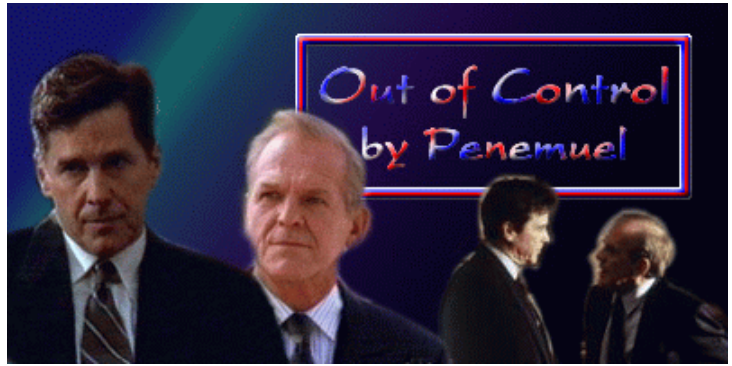


I lean back in my chair and stop writing, my thoughts continuously straying into areas that I can't afford to put down in any kind of permanent record. Permanent records have a disturbing habit of falling into the wrong hands, and despite the liberal feelings and tolerance many people embrace, the press and the radical right would still have the ability to destroy my entire future. I plan on being the next president of the United States, and will *not* give them the means to defeat me without a fair fight...



I think about the scene this morning: Leo McGarry's look of exasperation in the meeting as Jed Bartlet tried to spend the entire time on his feet, when the man is *barely* recovered from being shot; Leo finally having to get up and help Bartlet to his seat; the way Bartlet leaned on him, so familiar and intimate... I know about the two of them -- they think I don't, but it's obvious. At least to me -- but then, I know what to look for.

I could let it slip to the press, and there are days when I hate the President *almost* enough to do that -- he makes no pretense of liking me, and I know he only made me his running mate because he needed me to win the South -- but it would hurt so many other people if I did that, and again, it wouldn't be a fair fight... Besides, if word got out that the President was actively bisexual, then attention would get focused on all of us. Again, something I just can't afford...

Again, my mind flashes back to the way Bartlet leaned on Leo, and I feel a spark of something I loathe but have long since given up trying to deny. Jealousy. Utterly, totally insane, but I am jealous of them.

I can't remember when it started -- perhaps the night Leo came to me, so set on accomplishing something I can't even remember, but undermined from the start by the fact that his wife left him. He was so shell-shocked, so wounded, it cut straight to my heart -- I think it was the first time I had ever seen Leo vulnerable... And I know he hated to let me see it, but there it was. I realized he was terrified, frightened that he would again turn to drinking to try and drown his sorrow after six and a half years of sobriety; I opened up to him about my own problem, my own fears; I even invited him to join our Meetings.

Leo McGarry can't stand me -- he knows how I feel about Bartlet, he knows I'm not the yes-man they'd like me to be. He knows I know why they chose me, and he knows I'll be going for that job the next time it's up -- and yet, he's gone to each of the Meetings since he learned about them. He's even gone as far as to make me the first person he contacts if he's having problems -- not quite his sponsor, but the next best thing... Perhaps it's just that he realizes I'll keep it quiet for the same reasons he will -- Lillianfield scared the crap out of all of us when he went after Leo so doggedly. Leo knows he can trust me to keep quiet, just as he knows I trust him to do the same. That doesn't keep him from hating me...

So why on earth do I keep doing this to myself? Why do I want him? I see that grizzled veteran snarling at someone, and all I want to do is pin him down on my desk and have my wicked way with him. I want to see him lying on my bed, helpless, with my cock up his ass as he begs me for more...

Part of it -- as much as I hate to admit that I can be that petty -- is that it would hurt Bartlet so much to find out that Leo was sharing my bed. I'm painfully aware of the dark side of

all of this, but loathe to make Leo the tool of my revenge. He's been Bartlet's friend for the past forty years, and I know which one he would side with if the shit hit the fan -- I won't even try to use him that way. Just every other one...

Maybe it's just that he's the only one I know in this place with the balls to stand up to me the way he does. Maybe I just want to tame someone I know is worthy of my efforts... Maybe I don't actually want to tame him at all...

I let my mind wander for a few brief moments, and shocked, I realize I've already dreamed up a way to ensnare him. All it would take is to make sure my most loyal agents are on duty one night, and one quick phone call to Leo to lure him in. It's terrifyingly simple, but the thing that really scares me is that I realize I'm going to go through with it...

"Leo McGarry," the rough voice answers the phone. I'm imagining he's sitting on the couch unwinding after a crappy day, watching CNN and arguing points with the newsanchors as they get details wrong.

"Leo, it's John Hoynes," I say softly. The way this day has gone, I'm not even really lying to him. The amount of stress after the *Cole* and everything else is unbelievable. It would be so damned easy to slip -- just one fucking little drink to take the edge off and let me finally relax...

"What's wrong?" he asks, suddenly much more alert. He's worried, but whether that worry is for me or that I've gotten some news they haven't is hard to tell...

"I -- uh... I think I need to talk to you, in private. Can you come to my place? Dennis will let you in..."

"You're having a bad night too, huh?" Leo asks, his voice suddenly soft and sympathetic -- we both served in the military, we can both understand how much this terrible thing has affected everyone. My heart sinks as guilt floods me over using this event to snare him, and now I do need him to talk to. "I'll be there in just a few minutes. I'm through watching those jackasses accuse us of running away when we're just trying to protect people."

