



Christmas Intervention Phase 2
By Mara Ismine

"I think that went well, don't you?" Rai asked once everyone had left.

"Mm." I agreed, more interested in how well Rai fit on my lap than analyzing our announcement to our friends earlier. The Christmas tree lights brought out interesting highlights on his tan skin. I was really getting into this Christmas thing.

Maybe I should get Charlie a bigger jug? Then I would have an excuse to get Rai out of wet jeans as well as a wet shirt. Hm. I'd have to think about that one some more later. Was it worth having a very satisfactory kiss interrupted by a lot of cold water, just to reap the benefits later?

I'd have to investigate how difficult it was to separate Rai from his clothes without added excuses.

"Jase! Pay attention!" Rai punched my arm.

"I am paying attention." I frowned at Rai and rubbed my arm.

"Pay attention to what I'm saying! Not my chest!"

"You don't want me to pay attention to your chest? It's one of my favorite places." I pouted. I don't do it often and I've never risked looking in the mirror to see how ridiculous it looks, but I've always thought that everyone deserves a pouty moment from time to time.

"So far, you've said just about everywhere on my body is your favorite place." Rai sighed and rolled his eyes. "Stop pouting and listen to me. You can play with my chest later."

"Promise?" I didn't let up on the pout, but I did let one finger accidentally graze across one of Rai's pretty copper-colored nipples. I thought we had spent more than enough time doing difficult talking stuff last night. I didn't think I was going to be able to drink Scotch again for a long time.

Okay, last night's talking stuff had been worth it, more than worth it. But I didn't want to do anymore of it until we'd made up some more of the time we'd wasted over the last few years when I couldn't play with any part of Rai, or let Rai play with any part of me.

"Jase!" Rai growled in warning, but he still shivered and pressed his chest closer, trying to tempt my finger back to his nipple.

"Okay. Okay." I sniffed and removed my hands completely from his body, putting them on top of my head like we used to have to do at school when we'd been acting up. That still left some of my very favoritest areas of Rai pressed up against my very favoritest areas of me as he straddled my lap. Both favoritest areas seemed to agree with me that talking wasn't high on the priority list right now.

Unfortunately, Rai seemed to have more resistance to that head than I did.

"Jase, I don't know if I want to punch you or kiss you right now." Rai frowned at me and wriggled in a very interesting way.

"I'd vote for the kissing, if I'm allowed a vote," I said, trying to look innocent as I stared into his beautiful dark eyes.

"But if I kiss you, we won't get *any* talking done at all!"

"We really need to talk? Right now?" I wasn't really whining, it just sounded a bit like whining because I was disappointed and I did have Rai's weight leaning against me, interfering with my breathing.

"Yes. I'm pretty sure we need to talk right now." Rai didn't sound that sure, really. "I think we need to talk a *lot* and a lot of *times*. Look what happened last time I let you get away with not talking after sex!"

"I hope you aren't still going to say that time in the tent was the best sex you ever had," I protested, pout coming back full-force. "Not after last night!"

"No, that wasn't what I was going to say," Rai chuckled. "Do stop pouting! Last night was better than anything I'd ever imagined. There, is that better? Can we talk now?"

"You ain't seen nothing yet!" I wagged my eyebrows at him. "If we're going to have to talk every time after we have sex, shouldn't we have sex first? I'm sure we *have* talked since we last had sex. That was hours ago, before we came over here and Intervened my apartment. You do realize that we haven't had sex in my apartment yet?" The chuckling had felt really good and I wanted him to do more of it. Maybe there was something to this talking stuff, too.

"Ah. That's what we need to talk about." Rai stopped chuckling and sat up a little straighter, his frown reappearing.

"You don't want to have sex in my apartment? You've got something against my apartment? I thought you'd want to do it right here under the Christmas lights, after all the time and effort you've put into them over the years. You deserve to get a reward for all that effort." I really hoped he didn't have anything against my apartment. I had a lot of fantasies involving him and my apartment. I wanted to see how many of them I could make come true as quickly as possible.

"I'd like that," Rai replied huskily, his eyes going all sultry for a moment. "But later! Stop distracting me!" He scowled fiercely, which only made his lips pout. Rai had a really good-looking pout. He had a really good-looking mouth, with wide, generous lips that looked like they should be kissed.

"*You* distract *me*!" I sighed in complaint and tried to think about something other than Rai's very distracting face and body. I could see he was getting upset about this; underneath the distraction something was bothering him. I didn't want him upset; he'd had more than enough upset this year. "So what is the problem with my apartment?"

"I knew you weren't paying attention to my announcement." He glared at me.

"I was trying to, but you were distracting me by being all kissable and touchable and good stuff like that," I muttered. "You said it went well."

