And Jason still got chills, thinking of that.

God what if Tim’s mouth -

His thoughts cut off as his stomach went tight, his balls aching as his orgasm rushed him. He shuddered, whining, cum rolling down his shaft, over his hand. Without even thinking, Jason angled his phone, snapped a shot of that, and wordlessly sent it to Tim, before managing to tuck his phone into his jacket pocket and sagging against the stall, attempting to catch his breath.

* 

Tim glanced at his phone, smiling to himself at the last picture. He typed out carefully good boy and sent it to Jason, before he heard his name being spoke again. He glanced up, and Damian was frowning at him, having sat down in Tim’s chair to read the emails Tim had been sending all day.

“Where is your head, Drake?” Damian asked, and Tim shrugged a shoulder, pulling himself up to sit on the corner of his desk.

“Right here. As riveting as this company is.” Damian huffed, folding his arms, looking all the petulant child he had always been, as far as Tim was concerned— even if he was, by all legal accounts, an adult now.

“You're going to get yourself into trouble with this one,” Damian pointed out, “like the last one. Don’t you remember?” Tim waved him off, and Damian clicked his tongue. “That was an expensive cover up, brother. To keep her quiet.”

“I misjudged is all. But trust me…” Tim glanced back down at his phone, thought of how easily Jason responded to his affection, his praise. Thought about how Jason was making all the moves Tim wanted him to.

How he was falling.
“I didn’t with this one.” He leaned back, watching as Damian reached up, loosening his tie. “Jason is quickly developing feelings for me.”

“-tt- Stray dogs will become lap dogs for anyone who offers them scraps.” He continued to stare at the computer. “He’ll get bored or find you… ah, how did your ex-girlfriend put it? Unyielding? Disturbing? Deranged? Honestly, how you paid her into silence is some sort of miracle.”

“Our name buys us anything we want.” Tim set his phone down, pushing it towards Damian. “Do you want to see his cock, brother? Maybe you’ll catch the appeal?”

Damian pushed the phone promptly away from him without looking, even if the screen was in fact blank. “I have no desire to share toys with you, Drake.”

“Good. Because this one is strictly mine. He’s going to be perfect.” Tim glanced past Damian, out the large window behind his desk. “He’s going to love me and only me. He’s only going to think of me. There won’t be room for anyone else.” Damian said nothing, but his frown showed his silent disapproval. Not enough, Tim knew, to cause any sort of interference. Whatever Tim did in his private life, Damian did his best to stay away from— if only because it meant Tim stayed out of us. “I assume you’ll keep this quiet from Bruce. He’s still… unhappy about Stephanie and I’s break.”

“He thought you were going to get married and give him grandkids. Instead you gave her a diamond collar and a tracker in her phone.”

Another shrug. “My sort of love isn’t his taste then. I simply don’t share well. Besides— your silence means he’ll never find out about that little security guard you keep dragging into your office. You know he’s got his hands busy enough with his own scandals and trying to ignore mine… he couldn’t handle his little baby having one too.” Tim reached over, pinched Damian’s cheek, and Damian smacked his hand away.

“Just keep your mouth shut about who shares my bed, and I’ll forget who shares your.”

“It’s a deal, little brother.” Tim glanced away from him again, back out the window, and couldn’t keep himself from smiling. Yes, he’d made a mistake before, misjudged the subject of his affection—but he wouldn’t this time.

Jason was perfect. Jason was everything he wanted. And Jason would be his, and his alone.
Tim tapped his foot, cradling his phone near his ear. He was leaning against his car, soaking up the morning sun, as the other line almost clicked the voicemail.

Just before it did, however, he got a sleepy, “Yello?” and smiled.

“Good morning sweetheart. Sleeping the day away?” He heard Jason’s bed creaking, could picture him rolling over. He wondered what his hair looked like in the morning, if those curls were tighter, if it stood out in every direction… “Give me your address. I want to get breakfast.”

He heard Jason yawn. “What?”

Tim clicked his tongue. “Breakfast. That meal in the morning that we like to accompany our coffee.” He looked up at the sky through his large sunglasses, thinking it was fun to poke at this one. “So?”

“I haven’t showered…”

“Did you run a marathon last night?” Tim asked. “Because if the answer is a no, then I am sure you are fine. Change your clothes and let me pick you up.”

“Where are you?”

“Our little spot, where you always leave me.” Lay on the guilt. Tim smirked when he heard Jason sigh.

“I can be there in ten minutes.” And the smirk fell back to a frown. Because that wasn’t that he wanted- but he’d take it, because it was still Jason coming at his beck and call.
“I’ll be waiting.” Tim ended the call, before he clicked through his phone. He waited as an app opened, looking at the small blinking dot. He didn’t need Jason’s address, he’d had it for some time now, but he couldn’t let on to that. Not yet. There’d be a time when Jason could know, and it wouldn’t matter, but things were still sensitive, Tim knew.

He could be patient. It wasn’t in his blood, but he could be.

Tim let himself back into his car, chose to scroll through his emails to ease the time. And as promised, about ten minutes later, he caught sight of Jason walking up to the car. Tim only glanced up when he let himself in, sliding into the passenger side without a word. He tipped his head back, and Tim took in from the corner of his eye the heavy stubble, the wildness to his curls. He really had rolled out of bed and come directly to Tim like asked.

It made Tim’s heart leap up towards his throat.

“Please tell me there’s coffee,” Jason finally said, lolling his head and glancing at Tim. “It’s early for those of us that work the nights.”

“We can change that,” Tim offered, kicking the car into drive and pulling from the curb. Jason said nothing, and if he was contemplating Tim’s silent offer and it’s implications, he didn’t say. Tim didn’t mind the silence though, as he stole glances at Jason from behind his sunglasses as he drove. He rather liked him looking rumpled and just-woken.

He wondered if his stubble would burn his thighs, his ass- and really, if Tim didn’t have an agenda, he might have detoured and rushed Jason right to his penthouse. But not yet.

The cafe was one of Tim’s personal favorites. They had a lovely outdoor balcony a few floors up, and with the warm weather it was perfect. Tim didn’t have to reach out to hold onto Jason for him to follow close, and Tim didn’t miss that. Nor did he miss when they sat down that the phone Jason checked was, of course, the one he’d given him.

“You still shouldn’t have,” Jason pointed out, setting the phone down. Tim only smiled, flipping open the menu and idly glancing at it.

“I enjoy spoiling you,” Tim pointed out. “In fact, I’d like to do it more.”
Jason sighed, glancing down at Tim’s menu, seeming to attempt to read upside down versus opening his own. “You went and bought me all these clothes, this phone, you paid me … I really don’t know what else you can do at this point.”

Tim’s smile was devious, and he flicked his eyes up, letting his sunglasses slide down his nose. “There’s always something,” he offered, before plucking the glasses from his face, setting them aside. “I did say next time I’d touch you.”

Jason’s cheeks flushed and he looked away, visibly swallowing. Tim licked his lips over that, before Jason mumbled, “I don’t really deserve that either.”

Tim felt a twisting in his belly and chest over that. Because it was sad to think Jason didn’t believe himself worthy- but it worked in Tim’s favor. *So very much.*

“You’ve been a good boy. You might have earned it.” Tim slid the menu towards Jason, deciding that gentle poking was enough. “Shall I order for the both of us?”

There was barely any hesitation, before Jason nodded. Blind, undivided faith. It was exactly what Tim wanted to cultivate in him. What he saw the potential for.

* 

Jason appreciated Tim’s taste. He liked the simply breakfast, appreciated the coffee he had ordered *first*. And while he felt odd, not even having showered, Tim didn’t seem to mind in the slightest.

How someone as gorgeous and put together as Tim wanted anything to do with him, and in any sort of *less than as close to perfect as Jason could ever get* blew his mind.

Blew it even more when Tim said he wanted to see him again later.

“I have to attend a meeting,” he said, walking back to his car. He was so close that Jason wanted to reach out, wanted to slid his arm around his waist, or to tangle their fingers together. Something to prove this was more than what it seemed- that there was more between them.
It was a transaction but Jason couldn’t help himself from constantly thinking of it as more.

“But after,” Tim said, pausing before Jason could reach for his car door. Tim leaned against the car, reaching out and toying with Jason’s open leather jacket. “I’d like to take you out. Buy you something pretty.” He tugged, and Jason followed the motion, leaning in carefully. “What do you say?”

“I don’t need something pretty, I’ve already got you.” It slipped out before Jason could stop himself, and his cheeks flushed. He glanced away, mumbling lo siento as Tim smiled, giggling softly.

“You’re tacky,” he offered, “but I rather like it.” He tugged again, and when Jason turned, Tim was leaning up, meeting his mouth. The kiss was warm- Tim tasted like whatever juice cocktail he’d had once he’d drowned his coffee, like something sweet that could make you sick, if you had too much.

But you had no way to stop.

Jason sighed, let his eyes fall shut as he kissed back, his heart racing over how badly he wanted this. The fact that this was public, that the world could see- it made it better. Made Jason feel like he wasn’t being hidden beneath Tim’s bed, but that he could parade him around, could be proud of him.

Tim reached up, cupped Jason’s warm cheeks. His hands were so damn soft, as his fingers rubbed along his stubble, Tim smiling into the kiss. Jason pressed harder, boxed him in more against the car, one hand pressed to the roof, the other finding the curve of Tim’s waist and holding on. Tim shivered, licked at Jason’s mouth, gave a happy moan when Jason let him in, let him explore however he so pleased.

“Baby you’re so tempting,” Tim whispered, the words warm puffs of breath against Jason’s wet mouth. Jason shivered now, feeling every muscle in his body go tight over the little pet names. “You make me want to be filthy right here, where everyone could see.”

Jason dipped his head down, nuzzled Tim’s neck as Tim’s arms wound around him. He felt bold then, licked a strip of skin up over his pulse, felt Tim buck his hips forward. “I’d do whatever you want,” Jason admitted- and in that single moment, it was true. Tim could have asked him to do anything, right there, where the world could see- and he would. Without a second thought.

He’d enjoy it.
Tim groaned, and it made Jason want to bury himself in him, to take him in the backseat of his car again. Made him want to see what every filthy sound Tim could ever make. But… “Some other time,” Tim admitted, as Jason was about to suck on that perfectly warm skin. He forced himself to pull away, to look back at Tim, who nosed at his jaw, left a single, lazy kiss. “Come to my office around four,” he whispered, “I’ll be done by then. So home and shower and make my heart stop.” He lifted back up, unwound his arms and dragged his fingertips along Jason’s cheeks. “Don’t shave though. I like you like this.”

Another quick kiss, and then Tim was pushing at Jason, easing him back. He took a step back, watched Tim walk around the car and slide in. For a moment Jason simply stood there, before he forced himself to move, despite wanting to take a few seconds back, to pin Tim back against that car and never let him move again.

Tim dropped him off back at the same street corner he always did. Jason walked home, headed right for his tiny bathroom. He fired up his shower, happy when the water pressure held to at least a half decent power, before letting it run for a moment to warm up. He had left his jacket on his bed, paused in front of his tiny sink as he stripped his shirt off. He left it on the floor, leaning forward and rubbing his jaw with one hand, examining the dark stubble settling in. It felt rough beneath his fingers, which didn’t feel nearly as nice as Tim’s had earlier, raking over him.

He sighed. If Tim wanted it to stay, it’d stay. Without a question.

His shower was warmer than he expected- another pleasant surprise to the day. He spent extra time, soaping himself up and then doing it again because what if he did get a chance to get Tim’s hands on him? He wanted to be as perfect as possible.

After his shower, he paced his bedroom in just his towel. He tossed the clothing Tim had bought him onto his bed, pawing over it, trying to figure out what to wear, how best to present himself. Did Tim want him a little rough around the edges, or as cleaned up as he could be?

Trying to get inside Tim’s head felt impossible. Jason still couldn’t even fathom what Tim saw in him, or how he found it every time they were together. He just didn’t know what he was thinking, and it made him all the more desperate.

Desperate because what if somehow, Tim stopped thinking everything he found in Jason was good, and he suddenly wasn’t worthy?
Tim parked his car, chancing a glance at his watch as he heard Jason opening the car door. They had left the tower at about 4:26, and it was currently nineteen minutes later. They were on track, if they stayed at this pace.

Tim pushed his sleeve back down, climbing out himself and glancing around. The shopping district was once again bustling, though Tim figured it would die down fairly quickly, as everyone headed off for dinner.

“Tim?” He glanced across the hood of the car, and Jason had turned, was eyeing him. “You okay?”

“Fine.” He brushed his hair back, walking around the car, wishing there was a click of heels to follow his movements. He hadn’t judged this day properly, and while he liked the tight fit to his suit—didn’t understand how anyone wore one that wasn’t fitted—he wouldn’t have minded something less androgynous and more feminine.

Maybe later…

Jason offered up his hand as Tim stepped up onto the curb. Tim glanced at it, before taking his arm instead, settling up against it as he steered him down the sidewalk. He heard Jason’s breath escape him, and he hugged it affectionately. They walked in time, until Tim was nearly throwing Jason off balance, turning him towards a shop. He was forced to untangle from him to walk through the door properly.

Tim took a few steps in, ahead of Jason, the well dressed girl behind the counter giving him a smile and a wave. He walked right up, greeting her as well, feeling Jason glancing from a step or two back.

“It’s cliche,” Tim said, glancing behind him, “but I thought you know, you’re tacky, so cliche might be good. And everyone always seems to make such a big deal about getting a nice watch.” Tim waved his hand, his own slim one gleaming on his wrist. “Bruce bought mine here years ago.”

Jason moved up to the glass counter, and the girl leaned against it, smiling too sweetly. “I can take anything you like out, if you want to try it on.”
“Uh.” He paused, glancing at Tim. “Can we maybe...?”

“Oh! Sure.” She waved them off. The shop wasn’t large, but she moved to the other end of the counter, busying herself with a small ledger she had left open there.

The moment she was away, Jason leaned closer, speaking in a hushed tone. “I don’t even want to see the price tags on these.”

Tim rolled his eyes. “Then don’t look.”

“Tim, I can’t let you. That’s just too good for me.”

Tim reached up then, grabbing Jason by the collar of his burgundy button down. It was open decently down his tanned chest, a pop of gorgeous color beneath his old leather jacket. He didn’t pull, but he held him firm. “I’ll decide what’s too good for you,” Tim said, very matter of factly. For a brief moment he saw Jason’s eyes flash—this fight rearing up in them, like he knew what Tim was saying wasn’t right...

But then it ebbed, and Jason bit at his lip. Tim waited, breath held, wondering if Jason was going to push it, but then- “I just feel bad.”

“Don’t,” Tim offered, reaching up to cup his warm cheek. “I’m choosing to do this. Maybe I like when my toys are pretty and the talk of the town.” He winked, and could feel the heat rising in Jason’s cheek. “Now look. Talk to the cute girl behind the counter and ask her to suggest something.”

Jason chuckled over that, reaching up to cover Tim’s hand with his own. “Won’t get jealous?”

“Oh, I will.” Tim watched him turn, kiss his palm. And there were butterflies over that, the kind that had Tim’s gut twisting up. It made him, for a moment, forget how to breathe. But when he felt Jason’s warm lips for a second time, his lungs- and brain- kickstarted. “And then I’ll make a little show of claiming you,” Tim said, his control seeping back into his voice. “I’ll mark you up so this whole city knows who holds your leash.”

Jason glanced at him, his mouth moving to the tip of Tim’s fingers. A kiss, and then his tongue
darted out, swirling over the tips of two. “I think I’ll like that.”

Tim watched, fascinated. Wondered if this was how he made Jason feel, when he turned on his charm. Short of breath and unable to make simple words connect in his head.

He wanted to drag him right out of the shop, shove him into the back of his car. Wanted the world to see him rake his nails down Jason’s back, watch the way Jason could make him howl. Watch and understand that Tim was the best and the last person he’d ever have.

Jason let go of his hand, stepping around him. He headed for the other end of the counter, and Tim watched him lean against it, flashing his own smile at the girl as she greeted him again. And yes, his belly did coil with a hint of jealousy - but he also knew Jason was playing up exactly as Tim had just told him.

He truly was such a good little pet.

Tim glanced at his watch again, clicking his tongue. For a moment, he thought his plan for the evening wasn’t even necessary- but then he heard the girl laugh. He turned, and she had a small display out, showing off a few of the watches- but her eyes were sparkling, as she stared almost enamoured at Jason.

And Tim decided he was too impatient to not speed things up a bit.

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“I don’t think I’ve ever put something so expensive on my body,” Jason admitted, glancing at the watch as he and Tim walked down the street. As Tim had expected, the crowds had thinned to almost nothing.

“I could get diamond rings for your nipples,” Tim teased, and Jason choked.

“You know, you’re not joking and I can’t even wrap my mind around that.” Tim flashed a smile, pausing in front of one of the shoe boutiques in the area. As he knew he would, Jason stopped as well, didn’t question the pair of heels Tim was looking at. Tim was holding his hand, felt Jason rub his thumb up over his knuckles, and it was sweet, having him there.
He heard the footsteps, slightly heavier- and then, as he opened his mouth to ask Jason what he thought of that pair, if maybe he’d want to see Tim in them and nothing else, he felt the nudge against his side.

And a voice speaking right behind Jason and Tim, “Don’t jump.” Tim held perfectly still, watched Jason dart his eyes. “Do not turn around, or I put a hole in the pretty boy.” Tim felt Jason squeeze his hand, as Tim swallowed.

“What do you want?”

A stupid question, but Tim could play stupid, if it meant being the most cunning creature in this damn city.

“Everything pretty on you.” There was a moment of hesitation. “But not here.” He pushed the gun harder into Tim’s waist. “Both of you turn and head down the road. Around the corner, there’s an alley.” Tim began to move, and Jason mirrored it. “Walk slowly, don’t make any sudden movements- and we’ll be quick about this.”

Tim walked, guiding Jason’s steps- who was so damn quiet. His hand still firmly held Tim’s, but when Tim glanced at him, his face was deathly serious.

They turned the corner, and a moment later were stepping into the alley. It was completely clear currently, which was nice, Tim didn’t worry either of them would trip. They paused halfway in, and the gun eased slightly from Tim’s side.

“Oh, now-”

The sentence cut off, when Jason suddenly tore his hand from Tim’s. He spun so quickly Tim barely registered it, heard the sound of a fist meeting just beneath ribs. He turned himself, saw the man staggering back a step. Jason pulled his fist back, went in again, and the man slammed right back into the wall. Before Jason could get in, get a hold of his hand with the gun, the guy had his foot up, was slamming it into Jason’s belly. Jason stumbled back, hit the opposite wall, his head smacking against it. Tim heard the sound, and knew most people would have crumpled down over that.

Jason gritted his teeth and glared like he was rabid. Tim felt his breath catching, his heart beating faster than when the gun had been pressed to his side. And when Jason moved he was a beast, was
grabbing the guy by his jacket and nearly lifting him up, pushing him back into the wall again.

“I could rip you open straight down the middle,” Jason growled, and Tim wondered if he would. If Tim asked, would Jason go completely visceral… “You can get the fuck out of here and rethink this little joke, or I can kick your ass so many ways you forget your name sweetheart.”

He eased back, and Tim wondered if he was even concerned about the gun in the picture. But when he let go, the guy didn’t hesitate- he turned and he moved. If it wasn’t for his sunglasses, Tim wondered if they’d be able to see the terror in his eyes.

The thought died, because the moment he was gone, Jason was in front of Tim, grasping his shoulders and peering down at him. “Are you okay?” Those gray eyes were huge, looked terrified in a way they definitely hadn’t a moment prior. Like Jason’s concern wasn’t about himself, but strictly Tim.

“Yeah.” Tim reached up, cupped Jason’s cheeks. “Your head…?”

“Fine.” Jason forced a smile, the smallest of grimaces there with it.

“You hit it hard. I… I heard it.” Tim moved in closer, slotted himself right up against Jason, fit in so perfectly he knew this man was meant to be his. “What if you have a concussion?”

“I’ve hit my head plenty of times. It’s nothing.” Tim shook his head, reaching one hand up to up the back of Jason’s head tenderly.

“We should take you to a doctor.”

“Definitely not.” Tim sighed, shook his head.

“Then at least come home with me,” he said, eyes softening. “Let me look after you a little. After all, I think you just saved me.” He leaned up, pressed his mouth gently to Jason’s. “You’re cliche enough to fit the knight in shining armor profile.”

Jason laughed, as Tim pulled away. Before Tim could say more, Jason was giving him a quick look
over, before shrugging out of his jacket. He draped it over Tim’s shoulders, looking serious again.

“You’re shaking,” he said, bending over and kissing his temple. “You’re safe, I promise. No one touches you when I’m around.” He curled his arm around Tim’s waist, turning him to guide him out of the alley, as Tim reached up, grasped at the edges of the jacket and held it around him. He turned, pressed his cheek against the soft, well-loved leather, inhaled slowly. It smelled like Jason, like smoke and his soap and cologne, and Tim’s knees felt weak over it.

And maybe he really was shaking. He hadn’t meant to, but it was all so perfect, he hadn’t been able to keep himself still as the excitement buzzed through him.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

The incident in chapter 6 ended up spilling over completely into chapter 7 and, either Wednesday or Thursday (whichever day I decide to post), chapter 8 as well. (Also, chapter 8 has lots more Jason!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tim pushed open the door to his penthouse, stepping in and sighing heavily, the moment familiar walls surrounded him. He liked home, he liked the space he had created, that he controlled. It was relieving, every moment he stepped back into it. He glanced behind him, but Jason was only in the doorway, peeking in and trying to glance around.

