Silence is golden

by Remlundskan

Summary

Jordan is sick. Joey is sharing the tour bus with the Knight brothers. Jon said that Joe is a top. My brain made this....

Jordan was trying to sleep. He was trying really, really hard. It wasn’t all that easy, though, when there is a constant moaning and groaning from the other side, and the loudest moans came from his own brother.

Now, it wasn’t that he didn’t think his brother deserved a bit of pleasure while they were on the road. It wasn’t even the fact that his brother was currently getting his ass pounded by Mr Joey McIntyre. No, it was the fact that they had no respect for the fact that he was sick and couldn’t partake in the activities.

“…hnng… hnng… hnng… fuck… fuck… hnng… oh… oh, oh, oh…”

Finally, Jordan’s had enough.

“Would you knock it off”, he says, not too loud, to keep his voice from getting ruined, but loud enough so that they would hear him, “I’m trying to sleep here!”

For a few, precious moments, there is nothing but complete silence. The only thing heard is the soothing sound from the moving bus. Jordan takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

“…oh, god… oh, oh, oh, oh… Fuck, you’re big…”

Great! Just fucking great! Jordan already knows that Joey’s big, he knows from experience, he does NOT need his brother to run a fucking commentary. Feeling rather pissed off at the moment, he starts
pounding the wall.

“KEEP IT DOWN, you two, OK?”

And again, silence. But Jordan is seriously pissed off and can’t get back to sleep. Stubbornly, he keeps his eyes closed, wills his body to relax…

“You ok, bro?”

He looks up. They are both standing by the bed, half naked and sweaty and Jordan feels like punching something.

“Enough with the loud fucks, alright?”

“Look, J, I told you, you’re not coming near me as long as you’re down with the man cold. I’m not risking it, dude, even for you!”

“He’s right, bro”, Jon agreed, using his Big Brother-voice that almost, almost makes Jordan want to punch *him* instead, “the second you feel 100 %, I promise, I’ll share him with you, but for now, he’s all mine!” As if to prove his point, he wraps an arm around the younger man, pulling him closer.

Jordan is not happy.

“This is not cool, dude! This is the Magic Tour all over again. Me, alone, having to listen to the two of you, going at it like a couple of rabbits.”

“Oh, come on, Jordan, that was totally different; I was going through some tough shit back then and Joe, sweet boy that he is, offered to help out. Not my fault that you were such a prude in the old days.”

“Yeah, we did invite you, remember? We asked, and you said no!”

“Whatever, just... enough with the moaning and groaning, ok? Or at least keep it to a minimum? I’m gonna feel right as rain tomorrow, if you’ll just let me have a good night’s sleep. Ok? Please?”

“Alright, J!”

“Jon?”

“I’m not making any promises, bro, this guy is good at what he does.”

Joe smiled up at Jon, fluttering his eyelashes at him.

“Aaww, thanks, Jon! –Get well soon, J, so you can join the party! –Come on, baby, back to bed!”

And back to bed they went. Jordan waits. Silence. Complete and total silence. He smiles to himself and yawns. He will be right as rain, all he needs is a few hours rest.

“...oh, god, oh, yes, oh, FUCK, Joey… yes… hng… hng… Joe… please… oh, god…”

Jordan covers his ears with his pillow. He was gonna kill them! First thing tomorrow, he was gonna kill them both!

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