

Explicit content: For 18+ only

# Oliver and Liam

*Content note/tags: trans male character, cis gay male character, mild D/s, handcuffs, fingering, coming untouched, autistic character, sensory issues*

It had been over *two weeks* since their brief kiss in Oliver's apartment, and Liam was beginning to feel a tiny bit frustrated.

Well, life had been a *little* busy, Oliver was immersed in a particularly difficult engineering project and Liam was struggling to even be noticed by him.

Liam was still waiting to feel that hyperfocus on him. Fantasising about Oliver's lips on his, those clever hands on his body. As the days grew in number, Liam began to feel neglected, and then avoided. Was Oliver having second thoughts?

Eventually, he cornered Oliver alone in the plan printing room.

'Hey,' he tried to sound casual, feeling anything but, 'whatcha doin?'

*Stupid!* What else would he be doing but printing plans?

'What does it look like I'm doing?' Oliver sounded the slightest bit defensive, and Liam wondered if he'd caught his... friend, colleague and would-be lover in the act of simply taking a break from the noisy office.

Liam was done hinting. He needed to be direct, even though his heart was in his mouth. He stepped into Oliver's space, and caught his gaze.

'So, no cold feet?' he asked, 'you just busy?' He didn't touch Oliver, even though the man was inches away. Even though he wanted to press the length of his body against the other man and wrap around him like a vine.

'I *am* busy,' Oliver responded thoughtfully, 'and my feet are just fine, thanks for asking.' But there was unmistakable hesitation in his voice.

'But...'

Oliver sagged. 'But...' he put his tablet down and gave Liam an honest appraisal. Liam's heart was suddenly in his mouth. Oliver looked so apprehensive Liam was sure he was about to break bad news.

‘I’m scared, Liam. Purely and simply scared. I haven’t dated a cis gay man before and I’m worried what your expectations might be.’

‘My expectations? Are to spend time together, when we can. To finish the kiss we started. The rest? I’m easy. And in no rush.’

Oliver’s shoulders dropped a little at this, and his face looked somewhat less forlorn. Damn, it made Liam a little mad at his community for making trans guys so unsure of their welcome. Liam didn’t need Oliver’s medical history to know he was attracted to the man. The details could be worked out. But then Liam remembered his own potential dealbreaker. Oliver put out topsey energy, but what if he liked to be topped?

‘Er... you should probably know something about me, though...’ he knew he needed to put this really carefully.

‘Go on,’ Oliver said, looking worried.

‘I’m not into fucking people,’ Liam said. ‘I’m sorry if that’s a problem, but it just isn’t my thing. Anything else is fine by me. Anything,’ he stressed the word again because he didn’t want to be misunderstood.

‘You like to be fucked?’ Oliver asked, his tone careful.

‘With absolutely anything you might have to hand, yes,’ Liam said, trying to ignore the frisson of excitement he felt when Oliver talked about sex. ‘If you’re into it. Not a dealbreaker if not, though.’

Liam had been fucked with fists, fingers, dildos and on one memorable occasion, a bat belonging to a relatively famous baseball star. Which, back in the day, had been what counted for safe sex.

Oliver smiled. ‘I’m into it. I’m not into being fucked either, so that works out.’ He still looked nervous, although perhaps a little less so.

Liam stepped a fraction closer to Oliver. ‘I’m not going anywhere. And there’s nothing to be scared of. Take your time.’

Oliver looked at Liam intently for a second. ‘We should talk... about things.’

‘If you like. Whatever helps,’ Liam replied.

‘There’s stuff you should know,’ Oliver said a little helplessly.

‘I’m sure I’ll figure it out as we go, but it’s up to you,’ Liam said firmly. ‘I’ve done my homework, and there’s nothing that’s going to surprise me or throw me for a loop.’

‘Oh. Well... thank you,’ Oliver said, as if he needed to be grateful for Liam being a bare minimum decent guy.

‘S’okay. S’what you do when you’re really into a guy and want to not fuck things up.’

‘I just don’t want you to assume...’ Oliver started up again, clearly not letting go of whatever was worrying him, but he trailed off, leaving Liam non-plussed.

‘Oliver. No assumptions. I just want you. I’ve wanted you for as long as I’ve known you, a universal constant. Any damn way I can have you. And I’m prepared to wait as long as it takes.’