“Come on now,” Tim said, taking one more step in and turning. He had Jason’s jacket still draped over his shoulders, and reached up to clutch at it, to slide his fingertips along the softened leather. He wanted it against just his skin, wanted to be surrounded by Jason in that moment.

He was still shaking, and he was trying so hard to conceal it.

Jason finally did, carefully shutting the door behind him. Without a word he flipped the lock, and Tim bit back a smile. He forced himself to let go of Jason’s jacket, to stretch out his arms and nearly knock the jacket off, offering up a, “Welcome to my home.”

“This is,” Jason started, glancing around, “Jesus Tim.”

Tim did let himself smile then, before he turned, heading into the space. He moved past the lavishly large living room, heading for his bedroom. He pushed the door open, flicking on the light, and noticing that Jason’s footsteps were so far away. His hesitation was heavy, but Tim didn’t think it was out of place. He could work with it.

“I didn’t even take my boots off,” Jason commented, and Tim waved him off, walking towards his bed. He gave it a pat, glancing over as Jason filled his doorway. The man hesitated, before finally walking in, to the bed but not actually touching it. Tim waited a moment, before clicking his tongue.

“Sit.”
“Tim—”

“Sit.” The command was stern, and Jason promptly sat down, hands pressing to the soft blanket as he stared up at Tim. Tim bit his tongue, felt himself losing his cool quickly. He shrugged Jason’s jacket off, laid it out on the bed, before he stepped between Jason’s thighs. He reached out, cupped his face and dragged his thumbs along his jaw, feeling the stubble scratching at his skin. “I have to thank you,” he said, letting his expression go soft, “for what you did.”

“I didn’t do anything.” Jason moved to shake his head, but Tim’s sturdy hold didn’t let him. “I just… you can’t get hurt.” He reached up, covered both of Tim’s hands with his own. And when he stared up those gray eyes looked wet at the corners. And oh, if he cried, Tim would lose his mind. “You’re… precious.”

Tim leaned over then, pressed his mouth very softly to Jason’s. “You’re something special,” Tim whispered, his breath warm against Jason’s lips. “Sometimes I can’t make sense of you.” And sometimes Jason was easy to read as a child’s picture book. “I could keep you forever.”

The desperate noise Jason made over that had Tim’s blood hammering so hard he was sure his veins would burst. Unable to control himself, he kissed Jason again, sucking in the sound and swearing to treasure it within his ribs forever. The desire to be kept, for Tim to own and love him- that was what Tim wanted in Jason, wanted to cultivate until it bloomed and consumed him completely.

Jason opened for him, tipped his head back and let Tim pace their kiss. Tim tried to keep it slow, but then he was fitting so perfectly between Jason’s heavy thighs, was pushing against him, and suddenly Jason’s hands weren’t covering his, but grabbing at his hips, sliding beneath the tailored jacket of his suit. Tim moaned when they squeezed, nearly bucked against Jason’s belly as the man sucked at his tongue.

Tim rubbed his hands back, tangling his fingers in Jason’s curls. He didn’t tug, but stroked his fingertips and nails along his scalp, felt Jason sighing when he hit the tender spot that had smacked into the wall. “Poor baby,” Tim whispered, against his mouth, as Jason tried to silence him with another kiss. “Sweet little thing.”

Tim pulled his hands from Jason’s hair. He reached down, found Jason’s hands on his hips and carefully pulled them off, before he slowly settled between his legs, on his knees. He reached up, got handfuls of Jason’s thighs and squeezed, watched Jason lean back a little, bearing himself without a thought. “Tim,” he whispered, as Tim rubbed up, until he was nearly at the juncture, his thumbs pushing towards Jason’s groin. Jason gasped, and Tim leaned in, nuzzled at his belly, breathed in his heat, seeping out through his shirt.
“Promised I’d touch you,” he whispered, “you *earned* it, darling.” His hands moved, working at the button to Jason’s jeans. The sound of the zipper seemed deafening, made Tim finally pull back, stare up with blown pupils that seemed to swallow up his irises. Jason’s breath escaped over that, his thighs opening wider, this sweet sort of whimper escaping him when Tim’s fingers brushed against his groin, through his underwear. Tim could feel the blatant lines of his cock, and Jason was harder than he had expected.

Was it the sheer joy of seeing Tim on his knees? Was it his words, the notion of having *earned* Tim? Or had that little tussle brought something up in Jason that Tim was sure he would love to devour whole?

“Baby,” Tim cooed, curling his fingers in the waistband of his underwear and peeling them down. Jason’s cock bobbed free, and Tim leaned close, exhaled but didn’t *touch*. “Look what happened to you.” Jason shivered, and Tim opened his mouth, stuck out his tongue and let it drag slowly along Jason’s cockhead. He lapped up the precum beading there, heard Jason’s ragged intake of breath, and wondered if he’d come without Tim really getting him in his mouth.

“Tim you… you don’t have to…”

“I know.” Tim kissed down his shaft, sucking close to the base and making Jason whine. “Wanna,” he mumbled, before he dragged his tongue back up to the tip. “Would you tell me no?”

No, Jason wouldn’t, and Tim knew this. And Jason affirmed it, shook his head. Tim smiled for just a moment, before opening his mouth, sucking just the head in. He kept his hold on Jason’s thighs, his tongue rolling over the sensitive flesh. Jason shuddered, reached up and very gently combed shaking fingers back through Tim’s hair. Tim made a little pleased noise over that, glancing up as he eased further down, until his mouth was stretched from the sheer mass of Jason’s cock. The burn in his cheeks, the corners of his lips, was something sweet to Tim. He felt Jason’s cock twitch against his tongue, and Jason’s fingers were tangling in his hair now. He was breathing quickly, heavily, pants that told Tim this would indeed be quick.

Tim inhaled through his nose, before pushing further down, forcing his throat to relax. He squeezed Jason’s thighs, dug his nails into his jeans, until he felt the waistband from Jason’s underwear, snug at the bottom of his cock, hitting his chin. Until his nose was buried in Jason’s pubic hair, and Jason was tipping his head back, moaning so damn loud and lewd that Tim’s own cock throbbed over it. He eased back, before moving back down- choosing to take about half his cock in each time, in the effort of not moving agonizingly slow. He didn’t move his hands to over the rest though, didn’t think he’d *need* to.
“Babygirl,” Jason whispered, made it sound immaculate. Tim whimpered, couldn’t stop himself, and Jason was tugging at his hair. “Babygirl careful, you’ll ruin a man.”

Tim’s heart was pounding in his throat. He wasn’t sure he’d ever felt so damn alive on his knees before. And while the feeling of a cock in his mouth had always made him hard, the way Jason was talking to him made his knees feel so weak that he was sure his entire legs were just melting. He was water spilling out all over the floor, and Jason was the heat that would evaporate him away completely.

Tim had never been undone before, and he couldn’t let it happen now. He closed his eyes, focused on Jason’s breath, on the throb of his own cock, and the salty flavor flooding his mouth. And then Jason tugging insistently at his hair. “Tim,” a little warning, and then desperately, “Tim.” Jason swallowed thickly, and Tim glanced up, sucking as he rolled his tongue around his cockhead. “You might… wanna stop.” Jason bit at his lip, glancing away, looking embarrassed. But Tim just eased back down, forced himself to relax and got him to his throat again, had Jason arching so hard it was a wonder his spine wasn’t cracking. “Fuck I’m going to come, Tim. Babygirl, move.”

Tim didn’t. He refused, closing his eyes and easing back, bobbing his head quickly. And when Jason bucked up, a moment later, his hips nearly lifted off the bed. If Tim hadn’t been holding onto his thighs, he might have been jarred completely off him- and what a mess that would be. As it was Tim’s mouth filled quickly, a bitter flavor that was far more mellow than Tim had tasted before. He swallowed quickly to keep from choking, but got a second and felt his body clenching up over that- his balls and ass going tight and wishing Jason had something inside him to wrap around.

He only pulled off when Jason let go of his hair, had his hands back behind him and was leaning back, panting. Tim let his cock slip slowly from his mouth, leveraging himself with his hold on Jason’s thighs as he slowly stood up. He leaned over, his lips still sealed shut, and Jason met him, still breathless, for the kiss. When Tim opened his mouth for it, what was left settled on his tongue slid along Jason’s, and Jason whined, his arms shaking as he nearly lost his balance. Tim’s tongue slid with extra ease, the kiss bitter in all the right ways, and Tim wanted more, that very moment. Wanted to crash down onto his knees until they bruised, wanted to drink Jason utterly dry. Wanted to taste like him forever, to prove to the world that Jason was his, and his alone.

“Could kill me,” Jason mumbled, licking at Tim’s wet, swollen lips. “Babygirl you’re living sin.”

Tim smiled, reaching one hand down to cradle Jason’s now soft cock. Hypersensitive, the touch alone had him squirming, as Tim carefully tucked him back into his underwear, but refused to close his jeans. Tim nipped at his bottom lip, as Jason attempted to straighten up, hooked one arm around his waist then. “I’m beyond sin,” Tim whispered, reaching back up to rake his hands through Jason’s hair. He kissed him again, hard and wet and almost messy, but Jason took and asked for more,
groaned and gripped so tightly at Tim’s jacket.

“You taste like my cum.” Jason licked at Tim’s lips. “Fuck I love it.” He moved from Tim’s mouth, nuzzled his neck, and Tim closed his eyes, sighed as Jason tenderly kissed his pulse. “But are you okay-?”

“Wanted to know what you taste like,” Tim admitted, petting Jason’s hair- careful with the tender spot at the back of his head. “Don’t make me regret it.”

Not that Tim would. Hidden away in a folder was everything on Jason Todd. His birth certificate, his family deceased as Tim knew- what little schooling records there were. Medical records. Tim knew exactly where Jason lived, even if pretended not to. He knew the last time he went to the clinic- three months ago- to get himself tested. And Tim was glad for it, because he wanted every bit of Jason he could have, and would have hated having to work that visit into this. But Jason, despite his circumstances, seemed to try and take care of himself.

And Tim knew it. He knew everything Jason would never want him to know. And oh, what money could buy in Gotham.

“Never.” Jason nuzzled under Tim’s jaw now. “Swear you’re safe. I’m safe.” Tim said nothing, as the arm around his waist loosened, and then there was a hand on his ass, squeezing. “Can I take care of you?”

He was trained so damn well and thoroughly already that Tim was sure his heart was going to stop.

“Mm, soon.” As much as Tim was aching, he had to play this right. This entire night- and he couldn’t rush. He carded his fingers back through Jason’s hair, trying to soothe him. “Lay down first.”

“You know, if you’re concerned I have a concussion, you’re supposed to keep me awake.”

“And I will.” Tim settled back down slowly, onto his knees. He reached for Jason’s boots, carefully pulling at the laces. “But that doesn’t mean I can’t have you relaxed.” Once he had it open he lifted Jason’s leg, pulled his boot off and left it, turning to the other. His touches were soft, calming, and Jason was watching him with such a curious stare. Tim pulled his other boot free, before he stood back up, gently pushing at Jason’s shoulders. “Lay down. Let me make you a king for a night.”
Jason swallowed thickly, but didn’t fight Tim’s guidance. He turned, laying down slowly, stretched out along Tim’s large bed. His head landed on the pillows, and Tim picked up Jason’s jacket off the bed, turning and carrying it across the room to leave laid out over a large, plush chair he kept in the corner of his room. The pretense was for reading, but if anything Tim preferred to sit at this vantage point to watch whoever was in his bed, for the night.

Another time. There’d be chances.

Tim left it there, silently moving to his closet and working open his tie. Jason was quiet, on his bed, and Tim wondered if he was relaxing, melting into the comfort like Tim would, or tense because this was still a world so outside him. “I wonder if we should have called the cops,” Jason finally piped up. Tim had hung his tie up now, removed his jacket and returned that to its hook as well, so he could have it cleaned properly come the end of the week.

“There was no need,” Tim said, working his shirt open. He guided it off, as he heard Jason sitting up, could feel his eyes watching him. “Besides, if you truly thought that, you would have suggested it before we even left.”

Jason was silent for a long time—long enough that Tim removed his shirt and belt, had bent over to finally remove his shoes as well. He’d have to return them to their proper home later. “I don’t really have a great record with the cops,” Jason admitted, and Tim smiled, simply because Jason couldn’t see. Oh, he knew. He knew the exact number of times Jason had been brought it— and how he was good at keeping to cops away when he was doing some bloody work for whichever family wanted him. But the drugs? There was quite a list. He didn’t seem so careful in that department. Tim could figure just how many times Jason had paid his way out of it too, to avoid sleeping in a cell more than a few days.

“It’s no matter. If I feel the need I can report it at any point. I have my own connection.” Tim reached down, opening his fitted slacks and carefully shimmed them down his hips. He knew Jason was watching the motion of his hips and ass, and wished he had something more revealing than the striped briefs beneath. “Bruce is fucking one of the GCPD.”

He turned then, walking across the bedroom in his underwear and his almost sheer socks, held up by small garters around his calves. He crawled onto the bed, right between Jason’s legs, and settled on one thick thigh, happily reaching up and wrapping his arms around his shoulders. “Oh?” Jason finally managed, and Tim nodded.

“Yeah, this cute little thing. Has been for a while. Guy has a great ass.”
Jason furrowed his brow. “I… didn’t realize Bruce Wayne was into men.”

“Publically he’s not.” Tim leaned back a little, holding himself up and steady by his arms around Jason, showing off his neck, the curve and jut of his collar bone. “He keeps it all hushed up. But there’s been plenty.” He ground down against Jason’s thigh, before he sucked at his lips, deciding that was enough indulging. “I want to get off while I’m curled up with you.”

Jason choked, and Tim fought so damn hard to keep from laughing. He straightened back up, leaned in and pecked the corner of Jason’s mouth. He dragged his kiss to his jaw then, and Jason got both arms around him, splayed them on Tim’s back. Jason’s fingers were calloused, but they felt so damn good, his palms warm as hellfire. Tim sighed, nuzzled his neck, nipped at his pulse before he paused to suck. The suction was enough to bring blood up to the surface, to make Jason fidget as Tim left the sort of mark that was unmistakable to the world.

“Can I?” Tim would ask, this one time. Because Jason had to believe he had initially had a choice.

“Whatever you want. I just want you to feel good.” He was sincere, Tim knew. He smiled, guided Jason back down onto his back. He let himself fall off his thigh, resting on his side and curling up, against Jason’s chest. Despite his shirt, Tim could feel the heat from his chest as he nuzzled there, one hand snaking down between them to cup himself, squeeze his cock through his underwear. Jason wound one arm around him, held him tight as Tim awkwardly rubbed, grinding into his palm and feeling his erection coming back. It had ebbed somewhat, since he’d sucked Jason off, but it didn’t take much to bring him back.

“What I want is you to get hard again,” Tim admitted, sighing when he could get his thumb rubbing over his cockhead. His underwear grew wet quick, precum soaking up onto his thumb. “But I think you might need a few more minutes.”

Jason reached up, covered his eyes with his free hand. “I wish I didn’t,” he said, and Tim giggled, closing his eyes. He let himself relax, let himself seem vulnerable as he continued to tease himself. He heard Jason shifting, and then his other hand was brushing at Tim’s hair. Tim tilted his head up, kept his eyes shut as Jason traced his fingers along his lips. “What can I do?”

“Just keep breathing,” Tim whispered, fingers rubbing down along his shaft now. The fabric between his hand and his cock was teasing, but kept him from being coming that very moment. Especially when Jason’s fingers pressed, and Tim opened his mouth, sucked on them greedily. Jason gasped, and Tim rolled his tongue around them, sucked greedily and refused to let them go. They felt so good against his tongue, and when Jason pushed them in deeper Tim whimpered, without meaning to.
He wasn’t sure he had ever let himself seem like this, to one of his toys. To relax and melt and trust - but Tim thought, in the back of his mind, that it was the only way to keep Jason. He pushed towards his hand again, feeling the base of his spine tingling, his tongue rolling over Jason’s fingers again. “That’s it babygirl,” Jason said, the hand on the base of Tim’s back flexing, fingers pressing in. “God you’re so gorgeous.”

Tim trembled, squeezed his thighs together. He felt ungodly good climbing up towards his orgasm, was trying to pant around Jason’s fingers. His heat was intoxicating, and Tim was so damn sure in that moment he could never lose him. Ever.

He trembled, opening his mouth around Jason’s fingers and moaning when he finally came. His hips bucked, his lips and chin wet now. He kept shifting, grinding into his hand, until he tossed his head back, Jason’s fingers falling from his mouth as he howled out at the end of his orgasm. He shook, squeezed his thighs harder together, before collapsing lax against Jason. Tim tried to catch his breath, and Jason kept rubbing his back, bending to kiss the top of his head.

“How do you have any idea how hot you are?” he asked, when Tim finally opened his eyes, looked up. He reached up, wiped at his mouth and chin with the back of his hand, a little smirk playing at his lips. Because yes, he did know. “I don’t know why you bother paying me. You could have anyone.”

“I could,” Tim admitted, finally rolling away. He stretched out on his back, catching his breath and looking up at the ceiling. “I’ve had plenty of people. But you…” he glanced over, reached up and teased his fingers against Jason’s chin. “You’re surpassing my dreams, sweetheart.”

Jason stared at him, those gorgeous eyes wide. Tim smiled so damn sweetly he knew it would melt Jason’s heart, and then Jason was grabbing his hand, kissing his fingers, his knuckles.

“Don’t say those things,” Jason whispered, “you’ll give a man hope.”

Tim smiled over that. He didn’t push, because he didn’t need to. Jason didn’t have to spell out what he hoped for, Tim could read him easily.

He was falling in love. Exactly as Tim had planned.

Chapter End Notes
Tim is... not a good person...
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

As promised! I'm not sure when I'll have the next update ready, there might be a bit of a delay. Life and all that- so no worries if the fic goes dormant for like, a week or something please!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jason had drifted, after they lapsed into silence. He was vaguely aware of Tim moving, of his heels digging into the bed as he peeled his briefs off his body. But as much as he wanted to see, his eyelids felt so damn heavy. And somewhere he was thinking he should fight it- because Tim’s concern wasn’t far off, he truly had hit his head pretty hard. It ached still, the distraction of Tim’s mouth and all the pure heaven Jason found with him having nulled it briefly, but it was back, and Jason just wanted to give in.

The drift was pleasant. Jason was more relaxed than he was sure he had ever been during sleep. And suddenly when he was coming back to, the room was dark, and there was a blanket pulled up over them, Tim curled back against him, head pillowed on his chest. At some point he had unbuttoned Jason’s shirt completely, and his hand was shoved up under the fabric, splayed just below his ribs.

Jason smiled, tightening the arm he had curled around Tim. The man mumbled in his sleep, snuggling closer, one of his legs shifting along Jason’s, his foot rubbing along his calf. The smile grew, and Jason felt his heart damn near bursting.

This was… perfect. This was better than any dream Jason could ever have. He’d given up on the idea of waking up content and secure, a long time ago. Hell, he couldn’t even remember really having it, if he was honest with himself. And yet… here he was. Here was the only person to ever tell Jason he was good enough, that he was worth something- and he was sleeping soundly, like he trusted Jason. He was still there, wasn’t running away.

Jason knew it was crazy. Somewhere, deep in the confines of his skull, he knew he couldn’t have this, not how he wanted it. Tim wasn’t loving him, Tim was buying him… but that didn’t mean that Jason could stop the way he had fallen. He was beyond thinking of it in the present tense, knew there was no way to stop it now, and surely no way to undo it.

Tim had him. Tim had him so absolutely that it scared Jason- but enlivened him even more.
He turned, kissed the top of Tim’s head. His hair was so soft, smelled like heaven, and Jason just wanted to kiss every inch of him. Wanted to find every hidden freckle, touch every damn bit of skin. Just to listen to the way Tim breathed, to be gifted with a single, pleased sigh.

He heard Tim’s breathing change, watched him shift his head. His eyes blinked open slowly, and he stared up in the dark, before a warm smile crossed his face. “Hey.” It came out a little raspy, voice gone from disuse, and Jason swore he fell even harder. Tim yawned, stretched along Jason, but settled back in happily, rubbing his hand down along Jason’s abdomen now. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have let you fall asleep.”

“S’okay, I think we both needed it.” Jason gave him a little squeeze. “I said I was fine anyway.”

Tim hummed, pushing himself up so he could press a slow, lazy kiss to Jason’s neck. Jason’s hand slid lower, rested on the bare skin of Tim’s lower back- and he was still completely naked, except for the thin, soft fabric of his socks that Jason could feel. He wanted to ask if they were uncomfortable, with those little straps holding them up, but Tim was chasing away any thought when he suddenly asked,

“Do you want to go back to sleep, or do you want to let me thank you again?”

Jason swallowed, couldn’t even hate the way Tim’s words instantly had his cock twitching and swelling. As if just knowing, the hand on Jason’s belly moved lower, diving into the jeans Jason had never closed. He rested his palm against Jason’s half hard cock, rubbing slowly. Jason sighed, tipped his head back, and Tim partially rolled onto him, laying on his leg and side as he nuzzled his neck, kissing lazily. Jason kept one arm around him, helping to hold him there, as Tim fondled and rubbed until Jason was damn sure he was going to go mad.