I know what he's talking about. As I say goodbye and hang up the phone I feel my temper flare at the reporters who dared to question our motives for closing the embassies to the public. They accuse us of cowardice when what we're doing is trying to protect the innocent public from becoming casualties should any of the embassies be the next target. I'm sick of reporters trying to make a controversy where there isn't one. Right now, I'm sick of the whole damned thing, and I'm greatly relieved that I gave Dennis standing orders to pour any alcohol that comes into the Residence down the drain. There's nothing to tempt me before Leo arrives, and Dennis would never allow anyone here to go out and buy me some...

Time passes before I realize it. "Sir, he's here," the quiet voice says from the doorway, then Dennis steps aside and Leo enters the room.

"Thanks, Dennis. Please don't let anyone disturb us unless it's an emergency..." I instruct, glancing to Leo as if to ask if it's okay with him. He nods slightly, and relieved, I let Dennis go without changing that order. Then I turn back to Leo. He's wearing the same suit he had on earlier, but the tie is gone and he looks ruffled. I imagine he was dozing on the couch when I called him... "Leo, thanks for coming -- I'm... this isn't easy for me."

He smiles, that crooked little smile that gives him so much character, and says, "Me either, John. But I know how you feel -- I'm alternating between wanting to shoot someone and wanting to just put my head down and cry..."

"Me, too. I keep wanting to ask them how *dare* they suggest such a thing--" My voice

cracks and I feel my face flush. I try to continue, "--on the air, on national TV, questioning us like--" All of a sudden, I can't force my voice out past the constriction in my throat. This is ridiculous! This isn't at all what I planned -- and now he's seeing *me* at my most vulnerable...

"John.." he says so softly, and suddenly he's helping me to my seat on the couch, just as he did with Bartlet this morning. "I won't tell anyone if you really do want to cry, you know -- you've got my word..."

"Just so angry!" I manage to force out, then take a deep, shuddering breath. I've got my control back now, I think. I'm leaning forward, breathing hard, trying to get rid of that hitch that says the tears aren't entirely gone yet, and suddenly he's rubbing my back.

"Shhh," he soothes. "I know how you feel -- I understand, John. Relax, don't let them get to you... There's nothing we can do about it right now... It's okay."

I shake my head. "It's not okay -- half of them were kids, Leo..."

He follows my change of subject easily. "I know. It's a terrible thing -- and we are gonna find out who did it and get them, no matter how long it takes. But for now, you need to relax or you're going to hurt yourself..."

"I want a drink," I admit. And I do, damn it! "I just want to make it all go away..."

"But you know it won't go away, John. It'll be there in the morning, and your life will be so much more complicated you won't be able to deal with it..." Leo says, painfully speaking from experience.

"I know. I realize that -- I honestly do. It doesn't solve anything, it only makes things worse -- but I just can't stand the pain right now..."

"The pain later is worse." Again, the sage voice of experience. I feel him digging his fingers into my muscles now, trying to work some of the tension out. I groan slightly as he finds a particularly bad spot. "Sorry," he apologizes.

"No, it didn't hurt -- felt good," I murmur. "Think that muscle has been tense since the campaign..."

"Yeah -- I've got one of those, too. Right at the base of the skull..." Leo laughs softly, continuing to massage.

Suddenly my depression is fading, chased away by having his reassuring presence next to me, his warm hands on me. Part of me wants to tell him to stop, that this is wrong. Part of me is still ashamed for using this to get to him -- except that I didn't really. I honestly did need to talk to him, and he's the one who started *this*... "Leo, I--"

"Quiet, John, just relax," he instructs. Surprised by the firmness in his voice, I obey without thinking. By the time I realize what I've just done, it's too late. "If you want me to do some real good, here, we're going to need to get your shirt off."

"Uh... Leo, I--" What happened here? How did I lose control so quickly? The last time I felt like this was when Bartlet was in surgery and I had to rely completely on Leo for guidance in the security briefing. Part of me is suddenly terrified, and part of me -- the part I truly wish I could disown in times such as this -- is thrilled by it.

"And you should be lying down on your stomach so I can do this properly..." Again the firmness, as if he refuses to accept any argument. This is the Leo McGarry I've faced in the office, the snarling man who will not back down from anyone except his leader. Or his leader's wife -- but then *everyone* backs down from her... This Leo is the one who makes my knees weak and my heart thump, but I should be putting him face down on my bed, not the other way...

"No, Leo, I'm okay now," I try to protest; one last chance to stop this before it goes too

far...

"I don't think so. I don't think you should be alone tonight," he says, pulling back from me and standing up. He looks down at me and I'm afraid to look up, knowing my face is showing my shock and probably more than that. A hand reaches down to help me up and I focus on it, grasping it and letting him pull me to my feet. This has to stop -- I've got to get myself back under control so that I can control him. I let go of his hand once I'm on my feet, clear my throat and square my shoulders, then he orders, "Show me where your bedroom is."

Obediently, I murmur, "This way," and lead him there.

