

Raw

by burnitbackwards

"Justin!"

Brian's voice yelled from the living room over the slam of the loft door. Justin tossed down his pencil and padded over to the top of the steps.

"What?" he asked as innocently as possible, suppressing a grin at the evil eye Brian was aiming across the room.

"What the fuck," Brian demanded, pointing one finger at the entertainment system, "is that thing on top of my three thousand dollar stereo?"

"What thing?" Justin shrugged, sliding Brian's suit jacket off his shoulders to avoid looking where Brian had pointed.

"That *thing*," Brian said, spinning Justin around to see it, "that looks strangely like a fucking Betamax player."

"Oh, that." Justin prayed silently that he wouldn't burst into laughter. "Yeah, that does look kind of like a Betamax player, doesn't it?"

Brian shoved him off and moved over to inspect it. "Where in the fuck did you find one of these? Christ, it must be a million years old. And so ugly." Justin caught the tiny shudder; Brian was such a queen sometimes.

"The video store on Liberty was selling off all their old videos, and somehow they still had some old Beta tapes. There were a bunch of these crazy-looking 80s pornos, so I bought some of them."

"You actually spent money buying porn on *Beta*?" Brian raised an eyebrow. "And that still doesn't explain where you got the player. Were they selling those, too?"

"No," Justin said lightly, moving around in front of Brian to start unworking his tie. "I borrowed it from Deb."

Brian barked out a surprised laugh. "I should've known," he said, pressing his forehead to Justin's. "She probably has a fucking eight-track lying around somewhere, too."

"She does," Justin confirmed. "I saw it. Michael's old Atari, too."

Brian laughed again, then threaded his fingers into Justin's hair and kissed the side of his mouth. "So," he asked, wearing his patented Brian-has-an-evil-plan grin, "Do you want to watch one?"

Justin pretended to swoon. "Oh Brian, I thought you'd never ask." He pushed Brian backwards until the backs of his knees hit the sofa, and Brian sat. A bag of videos rested on the coffee table; Justin sorted through them, reading out potential titles. "Okay, we've got Beverly Hills Cock, Ferris Beuller's Jerk-Off, This Is Anal Tap, and... oh man, this is the one." He hopped up from the floor and inserted the last tape into the machine.

"You're gonna love this one," he said with a grin, just as the title lit up on the screen: *Desperately Seeking Semen*. He fell back against Brian and swung an arm over the back of the couch, moving in closer.

The beginning was ridiculous, of course; Justin hadn't expected anything else. Some guy whose hair bore a frightening resemblance to a mullet had gone off on a long cross-country journey, the purpose of which seemed to be fucking every willing man from New York to San Francisco.

"Hey there," the man said to a big, burly trucker in a West Virginia convenience store. "I'd really love to see the inside of your truck, and maybe... ride your gearshift?" And all of a sudden, the strains of cheesy porn music filled the loft and there the trucker was, getting his dick sucked in the seat of his truck.

"Kind of gives a new meaning to the term 'big rig', huh?" Brian snickered, and Justin swatted him on the shoulder.

"Hush, Brian, we're about to get to the--"

He stopped, eyes bulging slightly at the scene that had just appeared onscreen: the truck driver had the other guy bent over the seat and was fucking him, really, really hard. And really, really raw.

"Jesus," Justin whispered under his breath, glancing at Brian. "I didn't even know they did this in porn."

"They don't, not anymore," Brian answered; his voice conveyed nonchalance, but his eyes remained fixed on the screen, and Justin could see Brian's cock straining against his slacks. Justin's eyes darted back and forth from Brian to the sex unfolding before them, caught between wanting to watch what had just become one of the steamiest fucks he'd ever seen and needing the warm, live flesh that his hands twitched with desire to touch.

"Fuck," he whispered under his breath, mouth now only centimeters from Brian's ear. "This is really hot." Brian's breath grew shallower, and his tongue slipped out to wet his lips. Justin drew the hand at Brian's shoulder into his hair and slid the other up one covered thigh, his thumb resting at the base of Brian's cock.