“You’re wearing too much clothing,” Tim mumbled, sounding so relaxed it was obscene. Jason licked his lips, and Tim extracting himself, pulling his hand away and shoving the blanket off them. He sat down, reaching up to comb his fingers through his hair, as Jason sat up. He tugged off his open shirt, tossed it to the floor, before he leaned back, digging his heels into the bed and arching his back and hips, tugging both his jeans and boxer briefs off. Tim watched, Jason could feel the sharp stare of his eyes along the jut at his hips, over his cock which was so shamefully hard now. Even down to the thick meat of his thighs, until Jason sat up and carefully untangled his jeans from his body, tossing everything onto the floor.

“Better?”

“Much.” Tim leaned back in, splayed a hand on Jason’s hand as he got up on his knees, kissed him
slowly. Jason sighed, as Tim’s other hand reached up, cupped the back of his head, toyed with his hair. Jason shivered, reached up and grasped at Tim’s forearm, as the hand on his chest moved, so Tim could tease one thumb over Jason’s nipple. He pressed at the small silver bar there, before teasing the flesh itself, and Jason was choking. “What do you want from me?”

“Everything,” Jason admitted, and Tim smiled, licking at Jason’s lower lip.

“Good thing goddesses can give the world.” Tim pushed closer, dragged his mouth from Jason’s lips to the heavy stubble on his jaw. “Want a taste of heaven?”

Jason nodded. He wanted whatever Tim would offer, whatever he felt like giving. Anything at all would stop his heart, he knew. And he was willing to die in this bliss, if only to immortalize it with his dying breath.

“I want you to get on your hands and knees,” Tim whispered, in his ear now. He pinched Jason’s nipple as he did, and Jason groaned. “You can snuggle right into my pillows. They smell like me, don’t they?” Jason bit his lip, nodded, and when Tim pulled away he was moving. He got up on his knees, turned towards the pillows and leaned forward, braced his hands just beneath them. He leaned forward, let his shoulders slump down as he rested his cheek on them- and it was all Tim’s shampoo, flooding his senses. “Good,” Tim purred, reaching out to run his hand up along the arch of Jason’s lower back, over the curve of his ass.

Jason fought down a shiver. Every small bit of praise made him rocket up towards the stars, and he was sure this night alone Tim had said more good things to him than any other single person had in his entire life. He could barely handle it.

He heard Tim shifting, and then both his hands running along Jason’s ass, squeezing tightly. Jason exhaled, pushed back towards Tim’s hands, heard him humming in approval over it. And then Tim’s lips and teeth, dragging over flesh, making his gasp. He heard Tim chuckle, before he was suddenly pulling at flesh- and then his tongue, hot and wet, dragging up over Jason’s asshole.

Jason yelped, squeezing his eyes shut and pushing back towards Tim, unable to stop himself. Tim’s tongue flicked up in heavy strokes a few times, before he moved to tracing Jason’s hole, over and over again. He wasn’t being neat about it, and Jason was wet, felt Tim’s saliva dripping down onto his balls and whined, felt like he was being devoured into the belly of the beast.

Tim kept kneading his ass, rubbing the flesh and squeezing and driving Jason completely mad. His cock ached, hanging heavy between his thighs and dripping down into the sheets. When Jason felt Tim’s tongue pushing into him, he howled out again, shaking all over and suddenly wanting more
Tim flicked his tongue over his hole again, before he moved lower, got one of Jason’s balls in his mouth and sucked. Jason groaned, and one of Tim’s hands moved, cupped his cock between his legs and simply rubbed his thumb over the head, smearing the precum leaking out all over. Jason whined, panting into the pillow now, feeling his cock ache as a flood of fresh precum rushed out, as Tim teased his other testicle, made his thighs shake.

And when Tim finally pulled away, it was to squeeze Jason’s cock and mumble, “I want to fuck you.” And Jason was so sure he’d found god, in that moment- because it was everything his heart had been praying for.

“Please.” Jason’s voice croaked, the words feeling caught in his throat. But his desperation, his undying desire was evident. “Please babygirl.”

Tim leaned over him, kissed the small of his back once, before he withdrew all contact. Jason pushed himself up, as Tim moved towards the edge of the bed, pulling open his nightstand drawer. Jason craned his neck, watched as he fumbled around, before Tim paused, licked his lips.

“Do you want me to wear a condom?”

Jason stared at him for a moment, before shaking his head. Anyone else, and he would have demanded it- but… but Tim. He’s swallowed his cum already, drank him down like some sort of godly essence. And he trusted Tim so damn much, it was pathetic, he was sure. But he just wanted every inch of his body to be marked, both inside and out.

Tim smirked, the smallest little curve of his mouth- and Jason wanted to study it, wanted to tear it apart and decode it, but Tim was gone from his line of sight before he could. He heard the cap of a bottle pop open, and chose to settled back into the pillows. He stretched one arm out beneath the pillows, lowering his shoulders more and raising his ass.

“I wish you could see yourself,” Tim said, his voice drawing from his chest, thick was want , with a desire that was so palpable Jason wasn’t sure how it wasn’t crushing them both. And to be desired, wanted in this extreme- Jason would have killed and died for it.
Tim’s fingers dragged along his hole before Jason could contemplate that further. He shivered, felt them smearing lube along his skin, and then two were pushing in, slowly but so firmly. Jason held his breath, until they were settled inside him, then exhaled as Tim drew them back. His thrust was slow, was tender in ways Jason wasn’t used to being touched as. No one took their time with a toy.

He wanted to believe that. Wanted to believe in Tim’s tenderness.

“You’re so warm,” Tim whispered, leaning over him again as he twisted his fingers. Jason groaned, closing his eyes, as Tim scissored them before he went back to gentle thrusts. “God you’re like a hellfire.”

Jason sucked on his tongue for a moment, before he finally whispered, “Goddesses don’t belong in hell.”

He thought Tim was smiling. He couldn’t see, but he wanted to believe it, wanted to think that was the little hitch in his voice, as he asked, “Is that so?” He curled his fingers then, pressed them right to Jason’s prostate, and Jason gasped, eyes flying open. Tim massaged for a moment, made Jason’s cock throb and leak with renewed vigor onto the bed, before he eased back, only to push a third finger in.

Jason bit his lip, rushed in a breath through his nose, as Tim kissed the center of his back.

“I belong,” he whispered, “where ever my little pet is.” He twisted his fingers then, and Jason cried out, smiling to himself because yes, he wanted Tim to belong with him, no matter where he was.

There wasn’t a moment where he bothered with concern over being viewed as a pet - because pets were loved. Pets were cherished. And if Tim would love him...

Tim withdrew his fingers, and Jason whined, pushing his ass back and chasing after them. Tim chuckled over that, breathing out, “Greedily little thing,” as Jason heard the lube open again. He inhaled deeply, kept himself still as he heard Tim’s hand working over his own cock, and then Tim lifting up higher on his knees, one hand grasping at his ass-

And then the overly slick, blunt head of his cock, rubbing against Jason’s hole. Jason didn’t say a word, drank down the pure desire buzzing in his own brain, as Tim teased, before finally pushing forward. Jason groaned, squeezed his eyes shut tightly as Tim eased his cock in, inch by inch until Jason’s ass was nestled to his pelvis, and he felt Tim shaking.
“God, you’ll burn me alive.” It was said with reverence, and Jason whined, rubbing his cheek against Tim’s pillow and breathing him in. Both of Tim’s hands smoothed up along his back, grasped at his waist, before he was easing back and then slamming into Jason’s body with such force he couldn’t keep his mouth shut. He yelped, eyes flying open- and then Tim was slamming into him again, and Jason was pushing back, panting. Too worked up from the tender teasing to bother caring if the actual act was slow.

“Fuck,” he breathed, pushing himself up, his arms shaking as they supported him. Tim tugged him back, his cock hitting every damn nerve inside Jason’s body. His cock bobbed with each movement, and Jason wasn’t even aware his body had that much precum. The sheet was a mess below him, but he couldn’t care, could barely register it. “Tim, Tim.”

“I’m right here.” Tim panted it, pausing when he was nestled right up to Jason’s ass, letting Jason’s body clench around him. “You feel like you could come and I’ve barely been inside you.”

Jason flushed, felt the heat rising up in his cheeks. “Could,” he admitted, “You… worked me up.”

You work me up, would have been the true statement, but Jason was clinging to what little control he had. Tim giggled, leaning over, until his mouth pressed between Jason’s shoulder blades. The kiss was warm, tender, and Jason wanted more, wanted Tim’s mouth and to see his pretty face, wanted to grasp at him and-

“I wanna see you,” he admitted, and he felt Tim’s subtle laugh.

“Whatever you want tonight.” He eased back, and the feeling of his cock leaving Jason’s body was agony when he was so close- but he endured it. Tim shifted back, and carefully Jason turned onto his back, spreading his legs wide. Tim grasped at his thighs, urged him to tip his hips up, and when Jason did he was easing back into him. Jason sighed, tipped his head back, and Tim kept his grip on his thighs, bending over him and watching him in the dark of the room.

“Jason.” He said his name so perfectly, that Jason could only open his eyes, stare up through heavy lids. “Look at me when you come.” Jason shivered, nodded, and pushed himself up, pressed his mouth hungrily to Tim’s. He whined into Tim’s mouth, as Tim began slow thrusts, Jason grinding down against him. His cock twitched against his belly as Jason pushed his tongue up into Tim’s mouth, only to have it pushed back, and then Tim’s was pushing at the plush of his cheeks, testing the points of his teeth. Jason felt dizzy over it, twisted the sheet in his hands as he panted through his nose, little noises escaping around Tim’s tongue and into his mouth.
Tim tried to pull away, but Jason chased after him, kissed him again, choking on his own breath. Tim’s mouth was so full of promise with his words and with the attentiveness of his kisses, the way they made Jason’s heart lurch so painfully in his chest. He was almost more distracted by them than Tim actually fucking him—except that his body was so close it wouldn’t let him be. He shivered, and when Tim pulled away again, Jason couldn’t chase him, if only because he couldn’t catch his breath.

He twisted the sheets more, stared up into Tim’s eyes despite the dark. Tim had this small smile on his glossy lips. The all-knowing sort of look, like he was seeing into Jason, seeing every fiber and crevice, every secret and untold story and even the things Jason himself had forgotten.

He was known, so wholly, in those few brief seconds, that Jason felt like Tim had sunk his fingers into his entire life and ripped it straight up from his soul.

“Babygirl,” he whined, and then he fought the urge to toss his head back, because he remembered Tim’s command. He held that stare, his mouth falling open and eyes half shutting, nearly rolling back, as he finally came. His body seized up, squeezed tightly around Tim, who didn’t ease his thrusts at all, as Jason’s cock pulsed, completely untouched, against his belly. He felt his cum like fire, hot as it rolled along the muscles in his abdomen, even landed against his ribs.

The orgasm didn’t ebb, as Tim continued to thrust, his smile broad now. “That’s it,” he cooed, leaning over Jason and letting him fall flat to his back now, his cock pulsing against as Tim’s cock slammed against his prostate. “That’s my darling Jason. Look how good you feel.” Jason whined, his cock pulsing against and wanting to give up everything his body had—except Tim had already taken that. “I could fuck you forever.”

Jason gasped, arching as Tim continued, thrusting faster now. His body almost hurt from the over-stimulation, but that single spot in his body was screeching each time Tim’s cock hit it. His prostate felt like it might explode, felt like Jason’s whole body might explode, and he was coming again, dry and almost agonizing, but sending him up into a high he had never truly known.

He heard Tim cry out then, sweet and euphoric, and in the haze was aware of how utterly hot his body suddenly got, of that wet, full feeling that made his toes curl. He whined, panting as Tim’s hips slowed, and then completely stilled.

He was so far gone, so out of his mind, that he barely noticed Tim pull out. What he did notice, though, was Tim softly saying his name. And then Tim’s mouth, pressing to his in a gentle kiss as he leaned over him, one hand braced on his chest. “You’re okay,” Tim whispered, and Jason chose to believe it. A kiss to his cheek then. “Don’t move. I’m going to clean you up.”
Jason let his eyes fall completely shut, drifting in a sort of nothingness that felt comforting, to be blanketed in. It was only when he felt Tim’s tongue, dragging along his belly, that he was jarred from it. His body jerked, his skin feeling like it was buzzing, like his entire body was made of static. But he didn’t ask Tim to stop because the idea of his mouth tasting like Jason again was enough to make Jason want him to fuck him again, to drive him into this oblivion for the rest of eternity.

When Tim finally pulled back, he was carefully tugging Jason towards the center of the bed. Jason opened his eyes, just enough to see Tim bending forward, before he felt the blanket being tugged up over them. Tim stretched out, pulling Jason to him, who rolled onto his side, bowed his head and pressed it beneath Tim’s chin. Tim stroked his fingertips along his back, keeping him close, as Jason breathed in his skin, his sweat, the last remnants of his cologne.

And somewhere, in the dark, he might of mumbled I love you, but he was too far gone to even register the movement of his own mouth.

*

Jason came to again after what felt like a thousand years. He let his eyes crack up, but all he saw was skin. He felt each breath Tim took, was still pillowed down by his collar bone, the other man wrapped around him as much as physically possible. It made him smile as he tried to stretch. His movements roused Tim, and he heard him give a little sigh, before his eyes were opening and he was glancing down.

“Good morning,” Tim whispered, yawning around the words. Jason smiled, thought he looked adorable like this, harmless in his still sleepy state.

“Buenos días, novio.” Jason pressed a kiss to Tim’s collarbone, and he got a second, content sigh. Jason smiled into his skin, as Tim reached up, began toying with Jason’s hair. “Thank you for last night.”

Tim laughed then, tipping his head back. “You’re welcome.” Jason leaned back, just to have Tim bend over to meet him, to kiss him sweetly, yet quickly. “You know, we never even ate dinner. I was going to offer to order in but… it seems we were distracted.”

“And exhausted.” Jason smiled, before he felt, and heard, his stomach growling. He flushed, glancing away, and Tim was laughing again. “But breakfast might be nice.”
“Shower first?” Tim asked, sitting up properly now and pushing his hair back. “I never feel good about my day until I’ve showered. Then we can go somewhere.” He pushed his blanket off, crawling over Jason’s legs and standing up, still blissfully naked. Jason watched, unable to tear his eyes away, and completely uncaring.

“I could cook,” he offered, forcing himself to stand up as Tim walked for the door. “That way you can relax.”

“There’s no stress in ordering breakfast,” Tim teased, pausing at the doorframe and glancing back. His eyes lingered on Jason, and despite the night there was still arousal there, in those gorgeous irises. Jason swallowed, watched the curve of Tim’s lips grow. “But I’m intrigued that you can cook.” He turned again, heading into the hallway. Jason followed, down the hallway as Tim pushed open a door, stepping into what Jason assumed was the bathroom.

“I’m not a master chief,” he said, reaching it, “but I can make about anything taste good.” He paused, staring in, eyes going utterly wide, because the bathroom had to be just as large as Tim’s bedroom. There was a large shower set off to the side, and against the far wall a bathtub he figured the both of them could fit in.

Tim was setting two large towels by the shower, pushing the glass door open and starting the water. Jason watched, before Tim turned, folded his arms and inclined his head. “You look at me an awful lot.”

“Hard to not, babygirl.” Tim visibly shivered, before he turned, was stepping into the shower. A wave of his hand was all the invitation he gave Jason, but it was enough. Jason headed over, glancing in and finding Tim beneath the heavy stream, head tipped back as he worked the water through his hair. He waited for just an extra moment, watching, before stepping in himself, pulling the door shut. Tim opened his eyes, before he held his arms out, welcomed Jason under the steaming water. It was hot to the touch, but it made Jason’s muscles feel lax, under his skin and around his bones.

Tim reached up, worked the water through Jason’s hair. He was completely silent, not saying a word even as he lathered shampoo in his hands, began to work that into Jason’s curls. Jason didn’t mind though, there was something wonderful about being taken care of. He wasn’t used to this, and Tim’s tender fingertips were chasing so many ghosts from his body that he couldn’t believe the room his conscious had, to exist.

Tim stayed close to Jason, when he washed his own hair. Stayed right against his chest, so the suds ran down the both of them. And then before he even reached for the soap, he was pushing up on his toes, wrapping his arms around Jason’s neck and kissing him. It was achingly affectionate, everything Jason had ever wanted. He kept his own arms around Tim, and despite that they were
naked, that Tim fit against his body perfectly, he was aroused from it. He simply felt good, felt alive in the pit of his belly. Felt like he could smile until his cheeks split open.

Jason let Tim wash the rest of him, let him massaged warm water and soap into his shoulders, along the muscles of his back and belly. The heat and the touch and the sweet, clean scent made him feel completely new, like the layer of sweet filth that clung to him from the night before was gone. He was almost reluctant to leave the shower, would have liked to get his arms around Tim and kiss him a bit more, surrounded by steam- but when Tim turned around and cut the water, Jason didn’t ask for that. He was being given so much, he didn’t know how he could even begin to consider asking for more.

Tim pushed the door open, stepped out and grabbed one of the towels. But instead of pressing it to his own skin, he was rubbing it along Jason’s chest, the moment he was out of the shower. Up over his shoulders, down his arms and along his belly, Tim even made Jason turn so he could get his back. Jason sighed, tipped his head back and finally whispered, “You’re spoiling me.”

“I like clean things,” Tim admitted, “no matter how filthy I make them.” He reached around Jason, wrapping the towel around his waist, before he pressed a hand to the small of his back, guiding him a step away. “Go sit,” he said, nodding over towards the closed toilet. Jason listened, heard Tim rustling around with his own towel. He didn’t ask, just sat down and caught Tim not bothering to wrap the towel around himself, but walking over to him, still naked. He paused at his skin, opening the mirror about it, and taking the single step back with a small jar and a razor.

Jason watched but didn’t speak, as Tim set one knee between Jason’s thighs, leaning closer. “Do you trust me?” he asked, and Jason held that gorgeous stare. Looked into the starlight he saw in Tim’s eyes, and completely burned up within its heat.

“Yes.” There wasn’t another answer, because Jason didn’t think there was a reality he didn’t trust him. And at this point, what was there to lose? His life has been miserable before, now that he’d seen what Tim could give him. And without Tim… Jason didn’t want to exist.

Tim smiled, set the still capped razor down on Jason’s thigh. He unscrewed the small jar, wiping his fingers into the cream, before setting the jar behind Jason. Jason lifted his head, held still as Tim rubbed it along his jaw, his fingers working it up onto his cheeks, down onto his neck. When he was satisfied, he wiped his hands on Jason’s towel, before he picked up the razor, pulling off the plastic covering. Jason glanced up, felt one of Tim’s hands on his shoulder, and then the drag of the razor, up over his neck and jaw.

Tim reached over, shook the razor off in the sink, came back and worked another strip up Jason’s neck and jaw. Jason exhaled, and this was strangely intimate, he realized. Having Tim this close, having something dangerous pressed up against his neck and yet not worrying that the other would
“I’ll never hurt you,” Tim whispered, and god, Jason was convinced he truly was inside his head, watching every thought as it progressed. He heard the tap of the razor on the sink, and then felt it again. “Never. I keep what’s mine safe, Jason.” It pressed a little harder, but Jason didn’t feel skin give. “And you are mine.”

Jason’s hands flexed, and then he was reaching out, gently placing his hands on Tim’s bare hips. Tim glanced down, before he went back to silently working- and Jason simply kept his hands there, thumbs working little circles into Tim’s hip bones.

When they were finally done, and Tim had wiped off Jason’s jaw, his fingers moved over the now smooth skin. He’d smiled over it, and Jason had melted, before allowing Tim to pull him up, to follow him back to the bedroom.

Tim paused at his larger dresser, plucking up a decorative looking jar, before walking back over to the bed. He sat down on it, still naked, and carefully unscrewed the top. The moment he did the room smelled like vanilla, and Jason realized it was the subtle scent that clung to Tim’s skin, even beneath his cologne.

And without a word, he took the few steps to him, carefully taking the jar from Tim. He got down on his knees, dipping his fingers into the lotion, before he lifted one of Tim’s legs, carefully working it up over his calf. Tim smiled, watching with interested eyes, as Jason gathered up a bit more, worked it up over his knee and then along the tender, smooth skin of his thigh. He leaned in as both his hands worked up to Tim’s pelvis, pressed a kiss to his lower belly. Tim sighed, and Jason kissed again, then again, before pulling back to turn, begin work at Tim’s other calf.

As he did, he heard something vibrating, from Tim’s nightstand. Tim glanced over, where he had left his phone, completely forgotten, before he stretched, reaching for it. Jason watched him glance at the screen, and dared to place a kiss to his ankle. Tim glanced back down at him, gave him a soft smile- and that was all Jason wanted.

Affirmation that whoever wanted Tim’s attention could never have all of it, if Jason was there.

