

**Collection
of
Brian & Justin
RAW-NC-17
Part 1**

Bottom Boy

By Ethan

Justin's POV: Brian and Justin
NC-17+ for language and explicit sex

Late night dancing at Babylon... both a little drunk, a little high... swaying to the music. Sometimes his eyes would stray and I'd brush up against his cock, then he'd be looking at me again... smiling a little, despite himself...

He'd had enough at last, and grabbed me around the waist, guiding me to the door. I wrapped my arm around him and pressed our hips together tightly as we walked... wanted to hold him... wanted to...

Got home... jumped in the shower... and now we're here...

I'm lying on the blue sheets... naked... still a little wet... stretch out my arms... wait for him...

I hear the faucet in the bathroom go on and off.... he's brushing his teeth, obsessive about shit like that... I close my eyes and wait...

The bed dips down on one side and then he's here... puts his lips on my outstretched palm... kissing my hand... then slides his tongue up my forearm... stops at the inside of my elbow... holds his tongue there, licking me, tasting me... then moves again, gliding his tongue up my arm to my collarbone... licking, licking, licking...

I'm gonna lick you everywhere, he whispers...

I don't open my eyes, just feel his silky tongue as it slides along my skin... my chest, my neck, my face... his breath cooling the wet trails on my body. I let myself relax and feel the warmth grow in my dick... pull a deeeep breath into my lungs... let it out...

Then his lips on mine... I taste him, so good... ah... his tongue touches mine... I open my mouth more and let him in...

He sucks on my tongue, lightly pulling it into his mouth and I close my lips around his... enjoying the sensation of the rough side of his tongue playing along the soft underside of mine. We both breathe a little heavier... me sucking in his breath and he sucking in mine... his fingers dance along my chest, running up and down... tickling softly, brushing against my nipples...

Our kisses slow... he pulls just barely away from my mouth to speak...

Roll over, he whispers again...

I do as he says.

I love him fucking me...

Love his dick up my ass...

His cock in my hole...

Love riding him all... fucking... night... impaling myself on his hard dick... taking his big cock inside me and feeling him slide in and out and in and out and making me so fucking hot and horny I can't think, can't see, can't hardly fucking breathe...

Oh yeah...

I'm a bottom boy through and through.

I sit up on my hands and knees and he gets behind me, kneeling, his hands on my ass, warmth from his palms pressing in on me, his fingers, smooth against my skin. One hand goes away then I feel his cock, just the head, sliding against my asshole, rubbing up and down. He knows I love that... I love the little tickles of his hot dick against my ass... feel the wetness from him... little bit of cum seeping out of his slit to get me ready for him...

He sucks on his fingers, then rubs them on my hole, spreading his saliva all around... one finger slips inside, diving into me... lubing me with his spit... getting me slick and slippery so he can slide in so fast...

His dick again... oh.... Christ... feels... so... good... just playing around my ass... soft... pressing hard against my skin...

Then...

Oh yeah... hmmm... fuck, yeah... he pushes in... just a little... resting in the little dip in my anus... tight. I squeeze my ass around him and feel the tip of his dick moving so slightly in and out of me... clench and release... clench and release.... lightly pinching the head of his cock with my hole. I suck in a breath and relax and push down inside, sitting back towards him... aahhhhhh... yeah... that's it... I let out the breath I was holding as if his dick was pushing it from me... I can feel his shaft as it travels inside me... pushes past the first tight muscle inside, then the next... the way he just fills me up in a way that nothing else can... the way I feel satisfied just having him inside me... I feel complete, and whole, and... just content.... with him... inside...

We both heave a sigh at the same time as he reaches as far as he can go... till his dick is completely buried inside me... his hips pressed tightly against my ass... God, it's like something was missing and now it's back...

The first push in is always the best... the pain of entry giving way to the pleasure of settling inside... of sliding inside and pushing against all the amazing places that feel so good... that make my breath fall out of my lungs... that make my eyes squeeze shut... that make my face crumple up... and I can't help it, can't stop it, can't have it any other way...

When he's inside me like this... just him... just me... nothing between us... God... I feel the intensity of his dick so much more... feel the heat of him... feel the tightness of my hole around him... I just want to hold him inside... just want to keep him there... enjoy the warm, full feeling... enjoy him... like this...

A few breaths held together so tight... then he pulls so far out... I almost think it's too far... then he pushes back in and I feel our skin slide together... then out again... my hole gripping his dick so fucking tight... with no lube... no condom... just... intense... friction... fuck...

Slow, controlled thrusts lead to harder... faster... deeper pounds... his pre-cum lubing me inside... I sit up a little... he pushes me towards the wall... each pound inside... edging me closer... pushing me... inches forward... till the only thing... to... do... is hold on...

I put my hands out to brace myself, and grab the low headboard below the lights, my fingers gripping it tightly. His hand lies flat against the base of my spine, and slowly he pushes up my back... so hard... so controlled... I feel his skin against mine everywhere... pushing, pushing, pushing.... every thrust inside me driving his palm inches up my spine until his hand is at my neck... fingers at the base of my skull... pushing against my scalp... nails scratching lightly...

And I hold on... not able to move... if I let go, I'll be pushed into the wall... my hands my only defense against his thrusts... it's as if I'm tied up... I might as well be handcuffed... he's got me... so I can't move... can't move... just... let him.... do... what I love him to do...

His palm is sticky against my sweaty neck and I feel him slipping his hand higher up my skull, pushing hard on my head and I push back against him... the heat and the sweat overpowering me...

And then...

And then...

Before I know what's happened, his fingers tighten their grip on my hair and my head is flung back, pulled backward by him... his other hand suddenly on my dick, pumping me, and I can't barely breathe... I can't see... I can't swallow... and I feel spit dripping down my chin... my tongue wagging and still I can't let go... can't let go... can't...

The pounding inside is intense... then he pushes his cock all the way inside me and fucks me from there... never pulling out, just pushing further in in in... I feel my hole stretching for him... feel the roughness of his pubes against my ass... but inside... he's filled me... pressure against me.... inside... it's constant... almost... too much... almost...

But... I can't move... oh... getting there... oh... I hear him grunt behind me and I know... he's... going... to... almost... he squeezes my dick... the friction inside me hot hot hot and fast fast fast till it's just this constant intense pleasure burning me up inside... my eyes fly open... and then it's too much... it's too much too much too much...

It's...

Ah...

Oh...

God...

Oh...

Oh... oh oh oh oh... oh... oh...

...

Oh!

Oh!

Oh!

...

Oh!

Fuck!

Can't breathe, can't see... just white lights and a mind-numbing orgasm... I feel my cum hit my stomach and he shakes inside me... two... three... hard thrusts... I push back on him, driving his cock deep into my ass and he cums hard, pulling on my hair and pressing his forehead into the back of my neck, stuttered gasps leaving his lips... I can almost feel each warm spurt of cum as he shoots it so far inside me... oh God... his cum in me now... we hold like that... pressed together so tightly, hearts slamming in our chests... his cock still twitching inside me for seconds that seem like forever...

Slowly he pulls his fingers away from my dick... touching my cock lightly and stripping my cum from me, holding it in his hand. He lets go of my hair and my head drops forward... my arms shaking... gonna fall... gonna... let go now...

I lower my head to the pillows, folding my arms beneath my chest... my ass still in the air... he's not done with me yet... I know that...

He pulls out of me... I hate that feeling... hate that... slide out... want him inside all night... but later... he will... later... he'll stay... he'll plug up my hole with his dick and stay connected to me like that... till one of us rolls over and his soft dick slides from me or till he fucks me again in the middle of the night... asleep... cumming in me again... and keeping it inside...

But now... I feel his fingers smearing my cum over my balls... wow... it feels good... sticky and sexy... he crouches behind me... gets on all fours... just the touch of his tongue on my crack... hmmm... wet... warm... oh... then he just runs the underside of his tongue... from the top of my ass... right to my hole...

Fuck... oh God... his lips kiss me there... softly, so softly, playing with me... dancing across my ass... I feel his warm breath on me... my hole begging for more attention... for harder action... for more more more... but his lips just slide back and forth... slipping in his cum that seeps from my open hole, spreading it across his face... oh fuck... I wanna see him... his mouth covered in cum... wanna see him... lick it from his lips...

Then... oh... yeah... then... I suck in a breath... a harder lick... a swipe of his tongue... pulling his cum from me... licking it out of me... I imagine it stringing from my ass to his mouth... imagine him rolling it on his tongue...

He licks my balls, sliding his tongue up to my hole again... tasting us together in his mouth. Another long lick from my balls to my ass... oh Christ... oh God... my groin starts to burn again... feel my dick twitching... feel... fucking... I don't know... crazy... hmmm... fuck... just the tip of his tongue... tickle tickle tickling my hole... soft soft soft... too fucking little... then...

Oh fuck! He presses his face right into my ass, my cheeks pulled apart and his tongue pushing inside me hard... but his lips still so soft... oh fuck me... fuck me... he's buried in me... hot air from his nose warming my skin... and he's sucking my hole... sucking his cum from me... he's moaning a little and it's all I can hear over the wet smacking of his lips on my ass and my own whimpers that escape my throat... fuck... I grab my dick... oh man... it's... it's...

I'm almost fucking cumming again... he starts going faster... alternating between licking me and sucking me... his cheeks covered with day old stubble, rubbing against my ass, scratching on the outside but fucking killing me with pleasure on the inside... the dual sensations making me crazy crazy crazy and I start groaning loudly... almost wanting to cry it feels so good... but fuck... more than anything... I wish I could watch him...

I feel his hands on my hips and he pulls away from me, quickly flips me over... my legs over his shoulders and then he's... oh!

In me again... I'm slippery slick so wet from his spit and his cum already so he glides inside and fucks me hard, pushing my knees to my shoulders, lifting my hips, and bending me in half... my dripping cock almost in my face... he starts jacking me off and I gasp for air, my lungs compressed against my body and I feel euphoric and cum suddenly, out of nowhere... it hits me in the face and I open my mouth and he aims it inside... and I swallow and swallow and it spills over my lips and runs down the side of my face... he pulls his dick from me, letting my legs fall... he leans over me and his wet, pulsating cock is on my chin, skin so hot it burns... he shoots in my mouth... cum spraying my face... his cum... splattering beside mine... warming my tongue... sliding down my throat... I watch his stomach muscles as they quiver over me... see his glistening body... shaking with the intensity...

He leans back down till his face is in mine and kisses me hard... diving into my mouth... swirling his tongue all around mine... licking my cum from my teeth and swallowing his own...

Then his kisses slow... and he licks my face in short little strokes... his tongue sliding across my skin... taking his cum with it... and I run my tongue across his cheek as it nears my mouth... pulling more salty sweet cum into my mouth...

He rolls to the side and I push my back against his chest... his dick is at my hole and he slides inside me again... semi-hard... but I feel him inside... still connected... still full... no fucking now... not yet... just that satisfied warm feeling you get after sex... that happy exhaustion... where you feel like you just need to sigh loudly and pull your partner's body close to yours again... feel an intense contact again...

He pulls the duvet up over our connected bodies and wraps his arms around me... holding me to him. I feel the dampness of his chest against my back and his heart beating still a little hard... he lets out a long sigh and kisses me behind the ear, resting his head in the crook of my neck... I hear him breathing... feel him everywhere...

Close my eyes... smile a little... and fall asleep...

Bottom Boy Redux

By Ethan

Justin's POV: NC-17 for language and sex

You pull his cock further down your throat because you feel like you just can't get enough, like you need more, like you wanna fill your mouth and your throat and your fucking body just with him. It's the taste and the smell and the feeling, it's all of it, and you pull off a little, just so you can have the tremendous joy of sliding your mouth back down again, of getting that taste of his pre-cum on your tongue, of feeling his hard cock slipping past your lips, pushing into your mouth, touching against the back of your throat while you struggle to breathe. You like being used like this, being used for pleasure, but then of course you're using him for your own pleasure just as much too. You love sucking cock, and especially his.

You start to reach for your own dick, because the noises coming from his chest and throat are nearly too much for you take, and everything all wrapped up together is making you crazy ass horny and you're dying to get off...

But then you feel fingers wrapping up into your hair, grasping, gripping, pulling you off his cock, your mouth lined with spit and hanging open just a little, missing him from inside. You open your eyes and feel the tug on your hair and you follow where he wants you to go, climb up his chest, and meet his mouth with your own, smearing saliva and pre-come everywhere, making you both slick and shiny with it. His mouth tastes like toothpaste and you know yours tastes like dick and it's like he's trying to lick all of himself back out of you, his tongue lapping at yours, sliding along your teeth, wetly dragging across your lips. It's liquid and hot and you suddenly realize you can't get enough of this either, and you put your hands on either side of his face and tongue fuck his mouth deeply, trying to get inside him now.

His fingers have softened their grip on your scalp, and he strokes your hair gently, in contrast to the deep kissing and hard grinding against your body. His palm smooths over where he pulled at your hair like he's apologizing, but he's gotta know you love that too.

And then you're rolled over, mouths torn apart, and you let out a whimper, embarrassing as it may be, but you wanted that kissing, that touching, but then you realize he's going to be giving you something even better. It's quick and you don't know how he does it, but before you know it, he's flipped you on to your stomach, your head buried in a pillow, the smell of freshly washed sheets filling your nose with every breath.

His hands smooth down your back, your ass, then slip under your hips and pull you up onto your knees, pushing your face to the mattress, your arms splayed out uselessly at your sides. He puts his palms on your ass cheeks and spreads them apart; you feel open and bare for him, wanton and debauched. You love it.

He knows you're desperate now, sees the curling of your hands into fists, the way you're humping the air ever so slightly, your cock leaking and wagging in the cool room - he doesn't make you wait any longer, just leans in close and breathes on your ass, holding you open and exposing the most tender part of your skin. And then he licks you, presses his tongue hard to your hole, and wriggles it around, lapping at your skin, pulling the taste of you inside him. It's so tender and soft and gentle in comparison to the hard fuck you know is waiting for you.

But he's just preparing you, relaxing you, opening you up so when he does slam fuck your ass, you'll be ready. And you are ready... you want it, need it, crave it, have to have it... inside you feel like you could almost come and yet you know you couldn't - not just from this, but then it feels like you could and so when he does push his cock inside you seconds later, naked and slick with lube and his spit, you have to hold your breath and furrow your brow and beg your body to just hold on, to fucking hold on. You don't wanna come yet, not yet, don't wanna lose this feeling, this plateau, this sense of being taken and full of his thick cock. You dream of this feeling, jack off to it, put yourself to sleep with it... the feeling of fullness, of your ass being played with and filled and fucked.

Oh yeah... you're a bottom boy, through and through.

He settles in your ass for moments, and you can feel him throb inside you, feel the intense heat from his bare cock against your body. You close your eyes till his hand drags down your back and his thumbs rub hard circles against your hips and you push back against him, press your ass against his pubes, your balls pulling up tight and your cock burgeoning back to full erection.

He slides out a little, then pushes back in firmly, the pull of skin against skin so different than the feeling of latex. But you hardly remember the feeling of latex anymore and just know this – bare and raw and naked and yours.

His strokes inside your hole become swifter and more and make you lose your breath quick. Now you're panting, sharp intakes of air that fill your lungs, and you clutch at the sheets as it gets even more, as you feel dizzy and high and moan in your throat... gasping and begging and whispering his name. Pleading with him to fuck you harder, deeper, more, just more, just more, just more. You don't think about what comes out of your mouth, it's gibberish and crazy, it's fueled by lust and passion, and it's just a jumble of words that mean nothing, and everything. Your world and his at this second, this moment in time.

His mouth touches on your ear, and he bends over your back, skin pressed to skin, sweat sticking you together, the thrum of his heartbeat heavy against you. You feel each breath he takes, each flex of his muscles, feel the grunts as they leave his chest before you even hear them. He sucks on the soft shell of your ear, rolling it between his lips, then lets it go and pushes inside, so far, so deep... it hurts, the shock of it, but then it evens out into pure pleasure, your hole stretching wide and burning, your insides making way for his cock to satiate your need for him.

There's nothing else left inside you now, just his body filling you, pressing against you, making you lose all sense of self and identity. You live for this and think it could never, ever get better, but then it does... he wraps his arms around your chest and pulls you up to your knees, your thighs resting on top of his, feet touching the bed for balance. You reach behind you and put your hands on his ass to anchor you, to hold you there, to pull him further inside you, and then you just sit on his cock and breathe, breathe, breathe...

So deep, he whispers against your face, into your hair.

You sigh in response and let him guide you, up and down, lifting the tiniest bit off his cock only to settle back down again, hard. You create a rhythm of barely in and out, but you supplement it with tightly clenching your ass around him. It feels beyond intense and you love the way it makes his breath catch in his throat, the little sighs that escape from his lips, the control it gives you. He slides one arm from your chest and takes your cock between his fingers, holding you tighter against his body with the other. Holding on, pressing you against him, making you feel safe and warm and oh God, he strokes you quickly, swiping your pre-come all over your cock, pushing up into you with his hips, arching back and gasping, throbbing, pounding and then it gets too much and he takes you with him, jerks quickly on your dick and pushes deep inside you and then your heart stops...

... stops...

He squeezes your cock and you clench hard, hard, hard... too much! Till all you feel and breathe and see and know is this pure, writhing undercurrent of complete and utter bliss... punctuated with each shot of come out of your dick, making your heart jump, your body twist inside. And you feel him filling you with his come, you feel it inside you, you feel yourself filling his hand as he strokes you softly now. You feel it from both of you and you want it all inside you...

He knows this and slides his slippery palm from your dick and drags it up your chest, leaving a slick trail of your come in its wake, till he gets to your throat and then your face and then he spreads it everywhere... over your neck and your lips and slides his wet fingers into your mouth. You suck them slowly, pull all of your taste off him, love the feeling of being covered in it, filled with it. And when it's all gone, he eases you off his cock, cradling you in his arms, lying you down on the bed gently. You feel near numb on the inside but your skin is so hypersensitive and he strokes his fingers around your face, down your neck, your chest, into your pubes. He crawls on top of you, hanging his face over yours and kisses you softly, kisses you hard, kisses you to get the taste of your come from your own tongue.

He reaches between your thighs, past your balls and touches your hole – feels the slickness of his own come there, dripping from between your legs. Swipes his fingers across your hole, then brings them to your mouths, shares the taste with you both, touching his finger into his mouth, then your own. You taste him, your ass, your come, his mouth... you taste everything, and it's all just the taste of sex and fucking and Brian and love.

He strokes your hole softly and slides back between your legs, lying on your chest.

Inside, you whisper, and he knows what you mean... slips his half-hard cock back into you, fills you again. You're so wet and stretched that his being inside you just feels right and comfortable and like home and you don't ever want him to leave. Not ever, ever, ever.

Since you were 17, that's all you've ever wanted, needed, had to have. He's always known it. You don't know what it is about you, or your body that makes you need him inside you. What it is about you that makes you a bottom boy.

But you don't question it. You know that as much as you love having him inside you, he loves being inside you equally. You don't think it's possible for two people to be more connected than this.

He sighs against your chest and pulls his fingers through your hair softly, then presses his lips to the side of your face. He smells like you. Like him. Like you and him together.

You touch the soft hairs at the base of his neck, stroking at his skin. He's inside you, on top of you, covering and completing you... you never felt more alive, more free, more loved.

You close your eyes with his breath in your ear and fall asleep with his body filling yours, this complete connection never ending, never broken.

Sex Scenes: Breathe

By Ethan

Brian's POV: NC-17 for coarse language and explicit sex

My head falls back against the chair and my eyes close, my palms guiding their own way over his rear, his back. I spread my legs a little wider, feel his butt settle in my groin, forcing my dick deeper into his ass, deeper inside him.

He sucks in a gasp, then keeps rocking, adjusting to the new position... pushes himself up and down for a few sharp thrusts, grunting out with each one, then settles back again in my lap, keeping the pace, the friction, the fucking.

It's getting close, too close for me, and I whisper out a word or two, a moan and gasp... I want my mouth on his and start to lift my head to kiss him, but his hand connects with my neck, pushing my head back. His tongue touches my throat, slides up to lick my chin, then trails back down my throat again, his lips sucking on my skin, wet openmouthed kisses.

I put my hands on his hips and rock into him slower, want to enjoy this, want to let him enjoy this too... sucking on me, tasting me, marking me... I don't mind him doing that, don't mind the dark shadows on my skin from his mouth. When I see them in the mirror later on, at the office, at the gym... it makes me think of him, makes me think of fucking him, makes me hard and hot and horny for him.

He licks at my Adam's apple softly, pulls the skin between his teeth, then sucks again, and I feel the trails of spit from his mouth slide down my throat. His lips leave my neck and are quickly replaced with his fingers, hands warm and welcome against my skin, damp and sliding on the spit left by his tongue. He slides the crook of his thumb and forefinger up my throat, nestling under my jaw and pressing hard... harder...

My back pushes against the office chair, and it rolls backwards a few inches, thumping against the desk. He laughs and loosens his fingers, leaning towards me for a kiss... licking at my lips, then pressing our mouths together, letting us breathe against each other's faces, clinging together for a long, sweet kiss.

I break it, slapping his ass lightly and he grins at me, then bounces in my lap again, sliding up and down my cock, squeezing tight as he rams my dick back inside him. I tip my head back and he grabs a handful of my hair with his free hand, pulling my face towards his, increasing the pressure on my throat. My dick throbs inside him, pulsing in his ass, my legs shaking with the effort of holding him up, his muscles straining against my sides, taut and slick with sweat.

He lets go of my hair, and slides his hand to the back of my neck, his index fingers touching with both hands wrapped around my throat, squeezing and pressing and my face feels hot and tight and I let him do this, let him take control of this, of me.

I pry my eyes open, a little watery and warm, but I want to see his face, want to watch as his tongue flicks out between red lips, gazing at me, staring at his fingers as they press harder, cutting off my air till I can only suck in a thread. I bite my fingertips into his ass, digging my nails into the smooth flesh, then jerk my hips up hard, fucking him again. He gasps and lets go for the barest moment, then tightens his grip again in time with the muscles in his ass, clenching tightly, lifting up off my cock, once, twice... I can't breathe and start to get dizzy, feel light-headed and euphoric, feel powerless and taken, feel dangerous and reckless. I blink slowly a few times, watching as his faces fades in and out and then he's so close, his forehead pressed to mine, dry and hot, his breath filling my mouth...

Come... Brian, come... he whispers above the buzzing in my ears and a flood of heat fills my chest, realize I like him like this, don't expect him like this, but like it anyway, and I press my dick up inside him and feel like I've

completely totally absolutely given myself over to him... I try to suck in a gasp but I can't and my heart feels like it's going to explode and his hands are warm and damp around my throat and all of it all together makes me...

I come... and come... and come... filling him, buried inside him, struggling for breath, relinquishing any last iota of control I ever had... he kisses me through it, his open lips pressed to mine, tongue flicking against the roof of my mouth, behind my teeth. It seems to go on forever, his lips against mine, my dick throbbing in his ass, wave after wave after wave and when he starts to ease his fingers from me slowly, letting me take a little more air in with every breath as I ride out my orgasm, I get a head rush, black and gold swirling behind my eyes, my throat dry and desperate as I pull in air.

His hands leave my throat, touching my chest and I'm suddenly aware of his come there, slowly dripping down my pecs... he runs his fingers through it and spreads it across my skin, coating me with it, covering me. I don't remember him coming, but then again the room is still spinning and I have to blink a few times before I stop seeing stars.

I take a few deep breaths and fill my lungs, tip my head back and feel sweat on my forehead. He buries his face against my neck, lips back on my skin, sucking at me softly.

"That was intense," I say, my voice a little wrecked. I feel him breathe out a laugh through his nose and he slides his mouth from my throat.

"Yeah," he says back, draping himself over me, boneless and breathless, my softening cock still buried inside him. He rests his head against my shoulder and I pull my fingers up into his hair, combing it between my knuckles, feeling him humm in his throat with satisfaction.

"Don't stop," he whispers, pressing his face into the crook of my neck.

I suck in a breath and let it out slowly, trailing my other hand down his back, through the soft fuzz at the base of his spine, then reach beneath him to touch at his hole. I run the tip of my finger across the taut skin, feel it on my dick, let my finger play in my come as it pools out of his ass.

"Nuh-uh," I say back, holding him against me, against my body, our sweat sticking us together. I rotate my hips, twisting my cock inside him... I can barely feel my legs, they're numb from his weight pressed on me, his ass is welded to my thighs with come and dried lube and sweat, our skin pulls together as I grind into him.

And yet...

"Oh Jesus," he gasps, and tries to edge back against my fingers. I feel his hole clenching as I touch him, spreading my come across our joined skin. "Don't stop that either."

His hands reach up behind my neck, into my hair, fingers combing across my scalp, pulling my mouth to his till we're locked together in a kiss. He takes my breath away again, holding me to him, kissing me forever, pulling breath after breath from my lungs into his.

And there's no way I'll be stopping any of this any time soon.

Raw

By Burnitbackwards

"Justin!"

Brian's voice yelled from the living room over the slam of the loft door. Justin tossed down his pencil and padded over to the top of the steps.

"What?" he asked as innocently as possible, suppressing a grin at the evil eye Brian was aiming across the room.

"What the fuck," Brian demanded, pointing one finger at the entertainment system, "is that thing on top of my three thousand dollar stereo?"

"What thing?" Justin shrugged, sliding Brian's suit jacket off his shoulders to avoid looking where Brian had pointed.

"That thing," Brian said, spinning Justin around to see it, "that looks strangely like a fucking Betamax player."

"Oh, that." Justin prayed silently that he wouldn't burst into laughter. "Yeah, that does look kind of like a Betamax player, doesn't it?"

Brian shoved him off and moved over to inspect it. "Where in the fuck did you find one of these? Christ, it must be a million years old. And so ugly." Justin caught the tiny shudder; Brian was such a queen sometimes.

"The video store on Liberty was selling off all their old videos, and somehow they still had some old Beta tapes. There were a bunch of these crazy-looking 80s pornos, so I bought some of them."

"You actually spent money buying porn on Beta?" Brian raised an eyebrow. "And that still doesn't explain where you got the player. Were they selling those, too?"

"No," Justin said lightly, moving around in front of Brian to start unworking his tie. "I borrowed it from Deb."

Brian barked out a surprised laugh. "I should've known," he said, pressing his forehead to Justin's. "She probably has a fucking eight-track lying around somewhere, too."

"She does," Justin confirmed. "I saw it. Michael's old Atari, too."

Brian laughed again, then threaded his fingers into Justin's hair and kissed the side of his mouth. "So," he asked, wearing his patented Brian-has-an-evil-plan grin, "Do you want to watch one?"

Justin pretended to swoon. "Oh Brian, I thought you'd never ask." He pushed Brian backwards until the backs of his knees hit the sofa, and Brian sat. A bag of videos rested on the coffee table; Justin sorted through them, reading out potential titles. "Okay, we've got Beverly Hills Cock, Ferris Beuller's Jerk-Off, This Is Anal Tap, and... oh man, this is the one." He hopped up from the floor and inserted the last tape into the machine.

"You're gonna love this one," he said with a grin, just as the title lit up on the screen: Desperately Seeking Semen. He fell back against Brian and swung an arm over the back of the couch, moving in closer.

The beginning was ridiculous, of course; Justin hadn't expected anything else. Some guy whose hair bore a frightening resemblance to a mullet had gone off on a long cross-country journey, the purpose of which seemed to be fucking every willing man from New York to San Francisco.

"Hey there," the man said to a big, burly trucker in a West Virginia convenience store. "I'd really love to see the inside of your truck, and maybe... ride your gearshift?" And all of a sudden, the strains of cheesy porn music filled the loft and there the trucker was, getting his dick sucked in the seat of his truck.

"Kind of gives a new meaning to the term 'big rig', huh?" Brian snickered, and Justin swatted him on the shoulder.

"Hush, Brian, we're about to get to the--"

He stopped, eyes bulging slightly at the scene that had just appeared onscreen: the truck driver had the other guy bent over the seat and was fucking him, really, really hard. And really, really raw. "Jesus," Justin whispered under his breath, glancing at Brian. "I didn't even know they did this in porn."

"They don't, not anymore," Brian answered; his voice conveyed nonchalance, but his eyes remained fixed on the screen, and Justin could see Brian's cock straining against his slacks. Justin's eyes darted back and forth from Brian to the sex unfolding before them, caught between wanting to watch what had just become one of the steamiest fucks he'd ever seen and needing the warm, live flesh that his hands twitched with desire to touch.

"Fuck," he whispered under his breath, mouth now only centimeters from Brian's ear. "This is really hot." Brian's breath grew shallower, and his tongue slipped out to wet his lips. Justin drew the hand at Brian's shoulder into his hair and slid the other up one covered thigh, his thumb resting at the base of Brian's cock.

"Sometimes," Justin mouthed against Brian's earlobe, his lips barely touching it, "I think about this when I jerk off. About you inside me with nothing between us. Just skin on skin." Brian let out a jagged little breath, and when he reached down to unzip his own pants and free his cock, Justin took that as a cue to continue. He brushed his fingers up slowly from base to tip, circling the head of Brian's dick and gripping, then stilling.

Brian's eyes fluttered shut for a few seconds, then opened again; Justin noticed that they immediately trained themselves again on the movie. "I think about how hot your skin gets," Justin said, his own breaths now coming in shorter bursts. "And how hot your cock is, even through the condom. I..."

"What," Brian asked, his voice a hoarse whisper. "Tell me."

"Your come in my ass," Justin said, squeezing Brian's dick. "I think about what it would feel like for you to come inside my ass." A drop of pre-come slid down across his fingers, and he started to stroke. "God, it would be so amazing," he said, "Haven't you ever thought about it? Don't tell you've never thought about it."

"Yeah," Brian admitted. "Of course I have." He paused for a second, then seemed to snap out of whatever trance had been holding him. "Fuck, Justin. You know we can't do that." He knocked Justin's hand away and stood up quickly, moving to the television to turn off the tape. Obviously frustrated, he tried to re-zip his pants, cursing under his breath. "Why would you even bring something like that up? Christ."

Justin opened his mouth, then closed it. What could he possibly say? Brian was right.

"Even if... even if it were possible, and I'm not saying that it is, we'd have to stop fucking other people for at least three months, get tested for every possible STD, and then," he paused, taking a deep breath, "Even then, we'd never really know if it was safe or not."

It was true; Justin knew that. But he also knew that the chances of transmitting anything nasty were slim to none after three months, and he knew that he wanted this, wanted Brian to fuck him -- and if he was being really honest, wanted to fuck Brian -- without a condom. Then, a thought struck him, something he hadn't even considered up until this point. "Brian," he asked, "Have you ever actually done it without a condom before?"

"Of course not," Brian said, clearly irritated. "I'm not some fucking idiot or a starry-eyed little twink."

"Oh, fuck you, Brian. I'm not a 'starry-eyed little twink', and I haven't been for a long time. I have no illusions about exactly what this all means, what all the implications and consequences might be." He could see the regret painted

on Brian's features, and he stepped in close, brushing a palm against Brian's cheek. "Just think about it. You don't have to decide anything now."

Brian sighed and turned his face into Justin's hand. "We'll see."

Three days later, Brian called while Justin sat in one of the school studios, finishing a jug for his pottery class. The vibrations emanating from his pocket startled him, and he accidentally squeezed the clay, sending it into a spiraling mess on the wheel. Brushing his hands off quickly on a wet cloth, he fumbled through his pants for the phone and flipped it open. He didn't even have time to say hello before Brian's voice boomed across the line: "Don't fuck anybody on your way home from class."

"What?"

"I said," Brian repeated slowly, "Don't... fuck... anyone... on--"

"I got it, thanks Brian," Justin said.

"Good," Brian answered definitively. "And don't fuck anybody on your way home for the next two and a half months, either."

Justin's eyebrows raised of their own volition, and his jaw might have dropped a little bit. Holy shit. Was Brian really--

"Three," he found himself saying. "Three months."

"Two and a half," Brian said again, with an audible hint of irritation.

"No really, it's three."

"No, trust me, Sunshine. It's two and a half, unless you have something to tell me."

Realization dawned immediately: Brian was saying, in his Brian-esque way, that he hadn't fucked anyone else for at least the last two weeks. Justin fought back the desire to dance around the studio, sing out loud, hire a plane to fly over Liberty Avenue with a banner that read, "BRIAN KINNEY IS ONLY FUCKING ME, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!" He knew what the result of all that would be, and it definitely wouldn't involve hot, naked sex. So he kept his giddiness to himself, saying only, "I'll try not to fall down and accidentally stick my dick into anybody. But maybe you should come pick me up, just to be safe."

Brian laughed, but he also met Justin at the front of the school to take him home fifteen minutes later.

Two and a half months passed fairly uneventfully, save for Justin's embarrassingly frequent masturbatory fantasies involving what would happen at the end of said months. He waited a few days after the date passed before going to the clinic on Church Street to have his tests run; when he went in for the results and received a clean bill of health, he felt the initial thrill of adrenaline, then simple excitement. At some point, though, apprehension started to set in. Brian hadn't said anything about his own tests, so maybe he hadn't gotten them, Justin worried. Or maybe he hadn't been able to last almost three months without having sex with anyone else, but didn't want to tell Justin about it. Maybe he'd just changed his mind.

A day and a half shy of month three, Brian still hadn't brought up the issue, and Justin decided to take matters into his own hands. Step one was to start with a lie: "I'm making dinner," he told Brian over the phone. "What time do you think you'll be home?"

Step two involved some nudity, a lot of lube, and definitely no condoms. He lay down on the couch -- better than the bed, since Brian would be able to see him as soon as he opened the door -- and pushed his briefs (white, the plain ones that always made Brian crazy) down around one knee. His dick, already hard just from the thought of what was yet to come, throbbed against his belly, and Justin ran his fingers lightly up and down the shaft, teasing himself, not venturing as high as the head or as low as his balls.

Once his cock began to leak, he moved on to firmer strokes, brushing his thumb across the wet slit, speeding up then slowing down to keep from finishing the game before it even started. He stopped briefly to slick the fingers on his other hand with lube and cupped his balls, sliding them around in his palm, squeezing and pulling gently.

His fist stilled completely as he moved his other hand further back, his fingers slipping across his perineum and pressing into the soft skin there. He arched his back; his breaths came faster, more urgently, through his nose; he sank his teeth into his bottom lip and his eyelids fluttered as his fingers finally met their target. He should have waited, prolonged it, but before he could stop, he was fucking himself hard on his hand, the heat radiating from his ass to his fingers and back again. All he could think about was Brian -- inside him, thrusting into him hard with nothing between them, the heat of Brian's dick and the ultimate surge of come -- Oh god, he needed to stop, wait for Brian to get home or this would all be ruined, and he managed to stop jerking himself off but couldn't bring himself to pull his fingers out--

And then, there was Brian at the door, and Justin hadn't even heard it open, just saw Brian standing there, lips twisting up into a smirk and already crossing the floor, shedding coat and tie and shirt onto the hardwoods. Justin could see Brian's cock filling rapidly beneath his slacks, but instead of pulling his pants off and fucking Justin until he passed out, Brian started rummaging through his pockets.

"Goddamnit," Justin said breathily, his fingers still moving inside him, "Come on, Brian. I've been thinking about you all afternoon. Come on, please."

Brian found what he was apparently looking for and proceeded to unfold it, holding it up in front of Justin's eyes: a pink sheet of paper bearing results to a battery of tests, each line reading "Negative." Justin inhaled sharply, and Brian raised an eyebrow. "Is this what's got you all hot and bothered, Sunshine?"

Justin nodded, and that was apparently a good enough answer for Brian, because in the next moment, Brian was deftly unbuckling his belt, freeing himself of pants and shoes. He threw the back cushions of the sofa carelessly onto the floor, giving them more room, and Justin took it as an opportunity to spread his legs wider, one knee resting against the newly-bared space and the other foot flat on the floor.

Brian sat between Justin's knees, pushing the one that hung over the edge of the couch towards Justin's chest. "Don't stop what you're doing," he said, eyes fixed on the three fingers fucking Justin's ass. His thumb drew tiny circles on the inside of Justin's thigh, and the two sensations -- the rough stretch of his own fingers combined with Brian's softer touch -- were enough to make Justin moan and bite his lip hard enough to draw blood. It didn't help at all that Brian had begun slicking his cock with lube, or that, when he finished, he slid two slippery fingers in on top of Justin's. "Oh--," Justin breathed out, at once shocked and pleased at the initial stretch and burn.

Brian leaned forward, careful of their arms between them, and met Justin's mouth with his own -- barely, just a brush of lips, the faintest pass of tongue across Justin's teeth, and just as Brian drew back, Justin surged up, desperate for more contact. He tried again, and again Brian moved just out of his reach, playing an old, familiar game. Justin didn't particularly feel like playing games, though; he felt like getting fucked, and so the third rush towards Brian's lips was aided by his free hand's wrapping around the back of Brian's neck, gripping his hair and pulling him close. The first touch of Brian's tongue to his own felt like an electrical shock, and Justin eagerly sucked it into his mouth, moaning around it.

They kissed, furious and frantic, until Justin was breathless, and when he broke away, he gasped, "Fuck me now, please." He freed his fingers, pulling Brian's too, and rolled over, pushing up on hands and knees. And then -- oh God, and then he felt the tip of Brian's cock pressing against his hole, hot and naked and -- fuck, so hot. A push, and the head slipped in. "Jesus," Brian grunted, his hands coming up to grip Justin's hips. A few more inches pressed

inside him, and Brian's fingers squeezed hard enough to bruise. Justin tried to push back, drive more of Brian's length into his ass, but Brian held him still.

"Wait," Brian said, his voice pinched. "Just -- just wait a second." Justin heard Brian's breath coming in short pants, then felt one hand leave his waist; he started to crane his neck to make sure everything was okay, but then his ass clenched tightly at a new sensation: one of Brian's fingers tracing the rim of his hole, the place where skin met skin. "Jesus," Brian murmured. "Fucking Christ, this feels--"

"What? Tell me; I want to know."

Brian remained silent, instead thrusting hard and fast, burying himself all the way inside Justin in one relentless push. He pulled out slightly, then pressed back in, and Justin wanted to beg him to fuck him more, harder, anything please, but then Brian draped himself across Justin's sweaty back, and from Brian's grip on his hand to his increasingly erratic movements, Justin quickly realized that Brian was already close to coming.

"Don't move," he whispered to Brian, threading their fingers together. "Just stay like that." Instead of drawing off of Brian's cock, Justin set out a slow, brutal rhythm of clenching and unclenching, combined with a slight roll of his hips that pushed Brian's dick against his prostate on every circle. It wasn't long before Brian began gasping, pressing himself impossibly further inside Justin's ass and closer against his back, and Justin brought Brian's hand and his own around to his cock. Brian was too far gone to set the pace, so Justin did it himself, focusing mostly on the head, and just when the tingle in his cock started to spread outward, just when his balls started to tighten, Brian bit his shoulder hard and came. And -- oh fuck, he could feel it, Brian unloading come into his ass; he could feel each pulse of Brian's dick stretching his hole even wider, each spurt of come coating his insides, and his own cock throbbed in response as he shot all over the sofa.

Justin's knees wobbled, and Brian's weight felt suddenly heavier than it had been before; they collapsed, Brian still on top of him and inside him, Justin's stomach against the wet spot. "Mmm," Justin mumbled, his voice thick. "Don't pull out."

He could feel Brian's resulting smile against his neck. "Don't have to."

They stayed that way, their breathing returning to normal, and Justin's mind flitted through the images from the evening: jerking off on the couch, Brian watching him finger himself, and then they'd actually -- he could still hardly believe it -- fucked bareback. His cock began to stir again, and he constricted his ass's inner muscles in response. Brian exhaled sharply, but it didn't sound like pain, so he did it again. The steady clench and release soon had Brian's cock filling from half-hard to fully erect inside him, and Justin realized that he had never actually felt Brian's dick become hard in his ass before.

"Fuck me again," he whispered. "Harder this time. Really hard." He bucked his hips up, pushing Brian deeper inside him.

"You want me to fuck you?" Brian mouthed against his earlobe, tongue tracing the tip.

"Yes," Justin answered, surprised at the desperation he heard in his own voice. "Do it. Do it now."

"Turn over," Brian ordered, lifting himself completely off Justin and guiding him with one hand onto his back. Justin swung a leg over the back of the couch, and Brian reached to hook it around his shoulder. He felt Brian's fingers lining up his cock at Justin's hole, and then Brian plunged in with one swift, brutal stroke. Brian fucked him hard, until his hamstrings and ass throbbed, and when Brian reached between their sweat-slick bodies to pull on Justin's cock, Justin arched and came all over Brian's hand, sending Brian into his own orgasm.

"You have about five minutes," Brian panted, his hand still covering Justin's dick, "before we do that again."

Justin grinned. This had definitely been a really, really good plan.

His ass felt sore for days -- no, weeks. Once they started, they couldn't stop; like heroin addicts, always craving that next, sweet fix, they fucked more than they ever had, even more than in those first days after they got back together, when it seemed like all they did was eat and sleep and screw. Brian took to calling Justin at school, making plans to meet for quick, dirty fucks in the bathroom or studio or hollow space beneath the staircase when Justin had a break between classes. They did it in the men's room at the diner, in Debbie's guest room, and in Lindsay's kitchen while Gus napped upstairs. Justin rode Brian's dick in the car, the bed, the elevator in their building, anywhere they could find the space, anytime they had a free second.

One day, Justin came home from class to an empty loft; he hadn't had much time to himself between class, the diner, and sex, so he took out his sketchbook and pencil, intending to draw. He sat down at the coffee table, settling on a drawing he'd started at school that day: Brian in a casual, naked sprawl. It had been a long time since Justin had felt a compulsive need to draw Brian, but since they began their recent sexual foray, that need had come back in spades. His pencil traced over old lines: lips, neck, hips, knee, and he felt his cock starting to stiffen in his pants. It surprised him; he was used to drawing naked people, especially naked Brian, and it had been years since just sketching Brian's body had been enough to get him hard. Something felt different this time, though, in the marks on his page; they felt surer and more complete, driven by this new, more intimate knowledge he now had of Brian's body.

He moved faster, drawing more furiously, so desperate to get the feeling all down on paper that he barely noticed another presence in the room until Brian was right behind him, plucking the pencil from Justin's hand and pressing against his back.

"I look hot," he whispered, dragging his lips up the side of Justin's neck, and Justin leaned into him.

"You are hot."

Brian murmured his assent against Justin's ear, then dropped the pencil on the floor, using the newly-freed hand to open Justin's pants and press against his hard dick through his briefs. "You feel pretty hot too," Brian said, reaching inside and gripping Justin's cock, and Justin couldn't help but arch up into Brian's hand. When he started to stroke, Justin tilted his head back onto Brian's shoulder, his eyelids fluttering shut.

"I want to know how it feels," he said, trying to imagine that Brian's hand was slicker, warmer, deeper. "Tell me how it feels when you fuck me bareback."

Brian laughed slightly, but his hand sped up, and Justin could feel Brian's dick throbbing against his ass. "It feels--" Brian stopped, spun Justin around to face him, and kissed him roughly, all tongue and teeth and roaming hands. Justin moaned around Brian's tongue and scrabbled at Brian's clothes, then his own, desperate to get them both naked without any concern for cost or label. Fuck Armani and fuck Prada -- nothing mattered except feeling Brian's skin against his own.

Brian took over, stripping them both with only a hint of Justin's blatant desperation, and they toppled over onto the rug on their sides. Justin swung a leg around Brian's hip, grinding their cocks together, and Brian's left a sticky line of pre-come against Justin's stomach. He wanted to feel Brian's dick inside him, but even more than that, he wanted to fuck Brian; he needed to fuck Brian. He removed his leg from where it rested astride Brian's hip and wedged it between Brian's knees, spreading his legs.

He watched Brian for signs of protest, and finding none, kissed him again, softer and more entreatingly. When Brian threaded his fingers through Justin's hair, pulling their mouths even more tightly together, Justin steeled himself and ran one hand between their bodies, down Brian's chest, his ribs, his stomach. He broke the kiss then, pushing Brian away from him slightly, and jerked Brian's cock twice, hard, before bypassing it in favor of his balls. Justin slid his finger further back until it rested against Brian's hole, then pressed just the tip inside.

"What do you think you're doing, little boy?" Brian asked, the hint of mockery in his voice belied by the fact that he raised his leg and pushed against the probing digit on every in-stroke.

Justin leaned in close to his ear. "Right now," --he slipped his finger all the way inside, aided by just Brian's sweat-- "I'm fingering your ass. Then, I'm gonna stick my tongue inside it, and after that I'm planning to fuck it."

He saw Brian open his mouth, but quickly stopped any objection when he added another finger to the one, rubbing them both against Brian's prostate.

"You don't have to tell me," he said with a grin. "I know what you want me to do."

He rolled Brian onto his stomach and withdrew his hand, using it to pull Brian up slightly onto his knees so that his ass was just inches from Justin's face. He started with a stream of hot, damp breath, watching as Brian opened up before him, spreading his legs a little wider, then blew again, sharp and cold. Brian's hole contracted and the muscles in his thighs flexed perceptibly. Justin repeated the pattern, alternating warm and cool, wet and dry, until he saw Brian's fingers grip the rug and clasp-unclasp in time in time with Justin's teasing; he couldn't help himself after that, couldn't stop from flattening his tongue and licking a fat stripe from Brian's balls upward, then down again. On the third pass, he pressed inside all at once, and Brian gasped beneath him.

He wrapped his arms through Brian's legs, forcing them further apart, resting his hands on Brian's hips; instead of thrusting with his tongue, he held it still, pulling Brian back against him and using the force to drive inside. He sped up, then slowed down; pressed his tongue straight in, then slid it around; used his lips and teeth to suck and nip until Brian made a sound Justin had never heard before, something frighteningly close to a whimper, and Justin thought he might come right there if he didn't get to fuck Brian really, really soon.

