



The book was heavy on Ray's lap, heavy and teasing wedged against his crotch. He stared at the page, trying to fill in the details on the picture with what he was about to see; if Ben ever finished developing the damn photos.

He jumped to his feet as he heard the bedroom door open, letting the book slide to the floor.

"At last! I thought I was gonna die of waiting."

"That's hardly possible Ray. I may be out of practice...."

"Okay wise guy. Let's see 'em."

Ray moved to the bedroom before Ben could take more than a couple of steps towards him. Ben waited for him to reach his side, watching him with a faint frown crinkling his eyebrows. And there was more color in his partner's face than normal. Ray stopped a few paces away and felt his stomach knot for the first time.

"What? You're not done yet? I thought you said.... Are they hideous? Do I look like a freak?"

"No, no. The photographs are...you look... beautiful in them Ray."

"Then what?"

"It's not important." Ben cracked his neck and the frown disappeared.

Ray sat down on the bed and sighed. "Bring 'em on then."

"As you wish."

The mattress dipped as the other man settled next to him. Ray closed his eyes as Ben gave him the photographs. They felt cool and smooth against his suddenly too large hand. He wiped his free hand against the woven cotton of his bedspread and breathed in sharply.

You can do this Kowalski. You... posed for these. How hard can it be?

Ray rubbed a hand across the bare skin of his chest and frowned.

"Are you all right, Ray?"

Ray opened his eyes and found a smile. "I'm good. Just a little...."

"Apprehensive?" Ben's eyes were worried but he was smiling slightly.

"Yeah, that works."

"There's no need to be. You are very photogenic and the photographs are...well, you can see for yourself."

The faint flush Ray noticed earlier had deepened into a definite blush but Ben wasn't uncomfortable. Not uncomfortable at all. Ray took a closer look at his companion. His eyes were darker but then the light was low. He was breathing kinda, well not hard but faster than usual, and the bulge in his jeans was much more definite.

Oh yeah! This was turning Ben on, just as the pictures in that Kama book had. The photo session itself had been mind blowing. Ben had been wild by the time he'd started

touching Ray. This was gonna be good. Could only be good.

Ray wiped his free hand again and felt his cock beginning to stir and lengthen inside the soft cotton of his sweats. *Okay, cool it Kowalski or this will be over before you even look at the damn photographs.*

The photographs were rolled into a loose scroll; even the ones from the lab were flattened before they arrived in the Squad Room. The edges of these were curled up so that you couldn't really tell what they were of. It was odd. It felt like looking at treasure maps, which kind of fitted the situation in a weird way.

Weird, yeah that was a good word for his life ever since Fraser had called his name that first time. He wouldn't change it though, well, except for the name thing. He'd rather be Kowalski any day.

Ray unrolled the scroll and held them so that he could get a close look at the pictures. The first photograph was ordinary... well not ordinary in that it was a good photo of him. An upper body shot, he was lying on his bed, one arm hooked behind his head, his other hand resting on his bare chest, smiling up at the camera. He looked relaxed, happy even, and he looked like himself.

Maybe it was the black and white film they'd used. Color film did scary things to Ray's skin and hair color sometimes. His wedding photos had been okay but they were definitely the exception.

Ray couldn't help but feel good at the absence of the sting that normally went with the word wedding.

Keep it on track here.

"I'm a little out of practice at photography, Ray. The composition could be a lot better in most of the photographs..."

"Ben."

"What?"

"Shut up. I don't care about that stuff. This is a good photo because it's me, not the mutant that usually shows up whenever there's a camera around."

"Ray I..." Ben's intended words fell away as he started laughing.

Ray smiled to himself and turned his attention back to the photographs. The first few shots were more or less innocent. It had taken him a little while to loosen up. He'd expected Ben to take even longer to get into the groove, but once he'd picked up Ray's old camera he had been fine.

Here we go.

This one was a full body shot; Ray still lying on the bed but this time his hand was inside the open fly of his jeans. Nothing relaxed about his face now. There was only one word for that smile...or maybe two... invitation and tease.

Ray breathed deeply for a moment or two. He hadn't expected that... that the camera would get so close, almost inside his head.

