

Responsibilities by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/responsibilities/>

Story Notes:

WARNING: This one is very explicit and deals with graphic scenes of dom/sub sex and BDSM themes, so, you know, don't read it if that ain't your thing!

Not beta'd so any mistakes are my own.

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

To say things hadn't been easy of late would be an understatement. Jed's performance in the Situation Room, always erratic at the best of times, had become even more edgy over the past few days to the point where even Leo's occasional muttered entreaties to him to keep calm or hunker down hadn't had the desired effect. He knew Jed was under-confident in his role as Commander in Chief, knew how uncomfortable he felt in military situations, possibly ordering men to their deaths, taking responsibility for ultimate decisions that would have a deciding effect on the lives of so many people. He did his job well but not a day had gone past in the last 2 weeks when they had not had to visit the situation room during this

current military crisis and Leo knew that his friend was finding the pressure increasingly hard to handle.

He was not, therefore, very surprised when Jed came to his office late one Wednesday evening, and stood in front of his desk, gazing fixedly at the floor.

"Can I help you, sir?" Leo asked gently, seeing the agonised expression on his friend's face.

"Leo..." Jed hesitated, still gazing at his feet, then sighed and looked up into Leo's eyes. "I know it's not Friday, Leo, but I need to ask you..."

"Go," Leo said, understanding immediately what his friend required.

"I'm not falling apart. I just..."

"It's okay. I understand. Go to the Blue Bedroom. I'll see you there in a couple of minutes," Leo told him.

"I wouldn't ask except..." Jed shook his head. His shoulders were slumped and he seemed utterly dejected.

"I said I don't mind. It's hardly an imposition and Friday or not I think it might do us both some good," Leo reassured his friend. Jed looked immensely relieved by that assurance and nodded, absently, but still made no move.

"Go on. I won't be long," Leo said softly, noting just how much Jed seemed to need his permission. Jed nodded again and then slowly left the room. Leo watched him go, the toppy side of his personality coming effortlessly into play. He didn't like how despondent Jed looked and it seemed to Leo that his friend might require a change of pace from him this evening. He liked to vary what they did in the Blue Bedroom, both to keep it fresh and to prevent Jed from being able to second guess him, but tonight he thought that he might try something completely different. Jed usually craved the bringing down element of confrontation with his top, both verbal and physical, before he could let go enough to relax, but the President already looked pretty down to Leo and after the past few weeks of military confrontation and brinkmanship, Leo doubted whether more confrontation was what either of them needed. No, what they needed was affirmation, he decided. Affirmation of what they were to each other and how that could give them both the sense of release and relaxation that they required right now.

Leo took a deep breath, then stood up and made the short walk to the Residence. He opened the door to the Blue Bedroom quietly, to find Jed standing by the window, hands buried deep in his pockets, gazing out at the dark sky outside, lost in his own unhappy mood. Jed turned when Leo came into the room, a slightly uncertain look in his eyes. He lacked his usual ebullient energy and Leo didn't think his friend would try and argue or protest anything tonight the way he usually did – all the more reason for Leo to alter his strategy. He surveyed his sub for a moment, and Jed gave him a faltering smile in return, clearly unsure of himself. Leo didn't want him to be unsure – he wanted him to be very sure.

That was what tonight was going to be about. He had spent the brief journey to the Blue Bedroom psyching himself up and felt a sense of leashed power flowing through his veins, energising him. It never ceased to amaze him how very right this side of his relationship with Jed felt. He loved, respected and adored the man in front of him, knew that he would die for him if need be; Jed was a match for him intellectually and complemented him in every way...which was why it sometimes surprised him how intoxicating it felt when he was exercising sexual power over his lover, best friend, and, not to put too fine a point on it, his boss – the President himself.

Leo usually refrained from touching Jed too much during the early parts of their sessions in the Blue Bedroom – Jed was usually too explosive and in need of too much verbal bringing down first, and only later, when Jed had relaxed and Leo had subdued him, did Leo get really intimate and physical with him. Somehow, Leo knew that would be a mistake tonight. Jed was already too far inside his own head – he needed bringing out, not taking down.

