

The Joy of Sex

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: David/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Warnings: toys, stirrups

Summary: David has a kinky side, which Bill is about to find out about. Bill discovers that he has a kinky side too.

Kink request: Jost/Bill with Jost as a sexual mentor for a fully consenting and fully of age Bill (the age difference is the kink). I'd like to see a Jost who is gentle and loving, and a Bill who is innocent but enthusiastic.

Author's Notes: My second fic written for the Kinkathon. Thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 7,165

Bill was more than a little excited; in fact, according to Tom he'd been just about unbearable all week. David had invited him to stay at his place, which he was pretty sure meant they were finally going to cross the last hurdle. He'd admired David for a long time, going from childish crush through teenage lust to something much deeper and, about six months after he'd turned eighteen, he and David had become an item, because he'd actually done something about it. David had actually seemed shocked when he'd made his move. It had been a little difficult to talk round Tom, but once David had turned out to be so incredibly careful with him, Tom had stopped threatening David's manhood at regular intervals.

The fact was, David was so careful with him that they had been together over three months and the furthest they had gone was a blow job or two. So far Bill had been on the receiving end of all of them as well and, although they were incredible, he really wanted to reciprocate or try a little more. He was absolutely one hundred percent sure that he was in love with David and he wanted David to have all of him, and he'd been telling David this for nearly two months, but David hadn't seemed to quite believe him, until this week that was.

Bill knew that David liked sex and was in fact very experienced. David had explained to Bill that he had started very young and had almost been put off because of his early experiences, but had been very lucky to end up with a thoughtful lover before he completely abandoned the idea as a bad lot. David had wanted to make sure that Bill was completely ready when they took such a big step and hence the slow start.

David had also admitted that his tastes ran along kinkier lines a lot of the time as well and after a little thought and a little investigation on the internet, Bill had decided that he was interested in that too. He wasn't about to lie to David and say he liked things he didn't, but a cursory inspection of some things on the web had made him more than a little curious.

That was why he'd barely been able to stay still through dinner and the movie they'd watched afterwards and why his stomach was doing somersaults by the time David turned the TV off and did anything more than kiss him hello.

"There's something I want you to see," David said as Bill looked at his boyfriend expectantly; "it part of my life and I would like to share it with you, but it might not be your thing."

Bill gave a little nod and felt his heart go all fluttery.

"It hasn't had any use since I've been with you," David told him, speaking very carefully and slowly, "and if you don't like it I'll lock it up and throw away the key, but you at least need to see it."

Bill swallowed around the dry lump that had managed to form in his throat. He wasn't usually a nervous person in situations like this, but he knew how important this had to be to David for him to put it like that and so it had his nerves jangling.

"Then show me," he said quietly and stood when David took his hand and climbed off the sofa.

David led him into the corridor and to a door he had never been through before. He had been to David's house on several occasions, although he'd never stayed over, but this door barred a room he had never seen. Reaching out, David moved a picture on the wall a little way and came back with a key, which he put in the lock and turned. Then David opened the door, ushered Bill inside and followed, closing the door before turning on the lights.

Bill couldn't help it; he gasped.

The room was done out in white and black with touches of red and it had an almost clinical feel to some of it. As Bill let his eyes travel around, he was sure he probably looked like a kid who had just found his dad's porn stash, because he couldn't help being shocked. He had known David was in to some less than tame things, but this was a bit more than he had expected. The room was definitely a sex den, pure and simple.

One wall was covered in sex toys of all shapes and sizes, neatly hung up or placed on shelves, but that wasn't the half of it. To one side there was a black padded mat on the floor, like a gym mat almost and there were a couple of pillows on it in the far corner. Above that there was what Bill could only think was a sling; it was attached to hooks in the ceiling and had been pulled across and attached to the wall out of the way. On the opposite side of the room was a padded, angled bench with stirrups of all things and Bill was pretty sure that what he could see stowed in the corner behind it was a sex machine.

Bill was more than a little shocked, but a tremor of excitement ran through him as well. This was David's most private place, he knew that without a doubt and that meant a hell of a lot to him.

"Well you don't look disgusted, which is a good start," David said, trying to make light of it.

"I'm not," Bill said quickly; he didn't want David worrying about that, "I'm just a little overwhelmed," he wasn't going to lie either.

