Put your hands all over me

by nobetterlove

Summary

This is just some shameless smut to finish of the Casual Party series. I wanted to see where the two of them going to the dance together would lead me, and this was it. There's plot in the first two parts, but not in this one.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The tension in the air was palpable, Tony feeling like his breaths were heavy with it. The mood hadn't changed between them, despite the interlude that driving afforded them. Tony needed the few minutes it was taking them to get to the cliffs. He wanted to be thinking clearly before they both made a mistake they and their friendship wouldn't recover from.

Clay's eagerness earlier told him that probably wasn't the case. He'd felt the hard erection pressing against him, matching his own. The boy's tongue roamed his mouth like Tony was the source of sustenance after several days of nothing. That spoke volumes and with anyone else, he would've taken that as a signal, the go ahead. With Clay, however, Tony wanted to be completely sure. No one had ever meant to him what Clay did. Best friends wasn't just a bull shit title. For so many years, they were each other's go to.

Pulling away the first time felt like torture. Tony didn't want to imagine if things became irreparable between them.

Flicking his blinker, Tony shoved those thoughts away. Clay looked at him anxiously, excitement and impatience written all over the taller boy's face. He reached across the console, Clay's hand
falling against Tony's thigh and squeezing. The touch both for him and Tony.

A small smile played over the tan boy's lips, his own hand moving to grab Clay's after completing the turn. Another couple minutes and they'd be there.

"We'll take this at your pace, okay?" Tony said softly, gripping the hand in his. "You just say the word." He accompanied his words with a reassuring smile, though knowing keeping his control would be a hard task.

It looked like Clay rolled his eyes, the little bit of light coming into the car making it hard to tell. The hand on his thigh moved lower, slipping across the fabric of the denim until it reached the bulge in his pants. The erection trapped inside pulsed with more life, Tony feeling himself harden almost instantly. His foot pressed against the gas hard, arousal washing over him fast before he came to himself. As he slowed down and made another turn, finally pulling onto the road of the cliff, Tony pressed his hips up. The slight raise of them had him pressing into Clay's hand more. Two could play that game.

Getting to the edge of the bluff, Tony pushed the car into park, flipping the lights off after. He turned to Clay, using the boy's distractedness to pull him in. When he pressed his lips against Clay's, Tony felt a ton of self control slip from the back of his mind. Want and need overtook him, his exploration of lips turning from soft to hard, greedy.

He pulled back to unbuckle his seat belt and pull the leather jacket from his shoulders, wanting more ability to move. Clay matched his movements a moment later, adding the tie, a smirk on the boy's lips. Tony could tell Clay was just as worked up and into this as he was. His insistence to go at Clay's speed wasn't necessary, he thought, enjoying ever second of the burning look in Clay's eye. The other boy wanted this just as much as he did.

Tony surged across and captured Clay's lips again, one hand on the back of the taller guy's head, the other fumbling with his belt. A soft sigh escape his lips when he managed to get it undone. Clay's kisses became harder when Tony undid his button. The fly lowered with the slightest touch from Tony, his hand coming into contact with soft boxer briefs. Tan fingers searched until they found fabric covered hardness, the littlest wet spot starting to develop there. He let them tease over the spot, the breathy pants coming from Clays lips spurring him on.

Tony slipped his tongue alongside Clay's while his fingers played. The boy seemed to harden under his touch, the desperation in his kiss growing. Tony reveled in it, his own erection starting to press uncomfortably about the seam of his jeans. He thrusted up, both of them forgetting where Clay's hand was to begin with. Shaky fingers moved up to his button, managing to get it undone after a few attempts. Tony couldn't blame him, his own fingers moving over Clay's dick distracting enough for the both of them.

When he finally managed to get Tony's buttons undone, Clay let out a sigh, pulling away from the others lips. "A more optimal position would be good here," the taller guy mumbled, already moving over the seat. His ass got in Tony's face as he moved, Tony reaching to grab it, giving Clay a little push. "Too right, dude," Tony breathed out in reply, following Clay closely.

Before he settled on the pale kid below him, Tony wiggled out of his boots, jeans following closely behind. He felt a little silly in just his shirt, underwear and socks, but some more skin on skin contact needed to happen. Easy access to his wallet was a must, too.

Looking down, Tony took in a lust filled Clay Jensen. He was dragging his tongue across his bottom lip, pupils blown open wide, blue eyes darkened considerably. Long fingers grabbed for his shirt, Tony avoiding them, instead moving just out of their reach. Tan, greedy fingers moved to the waistband of Clay's pants, tugging until the boy got the hint and pulled his hips up, allowing
Tony to slip them off. He had to duck his head to pull them from Clay's long legs. Then he settled between the v of the other's legs, sighing at the feel of skin against skin.