Leo strode purposefully towards his sub, and Jed took a step back, a nervous look on his face; Leo suspected that he looked as commanding as he felt – he could feel the power coursing through him, tightly controlled but rising to the surface, and he knew that as it was all focussed on his sub, Jed had to be feeling it too. Jed looked surprised and taken aback as well as anxious as Leo walked swiftly towards him; usually Leo was the silent, still one. He usually allowed Jed to talk wildly and walk around the room gesturing while he just watched him, and then carefully, slowly, reined him back in - but not this time. This time would be different.

Leo reached his sub, and, without warning, he put his hand in Jed's hair. He was firm, but not rough – he was never, ever rough. There was no part of Leo's understanding of what it was to be a top that included yelling or bullying or treating his sub with anything less than respect. He could be firm, unyielding, demanding and sometimes almost calculatedly merciless, but he was never harsh or mean and most definitely not rough. Now he tangled his hand in Jed's hair, and pulled his friend's head back and Jed stared at him from shocked eyes, clearly wondering what the hell was happening.

Leo kept his firm grip on Jed's hair, and moved his other hand to gently trace a line down Jed's neck, stroking his friend's throat. Jed had no choice save to agree to the caress, caught almost like a deer in the grip of a lion, unable to move, transfixed by the encounter.

"When you are in this room, who are you?" Leo asked softly, still stroking Jed's throat, his grasp on Jed's hair unwavering.

Jed swallowed hard, and Leo could feel the motion under his fingers as they caressed Jed's neck.

"I'm Josiah, sir," Jed said obediently.

"Yes, but who are you?" Leo pressed.

Jed gazed at him with wide eyes, clearly floundering. Leo suspected that Jed could have told

him what he was not in this room, but not what he was. In this room he was not the President, with all the duties and responsibilities that title brought with it. In this room he was not Dr Bartlet, Nobel prize winner and academic. In this room he was not even a husband and father, although he was all these things outside it. In this room they maintained the fiction, for they both knew that a fiction was exactly what it was, that Jed was free of all those other roles, free to be only one thing.

"I'm not sure, sir," Jed answered. He obviously **wanted** to give the right answer – there was no question that he was holding back on purpose - but he didn't know what reply Leo required from him.

"Okay, let's try it from a different angle. What responsibilities do you have in this room?" Leo asked.

Jed gazed at him again, deer caught in a lion's grip, clearly wanting only to find the right answer, the one Leo wanted him to give, regardless of whether or not he personally agreed with it.

"None, sir?" He ventured. Leo's grip became tighter and Jed gave just the slightest hint of a grimace as the grasp on his hair clearly began to tug a little.

"No, you do have one responsibility here," Leo told him, his hand moving down Jed's throat and ending up at his collar, where he undid his friend's tie, pulled it free, and threw it onto the chair beside them. "You have a responsibility to me, to do as you are told and to obey me. That is your only responsibility in this room," he emphasised. Jed nodded as much as he could with Leo's hand still gripping his hair so tightly. "You have no others," Leo told him, and he could tell this line of reasoning was working with Jed. It was never enough to simply tell Jed to give up his responsibilities and relax; while Jed might pay lip service to that, he wouldn't actually be doing it inside that complex brain of his. So, Leo had to fill his brain with other ideas, with concepts of dominance and submission, and mastery and obedience - and then he thought he could find a way into Jed's psyche, a way to make him relax and give him some respite from the demands of his job. Leo had to take away Jed's choices and make his friend give up his responsibilities, if only for a few brief hours, to give him a chance to recharge his batteries and get some rest.

"Do you understand?" Leo asked, his fingers unbuttoning the top button on Jed's shirt. Jed blinked.

"Yes, sir," he breathed, with what sounded suspiciously like a sigh of relief. If Leo was in charge then he didn't have to be, but Jed, being Jed, first had to be convinced that Leo was in charge - and Leo thought he was being pretty convincing right now.

"In this room, you belong to me, and you will obey me. You'll allow me to do whatever I want to you...whatever pleases me," Leo told his lover. Jed's eyes were as wide as saucers right now. Leo had never played this kind of game with him before. Usually Leo asserted his authority over his sub in a myriad of different ways but never had he been so uncompromisingly the master, rather than simply the top. Leo was a little surprised himself,

but the role felt right for this situation.