He swung his eyes around the room again.

"You like sex," he said and felt a little stupid for saying it, but that was what he was thinking.

He was beginning to wonder how David had held out so long.

"I love sex," David replied with a rueful grin, "but like I said, if you don't like this, if it's too much for you, I'll lock it up and never mention it again."

Bill turned and looked at his boyfriend.

"I couldn't ask you to do that," he said and frowned; it was clear that David had put this place together very carefully.

"Bill," David said, taking his hand and looking up into his eyes, "you mean more to me than any of this does. If this freaks you out, then it doesn't belong in our relationship."

Bill turned back to look around the room again, it made him feel funny standing there and seeing it all, but under the shock and the unsure feeling there was something else stirring as well. He was a little anxious, but he could feel a gentle pulse in his cock as his arousal responded as well.

"It makes me nervous," he said, being completely open, "but I think that's because I don't know what most of it does."

He looked back at David, squeezing his boyfriend's hand lightly.

"You could teach me," he said with a little, less than innocent smile.

At that David laughed.

"I should have known you're as kinky as me," David said and pulled him a little closer.

David was a lot shorter than Bill and quite often Bill was dominant in their relationship, just because that's how Bill was, but not in this; in this David was the lead and Bill never challenged that. If there was one thing Bill always knew, it was when he was out classed.

"By the time my education is complete I'll probably be kinkier," Bill said with a smile, ducking down to steal a quick kiss.

"Come on then," David said, turning back towards the door.

That brought Bill up short.

"You mean we're not going to have sex?" he couldn't keep the disappointment out of his voice; he had been so hoping David had finally decided he was ready.

"Oh, we're going to have sex," David assured him with a grin, "but I was going for the bedroom."

"Why not here?" Bill was a little confused now.

David turned back to him and took both of his hands.

"I wanted to show you this so you know," David told him seriously, "but you're a virgin, Bill, and all this is a bit much for your first time."

"Why?" Bill asked stubbornly. "I want all of you, David, not the pale imitation you think I can handle."

"Bill," David said in a very cajoling way, "you do have all of me, but I don't want to frighten you."

Bill did not like people protecting him, not from things he knew he could handle.

"You mean you don't want me on that," he pointed at the bench, "naked, legs spread and at your mercy?"

It probably wasn't really fair, but he needed to see David's reaction and he watched David's face colour and David's pupils dilate and he knew that idea had gone straight to David's cock.

"You do want me here," Bill pushed, "I can see it. David, you mean as much to me as I do to you. I know you want my first time to be incredible and I know some of this stuff is beyond me, but I want it to be incredible for you too. Treat me gently, teach me, but let me give you something back as well."

David looked at him long and hard.

"Bill," he said, calmly and quietly, "the things in here can make you feel weird..."

Bill put a finger on David's lips.

"It's all going to feel weird," he said, equally as calmly and equally as sensibly; "I've never done this before, but if I have any say about it, I'd like to be deflowered right there."

He saw David's breath quicken again as he freed one of his hands and pointed to the bench. He didn't know what it was, but the idea was in his head now and the thought of lying there, at David's mercy had him all but trembling inside. He was nervous, part of him was completely terrified, but it was a very small part.

"Are you sure?" David finally asked, still very serious.

Bill nodded; on this he was totally convinced. He wanted to understand David as much as he wanted to be with him and he was determined.

"Okay then," David said after another few minutes, "but you have to promise to do everything I say and we're not playing any head games your first time out. If you say stop, I stop, no questions asked."

Bill nodded again, biting his lip as the excitement stirred in his belly.

"And we need to make a few more preparations," David decided quickly, "come on, they'll be easier in the shower."

It never remotely occurred to Bill not to do exactly as he was told and he followed David meekly down the hall.

Twenty minutes later he was in a bathrobe, he was cleaner than he had ever been in his life, inside and out, he was sure, and he had had the best shower he ever remembered having. He had learnt all sorts of things already and David had already blown his mind once, but he was more than ready for the main event. David was in a pair of sweat pants and nothing else as he led him down the hallway and he felt his heart beating faster with every step.

He knew that all he had to do was say and they would be walking into the bedroom instead, but even that level of control did not stop his heart thudding against the inside of his chest. This was it; he was about to step off the cliff called sex.

