

Guilty as Sin

by: kremesch

He couldn't stop thinking about it. He was obsessed with it.

It's smooth and sleek design left him wanting to touch it, to stroke it, to feel how soft it really was. He knew that if he touched it just right, that he would be rewarded with a blissful release at the end.

It was becoming more of an obsession by the minute. So close to his side, it taunted him relentlessly. The redheaded Turk sat beside him, unaware of his thoughts, his desires, unaware of his compulsive need to make contact with that which lies between them. The Turk sat there, with eyes fixated on the President, as he was briefing them about something to do with an underground movement and the dangers that may arise, but Rufus could tell his mind was someplace else.

Despite the fact, that danger was always more than a thrilling welcome, they'd heard it all before.

That was beside the point though, since Rufus' mind was obviously someplace else as well. As he scanned the rest of the Executives and Turks gathered in the conference room, he wondered if anyone would notice if he put his hand below the table, just to sneak a quick feel. Would anyone notice if he kept his hand down there for a moment longer than needed, and maybe stroked the length of it?

Shivers ran down his spine at the sheer possibility of being caught. What a spectacle it would cause if his father noticed. The thrill and adventure that could arise from that one stolen moment. The world would turn upside down and never be the same again. Oh, the temptation, the sweet, sweet taste of turmoil and mayhem. The thought was orgasmic in nature.

"Rufus! Pay attention!" Shouted his father in mid sentence.

A dark shadow crossed his eyes as he glared back at his father. The utter thought that he would so rudely and starkly point him out in a room full of others, that obviously had their minds someplace else as well. *Oh, you will get yours old man*, he thought deviously and vengefully, and then his mind travelled back to the forbidden world of his desires, as his hand slipped below the surface of the table.

Lightly, he brushed the leg of the unsuspecting, redheaded Turk who smelled oddly, like cheap alcohol and cigarettes, and something else that Tseng called 'Sex'. It was intoxicatingly envious, the freedom that the Turk had, and he knew he had made a mistake the second he made contact, as the Turk uneasily shifted in his seat.

Nervously, he pretended that his leg was itchy, and brought his hand back up to the surface. Cursing under his breath, that he had so foolishly made a miscalculation in movement to warrant such a reaction from the Turk beside him, he began to revise his plan.

The fires of desire began to burn more fiercely, as the obstacles in his path became more apparent. He knew the only way that he could ever satisfy his need was to get him alone in the training room at night. Yes, the training room, that seemed like the most appropriate place to see just how far he could push him. A test to see how many times he could pull his trigger until the both of them exploded in ecstatic harmony. Oh, the sheer thought of it.

The cunning of the plan, and the rapture of the mere idea, brought a thin satisfied smirk across his perfect lips. He narrowed his eyes, as if already wrapped up in a state of climaxing bliss, as the pieces fell perfectly into place in his mind.

The training room... Oh yes, I will make you mine...

The incessant, mindless babbling of his father had finally come to a most rewarding end, as they all began to thoughtlessly pile out of the board room. *Sheep*, he thought bitterly. *You're all nothing but sheep*.

He decided he'd wait until everyone had left before removing his own presence from the room. Unfortunately, the redhead was always there to challenge his will, as he sat casually in his seat and waited for the same.

Knuckles whitening in clenched fists, and eyes shutting hard, he tried to will the Turk away with his mind. *Why must you always torment me with your presence?* The Turk was always there. Everywhere he went, always teasing, and always reminding him of that which he could never have, that which he so desired, a freedom so deliciously tempting, that he could almost taste it... if only he could.

"Well..." said the malevolent Turk who sat behind him, as he stood from his seat, and neatly pushed the chair back to its rightful spot, "Looks like I'm workin under ya, Boss." Then, he casually and ruefully made his way to the door.

"Rightfully so, Turk," Rufus crooned in a velvety voice when no one was left to hear him. *Rightfully so...* with eyes narrowed in conniving satisfaction, he made his own way to the door, to leave the senseless drones of his father behind.