"Do you understand that?" Leo asked, pulling Jed's head back even further. He could feel Jed's hesitation, feel the mute rebellion in Jed's stiff muscles, and wary stance. This surrendering of his very soul was not something that came easily to a man as used to giving orders and being in authority as Jed. Leo hoped that Jed wouldn't just burst out laughing at him – he hoped he was being strong enough and firm enough so that Jed wouldn't dare challenge him.

"I..." Jed gazed at Leo from agonised eyes. He wanted to give in...ah he wanted it so much, Leo thought to himself. Only that stubborn Jed Bartlet mind, bright, shining, and utterly argumentative, was standing in the way of what he wanted. It was time to up the ante.

"I said..." Leo moved his free hand down, grabbed Jed's shirt in his fist, and tore the remaining buttons open with a sweep of his fingers. "Do. You. Understand?" He could hear buttons popping and the sound of ripping fabric but still he didn't let go of Jed's hair. Jed looked down, shocked, and for the first time put up his hands as if to fend Leo off.

"Leo...what the hell...?" He protested, his eyes wide with shock at the knowledge that Leo had just ripped his shirt half off his body. Leo pulled back his head again.

"Put your hands down," he ordered. "You belong to me, you'll obey me, and I'll do what I like to you." And so saying, he moved in close, pulled Jed's head back even further, exposing his neck, and, lowering his face, claimed Jed's mouth with his own, his free hand closing over Jed's exposed throat as he did so, just resting there, gently. The gesture was one of ownership and Jed fought him for a moment, his own hands waving around wildly as he tried to resist both the kiss and the implications of Leo's caressing hand fastened lightly around his throat. He thrashed around for a few seconds, and then, finally, was unable to resist Leo's thrusting tongue, and his protesting hands came to rest on Leo's hips, pulling him hungrily closer. Leo kissed him hard, almost savagely, for a very long time, and when he finally let Jed up for air, he sensed that he had won some kind of battle. Jed hung in his grasp, shaking slightly, every muscle in his body screaming his need for Leo to take this further, to take this all the way and quell him completely.

"Do you understand now?" Leo asked, in a deceptively gentle tone, as Jed panted underneath his hands.

"Yes, sir," Jed whispered, his own large hands coming to rest, warm and needy, on Leo's ass.

"Good, then I'll ask you again. When you're in this room, alone with me, who are you?" Leo asked.

"I'm yours, sir. I belong to you," Jed replied. Leo smiled – it was the right answer, and he thought that Jed was halfway to believing it, which meant he had given them both an illusion to distract them from their everyday lives, and give them some respite.

"Good...that's good," Leo purred, removing his hand from Jed's throat and finally releasing

his grasp on his friend's hair. Jed relaxed fractionally but prematurely – Leo knew he had to keep the pressure up if he was to keep Jed where he needed him to be mentally. "I'm going to undress you. Put your hands behind your back," Leo ordered. Jed did as he was told, a quizzical expression on his face. Leo never undressed him. He usually ordered Jed to undress the minute he was inside the Blue Bedroom and how long it took for Jed to obey him was usually an indication of how much bringing down he required. On this occasion, Leo decided to show his sub just how much power he had over him and just how irrelevant Jed's own thoughts on the subject of being undressed were. He pulled the remains of Jed's slightly ripped shirt from his friend's shoulders and threw it on the chair. Then he undid his friend's belt and slid it slowly, sensuously from the loops in Jed's pants, noting as he did so that the combination of the sound, the act itself, and the feel of Leo's fingers so near his crotch were clearly having an arousing effect on Jed. He took the belt in both his hands and cracked it a couple of times, noting the way Jed jumped at the sound, and how his eyes followed Leo's every move. Then Leo undid Jed's pants and pushed them down his friend's legs. Jed moved as if to shake them free, but Leo stopped him with one hard swat on his ass.