"You okay?" David asked as they walked into The Room; it had gained capital letters in Bill's head.

"Nervous as hell," Bill admitted; David had asked him to be completely honest and explained that if he wasn't it could mean bad things.

David gave him a fond smile and pulled him in for a kiss.

"I'm pretty sure that is completely normal," David said and pushed his hair behind his ear for him.

He had washed and dried his hair, so it was down and soft now, no products in it at all, and it was insisting on falling in his face. In a way that made him very glad he was going to be on his back.

"Let's take this off," David suggested, slowly releasing the knot on the belt of the bathrobe and Bill let himself be undressed.

Nerves were getting the better of him, so he just stood there as David went to hang the robe on the back of the door. David's eyes all but ate him up as David walked back to him and he could already see a small tent in David's trousers. At least he knew he was turning his boyfriend, soon to be lover, on. That thought caused his brain to stall for a moment; soon to be lover had his mind reeling.

"Bill," David stroked the side of his face and pulled him out of his thoughts, "we can still do this in the bedroom."

"No," he replied with a little, less than completely sure, smile, "it just occurred to me that soon you'll really be my lover too."

That sent little sparks of delight through him that had little to do with the actual sex.

"And you have no idea how much that means to me," David said, making him blush more than being naked had.

David leant up and kissed him on the nose.

"You just hop on there and sit down," David said, patting the couch, "and I'll go and get some things to start off with."

Doing as he was told, Bill perched on the padded bench between the stirrups and tried not to look too awkward. He would have loved to have been able to relax and lounge like some sort of sex god, but he was far too nervous. His cock was twitching with interest, but his nerves had the better of him and, to his chagrin,

he wasn't anywhere near hard. He was naked with David in a room designed for sex; he should have been reacting more than this.

"Don't look so worried," David said, picking up a few things and walking back to him, putting them on the little table that was next to the bench, "if there is anything you don't like, just say so."

Bill gave a tight smile and nodded; the only thing that ever made him this nervous was going on stage.

"I won't do anything that will hurt you," David promised him, leaning in so they nose to nose; "more than anything I want to make you feel good."

Bill managed a bit more of a real smile then and he bit his lip wondering what David had in mind.

"You're beautiful, Bill," David said, looking him directly in the eye, "and I can't wait to see you spread out before me, but you need to understand you're going to feel vulnerable. It might turn you on, it might not; if it doesn't, we can try something else. Just remember that to me you are the most beautiful thing in the world."

That made Bill feel a little better; he wanted to do this, he really did, but his nerves were greater than he had expected.

"I'm going to push you back," David told him, voice suddenly much lower than Bill was used to hearing and he felt his cock twitch in response, "and then I'm going to lift your legs into the stirrups. You'll be completely open to me, and trust me, I'll be looking."

Bill swallowed hard as he felt the excitement rising in his belly again; David was incredibly sexy like this, more so than he had imagined. There was an undertone of authority in David's voice that made him want to tremble.

"Where will you be looking?" he asked, beginning to enjoy this part more now.

"Everywhere," David promised him, "all over that lily white skin, from those pert little nipples, down over that flat stomach and your slowly hardening cock, past your heavy balls, right to that sweet little hole that is going to be all mine."

Now Bill did shudder; he had never heard anything so completely erotic. He had heard dirty talk before, but he had never been the centre of it and David's intense stare made him feel light headed as the blood rushed southwards.

"I'm going to play with you slowly, Bill," David told him, making his breath hitch in his throat; "I'm going to make your cock so hard it aches and I'm going to tease that little hole until it relaxes and lets me put things in you. Then I'm going find your sweet spot and make you moan my name as I slowly loosen you up until I can slide right inside and fill you more than you've ever been filled. Does that sound good, Lover?"

Bill could only nod mutely as his head filled with the mental images David had created and he all but panted. The throbbing in his groin had increased a hundred fold already. David leant in to him, almost conspiratorially.

"When I let you come," David whispered in his ear, "you'll understand why they say the earth moved."

Looking at his soon to be lover, Bill had no doubt about what David said at all.

"Ready?" David asked, stroking a hand lightly down his chest.

"Yes," he just about managed to say and the hand slowly began pushing him backwards and down. "Ow," he yelped as his back contacted the leather, "it's cold."

"Not for long," David told him with a slightly amused smile.

