All I Am by Cindy

*Author’s Notes: Written for the Icon Challenge posted at: http://community.livejournal.com/qaf\_challenges/. Inspired by icon # 9. It spoke to me so what else could I do…;)*

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“Watching you makes my dick hard,” you whisper into his ear, his neck arching slightly, his back stiffening.

“Brian,” he breathes, licking his lips.

“I could fuck you right here, in front of everyone. Would you like that?”

A quiet moan rumbles in his throat and his eyes close, fluttering softly. He doesn’t have to answer. You know.

You turn, brushing the palm of your hand inconspicuously across his groin, your own heat intensifying from the press of his hardness.

“Justin!”

You both turn, watching his mother and Debbie flock toward you. Casually you wrap your arm around his shoulders, pulling him back against you, certain he feels your painfully hard dick firmly against his ass when he gasps.

“Mom. Deb,” he manages, only squeaking slightly.

You smile.

“It’s all so wonderful,” Jennifer blurts out, her cheeks colored with pride.

“Fucking amazing is what it is,” Deb adds loudly.

“Thanks,” Justin smiles appreciatively, licking his lips again as you grind your hips in a slow circle.

“You alright, honey? You look flushed.”

Justin starts, but you cut him off. “I think the evening’s been rather overwhelming for the lad.” Another grind, this one with a little dip thrown in so your dick practically molds its way along his crack.

“No, I’m fine. Just tired, I guess,” Justin offers, trying to move forward, gain a little space, but your grip is solid so the venture is futile.

Jennifer looks every bit the caring mother that she is when she nods, sympathetically, and says, “Make sure you get some rest. Brian…”

“Yeah,” you startle slightly, having already tuned her out, but focus back on what she’s saying, well, try to.

“Make sure he doesn’t tire himself out tonight.”

You grin, baring your teeth a little and reply, “Of course not. I’ll do all the work.”

Debbie smacks your arm, hard, then laughs out loud. “You take care of our Sunshine, you hear?”

“Always do. Don’t I, Sunshine?” you ask with teeth decaying sweetness, tossing in another little hip-swirl for good measure.

Justin jumps, his hand squeezing your arm still firmly around his chest, then licks his lips once more before nodding. “You do.”

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“I can’t fucking believe you.”

“What?” you ask, feigning innocence as you set the alarm and turn off the lights.

Justin looks at you over his shoulder as he heads up the stairs to the bedroom. “I’ll make sure he’s a good little boy. Promise,” he mocks in falsetto.

You laugh, following behind him, the orange glow of the bedroom guiding your way.

When you make it to the bed he’s already half undressed, the only article of clothing remaining is his black pants, and you watch eagerly as he unbuttons then unzips them, but you stop him before he pulls them down.

“What?”

You sit down on the bed, a devious grin playing across your lips as he watches you flip open your stash box on top of your nightstand, pull a rather generous joint out and light it. You take a deep pull, letting the smoke fill your lungs with a familiar burn, then slowly release it into the air.

“Here,” you say, raising the joint to his lips as he takes a hit, smiling warmly as the ashy smoke drifts from his perfect mouth.

You pass the stick back and forth until the embers nearly burn your fingers then stub it out. You’ve both got a pleasant buzz going and you figure it’s not something you’re willing to waste, so you stand, moving in close, bending slightly to even your heights.

“I said I’d make sure you don’t tire yourself out,” you whisper, sliding your hand down along his opened pants, slipping your middle finger inside against the soft cotton of his briefs.

He sighs, his tongue darting out to moisten his top lip, so you move in swiftly, licking at it at the same time and your tongues meet, so you lap at his and he purrs appreciatively.

You feel a moist spot on the front of his underwear.

“Mmm, so nice and wet,” you breathe against his mouth and feel his dick pulse, the spot growing wider.

“I think I need to see just how wet you are,” you whisper, licking around his open mouth as you slide your hand inside the cotton boundary, wrapping your long fingers around him gently. “God, so hot and slippery.”

“Brian,” he moans loudly, his hand gripping your arm to steady himself as he waivers back and forth.

Without warning you spin him around so the back of his legs brace against the bed and drop to your knees, pulling his pants and underwear down with you, his feet stepping out of them on command.

His hands brace on your shoulders as you ease the leaking head of his dick into your mouth and suck gently.

“Fuck,” he growls, his head tipping back, his neck arching sharply.

“Mmm, you taste so sweet,” you rasp, taking him in further, your nose almost brushing against his pubes with the first move, then burying deeply inside the blond nest with the second one.

He shouts, his fingers digging into your muscles, grabbing for purchase as you swallow around the head of his cock. You like the sound so you do it again…and again.

“God, Brian, shit….”

Your hands reach around his firm ass, spreading him open. He gasps, waiting eagerly for what he hopes comes next, but you don’t move.

“Brian,” he whines, pushing his ass back into your large hands.

You chuckle around your full mouth and his breath hitches.

You grip his ass harder, widening his cheeks further and pull back so only the head of his dick is between your swollen lips.

You hear his frustration, but you just continue to suck gently as your thumbs make small insignificant circles on his ass.

He’s panting outright, swaying back and forth as he frees your aching shoulders from his painful grip. You glance upward, watching as he places one hand on the back of your head and holds it there, then his eyes meet yours as he slips two of the fingers on his other hand deep inside his mouth, sucking and coating them liberally before removing them. Eyes locked he reaches backward and your dick surges with the knowledge of what he’s about to do. His hand on your head pushes forcefully forward, his throbbing cock sliding into your wet mouth as his fingers reach backward between his cheeks and push hard…

“Arghhhhhh,” he shouts and you feel his hand moving fast between yours still holding him open, fucking himself as he rams his dick in and out of your eager mouth.

His breath quickens then stops and you hold yours too as his dick pulses and his ass spasms and he shoots hot and thick deep into your throat. You moan appreciatively, pulling back slightly so he coats your tongue with his taste.

He slumps backward, his fingers slipping free along with his cock as he falls heavily onto the bed. His chest heaves and his eyelids flutter as he floats happily on the aftershocks.

You lick your lips greedily then climb up beside him, laying your hand atop his trembling stomach. “Tired now?”

He laughs, turning his head slightly to the side, one eye only barely open, as if that’s all the strength he has left to do. “Yeah, now I’m tired,” he confesses.

You nod. Your painfully hard dick still trapped helplessly in your pants momentarily forgotten as you sift your fingers slowly through his silken hair and smile.

There’s later.

There’s always later, a thought that comforts you inexplicably, so you urge, “Relax. Close your eyes.”

And he does.