



Hot in Here

A short story to *Time To Do*

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"Is it me or is it hot in here?" Brennan asked, as he carefully placed yet another box of Rigby's junk—of *his boyfriend's very important possessions*, he mentally corrected—on the chest of drawers near the bedroom door.

Rubbing at his temple and doing his best to push away the beginnings of one hell of a stress induced headache, Brennan tried to remember everything he needed to get done that day. Just to make the list even longer, he added check the central heating to the end of it. It really was sweltering in there, and that wasn't acceptable.

The flat had to be perfect. And that perfection had to start today. Nothing less would do. Nobody ever got more than one chance to make a bloody fantastic first impression, and he and his boyfriend were going to...

Every thought in Brennan's head gently faded away when he turned around. Said boyfriend made a vague, sleepy noise in the back of his throat as he arched his back and made himself just a little bit more comfortable on their new double bed.

"You're not going to distract me," Brennan snapped, even as his eyes raked over the other man's body taking in every single stunning detail.

There was no way in hell Rigby's t-shirt had ended up being pushed that far up his body by accident...

"What do you mean?" Rigby asked, lifting his head to blink sleepily up at him. The ragged old baseball cap he'd been wearing fell off. He had hat hair. No one should be able to make hat hair look hot!

"The innocent expression might have been more believable if you hadn't had your cock buried in my arse half of last night," Brennan informed him, with as much bite as he could manage.

Rigby grinned, apparently enjoying the memory a great deal. "I had fun too," he said lethargically, his voice practically dripping with sex. "And I guess that means it's your turn to top now, isn't it?"

Brennan's eyes narrowed. "You planned this!"

"Me?"

"You made sure we had sex last night, just so it would be my turn to top today," Brennan accused. "Just because you thought that would give you a better chance of talking me into letting you get off before we've finish unpacking."

"Sweetheart, I really don't need a convoluted excuse to want to have sex with you," Rigby said, still leaning idly back on his elbows like a living breathing invitation to sin.

"All our stuff is still in boxes. I can't even find the damn kettle to make a cup of coffee and you're...?" He waved a hand through the overheated air as words failed him. "You're not helping!" he finally finished.

Brennan's hands made their way to the slim lines of his hips. He had the horrible suspicion he was channelling his grandmother in full rant, but he still couldn't quite keep the inclination in check and take everything in his stride the way he knew he should be able to.

"I am helping," Rigby objected. "I made the bed."

Brennan's eyes immediately went to the rumbled sheets Rigby was lounging across. No matter how long the guy spent making a bed, it always looked like someone had already got screwed in it. The already rumpled sheets made it so bloody easy to imagine crossing the room, jumping on the bed and letting everything else wait until tomorrow.

Somehow, against all his good intentions, Brennan's examination of the bed turned into a study of his lover's body. The cheeky sod had even started to undo his fly in readiness...

It took all the self control Brennan could muster, and all his fears for what would happen if this move didn't go well, to enable him to return his gaze to his boyfriend's face. "No."

Rigby lifted an eyebrow at him.

"No," Brennan repeated.

The other man pulled himself lazily up off the bed.

"No!" Brennan put all the conviction he could into the word. If they stopped to have sex now he knew what would happen. In ten years time they would still be living out of boxes.

Only they wouldn't really, because by then Rigby would have already given up on the whole gay thing and be settled down with some nice girl who could be the perfect little housewife and give him a fantastic home to return to each night, and—

Rigby's lips covered Brennan's and stole all the thoughts out of his head.

Damn, but he was a good kisser, and he was able to make Brennan's brain melt so sodding easily it should have been embarrassing. Except there was no way in hell he could blush over anything at that particular moment, because all the blood in his body had rushed straight to his cock the moment he saw the other man lying on the bed, and there was no way in hell a single drop was going to be diverted away from his erection for a destination as boring as his cheeks.

"Everything's still in boxes," he managed to mumble against Rigby's lips.

"Yeah, I know."

