

Some Meaning I Can Memorize

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Summary

"I asked your name, you asked the time."

Notes

Based on a prompt by beanarie for the song "Lover I Don't Have to Love."

Arthur's in a gay nightclub in Berlin, losing himself in house music. There's a crowd of bodies around him, but he's not really paying attention. Some of them occasionally press up against him, try to cop a quick feel, but Arthur just rolls his hips away and moves in time with the beat. The songs blend one into the next and Arthur watches the floor as the strobe lights reflect on it. Someone new steps into view, right in front of him. His shoes are expensive, designer. Arthur lets his gaze travel up the man's body. The rest of him is a disaster, reeking of someone trying for too much chic and utterly failing into something nearly laughable. Arthur doesn't laugh, however, because he's looking at the fullest pair of lips he's ever seen and piercing, hungry eyes that seem to look through him.

"I like your shoes," Arthur yells over the pulsing beat.

The lips form a smirk. "Thanks," comes the yell back and Arthur can make out an accent. "Can I follow you?"

Now it's Arthur's turn to smirk. "Where am I going?"

The guy nods to the back of the club where there's a winding staircase that leads to the second floor where there are couches, tables and another bar.

Arthur licks his lips and makes his way through to the crowd, knowing the guy will be hot on his heels.

It's up the tight stairway, then, where the guy places his hands on Arthur's hips and breathes against the back of his neck, causing Arthur to shiver.

The guy buys them both drinks and they sit on a couch with hardly anyone else around them.

"What's your name?" Arthur asks as the guy's mouth traces hot patterns on his neck.

"What's the time?" he says in return and Arthur laughs but it comes out more as a groan.

"Past Midnight, I think. What are you, Cinderella?" he says as dryly as I can matter.

"If that's what you're into, sweetheart."

"I'm into you putting your hands on me," Arthur gasps as teeth drag sharply over his Adam's apple.

"Name's Eames," he says finally, when Arthur is rock hard against his palm and being felt up and kissed within an inch of his life, the two of them nearly horizontal on the couch now.

"I don't care who you are, just don't fucking stop."

The bartender kicks them out just as Eames' hand slides inside his jeans.

So then they're up the block and it's cold and they can't keep their hands off each other, pressed into the cold brick wall of the building. Eames' hands are hard on Arthur's hips,

Arthur pushing up insistently. Eames' tongue curls around his and Arthur kisses him deeper, harder, not wanting to think about anything. Not about the job he'll start tomorrow or the stoic mask of tightly wound professionalism he'll put on. Tonight, he wants to be on fire, wants to be peeled out of his casual clothes and be sucked and fucked until he can't move.

"Where's your flat?" Eames grits out and runs his palms hotly over Arthur's thighs, then slowly drags his knuckles against Arthur's groin.

"Staying a hotel," he pants, flicking his tongue over Eames' teeth.

"As am I. Shall we take the tube?"

They make-out lewdly on the train. It's nearing two in the morning and the car is empty, so Arthur has no qualms of climbing into Eames' lap and tugging on the short strands of his hair while Eames licks a slow line up his neck, lips closing on his jaw.

Arthur isn't even sure where they are when they enter a building, the alcoholic haze finally hitting him hard. When he recognizes it, he said, "I didn't tell you where I was staying."

"Guess this is a small world then," Eames grins and pinches his ass as they walk to the elevator.

Arthur nearly comes on the ride up to Eames' room. He's been fighting it down for hours now. He can hardly be blamed, what with Eames' hips thrusting against his while Arthur wraps both legs around him and is pinned to the wall of the lift.

Alas, they do make it to the room and Arthur is manhandled exactly the way he'd been hoping: thrown up against the wall, stripped of his clothes, and kissed until he can't breathe. Eames sucks him off while kneeling on the floor in front of the bed until Arthur comes in his mouth, moaning loudly, sweat dripping down his face. Eames wastes no time in rolling him onto his stomach, grabbing a condom and lube and giving Arthur the fuck of his life. It's dirty, brutal, and without a trace of love or affection. It's everything you could hope for in a one-night stand.

Afterwards, Eames crowds up against him, his hands low on Arthur's back as he kisses him. When it starts to turn slow and languid, Arthur clears his throat.

"I uh, should really get going. Have an early meeting in the morning."

Eames rolls onto his back and grabs a pack of cigarettes off the dresser.

"Ah. Not in town for merely pleasure, then?"

Arthur doesn't answer, just pulls on his briefs and walks toward the door for his jeans and shirt.

"Well, perhaps I'll see you around the hotel," he continues, seemingly unbothered by Arthur's lack of response. Arthur looks up in time to watch him exhale, rings of smoke

swirling in front of him.

“Yeah, well. I know where to find you,” Arthur shrugged in response, pulling on his socks and shoes.

“I don’t even know your name, darling,” Eames called out as Arthur opened the door.

“That’s right,” Arthur grinned back at him before stepping into the hall.

The next morning Arthur’s sore, hung-over, and can barely pay attention to what Dom and Mal are saying.

“...should be here any moment and then we can--” Dom starts before Mal lets out a small cry of delight.

“Ah, there he is. Welcome, Mr. Eames. Meet our team.”

Arthur’s head shoots up but not before he gets a look at shoes, those damn shoes.

Eames’ eyes widen a little when his gaze lands on Arthur but he simply smiles politely and greets Mal with a kiss to both cheeks. He shakes Dom’s hand and allows himself to be introduced to their chemist first.

“And who is this magnificent creature?” Eames says to Mal as they approach Arthur. His eyes dance with delight.

“This is our point man, Arthur.”

Arthur extends his hand and tries to suppress the small thrill that accompanies the contact. “Arthur,” he repeats, rolling the word around on his tongue as if trying it on for size. “It’s a pleasure.” Eames’ thumb sweeps over his wrist before retreating.

“Likewise,” Arthur intones, professionalism dripping off him, from his voice right down to his suit.

At the end of the briefing, Eames walks up behind him and whispers, “My room, tonight.”

It was supposed to be a one-night stand; a fuck with no feelings, no talking, and no lingering looks or kisses. Arthur knows that if he agrees right here, right now, it’ll be anything but. Instead, it’ll be the start of something huge.

He takes a breath and responds.

[end]

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