‘Oh. That’s... oh.’ Oliver flushed a little and inched closer to Liam.

‘I’d really like to kiss you now,’ Oliver said, and Liam felt suddenly lightheaded. He bit his lip slightly, and nodded.

Oliver took one more step, and their chests were touching. The other man slid his hands round Liam, one into the small of his back, the other cupped his neck as Oliver pulled him closer, their lips connecting finally.

Oh, *god*. After all the shyness and uncertainty, there was nothing but confidence in Oliver’s kiss. It moved in and took charge of Liam’s mouth with characteristic bossiness and *of course* he was a brilliant kisser because Oliver didn’t do anything he wasn’t brilliant at. His lips and tongue were deft and thorough in their exploration, and Liam could do little more than let the kiss happen to him. Heat swept through him like wildfire.

‘God, Liam. I want you too,’ Oliver said when they broke for air. ‘Always wanted you. Been so damn awkward around you, trying to deal with my ridiculous, inappropriate and hopeless crush.’

‘It wasn’t so hopeless. But I’m sorry I made it not safe for you to tell me,’ Liam said, running his hands up Oliver’s torso, feeling his solidity and revelling in it.

Oliver went in for another kiss.

‘Oh *wow*, I get to kiss Liam Brown,’ Oliver said at length, like Liam was something *special*. It made Liam feel a little dizzy.

‘Silly. ’M’nobody.’

‘You’re somebody to me, Liam,’ Oliver started to nibble his way down Liam’s neck, pushing his shirt collar aside to press kisses above his collarbone, and Liam very nearly melted.

And that’s when Liam realised he was being turned into a highly aroused *puddle* in the middle of the working day, and he and Oliver were *professionals*.

‘When do you get off?’ Liam asked, pulling back slightly and pressing a kiss to Oliver’s brow.

Oliver groaned. ‘I’m going to resist the glaring innuendo in that sentence.’ He reached for Liam’s hand almost shyly. ‘Erm... do you want to come to mine later? About seven, maybe?’

‘Sure. I’ll bring food.’

Oliver smiled, suddenly shy again.

‘Er... maybe we could watch something?’

*To take the pressure off*, he didn’t say.

‘Sure, I’d like that.’ Liam went in for one more kiss that was brief and sweet and left him feeling a little floaty.

*Wow, Liam. You got it bad.*

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Liam had snagged a generous selection of goodies from the local deli (so it wouldn’t matter if they got distracted and it went cold), including a couple of fancy slices of cheesecake. The thought of feeding the dessert to Oliver and all those gorgeous noises he made when he ate good food got Liam more than a little hot under the collar.

Liam got to Oliver’s place and there were *candles*. Oliver was looking cute in his nerdy way, wearing chinos and a polo shirt, all freshly shaven and smelling of soap and aftershave when he came in for a quick, slightly nervous, kiss.

A thrill went up Liam’s spine – he wasn’t exactly planning on anything happening tonight, but he couldn’t deny the almost-unbearable levels of want.

They sat on Oliver’s couch, leaning into each other, munching through the food while the latest Marvel film to hit Disney+ ran. Oliver’s hand was on his own thigh, and Liam watched as it shifted towards him, and the little finger extended to touch Liam shyly. By which time, any hope of concentrating on the film was lost. Liam slid his hand nearer Oliver’s, and their little fingers locked. So small a touch was still thrilling to Liam – after nearly three years he finally got to do this.

He watched their hands flirting with one another. Almost involuntarily, his own hand turned onto its back as if in submission. Oliver accepted the implicit invitation and moved his hand over Liam’s, clasp down and pressing into Liam’s thigh. The touch was powerful, at once anchoring and thrilling. They settled just like that for a long while, returning to the film. But Liam was watching their twined fingers as carefully as Oliver was watching the screen.

Suddenly he had a desperate need for the other man’s attention, and he began to nuzzle into Oliver’s neck, pressing small, biting kisses into the skin just below his collar. Oliver sighed a little, and tilted his head for better access, but the angle was all wrong, and before Liam had really thought about what he was doing, he had turned himself around to kneel on the couch next to Oliver and give him 100% of his attention. He went in for the other side of Oliver’s neck and the other man sighed with pleasure.

‘Oh, you can do that all you like,’ he said a little breathlessly.

