



*Winter
Special*

K.A. MERIKAN

STUNG

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About *Stung: Winter Special*

This short story is set a few months after the events described in our novel, *Stung*. It could be read separately, but we advise to read the novel first, as it is not a stand alone.

Stung

by K.A. Merikan

— If you want honey, prepare to get stung —

October 1907, Honeyhill

Twenty years into the Plague

Victor is a man of delicate sensibilities, not fit to do backbreaking labour on a farm ran by the mob. Upon arrival in Honeyhill, he decides he needs an anchor, an alliance with one of the guards, if he wants to survive. That anchor comes in the form of Crunch, a hunky ex-sailor with a pair of tight leather trousers and a ruggedly handsome face.

But from day one, Victor knows he won't last long with the hard physical work assigned to him and the torment he suffers at the hands of a sadistic guard. He needs to run, and his new alliance might prove to be a burden instead of solace.

If Crunch wants Honeyhill liberated, he needs to focus on his job, not on protecting Victor, one of many new arrivals on the farm. Distraction is the last thing he needs after months of undercover work. But it's hard not to get seduced by Victor's big brown eyes and fingertips that don't know work. Hundreds of people depend on Crunch keeping his identity a secret, revealing it could be fatal for both him and Victor, and a failure of his mission.

Thankfully, Victor would never be dumb enough to try and escape through a forest that's swarming with zombies. Would he?

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'Stung' is a standalone book set in the universe of *Zombie Gentlemen*.

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Genre: dystopian homoerotic thriller

POSSIBLE SPOILERS:

Themes: zombies, prisoner/guard, beekeeping, gore, deception, undercover agent, captivity, romance, brutality, forced labour camp, murder, farm, torment, forbidden romance, Victorian

Erotic content: explicit m/m sexual scenes (including dubious consent)

Length: ~ 50.000 words

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STUNG

Winter Special

Crunch was pushing through the snow that kept sneaking into his eyes. He never thought he'd be grateful for a blizzard, yet here he was. End of January, middle of London, pushing to a house he only knew by address. If it wasn't for the ghastly weather, he wouldn't have been able to get any time off from his duties. With the bone-chilling wind roaring through the narrow streets, he was thankful for the thick woolen scarf Victor sent him for Christmas. They have exchanged letters over the weeks since Honeyhill's liberation, but he was still surprised to receive a box of gifts that contained mostly luxurious food and tobacco, but also a bottle of fine cologne with a copper canary head on the stopper. It seemed fancy in comparison to what he usually used, but hoping to see Victor tonight, he used it.

He only got short notice on the possibility of leaving for a few nights, so he didn't even bother sending Victor a message, instead wishing to surprise him. Deep down in his heart lingered the thought that maybe he would be an unwelcome guest. Following the directions a local shopkeeper gave him five minutes ago, he walked deeper into one of those new, affluent neighbourhoods built on steel platforms over the slum. Walking up the street, he carefully watched the numbers on identical copper plates. The houses here were twins and villas with small gardens, and each had its own style. Unlike the tidy quarters preferred by the former gentry, the Terrace of Tomorrow was the top residential area for the nouveau-riche, and its occupants were keen to display their wealth with complicated architecture.

Crunch stopped in his tracks, raising his head to gape at house number forty three. Victor's house. It looked like something from a fairytale, with a huge clock with female-shaped hands and two tiny towers topped by pointy roofs. So, would his prince be at home?

He smiled to himself and took the goggles off before knocking on the door. He didn't want to seem threatening and since the recent riots in the East End, people weren't exactly welcoming.

He waited for an answer in front of the grand, wooden doors, but nothing happened. Crunch sighed and looked around for the doorbell only to spot a metal lion's head with a button embedded between the animal's jaws. He pressed on it in resignation and blinked, startled by a loud tweet from inside. It sounded remarkably realistic, as if there was a live bird on the other side of the door. He looked up to the tower once again, feeling inadequate. *Prince and the Pauper*, huh?

The clang of an opening lock brought him back to the present, and Crunch found himself facing a white-haired middle aged man in a bottle green uniform.

"May I help you, sir?" It came in the most proper accent Crunch had ever heard.

"Yeah, I kinda... I'm lookin' for Victor Sheppard?" Ridiculous. He killed more zombies than he could count but was intimidated by a butler? A butler who managed to keep his face a mask of polite indifference even when his eyes flashed with understanding.

“Certainly, sir. Please, come in.” He opened the door wider, letting Crunch into a high hall that resonated with the sound of several dozen clocks. The mechanisms, both antique and modern, took over all the walls up to the ceiling.

Crunch slowly pulled off the scarf, amazed by the interior. He walked up to a large grandfather clock made of copper and glass. The mechanism inside moved with perfect precision, drawing him in.

“May I take your coat, sir?” asked a soft, female voice from the side. The pretty, blonde maid wore the same colours as the butler, who left the hall after asking Crunch for his name.

“Yeah, I suppose.” Crunch felt awkward but quickly started unbuttoning his leather jacket. She took it from him with a curt nod and moved to put it inside an antique wooden closet, giving Crunch more time to stare at the countless clocks. They had to belong to Victor’s father, as Victor himself never mentioned an interest in clockwork. As fascinating as they were, the constant ticking noise of the mechanisms started getting to him after only a minute or two. He imagined the servants hated the hall with a passion.,

One of the bigger clocks had a portrait of an elegant man on its face, and even looking at it made Crunch self-conscious again. All he had on were his dirty combat boots, a pair of insulated leather trousers, and a shirt that had seen better days. He could have looked for better clothes, but it was either that or taking a quick wash, so he figured washing was more important when he’d be naked anyway... *if* he would be naked that is. Crunch sure hoped so, but Victor could have forgotten all about him, now that he was again surrounded by classy gentlemen. If he rejected Crunch, they’d probably have to do some small talk, reminisce, and he’d go home sulking. At least he would have a beautiful boy to remember.