"It did. But we should have talked about it beforehand." Rai bit his lip, which should have been a criminal offense. I wanted to bite his lip. Or soothe it with my tongue. Or both. Or something.

"Jase!"

"Uh. Okay. What did you say that we should have discussed before?"

"Well, I kinda told everybody you were moving in with me and giving up this apartment."

"Mm. I remember that part. You said they wouldn't have to bother Intervening here next Christmas because I wouldn't be here. You said the mince pies and mulled wine would be at your house." I was quite proud of myself for remembering all that while Rai was still biting his lip and looking worried.

"Our house," he corrected absently. "You don't have a problem with that? You don't think I should have asked you if you wanted to move in with me first or anything?"

"Rai, we have been best friends for years. We've spent as much time in each others homes as our own. Did you really think you had to ask?"

"You haven't spent any time at the house. You couldn't even remember where the dining room was last night when you got there!"

"Okay." I sighed. This was getting complicated again. "This last year has been bad. Worse for you than me, but bad for *us*. I don't know the house, but what I've seen is okay. Look at this place! I'm not that demanding when it comes to living space." It suddenly occurred to me that maybe Rai didn't want to carry on living in the house that he'd bought to raise a family in. "If you don't want to live there anymore, you could move in here until we find somewhere that suits us both."

"I'd miss the fireplace, after last night." Rai grinned and relaxed slightly. "I wasn't sure if you'd have a problem moving into the house I'd lived in with Josie."

"I hadn't thought about it much," I admitted. "It might be good to get a new bed. Mine's not much good."

"It is a new bed." Rai smiled. "Josie took the old one with my blessing. It was all frilly and lacy. I was always frightened it was going to collapse in the middle of the night."

"So that's okay, then?" I wanted to get back to the good stuff, if we'd finished with the talking stuff.

"I think we need to look around the house together and decide if we want to keep it or if we want to look for somewhere else."

"Okay. I probably should at least look at it before I move all my stuff in," I agreed. I wasn't bothered. If the house had Rai in it, I didn't care about the rest of it.

"You really don't mind leaving here? You must like it or you'd never have stayed here this long."

"It's somewhere to live. It's fairly comfortable, the neighbors are mostly okay, the plumbing works." I shrugged. "I don't need much more than that. Well, except for you, and you were never an option with this place. Your house comes with you installed, so it wins, sight unseen." I did my best to make the sappy stuff sound like I was joking, but from the look on Rai's face, I didn't succeed. I could feel myself blushing. Sappy was something that I tried to avoid even more than whining.

"Jase, you say the sweetest things." Rai leaned forward slightly and gave me a quick kiss. "I never knew you were such a romantic."

Romantic? I didn't know I was a romantic either; if I had, I'd have tried to avoid it as much as sappy. But if being sappy and romantic was going to get Rai to kiss me, then I might have to reconsider my position on them.

"So, are we done talking for now? Can I play with your chest again?" I wasn't going to pass up any advantage when it presented itself. "I'll look around the house with you tomorrow. You don't have to work, do you?"

"It's Sunday tomorrow." Rai grinned. "I don't have to work on Sundays."

"That's good. So we'll do that tomorrow." I nodded. "But if I'm going to move out of here, there are a few things I want to do first."

"Oh. Like packing and clearing stuff out and things?" Rai looked slightly disappointed as he listed all the boring stuff that came with moving.

"That, too." I grinned. "But the really important stuff starts with the mistletoe and involves us having sex everywhere we physically can in the apartment."

"Oh? Everywhere? You've been thinking about it?" Rai was looking much happier -- positively enthusiastic, even.

"Oh, I've thought about it," I growled. "Every damn year you put that mistletoe up, I've thought about it. Thought about kissing you senseless under it and having my wicked way with you and--"

Rai stopped my words with the simple and effective ploy of sticking his tongue in my mouth. That worked for me. Sucking Rai's tongue won out over talking about sucking Rai's tongue any day of the week. I would have told him that, if my mouth and tongue hadn't been doing other, more important things right then.

My hands left my head. Rai didn't object, so I figured the talking stuff was over for now. It was so good to finally be able to touch him the way I'd always wanted to. My eyes and hands told me that he'd been working out regularly, despite all the crap in his life the past few months,

including the chicken-shit best friend who hadn't been there for him. I was over that now. I was going to be there for him from now on, whether he liked it or not!

His skin molded some fine muscles, which bunched and slid under my hands. I'd known that Rai was hairy. It was difficult not to know, when he had flaunted all that hirsute glory at me during our teenage years, as I jealously guarded the two chest hairs I had produced around my left nipple and pleaded with them to breed.

What I hadn't known was how soft and silky all that body hair really was. I had expected it to be coarser than the hair on his head, but it wasn't. It was just as soft, just as sleek, and felt just as good slipping through my fingers.