Then David helped him get comfortable before calmly taking one of his ankles and carefully lifting it to the right stirrup. The moment David did that, his heart began to thud again and he remembered he was nervous. David reassured him with a loving smile before gently taking his other ankle and placing it in the left stirrup. Now Bill couldn't sit up and he couldn't bring his legs together and he felt the vulnerability that David had spoken about. He was exposed and he couldn't free his feet without some forceful movements and he was almost afraid, but not quite.

David's eyes roamed over him, just as promised, and he focused on that and the anxiety faded, leaving the excitement of being in such a forbidden position. He let the excitement fill him and his arousal built, making his cock throb and straighten that little bit more as it filled with blood.

"So you do like it then," David said with a smile, reaching out and slowly stroking him from root to tip.

Bill made a rather uncontrolled sound in the back of his throat as the move sent shots of pleasure through him. Somehow, David seemed to know just how to touch him to make him come apart.

"You're beautiful on stage, Bill," David told him, "you're beautiful in front of the cameras and behind them, but I think you suit this pose like you were destined for it. I would keep you just this way forever if I could."

His eyes fell closed without his consent as David stroked him again and the only sounds he seemed able to make were little breathy ones in time with David's movements. It felt so good and he could feel his cock getting harder and harder the more David touched him and he did begin to feel the familiar ache of his body wanting release.

"The joys of youth," David said in a different tone, making him open his eyes to see his lover standing there, with his cock in hand, just looking directly at it; "how many times do you think I could make you come before you were spent?"

Bill's mind was just a white noise of sex; he didn't really remember how to reply.

"Maybe we'll see later," David suggested; the sound of promise in the deeper sexy tone.

The whimper that escaped him when David let go of his cock was completely involuntary; it just sort of happened. David smiled at him in a way that made his heart flutter.

"Now I'm going to teach you as we go along, Bill," David told him, seemingly changing tack again, "so I want you to pay attention. Can you do that?"

"Yes," Bill managed to force past his less than responsive larynx.

For a moment his mind flicked out and he wondered what the world would think if they knew there was one thing that could shut him up.

"Your greatest friend in the game of sex is lube," David told him, holding up a clear, plastic tube.

What Bill had missed was that David had somehow managed to get some of the lube out of the tube already and the hand that was not on show ghosted over his exposed hole. He couldn't help starting and shifting a little at the strange sensation, but there wasn't far he could go and David's fingers followed him.

"It's such a small hole to begin with," David said, looking him in the eye as fingers danced lightly over his entrance, "but all it takes is a little patience to make it open wide."

One finger pushed against him and he remembered what David had told him in the shower about relaxing and so he did his best to do so. To his surprise the finger slid right into him and it felt a little odd, but no odder than the little device David had used on him in the shower to wash him inside and it definitely didn't hurt.

"Well done, Lover," David said and Bill decided he definitely liked being called that, "I think you're going to do just fine."

For a little while, David just moved the finger in and out of him slowly and, as he became more and more used to the sensation, it became more and more pleasant.

"That feels good," Bill finally managed to put enough brain power together to say something sensible.

"It will feel even better in a minute," David promised him and carefully pulled out the finger. "If you liked that, I'm sure you'll like this."

The way David was being so careful with him, so gentle made Bill feel cared for and loved, so much so that, when David held up a small black dildo to show him, it didn't even make him nervous again. All he felt was the excitement shooting through his belly in anticipation.

"This one is one of my favourites," David told him, carefully covering it in lube; "it's just the right size to titillate. I have a harness it fits in, something you might like to try another day, that holds it in place just so."

As David was speaking, Bill watched his lover's hands and when they dipped down to where he couldn't see, Bill knew what was coming. The toy was bigger than David's finger, he could feel it spreading him more, but nowhere near enough to cause any discomfort.

"Oh, Bill," David said, voice heavy with desire, "you should see this sliding into you; it looks incredible."

Bill was a little shocked when David picked up something else, but was even more surprised when David pointed it at what appeared to be a blank wall and a panel slid back to reveal a flat screen. It popped into life almost instantly and then Bill

realised he was looking at himself as David could see him. He felt his face heating up as just how exposed he was hit home, but it did nothing to quell his arousal, in fact it built on it.

"Oh god," he said, totally captivated by the image of the small black toy sliding into his arse, guided by David's fingers.

