



Apartment seems kinda, well, way empty. Fraser's gotta take the Ice Queen to a dip-lo-ma-tic function. Won't be home 'til late. No one needed me for stakeouts, so it's Dief and me on our own tonight. I gave him a good run in the park and we chowed big time on Thai. He's sleeping now, almost snoring. I'm at loose ends. It's not like Frase 'n me are joined at the hip. Might as well be, though, ever since we kinda took that partnership thing all the way to its logical conclusion.

Yeah. Since I lost my mind, while Fraser was lecturing me oh-so-patiently on the foolhardiness - foolhardiness, where the hell does he get these words? - of driving a motorcycle through a window, and the best way I could think of to fucking shut him up was to lean over my kitchen table and kiss him. So I did. Mr. Instinct, didn't we just go through this on that boat? Ship? Whatever. And since I figured I had about ten seconds before Mr. Logic freaked and ended up somewhere north of the North Pole I made it good, tongue and all. And I nearly passed out when his tongue met mine and his arms went around me, kinda slow, but that's Fraser, could've just been Fraser being slow and not reluctant at all. Well, I mean, obviously now I can see that he wasn't reluctant at all.

And ever since the boat, ship, *whatever*, since he turned down his transfer, I'd wanted him. Realized I wanted him in every way, I mean. Realized when he slapped my gun outta the air that I'd never had that kinda rapport, that kinda friendship, with anyone in my whole life. I

finally had sense enough to know that this was a once in a lifetime thing; and I'd been worried about stale because I couldn't see what was in front of my own damn nose. And when Quinn showed up it gave me a little space to think about what I really wanted, and Fraser and I started to connect even deeper than we had before, pulled a couple of all-nighters, keeping the wolf up, so I even had to tease the wolf about wanting coffee one day. Think he needed it as bad as me. So anyhow after Quinn left and during one of these late night talk sessions I lost my mind and found my forever partner.

It took us a little while to sort it out. Spent one night together and I think that blew both our minds because next thing I know Fraser's taken up with this gambling chick. I was freaking out and trying so hard to be cool. I couldn't leave 'em alone and I think I nearly died the night I showed up at the Consulate and found her swimming in his underwear. And I almost could've slugged him again when I realized that he was onto her game all along and was just playing it close to his chest. In fact, I was so kinda pissed off that when Luanne Russell showed up, coming onto me and bowling me over, I lost my mind and went with the flow, for a little while anyhow. Until Fraser brought me back to my senses. Not on purpose. Just looking at him, listening to him, realizing that my partner was It. It in a way that Stella never even came close to being.

Wandering around my place. Don't want to watch TV. Don't want to dance. Just

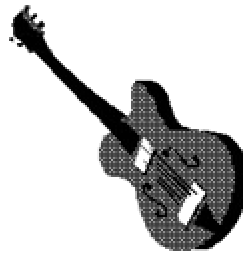
want Fraser. Yeah, sex, that too, always. But I like having him around. Being around him. Pace a little more. Journal. Yeah. I could do that. And the process of getting out the journal inspires another process: music to journal by. So I end up going through a stack of CDs, nothing appealing to me tonight, lonely, wanting Fraser. Stupid me, and I repeat to myself that it's not like we're joined at the hip. But being here without him at night is hard.

I knock a stack over and see Bruce at the bottom of the pile. Yeah. Oh, yeah. Blood brothers in the stormy night . . . I can definitely do the Boss. Put *Born to Run* on, sit down to write. 'Thunder Road' leads to thoughts of Stella, guess that's where I'm journaling tonight though it's not as exciting as the stories. Helps me work stuff out in my head, it's helped me a lot since I started doing it, and sometimes I write things I didn't know I was thinking. Yeah, that's the deal tonight with Stella. What we wanted. What we thought we wanted. How we thought we knew enough in college to make those kinds of fucking important decisions. Love's not enough. What love is. Yeah, that takes three or four pages and I haven't even gotten started.

Get so involved that I'm not quite aware when 'Born to Run' actually comes on and only hear it halfway through. Swear, get up to click it back to the beginning. Oh, man, so good. So fucking danceable. And my feet take over before my head has time to catch up. My feet, and my hands. Air guitar . . . God, haven't played it in years but shit haven't been this happy in years. Stupid, adolescent, I know, and Dief raises his head, cocks it at me for a minute, before getting up and jumping onto the couch. Got too much energy for the wolf tonight, that's pretty funny, and I laugh out loud, loving the beat, as Bruce dies with Wendy on the streets in an everlasting kiss and launches into the instrumental.

I hit the one two three four, highways jammed with broken heroes right on the beat, which I don't always manage to

do, my feet pounding, and I freak for a second until I remember that the downstairs apartment is empty 'cause my landlady's gone to visit her daughter in Detroit . . . got a lotta energy, makes me an annoying tenant sometimes. And oh yeah Fraser I'll love you with all the madness in my soul and I missed most of the last verse worrying about the landlady so as soon as it ends I start it again, put it on repeat. Used to drive Stella crazy, listening to stuff over and over and over. But I gotta internalize it to dance to it. And some stuff takes more internalizing than other stuff. Yeah, Frase would be a prime example of that.