On the way, I reach up to pull my tie off; running the textured silk weave between my fingers, I get myself back under control, thinking about what I can use that tie for. I usher Leo into the room, still not looking at him in case I lose my resolve again, then I close the door behind us. I pray I haven't misread the situation, concerned that perhaps Leo really was only offering a backrub and the suggestiveness of his request is all in my mind. Then I realize how close he's standing to me, his voice a rough purr in my ear, "John, take off your shirt so I can work on your back." I still can't tell if he's trying to seduce me, or if it's my interpretation of things, but my fingers are already working on the buttons, pulling my shirt out of my waistband and shrugging out of it quickly. I keep the tie folded into my hand, palming it the way a magician would for a sleight-of-hand trick. I have a plan, now, and although I'll accept Leo's backrub eagerly, the rest of this *will* be my show.

"Undershirt, too," he says, when I toss the shirt onto a chair, planning to deal with it later. A moment later, I'm standing before him naked to the waist. "Probably should take your shoes off, too, if you want to lie down comfortably," he suggests. I smile and sit down on the side of my bed, bending to untie and slide off my shoes. It feels so good to relax and let someone take care of me for a while...

Once my shoes are off, I lie down on the bed and roll onto my stomach, settling myself comfortably with my arms folded around the pillow to keep my face out of it. Once I'm ready, I look up at him and nod. "Okay."

While I'm getting comfortable, Leo's been rolling up his sleeves and cracking his knuckles, getting his fingers ready for a real workout. He looks down at me and I can't read his expression -- I pray he can't read mine, either, and close my hand harder around the tie to remind myself of what I have planned. Then Leo leans down and starts to work on my back in earnest. I wonder how long it will be before he realizes I'm lying too far over for him to keep doing this standing up. He'll be ready for his own backrub if he keeps it up for too long...

Even as I'm thinking this, he pulls back and mutters something, then leans down and unties his shoes. "Going to have to kneel on your bed if you want a *real* backrub, John," he says quietly, then he kneels on the side of the bed next to me. I risk a glance back at him, and see him thinking. He's got to be weighing the consequences of this, wondering if it's really worth the risk. Then he seems to come to a decision, and the next thing I know, he's moving to straddle my thighs. His hands settle on my back, palms flat for a moment, then he begins to massage. He's still kneeling over me, obviously not willing, yet, to take that next step and settle more comfortably. This way, he can still jump off the bed if one or the other of us changes his mind.

I wonder briefly if he's thinking of using this as a way to gain control over me -- I have to admit that would be funny... Then his fingers dig into a particularly tense spot and I groan. Suddenly, I'm glad he's still kneeling over me, that I'm face down on the bed. I don't want him to see my body's rebellious reaction to him. Again, part of me aches so much to submit, to allow

him to run this whole show. There is *no one* else who makes me feel like this, who makes me feel like spreading my legs and letting him pin me down and master me. I just can't afford to let him set the precedent -- maybe some other time, but this time I *have* to be the one in charge...

He moves, now straddling my hips. He'll have to settle down soon, I can feel the tension in his legs. I can also feel the heat of his body even through our slacks -- I wonder if he's aware of how intensely warm he is... He works on my muscles like an expert, and I have to wonder how many times he's done this for Bartlet, considering his bad back. I'm definitely not going to let him practice the other skills he uses on him -- not this night. Now, if only I could get that message through to my cock, which seems to have decided it knows better than I do...

He digs sure fingers into the rocks my shoulders have become over the span of this crappy day, and bit by bit reminds them that they're simply flesh and blood. God, he's *good* at this! I groan again, this one sounding dangerously like a moan to my ears. He grunts speculatively and repeats the motion, pressing hard with both thumbs into the muscle along the top of my right shoulder. This time the groan that escapes is slightly pained -- that really is a sore muscle...

"Sorry, John," Leo murmurs, gentling his massage to avoid bruising me. He works at that damned muscle until it finally starts loosening up, and it takes that long for me to even register the fact that he's settled on my hips. He's better balanced to reach up to my shoulders that way, but all I feel once I realize that fact is the heat radiating from him. I desperately want to thrust into that heat, to feel it wrap around me -- it's all I can do to keep from thrusting into the bed as I grow more aroused...

"John, you okay? You're tensing up again," he asks softly, leaning forward more.

"No, Leo, I'm okay," I answer quietly, and smile as his right hand comes down on the bed beside me. Perfect.

I reach out and grab his wrist. In the time it takes for him to gasp, "What?" I raise up and buck him off to the side. I'm still holding his wrist, and when he lands on his back on my bed, I grab his other wrist and hold them together above his head. "John, just what the *hell* are you doing?"

Leo's angry -- I can see it in his eyes -- especially when I lie down atop him, pinning him down on the bed with my body. He struggles against me and I feel his erection -- he's as aroused as I am... I'm still holding his wrists; he's effectively helpless, and he hates the fact that it's turning him on. I smile at him and grind my hips into him, then answer, "I'm doing pretty much what you were planning on doing." I lean down and nuzzle him, nibbling gently along his jaw until I reach his ear. Then I nip the lobe, and I can feel his body arch into me, just slightly.

"This isn't quite what I had in mind," Leo growls softly, struggling again; then groaning as I tongue his ear. "Damn it, John..."

His protest is quiet and breathy, almost a moan. He's panting, now, trying desperately to keep his body still; to not let me know how intensely excited he is. It's hard to hide when I'm pressed along the length of his body, feeling his cock straining for release... "Tell me to stop and I will, Leo. If you don't want it, let me know -- I'm no rapist." I make the offer knowing he won't take it, but I will *not* force him...

