Blackout by Cindy

Author’s Notes: I was one of the many stuck in the dark without power for MANY, MANY hours and, well, I decided to take the boys with me.

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“What the fuck…”

“Brian, what happened? Did you overload the plug again?”

“No you twat, I didn’t,” Brian said with a scowl. He moved over to the window, looked out and noticed that all the buildings around theirs seemed to be in total darkness. Instantly he felt the urge to panic, but quickly pushed the feelings down. He knew that Justin still got jumpy in certain situations and casting them into darkness, with no power, no air conditioning and no phone, since his was cordless, was something he thought the boy might not take too well. He was thankful that it was still light out or else they would really be in trouble.

“What’s going on…I…Brian, it’s dark everywhere.” Justin tried to stay calm, but he felt his body start to tense as a cold sweat broke out on the back of his neck.

“I know. It must be some sort of power failure. Don’t worry, they always get these things worked out and back up in a matter of minutes. I’m sure it won’t take much longer,” Brian said, trying to sound as reassuring as possible. He didn’t want Justin to think about it too much because he knew what might happen.

“Yeah, right, I’m sure you’re right. I know it never takes long…and it’s not like we’re…HOLY FUCK…Brian…we…we’re locked in.”

“Justin…Justin, relax…calm down…Justin.”

Justin heard the concern in his lover’s voice and wanted to answer, but he just couldn’t. He heard Brian calling his name but he felt like the room was closing in on him and couldn’t help wondering where the hell all the air had gone. He grabbed his chest, doubled over and began gasping for air.

Brian crouched down so that the younger man could see him and placed his hands on his lover’s arms. “Justin…relax, baby…come on, take a deep breath…that’s it…there you go. Good, that’s good, just breathe.” Brian knew he sounded calm and in control, but inside he was fucking panicking. He’d realized that the alarm would freeze and lock down until the power returned, but he didn’t say anything. He was afraid that the reaction he’d get from Justin would be…well, like the blond was having now.

“I…I’m o-okay now…I’m okay. I just need to…I need to…I need to GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE,” the blond yelled, startling his lover who fell backwards on his ass. Instantly Justin smiled and began to laugh at the sight of the always so in-control and distinguished man flat on his ass.

“Oh, you think that’s funny, do you?” Brian asked, a little pissed off by Justin’s reaction, but sighing with relief that he’d taken the man’s mind off of their situation…at least temporarily.

“Yeah, I do think it’s pretty funny and a great look for you. Sprawled out on your back with your legs spread open,” Justin said, the past few minutes a distant memory.

“Well, if you like that look, I’m sure there’s something I could do to keep you looking at that sight a little longer,” the brunet said suggestively with a grin and his trademark raised eyebrow.

“Mmm, I just bet you could.” Justin held out his hand and Brian took it, pulling himself to his feet and wrapping his arms around the smaller man’s waist, moving in close.

“How about we move upstairs and get more…focused.”

Smiling, Justin looked into his lover’s eyes and felt a wave of calmness roll through his body at the love and caring he saw so clearly in the hazel depths. Instantly a thought ran through his mind and he wondered why Brian had turned all the lights off…then he remembered what had happened and his body tensed.

“Justin, I’m sure it’s okay. It’s just a blackout. The whole street seems to be affected, but I don’t think it’ll be out that long. Don’t worry, I’m here and we’ll just have to make the best of it.” The tone of his voice was one that Brian knew his lover was very familiar with, so when he felt the boy’s body relax and saw the genuine smile on the man’s angelic face, he knew he’d been understood.

Justin reached up on his toes and placed a soft kiss against his lover’s inviting lips. “I guess this is sort of romantic,” the blond said softly with a smile.

Brian tried not to cringe and couldn’t help himself as he leaned forward, pressing his lips against his lover’s again, then slid his tongue out, seeking entrance and sighing appreciatively when it was granted. Sliding into the warmth and sweetness of Justin’s mouth always gave the brunet chills. He moaned softly and shivered, feeling his cock instantly harden in the tight confines of his jeans. He pressed his groin forward, grinding it slightly against his partner’s, and smiled when he felt the same thing pressing back.

Parting only when a breath became necessary, Brian took Justin’s hand in his and wordlessly led the man up to the bedroom.

Brian knew that soon, when the sun went down, the loft would be cast into total darkness except for several emergency lights that were plugged into the sockets around the room. At best, they would provide a soft glow, until they too faded out after a few hours. He hoped the power came back on before then because it would be much harder to deal with his lover if that happened.

He was also thankful that he always kept the loft cold, no matter how many times Justin protested, saying that he’d never forgive Brian if he lost a finger or toe to frostbite. The blond definitely had the drama queen routine down to an art. At least they wouldn’t be sweating, as if they were in the steam room, for many hours thanks to him. He only hoped it didn’t last that long.

