His by Cindy



“Hey.”

“Hey,” Brian returned as he leaned in and kissed Justin.

“Hi, baby,” Emmett gushed and leapt forward to give the younger man a friendly hug, catching the eye of a slightly irritated Brian as he released the boy.

“So, how’s it going?” Justin asked the group in his usually cheerful manner.

“Good…great…fabbulllouss,” were a few of the answers he got from the boys, but Brian didn’t say a word. He turned towards the older man and noticed his slightly cool demeanor as he leaned back against the bar, sipping his drink and scanning the crowded room. Justin was a little taken back by the obvious disinterest, but wasn’t about to let it get to him.

When they’d gotten back together, they both knew that they weren’t in an exclusive relationship. That there still weren’t any locks on the doors and they were free to trick. He’d told Brian that it was okay, that he didn’t expect him to change, and he hadn’t, in that respect. But sometimes, when the older man pulled this shit on him, the distance and the aloofness, it bothered him. He figured that Brian hadn’t expected him to be at Babylon and was planning on an evening alone. That was fine. He understood and wasn’t about to let it ruin his night.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you guys later,” Justin said with a smile and headed towards the dance floor.

“What’s that all about?” Michael asked Brian.

Brian shrugged his shoulders and maintained his quiet demeanor. He hadn’t expected Justin to be there. He just wanted a night out, with the boys, free to do as he pleased. Not that he didn’t always do what he wanted anyway. But he didn’t like to flaunt anything in Justin’s face and the boy’s presence in the club definitely changed things. Or did it? The blond knew he still tricked. He’d made it very clear to him when they’d gotten back together that it wasn’t going to change. So he had no reason to hide it. He was free to do exactly as he desired.

But he knew deep down, that what he really desired was Justin. He wasn’t tricking nearly as much as he used to. He just didn’t have the same need for it, and even when he did, it didn’t feel the same as it used to. He didn’t like to think about why it was different or why he didn’t feel the same excitement. He already knew the answer to that, and it had just walked out onto the dance floor.

Justin moved into the middle of the room and began to sway. He didn’t care that he didn’t have a partner. He didn’t care that the only person he truly wanted to be with was brooding by the bar. He just let the music wash over him as he closed his eyes and released all his stress and frustration. He felt a body brush up against his, but didn’t open his eyes. The body moved closer and began to sway in time with him. He felt a hand wrap around his waist and pull him forward, closing the distance between him and the stranger and he didn’t pull away. He just moved in time to the beat and enjoyed the closeness.

Brian scanned over the dance floor. He tried to keep his face expressionless and his eyes blank as he took in the sight of the dancing men, but inside his anger was beginning to rise. He knew by the way that Justin’s body moved that he was lost in the music. The blond always got that way when he really let go and Brian was not very happy to be seeing him like that when it wasn’t HIM that he was letting go with. He watched the other man move closer, touching him and rubbing his body up against Justin’s. No, he wasn’t happy at all.

Justin opened his eyes to find himself face to face with an incredibly sexy man. The guy looked like he was probably in his late twenties, was slightly taller, had black hair and deep blue eyes. The kind of eyes you couldn’t help getting lost in. The man smiled at him, a beautiful, warm smile.

“Hi, I’m Josh,” the guy said.

“Justin,” the blond said with an equally dazzling smile.

Josh moved even closer, grinding his groin into Justin’s. The blond couldn’t help the gasp that escaped his lips as the other man’s erection pressed against his growing one. The trick smiled at the reaction and did it again, getting the same response.

Justin was torn. He knew that Brian was probably watching him and was bothered by the sight, though he’d never admit it. But he knew the older man tricked and had been witness to it several times since getting back together, so why shouldn’t he. It wasn’t payback or trying to throw it in his face. It was just that if things were going to be equal, then he had just as much right to do what he wanted as Brian did. But the problem was, that he wasn’t Brian and he didn’t think or act the same way. So he was left with a dilemma.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” flew from Justin’s lips as a wave of pleasure flooded his body when Josh began an attack on his neck. His hard cock jumped as the trick slid his hand down to his ass, pulling him forcefully against him, their erections pressing firmly together.

“Do you want to go to the backroom?” the trick asked as he nibbled on his ear.

Justin didn’t answer, not really sure what to say. His body wanted to go, wanted release, but his head kept telling him no, that it wasn’t what he should be doing. Again, Josh asked him to go with him and punctuated his words with a tight squeeze of his ass, leaving Justin even more confused.