Unwinding one hand from Brian's leg, Justin grabbed the lube from his discarded pants and slicked himself hastily, then pushed Brian flat onto the rug, kicking his legs apart. When he pressed the head of his cock into Brian's ass, all the air in his chest left in a fast whoosh. Jesus, there was really no way to prepare himself for this, for how fucking hot it was, how tight and strangely soft.

"Move, goddamnit," Brian ordered, and without a second thought, Justin slid the rest of the way inside; he really, really hadn't prepared for that, the too-fast thrust that electrified every nerve ending in his body, made him want to cry out in pleasure. He was too far gone to stop now, though; all he could do was pull out and thrust again, over and over until he could barely keep upright, until Brian was groaning and angling his ass so that Justin could feel Brian's prostate bumping the underside of his cock. Brian came first, and fucking fuck -- he could feel it, Brian's ass contracting around him so tightly, and there simply weren't any words to describe that, nothing left to do but bite his lip until he bled and come until his knees buckled.

"Eventually," Justin announced the next morning, "We're going to have to do something other than work, sleep, and fuck."

Brian snorted at him, but admitted that Michael had called his cell phone fourteen times in the last two days and left six messages asking them to come to Babylon that night.

"So we'll go," Justin said, ignoring the wary look on Brian's face.

They went to Babylon, and everyone was ridiculously happy to see them, of course. Michael chattered excitedly about some domestic crap, their new couch or Hunter's report card or something; Emmett pulled Justin out on the floor, and they danced for about half a song, before Justin felt Brian's eyes train on him, hungry and possessive, and Emmett was pushed away with a simple, "Fuck off, Honeycutt." Justin kissed Emmett on the cheek and mouthed, "Sorry," before Brian hauled him up against his body and ground their hips together, making Justin instantly hard.

"I want to fuck you," he said, and Justin could smell the liquor on his breath, seeping from his pores. "I want to fuck you, and come inside you, and fuck you again."

He licked his lips seductively, and Justin's face felt hot and flushed. "Then," Brian said, taking Justin by the hand and pulling him towards the backroom, "I want to stick my fingers in your ass and feel the come, rub it into you."

They reached an empty wall and Justin was pushed face-first against it; he felt Brian fumbling with his jeans, more than halfway to good and drunk, and he swatted his hands away to pull them down himself while Brian undid his own belt and zipper. He handed Brian the lube from his pocket, but just when he heard the packet tear open, Brian froze.

"Shit," he cursed, pulling away. "Shit, we can't fucking do this here, Justin."

Shit was right. Justin hadn't even thought about how quickly the gossip mill would start churning after this, the two of them fucking raw in public. Brian Kinney fucking raw in public: the ultimate declaration of disgustingly romantic monogamy. Half the town would take public stabs about his reputation while the other half regaled them with lectures about safe sex and HIV. Not to mention that Michael would probably go into fits of hysteria when he heard.

Justin turned around to face Brian and found him scrubbing a hand over his face in obvious frustration. "Listen to me," Justin said, taking Brian's hand in his and pressing their foreheads together. "Here's what we're going to do: first, I'm gonna suck you off in front of all these people. Then, you're gonna take me home, strip off all your clothes, and put Ferris Beuller's Jerk-off in the VCR."

Brian chuckled, and Justin dropped to his knees. They'd worry about the big stuff later.

Club Justin

By Jude

The loft door slid open. Brian was home.

Justin had been waiting patiently for hours and was more than ready for him. Before Brian could set a single foot across the threshold, Justin rushed him and covered his face in hot, urgent kisses, all while gradually turning Brian's body to the left, so that he wound up facing away from the living area.

Justin didn't want Brian to see "the stage".

Brian didn't notice the maneuver. He was too busy with maneuvers of his own.

"I have a surprise for you." Justin said in between kisses.

"You do?"

"Uh huh," said Justin pulling away.

It was then that Brian got a good look at Justin's outfit. It was some sort of long, shapeless tunic.

"What the fuck is that? A caftan?"

"Yeah, I borrowed it from Emmett."

"Of course you did. Are you planning a fucking pilgrimage?"

"Yeah, a pilgrimage to your dick." Justin laughed.

"Well don't keep your messiah waiting." Brian cupped himself suggestively and raised an expectant brow.

"Do you want your surprise or not?"

"It depends. Do I have to wear one of those things?"

Justin shot him an amused glare. "Just shut up and come with me."

"Don't I always?" Brian asked innocently.

Justin laughed again and grabbed Brian by the lapels. "Come on, for once, be a good boy and do as you're told."

Once he had Brian safely in the bedroom, Justin gave him his instructions. "Change and get comfortable. I've closed all the panels so you can't see the rest of the loft. Do not peek. When you're ready, call me and I'll come get you. Okay?"

In lieu of a reply, Brian leaned in to kiss him, but Justin pulled away. "Just do what I said, and call me when you're ready."

Brian tried to grab him again, but Justin easily dodged him. "Obey me, Kinney. I promise you won't be disappointed." Justin blew him a kiss, grinned and ran down the stairs.

Brian had to admit he was intrigued; Justin's surprises were usually hot as fuck. He didn't know what he was in for, but he figured he might as well look his best so he stripped and went into the bathroom to freshen up. Pausing in front of the mirror, he openly admired what he saw. He'd been to the tanning salon earlier in the day and had that rosy-cinnamon color thing going on. He looked good and edible.

'I think I'll give that twat a surprise of his own.' If there was one thing the boy liked, it was the contrast of stark white against bronzed skin. He had just the ensemble in mind. He'd worn it to the White Party, and it had been a smash.

After donning the clothes, he once again studied himself in the mirror. 'Fucking devastating.' The white drawstring pants hung low while the white mesh tank was cut off high, leaving plenty of good eats in between. He remembered Justin's reaction the first time he'd seen the outfit - stunned, with a side of drool. Brian couldn't wait to see that face again.

"Oh Justin, I'm ready."

Justin came in quickly and stopped dead in his tracks. Stunned, with a side of drool. He came forward slowly.

"Fuck. You look-"

"I know." Brian stood with his arms outstretched - a dinner invitation.

Justin failed to point out Brian's lack of humility as he had other things on his mind - namely, Brian's stomach. He leaned down and kissed the warm, tanned belly. He loved this fucking stomach. He loved to come all over it. He loved to lay his head on it after sucking Brian off. He loved to watch it ripple above him while being fucked long and hard. He inhaled deeply and rubbed his face back and forth, back and forth, lost in worship.

"Hey, I hate to interrupt your prayers, but where's my surprise?"

The spell broken, Justin straightened up reluctantly, shook his head a little, and re-focused on the task at hand.

"I'm gonna cover your eyes so you can't see, okay?"

"It's your scene," Brian drawled.

Justin tied a silk scarf around Brian's head, took him by the hand, and led him carefully to the couch where he sat him down. "Stay here and no peeking." His words were firm and punctuated with a strategically placed pinch.

He walked quickly around the loft, turning off lights, before turning his attention to two new light fixtures. Emmett had supplied him with a table top, mirrored disco ball as well as a small, pink spotlight which was on the floor next to the couch.

When all the "special lighting" had been turned on and positioned, he removed the blindfold. Brian blinked several times and looked around. The loft was in semi-darkness; suffused with a dusky, pink glow and filled with swirling discs of light that slipped and slid across the walls and ceiling. Nice.

"Let me guess, Emmett?"

"Uh huh."

"Christ, what a fag."

"It takes one to know one."

"No, it takes one to fuck one. Come here."

“Stop. It’s almost time for the show.”

“Show?”

“Yes, show.” Justin pointed to the “curtain” behind him.

“What the fuck is that?” Worriedly, Brian looked up at the makeshift curtain hanging from his ceiling.

“Don’t worry. It’s not permanent. It’s attached with double-sided tape, and Em promised it won’t leave a residue.”

“Uh huh.”

To distract him from the curtain, Justin turned and picked up the highball glass and bottle of Beam which were waiting nearby. He poured a generous shot and handed the glass over. “And for your smoking pleasure.” Justin presented a fat stogie and a lighter with ashtray. “Enjoy.”

He then stood back and paused for effect. “Welcome to the grand opening of Club Justin.”

“Club Justin?”

“That’s right. The most exclusive gay strip club in the Northeast.”

Brian leaned back smiling, spread his legs and prepared himself to be thoroughly entertained.

“Ok then, bring it.”

Justin was prepared to do just that and disappeared behind the “curtain.” Brian heard a series of noises coming from behind the fabric, and then, a few seconds later, the sound of drums filled the loft - slow, hypnotic and tribal. Brian smiled and lit the joint. He held the smoke deep in his lungs, feeling the music’s rhythmic bass thrumming through his veins. He exhaled a long, sweet plume and relaxed into the sofa, then took another hit and chased it with a healthy sip of whiskey.

“Hey bongo boy, what’s taking so long?”

Justin didn’t answer. He was almost done. In preparation for the show, he’d set up a small table and chair behind the curtain. He put the finishing touches on his makeup and looked into the lighted mirror that Emmett had lent him. He studied the face reflected back at him. ‘Oh yeah, Brian is gonna love this.’ He’d smudged dark blue kohl around his eyes and stained his lips a pale cranberry. He knew it secretly turned Brian on to see him all made up, though the fucker would never admit it.

Justin thought about that particular discovery.

One rainy afternoon, he and Emmett had been in the loft bathroom playing with some of the campy queen’s more outrageous makeup when Brian had walked in unannounced. He’d pretended to be all horrified and disgusted, but after Emmett left, he’d fucked Justin right where he stood, calling him “my pretty boy” the whole time. Who would’ve thought?

“Hey, I paid good money for this show!”

Justin picked up the pot of “edible” gold gel and quickly smoothed it over his face and neck. He’d glittered up the rest of his body hours before. He was ready now.

He lowered the volume on the CD player gradually, so as not to break the mood. Once the sound was off completely, he selected the third track and waited for his intro music to begin. The CD was a compilation of various drum-based songs from around the world, and they were all sexy as shit.

Brian heard the change in music and sat up a little. He didn't have long to wait. The moment he saw Justin, he lost the smirk and gained a hard-on.

What the fuck?

Justin was covered in what appeared to be a coat of gold body paint, but it was hard to tell because of the lighting. Brian leaned forward, squinting to get a better look. Justin was barefoot and bare chested; his skin glimmering and sparking with pink-gold iridescent flashes. And on closer inspection, he saw that Justin was indeed wearing a pair of pants, if you could call them that. They were made of some sort of metallic netting and were so sheer and tight, they looked like fucking Cling Wrap.

Justin's cock was hard and high and beautifully outlined against his belly.

Damn.

The only other adornment was a wide, gold leather belt that hung low on his hips. The buckle was obscenely large and studded with rhinestones that spelled out "Boy Toy".

Brian's dick jerked.

Justin began a slow, sinuous dance. His eyes locked onto Brian, who could do nothing but stare back, mouth slightly agape. As Justin swayed closer, Brian flashed back to the first time he'd seen him at Babylon - half-naked and sprinkled with shiny confetti - a golden, brazen boy, fierce and determined in his pursuit.

Justin danced closer still, until he was inches from Brian's face, doing a slow bump and grind. Oh hell. Brian promptly reached up and grabbed those teasing, gilded hips with both hands.

"Sir, please keep your hands to yourself. You know the policy - no touching the dancers." Justin tempered his scolding with a seductive smile.

He pulled away, silently relishing Brian's lust. Fueled by the pounding drums, Justin wove and spun, dipped and twirled. He got down on the floor and pumped his hips, in double time, simulating the sex act.

Brian watched intently.

Justin stood and did a slow pirouette, spread his legs and grabbed his ankles, giving Brian a good, long look at the way the thin fabric molded to his ass and thighs. He caressed his ass sensually, over and over, looking back over his shoulder to gauge the effect.

Brian was rapt.

Justin slid his hands inside the top of the filmy pants and tugged them down, revealing more and more of his pale buttocks. He drew the strip tease out. Slow, slow, slower. The boy worked it like a pro. Finally, he swung his hips in a fast swivel, and the material puddled to the floor.

Brian saw a flash of gold, and his breath caught. A thong.

The dancer turned, his hard-on barely contained by the scrap of gold covering his groin. He moved forward gracefully until he was standing close and subtly continued to grind.

"That smells good, let me have some." Justin held out his hand.

"You're working."

"It's okay. The boss doesn't mind a little weed. He likes us stoned." Brian wordlessly handed him the joint and watched as Justin took two quick hits before handing it back.

"It's customary to tip the dancers if you like what you see." he purred.

Brian smiled and reached over to the pile of bills that had been left on the side table. He'd seen them earlier and had briefly wondered as to their purpose. He leisurely slid the bills under the gold elastic, and Justin added to the fun by rolling and thrusting in time to the music. Of course, Brian tried to grab his dick, and Justin immediately slapped him down.

"Sir, if you can't follow the rules, I'm gonna have to call a bouncer."

Brian shot him an "oh-well-you-lose" look and leaned back. He still had most of the singles in his hand, and he waved them lazily back and forth. "Show me something, mister" he whispered.

"Please remember sir, no touching."

"Whatever you say."

Justin turned fluidly and backed up to stand inside of Brian's legs. He bent forward, reached behind him and spread his cheeks wide open, wriggling his ass and making sure not to make contact with his customer's face. Sensing a quick movement, he suddenly felt Brian's breath, warm and moist, against his skin. He waited, allowing time for the man to inhale his scent, and when he decided that Brian had gotten his fill, he moved away and turned to face him.

Brian looked a bit dazed, and Justin pressed his advantage. "How about showing some appreciation?"

After the last bill had been tucked in place, Justin leaned over and placed his hands on the back of the couch, effectively boxing Brian in. It was a risky move, akin to caging a dangerous beast, but he took the chance that the man would behave.

"You're very generous. I've been known to do special favors for my favorite customers."

"Is that right?"

"Oh, yeah. Why don't you meet me out back after the show? But don't let the manager or bouncers see you."

"I'll try to avoid them."

Having successfully arranged their tryst, Justin moved away. He was ready for his grand finale. Standing in glorious profile, he pulled his cock completely free of the thong. Several bills fluttered to the floor as he gripped his dick and began to jerk himself with long, lazy strokes.

Brian licked his lips.

Keeping time to the music's quickening beat, Justin increased his own tempo. As the drums beat out their final, violent rhythm, strands of milky come shot high into the air and landed on his chest and belly. He staggered slightly but managed to stay on his feet, breathing roughly through his mouth. Still stroking his dick, he turned toward Brian and opened his eyes. He let go of his cock and ran his hands up and down his body, spreading the creamy jizz evenly, provocatively.

Brian stood up.

"No." Justin said in a breathy rasp. "Customers need to stay seated at all times."

Brian tensed, stared for a few beats, then laughed quietly and sat down.

As the drumming faded, Justin disappeared behind the curtain. The show was obviously over. Brian launched himself off the couch, wasting no time in getting “out back.” He tore the curtain aside and found Justin waiting, arms at his side, breathing heavily.

“What took you so long?”

Brian didn’t answer. He wanted to taste Justin and was on him in a flash. He dropped to his knees and pulled him close, licking everywhere, cleaning him thoroughly. Hungrily. Sweet-salty boy. So fucking good. He ripped the thong away and shoved the rhinestone buckle to the side, scraping a hip bone in his haste. No fucking obstacles. Justin gasped as he felt his semi-hard dick being pulled deep into Brian’s mouth where it was sucked down savagely. With a weak cry, Justin tried to pull back. It was too much. Too soon.

“No!” Brian growled around a mouthful of cock. “No!”

He held Justin tighter and continued to suck - deep, greedy sucks. Justin was under assault. ‘Those sounds . . . like an animal . . . oh . . . oh God. . .’ Dizzy, and in an attempt to stay half-sane, Justin bit down hard on his own hand.

Brian released him suddenly and crouched low, catching his breath. Justin closed his eyes and waited. He felt, rather than saw, the man surge to his feet.

“My turn. Lube my dick.”

Justin sank to his knees immediately. He was frantic to free Brian’s dick. Goddamn drawstring. Fuck! Finally successful, he yanked the pants down and inhaled the thick cock into his mouth, relishing the weight of it on his tongue. But Brian didn’t want a blow job, he wanted to fuck and Justin made sure to get him good and wet. Way too soon, he felt himself being pulled up by the hair.

“No! I want more!” Justin protested.

“Later. Right now, I want some of that ass you’ve been flaunting all night. Turn around.”

Justin heard the warning in Brian’s voice, turned quickly, stepped wide, bent over and touched the floor. Brian spit into his crack several times, saturating him, then worked him with saliva-slick fingers until he was ready.

“You better hold on, Sunshine.”

Justin had barely braced himself against the wall when Brian rammed his cock home. Buried it to the root; zero to sixty in no seconds. They’d been doing it raw for a month now. They’d been monogamous for close to a year.

Justin cried out as he felt himself impossibly stretched, impossibly filled. ‘Breathe, breathe, breathe.’ His body was always astonished by the size of Brian’s dick; always astonished it could take the whole thing.

Brian waited for his signal, holding Justin tight up against him, and it wasn’t long before he felt the slap on his flank. Go. No warm up, no preliminaries - the kid was a fucking pig for cock and had been from day one. Brian fucked him hard and fast - he liked it rough and so did Justin.

Justin tried to fuck back but couldn’t find his balance. It was too hard, too fast. All he could do was breathe and try to keep from being pounded into the brick. He felt Brian’s hand on his dick, pulling roughly. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He came in a hot rush, slamming his forehead into the wall, and Brian came with him, holding on so tightly the marks would be visible by morning.

With a final grunt, Brian fell forward and Justin did his best to keep them both upright but failed, his arms finally giving out. They crashed, unceremoniously, to the hardwood where they lay laughing and groaning. When they had caught their breath, they turned gingerly toward each other, and Brian reached out and tugged on the gold belt.

“Emmett’s?”

“Yeah, but he said I could keep it, if I want. Do I want?” Justin asked coyly.

“Yeah, you want.”

“I thought so.”

Brian chuckled and rolled onto his back, pulling the golden boy with him. Justin winced and let out a low moan.

“You all right?”

“Nothing that won’t heal in a month. Remind me to scrub my flesh off the wall later.”

“Show me where it hurts.”

Justin lifted the hair off his forehead and revealed a small scrape, he then raised his left hand and displayed a small gash. Brian brought the hand down to his lips and kissed the palm over and over, then did the same for his forehead.

“Better?”

“Much.”

“You have glitter all over your face.”

“So do you.”

Brian looked into Justin’s eyes, smudged and exotic, smoky and dark. Unfamiliar, yet pleasing. His gaze turned to the boy’s mouth. Wine-colored and ripe. He kissed it softly. “Mmm, fruity.”

“It’s Mixed Berries. You like it?”

In response, Brian licked and licked until it was gone.

“So, did you like the show?”

“It was all right.”

“All right?”

“I’ve seen better.”

“The fuck you have!” Justin bit down hard on Brian’s lower lip to emphasize his displeasure.

“Ow! You fucking bitch! Is that blood? Am I bleeding?”

Justin saw that he was but didn’t bother to confirm it.

“I saw your face and your dick when you first laid eyes on me. Instant erection, just add Justin. You thought it was the hottest thing you’d ever seen. Admit it.”

Silence.

“Tell the truth you fucker, or I’ll...” Justin bared his teeth and made as if to bite. Quick as a snake, Brian grabbed his lover’s face and pushed him away, holding him tightly by the jaw.

“If you fucking bite me again, I’ll-”

“What? Fuck me so hard you leave me bloody and bruised?” Justin struggled to get away but couldn't break Brian's grip.

Brian stared at him for a moment, then smiled slyly. “I guess I did punish you pretty good.” He released his hold, and Justin lowered his head to tenderly lick the blood from Brian's mouth.

“You always punish me pretty good. So, did you like the show?”

“I may be interested in a membership.”

“Well, it's a very exclusive club; it only allows one member at a time.” Justin continued to lick softly.

“Only one?”

“Yeah.”

“Would there happen to be an opening?”

“Yeah.”

“Where do I sign up?”

“Come back tomorrow, during the day, and talk to the manager. I'll put in a good word.”

Carefully, Justin pushed himself off the floor and shakily got to his feet. He watched Brian kick away the linen pants, then reached down and helped him up. They held onto each other as they limped their way into the bedroom - Brian in his mesh top and Justin in his belt.

They had been lying quietly for several minutes when Justin spoke. “I think I'm gonna quit this job, there ain't no amount of tips worth that kind of abuse.”

“You could ask for hazard pay.”

“More like fucking combat pay.”

Brian laughed softly and kissed Justin's forehead. “I promise to be gentle for at least a week.”

“Make it two days and you've got yourself a deal.”

After several moments of silence, Brian spoke. “By the way, I liked the makeup. Especially that berry stuff.”

“I knew it. You are so a closet drag queen.”

“Actually, I'm the fag that fucks the closet drag queen.”

“Jesus, that sounds like a bad movie.”

“Or a good cable show.”

“Brian likes boys in girls' makeup. Brian likes boys in girls' makeup.” Justin's soft singsong filled the air above their heads.

“You know, I have to confess that I'm thrilled to be fucking a six-year-old.”

“Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me.”

More silence.

“Did I happen to mention just how much I like that berry stuff?”

Justin smiled, rolled out of Brian’s embrace and reached over to the night stand where he had stashed the lip gloss, knowing it would be called for an encore. He swiped it on generously and served himself up. Brian pulled him close and kissed him, then he kissed him some more.

Justin’s last thought, before drifting off, was that he just might keep the job after all. Hazardous or not, there was no arguing with the fact that the fringe benefits were fucking outstanding.

Flying High

By Turtletwins

Justin comes home to a high Brian.
Warning: Drug use, raw sex, Brian singing

God I was so happy to be finished my shift at the diner. It was seriously the longest shift of my life. I can't wait to get home, get something to eat then get fucked well into the morning. As I walk up the stairs to the loft door, I hear the unmistakable sound of Brian's "I'm so fucking high" music. It's the only time he listens to the Reggae CD that Daph bought him for his last birthday.

I put my hand on the door handle and prepare myself for one of the many crazy scenes that I've been privileged to see before. See, when Brian gets to this point, he gets a little out of character. I can already hear him singing along to 'I want to get high' by Rita Marley

"I want to get high, so high."

I pull open the door and I can't help but smile like a fool at the sight. Brian is standing by the bedroom stairs, swaying to the music. He's wearing an unbuttoned black shirt and his underwear, joint in one hand, tumbler of Beam in the other. His back is to me and I watch him take another toke off the half-finished joint, and wash it down with one gulp of his drink. I roll my eyes and laugh, which makes him turn around and meet my eyes. He smiles that stupid 'I'm high' grin at me and starts to sway his way over to me, still singing.

"Hey Rasta man, hey what you say, give me some of your sensei."

I just shake my head at him and laugh, pulling the loft door closed. I pull off my coat and hang it on the hook. He looks me straight in the eye and says, "Everything is perfect now, my Sunshine has arrived!"

Oh, did I forget to mention that he says things not normal to Brian Kinney in this state? I don't move as he makes his way towards me in the most awkward 'sexy' way I've ever seen. You may think that Brian knows how to dance but have you watched him? I mean seriously watched him. He can sway and grind. That's it. He reaches me in a little longer than if he were in his sober state.

"Hello Sunshine. Care to join me on a little trip." What the fuck, why not?

He holds the joint out for me to grab. I pinch it out from between his fingers and inhale deeply.

Cough

Shit this stuff is potent. I inhale deeply again and hold the intoxicating fumes in longer this time. I hold back the cough and can already feel the effect that this is having on my body. Shit, did I mention how good this is? Brian smiles at me, with that stupid grin again, taking the joint from me. He takes another toke and then places the rolled paper, backwards in his mouth. He moves in close to me and I wrap my lips around his. He blows into the joint and I inhale as he instantly fills my lungs with more of the intoxicating smoke. I can feel myself slipping into the happy stupor and suddenly I'm joining in with Brian and Rita.

"And just like I said, you send it straight to my head. I'm feeling high, so high..."

He disposes of the roach in the ashtray, puts his empty glass on the table and moves himself right up against me. Shit, I can feel his body heat against me and it's driving me so fucking crazy. He wraps his arms around my neck and moves his head in so close that his lips are brushing my ear. Jesus, I'm instantly hard and my body is tingling from the drug circulating inside it. Brian sings into my ear.

"Give me some rhythm make me dance. A long, long time me no feel so nice."

He begins to grind his fucking hard cock into my leg. Jesus, I can feel the need burning inside me now. Fucker knows it too because he's grinning like a Cheshire cat. I try to keep my cool but it's no use. His Kinney power takes over as we begin to devour each other's mouths. He pushes his tongue inside my mouth and wraps it around my own. Suddenly he stops and looks at me like he's in some fucking deep thought.

"What is it?" I ask a little confused... or maybe it's the drugs that are confusing. Shit.

"What would you say if I told you that you are the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen? Well... besides myself." He laughs and I hit him playfully on the shoulder.

"I'd say, 'Oh Brian you say the sweetest things when you're so fucking high.'" I raised the pitch of my voice and we were both in hysterics now. Laughing so hard that we literally fell over. I landed on top of Brian and looked at him for a second before I started laughing again. He quickly flipped me onto my back and climbed on top of me. He came down so fucking hard on my mouth that I'm sure he'll leave a bruise again. But I don't care. I love when he leaves marks, it gives me something to look at when I'm not with him.

He moves his one hand slowly down my chest and abs until he reaches the bottom of my shirt. He slides his hand up and in one quick moment, he has the shirt pulled halfway over my head. I can't see now because my shirt is folded over my face like a blindfold. He made sure that my mouth is still accessible as he continues to kiss me so fucking hard. God that feels so good! His hand moves back down my chest until it reaches the button on my pants. He flicks it open and then moves his hand in to grab my fucking hard dick. Jesus, I could get off from this alone. I start grinding my hips up into his hand.

"Slow down Sunshine" He laughs into my mouth. He moves his body away from mine slightly, letting go of my dick too, and I moan at the sudden detached feeling. I have no idea what he's doing, until I feel my pants being yanked down to my ankles. The sudden cool rush of air causes my dick to twitch and I lick my lips at the intense need for him to touch me. He must read my mind because in no more than two seconds, his mouth is on me. Kissing and licking and ohmygod how does he do that? He starts to suck me off doing the most amazing things with his tongue. Flicking, rolling, sucking, I arch my back at the almost too intense sensation. I can feel my eyes roll to the back of my head from the pleasure. I'm having a hard time putting any thoughts together—fuckfuckfuck! I can't take this anymore.

"Brian fuck me already!" I plead. The burning desire is too much for me to handle and I need him to release it for me. I feel something cold and wet at my tight hole and I instantly know what's coming. And there it is...the burn. He slides one well-lubed finger in and starts to fuck me with it. Within a minute, Brian is fucking me with three fingers. Jesus, I can't stop my body from pushing down hard on his fingers, trying to get them as far into me as I can. He pulls them out and I whimper from the sudden emptiness. But he doesn't keep away for long. I feel him lift my legs up and rest them on his shoulders. I'm anticipating what's coming next—JESUS! He pushes into me, fully burying his cock in my ass. I scream out in sheer pleasure.

"Christ...feels...fucking...amazing." Was all I was able to actually get out. As he's fucking me hard and deep, my senses feel heightened and I'm not sure if it's the drugs or because I can't see. He pounds into my ass so hard that I swear I can feel him in my stomach. This ones gonna hurt for days but at this moment, who gives a shit.

He grunts like some wild animal with each thrust and that drives me even crazier. It feels so fucking good that I can't even... start...I mean... say... I mean... think. Shit, no thoughts are even close to coming together in my head. The only thing I can think of at this time is his cock moving in and out of me. With each thrust he hits my fucking sweet spot and I'm calling out like those horny monkeys I saw on the Discovery channel the other day. Ohmygodohmygodohmygod, I am so fucking close. I can feel my toes start to curl and the muscles in my legs, arms and abs start to tense. All I hear is ringing in my ears and even though my eyes are in darkness, I can see white spots flashing before them. Jesus, I don't think I can—AAAHHH! I feel the explosion come from deep inside me and I feel the shower of cum rain over my stomach. My ass tightening around Brian's cock must have been enough because I feel his hot seed coating my insides. It is the most amazing feeling. He falls on top of me, resting his head

on my chest and I pull the shirt off from over my eyes. We lay here trying to catch our breath and I look down at the only man who could ever make me feel like this. As my hearing returns, I hear Brian singing quietly along to Bob Marley's 'Is this love', that was now playing on the stereo.

"I-I-I-I-I-I-I- I'm willing and able. So I throw my cards on your table. See I wanna love ya. I wanna love and treat ya right. I wanna love ya, everyday and every night."

I trace my fingers across his arm and fucking smile at the words he's singing, not knowing if he actually realizes they're coming out of his mouth or not. All of a sudden he looks up at me and sings,

"Is this love, is this love, is this love, is this love that I'm feeling?"

And I know that this is Brian Kinney's way of saying he loves me.

Mine

By Triciaqaf

Timeline: future fic

Can Brian live without fucking Justin for two weeks?

“Are you really doing this? Is he really doing this? For real?”

Justin smiled at Daphne's disbelief. “I know, hard to imagine.”

But then again, not really. Not when he saw the way Brian looked at him, the way Brian touched him. The way Brian had barely fucked anyone else for the last year anyway.

He'd only done it when things went really badly, when they had a particularly nasty fight. Then he needed to go out and prove something, show everyone that he was still a free man, still had options.

But over the last few months he'd left, but come home smelling remarkably free of other men. Sometimes smelling of whiskey and pot, but not so much of sex anymore.

Justin picked up his glass and lifted his eyes to Daphne's. “I guess my blowjobs have finally convinced him he doesn't need to go anywhere else.”

Daphne laughed, throwing a couch pillow at him. “I should hope so. He's had twelve years of them.”

.....

“Oh, fuck.”

“Mmmm,” Brian teased. “And who says romance is dead?”

“Shut up... oh... fuck.” Justin turned his head into the pillow, his hands clenching in the sheets. “God, Brian,” he breathed. “Fuck me. Now.”

“You're such a bossy bottom.” Brian's fingers kept moving, pushing deeper inside Justin. “A bossy bottom with a hot ass.” Brian's voice faded as he pressed his lips to Justin's lower back.

“So warm... so wet.” Brian's fingers pushed up, then angled down, making Justin's hips leave the bed completely.

“Oh...” Justin tried for coherence, but it was difficult under the circumstances. “God, I can't wait.”

Brian said nothing, but Justin heard the change in his breathing.

Justin continued, ignoring the sharp breath Brian had drawn. “God, Brian – just the thought of it. The idea of you, inside me. Wet, and hot. So wet...”

He gasped when Brian's other hand came down hard on his ass, a red handprint blooming on his skin. “Shhh.”

“Can you imagine it, Brian?” Justin moaned. “Oh god...”

“Shhh.” Brian demanded, moving his fingers harder, rougher. “We're not going to talk about it. Remember?”

“I know, but...”

“But nothing. Stop, Justin.”

Despite the absurd level of arousal coursing through his body, Justin stilled at the harshness in Brian's tone.

“I can't...” Brian pulled away. “After all I've given up, we still have to... I hate these fucking things.” Brian caught himself, trying to bite off the words.

Justin held his breath, listening. Waiting for it. For the uncertainty to come through, the worry. Then maybe the excuses. He felt his heart clench.

“We just have to wait, Justin.” Brian's voice became softer again, in control now. Didn't sound like denial, like he was backing away, but there was something there. Something that left a lump in Justin's throat. He swallowed around it, determined not to worry. Brian's voice caught his attention again.

“It won't be long. We can do it.”

Justin snorted, the sound leaving his nose before he could stop it.

“What?”

Justin pushed his head further into the pillow, not wanting to antagonize. Not wanting to get into this.

“What!”

“Nothing,” came the muffled reply.

“Don't fucking 'nothing' me.” Brian's voice was low. Low enough that Justin's cock kicked, despite himself. When Brian's fingers stroked across his prostate, Justin gasped, curling into the pleasure.

“What?” Brian's mouth was right at his ear, smoother now, his fingers continuing their steady movement.

“Think I can't do it?” Brian's voice should have been enough warning. “Think I can't wait?”

Justin pulled in a breath, trying for sanity. “You don't have to wait, Brian. We can just use condoms until we're both tested again.”

“I don't want to use a fucking condom.” Justin's head craned around at Brian's words. “It's about time we got rid of them.”

We are getting rid of them, Justin thought, but he kept his mouth shut. “It's only two more weeks,” he said.

“So?” Brian's eyes had that look in them. That look that really wasn't good, at least not for the next two weeks.

“We can last two weeks. Or at least, I can. Can you?” Brian's eyebrow went up in challenge.

Which Justin had to admit felt like a welcome distraction from his fears a few moments ago.

He snorted again, staring back at Brian. Brian's eyebrow went up further. “I'll take that as a yes.”

Brian's lips moved back to Justin's ear, his breath warm and hypnotic. “That means two weeks, no condoms. Nothing requiring a condom. I dare you to try it – you'll never last. You'll be begging me to fuck you within days. No way you can last two weeks.” Brian sat back on his heels, a smug smile on his face, wiping his fingers on his leg.

Justin twisted around, sitting up so he was facing Brian on the bed. "Oh, I can definitely last two weeks, Brian." He smiled slowly, letting his eyes fall to Brian's erect cock.

"Because, see, I can still have what I'm used to." He watched Brian's eyebrow go up again and his mouth open to speak. Justin cut him off.

"There are lots of things that can go in my ass, other than your dick," he said. "But your dick can't really go anywhere else, can it? At least, not anywhere near as good..."

Brian's face registered the barest flicker of emotion before he masked it. Justin laughed quietly, leaning forward to brush his lips against Brian's. "Can't have my ass, can't have anyone else's. You sure you want to do this?"

Brian leaned into the kiss, breath warm and lips demanding. Justin briefly hoped he'd call the whole thing off, make a joke and then fuck him senseless, condom and all.

"Oh, I'm sure," was all Brian said, a sly smile on his face. Justin's warning bells started to flash, but before he could say anything, Brian pushed him down on the bed and straddled his ribs, his cock bobbing over Justin's face.

"Very sure," he breathed, pushing his cock into Justin's open mouth.

.....

Justin sat at the table in Woody's, watching Brian play pool. Watching Brian and trying to find a comfortable way to sit without his dick rubbing against his pants the wrong way. Brian had conveniently neglected to return the favour after the particularly spectacular blowjob Justin had given him.

Justin pushed the thought of Brian's naked body towering over him out of his head and turned back to the table. Nope, not thinking about the firm slide of Brian's cock in his mouth, Brian's hands holding his head as he thrust fast and deep, the sound of his strangled cry as he came...

"So how long are you guys in town for?" Emmett asked, waiving his drink towards Brian.

"Hmm?" Justin looked up. "Sorry?"

Emmett repeated his question slowly, watching Justin's face.

"Oh, uh – just a week." Justin swallowed the rest of his beer and started to get up, then thought better of it, given the state of his cock.

Emmett nodded. "Well, it's great to see you. Both of you, actually, but don't tell him that," he smiled conspiratorially. Justin nodded back, focusing his attention on Emmett, trying to generate some interest in the story of a recent party fiasco.

Which meant he didn't notice when Brian came over, pool cue in hand, his body pressing against Justin's back as he leaned over the table to swipe a sip of Ted's beer. Hard, lean body, pressing into him in just the right way. Justin swallowed slowly.

"So what is Kinnetik New York up to these days, Brian?" Emmett asked as Michael and Ted sat down. "Of course, I hear all about it from Teddy, but that isn't the same as hearing it from you. Tell me all about your latest conquests," he grinned, looking at Justin.

"Like I'm going to spend the night talking about work on my first week off in months." Brian kept his body pressed against Justin's, making no move to sit down just yet.

"My god, you guys have gotten boring in your old age! Couldn't you at least tell me about your recent hot fucks?" Emmett pouted, looking between Justin and Brian.

“Don’t you wish?” Brian smirked at him, finally moving away and sitting down, much to Justin’s relief. “I’m not feeding your Justin fetish – it doesn’t need any help.” Brian cocked his eyebrow at Emmett, laughing when Emmett had the good grace to blush.

No one commented on the exclusive mention of Justin, and the absence of any mention of tricks. Michael picked up his beer and changed the subject.

.....

“God, Brian, we haven’t been here in ages,” Justin grinned at him, buzzing lightly from the last two shots of vodka.

“Mmm, true.” Brian wrapped an arm around his waist, lining their hips up as Justin continued to move with the music. “But it really isn’t the same since I sold it.”

“Yeah, especially since there’s no VIP backroom anymore,” Justin murmured, running his hands up Brian’s sides.

Brian laughed. “Too true.” He leaned his head into Justin’s, pressing warm lips to Justin’s ear. “Guess we’ll have to fuck in the regular old backroom. Unless you’d like to wait till we get back to the hotel?”

“Fuck no,” Justin breathed, hooking his fingers into the belt loops on Brian’s jeans. “You owe me a blowjob, Kinney,” he glared, pulling Brian behind him across the dance floor.

Brian laughed, letting Justin lead him into the backroom, eyes smiling as Justin leaned against the wall. Brian leaned in, bracing his arms on either side of Justin’s head.

“I don’t give blowjobs in the backroom, Justin,” he smirked. He moved his head closer, letting his lips rest over top of Justin’s. “I’d be happy to fuck you in here, as long as you’re willing to admit you couldn’t hack it.”

Justin snorted under him, his head shaking. “Oh no you don’t. I’m not giving in that easily. It’s only been a few days.” Justin pushed Brian back by the shoulders. “And you do so give blowjobs in the backroom. If you can do it in New York, you can do it here.”

He let his mouth press against Brian’s, silencing any protest with a slow, lingering kiss. He was still licking the inside of Brian’s mouth when he slid his hand into Brian’s jeans. Hard and wet, just the way he liked it. He swallowed Brian’s gasp, working his cock with practiced ease.

“Come on,” he whispered as he pulled back a fraction, reaching to push Brian’s hand inside his own pants. Brian’s fingers closed around him loosely, making his hips jerk.

“You want to make me come, don’t you?” he coaxed, letting his mouth move to Brian’s ear, pulling the bottom of his earlobe between his lips and sucking softly.

“Hear me moan your name,” he whispered. “Show all these queens back here how it’s done. I’m so hard, Brian. Want your mouth on me so...” he stopped talking when Brian dropped to his knees, hands pulling Justin’s fly open.

Justin’s smirk didn’t leave his face until he came, gasping Brian’s name.

.....

“It won’t work.”

Justin turned around on his way to the bathroom, raising his eyebrows in question at Brian.

“Nice try, but flashing your ass at me all morning won’t work. I’m not that easy.”

Justin bit back his response, but couldn't stop the grin. He covered it quickly, then stared at Brian blankly. "I don't know what you're talking about, Brian."

"I'm talking," Brian pulled back the sheet, making Justin's eyes drop to his clearly-in-need-of-attention dick as he stood up, "about this..."

Brian covered the distance between them in two steps and had Justin's bare ass in his hands before Justin could even move.

Justin closed his eyes as Brian kneaded his ass firmly, hands spreading him as Brian lined up against his back. Brian's stance widened enough to lower his height to match Justin's, his cock resting in the cleft of Justin's ass.

"This ass," he breathed into Justin's ear, his hips rocking gently, "that you've been shoving in my face all morning."

Justin held his breath as Brian moved his hand from Justin's ass to his own dick, rubbing the head over Justin's skin. "Did you really think I'd believe that you had to walk across the room that many times?" Brian's whisper was right at his ear, his cock rubbing lower, pressing harder. "To bend over that many times?"

Justin had no response, could only reach back to support himself on Brian's forearms as a line of liquid painted his crack, the wide head nudging past the half-way mark, starting on the downward curve of his ass. "This ass that's warm and firm and..."

Justin almost lost his balance as Brian stepped away abruptly. He would have smiled triumphantly at the look of raw need on Brian's face if he wasn't struggling so hard to regain his own composure.

"Fuck," Brian swore, shaking his head as he stepped backwards and sat down on the bed.

It was quiet for a long minute, then Brian looked up at him, smiling softly. "Come here."

Justin's feet carried him over to the bed, even as he debated whether it was safe or not.

"Lie down."

Justin did, watching Brian as he lined himself up so they were facing each other.

"Closer," Brian urged, reaching over to the night table where he'd left the lube.

Justin's back arched when Brian's wet hand found his cock. He moaned out loud when a second hand joined the first, trapping both of their cocks in Brian's grip.

"Jesus," Brian muttered, his hips rocking into the movement of his hands. Justin held off for a few more seconds, then started to rock his hips too.

"Oh god, Brian," he whispered, his hand holding on to Brian's arm. The wet slide of skin on skin was so fucking good. Brian adjusted his hands and Justin smiled when he heard him moan.

The skin of Brian's cock was stretched thin, the head hard against Justin's. Justin wasn't surprised, considering he'd conveniently forgotten to get Brian off last night at Babylon, or Fly, or whatever the hell it was called now. If Brian could leave him wanting, he could return the favour. He grinned as he recalled the look on Brian's face when he zipped up and walked out of the backroom.

His attention was jolted back to the present as he heard Brian's breathing falter. Falter in that way that meant...

"Fuck..." Brian groaned, wet heat covering Justin's cock as Brian came. Justin shuddered, the intense sensation combined with the thought of Brian's come all over him. Oh god. Oh...

“Fuck!” Justin cried. “Brian, no...”

Justin opened his eyes to see Brian’s sweat-damp face next to his, a wicked grin splitting his face as he tried to catch his breath.

“What...” he looked at Brian’s face again, then down at his now neglected cock. Covered in Brian’s come. Oh god.

“Brian,” he warned, his eyes flicking back to meet Brian’s.

“We’ve gotta be at Deb’s in half an hour,” Brian replied cheerily, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed.

“Can’t keep her waiting, Sunshine,” Brian grinned as he walked into the bathroom.

.....

Justin was determined not to let the events of the morning throw him off his game. Of course, jerking off in the bathroom before they left the hotel had helped tremendously. Sliding the still-wet residue of Brian’s come around his cock...

Justin cleared his throat, picking up a plate from the table as he headed into the kitchen.

“Sunshine, how many times do I have to tell you not to buss in my house?” Debbie sighed, mock-exasperated. Justin took the plates to the sink, starting the water so he could wash up. He refused to notice how much older Debbie looked, how tired. Between the AIDS hospice work she’d started when Ben was sick and the diner, she was clearly burning the candle at both ends.

They spent a pleasant evening with the old gang, spending far too much time listening to Deb tell them what a genius Jenny Rebecca was at school, before they made their excuses and headed back to the hotel.

And now Brian was walking slowly from the bathroom into the dimly lit bedroom. Justin had to admit that he appreciated the things money could buy. Like nice hotel rooms, with sleek furniture and expensive sheets and a still-incredibly hot Brian stalking across the room towards him.

“Shall we pick up where we left off this morning?” Brian smiled at him in a way that made Justin’s heart flip and his dick jump. “I think I owe you something.”

Justin smiled back, watching as Brian slowly crawled across the bed to reach him. God, he could watch that all day.

“Mmmm, sure,” Justin grinned, leaning back.

He caught his breath as Brian’s lips found the inside of his ankle, brushing softly up the inside of his calf. Brian lifted his leg and kissed the back of his knee with a feather-light touch.

“Oh...” he murmured as Brian’s mouth moved down away from his knee, slipping lower on his raised leg. He wasn’t as flexible as he used to be, but he could keep one leg up that high, especially as long as Brian was doing...

“Ah! Brian...” Justin’s head fell back on the bed as Brian’s tongue reached the juncture where his leg joined his body, the fold of skin stretched as Brian pushed his leg forward.

“Oh, fuck,” Justin’s fingers twisted in the sheets as Brian’s mouth sucked his skin hard, lips pulling and tongue pressing, licking repeatedly. “Oh...”

Justin could feel Brian’s breath on his skin, could almost feel his mouth where he wanted it. He shifted his hips, trying to coax Brian’s lips away from the spot they’d been working for the last few minutes.

“Brian, please...” Justin reached down, reaching for Brian’s head, trying to guide it where he wanted it. His ass hadn’t been this neglected for years, for god’s sake.

“Want me to move, Justin?” Brian’s voice was smoky velvet, dripping over Justin and leaving him aching. “Move my mouth somewhere?”

Justin didn’t respond, but then realized Brian wanted him to answer. He nodded his head, unable to form any coherent words.

“Mmmm, ok.” Brian’s mouth moved a little closer, licking slowly. Justin let out the breath he’d been holding. “Just tell me where.”

Justin’s hands clenched the sheets into balls at his sides. Brian knew it made him crazy to have to ask for it, to tell Brian what to do. Especially because he knew Brian would do exactly what he said, no questions asked. As long as Justin could bring himself to ask for it.

“Please,” Justin started, gathering his strength. “Please, Brian. Move your mouth. Yes... there.” Justin’s hands guided Brian’s head, but he wasn’t moving until Justin kept talking. “Nuh, no... oh. Fuck. Yeah. There.” Justin groaned the rest, arching impossibly as Brian’s tongue made contact with his hole.

“Here?” Brian’s voice was thick now, heavy. Justin moaned as he pictured Brian’s cock in exactly the same state. Then pictured it in exactly the same place.

“Fuck. Yes, there.” Justin writhed under him, lifting his hips to get more contact, but the way Brian was holding him made it hard to get enough leverage.

“What do you want me to do?” Brian’s voice slid over him, taking a minute to register in his taxed mental state.

“Oh god. Brian, please.” Justin couldn’t figure out what he was supposed to do, but knew he needed more. Something in the back of his mind was telling him this wasn’t a good idea, but he couldn’t for the life of him remember why.

The silence hung heavy in the air, Brian’s breathing tickling Justin’s skin.

Right. Directions.

