

A Snack Before Bedtime

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Fandom: Figure Skating RPS

Pairing: Johnny Weir/Evan Lysacek

Rating: NC17/18

Disclaimer: The real people in the fic are owned by themselves and this is pure fiction, it did not happen.

Warnings: vampires, toys

Summary: Johnny didn't ask to be a vampire and he doesn't even remember the details of how he became one, but that doesn't change the fact that he is and he has needs. At first the idea of accosting the Olympic Gold Medallist to quench his thirst seems like a good idea.

Author's Notes: Stuff has been happening at work (which I am not going in to here), so I wrote this as pure indulgence to make myself happy. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

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Johnny sat on the ledge, high up and out of sight, just looking down at the world below. It should have been cold on his little perch, but that was one of the advantages; he didn't feel the cold any more. How he would have loved to show the world all the advantages he had now; how fast he could skate, how perfectly, but he didn't dare. He could not just disappear; he had too many responsibilities that he would not shirk, so he played the game.

He had wanted to win gold at the Olympics, but that had become a distant dream when he had met a man at a party; a man with dark eyes and a winning smile. He didn't remember much else, just those eyes swallowing him. He had woken up the next day in that park, face down in a flower bed, tired, weak and with no idea what had happened.

Paris had been his first meal. He had stumbled home, found his friend and just attacked him before falling face first into his bed and letting blackness take him. Funny thing was, when he had woken up he had found Paris making super as if nothing had happened and Paris still didn't remember anything about it. He had never let himself be that desperate again.

He had had no rules, no manual to follow, but he had known what he was; it was hard to miss the fangs and the blood red eyes. Everything he knew he had found out himself. He could live off animal blood, but it wasn't satisfying, so the easiest thing to do was find an anonymous donor and just bite them; it was easy enough to make them forget just as he had done with Paris without even realising it. If his instincts told him not to go near someone he obeyed them and it seemed to work.

Now, here he was in Vancouver, at the goddamn Olympic games and he hadn't been able to let himself win. He could have taken the gold easily, performed a routine that even biased judges would have had to have taken notice of, but that would have brought too much attention to him. He needed to be good, but not the best, because to be the best meant to be under the microscope. So he had skated clean, but he had left out the odd thing so they could mark him down. Sixth had been a bit of a blow; he was sure he had skated well enough for a third, but then there were people in the sport who hated him and that was that.

His event was over, but that didn't mean he could just go home and lick his wounds; he had to be Johnny Weir and he had to ride the publicity train. Of course that also meant hunting.

It was late and the village campus was mostly deserted, which was just how Johnny wanted it. He was being careful in his selection; he was not cruel enough to want to ruin anyone's chances by picking an athlete who was still competing, but he was not in the mood for random either. When he saw a familiar tall frame striding across one of the open areas, he smiled and decided that Christmas had come really early. What Evan had been up to until three in the morning, Johnny had no idea, but he wasn't about to argue with fate.

Standing up, he jumped soundlessly from where he had been watching to the next building and skipped across the roof, losing sight of Evan for a second or so and then jumping straight down off the other side of the building. He landed directly in front of the gold medallist, startling Evan out of whatever he had been thinking about.

"Fuck!" was Evan's first reaction.

Then Evan looked up and around before gazing back at Johnny.

"Where the hell did you come from?" was the not so unexpected question.

"Up there," Johnny replied and pointed directly up the side of the building.

Evan frowned.

"There's nothing up there," he said, clearly confused.

"All the way up," Johnny said, since Evan seemed to be looking for a low ledge or something; "I've been people-watching."

Then he smiled and let the vampire out, allowing his fangs to grow and his eyes to change.

"What the fuck?" Evan exclaimed and stepped back; Johnny was sure the man could see him clearly, even in the low lighting. "Is this some joke?"

Johnny laughed, letting power reverberate through the sound.

"No joke, Evan," he said, sauntering towards his chosen prey, "just little me and I'm hungry."

Evan appeared to be stuck somewhere between believing a camera crew were about to jump out of somewhere and the fear that was only natural when being faced with a superior predator.

"You cannot be a fucking vampire," was Evan's eloquent comment on the whole situation.

Johnny smiled even wider then, showing off what he knew were very impressive fangs.

"Oh but I am, Evan, dear," he said with exaggerated slowness; "have been for nearly a year now. Took me a while to figure it all out after some bastard dumped me in amongst the daffodils, face down, but I think I have the hang of it now."

