

What You Need Is Indeed a Little Funk From EV

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What You Need Is Indeed a Little Funk From EV

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Summary

The text comes when Nick is actually on air, which makes for not-so-great radio, since he blurts out, "Jared Leto just texted me! Hey, Finchy – check it out, I might finally have dinner with Jared Leto."

Notes

IT SHIPS ITSELF. After this past weekend, I couldn't help myself, sat down, and wrote this piece of ridiculousness. I am so sorry. And yet I am not. This is yet to be determined, tbh.

With MANY thanks to Brooklinegirl for actually reading through this, despite being deeply uninterested in either party, and also being the best beta. To Bex for answering my Brit-picking questions - any other mistakes are purely my own, obviously. And, finally, to Ms. Estrella30 just for, like, existing. And also supporting me in this...whatever the fuck it is.

Oh God.

The text comes when Nick is actually on air, which makes for not-so-great radio, since he blurts out, "Jared Leto just texted me! Hey, Finchy – check it out, I might finally have dinner with Jared Leto. What'd you think of that, eh? He just asked me!"

Just as Matt is reaching for the mic to tell Nick exactly what he thinks of that, Nick's phone buzzes again.

"Ah, no, he says if I tell everyone everything, he'll take it all back. Awww. Well, that was fun while it lasted, I guess. Anyway, as I had been about to say, up next we've got a *very* fun set, including our faves, Little Mix!"

He flips over to the adverts and laughs along with Finchy and LMC, who are both pulling equally fake sad faces at him. The next moment, Fiona dances into the studio, En Vogue blasting from her phone.

"Ohhh, you have been waiting for this moment for years, haven't you!" Nick yells over *no, you're never gonna get it, nooo, not this time* and Fiona's laughter. LMC jumps up and they start up a sort of synchronised 90's dance right there in the studio, basically proving Nick's point. "Haven't you! Admit it, you had this whole thing planned. You – you are in cahoots with Jared Leto to make me feel sad and pathetic!"

Before either one of them is able to answer, his phone buzzes for the third time.

all right, all kidding aside: dinner tonight? I'm in town for two days

For someone who's actually never texted Nick before, Jared Leto sure comes off a lot more forward than Nick might have anticipated. For all of their mock-flirting in interviews over the years, now that Jared's finally got Nick's number right, it almost feels unreal that he'd actually use it. Nick's heart sort of speeds up, because hot guys asking him out to dinner, even straight ones, gives him a bit of a rush. He *is* only human. He bites his lip – and hears a lot of *oooooering* happening in the studio – and types out, "sure, mr. jared leto. Where and when, and also, how should I dress. I've got a new pair of stilettos I've been wanting to break in."

8pm, Manna, leave the stilettos at home comes the reply.

Nick cracks up, passes his phone around for everyone to see, and queues up a song he never expected to play on the Breakfast Show. But whatever, their audience might actually appreciate a little classic 90's throwback now and again.

*

Nick does, in fact, leave the proverbial stilettos at home. He goes for the arse-hugging jeans he saves for special occasions, a blue t-shirt that sets off his eyes and vanity, and a blazer that's got him laid numerous times before. There's no chance – Jared Leto may be laid-back, but not even *his* sexuality will bend that far, surely – but Nick enjoys a good flirting game now and then, and he is prepared to flirt with zero shame or consequence. He takes a quick selfie and tweets, "off to dinner!" before setting off.

Manna is in his neighbourhood – is he being stalked by a rock star? – and he could absolutely walk there, but he hates showing up places all sweaty and shiny, so he takes a cab instead. That's when his stomach begins that fluttery, anticipatory feeling. What is this, nerves? That would be ridiculous, of course – preposterous, really – but it doesn't stop when he tells it to, and when he slides out of the cab, his palms are itchy and sweaty after all. He wipes them on the arse of his jeans, just in case Jared Leto decides to shake hands or something, and turns around to pay the cabbie through the window.

That is when he feels another palm – one not belonging to him at all – on the same spot. Nick wheels around.

"Well, hello, Jared Leto! Jared Leto, you are *forward*," he blurts out instead of a greeting. God, he sounds like he's still on air.

"Never gonna get it, huh?" Jared smirks, and that's when Nick takes stock of the height of him. His hair's pulled back in that weird knot that shouldn't be attractive, but absolutely is, and he's – well, there's no better way of putting it, but he's very clean. Cleaner than Nick's ever seen him, probably. He's wearing a body-hugging sort of jumper, a little ripped at the throat in a way that makes his collarbones stand out. That had to have been on purpose. His trousers are black and would probably be good for art students to study body muscle by – gross anatomy and all. The boots are artfully scuffed. When Nick looks back at Jared Leto's face, it's smirking at him.

