Fresh Meat by Cindy



Brian stood, beer in hand, casually leaning back against the bar. If someone were watching him, they would think that he was checking out the constant stream of men that passed before him. But, in truth, he didn't see even one. His mind was focused someplace else.

He wasn't very familiar with the club he was in. He'd been to Vibe a few times with the guys, when they needed a change for the night, but it wasn't his home turf. He figured many of the men knew him - he was Brian Kinney after all - but he wasn't interested in anyone tonight. He was tired of all the shit he had to deal with at Babylon. He was constantly on, giving a show for everyone, especially his friends. He needed a break, to just get away and be by himself.

He would have asked Justin to come with him, but he had something he had to do. Brian tried to remember what it was, but couldn't. He knew he'd told him, but as usual, the older man hadn't paid that much attention. School or friend or project or something. He knew it had to do with one of those things, but he just couldn't remember.

He took a long swig of his beer, emptying the bottle and turned to order another. He nodded towards the bartender, who held up his hand, signaling that he'd be right with him. While Brian waited, he overheard two nelly queen's who moved up beside him.

"Oh – my – God. Get a look at that yuuummmyy little morsel that just walked in. He's an angel," one of the queens said with a slight drawl.

"Mmmm, fresh meat," the other one replied to his friend.

Brian laughed slightly and shook his head. He turned towards the over-excited queens and gave them a pathetic look. Getting so worked up over someone. They didn't even notice him as they were totally preoccupied, still leering in the direction of the front door. No one was that amazing – well except him of course. He decided to see what all the fuss was about. What made these queen's mouths hang open and drool begin to drip from the corners? He followed their line of sight, slowly working his way across the room, until he stopped, stunned, seeing what they'd seen.

It was Justin.

He moved slowly through the crowd of men. The club was busy. It was wall to wall bodies and he tried to weave his way through them towards the bar on the far side of the room. He had to brush several hands off his body as he passed through. Many of them grabbed his ass and tried to pull him towards them, but he had no interest in them. He was there to meet someone in particular.

He looked further ahead and saw the reason he was there. Cole was leaning against the bar sideways, propped up on one elbow, watching the dance floor. He didn't see Justin's approach and was jolted out of his daze as the blond's hand connected with his shoulder.

"Hey," Justin said loudly, so he could be heard over the music.

"Oh, hi," Cole replied enthusiastically, grabbing Justin and pulling him into a tight hug.

Justin felt a little awkward, but he hugged the other man back. When Cole finally released him, he moved back slightly. The other man leaned down and placed a soft kiss on his cheek, then pulled back and smiled. Justin was a little taken back by the hug and kiss, but he just figured that maybe his friend had had a few drinks and was a little drunk. He decided to let it go.

"Hey, wanna dance?" Cole asked.

"Um, sure."

They moved out onto the floor and began to dance. The music was not as good as Babylon, but not too bad. Justin felt the beat move through him. That always happened to him when he started to dance. He would lose himself in the rhythm, his mind floating on the steady thumping beat and his body would take over. It was especially like that when he danced with Brian. The sexual energy they generated together was enough to light up a small town. He would ride the waves of that energy as his body ground against his lover's. He felt himself start to gravitate towards the body he was facing. Closer and closer, his body moving of its own will, until it made contact and instantly recoiled. His eyes flew open and he realized that he was not with Brian. He looked at Cole, who seemed upset at the withdrawal of his body, and smiled embarrassedly.

"Do you mind if we go get a drink?" Justin asked, trying to not sound as awkward as he felt.

"No, let's go," the other man replied. He felt bad about what had just happened. He knew Justin had a boyfriend and didn't want to cause him any problems. They'd just gotten carried away by the music and the energy. Nothing more. He tried to tell himself that he didn't really want more, but he knew it was a lie. He wanted much, much more, but resigned himself to the fact that he couldn't have it. At least not right now. He smiled slightly at the thought that maybe if he tried harder, something might happen.

The two men moved towards the bar that Cole had previously been at and ordered drinks. While they waited, Justin looked around the club. He wasn't sure why Cole had asked to meet here, instead of at one of their studios. They had to go over their project they were assigned to work on together and the blond didn't think they'd get much done at a club. But he'd never been to Vibe before and thought maybe it was a low-key place, somewhere they could hang out and talk. He was wrong. He looked over at his friend and got the intense feeling that he had been duped into coming to the club with other intentions in mind. Well, he had no interest in Cole and intended to make that perfectly clear to him.

"Here," Cole shouted, bringing Justin out of his daze by handing him a beer.