“Lick me,” Justin’s voice was hoarse. “Inside. Please, Brian...”

His words caught in his throat as Brian’s mouth came down on him, palms flat against his cheeks and pulling him wide. His leg rested against Brian’s shoulder as Brian’s tongue moved slowly, teasing him, dragging over the wrinkled skin before burrowing slowly inside, opening him softly.

“Oh god,” Justin sighed, pushing his hips to meet Brian’s mouth.

Brian teased him further, licking slow and long, just wiggling his tongue but not pushing, then kissing softly, lower lip dragging over swollen skin.

Justin felt Brian’s hands push harder on his ass, spreading him wider, heard Brian move around on the bed to get more comfortable. He threaded his fingers through Brian’s hair, pushing gently, urging more.

He cried out when Brian started to rim him hard, tongue circling relentlessly, pushing inside him with speed and force. Justin hooked both legs over Brian’s back, heels digging in as he lifted his ass to meet each thrust of Brian’s tongue.

He could hear the small noises Brian was making, but only barely over his own moans. He spread his legs wider, knees falling out to his sides as he rocked into Brian’s mouth.

“Oh god,” Justin moaned, his head angled back. “Brian, please... Fuck m...”

He gasped as Brian stopped, head lifting. Justin’s hands pushed him back, a moan of complaint leaving his lips. Then he opened his eyes, realization dawning on him like cold dread. “I didn’t mean...” Justin scrambled to sit up, grimacing. Shit.

Brian smiled slowly, leaning forward, pushing Justin back to the bed. “You sure?”

Justin gasped as Brian’s fingers slid between his legs, pressing against his wet opening. “Sure you don’t want me to?” Brian’s mouth moved to Justin’s ear, his body pressing Justin’s down as his fingers circled, pushing gently. “All you have to do is ask.”

Justin moaned as one finger slid inside him, his ass clenching on it as it curled to stroke his prostate. “Want more?”

“Yes. No!” Justin pulled away, trying to disentangle Brian’s finger. “No.”

“Your loss,” Brian smirked, sitting up. Justin took a moment to catch his breath, then looked at Brian. Looked at Brian’s flushed face, his chest moving heavily with his breath.

“Wait, Brian,” Justin smiled, reaching for Brian’s arm.

“That didn’t mean you had to stop doing what you were doing.” He flashed Brian a signature smile. Then brought Brian’s hand back between his legs. “Don’t stop, actually...” he breathed, closing his eyes as he placed Brian’s fingers back where they were.

“Do it,” Justin breathed, lifting his hips.

Brian held still for a moment, frozen. Justin kept his eyes closed, waiting.

“Unless it’s too much for you?”

Justin would have laughed at Brian’s indrawn breath and stuttered curse, but then Brian had two fingers inside him and he was groaning, lifting off the bed to get more. It wasn’t Brian’s cock, but it would get him off, especially with the pent-up energy Brian was putting into it at the moment.

.....

The rest of their trip to Pittsburgh went by in a blur of family and friend visits, and far too much diner food. Justin couldn’t believe he’d ever lived on the stuff, even if the menu had lightened up over the years and even included real salads now.

When they got back to New York, Brian was quiet. They only had a week to go, and Justin’s heart flipped in anticipation. The idea of being able to fuck raw was incredibly arousing, but there was also a gut-clenching feeling that lingered beside it.

Not fear, exactly, but something that felt... permanent, grown up. Serious.

Justin had always figured Brian would be the one to struggle with it, but somehow here he was, feeling like the only one of the two of them who wasn’t sure if this was right. Could Brian really give up tricking - could he be happy without it? Or would he start to feel trapped, suffocated, and lash out, leaving Justin, or pushing him away? It had been a long time since they’d dealt with any of that old behavior, but it still lingered close in the background, too visceral and real to be able to dismiss the possibility of it returning. Lessons learned that painfully don’t go away easily.

And the risk, however small, made Justin's breath stop. Not risk to himself – he knew Brian would never endanger him and he could live with the risk anyway. But the risk, however small, that could one day make Brian sick. He knew it was silly to be afraid of it, knew the chances were in fact better now that they were monogamous. But still his heart debated whether his body deserved the gain from this if it meant even the most miniscule chance of the man he loved being sick. Really sick. Now he understood why Brian had always been so angry with him when he was flippant about it in their younger days. He shuddered at the thought of seeing Brian the way Ben looked when he was really sick.

“What are you all mopey about?” Brian's voice interrupted his reverie as he draped himself over the back of the sofa, hands sliding inside Justin's shirt.

“Hmmm? Nothing,” Justin responded, tipping his head up to meet Brian's kiss.

Brian's eyes made it clear he didn't believe him.

“Sure you're not thinking about my dick in your ass?” Brian grinned slowly at him.

“Oh, I'm definitely thinking about it,” Justin sighed.

Brian laughed. “Thinking about begging me to fuck you, so we can end this silly dare?”

Justin laughed at the hopeful tinge in Brian's eyes.

“No way, old man. I can hold out as long as you can. Longer.” Justin watched Brian's eyebrow go up. “After all, I'm younger than you, remember?”

“Which means you have less self-control,” Brian said, stepping around the side of the couch and pulling Justin to his feet. Justin jerked as Brian pulled him hard against his body, his lips lowering down in a rough kiss, fear fading under the onslaught of desire.

“That might have been true when I was 18,” Justin murmured between kisses. “But it really doesn't apply now that I'm almost thirty. And used to your wicked ways.”

“You really think you can handle me?” Brian's voice got that low edge to it again, the one that made Justin do stupid, stupid things.

“Yeah,” Justin breathed into his mouth. At the same time that his head screamed at him to back away, slowly.

“I'm going to find out what really can go in your ass,” Brian growled. “After I tie you up.”

He paused to let his words sink in, feeling the heat flow through him as the shudder passed through Justin's body. “Then we'll see how long you can handle not being fucked by this,” he pushed his cock against Justin's body. “You'll be begging me before I even get the blindfold on you.”

Justin shivered in Brian's arms, unable to help the spiral of desire tightening up his back. He really shouldn't let Brian do this. Really, really shouldn't.

“Doubt it,” he whispered, clinging to Brian's arms when Brian leaned him backwards into a deep kiss. Justin tried not to whimper as Brian fucked his mouth with his tongue, but he was too far gone to do anything other than let Brian lead him into the bedroom.

.....

When Justin opened his eyes, Brian was kneeling above him on the bed. Justin closed them again, trying to block out the painfully arousing image of Brian's expression, the red of his mouth, the dark of his eyes.

He startled when Brian's fingers brushed his lips, his mouth opening unconsciously to let Brian slide a finger in. He sucked it, head lifting off the bed as Brian pulled it away.

"Gonna make you come, Justin," Brian whispered, the wet finger rubbing slowly over Justin's nipple. Justin arched into it, breath hitching. "Make you come saying my name. Begging me."

Justin nodded, then shook his head. He gasped when Brian rolled him over roughly.

"Gonna fuck that pretty little ass of yours." Brian nipped at Justin's ear. "Fuck it slow, then hard, then..."

Justin's moan made Brian laugh softly.

"Want to just ask me now, and we're done with it?" Brian's lips brushed Justin's neck.

"Fuck you," Justin mumbled into the pillow.

Brian's laugh was low. "I think you meant to say 'fuck me'..."

"Bring it." Justin grinned to himself at the sudden stillness above him. Grinned, and then held his breath. The silence stretched between them for an exquisite, suspended minute.

"I'm going to make you very sorry for that," Brian said into his ear, voice low and hard. Justin shivered.

Justin jumped when Brian grabbed his wrist, pulling his arm firmly to the edge of the bed. He bit back a moan when Brian pulled the other arm to the opposite side. Spreading him like that meant more room for Brian to play.

Brian let his hand trace the shudder that ran up Justin's spine.

Justin didn't let his breath out until the first cuff locked around his wrist. Cuffs. Brian was serious then. Ropes he could get out of, sometimes. But cuffs – well, he wasn't going anywhere.

Justin drove his teeth into his bottom lip when the leather wrapped around his ankle. Brian didn't tie up his legs very often. He usually liked Justin to be able to move.

Justin squirmed into the pillow under his hips and pulled against the restraints, testing to see how much room he had. The bite of leather into his wrists made his cock jerk.

He pressed his forehead into the bed, struggling to compose himself. Brian always left him waiting a bit at first, let the idea of it sink in before he touched Justin. He listened while Brian rummaged around in the bedroom, opening drawers, walking to the bathroom and back, placing things on the bench at the foot of their bed. Justin focused on his breath, fighting the intense desire to lift his head and see what Brian was doing.

How he was going to survive this without begging Brian to fuck him was beyond him at the moment.

"Want the blindfold now, or later?" Brian's voice startled him, close beside his ear. He turned his head into Brian's, smiling at the look on Brian's face. He angled his head up and Brian met him in a soft kiss that lingered, turned into something stronger within moments.

"Do you know how hot you look like this?" Brian whispered into his mouth. "Makes me fucking crazy."

"Sure I'll be the one to crack first?" Justin raised one blond eyebrow at Brian as he moved on the pillow, angling his ass up higher. Brian smiled slowly at him.

"Yes."

Justin closed his eyes as Brian's fingers trailed down his spine.

"If you ask me to fuck you, you lose. Well – ask might be the wrong way to put it," Brian smirked. "Beg. Plead. Whatever. They all count." He lowered his lips to Justin's ear again. "If you ask, I will." Justin fought the shiver. "I'll fuck you as long and hard as you can stand it. Then I'll do it again."

Brian smiled as Justin's hands clenched into fists then slowly opened again.

"You want to ask, don't you?" Brian's voice moved farther away. "Wish I hadn't ever suggested this in the first place, huh?"

Justin shook his head.

He jumped when Brian's fingers brushed the back of his knee, sending goosebumps up the backs of both legs.

"Think of how many times I would have fucked you by now, if we weren't doing this."

"Same applies to you," Justin muttered. "You could have had my ass in the hotel in Pittsburgh. Could have fucked me at Babylon. Bent over the bathroom counter at Deb's."

"Then again in the hotel," Brian supplied, settling himself on the bed beside Justin.

"Exactly," Justin agreed. Wait, this wasn't helping...

"Think of how hard you come when I'm inside you," Brian's voice got even smoother, silkier, as his hands stroked the inside of Justin's thighs. Justin pressed his eyes closed.

"Think of how hard you come when you're inside me," Justin shot back, wiggling his hips slowly as Brian kept stroking.

He stopped talking when Brian's fingers feathered over his ass, stroking upwards softly, repeatedly.

"Hmmm, true." Brian's voice was right beside his head again, soft lips brushing his neck, his ear. "But think of how hard I'll come inside you when we do it raw."

Justin groaned, trying not to think about it.

"And then, of course, you'll actually feel me come, won't you Justin?"

Justin gasped when he felt a line of liquid land on his ass, sliding down his crack.

"Feel it shoot inside you..."

Still more, liquid running down onto his balls, over the curve of his ass.

"Dripping out of you, running down your thighs..."

Justin bit his lip and tried not to come from this alone.

He moaned when Brian's hand flattened on his ass, rubbing the lube around, his middle finger dipping into Justin's crack as he slid his hand up and down.

"Wet, like this."

Brian's fingers moved to the inside of his thighs, painting him with lube. Justin squirmed, rivulets of cool liquid curling around his balls, nestling into his pubes. He couldn't believe Brian was getting the sheets this messy.

“Wet, and open, stretched from my cock...”

Justin’s hands wrapped around the rope running from his cuffs to the wall as Brian’s finger stroked over his hole, pushing a little. The room was silent but for their breathing as Brian slowly pushed inside him, one long finger meeting more resistance than usual.

He heard Brian’s intake of breath when he tensed around the finger inside him, rotating his hips to drive it deeper, wider.

“Feels tight, Brian. Tighter than usual.” Justin smiled as Brian’s breath hitched. “Mmmm, feels good.”

“We’re just getting started,” Brian murmured, his other hand pulling Justin’s ass wider, rubbing down to his balls then up to where his finger was. Justin breathed out slowly when a second finger joined the first, turning inside him, curling up to stroke against his prostate. He moaned when both fingers started to thrust slowly, circling against his opening, stretching him.

“Won’t be so tight when I’m done.”

Justin bit down on his complaint when Brian pulled his fingers out, hands trailing slowly down the inside of Justin’s legs. He couldn’t help but squirm, which Brian knew. Knew he couldn’t take soft, ticklish touches like that and hold still. But he also knew that Brian got off on watching him squirm in his bonds, watching him try to get away from a particular caress when he had no hope of avoiding it. Like the one Brian was currently teasing across the back of his knees.

Justin was breathing heavily when Brian sat back on his heels, settling in between Justin’s spread, bound legs. Watching him writhe was making Brian’s cock ache, especially when he lifted his ass high, his hole pink and glistening.

He could see that Justin wasn’t expecting it when he felt the push of hard silicone against his opening. He moaned as Brian pushed it forward, the toy slippery from all the lube. Slippery but big. Fuck. Justin held his breath as he bore down on it, waiting until it was all the way in before letting the air go.

“Blindfold now.”

Justin squeezed his eyes shut at Brian’s words, feeling Brian move up the bed to slide the black silk over his eyes. He tried to breathe as Brian tightened the knot behind his head, cool fingers tugging it down to ensure Justin couldn’t see.

Then it was quiet, only the sound of Brian moving on the bed. Justin couldn’t focus on anything other than those sounds, and the hard plug impaling his ass. His hips rocked into the pillow beneath him for some friction, trickling waves of pleasure through his body as he moved.

“Want me to fuck you with it?” Brian’s whisper in his ear made Justin moan. He nodded.

“Too bad.”

Justin clenched around the plug, trying desperately not to imagine it sliding slowly out, pushing back in hard. Brian’s palm flat on the base didn’t help, a slow, steady pressure giving Justin something to push back against. Movement he wasn’t supposed to make, but his hips rocked anyway. He knew Brian would react, would make him stop. But he could get a few seconds of pleasure first.

The thought gave Justin pause. Then gave him a brilliant idea.

He pushed back against Brian’s hand harder, writhing in earnest, fucking himself into the pillow and forcing the plug to move inside him. Shit, that felt good.

“Stop, Justin.” Brian’s voice held a warning. Justin shuddered. He loved that tone. He moved faster.

“Justin. Stop. Or I’ll...”

Justin smirked. And kept moving.

“You won’t.” Justin’s voice was breathless, waves of pleasure crawling over his skin.

“You won’t spank me, because we both know there’s no way you can handle spanking me without fucking me.”

Brian’s snort rang in his ears as Brian’s hand grabbed his hip.

“Bullshit. Lift your ass.”

Justin pushed to his knees as much as he could, arms stretched high over his head as he kept his face on the mattress, the ropes stretched taut. He couldn’t move.

Brian watched him get into position, his body barely able to reach, only able to push his ass into the air and shift his weight onto his knees, not really kneel. The ropes at his ankles and wrists didn’t leave enough room to do it properly. He adjusted the pillow under Justin’s hips to help, adding another to take the strain off his back. Justin’s arms shook from the effort, his body stretched and spread. Fuck. Brian took a deep breath, hands running over Justin’s ass.

“Just because you did that on purpose doesn’t mean you won’t get what you deserve.” Brian’s hand began to land on him as he spoke. Justin’s whole body jerked with each slap.

“You think I can’t resist your ass like this.” Steady fall of smacks, each one a little harder than the last. Justin stopped breathing.

“When it’s red and warm from my hand.” Blows angling now, hitting the underside of his ass, closer to his leg. Sharp gasp when one landed on the inside of his thigh. Then another.

Justin tried to writhe away from them but his bindings prevented him from closing his legs. He tried to push his hips down, but the second pillow held him high.

“But you forget what this does to you. How much it makes you need to be fucked.”

He cried out when Brian suddenly pulled the plug out, his ass spasming and clenching around what now felt like a gaping hole. Brian’s hand tugged hard on his balls, pulling them out and away from his body, stretching them out on the pillow. Fingers pinching his scrotum lightly, then tapping. Tapping harder, back of his hand, over and over. The burn tingled up through his balls, making them ache. Then one thumb was climbing his crack, pushing easily inside his stretched hole. Rough, quick thrusts, not gentle but not hurting. The thrusts too shallow, the thumb not big enough.

Justin bit down on his lower lip to keep the pleas in his mouth. Thumb still fucking him, then spanks starting again. He groaned when the thumb stopped.

“Which one do you want?” Brian breathed into his ear.

“More,” was all Justin could whisper back, his voice almost unrecognizable to his own ears.

“Bigger?”

Justin nodded.

“Say it.”

“Yes. Please. Bigger – more.” Oh god.

“My cock?”

Justin groaned, forcing his head not to nod. “N.. no.”

Brian’s small laugh sounded frustrated, almost pained.

Justin moaned when he felt something at his hole, wider and thicker than the plug. Solid. Smooth. Not tapered at the end. Shit. It pushed harder and he tensed, sure it wouldn’t fit. “Too big,” he moaned, the sound broken.

“No, it’s not,” Brian soothed him. “You can take it. Relax.”

Justin took a deep breath. Brian’s fingers circled his hole, pushing inside and stretching the first ring of muscle gently.

“What is it?” Justin whispered.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” Brian murmured, his other hand rubbing Justin’s lower back. “Could be anything. You’re the one who said ‘there are lots of things that can go in my ass’. Remember?” Justin could hear Brian’s arousal and it made him shudder.

“A toy?” Justin tried not to ask, but not being able to see and not being able to move made him desperate to know. Not that Brian would ever really hurt him, but he could feel himself falling, losing the ability to reason. Needing. Needing more. Needing something.

“No.”

Justin made a sound suspiciously like a whimper. “No...” he wasn’t sure if he was repeating Brian, or asking. But he couldn’t. No. It was too much. “I can’t, Brian. No.”

“Yes, you can.” Brian’s lips pressed against his face, soft kisses over his skin. Justin turned his head into them, losing himself in it. Tongue plunging into his mouth until he was moaning, gasping. “No, please...” he begged.

“Yes. You can, and you will.” Brian’s voice was so sure, so firm.

“I can?”

“Yes. I won’t hurt you.”

Justin nodded. He knew.

“And I want it.” Justin started to melt at Brian’s words. His voice was so hypnotic. “Want to see it fuck you, Justin.”

Justin moaned quietly.

“Watch it slide into you. Opening you, impaling you.”

Justin started to grind his hips into the pillows.

“Gonna make you come like this.”

Justin moaned, lost. He nodded.

“Breathe,” Brian instructed. Justin felt pressure against his hole again. Fuck, it was big. He held his breath.

“Breathe,” Brian demanded, one stinging slap making him gasp.

He moaned, rubbing his face into the pillow to center himself.

“Pretend it’s my cock.” Justin smiled at Brian’s words, relaxing. Brian’s cock. Oh god, he wanted that.

“Cause you’re gonna ask for it before we’re done anyway,” Brian said wryly.

“Fuck you.”

Brian laughed.

Then pushed, making Justin gasp. They both moaned.

Brian pushed steadily, slowly, and Justin tried to breathe. The stretch was so brutal, burning. But burning so right, so good. He gasped for air.

“Fuck, Justin,” Brian groaned.

He didn’t know what it was, but if the sight of it made Brian sound like that, he could handle this.

“Hot?” he asked, breathless.

Brian tried to laugh, but it sounded more like a moan.

“Fuck yeah.”

It moved deeper, making him freeze.

“Shhh,” Brian soothed, palm rubbing circles into his back.

“Oh fuck,” Justin cried, as Brian angled it downwards, putting intense pressure on his prostate. His cock surged with pre-cum, soaking into the pillow. “Brian...” he whispered.

“God you’re hot like this,” Brian murmured.

Justin couldn’t say anything, could only feel. He moaned when Brian started to pull it out slowly, twisting it gently. Justin’s body lifted with it, as high as he could before he the ropes held him still, the leather pulling hard on his wrists and ankles.

When Brian started to move it in again, it forced the air out of Justin’s lungs. He sucked in a breath, fighting for calm. “Brian...” he moaned. “Not gonna last...”

He couldn’t remember the last time his ass felt this full, this taken. Except when Brian fucked him standing up, hard and fast, holding him against his body as he pounded. Or when he rode Brian hard... god. He buried his face in the pillow to stop from begging for it. Whatever Brian was fucking him with was big, and hard, but it wasn’t Brian’s cock. It wasn’t warm, and alive, and didn’t have a flared head that...

Shit. Justin chastised himself for even thinking it. This wasn’t helping to keep him from begging Brian. From ending this here, now. The thought was so tempting that Justin shook his head to clear it.

Brian moved the object inside him a little faster, angling it in a slow circle as he pulled. Justin knew he was humping the pillow under his cock desperately, but he couldn’t stop himself. He could hear Brian’s breathing behind him, feel the tight grip of his hand on Justin’s hip.

Then Brian's hand on his hip disappeared, and Justin heard Brian moan softly. Heard the distinctive sound of Brian's hand sliding over skin. He lifted his ass as high as he could within his bonds and was rewarded with the feel of Brian's knuckles rhythmically moving against him, heat radiating from his red skin to Brian's hand and back. Brian's other hand was still fucking him with the object over and over, making Justin shake from the sheer pleasure of it. Brian's breath was getting faster, harsher.

"Oh fuck..." Brian's moan was low and rough, the heat of his orgasm splattering across Justin's skin as he came. "Fuck, fuck..."

Justin groaned at the feel of being marked, branded by Brian's come, his own orgasm spiraling through him as he felt each spurt land. Brian fucked him once, twice – hard, and he came screaming, his cock soaking the pillow beneath him.

"Jesus..." Brian whispered, his head falling to Justin's shoulders as they both slumped on the bed. Justin let the warm weight of Brian's body soothe him, lull him almost to sleep. His own body felt heavy and slow, so he let Brian lift his limbs and unwrap each one, soft kisses pressed to the inside of his wrists and ankles. It hurt when Brian pulled the toy out of his ass, but Brian's hands soothed him, petting him softly before he tidied up. Justin still had the blindfold on but couldn't lift his head to do anything about it, so he waited until Brian crawled up the bed beside him and pulled it off carefully, tucking Justin's hair back behind his ears as he dropped the silk on the floor. Justin smiled sleepily at him, and Brian smiled back.

"I love you," Justin whispered.

Brian kissed him gently. "Just because I love you doesn't mean I'm going to give up, you know," he teased.

Justin's earlier fears came rushing back. He opened his eyes and held onto Brian's arms tightly. "Are you sure we should be doing this?" He wasn't sure if Brian knew that he didn't mean the dare.

Brian regarded him for a minute, then smiled softly, pulling Justin back into his embrace.

"Yes."

.....

Brian couldn't help but notice that Justin kept trying to figure out what he'd fucked him with, his hands lingering over cylindrical objects throughout the apartment, lifting them, measuring their size. He watched Justin holding a brush in the bathroom, slipping its handle through his fingers to gauge it.

"Way too small," Brian murmured, coming up behind Justin and wrapping his arms around him from behind. Justin blushed and dropped the brush, a guilty smile on his face.

"I could tell." Justin turned into his embrace, kissing Brian. "My ass can still tell and it's been two days."

"Still hurts?" Brian looked at him, alarm on his face.

"No," Justin reassured him. "Just can still kind of... feel it," he grinned sheepishly. And watched Brian's eyes go dark.

"Sure you won't tell me what it was?" he whispered, leaning up on his tiptoes to kiss Brian's mouth.

Brian shook his head. "It's way more fun to watch you walk around here, picking everything up, trying to figure out if I fucked you with it or not." Brian's whisper was low and rough. "Makes me want to fuck you with each of them."

Justin moaned quietly, leaning into Brian. "How many more days?" he asked breathlessly, his hand reaching down to cup Brian's cock through his jeans.

“Too many,” Brian muttered, lining up both of their cocks and grinding, holding Justin’s hips still against him. They kissed hungrily for a minute, Brian’s tongue mimicking the motion he wanted his dick to be making.

Justin didn’t want to play this game suddenly, didn’t want Brian to be thinking about all that he might be giving up. The idea of not only asking Brian to be monogamous, but to ask him to stop fucking entirely for the weeks leading up to their final tests seemed ridiculous now. Risky.

“Brian, we don’t have to...” Justin looked up at him, eyes serious.

Brian looked at him for a long minute, then leaned his head down, pressing his lips to Justin’s. “If you want to give up and admit you couldn’t handle two weeks without my cock, then bend over.”

Justin sputtered against his mouth. “Couldn’t handle it?”

Brian laughed.

“Ok, then. But Christ, if I can’t find something to put my cock in right now, I’m going to go find a glory hole or something. Maybe buy one of those fake fucking-sleeves that you can stick your cock into.”

Justin leaned into him, pressing his hipbone into Brian’s cock. “I can think of somewhere you can put your cock,” he whispered. “But why should I help you out? You should just admit that you can’t live without my ass, and then we’ll fuck.”

Brian chuckled quietly, his hands pushing Justin backwards toward the bed. “Deal. As long as you’re willing to never find out what I fucked you with. Or have me do it again.”

Justin’s eyes glazed over before he looked back at Brian.

“Or you could blow me, and then I could find something else in here to fuck you with. How about that brush you were just looking at?” Brian’s voice made Justin shiver. He leaned in to Justin’s ear and licked slowly. “Mmmm, how about you blow me, then I’ll fuck you with it while I blow you.”

Brian didn’t even have time to put his tongue back in Justin’s ear before Justin dropped to his knees, his hands pulling at Brian’s fly. Brian laughed briefly until Justin took his cock into his mouth, then all coherent thought went out the window as Justin started to suck.

.....

Justin was working when his phone rang. He wiped the paint off his hands before looking at the caller ID. Not Brian, so he was tempted not to answer it. He sighed, pushing the button.

He listened to the caller with surprise, barely uttering a “thanks” before hanging up, his phone heavy in his hand. He packed up his things, hastily screwing the tops back on the paint containers and leaving his palette on the sink before heading out the door.

.....

Brian couldn’t concentrate at work. He was listening to the voice of his client on the phone, suggesting revisions to the latest campaign and explaining why the board of directors didn’t like the ideas they’d seen. Brian didn’t bother to ask him why the fuck he was letting his board of directors tell him how to advertise.

He let his mind wander to the last few days as he adjusted his cock in his pants. His half-hard cock, which had pretty much been in that state for the last three days anyway. He’d used every persuasion technique he could think of to convince Justin to blow him every night after work, but even that wasn’t enough. Not that he didn’t enjoy Justin’s blowjobs – quite the contrary – but he hadn’t fucked anything other than Justin’s mouth or hand, or his own hand,

for almost two weeks. The other night he and Justin humped each other like teenagers on the couch, Brian almost coming in his pants until Justin took mercy on him and jerked him off.

He picked up his Montblanc pen and twirled it around his fingers. He eyed it critically, wondering if he could fuck Justin with it. Too small. His cock kicked at the thought of the number of things he'd put in Justin's ass over the last week. It had almost worked three days ago when he was fucking Justin with the handle of a paddle, then alternating a fine spray of spanks, then fucking him some more. Justin was begging, almost sobbing. He'd started to ask Brian to fuck him at least three times, but each time he managed to pull himself back just at the last second.

Brian almost had him there, then Justin had leaned up and jerked his own cock twice, coming in a violent rush all over his hand and the wall. Brian had smeared the come from his hand on Justin's ass, then licked him clean and came all over him. Then licked him clean again.

This was the longest fucking two weeks of his life.

He'd watched Justin's emotions spin out more and more as they got closer to the date. Not fucking probably wasn't helping, since it didn't give them their usual routine, preventing them from having the comfort and familiarity they were used to.

He knew Justin was worried, was afraid that taking this step was going to back-fire in some way. Or that it would endanger them. He'd seen the web pages that Justin had visited the other day – HIV risk information, mostly.

He knew both of Justin's fears were unfounded – that they'd be at greater risk once they weren't using condoms, and that Brian might run once he found himself tied into a monogamous relationship. Justin was forgetting that they'd essentially been monogamous for the last three years anyway. Brian got the odd blow-job when away on business, but it really wasn't his thing anymore to have a mediocre orgasm with a stranger. He no longer felt the need to pretend to be a club-boy at his age, no matter what the Pittsburgh crowd wanted from him. Keeping Justin tightly at his side when they were at Babylon on their infrequent visits made sure that no one noticed that he wasn't trolling the dance floor or the backroom. If he was in the backroom, Justin was there too, which was just fine by him.

He saw his cell phone flash a message indicator at him, and picked it up while his client continued to drone on in his ear. He clicked the text message open.

I give up. Come home and fuck me. Now.

Brian stood up, cutting off his client and grabbing his coat.

.....

When he walked into their apartment, the lights were low, only the stove light casting shadows in the main part of the flat and a slice of brighter light intersecting the floor from the bedroom. Winter in New York meant it was dark early, so the lights from the shops across the street flickered through the window.

He didn't call out to Justin, just dropped his coat on the bench by the door and made his way toward the bedroom. He could feel his heart beating in anticipation, adrenaline fueling his movements. He had no idea why Justin would cave one day before they were due to get their test results, but if it meant he was going to sink into that ass, he didn't fucking care. Even if he did have to wear a condom to do it.

His breath stopped when he crossed the threshold to the bedroom, Justin's body sprawled on his stomach across the bed, naked.

"Now that's the way to welcome your man home from work, honey." Brian meant to tease, but his voice sounded far thicker than he intended.

Justin stretched, his limbs languid and relaxed as he looked over his shoulder, a wide grin on his face. “Mmmm. It’s a good thing you got here so quickly. I almost couldn’t wait.” He turned over, his hand pulling lazily on his hard cock, his legs spread. Brian tripped over his shoes as he took them off.

“I’d fuck you anyway,” Brian muttered, stripping off his Prada shirt and yanking his belt through the loops on his pants.

“So what made you give up?” Brian asked, crawling up the bed as he ditched the last of his clothes. He inhaled Justin’s scent, his nose traveling from knee to groin to neck in one long movement. Justin arched up into him, moaning softly.

“I finally realized what I wanted.”

Brian chuckled, then waited for the rest.

Justin leaned into him, kissing his neck. Brian inhaled sharply when Justin started to suck a mark into his skin. Laughed a little when Justin pushed him forcefully onto his back.

“Frisky, huh?” Brian teased.

“You have no fucking idea,” Justin muttered, crawling over Brian and starting to suck a new mark into his chest, just above his nipple.

“Ah, hey...” Brian complained, but it came out much more like a moan. He groaned fully when Justin slid lower, sucking another mark just under his ribs.

“What’s with the hickies?” Brian gasped out, Justin’s hand closing around his cock as his mouth moved lower still, putting a new red welt on the side of Brian’s waist.

Justin lifted his head briefly, his eyes dark indigo as he flicked his gaze across Brian’s body possessively.

“Marking what’s mine.”

Brian would have laughed it off, but it caught in his throat as a breathy gasp. “Yours, huh?” he murmured, his voice low and heavy.

“Mine,” Justin stated firmly, his mouth moving to a new spot, sucking again. Brian arched into him.

“God, Justin. Can we skip the territorial behavior and get on with the fucking? You said you gave up.”

“Mmm. Ok.” Justin reached over and opened the bedside drawer. Brian pushed himself up the bed, linking his hands behind his head as he watched Justin get the prep items out of the drawer.

“Just couldn’t wait, huh?” Brian teased. “One more day and we’d be raw, Justin. Bare. In your ass...”

Justin turned to look at him, coating his fingers with lube. Brian watched his fingers as they moved behind his body, Justin’s arm angling awkwardly as his eyes closed. Brian closed his own eyes briefly, fighting the urge to grab Justin.

“Looking forward to it?” Justin’s voice was breathless.

Brian choked out a small laugh. “Nah.”

Justin smiled brilliantly at him. Then crawled up his body and nuzzled his nose into Brian’s ear, spreading his body out over top of Brian’s lean length. Brian’s hips pressed upwards as his hands came down onto Justin’s ass.

“So the idea of fucking me raw turns you on?” Justin’s mouth was right at his ear, warm breath and soft words. Brian snorted his agreement.

Justin circled his hips over Brian’s cock. “Good.”

Brian felt Justin lift himself up, moving to his knees as he straddled Brian’s body.

“Sure you won’t miss fucking other guys?” Justin bent to bring his lips back to Brian’s ear, his wet ass sliding over Brian’s bare cock. Brian groaned.

“Fuck, Justin,” he breathed. “Get the condom.”

“Answer me first,” Justin demanded.

Brian squeezed his eyes shut, trying not to thrust up into Justin.

“Yes, I’m sure.” Brian put his hands on Justin’s hips, grinding him in slow circles over his cock. “Sure that I don’t want to fuck anyone else. That I don’t care what risk, however small, may come from this.” Justin leaned forward and sucked on the side of Brian’s neck that he hadn’t marked yet.

“That I’m yours,” Brian breathed, biting his lip to keep from nudging his cock just that little bit further, straining every muscle to keep from pushing up into Justin’s body. “Justin. Condom. Now.”

“No.”

Brian’s body stiffened, his heart stopping briefly. He dug his fingers into Justin’s hips to try and keep him from moving away. The idea of Justin taking this away from him right now was too much to bear.

Justin lifted high onto his knees, pulling his ass away from Brian’s cock. Then leaned down and kissed Brian softly on the mouth, his lips gentle and coaxing.

“Mine,” he breathed into Brian’s mouth, his hand snaking between their bodies to hold Brian’s cock still as he lowered himself down.

Brian’s gasp was incoherent, jumbled words starting on his lips but dying as soon as Justin began to slide lower.

His hands hit the bed on either side of their bodies, twisting the sheets mercilessly as Justin impaled himself. “Justin,” he managed to gasp, but couldn’t say any more. Couldn’t breathe. Too hot. Too wet. Oh god – too much.

“Wha...” he tried to ask but then Justin was lifting up again, his head thrown back and his hands bracing on Brian’s chest as he started to ride.

“Oh god,” Justin groaned, his head falling as he slumped over Brian’s body, crumpling onto him. Brian’s hands flew to his back, stroking gently as Justin heaved over him, no longer moving.

“Justin!” His head was spinning and his cock was dangerously close to exploding. Inside Justin. Without a condom.

Justin lay on him for another moment, then lifted his head and pushed himself up. Then started to, oh god – ride – slowly.

“Tests came back...” Justin gasped as he lifted up. “Early...” Brian moaned loudly as Justin slammed back down.

“What?” Brian tried to ask what he was talking about, but he couldn’t think. Not with that much heat, that much skin. God.

“Safe,” Justin muttered, sweat breaking out on his forehead as he moved faster. “We’re safe.”

Brian arched up, shoving his hips to meet Justin's downward thrusts, earning a low keening sound from Justin's lips.

"Mine," Brian groaned, holding Justin's hips tightly as he rode. Justin moved his hand from Brian's chest to his face, pressing harder than was comfortable, but they were moving too fast, too hard for Brian to care.

"Yours," Justin gasped. "Always." He wasn't going to last, this was too much.

"Always," Brian agreed, curling his body upwards and pulling Justin down at the same time, shoving hard into Justin's body as the wave broke, his orgasm searing them both.

Mine, Justin thought.

.....

~fin~

The New Cancer

By Bjfangirl87

Timeline: Post 513, but while Justin is still in New York.
Brian shows Justin how to act at a classy Halloween party.
Warning: Unsafe sex.

Brian's POV:

I got off the plane a few hours ago, and listened to Justin tell me that his agent has him going to this classy Halloween party at the gallery his paintings are currently hanging in. Well, I did want to stay in his bed all weekend fucking him. But this party could be fun.

I'm sitting on his bed, waiting for him to exit the shower. I would be in there with him, but I can barely stand up in there by myself, much less attempt to have sex with him in that decreped thing. I can't believe my prince chose this, this slumhole of an apartment, over our home in the country. But then, I guess I pretty much forced him out, didn't I? Well, I really am a stupid son of a bitch sometimes.

Justin comes out of the shower, because I really can't call that waste of space a bathroom, and I want to ravish him. I want to just push him onto the bed, lick all the water drops off of his neck, and push into him. No need for condoms anymore. We may be in a long-distance relationship, but neither of us have tricked for the year he's been out here. And we got tested last month, last time I was here. We're both negative. So, we both agreed that this weekend, we forgo the condoms. And right now, seeing drops of water slide down his perfect skin, I want to just push into his tight little ass. Just fill him up, with my come, with my passion, with my love. Let him feel everything. Yeah, that's definitely my idea of a great evening.

But instead, he's putting on his costume. He's putting clothes on instead of taking them off. But I must say, this get-up looks stunning on him. It's classic and elegant. He looks like one of those victorian poets, with the ruffled white shirt making his porcelain skin look even more stunning, and those black trousers forming perfectly around his ass. He throws on that long, black velvet jacket and top hat, and my cock stands up to get a look. He'll definitely be master of the ball.

"What? I look stupid, don't I?" he says, looking down at the outfit like he did that time we were trying on tuxes for the wedding that didn't happen.

"No," I say, staring at him, reliving that moment in my mind, "You look beautiful."

He beams at me, and my heart melts. I'll never get over that smile.

He puts the top hat on the bed, and moves to the living room, looking for the tickets to this party. "You need to get dressed," he yells from the other side of the apartment.

I look at the clock next to his bed. 9:17. Yeah, I do need to get ready. This thing goes full-swing at 11:00. I take my costume out of my suitcase, and start putting it on, having already showered before Justin. I take out the black pinstripe suit, and black silk shirt. When those are on, I pull out a pure white tie, and I flash back to a white scarf I wore a few years back. I can only hope this night goes better than that one so long ago. I fix my tie, make sure everything looks perfect, and find my fedora hat, which also has off-white pinstripes. I look myself over in the bathroom mirror, and I think I look like one of those gangsters from a 1920's movie. Perfect.

Justin comes back into the room, and I can see the lust building in his eyes. Well, sorry to disappoint you, Sunshine, but we have to go to this party of yours. It is Halloween after all.

"Come on, Sunshine," I say, gesturing for him to follow me as I walk to the front door.

We each grab our wallets, cell phones and keys, and close the door behind us. Ten minutes later, we're in a cab, headed toward this fancy gallery shindig.

At 10:58, I'm walking in the glass doors alongside my beautiful blonde. Everywhere I look, I see older men dressed in suits and young women in slutty fabric that somehow pass for dresses, sipping their martinis. Yeah, definitely a pretentious bunch. Showing up this crowd will be fun.

"Ah, Justin, there you are," I hear from behind me. I turn around to see a handsome man, probably early 50's, black hair, graying slightly. He is dressed in a burgundy suit, a crisp red button down underneath. So this is Rick, Justin's agent. "And you must be Brian," he says, reaching a hand out to me. I return it, grateful that he's helped my Sunshine out so much while he's in New York. "Well, you men enjoy the party." He smiles before calling to some woman in a renaissance gown.

"So, how long do you have to be here?" I whisper in my lover's ear. I feel him shiver, and I know he craves me as much as I do him.

"An hour, tops," he replies, "just long enough to get a few cards, make some connections."

I slowly move my hand over his crotch, rubbing his cloth-covered cock with my palm. He gasps before pushing my hand away. "Behave," he hisses, before putting on a fake smile for some old man walking toward us. They shake hands and start talking about one of Justin's new paintings.

"I'm going to smoke, I'll be back," I tell him quietly before walking toward the doors. Then, something catches my eye. A huge, crystal punch bowl. I feel around in my jacket pocket, and sure enough, I brought drugs. Time to liven up this party. I pour the vial into the red liquid below, stir it a bit, and walk just outside the doors. I breathe the smoke in deeply, letting the nicotine seem into my bloodstream through my lungs.

When I finish my cigarette, I walk back into the room. Sure enough, it seems that everyone has loosened up. Couples are dancing and some are even making out. Just how a Halloween party should be.

Justin walks over to me looking pissed. "What the fuck did you do?"

I smile at him, "I just helped everyone out. Added a little something to the punch."

"God, Brian. Why?"

"Because I'm the new cancer," I explain. "This old place needed something to shake it up."

My blonde boy looks thoroughly confused. "Brian, what the hell are you talking about?"

"Justin, some days you really make me question those SAT scores," I tease, "What I mean is, we were like the cancer of this party. You know, the odd cells. We aren't stuffy like the rest of these people. We aren't 'normal'. So, I decided to spread it around a bit. Thus, making me the new cancer."

"Right," he gives me a look, and then glances around the room. "So, Mr. Cancer, what do we do now?"

I grab his wrist, and move us to a darker, more secluded corner onto a soft, white couch. I push him down onto it, and pounce on him, unbuttoning his ruffled shirt. "How about something like this," I purr into his ear. It's been too long since I'm had him, and I refuse to wait any longer.

"Brian," he breathes, "We shouldn't do this here."

I look around, and everyone else is in their own little world. "No worries, Sunshine. No one is paying any attention to us right now," I assure him, and go back to biting on his neck and chest. I sit him up just enough to remove his jacket and shirt, and lay him back down. He moans, clearly getting into it as I flick my tongue over his hardened nipples. He gasps, and I feel his dick stiffen even harder beneath me. I move my body and face lower, tonguing his navel as I unzip his trousers, and lift his ass just enough to remove them. He gets louder the lower I move my mouth, and yelps loudly when I lick the tip of his beautiful pink cock.

I can barely contain my excitement. My boy always tastes so sweet. I have to have more. And I know just how to get it. I take all of his length into my mouth, the head hitting my throat. I swallow around him, and he looks like he could come just from that. I release him from my mouth, and just lick around him like a lollipop while I get a small pack of lube from my pocket. I rub it between my fingers, getting it warm for him. Soon, I circle his hole with my fingers and he whimpers. He wants me inside.

"What do you want?" I ask him. He gulps, taking a second before answering.

"I want you inside me," is his answer. "Fuck me, Brian. Fuck me raw."

Now that goes straight to my cock. My first time without a condom. I can't wait. I push my finger into Justin's ass, getting him used to the sensation. "Do you like this? Knowing that at any second, someone could look over here at us?"

"Mmm..." he moans. "God, Bri...please." Okay, I'll take that as a yes.

I push a second finger in him, scissoring them stretch him, while with the other hand, I slowly remove my pants. I can only imagine how this is going to feel.

"Now, Brian, please. Fuck me," Justin pleads. And I just can't tell him no any more. I lube up my cock, and align it with his pucker. "Ready?" I ask. He nods, and I slowly push in.

Oh. My. God. I have never felt anything so good in my life. It's so hot and tight, and I think I might melt or explode or both. I give him a second to adjust, and push into him again. This is apparently going to be quick, because I'm already right on the edge.

I grab his dick, pumping it as hard as I can, because I'll be damned if I come before he does. I rub my thumb over his slit, and lean my face over his, looking into his eyes.

"I love you Justin. And I love being with you like this."

"Oh, Brian...I love you too....This feels... amazing" he says between shallow breaths, and I can tell he's barely holding back. He's right on the edge of orgasm with me. Well, I can't hold out much longer, so it's time for both of us to go.

I kiss his lips hard, push my thumb into his slit, and rub my cock against his prostate all at once, and loses it. His body is writhing below mine. His anal walls clamp down on my cock, which milks my own orgasm out of me. It feels fucking amazing, and I know I never want to go back to condoms.

After we both come down from our sexual high, we grab a few napkins from the table beside us, and clean up a bit before putting our clothes back on. I reach out a hand for him, pulling him up from the couch.

"We can leave now," he tells me, and says a good-bye to everyone, none of whom are paying us any attention, caught up in their own debauchery for the night. We walk out the doors, and are soon entering a cab, riding back to Justin's apartment.

And I have to admit, I can wreck a party with the best of them, because that was a damn great Halloween night. And it's about to get better. Just as soon as I get my prince home.

A Trip to the Met

By Not_yet_defined

Warnings: NC-17, minor BDSMishness, PWP, and there might be a tiny spec of schmoop

Justin POV

It's 9:45am on a cold February morning so the Met was relatively quiet. The ring of my cell startles me, and I quickly flip it open.

"Hey," I whisper.

"Where the fuck are you?"

I snort and it kind of echoes in the empty gallery. "Nice hello."

"Well? And why are you whispering?"

"I don't want to wake up my other boyfriend."

"Justin."

"Settle down, I'm at the Met, s'quiet in here today, felt like I should be whispering."

"Fuck. Why aren't you here?"

"Why are you there? I just saw you two hours ago." I can't help grinning, ever since Brian and I had got our results back a few weeks ago, he had managed to come up with an inordinate amount of reasons why he needed to step out of the office and drop by the studio at random hours of the day.

"Meet me in the Ancient Near Eastern Art Gallery in 30 minutes."

"What?"

His voice is low and deliberate. "Ancient. Near. East. 30. Minutes."

"Bri..."

"Justin."

"But..."

"Justin, Jesus, are you going to just fucking do what I'm telling you to or do I have to put you over my knee and spank you in the middle of the museum?"

Sigh...tempting, but at home, in private, not so much in a museum. Not that he would actually do it. Right?

Brian laughs, "Hard choice?"

Instant blush. "Fine, see you in 30 minutes."

"Good Boy."

The line went dead and I just stare down at the phone in my hand. I want to be annoyed, or pissed, or something by this whole conversation, but my dick is already starting to get hard. So mostly I just wonder how I was going to distract myself from it for the next 30 minutes and get it to behave.

Brian POV

He is standing in front of a glass wall with several artifacts behind it when I spot him. There was a wall to his immediate right and no one else around, save the security guard wandering around the galleries in this corner of the museum.

I walk up behind him and slide my left arm around his chest, allowing my long dark wool coat to fall open and surround us both on either side.

“Hey,” I whisper as I bend my neck down to kiss his, just below the ear.

He smiles and moves to turn around in my arms, but I hold him tight against my chest, letting him feel my hardening cock press into his lower back.

“What are you looking at?” I ask, as I rest my cheek lightly against the hair on the side of his head.

As he starts to ramble off the descriptions of what was before us, I grab his right hand with my own and start to snake them both underneath the waistband in the in front of his paint splattered cargos.