"Sometimes," Justin mouthed against Brian's earlobe, his lips barely touching it, "I think about this when I jerk off. About you inside me with nothing between us. Just skin on skin." Brian let out a jagged little breath, and when he reached down to unzip his own pants and free his cock, Justin took that as a cue to continue. He brushed his fingers up slowly from base to tip, circling the head of Brian's dick and gripping, then stilling.

Brian's eyes fluttered shut for a few seconds, then opened again; Justin noticed that they immediately trained themselves again on the movie. "I think about how hot your skin gets," Justin said, his own breaths now coming in shorter bursts. "And how hot your cock is, even through the condom. I..."

"What," Brian asked, his voice a hoarse whisper. "Tell me."

"Your come in my ass," Justin said, squeezing Brian's dick. "I think about what it would feel like for you to come inside my ass." A drop of pre-come slid down across his fingers, and he started to stroke. "God, it would be so amazing," he said, "Haven't you ever thought about it? Don't tell you've never thought about it."

"Yeah," Brian admitted. "Of course I have." He paused for a second, then seemed to snap out of whatever trance had been holding him. "Fuck, Justin. You know we can't do that." He knocked Justin's hand away and stood up quickly, moving to the television to turn off the tape. Obviously frustrated, he tried to re-zip his pants, cursing under his breath. "Why would you even bring something like that up? Christ."

Justin opened his mouth, then closed it. What could he possibly say? Brian was right.

"Even if... even if it were possible, and I'm not saying that it is, we'd have to stop fucking other people for at least three months, get tested for every possible STD, and then," he paused, taking a deep breath, "Even then, we'd never *really* know if it was safe or not."

It was true; Justin knew that. But he also knew that the chances of transmitting anything nasty were slim to none after three months, and he knew that he wanted this, wanted Brian to fuck him -- and if he was being really honest, wanted to fuck Brian -- without a condom. Then, a thought struck him, something he hadn't even considered up until this point. "Brian," he asked, "Have you ever actually done it without a condom before?"

"Of course not," Brian said, clearly irritated. "I'm not some fucking idiot or a starry-eyed little twink."

"Oh, fuck you, Brian. I'm not a 'starry-eyed little twink', and I haven't been for a long time. I have no illusions about exactly what this all means, what all the implications and consequences might be." He could see the regret painted on Brian's features, and he stepped in close, brushing a palm against Brian's cheek. "Just think about it. You don't have to decide anything now."

Brian sighed and turned his face into Justin's hand. "We'll see."

Three days later, Brian called while Justin sat in one of the school studios, finishing a jug for his pottery class. The vibrations emanating from his pocket startled him, and he accidentally squeezed the clay, sending it into a spiraling mess on the wheel. Brushing his hands off quickly on a wet cloth, he fumbled through his pants for the phone and flipped it open. He didn't even have time to say

hello before Brian's voice boomed across the line: "Don't fuck anybody on your way home from class."

"What?"

"I said," Brian repeated slowly, "Don't... fuck... anyone... on--"

"I got it, thanks Brian," Justin said.

"Good," Brian answered definitively. "And don't fuck anybody on your way home for the next two and a half months, either."

Justin's eyebrows raised of their own volition, and his jaw might have dropped a little bit. Holy shit. Was Brian really--

"Three," he found himself saying. "Three months."

"Two and a half," Brian said again, with an audible hint of irritation.

"No really, it's three."

"No, trust me, Sunshine. It's two and a half, unless you have something to tell me."

Realization dawned immediately: Brian was saying, in his Brian-esque way, that he hadn't fucked anyone else for at least the last two weeks. Justin fought back the desire to dance around the studio, sing out loud, hire a plane to fly over Liberty Avenue with a banner that read, "BRIAN KINNEY IS ONLY FUCKING ME, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!" He knew what the result of all that would be, and it definitely wouldn't involve hot, naked sex. So he kept his giddiness to himself, saying only, "I'll try not to fall down and accidentally stick my dick into anybody. But maybe you should come pick me up, just to be safe."

Brian laughed, but he also met Justin at the front of the school to take him home fifteen minutes later.

Two and a half months passed fairly uneventfully, save for Justin's embarrassingly frequent masturbatory fantasies involving what would happen at the end of said months. He waited a few days after the date passed before going to the clinic on Church Street to have his tests run; when he went in for the results and received a clean bill of health, he felt the initial thrill of adrenaline, then simple excitement. At some point, though, apprehension started to set in. Brian hadn't said anything about his own tests, so maybe he hadn't gotten them, Justin worried. Or maybe he hadn't been able to last almost three months without having sex with anyone else, but didn't want to tell Justin about it. Maybe he'd just changed his mind.