Evan took another step back.

"Don't look so scared," Johnny said, enjoying his rival's fear just a little, "I'm not going to hurt you; I just need a little drink. You won't even remember it in the morning."

"You are not biting me," Evan said very firmly and Johnny laughed.

The way Evan's eyes were darting in different directions the skater was ready to bolt.

"You can't run," he said, hoping that Evan would believe him, because he wasn't in the mood for a chase; "I'm stronger and faster than you."

"Then why didn't you win?" was the startling response.

Johnny felt his smile fade.

"Gold medals make people look too hard," he said, trying to hide the pain he felt at having to let that dream go; "considering the fact I think I skated well enough for the bronze, I'd have had to give myself away completely to get the gold."

Evan was looking angry now.

"You cheated," Evan said as if it was the worst thing in the world.

That was the wrong thing to say.

"I did what I had to," Johnny hissed moving so fast Evan could barely have followed his movements and ending up looking right up into the other skater's face. "I have people who rely on me to keep them fed and clothed. I didn't ask for this and I sure as hell am not messing up everyone else's lives as well. I've had to give up my dream, so don't you dare try and tell me I'm cheating."

The vehemence of his outburst rather surprised him; it wasn't as if Evan was going to remember the conversation and the fact that the man's opinion could make him that angry was new. He was beginning to think this was not such a good idea.

"You know what, forget it," he decided, shaking his head; "you'll probably taste bad."

"I would not," Evan said instantly and then, from the expression on his face, seemed to realise that talking the vampire into biting him was not a good idea.

That made Johnny laugh again.

"God I wish you weren't straight; you're actually cute when you're flustered," he said, enjoying the look on Evan's face for a while longer.

"I am not cute," was the vehement reply, but by then Evan was blushing, which kind of negated the statement.

"You are so," Johnny said and stuck out his tongue in what he considered was a wonderfully childish gesture.

Evan just looked completely consternated by that reply.

"Look," Johnny said and turned on his vampire charm, "just be a good boy and forget you ever saw me and I'll go fishing somewhere else."

Evan's eyes glazed over as he was expecting and an adorably dopey expression replaced the confused one. He had had a little bit of a thing for Evan for several years now, not that he had admitted it to anyone, but he just couldn't take advantage like that. He always made sure his victims were not in pain, but he always picked them at random and they never stirred the emotions he could feel swirling in his body with Evan. It had been a very bad idea to hunt in the village; he needed to go somewhere else and, with that in mind, he turned away. Johnny walked away, putting his vampire back to bed and feeling a pang of regret, but knowing it was the only way he would be able to live with himself. The comment about cheating had really stung and he couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Johnny?" Evan's voice stopped him and he turned.

None of his other conquests had woken so fast and there was a frown on Evan's face.

"Yeah?" he asked, assuming that Evan was wondering how he ended up in front of him.

"Was it hard," Evan asked, "deliberately not winning?"

Johnny was pretty sure his mouth fell open; Evan still remembered.

"Like you wouldn't believe," he said, covering the fact he had no idea what to do.

Evan was supposed to not remember a thing, but his fellow skater was standing there and clearly still knew everything.

"Aren't you supposed to combust in sunlight or something?" Evan asked, not really seeming to know what to say next.

"So much crap," Johnny replied, since he didn't really know what to say either, "like crosses and needing to kill and sleeping in coffins. It's easy to hide; no one else knows and I've been this way for months."

It was the most ridiculous conversation and he had no idea why Evan had alerted him to the fact that he still remembered. Given a faster, stronger opponent, pretending would have been far easier.

"What are you going to do?" he asked as he realised there was nothing he could do, short of killing Evan, and that was not something he was willing to consider.

It occurred to him that maybe this was what had happened to him; maybe he had remembered. His memories were confused and he did not know what had happened, but he was pretty sure he had been dumped, as in like a corpse, and he was sure dying was probably hard on the brain cells. Why he had come back he had no idea, but he was stuck this way so he didn't question it; it was just how it was.

"What are you going to do?" Evan countered, sounding nervous.

Johnny had to wonder if Evan had spoken the first time without thinking. Without even bothering to draw a deep breath, he moved and it took him only a second to return to Evan's side, but he did not move to touch the other skater.