“Hello?” Tim finally said, answering the call just before it went to voicemail. Jason could faintly hear another voice on the other end, but couldn’t make out the words, as he worked up to Tim’s knee. “Yes, I meant to call you this morning. Something happened, I’m not coming in for the meeting this morning.” Jason glanced up, working his large hands over Tim’s thigh, applying pressure in the sort of way that had Tim’s eyelids fluttering. “No Bruce, everything is fine.” Jason reached the top of his
thigh, and was kissing his hip now. He felt Tim reach down, tangling his fingers in his hair, slowly
stroking it back. “Really. There was just a little incident last evening, and I think I’d like a morning at
least to recover myself.”

Jason turned, kissed Tim’s lower belly, and then dared lower- his mouth meeting the curls at the base
of his flaccid cock. Tim sighed, tipping his head back- and one of his legs curled around Jason’s
back, keeping him close.

“Really, don’t bother calling that little toy of yours. I don’t need to report anything.” Another kiss,
this time Jason’s lips just brushing the base of Tim’s cock. “Damian will be there with you, I won’t
even be missed. I’ll call you later.” Tim tapped the screen of his phone, before his arm went limp and
he was staring down at Jason. “Careful,” he warned, “or I’ll dirty that mouth of yours.”

Jason smiled, forced himself to pull back. Despite as nice as that sounded, he was rather enjoying the
way the morning was going. He stood up, and Tim let go of his phone, held out his arms, giving him
an expectant look.

Jason grasped one wrist very carefully, his other hand beginning to work the lotion up along Tim’s
arm, missing the little curl to Tim’s lips as he watched.

*  

“It’s not that hard,” Jason said, cracking an egg onto the hot pan he had, over the stove. “A little
practice and imagination is all it takes.”

Tim clicked his tongue, arms folded. He was leaning against the counter, looking far different in his
leggings and oversized cardigan. “I can make coffee. That’s the extent of my kitchen life.”

“Well, you didn’t have to cook for yourself, right?” Jason asked, glancing over at him. He didn’t
mean to push, but he assumed that lack of experience would account for the fact that Tim had openly
admitted he probably couldn’t even properly make toast. And his lack of interest or talent in cooking
would explain why Jason found very few ingredients to even work with. He’d almost been tempted
to tell Tim he’d changed his mind, that they should go out- but he didn’t want to leave the penthouse.
Not yet. He didn’t want to break this, whatever this intimacy was.

“I didn’t,” Tim agreed, “there was staff for that. Neither of my parents could- nor could Bruce, when
he took me in.”
Jason nodded. “See, I didn’t have much of a choice. You learn how to make things taste good in the Narrows.” Jason smiled. “There was this guy who lived in my apartment who used to try to teach me. Sweet older man. He’s the reason I learned German.”

Tim cocked his head. “You speak German? Jason Todd, you continue to impress.”

Jason shrugged a shoulder. “He didn’t speak a lot of English, so I picked it up, spending time with him. He didn’t have much, but his place was nicer than my mom’s. He had a heart attack one night, I found him in the morning.” Jason squeezed his eyes shut for a moment, tried not to see the old wrinkled face with the slack jaw and those big, wide eyes, in his mind. He hadn’t thought about that in a long time. Hadn’t thought about childhood in what felt like his entire lifetime. “Learned Russian from one of the girls who worked the street too.”

Tim pushed away from the counter, walking over and snaking his arms around Jason’s waist. He leaned his cheek on his arm, as Jason flipped the egg in the pan. “My little cracked doll,” Tim whispered, “I’ll give you better memories. I’ll rewrite your life into something magnificent.”

Jason paused for a moment. He hadn’t ever thought of forgetting his childhood. His life was shit but it had been something, at least. He’d lived when people didn’t. He’d fought and fucked his way through every day just in order to lay down to rest for the next one. Nothing had ever been given to him- he earned and had what was his taken from him, so he took back.

But Tim was willing to give… and Jason didn’t feel like he was doing anything to truly earn it. Everything he had done, he would have done if Tim had only asked. The sex and the company, Jason would have thought he should be the one somehow trying to find a way to compensate Tim. But then the affection, the feeling of intimacy for possibly the first time in his entire life…

“It always is,” Jason said, glancing down at Tim. “You’ve… changed things.”

Tim smiled, pushed up on his toes and kissed his cheek. “I can change even more. Just trust me completely, and you won’t even recognize the world I give you, or the one you came from.”

Jason swallowed- but the invitation, it sounded like everything he needed to hear. Because this was it, this was fate finally giving him what he so damn well deserved. A chance. Someone to place importance on him, to want him.
“I better plate these,” Jason said, forcing himself to glance back at the pan. Tim pulled himself away, grabbing a plate and sliding it down the counter, towards Jason. Jason forced himself to stare at the eggs as he moved them, at the plate- forced himself to keep track of his breathing. To try and keep from grinning.

This was it. This was what he had been waiting for.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: I have such a thing for characters shaving another character's face.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Thanks everyone for waiting patiently while I took a week to recollect my thoughts and such!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tim couldn’t keep the smile off his face, his finger tracing over the arm of the chair he was sitting in. It had been an hour since he’d let Jason go- but his mouth was still warm from the last kiss, knew his lipgloss was staining Jason’s mouth still. He wasn’t sure the man would wipe it off.

“Tim.” He glanced up at the sound of his name. Bruce was staring at him, looking mildly annoyed and yet mildly concerned. “Are you with us?”

“Sorry,” he offered, uncrossing his legs and flipping them. Next to him, Damian was watching with a cautious sort of stare. “You were saying?”

“I was proposing a dinner schedule for the new overseas investment group- but you seem to be elsewhere. Are you sure you’re alright?” The concern was real, Tim didn’t doubt that. And go figure Bruce could muster real affection when it looked so good for him.

Tim didn’t doubt Bruce cared about him. But he had also been a good investment- for both what he brought from his family’s wealth and various smaller companies, and his own business prowess.

“I’m fine.”

“I can set this up and email you. I’m concerned you don’t want to report an almost robbery.”

Tim shrugged his shoulder, glancing down and finding more interest in his nails. “It was no big deal. I’m fine, nothing was taken- I told you, I had a nice little guard dog.”

Bruce didn’t even react to that, and Tim knew he was tuning out what he simply didn’t want to hear. “Suit yourself. Excuse me.” He pushed his chair back, standing up. “I need to make sure I’ve had no schedule changes before we proceed.” He headed around the desk, straight out the door. Tim didn’t look up even as it clicked shut, although he felt Damian’s eyes boring into him.
“I know you’re staring.”

He heard that telltale *tt* of Damian’s tongue, and then- “I know what you did.” Tim looked up now, and Damian’s caution had turned into anger. “How could you involve him?”

Tim’s mouth curved into a little smirk over that. “What? You’re little boytoy? Relax, he didn’t get seriously hurt. A little roughed up- but maybe it’ll give him a little idea of what you want him to do to you.” Damian flushed at that, and Tim leaned over, reaching out and dragging the points of his nails along Damian’s warm cheek. “Don’t blush little demon, there’s nothing wrong in wanting to be hurt and controlled.”

“-tt- Just like there’s nothing wrong in wanting to own?” He reached up pushed Tim’s hand away, and Tim chuckled.

“Disapprove all you want, I’m content. No…” he paused, folding his hands together. “I’m elated. Jason is everything I have ever wanted. He’s so good, so easy to read. I’ll make him happy.”

“You’ll turn him into a glorified pet.”

“And he will be happy with that.” Tim nearly shivered, couldn’t keep his smile from growing. “He loves me, Damian. Someone loves me unconditionally.”

And he did. He knew Jason did- he’d heard that mumble when he had dropped off the night prior. He’d seen it in his eyes, everytime he looked at Tim now. Heard it in the sound of his voice. Jason loved him, and Tim was high on it.

Damian frowned, seemed about to comment further, but the door was opening again. Bruce walked back in, and Tim settled back, content to simply dwell on the sweet revelation the last twenty-four hours had confirmed for him.

Jason Todd loved him- and Tim was never going to let him go.

*
Jason scrubbed his hands over his face, back through his hair. He was pacing his apartment, from his bedroom, up past his kitchen, through his little living room. He was sure he was going to wear down the already thin, stained carpet, but he couldn’t sit still.

Tim’s lipgloss was still on his mouth. The ghost of his fingers were in his hair. Jason couldn’t stop touching his jaw and thinking how he had never in his life let anyone put anything remotely sharp against his skin- and yet Tim could have a razor to his throat and it hadn’t mattered.

He’d never felt like this. He’d fucked and knew what it was like to be attracted to someone- but to love, to want endlessly and to feel like he didn’t matter without Tim? It was new and it made his heart feel like it might beat until it simply burst.

He paused at the door, took his phone out and without a thought sent the message I want to see you. It didn’t matter that he’d just left- Jason never wanted to be apart from Tim. Wanted the man’s fingers digging into his very soul and tearing him apart, if only so Tim could keep pieces of him on his person forever.

After he sent it Jason grabbed his jacket- the old one, the one he’d draped around Tim like a shield, and tossed his door open. He headed out onto the street, had a cigarette in his mouth and his lighter out before the door was even open.

He’d busy himself until Tim responded. And he was sure Tim was busy, that he couldn’t take half the day to spend with Jason and rush out to see him again that same night- but he had to try. God, he had to try.

He took a long drag, sighing as he exhaled. He’d finish up a few loose end transactions he had going. He’d wonder the Narrows from end to end, if it came to that. Just to get some air. To try and reconfigure his brain, to figure out how he was going to handle himself.

* 

Tim forced himself not to respond to Jason’s text at first. He finished his meeting with Bruce and Damian, then excused himself to do his own work. A stack of papers that needed his signature, a handful of emails, and about an hour’s worth of phone calls later, and he finally allowed himself the joy of responding.
It will be late when I’m done. He didn’t want to say that, he wanted to tell Jason he was coming, that he’d sweep him up and whisk him away and lock him up forever in his tower.

He was typing when his phone began to buzz. He glanced at it, saw Jason’s name flashing, and scooped it up faster than he meant to, answering when he knew he should have let it nearly reach voicemail. “Jason.” His name rolled off Tim’s tongue like sugar, and he heard the way Jason exhaled, hearing him say it.

“Say my name again.”

Tim grasped at the arm of his chair, the base of his spine tingling. “Jason,” he breathed, indulging him- and the groan he got was so worth it.

“God I miss you.”

“It’s only been a few hours.”

“A few too many.” Tim thought he heard voices, traffic- and wondered where Jason was. “I want to see you. I don’t care how late.”

Tim reached down, trailed his fingers along his own thigh. He had thought to push his off just a bit, even if only a few days- but the opportunity felt right. “Let me come over. It will be too late for me to pick you up and drive you across town to my penthouse. One trip is much more convenient.”

He heard the hesitation. He could almost see Jason’s eyes, flickering around nervously. “Tim…”

“I’m working late,” Tim continued, “to make up for the time I missed this morning.” Lay on the guilt. “I want to see you, Jason. Maybe I shouldn’t have let you go this morning without another fuck.” He leaned forward, let his hair fall into his face, let his voice sound filthy and full of promise. “Open up to me and I’ll give back.”

Jason exhaled, and Tim wanted to feel it. He wanted to crash his mouth to Jason’s, to bite at his lip. He wanted to bite and bruise every bit of him, so that anyone would know someone owned him.
Hell, if he had it his way, he’d lead Jason by a damn *leash* everywhere with him, to show him off.

“Okay.” It came out shaky, and Tim paused for a moment. He hadn’t been completely sure he would have been able to gently push Jason enough for this, yet. “I can give you the address.”

_No need_. “Lovely. Text me? I need to make some calls.” Jason hummed, and Tim licked his lips—couldn’t stop himself. “You’re such a good boy.”

He wondered if Jason was smiling over it. _He hoped he was_.

*"

Jason sucked at his cigarette, inhaling smoke and feeling like it still wasn’t enough. The ashtray next to his bed was now littered with the remains of them. He’d been chain smoking for too long now, chancing glances at his phone, checking the time.

Tim was coming _here_ , to his home. Tim was going to see that ugly side of him, the part of him that Jason felt like Tim _forgot_. That even if he must have cleaned up alright, a part of him would always be entrenched within the Narrows- would always be worlds away from Tim.

He ashed the cigarette, was about to lift it back up to his mouth when he heard a knock at his door. He glanced back at his phone- but Tim hadn’t texted him. Not that he had said he _would_ , but Jason had almost wondered if he’d get any sort of warning before he let this all unfold. He headed for his door, settling his cigarette between his lips and undoing the chain, before he tugged it open. The old hinges squeaked.

And there was Tim, standing with the smallest smile on his face. Looking like a china doll tossed right into the gutter. Jason stared at him for a moment, before he reached out, grasped his arm and forcefully tugged him into the apartment. Tim stumbled a few steps, making a little noise, as Jason let go and shoved the door shut, putting the chain back up.

When he turned around, Tim was rubbing his arm where he had grabbed him. “Someone’s eager,” he offered, and Jason shook his head.

“I just don’t like the idea of you standing’ out there. This place isn’t full of nice people- and you look like an opportunity.” He plucked his cigarette from his lips. “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”
Tim shook his head. “You didn’t. Besides, maybe I’d like it.” He winked, and Jason swallowed thickly, watched Tim turn away from him, heading into the apartment. He followed, his cigarette burning slowly between his fingers, as Tim looked around his small living room. He trailed his hand along the ratty arm of the couch, before he moved towards the kitchen. The tiling on the floor was stained, had been when Jason moved in, and it felt like a crime to Jason that Tim was walking on it in shoes that probably cost more than a month’s worth of rent.

Tim trailed his fingers along the counter, before he chanced a look at Jason. He’d done up his eyes that morning. Jason had stood and watched Tim lean close to the mirror in his bathroom, watched him draw the perfect wings from his lids. He’d made it seem effortless.

Tim finally moved from the kitchen. It felt like a silent assessment of Jason’s life, and Jason was powerless to speak up for himself. He could only let Tim make his own assumptions about his life—

What was terrifying was that Tim always seemed to be right.

Tim got into Jason’s bedroom, and Jason headed around him, dropping the burnt out end of his cigarette and picking up the pack, plucking out another one. He lit it, taking a long drag, tipping his head back to exhale as Tim walked over- and from behind, reached around him, splayed his hands on his belly and chest.

“You smell like smoke,” he offered, into Jason’s shoulder. His hands slid along Jason’s tshirt, and Jason nearly choked on the smoke he was exhaling. “Do I make you nervous?”

“Yes.” Jason couldn’t bring himself to lie to Tim. He loved him too much for that—god he loved him too much.

Tim hummed, let both his hands slid down, until the touched the top of Jason’s belt. They let go before they could travel further, and Tim walked around Jason. “Why is that sweetheart?” He reached out, plucked the cigarette from Jason’s hand, holding it between his fingers and examining it. Jason licked his lips, didn’t have an answer- but when Tim’s lips wrapped around his cigarette and he took a single drag, Jason whined like a needy puppy.

Tim smirked, exhaling slowly. Jason watched the smoke swirl up like some sort of serpentine dragon, before Tim reached out, danced his fingers along his chest.
“You didn’t answer me.” His voice was stern somehow, and Jason felt his thighs quivering.

“You’re perfect,” Jason said, mesmerized by Tim’s eyes behind the smoke. “I don’t deserve you. There’s no way I could ever keep you…”

Tim’s mouth set in a serious line. Jason watched him set the burning cigarette in his ashtray, before Tim reached out, grabbed Jason by his belt and tugged him in a step.

“Strip,” he said, without flare. Jason swallowed again, the lump in his throat growing- but he couldn’t find a fiber in his body that didn’t want to listen. He tugged his tshirt off, as Tim started on his belly, worked it open and then popped the button of his jeans. He let go only so Jason could take over- and as he began to shove his clothing down his thighs, Tim shrugged his tailored jacket off. Jason watched as Tim left it on the floor- how it looked completely out of place, before he began to work on the buttons of his shirt.

Jason felt his heartbeat picking up. He tried to focus on anything else, to restrain himself. Tried to focus on the smell of his neglected, burning cigarette. But he couldn’t, no matter how hard he tried, tear his eyes away, as Tim worked his slacks open, before he was wriggling everything off off his perfect hips.

And then they were both naked, and somehow Jason still felt underdressed.

Tim turned, got himself up on Jason’s bed. Jason choked as Tim dropped down onto his hands and knees arching his back and raising his ass higher. “Don’t make me ask,” Tim said, glancing back, heavy lids and looking like the perfect picture of sin. Jason didn’t make him, either. He dropped down to his knees, ran his hands up along the backs of Tim’s thighs, up over the swell of his ass. Tim sighed, as Jason leaned forward, pushed at flesh until he could drag his tongue up over Tim’s hole.

Tim sighed, pushed back against his mouth. Jason groaned, the flat of his tongue pressed tight to Tim’s hole as he stroked up over it. He squeezed his ass, his own cock aching as it hardened quickly. By the time he was finally pushing his tongue into Tim, he was fully hard, beads of precum rolling down his shaft.

Tim cried out at that, hands wringing Jason’s threadbare blanket. He twisted it, let himself shake and push back again, trying to ride Jason’s tongue.
“Fingers,” Tim gasped out, and Jason pulled back, crawling for his nightstand when he realized he couldn’t reach. He could feel Tim watching him, scrounging around like a desperate dog-

He wanted to whine because of it.

He nearly pulled the drawer out of his old nightstand, fumbling around until he found the lube. He made his way back, uncapped it and poured an overly generous amount onto his fingers. Tim was watching over his shoulder, smiled over that, the kind that had Jason biting at his lip as his cock noticeably jumped.

Jason left the lube on the bed and grabbed Tim’s ass with his free hand, as Tim turned back dropped his head and exhaled in anticipation. Jason traced his fingers along his asshole, smeared the muscle wet, before two of his fingers slipped in. Like their first time, like that night in the back of Tim’s car, it was with shocking ease, and Jason couldn’t get over that Tim could keep himself so calm and relaxed.

Tim let a moan slip from his lips, as Jason’s fingers settled fully inside him. He pulled them back slowly, began a torturous like rhythm that was so gentle.

Jason didn’t think anything in the world could break Tim- but he still wasn’t going to risk it. This man was precious and made of gold and diamonds and stardust. He was a treasure that Jason was touching on borrowed time.

“Jason,” he whispered, trying to push himself back on his fingers. “I won’t break sugar. Fuck me harder.”

Jason groaned again, pushing in faster. Tim moaned, his arms shaking as Jason curled his fingers, pushed right up against his prostate.

“There,” Tim gasped, “right there.” Jason sucked on his tongue, massaged against Tim’s prostate until Tim was throwing his head back, quivering. Jason reached down, slid his palm along Tim’s cock, before he fisted around the head, rubbing his thumb up along his slit. “Baby,” Tim breathed, and Jason pushed himself up higher, kissed the small of his back. “Come up here.”

Jason pulled his fingers out of Tim’s body, crawling up onto the bed. Tim reached for him, shoved him onto his back. Jason sprawled out, head on his pillows, as Tim grabbed the lube, still open. He grasped Jason’s cock with his free hand, holding it by the base to keep it steady as he lifted the lube
above, tipped it and let it pour down over him. Jason gasped- it was cool, felt somewhat *dirty* because of how much there was. Tim smiled, before he dropped the lube and swung one of his perfect legs over Jason, straddling his waist. He reached back, grasped Jason’s cock and held it still as he ground back.

Jason groaned, gritted his teeth and watched as Tim tipped his head down, his eyes falling shut. Tim’s cock was bobbing with each little twitch of his hips, dripping a stream of precum down onto Jason’s abs. “Think you can handle me?” Tim asked, not looking up, as Jason’s cockhead slid against his hole. Jason shuddered, tipping his head back.

“No,” he admitted, and he missed the way that made Tim smirk. Jason still had his head tipped back, expected Tim to continue to grind against him- but instead of that sweet, slick slide, Tim was suddenly bearing down on him, and Jason’s cock was slipping into his body.

Jason gasped loudly, choking on air as he was enveloped by pure, wet heat. His hands skittered along his bed, as he felt Tim’s hands slide back to brace himself on Jason’s thighs. He forced himself to lift his head- and Tim was leaning back, cock bared and head tipped completely back.

“Fuck,” Tim managed, his chest heaving, and Jason couldn’t believe how wet his cock was. Flushed just like his cheeks, he wondered if he could just get his hand around Tim, if he could bring him off in seconds flat. Before he could test that, however, Tim lifted his hips, thrusting himself back down over Jason’s cock. Jason groaned, and Tim squeezed his thighs. “Hands,” he said, and Jason was reaching forward, grasping at Tim’s hips. He held him steady as Tim pushed himself up, leaned over and splayed his hands on Jason’s broad chest. He pushed down against them, and Jason didn’t mind the feel of his body weight at all, as Tim began to ride him.

Jason was fairly sure that, in that moment, he had found religion, god, the meaning of *life*, with just the look in Tim’s eyes. Sparkling and yet dark, half lidded and perfect- they wanted and needed and saw no shame in *taking*. Jason felt so damn exposed, even when Tim was the one open for him- like every curl of Tim’s fingers against his chest were digging down, into his ribs, ripping at his heart and soul.

Tim opened his mouth, moaned out his name, and Jason pushed him, trying to meet the movements of his hips. His entire body felt tight, coursing with this acidic static- sparks tangled along his spine and yet Jason *knew* he wouldn’t cum- not until Tim had.

