

Moving Day
by S.A. Payne
A Blurring the Lines Side Story

This PWP lemon short is set just between Blur and Ashes and is the day that Toshi, Mick and Alec finally leave the penthouse.

Blurring The Lines:

Moving Day

The lights in the penthouse had been turned down so low that they were almost off which made the stark contrast to the bright wash of light from the hallway even more dramatic every time the movers opened the door. Most of the furniture would be staying, Toshi had added little to the penthouse that was personal or really his, but that still left dozens, hundreds, of boxes to be hauled out.

Mick helped some but with his arm strapped to his body he was little real use and mostly just got in Alec and the mover's way. It had been a long day and it was dark now, the lights glittering in the city below them and the final rays of the sunset vanished. Mick's apartment was empty, Alec's too and the offices. It was only the last boxes, the sadly small stack from Toshi's private room that was now being carted away.

Toshi stood silent, watching, near the windows. The movers stacked the last handcart with the last boxes. Each one was neatly labeled and even had a barcode in a tidy system that Alec had put together with inventory lists and cross referenced databases. With a push of a few buttons, Alec could tell which box had socks and which had expense reports.

The man in question walked over in the darkness to where Toshi stood and Mick sat on the sofa, finally, out of the way. "That's the last."

Toshi just nodded.

"I'm going to follow them over, make sure the right things get put in the right places. Don't want the underwear getting put in storage."

Toshi didn't respond.

Alec tossed a look to Mick who just shrugged. "You two will be okay getting over there on your own?"

"We'll manage." Mick answered softly.

"Thank you, Alec."

"Welcome." He smiled to hide the worry. Toshi had brushed the move off as necessary and pretended it didn't matter but it did. It was a huge step, a crushing move and neither Alec or Mick were blind to how withdrawn and melancholy Toshi'd been all day.

Toshi turned back to the wall of glass windows that looked out on the city below and Alec shook his head at Mick before he left. Mick gave them a moment, alone in the penthouse that held only

good memories for him. The place seemed empty now, blank and not at all like home. It had nothing to do with the things being gone and everything to do with the fact that Toshi no longer considered the rooms home.

Mick stood and winced, his ribs still hurting. "I'm going to go over the place once more, just to make sure there isn't a shoe forgotten somewhere. Doubt it, Alec was totally anal about this move."

He didn't wait for an answer, just started going about the interconnected rooms and apartments. His own apartment had been easy, he'd barely unpacked to begin with, but Alec hadn't been happy with that. He'd had the army of movers unpack all of Mick's things and repack them to match the organized method. Mick had learned not to debate the secretary, knowing that if Alec put his mind to it, it got done.

Even doing a careful check, Mick found nothing in any of the private rooms or offices that needed to be packed and wasn't. When he made his way back to the living room, Toshi stood silent, a hand pressed to the glass.

"I know this will be a surprise but I didn't find anything."

Toshi didn't move.

"You okay?" Mick finally asked the question they'd all been avoiding all day. He crossed over and gathered the loose, black hair into his hand. It was a thick, heavy weight, the strands a little course but smooth and they slid between his fingers like silk.

"I'm fine." Toshi said around a long slow breath, his head tilted back into the gentle touch.

"Liar." Mick accused softly. He wished he wasn't hurt, wished he could wrap his arms around his lover and try to comfort him.

"It's just..." Toshi started and stopped. "It's not like I was even happy here, before you."

"But?"

"But," he sighed. "It was safe."

"You're going to be fine." He whispered into the darkness.

"Mick, I want... crave..." Toshi shook his head and pushed the hunger down.

"You're not alone, I'll be there, Alec will be there, in a couple of weeks Andy will be there. None of us are going to let you use again, promise." He leaned forward and nuzzled into Toshi's neck. "You smell right."

Toshi groped and caught Mick's hand and pulled it around his waist. He clutched it, frightened but unwavering, uncertain but unmoved. There was no way he could do this alone. They may have knocked him out cold through most of the worst withdrawals but he was still waking up at night in a cold sweat and there were moments during the day when he was certain if he so much as twitched he'd be off looking for another hit.

After long moments where neither man moved or spoke, Toshi eased his tight clutching on his lover's hand and sighed. "I used to have this fantasy." He confessed softly.

Mick was glad he was behind Toshi, not sure how the other man would interrupt the lazy half smile those words pulled to his lips. "Hmm? Care to share?"

"I... I used to stand here at night and imagine taking you against this wall." His long fingered hand slid across the glass.

That was the way things were with Toshi, one moment the man could be talking about the most bland subject and the next say something in such a matter of fact voice that Mick felt sure he would pass out from the sudden rush of blood to his groin. He pressed a soft kiss to the back of the long, sensitive neck. "Still could." Mick whispered.

