A Much Better View by Cindy



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Yawning, I rub my eyes then stare back out into the blackness…small blinking lights catch my eye and I wonder just who the hell would be up at this ungodly hour.

Well, other than me.

I shake my head, running my fingers through my hair and rub the back of my neck, trying to release some of the tension that seems to be pooled there.

Laughing softly, I know that everyone would instinctively ask, ‘What tension?’ But fuck all they know.

It always comes back to the same thing, time after time…Michael.

Fucking, Michael.

God, even when he’s not around his ghost still grates at my nerves.

“Hey, what’cha doin’ up?”

I hear his raspy voice and turn, smiling as I catch a much better view than the one outside.

Brian.

Naked.

Standing at the top of the stairs to our bedroom.

His hair’s all tussled and his skin’s slightly flushed from sleep. I’ve never seen anyone who constantly sports such a wicked case of bed head as he does…especially when it’s damp with sweat, having fallen asleep right after an exceptionally intense fuck session like tonight.

Shit, the things that man can do with his tongue should be illegal. Smiling again I realize that they probably are.

“What’s got you so happy?“ Brian asks, moving toward me and grinning curiously.

Shaking my head I shrug and reply, “Nothing…you.”

And as his arms wrap around me, pulling my cool, naked flesh against his warmth. He shivers…and I know it’s not just from the cold. It goes much deeper than that.

It’s like this thing happens as soon as we touch, any part of us really, but especially when we’re like this…naked, and I have no words to describe it…none at all. I think it’s because not one single word or even a whole string of them could convey what I feel…could do it justice. It’s beyond words…it just…IS.

“Penny for your thoughts.”

I huff a laugh and point to my head. “It’d take a fucking mint for you to even make a dent in what’s going on in here.” And that makes him laugh too because he knows it’s true.

Sad, but true.

Because he knows what I’m thinking…who I’m thinking about. He’s been there too many times to count and I’ve seen the same look on his face.

After the whole thing tonight at the art show, he knows that my mind won’t rest until it’s gone over every single detail, no matter how minute, making sure I didn’t miss a thing.

Okay, it may be anal, I’ll admit it, but hey, I’m an artist and I live in details.

“You know he’s just being Mikey. No real harm intended.”

I pull back and stare at Brian, wondering just how many times he can defend his friend before he fades away. Seriously, I mean Brian’s really just this sweet old softy…and he’d deny it from here to forever if he heard me say that, but it’s the truth. And Michael knows that he can fuck around with Brian’s emotions, playing with them like toys, and the man will always forgive him. Maybe not right away, but eventually, with certainty.

But the thing is…and this is what neither one of them seems to get…is that I DON’T GIVE A SHIT!!!!

Not one fucking little iota of a care for that pathetic, sad, tormented, not getting his fair share of kudos from Brian, shell of a man that walks around whining about how this is not right and that’s not right because HE says so.

Well, I just wanna know who the fuck appointed him Mayor of Munchkin land, handing him the jeweled wand and deemed it fit for him to play with all our lives to HIS liking.

I sure as hell didn’t…and I have not one single fucking intention of EVER letting that happen.

So Brian can keep his blinders in place and make all nicey-nicey with the man when the dust settles, but as far as I’m concerned, tonight Michael just fucked himself royally with me and without the pleasure of feeling my dick inside him.

Ewwww, God, that thought alone makes me wanna hurl.

“Baby, you okay?”

I look up at Brian and realize that while my mind’s been shifting gears my mouth’s been silent.

I know he won’t see things the way I do…he can’t. It’s not his fault, not entirely. Sometimes I wish that I’d been there…when he was growing up and going through all the shit that seemed to link him eternally to Michael…because it’d be me instead. I know it would be. I would have comforted and helped him without making him feel indebted for life.

But, it wasn’t me and I guess I have to accept the fact that Michael will always be a part of Brian’s life.

Once again sad, but true.

“Come on, let’s go back to bed,” Brian whispers against my ear, gently nipping at the lobe before pulling back.

There it is…that feeling…and, “ahhhhhh,” yeah, it’s the fucking best.

Reluctantly I let him pull me toward the bedroom, the smile on his face letting me know that even though I may be playing hard to get, I’m anything but…not when he’s involved.

