“I’m not that hungry.” Damon mumbles. His hands are shoved into his pockets as he swaggers along the street. Liam is beside him, hunched and picking out cracks in the pavement to avoid.

“Not too hungry meself” Liam grumbles. He is tired and anxious. Wildly anxious. Oasis and Blur at dinner. What a mess.

It is something about New York and pleasantries, about how the two front men are shagging and they may as well make amends.

Liam doesn’t want to make amends, he would much rather continue to hate Graham and Alex and Dave as they stay blurry faces on NME magazines he flips through. And all this sap about dinner and friendship makes Liam curdle.

They’re meant to be rock stars, not characters in a rom com. Liam clenches his fist, grits his teeth. His love for Damon is not business to be picked apart at a fancy dinner in New York.

He feels a bit nauseous at the thought.

“Don’t see the bloody point of this anyway.” Liam snaps, pent up.

Damon turns his head to look at Liam, his screwed up expression, his face framed by the tall buildings behind him, the tall buildings that tower beneath the bright blue sky.

“Just have to get it over with.” Damon shrugs. “You’ll be alright.” Damon says, looking at him, reaching his hand out of his pocket to grab Liam’s hand.

Before Damon can squeeze his hand assuredly around Liam’s he gasps. His hand falls to his side and his pace picks up. “Look!” He cries, sounding like a child.

Liam looks around, tightening his shoulders and sticking his chin high, prepared for danger. He tries to find what Damon is gasping about, scanning the fairly deserted street.

Oh. A little labrador puppy, waddling along proudly. It looks like a speck against the pavement. Damon hunches before it, grinning, his hands pulled out the safety of his pockets and out before him, reaching out to parade the thing.

The dog begins to wiggle furiously at Damon’s attention, wagging its tail intensely. The owner smiles happily, letting Damon crouch down and pet the dog.

“What’s his name?” Damon asks, looking up at the woman who seems rather delighted. Liam stands awkwardly, uninterested in the interaction, his heart in his throat.

“Potter.” She says, beaming. She begins to talk about how he just got groomed, his personality, talking to Liam as Damon isn’t listening. Liam tries to look like he is listening, but he can’t quite hear the woman.

He can see her lips moving but all he can hear is Damon praising. “Aw, baby potter,” He croons. “Who’s a good boy?”

A lump forms in Liam's throat as a shock goes through him. He swallows, hard. His eyes dart to look at Damon. His face fixed lovingly, his hands running through the dog's short hair. Liam feels the phantom of a hand running through his own hair.

"-He can be naughty sometimes," The woman continues.

"Is that right?" Liam asks, pursing his lips anxiously.

"Can't they all." Damon adds, squishing the puppy's fat face and glancing up at Liam, grinning with venom.

"Do you have any pets of your own?" She asks Damon.

"Oh yes," He nods, grinning wider now. "He's a very good boy, too. Never gives me an ounce of trouble-"

Liam pulls Damon to his feet, taking his forearm tightly.

"Liam-" Damon grits, looking apologetically at the confused woman.

"He can be a very naughty sometimes-"

Liam hooks his hand around the back of Damon's neck and begins to angrily guide him away from the woman.

"Nice meeting you!" Damon calls back as Liam stumbles him along the pavement.

"Bye potter!"

"You are such a bastard."

The restaurant's lighting is obnoxiously dark. So rich is the resteraunt, with warm red casino carpet and layers in the floors. With tens of tables holding small, muttering parties of suit wearing

New Yorkers. Evil looking people.

Damon takes Liam's hand now and squeezes it until it aches. "You're so cute." Damon whispers, leaning against Liam's shoulder as he whispers in his ear.

They stand in line, waiting to be seated. Liam flushes slightly, trying to ignore the heat rise in his stomach.

"Feeling all fuzzy, mm?" He continues, his breath hot against Liam's ear. A small noise escapes Liam, he bites his lip. "Good boy." The room starts to spin.

"Good evening gentlemen, how can I help you?" The smart looking waiter asks, holding menus in his hand. Damon breaks away from Liam and greets the man.

“We’re part of the Gallagher party.” He says softly, charming as he flutters his lashes. God, he’s wonderful. Liam’s brain goes blank as he fixes his eyes on Damon, on the curve of his throat. Infatuated.

Then Damon takes his hand once again. “C’mon.” He says, smiling as he leads Liam through the restaurant.

The table is buzzing with drunk Brits, talking too loud, rattling the glass that holds their drinks. The bands greet them with loud cheers, digs at being late and arms flung firmly around shoulders. Bonehead rattles Liam around, clearly hammered already.

“Kings are here.” He says, pulling out a seat for Liam.