Tim’s cock was rubbing against Jason’s abs, from the way he was bent over so far. The friction seemed to be all Tim needed. Jason tried to hold his hips tighter, to help guide him, but he didn’t think Tim *needed* that. The man knew what felt good to him- he knew how to take his own pleasure.
He knew how to use Jason.

Jason could only stare as Tim’s movements grew frantic- his rhythm fading. He felt his body clenching around him, releasing, quivering and close, and Jason groaned, staring up at Tim like he could give him his soul in just one look.

And in a moment of weakness, because he felt better than he had in his entire life- Jason breathed out, “I love you.”

Tim whined over that, shook throughout his entire body- and Jason could feel his body desperately grasping at Jason, could feel Tim’s cum pulsing up over his abs. Jason squeezed his hips tighter, let Tim ride out his pleasure into pure oblivion, if he wanted. Anything, anything at all for this man.

Tim’s hips slowed, until he was still, his head bowed. Jason could see the rise and fall of his chest, the way he was panting so heavily. He slid his hands lower, squeezed Tim’s thighs, thumbs rubbing little circles into them, and caught the smile that grew on Tim’s face.

“You love me, huh?” he asked, not glancing up. Jason swallowed thickly- all too aware that he was still inside Tim, that he was achingly hard and could have sobbed with joy over any movement Tim made. Aware that he was, as always, at Tim’s mercy, no matter the position they seemed to be in.

“Yes,” he admitted, and Tim leaned down, until he was almost laying atop Jason.

“What’s love to you, Jason?” he asked. But before Jason could answer, Tim was kissing him, all sweet and still hungry. Jason sighed into it, his hands sliding up along Tim’s sides, blunt nails trying to dig in to keep him close. He didn’t even mind that they weren’t moving- he liked this, liked Tim just laying on him, kissing him slow and sweet.

Until his tongue was tracing the seam of Jason’s mouth, but even then, as Jason opened up, as Tim explored the plush of his cheeks and the sharp points to his teeth, it was still affectionate. To Jason’s mind, at least- Tim taking him and enjoying him was all the adoration he could ask for.

When Tim pulled away Jason tried to chase after him. But Tim was pushing himself up, leaning back and almost bending in a way that was so gorgeous and so unbelievable that Jason was grasping at his thighs, trying to keep him steady.
“Babygirl,” he whispered, as Tim straightened back up, clutching at Jason’s jacket, which he had left tossed on his bed. Without a word Tim slipped into it, the old, worn leather encasing him. Jason’s eyes widened, and Tim smiled at him.

“Promise me,” he said, rocking his hips again, making Jason’s vision white out, “that I’m your only babygirl.”

“You- are,” Jason managed, as Tim lifted himself, pushed back down onto Jason’s cock. The renewed wet friction had Jason forgetting who he even was, his own name.

“And I’ll always be your only babygirl,” Tim added, lifting higher, sliding back down. Jason arched his back, gasping, and Tim leaned back, grasped at Jason’s thighs so he could move his hips quickly. His cock had gone soft, but Jason could see the flush growing on his cheeks again, along his slender neck. He squeezed, dug his nails into Tim’s thighs, felt the corners of his eyes stinging and wet.

“You’ll always be my everything,” Jason cried out, shaking all over. “Fuck, Tim, babygirl, I’m yours.” He held tighter, and Tim tipped his head back, riding him even harder. Jason couldn’t breathe, couldn’t catch a single breath- until he was squeezing his eyes shut, tears rolling down his cheeks as he arched again, his organs ripping through his body in such strong waves he swore he was going to black out. Vaguely, as he pulsed into Tim’s body, he heard Tim crying out again, felt his body gripping him tightly again.

Somewhere in his head, he knew Tim had come again, even when his body was drained.

He went lax, against the bed, let his eyes slit open and stared up. Tim had slumped over slightly, still seeming to drown in Jason’s jacket, his hair calling into his face. Jason could hear each of his breaths. He slid his hands up his thighs, gave them an affectionate squeeze, and Tim lifted his head slightly. He held Jason’s stare, before he smiled slightly. Jason lifted his hands, as Tim carefully leaned forward, until Jason’s cock slid free from his body.

It was an agony Jason could never admit to.

Tim sighed, tipping his head down, his forehead resting against Jason’s chest. Jason reached up, wrapped his arms around Tim, trying to guide him down. Carefully, Tim stretched out next to him, curled up into his heat, his cheek resting on Jason’s chest. Jason didn’t say a word, rubbed his hand along Tim’s back, felt the familiar texture of his jacket now where it seemed to belong.
The minutes stretched, waned, stretched again- but Jason was content. Tim’s presence was all he truly wanted, the weight of his arm tossed over his waist, the fiery heat of his cheek.

And then- “You didn’t answer my question.” Jason lifted his head, but Tim wasn’t moving, wasn’t looking when he whispered, “What is love to you, Jason?”

Jason licked his lips. He tried to think of love in his life, before. But he was coming up blank- there was none from his parents to him, or even from him to them. There were moments of acceptance, from others, but nothing that seemed strong enough for that.

“Security,” Jason admitted, “acceptance.” He slid his hand to the small of Tim’s back, pressed to his warm, bare skin. “Someone seeing me and taking me and never wanting to let me go. Someone who can just… make this all go away.” He closed his eyes, and added, “Love is release.”

There had never been release in his life, from the fate he seemed chained to. Not until now.

“Love is you,” Jason continued, his words almost catching in his throat. “Love is the look in your eyes and the smiles you’re generous enough to give me. You’re everything, babygirl. You have to be love as well.”

He felt Tim shifting, and when he looked up, there was one of those smiles. The kind that Jason couldn’t believe he could ever deserve.

“I am everything,” Tim whispered, leaning closer, “And Jason, I’ll make sure you always have just that.”

When Tim kissed Jason, he believed him. He believed with such a burning desire that Jason swore he was burning with it, skin and bone melting into a mess to become nothing- nothing at all.

Chapter End Notes

Oh Jason. Oh honey...
Consider this once again my required reminder that this is not a healthy relationship and is not supposed to be taken as such.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tim woke up to the sound of Jason’s breathing. He let his eyes open slowly, stared up at the discolored ceiling, letting his consciousness filter in.

He didn’t know what time it was. His phone was somewhere, but he wasn’t exactly sure where. All he knew was that Jason’s arm was tossed over his waist, his face pressed into Tim’s shoulder. He could feel each little breath he took, and when he shifted, the scratch of his morning stubble.

Tim smiled to himself, stretched slowly, lazily. There was an ache in his body, not the kind that truly felt like pain, but this dull throb of a reminder that he’d been thoroughly loved through the night. His smile grew, and he remembered waking up, dragging Jason on top of him and letting the man fuck him until he was screaming hoarse. Remembered how good it felt to drag his nails along Jason’s back, how Jason looked so blessed to be allowed to touch him like that.

Tim reached up, ragged his fingertips over his lips. They were still a little puffy from Jason’s kisses, from the way he bit at them when he got so desperate. Tim figured Jason didn’t even realize he did it. Such a needy little thing.

He turned his head, reached over and brushed at Jason’s hair. The night had been enlightening. And Tim had worried he’d pushed too soon, to get Jason to open up that final part of him- to let him into the space that was safe, or as safe as Jason could get. But the reward had been well worth the risk…

Jason loved him. And while Tim had already known, having it properly expressed had been what he needed. He could do anything now, he knew. Jason was his. Jason would always be his.

He didn’t have to dance around their future, their potential any longer.
“Jason,” he whispered, and Jason made a small noise, nuzzling closer. His arm tightened over Tim’s waist, and Tim brushed at his hair again. “Sweetheart, let me see those eyes.” Jason brow furrowed for a moment, before his eyes blinked open, sleepy gray that had Tim smiling more. “Hello darling.”

“Buenos dias cariño,” Jason said slowly, his tongue still heavy. Tim craned his neck down just as Jason tipped his head, pressed a soft kiss to his lips. Jason sighed into it, pushing back lazily, his tongue sliding along Tim’s lips and making Tim’s hips shift, thinking of all the kisses from the night prior.

He couldn’t even remember how many times they’d fucked, before drifting off to sleep for the final time in exhaustion.

“Are you alright?” Jason asked, voice rough, from his chest. “I didn’t… hurt you… did I?”

Tim giggled, rolling onto his side and perching his chin on his hand. “Jason, you couldn’t hurt me. You’re not capable of it.” And Tim knew it was true- Jason could never lay a finger on him that Tim didn’t desire. He was trained too damn well already.

Jason didn’t say a word, and Tim just kept looking at him. He was too pretty for this, too gorgeous for the trash heap of a life he was living. And Tim was soaring, in his head and in his chest, that he was finally at the step to completely change that.

“Do you want something to eat?” Jason asked then. “I uh… I don’t keep a lot in the fridge. But I mean, I can look and see what I’ve got- or run out. There’s a store a few blocks away, I can at least get like, eggs.”

Tim shook his head, leaning forward to kiss the bridge of Jason’s nose, before he sat up. “I shouldn’t. I need to get back to my place and put myself together. What time is it?” Jason rolled away, stretching for his nightstand and finding his own phone. He sat up, thumbing over it, before he frowned. “Uh, nearly ten.”

And Tim snorted out a laugh over that. He flopped down onto his back, stretching out and arching slightly. His breaths nearly hiccuped over it, but it felt so good he didn’t want to stop.

“I missed a meeting,” Tim offered, as Jason simply stared at him. He turned to face him. “Probably will miss a second by the time I get to the office.”
“Shit, babygirl-”

“Do. Not. Apologize.” Tim reached up, pinched Jason’s chin between his fingers and held him firm, the points of his nails digging in slightly. “I have not felt that good in a long time, Jason.”

Color rose to Jason’s cheeks, and he was just so cute Tim wanted to eat him up.

*

Tim had seven missed calls and a number of texts. Three from Bruce, four from Damian.

He chose to call his brother back instead.

“Drake, where in the seven hells are you? I had to step in and lead the last meeting and I could kill you for that.”

Tim smiled, steering through the Gotham city traffic. He had his sunglasses on against the harsh sunlight, and could only notice that even sitting in his car left him so aware that he was tender. Something he’d pointed out to Jason, in his doorway when he’d let the man wrap his arms around him from behind, when he’d ground back against Jason and had him gasping.

He’d wanted to stay for one more round. But Tim kept telling himself there was time for that, later.

“I was finalizing a very important contract,” Tim said, and it was true. “I’m on my way home to freshen up. Lead the next meeting too sweetcheeks, I’ll be in by the afternoon.”

Tim ended the call before Damian could respond, was smirking to himself. He had a few arrangements he had to make, before he could go into the office. Things that simply could not wait.

*

Jason had left a few hours after Tim did. He’d crashed back onto his bed, pressed his face into the pillows and realized they smelled faintly of Tim, blocking out the smell of smoke in the room. He’d
whined into them and gotten his knees into his bed, fumbled with his cock until he was coming desperately and wishing Tim had never left at all.

When he’d gotten that out of his system—twice—he decided some air was good. To let him think. He threw on the jacket Tim had worn when he’d ridden him— and Jason was definitely never getting rid of that jacket now— and headed out, having no real destination in mind. He just needed to move, needed to pull himself away from the apartment for even a few minutes.

He’d barely gotten up the street when his phone was vibrating. He was lighting his cigarette, and held it between his lips as it began to burn, tucking his lighter away and pulling his phone out. Tim had texted him, which made Jason want to start skipping like a child because he’d made the first contact after leaving.

*Miss you already. What are you doing?*

Jason typed out quickly, inhaling on his cigarette and exhaling through his nose and around the cigarette, *Going for a walk. Wanted some air. Thinking of going all the way down to the docks.*

He didn’t put his phone away, simply held it in his fist and ashed his cigarette, before returning it to his mouth, as he received *That’s a long walk. You’ll be gone a while.*

Jason shrugged a shoulder. He considered hopping a bus for part of it— but the idea of getting some good exercise was appealing. *I could use it, you keep filling me up with rich boy food. I’ll get fat.*

Another drag, another moment, and then— *I wouldn’t mind. Let me guess— belly rubs like a puppy sound nice?*

Jason laughed. He burst out in the middle of the sidewalk and noticed a few kids who looked like they should have been in school stopping across the street to just stare. He didn’t care.

*I’ll wag my tail for you.*

Jason took another long drag before tossing his cigarette down, pausing to grind it into the sidewalk with his boot. The kids were still across the street, loitering now, watching him, and Jason shot them a glare, and *I dare you* sort of stare that had them all looking away and picking up their pace. He was used to groups like that, when they saw him alone. People thinking that despite his size and look he
might be *easy* because he was alone.

There was a switchblade in his boot if he decided he didn’t want to get his knuckles dirty. He’d learned as a kid to *always* have a backup like that.

He let the thoughts go when his phone went off again. *Mmm don’t tempt me. Send me a picture when you get there? It's a nice day.*

Jason paused again, his face breaking into a smile. *Of course babygirl.* And it truly was- it was one of the nicest days Jason figured he’d had in a long time. The entire string of days he’d had with Tim were possibly the best of his life.

*

Jason was gone most of the day. The sun was setting by the time he was finally climbing the stairs of his apartment complex. But it had been good. He’d let his mind go, let himself think about how *true* he had been when he’d told Tim he loved him. How *defining* it had only made him realize all the more that Tim was the one thing that mattered, now.

That he was everything Jason had wanted, hoped for, throughout his whole life. He was the chance to *escape* and become something else.

He was still smiling to himself when he unlocked his apartment door, stepping inside. He shut the door, glancing up- then pausing.

The books over in his living room were gone. In fact, everything that had been *personal* was gone. He turned, ignoring the kitchen and heading for his bedroom, shoving the door completely open. His closet door was open, the closet itself neatly emptied. He would have gone to throw open his dresser, but there was a neat little envelope sitting atop his pillows. Jason went for that first, picking it up and tearing it open- noticing the back was sealed with a little stamp, the swirl of some sort of serpent eating it’s own *tail* portrayed in the pretty red ink.

He pulled the heavy paper out, tossing the envelope to the bed and unfolding it. The writing was scrawled, not overly neat but *pretty* still.

*Jason,*
I have taken what I believe might give you some comfort. Anything left behind is inconsequential. You will not ever need for these things again.

There will be a car outside your apartment within ten minutes of you reading this. Go down and get in- it will bring you home.

Jason paused, swallowing thickly. Beneath was Tim’s name in that same writing, his full drawn out name-

Timothy Drake Wayne.

Jason let his hands fall down, feeling completely confused. What did he mean bringing him home? This was home. And why wouldn’t he need anything again? He knew Tim was willing to buy whatever he wanted, but still…

Jason wasn’t sure what he was feeling, in that moment. But his stomach had dropped and suddenly he was anxious. He pulled his phone out- nothing from Tim at all. He shoved it back, pushed the sleeve of his jacket up, looked at the watch Tim had bought him. He bit at his lip, and wondered how Tim could time something like this.

And what he was even thinking.

*

Tim watched Jason’s movement, on his phone. Watched his location blink through the city, until it was at his penthouse. Only then did he leave his phone on his kitchen counter, heading to his door and opening it, leaning out and waiting, listening for the ding of the elevator, around the corner.

When it came, he was nearly jumping out of his skin. He was alive with anxious static beneath it, sparking and almost bouncing on his toes. And when Jason appeared, around the corner, Tim almost ran to him. Almost lost his composure and gave into the excitement. It took everything he had to resist.

“Hello,” he offered, as Jason paused, a few steps away. Was just watching him. Tim let him, gave
“What’s going on?”

“Come inside,” Tim offered, “This floor may be mine, but I always feel better behind my closed door.” Jason didn’t hesitate, and that was good, so good, but walked right to Tim, past him when Tim moved to one side. Tim stepped in himself, closing the door and flipping the lock, leaning against it as Jason took a few steps, before turning to face him. “I’ll give you an explanation,” Tim promised, “but relax a little first.”

“Tim—”

“Sweetheart, come on now.” Tim reached a hand out, offering it up. Jason stared at it, before he took a few steps in, and Tim could ghost those fingers along his jaw. “What can I give you to make you feel better?”

“The truth,” Jason admitted, and Tim hummed, gripping Jason’s chin. He pulled him closer, forced him to bend, and Tim leaned up, pressed his mouth to Jason’s. Jason tasted faintly like smoke, and while Tim liked it, he wanted him to taste rich tonight.

“There,” he breathed, against Jason’s now wet lips. “That’s my truth. Now…” he let go, stepping around Jason and heading for his kitchen, “Come.”

Jason followed. Tim was giddy over it.

He walked to his counter, reached up into his cabinets and pulled down two wine glasses. He had a wine rack, and when he turned, he nodded to it. “Pick one,” he said, and Jason looked over. He hesitated, but didn’t say a word, and walked over, looking at them. Tim figured his choice was mostly random, but didn’t disapprove of the deep red Jason brought over to him. Tim opened a drawer, got the cork out, and filled the two glasses. He picked them both up, and wordlessly walked past Jason, towards his living room. He nodded towards the large, plush chair, and Jason sat down, accepting the glass Tim handed him.

As tempted as he was to sit on the arm of the chair, Tim settled himself on the couch, taking a long sip, noticing Jason was looking at his wine but not touching it.
“It’s not poison,” Tim teased, “Drink up.”

Jason exhaled, before he took a sip. “Explain, Tim.”

Straight to the point, so concerned over his *time*. Tim was sure Jason knew time was precious for them- yet, they would have the *rest* of it, now. Tim smiled, leaning one arm along the back of the couch. “I’ll be brief then, so we can enjoy ourselves. This is your home now.”

Jason’s eyes went wide. “What?”

“Exactly what I just said. I hired help to bring over anything I thought you might actually want- personal belongings. Most of what you had you won’t need. My home is obviously fully furnished for you, but if there’s ever a thing you *want* you just have to ask.” He took another sip. “Your clothing and books and such are here.”

“I can’t just… live here…” Jason said, and Tim frowned.

“Why not? There’s no reason for you to be away from me. This way I have you whenever I want.” Tim lifted his wine, tipped his head back and drank deeply. He knew Jason was watching. “Besides, isn’t this what you wanted Jason? Isn’t this your new chance, the change you needed in your life? Isn’t this you taking the Narrows and cutting them straight from you?” Tim leaned over, set his now empty wine glass on his glass end table. “This is your new life, Jason. You’re *mine*, and I will make sure you never want again.” He pushed himself up, walked over to Jason and reached for his wine glass. He set it aside, offered his hands. “Come,” he said again, and the command worked so well. Jason took his hands, stood up, and Tim laced the fingers of one of their hands together, leading him away from the living area and back towards his large bedroom. He pushed the door open, but didn’t enter. “Your clothes and everything have already been put away. It made me realize how much more I still need to buy you.”

Tim continued moving, if only because he *knew* Jason was well aware of his bedroom now. He led him down the hallway, past the bathroom, and paused at a closed door that Jason hadn’t seen open, during his visit.

“And this,” he said, grabbing the knob and turning it, pushing the door open. “Is my gift to you, for being so *darling*.” Tim stepped in, Jason behind him- and heard the man softly gasp. Tim had had bookshelves brought in, lining two of the walls completely. There was a desk against the other bare wall, and a large, plush reading chair back by the corner with it’s own small table. “I’ve seen the ratty paperbacks you have. You can have your own library here, Jason. You can spend your days reading. I’ll bring you anything.” He turned, tugged Jason in more. “I’ll send for books from Spain if
you want- Germany. Russia. Anywhere in the world- nothing is impossible.”

He pulled one of Jason’s hands up, kissed his knuckles.

“I said you were mine,” he whispered against them. “I meant it. You belong to me, Jason. And you want to. You told me love is someone taking you and never wanting to let go. I’ve done that. No one else can ever have you again.” He tugged, and Jason, still silent, took the few steps in, let Tim reach up, wind his arms around his neck and press flush to him. “Darling, I will give you everything. You will never want, as long as you do one thing.”

“And what is that?” Jason asked, his voice sounding hoarse, like his throat and tongue had forgotten how to work.

“Trust me unconditionally,” Tim mumbled, “devote yourself to me, and no one else. Continue to love me, and I promise, I will love you until your last breath.” He leaned up, nuzzled beneath Jason’s jaw, breathing in the scent of his skin. “I will be your world, Jason.”

There was a brief moment where Tim felt nothing. Where Jason wasn’t touching him, and his own heart was beating quickly, up in his throat. Because there was still that sliver of a chance that he had played this wrong, that he had started something too soon. That he had rushed in headfirst and now Jason was going to be lost- and while Tim had failed before, losing Jason would be too much to bare.

But when Jason was reaching up, wrapping his arms around Tim. Tim melted into him then, wanted to sob because this man was truly his. Because Jason accepted it, would embrace and love it soon.

Tim would see to that.

Chapter End Notes

No seriously, if someone does this to you. Run.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Please excuse my bad Spanish. Google can only do so much.

The sonnet quoted it Sonnet 112.

This is all still a horrible, unhealthy relationship. That is not going to change.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jason couldn’t explain why he was *complicit*, that night. Why he let Tim kiss him, drank the wine he was given, ate the food Tim ordered in for them. Why when Tim pressed him down into the bed and settled between his thighs, sucked him off and rubbed his thighs as Jason shook and arched, that there wasn’t an ounce of fight in him. Why he could tangle in bed with Tim and just *let it happen*.