He had no idea where the camera was; even now he knew it was there he had couldn't see it, which seemed to excite him a little more than he thought it should have.

"You belong in front of a camera, Bill," David assured him, moving the toy in and out of him slowly while he watched, unable to take his eyes off the screen.

It was so intimate, so illicit and Bill could barely breathe it had him so completely in its grip. He had never felt anything like this and it was blowing his mind.

"Open up for me, Bill," David urged gently, "just let it in."

David moved the toy in and out of him slowly for a little while, letting him see every move on the screen. His eyes kept moving from David to the screen and back again as the whole thing made his head spin and his body sing. Eventually, though, David pushed the toy into him further, almost to the hilt and then stood back for a moment.

"Doesn't that look good, Bill?" David asked him, and his eyes flicked again to the screen and back. "Does it feel as good as it looks?"

For Bill it did feel incredible; he was more turned on than he could ever remember and the toy made all his senses focus down there, but what had his blood pumping even harder was the intense look on David's face. David's eyes were all over him, dragging in everything he was and he felt desired, more desired even than when there were a thousand girls screaming his name.

"And this one has one more pleasure to give," David said, moving back in after looking at him for what felt like an eternity.

That was the only explanation Bill was given as David touched the toy again and it began to vibrate. It sent buzzing up his spine and made him make a surprised little noise. It really felt quite odd, pleasant, but odd. The way David smiled at him then made him think he was missing something. When David moved the toy he found out what it was and he almost lifted off the bench in shock as the toy brushed something inside him that sent sparks through his body and his brain.

"There it is," David said in an appreciative voice, "but maybe a bit intense so soon?"

Bill remembered David's promise to find his sweet spot as he nodded, gasping at the after effects of that promise having been fulfilled. He was turned on by everything David was doing, but he was pretty sure that if David did that much more he would be coming before they were half done.

"Vibrations are very good for relaxing muscles," David told him, going back to moving the toy slowly in and out. "They help release tension we don't even know is there."

Bill just moaned; he really didn't care how useful vibrations were, he just knew they felt good.

If there was one thing Bill knew very well about David, it was that the man had patience and David had to be employing it every second. When Bill looked at David, he could see the obvious tent in the jogging pants and the faint beginnings of a definite wet spot and it only turned him on more knowing that that was for him. If David had taken him there and then he would have still thought it was incredible, but David clearly had plans.

"You're doing very well," David told him, stroking down the inside of his thigh with the hand that was not playing with the toy; "and I think that's probably enough of this one."

It had been a good couple of minutes and Bill felt a little bereft when David pulled out the small toy and the lovely tremors left his body. However, he felt a little thrill at wondering what was coming next. After placing the toy back on the table, David held up another one, but this one didn't look like anything Bill had seen before. It was white, t-shaped, with the stem of the T being an oddly shaped, curved bumpy type thing and the bar of the T curling at the ends like a strange handle.

"This," David told him, coating it with lube, "is specifically designed to stimulate your sweet spot. Your little hole will open up and because of its shape, suck it right in until it sits against your sweet spot just begging me to do things to it and make you see stars."

The blunt end of the toy looked bigger than the little dildo and Bill wasn't sure it would go in, but he trusted David and his eyes flicked to the TV as David lowered his hands. He felt and saw the white toy being pushed against his hole and he was almost shocked when his body opened up and took it. It required more pressure, he could feel that, but it wasn't difficult and it was quite remarkable when, after the initial push, his body did seem to just open up and suck it in. He gasped quietly and gripped the side of the bench as he felt it slide into place.

"Okay," David asked him, rubbing gently on his stomach as he breathed through the intense sensation.

"Hmmm," he replied with a nod, but he wasn't quite sure; it felt a little too raw, a little too much.

"Just relax," David told him, stroking his cock slowly in an almost leisurely way and deliberately distracting him, "if it's still too much in a moment I'll take it out."

David moved the toy a little while still stroking his cock and it actually made him yelp.

"Okay," David decided quickly, "that's a little too much for your first time out."

As David carefully pulled the toy out, Bill was kind of relieved and kind of disappointed, as well as a little embarrassed. He felt like he had failed somehow.

"Hey," David said, leaning over him and stroking his torso gently, "don't look like that, you can't like everything. You're young and, from what I can tell, very, very sensitive, not old and jaded like me. We just have to find what you do like."

