

An evening in

by mazaher and athens7

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(Patrick's pov)

We passed the day out, each on his own. He on his round of visits, with a stop at the Library of the Royal Society of Medicine in Hanover Square to consult the latest reviews; I to ostensibly keep my four-monthly appointment with my solicitor in Gray's Inn, but in fact wasting my time and his by looking out of the window at the blackbirds on the South Square, and thinking of Jack.

I was back by four, and waited for him with an impatience that, I am sure, our housekeeper did not miss. I sent her home early. Jack came home late. We had each other, as deeply as two persons can ever be blessed to.

He is masterful when he buggers me and oh-so-soft when I do, when all his being seems to open up for me to enter. He comes like a revelation. And I, I drown. But he holds me and I feel safe --for a few moments-- from the danger I am to us both.

He is making tea now, a small frown as he measures out the exact dose of Ceylon and Assam as though they were the dry, healing poisons in a medical prescription. Outside, the last of winter is fighting a losing battle with the vanguards of springtime, saved only by the chill of the coming evening. Beyond the open curtains, the sky is clear iridescent glass.



“One crumpet, or two?”

His deep voice breaks the almost-ecstasy of this perfect moment, bringing me back to the realities of the physical world and to a different, but equally intense awareness. He is sitting on the armchair next to the tea-table, naked, and he looks up at me, with a cup and saucer in his hand, waiting for my answer to supply me with a perfect offering.

What have I done, gods of heaven and earth, to deserve his devotion? Or rather, for I know I am not worthy, what will be the price of this charmed moment? I beg you, let me settle it alone. May he never be burdened by my faults.

“One. ...Thank you,” I add. I must work on my manners. He is always polite, with friends as well as strangers, because he is afraid of no-one and kind to all. For me, nearness seems to be an excuse for rudeness. I raise my cup and drink, eyeing him over the rim. I love his moustache, where thin strands of silver are threading through deep chestnut. His hair is still all dark, but the perfection of age is just beginning to touch the thicker strands on his lip and groin. Now that he turns to the side to light up the lamp, the skin of his back and waist glows pale golden.

Should I embrace him, as I am tempted to do, and lose myself in the details, or should I keep the distance that allows me to enjoy him whole?

The choice is taken from me when he turns back and his eyes meet mine.

(Jack's pov)

I'm afraid I'll need to find the time for another visit to the Library. No matter how much I search my brain, I seem unable to recall one single line of all the articles I consulted not even three hours ago.

Well, he that is without a sin cast the first stone, as they say. Patrick's goodbye upon my leaving the house consisted of him pressing me against the wall - chest to chest and groin to groin -, of him licking my lips and whispering in my ear, "Please, come home soon". So you see, Judge and Jury, how is a respectable gentleman supposed to function in the outside world after something like that?

He owns me, quietly and completely, and every time I dwell on it, I come to the conclusion that there is no greater freedom than giving yourself over to another, without holding anything back and with no fear of being hurt in return. I trust him with all I am, but it's not often that I need for him to brand me in the most basic of physical ways. Today was one of those days.

I came home, finally, the rooftops already gilded with the red of sunset. I came home, and stripped myself for him, while doing my best to avoid his heated, hungry gaze, because otherwise I would've blushed down to my chest and well, I would actually like to retain some modicum of dignity, even if it's all rather *pro forma* by now. He took me, right there on the sofa, but before that he courted me with his hands, his fingers, and for a few terrible, dazzling moments, I honestly thought I was going to weep, decency and age be damned.

I wanted to weep, because nothing, *nothing* in this world is more glorious than the sight and the feel of Patrick Moriarty knowing what he wants and finally taking it, full of desire and devoid of all reserve.

Weren't I already a believer, he could make me one with that wicked flick of the wrist of his. He is a force of nature in those moments, unstoppable and sacred in his purity, and it is my greatest honour to let myself be swept away in his wake.

I try not to indulge too often in counting my blessings but when, on top of that honour, you add the privilege of holding him, afterwards, while he valiantly tries to gather the scattered pieces of us, and to drag himself back to shore...

I need to stop breathing then, just for a second or two, and remind myself that yes, we are still flesh, and yes, we are still in this imperfect, beautiful world.

Here I am, making tea and offering scones, in a half-hearted pantomime of English civility. Easing our way back to the mundane as softly as I possibly can.

Then I make the mistake of looking back at him (*really* look), sprawled on the sofa like a well-fed cat, glowing like a statue with the satisfaction of his orgasm, all the while sipping his tea, even though his expression suggests he doesn't quite know what to do with the cup. I look at him, and I can't sit still any longer, the few paces between the armchair and that sofa choking me like a boiling ocean.

I stand, and go to him. Actually, "throw myself at him" would be a much more accurate description (and I always strive for accuracy, in all matters concerning Mister Moriarty). He rewards me with a most delightful *oomph!*; a wrestling session ensues, which ultimately sends us to the carpeted floor in a tangle of naked skin and pillows and remnants of clothing.

“What the hell... Shouldn’t that hideous moustache lend you some measure of maturity at last?!” he half-shouts, trying in vain to escape my grip. Such a poor fighter, my Patrick. All critical thinking and no exercise. Well, aside from that of the sexual variety, of course. But I digress.

“You *love* it, there’s no use denying it by now,” I say, propping myself on my elbows, which in turn go to frame his head.

“Besides,” I add, thumb and forefinger twirling one end of the aforementioned moustache, “You got it all backwards. It’s actually a masterful disguise to lull the people around me into a false sense of security, trapping them inside the illusion that I am a respectable member of society.”

“Oh my, please stop it, you are ridiculous,” he says, his voice oddly strained. He risks a quick glance at me, then returns to burrowing his face against my chest.

“*Mwahahah*,” it’s my reply, fingers still twirling.

He is trembling. But before the first ounce of worry coursing through me can turn into something more, I realize that he is... laughing. A real, proper laugh, starting deep in his throat and filling his mouth, and my heart.

Please, let me see you like this, I pray, taking his face in my hands, gently extracting it from its hiding place against my chest.

I kiss him, his chin, his lips, the chiseled line of his jaw, making sure to tickle him with the moustache in the process.

Shivers run through him, turning the remains of his laughter into a low, long moan, and at the end of that...

“God... *God*, I love you.”

Our eyes meet, and everything stops.

I... I don’t understand why I still react like this, after all these years.

I know, of course I know, always have and always will.

But... but words *have* power, his more than anyone else’s.

Maybe it’s not even about the need for confirmation. Maybe it is all because he says those words, and I can see that, for one moment, he *believes* in them. I’m not talking about the feeling *per se*; as I said, I know he loves me, as I know that he never doubted it.

No, the fact is... For one moment, he actually believes he has the *right* to say them, and to get everything they entail, without fear of having the Heavens pouring down on his head in punishment.

It’s beautiful. It’s all I have ever wanted for him. It makes me feel like the most powerful man on Earth.

“And I love you, darling.”

This is real. This is us. We are here.

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