“Brian!” he begins to protest, and tries to pull his hand away.

“Justin, relax. No one can see what we’re doing.” It was true enough, although the two of us just standing in one place, pressed against each other would probably have raised a few eyebrows and caused some speculation. But there was no one around at the moment. Although I wasn’t entirely sure about the possibility of surveillance cameras, but honestly, that thought only made this more fun, and it seemed unlikely one was in a position to see exactly what we were doing.

He blushes, but allows me to guide his hand down to his cock. I help him stroke himself a few times before removing my hand. He starts to follow suit.

“No Justin. I want to watch you.”

He is blushing furiously now, and he is so warm against my chest and thighs, but he keeps stroking himself. I keep my face pointed forward but cast my eyes down, watching his hand move underneath his pants. I flick my eyes up to the dim reflection of the two of us in the glass and see that he is watching us there through half-hooded eyes.

Fuck that’s hot. “Fuck you’re hot.” I whisper as my eyes drift back down. His hand is moving faster now, and I can feel my cock starting to leak.

A couple people stroll into the far end of the gallery and he whimpers my name. Pleading with me, but he doesn’t stop until I grab his wrist, pulling his hand out, and step away from him.

“Bathroom?”

He nods his head to the left. My hand is still firmly around his wrist as I try to walk calmly towards the nearest men’s room.

Once inside I pull him into the far stall, shut the door and push him against the wall. He sucks my bottom lip into his mouth before whispering, “Fuck me Brian, please,” against my lips. I pull back to hang both our coats on the

hook behind the stall and his hands are already frantically undoing my slacks and pushing them down just below my hips. His hand grasps my cock and his thumb slides over the slit, spreading the pre-come over the head.

My lips are back on his, thrusting my tongue into his mouth, sliding it over his own as his hand continues to work my cock. I undo his pants and push them down until they fall freely, pooling at his feet.

He is jerking us both now, every so often capturing the pre-come from his own dripping cock and slicking it down mine. He sucks greedily on the two fingers I offer him, before I reach down and slide one of the wet digits into his hungry ass. The second one quickly follows as he moans against my lips. He abandons his own cock as he continues to fist mine and wraps the fingers of his free hand around the top of the door for support. As I scissor my fingers inside of him, he starts to beg.

“Fuck Brian, Fuck me. Now. Please, fuck me.”

He whimpers softly when I pull them out, but is already turning around towards the wall before my hand is on his back guiding him there. I need to feel his skin under my lips and I push his shirt up under arms so I can bend down to kiss and lick and bite at his back and shoulder blades. I grab both his wrists in one hand, pressing them against the wall above his head, and whisper for him to stay just like that. He is slightly bent, legs spread, waiting and open as I position my cock at his hole.

When my head slips in past the first ring I shudder with pleasure and groan quietly. I can't seem to get used to this. Skin on Skin. Justin soft and tight, enveloping me, with nothing in between us. Apparently, neither can he because my quiet groans are drowned out by a very loud moan from him with that first push, before he remembers where we are and curses under his breath. I can't help but laugh softly as I bend and kiss him between his shoulder blades.

“Fuck Brian,” he pleads, “Go slow.”

I inch my way inside of him so we can both adjust to the feel of it. I can tell he is biting his lip from the quiet sounds he is now making.

Once I am deep inside I start to move with slow shallow thrusts, despite an overwhelming urge to pummel his ass. But soon, he is begging for just that. I place both hands tightly around his hips and I start to fuck him hard, pulling almost all the way out before thrusting back in. He pushes back against me thrust for thrust.

“Oh god, please Brian,” he begs, and I move one hand to his cock, letting him fuck my fist. I know he is almost there, I know he what he is waiting for. I thrust in hard and deep, shooting inside him. As soon as he feels it, my hot come burning inside of him, slicking my cock from deep within him, he is right there with me, his cock jerking in my fist as he comes.

“Fuck, Justin.” I whisper, wrapping my arms around him and holding him tight against me as we both struggle to regain our breath.

After a moment he looks back at me, grinning his trademark sunshine grin, blue eyes sparkling.

“You know, this was almost worth not getting spanked.”

I raise an eyebrow, “Almost?”

He just shrugs. Although we both know he is full of shit.

I laugh and smack his ass. “Don't worry little boy, we'll take care of that tonight, at home.”

Impossibly his grin gets bigger. I roll my eyes, but I can't help grinning back at him.

“You're such a slut Sunshine.”

“Yeah, but I’m your slut,” he whispers against my lips.

And I know it’s probably completely lesbionic, but I can’t help finishing off the thought in my head, all mine, only mine.

The End

Paradigm Shift

By Bigboobedcanuck

Brian and Justin doing it raw for the first time. Rated NC-17.

Brian's shaving at the sink, thinking about Remson's latest demands to cut agency fees when Justin tells him. Justin finishes toweling off and lingers for a few moments before turning to face him. Brian's hand falters only momentarily as Justin speaks.

"I don't think I'm going to trick anymore."

Brian says nothing, just continues the scrape of metal against his cheek.

"I just feel like...I feel like I'm doing it because I'm supposed to, not because I really want to. It's...boring."

Brian rinses the blade under the hot water. "Okay."

"So, I just thought you should know."

"Right." Brian tilts his chin up and the razor arcs upwards.

Justin watches, the towel hanging limply in his hand.

Brian looks at him in the mirror. "If you're expecting me to say—"

"I don't expect anything, Brian." Justin returns the towel to the rack and walks away.

Sometimes Brian's amazed by how time can pass while you're not really paying attention. It's been two years since Justin came back from L.A., and they've been floating along comfortably, going to work and school and not really doing anything very important.

Their routine is predictable and easy. They live together and eat together and sleep together and fuck together. They fuck other people when they want to, and Justin never tries to have picnics on the floor.

Sometimes Brian looks at him and can't imagine Justin was ever that young.

Of course, now everything is different. He feels unbalanced in a way that he didn't expect, and he wishes Justin would just come out with him and plow some hot guy in the backroom. But Justin won't. Brian tries not to pressure him, but he feels like he's doing something wrong and he hates that Justin always takes the fucking high ground.

One night Brian puts on his favourite club shirt as Justin sits in the living room, drawing quietly.

"Why don't you come out?"

Justin doesn't look up. "Not tonight. I don't feel like it."

"You never feel like it." Brian zips up his jeans and cringes at the needy tone in his voice.

Justin's pencil scratches away on his pad. "Yes, I do. I went out twice last week. I just don't feel like it tonight."

“It’s not the same as before.”

Justin looks up at this. “I know. I don’t want it to be the same as before.”

Brian stalks to the fridge and grabs a beer. “Don’t you want to have fun? Or have you outgrown that?”

“Tricking isn’t fun.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Justin sighs and lets his pencil drop to the table. “You know what I was thinking about with every trick I was with in the last year?”

Brian raises his eyebrows and waits.

“I was thinking that I wished they were you. That I never get off as hard or long as I do when I’m with you. When we’re together, it’s better than anything else I’ve ever had, and anything else I think I will ever have. So what’s the fucking point? No one else comes close.”

Brian finishes his beer and practically runs out the door.

The night of the Best Abs Contest, Brian comes home from work to find Justin puking his guts up in the bathroom. Brian gets him water and helps him to bed.

“Don’t worry about me, go out and have fun,” Justin says, shivering.

“I was going to stay in anyway.”

“No you weren’t.”

“Yes I was.”

Justin’s smile is weak. “Liar.” He falls asleep soon, and Brian ends up reading a book in bed beside him. Some paperback thriller that he picked up in the airport a week before, but never finished because he ended up getting blown in the tiny airplane bathroom.

He never does find out who has the best abs on Liberty Ave.

The day that Brian falls asleep in the bathhouse getting a blowjob is a day that he should mark on his calendar. But he doesn’t, and he can’t remember now exactly when it was. Tuesday? Wednesday? Or maybe it was the weekend.

But Brian remembers the alien sensation of opening his eyes and not knowing where he was or what was going on. The trick was gone, but some old, saggy queens in the corner snickered and whispered, their eyes gleaming.

Now he feels like he has put on a new pair of glasses, and the world has crystallized before him, all sharp angles and minute detail.

The holidays are loud and busy, and Brian welcomes the distraction. Thanksgiving at Deb’s is full of turkey and booze and football, the latter demanded by Horvath. Drew entertains them by telling locker room stories about the players he knew, and whether they were cut or uncut.

Brian and Justin end up making out in the downstairs bathroom and Michael rolls his eyes and tries not to smile when they finally emerge, red-mouthed and flushed.

Valentine's Day obnoxiously approaches, and Brian thinks that if he sees one more red heart on TV or in the stores, he'll scream and shove Cupid's bow and arrow up his little round ass.

Gus gives him and Justin Valentines, scrawled with words of love. Brian puts them on the fridge and Justin smiles a real smile for the first time that week.

On the 14th, Justin is quieter than usual. He draws intently on the coffee table, and as Brian changes out of his suit, the silence is thick in the air. Brian pulls his old jeans on and finds a t-shirt. He tries to be quiet as he settles into the couch with a magazine, not wanting to break Justin's concentration.

"Shouldn't you be getting ready?" Justin asks.

"For what?"

"The Valentine's party at Babylon. It's one of the hottest nights of the year."

"Do you want to go?" Part of Brian hopes he does, and he's suddenly ashamed. But the temptation to slip back into that comfortable world is strong sometimes.

Justin shakes his head. "No. But you should."

"Why?"

Now he's got Justin's attention. "What?"

Brian flicks through the magazine. "I asked why."

"Because it makes you happy."

"Do you really think so?"

"No. But you do."

Brian puts the magazine down and they stare at each other for a long time. Finally he slides off the couch and crawls around the table on his hands and knees, their eyes never wavering. The first kiss is soft, but soon the hunger takes over and their lips and tongues and teeth connect.

Brian presses Justin back against the carpet, pushing the table away at the same time. Pencils skid and roll off the other side as Brian pulls Justin's shirt off. He licks and sucks Justin's chest, the taste of his skin making him hard and eager.

They kiss again and Justin grab's Brian's face between his hands. He pulls away and looks up intently, eyes questioning. Brian kisses him and Justin moans low in his throat as their bodies fit together, searching.

Soon they're both naked, and Brian swallows Justin's cock, his teeth lightly grazing the shaft. Justin gasps and twists Brian's hair almost painfully in his fingers as Brian sucks him deep into his throat. He starts whimpering, and Brian spreads Justin's legs and lifts his ass up so he can taste it, his tongue finding Justin's hole quickly.

Brian feels like he wants to devour him whole, turn him inside out. He licks and sucks and pushes his tongue inside. Then he can't wait one more second for it, and he sits up and hauls Justin's legs up onto his shoulders. Justin's eyes are glazed and his mouth is slack. Brian leans down and kisses him, Justin's cock hard between them.

"Are you clean?"

Justin blinks up at him. "What?"

"I said, are you clean?"

"Yes."

"Me, too. It's been months now." They both breathe heavily, muscles taut and waiting.

"What are you saying?" Justin licks his lips and shakes his head a bit like he's trying to focus.

"I'm saying it's never half as good with anyone else as it is with you."

Justin stares, disbelieving.

Brian's heart pounds in his chest. He's sure Justin can hear it. "I'm saying I'm clean and I'm going to stay that way, and I want to come inside your tight little ass."

Justin takes in a sharp breath. "Do it. Fuck me, Brian."

And he does. For the first time ever without a rip of plastic, he pushes inside him, and it's so hot and wet and tight and god, god, god. They both shake and breathe and watch each other with something like awe. Brian never thought it would be like this. Didn't know it could.

He thrusts all the way in and leans closer, shoving Justin's knees further into his chest. Sweat drips down Brian's forehead and beads on Justin's top lip as their bodies quiver and slide. Brian leans in and licks Justin's lips slowly as he starts to move.

He can't get over how hot it is, how the feel of skin on skin is warm and right – the way it should be, without cold latex in the way. He can't imagine how he's lived this long without it. His cock burns, and they both pant and moan with every thrust, eyes wide open.

He starts to pump faster, the rough friction making him groan. They kiss again and move together, Justin's ass squeezing down, his cock leaking between them. Justin's teeth find Brian's lip and Brian tastes blood. Swallows it, wants more. Wants Justin's blood, wants everything.

"Oh, God. Come inside me, Brian."

Brian tries to make it last, but he starts to tighten and he jerks Justin as he comes, shooting long and hard. Justin throws his head back and he's coming too, eyes finally closed, mouth gaping.

Brian lowers Justin's legs to the floor and rests their foreheads together as they catch their breath. They lie in still silence, then he pulls out and collapses onto his side, arm draped across Justin's chest, legs tangled.

For the first time in a long time, Brian feels something that might be peace. "Damn. Should have done that a long time ago."

Justin smiles, and looks seventeen again.

Just Another Night

By Notreallyme10

Timeline: post 513

I pour the lube over his hole. Too much. Until his ass and balls are dripping with lube and come from the previous fuck. I slip my fingers around in the mess before roughly pushing two inside him and then pulling them out just as fast.

Justin lays still, exhausted, and yet moaning with every new sensation. He loves being spread like this, played with.

I shove my dick in hard and fast. Holding it there, deep inside him for several long drawn out seconds and then pulling out, watching his hole twitch. Clench and unclench.

I love him like this, wet with sweat and spit and come and lube. Open and uninhibited. Completely submissive.

I massage his balls pulling them down and away from him. They're slippery and fighting to pull back up tight to his body.

I put a finger back on his asshole, moving it just inside, pulling, teasing.

He's short of breath and whimpering. But he isn't ready to come, he wants me to keep toying with him. He wants me to draw this out, wind him up tight before I let him go.

Sometimes I tease him and he begs me to give him release, but sometimes he settles in and lets me - wants me to make him crazy. He doesn't say it, but I know he wants me to keep him in this place, where he completely lets go and just enjoys.

I firmly tap on his hole four or five times and then push my dick inside him again. I start to fuck him but every few thrusts I pull out all the way. Leaving him feeling empty, never letting him get used to feeling full.

My dick is wet with lube and precome and I pause to stroke myself. It feels good and I know what I want.

I bring my wet hand down hard on his ass. He moans and I do it again. And again.

My hand is hot on my cock when I begin stroking myself again. I come all over his reddened ass, his tight hole and his balls. He's dripping with it. I smear it around. I push it inside him with one finger and then two. I rub his prostate on the inside with my fingers and his perineum on the outside with my thumb. I squeeze his balls with my other hand, pulling harder than before, drawing out the inevitable for a few more seconds.

I move my fingers harder and faster and I feel him coming, his hole closing tight around my fingers, his entire body shaking.

He'd fall asleep in this mess if I let him. But I won't, in a few minutes I'll drag him to the shower, wash him clean and then change the sheets while he brushes his teeth.

Kiss Me

By Shannon Marie

Having finally rid them of the last clothing, Brian sat back and surveyed the beautiful body laid out before him. Justin gazed back at him, a soft smile playing at the corner of his luscious red lips. He reached up, tangling his fingers in Brian's fine hair and pulled him closer. "Kiss me."

Brian smiled back, rubbing his thumb over the tempting flesh.

Justin tightened his hold, playfully tugging the chestnut locks. "Don't tease."

Brian raised an eyebrow. "I haven't even started yet." He expected the blond to try and rise up, to rebel, and he placed a hand on each cheek, gentle but firm to hold him. "Don't move."

Justin's reward for obeying was a short series of light whispery kisses. He sighed contently and settled back to let Brian shower him with affection. He loved when Brian wanted to play like this. Hell, he loved everything about Brian, but this was a side no one else ever saw, or ever would.

The older man felt Justin relax and smiled against the soft warm cheek beneath his. He licked his lips and pressed a firmer kiss this time, rubbing back and forth as he slicked the swell of rosy skin. The other man quivered but remained still. Brian let the tip of his tongue play along the edges, stroking every crease and fold of silky softness all the way around. Then he cut across the middle, swiping over the slight part. Justin moaned softly and gave Brian a little larger peek of pink inside. Chuckling at the blatant invitation, Brian slid his tongue in a little further and the blond keened more loudly, quickly pulling the teasing appendage deeper.

The artist loved Brian's mouth, and all the amazing things he could do with his long devilish tongue. Justin fought hard to remain still, it was his part of the game, but he didn't think he could last much longer. He knew that was pathetic, a little tongue and he was mush, but it wasn't just the feel, it was the intent. When Brian kissed him, pried him open and plunged inside, it was like he was trying to eat him alive. Combine that with the fact that they hadn't had any time together for several days and suddenly a little lip service was nirvana. All encompassing, heightened beyond belief. And he knew Brian felt the same way. The man was devouring everything he could. Lips fastened to him, coaxing and demanding, while that wicked tongue plundered every nook and cranny. God, he could come just like this.

Brian swirled his tongue, driving it deeper into the wet heat surrounding him. It always amazed him that Justin had no idea how intoxicating he was. The older man sought every nuance of texture and flavor hidden in the sweet recesses. His young lover whimpered again, writhing a little and Brian knew what he wanted. He moved his hand to Justin's hard cock and squeezed. The shaft pulsed in his hand and Brian's own twitched in response. He pushed his needs aside for the moment and concentrated on the man straining beneath him. The exec's hand slicked pre-cum along the shaft as he began a steady demanding rhythm, a perfect balance to the maddening pressure from his mouth. Within minutes, Justin was on the edge and Brian let his teeth graze a nibble of tender flesh, intentionally pushing the blond into the abyss.

The delicious friction and little sting sparked an electrifying orgasm and Justin arched off the bed as currents of pleasure wracked his body. When he finally stopped shaking and slowly opened his eyes, Brian was leaning over him, slicking his painful erection with Justin's cum. His hazel eyes blazed with need and Justin opened for him willingly.

Brian groaned as the wet heat enveloped his cock this time, compressing around the head, massaging the sensitive cap. He gasped as Justin pulled him all the way in until he was buried to his balls. The blond wrapped tightly around him, constricting as the head of Brian's cock nudged as far as it could go. That exquisite pressure was too

much, the older man had waited too long and erupted unexpectedly. If Justin was surprised he didn't let it show, greedily milking the emissions from his lover with panting breaths.

"Fuck, baby," Brian groaned regretfully as he collapsed and rolled to his side.

The younger man didn't want to stop, but he knew Brian needed a moment and let the flaccid cock slip away temporarily. A dribble of cum ran along his cheek and he turned to Brian, knowing the older man wouldn't be able to resist. "Kiss me again," he purred.

Brian's eyes slowly drifted open, the satiated droop of his lids giving over to renewed lust as he focused on the slightly gaping pucker presented before him. The outer lips of Justin's hole were a little puffy and reddened from Brian's earlier attention and glistened from the sheen of saliva and cum.

Justin watched Brian's eyes drink him in, practically screaming for the exec to just do it as the older man licked his lips. But he didn't. His part of the game was to not move. To let Brian love him at his own pace. Now that they'd gotten the first frenzied release out of the way, he knew Brian would be able to hold off and spend the rest of the night on round two if he wanted.

Oh, yes, he wanted.

The older man bent his head and began again, rubbing soft kisses against the distended folds around the twitching hole, then chewing them away as his tongue hungrily lapped at the streaks of cum running back out. He dug in deeper, delving for every drop of their combined essence.

He never could resist when Justin asked for a kiss.

Mine 2

By Doppelganger

He lay on our bed, half naked and ready to be taken.

He rubbed his head on my neck then whispered my name; his legs wrapped around my waist.

Justin, are you--

I'm ready...

I swallowed and spread lubricant on his hole.

I anticipated.

He watched...

Then, he brought a palm to his mouth and lustfully licked it before grabbing my dick.

I slowly slipped inside his tight ass.

Brian...

Bare, raw skin on naked skin...

Just like our first time...

I was the first...

And once again I am the first...

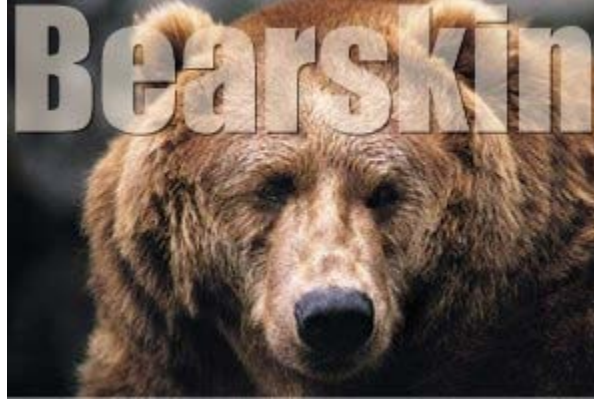
Mine...

I never want this moment to end...

-FIN-

Bearskin

By Miss Miko (Head Over Heels)



AU

The street teemed with bodies, ants in an ant hill busy building castles made of sand, fragile edifices at risk from a careless gesture. Much like the people themselves. Wearing their vulnerabilities in the form of overly pumped bodies, designer clothes, expensive haircuts, and aggressive stances. All it would take was the big bad wolf showing up at their doors to huff and puff and blow their houses down and they would scatter, wagging their tails behind them. He wanted to laugh at them, laugh at the rickety walls they'd erected around themselves. But hadn't he built just such a wall? And hadn't it been shown to him that he'd been guilty of arrogance and pride beyond justification? The difference between them and himself was that he knew the error of his ways. He had suffered and would continue to suffer until his sentence had expired.

There were years left to go. Years. Years. His knees buckled under the weight. Years. There was no crueler word to his ears. If only for a second he could be free. But he was always watched. Always. He could feel the eyes upon him. Watching. Waiting for him to make a mistake. Waiting to swoop down upon him and lay him bare and all of his years of suffering would be for naught and he would be left naked and exposed to the world. He could hear the mocking, knowing laughter. What a fool he'd been. What an arrogant, ignorant fool. Why?

He was unaware that he'd spoken aloud until a woman hurried by clutching her purse. "Bitch," he growled. As if he wanted whatever paltry sums she'd secreted away in her knockoff Coach bag. As if he needed it. Money he had. Compassion, human kindness, that was what he lacked. What he would not find, not as long as the world put more stock in appearances than substance. He lived in a world of reflective surfaces. Put up by narcissistic people who couldn't stand to look at a thing, a person and not see themselves. The world was populated by clones. No one wanted to look at the person across from them on the subway and see failure. The only crimes in the world were poverty and difference. He appeared to be guilty of both.

Raggedy Man the kids called him. From that movie, Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome. He was Mad Max to them, wandering the streets in search of a future that dodged his grasp, always just out of reach. The present, however, would not leave him alone, hemming him in, roughing him up. He stank of failure and difference. He stank period. In his soiled and tattered clothes. An Army dress uniform that had seen better days, his ribbons still intact but obscured by dirt and faded by the sun. Shoes that hadn't been spit-polished for years, split over the toes, stuffed with newspaper to keep away the frostbite in winter. And over his uniform he wore a tattered coat, its matted fur crawling with lice and other vermin. Raggedy Man indeed. Even if he had been able to put off his coat and his clothes, still he would have frightened all who saw him for he was caked with dirt and filth, his hair and beard recalling Biblical prophets who had wandered the desert. His fingernails had grown so long, they'd transformed his hands into claws. He was more animal now than man. A performing bear, slumbering down the streets to the amusement of children

and to the disgust of adults who secretly wished the kids would pelt him with stones and crack his skull and rid the world of his foul being. He could see it in their eyes: the hatred. He saw everything. An invisible man sees much.

He saw that even money means little without the proper attire, the right accoutrements, and an acceptable demeanor. He had a pocket full of money. Always. He could have commanded a suite at the Ritz-Carlton, and had on many occasions. Before he'd begun his inexorable slip into bestiality. When he'd still been able to pass. When he was a shining example of the country's commitment to freedom and the American way. Then, there hadn't been enough they could do for him. A military man with the means to pay his own way, who didn't complain about mistreating prisoners, who didn't badmouth the government? They'd loved him. He'd dined among the hoi polloi. Lay in his fur coat on sheets with the very highest thread count. Shared his bed with beautiful, slender, drowsy-eyed men with talented lips and fingers, tight asses. Now, even the lowest hustler, pock-marked with needle tracks wouldn't touch him no matter how much he offered them. Now, he was turned away from fleabag hotels even though he waved money up front in the grim faces of their proprietors.

Since he could not spend his money, he gave it away. Dipping into deep pockets, he donated money to the homeless shelters, to the battered women shelters, to the AIDS hospices, to the orphanages. They all took his money gratefully if not at a distance. With turned heads, they praised his generosity. Even offered to help him. To clean him up, set him back on the path to becoming human again. But each time he refused: they either took him as he was or not at all.

So he slept on the street, curled up in his bearskin, and dreamt of smooth skin and rich wine.

And remembered...

Returning home from the war to a lukewarm hero's welcome, ready to make a name for himself. Not really sure what he was going to do only that it would be big. Only something really big could assuage his pride.

He walked into the bar, wearing his dress uniform, feeling like new money, feeling all eyes gravitate towards him. He sat down in a booth by himself, waiting for the feeding frenzy to begin. How beautiful he was, how amazingly beautiful. Strong, sexy, confident. One of the waiters came over and took his order, took a moment to look him over, knowing, instinctively, that he was not good enough. He smiled a tight, little smile in acknowledgement of the fact and the waiter left to get his drink. After the man put it down on his table, he cupped the tumbler of bourbon in his hands and sat staring into its amber depths, wondering what the future held for him.

A shadow fell across him. He glanced up and into a pair of green eyes, not hazel like his own but a deep green that spoke of rainforests. The man's skin was dark, darker than any tan he'd ever seen yet his features belonged to no one ethnic or racial group. He had a straight nose, slightly tilted eyes, a sharp chin covered by a goatee, and thick lips. His hair was nearly black and hung past his shoulders, cascading down his back in soft waves. Although he was dressed casually, his clothes seemed impeccably tailored from the perfectly fitted shirt and trousers to the obviously hand-stitched leather moccasins.

"May I?" he asked, the timbre of his voice causing the muscles in the soldier's belly to ripple.

Finding his own voice swooning somewhere in the depths of his abdomen, he replied, "Sure."

But instead of joining him, the dark man turned and beckoned with a graceful motion of his hand.

There was never any doubt that he would follow.

He slipped into the passenger seat of a black Ferrari and strapped himself in. A strong hand shifted gears next to him and in between changes stroked his thigh. He felt his cock stir each time a finger grazed his crotch. Of his own volition, his hands opened the jacket to his uniform and began undoing the buttons on his shirt. The driver reached over and cupped a pec, squeezed it, then pinched his nipple. Hissing, he pushed his chest forward, arching his back. But the hand withdrew.

Only to return to its former haunts. The broad palm covered his groin, fingers applying the slightest pressure to an already full package. At first. And then they began to press harder and harder, sliding up and down the cloth-covered tube of flesh that strained against its confinement.

"Ah!" he cried, his head lolling against the back of the leather seat. His hands fluttered helplessly, unable to settle on anything because nothing could ground him, not now, not when he'd been so incredibly and expertly aroused. Hips rising up off the seat, he shot his load in his pants, jerking against the seatbelt with a groan.

The hand withdrew and the driver, whose attention had never wavered from the road, smiled.

The car pulled into a parking garage where an attendant buzzed them through the gate and nodded familiarly. Aware that they were about to exit the Ferrari, the soldier looked at the front of his trousers. They were wet over the head of his cock. He adjusted himself, feeling his flesh slide through cum.

"This way," his host said, directing him towards a steel elevator. As the doors shut, the mysterious stranger pressed the button for the top floor. Then he leaned against the wall and studied the soldier. "Tell me your name."

"Brian."

"Brian," the man repeated. Smiled, showing the points of his teeth. "Are you hungry?"

He knew the man did not mean for food but for life. "Starving," he replied. He wanted everything and he wanted it now.

"I can give you what you want." He moved closer to Brian. "What you desire." He kissed him gently upon the lips. "What you hunger for."

At that moment, he wanted more of this. As their mouths came together for a more frantic bout of kissing, he rubbed against the man, feeling an answering pulse. "Tell me your name," he whispered between kisses.

"You know who I am."

Brian felt something slither between his lips and, impossibly, tickle both sides of his mouth simultaneously. He gagged, at first, but his partner persisted and soon he found himself sinking down into a plush, carpeted floor in a luxurious room without knowing how they'd gotten there when he couldn't even remember them leaving the elevator. In quick succession he was stripped, turned over, and mounted.

Hot flesh plunged through his bowels and he grunted in protest at the invasion, started to speak, to tell him to put on a condom, but it was too late. Just as the first word formed on his lips, the man's cock bumped his prostate and he choked on his warning. Flames licked the inside of his eyelids, blinding him. He gripped the thick carpet beneath him and held on.

Sweat seemed to sizzle, bubble up on his skin. His insides boiled. Each time the man's dick slid into him he gasped. He was being immolated from within. Yet he did not want it to end, even if he burst into flames. Never had he been taken like this before. In the past, he had always been on top, always been the one in control. Tonight, he'd abdicated control if he'd ever had it. Throwing back his head, he shouted, unable to contain his pleasure any longer. Suddenly he was pumped hard and it felt as if a ribbon of ice were being unwound in his belly. Where there had been blazing heat, there was now freezing cold. Catching his breath, he shivered, freezing. The man withdrew, a trail of ice leading from Brian's depths to the rim of his hole. Cum ran down over his balls to hang like stalactites.

A vial was pushed under his nose. He inhaled the white powder inside and shook his head as the blood rushed south to his cock. Unsteady on his feet, he fell down upon the bed and waited for his partner to join him. The man threw open a set of closet doors, removed a coat from inside, and tossed it over his shoulders. He looked decadent, indecent, the way the fur caressed his naked skin, still ruddy from fucking. Raising his arms, he stalked Brian as he lay on the bed. "Are you afraid?" he asked as he circled the four-poster.

"No," Brian answered, giggling at the two men going around and around. A sudden roar shook the room. He jumped, startled, and scurried back from the edge of the bed where a bear stood, its jaws agape, teeth shining in the light. How had a bear gotten in the room? Eyes widening with fear and disbelief, he watched as the bear became a man and the man became a bear, brown flesh, black fur, red lips, red tongue.

"Are you afraid?" they asked and he dragged his courage from out of his gut.

"No!" he yelled and he grabbed the shape shifter and pinned him to the bed. Tossed aside the coat, turned him onto his belly, and fought him as they fucked. One hand clamped on the back of the man's neck, Brian bit his shoulder. Saliva dripped down the man's skin as he was fucked. "I'm not afraid!" Brian cried just before coming. "I'm not afraid," he said again as his flow trickled to a halt.

The man twisted his neck and fixed Brian with his cold green eyes. "You will be." His mouth stretched open until his maw devoured the world.

Darkness fell.

He awoke mealy-mouthed and fully dressed. Wearing the man's fur coat on top of his uniform. The man himself was draped across an antique armchair, gloriously naked. He needed no other adornment or protection.

"Look in your pocket," he told Brian.

He did so and found a wad of bills inside. Having been unsure if he'd be paid for his services, he grinned. He was not one to look askance at a gift horse. "Thanks."

"You'll always have money."

"Is that a prophesy?"

"For seven years you'll eat, sleep, piss, shit, and fuck in those clothes. You will not bathe or cut your hair or even bite off a hangnail. If you do, it's off. The whole thing."

Confused, he asked, "What thing?"

"Our arrangement. Seven years. And if you're still alive at the end of it, you'll be rich beyond reckoning."

He had seen the bear. That was no drug-induced vision. And he'd felt the blast of cold where the man had come inside him. His fork tongue was real. Even now it peeked from between his lips to dance seductively in the air. He knew who he'd slept with. Even a non-believer like himself knew that some things were real. The deal was legit. All he had to do was accept the terms. "I wear the same clothes for seven years, no bathing, no grooming, and, at the end, you show up and make me a rich man?"

"Rich doesn't begin to cover it."

"And meanwhile I'll always have money in my pockets?"

"You won't starve in my care. But the coat stays on. Can't take it off, not once, not ever," he reminded him, wagging his finger playfully.

"And if I do?" Enough of his formerly cocky self remained despite the things he'd seen tonight. Besides, he wanted to know what his adversary stood to gain if he reneged on their deal. He wanted to hear it spoken aloud.

"I'll know. I'll be watching you. Always. You fuck up, just once," he leaned forward, "and I'll come and get you." His eyes were emeralds. "And then you'll be mine. Forever." He showed Brian a hand which was tipped with black claws. "And I'll tear your soul apart."

The words echoed in his head and woke him up from his uneasy sleep. Four years had passed. Four years, each longer than the previous year. And he still had three more to go. Three more years or give it all up: the money and his soul. There had been times when he would have gladly walked out in front of a bus except that if he died, accidentally or not, his soul was forfeit as well. The only way he could escape the more unpleasant clauses of the deal was to survive for seven years.

Seven years. It had seemed so little time yet, in reality, seven years were a lifetime. Especially when you were cut off from virtually all of humanity.

The first few weeks weren't bad after he got used to smelling himself without the mask of deodorant or cologne. By the time a month had passed, he no longer noticed. And if his bedmates did, they held their tongues and scrubbed themselves furiously when they got home.

Well into the first year, it became harder and harder for him to find voluntary companionship. He turned to street boys, ignoring the looks hotel clerks gave him as he passed their desks. Partway through his second year, no hotel, motel, or dive would take his money, no matter how much he offered. Neither would the boys.

He hadn't been with anyone for over twenty months. Almost a year. A year without stubby kisses, groping in backrooms, dancing half-naked on the dance floor.

A tear navigated past the encrusted dirt on his cheek. He hadn't signed anything in blood but he had the man's cum inside him and it would not forget. It would eat him up from the inside, devouring his flesh like a new strain of Ebola. Not just once but for an eternity.

He heard the man weeping behind a Chinese restaurant whose garbage cans he sometimes foraged when he couldn't buy a meal someplace and was about to dismiss him when he realized he had nothing better to do and maybe this was the one creature on earth more miserable than himself, the one person who wouldn't flee in fear from him. Still, he was glad it was dark and cold. Settling down about fifteen feet from the man, he leaned back against the brick wall and asked, "You okay, buddy?"

The man shook his head mournfully. "I'd be better off just doing it," he said mostly to himself.

"Doing what?"

"Killing myself."

Brian shook his head and half-smiled. The guy looked like a WASP, looked like he should be working on Wall Street, so what was the deal? "Can't be that bad."

"Worse. I lost my job. I owe money to everybody. And I have three sons."

"Can't they help you?"

"The two oldest ones are useless. I'm glad their mother's not here to see them. We worked so hard to give them... everything."

"And the youngest?"

"Does what he can. But he's still in high school and I want him to do well and go to college, do something with his life."

Like you, thought Brian. Aloud he asked, "How much money do you owe?"

"A lot."

Maybe it was the man's desperate state that blinded him to Brian's appearance but he didn't seem bothered by the fact that he was sitting in an alley talking to a filthy homeless man.

"How much?"

"Fifty grand."

He whistled, then stood. "Okay."

"What do you mean, okay?"

"Okay, you can have fifty thousand dollars. No wait, a hundred, that way you can get back on your feet properly."

The man laughed, the idea was so preposterous. "What are you going to do? Rob a bank?" Then the thought hit him. "Least you wouldn't be homeless anymore."

"Anytime I want," Brian told him, "I could have a home."

"Then why don't you?"

"It'd be hell." Literally. "So, do you want the money or not?"

"You're not going to steal it or hurt somebody for it, are you?"

"No," he promised him.

"And what do you want me to do for you in return?" He was desperate but not stupid. There was no point in extricating himself from one mess only to become entangled in another.

"I want to meet your children."

"My kids?" The man stared in disbelief. "That's it?"

"And maybe eat at a proper table just once."

The man stood. "All right then, where's my money?"

Brian could tell he didn't really believe him. Reaching into his pocket, he took out a roll of money. Tossed it to the man who caught it gingerly, not certain what it'd turn out to be.

He unrolled the bills one by one and counted them until he began to lose count and to whisper hysterically, "Oh my God, oh my God. Oh God. Oh God. Oh my God..." He looked up at Brian, wonder replacing incredulity. "Are you an angel?"

The thought amused him so much that Brian began to laugh, the first real laugh he'd had in three years. "No, my friend, far from it."

Overjoyed at his good fortune, the poor man said, "Too bad I only have sons. You'd make an excellent son-in-law."

"Actually..." Brian began, "I'm not really into women."

"Oh," said the man. Then understanding dawned on him. "Oooh. Well, actually," he confessed, "my youngest son, he's... kinda gay."

"Kinda?"

"Okay, he's gay. Maybe the two of you...?"

"Is he handsome?"

"He's beautiful, even if he is my son."

"Why would he want me then?"

"He has a good heart. And you're a good man." He looked Brian up and down. "Even if you could use a bath and some new clothes." Taking a deep breath and exhaling, he patted Brian's arm. "I'm Craig, Craig Taylor. Come home with me and at least have some supper. I can't make any promises about Justin."

They talked as they walked to Craig's apartment, stopping to pick up Chinese for dinner. "Justin cooks," Craig told him, "when there's something in the house to cook. Lately, there hasn't been much."

"There should be enough now," Brian assured him.

When they reached his place, Craig threw open the door and exclaimed, "I'm home."

His two older sons were listlessly playing a video game. They barely paused to glance at their father and would have ignored him completely except that they saw and then smelled Brian. Turning their heads and wrinkling up their noses, one asked, "What the fuck is that?"

"Justin!" called Craig, wanting to wait until they were all there to make introductions. His youngest son emerged from his room.

"What's up, Dad?"

Brian couldn't take his eyes off of him. He was more than beautiful, he shone. With bright blue eyes and shiny blond hair, he didn't seem related to Craig's other two infinitely plainer sons. But it was not just his looks, he seemed to glow from within with courage and strength. Even though he initially shrank back from Brian, once his father had introduced him, "This is my friend, Brian. He saved me tonight. He's saved us all," Justin crossed to them and offered Brian his hand.

"Thank you for what you've done for my father."

Over dinner, which only Brian, Craig, and Justin attended—the other two refusing to eat with a bum (their words)—Brian found out that in addition to possessing courage and strength, Justin also had an insatiable curiosity. He'd asked Brian a dozen questions before they'd finished their wonton soup. Far from being annoyed, Brian answered as best he could without revealing the cause of his present state. That had been another condition set forth at the beginning: that he would tell no one why he lived as he did. Fortunately for him, he'd never been tempted before to tell anyone his story. Unfortunately, he found himself wanting to unload his burdens at Justin's feet.

After dinner, while Craig was clearing the table, Brian said softly to Justin, "I know I'm not much to look at... and you must think I'm crazy but... I think I've fallen in love with you."

"Brian—"

"Don't say anything. I know you don't feel the same. How could you?" He smiled wistfully. "Remember me and pray for my soul," he said, and then, "Tell your father I said goodbye and I wish him luck."

Along with a sizeable sum of money, Brian found that he had left his heart with the Taylor family as well. In particular, with Justin. Sleeping alone in whatever alley he'd found before dark, Brian wept. Wept for the four years he'd already wasted and for the three yet to endure, their tenure made worse by his having met Justin. To have only touched his hand had been torture. And yet he knew that a soul as damned as he was had no right to ask anything of one so pure. On even the darkest nights, when hope had faded to but a flicker, he would think of Justin and the way he'd lit up a room with his smile.

Finally, weeks after they'd met, he found himself standing outside a florist's shop staring through the window at the multitude of beautiful arrangements, hoping against hope that the owner would not turn him away. He already had his money in his grubby fist to forestall any thoughts of nonpayment. Holding it out, he pushed through the door. At first sight, the woman reacted as they all did: she inhaled sharply and then furiously tried to expel the stink.

"I'm sorry," he said and he began to turn away, tears already forming in his eyes.

"No, wait," she told him. "I'm sorry." He paused. "May I help you?"

Wiping at his cheeks, he said, "I wanted to buy some roses. People still do that, don't they? Buy roses?"

"For someone you love?"

The image of Justin bloomed before him. "Yes."

She shaped a simple bouquet of wine-colored roses interspersed with blood red calla lilies and finished it off with a few sprigs of baby's breath.

"It's beautiful," he said, afraid to touch any of the fragile blossoms, and handed her the bills he'd been clutching. "Thank you."

"But, sir," she began as he made to leave, "it's way too much. Wait, here's your change."

"This means more than money," he explained and smiled. Then asked, "Would you mind if I came back from time to time to buy some more flowers?"

She returned his smile. "On the house." As he left, she waved to him and wondered who he was and why he lived as he did. That night, without knowing why, she popped into a church and lit a candle and prayed for him to find his way.

He'd been watching Justin for days, knew his routine down to the last second, so a few moments before he was due to turn the corner onto his street, Brian laid the bouquet of flowers on the stoop and went into hiding. True to his schedule, Justin appeared and made his way to his building. Paused as he was about to start up the steps. There, on the stoop, was a gorgeous bouquet of roses and calla lilies. With his name on a card. A hint of a smile appeared as he bent over to pick them up. He read the card and his smile widened. With a glance to see if his admirer was still around, he went inside.

Brian remained where he was until he was certain Justin had gone, then came out of hiding and began his night's journey.

Over the next few months more tokens appeared: flowers, cards, scraps of poems, tiny figurines carved from jade and porcelain, each one more joyously received than the next. But never did Brian show himself, content with watching Justin's reactions from his hiding spots. Each time Justin looked around to see if Brian would come out and speak to him and each time when he didn't, it seemed to Brian that his smile dimmed a little until, finally, a look of

wistful longing came over his face and he did not smile, not even when he picked up his latest gift. Brian knew that the time had come to reveal himself.

The next day he left but a card that said, "Meet me behind the Golden Dragon at nine." It was where he'd first met Craig.

Nervous as a rat in a back alley full of cats, Brian paced and awaited Justin's arrival. When the teen appeared at the sidewalk, lit by a street light, Brian almost ran. This was the moment.

"Brian?" he called, unsure if he'd found the right place.

Stepping from out of the shadows, Brian replied, "Here."

A smile appeared and the teen quickened his pace, coming to a halt a few feet away from him. He knew it was not fear but, rather, the smell that most likely kept the young man from coming any closer.

"I'm so glad to see you," Justin said. "I thought... I thought you might not show." He studied Brian's face. "Why do you live like this? I don't understand. You gave my father all that money, and the gifts... Why do you—" He shook his head. "I'm sorry."

"I can't tell you."

"Why not?"

Brian remained silent.

"Is the money yours?"

"I earned every cent," Brian replied. At the cost of my soul. And maybe my love.

Justin nodded.

Gathering his courage, Brian said, "I still love you."

At that Justin laughed. "I would hope so." The gifts, he meant. Brian smiled, then sobered.

"Do you..." He hesitated, then began again. "Do you love me? Even a little bit?"

Taking a step forward, then another, and another, Justin shortened the distance between them until none remained. He raised his hands and, heedless of the filth, cupped Brian's bearded face in his palms. "You have such beautiful eyes." He stroked what skin he could find. "Let me help you."

Brian pulled away. "You can't!" So close, so close to throwing it all away, he had to be strong, had to resist, it was the only way they could be together. Someday. "I have to go away."

"But—"

"You won't see me for a long time." It was killing him but he had to go. It was the only way.

"Brian, I don't—"

"It has to be this way."

"For how long?"

"Three years from now, I'll—"

Justin clutched his coat. "Three years!"

Pulling away, Brian promised, "I'll be back. I swear it. And things will be different. I promise. Please, will you wait for me?" He saw the doubt in Justin's eyes. "Please?"

To a teenager three years was an eternity. Three years. In three years he'd be a sophomore in college. If he went to college at all. What was the point? In a world where homeless men had pockets full of money yet ate out of garbage cans, where was logic and reason? Three years.

In the absence of words, Brian felt all hope abandon him. Beginning the process of putting away his heart, he started to turn away, then felt a hand take his.

"I'll wait," said Justin. A tear ran slowly down his cheek. "For as long as it takes."

"Three years," Brian vowed, "and then I'll be back, and I'll tell you everything. Everything, I swear it." Disengaging his hand from Justin's, he took something out of his pocket. "Here," he said, "this is for you." His friend the florist had gotten it for him as she had all the other gifts he'd given to his beloved.

Justin looked at what Brian had handed him. They were rings, silver colored and engraved on the inside with their names and on the outside with the phrase, "Tout mon amour."

"All my love," Brian translated unnecessarily as Justin had taken three years of French in high school. "Yours. If you'll have me."

Nodding, Justin held out his hand and Brian slipped the ring onto his finger. As Justin made to do the same to him, he withdrew his hand and explained, "Not yet. Not until I'm worthy of your love."

"But I've accepted you for who you are," Justin protested.

"You deserve better. And you'll have it. I swear it." He put the ring back inside his pocket.

"Three years?"

"Three years." In amazement, he found himself embraced by the young man. He returned the hug briefly, then put Justin away from him. "Pray for me," he said and then he vanished into the night.

For three years he wandered the country, pursued by a laughing demon who whispered sweet nothings in his ear, who told him he was worthless, who promised tortures as yet unseen in the world of men. Yet, to Brian, no torture could compare to being apart from his beloved. To see his sweet face was all that mattered. Each night he took out the ring he refused to wear, and ran his finger over the engraved name on the inside. He kept its metal shiny by washing it with his tears.

More than once he was nearly killed, escaping each time by luck it seemed or by the grace of Justin's prayers. Everywhere he went, he gave money to the poor and friendless and so made friends for a while, comrades who lessened the pain of being apart from Justin but who could not take his place. Even if someone had offered, he would not have accepted their company for the evening. He had sworn to remain celibate until the night he took Justin for his own.

At last, the three years were up. He'd made his way back to the city, back to the same bar he'd entered seven years ago. Things had changed. It was no longer a gay bar, had gone country-western and the clientele wouldn't have appreciated his patronage and would probably have kicked him to death if he'd gone inside. He was spared that, however, by the appearance of a black Ferrari, license plate, "HEAT". Something he hadn't noticed the last time

around. Then again, there had been a lot he'd ignored in his quest to get laid. Seven years of his life sacrificed to his lust: for money and beautiful men.

