Jealousy by Cindy



“Hey, glad you guys could make it,” Justin said sarcastically when Michael and Emmett finally arrived.

“Fuck off,” Michael said with a smile. “SOME of us take a little longer to get ready than other’s who shall remain nameless twinks.”

“Can I help it if I can just jump in the shower, dry off and I’m good to go? You know, youth does have its advantages,” Justin said with a grin.

“Are YOU suggesting that I am getting older and need to take more time to look fabulous?” Emmett asked, wide-eyed and stricken looking.

Laughing, Justin replied, “Uhhh, yep.”

“Well, I’ve never,” Emmett protested, all in fun.

“Sure you have, and just about every chance you get,” came Brian’s response as he sat down next to Justin.

“Long trip to the men’s room,” the blond said with a smirk.

“Let’s just say there was a long line up and lots of, um, THINGS to check out,” Brian whispered moving closer to Justin, a huge smile on his face.

“Uh-huh,” the younger man said, trying hard not to sound upset, even though he knew that Brian was just kidding.

“But nothing that could compare to yours,” Brian finished, staring deeply into the bright pools of blue. He couldn’t help teasing his lover, he knew it got the guy riled up, but it also made Brian’s insecurities about their relationship calm slightly, seeing the jealousy flare in the usually even-keeled young man. He was still afraid that Justin would leave him again for someone younger and easier. He needed little reminders that they were secure, committed, solid.

“Hey, what’s with all the secrets?” Michael whined at Brian and Justin huddled together.

“Nothing,” Brian said, pulling back and relaxing in his chair. “I just couldn’t believe that you came alone, and he was asking me if maybe you were hoping to pick up the next great love of your life here tonight?” The smug look on Brian’s face made everyone around the table break out in laughter, especially when they got a look at Michael’s shocked expression.

“Brian, you know that I’m with Ben. He just had to go on that stupid teacher’s convention, like that’s all that matters to him,” Michael whined.

“We know,” everyone said in unison. They were so tired of hearing Michael whine about everything being more important than him. It was draining and torturous.

They were in a room full of mostly Gay men. Lindsay and Mel were playing host to the third annual Gay Men’s Business Association dinner, where they tried to raise money and awareness for the community. The room was brimming over with well-to-do executives. The ‘family’ had been informed that they were required to attend, so they were all there.

“Well, I would say my chances of doing THAT are about as likely as YOUR’S are,” Michael answered in his usually high-pitched voice.

Justin looked at Brian and the older man wiggled his eyebrows at him. He couldn’t help laugh at the man’s obvious response to his best friend’s remark. He knew full well that Brian had EVERY intention of picking someone up tonight – HIM.

“Excuse me,” a deep, sexy voice said, and everyone looked up to find an amazingly handsome man standing next to Justin’s chair.

“Can we help you?” Emmett asked, hoping that the man was there to talk to him.

The man looked at Emmett and smiled, then he shifted his focus to Justin and bent forward slightly, getting closer to the blond. “I was wondering if you would like to dance?” the gorgeous man asked. His voice was smooth and alluring, entrancing everyone around the table.

“Um, me?” Justin asked, obviously surprised by the invitation.

“Yes, I’d love to dance with you,” the man said, wedging himself as best as he could between Justin and Brian’s chairs.

Justin’s eyes shot to Brian and saw that the man was less than pleased at the obvious intentions of the stranger. The blond looked back up at the olive skinned, blue eyed, dark-haired, blatantly stunning man and said, “Sorry, I’m not really into dancing.” He heard Brian sigh softly and felt himself relax a little, knowing that his lover had calmed.

“Oh, come on. Just one little dance. I won’t bite, I promise,” the man said with a huge, perfect smile. He obviously wasn’t going to give up that easily.

“Yeah, come on. Just one dance. Go for it,” Everyone around the table was saying, well, everyone except Brian, who was trying his best to not let on to how upset he was getting.

“See, you’re friends want you to have a good time. Come on, please,” the man said, placing his hand on Justin’s arm.