“Lie down…on your stomach…yeah, spread your legs. Mmmm, God I love that view. That perfect ass of your all laid out for me. There’s nothin’ better.”

Brian’s words, almost purred into my ear as he lays himself fully on top of me, makes my head reel and my dick ache.

He knows how to get to me, how to get my cock to go from soft to ready to shoot in just a matter of minutes. It really is a talent that should NOT go wasted…and I never do.

“Brian,” I moan, my hips rising slightly to increase the contact between my ass and his erection pressing down against it.

“Yeah, baby, you want more? You want me inside you…fucking you?” he asks quietly, rubbing back and forth against me. And when I think that I’m ready…fucking way past ready to scream out for him to fuck me NOW, he says, “Make love to you?”

And I’m gone.

God, those words…those simple words make me want to drown inside him and never come up for air.

Not able to control myself, I moan loudly and almost beg,” Yes, oh, Brian, please. Please make love to me.”

I feel his smile against my skin and I can’t help but smile in return. I know how much he loves to hear me beg and though he’d never admit it, hearing me ask him to make love to me, not fuck, makes him feel just as amazing.

I hear the rip of the condom above me and the click of the top of the lube as it flips closed. He shifts slightly off to the side, presumably rolling the condom on. And as I lie there, my eyes closed, envisioning his long, beautiful fingers moving down his perfect cock, I feel myself suddenly being pulled up and turned over onto my back.

“Umph,” I can’t help but grunt as I land and Brian lands on top of me. Smiling down at me. His eyes dancing with desire and his face flushed with need. I’m sure he sees the same in me.

“You ready, baby?”

Too overcome to speak, I just nod…emphatically.

Brian laughs softly, spreading my legs further apart with his knees and shifting slightly as one hand travels downward, placing the head of his slick shaft against my hole. He knows that I’m still loose enough from the previous fuck to not have to worry about hurting me. Then he pushes, just the tiniest little bit and dips inside me and oh, fuck…it’s so good…that first little bit that makes my teeth clench and my hips quiver, silently begging for more.

And that’s just what he gives me.

More…so much more.

Slowly but steadily he slides right in and I can’t help myself as a loud, guttural moan flies from my open mouth.

“Fuck, Justin…you feel so good…always so tight…so fuckin’ tight.”

Brian’s hot breath washes over my face and I force my eyes open, wanting to see him hovering over me and I smile through my pants, because he’s done the same.

“Good, baby?”

“Urrghhh, y-yes,” I stutter as he pulls back then slowly enters me again. He angles his hips, brushing me juuuust right inside, and…”AGGHHHHH!”

Brian grins, pleased with the response so he does it again…and again…and again…until I’m one big constant moan and he’s pounding into me hard and deep but still so slow…so deliciously and torturously slow.

He’s shaking above me, trying to maintain the calm pace because he needs it this way, just as much as I do. Feeling every single molecule in your body burning in ecstasy, every nerve on overload and your cock’s so hard…”Ohhhh, God…” so hard that if it doesn’t shoot soon, it might explode.

I can’t take it and as the head of his dick nudges against my swollen prostate once again, I scream and beg him to fuck me…fuck me hard.

And he does.

My hands fly up, bracing myself on the low headboard so my head doesn’t bang into it as he fucks me harder and harder, my body inching up the bed. He leans down, his body plastered against mine and the friction against my cock as it’s trapped between our slick stomachs is all I can take.

“Oh, fuck…now…NOW…NOW!” I scream, my eyes squeezed shut as my head flies back and my ass contracts impossibly hard and the cum shoots out of my balls with lightening speed.

I vaguely recall hearing Brian shout as I felt his cock swell inside me, pushing out against my spasming muscles and then everything went black.

I wake up, several minutes or several hours later… I’m not too sure, and I’m just too exhausted to make the effort to look at the clock.

But what I am sure of is the warmth and love oozing from the man lying on top of me.

I smile and wrap my arms around him.

“Hey, baby,” Brian says gruffly, raising his head. His eyes find mine and I know that no matter what, it’s all worth it. Every fucking bit of torture that Michael puts me through is worth it because in the end, what I’m left with is everything…it’s Brian.

And really, what more could I ask for?

Smiling, I realize…not a fucking thing.