Brennan's hands completely ignored his brain's orders. He reached around to palm his lover's backside through his jeans. His arse was glorious, and it was Brennan's turn to top, and...

A whimper of pure frustration escaped from the back of Brennan's throat. "I don't even know which boxes half our stuff is in," some sensible little part of him tried to remind them both.

"True," Rigby agreed.

"Tomorrow, you'll be trying to get ready for work and you'll be asking me where your shaver is and which box we packed your ties in and—"

Rigby made an appeasing little noise in the back of his throat, as if he was agreeing with everything Brennan said, but he didn't actually stop kissing him or offer to help him fix any of those problems.

Brennan's back hit the wall. One of Rigby's hands came to rest on the paintwork right next to his head, blocking any chance of escape, even if Brennan could have scraped up the willpower to attempt one.

"You're a complete bastard. You know that, don't you?" Brennan gasped, feeling the last of his resistance fade away as if it had never existed at all.

"Yeah, darling. I know. I have faults," Rigby admitted, pulling back and letting a few inches of empty air creep between them. "I should work on them. I'll add them to my list of things for tomorrow. Promise."

Brennan nodded as he realised Rigby was actually calling a halt. He took his hands off his boyfriend's arse, glad one of them was finally going to be sensible. He was just about to push his hands into his jeans pockets when, without any warning, he found himself lifted bodily off the floor and tossed unceremoniously onto their nice new bed.

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Brennan bounced as he hit the mattress. Rigby sprung forward, determined to get to the edge of the bed and make sure the smaller man didn't use that momentum to jump up and make a run for the door.

Leaping onto the sheets next to him, Rigby quickly pinned the other man down. "I said I'd work on my fault *tomorrow*," he pointed out. "Not today."

"I don't have time for—" Brennan began, all his anger seeming to rush back with a vengeance.

"There's always time for the important things," Rigby cut in, more than prepared to argue the point all day if he needed to. Anything was better than watching the man he loved drive himself completely around the bend for no good reason.

Rigby had formed his own ideas on the best way for them to spend their first few hours in their new home, and he was going to see them through, whether Brennan liked it or not.

Halfhearted attempts on his boyfriend's part to replace all the clothes that Rigby was determinedly removing from both their bodies did slow the process down slightly, but it still wasn't long before Rigby had part one of his plan accomplished and both he and his lover were naked in their new bed.

It had definitely been worth remembering which box the bed sheets and certain other essentials had been stored away in. "God, you're stunning..."

Rigby pushed against Brennan's shoulders. The smaller man tumbled back onto the mattress. Before Brennan even had a chance to pull himself into a sitting position, Rigby had one end of a pair of handcuffs wrapped neatly around his wrist.

"You managed to find the box the sex toys were in?" Brennan demanded. "Seriously? Your priorities are—"

"A lot more fun than yours?" Rigby suggested. He hadn't missed the way the other man's eyes had lit up at the sight of his favourite restraints.

Brennan glared at him, but he didn't put up a fight as Rigby clipped that cuff to their new headboard and added a matching cuff to his other wrist before attaching it to the wooden rails at the top of the bed too.

The submissive seemed to relax slightly then, almost as if he had permission to take a breath now that Rigby was in complete control of his world. Rigby smiled down at the other man, taking little notice of the stubbornly pissed off expression that was offered up to him in return.

"Having our own flat is going to be great," Rigby said.

Brennan made no reply.

"We're going to have sex in every single room, and not have to worry about anyone else walking in on us," Rigby went on, as he idly stroked his hands over his lover's naked body.

The angry glare never wavered. If someone had kept their eyes on Brennan's face they might have been fooled into thinking he was less than enthusiastic about the way they were going to celebrate their new home, but Rigby's attention had already moved down to his lover's cock and he didn't hesitate to wrap his hand around the hard length.

Pre-cum leaked from the head and slicked his strokes. Brennan's hips arched off the sheet, and Rigby knew without any doubt that there was only one man calling the shots right then. Just to make sure Brennan had no doubts about that either, Rigby dipped his head and took the tip of his lover's erection between his lips.