"Hmmm," Nick quickly recovers. "Not till you stop playing hard to get."

Jared Leto just laughs and casually drapes his arm around Nick's waist. "Let's go in and see what we can do about that, Nick Grimshaw."

And so they do.

*

"I'd make a terrible veggie," Nick says, perusing the menu. "But this looks all right."

Jared Leto laughs and takes a sip of his wine. (*Wine*. Nick could have lost a lot of money betting on what that man would drink, if he was a betting man.) "I could convert you yet, I guess."

Nick just raises a dubious eyebrow. "Well." He lays the menu on the table just as a waiter bustles over to them. "Why don't you pick, then. I trust you." He can't keep up the serious tone, though, and cracks into a stupid smile. Jared Leto answers it and orders them nachos to start. Nick can't help noting that's from the "to share" part of the menu.

"So," he says after the waiter's left them. "Why are you in town?"

"Oh, no. No, I don't like this," Jared Leto says, shaking his head and leaning back in his chair.

Nick frowns and reaches for his own glass of white. "No? Which part?"

"I get to lead tonight," is the response he gets. "This is not an interview, right? So, I'll start, instead."

"Oh, I see. It's like that, then." Nick laughs and shrugs. "All right. What am *I* doing in town?"

"Funny," Jared Leto drawls. "No, how about – how did you become a DJ?"

Nick's laugh is surprised out of him. It's the first thing anybody ever asks him. "No, that's boring. Next."

It's Jared Leto's turn to laugh. "All right, how did you become a famous *out* DJ?"

"Ah," Nick says and bites his lip. "That's probably more interesting but still pretty boring."

"Why so?" Jared Leto asks, staring into Nick's eyes like he's in it to win it.

Nick looks away with a mighty effort, and shrugs. "I didn't wake up one day thinking that what I really wanted was to become a *famous out DJ*, it just sort of happened. I moved to London and opened up some doors for myself. Whilst gay."

Jared Leto pulls a sort of impressed face and shifts in his chair, like he's expecting it to swivel. "You make it sound so easy, Nick Grimshaw," he says with a grin.

Nick gives him the best cheeky grin he's got, and gets rewarded with a proper smile – so pretty, it lights up those soulful eyes like a candle. Jesus, he is the best-looking bloke to have asked Nick out to dinner in a long time, and he's not even a possibility of a shag. Unfair, really. Nick sighs.

"Sad?" Jared says, sounding teasing but nice, anyway. That's how Nick likes to roll, too.

"A bit. I can't believe I'm out with *Jordan fucking Catalano*, and it's not even a proper date."

Jared Leto groans and buries his face in his hands. "Three fucking minutes," he mumbles. "Three minutes, and there it is."

Nick just laughs. "Hey, did you know that I mentioned to some teenager that you were an actor and he actually laughed and said I was having him on? Can you believe that, Jared Leto? You and I are proper children of the eighties and nineties, and we have so much educating to do!"

"No, no, stop, oh God, I am begging you," Jared Leto says, laughing into his hands and then banging his head softly on the table.

"I'm serious!" Nick continues unfazed, leaning into the table so hard, it cuts at his belly. "Jared Leto, will you call me Red and sing me a song?" He's fairly certain Jared Leto is weeping into the tablecloth. "Or – wait, wait! Will you *lean* for me? Please? You lean *so* well." He puts on his best, most winning smile, which is really all in vain, because all he gets for troubles is a kick under the table and a pinch to his outstretched hand. But the way Jared Leto laughs as he does it all is sort of worth it. Nick's still got it. Oh, yeah. He's winning friends all over the place here.

*

"Mmmm, this *is* good." Nick has to admit it. He's stuffed himself to the gills with nachos, but he's still a growing boy, he can handle more. His main is a sort of fake bangers and mash, and it's really quite good. "D'you reckon they would let me do takeaway here? If I could eat this all the time, I'd go veggie."

Jared Leto just laughs at him, shoving the last of his veggie burger in his mouth. Nick is quite surprised at how well his wine is going with his meal. He really should have tried this place a lot earlier, it's practically at his doorstep.

"You do talk a lot, man," Jared Leto notes once he's swallowed the last bit of his food. "I guess that's what makes you a good DJ."