Pushing the thoughts aside, Brian focused back on the task at hand…well, hand, mouth, cock…and every other body part that was now getting into play. Keeping his eyes locked on the bright blue ones before him, he began to undress himself and when he was done, he undressed Justin. Still remaining silent, he eased his lover down on the bed, sprawling him across the middle. Then he climbed on top of him, settling his weight on his arms, placed on either side of Justin’s, and his legs, resting between the blond’s spread ones.

“Bri…”

“Shhhh,” Brian whispered, cutting off his lover’s words, still gazing into Justin’s eyes and saying all the man needed to hear with his soft stare.

“Mmmm,” the blond purred, his eyes fluttering shut and his head tipping back as Brian began a slow, steady motion of rocking his hips back and forth, rubbing their leaking erections together.

Moving downwards across the pale column, Brian licked and kissed gently along Justin’s neck, sending shivers down the younger man’s spine from the delightful contact. A constant, low moan flowed from the blond’s gaping mouth, shooting right to Brian’s dick, causing him to grind a little faster against Justin’s crotch.

Not able to keep silent any longer, Justin whimpered, “Brian…please…more.”

“Shhhh, baby…just relax.”

“Ahhhhhh,” Justin moaned loudly and his back arched sharply off the bed as Brian’s hand slid down between their bodies and took hold of his aching cock, rubbing his thumb across the sensitive leaking slit.

Smiling at the response, Brian repeated the motion again, earning him an even louder moan and some more fluid. Scooping up the precum with his middle finger, Brian brought his hand back up and raised his head to look down at the moaning mess beneath him. “Open up, baby,” he said, and when the blond obliged he slid his dripping finger into the man’s mouth.

“Mmmm,” Justin purred around the long digit, his eyes opening to see his lover’s satisfied face above him.

“Suck it,” Brian demanded softly, gasping in pleasure when his lover obeyed. His cock jumped, envious of the attention being laved on his finger and desperately wanting a turn. Brian’s response was to grind faster against Justin’s cock, both of their precum easing the way, creating a delicious friction between their erections and causing them both to gasp.

Pulling himself up to his knees, causing Justin to spread his legs wider, Brian pulled his finger from the younger man’s mouth. Still keeping his gaze locked with the blond, Brian pressed his wet, middle finger against Justin’s tight, pink pucker and rubbed softly.

“Brian,” Justin breathed, fighting to keep his eyes open as his intense need and desire washed over him.

Smiling, loving how much of an affect he had on Justin, Brian rubbed a little harder, easing the tip of his finger against the opening and pushing in, just the slightest bit.

“Brian,” Justin whimpered, wanting so much to rock his hips forward and swallow up the teasing digit with his hungry hole. But he stayed still, allowing his lover to keep the control.

Sensing the younger man’s need, but not wanting to give in so easily, Brian pushed forward, edging inwards the tiniest bit, then pulling back again. He repeated this motion over and over, watching his boy fight for control and slowly losing it. The blue eyes clouded over and fluttered closed, not able to hold his gaze a second longer. His spasming hole tried to grip his finger and draw it in, but Brian wouldn’t allow it. Justin’s breathing became more labored as his chest rose and fell rapidly. The man was on the edge and Brian wanted to keep him there just a little longer.

“Brian,” Justin pleaded in desperation, needing the man’s finger inside of him.

That was it. The tone of the man’s voice got to Brian and he gave in. In one swift motion, he slid his finger fully into Justin’s needy hole.

“Brian!” Justin moaned loudly, his back arching high off the bed and his arms flying upwards, falling on either side of his head.

With a predatorial smile, Brian pulled back then thrust his finger in again and again, going deeper every time. He added a second, then third finger, and worked them into the loosening ass, getting the man ready for more.

“Brian…please…fuck me…oh, God…fuck me NOW!”

He didn’t need more incentive than that. Reaching over with his free hand, Brian grabbed a condom and the lube, ripped the foil packet open between his teeth and, having had much practice, rolled the condom over his leaking shaft with the one hand. Flipping the lube open he squeezed a generous amount over his aching dick, sliding it along the length and giving himself a few quick pumps for good measure.

“Now…please, now,” Justin begged, feeling himself moving closer to the edge, but wanting his lover buried inside him when he fell over it.

“Okay, baby…okay,” Brian whispered, pulling his fingers out and sliding his dick into the slightly spasming hole in one long stroke.

“OH, YEAH!” the blond shouted, his ass clamping down tightly on the intruding member as he did.

“Ahhhhhhh, Justin,” Brian growled as his dick got caught in the vice-like grip. It felt incredible and painful at the same time.

Trying to calm down and make the pleasure last as long as possible, Justin opened his eyes and was met by the warm, loving hazel ones of his partner. He smiled, knowing that that look, those feelings were saved just for him. They were deep and meaningful and private. He reveled in the knowledge and knew that the same feelings were reflected in his eyes as well, gaining that assurance when Brian returned his smile.