So, Liam made a meal of Oliver's neck, finding the spots that really made him squirm, and then came back to his lips, letting his desperation bleed through in the way he explored Oliver's mouth. Before he knew it, he found himself straddling the man's lap and French kissing him like a seventeen-year-old, one hand cupping the back of Oliver's neck, the other stroking through his hair. And *fuck* but this man was driving him more than a little crazy.

Oliver's arms had slid around him and now those capable hands were worming their way up inside Liam's T-shirt and stroking up the skin of his back, sending thrills up and down his spine. Fingers skimmed under the waistband of his jeans and Liam longed for them to move lower but was loving the tease.

'Erm...' Oliver said, when they broke for air sometime later. 'Can I just...' he reached out to the remote and turned off the film, dipping Liam backwards as he did so, but holding him steady in one strong arm. 'Sorry... too much going on and I want to focus all my attention on you.'

*Oh god.* Liam was mush in Oliver's arms, so far gone he was barely coherent. Not just turned on, but awash with feelings he didn't remember having for the best part of twenty years.

He was in real trouble here.

Oliver went back to kissing him, and one of his hands slipped a little further down the back of his jeans, while the other hand slid round to the front of his torso, carding through his chest hair and resting on his left nipple. Oliver's lips left his mouth and started to gently bite their way down Liam's neck while his fingers started to play with Liam's nipple until it hardened under his fingers, then moved across to the other one.

'Oh god, and you can do *that* all you like,' Liam said, his voice verging on a moan.

'Tell me something you like,' Oliver said, a hand trailing down Liam's front. 'Tell me what you want...'

Liam didn't have to stop and think.

'Your hands,' he said. 'Those clever fingers.' Oliver's hands had always been Liam's biggest fetish. 'Been dreaming of them on me. Been fantasising about them *in* me,' he was more than a little breathless. I don't care what you do, just put your hands on me.'

'We can do that,' Oliver grinned, playing with Liam's nipple some more, and letting his other hand brush the cleft of Liam's ass. Liam shivered deliciously and wriggled in Oliver's lap.

'Here?' he asked, 'or shall we move this to the bed?'

'God, Liam, you don't know how long I've been dreaming of you in my bed.'

Liam still couldn't quite get his head round that. Oliver being so very into him. He was feeling a little high from it.

'But...' there was sudden hesitation in Oliver's voice.

*Uh-oh.*

‘There’s something I need to talk to you about before we... you see, I have this thing...’

‘Oliver,’ Liam smoothed his hands over those broad shoulders, ‘you can talk all you want, but I’d like you to know I don’t *need* you to explain stuff to me. I mean. I did my homework, remember? And I’ll figure stuff out as we go. Unless you want to... I mean, I don’t wanna shut you down if you need to talk.’ Liam desperately wanted to get it all right, but knew he was being awkward in his attempts to reassure.

‘Liam, shut the fuck up for a second. Not everything’s about me being trans you know,’ his voice was more indulgent than angry, though.

‘Oh. M’sorry,’ Liam felt chastened about the assumption.

‘Right. Well, here’s the thing. I have... sensory issues. You may have noticed?’ Oliver looked a little tense and Liam was suddenly worried about it all going off the rails.

‘Sure I did, and well... you’re not the first autistic guy I dated, okay? Don’t worry about it. Whatever you need, it’s cool.’ *Like not being able to have the TV going in the background without being distracted from my blisteringly hot kisses.*

Oliver’s eyes widened.

‘Shit. That was an assumption on my part. I shouldn’t’ve said...’ *Christ.* Way to go, Liam, subtle as a brick.

‘No... erm, I’ve had the feeling I was for a while, but nobody actually ever said it to me with such certainty. Okay...’ Oliver took a deep breath. ‘Well, that’s a conversation we need to have some more another time, but...’

‘Your sensory thing.’ Liam prompted.

‘Yeah, that. The thing is... I can get overwhelmed by touch. I mean, I like it in this context, but I get lost in the feeling and lose my ability to focus on what I’m, er, *doing*. Which means, if you want me to do stuff to *you*, you need to not be touching *me* while I do it.’

‘Not a problem,’ Liam was relieved, because this really wasn’t a first for him. ‘In fact... just stay there a minute.’ He kissed Oliver quickly and rose to his feet.