Out of the corner of his eye, Justin caught sight of Brian. The look on the man’s face was one of complete indifference. The blond’s heart fell slightly, knowing that seeing him with another man didn’t affect him at all. But then, Brian was clear with him on his intentions and he couldn’t expect him to be upset or bothered by it. He looked back at Josh, who was starring at him, waiting for his answer. He was entranced by the man’s deep blue eyes and nodded his head in response. Instantly he felt himself being pulled towards the back room.

‘What the fuck?’ Brian thought as he watched the trick pull Justin through the crowd. He knew where they were headed and he couldn’t fucking believe it. He knew they were free to do what they wanted, but he didn’t think that Justin would actually do it. He felt a pain in his chest and a burning in his gut and couldn’t figure out what the hell was wrong with him. It wasn’t jealousy. He didn’t do jealousy. Then what the fuck was it?

He turned his head and saw Michael, Ben, Emmett and Ted watching him with expectant looks on their faces. They obviously had seen Justin go with the trick as well. What were they waiting for? For him to flip out and chase after the boy? Well, that wasn’t likely to happen. Not in this lifetime.

But…

“I’m going to take a piss,” Brian told his friends and placed his empty glass on the bar.

“Oh, okay…sure…right...see you soon,” the men responded with a knowing smirk as they watched Brian walk away.

“Hmph, this should be good,” Emmett said over the rim of his blue martini, a huge smile spread across his face.

Brian made his way through the sea of bodies and headed towards the washroom. He looked back over his shoulder towards the bar where the guys were to make sure that they weren’t watching him. He was glad to see them fawning over some queen who was showing them his latest piercing. He made a quick turn towards the backroom.

Brian saw all the usuals as he passed through the entrance. The men were in various states of dress and undress and every imaginable sexual position and combination that the mind could fathom.

“Hey, Brian.”

“Hey, Todd,” the brunet responded to the man up against the wall getting fucked.

He moved further into the darkened area, looking out for one particular face and body. He was about to turn around and start again as he neared the back of the room when his eyes caught an intensely familiar sight. Justin’s ass was fully exposed as his briefs and jeans lay down around his ankles and his shirt rested at the top of the swell of his firm globes. His back was towards the room as he faced the wall. His fingers were splayed on the wall in front of him, bracing himself as the trick was on his knees, sucking his cock.

A bolt of indescribable feelings shot through Brain at the sight. A wave of anger came over him and he instantly moved forward. He came up right behind Justin and at the same time wrapped his arm around the blond’s waist and put his hand on the trick’s shoulder and pushed him backwards.

Justin jumped with fear and his dick slipped out of Josh’s mouth. He tried to turn around ready to tell off whoever the hell it was, when he felt a familiar body press up against him. He knew who it was, no doubt.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” the trick yelled when he regained his composure and stood to face the intruding man.

Brian’s stare was piercing as he looked at the fuming man and barked, “fuck off.”

“What? Who the hell are you?” Josh asked, getting more pissed off by the second.

“I’m HIS,” Brian growled with a threatening look.

Justin remained silent. He was completely shocked by Brian’s words, but didn’t let his emotions show. He saw Josh look from him, to Brian and back again to him. The man was obviously angry and he really didn’t blame him. But the truth was, he couldn’t care less. Brian had come after him. Had claimed him. Had let him claim Brian in return. He was in fucking heaven. He watched as Josh stomped off, yelling some sort of obscenity at them, but he didn’t really hear it. His mind was still wrapped around his lover’s words.

Brian pulled Justin even closer as his other hand wrapped around the boy’s erection. It was still slightly wet from the trick’s mouth and his hand slid easily along it.

“Brian,” Justin whimpered.

“You are a naughty boy,” the brunet whispered in his lover’s ear and felt the cock in his hand pulse. He continued his strokes, running his thumb across the slit and was rewarded with a gush of liquid.

“Ohhhhhhh,” the younger man moaned. He ground his ass back against Brian’s erection, wanting more.

“You knew I was watching you. You came back here anyway. Couldn’t wait to fuck, could you?” Brian’s tone was harsh. He couldn’t help but betray his feelings. They were overwhelming and he didn’t know what to do with them. He wasn’t mad, he was…jealous. There, he admitted it. Brian-fucking-Kinney was jealous of some trick.

“Brian, I…I,” Justin didn’t know what to say. He didn’t want to hurt the older man. That wasn’t his intention and he had to make sure he knew it. He pulled the man’s hand off of his shaft and turned around to face him. He saw the pained look on Brian’s face and his hand came up and caressed the older man’s cheek. He looked him straight in the eye and said, “Brian, I didn’t do this to hurt you. I thought we had an understanding.”