Brian felt his body tense and had to grip the arms of the chair in order to keep himself from flying up and knocking the suave asshole backwards. When the guy put his hand on Justin’s arm, he thought he was going to lose it. What the fuck did this guy think? That he could just walk up and come on to HIS lover? Well, he had another thing coming if that’s what he was after. Justin was HIS, not for sharing. But the only problem was, that no one else knew that they had gotten back together. They’d decided to keep it a secret for a while, not wanting to have to deal with the others well-meaning interference that always seemed to get in the way. But now, their encouraging and friendly banter wasn’t helping the situation. In fact, they were making it downright impossible for Justin to politely say no without causing a scene.

Avoiding Brian’s eyes, not really wanting to see the fury that he knew would be there, Justin finally accepted. “Well, I guess one dance can’t hurt,” he said and got up, allowing the man to guide him to the dance floor that was already occupied with couples.

“So, I see that one of us has already scored themselves something for the evening. Who’s next?” Ted said with a laugh. He looked around the table and saw that everyone was laughing along with him, except Brian. “Hey, Brian, what’s wrong?”

Realizing that he must be looking as fucking furious as he was feeling, Brian quickly put on his mask and replied, “Nothing. Everything’s just great. Having a blast.”

“Okay. Well, let’s just sit back and enjoy the show,” Ted told the group and they all focused their attention onto the dance floor where Justin was moving to the music beside his new friend.

“I just wanted to say that I enjoy your work. I think you’re very talented,” the man told Justin as they danced. “I saw some of the pieces you donated for the auction. Melanie pointed them out and I was very impressed.

“Thanks,” the blond said, when all he was really thinking was, ‘just get me through this dance, please, get me through this dance.’ He figured Mel had something to do with his new admirer. She was always telling him how bad Brian was for him and was so happy that they weren’t together any more. ‘That’s how little she knows,’ he thought with a smile, pretending to be enjoying himself.

“I’m Neil, by the way. Neil Blackmore. I do some legal work for the center and I have my own practice. That’s how I know Melanie.”

“That’s great. Sounds interesting,” Justin said, but what he was thinking was, ‘Who gives a fuck? I just want this dance to be over so I can get back to my table and back to Brian.’ He couldn’t help himself as his eyes traveled back to his friends, seeing the happy faces of all of them as they watched him. Emmett gave him a little wave and he smiled back. Then his eyes landed on Brian’s, locking with the intense hazel orbs that had darkened incredibly since he’d left the table. ‘Oh fuck, he’s ready to explode,’ Justin thought.

Suddenly, he felt a hand run down his back and stop just above the dip of his ass, with long fingers trailing along the top of his left cheek. He was shocked and before he could turn to tell, um, Neil, yeah, that was the guy’s name, to politely move it or lose it, he saw Brian’s eyes shift slightly, taking in the placement of the lawyer’s wandering hand and fury blazed in his eyes.

Turning sharply, Justin said with a fake smile, “I think you misplaced this,” and he lifted Neil’s hand off his ass.

The man had the decency to at least look sincere as he said sorry and placed his hand back at his side.

“I think I’m going to go back to my table now. Thank you for the dance,” Justin said and moved to leave.

“Oh, come on. Just one more. I’ll be good. I promise,” Neil said with a sweet smile.

A slow song began and the man reached over and drew Justin into his grasp.

“I really think I should get back,” the blond said with as polite a smile as he could muster. He was getting fed up with the man’s groping hands, but he knew he couldn’t start a scene. Lindsay and Mel would flip.

“Let’s just finish this dance. I really am enjoying your company Justin. I think that you are so unbelievably beautiful. Did anyone ever tell you that?”

Justin looked at the guy with his brows furrowed. ‘What the hell is this guy trying to do? Get me into bed? Has anyone ever told me I’m beautiful? Of course I’ve been told that before. Does he think he’s being original?’ Justin’s mind was so busy playing with the stupid remark that Neil had said that he didn’t even notice the man standing behind him until he spoke.

“Can I cut in?”

Justin turned sharply to see Brian.

“Oh, certainly,” Neil said to Brian, not really sure what else to do as the man’s smoldering hazel eyes bore into him. He turned to Justin and said, “I hope we can do this again. I’d really love to get to know you better.”

“Uh, yeah, I’m sure I’ll see you around,” the blond answered, not wanting to offend the man but not wanting to encourage him either.

With that, Neil released Justin, then nodded at the two men and left.

Brian took up where the other man had been, placing his arms around Justin in the proper dance hold. They began to move to the music, consciously not allowing their bodies to drift closer together. They were so engrossed in each other that they were completely unaware of the dozens of sets of eyes focused on them.