He attacked Clay's lips with intensity, Tony thrusting his tongue against his, hips moving in time with the swift tangle. Clay let out little pants and gasps whenever Tony pulled back enough for the two of them to catch some air.

Both of them could feel the need for more. Hands were running wherever they could reach, Tony slipping his palm under Clay's still buttoned up shirt. Fingers roved over skin, mapping out planes and lines of muscle. Lips stayed locked, but Tony focused more of his attention on the open, smoothness of Clay's chest. Calloused fingertips rubbed a nipple, pulling it to hardness before moving onto the next one.

Goose flesh covering the skin made him pull back, the want to see it in person making Tony break the kiss finally. His hand pulled out of the shirt, only for it to find its way to the buttons. As nimbly as he could, the buttons were undone, Tony spending a little extra time on the newly exposed flesh before moving onto the next one. After what felt like eternity, he finally managed to get the shirt open, what seemed like miles of pale skin on display.

Tony felt his mouth run dry at the sight. A bit of fine hair covered both Clay's pecks, the muscle just barely defined. Boxer briefs covered narrow hips, his stomach sloping deliciously, disappearing when muscle turned to something else so insanely tasty.

"Tony," Clay panted, lust blown eyes connecting with brown. The single utterance of his name told him it was time to continue moving things forward.

Leaning down, Tony's lips sealed themselves to the salty skin of Clay's neck while his hand slipped between them again, this time, crawling under the waistband of boxers. He took the length of Clay's dick in his hand, giving it a squeeze before letting it slide to the base, then back up again. The motion repeated, over and over. Being close to Clay's face, Tony heard every panted moan, every breathy word. His own cock pulsed from neglect and the never ending course of arousal.

"Lift up," Tony mumbled after a while, his wrist straining from the awkward angle the waistband forced it into. Clay obliged quickly, hips coming up so Tony could pull his underwear down, too. There was no stopping to look this time, Tony mesmerized by the smooth texture of Clay's dick in his hand to stop for too long.

He kept his strokes light, fingers greedy to take in as much of the length as they could each pass across it. Tony could tell Clay was getting close, which was perfect. The best distraction for what might be a little painful later.

A hand pushing on his chest stopped his movements all together. Tony squashed the panic in his chest, raising his eyes to meet Clay's. "Too close," the boy mumbled, his head tossed back as he spoke. The goose flesh on Clay's skin seemed to pebble further, his body reacting to so many different stimuli all at one time.

Giving Clay a second to settle down, Tony moved his fingers over his own shirt, undoing the buttons swiftly. He stripped it from his arms, glad to have the thing out of the way. "Love your tattoos," he heard Clay babble. A soft smirk pulled on Tony's lips. He grabbed Clay's hand, pulling it to his chest. The boy immediately started tracing the ink lines, each caress sending more and more heat to the already boiling knot of it in his stomach. It continued until Tony's skin caught fire, nerve endings tingling.

Tan fingers wrapped around Clay's wrist after a while. He brought long fingers to his mouth, placing a kiss on each one. Tony looked up then, the two at the precipice of it being too late to turn
"I want you," Clay said, his voice shaky, the arousal taking him over completely.

"Are you sure?" Tony asked softly, rebutting, just to make sure they'd be okay on the other side of this. "We could-" he started, only to be cut off by one of Clay's fingers against his lips.

"Yes. I'm really fucking sure." Clay smiled sloppily as he said it, the grin splitting his face.

Tony surged forward, sealing their lips together for another hot kiss. He couldn't believe this was really happening. Taking advantage of every second would be the easiest thing he'd ever had to do.

The need for supplies had him pulling back, digging in his pants. He managed to get his wallet out, the condom and lube easily accessible in the closest fold. Tony let the wallet drop, mouth suddenly dry. They were really about to do this, he thought, his grip on the condom tightening. Excitement, nerves, and a billion other things pulsed in his brain, Clay overwhelming him completely. He shook the feeling off quickly, the rub of Clay's hand on his chest again bringing him out of it.

"This might be easier if you flip over," Tony babbled, voice thick with lust. There was limited space in the small back seat. Clay's legs were already bunched up around him. If they could manage the position, Tony would have the most room available to really capitalize on the shared activity.

They struggled for a couple minutes, trying to find a comfortable way to fit both practically full grown boys on the seat. Clay seemed to be hanging half over the front part of the seat, but they were finally in an okay position. Tony grabbed the supplies with impatient hands.

Using Clay's back as a resting place, Tony propped the condom there. His fingers tore at the packet of lube swiftly, any nerves from before now fueling the want, driving the need.