He opened the door to the passenger side of the car and got in. Buckled up. The dark stranger barely glanced at him before pulling away from the curb as if all the imps of hell were closing in on him.

They drove to the same apartment building and took the elevator up to the penthouse suite. This time there was no frantic kissing in the elevator.

Once inside the apartment, Brian awaited some word from his host. The man pursed his lips. "Drink?"

"No thanks." He waited while the man poured himself a drink, then raised his glass in salute to him.

"Congratulations. You win." He sipped his drink and sighed.

"Aren't you angry?"

"Why should I be?"

"You lost."

The man shook his head. "It was never about me." He put down his drink, then clapped Brian on the shoulders and slipped off the bearskin coat; stripped him of his uniform, and even knelt and removed his shoes. He led him to the bathroom where he ran a bath and gently washed him clean; shaved his face; and cut his hair. Afterwards, he chose a suit of clothes from his closet and tenderly dressed Brian, then stood him before a full-length mirror. "I bet he seems like a stranger to you."

"No," replied Brian, "I've grown to know him these past seven years. He's a good man; humble; who thinks more about others than he does himself. He takes joy in giving and in seeing other people smile. And he knows that it's not money or clothes or possessions that make a man who he is, but what's inside that really matters."

Wrapping Brian in a warm embrace, the man said, "Then my task is done."

"Who are you?" Brian asked again because he now knew that his previous assumption had been false.

"The least of my master's servants," he replied and handed Brian a wallet and the keys to the car. "Enjoy your life. I'll see you again."

Justin opened the door and, seeing the man standing on the other side, assumed he was selling something although most salesmen operated on the internet or did telemarketing. Not many people went door-to-door anymore. Still, there was something kind of charming about the idea of the guy selling encyclopedias or vacuum cleaners or maybe it was just that the guy was hot. Better than hot, gorgeous. He was the most beautiful man he'd ever seen with light brown hair and hazel eyes, slender fingers and red lips. Still, he had made a promise to Brian that he would wait for him and he intended to keep it. Shoving his libido back into the closet, he said, "Yes?" and prepared himself for the man's spiel.

"May I come in?"

"Depends on what you're selling," Justin replied.

Brian reached into his pocket and removed his ring. "How about this?" He handed it to Justin who stared in disbelief first at the ring and then at the man who stood before him.

Still, he could not believe it. "Brian?" he asked, softly, hesitantly, afraid to commit himself to the act of believing only to be hurt. For years he had endured the scorn and torment of his brothers who had laughed at him and teased him for being such a fool as to accept a ring from a bum and to wait for him to return.

"Three years to the day," Brian answered and laughed as Justin sprang into his arms. "Three, long years," he said, and they'd been worth every moment just to see Justin smile, to see the tears of joy in his eyes, to feel his lips upon his. "Where's your father?" he asked.

"Out with friends."

"Your brothers?"

"Gone. He kicked—" his words were cut off as Brian kissed him hard and then lifted him from the floor. "That way," he said, gesturing with his head and Brian carried him to his room and shut the door with his foot.

"I wanted to bring you flowers," he told Justin after putting him down, "but—"

"I don't need any flowers. I don't want any flowers. All I want is you," he said, tearing open Brian's shirt and madly kissing his chest. "I love you."

Brian lifted the young man's face and kissed him softly. "Say it again."

"I love you."

Lying together after having made love, they spoke of the past and future while Justin indulged his boundless curiosity by asking question after question. Now that the seven years were over, Brian told him everything, from beginning to end, leaving out nothing. No detail was too insignificant. Stroking Brian's clean-shaven cheek, Justin told him, "Too bad you got rid of that coat. I might have gotten into bears."

The sun had set and he'd finished his last exam as an undergraduate. He hadn't made up his mind about graduate school yet, but that was a decision he could wait to make. He had long ago moved out of his father's apartment for a loft that he and Brian had designed in an old warehouse that Brian had purchased. It was more than a loft, actually, with space for Brian's office and a studio for him. He'd decided that he wanted to be an artist as he was both gifted and talented and Brian had found that he enjoyed writing, especially since he didn't have to work for a living. True to his word, the mysterious stranger had provided well for him, giving him time to find his way again in the world. The first thing Brian had said he wanted to write about was himself, about his time as a homeless person. Disguising it as fiction, he'd already found a publisher.

In the beginning they had been inseparable, barely able to stand being apart for even a moment. But things had changed. They were both busy with their individual pursuits and most nights they didn't even take their evening meal together, they'd become that enrapt in their work. Now that school was over, Justin realized that things had changed between them and he was afraid that they would continue to change until they no longer recognized one another. The last thing he wanted was to watch Brian walk away from him again. Something had to be done. He hoped Brian wasn't too wrapped up in his novel to talk. Their relationship couldn't wait.

Sliding the door to the apartment open and closing it shut, he looked around in confusion. The place was dark except for a few lights that seemed to be coming from their bedroom. "Brian?" He heard an answering growl. "Brian?" Tentatively, he went around the partition that partially shielded their bedroom area from the rest of the apartment. There, lying on the bed, was Brian. Wearing a fur coat. Although a hood was drawn over his head and his arms were thrust through the arms of the coat, the rest of him was on display, his tan skin pale compared to the dark brown fur and the dark silk lining.

With a smile, Justin dropped off his own clothes and slid onto bed where he was instantly engulfed by his lover in his glorious fur coat. It was sinful, the way the coat and Brian's velvety skin felt against his. Brian slipped out of the fur and spread it on the bed sharing it with Justin. The young artist rubbed his body against it, wrapped himself in it, the warm fur stroking, kissing his bare skin. Turning over onto his back, he revealed himself to Brian, his penis hard, arching over his belly.

With a growl, Brian attacked, catching his cock in his mouth and nipping the neck, chewing his balls, sucking the head. He molested Justin's cock until the young man could hardly breathe. Jerking wildly, thrusting through Brian's fist, Justin came, his semen splattering the coat to lie among its fur like pearls. Giving him barely a moment to recover, Brian raised his legs to his shoulders and pierced him. Justin hung nearly upside down, only his shoulders and head really touching the coat, as Brian fucked his ass. He felt as if he were being savaged by a wild animal. Brian's nails raked his thighs and buttocks and with each scratch, he grew harder until precum once again dripped down past his navel.

Jerking out of Justin, Brian lowered him to the bed and flipped him over, mounting him in one smooth motion. Justin grabbed the fur coat in his fists as Brian rode him hard, like a rutting animal. He shuddered and shook, body betraying its pleasure with little jumps and starts.

Brian's hands roamed Justin's body, sliding over his shoulders, his back, his hips, his ass. He wanted all of him, wanted to devour him. Leaning over his back, he licked his face, ripped his neck, still pumping, still driving his cock inside his hole.

Justin was tightening up, he could feel his asshole begin to clench Brian's cock each time it tried to withdraw. He wanted more, wanted it all, wanted him to rend him open, split him in two, maul him until only a quivering mass of flesh was left.

Reaching beneath Justin, Brian grabbed his cock and began to jerk on it roughly, his actions in contrast to the soft fur beneath them against which Justin's dick rubbed as well. The young man shouted and buried his face in the fur to dampen the sound of his cries.

Each time Justin's cock throbbed, his hole answered, squeezing Brian's dick between its sticky walls. Brian withdrew until his cockhead pressed against Justin's prostate and then he began to jab him hard, drumming the swollen organ while Justin hollered, body torn apart by the sensations coursing through it. Giving a final shout, Justin dropped his load, filling Brian's palm with creamy cum. Panting, he remained on his knees, ass in the air while Brian continued to fuck him.

Going deep, Brian stayed buried inside him, moving very little, humping him until his balls felt like they were going to explode from the pressure of being caught between their bodies. Grunting, he squeezed his eyes shut and came. The relief was incredible. His body trembled as he released the last drop. With a sharp cry, he withdrew and collapsed next to Justin. Wordlessly, they crawled into one another's arms and fell asleep, cradled by the bearskin coat.

When they awoke, they had dinner on the floor, seated on the coat, and talked about their fears. It turned out that Brian had been just as afraid that they were drifting apart. That night, they swore that they would always make time for one another and they would never let the world or success come between them. And from that moment on, whenever one of them felt they needed reminding of their vow, he would don the bearskin coat and wait for the other to return home and they would make love and remember the sacrifices they had made during Brian's seven-year trial, and the world would retreat and all would be right again.

Author's note:

While rummaging around for something to write about, I hit on the idea of reworking some lesser known (non-Disneyfied/Disneyfried) fairy tales.

Some Like it Rough

By Fel, aka Rivermyangel

Warnings: References to rape, violence, unsafe sex - so read at your own risk.

“His shirt buttons lay scattered on the floor, the result of the other man tearing his shirt off of him, and sending the buttons flying through the air as he ripped it away from Justin’s fragile body.”

Justin hit the floor with a loud thud. His breath caught in his throat for a second, before being able to draw in a breath that would provide his lungs with enough air to have his blood circulation keep providing his body with the obligatory recourses to function: he had hit the floor hard, his back already aching, the back of his head just on the verge to slam against the hardwood, but luckily being stopped by his shoulder blades taking the fall for the very possible concussion that had threatened to occur.

Justin immediately felt the weight of another body on his, holding him down with the power of the difference in their sizes. Justin hiccupped a frightened gasp and felt his adrenaline start to pump in his veins, his body already fighting back as his wrists was being pinned against the flat surface.

His shirt buttons lay scattered on the floor, the result of the other man tearing his shirt off of him, and sending the buttons flying through the air as he ripped it away from Justin’s fragile body.

“Stop it!” the blond yelled helplessly, not being able to raise his voice to much of a threatening scale while kicking his legs wildly and straining against the iron grip on his wrists, “Please!”

The man gritted his teeth, rising above him in a threatening manor.

“Fuck! Let me GO!” Justin shouted, his voice breaking slightly, still kicking in hope to hit some part of the man forcing himself on him, but to no avail.

The larger man had already positioned himself in between Justin’s legs, not making it easy for him to get kicked at all.

Justin began to panic. He went into a fit, using all of his strength to fight the man, bucking wildly while calls for help escaped his mouth.

“Shut up,” he man growled, and placed a hand over the younger man’s mouth, “You fucking slut, shut the fuck up and stop fighting it. I’m going to have my way with you anyway,” he stated, dodging the blond’s fist that had managed to escape his grasp.

He quickly pinned it down against the hard surface again.

“No, please,” Justin cried, bucking fiercely, “Please, please, stop--“

“I said shut up.”

The man grabbed the blond hair with one hand and closed the other around his pale neck. Justin panicked again, and started sobbing as the man’s grip tightened on his throat. He kicked again, but was rewarded with an even tighter grasp.

He started getting dizzy as the man held him down by his throat and began to unbuckle his pants. Justin wanted to fight back, scratch and claw and scream, but he simply couldn’t.

The man's pants was halfway down his hips, just enough to expose the big bulge in his underwear, and the blond suddenly felt the world closing in on him, but was jerked back to consciousness by the man letting go of his neck and grabbing him hard by his biceps. Justin once again pulled in a deep breath, hoping to be able to collect himself for what he realized would come next.

The man let go of his arms and pried the blond's legs open wider around him. Justin was too exhausted to fight back any longer, and panted on the floor for a few seconds before accepting the man's harsh touch on him.

"If you don't lie still, I'm going to make you wish you were never born."

Justin could feel his entire body aching from the rough manhandling he had been subjected to, and only protested when the man pulled out his swollen cock from his briefs. He knew he was beaten.

The head was wet and purple, the skin tight over it and Justin just wanted to close his eyes and go away.

The man moved over him again, back to grabbing at his throat and Justin whined as the big hands encircled his neck again, hoping he'd behave enough according to this man, that he would at least be released alive from his iron grasp. He began sobbing quietly as he felt the man's cock nudge his hole. He was big.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard."

The larger man plunged into the blond forcefully, without neither lubricant nor condom.

Justin cried out and threw his head back, legs shaking from straining, and simply wrapped them around the man's waist, wishing that he wouldn't drag it out.

Get it over with.

The man pushed harder, Justin feeling like his ass was on fire, the sting and burn so intense that he had to cry out again. His nails were digging into the flesh of the man's back, clawing at the skin, wanting to hurt him.

The man put one hand over Justin's mouth and thrust hard.

It hurt.

The blond felt his face grow hot and flushed, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood as the rough male on top of him thrust deep, his hard cock traveled inside him, intruding in his body.

The flat, cold surface was uncomfortable as Justin's back slid across it, the polished hardwood burning his skin as he was ground harder against it on every raw thrust. The man was grunting hoarsely above him, once again pinning the blond's wrists down instead of choking him.

"Might as well give in," he groaned and wheezed as he swelled inside Justin's frail body, getting close.

Justin's face was scrunched up in pain as it burnt like fire throughout his whole body. He was bruised everywhere.

"Take it, you whore," the man roared, teetering at the edge.

Justin let his head fall back and let out a shout as the man slammed inside him once more, then felt something inside him break.

"Fuck!" the man yelled as he tightened all grips on the younger man's body, which was quivering fiercely as he unloaded himself into him, biting down on his pale shoulder as he shot.

The blond stopped sobbing in an instant, no more cries escaping his lips as he felt the hot semen coat his insides. The wetness was filling him up, seeping out of him as if it had hit his inner walls like a tsunami and overflowed.

“Fuck,” he moaned, eyes slipping shut, swollen and bloodshot from the tears he had managed to force.

The man slumped down on him, releasing the young blond immediately.

“Fuck, Brian,” Justin panted, “That was fucking amazing.”

Brian panted hard, and rested his head on the blond’s blotchy chest.

“Fuck, yeah.”

- - -

Brian kissed the warm skin beneath his lips, sitting up on his elbows quickly and began to examine Justin’s wrists with a worried face.

“Brian,” Justin said, voice still hoarse from the screaming, ass still sore from the pounding, “Brian,” he repeated and cupped his face in his hands.

“I’m fine, Brian,” he reassured as he saw the worry in his partner’s dark eyes, “You know I like to play rough sometimes.”

He let a small smile escape him, still catching his breath.

“It wasn’t too much, was it?” Brian asked, still not convinced.

Justin sighed and smiled softly as he caressed Brian’s cheek.

“No. I loved it,” he smiled, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Brian said without hesitation, and bent down to kiss Justin’s swollen lips gently.

Then he buried his face in Justin’s neck, softly kissing the abused skin of his throat while massaging his hands carefully.

Justin closed his eyes and smiled. He loved that Brian would do anything for him, even if it meant playing the part of a rapist on the kitchen floor, and then still act so worried afterwards. Oh yeah, Justin admitted to having some seriously twisted kinks.

But he loved Brian. And Brian had just shown him how much he loved him back.

Fin.

Suspension of Disbelief

By Testdog65 aka Ellen

Time frame: Season 3

"So, did Walton offer up any excuses for his sudden descent into mediocrity?" asked Justin as he bit into another shrimp plucked from one of the many cartons of Chinese food that littered the coffee table.

"Just some bullshit about emotional trauma due to an HIV scare," said Brian through a mouthful of dumpling.

"Jesus, Brian. That doesn't sound like something to be taken lightly. Is he OK?"

"How the fuck should I know. It's not like I involve myself in the personal lives of the Art Department staff, or anybody that I work with for that matter."

Justin just stared at Brian for a moment, and then said in a serious tone, "I know you care more about people than you let on, so just drop the bullshit, and tell me what happened."

Brian sighed. "Look, he and his whatever-the-fuck decided to take the giant hetero leap into boring, mundane monogamy. A concept which, as I'm sure you know, I have nothing but the deepest disdain for. Then, as is to be expected, his what-ever-the-fuck cheats, fails to own up to it right away, and next thing you know they're dividing up the wedding china and going for his and his HIV tests."

"Yeah, you know, I always wondered about that," said Justin thoughtfully. "If two people do decide to be monogamous and end up getting rid of the condoms, what do they do if one of them cheats and won't admit to it? I mean, it's not like you can say to your partner, 'Oh let's use a condom tonight, and maybe even for the next three months, just 'cause I'm getting nostalgic for the feel of latex.'"

Brian snorted. "It's either that or put your partner at risk by being too cowardly to own up to the fact that monogamy and fags just weren't meant to be." Brian snagged one of Justin's shrimp with his chopsticks and continued, "Besides, doing it raw is so overrated."

Justin was temporarily rendered speechless by the pea pod he had inhaled. After a couple of hearty thumps on the back from Brian and a swig or two from his beer, he rasped, "You mean to tell me you've actually done it raw?"

"What?! No, of course not," answered Brian quickly. "You know better than that. I just mean that considering all one would have to give up for the 'privilege' of fucking raw, I can't imagine why anyone would want to."

"Well," said Justin thoughtfully, "When two people love each other enough, and are committed to each other, and fully plan to spend the rest of their lives making each other happy, monogamy probably doesn't seem like a sacrifice at all."

Brian looked at Justin with a shocked expression on his face. "My God. Haven't I raised you better than that?"

Justin couldn't keep it in anymore, and erupted in a fit of laughter. After he had calmed down a bit, he managed to wheeze out, "I really had you going there for a minute, didn't I? Admit it. You were so ready to take away my gay card."

Brian's expression was now amused. "You know, you shouldn't try and scare me like that. What if I had a heart attack and keeled over from shock? Then whose dick would you find to fill that tight ass of yours?"

Justin's look turned smug. "Oh, I'm sure I wouldn't have any problems with that. I'll have you know my tight little ass is in great demand, thank you very much. In fact, there are times when I have to beat them off with a stick - which, now that I think about it, can be quite fun..."

"Alright, alright. Point taken," said Brian a bit too quickly.

Justin smirked, but didn't say anything further.

Brian grew serious. "So you've never been tempted then? Even during your extracurricular activities?"

Justin stilled, taken aback by the sudden turn in the conversation. His time with Ethan had not come up at all since their reunion. Even then, they hadn't really talked about it, but rather, Brian had clearly implied that it wasn't a subject that would be discussed, which had been fine with Justin. Now he looked at Brian, cautiously readying his answer.

"Tempted? Never." And Justin saw Brian physically relax a bit. "He did ask, though. Thought it would be yet another symbol of the seriousness of our commitment to each other." Justin gave a humorless snort. "Some commitment that turned out to be."

Brian nodded thoughtfully, betraying none of the anxiousness he felt. "Well, at least I taught you something. But tell me. What was it that really held you back? I thought he was to be the love of your life."

Justin was silent for a moment, and then, looking directly at Brian said simply, "You."

Brian wasn't surprised by the response. He'd been pretty hard on Justin in the past about even bringing up the subject of raw sex. But, he felt the sudden urge to dig a bit further, and so he asked, "Me? How so?"

"Well, you did impress upon me the importance of never, ever letting someone fuck me without a condom," recited Justin in his very own Brian voice. "But it was more than that." Justin hesitated, not sure if continuing this conversation was the best idea.

"Go on," prodded Brian. "Let's hear it."

Justin sighed and continued. "Well, I always thought... I mean not that it would really ever happen, of course, but..." Justin paused again, his nerves getting the better of him.

"Justin, just spit it out," Brian said, a bit impatiently.

"I always thought it would be you. OK? Just... you. And when he asked, I realized that I had never given up that... that hope. Even then. Even when we were no longer together. And I knew that I just didn't want to share that with him. It wasn't... right." Justin finished, unable to look at Brian.

"Damn straight it wasn't right. Jesus, Justin, I can't believe you'd even consider doing..."

"I didn't," Justin cut him off. "Didn't you hear what I just said?"

Justin leaned in closer to Brian, now looking him directly in the eye and continuing in a strong and sure voice. "I NEVER considered it with him. Never. And yes, mostly it was for the obvious reason that it's never really 100% safe. But over and above that, I didn't want it to be him. I didn't want to let go of my stupid, romantic dream of you and me and nothing in between us."

Justin sat back, breathing hard, and unsure of why he suddenly felt so defensive. He had meant what he'd said when he and Brian got back together. He knew what to expect, and he had long ago stopped being that naive, starry-eyed kid who wanted things because he thought they were the things people should have. No, he had what he wanted, and surprisingly he hadn't felt as though he had compromised in the least to get it. Justin recognized that he had changed. But the change was a maturity that made him see that declarations and monogamy didn't mean love. Instead love was found in the quiet caresses, multi-layered looks and deep groans of satisfaction that Brian shared only with him. The tricks were as meaningless as strangers on a bus. They didn't even register as more than a physical presence, forgotten even before they were gone.

"Still dreaming of monogamy and a house in the country?" asked Brian, breaking Justin out of his thoughts.

"Hardly," Justin snorted. He paused a moment and then turned serious. "No, Brian. It's not the monogamy that interests me. It's the idea of sharing something with you that would be a first for both of us. And the fact that there would be a closeness that, no matter how thin the latex, just isn't there when there's a condom between us."

Justin turned towards Brian, pushing him back onto the floor cushions, and climbing up to lay over him. Leaning down, Justin's lips met Brian's, and his tongue gently pushed against full, warm lips. He took his time, kissing Brian at a slow, unhurried pace. But, despite the gentleness, the kiss burned with an intense heat that left them both panting and hard. Brian's hands were entwined in Justin's hair, and he angled his head to deepen the kiss, to take more of Justin, to devour all of him.

Eventually, Justin gentled the kiss, finally pulling back to speak again. "When we kiss, there are no barriers. We're open to each other. Exposed and connected. Nothing in between. It's like that wherever we touch skin on skin. Wherever we can put our hands, our lips, our tongues. But to have all that, to be that close, and then to have the final act shrouded in protection seems somehow muted. Fucking once removed. It would be nice, if just once, we could be somehow granted a reprieve and allowed to fuck raw. I'm not asking you to give up the tricking. Hell, I don't think I'd want to do that either. But, just the thought of having you inside me, just you? Yeah, I still dream about it."

Justin finished talking and leaned in to continue the kiss, but Brian stopped him, pushing him off and sitting up. Justin tried to read the expression on Brian's face. He seemed thoughtful, pissed, unsure and horny all at the same time.

Finally, gripping Justin's upper arms, and moving his face within inches of Justin's, Brian said, "You want that Justin? That closeness? Nothing between us, just skin on skin? You'd be willing to take the risk - knowing full well that even after waiting and testing, that we could never be 100% sure? And you'd be willing to go back to condoms after a predetermined amount of time? You'd do all that for a chance to fuck raw?"

"Yes," answered Justin without hesitation. They were both breathing hard, chests rising and hearts pumping from the increased adrenalin that they both felt. How had they gotten to this point? How had Brian let the conversation get this far, wondered Justin.

They remained silent for what seemed like an eternity before Brian finally spoke again. "One month."

"Huh?" said Justin, not entirely sure what Brian was saying.

"I'll give you. One. Month. We both go three months with no tricking, get tested, and then for one month, and one month only, we fuck raw. Nothing between us. Skin on skin. My cock in your ass and no barriers. Messy, hot, condomless sex. But when the month is up, we go back to condoms, tricking and business as usual. No romantic bullshit or hopes for life-long monogamy." Brian paused to make sure Justin was clear on what he was offering. Then he concluded, "It's your call."