"Don't do anything unless I order it," Leo told him firmly. "Perhaps I didn't make it clear – in this room, tonight, you will do exactly as you are told. You won't think for yourself – you'll wait to be told. I want your obedience. If you don't give it to me then I'll punish you. Is that understood?"

Jed stood in an almost delirious silence for a moment, and then nodded.

"Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Good." Leo nodded, continuing with his task and divesting his sub of his pants.

"Sir..." Jed began. "Perhaps I should be punished, sir?" He ventured. Leo knew what this was about – however much Jed hated being spanked, he also craved it on some level, as a way of dealing with his own often complex emotions. When he'd come here this evening he had undoubtedly been expecting Leo to take him down the way he often did, with a long, hard spanking, but Leo had other ideas. One thing that he was determined would not happen this evening was that his sub be allowed to set the pace in any way. This was his show – he was running it and if he let Jed take over then he'd be failing to give his friend what he truly needed right now.

Leo stood up, feeling that power running through his body again, keeping it tightly leashed, suddenly aware of just how potent it was and just how much damage it could do if he didn't keep it under control. Every muscle of his body was filled with it, and he saw Jed almost visibly quake before him as he came face to face with his friend again.

"What did you say?" He demanded. Jed tried to brazen it out.

"I'm just suggesting...that maybe I need..." He got no further as Leo grabbed his hair again.

"I'll decide what you need, and I'll decide whether or not to give it to you. You will decide nothing in this room. Understood?"

Jed gazed at him mutinously for a long time. Leo moved his hand down the front of his friend's briefs, found Jed's very hard cock and took it firmly in his hand in a manner that was a long way from being a caress and held, he hoped, every sensation of being a threat. Jed certainly seemed to get the message, because he gave another of those little sighs of relief and nodded, closing his eyes as he did so.

"Understood, sir," he agreed. Leo released him and Jed sagged for a moment, looking utterly shocked. "I'm sorry, sir," he said unexpectedly. He suddenly looked not only contrite but also very anxious, as if he was worried that he had really angered his top. Leo stroked a soothing hand over Jed's ass and leaned in again for a much gentler, more forgiving kiss. Jed leaned against him, and Leo took a few minutes to soothe and calm his sub, before placing his hands on Jed's shoulders and pushing him in the direction of the floor. Jed gazed at him for confirmation that this was indeed what Leo intended and Leo nodded.

"On your knees, Josiah," he said, his hands pushing Jed inexorably down.

"Sir?" Jed came to rest on his knees in front of him, and Leo felt that sensation of power flow through him again. Leo directed Jed's attention to the tenting in the front of his own pants.

"Suck me," he ordered. Jed gazed up at him in what looked almost like a state of shock. He had given Leo blow jobs before, but almost always of his own volition and usually sometime in the night, long after Leo had made love to him, when they were just enjoying their togetherness in the aftermath of one of their more usual sessions. "You heard me," Leo said, wondering if Jed would obey. He looked down on his friend's face, and felt a sudden surge of the most powerful love. He smoothed Jed's hair gently away from his forehead and smiled at him and Jed smiled back, and then moved willingly forwards, his hands fumbling for the fastenings on Leo's pants. He opened Leo's fly and then it was his turn to do something surprising, as, instead of releasing Leo's hard cock from his plain gray briefs, instead he nuzzled at it through the fabric, in a way that felt almost unbearably erotic to Leo. Jed teased his cock for several minutes through the fabric, wetting it with his tongue and playing with his balls with his fingers, sliding them in and out of the increasingly tight fabric. It was clear that far from being unsettled by the direction in which the play had gone, Jed was relishing the chance to be inventive himself and Leo was grateful for that. He let Jed play down there for quite some time; they were both enjoying themselves and it felt so good, but eventually he decided he'd allowed his sub to have his own way for long enough. He reached down and released his cock from his pants, and then moved Jed's head firmly towards it. Jed gave him an almost cheeky smile, making Leo grunt with amusement, and then opened his mouth and took Leo in whole. Leo gave a soft moan and stroked his sub's hair with his hands as Jed worked assiduously with his mouth. Jed looked beautiful he thought, as he watched his sub's head dip up and down, his eyes closed in what looked almost like rapture as he sucked hard on his top's cock. Leo would have liked nothing more than to enjoy this kind of pleasure all night, but he knew he was perilously close to coming in Jed's skilful mouth, and, regretfully, backed away. Jed sat back on his heels and gave his top a dreamy smile, his lips glistening from the action he had just been performing and his blue eyes alight with an abandoned kind of pleasure.

