Assurance by Python

**Summary:** Based on one ep of the Midsomer Murders series - Midsomer Murders: Death of a Hollow Man.

**Rating:** FRAO - Adult 🌫

**Fandoms:** Midsomer Murders

**Characters:** Avery Phillips/Tim Young [Midsomer Murders]

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[Chapter 1: n/a]
//Don't let it be Kitty again.// Tim fervently hoped as he went to pick up the phone. "Blackbird Book Shop."
He listened for a moment only to discover that he had no such luck. He glanced briefly over his shoulder at
his partner of eight years. "You mustn't ring here,*" he hissed into the receiver.

Avery inched closer. Maybe this was a clue as to why Tim had been so secretive lately. He watched Tim
clutch the receiver and his stomach clenched.

"I shall do more than bloody ring there," Kitty shouted. "If you don't come and meet me right now, I shall be
round to tell that puffy little tub of lard just what the great love of his life does on his afternoons off.*"

Tim felt Avery's eyes on him. He was well aware of how strange his behavior had been lately and that
Avery was worried about him. He hated seeing him in pain. "Why are you being so spiteful?" he asked.
"Please,*" he pleaded.

Kitty hung up and Tim had no doubt that she was ruthless enough to march into the bookshop and bluntly
tell Avery of their affair. She was a cold goddess, beautiful and harsh and briefly he'd been flattered by her
attention. He sighed heavily and ran a hand through his hair. He wished the affair had never happened and
mentally cursed his own weakness.

"Something wrong?" Avery asked in a mix of curiosity and concern.

Tim took a deep breath and let it out slowly. His Avery was going to be hurt. There was going to be no way
around it but the news would be better coming from him. He turned to face Avery and took him by the
shoulders. "There's something I have to tell you."

Avery stared up at his beloved Tim, the person who meant the world to him. "What is it, Tim? What's
wrong?"

Tim couldn't think of a way to soften the blow and just wanted to get it out before he lost his nerve. "That
was Kitty. She wanted me to come and meet her."

Avery's worst fear was coming true. He just knew it. "What for?" he asked quietly.

Tim frowned. "I've...I've been having an affair with her."

Avery jerked back from Tim. He turned his back on him and hugged his arms across his chest. "I knew it...I
just didn't want to believe it," he stammered. He'd seen the signs but managed to convince himself that he
had an overactive imagination.

Tim chanced touching Avery's shoulders again. "I'm sorry," he said earnestly.

Avery felt the tears welling up. He was stupid to have thought that he could keep a handsome, wonderful
man like Tim happy. Why wouldn't Tim fancy the young drop dead gorgeous Kitty over him? He was middle aged and slightly chubby with thinning hair, but he thought he had a winning personality. Everybody liked him. He seemed to be everybody's friend. Plus, he really loved Tim. Apparently that wasn't enough.

"It just happened," Tim babbled when Avery didn't say anything. "It didn't mean anything."

Avery heard Tim's voice but couldn't make out the words. It was just background noise to the pounding of his heart in his ears. He bowed his head and buried his face in his hands. Was Tim going to leave him now?

Tim realized that Avery wasn't hearing him. He crossed to his front and wrapped his arms around his crying lover. "I'm so sorry," he murmured.

Avery sobbed into Tim's chest. He hit Tim's arm but didn't make a move to pull away. It may have been the last time he would be in Tim's arms.

Tim rubbed the distraught man's back. "I never wanted to hurt you. I don't love her." He looked up and saw Kitty standing outside the door. The look on her face betrayed her shock that Tim had confessed and pity for the quivering mass in Tim's arms. He glared at her and she bowed her head and walked away.

Tim hugged Avery tightly. "I love you*," he stated.

Avery looked up at Tim. "Then why?" he asked at a complete loss.

Tim urged Avery down onto a chair and knelt down in front of him. He took his hands and forced himself to meet Avery's eyes. "It started as just flirtation and I was flattered. We were alone one night at the theatre and I'd had too much wine. I was weak." He paused and swallowed. He wouldn't allow himself to look away from the pain so transparent on Avery's face. "I thought it would be over after that, that she would be bored with me. I was wrong. She threatened to tell you if I didn't keep going back to her."

"Oh, Tim," Avery sighed. He shut his eyes and shook his head.

Tim squeezed Avery's fingers. "I was terrified of losing you. It's over between Kitty and me now. You're the one I want to be with."

Avery sniffed and pulled one of his hands away. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe his eyes. "What made you tell me?"

"I've been trying to work up the courage to come clean. I've hated lying to you. And I also wanted you to hear it from me." Tim swallowed. "Kitty threatened to tell you if I didn't meet her."

Avery let out a shuddering breath. "You're everything to me, Tim."

All Tim wanted to do was make things better but he knew that would take time and effort. He wrapped his arms around Avery in a tight hug and kissed the side of his head. "I don't expect you to forgive me right away. Just give me a chance to make it up to you."

Avery returned the embrace and clutched Tim's back. He didn't have the pride to keep from asking brokenly, "You're not leaving me?"