To my surprise, and my delight, his legs spread slightly and he arches into me, turning his head to try and see my expression. I pull back and smile down at him, and then I see his gaze harden.

"Okay, John, tonight I'm yours," he says, and then his voice hardens, too, "but make this

good and get it out of your system, because the next time anything happens between us, you will *not* be the one on top."

The growled challenge makes me shiver -- I don't know what part of it thrills me more, the idea that this might not be our only night together, or the fact that he's planning to top me next time... I nod, although at the back of my mind I'm entertaining the thought of giving him a good fight for dominance next time. He can top me, *if* he can beat me...

Leo nods in response, then his eyes widen as I loop the tie around his wrists and bind them together. The knot is loose enough that if he needs to, he can free himself, but tight enough to give the continued illusion of helplessness.

"How far are you willing to go, Leo?" I ask, sitting up so I can unbutton his shirt. Of course, now that his wrists are bound, I can't take the shirt or his undershirt off. Unless I change his position...

"How far do you think you can take me?" he challenges. God -- that fire is what attracts me, like the proverbial moth to a flame. But at this moment, it also irritates me -- he's so smug right now, thinking that I'll crumble and give in to him. It's just the thing I need to keep me from submitting tonight...

I answer him with a smile, nothing more. Then I climb off the bed and walk to my dresser, opening the bottom drawer and pulling out The Bag. Leo's watching me as well as he can without sitting up -- he's behaving surprisingly well, which makes me suspicious. No matter -- once I get him stripped, I'll tie his wrists properly. I won't tie his legs, though, because I want to feel them wrap around me once I'm buried deep inside him...

I return to the bed, placing The Bag on the floor and returning my attention to Leo's shirt. He watches my every move, defiance glittering in those eyes despite the obvious erection tenting his trousers. When I reach down to finish unbuttoning his shirt, his eyes lock onto my face and he studies me as I tug his undershirt out of his trousers and then slide my hand up underneath it. His skin is warm beneath my hand and despite his effort not to, he arches into my touch and moans very quietly. I run a teasing fingertip around one nipple and then the other, relishing his gasp as I pinch one of them gently. "Oh yes..."

I slide my hand back out of his shirt and reach down to The Bag, unzipping it and reaching in to pull out two soft, black cotton ropes. His eyes widen as he sees them, but my hands are already reaching up to untie his.

Once he's untied, I pull him up to a sitting position. He tries to free himself, and is surprised by my strength. I look down at him and order, "Take your shirt off -- undershirt, too." Watching my expression, he obeys, a smile curving his lips as I lick my own...

He tosses the shirt and undershirt towards the chair, then lies back down without a word. I lay the ropes down on the pillow next to his head and rub my palms over his chest, my fingers drawn to his erect nipples to tease and pinch and torment. He arches back into the pillows, now, and I see his legs spread. I'm winning...

I abandon his nipples and grab one of his wrists; pull it out to the side, wrapping the rope around it and then tying him to the bedpost. This knot is much stronger than the first one -- there are paramedics' scissors in The Bag in case of emergencies and a quick release knot where the rope wraps around the lower portion of the bedpost, but I do *not* want him freeing himself...

Nearly panting from excitement and trying to get my breathing back under control, I take his other wrist. He struggles slightly, a token resistance to my mastery of him, and then I have his other arm tied firmly, too.

Now that he's helpless, I reach down to his belt and unbuckle it, pull it from the beltloops with a snap. He gasps and glares daggers at me -- I have him now and he hates it, but his body is too hungry; too desperate for release. When I unzip his trousers, he groans.

I slide my hand down into his boxers, grasp his shaft, and relish the moan that he can't restrain. "That's got to hurt, Leo..." I murmur, releasing his shaft and sliding down to gently squeeze his balls. I slide my other hand into his shorts to wrap around his shaft, and he cries out this time. "Yeah... You're so hard, and this is the first time I've touched your cock..." I pull his trousers and boxers down, revealing his glorious erection and heavy balls, then resume my caresses. I realize I've just licked my lips and hope he hasn't seen...

I gently stroke his shaft, rubbing my thumb over the head of his cock until a bead of precum leaks out. I smear it over the sensitive skin, continuing to toy with the head of his cock as my other hand massages and squeezes his balls, and he moans and arches back into the pillows. He's pulling against the ropes now; I think he's realized that I've won this round, and he's loathe to give in to me; his breath is coming in little panting gasps, and I know he'll cum soon. I'm teasing his weeping slit with the tip of my thumb, and gently pumping his aching erection with my other hand; his entire body is trembling with the tension of trying *not* to cum when he wants so much to.

When I slide my thumb down the slit to rub that sensitive place under the glans, his body decides the matter for him. Suddenly his hips are jerking up, his cock shooting hot cum all over my hands and his stomach; this display sending an arrow of lust straight through me to my own aching erection. The groan his orgasm pulls out of him nearly sends me over the edge, and it's all I can do to keep from giving away how much it affects me...

He lies on the bed breathing hard, trying to catch his breath and get himself back under control. To keep him off balance, I walk down to his feet and grasp his trouser legs, using them to pull his trousers down and then off. His shorts follow. Now he lies completely naked before me; I study him, my gaze traveling the length of his body and lingering lustfully on his groin.