I'm remembering the words so now

I'm mostly playing air guitar and singing pretty damn loud into a nonexistent microphone, the occasional dance step making its way in. I wanna know if love is wild, I wanna know if love is real, and feel myself pulled back,

almost rough, against a solid chest and legs. I know without even having to think that it's Fraser, even before he buries his face in my neck and I feel him hard against my ass.

"I don't think you need guitar lessons," he whispers in my ear, a hand already on the buttons at my crotch.

Can't help laughing as I twist around to look at him. "What, did you ditch the Ice Queen? For me, Frase? I'm flattered."

"Constable Turnbull was able to attend after all."

"I love Turnbull, Fraser." Lean into his kiss, oh God, want you, Ben.

"I'm extremely jealous, Ray."

"I can tell."

He's walking me backwards towards the bedroom. He's not usually this aggressive, it's more than cool. "And you wanted to know if love is wild, Ray? If love is real?"

He's halfway outta that damn Mountie uniform and he's got me halfway outta my clothes by the time we get to the

bed, not stopping to talk much, not even stopping to kiss much.

“Fraser, are you turned on?” I’ll take Stupid Questions for three hundred, Alex.

“Slightly, Ray.” And Understatements for four, Alex.

“You watching for a while?”

“Oh . . . yes...” He slides the words out, slow, and yanks my pants down, fast.

“Stupid me . . .”

“Oh . . . no . . .” Slides the words again. Pants are gone. “Far from it.” He’s got me on the bed now, his left arm holding me while he kisses and licks me, his right hand working on the laces of the boot as he crouches beside me.

“Fraser, let me up, let me help you.”

“Ray, your help is very distracting.” He finishes that boot and starts on the other, still one handed, his left hand circling my right nipple. “I would much prefer you to stay . . . right . . . there.” And on ‘there’ he pulls off the second boot with a grunt. Yeah, damn, he is fast with those laces. You should see him with skates.

“In a hurry, Fraser?” I get up on my elbow. Can’t seem to keep my mouth shut but I’m so freaking happy to see him.

He stands up to drop his jodhpurs, with a grin I recognize. Kicks them off and to one side. Damn. Shrugs outta his tunic, but I know better than to think he’ll drop it. He doesn’t but he does toss it on the dresser instead of hanging it up. I’ve taken the opportunity to roll off the bed and pick up his trousers. Yeah, I’m teasing him. He almost grabs them outta my hands and tosses them back on the floor as he pulls me to my feet for a long hard kiss. Oh, Jesus, Fraser, so good, and I got my hands on his ass, that perfect hockey-playing ass, and he moans as he breaks the kiss, finally, and drops his mouth to my neck, then drops to his knees, his hands on my ass, cupping, pushing me towards his mouth.

“Move, Ray,” he says, raw-voiced. Takes me a second to get what he means and then I grin and circle my hips a little. He closes his eyes almost like he’s in pain

and opens them again in time to target my cock as his mouth opens, wide and delicious, that perfect jaw working already as he starts to suck me in. One hand comes around to hold my cock at the base and the other one, on my ass, pushes me in a circular motion again. Don’t need words to know what that means and I move my hips again in a long, slow circle, then start moving them back and forth in time to the music. His right hand goes back around to hold my ass, to encourage it to keep moving, which is good because it’s hard for me to remember what he wants me to do with my body when all I wanna do is thrust hard into his, God, his perfect wet hot mouth.

I move again and his lips break suction and he makes a kind of slurping sound and for some reason that sends me over the edge, it sounds so damn sexy and he looks so damn sexy and I try to warn him but all I get out is “Fra -” before I grab his head with both hands and jerk into his mouth. One hand comes around to hold my wrist and the other holds my ass in place until I finish and collapse backwards onto the bed, Fraser following me down like he can’t let go.

“Thought you wanted me to stay on the bed.”

“You’re here now.” He grins, fast, and moves up to kiss me, another hard kiss, another I-wanna-fuck-you kiss, hardly giving me time to think. And then I get it, that’s what he wants. Oh cool. We only tried that a few times so far and it’s mostly been pulling teeth to get him to because he’s scared of hurting me, scared of losing control, I guess, and I can see his point. Because being inside him is definitely a mind bender of the third degree kind. Nothing like Stella, in fact, like nothing ever in my life. So now I got it figured out and I’ll stop asking stupid questions, and I put my mouth down to his shoulder and nip it, then lick it, nip it again, trying to get him wilder.

“Ray . . .” he says between gritted teeth.

I stop, all innocence. “Thought you wanted wild?”

He looks at me for long seconds and then opens his mouth and closes his eyes and groans. Not too loud but fuck as sexy as all get out, and I roll over on my front before I have time to think and crook my right knee up. He groans again, a little tremble in his wordless voice this time. He straddles my left leg as he reaches for the KY and I can feel his cock, hot against my ass, and I push back against it, moving my right hand back to stroke it.

