

Introduction into seduction

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14505309) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14505309>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Batman - All Media Types , Batman (Comics)
Relationship:	Batman/Joker (DCU)
Characters:	Batman , Joker (DCU)
Additional Tags:	Romanticism , Falling In Love , Fluff , Surreal , Dreamlike , Doubt , Attempted Seduction , Alcohol , Altered Mental States , hallucinatory moments , Trippy , Psychedelic , visionary , mindspace , Silence Kink , Mindfuck , Non-Explicit Sex , Sexually Suggestive , Teasing , mindgames , Food Sex , Masturbation , Orgasm Delay/Denial
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-05-01 Updated: 2019-02-20 Words: 13,320 Chapters: 3/?

Introduction into seduction

by [Triyune](#)

Summary

Bruce Wayne meets the Joker, the Joker meets Bruce Wayne and they are having quite a moment figuring out what is actually happening.

Notes

I always found it fascinating how silence can be more meaningful than a hundred words and the kind of mindspace it can open and fill up.
Take the trip and have fun.

Chapter 1

Introduction into seduction

The Joker was running three clubs in Gotham. The Batman had been knowing about that for years already but he let him keep them since his informants were partyholics and subculture freaks of all sorts, neither missing the best nor the strangest acts of Gotham and since the Joker had a taste which matched theirs they frequently visited him and thus were never short of relevant info about the Joker's potential hideouts, deals and newest plans.

On the first Friday of the month, he was said to host the F20.3 party in his fetish club, on the next Friday of the month, he did the Rolling Dices in his hipster club and on the third Friday he personally took care of the events of the Circus. On the last Friday of the month, no one knew what he did.

Bruce Wayne got ready on the first Friday, knowing what he had to expect and dressing appropriately, which turned out more difficult than he had hoped it would since Alfred didn't possess any leather pants either and his pair didn't fit him anymore. Consternated, he decided for a slim fit business suit and a black shirt. They'd allow him to enter that way as well, he was sure. To be very sure, he added a black tie and a black ring with a smaller ring on it, his ace.

He then put in contact lenses and for the first time in his life, dyed his hair with a semi-permanent, black hair colour. The slight change from dark brown to black turned out to be more of a change than expected and he was bewildered by the result. He felt confident. Alfred was shocked to see his master like that but he just gave him a suggestive smile. If he had known with what kind of intentions his master was visiting the club he would have tried to keep him from leaving the house with Vietnam karate.

The Joker was talking to a man with a pad and pen in his hands, hurrying to note everything down, mostly things like '20 bottles of A.R., 40 balls of P.D, a new table, 6 bananas, check the alcohol, po-'

"What?"

"Poppers!" the Joker screamed, trying to be louder than the deafening sound of the music.

“Seriously, boss?”

The Joker dealt him an annoyed look.

“Do I look like someone who enjoys joking?”

The man clenched his teeth, keeping himself from an answer which would have sent him straight below the grass roots. In order to distract his boss from the fact that HELL, YES, he did look like someone who didn't only enjoy his own jokes but also cracking *bad* jokes, he stared at the pad and wrote down ‘Popperz’.

The Joker turned to check the location for other missing pieces. His eyes met with someone's. A man was sitting by a table in front of the bar, those tables with the comfortable leather chairs. He had his legs crossed, one arm lying on the armrest, the other holding a Martini glass, his eyes gleaming in the dark of that laser- and lightless spot he had chosen to occupy.

The Joker went back to looking at the furnishings.

“See, over there, the chair is broken. A table and chair then. Well, what else...Pearl needs a new string, blue...and...”

He turned his head, his eyes searching for the man.

There he was, still looking back. Their eyes met again and for a second, he felt out of his mind.

Gone.

The bass hammered through his body, forcing his heart to beat fervently against the threatening rhythm of that 175bpm song; millions of dust particles made up of dead skin, keratin and diesel slowly sinking to the ground around him, not hurrying to fall but eagerly and consequently moving towards the floor; the black furnishing and floor around him merging into one rubbery, tarlike organism, breathing, moving, reacting to the touch it was given by hundreds of stomping feet of visitors, those visitors, mere shades of lighter and darker greys, losing their faces, their individual scents, their peculiarities and turning into one grey mass, solidarizing with the furnishings, taken up in the tarry mass and dissolving.

The man in the chair blinked and reality fell down on him again. Like a very wet wave of ocean water, it left him cold and shivering. Yet, they opened up to him again, tiny dots of vast blackness.

Bit by bit, he felt himself being pulled into the small, black center of his eyes, his jacket already coming apart at the seam. He couldn't help it; his central nervous system was about to do an emergency shutdown to protect him from permanent damage but curiosity fought tooth and nail against it, consuming all resources of mental power and activity and almost triggering the emergency power aggregate into activity.

The blackness consumed him, winding and writhing in the space between them, seeping into his body, forcing him to open his mouth, slightly and so very slowly that he didn't even notice. And there it was, quenching his heart, stifling dissent, choking all emotions, drowning his brain in a warm, sticky liquid, compressing the arteries and escaping through the only gate which wasn't locked.

Martini spread on the man's lips and his tongue darted out to lick them clean.

That was all he needed to implode.

For not more than a second, a smile flashed over his face only to disappear in the depths of that all-consuming blackness. That broke the spell. He turned his head around and faced his handmaid who was patiently waiting for him to return to earth. He was used to that kind of behaviour and didn't question it anymore. Yes, he had also given up telling him that it would be better if he went to see a neurologist or some other therapist of any sort, no specific one, just an -ist, preferably a behavioural therapist or a respiratory therapist, didn't really-

"Leave me alone"

Yes, he was also used to that. When the Joker had a moment he'd rather not interfere.

So he left.

The Joker himself started to move. While doing so, he put on a bold face, eyebrows slightly lifted, a hint of a derisive smile giving him an air of being above such things. He went straight towards the man who didn't change his expression at all but just followed him with his eyes.

Unceremoniously, he passed him and went to the bar.

The man's eyes went back to looking at the stage to his left. He didn't perceive what was going on there although he was looking at the scenery. He was clearly lost in thoughts. Just when he was about to catch one, finally, the Joker passed him again, holding two solid, heavy whiskey glasses in one of his hands and carrying a bottle with clear liquid in his other.

He placed the glasses on the table without looking at the man and poured them a drink. He clinked his glass with the other still on the table and leaned back, finally cast up his eyes, directly meeting the other man's. He downed the gin with one gulp and refilled his glass and only then the other man took a sip from his as well.

Nutmeg. *Myristica fragrans*. A bit too much of it and the F20.3 theme party would pretty much explain itself to one. But those were just rumours.

Casually, they leaned in their chairs, evaluating their positions, making speculations, drawing comparisons and contemplating on further actions.

Yet, it never came to those.

Both had emptied their glasses and another round followed. Quietly, they sat there, feeling the vibrations of the music attacking their chairs, their hands getting moist from the leather armrest and their bodies giving in to the phenomenon of a chair you once sat down on and never would get up from again. At least, not deliberately.

A kind of heaviness had spread within them, gluing their bottoms to their seats and their eyes to each other's.

Severe dissociative symptoms.

The black hair of the man merged with the background of the occasion; the liquid which disappeared between two strands of dainty flower petals was rich and had a sharp taste, like a well grounded blade it slid down their throats, leaving sore flesh behind. Polished words swam in it, so many that not even one of them could be said but they reverberated in the ears of both of them, making them listen to a dialogue they never held.