“So, did you enjoy your little admirer’s attention?” Brian asked, trying to sound casual, but not doing a good job of hiding his burning jealousy.

“You know I didn’t, Brian.”

“Looks like he was getting pretty cozy. Helping himself to what isn’t his. His roaming hands were enjoying themselves. That was pretty obvious.” Brian sounded bitter and angry. He knew it wasn’t Justin’s fault, that he didn’t do anything to encourage it but he couldn’t help it. He hated anyone touching what was his, and the blond was unmistakably HIS, even though they hadn’t let anyone know it yet.

“Brian,” Justin said, trying to get the older man’s eyes to meet his. Finally Brian’s gaze shifted downwards and the blond was saddened to find the usually warm eyes full of anger and fear. He sighed, closing his eyes for a moment, and when he reopened them he was met again by the same lost look. He tried to lighten the mood and laughed softly when he said, “You know this is going to give everyone lots to talk about.”

The older man just shrugged his shoulders. He didn’t care. He was so tired of pretending. He looked down at the worried face of his lover and said, “I’ll just tell them that I saw you in distress and came to the rescue. After all, it’s the truth.” He was so entranced by Justin’s baby blues that he felt his anger and jealousy slipping away. He knew he had nothing to worry about and was just getting carried away.

Justin saw and heard the change in Brian and smiled. “It is the truth, and who better to come to my rescue than my handsome prince?”

Brian laughed out loud at Justin’s remark. The younger man always referred to him as his prince whenever he wanted to get his way or get off the hook for something. “Come on, Snow White. We’d better get back before they send the seven dwarfs after us.”

Justin let Brian pull him off the floor, heading back towards their friends and said, “I didn’t know that Michael had any brothers?”

“Ohh, you’re bad,” Brian chuckled, shaking his head at his lover’s twisted sense of humor.

”That’s why you love me,” the blond whispered, moving in close.

Brian turned and looked at Justin, his eyes gazing deeply into the younger man’s. He moved in close, speaking quietly, he said, “That’s only one of the reasons that I do, baby.”

Justin felt his insides instantly turn to mush at the sweetness in Brian’s voice and the way he called him ‘baby’. He couldn’t help himself as a silly grin spread across his face.

Brian just laughed, seeing the blond’s response. He loved that he could get to him so easily.

“Hey, what was THAT all about,” Michael asked, nodding towards the dance floor.

“I just thought he needed rescuing, so, I DID,” Brian said, not really directed at anyone in particular, but rather at the whole table.

Everyone just nodded or made little noises of agreement. Everyone except Emmett. He didn’t buy it for a second. He watched the look on Brian’s face change several times over the past little while, since Justin’s new friend came into the picture. He saw the jealousy so clearly in Brian. Jealousy directed at Justin. He thought the man would bolt from his chair when the guy on the dance floor let his hands roam over Justin’s body. He had suspected for some time that Brian and Justin had gotten back together and tonight’s little demonstration just helped to confirm his suspicions.

For the rest of the evening, things went pretty smoothly. Neil did try again to get close to Justin, but the look he found in Brian’s eyes as he tried to approach the blond stopped him dead in his tracks.

“Well, it’s getting late and I think I’ve put in my required lot of time here,” Brian told his friends, and everyone agreed that it was time to go. “Justin, do you need a ride?”

“Um, yeah, that would be great.” Justin stood and said his good-byes to the group, then headed out behind Brian.

Neither man noticed the smile on Emmett’s face as they left.

The valet brought Brian’s corvette to the front and the men got in. As he pulled away from the curb, Brian glanced at Justin and asked him, “Are you coming over?”

“Do you want me to?”

“Justin, just answer the question,” Brian said impatiently.

“Do you want me to?” Justin wanted to hear the man say it. To tell him that he was wanted.

“Yes.”

“See, was that so hard?” the blond replied rather smugly.

Brian reached over and took the younger man’s hand in his, then brought them to his already stiffening cock, laying Justin’s smaller hand over it and said, “It’s certainly getting there.”

“Brian,” Justin breathed. Even thought he knew he shouldn’t give in to the man’s smart-assed behavior, he lost all semblance of coherent thought at his hand made contact with the hardening member.

Hearing his lover whisper his name with such longing was too much for Brian. He couldn’t suppress the low moan that rumbled from his chest and the reaction from his dick as it hardened fully.