The reward for the soft kiss and softer whisper was a shiver that raced across Toshi. "Can't, Alec packed all the lube."

"Bar-coded and labeled." He snickered.

He grinned and saw Mick in an echoed reflection on the glass, shown against the night's darkness. "And you're in no shape right now."

"I'm not that hurt."

"No, but I can see how you're wincing. It's been a long day." He sighed and tried to turn. "We should go."

"No." Mick caught the body in front of him and held Toshi in place. "Not yet." He breathed against an ear and placed another lingering kiss to the slender neck. The bandage was still taped to the back of Toshi's neck and Mick kissed with care to avoid the still painful area. The bruises on Mick's face were healing but the scab on his split lip was an abrasive counterpoint to how carefully he teased his lover.

"Mick?" Toshi gasped when a particularly sensitive spot was hit. He staggered a little and had to bring another hand up to the glass to steady himself. "We shouldn't."

"Of course we should." He teased back, pulling the hem of the perfectly tucked shirt out of the expensive dress pants. "Shame I only have one hand to tease you." He whispered and felt the stomach under his hand hitch. Toshi's body was lean and strong and Mick could have kicked himself for letting Alec pack and take everything.

The hand under his shirt rose up, dragging strong, lightly calloused fingertips up across sensitive skin. It hitched the fabric as it rose, pulling it tight and snug, dragging it from its tidy tuck into the back of his pants. Those teasing fingers found their target and Toshi moaned as they ghosted across one nipple so lightly to almost have been a product of his imagination.

"Oh, oh." He sighed when Mick stopped teasing and really touched him. It made him light headed and Toshi dropped his head against the cool glass, his hips arching backwards to rub his ass invitingly into Mick's groin.

It made Mick growl a little, knowing the lack of planning meant neither of them was going to be fucked silly against the glass wall. Mick was far more experienced than Toshi and if he was unwilling to risk the dubious comforts of saliva for lube he wasn't going to risk Toshi the same way. He wanted weeks, months, of happy, safe, slick experiences for his lover before they risked anything so rough and raw, no matter how much Mick might have enjoyed it. If they messed up and Mick got even a little hurt, it would be a huge set back.

So he settled for rubbing himself against the tempting and very off limits ass being rubbed against him. It wasn't the same and the jeans he was wearing, his only pair that Andy had made him buy in college and which were too tight, were nearly crippling now that seemed to have shrunk further. Under the shirt Mick moved his hand down, hating that the pain in his injured shoulder made taking the sling off the other arm an impossibility. He needed two hands to touch Toshi, no, three, or like some Hindu god, six or eight all just to drink in more of the wonderful

smooth skin that reacted to the smallest of touches.

"Mick!" Toshi gasped when that single hand fell to his groin and rubbed, hard, at the length tucked inside the more forgiving cut of the dress pants. "Oh, God, please." He begged and found himself supported against the glass wall by his forehead. His hands had fallen to his waist to release his belt, un-clasp his pants, without being asked.

"That's it baby, let me hear you." Mick whispered and his hand slid quickly inside. He smiled at the feel of those silly, plain, ordinary cotton boxers and quickly breeched that last barrier of cloth.

The cock in his hand was heavy, swollen with aching need. The head was hot, sticky and wet with need and Mick used Toshi's own desire to stroke him harder. He'd learned that for as much as the I/S loved being touched gently, almost worshipfully, he liked his cock stroked with rough, demanding touches. Mick obliged, stroking that still hidden length with enough force that it rubbed the lovely, tight ass into his own groin, across his own cock that he didn't have the hand to touch and ease.

Hands reached around and caught on Mick's hips. Toshi was struggling to touch behind him, to run his own hands across Mick's body, his ass, his chest, but he was only so flexible. Mick pulled his hand, reluctantly, from the nearly painful heat of Toshi's length. He caught one hand as it wandered across his body and pressed it palm flat to the cool glass before reaching the other and getting that one on the glass as well. It left Toshi standing almost in a position to be frisked, legs slightly spread, upper body bent forward, hands up and out of the way and it was a painfully erotic sight.

Mick managed to get to his knees with little protesting pain from his battered body and slid himself between the glass wall and Toshi's body. He glanced up and saw the twisted up look of tormented pleasure on his lover's face, those haunting blue eyes squinted shut. They were still learning what it was like now that Toshi's implant had been removed and he had full access to the almost empathic inborn I/S sense, but, there was plenty of time ahead of them to learn everything.

He caught his fingers on the open waistband of Toshi's pants and tugged, not too gently, and got the pants down enough. Enough for that wonderful length to fall freely into the cooler night air and so temptingly close to Mick's mouth. He nuzzled the side of his face against the base, sliding slowly down to the head, taking his time and pulling out gasping, hitching moans that Toshi still halfway tried to smother.