A pleasure filled little cry escaped from Brennan's mouth as Rigby swirled his tongue around the sensitive spot where his foreskin met his shaft. Brennan would deny doing that later, of course—just as he always did, but that didn't matter.

Lowering his head and taking more of the shaft into the warm, welcoming cocoon of his mouth, Rigby hollowed out his cheeks and made a snug little vacuum as he traced the vein along the underside of the shaft with his tongue. The only thing that mattered was that, in that particular moment, Brennan was as happy as any man could ever be.

Knowing that, it took all Rigby's control to pull back and let his lover's shaft slip from between his lips.

"You can't stop!" Brennan gasped. His hips pushed forward. His erection thrust into the empty air as he sought for a pleasure that was no longer within his reach.

"But I thought you wanted to screw me?" Rigby teased.

Brennan's Adam's apple bobbed rapidly. They both knew what topping while in bondage did to him. Snatching up the tube of lube he'd pushed into his pocket earlier that day, Rigby turned his back to the bound submissive and bent over.

Shuffling his knees a little further apart on the bed while he slicked his fingers, he made sure Brennan had a perfect view as he reached behind him and started to prepare his own hole.

"Bastard," Brennan whispered, desperation hanging from every word. His cuffs rattled against the headboard as he tried to reach out and touch Rigby himself and found it impossible.

Grinning at the sound, Rigby made a point of taking things nice and slow. By the time he finally turned around, Brennan's feet were kicking frustratedly at the bed, his breaths were more than a little unsteady.

"Please?" Brennan offered, apparently already past the point where begging had the power to make him blush.

There was real need burning in Brennan's eyes then, not just for sex but for proof of how much Rigby really wanted him, for reassurance that they'd made the right choice—that Rigby wouldn't have been happier moving in with a girl.

Hastily straddling the other man, Rigby reached behind him and guided Brennan's spit slicked shaft into his well prepared hole.

No fuss, no finesse, he quickly lowered his body down around Brennan's erection, sinking it into himself to the hilt. A moment of pain quickly faded away, to be replaced by the full, stretched sensation that Rigby had already grown to love since Brennan first introduced him to it.

For what felt like several years, it was impossible for him to do anything more complicated than moan his pleasure as he rocked his hips and waited for his body to adjust. When he finally found the self control to force open his eyes, Rigby seemed to catch Brennan off guard. The other man's eyes were full of emotion, so easy to read while all his defences were down but Brennan quickly looked away, turning his head to the side on his pillow.

"No."

Brennan tensed. His attention flickered toward Rigby, but he stopped short of actually meeting his gaze.

"You want me to ride you, you look me in the eye."

Brennan closed his eyes completely.

It took all the control Rigby knew he was capable of and more, to completely still his body. He brought his hands forward to rest on his boyfriend's chest. Each breath Brennan took made his body tremble. His heart was racing so fast Rigby couldn't even count the beats.

Their whole future in that flat seemed to hang in the balance around them as Rigby waited for his lover to make the next move. Finally, Brennan gave in. He met Rigby's eyes.

"That's right, baby," Rigby praised, stroking along the other man's jaw with a fingertip. "That's so good."

Very slowly, Rigby rocked his hips forward, lifting himself slightly around the other man's cock. Brennan gasped, but he didn't try to disobey. His eyes never left Rigby's face, not even when Rigby's fingers left his lover's cheek and moved to wrap around his own cock.

Somehow Rigby managed to keep his movements slow and controlled as he started to ride him properly. That was important. Brennan had to be able to look back and remember how much fun they had on their first day in their new house. Brennan had to love living with his boyfriend right from the very first moment, and know that Rigby felt the same way.

And, more than anything, Rigby realised then that he really needed Brennan to know that a hundred different girls could parade past the window carrying banners offering to have his children and nothing would change for them.