"Oh, thanks," he said, a little embarrassed that he'd zoned out on his friend, and took the offered drink.

Raising the bottle to his lips, he took a little too much of the beer at once and it overflowed from his mouth, dribbling down the side of his chin. Before he could wipe it away, he felt Cole move in and lick it off his face. Justin was stunned and pushed his friend abruptly away.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he asked heatedly.

Cole at least had the decency to look remorseful. "Oh God, I am so sorry Justin. I don't know what the hell came over me."

"Well don't ever do anything like that again. I told you I'm in a relationship."

"I know. I really am sorry." Cole did feel bad. He knew he shouldn't have done it, but he couldn't help himself. He wanted the blond so much.

Justin's blue eyes scrutinized his friend's face to see if he was truly sorry for what he'd done, or if he was just saying it. He saw sincerity in Cole's expression and decided to believe him. He smiled slightly, showing his forgiveness. Cole let go of the breath he'd been holding and relaxed. He was forgiven, for now.

Meanwhile, across the room Brian had witnessed the entire thing.

At first, when he saw what the queens were focused on he was shocked. He would never have expected to see his lover walk into the club. When they had gotten back together after Justin and Ethan – he cringed at the mere thought of the fucker's name – broke up, they hadn't bothered to set any rules. They didn't work for them the first time, so why repeat the same mistake? The blond knew that Brian was not going to promise him monogamy and accepted that. The thing Brian hadn't thought about, until that very moment, was that his lover hadn't promised it to him either. He'd never even given it a thought before. He knew he was enough for the younger man and figured that the boy wasn't interested in getting it anywhere else. Obviously, he was wrong.

The thought sent a ripple of jealousy throughout his entire body.

And as he watched his lover get closer to the bar, his jealousy turned to rage as he saw another man reach out and grab him, pulling him into his arms. Then Brian watched as the other man kissed his lover on his cheek. It wasn't an intense kiss, but that combined with the definitely firm hug made the older man see green and daggers shoot from his eyes.

Who was this person touching HIS baby that way? The gestures were personal and obviously the two men were more than just mere acquaintances. He bowed his head and closed his eyes. He felt as if his heart was breaking all over again. He knew he couldn't survive Justin leaving him again. He needed the boy in his life. Hell, he WAS his life.

Brian took a deep breath and released it, trying to regain his composure. He opened his eyes, picked up his head and stood tall. He returned his focus to the two men across the room. Only now they had moved. He felt a rush of panic. Had they left together or gone to the backroom? The thought alone made him want to vomit, but then he caught site of his baby's golden head as it moved out on the dance floor. He sighed with relief as he continued to watch the men. As far as Brian was concerned, there was no one else in the club except the three of them. The sight of every other man faded away as his eyes fixated on his lover and the man he had come to meet.

He watched Justin's body sway to the music and knew the boy would lose himself like he always did. It did not reassure him though that it wasn't him that the blond was moving closer to, but some other man. His hands clenched and unclenched repeatedly as he tried his best to stay calm. Brian saw Justin pull abruptly apart from the other man. He couldn't see his boy's face, but he could see the face of his dance partner. The man looked disappointed at the sudden movement.

"Too fucking bad for you buddy," the older man said sarcastically.

He watched them move off the dance floor and back to the bar. Justin was facing the bar as his friend leaned against it. Brian could see the other man dead on, but could only see the side of his lover's face. He watched as they ordered their drinks and waited. He took a moment to check out the other man. He'd been so furious that he hadn't even assessed him yet.

The guy had to be around Justin's age, maybe a little older. He had light brown hair and very strong facial features. His jaw was angular and his cheekbones high and defined. Brian couldn't see what color eyes he had, but they looked large and quite appealing. He was a few inches taller than Justin and more filled out. He was beautiful. Even though the older man was fuming, he couldn't deny it.

So, was this his competition now? He thought they were past all of this. After the fucking fiddler, he didn't think they'd have to go through this again. Things were going so well. He didn't think that Justin was unhappy. Sure, sometimes Brian didn't pay that much attention to him or listen to exactly what he was saying, but that happens in relationships. Sometimes things get familiar and comfortable. Sometimes you get lazy and forget. Brian didn't want to forget about Justin. He was so important, but he knew that he didn't tell his lover that often enough. He knew that. It was something he would definitely work on.

He looked back up at the couple and hoped that he would have the chance to work on it. He wanted that chance. He didn't want his lover to be with this guy, or any other guy for that matter. He knew he was getting tired of putting on the `Brian Kinney Show' for everyone. He just wanted to be happy and content and Justin made him feel that way. He wanted Justin and would not lose him again. Not to this guy - not to anyone.

