

NEXUS

by plumsuede

JUSTIN'S POV

There's something odd about tonight, something strange about him when I pick him up from the airport; maybe because he's been gone for over a week—business trip, California; maybe because I insisted on picking him up because it seemed like such a long week. I never pick him up; he's so used to having nameless faces wait on him hand and foot.

He's tan. A real tan, not a tanning bed tan, and for a minute I wonder if he's been cruising, and then I laugh at myself because he's not even that kind of guy anymore. He tends to cater to his wallet before his dick the older he gets; he watches his money--*our money*--a lot more than jail bait. It catches me off guard a lot, watching him consciously schmoozing a potential client at a party and completely ignoring the half-dressed wait-candy that's refilling his drink.

Works out okay, though, because I can ogle the wait-bait, and he never even notices.

He smiles at me when he sees me at the baggage claim, says nothing before he kisses me; he's still kissing me when the obnoxious sirens start clanging and the suitcases start tumbling onto the belt. He can kiss me and watch for his luggage at the same time. He knows how to multi-task.

I drove the 'vette to pick him up because I'm an idiot and forgot that he had a suitcase, so I can't drive us home because I have to sit in the passenger side with the suitcase because I'm the short one. He pats me on the head once I get situated in the car and closes my door.

"You're so cute when you're stupid," he says as he slides behind the wheel.

"I was excited to see *you*," I say, "Not your suitcase."

"I'm insanely jealous of my suitcase right now," he says to me as he zooms onto the interstate, "I wish it could drive, so I could be between your legs."

"You're so hot when you're stupid," I tell him.

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We both look at each other and bust out laughing.

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I wanted to drive so I could concentrate on that and not on the fact that the loft—where I tend to stay when he's out of town for more than one night—looks like one of my quasi-inspirational tornadoes hit it. He'll go nuts when he sees it; my shit everywhere—not the clean, stark lines he likes, rather open magazines, half-drawn pictures, balled-up pieces of paper, two computers going at once, the printer flashing because it's out of paper or toner or both, half-drunk beverages all over the place...you get the picture.

I squeeze the suitcase between my legs, wrap my fingers around the handle and pretend it's him.

He's quiet in the elevator, and when we get to the door, he unlocks it, slides it open, and sits his suitcase inside—just to the right and out of the way—and then turns around and backs in, pulling me with him, shutting the door behind my head once I'm all the way inside. There's a small light on under the kitchen cabinets, but that's it. He keeps it that way, his hands warm and wide underneath my shirt, palms pressed against my back as he holds me against the door.

"I missed you," he breathes behind my ear, and he laughs a little when he feels goose bumps rise up all the way down my back. "Haven't lost my touch, I guess?"

"It's a mess in here," I confess for some dumb reason.

"Did you clear a path to the bedroom?" he asks me.

"Yes," I say, laughing into his collarbone.

"And the bed is still in the same place?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll be all right."

"I missed you, too," I tell him, "That's kind of why it got so messy."

His lips move to the other side of my face, my cheek, my jaw, my ear, "I know."

When I start tugging his dress shirt out of his pants, he buries his face in my hair, moaning a little as I reach underneath it, my other hand unbuttoning it; I feel his hand slip from behind my back and snake between us, unleashing his tie. His shirt finally open, I pull him against me and just close my eyes against his chest, and he plays with my hair, and it gets really, really quiet...

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I breathe the way I breathe when he smells good, and he kisses the top of my head, his way of acknowledging me, and thick, needed moments pass between us and then his fingers seem to organize in my hair, tightening, guiding, tilting my head back up so he can kiss me and he does and

it's not a really a kiss, but more of an initiation really, flavored with the complimentary dominance he's employed since the night I met him, that way he has about him that says:

Don't worry.

I'm here.

I'll take care of everything...

...just the way you like it.

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Sometimes I want to sit him down and tell him that I'm just another one of his clients, someone he works magic for every single day, but then he'd make me pay him.

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He interrupts my little thought-junket with a question he's asking in a low, low voice, "I'm to take the usual route, I suppose?"

I nod, and he smiles and starts pulling me to the bedroom. He's walking backwards as we walk the path we always walk: behind the island, around the far side of the dining room table, up the stairs to the bed. Tonight, neither of us trips on anything.

Unbelievable.

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I won't even let him turn on the light over the bed because I don't want him to see all the crap on the floor surrounding it, and when he tries, when he reaches for it, I slap his hand down. He laughs at me but obliges me anyway, lets me watch him, his body contoured by streetlights and shadows, as he reaches for me, pulls my shirt over my head, unbuttons his sleeves and discards his, and then falls back on the bed pulling me down beside him.

He lays on his back and I lay my head on his chest, and he holds me as my hand smoothes down his stomach; my fingers arriving at the obstacle some gratuitous fashion designer is always putting between us with no regard for my feelings, but I get over it like I always do, undoing his belt and his pants, he rolls toward me a little gifting me with a tired moan, and there's something so fucking sweet about that for some reason, something that Calvin Klein will never understand, regardless of how many black and white, pre-pubescent photographs he pays Brian to take.