Fetching his rucksack over, he unzipped it and pulled out a black, string-pull cloth bag, handing it to Oliver. Oliver opened it, surveying its contents. Liam had thrown them in the bag on a whim, but was glad he had.

‘Maybe they’d help?’

‘Oh yes, that’s...’ his breath hitched a little. ...absolutely perfect.’

Liam smiled – the earnest smile hardly anyone got to see. ‘So how do you want me?’ he asked.

Oliver suddenly straightened a little and looked Liam up and down in a thoughtful way.

‘So... you like to be topped. But do you like to be dominated?’

Oh, Liam liked that Oliver checked, because not everyone did and Liam wasn’t too good with orders. *Most* of the time. On the other hand, for the right person...

‘*You* can boss me around. In fact I’d... like it... if you would.’ Because Oliver’s bossiness had been another one of Liam’s turn-ons since forever. ‘And I like to be able to let go, give up control. But...’

‘But you’d hate it if I took it too seriously, right?’ Oh, *bingo*. The man really was a genius.

‘Or, yano, I may just fall about laughing and totally ruin the mood.’ Liam confessed. That had happened once when a guy had called him “boy” and they’d never even made it to the sex.

Oliver smirked. ‘Sex is ridiculous. Anyone who takes it too seriously is missing the point.’

And just like that, Liam completely relaxed. Now he had another addition to his “why I love Oliver” list. The list was getting *long*.

‘So what you gonna do with me?’ Liam smirked at the other man.

Oliver crowded up to Liam and pulled him into a searing kiss, one hand at the back of his neck.

‘Okay – let’s see you strip down to your boxers and get on the bed for me.’ His voice was calm, confident. It went straight to Liam’s dick.

Liam took off his socks first, then he pulled his tee over his head, stretching like a cat as he did so, enjoying the widening of Oliver’s eyes. Then he stood back and unbuttoned his jeans slowly, carefully pushing them down and stepping out of them. Oliver’s eyes raked over his body, and Liam tried not to feel self-conscious about the amount of body hair, the lack of bulk no matter how hard he worked out.

Oliver just grinned at him. ‘So fucking hot. Well, come on, get on the bed!’

Liam’s dick jumped at bossy Oliver and his boxers were hiding nothing. He climbed onto Oliver’s bed and sprawled in the middle of it, trying to look provocative and spreading his legs slightly. Oliver spluttered just a little at the sight of him, before regaining his composure and giving Liam an almost-evil grin.

‘Arms above your head. Keep them there,’ Oliver ordered, and Liam stretched his arms up languorously, his skin already buzzing just from the caress of Oliver’s gaze.

Coming over to the bed, he knelt by Liam’s head and attached the leather cuffs Liam had brought to his wrists, with the short length of chain that joined the cuffs looped around the wooden rail of the headboard. Liam pulled hard against the restraints, and relaxed when they wouldn’t budge.

‘Oh, that’s...’ Oliver’s eyes roved over Liam appreciatively, and then his hands trailed down Liam’s torso.

‘God, Oliver,’ Liam couldn’t believe what a simple touch did for him.

‘I think these are somewhat failing at their job.’ Oliver teased his fingers beneath the waistband of Liam’s boxers and began to inch them down. Except then he stopped, maddeningly, with them cutting him across the hips, trapping his erection. He pressed hot kisses all the way along the waistline, holding Liam firmly to the bed as he did so. Liam wanted to arch into Oliver’s hot breath, but those strong hands held him immobile.

‘Oliver...’ Liam let his frustration bleed through the desire in his voice.

‘Shush, or I’ll have to gag you,’ Oliver said, matter-of-factly, and Liam fell silent, as if the man had bewitched him. Oliver returned somewhat smugly to teasing Liam, dragging his boxers a fraction lower and making a meal of the exposed skin. When he reached the skin just below Liam’s navel, he moved lower, huffing hot breath over Liam’s erection but not making contact. His lips finally landed on Liam’s inner thigh, and he began nibbling his way just under the hem of Liam’s boxers. This time, Liam couldn’t stop himself from squirming with pleasure at the feel of Oliver’s mouth on him.

‘Will you just keep still!’ Oliver said, his voice bossy but amused, shoving Liam down into the mattress so hard it made Liam quiver with want. His body tensed, ready to push back, but the hands holding him down were strong, and his urge to fight broke like a wave over his body, giving way to complete surrender.