He spreads his legs slightly, stretching them out and settling himself slightly more comfortably, then smiles crookedly up at me. "Like what you see, huh?"

I smile, not wanting to answer him; to even give in that much. The answer is more than obvious, without my voicing it... There is something I need to say, though, and I'm uncomfortable asking it... "Leo, I don't want to offend you, but I have to ask you something that is by its very nature offensive..."

"What is it, John?"

"Do I need to wear a condom?"

He pauses to think for a moment, and I know he's doing what I did earlier; comparing the dates of sexual encounters with dates of physical exams or blood tests, doing the same for any partner he's been with recently -- I don't want to think about who's on that list. But at least I know *he's* clean... Then Leo looks me straight in the eye and says, "Only if you don't know your own status."

He says it neutrally, but I know he's insulting me. Too bad. On this one thing, I can't blame him, but I *will* be selfish; I have a bright future ahead of me and don't want to throw it away on something preventable. "I think you know the answer to that, Leo," I answer, my voice as neutral as his was.

That bit of unpleasantness out of the way, though, it seems to have solved the problem of my being too excited. My erection has subsided some, and I think I can get through the rest of

this without losing my control... Much.

I walk back around to the side of the bed and look once more at The Bag. I wonder exactly what the right toys would be for Leo -- the right thing to make him feel that much more helpless and hungry for me... I would like to spank him, but damn it, I'd have to untie him again! But more than that, what I want is to hear him beg me to fuck him. I not only want to be inside him, I want him to *need* me inside him...

The thought of sinking my cock into his tight heat sends a thrill through me, and I can feel my cock starting to respond again, hardening rapidly. I want to feel his mouth on me, too -- I've had an overwhelming need, since I started thinking of doing this, to have him suck me; to use that mouth for something more than argument and persuasion...

"So, Leo, what should I do with you, hmmn?" I ask, looking down at him and smiling. He glances at me, then tries to look down to see inside The Bag -- the restraints don't give enough and he falls back, frustrated.

"You could let me go," he suggests, and there's actually slight humour in his tone. I shake my head, and he says, "I didn't think so." Then he meets my gaze again and grows serious. "Nothing that's going to leave a mark -- I don't want-- uh-- anyone to worry."

"Understandable," I say, nodding slightly. We both know what could come of certain people's concern or any kind of investigation, and neither of us are willing to risk that. This is good, though -- negotiation is proper in this kind of scene. We *should* have a safe-word, but I'm really loathe to tell him he has a choice. Unfortunately, I'm too conscientious about that kind of thing for my own good... "If there's anything that I do that you don't like, tell me to stop. We need a word that isn't something you'd say in bed."

"A safe-word. Of course," he says, and I apparently can't keep the surprise from my face, because the next thing he says is, "What, you think I live in a monastery somewhere?" He chuckles quietly when I frown, then he says, "Just because I don't usually do this doesn't mean I have no idea what's going on, John."

Somewhere in the back of my mind an image I don't want to acknowledge the existence of rears its ugly head and I squash it back down mercilessly. I just don't want to *know*...

Leo chuckles again, then says, "Jameson's."

My attention snaps back to him and I blurt, "What?!"

"My safe-word. It's the last thing either of *us* is going to be talking about..." he explains with a self-deprecating smile. I nod, knowing his statement needs no comment.

I walk back to the foot of the bed, then I look him up and down again, my gaze lingering once more on his groin. His body is still quite fit, perhaps a little soft here and there but with steely thighs and arms. I remember that it was his expensive bicycle Bartlet crashed, so cycling must be how he stays so healthy. God knows, with the stress we have in our day-to-day lives, long hours spent cycling through parks would be a perfect way to keep sane and make the cardiologist happy...

His cock is flopped against a thigh at the moment; not erect but not entirely flaccid, either. As I settle my hands on his ankles I see it twitch, and as I stroke gently up his legs it hardens further and stands straighter. In an instant, I know what I'm going to do, and smile knowingly down at him as I return to the side of the bed and retrieve something from The Bag.

Keeping it folded in one hand, I return to stroking his legs, pleased to feel the warm steel of his thighs. I tease with soft strokes, each one drawing closer to his hardening cock. By the time I'm stroking high enough to touch it, he's spread his legs slightly again. I smile at the fact that he's



made this easier, and slide my hand beneath his balls. He groans as he feels my hands moving, cupping his balls and squeezing gently, pulling his cock closer to them despite its tendency to try to pull away now that he's erect -- and then his eyes go wide as I snap the cock strap closed around the base of his cock and balls. It's incredibly soft, fine leather, and feels wonderful against the skin -- and restrains without pulling or squeezing too much the way a cock ring might. The sight of his bound genitals sends a shiver through me and I can no longer ignore the throbbing of my own cock. *I have* to have him touch it; taste it...

I have to keep myself under control, keep my hands from trembling as I unbuckle my belt and unzip my trousers... I pull my trousers and boxer-briefs down and can't restrain the groan as my cock is finally freed -- that was starting to *hurt*. Then I step out of the puddle of fabric and climb onto the bed, straddling his thighs and then climbing up the bed on my hands and knees until we're face-to-face. His gaze darts down to my cock and I can see his eyes widen and hear the gasp he tries to conceal. Then he swallows and looks up at me and the look in his eyes is one I want to engrave in my memory for all time -- looks like I 'measure up' to his expectations and then some... I smile down at him and I swear he almost blushes!