"Nothing," he said simply, looking into Evan's eyes. "I could try and make you forget again, but I don't know why it didn't work the first time. There is nothing else I can do; I'm not suddenly a murderer."

He saw Evan relax a little at that.

"I've grown fangs, not had a personality transplant," Jonny said with a small sad smile.

They were not friends. Oh they knew each other well enough, but they were definitely not friends and Johnny had no idea what Evan would do. He was pretty sure Evan was not the type to announce something like that to the world, but there was a lot of scope other than that.

"And you can leap tall buildings in a single bound," Evan said, kind of absently.

"Actually I have to jump and then climb them," Johnny replied in an innocent tone, "but I can leap off them."

Evan boggled a little at the matter-of-factness of his tone. It looked as if the Olympic gold medallist was having a bit of a moment.

"You need a stiff drink," Johnny said, deciding that they were getting nowhere; "trust me, it helps. For me it took an entire bottle of vodka, but that's just my new metabolism."

"You became a vampire and you got drunk?" Evan didn't sound like he was dealing with the information well.

"Try waking up dumped in the park, then attacking your best friend and see how well you deal with it," he replied, defending himself. "It was vodka or throwing myself out the window and I think we can both tell how well that would have worked."

He really didn't want to be having this conversation in a mostly dark courtyard in the Olympic village, but it seemed he was and short of hitting Evan over the head it didn't look like it was about to stop. Evan had a brain in his head, Johnny knew, but it always seemed to take him time to process things. Johnny had often pondered that it might be because Evan over thought everything, but he had no proof. He couldn't help looking at Evan's eyes and thinking how lovely they were.

"I'm gay," Evan said suddenly and looked like he had surprised himself.

Someone could have knocked Johnny down with a feather. Now it was his turn to wonder where the film crew and the joke was.

"Evan, you go out with girls, you sleep with them; I know, I am rooming with Tanith and she shared stories," Johnny said, not sure why on earth Evan would blurt out something like that.

"For my dad," Evan said as if he suddenly needed to confess; "he knows, but he can't bear the idea of the world knowing his son is gay. I love him so I pretend."

Now that was a confession and a half and it left Johnny stunned.

"And you're telling me this because?" he needed to know what was going through that confusing head.

"I know something about you," Evan said nervously, "now you know something about me."

It didn't seem to quite fit; there was an under note to the whole situation and it wasn't just about secrets. Johnny looked at Evan, really looked, and he let the vampire out to look as well. Evan's heartbeat was elevated, not really surprising, but there was something else as well, something that made his senses tingle. It took him a little while to figure out what it was.

"Evan," he said simply, "how long have you wanted to fuck me?"

Evan really did blush beautifully.

"Since about five minutes ago," Evan replied nonetheless, "and I don't want to fuck you."

Johnny had to process that one and his eyes opened in shock.

"You want me to fuck you?" he asked, rather surprised.

Evan just blushed harder, but did maintain eye contact.

"Evan," he said leaning closer, "do you have a vampire kink?"

"Yeah," Evan said in a hoarse voice, "I think I do."

For the first time since the whole cheating comment, Johnny smiled genuinely.

"Want to know something?" he asked in a conversational tone, putting away the vampire for now. "I've fancied you for years."

They seemed to be alternating shock now and it was Evan's turn.

"Does it hurt," Evan asked and Johnny wondered what was actually being asked; "the bite?"

Johnny smiled just a little.

"Do you want it to?" he asked in a very hushed tone.

Even in the current dimness he saw Evan's pupils dilate a little at that idea. There was no doubt in Johnny's mind now that they were going to do this, the only question was, where and how soon. Tanith was sleeping in their double room, so that was out. When Evan pulled a key card out of his pocket and held it up, Johnny smiled even more.

"Lead the way, mon amour," he said and turned so that they were side by side.

It was difficult to keep the vampire at bay as they walked and Johnny could feel himself becoming more and more excited on both levels. For once he cursed the tight pants he had decided to wear, because they were far too restrictive and were only becoming tighter. They walked side by side as if casually accompanying each other, but Johnny could barely keep his hands to himself. The moment Evan shut the door behind them he couldn't control himself anymore. He all but threw himself at Evan, pushing the other skater against up the door, moving Evan's head to the side and biting.

"Oh fuck," was Evan's strangled response and Johnny let his power out.

