

Jade and Copper

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"What on earth is that?" Daniel asked him, arms akimbo as he stared in askance at the box Michael held out to him. "A gift for you. Why must you always doubt my motives, Calhoun? I vow, you think I am out to poison you or some such. How long have we been together?" Michael St. James could not help but bait his longtime love. 'Twas his favorite pastime. Aside from making love with Daniel, that was, and he had dearly hoped this gift would lead directly to such.

"Too long, I swear." Daniel sighed, unbending enough to take the intricately carved cherry wood box and stare at it some more.

"Ha. Very well. I will leave you to it and give you a rest from my onerous presence."

"Get your well-shaped backside back here, St. James," Daniel growled, the sound boding well for their eventual play. "I shall open it now."

Michael tried and failed to hide his delighted grin. "Excellent. I think you will like it very much."

Daniel harrumphed at him, but opened the box nevertheless, pulling away the layer of unbleached

linen. His dark brows drew straight down over his prominent nose. "Good Heavens, St. James. What am I to do with... this?"

"This" was a carved piece of jade, glowing green in the soft light that came in the windows of their small farm house. A farm. Really, sometimes it still amazed him, the bucolic gentility of his life. Only for Daniel Calhoun would he have become a bumpkin. Luckily, Daniel kept him well occupied most of the time.

"What does it look like?"

"A cock."

The bald words made him snort with laughter. "Well, yes. That is the idea. Isn't it lovely?"

A disbelieving stare turned upon him. "Oh, indeed. I shall put it in the mantle and when Jane comes

I shall show it off proudly. What in the name of Hell were you thinking?"

Michael pursed his lips, tapping them consideringly with the thumb of the hand he tucked under his chin. "Well, I was not thinking to show it as art, if you must know." "Then what..." He could see the wheels turning, and knew the moment that Daniel figured it out by

the way the man's ears went a deep, dark red. "Surely not."

"Why not?" They had used any number of things in the past, including pearls and a whip handle.

Why not something more suited to the job? "I think it will be a perfect fit."

"For whom?" That growl. Oh, Michael could sustain himself for days on that very sound.

"Why, for you, naturally. I know how you love such stimulation."

"You are obscene. I will not."

But Daniel had picked the thing out of the box and was rubbing his thumb up and down, from just under the ridge of the carved head to a spot halfway down the shaft. It was a lovely piece of work, carved from a single piece of stone, and smooth as a baby's bottom.

"No? Still, I would hate to waste it. I suppose I shall have to take it to my bath..."

Since watching him bathe was one of Daniel's greatest joys, he knew that would make Daniel's cheeks heat, his eyes going such a dark green as to be almost black.

"Will you, indeed?"

"If you do not wish to help me break it in, then yes." Michael moved close to Daniel, reaching out to trail a finger down the length of the cool shaft of the toy. He stood close enough to hear Daniel's breath catch, to smell the intense musk suddenly rising from Daniel's skin. Someone wished to help

him. Daniel still had many untapped depths of perversity that he was not even aware of. Michael felt it his solemn duty to pull them out of the man, even after all their years together.

"I would not want you to bathe alone. You might drown..."

"Ha! I am far more likely to drown with you in my bath than not." Daniel had tried to strangle him in the bath once. It had ended in such explosive lovemaking that Michael's arse had ached pleasantly for a week.

"Disrobe, you idiot, and I shall pour you a bath."

Michael eyed Daniel speculatively. "Are you saying you wish to watch?"

"I am. I think it would divert me nicely." Daniel stroked up and down the length of the jade cock, hands fondling it, warming it. It made Michael squirm.

"But I bought it for you."

"I know. And this would please me most in using it." Up. Down. Daniel's fingers wove a

mesmerizing maze all over the cool stone.

"I love to please you."

That got him an ironic tilt of walnut colored brows. "Oh, of course. Come along, love. Undress." He was missing out on a chance to be nude with Daniel, in the bath. What on earth was wrong with him? Gads, he must be getting old. His fingers started working ties and hooks, his loose blouse and tight trous falling to the floor. When he stood bare he turned this way and that, showing off for his curmudgeon. "Better?"

"Indubitably. Now, you take this and find some oil while I draw a bath."

They had learned over the years (with few or no servants to avail themselves of) to always have water heating. In fact, Daniel had created them a marvelous contraption for the stove, a well that they must only fill once a week perhaps, one that stayed perpetually warm. Their own hot springs. Michael found the oil, then stood with it and the phallus in his hands, watching as Daniel went back

and forth to fill their copper tub. Daniel loved to watch him bathe. Michael loved to watch the play of muscle while Daniel carried water.

The bath was finally filled, steaming gently, and Michael tested the water with his toes. Ah. Perfect. He stepped in, sinking down, and handed the jade phallus and oil to Daniel. "You wanted to help, my dear?"

"I did." Knees hitting the floor, Daniel grabbed the thing out of his hand and unstoppered the oil so

quickly that a bit of the precious stuff plopped on the floor.

"Careful, lover. That cost the earth."

