

Envy by Xanthe



Story archived: www.xanthe.org/envy/

Story Notes:

I had great fun with this one! It was great to be writing spanky fic again - it's been too long! LOL!

This story is set in the **Possession** story-verse, a few months after the events depicted in that story. But you don't have to read that to understand this.

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Chapter 1 by Xanthe

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Harvey's spankings always really hurt, so Mike often wondered why he looked forward to them so much.

Maybe it was the jolt of excited foreboding he always got when Harvey crooked a finger and beckoned him over. Or maybe it was the feeling of helplessness as Harvey took hold of his wrist and drew him down over his knee. Or maybe it was the shiver of anticipation as Harvey pulled down his pants and boxers, exposing his ass. He just knew he felt more excited in those moments than at any other time.

He loved how Harvey was as cool, expert and in control when spanking him as he was in the courtroom. Harvey would always place one hand firmly on the small of Mike's back and place the other on his bottom, just resting it there for a moment before the spanking began.

"Why am I spanking you, Mike?" he often asked.

"Because I'm yours, and you can," Mike would usually reply.

The truth was a little different. The truth was that Harvey enjoyed spanking him, and Mike enjoyed being spanked, but that was always unspoken and implicit between them.

Sometimes they pretended it was a punishment, for the thrill it gave them, but that was just a masquerade. They both knew the truth.

Usually though, Harvey only ever spanked him at home, on Harvey's couch, or in the bedroom. Once, he'd spanked him in the back of the limousine, while Ray turned up the music and pretended it wasn't happening. Mike's face had flushed a shade of red as bright as his ass after that happened and it was days before he could look Ray in the eye again. But after Ray had dropped them off at Harvey's apartment, they'd had the hottest sex ever, so Mike couldn't deny he found the thrill of being seen a huge turn on.

Once, Harvey had followed him into the men's room at the fancy restaurant where they'd taken a client for lunch. He'd pushed him into a stall, shut the door behind them, put his leg up on the toilet, and pulled Mike over his knee. He'd only delivered a couple of swats, but Mike had found the whole thing so exciting that he'd spent the rest of the meal trying to hide his raging hard-on, much to Harvey's amusement.

What Harvey had never done was spank him in the office. Until now.

They had been working on one client's case for three days, trying to find a way to resolve it to best advantage but coming up blank at every turn. That was when Mike had his bright idea.

He spent ten minutes expounding it to Harvey in his office, pacing around the room, gesticulating wildly and running his hands through his hair until it was sticking up messily. Harvey just sat back in his chair, watching him, not saying a word throughout.

When Mike finally ran out of steam, he came to a stop in front of Harvey's desk and leaned on it with his hands.

"So – what do you think?" he asked anxiously. "Will it work?"

Harvey gave a slow nod. "It will." He pointed an index finger at Mike's chest. "Make it so!"

"Make it...'? Oh God! That was a *Star Trek* reference again, wasn't it?" Mike groaned. He'd been in this kinky "thing" with Harvey for several months now, often staying over at

Harvey's apartment, and had therefore been forced to sit through more episodes of *Star Trek* than he felt anyone should have to endure.

"It was. Jean-Luc Picard – now he is **definitely** the man," Harvey said with a grin.

"I thought Captain Kirk was the man?"

"They are both the man."

"And Captain Janeway?"

"She's the man too," Harvey told him firmly.

Mike rolled his eyes. "It's truly sad just how much of a Trekkie you are."

"Now, now, Mike – you know it's 'Trekker' and not 'Trekkie'. I'll have to spank you for that."

Harvey's eyes were gleaming, and Mike's stomach did that excited flip it always did whenever Harvey mentioned spanking him. He hadn't been spanked in days – they'd been too busy, and Harvey never liked to be predictable about when he handed out a spanking. He liked to ambush Mike, keeping it as a surprise, so Mike never knew when the next one was coming.

Harvey had that look he always got when contemplating spanking his boy. It was thoughtful and studied, as if he couldn't tear his gaze away from Mike, and there was an excited light shining in the depths of those dark eyes. Mike felt himself responding to his dom's intensity, his body tingling in anticipation.

"For that? That's not fair!" Mike replied, but they both knew it was a game. Mike liked to protest to make Harvey come out with all his dom guns blazing.

Harvey's expression changed, becoming stern. "This is not up for debate!"

Mike lowered his eyes, thrilled by the mini-scene they were enacting. "No, Harvey," he said softly, peeping up at Harvey through his eyelashes in a way he knew drove his dom nuts. Harvey's stern look became a glare, and Mike grinned. Oh yeah! He was going to get spanked all right.