It was morning, before he could really bring himself to even think. Tim was out of bed when he woke up, realized he’d slept heavier than he had in a long time. Through the open bedroom door he could just hear the shower, down the hallway. Instead of getting up, he rolled onto his side, looked at the space Tim had taken up the night before, faced away from the door.

He should be seething. He should be crackling with unease, should be terrified and *livid*. And yet Jason was so eerily calm, he wondered if he was even within his own skull at all. He closed his eyes, listened as the water disappeared in the distance. He could just hear the bathroom door open, and then the sound of Tim’s footsteps, down the hallway, through the open door-

And the feeling of the bed dipping, as he climbed up onto it. Jason felt his warm mouth against his cheek. “I love seeing you here,” Tim whispered, “in my bed like this…” he trailed off, before he smiled, Jason could hear it in his voice. “*Our bed*.”

Another kiss, and Jason was turning his head, slitting his eyes open as Tim kissed his mouth now. He opened when Tim beckoned, rolled onto his back so Tim could splay a warm hand on his bare belly, thumb rubbing along his navel.

When Tim pulled away, Jason didn’t ask for more. He pushed himself up, sat in the bed and watched as Tim crossed the room naked, pulling open his large closet. It was only then that Jason realized he could walk into it, if he chose.
“You can do whatever you like while I’m at work,” Tim said, pulling out a gray dress and opening the zipper on the side. “You saw your library. If you find anything you want to watch that needs to be purchased go ahead and do it. My laptop is on my desk, you’ll find my study on the same side as the bathroom.” Tim pulled it on, carefully working the zipper up. “If you need to move, there’s a fully furnished gym here at the penthouse. I’ll leave my access card on the counter for you, along with a copy of the key so you can get back in. The elevator has a directory of floors.” He walked over to his dresser, pulled it open, and Jason didn’t look away as Tim stepped into his panties, making a show of pulling them up his legs, settling them on his hips as he bunched his dress up.

Somehow it was alluring, to watch him get dressed like that.

“I mostly have paperwork today, a few brief phone meetings. I won’t be late.” He walked back over, leaning in and kissing Jason’s cheek. “Be a good boy for me Jason. I’ll check in.”

Jason watched him leave. He heard him head back into the bathroom, heard the sound of a hair dryer, and then the silence after which he assumed was Tim painting his face up nice and pretty. He caught a glimpse of him as he walked down the hallway, heard him at the door. Putting his shoes on, grabbing whatever he was bringing with him.

Then the turn of the lock, the door on the hinges. The gentle way it slid back into place and the lock, a second time.

Jason shoved the blankets off, standing up then. He crossed the room, heading down the hallway and into the bathroom. The shower doors still boasted some fog, from Tim’s shower, and when Jason turned the water on it came out hot enough to flush his skin.

He showered under that, the same temperature Tim had used. He used Tim’s shampoo, his soap, felt like he was working his damn scent right into his skin. And yet, he soaped himself up a second time, just to work it in deeper.

Once he was done he walked back to the bedroom, drying his hair slowly. He walked around it naked, tossed open Tim’s closet and walked in, looking at the lines of suits, dresses, everything. The rack of shoes. He reached out, ran his fingers over a silken dress shirt, this deep red that made him think Tim had to have killed ten men, just to get that rich color to cover it completely.

He left it, went back out, ran his hands over the vanity, the dressers. He found his own clothing in one, folded neatly, organized. He dressed slowly, feeling lethargic. Once he was he found a hamper to leave his towel in, headed back out into the penthouse, for the kitchen.
He was hungry, and he found Tim’s fridge completely stocked. Still, he opted instead for an apple he found in a bowl of fruit on the counter. He plucked it free, tossing it once and catching it, before heading back out of the kitchen.

His mind was slowly coming to him. Without Tim there, without his hands wandering over Jason and making him feel soothed, without the distraction of his mouth and his voice, he could begin to think. Begin to try and piece this together.

He wasn’t upset over this. It was clear to him now. He had been, on his way over the night prior. Because he was walking into the unknown, and that had never been good, in his life. Because everything had been perfect, and with his luck, it had to come crashing down.

But the fact was that he still had Tim. In fact… it felt as if he had him so solidly now…

But he was curious. Curious about all this, how Tim could make it happen.

He took a bite of the apple, walking around Tim’s living room. He pulled open the entertainment center, but all he found were Blu-Rays, a game system tucked away. The lower cabinets boasted more interesting viewing material, but Jason left it be for now. He’d have time to look at it again.

Another bite as he moved back to the hallway. He ignored the bedroom and bathroom, headed for the end of the hallway, and stood between two doors. He glanced at the room Tim had prepared for him, and then over at the door that was his office. And he could have gone in. He could have rummaged through everything of Tim’s, could have looked for his own answers.

He turned and moved into his own space, instead. The book shelves weren’t full yet, but Jason recognized his own books. He bit into the apple again, wiping at his mouth with the back of his hand, as he reached out with the other, touched the overly worn out spines. Some of these had been with him since he was a kid, that he’d scrounged around for. He’d saved as much change as he could find- forwent buying food with it in order to get his own copy of Romeo and Juliet. He’d carried it with him everywhere, afraid it’d be lost.

The copy of Macbeth he’d found in the trash, and couldn’t understand why someone would throw it out. The cover was overly worn, and there were water stains, a few pages that looked like someone had spilled some coffee on them- but when he was young, it looked like it was stitched in gold.
He dragged his fingers along them, before looking at the shelf above. His eyes went a little wide, before he shoved the apple in his mouth, got his teeth in it and held, plucking books off the top shelf. They were bound in heavy leather, the pages all tipped in gold, and Jason’s hands were nearly shaking holding them. He headed for the desk, set them down and pulled his apple from his mouth, before he could drop it. He flipped one book open, running his fingers over the smooth page, looking at all the words that he’d read, since he was a child.

* 

Jason had moved to the couch, by the time Tim came home. He had a few of the books with him, was holding one in his lap as he read when the door opened, and he heard the click of Tim’s heels. He looked up as Tim was shutting the door, turning to look into the living space.

“Hello there,” Tim said, smiling and walking right over. He leaned down, pressed his mouth to Jason’s quickly, and Jason sighed. “Did you enjoy yourself today?”

Jason nodded. Because he had. He’d curled up on the couch and read for most of the day. At one point he’d drifted off, napped for maybe an hour, before he was back. Holding these books felt like holding something more precious than life- and he felt safe here, reading them.

“Good.” Tim settled down next to him, slipped an arm around his shoulders and leaned closer. “Which one are you reading?”

“His collection of sonnets,” Jason said, glancing back down at the page. He smiled to himself, before saying, softly, “You are my all the world, and I must strive to know my shames and praises from your tongue.”

Tim hummed at that, leaning in and nuzzling Jason’s neck. “Is that your hint that you want to hear what a good boy you are?” Jason felt his heart hammering, and he knew, somewhere, that he should be terrified of this. That Tim was doing something to him, making him want and miss him despite the fact that he had been moved here with no warning, without Tim consulting him.

But he couldn’t think it was against his will, because he wanted what Tim wanted…

“A good boy,” Tim whispered, his other hand sliding along Jason’s chest, “would have been at the door to greet me. Would have kissed me and asked how my day was, would have offered to run his fingers through my hair and lift me right up and carry me to the bed if that was what I wanted.”
Jason swallowed thickly, staring down at the book. He could see his fingers shaking, and gripped the book tighter, trying to still them. “I’m sorry,” he whispered- and he honestly was. Because he hadn’t done what Tim wanted, and Tim had been so good to him. He felt Tim nuzzling his hair now, breathing him in and then giggling.

“Forgiven. You’ll learn.” He breathed in again. “You used my shampoo.” Jason could feel Tim smiling. “Do you like smelling like me?”

Yes.

Jason didn’t answer.

Tim just kept smiling, nuzzling his hair. “Did you eat?” he asked, and Jason shrugged. Not much, but he’d been distracted. “I’ll order us something. You can read more to me.” Tim finally glanced down, pointing to the end of the sonnett and reading him, “Mark how with my neglect I do dispense. You are so strongly in my purpose bred, that all the world besides methinks are dead.” Tim smiled, and Jason could feel his breath on his ear as Tim turned, adding in a husky voice, “I like this one. Keep it close to you.”

And Jason couldn’t stop his lips from moving with the words on the page, silently memorizing them on his tongue.

*

Maybe if the sex was bad, Jason would have felt dislike for this. At least, he tried to tell himself that. And maybe there was a hint of truth to it. But there was something in the way Tim touched him, in the care he used, that Jason would have given the world for.

Being stretched out on his back on Tim’s bed, with the man between his legs, thrusting lazily into him, it made Jason burn. Burn with more than just the physical bliss of it, but with this strange sense of serenity that the entire penthouse gave him. That he had secured this sort of treatment forever.

“Baby,” Tim breathed, leaning over him, his hair falling into his face, “you feel like heaven.”
Did Jason? Did heaven feel like this? Silent except for their breathing, their moans—the gentle sounds the mattress made. Still in many ways, except for their life.

Jason arched, gripping at the sheets. He wanted release but he was waiting, because Tim had told him to do so. His cock ached and he just wanted Tim’s mouth back on his again. Wanted to be kissed until he was undone.

Tim was tossing his head back, holding onto Jason’s thighs and keeping them open as he drove into him. Jason pushed back, groaning through gritted teeth as he felt Tim’s hips stutter. Tim whined, one of the countless pet names that had Jason’s toes curling, and then his hips were stilling, and Jason could feel his cum, could feel his cock pulsing and knew he’d be wet on his thighs, shortly after Tim pulled out.

He didn’t mind.

When Tim did, he leaned over Jason, stretching out next to him and nuzzling his neck. “You didn’t come,” he whispered, his hand reached down and wrapping around Jason’s cock. “Just like I asked.” He kissed Jason’s fluttering pulse, and Jason let his eyes fall shut, tipping his head back so Tim had better access. He thrust his hips up, his wet cock sliding easily into Tim’s fist. “Such a good boy.” He turned, sucked at Jason’s earlobe, and Jason had to turn his head away, the corners of his eyes growing wet. Tim’s tongue moved down, along his pulse again, as his thumb rubbed over the head of his cock, teasing his slit over and over again. “Look how wet you are. Did you want to come?”

Jason whined, “yes,” and Tim giggled, breathy and somehow making Jason arch more. He stroked his hand all the way down, before he was pushing himself up, leaning over Jason’s chest. He closed his mouth around one nipple, slowly swirling his tongue around the bud, and Jason was getting dizzy. Tim’s hand was moving so slow, the wet sound of skin on skin filling the room, and Jason couldn’t breathe.

When Tim pinched his nipple between his teeth, his breath came back in a loud rush, and then Tim was lifting up, a string of saliva connecting his mouth to Jason’s skin. “This could be every night,” he offered, looking Jason right in his eyes. Jason felt pinned by that stare. “I’ll make you feel like heaven every night, for the rest of your night. Just let me be your goddess.” Tim bowed his head, kissed the center of Jason’s chest, mumbling something into his skin.

Jason missed most of it, until Tim was getting louder, slowly kissing down his ribs, his belly. And then when he was lifting up, clearly,

“You are my all the world,” Tim mumbled, “and I must strive to know-” he paused, and Jason lifted
his head, watched Tim’s tongue roll over the overly sensitive head of his cock. He shivered, and Tim collected the precum beading there, swallowing it down. “My shames and praises from your tongue.”

Jason cried out loudly, when Tim finally took him into his mouth. He thrust up into that wet heat, felt Tim sucking on him eagerly, felt his mind going blank, screaming in static as his muscles tightened up. And through it all he could hear in his own damn voice,

*Mark how with my neglect I do dispense. You are so strongly in my purpose bred that all the world besides methinks are dead.*

* *

Jason woke up to the distinct feeling of someone watching him. He sighed, opened his eyes slowly, and there was Tim, curled in his arms put looking up at him. Jason licked his lips, managed out a hoarse, “hi,” and Tim cracked a smile.

“You look amazing when you sleep,” he said, his fingers moving from Jason’s chest to his sides, gripping at his waist. “Do you sleep well in my bed?”

*Yes.*

Again, he didn’t answer.

Tim hummed after a moment, tipping his head up and back, kissing Jason’s chin. “Do you dream of me while you sleep?”

Honestly, Jason hadn’t dreamt, either night. Which… was new, for him. So many nights were filled with strange dreams that felt like they were from the dredge of a rabbit hole, or the sort of nightmares that had him wondering if his subconscious could somehow devise a hell worse than the life he had lived, for so long.

But in Tim’s bed, there was nothing. Because he didn’t have to think. He could just *be*, and Tim would take care of the rest.
He loved it. He loathed himself for it, but it felt *good*.

He felt Tim’s mouth moving down his neck now, to his shoulder. “I could stay in bed with you all day,” Tim admitted, and Jason wouldn’t be opposed to it. He felt like the center of the world, here. He felt *loved*. “Would you like that?”

This time, Jason nodded.

Tim cracked a smile, sitting up then. He stretched, and Jason watched the muscles in his shoulders and back move, sliding beneath skin. His fingers itched to touch them, and when he reached out, pressed his warm palm flat to Tim’s back and heard him purr, he realized he *could*.

“Can I ask you something?” Jason asked, rubbing his hands down Tim’s back.

“Keep your hands on me and you can ask me anything,” Tim admitted, and Jason sat up then. He gave a gently tug at Tim’s arm, and Tim glanced over at him, before shifting, crawling over one of his legs. He settled between them, so Jason could get both hands on his back, fingers pushing into his skin and muscles and working down, along his spine. Tim groaned, dropping his head forward, and Jason watched the curve of his neck change, the fact that he could just see the press of bone.

“How did you do this,” he asked, “all of this. How did you know when I’d be home. How… how am I *here* …”

Because he shouldn’t be, but Jason didn’t want to believe that.

Tim was quiet for some time. Jason kept his hands moving, up now to Tim’s shoulders, gripping tightly and kneading the already fairly relaxed muscle. He began to think Tim was going to ignore him completely, but then he felt him exhale, and heard,

“I read your every move, predicted your every thought- and I trained you, exactly the way I wanted.”

Jason paused, his hands splaying on Tim’s back now, but his lover didn’t turn around to look at him. Instead Tim lifted his head, stared across the room at his closed closet door.
“I knew from the first night you had to be mine. I couldn’t stop thinking about you. And learning about you… I knew you’d take well to this. I know everything about you that exists on paper, Jason. I know your name, every school you’ve tried to attend. I’ve seen your birth certificate and both your parents’ death certificates. I’ve seen every police write up, every medical record. I know your damn blood type and I could recite your arrest records.”

Tim inhaled, slowly, and Jason swore he felt his lungs. He pushed closer without meaning to.

“I tested you, and you reacted to my praise. You craved it, and I knew you’d be the perfect pet. I yell and you come running, I tell you you’re a good boy and everything in the world is alright. No one’s ever said you’re good, and you don’t know how to react to that.” Tim turned then, and for a moment he just looked at Jason with those pretty eyes, full of stardust and the ghosts of so many thoughts. He reached up then, gripped Jason’s chin, held him still as he studied him, like he had so many times. “I used everything you’d never had, and I made you want nothing but me.”

Jason held that stare, unwilling to look away. There was a part of him aching over Tim’s words, but… but he couldn’t bring himself to look away. To pull away.

To run away.

“I chose you,” Tim said, “out of this entire world. I chose you to be mine. Has anyone ever looked at you and done that? Decided you were better than the rest? Decided that you deserved love?” Jason felt his chest constricting then. He squeezed his eyes shut, felt them stinging, his stomach moving up into his ribs.

No, no they hadn’t.

Tim was the only one…

Jason sucked in a breath, but it caught. He felt his hands shaking, his thighs shortly after- and then the corners of his eyes were wet. He heard Tim’s breath, and then felt it as he leaned closer, a tear rolling down Jason’s cheek.

“You’re beautiful when you cry.”

Jason opened his eyes, wanted to stop but he couldn’t. Tim was right and it hurt, it hurt so damn
deep inside him to face that. He felt like he was being pulled apart, like the old truths were seeping into the crevices of his bones like acid, eating away until they could infect the marrow. He hiccuped a breath and it hurt, and Tim leaned in, kept his hold on his face and dragged his tongue up one trail of tears, until he could kiss at the corner of Jason’s eye.

“IT’s okay that no one loved you before,” Tim whispered, pressing his forehead to Jason’s temple. “I love you now.”

Jason closed his eyes again, forced himself to inhale slowly. He reached out, got his arms around Tim, clung to him tightly.

Tim loved him. He’d said it so clearly, so directly- and to think, he had gone through all the trouble to know Jason better than a single other person ever had. He couldn’t be shocked that he felt so good with Tim, so comfortable- he couldn’t surprise the man. Everything bad Tim knew already. At least, everything on paper.

And here he was, still deciding Jason was the thing he wanted most.

Jason dropped his head forward, rested it on Tim’s shoulder. And for the first time in a very long time, he let himself cry.

*

The next morning, Jason was up before Tim. He pulled himself from the bed, found a pair of pajama pants in the dresser for him- one he didn’t own before, he knew. They were so silken he almost moaned getting into them, and had to bite his lip, so as not to wake up Tim.

He made his way to the kitchen, turning the stove on and lifting one of the pans that hung above it down, settling it over the growing flame. He hummed to himself, opening the refrigerator and rummaging through. He was in the process of scrambling a few eggs in the hot pan when he heard Tim’s alarm chiming finally. He smiled to himself, bowing his head as he worked, simply waiting now.

It stopped, and in the silence of the penthouse, he heard the bed moving. And then Tim’s footsteps around the room, before they sounded in the hallway-
And he was appearing in the large kitchen entrance way.

“Good morning,” Jason said, looking out the corner of his eye. Tim had tossed on a robe, this silken teal color covered in pink blossoms- and Jason realized the color matched the pants he himself was wearing. He wondered if it was new, if Tim was matching them, making points to show that Jason belonged with him, to him.

“Hey there,” Tim said, folding his arms. His hair was still in disarray, but Jason thought it was a fitting, that he was a perfect picture of utter glory in the morning. “Are you making me breakfast?”

Jason nodded. “Yes,” he said, getting his spatula in the pan and moving the eggs from it to one of the plate he had settled on the counter. It was heavier than Jason had expected, when he first found it, a decorative red dragon worked into it with blooming bright flowers. He’d been afraid to even touch it, but he found all the tableware Tim had was just as exquisite, and assumed it didn’t matter what he used. He turned the stove of, picking up the orange he’d grabbed from the fruit bowl, and began slowly peeling it.

“Why?” Tim asked, finally stepping in. He reached for the counter, ran his fingers along it until he stopped, by the stove.

“Porque eres maravilloso y lo mereces,” Jason said, not glancing up. Tim inclined his head, and Jason knew he was watching him. He lifted his hand, moving around the stove, before he reached out, settled it one Jason’s bare back, down at the base of his spine.

“I think I recognize one of those words,” Tim teased, as Jason broke the orange into slices, fanning them out around the plate. “Tell me what you said.”

“Because you are wonderful and deserve it,” Jason said, looking up. Tim smiled, his eyes looking pleased, and he pushed Jason back, slid in between him and the counter, careful to not bump the plate he had been working on.

“Am I now?” he asked, and Jason could only nod. Tim reached out, took one of Jason’s hands and lifted it up, studying it. “Aren’t you such a darling,” he mused, “taking care of me when I said I’d make sure you want for nothing. Telling me I’m wonderful when I know you just want to hear me say the same.” He pulled Jason’s fingers to his mouth, dragged his tongue up along his index and middle finger, before swirling it around the tips, getting the faint taste of the orange Jason had peeled. Jason made a strangled little noise, felt his knees going weak as Tim glanced up at him, through those overly thick, black lashes. “Praise me again,” Tim commanded, and Jason’s tongue was moving so damn fast his mind couldn’t even keep up.
“Eres magnífico, eres hermoso. Podrías detener mi corazón.” Jason leaned in, as Tim kissed down to his palm, nuzzled his ear and breathed in, “Podrías desgarrar mi alma y te agradecería.”

“What did you say.” Tim asked, pushing his hips out. His robe slid along his thigh, showing a deep expanse of skin that Jason caught, when he glanced down. “At the end.”

“You could rip apart my soul,” Jason whispered, his breath coming faster, “and I would thank you.”

Tim tipped his head back, pushed Jason’s hands down from his face and between his legs. Jason followed obediently, grasping at Tim’s cock when he felt the brush of warm skin and finding he was half hard already. He wrapped his hand around his cock, sliding his fist up and rolling his thumb over his cockhead, getting a choked moan from Tim. He thrust towards his hand, as he turned his head, his other arm reaching up, going around Jason’s neck and holding him still. He pressed his mouth to Jason, kissed him with teeth that nearly tore into his lip, with a tongue that was intent on finding every secret his mouth held.

Jason groaned, shook all over and felt like he was coming completely undone. He eased his fist back down Tim’s cock, let the man pin his tongue down in his mouth, could feel his own cock hardening quickly, tenting in his silken pants and rubbing against the material, making his hips buck.

When Tim pulled off, his eyes were half shut, but they seemed black, never ending and all-seeing. “On your knees,” he said, and Jason noticed his lips were wet, the light catching them. “I want to fuck your mouth.”

Jason dropped down without a question, pushed Tim’s robe completely open and swallowed him down. He let his nose press to the curls at the base of Tim’s cock, and Tim arched, reaching down and burying both his hands in Jason’s hair, tangling it around his fingers.

