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Laurence Scoresby is smoking in bed.

The lights are dimmed, turned down low- casting long shadows across the walls of his personal quarters. Smoke halos up around his head, as he waves a hand lazily to disperse some of the hazy cloud. One hand is behind his head, his sheets maroon, pillow cases black silk. He's shirtless, stripped down to a pair of lounge pants, in a subtly striped pattern.

There's an angry red scar down the middle of his body- slashed into and sewn back up after open heart surgery. A few rolled up blueprints and rubber bands are scattered on the sheets, as well as a pen light.

Tom wrinkles up his nose in distaste at the smell, but Laurence only smiles at him. He's sitting at the edge of the bed, fiddling around with a rubix cube in hand- until Laurence pulls it from his grasp, tossing it carelessly onto the floor.

It lands on top of a silk shirt- in deep red.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Not everyone is going to understand the arrangement that you two have, you know.

Laurence leans, draping himself over Tom's shoulders. He's still smoking, though he pauses to whisper lowly in his ear.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

But I do, and I would.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

You could have it however you liked.

Laurence's unoccupied hand skates down over Tom's shoulder, resting on his chest for a moment- before sliding down to rest on his stomach, fingers low, toying with his waistband.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

I'm a busy man- I wouldn't deprive you of someone's company.

A little playful nip to the side of his throat- not hard enough to break the skin and leave a bruise, but enough to smart a little.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Especially not when you're that sappy eyed over my sister.

Laurence laughs lowly, at the way that Tom blushes, looking off to the side.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

You're afraid of commitment-

He's drawling, now, voice lazy- a little roughened by the smoke.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

-keep it all to darkened tunnels, blind spots in the ventilation rooms-

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

-that I know.

Tom stiffens- apparently unaware that Laurence had been paying such close attention to the security system on board.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

But you wouldn't have to hide, not with me.

Laurence rubs his shoulder, working out a tight knot of tension underneath his fingers, nails digging a little against bare, tanned skin. He presses a kiss overtop of a little red divot left behind, almost apologetic.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

No one could say a word.

His voice rumbles, coming from deep in his chest.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

No one would dare to.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

Doesn't that sound nice?

Tom breathes in sharply, and Laurence grins- like a man assured that he's just dealt the winning hand.

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

You think about that, now.

Laurence presses a kiss to Tom's forehead-

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

I'm a patient man, Tom-

-flutters another onto his cheek-

**LAURENCE SCORESBY**

-because I always get what I want, in the end.

-before he's kissing him on the mouth, smoke and whiskey heavy on his tongue, lingering ovetop of Tom's.

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