





“Ray, Ray, Ray, Ray... Ray!”

Usually Frase sounds aggravated when he’s saying that, but I have to admit, I’m beginning to like this half-confused, half-turned on thing. If anyone would have told me when the two of us partnered up that we’d be here, like this, I’d have probably jumped Bogart all over them. Then again, a lot has happened between then and now. A lot has happened to the way I think, the way I do things. Took me a good long while to admit I needed Frase as a friend, took me even longer to admit I needed him as...more.

And now I got him. All mine. No one else’s. I’ve got to admit, this whole relationship with another guy thing has been easier than I thought it would’ve been. I never thought about myself in those terms before. Well, honestly, I never thought about myself beyond the terms of being the Ray in Ray and Stella. That’s all different now, though. Now it’s Ray and Frase. Ray and Ben. Just the way I want it.

“Really, Ray, I’m not certain that this is the most...”

Oh no. None of that talking stuff. No way, not when we haven’t seen the inside of a building in weeks. I only got one thing on my mind, and I don’t think it’s gonna take too much persuading to get Frase to see

things my way here. All that cold air keeps us too far away from each other most of the time. Sure we can snuggle up in a sleeping bag and stuff, but damn, some things you just need warmth to accomplish. There are some parts of my anatomy I don’t want freezing off, thank you very kindly.

I’m nothing if not determined, so I decide to cut his likely Inuit story off with a kiss. Put the heat into it. Seal my mouth over his and go to town, like I’m breathing his air. I swear I’ve had an air fixation ever since that ‘buddy breathing’ thing back on the Henry Anderson. It works too. He shuts up and puts up, throws everything he has into our kiss. Damn, I never get tired of that rush. That sweet rush of heat, need, and everything else that goes along with Benton Fraser’s lips being locked to mine like we’re drowning.

He’s making noises in the back of his throat, halfway between a purr and a growl. Love getting him to make that noise. Lets me know I got him just where I want him. My hands start to go wandering, oh yeah. Love how firm his muscles feel beneath his sweater. Turns me on every time. Judging from the way he arcs his chest up into my hands, it turns him on too. Good.

I let my hands run up under his sweater, searching for the edge of his henley, finally get my hands on bare skin.

Oh yeah. Still can't get over how soft the man's skin is. I pull back just as my hands start planing up his chest. Have to see his face; it's some sort of compulsion. Love that look. 'Perfect Mountie' flies right out of the window when he gets like this. I look at him and all I see is this wild, passionate, crazy Ben. Flushed face, swollen lips, and damn, eyes that go dark like obsidian that just scream 'animal'. My animal. Mine....

The lizard brain is definitely taking over now, because he isn't even trying to talk anymore. And I just can't seem to keep from shivering when his strong, blunt hands end up on my back, and start inching their way downward. Mmm...yeah. Time for another kiss. Dive in. Ungh, perfect hands. Perfect hands doing perfect things to my ass through about ten fucking layers of fabric. Ten layers of frustration. Okay, time to pull back again, time to get undressed.

"Too many clothes here, Ben."

Definitely too many clothes. My fingers are itching to get under all those damn layers.

"Right you are, Ray."

Smug bastard. I can hear the chuckle in his voice, even if his face just plastered that innocent 'I'm Mister Perfect Mountie' façade all over itself. I know how to wipe that look right off his snow-white skin though. It gets me right in the pit of my gut when he jerks against me just as my teeth nip into the flesh at the crook of his neck. Yeah, that worked. Worked *real* well.

All of a sudden his hands are tearing all of my clothes off me at once. Well, it sure seems like it at least. Okay, two can play this game, Ben. I'm no slouch in the 'disrobing my partner' department here either. Sink my teeth in again and listen to him make that low little growl that really turns my crank. Sweet. I don't know why, but his skin tastes sweet, and I've got one hell of a sweet tooth.

