



*O*h dear.
Fraser backed off, but only after realizing that perhaps he'd been just a *tad* hard on Ray. He'd taken to spending much of his time at Ray's apartment, so much so that he had begun to think of it as 'home'. And thus he had a certain amount invested in its appearance. Apparently Ray viewed it differently.

"Jesus H. Christ, Fraser, take a chill pill." Ray continued to mutter as he yanked dirty socks and old magazines off the floor and tossed them on the couch. Not much of an improvement, but at least he could see the floor now. "If ya think I'm a pig, just say, 'Ray, you oink.'"

"I didn't mean to imply that, Ray. I was simply pointing out that the dirty clothes hamper might be a more appropriate place for your socks."

The muttering continued, but it was impossible to tell what Ray was saying over the music he'd put on to avoid further discussion. When Ray disappeared into the bedroom, Fraser couldn't help following.

"What are you doing now?" Fraser asked as he stood in the doorway watching.

"I'm going to change the sheets, then I'm going to dust the furniture, then I'm going to mop the floor until you can lick whatever you want to off it."

Oh dear. This was not going well.

"Ray, I didn't mean to make you feel that ...I'm not comfortable here. Normally your home is quite nice." It was then Fraser realized that, at this point in the conversation, he would not be able to say

anything right. But, as usual, he had to try. "Nobody's perfect, Ray."

More mumbling and muttering.

"I'm sorry, I didn't quite understand you over the music." Fraser could be just as stubborn as his partner sometimes.

Ray stopped and looked up at Fraser in surprise. Ben knew he had probably shocked Ray by speaking up.

"Well...you don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't swear...hardly at all, you help old ladies across the street. Jeez, Frase, I'm living with a saint here. Why don't you get a bad habit so I don't feel like I'm corrupting the innocent?"

Fraser pretended he didn't hear the muttered, "and you'll get off my ass" comment.

And of course at this point, Fraser felt it necessary to point out the obvious fact that they were two men practically living together, sharing a bed in more than a platonic capacity...hardly saintly material. Ray snorted, threw the sheets in the hamper behind the door and went to the bathroom.

A few days later, Fraser was waiting in Ray's apartment for his lover to get home and filling in the time by, well, by...."

Disgraceful behavior.

The admonition tumbled around in Fraser's mind for several seconds before being discarded. It was a whim. An indulgence. A fantasy, if you will.

Frowning at himself, Fraser shook himself out of his reverie and firmly

squashed his growing arousal before glancing guiltily back down at the book laid open on the coffee table. The two men depicted in an artfully composed black and white photograph could have been him and Ray. They'd done that before...that very position.

He slammed the book shut and stood up, as much to relieve the pressure between his denim-clad legs as anything else. Glancing over at the clock above the bookcase, Fraser realized Ray would be home soon and here he was, surreptitiously flipping through the Gay Kama Sutra.

And speak of the Devil...Fraser's acute hearing picked up the jingling of Ray's keys before they ever touched the lock. He scooped up the book and searched vainly for a hiding place. When Ray walked through the door, whistling, Fraser knew he was caught.

Heat, accompanied by color, suffused Fraser's neck and face and his grip tightened on the spine of the book which he tried to hold casually at his side. "Ray, you're home!" He smiled brightly and knew the cheerful greeting sounded forced, although he *was* very glad to see his lover.

"Nothing gets past you, Frase," Ray answered, a genuine good-to-be-home smile lighting his face and shining in his blue eyes. He dropped his keys by the door and closed the distance between himself and Fraser in record time, wrapping his arms around his lover's neck and pulling him in for a kiss.

The book dropped to the floor with a loud thud.

Ray stepped back and looked down through the black-rimmed glasses that Fraser thought only made him look sexier. "Wassat?"

"Uh...nothing...just a...reference book. I...uh...was thumbing through it while waiting for you to get home. Are you ready to get dressed for the theatre?" he asked quickly, hopefully.

Fraser leaned over to pick up the book at the same time Ray leaned in for a closer

inspection. By the time Ray could read the title, he and Fraser were eye to eye.

"The Gay Kama Sutra? Reference?" Ray grinned and Fraser blushed some more.

It was no use. Fraser sighed and abruptly sat down on the floor, the book between himself and Ray, who also sat down, crossing his legs and looking for all the world like he'd just heard a great joke. And as Fraser knew from previous experience, the joke would be on him.

"Fraser, there something you want to tell me? You been holding out?" Ray was teasing, but Fraser wasn't laughing.

