

Forget Brazil

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Forget Brazil

by [Vituperative_cupcakes](#)

Summary

After everyone's left, Barrett teaches Tony how to serve.

Notes

I guess I have a thing for sadomasochistic male relationships. Harold Pinter, you are a godsend.

They were alone now. They were well and truly alone together, just the two of them, rattling about the big old house. Handball on the stairs. Breakfast in bed. Routine, like.

Vera stopped coming around. Tony didn't miss her giggle. Barrett seemed content to pretend she had never existed at all. Tony was content with that.

No one understood. Barrett was better than anyone he'd known at Eton, better than those old school chums who wouldn't stoop to spit on him if he were begging in the street. Barrett took care of him. Barrett cared for him. Barrett knew so much, it was so easy to just let him take control. To drift on the anchor of his wisdom.

To make up for Susan slapping him, Tony shined Barrett's shoes. Crouched at his feet, rubbing the shiny brown leather, Tony looked reverently up at Barrett. Barrett smiled benevolently down at him, then rolled his head back and lidded his eyes, practically purring. He splayed a hand in Tony's hair, petting, stroking, making Tony shiver. Ah, such bliss.

It was the mark of a true gentleman's gentleman, wasn't it? To know what your master wanted even before he told you, even before he knew it himself? And Barrett knew, always, exactly what was best for Tony.

Once, on a day (or a night, it was all swimming in his head) when Tony was putting the screws to Vera, Barrett had been beside the both of them in bed, sipping brandy. Oh, and quite naked. It had seemed just as natural as anything, Barrett nursing a cigarette and murmuring encouragements as if teaching Tony how to make love to her, hand lingering on one buttock in appreciation.

Dear Barrett. So knowing. So wise.

No one would understand. Tony felt ashamed that he had ever felt ashamed of their friendship. Just because Barrett was lower class didn't make him dim. Who decorated the house? Who cooked for the both of them? Who taught Tony how to really enjoy things, to savor sensations without getting caught up in right or wrong. Hours sat listening to jazz records, feeling the thrum in his chest as Barrett ran a hand up and down his spine.

He hadn't known how hungry he was for it until Barrett first kissed him. It was all very deliberate: Barrett beckoning him to come closer to examine his eyes...his nose...his lips. And Barrett's lips...oh God. Pure heaven. Barrett kissed forceful, like a man. None of the mincing around like Susan, none of the will-I-won't-I tease of Vera. Just pure and forward and unforgiving. Tony nearly sobbed with relief. It was like getting glasses after years of not seeing straight. It was tasting sweet after years of salt. It wiped away the heartbreak, the humiliation of Susan and Vera.

Who needs them, Barrett's kiss seemed to say, *not I, lad.*

Neither did Tony. Not with Barrett's hands so strong and capable on his shoulders, conducting them to Barrett's bed. No, he needed Barrett to unbutton his shirt, take off his vest so Tony could take small bites of him with his eyes. He needed Barrett to order him out of his clothes,

because he was so hopelessly lost. He needed Barrett to take him in hand, to do what Tony had never dared speak aloud in the army. For Barrett to lick and bite down his chest, slipping two fingers in the waistband of his trousers.

“Off with them, love.”

Tony practically tore them in his rush to obey. Barrett slapped his hand, chiding, “hey, who d'you think has to mend those?”

He softened at Tony's chagrined look. “Just be careful, now. I'm not going anywhere, am I?”

Barrett really was a mind-reader, because Tony had been afraid of just that. Of Barrett leaving again, leaving Tony clutching his half-hard erection. But when Barrett took hold of him again and started pumping away, the fear melted like spring snow.

It was only right that Barrett topped, he knew what he was doing. Easing Tony onto his back, picking up his hips so that most of his weight rested on his shoulders, greasing himself up to slide in. Oh God, it hurt. But he would never show it, not to Barrett who had been so kind. So Tony held his breath and tears pricked his eyes.

Barrett had a glow of satisfaction when, after a bit of slow slide, he embedded himself up to the hilt. His dark eyes were half-lidded as he began rocking hypnotically, swaying like a snake as he jarred the connection of their bodies. Tony was too far gone to do anything about it. All he could do was moan and wail when Barrett started moving in earnest, fucking him into the mattress. He had never been fucked. He had always initiated the fucking, and it had never occurred to him until now how lonely that was. Silly Susan and her propriety. What the hell did she know about carnal relations?

An infernal light seemed to glow within Barrett. Confident, commanding, he directed Tony with his body, did things that made him melt into obedience. Cannons went off when they came. Gasping and damp, sticky and exhausted, they spooned to sleep on Barrett's bed.

Barrett pinched him awake the next day, made him start the tea. He got breakfast and they ate in the sun-room. Tony ruminated on how convenient it was to sleep with a mate: you could fuck all you wanted and then play games. None of this *impressing the parents* doggerel, just everything lovely about a relationship.

They played tag with their cocks out. Penalty was three licks at a go. Tony lost gracefully with a mouthful of Barrett. Then lunch, with some of that brown lager Barrett had brought back from the market. Then they listened to that new singer as Barrett explored inside him. Competent man. He knew more about the house than Tony, and he knew more about Tony's body than Tony. He found places that made Tony sing involuntarily, spots that made him weep with need and one ticklish spot that made him come almost instantly. Barrett's face was a mask of feral delight as he played, no matter if it were dirty or clean.

The sudden thrill of discovery was only outweighed by the terror that, even at this late junction, Barrett would leave. When he'd clumsily drop something and Barrett would swear and swat him, Tony would turn instantly contrite. Barrett would soothe him, correct him, so unlike his upbringing where every action carried a swift and terrible consequence. Even his

punishments were fun: cleaning the upstairs in Vera's maid outfit (penance for ashing on the rug) as the skirt tented with his erection, washing dishes with his hands bound, massaging the ache from Barrett's calves. And the joy he felt when Barrett forgave him. God, there was no higher measure.