Firmly, their fingers held the glasses, so desperately and firmly that one would think they

would drop and fall into a bottomless pit if they ever let go of them again. Free fall without a chute. Their knuckles were turning white from the strain but their minds never noticed.

And then, one moved, bent forward, took the world with him and poured himself another drink. Another journey, another time, another trip, another chance.

He fell back into place and connected again, his pits of darkness inviting the other man to take his hand and enter them again. And he did; he leaned forward, added more gin and disappeared in the chair again, accepting the request.

Something settled between them, they couldn't tell what it was but they could clearly feel it. It seized hold of them and they resisted the urge to get up. When they had managed to kill their needs space opened up to more space and time unfolded into infinity. A moment, no more, no less.

The first question they asked themselves was whether they could, only to be followed by the second question whether they would; directly related to the first question but not necessarily depending on its answer. After another two glasses they found out that there was a third, even more dangerous question looming ahead.

Both of them ignored it for now, devoting themselves to the delicate distance between them. Sometimes, they seemed to look at each other from far far away and then again, it seemed like they could barely be any closer at all despite not moving at all.

The liquid was almost empty; three more glasses and there would just be a greasy, potent film left on the inside of the bottle.

"Boss, Barkridge wants to talk to ya."

His eyes didn't leave his prey. The waiter was just standing by, waiting for him to say or do something which, as he knew, could take quite a while when the Joker was having a moment. And he did have a moment. A very vast and extensive one.

The other man didn't look at the waiter either. There was only one direction.

"Coming," the Joker said monotonously and got up. His eyes only left the man when he walked past him finally.

Emptiness spread. Threatening, undeniable and inescapable. The man shifted slightly.

Disorientation, spatial and temporal, temporarily.

He stared at the spot in front of him and begged for the darkness to leave him, for the emptiness to be filled up. Instead, he decided to fill himself up with more of that liquid.

Some time later, he failed to tell whether it was minutes, decades of minutes or millions of minutes, something rushed past him, carrying a scent he knew.

Another minute later, the space was taken and green eyes settled for blackness again. He felt safe; by then, he had doubted his return strongly. A second bottle was opened the contents generously poured into the glasses.

Barely quarter of the bottle was empty when their looks started to become a little unfocused. The music grew louder and both had to squint against the lasers which seemed to have turned much brighter all of a sudden. People, scents, feelings and all other sorts of mysteries tried to penetrate their skins and reach through to their brains but there was just one thing claiming

their minds.

That third question had become tangible.

And then, when the question was about to be answered, he decided to break the spell. He got up, not without staggering from the ridiculous concentration of alcohol in his blood and most vital organ, his brain, which worked hard to overcome that concrete intoxication without permanent damage. Since that labour took most of its capacity it couldn't bother to coordinate the next few actions for that silly fool at all and so he flounced past the man, dealing him another last look together with a smug smile and the following words:

“Sorry, pal. I'm straight.”

When he was past the man, having taken the mist of cold smoke with him, he rose the corners of his mouth for a grin as well.

He took his glass, gulped down the gin and then got up as well just to sit down again. His legs wouldn't do him the favour of carrying him at all so he stayed there for another minute until he started the second attempt. More or less, more less than more, he managed to get up, wondering why just slightly more than half a litre of gin had killed his senses so effectively when he believed in himself to be an inveterate drunkard, spending quite some time getting drunk at his own parties just in order to push his tolerance threshold.

Pondering over the mystery of ethanol, he stumbled towards the exit of the location.

The other man watched him from some distance; his smile had faded meanwhile. He almost regretted his remark at the end a little, fearing that he would take it too seriously.

Question three was crouching behind him like a hungry beast smelling cornflakes right in front of it and already opening its mouth to eat them up. With a considerable amount of confusion in his eyes he looked up since he thought he had felt something dripping on his head.

He remembered then that he might have had one too many. However, he thought that he should be used to that since he believed in himself to be an inveterate drunkard, spending quite some time getting drunk at his own parties just in order to push his tolerance threshold. The man disappeared behind the veil of the outer world.

He noticed a sudden drop in body temperature and felt cold.

Confusion is mandatory.

The man stepped outside into the cold air which sobered him up immediately, but not enough to be able to walk home on his own, so he got himself a taxi. Finally safely seated in the back of it, he told the driver to get him to Wayne Manor. Musing about his encounter with a brain currently running on nothing more than alcohol and some blood, he considered it a success and smiled smugly.

The man left behind in the club still stood at the same place, looking at the door. He still felt cold.

The tune of a song he knew suddenly brought him back to the club. He turned his head and listened for the known chords. They made the warmth return.

Considerably drunk, he started to move and hit the wall. A second attempt brought him to the tables, a third attempt to the stairs and a fifth attempt up the stairs. He wondered how that

man would get home. Those fine, silky black suit pants would meet the leather cushions of a taxi now, most presumably.

The door of his private room went shut and he fell down on the bed, thinking. His head was spinning from the alcohol but that wasn't his most pressing trouble.

No name, no number, no voice.

But darn it, why should he have asked? He was straight.

Solstice

Chapter Summary

The journey of a man which finds himself at the center of attention of another man he barely thinks to know.
The Joker's POV of events.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Solstice

His person came into view, manifold like waves, he spread towards me like a warm, gentle ocean with waves surging in timescape.

He opened his eyes and space came into being, right in front of my eyes, exploding in one big bang like the beginning of the universe. Stars, millions of stars glistened in the milky waves of this parallelic universal sea.

They radiated a light so warm that it made the ice melt in my soul. Long lashes moved through the air, taking worlds with them, lifting them up and sending them into the black skies lingering on his forehead, his hair.

It bore the tear of a god. Slowly, a drop of transparent, lucid water mingled with salt travelled a strand of blackness down towards his eyebrow. When it was about to part with the strand it slightly changed its form, becoming more conic. A world was mirroring itself in it, his soul, compressed to a single drop of water, atoms fuelled by the heat of his passion, vibrating in the frequency of his heartbeat, modulating the tiny world's reality.

It lost contact and freed itself, sliding down the hilly surface of his forehead skin, laid in wrinkles. The trail of soul particles the drop left shimmered in the faint light.

Striving towards fusion with the bigger self, it descended, still, and finally, touching the safe haven and spreading in the fine black hair of his eyebrows, returned home.

Below that forest there was resting another drop, going deeper than the other. It was black and stretched, like a tunnel, into nothingness, since there was no light at the end of the tunnel. It stretched into the void of a world where the sun was carefully wrapped in a fine net of cotton wool. The changes on its surface were hypnotizing, going from dark red to orange and moving into yellowish white. This was the core, the heart of the sun.

Erupting into the void around it, it set the rhythm for the mind and the physical body.

It was warm there. Until it turned cold. He closed his eyes and took the world from me. I couldn't wait for him to open them again to give me back that space.

He returned them to me, these deep black tunnels going into something he wouldn't show to

anyone.

A sudden move made me lose contact again; it was replaced by something which invited me to take another journey and explore that matter he was made of.

White, smooth and clear, his teeth emerged out of the dainty peachy rose which framed them now, touching them so gently and lovingly. It was a sharp contrast to the darkest black I had ever seen before in his eyes. Anti-matter.

They moved upwards, like barriers releasing a stream of nothingness.

He smiled.

Refocusing, I suddenly saw the whole thing, the totality.

The black skies, raining, releasing drop after drop which fell down to disappear in the depth of the black, which, connecting with that nothingness between white purity and rosy flesh, made the atmosphere for the small, warm sun at the core.

