I Know Him Too by Cindy



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He thinks he knows me, but I know him too. And even though he likes to pretend that I don’t, I know that secretly, he loves the fact that I do.

I think he likes to believe that he’s so mysterious, impossible to figure out. But the truth is that he’s as simple as they come. Not that he’s easy. No, I wouldn’t go so far as to say that. Easy is not something that Brian has probably EVER been. I’d bet that he had a kick-ass attitude and drama queen flair from the moment he flew out of his mother.

But if you know him, like I do, then all you have to do is watch him to figure him out. All the signs are there. You can decipher what he wants and needs or how he’s feeling by every little move or action.

Like his hands. I know that when he’s nervous, they’ll make a move towards the nape of his neck or his lower back and absently rub at the spot. I don’t think he even realizes he does it. And I think it’s so cute. So Brian.

Or when he’s stressed or challenged, his long, slim fingers will immediately gravitate to the bridge of his nose, pinching to stave off a headache or stall off an unwanted line of questioning, usually from me.

Like he thinks I’ll give up that easily.

Right.

Or when he hooks his fingers inside the rim of my pants, just lets them slid in the slightest bit so he can feel me…feel the warmth of my bare skin. I know he craves the contact, and so do I. Sometimes, when we’re in a room full of people, and I know that he’s just about at his limit of the shit he’s willing to tolerate for the night, I’ll feel it…his fingers…as they slide in, brushing back and forth against my belly or gently gliding up and down along the top of my ass. Just the thought sends chills down my spine and makes my breath catch deep in my chest.

And his body…I know all about THAT. The way his long arms wrap protectively and possessively around me when we venture out. How he drapes his arm around my shoulder when we walk into Babylon, making sure that everyone knows just where I belong.

Or how when we dance, he scoots down so that we’re almost the same height. Yeah, that’s a big one. This way our bodies align perfectly, every part touching and rubbing against every other part juuusssstttt right…and he’s letting me know that I’m what he wants, what he needs…and it feels so fuckin’ good.

And when we have sex…make love…fuck. I know it seems like it’s all the same thing, but really, it’s not. I know the difference. I feel the difference. Depending on what Brian wants and needs is how the sex plays out.

If he’s had a rough day, and needs to just unwind we usually end up fucking. It’s hard and fast and furious…and ALWAYS amazing.

But if he’s feeling mellow or dare I say mushy, we make love. And it’s slow and sweet and almost mind-blowing and torturous in its intensity. The feelings and emotions that Brian pours out to me…offers me…gives me are astounding. Especially from a man who claims to NOT even be in possession of such things.

Sometimes, when we’re so fuckin’ lost in each other, I swear, I know that he’s trying to tell me something…something that he just can’t say with words. And I see it, in his face, in his eyes, in the way his body moves against mine…inside mine, and I get it, I really do.

Oh, fuck, I can’t forget his lips. Oh, God, his gorgeous, full, ripe lips. Now THEY are truly wondrous. The way he slips the bottom one into his mouth, or both, depending on what he’s contemplating.

Or the way they part slightly, allowing my hot tongue entrance to the sweet cavern inside when he wants to be explored. And how they suck and pull at my own, earning loud moans in response. Or the delicious way they wrap around my cock, sliding up and down, tightening further and further as they work the aching shaft. Mmm, yeah, those I know REALLY well.

Or when they whisper sweet words when he thinks that I’m asleep, but I’m not. As his warm breath and heartfelt words drift from them and wash over me, seeping deep into my soul.

But his eyes. Those are the biggest giveaway of how he feels. I think he knows this and that’s why he tries so hard to keep them shielded with that mask he wears. But I know how to slip by it, see beyond it. I’ve learned.

The way they darken when he’s excited, going a mesmerizing shade of moss-green. So warm and inviting that I sometimes feel myself on the verge of coming just from looking into them.

Or how they seek me out across a large, crowded room like Babylon or just a small, intimate space like the bedroom. It doesn’t matter where we are. I feel them burn into me and I have to meet them and then I’m lost…reading all the secret messages he keeps hidden there.

Oh, I hear the door…he’s sliding it open…he’s home. I feel a thrill run through me as he steps inside and my eyes catch the first glimpse. Then he turns and I know…ahhhh…there they are. Those eyes. Those beautiful eyes lock with mine and I see the love and need and desire all wrapped up inside him…for me…just for me.

Like I said, I know him too, better than anyone.

And as he smiles, I can’t help but smile right back because I know that I’m the luckiest bastard on the planet, because I do.