A loud thumping had Crunch turning his head towards the top of the stairs on the other end of the hall. It was Victor. He emerged from the corridor and jumped down the first top steps with the grace of a ballet dancer, only to stop and flash him the brightest grin. In fine, well fitted clothes, without the tense look of fear Crunch now realized was ever present on his face back in the camp, Victor looked even more handsome than Crunch remembered him.

“Crunch!”

“I...” Voice got stuck in his throat. “Victor.” They exchanged letters whenever it was possible, but seeing him now was a whole different story. It had been *months* since they had touched each other.

Victor raced down the stairs, keeping his eyes on Crunch. “You haven’t said a thing!”

“Yeah... Short notice. I only got to leave thanks to the blizzard.” Crunch licked his lips and shoved his hands into his trouser pockets. Would they be able to touch at all with so many servants around? He got his answer when Victor lunged himself at him and pressed a kiss to his mouth.

“Thank God for the blizzard then.” Victor’s smile was bright as sunlight when he looked up at Crunch with his pretty brown eyes. Even his hair, which had been a pathetic mess the last time they had seen each other, got long enough for the curl to start showing.

Crunch couldn’t help but smile into those eager lips. He instantly remembered how soft and hot they were on his prick when he noticed Victor's knowing gaze.

“Are you hungry?” Victor drew a step back, sliding his hands down Crunch’s arms to entwine their fingers in one smooth motion. Only now, after the first touch, it occurred to Crunch how fine and dandy Victor’s outfit was. He was wearing narrow trousers that showed off the shape of his legs and hips, along with a purple vest, and silk white shirt with an eccentrically ruffled collar and wide sleeves. A thin scarf of brown and purple curled around his neck in a loose circle, completing the outfit.

“Yes, please,” he laughed and pulled Victor into a hug. Being able to hold him close was satisfying one kind of hunger already.

Victor purred into his neck, and Crunch sensed his fingers touching the ring he wore on a chain through the fabric. “You’re wearing it.”

“I promised to bring it back, right?” Crunch tried to forget about the servant, who never left the hall, and enjoy Victor’s smell. If Victor’s carefree demeanour was anything to go by, the domestics were used to similar displays, but he himself didn’t feel comfortable with being watched.

“And you keep your promises.” Victor’s soft lips brushed against the side of Crunch’s throat, making his body tingle.

“Uhm, should we go somewhere?” Crunch slowly pulled away, worried he might get too excited about this meeting.

Victor squeezed his fingers. “Only if you’re satisfied with a cold meal.”

Crunch took a deep breath not to say something like ‘I’m happy with anything’, and settled for “I’m happy to see you” instead.

He flinched when a door opened and they were joined by a slightly rounded man in a checkered suit. The newcomer stopped mid-way, looking at them through a pair of round glasses that seemed too small for his face. A curly bush of white hair and a fluffy grey beard framed it from all sides except for where he had a bald spot on the top of his head.

“Evenin’, sir.” Crunch took yet another step away from Victor. He didn’t want to be thrown out of this house minutes after he’d arrived. This had to be Victor’s father, who now looked more lost than rightfully enraged like any other father would be.

“Good evening--” he trailed off, shifting his glance to his son who gave him a gleeful smile.

“Father, this is Mr. Crunch, the one who saved me back in the camp.”

Crunch smirked. That was a good way to be introduced.

A glint of interest sparked through Mr. Sheppard's eyes, and he lunged forward, yanking Crunch's hand out of Victor's and gave it a vigorous shake. "Oh, sir, I am forever in your debt! I don't know what I would do if something happened to my boy. He's all I have left."

Said around all that wealth, it sounded strange, but Crunch understood what Mr. Sheppard meant.

"I felt the need to protect 'im, sir." Crunch smiled and greeted him with a shake of his hand. "Victor wasn't like the other prisoners."

"Yes, my son is a very special young man." Mr. Sheppard ruffled Victor's hair and for a moment, Crunch could see the family resemblance in their brown eyes, but that was where common traits ended. Victor must have taken a lot after his late mother.

"Mr. Crunch, if there is anything I could do for you, do not hesitate to ask. Anything."

"He will be staying with us during his leave in London, father." Victor gave Crunch a sweet smile that turned his heart into jelly.

"Oh, good!" Mr. Sheppard clapped his hands in excitement. "I will have a room prepared--"

Victor cut him off. "There is no need for that. He will be staying with me. That suits us best, father."

Crunch looked to his own dirty shoes, feeling his cheeks go aflame. What was Victor thinking to put his father in a position like that? They could just sneak between the rooms at night. "I'll go with whatever my 'ost proposes," he mumbled. "Another room's fine."

"Oh no!" Mr. Sheppard waved his hand dismissively. "I want my guest to be comfortable. If you wish to room together for old times' sake, it is all right by me. And besides, Victor's friends stay over all the time."

Crunch pouted, darting a look at Victor. He wondered how many of those 'friends' kept staying over. It wasn't like he had been celibate himself, but maybe he was just feeling jealous that he didn't have as many opportunities. Most of his where quick romps in rush to finish before someone else's bunk-mate came back. And because of the weather, doing it outside wasn't an option, unless one wanted to freeze off their cock.

"I'm 'appy to 'ear that, sir. We will probably talk deep into the night."

"Oh, yes, I've missed Mr. Crunch's calming words." Victor gave his father a grin. "Would you please ask Snipes to send a cold buffet and tea up to my room?"

"I 'ope ya don't mind, sir." Crunch smiled at Mr. Sheppard. "I had a tiring trip." It was a good idea for them to eat in private. Would save a lot of awkward dinner conversation he wasn't good at.

Mr. Sheppard's eyes widened, and he gave them a nod. "Certainly. Now go and rest. I will speak to you tomorrow."

Victor brushed his father's arm. "Good night."

Crunch smiled at the gesture. They seemed to be close, and he was a bit envious of that already.

They went to the first floor and as soon as they disappeared from Mr. Sheppard's side, Victor clutched Crunch's hand in his, leading him through overly decorated corridors to a room at the other side of the house.

"I missed you." Crunch leaned in and kissed his cheek. "Your hair looks nice."