Surprising, how such a small sun could move this body.

His world was shaken by an extraordinarily heavy eruption of this tiny sun. Passion assembled in the blackness and travelled the way into being, through his mouth. His tongue darted out to reach me.

The essence of his mind and his soul, materialized in his body, touched me. Immediately, two worlds shared information, inferred, then deducted and finally concluded, that yes, the matter was compatible, thus, fusionable. Thereupon, they gave up tension and submitted themselves to each other, merging under nervous convulsions, atoms fired by the heat of their passions, until they became one organism.

Moving in the warm caverns of a sacred place, they danced to the rhythm of the solar eruptions taking place in both bodies, finally having tuned in and vibrating in the same beat. Then, the rest of the heavy, sluggish mass moved together. One single beat in the universe. Heated, solid but pliable strings of energy moved it. When they touched, they rekindled the small suns and they fed on it, growing, becoming larger, larger and lighter until they were rotating, gleaming balls of light. It sparked their minds to transcendence and so they did, moving beyond the blackness, the void, to a holy, old place.

It was older than anything else; it had been there already before anything else had been and it had preserved itself over the trillions of years. It was pure, purer than anything else which had ever come into being.

Unchangeable, unalterable and unmutable, it was there, protected by stone walls of unconscious matter, waiting for the moment to be freed.

Love.

Their suns touched and fused, the power of that eruption shook the stones and broke the walls. As their suns' rays touched that inside it dislodged. The energy which was set free went through solid and liquid mass, changing their beat. It surfaced in a ripple of laughter. The reaction was unexpected.

Something moved. Awoken by a call no one would have thought it would be heard or even pronounced at all, it opened up. Streams of pure life sought to push their way through dry canals, bringing life with them, bringing ecstasy with them. Small, delicate tendrils unfolded to receive this precious gift by the heart, greedily sucking in the liquid.

It stretched, it grew and elongated, focused energy and corresponding matter. A surging sea of different colour than the black deluged the forgotten places with life until they were full and fit.

All mass was moving in perfect unison, their suns pulsating in synchronicity, their fingers spinning around each other in a magic and secret dance, tracing paths and unravelling knots of tension, leaving healed wounds behind. Respectfully and tenderly, they explored each other, careful not to hurt but to soothe. Their touch set the surging sea in motion every time anew; sensation interpreted by the tactile processors sent along to the pulsing, gleaming sun to stimulate another outburst.

It was more than I could take.

Energy, so vivid and so pressing that it could barely be held anymore had gathered in it, seeking release.

Fingers, like salvation itself, lay down on it, burying doubts, grief and regrets under a warm layer of warm liquid, spreading. One single drop.

The feeling it left for the sun was sui generis. Experiencing that for the first time, it sent out one strong throb which reverberated in his entire body, flooding his veins, his arteries and his blood vessels with a kind of matter which was searing hot, almost burning him inside. When it reached the top it broke through.

Everything lost its meaning. A moment of profound nothingness, centering around a small, craving soul, pounding so hard at the sensation of this totally unknown feeling that it shook the entire body. Outer substance and inner space merged and he felt the intense embrace of another world.

It corroded the imperfections. It washed away the pain. It spilt and took it all with it, only leaving immense plains of wavering bliss behind. A light so bright that it could not be perceived shone down on it. It irritated his eyes, he opened them and it made a single tear assemble in the corner of his open eye.

In complete silence, it departed and streamed down his glowing cheek, intensifying the heat. Compassion touched it gently and kissed it away.

The sun turned brighter, so bright that it turned everything into nonexistence.

At the moment of being torn apart, he exhaled and choked the sun. It would have ripped him apart and he couldn't take it.

The man opened his eyes. He was still sitting there like before, looking back at him. But he had changed. The colour of his suit had changed, the surface of his skin had changed, the center of his eyes had changed, the fuel on which his mind and soul was running had changed.

Paralyzed by the awareness of an entirely new world, he gazed back. He would need some time to accustom himself to this world he had just discovered. And he needed some time for himself.

With stiff legs and a scorching heat between them he got up from the chair, faltering. It shook his world, but not hard enough. It could never be shaken hard enough anymore for this

sensation to be forgotten again.

He dealt him one last look, the sun pulsing hard and making him get in touch with the eyes of the other man for one more time. The memories of a moment out of time and space pushed through and formed a smug smile on his face.

“Sorry, pal. I’m straight.”

He rushed into the darkness looming around him, waiting to swallow him up and he disappeared, leaving the other man behind.

The thoughts which were whirling in his mind didn’t allow him to get some rest. As his core was starting to turn a little colder again, colder but never cold again, he shivered with loss. He had never noticed that he had been cold before. Only now at seeing the warmth he knew what coldness felt like.

Shaken to the core of his self, he climbed the steps to his room. His mind was empty and though, his thoughts racing. He fell down on the bed, drained, though restless.

He had not heard the sound of his voice. He had not been given a note with numbers which he could dial and he had been deprived of the most vital connecting link between his experience and reality.

A name.

Why should he have asked...

The third question had just materialized into electric stimulation, being translated into something like an admitting confession.

He had tried so hard to ignore that thought after having noticed how devastating the answer to the first two questions had been. And he had managed to push it away during his presence. However, now that he was gone, it pushed itself on him.

He closed his eyes and turned to the side.

Gone.

He felt troubled because he knew that he would never forget this moment.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I thought it was just going to be a oneshot until I had quite a moment lol Never trust me again when I label something as 'oneshot'.

Strange manners

Chapter Summary

When the Joker appears to be normal it can just mean trouble.

Chapter Notes

Bruce Wayne's POV

Strange manners

A few weeks after that remarkable encounter, an envelope was placed on my working desk by Alfred. A white envelope, no sender, no address. I opened it and found a small piece of paper.

“20th, 8 pm, evening attire, The Cascade.”

At first, I had no idea who would invite me to that place. Once, I had received such an invitation already; it had been a shy lady who had been ogling at me for months until she had had the courage to ask me out. I pursed my lips and checked my filofax.

“20th” was a Saturday. Principally, I was keeping my Saturdays free, for such reasons. And this one was still free. I marked the date and put the sheet of paper into the calendar, then I phoned the Cascade and asked whether someone recently had made a table reservation.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Who?”

“I am afraid, I can’t tell you, Sir.”

“To hell with it, I am the goddamn owner of your working place! Who’s made it?!”

A few moments of silence.

“Mr. Jay Korr.”

“Thanks.”

I hung up and leaned back, smirking. He couldn't help doing that. I snorted and bared my teeth, grinning.

On the 20th, I got dressed, put on perfume and called me a taxi. Half an hour later, it stopped in front of the Cascade, I paid and entered the venue. I was excited and though, eager to appear calm and serious. I had no idea what to expect but I trusted myself to act accordingly. When I opened the door to the lobby I immediately spotted him sitting on a sofa in a corner, his legs crossed, hands folded on his thighs, looking into the opposite direction and not noticing me.

I took a moment to savour the sight. His black hair was combed back, his skin wasn't white anymore but had a peachy rose tinge. He was wearing a black suit with a white chemise and black bow tie.

Seduction personified.

He turned his head and pierced me with his brown eyes and I felt an awful pang in my guts, unsettling me to such an extent that I wasn't even able to hide my feelings from my face. As I stood there, still looking at him like a dumbfounded retard, he got up and came closer. Just then I remembered that I was still wearing my coat and I took it off. He stopped right next to me and a whiff of a scent I couldn't identify made me get lost for a moment. I wondered how he managed to change his behaviour so thoroughly that he was barely recognizable as the Joker anymore. On the other hand, I was an expert at switching roles as well.