Liam had long ago recognised that Oliver was a force of nature and you kinda had to just let him happen to you. It seemed like sex with Oliver was going to be no exception to that rule.

‘Oh, nice.’ Oliver grinned at Liam as he felt Liam relax under his hands. Liam grinned back, and Oliver crawled up his body and kissed him, long and slow and teasing, while the hand he wasn’t supporting himself with continued to tease just below the waist of Liam’s pushed-down boxers. He alternated with sliding his fingers up inside the boxer legs and stroking down the crease of Liam’s thighs without ever making contact with his cock. He teased and teased until Liam was quaking with want.

Oliver’s hand left its teasing and slid up Liam’s torso, as his lips worked their way from Liam’s mouth to his neck (oh god, he loved having his neck kissed) and then on down past his collarbone to his right nipple at the same moment Oliver’s clever fingers began to tweak his left. Liam couldn’t suppress a moan this time, cutting it off when he remembered the threat of the gag.

‘Mmmmm,’ Oliver hummed against Liam’s nipple, sucking just a little harder while his fingers twirled and pinched, making Liam gasp. ‘I like the sound of you moaning, so go right ahead.’

He renewed his assault on Liam’s nipples and Liam couldn’t stay quiet if he tried. He wanted to lift his body right off the bed and push up into Oliver’s hands, but Oliver had made him still and he wasn’t about to move, no matter how much he wanted to.



‘Damn, Liam. You might just be the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen,’ Oliver said, his voice gratifyingly breathless. Liam’s body flushed with pleasure at the praise.

Oliver finally left Liam’s nipples alone and slid further down his body, lips and hands following his happy trail downwards and teasing some more at the waistband of his boxers until he nearly lost it, struggling to resist the urge to beg, only holding it together from the firmness of Oliver’s earlier “shush”. Liam pressed his lips tight together and tried to school the whine out of his moans.

Oliver sat back, and oh-so-carefully pulled the waist of his boxers out and over his erection, not touching his cock. He pulled the boxers down and off, and then surveyed Liam thoughtfully while Liam heated up under his gaze.

‘Can you turn over?’ he asked, and Liam languidly started to roll over onto his front.

‘Stop,’ Oliver said as Liam was more than halfway round, his left side pressed into the bed, his right knee bent, the other leg straight. Oliver pushed Liam’s right knee further up the bed, and arranged his body carefully so that he was more-or-less face down but propped up at enough of an angle that his cock couldn’t get any friction on the bed. His face was turned to his right under his stretched-out, restrained arms.

If he hadn’t already known Oliver was an evil genius, this would’ve confirmed it. Liam desperately wanted to adjust himself to press his body into the bed, and he was one hundred percent certain his teasing lover wouldn’t let him. His cock ached it was so hard and leaked precome where the tip rested gently against the duvet cover. There was no friction to be had anywhere, and no respite for his burning need to be touched.

Oliver got up, then, and went to the dresser behind Liam, grabbing something he couldn’t see and throwing it on the bed with a light thud. Then he walked around the bed until he was in front of Liam’s face. He bent down and gave Liam the sweetest kiss, running fingers through Liam’s hair as he did so, making him want to purr.

‘I’m crazy about you, Liam. Are you okay? Is this okay?’ There was no uncertainty in his voice, just care, and it made Liam melt into even more of a puddle than he was already. He nodded furiously, grinning up at Oliver and holding the man’s wide blue eyes with his own.

Oliver settled behind Liam on the bed and began to map Liam’s back, neck and shoulders with his hands and mouth.

‘God, you have the sexiest back,’ Oliver said, which was strictly untrue because Liam’s shoulders were narrow and Oliver’s back was enticingly broad, and yet he believed Oliver meant it, was really into him. He felt those fingers trace down his spine, massaging as they went, followed by hot, breathy kisses.

The fingers reached Liam’s crack, teased their way down a little and then fanned out over his ass. Then they travelled back up Liam’s body and back to his shoulders and Liam very nearly lost it, unable to stop himself from whining.

‘You know if you get impatient, I’m only going to go slower,’ Oliver said, with his characteristic smugness. He started to make a meal of the back of Liam’s neck and Liam

surrendered to the teasing in all its insufferable perfection. Oliver kissed along Liam's hairline and behind his ear, nipping gently at the lobe. Meanwhile, his fingers traced back down his spine aching slowly, pressing firmly enough for the engineer to feel each vertebra.