Nick, belly warmed by glasses of wine, smiles. "You do look awfully pretty. I guess that's what makes you a good alternative sort of sex symbol." Perhaps he should have thought that one through. Hmmm.

Jared Leto just cracks up and leans in. "Do you go for the pretty ones or the big ones?"

"Big where?" Nick is fairly lost in this conversation path now, but he's also well in it.

"You know, all around." Jared Leto makes a handful of gestures probably meant to emphasise a general bulk, and Nick scrunches up his face.

"Mmm, no. I'm an appreciator of the slimmer kind," he confesses. "Not a huge fan of Terminator muscles."

"Wow, you *are* a child of the nineties. Terminator? Really?"

"Oh, shut up!" Nick laughs and kicks him under the table.

Jared Leto, apparently not to be put off, says in a voice best reserved for an urgent staff meeting rather than a casual dinner date, "So, twinks, then. Right?"

Nick narrows his eyes. "Where, might I ask, is this all leading, Jared Leto? Are you planning on setting me up? Pretty sure I do well enough on me own." He hasn't actually done all that well on his own, but he's got his pride and reputation to keep up.

"Jared," Jared Leto says.

"Huh?" Nick's head is just a tiny bit fuzzy. He's feeling warm and soothed all over. Full and happy.

"You keep calling me *Jared Leto*, and I keep feeling like we're on air," Jared Leto says. He's leaned in closer, and the table between them appears to shrink before Nick's very eyes. He's not drunk; he's better at alcohol than to be defeated by a few glasses of wine. But he is oh so nicely mellow.

"Should I call you 'King of the Non Sequitur' instead?" he asks.

"Huh?"

"Exactly," Nick nods and takes a sip of his wine.

Jared Leto narrows his eyes at him and leans back, draping one arm artfully over the back of his chair. "You are actually super weird, Nick Grimshaw," he drawls.

Nick gives him a wide smile and says, "Nick. You keep calling me Nick Grimshaw, I feel like we're on air."

Jared Leto takes another sip of wine and doesn't break eye contact. Nick feels his grip on his glass get a little slippery; damn his sweaty palms.

*

"Don't think I'm up for dessert," Nick says when the waiter comes back for their plates.

"Same," Jared Leto informs him. "But we'll both have another glass of wine, I think." The last bit is reserved for the waiter, but he's still watching Nick as he says it. God, he *is* a good-looking man.

"Sounds good to me," Nick replies without his own consent.

Their waiter nods and leaves. Out of the corner of his eye, Nick spots a woman fake-checking her phone. "Ohhh, you *are* famous," he nods at Jared Leto. "We're being stalked."

Throwing subtlety out the window, Jared Leto swivels in his chair and waves to the woman, who turns a delicious shade of red and drops her head in her palm whilst her friend laughs at her. When Jared Leto swivels back, he's all big shit-eating grin and sparkling eyes. Nick's always hated that phrase, actually, but it's sort of true sometimes. Like now.

"You're a bit of a dick, aren't you?" Nick says before he can stop himself.

"I'm hurt! I was about to go over there and let her take a picture of her and me. Actually," he says, swiveling back towards the corner with the fan. "I think she might have been taking pictures of *you*, my friend."

"Oh, right! Of course. Here I am, sitting next to the lead singer of 30 Seconds to bloody Mars, and *I'm* the one being stalked." Not that the idea isn't a nice one – Nick sometimes absolutely *loves* being stalked by fans.

Jared Leto just cocks his head at him. "You are a pretty big deal, dude."

Nick feels warm all over, knowing that he's got just about the stupidest fucking grin on his face. "Oh, great, now he's making me blush," he says, covering up with another sip of his wine. Unfortunately, it's the last one in the glass, warm and finite. He looks at his empty glass. "I hate it when I run out of wine," going for what he hopes is an amusing pout.

Wordlessly, Jared Leto slides his own glass across the table. "Here." His voice is low, and sort of liquidly slow. Nick doesn't bother weighing the pros and cons and just kicks it back, like a

shot. Waste of bloody good wine, really, but he likes the thought behind it.

"There," he says finally, after his throat's stopped burning. "Now we're both out."

When he looks Jared Leto in the eye, he's watching him back. Nick's body vibrates a little from the shot of wine. His skin's broken out in goose bumps, and he can't seem to stop his leg twitching. He wishes he had a cigarette right now.

"I know we ordered more wine, but it seems like too much to wait for it," Jared Leto says in a sort of measured, reasonable tone. Nick, equally measured and reasonable, nods his agreement.

"Let me," Jared Leto says and pulls out a handful of notes. "This should cover us, I think."