He did not blank out Evan's mind like he knew he could; he had done it for a while before even though Evan had shaken it off, but he didn't want this experience to be nothingness, so he just muted it. The way Evan grabbed at him and whimpered and moaned and pressed a very insistent erection against his hip had him believing he was doing it right.

The blood always tasted so good, like water to a man dying of thirst, or a whole bar of chocolate to a figure skater on season. It made him moan as well, even as he drank, and he was sated quickly. Vampire saliva had incredible healing properties and it only took a lick of the wound to begin sealing it when he removed his fangs. He'd had all the blood he could take, but he needed something more.

"No clothes, now," he said, voice reverberating with the power of his vampire and the arousal he was feeling.

The blood was one thing, but he hadn't needed sex this much in a long time. The whole being a vampire thing meant that he did have to indulge his sexual appetites more often than if he was human, when he had in fact almost been completely celibate. He'd discovered the hard way that just didn't work as a vampire and the nameless guy he'd met in a club the first time had been fucked within an inch of his life. Since then he had been as careful with his sex drive as he had with his blood lust, but it seemed that didn't count when Evan Lysacek was part of the equation.

Somehow, Johnny really wasn't paying attention to the details, they managed to get each other out of their clothes. There was at least one ripping sound during this achievement, but Johnny purposefully decided to worry about that later, right then he just wanted to find skin. Although Evan might have stated his desire to be fucked, Evan was not playing damsel in the experience and was just as insistent as Johnny. When Evan decided to give him a mark equivalent to the impressive bruise, which was all that was left of the bite, Johnny found himself melting into the arms holding him. For a moment all thought cut off and he all but went completely limp as his motor systems shorted out. The wanton moan

that came out of his mouth would have been embarrassing if he had bothered to actually think about it.

"I'm going to remember that," Evan said once he had finished sucking on Johnny's neck hard enough to leave a bruise.

The fact was Johnny didn't bruise at all anymore, at least not for more than about a second, but he appreciated the effort. Johnny decided not to think too hard about the ramifications of that statement.

"You do that," he said breathlessly, doing his best to get his brain and body back under control, "now it's my turn."

It took only the smallest amount of effort to spin Evan around and throw him onto the bed face first. Thanks to skater reflexes he knew Evan could land okay and he followed him soon to be lover, literally climbing on top of him and flattening him to the bed. Evan groaned in response in what Johnny suspected was a reaction to the more than ample erection he had witnessed, being pushed into the covers.

"Do you have lube?" he asked, as it finally occurred to him that he hadn't really prepared for this eventuality.

Evan just blindly pointed at the small, ugly table next to the bed that had a single drawer in it. Johnny slipped off of Evan so he could reach it and opened the drawer to find that inside was a tube of lube, a whole heap of condoms and, of all things, a dildo. Evan was turning out to be more and more interesting.

"Oh now this could be fun," he said, pulling out the lube, the dildo and a selection of condoms.

Evan looked sideways at him and groaned again as he brandished the toy. The way Evan buried his head in his hands made Johnny smile even more.

"So do you like it up the ass all the time," he asked, enjoying watching Evan squirm, "or just when you partner is a vampire?"

"Depends on my mood," Evan replied, surprisingly honest in his response.

It was that honesty which brought Johnny back to remembering that this was not going to go away tomorrow; they were both going to remember this for a long time and he pulled it back a bit. The whole idea of fucking Evan made him tingle with excitement, but he wanted them both to enjoy this and enjoy it a lot.

"How about," he said, stretching himself out on the bed again, lying right up against Evan, "I use this," he ran the dildo down Evan's back, "to get you all slick and ready and then I can slide inside and fuck you 'til you scream my name?"

The way Evan shivered and whimpered just a little told Johnny all he needed to know.

"Hold on lover," he whispered in Evan's ear, "here comes Johnny."

This was a side of Evan he had never seen and he liked it. He might have said that he found Evan boring, but that wasn't strictly true; he found the persona Evan showed the world boring, but the real man, not so much. The fact that Evan was gay made him all the more interesting. If someone had told him that Evan Lysacek was in the closet and pretending to be straight he probably would have derided Evan for it, but hearing the facts changed all that. His parents had always been happy to let him be who he wanted to be and he found it hard to imagine what it was like not to have that. This wasn't about judges and press and medals, it was about family and that he could understand.

