Forever Young by Cindy

The heavy metal door to the loft slammed shut with a loud bang. Brian was home.

Justin looked up from the vegetables he'd been chopping to greet his lover.

"Hey, Bri."

"Umph," the older man grunted and marched past him into the bedroom.

`Great,' Justin thought. He closed his eyes, hung his head, took a deep breath and slowly released it. He focused and gathered his strength. It was going to be a long night. The blonde put down the knife he'd been using, wiped his hands on a dishtowel and moved in the direction of his lover. He approached the bedroom but didn't see Brian. The suit he'd been wearing lay across the bed in a pile, obviously quickly taken off and tossed aside. That was so unlike Brian. He usually took such care with his clothes and hung his suit up as soon as he removed it.

Justin heard noises coming from the bathroom and moved towards the room, stopping as he reached the entrance. His lover stood with his body pressed close against the counter, leaning forward, his face only inches away from the mirror. His hand pulled at the corners of his right eye, looked at it intensely, then moved to do the same to his left eye. He repeated this action a few times as his scowl continued to grow. He was too engrossed in his self-inspection to notice Justin's presence in the room. "What the fuck…I don't see them…okay, maybe I do…but…no way…I'm not…not… older…ah…fuck…" the blonde heard his lover mumble to himself.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Brian jumped, startled by the younger man's voice. He abruptly stood up straight and looked at the confused man. He was momentarily embarrassed at being caught, but quickly recovered and pushed past Justin back into the bedroom.

The blonde turned to watch the older man as he pulled some sweats and a t-shirt out of his dresser, but Brian didn't put them on. He just stood still with his back towards his lover, lost in his thoughts. Justin moved closer and placed his hand on the taller man's shoulder. "Bri, what's wrong?"

Once again, the older man was startled and turned to face his lover. He looked angry and hurt but remained quiet. Justin started to get worried. What could have happened to put him in such a state?

"You're starting to scare me. What's going on?" The younger man placed his hands on either side of the older man's face, forcing him to look Justin in the eye. Brian saw the worry in his lover's eyes. He knew he was scared. Brian closed his eyes and sighed.

"I found two wrinkles around my eyes today," the older man spoke quietly, as if the admission took every ounce of energy from his body.

The blonde's eyes were still locked with his lover's and his hands remained on the sides of his face, as he stood in shock. His mouth fell open and he was speechless. He knew that Brian was a drama queen, but this was over the top even for him.

"WHAT?"

The older man knew Justin wouldn't understand. He was only nineteen fucking years old. What did he know about growing old? Wrinkles wouldn't be a concern for him for, well, for about twelve years. Brain shook his head in disgust at the thought of what he'd have to be worrying about in twelve years. He pulled away from the boy, moved past him, barreling down the stairs and into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. He slammed the fridge shut and turned around to face his lover again, anger burning in his eyes.

"Wrinkles. I found two goddamned fucking wrinkles around each eye today. TWO…ON EACH EYE," Brian spoke slowly and firmly as if to get the extreme seriousness across to his lover. But Justin just watched him with a dumbfounded look on his face. Brian opened the water and took a sip, then turned his focus back on Justin.

The younger man stood at the top of the stairs to their bedroom, glued to the spot. He couldn't help but stare speechlessly at the man before him. His lover seemed unaware of his nakedness, but Justin was not. He was floored by Brian's behavior, but couldn't help being affected by his beautiful body. The younger man felt his cock begin to fill and his sweatpants start to tent. His eyes moved up the length of the older man's long, lean, perfect body, lingering a little longer at the cock that hung temptingly between his legs and he unconsciously licked his lips.

Brian saw his lover's reaction and looked down at himself, just then realizing that he was naked. He shrugged at the knowledge, never having a problem with his body, and turned back to his boy.

"Justin, did you hear me? Wrinkles. I found some wrinkles today. That French anti-aging shit I've been using obviously doesn't work. Piece of shit advertising. I should sue," the older man ranted loudly, bringing Justin out of his daze.

The blonde shook his head to clear it, and found his voice again. "I heard you Brian, but I just can't believe you. What the fuck is the big deal? So you found a few wrinkles. Who cares? That what happens as you get older…" the last words were barely out of his mouth when he realized what a mistake they were.

The older man's eyes narrowed and he shot a furious look across the room. He slammed the bottle down on the counter, turned and stormed towards the sofa and threw himself down.