"Ray!" Fraser became fascinated with the loose yarn of Ray's old rug.

Ray laughed out loud now. "Ray? Is that all you have to say for yourself? You're usually more eloquent than that."

Ray was in full-blown torment mode now. Fraser cursed to himself while trying to think of a plausible excuse for his conduct before finally realizing he didn't have one, and furthermore, didn't need one.

Cutting his eyes back up at Ray, Fraser allowed himself to relax and breathe, resulting in an almost instant cooling of his face. Hadn't Ray told him earlier that week he needed a vice...a bad habit? The taunting words came back to him loud and clear. Fraser wasn't a saint...and Ray had to know that now.

"Ray?"

"Uh huh?"

Fraser realized Ray had picked up the book and was fixated on the same photograph which had aroused him earlier. "The...ah...photography is very good, isn't it?"

Ray looked up and peered at Fraser over the top of his glasses. "Yeah sure, and I only buy it for the articles."

"Buy what?" Fraser was confused, but assumed Ray was citing a cultural reference with which he wasn't familiar.

"Never mind. So, uh...did you actually go buy this book or did you find it in the park?" Still teasing, but now his voice was softer...lower...sexier. Ray scooted around

until his thigh was touching Fraser's and he could place the book across both their laps.

Fraser ignored the rhetorical question and just watched the play of light on Ray's expressive face. The book was pulling his lover into that same languid place of pleasure that Fraser had begun to enter before Ray came home.

"Recognize that?" Ray asked, his long fingers splayed across the image of the two men coupled together as if he could feel the warmth on the skin of the subjects.

Fraser laid his hand across Ray's. "Indeed I do, Ray. And as I recall, it was a very...pleasurable experience." He tried in vain to suppress the blush, but knew his attempt was useless. He gave up the effort and concentrated on showing Ray the book.

Pulling Ray's hand away, Fraser flipped the page. The next image was a high contrast black and white picture of two men engaging in mutual fellatio. The photographer had somehow captured the pair so that both faces were visible.

"Very hot, Fraser."

"I believe the term you are looking for is 'erotic,' Ray."

"Hot."

Fraser gave up and sighed before returning his attention to the page in his lap. There it was again, that tightening in his crotch. Fraser felt his penis harden and twitch, trying vainly to move, but trapped inside the confines of thick denim. He shifted his position a bit, but there was no hiding his reaction from Ray.

"See? Hot." Ray smirked and raised a hand to rest around the smoothness of Fraser's neck. Callused fingertips caressed him and, gently, Ray began to knead the muscles, then softly stroke the skin back and forth again. The hairs on Fraser's neck stood on end, yet it would have been soothing if it hadn't been so...hot.

"Yes," Fraser hissed, closing his eyes briefly and letting the touch of his lover wash over him, sending a torrent of heat rushing down through his body to rest between his legs, heavy and urgent.

When he opened his eyes, Fraser was drawn once more to the picture of the two men. His breathing became a bit heavier and he licked his lips quickly, as he often did when nervous. Fraser's hunger grew further when Ray's hand moved from his neck, gliding up and down his back, teasing and promising.

The fact that one of the men was fair and the other dark was only accentuated by the high contrast of the photograph. The lighter, dusky colored cock of the blond was disappearing into full, dark lips. Fraser felt if he stared at it long enough, he would see it completely engulfed in that hot mouth. Subdued lighting highlighted the faint shadows formed in the hollow of the other fairer man's cheek as he sucked greedily on his possession.

Ray's hands tightened on either side of Fraser's neck. "Gets to your oral fixation, doesn't it, lover?" he asked huskily.

Fraser was lost. He heard louder moans of pleasure being urged past his lips by Ray's fingers on his skin. His neck had always been the most sensitive spot on his body...well, besides the obvious ones, a fact Denny Scarpa had discovered quickly. But Ray's hands felt so much better than hers: stronger, more demanding, pulling all resistance right out of him. Fraser stared at the two men depicted on paper, wanting nothing so much as to feel his own lips wrapped around Ray's hardness, coaxing the same grunts and groans from his partner's throat as Ray had done to him. But first things first. The clothes *had* to go.

"Ray," he managed to barely breathe as Ray's lips found that sweet spot just below his right ear, the one that could almost make him come by itself.

"Ray!"

Hot tongue lapped at hotter flesh.

"RAY!" Fraser gasped and struggled to his feet, letting the book drop to the floor.