"Very good," Leo said, and he rewarded his sub by dipping his head and bestowing a deep, grateful kiss on Jed's mouth. Jed opened up, and Leo had a sudden image of them as if frozen into a beautiful tableau. He saw himself leaning over his nearly-naked sub, saw Jed kneeling, his back straight, his entire body straining to be closer to his top and accept his top's loving kiss, saw his own hands stroking Jed's warm, naked shoulders as Jed pressed up against him adoringly. That sensation of power coursed through him again, heady and intoxicating. The moment passed and, parting from Jed, he helped his sub to his feet, and then, changing the pace completely from the loving moment they'd just shared, he moved suddenly and unexpectedly, taking Jed completely by surprise, and pushed him against the wall.

"Hands on the wall, legs apart," Leo ordered and Jed obeyed immediately, without any hesitation at all. Leo gave a satisfied smile, knowing he had gotten Jed to where he needed to be. He stood behind him, and slowly removed his friend's briefs. He could see the goose bumps rising on Jed's flesh as he did so and had a sudden inkling of how this must feel for his friend. He rarely treated Jed to such displays of erotic mastery – Jed trusted him with his body, but usually by the time they got around to making love Jed was already naked and Leo rarely gave him any orders although his lover was always submissive and compliant. This was different – this purposeful undressing seemed like a statement of intent and a declaration of dominance and Jed was shivering by the time Leo had divested him of his briefs. Leo quickly removed the rest of Jed's clothing and then spent several minutes caressing his friend's ass. "Keep your hands on the wall," Leo ordered as Jed began moaning softly. "Open your legs wider..." He stroked Jed's balls through his open legs and Jed gave a little growl of surprise. Leo slapped his ass firmly and Jed gave a yelp. "Remember who you are," Leo told him. "And remember what I can do to you. Do you remember, Josiah?" He asked, stepping back and crossing the room to the nightstand where he found the lube and condoms and put them in his pocket. "No, don't look over your shoulder. Keep staring at the wall." Jed turned back as ordered. "Answer me please." Leo returned to Jed's side and slapped his friend's ass hard with his hand, enjoying the way Jed jumped beneath him...he didn't remove his hand after, but gently smoothed the glowing pink hand print until it disappeared.

"Uh, what was the question?" Jed asked. Leo smiled and continued stroking.

"I asked who you are and I asked what I can do to you," Leo told him, opening the lube and smearing some on his fingers.

"I'm..." Jed hesitated and Leo knew he was still having problems - not with the idea of actually surrendering himself but with saying something so absurd out loud again. He smacked Jed's ass again, hard, and then smoothed the hand print away as before. Jed made a low sound in the back of his throat.

"Who are you?" Leo asked him in an entirely reasonable tone, before, without warning, smacking him again.

"Uh...ow...I'm...yours, sir," Jed said quickly as Leo's hand came down once more on his

exposed ass.

"Good...and what can I do to you?" Leo enquired, taking Jed's buttocks in both hands and stepping up close behind his friend, fastening his mouth to the back of Jed's neck and sucking hard on his skin.

"Unggh..." Jed gasped for air as Leo slipped one of his lubed fingers inside him.

"I'm waiting," Leo said dangerously, sliding his finger in and out.

"Anything!" Jed managed to say finally.

"That's right...anything," Leo purred, inserting another finger. Jed gasped again and Leo finger fucked him thoroughly for several long minutes, before inserting another finger and continuing. He moved his hand around to Jed's front and found his friend's cock hard to bursting point. "You can't come until I give you permission," Leo told him, and this was another departure from their usual love making routine. Jed shook his head, looking like a boxer who'd gone 10 rounds with Mike Tyson, sweat pouring from his forehead, making his dark hair damp and even darker.

"Leo!" He complained. "I'm not superhuman!"

