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Bringing It Back

Changeling Press Encounters

Encounter: Bringing It Back

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What can two men get into when they've been told they need to stay home and self-quarantine?

Bringing It Back

Derek opened the patio door with a screech of metal dragging against itself. He should fix that this week. It wasn't like he had anything else to do, what with being told to stay home from work like everyone else around the world. Although where his tools had ended up was a concern for later. He inhaled sharply, not caring how cool the temperature was when he could get a bracing lungful of air -- outdoor air, not the stale, cooped up air inside his apartment. He was starting to go stir-crazy and he'd only been stuck inside for four days.

"Tell me again why you thought now would be a good time to tear our storage room apart?" Andy came through the open door, holding out a cold beer.

Derek took it gratefully with a snort of laughter. "And what were you planning on doing for the next ten days?"

"Sitting on the couch with a book. What else?"

Derek glanced at his husband fondly. Andy had been his rock for so many years now, it was hard to imagine life without him in it. The other man was taller by a few inches, with thick black hair that always needed to be cut. He had on battered tortoiseshell glasses that had seen better days, but Andy refused to go back as long as his prescription hadn't changed. He was currently wearing a pair of low-slung sweatpants and a thin tee, despite the weather. He was probably still trying to pretend he was in California.

Derek glanced down at his own outfit. Geez, they were in nearly matching sets today. The uniform of the house-bound. Both men were barefoot, but they were used to it. Throwing himself down on one of the matched balcony chairs, Derek took a long swig of his beer. He watched as Andy propped himself against the black scrolled railing.

"Honestly, you should join me," Derek wheedled. "You won't believe the things I've been finding in there. We're talking high school shit."

Andy rolled his eyes. "Yes, because I want to remember everything about high school. And I'll remind you that the high school shit is yours. I threw out everything the day after I graduated."

"Bullshit. Your mom kept everything, and I know that for a fact."

"How do you know that for a fact, oh all-seeing one?"

Seriously, if Andy kept rolling his eyes, Derek was going to push him off the damned balcony. "I know, asshole," Derek started, causing Andy to snort loudly. "Because a year ago your mom dropped off a box of shit when you were on a business trip and I hid it in the storage room. Which just proves you never go in there."

"Are you kidding me? Betrayed by my own flesh and blood and made worse by the one man who promised to stand by me forever?" Andy threw his arms out to the side, nearly upending the bottle he held between thumb and forefinger.

Derek started to laugh. It wasn't his fault Andy's mom liked him better. They shared a fondness for nostalgia that Andy definitely didn't have. Honestly, the man should have seen this coming. "Oh, baby. It's going to be okay. How's it feel to be the --" Derek let out a breath of air as two hundred pounds of husband landed on his stomach. He dropped his beer in the rush to grab onto Andy as they nearly toppled out of the chair. "Babe, fucks sake!"

Andy blew him a raspberry before calmly taking a sip from his own bottle, which he'd somehow managed to save. "You're lucky you're pretty, Derek."

Derek laughed, reaching out to steal Andy's beer as the other man snuggled into him as much as he could. "You just keep telling yourself that. I'll have you know I'm smart *and* beautiful."

"You're definitely something..."

"Hey!" Derek scoffed.

"Fine, fine. I'm so glad I married you and I can't believe how lucky I am. You're clearly the pinnacle of perfection and I --"

Derek cut Andy off with a kiss, sucking his lower lip into his mouth and biting down gently. He moved back slightly. "Damned straight."

Andy grinned down at him. "There better not be anything straight here."

Honestly, he didn't want to mention it while the other man was straddling him and acting up, but Derek wanted to pinch himself on the regular. They had been friends in high school, but both moved in slightly different circles. It wasn't until they'd graduated and ended up in an organic chemistry lab together in college that they realized how much they clicked. Years, and a wedding, later and he wouldn't give it up for anything -- despite how stir-crazy he was getting with this enforced quarantine. At least he got to spend it with his favourite person. "I love your guts, Andy."

"Last one to the bed gets to be the big spoon." Andy kissed him in a bruising fashion before dashing to their bedroom.

Derek growled as he chased after Andy, shucking his shirt along the way. He didn't care where it landed. His sweats were quick to follow. Clad only in his boxer briefs, Derek crawled onto the bed and straddled Andy's lean body. He took just enough time to notice Andy had removed his glasses before they were kissing again. Lips slid sensuously against each other. Derek moved south, taking his time, and pressed kisses along Andy's jaw line and down his neck.

Andy writhed on the bed underneath him as Derek tilted his head and accepted Andy's seeking mouth. Derek ran his fingers over Andy's soft belly before rising up to drag Andy's tee off, then reached under the waistband of his pants, tangling his fingers in the trail of hair leading down to his target. Andy was thick and needy, and Derek was more than happy to give him what he wanted.

Derek pressed a gentle kiss to the tip of Andy's dick. The jump and yell that resulted made him smile. He continued his slow pace, licking along each glorious inch before sucking the head into his mouth. Laving his tongue over the glans, Derek concaved his cheeks.

"Please," Andy gasped. He reached down for Derek's head, pulling gently on his hair.

It was Derek's turn to gasp, and the strangled moan from Andy let him know that was probably his goal all along. Andy arched his back and let out a whimper. He

must have realized his hands were free now because he reached down and smoothed his palms along Derek's shoulders and upper back.

Derek bobbed his head and took Andy to the root. He loved the feel of Andy's dick in his mouth. How hot it was. Derek hummed and started to move back. He let his teeth scrape ever so gently along Andy's skin.

Andy bucked one last time before flooding Derek's mouth with cum. He cried out with his orgasm, his hands clenching and unclenching on Derek's shoulders. Derek moved quickly and grabbed Andy before he could move. Andy met him eagerly and opened his mouth for a heated kiss, sharing the taste of him. "Your turn," Andy gasped out.

Derek wasn't going to disagree. He quickly flipped to his back and opened his arms to clutch the duvet under him. Christ, they hadn't even unmade the bed in their haste. Wasn't the first time. Better not fucking be the last.

With a slap to Derek's hip that he weakly glared at, Andy urged him to lift up. Within seconds his boxer briefs were on the floor, and Andy was licking and sucking Derek's dick like it was his last meal.

Derek closed his eyes and tossed his head back. Shit, he wasn't going to last very long. Derek caressed his chest, rubbing his fingers over his nipples, tweaking them. "Fuck..." He tossed his head, pinching his nipples as Andy took him closer to the edge. He wasn't going to last. A smooth palm moved over his thigh and between his legs., fingers questing out to hold his sac in a steady hand. One squeeze of that warm hand and Derek was gone. He growled low in his throat and arched his hips up.

Andy swallowed, not letting a single drop escape. He finally lifted his head and smirked at Derek while licking his lips. "Does this mean I don't have to help you clean the storage room?"

Derek wrapped his arm around Andy and pulled him closer to rest against his chest. "You're talented with that tongue, I'm not going to lie. But if you think this gets you out of organizing the fucking house, you're crazy."

Both men snorted at that. God, how had they gotten so lucky? Derek wasn't going to take that luck for granted. He sighed and nuzzled Andy's cheek. Yeah, he was one of the lucky ones. He could survive a few more weeks stuck in the house.

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