

Taking The Initiative

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Summary

Prince Alfred had been flirting with George all day long, though George was determined to do nothing about it. That was, until Murdoch's voice reminded George that sometimes he needed to seize the day.

Notes

I hadn't seen much slash potential while watching *Murdoch Mysteries* until I saw S01E12, "The Prince and the Rebel" - and I have to say the flirting of Prince Alfred with George was off the chart. Thinking about it, it felt like this would *definitely* be a missing scene for this episode.

Sometime after George had landed square on top of Prince Alfred when trying to stop him from leaving his hotel room, and the *looks* the Prince had given him when he was trying on clothes, something clicked within George's brain. He wasn't used to such attention, much less from a man. But the sideward glances and gentle smiles Prince Alfred offered stirred something within George. Something he was used to tampering down.

But as the day wore on, the Prince continued to flirt. And once behind closed doors, something Murdoch had said just days before echoed through George's memories. It gave George a sense of urgency, and he no longer felt the need to curtail his smiles or look away from the Prince's attention.

"I am aware that this may not be your *style*, as you mentioned earlier," Prince Alfred said, "but if I might dare to say, you *do* look rather fetching, Constable."

"Thank you, your highness," George said, comfortable in the luxurious suit that draped his body. "I would say the same about you, except that in your military regalia, there is a hint of intimidation to your attractiveness. Sir." George watched as the Prince's hand automatically went to the sword strapped to his side, though the wanton look held in his expression was anything but challenging. Aggressive, maybe, but in the most suggestive, sexual way possible.

"Would you prefer that I be free of such finery, Constable?" Prince Alfred's voice was barely above a whisper, shakiness betraying the cocky façade usually saved for the public.

George smiled as he took a step forward. "I'm assuming you will need some assistance?" Alfred quirked an eyebrow. "After all, sir, when you were getting ready this morning, you *did* have the tailors attending to you."

Though George stood a few inches under the Prince, he felt ten feet tall, bolstered, no doubt, by his sudden bout of courage.

"Only if I may return the favor, *Constable*."

With a predatory smile, George leaned forward, going up on his toes, and latched onto the Prince's warm, smooth lips. George's hands went to the Prince's belt but diverted lower at the last moment. He rubbed the back of a hand over the hardness the Prince's trousers were failing to hide, then looked up at the Prince through his eyelashes.

"My word," Prince Alfred whispered against George's lips before kissing George again. "If I would have known handsome Canadian constables were all quite so forward, I dare say I would have come here sooner."

George smiled as his nimble fingers worked on the buckle, the sword and leather material tumbling to the floor with a dull clang. "Not *all* Canadian constables, sir," he said. He made quick work of the Prince's jacket and vest, pulling them from his broad shoulders before unbuttoning the far too constrictive material that hid the Prince's neck. George licked at the creamy flesh, then nipped at the Prince's collarbone. With a predatory smile, he backed

Prince Alfred until they stood before the bed and, with one mischievous smile, pushed the Prince down before eagerly climbing on top of him.

After claiming one more kiss, George smiled down at the Prince. "Just those of us that have learned to seize the day," he continued and, with a cheeky grin, added, "*Alfred*."

The Prince pulled George down by the cravat and kissed him while his fingers trailed down George's back, settling on his waist. "Carpe diem indeed, George."

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