playing with fire

by skree

Summary

Gavin's driving is, has always been, and looks like it's always going to be terrible, and if Michael can't convince him to cut the shit with sheer force of will, maybe he just needs his nerves tested.

Notes

Watching one too many GTA videos where Gavin pitifully and hilariously endures his cohorts' verbal abuse (spearheaded by Michael, of course) regarding his terrible driving talent resulted in this monstrosity. And I am so, so very sorry.

Mainly because this probably won't be the last one of its kind.

“I’ve got you now, you son of a bitch!”

Gavin barely had time to press forward on his bike and turn his head before a wall of flames engulfed his line of sight, and he found himself watching the pavement torn out from underneath him like a tablecloth. He hit the ground hard on his palms, but attempted flexing his legs a few times anyway and eventually rolled onto his back, groaning when a bike swerved around the wreckage and a foot kicked out to stop it. He watched a leg swing over the seat to make a pair, and as uncharacteristically tailored shoes made their way over to the scorched concrete, he attempted to push himself up off the city street – it seemed eerily devoid of life, despite being a
perfectly normal state for this time of night – and bit back a yelp as pain tore through his side.

Earlier, he’d thrown Michael off his bike after he rammed him with a truck beaten half to hell, and honestly meant no ill intent when he couldn’t help cackling at the sight. He watched him soar, executing an inhuman number of flips that would put the winners of the Olympic gold to shame, letting loose a string of language quite foul in his manic wake. So he really couldn’t blame Michael when he turned his attention to Gavin alone after he did manage to get up, though the rest of the pack was headed in the opposite direction after Ryan.

His gaze swam for a moment, taking in only the stars punching holes in the hazy sky of Liberty City, before his eyes fell back to the marked pavement and the chrome detailing of the standing motorcycle. The shoes picked up pace, coming toward him at a stilted, arrhythmic, adrenaline-fueled gait, before stopping at eye-level when an attached leg flew a little too quickly past his nose and landed to the side of his chest. Blinking, he stared up at the leather jacket that flew into his line of sight when an iron grip took hold of his collar, and familiar, gleaming eyes stared right back.

“You. You are a goddamn horrendous driver, you piece of shit.”

Gavin laughed, but faltered momentarily into more of a coughing fit. Smiling, head still buzzing, he gazed up at the man crouching above him, whose eyes had become slits of fury. “You, ah- you take this too seriously, Michael.” He winced as his vision blurred and a burst of pain shot through the back of his neck when he moved too fast, but couldn’t help the fit of giggles he found tumbling from his lips anyway. “That’s because you don’t take anything seriously, asswipe.”

Michael knitted his brows at the laughter emanating from the man below him. “This is exactly what I’m talking about, you little fuck, do you even have anything in that stupid fucking fishbowl head of yours?” Michael’s grip on his shirt tightened, bringing the two closer; close enough that Gavin could smell the musk and the smoke on his coat, and could feel the heat radiating from the man above him. Jesus. Squinting and moving a palm to look his captor in the face, he beamed. “I honestly have no idea what you mean, silly.”

Michael made something of a growl and in a whirl of limbs, Gavin was flying backwards, his wrists pinned by his sides, and Michael’s voice was suddenly much closer and much lower. “Maybe we can find something you do take seriously.” The scratch of steel on pavement rang in Gavin’s ear, as a pistol found itself on the street a foot from his temple and Michael’s chest was suddenly inches away from his own. He wouldn’t admit that his heart rate had picked up to the point of being near audible, but a certain part of him was definitely starting to pay attention. This isn’t good.

Narrowed eyes met those of the smiling Brit beneath him. Gavin took a sharp breath and tried not to hesitate with his practiced, stupid grin. “Baby, you know how I like it.” His admittedly facetious wink was met with a dazed tilt of the head in response, but before Gavin could process what was happening, he found himself very intimately acquainted with the fact that the Michael’s gun was still warm.

And in his pants.

And then underneath his boxers, and next to a place that deadly force really should never brush up against.

Maybe he should be concerned about the fact that the erection he’s fighting is a breath from the barrel, but right now, there’s just hot steel on hotter skin, and a fire that Michael’s voice was conducting like electricity.

He held his gaze like Michael held the grip of the gun, because the eyes under those curls were practically glowing and was he smirking at him? Michael toyed with the pistol’s hammer poking
out of Gavin’s waistband, refusing to break a moment of the visual scrutiny the Brit was being subjected to. “Gavin,” the older man murmured (and god does hearing his name in that voice make his throat go dry), “you are a piece of fucking work.” His fingers left the pistol, brushing feather-light against denim that Gavin fought hard not to buck up against, but the gun remained in its place. And he swallowed hard before Michael shifted his knees to meet Gavin’s hipbones as he sat up, pressing the barrel dangerously close to-

Oh, fuck.

He bit back a groan, pulled his lip between his teeth and crossed every thread of his mind in hopes that his companion hadn’t noticed.

A quirked eyebrow and an incredulous stare threatening to melt into a wolfish grin were the first indication that his intentions had failed him.

“You’re not enjoying this, are you?” There was humor in his voice, but a dark glint surfaced in Michael’s eyes, and Gavin swore he watched them rake him up and down.

