



Tennyson

Tennyson allows his gaze to linger on the small scar. It is really only possible to see it if you know the story of how it got there. Still he thinks it makes for a more interesting face, even if it is only for him.

He takes in the strong jaw-line and the sensuously shaped mouth with its full lips slightly parted, revealing only a hint of the perfect white teeth within. The two day stubble, he decides, only helps to enforce masculinity and in no way makes the wearer seem, even slightly unkempt.

The shoulders are his favourite. He knows that if he allows himself to touch them, they will be firm. The skin will be smooth. The individual muscles easily discernible beneath his probing fingertips; a shiver runs up his spine with the mere thought of the connection.

Chest is broad and completely hairless. The pectoral muscles are slightly squared and match the eight abdominals stacked below. This whole torso is a soft golden brown. The tan carefully cultivated during many hours at the local beach and in sun lounges. He aches to touch.

His eyes tracked down from the navel. Following a barely visible line of pale blonde hair – it disappears beneath the waistband of white Diesel trunks.

He is parched. His tongue comes away from the roof of his mouth with a soft click and moves forward to moisten his lips with its dampness.

He looks, even though he can barely contain himself, at the fullness of the trunks and his fists clench softly and open slowly. His hands move almost imperceptibly towards the bulge – but no – he must contain himself. He must not let his attention be diverted at this critical point. He allows himself the luxury of hovering his fingertips millimetres above their desired target.

Small beads of perspiration form above the waistband of the trunks and once again his tongue moves across his lips.

To his delight, even this closeness draws a response equal to when his fingers gain access beneath the waistband.

This body is perfect and it is all his for the taking. He cannot bear the thought that it could be defiled by the touch of another. He will not allow it and his decision is made. He moves slowly away from the mirror and sits on the edge of his bed. The small blue china bowl on his nightstand contains 15 Nembutal capsules and the matching cup and saucer contain a camomile tea which will settle his stomach.

Arranging himself on the bed he makes sure his hand written note is clearly visible, resting against the vase containing a single daisy and takes the first capsule. The remaining pills are consumed quickly and the warm tea washes them smoothly down. He rests his head on the soft pillows and descends into his last sleep.