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Name: Against The Metal  
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Chapter: 1

**So, I did it again. I tried so hard to write something clean...but I failed miserably.**

**This paring is just too hot for words!**

**-Rosalee Lorraine**

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Twenty-eight. Twenty-nine. Thirty.

Edward growled out the last three numbers angrily, his arms burning from new amount of weight and stress he'd put them under. It was a good burn, one he was familiar with but none the less, it still ached. He placed the barbell back in its holder and dropped his arms beside him, closing his eyes and taking in a deep breath. His chest rose and fell as he let his body rest from its strain. He could feel the sweat roll down from his hairline and make a path down the sides of his head. He licked his lips, his tongue tasting the sweat just above. The feeling of being well spent after a long workout matched the satisfaction of a good fuck.

He always needed it

Jasper watched silently from the doorway, his own towel slung over his bare shoulder. He'd planned on coming over and sharing in the privacy of Edward's self made gym, but his voyeuristic tendencies had gotten the better of him and instead of offering to spot Edward in his last round of ten, he selfishly watched him struggle and imagined what it would be like to have him grunting over him in such an aggressive manner.

He walked into the room and slung his leg over one side of the bench and sat down, straddling Edward. He was hard beneath his gym shorts and Jasper smirked as he pressed his weight down on him and rocked once. It wasn't completely uncommon for the two of them to tease each other and then allow nothing else to come of it, but he was kind of hoping today something would.

Edward didn't flinch at the sudden weight. He welcomed the well intentioned friction and placed his hands on the slender hips that accompanied it. He opened his eyes and smiled. "Come to spot me, Jasper?"

"Something like that? Do you always get this out of breath when exerting this kind of energy?"

Edward gripped his hips and rocked his best friend once over the length of his cock. "Only if it hurts," he all but growled.

Jasper's eyes fluttered. This he wasn't expecting. Yes, Edward usually played back, but today there was something different. Something more animalistic. The way Edward put his hands on Jasper, the need behind his fingers as he gripped him...it was all... heated. He felt his own cock stir, hardening at the thought that something was going to happen with Edward. He didn't care what it was or how it happened. He just wanted it. He swallowed hard and placed his hands on the bar bell in front of him, looking down at Edward.

"How much weight can you handle?" Jasper asked, leaning down over him.

Edward smiled and slapped his ass, gripping it firmly in his hands and holding him in place as he rocked up for more friction. "About a hundred-eighty pounds," he said with a smirk.

Jasper smiled and licked his lips, keeping his eyes locked on Edward's. He wanted to make sure he wasn't reading more into this than there was. "How far do you want this to go?"

Edward paused for a moment to think about the question. No doubt this would change things, but they'd been flirting with it for so long, it was bound to happen sooner or later and right now sooner sounded fine to him. He slid his hands up Jasper's back and then curled his fingers, scratching down it lightly with his fingertips. "I'm up for it all."

Edward's fingers on his skin felt like the fire of a thousand suns and Jasper ached to be burned all over. They were really going to do this. He slid his hands from the metal bar and rested one above Edward's head as the other made its way between them. He smiled and let his eyes scan down the body that was beneath him. He wasn't overly muscular, but sculpted just enough.

Jasper let his fingers run down the length of his body, his finger tips circling around his right nipple, it hardening under the tender touch. Smiling, Jasper leaned down and let his tongue trace the same pattern that his finger previously had, adding a bite before leaving a burning trail across his chest to the other side. He could taste the sweat Edward's skin and the scent of him mixed with the taste was almost too much for him to handle at once.

Edward moaned, sliding a hand from Jasper's back and into his hair. While this felt good, he would be lying if he said he didn't want to feel that mouth other places. He arched a bit, biting his lower lip. It didn't take long before Jasper got the hint and began making his way down, leaving a trail of hot kisses down his stomach before he slid his fingers under the waist band of Edward's sweat pants. He threaded his fingers through the blonde strands of hair and tugged encouragingly as Jasper eased his them off his hips. The heat of his breath against Edward's cock drove him crazy. He was second short of begging when Jasper wrapped his lips around the head, sliding him into his mouth slowly.