Justin tackled Brian back onto the pillows, kissing him like his life depended on it. "Let's go for it," he said when they finally paused for breath. "Let's do it. One month. No condoms. You and me and nothing else."

~~~~~

Three months and two blood tests later...

Brian entered the loft to quiet darkness, and an overwhelming sense of anticipation. The lighting over the bed glowed, and he immediately sensed Justin's presence. He began undressing as he moved towards the bedroom, his cock already almost painfully hard. When he walked up the steps, the sight before him made him stop in his tracks. Justin was on his knees, face pushed into the mattress, ass in the air, waiting. He had a hand on either butt cheek, spreading himself wide, and leaving his hole fully exposed for Brian's appreciation.

Brian felt momentarily dazed as he took in the site before him. There was nothing in the world quite like a horny Justin waiting to get fucked.

"Well, looks like somebody's anxious to get started," said Brian, his voice shakier than he had intended.



"Jesus Brian, hurry up. I've been thinking about this all day, and if you don't put something up my ass in the next 30 seconds, I'm gonna start without you."

Brian smiled at that. "Ah, Justin. Ever the romantic."

Justin laughed. "Yeah, 'cause I know how much you love it when I get all romantic. Now, hurry up."

Brian had managed to rid himself of the remainder of his clothing though he could barely remember removing it. He stepped up onto the platform surrounding the bed and then onto the mattress itself. Dropping to his knees behind Justin, Brian slapped his hands away, and placed his own palms on the smooth, perfectly upturned ass. He lowered his head and swiped his tongue, warm and wet, against Justin's hole. Just once.

"Oh God, Brian. More," gasped Justin. Brian smacked his palm against Justin's right ass cheek and leaned back down to begin the rim job in earnest. His tongue traced intricate patterns around Justin's opening while he used his hands to expose Justin more fully.

Justin panted and swore, keeping up a constant litany to the talent that was Brian in full rimming mode. As Brian worked his tongue, lips and teeth around Justin's sensitive hole, he got closer and closer to the center. Preparing for what came next, he moved his hands up to grip Justin's hips. Then, without further warning, he pushed inside. As expected, Justin attempted to push back, wanting more of Brian's tongue, and wanting it as deep as it would go. But Brian was prepared, and held Justin's hips in place as he controlled the action. Brian reveled in the tight heat, barely able to contain his own groans as he thought of pushing his cock into the same opening - for the first time with no barrier between them. And then Brian did groan, his cock twitching and dripping as he struggled to hold a now squirming Justin still.

"Brian, please, please," panted Justin. "I need you to fuck me. Now, Brian. Do it now."

Brian gave a final deep jab with his tongue, eliciting a sharp gasp from Justin. And then he pulled back, taking a minute to admire his work in the spit-slicked and waiting ass before him.

But Justin wasn't patient enough to allow Brian to linger too long. "God, Brian. Please fuck me."

Brian leaned over Justin, and reached toward the nightstand for the lube, when he felt Justin's hand on his arm, holding him still. Brian looked up into Justin's intense gaze.

"No. I'm ready. You made sure of it. I only want to feel you. Nothing between us. Just skin on skin. You in me and nothing in the way."

Brian stared back at Justin for a moment, and then continued reaching for the lube. "I'm not taking a chance on hurting you, Justin. I won't use much. Trust me, you'll still feel everything." Brian caressed Justin's back, bringing his hand up to the nape of Justin's neck and leaning his face close. "We both will."

He nuzzled his nose into the space where Justin's shoulder met his neck and breathed deeply. Justin stilled, and leaned a bit into Brian's touch. And suddenly they were both overwhelmed with what was about to happen. Raw. A first time for both of them. One that they would experience together and share with no one else.

Brian's hand gave a gentle squeeze to Justin's neck before he pulled back and retrieved the lube. Squirting a small amount onto his fingers, he moved it around, warming the silky liquid on his skin. He moved his hand down to Justin's hole, still plenty slick from the earlier rimming, and gently began working the lube around and just inside the tight opening.

Justin had moaned deeply at the first contact, and arched his back, trying to get more of Brian's fingers inside of him. His cock was so hard, and it was leaking enough to have left a large wet spot on the sheets beneath him. Brian's fingers retreated, leaving Justin empty and wanting more.

Brian moved over Justin then, sliding his hands up the smooth, warm skin as he went. He moved his hands slowly down Justin's arms, pressing his entire front firmly against the skin of Justin's back, his lips against Justin's ear.

"Roll over," he whispered quietly. "I want to see your face."

Justin turned his head in surprise at the almost reverent tone of Brian's voice. He paused, taking in Brian's expression. The look on his face at that moment said more to Justin than any verbal declaration ever could. Justin bumped his nose against Brian's, stilled, and then turned over, laying back on the bed while Brian adjusted and leaned over him.

Their lips met as Brian let more of his weight settle on Justin. Slow and deep, it was a full body kiss. The kind to get lost in, where time stands still, and the world falls away. But underneath it all was heat and anticipation. Soon the kiss increased in intensity as they writhed against each other. Dripping cocks sliding sensuously together, giving a hint of the contact that was to come.

Finally, Brian broke the kiss and pushed back a bit. Justin spread his thighs wide apart, and then wrapped his legs around Brian's waist. Brian grasped his cock, guiding it to Justin's waiting hole. Before he touched the tip to Justin's skin, he looked up and they locked eyes. There were no words for this. No way to describe with mere language everything that was between them. Instead, it was reflected in their eyes. No uncertainty. Nothing questioned. Everything revealed.

The first contact made them both gasp, but Brian didn't stop. Slowly he pushed forward, overwhelmed by the sensation. The small amount of lube only adding to the friction. There was heat and slick and tightness. But the incredible sensitivity was almost more than Brian could take.

He could feel everything.

Brian had never realized before just how muted things had felt with a condom on. But this? This was a feeling he couldn't begin to describe.

He pushed forward again, trying to give Justin time to adjust. Forcing himself to hold back from ramming in to the hilt in one quick move.

Justin was breathing heavily, his hands on Brian's shoulders. He slid them down to the firmness of Brian's ass, and pulled him forward in one quick, hard movement. They both groaned. Brian was in. All the way in. No barriers, just skin. All heat and tightness and incredible sensation.

"Oh, Jesus, Brian," gasped Justin. "I can feel you. Just you. I imagined... what it would be like. How it would feel. But, it didn't even come close to this." Justin was staring into Brian's eyes, his face filled with an expression of awe. Brian looked down, breathing hard, his own expression mirroring Justin's.

Finally, feeling overwhelmed with the need for more, Justin said, "Move. Brian, please move."

The words were hardly out of Justin's mouth when Brian began pulling out, the friction and slick slide almost finishing him off before they had even started. Christ, it was like fucking for the first time. And wasn't that close to the truth?

Brian began moving his hips in a familiar rhythm, his balls slapping against Justin's ass on every in-stroke. He picked up speed, the sweat that had formed between them turning this, like the kiss that preceded it, into a full body fuck. Skin sliding against skin, friction and heat everywhere. There was nothing but this. Nothing but Justin underneath him, surrounding him, sharing this with him. Brian's words were hopelessly inadequate to describe what he felt in this moment.

"Justin. Fuck. It's... God, so tight, and you... have the most... amazing ass. It's ... incredible. You're... incredible."

Brian had begun thrusting in earnest. Nothing could have stopped him at that point. Justin angled his hips up, and on his next thrust, Brian slid in even deeper. The moaning was constant now and coming from both of them. Brian increased his pace, thrusting wildly as Justin met him every time.

There was no finesse, no skill. The years of perfected technique and style forgotten in the frenzy. This was raw fucking and fucking raw in all its glory. Animalistic, needy and out of control. But through it all there was a connection. A deep, unfettered closeness that went beyond the mere fact of skin on skin. Brian's fingers entwined in Justin's hair. Justin's hands grasping and pulling Brian closer and closer still with every thrust. This was a whole new level of fucking, one that, until now, neither of them had fully realized was possible.

Almost without warning, Brian felt his balls tightening up. Suddenly, his need to come was all encompassing. And he felt Justin's slick channel begin to tighten on his cock. Felt it in a way that he never had before. Through everything else, Brian could still tell that Justin was about to come. The feeling of tightness increased tremendously, and then turned into spasms as Justin's cock erupted between them.

"Come inside me, Brian. Do it."

And with that, Brian lost it. Pounding at a frantic pace, his cock still feeling the intermittent squeeze of Justin's walls, he let go. And that odd yet familiar sensation of his own come splashing against a barrier wasn't there. In its place, he could feel his come spilling deep inside Justin, feel it seeping into all the dark folds and warm recesses, claiming ownership and marking what was his.

Brian's thrusts had slowed, and he finally stilled his hips as Justin's legs fell from around his back. His head was buried in Justin's neck and both of them were breathing hard, almost gasping.

Justin was the first to speak. "Brian, I felt you come inside of me. My God, it was incredible. It was..." Justin didn't know how to continue.

"Mmmm. That was... I'm not sure I have words for what that was."

Justin's hands were caressing Brian's back, slowly stroking the sweat-dampened skin. Brian lifted his head to look at Justin. His blond hair was a damp mess, his lips were slightly swollen, and he had the most satisfied smile on his face Brian had ever seen. He was beautiful. Brian smiled back, and then offered a gentle kiss, an obvious contrast to the wildness of the fuck that they had just shared.

And then, Brian reached a hand down to where they were joined, letting his fingers slide around Justin's opening with Brian's cock still pushed inside. He groaned as he felt his own come seeping out of Justin's ass. His cock stirred and began to fill again as he kept playing at the entrance, slicking his come around, rubbing it in and marking Justin with it.

"I can feel you Brian. Feel you getting hard inside of me," whispered Justin. "Fuck me again. Use your come as lube."

Brian groaned. "Christ Justin. I just came. I think I need at least a minute."

Justin chuckled and moved his hips, creating a delicious friction, and making Brian gasp at the feel on his overly sensitive dick. Despite the briefness of the respite, Brian was almost fully hard again. He pulled back and groaned at the still surprising feeling of his cock, buried in Justin's ass, with nothing in the way.

"Nice and slow this time," whispered Justin. "Let's take our time. Let's never stop."

All Brian could do was thrust again, as he looked into the face of the only man he would ever share this with. One month? It wouldn't be enough. Even a lifetime wouldn't be enough.

# Tonight's the Night

By Leelee2005

Timeline: post-513

Warnings: spanking, unprotected sex

"Tonight," he began and his legs tightened around my waist, "I want you to tell me all the things you love about my ass."

After Justin left for New York I honestly thought I lost him for good. Of course, I didn't tell him this, otherwise he would have been on the first plane back to Pittsburgh, fucking some sense into me. And I couldn't have that. He needed to concentrate on his art.

So I didn't shut him out of my life as he probably feared I would. We talked on the phone almost every day. At least once a month I went to visit him, and, when he could afford it (the little shit wouldn't take my money), he came back for the weekend, sometimes for a little longer.

We both made an effort to make this long distance shit work and it was just like he'd told me, we saw each other all the time.

Still, I couldn't help the uneasy feeling that was growing in the pit of my stomach as time went on that it was only a matter of time before he met someone else. Not that I doubted his love, I just liked to be realistic.

Justin was still young and he was also hot, smart and talented. And I was miles away and sometimes I still had problems saying the things he wanted to hear. I knew he didn't go to New York to find the new love of his life but I also knew how lonely it could get in a strange city. I wouldn't even have blamed him if he'd gotten involved with a nice, easy guy but he seemed content with just the occasional tricking. I would have known if there were someone else. But I was always waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Many times I almost sold the house. I only saw it now as the symbol of my wishful thinking that someday Justin might decide to leave the art world behind and come back to me. I kept toying with the idea that it would be best to get rid of it once and for all, but at the last minute I always changed my mind.

Then one night while we were having phone sex and talking about our secret fantasies, Justin told me that his was to fuck my ass in every room of the house on every available surface. After that, I never thought about selling it.

As it turned out, it was good thinking because two years later when Justin moved back to Pittsburgh, we both decided we wanted to live there.

It wasn't easy at first. We had to get used to the new place, our first home together, and it was strange living with each other again. We quickly overcame any awkwardness with a lot of fucking and kissing, and in the meantime we realized that the house was even good for our sex life. Finally, we weren't constantly interrupted by our little makeshift family because they couldn't drop by as often as they'd done at the loft.

Speaking of, I still kept the loft. I'd told myself the reason behind this was only practical. I still owned Babylon and even though we spent less and less time there I still had to make an appearance now and then as the boss. And there were times when we both felt like going out dancing, and around the time we were ready to leave it was usually too late or we were both too fucked up to drive and it was just convenient to have a place we could go to.

But, deep down inside, I knew that this wasn't the real reason. I had told Justin once that the loft was just four walls and a floor and I meant it, and thought that Justin was being a romantic little twat for saying it was more than that.

Even though the house had more rooms to fuck in and we made good use of each and every one of them, doing it in that bed at the loft felt somehow different. It was not only the place where Justin had lost his virginity, but the place I had learned to make love. And, call me a lesbian, but I'd come so far that now I could admit, at least to myself, that those things meant something to me.

Tonight was one of those times when we decided to spend the night at the loft. We met up there after work, fucked in the shower, showered and then changed into club clothes. Although the dressing part seemed to take forever because I couldn't keep my hands off Justin while he was digging in the closet, clad only in a pair of skin tight jeans. But eventually we managed to get going.

Babylon was packed, full of hot and fuckable men but I didn't spare them a single glance because I had the hottest guy with me.

I didn't see any of the boys over the bar. We still got together at least twice a month but it wasn't like old times. It looked like tonight it was just the two of us.

Justin pulled me out on the dance floor and we danced for a couple of songs; well, he did, I just swayed to the music and enjoyed it as he rubbed up against me. For me, dancing was never about the fancy moves, anyway. My hands were on his hips and he kept running his over my bare chest and my shoulders. He'd unbuttoned my shirt earlier and glitter stuck to my skin in various places. Our crotches were firmly pressed together and we were both hard.

We looked hot together and I noticed a few guys sizing us up as we moved to the beat. One of them, a short but muscular brunet, was openly staring at Justin's ass and licking his lips. I put my hand on Justin's waist and pulled him closer.

Justin seemed oblivious to our little admirers, completely lost in the music. I couldn't take my eyes off him as the lights of Babylon reflected off his pale skin and blond hair, making them turn from blue to pink and many colors in between. He could still make me hard in a heartbeat any day.

He threw his head back when the music changed to one of his favorites and I noticed a drop of sweat sliding down his throat. Before it could disappear under his collar I quickly leaned down and licked it off his skin. Then I moved to his ear and whispered directly in it in a voice I knew left him weak in the knees.

"I want to fuck you."

It had the desired effect because he moaned and started rubbing our cocks together in a dangerous way. Before we both came into our pants I took his hand and dragged him off the dance floor. We didn't fuck in the backroom since we'd been doing it raw. Not that public sex would have lost its appeal, because we still did it in the VIP lounge or even in my office, but tonight I wanted a private show.

We made it back to the loft in record time and we fucked hard and fast in the shower and he came without me touching his cock. After that I pulled him under the shower head and he pressed up against me and buried his face in my chest. It was a bit difficult to wash him in this position but I ran the soap over his back, down his arms and under his armpits and I even managed to squeeze the soap between us and clean his chest.

He protested a little when I let go of him. I knelt before him and washed his legs and then I took his cock in my hands and washed it thoroughly. It didn't take long before he was hard again and I slowly jerked him off and his come landed on my neck and my chest but the water quickly washed it away. When his breathing returned to normal I turned him around and washed his ass and the back of his legs.

Then I stood up and poured a dollop of shampoo in my palm and massaged it into his scalp. He tilted his head back onto my shoulder and sighed contently. I rinsed his hair and then turned him around and kissed him and he smiled at me sleepily.

We traded places under the shower head and he took the soap and started to wash my body with careful concentration, his hands lingering a little longer in certain places.

I shut down the water when it started to turn cold and Justin got out of the shower first. He grabbed a big fluffy towel and started drying himself. I followed suit and while he had his back to me I watched him out of the corner of my eye. I admired his strong thighs, the swell of his beautiful ass, the rippling muscles under pale skin in his back and arms.

He was still thin and I could easily pin him to the bed if I wanted to but his body had gotten more toned over the years, especially since he had been doing laps every other morning in our pool. Not that he needed the workout and if you think about it, it was a miracle in itself. Considering how much shit Justin ate he should have looked like a pig, but the kid had the most fucked up metabolism I had ever seen, because he didn't.

Sometimes I hated him for it because while he could order the greasiest food at the diner without a second thought I always had to watch what I ate. But I figured the universe wasn't going to be always this kind to him and someday he would have to pay for the amount of French fries he consumed. But the strangest thing was that the idea of him being a little thick around the waist didn't bother me in the least. He would still be the same Justin to me, although it might be a little more difficult to haul his heavy ass into bed if I wanted to fuck him. But I figured we could always fuck on the floor instead.

As I watched him toweling his ass, suddenly I remembered something and although I knew he didn't like it, I couldn't resist a little teasing.

"I hate to break it to you, Sunshine, but you have a pimple on your ass."

As much as I loved to fuck him, I enjoyed it just as much to fuck with his head. Justin, however, was not as easy as he had been; by now he knew almost all of my tricks. But I wasn't listed as one of the most successful businessmen on the East coast for no reason. Hell, I made a living from convincing people of things that might not be entirely true. So sometimes I could still catch him off guard.

But not this time.

He didn't even turn around when he answered.

"Very funny, Brian. Just because you fooled me once doesn't mean that you can do it again."

I glared at him, although it lost its affect because he couldn't see it. Smug little fucker. But I wasn't the one who gave up easily.

"I wasn't joking."

That got Justin's attention. He whirled his head around so fast that for a second I expected to hear something crack. I watched with great amusement as, torso twisted in a funny angle, neck straining, he tried to look over his shoulder to examine his, needless to say, flawless ass.

"Where? Where is it?" he asked curiously and I could hear a little panic in his voice.

I almost felt guilty.

When I said nothing he looked up and caught my grin before I had time to wipe it off my face. Busted.

I watched his eyes widen and then slowly narrow at me. "You fucker," he said but he was smiling. He playfully slapped my stomach with his towel but before he could move away I grabbed it and yanked him to me.

It brought our bodies flush together and he gasped in surprise. His skin was warm and he smelled fucking amazing, and even though I'd had an orgasm not too long ago, I felt my cock stir against his belly. I let our towels fall to the floor, then I put my arms around his waist and pulled him closer. I leaned down to kiss him, and at the same time, he stood on his toes and we met halfway. I ran my tongue over first his upper lip then over the fullness of his bottom lip

and when he opened his mouth I pushed my tongue inside. My hands wandered lower and I started to massage the globes of his ass. I felt his cock twitch against my leg when I sucked his tongue into my mouth and he put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me back gently. I rested my forehead against his.

"You gotta stop insulting my ass, you know, " he said softly and bumped his nose against mine.

I pulled back and looked down at him like he lost his mind. "Have we met before? I'm the president of the fanclub of your ass." Hell, I owned that ass.

He tilted his head to the side, his eyes challenging. "Prove it."

I huffed. "I think I prove it to you every day, considering how many times I've fucked you since we met." I started to walk him backwards toward the bed. Actions speak louder than words, wasn't that what I always said? Maybe a little demonstration was just what he needed.

"Hmm. That's true. But I want verbal appreciation."

I chuckled. "Verbal, huh? What, you want me to sing you a song? Or better yet, speak in rhymes?"

When we reached the bed I pushed him down onto his back until he was lying on the center, his head resting on the pillows. I crawled on top of him and leaned up on my elbows. His legs loosely circled my waist. He didn't say anything just looked at me expectantly and I realized he was serious.

I sighed. "Lemme think." I buried my face in the crook of his neck and a few seconds later pulled back abruptly. "I've got it," I said and then cleared my throat. "When you pull your ass cheeks apart my dick becomes very hard."

He opened his mouth as if to say something but then he just stared at me, probably wondering if I'd gone nuts on the short trip from the bathroom to our bed. Then finally he cracked up.

I grinned. "Wait. I have another. My pecker's the luckiest fucker 'cos 'lil Sunshine's ass opens to no other."

Maybe I was more tweaked than I'd previously thought and should watch more closely what came out of my mouth, but I realized I didn't really care as long as Justin was smiling at me like that.

Except that by now he was laughing so hard I wondered whether I should feel insulted.

"Oh my god. Stop it. I can't breathe," he managed to get out between wiping his eyes and laughing his ass off.

"I've always loved to take your breath away," I said but my voice betrayed me because I meant to sound sarcastic, instead it came out quiet and sincere. Fuck.

His face softened and he smiled at me. "You're fucking adorable, you know that?"

I wanted to hide my face against his neck but I didn't. Instead I brushed his damp hair out of his forehead and tucked it behind his ear.

I looked at him; his face open and trusting, his eyes soft and joyful. Sometimes I still think that it was unbelievable that I found this, him, and that such unconditional love could be directed at me.

"Brian?"

It startled me when Justin touched my cheek and I leaned down and kissed him long and hard. When I tried to pull back he held me close with a hand on the back of my neck.

"Tonight," he began and his legs tightened around my waist, "I want you to tell me all the things you love about my ass."



And I thought, what the hell. By now I'd figured out that making Justin happy made me happy.

I kissed him again, sucking his tongue into my mouth, satisfied when he started to moan. I broke away and this time he let me. I started at his neck, licking and biting at the soft skin there while he tilted his head back for better access. I nipped at his collarbone and then moved down to one of his nipples. I flicked it with my tongue a few times then closed my mouth around it and sucked hard and deep. He waved his fingers through my hair, pressing my face closer to his chest and I heard him murmur my name over and over again. He gasped when I grazed his nipple with my teeth; I loved how sensitive his nipples were.

After I made sure his other nipple had become just as red and swollen, I started to kiss down the center of his chest, and over his stomach. As I neared his groin his breath quickened and I could feel his stomach muscles quiver under my lips. I dipped my tongue into his navel but when his pubic hair brushed against my chin I pulled back.

I looked down at his cock which had started to change from its usual pink color to a deeper shade of red. Even though tonight it was his ass I wanted I couldn't help it but take the head into my mouth. I sucked it only for just a few seconds, and he whimpered when I let it fall from my lips. I kissed his hipbone.

"Roll over," I whispered against his skin and my voice sounded strange to my ears.

I pushed a pillow under Justin before he settled down onto his stomach and turned his head to the side and rested it on his folded arms. I knelt above him and kissed the back of his neck, between his shoulder blades and then slowly dragged my tongue down over his back, following the curve of his spine.

When I reached the small of his back I lay down on my side beside him. I leaned up on one elbow and for a few seconds I didn't touch him, just let my eyes roam his body. When I finally placed an almost tentative hand on the top of his ass he jumped a little. I could feel the anticipation rolling off him in waves and suddenly an overwhelming desire to please him washed over my body. Words gathered on my tongue and tonight I didn't want to swallow them. I opened my mouth and said the first thing that came into my mind,

"I love it that no matter how much junk food you eat your ass still looks 17."

"Just my ass?" he asked cheekily. "Well, I'm aging well." He sounded proud of it.

"Sunshine, sometimes I'm not sure if you're aging at all," I said in mock concern and then pinched his ass.

He yelped and wriggled away a little. "It's my genes, asshole," he said and I could hear the smile in his voice. "Go on, please."

Such a polite boy. Justin loved compliments, especially coming from me, although I didn't say them often because he knew I found him hot. But tonight we were playing a game we both got off on.

"I love it that the skin on your ass is so soft," as I spoke I smoothed my palm over one ass cheek and then back up over the other.

"I love to rim you in the morning before I shave. Love to drag my face over your skin."

By now I was whispering. I leaned down and nuzzled his ass and he shivered when my five o'clock shadow made contact with his skin.

"So sensitive," I murmured and then placed a wet kiss on his ass.

"Brian," he moaned my name and just like always my cock reacted to that sound. For a second I almost shoved his legs apart and fucked the shit out of him but I knew that was not what he wanted. At least not yet.

I placed a finger on the top of his crack and then slowly trailed it down between his ass cheeks. His asshole twitched when my fingertip passed it.

I chuckled. "I love it that your ass is always hungry for my cock." I circled his hole and he pushed his ass higher a little. "Let me see," I said softly.

Without a word, Justin reached back with his hands and pulled his cheeks apart, exposing his pink hole. I had always admired him for being able to bare himself, body or soul, so freely and shamelessly in front of me. It used to anger me as well because I didn't want him to hand himself over on a silver platter to me. But I'd taken all he'd had to offer, anyway.

I pressed my palm against his inner thigh and understanding, he spread his legs. I climbed between them and lay prone on the bed. I batted his hands away, replacing them with my own and pulled him wider apart. Then I leaned down and breathed him in and my mouth watered from his scent; clean and musky and Justin.

"I love the way you smell."

He spread his legs further; a clear invitation. I leaned in and nuzzled his balls, then ran my tongue up over his perineum, towards his hole. When I reached his tight pucker, I dipped my tongue inside for a moment then trailed it back down again to his balls. I took one into my mouth and coated it with my spit, then repeated the same thing with the other before releasing it with a soft pop.

I flattened my tongue behind his balls and slowly dragged it up again to his hole. I circled it with just the tip of my tongue until he started to writhe under me and then I thrust it inside.

He sucked in a breath and pushed his ass back into my face. I gripped his hips harder to hold him still and then I started to eat his ass.

I tasted his arousal and I pushed my tongue as far up his ass as it could go and it took me a while to realize that I was making a sound in my throat I didn't even plan to.

I loved to rim Justin's ass and not just because he had the most perfect bottom I'd ever come across, but also because I'd never met a guy who enjoyed having his ass played with as much as Justin did. It was a pleasure to rim him on several accounts. The smell and the taste of him was intoxicating and the little noises he was constantly making made my dick so hard that I could come from just rimming him. As a matter of fact, a few times, I did.

I also loved how bossy he got while I feasted on his ass. He would curse me like a sailor and often threatened to kill me before I finally took mercy at him and fucked the shit out of him.

After a while I stopped tongue fucking him and started brushing the tip of my tongue across his hole. Every time I dipped my tongue into his tight pucker, he clenched his ass down hard around it, as if trying to hold it inside. But I quickly withdrew and then continued with my assault. I knew that this was driving him crazy and when he started to hump the pillow underneath him, I had to tighten my hold on his hips to have him where I wanted him to be.

Once more I flattened my tongue behind his balls and slowly dragged it up to his hole then gently kissed his swollen pucker.

"You taste lovely tonight, Sunshine," I said and he whimpered when I nuzzled my cheek against the soft skin of his ass.

"Please," Justin said in a raspy voice.

"You want me to stop?" I asked although I already knew the answer.

"Yes! No!" He was getting frustrated.

I chuckled. "Make up your mind."

"Brian, please fuck me." He shoved his ass into my face. "Fuck me."

The skin around his hole looked a little red and shiny with saliva and I couldn't help it but lean down to nibble on the tender skin there.

Justin made a vulnerable sound and my cock jerked against my stomach. I pulled back abruptly and looked up at him. His face was still buried in his arms.

"Don't worry, I'm gonna fuck you alright."

He started to get up on his knees but at my next words he flopped down back on the bed.

"You know what else I like about your ass?"

"Please, Brian. I want you." His voice was gonna be the death of me.

"I love it that it's so white it practically glows in the dark."

"Shut up, asshole. It does not."

I grinned. Sometimes Justin was a little touchy about his pale complexion.

"The only thing I love more," I gave his cheeks a healthy squeeze as I continued, "is when it's bright red."

"Oh, God," he moaned. We'd done it enough times by now that he knew what was coming.

"Tell me."

"Please, Brian," he pleaded. "Do it."

"On your hands and knees, Justin."

He moved into the familiar position and I got up from behind him and knelt by his side, my thighs under his stomach. I put one hand on the small of his back and the other on the back of his neck. He lowered his upper body, leaning on his elbows, his ass in the air.

"Fifteen on each cheek should be enough," I said. "Ready?"

"Mmphf."

I smiled and gently patted his ass. He was usually incoherent by now.

I rubbed his ass a little to warm his skin up before I started. I delivered the first five blows on his right ass cheek in a quick succession. He sucked in a breath and bucked a little.

"Be still," I ordered.

He braced himself more firmly against my thighs and I spanked his right ass cheek five more times. All the while I rested my right hand on the small of his back. I knew that he needed me to touch some part of his body while we were doing this, but it was just as important to me to stay connected to him.

We didn't do this often but every once in a while one of us would get in the mood and then there was no stopping. Sometimes I spanked him more than once a night.

After ten blows I stopped and admired my handiwork. One ass cheek lily white, the other a lovely shade of pink. It was so, "Beautiful," I whispered.

He'd turned his face towards me before we started; it was one of the rules because I needed to see his reactions. I looked at him and saw him smile a little.

"I love you, Brian."

I smiled back at him then turned my attention back to his ass. I delivered ten blows on his other cheek and when his whole ass was red I stopped.

I palmed his cheeks, enjoying the warmth radiating off his skin. I could barely wait to fuck him. I looked at his face again and noticed that his cheek was a little damp. I reached over and brushed away a tear from the corner of his eye. He grasped my hand and didn't let go until we were finished.

I spanked one of his ass cheeks five times and he thrust back every time my palm landed on his skin. I stopped for a moment to reach under him, grabbed his cock and stroked it a few times. He was as hard as I felt.

He moaned and thrust into my hand. "Fuck me. Please, fuck me."

Finally I spanked his other cheek five times. The only sound in the room were his harsh breathing and my palm connecting with his skin.

When I was done I knelt behind him on the bed and grabbed my cock. I was impossibly hard by now and I knew it wouldn't take long. I moved closer to him and lined my cock along his crack and rubbed it back and forth. I shuddered, his hot skin making every nerve in my body stand on end.

Justin wriggled under me as if to encourage me to stop playing and slip my cock inside him. That seemed like a very good idea to me but first I wanted to do something else. I pulled back, took my cock in my hand and started jerking off on his ass. Tonight I wanted to use only natural kind of lubricant.

When Justin realized what I was doing behind him, he twisted his head around and looked at my rapidly moving hand.

"Don't! I want you to fuck me."

"Not... yet," I gritted out. I was getting closer.

"Brian, please. Put it inside me."

I groaned. "I want you to come, Justin. Come for me."

He reluctantly turned back around, like it was such a hardship to jerk off, and reached under himself. It didn't take long before we both came hard; Justin onto his hand and me all over his burning ass. While I tried to catch my breath, I watched as he reached behind and brought his come covered fingers to his hole. He pushed one, then a second finger inside and started fucking his ass with them.

Spanking Justin turned me on so much that afterwards I usually came more than once. So I wasn't surprised when I felt my half hard cock in my hand starting to fill again. With my free hand I gathered my come off Justin's ass.

"Let me," I said softly.

He pulled his fingers out of his ass and I quickly replaced them with mine. I coated his hole with our comes but when he started to fuck himself on my fingers, I let go of my cock to still his hips.

I withdrew my fingers from his ass and touched the head of my cock to his hole, while Justin pushed his legs wider apart and braced himself on the bed.

Ever so slowly I pushed inside him until just the head was in and then I had to stop for a moment. No matter how many times we'd done it since we'd decided to become monogamous, fucking Justin raw I didn't think was a thing I'd ever get used to.

The walls of Justin's ass massaged the head of my cock and it was nearly enough to make me come. I gripped his hips with both hands and pushed all the way inside him with one long, smooth thrust. As the heat of his ass enveloped me, I stilled again for a moment; it felt like home. I loved fucking him raw; everything was warmer, wetter and I could feel every little fold and wrinkle inside him.

Apparently Justin had other plans because he squeezed his ass hard around my dick. "Move, goddamit."

I chuckled. "You got it."

At first I sat a slow pace which quickly became more intense as the familiar need overtook our bodies whenever we touched each other. My balls slapped against Justin's ass and I looked down to watch my bare cock as it disappeared inside his body over and over again.

He moaned loudly when I hit his prostate and I started to angle my hips to massage it from every side. I fell forward and covered Justin's back with my chest. We moved together almost frantically as our orgasms neared their ends. I gently bit the skin where his neck met his shoulder and felt him jerk under me once and then he came hard, his ass clenching down almost painfully around my cock, and I came, too, with a low groan.

We fell in a heap down on the bed, me half on top of Justin, careful not to crush him. I gently pulled out of him and lay beside him as he nestled closer to me. We were both sticky with sweat and come but neither of us cared. I reached down behind Justin and gingerly touched his hole with my fingers. I felt my come leaking out of his ass and I swirled it around his hole before I brought my hand back to my face.

Justin watched me with dark eyes as I stuck my tongue out and started to lick my fingers clean and then he leaned forward and started to do the same. Our tongues brushed against each other and when wasn't any come left on my hand we started kissing, mouth opening wider, tongues going deeper as if we couldn't get close enough.

After a while it became just soft pecks as our bodies became heavier with exhaustion. I sat up to pull the duvet over us and spooned against Justin. I put my arm around him and pulled him closer.

"Are you convinced now that I'm the biggest fan of your ass?" I asked while I nuzzled his hair.

"Mmm, very."

I pulled back. "You just wanted your bottom to be spanked."

He laughed quietly. "You know me so well."

I kissed the back of his neck. "Go to sleep."

The next morning I woke up to Justin's fingers in my hair. Without opening my eyes I grunted in appreciation and wriggled my toes under the covers.

While Justin had been in New York, I'd hated Saturdays. Although hate was probably a strong word; they just weren't any different than the weekdays. I got up just as early, had breakfast at the diner, stayed late at work then met up with the boys at Woody's and sometimes went to Babylon and fucked a nameless trick. Everyone thought I returned to my old, Justin-less life, but the truth was, it was only self-protection. I knew that if I didn't want to go crazy I had to occupy myself with something all the time, but of course no matter what I did, Justin was always in

the back of my mind. The nights were the worst because only then I allowed myself the luxury to miss him. Luckily, that was also the time when we talked on the phone.

And how pathetic is that, that the tremble of his voice had made me harder than any trick's talented tongue on my cock could and that my phone sex orgasms left me more satisfied than a hard fuck in the backroom of Babylon? No wonder I had been ready to be monogamous after he came back.

Justin continued to lazily comb his fingers through my hair and I was on the verge of falling back asleep when he spoke softly in my ear,

"Did you know that you have grey hairs here?" he asked as he gently tugged on the hair at my temple.

I froze, suddenly wide awake. Then I threw back the covers and went into the bathroom, although I might have been walking a little faster than usual, I didn't care.

I stood in front of the mirror, scrutinizing the area where I felt Justin's fingers playing with my hair but I couldn't see anything. While I was at it I looked for wrinkles too, but other than the few in the corner of my eyes I'd already noticed, there wasn't anything new.

I walked back to the bedroom, his punishment for nearly giving me a heart attack outlining in my head. I expected an innocent looking Justin, but he looked anything but. In fact, he looked disgustingly pleased with himself.

"Payback's a bitch," he said quietly. And then smiled.

I felt my eyes widen. "You little shit," I growled low in my throat. I was annoyed, relieved and horny all at once. I settled on the last.

Grinning, Justin pushed down the covers around mid thigh and cupped his morning hard on with one hand. "Not so little I hope," he said huskily.

"You're gonna have to pay for that." I wanted to stay angry at him but my dick had other plans.

"I was counting on it," he practically purred and now my dick was definitely awake.

My eyes roamed his smooth chest and flat tummy as I walked closer to the bed and my last thought before I jumped on top of a squealing Justin was that I loved Saturday mornings.

# If There Is One Thing I Know

By Inner\_justin

A Post 513 Standalone Set 15 Years after 513.  
Written in the "Kondo/Time After Time" Universe.

There are a couple of things I know well. Art is one. I know artists and styles and techniques. I know paints. Acrylic, water based, and oils.

Another thing I know is my emotions. I own them. I spew them out onto the world either through words, or actions or my art. It all ties together in a big swirl of color, tears, screams and laughter.

But the thing I know the best, the thing that fills my head more than any emotion, fills the canvas more than any paint splatter, is how to seduce Brian.

Sometimes it's a harder task than other times. Sometimes all I have to do is smile and I'm on my back in 2 seconds flat. Other times it takes more finesse. More stroking of his ego. More soft touches and soft whispers.

And sometimes it just takes a lot of Beam and some E.

And let's not forget my leather pants.

Babylon was packed to the brim. We decided it had been forever since we had been out. Brian had been up to his balls in new accounts for Kinnetik and if I didn't get my 5 paintings done for the Seattle Art show, I would be pulled from the show.

When he came home tonight, pissed and on edge, I knew something needed to be done. I set my paintbrush down for the first time in days, got dressed in the leather pants I knew he couldn't resist and told him, not asked, that we were going out.

He smiled.

If there is thing I know, it's Brian.

I grinded my leather covered ass against his crotch and could feel the stress and pressure of work just pour out of him like the Beam that he was pouring down his throat.

When I slipped the tablet of E from my tongue to his, I felt the purr go through his body.

If there was one thing I knew, it's Brian.

His hands on my ass, his breath on my neck, the hardness against mine; it was our own song we danced to. A song we wrote and perfected in 15 years of being together. A song we owned the copyright to.

His giggles fill my ears as I help him now up the long staircase to our bedroom. I hold him close to me, breathing in the scent of alcohol and cigarettes. He murmurs words of nonsense like he normally does in times like these.

If there was one thing I knew, it's Brian.

He flops down onto the bed and I smile because I now know this is going to be easier than I thought. I start with the buttons on his shirt, kissing each patch of skin on his chest as it is revealed. He makes pleased noises and I run my paint stained hands up and down his skin.

“So hot, Brian. So fucking hot.” I moan in his ear. He arches a little off the bed, pushing his chest harder onto my palms. He kisses the side of my face, catching some of my hair in his mouth. He doesn’t seem to care. He never does.

“Vanilla...” He mutters.

“Hmmm?” I ask.

“Vanilla. You always smell like vanilla.”

“Just my shampoo...”

He shakes his head and lets out a small chuckle.

“Nah.”

I start on his belt next and he smiles widely and closes his eyes. I kiss around his navel and as I push his jeans down around his hips I nuzzle my nose into the soft hairs above his cock. I feel his fingers go into my hair and I breathe in his scent. It’s always spicy and I can feel it in my throat. I crave it.

If there is one thing I know, it was Brian.

I pull his jeans down the rest of the way. He lifts his hips to help me in the process, and his beautiful dick springs out of its denim enclosure and his tip hits my cheek leaving a wet mark.

I smile and place soft kisses up and down his sex. He shivers a little and I discard of his jeans all together in a heap on the bedroom floor. It’s dark, except for the soft moonlight outside, but I don’t need any light. I know every inch of Brian’s body.

If there is one thing I know, it’s Brian.

I rid myself of my tight sleeveless blue shirt and kneel in front of him, letting his cock rub against the leather on my crotch. He groans, and makes a grab for his dick.

I smack his hand away.

“Mine.” I growl at him.

He lets out a deep sigh and his head falls back against the mattress.

Easier than I thought.

I stroke his cock painfully slow. Brian starts to writhe and I can’t help but smile at the sight in front of me. With the E he took and all the Beam he consumed, he’s in another place. Every stroke heightened in intensity. Brian hardly ever makes noises during sex, but when he’s high, sometimes I can make him not only moan and whimper, but I can make him beg.

I lie down on my stomach, and wrap my arms around his legs pulling his ass up off the bed. I lick a long line over his balls and I hear him suck in his breath. I don’t do this often, but he knows what’s coming.

I suck on the small patch of skin between his balls and his hole and he pushes down onto my mouth.

Fuck yes.



I lift his ass higher and gently lap at his opening. I watch as it opens and closes at my hot breaths and I feel my cock straining to get out of my leather pants. Not yet, I tell it in my head. My mouth isn't done yet.

I nip and suck at his hole, my spit running down his crack. He's letting out small gasps and every now and then a husky raw "fuck."

When my tongue finally finds its home inside his ass, he clutches the sheets and thrusts down. I wiggle my tongue through the muscles in his ass and begin to tongue fuck him, tasting everything that is Brian in my mouth.

If there's one thing that tastes better than Brian's come, it's his ass. He tries to grab at my head, but he's having trouble because he can't stop writhing. I grip his legs tighter and pick up the pace on the number I'm doing on his hole. I know it's not going to be much longer.

I slip my tongue into him as far as it will go and enclose my entire mouth around him. I suck at him, my tongue deep in his ass.

"FUCK, Justin! God, Please..."

If there is one thing I know, it's Brian.

I abruptly remove my tongue from inside him and he whimpers.

"Please?" I ask, licking the inside of his thighs.

"Justin..." He warns.

"Hmmm?"

He leans up and looks down at me, eyes dark with lust, mouth slightly open.

I lick my lips, tasting the remainder of Brian on tongue.

He lets out a loud groan and clenches his teeth.

"Fuck me." He orders.

If there is one thing I know, it's Brian.

I give his hole one last kiss and release his legs back onto the bed. He's panting and I remove my second skin of leather off me. My cock is purple and swollen from being confined inside all night. As soon as they are off my dick drips onto Brian's leg and he groans.

"Like that?" I ask him letting my cock touch his, our pre come mixing together at the tips.

"Yes..." He whispers.

"Think you're wet enough?" I run my finger along his hole to feel my spit pouring out of him.

He nods and I gently push his hip.

"Roll over."

I may be a little shit, but I know the rules. Brian lets me fuck him once in a blue moon, but not face to face. He doesn't want me to see his vulnerability on his face. He has to retain some sort of dignity.

But he doesn't roll over. He stays still and locks his eyes with mine.

He shakes his head.

Holy fucking shit.

Is he really going to...?

“Justin....”

He doesn't have to say it twice.

I move closer to him and get between his legs. They wrap around my hips and I position myself at his entrance. I balance myself on my hands on either side of his torso and look down at him. His eyes are hooded, his head thrown back, his pink tongue resting between his lips.

God, he is so fucking beautiful.

“Brian...fuck....so hot...” I push through his first ring of tightness and he grabs at my forearms. It hurts him; I can tell by the way he is squeezing his eyes shut. He stifles a groan of pain by biting his lower lip and digging his fingers into my arms.

I stop moving for a moment, to let him adjust. I know how to do this. I know how to take my time with him. Because as much as it is about the seduction up to his point, now that I'm here, it's about making Brian feel good above all else.

If there is one thing I know, it's Brian.

He loosens his tight grip around my dick inside his ass and slowly relaxes and begins to breathe again. I lean down and kiss his chest, moving over to his nipples and licking and sucking as I push the rest of the way inside him. He shivers as I nibble at his skin, and sink balls deep into his ass. His hands move up from my arms into my hair and he pulls me up to him.

He invades my mouth with his tongue and I relax my body down on top of his. I rest my arms at the side of his head and begin a rhythm inside him. Almost all the way out, just to push all the way back in.

Slow, Justin.

As much as I want to pound his ass like I would have a trick long ago, at the same time I want to savor him. Feel everything inside him. The heat inside him is intoxicating, bringing me to an entire new level of pleasure. Since we had started fucking raw, this is only the second time I've been able to do this.

The first time was the first night we ever did it, and he had fucked me 4 times in 2 hours and he knew it was only right to give me my turn.

He meets every thrust of mine with his own, opening himself up to me more than he ever has before. I blame the E and the amount of alcohol he consumed. In the morning, when he wakes to a sore ass and a pounding headache, he will regret it and I won't mention the way he is moaning and kissing me slowly, and dare I say it, cuddling me, as I fuck him.

His breath starts to get erratic and I know he is close. I push into him as far as my dick can do, brushing my tip against his sweet spot. He gasps and writhes and within seconds he is shooting between us. I feel the heat on my stomach and watch as his face turns red and his mouth opens in a wave of ecstasy.

His body shudders under me and I can't hold out anymore. I unload inside him, coating his insides with my passion, lust and love for him. He feels it, grabbing the sides of my face and smashing his mouth to mine and moaning my name against my lips.

I shiver; the feelings too overwhelming, even for me. All I can feel is him beneath me, me inside him. Him. Him. Him. Always him.

“Fuck...” I moan into his shoulder. I don’t pull out. I stay inside him. The way he does with me. The way I can now. He’s trying to breath, his body coming down from his orgasm.

We lay together in a mix of sweat, come and intensity until I feel my dick soften and slowly inch its way out of him on its own. I can feel my seed pouring out of him and it makes me whimper things against his skin.

God, now I know why he loves that so much.

After he fucks me he leans back on his heels and watches his come seep out of me. Usually he scoops some up onto his fingers and brings it to my mouth so I can taste it. That’s my favorite part. To watch as his eyes darken even more than they already were to watch me suck him off his hand.

“Do it...” He whispers into my ear.

“Huh?” I pull my head back and look down at him.

He opens his mouth slightly and gives me the look he does when he is dead serious about something.

Oh holy Christ. I harden again, almost instantly at what he is asking me to do.

Fuck.

I lean back and kneel between him. His legs fall down from around my hips and he plants his feet onto the bed. I look down to see my white heat coming out of him.

Oh.

My.

God.

I put my fingers to his hole and I let my come drip out onto them. I shudder and he touches my arm to focus me. It’s easy to get lost in the site. I bring my hand up to his mouth and his tongue slowly slips out from his lips and tastes me. I watch him suck my fingers and I go to another place.

In that moment, I feel every emotion I could ever have run through my body from the bottoms of my feet, up my spine, to the whites of my eyes.

I’m quivering. So much in fact it takes me a long time to realize he is too.

He lets go of my fingers and they fall to his chest. Our eyes meet, and I can’t speak.

For once Justin Taylor has nothing to say.

He pulls me down by my shoulders and rolls us onto our sides, my back to his chest. His arms go around me and his nose presses into the back of my head.

I’m not sure what is going through me, but all of this is just too intense. Almost like I’m too close to him now. I had waited all this time, and now I was freaking out.

Fuck.

I didn't want him to know how freaked out I was. He couldn't know. I wanted this.

"Now you know how it is for me every time." I hear him whisper into my hair.

And then, all the nervousness and fear that had been causing my body to tense was released.

He just opened up to me in a way I had never imagined he would.

Not because he let my dick in his ass.

He pulls the blankets up over us and we settle into the night.

"Love you..." I tell him into the darkness.

He sighs and holds me tighter.

He doesn't have to say it out loud all the time.

If there is one thing I know, it's Brian.

# Fetish

By Inner\_justin

Timeline: 3 years post 513 standalone

I don't have fetishes.

I have things that I like and I seek them out but I don't have things that particularly drive to the point of spontaneous orgasms.

Well that is until today.

There have always been things about Justin that I learned I liked that I never thought I did.

Pale skin.

Blonde hair.

Long... blonde hair.

Soft... long... blonde hair...

Okay. Stop Kinney. We're getting off the point.

There are things about Justin that I have come to think are obnoxiously cute.

Like the way he sticks his tongue out between his lips when he is working hard on a painting.

Or when he has to put his little wire rim glasses on to read at night cause his eyes have been overworked from his art all day.

Or the way he puts his pencil behind his ear when he is done with a sketch and bounces over to me to seek my approval.

Those are the things that normally make me throw him to the floor and fuck the shit out of him.

But there has never been anything he has done or worn that has made me come in my pants on demand.

Like I said, that is until today.

It had been an overly annoying day at work. I'm not sure how it happened but I have a bunch of fucking morons working in the art department who couldn't get a fucking kindergarten finger painting right. So I was a little on edge to say the least when I got home.

The house was quiet as I enter and I didn't smell the normal scent of a carb-induced dinner like I normally do when I come home at night. And I didn't hear the sound of music either blasting from the living room on the nights Justin decides he is too tired to cook and we order out.

I heard nothing.

I drop my briefcase next to the door and remove my coat and hang it in its normal place next to his pea coat.

I always tell him he needs a grown up jacket.

The truth?

He looks fucking adorable in it.

When I reach the top of the staircase I can see the lights shining out of his studio and I come to realize this is why I don't smell food or hear music. He's deep into a painting. I love him on nights like this. The energy pours out of him and if it's been a good day and he's satisfied with the work he's done we normally skip eating all together and fuck like animals till we pass out.

Oh god I was hoping he was satisfied. So I could be satisfied.

I peak my head into his studio and that's when I see it.

The one thing that has EVER in my whole 38 years of living make me literally bring me seconds away from shooting a load in my Armani briefs.

He is standing in front of a large canvas mixed with blues and oranges wearing one of my old white button down work shirts. The sleeves are rolled up to his elbows and I can see the light catch his face and notice he is wearing his glasses. I can see his tighty whiteys sticking out a little from underneath my work shirt that is about 2 sizes too big for him.

Like that's not bad enough.

But no, there's something else that if he even moved an inch would make my dick explode.

His hair, that had grown out wildly over the past 3 years was pulled back and secured into a tiny little ponytail.

Okay, Okay. I know what you're thinking. How the FUCK could this make me hot?

Well FUCK if I KNOW.

I just...I...have no words.

I literally have no words.

All of it, the entire scene, just makes me come on demand.

The shirt, the paint on his hands, the glasses, his fucking tighty whiteys, and the fucking ponytail I now know is Brian Kinney's wet dream.

He must have sensed me because he turns slowly around, paintbrush dripping on the floor and beams his signature sunshine smile at me.

"Brian....I didn't hear you come home." His voice is soft and low and he bites his lower lip, like he is almost embarrassed I caught him like this.

I couldn't move. I just stared at him, taking in every aspect of him.

He cocks his head to the side and smiles again, this time a little more shyly.

"Brian?" He sets his paintbrush down and wipes his hands on towel that hangs from his easel.

"Are you hungry?"

I nod.

“Well I obviously didn’t have time to cook. Um...is the Italian place okay? I could get you that salad you like.”

I don’t answer. I literally cannot take my eyes off him.

“Brian?” He says my name again and he steps closer to me.

Oh god, don’t do that Justin.

He is inches from me but he doesn’t touch me. His hands are dirty and he knows if he gets one drop of blue paint on my \$5000 suit there will be hell to pay. But he just looks so...fucking...I can’t even find the words right now that I wouldn’t care.

I honestly don’t think I have ever seen anything hotter in my life.

And it makes no sense to me.

And I’m all about logic. A plus B equals C. Always.

And Brian Kinney likes tall, dark and handsome.

Not short, and skinny and pale.

With blonde hair.

Long soft blonde hair....

I grab the back of his neck and pull him into me, totally forgetting and not caring about the fact that he has paint all over him.

Somehow, in Brian Kinney’s sick and twisted mind, that makes this hotter.

Dirtier.

Fucking Christ.

I smash my mouth onto him, breathing him in, taking him in, devouring him.

He makes a whimpering noise in the back of his throat from the force of impact I assault onto him. But before long the whimpers disappear and he pins me to the wall behind me and the moans I have grown to know so well, begin.

He is fumbling with my clothes. Unable to get the buttons undone on my shirt I smack his hand away and rip my shirt apart, sending buttons flying around the room.

His eyes grow dark with lust when I do that and he licks his lips at the sight of my bare chest.

He dives into me, licking and nipping at my skin and I yank hard on the ponytail. His head snaps back and his mouth flies open and he makes a loud groan that sends a shudder down my body.

Fuck yes.

He goes to unbutton his own shirt, or should I say my shirt, and I smack his hand away for the second time in seconds.

“No.” I growl at him. “Keep it on.”

He gives me a devious smirk and attacks me again, undoing my belt and pulling it out of my belt loops with a loud snap. He bites his lower lip and kneels down in front of me, slowly undoing the button and zipper on my pants. He's teasing me.

I yank his head back again by his ponytail.

Christ, I'm loving this more and more.

He pushes my pants down around my ankles along with my underwear and wraps his perfect soft full lips around my now purple cock. I really don't think I have been this hard in my fucking life.

I thought, as soon as he even touched me I'd come but somehow I'm able to keep my release at bay. I want to enjoy this. Feel him.

His tongue dips into my slit and fire works go off behind my eyes. I hold tight to his ponytail and shove my cock down his throat. He gags for a second and then his throat opens and take all of me inside. I open my eyes and watch as his head bobs up and down on my dick, his tiny glasses around his face, and the white shirt against his pale skin. The softness of his neck.

Something has happened to me over the last 8 years and I'm not sure how or when.

But his name is Justin Taylor.

As much as I want to come down his throat, I stop him pulling him up by my new fetish.

His mouth hangs open and he whimpers a little at the force of my pulling.

But he is smiling nonetheless.

I spin him around his face smashed against the wall and force his underwear down to the floor. I spit on my hand and lube my cock with it and thrust into him fast and hard without preparing him.

This may seem a little harsh, but for Justin, this is what gets him off most.

My animalistic need for him.

He feeds off it.

Justin likes a little pain.

He brings it out in his art and it helps him with his demons.

I've always known this.

And I know when he needs it rough. I know when he needs to feel pain in order to make everything else go away.

I can tell by his painting today, some pain was needed.

I grab his wrists and with one hand pin them behind his back. I'm careful cause of his wrist and he knows this, as the pressure isn't enough to really keep them there. He could get free easily.