Victor leaned into him and pressed on the door handle. The door gave in and they stumbled into a tall bedchamber with modern furnishings made of dark wood and copper. Crunch's eyes drifted to a platform in the far end of the room. It housed the centrepiece of the arrangement, a large bed with open curtains guarded by four standing lamps.

"Does it? Not silly anymore?" Victor slid his arms around Crunch's waist, nudging him with his nose.

"Nah. Ya look lulvy," Crunch sighed and hugged him close, even though he knew he couldn't make up for the months apart.

"So do you." Victor's lips were hot and wonderfully smooth as he trailed soft kisses up the side of Crunch's nose. "Ever so handsome, Mr. Crunch."

"Right." He snorted. "With them red cheeks? It's fuckin' freezing out there." Crunch slid his hands to Victor's buttocks and picked him up in one smooth move.

"I know," gasped Victor, tightening his thighs around Crunch's hips. His lips were close enough for Crunch to feel his warm breath on his. "I need to get you warm again."

"Oh, fuck. Ya do..." Crunch bit down on Victor's bottom lip, his gaze never straying from those warm brown eyes. "Or I'll make ya cold?" He nuzzled Victor's cheek.

Victor chuckled, holding him tighter. "How could you ever make me cold?"

"Tell me 'ow many friends made ya warm this winter, huh?" Crunch laughed and carefully made his way to the bed. He raised his eyebrows when Victor stiffened in his arms.

"Why...? Why would you want to know?"

"I just wanna. Wanna know 'ow easy it is to get a man in London for someone like ya." Crunch laughed and stumbled onto the bed with Victor. "Must be easy now, with the law loosened up."

Victor grimaced, visibly uncomfortable with the questioning. "It's always been easy, but I don't want to waste my time with you to dwell on other lovers."

Crunch sighed and fell to his back, pulling Victor along. The bedding was so soft he could melt into it.

Victor spread his body over Crunch as soon as they hit the mattress, resting on him with his full weight. Slowly, he slid his palms up Crunch's arms as their lips met again and this time, Victor lingered for more than a brief touch. They could finally indulge, and Crunch opened his mouth in welcome as he hugged his lover's body tighter. It was better than any blanket, warm and giving him a hard-on already. After everything he'd been through in the last few months, he was happy he lived

long enough to be here. He wouldn't get to ever taste those luscious lips again if he were rotting in some ditch.

Victor melted over him with a soft hum. He alternated between lapping at Crunch's mouth and gentle nuzzling, setting Crunch's skin aflame with the teasing touch. "I missed you."

"Oh 'ave ya now?" He grinned. "Go on, tell me, I wanna 'ear it." Crunch slid his palms to Victor's arse and squeezed it. To that, his own cock responded even more eagerly than to the kiss. Victor sensed it too, and he let out a delighted chuckle, rocking his hips against Crunch. The chipped tooth didn't spoil his charm one bit.

"Yes, what does Mr. Crunch want to know?" Victor purred. He drew back, straddling Crunch's hips, and slowly pulled on the loose end of his silk scarf. The cloth slid off his neck, leaving his throat exposed for Crunch's viewing pleasure. He wanted to suck it and bite it already, still remembering the bruise he left on Victor last time. It made him wonder how long Victor had it to remember him by.

"I wanna know 'ow many times ya tossed off thinkin' of my cock." He grinned up at Victor and stroked the sides of his thighs.

Victor's eyebrows shot up in amusement as he took off his vest and sent it flying across the room. "How could I ever count that?"

"And did ya think of it when another man rode that sweet arse of yours?" Crunch bit back a smile. He wanted to hear it even if it wouldn't be true and squeezed Victor's buttocks for emphasis.

Victor pulled up his shirt so that it hid most of his face and giggled. "Is that very bad, Mr. Crunch?" He tossed the shirt away, revealing his bare chest to Crunch's hungry eyes.

"Nah, ya'd only want the best after ya got it once, right?" His cold hands moved up to Victor's pale stomach with a will of their own. He felt the muscles twitch beneath his touch, as if even Victor's insides longed for him.

Victor looked down, biting his lip, and closed his hands over Crunch's to lead them up to his chest.

"Ya don't wanna talk to me? I'm so dull?" Crunch laughed and pinched his nipple.

"Ah, no!" Victor fell on him like a hawk, preying on another wet kiss. With their mouths colliding, Victor pulled on Crunch's arm.

Crunch took the hint and rolled over on top of his partner, deepening the kiss with a groan. Victor was sucking on him. The velvet heat of his mouth closed around Crunch's lips and tongue, coaxing them inside for a kiss as close to fucking as humanly possible. He couldn't help but grind between those lean thighs. It only reminded him that he wanted Victor's trousers off. Now.

There was a loud knock on the door.

"Fuckin' 'ell!" Crunch groaned into Victor's lips and rolled off.

Victor leaned up on his elbows, flushed and breathless. He looked too fuckable for his own good.

“Close the curtains,” he said and didn’t have to ask twice. Within moments they were enveloped by the velvety darkness, and Victor pulled Crunch back on top of him with a small moan.

“Enter!”

Crunch bit back a laugh, for a moment thinking *he* was being told to ‘enter’, but he didn’t get a chance to voice the joke.

The door opened with a slight squeak. “Your dinner, sir,” said a female voice from behind the thick fabric.

Victor nodded, brushing a kiss across Crunch’s cheekbone. “Thank you, Anna. I do not wish to be disturbed.”

“Certainly.” They heard the silent rattle of cutlery but eventually, the maid wished them goodnight and left.

Victor let out a long breath and dropped onto the covers. “You can wait for food, can’t you?”

“No, I need energy.” Crunch leaned away to inspect the food trolley the maid left just by the bed. “Aren’t ya embarrassed people will talk?”

Victor let out a sigh and reached down to unbutton his trousers without much haste. “Not really, no. I like who I am.”

It was so simple and straightforward that Crunch didn’t know what to say. He was always the type to fuck around in secret.

When he pushed the curtain to the side, the light embraced them again, and he had to blink. There was a tiered stand with finger sandwiches, scones and cakes, as well as two pots of tea and several trimmings. Even the cutlery and plates were top-notch.