Damn, I'm still trying to tug his shirts over his head, and his hands are all over me. Like fire. Hot, hot blinding fire. Focus here, Ray, focus. One, two, tug, heave.... Oh yeah, that's it, naked skin. My mouth is going

about ten times faster than my brain, and I'm licking and biting my way across his chest. Strong hands on my back again, that's it. Feels so damn good, feels like I'm gonna lose it right here, right now.

He knows it too. I can tell. Can read it in his movements. I'm not an expert on body language for nothing, y'know. Gotta keep my head together because his hands... Oh wow. Fire, yeah, like that. Just. Like. That. I'm trying to keep my eyes open, trying to keep from going under and losing all control when his lips lock over mine again. Feels like I'm being branded. Marked. Go on, mark me, I'm yours. Every inch. Inside and out.

Somehow I'm losing control of the situation here. Hell, who the fuck cares? Who, other than maybe Fraser, would be able to think when agile hands are running up and down their spine, dipping down, kneading their ass. I sure can't. All I can do is lean against Ben's warm, steady body and push my ass backwards into those fucking amazing hands. All I can do is moan like a depraved lunatic needing a major Fraser fix.

Okay, get some semblance of a mind back here. If this keeps up, my plan will be right out the window. I've been submitting... subminti...submissive here though, so I got the...the... what d'ya call it? The element of surprise... yeah, that, here. Dip my shoulder down, and push, and he's right where I want him. Flat on his back in the bed. Civilization is good. Civilization is my libido's friend. Of course I went sprawling on top of him, but hey, I can go with that.

Rake my eyes down his body; can't help it, he's so fucking perfect. I keep trying to come up with another word, but I can't. Perfect just fits. Somehow I seem to have mutated into some kind of octopus or something, because it seems like I'm touching every inch of that pale, creamy skin at once. Can't get enough of it. Who's the wild animal now, Frase? Steal a peek down at his face and it suddenly hits me. He's just as much of a wild animal right

now as I am. He's letting me do this. He could stop me at any fucking time he wanted too. Damned if that doesn't send a shudder up my spine. Just the thought of that. Yeah.

I let my lips start following my fingers, because suddenly I have this urgent need to taste the man. Sweet. He still tastes sweet. Swirl my tongue around his navel, and the way his hips jerk upward tell me everything I need to know. His station's coming in loud and clear here. I'm too damn hungry and needy for this to draw it out, and before my brain even thinks it, my mouth wraps itself around the object of its obsession, Fraser's thick, warm, hard cock.

Relax my jaw, relax the back of my throat and, just like that, I'm purring and he's growling. Can't keep his hips still. I'm breaking through that Mountie control. It's become a hobby of mine.... My senses go into overdrive when he starts thrusting his hips. The only thing existing right now is his cock in my mouth. That's all I want to exist, that and the fingers twisting in my hair, kneading my scalp, kinda like a cat, encouraging me. Like I need the encouragement

Let his cock slip from my mouth, and run my tongue over, around, up, down. I can feel him tensing, thinking about snatching control back all to himself. Not this time, Benton-buddy. I take a deep breath and swallow him whole, that's got him. Got me too. My cock is aching and throbbing right along in time with his. Close. Too close.

No mind anymore. Heat. Pleasure. Need. No thought. Waves. Waves of pleasure. Want. Sound. White-hot. Yeah. That. Crashing. Over and over. Falling. Wow. Oh yeah...

Wow. Just, just wow. That was like both of us jumping off a cliff at the same time. Nothing else has even come close. Ben's panting, trying to get his breath back. I am too. Pull myself back up the motel bed, then collapse on top of him. Go boneless. Arms wrapping around me, and he's so

damn warm, like a furnace. Feels good. I manage to get enough energy to wrap myself around him as much as I can. Can hear him murmuring something.

"I love you, Ray." Lips sliding over my forehead.

"Love you just as much, Ben." And I do. More every day. Turn my face upward, lean up for a kiss. Warm lips sucking the soul right out of me.

Sweet. He still tastes sweet.

End