"Oh, yes. Only the best for you, St. James."

He made a moue, splashing water up over his arms and chest. "Do not ruin the tableau, Calhoun."

"Never think of it." The oil slid down the shaft of the jade toy, pooling at the base of Daniel's thumb. Oh, how that made him shake, just to watch and imagine what would come.

"Are you nearly done?" Michael asked, letting his hips roll up under the water. The wet heat was like a caress on his aching prick, and his buttocks were already clenching, just thinking of the hard jade inside him.

"Very nearly," Daniel said in a husky tone. "It warms nicely to the hand."

"Does it?" He swallowed hard, the game turned neatly on him. "Please, Daniel. Love."

He reached to stroke himself, but stopped at a single glare from those beautiful eyes.

"Do not touch yourself yet. Put your feet up. On the sides of the tub."

The position was only uncomfortable enough to remind him of his utter vulnerability. Perhaps to

anyone else it would have been humiliating. To Michael, with Daniel eyeing every exposed part of him, it was explosively arousing.

The jade slid into him easily, oddly hard and straight where Daniel would normally be, but it never pained him, not under Daniel's gentle guidance. No, indeed, the thing pushed straight in, all the way back to the spot inside him that never failed to make him cry out when Daniel hit it.

Michael felt the tub creak and groan when he lifted his hips to take more, and Daniel growled for him, the sound grating across his nerves deliciously. He took the toy all the way in, his body grasping at it, and then Daniel slowly pulled it out until just the very tip remained in him.

"Damnably tease," Michael groaned.

"Did you not intend to tease me, love? I think turnabout is only fair play." That smile held only wicked pleasure.

Michael's muscles trembled, trying to hold him. "Daniel, I cannot..."

"Let me help you."

Huge, callused hands moved him, shaping him like a potter with clay. Daniel lifted his feet back into the water, helped him to curl forward on his knees instead, his arms crossed on the lip of the tub to protect his head. The toy protruded from him obscenely the whole time, the knowledge of what kind of supplicant he must now appear making him throb.

"Yes, Michael. Oh, yes." Sighing, Daniel moved closer still, mouth descending on the back of his neck, pushing his queue aside. "Have you any idea how beautiful you are? What a fine choice of gifts you give me."

"I wanted to see you..." he trailed off when the jade hit that spot within him once more, Daniel's other hand coming around to slap the underside of one ass cheek. Michael moaned, letting his hips rock back and forth in wanton abandon.

"And now I get to see you. I love you like this, St. James. Love watching you lost in your passion." Daniel was still no more given to words than he was all those years ago, but he had learned to drive Michael wild with them at times like this.

His backside stung where Daniel smacked him, then smacked him again, making his muscles jump and clench around the jade phallus.

The feelings had him groaning, his cock swinging through the water before him, his teeth sinking into his own arm.

"More, love?"

"More."

The jade moved faster within him, making him jump, his opening clenching hard. Yes, he needed more. He needed Calhoun.

"You. Please, love. You in me, instead."

"Perhaps as well as, rather than instead?" His body stretched impossibly as Daniel slid one finger in alongside the phallus.

His toes curled, his prick gave a sharp jerk, and it would have been over had Daniel not grabbed his sac and pulled down with the hand not otherwise engaged.

"I cannot bear it, Calhoun." Was that his own voice, sounding so torn and hard?

"You can and will. You will wait for me." Such command. Such rough, sweet command.

Michael writhed, twisting and turning, moving Daniel and the toy within him when Daniel refused to. For his trouble he got a squeeze to his balls that left him gasping, stars blooming behind his closed eyelids.

"Tell me what you want, sweet. Tell me now."

"I want you. Your prick, not this fake thing!" He tossed his head, pushing back hard enough to belie his words, but they were the truth nonetheless. It was the feel of Daniel's strong finger that was pushing him to the abyss. Not the jade, lovely as it was.

"Then brace yourself." As quickly as that, Daniel nudged the jade prick out of him, letting it fall into the water by Michael's knees. He had a fleeting thought that it would be well ready to use on Daniel soon, but was distracted by the big body that settled behind him.

Years of hard work had made Daniel solid, muscled, and perfect in every bloody way. Michael liked to think it was his own diligence that kept one part of Daniel in shape, however. The part that nudged his backside, in fact.

"Yes. Now." He moaned it out, needing so badly that he feared he would cut his palms where he gripped the tub.

"Indeed," Daniel agreed. "Now." One heavy thrust put Daniel in him, seated so deep he felt it everywhere inside, as if Daniel would push to his very core. To his very heart.

Not that Daniel did not already own that, lock, stock and barrel.

"Move, damn you," he demanded, and Daniel bit his shoulder for his impertinence, moaning about what a pushy rotter he was, that thick cock beginning to spear him over and over.

Of course he was pushy. He had Daniel. Who would not be the greediest man on earth with such a feast?