He was so focused on what he was feeling that he momentarily zoned out and lost focus of the two men. He returned his gaze just in time to see the other man move forward and lick Justin's face.

"What the fuck!" Brian said furiously.

Without a second thought he moved heatedly through the crowd towards the couple, reaching them just as the other man had regained his composure from being pushed away. He heard his lover's harsh words and his friend's weak reply. He didn't buy it for a second. He took one look at the other man's face and knew he wasn't sorry. He was playing Justin, trying to get closer, but he also saw that Justin was having no part in it. Justin was furious and let the other guy know it. Still, it didn't lessen the anger and jealousy that Brian felt ripping through him.

He moved up right behind his lover and glared at the other man. Without even looking, Justin knew Brian was there. He turned around slowly to face his lover. He saw the fury in his hazel eyes and was frightened at the intensity.

"Brian," Justin said surprised.

"What the fuck are you doing here? And who the fuck is that?" The older man asked harshly as he nodded his head in the other man's direction.

Justin turned towards his friend, then back to his lover. He hoped that the older man hadn't seen them together and what had happened, but from the fire that threatened to explode from the top of Brian's head, he knew he had.

Justin apprehensively made the introductions. "Um, Brian, this is Cole. Cole, this is Brian."

Cole smiled weakly. He knew this tall, overpowering man was Justin's boyfriend. He'd seen a picture of him in Justin's studio and heard all about him from the blond. He felt the hate directed at him and it truly scared him. He didn't move from his position against the bar for fear that it would infuriate the man further.

Brian pulled Justin around to face him and kept a firm hold on his shoulders.

"I don't give a shit what the fucker's name is. I want to know why you're with him?"

The blond saw the sadness and doubt in his lover's eyes. `Oh my God. He thinks I'm cheating on him again. Oh fuck!' Justin thought in a panic.

"Brian, nothing is going on. He's just…" Justin spoke calmly and reached his hand up to cup his lover's face. He wanted to reassure him, but before he could finish he felt himself being dragged across the room towards the exit of the club. He looked back to see Cole just staring after them.

Brian continued to pull his lover out of the club, down the alley and towards the car. He was oblivious to the stares they got from the onlookers. He didn't care. His mission was to get Justin into the car and away from the club as fast as possible. He opened the door, shoved the blond into the passenger seat, slammed the door shut and then moved around the car to get in himself. Once inside, he turned to glare at his lover.

"Put your fucking seatbelt on and don't say a word until we get home."

"But Bri…," again he was cut off.

"Not. A. Fucking. Word!"

The younger man did as he was told. When they reached the loft, Brian got out first then went around to Justin's side. He was met by the blond half way around, as he'd already gotten out of the car. Brian pressed the automatic button to lock the doors, causing the horn to beep once, then grabbed the blond's hand and pulled him towards the building. They got inside and instead of waiting for the elevator, Brian pulled Justin along behind him as he quickly climbed the stairs. He didn't let go of the younger man's hand until they were inside the loft, with the door firmly shut and the alarm set. Then he released his hold and turned to face his lover.

Brian moved forward, closing the space between them, but as he moved closer, Justin backed away. He was worried. The look in the older man's eyes was something he'd never seen before. He knew Brian was mad, but this was something different. It was almost like he was remorseful and regretful. But he knew that Brian didn't do those feelings.

Before Justin knew it, he found himself climbing the stairs backwards, up to their bedroom. He stumbled and almost fell back, but Brian caught him and held his arm to steady him. He smiled slightly at the older man, but Brian didn't smile back. His eyes still burned into Justin's, leaving the boy feeling exposed and vulnerable.

"Brian, let me explain," Justin pleaded.

The older man shook his head `no'. He didn't want words. He didn't want to hear how he had failed the boy again and made him have to look elsewhere for what he needed. He wanted to be all that his baby needed. He finally understood how Justin felt like he wasn't enough when Brian tricked. He got it and he didn't like the way it felt. He was sorry that he'd put his lover through that for so long. He had to make things right.

They moved until the back of Justin's legs were pressed against the bed. The blond couldn't move any further, but Brian continued until their bodies were firmly against each other, their faces only inches apart. Justin moaned as he felt his lover's erection press into him. Brian cupped the back of his boy's neck with his large hand and pulled his head towards him. They met in a gentle kiss, lips barely brushing each other. As they pulled apart, the older man looked deep into the crystal blue eyes he loved so much. The love and caring the blond felt was so strong. Brian smiled, reassured that the boy was exactly where he should be and so was he.