Nick looks down at the money dumbly. "I think that'll do," he says.

Jared Leto, mindless of anyone watching, including the nearly-weeping fan in the corner, leads Nick out by the hand.

*

"I'm guessing you may have more wine back at your place," Jared Leto says as they round the corner without really consulting each other at all. Nick nearly trips over nothing.

"You would be correct in that guess, yes," he says slowly, while trying to figure out where this might be leading. He has a flash of memory at asking Jared Leto to lean for him.

"Awesome!" Jared Leto grins and throws up his hand to hail a cab. "You live around here, right? Should we walk, instead?"

Nick nods, sort of unable to catch up with the conversation. "Yeah, cab. Cab is good."

Jared Leto laughs and pulls him along as they begin to stumble down the road, waiting for a cab to appear. It doesn't take long.

*

"Soz, it's a bit of a mess," Nick mumbles whilst unlocking his door. "I did promise you wine, though, and wine I shall deliver."

Once inside, he leads the way to the lounge. It's not actually a mess, but he's sort of always loved saying that so the other person can reassure him it's not a mess at all, really, it's quite lovely. Jared Leto doesn't do that. Instead, he flops down onto the Nick's settee and takes a long sweeping look around. "Nice."

"Why, *thank you*, Mr. Leto," Nick replies with a bow. "Red or white?"

"Hmmm. White, please. Start as you mean to go on. Wait. Is that go on as you've started? I can't remember."

"Pretty sure it's just *I'm pissed, so white, please*, but I could be wrong," Nick says as he saunters out into the kitchen, Jared Leto's vague "hey, now" following him out.

Miraculously, he actually does have wine chilling in the fridge, and is even able to scrounge up two clean glasses. He feels incredibly classy as he walks back into the lounge with them in hand, but nearly tips both over at the sight of Jared Leto, shoe- and sockless, reclined on his settee. "By all means, make yourself at home," Nick drawls as he hands one of the glasses over.

"It's a nice place," Jared Leto says, looking around. It's like he's never met sarcasm before.

Nick settles into a chair across from him. His wine is definitely lower quality than what they've just had at the restaurant, but it'll do. Jared Leto appears to take no issue with it, anyway. "Thanks. I'm pretty pleased with it meself," he says, smiling. "Comfy?"

"You want to share the couch with me?" Jared Leto asks, watching him with the cheekiest grin ever seen on man.

Nick just rolls his out. "Did nobody ever teach you not to tease? Good God, you'll give a boy a complex."

"Am I teasing?" Jared Leto asks and that's it, that's all Nick can take.

He throws up the hand that's not busy holding precious wine. "Seriously, this is just unfair. First time I've had a fit bloke in my flat in ages, and he's keen on giving me blue balls." Wait. Should he have said that? Hmm.

In response, Jared Leto sets his wine glass down onto the floor (the end table is *right there*) and swings his long legs around until he's sitting like a normal person. "So, leaning, you said."

"What did I say, King of the Non Sequitur," Nick complains, snatching his own glass out of harm's way as Jared Leto lurches to his feet and walks up to the nearest wall he can find. "Oh, no, you're shitting me. Are you taking the piss now?"

Nick is torn between laughter and utter amazement that Jared fucking Leto is in his bloody flat, about to do an actual Jordan Catalano lean, and Nick hasn't whipped out his phone to film it yet. LMC will kill him for not getting footage. Fiona might actually try and sack him.

"No, no, seriously, look, I think I can still do it!" Jared Leto says, sounds completely earnest, and before Nick can even blink, he's stood in front of Nick, one shoulder flush against the wall, head slightly down, eyes looking up from under those ridiculous eyelashes.

"Holy shit, this is a thing. This is a thing that is taking place in front of me right now," Nick breathes in amazement. "Mind you, I am *not* role-playing Angela Chase."

"Aww," Jared Leto says and pouts. With the Jordan Catalano lean, it's an almost deadly combination.

"You're fucking getting off on this," Nick groans and slaps a hand over his eyes. "I'm not. I am *not*."

Jared just cracks up and when Nick opens his eyes back up, he's back to being the gorgeous Jared Leto he's been all night. "Aw. I might miss that," Nick says, tilting his head to the side. "We should Skype when I've, like, got the blues, and you can lean for me. Would make my day, I swear to God."

Jared bites his lip and laughs – it's a genuine laugh, too, nothing put-upon about it at all. It makes Nick smile wider.

"C'mere," Jared says and Nick gets up before he's even realised it.

