

## Sail Away With Me Honey, I Put My Heart In Your Hands

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# **Sail Away With Me Honey, I Put My Heart In Your Hands**

by [primo\\_nizzuto](#)

## Summary

In an attempt to get his hands on some cash, Gabriele starts to take on some less than legal work. What happens when that brings a beautiful man into his life and onto his boat...

## Notes

So I made a promise to Lisa that I would attempt to make a Gabriele x Matthias fic...well...here it is.

<http://lisagarlandd.tumblr.com/> <3

It had been an ill-advised choice, that much he was sure of. After everything that had happened with Andrea and the island he knew that he should keep himself unmoored and let the troubles wash away. But he didn't live in a dream world and he desperately needed money, stolen boats didn't pay for their own fuel after all.

It had started with a few easy smuggling jobs to various ports across Northwestern Europe. Some of it simply cases of alcohol, stolen goods, and other illegally obtained goods. Occasionally he had found himself bringing supplies of cannabis into harbours, those were the jobs that paid him most of all. And given that he had been responsible for another man's death he supposed he had no place left to judge.

Some nights he still woke with a start to the sound of water splashing as a body plummeted below the surface. He knew deep down that it was a choice of his life or Andrea's but that didn't lessen his guilt over taking another's life, he had always thought himself a good man. What was he now?

His attention was pulled from his thoughts as the sound of the water boiling over drew his focus back to the task at hand. He'd been tasked with dinner for the evening whilst his new companion kept watch up above. The man himself was quite like no-one he had met before. Kind in a way men in his field never seemed to be. There was something about those beautiful brown eyes that offered such warmth, they drew Gabriele in entirely. It didn't help that Matthias was a shameless flirt. Gabriele had seen the other watching him as he moved around the ship during the day, the temptation he felt was growing with each passing hour. At time he could almost forget the reason they had been drawn together.

With a sigh he glanced to the crates pushed to the side of the small living space. Contained within them was more cocaine than Gabriele could ever have envisaged seeing in one place. He'd been so close to saying no to the smuggling request but the money they had offered him had been so much, it would be enough that he could keep the boat taken care of for over a year without ever having to worry about taking on any jobs. It was risky of course but he couldn't reject it. What he hadn't expected was to have a companion for the journey, but the mysterious Geran had made it a proviso of the deal. He wanted one of his own men on board to keep watch over the stash. Gabriele had been fearful, half expecting some 6'2 muscular hulk of a man. Instead Matthias had been the one to arrive, the Italian was half in love at first look.

Drawing the pan from the flame he drained the pasta over the sink idly listening above to the sound of Matthias singing along to the obnoxious beat pumping from the small speakers. He shook his head a little, turning his attention to filling two bowls with the pasta and sauce

As he took the steps up towards the deck he found his breath momentarily taken away by the sight of a shirtless Matthias draped across the seating, his handsome face inclined upwards towards the sun. He was so effortlessly beautiful.

“Do I have something on my face?” Matthias quipped as Gabriele stood stock still. He couldn’t help the smirk that spread over his face as he tilted his head to the side to take in the sight of the handsome Italian whom he’d grown to find so endearing. The man was so shy and sweet, Matthias couldn’t help but find his eyes drawn to him. He appreciated the finer things in life, and Gabriele was certainly one of those.

After another beat of silence he sat upright reaching out to take both bowls from Gabriele, laughing as the brush of their hands startled the Italian into awareness, an adorable blush spreading over those cheeks as he sat down beside Matthias. At least he knew his own attraction was returned in full. “This smells delicious, thank you.” he hummed as he handed one bowl over, then picked up a fork to begin eating.

Gabriele smiled shyly at him, green eyes peering over at Matthias as he too began to pick at their dinner. “It is nothing much, a little bit of pasta. Some tomato sauce with garlic and onion...some herbs.” he waved his free hand a little dismissively at himself.

“ It is far better than the garbage I normally find myself having delivered” Matthias teased in return. He took a bite from the meal letting out a moan as the taste of the food exploded over his taste buds. “This is delicious.” he said in delight, shovelling several more bites away. Each drew from him a contented moan. He had been so distracted by the food that it took him a long minute to notice that Gabriele was staring at him with lust darkened eyes, his own bowl left forgotten,

“Do I have something on my face?” he asked again, raising his fingers to brush over the corner of his lips. The answering whine that rose from the Italian had Matthias setting his own bowl down. “Oh...I see.” he purred, moving to his feet. “You know, I’ve noticed you noticing me. Noticed the way you can’t seem to look away...” he stalked forwards cupping Gabriele’s jaw as he stood between his parted legs.

Gabriele drew in a trembling breath as the strong fingers settled against his skin, forcing his gaze upwards. All words seemed to disappear at the sight of Matthias watching him with such hunger. He found himself tilting his head a little more, teeth gnawing into his lower lip.