Brian moved his hands down to the hem of his lover's shirt, grasped firmly and pulled it up, Justin's arms raising in response. He pulled it over the blond's head and threw it on the floor. Brian bent forward again and pressed his mouth down hard on his baby's. The kiss was intense. His tongue parted Justin's lips, gaining entrance to the sweet, warm taste of his boy. Their tongues twirled around each other in the younger man's mouth and Justin moaned. They parted momentarily, gasping for air, then Brian moved in on his boy's neck, planting kisses down the beautiful pale column. He knew all the right spots to hit, sucking harder on those, causing whimpers and moans to flow freely from his lover's mouth.

"Brian…Oh, God," Justin whimpered.

The older man continued his assault over the perfect, pale shoulders and chest, nipping and kissing as he went. Taking an already erect nipple into his mouth, he sucked gently, slowly increasing the pressure, until Justin's back arched from pleasure. His nipples were so sensitive, a fact that the older man was well aware of. Brian intended on playing all his cards tonight, to show his lover that he was the only one for him. No one knew his body the way he did and no one could give him pleasure like Brian could.

Justin's cock was aching to be touched. The sweet torture on his throat and nipples was getting to be too much for him. His body broke out in a light sheen of sweat, his breath came in short pants and his heart beat so fast he thought it might explode from his heaving chest. He needed more and wasn't above begging for it.

"Bri…Brian…please…touch me…Oh, God…please," he whimpered. His mind was so fogged with lust, he couldn't think straight. He just knew that he wanted his lover's mouth or hands on him further.

Brian smiled. He put his hand on his lover's chest and gently pushed him backwards. Justin landed on his back, sprawled across the bed. Before he could regain his composure, the older man had ripped open his pants and pulled them, along with his underwear, off in one fluid motion. Justin lay naked and wanton, staring up at his lover. Brain was so taken back by the pure need written all over his baby's face and the beautiful body that lay before him. His breath caught in his throat and he was overwhelmed by his love for the man. He knew he had to finally admit it to Justin, if he wanted things to be as they should.

"God Justin, you are so fucking beautiful," the older man whispered.

A load moan escaped the blond's lips. He was so turned on and the amazing words from his lover caused a jolt of pleasure right through his body. His rigid cock pulsed and a gush of precum leaked from his slit and ran down his shaft.

As Justin watched, his lust growing even further, Brian quickly stripped off his clothes. The older man motioned with his head for the blond to move up into the middle of the bed, which he did wordlessly. Brian climbed in and settled on top of him, placing his weight on his elbows and knees. Staring deep into his baby's eyes, Brian finally told his lover what he had been waiting years to hear.

"I love you Justin. I love you so much."

The boy's eyes widened as tears gathered in the corners, threatening to spill over. Brian said the words so soft and low that at first he wasn't sure he'd heard them correctly. But he knew he had. The look on the older man's face was a true reflection of the confession. He had never seen Brian's features so soft and his eyes so unguarded. No masks, no walls, just an open, honest, loving man laid out before him. Before Justin could reply, Brian spoke again.

"You're mine. Only mine. I don't want to ever share you with anyone else and I don't ever want to lose you. It would kill me to lose you." The words were so honest and vulnerable.

Justin couldn't breath. He was completely in awe of the level of trust Brian had put in him. The tears spilled over his cheeks as the words repeated over and over in his hazy mind. `Mine. Only mine. No one else. Can't lose you.' All the younger man ever needed to hear, he just did. But wait, except one. He opened his mouth to speak and as if sensing his question, Brian continued.

"And I don't want to be with anyone else. I'm tired of pretending. I want only you, for now, forever. You are enough for me." He laughed softly, "more than enough".

The younger man laughed back at his lover's comment. His head was spinning. He didn't think anything could ever top this moment. It would forever be embedded in his memory and he would take it out and replay it in the many years ahead. It was the moment all his dreams came true.

Brain knew his lover was completely overwhelmed. He didn't need any words from the younger man. His face and eyes answered everything. Love beamed from his baby's perfect face like a beacon in the night. Brian cupped his lover's cheek and ran his thumb across the tears, wiping them away. Moving in, he captured his boy's mouth in a kiss that reiterated all he had just said. No kiss was ever sweeter, or more loving or said more, without a single word.

"Brian, I need to feel you," Justin breathed as their mouths parted.