"Wait, I was comfy," he starts to protest, but Jared just beckons him with a nod of his head and Nick follows, like a bloody idiot, really, but it's still *Jared Leto* right there in front of him. However, he can still complain. "Ugh, you're the worst."

"I know, I *really* am," Jared agrees, and he does that thing his voice again, low and velvety and Nick's about to pop a hugely embarrassing boner right there in his painted-on jeans. Shit.

"Well, I'm here," he sighs and sags against the wall about a foot away from Jared. "I've left my wine, though. S'all your fault."

Jared nods and Nick watches the progress of his hand, moving closer to Nick, until he's fisted Nick's t-shirt under his blazer. "Oy, watch it, that's my favourite –"

Shirt gets swallowed up against Jared's mouth. *Fuck*.

What? *What*.

Nick is about to protest very, very loudly because what the *fuck*, but then Jared, breath sweet like their wine, opens his mouth and takes Nick's breath away with a slow, languid kiss. *Jesus*. Nick's body clicks into place, all engines revving into *sex*? *SEX, I think*, despite his better judgment, which is still in there somewhere, being crowded out by the hot pumping of his blood into various extremities, and his bones liquefying into nothing.

When Jared breaks off the kiss, his fist still hot against Nick's shirt, he doesn't go far. "Who's teasing now?" he breathes. Their faces are so fucking close, they both have to do that slightly ridiculous and yet still somehow sexy cross-eyed thing as they stare at each other.

"I – don't know?" Nick swallows, then shakes his head to clear it. "I think you're meant to be straight," he says after thinking it through. "This is what I have been led to believe."

"Yeah? Did that feel very straight to you?" Jared asks, like the cheesy actor-cum-musician he truly is.

Nick licks his lips. "I dunno. What does straight feel like?"

Jared Leto just laughs before shoving Nick bodily up against the wall. "I'm really not the hard-to-get one here," he whispers before sliding his thigh in between Nick's and his hands

around Nick's wrists. Nick's gasp is torn right out of his throat.

"All right. All right, fine, Jesus, all right," he stammers, not really understanding what he's saying at all. "My bedroom's that way." He swallows. "Bring the wine."

*

"Jared Leto, you're a handsy one," Nick breathes against Jared's mouth. He's still having some trouble comprehending the turn his night has taken, but it's hard to stay afloat when a gorgeous man is tugging you towards your own bed by any means available to him. Nick is so slow, he feels like a mule, but it's only because his dick is weighing him down.

"Stop calling me Jared Leto, Jesus Christ," Jared Leto says, looking exasperated, and Nick promptly replies with, "Don't call me Jesus Christ, Jared Leto."

He winds up on his back on his own bed, a body shaped like Jordan Catalano pinning him in place. "Are you always this hard to get into the sack?" Jared asks, biting his way up Nick's neck and actually expecting an answer. Nick's skin is about to burn off his body, he's so fucking hot for this. It's embarrassing, really.

"Only with previously straight men, I think," he manages to say in between being killed by sex. Really, killed by sex and they're both still completely clothed.

"Seriously, Nick, you still think I'm straight?"

Before Nick can answer, a hard-on meets his own and he nearly swallows his tongue. "Jesus Christ, you're hard?"

He could really kill himself for being this much of a berk at a moment such as this, but he can't help it. He's flirted with so many men so fruitlessly, that one actually taking him up on it feels like everything he's ever been told having been a lie. The sky is actually a lovely purple colour, Nicholas, and tea is made of meat.

"Yes," Jared responds, nipping at Nick's collarbone. He doesn't even roll his eyes. That's impressive. "Yes, I am. Now do you believe that I'm not straight?"

Nick can only gargle his response, because Jared has punctuated his words with a hand on Nick's dick through his jeans and, well. Nick is only so strong. He clutches Jared's side and that touch is what finally gets him with the programme. He plants one foot on the bed and manages to roll them over and wind up on top.

Jared looks quite impressed, actually. He should – Nick's never managed to do that with anyone bigger than him before. He'd preen, but he's too busy *shagging Jared Leto*.

"I might do, yeah," he whispers, and goes for Jared's flies. His mouth waters at the very idea of blowing him, really, and it's been too fucking long since he's had a cock in his mouth. Jared just watches him, a slight smile playing on his lips. Nick bites his own lip and leans in until they're a breath apart.

"You've no idea what you've started," he whispers, because it may have been a while, but he's damn fucking good at this, when he sets his mind to it. And right now, his mind is pretty fucking set. He's cocky, yeah. With good reason.