“Good- boy,” Tim panted out, his hips moving as Jason eased back a little. Jason squeezed his eyes shut, willed his breathing to space out between Tim’s thrusts, his throat to go lax. He held Tim’s hips but let him set the pace, let him take his mouth however he pleased. “Jason,” he moaned, pushing in harder, and Jason’s nails began to dig into his skin. “I’d love to rip you apart,” Tim admitted, “love to see every thread of your soul. I bet your agony tastes like divinity.”

Jason shook. He felt his body clenching up, like he had when Tim was inside him, the night before. His cock gave a heavy twitch, the head pressed tightly to his pants and leaving a very noticeable wet spot.
“My broken little darling,” Tim whined, tipping his head back and tugging more at Jason’s hair. “I’ll restitch you up until you don’t know who you were.”

Jason wanted that. He didn’t need who he was. He didn’t need the pain and the loss and the sheer cold feeling of loneliness. He just needed this. He just needed Tim, and nothing else.

“Make you perfect.” Tim gasped, and Jason could feel his thrusts becoming erratic. His scalp burned as Tim tugged on his hair more, and he felt tears in the corners of his eyes again. But he didn’t dare pull away, didn’t want to. Tim had to come. Tim had to feel good. Jason had to be good.

Tim arched, offering a loud cry when he did come, his cock buried in Jason’s mouth. Jason couldn’t breath, swallowed around him so as not to choke, his mouth filling up, hot and bitter. He squeezed Tim’s hips again, felt the tears escaping his eyes as his own cock was pulsing, staining his pants with cum as he came completely untouched.

Tim finally eased his hold on Jason’s hair, slowly pulling back until his wet cock slipped from Jason’s abused mouth. Jason sucked in a breath, opened his eyes and stared up, his mouth swollen and red, smeared pearlescent, cheeks stained.

Tim’s eyes softened. “You paint such a picture, Jason,” he offered, carefully getting down onto his knees, both his hands in Jason’s hair, holding his head still. “You break for me in every way I’ve always wanted. You’re better than any pet I’ve ever had before.” He leaned in, kissed the corner of Jason’s eye. “I’m going to keep you forever.”

That was all Jason wanted.

* *

“I’m sorry it’s cold now,” Jason offered, when Tim had finally let him stand up. He’d walked back to the bedroom, having to change now that he’d sullied his pants, and Tim had gathered up the plate, following him.

“It’s still good,” Tim admitted, plucking a chunk of eggs off his fork with his teeth and tongue. Jason stripped of his pants, fishing out a new pair– and these matched the pink of the blossoms on Tim’s robe now. He pulled them on, offering,
“And I’m sorry. I hope I didn’t ruin this.”

“I could rub your nose in it,” Tim offered, and Jason choked. He looked back, but Tim’s expression told him he wasn’t kidding. “But I like knowing you can come just from giving me pleasure.” He flashed a smile, before he set his plate down on his vanity, plucking up one of the orange slices. Jason watched Tim suck on it for a moment, before he eased it completely into his mouth. “You’re not eating,” Tim pointed out, and Jason reached up, rubbed the back of his neck.

“I… can, after you do. I wanted to make sure you did first.” Tim smiled at that, curled his fingers and beckoned Jason back over. Jason moved quickly, and when he got to Tim, the smaller man was offering up one of the orange slices. Jason opened his mouth, and Tim eased it in, smiling himself.

“I can’t wait to show you off to everyone,” Tim said, looking giddy. Jason said nothing, swallowing. “I’ll be the envy of the whole damn world with you, darling.” He reached up, trailed his fingers along Jason’s chest, and Jason shivered. “Do you want to know what a clever girl I am?” Tim asked, fingers moving down to Jason’s navel now, teasing the dark hair there. Jason nodded, and Tim leaned in, pressed a single kiss to Jason’s shoulder. “How godly do you think I am that I could know when you would be home, when I could bring you to me.”

And in the beginning, Jason was sure he would have been mortified, sickened. That he would have told Tim he was some sort of sick twisted monster with a god complex. But that was then, and this… this was Jason so deeply enthralled by Tim, so wrapped around his finger that he couldn’t care.

“You were interested enough to always want access to me,” Jason said, and Tim’s eyes lit up.

“Smart boy,” he whispered, “that’s the answer you always give. Understood?” Jason nodded, and Tim lifted up on his toes, kissed the corner of his mouth. “Now, I have to shower. I’m risking being late… but this morning was well worth it.” He flashed a devious sort of smile, carefully pulling himself away from Jason. He grabbed another one of the orange slices, popping it into his mouth as he headed from the bedroom and towards the bathroom.
Jason stood there, after he left. He listened to the ghost of the water in the shower, before he reached up, touched his sensitive lips.

Tim had always seen him. Tim had always known how to get to him. Tim had made sure he couldn’t run away.

Tim had put him in a cage before he’d ever brought him here.

Jason wasn’t sure he was opposed to the cage. In fact, Jason was pretty damn sure he liked the cage. That he could be here until he died and it’d be alright. After all- what else was there for him? What did the world have to offer that would be any better than this?

Chapter End Notes

Well, I made Jason cry. I accept my status as a bad person.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Thanks for hanging in there everyone! I think a few of us have been waiting for this since I updated the tags with the last chapter.

I'll get the final chapter to you guys as soon as I possibly can :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tim sipped his coffee, clicking through his emails. He swore he’d cleared his inbox before lunch, and yet here he was with countless new ones. He sighed, glancing at the time- and all he wanted to do was go home.

It was torture, to tear himself away from Jason. He was tempted to bring him with him, but he wanted him to be used to the Penthouse, comfortable there. Wanted him to not like the world outside it, unless Tim was there.

He reached for his phone, unlocking it. He hadn’t heard from Jason in the past hour, but he didn’t feel like he was pressing too hard, checking in now. Jason had openly accepted this. Jason had given up before he’d even realized he could fight. As far as Tim was concerned, his heart and soul were won.

What are you doing? He asked, before setting his phone back down and looking at his computer. He frowned, reading over a rather angry email from one of their investors. Apparently he’d had a meeting with Damian and he found him rather cold and rude.

What a shock.

Tim sighed, leaving his coffee and tipping his head back, rubbing his hands up over his face. He hadn’t moved them when there was a knock at his door, before it was opening. He didn’t bother looking as it shut, there were only two people that came in before he answered, and the footsteps gave it away.

“What do you want, Damian?” he asked, still not looking. “I’m getting a headache thinking about fixing problems you caused.”
“-tt-” He moved his hands, peeked through one eye, and Damian had paused, arms folded up over his chest. “I have caused no problems.”

“You offended an investor because you don’t know how to hold polite conversation.” He watched Damian glance away and sat up, reaching back to rub his neck. He always got tense when he had to step in and do things like this. He wondered if Jason would be able to sense it, if he’d get home and Jason’s hands would be all over him, working the tension from his neck and shoulders, before he worked every muscle in his entire body…

“Drake.” Tim snapped his head up, and Damian was looking at him suspiciously. “I am speaking.” Tim hadn’t even heard him. “Father wanted me to remind you about the charity event. You are not to be late, as you have been lately.”

Tim frowned. Sure, he’d missed a few meetings, he’d come in late… but Jason was so damn alluring it was hard to tear himself away. Even now, he just wanted to run home…

“Drake!” He blinked, and Damian was openly frowning at him. “What in heaven’s name has you so distracted?”

“Nothing. I won’t be late, let Bruce know.” He turned back to his computer, noticed his phone blinking, and glanced down at it. He paused, well aware that Damian was watching, before he picked it up, unlocking it and seeing Jason’s message.

_I was down at the gym. I’m going to shower and then read. What can I make you for dinner?_

Tim smiled, before he heard Damian click his tongue. Instinctively he pulled his phone to his chest, looking at his stepbrother. “What?”

“Is it that boy you’re playing with?” Damian looked almost disgusted, and Tim scowled.

“Don’t look at me like that,” he chided. He would not be looked down on by the brother that still refused to come out. “Jason is not a distraction.” Tim glanced down at his phone, before he set it on his desk again. “I have moved him in with me, so I’m just eager to get home.”

“You did what?” Tim shrugged a shoulder.
“I emptied his apartment and moved him in. He’s taking to it very well. I’ll be keeping him.” He reached for his laptop, opening an email and beginning to type. He was through a few sentences when he realized Damian was still staring at him. “Yes?”

“Did you just hear yourself? You emptied his apartment. Did you ask? And keep him? What is he, a dog?”

“He knows the command come,” Tim teased, and Damian made an unenthused face.

“I do not need to hear this,” he said, waving his hand. “You are obsessed and it is unhealthy-”

“I am not obsessed. I don’t get obsessed.” Tim let his hands fall to his lap, pushing his chair back and staring at Damian. Being obsessed would mean Jason had power over him, and Tim couldn’t allow that. Jason was his, and he was a goddess to Jason. Men did not sway the divine.

“But you are,” Damian said flatly. “You obviously think of nothing but him. He’s distracting you from your work. You’re having trouble functioning because of him, and yet you keep dragging him closer.” His lips curled into a little smirk. “You’ve got yourself some real Kryptonite, brother.” Damian turned, waving his hand behind him as he headed for the door, pausing to glance back. “Maybe you should look at how is really holding the leash here.”

He walked out without another glance back, and Tim stared at the space Damian had taken up, telling himself his brother was out of his mind. Was jealous. Couldn’t understand what this was.

He was absolutely not obsessed- because he was not weak.

*

When Tim opened his penthouse door, he was met by the sound of Jason, bustling around his kitchen, by the smell of whatever he was cooking. He paused to remove his shoes, relock his door, before heading for the large kitchen entry way, pausing to simply watch.

Jason looked at him, where he was. He looked comfortable, and that made Tim smile fondly.
Before he could hear Damian’s words echoing in his head.

“Welcome home, mi amor,” Jason said, pausing when he finally noticed Tim standing there. “I didn’t hear the door.” He walked over, bowing his head to kiss Tim’s cheek, his hands going for his waist and squeezing. “I should have greeted you there.”

Tim couldn’t be obsessed when Jason was the one who was trained -

“But I got so distracted. Are you hungry?” Another kiss, now to Tim’s pulse, and Tim felt it spike, felt it jump against his skin. Felt himself responding in ways he never had, to another person.

He wanted to grasp onto Jason, to hold tight. Needed the support-

Tim never needed support.

“No,” Tim said, reaching out and grasping Jason’s shirt, pulling him in closer. He pushed himself up, pressed his mouth, open and hot, to Jason’s neck, heard him gasp. “Turn everything off and meet me in the living room.”

He pulled back before he could get lost in his skin, turning and hurrying out of the kitchen, towards his bedroom. He didn’t hear Jason following him, which was good, what he wanted. He went right for his bed, getting down on his hands and knees and reaching beneath it, pulling a sleek black case out from beneath it. He stood up carefully, hefting it by its handle in one hand, before turning, moving back for the living room, just as Jason was moving there himself.

Jason paused by the couch, looking over at him, and his face fell from that loving smile to something nervous. “Are you mad?” he asked, sounding a little confused, and Tim realized he must have been frowning. He couldn’t even tell.

But he wasn’t mad - he just had to prove a point.

“Strip.”
Jason stared at him, and Tim walked past him, around the couch. He settled the case on it, clicking it open but not allowing Jason’s to see inside. When he realized Jason wasn’t moving his frown grew.

“Did I stutter?”

He had the power here and he was going to prove it.

There was another moment of hesitation, before Jason was pulling his shirt up off, over his head. He left it on the floor, moving down to unbutton his pants, and Tim began running his hands over the little treasures in his case. He didn’t look up, when he heard the heavier fall of Jason’s jeans, or his footsteps, as he walked around the couch. Instead he lifted one of the shining restrains up, examining the black vinyl. He preferred it to leather, if only for the aesthetic of the wet shine.

He could feel Jason’s eyes. “What is that?”

“Get on your knees,” Tim said, “facing away from me.” He looked up, held Jason’s stare, and he knew his eyes were iron. It was the same stare he had used thousands of times, glaring down men and women alike who thought they could outsmart him. Outtalk him. Outthink him.

No one out-thought Tim Drake.

Jason swallowed thickly, turning away from Tim and very carefully getting down on the ground. Tim walked around him, nodding towards his hands, and Jason lifted his arms. “Put your forearms together,” Tim instructed, and Jason did. Tim wrapped the vynal around them, began working up the laces and ties, until Jason’s arms were bound tight together.

“Did I do somthing?” Jason asked, still clinging to the idea that Tim was mad at him. But Tim couldn’t console him now, because that would be caring - and he could love this man in every way he knew how, but he could not be weak.

Tim walked back to the case, plucking free another play-thing. He moved the few steps to stand back in front of Jason, dangling it in front of him. Jason’s eyes followed the gently swing of the ballgag. Tim didn’t say a word as he reached for Jason, grasped his chin and pinched his cheeks, forcing his head up. He let two fingers slip past Jason’s lips, pulling his jaw open, and then he was stuffing the round protrusion of the gag into his mouth. Jason choked, before his breath wheezed out his nose, and Tim was reaching around him, closing the gag’s straps.
“You will watch me whenever you can,” Tim said then, settling down onto his knees himself. Jason’s eyes were so very large, staring right at him. “When you cannot see me you will think of my face, is that clear?” Jason nodded, and Tim patted one of his cheeks, before he reached down, got Jason’s falcid cock in his hand and gave it a squeeze. “Why aren’t you hard yet? Do you not want me to play with you?”

He fondled him, watched Jason squirm, how he seemed to be torn by the suddenness of all this, and the allure of Tim’s touch. Tim stroked with just his fingertips, leaned in and pressed his mouth to Jason’s throat. He could feel him swallowing, already struggling with the gag.

“Do I not make you hard already?” Tim asked, moving to his pulse. “Am I not pretty Jason? Does the dog think himself better than the master now?” He opened his mouth, latched onto the tender skin at his pulse and sucked. Jason made a sound in his throat, something pained and desperate, as Tim continued to suck, on the tender skin was a raw-red, and then slowly growing an ugly blossom of lilac and buttercups. He pulled off, left the skin wet, strings of saliva connecting his mouth to it, and admired his work.

He’d like to cover Jason in those little love marks, like to remind him that every inch belonged to Tim, now.

He slid his hand along Jason’s cock again, realized he was getting hard now. He smirked, glancing up, and Jason was looking up, avoiding his eyes.

“Do you like when I demean you, Jason?” He didn’t get a response, and Tim grasped his chin with his free hand, jerked his head down so he was forced to stare into his eyes. “Do you like when I remind you what you really are? Down at your core?” He leaned in, exhaled against the gag and Jason’s stretched lips. “Worthless,” he whispered, before he leaned up, kissed the bridge of Jason’s nose, as his eyes squeezed shut.

He felt Jason’s cock give a throb, felt precum spilling against his wrist, and eased his hand up, dragged his palm along the underside.

“Better,” he whispered, pulling back completely and standing up. Jason whined as Tim walked past him, back to the case. He grabbed another one of the many items, dropping back down to his knees by Jason’s sides. “Arms up,” he said, and Jason lifted his arms, stretching them straight up above his head. He leaned back slightly, baring his swollen and flushed cock, and Tim grinned, reaching down and grasping his balls in his palm, his fingers gripping the base of his cock. Jason groaned, shaking, before he felt Tim stretching something tight over him, and let out a muffled whine as sank down low on his shaft.
He cried out when Tim forced it over his balls, squeezing them tightly, until it rested beneath them. He glanced down, could see the black of the cock ring, how it encircle his cock, balls, and then *everything*. He sucked in a breath through his nose, as Tim flicked his cock, making it bob and Jason see stars.

“This part of you,” Tim said, “responds to me, *and only me*. I control your pleasure. Do you understand?” Jason nodded, and Tim slowly slid his hand along Jason’s cock, pausing to let his fingertips drag just beneath the head.

Then another flick, and Jason was panting, could feel saliva around the gag as it ran down his stretched lips, from the corner of his mouth to his chin. His arms were burning being held up like this, but he couldn’t bring them down, not when Tim hadn’t *told* him to.

Tim reached down, grasped his balls again, and they ached already. Jason felt a small metal tag pressing against them, and when Tim finally pulled away, he could see a little charm hanging from the massive cock ring.

“It’s the Ouroboros,” Tim said, and Jason *recognized* it. The same serpent devouring its tail that was on the back of Tim’s letter. “Do you know it?”

Jason swore he’d seen it before, but it’s meaning he didn’t. He shook his head, and Tim smirked, slowly standing up.

“Down again, on your forearms.” Jason obeyed, sliding down, his cock bobbing, as Tim walked around him, settled on the couch comfortably and pulled a bottle of lube out from the case. He set it in his lap, began rolling his sleeves up. “It’s appeared in multiple mythologies,” Tim said, picking the lube back up and pouring a generous amount onto his fingers. “It serves as a symbol of the *eternal return*, of something constantly re-creating itself.” He leaned forward, one hand running along Jason’s ass, bared for him so perfectly—and Tim fought to keep his breathing under control.

He pressed his slick fingers into Jason without warning, and watched him jerk forward, heard him groan. He could imagine how wet his chin had to be now, how he couldn’t keep from *salivating* around the gag. How he would be panting like a bitch in heat *soon*.

“The Ouroboros is is the infinite cycle of creation and destruction, it is *life and death*.” He pressed his fingers completely inside Jason, curling them and rubbing his prostate. Jason gasped, wet panting breaths around the gag, and Tim’s cock was so damn hard he was sure he might *die*. “*I am life and death,*” he continued, one hand reaching out, getting his nails between Jason’s shoulder blades and raking it back, leaving bright red scratches along his tanned skin, over his spine. Jason tried to cry
out, shuddered, and Tim thrust his fingers harder, adding a third and loving how hot and tight Jason was around them. “I am everything. I am eternal. And you- you will never be free of me.”

Tim grinned, watched as Jason pushed back against his fingers, could feel the way his insides trembled.

“Do you like that idea? Do you like knowing that I’ll be in your bones until you rust and die?” He grasped Jason’s hip, forcing his ass back. “Do you like knowing that I will be your everything. I’ll create and give whatever you want- so long as you are good.” He pulled his fingers free then, feeling like he was going to lose his mind. He hadn’t planned to fuck Jason, he’d planned to work him up and then have him suck him off- and leave Jason like this, for a while. Keep bringing him up but making sure he never got off.

But Tim couldn’t wait. And it wasn’t because he was obsessed, no. No, it couldn’t be. Jason just begged for it, silently.

At least, that was what Tim told himself.

He slid off the couch, fumbling with his pants. He got his belt and pants open, reaching in and pulling his cock free of his underwear. He throbbed in his own hand, as he grabbed the lube, pouring it on with haste, without care. He tossed it to the floor then, lifting up straight on his knees and grabbing Jason’s ass, holding him still as he lined his cock up.

“And I can be death.”

He thrust in, hard, and Jason jerked his head up, tossing it back. Tim could just see his eyes squeezed shut, the tears in the corners. He pulled back, slamming in hard, and Jason cried out around the gag.

Tim set the rhythm like that, a pace that could bruise if he wasn’t careful. But he could be rough, because Jason could take it. He knew that. He reached forward, leaning over Jason and grabbing at one of his shoulders, using the leverage to bring him back to meet as slam of his cock. Jason kept making noises, little cries and wet groans, and Tim was so undone by it, could feel Jason clenching up around him and trying to come.

“God you’re a fucking dream,” he mumbled, unable to stop himself. “You’re heaven, you’re mythical.” The sound of wet skin on skin filled the room. Tim didn’t even care as the excess lube got on his pants, didn’t care that Jason had to be dripping and drooling on the floor at this point. He
just cared about the end, and about the fact that he was a goddess, in that moment.

He wasn’t under Jason’s spell- Jason had to be the one submitting and powerless here.

“Jason, Jason,” he gasped, the base of his spine tingling, his belly so tight he swore muscle was going to tear. “God darling, fuck yourself on my cock.”

Tim let go of his shoulder, straightening up, and Jason listened. He pushed back, craning his neck to look over his shoulder- and Tim was right. His cheeks were streaked with tears, his chin wet with saliva. He was broken, and he was beautiful.

Tim gasped, swore Tim stood still for just a single moment- and then Jason was still pushing back against him, and Tim was gone. He let his mouth fall open, shaking down to his core as he groaned, as he filled Jason so completley. He watched Jason’s eyes widen, and knew he felt it.

Jason kept pushing back, fucking himself desperately, until Tim was so over sensitive he swore he was going to black out. He grasped Jason’s hips, shoving him off, and Jason sprawled out on the floor, hips trying to move towards the floor, like he was sliding his cock along the polished wood. Tim didn’t even fix his own clothing, just leaned over, forced Jason to roll onto his back. Jason sprawled there, arching his back, his cock flushed so red. Tim watched him jerk his hips up, watched it bob, before he was leaning over. He splayed on hand on Jason’s belly, opening his mouth and swallowing him down with ease, all the way down to the cock ring that still fit so snuggly.

Jason cried out, slammed his head back against the floor as he arched. Tim heard it, but he didn’t look up, kept his eyes shut as he bobbed his head. Jason’s cock was throbbing, and he swore he could feel each time he tried to come, but the ring stopped him.