"I need to feel you too," Brian whispered. This admission was so unlike the older man. He was not usually open with his feelings and preferred actions to words, but he knew if he wanted to keep Justin, he had to start. He wanted to give his baby everything he needed. No holds barred anymore. He was going to allow himself to feel and love, not just exist.

The brunet reached to the nightstand and retrieved a condom and the lube. Their eyes remained locked together as Brian ripped open the condom and rolled it over his painfully hard erection. He opened the lube and squeezed a generous amount into his hand, then tossed the tube aside. He rubbed the slick gel between his fingers to warm it. The blond writhed beneath him in anticipation of what was next. Smiling slightly, the older man placed his fingers at his baby's puckered opening.

Justin whimpered as he felt the man's hand against him, but nothing more.

"Briiiaaannn…please," he begged.

Not wanting to torture him any further, the older man pushed and his long finger slid in easily, pushing past the rings of muscle and all the way in.

"Oh God!" the younger man screamed and arched off the bed.

Immediately Brian withdrew his finger, leaving just the tip inside and then forcefully slammed back in. Again a loud moan erupted from his boy. He repeated this motion, over and over, adding a second, then a third finger as he continued to finger fuck his baby's ass. Justin's eyes closed, his head flew back on the pillow and his hips bucked up violently, trying to fuck his lover's hand with wild abandon.

Brian's eyes never left the blond's face. He watched as the pleasure overtook him. It was an amazing sight and the older man was completely transfixed.

"Please…Brian…more," Justin panted.

The older man knew what he wanted but decided to play with him a little. He slipped in a fourth finger and increased the speed of his thrusting, hitting his baby's prostate firmly with each movement.

"OH, GOD…OH…FUCK!" The boy screamed and practically leapt off the bed.

Brian smiled.

"Is that what you want more of?" he asked innocently.

Justin's mind couldn't function. He wanted to get the words out, but couldn't. He took a deep breath and tried.

"No…more…you…fuck…me…NOW!" The last word was growled in demand.

"Yes, baby," Brain purred and slipped his fingers out of his boy's ass. A loud groan of protest started to escape the blond's lips, but before it could get out, he felt the head of the older man's cock press against his hole, then forcefully push in, not stopping until it was fully encased.

"YES…Brian…oh, yes."

"Oh, baby."

Both men were engulfed in pleasure. Justin wrapped his legs tightly around Brian's hips. The older man placed his weight on his forearms so his body was pressed against his lover's, trapping the younger man's leaking cock between them. He began a steady motion with his hips, pulling almost all the way out, then thrusting hard until he was buried deep inside again. Both men moaned loudly at the exquisite torture.

"Baby, open your eyes. Look at me."

With great effort, Justin's eyes fluttered open and focused on Brian's face, inches above him.

"That's it. I want you…to see…the love I feel…for you." The older man's words were so genuine and honest. He held nothing back.

"Bbbrrrriiiiaaannnn," the younger man moaned.

"Yes, baby…you feel…so good." Brian panted. "You're mine…all mine."

"Mmmmm," was the only response the blond could manage as he felt himself being pounded repeatedly. Every nerve in his body was on fire and burning in ecstasy.

"Tell me…tell me…you're…mine," Brian demanded.

The younger man swallowed hard and tried to get the words out.

"I…I'm…yours…just…yours." His hole burned from the intense fucking and his body shook from his overloaded senses, but he didn't care. He was being fucked within an inch of his life and he loved it. He was so close, just a little more and he would fall over the edge.

"Yeah, that's it…mine…only…mine," Brian increased his thrusts. He was so close and barely pulled out as he rammed his lover's battered hole.

"Oh, Bri…Bri…I…ohhhhhh!" Justin screamed as an overwhelming spasm ripped through his body. The intensity shook him and if he hadn't been restricted under the weight of his lover's body, he would have flown off the bed. The cum shot hard and fast up his shaft and exploded in long streams between their bodies until his balls were completely spent.

The older man felt his lover's hole constrict tightly around him and knew he was going to cum. He pounded harder into his lover's ass, hitting the sweet spot deep inside with intense force and the boy exploded, taking Brian with him. The almost painful contractions of Justin's channel made the older man gasp as his orgasm gripped him and he felt himself start to shoot in time with his lover.

"Oh, baby…yeah…come with me…come!" he shouted.

Spasm after spasm tore through his balls and the cum shot up his shaft and filled the condom. The orgasm was intense and mind blowing, leaving him shaken and weak.

"Mine…only mine," Justin whispered breathlessly to his lover.

Brian raised his head from Justin's shoulder, looked him straight in the eye and smiled.

"Yours…only yours."