His underwear is suddenly way too small.

And gone.

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"Slow down," he says when I touch him.

"I haven't done anything," I tell him.

"I know...I know..." he holds my hand still on his dick, still and tight; he's so close to me, his breath in the crook of my neck, "You never come to the airport; you never come get me."

"I know," I say quietly, whispering because he is, "I just missed you; I wanted to surprise you."

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He lets go of my hand, but only because he's undoing my jeans, and he pushes me onto my back, undressing me, and when I'm finally free, and I can feel finally feel him between my legs, so hard and so wanting me, I wrap my legs around him, and he's kissing me hard, holding my head still with his hands; they're so warm; and then it's his turn to surprise me, "Ride me. I want you to ride me."

"You do?" and then I'm on top of him, and his hands are on my thighs, and he usually doesn't have the patience for this when he's been gone for a while.

"C'mere," he says, and I lean down, and he's slicking his cock and wet between my legs and whispering to me, "Slow, slow, slow. Make it hell." And the penetration is quick and cold and then hot and the most fucking beautiful desperate thing I've ever felt in my entire life, and he's still holding onto me, not letting me up, "I'm serious, Justin. Make it *sheer* and *utter* hell."

And then he lets go, and I stay low at first, barely moving, and his hands curl around my thighs, and I'm still low enough that I can hear him chanting, "Yes...yes...yes" like he's not even talking to me but to some genie that just granted his wish.

So I keep rubbing his lamp.

I watch his face as the internal movement he feels becomes external, as I lift up and move away from him a little, and his hands tighten around my thighs, and I know he's planting his feet somewhere in the sheets, and I humor him with this shallow, useless fuck for a while, and then slow way down and take him as deep as I can...and then deeper, and then while he's right there, I lean all the way down and kiss him, and it's tricky to do that—let's just say it wasn't something I could do the first night I met him without coming all over both of us, but now, piece of cake.

And everything is sweetness and light, and we're talking and touching and kissing and he's sweet and toasty underneath me, almost lazy, when he feels my thighs tighten around him, and he may not be twenty-nine anymore, but his reflexes are still top notch. His arms fly off my thighs and over his head, holding onto the mattress as I speed up, not as deep, but sharp and quick, and then he's panting, squeezing my thighs again because he's afraid (for good reason) that I'll make him come.

"*Slow...please*," he begs, gritting the words through his teeth.

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And he's a master at this now that he's a little older; he's trained himself to hold off, but I'm really not in the mood; I'm twelve years his junior; I've got plenty of time for that, and besides there's nothing more erotic or self-fulfilling than the ecstasy on Brian's face, the pleasure, the tension, when I know, "Brian, I'm gonna come," and he pleads with me to hold off a little longer, but by then it's deep and fast, and he can feel it, he knows I'm going to come and watching him accept that bit of bad news is magically delicious.

*"Do it...don't... do it; god, oh god."* he spits out as he comes right before I do, furious that his own body betrayed him like that. And I'm in a heap on top of him because I may be young, but that doesn't make me invincible. "You little shit," he whispers in my ear.

"Stop it. You told me to do it."

"I know," he groans, defeated. "It was really good."

"Thanks. Anytime."

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"Please don't fall asleep," I tell him twelve minutes later as he's falling asleep. He gives me this very sleepy smile and kisses me and pulls me against him which means he's going to sleep, "I'm serious; I don't want to sleep here." He groans and pats my head and tries to ignore me. I'm not really being honest; it's not that I don't want to sleep here, it's that I don't want to wake up here. It ruins the whole night for me...for him to see this place in the daylight, so I cheat, slide my hand between us and start stroking him, "Please, I'm serious. I want to go home. I'll drive."

*"Justin,"* he says and then rolls on his side away from me.

"If you stay like that, I'll fuck you."

"So? Go ahead." (Shit head.)

"Brian. Please, I'll drive."

"Fine," he capitulates, acting like I'm killing him as he makes his way to the bathroom to piss and waits for me to bring him his clothes. I button his pants for him.

"Thanks. I really needed help with that."

He has to drive because of the suitcase thing again or else we have to leave his suitcase at the loft. He decides to punish me and make me ride forty minutes to West Virginia with his suitcase between my legs.

I tell him that as far as I'm concerned it's just foreplay.

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The house is exactly the way he likes it: cold, stark, and unfriendly. He will never admit that he hates being in the loft when I've been there by myself, but he does. His body feels completely different in our bed at home, and after he trudges up the stairs to the tune of what an enormous pain in the ass I am, he gets in bed with me and gives me one.

Pounds me into the middle of the next week.

"That was sheer and utter hell," I tell him when he's finally done with me, still inside me, softly kissing the back of my neck as if it's compensation for growling in my ear for the last few minutes.

"Anytime," he tells me.

"How about in half an hour?" I ask him.

He laughs, his voice low behind my ear, "You're so cute when you're shit out of luck."

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