Brian’s eyes tried to escape the intense stare of the bright blue orbs and flickered downwards. He knew he was being ridiculous, but he couldn’t help it. He looked back at his lover’s face and was amazed at how unbelievably breathtaking he was. He knew the boy was desirable and that he wasn’t the only one who thought so. He saw the way that other men looked at him, lusted after him and it scared him. He didn’t want to lose Justin again. He couldn’t lose him again and their open rule about tricking could do that. Someone could take his boy from him, and he wasn’t about to let that happen.

“I know you didn’t do it to hurt me, Justin. It’s just that…that,” Brian sighed. He didn’t know if he could continue.

“What?” the blond asked, searching his lover’s face.

“It did. I know it shouldn’t, but it did.”

Justin was stunned. He couldn’t believe what Brian said. He couldn’t believe the man would bare himself like that. Show his true feelings. It was…amazing. The blond’s face lit up and a surge of happiness spread through him. “Brian, I’m sorry if it hurt you,” Justin said, not able to keep the huge smile off his face.

“Yeah, you look really torn up about it,” Brian said sarcastically.

“I am. I am sorry. I just, I can’t believe that you told me how you feel.”

The older man looked off into the distance. He was utterly uncomfortable with the entire night’s situation. He looked at Justin and smirked. “Yeah, well.” He didn’t know what else to say. He wasn’t good at this stuff and thought he probably never would be. He looked down, suddenly remembering that the blond’s pants were around his ankles and the man stood there, completely exposed. He moved his hand downwards and cupped one of the younger man’s butt cheeks and gave a squeeze. “I know a way you can make it up to me,” Brian said with a raised eyebrow. He knew it wasn’t the best thing, changing the subject to sex, but it was one that he was comfortable with. It was a hard habit to break.

Knowing that Brian was at his limit for sharing, Justin understood the change in the man’s demeanor. Sex was his way of coping and he wasn’t about to make anything about the evening harder for him. ‘Well,’ he thought with a sly grin, ‘I will make one thing harder.’ “Do you want to go to the loft?”

“No, I want you now. I need to fuck you,” Brian said, the desperation clear in his voice. He felt raw and exposed and needed to feel Justin around him, against him, beneath him. His mouth came down hard on the blond’s, seeking healing for his battered soul. His tongue slipped between the parted lips and tasted the sweetness of the boy, HIS boy. He couldn’t get enough and swirled around in the warm cavern, desperately trying to consume the man.

Justin’s moan got lost in Brian’s mouth. He broke away, in desperate need of air and starred at the man he loved. He was so fucking gorgeous that Justin felt in awe of him. He knew Brian loved him. He didn’t doubt that anymore. But he hadn’t seen a direct display of ownership until tonight, and he liked it. He liked it a lot. He just wondered where they would go now? If things would change? He hoped they would.

“Turn around,” Brian growled and Justin obeyed.

Fishing out a small tube of lube and a condom from his front pocket, Brian undid and dropped his pants. He pushed Justin up against the wall and raised his shirt, running his hands down the smooth expanse of his back. The boy had the softest skin that Brian had ever felt. His hands stopped at the swell of his perfect ass and his fingers played across the dip there, going teasingly close to the top of the boy’s crack.

“Brian…please,” the younger man moaned and thrust his ass backwards.

“Patience, baby…patience.” Brian ripped open the condom packet with his teeth and rolled it on his leaking erection. He flipped open the lube and placed the tube at his lover’s hole and squeezed. The boy jumped as the cold liquid shot inside of him. Brian laughed at the response and whispered in Justin’s ear, “Don’t worry, it’ll heat up.”

Justin chuckled, but it quickly turned to a moan as Brian’s finger pressed against his opening and slid all the way in. His face screwed up with the slight discomfort, but settled down as the pain gave way to pleasure when the long digit moved slowly inside of him. He couldn’t help but push back as the finger thrust in and out of his ass. He felt his lover add a second finger and shuddered and moaned when it brushed up against his prostate. Over and over Brian’s fingers thrust in and out of his channel, pleasuring him.

“Feel good?” the older man asked huskily.

“God…yessss,” Justin whimpered.

“Do you want more?”

“AHHHHH,” the blond moaned as Brian’s finger pressed against his prostate. Not moving in or out, just holding firm against it, sending shocks of pleasure through his groin. He couldn’t breath. The feeling was so intense. He wanted to answer Brian, but he couldn’t.