Rai growled and thrust his chest at me, obviously wanting more than the gentle petting he was getting. I had discovered a lot of things in a very short time last night. Rai's very sensitive nipples had been one of those discoveries. I couldn't look at them in my current position with my mouth locked to Rai's, which was a shame because they were worth looking at. All of Rai was worth looking at.

My fingers found one nipple, which helped guide my other hand into position. Rai squirmed and growled more encouragingly. It felt good to have both hands on Rai's nicely-defined pecs with him leaning in to the touches. I let my left thumb rub back and forth across the tight nub on that side. My right forefinger was more devious, circling that disc of smooth, hairless, copper-colored aureole with only the occasional brushing contact with the rigid side of the nipple itself.

I was enjoying the squirming and the growling that produced. I suspected that I might be able to make Rai come just from playing with his nipples, but that was something to try another day. This was all still too new and too wonderful to allow me to be as subtle as I might like. We were definitely still in 'light the blue touch paper and go off like a firework' territory. I might have worried about it if Rai hadn't been right there with me, and if it didn't feel so damned good.

"Have we passed the minute mark yet?" I pulled my mouth from his long enough to pant against his cheek. We were using our embarrassingly short teenage encounter as a yardstick for some reason. That mutual grope in the dark tent had been a treasured memory as well as a deep dark secret all these years.

"Must've." Rai's mouth fitted to mine again and his hands slid down to fight with buttons and zips. I just kept tormenting his nipples, enjoying the jerks and shudders my touch sent through his body. Rai's fumbling attempts to free our cocks were having a similar effect on my body. All the extra rubbing was having an inexorable consequence.

I moaned in appreciation as my cock sprang free of confining fabric. It only sounded like a whimper because of Rai's tongue being down my throat and restricting the volume.

The back of Rai's hand rubbed against the underside of my cock in a really good way as he fought to get his own jeans open. I rocked my hips in encouragement and pinched his nipples. I was beyond independent hand movements now, but Rai didn't seem to mind the equal treatment.

I quite liked that strangled shrieking sound he made when I rolled his nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. He really was sensitive there.

I made my own sort of strangled shrieking noise as Rai's callused hand wrapped around one of my sensitive places. He squeezed our cocks together and we both rocked into the tunnel of his fist. The feel of Rai's hand on my cock was almost too much for my limited control. I had spent so many years waiting to feel it again that it was almost an instant trigger.

The feel of Rai's cock throbbing and pulsing against mine as hot come spattered between us pushed my control right to the edge. Rai's balls jerked against mine and I was right over the edge alongside Rai, and we jerked and spurted together.

"Three," Rai muttered against my shoulder a little while later. "I think I lasted three whole thrusts that time."

"Must've been at least five," I argued, trying to sound sympathetic. As I said earlier, I'd worry about it if Rai wasn't right there with me. My arms were now wrapped around his back and I hugged him a bit tighter. One of his hands was still trapped between our sticky bodies holding our spent cocks. The other was petting the back of my neck. My head was tucked into the crook of his neck, with silky chest hair tickling my nose.

"Five? You reckon?" Rai's body shivered with a near-silent snicker.

"I might have lost count," I admitted. "I was a bit distracted."

"You're always distracted."

"Not my fault. You keep waving this irresistible body at me."

"Waving? I don't remember waving anything!"

"Waving," I said firmly. "You finally get around to telling me that I'm allowed to touch you and then you're surprised that I can't keep my hands off you?"

"I want to do some touching, too!"

"Seems like some pretty good touching you're doing right now," I argued, twitching my cock in his hand. It felt good, so I did it again and felt his cock twitch in reply.

"Don't! I need some rest! I haven't come this much since..." Rai paused to frown against my shoulder; I could feel his eyebrows bunching up as he thought about it. "Since ever," he finally finished.

"I didn't know I could come this much and still get it up," I said. I was feeling rather smug about it, to be honest. I could feel my cock filling slowly in Rai's sticky hand and I was enjoying it.

"My balls ache," Rai complained, shifting on my thighs.

"Want me to kiss them better?" Another thing I had discovered last night was that Rai really loved having his balls licked and sucked. I wasn't too surprised to discover that I loved doing the licking and sucking.

"Jase!" Rai groaned in complaint as his cock sprang to attention between us.

"What? I was only trying to help."

"Lying asshole. Just stay still and keep quiet."

I could do that. Well mostly. One of my hands had drifted down Rai's back to slip into the loosened waistband of his jeans. Which meant that my fingers were in the thick patch of silky hair I'd found at the small of Rai's back, just above the crack of his ass. The hair there was long and I enjoyed stroking it, carding my fingers through it and pulling gently as I tested that length. I couldn't do that right now, with Rai's jeans in the way, but I could play with it.

"Quit it!" Rai groaned and bit my shoulder.