"No." He turns his head to the side and bites his lip. "I'm okay. Do it."

I groan loudly and grasp his wrists so tight, I'm sure they will be bruises there tomorrow.



I use my other hand and yank his head back by my beautiful new obsession.

I'm pumping into him so fast and hard it's making the fucking room shake. I can hear his paint cans rattling on the table and my shoes making stomping noises on the hard wood floors.

He takes it all.

My name is coming out of his mouth in so many different types of sounds all it does is make me pound him faster.

And he fucking loves it.

If there is one thing I love about Justin the most its how willingly he trusts me.

With his feelings. With his hopes and dreams. And mostly with his body. He lets me do things to him I'm sure would make most people cringe. But he lets me. He lets me open him up as far as he can go and just get lost inside him.

And not just with his ass.

I can feel my orgasm rising and I let go of his wrist and his hair and wrap my arms around him and pull him to my chest, my hand resting on his. He sighs and I slide one hand down and grasp his cock. I jerk him slowly and slow down my pace inside him as my balls draw up.

"Come Justin. Come on." His head falls back to my shoulder and his breathing gets heavier and I know I am seconds from feeling his release all over me.

I give him 2 long thrusts to his sweet spot and he jerks and groans and I feel his heat pour of him.

I follow right behind him coating his insides with my orgasm.

I bite his shoulder, marking him, owning him, just the way he likes it.

I stay inside him, not pulling out right away, allowing ourselves time to come down.

He hates when we have to fuck quickly and I pull out of him right away. He told me it makes him feel empty and not just in a "My ass was just fucked by a 9 and a half inch cock" kind of way.

So I stay inside him, feeling my come drip out of him and down his leg as I soften. I kiss his neck and shoulders, and caress his chest. He purrs, nuzzling his nose in the side of my face.

"Rough day at work?"

Usually when I fuck him like that its because I had a shit day at work and I need a quick release. And I did have a shit day at work and I was hoping to come home and fuck him...but this...was different.

"Why are you wearing my shirt?" I nip at the soft skin behind his ear.

"Mmmm. I just wanted to feel you."

Christ.

He can be such a lesbian sometimes.

But fuck if I didn't love it.

He giggles and covers his face with his hands.

“What are you giggling about?” I smack his thigh playfully.

“I knew it.”

“You knew what.”

“That you would love my hair like this.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Uh huh. Right.”

“I don’t.”

“Admit it Brian. You have fucking weird fetishes when it comes to me.”

“No I just like fucking you.”

“Mmmm. So is that why whenever I wear my glasses to bed I cant get through one news segment on TV or one paragraph of a book before your dick is in my ass?”

“I get horny at night.”

“Right.”

“Like you don’t salivate at the sight of my fucking arms after I’ve worked out.”

“I admit my kinky obsessions. You can’t.”

“Cause I don’t have any.”

“You are so full of shit, Kinney.”

I pull out of him finally and gather my clothes and head into the bedroom. He follows close behind me.

“You gonna shower?”

“Yeah. You gonna order dinner?”

“Yeah sure. You want your salad?”

“Yeah.”

I watch him as he walks to the dresser and bends over, right in front of me so I have a clear view of his ass as he fishes around for a pair of sweatpants.

I see my come slowly pouring out of his hole and sliding down his leg and I let out a groan in the back of my throat.

“Hmmm?” He asks. “Did you say something?”

Fucking little twat.

“Get on the bed. Now.”

“Oh?” He turns around and flashes an innocent smirk at me.

I walk to him briskly, smack his bare ass and literally throw him on the bed.

“Oh what? You like watching you’re come slide out of me?”

I yank on his hair hard and bring my lips close to his ear.

“Fuck yeah I do.”

# Dark Canal

## By Randall Morgan

Written from Brian's POV:

Too many Bellini's at Harry's Bar have made the boy playful. I had to hold onto him as we negotiated the narrow staircase leading down one story from the bar to the street. It's late, and the warmth of the afternoon has faded into a cool, watery breeze. Iron sconces hold amber streetlamps, throwing the scene into a heavenly relief of golden shadows and black water. The boy skips along the cobblestones, perilously close to the Grand Canal where deserted gondolas bang against red and white barber poles crowned in gold. A couple of times he pretends to be losing his balance, frantically trying not to fall in. The first time I rushed to save him and he giggled and collapsed in my arms, kissing me hotly. I didn't fall for it after that.

I want to get back to the hotel and fuck him. I've wanted to fuck him all night. He looks especially beautiful tonight, his sunburn had turned toasty brown, providing a vivid contrast to his pale hair. He wore a white and silky shirt that I found blatantly sexy. We spent the whole evening touching each other in subtle ways. A nudge here. An interlaced finger there. Toe to toe under the table. Hand resting casually against thigh. We couldn't stand it if we didn't have physical contact.

We leave tomorrow. I dread it. I want to remember how I feel right now for the rest of my life. When I'm old and wrinkled and no one will touch me, I want to remember what it was like to be young and in love with a beautiful blond boy who looked at me with eyes that telegraphed his adoration. How it felt to yearn to be alone with someone, simply to seek and find the release of one body in another. How my heart would speed up when he smiled a certain way or touched the tip of his tongue to his lower lip. How strange it was to be in one of the most beautiful cities in the world and see only him.

"Justin, quit fucking around. Let's get a water taxi and go back to the hotel," I said with mock frustration. He was veering towards St. Mark's Square, now devoid of its most annoying pests: pigeons and tourists.

"You have to catch me!" He challenged, and like that, he was gone.

"Fuck!" I complained, following in the direction he ran, hoping he stayed far away from the dark closes and unlit canals that were a hazard for a guy as wasted as he was. His white shirt and blond hair made it easy to pick him out of the shadows. As I pursued him, the heat began to rise in me. I felt like a predator. I could smell a blood lust and my prey was not about to escape my hunger. I picked up my pace. He turned off the main streets, behind some pricey shops, where elaborate Carnivale masks mocked me from display windows with fixed smiles and vacant eyes.

"You better hope I don't catch you!" I warned him, surprised by the warren of cobblestone streets that ended in closes, often surrounding a fountain, or on the rim of a dark canal that cut the path like a black silk ribbon. These were the canals used by the residents, small and unpretentious, unlike the more common water routes that carried tourists past grand villas and sidewalk cafes. The water slurped softly against the private boats moored to stone steps leading up from the waterline.

I felt like a wolf set free in a city, every noise made by the humans who inhabited these flats strange to me and invasive. I was feral, wild, on the hunt. My prey suddenly appeared on the lip of the canal. He paused when he saw me. We were both frozen, staring, heaving for breath from our exertion. Our eyes were locked in challenge. And then he broke for cover, running between two buildings. I followed, closing in. When I saw that the narrow alleyway ended in a tall brick wall, I felt the elation of a vampire having cornered his virgin.

He found a place to hide, but his security was hopeless. I proceeded slowly, stealthily, looking from side to side to ensure he didn't get past me. He sprang from the darkness and tried to slip by on my left. He forgot I was a better than average soccer player in my time. I have lateral moves he lacks and the quick response of an athlete. I spin left and trap him with one arm. He struggles gamely, his giggles punctuating the late night silence, but I'm too strong for him.

I throw him against the brick wall of an old palazzo that has been cut into flats. My action is rough enough to cause the air to leave his lungs in a gush. As he gasps sharply, I cover his mouth with mine, using my weight to flatten him to the bricks while I slip my hands inside his shirt. He has broken out in a light sweat, his silken skin moist against my palms, his nipples so hard they feel like metal ball bearings as I spread my hands on his pecs.

His tongue pokes against mine, like a blind animal seeking a way out. I devour that tongue and I feel my erection throb against his pelvis with an urgency that won't wait for a trip to our hotel. He has hooked one leg behind mine, pulling me in closer, and his hand is on the back of my neck, anchoring me to him with a responsive need as acute as my own.

We pause for one moment, our eyes meeting in a darkness penetrated only by the stars and a sliver of moon. There is one clear chance for one of us to retreat, and restore normalcy. We silently decide otherwise.

"Fuck me," he whispers, and the outcome is determined.

I moan and kiss him hotly, probing the cavern of his mouth as I intend to probe the dark canal of his body. Hard, insistent, deep, urgent. I feel his hand on my fly, opening the buttons of my jeans, slipping inside, seeking the hardness. When his fingertips brush the pulsing head of my dick, I break the kiss and cry out softly, the feeling is so exquisite. He traces the bell-shaped tip, smoothing pre-cum over the delicate skin like a painter covering a bare wall. My balls contract, the desire to ejaculate building up with the heat and unexpressed power of a missile silo.

I kiss him again, and then turn him towards the wall, reaching around him to open his belt and loosen his pants. I slide them just low enough to reveal the firm white globes of his ass. I press against him, my penis insinuating itself in the crack, stroking him there as I kiss and nibble the back of his neck. I reach around again and enclose his erection in my palm, masturbating him as I use my other hand to position my cock for penetration. The entry is so swift, so powerful that it lifts him to his toes, and he groans at the touch of pain that precedes pleasure.

For me, there is only pleasure. Pleasure in the pressure of his snug sphincter releasing enough to let me pass. Pleasure in the close, smooth walls of his anus enclosing me. Pleasure in the resistance of his tissues against the turgid flesh of my dick, grabbing me like a tight fist. I rip open my shirt and pull his up so I can press my chest to his flesh. Skin against skin, I want to feel his heat seep into my pores.

I fuck him, I stroke him, I fuck him. My feet are firmly planted on the cobblestones, supporting much of his weight with each upward thrust. I am drenched with sweat from the effort and from the excitement. I feel his orgasm approaching, my hand slick from his seepage. I don't rush my own. Coming at the same time is not as big a thrill as coming at the right time. He blows a wad against the wall, shuddering and trembling against me, bracing himself as my thrusts become more frequent and intense.

"Take it, take it, TAKE IT!" I hear my own voice and it sounds unrecognizable to me, guttural and thick with desire. It's building to an inevitable conclusion and I bite into the tender skin of his shoulder, not hard enough to draw blood, but hard enough to pinch. The wolf is ravenous. I feel my groin muscles contract and tense. I feel my testicles bulge and throb. And then I feel it begin. I shot my load in three separate expulsions of fluid, each accompanied by a rolling wave of pleasure that racks me from head to toe. I am keening into his ear, moaning with relief, suddenly weakened and left slack. I lighten my grip on him and withdraw my dripping cock. We have nothing to clean up with, sealing the mess and scent of sex into our clothes.

I notice I've lost two buttons on my shirt, but I don't bother looking for them. My shirt gaps low on my chest that gleams with sweat. I kiss him deeply as he is rearranging his clothes. He loops an arm around my neck while we kiss. It's a sweeter caress, less urgent and demanding.

"I love you, Bri," he whispers into the night and I hug him close, inhaling the scent of his golden hair as I respond,

"I love you, too."

We hold each other in that enclosure, trapped by a wall on one end, a dark canal opposite it, and memorize this moment we shared, before heading back to the hotel.

When I'm old and gray, I'll pull this memory up and recall this fact:

Once, when I was young, I loved a boy in Venice.

This one truth will validate my romantic yearnings for the rest of my life.

End

# Lux Aeterna [Perpetual Light]

By Paul Plesko

Series/Sequel: Requiem, part 4, sequel to Dies Irae

Pairings: Brian/Justin; Brian/OMC

Category: Angst, Drama

Returning to Pittsburgh, Brian must make a difficult decision... and without Justin, he would be unable to follow through with it. Brian and Justin become closer than ever amidst the glow of the setting sun and the bright flickering of a flame.

The first sensations... the sound of a fan... the feel of unfamiliar sheets against my hip... a softer bed.

Unusual darkness... Unrecognized surroundings... The moment of panic, when I realize I'm not in the loft, like falling in a dream... re-living past experiences... opening eyes in strange surroundings...like a string of sensory explosions.

Waking up in a new house as a child; we moved so often... sleep-overs at Mikey's house... my dorm rooms at Penn State and the apartment... waking up with strangers in beds that smelled of sex... hands still tied to the headboard, sometimes... drug and alcohol stupor... an overnight bus-trip, with a man's hand stroking my cock through my levis as I woke up; I can still feel his hand there, five years later.

The images came flooding back like drum-beats before I could regain my bearings. Waking up in unfamiliar surroundings has been a terror since childhood.

A motel room. A large bed. I rolled over and my shoulder bumped an object...someone's forehead...Justin's forehead. The memory of yesterday finally began to reassemble in my consciousness...the trip to Penn State, the funeral, the visit to John's home, the sleazy bar in Altoona. And here we were...together in a strange bed smelling of sex...but I remembered last night.

He slept so peacefully. His chest rose and fell in slow regularity; his eyes moved slowly behind closed lids. [ I watch him sleep whenever I can. It calms my restlessness.] But we couldn't lounge in bed all morning. The Lexus needed to be returned to the rental agency by noon and we still had a couple hours to drive.

So I placed my palm against his cheek and let my thumb trace his eyebrow softly. His lashes opened and his gaze locked onto mine as if he knew I was there all the time...and the smile broadened like a sunrise. "You were fucking-fabulous last night," he murmured with his first words of the new day in a soft, unused voice. "Maybe you were reliving a past fuck or something...but you were all over me. We've never used so many different positions in one night." He rubbed his ass absent-mindedly as if checking to see if it was still there.

"We need to go," I said throwing the blankets off him. He snuggled closer for warmth while looking up at me. It was almost impossible to deny him what he wanted when he asked with only his eyes like this. I enfolded him in my arms and rolled him up atop my chest, trapping his legs in mine; he didn't struggle but, instead, spread like a blanket over me. I arched up to kiss him, but when I broke the kiss, he took my face in his hands and looking down at me intently...questioningly.

"Your body is here, but your mind is somewhere else," he said, gazing into my eyes.

"I'm right here...with you," I murmured. "I admit yesterday was hard for me...the funeral and all, but..."

"You wouldn't be human if yesterday was easy, Brian. Funerals are like that. Was it going to that club?"

Perhaps I winced a little. "Partially. That's a part of my life I'm not proud of...but my intent was to show you more of what's inside me...so you have to take the bitter with the sweet,...if there's any sweet there."

"I was just gonna ask you where you hide the sweet- stuff, but I think I know the answer to that." He ground his groin against mine as if to indicate. "I don't feel that it was bitter, Brian. I've always wanted to understand how you ended-up where you are, and this trip has given me a lot of insight into that process, despite your hesitancy."

"Some of it I'm not proud of," I repeated.

"Yea, well who doesn't have things in his life he's not proud of? I know I do." (Somehow I could just imagine Justin's huge hidden secrets...cheating on a Latin test or forgetting to write a "Thank you" note.) "What is it that makes you feel less than proud? Your relationship with John, or what you did later?"

"Both, I guess." I was suddenly reluctant to discuss why I had brought him on this trip in the first place, but the determined look in his eye made me continue. "I wanted his love so badly, I encouraged him even after I realized it couldn't go anywhere...a train-wreck just waiting to happen."

"I've stood on that track many times with you. I was sure you would never want me as more than a casual fuck...and I was madly in-love with you...deeply, passionately. It's a feeling I know very well...hopeless rage. "

"Well, I raged, that's for sure...totally fucked...turned my anger against everyone...even you sometimes." I hadn't realized that until that moment.

"No, you've never raged with me. You tried to run-me-off with indifference, but I saw through you."

"But you never saw me like the images I shared with you yesterday....the most desirable stud in Pittsburgh...on his knees in the filth..." The smell of the bar's backroom came back to me now as a sordid memory.

He clenched his fist on my chest. "The sleazy side of you? Get fucking real! Well, the most desirable stud in Pittsburgh had to learn it somewhere. In a sick way, I'm grateful for that filth because so much of what you bring into our bed you learned somewhere else. I knew nothing until you touched me, Brian. You gave feeling and touch to my desires."

I nodded, remembering that first time in the loft. "You were such a novice. You didn't know shit!"

He laughed, admitting it. "I can't imagine you EVER being as clueless as I was. But how do you know I wasn't just playing the "virgin" for your benefit?"

"You were nervous as Hell...and as tight as a fist..."

"Not tight for long, thanks to you. Turned me from a tight-end to a wide receiver in one night! You deliberately intimidated me...made fun of me. Maybe you wanted me to run."

"I intimidate every trick. Just to keep 'em at arm's-length. It's my style..."

"So you fucked this one up, Kinney." He stretched out his arm to mock me.

"Apparently." I rolled him off onto the bed. "But you say you 'luv' me...you hardly know what that means." His brows lowered, but I continued. "If you had loved before and been hurt before...then I'd possibly be able to accept your feelings...but that night, you would have loved anyone who rimmed you and fucked you."

His eyes flashed dark suddenly. "You say it with such sarcasm...as if my love has to satisfy some definition or meet some requirement to be worthy. I have known you FOREVER." He reached for the pillow as he spoke and slammed it at me. "Fuck you!" And he scrambled out of the bed and started to get dressed.



We both were quiet as we dressed and headed for the car. No thought of breakfast. As we left the motel and headed for the highway, Justin was silent, staring straight ahead and chewing on his thumbnail. I finally spoke. I realized we couldn't go all the way to Pittsburgh like this. "I didn't mean to minimize your feelings. But look at it from my perspective. How many times can you tell a boy he's a 'worthless piece of shit' before he begins to believe it? Lick his perineum; he'll confuse lust with love. Just a little real love from someone and he'll crave more. Just a little praise of his 'prowess' and he'll find new ways to please. Praise his appearance and he'll sculpt himself into Adonis. Give him a little attention, and he'll become a demigod. I've been there...I've loved the attention...I've loved the power of having someone want me so badly, he would have destroyed his family and career for me..."

Justin interrupted "You know he loved you...he told you in those damned books...but I tell you directly to your face. Why is his love genuine? Because he almost sacrificed so much? But my love is less genuine just because I have less to risk? Why is it 'love' when it happens to John, but for me it's some kind of physical fixation?"

He didn't need to remind me. I knew the list of sacrifices he had made...to be himself, to be with me. He had made the sacrifices that John had only hinted at. I couldn't look at him because I was driving...but I didn't want to look at him at that moment. "Because that's how everyone treats me now...the body, the prowess, the reputation..."

He wasn't listening to me. "It's because you don't think you're worthy of my love. It's not a defect in the gift, it a defect in the recipient. It's because you think that all you have to offer is your fucking sexual expertise. News flash! I can get laid anywhere. It's YOU I love, Brian...what's inside...your soul...your brain...not just your cock."

I let his words sink-in. "Justin, how can I feel worthy of the love you offer me? I'm a heartless bastard...just ask anyone."

"You're already worthy, Brian...you just can't accept that fact. And let me tell you how heartless you are. You were so heartless, you agreed to give Lindsey a baby despite your reservations. You were so heartless, you've supported Gus and you've even given-up your parental rights when you felt it would be in his best interest. You are SO heartless, you kept coming back to me even when you feared I was a stalking brat..."

"You ARE a stalking brat," I laughed, because it was true.

"...shut up..." he inserted quickly, without a change in the tone of his voice, not missing a beat..."and you have no clue what you've done for me. You saved me from my father. You supported YOUR father, although he didn't deserve it. And you've saved Mikey a thousand times..."

"I guess to feel loved, you have to love yourself well enough to think there's something worth sharing." The words came out before I had even parsed them.

The silence echoed in the car for many seconds. "Yea, you SUCK," he finally said unconvincingly.

"For so long, that's all I've 'owned' worth sharing...my desirability, my fuck-power...but I'm getting older. The beauty thing is getting harder and harder..."

"Bingo! Meanwhile, if you can't see what's worthy about you, then slip into my skin and look at yourself from my perspective. The first thing you'd have to do is to get past the beauty. It's still there, but you think the beauty is all there is. Do you think I'm beautiful, Brian?"

"Of course. From the first moment I laid eyes on you, looking for love on Liberty Avenue. But I'm always attracted to guys with good bodies, fine eyes, a type of grace that is indescribable..."

"And I looked at you, and I told Daphne later, 'I have seen the face of God, and his name is Brian Kinney.'"

"Yea, yea," I said, "you probably heard that from one of the boys in the back room who had God's cock up his ass one night."

"The boys in the back room have never even SEEN your face...not your real face. They've focused on your dick. They never see your real beauty." He paused, letting me think about the faade I wear like a heavy iron mask. "But somewhere along the line in that first fuck, some little bell went off in you. I remember."

While I hadn't been able to remember his name at the time, I had the strongest sensory memory of that moment. "Remember when I said you'd always see my face when a guy fucked you? Well, at that moment, I looked down at you and I saw my own face, thirteen years ago, looking up at John....scared...trying to please...afraid it would hurt...it was the look on YOUR face that did it."

"You were a wonderful first lover...gentle and caring and hot. I have no complaints about the physical side of it." He smiled, probably remembering last night. I smiled too.

"But I remember how John's attraction to my body turned into more...the tougher things to deal with."

"Yes, Brian. Just as my attraction to your body turned into more...and, believe it or not, admit it or not, your attraction to my body has turned into more....and you are terrified of it."

"All that love-shit...it never lasts. People change. What is great now will become last year's fling in a little while. You'll meet someone your own age...someone with whom you can explore..."

"How do you know??? Except for that "thing" with John and your weird relationship with Mikey, this is your first experience with caring too. And guess what? You are my own age, emotionally."

"If I weren't driving, I'd..."

"I can still run faster than you."

That made me laugh. "Not with my cock up your ass, you can't!"

"Promises, promises." ("Brat!") We both laughed, just to break the tension. "Brian, tell me something..."

I nodded. I had to give him credit for standing up to me and holding-his-own in this emotional duel. I paused, then added, "OK. No lies, no distortions, no faade...just the truth as I see it ...you deserve it."

Justin thought for a moment, formulating his question like a young lawyer trying to "nail" the case. I could feel the wheels turning. "If we went back to that club and I got down on my knees on the sticky linoleum and I stuck some trick's dick down my throat, how would you feel about it?"

"It makes me sad to think about it...to think you'd sink that low when I'm nearby..."

"Yes. But John was NOT nearby, was he? You had pulled back, and he had severed the relationship...and you had no one. And you would have done anything to put a Band-Aid on the pain. Sex is a great Band-Aid."

"He was hurting too. I caused it...some of it." My thoughts turned to the journal he had given me, filled with that hurt and his attempts to deal with it. As if reading my mind, Justin picked up the second volume from the back seat. "Brian, would you ever write the kind of journal to me that he wrote to you....and then would you make sure that I read it?"

"Just like John, I write poetry for YOU when you're not around. But I never show it to you." I had never revealed my poetry-writing to anyone. It was a compulsion when emotions overflowed...something I did because I couldn't avoid it.

"You've got to be kidding me! You do? And you never share it? That is so fucking selfish!" He seemed hurt.

"Most of it I throw away. I know how hurtful it can be. John's writing was so beautiful, but the underlying pain was evident despite clothing it in phrases worth of poetry. "

He clutched the book in his fist and waved it in front of me as I drove. "John's writings are a vindictive, hateful weapon used against an innocent, young man full of self-doubt and angst. They are truly cruel."

I released the wheel with one hand and tried to grab the book. "But the books are beautiful. He was such a good writer...and he could share his emotions, when I couldn't even understand mine."

"He didn't share them with you when you needed them most,...when you could discuss what was happening. He wrote his messages to torture you when you were no longer able to talk to him about them."

"That wasn't his intent," I countered.

"Yes it was," he insisted.

"He wrote them because we couldn't be together lots of the time...he wanted me to know how he felt."

"He loved you? He was ready to make huge sacrifices? And he couldn't find time to discuss his feelings for you? I don't think so. He was riddled with guilt, and he never forgave you...or got over you. The second volume makes that clear. He wanted to punish you. And he did. And he still does, from the grave."

"Punish me? For what?"

"For making him love you so hopelessly." His words had a ring of finality.

I waited for a few moments, gathering my thoughts. "Hopelessly...how I feel sometimes..."

"Yes. Hopeless. No future. We all feel hopeless sometimes, Brian. It's not unique to you. I've felt the hopelessness. But when you smile at me in that guarded way, or you put your head on my shoulder, or just pull me onto your lap, I know the world is capable of being conquered."

On that note, we drove mostly silently the remainder of the way to Pittsburgh. After returning the Lexus, we drove to the loft in the Jeep. The familiarity of the Jeep and the city made us feel somehow more relaxed...although there were still issues to discuss and settle.

After putting a few things away and pouring a drink, I stepped up behind Justin at the computer, placing my hands on his shoulders. He was typing something, but he closed the screen as I approached...something he didn't want me to read, perhaps.

"Let's talk," I said. He looked stunned. He was the one who had been pressing the issues. He had guided the conversation in the car. I, on the other hand, had struggled with the issues, opened up my doubts, and generally made a mess of things. So he was surprised that I wanted to resume....but I owed it to him.

I pulled him to his feet, and we sat on the LeCorbusier lounge chair, close enough to touch, but not close enough to be a distraction.

"So where do we begin?" My mind was flooded with things that needed saying, but they were entangled with the things that had already been said on the drive to Pittsburgh.

"Oh, we began a long time ago, Brian. Perhaps we should just resume where we left-off...where the conversation got too close for comfort," he said in that calm, adult way he uses when he knows he's right.

I looked into his eyes, like I had that first night, and I saw his love radiating like a beacon. If I could only be a mirror to redirect it back at him. "How could you love such a fucked-up mess?" I finally managed to murmur. "There's no happiness loving me...only despair and hurt and..."

"But you bring me happiness..." he replied, smiling and shaking his head in mild disbelief that I could say such a thing. "...because this fucked-up mess loves me, whether he knows it or not, whether he'll acknowledge it or not, ...he loves me with such clarity and such intensity that I feel chosen out of the whole faggot world to be happy. Yes, I have the despair and the hurt with you, Brian...but you always redeem yourself, and do you know why? Because you can't let me go." He paused and fixed his gaze directly into my eyeballs. "Your life is not empty anymore...and that scares the shit out of you." He refused to continue, demanding that I say something or sit there in silence.

My mind raced back over all the events of yesterday. "I can't shake the ghosts...the hurt...the memories...the past mistakes. I thought taking you to State College would show you, indirectly, how hopeless this was...you'd see me for the fucked-up mess I am."

"You succeeded in one thing." He reached for my hand. "You showed me the 'old you'...the forerunner of who you are now....the mistakes you've made...but it only made me love you more, because you're so much better than that. You can't ditch me, Brian. I won't let you."

"You can do better." I couldn't look at him.

"So can you," he shot-back..."but that's tough shit. We're stuck with each other. It's chemistry."

"I can't change the past. I can't change who I am." My intensity rose to match him.

"Don't change it. Outgrow it. Surmount it. Reject it. Defeat it." His voice rose with each challenge.

"I've tried. I can't." There was finality in my voice.

The expression on his face clouded-over like a sudden summer storm. He slid off the chaise and started digging under the desk for his shoes.

"Where are you going?" I said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm leaving. Fuck you! You won't even try." He had tears in his eyes as he faced me defiantly.

"What can I do?" I tried to convince him to stay without knowing how to do it.

"You went to college! You figure it out!"

"They didn't teach me how to unscramble the brain of an 18-year-old boy."

"I'm the same age you were when you first met John." His eyes flashed. He was off by a year, but I wasn't going to quibble at that moment.

"Tell me what I can do." It was the first time I had indirectly asked him for help.

He turned quickly, grabbed the two volumes of John's writing on the desk, spun, and threw them at my feet. "Get rid of this poison! Let go of the guilt...and the past."

"But this is beautiful writing...a declaration of love..." I bent to pick them up.

"It's a punishment," he shouted. He turned to leave, and over his shoulder added, "Until you understand that, you'll never be free to love someone else." The door slid closed with a loud bang.

The loft is always a quiet place unless the music is throbbing. The thick floors and brick walls keep out the sounds of the other residents and the city. The openness of its design lets sounds dissipate before they can bounce and be heard. Its openness also makes it feel empty.

It felt particularly empty now...as the echo of the door-slam reverberated only in my imagination. I put the books back in the nightstand where volume one had resided. I poured another drink; I shuffled papers. The computer screen caught my attention because it was the last thing he was doing before the cataclysm. I could snoop in his computer files, I suppose, to reinstate his presence here...but we had an unspoken agreement about that. I picked up his shirt from the floor. We had a spoken agreement about that; I refused to pick-up-after-him like his mother...but I folded his shirt and smelled it before I put it on the corner of the bed. The scent made me numb for a moment.

He was here...even when he wasn't here. His toothbrush in the bathroom...his food preferences in the refrigerator...his art on the walls...his shampoo in the shower, although I'd noticed he had switched to mine lately. He lived here now. A part of the place.

I retrieved volume two; I hadn't had much of a chance to read it. Opening to an early page, I read:

"I gave you a purpose and direction...and you flourished.

I gave you my family, the love of my children, my home as a refuge...and you visited often enough to work your way into our hearts, but then you didn't come anymore.

I gave you my love, my caring, my concern...a gift which I have shared with very few...and you could not love in return.

I gave you all I could give...myself...but you didn't have time.

You asked me to let you go, and I tried...but you stayed to remind me of what cannot be."

That wasn't the way it happened. That wasn't my recollection. It was because I loved in return that I broke off the relationship...not that I couldn't or wouldn't love.

"No promises, no apologies, no regrets." The words kept running through my mind. There are sometimes regrets WITHOUT promises. Personal regrets, involving only myself. Failing others was bad enough...but failing to meet my own high expectations of myself was even worse. There was honor in trying and failing. Failing without trying was the greatest failure. I had promised Justin nothing, but I was failing him anyway.

The urgency to "trick" must originate somewhere in my body other than in my brain. By the time my consciousness was aware, the need was fully aroused. A knee-jerk reaction to personal distress...impersonal sex. What did Justin call it? A Band-Aid? No, more like an artificial kidney or limb-prosthesis, making up for some serious defect, rather than just a protective cover-up. The need to be with someone...anyone...became an all-consuming compulsion. I dressed in the "uniform" and headed for Babylon. A Sunday afternoon...not my usual.

Would Justin be there? I put the thought out of my head. Well, not entirely...because I knew how he would feel about my fucking someone else as a defense mechanism. Using their desire as a substitute for my own self-worth. He would be there. I just knew it.

The music pulsed; the lights flashed. This place was the same every night of the week. He stood at the balcony railing talking head-to-head with a fairly unattractive guy. If he saw me, he didn't acknowledge it. I climbed the stairs and took a position beside him...and just leaned against the railing, looking over the crowd. He sensed me before he turned. His conversational voice, elevated above the surging music, suddenly took on a harshness.

"Look for something?" he asked. "You know where to find it...downstairs, not upstairs."

"I want you to come home," I said. I suddenly realized that his return was more important than the sexual gratification.

His nostrils flared perceptibly. "Why should I? Nothing's changed."

"I can't do it alone," I said softly. He could read my lips if he couldn't hear me.

"Do what?" he said coldly. "Suck your cock and twist your nipple at the same time? You're the sexual gymnast. Practice and you'll make the Olympic Team."

"You told me to destroy the books," I replied. "I think I'm ready to try...but I need you beside me...to watch me do it. If I tried to do it by myself, I'd just hide them and you'd find them someday, and I'd feel like a fool. I need for you to witness it."

He turned without smiling, realizing my seriousness, and he excused himself from his conversation. Without a word he headed down the stairs and toward the door, parting the dancing crowd for me to follow. He looked taller from behind for a moment.

The sun was setting as we climbed the steep oak stairs leading to the roof of the loft and we opened the hatchway. That's the advantage of living on the top floor...access to the roof where I can grow a few smokeable plants, have a private tanning area, and do some outdoor cooking and dining. The pink arch of the sky looked like the roof of a mouth above the jagged teeth of Pittsburgh's skyline, ready to eat her offspring. On the way up I had stopped to retrieve the two volumes. We each carried one like some sacrificial offering.

I lit the gas grill and we stood silently for a moment watching the flames flutter. Justin was beside me...his arm around my waist as if to hold me there unable to flee. He turned his face upward to me, telling me wordlessly that it was time to begin. I opened the first volume, tore out the first page and read the first line out-loud as I touched it to the fire. "To Brian, a token of my love. All the thing's I've said or couldn't say..." The flame crawled up the page leaving a red-edged, blackened, crumpled skeleton of a page crackling on the ceramic briquettes.

Page 2. "Why this book"... It curled like a dying spider.

Page 3. "Sometimes I wonder if you will ever read this." The last line, "immune to anger and pain," was the last to be consumed by the flames.

Page 8. "I love to touch you, to hold you..." I held the page too long before releasing it and it singed the hair on the back of my hand.

As if on-cue, a church somewhere in the distance began tolling the Angelus bell...a call to prayer, an announcing...but, in this case, a tolling for the dead.

The brightness of each page's flame lit Justin's face with an intensity that increased, then decreased...a rhythmic appearance from, and a return to, the darkness. His skin glowed golden in that momentary light...and the sight of him suddenly gave some purpose to this ritual burning. Even the darkest words, on paper, could light the face of Truth.

When I had finished volume one, he handed me the second one, then slipped behind me with his arms around my waist and his face peering around my right shoulder.

The first page. "To Brian, Volume 2, A Goodbye." I felt Justin tense as the heat bathed his face. The brightness outlined his profile in contrast to the darkness. As each page went up in flames, I felt a gentle squeeze...an affirmation.

Page 26. "I loved you once because of what you did...the facets you added to my life..." I turned my face to kiss him while trying not to burn my fingers.

Page 30. "Interesting changes in my life..." ...words to a song (by Peter Allen) which were meaningful to John.

Page 32. "Your reasons for leaving were honorable...selfish, but honorable." A man's vanity tells him what is honor; a man's conscience what is justice. Flaring fire, like reason, lighting our darkness for a few seconds.

The last pages went more rapidly. The tearing became a rhythmic motion; I stopped reading them aloud. The last pages were blank. He had never finished his condemnation of me...or himself. It would have continued had he lived. He chose to end it the only way he could. At the end, I burned the leather bindings. The smell, like burning flesh, put an end to the sacrifice. I turned off the gas. The darkness was total now...as dark as it ever gets in a city. A breeze scattered a few of the black ashes; I could hear them rustle. Standing under the arch of stars...alone....together....a peaceful quiet.

We stood there in the darkness not knowing what to do next. Endings are beginnings.... steps in a new direction after a full-stop. I had chosen a path now and we would walk it together.

As I moved, he loosened his arms and I turned to face him. My memory of his face lit by the flames was all I needed. I bent down to kiss him...a silent "thank you." His cheek was damp; he had cried at the end. We stood facing each other, hand-in-hand, then stepped forward and embraced.

"Brian, I..." I brushed my thumb across his lips to cut-off the words. It was my turn to speak...a time for a freed heart to finally say the words that had choked me for months.

He felt me inhale to speak, perhaps....his lips so close to mine, our chests in-contact. I tried to speak, but my voice faltered.

"I know," he said. "I know."

"No, don't," I said, stepping back a little. "You always say that to let me off-the hook...and to prevent that difficult silence. You've felt my love...you've acknowledged my love for months. My saying it now, as some sort of capitulation, demeans it, I think. . I've told you many times...'actions speak louder than words.'" I slipped my hand under the front of his t-shirt and slid my fingers up along his side...warm skin against my palm. I felt his hand on my shoulder in the darkness. "Being capable of loving is so much more important than being able to say it. Let me show it the way I feel it," I continued.

"I...I don't have a condom with me up here," he stammered softly...almost embarrassed. "But I can go back down and get one."

"No," I said. "Stay." I slipped my other hand under his shirt and stripped it slowly up his torso and over his head.

"I want to see you. It's too dark," I said, pulling out my lighter and lighting one of the kerosene patio torches. It sputtered, then flared into its trembling flame. He stood there, as if transfixed, while I slipped off my loafers and socks, unbuttoned and removed my shirt, and stepped out of my pants. He had seen me naked many times, but he always examined my body like an artist looking for some new contour to draw. And I looked at him, as if for the first time also. He was not a trembling, unsure boy...but a man bathed in golden light. I stepped closer again...then sank to my knees on the tarred roof and untied his running shoes. He used my head as support as he lifted each foot to let me remove his shoes and socks. His feet were as beautiful as his hands. Looking up at him now, I hooked the fingers of each hand in the waistband of his sweat pants and slid them down his thighs. His cock sprang free, already partially turgid. I had it in my mouth before his pants were totally off his ankles. The feeling of his maleness engorging in my mouth was second-only to cumming in erotic intensity. His fingers in my hair guided my subtle motions. I didn't want him to cum...just to feel me there, arousing him.

I stood. He reached for me, palming my cock and weighing it like he was selecting a piece of fruit. "Like this?" he questioned with a slight smile, rubbing the shaft with his thumb.

"I've thought about it," I replied. "I'm always very careful...always have been. My AIDS-test 3 months ago was clean...and I haven't had unprotected sex since then. If I care enough about myself to be careful, I care even more about your safety. If we're both extremely careful, there's no reason why, on special occasions, we can't do it as God intended." (I suddenly imagined Father Scanlan, my Catechist, tossing uncomfortably in his grave.) Justin smiled and nodded his assent. Then he stepped forward and kissed me. We embraced as equals...partners...lovers.

"I've never done it without latex," Justin said softly. "But I've wanted to...with you."

I broke the embrace and led Justin to the waist-high parapet at the roof's edge. We looked over the edge into the blackness of the alley. I stroked his lithe back with my hand. "Right here," I said. "No one can see us...but I don't care if they do." I stepped behind him and slid my hands from his shoulders down his arms to his wrists, positioning his hands a shoulder's-width apart on the edge. My chest touched his back briefly, and he squirmed against me. Then reversing the direction of my hands, I traversed his arms back to his shoulders then down his lats to his hips, pulling his torso toward me. I knelt and positioned his feet even further from the wall and spreading them wide. He leaned, supporting himself on straight arms, head rolling from side-to-side as if trying to speed the process. I stepped-up between his legs letting my cock slide along his ass-crack to his lower back, letting him feel how deep it would eventually go. His ass lifted in assent. I leaned forward over him then.... my chest against his back, my arms bracketing his, my hands next to his on the parapet. I kissed the back of his neck as if to say "We're ready." Rolling my pelvis downward, I dragged my cock along his crack until my slightly up-curved stiffness forced the head into his cleft. He shuddered and reached back with one hand behind my head, as if pressing there would force my cock into him. And he swayed gently from side to side as if to wedge me into him. With no additional guidance, my cockhead found that small "well" outside his sphincter...I could feel the increased warmth on the sensitive, velvety skin. He fit me just right. My pre-cum lubed him.

"No lube," I whispered in his ear.

"Yesss," he hissed. "I can take you. It feels like you've got enough flow for both of us."  
He tensed as I planted my feet. "But not too slowly. I want to feel you in me now."

As I began to roll my pelvis and penetrate him, the feeling of his hot sheath around my shaft was overpowering. I raked my teeth along the ridge of his shoulder, partially to divert his attention from any pain, but partly because it felt so wonderful to me. The softness and moistness of his interior...the intense heat...the pulsating tightness as he alternated between the pain reflex and the desire to open. The walls of his rectum rippled over me...not like the first time when I had to force my way in. This time his ass was swallowing me with repeated relaxation and contraction. He was not only accommodating it, he was welcoming it...celebrating it. I felt a brief flash of the old penetration/dominance urgency, but it subsided quickly as I focused on making the experience most pleasurable for Justin...and for me. It was the warmth of completeness...of one-ness...of union.

Justin moaned softly. I felt him tremble beneath me. His head sagged as he relaxed, then arched back as I penetrated deeper. His mouth sagged open. I kissed his cheek.

"Ooooooh, you feel SO GOOD inside me," he groaned. "I never knew it could feel like this!"

I was half-way into him when I started to withdraw a bit. Letting him adjust to the added friction. At this depth, my cock-tip raked over his prostate with the ridge around the mushroom head....and he shuddered again.

I surged into him with another thrust as I lifted one hand from the ledge and crossed it under his chest gripping his shoulder from the front. My biceps bulged under his pit as I drew him against my chest and used my arm to piston my cock into him deeper. As more of my weight settle onto his back, Justin replaced his hand on the ledge.

"I haven't done 'bareback' for a long time. Your ass feels SO wonderful!" I growled through clenched teeth. The last time had been with John...and I tried not to think about it. I used my abs to begin the slow in-and-out surging then; his ass gripped me tightly on the outstroke as if he were trying to keep my inside. More pre-cum made the friction less, but his tightness remained. Each in-stroke was a token of my passion...I increased the depth with each stroke; each outstroke reminded me how important he was to me...he took the initiative and gripped me, matching my passion with his. Not competing, but trading love-for-love in an intense physical way....a give-and-take.

Again Justin tried to remove his hand from the parapet, this time to grip his own cock, but his remaining arm began to buckle, so he grabbed the edge in an attempt to steady himself. In turn, I released the ledge with my remaining hand and crossed it over my other arm on his chest, squeezing him between my upper arms and applying all my upper-body weight to his back. He rocked back and forth with the impacts of my thrusting.



"M-m-more," he stammered, "Give me...I...harder...I need..." He ended with a moan loud enough to echo in the alley below and a few other mindless noises...brutally erotic. I felt his knees almost buckle. Planting my feet firmly, I began to lift his bent body to an upright position. As his hands left the parapet, his arms hung out to the side, elbows locked, wrists limp...a total submission...not to me, but to erotic rapture. As he reached the vertical, I leaned back, arching him over my chest as my pelvis rolled upward and he was skewered on my up-thrusting cock. His legs were shorter than mine, requiring that he either rise onto his toes or be lifted off his feet entirely. His back slid a few inches down my torso as my cock sank in the final distance. My hand slowly stroked down his soft, flattened, sucked-in belly....and I surrounded his cock with my fist, jacking him slowly. I felt his ass spasm on my shaft like a swallowing throat. In this position, my heavy breathing lifted him just enough so he rose and fell on my cock, rubbing the tip against his soft interior.

"Breathe, boy...don't pass-out on me," I whispered...and I pressed his chest with my encircling arm. I felt him struggle for a breath, then moan again on the exhale; he was crying now and speaking gibberish. I released his cock to bring my hand to his cheek, speaking words of encouragement at the same time. "Come on, Justin...stay with me...I want you to cum with me"... and then I returned my hand to his cock and began stroking it as if it were my own. Faster, then slower...tighter, then looser...altering the touch so he was constantly aware of the pounding stimulation.

"Cum with me," he begged, mindlessly repeating what I had just told him. "Share it with me. Fill me. I want to feel it. Let me feel it inside me. Love me."

I fucked him harder then, using my arm to lift him and press him down onto me...using the muscles in my interior to make my cock throb deep inside him...a trick I learned in the backroom. The intensity matched my feelings...

"Love me the way no one else ever will!" he moaned. "...the way no one else ever CAN!!"

My hand was having its effect on his cock...I could feel him shudder, then stiffen, then inhale to moan again...and then I felt his convulsions around my bare cock, milking me with white-hot heat. His first shot hit my chin as my face hung over his shoulder. The remainder went somewhere, I don't know where...because his pulsating muscles brought me to my climax immediately. I staggered forward, almost crushing him against the bricks as I shot my load deep into his quivering ass. The impact knocked the wind out of both of us. We gasped together, fighting for breath. I kissed the back of his neck, his shoulders, his ear... as I finished filling his ass with my white-hot lava.

Time stopped. Neither of us was aware of much for a minute or two. I can remember brushing my sweaty forehead against his hair. I remember the sensation of my hand covered with his cum, dripping down my fingers. I released his cock and brought the fingers to my lips, kissing his fluid off, and then offering it to him. He sucked my fingers hungrily as if to replenish his cum-supply. I remember some of my cum leaking out of his ass and down his inner thigh...then dripping onto my foot.

As our breathing regularized, I kissed his neck more tenderly. Standing there in the darkness,...with flickering light casting shadows around us...I knew that we were different than before. I felt as if I had shared something, not simply delivered it. It was different with Justin...

"You never need to say it, Brian." He was reading my mind again. Justin tilted his head back to try to kiss me, but he only managed to brush my cheek. I turned his head with my hand and found his lips. We kissed, saying more in that moment than some lovers say in a lifetime. As our lips parted, his breath fluttered against my lower lip. "I'll never make you say it...because the words would only remind me of this moment, and their inadequacy in expressing what you've just shown me...told me...would make them pale by comparison. I'll choose your love this way, anytime."

=====

# Skin

## By Happier\_bunny

Brian slid the loft door closed, grateful to be home after the afternoon he'd had dealing with people. He didn't see Justin as he placed his briefcase on the counter. All he wanted was a hot, relaxing shower, and the quiet of the loft was a relief. He loosened his tie, started to unbutton his shirt, and headed toward the bedroom stairs.

He stopped at the bottom step when he saw the bed. Justin was on his back, naked, feet planted firmly on the mattress, his legs spread wide open as he fucked himself with what was, Brian was certain, a brand new, black dildo.

Brian's breath caught in his throat as his eyes fixed on the huge black dildo sliding in and out of Justin's ass. He tore his gaze away, only to have it travel slowly up Justin's body. Brian's dick got hard, and Justin's hard cock leaked as it bobbed as he lifted his ass to match the thrust of the dildo. Brian's eyes darkened, and he climbed the stairs unthinkingly, his stare focused on the red flush on Justin's pale chest. He stopped at the edge of the bed and followed the flush up Justin's throat. Justin's mouth was open just a little, and he was panting softly.

Brian focused on Justin's closed eyes for a moment before his own eyes wandered back down Justin's body. The dark dildo contrasted with Justin's skin as he twisted it inside himself, his asshole stretched around it.

Brian's throat was dry as he slid his shirt off his body, and he coughed a little to try to clear it. Justin's eyes quickly opened, and he looked around, startled, until he saw Brian. Their eyes locked and Justin's grew darker. Brian forgot all about the shower, his mind filled only with this sexy and wanton creature who was all his.

"So, who's your new best friend there?" Brian asked as he unbuttoned his pants.

Justin laughed softly, but didn't answer as he continued to fuck himself with his new toy, his gaze locked on Brian's.

Brian took off his pants and tossed them aside. He crawled up the bed and knelt between Justin's spread legs. Brian stroked his hand up Justin's leg to his inner thigh. He rested his spread hand on Justin's sensitive skin, absorbing the heat from Justin's flushed body. Justin sped up his movements, his tight hole hugging the black dildo.

Justin moaned low in his throat, the flush on his chest deepening.

"I'm taking over," Brian whispered, as he lightly stroked Justin's inner thigh. He leaned over Justin's body, between his spread legs, his weight supported by his left arm. Their cocks bumped together. Justin arched up to meet Brian's lips in a scorching kiss. A kiss full of heat and passion and promises.

"Roll over and get up on your knees." Brian broke the kiss and sat back on his legs to watch. Justin blinked, nodded once, and held Brian's gaze.

Brian's dick was throbbing already, but it got even harder as he watched Justin get on his knees with the black dildo still inside him. His voice was a growl. "I'm going to fuck you with your new friend here, and you're not going to come. Then, I'm going to fuck you so hard that you pass out."

Justin didn't say anything, just pushed his ass towards Brian's voice.

Brian reached out a hand and traced Justin's skin where the black dildo pushed against it. He grasped the bottom of the dildo and slowly pulled it out and quickly pushed it back in. As he fucked Justin with the toy, he thought about how his dick was going to look pushing into Justin's ass instead of the black plastic. He thought about how tight and hot Justin's ass always was, and how incredible it felt to fuck him skin to skin. Fucking Justin raw, never got old, even after two years. He wanted to be in Justin's ass now, but he wanted Justin to beg for it.

"Oh god...please Brian..." moaned Justin as he turned his head around, his eyes full of need.

"Please what, Justin? Tell me what you want," Brian said as he twisted the dildo in and out, pressing it against Justin's prostate. "Is that what you want?" he asked as his other hand kneaded Justin's ass.

Eagerly, Justin thrust back to meet Brian's movements. They rocked together for several minutes as Brian fucked Justin with the dildo, and then Brian stopped. He licked his lips as he looked at the black toy buried deep in Justin's tight ass.

"God, this is fucking hot. The black is hot. You're fucking hot," he murmured. Then he quickly dipped his head and licked the skin surrounding the black dildo. Justin bucked wildly at the touch of his tongue.

Justin moaned as Brian stroked his hand up his back and kept licking and nibbling Justin's skin where it was stretched taut around the toy.

"Oh god...please. Fuck me Brian. Just you. I can't wait. I want you."

Brian eased the dildo out slowly and tossed it aside. He circled Justin's hole with his finger before pressing one, then two, fingers inside. He moved his fingers around and bumped Justin's prostate...once...then again.

He knelt behind Justin and rested his dripping cock against the crack of Justin's ass. He draped his body over Justin's and wrapped his free arm around his chest, and held their bodies close together, "Tell me what you want," he whispered into Justin's ear, rocking his hips against his ass and moving his fingers deep inside him.

Justin turned his head and kissed Brian hard, his eyes wild. "You. I want you. To fuck me. Hard."

Brain moaned into Justin's kiss, their tongues rolling together. Justin sucked hard on Brian's tongue, his eyes closed. Brian's eyes fluttered shut too, his hips pressing hard against Justin's ass. The pressure pushed his fingers against Justin's prostate, and his cock nudged the crack of Justin's ass.

Justin broke the kiss, opened his eyes, looked at Brian's beautiful face. "You make me so hot and crazy. I need you deep inside me. Please. Now."

Brian growled low in his throat and pushed Justin down onto the mattress. Justin scrambled to support his weight on his forearms, his ass in the air. Brian smacked his ass and then slid his fingers out of Justin's hole, pressing his dick at the opening. He pushed in just a little. Justin moaned and swiveled his hips but didn't push back. He reveled in the anticipation as his cock leaked onto the sheets.

Brian watched as his cock slowly inched into Justin's ass. Despite the huge dildo, Justin's hole was still tight, and so hot. It was slick with lube and Brian's precome. He watched his dick disappear into Justin's ass. Justin's hole stretched tight around his cock, so different from the black toy.

As if reading his mind, Justin groaned and said, "I can feel your dick throbbing Brian. It's so much better..."

Brian thrust his dick the rest of the way into Justin's ass. He moaned as the tight heat surrounded his cock. He pulled his dick back and then pushed back in...then pulled back out. They moved together as their heavy breathing filled the loft. Brian was overwhelmed by the friction. He knew he was getting close and he didn't want it to end as he pressed his groin closer to Justin's ass.

Brian trailed his hand up Justin's back and wrapped his fingers in his hair, using it for leverage as he increased the speed of his thrusts. Brian's hips rocked hard into Justin's ass. He swiveled his hips, and the head of his dick hit Justin's prostate. Justin gave a loud moan.

"Oh...my...god," Justin grunted. He tightened his ass around Brian's dick as Brian pulled out, and Brian froze for a minute.

Brian groaned and thrust inside Justin, his balls hitting his ass. As he pulled out and thrust back in deeply, Brian reached for Justin's cock. He jerked him off in time with his thrusts. Buried in the heat, with his cock being squeezed tight, Brian came deep inside Justin's ass. Justin felt the heat of Brian's come in his ass, and spilled over Brian's hand. His arms gave out and he collapsed onto the bed, Brian right on top of him.

Justin reached his hand back and pressed Brian's ass. "Don't move," he whispered.

"I couldn't if I wanted to. That was fucking amazing," Brian said softly into Justin's ear.

"I'll never get tired of feeling you come inside me. It's incredible."

"Pressing into you, skin on skin, will never stop being hot." Brian shifted some of his weight off Justin.

They lay like that for several minutes and listened to each other breathe. Slowly, Brian rolled off Justin, who rolled onto his side to face Brian. Justin leaned in and kissed him. Lips pressed tight and tongues wrapped together, they kissed for several minutes. Brian broke the kiss and buried his head in Justin's neck. He took a deep breath and sighed, "I had a shitty day."

"Do you want to take a shower?" Justin brushed his fingers through Brian's hair.

"When I first came home, I thought I did. But this is what I really needed. You're what I really needed. " Brian's voice was soft, and he licked Justin's throat and held him quietly. Soon, they both slept.

# **Holding On To Let You Go - Part 7**

**by Lane Carson**

## **Part 7**

Justin exhaled into the trimmed hairs that curled against Brian's forehead.

The man was pushing into him again and as they rocked and bucked together, Justin turned his head to let his lips skim over the straining muscles of Brian's forearm. They'd been tangled together in heat and sweat for the last long while and the muscles of Brian's back and arms were running on sheer will as he battled to keep some of the weight of his upper body off Justin's chest. The seat cushions of the couch under them felt wet and soft against Justin's back and a simple thought about staining them came and went from Justin's mind as Brian turned his face to rest his forehead against Justin's again. Justin could feel Brian's eyelashes trailing against his nose and the combination of that sensation and the feel of Brian's hand in his own, pushed out the moan that had been resting at the back of Justin's throat.

Brian pressed into him hard again and Justin tightened his legs around Brian's back as he held on for dear life. He'd felt life and pain and hurt and regret slipping out of his pores and dripping off Brian's skin to pool in the depression of his own stomach and the hollow of his neck. Every reality forgotten, nothing else existed for Justin but the tongue that was gliding over his lips, the velvet covered steel of the back under his fingers and the naked skin that felt hard against and under his own.

Justin opened his eyes just then and found Brian's now hazel ones looking back at him. Justin could feel the man's hand on his face and he turned toward the heated touch. Brian's fingers traced over Justin's chin and lips as his cock slipped deep again and Justin gasped involuntarily as his eyes closed out the intensity of the scene.