When I had gotten rid of my coat he wordlessly went towards the entry and I followed. Since it was one of my restaurants I knew it in and out, the Cascade. I loved it due to the small ponds and rivulets going through the entire location and wherever you were sitting, you always heard the sound of water.

The waiter led us to a table close to a corner. An artificial rock was just to my right, serving as a mountain and well. We sat down and made ourselves comfortable.

I was excited to get to know him and I was sure he was just as excited. I analyzed his appearance: The colour of his suit, his shirt, the single strands of hair hanging into his face, all done by purpose. I decided to be Bruce Wayne, plainly Bruce Wayne and not display anything of Batman at all. We'd see where that would lead us to; maybe he was expecting Bruce Wayne and not Batman at all. Maybe he didn't even know that I was Batman. Sometimes, I had the feeling that he did and sometimes, I was so very sure that he had no idea.

He put his elbows on the table, folded his fingers and rested his chin on them, looking at me.

"Thank you for coming, Mister Wayne," he finally said when I was just about to feel a little uncomfortable, unsettled by his steady and bold gaze which seemed to read my very thoughts. His voice was the same as always, though, I meant to hear a frequency in it which I never noticed until now.

And then again, him pronouncing my name, that way, unsettled me even more than the longest interval of silence could have.

"My pleasure," I replied, acting the cold business man.

A long moment of silence settled between us until the waiter came to ask us about our choice of beverage.

Before I could say anything he had ordered red wine. When the waiter left, his eyes returned to me expectantly.

“Does it suit your taste?”

“What business are you in, if I may ask?” I asked, ignoring his childish attempt of domination.

He placed his hands on the table, crossing them and looking straight into my eyes with a smile which was more telling than any words could be.

“Urban regeneration.”

I would have burst with laughter, had I not sworn to myself to not reveal any knowledge I had concerning him.

Calmly, I replied: “Then we should know each other, at least by sight, since the town council has just presented its old and new men two weeks ago and I was at the general meeting.”

“Yes, we know each other, at least by sight,” he slurred.

Talking to him in that new way was quite an experience. I was tempted to start a talk about hydrogen engines and how that would save the plants in the city. Anyway, the city needed more plants.

“I would love to see more plants in the city,” I voiced my thoughts, already feeling dazzled by his charm, unable to think straight, “and Deggen park needs to grow.”

He clenched his teeth, stifling a smile.

“I think so too. I’ll see what I can do. Do you have any other plans for the city, Mr. Wayne?”

“Quite some. But they are of different nature.”

“I see.”

I bet you do.

The wine arrived at our table and when the waiter was gone again he raised his glass. I raised mine as well and after we had clinked glasses I pretended to take a sip but instead, watched him taking one.

He closed his eyes for a moment when the wine met with his lips. Fine features mirroring a self which currently was so deeply buried inside itself that nothing on earth could disturb it. His black hair shimmered in the smoky light of the lamps above our heads.

Adorably fuckable.

Loosing myself in a million of thoughts all taking place at once, I froze with the glass touching my lips, gazing at him in fascination.

He opened his eyes and an icy stare woke me from my isle of bliss. I downed the glass in one swig and placed it on the table. He took the bottle and refilled it. It was going to be a long evening.

The waiter came to take our order. Becoming aware of me not having any clue as for what I should order I quickly took the menu card, which consisted of one sheet of dainty paper, and looked at it.

Before I could read the third word he had ordered Menu 2 for us. The waiter left again and I put the sheet down, clenching my teeth. It was about time to gain the upper hand.

He had placed his elbows on the table again and folded his fingers in front of his mouth this time, building a barricade between me and him.

We looked at each other in silence while I was thinking hard on something with which I could make him crumble and fall.

Soon, I realized that I couldn't think of anything intelligent with these eyes staring at me like that and I gave up, proceeding to explore the smooth skin of his face or at least of the part of his face which was visible.

I wondered what he had done to dye his skin and how far down he had dyed it. Would the colour stop at his collarbone? Would it cover his chest, his nipples...his abdomen...

Pleasance spread between my legs, making me feel warm. Maybe it covered his mons veneris as well. I inhaled sharply when I felt that region coming to life. Casually, I lifted my arms and imitated his posture, hiding my mouth behind my fingers.

Maybe it even covered his penis.

The image I had in mind triggered another wave of pleasure and I was semi-hard by now. I swallowed, but it didn't go away.

An itch I couldn't scratch.

Wondering what he was thinking about I tried to get behind his eyes, but he didn't let me. I knew that he could just read what was going on inside me so I posed another silly question to distract him.

"Do you like your work?"

"Quite, yes," he mumbled behind his fingers, "rich in variety and never boring. You would think the contrary because I have a desk job, but believe me, it isn't."

I snorted in amusement, trying to imagine him behind a desk.

"What's so funny?"

He unsettled me. I had no trouble admitting that. His bold words made me speechless and I began to doubt that I'd be a match for him. Though, I had to try.

"I just thought of the colour of the pen you would use."

"Oh really? And that gives you a laugh?"

"Yes, because it clearly is not blue."

“You are right, Mr. Wayne, it is not blue.”

Talking for the sake of talking. But I got closer with every sentence, analysing his ways of thinking and accommodating myself to it.

Finally, we were served the first course, consisting of a few green leaves, some solid yellowish orange and croûtons.

He averted his eyes and took the fork to test it, getting some of that orange pudding on it together with a croûton. When he opened his mouth a row of perfect white teeth showed themselves to me. His lips closed around the fork and slowly, he pulled it out of his mouth. I could swear he did that on purpose and though, I couldn't tell whether it was my retarded perception or he really was doing it more slowly.

The fork left his lips and he bit down, crushing the croûton between his teeth. The sound sent a thrill of ecstasy down my spine and appealed to my dick in a way I deemed most inappropriate. I would never forgive myself jerking off to the sounds he made when eating so I took the fork myself and shoved some strange things into my own mouth.

The consistency of the orange made me curse since I couldn't think of anything else but his peachy genitals anymore.

I glanced at him and just caught him licking a leaf clean of the orange stuff. I choked on my croûton. That was the moment when I felt humiliated enough to switch back to the cold and sober businessman role. Matter-of-factly, I took the glass and washed the dry bread down.

“For how long have you been in that business already?” I asked him to pull this affair down to earth again.

“About ten years,” he replied without looking at me.

“That's a long time. Your job must be very time-consuming. Do you have a woman?”

He calmly looked at me, chewing the unchewable stuff for a long time before he finally answered.

“Yes.”

I unwillingly clenched my teeth and I knew that he would notice, but I couldn't help it. Within a second, all of my wet dreams went dry. His look was so intense that it set my insides on fire and left me steaming and gleaming.

“I had one.”

He waited for his words to be processed by me, then he continued.

“But it didn't work out.”

“Why,” I asked, trying to sound as calm as possible.

“We were of different opinions concerning essential aspects of our lives.”

“I'm sorry to hear about that,” I lied, so boldly that I feared he'd notice.

“No need to. Life goes on, with or without someone. I’d rather have someone by my side just like everyone in this world,” he continued, his eyes getting slightly darker, “but you can’t force things.”

With my head slightly bent I looked up at him, trying to reach his mind with my eyes. He got it and reacted by concentrating on the orange goo, getting some on his fork again.