"What!?"

"Too many clothes," Fraser managed to inform his confused lover.

Ray stood also, deftly unbuttoning Fraser's soft flannel shirt. "I am all over that," he said, grinning now.

Fraser couldn't wait for him to get to the pants and unfastened the tight jeans himself, breathing loudly when the pressure on his erection was finally eased. Ray laughed softly as the last button on Fraser's shirt slipped through its hole.

By the time he'd been completely divested of every scrap of clothing, Fraser felt like he was on fire. The book was abandoned now, laying open to the same page. Fraser wanted to lay himself open too. He didn't need the book to know what he wanted. The image was burned into his memory.

Ray was just starting to undress, but Fraser took his hand and strode toward the bedroom, pulling Ray off balance.

"Hey, lemme get my other boot off, ok?"

Fraser wasn't listening and simply pulled Ray after him, limping in one booted and one stockinged foot. Once they were through the door of the bedroom, or at least close enough to the bed that falling on the floor wasn't a danger, Fraser stopped and pulled Ray to him for a long, breathless kiss.

Ray seemed more than amenable to the idea.

Their mouths fused like molten lava and Fraser heard himself moaning again...right into Ray's mouth. One hand walked its way down Ray's backbone and stopped just below the belt line, resting possessively on Ray's ass. Fraser increased the pressure until he could press his hard cock against Ray's hip without his partner moving an inch. He felt satisfied that he was getting his message across when Ray's arms wrapped around him and strong hands returned to that delicious massaging action on the back of his neck.

The rough material of Ray's black jeans, and particularly the rivets on the pockets, cut into Fraser's belly and hips, but it only made him feel more decadent as he arched into the coarse fabric in delicious abandon.

But finally it occurred to Fraser that they would not be doing much more than kissing if he didn't let Ray finish undressing, with his help, of course.

Frantically Fraser began working at the buttons of Ray's jeans. Ray, as usual, was quick to pick up. While Fraser pushed both denim and soft cotton impatiently down over Ray's buttocks, a navy blue sweatshirt went flying across the room. Fraser's one disappointment was when they had to part long enough for Ray to get his boot off and shuck out of pants and underwear.

When they came back together, Fraser thought he would pass out from longing. He settled for falling backwards onto the bed, pulling Ray down with him until they landed with a soft 'umph'. Ray squirmed over Fraser until he had settled down between the solid thighs and had things lined up just so. Then he began a thorough exploration of Fraser's anatomy with his tongue. Fraser could only make incoherent noises as he arched up and spread his legs further, silently pleading with Ray to claim him.

Between wet kisses, sharp little nips and ardent tongue application, Ray commented on Fraser's abandon. "I'm glad you got the book."

"You said...ahhhhh," Fraser caught his breath, "I needed a bad habit."

"I call this a good habit," Ray said and laughed softly into Fraser's stomach before poking a stiffened tongue playfully into his belly button, which sort of tickled.

"Well, ...ahhh... you're certainly good at this bad habit, Ray...ah!" Fraser managed to get out before total sensory overload put a stop to anything else remotely intelligent coming out of his mouth.

Ray was now licking enthusiastically at the valley where thigh met body and Fraser couldn't help trying to squirm around so that he could communicate that there were other areas requiring more urgent attention.

"Patience, Fraser," Ray mimicked him in his best Mountie voice.

"You make that very hard."

“Really?.”

Ray’s mouth, firmly planted around his cock, caused Fraser to jerk his hips upward while the room filled with his cries of surprise and need. When he finally sagged helplessly back down, Ray smiled, his mouth still encircling Fraser.

Wet heat, steamy like sitting in front of a blazing fire when you’re drenched from snow and wind. It wasn’t the first time, but by God it was the best. Rational thought, like the fact that erotic pictures of gay men having sex might have something to do with his...enthusiasm, had no place right now.

Fraser clutched at the bedclothes so he wouldn’t grab Ray’s head and impale it on his cock. He could not, however, control the rest of his body. Hips rotated wildly and toes curled. And he didn’t *even* try to quiet the noises. Some things just had to be said.

One of Ray’s hands was cupping his balls, running the edge of his nails along the hot space between scrotum and anus, while the other one tried to hold him down. Fraser bent his knees around Ray and wrapped his legs across the narrow back. With eyes tightly shut and knuckles white from clenching sheets, Fraser came hard and long.

“Oh God!”

“Mmmmm,” Ray answered, still nuzzling and licking and sucking lightly until Fraser jerked and held his lover’s head still.