Eyes opened again, Justin watched as Brian leaned in close to his cheek to brush his lips there before returning his hand to Justin's face. The heat alone left an imprint on Justin's skin as Brian ran his scalding thumb along the outline of the younger man's lips. Brian traced out the now bruised and reddened pout and Justin opened his mouth to what he knew Brian wanted him to do. A thumb pushed over his lips and teeth and Justin further opened the way for Brian to rub over his tongue. The man's thumb now wet with his sweat and saliva, Justin closed his lips around it and sucked it in deeply as he watched Brian's gaze narrow and focus on what this mouth was doing to him.

Justin watched Brian's lips fall open and trace out the shape of his name even though no sound materialized. He watched as Brian's pupils dilated impossibly and he thought he could see the reflection of his all too red mouth tight around Brian's finger. Brian moaned then and Justin echoed the sound causing a vibration that Brian felt through his hand, down his spine and at the base of his cock. He showed his appreciation for this sensation by thrusting into Justin so deep and so hard that the other man would have gagged on his own tongue if not for the thumb holding it down.

Some minutes later, the headlights from a passing car filled the dim room with diffused light and Justin watched the light play through Brian's hair and over his skin. He watched large veins stand out and relax against the cords of muscle in Brian's neck and shoulder and he pushed up to lick over them as Brian's thumb slipped from his mouth. Crushing kisses again, Justin held his breath as Brian reached between them to find his hardness. Brian didn't squeeze or tug, he just held his hot hand in place and Justin forced the air to return to his lungs as the other man sliced into him again. There was something very illicit about this entire interlude and for as long as it lasted neither man could hold anything back or restrain anything. Brian pumped and circled his hips, pressing the cushions under his thighs and knees impossibly out of shape. He was on the verge of tearing through the stuffing of the pillows that had been unfortunate enough to be located under his hands.

A single thought entered Brian's mind whereas only need and blind desire had ruled before. If and when Justin went back to his lover boy, he would have to tell the man the origins of his pressure cut lip, the bruises and bites on his neck and the deep crimson finger welts all over his wrists. Ethan wouldn't have just vague hints of sex on Justin's body and breath to wonder about. He'd be able to see and taste Brian Kinney all over Justin's skin and deep inside him for days to come.

This thought dissipated as the first streak of light passed behind Brian's eyes. Justin was tight around him and the impossible pressure and impossible wetness wasn't masked by anything.

Brian was well aware that his thrusts were getting more and more shallow while his breathing became more and more strained. He was well aware that the intensity of these sensations was different and deeper than before and he was also suddenly and consciously aware of why. Justin's eyes were closed and his mouth hung open as Brian pushed up on his forearms just then to look down between their bodies to the place where they were joined. Brian could feel Justin loosening the grip of his legs and he tried to clear his head as he reached down to run his hands over Justin's thighs.

That diffused light filled the room again and Brian looked down to see himself disappearing and reappearing from within the body beneath his. For all his sudden awareness, he'd been only vaguely aware that he was still pumping madly into Justin's body and that the light pulses before his eyes were more than late night traffic. He could see wetness and redness and although it couldn't be undone, he wanted out before all sense left him again.

Brian reached down to find Justin's waist and the other man opened his eyes. Justin watched Brian meet his gaze and shake his head slightly. To clear his head or to offer his very last minute regrets, Justin didn't know. He watched as Brian shifted slightly and he felt the man pulling out of him. He was on the verge of all oblivion but Justin forced himself to hold tight to Brian's body.

"No." Justin breathed out his word. He'd taken hold of Brian's hands on his hips and forced Brian to look at him again. "Stay inside me...come inside me."

Brian pulled his hands from Justin's grip and Justin dropped his hands to his side as he waited for Brian's next move. Justin watched as Brian dropped a hand to rest on his stomach before looking down to touch the base of his own cock. Brian held himself inside of Justin, seemingly deciding how to finish this. He had closed his eyes now and though it had slowed, Brian's rhythm had yet to stop completely.

Justin watched as the muscles of Brian's forehead tightened his brows into a deep knot and he watched the man's mouth fall open.

Now Justin could hear Brian's breathing changing and he could see the fight disappearing from Brian's body as his orgasm continued to build.

Justin felt the first spasm pull through his stomach and he squeezed tight around Brian, pushing Brian to double over. Though one hand remained at the base of his cock, Brian again transferred the weight of his upper body to the forearm and palm that he'd flattened beside Justin's head. He could feel Justin shaking around him and he could feel the tremors starting in Justin's thighs from straining muscles begging for release. He'd opened his eyes to find Justin looking at him and he'd felt the man close both hands around his waist urging him on.

One kiss given and one kiss received, Brian touched his fingers to Justin's hole to feel the push and pull between their bodies. Fingers moving lightly and purposefully, he replaced his hold on Justin's hardness and he closed his eyes to ride this out.

It started ten days after Justin's birthday. If Brian had kept a journal, he would have been able to chart the development of Justin's relationship with Ethan and the demise of their own. Ten days after Justin's birthday, the central topic of discussion, for a person who hadn't previously worshipped classical music, had become the

influences of Verdi and Bach and how modern musicians were developing on the theme. Justin had spoken tirelessly on the subject to anyone who would listen. He had that same wide-eyed excitement that Brian remembered all too well and the intensity of the reference for where Brian had previously seen this passion, made it all the more difficult for him to be willfully blind when it came to what was going on. Very few things surprised him, very few things snuck up on him, and on some level or another, Michael's revelation had only been confirmation of what Brian had known since only ten days after Justin's birthday.

Long before a fuck sweaty body had become the norm for when Justin came home at night, Brian had seen changes that he did his best to un-see. He retreated to sex, drinking and drugging and he rebelled against any activity that Justin suggested that seemed like a duplication of something Justin had done with this someone else. No carpet-picnics and no candle-lit quiet evenings at home. He'd run to his desk or from the loft on many an occasion with the sheer need not to see what Justin was doing.

Now, lying here still inside Justin and half in the present and half in the past, for some reason, one of the memories that wouldn't leave Brian's head was what had been one of the first nails in Justin's coffin.

Brian could remember himself claiming that Lindsay had summoned him because Gus had been asking for him and he could see why. He'd needed an escape because it was too early for Woody's or a club and because Justin had been in the kind of mood that would have made a trip to any one of those places high on his list. Brian had watched Justin slip in the earpieces to his CD player before he slid the door to the loft shut and braced his forehead against it for a good long while. He'd hoped a visit with his son, all be it an unannounced visit, would be enough to clear his head. Nine hours later and one tank of gas later, he'd been too tired to loop on his previous thoughts and for this reason he considered his excursion a success.

"Where've you been?" Justin turned on to his back and eyed Brian as he climbed the steps into the bedroom. Justin had called Lindsay earlier only to find out that Brian had left her hours before. While Justin figured there were only a few places and things the man could have been doing with his missing hours, he'd honestly been curious.

"Lindsay's" Brian shrugged out of his jacket as he crossed the room to the closet. He'd made a detour on the way in order to find and kiss Justin's lips in the dim light. They'd made this kissing on first sight thing a bit of a ritual and even though they both noticed it when they did, it hadn't scared Brian into putting an end to the practice.

"I called you, your cell was off. Lindsay said you left a while ago." Justin scrubbed his face with his hands as Brian walked away from him. His words made it sound as though he'd fallen asleep after worriedly watching the time and waiting for Brian's return. In plain fact he hadn't. He'd finished up an assignment, listened to music, one CD in particular, and called to find Brian only when he figured he'd better stop thinking more about the musician than the music.

"It's one-thirty. I'm home way before curfew." Brian tossed his words over his shoulder.

"You don't smell like you've been out fucking and you don't smell like a club." Justin turned his head to follow Brian's progress on the other side of the room.

"I went for a drive." Brian looked at the other man. "What's with the third-degree?"

"Just wanted to know." The two shared a look before Justin pulled back the sheet to swing his legs over the side of the bed. He crossed the room on somewhat wobbly legs as Brian watched.

"Were you worried I wouldn't come back?" Brian sounded like he was teasing but in truth part of him actually wanted Justin to say he had finally clued in to Brian's mood and was smart enough to stop what had caused it.

"Yeah right. You'd never leave your loft behind. If anyone's gonna leave first, it'll be me." Justin had laughed a little before limping off to the bathroom on his still sleeping legs.

It had been just a joke and nothing more. No veiled meanings and no hidden threats. Meaningless to Justin but prophetic to Brian.

Those words had been prophetic and Brian the psychic, or at least the kid who'd developed a sixth sense for knowing when trouble or fists were brewing, knew how true the words were. Most people would always assume that given his temperament and fuck'em all attitude, that Brian would be the first to walk away from a failing relationship. They would always be wrong in this regard because of the one variable they would most often overlook.

Brian Kinney didn't know how to leave things behind.

The most he could do was close his mind to something until it didn't hurt as much anymore and then make it leave him.

Still part way into the past but now mostly in the present, Brian turned his face away from the waves of breath that were flowing over his face. Justin's eyes were still closed and Brian could feel the man's heartbeat hammering into his chest. This part had always been the part that defined them and set them apart from the others. This part was where they were so lost in each other that cooling sweat and sticky come didn't mean discomfort or give a reason to flee. This part where shared breaths and interlaced fingers reminded each of them of what had happened and what was still happening.

Brian identified the fact that he had pressed Justin's palm into the cushions with his own and he pushed up on his other hand before pulling his fingers from Justin's. The other man opened his eyes just then and Brian closed his own so that he wouldn't have to see what he already knew would be there.

He didn't want to be looked at with longing or regret and he didn't want to face the fact that he might find something more familiar there either. Brian pulled back so that first the skin of his chest and then that of his stomach pulled away from Justin's and he fought back the shiver that pushed through him as the cooled air of the loft hugged him instead.

That done, this was the part that Brian had been dreading ever since he realized what they had done...what he had done to Justin. He bit into his jaw and he tried hard not to visualize Justin doing the same thing as he pulled himself completely from the body beneath his. Brian had averted his eyes as if afraid to look at something terrible and stood quickly before moving away.

"I'll get you something to clean yourself up." Brian reached out for the back of the sofa to steady himself because in that moment he felt stirred, shaken and entirely ripped apart. He'd taken everything that he'd intended to inflict on Justin and suffered ten-times worse a fate. A deep breath wouldn't clear his head and as Brian saw it, a million showers wouldn't clean Justin of what he had just done to him.

Turning his head to make sure Gus was still asleep, Brian crossed the space to the bathroom and flicked on the switch. He grabbed for a washcloth before turning on the faucet and wetting it with warm water. Raising his head to meet his reflection, Brian looked at his own eyes while turning the cloth over and over under the stream of water. Losing himself in the undulating flecks of color in his own irises, he couldn't hear anything but the drips and splashes of the water, his own heartbeat and his own pronouncement that Justin was part of his past.

Part of his past...part of the past...part of the...future...part of his fu... part of his...part of him...

"Brian."

The man turned and stopped in mid-movement.

"Can I take a shower? I mean I'd rather..." Justin glanced down his body and Brian followed him to look at the dried streaks on Justin's stomach and inner thighs. Brian had moved his eyes back to the faucet as Justin looked up at him again. He couldn't meet those eyes and he turned off the water as he nodded. Discarding the washcloth on the side of the basin, he'd stood his ground as Justin passed him to step into the shower enclosure.



"Justin." One word and then nothing. What was it that he wanted to say? What was it that seemed so important when he was forming that one word in his mind, but now when it was show time had disappeared? Brian dropped his head a little and Justin thought he knew that what was coming couldn't be good.

"Don't say it Bri. I haven't been here in a while but I remember the drill." It was true that Justin hadn't been in the loft in a month but it was also true that he hadn't been the "get out as soon as you get dressed" trick in a long, long while, if ever. He pulled the door shut behind him and stood aside as he turned up the spray.

"That's not what I was going to say." Brian whispered and Justin didn't hear him. Justin had watched the other man turn and walk back into the bedroom after a little while.

Filled up with Brian and empty of Brian at the same time, Justin turned his face into the spray and let it take away any of the outward signs of his turmoil and confusion.

"Can you stay at the fiddler's tonight if you two are fighting?" Brian spoke up when he heard Justin coming down the steps from the bedroom. He'd been sitting beside the telltale stain on his expensive sofa and was absently deciding whether to leave it there or to try to get it out.

"Ethan. His name is Ethan." Justin spoke to Brian's back as he let the towel slip from around his waist to step into his jeans. Brian had pulled back on his pants and Justin let his eyes wander to the man's seated frame. One bare foot on the coffee table, a bare chest and some sex-tussled hair, Justin took inventory before turning his attention back to getting dressed. "If I don't go home, I'll find somewhere else." He'd made a point of emphasizing the word home and Brian winced.

"It's after two. You can sleep here." The man got up from his seat and walked toward the kitchen. He'd suddenly decided to do his best to get the stain out and he reached for a bowl before filling it with warm water.

"I don't...I don't need to...". Justin dropped his hands at his side before letting his eyes take in the pillows scattered about the floor in front of the sofa and the bruising on his wrists.

"No need to worry about me sullyng your virtue. We've already gotten that part out of the way tonight." Brian's words slashed through the air as he knelt down in front of the sofa, bowl and dishtowel in hand and Justin let his eyes settle on the slightly off-colored patch of fabric for the first time.

He hadn't noticed it when he got up to go into the bathroom, but now he could see it because Brian had gone around and turned on almost every light in this area of the loft. Whatever spell had been woven here tonight had long since been broken and part of Justin needed to know whether the damage and the stain had been worth it to the mastermind behind it all.

"You wouldn't do that with me before. Why now?" Justin pulled on his t-shirt and tossed his pullover on to the back of the sofa. Brian had glanced up from his cleaning to find his eyes, but the man had said nothing. "I realize it's not your style Bri, but it wouldn't force the earth off its axis if you answered me for once." Justin walked over to stand directly in front of Brian and he watched as Brian stilled the movement of the towel.

Justin had known that nothing good would come of this question, like so many of his others, when Brian smiled his most angelic and most cruel smile. "Everybody makes mistakes Sunshine, even me."

"You brought me here with every intention of fucking me Brian, so I don't buy that." Enough experience with cruelty made for a very thick callus and a very quick retort.

"Fucking you, intentional. Sticking my cock up you without a condom, not intentional. No great meaning, just a mistake. One that if you were thinking straight, you'd be more pissed about."

"We're negative Brian and I'm not gonna get pregnant, so it doesn't matter." Justin shrugged his shoulders a little but kept his eyes on Brian face.

The man furrowed his brows and tried to prevent the sarcasm from entering his tone before he spoke. "It's that attitude that makes me very concerned for myself in this situation and very concerned for the future of our nation." Brian feigned superior disappointment as he forced his hand to continue rubbing over the spot.

"Right, 'Mr. Fucking Thirty Guys A Month Is A Slow Period For Me' is worried that I'll make him sick?" Justin shoved his hands into his pockets as he looked away.

"What did you say to me the last time we talked about this?" Brian looked over Justin's shoulder to clarify his memory. "I wasn't just 'anyone'. Isn't that right?" He'd refocused on Justin's face before continuing. "Well now I am 'anyone' and if you're fucking your fiddler raw and then fucking your tricks raw," Brian gestured towards himself as he spoke, "then it's all the more reason for me to be concerned, don't you think?"

"Fuck off Brian. You are not just anyone and once again, you're the first. Leave it to you to turn all the lights on and make me wonder what the fuck I was doing." Justin grabbed for his pullover and moved off to retrieve his backpack.

"Why so angry Sunshine? Would you rather I left all the lights low and turned on some violin music so that we could stay caught up in the moment?" Brian huffed a laugh before getting up from where he knelt in front of the sofa and dumping the water from the bowl into the kitchen sink. "The stain didn't come out. That should fucking mean something to you." Brian looked over to where Justin stood.

"Why? What does it mean to you Brian?" Justin asked sarcastically as he pulled his backpack on to his shoulder.

The other man had watched him move around gathering up his things and stuffing his feet into his shoes before answering. "That in some fucked up way, you've gotten what you used to want. Now you'll never be quite rid of me and I'll never be rid of you." Brian smiled again and Justin thought it looked familiar. It was the same unaffected or unreadable expression that Brian had given him before he left the Rage bash and Justin searched behind the lump in his throat and the pain at his temples for some quick rebuttal.

None came and Justin raised his eyes to find Brian's face again. "You might be right." His voice was wistful and Brian watched him walk toward the door and pull it open. "But when you're done thinking about this so clinically and crisply, ask yourself this for me. No regrets, no apologies and mostly no mistakes, that's usually true for you isn't it?" He watched as Brian didn't react to his words. "That said, in all honesty, do you really regret this, are you sorry it happened and down deep where nobody can see, is it really a mistake?" He stood stock still not expecting an answer and watched as Brian walked toward him.

"Stop being such a drama princess and close the door. We've given the neighbors enough of a show tonight already." Brian reached over Justin's shoulder to pull the door shut. The fact that he had to answer all of Justin's questions with a "no" didn't mean that this meant anything more than it did. "We fucked...". Brian rocked back on his heels as Justin looked up into his eyes. The blue and the proximity did it to Brian every time and from the base of his cock to the tips of his fingers, every part of him knew that Justin was nearby. "...and it was good. Now let's just play nice and go to sleep." He'd reached for Justin's bag for the second time tonight but this time Justin held on to it.

"You're used to getting whatever you want Brian, but I hope you realize that you didn't pull a fast one on me tonight." Justin pulled his bag from Brian's grip as the man let his hand fall back to his side. "This happened because I wanted you too. You didn't slip up and forget the condom. I was there too and I let it happen that way. You always seem to forget that it takes two."

"Play nice sonny boy." Brian reached up to touch Justin's face before turning and walking away. He'd been urging Justin to be quiet for however much longer they had together and he disappeared into the darkness of the bedroom before returning with his pillow and a sheet. "The couch is still wet, so you can sleep in the bedroom with Gus."

"I don't want to sleep in there."

Brian stopped in mid-step as Justin's words filled his ears. He sighed heavily before asking his question. "Where are you gonna sleep then?"

"It's your bed, I can crash on the floor." Justin dumped his bag into the chair beside him and waited for Brian's next move. He had no way of knowing that the same history that kept him from settling in under blue lights these days, also kept his former lover from that room as well.

"Stop being a martyr Justin. You'll be whining about your stiff neck all day if you sleep on the floor." Brian didn't think he could keep up this refusal without it becoming suspicious or even obvious and he hoped that Justin would give in. He should have known better.

"Why don't you want to sleep in there?" Justin had taken on his Young Sherlock Holmes look as Brian looked away and scratched an imaginary itch on his back, further confirming Justin's suspicions. Having decided to let Brian off the hook, Justin took another step forward before speaking. "If you're gonna sleep out here, I'll stay out here too. Like you said, we've already gotten the fucking out of the way tonight." Justin spoke humorlessly and waited for Brian to agree.

He watched the man pull the coffee table off the rug before dumping his pillow, sheet and the dry cushions from the sofa on to the floor. Returning to the bedroom for the duvet, Justin watched as a large makeshift bed appeared before him. He'd silenced the single thought that skimmed through his mind. 'If Brian hadn't seen the romance of a carpet picnic, he would no doubt miss the romance of sleeping on a shaggy rug with the person you lo...!'

"Settle in. I'm gonna take a shower." Brian was half way out of the room when Justin came back to reality. He took a seat in the chair where he'd dropped his backpack and turned his attention to the 'nest' Brian had just built for them on the floor. They'd run almost the full gambit of emotion tonight from passion, to rage, to sarcasm and then back to rage again and now they were going to go to sleep together on a hardwood floor because neither of them could stand what it meant to sleep in their bed.

"...their bed..." Justin had missed the significance of his thought.

Of all the harsh words and ecstasy induced utterances of this evening, Justin thought this sleeping arrangement was the most revealing of where they both were and he wondered if Brian saw the absurdity of it too.

Justin settled back in the chair and made no attempt to "settle in" as Brian had instructed. He glanced down at his wrists and let his thoughts wander back in time as he traced out the pattern of Brian's fingers. He could still feel Brian's hands tight around his arms and wrists and he could still feel the man inside him. Brian had managed to push the most intense orgasm of his life out of Justin's body, but Justin didn't think he would remember his own orgasm when all was said and done. What he would remember until the day he died was how it felt when Brian erupted inside him and all that scalding liquid ran down out of him. He would remember Brian pushing into him long after the climax and he would remember the smell and the sounds they made together. Raw didn't just mean potential disease or a death sentence. Much more than this clinical assessment, he thought Brian had been right about them never quite being rid of each other.

# Voyeur

## By Pig



Somebody should tell this punk it's rude to watch

Mikey walked into Babylon with the sole objective of finding his best friend. Jeff, the head bartender at Babylon had paged him, as he usually did, when Brian had obviously had too much to drink or was too doped out to drive himself home. Mikey wasn't sure which was the case tonight, and he didn't particular care. He was glad to have any opportunity to leave his apartment, and by extension, Ben. For the night, anyway.

He was having a bad week. Ben was on his back about wanting to move in together, an idea Mikey wasn't one hundred percent for just yet. As much as he loved Ben, he just felt moving in together was a big step, one that would change his life. As it was, he was already getting less time to spend with Brian. If he moved in with Ben, would he EVER see his best friend?

Making his way through the crowd, he waved hello to Todd before finally reaching the bar. Jeff spotted him immediately and came over.

Mikey smiled. "You called, I came. Where is he?"

Jeff cocked a brow, pulled Mikey closer to place a warm hand at the back of his neck. He turned Mikey's head to face the dance floor, so his eyes focused on a couple.

"There's the fag of the hour," Jeff told him. "With his twenty four seven trick."

The "24/7" trick referred to none other than Justin of course. Mikey gritted his teeth as he watched the two mesmerizing figures on the dance floor, arms wrapped around each other as they moved in tune to the music. Their gazes were locked on each other, oblivious to their surroundings.

Jeff touched Mikey to draw his attention away from the men. "I don't think either of them are in any condition to drive."

Mikey nodded in understanding. He smiled at Jeff again before making his way over to his friends. Tapping Brian on the shoulder, Mikey soon had glazed hazel eyes directed at him.

Brian broke into a big grin. "Snuck away from the professor?"

"Something like that," Mikey replied. "Don't you have work in the morning?" he added, cutting to the chase.

Brian shrugged.

Mikey turned his focus on the bare-chested blond twink Brian was currently tangled up with. Mikey knew that what Brian and Justin had, whatever the fuck it was, would never last. It was a phase Brian was going through. Maybe even a mid-life crisis. He wished Brian had gone out and found a flash car instead of a little boy.

"And don't you have school?" he asked Justin.

Justin shrugged, moving his head to rest on Brian's chest. Mikey's eyes narrowed when he saw the sleek pink tongue licking at Brian's nipple through the thin material of the other man's shirt.

"Well, fun's over," Mikey snapped. "I'm gonna drive you two home."

Justin started to complain, but Mikey's loaded look of venom stopped him. Mikey was in no mood to deal with that spoilt little shit. The teen hid his face in Brian's chest.

Fortunately for Mikey, Brian was all for going home. He was tired, on a high, and more than anything, he wanted to fuck. To be more precise, he wanted to fuck his boy. He didn't think his cock could get any harder than it already was. Tugging Justin behind him, Brian followed Mikey outside.

"Where's the jeep?" Mikey wanted to know.

Brian couldn't remember and Justin demanded his attention on more important things, like sucking on his tongue until they both needed to come up for air. While he and Justin teased each other with their tongues, Mikey searched the parking lot. It was after 1 am, making it less crowded than it usually was.

Ten minutes later, Mikey pulled up along side the lovebirds. He had to honk the horn several times before either man pulled away. Opening the back door, Brian allowed the blond to go in first before following. As soon as he was in, Justin climbed onto Brian's lap, arms locking around his neck seconds before lips followed suit, locking tightly with Brian's.

Mikey watched in the rearview mirror, anger burning his insides.

Fucking twink! He thought. Why can't he fucking let Brian alone? It was obvious Brian was tired. But no, Justin had to have everything HIS fucking way!

When he heard a sexy moan, Mikey gritted his teeth and jerked the car into movement, causing Justin to bite down on Brian's tongue.

"Fuck!" Brian growled.

Justin moaned loudly. "Fuck, Brian," he mumbled, loud enough for Mikey to hear. "Don't stop."

"You bit my fucking tongue, you little..." Brian muttered.

"Lemme see," Justin demanded.

Brian stuck his tongue out and Justin pressed his lips to it, making an annoyingly childish smacking sound.

"All better," Justin said happily.

Mikey wanted to throw up when he heard Brian laugh.

He heard Brian tell Justin, "Come here," seconds before he heard the sound of zippers being lowered.

"Will you two knock it off?" Mikey shouted immediately.

Justin giggled.

"And your big head is blocking the back, Justin," Mikey added meanly to shut the kid up.

Brian pulled Justin down to his side to give Mikey a better view. Mikey used that opportunity to shift the mirror, so he could keep an eye on the boys in the back. He had to make sure they weren't doing anything illegal. If they got pulled over, no way in hell HE was going to jail because those two idiots couldn't keep their fucking hands off each other!

At a red light, he stopped and focused his attention on the men. Justin's lips were pouted as he childishly asked Brian if his head was really big.

Mikey was appalled at Brian's whispered response of, "It's perfect," seconds before his lips found Justin's for a short, but sweet kiss.

Mikey felt the need to gag. Brian was turning into God knows what because of that God forsaken kid.

The light switched to green, so Mikey pulled off again, increasing his speed in order to get them home as soon as possible.

He heard Justin giggle again. Looking up at the mirror, he saw Brian's lips against the teen's neck sucking playfully. When he pulled back, a fair amount of moisture glistened on Justin's neck.

"Now you have my mark on you," Brian told him.

Mikey rolled his eyes heavenward. What in God's name...

"I want to feel you... inside me, Brian," Justin pleaded, the longing evident in his tone.

Brian looked up at the mirror and found Mikey's eyes. Mikey shook his head in amazement. He looked away and realized he was already on Tremont Street. Pulling up at the front of the brick building, he stopped the car.

"I'll bring this back in the morning," Mikey told Brian as he watched the other man help Justin out of the jeep.

"No," Brian said, arm around Justin's waist as he tugged him towards the glass front door. "I need that set of keys, it's got my work key on it. Come up for the other set."

Mikey followed them into the elevator, annoyed at having to be in their presence for more time than necessary. He tried to look away when he saw Justin pressing himself against Brian, but his eyes refused to cooperate. There was also the small matter of his dick, which was definitely paying attention to the hot couple's activities. It was rock solid hard.

Brian cupped Justin's butt in his hands and lifted the blond against him. His mouth barely contained the teen's loud moan.

The elevator came to a stop and Mikey quickly walked out. With Justin wrapped around him from behind, Brian slid open the loft door and walked inside.

He removed Justin's hand from around his waist and walked over to his desk drawer, digging through it roughly before pulling out a key. Tossing it Mikey's way, he moved back to Justin's side and pulled the teen into his arms for a quick kiss.

"Close the door on your way out," he told Mikey.

Unbuttoning his shirt with one hand, he used the other to pull Justin into the bedroom.

Mikey stood rooted on the spot, tempted to stay, but knowing the right thing to do was leave. It was a violation of their privacy. But his eyes were transfixed on the bodies in the bedroom. They went together so well, pale blending with perfect.

Mikey knew what he had to do. He needed to be a part of the Brian and Justin experience. He'd never get another chance like this. He had to see what it was that these two had that made them so special. Brian, he could understand. Brian was hot all the time. Justin was another story. So what was it that made the blond different from all the other tricks? His dick couldn't be that big... could it?

With the lights off, he was able to pull the door shut quietly. He slowly made his way over to the side of the bedroom, where he could get a good view of the two men without being caught.

His eyes were like two saucers as he looked on.

Brian let Justin unbutton his jeans while he worked on his shirt, letting it fall to the floor. When Justin had all the buttons undone, Brian and he shared a look, one Mikey didn't really understand, and then the teen got on his knees. He slid the jeans down to Brian's ankles and allowed Brian to step out of them.

Pressing his face against Brian's cock, Justin inhaled his lover's scent, fingers slowly sliding up the already hard shaft. Mikey was surprised at the tender way Brian touched the fine blond hair, fingers caressing the locks. Brian's eyes were lowered to the teen's head, his eyes had gone soft and his mouth was relaxed.

Mikey watched as Justin pleased Brian's cock, first using soft nibbling movements of his lips to caress the swollen veins, then, after swirling his tongue wetly round the head, using the very tip of his tongue to mimic fucking the slit and finally apparently swallowing it whole and sucking greedily, not seeming to get enough. Mikey felt his dick straining against his own pants. Oh God. He needed to touch himself... so, so bad.

Brian came with a deep, low growl. Justin looked up at him from the floor, a big grin on his face. Mikey noticed cum on his cheek and licked his lips in reaction.

Brian pulled Justin to his feet and roughly crushed his mouth against the boy's. When they pulled apart, Brian licked the cum off Justin's cheek.

"You're fucking amazing," Brian told him.

Mikey frowned.

Justin's response was to cover one of Brian's nipples with his mouth and suck.

Brian moaned, before pushing Justin away.

Mikey watched as Brian made short work of Justin's jeans before pushing the boy on the bed. He covered the teen with his body as he slid in between the inviting, open legs. Justin wrapped his thighs around Brian's slim waist and allowed his lover to nuzzle his neck playfully.

"What do you want?" Brian growled.

Mikey swallowed, thoughts of what HE wanted galloping through his head, not to mention the desires contributed by lower regions.

Justin giggled, Brian's nose tickling his ear. When Brian tugged an ear lobe into his warm mouth, sucking gently, Justin couldn't stop the whimper that escaped from within him. "Don't stop, baby," he softly demanded.

Baby? Mikey chewed on his lower lip, trying to get past that particular endearment.

Brian pulled away to look down into the teen's eyes.

Justin ran a finger down Brian's cheek slowly, eyes never leaving his boyfriend's.

"No games tonight, Brian," Justin said huskily. "Just fuck me. Fuck me like there's no fucking tomorrow."

Brian licked at Justin's lips.

Mikey couldn't control his feelings anymore. He started undoing the button of his jeans. He felt as if he were about to explode.

"You want me to ride your tight little ass?" Brian asked, his voice deep and incredibly arousing.

Justin rubbed his dick against Brian's, nodding his head quickly.

"You want me to make you mine?"

Justin moaned. "I am already yours, Brian."

Brian kissed his forehead.

"I belong to you," Justin seriously said.

Brian kissed the boy hungrily, their tongues greedy to taste each other.

"Brian," Justin whispered.

Mikey watched the tender look that passed between the two men again, jealousy streaming through his veins. He'd always dreamed of Brian giving him that look.

He saw Brian pull away to place Justin's legs on his shoulder, but not before he kissed the boy yet again. He watched as Brian used first one, and then two fingers to lube the boy's hole. His own asshole spasmed in envious sympathy as he saw Brian's fingers disappearing into Justin and then gently, but firmly finger fucking him, relaxing the tight muscle and preparing him for penetration.

Then, to Mikey's horror, he saw Brian enter the teen... without a condom.

Mikey opened his mouth to call out to them, to stop them, but the words got stuck in his throat.

What the fuck were they doing? Didn't they know how dangerous bare-backing was? HE knew. Fuck, he had Ben to remind him every single fucking day!

Justin's scream reached his ears, drawing him out of his thoughts. The blond's eyes were squeezed shut as Brian withdrew to enter again, this time with even greater force. Justin's scream was louder, but quickly silenced by Brian's mouth against his own.



Mikey felt his hands slip into his pants to whip out his hard dick. Each thrust that Justin received from Brian, Mikey imitated with his hands. It was the most arousing thing ever, watching Brian and Justin fuck. Better than 'Saving Ryan's Privates' or 'Citizen Dick,' that was for sure!

Justin's head rolled from side to side as Brian fucked his ass, his moans unstoppable. In contrast, Brian's gasps were soft, yet distinct, and sexy as hell. In no time at all, Mikey had cum all over his hand.

Taking deep breaths, his breathing slowly returned to normal. Kneeling to the floor, Mikey wiped his hand on Brian's white carpet. The cleaning lady would see to it later in the week, and if Brian noticed it before that, he'd blame it on Justin.

When he stood back up, he noticed Brian had entwined his fingers with Justin's.

What the fuck? That was a bit much, even for Brian... wasn't it? It was almost as if... they were like in... oh God. Mikey refused to say the 'L' word. No, no, no. Not possible. Not Brian Kinney!

With one last scream, Justin came. Brian, less noisy, closed his eyes while his body became rigid. When he reopened his eyes, shining blue ones were gazing back into his.

Brian seemed unable to resist their appeal. Mikey frowned when he saw the gentle kiss the older man placed on the teen's eager lips.

"Stay in me," Justin begged, tightening his leg grip on Brian's waist. "Don't go yet."

Brian laid his forehead against the teen's. "It'll make me want to fuck you again."

"Who's stopping you? Do it. Fuck me."

Brian squeezed his eyes shut. "Don't talk like that. Besides, it's too soon."

Justin refused to hear reason. "You don't want to fuck me? What's the matter? Is my ass not tight enough for you anymore? You want someone younger, a virgin maybe? You remember how tight I was that first night? You were grunting like a pig then." He paused and waited for Brian to look at him. "Kiss me, Brian."

Mikey wanted to hit Justin on the head for being such a goddamn kid. And he was astounded to find Brian doing exactly what the boy ordered.

Their lips locked in yet another mind-blowing kiss.

Pulling away, Brian tried to withdraw yet again, but the pleasure of the movement was too much for him. He sank his head into Justin's shoulder.

"I want you to cum in me again," Justin demanded huskily. "It's fucking amazing, like nothing I've ever experienced."

Brian moaned. "Hush, baby."

There was that BABY word again! Mikey's eyes narrowed.

Justin arched his back, the movement again being too much for Brian.

"Fucking stop!" Brian moaned.

Justin bucked his hips against Brian's again, a laugh escaping him as his lover groaned louder.

"You know you want to," Mikey heard Justin whisper. "You know you like being surrounded by my ass... exploding inside me. Your hot cum shooting up me... Fuck me, Brian. Fuck me. Fuck me."

Brian couldn't take it.

Within a few thrusts, he had found his rhythm and was again riding the teen's ass.

Mikey was shocked to find himself turned on again. He needed to get the fuck out of there. He couldn't keep up with these two. He believed Brian when he said the kid had an appetite like no other, and now he suspected Brian didn't mean just for food.

The lovers came quickly. Brian fell back on Justin, exhausted.

Mikey was almost at the door when he heard Justin demand, "Tell me you love me, Brian."

Mikey stood rooted to the spot. He didn't hear that. No, no. NO! Brian didn't... he didn't... he couldn't ... love ... that blond brat!

Mikey covered his ears and made a dash for the door, not caring if they heard his squeaky sneakers. Outside, he leant against the cool steel, heart racing in his chest.

What fucking crazy people those two were! They needed to get their fucking heads examined. Why were they fucking bareback? Unless... they couldn't... COULDN'T ... be monogamous... could they?

Mikey sighed. He was going home. He had seen AND heard more than he ever wanted to. He needed to forget.

# Weathered Storm

## By Maressa

A storm brings Brian and Justin together.

For days it had been hot in Pittsburgh, a sultry unforgiving heat that seemed like it would never end. Everywhere things slowed down. It was too hot to rush, too hot to move, and so the inhabitants of the city went about their lives with a lethargic air. On the fourth day relief began to appear. The heat still hung over the city ominously, but a cool breeze was beginning to blow, and the sky darkened, an unmistakable sign that a large summer storm was fast approaching. It was that evening that Brian found himself driving over to Lindsay and Melanie's. It was getting late, and normally he would have been on his way over to Liberty Avenue to start out his evening, but he had promised Lindsay that he would get Gus's swing set out of the basement while they were in the country for the weekend. Once again, Lindsay had somehow managed to talk Brian into something he had no interest in doing. But he had given his word and he intended to keep it, if only for his Sonny boy. Brian only hoped he could get this little task finished before the rain was upon him.

The first thing Brian noticed when he stepped out of the car was how much cooler it was. It must have dropped twenty degrees since he had first left the house. He shivered slightly as he walked through the gate and up the steps to the front door. As he fumbled for the key that Lindsay had given him, a few drops splashed the parched earth, causing Brian to curse to himself. The wind was picking up quickly and the trees were swinging wildly. Any chance that the rain might miss them was gone. It was sure to be a big storm. Brian usually didn't mind storms. He had always seen them as similar to himself, wild and untamed, fascinating and a bit dangerous. But storms where he had to haul his son's swing set into the back yard were a whole different story.

In his rush to beat the storm, Brian didn't waste any time by turning on any lights. He went straight for the basement, and when he opened the door he was momentarily surprised to see that a light was on down there. But he dismissed the oddity, deciding that one of the Munchers had left it on by accident. As he was starting down the stairs, he heard the rain start to come pouring down. There was nothing tentative about this storm. In just seconds it had gone from just a few drops to a veritable monsoon.

"Shit!" Brian said.

"Who's there?" came a soft voice, causing Brian to pause midway down the stairs. A blond head appeared at the foot of the stairs just as a flash of lightning could be seen through the window.

"Justin?"

"Brian?" A deafeningly loud clap of thunder pierced the quiet and was accompanied by a gust of wind so violent that the door to the basement slammed shut.

"I didn't know that you would be here."

"I didn't know that you would be here either."

"I'll come back later." Brian said. He walked back up the stairs, but when he turned the door handle it wouldn't budge. "Fuck!"

"What is it?"

"The door is locked."

"You mean we're locked in here?"

"Looks like it."

"Shit. What are we going to do?"

"I'll call Michael and have him come over here. He can use the spare key they keep under the doormat to get in the house, then open the door from the other side."

"He can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because that's the key I used to get in." Justin held up the object in question.

"That's just great. Thank you so very much."

"How was I supposed to know that this would happen?" Justin turned away from Brian and scanned the room. "The window is really small, but we could hand Michael the key through it."

"Smart boy." Brian pulled out his cell-phone. "Oh this day keeps getting better and better."

"What is it now?"

"My phone has no service. Fucking storm."

"So you mean we're trapped?" Justin said nervously.

"Don't get over dramatic on me." Brian warned. There was another burst of lightning close by and a terrific crash that didn't sound like lightning, and then the lights went off. "On second thought, go nuts."

"Thanks so much."

"Well what the hell do we do now?"

"Let me think. Do you have a lighter?" Justin asked.

"What, do you want to send smoke signals or something? Planning to burn us out of here?"

"Very funny. Do you?"

"Yeah, it's in my pocket."

"Get it out for a minute." Brian did as he was told. "I know there was a flash light somewhere around here."

"Well find it quickly. Fuck, this thing is getting hot." Brian complained.

"Found it."

"Good, cause I think I just singed my fingers. You do realize in twenty minutes the batteries will be dead in that thing." Brian said making his way towards the little light that Justin was shining around."

"Doesn't matter, cause I just found a box full of candles." Justin focused the light on the box to show Brian the contents.

"What is it with lesbians and candles?"

"I don't know, but it's a good thing."

Brian and Justin scattered the candles throughout the room, giving the whole area a dim flickering light. There was an old mattress lying on the floor, and the boys chose that as a spot to sit down. They immediately went to opposite ends of the space. In their panic at finding themselves locked in, Brian and Justin had forgotten how uncomfortable the situation was supposed to be. Without anything to do, the awkwardness came back with a vengeance. Brian looked around the room for something, anything to distract him from acknowledging that he was trapped in someone's basement with his ex-lover during a huge storm. It was not what Brian would consider one of the high points of his life. There was another booming crack of thunder, and Brian saw Justin flinch slightly.

"It's only noise. There's no reason to be scared." Brian said. His tone was half mocking, half reassuring.

"I'm not scared." Justin said, but Brian had known the teen long enough to catch the faint tremble in his voice. "So. . . so what are you doing here?"

"Lindsay asked me to get out Gus's swing set. What about you?"

"I'm looking for stuff for my new place. Lindsay and Melanie said they have a lot of stuff down here that they don't use, and they told me to come over and take what I need."

"Oh, so you and the street musician are planning on setting up a little love nest? How sweet." Brian's voice was dripping with sarcasm.

"Ethan and I are not together Brian." Justin said quietly.

"What?"

"A few days after. . . a few days after the Rage party I told him I couldn't see him anymore."

"But that was over a month ago. Where have you been living?"

"Here and there."

"That's not an answer."

"I stayed at my mom's for a few nights. I crashed at Debbie's for a few days. I've been here. Most of the time Daphne lets me sleep on the sofa at her place."

"Most of the time?"

"I've had a few nights where I didn't know where to go."

"What did you do then?" Brian couldn't fully hide the fear that was creeping into his voice at the idea of Justin being homeless.

"I would just walk around." Justin said with a shrug of his shoulders. "Maybe go sit at the diner if I knew Deb wasn't working."

"That was fucking stupid Justin! Do you know what could have happened to you?" Brian was angry. Not at Justin, mostly at himself for pushing the teen into a position where he had nowhere to go, and angry at his friends for not taking care of his boy. No matter what the status of their relationship was, Brian felt that Justin was his, and as such needed to be protected.

"I didn't know what to do." Justin said defensively.

"You could have. . . you could have come to the loft."

"No I couldn't, not after the way I fucked up. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I found a place and I move in next week."

"Justin if you ever need help call me." Brian said.

"Thanks, but I'll be okay." Justin replied. They had moved slightly closer, but there was still a large gap separating them. Brian could see that Justin was starting to get upset, so he decided to change the subject to something simple.

"For once I'm hungry, and we're trapped down here with no food."

"I have some water and a few granola bars in my bag." Justin offered.

"Not exactly what I was planning on, but I guess we can't be picky." Brian accepted the water and one of the bars Justin handed him. A candlelight picnic on the floor, how romantic." Brian joked.

"Yeah." Justin said softly. A ghost of a smile crossed his face.

"Finished with school for the year?" Brian asked, trying to stay away from any awkward silences.

"Yes, so I'm working a lot, trying to save money for next year."

"Are you going to keep working on the comic book? Brian silently cursed himself the moment he said those words.

"I don't know. I don't think Michael wants to work with me." Justin said, miserable again.

"Michael doesn't always know what's good for him. Your work is amazing. You should keep it up."

"I don't know." Justin repeated.

"So why did you and Ethan split up?" Brian figured that since he had taken things this far he might as well get everything out in the open.

"It was going to happen anyway. We had a huge fight; it was over something stupid, I don't even remember anymore. Anyway, as I was leaving I told him that I couldn't live with someone who didn't know anything about personal hygiene." Both men had to laugh at that. They were now sitting next to each other, but not touching.

"I always wanted to introduce him to this marvelous new invention called a shower."

"But that wasn't the real reason." Justin bowed his head. "It never would have worked."

"Why not? I thought he wanted to give you all the romance and the words."

"They're hollow when they come from someone you don't love, someone you can't love."

"You didn't love him?"

"I couldn't. I will only love one person ever, and that's you." And there it was, the truth in all of its bright shining glory. As sad as Justin seemed, Brian could tell that he was also relieved.

He moved in closer so that they were just inches apart. Very slowly, Brian raised his hand to caress Justin's cheek. He wasn't sure how the younger man would react, but Justin didn't push him away, so Brian's confidence grew.

"I missed you." Brian admitted as he looked into Justin's eyes.

"I missed you too."

"Come back."

"I don't know if I can." Justin tried to look away, but Brian held onto his chin.

"Please." The plea was evident in Brian's voice. "You have to come home. Everything is broken without you."

Justin opened his mouth to object again, but the words never left his throat, because Brian captured his lips in an intense kiss. As Brian mauled Justin's mouth, he could feel the teen's defenses weakening. Justin collapsed onto Brian, and threw his arms around Brian's neck. Their tongues twirled and dueled in each others mouths as they tried to get even closer. Brian held Justin tightly, so tightly that he was afraid he might crush the small frame, but he couldn't let go, could never let go again.

Eventually they had to let their lips part so that they could get some oxygen, but this was done reluctantly. Justin was panting heavily from lack of air, but as soon as he had caught his breath, he and Brian became locked in another embrace. The intensity grew as they kissed more, swapping spit. Justin thought that Brian was practically licking his tonsils, his tongue was so far down the younger man's throat. It had been far too long for either of them. Brian could hardly believe that he had survived one day without his boy, let alone an entire month. This felt right. This was how it was supposed to be.

Brian moved so that they were lying on the mattress. His weight was on the teen, pushing him into the cushion. He chewed lightly on Justin's lower lip, eliciting a moan. They ground their hips and their groins together, taking pleasure from the friction. Brian could feel his hard-on growing rapidly.

"Brian." Justin groaned.

"What is it baby?"

"I need to feel you." Brian's hands slid under Justin's shirt. He left his fingers wander over the smooth skin for a moment before he began tugging at his clothing.

"Why do you need to wear so many clothes?" he asked, frustrated.

Justin sat up slightly to help Brian remove the offending garment. His fingers were already at Brian's shirt, rapidly undoing the buttons, some of which came flying off and landed on the floor. Brian pulled off Justin's jeans and threw them on the floor then lay on his side pressed next to Justin, his hand resting on the teen's stomach.

"Talk dirty to me." Justin begged, his voice thick with lust.

"This basement is filthy. Don't Lindsay and Melanie ever clean down here?" Brian said.

"That's not what I meant." Justin moaned.

"You want me to tell you how hard I'm going to fuck you?" Brian asked seductively.

"Yes!"

"You want me to tell you how I'm going to hump that gorgeous little heiny of yours?"

"Yes!"

"You're hard." Brian said as he slipped his hand into Justin's briefs, slowly jacking his dick. Justin tried to thrust his hips against Brian's hand, encouraging him to go faster, but Brian held him in place. "Slowly baby. There's no rush. I want to make you cum so hard that you see stars. Did you think about me? At night when you were lying in bed did you think about me? I can just picture you every night. I bet your Kleenex bills were astronomical."

Brian began to stroke Justin faster. He kissed Justin's ear, and then blew on it, causing Justin to shiver. He let his mouth fall on the creamy skin of Justin's neck sucking and biting it to make sure that he gave Justin a hickey. He wanted to make sure that from now on everyone knew that Justin was his and only his. Brian could feel the tremors in Justin's legs, alerting him to the fact that Justin's release was imminent. A few more strokes, and he was there. Brian let out a loud groan of pleasure and arched his back as spunk came spewing from his rigged cock. Brian trapped it in his hand and then pulled out of Justin's briefs, slurping the spooage that covered his fingers.

"You taste so good baby." Brian removed Justin's briefs as the young man lay on the mattress panting. Justin gave his lover a bright smile, enjoying the heat of the body next to his. When his heart rate was returning to near normal, and once the nerve endings in his balls stopped jangling, he moved so that he was now leaning over Brian. Brian allowed him to remove his remaining clothes. He then let his mouth trail down Brian's body until he reached the man's stiff dick. Brian eagerly awaited the feel of Justin's mouth on his cock, but was temporarily disappointed when Justin chose to focus on the sensitive skin of his inner thigh. Brian moaned when Justin moved farther down his leg and began sucking on his toes. His moans were part frustration, part pleasure as Justin's talented mouth worked it's magic. Finally Justin gave in. He kissed the tip of Brian's cock, causing the man to shudder, and then gnawed lightly on Brian's nuts, causing the man to writhe on the mattress in exquisite agony. Justin then teased his cock and engulfed the whole thing, relaxing his throat to let more of Brian's dick slide into his mouth. He sucked on the shaft, as Brian called out to him in a short raspy voice. Brian's fingers worked their way into Justin's hair pulling on it, urging the teen forward.

Justin was in heaven as he sucked Brian's dick. There was no one in the world but him. Brian's face and gorgeous body were in his eyes. Brian's voice filled his ears. The taste of Brian was on his lips. How could he have forgotten this? How could he think that he could be happy with anyone else? Meanwhile, Brian's thoughts had lost any coherent pattern. The pleasure of feeling Justin's mouth on him was puddling around him. He tried to hold on to some semblance of control, but it was a losing battle. His balls felt like they were busting as the jizz came jetting out of his cock.

Justin swallowed his lovers semen rapidly, the swallowing sensation driving Brian wild. Brian threw his arms back, knocking over the boots that he had kicked off earlier. Justin continued to eat the man's cum until it was spent.

Brian pulled Justin up on top of him, their skin sliding together. Justin felt like he was on fire as Brian kissed him once more. Brian then rolled over so that he was over Justin. He straddled Justin's slim hips and pushed away the sweaty strands of hair that had fallen into Justin's eyes.

"I think I just blew a circuit." Justin gasped.

"We're just getting started little boy." Brian purred.

His hands were all over Justin, grabbing the pale beautiful skin. He didn't think he would be able to get enough of his hot little boy. He leaned down to nibble on Justin's nipples, and then used his teeth to twist the ring in his tit. Justin let out a cry. Justin thought that the assault would continue, but in an instant, Brian had Justin flipped over so he was on his stomach. Justin could feel Brian's breath against his shoulder. The man bit gently on Justin's back, sucking the skin to leave another mark. No one would ever take Justin from him again. Justin's pleasure filled moans increased as Brian's tongue licked a path down his spine. Justin felt Brian lightly spank his butt. His ass tingled at the slap, and he eagerly awaited what was going to come next. Justin couldn't wait to feel Brian lick his ass. He knew that Brian wanted him just as badly by the man's pole that was poking him in the leg.

Justin began to rub himself against the mattress, he was painfully hard, but Brian held his hips still. Justin let out a frustrated moan, but was then rewarded with the feel of Brian's tongue rimming his rectum. He reveled in the feel of having Brian push the hot, wet tip into his hole. Brian continued to use his tongue to pound Justin's pucker until the teen gave a shout as the spunk came shooting out. Justin thought his mind was numb from all the pleasure he had experienced. It had been so long, so very long. It took a few minutes to catch their breath, as they lay sprawled across each other.

"That was amazing." Brian said. "Good thing we have all night." He gently stroked Justin's arm.



"I love you." Justin said, looking at Brian with those bright, beautiful eyes. "Say you love me," he pleaded.

"I. . ." Brian couldn't get the words to leave his throat. He watched as Justin's eyes became clouded with that pain that had become all too familiar, but then the sparkle returned.

"Fine. You've always been better at telling me things through actions than words. So, show me that you love me."

"How?"

"Fuck me!"

"With pleasure." Brian spread Justin's legs so that he could kneel between them. He reached for his jeans.

"Raw." Justin said, grabbing his hand.

"Justin. . ." Brian protested.

"If you can't tell me, show me. Show me you trust me, that you trust us and fuck me raw."

Brian paused and looked deep into Justin's eyes. He wanted him so badly, needed him. If they did this there was no turning back. Brian searched for something in Justin's eyes, which he found because he grabbed Justin's ankles and lifted the teen's legs onto his shoulders. Justin's smile was so bright that the room seemed to light up. Brian took his cock, and positioned it against Justin's hole. He looked to Justin once more for confirmation that he really wanted to do this before he began to push in, slowly stretching the teen's sphincter.

"You're so tight." Brian said as waves of pure ecstasy crashed over him.

"It's been a while." Justin replied between breaths. His eyes were practically popping out.

"You feel so fucking good, so smooth." as he began slow thrusts, laying pipe in Justin's tight little ass.

"I didn't know it would be so amazing!" Justin gasped as Brian continued to pump his butt.

"I didn't either."

Brian's thrusts became faster and harder as the sensation of skin against skin overtook him. He slammed into Justin's booty pushing against the teen's prostate. Justin's nuts slapped against his stomach as Brian had him bent in half. They constantly sought each other's lips, fully believing that they could never get enough. Brian's hand encircled Justin's rod, reaming it as he continued to wrangle the boy's rump.

"JUSTIN!" Brian screamed his lover's name. "I. . . love you. . .so. . .fucking. . .much!"

All it took was a few more thrusts, and Brian and Justin came together.

"It's hot." Justin marveled at the feeling of Brian's cum spurting inside of him. "Feels so good."

"I love you." Brian rasped again as he collapsed on top of Justin. He felt Justin's frame begin to shake, and then sobs overtook the slim body. "Baby, what's wrong?" he asked, his voice full of concern.

"Nothing's wrong. Everything's right. Did you mean it?"

"Of course I did." Brian assured his love, kissing away the tears. "I love you."

"Don't let go of me. Please don't let go." Justin begged.

"Never letting go again." He continued to hold Justin until the sobs subsided. He looked around and saw some old sheets sitting in a pile nearby. He grabbed one, and covered them with it. "Please come home." He said as Justin snuggled ever closer.

"I want to, but I'm afraid I'll ruin things again."

"That won't happen."

"How can you be sure?"

"This is true love. Do you think it happens every day?" Justin pressed his lips against Brian's then pulled away.

"Hey! You stole that line from The Princess Bride." Brian flushed slightly. "Word of advice, when you steal other people's lines, make sure not to get caught." He moved back into his place in Brian's arms. It was silent for a few minutes and then Brian spoke.

"It's still true."

"I know."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"Coming home?"

"Of course."

No more words were necessary. One more kiss and then the boys drifted off into a peaceful sleep, wrapped in the blanket and each other. This was how it was supposed to be. The world was right again. The next time Brian woke, it was morning. The storm had passed and sunshine was pouring into the basement through the small window. Brian took a few minutes to enjoy watching Justin sleep before he began to nuzzle the boy's ear. Justin's eyes fluttered open and he gave Brian a soft smile.

"I had the best dream."

"Not a dream." Brian corrected. They began to kiss again, and Brian ran his hands over Justin's beautiful body. Suddenly they were interrupted by noise above. The door to the basement opened, and footsteps were heard on the stairs. Melanie appeared in sight.

"Brian? Justin? What are you doing down here?"

Fin.