A day and a half shy of month three, Brian still hadn't brought up the issue, and Justin decided to

take matters into his own hands. Step one was to start with a lie: "I'm making dinner," he told Brian over the phone. "What time do you think you'll be home?"

Step two involved some nudity, a lot of lube, and definitely no condoms. He lay down on the couch -- better than the bed, since Brian would be able to see him as soon as he opened the door -- and pushed his briefs (white, the plain ones that always made Brian crazy) down around one knee. His dick, already hard just from the thought of what was yet to come, throbbed against his belly, and Justin ran his fingers lightly up and down the shaft, teasing himself, not venturing as high as the head or as low as his balls.

Once his cock began to leak, he moved on to firmer strokes, brushing his thumb across the wet slit, speeding up then slowing down to keep from finishing the game before it even started. He stopped briefly to slick the fingers on his other hand with lube and cupped his balls, sliding them around in his palm, squeezing and pulling gently.

His fist stilled completely as he moved his other hand further back, his fingers slipping across his perineum and pressing into the soft skin there. He arched his back; his breaths came faster, more urgently, through his nose; he sank his teeth into his bottom lip and his eyelids fluttered as his fingers finally met their target. He should have waited, prolonged it, but before he could stop, he was fucking himself hard on his hand, the heat radiating from his ass to his fingers and back again. All he could think about was Brian -- inside him, thrusting into him hard with nothing between them, the heat of Brian's dick and the ultimate surge of come -- Oh god, he needed to stop, wait for Brian to get home or this would all be ruined, and he managed to stop jerking himself off but couldn't bring himself to pull his fingers out--

And then, there was Brian at the door, and Justin hadn't even heard it open, just saw Brian standing there, lips twisting up into a smirk and already crossing the floor, shedding coat and tie and shirt onto the hardwoods. Justin could see Brian's cock filling rapidly beneath his slacks, but instead of pulling his pants off and fucking Justin until he passed out, Brian started rummaging through his pockets.

"Goddamnit," Justin said breathily, his fingers still moving inside him, "Come on, Brian. I've been thinking about you all afternoon. Come on, please."

Brian found what he was apparently looking for and proceeded to unfold it, holding it up in front of Justin's eyes: a pink sheet of paper bearing results to a battery of tests, each line reading "Negative." Justin inhaled sharply, and Brian raised an eyebrow. "Is this what's got you all hot and bothered, Sunshine?"

Justin nodded, and that was apparently a good enough answer for Brian, because in the next moment, Brian was deftly unbuckling his belt, freeing himself of pants and shoes. He threw the back cushions of the sofa carelessly onto the floor, giving them more room, and Justin took it as an opportunity to spread his legs wider, one knee resting against the newly-bared space and the other foot flat on the floor.

Brian sat between Justin's knees, pushing the one that hung over the edge of the couch towards Justin's chest. "Don't stop what you're doing," he said, eyes fixed on the three fingers fucking Justin's

ass. His thumb drew tiny circles on the inside of Justin's thigh, and the two sensations -- the rough stretch of his own fingers combined with Brian's softer touch -- were enough to make Justin moan and bite his lip hard enough to draw blood. It didn't help at all that Brian had begun slicking his cock with lube, or that, when he finished, he slid two slippery fingers in on top of Justin's. "Oh--," Justin breathed out, at once shocked and pleased at the initial stretch and burn.

Brian leaned forward, careful of their arms between them, and met Justin's mouth with his own -- barely, just a brush of lips, the faintest pass of tongue across Justin's teeth, and just as Brian drew back, Justin surged up, desperate for more contact. He tried again, and again Brian moved just out of his reach, playing an old, familiar game. Justin didn't particularly feel like playing games, though; he felt like getting fucked, and so the third rush towards Brian's lips was aided by his free hand's wrapping around the back of Brian's neck, gripping his hair and pulling him close. The first touch of Brian's tongue to his own felt like an electrical shock, and Justin eagerly sucked it into his mouth, moaning around it.