“Enough of that.” Liam mutters, sitting down. He scans the table which is clearly divided. Blur on one side, Oasis on the other. Opposite.

Damon sits across from Liam. They order drinks and poke fun at the engraved cutlery and the thick, folded napkins.

“Could make a fortune off these.” Alex says, whatever that means.

Over time worries melt as booze blurs the line that seemed to divide them. Liam starts talking to Bonehead, about what him and Damon have been up to in their free time in the big city.

They drink and drink and look dazedly over the confusingly short menu and wonder aloud why it is all written in French.

He takes a sip from his pint, Bonehead rolls a cigarette. The paper slides between his thumbs, making a soft, hypnotizing sound.

“D’you want’a fag?” Bonehead asks absently before pausing to look worriedly at Liam who cradles his pint in his hands. “Or- am I not allowed-” Liam kicks Bonehead under the table, gritting his teeth with mock anger.

“Course yeh can say it, yeh big mup” A smile breaks onto both their faces as Bonehead sighs.

“Want one or not?”

“Yeah, alright.” Liam lights his cigarette on the match Bonehead strikes. He takes a drag and leans back, examining the table. Everyone is talking, buzzing.

He stalks them, thinking. His train of thought is interrupted by a shoe between his legs. He jolts, looking down.

“Damon.” Liam hisses, glancing around to see if anyone noticed. Damon rests his jaw on his hand and grins sluggishly at Liam, drunk. “What?” He smirks, adding more pressure, making Liam’s breath hitch.

Damon swiftly moves his foot away when food orders start being made, Liam makes a tiny noise of displeasure.

He orders off the intense looking waitress, attempting the French.

“D’you have steak, yeah?” She nods. “Right,” He closes the menu. “I’ll have that, medium done.”

Bonehead begins to talk to Damon. Liam just stares as Damon talks. Damon’s eyes flick between Bonehead and Liam, his grin widening at Liam’s dazed expression.

“What?” Liam hears himself ask.

“Asked if you play the guitar.” Graham pipes up, his eyes tired behind his glasses.

“Uh-” Liam glances quickly at Damon, that lazy grin, dreamy eyes. Liam quickly takes another sip of alcohol and responds.

He begins to talk to Graham, hardly sure if he is making any sense. The room feels like it's swimming, it is swimming. He doesn’t know what he’s saying, he doesn’t know what Graham is saying. He just sips from his drink like it's a lifeline and talks, rambling his way through nothing.

Then the foot is replaced, hard against him.

Jesus, it's embarrassing but Liam is already hot. He can feel this cold sweat on the back of his neck.

“Mm,” Damon hums, his eyes on Liam as he rambles, stuttering at Graham. He looks evil. Beautiful.

“I-uh-” A clang ripples through the conversation as Damon drops a knife on the floor.

“Let me,” Liam grunts, jumping out of his chair and slipping onto the ground, delighted for an excuse to exit the conversation. On his knees, he finds the shining, expensive thing and holds it up to Damon, grinning Damon.

Then he realizes, slightly horrified, that Damon dropped the knife on purpose. No one sees as Damon brushes his hand through Liam’s hair.

“Good boy.” He chirps before plucking the knife from his lover's grip. Liam’s heart beats impossibly fast in his chest, he feels like he can’t breathe.

He lets out a little noise that resembles a whine before coming back to his senses and moving back to his chair. Which feels cold now, like the skin on his back. The night continues.

He drinks more, more than he should. He smokes and peers through the billowing smoke at Damon. So casual, resting and listening to conversation, only occasionally peeking at Liam from the side of his eye.

There are brief moments when Liam is holding conversation that Damon cheekily moves his foot up Liam's leg. Not completely satisfactory like before, only gentle teasing on his knee or ankle. Where Liam's breath hitches and he momentarily forgets what he was saying. It is so humiliating.

Then he is drunk, immediately. One cigarette and he can't think straight. Can't look straight, as he glares through glossy eyes at Damon across the table.

He looks so far away. His foot feels so close. Against his skin, not quite. Frustratingly his shoe touches his pants, his pants rub his skin. Second hand intimacy.

He wants to go home. Liam lets out a soft whine, closing his eyes and letting his head loll forward. And right away Damon leans in, flushed in his cheeks.

"Lets get out of here." He croons, taking Liam's hand hard with his own.

The goodbyes go in a blur, whirling before Liam. Their food is abandoned on the table, hot and half eaten. Damon plucks his jacket off of his chair and rests it on his shoulder.

"Night so," a collective confusion burst from the table. Damon spins something about an early morning before taking Liam by his elbow and leading him away.

"Night." Liam mumbles to his feet. He is so hard it hurts. He feels so humiliated, so drunk. Damon says a polite thank you to the waiter after paying for the table.