Slowly he slid down the bed until he could see his prize. Evan's ass was pert and muscled and just begged to be nibbled, so he did, placing a nip and a kiss on one of the perfect buttocks. The way the muscles twitched was delightful.

Before he could become too distracted, he rolled a condom onto the dildo and the put it on the bed, flicking open the lube as he returned his attention to Evan's ass. Dribbling the gel onto his fingers, he spread it slightly with his thumb and then carefully slipped his fingers between those bronzed orbs. Evan's ass welcomed the intrusion with such ease that Johnny thought the dildo might usually see quite a bit of action. Given the way Evan's legs parted, Johnny changed his plan of attack a little and abandoned the need for any warm up with the fingers. Instead he picked up the toy and spread it with the lube, before moving so he had a perfect view.

It was not a small toy, but it wasn't huge either and he spread Evan's cheeks with his fingers and placed the lubricated tip at Evan's entrance. He was so much stronger now that he always had to be careful and he was doubly so as he slowly began to push. Evan gasped quietly and it was amazing to watch as Evan's body just opened up and took the toy. It made Johnny want to fuck him there and then, but he had been working on his patience.

The toy just kept sliding in, right up to the little ridge it had to stop it disappearing completely and Johnny found himself more than a little mesmerised. He pulled it out and pushed it back again, just to see the slick latex covered silicon appear and disappear again. It made the pit of his stomach swirl to have so much control and to be able to see it so clearly. He was of a mind to play.

Evan wasn't really as the right angle for some serious reaming, but that didn't stop Johnny from having some fun. He spent the next twenty minutes making Evan squirm and moan and, at one point, beg, as he used the toy and his fingers in various combinations. It was a beautiful sight to see and he let one hand drop between Evan's more and more spread legs every now and then, just to make

sure Evan was still enjoying everything to the full. Given the hard cock he managed to find every time, he was confident he had Evan's full attention.

Eventually, however, it was not enough; he needed more and he could tell that his lover did as well. Leaving the toy in Evan, Johnny reach over and picked up another condom, opening it and rolling it down over his own needy cock. He had to bite his lip to stop from making some embarrassing noises as he slicked himself and, when he was finally ready, he carefully pulled out the toy.

He could have replaced it with himself, but that wasn't what he wanted.

"On you back, Mr Olympic Champion," he said and moved so that Evan could flip over.

Evan did not argue, but there was something about his lover's movements that seemed reluctant. It was a little odd. Then the first thing Evan did when he turned on his back was throw his arm over his eyes and Johnny understood. He leant over Evan, ever so gently pulling the arm away. Evan blinked at him, looking kind of surprised.

"You don't have to hide from me, Evan," he said, taking in the chiselled face and slightly scared eyes; "you never had to hide from me again, understand?"

There was shame deep in Evan's gaze, Johnny could see it and it had no place between them. Evan could not show the world who he really was, but Johnny was damn sure Evan could show him. It didn't really surprise him that this was not just about the sex anymore; his life was never simple, and it wasn't as if Evan and he were strangers. For a while they stayed like that, just looking at each other and Johnny only moved when Evan eventually gave a small nod. He still had every intention of fucking Evan's brains out, but now he had other plans as well.

He carefully pushed Evan's legs up and apart, making sure to maintain eye contact the entire time, only breaking the contact to look down and line himself up. As he slowly pushed in, he lifted his eyes once more and to his pleasure found Evan still looking at him. There was no issue about Evan taking him; he slid into the tight heat easily, smooth and slow, and Evan just let out a long low breath.

"Ready for me, Lover?" Johnny asked, still looking Evan in the eye.

"As I'll ever be," Evan replied and made Johnny smile.

This was going to be a fun ride.

He started slow, just moving with precision and delicacy, changing angle every now and then until he found the one that made Evan moan, close his eyes and throw back his head. To his pleasure, when he gave Evan a little time to recover,

his eyes opened and his head came back up so they were looking at each other once more. Now that he had the angle and began to increase the pace. One lover had once told him he had sex with the same precision and grace that he had on the ice and it was doubly true now, because he had no intention of injuring his partner. Each move was directed, each thrust calculated for power and speed as he set about fulfilling his promise.

It wasn't as if he was a machine though and he could literally sense Evan's enjoyment as it built even as he watched it appear on his lover's face and in his lover's body language. He focused himself as completely on Evan as he usually did on a routine and he had his eye on a perfect score.