Tim silently berated himself for putting Avery through this. "No. Never," he answered soothingly. He kissed Avery's forehead, eyelids, and cheeks. "I love you." He gently kissed Avery's lips and then along his jaw. "Will you let me show you how much I need you?"
"Tim," Avery whimpered, sorely tempted to give in and let Tim love him.

"It's all right," Tim whispered and pleaded, "Let me."

Avery moaned as Tim began lavishing attention on his neck. He tilted his head back to expose more of his throat to Tim's mouth. He closed his eyes and his breathing became ragged.

Tim felt Avery's fingers in his hair. He continued to lick and suck at the flesh in front of him. His entire focus was centered on the man in his arms; Avery's taste, scent, feel, and sound were the only things he knew.

Avery leaned back in the chair and Tim followed, mouth still attached to his skin. He was so grateful that Tim still wanted him. "My Tim," he murmured.

"Yours," Tim agreed breathlessly, pulling back just enough to look up at Avery's face. He got to his feet and pulled Avery up with him. "Let's leave the store closed and head upstairs."

Before Avery could say anything, Tim was dragging him towards the stairs. He silently followed him up. Tim's grip on his hand was warm and there was a feral glint in Tim's eyes when they reached their bedroom. He watched Tim quickly lock the door before he was on him again. Tim's hands were everywhere while his mouth took his breath away.

Tim felt the heat through Avery's clothes and was desperate to feel skin on skin. He pushed Avery's waistcoat over his shoulders and off before attacking the buttons of his shirt. He soon had it open and ran his fingers over the pale skin, rubbing a hard nipple.

Avery reached out to Tim with shaking hands. Tim had an opportunity for someone so much better than him but chose him. His Tim. Those irritating tears were forming again.

Tim stilled Avery's hands on his shirt. He smiled and kissed first one hand and then the other. "I'm where I want to be," he whispered urgently. He took Avery's face in his hands and wiped away the moisture on his cheeks with his thumbs.

They kissed again and Tim's shirt was soon on the floor with Avery's. Quickly but tenderly, Tim finished stripping his lover. Then he shed the rest of his clothes.

Avery had no time to admire Tim's lean form. Before he knew it, he was on his back on their bed. Tim was on top of him. A probing, insistent tongue was in his mouth. He ran his hands over Tim's sweaty back.

Avery's squirming beneath him sent sparks through every nerve in Tim's body. It was never like this with Kitty. There was love here, a strong emotional bond, something he realized that he never wanted to be without.

"Oh God, Tim," Avery panted as Tim's mouth once again fastened onto his throat.

"Never. Ever. Leave. You," Tim managed in between kisses. He intertwined his fingers with Avery's as he kissed, nibbled, and licked his way down Avery's neck and over his chest and shoulders.

A hot tongue swirled around his nipple before teeth lightly scraped against it. Avery moaned and arched up into his lover's mouth, needing more contact. He squeezed Tim's fingers and let go, a silent request.

Their hard cocks rubbed together, doubling the heat racing through Tim's blood. He reached over to the night stand for the lube. He squeezed a liberal amount onto his hand and eased a finger inside Avery.
Avery groaned and pushed onto the invading digit. The finger moved inside of him, stretching his resistant flesh. A second finger joined it and he shuddered. "Enough...need you."

Tim prepared his throbbing manhood. He took hold of Avery's hips and thrust into him in one fluid motion. He was still for a moment, relishing the heat, and giving Avery a moment to adjust.

Avery cried out in pleasure as Tim pulled out and thrust back in. Tim established a furious rhythm, pounding into him. He wrapped his legs around Tim, pulling Tim deeper to hit that special spot with each pass.

Owning and being owned by Avery was the closest Tim ever got to perfection. He looked down at his love; Avery's head was thrown back, his eyes were closed and skin flushed, and he moaned in need and appreciation.

As soon as Tim touched his cock, Avery came. He shouted Tim's name. Hot seed spurted between them as the waves of ecstasy overwhelmed him.

The feel and sound of Avery's climax triggered Tim's. He exploded deep inside of him. He lost himself in it and then collapsed on Avery's chest. He lay still, panting, and listening to the rapid beating of Avery's heart.

Avery smiled in contentment. He swept a damp lock of hair out of Tim's eyes and then wrapped his arms around him. He traced circles over Tim's back.

Tim raised his head and smiled back. "I'm never going to let you forget that I love you."

Avery ran his fingers along the back of Tim's neck and into his hair. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Luv."

Tim pecked Avery on the lips. "You'll never have to find out." He rolled off of Avery and went into the adjoining bathroom. He cleaned himself off and brought a warm washcloth back. He gently and lovingly cleaned his lover's stomach, settled back in next to him, and pulled the sheet up around them.

Avery snuggled close and rested his head on Tim's shoulder. "Tim," he murmured happily.

Tim kissed the top of Avery's head. "Remember what Nico said earlier?"

At the moment, Avery couldn't care less about Nico or reopening the shop for the afternoon. He was sated and ready to sleep in Tim's arms. "What?"

"About being on the verge of something wonderful."

"Yes?" Avery asked quietly and nuzzled the side of Tim's neck.

Tim couldn't think of a place where he'd rather be besides Avery's side. The fling with Kitty was a terrible mistake but he'd make up for it and earn the forgiveness that Avery had already given him. "You're my something wonderful."