David gently kissed the inside of one of his knees and then wandered back to the wall of toys. He came back with something black that had three knobbles on it and appeared to have two attachments.

"This is a little softer for virgin territory," David told him with a soft smile, "and it will allow me to loosen you up slowly so you'll be able to take me."

It didn't look much larger than the dildo in width, as far as Bill could tell, but it was longer.

"It has two fun things to play with," David continued to explain, holding the toy up so he could see it; "it vibrates like the other one, but it also grows."

David squeezed the attachment that looked like the things on blood pressure machines and Bill saw the toy expand.

"How big does it get?" he asked, a little nervously.

"Oh," David said with a smile, "quite big, but we won't be trying that today."

Bill did his best to relax back on the bench as David prepared the toy; his failure had taken a little bit of his excitement away.

"Stop thinking, Lover," David said, stroking the inside of his thigh with a loving touch, "just feel."

Going in, the toy felt much like the dildo, except that it was longer and the way its ribbed shape made him open and close was a little strange. It was when David had it inside him and gave the pump a little squeeze that it made him squeak. He had known it was going to do it, but it was such an odd sensation that it made him call out in surprise. The toy suddenly felt softer inside him as well and it was pressing against his sweet spot, but not in the same hard way that the white toy had done.

"Not too much?" David asked carefully.

"No," Bill said with a shake of his head, feeling his confidence slowly creeping back.

This felt much better and, when David turned on the vibrations, it was much softer than the dildo and just kind of made him tremble inside. It didn't take him very long to decide that this was his favourite yet.

Watching David slowly working him loose and feeling it at the same time was the most amazing thing. He could feel his body giving in as David moved the toy in his body with painstaking care, bit up bit opening him up, every now and then adding the tiniest bit of air with the pump. It felt good, in fact it felt wonderful and eventually Bill found his eyes falling closed as the images engraved on his brain and all he needed was the sensation. He was almost shocked when he felt the toy being carefully pulled out and he opened his eyes to see David watching him.

"You have no idea how erotic you are when you let yourself go," David told him, placing the toy on the little table, but never letting his gaze go.

There was so much desire, so much heat and love in David's eyes that Bill was completely captivated. He knew what David wanted, what David needed and he was more than ready.

"I think you should show me just how erotic you find me then," he said, voice barely above a whisper.

When David pushed down the jogging pants and kicked them off, Bill had his first look at his lover's erection. David had been half hard in the shower and Bill had caught a glimpse or so before, but he had never seen David's cock so big and so proud. The fact that that was going in him made him tremble with anticipation. This was the moment where he gave the last thing he had to give to David. Some might have thought he had done that as soon as they started, but for him, this was that time.

There was no need for words now and David quickly sheathed his cock in a condom and then generously covered himself in lube. Bill watched every move, belly fluttering with anticipation, cock throbbing with arousal. If he had been able to, he would have reached out and taken what he wanted.

David was as careful as he had been all evening, positioning carefully between his legs, lining up perfectly and then slowly beginning to push in. Bill felt the pressure and at first it seemed easy, David just began to slide into him, but then there was a sudden pain and he grunted. He had had the toy all the way in there and it had been no bigger than David at the end, but somehow he had managed to tense up again.

"Let it go, Bill," David spoke to him quietly and calmly, voice heavy with arousal, but still clear and understanding, "just relax."

David's hands slowly stroked his thighs, massaging gently as David carefully began to rock against him. The first two or three times David rocked carefully into him that pain came again and David backed off, but the fourth was easier and on the fifth it was like something gave and David slid all the way home. It was the most amazing feeling as David came to a halt buried hip deep in him and just the thought that David was in him had his whole body trembling.

David's cock was in him; he was open and owned and it almost blew his mind.

Part of him almost wanted to panic, but it never had the chance as David began to move and wiped away all thought from his mind. It was not the same as the toys; it was warmer, more real, more intimate and it became his world. Sounds began falling from his mouth, sounds he had been too inhibited to make when David had been playing with him, but which seemed to need to be made now. Nothing could have prepared him for how this made him feel on a mental or physical level.

He began rocking his hips in time with David's movements and soon discovered that upped the sensation level. It felt so incredible that he felt like he could barely breathe and the fact that he could see the pleasure on David's face as well made it all the more intense.

