

Pandora's People: Interlude

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Keely and West seemed to be taking on the brunt of this phase of the operation, whatever that might turn out to be that was okay with Gale. The last few days had left him drained on every level, uncertain of himself and everything around him.

Next to him, Michael chuckled, then reached over to take Gale's hand, squeezing it firmly. Gale looked at him, surprised at Michael's smile. "What?"

"Just wondering if we were ever that obvious."

Gale frowned. "How obvious?"

"As obvious as Keely and West."

"They seemed... prickly."

Michael grinned. "Yeah. It was that kind of prickly. You didn't notice?"

"Not really." He looked down at his hand, entangled with Michael's. "Guess I was concentrating on other things."

"Maybe it's just because I've known Keely longer than you have." He sobered a bit. His steps shifted as he walked, bringing him closer to Gale as they continued down the sidewalk. "She needs something like that in her life again. Losing John really hurt her."

Gale nodded. "She seems like a strong woman."

"She is."

They had reached the front of the faculty building where they were staying. Michael opened the door, then cornered Gale in the doorway to kiss him soundly.

Caught by surprise, Gale wasn't able to properly tamp down his power, and Michael's mouth sizzled against his. Gale tried to pull away, but Michael wouldn't let him, kissing him thoroughly in spite of the current.

Finally, he drew back, holding Gale against the doorframe with one hand on his arm. "That was interesting," he said.

"Sorry," Gale answered.

"Don't be." He leaned forward for another quick peck to Gale's mouth. "I like living dangerously."

He let Gale go, and they headed for the elevator. Gale was frowning. "You won't when you kiss me and you drop dead from electric shock."

"Not gonna happen."

Gale was inclined to argue that point, but decided not to. Instead he followed Michael into the elevator, still feeling glum. He knew most of his gloominess was after effects of exhaustion and the pills he'd taken to counteract the damage done to his system by his powers, but knowing that didn't make it any less real.

"Do you ever wish you had a different power?" he said suddenly as the elevator door closed behind them.

Michael shrugged. "Not really. I mean, I suppose something a little more useful than sonic bursts might be good, but I've been okay with it so far."

"I do," said Gale. "All the time."

Michael studied his lover's face. "I can understand that." He brushed the back of his hand against Gale's cheek. "I love you the way you are, though. You know that, right?"

Gale smiled and nodded. "I know." He did, too, and was more sure of it with every day that passed.

They were silent a moment, then Michael broke the somber mood. "So what kind of power would you want, if you could trade? Telepathy? Precog?"

"No. Not precog." Gale shuddered. "Never precog."

"Why not? You wouldn't want to know the future?"

“No.” Gale swallowed, the soft sense of doom settling again. “I don’t want to know when you’re going to leave me.”

Michael regarded him soberly. “What makes you think I ever will?”

Gale smiled, and suddenly Michael’s hands were on Gale’s arms, pushing him back against the elevator wall. Gale’s hand hit the control panel. He felt his current rise, and instinctively channeled it away from his mouth just as Michael dove in for another kiss.

Unfortunately the automatic redirect took the current straight down his arm and into the elevator control panel. Sparks flew, and suddenly the elevator ground to a halt and went black.

There was a moment of silence, then Gale grated, “Shit,” and Michael laughed. “God, I’m sorry.” Gale was mortified.

An emergency light flicked on, partially illuminating Michael’s amusement. “Don’t be sorry,” he said. “Could be a fun afternoon.”

Gale was unconvinced. “Unless one of us has to pee. Or is claustrophobic.” He looked warily up at the elevator ceiling. Was it closer than it had been a few minutes ago?

“Are you claustrophobic?” Michael asked, stepping a little closer.

“I didn’t think I was.”

Michael moved closer again. Gale took a careful breath, trying to calm down as the other man’s proximity made him start to feel hemmed in. Then Michael’s big hand clasped Chad’s crotch, and any thought of claustrophobia vanished. Michael’s lips touched Gale’s neck. “Guess I’ll just have to keep your mind off it, then.”

“Maybe --” Michael’s tongue traced the curve of Gale’s neck, and Gale momentarily forgot what he’d intended to say. “Maybe we should call for help.”

Michael groped for the emergency handset with his free hand. The other stayed lodged against Gale’s fly, fingers outlining the rapidly growing erection beneath. He held the phone to his ear, then dropped it. “You shorted out the phone.”

“Shit!” Michael didn’t give him time to express his growing embarrassment at their predicament. Instead, he fastened his mouth to Gale’s again, effectively stopping further comments or apologies.

With Michael’s tongue in his mouth, it was hard for Gale to remember he felt stupid for stranding them in the elevator. In fact, with Michael’s tongue in his mouth and his hands worrying his zipper open, Gale was beginning to think shorting out the elevator had been a really good idea.

Then Michael worked Gale’s fly open, peeled his jeans back, and went to his knees. As soon as Michael’s tongue curled around the head of his cock, Gale forgot to be embarrassed that he’d improperly channeled his powers.

He’d better channel them properly now, though, he thought, as Michael drew his cock down his throat, sucking hard, then easing up, the damp, warm pressure making Gale moan.

He couldn’t imagine what it must feel like to Michael, having Gale’s cock in his mouth. He could hear the soft sizzle, his current, his power, fizzing against Michael’s tongue. Michael had told him it was like putting a battery on his tongue, sometimes a little sharper. He never complained, though. Sometimes he would draw back, tell Gale it was getting a bit too intense. They would adjust, and go on. But even now, after they’d been lovers for a while, he couldn’t completely trust himself. But Michael -- Michael seemed to trust him implicitly. Enough to suck Gale’s cock down his throat, the head resting against his palate, his hand moving between Gale’s thighs to roll and caress his balls.

Gale grabbed the rail against the elevator wall, let his head fall back, making himself relax into Michael’s trust.

It was hard. So hard to just let Michael love him. He did everything he could to control his power; Michael let him know if things moved the wrong way. It was all they could do.

Michael's throat compressed against the head of Gale's cock and Gale sucked air through his teeth. He let his hand fall to Michael's head, fingers combing into the thick, dark hair.

"Love you." He wasn't sure where the words came from, then realized he'd spoken them himself. "Love you." He said it again, because the shape, the sound, felt so good in his mouth. Michael hummed a quiet acknowledgement, as expressive as any words could have been. It purred against Gale's cock, and Gale suddenly clenched his hands in Michael's hair, and came.

Michael tucked him closer, swallowing, his fingers digging into the muscles of Gale's ass. "Fuck..." Gale breathed, his body wrenching with orgasm.

The lights came on. And the elevator door opened.

Michael jumped back abruptly, jerking Gale's fly shut over his flagging erection even as it popped out of his mouth. Gale started to reach for his fly, as well, but Michael had already covered him. Sheepishly, they both looked out the elevator door.

The maintenance team stood outside, looking at the two men with wry amusement. With a careful dignity, Michael rose to his feet. He held a hand down for Gale.

"We'll just get out of your way, then, gentlemen," Michael said, and led Gale out of the elevator. Gale followed. For the first time in several days, he felt like laughing.

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