Gradually, the speed of his movements built up. The pleasure doubled and redoubled inside him again and again as his body took every ounce of friction offered to it and converted it into pure ecstasy.

Beneath him, Brennan moaned his frustration. His hands tightened into fists above the cuffs.

"Need," the smaller man whispered.

Rigby lifted and lowered himself faster. His legs burned as he pushed himself to ride his lover harder. His hand moved more rapidly around his own cock in response.

Brennan's eyes dropped to watch him jacking himself off, but Rigby didn't have enough breath to command him to lift his gaze, or enough control of his muscles to stop before he came either.

Rigby's orgasm tore through him. His muscles jerked. He tossed back his head and yelled out his pleasure as he came across Brennan's chest in long creamy ropes. His hole clenched around Brennan's cock again and again, pulling the submissive's orgasm out of him just a second later.

For one perfect moment, there were only bright white sparkles behind Rigby's eyelids and pure bliss flowing through his veins. The world was a perfect place where there was nothing to worry about, where nothing could ever go wrong.

Little by little reality came back. Rigby slumped forward, trapping his lover beneath him. His cum smeared against his chest as he regretfully parted their bodies, his own muscles ached as he uncuffed his lover, but the world was no less perfect for any of that.

Rigby smiled as he slowly rearranged them on the bed and curled his body around Brennan's somewhat smaller form. The other man was so relaxed, so serene. That lasted for all of thirty seconds before Brennan tried to move away and throw himself back into his self assigned to do list for their first day in their new flat.

Covering Brennan's mouth with his palm, Rigby wrapped his other arm around his boyfriend's waist as he pulled him back into the bed.

Brennan muttered what were probably some quite inventive curses behind his palm. Rigby pressed a gentle kiss onto his shoulder and calmly kept his hand where it was. "I'm not letting you go, so just give in gracefully and shut up."

Mumbles that probably represented even more vehement curses were swallowed by his hand.

"Five minutes," Rigby promised, his voice as gentle as ever. "If you rest with me for five minutes, I'll help you unpack and do whatever the hell else it is that you're so determined has to be done today. I'll even find the kettle so you can have your coffee. Okay?"

Brennan turned his head and glared at him over his shoulder.

Rigby cautiously risked freeing his mouth from behind his makeshift gag.

"Let's just get one thing straight. If you think you're going to be the only one who wears the trousers in this flat..." Brennan trailed off, looking more than slightly offended when Rigby gave in to the urge to laugh.

"One, forget trousers, I want both of us naked as much as possible. And two—sweetheart, you have to be the only person on the planet who doesn't realise you've got me wrapped around your little finger."

"Could have bloody well fooled me," Brennan muttered, turning over and absentmindedly snuggling more comfortably against Rigby's side in the process. "You're getting bossier by the day."

"Yeah, but that's entirely your fault," Rigby said, rearranging himself so Brennan could fit perfectly against his body.

"Like hell it is!"

"You're the one who made me fall in love with you," Rigby whispered in his ear.

Brennan made a disbelieving sound in the back of his throat. He sounded as pissed off as ever, but Rigby just smiled over the top of his head.

"And nothing is going to make me regret us getting this flat," he added.

Brennan tensed.

"I don't want a housewife, sweetheart. And I don't want you to make the flat into something that deserves a white picket fence or have dinner on the table when I come home either."

"Good, because the chances of that happening are—"

"I just want you."

Brennan dipped his head to rest his temple against Rigby's shoulder as the fight seemed to drain out of him. "I just want you, too," he whispered into his shoulder.

When he parted his lips again, just a second later, Rigby knew what was coming. He even said the words along with him. "That, and to find the damn kettle."

They were both laughing into the kiss as their lips met.

Finally, when they were both breathless and their lips reddened by a kiss that went on for a lifetime, Brennan seemed ready to admit what Rigby had already known for weeks.

Resting his head on Rigby's shoulder once more, he whispered the words very softly, but he did say them. "I'm glad we decided to move in together, Rig."