"Oh God," Edward moaned, his eyes fluttering as he leaned his head back against the weight bench. He pulled Jasper's hair and arched a bit into his mouth. He wanted to feel his cock touching the back of his throat, he wanted to hear him choke on it yet still suck him with relentless determination.

Jasper moaned, swirling is tongue around him as best he could. He bobbed his head under Edward's hand and hollowed his cheeks as he came up. He felt a shiver move through Edward's body as he pulled back and he tilted his head to look up at him. His dark brown eyes bore into his own like an animal stalking its prey. The thrill of the kill in its sights and Jasper was more than willing to be the main course.

Edward sat up and tightened the hold in Jasper's hair. With a sharp yank, he jerked his head back, exposing his neck. Jasper swallowed hard, his eyes slamming shut. Edward smiled and sank his teeth into the exposed flesh, sucking his pulse between bites. It was no secret that his

best friend responded to touch, and right now, he was slowly beginning process of rendering him completely helpless.

Jasper shivered, sliding his hands over Edward's chest and bringing them to a rest on his shoulders. He rolled his hips slowly, instinctively, as Edward bit down. He was so hard that he was in pain and all he wanted was to be touched, to be relieved of the tension that was stirring between his legs. He curled his fingers, digging his nails into Edward's skin. He heard the hiss, felt the thrust of his hips under him. Jasper smiled and opened his eyes to look at him. Edward's eyes were still intense and Jasper met him with same. He slid his hand into Edward's hair and brought his mouth up to meet his own.

The kiss was hard. Jasper crushed Edward's mouth against his own as if he needed it to breathe. Maybe he did. It felt so good to finally do it, that he couldn't imagine how he'd ever gone without it before. He placed both hands on Edward's chest and pushed him back, straddling him still and rolling his hips in constant rhythm over Edward's exposed cock. He could feel each tremble that passed through his body and tried his best to hold back his own. He wanted this so much he could barely stand it.

Edward pulled at Jasper's gym shorts, pushing them roughly over the curve of his ass. He gave the newly exposed skin a hard slap before gripping it hard enough to leave prints. "God, you have a good ass. Have I ever told you that?" He growled against his mouth, biting his lips between words.

Jasper bit back. "No," he said, his voice breathy.

Edward pulled back and looked at him, smoothing the hair that had fallen into Jasper's face back behind his ear. "I want you bent over this bench," he said, placing a tender kiss on his mouth.

The kiss definitely didn't match the request. The kiss had something behind it that was much more than a demand for sex. The kiss was something that made his senses stand on end waiting to be caressed. The request made his cock twitch with excitement. He slid off Edward's lap and stood, allowing his friend to get up so he could take his place.

Edward stood and gave Jasper a slight smirk as he moved the side to make room for him to take the position he wanted. The thought of him bent over and waiting was one of the hottest things he could think of. The fact that it was only a matter of seconds from happening had Edward's head spinning. He watched as Jasper gracefully straddled the seat, taking his time getting both knees into position. His legs were close together, the bench not providing hardly any room for him. His hands gripped the bars and he turned his head to look at Edward. The smirk on his face was playful. He knew what he looked like and he knew he was driving Edward crazy by just being this way.

"Damn," was all Edward could mutter before he stepped behind Jasper and let his fingers danced down his spine, starting at the top and making their way down to the dip in the small of his back. Jasper bowed his head and shivered, his back one of the most sensitive places on his. He took a deep breath through his nose and let the trembles roll through his body in waves as Edward slid his fingers back and forth across the bottom of his back.

"What do you need?" Edward asked, not wanting to hurt him. He'd be as careful as he needed. As much as he wanted to come, he wanted Jasper to be able to enjoy this just as much.