“You have a lady?” he asked, still looking at his plate and shoving stuff into his mouth.

“No.”

I could see how hard he tried to stick to the plate, his eyes desperately wanting to look at me and deal me one of *those* looks. He shifted on his chair and got rid of the tension.

“Sorry to hear that,” he said in a strange voice, his mouth full with goo. Probably, he was hoping for me to not detect the lie either.

I enjoyed a few moments of victory, then I went on.

“Why did you invite me?”

Chewing, he looked up at me, putting his fork down on the table, folding his hands again. He chewed, long and sensually. Then he swallowed and moved his tongue over his teeth to remove the sticky orange shit. Shamelessly, I followed every tiny move of his tongue inside his mouth.

Getting warmer.

Now that we had burnt our fingers while trying to touch that searing hot grail of seriousness and detachedness we understood that we could move a little closer. Or I did, at least. I took my glass and was eager to get myself into a state where I would feel no shame anymore.

“Mister Wayne,” he said in a low voice, “no offence intended, but-“

He stopped in the middle of the sentence, eyes stuck to my lips getting wet by the red wine. Busted.

His eyes narrowed and though open like the vast sky, I could read in them for a short moment and what I saw breathed new life into the sails of my sinking ship. For the fraction of a second, the corners of my mouth rose slightly, by reflex, but I was sure he had not missed it; he, master of those arts.

He turned his head to the side and eyed me like an eagle, suspicion seeping from his eyes. He had finally noticed that I was aware of it.

From that moment forth, our meeting escalated. I was yet to see.

He licked his lips and sent a searing wave of painful pleasure through my body, surging against the solid dam of flesh.

Yes, he knew.

Longer than mine, yet more subtly, a smirk flickered across his face and he took the glass to empty it. So greedy. With every gulp he made, with every move his larynx made I became more fidgety and nervous, craving for a break.

The waiter replaced our plates with the main course. This time, the changing setting didn't affect our mood at all; the air remained heavy and sticky.

Speaking of which.

I gave myself another 30 minutes before I would need to discreetly leave the table and head for the restroom. The ace up his sleeve was he himself; from head to toe he was dolled up like a dog's dinner, sandalwood-scented, I had managed to identify that scent now; every muscle of his body as tense as a bowstring, just giving me a vague idea of his body control and what it must have been like to-

I froze. Thank god my hands were resting on the table so it didn't look like I was freaking by freezing, but I couldn't help holding my breath. Something had touched my shoe.

He had just taken the knife and fork and was working on the fish. Innocent asshole.

I looked down to see what he had ordered us.

Eel.

Long, wet, hard.

A considerable piece of fish, surrounded by a black sea. Avocado puree was on my plate as well. I felt like taking the plate and throwing it right into his face, infuriated at the impertinence; he had already been playing that game before I had been aware of it, ordering that supposedly aphrodisiac food and now teasing me with obviousness.

Instead, I clenched my teeth and skewered the body of the fish. The knowledge that he was feeling the same calmed my anger and fuelled my lust and I took the large piece of eel and boorishly bit a piece off. I knew that he would get it.

He pretended not having seen it, concentrating on getting some puree on his fork. I decided to ignore him as well, thus.

We ate in silence, each of us focused on his eel or at least pretending to focus on the food.

The longer I did that the needier I got. Absence was a traitor and worse than his presence.

The longer I kept my eyes on the fish the more desperate I got.

Just his hands, how he would close his fingers around it. Eel. How his tongue would meet that heated skin, his lips closing around it, wetness and heat covering it, that sensation so unfamiliar and though, so pleasant, and finally, how he would stop for a moment and...bite down.

„Excuse me for a moment,” I said, smiling mildly.

While I got up his eyes followed my movement and he caught a glimpse of the bulge in my pants before I could turn my back on him.

Casually, I strode to the restrooms, boiling with embarrassment and arousal inside. There was no one there and I hurried to get into a cabin and lock the door. I quickly dropped my pants and shamelessly started pumping my dick. I didn't know how much time would be left till someone would enter the room and I didn't really enjoy the thought of someone hearing me masturbating in the john, even worse, that man maybe waiting there to see who it had been.

While I desperately tried to make myself come I took some toilet paper and kept it in my hand. I ripped his clothes from his body, his black jacket, the white shirt and then his pants; I was sure he was going commando, and then I violently turned him around and pushed him

down on the table, holding him down in his faked protest, his ass bared and inviting me to touch it.

He was struggling under my touch, making sounds which aroused me even more. Close to orgasm, I pressed my forehead against the cabin wall and fondled the tip of my dick. Then I forcefully pushed it in and he cried out in pain. I grabbed a fistful of hair and held him in place; his fingernails dug into my skin and he groaned. A white snake winding itself around my tight grip; I drew back and forcefully penetrated his ass again, unable to stifle a groan of pleasure. Harder and faster; his hands touched my testicles and squeezed gently.

I came with a silent scream, pressing my sweaty forehead against the wall and the toilet paper against the tip of my dick to keep the cum from soiling my pants. I gave in to the spasms of orgasm until I was kneeling on the floor, breathing hard and sweating. I had seen that coming, yes I had. I had just hoped to avoid it.

With some more paper I cleaned my dick and flushed it down the drain, then I pulled my pants up and straightened myself. Still, no one had entered the restroom so I left the safety of the cabin and washed my hands. Looking into the mirror discouraged me. My hair was out of shape, too telling to be left that way, so I tried my best to get it back into place. Then I dried the sweat on my forehead and desperately tried to get that spent look out of my face. Realizing that I was late anyway, I ditched that plan and left. He would know anyway.

As casually as possible, I returned to the table and sat down, not without shaking legs. Tellingly shaking legs.

His plate was empty and his chin resting on his hands again. For a second, I dared to look into his eyes and I regretted that immediately. I had expected to find glee in them, amusement or anything of the like, but instead, they were as calm and cold as before.

“Was it good for you, Mister Wayne?”

I couldn't escape the ambiguousness of those words and though, I doubted that he meant it that way. However, being fixated on my little trip to the restroom I couldn't think of anything else he possibly could have addressed.

“What?”

The corners of his mouth rose slightly but he quickly hid it behind his hands again.

“The main course.”

“Too squidgy.”

“I see. I hope you didn't have to throw up on the loo. You've been gone for quite a while.”

What a fucking tease. But I could do better.

“I threw up indeed,” I remarked dryly.

“I am sorry to hear that, Mister Wayne,” he said, eyes cast down, smiling a faint smile.

How could he get me so begging already again when I had just come. The way he pronounced my name stripped me bare of all protective shields and exposed my very soul to the corroding acidity of his charm.

“It didn’t take long; in fact, it was over before it had started anyway.”

Gleaming with glee inside, I watched for any reaction of his. As childish as it was, I was trying to break his ego and he was clever enough to get it. We’d have a lot of fun together in the near future.

“Pleased to hear that, Mister Wayne,” he repeated with the same unfaltering smile, nudging the plate with the tip of his forefinger.

“Well,” he said out of the blue, still smiling, “you win some, you lose some...and you can’t have everything.”

“But I can try.”

That made him look up at me.

For the first time during our talk, I felt something like honest admiration showing in his eyes. I had not intended to change the topic but it had offered itself to me and I just seized the opportunity to add some seriousness to it again. Anyway, I was much better at that than at clumsily pussyfooting around our sexuality.

He looked me straight in the eye, trying to read me and at the same time trying to hide his emotions from me.

It didn’t work. His eyes were devouring me.