As Oliver's hand travelled lower, he hooked his leg over Liam's straightened right leg and it reminded Liam acutely that the other man was still fully dressed and in control while Liam was naked and unravelling fast. He wasn't sure why, but it made him feel both deeply vulnerable and oddly secure.

This time, Oliver's fingers didn't stop their journey downwards until they reached his hole, brushing and massaging around it until Liam wanted to scream out to be fucked.

He felt Oliver fidget, then, and heard the sound of a cap, and fingers rubbing together and then there was a slick, perfect finger massaging at his entrance and Liam was suddenly in heaven. He bit down on a torrent of begging words that threatened to spill out of his muted mouth as Oliver teased (of course he did) around the edge, then slowly slid one of his thick, perfect fingers inside of Liam.

Liam moaned so loudly at the feel of Oliver inside him he startled himself. God, he'd longed for this.

Oliver, behind him, dropped kisses onto his back and sounded equally overcome.

'God, Liam. Wanted you for so damn long.'

That single digit took its time, massaging into him oh so carefully and only when Liam was a breathless, wanton, moaning mess did Oliver slip a second digit inside Liam, pressing deeper into him and brushing his prostate with deliberately light strokes. Liam schooled the whine out of his sighs for fear it would only slow the excruciatingly perfect teases.

Then Liam felt Oliver shift again and he realized the man was straddling his thigh, squirming against him, clearly coming a little undone himself. That ratcheted up Liam's arousal by another order of magnitude. Oliver's hot body pressed against him and a third finger pressed into him, this time massaging Liam's prostate with focused intent.

Liam was whimpering with the need to come now, aching from being kept in a state of arousal for so long but at the same time never wanting this to end. The skill and focus from Oliver's hands took his breath away. But Liam wasn't the only one here unravelling fast – he could hear Oliver's breath coming in gasps as the other man's body writhed against his leg while his fingers began fucking into Liam hard and fast and oh so perfectly.

Oliver's sighs mingled with Liam's and slowly became soft moans as his thrusts and squirms turned more ragged and imperfect and so fucking right. He could feel his fluttering ass wanting to swallow more of the other man inside of him, his prostate taking a focused pummelling from Oliver's fingers, so close to the edge he was unbearably near to begging. He knew he'd have to come like this, without his cock being touched, or not at all, and he was so close, so close, and trembling from the dammed up pleasure Oliver's fingers had built in him. A few more hard strokes inside him, just like that, and he'd...

Liam's climax hit him like an earthquake and he shouted out, spilling over the duvet despite his cock never having been touched.

'Ohhhhhh!' the other man sighed behind him, trembling through an obvious orgasm of his own. All the way through, he continued to massage Liam's prostate, triggering a series of aftershocks that damn near blew Liam's mind. Liam was so open to him in that moment he could have taken his whole hand inside him and oh, he was going to look forward to *that* happening sometime very soon. But for now, Oliver's fingers inside him gentled and his ebbing pleasure was prolonged into a delicious, sated afterglow.

'Fucking hell,' Oliver said eventually, his voice awed. He slipped his fingers gently out of Liam's ass, bending to kiss Liam's ass cheek almost reverently. Of course, the man was prepared – he had a towel within reach and had himself, Liam and the cover wiped clean in a second, then he wriggled up in front of Liam and kissed him long and slow, then released him from his restraints.

'Erm... I haven't come in my pants since I was seventeen!' he looked shy about it, but Liam was pretty sure that was the hottest thing that had ever happened to him. 'I had plans,' Oliver said a bit ruefully. 'Wanted that hot mouth of yours on me.'

'That's absolutely gonna happen.' Liam felt a spark of arousal even though his cock was out for the count. 'But for now...' he hesitated, suddenly unsure.

'What, Liam? Anything.'

'Want you naked,' Liam said, holding his breath.

'Oh, okay,' Oliver smiled slightly nervously, and peeled himself out of his clothes carefully and shyly.

Liam took him in, all broad shoulders and pale skin. He was *perfect*. Liam couldn't wait to explore every inch of Oliver with his mouth.

'So fucking sexy,' Liam said, pulling the other man close and pressing their naked bodies hard together, twining his legs around his lover's and kissing him until he was out of breath.