Toshi was already close to falling over the edge, at an embarrassingly early point in their contact. It was just, Mick was so turned on, and he could feel it. Every sigh, every twitch or moan, only got his lover more aroused which carried him closer to that same edge. It was a torment, a full, horrible, delicious, desperate torment.

Until Mick swallowed him, whole, to the root, without the use of his hand and Toshi didn't care if it was torment. He plunged headfirst into the shivering pleasure and surrendered everything. He moaned loudly, crying out without thought of modesty or control, begging without words for more and Mick answered with desire and skill. There was just something missing and Toshi struggled to think clearly enough to know what it was.

It wasn't something he needed, his mind was already turned inside out and upside down by sheer, raw, pleasure, but there was this nagging sense that one element was missing. It was some small something, some small touch... and it clicked in that it was touch that was missing. One of his hands slid from the glass to rest on Mick's head and it was like a switch had been thrown and the pleasure doubled. So much delight, so much joy, that he lost himself and fisted his hand in those auburn locks in a painful grip.

It made Mick moan. Mick never moaned, he was almost deathly silent during sex, only

occasionally letting out soft whimpers or sighs not a moan. Certainly not a moan that echoed, vibrated, deeply in the back of his throat and chest and down Toshi's cock to make his toes curl and hips thrust. The grip in Mick's hair pushed the man's head back against the glass and with that moan, Toshi found himself thrusting hard forward to follow.

That should have been too rough, too demanding for most people, but Mick had a darker side, a kinky side and it made him moan. The pleasure doubled again and Toshi whimpered. His eyes popped open and he gasped for breath against the cooler glass. When he glanced down Mick's eyes were shut, his face lost in rapture, his only useful hand inside his own pants stroking himself off. Mick liked it when he was a little more rough and Toshi had such a hidden dark fantasy of letting go this way.

Mick's eyes opened and glanced up. They caught Toshi's and the expression in them, the emotion behind him, was one of begging. He was asking in every way but words for Toshi to let go and without being aware of it, Toshi found his other hand coming down to grip that perfect head. Mick moaned again and his eyes slid shut and Toshi surrendered.

He let himself thrust in strong, long, hard strokes into that wonderfully hot mouth and Mick sucked hard at him, as if he was reluctant to let Toshi pull away even a fraction of an inch. Toshi moaned and opened his eyes to watch but the sight was too much, too erotic and sexy and perfect and he raised his eyes. Only now he was staring out over the city and it glistened like a million gems below him. He felt lightheaded and lost and wondered if he could slip through the glass to fall into the beauty of the city below.

Then his eyes focused closer and instead of the night jeweled city, Toshi saw himself reflected in the glass. It embarrassed him for a moment, the look of lost, raw passion, the way it almost looked like pain but he watched in fascination. It sunk in that he looked sexy, he looked desirable and suddenly he really felt that way. He glanced down to Mick again and was just in time to see the man find his own release.

The sudden look of lost pleasure, the sharp, luscious smell of release and sex and Mick filled the air and the feel of Mick's own scalding pleasure at his climax swept Toshi away. Any let's shreds of control melted and he came, hard, toes curling inside his plain functional shoes, thrusting forward enough to raise himself up onto those toes. He came totally, with nothing hidden or held back, and let the pleasure shatter him.

His breath had puffed the cool glass into foggy obscurity as he panted and whined as he came so this time, as he slid down from his trembling release. He's slipped from Mick's mouth and the air was cool against his damp flesh and his hands had let go of their grip on the soft hair. When he looked down, Mick's head was still resting against the glass, his hand had fallen limply to the side of his body and he was licking his lips.

Toshi lowered down to kneel beside the human, gathering him gently against his body. Mick didn't protest, he was breathing hard and still shivering in the last grasps of his own release and he slid easily to curl against Toshi's chest.

When their lips brushed, they parted in gentle kisses. It was comforting and there was a sudden need for that. Mick clung to Toshi with one hand and half buried his face in the offered shoulder. Toshi stroked the hair he'd so tightly used, the head, the shoulders, in soft easing touches and lost track of how long they sat still, backs pressed to the glass wall, simply content together.

Finally, Toshi sighed. "We should get cleaned up and go home." The penthouse wasn't home any more, not for his life or his future. In truth it hadn't ever been home, just a place he'd hidden away in, waiting to be rescued from.

Mick leaned in close and placed a whisper soft kiss to Toshi's highly sensitive neck. "I'm already home." He spoke, his voice barely audible and choked with emotion.

Toshi heard and it filled his heart so much, overfilled it, that he thought it might shatter from sheer emotion alone. He stroked a hand against Mick's head and cradled him close again. They'd stay put, their pants open, sticky and cool in the empty room, for as long as Mick needed or wanted because he was right, they were already home.

[Home](#)

[Short's Index](#)