Too Late by Cindy

"You kissed him."

Silence…a fucking uncomfortable silence, and then…

"I think I'll take a shower."

Fuck!

Leaning on the bed, watching him disappear into the bathroom I knew…I just knew…

I heard the shower start and dropped my head to the mattress, certain that it was safe to let my disappointment and fear surface…no chance of him seeing it now.

I sighed, shaking my head, wondering just how the fuck I got myself into this and what the fuck I was going to do if it didn't work out.

I knew it was too late to try to pretend that it didn't matter…that he didn't matter…at least to myself.

I just wondered how long before he realized that maybe I didn't matter…not enough anyway…if after only a few fucking weeks he'd already broken one of the rules…one of HIS rules.

Shit!

Pulling myself together I tried to shake off the weird, unfamiliar feelings I had rumbling around inside and did what I always did…push it deep inside and pretended like everything was okay.

Standing up, staring at the half closed bathroom door I pulled off my clothes, dropping them to the floor and climbed over the bed, following the same path that Justin had only minutes before and went into the bathroom.

I heard him mumbling to himself, but ignored it and opened the glass door, the steam instantly bombarding me, making me feel a little better already.

"I…"

I heard him start, his voice barely distinguishable over the sound of the shower, but I heard it. I also heard the forced pause, knowing that he wasn't quite sure what to say just yet.

So again, I did what I always did when things got difficult, I leaned down, pressing my lips gently against his, ceasing the need for words.

And the kiss was soft and right as my lips slid against his and I tried not to think of what the OTHER man felt as his lips pressed against Justin's. But it just wouldn't go away.

So I deepened the kiss. My lips crushing against his…sucking and biting and claiming his mouth again as mine. And when my tongue slipped between his perfect and full lips, seeking the warmth and sweetness hidden inside, I started to forget all about the OTHER man as the familiar and amazing feelings took over and I was lost.

In desperate need of air I pulled back, resting my forehead against Justin's, the warm water falling over us…between us…all around us and I felt like maybe, just maybe everything would be okay.

"Brian…"

I shook my head, eyes closed and he didn't say anything else, but I heard him sigh, and I wanted to reassure him and I wanted to make it okay, but I just couldn't. I didn't know how.

So, I did what I always did.

I grabbed a condom from the soap dish, tore it open then rolled it on. Turning him around, I pressed his body against the fogged up glass wall…bent him over slightly…positioned myself just right and in one swift motion entered him…a low grunt spilling from both of our lips.

God, being inside him felt so fucking good. So safe and perfect, just like it always did.

Pushing everything else from my mind, I pulled back then thrust in again, establishing a rhythm that we both knew by heart…and within minutes our pants and moans filled the glass enclosure, echoing back at us off the bathroom walls.

And I couldn't help myself as my right hand left his hip and landed on top of his, braced against the wall in front of him, our fingers instantly lacing together.

And the jolt of pleasure that shot through my body from that simple contact sent me spiraling into my orgasm…my cock shooting deep inside Justin's ass…my cries stifled by his soft skin as I buried my face against his shoulder.

And as I felt Justin's orgasm begin, my hand slid from his hip to up around his chest and the other gripped his fingers just a little bit tighter and I held him firmly against my body as he rode out the waves then relaxed.

Pulling my hips back slightly, Justin groaned as I slid out and untangled my fingers, pulling off the condom, dropping it to the floor.

I turned him around and found myself staring into his crystal blue eyes, so open and trusting and…sorry.

I knew that he was sorry.

But still…

I knew that one day, maybe sooner than later he was going to leave me…I felt it in my gut.

Maybe it was his youth, or maybe it was his innocence…or maybe it was the lack of both of those things in me…I wasn't too sure.

All I knew was that for all of my bullshit bravado and rules of life according to Brian Kinney…I knew that when he did go…and I was left alone once again…I would miss him…I fucking missed him already.

Because even though I wouldn't admit it out loud, I was a better person when he was around. And I was happier and braver and safer and funnier and warmer and every fucking thing in between.

And then he blinked, the intensity of my stare becoming too much for him to bear, and pulled me against him, laying his head on my chest as the water cascaded down our bodies, washing away any traces of what we'd just done.

And I knew…I knew that when he was gone…and I was alone…all the traces of him would be gone too…and it'd be just me…and it would be too late.

Too fucking late.