Daniel moaned for him, all pretense of coolness gone as the man settled firmly behind him in the tub, rocking them so that water sloshed about. Chest to his back, Daniel moved, the hair

there abrading him, Daniel's thighs cradling his stinging backside until he wanted to scream.

His prick felt on fire, and Michael pried a hand off the edge of the tub to try once more to touch himself, only to have Daniel stop him once more.

"No. Mine."

"Then do something with it! Damnation, Calhoun, I am about to expire."

"We cannot have that." Daniel fished about in the water and came up with the jade phallus, rubbing

it up along the underside of Michael's prick. Hard, now cool, it was completely unexpected, completely foreign.

It excited him beyond thought.

Michael became a ball of heightened sensation, feeling everything Daniel did to him, wanting more

and more with every thrust, every touch. His lover was tireless, pushing him to greater and greater heights, slipping the phallus down to lift and roll his balls in their sacs.

He heard himself chanting, saying, "Please, please, please," and he felt the worst sort of wanton, the most needy sort of harlot.

Daniel began to talk to him, rough words in a torn voice. "Michael. Beautiful. So tight. So ready for me. I love your gift. Need you so."

"Your... your hand. Please."

Daniel knew what he meant, once more dropping the jade toy into the depths of the tub and finally,

finally circling his prick with one immense hand.

Yes. Oh, yes. Michael strained into Daniel's hand, pushing his prick as hard as he could through the rough circle of thumb and fingers and palm. His hair prickled on his scalp, his balls drew up even tighter, and Michael cried out, spending himself in great, uncontrollable jerks. Seemingly made of steel, Daniel kept pushing him, stroking into him with long movements, that

sweet prick finding the tiny spot within him that made his poor spent prick jerk.

"Calhoun. My dear, I am not sure I can again..."

"Silence, if you please, St. James. I am busy."

Daniel moved in him, around him, steady and even, if fast. The continuous friction had him

moaning, his head hanging down between his now braced arms, his back arching as he began to rise once more. Impossible, but true.

He moaned, moving his bottom back against Daniel's hips and thighs, his balls aching, his cock moving as it came back to life. Who could have known his toy would inspire Daniel to such heights?

"Next time I shall watch you suck it, St. James. I will watch you put it in your mouth to get it ready for me. Then you may use it as you intended."

Oh. Dear God in Heaven. The very thought of Daniel's moss colored eyes watching him as he licked and sucked to wet the thing before putting it in Daniel's body...It drove him on, higher and higher.

The water was cooling, easing the steamy heat of his own skin, and Michael rode Daniel's impalement like a man born to it, viciously erotic words falling from his lips.

"Yes, love. Yes, I shall put it in you and push it in and out until you beg for me. You beg so prettily, Daniel. You fight it and fight it but you give me what I crave."

Slamming into him, Daniel made him cry out, hitting his tiny gland over and over. "Who is begging now, my love. Who is begging now?"

"I am." His body shuddered, so oversensitive that even his fingernails and teeth seemed to tingle. "I am. Please, Daniel. I need you to fill me."

"Soon, love." Daniel was trying to soothe him, but that voice was so deep and hard that it only made things worse.

"No, now. I am ready."

"Are you?" One more thrust, two, and Daniel cupped his cock again, pulling at it. "Show me."

Michael screamed right out loud, his body quaking, his balls throbbing weakly as his poor body fought to spend a second time.

As if that was the only signal he waited for, Daniel moaned so deep in his chest that Michael felt the vibrations along his spine. And when that big body seemed tight enough to snap in two above him, Daniel came, filling Michael all the way to the hilt and spilling hot seed into him.

All of Daniel's weight came down upon his back, and Michael buckled under it, splashing down into the bath.

"Damnation!" Daniel exclaimed, sitting up, slipping out of him. Hands under his arms, Daniel hauled him out of the tub, wrapping him in a bath sheet and pulling him to sit before the fire.

"Are you well, St. James?"

"Quite." Michael could not hold his head up, but he was certainly well enough. Pleasantly sore, and

a bit in awe. But well.

"I feared I had broken you." Daniel sat with him, wrapping him in those brawny arms and pulling him close.

"Hardly. You simply... bent me some."

A loud chuckle sounded just below his ear. "You were bent far before I met you, St. James."

"I suppose I was. You adore me for it."

"I adore you for many reasons, not least of which is your perversity. Shall we dine before I get back

to the business of the day?"

"Ah, my gentleman farmer. All work..."

"Yes, well, you will simply have to find a way to entice me back to the house this evening to play some more."

"Ah, yes. Well, I suppose I can do that." Michael kissed Daniel, a long, slow meeting of lips. "In fact, I think I can give you something of a show to watch. As you requested just now."

The hitch in Daniel's breathing had him hiding a smile, and the clench of Daniel's hands had him stifling a moan.

"That's a promise I shall keep you to, St. James. After all, you most likely spent a fortune in my money on that silly thing. We might as well get some use out of it."

Making a mental note to oil the stone well when he rescued it from the bath, Michael nodded, patting Daniel's buttocks and laughing. "Oh, we will, my dear. Indeed we will."