Slowly, I started to smirk. He would lose.

Suddenly, he licked his lips, folded his fingers neatly in front of him and then looked to the side, closing his eyes. I had won.

However, I didn’t have much time to enjoy my victory since that sight seeped into my subconscious, waking up the lover inside me again.

The beauty of his profile gave me a pang in my guts, reminding me of the night I had spent with him. His features were so sharp and well-defined, his nose long and slender which gave him an air of cheekiness, his jaw delicately standing out against his cheeks, his forehead exceptionally large, emphasized all the more by his hair being combed back. He must have spent hours adonizing himself. I knew that there were no blemishes on his skin; the acid must’ve burnt them all away, yet, it couldn’t have changed the shape of his face.

He had always been a handsome Johnny.

“Mr. Wayne,” he rasped and the deepness of his voice shredded my attentive soul, “I still haven’t answered your question why you and I are here.”

He opened his eyes and he looked at me from the side. A diabolical sight.

His attitude had changed completely. Now I realized that he had lost his composure as well and had just regained it. Yet, his cold and soulless words knocked me out of the skies as well.

“I would like to be honest with you since I expect to be treated with that same honesty.”

He took the glass to empty it, then he gave me his full attention again.

“The reason for my invitation is that...,” he broke the eye contact and focused on my bow tie, “you evoke a certain kind of fascination in me which I wanted to explore some more.”

When he had ended, his eyes immediately found mine again to not miss one single sign of emotion. He was so clever. He had given me those unwatched seconds to feel safe and give me room for my feelings, whatever they were, and when he looked up again he’d catch me with whatever feelings had made their way to my eyes.

And so it was.

He saw the excitement.

The hope.

He swallowed and leaned back into the massive chair. Just then I could see his ribcage moving fast, his heart probably dancing a tango, however, none of those intense emotions showed in his face. He was in control of the situation, leading. I had to follow the silent beat and his moves.

“Why have you accepted my invitation?” he asked calmly but demandingly.

I knew that I owed him an answer, an honest answer after what he had just presented to me. His diction was so very different from our other meetings. His words had always been raw and very direct. Now, with his black hair and brown eyes and that dandy-like appearance, he had the aura of an eloquent intellectual who was lurking in the shadows of knowledge and superiority. It was fascinating.

I leaned forward and took a sip from my wine as well, then placed the glass on the table again but playfully kept contact with it. He was a challenge.

Just then, he took the bottle and refilled his glass, getting closer to me again by doing so. By then, I was sure that he did everything on purpose, manipulating my subconscious by his body talk. It had been a long time since I had met the last man who had been so fluent in that kind of language too and it was a pleasure to dance with him, thus.

After a few more moments I had managed to find a compromise between honesty and lying.

“Curiosity,” I said and let my thumb and forefinger slide down the stem of the glass. I was sure he would see it. Though, his eyes looked straight into mine.

It was an old game, but I enjoyed it and the satisfaction it gave me made me readily accept my childish behaviour.

I pressed my fingers against the stem and felt the solidness of glass. The feeling would be similar...solid, smooth and unpliant. I wanted to feel him inside my mouth, his long and hard-

“I can see what is going on in your mind very...very...clearly,” he rasped, speaking slowly and meaningfully, glaring at me.

I was so heated and again, aroused, that I lacked the blood, which had assembled elsewhere, for more elaborate excuses and so just bluntly replied: "Do you like it?"

I suppressed the smirk; I could still think hard enough to understand that I had to be very careful now not to scare him off.

For a painful moment, I could see how his heart skipped a beat. He had proudly thought himself to be the one who was talking about sexual things in this delightfully ambiguous way and now I had just defeated his plan by being as explicit as the situation would allow it. Another moment of upheaval and confusion followed before he had finally pulled himself together and he leaned back and crossed his legs, which encouraged my heart to pump the blood into those regions even more fervently.

Goddamned smart bastard, looking at me innocently, fluttering his eyelashes, having placed his folded fingers right on his dick; at random, so it should seem to me, oozing self-confidence. He silently turned my attempt at unsettling him into an attack. Though, there was no way he could escape the inevitability of an answer to the question whether he liked it. Finally, I was in control of the situation and I enjoyed that feeling of power.

"What?" he asked calmly.

He made a fool of me and threw the order. The tables had turned again. But I wouldn't give up.

"The obvious."

"Is it so obvious?" he replied with a faint smile.

"I think it is."

"What exactly?"

He tilted his head, replying this utterly mocking question and making me lose for good. The dessert saved me. Our waiter silently served us two plates with dark chocolate mousse garnished with violets. I looked at the purple.

"What an amazing coincidence," he doubtlessly mused about the violets.

"What?"

"It matches my pocket square. Almost exactly."

"Almost exactly," I repeated, infected by the funny side he didn't display today at all.

He looked up at my words, not having been aware of the potential laugh he could get with them.

"Well," he commented, took the dessert fork and rammed it into the mousse, stirring until it turned into cream; the crystallized violets cracking and breaking. I watched him killing the cream, smirking faintly.

“I think it’s dead now,” I stated, feeling obliged to assume the role of the joker tonight if he wasn’t going to show me at all.

“What a funny man you are,” he remarked, his voice going up and down and though, sounding mystical while he kept stirring the cream.

“Can be,” I corrected him and took the fork, finally.

I got some mousse on it and stuck it into my mouth. Fluffy stuff.

Finally, I understood that every dish had been a side of his. Considering the amount of alcohol I had running in my veins by now, I even thought it possible that I was just making things up and nothing of that had been done on purpose.

His tongue appeared between his lips and licked the mousse from the fork.

Nothing of that or just everything.

I put down the fork and leaned back, watching him. When he was done seducing me with licks he looked up.

“Don’t you like it? It is formidable.”

“I’m up for something else than chocolate.”

He moved the bit of cream around in his mouth, almost grimacing by doing so, then he put down the fork and sniffed while leaning back as well.

“Which is...?”

I decided to let it flow freely and trust myself to get things right. I licked my lips, not too obviously, just pretending to get the chocolate off. In the meantime, while he followed every move with his eyes, I thought of an answer. When my tongue arrived at its starting point again I leaned forward to push the plate with the mousse away from me.

“Scotch.”

His arm shot up into the air before I had ended the word. A few moments later, our waiter came.

“Would you bring us some Scotch. A bottle,” he said, pulling the man closer by his jacket, “Please. And two glasses.”

The waiter, noticeably terrified, turned to leave and he followed him with his eyes. He gave me a moment to ogle him in secrecy, then he fixed his gaze on me again.

We stared at each other in silence until the waiter came back with a bottle, two glasses and a jar filled with ice. He prepared two drinks for us and then left us dwelling in our heavy silence again.

Without clinking glasses, he took his and emptied it. I clenched my teeth, having identified a direct attack on my ego. I understood that I had to do the same. After all, we were just men, currently with testosterone levels peaking. I appreciated a good challenge.

After having emptied four glasses in that way he stopped, his fingers clinging to the filled glass on the table.

“Mr. Wayne,” he said and I felt heat spreading from my guts which were just drowning in alcohol, “Is that to your liking now?”

Clearly and unambiguously, he had aligned himself to me. I would not let his remark pass without open appreciation.

“Yes, it is,” I replied, holding my glass like he did.

“I was not sure whether you preferred the hard stuff or sweet...”

He paused, obviously searching for the right word. His fingers were nervously playing with the seam of a napkin.

“Fluffiness,” he finally spat out, the way he pronounced the word being the opposite of its meaning.