He feels Jared sort of shiver beneath him, and that spurs him on like nothing else. And if he's going to do it, he's going to do it properly.

"Take off your shirt," he commands, and Jared – Leto; *Jared Leto* - scrambles to rip that bloody jumper off his torso in five seconds flat.

He's got nothing on underneath, of course.

Fuck. He is hot. He is, like, *Hollywood* hot. Nick's all right, but he's just a normal bloke. The bloke beneath him is all muscle, sinew, and very little body hair to speak of. Fucking hell. Nick almost loses his nerve right there and then, but then his gaze falls on the impressive tenting action Jared's trousers have got going on, and right. He's got this. He's *so* got this.

"All right." He swallows. "Now these." He tugs on the waistband of Jared's jeans and he knows he isn't really being useful but he can't help touching the new bits of skin revealed to him as Jared wordlessly complies, one tug at a time. Nick's trying very hard not to look him in the eye, because that's sort of embarrassing when he's this turned on, but when he manages to catch a glimpse of Jared's face, his embarrassment gets swallowed up by something else. Jared's just as far gone as he is, which is – sort of a miracle, really.

Nick manages a quick grin before sliding down the bed. Obviously, Jared's wearing no pants under the jeans. Of course.

God, he is gorgeous. Nick isn't sure if it feels like forever because he's drunk, or because he really is taking hours to gaze down at the body laid out in front of him, but Jared Leto is fucking beautiful. Proportionate, too, which means his dick isn't a wilting flower, thank God, but isn't a monument to bulls, either. He's just right. Nick licks his lips again, shoots a quick glance up at Jared's face, his mouth slack in blowjob anticipation, and leans in. It only occurs to him he's still wearing not only pants, jeans, and a t-shirt, but his blazer, as well.

The thought, when it happens, catches his fancy. Sexier this way, somehow. Better.

He takes his first taste of Jared's cock. There's a twitch down below, and a gasp up above him, and Nick takes the velvety hard cock in hand and goes to fucking town.

"Jesus Christ," Jared says, and it sounds ripped out of him. Hazy and hard and hot. Nick swallows and goes down deeper. The angle's sort of awkward when he's not straddling Jared's legs, and he can't get even half of it in, but for now, it'll do; it'll make it last. He knows how to make it last, provided his partners cooperate. So far, Jared's cooperating.

Somewhere above him, above his blood pounding in his ears, Nick hears Jared panting and then, "Gotta love that quiff," just before there's a sting at his scalp and Jared's grabbed a handful of Nick's hair. He nearly chokes for a moment, both from the sensation and the ridiculousness, but manages to work through it. He fucking loves having his hair grabbed. That's what the quiff is for, half the time.

It gets maddening after a while. Jared's grip is hard and unforgiving, but so is Nick's mouth. Once hooked, he doesn't fuck around. He switches angles by hoisting himself fully astride Jared and then he's practically deep-throating, the taste – overwhelming, scent-heavy, masculine, all cock – exploding on his mouth. There's little room to moan, but he wants to, God, he's dying for it. Sucking cock – there's nothing like it. Jared's pinned beneath him and can't really move, but he can talk, and Nick's hearing is being filled with swearing, Jared's American accent seeming to become more and more pronounced as he gasps beneath him, stringing together words that have no meaning, but are making Nick's dick harder and harder, nearly painful in his jeans.

When Jared is just about to come, Nick pins his wrist with his free hand, fine bones grinding in his grip, and takes one last, long suck before pulling off and jacking him through it. Jared grunts and throws back his head when it first hits him, his entire body seeming to seize up as he comes. Nick watches the strain of it on his neck, glistening with sweat. Still gripping his wrist, Nick collapses face-first against Jared's thigh and laps up the stray drops. Stupid, probably, but he can't help it. He's missed this taste. It's so *fucking* hot.

"You're – you're still not naked," Jared says out of the blue, and his voice sounds completely shot. As soon as he's said it, Nick feels just how oppressive his many layers truly are.

He straightens up – and he must be getting old; his back is achy – and looks down at his handy work. Jared's entirely naked, covered in his own come, arms outstretched like he's Jesus. His dick, now growing soft, is still shiny with Nick's spit. That is *also* hot.

Nick grins, settling back. "You want me naked?"

Jared, rising up a little so he can lean back on his elbows, looking cool as could be while naked and covered in your own come, says, "I do."

Nick strips.