“Do – you – want – more?” the older man asked again, punctuating each word with a tap of his finger on the swollen sweet spot.

“OH…FUCK…FUCK…YES…YESSSSS!” Justin screamed.

“Good,” Brian growled and pulled his fingers from the blond’s ass, then pressed the head of his sheathed cock against the puckered opening and pushed. A loud moan flew from his lips as he slipped inside, pushing until he was halfway in, then stopped to give Justin time to adjust. After a minute, he pushed again and was fully encased in the warm, slick channel. His eyes closed, savoring the feeling of being exactly where he wanted to be. Nothing could compare to the pleasure he got from being inside his boy. No trick ever felt as good and he was slowing realizing that what he had with Justin was enough. More than enough.

Justin’s mind was spinning out of control. He was so gone and was about to scream if Brian didn’t move. The feeling of the older man’s cock up his ass, filling him so completely was incredible, but he needed him to move. He thrust his hips back hard, signaling that he was ready, but as he did, Brian went even deeper inside of him and jabbed against his prostate with incredible force. He nearly blacked out from the unbelievable intensity. His ass spasmed and a loud moan ripped from his chest, echoing off the darkened walls.

“Oh, fuck,” Brian growled against his lover’s shoulder as his dick was gripped in a vice-like hold when the boy’s channel pulsed around him.

The blond heard the growl and wanted to please his lover, so again he thrust back hard, achieving the same results as both men gasped and moaned. He shrieked as Brian bit down on his shoulder hard, but felt his cock throb and leak at the added stimulation. He was so close and the constant pulsing of Brian’s erection inside of him told him that the brunet wasn’t far behind. He knew that the older man was allowing him to set the pace, do the work to get them off, and that suited him just fine. He loved to take the reins and he was about to ride the man like never before.

Justin reached back and placed his hand firmly against Brian’s ass, holding him in place. He put his other hand up against the wall for stability and turned his head slightly to peer at his lover. “You ready?” he panted, his voice dripping with lust.

“Fuck, yeah.”

“Hold on,” the blond said with a laugh.

Brian placed his hands on Justin’s hips, bracing himself for…”AHHHHHHHHHHHH,” he screamed as the blond thrust back again and again, tightening and releasing his muscles over and over. The sweat dripped off Brian as his body was flooded with wave after wave of sweet ecstasy. He gasped, trying desperately to bring the much needed air into his lungs. He couldn’t believe how amazing it felt as Justin rocked back against him.

“OH, GOD…BRI…BRIAN,” Justin moaned as his prostate was hit hard with every single move. His knees threatened to give way as he slammed back against his lover over and over. He was so close to exploding and taking Brian with him. Ready to throw them both head first into the fire that threatened to consume them. He heard the telltale sounds from the man behind him and knew he was almost there. He tightened his anal muscles, angled his hips to get the best contact and slammed back as hard as he could against Brian, and…

“AHHH…AHHH…YEEAAAAAHHHHH!” Justin shouted as his ass tightened, his balls spasmed and the cum shot from his cock like an erupting fountain. Stream after stream splashed against the dark wall, leaving the man trembling and gasping for air.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIT!” Brian screamed as his orgasm ripped through him with incredible force. His cock swelled impossibly further inside the tightened channel and spewed the hot, molten fluid from his slit. His body jerked with each shot until he was left completely spent. He slumped forward against his lover, pushing him tightly against the wall.

Both men were still except for their heaving chest. Slowly their breathing calmed and their minds were brought back to reality. The intensity of their orgasms was still present in the little jolts of electricity that sparked through their bodies.

Brian raised his head and placed a soft kiss against Justin’s neck, then whispered to his boy, “Let’s go home.”

Justin couldn’t help the huge smile that spread across his face at hearing his lover’s words. It was the first time since they’d gotten back together that Brian had said ‘home’ instead of ‘the loft’. The simple change in words meant a world of difference to him, and he knew that it wasn’t just a slip. He understood the meaning loud and clear.

Brian slipped his softening dick out of Justin and tore off the condom, tossing it aside. He tucked himself back into his jeans and zipped up. Then he bent down, retrieving Justin’s underwear and pants from around his ankles, pulled them up, tucked him in and did them up. He spun the blond around to face him and was overwhelmed by his love for the man. Justin’s perfect smile let him know that he had understood him. But then, the boy always did. He leaned forward and kissed the soft, sweet lips, gliding his tongue along them before pulling back.

“Ready?” Brian asked with a smile.

“Definitely,” Justin replied, again reading the meaning behind the words. He was ready, ready for the future and he had a feeling it was going to be good.