

Mapped Out the Place Where I Planned to Stay

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Mapped Out the Place Where I Planned to Stay

by [fandomfan](#)

Summary

Brad returns from a deployment to discover how Nate has kept things interesting while he was away.

Notes

For the prompt *silver*.

Title from Echo and the Bunnymen's song, "Silver".

It's a damning sign of just how much his situational awareness goes to shit around Nate that when he's back from his most recent deployment, Brad doesn't notice until he actually sees the damn thing. *Let's go for a run, you flabby civilian* leads to Nate's laughing agreement leads to Nate changing his shirt, pulling his button-down off over a body that is quite the opposite of flabby. And there it is: one little silver barbell glinting in the sunlight, winking up at Brad from Nate's left nipple in a way that seems to mirror the knowing grin and quirked eyebrow on Nate's face.

That's new, Brad says, and he's reasonably pleased at how his voice stays steady. As though he's merely sharing a neutral piece of intel. Not at all as though his heart rate has kicked up and his dick has jerked in his briefs and his fingers are twitching to touch.

I have to keep things interesting while you're gone, Nate says. Brad is having a hard time dragging his eyes back up to Nate's face, but he finally manages it. Sexy fucker looks so pleased with himself.

And whatever possessed you to keep things interesting by shoving a small metal spear through your anatomy? Brad asks, and shit, his voice isn't quite so steady this time.

Well, a not-small part of it was the prospect of that look on your face, Nate says. Normally Brad hates to be a foregone conclusion. Right now he doesn't mind at all.

You have the sensitive nipples of a romance novel heroine, Brad says, and he's trying for sardonic, but to his own ears (and therefore, to Nate's) his voice sounds laced with heat. *Must have hurt something fierce.*

Nate nods. *It did*, he acknowledges. He brushes one finger over the bar, hissing at even that whisper of a touch. *But I also jerked myself to a fantastic orgasm in the piercing place's bathroom. So, you know, trade-offs.*

Brad swallows hard. *We're not going for a run*, he growls and crosses the two steps between them to stand close enough to feel the heat of Nate's body.

We're not? Nate asks in an innocent tone completely betrayed by the rapid pulse Brad can see beating in the vein at his neck and by Brad's extensive prior knowledge of the many ways in which Nate Fick is a gloriously, creatively filthy-minded fuck.

No, Brad says and uses one thumb to drag lightly at the metal piercing Nate's nipple.

Nate makes a breathy whimper of a noise that Brad's cock fucking loves. His *What are we going to do instead?* is colored all kinds of hopeful pleading.

Brad rubs his thumb up and down, back and forth. Nate starts panting under Brad's touch.

We're staying here, Brad says, low and dark. *We're staying here, and I'm going to explore this alteration to some very familiar terrain.* He taps at the bar several times in rapid succession and enjoys the way Nate chokes on his *Fuck!* Brad rewards Nate with a kiss that turns

desperate and sloppy when Brad takes one of the balls at the end of the piercing between two fingers and *pulls*.

Brad hums his approval when they pull back. Nate is hard against Brad's leg. He's flushed all over, and his eyes have that spacy, blissed-out look that makes Brad want to take him to bed and wrap up around him and never, ever let anyone else see how gorgeous he is when he falls apart.

Brad strokes through Nate's hair with one hand, and uses the other to keep fiddling with the barbell as he continues, *I'm a professional at reconnaissance, in case you hadn't heard. I'm going to be very thorough. Going to test all kinds of things and see how you respond. So many things to try with one little piece of metal. I can twist.*

He does, and Nate shouts.

I can flick.

It makes Nate grunt.

I can press.

He digs his thumb in hard and rolls the metal bar beneath Nate's skin. Nate cries out, *Ah! Brad!*

Good, Brad soothes. That's good, Nate. Thank you.

Nate mumbles something in response, and Brad wraps one arm around Nate's back to hold him up and ducks his head to kiss the pierced nipple that's already looking red and swollen after only this little bit of play. Nate shudders at the kiss on delicate skin. Brad studiously ignores his own erection.

So sensitive, Brad murmurs, looking up at Nate's dazed, sweaty, beloved face. You're already sore, aren't you? Sore and still you want me to keep on playing with you. Nate nods fervently, words apparently beyond him. *I don't think I can do all my testing today, Brad says. Too much for your poor, aching nipple. Have to save some things for upcoming trials, anyway. After all, I've only tried a few things with fingers. And I've barely started on options I can do with my mouth.* Nate jerks in his arms.

There's licking to try, Brad goes on, his mouth hovering near Nate's chest, puffing warm breath over Nate's piercing as he talks. And more kissing. And biting. And all kinds of things that would just be too much for you right now. Nate makes a protesting sort of noise, fumbling at Brad's shoulders to bring him closer, rubbing his hard dick against Brad's leg. Brad grins up at Nate.

Don't worry, he says. I'll make sure we get to all of it. Pinching and ice and wax and weights and whatever the hell else you want, because Nate? Nate blinks hazily back at him. *You look so fucking hot with this, and I'm never going to want to let you out of this bedroom.*

Now Brad allows himself to reach into his sweats and pull his cock out of his briefs. He's so hard, so worked up over just imagining all these things he can do with Nate's piercing. Nate looks down as Brad starts to jerk himself off, no slow-building tease, no need for it. He's close already, and he jacks himself fast and firm, reaching down to press at Nate's ass with his other hand. Nate doesn't need much encouragement, and the pressure of Brad's hand gets a rhythm started, Nate rocking quickly against Brad's thigh as Brad gets closer and closer to his own orgasm.

So fucking hot, Brad pants. Want to rub my dick on it. Get you swollen and sore and red like this and then rub my dick on you and fucking— yeah— shit— come all the fuck over you. That's the image that sends release flooding over his body. As he shakes his way through, he manages to bend his head once more, take Nate's pierced nipple in his mouth and suck, rough and hard as he can.

It does the trick. Nate howls with it, grips at Brad's back like iron, and spasms against Brad's leg, twitching uncontrollably in the throes of his pleasure, fast and then slower, and then they're calming as the last aftershocks dissipate and they stand together and breath.

Welcome home, Nate smiles. Glad you liked your present.

Brad feels so massively, intensely, ridiculously fond of this man that all he can do is cup the back of his head with the hand that's not covered in come and kiss Nate's beautiful, happy mouth and remember viscerally, in every last cell of his body that this, right here, is what he fights to come home to.

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