Leo took a step back, removed his fingers, and slapped his sub's ass again, several times, until it was glowing a rosy red. Jed stood there, his breath coming in hard pants, utterly abandoned to the process. In fact, Leo suspected that Jed was so lost in the scene that he hadn't even noticed that Leo hadn't used a belt or a paddle or given him the long hard licking he'd undoubtedly been craving when he'd come in here. Leo had no intention of doing so either. What Jed needed right now wasn't a painful ordeal to punish him for his own perceived inadequacies and his admittedly erratic performances in the situation room. Leo wasn't about to punish Jed for doing his best to be a good President; what his sub needed was some loving, and he had to be made to take it by believing he had no choice about it. Leo spanked Jed with his hand for several minutes, not going very hard, one hand placed on Jed's back for comfort and reassurance, enjoying the way Jed moved under him and the feel of his increasingly warm rump beneath his hand. Finally he stopped and Jed shook his head again, as if to clear his mind.

"When I say you'll do something, then you'll do it," Leo told him firmly. "However unreasonable the order, if I ask you, then your only response is 'yes, sir'. Understood?"

"Yes...sir," Jed whispered, sounding dazed.

"Good. I'm going to play with your ass for a good long time and you aren't going to come until I give you permission – understood?" Leo said.

"Yes, sir." Jed nodded promptly.

"Good." Leo resumed playing with Jed's ass. He was enjoying himself – he liked the way Jed

behaved when he was being touched. He never held himself back so you could see every ripple of a shiver and every quiver of arousal. Leo loved the feel of Jed's skin under his hands and the scent of his friend's body as he arched his back or wriggled under his expert caresses. He liked the little sounds Jed made in the back of his throat and the way his golden hued skin was stretched taut over his muscles so that he could see every single tremor.

Leo knelt behind his friend, parted Jed's buttocks, and dipped his tongue inside. Jed gave a growl of surprise and half stood up. Leo drew back and slapped his ass again and Jed put his hands back on the wall, his entire body shaking. Leo smiled – he often rimmed Jed precisely because he enjoyed his lover's reactions so much, but usually Jed was lying relaxed on the bed and wasn't required to do anything except respond – now Leo was asking him to hold position and to accept this most intimate of caresses without coming...and Jed's mind was occupied with all those things, which meant that he had completely surrendered himself to the situation and wasn't thinking about anything outside this room, which had been Leo's aim when he had first stepped foot inside it.

He rimmed Jed for several long minutes, until he could feel by Jed's gasps and the shaking of his muscles under his fingers that his friend couldn't hold on for much longer. Only then did Leo draw back and reach for a condom. He stood up, took up position behind his sub, and then slid inside his friend's already well lubed passage with a slow, steady thrust that made Jed cry out and jack-knife against him.

"Sssh," Leo whispered, burying himself up to the hilt in the warm, welcoming sensation of Jed's body. He wrapped his arms around Jed's chest, holding him tightly against his still clothed body, and kissed his friend's neck, enjoying the sensation of being so close to his lover, totally enveloped in Jed in every single way possible. He kissed his friend's back and nuzzled Jed's hair with his mouth, running his hands over Jed's nipples as he did so. Jed cried out again, completely lost in the moment.

"Hush...sssh," Leo said again, soothing Jed with his hands at the same time as he, quite calculatedly and cruelly, aroused his lover to ever greater heights of ecstasy.

"Please, sir...you gotta let me...!" Jed whispered.

"Not yet...you can hold it," Leo told him, demanding nothing less.

"Oh god..." Jed moaned, shaking his head. "Please!"

"Mmmm, no, I want you to hold it," Leo said, feeling that power coursing through him again, feeling it emanating from Jed, being handed to him like something tangible. Of course Jed could come whenever he wanted, if he wanted, but Jed was handing power over his own body to Leo and Leo was taking it and handing it back to Jed in the form of this devastating and exquisite sexual torture, and it was the exchange of power that was so utterly erotic that both of them were aroused beyond measure.