"Have a good night" He says, kindly but intoxicated, hooking one arm around Liam's waist. As they walk out the door Damon's hand moves up under Liam's shirt. His skin cries at the touch. Cold, tickling. Just his fingertips against his skin. Liam hums, closing his eyes as he stumbles along.

"Fuck, 'm knackered." Liam groans.

"You still wanna play?" Damon asks, moving his hand up farther, now tickling Liam's ribs.

"Mhm." Is all he can make out. Damon grins and swiftly moves his hand to grab the collar of Liam's shirt, holding it firmly in his fist he leads Liam down the street.

The two taxi it back to the hotel, Damon makes drunken and polite conversation with the taxi driver as he discretely runs his hand along Liam's stomach. Liam slumps at the touch, letting his eyes close as he listens to Damon drone on about London and New York.

As he feels the gentle, wonderful rubbing against his stomach. The driver is paid and booze settles as the two sober up.

Liam still lets Damon hold his hand and guide him through the creme colored hotel hallways even though he is quite capable of leading himself.

He enjoys being led around.

Keys rattle in the door as they have made it to their room. When Damon is locking the door, Liam comes up behind him and wraps his hands around Damon's chest, squeezing, possessive.

Liam’s soft lips come down on Damon’s exposed skin on his neck. He kisses and licks and sucks as Damon shuts the door, reacting with light laughter. The sensation is wonderful, like tickling.

Damon can hear Liam’s soft grunting behind him as he moves his hands down Damon’s body. Messily exploring, he moves one hand up Damon’s loose shirt and the other goes down to rest on Damon’s cock.

Damon hums as Liam moves his hand, the kisses become deeper, needy. All that fills the silence of the clean room is the wet noise of Liam’s lips against Damon’s skin.

In one movement, Damon spins himself to face Liam. He takes his lover's face in his hands and stares into Liam’s foggy eyes.

He looks so cute, so needy.

Damon grins at Liam’s dazed expression before pulling him in for a kiss. The two make out, Liam moving sloppily as Damon tries to keep them steady. Liam’s hands roam around Damon’s back now. His hands slipping under his shirt and running messily along his spine.

Damon’s skin feels cold under Liam’s touch. Damon moves his hands up to Liam’s hair where he runs his hands along it. Threading his fingers through his locks and scratching Liam’s head.

Damon makes a small sound before he pulls away. Both flushed, sweating, breathing heavy. He looks at Liam and smiles, now more dazed than ever before. Liam doesn’t talk, his wet lips part wide as he stares confusedly at Damon.

“Very good boy.” Damon croons, stroking the back of Liam’s head. Liam’s stomach jolts, exploding with electricity. He whines, low and impulsive. Damon laughs, taking in the sight.

“You wanna show me how good you can be, yeah?”

“Mhm.” Liam hums, quite unable to talk. Damon hesitates, Liam watches the gears turn in his head.

“Let's go to bed then.”

“Aw, poor baby.” Damon hums, now lying on his back, staring up at Liam who is struggling to wrap the collar around his own neck. He lets out a soft whine of frustration as he tries to work his fingers to clip it in place.

“C’mere.” Damon commands. Liam moves into him immediately and Damon takes the collar. He hooks it easily around Liam’s neck, it’s tight and suffocating.

“Yer very kind.” Liam grunts, a little flushed from embarrassment. His voice is heavy and intoxicated. Damon hums in response, sliding a hand around the back of Liam’s neck and pulling him in for another kiss.

Not able to admit how badly he wants to kiss Liam, as he looks so helpless in his collar, he sounds so gorgeous when he speaks. Liam glides quickly into the routine of the kiss, moving his hand to cup Damon’s hip.

He gently lowers himself onto Damon, grinding down against him and letting out a soft, pathetic noise as he does. Damon hums at the movement, moving his other hand over Liam’s bare chest, scratching his nails against Liam’s skin.

Damon breaks away from the kiss, the wet and eager kiss. Liam moves instantly to continue but Damon pulls back farther.

“Whose my dumb puppy?” He asks, his tone dripping with teasing.

“Uh,” Liam can’t form a thought for a second, his vision swims, his brain goes weak. “Me.” He says at last, his stomach running wild.

“You wanna fuck me like a good boy?” Damon hushes, digging his nails deeper against Liam’s skin.

“Mhm.” Liam says, eager. “Show me how bad you want to, puppy.” Damon says, biting his lip and smiling. He looks so pretty.

Liam concentrates hard, like a soldier on a mission. He goes back down on Damon, kissing his neck, then moving down along his chest. Planting soft kisses along his skin, tickling Damon enough to make him seize, twisting beneath Liam’s kisses.