"Go and draw up the papers," Harvey growled. "I'll deal with your naughty ass later."

Mike walked slowly out of the room, wiggling said naughty ass as he went, knowing Harvey was still watching. He hoped he'd get spanked for that too.

It was nearly midnight by the time he finished, and the offices of Pearson Hardman were deserted; they were the only ones there.

Mike went to Harvey's office and handed him the completed briefs; Harvey took them and

began to read.

“You’re not going to read through them all now, are you?” Mike couldn’t keep the whining tone out of his voice. “C’mon, Harvey! It’s late. You can read them tomorrow.”

“I want this wrapped up tonight,” Harvey told him. “But...” He pushed back from the desk, eyeing Mike with that look again. Mike felt his stomach do its usual excited flip in response. “It’s been a long day – and I have a bratty associate to deal with first.”

“Moi? I’m brilliant, not bratty!” Mike grinned at him and batted his eyelashes furiously at the same time.

“See – this is what I’m talking about. The answering back, the smart assed replies...it’s got to be dealt with, Mike.”

Harvey stood up and straightened his vest. Then he began removing his cuff links.

“What are you...?” Mike glanced nervously towards the door. “Here?” he squeaked.

“Yes. Here,” Harvey said implacably. He placed his cufflinks on the desk and began slowly winding his shirtsleeves up his arms to the elbows. Mike watched, transfixed. He always found it so hot when Harvey did this, and Harvey, damn him, knew that and milked it for all he was worth.

“But...” Mike said in an agonised tone. “I know it’s late...but...” Pearson Hardman was never closed. Anyone could come back to the office, any time they liked.

“Who gets to say when and where you get spanked?” Harvey demanded, his voice even deeper than usual, if that was possible.

“You do, Harvey.” Mike felt a shiver of anticipation; Harvey was really going to do this! He was going to spank him here, in his own office. Mike found the idea incredibly exciting, the fear of discovery making it even more of a turn on.

“That’s right. Me.” Harvey finished with his shirtsleeves and fixed Mike with a hard gaze. “And why is that?”

“Because you own me, and my ass is yours,” Mike told him automatically.

“Precisely.” Harvey walked over to the couch and then turned and crooked his finger slowly at Mike, beckoning him over to his fate.

Mike swallowed hard. Harvey was going to spank him on the couch? Where they sat and talked to clients? Where Jessica sometimes sat...? He felt like he was going to pass out from the sheer thrill.

“Now, Mike!” Harvey snapped, and Mike hurried over to his side.

Harvey sat down, pulled Mike forward so he was standing in front of him, and undid Mike's pants. Then he took hold of Mike's wrist and swung him down over his knees, the way he always did.

Mike settled down over Harvey's knees, enjoying the familiar sensation of Harvey's suit pants underneath him. The couch smelled different from the one in Harvey's apartment, and there was something so intoxicatingly illicit about what they were doing that his cock hardened immediately.

Harvey pulled Mike's pants and boxers back, so they were resting half way down his thighs, and Mike rested his head on his arms and tried to get comfortable. It seemed they really were going to do this!

"Why am I spanking you, Mike?" Harvey asked.

"Because you're a weird *Star Trek* freak who doesn't like being called a Trekkie?" Mike glanced over his shoulder with a grin. Well, if they were going to live dangerously by doing this here, then he might as well up the ante.

Harvey's dark eyes flashed. "Oh dear. I can see I'm going to have to spank you very hard tonight, Mike," he said. "And it's a shame, because I can't give you a lift into work tomorrow, so you'll have to bike in. I wonder how that hard saddle will feel under your sore ass?"

"Harvey!" Mike tried to rise in protest, but Harvey just squashed him back down with his hand.

"View it as a life lesson, Mike. Don't play with the big boys unless you don't mind getting hurt."

Mike rolled his eyes, but his body was trembling in anticipation. He liked it when Harvey got stern and tough with him, and he loved being held down while Harvey was spanking him. He liked being made to take it, knowing that Harvey was in charge, and he couldn't do a damn thing to stop it.

There was always a delicious moment before the first spank, when Mike's stomach flipped a dozen times and an excited shiver sparked through his body. He loved that moment, and Harvey always gave it to him.

This time was no exception. Harvey paused, hand raised, for one long minute... and then it all began.

Harvey's spankings always hurt, but in such a good way. They were sharp, and warm, and full of delicious kinds of sensations that made Mike squeal and whimper. He was always torn between wanting them to stop and yet longing for them to go on forever.