“ You want this...I want this. We’re all alone...not a single boat in sight...” Matthias purred, leaning down to hover his lips merely an inch away from Gabriele as his fingers trailed down over the perfect column of his pale neck. Between his fingertips he felt the younger man draw in a sharp breath. “I’ve been thinking about you every time I go to sleep on here, imagining you spread out below the stars.”

A flash of need spread through Gabriele at the image. It had been a long time since he’d lain with any. The last time had been a brief and hurried (and frankly unsatisfying) clinch he had spent with Andrea long before they’d set sail. In truth he could count on one hand his experiences, he’d spent so long at sea that the opportunity for a fumble didn’t come often and it was rarely memorable. Matthias promised the opportunity for pleasures hitherto unknown to him. He met those beautiful, warm eyes and inclined his head in consent, heart hammering with excitement at the sight of the smile that settled over the other man’s lips.

“ Let me go grab something, get yourself settled.” Matthias slipped a fingertip under his draw as finally he pressed their lips together. The pressure was firm yet controlled, not quite enough to satisfy the burning urge that was building under Gabriele’s skin. He found himself whining in disappointment as Matthias stepped back from the kiss.

“ One minute is all I need. I promise.” Matthias cooed as he backed away to the stairs leading below deck. It physically pained him to leave Gabriele behind with his cock already so rock hard for the other man but he forced himself to move quickly. In an instant he retrieved the half filled bottle of lube from the pocket of his backpack and was practically sprinting his way up to the top deck. He found himself taken aback by the sight of a very naked Gabriele laid nervously upon a blanket it seemed he had hurriedly spread over the deck. He was not a religious man but he found himself thanking every deity he knew as he ripped his own jeans and boxers off hurriedly.

“ You are incredible.” He mused as he dropped down to his knees beside Gabriele, letting his eyes run over the soft but strong frame he’d found himself watching intensely over the last few days. He’d found himself aching hard as he watched sweet Gabriele move around the deck with such competence. He’d been surprised to see how strong he was as he shifted to tie the ropes and adjust the sails. “Every inch of you is just...” he leaned down pressing his lips over the ink that covered the Italian’s shoulder. “Just perfect.”

Taking pity on Gabriele he set the lube down and shifted to brace above him claiming his lips now in a passionate kiss, every ounce of desire that had persisted over their short journey pouring out into the connection. He felt Gabriele's hands slip to settle almost shyly at the small of his back and for a moment he pulled back, one hand moving to stroke back his lover's hair as he looked upon him. "Is this alright?"

Gabriele drew in a shaky breath as he nodded, the soft pink flush that had taken over his face turned all the brighter. "Si. Si, it has simply been a while." he admitted sheepishly, relieved when Matthias only smiled warmly in response at him.

"Then I guess I'm going to have to make it worth it huh." Matthias purred. He pressed his lips to Gabriele's once more, slipping his tongue between the perfect plush lips he'd lost hours to. How many times had he found himself thinking of how pretty they'd look wrapped around his dick? He certainly hoped he'd have time to find out if reality was as good as his fantasy when it came to that image.

Matthias broke the kiss after several long moments feeling a flush of pride at the way that Gabriele was panting breathlessly. Teasingly he began to press his lips in a trail over the sharp jawline, moving in increasingly slow increments down to the other man's chest. Without a word of warning he took one of Gabriele's nipples between his teeth, applying just enough pressure to punch out a desperate moan from the other. Fuck, it was maddeningly arousing just how reactive the younger man was. He soothed the first with a swathe of his tongue before repeating the action for a second, a moan parting his own lips as the Italian drove his hips up sharply in response. "...you're very sensitive there. Noted." he said softly. Considering they still had another 2 days to port he hoped he'd have plenty more time to discover just what broke apart this beautiful man.

Drawing back onto his knees Matthias slipped his palms under the curve of Gabriele's ass, massaging the firm muscle for a moment. "I don't think I've ever seen a more perfect ass" he mused out loud, delighting in the way Gabriele draped an arm over his face in embarrassment. "I get the feeling you're not used to be complimented huh?"

Gabriele shook his head all the while keeping his arm in place over his eyes. He was used to people flirting of course, but they rarely had much to say to him. Often it was nothing more than a quick hello followed by them towing him to whatever seedy little bathroom stall was closest.

“That’s a shame, you’re gorgeous.” Matthias craned forwards as he spoke running his tongue in a teasing circle around the head of his lovers cock, the bitter taste of pre-cum left on his taste buds. Below him Gabriele’s body jerked, the sight only driving him to take the head fully between his lips.

He lowered Gabriele’s hips back to the deck to free one hand, sliding it out to grasp the bottle of lube once more, never once letting up the teasing suckling motion of his lips and tongue. He was careful to slick up his fingers liberally before he began to teasingly slide one finger inside his whole.