Tony spread a bit of the stuff on two of his fingers. His nose nuzzled what he could reach of the taller kids back while his hand slipped between pert, white butt cheeks. The tip of his pointer finger circled Clay's rim, pressing gently every couple passes. He felt Clay relax more each time until finally, he let the tip of his finger slid in. Hot tightness surrounded the digit, pulling it in naturally against the intrusion. Tony sat still for a moment, then pressed his finger in until the knuckle hit Clay's tailbone. He forced himself to remain still until an impatient noise left the other's lips. Slowly, Tony pulled back until only the tip remained again. Clay clenched, dragging the length of his finger back inside. Tony did that a few more times, his finger thrusting in a little bit harder with the clench every time.

When he finally managed to hit the boy's prostate, Tony smiled at the yelp sounding in the car. "Holy fuck! More of that, dude," Clay exclaimed, voice breathless.

Merely following orders, Tony dragged the one finger out, replacing it with two instead. They played the same game, Tony teasing with just the tips of his fingers, Clay pulling him back in, flexing and relaxing around his fingers.

Tony felt himself lose a bit of control as Clay started to pant. His cock bobbed between them, each movement sending it up, the tip barely scraping his stomach. Pre come leaked from the tip, cool breeze hitting it every so often told him so.

Finally, Tony felt comfortable enough to pull his fingers out. The third slid in so easily a couple minutes before, Clay seemingly lost in all things sensation to truly register the burn. Slippery
fingers felt for the condom, Tony grabbing it, getting it open in record speed. He leaned forward as Clay turned his head, their lips meeting as Tony fumbled to roll the rubber down his length at the same time. The little touch made Tony's dick spring even more to life, the boy having to take a second to calm himself because of it. He emptied the rest of the lube into the palm of his right hand, using it to slick the rubber, and ever so slightly around Clay's already loosened hole.

"Beautiful like this, Carino," Tony mumbled, taking position at Clay's entrance, the tip pressing against it lightly. Tony heard Clay mutter a fuck at the Spanish pet name. His lips slipped into a soft smile, the smaller guy pressing approving kisses against Clay's spine. Impatient hips were pressing forward before he could control it, the tip slipping in against the resistance. "Relax. You're so fucking tight," Tony babbled, words pinched from his own strain not to just take, take, take. In little bursts, Clay let him slid in more and more until he was finally buried completely, his hips against the soft skin of milky white ass cheeks.


He drew back, thrusting in again slowly. The pace stayed even like that, Tony pulling back enough to spur Clay on into meeting him as he thrust back in to the hilt.

Rhythmic squeezing around his cock had Tony picking up the pace, the entire thing becoming all about heat and Clay and tightness. Control didn't seem to be staying around much longer.

"Fuck, I'm so close. Please. Harder. Anything," Clay muttered, his words spluttered out, almost like it was done unconsciously. Tony couldn't help but abide by the request. His hips snapped forward hard, the pace bruising now that all semblance of self control was gone. A jumble of Tony and Clay and fucks chorused in the car as they both found the peak, Clay stroking himself through it, Tony buried to the hilt- riding it out.

When the tinges stopped, Tony straightened up, pulling out as softly as he could.

Disposing of the condom and getting Clay cleaned up filled the next couple of minutes. Both boys were silent, shooting each other beaming smiles, the quiet enhancing the mood. Tony finally collapsed against the door, wrapping an arm around Clay's shoulders as he did. The boy lay on top of him, snuggling against Tony's still exertion warm skin.

"Wow." Clay said through the silence. "Going was totally worth it."

Tony grinned, tightening his arm around Clay's shoulders. " Took the words right from my mouth. Thank you," Tony replied, placing a kiss against the top of Clay's head. "Let me not have jelly legs and I'll drive us back for the after party. I could spend more time showing off how hot my date is."

Clay didn't reply, the boy simply nodding against him.

Tony couldn't say he liked the guilty feeling of how they ended up at this point. He'd probably always feel a bit bad about it, striving to make it up to claim in some unnamable way. That thought made him warm. The fact that he could think about doing this again and the likelihood of an always made his head spin. The already there post orgasm feeling combined with it was blissful.

Clay nuzzled in closer, obviously feeling the same way.

Though they would never find themselves at the after party, the two instead getting back in the
front seat to drive back to Clay's house, no one forgot how amazing Tony's date was. The two together from that point in would never let them.

End Notes

So, that's it for that's little plot bunny. Hope you enjoyed the shameless finish to this one. I've got a couple really great stories in the making, so keep an eye out. If you've got any plots or prompts, leave them below. As always, thanks for reading.

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