

Friday Night

Panic! at the disco

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Friday Night.

I don't even know, why I'm here - I'm not in a good mood or generally in the mood to go out. Somehow I'm just standing right beside Spencer and Jon, while drinking my - I don't exactly know what it is - drink, I got from them. It tastes a little bitter. Just as bitter as the feeling in my stomach, when my eyes follow an imaginary street which directly leads to my secret love, sitting at the bar. He's talking to some old friends, I guess. At least, he is having fun and - oh well, isn't this his fifth shot? It is not my intention to complain, but in my eyes, he is having too much fun. No need for a comparison with me, Ryan Ross, who has no fun at all. AT ALL!

As it gets later and later, my mood becomes worse and at some point I just decide, that I have enough. I feel so lost in this crowd of laughing people and I'm not even drunk yet. I'm only feeling slightly dizzy, but that's not helping me enduring the fact, that Brendon Mr Irresistible Urie is obviously flirting with some blond chicks. But guess what - I don't care. No, I don't care at a-... I'm going home.

After saying good night to my band mates - except that stupid asshole at the bar, who hasn't exchange one single word with me the whole night - I'm trying to find a way to the exit. That's not too easy, when there are drunken dancing people - everywhere. But it is not like anything could stop me now.

When I nearly reach the exit, suddenly I feel someone grabbing my arm.

Oh great, just another totally trashed idiot, who perhaps recognised me, because I'm SO famous - I can't help rolling my eyes. I'm turning around with an expression in my face, which clearly shows my non-amusement.

"Hey, you stupid booze-" I stop, staring at the would-be pervert I was imagining, who turns out to be: "Brendon?!"

"You're not calling me a boozehound, are you?" He's smirking, just as he always does, and that, what really captivates me is not his hand still grabbing my arm, it is his dark brown eyes starring at me. Well, he doesn't seem to mind, that I called him stupid, maybe because I'm doing this every day.

"Let go, I'm not in the mood to deal with drunken Brendon's attention-whoring, right now." Admittedly, that might have been a little rough, but there's still this tiny sharp pain in my chest, which I don't want to give a name. But if I have to, I'm sure it would start with J and somehow end with ealousy. Not sure though.

"Hm, I'm sensing some negativity in your words."

Is he making fun of me? I'm rolling my eyes, again. "Brendon, I'm being serious now.

Let. Me. Go."

"You want to go home?"

His answer makes me roll my eyes again. "Yeah." Still, he is not going to take his hand off my arm. He smiles instead. "Okay, let's go." No chance for me to give a response, he is pulling me the last few metres to the exit and I'm too busy wondering about his behaviour to say a single word. When I finally manage to clear my mind, I find myself sitting in a cab, right next to Brendon. I'm cursing myself because the first thing, that comes to my mind is how handsome this man is looking. I can't help staring at him and I didn't know if I should ask him, what he thinks he is doing or if I should remain silent. At last, I'm not even able to say a word, anyway. This nervous feeling in my stomach is somehow making me sick and at the same time it is one of the most exciting feelings I ever had. How ironical.

The cab stops and I'm not sure if I'm supposed to get off or... Well, I don't have to make a decision, because Brendon is pulling me out right after he paid. It is cold and rainy outside, but to be honest - I don't give a damn, because I feel like I'm burning inside, only because he is still touching me.

Two minutes later, I don't have to ask myself where we are any longer. I would recognise this apartment even with my eyes closed. Brendon's scent is filling my head, not only because he is standing right next to me. Ah, I can feel his breathe on my ear which automatically makes my eyelids flutter.

"How come, you're not that talkative anymore?", he murmurs and I can tell a slight amusement right from his voice. I sigh silently. "You're drunk." It is not like everyone would notice, but I remember every single drink he had because I was watching him all the time. Secretly. Or maybe obviously, but neither Jon nor Spencer seemed to care.

"Exactly. I'm the dark drunken wolf right on my mission to catch the pretty lil red riding hood." He pulls me close and grins at me. "Looks like I'm succeeding."

I'm pushing him away. "Stop that!" I'm nearly shouting. That's not funny at all. How come my heart is racing but I feel so stupid? Hearing him chuckling only makes this worse. "Oh Ryry, you're way too tense, aren't you?" He's coming closer again and while one hand is right on my cheek, his breathe on my ear makes me shiver. "Anyway, seeing you blushing is always such a pleasure.