Tony knew it was a mistake to say, "I love you." The other man would laugh. He'd skive off and laugh about it with his friends, laugh at the desperate dandy-boy who thought his hired man could ever love him back.

But Tony said it, sighed it with a hopeless desperation.

And Barrett had nodded, not looking up from his book, nodded as if Tony had complemented him on a soufflé or noticed a change in the weather.

That night, Barrett had him on his back again, their bodies moving in rhythm.

"Say it again, guv," Barrett prompted.

"Say what?"

"What you said earlier." Barrett's eyes closed, his tongue stuck in the corner of his mouth, his skin sheened with sweat.

"I love you," Tony moaned, "I love you."

"*I love you Hugo*," Barrett prompted, "say it."

"I love you Hugo," Tony gasped.

"I love you Tony."

Tony came almost instantly.

It was so easy to bend. All the more to show his devotion, all the more to please Barrett. It was so good to please him, to watch his handsome dark face light up with pleasure, to play games with him.

On a lark, Barrett dressed Tony up in his old servant's duds. As Barrett smothered giggles, Tony slipped on the trousers, struggling with an already semi-hard cock. Barrett's clothes smelled of him, the masculine smell of smoke and cologne and wood wax. It was almost enough to bring him off alone.

Barrett stood mock-sternly before him. "Here now, lad. You've got ashes on me boots. Clean it off."

Tony knelt, looking up to Barrett for cues. The other man archly held out a shoe for inspection. The leather was glossy and spotless. A bolt of inspiration hit him and Tony dragged his tongue up the length of the boot, enjoying the greasy slither of leather and saliva. Barrett laughed out loud ("quick thinking, lad") and undid his zip. Tony obediently took him in his mouth. Barrett grasped the back of Tony's head and fucked his face, laughing unevenly

as Tony made a valiant effort to keep up. Barrett spent in Tony's mouth, on his face, and the last string hung pearly-white from the uniform's shirt. Tony sat, anticipating, as Barrett looked down at him with loving ferocity.

“You'd best clean that, me lad, or there will be consequences.”

Trembling, Tony stuck a pink tongue to the spot of Barrett's come and lapped it up.

Their games were now master-servant, with Tony donning the uniform and Barrett teaching him how to serve. And nothing, not in the whole of school or the army, had made him feel more accomplished as doing things right, just for Barrett. How good it was to serve, to feel useful. Barrett was clever with dreaming up tasks: sending Tony to the market across town where nobody knew him, disguising his posh accent and shopping for the house. He carried the basket in front of himself to hide the erection it gave him, hide it until he had safely deposited his cargo and received approval to shuck the uniform off.

They had long since started sleeping in the master bed, now Barrett lounged late in Tony's pj's and made him get breakfast. He took to giving Tony a little smack on the bottom if his orders weren't followed quickly enough, Tony often delayed just to get one. The games dragged on into the hours. Now Tony wore Barrett's clothes, wore his smell and the touch of him at all hours while Barrett lounged about in a bathrobe.

The doorbell sounded, after being silenced for many months. In the confusion, Tony answered the door, still in Barrett's duds(thought thankfully trousers on.) There was a leering dollybird and her friend, arm in arm as if arriving in a set.

“Is the master of the house in?” The first one said in a mock-posh accent, throwing her friend into cackles.

Tony fumbled for an answer. He couldn't say that he was the master, not dressed like this—

“Tony,” Barrett called from the stairs, “let my guests in.”

Barrett was dressed in one of Tony's shirts, wrapped up in a smoking jacket. He had only to smile and arch one eyebrow for everything to fall into place. Tony grabbed up their coats and conducted them like a good manservant, just as Barrett had taught him.

“First names, isn't that terribly familiar, Hugo?” the second girl asked.

Barrett dropped Tony a wink that settled into the pit of his stomach. “Come on girls, it's a new age. What's wrong with being a bit familiar?”

More guests came, with pipes to be lit and coats to be gathered and Tony performed like a perfect little servant. Tony, without touching a sip, became steadily drunker on the looks Barrett gave him, the clandestine touches on the hip and back.

At dinner, he poured wine impeccably, always at hand to refill a plate. He said “yes, sir,” and, “no, sir,” and kept his eyes to the floor. The dinner party never decayed into the bacchanalia he was expecting, no, it was like a regular dinner party.

With one twist, of course.

Barrett performed perfectly as the master. It was the way he didn't look at Tony, how he conducted actions with a flick of his wrist. God, how could Tony ever have pretense to be so grand?

The last guest was out the door. Tony latched it firmly and then stayed in place, facing the door. He could feel Barrett behind him, that hot, still gaze.

"Tony." Barrett's voice was dark brown velvet, so loving and commanding at the same time.

"What, sir?"

"Turn round."

Tony did, breathing hard. Barrett was just as excited as he was, their cocks strained to make up the difference in space. But instead of stepping forward, Barrett stayed where he was, studying Tony.

"You like this, don't you?" he asked, "being told what to do."

"Yes." Tony's voice trembled with need.

"And you like performing like this, doing things for me."

"Yes."

"And you like being here with me, don't you?"

"Yes." *Yes, yes, dear God yes.*

Barrett smiled slightly and nodded. "That's it then, you've passed the audition. I'll keep you on."

Tony didn't move, he waited until Barrett spread his arms and then he practically leapt into them, licking and kissing Barrett's neck. He wasn't uncertain anymore, not now that Barrett took his hand and led him upstairs, not now that Barrett did things to him that scattered his thoughts and made him whimper with every breath.

And, as they curled up warm against the winter night, Tony sleepily realized this was exactly where he should be.

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