No smile in the next one, his face was turned into the curve of the arm hooked behind his head. He was still wearing his jeans but the fly was open, open enough to display everything. And his other hand was wrapped around his cock.

Ray heard Ben take in a deep breath and Ray closed his eyes. He was back there, on his bed, touching himself, jerking himself off. It had been intense. Ben liked to watch. Ray had found that pretty early on, but with the camera, it had been like the first time they had tried it all over again.

He had really got off on that, hadn't expected it to make that much difference...Ben watching him was more than hot enough, but through the camera. Jesus, he had gone from hardening, to more than ready, to go, just thinking about it.

Ray opened his eyes at the slide of Ben's hand against his jaw. He started to speak but Ben's lips were there and Ray forgot about talking. It could wait.

"You like this don't ya?" Ray pulled back to breathe.

"Kissing you? Of course I do." Ben's mouth was busy on his neck but Ray could hear the twinkle in the too smooth voice.

“Not the kissing. Freak. Not the kissing, the photos, the camera.” Ray found some exasperation to put in his voice.

Ben leaned away from him. “Yes I do. It was unexpected but I do.” He smiled and bent down to pick up the photos from the floor.

“Unexpected huh?”

Ray watched Ben’s long blunt finger trace the line of his naked body on the photo he was holding. He shivered almost as if that fingertip was running along his hipbone in reality. He was as hard as he’d ever been in his life and Ben had barely touched him.

“That you would do this, would let me.”

Ben’s voice faltered and Ray jumped in before the second-guessing could start.

“Why not, Ben? It’s not hurting anyone and besides it’s as hot as hell. What it does for you. Knowing that you’re getting all worked up is ...well....”

“Hot.” The hint of laughter in Ben’s voice was exactly what Ray needed to hear.

“Yeah. You know what, though?”

Ray leant in to kiss Ben’s beautiful mouth. It was too distracting to sit here like this, talking like this and not have Ben’s weight and skin all over him.

This time Ben broke the kiss. “What, Ray?”

“Uh?” Ray slid his hands under the white T-shirt Ben was still wearing. Ben’s skin was so smooth and warm. Ray was never going to get over how much heat this man pumped out.

“What were you going to say?” Ben’s mouth descended to Ray’s left shoulder and Ray closed his eyes.

“So good.”

The sharp sting of Ben’s teeth sank in just above his collarbone. “That wasn’t it.” Another nip and then Ben’s tongue licked at the spot he had just bitten.

“No.” Ray found words in the scrambled remains of his brain. “The picture in the Karma Suture thing, the one that

kicked this whole thing off. You really liked that, yeah?”

Ben’s mouth was gone now but his hands were shaping and rubbing over Ray’s chest. Fingers dragged over his nipples and Ray’s back arched.

“It’s Sutra as you well know.” Ben’s voice had deepened and his breathing was ragged. “Yes I did like it, but I don’t understand?”

“Wanna do that? You and me, it’d be so fucking hot.”

“We’ve done that... oh, I see.”

Ben’s hands were gone from his stomach and chest. Ray stopped working his mouth along the lines of Ben’s neck and shoulders.

Fuck. He should have known. But he had to try.

“Look Ben we don’t have to...I only thought. I mean it’s fantastic when we do it that way but I can’t see you and that picture...”

“Sssh. Ray. I was surprised. I hadn’t thought.” Ben pulled him close and Ray wrapped his arms tight around his partner. “I’d like... yes, let’s try that.”

“Really?”

Ray pushed back against Ben’s tight embrace and looked at his face. Ben was smiling, blushing but smiling.

“Yes. Your camera has a timer function. I noticed that when I was familiarising myself with it....”

Ray gathered his brain as his partner moved towards the bedroom door. “You really want to do this? Now?”

“I think now would be the best time.” Ben turned in the doorway, a wry smile lifting the corners of his eyes.

“Let’s rock and roll.”

The camera was set up. Ben had spent surprisingly little time fussing with the angles and lighting. Much less than last time.

Who would have thought? Ben had an exhibitionist streak, well hidden, but it was there. Ray grinned to himself as he lay on the bed and watched his partner undress.