"Oh god, Bill," David said, voice straining to stay coherent, "I've never seen anything as beautiful as you."

Bill wanted to wrap his legs around David, to pull him in close forever, but he couldn't and that just added to the feeling inside of him. He was so strung out

that he didn't care about anything except what was happening between them. His cock was so hard he was sure he would go off any moment and he was proved right as David reached out to take him in hand and all it took was the lightest touch. It was like for a moment every cell in his body turned on and he bucked and shook and cried out and everything disappeared in white. Shock after shock ripped through him as the most incredible orgasm of his life made even breathing seem irrelevant.

He heard David moaning, then felt him thrusting into him a couple more times and then he knew David had gone as well and it only added to his own pleasure. They were locked together in mutual sensation and Bill fell back onto the bench as the after ripples still managed to take his breath away. Even as he began to come down, it was wonderful as he felt David still inside him, still leaning over him, recovering himself. He couldn't think, couldn't speak and all he wanted to do was lie there and enjoy the after glow.

David seemed to be of the same mind for a while, but eventually David slowly pulled out of him and he made a small noise of disappointment. Logically he knew that they couldn't remain that way, but his orgasm-blasted mind wasn't interested in logic. He wasn't sure he could move on his own as David carefully helped him lower his legs back down and to sit up. He could definitely feel that he had just had sex and he had expected that, but what he hadn't expected was the complete lethargy that was running through him. His mind seemed to be running at half speed and his body felt heavy and it was all a bit overwhelming.

"Don't move," David told him and left him sitting on the edge of the bench.

Even he wasn't reckless enough to disobey that request in his current state and David quickly returned, wrapping the robe he had been wearing earlier around his shoulders.

"Bed, I think," David decided, helping him stand up, "you look a little wiped."

"Ummm," Bill agreed, leaning on his lover as he tried to stand up and found his legs rather stiff.

It took them a while to get to the bedroom and David had him all but tucked in by the time his brain really started working again. It was when David slipped in beside him and he realised he had a warm body to curl up to that his mind began to tick over again. His behaviour was automatic as he snuggled up beside David, wrapping his long frame around David's shorter one and he felt himself beginning to smile. He couldn't help it as the warmth and companionship seeped into him.

His body was sending him little messages, very clearly reminding him of what they had been doing, but it was dawning on him why people called this making love. He did not feel used, or fucked; he felt loved and it made his heart all but burst.

"Bill, are you okay?" David asked, arm coming around him and he realised that he was probably clinging on a little too hard.

"Yeah," he said and his voice sounded thick with emotion even to himself, "I just ..."

He wasn't sure what to say and David gave him time, gently stroking the hair away from his face as they lay there.

"Thank you," he eventually decided on.

He felt David smile where David's cheek was resting against his forehead.

"I think I should be thanking you," David replied, holding him gently; "you just gave me an incredible gift."

Bill moved then, half sitting up and leaning on his arm. It was dark, but there was just enough light slipping under the curtains from a street light outside that Bill could see David's face.

"I love you," he said, very seriously.

He had said it before, but he wasn't quite sure he had known completely what it meant and now he did. He had shared something with David he could never share with anyone else and it made everything seem very special.

"Oh, Bill," David said, looking up at him and cupping the side of his face with a hand, "I have loved you since the moment I met you. You make people love you just by being there. I have been in love with you almost as long, to my shame. I still don't know what miracle brought you to me, but I thank the universe for it every day."

"That long?" Bill was amazed; he had had no idea that David had felt that way.

David had been his friend and confidant with never a hint of anything more until Bill had made his move. That David had been protecting him, even from him just blew his mind.

"That long," David confirmed and Bill knew it was the absolute truth.

That made him grin, because it seemed they had been pining after each other the entire time they had known each other and simply not realised it. It made him want to laugh, but instead he buried his face in David's shoulder.

"No more wasted time," he said, voice muffled by his position.

Maybe it was a good thing he had never realised the truth, because he wasn't exactly known for his patience. Because of David's position anything between them before he was eighteen would have been viewed with suspicion and he knew himself well enough to know that he never would have been able to wait. All that really mattered was that he had David now and David had him; they were in love and, good god, were they going to have some mind blowing sex.

The End