Eventually he let go of Evan's legs, leaning over so they were all but face to face, trusting that Evan could keep his flexible body in place. He used one hand between them, curled around Evan's cock as he maintained the firm pace with his hips. Evan was going to come and he might not scream Johnny's name, but Johnny was going to make sure Evan knew who was fucking him, remembered who was making him come apart and understood that there was no shame in it.

He could see the passion and pleasure all through Evan's eyes, but he could also see the tiny hint of shame that would not leave, even then.

"Let it go," he said, knowing that Evan was so close to the edge he was ready to burst.

He thrust in again, using his hand to fist Evan's cock, and he saw it the moment Evan gave in. Evan's eyes closed and his mouth began to open, some form of cry on his lips and Johnny swooped in and swallowed the sound as he rode out the wave of Evan's orgasm through every touch of their bodies. Warm fluid splattered between them even as Johnny held part of himself back. He did not dare let himself descend into the same delirium that overtook his lover, because he feared what he might do and so he clung on, kissing Evan and petting him as each convulsion of pleasure ran through Evan's flesh.

Only as the last tiny shudder finally died away did he pull back, slipping free and moving back. His cock was still hard and full and his balls were heavy, but as he reached to touch himself a hand circled his wrist.

"Why didn't you finish?" Evan asked, half sitting up and trapping him with that gaze he had been so reluctant to give up earlier.

"Might hurt you," Johnny replied, feeling the need still coursing through him; "I'm too strong."

He was surprised when Evan did not let go of his wrist and allow him to deal with his problem quickly. What Evan did was twist with dancing grace and, kneeling up in front of him, far too tall for his own good.

"Let me," was what Evan said and Johnny found his hand being pushed away and then the condom was expertly removed and firm fingers wrapped around his cock.

He hadn't really expected it, but he accepted it and he finally let himself worry about his own arousal rather than Evan's. He leant against Evan's shoulder, allowing himself to sink into the wonderful feeling of Evan's touch. For someone who was so far in the closet he couldn't even find the door, Evan gave a damn good hand job and Johnny felt himself nearing orgasm very quickly.

At the last moment he pulled back, feeling the vampire rising to the surface, and he arched his back, coming over Evan's hand as his vampire nature burst free of its human confines. He pushed himself away from Evan and collapsed against the wall as the desire to bite again almost overcame him. His breathing came in long hard gasps as his orgasm powered through him and he barely managed to stop himself falling backwards. It was a mind blowing feeling, but he had to concentrate very hard to stop the vampire taking control.

"Johnny?"

It finally dawned on him that Evan was talking to him and he opened his eyes and blinked.

"You okay?" Evan actually sounded worried; it was quite sweet.

Johnny nodded.

"Fine," he said, dragging himself back under control, "just had to stop myself biting you again. It would have been rude."

Evan stared at him as if he was insane for a second or so and then smiled just a little.

"You are a very," Evan paused as he spoke, "unique man," was the gold medalist's final opinion.

That made Johnny smile as well and he laughed even as he carefully put his vampire nature back to bed.

"Thank you," he said and pushed himself off the wall.

"Just for the record," Evan said, climbing off the bed and heading for the bathroom, coming back a moment later with a wet cloth and a towel, "you're more than welcome to bite twice."

Johnny wasn't sure if that meant now or in the future, so he just smiled and pondered it, allowing Evan to clean them both up. It seemed that Evan was as OCD as he was and he stood up while Evan straightened everything out. The

awkward moment was coming when he had to figure out if he was supposed to leave or stay, but he put it off by admiring Evan's very nicely toned, naked body and all he did was grin when he was caught.

"You're incorrigible," Evan said, but no longer seemed embarrassed about it.

"Of course I am," Johnny replied and put of an innocent little pose that made Evan grin and shake his head.

When Evan pulled him down onto the bed and covered them both with the blanket, Johnny was a little surprised, but he was glad he did not have to ask the awkward questions and he definitely didn't resist. He had never imagined that Evan was a cuddler, but then he had never imagined that Evan was gay and he did fit quite well against Evan's chest. For once their height difference was very useful.

"For the record," Evan said in a sleepy voice as they relaxed against each other; "I am not cute."

Johnny smiled against the pillow and stroked a finger down the arm thrown over him.

"If you say so," he replied and snuggled back a bit, because of course there was nothing cute about their current position at all.

The End