

Visitation

by Vedaprophet

Set post season five

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*You gave him your blood and your warm little diamond
He likes killing you after you're dead*

Your cigarette burns down between your fingers; you don't bother to lift it to your mouth. Just holding it lit like this makes your hands shake less and you relish the feeling of wanting a drag so much but not taking it. Anyway, you're too drunk to care one way or the other.

You see him standing in your bedroom doorway, a bag slung over his shoulder. His hair's longer than it was the last time, and you find it unfairly beautiful. He sighs and you reach to put the cigarette out in the ashtray on your bedside table.

You think you want to take him hard, drag him to the floor, hold him down and pound into him, make him come with your fury alone. But you look again, he's standing in shadows, and you know you never would. You could never hurt him.

But he can hurt you. And that's what you want.

He takes one step forward and smiles slightly. Perfect.

It's been seven months since you've seen him.

"Brian," he says and he drops his bag on the steps. It's a breathy word, not like your name at all; like a tired and lonely and worried and jetlagged sigh, and you can't help standing to meet him as he follows it towards you.

You put your hand on his chest to stop him from getting closer. He's not ready yet. Or maybe you're not.

"Wanna drink?" you say, turning to pull the bottle off the table behind you. You hold it out to him and he takes it, downing enough to make him cough. You laugh as you take it from him again and set it back down.

He starts to undress without saying another word, and you resume sitting on the bed, just watching. He unbuttons his black shirt from the bottom up. You lean back on one propped elbow. He goes slowly, the way you like, wetting his bottom lip as he slides the shirt off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. He's looking at you, his hand on the button of his jeans.

"Brian." This time it's a seductive whisper, his thumb hooking just inside the waistband of his pants. Part of you thinks you could lay here watching him all night, not even touching him. Just like the cigarette; you want him so goddamn much that you don't want to let yourself have him.

You close your eyes and see the inside of your mother's church. Crosses flash against closed lids and something hangs in the air around you that you couldn't see even if your eyes were open. Desire mixed with loss. You open your eyes and let them run over Justin, standing naked a few inches from your bed, so quiet. So hard. He whispers something you don't catch and it doesn't matter because you don't need to hear it anyway. This is pain management that will leave you in a different kind of pain. It reminds you of something your father always used to say,

'Name your poison, Sonny Boy.'

"Mmm, Justin."

He's standing very close now. You're glad he remembers to wait for you. He'd probably stand there all night if you wanted him to. You can see the goose bumps raise on his arm as your eyes search his body for the things you remember, inspecting for little differences and updating the man who lives in your memory.

"Come here," you say finally and he does. He sits down next to you on the bed, resting his hand on your naked thigh. His palm is warm.

You shift and lay back on your pillows, allowing him to stretch out over you. You're so drunk the room is spinning, and you hope he won't start to talk now.

He doesn't. He knows better.

His hands move over you, touching you or feeling you, you aren't sure which. Or maybe he's trying to ground you. The look in his eyes is rare and predatory and you toy with the idea of letting him roll you over and fuck you. You picture his hands pulling desperately on your hips, forcing you up to meet his thrusts.

It hurts. But not the way you want it to.

You let the fantasy float away. He's kissing your neck and you sigh when his tongue skates across your collar bone.

You're fucking him before you even realize you've gone from thinking about it to doing it. He bends himself in half, moaning your name. He's pulling your hair.

"Harder, Brian. *Harder.*"

It's so, *so* good, like always, but then it's better than always. It's *now*. He's the addiction you think will kill you. Maybe it's killing you right now.

Yeah, you know it is.

He says your name again, hurried and desperate, but you're mute. Silenced by intense need and something else and you can't think or see so you just fuck him and blaze inside with some feeling that you wish would burn clean out of you. But like a phoenix, it keeps rising back up from its own ashes, taking up more room inside every single time. His fingers dig into your arms, pulling you hard against him again and you stretch to kiss him, pushing your tongue

inside his soft, wet mouth. You think it's obscene to taste like this.

"Please," he whispers, throwing back his head. You start to fall.

Out of control. What you really crave, what you deny you want, what he's always given or driven you to. You strain against his grip to make it harder. *'Harder.'* God, he wants it, needs it, so badly. You want to give it all to him, but you don't know how to make it harder than this. Harder than living without him. Harder than letting him go.

You spin as you fuck him and when he starts to whimper you wish it was that easy for you. You wish you could cry out his name, wish your love wasn't like a disease. His hands leave your arms to cover his face and he comes, arching then crumpling beneath you, panting. You want to keep going, but it's too much, too intense and you can't stop yourself from coming after only three more thrusts.

'Love you,' you think when you come inside him, shuddering. He sighs when you pull out and you release his legs, falling down on top of him. When you see his face, the tears in his eyes, you wonder if you said it aloud.

"Hurt you?" you ask him quietly, your hands in his hair.

"No," he says and smiles, pulling you down so he can kiss you, slipping his tongue inside. Home.

One more time, you think whenever he visits. Just need this one more time. You never want to hurt him but you suspect you always do, the way he looks when he leaves you again and the way you feel when he closes the door behind him.

There's no controlling it.

'Does it always hurt?'

'A little. That's a part of it.'

~Fin~