It's a bit labourious and uncoordinated. He *is* drunk and hard. Both of these are not debilitating, but make it more difficult to get out of anything that involves buttons and zippers and also, like, fabric. Nick is seriously struggling with the sleeves of his blazer when Jared, unbeknownst to Nick, manages to sit up, sidle up behind him, and wrap his arms around Nick's back. Nick's heart jumps and stutters as Jared takes one of his hands and frees it from a sleeve, then the other, doing the same just as gently. What was just awkward and embarrassing becomes slow and sexy. *Shit*. Part of Nick is sort of shocked that Jared's stuck around at all, now that he's come and everything, and another part of him is grateful and anticipatory.

Something about the way Jared's breath is ghosting over Nick's neck is giving him the impression that he is about to get laid in an epic way. God, he can't wait.

Once his blazer is off, Nick feels Jared's hands – warm and calloused – slowly run up his skin, lifting his t-shirt almost by accident; a by-product of touching. Nick lifts his arms automatically, and just as automatically leans back into Jared's touch. It's nice, being wrapped in strong arms like that. He hums.

"Like that?" Jared asks, and Nick can't really argue.

"Mmm, yes."

"Good." He feels a tender kiss behind his ear, and then gravity does something strange and he lands on his back, sideways on the bed. Jared's face swims into lovely view. He's grinning.

"What do you like?" Jared's still hoarse.

"Whatever feels good," Nick replies before he can think better of it.

Jared grants him another blinding, genuine smile. His hair's a mess – flyaways frame his face, his bun is halfway out. It makes him look younger. Nick forgets how old he is sometimes; he's just Jared Leto. He's sort of timeless that way.

"You're pretty," Nick says, then bites his tongue. Literally. It hurts.

Jared just laughs and leans in. "You're not bad yourself," he whispers before kissing Nick.

If you'd asked Nick even a week ago what this night might have gone like, he'd have told you with certainty: without kissing. But Jared Leto appears to be the kissing kind. Which is nice, really, because he's bloody good at it. Nick loses himself in it, so much so that when they both come up for air, his dick's been freed from his jeans and pants and he's barely even noticed.

Should he feel self-conscious? Probably. He mentally salutes the bottle of wine for making him feel otherwise.

"What happens now?" he asks. His voice is blurry and sort of fucked up from the blowjob. Thank God he's got tomorrow off.

Jared doesn't respond in words. Instead, the cheesy asshole, he leans in and starts up with nipping Nick's skin again. Fuck. *Fuck*, that's hot. Nick's not always into that, but there's something incredibly appealing about it now. Maybe it's the way Jared's eyelashes look when he's doing it. Fluttery and long and pretty as fuck. Nick gets lost in watching him make his way down Nick's body. It's strange, really. While Nick was hot for it and longing to get Jared off now, now, *now*, Jared is slow and languid, like Nick isn't dying from needing a blowjob or a handjob or *something*. For a moment, he almost hates Jared for it.

But then, just as he's about to break and beg for it, Jared reaches Nick's cock. With his mouth. Which.

"You sure?" Nick manages to ask with the two brain cells left functioning in his head.

"What, you think this is my first blowjob?" Jared asks, voice pitched low, breath hot on his Nick's skin. "Dude, I'm a touring musician. Not my first rodeo."

"Funny," Nick manages to respond. "I never realised being a musician required mouth-to-cock skills."

To give him credit, Jared doesn't even bother to respond. Instead, he puts that pretty mouth of his to a use Nick could never have imagined in his wildest dreams (all right, maybe he could have; and has; under the cover of darkness) and slides his lips down over Nick's cock.

Jesus. Fucking. Bloody. *Christ*.

Not his first rodeo, indeed. It's not even his first tournament, or whatever the fuck a series of rodeos might be called, Nick couldn't care less. All he knows is that Jared fucking Leto is sucking his cock like both their lives depend on it. Hot and hard and wet and messy and Nick's skin is vibrating around his body; he thinks he might die. He thinks he might explode. He thinks it might happen any second now, so he bites his lip bloody to keep that from happening right then and there. Jesus, how embarrassing. His sheets feel like sandpaper under his grip, he's thrashing – is he being too loud? Probably – and he can't feel his toes or fingers. Everything but his cock feels unimportant; his voice is shot. Two points of heat register on his hips – Jared's hands, keeping him pinned, keeping him grounded. Nick would probably float away were it not for those hands. He cries out and then his teeth are sunk into his own skin; his wrist, he thinks. He isn't sure.

"Easy, baby," he hears and only knows it because Jared's mouth is gone from his cock, oh God, why, *why*, but then it's back, gentler, but no less fucking amazing for it.