Then I bend my arms, resting on my forearms over him, and whisper, "That's going to be in you, Leo..." I nuzzle my way down his throat, nibbling harder as I go -- but not hard enough to bruise, no matter how much I long to. The moment I feel him starting to respond, I pull back, straighten again so that I can see the look on his face.

He looks like he's about to protest, then he stops himself. It's so hard to keep from smiling, but somehow I manage it. Instead, I back down him, licking and nibbling a trail down to one of his nipples, then gently nip it. He hisses and arches up into me, groaning again when I fasten my teeth on it and tug gently. Then I work my way over to the other nipple, working on this one with just lips and tongue. I balance myself carefully over him and slide a hand down to very lightly skim my fingertips over his trapped cock and balls. He jerks and goes rigid under me for a moment, then shudders and breathes, "Jesus..."

I trap the nipple I'm torturing between my teeth and flick the tip of my tongue back and forth across the tight nub of flesh; continue to skim fingertips over the skin of his engorged cock, his tight balls -- he groans and starts to move against me, trying to thrust up into my hand. Suddenly he's panting, his eyes squeeze shut and again he's about to say something when I let him go and pull back -- instead, he bites his lip and tries to swallow his moan.

"Something wrong, Leo?" I ask, backing up again and appreciating the sight of his trapped genitals -- the head of his cock is nearly purple with the blood trapped in it, and so much precum has leaked from it that it glistens in the light. Very gently, I rub my fingertips over the head of his cock, trying not to stimulate him further while I coat my fingers in the liquid.

"You sonofabitch," he growls, writhing in an attempt to bring his cock into better contact with my hand. I'm wearing him down, and what I'm about to do will do so much faster...

I settle on the bed next to him, now, and slide my hand down between his legs -- I can't help smiling as he spreads his legs easily now, bending one at the knee before he realizes it gives me easier access. Then I run a fingertip gently over the puckered opening and smile as he makes an inarticulate growling noise. This is going to be so good...

I work the tip of one finger gradually into him -- I expected him to be tight, but I'm going to need some real lube for this because he's still trying to fight me, even though he doesn't realize it at this point. I lean over and rummage in The Bag for the tube, grab it and straighten again. I uncap it and squeeze a generous amount on my fingers, then slide my hand back between his legs

again.

This time when I rub slick fingers over the puckered opening, I can feel a slight twitch in the muscle as he gasps. Again I work the tip of a finger into him, slowing when he bites his lip and hisses and the muscles clamp down. "Easy, Leo," I say quietly -- I don't want to hurt him; "Easy..." I lean forward and gently stroke his cock with my free hand; not enough to get him off, but enough to relax him and arouse him again. Soon, he's writhing in my bed and my finger is sliding deeper into him, until I find what I'm looking for and gently massage his prostate.

He cries out as I press gently, a hoarse, lust-filled cry that trails off into a moan as I slide my finger back out and cease stroking his cock. More lube, and I very carefully, very gently slide two fingers into him. Again, he clamps down and I have to return my attention to his cock. I know he *can't* be a virgin, but it's obviously been a while... Either that, or his subconscious is still getting the better of his body -- can't have that.

I stroke his cock then slide my hand down to gently massage his balls, and once more he opens to allow my gentle invasion. Again, I make sure to stimulate his prostate as I stretch him and prepare him -- I'll have him begging yet...

"God-- *damn!*" he groans, shifting his hips to get into the most comfortable position and gasping as his motions make my fingers move inside him.

"Easy, Leo," I murmur, beginning to thrust gently in and out of his tight heat. Every time I thrust deep, I make sure to massage his prostate, smiling as he gasps or groans every time. It's almost time to move to the next step...

"Oh! God..." he moans as I work a third finger into him. This time, his body does not clamp down, and I have to start paying close attention to his reactions. Too much stimulation now, and I won't have the desperation I need from him...

He's writhing in my bed now, his breathing and moans driving me insane as he grows more and more aroused. My cock is throbbing and so hard it hurts, and I have to pray I last through what comes next... I continue to fuck him with my fingers, stretching and preparing him, until he begins to move his hips and tries to press back and drive my fingers deeper. That's my signal...

I withdraw, and Leo starts to moan something then cuts himself off -- it sounds distinctly like 'no'...

I climb back up the bed, taking great care to avoid touching any of his erogenous zones as I straddle him. "Suck me, Leo," I command. He looks up at me and his eyes are hungry -- although I can see the defiance is still there. "Sit up and suck me..." He smirks and slides back up in the bed as much as he can, then shakes his head.

"I don't think so," he says with that smile, and then I thrust my hips forward and my cock bumps into his lips. Precum smears across them and I see his right hand move in an attempt to wipe his lips clean, only to be abruptly reminded that his hands are bound. Meanwhile, I'm now rubbing my cock across his face, taking care not to scrape tender skin against razor stubble.

I press the head to his lips again, smearing more precum across them until he darts out his tongue to clean them. When he tastes me on his lips he realizes what he's done and scowls at me. "John, you're a bastard, do you know that?"