"Shut up.", I mumble nervously biting my lower lip and trying to avoid eye contact.

"Sure, I could but... I guess I rather shut you up, Ry." I can only stare at him, shocked, but that is not stopping him to make his next step. When I feel his lips on mine, I forget how to breath, but it seems unimportant anyway. He kisses me. Brendon. The man I am so deeply falling for, for such a long time. His lips aren't soft but rather rough, tasting of the last drink he had but in spite of everything, it is the most amazing feeling I could ever think of. He's pulling me close again and I feel like he is the only reason why I'm not falling, since my knees turned to jelly.

I can't resist. I'm far too weak. Just holding me so tightly would have been enough to make me all shivery but he is also kissing me and he is not being shy. Just like his hands aren't shy the way they are exploring my back, my waist, leaving that prickle on every spot where he touches me.

Almost, I don't even notice how he starts moving, but he is pushing me forward, opening a door without detaching himself from me.

"Bren...!", I mumble into the kiss, unable to pull myself away. "S-stop... stop that..." I try to sound convincing, but I guess I somehow failed. Anyway, Brendon doesn't seem to care either, he just continues pushing me forward into the dark room, which is only slightly lighted by the moon. We move forward just as long as my legs meet the edge

of the bed, making me fall. Chuckling Brendon however, is still right over me, deepening our kiss, pressing his body against mine.

Whimpering in desperation and lust, I try to clear my mind, but it is not working. Not if he continues kissing me like *that*. "Brendon... w-wait..."

"Mh?", he wants to know while he is kissing his way to my neck, directly finding my weak spot, letting him hear me moan. I could swear I can feel his big grin now. Nevertheless, I have to stop this all - now. "Stop it..."

"I can't." Saying this he bites my skin gently. It is too hard for me to remain silent...

"B-but... I don't want it..." Ah? He stops. His face appears in front of mine and he is looking right into my eyes. "You're a liar, Ryan." For the first time, this evening, he is really serious.

"N-no... I-"

"Sure, you are! You don't want it, huh? Tell me another!" His voice is pretty sharp and I shiver when I notice the glance in his eyes. It was not my intention to make him angry.

"Seriously, Ryan. If you really don't want it, your body should not react like this, should it?" I moan as his hand reaches my crotch. Gosh, of course he noticed...

"This... it is-"

"And don't tell me, it's not like this."

He's right. I'm lying. I don't want him to stop. I want him to kiss me, to touch me, to hold me and never let go of me. I want *him*.

Brendon sighs, he is looking a little bit despaired, but only to those who know him well enough. Still, I'm not sure what to do, getting nervous because I know he is waiting for a response. "Uhm..."

"I want you, Ryan." His low voice makes me shiver again. "Don't you want me, too?"

"I do.", I whispered, blushing slightly. "But I do not only want you."

He chuckles. "Whom else?"

I slap the back of his head softly. "I meant, I... what I want... it is not only.. uhm..." Dear Ryan Ross, could you please stop stuttering. It is embarrassing. And this dumbass is chuckling again. As he notices me pouting, he clears his throat. "Sorry, I wasn't laughing at you. Or well, yes... I was, but only because you are so cute."

"Is this supposed to be an excuse - because it is not a good one!" And I'm still pouting.

"No... *that's* my excuse." He kisses me, nibbling gently on my lower lip. Did I ever mention how much I love this self-righteous idiot? He's grinning at me just like he seems to know.

"Alright, apology accepted." I run my fingers through his hair and can't help but smile at him.

Suddenly, I don't feel stupid anymore. Just lying here with him makes me feel warm and comfortable. I can't resist so I grab his neck and pull him just a little bit closer. This is the first time, I kiss him on my own initiative. He seems to be surprised but visibly pleased.

"Ryan...", he murmurs right against my lips, looking deeply in my eyes. "I love you."

Hearing these words I somehow feel paralysed. That was all I wanted to happen for such a long time and now, finally he makes my wish come true. My cheeks must be really dark now but there's no way to hide my embarrassment. Anyway, I'm still smiling at him, stroking his hair again. "You must be very drunk."