Nick loses himself for a bit, floating in unreality, until he feels that kick in his gut, and in his balls. "Shit – Jared – I'm –"

Jared, however, does not seem fazed at all. Nick grinds his teeth and tries to stop himself coming, but it's a losing battle. He feels a moan around his dick and then it's over, his body gives in, a shout barely contained, seizing up in pleasure, losing all control.

His hands are numb. *How did that happen.*

"Ohhhh, fuck," he breathes up into the ceiling. Jared tumbles over half on top of him. Nick can only pat him with a numb arm, probably hitting him unpleasantly, but what can you do. "That was a fun rodeo," he mumbles.

Jared's weight and laughter is the last thing he's aware of.

*

"Aww, you're a cuddler," Nick mumbles as his brain slowly wakes up, bit by bit. There's a pleasantly naked man beneath him, strong arm wrapped round Nick's back, and it's nice. It's a really fucking nice way to wake up. His brain slowly remembers the previous night. Blowjob; sleep; handjob; sleep; making out and rubbing one out on each other; wine; sleep. A glorious night of shagging.

"Might be," Jared responds. His voice is shot to hell. Shagging will do that to a bloke.

Nick smiles. "Well, that was unexpected."

"Only to you, man." Jared's laughter rumbles beneath Nick's ear. "Everyone else knew it."

"What? Fuck off." That is patently untrue. Nobody told *Nick* he'd be getting laid.

"All right," Jared agrees easily and stretches. Nick likes that part less.

"Stop moving," he grumbles.

"If I only could, sweetheart. I gotta go," he says, sort of sadly.

Nick sighs. Well, that part he could definitely have predicted, anyway. Then he considers. That's a pretty sweet deal, really. He's got loads to do today.

"Want me to make you breakfast?" he asks, just in case.

"Nah, but thanks." Jared lets him go after a quick peck on the cheek, and practically jumps out of bed. Nick cracks an eye open. He's disgustingly gorgeous in the first light of day.

"Look at that arse. I could bounce so many things off that arse," he mumbles into his pillow. It sort of smells like Jared's hair product. Interesting.

Jared turns around and laughs, his head cocked. "You could give it a shot tonight. Here till tomorrow, remember?"

Nick turns over so he's more comfortable, and pulls the covers over himself because his room turned chilly at some point. "Yeah? Feel like having another go?" Wouldn't that be something? There's still *plenty* he could do to a man like that.

Jared bends over, fishing for his jeans. Nick zones out on the view.

"Yeah. I could give it another go," Jared responds, a quicksilver grin thrown over his shoulder.

Nick smiles and stretches out. "Bring more wine. We might have cleaned me out."

Gosh, listen to him sound all nonchalant and cool as a cucumber. On the inside, he's already composing his texts to Fiona and LMC. Maybe even his mum. Hmm. Maybe not. Definitely to Fincham, though.

Jared, jeans pulled up but not yet zipped, turns around to face him and drops down to his elbows on the bed. "White again?" He's smiling. A genuine, open, happy-to-have-got-laid smile. Incredible. Nick dares himself to run a hand through his mussed hair.

"Sounds like a plan."

Jared leans in and gives him a slow kiss; he tastes like sleep and come. A little gross; a lot hot. "By the way, there's something important we're gonna need to discuss tonight," he adds in a deadly serious tone.

For a moment, Nick is frozen. God, is this not a two-night stand? Is he meant to be thinking about engagement rings? Can he make a run for it now? Forget the garden, he'll sell the place for a quid. "Uhm. Yes?"

"Why has that been watching us the entire time?" Jared says and points behind Nick to where Eminem is holding the candle in front of his junk.

Nick goes beautifully, delightfully boneless, and grins. "What, are you questioning my decorating choices? He's a legend."

Jared watches him, mock-concern written all over his face, and sighs. "Fine. As long as you hang the painting I'm going to commission of me with *no* candle in front of my dick."

Nick cracks up and sizes up the room. "I guess this *could* stand a little redecorating, yeah," he agrees.

"Excellent. I'll be here at nine." Jared's face breaks into a shit-eating grin. "See you soon, sweetheart."

Nick pretends to kick him away from the bed and turns over, pulling the covers over his head. "Fine. I'll be here getting my beauty rest."

Jared laughs his way out of Nick's flat.

He also, it turns out, keeps his word. The new painting becomes quite the talking point of his get-togethers, after that.

Jared Leto is a *legend*.

*

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