"You like the way I taste, Leo?" I purr, trying to work my cock between his lips as he talks. Suddenly I feel something hot and wet on my cock and his tongue is laving the head. I can't restrain a groan and I thrust forward more, wanting so much to feel that mouth on me. He meets my gaze and his mouth quirks into another smug smile, and then the tip of his tongue teases at

my slit. I keep reminding myself that I have to keep in control, even though he's driving me mad with his tongue and now his lips and even his teeth -- oh *god* I can't keep this up for long. It's taken too long to get to this point -- I'll never last and stand a chance of getting inside him without cumming...

No matter, I decide. He can suck me off now, and while I'm recovering, I'll continue to tease him until he has to have me in him or go mad... When he opens his mouth further, I sink in deeper and sigh as the wet heat engulfs me. He licks along my entire length, from the root of my cock to the tip, then after teasing the slit again he closes his lips around me and starts sucking.

Stars are already exploding behind my eyes and I can't help thrusting harder into his mouth. He doesn't gag or choke, but he doesn't deep throat me, either. I stroke his hair as he's sucking me, trying not to force him to go further than he's ready to go -- it's hard to use a safeword when you've got someone's dick in your mouth...

It seems I don't really need to worry, though, because Leo's sucking me harder and harder on his own, meeting my every thrust. I can't help it, I'm stroking his head now, holding him in place as I fuck his mouth. He stiffens and grunts once, then relaxes and resumes sucking. I feel my balls tighten and know that I can't turn back now.

"God, Leo, I'm gonna--" I gasp, trying to warn him before I explode in his mouth. I swear he's smiling around my cock as my hips snap forward and I thrust deep. It hits me so fast I can't do anything more than cry out and keep thrusting until I'm done. It feels so good, especially when I feel the sucking and licking continue until I'm spent.

My heart is pounding and my thighs are aching by the time the spasms cease -- I'm gasping for breath... God -- I should never have allowed that to happen, but *damn* it felt good. When I look up at Leo, he's smirking at me again. Damn it. I realize I'm now sitting between his legs and partially on his thighs, and back away to sit next to him. Time to rein him in again...

"Back down on the bed, Leo," I order, once I've caught my breath, "Now."

I watch appreciatively as he slides back down in the bed. His trapped cock and balls bounce slightly with each movement of his hips and lust once again shivers through me. The black accents of the ropes and cock strap look beautiful on his skin and I think I'd like to see how he would look in wider, leather restraints... I own some, but I get the feeling it would be pushing it just a little...

Instead, I grab one of the pillows and meet his gaze. I can see him swallow but he continues to lie there until I order, "Lift up your hips, Leo..." The fact that he obeys sends another shiver of lust through me and I can feel my cock beginning to take interest in the proceedings again. I slide the pillow under his hips to put him at the right angle to fuck, and then I retrieve the lube and once more smear a liberal amount on my fingers.

I settle myself comfortably, then gently probe his tight anus, sliding a finger in easily now. I'm so busy watching his throbbing cock that I miss the look on his face as he moans and arches back into the pillows. When I look up, his face gives away his hunger, his lips parted and his eyes glazing in pleasure. I withdraw and slide two fingers in this time, and he starts to pant and roll his head side to side on the pillows.

I continue to finger fuck him, keeping the pace slow and the pressure on his prostate light and teasing. He moans again and shifts, his legs splaying wider now as he tries to arch into my strokes. Every time he does, I pull back, until he actually whimpers as I withdraw entirely. "Ohgod--" he breathes, looking up at me so hungrily. He closes his mouth and licks his lips, then looks away from me again, knowing he's shown me too much. His eyes are dilated in pleasure,

his face slightly flushed -- from the way he's been panting I'm sure his head is spinning, and at this moment he's one of the most beautiful men on the face of this earth. I wonder if anyone else has seen him like this; naked, helpless, and so aroused he might burst into flame without warning...

I gently rub slick fingertips over the puckered opening again, smiling as he cries out and tries to arch into my touch. I pull away, then repeat the motion. His muscles twitch under my touch, wanting penetration so desperately. Teasing, I continue rubbing over the opening, refusing to slip inside yet. He murmurs something again, and I can't catch what it is.

"What was that, Leo?" I ask, probing with just the tip of my finger, now.

"Nothing," he pants, moving his hips and gasping with frustration as I pull my hand away again. He's very, very close...

I uncap the lube again and this time I slather a generous amount on my cock, then coat my fingers again. "Oh, okay," I say nonchalantly, and return to teasing him. This time he groans, low, deep in his throat, and writhes into my touch. I slide three fingers into him and the cry that escapes him sends fire through my veins. This time, I avoid his prostate completely, despite his best efforts to impale himself on my hand.

He's barely coherent, now, whispering, "God -- oh *god!*" as I slide out of him again and then back in with only one finger; back to the light pressure and teasing strokes. He whimpers, the simple sound carrying so much desperation and hunger with it, but it's the next thing he says that really tells me he's mine.

"Please..." Not even a whisper, just a breath -- almost quiet enough that I may have imagined it. I continue to tease and he squeezes his eyes shut, bites his lip.

"Oh god, John..." he gasps, and I lean closer.

"What?"

"Please!" This whisper is louder and his eyes snap open and lock onto mine.

"What is it, Leo?"

I slide my finger out completely and he gasps, "No!" I can't hide my triumphant smile... I sit up and move to kneel between his legs, my heart pounding as lust thunders through me. He's writhing, working his hips up and down and making his cock bob with every move, knowing how much it inflames me to see it. "God damn it, John, *fuck me!*" he orders.