“Does that bother you?” asked Victor, taking his attention off the mouth-watering delicacies.

Crunch didn’t even know where to start. The food looked so dainty. He decided to take off his dirty shoes before even approaching such wonders.

“I don’t really show it much to others. Can be a bad thing.”

“Why?” Crunch felt the mattress moving behind him and soon, he was pulled back against Victor’s warmth. “Aren’t Humanists supposed to accept men like you?”

“Some do, some don’t. Like anywhere, ya know? People are still people. Ya ever got beaten up, luv?” Crunch decided to start on the sandwiches, and they turned out to be heaven. Soft, snow-white bread, fish, cucumber...

“Of course not.” Victor kissed Crunch’s ear, undressing him one button at a time. “I don’t lure men who don’t give me *that* look.”

“Well, where I come from it’s not just about luring the wrong man.” Crunch closed his eyes for a moment, enjoying the food, the touch, the kisses, the smells and not having to be as tough as a rock once in a while. It was nice to be wanted this much.

“How was it for you then?” Victor nuzzled his face into Crunch’s arm, slowly easing his shirt off.

“It was like walkin’ in the darkness. I didn’t know what I wanted until I found it for the first time.” He looked at the tiny porcelain pot full of jam. Currently manufactured by the Humanists.

Victor leaned his face on Crunch’s shoulder and reached down to open his trousers. “Tell me?”

“He was a kind boy. I think ‘e knew better than me. But when I spilled that first time with him... Oh, Victor... It was ‘eaven.” Crunch pushed a piece of scone with strawberry jam into his mouth.

“I can imagine.” Victor leaned forward to grab the other half of the scone before settling in his original place behind Crunch. “Must have been sweet.”

“I knew I wouldn’t turn back after that, but I wouldn’t dare talk of it. I ‘ad a few try and beat me up when I wasn’t so big yet.”

Victor soothed him with a soft, strawberry-scented kiss to the cheek. It felt so natural to be held by him, as if they were long-term lovers, not men who had shared a few encounters in secret.

“I guess it’s different in yar world. Actors, singers, and that. Always get some slack.” He turned his head, greedy for yet another kiss. Victor’s mouth now had the velvety sweetness of strawberry jam and cream, but he broke the contact to bite into the scone again.

“It is easier to find men who are likewise inclined, yes.” Victor shrugged. “Doesn’t always make love easier though. Many of the men I’ve met were not even close to ‘kind’.”

“They didn’t ‘urt ya, did they?” Crunch asked between one kiss and another.

“They disappointed me.” Victor sighed against Crunch’s ear and startled him with a wet lap up his nape.

Crunch laughed. “No wonder! Toff like ya, anyone would disappoint ya.” He pushed back on to the bed, leaving the food in peace. There would be time for it later.

Victor grinned at him and quickly washed the scone down with water before following Crunch deeper towards the headboard. Completely naked, Victor was the picture of grace as he moved on all fours, cornering Crunch with a wide smile.

“Are *you* going to?”

“Probably.” Crunch shrugged with a smile and pulled down his heavy trousers. He didn’t even notice when Victor unbuttoned them earlier.

Victor pouted, tracing his finger down the trail of hair running from his navel. “In such case, you are nothing but a bastard, Mr. Crunch!”

Crunch couldn’t fight back the grin blooming on his lips. “Ya know I am. Still a ‘mister’ though, huh?” He managed to kick off his trousers, at last naked and free. He couldn’t miss the way Victor’s gaze dropped to the newly revealed skin.

“Of course. You haven’t lost your privileges.” Those large brown eyes trailed back up to meet his.

“I rose up in the ranks, ya know?” Crunch grabbed Victor’s wrists and pulled him closer. Bragging wasn’t beneath him when there was a pretty young man to impress.

Victor clung to him with a sunny smile. “Oh, did you? What is my man doing now then?” he asked, touching the ring that Crunch was still wearing on his neck.

My man. Crunch knew it was meant as a joke, but it still set his insides aflutter. “I’m in charge of other men. I train them what the best ways for killing ar... or maybe it’s not the best topic for the sack.”

Victor burst out laughing, letting the ring dangle over Crunch’s breast bone, and brushed his fingers down to tease a nipple. “Mr. Crunch is so important. What else do you teach them?” he asked with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Crunch bit his lip, slowly stroking down Victor’s arms. “Ah, this n’ that...”

He watched those perfect eyebrows raise in challenge. “Oh?” Victor pinched his nipple.

“What can I say!” Crunch laughed and slowly traced a thumb over his lover’s jawline. “Not everyone’s got talent for cocksucking.” He remembered that Victor enjoyed to do that a lot and judging from the way he used his exquisite mouth, he had had lots of practice.

“Maybe we should offer them a demonstration sometime?” Victor kept his face innocent even as he ducked his head to trace Crunch’s nipple with his warm tongue.

“Oh, yeah? Ya wanna be a guest tutor?” Crunch relaxed on the pillows, already dreaming of those hot, slippery lips on his cock. The fantasy spread through his mind as they moved south, leaving a trail of wet, open mouthed kisses down Crunch’s chest and stomach. Each touch sent a tiny sparkle of pleasure straight to where Victor was heading.

“Only if you explain to them what I do. My mouth will be too busy to speak.”

“Yeah, ya just ‘ave to show me all those special tricks today, so I can be sure they’re trained well.” Crunch smiled and supported himself on his elbows to see more of Victor’s lovely face.

“What do you mean by ‘tricks’? It’s all instinct, Mr. Crunch,” Victor said, curling his fingers around Crunch’s half-hard prick with a soft squeeze. “Instinct and the love of cock.”

“Oh, is it? Kiss it then if ya love it so...” He gasped, raising his hips a little. Victor’s confidence in bed was more than arousing.

“I love it.” Victor gave him the sweetest smile before bowing down to kiss the tip of Crunch’s cock with a wet, suckling sound. He kept his eyes on Crunch, as if he needed to witness his reaction.

“Ya wouldn’t know how I missed that...” Their gazes locked, and Crunch grinned at his own idea. “I know what I want.”