"Very little," he breathed.

Edward swallowed hard and slid his hand up his back. He placed his fingers over Jasper's lips and caressed over them before he felt Jasper's tongue slip out and curl around them. He slid them into his mouth and let his eyes flutter close at the silken feeling of his tongue around each one. He kept his free hand braced on Jasper's hip and when he felt his fingers were wet enough he

slipped them from his mouth and brought them down to the pucker of his ass.

Jasper's grip tightened on the barbell and he pushed back against his fingers, sliding them into his body. His body resisted the strange intrusion at first, but started to give after a few moments. He rolled his hips, wanting to make sure he was open enough for when it was Edward's cock inside of him instead of his fingers. He trembled with each movement, a combination of pleasure and pain surging through him. It had been a long time since anyone had been inside him that he'd almost forgotten how it felt.

"Ready?" Edward asked, twisting his fingers slowly.

Jasper nodded and pulled off his fingers, swallowing hard in anticipation of what was to come. Edward licked the palm of his hand and stroked his cock once, the spit only providing a small amount of lubricant, but knowing it would suffice. He positioned himself just outside of Jasper and pushed in, groaning at the sudden heat wrapped around his cock. He bowed his head and clenched his eyes shut. "Fuck."

Jasper bit down on his lower lip, the bitterness of his blood teasing the tip of his tongue. Edward was bigger than he expected. Seeing him nude did nothing when it came to actually feeling him inside of his body. He took a deep breath and tossed his head back, pushing against his cock. "If you think you can," he taunted him.

Edward smiled and thrust in again, gripping his hips tighter and bringing him back against him. The force of the jerk prompted Jasper to place one foot on the ground for balance, in turn allowing him a bit more control of the movements. He pushed his weight against the barbell, the metal clanking against its hold, and impaled himself deeper on Edward's cock.

"Christ, Jasper," Edward panted, throwing his own head back. He was having a hard time maintaining his rhythm with Jasper moving this way, yet somehow he didn't care. Watching Jasper, someone who walked around exuding sex without trying, actually fucking was the hottest thing he'd ever seen. He'd chosen this position on purpose. Jasper wasn't the only one with a voyeurism kink. There was something about watching him move that was causing Edward to become unable to control himself. The way Jasper's body moved, the line of his back, the sound of his moans as he pushed into his body. All of it was driving him crazy.

"Do you have any idea...God..." Edward growled, gritting his teeth and jerking Jasper back against him.

The sound of metal against metal echoed through the room as Edward's thrusts pushed and pulled Jasper back and forth against the bench, his hands still gripping the bar tightly. He tossed his head back, taking one hand from around the metal bar and raking it through his hair. "Fuck, Edward. Touch me. Make me come."

Edward groaned and leaned over his body, placing his head in the center of his back. He clenched his eyes shut and reached around to grab Jasper's cock. He growled against his skin, thrusting hard into him as he pumped Jasper's length in time with his movements. The sounds of their sweat slicked skin slapping against each other filled the room along with the sound of the bench scooting across the floor from the force of Edward's movements.

Jasper struggled to keep his balance, his foot slipping. He was close. He felt his toes curl and cried out. His body tensed and his eyes slammed shut from the force of his climax. He gripped the side of the bench with one hand and the barbell with the other as he came over the red plastic covering.

Feeling Jasper's body convulse and hearing him as his orgasm reached its peak did Edward in. He gripped Jasper's hips harshly and held him in place as he came deep inside of him. His body shook and his jaw clenched, pushing a strangled noise through his lips.

Jasper's hand slipped from the barbell with a hard thud and he allowed his body to collapse on the bench below him. "Jesus Christ," he panted.

Edward swallowed hard and rested against Jasper's back, placing a kiss on his shoulder. "Well... I have to say," he began breathlessly. "That, by far is the best workout I've ever had on this machine."

Jasper laughed some, still struggling to catch his breath. "Just wait until we get to the treadmill.