“The hard stuff,” I assured him, my eyes telling him more than my words ever could.

A smile flashed over his face and he cast his eyes down while licking his lips.

“Me too.”

He wouldn't have needed to tell me that and though, he did. Slowly, we were moving closer together. Our brains probably had the same consistency by now; mush gently swaying in a cerebrospinal fluid with an alcohol concentration which would have made any sane man worry. And though, we emptied our last shots. I could clearly feel that another one would have made me unable to get up from this table so I pushed the glass aside. About two shots were left in the bottle and he stared at the liquid behind the brown glass, silently arguing whether he should out-man me and get it inside him.

When his little rest of reason, stored somewhere between his eyes and hairline, which was an astoundingly large area, in fact, had won the battle he leaned back, getting some distance between him and the tempting stuff. I could not hide a smirk, but thank goodness, he didn't catch it.

Eventually, he settled for a stare which explicitly told me about his level of drunkenness. I felt like boasting about my outstanding metabolism when ten seconds later, I realized that I had been staring at his fingernail for 20 seconds already without faltering.

“I think it is time now,” he said finally, slowly, trying hard to slur his speech as little as possible.

I thought so too; actually, I was thankful for that suggestion since I feared that if we stayed here for longer I'd feel disposed to empty the bottle in the end.

I wiped my mouth with the napkin and showed him that I was ready. Both of us got up, each of us trying to not let the other see how difficult that was for us. Yet, he was a little faster than me and so, this time *I* caught a glimpse of the party in *his* pants. Heat shot through my

veins and I must have blushed although I tried so hard not to. All the time, that bastard had been so calm and controlled while there was a steel pipe in his pants. I hurried to turn my back on him again to hide my returned erection. It was just telling me the obvious.

We went to the lobby to get our coats. When we were done, both of us almost at the same time, I took a closer look at him. His coat was black, matching the colour of his suit, going down to his knees, almost like a trench coat.

We left the location and stepped on the street, walking to the kerbside to get a taxi. It was a busy road, also during these late hours and after a minute we already saw the first taxi approaching.

I clenched my teeth and froze. Something kept me from lifting my arm to make it stop and leave with it. Just a few meters away. I'd let him take it.

In front of us.

Passing us.

Gone.

I lifted my eyebrows.

"I thought you were going to..." I started but went silent again. Slightly confused, I looked out for the next one.

There it was. He'd take it. Calmly, I watched it coming closer, not reducing speed at all and passing us.

I felt his eyes on me so I finally turned my head to look at him as well. Our looks were exactly the same, each of us trying to analyse the other. The air was heavily loaded, but none of us wanted to admit that. Looking at him intensified my feelings which I just didn't want to display so openly right now so I started to move.

"Looks like we've got to walk," I muttered and already heard him following me.

The absurdness of the situation amused me. Calmly, he was walking by my side, his hands in his pockets, just like me. I wondered where that would end. And how it would end. In complete silence, we walked down some streets until I turned my head to look at him.

"Where do you actually live?"

"Your direction."

That was all and remained all till we arrived at the gates of Wayne Manor, two hours later and two times as sober as we had been three hours ago. Eventually, I had come to understand what he was up for and had kept myself from asking any more stupid questions. I stopped in front of the gates then though and looked at the house. What next? It was his turn anyway; he was following me and not the other way around.

“This clearly is not where you live,” I commented dryly and looked at him.

Defiantly, he stared at me and said nothing.

Nothing until I couldn’t stand it anymore. I licked my lips and checked the watch. 2 am. He’d be in bed already. I gave a heavy sigh and opened the gate.

“Are you coming for a drink?”

Since I heard nothing and took that as a sign of affirmation I entered the garden and kept the gate open. When I heard it closing behind me and footsteps I knew I had won.

Or lost. I was yet to find out.

Finally inside, I got rid of my shoes and coat and so did he.

“Make yourself comfortable,” I said and pointed towards the living room where the remains of a fire were still gleaming in the faint light of Jugendstil lamps.

I went to my room to get rid of the suit, though I kept the shirt since I didn’t want to get casual already.

When I returned to the living room he was standing by the fireplace, looking at photos. I felt anger and fear bubbling up, suddenly considering that all to be just a clever plan of his.

Luring me into a trap with his eloquence to let it snap when I was most vulnerable. I decided to choke these feelings and base my next actions on his behaviour during the next moments.

I entered the room, keeping my eyes on him, and he turned around to watch me. I went to the commode to pour us another drink. When I was done and had the two glasses in my hands he finally moved and went to the sofa to sit down. It took a load off my mind. Just now I noticed how much that thrill had added to my arousal. It was a game we were playing, this way or another, feeling each other up, checking out how far we could go without staggering and falling.

I put the glasses on the table, then went to the fireside to tend to the fire. I wondered what he had seen in the pictures. Even more curious I was about the question what he had felt when looking at them.

After the flames were dancing a little more vividly I went to the record player and looked through my records, trying to find something easy for some confabulation. When I had found what I was looking for I put it on and turned on the music. Alfred wouldn’t hear any of that, he was in the B wing, sleeping.

Content with my choice, I sat down next to him and took a sip, ready to enter that blissful state of bloated courage and alcoholic carelessness again.

Both of us stared at the fire until the courage found him first and he started.

“You definitely need some more lamps to light this place up,” he said casually, obviously infected by that music.

“For me, it’s enough. I like it dark.”

His eyes lingered on the fire for another moment before he turned his head to look at me.

That moment pushed me into hell. I could stand pauses easily during meetings when we were of different opinions, each of us trying to convince the other in silence just by looks; I could stand the silence at funerals and I could stand the silence of loss for words...but I couldn’t

stand this silence.

Our arms were almost touching.

My eyes moved restlessly, trying to act out my agitation and keeping me from acting, which definitely would have turned out to not be what I wanted at all.

I wanted a nice and calm afterparty.

Didn't I.

I didn't.

Forcing myself to bear that silence, I hoped that he would not do what I feared he was capable of doing.

Behind those brown eyes, a fight similar to mine took place. Struggling for composure while falling the victim to feelings, he tried to keep his gaze steady, but failed as miserably as I did.

Finally, he put the glass on the table and leaned back, locking my eyes again. I clenched my teeth, knowing that this moment was the last one we would spend in peace. An unknown kind of fear claimed my mind and I had to force myself to keep sitting there.

To top it all, the record player went silent. End of the record. Bad choice.

Nervously, I licked my lips and glanced at the fire. When my eyes returned to look at him I found myself in the same uncomfortable situation as before. Never, another human being had managed to make me feel so insecure before.

When he shifted his weight and got a little closer by that I dug my nails into the cushion on which I was sitting, believing that that had been the moment.

I knew that he was capable of it and it was that which worried me. He must have noticed my nervousness just as much as I was feeling his.

"You got some 80s music?"

I took a deep breath, silently thanking him for saving me.

"Sure."

I put the glass on the table as well and went to the cupboard to look for a record. Crouching in front of them, I looked through them.

Suddenly, I noticed him by my side and I turned to look at him. His eyes were flicking through the records; no intention of touching me at all. I relaxed a little.

"Undulations for sheep? I've been trying to get a copy of it for ages," he mumbled, keeping his eyes glued to the vinyl.

I took a look at him.

Currently, it felt like we were just about 10 years old.

I gave a short laugh, then took a record out of the bulk.

"I prefer this one."

He checked the cover.

“I got that as well. What else do you have?”

I sat down and pulled the first vinyl out of the cupboard.