He loved the tension between the two emotions. He loved feeling that he couldn't take another stinging slap, but that Harvey wouldn't give him a choice, so he'd have to take them. He loved squirming and feeling Harvey's arm tighten around him, keeping him in place, making sure he knew he couldn't get away. And he loved how Harvey's body felt so big, warm, solid and strong under and against his own.

The spanking was as hard as Harvey had promised, and Mike was yelling long before Harvey was done raining those hard slaps down on his upturned, exposed ass.

Mike begged for mercy. He apologised for everything he'd ever done and everything he'd ever do. He told Harvey he was sorry, and that he'd do anything for Harvey, anything at all, if he'd just stop spanking him. Even if it was just for a second...

Harvey never listened. He sometimes replied with a dismissive 'uh-huh', or an amused snort at some particularly outrageous promise Mike made to him, but he never stopped spanking him.

Harvey never bargained, or negotiated. He was, as he told Mike every single time he spanked him, the one in charge. Mike didn't get to say when, where, how long, or how hard. Those were Harvey's decisions. And Mike didn't want that to ever change, no matter how much he begged and pleaded while over Harvey's knees.

Mike knew he could say his safe word if he really wanted it to stop, but he was enjoying it far too much to end it.

His stroke of brilliance earlier, in cracking the case, had come at a price. His brain always went into overdrive when he was working at that level, and he found it hard to settle afterwards.

It suddenly struck him that Harvey had been wearing his "I want to spank you so much right now" expression long before Mike had teased him about being a Trekkie. That expression had started glowing in his eyes as he watched Mike pace the room earlier, excitedly explaining his bright idea. The *Star Trek* jibe had just been the convenient hook to hang it on. Harvey had been turned on by his brilliance...and Harvey had also known that Mike would suffer for it later, if he wasn't brought back down to earth before bedtime.

Mike was no stranger to insomnia, finding it hard to switch off his over-active brain. He'd lost count of the nights when Harvey had come into the living room at 3 a.m. to find him surfing the web, or listening to music, unable to switch off and sleep.

Now Harvey was bringing him back down, forcing his brain to stop thinking about everything else and making him switch off. How could he think about anything but being spanked? It was impossible! The world narrowed to himself over Harvey's knees, his ass burning as Harvey spanked it hard. He couldn't think about the case, or about their client, or about anything at all except Harvey's firm, hard hand on his ass.

The endorphins kicked in, and Mike began to feel fuzzy and high. He stopped yelling and

wriggling, and zoned out, relaxing across Harvey's thighs, and gradually the spanks slowed and then stopped.

"Good boy." Harvey tousled his hair affectionately.

Mike groaned. "That hurt, Harvey," he complained, lying there lazily.

"I should certainly hope so," Harvey told him firmly. "That was definitely my intention."

"I'm so tired. I don't wanna move," Mike murmured.

Harvey's answer to that was to tip him, unceremoniously, onto the floor.

Harvey got up, adjusted his pants, and went to get the sheaf of papers Mike had given him earlier.

"Ow." Mike got onto all fours and glanced over his shoulder to see that his ass was now burning a bright red, glowing mightily. "That has to be the hardest spanking you've ever given me, Harvey." He couldn't keep the note of pride out of his voice as he spoke.

"Bad boys deserve hard spankings." Harvey picked up the papers, returned to the couch, and sat down. "Get up here, Pup." He patted the couch beside him. "You can lie here while I read."

Mike got up off the floor and was about to pull up his pants when Harvey reached out and fastened a hand around his wrist, stopping him.

"Leave them down. I want that ass on display," he ordered.

"Harvey!" Mike gave an agonised hiss.

"Or, if you keep arguing with me, you can stand in the corner with it on display, instead of lying comfortably on the couch. It's up to you." Harvey gave a dismissive shrug. "I get to see it either way."

Mike made a face at him, but he did as he was told, throwing himself down onto the couch on his belly, his pants and boxers around his ankles, his burning hot ass on display.

"Good boy," Harvey said approvingly. He picked up the papers and began reading them, while Mike lay beside him.

Mike slowly edged up the couch while Harvey was busy reading, and then gradually insinuated his head onto Harvey's lap, under the papers.

Harvey gave an amused grunt, but he didn't push him away. Instead, he held the papers in one hand and rested the other on Mike's head, gently stroking his hair while he continued reading.

Mike gave a happy sigh. His ass was freshly spanked, he felt loose, happy and high, and he was lying on Harvey's lap, being stroked. What could be better?

