

Tempt

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by [nostalgia](#)

Summary

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Julian reaches across the narrowing divide and places a hand at the back of Miles's neck, uses it to pull him closer still.

"What -"

The gap disappears.

The kiss begins awkwardly, because Miles is hesitant and Julian is pretending to be hesitant as well – he doesn't want to give the impression that this manoeuvre was planned in advance. There is the brush of dry lips against his own, and the slightest hint of skin-grazing stubble as their mouths meet for the first time. Julian leans into the kiss, runs his tongue across Miles's lips, curls his fingers in short auburn hair.

Miles pulls away. He stares at Julian with a slightly dazed expression on his face, which has also gone a pleasing shade of pink. "What are we doing?"

Julian shifts position slightly on the couch, licks his lips distractedly, and answers, "Kissing."

"What about Kei-"

Julian captures Miles's mouth again before he can finish the name. Keiko doesn't belong here, not tonight. He hears his mother's voice in his head, an old memory: "*It's not yours, Jules, give it back.*" He shoves the thought aside – he doesn't want to be berated, and he very much doesn't want to be thinking about his mother at a time like this in any case.

He slides his tongue past parted lips and the kiss becomes more demanding, more urgent. Things are escalating nicely.

But then Miles's mouth is moving away from his again, and there's a hand on his shoulder, pushing. "Julian, stop."

Damn it. He leans back, takes a much-needed deep breath. He waits.

"We shouldn't be doing this," says Miles, but he doesn't put any more distance between them. He looks uncertain. He looks tempted. His gaze rests on Julian's mouth, pupils dilated with desire. It doesn't seem like it would take much to change his mind about stopping.

But still Julian waits. If he goes too far too soon he could be left with nothing but his own frustrated arousal, and that isn't an appealing prospect at all. "Do you want me to leave?" he asks, certain that Miles won't say yes to the offer.

The space between them is still so very narrow, all it would take is for one of them to give into temptation and move. A moment later one of them does move, or perhaps both of them do, but either way the distance disappears and their lips meet once more. This time the kiss is more confident from the start, and the two are quickly breathless as heat rises between them and the kiss deepens.

He lets Miles make the next move first, waits for a hand on his knee before lifting his own to begin a careful caress along the side of Miles's face, fingers gently ghosting over skin down his neck to the collar of his uniform.

When they pause to breathe, Miles speaks: "I thought you said this was just kissing."

“It was. Now it isn’t.” Julian shifts suddenly backwards, pulling Miles with him so that his friend ends up sprawled on top of him.

If Miles is shocked it doesn’t show, and when they kiss again there’s a new intensity and fervour to it. From there it’s just the shortest of steps to touching each other everywhere they can reach, and tugging at each other’s clothes until they are half out of them. Julian runs a hand down Miles’s chest, keeps going until it rests, teasing, just next to his groin.

“Just how far is this going to go?” asks Miles. Somehow he manages to sound eager and reluctant at the same time. He is, after all, accelerating through degrees of infidelity – unlike Julian, Miles has someone to lose.

How far *is* this going to go? Julian considers the options and picks the one that most appeals. It’s selfish to drag his best friend down into adultery, but it’s hardly the worst thing he has ever done.

He’s not yours, Julian, give him back.

Julian looks up at Miles, holds his gaze until it seems like neither of them is ever going to look away. He says, “Fuck me.”

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