“Hnn?” Victor squeezed Crunch’s cock and pulled his hand up its length, gathering the foreskin at the tip. He slipped his tongue through the opening on top, gently circling the head.

Crunch gripped the sheets in an effort to control his hips. “I wanna show ya what tricks I know.” Though he wasn’t sure he could match Victor’s skills, his mere touch on Crunch’s cock sent Crunch’s mind into chaos.

Victor's face broke into a grin. "I'm all ears."

"Come on then!" Crunch laughed and pulled him up, stretching him over the covers before diving towards the footboard so that they ended up laying beside one another, but facing opposite ways. Exactly how Crunch wanted it. Give and take at once. He leaned in to kiss the tip of Victor's curved up penis and felt his lover pulling closer so that their skin touched.

"This I like very much, mister Crunch," Victor breathed, blowing hot air all over Crunch's crotch. He slid one of his hands between Crunch's thighs, gently cupping his scrotum and pressing the tips of his fingers into the tender flesh behind it. That was enough to press a soft moan out of Crunch's mouth. He didn't want to seem ungrateful, so he sucked down on Victor's hot, hard cockhead and wrapped an arm over his lover's waist to pull him closer. Crunch wasn't often the one doing the sucking, especially not in the comfort of the position they were in now, but there was something about Victor that made him want to be tender and give him all the pleasure he could.

With a delighted groan, Victor pulled his top leg up, hooking it over Crunch's side to force him even closer. Crunch couldn't think of many things better than being encased in the heat of Victor's thighs. They were strong and lean, wrapped by the softest skin Crunch had ever felt on a man and for a moment, he thought he wouldn't mind being *crunched* by those shapely legs.

Victor's natural salty scent filled Crunch's nostrils when he took the stiff cock deeper, dark curls tickling the tip of his nose. He couldn't help but push his hips forward, needy for the attention of Victor's lips. It was hard to believe that after all those lonely months in the cold forests, in grubby conditions, he was back with Victor, grabbing his fleshy thighs and sucking on his hot cock in the softness of a clean bed. It was the most soothing thing he could have wished for.

Victor hummed, trailing little, suckling kisses down Crunch's cock before settling his attention on the twin balls below. "Best idea any man has ever had," he whispered against Crunch's nut before gently sucking it into his mouth.

Crunch was glad Victor didn't mind the much less sophisticated cocksucking Crunch was serving up. He couldn't help himself though, greedy to take in as much as he could, lick around the crown and then lean back in for another round of sucking. He loved how that throbbing flesh pulsed with life on his tongue, engorged and heavy.

Victor curled around him, slowly jerking Crunch's cock with his hand as he released the wet ball sack out into the chilling air. He then crooked his head to close that luscious mouth over the side of Crunch's prick. As he moved it up the length, towards the hypersensitive tip, Crunch felt his whole body tensing in apprehension, but all he got was a chaste, slow brush of lips. It was as if Victor was french-kissing his dick.

He sighed and fell back on the velvety soft sheets. "This won't do. Come 'ere, sweet lips," Crunch pulled Victor back up, too eager to kiss him again.

Those big brown eyes looked up at him from behind his cock, one eyebrow crooking up. “Why? You want to be inside me?” whispered Victor, starting a slow, languid climb up Crunch’s body. His lean muscles tensed with each move.

All the hair on Crunch’s body bristled. He’s only dreamed about being in Victor every day since they parted. Of course he wanted that. “Yes,” he rasped, and his body reacted on its own accord, fingers running up Victor’s forearms, tracing every goosebump.

“I want that too,” whispered those sweet, succulent lips as they trailed up Crunch’s torso. Victor’s body was cradling itself in Crunch’s arms, and it fit there perfectly as he slid his hands to both sides of Crunch’s face, cupping it in a loving embrace. Heat overcame their bodies, rolling through them as they clung to one another in the sheets.

“Did ya imagine my spunk when ya laid in bed at night tossing off?” Crunch groaned and slid his hands all the way to Victor’s meaty buttocks. He squeezed them, already imagining the pink pucker between the fleshy mounds. That one time in the grassy ditch was like a trigger for an addiction, and he wanted to sink inside once again.

Victor sighed, suckling on Crunch’s bottom lip and rocking his hard cock against him like an impatient boy. “I was remembering its smell every night. Hope I can taste it for real today.”

“All ya want,” Crunch rasped and rolled Victor over to his back in one swift push. “But first I get to slide it in that luvly hole. Is it as tight as I remember?” Crunch grinned and lay on top of Victor, trapping him in the cage of his own body. Each quick beat of Victor’s heart was prominent against Crunch’s. It was such a treat to see him smile. He had never smiled like that back in Honeyhill: relaxed, unashamed, without even a trace of fear lingering in the corners of his eyes.

“I sure hope so. Do you want to see for yourself?” asked Victor, reaching back to a shelf at the headboard. There were a few items there, but Crunch’s eyes focused on a small vial.

“The hell I do!” Crunch smiled back and pulled one of Victor’s legs over his shoulders. Being here, still so accepted and wanted, was all he needed after months in a forest swarming with animated cadavers.

Victor chuckled and handed him the vial, letting his touch linger as if he really couldn’t stop himself from touching Crunch. His warm thighs were heavenly soft, but not too smooth, with fine hair gently tickling the skin.

Crunch licked his lips and covered his fingers in the oil from the vial in no time, eager to have his cock where it belonged. But he couldn’t be too brash after all. He slid a finger against Victor’s anus and gently rubbed the tender skin. His cock twitched as if to remind Crunch what it wanted.

“So fuckin’ tight,” Crunch rasped when he slid in his thumb, never looking away from Victor’s flushed face. That plump mouth fell open, but a choked sound at the back of Victor’s throat was all that came out. Warm hands cupped the side of Crunch’s face, gently kneading his cheeks and jaw, pulling him closer for another kiss just as he crooked his thumb where the smooth muscle of Victor’s sphincter turned into warm softness. The boy stirred in his arms, nipping at his lip.

“That all? I want a moan,” Crunch whispered into the kiss and pushed his thumb in up to the knuckle. He wanted Victor panting, moaning and satisfied. Nothing less would do.