“Mmmmmm,” Justin whimpered, feeling his lover’s cock stiffen beneath his hand. “I want to suck it,” he moaned.

“Baby.”

“Ahhhh, Brian…please,” the blond breathed. He felt his heartbeat quicken and his own cock stand firmly at attention as his hand began to move over Brian’s cloth-covered erection.

“Stop,” the brunet grunted, placing his hand over Justin’s to still his motion. He couldn’t take anymore teasing and knew if the man didn’t stop he would cum in his pants. “We’re almost at the loft.”

“Hurry,” Justin panted, his hand now rubbing over his own erection still encased in his pants.

A loud moan flew from the older man’s lips as he caught sight of his lover stroking himself. He pressed down on the gas, determined to get them home as fast as possible.

Pulling into the parking space, both men hurriedly got out of the car and rushed into the building. Not wanting to wait for the elevator and both of them sporting hard-ons that were quite obvious, they opted for the stairs. Climbing the few flights to Brian’s floor, they ran to the door of the loft, both of them fumbling with their keys, seeing who could get the door unlocked the fastest. Justin won, as he was determined to get inside and wouldn’t let a little thing like a lock keep him one second longer than necessary.

They stumbled inside, already locked in a heated kiss and somehow managed to shut and lock the door behind them, and even set the alarm.

“Justin…bedroom…now.”

They moved together towards the platform, peeling off clothes and dropping them as they went, leaving a trail behind them. When they finally reached the bedroom, after making several pit-stops to lick and kiss at various parts of each other’s bodies, they were both completely naked.

Edging backwards, Justin was the first to hit the bed, stopping their movement, their lips still locked in an intense kiss. Finally they pulled apart, both men in desperate need of oxygen for their aching lungs. Smiling, Brian pushed gently on Justin’s chest, sending the man tumbling backwards and landing firmly on his back, his body spread out in the middle of the large bed.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Brian said, staring down at his lover. His heart swelled as the angelic blond’s beaming smile appeared.

“You know, that’s the second time tonight that someone’s told me that, but the thing is, this is the only time it counts.”

Smiling at Justin’s words, Brian got onto the bed and crawled his way up the smaller body, covering it completely with his and trapping their hardened cocks between them.

Justin gasped at the delicious pressure he felt as his erection pressed against Brian’s.

Placing his weight on his forearms and his slightly bend knees, Brian rocked his hips against his lover’s, grinding their dicks together. Both men moaned from the incredible sensations. Looking down at Justin, Brian smiled and pressed their foreheads together. “Oh fuck…baby…I need to be inside you so badly.”

“Ahhhhhhhh…yes…Brian…fuck me,” the younger man whimpered. He was so excited. He was so in awe of the man above him. He knew how much restraint it had taken at the party for Brian not to storm up to him when he was dancing with Neil. And he felt so thankful for the man’s intervention when things began to get carried away. But he knew how helpless and jealous his lover felt, unable to react the way he wanted to because of all the people that were around them and not wanting to give away their relationship just yet.

Reaching into the nightstand drawer, Brian pulled out the lube and a condom. He squirted some out onto his fingers, rubbing them together to warm the slick liquid. At the same time, not wanting to wait a second longer than necessary, he ripped open the condom with his teeth and rolled it on over his leaking erection.

“Brian…please,” the blond begged as he writhed on the bed. His lithe body was covered in a light sheen of sweat that made his skin glow in the low light of the bedroom. His eyes were half closed as he struggled to keep them open. His legs spread wide, offering himself to Brian.

“Okay…relax,” Brian said, placing his middle finger against the exposed knot of flesh and pushing until it slipped inside.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh,” Justin moaned, softly at first then growing louder as the long digit continued to move in and out of his quivering hole. He couldn’t keep still and began thrusting his hips in time with Brian’s motion.

“Yeah, fuck my hand, baby…move your tight little ass and fuck it,” the older man growled. He was so entranced by his lover’s unabashed desire to take what he wanted, what he needed. He added a second, then third finger and watched his lover go.

“Bri…Brian…please…fuck…me,” Justin panted, barely able to control his frenzied hips as his body cried out for more.

“Mmmm, but then I’d have to remove my fingers, and you look so good, fucking them with all you’ve got,” Brian said as he lay beside the blond, rubbing his leaking cock against Justin’s thigh.