Night time had come, and the anticipation of being with his one and only, had finally driven him to a point almost unbearable and beyond reason.

Stealthily, he snuck up behind his unsuspecting prey, and grabbed him hard. “You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting for this.” He said, in a rushed breath of yearning. He glanced around quickly, to make sure no one was watching, and stole to the elevator, where they could go to the training room together.

There was no fight, and no questioning from his exotic captive, just as it should be. After all, he was the boss, and didn’t have to answer to anyone. He could hardly refrain from touching him, caressing him, running his fingers down the length of him. *So beautiful, so sexy, so...*

No... I must wait til we can be truly alone, where no one will disturb us. I must wait until we’re in the training room. No one goes to the training room at night. Yes... that’s where I’ll show him who’s really Boss.

Eye’s narrowing, and lips curling at the mere thought, the mere anticipation, as his destination became closer at hand. *Tonight, we can finally be alone together. Finally, after all these years of being interrupted and ‘chaperoned’, tonight will finally be ours.* The plan was foolproof, genius even. Why hadn’t he thought of it before?

The door to the training room swung shut behind them, and no time was wasted as Rufus leaned his lover against the wall and ran his hand through the red mass, reminding him of blood and death before him. *Oh yes, death.*

He lingered his hand there, running his fingers through, playfully and delightfully, until he could hold back no more.

Quickly, he grabbed two of the red shells that his fingers were fondling, then grabbed his lover and cocked him open so he could stuff them into each perfectly fitted hole. A gasp, and a look of madness overtook him as the absolute thrill of feeling them slide in drove him over the edge.

Oh Gaia! Yes!

Knuckles went white as he grabbed the nearby table to steady himself, and his breath quickened, as he lightly stroked the trigger, teasing it with his delicately fine and skilled fingers, sending wave after wave of shuddering ecstasy through his body.

Oh... yes! Just like that...

Mindless and overcome with the most basic of instincts, the need for release overwhelmed him. The urge to hold back and prolong the moment for as long as he could became weaker, and the desire to let go swept him over.

Fingers tense, one pulling slowly, back on the trigger, unable to fight the resistance, the urge, any longer, to let out that final explosion, maybe two, if he was lucky. Maybe two, if he could regain his strength after being spent on the first admission of release.

Oh, what you do to me...

Beads of sweat, working up around the brow from the effort to hold out as long as he could, dripping now, down the sides of his face. Hairline moistened, with fine hairs being pulled in the subtle flow of glistening energy expelling from him.

Oh Gaia... Don’t Stop...Don’t... Stop... Don’t...

With one explosive bang, deafening, and euphoric, like fireworks, a cry mixed with pleasure and pain escaped his throat, as he fell back into the chair behind him. No more strength to stand, all his energy spent. He pulled his lover to him and held him upright, stroking him caressingly, and thankfully.

We really should do this more often.

Bringing his lips to gently brush against the now heated barrel, the door to the training room swung open.

Standing there with eyes wide from the temporary shock, revealing the Mako green glow, behind red strands that reminded the blond of blood and death covering them, at the hole in the new snack dispenser, which Rufus often complained went straight to his thighs, the revelation became apparent. Their eyes met, locked in the silent challenge that they often shared.

Damn Turk. Why must you forever torment me with your meandering presence?

Eyes narrowing on both, an eyebrow cocking on the redhead, as the blond stared menacingly cold in return.

“Go back the way you came, Turk,” Came the low and calm, velvety growl of the blond Vice President, to the Shinra Electric Power Company, before he slowly ran his tongue along the now cooling barrel.

Defiantly, and unwilling to be intimidated by the maniacal grin that crazed the young blond’s appearance, the redhead turned casually and unaffected, to desperately leave the room.

Smiling triumphantly, the blond stroked his lover once more and kissed him gently, as he got ready to go for that second round he had so deliciously hoped for.

Oh Gaia! YES!