From the desperate gasp that sounded from the Italian he found himself growing increasingly desperate to bury himself inside of the other, wondering what other sounds he could pull from that pretty little mouth. A second finger soon joined the first, both merciless as they curled upwards in search of the little bundle of nerves that would break apart his beautiful lover.

Gabriele cried out sharply as pleasure shot through his body, his body jerking like he had been struck by a live wire. Had it not been for Matthias’ free hand shooting to brace over his abdomen he was sure he’d have buried his dick in the other man’s throat. He couldn’t think straight, could focus on nothing but the twin pleasures coursing through his body. It took every ounce of strength he possessed to reach down and pull weakly at the beautiful, dark curls. “I’ll...I’ll cum too soon...” he fumbled out breathlessly by way of explanation as Matthias raised his eyes to look at him. Gabriele’s trembling fingers pulled a little more till the lips finally slipped from his cock. “Please....I want to feel you...”

“I can’t exactly say no to a request as sweet as that can I.” Matthias grinned, not glancing away from Gabriele’s face for even a second as he slipped a third finger inside. Gone were all thoughts of teasing now as he worked the other man open drinking in every little breathy gasp.

Gabriele’s hand slipped from his curls dropping down to settle beside his head, hips rolling impatiently to each firm thrust of fingers. “N-no more....please. I’m ready. I want...” he let his green eyes focus on Matthias, albeit with some difficulty in focusing. “I want to feel it...”

Matthias slipped his fingers free from his lover, quickly slicking up his hard cock. "I have you," he soothed. He shifted to brace above Gabriele once more, lips pressing tenderly against his lover's as he guided his cock to his slick hole pushing slowly inside. The velvet heat was almost enough to drive him over the edge, still so tight around his aching length. "Fuck...you feel..." he stammered, sliding inch by inch until he was buried fully inside of Gabriele. "

It was hours before night would fall and yet Gabriele would swear he was seeing stars. Everything was Matthias, the feel of the man inside him, the scent of his cologne, the whisper of breath over his lips. It was intoxicating, addictive. He surged up to capture Matthias' lips hungrily, the kiss clumsy and uncoordinated in his desperation.

A soft laugh bubbled in Matthias' throat as he took charge of the kiss, slipping his tongue between his lover's lips to thoroughly claim his mouth. His hips bucked testingly forwards sending a shiver of pleasure up his spine. Below him Gabriele arched into the thrust, driven on by his own need for release.

Lips parted from one another as their bodies moved as one, Matthias' hips picking up their speed as he fucked into the heat of the Italian's inviting body in swift, firm thrusts. His hand slipped between their bodies to grasp a hold of Gabriele's dick, stroking in pace with the thrust of his hips. He found himself unable to look away from the way his lover's face twisted in the throes of pleasure, he was so beautiful.

The sound of their desperate moans filled the air as they rocked together, desperation growing as their pleasure began to climb. They'd been too tempted for days to prolong it, too drawn together to be able to slow their pace as they worked towards release.

Gabriele was the first to spill, Matthias' name a broken cry upon his lips as he came over the other man's hand. His slimmer frame shook with the force of release, trembling all the more with sensitivity as his love chased his own climax with several hard thrusts. He felt the sudden heat of warmth flood him as Matthias was finally stuck by his own orgasm, the strong hips pumping inside of him three more times till finally they stilled.

" Fuck..." Matthias whispered, face buried into the meat of Gabriele's shoulder as he fought



to steady his erratic breathing. “Fuck...I've not been able to stop thinking about that since the first time I saw you.”

A small but warm laugh rose from Gabriele's own lips, head turning to nuzzle lazily at Matthias' curls. “The feeling is mutual...I had been waiting on you to make a move.” he admitted shyly. “I did not know if you were simply flirting because that was you or...”

“ Oh it was definitely in interest. Like I say, you're gorgeous, you have a fucking incredible ass...” he lifted his head to look him in his eyes, smile growing softer. “And I like you.” he paused laughing a little. “This is probably not a conversation I should be having when I'm inside of you.”. Gingerly he slid his softened cock out of Gabriele and dropped onto his back beside him.

Gabriele twisted his head to the side taking in the sight of his new lover's profile. “...we have two days to talk. To...figure things out” he paused taking a moment. There was something about Matthias that he wasn't ready to let slip away.

Matthias smirked, turning his head to the side. “I was hoping that maybe we could spend the next two days getting a little more acquainted.” he winked, heart warming at the soft smile on Gabriele's lips. “Though for you I can spare some time to talk.” he promised.

“...if you wanted to stay on board after the drop off, I would not mind the company.” Gabriele whispered softly.

For a moment Matthias fell quiet. Maybe, just maybe it was time to take a break. No crime, no police for a while. Just him, the open waters and a beautiful man at his side. “You know, I think I could agree to that...”

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