I smile and shake my head. "You have to do better than that, Leo..." I straighten up and wrap my hand around my cock, letting him see just how hard and how big I am. "Maybe I'll just jerk off *on* you..." I muse, slowly pumping my cock.

"No!" he cries, his eyes betraying his desperation. Then, "Please..."

Oh god...

"Please, John, fuck me..."

He's not quite begging enough... "Oh, I don't know..."

He whimpers again and tugs at the ropes, then makes a choked sound and swallows hard. "Please, John -- I need it!" he whispers. I can see how hard it is for him to say it, but still I don't relent. I moan and bite my own lip, continuing to work my cock as slowly as I can. His eyes lock onto it and I can see the hunger win over his pride and stubbornness. "Please, John, I need it in me -- need you to fuck me--" He takes a shuddering breath and lifts his hips towards me again, then moans, "*Please...*"

With a growl, I grab his ankles and lift his legs up towards his chest, then position my cock at his anus. I press forward steadily, my cock sliding into him; into that incredible heat, that

velvet tightness. He lets out a shuddering moan as I sink in to the hilt, my balls squeezed between us I'm in so far. Then I give an extra little twitch of my hips and his eyes go wide in surprise.

"God!" he gasps as I repeat that movement, and I can feel his entire body trembling. He shifts and one leg wraps around me, making it easier on his hips; then he moans again, his eyes nearly rolling back in his head as I withdraw slightly and slide back in. I repeat that motion and feel him surge up into my stroke; again, again...

He's moaning and writhing under me, the movements of his body and the lust in his voice driving me wild -- I thrust harder and harder into him, both of us so hungry that pain has ceased to exist and all there is in our world is the intense pleasure. His eyes lock on mine and he breathes, "Harder!"

I'm growling as I slam into him -- I may not be able to leave a visible mark, but I *will* leave him something to remind him of this night. I'm determined to leave him with the kind of delicious ache in his body that reminds him with every step that someone *fucked* him. Every step, every movement, every time he sits or stands, that ache will remind him that I was ramming so deep into him that it felt like I was doing to drive straight through him.

"Ohgod," he gasps as my hips snap forward faster and faster. I think I'm biting my lip and I know I'm growling, and then all of a sudden I'm cumming so hard, my balls emptying into him, spurt after spurt of hot cum washing his insides. I drive deep one more time and he arches back into the pillows again, his head flopping from side to side as he explodes in his own orgasm, his muscles squeezing me as the spasms of pleasure tear through his body at virtually the same moment. One of us screams -- I'm not sure who -- and then blackness swoops down...

The next thing that registers is a quiet groan as he tries to straighten and realizes I'm in the way. Reluctantly, I let my softening cock slide free of his body and I back up, helping him straighten his legs. I pull the pillow out from under him and toss it aside for now. He groans again as I gently massage his hips. "You okay?" I ask, trying to ignore the lassitude that even now is trying to turn my limbs to water. God, I haven't cum like that in -- a long time...

"Yeah," he rasps, then clears his throat. "Maybe a little water?"

"Yeah," I answer, standing and walking to the bathroom. I return with a glass, then help him sit up and hold it to his lips. "There -- just sip, it's not going anywhere." When he's drunk as much as he wants, I put the glass on the nightstand and turn my attention to freeing him. I remove the cock strap first and he hisses as the trapped blood begins to leave his still-engorged cock. I look at him to ask permission, then carefully examine him to make sure no damage has been done. I try to be as gentle as possible, but the endorphins have fled and he's tender now. But, he seems undamaged and after a short while he'll be fine. I turn my attention to the ropes, untying his hands and checking his wrists for any damage. The cotton ropes are soft and kind to the skin, so again there is nothing more than a little tenderness. Still, while I fold up the ropes and the cock strap and return them to The Bag, he rubs absently at his wrists and watches my every move.

"How do you feel?" he asks, surprising me.

"Uh... good," I answer quietly. "Really good..."

"You still want me to stay the night?"

What? Oh -- the reason I asked him over in the first place... "No -- I think I'm okay, now," I answer, and it's the truth. Put me in the same room with a reporter right now, and I don't even think I'd have the strength to punch him in the face, but I don't need to anymore. Afterglow is a wonderful thing to improve the mood... I look over at him and smile. "You need a ride home?"

"Yeah -- I'd rather not deal with a taxi at this time of night," Leo answers.

"I'll have my driver take you home," I say. "But Leo," he looks up at me when I pause, and his expression is unreadable again, "You should probably take a shower before you go..."

Leo smiles crookedly and says, "That's a good idea, huh?"

"Yeah, I think so..." I answer, sitting down on my bed again. He gathers up his clothes and heads into the bathroom, and a few minutes later I hear the water running in the shower.

I watch as Leo pauses before climbing into the car my driver has waiting for him. He turns back to me and says, "I'll see you at work," and then smiles that crooked, all-knowing smile and waves.

As I watch the car pull out of the driveway, a thought hits me through the lazy buzz of afterglow. With dismay, I realize I haven't actually won at all. Despite the fact that I got him to beg me to fuck him, he's been in control from the start!

After all, despite the fact that our curiosity and perhaps even our attraction is mutual, *he* forced *me* to make the first move...

The End -- for now