“Please…please…I need…YOU,” the blond whimpered. He didn’t want to come like that. He wanted his lover inside of him.

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” Brian teased, when in truth he was just about ready to scream if he didn’t get inside of the man. He pulled his fingers out of Justin’s ass, grabbed his shaft, placed the head against the slightly gaping hole and pushed.

“OH, GAAWWWDDD!” Justin moaned loudly as Brian’s thick, long cock slid all the way inside of him. His back arched high off the bed, pushing their bodies even closer together, trapping his dick between them in a firm grip. The pressure of their hard stomachs surrounding his aching cock was mind blowing. He wrapped his legs around Brian’s hips, locking his feet across his firm ass.

“Justin, you’re so tight…so warm…ahhhh…so fucking good.”

“Please…fuck me,” the blond begged. He felt like his mind was spinning out of control. His body felt so alive as the pleasure coursed through him. He knew there was nothing better than this. Being one with Brian. Nothing could compare.

“Baby…oh, yeah,” the older man panted and increased the speed and depth of his thrusts into his lover’s tight hole. He needed to claim Justin. Make sure that the man knew that he was his, only his, always his. “You’re mine,” he growled against the blonds’ neck. His mouth attacked the supple flesh, nipping, sucking and licking with abandon. He knew there would be some marks left from his endeavors, but he didn’t care. It would just serve as further proof that the man was his.

“Briannnnnnn…ahhhhhhhh.” Justin was so turned on by Brian’s need to possess him. He felt the bites along his neck and understood what the man needed to do, and he was thrilled by it. He didn’t want it to end, but he knew he wasn’t going to last much longer. His cock was being deliciously tortured between their slick stomachs with every rock of their hips and it was just about ready to explode. His hole spasmed as Brian’s dick rammed it so hard and fast, barely pulling out at all. His prostate hummed with pleasure, being jabbed by the head of his lover’s cock with every single movement. Ecstasy pumped through his veins as he teetered on the edge of his orgasm, just aching to fall over it.

“Justin…oh, fuck…I…I,” Brian panted out, barely able to catch his breath. He was so close. He felt his balls tighten and pulse and his cock swell inside Justin’s ass, his head raking against the sides as he fucked the man’s ass furiously. The channel tightened around his dick and he couldn’t stop the loud moan that flew from his lips. Again and again he felt it spasm and knew that Justin was right there with him. He angled his hips and pushed himself as deep inside as possible and let loose. His hips bucked wildly, never pulling out, just jabbing over and over again, slamming hard against Justin’s swollen prostate without mercy.

Justin was yelping and screaming at the top of his lungs. His head thrashed from side to side as the intensity built and built, until…

“Uhhh…uhhh…UUUHHHHHH!” Justin yelled as his orgasm burst free.

“OH YEAH…baby…aahhhhhhhh,” Brian joined in. Justin’s ass clamped down on his dick, sending him head first into his own orgasm.

Justin’s cock exploded, spewing an unbelievable amount of hot semen between their bodies. His body shook from the intensity of his orgasm, leaving him completely drained and thoroughly satisfied.

Brian’s cock pulsed as Justin’s ass milked every drop of cum from his balls. He jerked above his lover with every shot. Unable to support himself he collapsed onto the smaller man beneath him, panting and gasping for air.

“Ohhhhhh…Brian,” Justin moaned.

“Sorry, baby…am I…hurting you?” the older man panted and tried to lift some of his weight off of his lover.

“No…no…stay,” the blond said, placing his hands along Brian’s back and pressing him back down. “It was just…so…so amazing,” he breathed.

“Yeah, it was,” the brunet said with a smile, finally getting his breathing under control.

“I’m sorry about tonight,” Justin said sheepishly, his face hidden from his lover’s view as Brian forehead rested against his shoulder.

Brian pulled up so he could see Justin. He knew what the man was referring to. He smiled and said, “There’s nothing to apologize for. My jealousy just got the best of me.” He looked deep into the gentle blue eyes and was so overwhelmed with his love and need for Justin. “I just don’t ever want to lose you.”

“I’m yours, always, forever,” Justin said, his eyes glazing over with tears from the vulnerability of his lover’s words. “My handsome prince.”

Brian pressed a sweet kiss against Justin’s lips. He had Justin. He had forever.