Victor pulled him in for a bruising kiss, his free leg snaking around Crunch’s hips. “You make me so breathless.”

“How about now?” Crunch pulled out his thumb, only to slide two thick fingers in right after. Oh, how he longed to do that.

The flesh gave in, but the body beneath Crunch trembled and arched. This time, he got a moan. He grinned in return and pushed the fingers in farther, lost in the need to satisfy his lusty kitten. Watching Victor’s face in the meanwhile was already half the fun, well worth letting his own cock wait for attention. The heat between their bodies was slowly becoming unbearable, with Victor clinging to him, rubbing their bodies together. There was no resistance whatsoever, they were safe and warm. It was clear that beautiful boy has never forgotten him.

“Want you,” whispered Victor, suddenly pushing his hand between the tight fit of their bodies. His slim fingers curled around Crunch’s cock.

“Oh fuck.” It was Crunch’s time to moan. He pulled out his fingers, already tense with the need to bury himself in Victor. In his heat, his smell, his smooth lips.

Victor nuzzled the side of his face with a low chuckle, pulling on the cock. “Slowly. Open me up.”

“I’d never hurt ya,” whispered Crunch. He had to take a deep breath not to get choked up. He never dreamed of having a connection like this with another human being. “Ya want to oil me up?” Crunch pulled Victor’s other leg over his hip and gave him a kiss.

“I know you wouldn’t.” Victor’s face melted into a gentle smile, and he reached for the vial, looking straight into Crunch’s eyes. “I trust you.”

Fucking with other men was nothing like what he shared with Victor. There was a strange tenderness to their closeness that Crunch hadn’t even noticed developing. Then the hand was back on his dick, slicking it up with oil, slippery and sweet, much like Victor’s mouth. It pulled on his cock, leading it closer to where Victor wanted it. His heartbeat was furious against Crunch’s chest.

Crunch pulled Victor’s other leg on his arm as well, barely breathing when he took in the sight before him. Victor’s chest heaving, the little moles on his skin seemingly dancing. Crunch bowed down to lick at one hard, puckered nipple. “Slide it against yar hole...”

Victor moaned, and it almost looked like his lips gave an involuntary twitch. The slim thumb circled the sensitive cockhead of Crunch’s cock, but with another gentle pull, flesh touched flesh. The sensation was too exquisite, with Victor gently moving the cock up and down, sliding it against the soft, puckered skin at the entrance of his anus.

“Oh, God, this is the most sinful thing I’ve ever seen,” Crunch said and slowly pushed his hips forward, demanding entry as he slid his hand to Victor’s throbbing dick.

Victor's eyes twinkled from behind the thick curtain of eyelashes. "Is it? Am I not heavenly? How can you say such things, Mr. Crunch?" he muttered breathlessly.

"Nah, yar a devil, but I'll let ya take me." Crunch kissed Victor's soft lips and pushed his cockhead against the slick opening just as he squeezed Victor's prick.

"Cruel words from a cruel man," teased Victor, though his voice shook as his body gave in, letting Crunch enter.

"Always." Crunch snorted and gave Victor a brash kiss before pushing in, sliding his cock into that hot tightness in one smooth move. It really was heaven. A beautiful boy letting him do all sorts of despicable things on a soft bed with cotton sheets and velvet drapes.

Victor moaned and frantically brushed his hand clean over the sheet, only to drape it over Crunch's nape. "Always what?" There was confusion in those brown eyes as they glazed over with pleasure.

"Always cruel, right?" Crunch slowly pumped Victor's dick, delighting in how needy he seemed. He pushed his hips forward, against the lean buttocks.

"No, you're not!" Victor smiled at him, and the soft touch at Crunch's ribs made him jerk even deeper in.

"No? How am I then? Tell me," he demanded. His balls tightened when he started moving in a languid, circular motion that made the cock in Crunch's hand twitch.

"You're kind... like that boy that let you have him all those years ago," breathed Victor, hardly keeping the grin at bay as his body darkened with excitement.

"Cheeky git." Crunch grabbed the sides of Victor's thighs and pushed in all the way to the root.

"See?" gasped Victor as his eyes closed. "You are most kind to give me all of that cock."

All Victor got in reply was a kiss. One that forced him to open his lips and invite Crunch's tongue. It was heated and just as sweet as Dal Honey. Crunch pulled his cock out slowly, just to slam it back in, never letting their lips part.

Victor clung to him, his muscles twitching as he held on for dear life, all the remarks and teasing gone like dust in the wind. He kept falling down to the mattress, gasping, only to lean up again for more of Crunch's lips. The searing heat of their bodies was enough to fill their minds and mute them to everything else.

When Crunch was approaching this house just a few hours ago, his most daring fantasies weren't bold enough to envision ending up in bed with Victor so soon. It was hard to dwell on it though when his lover's anus clenched on his cock to deliciously, as if it was hungry for his spunk. To confirm that, Victor jerked on the bed with a low moan, and reached for his cock like it was on fire. Maybe it was.

"Oh, yeah, I wanna watch ya toss off," Crunch groaned and let his thrusts quicken, jabbing right into Victor's tight hole time after time. The smell of sweat was getting him even more excited.

Victor gave him a sheepish grin and put his hand into motion while brushing the other over Crunch's tense stomach. The sudden petting sent a jolt of pleasure straight to his balls.

"Oh, fuck, you sweet, sweet devil," Crunch moaned, pushing Victor farther down, folding him in half for an assault on his arse. For once, his gaze slid away from Victor's face to his dick, and Crunch watched without blinking. Bliss was only seconds away. He came the moment a spurt of warm cum hit his neck. Victor gave a yelp, clamping down on him and arching his body into Crunch's.

Crunch shut his eyes for the last few thrusts, pushing down even harder, to catch Victor's lips in a kiss. His mind went white and empty, focused only on pleasure and the smell of spunk. Warm arms closed around him like a vice and locked him in place.

"So good," whimpered Victor into his mouth.

"I love seein' ya 'appy." Crunch nuzzled his cheek without opening his eyes.