Ray was ready to rumble and couldn't resist the urge to touch the aching weight of his erection. Ben had stopped undressing and was watching him.

"I'd better stop hadn't I?" Ray left his hand where it was, holding his cock lightly.

"That would be best." Ben's hands were busy again and Ray could wait.

Ben paused at the camera and then crossed rapidly to the bed. Ray was ready for him and curved into the right position as Ben's hips moved parallel with his mouth.

Ben's hands were on Ray's hips as he adjusted him to the perfect angle and then the hot slick warmth of his partner's mouth was around him. Ray licked his way around the crown of Ben's cock, and then slid his mouth down over the reddened, swollen length.

Ray was lost in the thick push of Ben's cock in his mouth. The taste and heat of him was all that mattered. A brief flash of light startled him and he only just controlled the press of his teeth into Ben's flesh. Ben thrust more deeply, but Ray was expecting that, needed that.

"The camera."

The hum of the words around his cock sent Ray flying higher and he pushed more deeply into the tight suction of Ben's mouth. Another harder thrust from Ben was his reward.

Ray was starting to fly apart but he needed this to last. He always wanted it to go on and on. This feeling that there was nothing in the world but the taste, heat and warmth of Ben over him, inside him.

He eased off on the fast, hard rhythm they had established. Ben caught his unspoken signal a heartbeat or two later and slowed his thrusts to match. They settled into a delicious knowing pace that pushed them as high as they could go without finishing it.

They held it off but it couldn't last forever. The heat gathered in Ray's spine and pushed through his skin and every nerve in his body. Ben was shaking and his cock was thickening and twitching in Ray's mouth. Another deep thrust and Ray was coming hard in Ben's mouth just as Ben shuddered and Ray's mouth was filled with his taste.

Ray rolled onto his back. "Ben that was ... intense."

"I know."

Ben's mouth was on his own, intent on a thorough search-and-explore operation and Ray knew the rest could wait, would have to wait.

Fraser was gone again.

Ray raised his head from the crime scene shots and took a discreet survey of the Squad Room over Dewey's left shoulder. The familiar, unsubtle shade of scarlet was totally absent from the swirling chaos, well, the parts that Ray could actually see.

That made it what the fourth, or maybe the fifth time his partner had muttered an "Excuse me" and left in the last couple of hours; definitely not normal behavior, even for Fraser. What was up with that? Fraser was the original camel bladder, all those hours of making like a toy soldier outside the consulate. Or more likely spending way too much time where you could lose something important if you stopped to pee.

Maybe he was sick. Not that he ever was but still Fraser was just the type to keep going unless he couldn't actually walk, even then....

"What do you think about here, Vecchio?" Dewey's impatient voice and the sharp prod of his elbow into Ray's ribs dragged his attention back to the case.

"Yeah right...I think that would work. We could have one car here and another here which would cover the exits. Backup

here maybe?" Ray tapped his forefinger on the battered map as he spoke.

"Or here." Huey pointed to another location slightly further out from their target. "Less chance of being noticed."

"That's the better choice gentlemen." Welsh's voice very close to his right ear nearly forced Ray out of his own skin but he managed to control his start into a twitch.

"If I may Sir, this location may well prove...."

Fraser was back.

Ray snuck a look at his partner out of the corner of his eye. Fraser was slightly flushed and his hair was a little damp at his temples, but he looked bright eyed and well rested. The lines around his eyes that were very obvious when he was tired were nowhere to be seen.

Not sick then.

So what the fuck was up with him?

Ray moved closer to Fraser and waited for him to stop speaking. "You okay?" he muttered, almost under his breath.

Fraser started slightly and loosened his collar. "I am fine... it's just a little warm in here. I am afraid I had to step out to...."

"Cool off a little?" That made sense, Fraser's only sign that he ever actually noticed the heat was splashing his face with cold water. It wasn't that warm though, but Ray wasn't wearing the fifty thousand regulation layers that made up the Mountie's uniform.

Fraser nodded, and blushed.

What the hell was that all about?

Welsh was glaring at them and Ray turned his attention back to what the Lieutenant was saying.