“I’ve started with that. It’s the special edition with that bonus track on the B-side.”

He took it out of my hands to look at it, sitting down as well. He opened it and took it out. The way he handled the vinyl made me shiver. Thin fingers sliding over solid blackness, careful to avoid scratches.

Suddenly, I felt him staring at me and I looked up. He dealt me a knowing look.

“I’m being careful,” he said.

“I know,” I laughed, “That wasn’t why I was looking,” it slipped out of my stupid mouth.

“No?” he fired back and lifted both eyebrows.

How did I manage to fuck up every situation and twist it into that unbearable kind of sticky moment. Maybe because it was calling for it. I exhaled loudly and closed my eyes in irritation. I knew that he knew what I was going through. Change of strategy.

“I was looking at your fingers, how carefully you treat that.”

For a moment, he looked me straight in the eye until I noticed a faint blush on his cheeks.

“I know how valuable they are,” he said, finally, his voice having gotten rid of an undertone which had been present just until now.

And here we were left with another moment. The number of them during the last 30 minutes was getting to me; I couldn’t withstand any longer. I took the record cover and reached for the record to put it back in. On purpose, I placed my fingers so close to his that they touched. It was the most romantic and sexual thing I had ever experienced.

All the time, these hands had just been hurting, dealing blows and hits; they had been abused for fighting and causing pain. And suddenly, they turned tender and warm.

Heat, burning heat spread on my cheeks and I kept my head lowered while I tried to finger the record back into its cover. My hands were shaking and I had difficulties getting the record between the two layers of carton. He watched me intently how I was failing and failing. Finally, he doughtily squeezed the carton so the two sheets parted and I could insert the record. In the middle of doing so I felt my hard-on pressing against the prison of my underpants and jeans. Right now, everything was just sexually connoted for me.

Sweating even harder, I put the record back in place and watched him just pulling out another one. There was no way I could escape that. Realizing that, I got up and fetched the two glasses and the carafe with the alcohol. I’d need some more of that before I’d unbend. He was looking at the cover of another record when he took the glass and just downed it. It was nice to know that it wasn’t any easier for him.

“Er-Sure?” he finally said, doubt and amusement in his voice.

I looked daggers at him, cursing him for finding this record.

“I think that is just the right one now,” he said, got up before I could pull him down again and put it on. One moment later, an upliftingly gay voice raised the roof.

But not just that.

Smirking like an idiot, he stood by the player, watching the record spinning. The alcohol showed me who he really was; he had trashed the intellectual attitude and gotten back to being himself.

It was then when I asked myself why I had not resigned myself to having lost earlier already.

I considered getting up, grabbing his genitals from behind and gently kissing his neck.

Just then, he turned around and I looked up at him. The smirk was gone. There was awareness in his eyes. Nothing hidden anymore, no false caution or pretence anymore. I knew that he wanted me now; I could tell by his penetrating look. And suddenly, it wasn't him anymore but someone between the Joker and that evening companion. Someone I found very appealing.

I got up to be at eye level with him. And then, an eternity unfolded between us; I don't know for how long we had been looking at each other just like that.

Eventually, he licked his lips and opened them to say something.

I had not been prepared for what he said then.

“It's late. I think I should leave now.”

I fell from grace.

I watched him heading for the front door, I listened to him putting on his shoes and coat and just when he was about to open the door I was finally able to move and watch him opening it. He hesitated.

He turned and glanced at me one more time, then he opened the door and left.

I was left there, standing in the cold, dark and empty hall like an idiot.

“Don't rush things,” he mumbled when heading down the way towards the gates, but I couldn't hear that.

All I could hear was the pounding heart in my ribcage and the surging blood in my ears. In the distance, I heard the jingling sounds of bells. He had left too abruptly. I had difficulties assessing the situation, unable to accept the fact that he was gone now.

And just then, when I understood that I wanted to protest against his leaving, I realized how desperately I had wanted him. I swallowed and looked at the door.

He was so clever, toying with me and now he had me where he wanted to have me.

Bastard.

I went back to the living room and looked around. I could admit it, there was no one there who could have objected to it. My reason was efficiently drowned in alcohol again and my butler asleep.

Meekly, someone asked me whether I would still be alright with that decision the next day when I would be sober. I could not answer that question.

I went to the record player and turned the record, then I gulped the rest of the alcohol down to drown that voice. When I was done with the preparations I lay down on the sofa and lightly stroked the tip of my dick through the jeans.

Usually, I didn't have the time nor the stamina for that sort of thing. When I came home after a night of punching people and other creatures I wasn't in the mood for any of that sort anymore and during daytime, I spent most of my time sitting on swivel chairs between numbers and letters, half of the time also surrounded by other businessmen.

With the latest stock quotations on my mind, I could not let go the way I wished I could at all.

I took a deep breath and quitted apologizing. Smirking, I moved my hand under the jeans and grabbed the hard flesh. In the end, it didn't matter who or what got me to take a break and enjoy myself.

It didn't matter.

Not at all.

When I started pumping my dick I saw him presenting his ass to me. The thought of how my tip would part his gate made me hiss.

I could jack off to whatever I pleased.

My hands grabbed his flanks; there wasn't much fat but just tight muscles. I moaned and shifted, spreading the pre-cum on my tip.

In front of me, barely 30 centimetres away, a white face appeared, smirking maliciously. My dick twitched and finally made me think.

I didn't want that.

My body begged to be delivered from this sexual torture, but my mind didn't play along.

Panting hard, I looked down my body and saw my dick lying on my stomach, firm, full and ready for take-off. Irritated, I sat up and watched it getting back into horizontal position.

I couldn't do that. If I did, I would regret it.

Forever.

I had gone too far already anyway and I still could stop it now without suffering from permanent mental damage.

I could.

I clenched my teeth, lay down again and fervently stroked my dick into orgasm, blocking out all thoughts while making his person appear again.

His lips touched mine and I felt warm liquid spilling on my fingers. Panting hard again, I imagined him twitching in his orgasm as well while I pumped his dick.

When satisfaction spread I let go and collapsed on the sofa.

I didn't feel anything, I didn't see any images and I didn't hear any sounds, not even the crackling of the fire. I had not cheated on anyone; I had not done anything wrong.

I had just jerked off.

"Was it good for you, Mister Wayne?" I heard his words reverberating in the halls of Wayne Manor.

He was reaching out for me in the dark night. But only because I allowed him to do so.

"Fuck you," I hissed into the silence.

I didn't want to admit it. Nothing of what had been taking place the entire evening, nothing of that.

The cum on my hand told me to shut up. Clear evidence of what had happened – not just outside but also inside.

I sighed.

“I can't believe it,” I whispered and stared at the doorway of the living room.

There, a figure with black hair, black suit, white chemise and black bowtie was leaning against the wall, smugly self-confident, sneering.

It was then when I realized that nothing, no alternative truth, no forced lies and no artificial beliefs could change the fact that I had lost.

On the other hand, I was used to losing to that man.

Just not in that respect.

I took the glass and threw it against the wall so it burst. No anger would change that fact.

I had entered the game, I had thought that I could win while I had lost by coming there already. I was a fool, realizing that I had never had a chance.

Angrily, I got up and searched for another bottle of alcohol.

After two glasses, I felt the warmth returning. Maybe it wasn't so bad. No reason for being so indignant. I was a man with needs and why shouldn't I tend to them once in a while.

I closed my eyes and decided to stop reasoning the events into being okay.

I had not just lost.

I had lost myself.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!