And Gavin laughed, albeit sounding a little more nervous than he planned, because that was all his brain was letting him do beyond the screams of lust tearing through his thoughts. “This is the part where you’re supposed to ask, ‘is that a gun in your trousers, or are you just happy to see me’, innit?” He couldn’t help the gasp that escaped his lips no matter how badly he willed it, however, when Michael swiveled his hips and ground down hard on his groin, teeth flashing. “Oh, you are,” he mused, lips curling wickedly as Gavin’s head tilted back, eyes half-lidded and teeth caught in a snarl as he rutted up against the man sitting atop him. He was quickly stopped in his efforts by a chest pressed against his own, and a remaining hand gripping his wrist when he attempted to shove the redhead in protest. Eyes shut and whining, Gavin managed to get out a weak “this is hardly fair, Michael,” before the hand was tugging in his hair and a voice was hissing in his ear, breathless.

“Open your eyes and I’ll blow your fucking balls off.”

Gavin groaned, half from sheer arousal and half in desperation, some ill-placed sense of anticipation for whatever Michael had planned. Something – not quite panic, but certainly rush-to-the-head inducing – took course upon the realization that he was thoroughly at Michael’s mercy, even if he didn’t have the guts to pull the trigger. The pistol didn’t move, but the shifting of weight and fabric, the dull buzz of a zipper coming down, and the coolness of the night air as his cock sprung free from his boxers were enough to command Gavin’s attention in its entirety. “Michael, oh god, if you keep this up I might really have to kill y- oohhh,” he groaned, thoughts becoming indiscernible as a deliciously warm, wet heat enveloped his length, and his words melting into sounds so lecherous they surprised even himself. Michael’s laughter reverberated through Gavin’s whole body, which had been reduced to a writhing mess as gasps were wrenched from his throat.

The first few movements were agonizing. Michael took his sweet fucking time, and Gavin could only lie there, sprawled on the pavement for the world to see, as shudders wracked his nerves when subtle movements sent fire tearing through his veins. He went slow to make sure he didn’t miss any details, slow enough that it was almost painful, and the movements of that devilish tongue tracing down his length were enough to send Gavin’s eyes rolling back in his head. He could feel Michael’s smile at his sharp intakes of breath, and the smile only grew when Gavin’s dick got the better of his pride and reduced him to something that strongly resembled whimpering.

Soon Michael’s lips were quickly joined by languid tugs, flicks of his wrist that were perfectly timed and held a certain finesse that Gavin had only dreamed of appreciating. He risked defying orders, saying a silent prayer between gasps before sneaking a peek at the mess of curls moving at
his waist and nearly fainted at what he saw – lips shining and wet, cheeks hollow and flushed, and
tongue tracing burning lines down the sides of his cock to kingdom come. Lucky for him, his eyes
were tugged shut again quickly as Michael swirled his tongue around his head and moaned,
uninhibited and quite unabashedly, as if there were nothing else in the world he’d love to do more.
Realizing his hand was free in a sudden, fleeting burst of consciousness, Gavin cautiously moved
it to the curls at his waist – a move that went apparently unpunished, since if anything, Michael
became even more enthusiastic once the long fingers tangled themselves in his hair.

His mantra of “please”, “oh god, faster”, and unfinished streams of unfiltered thoughts filled the
air around them, accentuated by the slick sounds of Michael’s lips on his cock. Occasionally his
words would falter, and he’d lapse into bouts of panting that matched the rhythm of Michael’s
enthusiastic movements which, to Gavin’s defense, bordered downright profane. At one point
Gavin’s spine arched and defied his pathetic attempts at self-control, only to be wrenched back
down by Michael’s hands on his hips – a movement that wasn’t too terribly difficult with which to
comply, considering Gavin’s cock was introduced to the back of Michael’s throat in the process,
and the moan that he received in response was otherworldly.

Gavin silently cursed him for reducing him to such a vulnerable state once his pace really starts to
pick up, tongue swiping across his slit and sending jolts through his nerves. He felt himself
hurting toward release, pleasure and adrenaline spiraling into one, and he could tell by the curve
he felt on Michael’s lips that he knows, too. But he doesn’t bother holding back the lascivious
noises escaping his throat anymore, because they both knew he wouldn’t be able to for much
longer and god, he needed it so badly.

“Oh fuck, Michael, I’m gonna- shit, I’m so close, I can’t-”

He was close, so very close, chanting a string of curses strung together with Michael’s name, the
heat beneath his skin burning hotter in his veins with every syllable that passed his lips. A few
more swipes of the tongue would take him over the edge and beyond, he could feel it, practically
reduced to convulsion already before the conductor of his undoing.

But it stopped as unexpectedly as it started.

With a wet pop and a very abrupt movement, his orgasm was snatched away from him. The gun
was withdrawn, and Gavin felt as if he’d been hit with a bucket of cold water on Monday
morning. Opening his eyes, he was met with a smile that was downright diabolical – which he
regarded with a wide-eyed stare of his own, mouth agape and entirely dumbfounded.

The gods of fate had to be testing him.

…

You’ve got to be kidding.

No.

“What- what the bloody hell, Michael?”

Michael’s grin merely broadened as he snorted, jumped to his feet and turned on his heel.

“Consider this payback for earlier, Gavino. God forbid you actually learn something.”

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