Jason was screaming now, sreamaing himself hoarse on words Tim couldn’t understand. He finally lifted up, strings of saliva connecting his mouth to Jason’s wet cock, and glanced over at him.

“You want to come, is that it?” he asked, and Jason nodded desperately. Tim reached down, sliding his nails along Jason’s balls, tracing the ring that held them and his cock hostage. He gripped it, and Jason was shaking, openly sobbing. “Oh baby,” Tim whispered, as he forced it abck over Jason’s balls, sliding the whole contraption up over his cock. He tossed it to the floor, before he leaned back over, so damn close to Jason’s cockhead that when he spoke, his lips brushed it. “I’ll make you feel good again.”
Tim opened his mouth, took Jason back inside him. And the moment he was pulling back up, Jason was arching so hard his back must have ached, his head slamming against the floor again as he screamed. Tim nearly choked on the flood of cum in his mouth, his eyes going wide as he tried to swallow, as it escaped the corners of his mouth, down his chin. He pulled off, swallowing again and opening his mouth, panting, as Jason collapsed against the floor, his arms folded at the elbow, pressed to his chest.

Tim swallowed, turning and reaching for Jason’s arms. His hands were shaking as he worked the restraint open, tugged it off and tossed it behind him. He leaned over Jason, sliding his fingers between a strap of the gag and Jason’s cheek, jerking his head up. Jason stared at him with glossed eyes, looking like he was flying high somewhere, and Tim reached behind him, undid the gag. It fell free, and Jason’s head tipped back, Tim having to catch it with his hand, as he let the wet gag fall to the floor.

“Jason,” Tim said, “look at me.” Jason’s eyes moved, flicked up to Tim’s, and Tim leaned close. He cradled his head, before he kissed the bridge of his nose. “You’re a good boy,” he whispered, “and I could swallow you whole. Devour you forever in an endless loop.”

He bowed his head, nuzzling against Jason’s neck, as Jason reached one, grasped at his bicep and held tightly. He wasn’t speaking, but Tim didn’t need him to. He was broken and he was his and no one would ever take Jason away from him. Tim would have him eternally, would break him again and again and have him worship the ground he walked on. He’d have Jason love him forever, because Jason, he knew, didn’t believe anyone else would ever accept his love.

And he wasn’t obsessed. So what if his every thought was Jason, was having him, controlling him, breaking and rebuilding him? So what if he was completely consumed? It didn’t matter, because his obsession couldn’t mean he was weak.

He refused to see that.

No, it simply meant that he was completely devoted to Jason, and making sure Jason had no world outside Tim, and Tim alone.

Chapter End Notes

AS A REMINDER: Do not engage in any sort of BDSM without a clear, concise, and honest conversation with your partner. Always have safe words. Be clear about boundaries. And don’t just leave your sub after. Aftercare is important.

This has been your PSA, carry on.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Well folks, here we are at the end. Thanks so much for reading and letting me indulge in something a bit darker for once.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Jason hadn’t gotten out of bed when Tim left that morning. He’d accepted the kiss to the back of his neck, the whisper of his name against his skin, but he hadn’t moved otherwise. He laid there well after he heard the door shut, until he could feel his muscles growing restless. Finally, Jason sat up slowly, letting the blanket fall off his shoulders. He shifted, stood from the bed, and walked towards Tim’s vanity. He pressed his hands to it, leaning in and examining himself.

He couldn’t fathom the picture he’d been painted, the night prior. Couldn’t believe what Tim must have seen. A part of him wanted to, wanted to know, because Tim had been better after. After he’d torn into Jason and made him feel low, like he hadn’t since Tim had come into his life, he’d brought him back up again. He’d told him he was good and he’s kissed him. Jason had slept in his bed as he had every night before.

He reached up, rubbed his jaw. The ache from clamping his teeth down onto the ball gag had disappeared, at least. He leaned a little closer, trying to pull himself apart, trying to see past the skin and muscle and bone and find whatever Tim had been dissatisfied with, for even a moment.

So he could remove it, permanently.

He worked himself until his muscles ached, while Tim was away. Thought he could sweat out whatever was wrong. Then he scrubbed himself raw in the shower, like he needed to be clean. He dressed himself and then redressed because he wasn’t happy, wasn’t sure what Tim wanted to see when he came home. He fretted until he felt like his skin was crawling, before Jason finally fell to the couch with a book, drowning himself in the sonnets he had read many times over, already.

He received a text from Tim that afternoon that he’d be late. Jason stared at it, hated that he couldn’t read Tim thought letters on the screen. Wanted to hear his voice, wanted to go back to that morning. Wanted to roll over when Tim tried to kiss his neck, to get his hand in his hair and beg him to stay, beg him to make Jason feel like he mattered again.

Jason busied himself after, deciding he’d make the dinner that had been interrupted the night before.
He focused on the way his hands moved, each sound of various things sizzling in a pan, of the different scents mingling in the kitchen. He focused on the different sets of plates Tim owned and trying to decide which would compliment Tim best that night.

He did everything he could to not think about his own anxiety, and how it wanted to claw at him.

He was settling dinner onto plates when he heard the door. It opened slowly, closed slower, and Jason swore time stood still before the lock clicked. He had paused, was hunched over a plate, and didn’t dare lift his eyes to the doorway. He didn’t hear Tim moving for what felt like eternity, until finally he heard him shuffling his shoes off, and then the few steps to round the corner into the large archway.

Jason swallowed, closed his eyes for a moment and told himself to stay calm. He straightened up, set down the pan and utensil in his hand, before turning to face the archway. And there was Tim, watching him with a stoic expression, with flicks of those gorgeous eyes.

Jason breathed, didn’t utter a word, and Tim walked in slowly. He was holding a small bag by it’s handles, but Jason barely noticed, too busy trying to read those eyes, that face. Every little movement Tim made- but god it was hard. Tim paused in front of him, turning to look at the counter, at the dinner Jason had wanted to be perfect for him.

And the smallest of smiles crossed his face.

“You cooked again,” Tim mused, turning back to face Jason. Jason nodded, and Tim reached up with his free hand, dragged his fingers along Jason’s cheek. “You’re a doll. Come, I have something for you.” Tim turned, walking away, but Jason didn’t follow. For a moment it was a repeat of the last night, and Jason was a disappointment somehow-

Tim paused in the archway, glancing back.

“Come now. I promise it won’t be like last night. We won’t be long.” Very carefully, Jason forced his legs to work, made them carry him across the room, so he could follow Tim out into the living room. Tim dropped down on the couch, and Jason settled next to him, situated to face him as Tim set the little bag he was holding in his lap. Tim reached inside, carefully pulling a sleek black box out, and holding it out.

Jason, for a moment, didn’t even realize it was for him.
It took Tim saying, “Open it, darling,” for him to move. He reached for the box, carefully held it in his hand as he lifted the lid off. He didn’t even set it down, simply stared at the contents, before his eyes glanced back up at Tim.

This couldn’t be for him.

“Do you like it?” Tim asked, getting his hands on his own thigh and leaning closer. Jason looked back down again, eyes moving over countless small diamonds, before Tim was reaching forward, nimble fingers getting into the box. “Here, look at it in the light.” He lifted it up, holding it in those hands that were goddess to Jason, offering it up like a true gift. Strands of diamonds held together in a delicate collar, one that Jason was sure looked too good to be touched by his skin. There was a small pendant hanging at the center, and Jason couldn’t stop himself- he reached out, traced his fingers over it.

The Ouroboros stared blankly at nothing, mouth wide as it devoured its own tail. Jason thought back to the charm on the ring Tim had put on his cock the night before, how he felt like this symbol should be burned into his skin. How he should be branded with it, as Tim’s eternal property.

Jason flipped the pendant, and on the back in very small curved script simply read Property of Timothy Drake Wayne. Jason swallowed thickly, his hands beginning to shake, and Tim smiled more.

“Let me put it on you.” Jason leaned forward, the box now forgotten in his lap, as Tim moved to meet him. He reached up, got his arms around Jason’s neck. Jason felt the cool bite from the diamonds, the white gold, and Tim’s fingers brushing the back of his neck as he carefully clasped it. When Tim pulled back, it was just enough for him to trace his fingers over it, press at the pendant as Jason grabbed at his own thighs. “Perfect,” he whispered, tipping his head and glancing up. “Gorgeous, just like you.”

Jason felt his throat closing up, over those words. Felt his heart stammering and stuttering and sputtering to some sort of whirlwind like death in its cage. His eyes stung and he tried to hold himself together, but he was breaking, breaking -

The tears started before he realized.

“Sweetheart,” Tim cooed, reaching up to wipe a trail of them away with his thumb. “What is it?” Jason looked away, hated that he was losing his composure, hated that maybe it would make Tim
“You think I’m gorgeous still,” Jason admitted, squeezing his eyes shut, trying to take a breath. “I wasn’t sure…” His voice cracked and he clamped his mouth shut, body shaking when he couldn’t hold it in any longer.

Jason felt Tim’s arms around him, and he leaned forward, pressed his face into his neck. He clutched at Tim, sobbing in the sort of way that left his chest and belly aching, as Tim rubbed his spine.

“Hush,” Tim whispered, kissing his hair. And then in a tone that was more bemused than anything else, “You dropped didn’t you?” Jason said nothing, couldn’t wrap his mind around what Tim was saying. “I thought you might. I’ll take better care of you next time Jason. I just had to prove something…” Tim pressed his cheek to Jason’s hair now, still holding him tightly. “Had to prove that you are mine. That I’m still untouchable.”

Jason wasn’t entirely sure he understood where Tim was going, but Tim’s hands on him already eased the ache in his belly. He turned his head carefully, pushing up enough to see Tim’s eyes- and they were alive with sky fire, crystalline and all seeing and insane in ways Jason would never know.

“You’re still my favorite,” Tim said, reaching up, cupping Jason’s cheek. “My darling. I’ve chosen you and I’ll keep you- and you’re so good.” Jason felt his breath hitching, and Tim leaned in, kissed his lips gently. “And I’m going to show you off, show the world just how much you please me.” Tim leaned back, pulled his hands from Jason, and Jason wanted to scream, wanted them back.

Had no idea he could crave like this, that it would last so long after Tim reduced him to pure nothing.

“There’s a gala,” Tim said, “and I should wait, but…” he paused, giggled, flashed the kind of smile that brought the world to it’s knees. “I’m not a patient girl. I want everyone to see you now, Jason. I think you’re ready.” He reached up, flicked the charm at Jason’s throat again. “Can you be my little pet while everyone is staring? Can you make me love you?”

Jason nodded without hesitation. Knew he’d do anything to have Tim’s love and approval now.

Couldn’t see that there was no way of ever un-doing what had been done to him. Couldn’t even see the webs Tim had weaved inside his skull.
And Tim just kept smiling. “That’s my boy.” He leaned in, gently kissed Jason’s lips with all the affection he craved. “Now, I promise not to waste another dinner you’ve made. Come on now, let me see what you’ve done.” He stood up, reaching down for Jason, and Jason took his hand.

Took it and never wanted to let go.

*

Tim flashed a charming smile at the camera that flashed, as he climbed out of the car. He heard his name being yelled, but he was used to that at galas. Everyone always wanted the best shot of Gotham’s finest, making their way into what felt like a different world.

Tim turned his back to them, leaning into the car and extending a hand. In the future he’d let Jason out first, would be thrilled to be pulled out of the car and directly into his arms. But for the moment he wanted to lead, wanted to parade him around like the perfect little accessory Tim had dolled him up to be that evening.

Jason glanced at his hand, before he took it, and Tim guided him out. He shut the door once Jason was standing, and turned them both, tangled their hands together and led him towards the entrance. He heard someone yelling at him, asking who the man was, and Tim turned, flashed his smile again, his glossed lips catching the light.

“He’s mine,” was all he offered, before he continued to lead Jason inside.

Once inside, the atmosphere changed. Tim kept his hold on Jason, guiding him through the brightly lit room.

“Stay by my side,” Tim said, echoing the words he’d offered Jason as he’d dressed him earlier. “Leave only if I tell you. Speak when spoken to.” He glanced up, and Jason was watching where they were moving, grey eyes flicking over every person in his sightline. Taking it in, understanding it, learning it.

It was a new world, Tim knew.

“Anything you want, tell me,” Tim continued, squeezing Jason’s fingers. “I’ll give it to you. Just remember the one thing you have to do.” Tim paused then, turning and reaching up, running his
fingers along the burgundy button down he’d barely half buttoned on Jason. His fingertips brushed warm, tanned skin, and he watched Jason’s lips part in a soft exhale. “Look at me like I’m a goddess.”

Jason nodded, and Tim knew he would. He’d listened perfectly, while Tim had slowly dressed him. While Tim had outlined the entire night, all the while giving him the lightest, most teasing of touches. And when he’d offered up the diamond collar, Jason had sat perfectly still, chin held high, while Tim had fastened it.

It was pure acceptance, and it made Tim squirm. Made him barely able to wait to get his hands on Jason later. And god if he was good, Tim planned to make the night unforgettable.

He’d make the rest of his life unforgettable.

He reached up, ran his fingers over Jason’s collar, and watched as Jason turned, the moment Tim was lifting his fingers higher, he was pressing his mouth to them. Silently, he kissed each one, before Tim pulled them away, worried he would be drawn in too deep. And he couldn’t justify sneaking away with his pet just yet.

He turned again, taking Jason’s hand and continuing to lead him through the crowds. He offered polite smiles and nods at those gathered he recognized, but knew the time for proper greetings would be later. First he had to find-

“There you are,” he heard, as a few yards away, Damian was folding his arms. His glass of champagne was barely touched, ignored and almost tipped too far with his stance. Bruce glanced back, standing in front of Damian, and Tim lifted his chin higher, walking over with Jason in perfect time a step behind him.

“You act as if I’m late,” Tim said, pausing as he reached up, gave Bruce’s shoulder a firm, affectionate squeeze, even while he looked at Damian. “I told you I wouldn’t be.”

Damian didn’t respond. He was looking past Tim, staring openly with large eyes, right at Jason. Even Bruce had turned, and his usual stoic expression was slipping into something akin to shock. Tim had to fight to keep himself in check, mouth wanting to curve into a smile. Oh, he almost wanted to laugh over their looks.

Instead, however, he ignored them completely. “Have you started making the rounds? I glanced over
the guest list but I didn’t study this time. Any surprises I need to be brought up on?” He let go of Jason’s hand completely, and to his silent delight, Jason stayed exactly where he was. Just behind Tim, visible like a looming statue. “I wanted to find you both before we started. Make it a family event.”

The word tasted a little strange, but Tim didn’t mind. He was good at lying to these two, at making himself up to be so good for them. Damian, he knew, saw through it. But the fact that he bit his tongue for the sake of their father- it made it all the sweeter.

“Drake,” Damian finally said, and when he moved he did spill his champagne. He jerked a little as half the glass dribbled to the floor, and Tim shook his head.

“Clumsy, sugar,” he teased, before turning half way, reaching up to gently touch Jason’s chest. “Darling, get him another glass. And one for me as well.” Jason nodded, and without a word turned, glancing around and eyeing a waiter making rounds with a tray full of glasses. Tim turned back, left Jason to the task, knew his own confidence over his pet’s movements was a part of the charm. “Best be careful, Damian. Wouldn’t want to stain that suit.”

Damian’s mouth opened, before it shut again. “Tim,” Bruce was saying, and Tim turned, glanced up at him, batted his thick lashes in that way he used to when he was just a teenager, and he wanted something.

“Yes?”

“Who-”

“Is that your plaything?” Damian, filling in before his father could. Tim glanced back at his brother, before he reached up, brushed his hair back.

“Jason is more than a plaything, Damian. He’s perfection.” Tim said it loud enough, knowing Jason must have been walking back, by the way Damian’s eyes darted behind him. Loud enough for him to hear. “But yes, this is the one I’ve been playing with.” He watched Jason step next to him, hold a glass of champagne out to Damian. Damian glanced at it, before he took it, and Jason was turning, offering the other to Tim. “Thank you,” Tim said, pushing up and pressing a soft kiss to Jason’s cheek. And then in a soft whisper, “good boy.”

He heard Jason’s little breath, as he took the glass. Tim turned back to the rest, taking a sip, enjoying
their little stares.

“Beautiful, isn’t he? And good. No mistakes, like the last one.” Tim lifted his glass in a mock toast. “I have good taste.” He took another sip, watched Damian shoot his father a nervous look- and oh, nerves weren’t something he saw often enough, on the younger.

“Tim,” Bruce said, again, but Tim only flashed a smile.

“The lectures can wait. They aren’t necessary. I’ll create less of a scandal than you ever have, dad. Jason won’t get me into trouble, will you, sweetheart?” Tim turned to face him again.

“No,” Jason said- the first word he’d spoken since they had left Tim’s penthouse. Tim gave him an affectionate smile, turning back to Bruce.

“He needs me, Bruce. And he knows it. He’s okay with it. Now,” Tim paused, took a sip of his champagne, “are we making the rounds like a good family, or do you want us perceived as rude?”

*

Tim felt pleasantly warm, from the champagne. Even more so from the glances and open stares he was receiving. Not a single person failed to rake their eyes over Jason, to stare at the collar on his neck. They’d let their eyes wander from Tim, as he spoke, to Jason, standing perfectly silent behind him.

He spoke only when spoken to. He did whatever Tim asked. Occasionally, Tim felt his hand on the small of his back. And whenever Tim offered even the slightest affection, Jason took it and silently begged for more.

He was so perfect that Tim could barely contain himself.

Tim excused them from the couple he was speaking with, turning, and knowing Jason was mimicking his movements. Instead of heading back into the large gathering, however, Tim turned, heading away from the crowds. There was a comfort to Jason’s footsteps behind him, knowing the man was following and not having to look.
Down the hallway, and Tim was pushing open the heavy door to the bathroom. It was lit too brightly, but he managed to ignore it, walking towards the jade sinks and leaning over one, checking his reflection. Jason had paused a few steps back, giving him space, and Tim smiled to himself, dragging it out.

There was also a joy in making Jason wait.

He brushed at his hair, studied the liner around his eyes, the gloss to his lips. And only when he felt he had nothing else to examine, did he turn around, leaning back against the sinks.

“Come here.” He didn’t address Jason, but Jason listened, moving towards Tim. He paused in front of him, a bit close, and Tim reached out, grabbed him by his belt and jerked him in the last step, until Jason was flush to him. “It’s just us. Talk.”

“They’re staring at me,” Jason admitted, glancing away. Tim giggled over that, curling his fingers in Jason’s belt and holding tightly.

“Of course they are. You’re gorgeous. Everyone in that room wants to sink their teeth into you.” Tim leaned in, his breath on Jason’s jaw. “But none of them would be good to you like I am, would they?” Jason gently shook his head, and Tim smiled. “That’s right. You know that. You wouldn’t think otherwise, right?”

“Never.” Not a single moment of hesitation. Tim heard Jason’s hands twitching, shifting at his sides.

“Put them on me.” Jason reached out then, grasped at Tim’s waist, keeping him close, as Tim leaned his cheek on Jason’s shoulder. He let his eyes fall shut, Jason’s hands moving to his back, until he was settled against his chest. “You’ve been sublime,” Tim whispered, “everyone is staring because they’re jealous. But eventually they’ll know. This whole city- no, the world will expect to see you with me. I won’t be complete without you.” Tim nuzzled in, towards Jason’s neck, the diamonds on his collar brushing his cheek. “You need me.”

Even if, a breath before, Tim had said that he wouldn’t be complete without Jason. Even if Tim knew he would go mad, if this man ever left him. If Jason somehow wriggled free of his grasp, if someone ever took him for themselves-

“You can never leave.” Tim breathed it against Jason’s warm skin, felt the man’s hands splaying on his back. And then, after a moment, he felt Jason’s lips in his hair. Tim smiled, couldn’t help it,
couldn’t *deny* how good it felt, knowing that Jason *wouldn’t*.

That he was all this man had, and ever would. That Jason had *accepted* the life Tim offered him, accepted comfort and the guarantee of someone loving him, if only to give up his every freedom. If only to give up choice.

“We’re not staying much longer,” Tim said, still not moving. “I want to take you home. I want you to see how good you’ve been. See what you’ll get everytime you make me proud.” He felt Jason squeeze him in a tight hug, and then he was whispering into Tim’s hair, now that he was given the *freedom* to speak, with just the two of them.

Except that what he was repeating, between little kisses, Tim would have been just *fine* with the word hearing.

*I love you*. Unquestioning, unchallenging. True because Jason simply didn’t *have* other love to compare this feeling to.

Tim shivered, gripping tighter at Jason’s felt, swearing he was going to ruin the leather with his own hold. “Sweetheart,” he managed, lifting his head slowly. “I love you too.”

Because to Tim, this was love. And that was all he’d ever see it as. Not obsession, not something *wretched* or *vile*. It was simply him showing affection to something he held power over. Something pleasing to him, until it *wasn’t*.

But he didn’t doubt Jason would please him until the end of his days. And, oh, that faith- it had to be love itself, didn’t it?

**Chapter End Notes**

And just because I *have* to, for my peace of mind: for the love of god remember this is not love and not at all what a healthy relationship should be. Please. *Please.*

**End Notes**
I swear there's some background on Jason coming eventually. Hopefully I can keep the drive and get another chapter to you guys in the somewhat near future!

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