

# SAVING ALEXANDER

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Sage pulled Alex to him desperately, feeling the steady beat of his heart against his chest. “Jesus, Alex, babe. You might have been fucked up but you were *my* fuck-up.” He felt the movement of Alex’s mouth against his chest, as if he was smiling. “You could have told me all this instead of writing a stupid word on a piece of paper and breaking my bloody heart.”

“Babe, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done this right now, I’m a selfish son of a bitch.” He drew Alex’s trembling lips to his and kissed him deeply, tasting the salt on his skin. “You aren’t going to lose me. I’m here for you, that was my promise.” He huffed in frustration. “It’s just I really care for you and I want you for myself. Every last, sexy, beautiful bit of you.” *Sage to Alex*

Sage moved closer to him, pinning Alex between the sink and his body. Alex stared at him defiantly and Sage reached out, cupping his face in his hands, his thumbs caressing the strong curve of Alex’s jaw. He saw something flicker in Alex’s eyes, a fierce hope that disappeared almost as it arrived.

“You don’t have to keep going with this, Sage. I don’t expect you to.” Alex swallowed, his face filled with pain. “You can leave me,” he whispered and Sage’s heart broke at the defeated tone in Alex’s voice.

Alex had found the weapon. He picked it up in and stood to face Sarah.

“Stop it.” His voice was quiet. “Stop now or I’ll bloody shoot you, you bitch. And nobody fucking *owns* me. Not anymore.” He stood, steady hands pointing the gun he’d retrieved squarely at Sarah. “Stay back, Sage.”

Finally Sage released Alex and grinned wickedly. “Could you really give that up?” he said softly in his ear as he nuzzled his neck.

Alex shook his head as he leaned into him, enjoying his scent and the warmth of his body. “I could never give you up. I love you far too much to do that.”

Sage let him go and Alex saw him take two small pieces of paper from his pocket. He watched as Sage laid them in an ashtray on the kitchen tab and bought out a box of matches from the kitchen drawer.

“What the hell are you doing?” Alex asked, puzzled. Sage kept quiet, picking up the two pieces of paper to show him what was written on them.

*Chrysippus. Tallulah.*

Eric chuckled quietly. "Sometimes I like to exercise my prerogative and change my mind. You've been through enough tonight. Time to end it, don't you think?"

The distinct desire in his voice was evident and Alex thought Eric had chosen to end it for his own pleasure, to finish off the evening for him in the way Eric liked most. Inside Alex.

He leaned in toward Alex's face, his mouth just short of brushing his lips. One of Alex's cardinal rules was no kissing. Eric wasn't allowed to take Alex's mouth with his and it frustrated him. Sometimes he really wanted to kiss him, taste him, feel Alex's tongue in his mouth, but he knew Alex would choose someone else if he disobeyed. It was probably why he treated him harsher than his other clients. He didn't like being denied something he badly wanted.