"Someone's getting cranky." I chuckled and burrowed my hand further down to cup his ass and squeeze. "How about we get cleaned up a bit and have a nap right here on the couch with the Christmas lights on?"

"Nap?" Rai spluttered.

"You said you needed some rest and neither of us got much sleep last night."

"That's true."

"I could put the carols on repeat." I could tell he was weakening. "Isn't snuggling on the couch a sort of Christmas tradition?"

"If it isn't, it should be!" Rai sat up. "We need a blanket for proper snuggling." He stifled a yawn and glared at me, daring me to make something of it.

I knew when I was winning and kept quiet. I helped Rai stand up, still straddling my thighs, and eased his jeans and boxers down as far as I could. They were coming off as soon as I could manage it. Just to make our snuggling more comfortable, of course. I wiped the worst of the sticky mess off his belly with one of our damp T-shirts.

"I'll go and get a blanket," I told him. His cock was most definitely waving at me, but I resisted pointing that out or doing anything about it. I got Rai sitting on the couch and me standing without too much problem. He tugged at my jeans, so I let him help me out of them and got his the rest of the way off while I was at it.

I even made myself walk away from the delicious sight of a naked Rai on my couch, which looked even better than my fantasies had suggested. I cleaned up quickly in the bathroom and took a damp cloth and a clean towel back to Rai, snagging a blanket in passing as well.

Rai had curled up in the corner of the couch while I was gone. He was frowning at the Christmas tree and not looking sleepy anymore. I handed him the damp cloth and towel because he didn't look like he would let me clean him up right now. I remembered that I'd offered to put the Christmas carols on repeat, so I wandered over to do that and let him clean up in peace.

I had the feeling that we were in for some more talking, rather than snuggling and napping. Rai had always wanted to talk about stuff. He liked to plan things to death, given the chance, and that was just ordinary things like going to a movie or buying shoes.

So it wasn't really a surprise that he wanted to do the same with our relationship. I savored that word in my head. We had a *relationship* now, something more than being best friends and hanging out. Something much better than that, I hoped.

"Jase? Something wrong?"

"Just thinking." I turned back to the couch and dropped down beside him. "You looked like you were having some heavy thoughts yourself."

"Yeah, I suppose I was." Rai leaned into my side and I pulled the blanket around us. "Do you think we're rushing this?" He blurted the words out suddenly.

"No, I don't feel rushed," I said carefully, feeling the panic build. Had he changed his mind? Had I been too demanding? Or too agreeable? Or too *something*? "Do you feel rushed?"

"No." Rai shook his head emphatically against my shoulder. "It feels right. I suppose we've been dancing around this for so long, it just feels strange not to pretend anymore."

"It feels wonderful to me." I sighed. "You're the one with all the relationship experience. Are we doing something wrong? Do you want to do anything differently?" It would half-kill me to let him back off again after this brief taste of what we could have.

"All my relationships have been with women." Rai sighed and snuggled closer. "This is bound to be different, isn't it?"

"Bound to be," I agreed. "And we already know each other, so there isn't any of that to deal with either. You've said that we need to talk about stuff."

"And you hate talking about *stuff*."

"Mm. But it has worked so far." I tightened my arm around him in a quick hug. "I'm willing to go along with whatever you feel we should do. I've loved you and wanted you for too long not to be willing to do whatever you need to keep this."

"You never said it last night." Rai seemed to relax, even though his tone was one of complaint.

"Never said what?"

"You never came right out and said you loved me, not even when I said it first."

"I didn't?"

"No. You just said you felt the same."

"That was when I thought you were talking about us loving each other as friends or brothers or something. I didn't think I could say 'I love you' without you realizing I meant something a bit different than that."

"Hmm. Maybe I haven't said it properly either." Rai squirmed out of my hold and turned to look me in the eye. "Jase! Pay attention!"

I sighed and dragged my eyes away from his pretty, sensitive, adorable nipples and all that glorious chest hair that his moving had revealed. "Spoilsport," I muttered, but stared right into his eyes.

"Jason Lucas Tucker, I love you. I am in love with you. I love everything about you." Rai spoke slowly and clearly.

"Even my short attention span?" I joked letting my eyes slip to his chest again and warding off the punch he aimed at me.

"Idiot!" Rai spluttered.

"But I'm your idiot for as long as you'll have me." I caught his hands in mine and stared him in the eye again. I could do this. "Raimondo Charles Sanchez, I love you. I'm in love with you. I have never loved anyone with this intensity or passion. I am madly, truly, deeply, passionately in love with you, for ever and ever." I shut my mouth before any more sappy stuff could escape and we choked on the pink fluffiness of the moment.

"*My sappy idiot!*" Rai said fondly and kissed me, madly, deeply, and passionately, and most likely truly as well. It was our twenty-four hour anniversary, after all.

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