"I can give you a picture of me, so you can look at it every day."

"I'd 'ave to hide it." Crunch slowly forced his eyelids open. He didn't want to think about going back just yet. Not with Victor still boiling hot in his arms.

"I know. Will you?" From up close, he could only see the hazy look in Victor's eyes, but his every breath was warm on Crunch's mouth.

"I will. I can't resist being able to have a look at ya every day."

Victor let out a sharp breath and let his legs slide down to Crunch's hips without ever breaking eye contact. "I'm going to miss you most terribly."

"Don't talk about parting when my cock's only left ya seconds ago," Crunch moaned and pushed his forehead against Victor's arm. The boy's hands were soft and gentle on him, but then Victor turned his head to the side and kissed Crunch's ear.

"Sorry."

"We can talk about now. About yar new show. Or, even better, take a nap and fuck again later, huh?" Crunch kissed a mole under Victor's lip.

Victor nestled in his arms with a lazy grin. "How long can you stay? Maybe you could make it to a show?"

"I dunno. A few days if I'm lucky." Crunch sighed and closed his eyes. His heart picked up its pace when the soft mane of Victor's hair brushed his neck. Slowly, the boy was tangling his limbs all over Crunch's body.

"I want you to see me perform. You'd like it."

"I'd fall asleep after fuckin' ya in yar dressing room."

Victor chuckled and brushed his fingers over the back of Crunch's head. His warmth was slowly overcoming Crunch's mind, as if hundreds of tiny spiders were weaving a cocoon around his brain and cradling him to sleep. He closed his arms around Victor, just to be sure the boy wouldn't slip away.

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Crunch smiled as he chewed on a delightful scone with clotted cream and jam. He asked Victor whether he had honey, but the boy wasn't impressed by the teasing. Crunch had a feeling that it was rude to eat in Victor's room and pay no respect to Mr. Sheppard senior, but he figured Victor knew what he was doing. And Crunch would probably not be able to ogle his lover in a nightshirt otherwise. He kept getting distracted and yearned to slide a hand under the fabric. Victor was so... available. The garment slid up his thighs as he casually leaned back in his chair, and the knowledge that bowing down would be enough to see Victor's family jewels got Crunch into the state of pleasant pre-arousal. The boy smiled at him over his sandwich as he picked up a small folder and pushed it across the table into Crunch's reach.

"Pick one."

Crunch raised his eyebrows, but opened the folder. He started browsing through photographs of Victor in all his finery. Crunch had never seen him in clothes that fancy. Victor even had stage makeup on some of them. He never knew anyone who romanced someone so unusual, so fine. Crunch drew in a sharp breath when warm fingers stroked his hand.

"You could have more if you can't decide."

Crunch looked down at a photograph of Victor with kohl-rimmed eyes and a collar made of feathers. "Most of 'em don't look like ya."

Victor grinned at him. "How come?"

Crunch gently poked Victor's ankle with his bare foot. "I dunno. Yar not such a peacock. And on the subject of cocks, I'd rather see ya naked in one of those pictures."

"Would you now?" Victor narrowed his eyes with a sly smile. "That could be arranged. Wouldn't they be too obvious though?"

Crunch pouted. They would. But he still wanted them. He chewed on his scone, while watching Victor rise to his feet and walk over to a bookshelf. "Do you have one of yourself?" he asked, pulling out two volumes and reaching deeper into the shelf, past the row of books.

Crunch swatted his hand at him. "Nah, why would I?" he asked with his mouth full.

Victor pulled out a small copper case and sighed. "To give one to me?"

Crunch wasn't sure what to say to that. He knew Victor found him fuck-worthy, but he wouldn't say he was exactly a picturesque kind of man. "Hmm..." was all he had in him for the time being.

"What? I could keep it on my dressing table." Victor sat back by the table, set the case in front of him and moved his finger over the front. There was a quiet, metallic clang, and the lid jerked up, uncovering the contents of the decorative box.

"I doubt yar pop would fancy that." Crunch said, but leaned back, wary of the machine.

“Silly, it wouldn’t be indecent. I would keep the indecent one here, with the rest of my personal collection,” Victor said with a grin and pulled a photograph out of the box.

Crunch felt his cheeks go aflame at the sight of Victor laying in bed and stroking himself. He swallowed and eagerly held out his hand. “I’ll take that.”

“Will you?” Victor’s eyes glinted when he moved the hand back, taking the picture out of Crunch’s reach.

“I sure will! I know yar ways now. Ya can’t steal from me.” Crunch laughed and got up from the chair, to be sure Victor wouldn’t be able to run away.

“I can’t believe it. You prefer me to scones.” Victor leaned back in the chair, fanning himself with the photo.

“Yar my scone!” Crunch snorted at how cheesy that sounded and in two steps, he was right next to Victor, grabbing his hand, much to Victor’s apparent delight.

His eyes were glowing when he cupped the side of Crunch’s face with his other hand. “Just don’t bite... too hard.”

“That’s not ‘ow I eat my scones. I like to suck out the lemon curd first,” Crunch said and slowly kneeled, never taking his eyes off Victor’s.

The boy’s smile froze and then softened as he leaned forward, capturing Crunch’s lips in a gentle kiss. “I want to have one of you too. Will you let me take it?”

Crunch took a deep breath. “Go on then.”

Victor’s breath rasped against Crunch’s lips. “Now?”

“I’d rather suck that curd first.” Crunch wiggled his eyebrows and looked on as Victor raised the fabric of his nightshirt, uncovering the soft cock and balls laying on a bed of dark hair and soft skin.

“I’d love to have you do it to me again, Mr. Crunch.”

Crunch sucked on his lip at the sound of those words. The way Victor said his nickname made him feel all important. “Can’t leave ya wantin’ then, can I?”

“No, you can’t. You can’t resist me.” Victor’s voice was suddenly very quiet, with a rasp Crunch hadn’t quite heard from him before. The moment he leaned in, the room resonated with a loud tweet, and Victor slouched with a curse passing through his plump mouth.

Crunch pulled out from under the nightshirt. “What was that?”