They kissed, furious and frantic, until Justin was breathless, and when he broke away, he gasped, "Fuck me now, please." He freed his fingers, pulling Brian's too, and rolled over, pushing up on hands and knees. And then -- oh God, and then he felt the tip of Brian's cock pressing against his hole, hot and naked and -- fuck, so hot. A push, and the head slipped in. "Jesus," Brian grunted, his hands coming up to grip Justin's hips. A few more inches pressed inside him, and Brian's fingers squeezed hard enough to bruise. Justin tried to push back, drive more of Brian's length into his ass, but Brian held him still.

"Wait," Brian said, his voice pinched. "Just -- just wait a second." Justin heard Brian's breath coming in short pants, then felt one hand leave his waist; he started to crane his neck to make sure everything was okay, but then his ass clenched tightly at a new sensation: one of Brian's fingers tracing the rim of his hole, the place where skin met skin. "Jesus," Brian murmured. "Fucking Christ, this feels--"

"What? Tell me; I want to know."

Brian remained silent, instead thrusting hard and fast, burying himself all the way inside Justin in one relentless push. He pulled out slightly, then pressed back in, and Justin wanted to beg him to fuck him more, harder, anything please, but then Brian draped himself across Justin's sweaty back, and from Brian's grip on his hand to his increasingly erratic movements, Justin quickly realized that Brian was already close to coming.

"Don't move," he whispered to Brian, threading their fingers together. "Just stay like that." Instead of drawing off of Brian's cock, Justin set out a slow, brutal rhythm of clenching and unclenching, combined with a slight roll of his hips that pushed Brian's dick against his prostate on every circle. It wasn't long before Brian began gasping, pressing himself impossibly further inside Justin's ass and closer against his back, and Justin brought Brian's hand and his own around to his cock. Brian was too far gone to set the pace, so Justin did it himself, focusing mostly on the head, and just when the tingle in his cock started to spread outward, just when his balls started to tighten, Brian bit his shoulder hard and came. And -- oh fuck, he could *feel it*, Brian unloading come into his ass; he could feel each pulse of Brian's dick stretching his hole even wider, each spurt of come coating his insides,

and his own cock throbbed in response as he shot all over the sofa.

Justin's knees wobbled, and Brian's weight felt suddenly heavier than it had been before; they collapsed, Brian still on top of him and inside him, Justin's stomach against the wet spot. "Mmm," Justin mumbled, his voice thick. "Don't pull out."

He could feel Brian's resulting smile against his neck. "Don't have to."

They stayed that way, their breathing returning to normal, and Justin's mind flitted through the images from the evening: jerking off on the couch, Brian watching him finger himself, and then they'd actually -- he could still hardly believe it -- fucked bareback. His cock began to stir again, and he constricted his ass's inner muscles in response. Brian exhaled sharply, but it didn't sound like pain, so he did it again. The steady clench and release soon had Brian's cock filling from half-hard to fully erect inside him, and Justin realized that he had never actually felt Brian's dick *become* hard in his ass before.

"Fuck me again," he whispered. "Harder this time. Really hard." He bucked his hips up, pushing Brian deeper inside him.

"You want me to fuck you?" Brian mouthed against his earlobe, tongue tracing the tip.

"Yes," Justin answered, surprised at the desperation he heard in his own voice. "Do it. Do it now."

"Turn over," Brian ordered, lifting himself completely off Justin and guiding him with one hand onto his back. Justin swung a leg over the back of the couch, and Brian reached to hook it around his shoulder. He felt Brian's fingers lining up his cock at Justin's hole, and then Brian plunged in with one swift, brutal stroke. Brian fucked him hard, until his hamstrings and ass throbbed, and when Brian reached between their sweat-slick bodies to pull on Justin's cock, Justin arched and came all over Brian's hand, sending Brian into his own orgasm.

"You have about five minutes," Brian panted, his hand still covering Justin's dick, "before we do that again."

Justin grinned. This had definitely been a really, really good plan.

