

# Is This What You Do When You Think of Me?

*by Amika Malone*

Aidan plopped on the bed in his hotel room. He was finally getting a chance to release a solo album, and while he missed the others, this was a new experience for him and he loved it.

He was pulled from his thoughts by his phone ringing. He got up and tried to find it. "Son of a bitch where is it?" He finally found it, managing to hit "Answer" on the first note of the last ring. "Hello?"

"Mmm hey babe," it was Lucas. Aidan leaned back on the bed, moaning a bit at the sound of his boyfriend's voice.

"Hey Lukey," he finally spoke. "Whatcha doing?"

"Just missing you, really," Lucas said with a shrug even though Aidan couldn't see it, "I know it sounds weird but I am."

"Aww baby," Aidan played with the design on the quilt. "I just finished my first day of video shooting. It's so weird, you know, doing this alone."

Lucas nodded, again not realizing Aidan cannot see him, "I'm sure it is. Hey, baby, what are you wearing?"

Aidan raised an eyebrow. "Why do you wanna know?"

"Trust me," Lucas swung his legs up onto his own bed, "Just answer the question, okay?"

"Umm... T-shirt, sweats. You know, typical sleepwear for me. I had

been in these jeans for the video shoot, but they had to go."

"J-jeans, huh?" Lucas started to falter.

"And not the kind I like, you know?" Aidan closed his eyes, "These were skintight and I felt like I couldn't breathe in them, even though..." he was cut off.

"Put them back on," Lucas commanded.

"What?"

"Put them back on."

"Why?"

"Please just do it?"

Aidan sighed and gave in, switching from the sweats back into the jeans. "Alright, there. They're on. Happy?"

"Promise?"

"Yes, Lukey, I promise."

"And they're really for really reals skintight?"

"Yes, Lukey. Want a picture?"

"Nah, I trust you," Lucas whispered, and then, "Damn that thought is really turning me on."

Aidan was at a loss for words. "Y-yeah?"

"Mhmm," Lucas moaned, "I can't help but jack off to the thought of

you in those jeans. Pretending my hand is yours. Or your mouth. Or your asshole."

Aidan's eyes widened at the last part. "B-but Lukey, you know that I'm the one who tops."

"Not when it's all in my head, baby," Lucas purred into the phone, "And you can never get enough."

The thought made Aidan's cock twitch. "Y-yeah?"

"Uh huh," Lucas smirked, "Is my Aidy getting hard?"

"Getting is an understatement. Try fully hard."

"Well why don't you slip those pants back off and get a little more comfortable like I did?"

Aidan didn't need to be told twice. He threw both his jeans and his boxers off. "Okay now what do you want me to do?"

"Jack off."

Aidan coughed. He did *not* just hear Lucas say that. "Um, what?"

"Mmmhmm, jack off. Stroke that cock."

Of *course* that would be the *exact* moment someone else called in. "Ugh, hold on just a second baby boy," and he clicked over to the call waiting. "Hello?"

"Aidy Aid!" it had to be Dylan, didn't it? "How's the solo thing going?!"

"Not... now..." Aidan panted, "Luke... other end... and..."

Dylan got the hint. "Right. Right. I'll call you back later." And with that, he hung up.

Aidan clicked back over to Lucas. "Sorry," he groaned, "Everyone wants to talk to me."

"Yeah, well all ears are on me now," Lucas was being slightly uncharacteristically seductive. Maybe the 180 from meek and scared of sex to seducer is part of his coping mechanism/healing. "You jerking it?"

"Uh huh," Aidan whispered, his hand going a mile a minute on his cock.

"And who's making that cock so hard you have to jerk it? C'mon give me his name."

"You of course, Lucas baby," Aidan moaned into the phone. "Oh God I'm going to..."

"Mmm please... Please." Lucas couldn't hold out much longer, and soon they were both crying out each other's names as their orgasms rocked their bodies.

Aidan panted and was stuck in his post orgasm bliss, so he didn't hear the shuffling on the other end of his phone, or the oh so quiet *click* of a door. He only was pulled from his daze when he heard the knock on his hotel room door. "Lukey you still there?"

"Mmhmm."

"Give me just a minute, someone's at the door." he threw his boxers on and answered the door, dropping his phone when he saw Lucas in nothing but a pair of boxers himself at the door. "Lucas...?"

"Surprise!" Lucas smiled, "I've been across the hall the whole time."

Aidan quickly pulled Lucas into the room, hands all over him until the younger man stopped him.

"We're both pretty sticky. Shower first?"

That was the best suggestion ever, and Aidan literally pulled Lucas that way.

