
The maroon sheets are rumpled up, Tom Wreke's hands digging for purchase against the silken surface. He moans, head tilting back-throat bared. Laurence Scoresby is sucking in livid marks down the column of his throat, scattering a few over his collarbones.

TOM WREKE

I'm not going to be able to wear anything short of a collared shirt.

He's breathless, legs wrapped around Laurence's waist, heels digging into his back. Tom still finds it in himself to sound annoyed, though-hair sticking to his forehead slightly with the sheen of sweat covering both of their bodies.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

I'm clearly not doing my job well enough-

He snaps his hips to drive the point home, voice amused.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

-if you can still coherently string words together.

Tom makes a strangled sound. Instead of scrabbling around on the slippery sheets, his nails are raking angry red lines down Laurence's lightly freckled back.

He doesn't seem to mind the pain- if anything, it spurs him on.

TOM WREKE

You did that on-

His sentence is interrupted, as he whines low in his throat- Laurence laughing breathlessly at the sound.

TOM WREKE

-purpose.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

So what if I did?

He raises a hand, splays his fingers across Tom's chest, pinning him down into the bed. Tom makes a small noise in his throat at that.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

I'm a man who knows what he wants.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

And I think that this-

Tom's eyes are fluttering closed, until Laurence moves his hand from his chest to hook a thumb into Tom's mouth- gaze half lidded as he sucks on the finger, cheeks slightly hollowed out with the gesture.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

-is worth celebrating.

He pulls his hand free, wiping it on the sheets carelessly, before smoothing back some of Tom's hair, keeping his bangs from falling into his eyes.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Is it really such a crime to let everyone know you're my favourite boy?

Tom groans- looking off to the side in embarrassment- though he's arching up into Laurence's touch, as his hand trails downwards.

Laurence grins smugly.

LAURENCE SCORESBY

Didn't think so.