His ass felt sore for days -- no, weeks. Once they started, they couldn't stop; like heroin addicts, always craving that next, sweet fix, they fucked more than they ever had, even more than in those first days after they got back together, when it seemed like all they did was eat and sleep and screw. Brian took to calling Justin at school, making plans to meet for quick, dirty fucks in the bathroom or studio or hollow space beneath the staircase when Justin had a break between classes. They did it in the men's room at the diner, in Debbie's guest room, and in Lindsay's kitchen while Gus napped upstairs. Justin rode Brian's dick in the car, the bed, the elevator in their building, anywhere they could find the space, anytime they had a free second.

One day, Justin came home from class to an empty loft; he hadn't had much time to himself between class, the diner, and sex, so he took out his sketchbook and pencil, intending to draw. He sat down at the coffee table, settling on a drawing he'd started at school that day: Brian in a casual, naked sprawl. It had been a long time since Justin had felt a compulsive need to draw Brian, but since they began their recent sexual foray, that need had come back in spades. His pencil traced over old lines: lips, neck, hips, knee, and he felt his cock starting to stiffen in his pants. It surprised him; he was used to drawing naked people, especially naked Brian, and it had been years since just sketching Brian's body had been enough to get him hard. Something felt different this time, though, in the marks on his page; they felt surer and more complete, driven by this new, more intimate knowledge he now had of Brian's body.

He moved faster, drawing more furiously, so desperate to get the feeling all down on paper that he barely noticed another presence in the room until Brian was right behind him, plucking the pencil from Justin's hand and pressing against his back.

"I look hot," he whispered, dragging his lips up the side of Justin's neck, and Justin leaned into him.

"You *are* hot."

Brian murmured his assent against Justin's ear, then dropped the pencil on the floor, using the newly-freed hand to open Justin's pants and press against his hard dick through his briefs. "You feel pretty hot too," Brian said, reaching inside and gripping Justin's cock, and Justin couldn't help but arch up into Brian's hand. When he started to stroke, Justin tilted his head back onto Brian's shoulder, his eyelids fluttering shut.

"I want to know how it feels," he said, trying to imagine that Brian's hand was slicker, warmer, deeper. "Tell me how it feels when you fuck me bareback."

Brian laughed slightly, but his hand sped up, and Justin could feel Brian's dick throbbing against his ass. "It feels--" Brian stopped, spun Justin around to face him, and kissed him roughly, all tongue and teeth and roaming hands. Justin moaned around Brian's tongue and scrabbled at Brian's clothes, then his own, desperate to get them both naked without any concern for cost or label. Fuck Armani and fuck Prada -- nothing mattered except feeling Brian's skin against his own.

Brian took over, stripping them both with only a hint of Justin's blatant desperation, and they toppled over onto the rug on their sides. Justin swung a leg around Brian's hip, grinding their cocks together, and Brian's left a sticky line of pre-come against Justin's stomach. He wanted to feel Brian's dick inside him, but even more than that, he wanted to fuck Brian; he needed to fuck Brian. He removed his leg from where it rested astride Brian's hip and wedged it between Brian's knees, spreading his legs.

He watched Brian for signs of protest, and finding none, kissed him again, softer and more entreatingly. When Brian threaded his fingers through Justin's hair, pulling their mouths even more tightly together, Justin steeled himself and ran one hand between their bodies, down Brian's chest, his ribs, his stomach. He broke the kiss then, pushing Brian away from him slightly, and jerked Brian's cock twice, hard, before bypassing it in favor of his balls. Justin slid his finger further back until it

rested against Brian's hole, then pressed just the tip inside.

"What do you think you're doing, little boy?" Brian asked, the hint of mockery in his voice belied by the fact that he raised his leg and pushed against the probing digit on every in-stroke.

Justin leaned in close to his ear. "Right now," --he slipped his finger all the way inside, aided by just Brian's sweat-- "I'm fingering your ass. Then, I'm gonna stick my tongue inside it, and after that I'm planning to fuck it."

He saw Brian open his mouth, but quickly stopped any objection when he added another finger to the one, rubbing them both against Brian's prostate.

"You don't have to tell me," he said with a grin. "I know what you want me to do."