He hums in approval as Liam moves even farther down. He kisses along Damon’s cock before taking his tip into his mouth. Damon reacts instantly, his ribs push against his skin as he inhales sharply.

Love, love.

Liam takes him in his mouth, looking up as Damon shifts under the intense sensation, gripping the sheets and breathing heavily.

“Hm, just like that.” He says, his voice trembling. Liam works his tongue around Damon’s length. The warmth of Liam around him drags a breathy whine from Damon who instinctively moves his hand onto Liam’s skull, where he gently pets his hair.

Liam works his mouth around Damon until he can feel him getting close, he can see it in Damon’s expression which is twisted with pleasure. He slowly drags himself off of Damon’s cock.

He takes a moment to breathe before shifting back to kiss Damon. He ravages him, sucking on his lips. Damon can taste himself on Liam’s tongue as Liam moves his hand desperately along Damon’s cock, needy for praise.

“Christ, fuck me.” Damon grits between breaths, opening his eyes to look at Liam’s dazed face. So fascinating.

They fuck slowly, Liam moving on top of Damon, his hands melting into Damon’s hips as he kisses him, sloppy and desperate. Damon huffs and hums beneath Liam, moaning into the other man’s mouth.

Liam moves his lips down along Damon’s jaw, tickling him with his breath.

“That’s it.” Damon hums as Liam grinds against Damon, as he sucks on Damon’s neck. It moves in a blur of praise and pleasure.

“Fuck-” Damon moans, latching onto Liam’s hair and pulling hard as Liam fucks into him. “Such a good boy.” Damon groans into Liam’s neck before biting down on it.

Liam makes soft and desperate noises, unable to contain himself, staring down at Damon who looks so pleased, so pleased indeed.

A warmth bubbles up in this stomach, nearly bubbling over into his ribs. He feels so good. And the pain in his head where Damon pulls his hair, sharp and unforgiving.

“Ugh- that’s it.” Damon cries as Liam moves impossibly fast, his hand now beating into Damon’s hip. He fucks Damon until he cries, breathing hitched and labored as he builds to a climax that makes his body spasm, his head tipped back into the pillows beneath him as he moans incoherently.

“Fucking hell.” He huffs, slowly coming back to himself, he opens his eyes to look up at Liam who has paused to stare in awe. He looks so dumb like that, so stupid. Damon laughs and uses his grip on Liam’s hair to guide Liam’s head down to his own.

He brings his lips to Liam’s and kisses him softly, Liam returns the kiss with heavy aggression, clearly pent up. Damon pulls away from Liam, just enough to whisper.

“Make yourself come baby, c’mon.” It takes Liam a second to process, at first he stares at Damon with upset, wanting to kiss him more. Then Damon’s words settle in his hazed brain and he begins to move again, slowly.

“Mm,” Damon hums, closing his eyes, overstimulated. “So good.” Damon mutters, guiding Liam into another kiss. This time it is deeper, more passionate as Liam fucks into Damon like a wild thing, huffing and whining into Damon’s mouth as his climax builds.

His brain goes numb and his muscles strain tightly as he slams into Damon, bucking with aftershocks. Damon groans, so overstimulated, so pleased.

“Ah, fuck.” Liam moans, biting down on Damon’s lip. He bites down so hard Damon’s lip busts, and as Liam comes inside Damon blood spills from the abused lip and smears between the two.

“Ugh-” Damon grunts, pulling away from Liam as Liam pulls out of him. “Hey- Bad boy.” Damon spits, bringing his palm up to his lip. Liam stares blankly, moving onto his knees and towering over Damon’s spent figure.

Liam’s pale skin is dim in the dark light. His chest and shoulders move up and down as he tries to figure out what happened. His lips part, so stupid.

“Into bed.” Damon says sternly, shifting so that he doesn’t lie completely on his back. Liam looks at the bed they are lying on. Then his head snaps to look at the cage in the corner. A dread fixes on his face.

“Awh, Damon, no..” He mutters, quiet, sad.

“Bad dogs bite.” Damon explains, pointing a stiff finger at the cage. His other hand is still holding his bloody face, muffling his words. Liam’s posture deflates, he shrinks into himself.

“Go on,” Damon goads. Liam frowns and shuffles off the bed, still sweating and dirty, he reluctantly and drunkenly moves into the cage, which is small and cold and horribly uncomfortable.

Damon hums, annoyed, following Liam. He pushes the door shut and licks his lip. He likes the stinging ache from the bite but he much prefers the pathetic look on Liam’s face.

Naked, on his knees, looking up at Damon. Pouting, almost. Breathing heavy.

Damon wonders if Liam will cry to be let out before he slides the lock shut and smiles.

good sex is always dirty.