“Brian…fuck me,” the younger man whispered, his eyes saying the rest.

The brunet just nodded and pulled his hips back slowly and thrust back in at the same speed, letting Justin feel every single inch of his long, thick cock slide along his tunnel. Again, the man’s channel pulsed sharply, grabbing Brian’s cock and squeezing it, causing a loud moan to fly from his lips.

“Fuck, baby…you feel so good…so tight…I love fucking you.”

“M-me t-too,” Justin panted, barely able to breath from all of the exquisite feelings shooting through his body. “Ahhhhhhh,” he whimpered as Brian pulled back then sharply thrust in, rubbing against his prostate as he did and going deeper, much deeper than before.

Enjoying the response, Brian repeated his movement over and over, loving the way Justin’s legs tightened around his hips, pulling him forward, trying to get him even deeper inside of him. He knew the blond wouldn’t last much longer and was certain that he was just about there himself. He knew that Justin could get off without touching his cock, but he knew how frustrated the younger man got when he wanted to come, so doing the next best thing he lowered his body so that their entire torsos were pressed together, trapping Justin’s pulsing cock between their sweat-slicked stomachs. He smiled at the instant moan that flew from the younger man’s lips. Not able to resist the tempting flesh, he dove down and captured his lover’s mouth in a crushing kiss, slipping his tongue inside, wrapping it around Justin’s and sucking the offered appendage with vigor.

That was it…

Pulling back sharply, Justin screamed, “Now…Brian…oh, fuck…NOW!”

“Yeah, baby…ahhhhhhh.”

Both men exploded at the same time. Justin’s ass clamped down as his orgasm took hold, shooting thick streams of warm cum between their bodies. Brian shouted as his dick got wrenched in the tight grip and his balls spasmed and shot his load hard and fast into the condom. Over and over the men continued to spew until they were both completely empty.

Falling forward against his lover, Brian let his weight rest on the man beneath him, knowing how much Justin loved to feel him, head to toe, after they’d made love. Their chests continued to heave, finally slowing as their breathing became easier.

“Bri…Brian…I love you,” Justin whispered, never really sure of the answer he’d receive from his lover, but at the same time never willing to back down from how he felt.

“Me too, baby.”

Smiling, satisfied with the reply and happy with the feeling of his lover on top of him, Justin wrapped his arms a little tighter around Brian’s waist and drifted off to sleep, with Brian’s softening cock still buried inside him. When he awoke a few hours later, the loft was still dark and there weren’t the usual shadows cast around it from the streetlights outside. He saw a soft glow from the emergency lights in the sockets and sighed, realizing that the power hadn’t been restored.

“Justin, you okay?” Brian asked quietly, hearing his lover’s sigh.

“Yeah, I guess it’s still out?”

Brian knew what the man meant and hoped that his calm demeanor wouldn’t change. Moving over, he slid his arms around Justin and held him. Nuzzling into the soft, blond hair, Brian said, “Yeah, it’s still out, but that just gives us more alone time. No one banging on the door, no one calling us, no one interrupting us,” the man said, his tone of voice letting his lover know exactly WHAT they’d be interrupting.

Smiling, Justin moved in even closer and began kissing the warm, inviting flesh of his lover’s chest. “Mmm, no one but me and you?”

“Always, baby…always.”

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When they woke the next morning, well, almost afternoon, having fucked the previous day and night away, they didn’t know if the power was back on or not.

Brian flipped on the clock radio, and both men smiled when it worked. Turning up the volume and adjusting the station to get a clear reception they listened with mouths hung open in shock as the newscaster ran through the story, for the zillionth time since the afternoon before. He was saying that the blackout that had affected many parts of the U.S. and Canada was slowly but surely being rectified.

Brian and Justin looked at each other, both of them wearing the same stunned expression, wondering how the hell they’d missed the entire thing.

“Well, uh, I guess it was a lot worse than we thought,” Justin said, still dumbfounded by the news.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Brian said with a slight nod. He didn’t know what to say. He looked at his lover’s face and sighed, knowing that if they HAD known the full story, how much worse off the man would have been. He smiled slightly and thought, ‘I guess sometimes fucking really DOES solve everything.’

“What’s the smile for?” Justin asked, completely baffled at how his lover could be smiling at a time like this.

Shrugging, Brian simply said, “Nothing, baby, just glad you’re here, that’s all.”

Nodding suspiciously, Justin placed a quick kiss against his lover’s lips then rolled over and got out of bed. “Now that the powers back on, let’s grab a shower. We fucking reek.”

Still smiling, Brian got out of bed and joined his lover in the shower, committed to solve any problems that arose in there as well.

The man’s work was never done.