“Stop. Please. Too sensitive.” Fraser lay still, his chest rising and falling deeply, but otherwise unmoving. One arm was thrown over his eyes and the other stroked Ray’s soft hair.

“I love you.”

“Love you too, Ben,” Ray said, his voice slightly muffled from having half his face buried against Fraser’s side.

Fraser felt rather than saw Ray looking at him and moved his arm far enough up to peer out from under it.

“What?”

“That was pretty intense,” Ray

answered and Fraser felt those miracle hands begin to roam across his torso again.

Fraser sighed. “Very intense...but not how I wanted it to happen.”

He read the confusion in Ray’s blue eyes and anticipated the question. “Yes, it was wonderful...the best. But I wanted to...” Fraser trailed off, even now unable to articulate his wants and needs when it came to sex. Instead, he let his hand trace down from Ray’s head to his neck and shoulders, stroking and showing his love. “I wanted it to be mutual.”

Fraser felt Ray moving beneath his hand and it took him a moment before he realized Ray was laughing silently. Fraser’s hand stopped and pulled Ray up until they were even and he could look in his amused eyes.

“Did I say something funny?” Fraser asked, and couldn’t keep the slightly hurt sound out of his voice.

Ray instantly sobered and reached up to cup Fraser’s face against his palm. “No way, Ben...I’m sorry.” Ray ran his hand up into Fraser’s hair and petted him in way that made Fraser smile. “I was just thinking what an effect that Kama Sutra book had on you.”

“Sutra.”

“Huh?”

“Kama Sutra, Ray. The book in the living room is a...homoerotic version of a very ancient book on sexual techniques and etiquette from the Far East, well, actually, India. Granted, it doesn’t seem to take many of the myths and conventions of the time very seriously, but...”

“I don’t care, Ben,” Ray said, placing a finger over Fraser’s lips and smiling.

“Did you know that one of the translations of the Sutra reads, ‘At the moment when the peak of bliss is attained, the internal and external world vanish. The couple ceases to be separate entities and loses themselves in the beatitudes of being?’”

“Oooh Fraser, I love it when you talk dirty,” Ray teased. “And I don’t even want to know why you have this memorized.”

Fraser snorted with as much dignity as he could muster while spread-eagle naked on their bed with Ray draped across him. Then he remembered how this discussion had started.

“Seriously, Ray. That last picture...with the two men...” Why was it so hard to discuss such things with his lover?

“The 69 blowjob?”

“Ah.”

“You did know that was what it’s called, didn’t you, Mr. Sexual Etiquette?”

Heat and color again. The bane of his existence.

“Tell ya what. Why don’t I go get the book and bring it back in here and we’ll see what else we can find to pose for?”

Ray bounced off the bed and scurried into the other room and was back before Fraser could get cold. He plopped down beside his lover and opened the tome to the spot where they’d left off.

Fraser raised himself up on elbows and leaned over to inspect the pages Ray was flipping far too quickly in his opinion. Already his penis was stirring again as he glimpsed several provocative photographs, and there was no way in hell to hide it.

With a quick slam that almost caught Fraser’s nose, Ray closed the book, holding his place with the tops of two fingers and grinned down at Fraser. “You know what we need to do?”

“What’s that, Ray?” Fraser asked as he began to kiss Ray on the shoulder, fully

intending to work his way down for reciprocal activity.

“Get a camera and take our own pictures.”

Not what he’d expected. At all.

“Ray!”

“What? Don’t act like you didn’t imagine us in those pix, Fraser. Wouldn’t you like a picture of me like this?” Ray asked and opened the book to a picture Fraser hadn’t seen yet.

It was not of a couple as most of the previous ones had been. It was one man, sitting alone in front of a dark backdrop, soft light surrounding him like a halo. His eyes were drooped in a sleepy ‘come hither’ look and his hand cradled a semi-hard penis of impressive proportions. The camera angle was such that it looked like he was gazing longingly in the viewer’s direction.

And Fraser could see it. Oh yes, his Ray sitting for him, that challenging look he got sometimes smoldering out at the camera. His penis twitched again and he could feel the blood rushing to the rescue.

“Well?” Ray wasn’t going to let him off the hook.

“Yes, I can imagine you like that,” Fraser said and saw Ray shiver at the new tone his voice held. Hands followed words and Fraser had Ray down on the bed, the unfortunate book once more discarded as reality won out over imagery

** End **