Leo's hands continued their evil, caressing work, and all the time he held Jed against him, impaled on his own cock, and Jed seemed heavier, as if he could no longer stand upright,

but still he held on. At last Leo took pity on him, and, pushing Jed back against the wall, he began to thrust slowly into his friend. Jed welcomed each thrust with a cry of pleasure and a sigh of need, and Leo grasped his lover's hips hard with his hands to keep Jed upright. Finally, when he sensed his own climax was near, he took Jed's straining cock in his hand.

"You can come any time you want," he murmured, and then, without waiting for a reply, he began thrusting hard and fast inside his friend's body at the same time as pumping Jed's cock with his hand. Jed didn't just reach his climax – he positively exploded, his entire body convulsing as he came, and Leo had to hold him up for another few seconds until he reached his own climax which was just as explosive and then he sank against Jed's naked, sweaty back, and they both leaned forwards against the wall, gasping for breath. Leo took a few minutes to recover, and then he withdrew from Jed, and, slinging one of Jed's arms around his shoulder, escorted his friend over to the bed and threw them both down on it. He found a sheet and pulled it over them and then took Jed in his arms and just lay there, still trying to recover. Jed gazed at him out of dazed blue eyes, utterly boneless and compliant in his arms.

"Oh shit," Jed murmured when he was at last able to say something coherent.

"Yeah..." Leo agreed.

"Oh god," Jed added.

"Yeah." Leo nodded.

"I haven't come like that since I was 19 years old!" Jed whispered feebly.

"Mmmm," Leo sighed.

"Y'know..." Jed snuggled closer. "Normally you're pretty scary when we're in this room together, but tonight! Tonight you were terrifying!"

"I'm pleased to hear it." Leo gave a low chuckle.

"My shirt!" Jed lamented, glancing at the torn item in question where it lay abandoned on the chair.

"I'll buy you another shirt," Leo said with a roll of his eyes.

"I've got hundreds of shirts. I won't miss that one...in fact I think I'll have it framed or something, to remind me how hot tonight was," Jed grinned.

"They can frame shirts?" Leo raised an eyebrow.

"I'm the President of the United States. If I ask them to frame the shirt they'll damn well frame the shirt!" Jed proclaimed.

"I thought we just established what you are when you're in this room and the answer wasn't President," Leo said sternly. "You want me to get tough with you again?" Jed gave him a look of such abject alarm that Leo couldn't help laughing out loud. "I'm only teasing," he said, kissing Jed's lips gently.

"Thank god!" Jed grinned, snuggling in close again.

"I'm pleased it worked for you tonight," Leo murmured, caressing Jed's naked butt with his hand.

"It was wonderful," Jed sighed. "I have no idea how you think up this kind of stuff but I'm glad you have that kind of imagination, Leo."

"You're welcome." Leo went back in for another kiss, because he couldn't resist and because it was so good, now that the role playing was over, to just be himself again and to feel Jed so naked, abandoned and utterly relaxed in his arms.

"Seriously...thank you," Jed murmured. "I thought...when I asked you about tonight...I thought I wanted you to really whale on me, to get me out of all this negativity I've been feeling, but instead you just...what? Made love to me? I mean, that's basically what you did but it was just so...mind blowing." He moved his face to steal a kiss from Leo.

"I gave you what you needed – not what you thought you needed," Leo told him softly.

"Mmmm...well thank god you always seem to know the difference," Jed mumbled closing his eyes and nuzzling even closer. Leo smiled, and wrapped his arms around his sub, gazing down on Jed as he succumbed slowly to the most relaxed sleep Leo was sure he'd had in a very long time.

Yes, he knew the difference. Like Jed, he took his responsibilities very seriously; and while Jed had responsibility for the entire nation resting on his shoulders, Leo had responsibility for Jed, and that, as far as he was concerned, was a task no less serious or deserving of his utmost attention. He had absolutely no doubt that Jed would wake up the next day full of energy, ready to go back into the situation room and make whatever hard decisions were demanded of him, but in here, alone with Leo, he could let go of all that for a short time, and find the relaxation and release he needed in order to do his job well.

Tomorrow Jed would resume his responsibilities, but Leo knew he had fulfilled one of his own tonight – because one of the responsibilities he took extremely seriously was that his lover, sub, best friend and President should know how very much he was loved.

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