"Shit!" Justin swore under his breath. He took a deep breath and moved towards his lover. He approached him and felt the anger that radiated off the older man hit him like a brick wall. He paused to gather his strength for the battle ahead, then walked around the front of the sofa to face his lover.

Brian looked up at him, his eyes squinted with anger and betrayal. Justin straddled his lover's lap, facing him. The older man tried to move away, but the blonde wrapped his arms around his neck and moved in closer. He felt the older man's hardening erection beneath his ass and wiggled against it. This caused Brian's eyes to lose some of their anger and the corners of his mouth to turn up slightly.

"What I meant was," the younger man spoke softly hoping that it would make his words seem less harsh, "that as you get older, you can't help things like that. It happens to everyone. It's not something to get so worked up about."

The older man was still not happy and tried again to move his lover off of his lap. But Justin had a firm grasp on his neck and ground his ass harder against Brian's groin. This earned him a low moan from the older man, forcing his anger to subside again.

"I don't want to grow old or look old. I'm making an appointment with a plastic surgeon first thing tomorrow morning to take care of them." The older man was sure and committed.

"No way. You don't need that. It's just a few wrinkles." Justin was stunned at the lengths his lover was willing to go to for such a superficial thing.

"Yeah, it starts with a few wrinkles, then before you know it, you end up looking like a fucking pug dog."

"Trust me, you'll never look anything like a dog. You're too hot and too beautiful to resemble any animal. No matter how old you are," Justin spoke seductively. He moved his face closer to Brian's and the older man could feel the hot air against his mouth as the words passed his lover's lips. He wanted to taste his baby's luscious lips and was entranced by them as they moved. He felt his cock jump beneath his lover's weight. His mind began to wander to other matters when he abruptly remembered what they had been arguing about.

"Good try, but I'm still going to the plastic surgeon," Brian stated firmly as he regained his focus.

"Arrggghhh," the blonde growled in frustration. "Fine. Go see him and you'll be embarrassed when he laughs you out of his office for such a trivial thing." Justin looked closely and found the two tiny, miniscule little wrinkles at the corner of each of his lover's eyes. "Seriously, you're overreacting."

The older man trusted Justin's judgment. He had an artist's eye, trained to see things that other people didn't. He searched his boy's face to see if he was truly serious, or just trying to placate him. He found sincerity in the piercing blue eyes that locked with his. They remained steady and unwavering as he looked deep within them for the answer to his unasked question. He felt satisfied with what he saw and knew that he was being told the truth. He'd overreacted, as usual. He took a drama queen moment and pushed it to the limit. The older man closed his eyes and sighed heavily to release the tension he'd felt since he'd found the damned etchings in his skin. When he re-opened his eyes he was met with a beautiful smile on his baby's face. He moved his hand to cup his lover's face and ran his thumb across his cheek.

Justin felt his Brian's resolve and knew he'd gotten through to him. He smiled devilishly and began to brush his ass up and down over the older man's rock hard erection. The tent that had grown in his own pants hit his lover's stomach with each upward pass. Brian moved both hands to firmly grasp his boy's slender waist. Their breathing quickened and soft moans escaped their lips. Justin leaned in and captured Brian's mouth in a gentle kiss, just giving the other man a taste of what was to come. He licked the older man's lips before he pulled back to look at his lover's face again. A sly smile spread across his face as he spoke breathlessly.

"Tell you what. How about you leave it up to me to decide if you ever need to go see a plastic surgeon?"

Brian looked at Justin suspiciously as the boy spoke.

The younger man's eyes sparkled with mischief as he went on. He quickened the movement of his hips, his smile broadened and his words took on a seductive tone to soften the blow. "I'll know it's time to go, when your tit's sag so much that you need to start wearing a bra."

Brian's eyes had been closed, enjoying the pleasure of his baby's ass grinding on his cock and listening to his seductive voice. When the words seeped into his lust fogged mind and he realized what he'd heard, his eyes shot open. He moved to grab his lover but he wasn't quick enough.

Justin jumped up laughing and ran towards the bedroom. Brian sprang up off the sofa and chased after him.

"You think you're so funny. Let's see who's funny now little boy," the older man shouted as he tackled his lover, threw him on the bed and fell on top of him.

The older man looked down at his beautiful boy, still laughing, and knew he didn't have to worry so much about growing older. Justin would always be his youth.