“Someone’s at the door,” muttered Victor, and when the tweeting persisted, he gave Crunch an apologetic smile. “Sorry, it seems important.”

“Fuck,” Crunch growled and instantly got to his feet. It had to happen just when his cock was getting ready for another go.

Victor rushed for the door and unlocked it, opening it to the footman, whose face didn’t express any thought he might possibly have about the setup in the bedroom.

“What is it, Snipes?” asked Victor.

Crunch scowled and put a hand over his face as he conspicuously walked over to an armchair in the corner. Victor had no shame.

“There are some gentlemen at the door, asking to see...” The footman cleared his throat, “Mr. Crunch?”

Victor looked back to him with a slight frown, but the commotion in the corridor was unmistakable. Men in studded boots were coming for him. The footman didn’t even manage to fully turn back when two tall soldiers in leather barged in, their eyes setting on Crunch.

One of the men looked Victor up and down in a way that made Crunch’s skin crawl. How dare he judge Victor in his own house? Crunch wanted to smack him, but he reluctantly reached for his boots, already remembering just how cold it was outside. “Let me guess, it stopped snowing?”

“Yea, that too, but we’ll have time to talk on the way back,” said one of the other commanders. He usually only visited Honeyhill, but it seemed something important was going on to make him come here personally.

“Why the rush?” Victor’s voice was loud and clear. “Why don’t you gentlemen stay for lunch?”

The other soldier, whose name Crunch didn’t even know, put his hands in his pockets still with that stupid, knowing grin on his face. Crunch dressed as quickly as possible.

“Thank you, Mr. Sheppard, but I’m afraid this can’t wait,” said the commander.

Victor cleared his throat. “Why don’t you wait downstairs then? It’ll be more comfortable.”

“It’s fine,” Crunch muttered. “I have to go, Victor.” He took a deep breath and buckled up his leather jacket. There was no point in artificially extending the visit. Lingered would only make him feel worse. He couldn’t get over the fact that he almost got to suck his morning dessert, something he wouldn’t be able to do until their next meeting God-Knew-When.

There was silence after that statement, four pairs of eyes watching Crunch’s every move and making his stomach curl. His mind was frantically making up what to tell the other soldiers in case they asked. But when he looked up at his comrades, ready to go, he noticed the soldier glancing at the table with a pout. His blood went cold when he realised Victor’s photograph was still on there. Crunch walked up in a few quick strides and slammed his hand over the picture.

“Not a word.” He gritted his teeth and put the photo inside his jacket. He was not losing out on a picture of Victor tossing off because of some knobhead who should be minding his own business.

Only then he realized Victor hasn’t said a thing since Crunch dismissed his attempts to send the men downstairs. He was by the fireplace, quiet and blank-faced as he watched the colourful tiles with unabashed interest.

The soldier put his hands up defensively, but kept smirking. “Whatever you...”

“Shut it,” said the commander. “You’ve got two minutes, Crunch.”

Crunch lingered around the table, awkwardly looking to Victor as the men left. In the sudden silence, the sound of the crackling fire seemed to mute everything else. Victor's arms slouched the moment the door closed.

"I'm sorry, I 'ave to go." Crunch sighed and walked up to hug him.

Victor met him with a deep, breathless kiss, sliding his arms around Crunch's neck like he never wanted to let him go. It stole all the air out of Crunch's lungs, and it didn't matter anymore that he didn't know what to say. He hugged Victor tight, wishing he'd have a lot more time to spend in his bedroom. He couldn't get enough of him, and now that he got another dose, it would be even harder to stop thinking about him.

Crunch finally pulled away and took off the ring he wore on his neck. "I promised I'd give it back."

Victor pressed his lips together and shook his head without a word. His gaze went straight for Crunch's eyes, intense and full of disappointment.

"Hey, don't be mad. I 'ave to go..." Crunch uttered and had to look away. He didn't mean for it to end so fast, but he knew he'd have to go as soon as he was summoned.

"I'm not mad." Victor shook his head, and his warm hand slid into Crunch's, squeezing it gently. "It's just... so sudden."

"It is what it is... I-- I can never predict when I'll be off." Crunch dared to look up, with the ring still in his hand. He felt like a failure. Like he couldn't give Victor what he wanted and needed.

"For God's sake, put that ring back where it belongs." Victor bit his lip, squeezing Crunch's hand much tighter now. It almost hurt.

"I'll bring it back next time...?" Crunch swallowed, hope bubbling up in his heart.

Victor drew in a sharp breath and nodded, forcing a small smile. "Take good care of it."

Crunch laughed, trying to diffuse the tension in his jaw. "Guess I can't die just yet after all."

"That's not funny." Victor gently pushed his fist against Crunch's chest.

"See ya, scone. I'm gonna come back, even if just for that lemon curd." Crunch bowed down to steal one last kiss.

"I'll be writing you about this," chuckled Victor, withdrawing his hands. It was time to go.

"And I got this to keep me company." Crunch patted his jacket where he put Victor's picture.

"Don't lose it."

"Crunch! Now!" they heard from the corridor, and Crunch groaned.

"Comin'!" he yelled back and smiled at Victor before trotting off.

He put the ring back on his neck. It made him believe he would be coming back.

THE END



About the author

K.A. Merikan is a joint project of Kat and Agnes Merikan, who jokingly claim to share one mind. They finish each other's sentences and simultaneously come up with the same ideas. Kat and Agnes enjoy writing various kinds of stories, from light-hearted romance to thrillers. They love creating characters that are not easy to classify as good or evil, and firmly believe that even some villains deserve their happy endings. It is easiest to find them in galleries, good restaurants and historical sites, always with a computer or notebook, because for Kat and Agnes, every day is writing day. Future plans include lots of travel and a villa on the coast of Italy or a flat in Paris where they could retire after yet another crazy venture, only to write more hot homoerotic stories.

Kat and Agnes started as popular authors of online serials written in their native language, but are now focused on reaching a wider readership by writing in English. As K.A. Merikan, they have published a number of books, which cross genres while always staying homoerotic.

More information about ongoing projects, works in progress and publishing at:

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