Right Where We Belong by Cindy

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God, I was lonely.

I missed him so much. Not that I’d ever admit it to him, or anyone else, let alone myself. But I did. I missed him so fucking much that I thought I would literally go insane.

Okay, so maybe I’m being a little dramatic, but I think that after all the shit I’ve been through, I’m entitled.

I have to laugh when I think about all the pathetic things I did, trying to forget about him.

Like when I hired that hustler, making sure to give my exact specifications of what he should look like to the guy on the phone. He must have thought I was a lunatic. And when the trick showed up, he wasn’t that bad. No Justin, but then again no one is, but he was pretty close where it counted at the time. His blond hair and lithe body were just about all I needed that night. I needed to feel him beneath me and pretend…to fool myself into thinking that things hadn’t really changed. That it was him.

But I was so fucking wrong.

It wasn’t him. It didn’t feel like him. It didn’t smell like him. It didn’t taste like him. And when he moaned it didn’t sound like him. And when I fucked him, he didn’t move like him. And when he came, I knew for sure that it wasn’t Justin because I didn’t feel that satisfaction, that kind of reward that I always got for making Justin feel so good.

Nope, I was just left feeling even more pathetic then when I started because that trick…hustler…whatever the fuck he was wasn’t anything, and I felt even emptier than before.

I have to laugh at myself as I remember the next time that I experienced the same kind of low. It was only a day or so after the blond-hustler replacement therapy incident. When that trick…fuck…I can’t even remember what he looked like, and even though I suck with names, I usually remember their faces. But I’m drawing a blank. I guess it’s because in my mind, he was Justin.

I know, pathetic. But hey, even though the rumors dispel it, I AM only human after all and I was hurting. I was in fucking agony and I was dealing with it the only way I knew how. To bury it and fucking ignore it.

Hey, I said I was human, not smart.

God, when I was fucking that faceless trick on my brand new dining room table, a christening of sorts, I was so gone. I rammed his ass for all it was worth and when I came, it was intense, more intense than it had been in days…but it was all wrong. So fucking wrong.

The way his legs felt up on my shoulders…the way his hand came up and grabbed at the back of my neck, pulling me down to him…the way his moans and screams set me off…it wasn’t him…it was someone else I was with…it was Justin.

If you asked me then and if you asked me again now, I would swear to you that I was fucking Justin. Not that trick. In my mind it was him. It felt like him and sounded like him and when he came and I came and his hand gently ran down the side of my face, it was him.

In my mind it was him.

But when I opened my eyes, I was shocked to find that it wasn’t him. It was just another fuck. Another meaningless fuck. Nothing more.

And there I was again…fucking pathetic. I knew it. And I’m pretty damn sure that the trick knew it the moment I kicked his ass to the curb.

Fuck me…I was losing it.

And that’s when I decided that I had to try to keep Justin in my life. I needed him, even if I wouldn’t admit it to him.

The first step was his tuition. I knew that he’d probably find out that I’d paid it, and if not, I really didn’t care. I didn’t do it so that he’d feel indebted to me. I did it because I know how fucking talented he is and he deserves to get the best education that he can so that he can share his talent with the world.

God, sometimes the lesbianic thoughts that shoot through my mind even scare me.

But I wanted him to be happy and even though we weren’t together anymore, I wanted to take care of him. I needed to. And making sure that he was still able to go to school when his asshole father couldn’t give a shit let me do that.

So when he came to my loft about the tuition, I tried to be civil and not let on to how much I wanted to grab him and hold him and never let him go. But when he told me that the computer was mine, I lost it. Only for a moment, and I’m sure he didn’t even realize, but I did. I couldn’t help it. I remember feeling like he’d sucker punched me in the gut so hard with his words.

“Bullshit,” I said, because it wasn’t mine. He wasn’t mine. Not anymore.

And I didn’t want to think about it. Because if he wasn’t mine, then whose was he?

That fucking fiddler piece of shit that had come into our lives and stole him away?

I had to close my eyes and push away the image of them together…in bed…fucking like we used to. I felt my stomach lurch and looked at him out of the corner of my eye, praying that he’d hurry the fuck up and get the computer and himself the hell out of my loft before I broke loose.

I wanted him to stay and I wanted him to be mine and I wanted him to never fucking leave me again…but I couldn’t say it. I couldn’t let him know. Instead I turned up the volume and focused back on my movie.

But in the background, I couldn’t miss the sounds of his grunts and groans as he pushed the heavy box out of my loft and into the elevator then came back and quietly shut the large, steel door behind him.

And in my mind…my sick, twisted, fucked up mind…I felt happy. Because I knew that the grunts and groans were his. Not some tricks. Not my imagination. His.

And for some reason, it made me smile.

I was really happy when I found out that he decided to give Rage another shot. I know that he probably felt like taking another bat to the head would have been easier than working with Mikey again, but I’m proud of him that he was man enough to realize that he’d made a commitment and would stick by it.

Even if he couldn’t stick by ours.

But I guess that’s not fair. It wasn’t all his fault. It was mine too. If only I had been more of what he wanted…what he needed. But, I wasn’t and I’m probably still not…and sadly for him, I probably never will be what he really needs.

The gentle caress of a warm hand across my cheek pulls me from my thoughts.

“Hey, Bri…where’d you go?”

Shaking my head, I try to brush away the sadness and feelings of inevitable despair that have settled over me. Smiling, I push away the fear that one day…maybe sooner than later…I’ll be back there…feeling the loneliness and emptiness again.

“Bri, what’s wrong?”

The love and concern in his voice is so strong that I have to smile.

“Nothing, baby…nothing at all. I was just thinking.”

Instantly I’m graced with his blinding smile and a warmth spreads over me, shattering the sadness and despair and doubt.

“Brian, didn’t we decide that thinking was a bad thing? Especially when you’re so mellow after an intense fuck-session,” he whispers sweetly.

I nod, knowing that he’s teasing me and knowing that he understands exactly where my head was at and I can’t help but run my fingers through his silky, blond hair and sigh as his intense, blue eyes remain locked with mine.

And I realize that he’s where he wants to be.

And I don’t have to be scared.

And I don’t have to worry about the future.

Because right now is what counts.

So I take a deep breath and push all my fears aside, because right now is when I can make things right.

“I…I…I need you, Justin.”

My eyes flit downwards momentarily then back up to meet his and I am left breathless by the overwhelming emotions that are so clear in his tear-filled eyes.

And he smiles.

And I smile back.

So maybe it wasn’t exactly what he wanted to hear.

And maybe I won’t ever be able to actually say those words.

But for now, I made it okay. I let him know that what we have…where we are…is right where we belong.

Huh, maybe I’m not so pathetic after all.