“Ray, you’re making this very difficult,” he says finally, voice shaking just a little.

I turn my hand over, palm up, asking for some lube, and feel a cool moistness drop into my palm. I look back over my shoulder to see him looking at me, not at my ass, and I grin at him. He drops his eyes and fucking *blushes*. I don’t want blush, I want wild, so I turn my hand back over and stroke him again, getting him slicked up, pushing my ass against him, feeling the slickness start to make its way down.

“It doesn’t have to be hard, Frase. Well, I mean, part of it does, but you got that okay.” And I look at him again. This time he holds my eyes, a little grin on his face echoing the half-assed one on mine. Our slippery fingers meet and entwine for a minute, stroking him together, stroking’ my ass together, before he finally gives in and slips a finger in. I push up and back, encouraging him, ignoring the tension my body’s trying to pull together. He strokes in further, still too damn slow, and I raise my hips, forcing him in further.

“Ray!”

“Oh, yeah, Frase, come on.” I get his hand in mine and as he pulls back I pull his next finger down and push them both back in. He fuckin’ growls at me and leans across my back to slick his tongue across my lips and then the back of my neck before I feel

his teeth, nipping at me this time, fingers pushing slow but not scared up inside me. And I close my eyes, feeling the beat of the music through the bed, feeling Fraser stroke in and out, more sure now, and it feels so damn good I’m already starting to get hard again, starting to move with him against the bed. Mansions of glory, yeah, Frase that’s what I feel, what I want, when I feel him put his cock there, right there, and push a little. I was expecting the third finger but whatever, I can feel him shuddering and then he pushes, too gentle, just the head in, pulls it back out, does it again.

“Oh, Jesus, Fraser . . .”

I make a conscious effort to relax and push my ass up again. That does it, he’s stopped teasing and started pushing, and there’s some burning but I’m so hot by now I hardly even feel that. He goes in, slow, all the way, and we hang like that a sec, me adjusting, him breathing. I kinda like it this way, like that I can push back against him, make him go where he’s too worried to go.

“Izzat what you wanted, Frase?”

Last stupid question of the night, I promise.

“Oh, God, yes, Ray!” The words tumble out as he straightens up, still straddling my leg, now thrusting for real.

“Me too,” I grunt, as my body picks up his rhythm, Bruce’s rhythm, all tangling together as he pushes in and out, long, deep and fantastic, and I push against the mattress.

Got a fabulous rhythm going but tonight he’s not happy with that and after a few more strokes pulls out, rubs himself in between his hand and my balls, sliding his hand forward to stroke me and then back to stroke himself. I pull my knee up higher, wanting him back in me, wanting to feel the power of him inside me again. Push my knee against the bed, push my ass against him, hard, demanding, trying to tell him without words. He keeps rubbing, God, he’s killing me . . .

“Fraser, you’re killin’ me, here!”

He leans down, feel his tongue hit between my shoulder blades and run up to

my neck, expect the teeth, anticipate the teeth, oh God yeah feel the teeth again, and then the teeth move out over my shoulder and down one arm. Shudder uncontrollably, catch my breath.

“Fraser, come on, fuck me!”

Those iron thighs on either side of mine tense unbelievably as a shudder runs through him and he actually fumbles his cock trying to get back inside me and then he’s back inside, easier than it’s ever been. I’m matching him thrust for thrust, the music pounding in my head and in my body and in my groin and I hear the chorus reverberating in my head, baby we were born to run, as he stiffens, shudders, and shortens his thrusts all at once. He’s coming so hard inside me, inarticulate moans, his fingers biting into my thighs and ass, that I can almost taste it and then I feel mine catching up to his, my cock straining into my hand and then all over the sheets, and he’s collapsed on top of me, his breath hot in my ear, as he whispers, a little shaky, “Was that real enough, Ray?”

“God, yes. And fuckin’ wild, Fraser, I’ve never come like that in my life.”

Pause for blush.

“Nor have I, Ray.” Pause for jaw dropping, mine, and I look back over my shoulder to see blush combined with steady look from warm blue eyes about three inches from mine. He’s softened enough to slip out of me as I pull out from under him and turn over so I can look at him.

“Kay, who are you and what’ve you done with Benton Fraser?” I ask him. His eyes are closing, a little sleepy, and his smile is deep and sleepy too as he pulls my head next to his on the pillow and gives me a long, lingering kiss. “

“Tomorrow night I’m gonna be doing ‘Dancing in the Dark,’” I say, real quiet.

He opens one eye. “Not alone.” Closes the eye and pulls me against him and holds me like he’ll never let me go.

*Will you walk with me out on the wire  
'Cause baby I'm just a scared and lonely rider  
But I gotta know how it feels  
I wanna know if love is wild, babe,  
I wanna know if love is real...  
'Born to Run,' Born to  
Run, Bruce  
Springsteen*