"I think we have it there. We'll move in on them at three. Vecchio, you relieve Patterson and keep an eye on them until then. Let's do this right. I don't want these scumbags to get off on a technicality."

Ray shook himself. "You got it. Frase, you ready?"

"No you don't, Constable. The...uh...uniform is a little too conspicuous."

"But Sir, it was Fraser's...."

Ray shut his mouth at the look Welsh sent his way. The Lieutenant was on a shorter fuse than normal today and even he knew it wasn't wise to push it.

"If you'd let me finish, Detective. Constable can you get into street clothes and be back here in time to join us for the bust?"

"Of course, Lieutenant. I'll be here at 2:30."

Fraser's voice was as smooth and polite as ever but Ray was very sure that he hadn't imagined the flash of relief in those deep blue eyes.

Something was very hinky with his partner.

Fraser was very quiet, too quiet. Ray signed the last part of his share of the massive amounts of paperwork the takedown had spawned.

"You ready to get out of here?"

No answer, Ray looked up. Fraser was sitting in the chair next to Ray's desk but his eyes were shut and he showed no sign that he had even heard Ray's voice. He was smiling slightly, whatever or wherever he was seemed to be a very good place.

"Hey, Frase, Fraser. Anyone home? FRASER!"

"Oh... yes Ray?"

Fraser blinked; color flared in his cheeks and burned brighter still when he caught Ray's look.

"I asked if you were ready to go. You know, blow this place and make our way home?" Ray stood and grabbed his leather jacket from the back of his chair.

"Yes, I am ready to leave. I have been for some time." Fraser ran a finger around the inside of the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Looked like you already had." Ray muttered but he'd known that Fraser would pick up on it.

"I was thinking." Fraser held open the Squad Room door.

"Not power napping then?"

“Of course not Ray, my eyes would have been open then.”

So Ben wanted to play. He could do that; he could always do that. Ray fumbled for his keys and unlocked the GTO.

“So you want to get something to eat?” Ray settled himself in the driver’s seat.

“If you do. I...”

“Had something else in mind?” Ray powered up the GTO.

“You could say that.” Ben’s voice was very smooth but Ray had caught the quirk of his mouth as he glanced over.

“It was kind of obvious. So where to?”

“Your apartment, where else?” Ben was smiling, really smiling; Ray could hear it in his voice.

“You’re not going to tell me are you?”

“Pitter patter Ray.”

Ben slid his hand onto Ray’s thigh and squeezed lightly as Ray pulled up at the stoplight. Ray shivered and went from soft to hard in what felt like a heartbeat. Like Ben had hit a switch. Nothing new there but it still surprised him.

It seemed to take forever to reach his apartment even though the roads were clear, well, for Chicago at any rate.

Ray pushed the door shut behind them. “C’mon, give it up, Ben.”

Ben was hanging his jacket up in the closet and just turned his head to let Ray see his smile.

Ray shed his own jacket onto the nearest chair and flopped on the couch. He could wait, he didn’t do patience well but he could play this game.

Ben seated himself on the other end of the couch. “I came over last night while you were at the stakeout.”

“Oh yeah?”

Ray raised an eyebrow. Ben had a key but usually only used it when he knew Ray would be arriving home late. Ben had not been around when he had eventually made it home just before the sun got up.

“To use the darkroom.” Ben fumbled in his shirt pocket and pulled out a photograph.

“Oh.” Ray sat up straight. “Is that?”

“Yes.”

Ben handed him the photo and Ray noticed that his hand was shaking. Ray felt his heartbeat skid up and his own fingers nearly trembled as he turned the picture over.

Fuck.

It was better than the book. Okay, the lighting was not as artistic and he would win no prizes as a model.

But Jesus that was Ben’s dark head curved into his groin and him sucking on Ben. It looked as good as it had felt at the time. His breathing was gone. Ben hadn’t touched him and he could already feel the growl building in his chest and throat.

Ray swallowed. “So this is what had you stirred up all day?” He put the photo down on the coffee table.

“Hmm.”

Even if Ben had wanted to expand on that annoying syllable Ray had no intention of letting him and sealed his mouth over Ben’s pretty lips. Whatever Ben wanted to say could wait, would have to wait.

End