He dozed for a long time, getting a delicious thrill every time he came to and remembered that his hot ass was on display because that was how Harvey wanted it. It felt so exposed, vulnerable and shameful to be in this position, and he liked the thrill it gave him. He was pretty sure that when they got back to Harvey's apartment, they'd end up have the hottest sex of their lives.

Mike opened his eyes and lay there serenely, just basking in the moment...and blinked as he saw a sudden movement in the hallway outside. Then Louis came into view, striding along, muttering to himself.

Time seemed to slow down, and Mike watched in slow motion, unable to move or speak, as Louis glanced into Harvey's office, continued walking, and then stopped, frozen in time.

"Oh shit!" Mike whispered, and Harvey looked up to see Louis too.

Louis turned his head and looked in again, and Mike saw him take in the tableau in front of him. There was Mike, lying on the couch with his pants and boxers around his ankles, his head in Harvey's lap, Harvey's hand stroking his hair...and his red, freshly-spanked ass was clearly on display. Nobody seeing them like that could have any doubt as to what had just gone on.

Louis stood there, mouth gaping open, and Harvey did what Harvey would, in the circumstances. He raised his hand in a wave, nodded, and said, in a cheery, completely unembarrassed voice: "Evening, Louis!"

Louis jumped as if he'd been stung. Then he gave a faltering half wave in return, before scurrying off in the direction of his office.

"Oh shit." Mike sat up, his heart thumping crazily. "Harvey! He saw us!"

"I know." Harvey looked completely unconcerned. "Poor Louis. Did you see the expression in his eyes?" He shook his head, chuckling softly.

"I know! He looked so shocked...shit..." Mike ran a hand through his hair, making it stick up. "Oh shit, Harvey..."

"Shocked?" Harvey shook his head. "You've really got to learn to read people better, Pup. That wasn't shock." There was a thoughtful, almost pitying expression on Harvey's face as he spoke. "That was envy."

"He wants me?" Mike shuddered at the thought of being bent over Louis's knee, taking a spanking from the slimy bastard's hand.

“No, Mike.” Harvey smoothed Mike’s hair down languidly. “He wants to **be** you. That’s always been his problem.”

“What?” Mike shifted and winced as his sore ass made itself felt. “I mean, I just assumed, because he’s tried to steal me away from you so many times...oh.” He finally understood what Harvey must have seen all along. “Jealousy? He saw what was between us and tried to separate us because he wanted it for himself?”

“Yes.”

“Poor Louis.” For the first time, Mike actually felt sorry for the guy. “How long has he felt this way?”

Harvey shrugged. “As long as I’ve known him. The bratty behaviour is attention seeking – he wants a good spanking as much as you do, Mike.” He grinned and tugged Mike down for a deep, satisfying kiss.

“Uh...you won’t ever give him one, will you?” Mike asked after. “A spanking, I mean?”

Harvey laughed and placed his hands on Mike’s hot bottom. “No, Mike. There’s only room in my life for one brat, and you’re it.”

Mike smiled and rested against Harvey’s shoulder. “Harvey – can I pull my pants up now?” he asked plaintively. “Only...he might come back!”

“Fine.” Harvey yawned and stood up. “I’m done reading anyway. You did a good job for this client, Pup; everything’s in order. It’s time we went home.”

Mike got up, relieved to be able to finally cover up the signs of his recent punishment.

“Do you think Louis will tell anyone?” he asked. “Or, you know, try to use it against us, to blackmail us or something?”

“Well, firstly, who’d believe him?” Harvey raised an eyebrow. “And secondly, what does it matter? It’s not illegal to spank your own boyfriend, and I’m not as closeted as Louis, so I’m immune to him trying to blackmail me about it. Are you worried about your Grammy finding out?”

“No.” Mike bit on his lip. “Well, not really. I mean, she’s pretty cool, and while I wouldn’t want her knowing about the spanking thing particularly, she wouldn’t have a problem with you being...hey...did you just call me your boyfriend?”

“I did, yes. Isn’t that what you are?” Harvey looked amused.

“Well, I dunno. I mean...your boy – yes. Your pup – hell yes! And your sub...clearly.” Mike winced and ran a hand over his still smarting ass. “But your boyfriend?”

“You like?” Harvey crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back on the desk... and was there just a hint of vulnerability in those dark eyes?

“I like,” Mike said softly. He leaned in for a kiss. “I like very much, Captain.”

The End
Friendly feedback adored!

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