He rolled Brian onto his stomach and withdrew his hand, using it to pull Brian up slightly onto his knees so that his ass was just inches from Justin's face. He started with a stream of hot, damp breath, watching as Brian opened up before him, spreading his legs a little wider, then blew again, sharp and cold. Brian's hole contracted and the muscles in his thighs flexed perceptibly. Justin repeated the pattern, alternating warm and cool, wet and dry, until he saw Brian's fingers grip the rug and clasp-unclasp in time in time with Justin's teasing; he couldn't help himself after that, couldn't stop from flattening his tongue and licking a fat stripe from Brian's balls upward, then down again. On the third pass, he pressed inside all at once, and Brian gasped beneath him.

He wrapped his arms through Brian's legs, forcing them further apart, resting his hands on Brian's hips; instead of thrusting with his tongue, he held it still, pulling Brian back against him and using the force to drive inside. He sped up, then slowed down; pressed his tongue straight in, then slid it around; used his lips and teeth to suck and nip until Brian made a sound Justin had never heard before, something frighteningly close to a whimper, and Justin thought he might come right there if he didn't get to fuck Brian really, really soon.

Unwinding one hand from Brian's leg, Justin grabbed the lube from his discarded pants and slicked himself hastily, then pushed Brian flat onto the rug, kicking his legs apart. When he pressed the head of his cock into Brian's ass, all the air in his chest left in a fast whoosh. Jesus, there was really no way to prepare himself for this, for how fucking hot it was, how tight and strangely soft.

"Move, goddamnit," Brian ordered, and without a second thought, Justin slid the rest of the way inside; he really, really hadn't prepared for that, the too-fast thrust that electrified every nerve ending in his body, made him want to cry out in pleasure. He was too far gone to stop now, though; all he could do was pull out and thrust again, over and over until he could barely keep upright, until Brian was groaning and angling his ass so that Justin could feel Brian's prostate bumping the underside of his cock. Brian came first, and fucking fuck -- he could *feel* it, Brian's ass contracting around him so tightly, and there simply weren't any words to describe that, nothing left to do but bite his lip until he bled and come until his knees buckled.

"Eventually," Justin announced the next morning, "We're going to have to do something other than work, sleep, and fuck."

Brian snorted at him, but admitted that Michael had called his cell phone fourteen times in the last two days and left six messages asking them to come to Babylon that night.

"So we'll go," Justin said, ignoring the wary look on Brian's face.

They went to Babylon, and everyone was ridiculously happy to see them, of course. Michael chattered excitedly about some domestic crap, their new couch or Hunter's report card or something; Emmett pulled Justin out on the floor, and they danced for about half a song, before Justin felt Brian's eyes train on him, hungry and possessive, and Emmett was pushed away with a simple, "Fuck off, Honeycutt." Justin kissed Emmett on the cheek and mouthed, "Sorry," before Brian hauled him up against his body and ground their hips together, making Justin instantly hard.

"I want to fuck you," he said, and Justin could smell the liquor on his breath, seeping from his pores. "I want to fuck you, and come inside you, and fuck you again."

He licked his lips seductively, and Justin's face felt hot and flushed. "Then," Brian said, taking Justin by the hand and pulling him towards the backroom, "I want to stick my fingers in your ass and feel the come, rub it into you."

They reached an empty wall and Justin was pushed face-first against it; he felt Brian fumbling with his jeans, more than halfway to good and drunk, and he swatted his hands away to pull them down himself while Brian undid his own belt and zipper. He handed Brian the lube from his pocket, but just when he heard the packet tear open, Brian froze.

"Shit," he cursed, pulling away. "Shit, we can't fucking do this here, Justin."

Shit was right. Justin hadn't even thought about how quickly the gossip mill would start churning after this, the two of them fucking raw in public. Brian Kinney fucking raw in public: the ultimate declaration of disgustingly romantic monogamy. Half the town would take public stabs about his reputation while the other half regaled them with lectures about safe sex and HIV. Not to mention that Michael would probably go into fits of hysteria when he heard.

Justin turned around to face Brian and found him scrubbing a hand over his face in obvious frustration. "Listen to me," Justin said, taking Brian's hand in his and pressing their foreheads together. "Here's what we're going to do: first, I'm gonna suck you off in front of all these people. Then, you're gonna take me home, strip off all your clothes, and put *Ferris Beuller's Jerk-off* in the VCR."

Brian chuckled, and Justin dropped to his knees. They'd worry about the big stuff later.